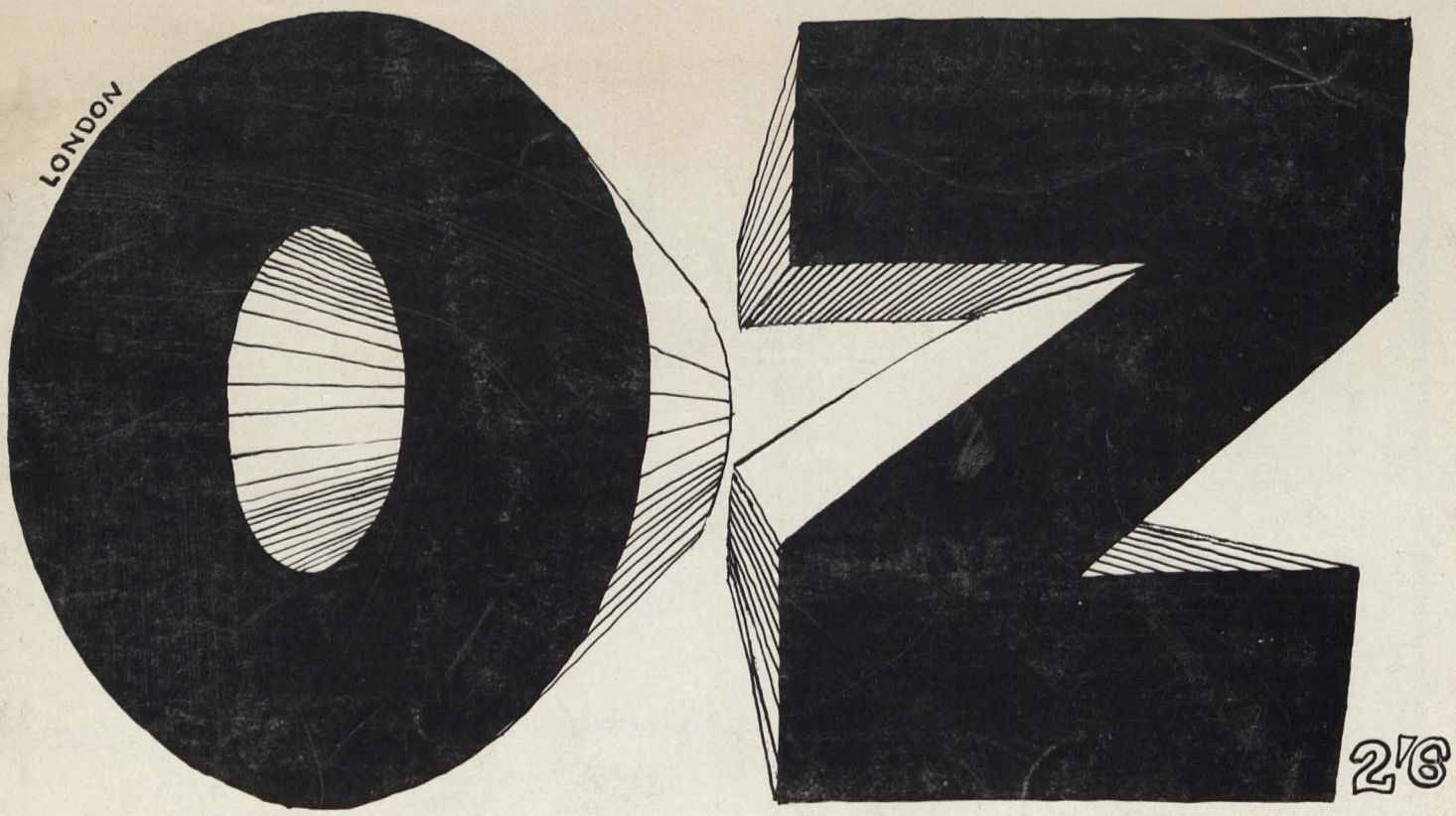

Theological striptease/ turn on, tune in, drop dead/ Why 'New Statesman' editor Paul Johnson is so bloody successful / In bed with the...English/ Free!... LBJ playmate fold-out/ Private Eye?/ the Death of a President/ Colin MacInnes & Malcolm X/ "Raped Congo Nuns whipped with Rosary beads"/ Yankee Doodles/ and so much more in this first issue of London OZ, February 1967...

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'London **OZ**' derives from 'OZ'—a monthly satirical magazine founded in Australia in 1963 by Richard Neville and Richard Walsh. 'OZ' (Australia) is still thriving with a circulation of approximately 40,000 and a £1 cheque sent to **OZ**, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney, with your name and address will guarantee a whole year's supply of this delightful, cheeky oddity.

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Good Vibrations

A gigantic machine has been constructed on the outskirts of the Pentagon. In future American soldiers will not be sent to Vietnam but will be put inside this machine where giant hammers will pound them to a pulp.

The machine will be programmed to take in soldiers at the same rate as the average death rate in the Vietnam war. Thus the machine will in every way be a substitute for the U.S. commitment to Vietnam and—best of all—her soldiers will not have to leave their homeland to die.

To those who have criticised the operation of the machine U.S. Defence Secretary Robert MacNamara says, "Those people sitting there in perfect safety have no right to criticize while our boys are in there dying for us."

On the advice of State Department officials, the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, has ordered a similar machine to be constructed on the outskirts of Canberra. It will be modified to pulverise at their average Vietnam commitment death rate.

OBITUARY—

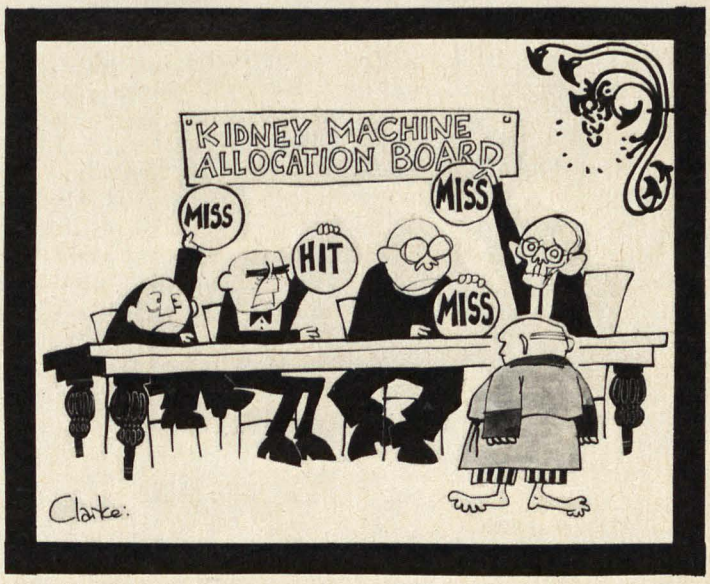
The novel was pronounced officially dead yesterday evening by a committee of eminent pathologists consisting of Mr. Norman Mailer, Mr. Truman Capote, Mr. Samuel Beckett and Mr. James Joyce. (Mr. Joyce is himself dead, but then so, to one extent or another, was everyone else present, Particularly Mr. Mailer) The committee convened at the Park Lane premises of the Playboy Club for no particular reason. Mr. Mailer put the cause of death down to excessive indulgence in buggery and added that in his opinion nothing could breath life into the inert form but literary necrophilia and even he lacked the energy for that. Mr. Capote dissented, alleging murder for personal profit. Mr. Beckett, asked what did he think was the cause of death, glanced over his shoulder and said "Yes." Asked what did he mean by "Yes," he replied "No." His agent, who was present, fell about the floor laughing and offered world rights to Mr. Beckett's conversation for ten thousand pounds. The corpse, at this point, got up and waltzed out of the door arm-in-arm with Mr. Joyce and two bunnies. None of the four have been seen since, but there are rumours.

Stan Gebler Davies.

Department of malicious gossip

Mr. Michael Randall, who was recently fired for trying to improve the *Daily Mail*, will, as is the custom, receive a considerable sum of money to compensate for the loss of his editorship. This rigmarole is known as a settlement and the point of it is to prevent editors from sueing for wrongful dismissal. On the afternoon of the evening Randall appeared on the Frost Programme, the Frost people inquired if Lord Rothermere would like to appear on the programme to put his side of the case. Rothermere declined to answer before seven in the evening. Randall meanwhile got a phone call from his erstwhile employer. Was he appearing on the Frost show? Would he in that case kindly remember before he said anything displeasing to Lord Rothermere or the *Daily Mail*, that the question of his settlement had not yet been agreed? Mr. Randall hardly said anything on the programme and gossip has it that there will be a transferral of funds in the region of fifty thousand pounds.

THE EXPERIMENT AT THE NEW ARTS THEATRE CLUB



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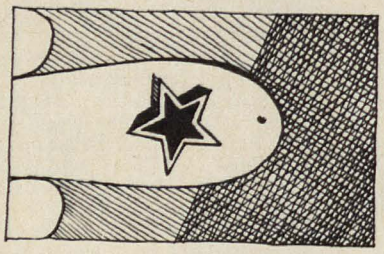


from Polly Peachum

Every time a clock strikes the hour (or so it would seem from the vast number of these pictures around) a young man somewhere in the United States is taking off his blue jeans and having his picture taken.

He is taking them off, though sometimes they are left on for novelty, because the last thing the photographer is interested in is his face.

And that's just as well, because where some of these pictures will end up, a man wouldn't even want his chest left on, let alone his face. Why, there are people who have seriously asked to have their navel airbrushed out in case someone recognises it.

A strange thing has been happening to American pornography lately. Until recently, every decent collector prided himself on the wide range of his collection—Xeroxed comic strips, a stack of smudgy photographs and drawings, a carbon copy of a short story or two, all, if nothing else, full, rich and varied, hyperactive and VERY sociable.

Now, suddenly, the togetherness is gone. The action (paralleling a whole trend in underground movies) is non-existent. No second person, let alone third or fourth, in fact, not even a face, arms, legs or too much of a torso is allowed to distract the purity of the viewer's visual experience.

In other words, Pop has finally caught up with *Pornography*. The American collector has turned specialist.

What might be best, but not always quite accurately, be described as still life has completely taken over the field for the moment.

The new pop oriented porno is presented in much the same way. It is not, as in the old days, kept well away from the ladies under lock and key in an old tin box. On the contrary, being respectable still life and a found object, in a sense the pictures are whipped out for ladies at almost any good opportunity and very, very rarely with intent.

(This is partly because most collectors, not surprisingly, have not that much intent for ladies anyway.)

What is surprising, however, is not that these pictorial portfolios exist but that they exist in such numbers and lately to the exclusion of more complex and varied related matter. It is as if all the stamp collectors in the world had suddenly started saving only African stamps and then just those featuring a woodland flower.

Generally speaking, one tends to see them on Sunday afternoons in winter when there is little else to do, often when the original owners are out of town on business or ski-ing and the house has been left in the care of whoever comes to cat-sit, dog-sit or water the indoor plants.

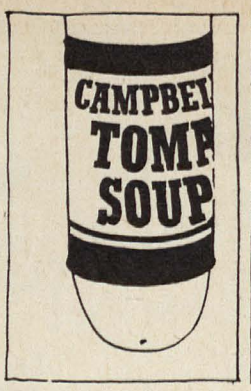
Stored in cardboard boxes or, for starter collections, in manila envelopes, they are usually ten by eight, glossy, not very well lit, invariably over-exposed and always looking as though composition was not on the photographer's mind while he was working. Many, especially those that present both full face and profile, bear an odd and melancholy resemblance to police station mug shots. All that is missing is the number. (In fact, since nature and science often imitate art, they may eventually come to replace, or at least supplement, the fingerprint system.)

All sorts of complicated ethics come into it. Some collectors swear that they would die sooner than take a picture themselves. They see it as decidedly kinky and a form of cheating to boot.

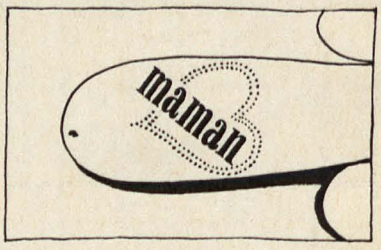
Others, the brisk do-it-yourself types found involved in almost any hobby, carry Polaroids everywhere.

Some think it completely unsporting to expose someone they may have briefly dallied with to the cruel and critical eyes of the collector's world. Others think the exact opposite—that showing pictures of someone they have not dallied with is as unsporting as going fishing and coming home with someone else's catch.

What all the collectors have in common is the bright-eyed eagerness of the schoolboy swapping marbles or baseball cards and it is not surprising to learn that minor variations, like tattoos for instance, carry much the prestige of those lovely cat's eye marbles that always brought in eight ordinary marbles at primary school.



It has been said that to a white man, all Chinese look alike. To the untrained eye, then, the pictures—like Andy Warhol's Soup cans, are frankly monotonous with variations that are soon seen to be firmly limited.



To the connoisseur, however, the man who has trained his eye by going through perhaps a hundred such collections, it is a fascinating world.

The connoisseurs seem to know everything—where each picture came from, what sort of person posed for it and under what circumstances.

Some of the pictures are classics and no collection is considered complete without them. As in other fields, there are stars and superstars. Some of the models are long established, familiar and quickly recognised, professionals. Others are brilliant amateurs.

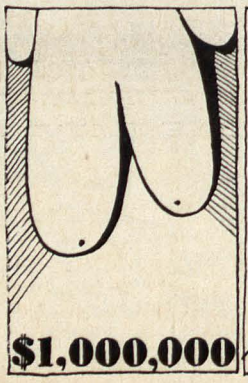
The professional amateurs (after all, every man has his price) is a recognised classification, as is the obliging friend or acquaintance, who sometimes may never be aware that he has been photographed, let alone near immortalised across the nation, albeit in part only.

Some collectors like these unknowing models best and claim to be able to recognise one immediately.

One of New York's best collections is owned by a top fashion photographer. Someone who does not fully appreciate the finesse of the game might understandably expect him to produce from his particular cardboard box a series of masterpieces in aesthetic tone.

But his collection is as splodged and mottled and scratched and badly printed as any other.

This, he explains impatiently, is just the way he wants it. They should, he says, look amateurish, as if they had been photographed in a moment of feverish preccupation by one whose mind was not truly on the task.

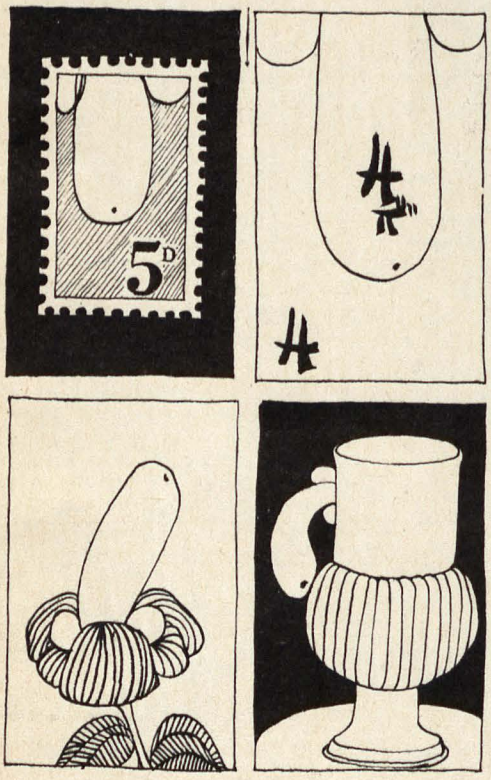


Anything posed, lit, slick or arty, he insists, would be "positively sick" And no one in America ever wants to be accused of that.

With this kind of cinema verité approach, where the medium *is* the message, any picture which shows marks of being a photograph of a photograph of a photograph takes on a special aura, like a chain letter but more so. It puts the whole thing on a national, perhaps even international level.

Collectors like to emphasise how much time and space a well travelled picture might have covered. One soon learns which were taken in Italy by an Illinois friend on holiday; which were part of a classic and, alas, now mostly destroyed by fire, sequence from Mexico; and which are reputedly old Hollywood pictures taken when a now big-name and very happily married male star was a penniless unknown. Anyone who shows scepticism over this last claim is very quickly assured that the original pictures from which these still lifes were taken still circulate from time to time. (No one however seems to have them. Pictures with heads, arms, chests and legs are, in the light of the current fad, passé and not worth keeping.)

But surely, one ventures to ask, faces and the rest provide more excitement and



isn't that what pornography is about?

" Good god," they say indignantly, " we don't do this for excitement! "

" It's just a silly fad, a big mad laugh except that, like stamp collectors, you get involved . . ."

So that's what's in these days in the unsavoury postcard department.

What's out?

☐ Heterosexual pornography. (Well, of course, when it's in all the art galleries, cinemas and paper back book stores already).

The syrupy, biased controversial and previously unpublished account of the tragedy at Dallas; by the self-effacing, establishment licking, contract breaking, money grubbing WILLIAM MANCHESTER is here for the first time ever, brought to you in LONDON OZ . . .

DEATH OF A PRE$IDENT

It was on the third day, when He didn't rise again, that Jackie knew for certain the President was dead. During those tense, terrible, tragic hours following the brutal assassination, she had nursed a faint, desperate hope that the days of a Kennedy in the White House were not yet over.

For, as searingly tragic as J.F.K's world-crippling death was (as Jackie was to disclose to me, privately, in an exclusive interview for my epic eulogy, still on tape, remembered and contested), even more shattering was the tragedy of a succession so garishly personified by Lyndon Boofhead Johnson.

She was to recount to me, three years later, in a chic Fifth Avenue salon—manifesting that exquisite, graceful compound of modesty and refined humility that we've come to see photographed so often—she was to recount, clad tastefully in a discreet off-black mini-skirt and obviously still suffering from the grim effects of the previous night's social commitments, she was to recount perceptively, accurately, and in poignant hysterical detail her unforgettable flight back to Washington.

" From the time we left hospital to the time we boarded the Presidential plane, we were still wearing our ensemble splashed by our husband's blood to demonstrate what the masses had done. What piqued us most on the plane was Johnson's effrontery—even during those calamitous moments in mid-air—that he, a mere Vice-President, should presume to contemplate our beloved throne. This is a goal far and away beyond the reach of someone with his looks—even if he *had* the money."

Here she wept—movingly, meaningfully, ferociously.

During the flight Johnson begged Jackie to appear in the picture that was to be taken while he took the Oath of Office as President. Magnanimously, she condescended and moved up from the rear of the plane. Now something extraordinary was to happen; something so spellbinding, so sensational that many readers have already heard rumours of it before serialisation of my book. The official photographer's camera failed! There was an embarrassing, agonising delay in the most uncomfortable of circumstances.

It is now known that Johnson took the unprecedented step of contacting the Attorney-General, Robert Kennedy, by telephone from the plane to seek details of the swearing-in ceremony. Details, most of us felt, that could best be ignored. Bobby, quite naturally, greeted Johnson's tactless telephone call with a reaction one would expect from this sensitive college football hero, this old close friend of the late Senator MacCarthy, this sly liberal phone tapper—he said nothing.

What could Bobby do when Johnson, in his ill-bred provincial manner, made maudlin and extravagant gestures of sympathy? He could do—and did—the only thing possible.

He turned his back.

Always, Bobby had worshipped the ground his sister-in-law danced on. It was in the Bethesada Naval Hospital while waiting for the President's autopsy that Jaqueline Kennedy heard of Lee Oswald for the first time. Bobby took her to one side and told her, " They think they've found the man who did it. He says he is a communist." The beautiful black widow responded with her penetrating (Vassar schooled) wisdom, " He didn't even have the satisfaction of being killed for civil rights. It had to be some silly little communist." How unfashionable.

Johnson was a weak and ineffectual Vice-President. So much so, that prior to the fateful Dallas procession, many of the Kennedy entourage refused to ride with him.

Some of Johnson's contemptible defenders point out that Johnson pushed Civil Rights reform through Congress with more vigour and success than his predecessor could have managed. They stress Johnson's achievements in the War on Poverty. But they are wrong. His minor successes here are not due to acumen or energy, they are due to political skulduggery, publicity.

Even now, the Kennedys have not forgotten that dark day in Dallas and they have not forgotten their destiny. And Bobby especially is a dutiful and dapper mourner at his brother's graveside. He has not, and will not, recover from his brother's historic, headline - making murder.

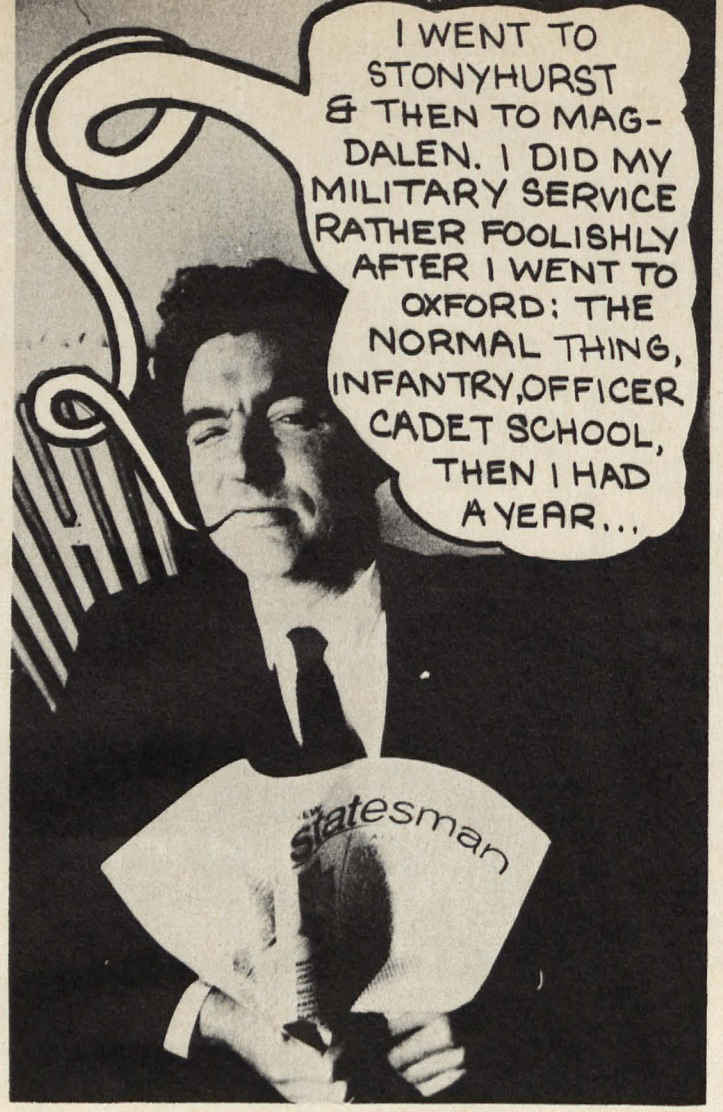
He is crying all the way to the White House.

When you hear an Englishman shouting 'It's going down the drain,' it is odds on that he is referring to the British economy: but, providing he stands somewhere to the left of Enoch Powell, there's a fair chance that he is talking about the New Statesman. *This publication has been allegedly seeping down the plug-hole ever since its foundation in* 1913. *In this it has perhaps followed the fortunes of those whose favourite stamping ground it has been—the British liberal intelligentsia. Notwithstanding the obsequies, its circulation has risen to above* 90,000, *its readership to* 450,000. *It is read not only by those of leftish aspect, but also by the far larger section of the populace who, for varying reasons, do not wish to have the* Economist, *the* Spectator, New Society *or the* Times Literary Supplement *as weekly nutriment.*

Its editor must therefore be a sanctuary of the British progressive tradition. For many years Kingsley Martin performed this role admirably. Following his retirement the position was assumed by John Freeman, who to the relief of all shortly left to become High Commissioner in New Delhi, an imperial task in keeping with his character. After a short pause, Paul Johnson, at the age of 36, *was confirmed as editor. Since his assumption of office the circulation has continued to rise, and standards alleged to have sunk. The make-up has changed: centre pieces have appeared: Levin's voice is heard in the land; Alan Brien holds Private Views.*

Johnson himself has the virtues and vices of a pragmatic left-wing journalist. His prose, pleasantly clear and fierce, has been pressed into service in admirable vituperation against American action in Vietnam, mistaken hopes that with the wage freeze Labour Blundered into Socialism, and stern admonitions about the education of, as he would term him, the future Monarch. His early Jesuit training gives his thought a logic, sometimes more acceptable than its premises. While a lot of Catholic writers and pundits have hearkened back to an organic paternalism of medieval design. Johnson prefers to remember the glories of the late eighteenth-century and the high seriousness of the Victorians. There is something about him of a Milner fallen among Fabians. He has little sense of the Labour movement as such beyond its exaltations in the House of Commons.

Personal encounters with him are entertaining. Distant hostility turns out, at closer quarters, to be mere truculence: this can, if all goes well, turn into stiff good cheer.



...AND A BIT IN GIBRALTAR DEFENDING THE ROCK.

I came out of the army and got a job in Paris, working for *Realité* as a sort of Assistant Executive Editor. That lasted three and a half years, and towards the end of that period I became the *New Statesman's* Paris correspondent.

Cockburn: And at this time you became interested in socialism?

Johnson: When I was at Oxford I was passionately interested in history, which was what I was reading. When I was up, from 1946 to 1950 Oxford was politically dead, and I took very little interest in politics: it was the same thing in the army. In Paris I met a lot of people on the left bank, where I lived, and we had a great deal of political discussion and I became what I suppose you would broadly call a Bevanite. If one is in a process of intellectual conviction a sudden dramatisation of the forces at work is always influential: I watched the last really big riots in Paris since the war—when General Ridgeway was appointed Nato Commander and there was a whole week of fighting in the streets. It was very horrible. Indeed I was jolly nearly beaten up myself. I was already beginning to be intellectually convinced, to be left wing broadly speaking, and there is no doubt that this was assisted by what I saw. I never found Marxism in the least appealing, though. You see, I had an orthodox Catholic background, taught by the Jesuits, and once you've been through that particular dogmatic mill and survived it with your mental independence more or less intact, you are not likely to fall for another system which is vaguely similar and which is equally based on a dogmatic view of life. So I've never been a doctrinaire.

Cockburn: Not what Wilson would call a doctrinaire socialist . . .

Johnson: No, not at all, I'm more a pragmatist like him.

Cockburn: On this question of Catholicism, did you lapse or have you always been a Catholic?

Johnson: Well, I've always been very fond of the Catholic Church. It fascinates me, but of course it's very wrong-headed in many ways. And I think the Vatican is an absurd set-up. I think Hilaire Belloc said what could you expect of an organisation run by a lot of Italian clergymen. But one tries to kick them into doing the right thing.

Cockburn: What do you imagine the purpose of the *New Statesman* to be?

Johnson: Broadly speaking what it was when it was founded. It was started in 1913 by the Webbs and George Bernard Shaw as a sort of Fabian socialist influence paper, aimed primarily at a small elite of people, cabinet ministers, leaders of the opposition, M.P.s, senior civil servants, a certain number of enlightened businessmen, to influence them along progressive lines. Of course, as the Labour Party gradually established itself as the chief progressive party in the country, it has tended to aim more at that and it has been loosely associated with the Labour Party, but it has never been a party magazine. It is written by intellectuals, for intellectuals, trying to influence people in authority.

Cockburn: Do you feel there is a limit to the criticisms you can make of the government, a point beyond which you might lose whatever influence you may think you have on them?

Johnson: This is precisely the tricky thing. We have to achieve the right balance between giving broad support and, on the other hand, criticising what one thinks is wrong. It's a razor-edged cliff that one is on, and I don't maintain I've always got the balance right.

Cockburn: This kind of support came out most strongly in that piece you wrote after the wage freeze, called How Labour Blundered into Socialism . . .

Johnson: Now that was quite interesting. A lot of people thought I had been put up to this by the government, and in particular by Dick Crossman. Quite untrue. I was in Ireland when the bill went through. When I got back it seemed to me that people had misunderstood what could become the purpose of this particular policy. The government had put the whole thing through in a muddle, rather against their wishes, and hadn't realised that it could contain the seeds of quite an important socialist development, which I've always been in favour of, namely a social wages policy.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN TALKS TO PAUL JOHNSON

Cockburn: Blunders apart, do you think the government presents any prospect of advance to socialism?

Johnson: I think this government will go where it is kicked. And we intend to do a great deal of kicking. The most fundamental point is the government's continued determination to uphold sterling as a world currency. So long as they do that, pressures from the city, from international bankers and so forth, are bound to prevail. I don't think this government has a long-term

future as a socialist instrument so long as sterling is sacrosanct.

Cockburn: But do you really think the government will ever have the guts to do anything about sterling, or, on another front, to dissociate themselves more strongly from the Americans over Vietnam?

Johnson: They are all tied up together, you see. So long as you sacrifice everything to defend sterling, you are not in a position to have an independent foreign policy.

Cockburn: You recently said the Vietnam war was the foulest in history. . . .

Johnson: I think it has become so. The range and odiousness of the weapons now being deployed are so horrible, used day by day, to a great extent on a civilian population which has had over twenty years of war. The spectacle of the largest and strongest power in history hurling itself with all the resources of scientific technology on this small country, is so repulsive as to be almost beyond description. And incidentally, I don't think criticism of the government for its position is useless: it's arguable that if there had not been such pressure from the left, we would be more firmly committed to American policy than we now are: for all I know, British troops would be at present serving in Vietnam.

Cockburn: But you don't always seem to have been so against military presences. In 1963 you told *Statesman* readers: "A British military presence is the Malaysian Federation's only protection against the totalitarian, imperialist powers of China and Indonesia . . . British military protection offers the best chance for the gradual development of the rule of the law." Would you express the same sentiments now?

Johnson: I don't think I would quite. The fact is, one makes mistakes and misjudgments. I went back a few years ago over all that I had written in the paper, and I roughly calculated that I had been right 40%, wrong 30% and the other 30% was arguable. Any editor who tries to maintain that he's always been right is either a fool or a crook. But I would be prepared to argue about those points you quoted. I'm not against a British military presence overseas in all circumstances. I don't have any moral repugnance about that, provided the people want us there, and provided we can afford it.

Cockburn: On another front, a lot of people were rather surprised by your lengthy article advising the Royal Family on what to do about Prince Charles's education—the suggested course seemed almost at times to parallel your own—why did you write the piece?

Johnson: I thought that it was very important that anyone who runs the monarchy should have a proper education. They've always been terribly badly educated in the past. I worked it out on balance that he would get the best education at somewhere like Oxford or Cambridge. If he went to one of the provincial universities he would be looked on as such a freak that the whole experiment would be a failure. Oxford and Cambridge are much more used to absorbing curious characters. Anyway, I think it was good journalism to raise the point just before his eighteenth birthday. It did arouse a lot of interest, and one hopes that these things are influential: I've no doubt it was read in certain quarters. As a matter of fact the *Statesman* has always taken a great interest in the Royal Family. We keep a close eye on these people, and articles we publish on them always arouse enormous interest in our readers. We accept the fact that the monarchy is going to be with us for quite some time, and that being the case, we think it is only right that the monarch should be properly advised to do the right thing.

Cockburn: The *Statesman* seems to have gone in for a jauntier, more personal style recently. Is this part of a general policy?

Johnson: This kind of impression arises from the fact that I started the Centrepiece column. This was an attempt to revive the short essay form in which people like Jack Priestley can expound their views: secondly it allows a kind of personalised view of events, underlying trends in our society.

Cockburn: But when you have Levin and Alan Brian bickering in the pages of the same paper, don't you think that is getting a little incestuous?

Johnson: I think it's something that has got to be done with great skill and not very often. This business of over-personalisation is very bad and silly.

Cockburn: People often talk in very differing terms about the front and back half of the paper. Do you see a contradiction between the two?

Johnson: It's awfully difficult to tell. Most people, to judge from the surveys, read between 80% and 90% of the paper. You can't really say people buy it for the front or the back. This is an old myth.

Cockburn: Did your literary editor, Karl Miller's, resignation have anything to do with different plans of yours, as far as the back half is concerned?

Johnson: I'm interested in improving the back half. It has a great deal of very skilful and erudite academic reviewing, but I'm interested in improving the back half, seeing it appeal more broadly to people. Indeed, by the time this interview appears, you will, I hope, see the beginnings of changes.

Cockburn: Now you are the father figure of the *Statesman*, discoursing weekly in the diary and other pieces, what kind of image of yourself do you imagine the readers are getting?

Johnson: God knows. That's not for me to say. Writing a weekly diary is an exercise in egotism. It's bound to be. If you don't reveal a certain amount of yourself then the thing is dull. And if you do reveal bits of yourself, then to some extent you hold yourself up to ridicule. I get a lot of that.

Cockburn: Yes, you recently described how you had a tussle with the police after some Suez demonstration and then went along to the Ritz and had a button sewn on by a waiter. Did it surprise you that people thought this funny?

Johnson: It was meant to be funny. I knew they'd think it was funny. It was true. I thought it was quite comic, though I'm bound to say I thought it was a perfectly sensible thing to do, because in those days the Ritz gave you a jolly good tea for 4s. 6d., a good Socialist tea.

Cockburn: Again, you've attacked the Beatles, Francis Bacon, got quite worked up, indeed . . .

Johnson: I just write the diary in the way I would ordinarily write a diary. I think the whole of the pop music thing is deplorable and I said so, and I got into frightful trouble for saying so. I still get a lot of trouble from it. As for Francis Bacon, I like him and think he's an extremely nice man and very talented. I just happen not to like his paintings, along with a lot of other people.

Cockburn: You thought you were going to be prime minister when you were twelve. Were there any other transitional ambitions, before the climax, as editor of the *New Statesman*?

Johnson: At one time I wanted to be a don. At another I wanted to be an art critic. In fact I wouldn't mind ending my days as an art critic, it's always seemed a marvellous occupation . . .

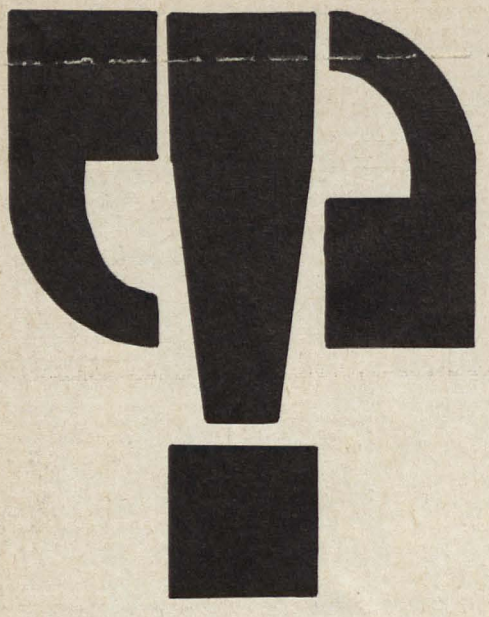
Cockburn: Voicing opposition to Francis Bacon, no doubt.

Johnson: Not necessarily, but putting a different point of view, maybe, to the one generally held today. I think it's possible I might still go into politics. I don't know. I can't see myself editing the *Statesman* indefinitely, and I don't think anyone would want me to do so. After one's been doing it a maximum of ten years, one ought to go, provided one has trained a good successor.

Cockburn: So you're safe till 1974 . . .

Johnson: I don't want to lay down any deadlines, otherwise

continued on page 17



(Paint it Black)

One of the more endearing sides of Cassius Clay's nature is that he abhors violence. He has told Uncle Sam in no uncertain way that he is not prepared to go and slug it out with the Vietcong.

It's something Cassius has in common with nearly all of us. Some of us think it would be better to stop raining napalm on Uncle Ho's venerable head. Others just think throwing bottles at the referee gives soccer a bad name. But we are against violence. Just ask any of us.

Of course it doesn't stop us enjoying a bit on the side. (Okay, Mrs. Whitehouse, you can start taking notes here.)

We sit slate-eyed in front of the television set while a steady stream of clean-jawed heroes marches off to blow somebody's brains out.

Sit through "Thunderball" with a stop-watch and you'll find sex outstripping violence three to one.

Books are going the same way too. The market researchers say sex we can take or leave, but violence runs to six editions with paperback publishers clamouring for the rights and no one accepts a penny under £50,000 for the film.

None of this worries me much. (Okay, Mrs. Whitehouse, you can put that notebook away.) If we all want to get our twilight kicks from an endless stream of thudding fantasies, who am I to argue?

What does bother me is the way violence is becoming a journalistic formula for instant excitement.

Take the perfectly ordinary situation which develops at 3.15 every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon in a large meeting hall in Westminster.

Two middle-aged gentlemen, their silver hair gleaming, sit on opposite sides of a largish table and argue. They do this in a way that would leave Emily Post speechless with admiration.

Each calls the other The Right Honourable Gentleman. Failing this, they call each other the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition.

Sometimes they are rude to each other. One says the other is a bully. And he is told no one would be so cowardly as to bully him.

But it is all done with unfailing restraint, and the nearest hint of violence is an occasional bellow from the extras in the stalls.

How is all this reported to you? Have a look at some quotes:

"**He** (Mr. Wilson) **diverted attention by attacking the Tory leader Mr. Edward Heath with what even many of his own supporters thought was needless savagery.**" (Daily Express 4.11.66.)

Hot dog! The bleeding and insensible body of Mr. Heath was presumably dragged from the Chamber by his sorrowing supporters, amid cries of "Shame" from horrified Labour benches.

But the Tories were not to be outdone. According to the same paper eight days later Mr. Enoch Powell "**lashed out at government by intimidation.**"

The issue of individual liberty "**came to the boil**". But the Attorney-General, who had been "**under fire**", sharply defended the record of his party.

The idea of Mr. Powell, an amiable and peaceful man if ever there was one, lashing out at anybody is nothing short of preposterous.

The list could go on. In recent months I can recall sundry Members of Parliament being whipped, lashed, hammered, clobbered, battered, slammed and, on one celebrated occasion, cut to pieces.

It goes without saying that the carnage extends well beyond Westminster. The impending earthquake around Manchester, discovered by the headline writer of the Daily Sketch, went unreported elsewhere. "**Granada-land to be split in biggest ITV shake-up,**" he thundered.

Others? How about: "**Consumers attack the decimal £.**" What with, one wonders. Or: "**Union chiefs hit out in pay rules storm.**" The thought of Mr. Clive Jenkins and his cohorts flailing along through a blizzard of bound copies of the Prices and Incomes Bill is a delightful one, also from the fertile pens of the Daily Sketch. "**UNO slaps on oil ban,**" said the Daily Express. Just like sticking on labels, really.

These headlines were, of course, sandwiched between the usual rapes, murders, and bashings which are part and parcel of every newspaper. (I have not yet seen a headline to beat one which appeared in an overseas afternoon newspaper, a veritable tour de force of sex, sadism, race, religion and politics. "**Raped Congo nuns whipped with Rosary beads.**")

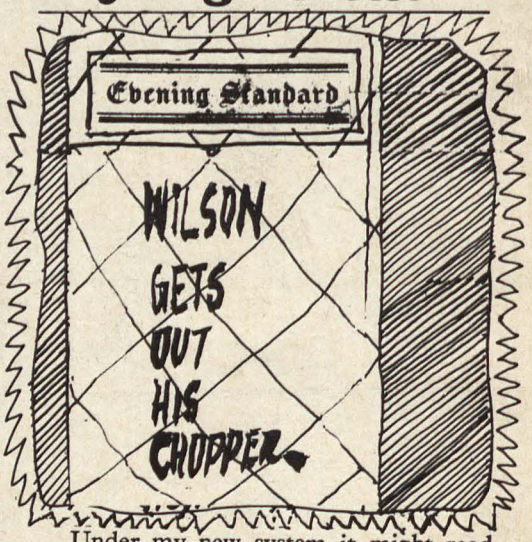
But the point about the political and other headlines is that in an essentially non-violent situation they had to draw on violent images to sound exciting. It's a pretty miserable reflection on the lot of us that we can't record a Tory censure motion without having to drag out the metaphorical machine guns and make it sound like second billing to the St. Valentine's Day massacre.

This isn't an argument for the kind of headline The Times specialises in—"**Mild earthquake in Chile, not many dead**". Nor is it an argument for the weary, defeated headline writer of the Guardian who once labelled a Victor Zorza story: "**Another reshuffle in Khazakastan**".

I suppose what I have to come round to is some newspaper equivalent of the peacemakers' slogan "Make love, not war". If only we could get a bit of sex into those stories to replace the violence we might be able to save the Sun, Sketch, Mail, Standard, Guardian and Times from whatever dreadful fate awaits them at the moment.

So let's take a straightforward account of a parliamentary debate as it might be reported now. "Mr. Heath," it might begin, "last night lashed the government for its failure to make Chatham House grammar school a national shrine. In a hard-hitting attack on the Home Secretary, Mr. Heath hammered away at Mr. Jenkins' alleged neglect in allowing escaped prisoners to use it as a staging post on the way to Europe. A bedraggled Mr. Jenkins was forced to admit that this was true, but he struck back by declaring that it had also been used for hashish parties by Pakistani tax-evaders during Henry Brooke's spell at the Home Office."

by Nigel Stone



Under my new system it might read something like this. "Women Cabinet ministers swooned last night after another breathtaking speech by the Leader of the Opposition, Edward "call me Casanova" Heath. His handsome grey hair glowing, in the soft light of the House of Commons, the 49-year-old bachelor huskily wooed his audience with a seductive call for the creation of a national shrine at Chatham House grammar school. Mr. Heath's lithe figure at the dispatch box seemed to dominate the Chamber as he dealt gracefully with the Home Secretary, Mr. Roy Jenkins. The rugged Mr. Jenkins himself had Tory backbench ladies sighing as he replied smoothly to Mr. Heath's points, reminding the Opposition Leader that Chatham House had also been used, etc., etc."

Well, at least it's an idea.

PRIVATE EYE

1/6

PRIVATE EYE SWALLOWS ITS WORDS Amazing picture

Gerald Scarfe

WASH

PRIVATE EYE COLOUR SECTION CONTINUED

eyewash (I-wosh)n. lotion for the eyes; (sl) humbug; pretence; flattery.

Penguin English Dictionary.

A Genuine Apology 29 April 66

PRIVATE EYE & MR ELKAN ALLAN

In the issue of Private Eye dated November 26th. 1965 we published an anonymous article about Mr. Elkan Allan, the television producer and scriptwriter.

We now realise that this article was based on misinformation and went a long way past our intention to poke fun. We now see that it was unfair, malicious and damaging to Mr.

Gnome

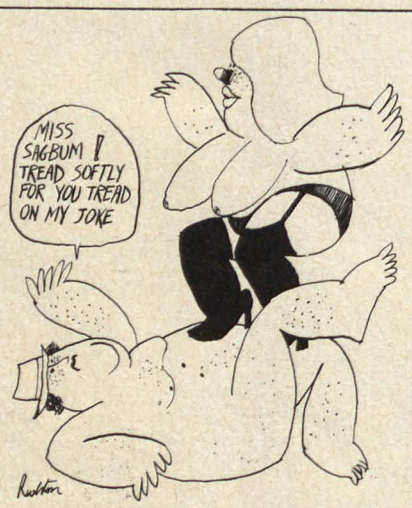
Dear Readers,

the 'persons' I hire to produce this rubbish have become so obsessed with so-called 'serious' journalism, that they constantly delude themselves that they "Do Good" with their witless exposes. In doing so they, in typically self contradictory fashion, have adopted the intolerant totalitarian manner for which I am justly famous. Gnomism flourishes and I get no credit for it. I am getting out of hand.

Yours very 'seriously',

Lord Gnome,

pp.OZ.



Sales of PE Things have been slow. In an effort to redress the imbalance between income and expenditure - the readibility gap - PE's Editorial Board and sundry Ad 'mins' took to the bawds last Sunday evening at the Royal Court. Having assured themselves that all proceeds would be equally divided between both North and South - London members of the board, a reading of the Best of PE took place. The half minute's silence which followed, appeared to baffle a small audience.

Berating them for their indifference to theatrical artifice, the first speaker, (a dandified person evidently mimicking Lord Mountbatten,) sat down abruptly to cries of "Go bag your head," from the front stalls.

A second speaker then volunteered to "keep the ball rolling" with an unillustrated explanation of past cartoons. Confronted by escalating audience apathy, he apologised, "Much funnier when you actually see them." The audience expressed some disbelief.

At this, a portly young man in a rather tweedy hat announced he would "liven things up" and shouted, "Piss, bum, poop, old droopy tits," into the mike. Rather ostentatiously a scrawny matron left the hall. She was later identified as a Madame Barrie Humphries. "That's the first funny thing you've said all night", said someone in the third row. Whereupon the young man sat down (or rather wrinkled the crease behind his fat knees a little more, it amounts to the same thing) evidently embarrassed.

2 Sept. 66

MR. PERCY CLARK. An apology.

We apologise to Mr. Clark for any incon-

A large brooding person now began to outline PE's committment to social purposes and its editor's aim to influence contemporary events. In the midst of this speech, a gent in row five farted loudly. At which the entire cast descended upon him to effect a citizen's arrest, charging him with both pla giarism and infringement of copyright. In the ensuing fracas the 'performance' ended with spirited audience participation.

4 March 66

"Private Eye" wishes to apologise to Mr. McGrath and to Mr. Stonehouse for any embarrassment or injury to their reputations which they may have suffered as a result of any inaccuracy in this article.

Henry Masterman, gardening correspondent for the Daily Telegraph. His name a household word you say? The only man within the context of that hysterically right wing organ who appears to have maintained an oasis of political impartiality? If that is the case then no one can begrudge him his success.

check other metaphors.

Yes, Masterman does live in a modest semi-detached house in suburban Acton with a "wife" and three children. But, although he bought this house fifteen years ago, Masterman has so far not shown himself ready to tell Private Eye where the money came from. His failure to send this information unsolicited to Private Eye in anticipation of this article can be nothing else than a straight forward admission of guilt.

Even so, having said all that, Masterman would still seem to be a person that any reasonable man, whatever his political outlook, would appreciate as a next door neighbour. We can report however, in all fairness, that Henry Masterman is a swine. And is as two faced as the insane fascist rag he writes for and that I and all other reasonable men use to wipe our bumholes with. — third proof.

on no account reveal he is my neighbour

Unlike Masterman we can back up our state-

ments. First. His dog. Why does Masterman keep a dog that constantly barks to the annoyance of his neighbours? This is no malicious fantasy on our part. We have found the dog barking on every occasion that we have entered Masterman's premises for the purpose of observing the dog. This is particularly true late at night, a time when all honest men are asleep.

And his compost heap. One realises that Masterman must use one in the course of normal gardening activities. But need it be so large? Might not this one be used for more sinister purposes? When confronted in the street by four members of the Private Eye staff and cross-examined about the compost heap, Masterman's six year old child seemed both evasive and frightened.

Masterman's way of life is liberal and tolerant to a dangerous extreme. delete

Although these undeniable facts show Masterman's cleverly worded gardening articles to be a fraud, nevertheless in all fairness we must admit that he is probably married to the woman who poses as his wife. But as our close surveillance of his house has shown, this doesn't stop another completely different woman from visiting Masterman once a week at an unusual hour. Subsequent enquiries produced the prevaricating and ambiguous reply from close associates of both parties that the woman was Masterman's mother. Does this seem likely when Masterman is reputedly Anglo-Saxon and his "mother" has red hair? More than that, since Masterman's "wife" has occasionally been present at these sinister Sunday Lunches, it would seem that the "wife" too is implicated. The coincidences mount up but the beer halls of Munich once looked as innocent.

Even the three young children living with Masterman and his associate/"wife" do not escape the corrupting hands of this monster. Masterman has been seen by our correspondent with a towel eagerly wiping the hot, wet and entirely naked body of the youngest of these unfortunates. The eldest can be seen bringing other uniformed youths back to the Masterman cell and there has been as many as eight young men in the house at the one time. Yet the authorities still do not move.

delete I do this myself. check political affiliations of Boy Scouts.

Romantic England

THE EYEING OF THE PRIVATES

In the Conqueror's reign, the court jester earned himself a fee simply by performing his celebrated simultaneous leap, whistle and fart, each Pancake Tuesday. The custom survives. Each Tuesday fortnight, certain of Her Majesty's simples earn themselves a fee of 1/6 (and multiples thereof) as they perform a similar act, now known as the Eyeing of the Privates.

The ramifications of the revived custom are best explained by self styled 'editor' Ingrams - the Corporal in charge of Private Eye. "We see our job as taking the mickey, the moses and in some (integrated) cases the rastus out of everyone. Well, that is, everyone who is Someone. Establishments are defined by their critics, assured of an eminence from which to be tippled, ah, toppled. Hence our own particular licence is really licensed I suppose. Establishments relish cock and old balls. And in this respect, I think we can rightly claim to have courted favour assiduously.

Yet I suppose we started as a sort of New Satirical Express, cataloguing Pop of the Top People. Once upon a time, you know, it was trendy to have been attacked by us. Lately, of course, we're more whipping boys. But then we've all heard of the kiss of the lash, dear.

But we've never equivocated. We've always taken a point of view. Look Back in Anger gave us that point of view and for six long years we've done little else. That we have been boring repetitive is of course another issue. In fact, often was the next issue.

Now the public are a little satired of it all. But I think I'm confident in saying our share-cropping of the Fourth Estate has meant something. To a discerning populace, due to our efforts, Disestablishmentarianism has added up to something new, Anti-Disestablishmentarianism."

RODNEY BENNETT-ENGLAND
A CORRECTION

11 Nov. 66

We apologise to Mr. Bennett-England for any inconvenience he may have suffered as a result of this article.

O'Booze

WHAT KIND OF MAN IS PITMAN?

In a frank, outspoken attack, Lunch-time O'Booze, Britain's most fearless columnist, answers this question in his own inimitable way:

Robert Pitman

IN MY OPINION IS A SHIT

So much for satire!

Words by **Barry Humphries**

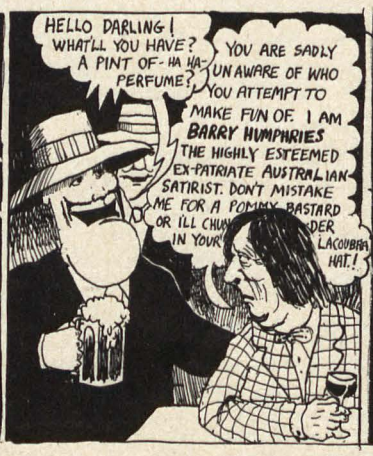
BARRY McKENZIE

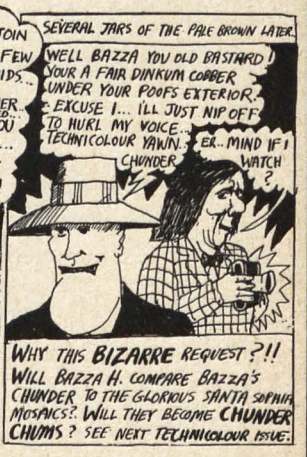
Drawings by **Nicholas Garland**

THE STORY SO FAR...

AFTER MULTIPLE ROUNDS OF THE AMBER FLUID AT THE RUBBITY.. BAZZA AND HIS MATES COMMUNE TOGETHER FOR A "GANG CHUNDER". AND FESTIVE POINTING OF THEIR PERCYS AT THE PORCELAIN. AS THEY SPLASH THEIR OX-BLOOD BOOTS, BAZZA MENTIONS THAT HE IS DESIROUS OF ADJOURNING TO THE DOWN UNDER CLUB...

NOW READ ON.....





ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

IT'S ALL GREEK ST.

Much of what makes 'Private Eye' boring and ineffectual is parabled in the dogged tussle for power waged these last eighteen months between the present editor, Richard Ingrams and immediate editor emeritus, John Wells. Wells is an ex-Eton master who relishes his strong personal connections with minor royalty and really wants to be a celebrity - unlike Ingrams, despite his former period of facile punditry on swinging London. Typically 'Old Pal', Wells tried to stifle 'P.E.'s' farts at Meg because, as he put it, she couldn't answer back.

Ingrams loathed Son of Bumhole and Wells covered himself by writing bitter gossip about it. He was billed once in 'P.E.' as 'Literary Influence' and was later relegated to mere 'Contributor' after a putsch by Ingramites on the Board. Wells took to writing idiotic T.V.criticism for the Daily Mail and is currently the best of a bad lot on the 'Late Show'. He also pens two columns of 'Afterthought' for the 'Spectator' which is mostly belated gossip about media and the posh parties he attends and delivered in a prose style for which he has at least had the humility to apologise.

'Private Eye' still reeks of this old guard bumhole element who are eternally adolescent and self-consciously upper class...the sort of inept and arrogant T.V. debators which public schools now manufacture instead of Major Generals.

The William Rushtons and Christopher Bookers who are responsible for the Blue Records, the Dirty Book and 'P.E.' things. ...all the classic revue satire stuff that bright young aristos have been titillating each other with for years. Rushton, for example, was once employed on the I.T.V.extravaganza, 'Stars and Garters' as resident dirty comic and was so awful - even by I.T.V.standards - that he was fired. 'P.E.' retaliated with an ill-written diatribe against the show's Elkan Allen who had despised Rushton and dubbed him 'Ginger Judas". They were compelled to retract and publish their usual licking apology. Rushton, incidentally, is currently in Australia posing as the brains of Greek Street satire and frantically marketing other people's stale 'P.E.' jokes (much to the irritation of Ingrams, who likes to save them for Oxbridge debates). Rushton's new found employer is Sir Frank Packer, unenlightened monopolist, whose vast press, radio and T.V. media grind out a philosophy somewhat to the right of Robert Pitman's.

So much for satirical conviction.

Not that anti-bumhole paranoic, Ingrams, is concerned much with satire anyway. He often rejects cartoon contributions for being "too satirical", requesting "whimsy" instead. He is not above staging office tantrums in front of visitors to embarrass Tony Rushton, amiable business manager, into raising his £30 weekly salary.

A huge, somewhat scarred figure, he sallies forth from his rose-covered weekender, astride an imposing iron bicycle to tilt mightily at the treadmills of Fleet Street. The Ray Gunter of satire, Ingrams sees himself as the Messiah of 'Private Eye', is tautly religious about its continuation but in practice has proved all Exodus and no Revelations. His persistent vision is to print the sort of hard reportage of political malfeasance that distinguishes 'Der Spiegel' and 'Le Canard Enchaine'. With rare exceptions (e.g. Hanratty) he has, of course, failed.

His attempt to politicise 'P.E.' resulted in the recruitment of Claude Cockburn and Paul Foot - both bitterly resented and boldly resisted by the bumhole boys.

Cockburn's 'This Week' is hardly the coruscating, witty moulder of society's opinion that Ingrams hoped it would be. The envisaged Thunderer role emerges as rather the sound of one hand clapping: largely because the ruined Limerick mansion Cockburn writes from is not Cliveden and he is no Nancy Astor.

Ingram's second appointment was more hopeful. Paul Foot, Mandrake of the Sunday Telegraph, and source of all those contemptuous stories about laughable editor McLauchlin (now retired) was brought in as effective political editor. Ingrained aristocrat and past President of the Oxford Union, he fitted-in to Greek Street well. A journalist and author of a heavy-handed Penguin on race relations, he introduced relatively well-informed and irreverent but principled information on a number of occasions.

Never popular at the "Telegraph', Foot is soon to move permanently to 'Private Eye' where he will double the back page output.

Apart from the odd useful piece of information that slips through, Ingrams has never really had the staff or sources able to yield anything more than personal slanders. 'Colour Section' and 'London Illustrated News' lack real facts and compensate for this ignorance with a peculiar, literary cannibal style.

Occasional bitter feeds are sent by disgruntled Transport House research staff, fired P.R. men and barroom world correspondents. Often 'P.E's' political

correspondents. Often 'P.E's' political
expose's consist of bitches at G. Kauffman by those of Wilson's aides who are jealous of him.

However, the days of its wild political irreverences are numbered. It is said that a gentleman's agreement has been reached between 'P.E.' and establishment celebrities, the quid pro quo being milder satire for a less sensitive response to libel.

Most of the brilliant and able undergrad generation have abandoned 'Private Eye'. Miller and Cook are busily sustaining their reputations for being rich and clever without doing much except boosting each other on T.V. guest appearances.

Final estrangement between Miller and 'P.E.' came when the mag vomited some drivel about pooves (Ingrams is still obsessed by homosexuality) allegedly written by Dr. Jonathan Miller. The good doctor responded with an angry, hurt letter (now pinned on the office walls) hoping they would "rot in hell" - a quote subsequently reproduced on the cover of Penguin Private Eye.

Cook still sweats over archetypal Cook comedy and is a staunch supporter of the mag although caught up in his self indulgent success spiral. Hence the sad 'Wrong Box', tedious guest appearances on the late R.S.G. and drab visual gags on telly. His country mansion and Chrissy presents glamourise the colour supplements, likewise his fashionable wife: "it would be fun to give a party with a roast sucking pig for an American friend"; ho, ho, her in the "Sunday Times'.

* * * *

Some argue that 'Private Eye' is still the most agreeable thing in print, despite its petty nihilism, stubborn inaccuracies and the self indulgencies of its staff. It is just these factors, however, which have prevented 'P.E.' from achieving any importance.

Even if it doesn't want to, it has become part of the paraphernalia of swinging London; entrapped as an artifact of glossy society which longs to be attacked in this painless gossipy way by its own class and in its own terms of amusing titter and bicker.

It is not surprising that 'P.E.' is subsidised from the pocket money of such outspoken, anti-establishment, radical intellectuals as Jane Asher, Lady Bonham-Carter, Bob Monkhouse, Anthony Blond, Peter Sellers, Joyce Grenfell.....

So controversy between Cook and Frost becomes staple of colour supplement public quarrel; Mrs. Cook becomes an ikon of contemp kitch; Ingrams appears as both evidence and anti-image of London's brilliance; Greek Street continues to market tasteless, embroidered gimmicks.... all as significant as an empty cellophane bag.

'P.E.' is Andrex pretending to be Kleenex; Tampax pretending to be Durex.

THE ONLY MAGAZINE WHICH DOES NOT CONTAIN BORING ARTICLES BY COLIN MACINNES

-Kit Mouat

In no terms save those of an essentially mixed-up society can the strip-tease form of entertainment make sense. But today there is another kind of "stripping" which is gaining popularity, and that is the intellectual stripping of modernist Christians who are discarding their theological veils one by one. "The Fall of Man," "the Devil," "God the Father," "the Virgin Birth," "Hell" and even the "Incarnation" lie crumpled at the performers' feet, while they clutch desperately at the remaining flimsies of "Ultimate Reality" and "Unique Christian Love." Sometimes it seems that the act may be developed so that these, too, are tossed aside—if only to attract a more sophisticated audience; but when this does happen, it is hushed-up as much as possible. Generally the fear of complete exposure is as acute as ever it was.

Malcolm Muggeridge is the Gipsy Rose Lee of these strippers, fluttering his eyelids—now towards the Roman Catholics and now at the Anglicans, pretending to drop a veil, then clutching it all the closer to him as he croons:

"It's edu-edu-cation
That's ruining the nation . . ."

and drawing larger and larger crowds. His fans include Mary Whitehouse, but only since he started having his veils made of red flannel. And then there is his special performance when the stage is lit only by "glow worms," shining "with an intrinsic light" while he is "caught in all-encompassing radiance, like dust in a sun-beam." Some people might suggest, unkindly perhaps, that he is getting just a little beyond it now, and must surely be able to afford a comfortable retirement from his rather pitiful intellectual antics. There are plenty to carry on with his work.

Several highly paid stars (John Robinson, for one) actually perform in church, although they do the show in reverse, arriving part-exposed at the door, humming,

"God is superfluous . . .
God is dispensable . . .
God is intolerable . . ."

and then picking up the veils one by one as they go down the aisle, ready to recite

"I believe
in God the Father Almighty,
Maker of Heaven and Earth . . ."

with their delighted audience. Others have their own groups such as the "Christian Humanists," the "Christian Agnostics" and the "Secular Christians": but top of the pops are probably the lively little company of "Cambridge Theologians." Most of the performers are men, strangely enough, but Monica Furlong is an exception. Some years ago she admitted that stripping (or "being a Christian," as she put it) was "intellectually more exhausting" than it had been for years. There is no doubt at all about that; it *is* exhausting, even for the audience, if they take it all as seriously as they should. Monica gives a very sexy performance, one has to admit, but she has not yet dropped the last veil, which seems to be made of very old Irish linen. The idols of these modern strippers are of course Tillich, Bonhöfer and Barth, who play much the same sort of role as do Nijinsky and Pavlova in the hearts of balletomanes.

So far very few complaints have been made about "Stripping on the Telly." It says something for the tolerance of our age that these performances are allowed to come right into our homes. In such a way the Man in the Street (and his wife) can be made to feel part of the sleazy underworld of the mind; they can watch others doing what they secretly long to do themselves, but without being tempted to go too far. If any viewers are disturbed it will be, I suppose, those Spaniards and Italians and Latin Americans to whom all the veils are sacred. Dropping even a few of them (in their view) is to risk a most unnatural sort of revelation. Billy Graham is especially intolerant; but then he hasn't yet got used to the mini-skirt. Fortunately no one really takes him very seriously. They just let him have Earl's Court, the freedom of the radio, TV and the press, and then leave him to get on with it.

Inevitably some criticism comes from the old-time strippers, who, in their own "Quaker" and "Unitarian" clubs, reached their peak of stripping hundreds of years ago. They simply cannot see what all the fuss is about, and are justifiably a little peeved that these modern performers should be so highly paid for what is really so terribly old-fashioned.

The Education Act of 1944 laid down that once a day (and at another period during the week), the children shall put on these absurdly out of date veils, and, although they are not expected to go through the strip routine themselves, some teachers have actually been performing striptease in front of their classes! First they throw off "Adam and Eve" and then "Eternal Damnation," and, if they are only amateurs, before they know where they are, they have dropped the lot.

Other RI teachers demonstrate a special ritual movement (quite obscene) by which the God-veil is ripped and torn but never finally discarded. It is no wonder that the public is worried about an increase in immorality. Few teachers, however, are

continued on page 17

RAAStus: W1 in W.2.
Colin MacInnes

'Defense' needs money. Send to Michael Abdul Malik, Leith Mansions, Grantully Road, W9.

RAAS, in England, is the nearest thing we have to the American Black Muslims. It is not in fact very near, since the social-racial contexts are so different. Although we are a racist society here, white racism is diluted and polite, so that black opposition to it, however militant, is correspondingly mild.

The letters *RAAS* purport to stand for Racial Action Adjustment Society, but in reality (on an analogy with, say, Ian Fleming's *SPECTRE*) the title is chosen to give four letters that spell out an exceedingly rude West Indian word—it denotes, in fact, a saturated menstrual cloth.

The President of *RAAS* is a Trinidadian called Michael Abdul Malik, or Michael X, formerly Michael de Freitas. He is a converted and practising Muslim (I mean religiously, as well as being a " Muslim "), a poet, a former hustler in his unregenerate days, and an impressive man, if rather unorganised.

I have long believed that only Negroes will help Negroes, and that white allies harm as much as they help. As Stokeley Carmichael points out—to my mind, accurately—whites should convert whites, not hinder blacks by trying to back them. I was thus sympathetic to Michael's endeavours; though in contradiction to my own belief, joined his organisation as an associate member (only blacks can be full members). This involved my suggesting a task I could take on to further the movement's objectives.

Before describing this, a word about black racialism, or racialism in reverse. Here one must judge not so much by theory, as by practice. I know Michael is not a racialist, and that his shoulders are entirely chipless. Nor can I discover that his members are. In this, I admit, they differ from the American Muslims. But apart from personal inclination, the English situation does not encourage black racialism for three reasons. First, because Negroes are one-fiftieth, not one-tenth of the population as in America, too small a minority for racial aggression. Next, because the aloof, wet cotton-wool style of white English racialism has—with few exceptions—none of the neurotic violence found in the US, which makes the call there to Black Power meaningful. Lastly, neither West Indians, nor Africans, nor Pakistanis have any experience, historically, of being bullied by a white *majority*, and this gives them a greater assurance in relation to whites. (It is significant, incidentally, that Stokeley himself is a Trinidadian.)

Liberals, of course, deem all exclusive racial organisations tainted. But it seems to me they only say this when the organisation is black. What liberal objects to the multiplicity of Jewish bodies, with not a Gentile on their committees, which succour their own race? Does any liberal resent Cypriot, Maltese or, for that matter, Australian self-help organisations? No, such are thought to be both practical and patriotic. But not any body founded by Negroes for helping one another: this, says the liberal, is racialism.

The real reason the liberal doesn't like the idea of a group like *RAAS* is that it doesn't want him. Well, let him console himself with CARD, or other excellent multi-racial bodies striving, so they say, for the same ends. And perhaps he is to some extent right: the battle against racialism can be fought on many fronts, in many ways, and let he who is concerned with this choose the one he thinks the most effective.

So once an associate member of *RAAS*, I suggested to Michael we undertake the defence of coloured men and women accused in criminal cases. I have direct and visual experience of the brutality and perjury that arises when coloured persons are arrested, and of their hostile treatment in the courts. I am not saying this doesn't happen to whites too—indeed it does—but coloured people are especially vulnerable. First, because of racialist attitudes of the authorities, and next, because they have less knowledge than whites of how to handle an arrest and its consequences, and usually less chance of practical help and advice from friends.

He accepted the idea, and we went into business. The first two problems were lawyers and money. Anyone with experience of courts will know that a solid defence is half the battle. The scared Barbadian fisherman in the dock, speaking a scarcely comprehensible dialect and having failed to muster witnesses and solid citizens who can stand surety for him, is greatly helped by preliminary advice in the cells (to which only lawyers have access), and the presence in court of a sharp expert who is not intimidated by its atmosphere of doom.

This brings us first to the matter of legal aid. Many think this, like the National Health Service, is a free and automatic privilege. Not a bit of it. It is granted at the magistrate's discretion, and often refused. Of course, if legal aid *is* granted, the financial problem—and that of legal defence—are both looked after. But since most coloured people haven't the faintest idea how to go about getting legal aid, it is important to have a lawyer in court to apply for it on his behalf. And until it is (or isn't) granted, this lawyer, naturally, has to be paid. Then if legal aid is refused, he has to be paid a great deal more to carry the case to its conclusion.

Most criminal lawyers are willing—subject to this initial payment—to take on legal aid cases since, though these are not generously paid, they cover costs and keep the office busy. We had to find, and did, solicitors who would accept the rather odd cases we sent them, and be prepared to charge as little as possible for the first appearance (to ask for legal aid) and for subsequent efforts if legal aid was not granted.

I say " odd " cases because we made it a principle that guilt or innocence were of no interest to us. To try to decide this would be speculation anyway, and we

followed the excellent principle of the British courts of " innocent until proved guilty." Of course, this principle, in practice, is not as absolute as is thought—why, to name one of dozens of instances, should the not-yet-proved-guilty person be put into a dock, and not allowed to sit by his lawyer, as in America? Additionally, the proposed Criminal Justice Bill, with its tampering with juries, seems to intend to undermine this ancient principle even further.

Over several cases, we had failures and successes—some of these " successes " being in fact convictions, but with sentences much less severe, we were sure, than if the accused had not been defended at all. We were also able to arrange sureties for bail when the defendant couldn't supply these—though our sureties, despite their impeccable respectability (and sometimes pure Caucasian skins) were often refused by the magistrates. Meanwhile we paid out of our own pockets more than we could afford, and ran up bills about which the solicitors were, on the whole, patient.

About this time, a rather sensational immoral earnings case came up about which a great many other West Indians were concerned, believing the accused to be innocent. They raised funds for his defence (which the police subsequently suggested were intended to bribe the sureties). The persons involved with this case—for which the accused was eventually sentenced to four years—heard of our endeavours, we got together, and a committee came into being which we called " Defense ".

I was in two minds about this body, since sad experience has taught me that individual action of one or two persons is often more effective than that of a quarrelsome group. However, there seemed strong feeling among the coloured community of W.11 that something should be done, and we soon had nine committee men with a whole dreadful paraphernalia of chairman, secretary, treasurer and so forth. After several internal rows, we settled down with an office, telephone (operating day and night so that victims could call from the station on arrest), a part-paid secretary, and we have hitherto handled about a dozen case.

Sceptics will say—what is the use of all this? At best it is a drop in the ocean of coloured woe . . . and why only operate in London W.11, and why only defend coloured persons, and what if the accused has a white wife, and so on?

In moments of anguish and fatigue I agree with these strictures. We seem to be using up a lot of our own precious time (all the committee members have other active occupations), subsidising solicitors, losing a lot of cases—and no doubt raising false hopes in the process. Nor is our initiative greeted with approval by much of the coloured community. Murmurs are heard that we are making money somehow out of this, or playing politics, or antagonising the law and making things worse.

My only reply to this is that if we can establish that coloured cases *will* be defended, maybe official attitudes to coloured accused will gradually alter. I was once accused of something with eleven others, all coloured. One of these and myself, having a bit of money, got lawyers and were acquitted. All the rest were convicted on an identical charge. I have not forgotten this.

As to the argument that if we are " Defense " we should defend anybody—a point that was put to me in a court canteen by an intellectual detective who follows, he said, my writing with professional interest—okay, okay, we will; and in fact, in one case we have defended a white. But the need for support of coloured peoples seems to me greater and anyway, the organisation *is* coloured, so why should it not defend its own? As Michael X, in his poetic manner, put it, " Islam teaches me the whole world is my family, but the coloured man is more, he is my brother."

Then what about me, the only white face on the committee? Isn't this inconsistent? Highly so, and as soon as I can I'm going

continued on page 17

The Land of Cockaigne

As I sink deeper into the irredeemable state of over-twenty-five-ism, I find that failing even faster than my virility is my never-plentiful fund of tolerance for the antics of adolescents, and *a fortiori*, for those of the ageing worshippers of adolescence. Unlike Mr. Muggeridge, I have no objection to an increasing sexual permissiveness, nor do I look back to some Eden of public purity; but the bitter bile of contempt which he spews forth smells sweet to me.

Consider, for example, the matter of drugs. Very few who have actually used such mild stimulants as hashish or amphetamines can put much faith in the ravings of the old men who run society concerning the dangers of drugs, the consequent decadence of ' swinging London ' and so on (perhaps the most absurd recent example of this kind of thing was the exhortations of the ridiculous Lord Radcliffe, than whom none is more Established, printed some months ago in the *Spectator*). It is a commonplace that alcohol is a physically more debilitating drug than either of the two mentioned; the unstable personality can be pushed over the edge of disintegration by the excess use of any of them: would Dylan Thomas have suffered any more if he had gobbled pills, or even made like a sewing-machine with a syringe?

The sincerity of our masters when they address themselves to the problem of drugs (or even just alcohol) must be questioned when they so deliberately confuse the use of ' big ' drugs and ' little ' drugs; when they use any and every means to cloud the issues, even threatening to prosecute a silly little clergyman who demonstrated how very easy it is to buy hash.

But having said all this, having made our bow to human rights, freedom of the individual, common sense, and all that, what of the under-twenty-fivers who increasingly flock to ' turn-on ', reverently passing their joint from hand to hand, slobbering over the sodden end of a crudely confected bundle of tobacco mixed with the sacred substance?

I do not know what the under-twenty-fivers of ten or twenty years ago were like; nor do I underestimate the roseate glow which youth sheds over the most squalid scenes. But can the mumbling morons, mouthing the incoherencies of talentless poetasters, conversing in the out-dated hand-me-down slang of the casualties of the race war, can these be the best that ' consciousness-expanding ' drugs can do?

More pathetic even than these, however, are the over-twenty-fivers who throw themselves so eagerly into the ranks of Youth—the Adrian Mitchells who can't write poetry, but do know how to invent doggerel to exploit the amorphous emotions of an amorphous protest; the Julie Felixes who can't play the guitar but who know how to pounce upon the gropings towards music and song of children struck deaf by Radio Luxembourg and its relatives all over the world; and, most absurd, the greying men who, having read about the Provo riots in Amsterdam, but being themselves neither young nor beautiful, have invented an ersatz provo movement in London, and babble about white bicycles in Trafalgar Square.

But they are worse than pathetic, these inferior talents who batten upon the gullibility of a lettered but semi-literate horde of children, who are the product of a generation of elders themselves beset and besotted by the combined efforts of the pulpit Freudians and the parlour Marxists. These modern Dukes of Plaza Toro posture before their adoring audience, and annually march them up to Trafalgar Square, only to march them down again; the children raising their little standards of revolt regularly have them dashed into the ground by those whom they idolise.

And so they turn to the liberation of ineffectual drugs, and sometimes seek refuge from their still apparent inadequacies in more powerful varieties; or sometimes they accept the fantasy world of those of their elders who lust after their youth. They become pop-singers, or pop-painters, or even pop-philosophers; and to disguise their deficiencies subscribe to what is now called (poor Isherwood!) ' camp '—the glorification of inability to discriminate.

No wonder Mr. Muggeridge would like to be able to say, God . . . help us! . . . But God is dead, of an overdose.

Sebastian Scragg

Darling...

I'd love to write the straight-talking McCarthy-Brophy rundown on the most intimate activities of the English male, but I can't for the simple reason that I've never been to bed with one. It's true that I have no lack of standards of comparison. I regard your request as a compliment to my energy and enterprise, not to mention the catholicity of my taste; under normal circumstances I should have plunged into exhaustive field work, but I can't even do that, because I have taken a vow never to go to bed with, or indeed have sexual traffic anywhere with, an Englishman.

Those who know how passionately I hold my convictions of complete lack of possessiveness and prejudice in sexual affairs would be aghast at this uncharacteristic and illiberal action, which was not so much freely taken by me, as forced upon me by the circumstances.

In Cambridge, where I live, there are (reputedly) eight men to every woman. It seems the ideal spot for a devoted practitioner of the arts of love, for nearly all the men are in the full flower of their potency, being between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. When I arrived I was elated at the vastness of the opportunity for proselytising.

For six months after I arrived there, the only sex I experienced directly, apart from endlessly repeated discussions in which I found it necessary to explain that there had been improvements upon *coitus interruptus* as a contraceptive method, or about venereal disease of the order, "Sweetie, those are lice. You are not so much diseased as dirty," was the sight, one by one, of three, grubby, scrawny men in their forties, who derived some wan satisfaction from exposing to me their genitals, pallid and bluish in the frosty air.

In those six months I altered my image violently and constantly, but no real change in my fortunes resulted. I settled down to being bottom-wiper and information service about contraception and venereal disease and matters of the heart generally, and transferred my sexual hopes to the metropolis.

I was sick to the gills of the usual sights provided for my delectation at undergraduate parties, where the girls arrived blazing in spangled mininesses and shinned up the gilded youths like natives up a coconut palm, glueing themselves on by their lip-slicker and moondrops, while the boys signalled optically to their mates, and waited only for the girls to drop off to ask them for a cigarette.. (The same girls who hie them southwards in summer and feed the egos of the lazier and vainer Latin Lovers.)

One evening I went down to stay with a smooth young architect whom I was ready to love distractedly, in his witty little flat near the Fulham Road. He Michael Cained all over the kitchen in his cunning barbecue apron, lit candles and plumped cushions, burnt incense and selected records, and never even looked at me. In desperation I thought of stripping all'improvviso, but rejected it on several counts (principally my sensible St. Michael smalls). Eventually it was bed-time. He carefully prepared the spare bed, ran the bath, warmed the towels, lent me his bubble bath and other manly cosmetics packaged in leather and gun-metal, and said good night. When I was warm in bed, scrubbed shiny and sleepy, he suddenly slid in beside me. "Ciao," he said, and lay there, all friendly and casual like. I fell asleep. I took care never to see him again.

He is not always an architect. Sometimes he is a lawyer or a fledgling lawyer, or a baby stockbroker, or an accountant or in advertising. He is always *very nice*. He has an ideal of nice, gentle, restful, *uncomplicated* sex. He is legion.

My resolution to bed me an Englishman continued bloody but unbroken. I went into the country to sample the gentry. I lolled and played tennis and rode a bit and went to the races with clear-eyed heavy-limbed young gentlemen with a desperate tendency to bray down one's earhole the most malicious gossip heard anywhere, generally on the theme of the *parvenu*, or the designing female who seeks to marry into the death duties class. At a small party given by one such to others such, I noticed that at an oddly early hour the guests began to melt away while the liquor lasted, until I was suddenly *tête à tête* with my host and it was only eleven o'clock. I was the Victim of a Plot. Host beamed gormlessly and began to remove his old school shoes and socks, blaring some subtleties the while about being snug.

How the plot can have been expected to thicken without some attempt to gain my complicity I cannot imagine. I grasped the opportunity presented by his bare feet and struck out, iron-jawed, across the lawns, through the hedge and across the cricket ground that separated the house where I was guest from his. My would-be ravisher came thumping after me, so I plunged wildly on while the nettles stung me all up inside my wild silk. On the actual pitch, gleaming ready in the moonlight for the morrow's play, he sprang. We threshed about desperately for a bit, and I bawled reproaches at him for his lack of loyalty to

continued on page 18

STRIP

continued from page 13

guilty of deliberately exposing themselves completely; those who are (or who dare to advise the children not to touch the veils at all) find that they are barred from promotion. Most people think this absolutely right and fair—especially the professional stripper who, naturally, want to continue to lay down the rules as to how far stripping can decently go.

One recognises that for some people the theological strip-tease is all part of growing up, like reading Penthouse or Woman's Own. All the same, they can't help being impatient for the time when Stripping Veils will take their place in museums alongside the stays, chastity belts, and bustles of previous ages, and Strip-Tease will be as out of fashion as cock-fighting and the Lancers.

A suggestion was made recently by Dr. J. M. Allegro that scrolls should take the place of veils. He tells the story of how, soon after the war, he found that stripping could be particularly effectively performed with an accompaniment of Hebrew, which he took the trouble to learn. It is quite possible that his ideas may prove a considerable embarrassment and challenge to the groups, although the stars have a powerful backing of half-believers, and will, no doubt, be as ready as the Beatles to extend their repertoires in order to retain their popularity. They have already switched some of their bookings this year from the church to the **non**-church, and they may even go so far as to suggest that "**NSS**" stands for "Church of England" rather than for the National Secular Society, which (like most things they say) would make appropriate **non**-sense. It is, however, exceedingly unlikely that any of the strippers will go so far as to risk endangering their undoubted privileges as "Christian" clergymen, parents, authoritarians, newspaper columnists, or radio and TV stars. Theological striptease is here to stay.

JOHNSON

continued from page 7

people might hold me to them. Of course I'm getting a bit old for politics really, by present day standards, aud I'm not sure I'd make a good M.P. Unless you're a strong extrovert with a good dash of personal vanity, it's a difficult life to enjoy.

Cockburn: So it looks like out to pasture as an art critic.

Johnson: Yes, though, on the other hand, if one feels one can do it, it would be rather a dereliction of duty if one didn't try ministerial office, if one felt one had some particular contribution to make.

Cockburn: What would you regard as your great virtue?

Johnson: Well, I think I'm very conscientious and responsible-minded, probably overmuch, because I worry too much about things.

Cockburn: And your vice?

Johnson: I'm impatient, terribly impatient.

Cockburn: Yes, I asked someone who had met you once, what question she would like to ask you, and she said Ask him why he's so bloody unpleasant. Do you feel you have this effect on people?

Johnson: Well, I think I do on people I meet very briefly, occasionally: but much less so than I used to. I'm now much more humble-minded, more benevolent.

RAAS

continued from page 15

to hand over my job (Press officer) to a wise young Caribbean, African or Pakistani. But I was in from the start, they asked me to stay, and there for the present I still am.

That there are elements of vanity in my presence (the white pet of the dark committee) is undeniable, but in my interfering way I think coloured citizens have to be prodded into organising themselves if they're going to get any sort of a deal in this country. Most of the immigrants still don't realise that they'll lay their bones here, and dream of an eventual return to sunny skies. Few of them see their children will grow up Britons to whom Africa and the West Indies will be no more than a hazy legend. Thus, while white immigrant groups in England are close-knit mafia, the coloured communities remain largely disunited. The result is that, despite individual courage, they are easy to exploit as a minority group.

MEET THE STARS

FACE TO FACE

EVERY WEEK IN

Melody Maker

9d

EVERY THURSDAY

Make sure of your copy by placing a regular order!

continued from page 16

the cricket club and lost a fifteen guinea earring. Then I was up again and running across the out-field and through the rose-garden. The last I saw of him, he was remorsefully smoothing and patting the ravaged wicket.

There seemed to be nothing for it but the wilds of Bohemia, where everything comes right for Shakespeare, at any rate. Things were generally much more promising after I had ferreted out the fuckers from the drunks who can't and the drugged who don't want to, and, of course, your classic pederasts. The first conquest brought brink of so greasy a pallet presided over by underpants of so implacably tertiary a colour that I excused myself hurriedly and left. I have tried to overcome my bourgeois aversion for old grime, but there the English have me defeated.

The second sally put me in a curious situation which has been paralleled many times since. Hardly had we arrived in the bedsitter than he was divesting himself of a yellow gray interlock and insisting that I pass my fingers lightly over his moonscape back barely touching the skin. An hour later, stiff in both arms and still fully dressed, I slipped downstairs and hopped gratefully on the 49.

Other variants of this situation can be indicated thus:

"Would you mind leaving your boots on?" (On one occasion, "Would you mind leaving your hat on?")

"Sorry, I can only make it with flat-chested girls."

"What are you kinky for?" (Standard answer, "Lord Mountbatten.")

"Let's pretend you're dead."

"I adore squeezing blackheads."

"What a *super* scar!"

To save myself from further midnight flits along the clanging pavements, I took the vow and I've never regretted. Nor, I imagine, have the English.

Ask me about Italians, Persians, Arabs, West Indians, Jews from anywhere, Irishmen, Welshmen, Africans, men from any where else but England and you've got yourself an article, but about the English lover, as you see, I know nothing.

How LBJ lost an election/gained a friend/and won.

On Saturday, August 28th, 1948, a Democratic Primary Election took place in Texas. (For the winner this meant automatic victory in the November election into the Senate.)

On Wednesday, September 1st, the Texan Election Bureau announced that a Mr. Coke Stevenson had beaten Lyndon B. Johnson in the Primary by 100 votes.

Yet on Thursday, September 2nd, at midday, LBJ proclaimed that he was the true victor and exhorted his followers to 'do their duty'. Appropriately enough, on Friday, September 3rd, Jim Wells County, the centre of the Texan's camp, filed an amended return which gave Johnson just enough votes to win. Mr. Coke Stevenson immediately assigned two former F.B.I. men to visit Jim Wells County and check the week late votes. Here's what they found:

- *All the late votes were in green ink.*
- *Some of the late votes had been cast by late members of the electoral roll.*
- *The 'voters' just happened to stroll into the polling booth in alphabetical order.*

When Johnson was told about Stevenson's investigations, he got an injunction from the State Court House in Austin forbidding Jim Wells County to change the returns.

Then, on September 13, with the shadow of the November elections growing imminent, the State Democratic election committee had to decide whose name was to appear on the ballot boxes. By a vote of 29 to 28, LBJ won.

Stevenson then attempted to fight the Texan's 'victory' before the State Democratic Convention, but his followers were barred from the door. Undaunted, Stevenson went to the Federal District Court and argued that his civil rights had been violated when he was deprived of an honest and fair election count. After a full hearing during which both sides produced their evidence, the Federal Court judge, T. W. Davidson, ruled in favour of Stevenson and issued an order restraining the Secretary of State from placing the LBJ brand on the ballot boxes.

The Federal Court then sent its own investigators to Jim Wells County to have a look at Mr. Johnson's votes. This was making things a bit too uncomfortable for the Texan. In a last-ditch fight to stop the Federal investigation, LBJ's legal advisors again resorted to the State court system, but this time the Texas Supreme Court refused to interfere with the Federal action.

LBJ seemed doomed.

However, the Federal investigators in Jim Wells County found that they were going to have a difficult time trying to secure the voting list in question. It appeared that one of the two copies of the list had been 'stolen' and that the remaining copy was tucked away in a sealed ballot box. To get at that box would require a day or so more time, time that was not to be made available. For, now, when things never looked more hopeless for the Texan, the reins of his fortune were placed in the sure hands of Abe Fortas.

(The Honourable Abe Fortas is now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—how he got there is yet another sordid story.)

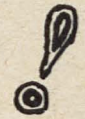
It was Abe Fortas who carried LBJ's battle to the Supreme Court of the United States where what had appeared to be the Alamo of Byrdland was turned into an irreversible victory.

The Supreme Court held that the Federal Court's Order had to be set aside as unwarranted interference in state election procedures. Thus, the Federal investigation was brought to a grinding halt on the eve of the opening of the ballot box containing the revealing votes.

In a final, dogged effort, Stevenson appealed to the United States Senate to refuse to seat Johnson. The Senate responded by sending its own investigating committee to Jim Wells County in order to look at the mysterious Pandora's box. But, strangely enough, the Senate investigators never saw proof because the ballot boxes had been accidentally 'burned' by a well intentioned janitor.

And so, in 1948, 'Landslide' Lyndon became a Senator of the United States.

Fifteen years later he was able to side-step yet another election to become President.



(Condensed from Underground Press Syndicate report by Irving Shushick)

Following the tradition set by rival fat glossies, OZ each month unfolds a sumptuously satirical Playmate and adds a special bonus of a monthly calendar.

Our hack cartoonist spotted the lovely Lyndon—President of the United States—deep in the hea t of no-one. ' I keep telling folks they can go *all* the way with L.B.J.' sighs our dimpled anti-yellow rose of Texas—' but none of them are game to '.

After brooding over this month's erotic exposé, randy OZ readers will certainly seek him out (we warned him) and plug his alluring credibility gap.

' Oh, it won't be that easy,' giggled gorgeous Lyndon, ' it's so wide and getting even wider all the time—I'm such a naughty fibber.'

Tall (6 ft. 4 in.), gaunt and temptingly body scarred, LBJ's favourite hobby is genocide ' Women and children first ' he grimaced coquettishly.

Although our shimmering, sensuous, sun-tanned Texan is a relatively new arrival on the international power scene, his political maidenhead was first shattered some eighteen years ago in the most bizarre election of all time—even for Texas.

FEBRUARY
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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
S S M T W T F S S M
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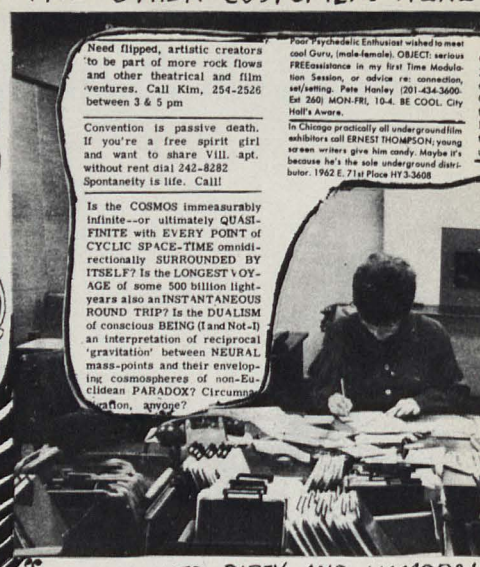
67

THE SOMEWHAT INCREDIBLE TURNING ON OF MERVYN LYMP, BANKCLERK EXTRAORDINARE

SOMEONES MIND ISN'T BLOWN

MEET MERVYN LYMP, RESPECTABLE BANK CLERK, SON OF A RESPECTABLE BANK CLERK; GRANDSON OF EQUALLY RESPCT. BNK. CLK. ONE DULL DAY OUR WHOLESOME HEALTHFOODS HERO STROLLS ABSENTMINDEDLY INTO A... BOOKSHOP WHILE WENDING HIS WEARY WAY TO WORK. THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THE LUCKLESS (LUCKY) LAD

"THE OTHER CUSTOMERS WERE



"THEY LOOKED DIRTY AND IMMORAL CIGARETTES SMELT FUNNY. THEY SL MAKE FUN OF ME." HAD MERVYN BEATNIKS?!?!?! IN

WAR IS HELL AND FRISCO BELIEVED IN

FRISCO (EX MERVYN) WENT TO POT ☆ AND FROM POT TO POETRY. LIKE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, BILLY BURROUGHS AND DONOVAN BEFORE HIM. FRISCO BROKE THROUGH THE COMMUNICATION BARRIER (STONED) AND STRUGGLED TO ARTICULATE HIS PRIVATE CONFUSION... SUCCEEDING SO PRETENTIOUSLY, THAT THE BOOKSHOP PUBLISHED HIS WORKS "I AM FRISCO THE SOUL". SEVERAL COPIES SOLD... ~~MERVYN~~ FRISCO READ THEM PUBLICLY... ON THE VERY SAME ROSTRUMS THAT ALLAN GINSBERG HAD ONCE PERFORMED ON.....

PSYCHEDELPHIA VERSUS IAN SMITH

Soul Brother, badly in need of Anti-Haircut, seeks 'ethnic' tailor in East Hill Area. Write name, shop name, address to Ben O'Nealos c/o EYO

Dear Editor:
I was reading your newspaper and somehow I felt that I was witnessing the BEGINNING of a New Civilization...
W.V.
Vancouver, Canada

"WHERE TO NOW FRISCO, OH LOONING CAT?"

"I WANTED TO STAGE MY OWN PROTEST AGAINST WILSON'S G

NOT LIKE ANYONE I EVER KNEW,

...TO WORK, MERVIN HAD ACCIDENTALLY SWIPED A COPY OF THE SENSATIONAL "INTERNATIONAL TIMES" - BRITAIN'S SWINGING NEW ANGRY NEWS SHEET LAUNCHED TO HOWL THE PROTEST OF THE TURNED ON, TUNED IN, DROP OUTS, FINANCED BY GENUINE AMERICANS !!! OUTRAGED BY "it.'s" EXPOSÉ OF OUR SAD, SICK, SEX RIDDEN SOCIETY..... HUNGERING TO JOIN THE NEW UNDERGROUND CLASS-LESS CULT..... MERVYN LYMP RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF... ER, SCENE ....MAN.....

2

AND THEIR EMED TO N MET REAL HIS RUSH...

MIND EXPANDING ENTITLES BLESSED WITH UNRESSED ALIVENESS TO GROOVE WITH SAME IN NEW THEATRE SCENE WRITE "VEE-TAL % E.V.O."

TO GET

There's nothing behind it. I don't feel my position as an accepted artist is precarious in any way, the changing trends in art don't frighten me. It really just doesn't make any difference. If you feel you have nothing to lose, then there's nothing to be afraid of and I have nothing to lose.

3

CLICK!

ER. NO THANKS OLD CHAP... I DON'T USE THEM!

"I WAS TAUGHT CIGARETTES ☆ AND MY·MY·MY SQUA TWEED NAME TO

RING IF I GO

FRI -MISTS WE

BLOODY HYPOCRITE!!

NEITHER.

KOUT

8

"UTLESSNESS OVER VIETNAM."

NOW IN STOCK! RECORDED INTERVIEW WITH DR. TIMOTHY LEARY
TAKE A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH SOME OF OUR PSYCHEDELIC GOLDEN GOODIES
HOUSE OF OLDIES 267 Bleeker St. CH3-0500

THE East Village OTHER

FRISCO SHOCKED PRUDISH, CONFORMIST, GRAVESIDE MOURNERS WHEN HE INTERRUPTED A GRENADIER GUARD'S BURIAL SERVICE BY SHOUTING A STREAM OF SAVAGE, SATIRICAL OBSCENITIES AND HURLED WARM, FRESH EXCRETA AT THE MINISTER.

BUT BASICALLY FRISCO FERLI NGHETTI'S INTERESTS LAY OUTSIDE POLITICS.... LOOK!

IT'S AN EMBARRASSMENT ©

IT'S VANDALISM...

ITS A HAPPENNING!

.....INSPIRED BY THE INCREDIBLE ARTISTIC TRIUMPH OF LONDON'S "DESTRUCTION IN ART" SYMPOSIUM. FRISCO.. MOVED TO ECSTACY BY A "GROUP LICKING" OF A CHEVROLET COVERED IN JAM IN A FIELD NEAR STONE HENGE... FRISCO MADE A HUGE PERSONAL BREAKTHROUGH WITH A HAPPENING OF HIS VERY OWN!!!!! "I SAT IN KING'S RD. AND DRANK PINTA AFTA PINTA (KINDLY ASSISTED BY BRADLEY MARTIN) ☆ FAILING TO REACH THE CLIMAXIC REGURGITATION EXPECTED. NEVER-THE-LESS IT WAS COLD + WET AND NO-ONE TOOK THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST. IT WAS HOWEVER, A FUNCTIONALLY VALID "HAPPENNING," ALTHOUGH ACTUALLY NOTHING HAPPENED."

BUT PERHAPS GROUND OUT OF OUR T HELD CINEMA-VERITE HARRISON MARKS A MOST ADVENT OF "YAWN ER THE 'NON-STAR' (A LACKED FRISCO'S DE (POETICALLY, SOME SA IN THE CAN ☆ AS GREY ROOM OF THE ON WITH AN 11 POLICE STATION AND

4
HARDLY A WOODBINE EH WOT.... HA HA HA...
WELL IF YOU'RE SURE ITS TRENDIE
TO ⇨ SMOKE GROWN-UP
HOW TO GROW MY HAIR ☆ I EVEN CHANGED
RE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY
FRISCO FERLINGHETTI"
MOTHER INSANE
SUPER
MELLOW YELLOW
WHITE LIGHT
GAITPMAN
THE UNUSUAL IN CLOTHES & BOOTS
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bullets bullshit. Join the Underground: Up to a Nice Place to be: 100/$8. 5/$4.15/$2. 50 $$: & others. Free mail order forms on request. UNDER-GROUND UPLIFT UNLIMITED 28 St. Marks Pl. NYC 10003
PHEOBE LIVES!!! To the groovy chick making the scene in Berkeley this fall: share my pad platonically, tolerate my idiosyncrasies and fantasies, and you'll derive the benefits of pseudonymism without the responsibilities. Dennis, Box 33, Station A, Berkeley, Calif.
Just Published
PSYCHEDELIC PRAYERS
From the Tao Te Ching
FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO PORTOBELLO Rd. TO COMPLETE HIS BOPPER'S ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE (£3·10·0) OF A NOUVEAU-ART NOUVEAU SILVER PLATED PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HASH AND SKINS ★★
MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WONT BUST ME!!
5
EVERYBODYS HUSTLING JUST TO HAVE A LITTLE SCENE
Don't Be MARIJUANA
10¢ T
from your local connection...
IT GROWS WILD.
11 x 17 POT POSTER $1.00 EA.
4 x 6 POST CARDS - 10 for a $1
BONGO BOX 944 SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA
NOW A FULLY FLEDGED TEENY-BOPPER, FRISCO MAKES THE SCENE AT THE ROUND HOUSE
EAKOUT" WITH A COLOURFUL CROWD OF 7000 OTHER NON-CONFOR-
☆ THE SEVEN IMITATIONS OF THE PINK FLOYD
E FAIR ENOUGH BUT "THOUGH WE WERE ALL OUT OF OUR MINDS
THE SCENE WAS RATHER LIKE THE 60-40 NIGHT AT TOP RANK" BALLROOM".
SITTING HERE ALONE GETTIN STONED THINK POEM TO MY-SELF.. ITS FINE RIDING HIGH ON LEBANESE RED TO BLOW MY HEAD BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC CONCEPTION OF MIND EXPANSION ID MUCH PREFER, MAN TO HAVE A TREPAN SO BEFORE WITHDRAWL I'LL SPLIT FOR NEPAL
10
TAKE 11 Sc. 3
OUT OF OUR TINY SKULLS
A4
11
7000 FT HIGH
I have been madly flinging IT in Berlin and Amsterdam and have saved a copy to give King Olav in Oslo. Everybody is very turned on by IT and have promised to send contributions. Simon Vinkenoog is swinging beautifully in Amsterdam.
I will be giving a benefit concert for sigma at the end of November.
I saw Bart Huges there who is really down because he can't get back into England. They have classified him as undesirable and he is NEVER AGAIN to enter England. I told him I would see what I could do, but its such a drag scene.
Unfortunately when I got to Berlin the Living Theatre had already left to Venice or somewhere South. They will not be in Amsterdam for another week or two. So I couldn't give any papers to Pamela Perfume.
Anyway, after reading through IT I'm very impressed and would like to apply for position as ROVING DISTRIBUTOR.
JULIE FELIX
S FRISCO'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN THE UNDER-
ARTS WAS HIS INCREDIBLE 10 HOUR FEATURE FILM
TINY SKULLS A HAND
E TRIBUTE TO ANDY WARHOL AND
("THE MOST BRILLIANT OF THE MARKS BROTHERS")
UROUS OF ENTERPRISES IN THE SPHERE
OTICA" ☆ UNFORTUNATELY
MISS AGNES EXPANSION) and THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
EDICATION and "TINY SKULLS" ENDED
Y) WITH ONLY 3 FEET 4 INCHS OF FILM
A PROTEST AGAINST THE "UP-TIGHT,
E MASS CONCIOUSNESS;" FRISCO TURNED
nch JOINT OUTSIDE THE SAVILLE ROW
WAS "BUSTED" FOR OBSTRUCTING A PUBLIC
THOROUGHFARE.
LSD is GOD
AUTO STRIPS
c/o Gon-zalez
308 Westwood Plaza #237
L.A., Calif. 90024
.50 EACH
like what world man?
HUNG-UP AND BROUGHT DOWN "MAN' I'M MORE PEBBLED THAN STONED" FRISCO FELT THE TIME HAD COME TO CUT-OUT FOR THIS YEAR'S MECCA FOR MYSTICS.. KATHMANDU, WHERE HE COULD ENJOY THE PERMANENT HIGH OF THE TRENDY THIRD EYE OPERATION. "THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HOLE-IN-THE-HEAD TO CUT SMOKING EXPENSES☆ CAN FRISCO SURVIVE THE ARDOURS OF THE EXOTIC EAST?
NO. WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR HIS MOTHERS PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM THE NEPALESE DEPT. OF HEALTH. ⇩
OBITUARY
FRISCO FERLINGHETTI, BLOWN MIND, ALIAS MERVY LYMP, BANK CLERK. BORN SOUTH RUISLIP 1944. DIED, OF DYSENTRY IN NEPAL, 1967. TURNED ON, TUNED IN, DROPPED DEAD.
P.S. THOUGH TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD AND TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, FRISCO HAS SHED HIS MORTAL COIL.. WE HAVE INFORMATION THAT HE SEES ALL FROM HIS NIRVANA IN THE HIMALAYAS.. HE WILL BE IN TOUCH.... SEE NEXT ISSUE...!

Following the tradition set by rival fat glossies, OZ each month unfolds a sumptuously satirical Playmate and adds a special bonus of a monthly calendar.

Our hack cartoonist spotted the lovely Lyndon—President of the United States—deep in the hea t of no-one. ' I keep telling folks they can go *all* the way with L.B.J.' sighs our dimpled anti-yellow rose of Texas—' but none of them are game to '.

After brooding over this month's erotic exposé, randy OZ readers will certainly seek him out (we warned him) and plug his alluring credibility gap.

' Oh, it won't be that easy,' giggled gorgeous Lyndon, ' it's so wide and getting even wider all the time—I'm such a naughty fibber.'

Tall (6 ft. 4 in.), gaunt and temptingly body scarred, LBJ's favourite hobby is genocide ' Women and children first ' he grimaced coquettishly.

Although our shimmering, sensuous, sun-tanned Texan is a relatively new arrival on the international power scene, his political maidenhead was first shattered some eighteen years ago in the most bizarre election of all time—even for Texas.

THE SOMEWHAT INCREDIBLE TURNING ON OF MERVYN LYMP, BANK CLERK (EXTRAORDINAIRE)

SOMEONE'S MIND ISN'T BLOWN

1

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"THE OTHER CUSTOMERS WERE NOT LIKE ANYONE I EVER KNEW."

2

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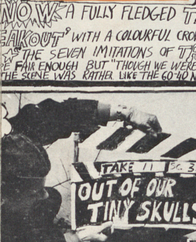
3

TO GET

"I WAS TAUGHT TO SMOKE CIGARETTES AND HOW TO GROW MY HAIR. I EVEN CHANGED MY MY MY SQUARE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY TWEED NAME TO FRISCO FERLINGHETTI"



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4 x 6 PHOTO CARDS - 10 per x $1
Mail To: BONGO BOX 1049 SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

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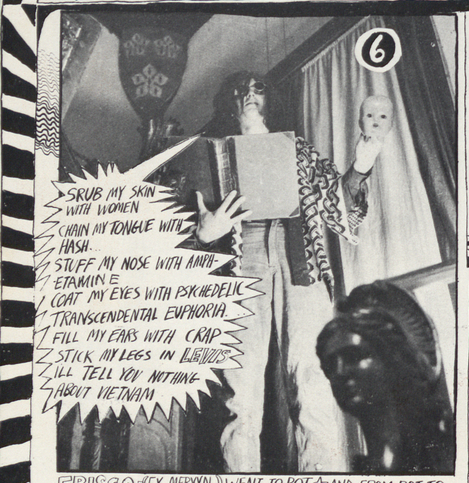
5

EVERYBODY'S HUSTLING JUST TO HAVE A LITTLE SCENE



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PSYCHEDELPHIA VERSUS IAN SMITH

Dear Editor:
I was reading your newspaper and somehow I felt that I was witnessing the BEGINNING of a New Civilization.
W V
Vancouver, Canada

Best Brother, daily is need of your help. Write Best Brother, Hotel Vancouver 16 Bank Hill, Area

LONDON TWO AND SIX

OZ

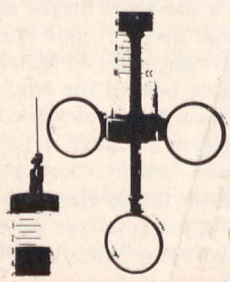
SHUT THAT GUY UP!

TOM JONES

MARK LANE

BRITISH BREAST

30s a GRAIN



WHITEHALL TOAD

PETER PORTER

BITE SIZED OZ! MONSTER POSTERS!

SHUT THAT GUY UP!

What really happened at the BBC's Lime Grove studios on January 29? Ostensibly, a much fan-fared impartial investigation into the death of Kennedy which pitted Mark Lane, author of 'Rush to Judgement' against two Warren Commission lawyers, Arlen Spector and David Belin and two of the Warren Report's influential defenders, Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel. What actually appeared on TV screens outraged an undisclosed number of viewers; prompting them to jam BBC switchboards. The strict format of the programme seemed loaded against Lane, to say nothing of compere Kenneth Harris's compulsive partiality. What didn't appear on camera is even more fascinating. Here Mark Lane recounts his negotiations with the BBC, reveals how rehearsals with other protagonists were underway 12 days before he arrived and discloses astonishing occurrences behind-the-scenes.

PLEASE LIFT PAGE

If you were watching BBC-2 for almost five hours on January 29 you should have been informed that the distortion was not caused by a faulty television set in your home. It originated at BBC's Lime Grove studio. It was, in fact, planned that way.

ON January 17 I drove to a college in Philadelphia with the anticipation of a debate with Arlen Spector, one of the most inventive of the Warren Commission's lawyers. Mr Spector had been, I was informed, a young Democrat, given an assignment as an assistant district attorney by the Democratic District Attorney of Philadelphia. His employer permitted him to serve as a Commission lawyer, an extra-curricular bit of activity that enhanced both his reputation and his finances. Mr Spector returned from the Washington crusade. He changed his political party, announced his candidacy for the office of District Attorney, and the prestige that his work for President Johnson's Commission brought him enabled him to defeat his former friend and supporter. On the very afternoon of my arrival in Philadelphia the leading newspaper announced that Mr Spector would be the Republican candidate for Mayor. You may well imagine my desire to meet so famous a person in public debate in his own city. But, alas, it was not to be. Mr Spector's office announced that he must retire early that night (the debate was set for 7:30 pm) for he was required to catch an early plane for London the next day in order to debate with me —twelve days later. (In the interim I flew to California, appeared on radio and television programmes there and debated another Warren Commission lawyer at the University of California at Los Angeles before flying to London.)

However, as the reader will discover, perhaps to his amusement, and as I discovered, much to my regret, my absence from London was apparently an error for I missed the BBC rehearsals for the extemporaneous debate programme. **In retrospect I must add that I am not now sure that my mere presence in London would have ensured my knowledge of the rehearsal schedule or an invitation to the preparations.**

It seemed just a bit odd to me that so astute a politician as Mr Spector would refuse to debate with me in America (the major networks and leading universities had sought to arrange such debates on many occasions but Mr Spector was adamant in his rejection of every such invitation) and so quickly agree to escape across the ocean for the encounter. One less naïve would have had a clue that the BBC had somehow made the confrontation most attractive to the Commission's representatives. I confess to having speculated about the matter with myself for a moment or two. I concluded that the suites at the Connaught, the expense account, the trip to London for the lawyers and presumably their wives or associates, and perhaps even a fee might have tipped the balance. No—it could not be any assurances regarding the programme's format. My own genuine admiration for the English respect for fair play ruled out that consideration.

The format was, of course, soon to become the question of the day. This being so let me trace my contact with it from the outset. The film's director, Emile de Antonio (who having now been identified to you I must henceforth refer to as D, for I have only known him so, and I should forget who it is I write about if I call him anyone else), bore the burden of the original negotiation with the BBC officials.

He told me that the BBC had agreed to show the film on January 29, that there would be an intermission, and that it would be followed by a general discussion in which it was hoped that I would participate. I agreed at once. BBC insisted that I sign a document in which I agreed not to appear on any other radio or television programme to be broadcast in England prior to January 29. This effort at the creation of a very small monopoly hardly seemed appropriate, but as it was the condition for the showing of the film, and as I did not plan to be in London much before that date anyway, I executed the document and it was submitted to the BBC. Subsequently, the BBC officials signed the contract purchasing the film for one showing.

My first direct contact with a BBC staffer came when I was in Los Angeles. A call came from London. A very correct and polite English voice informed me that it was owned by one Peter Pagnamenta who was the assistant director of the programme which had been named "The Death of Kennedy". He called to find out when I would arrive and to be sure that I understood the approach that the director had taken to the programme. I would arrive on the 28th I said, and I should like to hear the director's approach. He explained that the film would be shown. It would constitute the opening statement of "your case" as he put it. Then the Commission lawyers would be permitted to make comments. Didn't I think it fair that they should speak next? I did, indeed. And then you will rebut and the debate will proceed. It all sounded fine, I said, but weren't there to be two other participants? Oh yes. Lord Devlin, you know who he is? I did. Well he and a Professor Bickel will speak later in the programme. In other words, I said, you will have four Commission supporters present the Commission's case and I alone will speak for the critics? In a sense you might say that, he replied, but Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel are not Commission personnel. I let that one pass not saying that they had been more effective for the Commission even if more ignorant of the facts. I said I would like to make a suggestion. Perhaps you might invite Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper—you know who he is? Among his credentials to qualify as a participant was the fact that he has read the 26 volumes, and his writings on the subject seemed to demonstrate that he was almost the only person in England to have bothered to examine the evidence. Certainly Lord Devlin gave no sign of such an acquaintance with the facts. The answer was that Professor Trevor-Roper was not to be a participant. And now that that's out of the way, what hotel would you like to stay at. I couldn't care less. Any will do. Well, then we'll make a reservation for you at the X hotel, and if there is any change we'll have a message waiting for you when you arrive at the airport. Please cable Dick Francis the time of your arrival and contact Paul Fox after you're settled in your hotel in London. The cable was sent.—Arrive January 28th 7:00 AM.

And that was the first and last word regarding the format of the programme before my 7,000 mile journey from Los Angeles to London in reliance upon that conservation.

Arrived at 7:00 AM. It was raining. I was tired from the trip from New York to Los Angeles, a busy schedule on the west coast, the flight to London from Los Angeles, and the thought of flying back to New York in three days for two days there before flying back to Paris. But this was an important programme and well worth the effort. By worth the effort, I meant not that it would be worth it financially, for since I was not paid a farthing for the programme, and in fact was compelled to cancel speaking engagements for it which were to have paid handsomely, the programme was, in that sense, to be worse than a total loss. But the chance to meet the imaginative creator of the single bullet theory in an open, no holds barred encounter, before some seven million viewers, with the knowledge that it would be fully reported in my own country, was worth any sacrifice of time or money or effort. Still, I was tired. I cleared Immigration quickly with a greeting from the clerk. He said he'd be watching the programme. Customs, too, was

fast and pleasant. There was no message waiting. I called the X hotel to find that there was no reservation. Since D had told me that the Commission lawyers, Mr Spector who you have already met, and Mr Belin from Iowa, were to stay in rather luxurious quarters at the Connaught, I called there as well. No reservation for me. I called the BBC. A gentleman, obviously a night-time receptionist hoping the morning would pass without the kind of problem I was about to present, answered. He said he had no authority. Of course Mr Fox was not in and wouldn't be for hours and, sir, no one is in, except me and I know nothing about hotels, perhaps you might call back in a couple of hours. Two hours passed rather slowly in the drafty terminal building. It was almost nine and I had left New York the evening before and hadn't yet been to sleep. In due course a responsible and concerned young lady at the BBC was located and a reservation made at a hotel. I was too tired to care that the hotel was undergoing noisy renovation and that the lobby resembled a bombed out village or that the room was dark and musty.

Before I left the States, D had told me that the BBC had constructed a most elaborate model of Dealey Plaza and that it was hoped, by the BBC, that instead of aerial photographs of the area which appeared in our film, live, on camera, shots of the model might be substituted. D agreed to the substitution upon my agreement that the model was accurate. I took a shower, shaved, and called Paul Fox. The operator at the BBC cut me off. I called again. He was not in but would call back. He never did. I called Peter Pagnamenta. He was at a meeting and his office would switch me to the meeting room. We were cut off again. I called back. Mr Pagnamenta will call you in a minute. He didn't. I called back in fifteen minutes and reached him. I said that I would like to see the model. He said, sorry about the renovation at the hotel; hope it hasn't disturbed you. I said that it is quite all right, thinking that if he knew about it why didn't he book a room at some other hotel. I would like to see the model. He said, how would tomorrow do. Not too well, I said, for if any changes have to be made you may need some time and tomorrow is the day of the programme. Well, let's see what time might be convenient for us for you to arrive. He said he'd call back. The phone rang and it was Per Hanghoj, a journalist for the Danish afternoon newspaper Ekstrabladet.

I said, how would you like to see the BBC model and meet some BBC officials? He said he'd like to and we took a taxicab to the BBC Lime Grove studio. There we met Mr Pagnamenta who permitted us to see the model. It was breath-taking in detail.

And in each crucial respect it was inaccurate.

One of the participants, Mr Bickel, in an effort to prove that no shots could have come from behind the wooden fence, the area from which some of the shots originated, had written in an American publication (Commentary, October 1966) "people were milling about this area and looking down on it from the railroad bridge over the underpass, and no one saw an armed man". Mr Bickel's argument obviously rests upon the allegation that one can observe the area behind the wooden fence from the railroad bridge which is above it. His abysmal ignorance of the geography of the area can probably be explained by his failure to visit the location. The railroad bridge is the same height as the base of the five foot wooden fences, not above it, and the fence area is heavily landscaped with bushes and trees so dense that it is absolutely impossible to see anyone behind the fence from the bridge. Yet the BBC model seemed almost designed to accommodate Mr Bickel's false impression, although I felt quite certain that slovenly supervision, not mischievousness, was responsible for the model which placed the bridge above the fence and removed all of the bushes and most of the trees from the area thus giving the model witnesses a view which the real witnesses could never secure.

In its Report the Commission had said that a most important witness, S. M. Holland, was living proof that no shots came from behind the fence since he ran to the area behind the fence from the railroad bridge "immediately" after the shots were fired. In our film Holland answered that incorrect conclusion by stating that it took him two or two and a half minutes to get to the fence since the area between him and that destination was "a sea of cars". He said, they were so tightly packed, bumper to bumper, that he had to climb over them. Again the BBC model accomodated the Commission rather than the facts. There was no sea of cars, just a few scattered models that would not have prevented Holland from speeding to the fence.

Mr Pagnamenta resisted my suggestions for changes in the model. I suggested that we compare the model to photographs. We don't have any photographs here at the studio, was the reply. How could you construct a detailed model without photographs, I asked, but interrupting myself I said, never mind, I have some at the hotel and I'll fetch them now. But before I left to get them I observed the remainder of the set. On the far left, appearing almost as if it were in a hole, was a small table, at which I was told I would sit during the programme. A larger table, raised, as is a judge's bench, was in the middle, and it was this that created the hole in the ground impression for my table. To the right was another larger table for two, and still further along, the set for our impartial moderator, Kenneth Harris.

Why the elevated table, I asked? For the two judges or assessors, as we call them, was the reply. And who might they be? As I told you before, Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel. I thought that they were participants in the debate. Well, they will participate as judges, that is they will give their verdict at the end of the programme, and as to the debate, it will not really be a debate. That is you will be given a chance to speak when you are personally attacked. When, not if? You make it sound as if it is already set. Surely I didn't come all this way to defend myself. I came to discuss the facts surrounding the death of the President. Isn't that the name of your programme? Well, you had better talk with Mr Fox about this, was the answer.

Mr Hanghoj and I were ushered into a small downstairs room to await Mr Fox. In time he appeared with Kenneth Harris. We were offered a drink as is the custom at the BBC. I accepted. My scotch arrived at once with ice and water as all Americans presumably like it, although I said I would prefer it straight. Mr Harris' gin arrived just after we began to depart.

Mr Fox seemed deeply perturbed. I understand you have some problems, he said. I explained them all. The model was not accurate. How can two Warren Commission sycophants be judges. Lord Devlin has served as the almost official salesman for the Warren Report in England for more than two years. He endorsed the Report before the evidence was published, and since the publication of the 26 volumes he has betrayed no trace of having examined them. Bickel, on a smaller scale, has tried to serve the establishment in his own country in much the same way. How can you suggest that they be judges. Mr Fox said, after all we are showing your two hour film, so there is no need for everyone on the panel to agree with you. I submitted that he had not understood my point. If he desired, he could have a dozen Warren Commission spokesmen on the programme, and I would not object. What I objected to was the BBC establishing two such spokesmen as judges. Mr Fox, now

aided by the impartial moderator, said that we can hardly be expected to withdraw the invitation to Lord Devlin. I did not expect or hope that would be done. Just take off their black robes and make them mere mortals as were the rest of us. Cannot be done, said Mr Fox. Well, then, I said, introduce them properly. That is let the audience know that they have written in support of the Commission's central conclusion that Oswald was the lone assassin. Surely, said Mr Fox, you don't doubt the integrity of two such important men in public life. Surely you believe that they can be swayed by the evidence if it proves that their previously held position was wrong. Their integrity was irrelevant to the discussion—their prejudice central, I offered. Mr Harris resolved the problem by stating that he would introduce them as two men who have supported the Commission's view. He added that if I wanted to discuss my objections to them on the air, I would be given every opportunity to do so. I said that I would do so.

When we approached the crux of the matter—my role in the debate. It was set, it could not be changed. I could only respond to personal attacks, said Harris and Fox in one voice and several times. I doubt that the audience cares much for hearing personal attacks made or defended against, I said. **I think, perhaps they would like to hear about the death of the President—that is why they will turn to the programme called The Death of Kennedy. If you want to do another programme, called Mark Lane Attacked and Defended, I will come back for it, but I do not suppose that anyone will care to watch it!**

The format is set. The format is set. It cannot be changed. It cannot be changed. The film will be presented in four segments, the Commission lawyers will attack each portion and if, in doing so, they make any personal attacks upon you, you will be permitted some time to respond. In addition, as we have agreed, you will be given ample time to point out what you consider to be weaknesses in the programme's format and with its choice of assessors.

In four segments, I asked? We worked for two years to make that film. We drove from New York to Dallas and back because we could not afford the air fare. My wife cooked dinner for us all in Texas because we could not afford to eat in resturants. We have sacrificed to make that film. This is its world premiere. And you intend to chop it up into four pieces. Let it be seen as it was made, and then let your critics say what they will. The film has an integrity and an identity of its own. Do not destroy that.

Mr Fox said that in the contract, that Mr de Antonio signed, we have the right to show the film in four segments and that we intend to do it that way.

I called D. He said that the BBC had told him that the film would be shown with just one intermission.

I wrung but one concession from the BBC. **Harris and Fox both agreed, both gave solemn commitments, that I would be given ample time at the outset of the programme to dissent from the format, to explain my objection to the judges, to explain that the film could not possibly present the case against the Report but only those portions which were, for want of a better word, filmic, and that, in my view, the BBC formula defeated a genuine exchange of the facts.** We shook hands and were about to depart when Mr Hanghoj, as journalists will do, asked a few questions of Mr Harris.

Q: Don't you write for the Observer?
Harris: Yes, I do.
Q: What is the Observer's position on the assassination?
Harris: We don't have one.
Q: You don't have one?
Harris: No.
Q: Don't you think that the subject is sufficiently important for you to think about it and take a position?
Harris: Well, we did do that when the Report came out.
Q: Yes?
Harris: Well, we supported the Commission.
Q: Have you taken another position since then?
Harris: No, we haven't.
Q: Then the Observer's position is in support of the Warren Commission?
Harris: Well, you might say that.
Q: Wouldn't you say that?
Harris: Yes, I suppose so.
Q: You will be the moderator tonight?
Harris: Yes.

We arrived back at the studio one hour and a half before air time. The parties were well separated. I was placed in a small cubicle, lavishly furnished with food, liquor, and excellent wine. Some doors away were Spector and Belin and the visiting BBC brass, all of whom, we were told in whispers, had arrived for the programme—the longest live studio production in British history.

Just before air time I asked what was to be done about make-up. A veteran of three to four hundred appearances in America, I had expected that matter to be disposed of in a dressing room long before then. It will be taken care of in the studio. Make-up was applied to some but not to me. Of serious concern was the fact that there was but one set of the 26 volumes and these were given to Belin and Spector and placed far out of my reach. As the programme began it became clear that Harris was working from a script and that both Belin and Spector had copies of the script. I had none and, in fact, I thought that the spontaneous programme which had been described to me would preclude the use of one.

I shall not offer an account of the programme here. The English press was fair in its reportage, more fair than the American press has been on this subject. The Times reported on its front page that the BBC switchboard was jammed with viewers complaining that the programme was unfair. The Daily Mirror said, "Chairman Kenneth Harris officiously and for me, embarrassingly clumsily silenced Mr Lane whenever he tried to cross verbal swords with the rival lawyers . . ." The Daily Sketch said that Harris conducted the programme "far too brusquely". The Daily Express headlined its story, "Viewers Protest 'Unfair' During TV Marathon" and added "Harris *did* appear to behave pompously". In a story headed "Verdict on Harris" the Londoner's Diary in the Evening Standard evidently found him, Harris, guilty of being "nervous", "too abrupt", and "fairly childish". On the facts, the Times pointed out that many witnesses did insist that the shots came from behind a fence on a grassy knoll, and the Guardian, an original supporter of the Commission, did a complete turn about "Mark Lane seems now to have won his case, or Oswald's case." And, "Now it seems clear to almost everyone but the Warren Commission that it was indeed a rush to judgment." Could one bullet have hit both the President and Governor Connally? If not, there were at least two assassins. Said the Daily Mirror, "It just doesn't seem possible."

The next day The Times ran a fairly lengthy and scrupulously fair and accurate story presenting some of my objections and the BBC reply. By combining that reply with the Kenneth Harris statement to the Standard the day before the definitive establishment position can be ascertained. But before that some more facts.

After the witnesses in the film said that they heard shots come from behind the fence, and saw a puff of smoke come from that location as well, Cliff Michelmore, not waiting for the Belin-Spector response, said for the BBC, the whole of Dealey Plaza is bowl shaped and that the area behind the fence is criss-crossed with steam pipes thereby accounting for the "smoke". Ignorance, Mr Bickel's only excuse, cannot be brought forward in defence of that false allegation since the BBC had sent Mr Michelmore to Dallas to look about. I know not what passes for a bowl in England but there would be little room for so flat a bowl to accommodate enough porridge for a very young child in my country. **The area behind the fence is not criss-crossed with steam pipes.** There is but one pipe anywhere in the entire area and it runs in a straight line from the overpass and not behind the fence. Does Mr Michelmore really think that a man who spent 42 years working that section of the railroad yards, as in the case of Mr Holland, would state that he saw smoke, that he knows that it came from a weapon, and be totally unaware of the presence of steam pipes that the clever Mr Michelmore found in his first trip there? I mention Mr Michelmore's criss-crossed pipes because it was unfortunately typical of several false statements that he made—all of which conformed to the Commission's case, if not to the facts.

But, of course, you saw all this and I should tell you of the programme that BBC did not transmit. While the film was playing, the debate in the studio flourished, only to die under Mr Harris' heavy hand when the live broadcast, so to speak, commenced. An example. During an early segment of the programme Mr Harris began questioning Mr Belin, asking him in effect if he had been engaged in any correspondence with me regarding the making of the film. Mr Belin, it seems, wished to become a movie star and, unable to make it on his own, felt that we should provide a camera, film, a crew and an opportunity for him to speak in our film for a minimum of thirty minutes. Mr Belin was well prepared for the leading questions put to him. He had the correspondence in question spread out before him even before the first question was asked which, I must confess, raised some question in my normally unsuspicious mind regarding the possibility that the area had been explored before the programme began. I quickly put that evil thought aside but it recurred in a more persistent form shortly thereafter when, for a moment, Mr Harris forgot what he was about and departed from the script. Mr Harris, perhaps to establish his own identity, asked Mr Spector about a glaring inconsistency that the BBC had tracked down in the Warren Report. The FBI agent, Frazier, had testified that an examination of the President's shirt did not prove that a shot came from the rear but only that it was "possible" that a shot came from the rear. In the Report the word "possible" was escalated into "probable". Despite Mr Harris' sheepish grin regarding this discovery, it must be said that he appeared to have been fishing in shark water and to have hooked a baby minnow. Spector had no answer at first for this misdemeanour. Then Belin handed him the wrong page of the volume, after I had volunteered the correct one, and there the word "probable" did appear but in another context. Spector read probable with his booming district attorney voice and thus the matter was settled. That is almost settled. I asked if I might comment upon that for just a moment. The answer from Mr Harris, who had now regained his composure and commitment, was a stern no. The matter *was* settled. But it was not forgotten. Soon a portion of the film was shown.

This generally would herald an immediate period of relaxation, but when the cameras in the studio went off the tension began to build. Spector scowled and raised his voice so that it registered in menacing terms. His anger was directed at a crumbling Harris. Why did you ask that question? We never went over that. If you do that again—well you'd better not. I'm not fooling now. And then the prosecuting attorney gestured towards me while still addressing Harris. And you'd better shut that guy up too—I'm telling you now. I had spoken but a few words, mostly they were, "May I say something now?" Harris apologized. He promised to depart from the pre-arrangement no further. I left my little table and casually approached Mr Harris. Sir, I said, I have the feeling that I have missed something by not arriving a week ago. Have you been having rehearsals in my absence? Mr Harris said that they had gone over the general area of the questions with the Commission lawyers, yes we have. I suggested that it appeared that even some specifics had been agreed upon, based upon Mr Spector's anger regarding one question and Mr Harris' agreement to stray never again. Mr Harris replied that Mr Spector only meant that if he was not prepared for a specific question then he would be placed in the embarrassing position of having to fumble for papers and, added Mr Harris, Mr Spector was certainly more than half right about that. But, I said, you never even discussed general areas with me. No answer. I then asked Mr Harris if I might have a copy of the script. He said that there were but three, his, Belin's and Spector's. Of course, I could not doubt his word, but in my own country we rarely mimeograph just three copies of a document, we use carbon paper, and it was that which prevented me from fully accepting his answer. During the next four hours I made fifteen, count them, fifteen, requests to four different BBC representatives for a copy of the script.

At about eleven o'clock I found Mr Fox and told him that he had made a solemn commitment to me the day before. That it had been agreed that at the outset of the programme I might register a dissent from the programme's format and choice of judges. Mr Fox said that I would be able to have time at 11:30. While that did not meet my definition of the programme's outset, I agreed. Closer to midnight than eleven Mr Harris said I could have a few minutes. I began by saying that the BBC had rendered a disservice to the truth when Mr Harris stopped me and then picked up his phone to converse with the powers that be at the BBC. Silence. More on camera silence. Then Mr Harris spoke. I could almost have sympathized with him had he appeared torn between his commitment to his word of honour and the word from above. But that conflict evidently did not confront him. He said, you may not discuss that subject at all. I then began to discuss the single bullet theory. At this moment, Spector, who invented the whole thing, left his seat and charged over to Harris telling him quite loudly, and now on camera, that I should not be allowed to trifle with *his* theory. (It had made him a district attorney and a candidate for the mayoralty and was not to be fooled with.) Mr Harris supinely yielded once again saying that I could only discuss subjects that came up in the second part of the programme. I asked him to tell me what to talk about and promised to discuss any subject he wished to hear when he informed me that my time was up.

During a studio intermission it had become plain that Prof. Bickel had a surprise in store. He was going to depart somewhat from his previously published position and say that he was not quite satisfied with the single bullet theory and that if the single bullet theory failed there were two assassins. Spector was livid. The fixed jury was no longer under control. Spector demanded an opportunity to answer Prof. Bickel who had hardly uttered a word for almost five hours. Harris approached Bickel and asked if he would mind if Spector answered him when he rendered

his verdict. They must have wild court scenes in Philadelphia, I kept on thinking. Bickel was a bit put out. Harris was insistent —at last showing the stern stuff he was made of. Bickel reluctantly yielded.

After Bickel spoke briefly, Harris, as if the thought just struck him, turned to Spector and said, sir, would you like to comment on that. Well, as long as he was asked, Spector was willing. It did occur to me during this exchange that this was the very subject that I was prevented from discussing because it was not in the 'second part of the programme', whatever that meant. Surely, now that it had been introduced twice more, I would not be denied my first comment on the subject. Waiting until Spector concluded I addressed a rather brief request to our chairman. May I comment upon that? The reply was no.

The evening ended on an unmistakably light note. Lord Devlin summed up. He wanted us to let President Kennedy's soul rest in peace. Anyway, suppose there was another assassin, no one has proved that he was a subversive, and if he wasn't subversive what difference does it make? I was about to ask Lord Devlin for a definition of the word "subversive" that does not include one who kills his own President, but I decided not to.

The BBC officials invited me to wine and dine in my cubicle below. I was somehow neither hungry nor thirsty, just anxious to say a few words. Reporters from two London daily papers were there. They asked for an interview. I agreed. A young BBC officialette approached. He said no rooms were available for a press conference. It was not much before one on the morning and I found it difficult to believe that they could not scare up one empty room. Oh, it's not that, the young man replied, but we cannot permit you to talk with the press here. I said that the BBC had made a room available to me and that I wished to utilize it for a conference. Cannot be done. Against the rules. The reporters were incredulous. We began to pack our belongings for a trip back to my hotel for the conference when the BBC relented and permitted it to take place there. I said that the programme had been rigged by the BBC to protect the Warren Commission lawyers from debate. I added that we never ran into that sort of trouble in countries, France as one example, whose economies are not entirely dependent upon the United States. The Socialist government indeed. Lenin must be twirling in his tomb.

I left BBC's Lime Grove studio to find a few citizens waiting outside. One offered his hand and his sympathy and said that the BBC does not speak for the English people, not this disgraceful night it doesn't, he added. Others agreed.

At my hotel a delegation of three, sent by twenty who had watched the programme, expressed similar views but in stronger language.

At Oxford University the next day the students made their views known also.

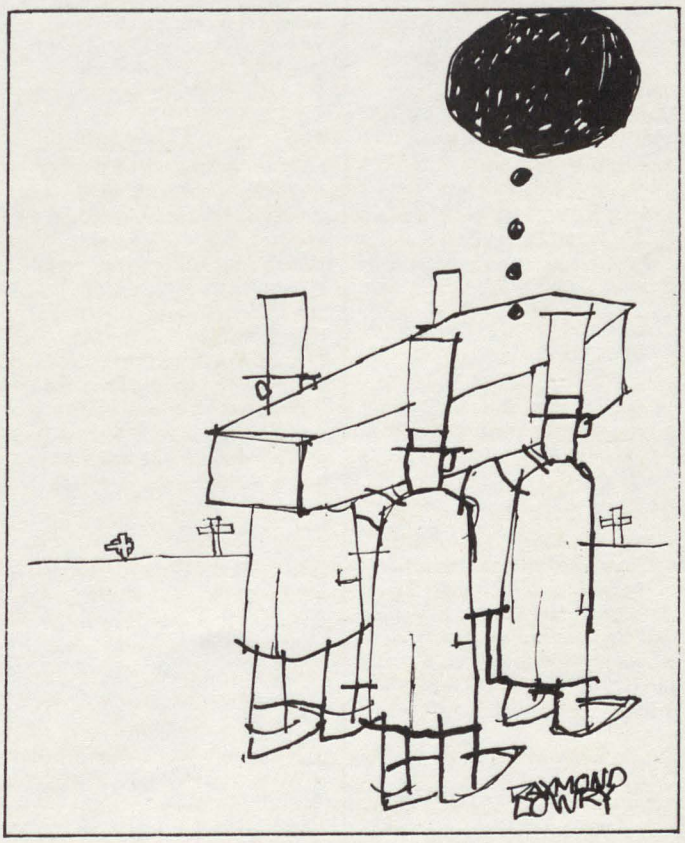
Mr Harris told the Evening Standard, "I don't think Mark Lane has any grounds for complaint. He was here for one purpose, and one purpose only. As it was stated weeks ago, he was invited to attend so that if anybody made charges against him personally—for example he was just interested in making money out of the whole business or that he was a Communist—he could answer the charges against him." Mr Harris added that if he permitted me to debate with Spector or Belin "I should have had trouble with the two lawyers. They only came on the basis of this agreement." Mr Harris added that if he allowed me to enter the debate the two Commission lawyers "would have walked off". I have never refused a debate on equal grounds with Commission personnel. One must wonder what the two lawyers know about their own case which would cause them to walk away rather than debate.

BBC told the Evening Standard, "We arranged a viewing session for a number of representatives from foreign TV networks, and they *all* made a point of saying how impressed they were by Mr Harris' handling of the programme." That statement appears to be untrue. I spoke with just one representative, Klaus Toksvig, of Danish TV. He told me that the BBC programme was extremely unfair. Perhaps the representative of the Austin, Texas, TV station took another view.

The BBC spokesman concluded, "We arranged a press conference for Mr Lane after the programme ended."

As I prepared to leave London a BBC programme announced that Barrow and Southampton had tied 2-2. I just knew that I couldn't be sure unless I read it in the Times the next morning.

Mark Lane.
Nykobing, Danmark.
9 February, 1967.



OZ

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'London **OZ**' derives from 'OZ'—a monthly satirical magazine founded in Australia in 1963 by Richard Neville and Richard Walsh. 'OZ' (Australia) is still thriving with a circulation of approximately 40,000 and a £1 cheque sent to **OZ**, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney, with your name and address will guarantee a whole year's supply of this delightful, cheeky oddity.

Letters are welcome. Address them to the Editor, OZ, 70 Clarendon Rd, London W11

Owing to the last minute arrival of Mark Lane's expose, some of the promised features have been dropped. Better luck next time.

Please quote:
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Dear Sir,

We thank you for your letter of January 23rd and for the copy of the publication London Oz. We regret to advise you however, that after due consideration we would prefer not to accept (an Oz) advertisement for insertion in our columns.

Yours faithfully,
Office Manager/
Advertising Dept
The Times
London EC4

February 9

Dear Sir,

It's a pleasure to have your support. Remind me one day to tell you about *Private Eye* and the assassination. Not that they were involved in planning it, but they played an interesting role in joining with the establishment to lead the attack upon critics of the Warren Commission. They apologised (Wells did) and a year later agreed to run a favourable article or interview. They never did. Wells apologised again and said that Bernard Levin was very close to the publication and he was in love with the Report, PE could do nothing.
Good luck with *Oz*. I'm framing the drawing of LBJ.

Sincerely,

Mark Lane
Denmark

January 24

Dear Sirs,

Haveing just purchased your first issue of 'London OZ', I was, to say the least, somewhat amused by the article 'In Bed With The **English**',
The poor woman that wrote it must be pretty ugly, or a raving **Nympho**; trying too hard, As an Englishman I must say, The english, **If he is** good, is the best lover in the World, And if your poor frustrated writer wishes proof of this statement, I invite her to spend a night or two with me, and if I cannot, in her oppinion, back up my statement with actions, in other words, give her complete sexual satisfaction, she can write an article on the one Englishman She **has** had, and really run the Englishman down and even use my name.
This is not just a proposition to your writer for a cheap thrill, It is an Englishman trying to stand up for his fellow countrymen, and to prove his statement, Which your writer hasn't done. I gathered from her article, that she has not in ever really been to bed with an English Man, and I would like to add, That until She has, She should shut up. A personal reply from your writer would be very much appreciated, (If she has the nerve.)

Yours faithfully,

Rod C B Lake Esq
40, Penywern Road
Earls Court
London SW5

(Our author accepts Mr Lake's invitation, although reserving her right to refuse consummation upon inspection. Results will be published next issue.)

January 31

Dear Sir,

At last, I said to myself as I ran all the way home, a real adult-type satirical magazine in London—the kind you can still read after you've come down from the university. Maybe even a good hard-hitting serious article or two thrown in, the sort they wouldn't dare to print elsewhere.
And, by God, there it all was: a brief but thought-provoking article on RAAS; a very funny, informed metaphorical post-mortem on the Death of God; an entertaining hopped-up Fourth Leader on violence in the news media; even a peep behind the scenes of that ever-popular soap opera for liberals, the *New Statesman.*
But what an almighty effort to dig it all out! What endless pages of whiz-bang topography! What plethoric paraphernalia for optical exhaustion! And what dizzying condensed, allusive, learned, convoluted, acrobatic prose! By the time I got to your catty little exposé of *Private Eye,* I was too exhausted to decide whether it was the ultimate send-up, or simply the sort of internecine battle which rages between the Pilgrim Free Holiness Apostolic Anabaptists and the Reformed Immersive Holiness Faith Healers. Or then again, maybe your PR boys have determined that this is the stuff it takes to sell satire in London. If it's commercial I won't knock it.
I did finally get all the way through, even the tiny little IT reprints, but I've had to go to bed and send for my oculist.

Yours sincerely,

John Whiting
London Correspondent
Pacifica Radio
7 Gledhow Gardens
London SW5

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Peter Ledeboer, Esq.,
40 Anhalt Road.
London. S.W.11.

8th February, 1967.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter of February 6th. We consider that OZ is extremely immature, amateur and completely lacking in taste, and therefore we are not likely to take advertising space with you now or in the future.

Yours Faithfully,

Jean Maxfield

JEAN MAXFIELD,
Publicity Department.

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DAY BY DREARY DAY

The Lord Chancellor decided today to abolish all appeals from the Court of *The Sunday Times.* It was thought that once the court had given its decision in any case, further consideration of the matter would be a waste of column inches. Justice Frost dissented.

The Russian offer of a peace treaty has alarmed the British Government. Troop movements have commenced throughout the country. Cabinet is reported as seeing the situation as similar to the Munich crisis.
"It is too late to appease Britain now", said a spokesman.

Once upon a time the Kennedy family commissioned a book to "tell the truth about November 22, 1963".

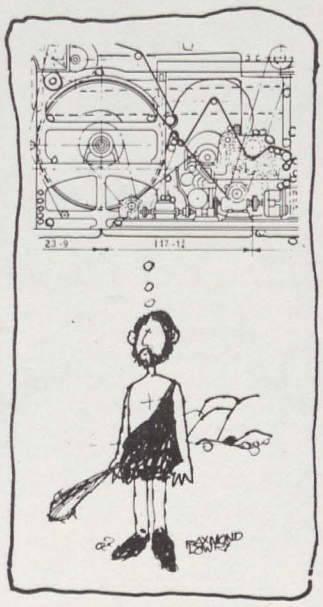
It was to sensationalise Johnson's indelicate behaviour following the assassination and to boost Robert Kennedy's Presidential chances. The tenor of the book was discussed in Washington circles. The Wall Street Journal reported that the Kennedy family feared the wrath of President Johnson because of passages in it.

It has become known that an accommodation between the Kennedys and Johnson was arranged. Johnson was to stand aside after his final term and offer no opposition to Robert Kennedy's ambitions. All that the Kennedys were required to do was to stop the book. Their contract with Manchester gave them absolute right to do so. However, Robert, who drew up the contract, was never much of a lawyer. The contract dealt solely with hard cover sales. Not included were book clubs, paper back rights and serialisation rights which Manchester was industriously flogging.

Johnson demanded that the Kennedy family should keep its part of the bargain. In the face of that insistence the Kennedys felt constrained to proceed with legal action although well aware of the dangers.

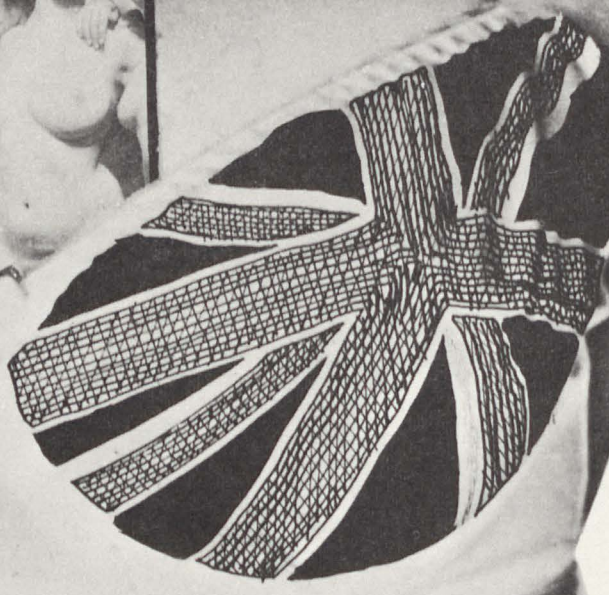
The book, of little real literary interest and historic significance, has yet played its part in history. Designed as a weapon to be used to assist Robert Kennedy in his private and personal war with Lyndon Johnson it resulted in harming them both; Johnson far less.

Extensive investigations have conclusively established the link between newspapers and narcotics. There can be no doubt. The newspaper is a dangerous drug.
Yet millions of doses of this depraving substance are allowed to fall into the hands of men, women and even children, every day. With strict medical supervision, this hallocinogen undoubtedly can benefit man. But to-day's indiscriminate traffic on the streets where the addict can attain his daily trip, without fuss, for as little as 4d. from a street corner pusher (impregnated on 60 sq. ft. of absorbent paper) is causing deep concern in government and medical circles.
Users apparently think nothing of fixing in full view .Hence it is hard to avoid noticing the characteristic symptoms of addiction. Examining the effect on a typical patient, we find, only minutes after purchase, a contraction of neck, arm, and leg muscles. Worry lines appear on the forehead. The eyes fix opaquely in a set expression as the visually overstimulated imagination begins to colour the mind with every possible form of death and disaster. The heartbeat accelerates rapidly as endless visions unroll of all that is unnatural to the consciousness, from incest and rape to economic disasters and world starvation.
The more disturbing addict moves in even more dangerous realms—with a morning and evening fix daily and often up to three on Sunday. Sometimes 'supplemented' even further in very extreme cases. This massive overdosing produces comas and a total inability to communicate thoughts or feelings in any way connected with everyday life.
Rehabilitation methods are in their infancy. No antidote is yet known. But with at least 15,000,000 heads on our hands, action is essential.



Can the foetus feel pain ? This is the question that many of our young people are asking today Our special reporter went down into the womb to find out. He found Sir Francis sitting in a swivel chair wearing his smoking jacket and mending a tooth. "Only the bombing gives me trouble", he said. "If the Americans agree to stop that then I shall be willing to come out and start negotiating." Here is the spirit that made Britain great. The answer is plain—we must learn to grit our teeth and bear it.

BRITISH BREASTS



There is no doubt about it, the bosom is being driven out of England. One glance at our women's magazines, at the narrow-chested models hanging dresses made of riveted metal plates on their naked bodies, and any lass with boobs knows that fashion has passed her by. Imagine the soft roundness of a breast oozing between those metal plates, or butting into the severity of a prickly lame mini-dress. The buttock went long ago, and the hip followed it, but surely we should make a stand about the bosom. Paris cannot be blamed for this. The little dress in Paris is knitted, and fits like a second skin of jersey or angora over the round eminences; be they large or be they small, suffice it that they be round and full.

The mini-pull is an impossibility in England, because its whole appeal is derived from the contrast between the straightness and skimpiness of its line and the pushing rotundity of the bosom beneath. It would need a full-scale revolution in the British bra industry which knows only two shapes, the bump and the pouch, and neither of those will do.

For a long time, the breast has been sorely neglected in England. There are advertisements in a certain kind of magazine for treatments to enlarge the bust, but nothing at

all about keeping the bust one already has smooth-skinned and firm and pretty. It is regarded as a sexy thing, all night, if you like that sort of thing, but not a beautiful thing. But if it comes to that, I dare say connoisseurship in bodies, of the kind practised by a Parisian with a few minutes to spend in a café, has lapsed rather, perhaps as a result of the depredations of two wars upon the British physique.

The attitude of the British manufacturer towards the great British breast is downright unsympathetic. As far as he is concerned it is either under-developed or over-developed and never just right. Either he connives with the scrawny to deceive, or he battles with the blousy to support the weight without cutting the shoulders.

Latins are aware of the bosom as a thing of infinite variety (and positive caprice), capable of piquancy and poignancy or luxury and velvet surfeit. Basically it is to be seen and caressed, and clothes must suggest that. The *soutien-gorge* or *reggipetto* must not be obtrusive, but must be attractive, seen or unseen. It does not insist upon controlling, moulding and supporting. Advertisement stresses much more that the bra must be light, flattering, easy to wear. The breast is not regarded as an encumbrance (the joke about Grandma catching her tits in the mangle is English). Women's magazines carry almost as much advice on the care of the breast as they do for the face. It is supposed that the breast is beautiful, for its owner has splashed it morning and night with cold water to stimulate the circulation and keep it firm, and massages it with skin foods and hormone creams. It is assumed that her husband/lover has paid it the requisite attention. Above all, it is important. It has an identity, and somewhere there is the garment that suits it.

The British manufacturer is convinced, possibly rightly, that the British breast is either meagre and knobby or big and floppy. It has either to be built up by gay deceivers and 'foam' and cushions, or hoisted as far up and out as it will go.

Let us consider the case of the girl whose breast is neither scant and scrawny nor droopy nor super-droopy. Let's suppose she is a slender-backed, round bosomed 34C, measuring 37" around. She has enough muscle tone to do without a brassiere (the very name indicates the anti-pathetic nature of the object) and probably would, expect that variations of temperature cause the odd eyebrow to shoot up, and sweaters are a bit rough on the old erogenous tissue. She doesn't much like the bobbing about caused by relatively energetic movement either.

She takes her pretty bosom to the corsetiere, who has a trained *(ho-ho)* fitter, and bares her chest to the same. This lady, who usually belongs to the surgical category herself, plants a cold, splayed hand over one warm and tremulous breast, and oracularly pronounces a model for modom. Where two pretty hemispheres went in, two triangular prisms come out. Her own lineaments are jammed into a massive contraption of cotton or nylon (which is worse because it scratches) and elastic, hooked tightly across the back, and hoisted up to a dizzy angle on the collarbone.

The saleslady alais fitter explains that fashionable breasts are meant to look like two little Matterhorns in the vertical plane, and Miss 34C believes her. Half bras aren't made in her size anyway, because C cups need all the support they can get. It is axiomatic that C sizes sag. All Miss 34C knows is that when she twists round to do up her zipper, one of the Matterhorns sticks in her eye. For added freedom of movement Madam may have elastic straps which let the right pyramids zoom about. Uncomfortable and self-conscious in her new piercing bosom hoist aloft by block and tackle, she takes the Underground home, and slightly injures a schoolboy who falls against one of her pyramids.

So she decides to avoid the fitters in future and shops around instead. One salesgirl declares categorically that according to the firm's special graded chart Miss 34C is really a 38 medium, only in that shop you are not allowed to try them on. There the bras are called after an archangel. She discovers that she may change her block and tackle for the more popular pre-formed bra. It is usually made in Japan, or the Empire, and is called Lovable or Adorable or something of the sort. The idea is that it has a shape of its own, hewn out of polystyrene or polythene, that will not alter no matter what goes inside it. That of course is its great advantage, for the only way of telling whether it be full or empty is to give it a sharp knock, when it is empty it will dint, and if it is full you'll get a reaction. It costs less than other bras and is probably more comfortable, because it has less seaming. Nevertheless, Miss 34C couldn't find one that suited her, because the pretty ones had no room for her bosom in them, and the big ones were pretty much like the block and tackle she already had. She thought they were clammy as well.

She resolved to pretend she was a B cup, and ventured into the fascinatingly naughty world of the half-bra. Most half-bras exist to create cleavage where none existed, therefore they have semi-circular armatures which are joined in the middle. The massive junction is disguised by a coy bow or a heart of a flower. Thus the bosom is presented as a kind of joggly pudding in the middle of the chest. The rigid armature rubs ulcers on the rib cage, and the ends of it keep piercing the binding and stabbing into the tit, or appearing at the neckline. The effect in a sweater is distressing, because the actual shape of the pudding is more or less amorphous.

She found that it was tacitly assumed that most girls who affect half-bras are really flatchested, and that the sizes are not those of the actual bosom, but of the bosom that the buyer would like to think she had. Inside the meagre B cup she found that all the room was already taken up by a little cushion, so that even when she asked for a 36 and thought she could take it in at the sides, her breasts sprang out, or else the seaming at the top was so tight that it divided the breasts into a top and bottom bulge, which made it look as if she had four. Many were cunningly built up with foam (it never says what the foam is made of—rubber is not mentioned in the lingerie business these days) so that her bosom had to escape round the edges.

Nowhere could she find a brassiere which would perform the simple task of housing her peach of a bosom. Her body stocking flattened it. The rude bras she tried on in strange little shops in Soho were ugly, or distorting, or uncomfortable. The salesladies convinced her that it was her fault that the stock lines didn't suit her, and upbraided her for her narrow back, and positively sneered at the intractible firmness and roundness of her breasts.

One day she went to Paris and she never came back. She got a job as a brassiere model.

Germaine

THE LONDON OZ

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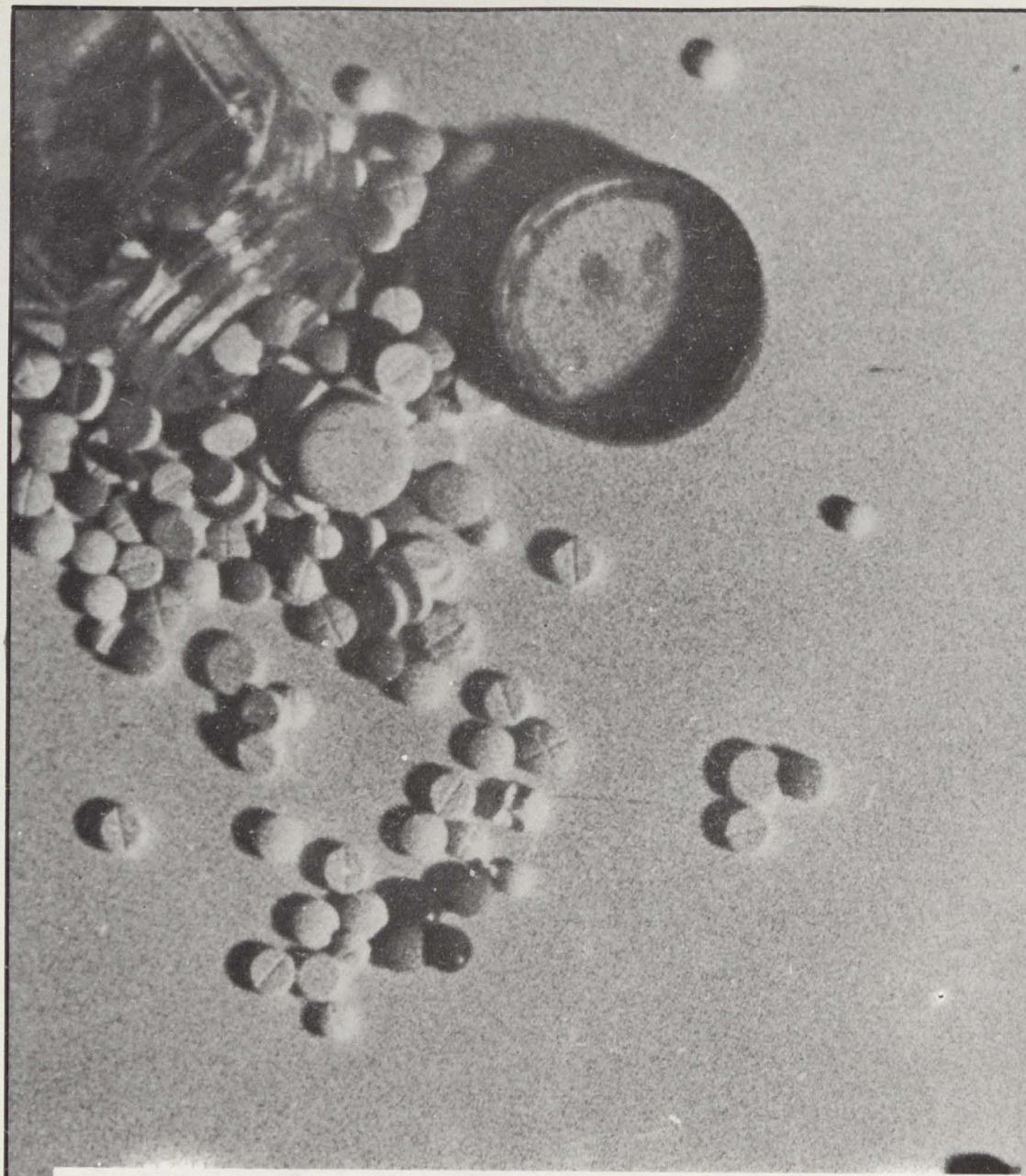
Was Prince Philip right when he lashed out at sagging British breasts? Have they lost prominence since the War? London OZ means to show the Duke he's blind. Help us put the British breast back where it belongs. You could win £20 and have your bust immortalised over a double page OZ pin-up. (INTERNATIONAL COMPEDITORS ARE ALSO WELCOME.)

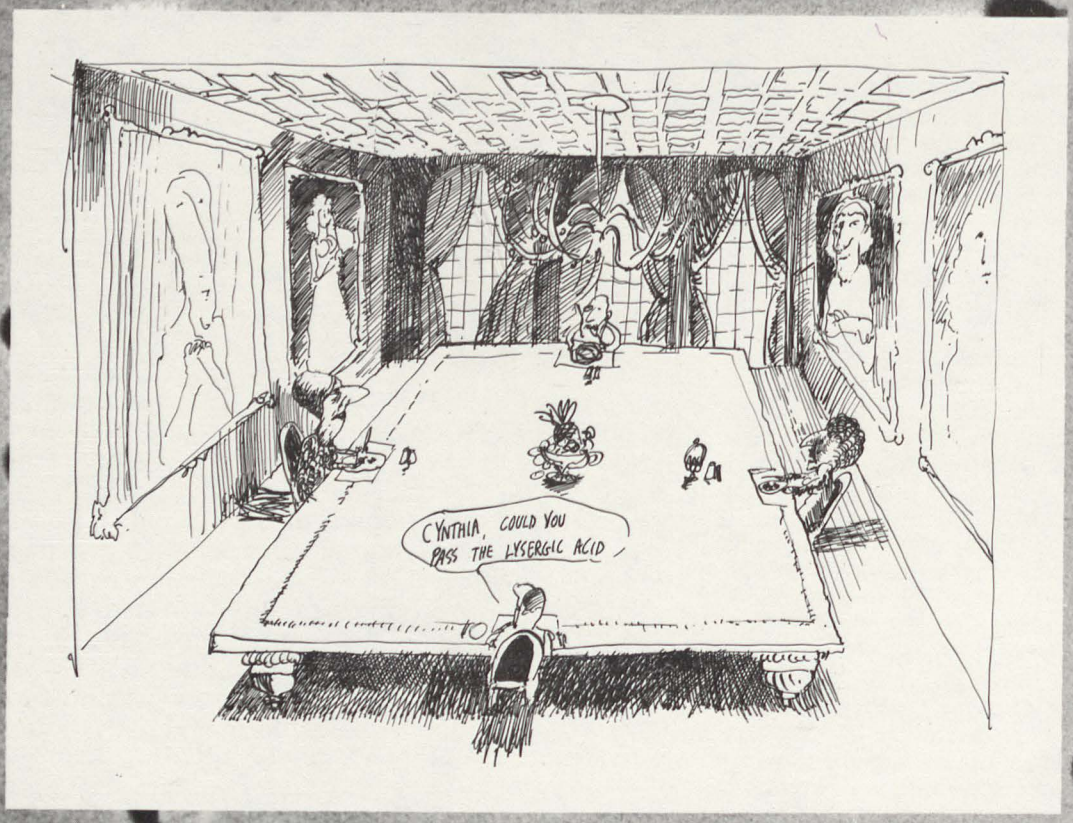
Send in two photos of your breasts: (1) Profile; (2) full face; no other part of the body need be included. Send your name (or pseudonym) plus a self-addressed envelope to: London OZ Competition, 70 Clarendon Road, London, W11.

Some correspondence might be entered into.

P.S. IF YOU HAVE NO SUITABLE PHOTOGRAPHER PLEASE RING OUR PHOTOGRAPHER, BOB WHITAKER - FLA 8878 FOR A FREE APPOINTMENT.

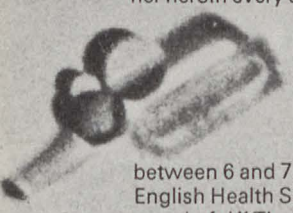


The Brain Report was all right so far as it went. The legislation to be brought in before the present sessions are over, will undoubtedly comfort a number of the people involved with drug addiction—none more than the black-marketeers. This new legislation, dependent on the Brain Report for information, sees the roots of the recent rise in the incidence of addiction in the handful of doctors who over-prescribe. The naivety of such an interpretation is alarming; nevertheless the new legislation will take the prescription of heroin (for addicts) out of the hands of G.P's and put it into the hands of the New Treatment Centres. This really is as far as new legislation goes, except for the establishment of a standing committee on drug addiction.



What gives concern to those directly involved with the problems of addiction is how any governmental committee can permit such statements to appear in what is erroneously assumed to be an informed report. We quote: 'We are satisfied from our

enquiries of the Home Office, the Metropolitan Police and our witnesses that there is at present no evidence of any significant traffic, organized or otherwise, in dangerous drugs that have been stolen or smuggled into this country'. **(Brain Report '65)**
The Brain Report is quite right in assuming that a number of so-called junkies, as yet unregistered, obtain their first supplies from registered addicts. Piccadilly Circus, will, until the new legislation is introduced, provide an open source of NHS heroin. The most well-known method (not for the shy) is to stand outside Boots, or if tired, to sit on the baskets situated just to the left of the entrance. Most of the young junkies are willing to sell and are easily identified by their ability to sleep in an upright position.
One of the most amenable pushers is a blonde well-built American girl of 22 who collects her heroin every evening

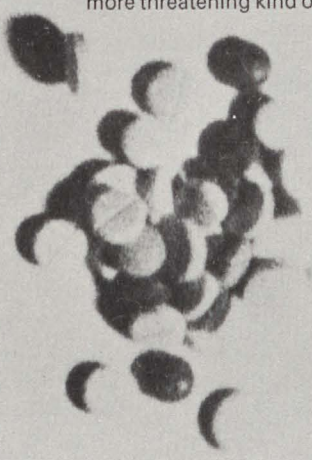


between 6 and 7. 'I think your English Health Service is wonderful!' The usual routine is to follow her until she stands by the left-luggage lockers in Piccadilly Tube after 6 p.m. After a brief conversation she will sell heroin at 3/4d. a jack or £1 a grain. This has been the standard price for some time; such heroin is good unadulterated NHS heroin.
Precisely how many heroin users purchase supplies in this way is difficult to assess, but on one Friday evening 34 non-registered junkies were seen to

purchase or to attempt to purchase heroin within a period of two hours. If this were the only, or even the chief, source of supply, the innane mumblings of Sergeant Arthur Kilner of Scotland Yard's Dangerous Drugs' department, who said on January 29th, 1967, that the National Health Service was

fulfilling the role of Mafia in other countries by supplying drug addicts with their needs' might be worthy of some attention; and the new prescription control might have some chance of dealing with illicit trafficking. Unhappily, though this may be the most obvious, it is already perhaps one of the more insignificant sources of supplies.

Trafficking in amphetamines has long been widespread in the West End; it is virtually impossible to find a teenager dancing in a West End club who hasn't pilled up beforehand; blues (drynamil) sell at 1/3d. each, and can be purchased by the 1,000, but are normally bought in 5's, 10's, 20's, 50's and 100's.



Although technically 'mild stimulants', when taken in overdoses the comedown is unpleasant, and when taken in overdoses continuously a much more intense and powerful drug is often sought in order to avoid this very unpleasant comedown. Pushers of pills are often young and unintelligent, frequently blocking themselves before they try to block anyone else. Two such pushers are Paul and Cliff; both are 21. Both own their own 66 Zephyrs; their sole source of income is their drug pushing. Their joint income is between £200 and £400 per week, of which they pass a third to their boss, whom they refer to as Big Syd. They work with two West Indians, whom they employ full-time as a protective measure and with whom they share a 20-guinea-a-week set of rooms in Chelmsford.
Starting their work at the Marquee club they sell to a market of 13-year-old mods; after a meal they move into the clubs around **Greek Street;** then to a stand just outside **Tiffany's** at about 1 in the morning. When necessary they work a pitch in the **Lyons' Cafes** around Trafalgar Square; if on Sunday morning they have

any pills remaining, they move into **Chelsea** where apparently tired debs are always a ready market. In conversation with one reporter as to the origin of the amphetamine, they said that some of their pills were knocked off, but most came as a regular supply through London docks—they weren't sure where, but 'Big Syd looks after that end'.
In one week-end they never sell less than 3,000 pills and sometimes in excess of 6,000, undercutting other pushers by selling at 1/– each. The only other market they have is for hash which, for a good roll, they sell at about 3/– to 5/– a joint.
It is this sort of trading that began exploiting the market for a stimulant drug lying open in the all-night clubs in Soho. But this has been taken over by another, more threatening kind of trading.

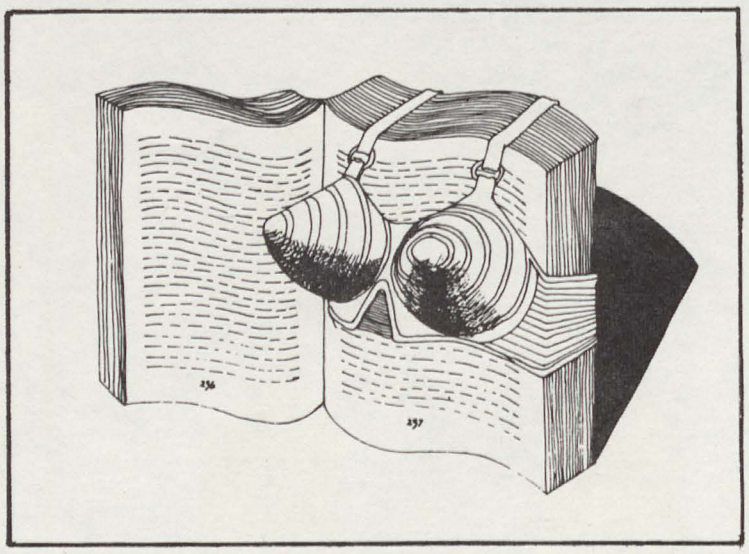
Chris is one such pusher, 5' 8" tall and about 35 years old. He prefers the cafes and standing around to entering the clubs. He carries with him (and offered me) amphetamines, barbiturates, heroin, cocaine, methadryne; the barbiturates were all tuinal, a combination of seconal and sodium amytal; the heroin was

powdered, which is significant, because the heroin obtained by registered drug addicts is in pill form; but again this does not lend any weight to any suggestion that there is any organized traffic.
One ex-junky obtained all his heroin from his own pushing of heroin; he worked for Ken Collins (now serving time) who he claimed to be boss of most men whose names were linked, perhaps erroneously, with the distribution of drugs in Soho—Big Syd, Big Dave (a front), Jimmy McIntyre, Sigi and Babe; the heroin that this boy pushed was again in powdered form, was collected through the East India dock and was of Italian origin (on analysis); he sold regularly to about 100 non-registered heroin users and alone sold about 500 grains a week—again at £1 per grain; but sees the price already rising sometimes up to £5 per grain. When these prices are too high, Notting Hill and Kilburn are resorted to, or the numerous cafes in the Back Lane area of the East End have always been an excellent source.

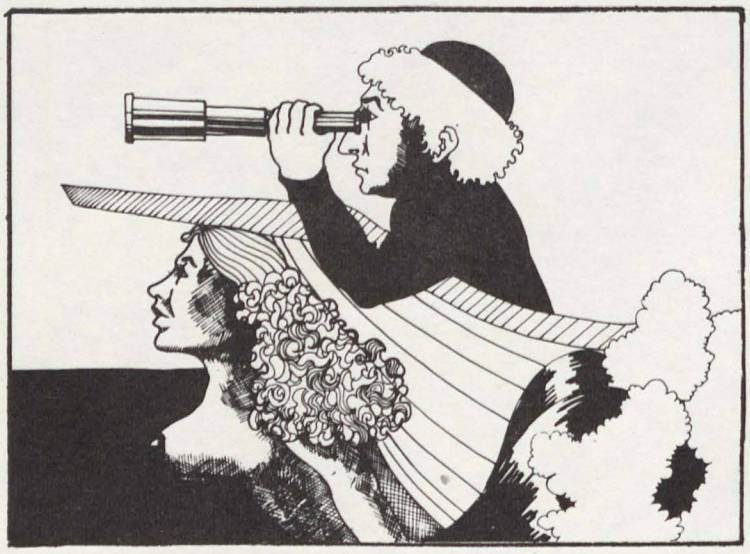
While drugs of most kinds can be purchased easily in the majority of clubs, a certain score can be marked up on **The Duke of York** (not very fashionable with mods), now taken over from **Finches** as the 'in' scene; pot is available, but also police (who seem to spend their time searching the young drifters for this relatively innocuous intoxicant.
Tiles, Oxford Street—often has more pushers than dancers.
The Angel, Islington, is good for heroin and cocaine at £1 to £1 10s. per grain, and pot, but it is a bit out of the way. (L.S.D. 30/– a trip—Czech manufacture).
Marquee has pills a-plenty; but for anything at all—heroin (£1 to £3 per grain), coke, meths (5/– an ampule), amphetamines, barbiturates—the **Casino.** Wardour Mews is the place to go, and maybe you can brush shoulders with many of those directly involved with trading. Prices are rising, but that's the price we have to pay for organized drug trafficking, so buy now!
Drugs were purchased by one American Sociologist in each of the clubs named above in one evening.

Metamorphoses

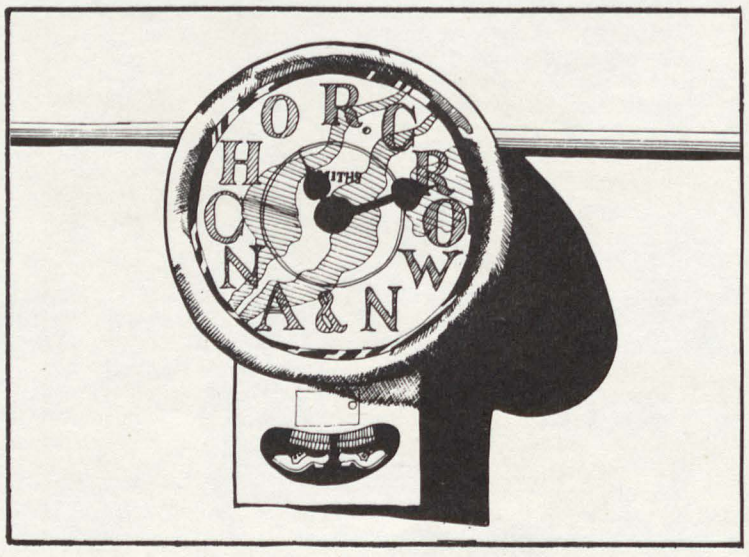
Jocelyn Brouha,
Wykhamist Accounts Executive,
deviser of award-winning bra
campaigns
and originator of the slogan 'Tat for Tit',
is reconstituted as page 257
of the Penguin Edition
of the Annotated Elinor Glyn.



Christopher Columbus,
for turning back at landfall
Hispaniola,
in reward for not discovering America
is elected Pope Urban XIX
and publishes the first
bull on contraception
'De temporibus tutis'.



Martin Seymour-Smith
by a costive diet of integrity,
a perilous run of rule-breaking
and through extravagant
over exposure to the demands of
friendship
is turned into a Soho pub clock
and forced to show
closing time for ever.



by Peter Porter

Simon Puer
while chatting up a critic
at the Festival Hall bar
sees himself fade
to a smile on the face
of Alexander Goehr.

En route to the Out Patients Dept.,
a scorching article
on five elder poets in his pocket
under his favourite pseudonym,
Ian Hamilton
is side-tracked to Madame Tussaud's
and melted down
for their new tableau
'The Suicide of Hart Crane'.

Playing the first of the '48
on his Bermondsey gas pipe
didgeree-du, Wolfe Morris
becomes 'The Wanderer's Pozzie'
motel at Surfer's Paradise
on the Gold coast near Brisbane,
Queensland, Australia.

No fearful indignation lacerates the heart of Malcolm Muggeridge, *so far as I can see, but then, he is not exiled like poor Swift, buried in the provincial hell of Dublin, but indulged, heard and forgotten as fast as the Epilogue. A pity, because he has more to say than all the mumbling prelates and incompetent satirists in England—and a great band of them there are too. He is the most irritating man in England and the least loved after Harold Wilson.*

He is not above farting while on the phone to eminent people, or using what is called filthy language by way of emphasis, or to comment on the character of other eminent people, and is vain enough to keep a particularly unfortunate bust of himself stored amongst his books. These and other things I discovered last week after trudging through a mile-and-a-half of mud, carrying a decrepit and uncertain tape-recorder to his house in Sussex through the most sodden landscape I have ever seen.

I asked him questions from the viewpoint of a world-improver, an attitude he has long since given up, and he was pleasant enough to keep his amusement reasonably well hidden. Why, I began, do you so strenuously object to the twentieth century?

The whole essence of my view of life, he said, is that I intensely dislike the way the world is going. Putting it in its simplest terms, the world is going in the direction of what is called the American way of life. This is what everyone wants and what the whole world is going to have, even the communist countries.

What's wrong with giving people cars and television and too much food?"

It's not the higher standard of living itself. It's the method whereby it is achieved and sustained that makes people's lives spiritually less rich, the method being primarily to subordinate everything to production, to accept this mysterious thing the gross national product as a sort of deity and then to build up this terrible structure of advertising and mass communication to ensure that the pot is kept boiling."

True, but might it not free people from the nasty business of having to work all day?"

Oh I approve of that, but it might not. It depends how they use it. There is a great fallacy of our time, that if you can raise the standard of life or even the standard of education, you automatically enrich people's lives. Not so. The most barren and wretched place in the world I've ever visited is California, which also happens to have the highest standard of life and education. Yet all the reformers and people like that at their international conferences always assume that if only you could give say, Africa, the standard of life prevailing in California, it would be a great thing.

Technology doesn't make it easier to read books, listen to music, look at paintings?

Depends whether you use it for that purpose. It makes it easier to print things, but what are you printing? When I see what's put on a typical bookstall in America or, for that matter, here, I wish printing had never been invented.

But that's only filling empty minds with rubbish which would in any case be filled with rubbish, or remain empty. Surely in the last century minds were filled with rubbish too?

It's possibly true. My feelings about this century has nothing to do with other centuries. I'm not saying the middle ages were marvellous or the nineteenth century was marvellous, simply that I see in the world a certain way of life which is increasingly held up and accepted by my fellows as the aim and object of living, and it is obnoxious. There never was a golden age or ever could be. I take the Christian view that man is bound at all times to make a mess-up of things. He is bound to be unhappy because he is a creature who can conceive perfection but is intrinsically imperfect. *His comfort* lies in relation to circumstances which are greater than the circumstances of his life. Insofar as he can look beyond the circumstances of his life, there is his comfort, his joy, his greatness. He tries to *understand.* Pascal says the greatness of man is a simple thing: he is so made that he tries to understand.

That reminds me of Shaw recommending that evolution proceed to the point that men achieve supreme ecstacy by walking around thinking about mathematics.

I don't object to that.

Isn't it a rather impractical proposal for the great mass of mankind?

Certainly, and therefore was typical of Shaw. But what is not impractical is to see that, whatever sort of mess-up human beings make, and I'm quite sure will always continue to make, and however ignoble many of their pursuits may be (war, affluence) *still* there will be in them this passion to understand, and that will never desert them and can never be destroyed.

You wrote an article in 'Playboy' this December that the twentieth century has distinguished itself by producing not a single work of art of lasting value. Not even from Joyce or Yeats or Proust or Stravinsky or Shostakovich or Britten?

The point, really, was that in the twentieth century human genius had gone into what is called science rather than into imaginative pursuits such as writing or architecture. Neither Proust nor Joyce are writers I would be quite as adulatory towards as is the present fashion, but neither they nor Joyce are really *twentieth* century. The twentieth century is D. H. Lawrence, Dylan Thomas (a most minor, tenth-rate poet), T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound. I don't know enough about music to pronounce about it, but I suspect, for instance, Britten is not as good as Beethoven. I have a *feeling* that it might be so.

I will agree with you *he continued benignly, possibly feeling he had been a little unkind,* since you are a nice young man, that that sentence was an exaggerated sentence, but it contains a truth in it and that is that it is very difficult to think of any artistic achievement of this century that you could put in a major class. There's no novel written that you could even think of in the same breath *(sic)* as say, Tolstoy.

We had got tired of literature, so talked about sex. Muggeridge is not supposed to approve of sex, and yet he had written: "There is nothing serious under the sun except love; of one's fellow mortals and of God. All is ridiculous save ecstacy" *without excluding sexual ecstasy, which is the most most of us are capable of. He said sexual ecstasy was ecstasy in his sense of the word only when it was accompanied by great love.* "All the mystics are unanimous on the point that men can find ecstasy only through escape from the self. Love produces ecstasy, but sex does not if it is the pursuit of personal physical satisfaction." *I wanted to know why he disapproved of the famous set of experiments done by Masters and Johnson with glass penises and what-have-you in the interests of those who found sex less than it is described in D. H. Lawrence and 'Playboy'. What was the harm of it if it helped people amus themselves? The trouble with it, he said, apart from the fact it was ludicrous and absurd, was that there were no sexual problems you could solve with science.* "It's absurd to regard the sexual act as something that can be perfected physically. The scientific interest in it is no less morbid than the pornographic interest in it. I strongly suspect all of society is moving in the direction of masturbation and all literature in the direction of what they called in the Weimar Republic, 'one-handed literature'."

The exploiting classes undoubtedly used religion to keep people quiet, and it was a blasphemy and corruption of religion, but I think today they're more inclined to use sex, and it's a great and wicked corruption of sex. If you stupify people's minds with eroticism

they won't question things. An idiot mind, drooling over a Playmate in the middle of 'Playboy' is much less likely to worry about what's happening in Vietnam than otherwise.

Maybe, I said, having ambitions myself to contribute to 'Playboy', but aren't they innocently employed?

No, said Muggeridge, this sort of thing cuts them off from a satisfactory fulfilment of sex. To me it's pathetic. It's a debasement of sex that is utterly abhorrent.

Do you mind being called a puritan?

In the sense that the word is used pejoratively, which is of someone who avoids involvement in sensuality for reasons of prudence. Now that I'm old, I want to avoid involvement in sensuality because I consider that thereby one's mind is released for other pursuits.

Have you wasted time on sensuality?

No, I don't think it's wasted because I don't think that's a thing any mortal man can ever really decide about—what is wasted and what's not. I have a very strong feeling that if we ever understand all of this we shall see that nothing is wasted. All forms of human experience contribute to fulfilling whatever we are here for.

Have you any programme at all for the improvement of humanity?

None. All collective schemes for the betterment of man have been disastrous.

Have you then just settled down to laugh at folly and occasionally fling ink pellets at men who still imagine there is something to be done to improve things?

That is a just criticism, and I think at times I have been guilty of that, but I'd like to think it doesn't represent the whole effort one's made. I don't think, either, that my ridiculing, which was necessary, was any more negative, to name a great maestro, than Swift's. Certainly no writer could be more conscious than I am that I haven't done as much as I could have.

I agreed, and mentioned that I could not see any great difference in potential, reading his work, enjoying his language and intelligence, between himself, Shaw and Voltaire. To his credit (I cannot stand the English habit of hypocisy), neither could he. When I suggested that, possibly, he too was a victim of the twentieth century he dislikes so much, he agreed it was possible, since this is not an age to encourage dedication to an art and it is one to encourage journalists, witness his own efforts. Shaw, he mentioned, was no less a journalist than he, with the difference that Shaw had chosen the stage to parade his opinions and make his money. He preferred television. Muggeridge and I disagreed over Shaw, but not, I think, over Muggeridge, whom I consider a great journalist and the sanest man I have met. He may have taken his detachment to the point that he does not object to the idea of our all being incinerated tomorrow, but then there is nothing he or any other sane man can do to stave off incineration, if we are going to be incinerated, because sane men are not put in charge of governments or bombs.

Muggeridge's greatest usefulness is that, in this credulous age, when we will believe in anything except God and selflessness, he can take our minds for a while off the tedious and futile business of trying to improve humanity, and have us spend some little time improving our own spiritual condition. He would not have anyone cease opposing wickedness, but he would advise us to cease trying to impose "good" on humanity in the form of politically or culturally virtuous systems. Virtue institutionalised is in effect purely wicked, and revolutions have a way of revolving.

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♀♡♂
AS HIS LIPS CAME CLOSE TO MINE, I FELT AS IF OUR BREATHS HAD TURNED TO FIRE ...
N-NO-OO-O!
AND THIS TIME, BESIDES HIS GENTLENESS, I FELT THE STUNNING PASSION OF HIS KISS... AND MY HEART BEAT WILDLY...
HIS LIPS WERE A SWEET WHISPER AGAINST MINE...
AND THIS TIME WHEN HIS KISS TOLD ME THE TRUTH -- I BELIEVED IT...
... AFTER ALL...!
DEAREST!
AT THAT MOMENT I FELT THAT LIFE COULD OFFER NO GREATER HAPPINESS THAN THAT WHICH FILLED MY SOUL!
AND, WITH HIS SECOND KISS, I KNEW MY DREAM HAD AT LAST COME TRUE!
AND I SAW THE MYSTERIOUS SEA DRAW OUR LIPS TOGETHER AS IF BY A MAGNET NO HUMAN COULD RESIST..
DARLING -- DARLING -- I LOVE YOU --! DO YOU LOVE ME --?
BUT HE WOULDN'T WAIT... AND CRUSHED MY ANSWER AGAINST HIS MOUTH...
HOW CAN I TELL HIM THAT ALL I WANT IS A GOOD SCREW?
The End.

A WORK OF ART

Sin whispers and is dark and secret. It is wicked, but it has an underground thrill. It comes at night, insinuating intimately. I have an iron cot, with a moveable side that goes up and down. I can reach my hand through the bars and stroke the flamboyant birds trailing over the wallpaper. At night, though, in the homely silence when the nightblinds are drawn, but the world is awake outside, I make my own patterns.

This is the sin. This is the most forbidden thing. I would die of shame to admit it.

I pick my nose. I pick it under the covers like a thief with stolen loot, wrestling absorbedly and guiltily, and put it onto the wall below the line of the cot, where it can't be seen. I am making a great pattern, each one spaced so. I am glad, like a diligent workman when I get a big wieldy one. The pattern is rounding out. It is a great circle, designed like heavenly bodies, none to collide or unbalance the mystical whole. Nobody knows. And when my little sister picks her nose I shame her out of it. I call her a pig in terrible outrage and make her get a cloth and wipe it off.

'Kiki! Kiki!' I say in disgust, watching her virtuously.

All the time my pattern grows.

But soon we are to leave the hotel, and fear strikes me like an underground tremor. I go cold at the thought of discovery. But I cannot believe they will find me out. How can they know what material covers the wall so beautifully in that great design?

One day I come in and see their hanging faces. Ah. The Day. The Storm. I sidle around.

'Did you do that?' the enormous hard horselike face of the landlady says.

'No.'

'What is it?' Grief, wrath, and outrage in her voice. Her huge impotent body. The thing is done. What can she do?

'I don't know.'

'What is it?'

'I don't know.'

'Betty,' my mother says, looking me in the eye – to show the dire eternal consequences of an untruth – 'Did you do that on the wall?'

'No.' I say. I lower my head. I am dying of shame. I am scarlet with revealed intimacies. My privacy violated.

But even in my shame I have a soft exhultant joy. I did it all. I did it!

And there is nothing they can do! It is on the wall and they cannot undo the deed.

They could make me wash it off.

But I won't admit I did it.

Sin! Sin! Terrible, shameful and sweet. Such tender ardent work despoiled and despised! The sin of its conception. I trembled guiltily on my legs, my lying eyes were slits.

But I walked out into the sun. I went to the dandelion place. 'I am good, I am good.' The dandelions said Yes. All was yellow sun. The day. The bright yellowness. The dandlions said I was good. I was good. Day and night were apart. My day was like the sun. A yellow dandelion. It is twenty years ago. But I still cannot walk by that old hotel. I feel a vague guilt, even forgetting. I see the huge stone outraged face peering at me through the menacing lace curtains.

Elizabeth Smart.

No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of LIFE

DAVID WIDGERY

Living in London is like trying to set up home on the pendulum of a clock telling the wrong time. London life is about as exciting as the Eurovision Song Contest . . . as regards significant living experience the average glass of water has got more to get your teeth into. The objects are all right still; St Pancras Library is still running its legendary book amnesty, the old men still fly kites in Hyde Park on Sundays, gold top milk is good as is Benoir Bulka's game pate, there are still some bookstands where you can't buy International Times, there's a shop in Old Compton St. where you can change your name to Mick Jagger by deed of poll. There are still *things* to stay around for: Penguin Classics, Dinky Toys, The British Medical Journal, the 11 o'clock news on the Third, jumping up and down on tightly coiled copies of the 'Observer' on Sundays, Cadbury's Fruit and Nut advertisements.

But on the whole the place is horrible and this is due to the people. There are far too many Australians. The Incredible Love Generation is completely wrapped up with glittering their beautiful eyes at each other to show how great the cold unpleasant Round House really is—spend far too much time getting high and getting nowhere. The tender sexy warm new things don't even notice the vast pyramid of crap we are heaping on ourselves in aid of self liberation or adult movies or something. God help the new thing if it's IT and the Friday night strobes . . . they make me think of the oesophagus of a man who has lived all his life on 10c. hamburgers and pasteurised milk.

The rich old hippies are substantially worse though. There's always been an overfed, overblown appendix of society who lapse into semi-permanent excess. But this lot expect you to take boutique society as an art form as well and between one pull of the forelock and the next, we are supposed to draw brief inspiration from their antics. The incredible pace of Sybilla society is really about as interesting as an 'Evening Standard' lunchtime leader. It's the 'who's for tennis' people now gossiping about their trips but still with the servant problem and the bad-tempered sports car and their mothers' drugs. They're all as dead as Tara Browne. The women have hearts as hard as pecan crunch bars and gossip in the clubs like a seaside sales conference. They are like an Autumn Tints Coach Tour, all yellow and falling down. All their parties are the same one, built out of the same pieces of Meccano. Inside them the same handy units, pretty boys punching their stomachs and eating floor polish, everywhere the Stones and pointless flared-up eyes. The pecan girl is high now, hears nougat voices on the roof; it's only the hat burglars stealing overcoats. Then if it's an upper class of party someone overdoses, a 'head' from Golden Beach . . . kicks in the record player and everyone goes off for a gas oven, waking up in different rooms to the same formica morning. *This* is the Wipeout Gang operating their Insanity Factory.

What's worse—the Factory is the people sent by 'Time' and 'Life' to look for it. American boys trying to grow out of their haircut, always reading the menu from outside and telling the identical story about a pant raid or a trip or something that was broken up by the House Sister. There are wistful girls in almanacks and gaberdine hair who walk around Old Compton Street in threes wanting to be picked up. They are as sexy as Chapter 3 of The Group and as unhappy as doctored cats (who are very happy). Everyone is cheated. French men shaking their fists at Dollys from the outside. Italian ladies being fiddled on the change. Americans from places like Ohio in Renta Cars picking up bleached boys outside of Piccadilly Underground station, who when they come through want money for their prescriptions. Danish girls secretly being sold herbal cigarettes. London's a big hoax, luv. We have got acclimatised to the lies, but you ought to be bitter about them. Bitter like the old 'Confidential' headlines, "Rubirosa was fizzle in bed Latin Beauty says".

In fact, once upon a time there was a swinging Britain—before this Golden Book of Reptiles. The time when London was really zinging was when the Bulge Babies were in school, reading 'Tit Bits' in the back of the class with NHS specs and Sellotape. 'Chalky' taught us long division and to keep our bowels open and our traps shut. We played Dan Dare on the building sites where no one dared to build, with the Mekon as green as a processed pea. Rock Around the Clock was banned throughout Warwickshire. Time and Life's London Bureau didn't notice us then, in the High Street billiards saloons with our duck's arse haircut and Warner Bros. hip talk, always planning world trips on unmuffled Harley Davidsons. On Saturdays watching the birds go past with layers of bouncy petticoats meant to show like that and bouffant sticky hair and everyone looking like a Giles cartoon. The old man remembering El Alamein, when really he spent his war singing dirty songs in the shelters and making lighters in the Spitfire factories and fortunes on vacuum cleaner spares. Thank the Lord for the lads flogging left-handed nylons on bomb sites and smashing up cinema seats for Bill Haley and bunching sports cars on the bikes and ripping the roofs off. This was real, in the abrasive world where people travel in second-class trains to Slough and put cash in the Coop Xmas Box and buy Batchelors records and don't even know about the Psychedelic Revolution.

It hasn't stopped because some American journalist has discovered debs kneecaps. So Wipeout Gang you better start to build bigger and better Borstals, you're going to need them.

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Monument
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"Ho, ho!" he cried, in ecstasies... "Toad as usual comes out on top."

London OZ's spectacular Playmate of the Month: Toad Wilson of Whitehall. *Toad's twice the size of last month's inaugural Playmate of LBJ – but then he's twice as conceited.*

"As he tramped along gaily, he thought of his adventures and his escapes, and how when things seemed at their worst he had always managed to find a way out; and his pride and conceit began to swell within him. 'Ho, ho!' he said to himself as he marched along with his chin in the air, 'what a clever Toad I am! There is surely no animal equal to me for cleverness in the whole world!'

"I am, unfortunately, born into a Toad family, but immediately I become Head Toad I am able to abandon its tiresome principles."

"I am the only Toad bold enough to use old-fashioned Weasel economics to save managers and hurt working Toads."

Toad began to giggle, and from giggling he took to laughing, and he laughed till he had to sit under a hedge.

Now he thought about the famous forest market – and how once an important Weasel tried to lead all the river people to it but went astray.

"But I'll do it," laughed Toad, "or if I fail I'll tell everyone that the Frogs stopped us."

"Ho, ho!" he cried, in ecstasies of self admiration. "Toad again! Toad, as usual comes out on top."

"And what about the grown-up animals?" laughed Toad.

"I stop telling on the naughty eagle, and he gives us food. I invite the clumsy bear to dinner and he wants to be my best friend."

"Ho! ho! I am the Toad, the handsome, the popular, the successful Toad!" He got so puffed up with conceit that he made up a song as he walked, in praise of himself, and sang it at the top of his voice, though there was no one to hear it but him. It was perhaps the most conceited song that any animal ever composed.

'The world has held great Heroes,
As history books have showed;
But never a name to avoid all blame
Like that of Wilson Toad!

'The clever men at Oxford
Know all there is to be knowed.
But none of them know half as much
As intelligent Wilson Toad!

'At number 10, the Cabinet sat,
Abuse in torrents flowed
But who un-ruffled, simply re-shuffled?
Why! The dexterous Wilson Toad!

'Oh, when the Government's ratings slump,
And Party morale's down
There's a jolly handy scapegoat
In bumbling Badger Brown.

'The Queen and her Ladies-in-Waiting
Sat at the window and sewed
She cried, "Look! Who's that fat little man?"
They answered, "Wilson Toad!"'

MARCH
W T F S S M T
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
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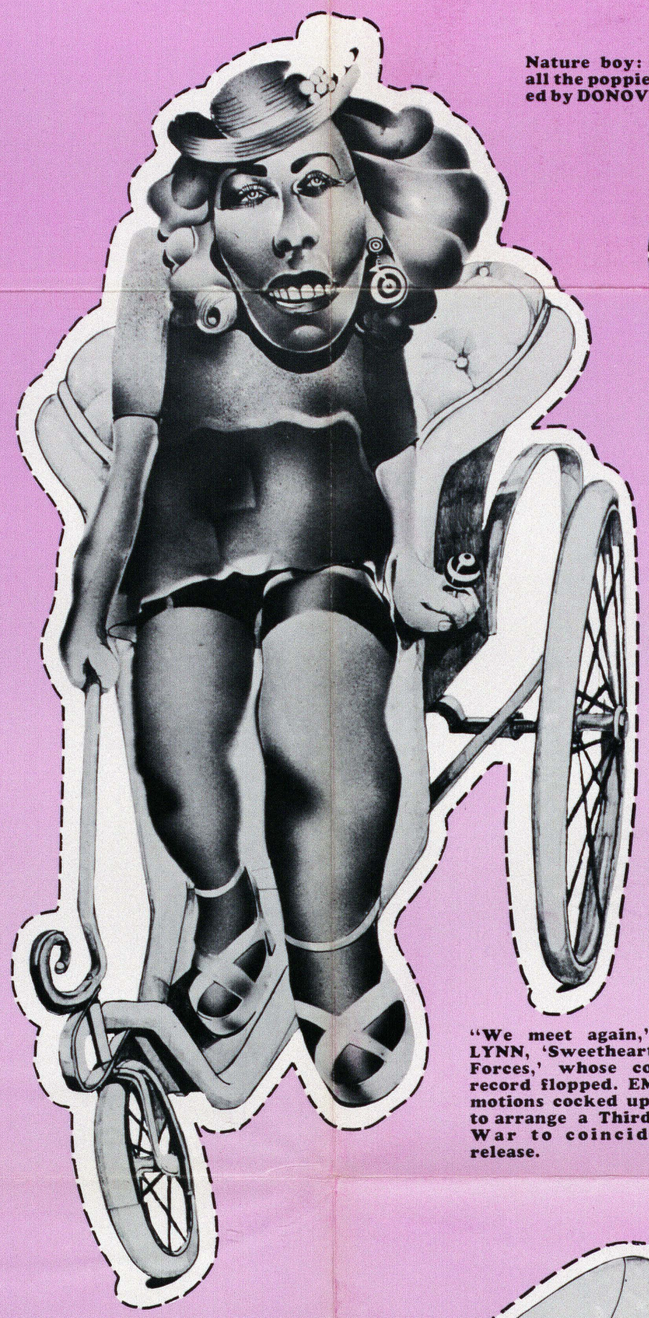
15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28
29 30 31

'S
OUT
AGE
KERS

Nature boy: "Where have all the poppies gone?" Sniffed by DONOVAN, every one.

OZ's cut-out image seekers

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Both! It's birdman BILLY FURY, the Barnes Wallis of Beat, in his all British swing-wing entry for the Daily Mail's Man Powered Flight contest.

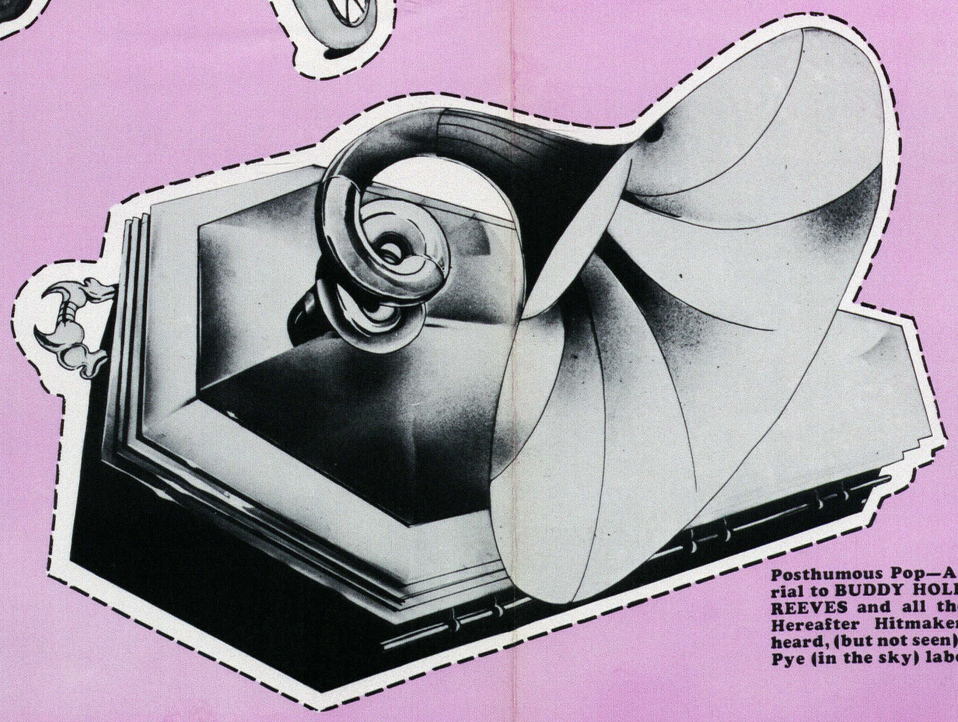


"We meet again," VERA LYNN, 'Sweetheart of the Forces,' whose comeback record flopped. EMI's Promotions cocked up, failing to arrange a Third World War to coincide with release.

Nature boy: "Where have all the poppies gone?" Sniffed by DONOVAN, every one.

When is a spade not a spade? When it's Uncle TOM JONES selling his fans down Old Man River.

CLIFF'S new film with the Shadows, aptly renamed the Holy Spirits, is a remake of 'The Bells of St. Mary's'. At curtain fall CLIFF gets the girl—the Singing Nun.



Posthumous Pop—A memorial to BUDDY HOLLY, JIM REEVES and all the other Hereafter Hitmakers still heard, (but not seen), on the Pye (in the sky) label.

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TOAD OF WHITE HALL
DINKY
SHARP.

No. 3
WE ARE WATCHING
BIG BROTHER
LOVE ME
I'M AN UGLY FAILURE
WHAT MAKES HIPPIES HAPPEN ON THE PSCHYEDELIC BUS?
MARTIN SHARP

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Beautiful Breast competition.

There's still time to send profile and full face photos of a handsome set and win £20.

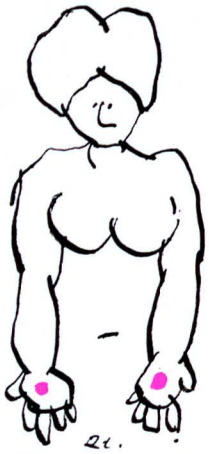
Meanwhile, entries pour in. So far received: 1 pair of male bottoms, 1 rubber falsie, 2 sets of breasts (our semi-finalists printed below) and 7 giggling phone calls. The winning breasts will be spread over a double page in OZ 4.

Best way to fight the tiresome square backlash is to support IT's defence appeal. Cheques to Freedom of Speech Benefit, 102 Southampton Row, WC1. Similar support should be offered to Calder and Boyars Ltd, publishers of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*—despite a petulant indictment of his publishing methods on page 11, penned by a well known Calder author.

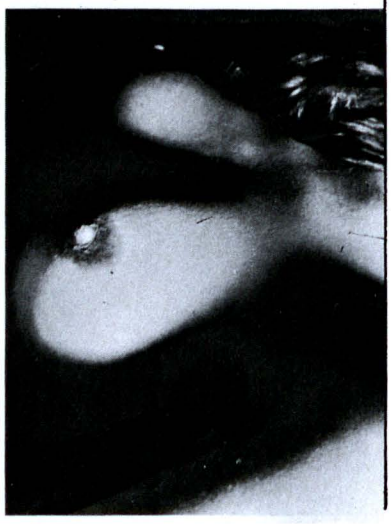
This OZ blazes away at politicians in an irresponsible fit of bad temper. It includes three 'Instant Protest' post-cards to send to your favourite hypocrites. Post early for Christmas. (We'll publish any replies).

We care, dear reader, we care for your warts, spots, unsightly blemishes, superfluous hairs, embarrassing odours . . . for the young executive on his way down, the flops, the failures, the losers; hence Ugliness and Failure p 00 to p 00.

Our *In Bed with the English* girl, Germaine, has not yet filed a report of her rendevouz with challenger Rod C B Lake. Like a detailed and hilarious *In Bed with the Americans* it appears next issue.



SEMI FINALISTS



letters

Dear Sir,
Your correspondent on Swinging London, as we call it, has got it all wrong. He represents what one might call the third reaction to the phenomenon: one which could be described as coming from the miss-outs; except that patently, having contributed to your magazine, he is not himself a miss-out.
Sure, Time–Life did a massive injustice to the UK scene when they coined that phrase Swinging London – it imposed on the city an image which simply didn't fit. If the scene is nothing but Sibylla's, strobes, and The Incredible Love Generation, then, yes he's right, London is about as exciting as the Eurovision Song Contest. More to the point, if this were in fact true, then you could get the same sort of excitement in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Bradford and I suppose even Sydney, NSW. The fact that remains is that Paris, Brussels, etc., are *not* the same, and that's not just because they were built by a different set of architects. The atmosphere in London at this time is different; the cultural environment here is unique. *Not only* can you get pot at [redacted] (as you have been able to do these ten years), *but also . . .*
(1) David Bailey, in his 20s, is earning more than Cecil Beaton ever did as a photographer.
(2) Peter Watkins, in his 20s, is making better films than Cecil B. de Mille ever made. And these films are being shown to the public at a modest profit.
(3) Mary Quant, to take an archetypal example, and four hundred other original dress designers and fashion buyers and clothes retailers, are making more money each than Balenciaga ever did in the rag trade. And they are selling attractive clothes to everyone who can wear them for pocket money prices. Which is more than you could ever say for Balenciaga, Dior, Chanel, etc.
(4) Clive Rees, in his 20s, directs television commercials for multi-million pound spending advertisers, and owns one of the top ten television commercial production companies in London. Rosser Reeves was 50 before anybody knew who he was, and David Ogilvy's advertising ideas were formulated before the war.
(5) Ken Loach, in his 20s, directed three television plays which made more impact on this country in any sense than the sum total of every movie made before 1950.
(7) Michael Peacock, in his 30s, is responsible for the entire programme output of BBC1. Say what you will about BBC1 (and I notice that you already have) Peacock has done more good for the Corp in three or four years than John Reith did in twenty.
(8) Ronan O'Rahilly, in his 20s, has changed the face of British broadcasting for ever, and runs a million-pound business into the bargain.

(9) Etcetera.
The fact that people like yourself have managed to get London Oz, not to mention Aussie Oz, under way, goes to demonstrate that for the first time anywhere young people, in the prime of their talents, have had a proper chance to make their impressions on culture, business and commerce while they are still young, and before they are battered into conformity by their elders. Sibylla's, and all the rest, are just by-products of this environment, and don't matter two hoots. What does matter is that business, social, and leisure services and products are being provided more and more by young people and less and less by old people. The young are getting richer and the old are getting older. That's as it should be, and unless you recognise it your magazine is going to have a problem. Because you're either on the side of the swingers or you're dead.

Sincerely,

Rod Allen
Television Mail
31 George Street
London W7

Dear Sir,

I would enter your Beautiful Breasts Competition except that the current taste for an overblown, cleft shelf of bulging, fat bubbies makes girls like me with swinging, separated breasts surmounted with ripe, red tits feel unfashionable. Too many men (and women) think a double handful with a droopy, pale, insignificant dug is desirable.

A few years of being torturously strapped down in the sort of contraption Germaine describes ruins both the natural elasticity and bounce of the breasts and deadens the nipples' reaction to stimulation. I, too, am tired of dykey salesladies who maliciously shove my soft boobs into hard, unnatural shapes—probably because nobody wants to play with their own ugly, uninteresting protruberances. I bet you find your competition winner wears a bra only because prudish people around are frightened by their sexual reaction to shapely nipples on free-moving breasts. If she *is* one of those pneumatically swollen types, I shall lose faith in the honesty

of OZ.

By the way, now you have started truthful beauty contests, don't just cling to stimulating, tasteful and soft tits. How about a real male beauty contest (not Charles Atlas poovy nonsense) for the most palpably provocative prick—according to dimension, colouring and manoeuverability?

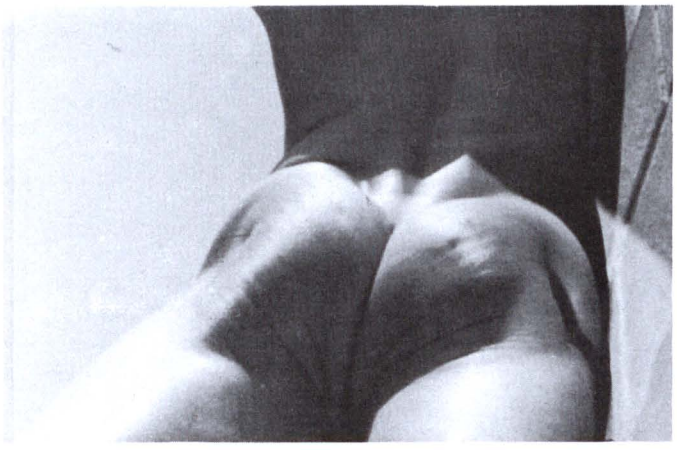
Keep up the good work.

Brenda Breustom (Mrs)
London SW19

Dear Mr. Competition Editor,

Hi—what about us British boys? Don't you think our nice tight bottoms ought to be "immortalised over a double page of OZ"? We do. Equal rights for males!

Anyway here's my entry for when you come to your sense and run a comp. for us.



Yours sincerely,

Larry,
London NW8

Dear Sir,

Malcolm Muggeridge is tired, He is tired of our masters. He is tired of our slaves. He is tired of us. I am tired of him. His magazine pieces are skilful, and can be entertaining.

In writing about his experiences in British espionage, writing where he chose to inform, he was a genuine treat. But so often his journalism decries journalism. Too often we buy magazines to find him sneering at us for doing so. I have seen him on television. The paradox is only possible because he does not mount a concerted campaign, he does not debate. He does not expose; he peeps. His criticisms can not be pursued to any result, his anathema is not seriously meant to be effected. This is cheating. His speciality is the successive application of mud, thin layers caking as he scrabbles for the next clawful. It is like constructing an ode, or the expert's stroking of a cat.

Piss-on-you is the strong basic drive still left to him. The unsatisfactoriness of God is balanced by MM's contempt for atheists. Our capitalism revolts him; their socialism he finds unthinkable. There is much, indeed, that he finds unthinkable; in general, anything not obviously shameful.

His acidulation, his wit, his pitilessness might enrich us if we could get a book out of him. Writing a good book is harder than going on television and poking borak at everything in sight, but if you write a good book people take more notice. Muggeridge may not live much longer; I guess his digestive system is a perpetual rack, and if there is any sincerity behind all that babbling despair we must be prepared for his suicide.

We cannot afford to let him fritter his talent away in pieces and glimpses. A 12-month ban by all the mass media might cork him enough to produce something worthwhile. A vicious long pamphlet, with well-supported argument, on the evil of universal literacy, might well suit for subject.

The public display of this man's sharp mind has become so standard a performance that it is now a ceremony. By the end of each article, by the end of each programme, Muggeridge's target is nicely caked with dried mud. Its essence thoroughly disguised by his potter's hand, we are given a last look at in the round, now a distorted artifact. See, says MM, see you mortals, your idol is but a hunk of clay. And by that time it is. But by that time little Malcolm has been working so hard in the barnyard, a close look reveals that he himself has feet of shit.

Contrariness can only get you so far, and that backwards. Muggeridge is too old and too bright to be our court jester. That aimless, confidence-ridden Kenneth Tynan once made the irrelevant plea that *Private Eye* should have a *point of view.* It would be good to see Muggeridge at least trying to find one. It would be good to see him exercising his intellect instead of merely flexing it.

They gave him a part in the BBC *Alice.* He took an unpaid ad in the *New Statesman* to write about it. He said Lewis Carroll was a sick pervert, Peter Cook's Mad Hatter was 'too nice', Miller's competence as a director is doubtful. Alice 'had no idea what acting meant', but he liked the movie. Maybe he's getting soft. It may be too late. Do you think perhaps he is soft?

The black Dalek's heart and the puppets' jaw-twitch just a masquerade, like playing the Gryphon? This is really a man, a human being, in love with life? It is time he levelled with us. For your own sake, man, stop cheating. Do something you can be proud of.

Yours sincerely

Chester, Hampstead NW3

10, Downing Street,
Whitehall.

14th March, 1967.

Dear Mr. Lawson,

Thank you for your letter and for sending me the copy of LONDON OZ containing the caricature of the Prime Minister. Thank you also for offering me the original, but I must decline this with thanks, as I think it is completely hideous.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Wilson

Paul Lawson, Esq.,
70, Clarendon Road,
W.11.

Dear Sir,

My biggest criticism is of OZ's self-consciousness. To print letters from businesses which refuse to advertise OZ or whatever shows a threadbare awareness of protocol and besides seems rather arrogant and narrow-minded. If a particular quarter does not like OZ then surely that is their privilege—and you are abusing that privilege; by printing these letters it is apparent that you feel in some way hurt and your criticism of the opinion motivating the refusal to advertise is implicit. I don't think you can fight narrow-mindedness from a similar position.

The drugs article in March OZ I thought very good, with one exception. What about some editorial responsibility, both for your own protection and others? Subtle editing could I think have neutralised the tone of the article—but perhaps I mistake your intention: maybe you condone the drug scene. (I don't object, I might add, to the right to take drugs if you feel too weak to deal with life as it is.)

Yours sincerely,

Peter Leech,
27 de Crespigny Park
London SE5

Dear Sir,

Colin MacInnes's misinterpretation of a West Indian four-letter word in February OZ points up the pitfalls of being a PRO to a group from a different environment with unfamiliar idiom.

I would not venture to suggest the usage of the word 'Raas' in the vulgar currency of the other West Indian islands outside of Jamaica where 'Raas' is the local corruption of the English, or British, 'Your arse', hence 'You Raas', and is interpreted similarly regardless of gender.

MacInnes's interpretation is applicable only in the adjectival form 'Raas-Cloth' which is humorously said to be the most authentic and identifiable password among Jamaicans abroad.

Yours sincerely,

P Alexander
4 Grenville Road
London N19

After six months of wedded bliss,
my wife and I, to celebrate
the kiss
which ratified the union a
computer bound,
gratefully pilgrimaged to
Kingston, and found
gay students in a one-room flat,
picking fated names from
a bowler hat.

JONATHAN CAPE LIMITED
THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE
LONDON W.C.1

Directors
G. WREN HOWARD
MICHAEL S. HOWARD
TOM MASCHLER
GRAHAM C. GREENE
W. J. GUDGIN, F.C.A.
ANTHONY COLWELL

Telephone
MUSEUM 4744-5-6-7-8

Telegrams and Cables
CAPAJON, LONDON-WC1

16th March 1967

Richard Neville Esq
London Oz
70 Clarendon Road
London W 11

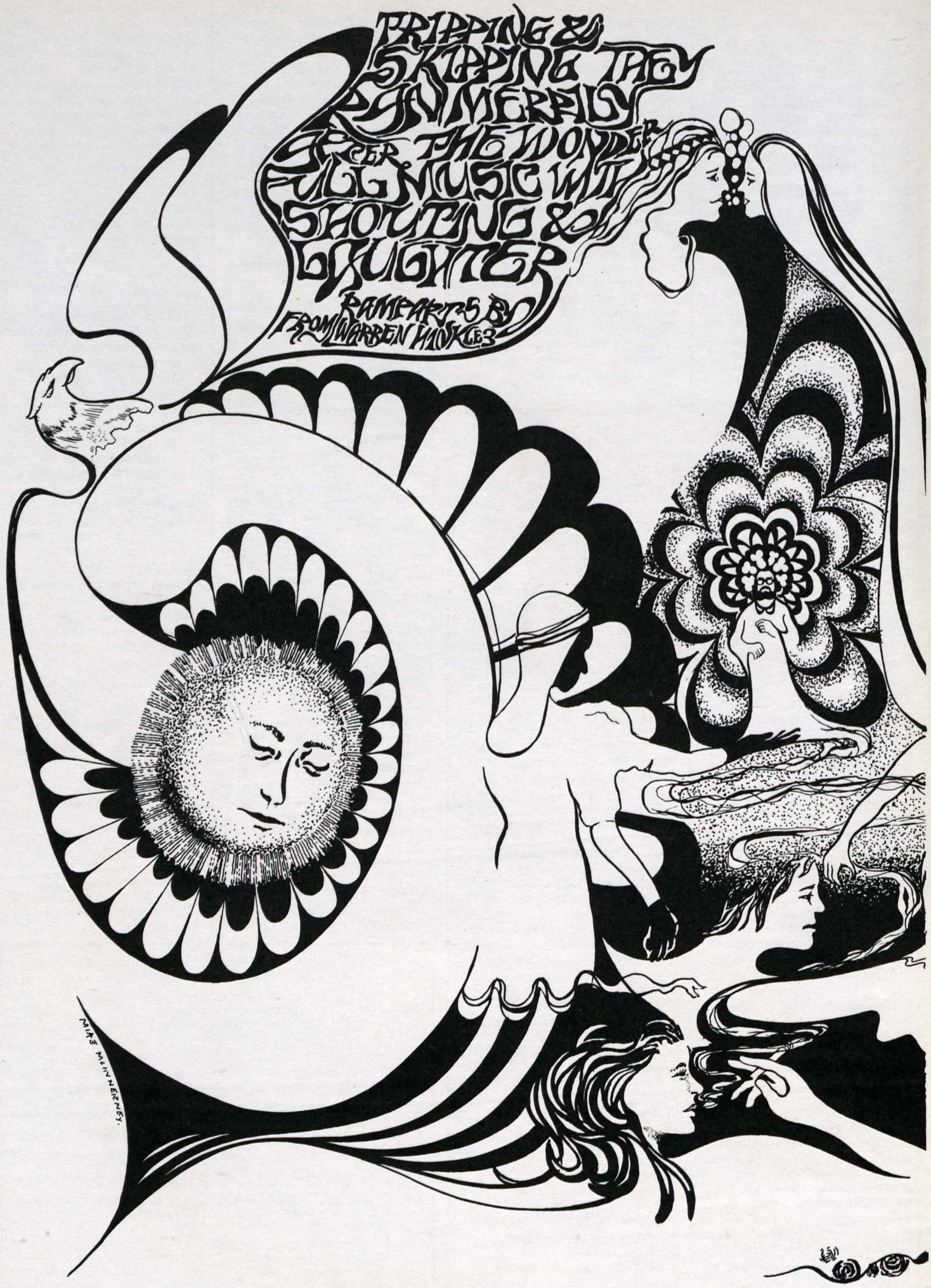
Dear Richard Neville

The girl in our Publicity Department is entitled to express her opinion of OZ, but I'd like you to know that I don't share it. OZ is Good For Us, which is something I couldn't say for every one of the books even we publish - yet!

Yours sincerely

Tom Maschler

TM:jm


TRIPPING &
SKIPPING THEY
SAY MERRILY
OVER THE WONDER
FULL MUSIC WITH
SHOUTING &
LAUGHTER
RAMPARTS BY
FROM WARREN HANKLE 3
MIKE McINNERNEY.

An elderly school bus, painted like a floures-cent Easter egg in orange, chartreuse, cerise, white, green, blue and, yes, black, was parked outside the solitary mountain cabin, which made it an easy guess that Ken Kesey, the novelist turned psychedelic Hotspur, was inside. So, of course, was Neal Cassady, the Tristram Shandy of the Beat Generation, prototype hero of Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*, who had sworn off allegiance to Kerouac when the beat scene became menopausal and signed up as the driver of Kesey's fun & games bus, which is rumoured to run on LSD. Except for these notorious luminaries, the Summit Meeting of the leaders of the new hippie subculture, con-vened in the lowlands of California's High Sierras during an early spring weekend last month, seemed a little like an Apalachin Mafia gathering without Joe Bananas.

Where was Allen Ginsberg, father goddam to generations of the underground? In New York, reading his poetry to freshmen. And where was Timothy Leary, self styled guru to tens or is it hundreds of thousands of turned on people? Off to some nowhere place like Stockton, to preach the gospel of Lysergic Acid Diethylamide to nice ladies in drip dry dresses.

The absence of the elder statesmen of America's synthetic gypsy movement meant something. It meant that leaders of the booming psychedelic bohemia in the seminal city of San Francisco were their own men—and strangely serious men indeed for hippies. Ginsberg and Leary may be Pied Pipers but they are largely playing old tunes. The young men who make the new scene accept Ginsberg as a revered observer from the older generation; Leary they abide as an Elmer Gantry on their side, to be used for proselytizing squares only.

The mountain symposium has been called for the extraordinary purpose of discussing the political future of the hippies. Hippies are many things, but most prominently the bearded and beaded inhabitants of San Francisco's Haight Ashbury area, a little psychedelic city state edging Golden Gate Park. There, in a daily street fair atmosphere, upwards of 15,000 unbonded girls and boys interact in a tribal, love seeking, free swinging, acid based type of society where, if you are a hippie and have a dime, you can put it in a parking meter and lie down in the street for an hour's suntan (30 minutes for a nickel) and most drivers will be careful not to run you over.

Speaking, sometimes all at once, inside the Sierra cabin were many voices of conscience and vision of Haight Ashbury—belonging to men who, except for their Raggedy Andy hair, paisley shirts and pre mod western levi jackets, sounded for all the world like Young Republicans.

They talked about reducing government controls, the sanctity of the individual, the need for equality among men. They talked, very seriously, about the kind of society they wanted to live in, and the fact that if they wanted an ideal world they would have to go out and make it for themselves, because nobody, least of all the government, was going to do it for them.

The utopian sentiments of the hippies were not to be put down lightly. Hippies have a clear vision of the ideal community—a psychedelic community to be sure—where everyone is turned on and beautiful and loving and happy and floating free. But it is a vision that, despite the Alice in Wonderland phraseology hippies usually breathlessly employ to describe it, necessarily embodies a radical political philosphy: communal life, drastic restriction of private property, rejection of violence, creativity before consumption, freedom before authority, de-emphasis of government and traditional forms of leadership.

Despite a disturbing tendency to quietism, all hippies *ipso facto* have a political posture—one of unremitting opposition to the Establishment which insists of branding them as criminals because they take LSD and marijuana, and hating them, anyway, because they enjoy sleeping nine in a room and three to a bed, seem to have free sex and guiltless minds, and can raise healthy children in dirty clothes.

The hippie choice of weapons is to love the Establishment to death rather than protest it or blow it up (hippies possess a confounding disconcern about traditional political methods or issues). But they are decidely and forever outside the Consensus on which US society places such a premium, and since the hippie scene is so much the scene of those people under 25 that Time magazine warns will soon constitute half the US population, this is a significant political fact.

This is all very solemn talk about people who like to skip rope and wear bright colours, but after spending some time with these fun and fey individuals you realize that, in a very unexpected way, they are as serious about what they're doing as the John Birch Society. It is not improbable, that after a few more mountain seminars by those purposeful young men wearing beards, that Haight Ashbury may spawn the first utopian collectivist community since Brook Farm.

Kesey a state visit were seven members of The Diggers, a radical organization even by Haight Ashbury standards, which exists to give things away, free. The Diggers started out giving out free food, free clothes, free lodging and free legal advice, and hope eventually to create a totally free co-operative community. They had come to ask Kesey to get serious and attend the weekend meeting on the state of the nation of the hippies.

The dialogue had hardly begun, however, before Kesey loaded all comers into the bus and pushed off into the dark to search for a nocturnal ice cream store. The bus, which may be the closest modern man has yet come to aping the self sufficiency of Captain Nemo's submarine, has its own power supply and is equipped with instruments for a full rock band, microphones, loudspeakers, spotlights and comfortable seats all round. The Pranksters are presently installing microphones every three feet on the bus walls so everybody can broadcast to everybody else all at once.

At the helm was the Intrepid Traveller, Ken Babbs, who is auxiliary chief of the Merry Pranksters when Kesey is out of town, or incommunicado, or in jail, all three of which he has recently been. Babbs, who is said to be the model for the heroes of both Kesey novels, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometime a Great Notion*, picked up a microphone to address the guests in the rear of the bus, like the driver of a London Monuments tour: "We are being followed by a police car. Will someone watch and tell me when he turns on his red light."

The law was not unexpected of course because any cop who sees Kesey's bus just about *has* to follow it, would probably end up with some form of professional DT's if he didn't. It is part of the game; the cop was now playing on their terms, and Kesey and his Pranksters were delighted. In fact, a discernible wave of disappointment swept across the bus when the cop gave up chasing this particular UFO and turned onto another road.

The games he plays are very important to Kesey. In many ways his intellectual rebellion has come full circle; he has long ago rejected the structured nature of society, the foolscap rings of success, conformity and acceptance "normal" people must regularly jump through. To the liberated intellect, no doubt, these requirements constitute the most sordid type of game. But, once rejecting all the norms of society, the artist is free to create his own structures—and along with any new set of rules, however personal, there is necessarily, the shell to the tortoise, a new set of games. In Kesey's case at least, the games are usually fun. Running round the outside of an insane society, the healthiest thing you can do is laugh.

It helps to look at this sort of complicated if not confused intellectual proposition in bas relief, as if you were looking at the simple pictures on Wedgewood china. Stand Successful Author Ken Kesey off against, say, Successful Author Truman Capote. Capote, as long as his name is accepted by the system, is free to be as mad as he can. So he tosses the biggest, most vulgar Ball in a long history of vulgar balls, and achieves the perfect idiot synthesis of the upper middle and lower royal classes. Kesey, who cares as much about the system as he does about the Eddie Kantor Memorial Forest, invents his own game. He purchases a pre '40s International Harvester school bus, paints it psychedelic, fills it with undistinguished though lovable individuals in varying stages of eccentricity, and drives brazenly down the nation's highways, high on LSD watching and waiting for the cops to blow their minds.

At least, the Kesey posture has the advantage of being intellectually consistent with the point of view of his novels. In *One Flew Over the Cuckoo Nest*, he uses the setting of an insane asylum as a metaphor for what he considers to be the basic insanity, or at least the fundamentally bizarre illogic, of American Society. Since the world forces you into a game that is both mad and unfair, you are better off inventing your own game. Then at least you have a chance of winning. At least that's what Kesey thinks.

When the Hell's Angels, California's guerrilla force of rockers, rumbled by, Kesey welcomed them with LSD. "We're in the same business. You break people's homes. I break people's heads," he told them. The Angels seem to like the whole acid thing, because today they are a fairly constant act in the Haight Ashbury show, while Kesey has abdicated his role as Scoutmaster to the fledgling acid heads and exiled himself across the Bay. This self imposed Elba came about when Kesey sensed that the hippie community had soured on him. He had committed the one mortal sin in the hippie ethic: *telling* people what to do. "Get into a responsibilit, bag," he urged some 400 friends attending a private Halloween party. This sudden social conscience may have had something to do with beating a jail sentence on a compounded marijuana charge, but when Kesey obtained his freedom with instructions from the judge to "preach an anti-LSD warning to teenagers", it was a little too much for the Haight Ashbury set. Kesey, after all, was the man who had turned on the Hell's Angels. At 31, Ken Kesey is a hippie has been.

That US society finds it so difficult to take such rascally looking types seriously is no doubt the indication of a deep rooted hang up. But to comprehend the psychosis of America in the Computer Age, you have to know what's with the hippies.

Games people play, Merry Prankster Division

Let us go, then, on a trip.

You can't miss the Tripmaster: the thick-necked lad in the blue and white striped pants with the red belt and the golden eagle buckle, a watershed of wasted promises in his pale blue eyes, one front tooth capped in patriotic red, white and blue, his hair downy, flaxen, straddling the incredibly wide divide of his forehead like two small toupees pasted on sideways. Ken Kesey, Heir Apparent Number One to the grand American tradition of blowing one's artistic talent to do some other thing, was sitting in a surprisingly comfortable chair inside the bus with the psychedelic crust, puffing absentmindedly on a harmonica.

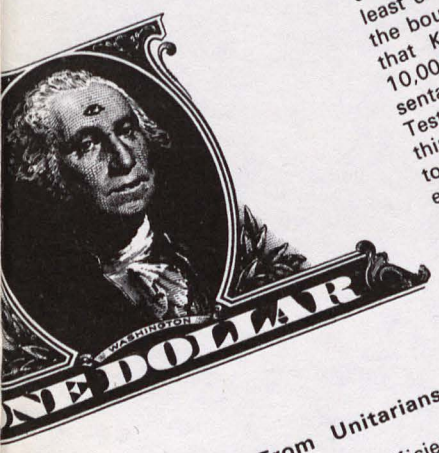
The bus itself was ambulatory at about 50 miles an hour, jogging along a back road in sylvan Marin county, four loudspeakers turned all the way up, broadcasting both inside and outside Carl Orff's Carmina Burana and filled with two dozen people simultaneously smoking marijuana and looking for an open ice cream store. It was the Thursday night before the Summit Meeting weekend and Kesey, along with some 15 members of the turned on yes men and women who call him "Chief" and whom he calls the "Merry Pranksters" in return, was demonstrating a "game" to a delegation of visiting hippie firemen.

Crossing North over the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco to Marin County to pay

rock group, to his acid tests and, the vinegar on the chips, the light show atmospheric technique of projecting slides and wild colours on the walls during rock dances. This combination he called "trips". Trip is the word for an LSD experience, but in Kesey's lexicon it also meant kicks, which were achieved by rapidly changing the audience's sensory environment what seemed like approximately ten million times during an evening by manipulating bright coloured lights, tape recorders, slide projectors, weird sound machines, and whatever else may be found in the electronic sink, while the participants danced under stroboscopic lights to a wild rock band or just played around on the floor.

It was a fulgorous, electronically orgiastic thing (the most advanced tests had closed circuit television sets on the dance floor so you could see what you were doing), which made psychedelics very "fun" indeed, and the hippies came in droves. Almost every hippie in San Francisco went to at least one Acid Test, and it is not exceeding the bounds of reasonable speculation to say that Kesey may have turned on at least 10,000 people to LSD during the 24 presentations of the Acid Tests. (During these Tests the Merry Pranksters painted everything including themselves in fluorescent tones and bright colours became the permanent thing in psychedelic dress.)

Turning so many unsuspecting people onto LSD at once could be dangerous, as the Pranksters discovered on a 1965 psychedelic road show when they staged the fated Watts Acid Test. Many of the leading citizens of Watts came to the show, which was all very fine except that whoever put the LSD in the free punch that was passed around put too much in by a factor of about four. This served to make for a very wild Acid Test, and one or two participants "freaked out" and had a very hard time of it for the next few days.



The Acid Tests—From Unitarians to Watts

Ken Kesey is now a self-sufficient but lonely figure—if you can be lonely with dozens of Merry Pranksters running around your house all day. If he ever gets maudlin, which is doubtful, he can look back fondly on his hippie memories, which are definitely in the wow! category, because Ken Kesey did for acid roughly what Johnny Appleseed did for trees, and probably more.

He did it through a unique and short-lived American institution called the Acid Test. A lot of things happened at an Acid Test, but the main thing was that, in the Haight Ashbury vernacular, everyone in the audience got zonked out of their minds on LSD. LSD in coffee. LSD in cake. LSD in the community punch. Most people were generally surprised because they didn't know they were getting any LSD until it was too late. Later, when word got around that this sort of thing was happening at Acid Tests, Kesey sometimes didn't give out LSD on purpose, just so people wouldn't know whether they did or did not have LSD. Another game.

The Acid Tests began calmly enough. In the early versions Kesey merely gave a heart to heart psychedelic talk and handed LSD around like the Eucharist, which first happened at a Unitarian conference in Big Sur in August of 1965. He repeated this ritual several times, at private gatherings in his home, in La Honda, on college campuses, and once at a Vietnam Day Committee rally at Berkeley. Then Kesey added the Grateful Dead, a pioneer San Francisco scouting somebody else's act, a Swami's at that, who was turning on the hippies at the Avalon ballroom by leading them in an hourlong Hindu chant without stopping much for breath. The Avalon is one of the two great drafty ballrooms where San Francisco hippies, hippie hangers on, and young hippies to be congregate each weekend to participate in the psychedelic rock and light shows that are now as much a part of San Francisco as cable cars and a lot noisier.

This dance was a benefit for the new Swami, recently installed in a Haight-Ashbury storefront, with a fair passage sign from Allen Ginsberg whom he had bumped into in India. The hippies were turning out just to see what the Swami's *shtick* was, but Dr. Leary had a different purpose. He has a vested, professional interest in turning people on, and here was this Swami, trying to do it with just a chant, like it was natural childbirth or something.

The word professional is not used lightly. There is a large group of professionals making it by servicing and stimulating the hippie world—in the spirit of Haight Ashbury we should refer to these men as merchant princes—and Timothy Leary is pretender to the throne.

Dr. Leary claims to have launched the first indigenous religion in America. That may very well be, though as a religious leader he is Aimee Semple MacPherson in drag. Dr. Leary who identifies himself as "prophet", recently played San Francisco in his LSD road show where he sold $4 seats to lots of squares, but few hippies (Dr. Leary's pitch is to the straight world), showed a technicolour movie billed as simulating an LSD experience (it was big on close ups of enlarged blood vessels), burned incense, dressed like a holy man in white pyjamas, and told everybody to "turn on, tune in, and drop out".

In case you are inclined to make light of this philosophic advice you should not laugh out loud. Because Dr. Leary is serious about his work, he cannot be dismissed as a cross between Father Divine and Nietzsche, no matter how tempting the analogy. He has made a substantial historic contribution to the psychedelic scene, although his arrest records may figure more prominently than his philosophy in future hippie records.

After the California legislature played Prohibition and outlawed LSD on October 6, 1966, Kesey wound up the Acid Test syndrome with what was billed as a huge "Trips Festival" in San Francisco. People who regularly turn on say the Trips Festival was a bore: it embodied all the Acid Test elements except acid, and happily for the coffers of Intrepid Trips Inc., attracted a huge crowd of newspapermen, narcotics agents and other squares, but very few hippies. The Merry Pranksters slyly passed out plain sugar cubes for the benefit of the undercover agents.

Suddenly San Francisco, which for a grown up city gets excited very easily, was talking about almost nothing but "trips" and LSD. Hippies, like overnight, had become fashionable.

If you are inclined to give thanks for this sort of thing, they go to the bad boy wonder of psychedelphia, disappearing there over the horizon in his way ward bus.

Dr. Leary—Pretender to the Hippie Throne

The suit was Brooks Brothers '59 and the paisley tie J. Press contemporary, but the bone carved Egyptian mandala hanging round his neck, unless it was made in occupied Japan, had to be at least 2,000 years old. Dr. Timothy Leary, BA University of Alabama, PhD. University of California LSD Cuernavaca and rusticated Harvard College, was dressed up for a night on the town, but as his devotees say of this tireless proselytizer of the psychedelic cause, it was work, work, work. Tonight Leary was

when the reds got *their* chance the country would know just what was coming off. It was back to the old drawing board after that article, but Alpert and Dr. Leary made their main contribution to the incredibly swift spread of LSD through the US in 1964 by the simple act of publishing a formula for LSD, all that was needed for any housewife with a B-plus in high school chemistry and an inclination for black market activity. Dr. Leary's religious crusade has been a bust, convert wise, not so salutary financially either so he announced recently he was dropping out himself to contemplate his navel under the influence. It would be easier to take Dr. Leary seriously if he could overcome his penchant for treating LSD as a patent snake bite medicine.

An enlightening example of this panacea philosophy is found back among the truss ads in the September 1966 issue of Playboy. In the midst of a lengthy interview, when, as happens in Playboy, the subject got around to sex. Dr. Leary was all answers: "An LSD session that does not involve an utimate merging with a person of the opposite sex isn't really complete," he said, a facet of the drug he neglected to mention to the Methodist ladies he was attempting to turn on in Stockton, California. But this time, Dr. Leary was out to turn on the Playboy audience.

The following selection from the interview is reprinted in its entirety. Italics are Playboy's.

Playboy: We've heard that some women who ordinarily have difficulty achieving orgasm find themselves capable of multiple orgasm under LSD. Isn't that true?

Leary: In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman will inevitably have several hundred orgasms.

Playboy: Several *hundred?*

: Yes several hundred.

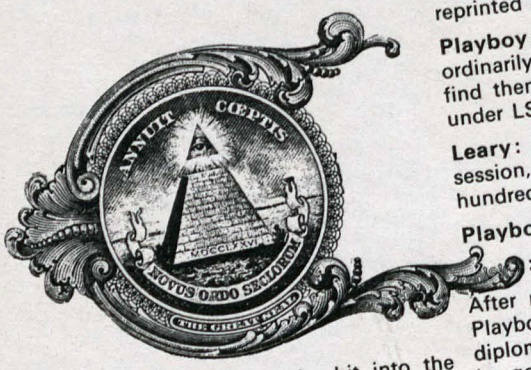
After recovering from that intelligence, the Playboy interviewer, phrasing the question as diplomatically as possible, asked Dr. Leary if he got much, being such a handsome LSD turn on figure. Dr. Leary allowed that women were always falling over him, but responded with the decorum of Pope Paul being translated from the Latin: "Any charismatic person who is conscious of his own mythic potency awakens this basic hunger in women and pays reverence to it at the level that is harmonious and appropriate at the time."

Dr. Leary also said that LSD is a "specific *cure* for homosexuality."

The final measurement of the tilt of Dr. Leary's windmill, his no doubt earnest claim to be the prophet of his generation, must be made by weighing such recorded conversations against his frequent and urgent pleas to young people to "drop out of politics, protest, petitions and pickets" and join his new "religion" where as he said recently:

"You have to be out of your mind to pray."

Perhaps, and quite probably so.



Since, something like Eve, he bit into the psychedelic mushroom while lounging beside a swimming pool at Cuernavaca, he has been hounded by the consequences of his act. Since Dr. Leary discovered LSD, he has been booted out of Harvard for experimenting a little too widely with it among the under-graduate population, asked to leave several foreign countries for roughly the same reasons, and is now comfortably, if temporarily ensconced in a turned on billionaire friend's estate near Poughkeepsie, New York while awaiting judicial determination of a 30 year prison sentence for transporting a ½oz. of marijuana across the Rio Grande without paying the Texas marijuana tax, which has not been enforced since the time of the Lone Ranger.

If he were asked to contribute to the "L" volume of the World Book Encyclopaedia, Dr. Leary would no doubt sum up his work as having "turned on American culture", though his actual accomplishments are some-what more prosaic. Together with Richard Alpert, who was to Dr. Leary what Bill Moyers was to President Johnson, Leary wrote an article in May 1962, in surprise, *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists.* The article warned that in event of war the Russians were likely to douse all our reservoirs with LSD in order to make people so complacent that they wouldn't particularly care about being invaded, and as a civil defence precaution we ought to do it ourselves first—you know, douse our own reservoirs douse our own reservoirs—so that

Will the Real Frodo Baggins Please Stand Up?

Except for the obvious fact that he wasn't covered with fur, you would have said to yourself that for sure there was old Frodo Baggins, crossing Haight Street. Frodo Baggins is the hero of J. R. Tolkien's classic trilogy, *Lord of the Rings,* absolutely the favourite book of every hippie, about a race of little people called Hobbits who live some-where in prehistory in a place called Middle Earth. Hobbits are hedonistic, happy little fellows who love beauty and pretty colours. Hobbits have their own scene and resent intrusion, pass the time eating three or four meals a day and smoke burning leaves of herb in pipes of clay. You can see why hippies would like Hobbits.

The hustling heroic looking fellow with the mistaken identity was Emmett Grogan, king-pin of the Diggers and the closest thing the hippies of Haight-Ashbury have to a real live hero. Grogan, 23 with blond unruly hair and a fair freckled Irish face, has the aquiline nose of a leader, but he would prefer to say that he "just presents alternatives." He is in and out of jail 17 times a week, sometimes busted for smashing a cop in the nose (Grogan has a very intolerant attitude towards policemen), some-times bailing out a friend, and sometimes, like Monopoly, just visiting. The alternatives he presents are rather disturbing to the hippie bourgoisie since he thinks they have no business charging hippies money for their daily needs and should have the decency to give things away free like the Diggers do, or at least charge the squares and help out the hippies.

Grogan has a very clear view of what freedom means in society: "Why can't I stand on the corner and wait for nobody? Why can't everyone?" and an even clearer view of the social position of the hippie merchants: "They just want to expand their sales, they don't care what happens to people here: they're nothing but goddamn shopkeepers with beards."

Everyone is a little afraid of Grogan in Haihgt-Ashbury including the cops. A one man crusade for purity of purpose, he is the conscience of the hippie community. He is also a bit of a daredevil and a madman, and could easily pass for McMurphy, the roguish hero of Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. There is a bit of J. P. Donleavy's *Ginger Man* in him too.

A few weeks ago, collecting supplies for the Diggers daily feed, Grogan went into a San Francisco wholesale butcher and asked for soup bones and meat scraps. "No free food here, we work for what we eat," said the head butcher, a tattooed bulgar named Louie, who was in the ice box flanked by seven assistant butchers. "You're a fascist pig and a coward," replied Grogan, whom Louie immediately smashed in the skull with the blunt side of a carving knife. That turned out to be a mistake, because the seven assistant butchers didn't like Louie too much, and all jumped him. While all those white coats were grunting and toiling in the sawdust, a bleeding Grogan crawled out with four cardboard boxes full of meat.

This was a typical day in Dogpatch for Grogan who has had his share of knocks. A Brooklyn boy, he ran away from home at 15 and spent the next six years in Europe, working as a busboy in the Alps, and later, studying film making Italy under Antonioni. Grogan had naturally forgotten to register for the draft, so when he returned to the United States he was in the Army four days later. That didn't last long however, because the first thing Grogan had to do was clean the barracks. His idea of cleaning the barracks was to throw all the guns out the window, plus a few of the rusty beds, and artistically displeasing foot lockers. Then he began painting the remaining bed frames yellow. "I threw everything out, everything that was not esthetically pleasing," he told the sergeant.

Two days later Grogan was in the psychiatric ward of Letterman Hospital in San Francisco where he stayed for six months before the authorities decided they couldn't quite afford to keep him. That was shortly after an Army doctor, learning of his film training, ordered Grogan to the photo lab for "work therapy". "It was a beautiful, tremendously equipped lab," Grogan recalls, and since it wasn't used very much, he took a print of his own big blond face and proceeded to make 5,000 prints. When the dctors caught up with him, he had some 4,700 ten by twelve glossies of Emmett Grogan neatly stacked on the floor, and all lab machines: driers, enlargers, developers were going like mad, and water was running over on the floor. "What did you do *that* for?" a doctor screamed.

Grogan shrugged, "I'm crazy," he said.

He was released a little later, and acted for a while with the San Francisco Mime Troupe, the city's original and brilliant radical theatre ensemble. Then last autumn, when the negro riots broke out in San Francisco and the National Guard put a curfew on Haight-Ashbury, the Diggers happened. "Everybody was trying to figure how to react to the curfew. The SDS (Students for Democratic Society) came down and said ignore it, go to jail. The merchants put up chicken posters saying "for your own safety, get off the street." Somehow, none of those ideas seemed right. If you had something to do on the streets, you should do it and tell the cops to go screw off. If you didn't you might as well be inside."

Something to do, to Grogan was to eat if you were hungry, so at 8 p.m. at the curfew witching hour, he and an actor friend named Billy Landau set up a delicious free dinner in the park, right under the cop's noses, and the hippies came and ate and have been chowing down, free, every night since. The Haight-Ashbury has never been quite the same.

A Psychedelic "Grapes of Wrath"

Every bohemian community has its inevitable coterie of visionairies who claim to know what it is all about. But the Diggers are, somehow, different. They are bent on creating a wholly cooperative subculture and so far, they are not just hallucinating, they are doing it.

Free clothes (used) are there for whomever wants them. Free meals are served every day. Next, Grogan plans to open a smart mod clothing store off Haight Street and give the clothes away free too (the hippie merchants accused him of trying to undercut our prices"). He wants to start digger farms where participants will raise their own produce. He wants to give away free acid, to eliminate junky stuff and end profiteering. He wants cooperative living to forestall inevitable rent exploitation when the Haight-Ashbury becomes chic.

Not since Brook Farm, not since the Catholic Workers, has any group in this dreadful co-optive consumer society been so serious about a utopian community.

If Grogan succeeds or fails in Haight–Ashbury it will not be as important as the fact that he has tried. For he is at least providing the real possibility of what he calls alternatives in the down the rabbit hole culture of the hippies.

Grogan is very hung up on freedom. "Do your thing, be what you are, and nothing will ever bother you", he says. His heroes are the Mad Bomber of New York who blissfully blew up all kinds of things around Manhattan over 30 years ago because he just liked to blow things up, and poet Gary Snyder, whom he considers "the most important person in Haight-Ashbury" because instead of siting sitting around sniffing incense and talking about it, he went off to Japan and became a Zen master. "He did it, man."

This is an interesting activist ethic, but it remains doubtful just what the hippies will do. Not that many certainly will join Grogan's utopia because utopias after all have a size limit.

The New Left has been flirting with the hippies lately, even to the extent of singing "The Yellow Submarine" at a Berkeley protest rally, but it looks from here like a largely unrequited love.

The hip merchants will of course go on making money.

And the youngsters will continue to come to Haight-Ashbury and do—what?

That was the question put to the hippie leaders at their summit Meeting. They resolved their goals, but not the means, and the loud noise you heard from outside was probably Emmett Grogan pounding the table with his shoe.

The crisis of the hippie ethic is precisely this: it is all right to turn on, but it is not enough to drop out. Grogan sees the issue in the gap between the raw radical political philosophy of Jerry Rubin and Mario Savio and psychedelic love philosophy." He himself is not interested in the war in Vietnam, but on the other hand he does not want to spend his days like Ferdinand sniffing pretty flowers. That is why he is so furious at the hip merchants. "They created the myth of this utopia; now they aren't going to do anything about it."

Grogan takes the evils of society very personally, and he gets very angry, almost physically sick, when a pregnant 15-year-old hippie's baby starves in her stomach, a disaster which is not untypical in Haight-Ashbury, and which Grogan sees being repeated ten-fold this summer when upwards of 200,000 migrant teenagers and college kids come as psychedelic "Grapes of Wrath", to utopia in search of the heralded turn on. The danger in the hippie movement is more than overcrowded streets and possible hunger riots this summer. If more and more youngsters begin to share the hippie posture of unrelenting quietism, the future of activist, serious politics is bound to be affected. The hippies have shown that it can be pleasant to drop out of the arduous task of attempting to steer a difficult, unrewarding society. But when that is done, you leave the driving to the Hell's Angels.

Last exit to Brewer St.

A recent letter to *The Guardian* from publisher John Calder put ironic and sad smiles on veteran faces of London's literary scene. Calder proposed setting up an English literary prize whose value and kudos would make it an English equivalent of the *Prix Goncourt*, and asked all those interested to write in and offer help.

Such a prize would obviously benefit the book trade, though it would probably do little for the author's profession. It would almost inevitably heap additional emoluments on an already widely acknowledged author, and become something of an Oscar. The intrigues over French literary prizes are scarcely the pleasantest feature of French literary life.

But the pros and cons of the idea aren't our main concern, which is the equally significant question of whether Calder himself takes his own idea seriously.

One remembers Calder's previous project for a West End arts centre, complete with art-gallery, coffee-bar, social centre for creative people, and so on.

Then there was the silly business of bringing a nude into an Edinburgh literary conference, which brought Calder plenty of free publicity as trailblazer and challenger of tabus, the Peter Brook of the publishing world.

There was the 'mock trial' of 'Sir Byril Slack' at a Better Books literary soiree, while the *Last Exit to Brooklyn* case was on the cards. Overtly, it was a 'satirical' manifesto on behalf of freedom, although its underlying purpose was, obviously, to quicken the book's suddenly accelerated sale. It was one of Calder's less successful gimmicks; about 15 spectators turned up, four of Calder's employees and four Better Books staff, leaving about seven paying customers, but no press. Calder then broke the show off halfway through, hinting that his time was far too valuable to give a mere 7 people their money's worth. Actually their response was one of relief, since they didn't see what was so witty about alternating the reading of choice passages from the book under promotion with John Calder, pretending to be a dimwitted 'Sir Byril', crumbling under the trenchant questioning of the enlightened. Things didn't quite turn out like that, did they?

They might even have done so if Calder had spent more time preparing his case and less on a footling sales gimmick.

Publicity-hunting is part of a publisher's job, and Calder's taste for it can't be held against him. But he might be better-advised to take more paid publicity rather than concoct plausible schemes which involve well-intentioned people.

What's more serious is that Calder's 'image-making' is successful enough to attract manuscripts from young, artistically promising authors, whose work deserves, and needs, efficient promotion.

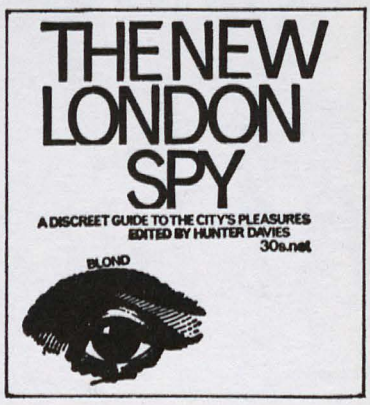
My criticism is that Calder's tactics do a great deal for Calder and very little for just those authors of his, who, lacking reputations, need help.

This remark may surprise, in view of the fact that Calder's lists contain many avant-garde works. His primary lines are (1) the French nouveau-roman (Robbe-Grillet, Duras, etc), (2) drug and beatnik literature (Burroughs, Trochhi), and (3) obscure European classics. However enterprising the list may seem at first, one soon realises that Calder has simply taken over talked-about books from foreign catalogues, that is to say, already proven successes. Importation has its risks, but, so far as the adoption of young, experimental, unknown authors is involved, Hutchinson, Methuen or Anthony Blond have equally impressive lists. What facilitates Calder's image-making is the limited range he adopts because his firm is, in the best and the worst senses of the word, an amateur outfit. It's amateur in the best sense, in that he doesn't need to make money, only to cover his costs (for he is amply equipped with income connected with the family estate in Scotland). He can afford to indulge his own taste, and only his own taste. He doesn't need steady sellers or best sellers. He can flourish on what other publishers find a loss. But the Calder outfit is also amateur in the worst sense. Thus Calder's co-director, Marion Boyars, advanced the (surprisingly) low sales of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* as evidence that its exploitation avoided salacious appeal, no doubt —but an explanation of its poor sales performance is required.

And they're to hand. Calder and Boyars' advertising is exceptionally restricted; few of their books are given any paid advertising at all. Their salesmanship is often peculiar (one major Hampstead bookshop won't allow any Calder representative on the premises). Distribution arrangements are gruellingly casual (one large bookshop a mile from Calder's offices had to write 3 letters and make 10 phone-calls over 9 weeks before Calder's met an urgent order for a just-published book).

Production arrangements are even dicier. Some sort of nadir was attained when Raymond Durgnat's *Eros in the Cinema*, a topical book, was announced every year for three years running, and finally appeared with such incredible production howlers as a two-page photo appearing on page 196 and 199 and type which changed size in the middle of a line.

Eighty-eight photographs looked as if blocks had been cut out of soggy blotting-paper; and the book was grossly overpriced (at £1 when 10/- would have been appropriate). Marguerite Duras was so vexed by similar publication



delays that she decided to take her work elsewhere. And the literary editor of one national magazine facetiously suggested a feature on *Books That Have Been Sitting Under Calder's Arse for Ten Years Without Getting Published.*

Calder and Boyars are probably the only publishing firm which omits such standard procedures as sending authors a biographical questionnaire, or submitting blurbs for discussion. (The blurb for *Eros* consists entirely of such flatulent banalities as: 'It is, as its title suggests, concerned with eroticism . . .'). Calder's lack of interest in his authors is summed up by his remark to an author requesting a payment which was already a month overdue: 'I'm much too busy to bother about that this week, I'll sign a cheque for you when I have time.' At this point *dilettantism* comes very near contempt for his authors.

All these samples of inefficiency and insouciance have a common source. Calder's interest is not in sales, but in being a publisher, not in his authors but in his own image.

What this means to his authors is obvious. It means less promotion, fewer copies sold, a smaller impact and reward, than if the book had been sent to a less pretentious firm. And authors who are more concerned with advancing their own fortunes than with gratifying Calder's narcissism would be well advised to hitch their wagons to a better organised publisher.

WHY POLITICS IS GIVING EVERYONE THE...

An address to politicians

"Complacency, pride and dead imagination these are the corruptions of politics. Most of them are moral prostitutes, randy for power, and theirs, perhaps, is the world's oldest profession. Humanity has paid over and over again in blood and suffering for its politicians."
J. H. Plumb.
Politicians and Corruption/The Spectator, 17.3.67.

"120 of the 180 (L.S.E.) demonstrators polled said they belonged to no political society."
'Insight'/'Sunday Times' 19 March 67

"At a time when the Government seem to be enforcing middle-aged respectability on the motor cyclist, where does the rocker find excitement?"
Brian Priestley.
Rocker's Ambition is to Fly a Spitfire/The Times, 17.3.67.

"The new movement is slowly, carelessly, constructing an alternative society. It is international, inter-racial, equisexual, with ease."
Tom McGrath.
Editorial/International Times.

"In a general way, it would seem 'direct'—if not revolutionary—action is approved of since thinking must not become 'apoliticized'. The purpose of provos is to put 'a spoke in the wheel of (material) progress' and to evolve from 'creative beatniks' to persons 'dangerous to the state'."
Colin McInnes
New Society

"Despite a disturbing tendency to quietism, all hippies *ipso facto* have a political posture—one of unremitting opposition to the Establishment which insists on branding them criminals because they take LSD and marijuana, and hating them anyway, because they enjoy sleeping nine to a room and three to a bed, seem to have free sex and guiltless minds, and can raise healthy children in dirty clothes."
Warren Hinckle
Hippies/Ramparts, March 1967.

First to you who are currently successful: you who made it mouthing phony, ill-written, unutterably boring, lying, arse-licking speeches. Lend an unctuous ear—it may prove expedient.

And you out of office need not look so pious. Sincerity, sensitivity or honesty did not cost you election. Had you possessed any of these qualities you would never have stood. Only the scum of a society could bother to fashion a career so ruthlessly opportunist, so intellectually parasitic, so spiritually unrewarding.

Platitudes. This indignation doesn't bruise your egotism, this rage prompts no self-assessment, nor costs you votes. Philosophers, poets, authors, dramatists, artists and tele-pundits have interminably exposed the vileness of your methods, the sordidness of your ambitions. The masses, whom you despise, hold your profession beneath contempt.

And still you survive.

You think that Parliament is the greatest institution in the world. Parliament! Parliament; bloated with fat pompous, dying alcholics who babble on with:here, here honourable member, procedural motions, precious amendments, last ditch filibustering; farts who can't free their daughters to abort legally without dragging in the corpse of an anachronistic God, irrelevancies of hypothetical foetal discomfort, the population explosion and the burdens of motherhood . . . Parliament; the gulch parting promise from achievement.

"We're not all fat alcholics!" We hear you bleat; you academically brilliant whiz kids who stormed provincial rostrums thumping your chests righteously against corruption and ignorance, randy and hell-bent on steam cleaning the House. Where are you now? You, Ben Whitaker, who once leapt around Hampstead canvassing 'revolutionary' reforms (shouting, Abolish Public Schools! Abolish House of Lords! Protest U.S. Vietnam policy!), now as silent as fear. You, Tony Greenwood, once the dapper hero of Aldermaston, co-founder of the radical 'Voice of the Union', now a gutless sycophant. You, Stephen Swingler, who once lead the rabid ginger group 'Victory for Socialism', now seen on telly exhorting people to drive carefully. And you, Richard Marsh, and you, Andrew Faulds, and you, Raymond Fletcher . . . and all the others who betrayed ideals at the crack of a Whip. Where are you now? Lost in that gap between action and words. Words, words, the fetid words of politicians, becoming more incomprehensible as we grow younger. Words, words . . . a vocabulary of bullshit, a syntax of cynicism, a language of grandiose inconsequence.

You waffle in abstract generalities about peace, love, freedom, yet you're bewildered by your daughter's hatred. Do you know she's been fucking since she was 16, like everyone else? She doesn't give a stuff about the Magna Carta or your duty to the party machine. Your son is on pot. He can't follow the quibbling legalisms of the '54 Geneva Accords but he

knows that thousands of Vietnamese kids are frying to death and you sit at breakfast dribbling marmalade, droning on about Britain's new role.

Oh yes, you smugly remind us, upper class Oxbridge intellectuals ARE busy joining Conservative clubs or publishing seedy left wing journals or praying that the young libs won't buckle to filthy compromises. They accept your frailities as the rules of politics, and channel their rancour into arbitrary dialectics. They are tomorrow's political con-men momentarily dazzled by copy-written credos.

And there are the sad cells of anarchists, Marxists, pacifists and humanists who think they understand how power works. Scribbling notes to their M.P.'s; revelling in the impossible prospect of affecting the legislative machinery.

You'll ban the pirate radios—not for the public benefit—but because the wrong people are getting a rake off. You'll pounce on a bawdy book because it offends your wretched concept of what life's all about, then crawl into the lobby bar to swap army jokes.

You humbug: setting up a Monopolies Commission to grovel before Lord Thomson. Socialising economic planning to victimise the workers. Promising disarmament and launching the Polaris.

All your life you've known there are too many slums, that families were being chucked into the gutters. You saw the statistics—200,000 homeless families in London alone. You know the British home building rate is an index of despair, a barometer of bumbling. But you have a cosy fireplace. You didn't care—until the public conscience was pricked by a sexy Cathy in distress. Then you were there on late night panels preening with mock concern, boasting instead of apologising.

Practically everyone under thirty smokes pot and you disapprove out of prejudice (lamenting the lost Excise). Yet you countenance coffee which screws nervous systems, Coke which dissolves teeth, alcohol which erodes livers, and tobacco which causes cancer.

At your most liberal you will distastefully offer a mildly tolerant homosexual bill burdened with primitive amendments. You limit the age of consent to 21 though we reach puberty 7 years earlier (in case you hadn't noticed).

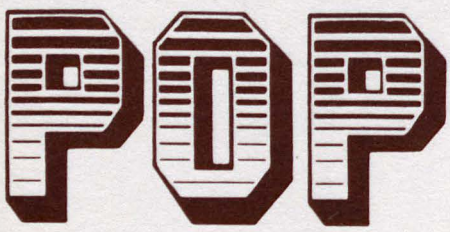
This maxim guides your exercise of power: Authority should adopt or change a moral position only when self interest makes this necessary. That is, when positive disapproval of authority's existing position outweighs the combined effect of indifference and positive approval. It has nothing to do with ethics, morals or absolutes.

You will jump at anything to further your chances. This Labour Government is built on the wreckage of one politician's sex life—whose only crime (in your eyes) was being caught.

Whenever it becomes known a Minister is screwing his secretary, The Right Honourable opposition telephone their scruples to the news-desks. (Last year the 'Evening Standard' averaged ten calls a day over one top minister's indiscretion.) It matters not that his liason is harmless and human, only that its disclosure could weaken his party and so further the chances of the informer's.

That's politics.

Such a filthy game, that it is, after all, best left to politicians.



Have you ever tried to listen to BBC radio? Can anyone be really serious about suggesting it as an alternative to Pirate Radio. And the third. Put aside those who like classical music. They must be catered for even if it does mean Boulez for breakfast. What about the rest? Early Assyrian earthworms for lunch, shorthand fantasies for dinner and the Gay Sparkling stock exchange as a nightcap.

The light and home. Most people who tune to the radio do so for background. Few have time to listen attentively during the day. In the evening they either want background or watch telly. So what do we get during the day. Soap operas, educational talks and fearsome music. By night quizzes, soap operas and more fearsome music. That music—they must be joking. "Music to remember", "Gems from Musical Comedy", "Strings by Starlight", "Family Favourites" etc etc.

This is where that argument about putting musicians out of work breaks down. No one hesitated to retire the horse when they found out about steam. The BBC makes people remember all that forgettable music simply because having a monopoly they play nothing else. Live. The orchestration often sounds like the harmonic variations of a vibrating jelly. Here is an artificially created class of anachronistic artisans producing something people would avoid if they could. Talk about the monarchy.

Just suppose that in fifteen years time or whenever it's going

to be,the BBC does-set up a pop station. Can you imagine it; the mind breaks down and whimpers. The dead touch of "live" performance again. By those people. Not the pop groups themselves. Or suppose they started commercial radio. Who would apply for and get the licenses. Not the delightful, original, experienced pirates that everyone knows and likes so much. The sump oil manufacturers, the newspaper combines, the fertilizer cartels would all move in and take over. You wouldn't be able to hear anything for the ads and good taste.

And it's balls to say that pirates injure record sales. Most people only buy records because they've heard them on the air. Los Angeles with 28 FM stations and 26 AM stations, most playing Top 100, 24 hours a day buys more records than London. London's population is three times that of Los Angeles.

DRUGS

Let's end the gratuitous savagery of uncomprehending Magistrates. Penal servitude for smoking pot? Why not, as with alcohol, make it and L.S.D. freely available to a specified age group. The difference between these hallucinogens and hard-core hang-up drugs like cocaine, heroin and morphine needs to be emphasised. Unlike alcohol and tobacco, no evidence has been adduced to demonstrate the malignant effects of L.S.D. and pot. (For every acid-soaked Batmaniac, there are hundreds of drunken driving fatalities.)

It is sometimes suggested that tolerance towards harmless stimulants lower one's threshold of resistance to the compulsive addictives. There is no evidence for this. Any social pressure to "graduate" would almost disappear if the Law recognised the dichotomy.

What are the benefits of pot and L.S.D.? Timothy Leary's exaggerated, though lucid endorsement of acid has been well publicised. An OZ correspondent who lived under a pot cloud for six months regards cannabis as "good, clean smoke". She writes: "At your first puff, muscles relax, tension dissolves and suddenly the world is benign. While your body takes a deep breath, your mind gains another dimension: perception sharpens and you discover a tremendous capacity for concentration and details.

Dear Mr Short,

How dare you take away the pirate stations without giving us a real substitute. I cannot bear the BBC and will go out of my mind if I have to listen to it.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am.....years old. All / Most / Some / None of my friends listen only to Pirates and hate the BBC.

Unless you stop harrassing the pirates I will vote against your government.

I'm not old enough to vote, but will bear the grudge until I am.

"I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution."
Ulysses S Grant

Dear Mr St John Stevas,

I demand you ensure stringent execution of the present Abortion Law, which you are so determined ought not be reformed.

Send all abortionists (back street and Harley St.), every women who has ever had an illegal abortion and the police who tolerate the present system, to gaol now. Begin with me and my friends.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am.....years old. All / Most / Some / None of my friends have had at least one illegal abortion.

Dear Mr. Jenkins,

Either produce clear and undisputed evidence that pot and/or L.S.D. are more harmful than alcohol or stop interfering with personal liberty. As it stands now, the drugs law, like Prohibition, is widely abused and is thus a bad one.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am.....years old

All
Most of my friends smoke pot and/or take L.S.D.
Some
None

Those that do have been in my opinion harmed
unharmed.

I will vote against your Government unless you adopt a more enlightened attitude and stop putting me and my friends in fear of gaol.

affix stamp here

The Right Hon Edward Short
Postmaster General
House of Commons
Westminster
London W1

affix stamp here

The Right Hon Norman St John Stevas
House of Commons
Westminster
London W1

affix stamp here

The Right Hon Roy Jenkins
Home Office
Whitehall
SW1

Your sense of hearing changes from mono to stereo, you look at mundane objects with child-like freshness, everything smells like frankincense. Everything you eat tastes like a Cordon Bleu speciality and your appetite, which you thought had gone the way of your laughter, becomes a chef's delight.

The months I spent as a depraved pot-head in Tangier were the healthiest of my life. I put on a stone in weight, slept like the heroine of an Ovaltine ad and ate like a farm-hand. My consumption of normal cigarettes dropped from forty odd to half a dozen. My cough (notorious on three continents), shakes, frustrations and general neuroses quietened down; I was contented for the first time in years. Most of the other foreigners felt the same way—many did their best creative work in the lotus-eating atmosphere, claiming that marijuana (obtained with a minimum of worry and expense) heightened their imagination and clarified their senses.

The local Arabs and Berbers seemed to have started smoking as children without being noticeably stunted. The anti-social and erotic effects with which marijuana is popularly (and hopefully) endowed were very rare. The only aggressive Moroccans were backsliders who had been slyly tipping the vitriolic indigenous wines. Even with them the routine seemed to be I'll kill (and/or rape) you! . . . but tomorrow.

ABORTION

Reason is the life of the law, so why not abortion on demand? When custom runs counter to law then the law is a bad one, and bad laws are the worst form of tyranny.

A skilful abortion carries with it less risk than childbirth. It is only dangerous under the sordid back street conditions the present law encourages. A law based on beliefs now accepted by only a small section of the population.

Opposition to reform has stemmed mainly from the Royal College of

Gynaecologists and Catholic lobbyists, the former are afraid of losing income, the latter of losing their souls. Theological bickering is irrelevant to a bill which deals, not with the number of angels that could dance on the head of a pin, but with human beings, whose freedom of choice is being denied.

Minority groups are entitled to minority views, but not to impose them on the rest of us.

Of course if orals were efficiently distributed abortion would become as outdated and unneccessary as Rickets.

VIETNAM

●The Right Honorable Anthony Greenwood, Minister of Housing and Local Government.

At the Labour Party Conference, 1954:

"In the Labour Movement we rose to power because we were on the side of the 'have-nots' of this country. We must never lose our community of interest and our identity with the 'have-nots' of the world. We have got to convince the masses of Asia that we are on their side in their struggle and that their struggle against exploitation and foreign domination is exactly the same struggle that we have carried on in this country."

He is still, of course, on the side of the have-nots. Formerly, he embraced those who have-not wealth: today, less immoderately, he aligns with those who have-not conscience.

●The Right Honorable Richard Crossman, Leader of the House.

House of Commons, 1953:

"I was delighted to hear Mr. Attlee say what we all know is true, that Ho Chi Minh leads the real national movement in Indo-China. Do not let us be hypocritical about it. It is time to tell the French and the Americans that they are fighting an unjust war in Indo-China. If the French had done the right thing, Indo-China today would stand alongside Indonesia and Burma. Ho Chi Minh and his rebels are not communists by nature but by compulsion. They are driven to be communists in order to get national liberation. If we accept the Chinese Revolution we must accept the Indo-Chinese Revolution, and tell our friends not to waste millions of dollars on preserving a few square miles round Saigon."

●The Right Honorable Barbara Castle, Minister of Transport.

House of Commons, 1953:

"The foreign policy of the United States of America is to destroy communism. That is a policy which does two things. First it says that the nationalist movements in Asia are all Moscow-inspired, Kremlin-financed, part of a great Russian plot. It fails completely to understand what is happening in Asia, the revolution which is taking place over large parts of the earth's surface — which, as hon. members on this side of the House have shown quite clearly, springs from the natural needs and indigenous demands of the peoples themselves."

●The Right Honorable Jennie Lee, "Minister for The Arts."

House of Commons, 1953:

"There are liberal Americans who are anxious to see Indo-China liberated from what they call old-fashioned colonialism.
We cannot talk to those Americans, when at the same time, we approach Washington with a begging-bowl held out, because money talks louder than words. I am grieved and shamed when I hear that the contribution which our country can make to international affairs is lost because of the clatter of the dollars falling into the begging bowl."

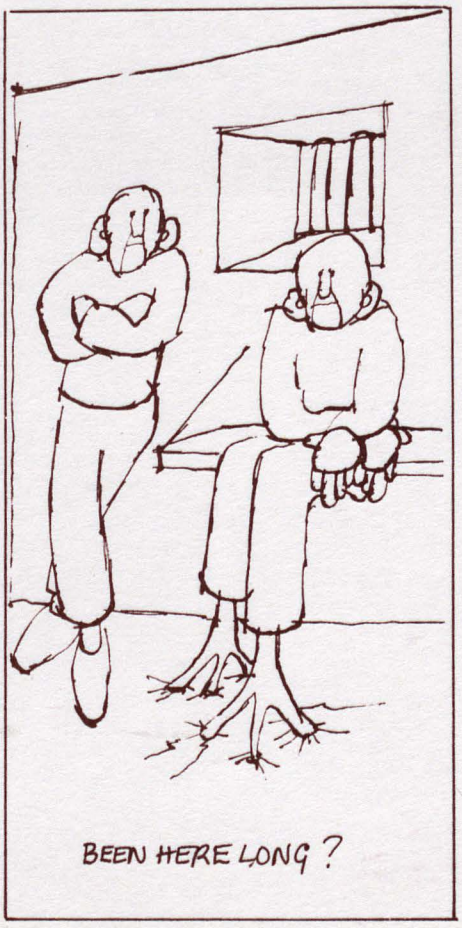
●The Right Honorable Harold Wilson, Prime Minister.

Mayday 1954:

"We must not join or in any way encourage an anti-communist crusade in Asia under the leadership of the Americans or anyone else . . .".
"I believe at the moment the danger to a negotiated settlement in Asia is provided by a lunatic fringe in the American Senate. Asia, like other parts of the world, is in revolution, and what we have to learn today in this country is to march on the side of the peoples in that revolution and not on the side of their oppressors."

Well, once in power, Harold and his colleagues soon stopped worrying about Vietnam and learnt to love the dollar.

Researched by Ken Coates



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in praise of ugliness

Colin MacInnes

Somerset Maugham tells us that his mother and father were known in Paris as Beauty and the Beast. Dr Maugham senior, whose patients were the Anglo-American colony of the day, was apparently of quite sensational ugliness, whereas photographs confirm that his mother was exquisitely pretty. Why then, young Somerset wondered, had his mother never deserted Dr Maugham, or even taken lovers? After his father's death, he asked her this. She answered: 'Because in all our married life, he never humiliated me.'

In the Louvre, there is a painting an old man with a hideously pocked and bulbous nose looking down at a boy whose young face promises a resounding masculine beauty in the future. Far from being repelled by the old monster, the boy is looking up at him with confident affection.

Picasso, whose rare statements about his art are gnomic, yet always worthy of close attention, once answered the perpetual philistine question as to why his pictures are so ugly. They are not, he replied. All necessary destruction in order to create *seems* ugly, because of a pre-conceived public notion as to what is beautiful. All creation *is* ugly. The act of birth itself, the greatest beauty in our world, does not seem specially 'beautiful' until the child is washed and laid in its elegant cradle.

Francis Bacon is generally believed to be an artist who portrays, in terms of anguished satire, the horror of our age. Yet he has more than once assured me that his object is to create true beauty—the beauty, that is, of our particular times. I am sure he is right about this, and that his intentions have been largely misunderstood. (He was not very pleased, nevertheless, when I once compared his art to that of Fragonard).

The French understand this better than we do. For their term *belle-laide,* no equivalent exists on our language. A *belle-laide* is an ugly person whose ugliness is so striking, so expressive, and so touching that it at once seems beautiful. Bogart and Peggy Ashcroft are perfect examples.

We can see this at work in our own day among pop groups. A decade or so ago, the heroes of pop song were conventionally beautiful: Whitfield, Vaughan or, from America, Ray or Laine. Then lo and behold, dozens of boys and girls who were objectively ugly, seemed dazzlingly beautiful.

From these examples, I think we can deduce two principles:

1. In physical beauty, there are no absolutes. Beauty is indeed in the eye of the beholder, and if the social conventions of the beholder alter, so does his sense of what is beautiful.

2. True beauty or ugliness depend as much on the inner moral quality of the person as on the outward features bestowed on his flesh by nature. Thus, Dr Maugham and the bottle-nosed Florentine, though hideous, were seen as beautiful.

The confusions that arise from the first of these two principles are the easier to explain. As a key to doing so, we might compare a painting by Giorgione to one by Rembrandt. Both will be masterpieces by men of genius, and the purely aesthetic beauty of both will be undeniable.

But whereas Giorgione, perhaps because he was a southerner and a Venetian, adheres, in portraying human persons, to a classic, conventional style of beauty, the figures in almost all of Rembrandt's paintings are, objectively considered, hideous—including even his splendid self. Yet do they not seem, paradoxically, to be overwhelmingly beautiful—even more so, indeed, than those of Giorgione, lovely as these are?

And is this not because Giorgione, fettered (or inspired) by the Renaissance rediscovery of classic Graeco-Roman beauty, could not re-invent a new Venetian beauty of his own day? Whereas Rembrandt, unfettered (or unhelped) by any equivalent Dutch tradition, had to start from scratch with an ugly girl like Hendrikje Stoffels and make her look absolutely ravishing?

When we come to consider the moral reality underlying beauty, and which can create the feeling of it despite exterior ugliness, the definition is more complex. Negatively, we can all think of 'handsome' men or 'pretty' women whom we all know to be bastards or bitches, so that their physical beauty, however scintillating, seems like some monstrous fraud; and once we have got over our bedazzlement, their splendour fills with fear and horror. Equally, there are ugly people whom we know just *are* damn ugly, inside and out. Hermann Goring is a good example.

But positively, who can discern, in an objectively ugly man or woman, the inner spiritual quality that makes them in fact seem beautiful? The key to the answer may be in the reply of Mrs Maugham to her son, and the upward gaze of confidence by the young Florentine to his ugly old preceptor: each spectator of the ugly person was himself an innocent, a pure person.

Sometimes, the two factors creating beauty in ugliness coincide in a single person. That is to say, the person, though ugly, will seem beautiful because his epoch has grown to see his face as such, and also because his inner spiritual qualities have become so apparent as to transcend completely his physical lack of beauty.

I saw *Chimes at Midnight* the other day, and was immediately struck—as I suppose everyone else was—by the way Gielgud acted everyone right off the screen: even Orson Welles, and the handsome young actors and actresses surrounding him. Was this merely due to his greater experience or even talent? Not entirely.

No one could call Sir John a beauty. He's bald, has a big nose, and a somewhat ungainly figure. Yet because his ravaged face seems that of a man who has accepted, through suffering and understanding, that he must live in our times and accept them, and yet always try to transcend them, this battered old mask seems beautiful. And because the moment he opens his objectively ugly mouth the words that soar out are of such stunning beauty as to make all his colleagues seem mumbling amateurs, one is instantly aware of the intellectual and spiritual depths within him.

Some artists, unlike Bacon or Picasso, get bogged down in mere ugliness when they attempt to transform this into beauty. Such an artist, it seems to me, is Gerald Scarfe. He makes his sitters ugly, which is entirely correct, since almost all of us are, yet fails to provide the alchemy by which this ugliness then becomes beautiful. This is because his drawing is feeble and his imaginative faculty mediocre, so that his drawings remain merely sensational and rather vulgar. Yet even Giles, whose figures are invariably hideous, achieves real beauty of a sort by his authentic poetic and ironic gifts.

The perfect master of beauty-from-ugliness in our era seems to me to be Soutine. His subjects are almost always revolting. His paintings, because of his tragic sense and immense pictorial skill, are startlingly beautiful.

To conclude, let us consider the features of James Baldwin. He told me he was known as 'frog-face' in his youth, and was much mocked for this. Once a nice teacher (white, liberal and female) took him to the movies—his very first visit, and only after the fierce disapproval of his terrifying pastor daddy had been overcome. They entered in mid-film, and the first thing he saw was a close-up of Bette Davis. 'She's a frog-face too,' he thought, 'and yet the world thinks she's beautiful. Then perhaps I am too, despite what the kids say.'

He is indeed—and I think his is the most beautiful face I have yet seen. And that may be because our times are etched on his features, and the light that shines through them is the same one we may recognize when we read what he has written.

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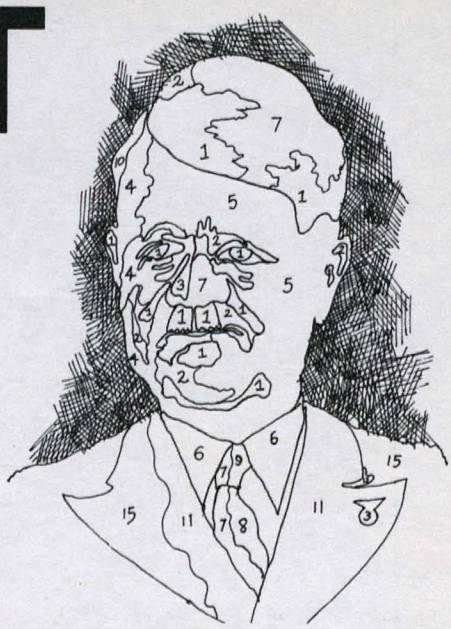


Hitler's Art teacher—politics was Hitler's second choice.

Zhivago overcoats.

The Plan to relieve Dien Bien Phu.

Princess Margaret's marriage.

The Great Society.

Bob Dylan—pale imitation of Donovan.

'Wrong Way' Corrigan—who set out to fly to Labrador, arrived in Los Angeles 27 hours later. Thus, either the first man to circumnavigate the globe in a Curtis biplane at Mach 1.5, or else the only aviator ever to be blown backwards across the USA.

The LSE's late porter—attempted to quell a scuffle in a passageway.

Marlowe—after centuries of valiant effort he has still failed to prove that he is Shakespeare.

The American who designed the Confederate 'Chain' Cannon, Two cannons were placed parallel on either side of the main street of a beseiged Virginian town facing the enemy. Their cannon balls were linked by a chain, so that when the cannons were fired simultaneously the entire invading army would be mown down. However, once in flight, the device whiplashed and gracefully boomeranged to massacre the defenders.

The Brabazon Flying Boat and the TSR-2—first deliveries were made dead on schedule, to the Imperial War Museum.

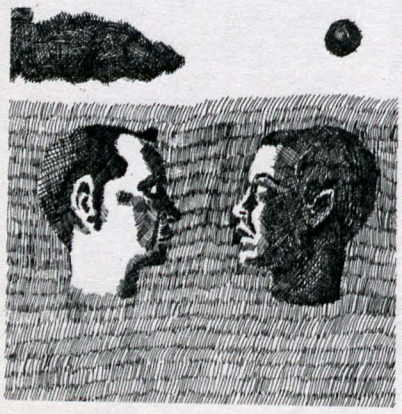
Bert Russell and J-P. Sartre's War Crimes Trial of LBJ.

The Yoko Ono Film Protest Rally—4 of a promised 500 eventuated to picket the British Censorship Board Offices.

Walter Craig, President of the Americian Bar Association—appointed by the Warren Commission to 'defend' Oswald. Craig attended 2 of the 51 sessions and only spoke once, but not on behalf of Oswald.

Jean Rook, Fashion Editor of the Sun, who for more than two years has been predicting the imminent demise of the mini-skirt.

The hippie London Underground Movement—failed to stay underground.



The first two issues of OZ.

Leslie Parkes—soldier.

Any British boxer.

Fonthill Abbey—cost Beckford a million pounds and fell down.

The *International Times* bid for *The Spectator*

The Monkees—unable to suppress the information that they didn't play their own instruments on their hit records, now face the leak that they didn't sing either.

The Irish Famine 1846–1849—a heaven sent chance of solving once and for all England's Irish Problem. It is one of the great historical failures of the 19thC that only 1½ million died and that a million were allowed to escape to America.

Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George etc.—foolishly ignored the territorial claims advanced at the Versailles Peace Treaty Conference by a young Indo-Chinese named . . . Ho Chi Minh.

The French Army at Agincourt—at a cost of 36 head, English Archers slaughtered 12,000 French knights in armour.

Captain Cook—who discovered Australia, but lacked the foresight to forget about it, as William Dampier had done before him.

The Beach Battle Cabinet, The Royal Navy, 300 Royal Marine Commandos, The Army, 4 RAF rescue launches, a 'Flying Squad' of 100 men and 50 pumps, the Coastguard, ten Fire Brigades in the West Country, the fishing fleets of Cornwall, 24 1,000 lb. bombs, and 250,000 tons of detergent.

Sir Walter Raleigh—spent most of life in the Tower writing unrecognized sonnets until beheaded by James I.

Erasmus—tried to argue there was no real quarrel round the Reformation.

Wat Tyler, Pugachev, Munzer, Jack Cade, James Connoly who turned out not to be Fidel Castros of their times.

Richard Lester—A Funny Thing Didn't Happen On The Way To The Forum.

Winston Churchill—born of syphilitic father, suffered from obesity, his war strategy disastrous, author of the most catastrophic budget of the twentieth century, inadvertent creator of Australian mythology at Gallipoli, only man England could find to meet Hitler on his own terms.

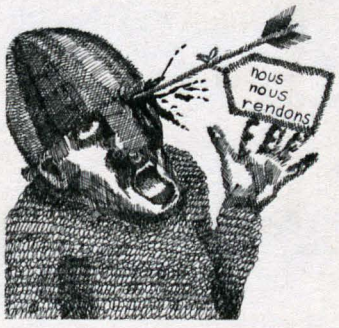
Bonar Law—the Unknown Prime Minister. His one joke, used strenuously throughout his life, was to tap his pipe on the mantlepiece and shout 'come in'.

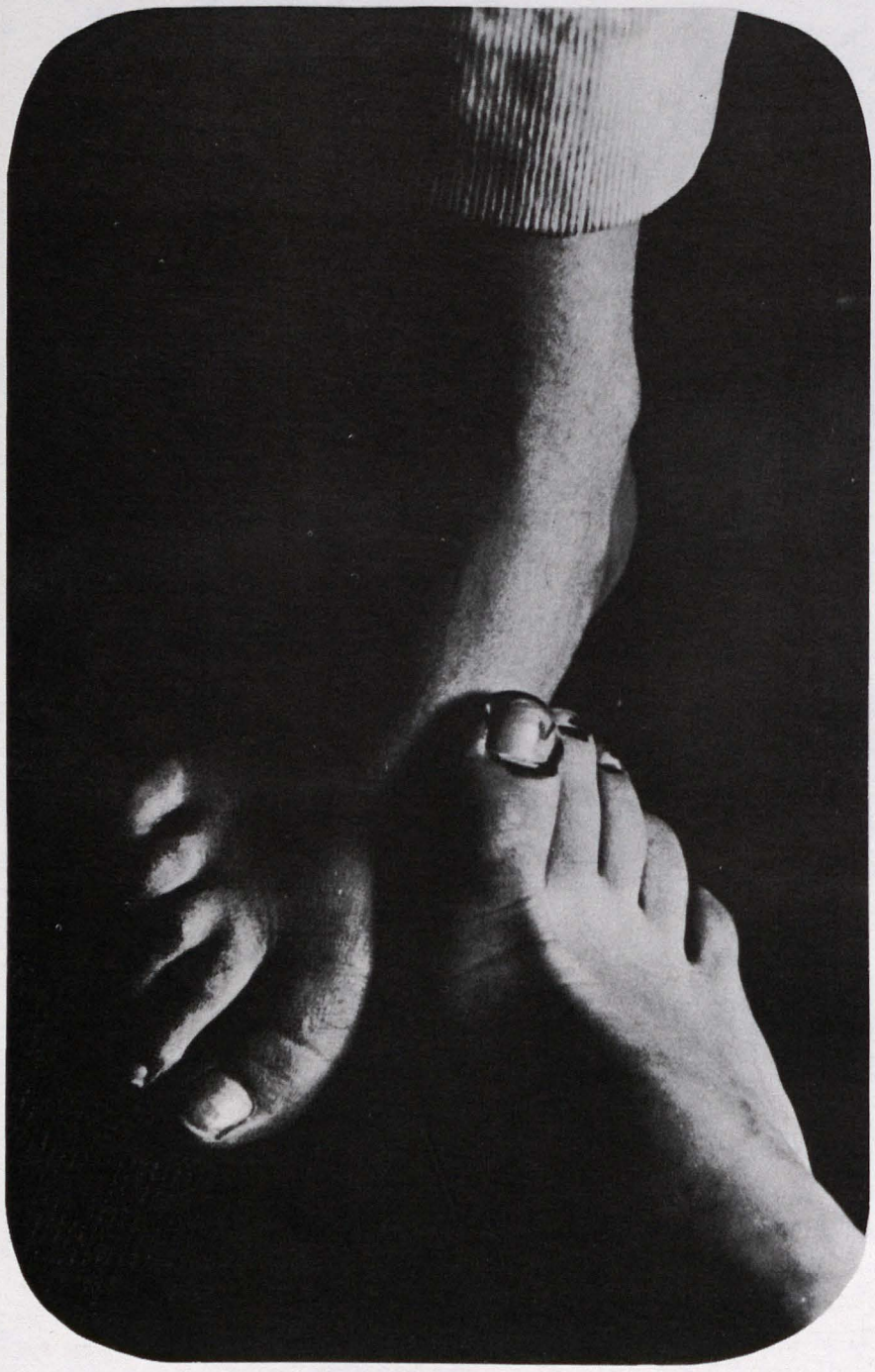
Harold—failed to repel Norman Invaders: his only claim to fame, the famous arrow-in eye canard, has lately been questioned.

Cyril Connelly—a special prize for failing to make a success out of being a self-confessed failure.

Gordon of Khartoum—practised unnatural vices and died by mistake.

Donald Macrae—such a failure that even his obscurity has remained unnoticed.





they may be in in some groups but DATELINE 67

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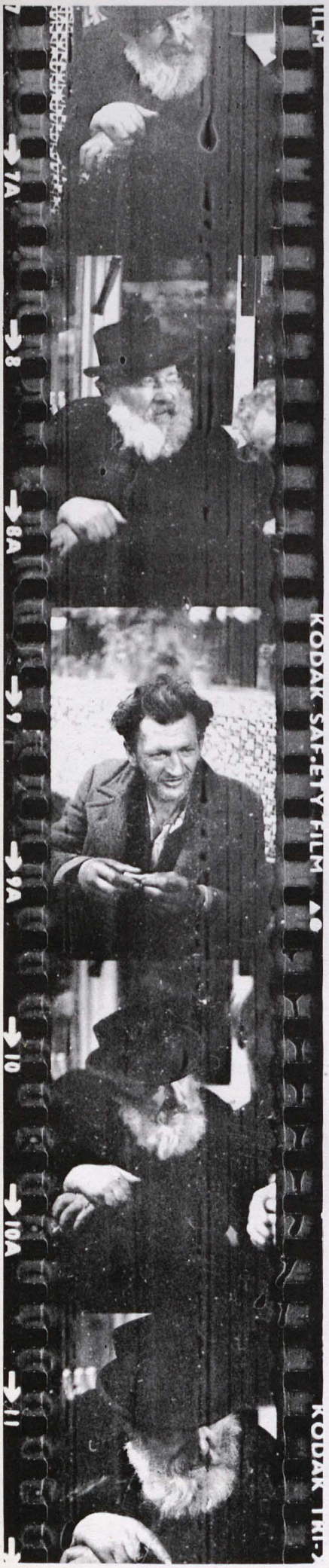


The Scottish Match King

David Davidson is 67 and comes from Aberdeen. He hasn't seen his 9 children for a while, nor his wife since the war. "I was in the Navy, had this woman. Thought I was a real fly man. All the time me wife was flyin' me."

David sells matches at Waterloo station and makes about six or seven bob a night. He sings a lot and laughs a lot and people often stop to talk to him.

Is he happy?

"I don't give a fuck. All my mates are dead."

From the war?

"The drink. Got one leg in meself. An' the other one's slipping. Here, let me tell you a joke. Three bairns, one, two, three," he counts with his fingers, "didnae come to school on Monday. Tuesday, the teacher says, where was ye? We couldnae come to school because our father got burned. Was he burnt badly, says the teacher. They don't fuck about when they cremate you, miss." He throws his head back and laughs Falstaff like and someone passing, a little shamefaced, bobs to put a sixpence on his handkerchief.

"See, it hasn't been a bad night," he says.

A Man of Leisure

Mick LeBeau "just like the King of France" is 35.

He couldn't quite remember where he came from, but it sounds as though it was somewhere in Ireland.

Mick says he does "fuck all".

But the ladies who run the tea stall at Waterloo says he bothers them all night and would we mind taking him away from there.

Mick says he would like a sixpence.

The ladies say don't give him one or he'll bother you too.

Mick laughs, smiles for the camera and puts out his hand.

Is he happy?

"No. Not since I was dead."

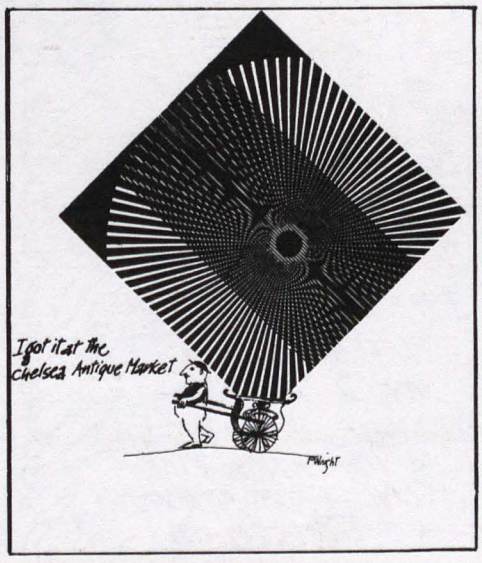
How long ago was that?

"A long time ago," says Mick and puts out his hand to the cameraman, "he hasn't given me my sixpence yet."

The cameraman gives Mick a two shilling piece and he laughs a lot, then calls us close.

"Would you like a little drink?"

A gent in a bowler hat and the tea ladies disapprove.



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An ugly side of some beautiful people

"She wasn't in that case bothered by a tiresome social conscience? 'No. I don't bother about the millions being killed in Vietnam, do you?' " LADY MARY GAYE CURZON. Family motto: Let Curzon hold, what Curzon held. NOVA, April.

On Valentine Day, George Hamilton sent Lynda Johnson a rose. "You are my Valentine today and every day of the year," said a card accompanying the first rose from the actor. Next day along came 364 more red roses. Lynda Bird described George's gesture as "a wild, gay, romantic thing to do." Hollywood gossip Sheilagh Graham figured the current romantic odds: "I have 10 dollars that says YES she quite obviously adores him. At the other end of the bet is his press agent who is wagering 100 dollars that the marriage will not come off." Shortly after, Hamilton announced that his draft board had reclassified him as 1A.
"I'll go anywhere," he said, "my country needs me."
TIME and NEWSWEEK.

"When Jean (Shrimpton) announced to me she was going to do the film, I felt a sense of loss," Terence Stamp said, "Obviously she had come under the influence of the director Peter Watkins, *he* was beginning to Svengali her and I regarded that as *my own* responsibility, a role I've always assumed in my relationships with women."
THE PEOPLE, Aug. 14, 1966.

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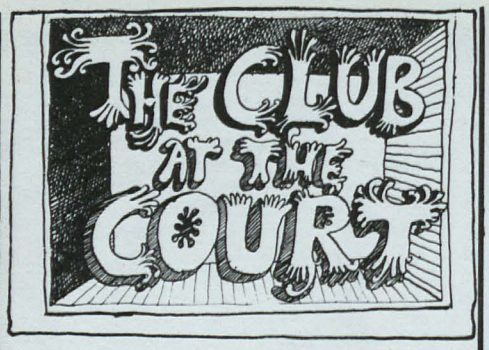

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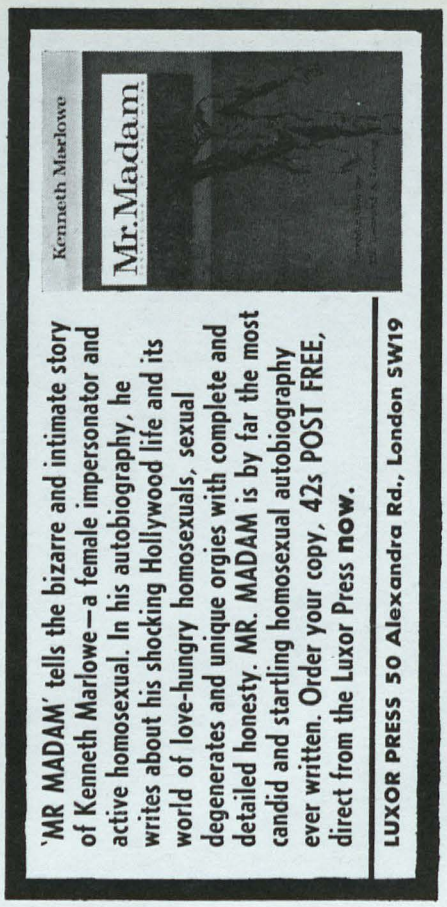

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WHAT BEAUTIFUL EYES SHE HAS

SO HE SITS ALONE IN LIBRARIES HIDEOUS AND HAIRY OF SOUL A BEAST AGAIN. WAITING FOR A LUSTFUL KISS TO BRING BACK HIS HUMAN SMELL. THE TASTE OF WOMAN ON HIS TOUNGE

Revlon invents wet lipstick

'Smooth,' said Dave of the
when he saw Ina in her 'Te
a dozen pictures later–after lots of sitting, kneeling, curling-up
But then 'Terylene' has never crushed, never needed ironing after w

On guard: he called.

He must have been joking.
I hadn't dare drop my guard –
not since the day
he had asked:
How'd you like to
cross swords with me?
Now I was on the defence.

True, life had been
safer mousy.
But who wants to be safe?
Or mousy?
So I pepped things up
with Polyblonde.

Now I'm in arms all the time . . . his!

...INDEED ALL PHENOMEN ARE IN THEIR NATURE, ILLUSI HOWEVER THEY M APPEAR–IN TRUT THEY ARE UNREA AND FAKE. THE ARE LIKE DREA LIKE ECHOE LIKE MIRAGE

ROLL UP, ROLL UP— DON'T DELAY— JOIN THE HONEY-BUNCH TODAY!

"HONEY MAKES ME FUNNY" WINNIE-THE-POOH

THIS IS A SYMPOSIUM ON BEAUTY

How far should you go?

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AS THE GOOD MR. RUSKIN SAID SO POETICALLY... "REMEMBER THAT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN THE WORLD ARE THE MOST USELESS, LIKE PEACOCK'S AND LILLIES FOR INSTANCE."

THE MOON SEEN IN WATER

VERY UGLY INDEED! BUT THATS JUST MY PERSONAL OPINION, OF COURSE

THOSE PARTICIPATING INCLUDE VOGUE ★ MARY QUANT ★ RATI RAHASYA ★ The INCREDIBLE ANON ★ MR. EDWARD HEATH ★ ENGLISH BOY ★ HONEY ★ BERLEI ★ MR. UNIVERSE ★ JOHN RUSKIN ★ 50,000,000 FRENCHMEN ★ MR. PETER PORTER ★ MR JEAN COCTEAU and many other who for an INCREDIBLE VARIETY OF REASONS WILL REMAIN -IN- ANON. AND SPECIAL GUEST STAR MR. ANDRE BRETON

YOUR CHAIRMAN MR MARTIN SHARP VIOLENT SOUNDS OF ONE HANDED CLAPPING

A MAN WHO COULD MAKE SO VILE A PUN WOULD NOT SCRUPLE TO PICK A POCKET

SATIRE IS A SORT OF GLASS WHEREIN BEHOLDERS GENERALLY DISCOVER EVERYBODY'S GACE BUT THEIR OWN, A PERFECT BUST-HIPLINE AND LEGS, CAN BE YOURS THIS SUMMER! THROW AWAY YOUR PADDED BRAS AND CORSETS — BE THE REAL YOU!

I recently bought all-in-one rubber pants and tights for my baby. Why doesn't someone adapt this idea for women's underwear?

How do I stop my nose getting red, please?

My eyes are pouchy, yet I have lots of sleep!

Why do I get spots on my shoulders and arms?

Beautiful women aren't born, they're designed !

Is it safe to back-comb my hair-piece?

What can I do for an out-break of small, hard, white spots on my face?

SEND HOME MY LONG-STRAYED EYES TO ME.. WHICH, OH, TOO LONG HAVE DWELT ON THEE...

THE PRIME OF THE JEAN BRODIE SWEATER LOOK

ALL HEIRESSES ARE BEAUTIFUL

1. ANGULA IS THE MEASURE OF A FINGERS BREADTH.

Every woman wants to be beautiful

My complexion's flaky and patchy, and my skin feels tight. Why?

SIMILARLY, WOMEN ARE CLASSIFIED INTO THREE CATEGORIES – The Deer Type – whose YONI measures SIX ANGULAS[1] – The MARE TYPE whose YONI measures NINE ANGULAS – The ELEPHANT TYPE – whose YONI measures TWELVE ANGULAS.

ORLANE and Nature make you Purely Beautiful

Miss Elizabeth Taylor slept here

Why don't you? ??? CURIOUS

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I'm 32 and my husband wants me to wear a mini-skirt. Do you think I could get away with it – or are they only for teenagers?

I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEAS AGAIN, FOR THE CALL OF THE RUNNING TIDE IS A WILD CALL and a CLEAR CALL THAT MAY NOT BE DENIED

It's smart to be square

MR. MILTON... A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER – ITS LOVLINESS INCREASES – IT WILL NEVER PASS INTO NOTHING!

MY DEAR MR. KEATS BEAUTY STANDS IN THE ADMIRATION OF WEAK MINDS – LED CAPTIVE

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DROP THAT MASK
no need to hide spots now

ANY BRA CAN LOOK GOO
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BEAUTY KNOWS NOT GOOD OR EVIL BUT ONLY EXCELLENCE

BARE, BONY, BEAUTIFUL. FRESH NATURAL. LIAR! YES and NO. BARE? SHE USES 'MARY QUANT STARKERS' THE NUDE MAKE-UP, SOOO NATURAL IT LOOKS LIKE SKIN BUT HIDES THE TINY BLEMISHES. BONY? SHE HIGHLIGTS HER BONES WITH 'MARY QUAINT FACE LIGHTER' A PEARLY GLEAM OF LIQUID WHITE THAT BRINGS OUT CONTOURS SHE LIKES, KEEPS THE REST IN SHADOW! BEAUTIFUL? HONESTLY DARLING YES! BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE! IF NATURE DIDN'T, QUANT CAN! AND SO CAN YOU!

CURIOUSER and CURIOUSER

"Being a beautiful woman is a profound responsibility"

P.S. AND SOMEONE MIGHT JUST MAKE YOU IF YOU DO!

flower fresh ... petal soft!

ARE YOU EXOTIC~ YET PINNED DOWN?

MORE
MONEY FOR CLOTHES & FUN IF YOU DON'T SMOKE

BEAUTIFUL

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WOW

BEAUTIFUL

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STRAWBERRY FIELDS

Beautiful

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Evette is a girl
who plays with fire.
With a warm smile and a cool hand
she sends men's temperatures rising.
And on those lips and fingertips-
cosmetics called Evette...

If he knows it's there, we'll give you your money back

The glamorous creature seen leaving a little later is me!

Fashion's continuing geometric
Right.
Be starkly sensational
in your clothes.
But.
Be Parisienne perverse.
And put on a very, very,
very, feminine face.
Secret?
The golden glow of youth
in your make-up: *and absolutely*
enormous eyes. It's the latest,
loveliest look from Paris.
The wide-eyed look from Lentheric

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SATIE WANTED TO MAKE A THEATRE FOR DOGS. THE CURTAIN RISES THE SET CONSISTS OF A BONE

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APRIL IS THE CRUELLEST MONTH BREEDING LILACS OUT OF THE DEAD GROUND

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Sea Witch blondes have
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Soft.
Shining with new but
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And it's the same
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And Sea Witch black.

"To think she used to suffer with **facial hair**"

FIFTY MILLION FRENCH MEN CANT BE WRONG

Remove **WARTS**

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ITS ALL ABOUT!

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Miss Elizabeth Taylor slept here
Why don't you? ???? CURSE

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a dozen pictures later–after lots of sitting, kneeling, curling-up action. But then 'Terylene' has never crushed, never needed ironing after washing.

'Smooth,' said Dave of the Kinks, when he saw Ina in her 'Terylene' suit. 'Still smooth,' they both said

On guard: he called.
He must have been joking.
I hadn't dare drop my guard – not since the day
he had asked:
How'd you like to
cross swords with me?
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WHAT?

I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEAS AGAIN, FOR THE CALL OF THE RUNNING TIDE IS A WILD CALL and a CLEAR CALL THAT MAY NOT BE DENIED

Killing glances start with Inga Lash. A wink can start a war. Downcast eyes are deadly. That's power for you. The power of the absolutely natural. That's Inga Lash. Only. Inga Lashes go on in a special way.

ANY BRA CAN LOOK GOOD IN AN ADVERTISEMENT

Evette is a girl who plays with fire. With a warm smile and a cool hand she sends men's temperatures rising. And on those lips and fingertips – cosmetics called Evette...

If he knows it's there, we'll give you your money back

The glamorous creature seen leaving a little later is me!

Nylons? Lingerie? Sensational. Right. Be startly sensational in your clothes. But. Be Parisienne perverse. And put on a very, very, very, feminine face. Secret? The golden glow of youth in your make-up, and absolutely enormous eyes. It's the latest, loveliest look from Fiona. Lashes and eyes have been Lashed.

BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER BEHOLDING THE BEHELD

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MONEY FOR CLOTHES & FUN IF YOU DON'T SMOKE

BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL WOW BEAUTIFUL STRAWBERRY BEAUTIFUL FIELDS Beautiful FOREVER

AS I WAS COMING UP THE STAIRS I MET A MAN WHO WASN'T THERE HE WASN'T THERE AGAIN TODAY. I WISH, I WISH, HE'D GO AWAY.

flower fresh ... petal soft

FREE OFFER
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even a month later they are looking a little shopsoiled. Michael Peacock and the BBC's Great Leap Backward . . . now resigned and crawling for the Yorkshire contract. Peter Watkins, now sitting in the wreckage of Privilege, shoddily written and plank acted. David Bailey, whose G Passion made one long for a Barclays commercial. Certainly they are young. But there doesn't seem to me to be a qualitative difference between 'being battered into conformity by their elders' and being battered into conformity, trendy and youthful as it is, by Peacock and O'Rahilly. Intellectually they are as full of promise as a cigarette butt, though I don't doubt that their bank managers are happy men. For judged on an intellectual level, Mr Allen's thesis is little more than the Playboy Philosophy meeting Swinging London; of interest primarily to bank managers and their spiritual allies.

What's really frightening is the success with which the Trendy False Consciousness has managed to admire the pop products for precisely their banality, predictability and secondhandedness. Attached to society by their lead, the iconclasts caper about celebrating their own submission and defeat. It's all signature and no painting. You can't see the prick for the codpiece.

The new trendies, impressarios, producers and 10%ers may be younger and richer these days. They may conceivably be rationalising and manufacturing things and ideas which are pretty, funny or cheap. But they are still cultural and economic exploiters, in the precise technical sense of that word. They should be treated as that, not as some recherche art form.

Yours, cheesed, tired & revolutionary,

David Widgery,

15 Queen Alexandra Mansions,
Judd St WC1

Sir,

Your recent issue contains a personal attack on myself and a general one on this firm. It is impossible ever to reply effectively to a personal attack, especially when anonymous, because protesting merely spreads the libel, but like most low-level scurrility, it should tell your readers more about the writer than the subject. Such nastiness usually goes with a self-recognised lack of talent.

More serious is the inference that our firm is unprofessional and inefficient. The article is full of every kind of malicious misinformation, but the source of some items can be checked. Mr Durgnat knows very well the reasons why **Eros in the Cinema** was held up, reasons that involved the censoriousness of printers and the disappearance of one large printing firm in a series of mergers and takeovers. The other allegations are either based on misinformation or pure fantasy.

As for the 'large bookshop' a mile from our office, this turns out to be a new and extremely small bookshop, not yet even recognised by the Booksellers Association, that for some time we did not supply as they would not pay their bills.
We have in fact one of the best international sales distributions of any publisher, and our authors know it.

Yours etc

John Calder
Calder and Boyars Ltd/
Publishers
18 Brewer St
London

Dear Sir,

Why did the author of the recent attack on Calder & Boyars not reveal his identity? Hit and run isn't done!

As a publisher I can say that advertising books does not sell them – it only inflates authors' vanity and causes them to complain when it falls off. Publishing foreign writers who are unknown here is more hazardous and expensive than to publish new English authors. It's a well-known fact that many scribes are paranoiac and that most of us publishers are megalomaniac.

Yours narcissistically,

Peter Owen
Peter Owen Ltd/Publishers
12 Kendrick Mews
London SW7

Dear Sir,

I am not one to balls ache about what other people do, let alone print. However, I find it intensely boring that out of the eight photographs of dimensions over one inch square in the last issue of your excellently printed magazine, six were non-conseqential pictures of tits and bums.

Why don't you stop shitting about, so to speak? If you want to be different, print something to contravene the Obscene Publications Act. If you haven't got the spunk, print beautiful photographs not infantile pictorial stupidity.

Yours most sincerely,

A. de Gris.
14 Wood Mews
London W.1.

Students get older every day so rush 21s for 12 OZ before YOU pass out

40 ANHALT ROAD SW11

GLOBE FISH.

London OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 40 Anhalt Road, London, SW11 Phone: REG 0427, BAT 8407.
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Staff: Andrew Fisher, Robert Whittaker, David Reynolds
Louise

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Enclose £1 for 12 quivering issues.

Dear Sir,

I have before me a copy of OZ3, which I foolishly bought yesterday. You know, you've got a fucking nerve, charging 2/6 for—what? A banal attack on politicians, a few platitudes on drugs, commercial radio and abortion, a piece of cloying 'Winn-ism' by Colin MacInnes, a few scraps of rather flat 'humour' and some infantile artwork by semi-literates (psychedelic is mis-spelt on the cover, and tongue on the fold-out.)

The only worthwhile thing in the magazine is the article reprinted from 'Ramparts'. I think you could add OZ3 to your list of failures, if it were not so tired and phony.

Yours faithfully,

Michael North,
42 Littlejohn Rd.,
St. Mary Cray,
Orpington.

P.S. Is it really necessary to devote a full page to an attack on John Calder. Is he that important?

Dear Sir,

I'm afraid you make the same mistake as every other minority group – you try to persuade yourself and your readers that you speak for the majority. True, in your case you only usually pretend to speak for the majority of people under 25, but this is still a great delusion.

For example in the last issue: 'The masses . . . hold your profession (politics) in contempt.' '. . . fucking since she was 16 like everyone else.' 'practically everyone under 30 smokes pot.' '. . . something (B.B.C. music) people would avoid if they could.' – and so on. When will the various champions of liberalism and freedom realise that 99 per cent of the youth, like their parents, hate all blacks; would like to see a hydrogen bomb dropped on N. Vietnam; want to see the return of capital and corporal punishment, still rely on political parties to 'do something for us'; still have a pretty ancient code of sexual 'morals'; have no time for illegal drugs, etc., etc.

On the whole they are content with things as they are, and will do whatever the State or convention demands. You really must climb down from your intellectual ivory tower and admit that you(and me) represent a tiny minority of misfits. One other thing: I wish you would have more consideration for your under-sexed readers. Your female contributors make us half-men feel pretty useless.

Yours faithfully,

Victor Coughtrey

Dear Sir,

I have been wanting to write to you for some time to congratulate you on the excellent contents of the first two issues of the *London OZ*. This is the nearest thing to real satire that I have seen come out of Britain. This proves my private theory that Britain's expatriates will be the initiators of any real new cultural change rather than the natives.

Yours sincerely,

Rajat Neogy,

Editor, *Transition*
Uganda

Dear Sir,

Rod Allen's attack on me and panegeric of swinging London epitomises what is going wrong with the trendies. We are asked to accept that London's cultural environment is unique, because the young get rich quick. If you do not throw in your lot with the trendies, 'you're for dead'.

The procession of swingers he evokes speak for themselves . . . even a month later they are looking a little shopsoiled. Michael Peacock and the BBC's Great Leap Backward . . . now resigned and crawling for the Yorkshire contract. Peter Watkins, now sitting in the wreckage of Privilege, shoddily written and plank acted. David Bailey, whose G Passion made one long for a Barclays commercial. Certainly they are young. But there doesn't seem to me to be a qualitative difference between 'being battered into conformity by their elders' and being battered into conformity, trendy and youthful as it is, by Peacock and O'Rahilly. Intellectually they are as full of promise as a cigarette butt, though I don't doubt that their bank managers are happy men. For judged on an intellectual level, Mr Allen's thesis is little more than the Playboy Philosophy meeting Swinging London; of interest primarily to bank managers and their spiritual allies.

What's really frightening is the success with which the Trendy False Consciousness has managed to admire the pop products for precisely their banality, predictability and secondhandedness. Attached to society by their lead, the iconclasts caper about celebrating their own submission and defeat. It's all signature and no painting. You can't see the prick for the codpiece.

The new trendies, impressarios, producers and 10%ers may be younger and richer these days. They may conceivably be rationalising and manufacturing things and ideas which are pretty, funny or cheap. But they are still cultural and economic exploiters, in the precise technical sense of that word. They should be treated as that, not as some recherche art form.

Yours, cheesed, tired & revolutionary,

David Widgery,

15 Queen Alexandra Mansions,
Judd St WC1

Sir,

Your recent issue contains a personal attack on myself and a general one on this firm. It is impossible ever to reply effectively to a personal attack, especially when anonymous, because protesting merely spreads the libel, but like most low-level scurrility, it should tell your readers more about the writer than the subject. Such nastiness usually goes with a self-recognised lack of talent.

More serious is the inference that our firm is unprofessional and inefficient. The article is full of every kind of malicious misinformation, but the source of some items can be checked. Mr Durgnat knows very well the reasons why **Eros in the Cinema** was held up, reasons that involved the censoriousness of printers and the disappearance of one large printing firm in a series of mergers and takeovers. The other allegations are either based on misinformation or pure fantasy.

As for the 'large bookshop' a mile from our office, this turns out to be a new and extremely small bookshop, not yet even recognised by the Booksellers Association, that for some time we did not supply as they would not pay their bills.
We have in fact one of the best international sales distributions of any publisher, and our authors know it.

Yours etc

John Calder
Calder and Boyars Ltd/
Publishers
18 Brewer St
London

Dear Sir,

Why did the author of the recent attack on Calder & Boyars not reveal his identity? Hit and run isn't done!

As a publisher I can say that advertising books does not sell them – it only inflates authors' vanity and causes them to complain when it falls off. Publishing foreign writers who are unknown here is more hazardous and expensive than to publish new English authors. It's a well-known fact that many scribes are paranoiac and that most of us publishers are megalomaniac.

Yours narcissistically,

Peter Owen
Peter Owen Ltd/Publishers
12 Kendrick Mews
London SW7

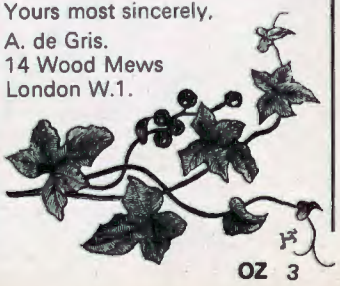
Dear Sir,

I am not one to balls ache about what other people do, let alone print. However, I find it intensely boring that out of the eight photographs of dimensions over one inch square in the last issue of your excellently printed magazine, six were non-conseqential pictures of tits and bums.

Why don't you stop shitting about, so to speak? If you want to be different, print something to contravene the Obscene Publications Act. If you haven't got the spunk, print beautiful photographs not infantile pictorial stupidity.

Yours most sincerely,

A. de Gris.
14 Wood Mews
London W.1.



* 8/22 Colville Rd. W.11.

Hysteria About Abortion

WITH just a month to go before report stage in the Commons, the campaign in favour of the Medical Termination of Pregnancy Bill is showing signs of hysteria.

Mr. St. John-Stevas, the Bill's chief critic, is receiving scores of identical printed postcards daily. Each is headed by a dictum of Ulysses Grant, who became President of the United States in 1869: "I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution."

I reproduce the rest of one card, allegedly from a girl of 16 whose signature I have blacked out.

What the source of this peculiar method is, and whether the signatures are genuine, Mr. St. John-Stevas has no idea.

Mr Norman St John-Stevas
House of Commons
Westminster
SW1

Dear Sir ....

I demand you ensure stringent execution of the present Abortion Law, which you are so determined ought not be reformed.
Send all abortionists (back street and Harley St.), every women who has ever had an illegal abortion and the police who tolerate the present system, to gaol now.
Begin with me and my friends.

Yours Faithfully, [redacted]

I am 16 years old. —All— —Some— —None— of my friends have had at least one illegal abortion.

As you will be inundated next week with postcards urging you to reconsider your stand on the projected abortion law, we thought you might care to know what it was all about.

Forewarned *is* forearmed, but we trust you will give these protests serious consideration.

Yours sincerely,
Paul Lawson
Deputy Editor

April 25

Daily bombardment of an M P

(EXTRACT FROM THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH, MAY 5th)

Extract from Rod C B Lake's letter of January 24:

"And if your poor frustrated writer wishes proof of this statement, I invite her to spend a night or two with me, and if I cannot, in her oppinion, back up my statement with actions, in other words, give her complete sexual satisfaction, she can write an article on the one Englishman She has had, and really run the Englishman down and even use my name."

Mr Rod C B Lake turned out to be a tall, fair-haired man, with a clear steady gaze.

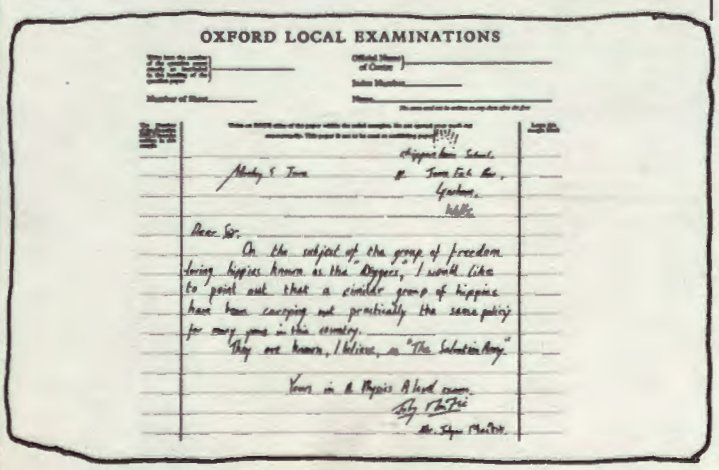
His hair is combed up into a quiff and his even features are twisted by the ghost of an ironic smile. He has a virgin girl friend he is not yet ready to marry, who is slightly uneasy about the consequence of his challenge to Germaine. His early sexual training (which began when he was 'only'! 14) was with women in their late thirties and consequently, as he disarmingly confesses, he is not much good at wooing. But awfully good when it comes to the point.

'Dead kinky,' he murmured.

Despite his inviolate steady, he never sleeps alone on the nights his air-steward flatmate works. Asked if he felt any affection for the other women who satisfy his gargantuan sexual needs, he replied that there had been one who satisfied him. 'Only she never came back after the first time,' because of the 'things' he made her do.

To our correspondent he offered complete satisfaction after half an hour. Indeed, she would 'ejaculate' *(sic)*, twice, he assured her, 'before he even put it in.' Where? was the question she did not ask. Moreover, he would carry on for at least two hours, 'before even coming.' This he appeared to believe was the ultimate in sexual bliss.

When Miss Greer pointed out that his only motive for unleashing such virtuosity was his own patriotism, which could hardly constitute motivation for her, he readily agreed, but hoped that the attractiveness of the prospect would induce her to break an oath taken after mature consideration and with complete fervour. It didn't.



OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS

Dear Sir,
On the subject of the group of freedom loving hippies known as the Diggers, I would like to point out that a similar group of hippies have been carrying out practically the same policy for many years in this country.
They are known, I believe, as "The Salvation Army."

Yours in a Hippies Ahead room.

transport PROBLEMS

REMOVALS, DELIVERIES, ETC.
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Three department store corsetry assistants have written to complain about Mrs Brenda Breustom's scornful reference to 'dikey salesladies'. (OZ 3).

'It is the customers', they write, 'who make the advances'. It's gratifying that some people took Mrs Breustom seriously. Many readers wrongly suspect that such bizarre letters are editorial inventions.

Even more bizarre are the ones we reject (eg: [i.] The first entry into Mrs Breustom's proposed prick competition. [ii.] A follow-up to Larry's bottom photo —one that had been savagely scoured by the lash).

OZ is as bored with British Breasts (?) as readers must be. There is no winner, so no prize. A special honorary award, however, to the 'IT' girl, Susie, who's splashed in gold on page two.

John Calder, Peter Fryer, Peter Watkins and others will be pontificating on censorship in a public forum organised by the National Secular Society at the Caxton Hall, June 23.

Now that London's 'Speakeasy' club seems destined for frenzied fashionability, the attitude of management to patrons has degenerated from reluctant courtesy to belligerent contempt—a pretty typical syndrome of success. Bibas boutique is renowned for the coolness of its staff. Though of course, wages at Bibas are low, the hours long (from 9 am to 8 pm on Saturdays with two short breaks) and staff suffer the caprice of bizzkid employer Stephen Fitz-Simon. (He recently dismissed 5 girls unjustly, accepting three of them back only when pressured by angry parents.) Business is good.

For possessing cannabis resin, Mr John Hopkins has been sentenced to 9 months gaol. Such outrageous injustice underlines the urgency of law reform. Those readers who completed last issue's pot post-card to Mr Jenkins may soon be invited to take further action. Watch 'The Times'. Meanwhile, come to the benefit for Absent Friends, July 8, Saturday, Roundhouse from 8 pm to 8 am.

Continued page 8

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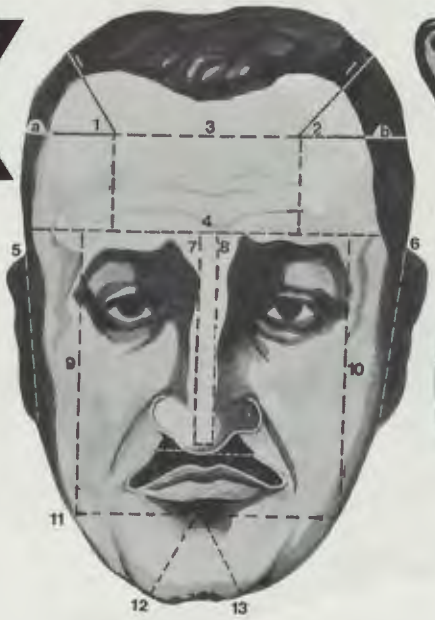
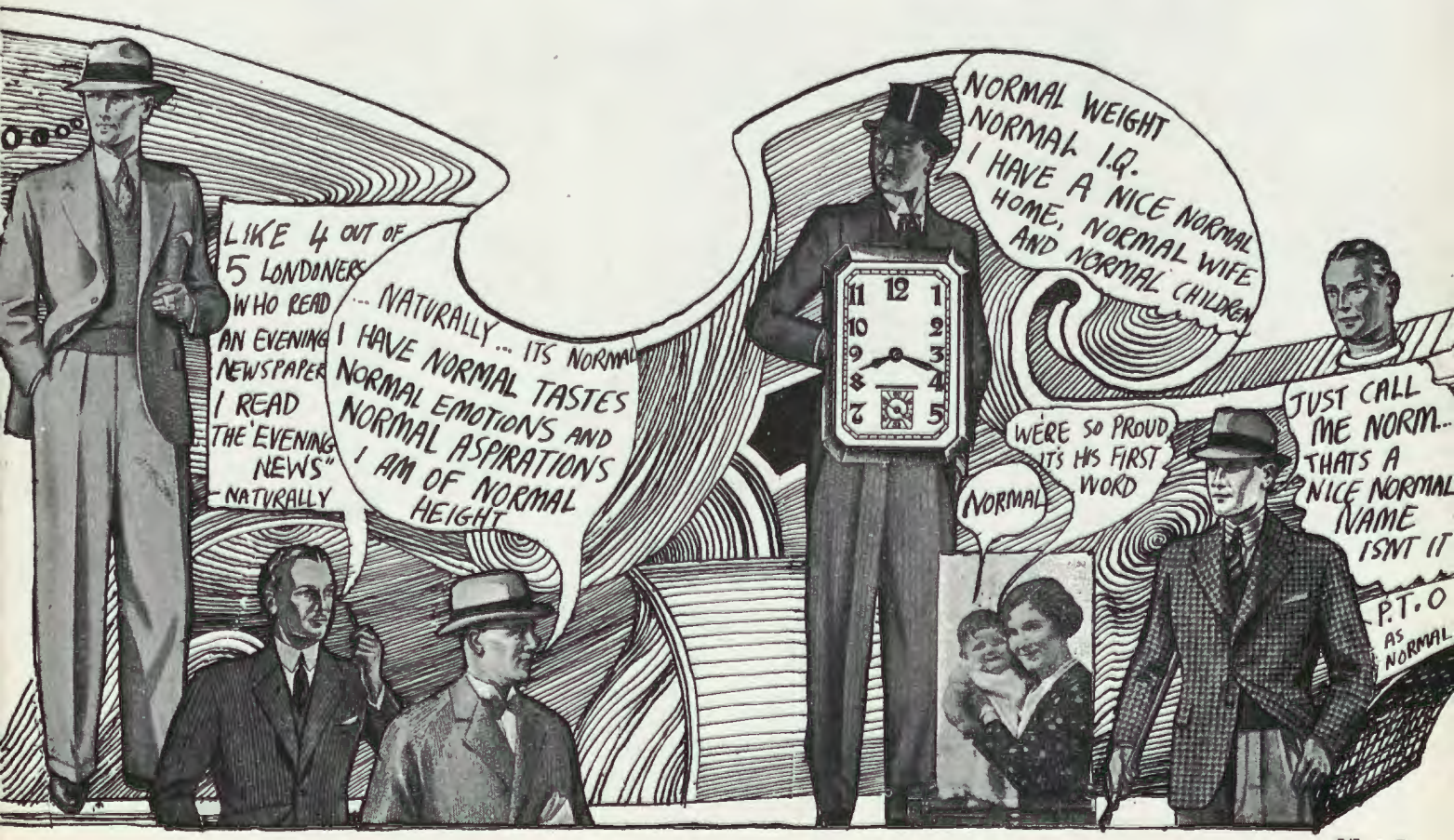


Egyptian campaign medal.

1. Make cuts indicated. Careful, do not cut off tabs a & b
2. Make folds indicated
3. Insert tabs a & b into slits
4. Raise nose and moustache
5. Tuck in jaw

Jewish idol – inadvertent creator of modern Israeli state
Egyptian gully gully man — can lose 100,000 men & produce US & British planes out of thin air

Paul Lawson/Bernard Alum



Continued from page 4

Be at the be-in, Hyde Park Serpentine, Sunday, July 16. Bring along gifts and goodies to give to friends. Leave behind ambitions to star in a BBC documentary. Many at Alexandra Palace drifted about aimlessly until spotted by TV teams—then they freaked out sensationally, self-consciously.

Expatriate Americans have formed a committee to urge US withdrawal from Vietnam. Potes, pop singers, jazzmen, comedians, actors et all are hurling themselves into its inaugural manifestation, 'Angry Arts Week' at the Roundhouse from June 27 to July 2. Non Americans welcome.

The greedy hypocrisy of W H Smith's is so notorious as to be non newsy. Yet every so often a work of real merit is banned by these ruthlessly commercial quakers. A recent victim is the first novel by Clement Biddle-Wood, 'Welcome to the Club' (Weidenfield & Nicholson) which was supposedly suppressed for an overuse of dirty words. In fact it is a coyly restrained work which illuminates the pitfalls of contrived intergrationism befalling the quaker army officer hero. It is sad that mass appreciation of 'Welcome to the Club' is hampered by Smith's impetuous ban.

smalls

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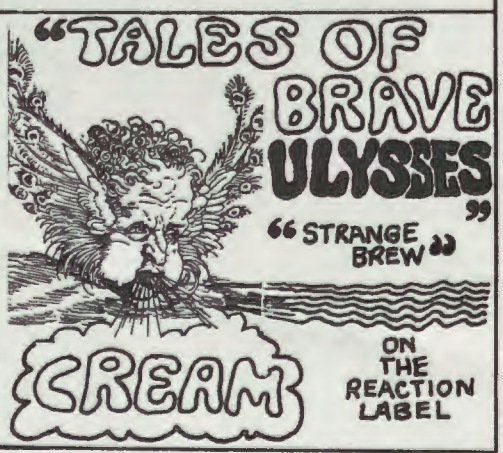

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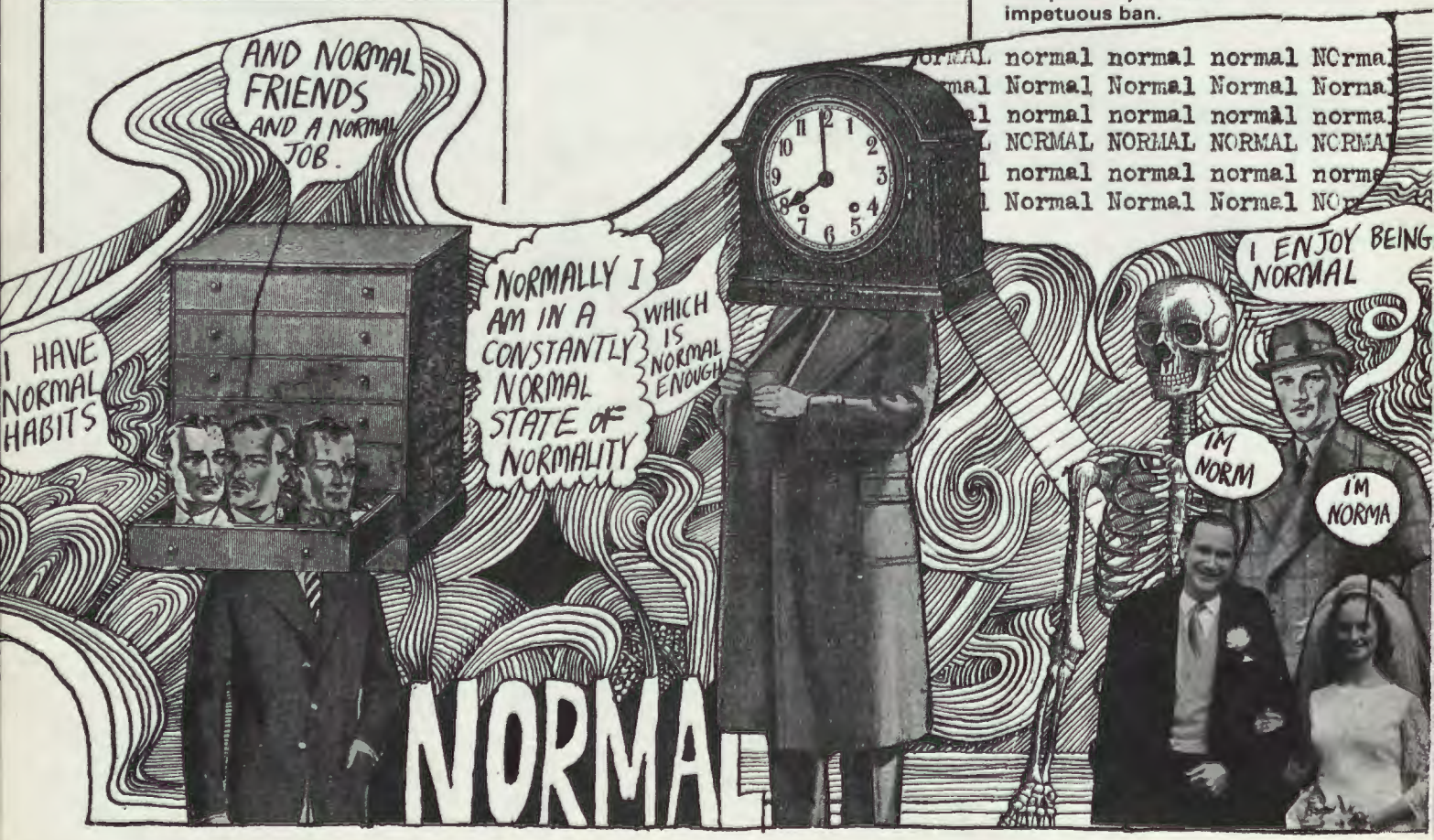


WAY OUT

THE MONTHLY ADVERTISER FOR THE SEXUALLY AWARE

300 PERSONAL AD'S

TO WAY OUT 29 WESTBOURNE PARK MEWS, LONDON, W.2

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED 7/6 FOR MY POST PAID COPY OF YOUR MAGAZINE. I AM OVER THE AGE OF 21.

Name (Block capitals) .....

Address .....

Kensington Post

Hamlet: 'I say, we will have no more marriages.' Ophelia: 'but darling, mommy's already sent out the invitations.'

On May 13, Katie took Mike McInnerny★ as her lawful wedded husband and gave birth to the first hippie wedding. You were all invited to the gay outdoor nuptials; incense, exotic garlands, fifes and drums, the fuzz and mums.

'We married', says Mike, 'on an impulse'. Previously they had lived together, separated, met again then decided to trip up the aisle. 'It was about the only thing left we hadn't tried'.

Marriage as kicks, as a happening, as a rave. If you must capitulate, that's the spirit.

But must you?

Now that even Women's Magazines are timidly suggesting that marriage is outdated, it is odd that the exuberent avant garde should still channel their love through the Registry Office.

Old fashioned cynics regard marriage as merely a public declaration of a private intention and squares share the philosophy of the Andrew Sisters that love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage.

Others denigrate the roll of love and hold marriage to be function of the intellectual will, a convenient contractual arrangement, a device necessary for the rearing of children.

Marriage is more than this. Marriage is a masochistic ritual, an unhappy, anachronistic hoax. Most are disastrous.

Add to the sombre statistics of divorce the number of dead partnerships rotting under a facade deemed essential for social or breeding purposes—the spiritual divorcees.

Look around you. Look at your wedded contemporaries. A phoney bliss croaking under the strain of compulsory cohabitation, their partnership rendered impotent by a future robbed of mystery, a love affair wet-blanketed by the gnawing responsibilities of permanent contractual obligations.

Remember your parents? Look at them in family album wedding photos. Look at them now . . . incessant bickering, relentless incompatability, conflicting desperate pleas for loyalty—the drab legacy of 30 years of togetherness.

Some marriages work brilliantly, of course. For a while. But who needs it? How many enhance the original relationship?

Society should encourage pre-marital cohabitation. Parents should assist newly unmarrieds to set up house, avoid pregnancies and take on responsibilities. Living in sin could be more than a chic prelude to marriage—why not a serious rehearsal for long term living together?

Relationships can be worked out fully and abandoned painlessly when bankrupt. There is a current craze to simplify divorce, a short term measure. Instead, marriages should be made more difficult or left to evolve into redundancy. Certainly human liasons can be intellectually and emotionally fruitful and it is not suggested they should depend on the compatability of crotches. However, 'marriages'—legal and/or spiritual—are less likely to degenerate into frightening sagas of destruction if the participants are practised.

The only problem of casual cohabitation is children. Means of support can be worked out. The legal machinery used need not be complicated. The legislature is able to draft far more intricate bills to deal with tax avoidance. At the moment the law, typically, penalises unmarried mothers by making the maximum support they can get from their fathers about 30/- per week. Compare that with incentive destroying alimony awards.

Perhaps a modified Kibbutz system could be applied to groups of people sharing accommodation. It might be more interesting than the domestic vegetable patch. (Removing the stigma from illegitimacy, incidentally, would remove pressure for abortions.)

While many affect to despise the institution of marriage, most are resigned to its inevitability. If not for themselves, for their friends. We urge all readers to accept *Punch's* classic advice to those on the verge—

don't.

It is better to burn than to marry.

GUIDE TO LIVING IN SIN

Item 1. *Tax.* Claim your lover as a dependent.

Item 2. *National Assistance.* 'Cohabitation' qualifies you for the same extra benefits as if you were married. Be sure to press for your rightful increment.

Item 3. *Travel.* Honesty is often a handicap. P&O Shipping won't offer double cabins to unmarried couples. If, on the other hand, they accepted a 'married' booking and then discover you are unmarried, your names will be left on the passenger lists as Mr & Mrs. The P&O booking clerk said this attitude is common to most shipping lines. Was it illegal to sell sinful double berths? 'Er, I don't know. Probably. The Government might get us for encouraging immorality.'
British Railways are quite happy to supply double sleepers. 'We don't ask for wedding certificates. If you both use the same surname, who are we to argue?'

Item 4. *Accommodation.* Avoid Irish boarding houses. One we contacted had no objection so long as the couple had been living together a long time. He wasn't sympathetic to the suggestion that 'newly unmarrieds' pretend they were married. 'It still doesn't alter the facts', he said grumpily.
Flat sharing agencies are reluctant to register unmarried couples. One had had some on his books for over six months. 'People don't want to know', he said. Apparently this was due partly to moral prejudice and partly to the inconvenience of 'mixed' dwellings.

Item 5. *Credit Accounts.* No problems. Even square old Derry & Toms, for instance, suggested that one of the partners have an authority to operate on the other one's account.

Item 6. *Contraception.* Family planning clinics are quite reasonable. If they are too overcrowded to assist unmarrieds, they advise clinics which do. One we contacted agreed to fit a coil to an unmarried OZ girl as long as she'd had one child. For the pill, see your friendly, non-Catholic, family doctor.

Item 7. *Education for your Bastard.* Middle class boarding schools are cautious but willing to accept illegitimate children. One advised that illegitimacy ought not to be recorded on the application but 'raised discreetly with the head during a personal interview'. Eton regarded the question as irrelevant to consideration of an application.

Item 8. *Holidays.* Keep away from Butlins. 'If you were unmarried you wouldn't get a chalet between you'. Their representative agreed that some unmarrieds might bluff their way through. Well, why not if you were honest? 'Use your common sense'. What did that mean? Use your common sense, it might be your outlook on life, but not other people's'.

Item 9. *Marriage Guidance.* The Marriage Guidance people counsel married couples, unmarried couples, single people, anyone. There's no pressure to bear on unmarrieds to sanctify their union.

Item 10. *Marriage.* For the British the nearest thing to a 'quickie' Mexican divorce may be in Iceland. If possible, get married there and you will be in a stronger position to reap the benefits. For your divorce to be recognised in England one of you will need to be a resident there at the time of it (three weeks is enough). Of course, you don't have to be a resident to get married there.
The grounds for divorce in Iceland are many and sensible and include mutual incompatability and general breakdown of marriage.
Formalities are speedy. Icelandic Steamship Co. run a special excursion in August and September for £49.10 return, enabling you to stay for up to one month.

A **Bastard** . . . is one born out of lawful wedlock.' This is the opening statement in the section of Halsbury's Laws of England dealing with, as they put it, Bastardy and Affiliation.

You, an intelligent, emancipated woman, may decide to have a child without marrying the father. There are any number of good reasons for doing this. Maybe you hate him now, possibly you think your lives would be happier apart or perhaps you simply can't remember who he was. Of course you have rejected the idea of an abortion as it's against the law. You may consider you have enough money either to bring the child up or at least to care for him until you find someone you do feel like marrying. Everyone, including the oldies, may approve. But it's useless because as Lord Halsbury says:

'The child of an unmarried woman is always born a **Bastard.**'

And it's no good saying you had a husband once but he died because his Lordship adds:

'The child, too, of a widow is a **Bastard** if he is born so long after the husband's death that he cannot by any possibility be the issue of the husband.' If you want to go sleeping around make sure you do it while he's still alive.

So you decide to get married. But there are pitfalls. If marriage takes place between 'parties who are within the prohibited degrees of relationship contained in the Table of Kindred and Affinity set out in the Marriage Act 1949 then the marriage is invalid and any child a **Bastard.**'

As a check list we reproduce for you the Table itself. Cut it out and keep it with you for reference:

But don't marry anyone in the Table or you will produce **Bastards.**

Be careful about the time you get married. It must be done between the hours of 8 am and 6 pm or all your children will be **Bastards.** If a clergyman is reckless enough to solemnize your marriage after the rush hour he will make himself liable to imprisonment for **fourteen years!**

Suppose you and your friend have a child. It will of course be a **Bastard.** Some day you may want to legitimise it by getting married. It's all right if neither of you were married before. But if the father was married to someone else and then got a divorce to marry you, the child is, and very properly so, punished for the father's wickedness and will remain a **Bastard.**

If you yourself are a **Bastard** you are not regarded as a child of your parents for the purposes of inheriting, taking title, etc. However, don't try and marry your sister because even though a familyless **Bastard** you must observe the dreaded Table of Kindred and Affinity.

In a fit of anger you may decide to try and prove one of your children is a little **Bastard** and so take advantage of the law's fearsome disapproval. It may make him behave better. Remember, then, that Halsbury says you can, in court, 'compel your wife's **paramour** to answer questions as to adultery.' If she hasn't got one (and who can afford the birdseed these days) you're out of luck.

Men! Imagine that you've managed to work it all out and marry someone you fancy. You are not in the clear yet because the law's restraining hand will lie groping in the marriage bed . . .

Kindred and affinity, Part 1
Prohibited degrees of relationship

Mother
Daughter
Father's mother
Mother's mother
Son's daughter
Daughter's daughter
Sister
Wife's mother
Wife's daughter
Father's wife
Son's wife
Father's father's wife
Mother's father's wife
Wife's father's mother
Wife's mother's mother
Wife's son's daughter
Wife's daughter's daughter
Son's son's wife
Daughter's son's wife
Father's sister
Mother's sister
Brother's daughter
Sister's daughter
Father
Son
Father's father
Mother's father
Son's son
Daughter's son
Brother
Husband's father
Husband's son
Mother's husband
Daughter's husband
Father's mother's husband
Mother's mother's husband
Husband's father's father
Husband's mother's father
Husband's son's son
Husband's daughter's son
Son's daughter's husband
Daughter's daughter's husband
Father's brother
Mother's brother
Brother's son
Sister's son

You probably didn't realize so many people were forbidden to you. However we have found loopholes. Life is not as dull as it seems.

Some suggestions for this month:

Why not propose to . . .

Your great grandmother Your cousin!
Your great grandson Your grandniece

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF THINGS YOU CAN'T DO TO YOUR WIFE

A wife may present a petition for divorce on the ground that her husband has since the celebration of the marriage been guilty of sodomy or bestiality. Sodomy with the petitioner herself is within the section.' *(Halsbury Vol 12 P281)*

Sodomy is defined by the law as doing it up the anus and bestiality as doing it with animals. Some immortal is on record as being divorced for having it off with chooks. Anyway they're both out. Getting that Labrador will be a waste of time.

As Lord Hanworth (Master of the Rolls) once said when talking about sodomy 'in its very essence every person must realise that such an act is against nature.' The law is clear. We must not go against nature. Up with nature. But don't get caught.

In Statham v Statham* it was said: '. . . solicitations to sodomy or other beastly acts were in themselves cruelty (i.e. grounds for divorce) unless they proceeded at the invitation of or with the consent of the wife.'

So beastly acts are out too.

Watch carefully the books you buy. They should always be in English. In Statham v Statham evidence was given of the husband's awful nature. He had '. . . books containing accounts of depraved vice. Three of the books were in **German** and one in **French.**' The brain reels with lust at the thought.

Needless to say, all forms of beating are regarded as cruelty. Put aside all your whips and Devices, sado-masochism is out.

The list goes on. In Lawson v Lawson (1955) a divorce was obtained on the grounds of persistent cruelty in that the husband *(inter alia)* '. . . had insisted on the wife masturbating him against her wish.'

Masturbation is forbidden.

In Bampton v Bampton which was decided in the far-off days of 1959, part of the proof of cruelty was held to be '. . . that the wife was a consenting party to some disgusting sexual perversions which had taken place between them, the husband using the wife's mouth.'

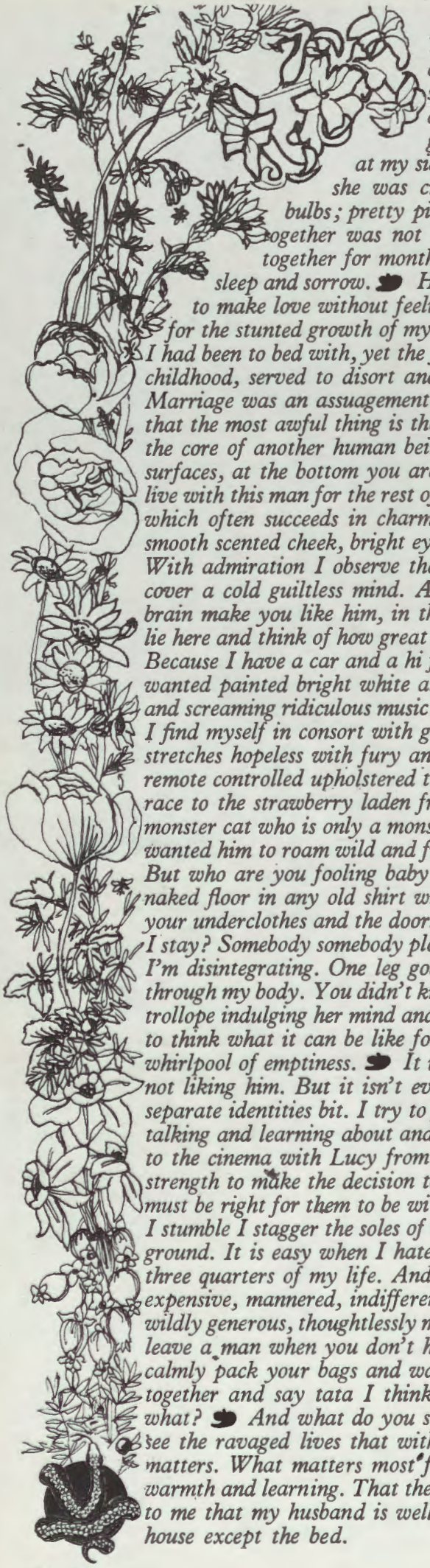
Eliminate fellatio from your repertoire.

A hint of things to come is contained in the words of counsel as he questioned the wife in a more recent case in 1963. The husband was accused of cruelty: '. . . Well now, take the most horrible, much the most horrible of all I should have thought, one I can refer to by saying to you the 'swallowing'. . .'

Even swallowing is out.

A final thought. You and your wife may be sick of each other. You may feel that to go on living together would create tension unhappiness and lead to bad health and disastrously affect your respective careers. In other words your marriage has broken down and there's no point in going on. That, note, is not grounds for divorce. You will have to go on until one

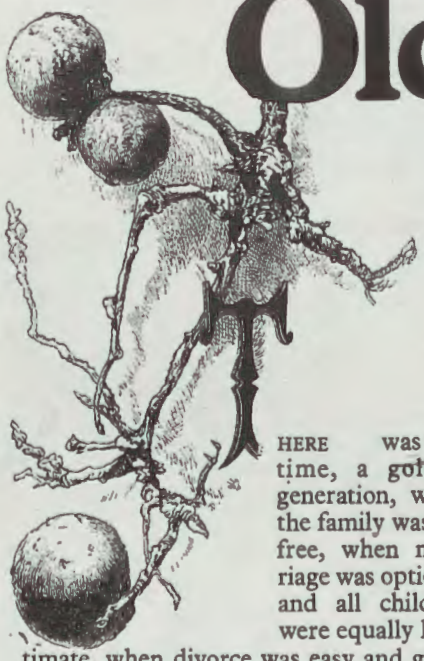
Continued page 17



The thunderous organ music drowning, my head and my heart and my body in its long white dress going under. This was the sound of my sacrificial drums. My Woman's Own moment. I could not think of the staggering vows I was uttering before the grey faced man in the lace robes, and I don't remember the man at my side, and I don't remember where my mother was crying. Only that she was crying. ❧ *Afterwards came the champagne; wet kisses; flash bulbs; pretty pink telegrams. The rain in the London night. And the first night together was not the first night together at all. But it was the first time alone together for months. The incessant drone of planes invaded the privacy of sex and sleep and sorrow.* ❧ *Honeymoon. A riotous sally into guiltless sensuality. Extraordinary to make love without feeling guilt. There is a heavy responsibility on somebody's shoulders for the stunted growth of my early sexuality. My husband was the first and the only man that I had been to bed with, yet the feelings of shame imbued in me by the haunting puritan shadows of childhood, served to disort and disturb the clarity of emotion about sex to a fearsome degree. Marriage was an assuagement of this guilt.* ❧ *That was six years ago. Now I sometimes feel that the most awful thing is that I really don't like him very much. In the end, when you get to the core of another human being, you have to face the fact that whatever you do to unite the surfaces, at the bottom you are two separate entities that will never merge. I've undertaken to live with this man for the rest of my life, and now what do I see? A deep covering layer of charm, which often succeeds in charming me. Areas of sensitivity that take me by surprise. A baby smooth scented cheek, bright eye, well shot cuff of expensive silk that beguiles me for the instant. With admiration I observe the intellectual demolition of lesser men. But the ponderous words cover a cold guiltless mind. And isn't the sensitivity part of possessiveness? Can a man's brain make you like him, in the way that his body can make you dislike?* ❧ *And now I can lie here and think of how great my life is, because I can ski in the snow time and swim in the sun. Because I have a car and a hi fi and a maid and a gracious fucking neutral drawing room that I wanted painted bright white all over and jammed with ridiculous things and screaming colours and screaming ridiculous music and people.* ❧ *How did I get this house and it isn't me? How do I find myself in consort with gliding gilded people that I can't talk to or think with? The night stretches hopeless with fury and remorse.* ❧ *Beat my heels on the feather bed and spit on the remote controlled upholstered tenway television.* ❧ *Bury my toes in the Persian rug as my feet race to the strawberry laden fridge. Fling the silver wrapped unsalted Normandy butter at the monster cat who is only a monster now because of castration. And I didn't want him castrated I wanted him to roam wild and free and what if he does come home with torn ears and a full belly? But who are you fooling baby in your cream silk night attire when you should be rolling on a naked floor in any old shirt without pants and who does it hurt if there's no lace ever ever on your underclothes and the doors of Helena Rubenstein are shut in your face?* ❧ *Do I go? Must I stay? Somebody somebody please know the difference between right and wrong. I'm splitting up. I'm disintegrating. One leg goes one way one heart beat the other. The parting in my hair goes through my body. You didn't know that did you, onlookers? You thought ah ha another licentious trollope indulging her mind and her ha ha body. The cat may be away but you have ever stopped to think what it can be like for the mouse. Mice get bored. Mice get lonely. Mice get lost in a whirlpool of emptiness.* ❧ *It isn't that I hate him. Of course I don't. Sometimes I think about not liking him. But it isn't even that. That would be simple. But it isn't simple. It's the two separate identities bit. I try to find honesty. Not the honesty that says yes I've been talking and talking and learning about and being with some one I might love instead of saying yes I've been to the cinema with Lucy from next door. But the honesty to recognise where the cheat is. The strength to make the decision to reject it. What is* **right?** ❧ *There is right for my children. It must be right for them to be with their mother.* ❧ *There is right for my husband. Here is where I stumble I stagger the soles of my feet are bleeding with the paces I take over this thorny terrible ground. It is easy when I hate him for something. But how can I hate him? He isn't there for three quarters of my life. And he is not hatable for the remaining quarter. He is entertaining, expensive, mannered, indifferent, tough, intelligent, unwarm, possessive, protective, infuriating, wildly generous, thoughtlessly mean, and perhaps for one tenth of the quarter, hateable.* ❧ *Try to leave a man when you don't hate him. Hit him. Scratch out his eyes and his soul.* ❧ *Try to calmly pack your bags and walk from the house you built together with the children you built together and say tata I think there's something better somewhere else. And what he says is, what?* ❧ *And what do you see when you look around you? You see the packed bags and you see the ravaged lives that wither in loneliness and unpaid bills.* ❧ *So you try to tot up what matters. What matters most for you all. It matters to me that my children live in light and warmth and learning. That they are forced to accept no one's values but their own.* ❧ *It matters to me that my husband is well fed, and well bed, but you can live a lie in every corner of the house except the bed.*

Why did Svetlana's Old Man Marry anyway?

POLLY TOYNBEE



THERE was a time, a golden generation, when the family was set free, when marriage was optional and all children were equally legitimate, when divorce was easy and given on demand, and abortions were legal, unlimited and free, when contraceptives were issued by the state and free-love was welcomed and encouraged for all. It was the time to be alive, this age of uninhibited private lives, free from the hypocrisy and inconsistencies of current attitudes on sex.

In Russia, after the revolution there was a whole generation of people who were allowed to choose their instincts themselves – a generation when all restrictive sex laws were stripped off like the seven veils.

But the family has always been an instrument of the state. It imposes sexual inhibition so as to organise men's lives into communities, trying to make society stable by an unnatural means. So, in 1936 Russian policy changed, to suit new political ends. The state wanted stability, not mobility as in 1917, and it adopted a more violently puritanical outlook than before, and it now has the most rigid laws in Europe. What happened to the brave new freedoms that the revolution brought?

The rest of Europe felt comforted and complaisant when Russia clamped down in 1936, and backpeddling hurriedly reverted to all the old bourgeois cant about the sanctity of marriage, and the wickedness of sex. I'm sure they gloated with satisfaction and told each other that free-love doesn't work, and virtue will out, and all that, but Russia's retraction was purely political, not social. After the revolution the state needed a flexible and mobile population, so as to get labour to areas where it was needed most. In a time when the country was in such desperate need the government demanded that every comrade should be prepared to put his country and communism before all personal ties. Everyone was to dedicate his life to the state, and to do this, had to be released from all other conflicting responsibilities. The state was justifying itself for tearing husbands away from their families, for making women work and for bringing up children in collective nurseries. Free-love was only a political expedient, not an end in itself. Strelnikov in *Doctor Zhivago*, the tough political leader, leaves his wife and child, changes his name, denounces family life in favour of service to the state, and even bombs the town where he knows his family is living. The family was disrupted to make good revolutionaries, not for sexual freedom.

Then the state softened up, and began to use bourgeois techniques for stabilizing the country. In 1936 a *Pravda* editorial said that 'free love and disorder in sexual life' had 'nothing in common with social principles or with the ethics and rules of conduct of a soviet citizen,' and that they were bourgeois concepts. Looking round at the British bourgeosie I dont' see free love as one of its maxims, just the old attitudes, 'Nice girls don't' and the like, but there it is. *Pravda* had forgotten what bourgeois meant, and the state wanted its citizens pushed back into family pigeon-holes.

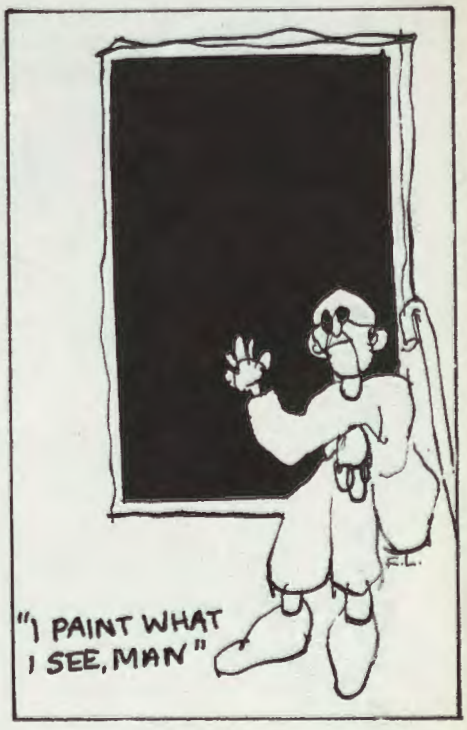
And now the government pumps out endless propaganda about chastity, and continence and married bliss. The generation of the revolution, the free-love-makers, are strapped back in their strait-jackets. Women are forced to have children they don't want through lack of contraception and abortion, and unmarried mothers are offered no sympathy. Divorce is less easy and all marriages have to be registered. It's all just like Britain, but worse. Sex is progeny, not for pleasure and love-making is outlawed, and all the bourgeois Billy Holiday girls, both sides of the iron curtain, sing plaintively to their lovers,

'Just wish you'd make it proper
To call my old man Poppa',

because nice girls don't any more.

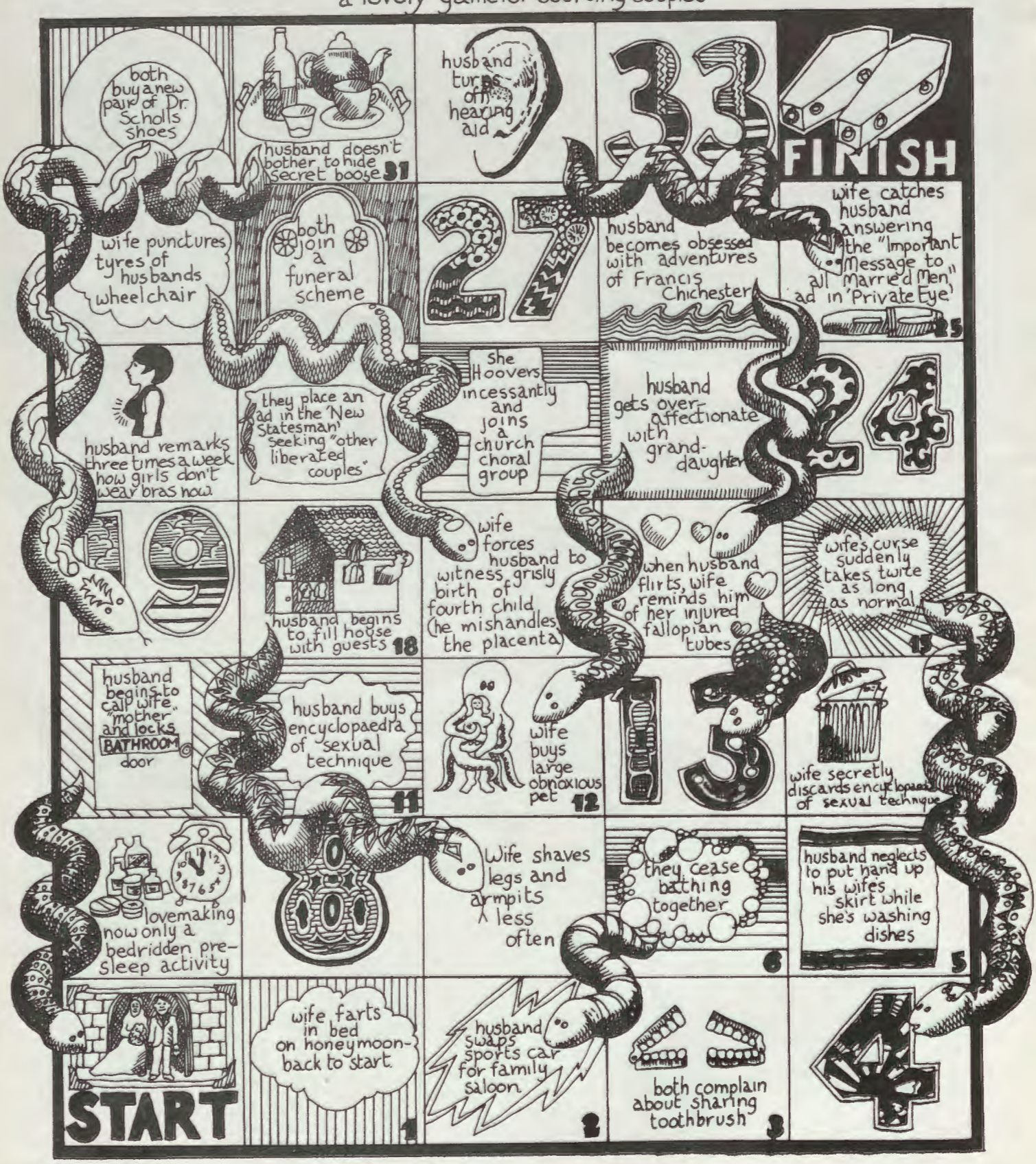
Russia's tyrannical puritanism isn't a case for England and the rest of Europe to pat itself on the back and criticise the lack of freedom under communist rule. It seems to me that Britain's triple think on sex is far more damaging and disreputable than Russia's consistent restriction.

It isn't a question of making a law that there shall be no marriage, but of allowing all people to live with whom they like, as they like, letting people choose for themselves how best to run their lives, and of giving them the new opportunities for choice that contraception, abortion and divorce should offer. In fact the family survived, as the key unit in society, throughout a generation in Russia, without needing the added pressure of the law and social custom. In the cities a great many people did make use of the new laws, and many marriages were dissolved. The revolution itself had caused rifts in families that couldn't be accommodated. Women, many of whom had been forced into arranged marriages, under feudal law, were free to divorce their husbands without even telling them. Contraception, although it was freely available, was resisted strongly, and free and unlimited abortion was used instead. So the law benefited many and released them from burdens they didn't want. Yet most people went on getting married and having children, and especially in the country, things changed very little, but there was nothing forcing families to stay together. I would have thought that pressure and compulsion makes most people feel claustrophobic and resentful. Where both partners know that the other is there because he wants to be, not because he has to be, a relationship is bound to be more successful, and perhaps, in a way, more permanent.



SNAKES & NAKES

a lovely game for courting couples



Candy is dandy Liquor is quicker Penguins are pink But don't tell the Vicar

by the author of **Last Exit to Brewer St.**

The split between Penguin's founder-proprietor Sir Allen Lane and whizzkid chief editor Anthony Godwin has been explained in various ways, of which the most popular are

1. The new colour covers were too jolly and disturbed the old guard, which still clings to the puritanical functionalism of the '30s;

2. Godwin wanted Penguin Books pushed through Boots, Woolworths and all sorts of infra dig outlets as well as through the bookshops to whom the veterans wanted to stay loyal.

3. Godwin and Sir Allen got on each other's nerves.

It's also been suggested that many sub-editors and writers will go if Godwin goes, and none of the above reasons justifies what's either a mass walkout or a mass purge. Maybe we should take our speculations for a little walk in another, political, direction.

Interviewed on radio not long ago, Sir Allen explained that when he began Penguins, paperbacks generally were a gaudy lot that you slipped under the cushions when the vicar came to tea. Penguins were to be paperbacks that you'd have no need to hide.

Penguin Specials soon became discreetly left, but it wasn't an offensive thing to be, what with Hitler, the Beveridge Report, the Attlee administration, and it still isn't, if you follow the literary-ethical tone of the *New Statesman*. You can be left without shocking the vicar. After all, 'whoever governs, the Whigs rule.' And merely thinking in terms of entertaining the vicar to tea is sufficient to attach Sir Allen to the Whig tradition.

Over the last few years, though, Penguin Specials have taken a sharper radical edge. It's only escaped comment because English literary journals prefer not to review anything so vulgar as a paperback, and because where politics are concerned they're as innocent as the water-babies.

But, or so rumours run, Sir Allen has been disturbed by the lifting of establishmentarian eyebrows at the number of Penguin Specials which are not only to the left of Mr Heath, but actually to the left of Mr Wilson. Some sort of crisis was reached over the Penguin Special on the Trade Unions, compiled as it was by editors of the *New Left Review*.

Within the book trade, there have been rumours about other pressures. In particular, the Penguin West African series was thought by some civil servants, and their old boy network, as too outspoken in its criticisms of the way the West is shouldering the white man's burden. The book of Siné cartoons is said to have brought strong pressures to bear from our Roman Catholic brethren. (However, there's no evidence to implicate your friend and mine, Norman St. John Stevas, the maiden auntie of the swinging Tories and the patron saint of back street abortionists). At any rate, this book, it's said, won't be reprinted by Penguins, and copies may actually be withdrawn from bookshops. After all, it's just the sort of book a timid Whig would slip under the cushions when the priest comes to tea.

Such pressures have, reputedly, been accumulating for some time. But, so the theory runs, there could be a more pressing consideration to clinch Sir Allen's resolution that Godwin must go. One day Penguin Books may be sold. Maybe one or two British publishers could, just about, afford to buy it. But the price would shoot skyhigh if American concerns were in there pitching. And what American publisher would want to pay *x*-million dollars for a set-up which is notoriously packed with pinkos?

It's significant that Penguins have proved liveliest in just these spheres which one knows (from how he built up Better Books) are Godwin's. One may have reservations about the extent to which the English Literature section is near-monopolised by what one of the Sundays called 'the hidden network of the Leavisites'. But nobody's perfect. And Penguin's dreariest and most confused sectors are those whose editors operate outside Godwin's area of competence. The Psychology series is a cranky collection of, mainly, umpteen volumes by Eysenck and, in default of anything solid and central on psychoanalysis, just those vague, irrelevant titles one would expect from an editor who's trying to be representative but would much rather not have to be. Red-hot subjects like **Homosexuality** get assigned to Anthony Storr, who's also the telly's most reassuring consultant psychologist and operates with a synthesis of Freudian and Jungian ideas; as a master of tact, he's almost the only challenging writer the series has. The History series has emitted a few respectable classics, but kept its 1930-era Whig skirts well clear of the challenging breakthrough in the writing of social history. Increasingly Penguins seem uncertain as to where popularisation ends and the specialised textbook begins. The *Penguin Survey of the Social Sciences 1965* is even more unreadably abstruse than anything in *The British Journal of Sociology*. One isn't surprised that Penguin's competitors have steadily been creeping up on them, snatching popular titles which Penguins neglected.

How Penguins will manage after the purge of the Godwinites is a gloomy thought. Even gloomier is the thought that the almighty dollar has, simply by its **potentiality** taken over another of the few fields in which a genuinely English political tradition was still reaching the mass public.

Continued from page **13**

happen without any sort of agreement between you because that would be collusion. You will have to face the expense, trouble, waste of time and humiliation of going to court to prove:

1. Adultery
2. 3-year desertion
3. One of you is incurably insane. (Not surprising!)
4. An unnatural offence
5. Cruelty – and here you may be in luck because at one tine or another the courts have held that any of the following may, under certain circumstances, amount to cruelty ——

   Coitus Interruptus
   Sulking
   Abstinence of one party. Needless to say, the other party wanted it.
   Meanness. Shiftlessness.
   Nagging
   Lesbianism
   Communicating V.D.
   Humiliating abuse in public.

On the other hand, if you're two of the most decent people that anyone's ever met and none of these things apply to you – you've goofed. You're stuck **together.**

A LITTLE LOWER S'IL VOUS PLAIT MAMSELLE!
SHARP AND DÜRER

LET HIM DIE

And De Gaulle presents himself at the Gates, where God is waiting to receive him. 'Where do you want to go from here?' 'Where there are no Americans,' answers Charles. And is admitted to Paradise beside Charlemagne, who has been waiting for centuries.

Nobody wants him alive. Wilson wishes him dead because De Gaulle stands between him and history. The French workers want him buried because he stands between them and decent wages. The Americans, because unlike the Russians he doesn't talk reason. The Chinese because he is the Mao of the bourgeosie. His prime minister because he wants to replace him before the Left gets the upper hand. His wife, because he is seventy-six, and there's talk about a protege of his in the Ministry of Aviation whose career is rising abnormally quickly.

The King is dying a slow political death. Listen to Mitterand, Mephistopheles of the Left, talking about Gaullism: 'You had a spontaneous consensus of opinion in 1958, a surprise consensus of opinion in 1962, a resigned consensus of opinion in 1965, a consensus with a discount in 1967, and now you are forcing the concensus . . ."

The 'forced consensus' is the small *coup d'etat* which dismisses parliament from now until October by invoking Article 38 of the Constitution. A constitution made by the King, for the King, against the country.

The country he wants to save from the apocalypse of nuclear war which he believes is inevitable. Living in the foggy twilight of his declining years, the History of France as his bible, Machiavelli his abacus, lending a near-deaf ear to the under-privileged millions, shutting his eyes to the dirty work of his courtiers, alone he rules – in the name of French Civilisation. Not that of Voltaire but that of Louis XIV; and like that other general, Napoleon, abusing the French for the glory of France.

Louis XIV made the aristocrats his lackeys. Daily they attended his ritual meal at Versailles. De Gaulle's Versailles are his twice-a-year press conferences. He emerges from the curtain (red except for the last, which was golden for colour televison) and talks of the 'State of the World'.

He is brave, they say. He is taking a stand against the Americans in Vietnam. The G.I.s murder God's children and God's trees and De Gaulle says he would rather they didn't but he wouldn't like to get involved. The Americans pillage Vietnam. He proclaims they are not in the right – but they are still old friends. And the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal had to go to Sweden because De Gaulle didn't want to offend his old friends who err; and doesn't want to upset the Russians who are fighting to the last Vietnamese.

But in foreign embassies mousy officials discuss the latest Viet Cong body count, and casualties of illiterate marines, praising De Gaulle between lunches with hopeful Canadian emissaries and dinners with South Korean diplomats.

He is a great statesman, they say. He doesn't want England to join the self-righteous six – getting fat on American crumbs and cashing in on the repentance of the once socialist Eastern republics. To share the bones of the carcass of the so-called underdeveloped calls for great skill; high politics are involved. De Gaulle's mysticism works better than the verger Wilson's pragmatism.

Summer fat, glossy families go in pilgrimage to Colombey les deux Eglises and buy souvenir leaves from the trees round his villa, for half-a-crown each. The king is adored. The King wants more children for France. Contraceptives are illegal in France. Five hundred thousand back-street abortions are performed each year in France. She who has the money goes to Switzerland – following Voltaire's road to freedom.

Since '59, the year of his resurrection, De Gaulle has been building a pyramidal structure, called the fifth republic, and organised in this way: first comes Pompidou, whose best political sentence is 'De Gaulle makes the decisions. I decide the price of milk.' He is a devout servant to his master, passably stupid; and previously served the Rothschild family. His greatest achievement is to have organized, on behalf of Madame de Gaulle, a philanthropic society for disabled children. Under him are a dozen puppet ministers representing the three hundred families, the Catholic Church and the local squires. Then the army purged of rebellious generals during the Algerian affair, and now, fortunately, politically castrated. Next, the prefects who rule every district of France with almost unlimited power. Under them, the civil servants who make sure everything works smoothly between the political power (ministers and prefects) and the masters of the economy (private capital). The police, a strong arm of paid assassins (Metro Charonne, Feb. 8th, 1962 – nine Parisians shot by police during peaceful demonstration) have a place of their own, a privileged one. After them comes the bourgeosie, wealthy, arrogant, ignorant, catholic and reactionary. Then shop and restaurant owners absorbing the most enterprising of the lower classes and the less capable of the bourgeosie. Finally, in order, the concierges, unpaid police informers, planted in every building; whores, all with the yellow card which entitles them to their profession – and the workers. Intellectuals have a special status, they are generally bribed into the administration or the teaching profession; otherwise they join the parties of the left and live in a condition of virtual exile.

The King's priorities are: '(1) The *force de frappe* – a tiny atom bomb which allows the French the right to be destroyed in their own right and not only because of criminal American foolishness. (2) The French language, which must be preserved against contamination and spread throughout the world to the greater glory of *'La France Eternelle'*. (3) French food and wine, which consumed daily, lull you into a condition of revolting animality, keep the family together (mealtimes) and the poor in their place (cheap wine).

This is the Kingdom of Charles the Tall, where the dogs are asked to piss in the gutter so as not to dirty the pavements where the clochards drink and sleep. Where the girls have Etruscan noses and perfumed cunts, where they dress to show they are respectable, and undress only to make their respectability pay. Where the good go to mass on Sunday and ask God to give them more money. Where villages are run by absentee landlords and administered by the priest and the gendarme. Where television after a stupefying dinner has taken the place of the once ritual fucking. The fields are rich, the peasants poor. Kids dream of England but can't leave the family until they're twenty-one. The police are hated but can arrest you simply for having less than ten francs in your pocket or for not having your identity card on you.

But the Kingdom is rich and strong and free. Charles the Tall, having blackmailed the French Communists into accepting starvation wages in exchange for a meaningless friendship with Mother Russia, having thrown out the American soldier but kept open the door

QUICKLY

to dollar infiltration – like any African general – he launches his first atomic submarine at Cherbourg.

One fine spring day in 1963, his puritanical, shadowy wife, crossing Les Halles in her state car, going from the Elysee to the Galeries Lafayette, noticed on the pavements ladies of easy virtue. She was very upset by the spectacle, and asked Charles to do something about it. Charles called the Paris Prefect and he cleaned up the streets. Now Algerians and others, tongue-tied by language and cock-tied by taboos, linger in front of narrow all-glass doors, looking into expressionistic corridors and up staircases where the girls are lined up, all breasts, high heels and lipstick.

It's still the Paris of the 'thirties, a post-Hemingway cardboard naughtiness loved by foreign girls (English, American, Swedish) who study French at the Alliance and feel happily sordid, what with wine before and bidet after (to wash the baby in? No, to wash it out, Madam).

Charles, like all good kings, is also romantic – when the time calls for it. On his way to Mururoa, the Pacific island where his scientists concoct the French deterrent, he stopped off at Tahiti, and talked to the natives. He told the French Pacific islands were like sleeping beauties, waiting to be awakened by the good technological prince, riding a mushroom cloud and spelling death in French.

And yet miserable and corrupt underdeveloped leaders, who receive third-hand thanks from Russia and fertilizers from the States (or vice versa) look up to him as a symbol of Freedom; forgetting Algeria, forgetting Djbuti, pretending not to know what Castro did and how – or what Che Guevara is doing and why.

Let him die – let him die quickly, and the quicker the better. Let him die so that Mendes France can take over. So that Sartre, and not he will be the best example of what the French can be. So that he will not again insult the people's intelligence at his press conferences. Let him die, firstly and mostly because we want the France of the French revolution, not the France of Napoleon. Because we admire France of the Commune and not the France of the Roi Soleil; because the country which gave freedom to the bourgeosie has become the country where the bourgeoisie is God – and De Gaulle its prophet.

Angelo Quattrocchi

Photo: David Larcher **Changes:** to be published by Peter Whitehead/Lorimer Films

In common with Steve McQueen, Lee Marvin, Dean Martin, 'and a lot of other cats', Norman goes on UFO hunts.
Recently in a field near London, Norman says he was sure *they* were there, but for some reason would not show themselves.
'Maybe they didn't want to frighten us.'
He prayed for a sign. Suddenly, behind him, he heard thud thud thud. It was the sign—a cow shitting. 'And that just goes to show what a weird sense of humour they have,' says Norman, 'they're *so* human.' Norman is a mystic. Like a lot of other cats.
Transcendentalism is in (Even Cliff Richard is joining the C of E.) Sadly, Camus' man, who 'without negating it, does nothing for the eternal, because his courage has taught him he can live without appeal, and his reasoning informed him of his limits', seems extinct.
Perhaps it is because the drug experience has created a whole new area of awe. Certainly the passing of the joint could hardly be less sacramental and the Dark Night of the Soul might well have been a bad trip. Or maybe it's the inevitable reaction to the 'cool' of the times, a response to the force feed of fact knowledge, an antithesis to the credibility gap which withholds our trust from the institutions that pattern our daily lives.
Or it may be as simple as W. S. Gilbert thought, 'You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind. The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.
And everyone will say
As you walk your mystic way,
If this young man expresses himself in terms deep for me,
Why what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be.'
Whatever the causes, the field of contemporary mysticism is fecund. In the following pages four parts of the scene catch our eye; The Process one of the psychiatry oriented religion substitutes; Ying and Yang, a classic Eastern philosophy, like so many others pioneering the West; Ken Andrew suggests there's more to Astrology than the astrologists think; finally there's a set of Tarot cards for you to be your own diviner.
Today's mystics seem muddled, yet reason shakes them hardly at all (and they don't believe in verbal communication.) It is faith itself they want to believe in, the very *act* of believing they affirm.
In this age of Irony, probably not a bad thing.
As Dr. Alex Comfort puts it, 'We've forgotten how to use magic and our subconscious. We don't know how to cope with our emotions whereas the aborigines have a very complex emotional technology.'
'Stonehenge started off as magic—for instance— and ended up with science. We start up with fact and what do we end up with? Nothing but the moon that is no use to anyone.'
'What we need is religion rather than religions—the gods are only shorthand for the gods inside your head—and more contact with ourselves.'

JEHOVAH CHRIST LUCIFER

REVELATIONS
EVERY SUNDAY
JEHOVAH
CHRIST
LUCIFER
10.00-2.30
2.00-3.30
4.30-6.00
THE PROCESS

The Process, a sub-species of Scientology, is one of the latest of the innumerable mystic quasi-religions.

After an abortive attempt at Utopia in Nassau, the organisation now maintains properties in Wigmore St and Balfour Place, Mayfair, owns a yacht in Greece, and something of a mystics Club Meditteranée in Xtul, Mexico.

It first made headlines last year when family lawyers flew out to Xtul to rescue one or two rich adherents, and no doubt their inheritances as well, family lawyers being what they are.

Subsequently, *Mind Benders of Mayfair* appeared in the Sunday Telegraph. Litigation continues.

A year later, The Process seems a little more benign than formerly. However, as the founders, the De Grimstons, are still centrally involved, information about the origins and rather disturbing early days still seems pertinent to the present. Hence our double-barrelled approach.

Buried deep in the well ordered streets of Mayfair there is a house of bearded anarchists, intensely debating the immediate destruction of the grey forces (unprocessed humanity), as they chuck wholewheat bread to their skulking Alsatians and sip black coffee to the tune of one and threepence and American Soul.

Do the cool grey ancient streets know they shelter such a turmoil of rebellious youth?

Difficult for them to escape this knowledge. *The Sunday Telegraph* calls them the 'Mindbenders of Mayfair'. They call themselves 'the Process'.[1] Radio London's pop palm is heavily greased to spread the word over the air. The King's Road is all a-flutter with hairy Process hands thrusting magazine and pamphlet at the Saturday shopper. Marianne Faithfull tells all (all?) in the May issue.

Walk through this red brick area of established wealth, up the smug stone steps, and press a beckoning silver tit marked 'rec' (receive, reclaim, recoup, recluse . . . ?).

Heavy, P-emblazoned door swings open on to close-carpeted luxury. Beards lurk in the gloom. A battery of eyes glitter as you cross the threshold. Two eyes and a beard behind a monstrous typewriter smacking of the latest word in secretarial electronics, gleam as you fumble for your coins (all twenty-one of them religiously checked): entrance fee for a new life.

Everyone cosily on Christian name terms.

Follow the leader up sweeping flights of stairs. Spotlights. Mahogany. The hush of deep pile carpets – white walls streaking up on every side. Large blobs of abstract paintings and the discreet gurgle of a chromium-plated loo. Slim hipped figures flit through quietly opened doors. Secret.

This door opens – the Communication Course: Man's Relationship to Man. First step in the Process plan for widening the scope of your tiny grey life.

A surgery. The ceiling high enough for all manner of thoughts and germs to mingle above our heads.

Slippery cold parquet floor. Bare. Full of sprawling bodies, yet still bare.

The jumbling bodies are taken in hand. Christopher in charge. Christopher Fripp, old Wykehamist (in common with Robert de Grimston Moor, founder of the Process), ex-chartered accountant – kicking the post-Victorian traces. Power in his blue eyes, bristling beard. The strings are jerked and the puppets move into action. (Meglomaniac?)

Perhaps we want this domination. Otherwise we'd be playing hopscotch in the wet streets outside these curtainless

Notes

1. Mr and Mrs Robert de Grimston, or rather Bob and Mary Ann, as they prefer to be called upon introduction, are the innovators of a hybrid psychological treatment, which they have named 'The Process'.
'The Process was supposedly designed to help people suffering from debilitating neuroses, which prevented them from achieving their full potential. It has been in existence for some two & a half years and has gradually evolved into a quasi-religion, and for the faithful, a way of life.

Mr de Grimston fills the necessary and sscrificial role of a Messiah; his wife appears, with some conviction, as the Queen of the Night, with hints of a Prussian Mary Poppins. 'We do not practise tolerance here', she said.

The de Grimstons claim that their movement, 'is the last hope for mankind', and Bob asserts that his 'message is as valid es that of Jesus Christ.' Unlike the followers of Jesus Christ, the de Grimston's disciples have to pay substantial sums of money in order to receive and fully comprehend the message. An introductory four evenings (2-3 hours) would cost £2.10s. A further 45 evenings, which comprise a 'communication course' (mainly mingling with the initiated) will cost £30. After, or during, the 'communication course', it is advised that the 'Process' course of individual therapy sessions should be started. The discovery of the individual's problems, neuroses, blocks, are aimed at in these sessions. In 'Process' language they are termed goals (by Adler and out of Hubbard). It is considered necessary to undergo at least sixty hours of therapy (at a cost of about £250) in order to discover the patient's chronic, i.e. ever present, goal, and to reach the ultimate goal in the downward progression. This always is an equivalent of death – to be unconscious, to be incapable, to want death. Naturally, having reached rock-bottom, further sessions are recommended, in order that the 'patient' can start travelling hopefully; upwards. By this time, the 'Patient' will be in e state of emotional dependance on his 'therapist' end open to suggestions of all kinds. In qualified practice this state is always induced, in order that the patient should gain insight into his problems. It is called a transference. It is **always** terminated by the psychiatrist, at some stege of treetment, otherwise the patient will remain in a state of dependancy, unable to act of his own will.

Neither of the de Grimstons (or other 'Process' therapists) have any recognized medical or sociological training and qualifications. Their techniques, methods and much of their jargon is derived from L. Ron Hubbard, an American living in England. Hubbard is the founder of a cult known as 'Scientology', and once was a writer of science fiction. This cult, which has thousands of members over the world, has been somewhat discredited. It has been outlawed in certain parts of Australia.

Bob and Mary Ann met at the Hubbard Institute of Scientology in Fitzroy Street. They were both training to be Scientologist

windows. Splattering canvas. Walking the dog. Making love.

Schoolroom chairs are put face to face. Grown children put body to body. Communicate', says the beard.

A babel of voices. And the sound rises and settles in layers, like Neapolitan ice cream, starting at the ornate ceiling, working down to the top of the unwashed heads. Into the brain. Did you know there are layers of sound, generated by *you*, pressing down on your skull? You with the typist's glasses and painter's hands – you, with the suburban mouth and cuban heels – you, spotty, with the schoolgirl hysteria bubbling below the surface of your hippy gear?

Here we are. Slumped in solid concentration over one another. Eyeball to eyeball, knee to knee. Exercise one in Communication. Exercises to help us overcome our aggressions, repressions, hostilities, withdrawals, to help us become controlled and intense and aware – and who knows what this newfound, now heightened, awareness might lead to?[2] The gods they say. And who can resist that?

You can reach God. *The* God. Or rather, for those who might bridle under the implications of the term: a singular deity. You can reach *Him* in three expensive months with the Process.

You must communicate. Thirty times. Under the roof of No. 2 Balfour Place. At a guinea for three hours of exercise, lecture and knees up (which is a sort of raucous fling to unheard music intended to release all possible inhibitions – it succeeded in totally inhibiting me, quite a feat since dancing is usually a release).

Lectures come after the coffee break, when participators repair to the underground coffee bar to trip over cowering black dogs and indulge in some free for all questioning over beige coffee slurping in transparent cups. Don't imagine though that you'll get much precision out of any ruthless interrogation of the inmates. There will be nervous plucking of downy baby beards and noises in the throat, but in the end they will slide away into the peaceful harbour of their own reality'– matching trousers, matching dogs, matching minds. Intellectual argument is airily dispensed with because it is not on their side.

So. Communication, coffee, lectures: we're back upstairs in our luxury cell. It's silence and concentration again. But not by ourselves any more (how delicious to swim so guiltlessly in self-analysis for so long with so many). *No.* Now we sit round in these shitty uncomfortable chairs and gaze into the ever-moving mud-brown eyes of Christopher de Payer. Founder member of the Process – caught by ex-scientologists Bob and Mary de Grimston Moor (they've dropped the Moor now – for the sake of

I BRING YOU WAR, WAR AS YOU HAVE NEVER KNOWN IT, KILLING AS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN IT, DESTRUCTION AS YOU HAVE NEVER FELT IT, DEVASTATION AS YOU HAVE NEVER IMAGINED IT

their simpler disciples?) in pre-Nassau, pre-Mexico days.

The Communication Course lectures serve as a tintillation for your eventual entry to the Advanced Course.

It all begins with the subconscious: that seven-eighths of your mind that seethes[3] below your consciousness. Want to cross the road in peace? Yeah. Oh no you don't – you really want to destroy yourself – see that lorry belting down the road at the same time as you are crossing it, with the driver tripping out on LSD – he runs you over there; you lie in a crumpled heap but you wanted it man – that's why you crossed the road in the first place . . .

When you've swallowed all that, after thirty communication classes, five 'Circles' (we'll get to them in a minute) and I don't know how many Sessions, then . . then . . you are ready for God.

However, along the way you must be prepared to get some grounding in the facts about that dual charmer Jehovah/Lucifer. He's an elevated Being to whom the Process owe their mission to destroy the world. Jehovah is the white side. Lucifer the black. Hitler is a good example of a Luciferian figure, but he was okay because he wasn't grey and killed the Jews who were and who wanted to be killed anyway. Subconsciously. Of course. Process example of a conveniently mass subconscious drive for destruction.

Through this great mess of heightened awareness that the Process moves in & breathes like oxygen, they have found themselves a direct link with Jehovah. You might wonder about the sense of purposelessness amidst all this grooving intensity – that's basically because Jehovah has not yet told them exactly what to do to get their mission over to the masses.

The faction is divided – more than once it seems – first of all there's the desire to tell humanity about this divine revelation, then there's this anti-grey masses scene which means no one is actually very keen on mingling with the 'greys' in order to put across the message. Thus a Process magazine is born. A lovely, remote way of making the word Process known – just pay your thousands and have it printed on glossy paper, without actually having to touch the outsiders yourself. Then you sit and wait for the right ones to come pouring in: all those Gurdgieff initiated meditating hippies whose subconscious draws them to pinstripe hiphuggers and clingyknit black polo shirts.

'auditors': in the jargon of this movement an auditor corresponds to a therapist.

Bob and Mary Ann were attracted to each other, found that they had much in common and married. They left the Hubbard Institute after a few months and decided to seek, then spread, the 'Truth' together. Their personalities and temperaments are fantastically complementary. It is doubtful if one of them would have any impact operating alone. They ere like a uniquely united Tweedle brothers, facing the world together, with their strange assortment of weapons.

Robert de Grimston is thirty years old. He is over six foot tall, powerfully built, has medium-pale blue eyes, very well cut blonde hair and sports an equally well cut beard. Despite his height and girth, his physical presence is not aggressive. He is a sharp dresser (pale blue leather pants) and at a meeting in the Oxford town hall, an exuberant young man sitting at the back, hailed him as 'the Christ of Carnaby Street . . . by heaven.' He was educated at Winchester, but shows few traces of the academic proficiency nurtured in most of its sons. He joined the army on a short-term commission and spent some of this time in Malaya. When he left the army he did some preliminary architectural training at the Regent Street polytechnic. He has always been interested in psychology – and its applied techniques – and found his main influence in the work of Adler.

His wife, Mary Ann, is thirty-six years old. She wears little make-up, except to colour her long fingernails silver, sometimes she draws her wiry-looking copper coloured hair into a bun. She dresses in pale colours, oatmeal sweaters and skirts, consciously restrained and if Mrs Dale's Diary was a television serial, Jenny Dale, the ex-actress, would be clothed in much the same way. She has an aggressive personality and the ability to project it forcefully. She appears to be the tough one of the team and certainly possesses the courage to carry out her convictions. Mary Ann received little formal education. She was brought up by foster-parents just outside Glasgow. She missed a lot of schooling, as she was required to nurse her foster-mother, who died when Mary Ann was 13½. Her foster-father re-married almost immediately and Mary Ann was wanted no longer. For a time she was passed from one family to another but was never offered a permanent home. While she was still in her 'teens she came to London and found work as a waitress. She wanted to broaden her knowledge and displayed considerable initiative by taking various courses in pseudo-sciences. She found these advertised in magazines: they included — numerology, hypnosis, palmistry, spiritualism, occultism, yoga, reading the future in tea-cups, modelling in Mayfair, anatomy and physiology in Bayswater. Finally she became interested in 'Scientology', but did not completely agree with some aspects in it. This led to the forming of the 'Process' with her husband. She also found time to become a partner in a dry cleaning firm, and said she had 'acquired a few shares – here and there.'

2. There are two, equally important, aims to be achieved in the 'Process'. They are:
(a) the need to convert, through 'Process' therapy.
(b) the need to convert, by using religious and metaphysical methods.
These two aims must function interdependently in order to be efficacious. The religious side of the 'Process' is culled from e hotch-potch of religions and incorporates the concepts

There is a feeling of unrest in Balfour Place today. Expand, expand the message goes . . . publish the magazine, put up circulation get more *into* the Process, more money, use that money & Hugh's inheritance money & entrance fee money & magazine money & lecture money to buy that £25,000 boat in Greece so the twenty or so chosen ones can hold hands and cross the seas in comfort between the £120 weekly London residence, the Grecian hang-out and Mexico.

But Jehovah hasn't been too explicit lately. The last message – save the world – was abandoned after Nassau because this rotten grey world is anti-salvation Process style. So now the Light and the Truth is that Jehovah's cycle of rejection by humanity is over. Now he goes up, and unless you go with him (synonymous with becoming a member of the Process) you've goofed completely because they'll be there wielding their hatchets.

The communication scene is fine. It's groovy to sit around knocking knees with a lot of people.whose minds are tuned in to what your mind is tuned in to, whose bodies are nice and skinny and who have a few Redding/Dylan/Hendrix records about the place.

The second stage in the Process, the Circle meditation is, I am told by my dedicatedly meditative friends, kid's stuff compared to the real thing. This I can appreciate as the circle more resembles after-dinner junked-up telepathic games that the deep psychological trance induced by solitary meditation. But then games are amusing. And if you can afford your fun at 10/6 a time and you like to vibrate a little, this could replace the telly in your life.

Lights out. The communicating arena turns into an unlit temple of concentration. Chairs form a shadowy circle; linked hands conduct the indefinable currents; yellow-haired babyfaced Johnny takes control and silence covers the jiggling dances of a dozen subconscious minds.

Don't feel guilty the first time around when experienced circlers start spewing out their lurid hallucinations:

Well, first of all, Johnny, I get these two lions, weaving backwards and forwards in front of a great gaping hole, like a cave, menacing . . .

What did this mean to you Ken? They were a threat, right?

Yeh. Well I got them coming very strongly from Ian's direction. I guess it has something to do with the feelings of hostility (favourite word) that I pick up from Ian.

Ian, does this have any reality for you?

Pulls fluffy beard and looks knowing: Yeh, this is real to me, Johnny. I had a couple of strong aggressions take over about half-way through.

"Therefore do I now prophesy. I no longer command. Instead I prophesy, and My prophecy upon this wasted earth and upon the corrupt creation that squats upon its ruined surface is: "Thou shalt kill".

But don't worry if you didn't get any quivering tarmac roads or broken eggs or orange-striped end of the world kaleidoscopes for the group to interpret for you. They'll come out and hit you the next time round.

Once you get the name of the game.

Then there's psychometry.

Johnny baby cools the meditation with a deep belly 'thanks' to the deep-breathing deeply sensitive deeply relaxed circle of bodies that he has so manfully welded into one beautiful unit of awareness. Flips us around

a bit so that not everyone is sitting next to the same person (in the cause of purity, celibacy, singlemindedness?), and directs the exchange of personal objects: rings, watches, medallions . . . anything that has been soaking up your body heat long enough to transmit your intimate vibrations. Wow!

Like you give him that jelly baby you keep slung between your breasts and he says I get this feeling of sweet heat from you, doll . . .

After five Circles you can have a Session, if you dare.

These are conducted in an atmosphere of hushed secrecy by those sinister members of the Process whose bosoms swell with the comforting knowledge of their cosy bi-monthly chats with Jehovah.

Sit with this impressive Being, 'Therapist' is the god-given title, in a pitch dark room. Don't think. Don't speak. Any verbal communication is out. Your subconscious takes over and spills all the necessary beans about the murky workings of your inner self in its own inimitable language.

Your therapist will give you the answers straight from below the belt. Interpret them as you will. After all, you might as well be given some pleasure for that money you've spilt into the Process coffers. But if you find that idea unnerving, just don't hang around long enough for them to make you believe they can do a Session on you when you're not there. It's more than spooky to feel you are having your subconscious burgled while your body is quietly bopping somewhere miles away.

So. Until Session time, the scene remains pleasantly, harmlessly, self-indulgent. The process is a tingling little womb waiting for all those battered, bleeding rich bodies who want to crawl back, out of the cold grey world.

Let them move on, to Lucifer, subconscious manipulation, and a violently destructive God, then – because of their lack of direction and proper psychiatric training – the Process 'therapists' are floundering in waters too deep for them. There is a serious danger of their damaging the psyches of the more vulnerable of their followers, beyond repair. **Danaë**

of free-will, reincarnation, pre-destination A Deity, a possible trinity, Buddism, Hinduism, spiritualism, *et alia*. They believe that man, rather than being made in the image of God, has the same identity as God. To them, God is a TOTALITY, a Being both good and evil. (Apparently a composite of Himself and Satan.) De Grimston states that 'mankind is heading for destruction', and he was 'sent to instruct'. When he was questioned as to whether he believed himself to be the Son of God, he did not at first reply; a few minutes later he agreed with his wife that the description of 'Evangelist' would be more suitable; and less restricting.

There appears to be an immense plasticity in the religious area of the 'Process', perhaps in order to embrace all-comers. There will be something familiar and useful for everybody: like Macy's bargain basement.

Confusingly enough, the plasticity and apparent tolerance disappear in practice. A sort of Victorian teacher-pupil form of authoritarianism is displayed. Followers are scarcely allowed to question current 'Process' procedures, let alone deviate from them. The de Grimstones heve a very stern interpretation of the concept of free will. It does not stop at the accepted Christian, or Behaviourist understanding which is the belief that each individual is granted the freedom of choice between good and evil. The 'Process' understanding of this is really non-existent as their approach is basically Calvinistic and incorporates Calvin's ideas on pre-destination. The 'Process' believes that the individual is totally responsible for his own (usually miserable) condition. They believe that the individual is totally responsible for his subconscious motivations end actions. These beliefs are extended to a point where they alleged, at a public meeting, that a child born with a hereditary disease (e.g. congenitel syphilis) had chosen to be born in this condition and that it was the responsibility of the child. This is clearly regressive thinking and can become a form of extremism leading to the abuse and persecution of the individual; particularly the innocent and vulnerable. For instance Mary Ann said that, 'all the Jews in Hitler's Germeny walked into the gas ovens because they chose to do so.'

The *raison d'etre* given for the 'Process' is that it can cure the individual of his necessarily self-inflicted neuroses end disabilities. It can also provide him with a hitherto unsuspected religious awareness. The de Grimstons claim that nobody can achieve the state of physical end spiritual well-being aimed at, without doing a course of 'Process' sessions. This proposition activates the aim to convert through therapy, and of course brings in money. The de Grimstons appear to be supremely confident of their ability to achieve success with everyone they treet. 'Process' sessions are a much more gruelling ordeal then those usuelly endured by patients treated by a qualified psychiatrist or anelyst. Since none of the 'Process' therepists have medical training, they cannot possibly assess the true psychological state of a person, which all too often may appeer deceptively rationel and balanced. Only a specialist training can detect the signs which show that an apparently

MEANWHILE ... LIFE CONTINUES AS NORMAL

UNTIL

... In which the Grey Forces suffer a temporary setback...

jolly man may be a manic depressive, who can be plunged into self-destruction if subjected to the wrong pressures. A 'Process' patient is allowed to book his block of six sessions in the way he wants to. He is even allowed to book a six-hour session, to run consecutively. Mary Ann said, 'We let the patient go at the speed *he* chooses.'
When questioned several times on the advisability on this undoubted 'blitzkrieg' upon the psyche, the de Grimstons gave repeated assurances that they had never had a case they were unable to handle. When asked what they would do if a deeply disturbed patient came to them for help (e.g. schizoid, melancholic, psychotic, paranoic) they stated most firmly that this situation had never arisen, but that when it did they would know what to do.

3. When dredging the subconscious, highly unpleasant and unsuspected aspects of the personality will surface, and cause intense pain to the patient. Few people can digest too much disgust and disenchantment – *en bloc* – without being damaged, sometimes crippled.

The techniques used by a 'Process' therapist, or a Scientologist, are curiously analogous to those of brainwashing. Brainwashing is achieved through a series of intellectual, emotional, environmental and occasionally, haphazard machinations.

The questions start off beguilingly enough at the beginning but soon enough the guilt which exists already in each human is played upon, and maintained, new, sometimes utterly false guilt is induced, through group pressures, and believed in confusion, all past values are destroyed, the future holds nothing without conformation, and worry is a waking and dozing condition.

The following questions and answers are taken from the notebook of a very young boy, during his first few months at the 'Process'. Luckily, he has an extremely resilient personality, even for youth; it is a sort of 'supaball' radiation that he emanates. He is wilful, but aware of it. He is frivolous, which naturally implies that he is an extremely serious person. He has an orderly but extremely curious brain, a strong sense of humour. Most important of all he likes people and is kind by nature.

Q. What would happen if you rejected the Process?

A. To be out of control
to be schizoid
to be completely emotional
to fall
to be quite schizoid
to sink.

Q. What would happen if you accepted the Process

A. To possess me
To be totally committed
To be warm
I'd know
To be safe
To be strong
To be untouchable

The questions above, and those which follow pose two utterly false sorts of possibilities – for this boy here – but this sort of Through the Looking Glass alternative is commonplace.

Q. Not to accept Mary Ann?

A. To be a black hideous being
To be quite deed.
To go down to hell.
To be the devil.
To be crucified.
To have my heart cut out.
To throw away my body.
To destroy Christ.

Q. To accept Mary Ann?

A. To communicate her light
To understand Christ.
To comprehend all.
To have chosen.
To project love.
To show up the devil.

SIX QUESTION PROBLEM CYCLE

Sylvie (a girl he had been in love with)

Q. What have I done to her?

A. Burnt her as a witch
Given her my guilt.
Made her my excuse.
Made her my God.
Left her alone.
Destroyed her friends.
Killed her parents.

Q. What I have failed to do
Worship her
Give her reality.
Have sex.
Stay uncommitted.
Got engaged.
Be faithful.

Q. What Sylvie could do to me

A. Be a Mary Anne to me
Take Mary Anne's place in my life.
Give me life.
Smell my house out.
Be a torment.
Suggest escapes.
Send me right up.
Say No.

Q. What Sylvie could fail in

A. Be real
Be with me.
Stop me going to sleep.
Be alive.
Be warm.
Be burnt.
Be destructive.
Exist.

Q. What Sylvie could make me do

A. Be extreme
Worship Mary Anne.
Run away from the 'Process'.
Have sex.
Make or break.

Q. What Sylvie could prevent

A. Getting stuck into the 'Process'
Being explosive.
Being in fear.
Being la-de-da.

Q. What are you here to achieve?

A. To be total
To be a therapist.
To be out of control.
To destroy myself.
To love.
To be an evangelist.

Q. How are you trying to be total?

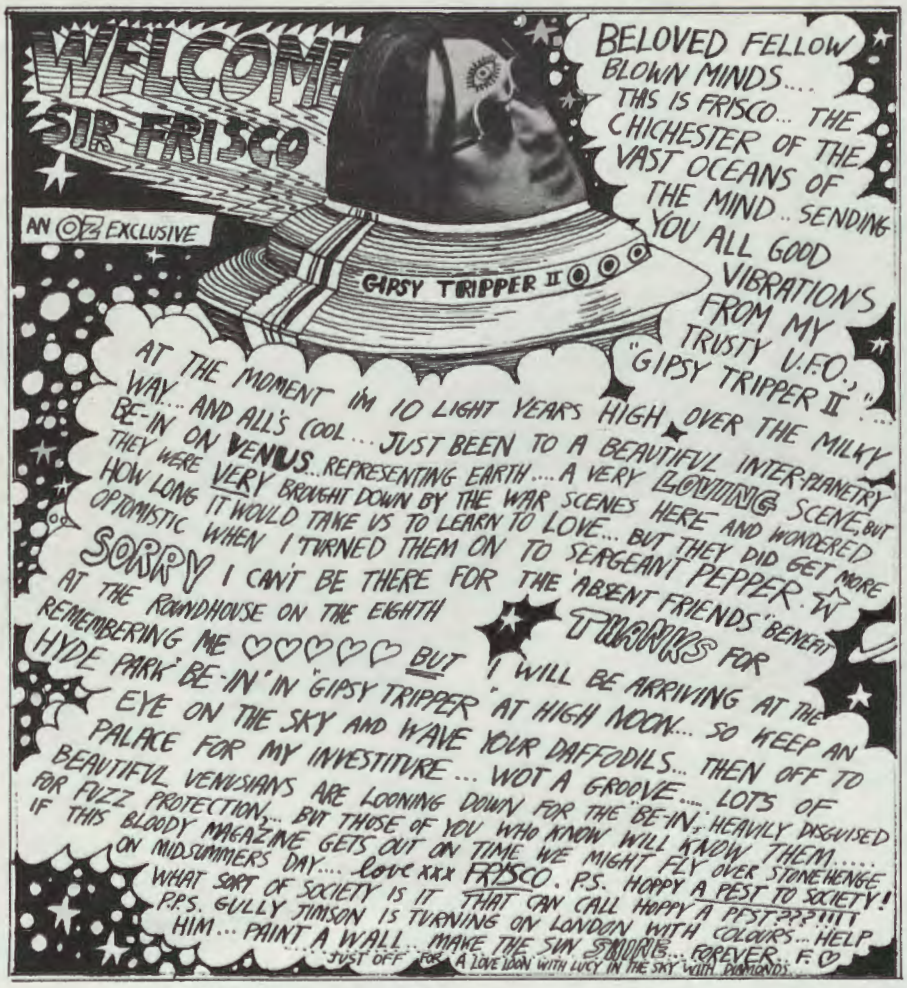
A. By feeling every feeling
By embracing past lives.
By compassion.
By giving everything.

Q. Criterion of Progress? Show?

A. I'd be worth slandering
I'd go fascist.
I'd stop being schizoid.
I'd make sense.
I'd understand.
I'd be clearcut.
I'd be el Cordobes.
I'd be Hitler.

It should be clear that the 'Process' and Scientology, from which it stems, possess all the characteristics found in an authoritarian regime. They demand complete dedication and unswerving obedience from their followers. They punish deviators by ostracism, ridicule and expulsion. They are positively anti-intellectual, though many of their theories appear to be gained from the written word, this is seldom acknowledged. They use a fabricated jargon to bolster their dogmas and to weaken the accepted meaning of the language: it also helps to preserve a sense of mystery and exclusiveness. They KNOW that they **alone** are 'The Truth'. Their techniques bear an uncanny resemblance to the highly sophisticated and effective brainwashing methods used in China today; robbing the individual of his freedom in all things and reducing him to a near zombie-like state of subjection.

Henrietta Moraes



Yin and Yang
is a dialectical method of classifying all things, a means of grouping into two antagonistic yet complementary categories everything in the Universe and the Universe itself.
Yin and Yang,
Negative and Positive forces,
are as indispensable to each other as man to woman. They are the two fundamental and opposite factors that create and destroy in an endless cycle, all that exists. The Yin-Yang theory is a revolutionary theory, in which Yin represents the reactionary force and Yang the inevitably following revolutionary forces.
Out of the infinite pure expansion,
out of the ecstasy of the Universe and the human body,
out of every atom or plant or orgone
Yin and Yang are produced infinitely.
Yin is dark, cold, wet, negatively charged (the electron) feminine and et the violet end of the spectrum. Yang is bright, hot dry, positively charged (the proton), and masculine. Yang is Red.
All things and phenomena are composed of Yin and Yang in different proportions; nothing can ever be completely Yin or completely Yang, all is relative.
Yin produces Yang,
Yang in the extreme produces Yin.
Thus a very Yang hot, dry sunshiny day will produce a very Yin cool electric hailstorm. A living thing which is Yin will produce Yang. Thus if a person is sick, cold, tired, inactive, negative in outlook he becomes well by producing heat (Yang) in the form of fever that activates a new revolution in the wheel of life.
When a living thing fails to do this it dies.
Direct experience of infinite pure expansion occurs in sex and eating.
Like charges attract,
unlike repel.
Orgasm occurs when the positive and negative charges of man and woman unite and the cycle of death and rebirth is made. If a man is excessively Yang he will become
cruel and destructive
and have difficulty achieving a truly refreshing orgasm. His excess of Yang can turn into excess of Yin and he may become impotent, and

unhappy, losing his appetite for sex, food and oxygen. A woman who becomes too Yin cannot be readily loved.
She is cold,
anti-social, and suspicious.
Perhaps she will be very mystical.
Eating presents the opportunity
for man and woman to affect the Yin-Yang nature of their mindbodies.
Cereal foods, the staple diet of all vital civilizations, do not produce disruptive imbalances towards Yin or Yang. They encourage the continuous rejuvenation of the total being, that process by which the cells and corpuscles and nerve-endings are forever dying and being reborn.
Animal foods are Yang.
They can produce a dependency in their user as they displace the functions of the user's body. Thus eating a lot of meat provides the Yang qualities of heat and activity but may lead to a weakening of the heart and other organs that would otherwise do the job.
Sugar, fruits, and alcohol are Yin foods. They inhibit the flow of nervous energy as well as the renewal of cell-tissue. They are often addictive and the user feels he can't go on without them.
Money and political power
are Yin and are the weapons of a Yin society. Imperialism occurs when a nation has become too weak to keep itself and must prey on other nations for raw materials and labour to maintain its own existence. A dependency is established and the imperial nation as a whole becomes more and more Yin as it allows its social work functions to be taken up by another nation, its colony.
When cancer strikes an organism it manifests as large mutated cancer. cells parasitic on the body's healthy cells. Eventually either the healthy cells purge themselves of the cancerous influence or become themselves cancer cells.
At a certain point there aren't enough healthy cells to feed the cancer cells and the body dies.
Either Yin Imperialism will devour the rest of the human social organism or a very strong Yang force will be produced to initiate a new cycle.
There has been no true revolution in Western Society for a long time.
This necessary rejuvenating process has been delayed by Industrial, Technological, Atomic, Police, and other 'revolutions'.
The extent of Western Yin is serious.
World Yang is preparing for global intercourse that must succeed or be faced with an even greater frigid Yin reaction.
IMMUNITY to what **REICH** calls the Emotional Plague (Yin cancer) is temporarily obtained with LSD.
Permanent immunity requires that continuous conscious application of Ying-Yang judgment in place of suicidal subconscious compulsive judgment; by stretching or dancing when one is bored or tired instead of eating pep pills and sweets, by moving in contact with other bodies when it is cold instead of eating meat,
in short by staying in a permanent state of revolution.
Without revolution there can only be reaction, fear, stagnation and the weak vampirizing the strong on every level.
The bigger the difficulty the bigger the happiness.

Craig Sams

TwinkleTwinkle

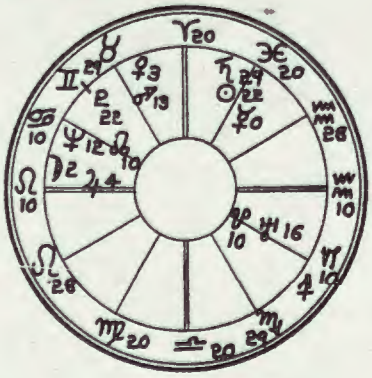
by courtesy of the
Vlastivedne Museum
Czechoslovakia

Although it has been quite impossible to actually prove one single tenet, Astrology is a branch of the occult sciences hard to entirely dismiss.

With the decline of religion and the hegemony of science, our time seems to demand a form of knowledge or teaching which claims infallibility through faith, as Christianity has done previously, and which has suff.cient content to be not too easy to grasp lest naivete be implied. The new discipline ought neither be too provable scientifically at the cost of its mystery and infinite possibility.

Astrology seems to be satisfying this urge to the spiritual in us, a real human need often misunderstood or dismissed as neurosis, totem, or leftover from a primitive past. Rank scepticism seems to have given way to rabid reading of Astra Nova.

There have been sufficient 'co-incidences' to suggest that Astrology works though not necessarily the astrology of the daily Your Stars column.



Initially, any sort of prognostication, any determination of the future depends on the notion of an entirely rational universe which sufficient evidence will expose in its entirety. But this presumes that what there is to be known will be an extension of what we already know, and will take place on the terms and level which we currently accept.

Which has almost never been so. The war so terrible as to produce a lasting peace has recurred with depressing regularity in history.

The second premise necessary to astrology hinges round the idea of the solar system as an orderly system which interacting forces or streams of energy hold together and in which each body in the system has a mutual effect on each other. Of course, Newton thought so. Though the principle of gravity he posited is not now thought so explanatory. But there is a strong possibility that the nature of the energy, for instance, which the moon exerts on the earth is electro-magnetic in character. Thus the overlapping of the magnetic fields creates the tides.

Our difficulty comes when the principle is applied to human beings. It is necessary to understand man as a smaller cosmos repeating on a small scale the same system of energies contained in the solar system, the receiving and communicating apparatus being the nervous system, which in its turn alerts and connects up with the glands system. The glands, of course, containing the energies which when released produce the various manifestations of characteristics which make up a person.

If one makes a spiral, taking the Solar plexus as starting point, the distance of the various glands from each other, following the parh of the spiral, tallies very closely with that of the corresponding planets from the sun, apparently obeying Bodes' Law, which states that each planet is twice as far from the sun as the preceding one.

Therefore, the Moon corresponds with the thymus which has to do with early growth, maternal instinct. Venus is equivalent to the flesh covering the body and certain harmonious emotions corresponding with the parathyroids.

Mercury, which has to do with movement, muscle control, speed of reaction corresponds with the thyroids. Mars to do with fight and flight corresponds with the adrenal glands.

Jupiter corresponds to the Posterior pituitary, indicating emotional stability, expansive outgoing emotions and the muscular structure. Saturn corresponds to the Anterior pituitary gland, which controls the bone structure and is connected with the depth of thought and emotion.

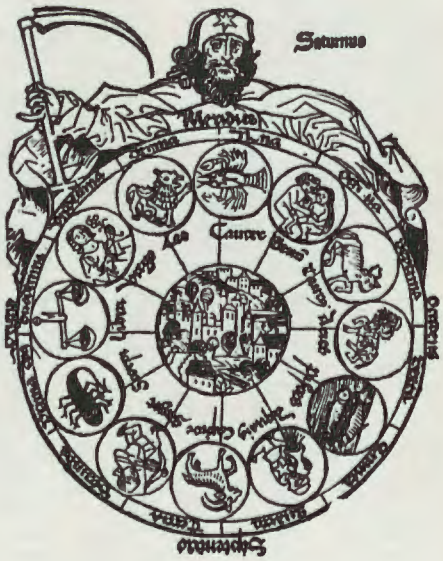
Uranus which takes 84 years to make a complete orbit of the star system must be considered the last planet to have a relevance to human life as a whole, corresponding with a human life span. Which would seem to apply to the Gonads, the glands containing the most highly evolved energy normally produced by a human being and possessing all that is necessary for a new life.

For a more complete understanding of the real implications of Astrology it helps to think of the solar system as a highly involved series of spirals interwoven and moving through space with the sun as the spindle.

The solar system then takes on the aspect of a poly-phase transformer, the paths of the planets forming ever widening coils which transform different manifestations of energy at ever increasing speeds, which akin to electricity, act on the glands and thus determine our actions.

It is in the slight preponderance of the sensitivity of one gland over another that the basis of the idea of different types of man lies.

Thus there are basically six types, corresponding to Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury and the Moon.



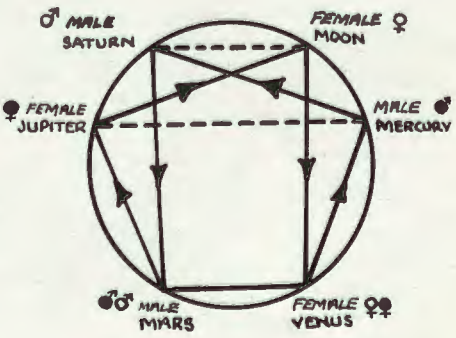
Rodney Collin in *Theory of Eternal Life*, borrowing the ideagram invented by Gurjieff, suggested a plan by which each type led or modified the previous one, which also had an opposite of maximum attraction and repulsion.

There is some doubt that people really are distinctive types; however, the theory has the advantage that it ties in exactly with the tenets of traditional astrology. The only question left is that of the Zodiacal signs. These are defined by virtue of the fact that there are groups of stars which form an almost exact circle around the solar system and which, it is supposed, feed energies of differing character into the solar system via the sun, which does the same for the planets.

The above suggests a way in which astrology may work, but to really be able to predict a person's future one would have to know many other things besides the day they were born, hereditary conditions, climatic and social surroundings and childhood to name a few.

Further reading: *A New Model Universe.* Ouspensky.

Ken Andrew.



♂ AQUARIUS +, AIR
CAPRICORN −, EARTH
♀ PISCES −, WATER
SAGGITARIUS +, FIRE
♂♂ ARIES +, FIRE
SCORPIO −, WATER

♀ CANCER −, WATER
♀ LEO +, FIRE
♂ GEMINI +, AIR
VIRGO −, EARTH
♀♀ TAURUS −, EARTH
LIBRA +, AIR

Egypt Tarot predicted an Israeli victory. Avoid your disaster...

Results depend on the clearness of the questions. For instance "Will I be happy?" is a very wide and general question. Better still is to ask, for instance, "How will the picnic tomorrow be for me?"

An important point that needs to be stated clearly in the questions is the Time factor. Is the question short term or long term? Ask the question as clearly as possible. If necessary ask the question more than once, changing the time element from shorter to longer term.

Do not limit yourself to the meanings given on the outline. They are general, and under the special circumstances of a divination, may be altered. Say what comes to you.

It is better to learn the meanings of the cards than write the meanings on them. Better for yourself; more impressive for the seeker. By learning the meanings of three cards a day, you learn the whole pack in a week.

Method

The 22 cards are shuffled and the seeker asks the cards the question while shuffling (they need not say the question aloud if they do not want to). The seeker cuts asking the question again as he or she does so. The interpreter puts out the first four cards like this:

A
D B
C

The numbers at the top of the cards are now added together. If the total comes to more than 21, for instance 33, the two figures in the total are added together, i.e. 3+3=6. This number gives the number of the card which is to be placed in the centre of the star. If it already appears in the star, it has to be visualised as being in both places at once.

Make a special note of the fact that the joker or Fool, which is un-numbered, is for the purposes of the draw No. 22.

The Reading

The centre card is the most important and sets the tone of the whole answer. Card A is directly related to it and affects it. Card B is more remote or possibly happens later in time. Card C follows B. Card D follows C.

It is now the duty of the interpreter to examine the meanings of the five cards in the cross in accordance with the list of meanings given in this book and to inform the seeker what the cards foretell. It is therefore essential for the interpreter to study the meanings of the Major Arcana very thoroughly and in particular the way in which the presence of one card next to another influences or modifies the meaning of the two combined. For example, if Temperance is followed by the Hanged Man the two cards together mean that the seeker will be faced by some indecision in the matter which is in his mind and that this indecision has been caused by the hypocrisy or double-dealing of some other person. Death followed by the Hanged Man signifies that someone known to the seeker will die with unpleasant consequences for the seeker; for example, the seeker might be expecting to inherit a large sum of money under the will of the deceased, whereas he would, in fact, inherit little or nothing, or there might be some unpleasant condition attached to his inheritance by the legator.

(b) Your Dearest Wish

The seeker should shuffle and cut the pack with his right hand, and the interpreter will then turn up a card which represents the fate of the seeker's wish. Then place from the right two cards on either side of it—

E D A C B

These flanking cards will represent the factors affecting the achievement or end of your wish.

B and C represent factors of influence by people, possibly relations, associates or friends.

D and E are events or material influences which work on the wish.

B and E taken together represent influences further away in time from the wish. If the wish appears likely to be granted, then these outside cards will indicate the factors controlling how long it will be before the wish is successful. If the wish appears to be lost, then the outside cards can again help to gauge the time element as to whether there is a chance of it being granted at some time in the future.

D and C taken together represent the significance of the wish to the person who asks. In cases where it is not clear whether the wish card is positive or negative, these two cards on either side will determine the result by an assessment of the elements involved. They can also often be a give-away to the nature of the wish itself—will it bring happiness or satisfaction?

Card Numbers

The wish fulfilled: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 19, 21.

The wish not granted: 9, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18; and **Inverted** 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 15, 16, 21; and the Fool either way.

Fulfilled, but delayed: **Inverted** 3, 10, 19.

Delayed and uncertain: 7, 8, 10, 14, 17, 20.

Unlikely, but just possible subject to having long delay: **Inverted,** 9, 13, 17, 20.

(c) Seeing the Year Ahead

1. Take out the cards representing the 12 astrological signs of the Zodiac.
2. Shuffle them and lay them face downwards on the table.
3. Ask the seeker to shuffle the remainder of the cards and to cut them to the left with his right hand. Then to replace the bottom stack on the top.
4. Deal the remaining ten cards face down on to end of the astrological signs of the Zodiac, starting from the right. Two cards will remain unpaired.
5. Turn up the Zodiac pack and sort into chronological order starting with the month ahead on the right, the others ranging to the left.
   Read the significance of each month according to the meaning of its sister card bearing in mind its normal value when placed alongside each month.
6. Place on one side the two single cards. When you have finished reading the ten other months collect up the ten astrological cards and shuffle them.
7. Repeat the request to the seeker to shuffle and cut.
8. Deal five cards on each of the two remaining months (as they will be the most significant in the year ahead).
9. Set out the cards in a line with the card of the month on the right. Read across the line starting from the right.

The order of the 12 signs of the Zodiac is:

1. Aries	4 The Emperor
2. Taurus	5 The Pope
3. Gemini	6 The Lovers
4. Cancer	7 The Chariot
5. Leo	11 Force
6. Virgo	9 The Hermit
7. Libra	8 Justice
8. Scorpio	13 Death
9. Sagittarius	14 Temperance
10. Capricorn	15 The Devil
11. Aquarius	17 The Star
12. Pisces	18 The Moon

(d) Asking a Private Question

1. Before beginning, be sure that the seeker has formulated his question. Explain to him that all questions come under four major headings:
   (a) Work, business, etc.
   (b) Love, marriage or pleasure.
   (c) Trouble, loss, scandal, quarrels, etc.
   (d) Money, goods or such purely material matters.
   Be careful that the seeker does not tell you his question or its nature before you begin.
2. Make your mind as passive as possible while you are shuffling and lay out the cards. Do not try to guess, go by what the cards suggest to you.
3. Shuffle the cards.
4. Hand them to the seeker and ask him to think of the question attentively that he wishes to put to the cards, and cut the cards with his left hand. He should then restore the cards, i.e. put the previous bottom stack uppermost.
5. Cut the pack with the left hand and place the top half to the left.
6. Cut each of these packs to the left.
7. Find the birth card. If in the right-hand pack the question refers to work, enterprise, ideas, etc. If in the next, marriage, love or pleasure. If in the third to trouble, loss, scandal, quarrels, etc., and if in the left-hand pack to money, foods, purely material matters.
8. Tell the seeker what he has come for, i.e. from the position of his astrological birth card, declare the general nature of the question. If wrong, abandon the divination. Do not resume the attempt within two hours.
9. If right, spread out the pack containing the birth card arranging the cards in a half circle, make a consequential story of these cards.
10. For additional information pair the cards on either side of the birth card.

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OZ
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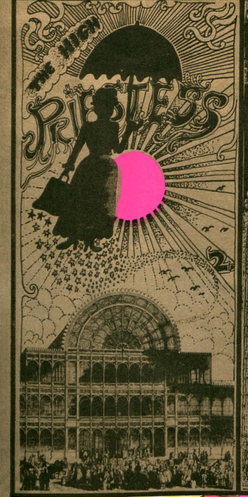
12. The Hanged Man — **Sacrifice** — A threat hanging over the situation or person.



The High Priestess — **Wisdom** — Serene, wisdom, knowledge. Woman, a wise woman.

3. The Empress — **Action** — Action, initiative. Worldly powers which cannot be fought against. Very are the result of science and will.

4. The Emperor — **Realization** — Worldly power, wealth. Man, man with power. Great man, great power.

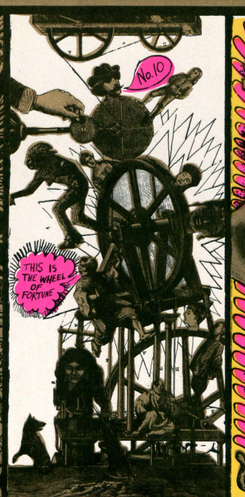
5. The Pope (or the Hierophant) — **Mercy** — Mercy, beneficence, kindness, goodness. Inspiration, wisdom, spiritual growth, good advice.

6. The Lovers — **Harmony** — Love, proof or trials surmounted, wise disposition. A union, not necessarily between lovers; can be a reconciliation, business association, etc.

7. The Chariot — **Triumph** — Triumph, victory of justice or judgment, protection. Conflict, two people moving in opposite directions.

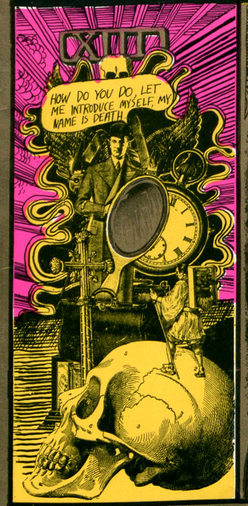
8. Justice — **Justice** — Equilibrium and balance. Balance—it works out in the end (aligns in the sense of balance).

9. The Hermit — **Prudence** — A withdrawer, going away.

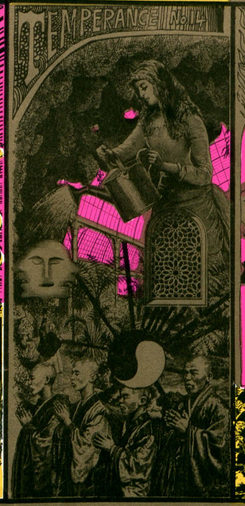


10. The Wheel of Fortune — **Fortune** — Fortune (good or bad). Destiny. The situation or question is not very important. What goes up comes down. It will even out in the end.

11. Force — **Strength** — The strongest card in the pack, means that the person has the strength to carry out the things that he wants to do, that he wants to do. Good Business are favourable, also implies that he has right on his side.



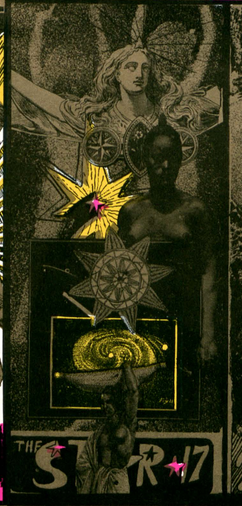
13. Death — **Change** — Transformation or change, death. An end—rapid and complete ending, not necessarily death.



14. Temperance — **Combination** — Patience, and waiting are necessary and right. A need to a person it may mean to that person or may be general.

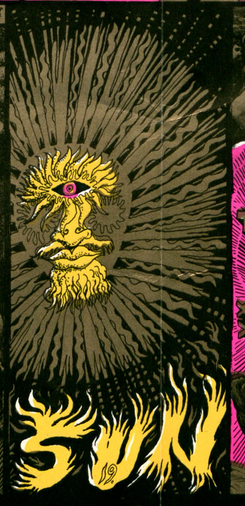
15. The Devil — **Fate** — Fate or Fatalists (good or evil). Immense force or illness. Temptation to cause trouble or be destructive. This is a strong card and is a warning that great evil, venom will be invoked.

16. The Tower of Destruction — **Ruin** — Pain, disruption, destruction, disaster, a clash of a creative enterprise.



17. The Star — **Hope** — A great ambition, enthusiastic dream, wish or enterprise.

18. The Moon — **Danger** — Hidden enemies. Danger, twilight, deception, error. A slow but sure growing endeavour.



19. The Sun — **Material Happiness** — Earthly happiness. Very beneficial influences, the time is right and the thing is right.

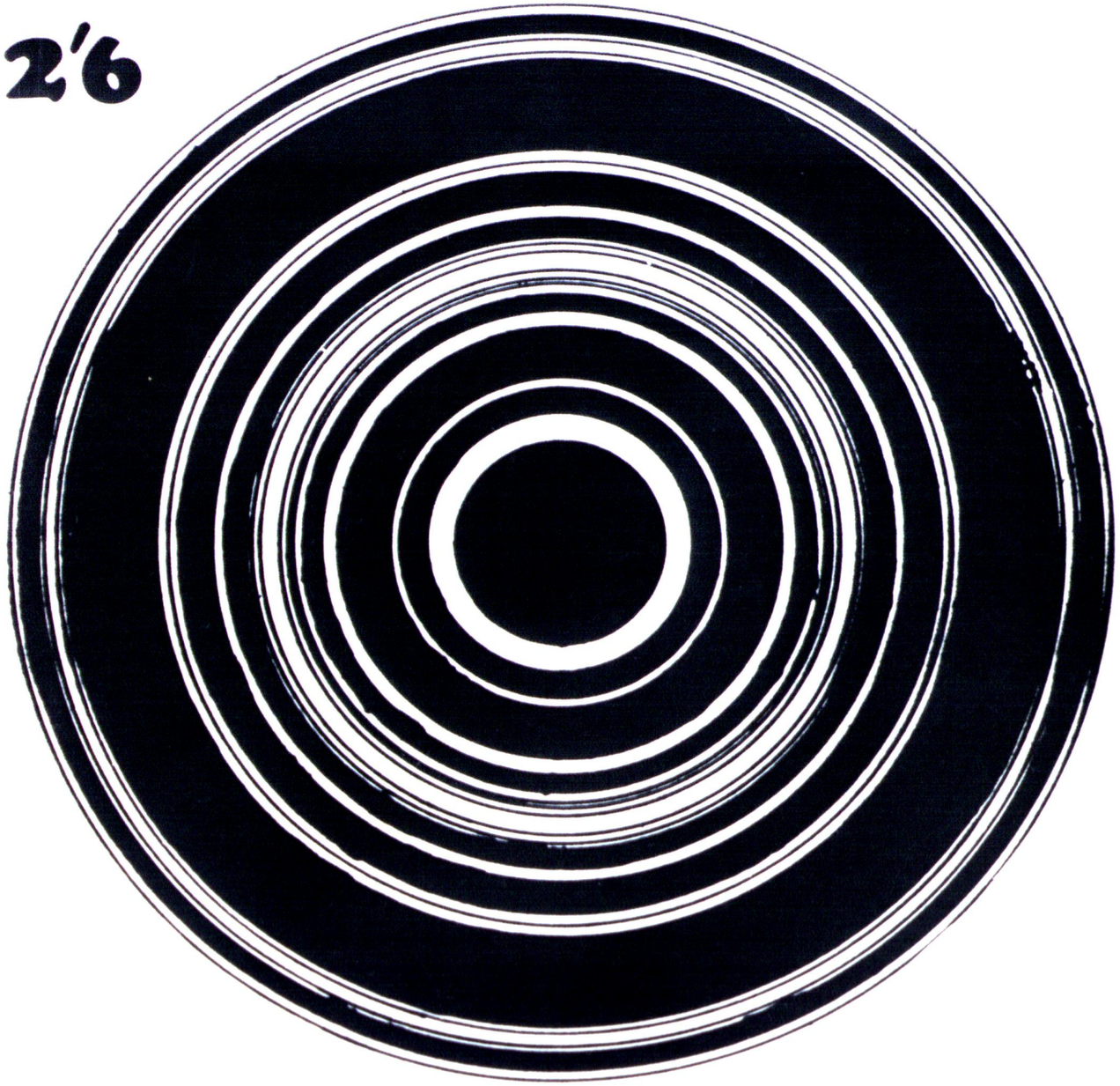
20. The Judgment — **Result** — Result, renewal, change of position. A wrong will be righted, this implies that something had been hastily treated, not necessarily the assayer and the judgment may well not be that favour.

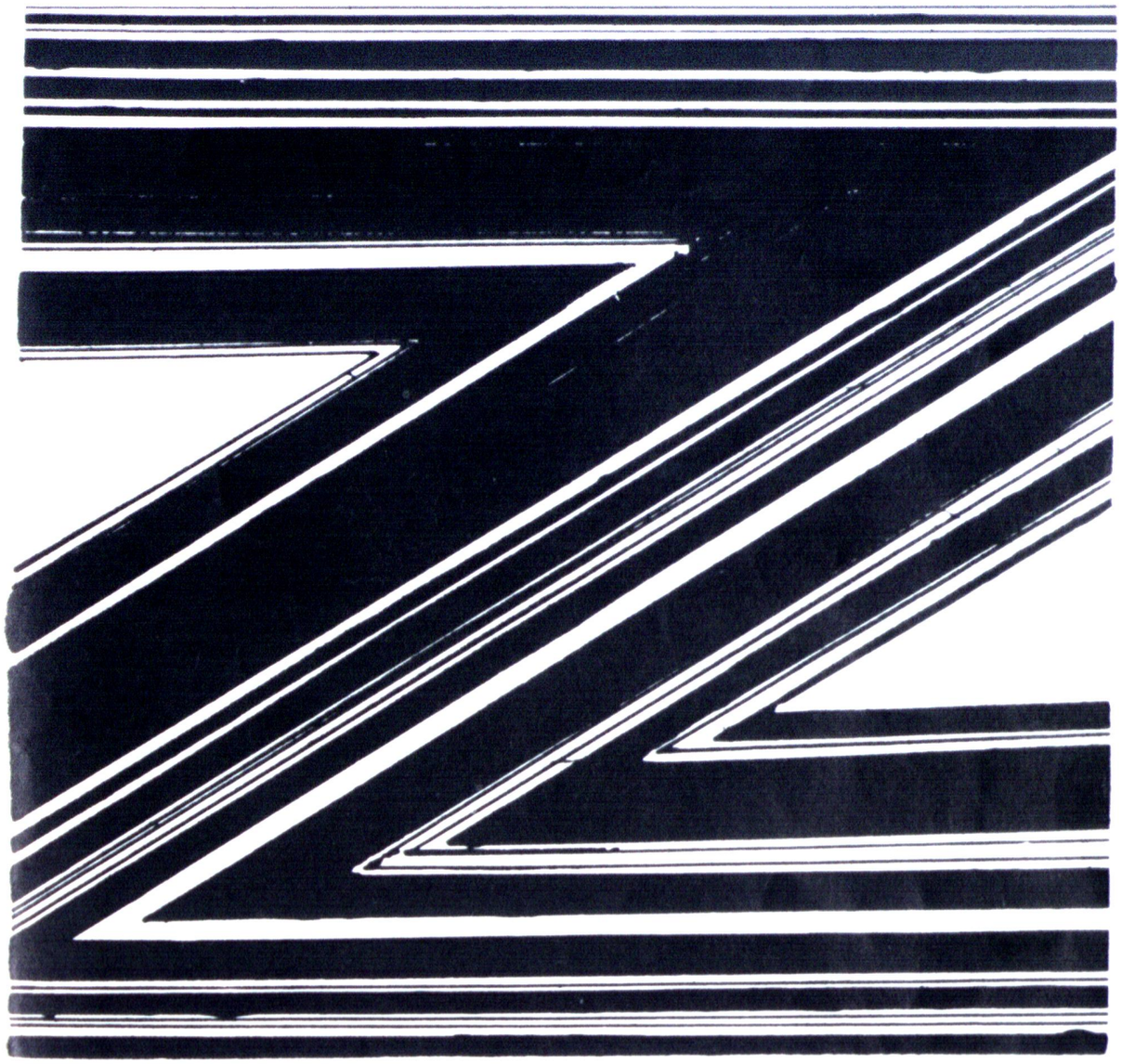
21. The Fool — **Folly** — Folly, expiation, inconsiderate actions. The person is unaware of the consequences of the situation.

22. The World — **Completion** — Success, reward. A representation of what you really are and what life is really all about.

MARVEL SERIES

2'6





SPECIAL SURPRISE ISSUE!

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GREAT ALF CONSPIRACY!

2'6

OZ

ARNDT ARGENSON LAHARPE LEIBNITZ FLORIAN FOY

SPECIAL SURPRISE ISSUE!

Suddenly its Alfs! This bizarre cult of grey, short-haired nine-to-fivers is sweeping the country. They work as Accountants, Executives, Journalists, Bank Managers, Doctors, Lawyers, Salesmen, Dentists, Insurance Clerks, Civil Servants... In fact, most people are Alfs these days. They are becoming a public menace... a threat to world peace... a social embarrassment.

AIMS OF THE EVIL ALF MOVEMENT

1. To make Britain a fit place for their children to live.
2. Full employment.
3. Democracy.
4. To bring back the industrial revolution.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT ALFS

1. Alfs kill more people in automobiles in this country than any other ethnic group.
2. They are clannish. Observe buses, trains, places of public amusement. And remember, Alfs usually only employ other Alfq and often under conditions so appalling as to prevent them ever becoming non-Alfs.
3. Despite their overall stupidity they are SMART in business.
4. Alfs love to sing and dance. They can easily be pacified by humming a ragtime tune.
5. The captain of the Torrey Canyon was an Alf.
6. Few Alfs admit they are Alfs. That's why they are so difficult to help.
7. They sometimes try and change their names so they can'pass' - Ringo Starr, Lord Avon, John Le Carre, Engelbert Humperdink, George Weidenfield.
8. They are trying to marry your daughters.

GAMES ALFS PLAY

1. Coitus Interruptus.
2. Engagements.
3. Drowning.
4. Malnutrition.
5. Praying.

an Alf symbol

EVENING STANDARD AWARD Your Favourite Pub 1967 LONDON'S BEST PUB

GREAT ALF ACHIEVEMENTS

A popular Alf recreation

The crucifixion, War, Custard, The World Cup, Electrification of the London Manchester Railway, The Fox trot, Not buying any of Vincent Van Gogh's paintings during his lifetime, The Process, I.Q. tests, 'Our World' Georgette Heyer, The Kama Sutra, Life Insurance, The local, The condom, Post Office Savings accounts, Cathy McGowan, North Sea Gas.

Great Alf Reunions

1. The Queen with the Duchess of Windsor.
2. The Pope with the Archbishop of Canterbury.
3. St. Francis Chichester with his wife.

NOTORIOUS ALFS

A typical Alf Underground publication

The chief accountant at British Railways, Hughie Green, C.P. Snow, Mr. Gannex, Ken Dodd, Chapman Pincher, Barry Humphries, David Wynne Morgan Mr. Marks and Mr. Spencer, your neighbours and thousands of others too obvious to mention. But Alfs weren't all born yesterday - they abound throughout history:

Historic Alf Apologists

Winston Churchill: "The maxim of the British people is 'Business as usual'".
St. Paul: "Let all things be done decently and in order".
Robert Kennedy: "I basically agree with both positions".
Sarah Flower Adams: "Nearer, my God, to thee".
George I: "I hate all boets and bainters"
George V: (Last words) "How is the Empire".
E.M. Forster: "Ulysses is a dogged attempt to cover the universe with mud".
Mao Tse Tung: "Be united, alert, earnest and lively".
Grantland Rice:
"When the One Great Scorer, comes,
To write against your name,
He marks - not what you won or lost -
But how you played the game".

ARE YOU AN ALF?

Even Alfs read OZ. Check these questions to make sure you're not an Alf.

1. Despite this country's present economic difficulties and the precarious state of sterling we shall soon be back on our feet. ☐ True or false?
2. London swings. ☐ True or false?
3. The sun will never set on the British Hovercraft. ☐ True or false?
4. God is on our side. ☐ True or false?

NOTE: If you attempted any of these questions then you are an Alf

Gay Alfs on a Wimpy trip. Here they are mainlining 'Wimpy-burgers' - curious slabs of gristle and grease pre-cooked, re-heated then consumed between two chunks of unfresh bun. Colourless, tasteless, odourfull and "deliciously addictive", the Wimpy constitutes a classic square meal. (Alfs maintain that the number of deaths from an overdose is negligible).

The rush-hour shove-in. Conceived originally as a 'happening', the Alf shove-in is now a twice daily ritual. Sombre, colourfully dressed in colourless garb, often clutching newspapers and mysterious brown paper parcels, Alfs jostle and urge playfully onto passing trains. There is an overwhelming smell of deodorant - used by Alfs to disguise the telltale reek of perspiration and unbathed skin tissues.

Communalism is inherent in Alf philosophy, it sometimes extends to their sex life. A pioneer Alf, Billy Butlin, has opened nine seaside holiday camps which absorb "over one million" Alfs annually. It is here that they HAVE FUN and manifest their basic drive - hedonism.

Some Alf do-gooders, called "entrepreneurs" or "business-men" have started shops which stock basic Alf gear and quaint accessories which are given away to needy Alfs at "bargain prices".

THE FINAL SOLUTION

Although you are drastically outnumbered it's still not too late. You can:

(a) Turn them on - This is only a temporary palliative. An Alf will always turn himself off eventually.
(b) Export them to Tasmania - This is permanent, inexpensive (£10 per Alf courtesy of Australian Immigration Dept. - less bulk reductions) and humane. Alfs love Tasmania - they are the only inhabitants.

This makes Alfs randy

an Alf Happening

As Cleopatra, Sarah Bernhardt stabbed the slave who bore to her the tidings of Mark Antony's defeat at Actium; she stormed, raved, wrecked some of the scenery in her frenzy and finally, as the curtain fell, dropped in a shuddering convulsive heap.

As the applause died, a middle-aged British matron was heard to say to her neighbour:

'How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen.'

AN ALF REFUTATION

FORWARDE

AS for "SQVARENESS", that is a charge unusual: WHAT MAKETH THE AN ALF? Yet my accusers have beset me on mith this crime when I beareth no ill intent towards them SO if you lifte to looke on the whole course of my argument I shall ITEM by ITEM cleere myself of eache part - so compounding a REFUTATION and CONCLUSION of the all which hath beene objected to me for a time.

REFUTATION. ITEM - That I visiteth not places of marvayle that might be knowune as extra-ordinarie, such as NIGHT-CLUBS and other dyers manner of MEETING HOUSES. YET once did I visite and therein make much use of the facilities of a TURKISH BATH in Paddington. If such a place no marvayle with its sulphurous vapours? (And if it be not extra-ordinary then sundry suggestions not in my mayre by another of the users had not prompted my hastie departure)

ITEM - That I am wont to wear a BOWLER HAT. YET while much dispute may be moved as to whether my ounne HAT or the LONG HAIR of my accusers be the better protection from the elements, there can only but be little doubte as to which one be the easier to raise on the greeting of a lady.

ITEM - That I am in the sight of the lawe MARRIED. YET serveth not my lawfull wife as well for COPULATION and the MENDING of hose as the mate of him who accuseth me? (AND in the second of there wifely duties I quote I warrant the far better!)

ITEM - That I hath my ounne AVTOMOBILE. YET such a 'car' is of value for movement and could be of much use even to my accusers for the carrying of their SAXOFONES (Such an item as this is surely incited by mealy-mouthed jealousie; for myne oun 'car' not only hath two mighty fins each to one side BUT to the back counting both side in conjunction no ley than eight red lanterns which glowe fayre beautiful in the night!)

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PLANT
A
FLOWER
CHILD

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GREAT ALF CONSPIRACY!

2'6

OZ

ARNDT ARGENSON LAHARPE.LEIBNITZ FLORIAN.FOY

SPECIAL SURPRISE ISSUE!

Suddenly its Alfs! This bizarre cult of grey, short-haired nine-to-fivers is sweeping the country. They work as Accountants, Executives, Journalists, Bank Managers, Doctors, Lawyers, Salesmen, Dentists, Insurance Clerks, Civil Servants... In fact, most people are Alfs these days. They are becoming a public menace... a threat to world peace... a social embarrassment.

AIMS OF THE EVIL ALF MOVEMENT

1. To make Britain a fit place for their children to live.
2. Full employment.
3. Democracy.
4. To bring back the industrial revolution.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT ALFS

1. Alfs kill more people in automobiles in this country than any other ethnic group.
2. They are clannish. Observe buses, trains, places of public amusement. And remember, Alfs usually only employ other Alfs and often under conditions so appalling as to prevent them ever becoming non-Alfs.
3. Despite their overall stupidity they are SMART in business.
4. Alfs love to sing and dance. They can easily be pacified by humming a ragtime tune.
5. The captain of the Torrey Canyon was an Alf.
6. Few Alfs admit they are Alfs. That's why they are so difficult to help.
7. They sometimes try and change their names so they can'pass' - Ringo Starr, Lord Avon, John Le Carre, Engelbert Humperdink, George Weidenfield.
8. They are trying to marry your daughters.

GAMES ALFS PLAY

1. Coitus Interruptus.
2. Engagements.
3. Drowning.
4. Malnutrition.
5. Praying.

an Alf symbol

EVENING STANDARD AWARD Your Favourite Pub 1967 LONDON'S BEST PUB

GREAT ALF ACHIEVEMENTS

A popular Alf recreation

The crucifixion, War, Custard, The World Cup, Electrification of the London Manchester Railway, The Fox trot, Not buying any of Vincent Van Gogh's paintings during his lifetime, The Process, I.Q. tests, 'Our World' Georgette Heyer, The Kama Sutra, Life Insurance, The local, The condom, Post Office Savings accounts, Cathy McGowan, North Sea Gas.

Great Alf Reunions

1. The Queen with the Duchess of Windsor.
2. The Pope with the Archbishop of Canterbury.
3. St. Francis Chichester with his wife.

NOTORIOUS ALFS

A typical Alf Underground publication

The chief accountant at British Railways, Hughie Green, C.P. Snow, Mr. Gannex, Ken Dodd, Chapman Pincher, Barry Humphries, David Wynne Morgan Mr. Marks and Mr. Spencer, your neighbours and thousands of others too obvious to mention. But Alfs weren't all born yesterday - they abound throughout history:

Historic Alf Apologists

Winston Churchill: "The maxim of the British people is 'Business as usual'".
St. Paul: "Let all things be done decently and in order".
Robert Kennedy: "I basically agree with both positions".
Sarah Flower Adams: "Nearer, my God, to thee".
George I: "I hate all boets and bainters"
George V: (Last words) "How is the Empire".
E.M. Forster: "Ulysses is a dogged attempt to cover the universe with mud".
Mao Tse Tung: "Be united, alert, earnest and lively".
Grantland Rice:
"When the One Great Scorer, comes,
To write against your name,
He marks - not what you won or lost -
But how you played the game".

ARE YOU AN ALF?

Even Alfs read OZ. Check these questions to make sure you're not an Alf.

1. Despite this country's present economic difficulties and the precarious state of sterling we shall soon be back on our feet. ☐ True or false?
2. London swings. ☐ True or false?
3. The sun will never set on the British Hovercraft. ☐ True or false?
4. God is on our side. ☐ True or false?

NOTE: If you attempted any of these questions then you are an Alf

Gay Alfs on a Wimpy trip. Here they are mainlining 'Wimpy-burgers' - curious slabs of gristle and grease pre-cooked, re-heated then consumed between two chunks of unfresh bun. Colourless, tasteless, odourfull and "deliciously addictive", the Wimpy constitutes a classic square meal. (Alfs maintain that the number of deaths from an overdose is negligible).

The rush-hour shove-in. Conceived originally as a 'happening', the Alf shove-in is now a twice daily ritual. Sombre, colourfully dressed in colourless garb, often clutching newspapers and mysterious brown paper parcels, Alfs jostle and urge playfully onto passing trains. There is an overwhelming smell of deodorant - used by Alfs to disguise the telltale reek of perspiration and unbathed skin tissues.

Communalism is inherent in Alf philosophy, it sometimes extends to their sex life. A pioneer Alf, Billy Butlin, has opened nine seaside holiday camps which absorb "over one million" Alfs annually. It is here that they HAVE FUN and manifest their basic drive - hedonism.

Some Alf do-gooders, called "entrepreneurs" or "business-men" have started shops which stock basic Alf gear and quaint accessories which are given away to needy Alfs at "bargain prices".

THE FINAL SOLUTION

Although you are drastically outnumbered it's still not too late. You can:

(a) Turn them on - This is only a temporary palliative. An Alf will always turn himself off eventually.
(b) Export them to Tasmania - This is permanent, inexpensive (£10 per Alf courtesy of Australian Immigration Dept. - less bulk reductions) and humane. Alfs love Tasmania - they are the only inhabitants.

This makes Alfs randy

an Alf Happening

As Cleopatra, Sarah Bernhardt stabbed the slave who bore to her the tidings of Mark Antony's defeat at Actium; she stormed, raved, wrecked some of the scenery in her frenzy and finally, as the curtain fell, dropped in a shuddering convulsive heap.

As the applause died, a middle-aged British matron was heard to say to her neighbour:

'How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen.'

AN ALF REFUTATION

FORWARDE

AS for "SQVARENESS", that is a charge unusual: WHAT MAKETH THE AN ALF? Yet my accusers have beset me on mith this crime when I beareth no ill intent towards them SO if you lifte to looke on the whole course of my argument I shall ITEM by ITEM cleere myselfe of eache part - so compounding a REFUTATION and CONCLUSION of the all which hath beene objected to me for a time.

REFUTATION. ITEM - That I visiteth not places of marvayle that might be knoume as extra-ordinarie, such as NIGHT-CLUBS and other dives manner of MEETING HOUSES. YET once did I visite and therein make much use of the facilities of a TURKISH BATH in Paddington. If such a place no marvayle with its sulphurous vapours? (And if it be not extra-ordinary then sundry suggestions not in my mayre by another of the users had not prompted my hastie departure.)

ITEM - That I am wont to wear a BOWLER HAT. YET while much dispute may be moved as to whether my ounne HAT or the LONG HAIR of my accusers be the better protection from the elements, there can only but be little doubte as to which one be the easier to raise on the greeting of a lady.

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OZ OZ OZ

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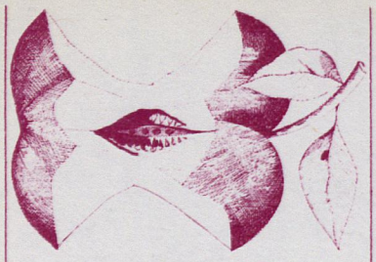
OZ & OTHER SCENES



Other Scenes & Oz

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CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your generous four-page spread on us in your last issue. The two articles were as clear, lucid, comprehensible, intelligent, devoid of contradiction and confusion, and as close to the truth as the bent minds of the two female weirdies you hired to write them.

Let's sum up our position for you.

The Process combines the worst aspects of both Nazi Germany and Communist China. Our methods bear a striking resemblance to the techniques of brainwashing and we incorporate all the components of an authoritarian, Nazi, Communist, brainwashing organisation in the business.

Members of The Process are both anarchist and fascist, dangerous megalomaniacs and brainwashed zombies (on alternate days?)

We are rabidly anti-intellectual and punish all deviators with ostracism, ridicule - particularly ridicule, nothing more ridiculous than someone deviating from The Process - and expulsion of course, what else would we do with such trash? We can never make up our minds whether we are desperately keen to lure everyone into The Process or primarily concerned with keeping everyone out.

The Process is wholeheartedly anti-Semitic, hence all the Swastikas (ignore the hammers and sickles), excluding, of course, all our Jewish members, of which our Fuehrer is one. Jehovah gets faintly bothered about this from time to time, but not to worry.

As a result of all this The Process makes countless enemies, draws persecution, condemnation and legal action against itself from every side, sustains frequent attacks by the press in many parts of the world, which of course makes it the safest, cushiest niche in town, just the thing for people too scared to be part of the establishment.

One thing surprises us. Your two sleazy would-be exposers managed to invent so much other rubbish about us, but no sex? no orgies? no perversions? not one sex maniac amongst the lot of us? Or would this make us too acceptable to your readers?

Yours sympathetically,

The Process
2 Balfour Place
London W1

Dear Sir,

I congratulate you on your 'Process' expose. I inadvertantly went to 2 Balfour Place and experienced several bearded loons with large alsation dogs.

I was approached by one bearded fellow who tried to explain his reasons for living. I didn't realise he was a religious pervert, and said an individual could find meaning in worship of an abstract superbeing, inferring God. I wondered why he left hastily until another bearded fellow announced they were a religious organisation. I then fell in, the other poor sod didn't want to get involved in an argument. They believed they were on the outside of a brainwashed society, but this fellow was the most brainwashed creep I had ever seen (apart from the pope).

You can acquire 'The Process' from an easy start. Communication lessons (3 gns andhour) learning how to talk. This is a racket preying on the insecure with inferiority complexes. Most religions do (mystic). It's a good money earned. The Process believe in 'truth', why don't they speak it? They want money to live at Xtul, their chosen paradise. Process are the most hypocritical group on the 'god will come' scene. The bloke even called me 'blocked', adding 'sweetie' after, so as to communicate his feeling.

Yours faithfully,
J N Warne
60 Repton Road
Orpington, Kent.

Dear Sir,

Surely Auden is the first of the modern hippies - he said twenty five years ago that we "must" love one another or die" and, I beleive, his house in Austria is surrounded in flowers. Also, doesn't Gandi come into it somewhere (plus, of course, all the religious figures who have preached love).

But, what really, is the flower-power craze all about, apart from being an excuse to act mad and have a good time (which you can do without subscribing to any half-formulated philosophies from America); there are no manifestoes or even clear declarations and aims to argue about. Of course, it is the drug aspect of the "movement" that gets all the publicity in the daily papers, but again, we get no flowery spokesman to rattle his beads in reply. If people want to escape from an ugly world and attain a level of consciousness in which mundane conformity, policemen and politics do not exist, then good luck to them. However, you don't get change in the world if you attempt to escape from it all the time:

It's not wrong to live for the moment, but transitory experiences at Alexandra Palace or Hyde Park have no lasting significance. If the sincere among the flower people want to establish a loving, beautiful society, then light shows and wierd dancing will not help. Let's have a clear statement of aims and some constructive alternatives to the existing set-up, or else the hippies will die out; and they will leave nothing to mark their existence (the Beat Generation left some literature), except a few plastic flowers.

Yours faithfully,
John Whiteman

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This issue is sponsored jointly by John Wilcock's 'Other Scenes', a fortnightly newsletter published in New York City, and Oz magazine, published monthly in England and Australia. In the style of the fast-growing "underground press" in the United States, this will hopefully demonstrate the need (and the audience) for a truly international 'paper' devoted to the creative, avant garde community. Distribution of this issue is not only in England but throughout Europe and the United States. John Wilcock's 'Other Scenes' appears 20 times each year from wherever its publisher happens to be. Mailing address is P.O. Box 8, Village Station, New York 10014, U.S.A. Subscriptions from September 1967 through December 1968 cost three guineas or $10, payable either to the New York address listed or via Oz magazine in London.

OTHER scenes

The British distribution rights to Andy Warhol's twin-screen movie, "The Chelsea Girls", are held by Louis Scher who left his California home for a year and set up shop in London anticipating a long and profitable run for the four-hour film. A friendly lunch with British film censor Trevelyan however convinced him that in view of the current furore over drugs "Chelsea Girls" wouldn't even get an "X" certificate. So now the plan is, hopefully, to screen the film at the London film festival in October in an effort to make it "respectable" enough for a release afterwards.

In actual fact the film is more notable for its technical experimentation (two vignettes shown simultaneously, side by side; acid-trip sequences shot under rotating colour gels) than its theme. The more perceptive U.S. critics have spotted this; the others being still hung up on the kind of orthodox moviemaking that has had its day. All the indications are that we are heading into an era when total environments will be commonplace - film as moving tapestry on four walls and ceiling; strobe lights and coloured spots strategically placed; "instant newspapers" projected in homes; wall-sized television bringing live coverage at all times.

That some people deplore such a future is irrelevant because (a) it will never be obligatory to watch, and (b) there will always be more filmless oases than environments. But two things make this prediction a certainty: the technological possibility and the profit potential. One sure thing about this society is that if there is money to be made, somebody will do it.

One of the factors that most of the "underground" movie visionaries have in common is that the people who put them down invariably spend hours arguing about whether or not they really have anything to offer. It should be self-evident by now that an artist who can provoke lengthy discussions about his work has obviously proved his capacity to involve an audience which, by any standards, is a measure of art.

2

The British are so trusting. Where else in the world would the government ask people to voluntarily pay a license fee for having a radio or television set -- with virtually no way of enforcing the law against those who don't comply? Does the GPO have the right, for example, of coming to anybody's door and demanding to search the house for a TV set or radio? Surely not without a warrant. And can a warrant be issued to search anybody's home just on suspicion that there might be such an unlicensed set? So it boils down to citizens' honesty in reporting such sets themselves (i.e. by getting a license).

A similar situation is the naive law which prohibits a British subject from taking more than £50 abroad when going on vacation.

3 4

Apart from the sheer arrogance of a government that not only heavily taxes your income but then proceeds to tell you where and how you can spend it, there's the idiocy of a people who do what they're told on the grounds that "respect" for the law is more important than individual liberty.

To start with, the law is totally unfair penalising, as it does, the poor compared with the rich who can find a score of ways to legally evade it. Secondly, it's a stupid law that is totally unenforceable against anybody who makes the slightest attempt to avoid it. The post office can't check the contents of every letter that leaves the country any more than the customs officials can search everybody's pockets.

So once again what are we left with but a people who willingly subscribe to restrictions on their freedom voluntarily -- kept in check by a cynical government that knows honesty is the best police.

5

The majesty of the law, as a matter of fact, is little more than a joke to people who give any thought to these matters. Do you have respect for a law that allows fishermen to be arrested and jailed for fishing for their livelihood? Well, you see these happened to be Polish fishermen and they were trawling off the waters of Northumberland within the so-called "12-mile limit". What kind of crazy humanity is it that states that a citizen of the world can't go into the world's seas and catch fish?

Of course we all know the dumb arguments about national rights and that every country behaves in the same way about its so-called territory. But it is exactly this type of greed and acquisitiveness - whether individual or national - that causes most of the violence in men and always has.

6

And then we come to the matter of the courts. Anybody who has ever spent any time in one knows what a colossal waste of time they are: the petty tyranny of court officials; the endless, pointless arguments of lawyers; the irrelevant pomposity of magistrates and judges giving lectures to unlucky victims of a system that, once again, is loaded against the poor.

7

London's transport system is one of the best in the world but is there no solution to the endless lines that must form every night outside the ticket booths of underground stations? As often as not the ticket dispensing machines either don't work or take only specific coinage and it's too much to expect that people always carry the exact change. There is a solution, as it happens, and it's an obvious one: make all public transport free with buses stopping ANYWHERE to pick up somebody who wants to get on and both buses and subway trains running all night.

Here we have three ideas that only sound radical but actually make a lot of sense. It is unlikely that the money saved by abolishing ticket collectors, guards, machines, checkers, printers etc. would compensate for the loss of passenger revenue but it would certainly make life a lot simpler and any deficit could be made up by a transport tax on the more affluent car owners and the stores that benefit so much from the mass of subway passengers.

There is also, at this stage of history, no reason at all why transport should cease at the ridiculous hour of 11:30 P.M. For the London Transport Authority to maintain that there is no need for buses and subways to run later because nothing is open later is begging the question: if transport started to run all night, things would stay open all night. In any case, the present system is discriminatory - if you have a car or can afford to travel by taxi, you can get home at late as you like.

8

Gerson Legman, in a still-to-be-published diatribe called The Fake Revolt ("the gangsters of the new freedom are already mopping up your kids with narcotic drugs and drivelling pretenses of fake revolt") says the atom bomb is "nothing but the Marquis de Sade on a government grant". From the safe distance of Valbonne, France, he writes: "The Fake Revolt movement is, very simply, a trick of the money and power organization and its dead-end culture whereby all real revolt, emotion and art are siphoned off into degenerate static and snowblitz which are no danger at all to the status quo."

9 12

Recent visitors to the badly organized Dialectics of Liberation Conference - Stokeley Carmichael, Allen Ginsberg, Emmett Grogan - have demonstrated that American is exporting not only murder, napalm, death and colonialism, but a more constructive type of social revolution. But it seems significant that all the aforementioned find themselves increasingly caught in the trap of becoming more

and more famous while repeatedly avowing they merely represent popular viewpoints and seek no attention for themselves. The cult of personality is too deeply ingrained in the culture for people not to worship at its shrine but apparently one of the best ways to cultivate it is to turn one's back.... To be released soon: an LP record of the thoughts of Mao Tse Tung, recently recorded in London (seriously).... How do London shops get away with charging customers for an adequate paper bag to carry away their groceries?.... Most overrated shrink in England: Ronald David Laing whose unintelligible, second-rate corruptions of the original Tim Leary message have created a cult of believers apparently unfamiliar with the original.

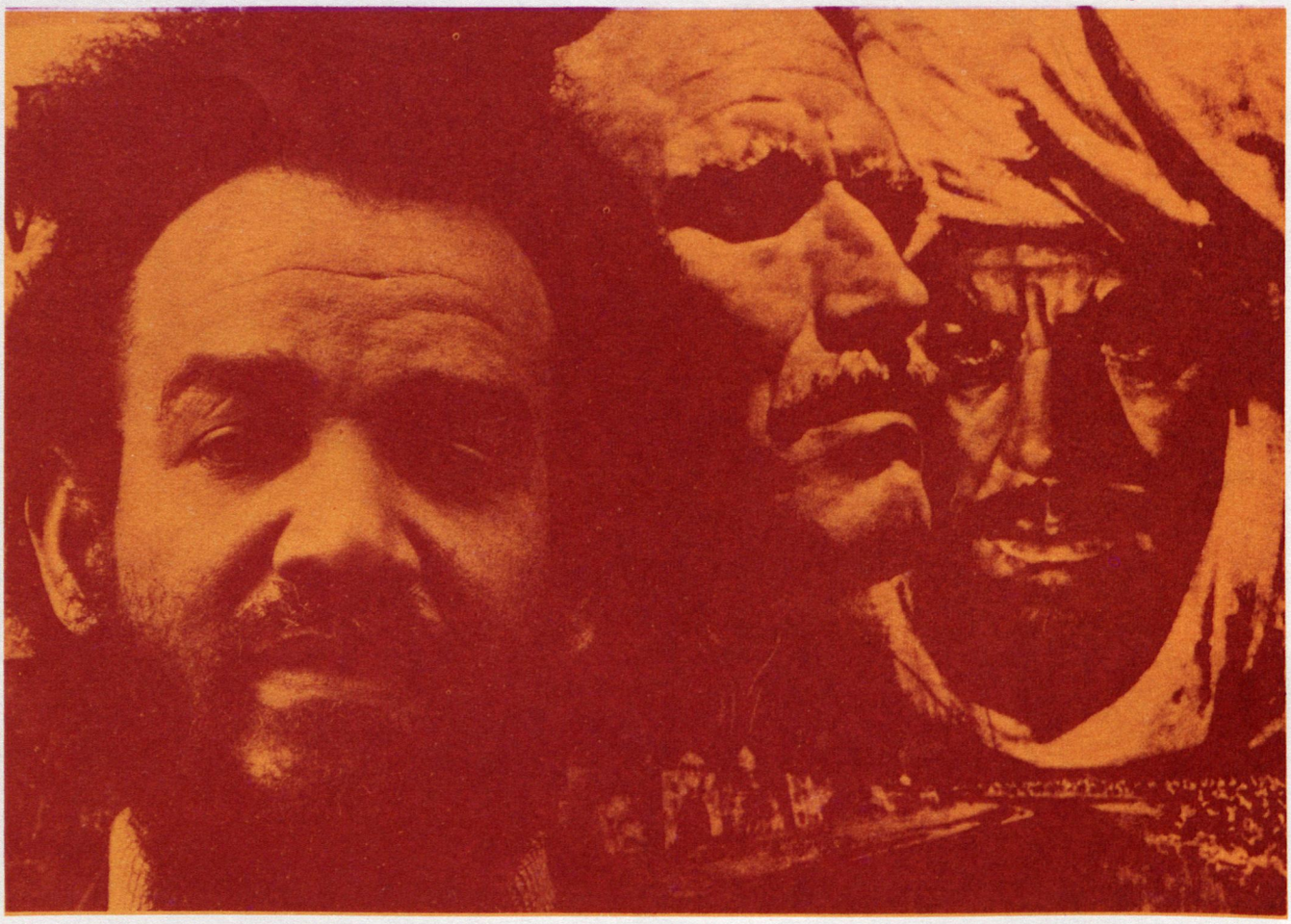
12½-20

Most of the production staff of the recent (mainly positive) ITV show about pot turned on in the course of the show's preparation. Even the young lady researcher - who reported that it didn't do anything to her although she appeared to be ideologically converted.... The people who invented the hoola-hoop, WHAM-O Corp. of San Gabriel, Calif., recently reintroduced the gimmick in "a few test areas" to see if they could chalk up some more sales. But, according to one of the partners, "the trouble is that today's teen-age dancing has far surpassed the body movement of the hoops". . . Philip Morris and other major U.S. tobacco companies have been promoting a special deal so that Americans at home can send cigarettes to servicemen in Viet Nam tax free ($10.61 for 100 packets). It has helped the Saigon black market no end.... Most British restaurants offer you a choice of coffee "black or white?" and seem quite unable to cope with any variations on this theme.... The N.Y. Times quoting a recent sociological study on hippies' homelife came to the conclusion that hippies' kids tend to ignore their parents rather than fight with them. "How can you rebel sexually against a mother who will be happy to fit you for a diaphragm at the age of fourteen?" one asked.... The Indian government has been reading the 1,100 year old Hindu love manual, the Kama Sutra, and thinks it has discovered a contraceptive drug therein named the Palash flower. Research continues.... "It was noted, with considerable irony, that on the anniversary of the assassination Bobby (Kennedy) visited his brother's grave and then returned for another visit because photographers had not been present the first time" (Ralph de Toleandano in "RFK: The Man Who Would Be President" recently published in America by Putnam).... What could be stupider than the recent deportation from Britain of the two Australian members of the Bee Gees voucher to stay here permanently but there is already a two year waiting list. What is the advantage of a waiting list that prevents British subjects from working in any of the countries of the so called Commonwealth?

21-30

WHY doesn't Civil Defense tell you about germ warfare? This is one of the new type provo stickers to be seen in London Underground stations. Suggested new slogans for sticking anywhere: KEEP AWAY FROM THIS CORNER; WARNING! - DANGEROUS FUMES IN THIS VICINITY and OUT OF ORDER (for parking meters, phones and subway ticket machines).... Should U.S. athletes be boycotted at next year's Mexico Olympics as has been suggested? Yes, all OFFICIAL representatives of the United States should be boycotted, spurned, humiliated, spat upon and rejected (according to taste) until Official America ends the murderous, inhumane war in Viet Nam. This includes athletes, diplomats, congressmen and all military types.... When it comes time to build some kind of new, loving society on the ruins of the present Establishment the names Kingsley Amis, John Braine, Simon Raven and Bernard Levin should all be remembered with disfavor. These self-righteous champions of human liberty (masquerading as literary lions) all signed the letter to the Times expressing "respect and good will" for LBJ and his G.I. murderers.... Amnesty International (Turnagain Lane, Farringdon St., E.C. 4) is one of the most humane things in the world you can join. Currently it is running a postcard dampaign to get prisoners out of jails into which they were tossed for their political views. Kit with full info costs £2.10s.... New from the enterprising Panther Books: Rolling Stones File (5s.), a documented semi-transcript of the recent trial.... Sheffield University Union of Students have produced an imaginative magazine, Arrows with a dazzingly psychedelic cover.... "Hippies may be on the way to solving a problem that is almost certainly going to hit straight society one of these days: how to live without working. The hippies are the first sizeable group in the US to work out in their sub-culture a way of coping with the cybernetic revolution. This is not a small thing to be doing. I think the effort, like the hippies themselves, should be viewed with sympathy", writes Charles McCabe in the SF Chronicle.... Living Screen, a process being used at Las Vegas' Tropicana Hotel is a three dimensional screen made of elastized strips closely fitting together so that when a man is shown full sized on film he can step through his image onto the stage.... Soccer is being introduced into American television in a special version that allows longer intermissions for fourteen minutes of commercials.

31



Michael X. (photo by Horace Ove)

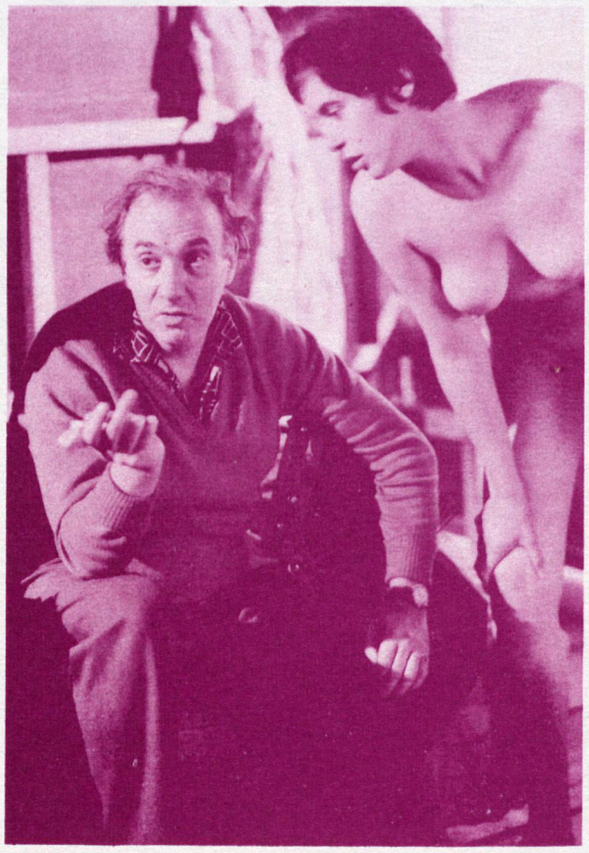
case 3003/66

Case no 3003/66 in the European Court of Human Rights is listed as STRAKER v. UNITED KINGDOM. It is an attempt to recover some 600 negatives of female nudes seized by the police from Jean Straker's Academy of Visual Arts in Soho-square which have been declared by the courts to be obscene. He's a pioneer photographer in the field of female nudity who's been challenging the whole moral attitude of authority for years, standing his ground and defending himself in the courts as a litigent in person. He tells his own story in this exclusive letter to Other Scenes & OZ.

You asked me to tell you something about my involvement. It's a long tale, but it goes something like this:- I make pictures of female nudes to help people find themselves: they're not the sort of chick snaps that you take in ten seconds with a polaroid; nor are they the bunny cheesecake that gells the girlie mags. They're a kind of mainstream flow from the psyche to the id - and they're an attempt to search for, discover and trigger whatever it is that makes sense in each one of us.

Unfortunately the scene here sends the police with warrants to grab my negs and prints and cart them off to prison; eight detectives the other day charged through my studios and workrooms creating the kind of chaos that would make to think they were the FBI looking for the CIA. One of them, a kind of sub-leader, was Detective Sgt. Terence Beale, a soft-eyed pious, innocent sweetie who gained for himself some notoriety last year when he prosecuted the Robert Fraser Gallery for hanging the Jim Dine Graffiti in sight of the passers-by in Duke Street. He told the magistrate that pictures of the male and female genital organs offended him - and that this was an offence under the Vagrancy Act of 1824.

A while later he showed me a reproduction of one of the offending pictures which Jim Dine labelled with the word 'cunt'. I said this was an accurate anatomical description of the particular organ drawn, with a respectable Latin etymological antecedent in 'cunnus', and Terence admitted he was learning. But a few weeks later he turned up again with seven chums and he said he thought my photographs were both indecent and obscene.



NON-CRIMINAL

Now, as most lawyers know, I been through all this jazz before; apart from a few thousand motorists, and a few hundred barrow boys, I must be the most prosecuted non-criminal in town.

The whole business is a bit negative, because the words they use have got perverted by a kind of case law process that collects up every bit of legal nonsense and makes it sacrocant.

According to the Lord Chief Justice, my Danae study - the seduction of the virgin princess by Zeus, the king of the gods - is indecent. This is what he said in the Divisional Court:-

> "In the present case there is no question in issue as to whether this photograph is obscene; the only question is whether it was indecent, and the Court, having seen the photograph and read the summing up is quite satisfied that looked at objectively it is indecent."

At the Freedom of Vision Teach-in on Censorship in the Arts, which we ran last year at Hampstead Old Town Hall, I displayed a large reproduction of this study. Charles Prebble made following point from the hall:

> "I've racked my brains as to how on earth I could ever explain, for instance, this Danae picture - which I have in my collection - to a child."

And it was Ronald Clark who answered with these words:

> "May I ask at the risk of offending some people's feelings a little, perhaps, how they would explain to their children the birth of Christ?"

ETERNAL THEME

So what did I say? I said that the theme was one which poets and writers had drooled over for two thousand years; that Rembrandt and Titian and Tintoretto had painted it, that Horace had used it as a basis for satire, that it was the same eternal theme that for ever fascinated man - the creation of new life. Then someone said:

"I think that children may have to ask questions?" And I answered:

> "Well, this is education, isn't it? I use the theme to show graphically, literally, without evasion, how a woman's body looks when exposed to penetration. There's no teasing here, no titillation - it's a frank, artistic statement. I show two girls, one on guard, the other lying down, her pubic anatomy defined in detail; I show, imaginatively, in the background, a flash of light, a thunderbolt, a ray of sunshine - however you wish to interpret it. I should say you can use this picture to explain to any child not only the mechanics, but also the poetry of sexual congress."

The voice came again:

> "Would you be prepared to give the explanation you've just given to a fourteen year old boy?"

And I answered:

> "There's my fourteen year old son over there." So that's how I defended the picture, - but I can't give you a copy to print, because if you printed it in Other Scenes & OZ you couldn't send the paper through the post.

The Lord Chief Justice put it this way:

> "It is an attractive point put forward by Mr. Straker that just as 'obscentiy' must be tested by the effect on the people to whom it may be published, so must questions of indecency relate to the people to whom they are published. Mr. Straker prides himself on being very careful in his distribution, as he puts it, in only sending photographs to people who, he is quite satisfied, will not find them indecent. It is, as I said, an attractive way of saying it, but unfortunately the Post Office Act of 1953 does not so provide."

ABUSE BY JUDGES

Now I regard such attempts on the part of judges and justices to arrogate to themselves the right to say that a photographic study of a female pubis is indecent as an abuse of words and authority, and a denial of a fundamental human right - the right to look- and a dangerous denial too, for by making it impossible for people to educate themselves, men and women were growing up to be ignorant and stupid.

Peter Watkins made the point at the National Secular Society's forum on censorship at Caxton Hall the other day, when he said:

case 3003/66

"It was as though authority regarded the bulk of the public as porridge-minded, grey painted, woolly, fluffy nits, who have nothing up here."

The type of censorship that worried him was that subtle, eroding, pulling away of knowledge, pulling away of stimulation.

Ian Fraser came to see me a few weeks ago. He told me that often after he had married a couple they ask him for advice on sex. He was amazed how green some of them were. In his book, Sex as Gift, published for the Scottish Council of Churches, he says:

"Basic information about physical parts and functions should be given, as a right, to those whose lives it affects. In a survey of sexual attitudes and habits in certain colleges in the USA the source of knowledge which was said to give the most help was pornographic photographs. People wanted to know what happened, and how it happened. Knowledge of differences of male and female make-up must also be provided."

And just the other day, on another level, Dr. Dalzell-Ward, of the Central Council for Health Education told the 25th general assembly of the International Union against Venereal Diseases and Treponematoses in Munich:

"The aim of health education should be the promotion of psychological and sexual maturity rather than the avoidance of venereal disease and illegitimate pregnancy. One would lead to the other."

blue films by the yard

DIRTY MINDS

What Reginald Ethelbert Seaton, Chairman of Inner London Quarter Sessions Appeals Committee said was that some of my pictures were of women alone and some of women in association with other women, committing severe acts of a lesbian character. He thought that some undergraduate might possibly, as a medical student, choose some of my pictures and take them back to his university, where they might fall into the hands of persons who had no idea that such gymnastics were performed 'between the sexes' - and it "might well be that people would become depraved and corrupted by the fact that they had seen these photographs - not because they were interested in the opposite sex but because they were dirty minded young persons."

And then came the judgment: He said to me:

"You are a pioneer, are you not?.....the painful pioneer.....if you are going to be a pioneer and if you think the law is wrong it has painful consequences."

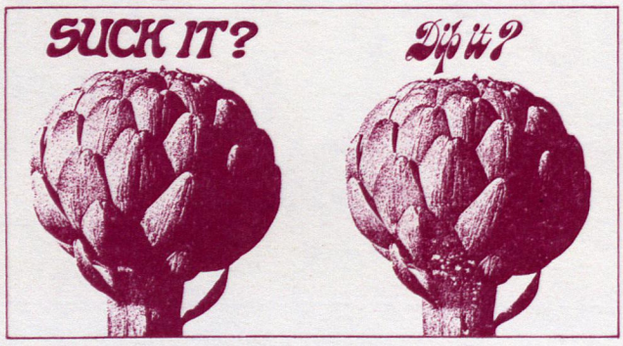
The pain was a fine of £150 - just one month after the United Kingdom

Government had accepted the compulsory jurisdiction of the European Court on Human Rights in regard to the provisions of the European Convention on Human Rights, of which Article 10 says:-

"Everyone has the right to freedom of expression. This right shall include freedom to hold opinions and to receive and impart information and ideas without interference by public authority and regardless of frontiers."

So you see, there's a kind of social malaise here causing psychologically immature people to fill beds in mental homes because the law takes upon itself the right to stop people getting educated. I know that young people - like the Oxford University students who got away with pubic hair in Oxymoron - are discovering their own psychological and secual maturity; but it's the moronic adults who worry me. I am told that in Japan. sex is no problem. Why not print my Danae study in your Tokyo issue?

Good luck. Jean.



It was moving day at Scotland Yard and a heavily-guarded security truck stood by in the drab courtyard waiting to be loaded with the hottest cargo of all: the Yard's exclusive stock of confiscated 'pornographic' movies.

Flashback to several years ago, when a jovial middle-aged businessman friend of mine, whom I had originally met, bowler-hatted and umbrella stomping, at a lunchtime trad. jazz session in a City pub, asked me if I would care to make my flat available for a "film show". What kind of films? Nudge, nudge, whisper, whisper, ha ha ha. Of course, I'd be delighted. My friend would bring along a dozen or so well-heeled, dirty-minded business acquaintances who would contribute £5 each plus a share of the cost of a crate of whiskey and beer, for the pleasure of seeing a film show organized by - guess who? - Scotland Yard.

I was legitimately inquisitive and asked for details - it couldn't have been simpler. A detective inspector (friend of my chubby jazz-loving City acquaintance) together with a detective sergeant shared a duty roster supervising the "Black Library" at Scotland Yard, and paid a rake-off to their reliefs which allowed them to take their pick of the best films in the library, remove them from the premises and return them to Scotland Yard before the next detail came on duty.

GUARDIANS OF MORALS

Whick is how I met Detective Inspector X and Detective Sergeant Y. My sitting room was full of tweedy, prosperous, shiny-faced, amiable, embarrassed businessmen drinking whiskey and beer and watching my friend and I pinning a bedsheet over the window curtains to act as a screen. In came the two guardians of our country's public morals, the inspector carrying a pile of film-reels, the sergeant carrying a movie projector. The sergeant set up the apparatus, while the inspector and my chubby chum discussed the menu (so to speak). At last the films rolled. While the sergeant attended the projector, the inspector delivered a running commentary on the extraordinary scenes of sexual athleticism being depicted on the improvised screen - not so much a commentary on the action as on the cast.

It went something like this: "That's Harry so-and-so" (describing a naked gentleman doing indescribable things to a double-jointed young woman decently clothed in suspender belt and stockings), "he's up for three at the Scrubs". Turning to the sergeant, "What was the name of the bird he's rogering, Bill? Oh yes, Norma, doing a stretch at Holloway Ladies' College right now. Mind you, they got hitched while the case was waiting to come to trial, thought being married might soften the Judge's stony heart. "Not at all, His Lordship was even more appalled by the idea that the sanctity of the marriage oath could be perverted by such vile and abominable conduct".

During this monologue the screen continues to show us its extraordinary panorama of fellatio, pedicatio, irrumatio, cunnilinctus and other forms of human contact which the Romans never imagined.

The main characters in these films had been given nicknames by the custodians of their art: one was known as The Walrus because of the luxuriance of the moustache which was his sole covering as he performed his weird rituals ('On the Moors, that one, five years'); another's sobriquet was Santa Claus because he serviced a succession of youthful angels while clad (basically) in that costume... These titles were written on the reels containing the films which were presumably stacked in alphabetical order on the shelves at Scotland Yard: Ape Man, Birching Betty, Chain Gang ... and so on down to the Ss (Santa Claus) and W (the Walrus).

VICARIOUS SEX

After the tired businessmen, surfeited with vicarious sex, had been seen off the premises and the loot counted out (a cut for my friend the entrepreneur, a large cut for the sergeant, the rest into the inspector's bulging trouser pocket) the Constabulary set out on the second part of the evening's entertainment, which consisted of touring the more "bohemian" Chelsea pubs, chatting up the birds, and inducing one or more of them to return for a private viewing of some of the more astonishing films - the principle being that the combined effect of large whiskies (courtesy of the tired businessmen) and the disorientation produced by the sight of such incredible goings-on on the screen would arouse

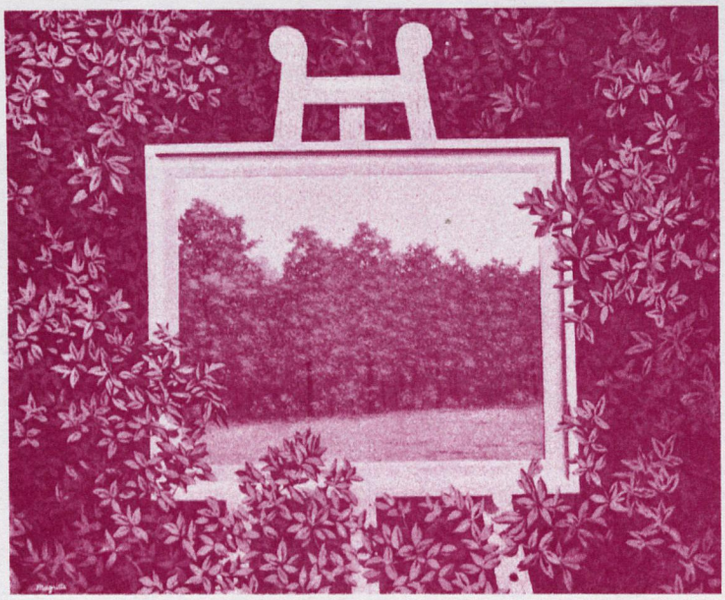
in the breasts of these busty blondes or tousled redheads some flicker of sexual interest in the charms of the burly sergeant and the saturnine inspector.

As far as I can remember, they were remarkably successful and sooner or later a mildly protesting female in a state of shock after being sub mitted to the film programme would be dragged towards the spare bedroom for a practical demonstration that the constabulary, contrary to slanderous allegations, are not entirely reliant on their truncheons when performing the act of love.

All this merrymaking had to come to a stop in time for Inspector X and Sergeant Y to stow away their gear in the Inspector's car and make it back to the Yard before their suborned colleagues were relieved by a less sophisticated team.

I often wonder what happened to those two enterprising policemen. I'm sure they went far.

Simon Watson-Taylor



In Memoriam Rene Magritte

What does LONDON need most?

A little anger. Everybody is so godamned polite about everything all the time. They're told to line up and they line up. They're told to obey orders and they obey orders. It's so unnecessarily docile.

Why shouldn't they be?

Well they shouldn't be all the time. Don't accept rules just because they're there. Who made the rules and why? Do they make sense? Those are the questions that people should ask themselves before meekly obeying everything. Freedom comes by taking it -- always has -- not be patiently waiting until somebody offers it to you. American Negroes are the latest to find that out but it's an age-old lesson.

You're not suggesting that Londoners get out into the streets and start shooting policemen?

No, of course not, because Londoners aren't oppressed to the degree that American Negroes are. But they ought to get out into the streets and protest.

What specifically?

Well, they can protect Wilson's fawning acceptance of Johnson's murderous war in Viet Nam. They could protest some of the damned silly regulations that the British have to endure such as being told that they can't get a house or a telephone until the government sees fit to give them one; or being told how much money they can take out of the country. They could protest some of the social issues concerning discrimination, such as the restriction on coloured West Indians - who are Britons after all ...

But there aren't enough jobs for the people here already.

That isn't the point - there aren't enough jobs for anybody anywhere looked at in that light. The restriction on West Indians is a discriminatory one - because they're coloured and most Britains are white supremacists.

How about some more personal issues that people could protest?

Well how about just the freedom to be. To stand on the sidewalk and look at something without being arrested for loitering. To play a guitar in the park without getting a music license, things like that.

If people were willing to fight for simple issues like this - in other words call the officials' bluff and go to court about it - they'd soon achieve a climate where it was easier to have this freedom without being harrassed or arrested for such simple, harmless things. The trouble with the English is that too many of them are busybodies and killjoys who immediately get officious if they see somebody doing something that they wouldn't or daren't do themselves.

Surely such protests would also result in more repressive measures from the authorities like in America?

Possibly, but I doubt it. I think protest and social action always gets results of some kind even if it's only to make more people aware of the possibilities. The vast majority of people in a society would like their lives to be better -- and even for other people's lives to be better -- but it's just never occurred to them they could do anything about changing them. Look how many people are affected by the wiping out of pirate radio, for example, but most people don't see it as a matter of principle at all -- just as the disappearance of a few pop stations.

Why is it a matter of principle?

Why? Because what right has a bunch of politicians to arrogantly say that you must ask their permission before you can communicate with people? What the pirate radio stations should do -- and what the government is afraid of -- is criticize the way the politicians are doing (or not doing) their jobs. If you have a communications system and you use it politically, to get social justice, you have a potent weapon that can never be silenced.

Aren't there more important issues?

All issues of freedom are important. In my view Vietnam is the main priority in the world today and if only Britain would raise its voice against America's murderous policy the war might come to an end a lot sooner. Too many Britains think Viet Nam is irrelevant. Of course, it's quite a cynical attitude that the British government has adopted -- help America and America will help you, the rights or wrongs of the case hardly enter into it. What Britain refuses to realise is that a so-called Socialist government should be on the side of the humane Americans who want to stop the war, not giving moral support to the military/business establishment in America that considers it more important to murder poor Asians 8,000 miles away than to cater to the needs of poor Americans in their own country. One gutsy statement by Wilson to the effect that Her Majesty's Government felt Vietnam to be an unjust war might change America's posture overnight. And, incidentally, restore Britain's prestige as a nation that believed in principles over profit.

The King & his Coca Cola Court

Richard Neville

Nepal is an exotic kingdom sandwiched impudently between India and China. Buddha was born there. You can get high there - on cannabis, opium and Everest. It is tiny, sedentary, backward - although, with the help of generous financial investment from Russia and America, Nepal is hurtling headlong into the 14th Century.

Hippies were dropping out in Kathmandu long before Haight-Ashbury exploded in 'Time'. See them strolling high through the cobbled labyrinthes, crashing mini cympols at nightly native concerts, spinning copper prayer wheels at the brooding monkey temple. Hippies happen in Kathmandu because it represents the opposite of L.B.J's Great Society. It's ancient, aesthetic, spiritual, tribal and, as the tourist brochure puts it, 'the most beautiful place on earth'.

And yet there is one striking parallel with U.S. policy which the hippies, being apolitical, have probably not noticed. The suppresion of its peoples by a non-elected but officially blessed autocrat. Nepal is ruled by His Majesty King Mahendra Bir Bikram Sha Deva and is considered by himself - and some of his subjects - to be the reincarnation of a Hindu God. He governs his people with a blend of ruthlessness, ineptitude and insanity which is so often the trade-mark of mortal instruments of divine wisdom.
To make his autocracy more palatable to the purveyors of international Aid, he claims to have invented a brand new form of democracy called the panchayat system. The 'panchayat' (as opposed to 'parliament') is simply a state advisory body with most of its 69 members elected by the King - little more than institutionalised sycophancy.

Because King Mahendra is known to confer favours impulsively, members conspire to organize "accidental" confrontations with him. Indeed, accidental confrontations are the most his 'cabinet' can ever hope for. The King rarely grants audiences to anyone - except crazed Hindu Fakirs with recurring Majesterial visions.

Because it is a "partyless democracy", the function of the panchayat assembly is to presumably imitate only the theatre of parliament. Despite Mahendra's claims of originality, its administrative mechanism has been lifted directly from the Code Napoleon.

Some years ago in a stunt to provide his national daily, 'The Rising Nepal' with some pin-up photos, King Mahendra set out on a white horse to fraternise with some of his 9½ million odd subjects. What was never mentioned in the glowing descriptions of Mahendra's grandiose goodwill gesture was the fact that he took the entire Nepalese domestic army with him. Some of the villages are still recovering from the economic catastrophy of this tour (e.g. villagers were made to sell rice to his troops at ¼ the accepted price).

Last year some Nepalese teenagers paraded harmlessly outside the U.S. Embassy to protest Vietnam. Police swooped in and arrested all those involved. A resident British lawyer later revealed that the demonstraters were beaten by police so sadistically that "bones projected through flesh". They were then sentenced to twenty years in gaol. At the end of this time it will be King Mahendra's perogative to decide whether or not the luckless demonstrators are to be executed.

The British Council once organised the staging of 'Macbeth' in a local hall. King Mahendra intervened personally to ban the production on the grounds that Shakespeare depicts the murder of a King - an insult to Mahendra's conception of omniscient monarchy.

These are just some of the facts of how monarchism operates in Nepal. Below is some of the fiction. These are extracts from a special issue of 'The Rising Nepal', the national daily, celebrating King Mahendra's birthday.

(A few weeks later the nation celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of King Mahendra's father. The fact that he has been dead for some years did not dampen official enthusiasm).

The editorial:

A RED-LETTER DAY

"Every country or nation has a number of red-letter days in a year and so Nepal or the Nepalese also have theirs. The most important and significant of them for the celebration of which, all the Nepalese in every nook and corner, whether in the hills and dales, high hills and the Terai, the midlands of the valleys and foothills within the country or anywhere in the world - join their hand amidst various functions in the massive demonstration of their love and loyalty - is June Eleven the auspicious day on which His Majesty the King was born. To-day June eleven which comes once every year is being celebrated with added rejoicing and jubilant enthusiasm by all the Nepalese wherever they may be or whatever they may be doing. For His Majesty is not only just a King to them but their saviour, deliverer, benefactor and above all leader. He has done so much to assure them a bright present and a brighter future that moved deeply by feelings of gratitude, they are offering prayers in temples in Vibars, and Gompas for the long and glorious life of His Majesty the King."

The newspaper also included a lengthy poem by King Mahendra plus a photograph, taken at night, of him actually composing the poem in the palace gardens, wearing spats. It is called "Rara, a Nymph of Paradise, Every Wave with a Precious Bead" which is about his wife. She, incidentally, is extraordinarily ugly, even for a Queen, and has never been known to smile in public.

An extract from the poem:

And hold in trance
And those who chance
To cast a glance
On your expanse
Fleetingly for only once ?

"Likely a lovely maiden
Of elegant proportion,
Where did you learn
To drop those long-lashed eyes
And tantalise

Here's a typical extract from one of many eulogies to Mahendra; this one titled 'King Mahendra: Politician, Poet and Philosopher".

Speaking of His Majesty's idealism, one is inevitably reminded of his poetry. It is poetry drenched in the air, water, and soil of Nepal. Its cadence is the voice of the Nepalese; its lilt is the dance of the Nepalese.

We must never forget that King Mahendra's poetry is at its best only a reflection of the white-hot brilliance of his life. His whole life has been aglow with the fire and faith of the burning romantic—the romantic of not mere passion for womanly beauty, the beauty of the flower and the fields, of the streams and the mountains, but the romantic ablaze with the fire of revolutionary fervour, the statesman who wants the world changed better to suit his heart's pattern— a world without feuds, a world without selfishness where poetic harmony rules over the jarring notes of mutual suspicion and apathy.

From a poem titled 'Forty Seven Lines - written in a mood of adoration.

That Man may celebrate with festivity and mirth
This blessed blessed day of King Mahendra's birth!

Blow, Zephyr! blow; blow, gently blow—
Not too fast nor too slow, blow or gently flow!

Blened with the fullsome fragrance, of flowers frail fragile
Flowers for the sense so essentially sensuous
There is another fragrance, of mind alert and agile
Such is the mind of Mahendra, so essentially righteous!
Ah! such is the fragrance of Mahendra, our poet-philosopher-king
The propounder of Panchayat, thus peace and plenty to bring!

Blow, Zephyr! blow, laden with Mahendra's high renown
Broadcast all around the majesty of the Nepalese Crown!

For all his white-hot brilliance and fullsome flagrance, King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, has human appetites. His land is poor. Coca Cola is unavailable. However, the King is not deprived. Every month a crate of this precious liquid is flown in for the Palace. The empty bottles later reach the villagers who fill them with a vile, sugary, scarlet liquid and palm them off to tourists. No wonder the U.S. Government has classified Nepal, for the benefit of its Aid personal, as a 'hardship area'.

And it's not exactly a ball for Mahendra's subjects.

Nepal's King Mahendra Bir Bikram Sha Deva

The original of Peter Sellers' kingly caricature in 'The Mouse that Roared' - a film banned in Nepal

Ray Leong

dope sheet

All drugs are dangerous, just like everything else, & just like everything else (almost), the danger lies not quite so much in the drugs as in how they are used. Even so, the drug scene – – dealing, being flamboyant & furtive simultaneously, trying to be HiP, distrusting cops, &c – – is far more dangerous than the drugs themselves. But since we will take drugs, it behoves us to minimize the risks. The traditional & best way to do this is through knowledge. If you know what you're doing & doing it right, it probably won't hurt you.

What acid does is restore the balance of your senses. This can be pretty confusing. Suddenly you can feel & hear & smell & taste as well as you've always been able to see, as well as evolution designed you to, as well as any natural animal. Your brain, used to handling mainly visual data, is suddenly flooded with information from senses it has always up to now pretty much ignored. You change in a flash from a set of eyes mounted in a flesh & blood transport ation device to a Whole Man, which is pretty upsetting at first.

You should direct your trips, most especially your early trips, with this in mind. Although acid has no value in & of itself will not make you good or holy or wise or anything else except high it can be used (& to take it all is to use it) in a valuable way. It can be an educational tool. You can learn something from it.

Arrange to take your trip with someone else (also on acid) who is wiser &/or more experienced than you someone you trust, who should be able to answer whatever questions you may be able to ask, who knows what's happening & what to do about it if something has to be done – – whom you like well enough to share the intimate experience of acid with. A guru.

Avoid crowds until you're used to acid. Crowds can overwhelm you & even set up paranoid reactions in you. Avoid most restaurants & coffeehouses. Avoid people who are not on the trip. All these things can wait until you're at home with acid & know how it works with you. In the yoga of acid you must eventually experience all of there things & more, but that's the third phase of your course, & comes a long time after your earliest trips.

Bathe beforehand, otherwise you're likely to be acutley aware that you haven't. Don't eat for at least four hours beforehand, otherwise you're likely to be acutely aware of the digestive process. Spend at least an hour beforehand relaxing your mind & body & spirit, becoming calm & peaceful, otherwise you're likely to have a troubled trip.

Provide your tripplace with things to touch, to feel, to smell, to taste, to hear, & eventually to do. Things for your expanded senses to experience.

Now comes the most important hour of the trip, the hour before you become high. This hour determines the shape & nature of the trip. I like to consult the I Ching at this time. Cast the oracle & spend that time reading & meditating on what it says. For me this determines the intellectual & spiritual content of the experience. You should certainly do something analogous to this. Determine the course of your trip while you can, because once you're high you'll be too busy.

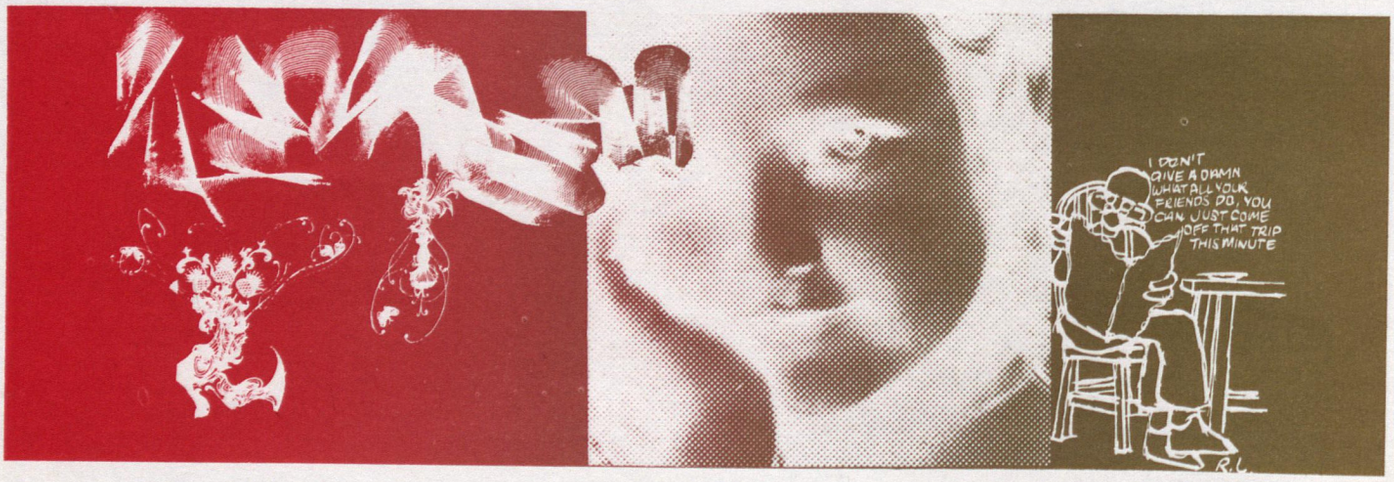
When the acid first takes effect, lean back, consciously relax, & let it happen. Do not be afraid.

While you are high use your sense. Give them real workout. Learn yoga & their language, You & the guru you have chosen to travel with can teach you to be real again, undoing The System's years of teaching you to be unreal, unaware, unconscious, useful only to The System. In this way you can become free, & freedom is what all of this – – acid, Haight/Ashbury, dropping out, the whole bit – – is all about. Otherwise acid isn't worth breaking the law for.

That's where it's at. Be with a beautiful person in a beautiful place doing beautiful things & being beautiful, & you will have a beautiful trip. Instead of thinking about yourself, be. Be what you are, what the moment dictates, experiencing yourself & the world without your intellect

Rest a few days, at least, between trips. It takes an average of three days for your blood chemistry to recover from a trip, & until it does, acid won't have any effect. And you need the rest. Acid trips are more work than most jobs.

Finally, in as tranquil a mood as you can muster, drop the acid. It's good if you can do this with a certain amount of ritual, since the psychedelic experience really is a religious experience. (Any experience that restores you to wholeness is religious, no matter what metaphysic you espouse. Whatever makes you whole again is a true sacrament.)



As one of its side effects, acid stimulates the production of adrenaline, to which it is very similar. Fear is what usually stimulates adrenaline production, part of the mechanism by which the animal we are copes with & escapes danger. Now, what makes you human is your forebrain, those enormous frontal lobes, evolution's latest improvement on the original model-T brain that dogs & cats & monkeys have. Your hindbrain, however, is still that same old model-T animal thing, & what it does for you is keep your body running & your basic instincts/emotions going so as to leave your forebrain free for thinking. The hindbrain is an idiot. It equates increased adrenaline secretion with fear, but the equation is circular: fear = adrenaline, thus adrenaline = fear.

What acid does is stimulate adrenaline secretion & keep it stimulated for upwards of eight long hours (usually, in cases of fright, the secretion continues for only a few minutes). This can reduce you to gibbering terror unless you remember (it's easy to remember) that it isn't fear you feel but chemistry. Some people do get horribly frightened, despite the objective fact that there is neither anything to be afraid of nor any real fear. They suffer from an abstract, backwards fear. This is not necessary. Don't do it.

Your mind is yours, & you can do with is just about what you wish. You can remove the fear from the adrenaline simply by knowing that there is no fear & willing yourself to be calm. This leaves you with all that adrenaline floating about in your bloodstream, adding a prolonged adrenaline high to the effects of the acid. Adrenaline minus fear produces euphoria, which is a gas, baby.

Acid is a consciousness-expanding drug & should be used as such. A standard hip error is to devote trips to introspection, which is logically foolish & guaranteed to generate bad trips, at least in the early stages of the acid curriculum. Self-knowledge is even more important than you think it is, but introspection is the last step in the last step in the process of knowing yourself. (Here follows a digression from "A Handbook for Unicorns.")

"The way to know yourself is to know everybody else. You are different. A Martian couldn't tell you & anybody else apart.

"All men are more alike than different. They all have the same long evolution & genetic organization & physical structure, the same neural circuitry, the same kind of brain, the same chemistry, the same needs & desires, the same sensory equipment. We all have more experience in common than otherwise. The same language (way of thinking), the same general childhood history, the same kind of education. We've done the same things, read the same things, heard said eaten touched felt endured suffered craved enjoyed known all the same things, all of us. The differences are almost insignificant, no other race could easily detect them, & they startle us because similarities are invisible.

"Introspection – – delving into your own minute infinity – – is at best a vague adventure. How can you tell what all this subjective & symbolic data means? How can you tell what all this subjective & symbolic data means? How do you know what's real & what's just a subconscious smokescreen? How can you tell when you're fooling yourself?

"But if you first study everbody else & learn the elements of commonality, the billion things all men share alike, introspection becomes practical, because you have established standards for determining reality.

"Otherwise introspection is a solitary vice, a masturbation, a fearsome & unsatisfactory substitute for a real thing. Real people insist on real things."

Acid is only acid, but a full course of trips properly taken will make you a better & freer, more real & loving human being. This seems to take something like five years, but results are visible from the very beginning. (What causes the improvement is not the acid but the trips.)

The least beautiful aspect of acid is the business of acid: dealing. I don't know why, but the acid business is the dirtiest of all the drug industries. There are a spate of honourable dealers, but by & large there more burns short counts, adulterations & frauds in the acid trade than in any other (except, possibly, the methedrine trade, which is notoriously immoral & unethical).

Most acid hereabouts is cut with methedrine. Dealers lie outrageously about dosages, claiming 1000 micrograms for a tab that has less than 250. Other drugs, notably methedrine but sometimes worse are sold as acid. Thousand dollar deals in which somebody runs off with the money are commonplace. It's a dirty business.

The standard dose, worked out the hard way by Timothy Leary & friends, is about 250 micrograms & no matter what the dealer tells you (unless you know him will to be honest, ethical & generally right about such things), that's about how much there is in the usual tab or cap.

If you're having a bad trip, there are several things you can do about it. First of all, stop panicking, relax, breathe slowly & deeply. Will yourself to be calm. Find out what's wrong & correct it if you can, & take care to avoid that next time. Learn from your bad trips, or else stop taking acid.

If you feel you have to teminate the trip, vitamin B3 will bring you down safely. Take five tablets, & if that hasn't worked in 30 minutes, take five more.

Remember, you are under the influence of a drug that will wear off. No bad trips are permanent. (No good ones are, either.) You can get out of a bad trip simply by waiting until you come down, if there's no other way available.

Don't take a bad trip seriously (except to learn from it). It may be distressing, but it is not real. It will go away. You will not go mad or any other such newspaper-bullshit thing. Bad trips are produced by misunderstandings & misinterpretations, not by truths or by anything true. Do not take any serious action on the basis of a bad trip.

It's useless to take more acid after you've become high, because it won't work. You can get the same effect from a saccharine tablet. Don't exceed the standard dosage until you've learned to handle the standard dosage.

Speed kills. It really does. Methedrine, amphetemine &c can & will rot your teeth, freeze your mind & kill your body. The life expectancy of the average speed-freek, from first shot to the morgue, is less than five years. What a drag.

Don't become a dealer. It's habit-forming, messy, unpleasant, dangerous & a drag.

Don't do anything to your body that your body can't veto. No needles. Consider the psychological & symbolic implications of sticking a needle into yourself. Do you really want to do that?

Don't let dope be the only thing you do, or the most important thing in your life. That's the quick way to be bored with having fun, which is a drag.

Be cool.

Chester Anderson

DAVID PHILLIPS & MICHAEL GRAY TALK TO EX RADIO LONDON D.J. JOHN PEEL.

If you take a walk
I'll tax your feet.

The decibel level dropped suddenly in large blocks of flats; housewives stopped frying their Quicky-Snak Cod Pieces; afternoon teenyboppers roze in mid-Jerk, and supermarkets fell silent. Only Promethian chords of 'We Shall Overcome' lumbered across the aether from Radio Caroline - but growing fainter and sadder and further away.
The kind of experimental and avante-garde pop music that Peel had been free to play will be particularly hit. We await the over-whelming boredom of Radio 1, putting out an up-tempo "musical accompaniment" to damp and falling Autumn leaves.

Peel does see the Marine Offences Act as a restriction of a basic liberty. He believes that pirates allowed artist and listener an unprecedented release from the demands and limits which The Establishment placed on Pop.

The farmers and the businessmen,
they all did decide.

"I can see some of the arguments for the Bill - I don't know how justified they are - the electronic things, that it interferes with other people's signals and stuff like this. The logical thing for them to do, of course, would have been for them to license the pirate stations and bring them on shore. This is probably entirely naive but the way I look at it, one of the main reasons they closed down the pirates was sour grapes - the fact that they, the Lord Thompsons and such who already control the mass communications media, hadn't thought of it first and therefore it wasn't being run by the people who were safe and on their side. I don't think it matters which party is in office. I don't know whether the Conservative Party, if they get in, will introduce commercial radio as such, but if they do I'm sure it'll be controlled by the people who control everything anyway. I don't know who they are, but there's this great faceless mass of people who seem to watch over everything."

"This new Marine Offences Bill is one of the most terrifying things I've ever read in my entire life and the majority of people don't seem to realise exactly how far-reaching the thing is. I was down at Tiles the other day and the d-j on stage said something about Radio Caroline - and under the Bill he could go to gaol for that. And if you have a Radio Caroline sticker on your car you can go to gaol for that too."

And then the kerosene
Is strapped across their shoulders.

"The majority of people who've been hired for this new thing, Radio 1 - I don't know who they all are, but of the pirate disc-jockeyes - they seem to hire the safe and the pliable ones. You're going to get The Northern Dance Orchestra rendering "See Emily Play" and Harold Smart Swings and stuff like this. I think when it starts off people are going to say 'No'. We've been led to believe we're going to get some thing reasonably like the pirates - whether they were good or bad doesn't really matter here - but that's what's expected; and when it doesn't come along people are going to be very angry."

Please don't wake me
No don't shake me
Leave me where I am
I'm only sleeping.

"But of course British people only seem to be angry for a very short period of time and then they settle back and accept whatever it is that's being thrown at them with great vacant stares on their faces. This is the way that people have become conditioned to react. They get aroused about something and they never stay roused. England's so absurd you can't get angry with it yourself. People seem to be getting progressively more illogical. It's beyond apathy: it's reached some ecstatic new state where there aren't words to describe it.

"In America - which is far from being the ideal country - I worked just outside Los Angeles for a time, and you could pick up something like fifty radio stations; so that regardless of how bizarre your tastes were there'd be something somewhere to accommodate you. That is just not heard of here - and I think people should be angry.

"Mind you, I also worked for KLF, this Gordon McClendon station, and he runs this enormous anti-everything movement on the station. If a song mentions the word Mind that's a Drugs Song and if you mention Skirt well then that's a Sex Song, so the poor guy found himself with an almost entirely instrumental station. I think even 'Tequila' is banned out there (KLF is in Oklahoma) as 'conducive to a permissive attitude to alcoholism'."

The country music station plays soft
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off.

"And this is more or less the situation here. The BBC is a great quivering mass creeping into the 1940s and out of the 1920s.

"You know I sent them a tape initially and word drifted back to me that they thought my programme was 'conducive to a permissive attitude to drug-taking.' Anyway, later on I went down there and talked with this person - who actually turned out to be quite aware of the things that were going on and it looks as though possibly I might be getting on there after all. The programme I'll be doing is supposed to be the anchor programme of the new service and this bloke wants me to get back to playing the sort of experimental records I was playing on Radio London. He can't start off right away by doing it because the BBC won't let him; so we'll have to build up to it gradually.

"But at the BBC it's so different. There are great crowds of people all around you - girls to put on the records, officials to watch them doing it, producers, programme controllers, shop stewards and all the rest. You need a studio the size of the Festival Hall. The nice thing about Radio London was that you could just sit there on your own out in this rusty boat and play the kind of music you wanted to (well I could anyhow) and people could just let their imaginations run riot. I have this great hang-up about being shy."

Hey, you've got to hide your love away.

"I learnt a lot from the letters I got on the Perfumed Garden. You know, they weren't the 'Dear John, I think you're fab, please send a pic' sort. Basically the music makes the programme and I was fortunate to have the freedom to choose what I wanted to play on London. It wasn't a question of converting people to one particular set of beliefs, either the listeners or other disc-jockeys, but of expanding them and increasing possibilities. This is why it was so valuable, despite the fact that there were some pretty distasteful people involved in Pirate Radio. And the insidious thing about the non-pirate 'professional' d-js is their incredible ignorance. They know very little about the music they're playing and so their picture of what their audience wants is no more than a myth."

Ezra Pound and T.S.Eliot fighting in the captain's tower
While calypso-singers laugh at them and fishermen hold flowers.

Maybe Big L meant lots of money for its American backers, but you could always find a record you actually liked. And when the pirates scratched their armpits, at least you know that it didn't come from the library of Special Effects.
The unofficial censorship that the BBC bureaucracy exerts as corporate scoutmaster will continue its sad-eyed vigilance against the Drug Peril-Sex Peril-Red Conspiracy. Victor Sylvester will creep up on us unawares and bring back Aspidistra Power. Down Your Way the Everready Batteries are going to last a whole lot longer.

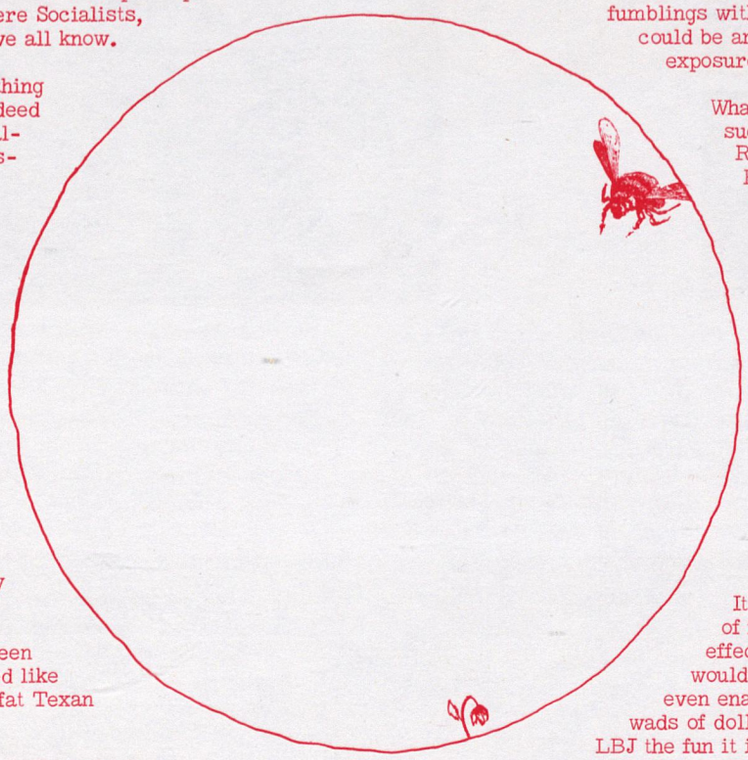
"The more the bureaucracy is 'dehumanised', the more completely it suddeeds in eliminating from official business love, hatred, and all purely personal, irrational, and emotional elements which escape calculation." (Max Weber).

NOTHING is happening Mr Jones...

No one went wild when H. Wilson became our leader. I assume, probably justifiably, that you didn't either. But I entertained hopes, small modest, self-effacing ones. Marginal changes here and there, things would not surely be worse than they had been in the previous wasted years; if no improvement was registered once again the government would be composed of rogues and villains with no attachment to principle. But our new leaders said they were Socialists, and Socialists are good men as we all know.

But nothing got better and everything worse, our new leaders were indeed rogues and villains and not socialists at all. All this was very disillusioning.

We observed from a distance that the nation, according to many reputable newspapers, was undergoing some form of crisis. Fat men with bald heads marched into important offices in Whitehall. Thin men made speeches deploring the deterioration in the quality of our national fibre. Better fibre means perhaps the ability to offer more relevant and purposive help to our allies in their efforts to eliminate unwashed peasants hiding in smelly swamps in various parts of the world. All we have been able to provide so far, however, have been encouraging noises which sounded like so much slobbering on a pair of fat Texan buttocks.



If these people who came to power under the banner of Socialism have in fact proved to be imposters who are they? Agents of the Comintern? the CIA? hirelings of a worldwide Jewish conspiracy? No, I fear, humble Englishmen just like me or even perhaps you. But with a difference - humble Englishmen whose principal aim is the preservation of a number of large smug corporations run by men with names like Chambers, Robens and Beeching. When the Corporation proves inadequate in size a larger one is produced and a new captain of industry is constructed: Lord Melchett and the National Steel Corporation go together like Love and Marriage.

Thus these humble men, with a little help from their friends, have constructed a large edifice known as the National Interest. Is it a small, domed building? A Hyde Park Bog, perhaps with a dash of Albert Memorial? British it may be but it is not the stuff of which Socialism is made.

For there is such a thing as Socialism and it does involve a rather different order of priorities to those of that humble man in number ten. It amounts to more than attacks on small drafty tramp steamers marooned around the British coast crammed with embittered colonials, North Americans and elderly Liverpool Teenagers. OH GOD! the irony of Caroline "exposing" the PRIVATE life of Wilson, as if sweaty fumblings with an elderly secretary could be any more boring than the exposure of his public parts.

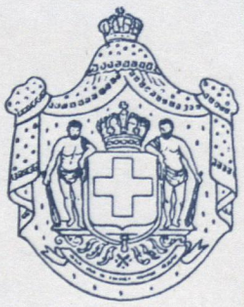
What's Socialism? It's NOT succumbing to a grubby Racialist, John Hanson in Rhodesia; and flogging vast quantities of consumer durables to the Union of South Africa; and wining and dining villainous old gangsters from obscure Kingdoms and Sheikdoms in Arabia; and slamming on a pay freeze that differs only from its Tory predecessor in the amount of wool that has been pushed over the eyes of the worker, the supposed Labour Party Folk Hero.

It is in fact the elimination of fat smug corporations. The effects of this kind of action would be considerable and might even enable us to live without the wads of dollars that MAKE life with LBJ the fun it is.

But under this So-called Socialist government it isn't happening.

Indeed, nothing is happening. We are all asleep. Public consciousness was asphyxiated with the second endorsement of Wilson just fifteen months ago and now we dream....in our dream comes nothing but wraiths in the night, the return of the vanquished and almost vanished Tories. No one really wants them, but no one really minds them. They are after all there. Stupid yes, but certainly no more so than their opponents; hypocritical yes, and almost as efficiently, immoral but in the correctly uninteresting way. Turn over in your sleep and there they are.....

Nigel Rourtain

Letter from a  Greek Prison

As you know, this sad land is censored by the hot-eyed colonels who recently captured it, but I smuggle this random comment from the inside of the slam because they shouldn't escape without having this view of their black deeds exposed. The operating methods of Greek fuzz have always been vile — violent nerve-shattering two-month "interrogations" in the station, mysterious disappearances in the night, sick old junkies hanged by the thumbs, smashed balls — all the insane trappings of the police state.

Once I lived half a year in a pretrial prison and saw maybe 200 accused go to court without a single not-guilty decision. They have it as they want it, apparently even the judges and juries are terrified. Foreigners inhale it too, the favourite tactic being to take a "confession" written in Greek, which said tourist can't read, then fill it up with fuzzy fantasies and trick or beat a signature out of the man who then gets convicted of half the unsolved crimes in the country and doesn't even know what they are.

Especially dangerous for heads here, as Athens is full of multilingual stooges, often bearded and hip-sounding, who seduce tourists to push or score or turn on, then bring a fuzz-trap to the rendezvous. Courts not particular here, any old piece of evidence will do the job. Greek prisons must have the highest percentage of foreigners of any country in the world. I suppose these dirty fuzz aren't any sicker than anybody else's cops but here they're given more freedom to act out their psychosis by the military-monarchy-church-businessman syndrome which rules the place and protects its interests by holding the numbed masses in tightest fear and ignorance.

Same old story but worse here, as this has always been one of the world's most selfish oligarchies, although in places like Dubuque, El Paso and the Pentagon it's known as one of the lucky democracies American military aid has saved from the dirty Reds. Fuck the ghost of John Foster Dulles. The rifles marching around these prison walls are American and if the CIA didn't trigger this coup then at least it's grateful, for the election it prevented would have been won by the Papandreou family which threatened to do such dirty commie tricks as build some schools, make the obscene-rich pay taxes, castrate the massive police force throw the king out of politics and build a couple of factories. Sad, sad affair, the demise of the people's choice, the death of the Left and the Center, too.

NAILED TO THE CROSS

An old lifer cornered me in the toilet the other day and whispered, "Papandreou went forward carrying the cross and the fascists nailed him too it. Tell that to the good people in your country if you can find any." So I found you and I tell you.

So now we have the military apparatus on top of the police apparatus, operating their own courts and prosecuting for thought-crimes, a true 20th century witch-hunt. This enormous medieval slam is loaded with the results of this new menace. A student bows before a public picture of the king and says. "We're lucky to

have such a fine king," but the court reads his mind, says he was being sarcastic and pays five years upon his young soul. Another spends the night at his brother's house without the permission of the government gets three years, his brother disappears into exile. Those stories are endless, each sicker than the last, the latest chapter of Kafka.

Behind much of this is a system of false witnesses for this is a land where families quarrel and don't speak for generations, a bitter hung-up mentality full of mystical fuck-hatreds, the home of revenge and duplicity and this new dictatorship brings out the rat in everybody. The military, like the fuzz, don't care; they need victims and when they don't exist they'll create them.

So it becomes a completely schizophrenic nation where almost nobody is speaking or behaving as he wishes, a country of madmen whose appearance is the only real and constant concern, words mean absolutely nothing, truth is death and therefore it is dead. Martial music and strident speeches rip out of the loudspeakers, military genius everywhere, including such gems as "We're saving you from Communism, Fascism and Nazism", whatever that means, and "Karl Marx was a stupid pig". Wow.

And these prisons are a long stepdown from Sing Sing. They're rat-infested and dark, totally without heat in the bitter winters, twenty-five crowded into stone rooms, hardly any food or medical care, no schools sports workshops or libraries. Nothing. The all-consuming question is the simple one of survival and by no means all can answer it.

PRISONS ARE SEXY

As to what happens here, have explained that aspect elsewhere but I tell you that prisons are among the sexiest places on earth, beginning with the goonie-con relationship. Often ask the uniformed performers why they want to spend their lives pushing helpless men around and locking them in cells and if I get an intelligent reply they sort of say, "Because it takes a MAN to do it", so I say, "If this makes you a MAN, then we must be less than men so what are we, WOMEN or some thing?", and they can't follow it, but what it really makes us is eunuchs, less than men because we are castrated, and the power they hold over us, the contempt they have for us, the self-esteem they derive from our plight is essentially due to the fact that they have heterosexual pricks and we do not. This difference manifests itself in all phases of the dance and dialogue. It can be resisted, but at great cost.

What is actually demanded is that you repent your big crime, and that you quite literally fall into some sort of love with your keepers. This is why narcotics violations have so much friction in all prisons and why they're so despised. They can never repent their deeds because they know very well they've done nothing wrong (except some junkies who feel they've sinned against themselves) and thus they can only feel contempt or pity for their keepers which drives said keepers straight up the wall.

And the whole concept of "rehabilitation" is just as phony here as it is everywhere, for the qualities everybody's schoolteacher said we were supposed to have — courage, conviction, creativity etc. — are the same qualities which will get you completely burned in here. What they want to turn out of here are a bunch of walking zombies, too down and terrified to do anything but obey even the dumbest orders for the rest of their pasty lives, a servile army of the spiritually lobotomised. Anyway I've been denied parole three times and it's clear I'm never going to get it, which is encouraging. Let's fill all the dungeons in the world up with dirt and grow sacred mushrooms in them.

ARROGANT COLONELS

So these arrogant colonels are shamelessly determined to convert all the people into miniature reflections of their one-minded selves, to "purify" Greece as they say. This means to eliminate whatever they cannot understand, which is everything that doesn't think their simple thoughts and fall in love with their brass and bearing, and it's clear that nothing here can stop them. They can only be toppled from outside, by a big drop in tourist support (already happening) and the frequent smashing of their embassy windows, which wounds them deeply.

People can play the tourist here if they wish, but they play it at their deadly peril and every coin dropped here helps to perpetuate this black jazz. I've seen the blood they spill, plenty of it, it's red and it runs.

Which brings up to the talking butterfly which once made it into this cave and told me it is aerodynamically capable of flying as straight and efficiently as an arrow, but it makes it around zit-flut-flit because it feels like it, which seems to be one of the more important things learned in this long walk into strange.

Time here in its mysterious vortex stretches folds and snaps like the turned-on mind that it is, but the final realization is that eternity plus or minus a few years still equals eternity, so nothing is finally altered. It is truly possible to dance everywhere, even in the far reaches of Lost. Your news from the outer world, your talk of the vast turn-on and the worldwide defiance of of the forces of destruction gives proof that the countless casualties paying the price in faceless prisons are being revenged in the only way we care about: we continue to exist, and we multiply.

With love, peace and music.

(Name Withheld)

JAGGER SAGA

EVERYTHING Sey Krim writes (left) about New York newspapermen is doubly true about the Fleet Street veterans who, if anything, can be more ingeniously vicious than their Manhattan counterparts. The latest example of this is what one might have called the Mick Jagger Saga had it not broadened subsequently into The Drug Story.

As you might remember it was a newspaper that began it - the smutty-minded, holier-than-thou News of the World (everybody's purveyor of the week's dirt-disguised-as-crime) which ran allegedly libellous accusations against Jagger's drug habits and then, when hit with a libel suit, sent a police posse out to a party the Rolling Stones were giving in a private house.

Leaving aside the suggestion that the newspaper might have planted the hash that was subsequently found - a suggestion that can never be proved for certain - it's still undeniable that the newspaper went much further than merely reporting the news; it actually created the news it then reported. This is a venerable practise among the less-principled papers and tends to be copied by ALL the papers if only in self-defense.

FOLLOW MICK JAGGER

Let us speculate on what happened next. In a dozen news rooms an editor gave his instructions: Follow Mick Jagger.

Now a reporter sent out on a story, like most mortals in any job, is determined to come up with something. To start with he wouldn't keep his job for long if he didn't and, by no means secondly, he has to justify all those exorbitant expenses.

The stringer in Dublin who sees Jagger turn up at a party won't get paid much for reporting this item. But there's a lot more space to be gained in the Daily Mirror by pretending that Jagger and his girl were thrown out of the party and so, not very mysteriously, that's what the story becomes. Makes no difference that no decent people throw celebrities out of parties these days (unless they're looking for publicity themselves), the story sounds better with a bit of drama in it and so the facts (and the quotes) are tailored to fit.

Less than 24 hours later Mick Jagger and his girl arrive back home at London airport and, what do you know? all kinds of trouble with taxi drivers. Some cabbies are quoted as saying that they wouldn't have such trash in their taxis. The newspapers run their second persecution story in as many days and nobody speculates that reporters have been known to plant the idea in gullible people's minds that they might get their names in the paper if they adopted certain moralistic postures and were quoted as such for all their friends to read.

SO-CALLED POLLS

Much the same type of thing seems to be happening with all these mysterious "public opinion polls" that have been printed in such papers as the Daily Mail and Daily Telegraph in the past few weeks. Teenagers, it now appears from these so-called polls, don't really want pot legalized at all. In fact the teenagers interviewed are apparently so busy helping old people to repaint their homes, planting potatoes on local allotments and assisting pensioners across the street that they have no time for such skulldruggery at all. Which is probably why, when asked their reasons for participating in such socially helpful practises they reply (to quote actual phrases): "It's something to do", "It's better than laying about", "It fills in the time".

These are the answers, mark you, of kids who DON'T smoke pot or drop acid and, if we're to believe the propaganda, don't even want other teenagers to have the right to do so. So much for the argument that soft drugs are responsible for kids' lack of drive and sense of purpose these days.

The fact of the matter is that we all rely on polls to bolster our own beliefs and prejudices. But most polls are nonsense, merely evidence known to be rigged even by the people who prepare it. Teenagers could be asked whether they smoke pot either by people of their own kind, in relaxed surroundings, or they could be cross-questioned by bowler-hatted, briefcase-carrying representatives of the Daily Telegraph in their own homes with members of their family present. It is possible that the data for the Telegraph poll was compiled in neither of these ways, but certainly the latter method is the more likely.

- J.W.

In Manhattan newspaper (and weekly magazine) shops you'll find veterans who spit on their work and automatically say that the importance of today's newspaper is to provide the wrapper for a smelly flounder tomorrow. The movie-portraits are for real, chums: no one is more snottily, and superficially, cynical about both reality and writing than the old-time, ex-alcoholic, security-obsessed newspaper grandad whom you'll run into on the overnight rewrite desk of a metropolitan paper. The idea that they might be front-runners snaring and interpreting reality as it broke before their eyes would have been a joke to the majority of these putdown experts who envied the stars on the world stage that they covered, but never conceived that they themselves were in the position to make history and not merely record it.
But underneath the cocked fedora and the rest of the so-called glamor crust you could find a man who thought of himself as a failure by the worldly standards drummed in to his being by his work—money, achievement, and status.

Much has been written on the oligarchic aspects or organisations but next to nothing on the same features of "non-organisations". What follows is a comment on the non-organisation centering around R.D. Laing and on what happens in the social transformation of his ideas. Laing's work which is a moving protest on the alienating characteristics of institutionalised socialisation seems to have provided little resistance to the emergence of those very same tendencies in the resocialisation of his cult of followers.

Laing probably realises this only too well. "We are born into a world where alienation awaits us. We are potentially men, but in an alienated state, and this state is not simply a natural system. Alienation as our present destiny is achieved only by outrageous violence perpetrated by human beings on human beings". And then, "Sometimes it seems that it is not possible to do more than reflect the decay around and within us, than sing sad and bitter songs of disillusion and defeat".

The disillusion and defeat that I feel about the Laing movement (but not with him or his words) stems from a dilemma facing any liberating movement; The dilemma as Gene Debs the American socialist put it, "If you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of the capitalist wilderness, you will stay right where youare. I would not lead you into the promised land ... because if I can lead you in, others can lead you out.

The point is that when men are dependent on leadership for their liberation they're caught before they even start. The paradox is that in order to become independent through the action of a movement you have to be independent to begin with.

This is highly relevant to-day when for argument's sake we can say there are two opposed models of revolutionary or underground movement. We can characterise this duality as it exists in the present world in several ways; Marxists versus anarchists, activists versus dropouts, Leninists versus acid heads, guerrillas versus diggers, material versus spiritual, external versus internal, etc., This dichotomy also parallels that between the affluent societies and the "Third World".

What Laing is trying to do is have afoot in both camps. And this is the importance of his message. Whether he will end up with the best or the worst of two worlds is another question. One side is for freedom and the other side is for movement. Do you have to choose one or the other or can you have both?

The concern for individual freedom which was once the monopoly of anarchist theory has now become subject to the efforts of an existentialist anti-psychiatry (R.D. Laing, David Cooper and Frank Atkin in this country) and in a different sort of way, the acid head. Liberation - in the individual-psychological sense which was Laing's first concern - involved the study of the obstacles in interpersonal relationships which resulted in the diffusion and disintegration of one's wholeness resulting in the label "schizophrenia". Like the acid merchants this was a concern with "freeing the mind", but unlike them it was also a critique of alienated society - not so much a sick or hung up society but one of which you, whether you like it or not, are a part. And if you don't get it before it gets you, brother, then you're cooked. But how can you get it before it gets you when you are born into it?
In many ways Laing has moved on from a study of the individual in small groups and is now dealing with the question of society itself, with emphasis on what is to be done right now rather than a passive study of what has been going on. This transformation from the analytic critique to the prescriptive formula and the outwinding from the individual to the social system cannot be said to be a success so far. The reasons for this lie in the metaphysical nature of his concepts and their metamorphosis into a group culture.

The concepts of alienation, identity and self, for example, are not only inherently ambiguous but find their concrete application in a bewildering multitude of different states. If we try to pin down exactly what someone means when they use a concept like alienation we find it almost impossible because the term has a sneaky way of eluding any fixed categories. For instance, it is common practice to describe alienation in terms of powerlessness isolation, meaninglessness and self-estrangement. But when we try to think of some concrete particular situation in which any or all of these things are NOT present we find we can't. This is because alienation is as multidimensional as the whole spectrum of any possible human experience.

Another, puzzling thing has been the literal acceptance of Laing's descriptions as though they were theories. Theories, I would submit, are propositions which have a general reference, are empirically grounded and contain implicit or explicit causal connections which can be tested. In contrast to this Laing's network of statements are, at their precise best, mapping strategies which only occasionally embody a suggestion of where to look for connections.

The real bite comes when we examine what happens to these ideas when they become part of a group ethos. I think it fair to suggest that Laing's work has become alienated over and against him. While he is an advocate of internal and external prescriptions for revolution (let us say an "acid-marxist") he has become a leader, if only passively. Now while leaders by definition only exist in conjunction with followers the tragedy of this particular dialectic is that followers seem to need and generate leaders. Charisma for example, would seem to be as much a property of prophets as a property of those who project it onto the prophet and the phenomenon of power is also the phenomenon of compliance.

What we should try to understand are the conditions which have led to and perpetrate this state of affairs. Why is it that a brilliant set of speculations on "schizophrenia" has achieved the social configuration of a messianic movement? And what is more a movement that is retreating hot foot into irrationality and a mystification almost as great as that it condemns.

Part of the answere, in psychological terms at least, can be found in Laing's work itself. It starts off from the notion of the social origin of the self (you are what certain significant other people think you are) and the postulated effect of one sort of limitation on personal development. Somewhere there is a "real you", a non-alienated you, awaiting its existential birth, but the others in your life are frantically determining what you shall be become instead. The emergence of this true self only occurs in a situation we shall call freedom. But the catch is not only that you are fighting a losing battle in a war with others who have completely lost themselves in the same process, but that in a very meaningful way you need them and are dependent on them.

To understand the implications of all this for the particular context in which the Laingians exist one can start first of all by taking is issue with the way a group, their group, mangles ideas. One example is their theme of "phenomenonology" - a general obscurantism which serves to control the group in the same way as Marx discussed ideaology. In this case, however, the control is initiated by the controlled. For our purposes, phenomenology is the direct and spontaneous subjective experience of "a totality" in an anti-analytical way.

To begin with a totality is defined and selected by one's prior experience which determines the parts and their patterning from an infinitude of possible totalities.

Secondly this process of selection and definition is dependent on an intervening grid of concepts which the Laingians like anybody else (must) allow to stand between them and their field.

Now the important point is that the Laingians delude themselves into thinking that they take this intervention into account by their talk of meta-levels of perception of on-going processes since each meta-level involves its own intervening concepts. They allow for this intervention only in the formal sense of not denying its general existence.

Michael Tausig

UNDERGROUND TELEVISION

The next art form scheduled for liberation is television. Long a slave of film, this workhorse medium is beginning to find its wings.

"As collage replaced oil paint, the cathode tube will replace the canvas." These are the words of Nam June Paik, a Korean artist living in New York who has become the prophet of The New Television.

Paik uses direct electronic manipulation to produce distorted television images, some surrealistic and some abstract. He may adjust the interior mechanism of the set so that it shows a garbled but pleasing picture. Or he may use a powerful electro-magnet to interefer with the cathode ray beam of the television tube, making "crazed" electrons line up in op-art-like force-field patterns across the picture tube.

Potentially, the main instrument of The New Television is the videotape recorder. This is an instrument with which the artist can work and rework his material, instantly replaying what he has done, collecting images from various visual sources (commercial television, film, magazines) or producing his own live. Unlike film it allows him to be free from censorship. He can put anything he wants on tape. There's no Kodak Labs to return blank film if they disapprove. Making a videotape can be as private as writing a poem or painting a picture.

Television is like film, but it is not film. Film is light moderated by shadow, and the texture is of thousands of tiny grains. Television is florescent light, and the texture is of hundreds of horizontal lines. The quality of the image is different. The quality of the television image is of immediacy, and never of immediacy, and never of spectacle (film); of flow, and never of stability (film). With its electric presence, it is the medium of our time.

Few artists are using television at present. It is more expensive to work with than film right now. Presumably it can be dangerous without some electronic knowledge. But many artists are making plans for using television, and the cost of videotape recorders is coming down in a hurry. An equipment salesmen here on the West Coast told me there may be a $100 recorder by 1975.

Meanwhile a sort of highclub in New York has already started using videotape for "underground television." People pay $1.75 to see a private hour videotape. Some of this is described as looking like a "psychedelic 'Today Show' ".

Sheldon Renan

author of the forthcoming
"An Introduction to the American Underground Film"
(Dutton Paperback, $1.95)

Hmm four in the morning and it's my birthday, thirty-one or fifteenth same thing. Number one squaw has folded her tent and silently stolen away leaving the aura of a vanishing Hitchcock flavoring under my thumb. We had some fresh orange juice at the air terminal, and costume changes, and Dinner under the clock at The Big A (Alvaro's) with a Medicine bag with a comb in it and my oldest friend who filmed it all. I powdered her nose. and then the Hilton to bring the new day in. She's a crazy tearaway heiress on her way to being a boss woman. It's down to me.

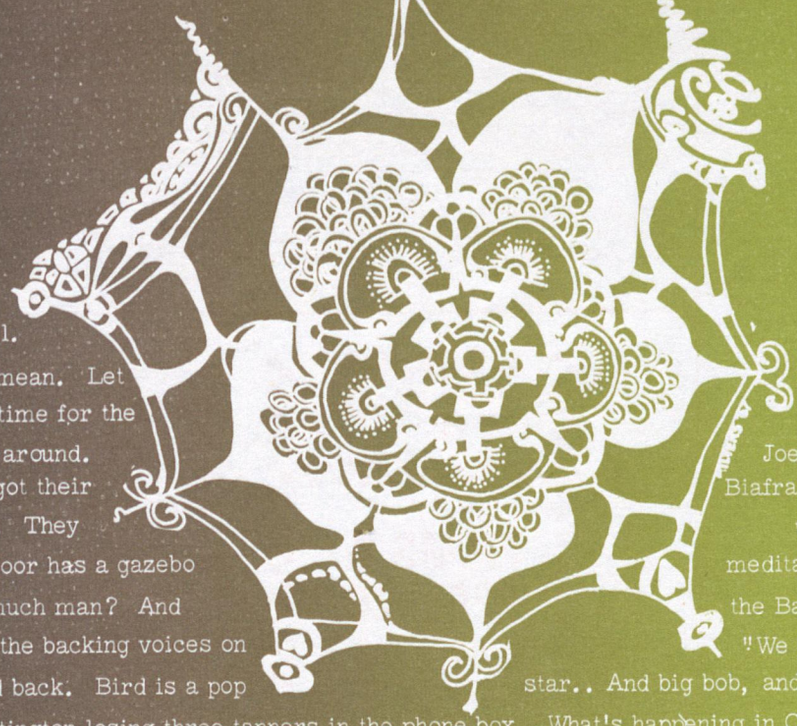
Surrealist pillow 1500 words and PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND cooking taking me back to Chicago and Muddy Waters sipping an Old Fitz and coke. "Those kids over there sing from the heart" he says about this scene here. Small world. I'm going home I was born there. Lenny lives. All the spirits are out. THINK.

Those American cats that blew in last month weren't kidding about there being about twenty people in this town and papa's got a brand new bag. To bridge the gap between acting and expression. Whatever happened to strolling players actors are getting so hung up with the career thing they've forgotten what it's all about. They're playing parts or something dumb. Even the best ones are off playing that stale eight-note staccato bebop for a price. Pawns in other peoples' fantasys. Godard has some very hip things to say about that scene. And when I'm really cookin' out there in life almost in anguish and tongue firmly in cheek I scream "where are the cameras NOW?"

Movies are like five years behind fashion and pop and here I am a cinema child trying to freak out. And these young musician image beautiful people are going to replace actors, because they're the true expressionists. Coltrane lives. It's not easy. Gonna carry a camera fast draw one and ev erybody works.

TAKE YOUR COAT OFF AND STAY FOR A WHILE

Freakout



Look at that stupid girl. FLIGHT 505. What does being a good Christian mean. Let he that is without sin jail the first stone. It is now time for the moment of truth. and all of the third eyes floating around. Joe and Mike. It's all bad news on the box They got their Biafran race riot stateside cultural revolutionized mayhem. They won't give Mick any privacy, but my neighbor next door has a gazebo meditation room in his back yard. Isn't Brian Jones too much man? And the Baghdad. And Michael Cooper and Keith Richard and the backing voices on "We Love You". Jimi Hendricks playing light years and back. Bird is a pop star.. And big bob, and the flower children singing in the subway and Huntington losing three tanners in the phone box. What's happening in China today

Paisley Doctor robert. JobtimeHigh and Dry. Carruthers M15, must get that together, Scots Dunfries fantasy of disguises. Africa Brass. Nelson Algren in the neon wilderness. "the punks just squawkin' cause his knees are shaking" applies to this scene. Lucy in the skies with Diamonds and the burning of the midnight lamp, the moving finger writes the singer not the song, the songer not the sing. Breakfast at the Maze. Oxygen at Harrods Senior Service

saw a film today in one of those moseleums called the a.b.c. and even the kids were bored. and the scene changes. simone and marike and apple juice capes. brian and suki back from marbella, olympic recording, and henrietta may be pregnant walkin' blues. daddy walsh with two godparents for his new ariel ring a ding ding purple tangerine snowflake eleven and the jolly giant. if i only had one hour for every second boy, would i cook. who wants yesterday's papers? just take it or leave it, it's just my liiiife own up

and christine had the word, looking as beautiful talking about the new toppling. groucho marz. caramel the moment you start playing the game that's the moment you have to be one step ahead of the game and it's called being even. who's been sleeping here. are you experienced? claire de loon.

And isn't Richard Harris too much. Ian keeps burning just keeping up the beat. ABRACADABRA, and the sweet sensation of getting it together with the help of my friend stargazers. Implosion

Ben Carruthers

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FILMS AND FEELINGS
by Raymond Durgnat

Not the least difficulty faced by a writer on the cinema is that the medium he confronts is a hybrid of theatrical, visual and literary forms. All too often those who understand aesthetic theory dismiss the different tastes of most cinemagoers, and those who understand their tastes have themselves little taste for aesthetic theory. Through close attention to details of style and content alike in films which range from Cocteau's 'Orphée' to Westerns like 'Ride Lonesome', Mr Durgnat attempts to establish a common 'sphere of experience' from which to approach some of the aesthetic problems posed by cinema as an art-form. With 30 photographs. 45s

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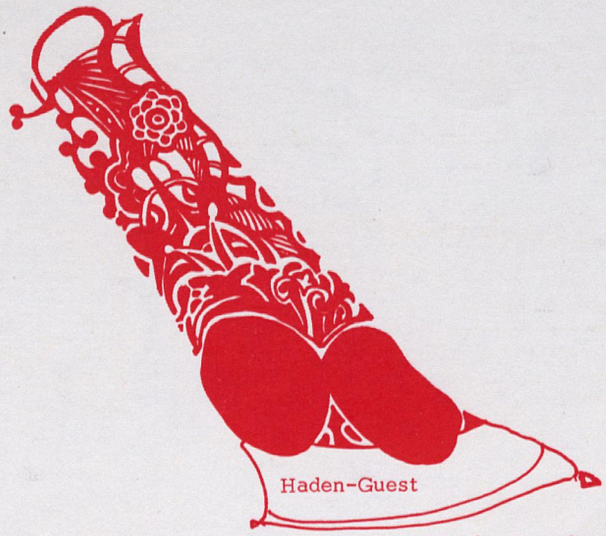


"So I'm back in business" says Maurice Girodias "Getting my Dirty Books out again at last - ".

He raises the spectre of a smile. Girodias has the wan, suffering look of a baroque saint, and seems elegantly weary as a diplomat who has spent a lifetime arguing at the Geneva Disarmament Conference. He is the greatest pornographer in the world, the single most dedicated provider of sexual delicatessen for the Anglo-Saxon mental meat-market. He is now to be canonised in the first big-budget Dirty Movie.

"Girodias" says Mel Fishman "was the First Man on the Underground". Fishman is a Californian with a satyr beard, and is planning to make the first mass-audience blue film. The script is by Stephen Schneck, a not-so-underground novelist, and is being based - loosely - on Girodias' life. It is being called The Olympia Reader, and it was Girodias' Olympia Press in Paris - when Paris was still The City of Light. Remember? - which brought the waiting world Jean Genet, Henry Miller, Burroughs' Naked Lunch, Nabokov's Lolita, Donleavy's The Ginger Man, Candy, a homosexual number by Jean Cocteau, and a great quantity of delicious, untalented, hard-core porn.

"And now we are republishing. In New York" says Girodias, who is holed up at the Chelsea Hotel (favourite holing-up place for the more Established Avant-Garde, ever since Thomas Wolfe raved there, Brendan Behan had DT's there, and Dylan Thomas went into a coma there. Now Arthur Miller lives there. Which isn't the same thing, really). "First I bring out The Travellers Companion " - and these were the green covers, as internationally recognisable an image as a Coke top - "No, I never liked that green colour myself ... Perhaps they should shoot this film in green? Then in October I bring out the Ophelia Series. This will be cheaper, in every sense of the word. In Paris we had many series that started with the letter 'O'. It is the most significant letter in pornography.

"The first book will be Stradella" - and this, I recall from pubertal reading, is a good meaty stretch of thrashing thighs - "I own the rights on all my books, but always there is trouble with writers. The moment their book does well, they see that they can make more money on the straight market. All except Bill Burroughs. Having been through that junkie thing, he doesn't seem to mind ...

"But Nabokov! He pretends that when he sent me Lolita, he did not know that I was a publisher of what he calls 'obscene novelettes'. I had already brought out Sam Beckett's Watt. And, anyway, people attack me for publishing obscenity for obscenity's sake. So what. I admit it? What's wrong with that? What are these analytical standards? Isn't this the worst form of hypocrisy?" Certainly Girodias is an ambiguous figure. Half hustler, and half freedom-fighter; impelled by a drive to make money - "Why is publishing pornography different from other publishing? They think they can treat me like a convicted criminal. It's a business" - but impelled by an equally urgent drive to extend the frontiers of taste, and, in fact, time and time again losing all his loot through acts of wilful defiance - ("Maurice Girodias" an unusually tedious Parisian poet intoned at me once "Will Always Go Too Far").

Girodias is now forty-eight. While he was operating in Paris, it seemed as if the heady mood of the thirties still hung over that moribund capital. The French Law disapproves of headiness, in any form. They busted him. Girodias started a club, a multi-layer cake of a place, including bars, sitaround places, an avant-garde theatre - it was, in fact, a fun palace, such as Joan Littlewood and John Calder never seem to get around to starting - but the theatre put on a production of De Sade. So that was busted too.

So he moves to Denmark. And the Danish Police, who have never taken it into their Viking minds to bother about the printed word before, bust his printing-press. So he hires a barge and send it across to England, loaded to the gunwales with sex books. Unprecedentedly, the barge sinks. Finally, he comes over to set up in London ("The Permissive Society", if you have been following the press), and he meets some beautiful people, publishers with thick, soft suits, and great affluent smiles, like the cat that got the cream ... They set up to acquire his rights - "And now" says the most fatly affluent, amiably ... "Now we want to drop the Dirty Books Image !".

So now New York, and hoping for the best. Girodias sits in Fishman's suite in the London Hilton, and sips a Pouilly Fuisse moodily - "A recent vintage. But good" - while Mike Wilson, who has been working on Science Fiction with Stanley Kubrick, plays some sitar, Fishman sends down for some hamburgers, and explains about the movie ... which is to be, well, partly biographical, but, interleaved. With fantasies. And frank, all so frank, no nonsense - The public is ready for Real Blue Movies, of a studio excellence, isn't it? Girodias looks a bit puzzled, and makes a telephone call to a lady in Paris. "The film" explains Fishman "Will be screened at selected cinemas, like the Plaza in New York, or even better, the Rivoli ... "And there will be special times, like in the theatre, except there will be effects impossible to duplicate in the theatre. Will it be illegal? "No, of course not ... and kids? Kids shouldn't be up that late anyway". Girodias is still puzzled, but quiescent. Blue Movies aren't really his scene. His scene is Dirty Books. He telephones New York ...

THE PORNBROKER

Anthony Burgess

Rosetalk

Hippie language is, in terms of the English-speaking community and even beyond, pretty well universal. There are, however and inevitably, local variants. The following are some of the latest in-terms or endoglosses used in London, S.W.1.

arc, to — To ascend the psychodelic curve (NB: psychedelic is a false spelling) that culminates in the definitive vision.

boncum — Originally bum-come but, by assimilation, transformed into a form that comes off the tongue more easily. To attain an orgasm (both sexes) that does not involve the grosser forms of coition. As noun: such an orgasm.

brell — The quiet note of jublation sounded in gentle orgasm.

chrom — Colour content of a psychodelic vision.

death, the — Police or other repressive forces of the community.

droll — Not funny but frightening - like the utterances of the enemy.

dustbowl — A pipe used for smoking marijuana.

dwellsell — A cell where several hippies live but where also supplies may be obtained.

epileap — To achieve the destination of a trip.

for cough — Clearly enunciated, with the accompanying indication of something harmless - like a beer or cigarette, this can be used as a gentle rebuke to the enquiring fuzz.

fistular — Used with some such term as group or force, is signifies the police. Evidently a compound of fist and the ular of constabulary, ular also being the Malay word for snake. And the whole word connotes a disease.

greenland — The psychodelic visionary world. Also just THE LAND.

hotpot — A Liverpool importation. Marijuana that is in danger of confiscation.

itching — In need of marijuana.

jug — The head (presumably as a receptable for the wine of visions).

knowledge, have — A Biblical revival, and none the worse for that. To indulge in pre-coital sex. Best used in the expression of a gentle wish: ''I'd like to have knowledge of you''.

lippy — A reefer.

long trail — A trip embarked on in solitude.

long lie — The sexual act when deliberate techniques of prolongation are used.

lubber — The female breast.

mist — Pot when alight.

notch — For beginners, a unit of psychodelic experience.

notchy — The night (from the Russian?)

ochre — Marijuana

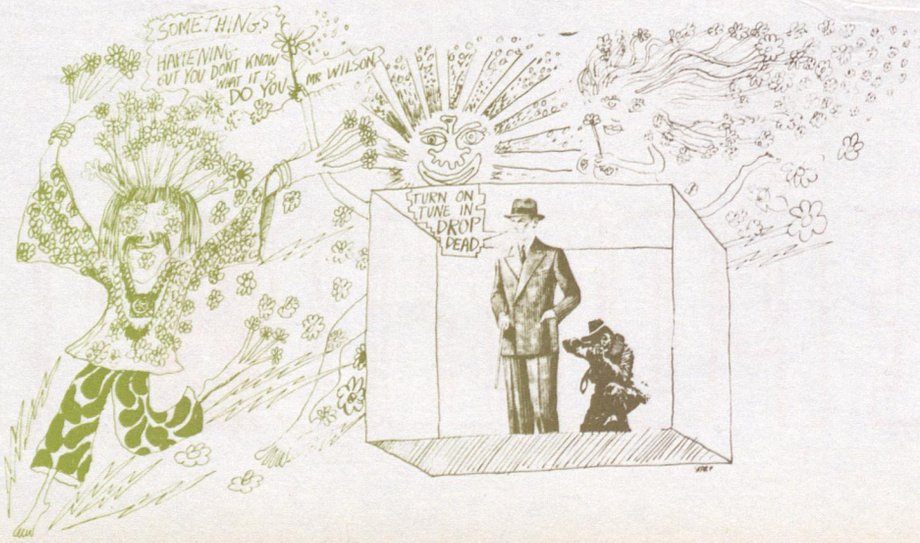
presentation — A trip (perhaps an attempt to translate the German hippies' Vorstellung).

roseboys, rosegirls — British flower-children. Thus, ROSEGARDEN: a place of meeting.

tramlined — Hooked on hard drugs.

U-tube — The brain as a thoroughfare for trips. (Perhaps from Underground and its popular synonym tube).

way-yay-hay — A rosegirl s cry of jubilation (this seems to be derived from Pitman's Shorthand Manual).



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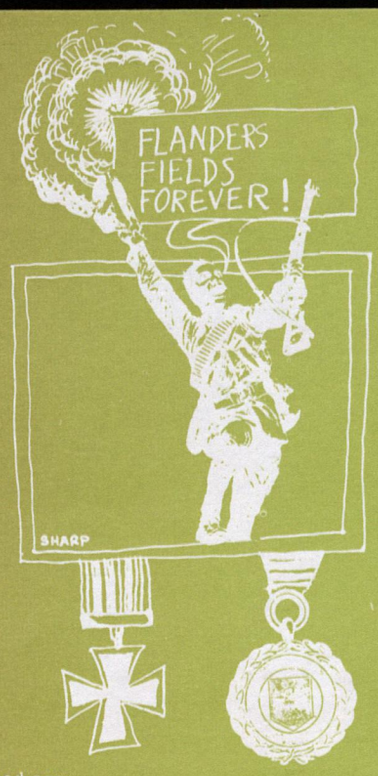


"We're citizens of a new enlightened age
We're all revolutionararies nowdays" (Coulmier Marat/Sade)

We believe a lot of lies. We like to put myths between ourselves and what could be. So we convince ourselves that David Frost has no talent and that Katherine Whitehorne is a raving nymph and that the queen loves her Corgis more than Prince Phillip. The myths exist as obituaries of our achievement. Thus a lot of people, who for a long time thought that a revolution would be a good idea are announcing that the Hippies have the modern state on its knees. The world's turned on; the lockstepped chessgames of the USA's iron and steel insanity is defeated by our heads; its the psychedelic storming of the Winter Palace; Dictatorship of the Chemical Provotariate. The grownup revolutionaries have seized on Flower Power like they used to get worked up about CND in the days that the better educated debs patronised the Aldermaston Marches. Now it's UFO between Finishing School and Merchant Banker.

Which is a pity. Because at the moment the hippies in England represent about as powerful challenge to the power of the state as the people who put foreign coins in their gas meters. Alice Bacon's hairdresser is nearer to the counsels of state. For without a fundamental change in the economic system which at present controls our societies every dimension, the hippies will be forced to live like jackals; first to bowdlerise their own experience to make it intelligible, then, very soon, to make it commercial. Hippies without radical social forms like the Diggers and the Communes are unable to float off the surface of the society from which it derives its meaning.

What happens instead is that hippies confuse alienation from society with influence over it, ending in formal demonstrations of their own impotence. Thus the first Love In in the Golden Gate Park was in 10 months debased to the Ally Pally "Love In" (£1 a Head) making two crooks, £5,000, and a lot of people very unlovely. Leary begins as the Johny Appleseed of the Mind and, like Davy Crockett, ends up in Disneyland with blue rinse coach tours block booking for the Reincarnation of the Buddha at $4.50. The Dialectics of Liberation end as a cultural bay of pigs; a high cultural massage leaving the demystifiers clambering about in a complicated scaffold of language and assumptions which had become a new orthodoxy. Its recommendations as soggy as cornflakes in hot milk; as respectable as G Plan. So even the things we control, a fairly pathetic list to begin with, the boutiques, head shops, clubs and light shops are forced to become pushy and ugly. Punchups at UFO, turnstiles at the Love In's, the mini cooper people now in transfers and beads but still the frantic pleasures of a ruling minority, the who's-for-tennis crowd in drag.

For that majority of the population - those on the receiving end of the News of the World and the Palladium - even the chance to drop out isn't there. Pleasure is not just free time which may be spent either with Billy Cotton or William Blake, Reveille or International Times. For two centuries the working people of this country have been systematically deprived of the self conciousness and awareness for the Flower Peoples sort of power. Far from wanting to change this, heads celebrate it, "LSD users are not the ghetto people but the middle class who want to immerse themselves in their own abundance, see more of it, not escape it in the manner of the black junky". At best the head gives a maddening lucidity from the richness of the drug experience, at worst an emotional client state ruled by whatever banana boss holds its keys. Pot could certainly be legalised tomorrow and apart from a few narcotic squad men getting transfered to traffic duty, we would proceed untouched into the Stagnant Seventies an and the Awful Eighties. For that great rump of the British people who remain turned on to mild and bitter, life would be still submerged in Pink Stamps, HP on the tele and the Greyhound Standard ... The men John Gerassi talked to in NW Brazil die of old age at 28 and chew cocoa leaves not for visions but to block out the agony of their bellies.

We choose between life as style, style as value, value as fact; the ethic of the strutting Beautiful Person attacking the modern state where it likes, not where it hurts. The alarm bells ring for nobody but ourselves; if you eat health foods, you must expect to look like a banana.

There's more ways to blow H. Wilson's mind than STP in the Sanitogen. The tactics of the urban guerilla in an over ripe welfare capitalism cannot be the same as a Fidelista in the Sierra Meistra ... But the point of doing the thing is to transform the values and aims of a society. The old folk's homes in the college aren't going to do this any more; the radical intelligensia are too absorbed in the perfect simulation of Youth, trying to swallow time like Capt. Hook's crocodile; Progress Westminster style has all the pace of a tractor going uphill with the handbrake on. At least the Young see that what we are offered as social change from above is just a little more rouge on a very old whore's face. The Old Left is, in David Mercer's words, like a kipper, two faced and gutless, if the hippies don't want to go that way, the this-sidedness of psychedelics must flower a thousand Communications Companies and Underground Press and Hippy Teleprinters, more Diggers (who are English anyhow) and King Street Communes, Free Schools, and youthplay in Happenings and Gatherings, take flowers to strikers and throw them at fuzz. As the corporate land of Wilson nudges itself into a liberal fascism with Labour Capital and Gnome joined in a National Interest; so the need to eradicate dissent will grow and the Underground; strikers and psychedelics; dropouts and demonstrators will bear the weight of the dissent. As the New Britain subsides into its white-between-the-mind, wet-between-the-legs crematorium, Albion Arise.

David Widgery

"We can learn what we did not know. We are not only good at destroying the old world, we are also good at building the new."

Mao Tse-tung

SNaREaRt

Snare-picture: objects found in chance positions, in order or disorder (on tables, in boxes, drawers, etc.) are fixed ("snared") as they are. Only the plane is changed: since the result is called a picture, what was horizontal becomes vertical. Example: remains of a meal are fixed to the table at which the meal was consumed, and the table hung on the wall.

Snare-picture squared (snare-picture of a snare-picture): the tools used to fix the objects in a snare-picture are themselves snared along with the objects at a certain "snared" moment.

In the "Grocery Store" at the Galerie Koepcke in Copenhagen in October 1961, groceries were recognized as individual works of art without being incorporated into an assemblage. They were stamped "Caution, Work of Art" and bore my certifying signature. Nothing else about them was changed, and the price was the current market price of each article.

Once the creation of objects through the imagination is accepted (at first the imagination was totally rejected), the false snare-picture enters. It consists of imagining and composing a situation in which the details appear to be a chance situation, so that the result cannot be distinguished optically from a real snare-picture. Example: a baby-pen with scattered objects and toys that a baby might have left in disorder, except that the pen was never used by a baby.

Working with chance situations implies the acceptance of chance as a collaborator after the initial result has been achieved, of transformations due to time, weather, corrosion, dirt, etc. Example: the rats who devoured the organic matter on two of my snare-pictures at Galleria Schwarz in Milan have been accepted as collaborators. Taboos have as their objective the preservation of traditions and forms, an objective that I reject: at the Galerie Koepcke «Grocery Store», sandwich rolls, in which garbage and junk were mixed during the kneading, were baked and sold as «taboo catalogues.»

When the supporting element of a snare-picture represents something (if it is a realist painting, for instance) a relationship is automatically established between the snared objects and the supporting element. This relationship destroys the false perspective of the representation: a deliberate choice of added objects interprets, profanes and changes the meaning of the supporting element. Example of a dé-trompe-l'oeil: a romantic view of the Alps—a valley with a stream flowing toward the spectator—is augmented by bathtub faucets and a shower.

Chance and creation merge, the difference between the snare-picture and the false snare-picture gradually disappear, when the real snare-picture is multiplied by false ones. In the «art multiplier,» a chance situation is fixed to a mirror, and the same situation is reflected onto another mirror joined to the first by hinges. In addition, the objects are reflected and multiplied in proportion to the angle at which the mirrors are set.

Everything is a snare-picture, anybody can choose a chance situation and make a picture out of it. To demonstrate this, I accepted an invitation to exhibit at the Danish «Salon de Mai» in 1962 on the condition that Addi Koepcke be allowed to choose and fix situations in my name. The copied certificate of guarantee was printed for the occasion.

The foregoing principles can be applied to the other arts. A conversation, snared on tape, between four persons, reproduced as was, became the play «Yes, Mamma, We'll Do It,» first performed at the Municipal Theater in Ulm, Germany, in 1962. This true snare-play became a false snare-play when it was acted out on the stage; but it became a true snare-play in the second part of the play when the actors listened to themselves speaking their roles in the first part and commented spontaneously.

During the group manifestation Dylaby (dynamic labyrinth) at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam in September 1962, I transformed two rooms of the museum. In one, converted into a dark labyrinth, the spectators were exposed to sensory experiences (warm and humid surfaces, varied textures, sounds and odors) as they had to develop their senses to appreciate the environment. In the other room, a principle of the snare-picture (changing of plane) was applied to a whole room containing an exhibition of fin de siecle painting and sculpture. The real floor was «hung» with paintings, so that it was transformed into a wall; sculpture «stood» on one of the real walls, transforming a real wall into the floor; and the other walls shifted their position in relation to the new «floor.»

In March 1963, a composite photograph of my room. composed of 55 individual shots, was exhibited as a snare-picture at the Comparaisons exhibition in Paris.

In the Dorotheanum (Non-Profit Suicide Institute), at Dorothea Loehr's gallery in Frankfurt-am-Main in October 1963, different facilities for suicide were offered in eleven rooms. (No one profited by the opportunities offered.)

In March 1964 at the Allen Stone Gallery in New York, I exhibited 31 «Variations on a Meal,» extending the variations-on-a-theme principle of hard-edge art to include the collaboration of chance. Thirty-one identically set tables were transformed through the agency of the invited guests. The results were exhibited.

The «word traps» made together with Robert Filliou were an attempt to visualize proverbs and sayings. Example: «Raining cats and dogs,» in which toy cats and dogs were fixed to the top of an open umbrella.

The exhibition of my hotel room. These principles developed in an unmethodical fashion, and are much less precise categories than they might seem as outlined above.

Daniel Spörri

PICASSO'S PLAY AT ST. TROPEZ

The man described by Life magazine as "Europe's most admired young artist", Hean-Jacques Lebel has a remarkable capacity for upsetting the squares. A few years ago he was run out of Italy after a painting of his on show at the Milan Gallery was found to contain the words "Fuck the Pope"; last year his Happening near Marseilles caused consternation as an immense rubber penis arose out of the harbor accompanied by almost-nude swimmers.

This summer J-J turned his attention to St. Tropez, a once swinging Riviera resort now noted for gorgeous chicks sporting bare midriffs, exorbitant prices and a strangely bourgeois set of local morals.

Lebel had thoughtfully obtained the consent of Pablo Picasso to interpret the latter's only play, "Desire Caught by the Tail" and ambitiously planned to present this in a tent behind the Papagayo on the least visited side of St. Tropez's lovely harbor. The Papagayo's owner, a thoughtful looking man who wandered around dressed in kimono and smoking a foot long pipe, was only too anxious to host the performance, but the mayor had other ideas.

Irked by a story in Paris' conservative Le Figaro to the effect that the play would include nudes, anarchistic viewpoints and a stripper actually pissing on stage, the mayor refused permission to the company who then proceeded to erect the tent at a crossroads about three miles from town in the neighboring village of Gassin.

" We thought it would be nice to bring all the tourists a piece of genuine art to liven their vacation and we get sent away" complained J-J in aggrieved tones.

His disappointment was somewhat alleviated a few days later by the appearance at a Papagayo press conference of Le Figaro's female correspondent, author of the original story which had provoked all the tourble. Quite genially Lebel called her "a whore" and suggested that she might be happier if she returned to her supposed trade in the streets. The correspondent, not surprisingly, left in a huff and wrote another angry story about the production.

Michael Broome

Two weeks before the show opened the cast and miscellaneous staff were frantically dividing their time between the Papagayo, the tent, an old villa in which some of the cast were billeted and the elegant, barely finished $50,000 mansion of J-J's mother about 15 miles out of town. Here total nudity swiftly became routine and the succession of guests (including a novice correspondent from Time and staid reviewers from Le Monde) were stunned to be greeted by assorted nudists covered with art tattoos.

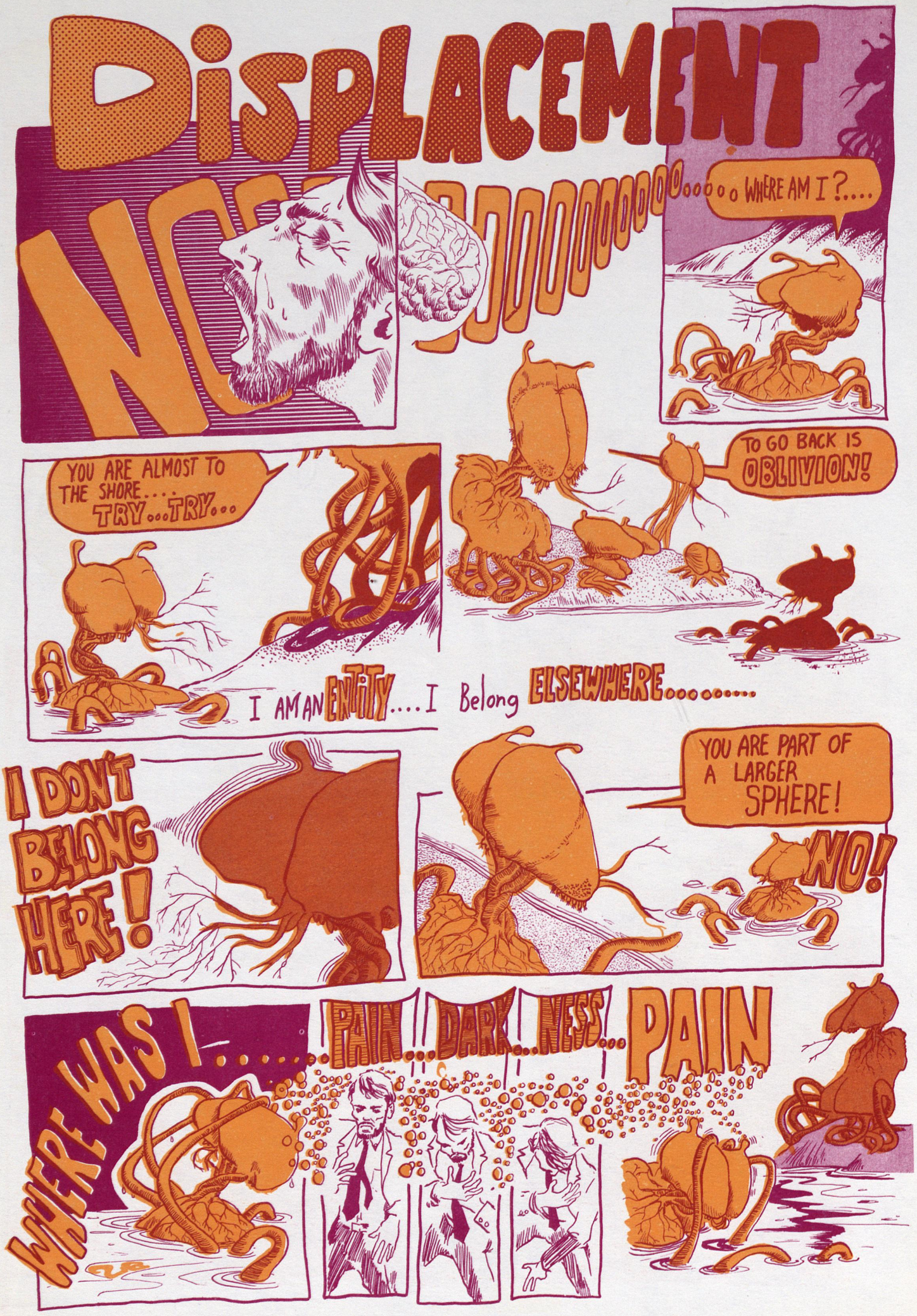
Living in the spacious, unfurnished house was al fresco style with foam rubber mattresses on the floor, canvas beach chairs and continual indoor picnics of yoghurt, red wine, bread and cheese.

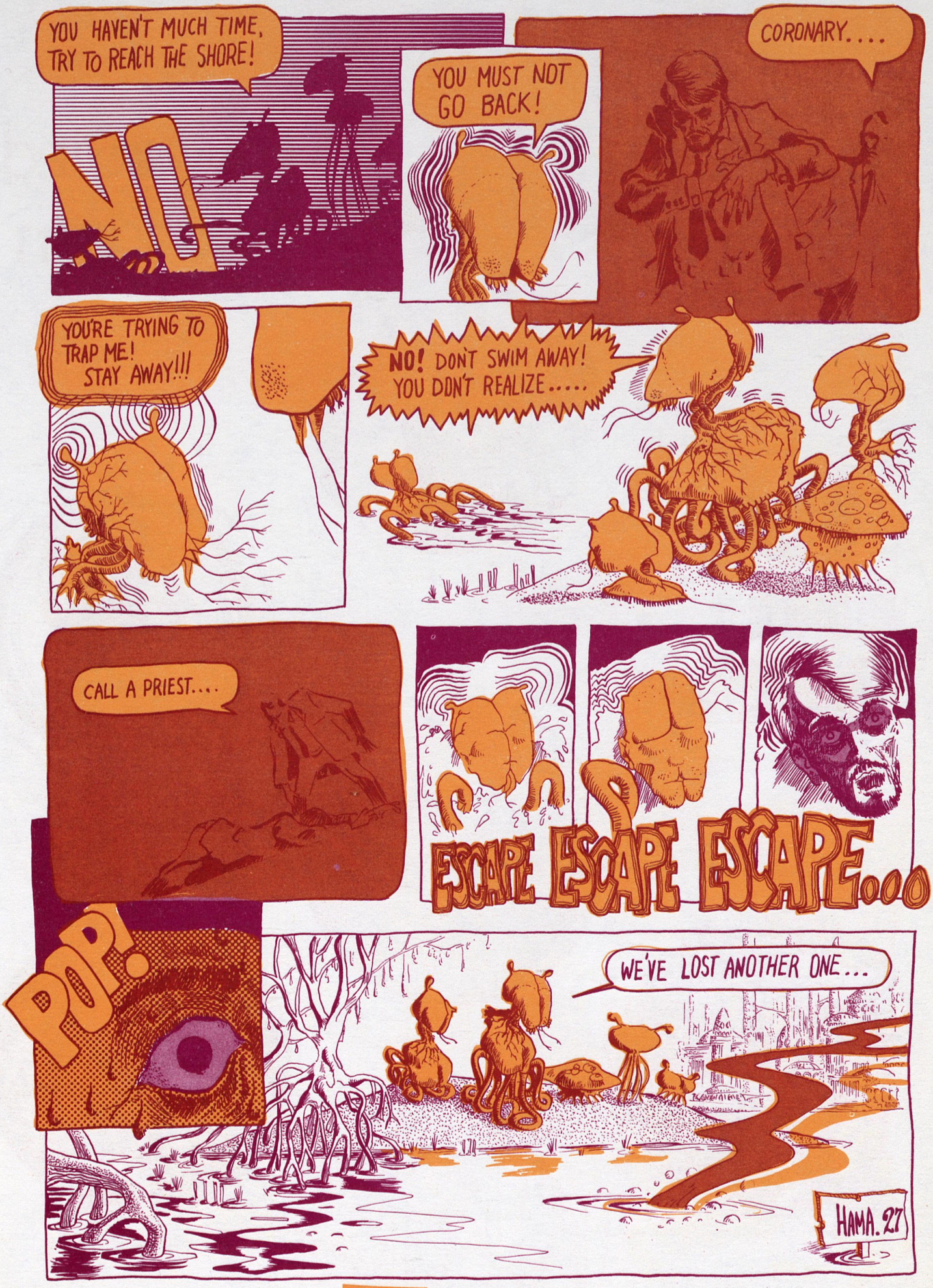
By the time the show opened the chaos, far from resolving itself had become institutionalized. The play itself - a surrealistic fantasy featuring such characters as The Thin Anguish, Big Foot, the Onion and Taylor Mead portraying a vulgar dog - was a prescient allegory of the artist's dilemna, but this was almost dwarfed by the subsequent happening.

In this, bare-breated waitresses served wine to the audience, a car was driven into the tent and spray painted, girls changed clothes on stage in front of psychedelic films, two actors pulled down their pants and displayed their asses, a violin was dramatically smashed and a seemingly endless plastic tube slowly inflated and snaked back and forth between the seats.

At last report the event was fulfilling what seems to be the inevitable Lebel predestination: mysterious assailants had put two rifle bullets through the portable generator and the mayor of Gassin had forthwith prohibited future happenings.

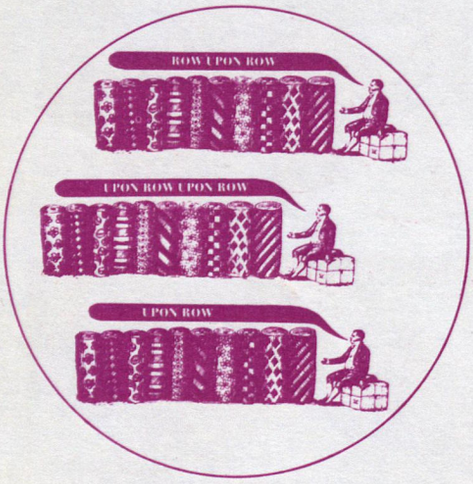
Said J-J: "We are planning to move events to the beach".


DISPLACEMENT
NO!
WHERE AM I?....
YOU ARE ALMOST TO THE SHORE... TRY...TRY...
TO GO BACK IS OBLIVION!
I AM AN ENTITY....I Belong ELSEWHERE.....
I DON'T BELONG HERE!
YOU ARE PART OF A LARGER SPHERE!
NO!
WHERE WAS I.....
PAIN...DARK...NESS...PAIN


YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, TRY TO REACH THE SHORE!
NO
YOU MUST NOT GO BACK!
CORONARY....
YOU'RE TRYING TO TRAP ME! STAY AWAY!!!
NO! DON'T SWIM AWAY! YOU DON'T REALIZE.....
CALL A PRIEST....
ESCAPE ESCAPE ESCAPE...
POP!
WE'VE LOST ANOTHER ONE...
HAMA. 27

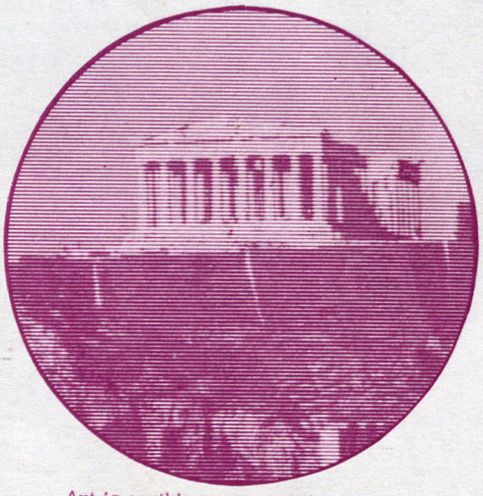
marshall mcluhan's

wun ied kingdom



Printing is a ditto device.

All media are extensions of some human faculty-psychic or physical.



Art is anything you can get away with.

We now live in a global village - a simultaneous happening.

There is absolutely no inevitability as long as there is a willingness to contemplate what is happening.

McLuhan has complained, fairly, about the literati's hostile or ostrich attitudes to the new "electric" media (aural and audio-visual). The following criticisms of his Understanding Media are meant as contributions to a sort-out, not a put-down.

But a sort-out is needed. In Madison Avenue and Greenwich Village, and, increasingly, Bloomsbury, McLuhan is semi-canonised, and oracle. His current charisma recalls that accorded such fallen idols as Arnold Toynbee and Colin Wilson. This sort-out is a pre-emptive move against the coming backlash.

It's already ominous that it's this, McLuhan's third, and worst, book which has found such favour. Read McLuhan, but read his first, The Gutenberg Galaxy, first. Innumerable sentences in the recent book are only explained adequately in the first, and the study of the impact of printing on thinking is better researched than his trigger happy (shoot-first-and-ask-questions-afterwards) notions on the electric media.

These, necessarily brief, samples, indicate some major reservations.

1. "The medium is the message" isn't a new message. Henry James asked what would become of the ghost story with the invention of electric light (Answer: it became the horror film. But more people still believe in ghosts than understand relativity). Some of us know we're media fans (film lovers, pop fans, bibliophiles, etc) . Of course we're also content lovers (no film lover finds all films equally interesting) . Content is still half the story.

2. Alas, that's what McLuhan tries to deny. In trying to stress that the medium's form is a message, proceeding, constantly, whatever its content, he throws the baby out with the bathwater, repetitively dismissing and deriding content-analysis. This leaves him totally helpless to explain why you prefer one movie to another, or a good film to a banal TV show, or the rise of pirate radio, or why the masses shy off everything the schoolroom teaches. He says "radio has this effect" when what he means is "radio could have had this effect if used at maximum pitch and if no other variables were involved" which is like saying "radio didn't have this effect", and the "because" involves principles which McLuhan's hop, skip and jump style might have been designed to distract your own thinking from.

His remarks on the movie Marty (p. 293) afford a useful touchstone. He attributes its success to the fact that the public was conditioned by TV, and that Marty was like TV, because (a) its photography was "low definition" and (b) it sacrificed "hot" stars for "cool" realism, TV-style. (a) is wrong; Marty is as well-photographed as any other movie. And films that fit (b) regularly flop (e.g. such follow-ups to Marty as The Bachelor Party and Take A Giant Step). Indeed, Marty itself flopped, until it got its Oscars, when the producers re-released it with a publicity campaign costing as much as the movie, whereupon it succeeded, because its Oscars gave it glamour as "the film that dignifies "ordinary people" ".

McLuhan's terms are bankrupt before this next problem. Here are six post-Marty, Marty-style, movies. Why, of two "Osborne" movies, was Look Back In Anger a hit (in G.B.) and The Entertainer a flop? Why, of two "Sillitoes", was Saturday Night and Sunday Morning a hit and The Loneliness of The Long-Distance Runner a flop? (Incidentally, all four movies are directed by the same man; the first two both have stars, the last two didn't). Why, of two "abortion" stories, was The L-Shaped Room a hit and The Pumpkin Eater a flop? Why was A Taste of Honey a hit and This Sporting Life a flop? All these problems can be explained, in detail, satisfyingly, in, and only in, terms of the content analysis which McLuhan so brusquely assigns to the scrapheap (note too, how he edits his evidence; not cynically, he just doesn't know enough. But who does! ?).

3. McLuhan oversimplifies the media. He's right about print splitting word-sound from word-sight, brilliantly so. But most of the poetry in our anthologies was written to be read aloud (not just listened to) and poetry is still a vocal medium (even more than an aural one!). So is much prose (e.g. Dickens' novels were often read aloud in the Victorian family circle). Even eye-prose retains strong vocal associations (and not simply in dialogue). The "typewriter" poems of which McLuhan makes so much are a very minor genre; Mallarme and Lewis Carroll wrote them before typewriters, and most poets still work by mouth, ear and pen.

McLuhan really ought to stop talking about "magazines" as a medium and distinguish between (say) a poem in Encounter, a Reader's Digest inspirational feature, and, discussions of abstruse philosophical or knotty legal points, all of which are matters of content, and affect the thinking-styles of those who read them. Apply such principles to all media and McLuhan's generalisations read like a Martian's-eye-view of earth.

4. McLuhan's style is dazzling because it's confusing and puzzling because it's vague. He calls Western literacy visual in that (a) you read it with your eyes and (b) you may accompany it with images in your mind's eye. This is also to say that it's non-visual, in that what you see (print) becomes transparent to what you only think you see, i.e. print is what we always thought it was, avisual and conceptual. Instead of suggesting, as he does, that reading makes us visual, he should have said that it makes us "visual", i.e. starers, but-visually unobservant. More important, though: the content of printing (concepts) makes us abstract-minded and therefore unobservant.

The content of movies is never, as McLuhan says, novels; it's usually theatre, and the content of theatre is spoken word, mime (gesture, physiognomy). McLuhan oddly omits the theatre from his media, which is extraordinary, and significant, since it's the medium which most clearly displays what the content of media really is. He slides round it with a weird formulation (p. 8), that the content of a medium is another medium; but this, if true, would be a vicious circle, and leave all media with no content. The content of all media (including the content of all their forms) is whatever associations are triggered off in the spectator by the form-content alloy. All media work by association (as McLuhan notes), e.g. music can be tactile, muscular, intellectual, emotional, in different proportions, depending on both the content, and the spectator's responsiveness.

5. McLuhan's tunnel-vision blinkers him in other contexts, as when he tries to trace big spiritual shifts to, and only to, changes in media forms. He writes as if the only difference between movie and TV were that the former's visual image is sharp and clear (high definition), and therefore makes you a passive spectator, while the latter is poor and grey (low definition) and therefore involves you as a participant.

But let's start from the beginning. The major distinction between movies and TV is that you watch movies on a big screen which dominates you, in a dark hall which conceals you, among a big crowd which includes mostly strangers. But you watch TV on a tiny screen which you dominate, by full or twi-light which doesn't conceal you, in your old familiar sitting-room, with a small group of friends. The moviegoer is cut off from the real world, he's dominated by the image, he's all but unobserved, but the sounds of crowd-excitement can reach and infect him. So he can get carried away, lose self-consciousness, identify with the hero, etc. (However if the film's boring he's furious, he has no alternative distractions, he's come all this way, and paid so much, specifically for this).

The TV-watcher isn't dominated, isn't unobserved, hasn't got away from it all, so completely, has alternative distractions, and doesn't much mind half-boredom. Hence movies tend to exaggeration, excitement and climaxes. TV tends to a quieter, more even style, keyed down to the commonsense of your sitting-room and friends. Also, it's always there, to be looked at or not or half-looked at. That's why the content of TV is nearer newspaper-content than movies, which correspond to a "night out".

Placing the media in their contexts takes care of all McLuhan's points, except for the absurdities, as when he says (p. 312) that you can't use TV as background, as you do radio. Most British working-class families do, getting on with the ironing and the chat, glancing at the box if a remark or image interests them, looking away again, or half-attending; just as I'm writing this to the accompaniment of The Avengers.

This account also shows that McLuhan has got things the wrong way round. Movies in moviehouses involve you, TV leaves you more detached and contemplative, sympathetic. Movie is swimming, TV is sitting by a porthole. Definition is nothing to do with it, as McLuhan could have seen if he'd thought about home movies or TV screenings in cinemas, when the movies become less participational (though still hot!) and TV shows move (e.g. Cassius Clay fights), though still cool. Nor does this contrast prove anything about the relative power of the media. Maybe TV lingers in your mind more insidiously because (a) it lacks, the discontinuity between the movie's fantasy darkness and the real world, or because (b) it has more newspaper-fact content or (c) because you see more of it. On the other hand, you remember movies longer and clearer, the moments stand out and don't merge in a general, even-tempered grey.

Maybe, after all, modern coolth comes not from the TV image, but from (a) the audience's increasing exposure to all the audievisual media, i.e. their gradual loss of impact. i.e.. their approaching the "contemplative" distance, the non-actuality, of prose; (b) affluence ousting economic anxieties and replacing them by a habit of boredom; and (c) a greater sophistication about life anyway, so that we're all in the habit of withholding judgement until we've processed a great deal more information than the old "who's the baddie?" or "who started it?".

6. On the media's side-effects McLuhan is as unreliable as he's stimulating. He implies (p.178) that print taught people to visualise distant goals. But all (illiterate) primitives believe in an after-life and Christ taught, orally, 14 centuries before the Gutenberg Galaxy. Maybe printing encouraged introversion, which is another matter entirely. I suspect that many of the effects McLuhan attributes to print can be attributed to mercantilism and the trading mentality. Among them: distant goals ("if I take this cargo from here where it's cheap to there where it's dear....") abstractions (laws of supply and demand, ideas of profit and utility as divorced from the physical commodity), calculation (profit-margins), rationality, ("it's not the magic it's the value"), etc.

Beware of McLuhan's wild-swipe analogies. "By electricity" (i.e. TV, radio) "we everywhere resume person-to-person relationships as if on the smallest village scale." (cf. Chaps 30, 31). Thus McLuhan, when it suits his need for startling statements, forgets that for him the medium is the message.

For a TV presence is very different from "flesh impact" (as in theatre) and even more different from the long, committed, mutual relationships of the village scale. TV speed produces quick, shallow, relationships, informal perhaps but restless, all the symptoms of alienation, the lonely crowd. The village scale produces good neighbourliness in some socie-economic contexts (e.g. the growing, thriving American West), hereditary feuds and suspicion in others (e.g. French or Sicilian peasants). Indeed the comparison isn't so much between TV and village, as between village and city. The lonely crowd antedates TV. It comes with the city, it takes different forms with different cities. Electric speed is nothing compared with seeing 500 faces a minute as you walk down Oxford St.

Two more examples out of three hundred. McLuhan attributes to TV everything from (p. 321) the disappearance of assembly lines (have they!!?) to (p. 325) the egghead paperback explosion. Peering at TV images, he says, gave people the idea of reading slowly, and therefore understanding more difficult texts. Not a word about the possibility that more people now have better education and more liesure, and so read more, and therefore more easily, and need, and tackle maturer stuff. The idea that until TV no-one thought of reading slowly is crazy; the trouble with semi-literates is either they can't read quickly, they're so busy making out the words they can't follow the thought, or that they try and understand each word before they've got to the end of the sentence, or both, which your super-literate rarely does; he usually carries on until he's got a drift, and then works back. (Reading is far more "mosaic" than McLuhan realises).

Again, McLuhan suggests (p. 327) that TV (being fuzzy) has promoted a love of fuzzy testures in real life, and tactile-sensuous pleasures. Alternatively: Maybe people always relished them, but can indulge them now because (a) tactile things tend to be expensive and need affluence, and (b) sensuous pleasures need a decline in puritanism (which favours abstraction against the senses). In the '50s Americans still relished steak, ice-cream and chromium-plate - simple-mindedly brash flavours, which went with a liking for smooth, plasticized surfaces. Now everything is smooth and plastic and the rough is a blessed relief. It's perhaps puritanical afterglow that leads the Americans back to brick-and-homespun rather than on to, say, the Jewish key of spices and furs. But TV's nothing to do with it. The masses have always been sensuous, one way or another, and middle-class changes can be plotted against the puritan-trading syndrome.

7. By omitting both content and context, and thinking only of one medium "versus" another, McLuhan closes more avenues than he opens. He closes, for example, the avenue of function. The (sociology based) Himmelweit Report on TV spoke of "functional equivalence": if TV hit the comicbook hard it would be because it performs a similar function better. Not for McLuhan, who because he derides content can't understand function (since a main function of a medium is to put you in touch with the mental experiences triggered off by the content). So why does McLuhan think TV hit the comic? Out comes the same old line: both have low-definition images.

McLuhan, like the hi-fi maniacs who listen to sound, but never music, scarcely focuses on anything except the media's quality of definition!

8. McLuhan is concerned with how the media-forms influence our thinking, whether un-, pre-, or just plain conscious. But his account of thinking has some bad gaps. He attributes modern forgetfulness about names to our "visual" culture - not to the speed and informality with which the electric age showers us with information which we get into the habit of forgetting. Nor does the fact that the TV image is produced by a scanner-dot mean we perceive it differently from a photographic print. The fact that we see print with our eyes means we don't think about what we're seeing. McLuhan mashes up (a) how an image is produced (b) our perceptual

processes (c) our interpretation of our perceptions and (d) what we think about. Certainly these processes influence each other. But since McLuhan never clearly separates them, he comes up with simple one-for-one correspondences between the physical form the media and their effects on our souls.

He assumes that audience involvement depends on information-density. But the satisfactions of empathy and identification, of the mind's own selectivity, aren't reducible to information-density. While taking the odd titbit from gestalt (or Freudian) psychology, McLuhan clings, basically, to the, exploded, Lockean, assumption whereby the mind takes the form of the outer stimulus. The mind is a strip of blank film recording whatever form impinges on it. The mind is the slave of form because it can't refer back to any content (experience). No modern psychologist of any school goes as far as McLuhan in making the mind a passive "camera" of sense-pictures.

The wayward butterfly of McLuhan's thought alights briefly on points that, excavated (by corny old logic) could have been goldmines. He remarks that the ear is more emotional than the eye, and loses himself in a tangle of generalisations about radio being "tribal". What's interesting is that in the animal the ear is an alarm-signal for the eye. What's behind you may be nearer than what's in your field of vision, so the ear is more "jumpy". And that's why musical rhythms make you jump (tap your feet). Visual rhythms don't, and the eye is more closely linked to precise information (look before you jump). Hence music has always been more abstract than the visual arts. It can be more abstract because it's more urgent. Abstract painting is a late, sophisticated development (schizophrenic in requiring both formal sensitivity and a cut-off of extroversion?). Abstract painting is best when you've just taken mescalin. Decorative patterns (as one finds in primitives) are best when one lets one's eyes mover over them slowly (children look at things this way; decoration fascinates them). This also happens to be movement of reading, but it precedes reading. What makes the Western adult so "illiterate" about pattern is nothing to do with reading. It's his habit of merely noting what a thing is, which he does because he lives in a world of utility and cause. He can't stroke things for pattern (pactility) with his eye: he has a slightly better grasp of form; but all he really looks at is identity. The trouble with literate people is that they don't bring the eye-movements of literacy into the world around!

9. McLuhan (shrewdly) distinguishes American or Anglo-Saxon from "European" types of sensibility, and keeps implying the Anglo-Saxons are more literate than the Europeans. But the English and the Americans are less literate than the Scandinavians, Germans, French and Dutch, though more so than the Italians and Spanish, so what happens to the "Europeans"?

If he didn't skim around so fast, McLuhan would have had to call to his aid more conventional social factors: e.g. puritanism, mercantilism, the shifting of commodities other than information, even that dreaded Marxist notion, social class.

Marx saw how technology (the means of producing wealth) interacted with the social process, and with human relationships, and with human consciousness. After all, consciousness is an artefact, determined like other artefacts by all these factors working together.

In other words: technology, as a part of the whole social process, produces the industrial revolution which produces modern capitalism; and improved methods of producing and transmitting everything include improved methods of producing and transmitting information. The cowboys beat the Red Indians not because the cowboys had the telegraph and the Indians only had smoke signals; but because the cowboys had the telegraph + maps + the Winchester 73 + wagontrains + more men + more money, etc.

But McLuhan won't have this. He reduces the history of society to the history of communications and the history of communications to the history of communicating information. What led to the downfall of the Roman Empire? Shortage of papyrus (p. 101). What causes today's civil wars? The press (p. 21). And so on and so forth (Of course at other times he allows non-informational processes a certain autonomy; and such contradictions would be more obvious if his style were less wayward).

No wonder McLuhan dazzles his readers with a sense of being in the presence of a mind which is subtle, agile and amazing. He's straining to make information format, responsible, all by itself, for everything he can think of; foresight (print), Hitler (radio), psychoanalysis (photography), the switch from jobs to roles (TV).

Why has his last, scrappiest, book, been uncritically accepted, where his first was, and it's a pity, ignored here, bar a tiny circle of aficionadoes? First, Understanding Media is impressively full of nuggets of interesting information; it's a great, incoherent, machine of miscellaneous stimuli (and worth reading for that alone). Second, the sense of strain exuded by his prose strikes the impressionable as the surprises of brilliance (and the Gutenberg Galaxy often is brilliant. Third, the electric media now fascinate us all, so wild guesses about them are welcome, and McLuhan reads more flip than square, which balm is in Gilead. Fourth, what men of letters want to do is bask in the hammock of endless speculation, without commitment, without conviction. And you can endlessly weave strands of McLuhanesque speculation because it's an unverifiable metaphysic.

It can blend perceptual subtelety ("How sensitive we are!")with intellectual complexity ("how clever we are!") with, as epoques rise and fall apocalyptic overtones ("how profound we are!"). You don't have to bother to define your terms or organise your thoughts for your thinking isn't old-hat linear, it's electric-age "mosaic" or "iconic". (Actually only the lines are spokes: McLuhan's "pepperpot" style conceals a relentless, obsessive "linearity"; every point leads directly to his central concern, media-formats).

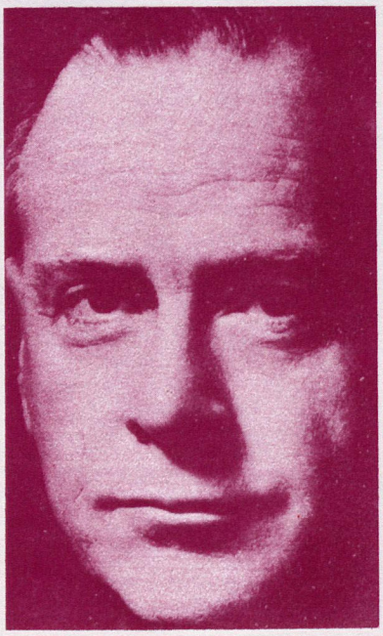
These marginal muddles are a pity, because his main point is true as it's neglected. The forms of messages do influence our mind's workings, on all levels. The medium is much of the message, it is a major link in the chain of civilisation.

Maybe McLuhan's Messianic style was the best way of attracting due attention to his hypotheses. But now it's time for testing them, and I'm not at all sure that McLuhan, then, will have transformed our thinking about the media at all. A man can fly a 1,000 kites and never get anything else off the ground.

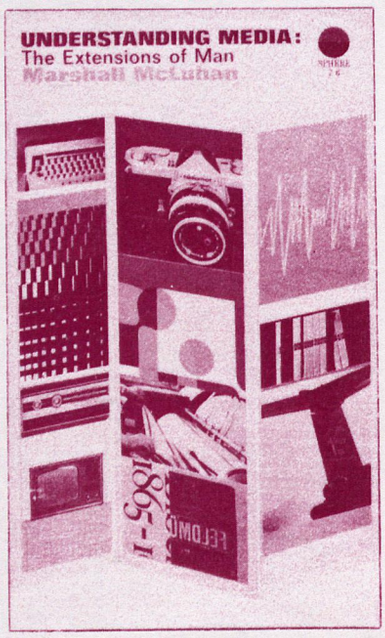
WHO IS MARSHALL McLUHAN

?

He looks like this.



He reads like this.



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2. **You need never make any statement unless you wish to do so.** *(II)*
3. **You should not be harassed by the police to make a statement.** *(e)*
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dear Sir,

A few weeks ago i visited london. i found your magazin at betterbooks. i bought it, not knowing, that over here i would be offered a half an hour broadcast about the hippie-movement. since the offer i am trieing very hard to get information, in london and in san francisco, as there is none in germany. i liked your magazin; if i could get more information about the question how much politics, social structure etc. mean to the hippies, i could put down all the scepticism from the left, which regards the hippies as a reactionary group, a group which never brings to fall the political systems of the western world, but which never them even stronger, by being a undangerous and accepted outcast. more then once it was mentioned in your magazin, that this would not be so, that the hippies would know perfectly well, that without a radical political philosophy, there would only be a chance for a few thousand, for a few years to live quite freely - and not even that.

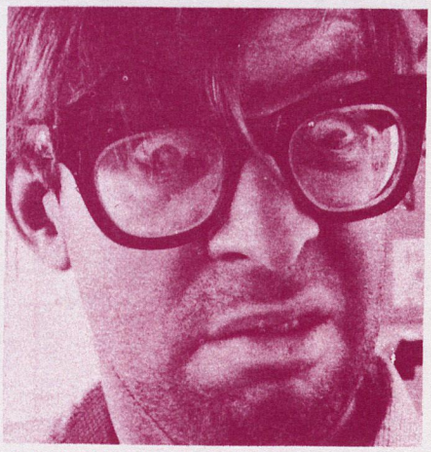
The feature will be broadcasted in october. i have to get informations very fast - i i hope, that you will help me.

love cornelia vogel
6 frankfurt – main
beethovenstrasse 3a
Germany

Can anyone assist Miss Vogel?

TINA DATE, beautiful singer of songs (You saw her on Dee Time) is forming a new group. Interested musicians write to Danne Hughes Management, 51 Hanover Gate Mansions, Park Road NW1. Bookings: Spencer Davis Management, Royalty House, Dean St., W1.

OZ writers Andrew Fisher and Michael Newman have made a comedy film 'The Adventures of X' on a BFI grant. The Evening Standard and Guardian critics raved after the NFT screening. Hire it for club screening, happenings. Recommend it to distributors, TV stations. X is a man who believes all the mailorder ads he reads and gets what he deserves. 16mm, black & white, sound, about 27 min. Get it from the British Film Institute, Distribution Department, Lower Marsh, S.E.1.



X is maddened by delusions of power.

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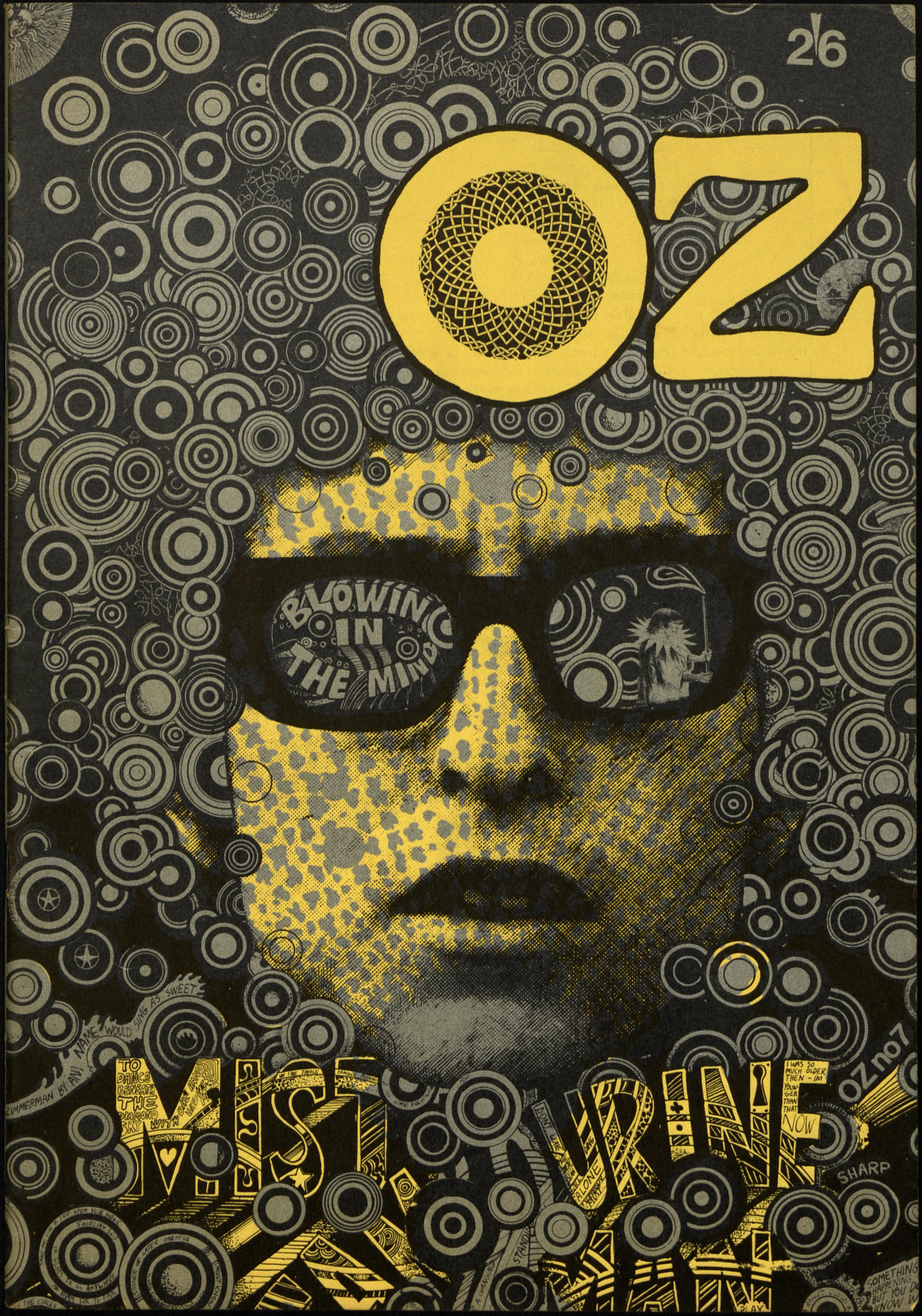
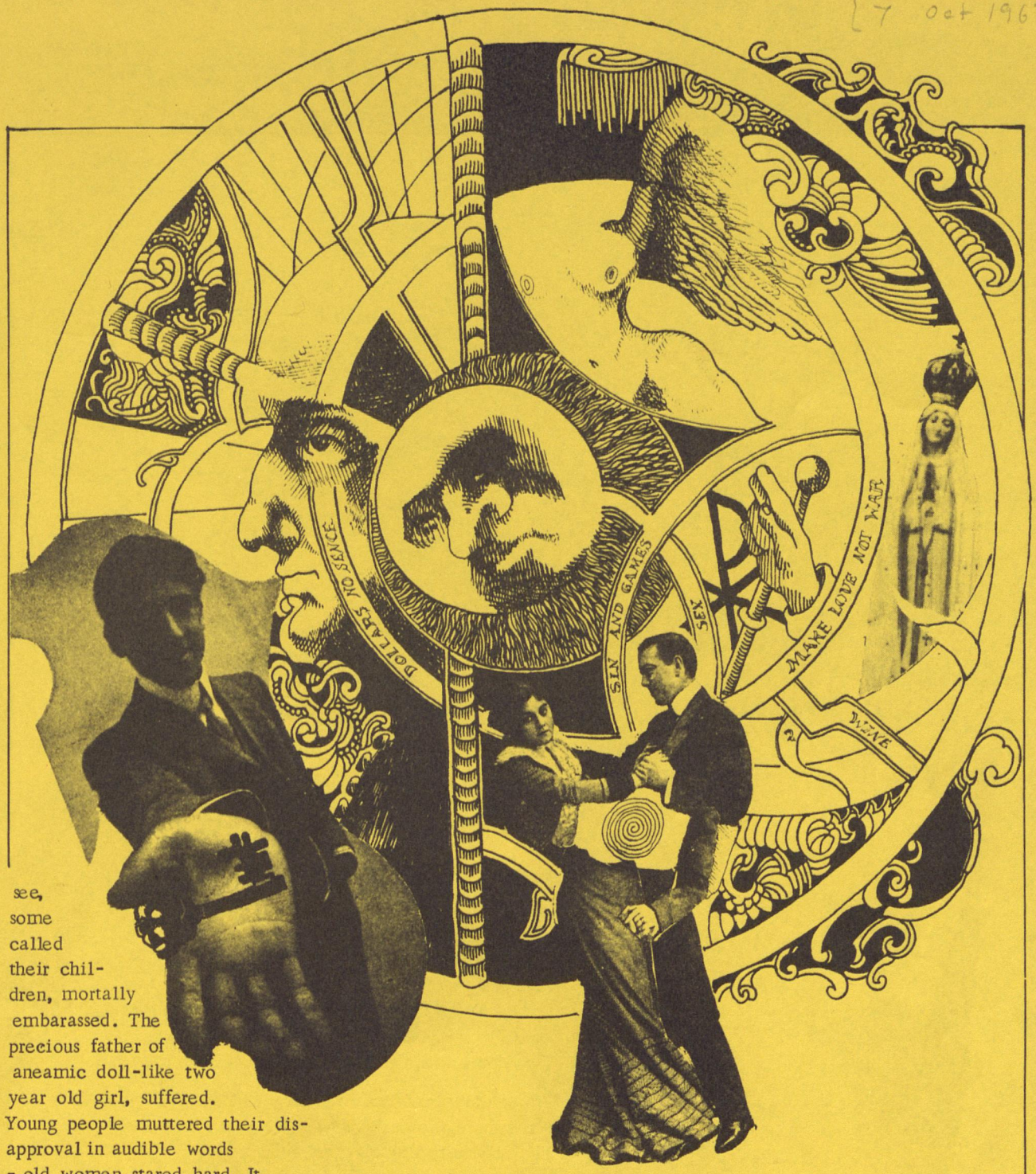

BLOWING IN THE MIND
TO DANCE BENEATH THE DIAMOND SKY WITH ONE HAND WAVING FREE
ZIMMERMAN BY ANY NAME WOULD SING AS SWEET
MISTURING
I WAS SO MUCH OLDER THEN - I'M YOUNGER THAN THAT NOW
OZ no7
SHARP
ALONE
SOMETHING HAPPENING BUT YOU DON'T KNOW W

Wog Beach Shock

by Angello Quattrochi

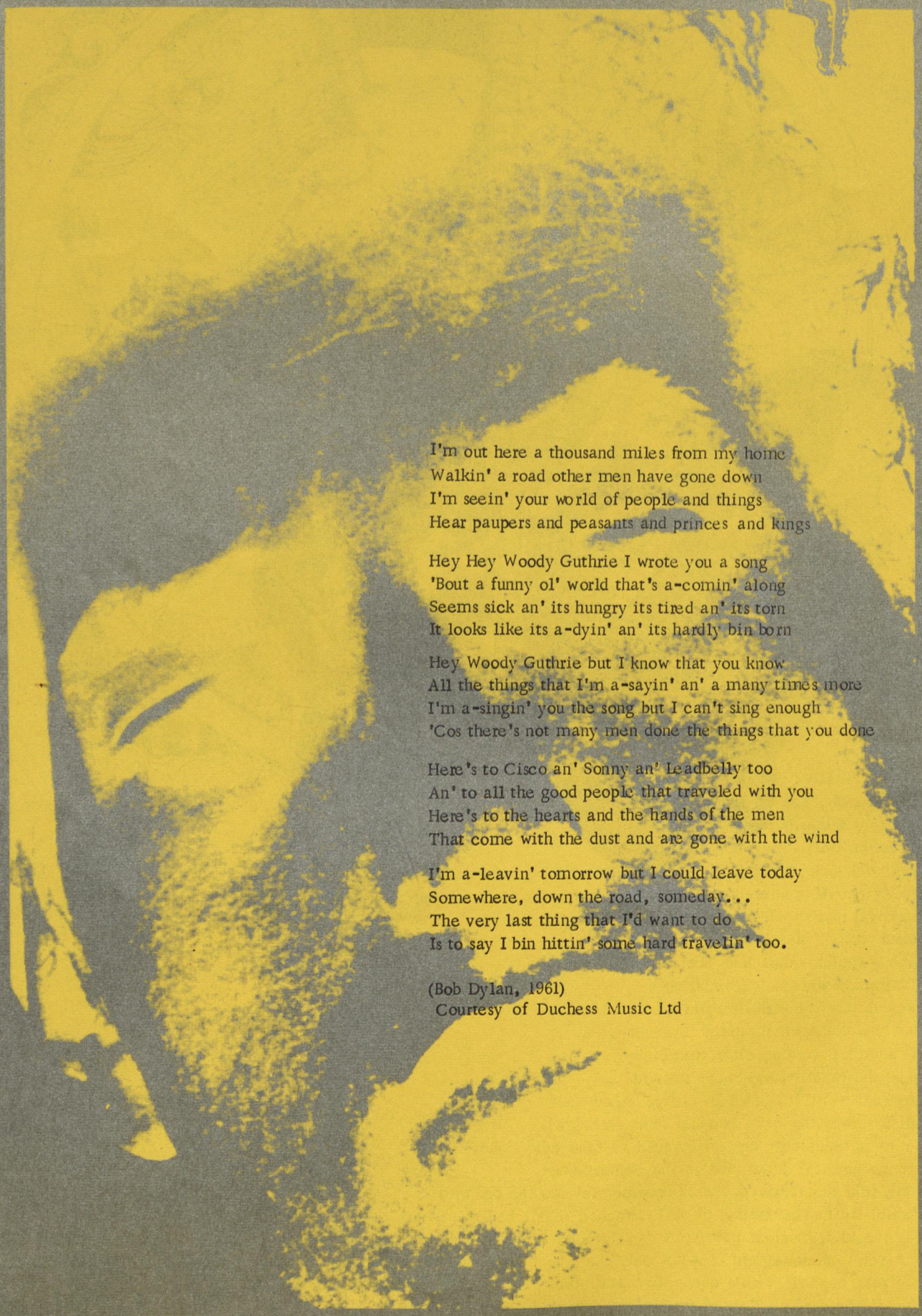
There is in Mediterranean Europe, roughly between fascist Spain & fascist Greece - don't look at political maps, they lie - a country called Italy. For a long time it has been governed by King Masturbation & Queen Prostitution, incestuous children of the same mother - the Catholic Church. The North of Italy has been blessed with factories, the South with the sun. The only music heard in the North is the factory siren, in the south, Church bells. Millions have escaped from the bells to join the slaves of the factory siren - a century old siren with an old raucous voice and a new dollar tail. Professional hypocrite, politicians say, 'it's getting better all the time'. The professional liars, journalists, reiterate: 'it's preposterous'. The professional black-skirted virgins, priests, officiate for its captivity: Hell is the place nearest to God. The two M's reign: Mother & Moter-car. Mother teaches you the rudiments of life, washes your socks (all you need is socks...) & teaches you that women will do anything for you but open their legs. Nice women. the Motor-car is for donice things in with nice girls (from the waist up) and dirty things in with dirty girls (from the waist down). If you mix them up you go and tell the priest (he'll welcome details) & then you marry your mistake, who then becomes another Mother thus closing the circle. Houses are for washing mashines, tellies, & the baby - which of course must be kept clean & with socks on. Roads are for going to work, for going awaywith the family & Auntie at weekends, and for releasing the accumulated sadism. Soccer is for talking with friends. Schools are for rising in society. Cafes are for talking & swearing with male pals. Most Churches are beautiful. Wine is not expensive. Good parents do not teach you to shout about sex because it's dirty, sinful and therefore unmentionable. Flesh musn't be exposed. The tiny cock of a naked eighteeh month old on an Italian beach caused a stir. A little girl of four kept following him, grown-ups pretended not to

[7 Oct 1967]



see, some called their children, mortally embarassed. The precious father of aneamic doll-like two year old girl, suffered. Young people muttered their disapproval in audible words - old women stared hard. It was a middle-class lake shore. Confronted with such scandal they were squirming with embarrasment but the management did'nt intervene. In a rather working class swimming pool the reaction was more straightforward - the lifeguard in charge asked us to cover the baby because there were girls around. In their teens boys are encouraged to take cold showers to do physical jerks; and in the confessionals are told that theyhave sinned because they wet the bed with white stuff. The feeling of guilt attached to all bodily matters is inoculated before puberty & is re-inforced with moral pressures during adolescence. God does not want you to fuck, alright, but not only that, he doesn't even wish you to have an erection! Girls store their private capital, a stale cunt - boys learn their first lessons with whores. The girl says 'If you want that, go with a pro.' The pro says 'I do what your girl doesn't.' They put bromide in soldiers' soups, leave on statues' pricks and

continued P 22



I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
Walkin' a road other men have gone down
I'm seein' your world of people and things
Hear paupers and peasants and princes and kings

Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick an' its hungry its tired an' its torn
It looks like its a-dyin' an' its hardly bin born

Hey Woody Guthrie but I know that you know
All the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a many times more
I'm a-singin' you the song but I can't sing enough
'Cos there's not many men done the things that you done

Here's to Cisco an' Sonny an' Leadbelly too
An' to all the good people that traveled with you
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

I'm a-leavin' tomorrow but I could leave today
Somewhere, down the road, someday...
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I bin hittin' some hard travelin' too.

(Bob Dylan, 1961)
Courtesy of Duchess Music Ltd

An Attempt at Analysis

by Michael Gray

What's so good about Dylan?

Dylan's lyrics are not poems, they are parts of songs. This is not to assert that Dylan is not a poet but simply to remember that he is certainly a pop singer. The medium he has chosen involves more than language - and therefore a number of limits are placed on the selection and organisation of language within his work.

I don't think there are any other pop artists who experience the same difficulties; the other writer-singers labour under strains of a different quality. They are inevitably less aware than Dylan of the tension between linguistic, musical and dramatic expression because - unlike Dylan - they lack the necessary sureness of touch in one or more of those directions.

Jagger is usually worth watching and his records communicate the ethos of the sexual sneer; but the words of a Jagger song are mere dilettante junkee-ism. Scratched inarticulacy on its own prison wall, with methedrine as a deified scapegoat

Paul Simon - record, stage or paper - belongs to part of Americana which assumes that an indiscriminate eagerness plus Doe-Eyed sensitivity = creative intelligence. The latter has not yet revealed itself on his SON OF 'SEPTEMBER IN THE RAIN' LP's.

Lennon-McCartney compositions, the Beatles records, are, at best, artistically disciplined. cameos; cave-paintings in the primeval pop-world. And like cave-paintings they do not need their authors to explain, accompany or complete them. This is a notable achievement - although the self reliant is not always the valuable and The Beatles' writing seems to me to attain a standard that is fairly placed by being called Noel Cowardish. Nevertheless, Lennon-McCartney's compositions do not need blood-transfusions from Beatle performances in order to fend for themselves.

Dylan, on the other hand, is about 60% singer, musician and performer. This is one of the obstacles in the way of the attempt to isolate his lyrics. And though Dylan has often said "I am my words" this is merely to invite further difficulty; for an analysis on these grounds tends to suffer also in assuming the form of a Great Message Hunt.

I am not against messages. A writer without message is without real interest - contrary to a public opinion which "distrusts preaching" and gives that label to anything served up without choc bars. Literature is inseparable from the moral life of man and cannot afford to "give the public what it wants"; the creative writer must offer as humbly as possible what he believes the public needs. And as the Establishment knows, and as the Harold Robbinses prove by their passivity (for Mr. Robbins is one of humanity's drop-outs), "giving the public what it wants" is the easiest way to control what it wants.

Dylan is one of those who seek honestly to speak out against this, against the de-humanising of society.

To Message Hunt through Dylan's lyrics is to pursue the preconception of a cohesive whole or something single: a philosophy of life that is without contradiction. Dylan does not claim to offer this. He is still searching both for his essential beliefs and an appropriate form in which to express them. What I think he does offer is the artistic re-creation of the experience of life within chaos. The 1960s. And the virtue lies not in the immediacy but in the honesty. Dylan's work possesses that individual integrity which belongs to the artist who can be said to "represent the age"; and this characteristic is essentially different from the ability to put

Desolation Row

They're selling postcards of the hanging
They're painting the passports brown
The beauty-parlour is filled with sailors
The circus is in town
Here' comes the blind commissioner
They've got him in a trance
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
The other is in his pants
And the riot squad they're restless
They need somewhere to go
As Lady 'n' I look out tonight
From Desolation Row

Cinderella she seems so easy
'It takes one to know one', she smiles,
And puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo he's moaning
You Belong To Me I Believe
And someone says you're in the wrong place my friend
You better leave
And the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row.

Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortune-telling lady
Has even taken all her things inside
All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunch-back of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain
And the Good Samaritan he's dressing
He's getting ready for the show
He's going to the carnival tonight
On Desolation Row

Ophelia she's 'neath the window
For her I feel so afraid
On her twenty-second birthday
She already is an old maid
To her, death is quite romantic
She wears an iron vest
Her profession's her religion
Her sin is her lifelessness
And though her eyes are fixed upon
Noah's great rainbow
She spends her time peeking in
To Desolation Row

Einstein disguised as Robin Hood
With his memories in a trunk
Passed this way an hour ago
With his friend a jealous monk
Now he looked so immaculately frightful
As he bummed a cigarette
And he went off sniffing drainpipes
And reciting the alphabet.
You would not think to look at him
But he was famous long ago
For playing the electric violin
On Desolation Row

Dr. Filth he keeps his world
Inside of a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
They are trying to blow it up
Now his nurse, some local loser,
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
And she also keeps the cards that read
Have Mercy On His Soul
They all play on the penny whistle
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From Desolation Row

Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're getting ready for the feast -
The Phantom of the Opera
In a perfect image of a priest
They are spoonfeeding Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll kill him with self-confidence
After poisoning him with words
And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls
Get Outa Here If You Don't Know
Casanova is just being punished
For going to Desolation Row

At midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Go out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do
Then they bring them to the factory
Where the heart-attack machine
Is strapped across their shoulders
And then the kerosene
Is brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is escaping
To Desolation Row

Praise be to Nero's Neptune,
The Titanic sails at dawn
Everybody is shouting
Which Side Are You On?
And Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot
Fighting in the captain's tower
While calypso singers laugh at them
And fishermen hold flowers
Between the windows of the sea
Where lovely mermaids flow
And nobody has to think too much
About Desolation Row

Yes I received your letter yesterday
(About the time the door-knob broke)
When you asked me how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?
All these people that you mention
Yes I know them they're quite lame
I had to re-arrange their faces
And give them all another name.
right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters no -
Not unless you mail them
From Desolation Row.

(Bob Dylan, 1965)
© Blossom Music/ Leeds Music Ltd.

together a few common denominators as Amis did in the 1950s and as the Beatle-writers do today. Dylan' is a personal perception - the perception of an intelligent acquisitive mind. The focus is sensitive, the expression disciplined and therefore the product is art. At this point it is no longer useful to compare Bob Dylan with other pop stars; it may later be constructive instead to measure him against other poets. If Dylan is influenced by early Presley he is also influenced by Whitman; and though he is saying more than Simon-Garfunkel, Lennon or P.F. Sloan, he may be saying less than Yevtushenko, S.T. Coleridge or Stephen Wycherley.

So what is Dylan saying?

SONG TO WOODY, the first of the two lyrics printed here, expresses the desire for an innocent drop-out, but also, as with Mr. Tambourine Man, the concern to find a new allegiance:

"Hey Mr. Tambourine Man play
a song for me -
In the jingle-jangle morning I'll
come following you."

- and the allegiance declared here is to the inner world. The intention is to come upon self-discovery (I doubt if one can 'come upon it' with quite that facility), to free the mind in the hope that its isolation will bring independent thought. I am not concerned to argue the pros and cons of whether this works in general, or whether, if it does, the independent thinking is likely to be redirected towards "dropping back in" in any socially constructive way. It is enough to say that it has w is enough to say that it has worked for Dylan. Drugs have not dulled the finer edges nor restricted his ability to perceive and remain articulate. "People should not know more than they can creatively digest," wrote Neitzche. That Dylan has the capacity for this creative assimilation - it is abundantly clear in his work - is what gives him his authority.

The allegiance sought in SONG TO WOODY is the "hard travelin'" ethos represented by Guthrie. In that sense it is, too, the world of the American West to which

Hemingway and his "Lost Generation" looked for fulfilment - and failed to discover. Hemingway could only find instead the masturbation-habit of attending Spanish bullfights. Guthrie, on the other hand, lived a life of Hard Travelin' and the intensity and compassion of Dylan's lyric is confirmed by a reading of the Guthrie autobiography 'Bound for Glory'. The lines:

Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

faithfully reflect Guthrie's ethnic sensibility but communicate also (they flow naturally from that undramatic statement of a personal admiration which makes the second line of this fourth stanza so effective) Dylan's pledge of involvement with Guthrie's America. That line in the opening verse acts, in retrospect, as confirmation:

I'm seein' your world of people and things

- confirmation that, as the rhythmic balance of the lyric insists, Dylan has an incisive grasp of that world and (as part of that reality) of its romantic implications. One notes too that the awareness of the latter is evidence also that Dylan can see the Guthrie World in the context of others. Guthrie's Hard Travelers shared a landscape of dust, wind and poverty, seen on foot and rattled through in over-crowded box-cars. And the wind and dust are evoked in the construction of the song. Lines and syllables take the form of a list: the suggestion is one of restless movement within a pre-ordained pattern of repetition. The felicity of Dylan's intimations of experience within and outside of the ethos described is focused by the combination of the general response personalised:

I'm leavin' tomorrow but I could leave today
Somewhere, down the road, someday .....

and the personal response generalised:

Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song
Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick an' its hungry its tired an' its torn
It looks like its a-dyin' an' its hardly bin born.

And there, most economically, is the rhythmic and onomatopoeic repetition. Also evoked, one notes, is the acquired fortitude of mild amusement which is the necessary survival-kit of the hard traveler. 'Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song' pinpoints this with a deceptive ease. That Dylan can render this with such felicitous poignancy is sufficient indication that neither the intention nor the effect is one of ill-considered sentimentalism. And although in 'God On Our Side' he lingers over the line:

The country I come from is called the Mid-West

and the romantic vision of dying on a freight train occurs in his version of 'Man of Constant Sorrow' and again in 'It Takes A Lot To Laugh It Takes A Train To Cry', the last two lines of 'Song to Woody' are of at least equal significance:

The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I bin hittin' some hard travelin' too.

With those lines - deriving as they do a particular strength from the clipped reluctant flirtation of the cadence - we are given a greater understanding of the spirit of the lyric as it is stated in the title. To say he'd been hittin' some hard travelin' too is, emphatically, not the last thing he'd want to be able to do. 'Song to Woody', most pungently, includes in its pledge of involvement a plea for that involvement. And it expresses the same inner drive of desire which we find directed elsewhere in 'Mr. Tambourine Man' and again in, say, 'Pledging My Time'. In the one the desire is for the freedom to make a reality out of dancing:

beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free
Silhouetted by the sea

and in the other the desire is to achieve an unknown fulfilment in a personal relationship. Strange that Dylan is so often dismissed as a professional protest-merchant.

When we ask what this rather crude label means, of course, there is no answer - except from those agents of the existing order who disapprove of people who sing for a living and who resent their having opinions. (The most offensive lapel-badge of all, in their eyes, is the one that reminds them in moderate type that BOB DYLAN IS A RATE-PAYER). The label Protest-Merchant, then, is hardly a critical term.

Dylan is, patently, a critic of society: I hope we all are. But Dylan's criticism, as it is presented in his writing, seems to me to be characterised by a personal insight unusually abrasive in quality. Some of his earlier criticism appeared then, and appears more so in retrospect, obvious and, to that extent, naive. 'Blowin In The Wind' and 'Masters of War' are not memorable pieces of writing. It is not simply the cliches that mar them but also the assumption that thier inclusion is necessary for the emphasised communication of his theme. The implication is that the listener needs to be spoonfed.

In his more recent work, however, Dylan has learnt to trust his public. The criticism of human values in society, though sometimes harsh and sometimes rendered as an ingenuous reproach, is always offered in a form dictated by his art, not by an anxiety based on lack of trust.

I should like to put a case for judging Dylan's 'Desolation Row' to be a distinguished and brilliantly sustained critique of modern American society.

Desolation Row is a Cannery Row, the logical consequence, in one way at least, of the society surrounding it. Dylan is writing from within Desolation Row and though part of his pessimism is the product of his living there

When you asked me how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?

the intention is not to repeat the theme of, say, North Country Blues, which was basically a chronicle of a community's suffering in the face of encroaching poverty. Dylan's despondence in 'Desolation Row' is his reaction to what he sees around him. And what he sees is life regimented by false values, lived out with dishonesty; norms which produce a denial of humanity being acted upon by man. Dylan explores this unreal society, recognises it as pernicious in its denial of essential human truths and insists upon the urgency of the need to assert and re-establish these.

He communicates his conviction of society's perversity, in the first place, by a sustained reversal of norms within the logic of the poem: the beauty-parlour is filled with sailors and it is the riot squad that is restless. Casanova, the dominating lover, is being spoon-fed; Romeo is moaning. And the determined use of a barrage of folk-heroes, in careful disarray, participants in and agents of this world of sick disorder, emphasises his theme. There is Bette Davis, Cain and Abel, the hunchback of Notre Dame, the Good Samaritan, Ophelia, Noah, Einstein, Robin Hood, the Phantom of the Opera, Casanova, Romeo, Nero, Neptune, Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot - not to mention Dr. Filth. There is Cinderella too, but she is the exception. She is, with Dylan, on Desolation Row; she is victim, not agent, and therefore she is less of a victim. But though she can afford to be more honest - "to live outside the law you must be honest" is a line from a later song - the real "sweeping up" must be done outside: across the street, where they've nailed the curtains.

The other general characteristic of the poem is the recurring intimation of imminent disaster.

The commissioner, who is blind, is tied (by one hand) to the tight-rope walker; and:

All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunchback of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain.

Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortune-telling lady
Has even taken all her things inside .....

But it is the single line:
'The Titanic sails at dawn'
which is most strikingly evocative of catastrophe. It summarises with the conciseness of the true artist the theme and colouring of the whole poem. It is the Titanic which epitomises present-day American society as Dylan interprets it; for the Titanic was the ship of the future, the proof of man's progress and civilisation, the unsinkable ship which, on her maiden voyage, sank. And when she began to sink the majority of her passengers refused to believe it could happen; the palm court orchestra played on and the people in the ship's ballroom continued to dance.

The different kinds of denial - the various ways in which the "dancing" continues, as Dylan sees it - are presented with an incision which incorporates Dylan's essential sanity within an impressionistic evocation of escalating malaise. They're selling postcards of the hanging at the beginning of the song; but by the middle some local loser is in charge of the cyanide hole:

And she also keeps the cards
that read
Have Mercy On His Soul.

The first two stanzas present a general picture, establishing the nature of the poem being offered and laying the foundations of its "Wasteland" connotations. The only specific criticism made is that contained in the observation that:

the riot squad they're restless
They need somewhere to go.....

That the society has riot-quelling machinery out on the streets is a denial of its democratic basis; and that this arrangement is taken for granted - accepted as normal- is indicative of the malaise which a corrupted system of government inculcates in the process of rendering its citizens morally, as well as politically, impotent.

In the third stanza - again with a striking economy of language - Dylan questions the essential quality and effectiveness of modern humanitarian liberalism in the context of the society he sees:

And the Good Samaritan he's dressing

He's getting ready for the show .....

When we meet the Good Samaritan preparing for his carnival the stars have already begun to hide. The darkness is already closing in, and it is not the sort of darkness which should encourage dressing for dinner. Like everybody's making love it is an inappropriate response. It exposes that lethal unawareness against which Dylan is concerned to speak out.

This is why, in the final stanza, Dylan demands of his correspondent that she submit herself to the experience of being on Desolation Row - the one place where it remains possible to possess, or re-discover, an honesty of response. There is, after all, nothing Desolation Row can offer in the way of compromising or deluding alternative. Consequently the letter received from outside communicates nothing beyond what Dylan knows already of that outside society. His receiving it, therefore, is of no importance to him at all:

Yes I received your letter yesterday
(About the time the door-knob broke) ..

That pay-off line is beautiful, as Dylan's put-downs usually are.

In this final stanza of 'Desolation Row'. The real emphasis is on the hope that the girl from outside will come to the Row, to be redeemed, as it were:

Don't send me no more letters no -
Not unless you mail them from
Desolation Row.

This blindness which is under attack (it is a society of commissioners with which Dylan is dealing) is examined in terms of a kind of cause and effect in stanzas eight and nine. Stanza eight is an indictment of the tightly-organised human betrayal which the American educational system represents. It is portrayed as essentially a nightmarish machinery for bringing the potential enemies of the status quo - the potential saviours, the independant thinkers - into line:

At midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Go out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do

Mockingly, Dylan shows that the system's "education" consists in the maintenance of ignorance. Moreover, that "crew", in the context, asserts in combination with the opening phrase "At midnight.." the telling connotative suggestion of collective vandalism, political purges and press-gangs. The over-riding element of violence, then, is evoked in those first two lines of the verse. We are forewarned of the "heart-attack machine", the kerosene and the near-impossibility of escape.

The consequent powerlessness of the individual, in the face of all this, is a conclusion urged upon us also by the link with Kafka's vision of life contained in the remainder of the stanza: the kerosene is

brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is
escaping
To Desolation Row.

Stanza nine deals with the result of this extermination of individuality and returns us to the element of urgency which Dylan finds consonant with his analysis.

Everybody is shouting
Which Side Are You On?

Perhaps the palm-court orchestra is playing it. And 'Which Side Are You On?', one remembers, is the song used by the Chorus in Duberman's play 'In White America'

So we have Dylan's America, presented with a power of conviction for which his artistry is responsible. What we have in 'Desolation Row' is far removed from the blanket, grating assemblage of accusation which pop-protesters like Mr. Barry McGuire will always assume to be adequate and worthy of attention. Neither is it a product of the easy occupation of preaching to the converted: Dylan does not preach - he offers his comment, throws out the hint but with the poet's virility. And even for those who are, in a general sense, "converted" to the view that American society is nauseously uncivilised, Dylan's analysis is of a quality likely to make its expression in the poem a means of enhancing the reader's awareness. That is its value.

Where I think Dylan is immature in his judgement is in contending as he does in that ninth stanza that Eliot and Pound have sold out to the non-human values. Eliot in

continued on page 27

COCK UP SPANIELS

David Widgery

The Observer and Sunday Times are weekly installments in the collapse of the liberal British intellectual. Each Sunday we receive a new failure of nerve and intelligence, a further retreat from the wintry Moscow of their imagination, a new capitulation to the fantasies of consumerism. These papers are written by intellectuals for intellectuals and are a moving tribute to the total integration of both to the values and purposes of the Establishment. Whereas every European capitalist country has, in some form, a self aware, antagonistic intelligensia, with serious historical and social recourses, our spaniels have cut with the grain and are indistinguishable from it. The papers conviviality with its readers depends on their shared interest in personalities, commodities, clothes and cars, anything rather than ideas, because the profound bluff philistinesm of our spaniel intellectuals finds the very idea of a belief difficult and degrading. The absence of ideas does not of course prevent a great deal of pompous reflection by the graduates of some of our finest universities.

Cyril Connelly once had a little mag in Bloomsbury and has never quite got over it, Muggeridge can be found grinding in what's left of the two thoughts he has every year, Maurice Richardson moved his home so he could receive BBC2 and Kathrine Whithorne cares deeply about Hornblower, and social work and I can't imagine why people don't jolly well realise it. The heavies are still thought of as part of the social purpose of the magazine. Like Crash Courses in Philosophy, and Wall Charts on Modern Literature, no one reads them but they give the paper tone. Nowdays Totynbee Connely and Mortimer are harder to find in the index and among the tea rose by post adverts, but their tone of magnificient authority is still there;

Both papers care a lot about politics and war reporting. They run long editorials about Poverty and Race and Hunger when these, topics are occassionally uncovered by events. While their politics, especially the Observers editorial line on Rhodesia and Africa and ST and defence may tend to radical, where it counts they accept throughout the logic of Wilsonism, modernisation, efficiency, growthism and the Freeze That Will Hurt (i.e. hurt the working class and the social programmes). The message, refracted 50 ways is a dense infatuation with the present, which is a sensible scheme for the million or so people who read these papers, who also own 67% or so of capital wealth and 82% of personal wealth, who take the lions share of the public social services and the elephant Share of occupational welfare and tax allowances. Both papers editorial on Greece, Detroit and Vietnam have been hurt and rather angry that everyone is so irrational. But its rationality is seen when the Sundays come to deal with the extremists who plot all these undesirable outbreaks. The ST systematically witchhunts. Examples: the 63 Greek Visit, the Society for Anglo Chinese Understanding, The Amalgamated Engineering Union, the National Union of Students, the National Union of Seamen in all of which cases the ST has carried partisan material before an election of meeting which names and smears left wingers. The Observer has not the reporters to manage this very often but does its bit with Grankshaw scissors and paste Kremlinology (which reached lower depths of vulgarity in his obituary of Deustcher) and its purchase of the Svetlana memoirs at a price which one can only hope will bankrupt the paper. The Sunday Times can report with extreme efficiency and technical ability on any given conflict, but this news is so skillfully handled by these great agencies of misinformation, that it becomes, not the basis for radical action but a palliative to it. The full colour coverage of the Vietnam and Israel Wars submerge us in a cluster of facts and opinion, probe and analysis but they manage to leave the reader distanced and academic, unable to relate human action to this world of powers and maps and diagrams which might as easily be Montgomery's Desert War.

But the central feebleness of their thought comes out in the photojournalism sired by Antony Sampson out of Lord Snowden whose prose aims at the complete replication of static reality (i.e. the ST on Cambridge and London Airport) or its Observerersion which consists of sending out John Gale, Colin McGlashin or Michael Braun to talk to Girls or Negroes or Debs. Not much writing is required for this instamix articles but what we get is the belief, shared by Aitken, that we are living in the time of a social revolution, a "new classness equalitarianism" (the O has applied this word to yatching, comprehensive schools, Birmingham and new universities). So Forget those dole ques that grow, the class rooms that fill, the houses that rot and the old lady who has just delightedly pulled a comic book out of the dustbin across the street. In this land where all that matters is static, the revolutions must be in North Sea Gas, the struggle is one to turn a tank the right way round again, the discoveries" a delicious new toilet soap we've found, we keep the strawberry next to the bidet" The only change they dare hope for is change in late night telly; J. Millers Monitor "will break through the cliches of telly thinking and presentation and the defences of all but the most conventional viewer": David Frost will "express a new-style 1960-ish non-U youth leader, reclaimed from the verge of deliquency".

And all that it ever demonstrates is the wretchedness of their moral imagination, the fact that they have sold out without even being aware of the transaction. What's left is a pantomine of ruling class chic; the pert vulgarity and idiot condescension of Briefing and Hers. John Crosby, like DeeTime without guests, determined to laugh his way out of anything serious. The fashion pages which aren't about clothes any longer but beautiful nervous costumes to tide them over the blackness of the present. The supplement dream world not for people but for consumers who want to look like a director, smell like a man and have electrified teeth. It's a picture book world designed for evasion, and consists of what Hoggart called "anti life value full of a corrupt brightness, of improper appeals and moral evasions". The nervous twitches of the prose are the hectic verbless sentences, the oral phrases and the eternal use of the Observer We as if to prove there is some kind of umbellicus between the fashion staff and Life. The language attempts a flawed ambiguity which distances itself from its own excesses (as in the Atticus bad pun titles) and this in turn reflects an uncertain unstated relationship with its audience, uncertain because it has no basis in common intellectual ideas of values but rather in styles and behaviour. It is in the gossip feature that the Observer is being most honest; conversational, chi chi, object infested. It is culture of a decaying class consisting not of ideas, but ideas about ideas, ouvres rather than reviews, but gossip better than both. It differs from the Guardians Miscellany and the Observer's Colour Section only in the degree of self deceit. Its a culture entirely appropriate to its audience whose real problems are about au pairs, water proof leg make up, young children on aeroplanes and what to say at the next publishers' party. Not an antagonism to consumer values but a celebration of them. For there is no problem so serious that it can't be solved with a new negligee and "any girl who gets by on a pettycoat and a warm pair of pajamas deserves to sleep alone".

Its a world of spaniel words and spaniel ideas, some are friendly, some are even intelligent but they are all happiest when they are rolling on their backs.

MICHAEL X & THE FLOWER CHILDREN

Because black people in this country and in America comprise such a small percentage of the population; how can you possibly expect a victory by force?

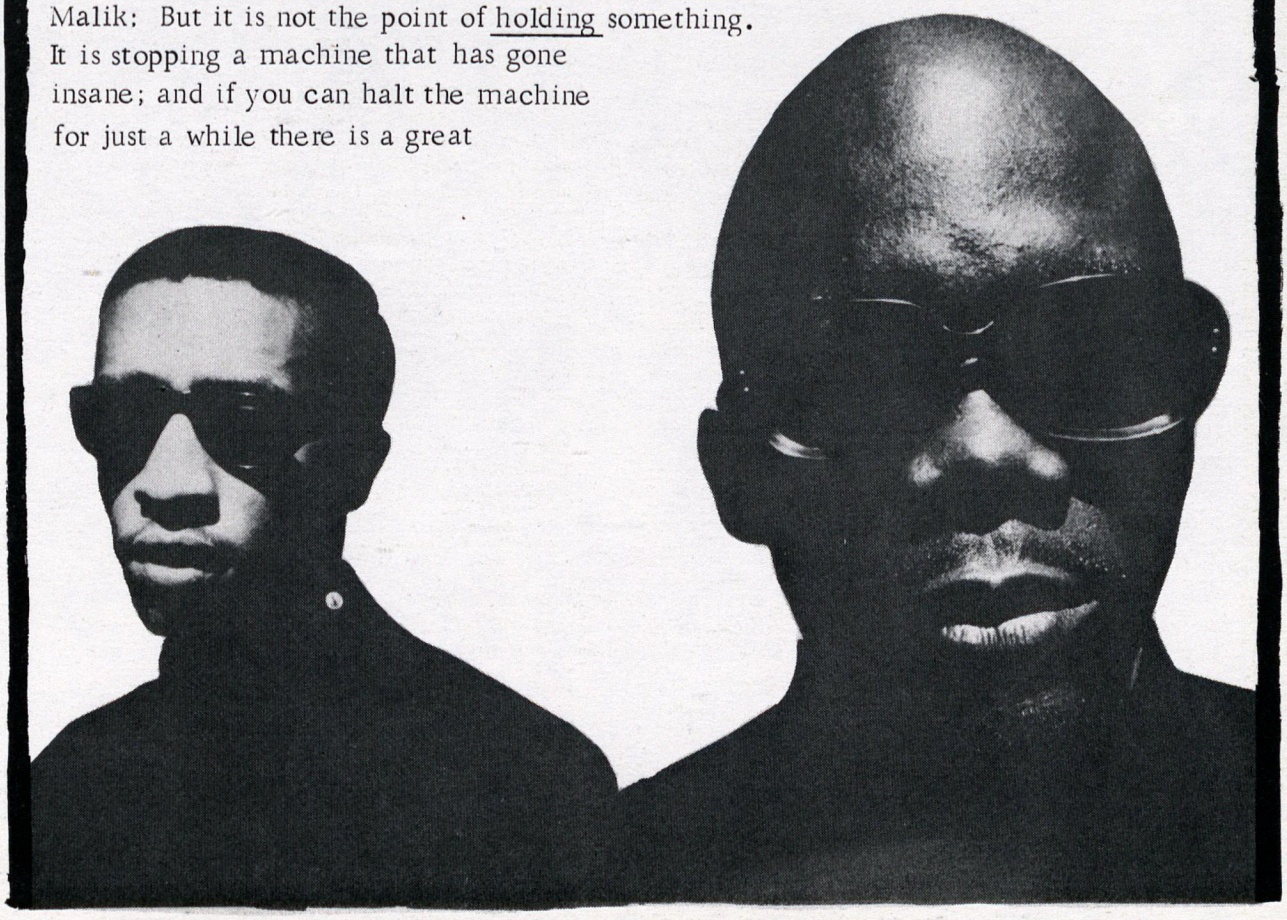
Malik: Don't you realise that the struggle is international and of the 3000, 000, 000 people in the world, only a small percentage are of non coloured races, like white?
You are outnumbered by 2 to 1 at least.

But there are different battle-fronts, aren't there? Australia doesn't let any coloured people in, so you could never help the aborigines. And in America the whites could go out and shoot every black person they wanted to.

Malik: One of the strange things about the black man in the white western world is that he lives in the cities. Now he has proven that he can control the city because in Watts, which was the first experiment in this kind of thing, it took just 20 men to flatten it. By the time they reached Detroit, they were that efficient that the numbers had been cut down ...it took only 11 men to stop Detroit. It would take no more than 6 men in London to halt London completely. Obviously we can win.

But for how long could the 11 men halt Detroit and the 6 men halt London?

Malik: But it is not the point of holding something. It is stopping a machine that has gone insane; and if you can halt the machine for just a while there is a great



possibility that the thinkers insider of there will start thinking of what they are doing, because if you halt...if 6 men can stop 14 million from moving in the London area then surely you have to sit and think and not allow the machine to get out of control, beserk. The system is driving us as a people completely insane. I recognise the type of insanity that they are trying to throw at me. I too am being dehumanised and I resent that.

But there are whites who have already begun to think and begun to act and you won't work with them. Recently the chance of an alternative political party in America was jeopardised because even the extreme radical whites weren't able to work with the black militants. The blacks were unco-operative. There was a break up of this potential party. Don't you think it would have been tactically wiser to have joined forces with the radical whites and to have co-operated in establishing an alternative political party?

Malik: To begin with the party that calls itself 'radical white', is no such thing - it will be just a pack of other vicious white men; that's what they really are because they will sit and intellectualise about a lot of nonsense but they will do nothing about it when it comes to actually working.

Let's take for example the hippie element. They will do something positive about the system, like they will not pay attention to it - they intend to ignore it, depriving the politicians and so on of themselves as little pawns which the politicians call voters, and in this they have negated the very actions of these politicians. Now our arguments against the society and the system as a whole is one wherein there is no other answer but to destroy the system, there is no nature of a compromise, there is no compromise position that I can ever come to with the existant system. I could not use their structure. For example I could not use their machinery of the electorate and have one of us elected who will become Prime Minister or an M.P. or something - this doesn't mean anything because then we will have to operate with the same system and we too will be oppressors. What it is we would like to see done with the system is the total destruction of it, wherein a new sense of values will be established, wherein human beings will be the important thing that the system will be set up to protect. The present system is set to protect material things, property. This we think is one of the key bits of insanity in the present machine that is being run. Where it has gone mad. And this we will change. So I couldn't possibly join up with these type of people nor could I possibly think of ever running for an election. This is not the kind of thing we are at - I don't want to be Prime Minister of anywhere.

Although you say you can't work with white people, you seem to share hippie sentiments. Do you think you will ever co-operate with them?

Malik: We try to talk now which is very important - we cannot talk to anybody else in the community. We go through the motions of talk but we don't hear each other, whereas the hippies and ourselves have a pretty reasonable understanding. We listen to each other which doesn't mean we have to act on what each one says. For example, in the present issue of the Los Angeles Free press, you will see that Rap Brown is talking to the hippies in America. Take the present issue of IT and you will see that I am talking to the hippies here in England - so we are on a talking relationship, both in America and here and that's not coincidence.

You once said that amongst a sea of white faces in a riot, you wouldn't recognise any individual white faces. Would you see the hippies?

Malik: Well, man, if we can't see them we're going to going to hear them - they've taken precautions about that. They've put bells about their bloody necks.

You say that black or white men are essentially different. That they have a different frame of reference. That's what racists like Mike Hoare and Governor Wallace say. How would you differ from them?

Malik: I can understand hippies because they talk and they make themselves very clear - people like Mike Hoare and other racists also make their positions plain - now the vast majority of the white people in the world, I find, never make their positions plain. They say one thing and they do another. This makes it very difficult for me to understand such people, because basically I recognize and like the honest ones. I like those who say what they mean and do what they mean and what they say - so people like Mike Hoare, I understand him; it's not a matter of a cat I'd want to have breakfast with in the morning.

Photos by Horace Ove

I do believe that the black peoples and the white peoples are basically quite different. Like we have had different types of experience all our lives, things that you know, I don't know. Simple things, like talking about this electoral system I don't know anything about that because I have never been there. I have no idea of what it is like to be white and free, just like you have no idea of what it is like to be black and be a slave. You may look in on it but you don't really know the feelings inside of it. I'm sure you have no idea of what your girlfriend feels like when she is pregnant. She may tell you, but you can never really feel that. This is something which is private only to her, and there is really no way she can get that feeling into you. I can give you as much as a look in as I can, as much as my pride and my ego and my sufferings, my pain and my joys and everything else will allow me to show you me.

I want to show you me, I want desperately to show all of me, because no doubt you might be able to communicate with the cat, whoever he is and he must exist, who can do something to change this nonsense that is happening, that fellow exists, he must live somewhere and I wish he could find out. I think they keep the news from him, whoever they are, they must, because if he knew and he was a just man he wouldn't allow what is happening now to happen.

He wouldn't allow us to be going completely along a path which is really to our own destruction - and his - because we have been driven so far now that the language we talk is "if we can't live in them fine houses now then noone is going to live in them". I think this is a very just statement, I think this is very very just and a great lot of our people think it is very very just. One can intellectualise their way in and out of that, they can say I'm right and they can say I am wrong, and they can argue it anyway they want. I'm not interested in that. I'm just telling you what I'm saying. So you can see what I am at and from there we can begin, you know, sorting that out.

A lot of white people are becoming involved with your problems even if sometimes only superficially,

like journalists out for a story. Certainly the white people in Watts and the people who rode freedom buses, they might have done the wrong thing but they were involved in the problem, black against white. I just wonder if black people ever get involved in other problems outside the race one. Say, the incredible oppression of the working classes in this country, the white working classes.

Malik: What you said clears up so much about what it is the National Press ignores about us. Like recently the hippies have set up a body called 'Release' designed to defend themselves when they get themselves arrested. Now before they had set that up, the facilities that they used for this purpose were our facilities which is a life organisation called 'Defense'.

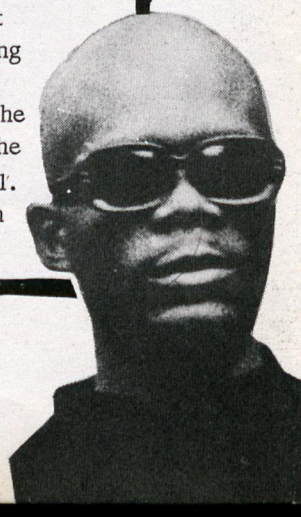
Now you may have heard of something called the London Free School, which John Hopkins dreamt up a long time ago - I worked very hard with him and we did some very nice things in the Notting Hill area. Our mob has been working at all manner of strange things for people for centuries but no one seems to have known about it or otherwise you couldn't have asked such a question. We have worked in all manner of strange things, like we acted non violently before violently which is doing something for people, because that in itself is what has kept the human race alive. Otherwise we should have exterminated every white man a long time ago.

Stokey Carmichael

Michael X (Malik)

Surely if we all fucked each other the race problem would cease after a few generations?

Malik: I think this is a very wild and silly fantasy because Mr. Wilson certainly doesn't want his son to go fuck that pigmy girl I know down in the Congo, that isn't the kind of thing he will want done to his son and his son most certainly doesn't what that chick. And I don't want Princess Anne or Queen Elizabeth, you know, they just don't turn me on. There will always be white people and there will always be black people and there will always be yellow people. And all other manner of strange shades, greys, and yellows and browns and in betweens; they will always exist. That type of argument doesn't really me an anything to me. Whether it is we can do things by being exactly what I am, a big nigger, that's what I am, a black man. Whether it is I can remain a black man and at the same time relate to you, who is the white man. Whether we would be able to establish a talking relationship, a working relationship and a loving relationship between ourselves. Now this is important. But I don't want you to become me to do so: I want you to be you but a good you not the evil you, and I don't want to be the evil me in order to relate with you. But if I have to become the white man in order to relate to you then I am becoming the evil me, because the white man is evil. I want to be just me, and let us relate to each other, see what we can give to each other, and then in that there will be no tensions.



Notes from his pre-trial, Sept.29.

The press went to Reading and reported most of the words but none of the drama of the proceedings.

Because the prosecution had no complete record of Malik's contentious utterances, witnesses present at the Rainbow Hall speech were called to recall the bits they remembered or had noted at the time. Thus the record of the speech pieced together by the prosecution was a series of sensationalised statements plucked out of context and divorced from narrative logic.

Most of Malik's alleged speech was reproduced in the dailies. One quote was conspicuous by its absence:
Malik (to reporters): "You bastards follow me wherever I go and you write lies about me. Buy the paper tomorrow and you will see the lies they have written."

During the trial a negro rose from the gallery, walked to the dock and handed Malik a note. Spying this, a young ginger-headed policeman hurried to the dock and ordered Malik to surrender it. "Oh go away little boy", said Malik.

Further insults followed until the policeman left empty handed.

A clean cut, chiseled faced, self satisfied reporter from the Express, Brian Park, was the first to give evidence of Malik's speech. He was questioned at the end.

Malik: Do you understand black people when they talk.

Park: Yes, just as I hope they understand me.

Malik: Are you mamma-guy?

Park: I beg your pardon. I do not understand you.

After a fruitless quarrel between the Court and the defendent, Malik sighed: "We are not speeking the same language. We are on a different wave length".

Magistrate: No. We are speaking basic English.

Most of the proceedings were unforgettably boring. This was because the witnesses were duplicating each other's testimony and their depositions were recorded by an antique, non electric, non sound proof typewriter.

Prosecutor: Were you at Rainbow Hall on July 24?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat ,.

Prosecutor: Did you take notes?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat.

Prosecutor: Have you those notes with you now?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat.

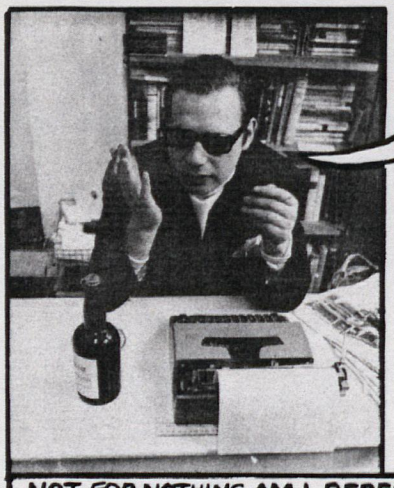
Etc.

During the trial a black member of the gallery lit a cigarette. A policeman swept over and ordered him to remove it. The black man stared angrily back at the policeman, cigarette jutting defiantly. No one moved. Suddenly another black man jumped up and extracted the cigarette. The policeman retreated and the two black brothers bickered furiously.

Occasionally the proceedings were interrupted by Malik's emotional outbursts ... "I cannot speak a language I cannot understand.....I will desperately try and communicate.....I am not going to play your game..."

The two magistrates, Clerk of the Court, witnesses and policemen all fidgeted uncomfortably and uncomprehendingly during those ejaculations. Once, one of them responded bewilderdly: "But we are not playing a game."

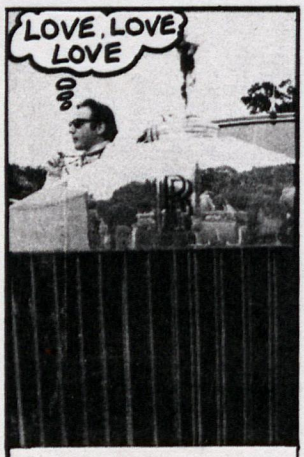
NOTHING BUT FLOWER CHILDREN



NOT FOR NOTHING AM I, DEREK DREDGE DEMON HACK OF FLEET ST, THE LEE HARVEY OSWALD OF THE GLOSSIES (NOT FOR NOTHING). FOR ABOUT TEN GRAND PER ANNUM, + EXPENSES.
SCANING THE SCENES WITH MY SOPHISTICATED EYE, WHAT DO I FIND FOR MY GREEDY READERS...? FLOWERS. ARE THEY MERELY ANOTHER FEAT OF FASHIONABLE PUBLICITY...?

THE QUEST – FEARLESSLY FORWARD INTO THE DOMAIN OF THE BHY 'DIGGER' DUKE

PSYCHEDELICATESSEN

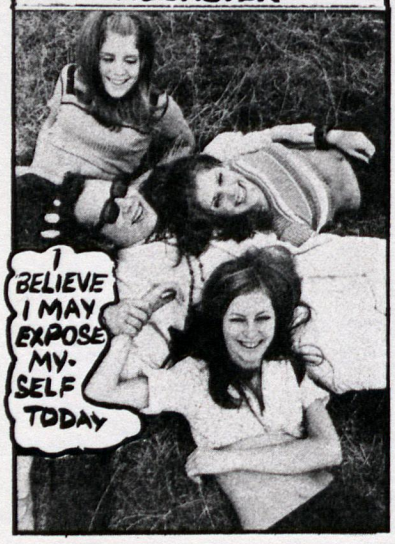


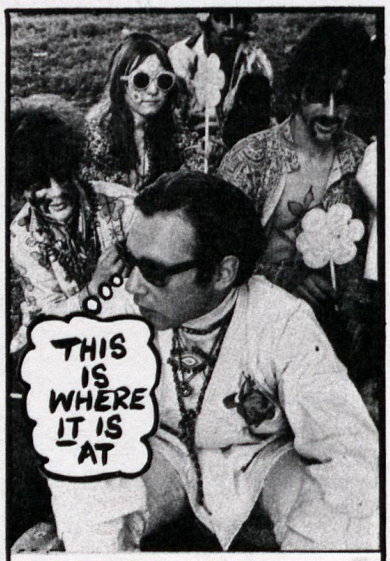
RECONNAISSANCE

...LURK, SURVEY THE GRUESOME SCENES... WANDERING IMMORAL GIRLS TINKLING TINY ORNAMENTS (ARTIFICIAL ROSE BY COURTESY OF FORTNUM & MASON)

BRIMMING WITH CONFIDENCE, I TAKE IN 'THE SCENE'

AS I FEARED IN MY BEST DREAMS... I REVEAL THAT I AM NOT A HIPSTER, BUT A HUCKSTER

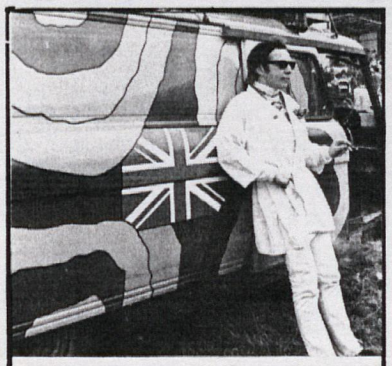




I MEET THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AT LAST!

MEGALOMANIA STRIKES!

by A Haden-Guest/Keith Morris



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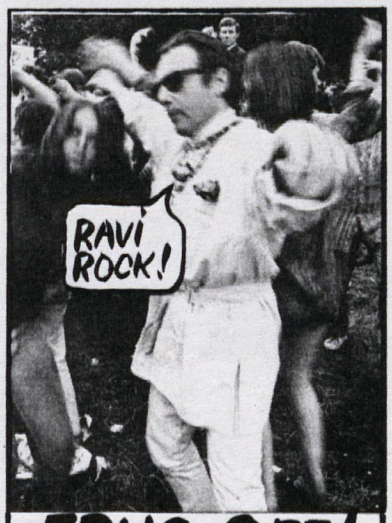

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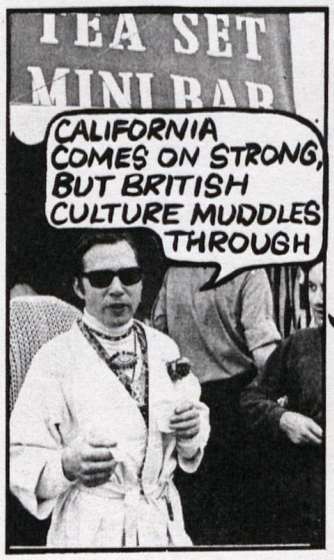

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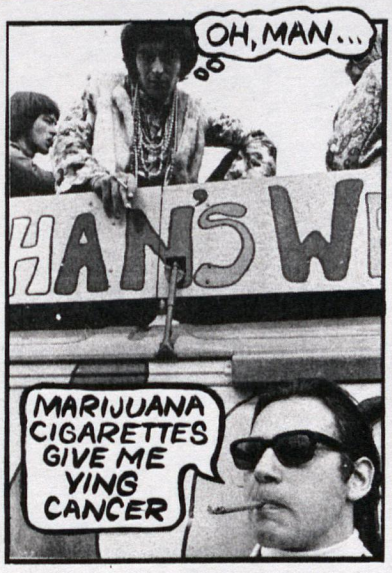
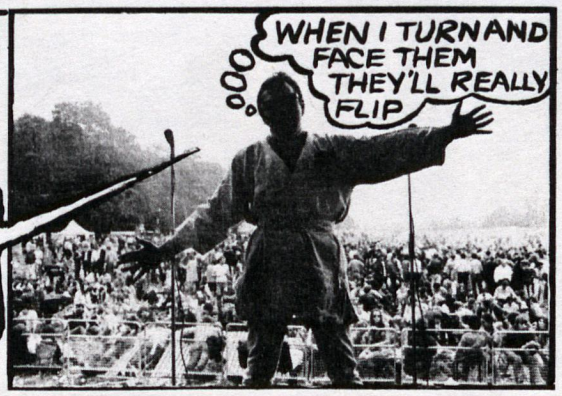


»MEGALOMANIA 2

MY 'PRIVILEDGE' SCENE...



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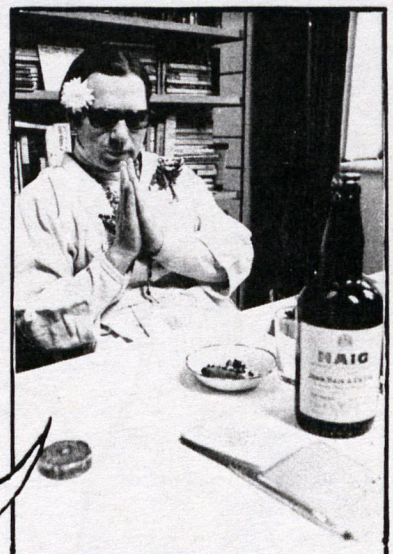

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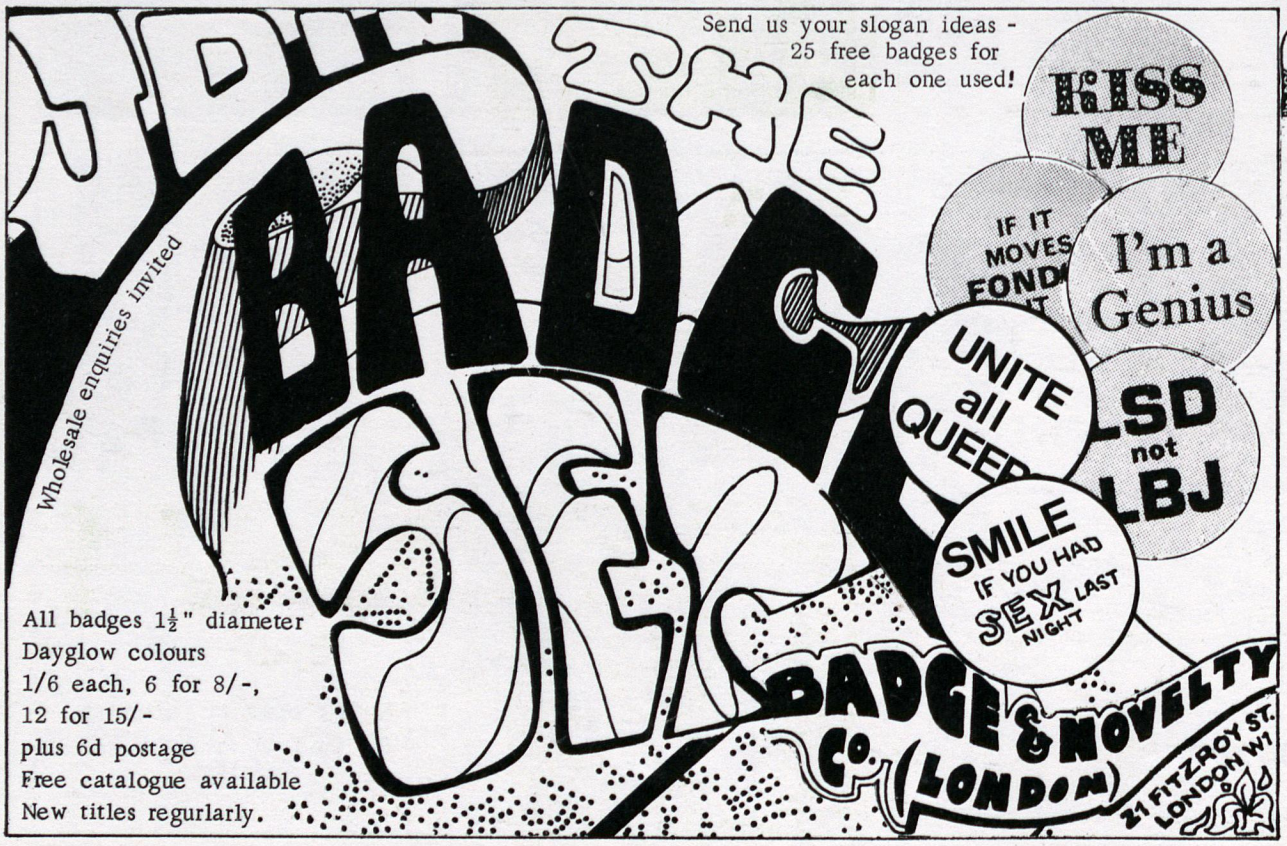

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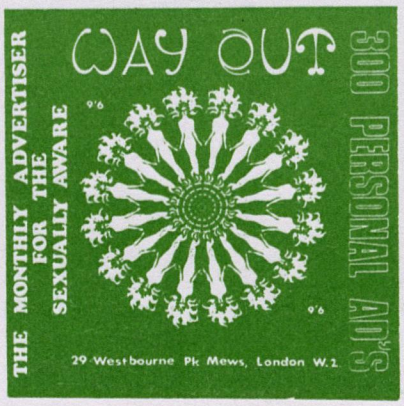

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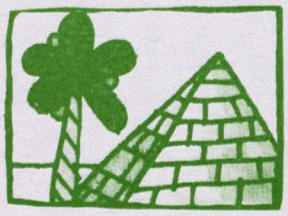

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Ray Durgnat wrote 'Marshall McLuhan's One Eyed Kingdom' in OZ 6. His latest book 'Films and Feelings' published by Faber & Faber is in bookstores now.

continued from Page 3

black veils on cinema projectors. Inhibitions breed frustrations, frustrations breed obsessions. Life is distorted, the mind is degraded.

Being the last to have joined the castrated, social democrat rich of Europe, they are the most gullible, the most vulgar and they suffer the most from this newly acquired absurdity. It's accepted only because their sole comparison is with their previous poverty.

This is a long introduction which has almost killed my style but which should tell the reader that he is very lucky if his only problem is to know just where his next acid is coming from.

The example of Italy, the most repressed of the "not poverty stricken countries", the rotten apple with the golden skin, where to be young is a sin and to be old is deadly, should show them how desperately they're needed. Entrenched in Portobello Rd, barricaded in Kings Rd, surrounded by photographers' flashes and miserable, mercenary flattery you forget your undeveloped brother: the teenagers wasting their spunk on their handkerchief, the young cunts rusting, the forlorn hands never finishing the job, the misery of the segregation of the sexes, the tyranny of garters, the injustice of coitus interruptus, the darkness of organs never shown, the mental fatigue of the unachieved. Oh! you wouldn't have time for your daises, there where the bread is so meagre, where every male eye spells danger and every female eye spells unwillingness.

It's very easy to sleep with comfortable dollies and proclaim the psychedelic era. Hyde Park may be conquered but the parks in Milan are still in the hands of the enemy.

You should have been there when the police raided and destroyed the first beatnik camp (two thousand strong) in Via Ripamonti in Milan, early this summer. There aren't any hippies there yet, it's too early for joy, it's still time for anger. You ask for democracy of love, they ask for freedom of sex.
You should advoctate here-and-now flower guerrillas in Europe, and England should be like Cuba. Bring the flowers to sunny Italy, darkened by secular oppression. Don't just send the slogans (make love, not war) don't just send the generals (the pop groups). Here they are tired of listening to the words of the Beatles, those Lenins of the mind promising an impossible paradise. Italian teenagers need help - quickly. Don't send medicines (the pill), or small arms (records), send men (girls).

The Pope, (Allen Ginsberg) has already been here (to Spoleto), and was charged with obscenity by Italian law. He will stand trial in November. In Spoleto, a small, beautiful town in central Italy, the weather will be mild, the judges will be bastards - let's go down.

We have only one thing to gain, our consciousness, nothing to lose but our minds.

Let the old asses worry, let them drink petrol and smoke pound notes
See: the old man talking fondly to his telly belongs to another geological era, to the era of big wars and small pleasures. He must disappear like the dinosaurs. We won't need passports to piss from trees, we won't need old currency to lay new women, we won't need teachers to show us the way. We'll be given chocolate sixpences for every smile, coppers will be employed to keep the rain out of our sleeping bags, bankers will clean our stained sheets - when the time will come.
But now is the time to preach and convince, the time to fuck hard and sleep rough. Now is the time to come to Italy, en masse.

For every black priest Rome breeds we want three hippies, one masculine, one feminine, one neuter, this is our programme. As long as Rome is still in enemy hands, London is in danger. From the top of Primrose Hill, on clear nights, you can see, if you stretch your eyes, platoons of Italian mothers armed with vacuum cleaners, the Virgin Mary their guide. Their breath is of poisonous gas, their eyes shine like napalm, their cunts are stuffed with hand grenades, their nails are made of phosphorous. How can you sleep with so many nuns around?

Our only salvation, our only hope is to unite, to form a new International; to help our brothers in need of a fuck, of a laugh, of anything and everything.

I've told you this about Italy so you'll go there to help them. You don't need addresses. I won't give you any.

Grow and spread the flower, grow and multiply, the numbers of heavens are infinite for each man. The crows will die.

by Polly Peachum

The American is a very clean sort of person. (There are some who say he has to be, because cleanliness is about the only thing he has going for him.) At the laundromat, his oversized boxer shorts and interlock undershirts are never just bleached - they're double bleached. He sports what must be the driest armpits in all of Christendom. And no American bathroom cabinet is complete without its family size bottle of mouthwash. (Recently, a new mouthwash 'very concentrated golden breath drops, entered the market. There is no doubt that part of its appeal was the subliminal suggestion that unheard of sexual successes wait the Man with the Golden Breath.) The female of the species, against all sorts of reasonable medical advice, douches once, or even twice a day with a Tennessee-made powder put out in individual pre-measured packettes that are guaranteed to make her feel more than just clean. The packettes like the concentrated breath drops are conveniently miniaturised for eary portability. You are intended to tend to your breath and what not, the way you might reapply your lipstick-namely, often. At home, hung defiantly behind every All-American girl's bathroom door are yards and yards of terrifying equipment, to bear testimony, I suppose, to a routine of relentless cleansing, not to mention the owner's sexual emancipation and, no doubt, availability. It is no surprise, then, to learn that mere seconds after the final blinding moment of ecstasy, Mister and Miss Clean race each other to the bathroom with a ferocity and competitiveness unmatched anywhere in or out of the animal kingdom. No American male or female ever wants to be unclean a second longer than necessary - no matter what the circumstances. When opportunities for contamination are likely to be frequent, a two-bathroom dwelling is chosen. It is the only reasonable explanation for the new system which provides one bedroom apartments with His and Her bathrooms. (A Texas store does His n' Her bath-tubs).

This probably also explains why many American resort hotels which specialise in honeymooners see fit to present as their chief attraction circular Roman baths - tiled sunken and six feet in diameter. One place in Pennsylvania goes so far as to pass over, in its advertisements, its colour TV, heated pool, late-late-late sleepyhead breakfasts, roaring log fires and high fidelity mood music, in favour of a full paged picture of a heartshaped bathtub. One can only presume that fastidious honeymooners prefer to start their married life with the cleanest sort of copulation - in a bathtub, heartshaped to provide a touch of romance for those who may find it still a little too conjugal for embraces.

Without a doubt, behind this pre-occupation with cleanliness is a great national eagerness not to offend. It has not yet occurred to Americans that being obsessively preoccupied with offending is even more offensive. (When an American woman gently inquires of her partner during intercourse Have you slimed yet? she betrays a passion for cleanliness at least 100 points more offensive than the mildly perspiry armpits she worries about so incessantly. If her partner is not American that is. If he is, he might very well reply, equally tenderly, NO, honey, have you?).

It has been suggested that cleanliness in these cases is nothing more than impersonality. The ideal American coupling, one feels, is that of two neutral plastic-fresh bodies that try to leave each other as untouched as possible both physically and emotionally. (In the Underground Uplift Button Shop, a button says 'Love is alive and well in Mexico City'. 'It just doesn't want to get involved'. 'Follow me, if you want uncomplicated Love' says another. Americans as lovers are very much the same as Americans as tourists. Getting there is half the fun, did after all start off as an American tourist slogan. The American tourist likes to steep himself in the whole business of travel. He buys countless guidebooks, even learns the language, gets all excited, but, once he gets there somehow never does get to eat much of the food or talk to the natives. Afterwards, though, he does talk about it a lot. At least, he makes a point of boasting he's been there, though he'll also express his disappointment on many occasions and discourage others from following his steps.

So the lover. He does not like to take no for an answer. Money is never any object. (The Americans have a contemptuous term for the girl who puts out without being bought in some way first. As one girl here said, 'I'd rather be a whore than a freebie'.) And of course, for the country of sex there are many guidebooks. The lovers, like the tourists, like their guidebooks systematic. Listen to the blurb on the back of Robert Street's best selling paperback of Modern Sex Techniques. It starts, 'With admirable frankness, the authors present detailed step by step instructions for achieving mutual sexual satisfaction. These include a directive to be carried out on the bridal night, which has the groom comparing the book's diagrams of the female reproductive system with its real life counterpart.

Not that the American passion for efficiency is always such a bad thing. There is a type of American made to order for the age of computers who because he likes to know all the answers, asks all the questions. We have seen their questionnaires on other topics. The erotic questionnaire is just as detailed. 'Do you have a favourite position?' 'Is there any position of caress you particularly like/dislike?'

But the goal of the questioner is not a bout of prolonged pleasure with less of the usual awkward misunderstandings. It is orgasm for both parties. ('Orgasms, for sale rent or trade' is a popular button.) the Big 'O' - the only measure of sexual success American men (and women) will accept, and a favour few American women are willing to make available to any but a chosen few. (They don't mind cutting off their noses to spite their faces if it means bringing down a male ego a couple of notches. That's the battle of the sexes for you.) What happens, then, is that after several encounters with this sort of woman, (the first is invariably, if only symbolically, with his mother) many American men will give up. They either become homosexual or merely passive. Like the man who had me on the brink of finally yielding to his impressive blandishments when he ruined everything by sinking gracefully back on the bed, flinging out his arms and exhorting with more than a trace of coquetishness: 'Do something spectacular!)

Being young and inexperienced I imagined he wanted me to don a spangled Uncle Sam costume and do a tap dance on his bared and waiting jelly belly, but Americans aren't kinky like the English, and all he meant was 'Do anything, the more interesting, the better, but just get the responsibility off MY tired shoulders!. In a country where women like to win, no man wants to be in a position of always being the loser.

It is no accident that the American man's term for 'scoring' with the opposite sex is 'getting laid', as in, 'I got laid last night.' ('What are you going to do to me?' I once heard a man ask a woman in a Times Square bar.) Passive, perhaps, but at least no one's going to tell him he's no good in bed. This naturally accounts for the strong oral motif in American wall writings. Buttons that say "Dracula sucks,and 'LXIX'" far outsell 'Frodo lives', 'END THE WAR IN VIETNAM', and 'I FEEL SEXY, HOW ABOUT YOU?'

Andy Warhol's film, BLOWJOB never fails to draw large crowds, even though it consists of nothing more than thirty-three minutes of the head and shoulders of a young man whose facial expression rarely varies. (Why should it? He doesn't want to get involved.) No American man does. Though all are in analysis because they are looking for a meaningful relationship. And with the acute man shortage in America, in the cities anyway, no man has to. I think it was Tom Wolfe who commented that American men are now developing all the

traits of a spoiled and much sought after woman.
Why not when one of the country's most successful magazines Cosmopolitan is written around this premise?

(No wonder they can afford to lie back and say 'Do something spectacular', or as in another case, 'Say something dirty').

The success of Cosmopolitan was matched by Sex and the Single Man only because women bought it to see what they could learn. Meanwhile American men are invariably puffy and unimaginatively dressed with only one redeeming feature, good skin, but even that is a disadvantage. For one good reason. It simply heightens the resemblance all of them bear to their mothers.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD

JOHN LENNON

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October Five shillings

John Wilcock

Other Scenes

Pirate radio - and its inevitable successor pirate television - could have brought down this government if the stations had stuck together on a point of principle rather than gutlessly giving up the ghost. Its advertisers, even more disgustingly, are going to great lengths to disassociate themselves even when they get free ads. Boycott all advertisers who write letters to newspapers with disclaimers. The irony is that there's so much money to be made from commercial radio that the next government - a Tory one, inevitably - will undoubtedly sponsor it. Transferred to the United States pirate radio and television will be a major weapon against the U.S. establishment as soon as stations start broadcasting from the ghettoes of Watts, Harlem and Detroit.

The bumbling, let-the-customer-wait British telephone service introduced a curious new system a few months ago - a policy of charging 3Os for uncompleted transatlantic calls that were made "collect" (i.e. transferring the charge). If, for example, you make a call to your publisher in New York and his secretary understandably won't accept the call because he's not there you'll be charged 3Os for the call anyway. The bumbling, let-the-customer-wait British telephone service justifies this on the grounds that they've had to do the "work" of trying to get the call but, of course, they would have done the work anyway and nobody minds paying for a call if it IS completed. The new system marks a subtle change in telephone company attitudes: once you paid for talking to a person, now you have to pay to find out that he's not there. Will the British telephone subscriber complain? Not likely. That's why charges like this can be safely imposed.

Time & Tide, which likes to think of itself as Britain's only news magazine, has undergone a facelifting recently and comes out basically Rightwing and slick - but with some interesting inconsistencies. It doesn't, for example, promote a straight reactionary line and some of its more simple-minded readers find this not only confusing but also infuriating. There's nothing that bothers simple, prejudiced minds more than to find some body who shares a few of their opinions but not ALL of them....First line of the MacLuhan Lp record is: "How do you like it so far?"....Hatemonger named Andrew Fergus, writing in Scotland's Sunday Mail (he's described as 'Scotland's most outspoken writer', if you care) says he's had a bellyful of the Beatles. "Even the death of their friend Brian Epstein hasn't taught them humility", he whines. Multi-millionaire musical geniuses don't really need to learn humility, one might suggest. Even from a pompous Glasgow hack who heads his column: "My Advice to the Beatles"... The publishers of the glossy mag "Antique Finder" are turning an almost-neglected sport into an artistic joy. Their "Portobello Finder" (5s from 39b Harrington Rd, SW7) is more imaginatively produced than any such magazine has a right to be....Tom Wolfe's next book is on SF's Haight-Ashbury scene....Israel's best zoo, the Biblical Zoo in Jerusalem, is building a reptile house in response to requests from all the new Arab Tourists. "This is probably due to the prominent place occupied by snakes in Arab folklore", a zoo biologist is quoted as saying in September's "Jewish Observer & Middle East Review"....Anthony Lejeune writing in Daily Telegraph magazine: "Without doubt this is the worst, the most dictatorial, the most untrusthworthy, the most contemptible administration beneath which our unhappy country has languished for at least a century"...Insider's Newsletter says that one week before the Israeli war broke out last June the head of Israel's airforce got a call from a security officer to say: "There's a journalist here trying to file a story to London that we could destroy the Egyptian air force in 7O minutes. What should I do?" The journalist was Winston Churchill II and he was persuaded to drop his story.

particular must be acknowledged as a poet of greatness - far more so than, say, Walt Whitman, whose influence can be detected in Dylan's early work. (It is, for example, prominent in the long, piled-up lines of 'A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall'.)

"Art," as Collingwood somewhat pompously suggests, "is the community's medicine against the worst disease of mind, the corruption of consciousness." Eliot, unquestionably, has exercised his responsibility in this direction and is very far from fighting for the captaincy of the Titanic. Dylan's claim to validity as an artist must ultimately stand or fall by his acceptance or rejection of this same responsibility. So too must the measure of his success as an artist be the quality of perception which he brings to bear in the struggle against this corruption of consciousnes

It may be said that Dylan's claim is valid and his success appreciable.

WHAT IS it?

—THAT CAN SLOW DOWN YOUR THINKING
—CAN TAKE THE EDGE OFF YOUR APPETITE
—CAN CAUSE COLDS TO HANG FOR WEEKS
—CAN MAKE WORK (LITERALLY!) A "HEADACHE"
—CAN SPOIL ENJOYMENT OF SMOKING
—AND IT'S USUALLY BLAMED ON THE WEATHER!

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IN YOUR HEAD
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However premature Time magazine's comments might have been about swinging London there's no doubt that England is on the verge of its most exciting cultural revolution for many years. Everything is starting to come together: an exciting winter is coming up. Many more of America's social and cultural guerillas have had their effect- Grogan with plans for a Digger group; Andy Warhol; Frank Zappa; numerous film makers, writers and rock go groups. More light shows and freak out centers are planned; more gathering places for the English tribe.

From past experience in Greenwich Village, Haight Ashbury and L.A.'s Fairfax-Melrose districts, it would seem that the single most important requirement in London at the moment is for a COMMUNITY. Weekend meetings at UFO & Middle Earth (defunct?) and similar are all very well & the Saturday gatherings on Portobello and Kings Roads are very colorful - but still only transitory. What's needed is a place where like-minded people can live together and congregate in a specific area; an area where rents are low and big houses or buildings are available for ashrams or smaller collectives. Chelsea would be ideal but it's too expensive; Battersea might be better but isn't terribly accessible.

There's talk of converting some of the disused warehouses in the Covent Garden area into studios etc. but this isn't entirely practical for several reasons not the least of which is that some kind of zoning laws are obviously going to be applied to the area when the market moves out (in 1970) and money is going to talk. Also it's a gloomy area and isn't condusive to milling about. At the present time, Notting Hill Gate and the Portobello Road area looks like a better bet if it can be turned into an all-week scene.

How can such a community be strengthened and structured? Firstly by Digger action to ensure that it isn't turned into a high-priced, boutique-filled tourist area too fast. Lots of free things, all-night coffee houses and delicatessens. New undergound newspapers - the more the better - and publications devoted to the experimental and avant garde. An underground movie theatre operating as a cooperative to show the work of all members as well as the best of the American and European underground.

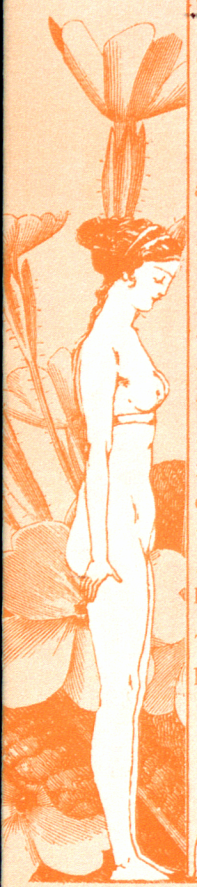
There are problems in the way of underground publishing here that don't exist in America. Printing in the States is faster, cheaper and with less interference from the printers who, in England, take it upon themselves to act as censors. Miles says that America's photo offset revolution is being delayed here because all the offset equipment is owned by big firms who pay royalties to U.S. companies to use the process. Okay then, other breakthroughs must be made: some kind of a mimeographed publication can be effectively published and distributed - like Haight-Ashbury's famous Communications Company that rushes mimeo-ed "newspapers" onto the streets with several editions daily.

Finally, a major issue that the new community has to face is what is to be the nature of its relationship with the squarer and not-necessarily-sympathetic community around it? Ideally, the drop out society shouldn't have to think about such bring-down matters: a group of friendly anarchists, full of love, peace, flowers and social revolution ought to be able to do its own thing without outside interference.

But realistically, wherever such a community starts its members will always make some of the neighbours uptight: some don't like to see inter-racial couples, long-haired 'freaks' & minimally- dressed 'teeny-boppers'; they can't stand either the all-night parties or the gentle tinkling outside; some abhor incense & are frightened of...pot. All these are personified in and represented by the police who take it upon themselves to harass, frame and divide such happy groups.

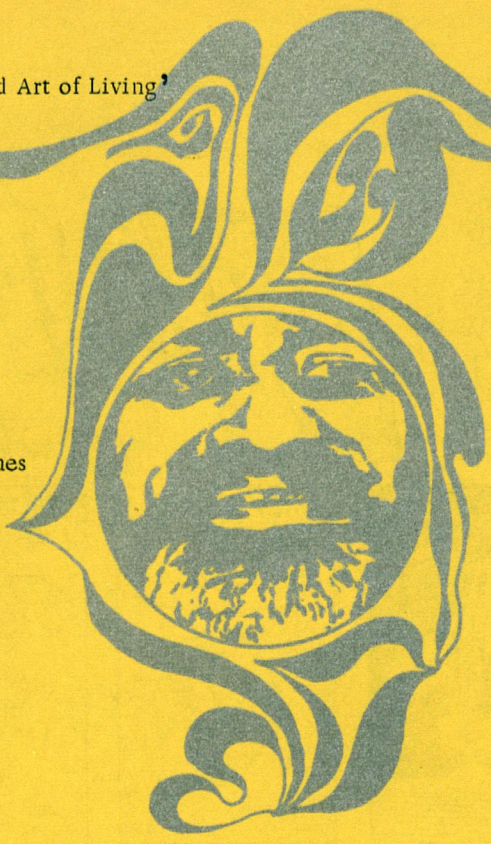
How can they be handled? By responsible political action & sympathetic lawyers. If you are in on the beginning of a 'community' - however freaky- always make sure that there is someone willing to represent you in the politics game. Some love that stupid scene so let them play it. The only thing that cuts any ice with authority is, unfortunately, power - and power is any group that appears to have a spokesman. It may not be nescessary to actually deliver votes just so long as they seem to be potentially available.

There are many ingredients nescessary for a revolution. The extremists, by making outrageous demands, condition the Establishment to settle for more than they would normally agree to.
The politicians - OUR Politicians - do the settling. And the rest of us (hopefully) live in peace.



Blueprint for a beautiful community

A Review of 'The Science of Being and Art of Living' by His Holiness Maharishi Mahesh Yogi



While at first sight this might seem just a simplified variety of the westernised Hinduism that has sold fairly well over the last 100 years, His Holiness quickly distinguishes himself from such previous solvers of the problems of Man and the Universe as Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. For, while he asks for no sweat,blood or tears (his way being not straight and narrow but broad and easy), yet he promises the most amazing results. He 'deals with the fundamentals of all problems of life' and knows 'one solution to eradicate all suffering' (p. 19). While this claim itself would be enough to condemn the book for some,others may like to hear more.

His Holiness unoriginally, considers Einstein's Relativity Theory a good starting point for such an excursion and he gives it a couple of hundred words at the beginning. 'The physical sciences', he has noticed, 'inform us the whole of creation is built up of layers of energy, one inside the other'. I myself had not heard of this before, and it is a measure of His Holiness's breadth of culture that he is able to inform us in this fashion. The revolution started by Einstein has put to the scientists the view that 'there might exist some fundamental form of energy, which is absolutely stable and more subtle than any other form of energy. The relative would then arise as perturbations of this absolute energy, and all forms of physical energy would be manifestations of this absolute state of unmanifested energy' (p. 26). And indeed His Holiness is able to assure us that the scientists have not gone wrong and that there is such a fundamental form, though he first heard about it, not from the scientists, but from His Divinity Swami Brahmananda Saraswati, Jagadguru Bhagwan Shankaracharya, 'the most illustrious of the Jagadguru Shankaracharyas of India . Manifestly, it would be irrational to reject such a congruence of the scientists of the West with His Divinity of the East.

His Holiness reiterates that it will only be possible to discover the one solution by transcendental meditation under the guidance of a teacher from the Spiritual Regeneration Movement, for which you will be charged 'one week's net income' (husband and wife treated as one, and a meditate-now-and-pay-later scheme available). It is not possible fully to understand even the published book by the light of your own unaided reason (p. 58). Recognizing this, however, there are still passages which are puzzling. For example, it is unclear how the 'fundamental form of energy' referred to above can be both 'absolutely stable' and also exhibit 'perturbations', or how anything can be a manifestation of something which is itself unmanifested.

Some of his claims, moreover, might not pass unchallenged. for example: in his discussion of architecture and money, on pp. 75-6, he says, with special reference to the money got from the sale of alcohol or tobacco, that 'any house built with it, has an over-all depressing effect'. Yet I myself know two millionaires who live in such houses, and who do not appear depressed .

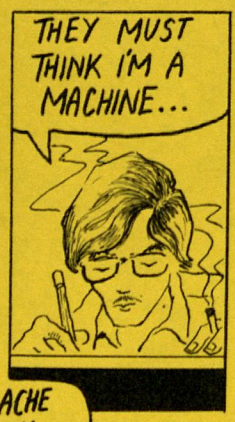
There are many other passages that are open to serious question, however, set against these the book contains a lot of simple uplift after the fashion of St. Matthew's Christian Gospel (e.g., pp. 95-101). Here we are enjoined to develop all 'a loving, kind and sympathetic heart', which seems quite excellent if not wholly without adumbration. And indeed if there be any who are anxious to expose themselves to conventional Christian uplift, while doing so in a slightly exotic atmosphere, then the Spiritual Regeneration Movement may suit them very well. On the other hand, some species of Christianity specifically reject the view that life should not be a struggle (p. 258), and that it is not a simple matter to jump to glory. But all such idle cavilling is swept away by the breathtakingly beautiful suggestion, on p. 275, that God is like butter.

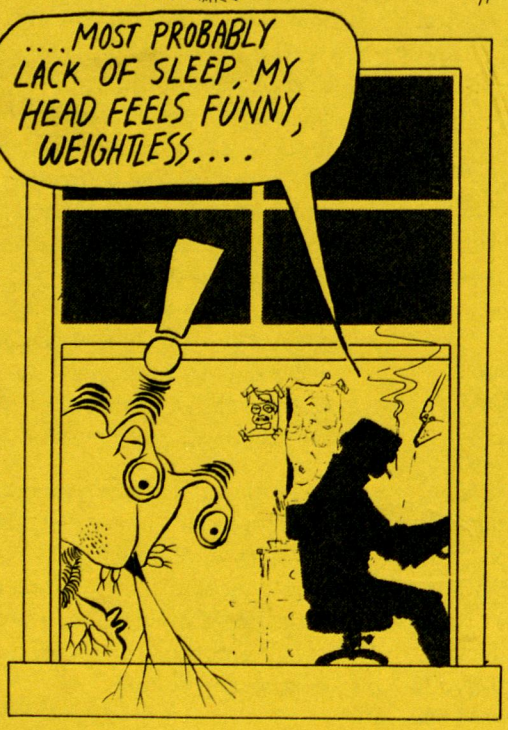
The conception is subtle and yet, like all supremely logical achievements, bewitching in its simplicity. The impersonal God, it seems,permeates the entire field of creation as butter permeates milk and, just as 'if the level of the butter is to be reached in milk, it is necessary to enter into the subtle strata of milk', so also the only way to realise God is 'to enter into the subtle strata of anything'. Possibly His Holiness would not claim this as the easiest passage in his book; but I do not doubt that anybody who can once understand its truth will quickly discover the one solution of all suffering.

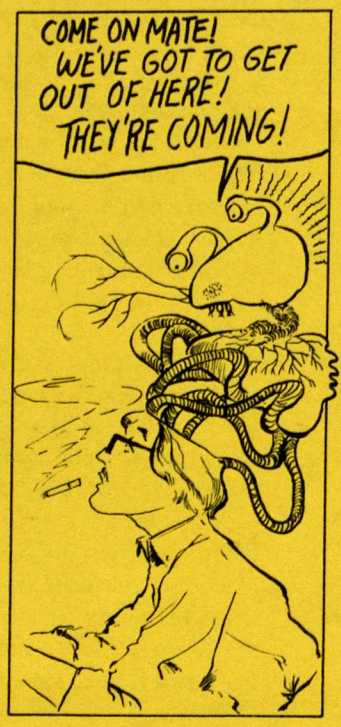
Meanwhile, for those who cannot afford a week's wages (net) for the study of philosophy, I should recommend the Workers' Educational Association, which is now enrolling people for the next session at 25/-.

CRYSTAL WINGS AND POWDERED DREAMFLAKES DUST MY PATH WITH SWEET DELUSIONS

HAMA







LET ME BACK IN! WE'VE BEEN FOUND OUT!
AKK
COME WITH US...
CATCH HIM!
GOT HIM!
TO THE ASYLUM!
JOHN NICHOLSON?
SUGAR OR AMPHETEMINE?
YOU SAY YOU WERE SEXUALLY ASSAULTED?
IT WAS THE RIPPER, CONSTABLE. 'E 'AD A SATCHEL...
WAR!!!
GOD IS THE STATE...
I'M LEGAL, ARE YOU?—
THEY ALL EVENTUALLY FALL INTO THE SAME BEHAVIORAL PATTERNS,... CONSTRUCT THESE GROTESQUE PUPPETS TO ACT OUT THEIR ESCAPIST FANTASIES...

Had a Good Holiday?

Andrew Fisher

It can happen very quickly.
You've been lying in the sun
a bit too long.
The body's heat regulator,
the hypothalamus,
the thing in the brain
that measures blood temperature
and pushes blood closer
to the surface
so they can be cooled,
becomes overheated.
When it fails the blood
temperature rises rapidly.
Convulsions, vomiting and coma follow.
At 108° the globulin
in your nerve cells begins to coagulate
- in other words you cook. Death next.
It's called sunstroke.
The sunlight is no place for beginners.
Or anyone else for that matter.
It can't possibly do you any good.
You may have been told something
about Vitamin D. Forget it,
you can get all you need
by drinking milk occasionally
or by sitting in a sunlit room
by the window.
Reflected light is sufficient.
And too much Vitamin D
results in kidney failure.
Some argue that a bronzed appearance
will help get rid of their depression,
hide pimples and make them
desirable people.
Maybe, but their skin will certainly have:
Thickened Coarsened Lost elasticity
Discoloured
in the process. Women of 30
who have spent much of their time in the sun
will have the skin of a 40 year old.
Ever thought about the nature of sunburn itself?
Its pathology is the same as a first degree burn.
The skin goes red and swells. Keep it up and the whole skin lifts. The oedema (swelling) may be so great
that blisters form. When that happens the
fluids in the body leak away and slowly you die. If you don't go as far as that
and recover after losing only part of your skin, you will find that what's left
is extensively scarred. In any case the mobility of your joints will be diminished
by skin contractions. As you come back from a Mediterranean summer holiday
notice the raised roughened areas on the back of your hands or on your face.
It's skin cancer. Not the worst kind though. If treated before it turns into an ulcer
it probably won't spread. Once it metastasises and gets into the blood stream
growths spring up everywhere. The body is eaten away. If on the other hand,
one of the black moles you've always worried about has changed shape and colour
under the sun's benign rays, you should have just about enough time to make your will.
What you have is a form of (fairly rare) cancer called malignant melanoma.
It delights the medical profession with its implacable malignancy
and ability to spread at speed after a slow insidious beginning.
Although a woman will observe the sun making her hair grey before its time
she may feel compensated by the extra growth of hair on her legs and body.
It will stimulate her sex. In her face she has a rare congenital hypersensitivity
to light. Her arms and legs, bowing tufts of hair
and giving her an appearance not dissimilar
to a werewolf. Large scaly and hairy patches of skin
The idyll temperature for mental work
has been calculated as being
35° fahrenheit.
Manual work in hot weather
commonly produces
heat exhaustion.
The body
loses too much fluid
from perspiration.
Drinking water,
will not help.
Salt also is needed.
Without it there will be
cramps, vomiting.
In extreme it becomes
heat stroke.
As the temperature rises
the blood vessels burst and
the brain haemorrhages.
Don't stare angrily at the sun.
It will sear your retina
and leave severe blind spots.

Double Issue 5/-

Playboy's dirty flics page 36 Yawn!

OZ

8

THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN

ENGLAND BECOMES THE SPIRITUAL LEADER IN THIS VILE WORLD WHERE EVEN THE EAST TURNS TO THE MONSTER OF MATERIALISM. LONDON GIVES BIRTH TO The NEW DAWN OF MAGIC, The VITAL IMPULSIVE ORIGINAL YOUTH, DRAWING THEIR ENLIGHTENMENT FROM THE ANCIENT EASTERN MYSTICS AND THE SACRED MUSHROOM, BLAST THE GENERATIONS APART, REJECTING THE SUPERFICIAL AND FASHIONABLE, THE MUNDANE AND CONFORMIST, PLUMBING THE VERY DEPTHS OF THEIR BLOSSOMING MINDS, BRINGING FRESH HOPE TO A STALE AND CORRUPT WORLD. THIS PAGE IS A HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO THOSE GOD-LIKE GIANTS WHO STRIDE AMONGST US IN AN AURA OF DAZZLING LIGHT - THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

WE LOVE YOU WE WANT YOU TO LOVE THEM TOO AND WE DONT MEAN A WORD WE SAY

DO YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY MATTERS?

That's a BEAUTIFUL THING TO SAY VERY BEAUTIFUL MAN. Where did you get those boots man Though TOO MUCH Really Beautiful Really Beautiful

LETS ALL LOON OFF TO THE HILTON AND BUY A FEW BLOCKS OF ETERNITY

GOD IS ALIVE AND IS APPEARING AT THE STEAMEATY NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT

HENS GETTING HIS FATHER TO PUT UP SOME BREAD TO START A SPIRITUAL BUS TOUR OF GLASTONBURY

BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL

TOOOO MUCH

HAVE YOU TURNED ON TO THE NEW PROCOL HARUM

DO YOU DIG The NEW BEATLES SINGLE

HAVE YOU TURNED ON TO The STONES new L.P.

Have you read about Steve Winwood in the Latest Melody Maker... Did you get to the Saville last night went the DOORS a TRIP The Velvet Underground Really blew my mind Did you see the NEW Cream album

FORMENTERA Was a real trip man... THIS CAT let us STAY AT HIS PAD.. VERY GROOVY. REALLY NICE SCENE (EXCEPT FOR THE SPANIARDS, MAN, THEY'RE SUCH A BAD TRIP... you'd think they OWNED the place ...They just dont dig HIP KIDS) Well we scored Some bread and shit off this cat we were staying with... We had such a scene there one night. We got him so STONED on his own SHIT that he flaked... So Dennis made his chick and kept her busy while Kate and I Scored his Travellers cheques and passport and Shit and he had some groovy sounds so we scored them too and then we Split... ALL VERY COOL ... But we were just a bit bought down when we found out we'd left his camera behind ... INDIA is such a groovy place... man. really beautiful cats there. theyre really turned on to their LOVE scene

TOO ... MUCH

HAVE YOU SEEN BONNIE and CLYDE... TOO MUCH!

BONNIE and CLYDE

Bonnie and Clyde

Bonnie and Clyde

BONNIE and CLYDE

ANYONE LIKE TO BUY A COPY OF THE I CHING

THE WOODS ARE FULL OF FAIRIES AND OLD AGE PENSIONERS

FOUND NIRVANA IN A KINGS Rd. BOUTIQUE?

So STONED SO STONED SO STONED SO STONED ALL THE TIME

LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED... could you lend me a fiver...

TOO MUCH

WELL ACTUALLY IM A MODEL

TOO MUCH

TOO MUCH TOO MUCH NOT ENOUGH

BRIAN SAID...

BRIAN WHO

BRIAN JONES

WHATS YOUR SIGN?

YOU WOULDNT CATCH ME DEAD IN A KAFTAN THIS SEASON MAN

MICK SAID...

MICK WHO?

MICK JAGGER

WOW!

WHAT SIGN ARE YOU WHAT SIGN ARE YOU WHAT SIGN ARE YOU WHAT SIGN ARE YOU

HEY MAN YOURE A SCORPIO

I CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING AT YOU

Thats Strange right... Your NOT!... Im usually Taurus... Thats Strange... What's your rising sign... NO... Thats STRANGE

I CONSULTED THE I CHING AND IT SAID IT WAS COOL TO GET A NEW HEAD (CAT FROM CHINA)

SOMEONES PACKED MY WALLET

BABY, YOURE A RICH MAN TOO!

THIS OLD LADY SAW ME COMING DOWN THE STREET AND CRASHED ME OVER THE HEAD WITH HER HANDBAG... REALLY FREAKED HER OUT MAN

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL WHO IS THE MOST FASHIONABLE OF ALL

I KNOW THIS'LL BREAK THE MAHARISHI'S HEART BUT THAT LOVE SCENE WAS DRAG

HANG UP HANG UP

WILL I GET A TIBETAN OR A RED INDIAN COSTUME FOR NEXT MONTH

IM A MODEL TOO

TOO MUCH

STRAWBERRY FIELDS... NOTHING IS REAL...

WHAT DID YOU DO YESTERDAY?

THEN JOHN SAID TO ME

JOHN SMITH?

NO LENNON

I CANT GO TO THE DEMONSTRATION, I'VE GOT NOTHING TO WEAR

A man aged 45 picks you up on the road in his sports car, seems reasonably intelligent and personable and offers you £100 to spend the night with him. Would you accept?

That depends on how broke and randy you are at the time, of course, but for small town sociologist, Professor Jessie Pitts, it could tell a lot about his son.

Professor Jessie Pitts is surveying hippies, and is currently combing Formanterra, London and Paris with a fourteen page questionnaire. He is able to detect his subjects by "gut feeling" - a reflex response to the presence of hippies.

At the top of the questionnaire is the warning, "This questionnaire is nosy but anonymous.....it is part of a research project on the radical wing of the youth movement. Much is written about it but the true facts are very scarce indeed. Hence this questionnaire, which cannot claim to ask all the right questions .....You may add whatever comments you think might increase communication."

Communication between whom? Pitts' questionnaire is chaotic, confused, incoherent. He asks whether 'hippies' (as identified by "gut feeling") believe in God, Psychiatry, Numerology, theories of violent revolution etc. He asks questions about menstruation, orgasm, whether drugs make sex better, the difference in technique between squares and hippies and he asks what many questionnaires seem to be heading towards but never quite ask: "When did you last have intercourse?"

It is a plaintive, if useless, scholarly project, for Jessie Pitts. He is a middle-aged, American college professor who has a personal problem. His eldest son dropped out of Harvard and became a hippie.

Once upon a time Jessie was a Trotskyite and later he served time in the American Air Force. He admits, quite openly, that life is a drag and that this is "right and proper". He sees the American educational system as, very rightly, a process where people can learn to tolerate being bored 75% of the time. If you cannot learn to be bored then you become crazy and he has designed a little table in his questionnaire to prove this.

It asks the subject to record any feelings of being outside his body, living a scene he has lived before, feeling somebody is watching him although nobody seems to be around, feeling somebody is in his mind or to record any odd sensations of lights and sounds.

Professor Pitts' reasons for doing the survey are to prove what he already thinks. He will prove this quite easily because he has designed his questionnaire with that state of mind, he will analyse with that state of mind and he will interpret with that state of mind. So if a balding sociologist aged 45 picks you up on the road in his sports car, seems reasonably intelligent and personable and offers you a 14 page questionnaire, ask him for £100.

Jessie Jn and Kinsey

OZMOSIS

Jim Haynes - seneschal of the Arts Laboratory, the hippies Burlington House, is having second thoughts about the all night marathon movies he runs Saturdays. Quite a few afficionados have found the 5/- admission makes it a cheap way to spend the night together.
The other Sunday, Digger Jim appeared at the head of the stairs, surveyed the ranks of somnolent cineastes, shouting, 'This place is not a fucking doss house, and threw everyone out.

Baroness Wootton of Abinger is studying the pharmacological, social and legal aspects of LSD and Cannabis, along with other members of the sub-committee of the Standing Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence, established by the Home Secretary and Health Ministers.

Maybe a change in the law is on the way. A BBC 2 team researching a programme on the cigarette giants have seen a test market pack of hash.

In Boston, terminal cancer patients are being administered LSD. 'We found that to a certain extent we could relieve the fear of death,' says one of the researchers.

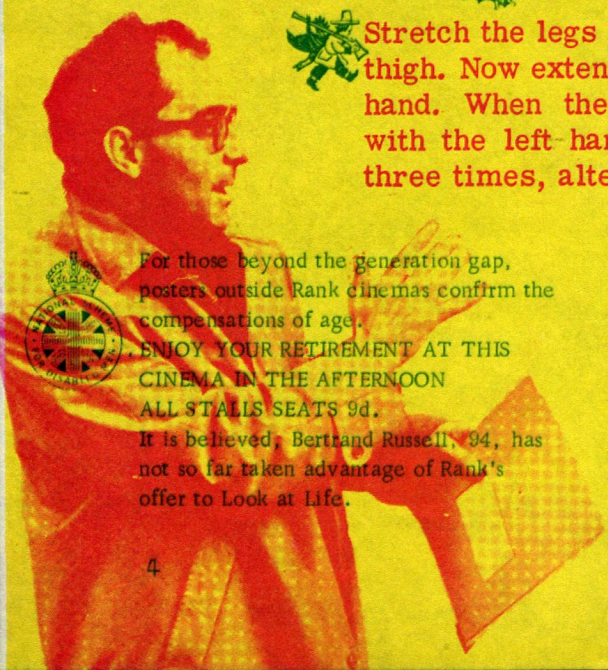
Mussolini's widow, Rachel, is claiming a war widow's pension. She stands to collect some $300,000 in back payments under an Italian law which awards pensions to winners and losers alike.
If the government fail to recognize her husband's self styled title of Marshal of the Empire, she will sue for a pension as the widow of a WW1 corporal.

Here, where we can have any radio we like like, as long as it's crack, the NDO may be wearing Molotov T shirts beneath their Burton suits but Radio One sure isn't wonderful. Meanwhile on the West Coast, in the sunshine, Los Angele's 55th radio station, Radio Boss Angeles, call sign KHIP is tuned in and seems to turn on.
Imagination dead, imagine. Imagine Jimmy Young competing with this sort of sound:
'Turned on, Kay-HIP-ied Boss Angeles is tuned in to fifty thousand clear channelled watts of flower powered KHIP Brother Humble Mind here with sounds from deep beneath the KayHIP revolving ankh atop the KayHIP studios in downtown Boss Angeles PLASTIC MAN LOVES YOU BABY KayHIP time is 21 psychedelic seconds past the hour and 98.6 KayHIP mushrooming degrees on the outside. Hey Boss KayHIPped Flower Children! Get your Humble Mind Astrological LP and Hopi Life Plan for just 25 Boss cents and a self addressed stamped envelope sent to: Ankh Trip Kit, KHIP, Boss Angeles, California, attn:Department Head. Do it now! Psssychadellllick!!!!! A country gets the radio it deserves.

London's looned, Formantara's folded and S.E. Asia seems too far away - the next place may be Prague.

Capital city of a communist country that's never had a revolution, Prague is on the verge of its first at the hands of local and imported provos.
Everything illegal is available - based on a flourishing black exchange for dollars
Hard currency brings three times the official rate. Grass and dex are pushed on the streets by characters straight out of B movies. Trams run for a penny, hearty meals are 2/- and accommodation 5/-
Most money changes are also expert in trading drugs for Czech crowns or dollars and dealers stand nonchalantly on every street corner looking exactly what every Drug Squad man thinks a dealer should look like.
Local films are out of sight, all state owned, ten cents reserved seats. Unfortunately there is a compulsory news-reel - they lock the doors. And Cedok the accommodation agency do a nice line; in castles to get stoned in.

Stretch the legs and bend your right foot and keep it over the right thigh. Now extend the left leg and grasp the left foot with the right hand. When the left foot is firmly grasped, pull the right foot with the left hand until you touch the left ear with it. Repeat this three times, alternately and then get out of Vietnam.



For those beyond the generation gap, posters outside Rank cinemas confirm the compensations of age.
ENJOY YOUR RETIREMENT AT THIS CINEMA IN THE AFTERNOON
ALL STALLS SEATS 9d.
It is believed, Bertrand Russell, 94, has not so far taken advantage of Rank's offer to Look at Life.

Radio may be audio tactile in the Land of the Free but abortion law is still back in the days of the bike spoke. The Society for Humane Abortions, one of a number of groups which disseminate information about illegal abortions counsels its members to eat stewed prunes before and after the operation - in large quantities. In California on Monday an inventor died when his prune de-wrinkler blew up.

Down' down, 'Zeta' next to be zonked. Despite genteel regrets expressed in 'The Times' Ton's demise may have a

INVENTOR DIES AS PRUNE DE-WRINKLER BLOWS UP

lot to do with the fact that those alleged wife swappers in the sensational October issue were in fact professional models, who have had some difficulty since the appearance of the issue explaining they were not really wife swappers at all. Though it is believed their solicitors pointed out to Town that a suitably large sum might help them explain all that much easier.

Zeta have their problems too.....

Clotho sensed danger. The tattooed eye below her left breast glowed faintly.

Zow! Kerplunk! "Jeeps, it's my oldies," she cried.

Mommy and Daddy are exceedingly wroth that Clotho unclothed. As she is not yet 21 and thus still their baby daughter, Zeta are in trouble. The next five issues already printed, which all contain unclothed Clotho, may have to be junked.

Read next week's 'Private Eye' for a blow by blow of the demise of OZ.

INVENTOR Reuben Tice decided to give the world the gadget it had been waiting for. . . .

A machine for taking the wrinkles out of prunes.

But he died before perfecting his new scientific contribution to society.

From JOHN SMITH
New York Sunday

head, killing him instantly.

Tice, a skilled engineer who ran an electrical shop in Monterey, was well known as a spare-time inventor.

He developed a method of electrical heating which is used in systems providing under-floor warmth.

He also perfected a device to chill cocktail glasses.

It is believed that he may have got his latest idea from watching a TV commercial which discusses the possibility of removing wrinkles from prunes.

"He was an inquisitive sort of guy," said Mr. Hillburn.

"It's the kind of thing that would appeal to him."

Since Mr. Tice's final experiments, he added its nature.

The prunes clothed on the wrinkle-free machine among the demonstrators still as wrinkled as ever.

Cylinder

His prune de-wrinkling machine exploded and killed him yesterday.

Police found him dead in his workshop in Monterey, California. Around him were the shattered machine — and a pound of his prunes in a cylinder under high pressure.

Part of the machine — a four-foot-long cylinder and valves — hit a five-year-old Tice.

Ruby's opinion of his machine — and

ANN BENSON

People keep disappearing. All those odd little characters the assassination brought to light so terrifie a porarily—where are they now?

The lucky ones left Dallas, New Orleans, or country long ago and, we hope, have found rest in pier climes, presumably terrestrial. Others, not so lucky, dragged their heels or didn't cover their tracks and thus had to stay in home territory, so to speak.

Well, coincidences—like accidents—will happen. It's true that a fusty old London insurance firm did an actuarial study and pronounced a thirty trillion to one chance that 20 people associated with the assassination bound expire within three years, but you know the British. Always depressing.

We aren't for a moment dismayed by their lugubrious calculators' logarithms or by the scratchings and chuckings of that poor old country fellow—what was his name?—Penn Jones.

Because, no matter how much you know, it's easy to stay out of trouble if you just look sharp and learn by the experience of others. The simple rule is: Don't do the things they did.

Don't eat or drink anything that might contain arsenic. (R.I.P. Robert Perrin.)

Don't walk along highways traveled by speeding cars. (R.I.P. Rose Cheramie.)

Don't pilot planes. (R.I.P. Hugh Ward.)

Don't look like your brother. (R.I.P. Eddie Benavides.)

Don't fall into plate glass windows and cut your throat. (R.I.P. Hank Killam.)

Don't let people inject you with things. (R.I.P. Jack Ruby.)

Don't help people (like Ferrie) learn how to inject people with cancer cells. (R.I.P. Dr. Mary Sherman.)

Don't help people like Ferrie do anything, in fact. (R.I.P. Eladio del Valle.)

Don't get bombed, especially if people know you take sleeping pills. (R.I.P. Dorothy Kilgallen.)

Don't aim a pistol behind your left ear with your right hand. (R.I.P. J. Garrett Underhill.)

Don't get arrested by the Dallas police. (R.I.P. Lee Oswald, Jack Ruby.)

Don't ask for a private cell if arrested. (R.I.P. Nancy Jane Mooney.)

Don't sit around in police stations waiting for news. (R.I.P. Bill Hunter.)

Don't stand around outside automobile showrooms waiting for customers. (R.I.P. Albert Guy Bogard.)

Don't step out of the shower with your karate defenses down. (R.I.P. Jim Koethe.)

Don't drive a car in Dallas. (R.I.P. William Whaley.)

Don't drive a car outside Dallas. (R.I.P. Lee Bowers.)

In fact, don't drive a car at all without checking the wheel lugs first. Mort Sahl always remembers to do this now, and he's still with us as this goes to press.

Oh, yes—and don't get between anyone and Jim Garrison.

Postscript: We know it's a little hard to remember all these former people formerly connected with the case. Their former identities are detailed in Garrison's Playboy interview (October '67) and Penn Jones's Ramparts article (November '66).

Paul Lawson

No. 8 Jan 68

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Dear Sir,
I have just today obtained a copy of your filthy magazine and I have sent it straight to the Chief Inspector of Police in Glasgow to request that action be taken to ban the sale of this piece of stinking filth which you call a magazine. May God help you to see how you are helping to corrupt the youth of this nation. I would remind you that one day you will stand before Almighty God to give an account of your life.

Yours,
Rev. Gordon Kelly
c/o Hogg,
19 Clifford St.,
Glasgow, S.W.1.

Dear Sir
Your readers might be interested to know of a vicious press campaign against several British subjects held in Greece on charges of smuggling hashish. Stories of sex orgies amongst British holidaymakers abound, and meanwhile they are left in prison with little chance of communicating to the outside world about the charges, as all letters are heavily censored. During the first three days they were kept without food and were allowed very little sleep. One of them was whipped with a leather thong on the soles of his feet to try to extract information on his alleged international crime syndicate connections, and one of the girls was threatened with having her face screwed into the light bulb. The Greek lawyers demand £750 for the defence of three of the prisoners, and so far £600 has been raised by friends. The Foreign Office have agreed to transmit this money, although they have been generally unhelpful throughout, and most of what has been done for these people has been done with difficulty by friends in this country. A defence fund has been started, and any contributions would be gratefully received at Westminster Bank, St.Ives, Huntingdon, cheques etc. being crossed GREEK FUND A.C.

Yours faithfully
Elaine King
Fenstanton
Huntingdon

Dear Sirs
We thank you for your order placed for typesetting items for your publication. We return herewith two letters sent for setting as we feel that we cannot ask our girls to undertake typing of this nature. We trust that you will find someone of a more broadminded nature.

Yours faithfully,
J.R. Charlesworth (Mrs)
for and on behalf of
H. CHARLESWORTH & CO. LTD.
Fitzwilliam Street
Huddersfield.

Dear Sir,
Yours is a truly incredible publication and certainly destined to rank equally with any other avant-garde magazine at any other time! What makes me so sore is this judgement is the amazing difference in standards between the various articles.

Take your last issue for example. The Dylan analysis, The "Malik" interview and the "Cock-up Spaniels" were all stimulating and profound. Yet what can be said for "Other Scenes" or "Blueprint for a beautiful community"?

The latter article was at its best vaguely amusing and hopeful but at its worst the most hopeless, muddled and slapdash piece of writing I have ever encountered. Please let quality take precedence over quantity and don't subject your faithfull readers to any more of this.

Yours hopefully,
R.J. Hall
St. Johns College
Oxford

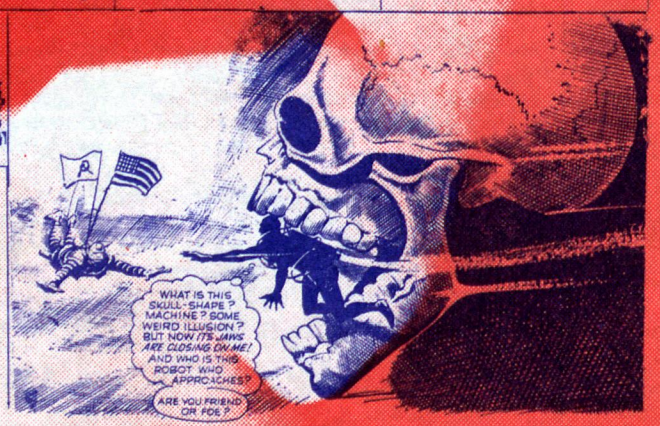
Dear OZ,
With reference to Whitman and Coveney.
A manifesto as such is not required as this would be no more than the statement of a personal dogma on the part of a minority.
Some sort of gathering together of ideas would be useful to all as an aid to clarifying their own ideas. This need not be book or rules, nor even a highway code.
'Now, tell me young hippy. What really are your beliefs?'
'Well, um, err...
Love
'Love?'
'Love.'
I would suggest that the 'Love Generation' would find themselves somewhere among the manifestos of Marxists, Anarchists, Humanists and Interflora. The order in which these are placed being varied to suit the individual.
Yours in the above order,

Michael Kenward
30, Fairacres Road
Oxford.

Dear Sir,
Previous issues of OZ have generously offered advice on how to take trips and where to find travel agents. There's also the question of setting out on the longest trip of all.
The renewed euthanasia controversy centres on whether doctors ought to be allowed to despatch their more unfortunate old patients: a rather passive, bureaucratic approach.
Suicide might seem as easy as falling off a log, provided it's a high enough log. But human nature being what it is, there are big snags.
True, OZ readers are unlikely to be paralyzed by traditional and conformist condemnations of suicide, whether deriving from Christianity (which sees despair as disobedience and blasphemy), or from a pagan contempt for the weak, or from totalitarianism (which denies the individual any sovereignty over himself) or from the mechanical and empty promises of dogmatic optimism. And though suicide recently ceased to be a crime, your friendly neighbourhood bobby won't exactly lend you a helping hand. Still, the enemy of suicide is fear. As Jean Gabin ponders in French Can Can, "Shall I jump from the window? I'm scared of heights. Shall I shoot myself? I can't stand noise. Shall I gas myself? It's been cut off". So he goes on living. Worse, the apathy, clumsiness and fear which make life unbearable also block all suicides requiring anger, skill and courage. By definition, those who most need to commit suicide, can't.
Or botch it.
There's probably some truth in the generalisation that those suicide attempts which failed were secretly meant to. But the generalisation is too consoling to be convincing. Many suicide attempts fail, through clumsiness, or fear, or bad luck, leaving the suicidist worse off than ever. To take two cases from among my acquaintances. A very quiet girl, too well-behaved for her own good, was strolling in the park one Sunday morning when, on an impulse, she climbed into the locked ladies' lavatory and drank half a bottle of Harpic. While delirious, she slashed at her face and throat with broken glass to try and cut away the pain, but survived that too. Her vocal chords were so badly burned that she'll never speak above a whisper. And she's still too well-behaved for her own good. Another girl, after an unhappy love affair, took so many sleeping pills that she vomited them up and survived with a permanently damaged brain. Such failures often breed despair or acquiescence preventing a repetition of the attempt.
It's sometimes assumed that while suicide was alright for the Ancient Romans any such need has been abolished by modern medicine, the Welfare State and psychotherapy. But, despite the medical profession's phoney reassurances, the body rapidly acquires resistance to painkilling drugs, especially when, as is the rule, they are inexpertly or inadequately applied. You don't have to look far in the N.H.S. for cancer patients in constant agony from innumerable side-effects, all the way down to the fact that, bedsores as large as saucers make people scream with pain whenever they're moved (as they have to be, to stop them spreading). For all those proud old ladies and gentlemen, being slapped, pushed and humiliated in old folks' homes up and down the country, wouldn't suicide be a nobly Roman way out, and a revenge,

JUST LIKE BEIN' BORN STONED

with deterrent possibilities? (Otherwise one can foresee the headline: "Home Secretary Closes Old People's Home After Anonymous Letter Alleges Excessive Use Of The Cane"). Again, if Russian or Chinese bombs landed to windward of a love-in one fine evening, you'd need your ultimate fix to hand, no On The Beach nonsense about awaiting a Government Prescription. Or a sudden road accident might well deliver you, for years, or life, into the hands of doctors and nurses who stop you reading because books make a clutter, and they'd rather make you a docile vegetable for life than have any untidiness in the ward.
Spiritual reasons for suicide may be perfectly valid. What are you to do when year after year you come to love-ins, wearing your Perfumed Garden badge, and still nobody talks to you, because you really do have spiritual bad breath? and you deserve to be lonely? or if your mind is a losing battle against something that it can't help being disgusted by? "Shot? so quick, so clean an ending! Oh that was right lad that was brave" said Housman. But isn't it still right if you're a coward and need, like Keats, to "cease upon the midnight with no pain"?
It's chemically feasible. Allied secret agents had cyanide in a false tooth if torture proved too much, and passed over in a few seconds.
The obvious snag is, of course, that an easy-suicide prescription is also an easy-murder prescription. Maybe the final solution is establishing Auto-Euthanasia Agencies. Here you file your application, wait a few weeks, are offered various alternatives (pot, a priest, "hospitality



OTHER SCENES

Lively underground Newsletter published from wherever the Editor, John Wilcock, happens to be. Distribution 20 times a year in Europe & USA. Contributions to PO Box 8, Village Station, New York 10014, USA; 3gns or $10 for November 1967 to February 1969

prostitution" by dedicated dreamgirls); but where, if you insist, you are at last provided with a sweet, a small room, a single bed and a "Do Not Disturb" notice to hang, briefly, outside.

The pressure of over-population, and the increasing loneliness of everybody, especially the aged, make some such step just as inevitable as World War III.

Pending enlightened government action, it wouldn't be at all surprising if private enterprise decided to do what they can. Is there a potential black market in death pills? Can cyanide, or some equivalent, be prepared in the home, from, say, weedkiller? Facilities for instant self-disposal may be everywhere at hand, given a little medical or specialist knowledge, available on the grapevine. Could one hire a companion-executioner to despatch one in one's favourite circumstances, without loneliness?

If some of the energy devoted to extracting LSD from bananas, old socks or peals of thunder were devoted to pushing the idea of do-it-yourself euthanasia, it is quite probable that death, and life, would lose many terrors, and acquire new dignity.

RAYMOND DURGNAT
London, N.W.1.

Dear Sir

You recently published an article on McLuhan which I feel failed to cover his more interesting discoveries. When McLuhan says the medium is the message he is really saying that the medium is as important as the message in that it is the media, or the extensions of man which cause change irrespective of content or message.

He considers how the invention of electricity and then television has turned night into day and the world into a village.

Now when McLuhan talks about messages or content he often uses the word programme. He says that the media are being programmed with 19th century information. If on the other hand we are to use all the information discovered by 20th century philosophy and science in the various media we now possess he considers that much of our way of life would alter. He claims that the war in Vietnam would not be being fought for a start and that classrooms would be obsolete. Presumably the war in Vietnam might have been avoided by greater understanding of Marx (long suppressed by all media) and the classroom might become obsolete through the use of television at home and making the world into a playground rather than simply a medium for the motor car only.

I think a line from Peter, Paul and Mary's recent record sums up our present use of media.

'But if I really say it, the radio won't play it.'

McLuhan, like Vance Packard, is concerned with the way society is conned into unawareness. All that those ads want us to do is buy crap, and all TV wants us to do is believe LBJ is right.

McLuhan loves the consensus rather than the point of view. That is, he prefers collective involvement and understanding using information obtained from all sources and approached with rationality. That presumably includes governement.

It is no wonder that McLuhan is hailed as a prophet of the new society because he has done a lot to smash the fucked up concepts of the old Victorian bourgoisie.

With love and many thanks for all the information your medium contains.

Andrew Benway,
Brighton.

Dear Sir

I was recently given a copy of your issue No.6 by an ageing, hippy-manque friend of mine, who led me to believe that it was far superior to the well-known grub-sheet "Private Eye". I am deeply grateful to him, for he has saved me wasting 2/6 on the biggest load of boring old scrofulous crap to come my way in many a long day.

Comparison with the "Eye" is ludicrous; the layout and artwork present as much challenge to P.E. as a 1924 Bovril advert. Nasty microscopic type in a whiter shade of puce, with Art-Nouveau-cast-off artwork that was fashionable for decorating boutiques with about six months ago. And the content is laughable - compared with the "Eye's" wit and attack your contributors whine petulantly like a crowd of fifth-formers whose Headmaster has told them to stop wanking. LBJ, H.Wilson, etc., etc., etc., are unlikely to lose much sleep after reading "Oz". And while P.E. can take the piss out of the Beatles in their latter stages of flower-senility and out of venal con-men like the idiot-grinning Maharishi Whatsisname, you can only publish articles about being cool on acid under the guidance of "gurus". Gurus-schmurus!

As to be expected, you make O.K. noises about Vietnam, and I'm sure it's a great comfort to the Vietnamese peasants in their troubles to know that the Beautiful People smoking pot 3000 miles away in Katmandu are right behind them. However, I doubt whether the exploited classes of the world (such as the poor sods gathering the marijuana harvest for Haight-Ashbury under a 120-degree broiling sun at ½ an anna per hour) will go overboard for the far-reaching social reforms proposed by your anonymous bearded phony - keeping the Tube open after 11.30 p.m., abolishing TV licences and the £50 travel allowance, etc.

I doubt whether you will publish this - the double-breasted, cowbell-less businessmen who no doubt own or back Oz Publications Ink (Ltd., I notice, which can hardly be called "Beautiful") will hardly want the boat rocked while there is still a little juice to be squeezed out of the Hippy Cult and the secondary-modern dropouts who find it such a compensation for their mediocrity and personality-defects.

In conclusion, I enclose the Munsey Prize for Wet Loony of the Month (a Spontex "Moppit" sponge) and request that it should be shared equally by Chester Anderson (the guru-lover) and Daniel Sporri (the retread Dada-ist).

Yours faithfully,

A W Munsey
Barnes Common
SW 13

cc sent to the Eye, Greek St.

Dear Sir

You may have received the original of the enclosed copy letter.

It is a joke.

It was sent by a Mr. T. Nunn, of 2 Cavendish Mansions, N.W.10, and represents his views not mine.

Good luck with OZ.

Yours sincerely

Arthur Munsey
11 The Elms
Barnes Common S.W.13.

P.S. I am writing to Private Eye to the same effect.

Pot

A Message for Ingrid Superstar, age 17, 5'10", slender build, Eurasian. Distinguishing features: "blonde wavy shoulder-length hair" front tooth chipped.

Your father CANNOT forcibly put you into military school. He CANNOT take you away to Eugene, Oregon and put you into a foster home. Please come back. You do not have to see your father again. Everything's cool now. We all miss you. Your Standel Imperial XV is here. Come back so we can play Morning Dew without feeling sad. Come back! Call your mother at home or at BSL.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my daughter please call her mother, Mrs. Constance Von Schaeffer at (212) EL 5-9941 after 5 p.m.

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RED DIRT MARIJUANA
and Other Tastes

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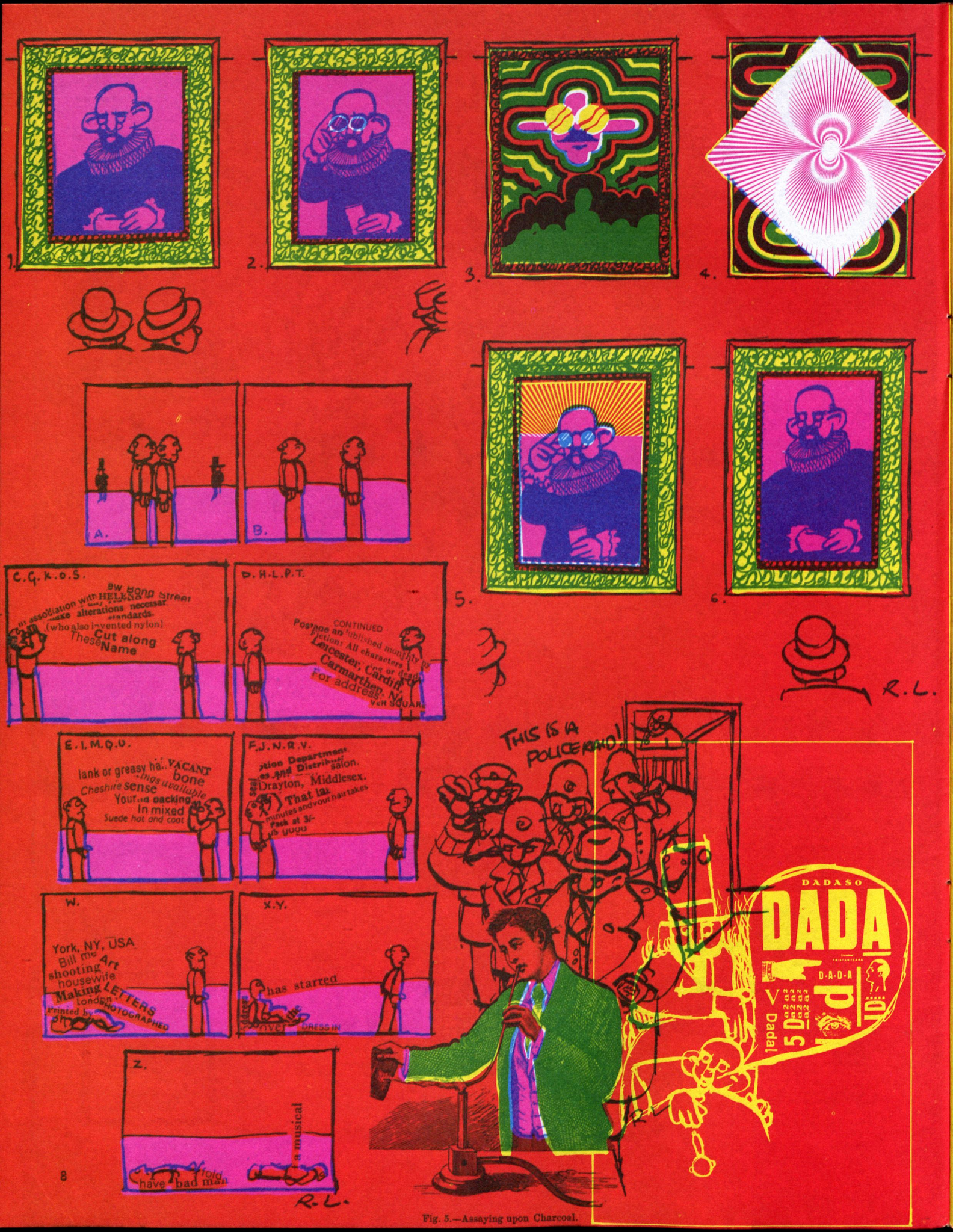

Fig. 5.—Assaying upon Charcoal.

OBJET TROUVE

NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 22.

GERMANY.

The typical light hair, the fair complexion and the comeliness of German beauty, is pleasingly apparent in this delightful photographic study.

Issued with
SARONY CIGARETTES
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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
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No. 4.

BELGIUM.

Three appealing characteristics the camera cannot reveal are the elegance, taste and natural animation of the typical Belgian beauty.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 7.

AUSTRALIA.

The grace, charm and engaging self-confidence, typical of the Australian beauty, is reflected in this pleasing study of the talented Miss Eve Gray, the "British International" film star.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
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No. 9.

SCOTLAND.

All the appeal and character in the Scottish type of beauty is vividly expressed in this pleasing, picturesque portrait of a beautiful highland dancer.

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No. 15.

THE U.S.A.

Is there a typical American face? Whether or not, the United States are charmingly represented by this photograph of Miss Sue Carroll, the Fox Film star.

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No. 12.

ENGLAND.

Even without the description, there would be no doubting the nationality of the subject of this charming photographic study. The features are so unmistakably English.

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No. 27.

HOLLAND.

There may be no clearly defined type among the fresh complexioned, comely beauties of Holland but that does not detract from the charm of this delightful portrait.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
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No. 6.

ITALY.

Although the camera cannot show the glorious blue-black hair of the type, the beautiful daughters of modern Italy are typified in this delightful photograph.

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No. 29.

YUGO-SLAVIA.

This appealing portrait of a Serbian beauty represents one type of the varying races of this Balkan kingdom. Grey or blue eyes, light or brown hair are distinguishing features.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 32.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

There is character and charm in this photographic impression of Czecho-Slovakian beauty which typifies the fair daughters of the new republic.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 30.

AUSTRIA.

The Teutonic type of beauty noticeable in the Austrian, is pleasingly presented in this photographic study of a distinguished member of a noble Austrian family.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 23.

GREECE.

This happy, pleasing picture represents Grecian beauty of the present day. One characteristic is that the nose appears to continue straight down from the forehead.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
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No. 2.

NORWAY.

This striking example of photographic art gives a vivid impression of the beautiful Norwegian; stately, fair haired, blue eyed and of fair complexion.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 33.

RUSSIA.

Eyes that are so very expressive, a distinctive modelling of the mouth and chin; such characteristics are those of the typical Russian beauty.

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No. 25.

POLAND.

This delightful portrait, which is more representative of the educated classes of the new republic, gives a very attractive impression of Polish beauty.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 1.

FRANCE.

The natural grace, the vivacity, the inimitable chic of the Parisienne, give additional charm to the type of beauty that is essentially French.

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New Bond St. London.W.1.

NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 14.

SWEDEN.

A perfect example of the fair Swedish type of beauty is this camera study of Miss Greta Nissen, reproduced by permission of Fox Films.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 18.

IRELAND.

Dark hair and eyes, a lovely complexion and an air of roguishness have made proverbial the beauty of the Irish colleen. The portrait is of Miss Kathleen O'Regan.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 36.

MEXICO.

This arresting portrait illustrates in a particularly striking manner the dark type of beauty characteristic of the North American Republic.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 10.

SPAIN.

The dark complexion, dark hair and other fascinating characteristics of Spanish beauty are happily portrayed in this picture of Miss Maria Casajuana, a Spanish beauty queen.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 3.

NEW ZEALAND.

A glorious complexion, perfectly modelled features and an atmosphere of self reliance. Such are the characteristics of New Zealand's beautiful daughters.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
A Series of Thirty-six Actual Photographs.

No. 21.

HUNGARY.

This impression of Hungarian beauty makes a very striking picture but is more typical of the cultured classes than of the country as a whole.

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No. 20.

DENMARK.

The fair beauty of the Dane is typified in this appealing studio portrait of Miss Karina Bell, the film star, reproduced by courtesy of The Gaumont Company.

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NATIONAL TYPES of BEAUTY
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No. 28.

PORTUGAL.

Not entirely representative of this country of varying types, a suggestion of Moorish influence is noticeable in this striking impression of a Portugese beauty.

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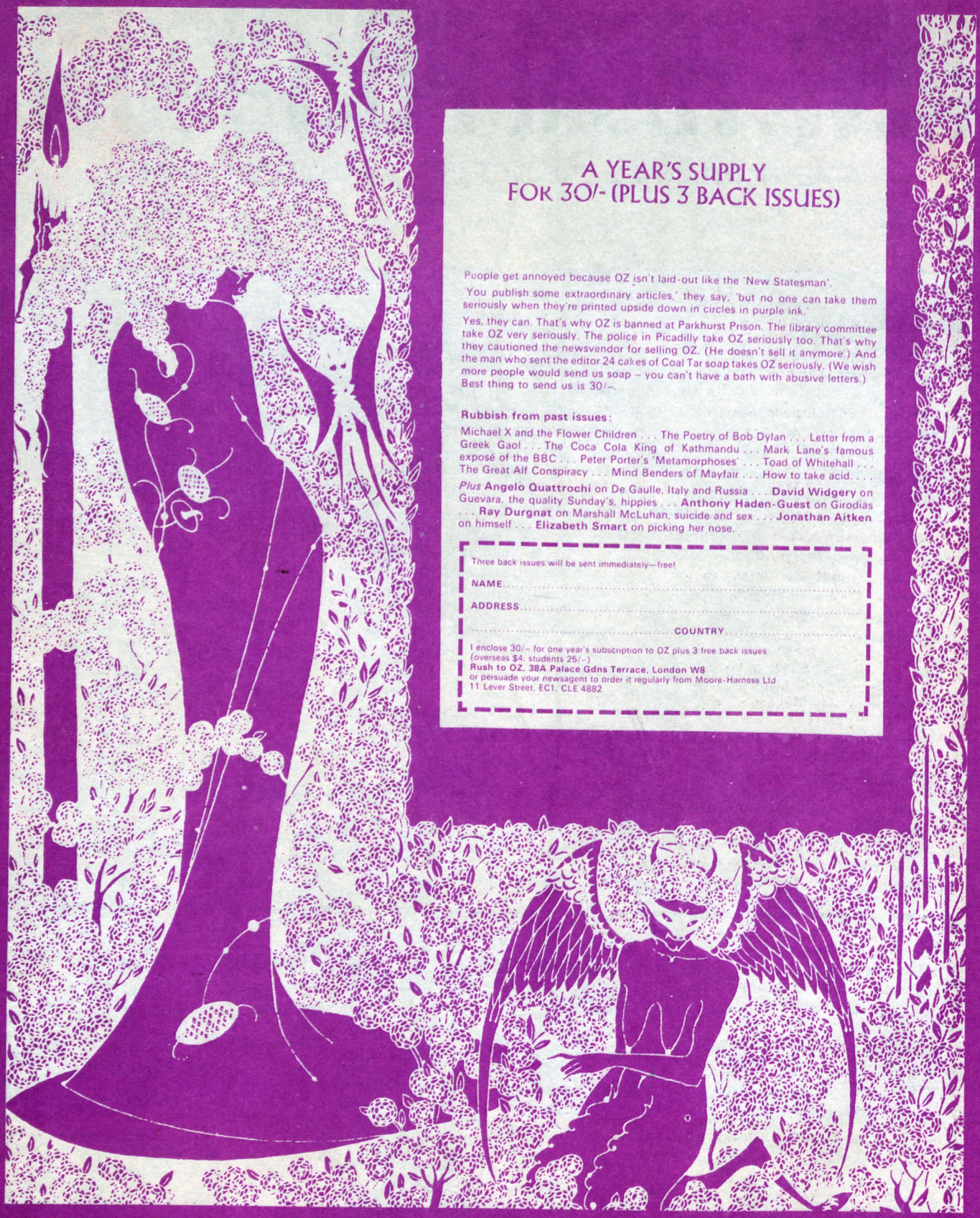

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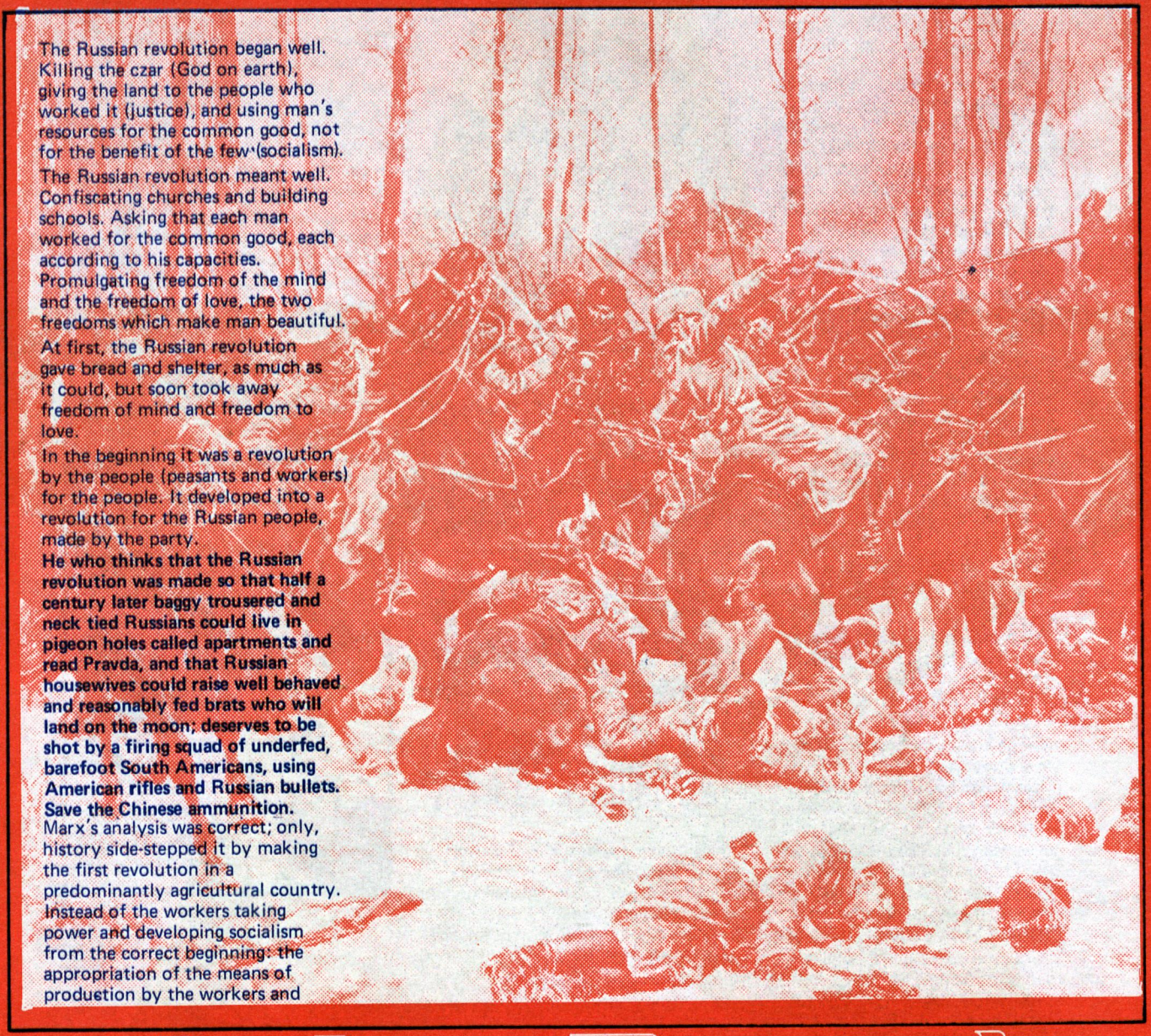
'Russia, you have bread,



The Russian revolution began well. Killing the czar (God on earth), giving the land to the people who worked it (justice), and using man's resources for the common good, not for the benefit of the few (socialism).

The Russian revolution meant well. Confiscating churches and building schools. Asking that each man worked for the common good, each according to his capacities. Promulgating freedom of the mind and the freedom of love, the two freedoms which make man beautiful.

At first, the Russian revolution gave bread and shelter, as much as it could, but soon took away freedom of mind and freedom to love.

In the beginning it was a revolution by the people (peasants and workers) for the people. It developed into a revolution for the Russian people, made by the party.

He who thinks that the Russian revolution was made so that half a century later baggy trousered and neck tied Russians could live in pigeon holes called apartments and read Pravda, and that Russian housewives could raise well behaved and reasonably fed brats who will land on the moon; deserves to be shot by a firing squad of underfed, barefoot South Americans, using American rifles and Russian bullets. Save the Chinese ammunition.

Marx's analysis was correct; only, history side-stepped it by making the first revolution in a predominantly agricultural country. Instead of the workers taking power and developing socialism from the correct beginning: the appropriation of the means of production by the workers and

but no roses'

Angelo Quattrocchi.

their representatives, the Russian revolution had to rely on party cadres. Trotsky's forced exile was the beginning of the end. The party elite soon became the party apparatus and the substitute for democracy by the people.

Stalin decided that the Soviet Union could be built; but it had to be the Soviet Union first, and socialism second.

Sad, that the first socialist revolution had to begin in such a country. Bad, that Lenin died so soon.

Because the revolution is made by those who need it, as the Russians did fifty years ago. They saved their revolution from the enemies surrounding them, well and good. Then they were supposed to start building a socialist state. Millions of Stakhanovs (Stakhanov is the mythical worker who worked harder than anybody else – a hero of production) slaved in good faith, convinced that one ounce of Russian steel was good for the people. But he was cheated and discovered it in the early thirties. He discovered that one ounce of steel was good for Russia, yes, but not necessarily for the people. In the effort to make Russia impregnable socialism was thrown overboard. It was either grim work or Siberia – or both.

WAS IT NECESSARY?
WAS IT INEVITABLE?

The production of red flags has risen with every quinquennial plan, comrades, over the last fifty years; they could almost clothe the naked of the world.

Maybe Marx was wrong, and the true proletariat is not the working class which has accepted the crumbs of industrialized systems, east and west alike, but the peasants. The peasants who made the Chinese revolution, in spite of Stalin, against Stalin. The peasants who fight in Vietnam, the peasants who die of starvation in our name.

"Let us produce more" sing the songs of the new era, bastard socialism, so there will be plenty for us, and surplus for India. That Russian comrades, is not socialism.

Yes, there are historical necessities. Like the destruction of the anarchists in the Spanish Civil War. Like displaying Stalin's photograph and silencing Eisenstein. Like supporting Chang Kai Shek instead of Mao, like handing out rhetoric with the one hand and purges with the other.

And yet your people, who couldn't be trusted to talk, who couldn't be trusted to read, who couldn't be trusted to think, fought Nazism with the desperation of the just; with the determination of the simple.

And then a new Machiavellian god made its appearance at Hiroshima, a god of death and vengeance, an all embracing god spelling total annihilation, justifying all quiesence.

BUT DOES IT?

When the state which called itself socialist was strong enough not to be afraid of its life (it took forty years), when Stalin receded rapidly into the shadows of the dark past, then you discovered the perfect justification of your betrayal. The internal sins were no more, you proclaimed, they belonged to Stalin and to Stalin only. But atomic disaster called for prudence, injustice couldn't be eliminated, only outwitted.

Therefore, "let us produce more," you said, under the umbrella of the bomb, which we have as well as you, we will bury you in tons of butter, which we now produce for the benefit of our children who are Russian and therefore socialist. Elegant silver silhouettes guarantee our might, let's even try to get to the moon; who gets there first will be the winner, we'll celebrate the day by distributing rice and rifles at reduced prices, a token of our associated concern for the state of the rest of the world.

But in the rice fields of China, other peasants have rediscovered simple words, words carefully buried within the Soviet encyclopedia, murdered in camps in Siberia, the grave of Russian socialism.

Old and simple words like: redistribution of land, socialism for the oppressed, all over the world.

"Too late," said the Russians, "we will help you, but be reasonable, the Godbomb makes it all impossible. You have made it by yourself, when no-one was watching, but the others have to wait, we cannot take the risk, frankly, it's become too dangerous."

"And what about Algeria? what about Cuba?" asked the Chinese, asked the poor.

"But" says the voice of Russian reason, "look what has happened to the Congo, to Indonesia – you must all wait until we are good and ready."

And the Vietnamese are waiting, and the Indians are waiting, and the South Americans are waiting, and Che Guevara is dead. And Russia, the socialist Mother Russia, bleeding for her children discovers a new way, a pacific way.

The peasants say, "Every time we rise the bombs fall – either we don't have enough rice or we have the bombs falling on our heads, what sort of umbrella is that?" and they say, "The godbomb was supposed to be impartial but we can't afford to be impartial, we can't afford to wait".

Every time a peasant dies of an American bullet, Mother Russia's heart bleeds, but indeed she knows that there is only one way now, to produce more. More butter to bury her enemies, and more cannons so the enemies will respect her. Then she can afford to send some to her poor relations in distress, Vietnam – yes, Guatemala, Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela – no.

This is what is necessary if you want to build socialism in one country – this is how it started:

Take over the economy so it doesn't run for profit, and choose the priorities, hospitals before cars, schools before tanks, (war is profitable, that is why a capitalist country is, so they say, 'war mongering', and a socialist country, even Russia, is not). Who chooses the priorities? It should have been the people, but, in Russia, it was the party. The party which represented the people in the beginning, but fatally lost them. Stalinism was an aberration, a direct consequence of the lack of democratic decision.

Everybody knew that socialist Russia had to be defended. They defended splendidly at first, the peasants and workers who became the people's army over night and defeated the professionals, the White Army and the mercenaries from every Western country.

Socialism calls for public ownership of land and industry as the one basic measure to implement social justice. It is not an end but the beginning. If they believe in what they are doing, and participate in the decisions, the Stakhanovs are countless. One way pointed to the continuation of the revolution, the other to the strengthening, at all costs, in the name of socialism, of the Russian state. When people didn't count the hours they worked (the Stakhanovs – and now the Chinese workers and peasants) they were already in a state of socialism.

As soon as enough food is produced, make it free, enough houses, make them free. When basic needs are satisfied people give their best, the meaning of property (its mine, its yours) shrinks and eventually has no meaning at all. Luxury is a driving force only where there is poverty, or fear of poverty.

Russia has enough to make food and shelter and public transport free, so that everybody could participate with joy, (yes, they would, work is only what you are compelled to do). But they have not done it. They do nothing. On the contrary. They have reintroduced substantial differences of distribution and have made money artifically important. Grim, grey idiots perpetuating a party machine bent on its survival, paying lip-tribute to the struggles going on in the world, measuring the stock market of fear, sparing bullets for the Vietnamese. Proclaiming that production is the means, and consumption its end.

If only they had made bread and shelter and travel free, and love with no strings. . . . . .

Fifty years, fifty years, and countless defeats, and humiliations, and deaths, and miseries, and fears, to defend the socialist state which hasn't even begun, to become good consumers and silent workers. To become the sort of people who want cars and a good career for their children. In the name of socialism. Where are the soviet writers? where the soviet poets? Where the new arts which should have come from the new man? Where is the new man?

The revolution was made for joy and beauty, for bread and roses, so that a man could go hunting in the morning, fishing in the afternoon and recite poetry at night (Marx, only slightly re-edited). Fifty years later it is a mean, miserable society,

pompous and worried, selfish and unimaginative, capable, even, of the last sparks of the western world, unashamed of imitating its values.

The richest capitalist countries, with their absurd over production and their supreme unconcern for the oppressed, already contain the seeds of their own destruction. The supreme irony, there where capital is god and profit his prophet, of the young — who refuse the unnecessary, pointing to the qualities of poverty and survival. Ask the philosopher what you need to take with you, a cup, for water? Not necessary, your two hands will suffice. Through meanders of error and ideological capitulation the revolution that-should-have-been has bred a country of the most pallid, anaemic and sad bourgeois. Russia has accomplished, fifty years after, what no other country will ever reach — a perfect bourgeois state.

Where has all the hate gone? The hate of injustice, the hate of poverty, the hate of oppression, the hate of money. They parade it on the first of May in the missiles and guns which rid them of guilt and fill us with fear.

Where has all the love gone? The love of humanity, the love of roses, the love of life, to each according to his needs? Gone into the classrooms where knowledge is a means of achieving status, yes, status — in a socialist country.

What happened to the dreams of free love, of sexual liberation and the obliteration of the family? And why, fifty years later, do they still need religion, the opium of the masses?

Oh yes, it will take a long time, such a long time that we will all be dead before we will have a chance to judge.

Meanwhile, look at that portrait of the young Russian mother, baby in one arm shovel in the other, proudly leading you to the future — and if you study and work and behave you'll have a better apartment than your neighbour, in secula seculorum.

MAN WANTS TO BE KIND, ONLY, HE CAN NOT

Because I have to rise in life, because my superiors are difficult, because one has to eat, because I have a mother, a sister, an aunt, a child, a car, a mortgage, a party card, a position, a dacha.

Because I haven't a house, I haven't enough to eat, most of my children die, there isn't enough water for the village, the crop this year was bad, the taxes are too high, the moneylender has taken away my cow, because we don't know what will happen to us.

Russia, you have bread, but no roses. Russia, man isn't kinder to man, and fifty years have passed. Will the Chinese do better? Will they do it quicker? Their kind of hate seems right — their time for love hasn't come yet. Or should we wait for new signs among the rabble of the overfed, because there where the world is craziest, the new buds will appear.

Russia, the sleeping beauty who slept too long, woke up dead. As dead as all the revolutions-which-should-have-been and were not, dead as all the loves which should have blossomed and did not, dead as the hopes of people who still have to fill their bellies, dead as the hopes of people who still must fill their hearts.

And look at you. When evening falls in Moscow, they dream of coloured telly, an American sized screen, where Ivan could perform once more, his Chekov, and feel gratified.

And at Zima, the remotest village, the mujik now working in the state co-operative, tells himself that he is happier than his father, which he is, but wonders, when the vodka has been good, why his eternal wife nags, why life is so drab in his socialist head, in his socialist family, in his socialist country.

WHAT RUSSIA COULD DO TODAY

1) free food, free houses, free transport.
2) abolish marriage, abolish the party card.
3) complete freedom of speech and publication.
4) the highest paid shouldn't get more than double of the lowest paid. Money mustn't be an incentive.
5) no compulsory political training in schools, it's mummyfied, waste.
6) free cinemas, theatres, books and newspapers.
7) referendums on kajor issues (Vietnam war) with alternative solutions stated.

THE ONLY THING WHICH NEED BE COMPULSORY, AS FROM NOW, IN RUSSIA, IS WORK

8) in order to avoid excessive specialization and formation of elites and castes everybody should work at a factory or field, for a small part of the year, say two months.

THAT IS BECAUSE SOVIET MAN DOES NOT PARTICIPATE IN STATE DECISIONS AND IN THE BUILDING OF SOCIALISM AND THEREFORE IS STILL SELFISH AND CONSIDERS WORK A CURSE, NOT A PRIVILEGE.

THE ULTIMATE AIM OF SOCIALISM IS TO ELIMINATE MONEY

(everybody will take what they need, no less no more, and they will restrain themselves for the sake of the community, if necessary) AND STATE (the goals will be the same for all man, socialist man will do no harm to his fellow man, he will not have any interest in doing so, self-discipline will be more than enough, no need for the state and its apparatus then).

If you can have what you need and want (food, shelter and love) you will not need to possess (possess what? a better car, a better baby?). Start from there, we will very quickly need to own, it will start from commodities (sleeping bags I can't think what.)

Do you have to own the woman (man) you love? It will be also free love, love without ownership. What chains it down now? the limitations imposed by the family, and the selfishness (ownership) necessary to survival. Jealousy is selfishness applied to man's sentiments.

That is why communities which do not respect money-ownership, see the hippies, are said to be 'promiscuous'. That is also why they are unconsciously revolutionary. Take the basic needs only, refuse the rest, and you'll discover freedom of the sentiments. But it's upside down, you'll have to have a society which frees from hunger and injustice first.

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The Stones, the Beatles, and Spyder Turner's Raunch Epistemology

RICHARD MELTZER

Did you know that 'Strawberry Fields' is a perfect reversal of the standard Platonic Cartesian certainty?....or that the Stones' 'Aint Gonna Lie' reveals an un Stone-like Socratic hang-up?....Read on for more about pop's flexible epistemological uncertainty, Herman's Contradiction and Nietzche playing fuzz-box :

A truly perceptive aesthetician can make a valid point for just about anything in art. A rock aesthetician can make a more than valid (and certainly also less than merely invalid)point for anything. Traditional aesthetics asserts the absurdity of "I don't know anything about art but I know what I like." Rock aestheties asserts something like "I know lots and lots about art and I know what I like and I can even relate the two, so what more can I tell you?" Actually as a result of contemporary aesthetic developments, of which my own critique of rock 'n' roll is a manifestation, any work of art can be readily defended on many levels. But the context for thedistance between the verbalization of the defense and the quality of the work itself could be moreclearly observed than it has been, even if just for the hell of it. LeRoi Jones has opened a review of avant garde jazz, on the cover of a record album entitled The New Wave in Jazz, in the following manner: "I have been writing in many places about this new black music. I have made theories, sought histories, tried to explain. But the music itself is not about any of these things. What do our words have to do with flowers? A rose is not sweet because we explain it so. We cd say anything, and no rose wd answer." Afterwards, he establishes musical criteria on purely racial determinants without any recourse to the use of musical terms. LeRoi Jones cannot be refuted in terms of the inadequacy of his criticism to properly deal with an art form on its own terms; the distance between Jones' poetry and that implicit in the art he analyzes merely indicates the extensiveness of what mundane critical description becomes after traditional adequate criticism is discarded for something more "comfortable." I am physically tired and intellectually near sleep. And out of this state of euphoric dullness I now feel that the latest stuff by the Beatles and the Stones is the finest stuff I've ever heard, in fact the finest achievement in the history of Western culture. As far as I can remember, that is. But maybe just valid in the context of critical euphoric dullness. Mere autobiographical subjective data. But who gives a crap? The abundance of "that is ..." -like construction in "Strawberry Fields" is the most overt clarification and simultaneous non-formalization of raunch epistemology ever, indicated by such masterfully fluid knowledge guidelines as "it must be high or low" and "all wrong, that is I think I disagree." "You know I know when it's a dream" is a perfect reversal of the standard Platonic-Cartesian certainty for being awake knowingly only when you are actually awake. The last time this type of philosophical reversal occurred was in "I Want to Tell You": "It's only me, it's not my mind that is confusing things." Rhythmically, "Penny Lane" exhibits a relentless precise awkwardness, manipulated largely by the greatest sloppy drumming and sloppiest great drumming Ringo has ever displayed; McCartney's bass is another great unsettling unifier on this level. The nervous jaggedness of the trumpet break is just the thing (although anything the Beatles could have used in the context of this song's break, even a scissors solo by Brian Epstein, would have been just the thing to do--it's a song whose temporal break after a not-so-temporal "hourglass" reference a priori rises to the occasion) to form the heart of the break-reentry most like that of "Baby's In Black" in recent years. Also nostalgic is the pronunciation of "Customer" as "Coostomer," like the "mooch" ("much") of the old days. Throughout "Strawberry Fields" a vacuum-cleaner sort of momentary sucking sound is perplexing. It sounds like single guitar notes played backwards, suggesting that maybe the entire vocal (which does contain strange enunciation with peculiar marginal speed variations) had been recorded, played backwards, learned as backwards, recorded as performed backwards, and played backwards again to sound, ultimately, "forwards." Mere forwardness (even if just straight actual forwardness with overdubbed vacuum cleaners or backwards guitar) is a radically secure and graspable form of ambiguous apparent/actual temporal directionality, particularly when "misunderstanding all you see." Yoohoo ! "Strawberry Fields" lends its raunch epistemology to the validity of "Penny Lane"'s spatio-temporal confusion; "Penny Lane" lends its fresh smell to the valid utter confusion of "Strawberry Fields."

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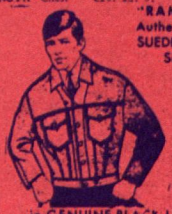

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IMAGE as language

photographic special issue

Image is a quarterly magazine distributed throughout Europe, the British Isles and North America. It has no particular bias towards either science or the arts; its pages are open to the use of images as a means of direct communication, as well as to more traditional modes. Each year two special issues are published on single subjects. In 1968 one is to be devoted to photography, emphasising experimental and progressive work.

Photographers are invited to submit not only single pictures but also complete sections of between 4 and 8 pages chosen and laid out by the photographer himself. The intention is to give the greatest possible freedom of expression to both vision and idea. Closing date for entries - March 15th, 1968.

Contributions should be sent to:
David Larcher · Image Photography Issue

If we were to become able to convey reality through image in a continuously illuminating manner, we would have discovered an integration principle in our collective life analogous to the function of the dream process in the individual's life. For some reason the present time is throwing up an increasing number of people who seek to speak through such pictures.

IMAGE magazine Autumn/Winter issue 7/6 (incl. postage for single copies) - Out now most places, or fill in coupon for 4 issues and send to

Image International Limited

The unique pattern above (small piece shown, same size) has been produced by replication of a unit module extracted from an old Moorish tile. It is available as a poster (45" x 36" black & white) from IMAGE at 12/6 (Inc. tube and postage).

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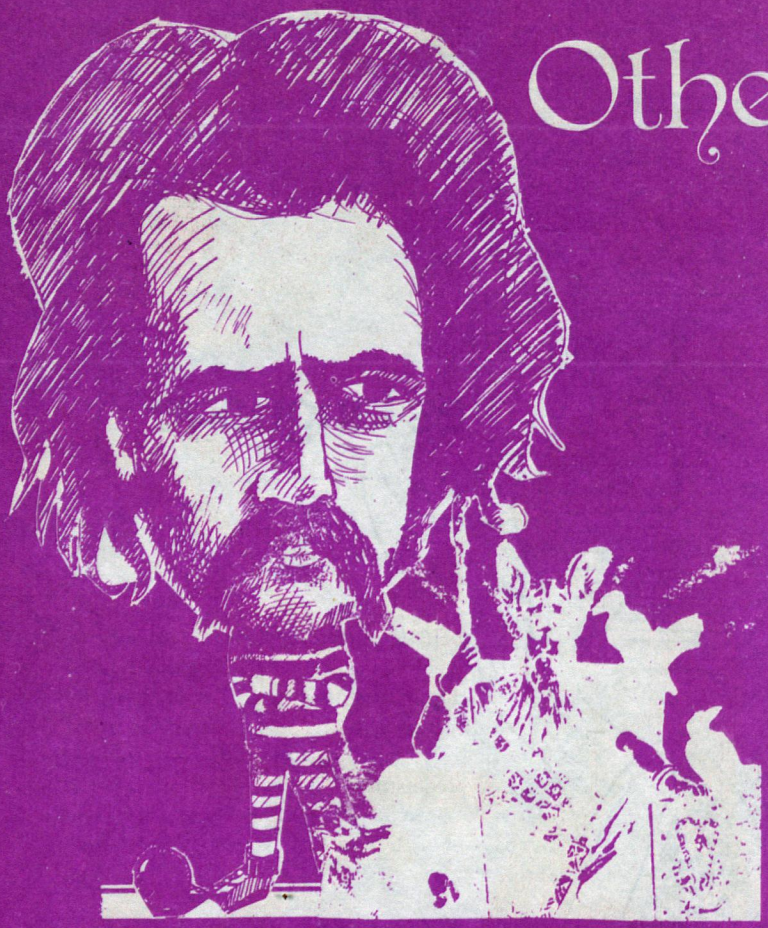
Other Scenes



Revolution in the Revolution....

Regis Debray's book will remain as a blueprint for revolution for at least a decade to come. Historically it occupies much the same position as Mein Kampf once did: a plan of action—a prediction and projection of just what is going to happen in the world for the next ten years or so. And, like Mein Kampf, it will probably be largely ignored because of the context in which it is presented.

This is the age of the revolutionary, as even the dimwitted fatcats who rarely leave their airconditioned homes are aware. But revolution, suggests Debray, must be total not just a coming to terms—a compromise—with the enemy. Who is the enemy? Obviously the people who own most of the world's material possessions and intend to keep them with the help of cops, armies, politicians and fascist-type publishers—all the repressive structure that will try to kill and at least jail anybody who tries to take it away from them.

In Latin America, whereof Debray writes, country after country is in the hands of a greedy few while hundreds of thousands work and starve to allow these inequities to continue. Debray's thesis, "Revolution In the Revolution" (Monthy Review Press, $4), says in effect that resistance movements too often take the form of self-defense. A group of exploited tin-miners sick of being hounded and badgered in their remote company town decide to fight back to earn the right to be left in peace, for example. They earn this right—for a time—but at the cost of being marked down for future extermination or repression. They have acted to secure their perimeter only to make it clear to the bosses that they are contained within that perimeter and can be polished off at any convenient time.

The answer? Total guerilla warfare—to break out and destroy the enemy, in this case the military government. It is useless to get hung up on a political structure and try to negotiate, as all anti-Vietnam war protestors should have realised by now. (The recent American for Democratic Action congress decided that although they were opposed to the war they were even more opposed to LBJughead losing to a Republican. Americans for Democratic WHAT?)

It is obvious to most of the world by now, if not in America itself, that the United States stands behind most fascist dictatorships, most countries where a strong minority (particularly the military) is in power. It is obvious, therefore not only that these dictatorships be defeated — almost certainly by armed force — but that THIS American government is the evil octopus that must be wiped out, or at the very least totally removed from office. There is still too much of a tendency for American "liberals" (also known as judas goats) to feel that something can be done through polite representation requests. Bullshit. Johnson and his shithead aides are murderous bullies who, like all bullies, respect only toughness.

"Power is seized and held in the capital", writes Debray, "but the road that leads the exploited to it must pass through the countryside." And he goes on to point out that if you want success and not just dialectics you must remember the historical priorities: "The people's army will be the nucleus of the party and not vice versa. The guerilla force is the political vanguard and from its development a real party can arise.

"That is why the guerilla force must be developed if the political vanguard is to be developed.

"That is why at the present juncture the principal stress must be laid on the development of guerilla warfare and not on the strengthening of existing parties or of the creation of new parties.

"That is why insurrectional activity is today the number one political activity."

And that is why, incidentally, Debray is posing such a threat to military and police-state governments. He says that each country must find its own type of revolution but these are the general theoretical principles. And his knowledge cames from the experience of Castro and Guevara who inevitably will see in a score of Latin American countries the revolution that they earlier brought to Cuba.

underground confidential: world wide exclusive

by Andy Warhol

Andy Warhol is experimenting with a new medium - the run of the mill scandal column. But like all things Warhol does there is a difference. By taking an established form and converting it, he is proving once again the essential interchangeability of forms in the present social culture.

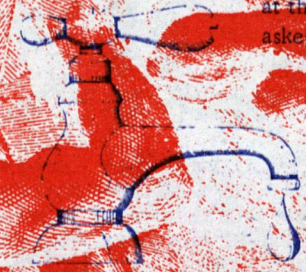
His avenue of expression is via a new New York tabloid, Downtown, whose major content is gossip columns about the Manhattan art and social set. Andy's column at first appears to be merely a replica of the type of thing that the sex and scandal tabloids have been running for years. The kind of crap that everybody knows is made up in the office, libelling movie stars and other ego-happy figures who never bother to sue either because it isn't worth it or because they're happy to keep their names in print - for any reason at all.

A typical Warhol column item:

43-23-37 XXXX' was cornered by three vicious lesbians in the women's washroom of XXX's the other night. We got the story from one of the lesbians. It went like this: 'You dropped XXXXXXXXX because you don't like men, honey?' Then they advanced on her until she was backed into a stall with the door locked. XXXX, in case you didn't know it, is not a real big girl even though she looks statuesque, and was scared for her life. She really got the chills when one of the lesbians started climbing over the top of the stall. Just then another woman who is really a female impersonator came into the washroom and XXXX was able to leave with her virtue intact....

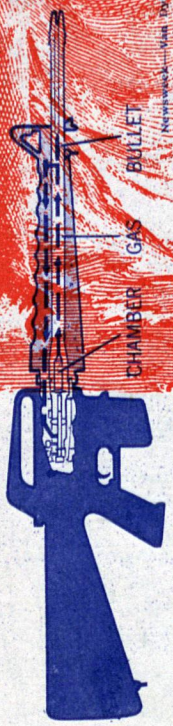
In the Warhol version the XXXX XXXX's are filled in with the name of Andy's current super star, Viva, but apart from that every single word of the item appeared in another tabloid with some other name appearing where the X's are. Naturally enough, Downtown's readers don't know the background so they come to either of two conclusions: 1 That Warhol writes as lousy a scandal column as everybody else, or 2 That the items are true!

The NY Times quoting a recent sociological survey on hippies' home life came to the conclusion that hippies' kids tend to ignore their parents rather than fight with them. 'How can you rebel sexually against a mother who will be happy to fit you for a diaphragm at the age of fourteen?' one asked.



Every New Yorker inhales toxic materials to the equivalent equivalent of smoking 38 cigarettes a day according to Moment in the Sun, a newly published book which is significantly subtitled A Dial Report on the Deteriorating Quality of the American Environment.'

More and more American heads who want to avoid the drafthave been joining the Neo American Church which wants to legalize acid as a sacrament.
Once a member you can apply for ordination as a minister and theoretically be exempt.



The gas-operated M-16: Criticism at home; testimonials in Vietnam

Think sideways!

Win... £100!

Edward de Bono

I am offering a prize of £ 100 for the best example of the use of lateral thinking sent to the publisher of the book* by January 1st. Any number of examples may be submitted. They may take the form of a story, an anecdote or any other capsule form. The examples may be from personal experience, from literature or specially designed. Should the examples be good enough the best ones will be published as an anthology so the source of borrowed examples must be fully stated.

Many years ago when a person who owed money could be thrown into jail, a merchant in London had the misfortune to owe a huge sum to a money-lender. The money-lender, who was old and ugly, fancied the merchant's beautiful teenage daughter. He proposed a bargain. He said he would cancel the merchant's debt if he could have the girl instead.

Both the merchant and his daughter were horrified at the proposal. So the cunning money-lender proposed that they let Providence decide the matter. He told them that he would put a black pebble and a white pebble into an empty money-bag and then the girl would have to pick out one of the pebbles. If she chose the black pebble she would become his wife and her father's debt would be cancelled. If she chose the white pebble she would stay with her father and the debt would still be cancelled. But if she refused to pick out a pebble her father would be thrown into jail and she would starve.

Reluctantly the merchant agreed. They were standing on a pebble-strewn path in the merchant's garden as they talked and the money-lender stooped down to pick up the two pebbles. As he picked up the pebbles the girl, sharp-eyed with fright, noticed that he picked up two black pebbles and put them into the money-bag. He then asked the girl to pick out the pebble that was to decide her fate and that of her father.

Imagine that you are standing on that path in the merchant's garden. What would you have done if you had been the unfortunate girl? If you had had to advise her what would you have advised her to do?

What type of thinking would you use to solve the problem? You may believe that careful logical analysis must solve the problem if there is a solution. This type of thinking is straightforward vertical thinking. The other type of thinking is lateral thinking.

Vertical thinkers are not usually of much help to a girl in this situation. The way they analyse it, there are three possibilities:

1. The girl should refuse to take a pebble.
2. The girl should show that there are two black pebbles in the bag and expose the money-lender as a cheat.
3. The girl should take a black pebble and sacrifice herself in order to save her father from prison.

None of these suggestions is very helpful, for if the girl does not take a pebble her father goes to prison, and if she does take a pebble, then she has to marry the money-lender.

The story shows the difference between vertical thinking and lateral thinking. Vertical thinkers are concerned with the fact that the girl has to take a pebble. Lateral thinkers become concerned with the pebble that is left behind. Vertical thinkers take the most reasonable view of a situation and then proceed logically and carefully to work it out. Lateral thinkers tend to explore all the different ways of looking at something, rather than accepting the most promising and proceeding from that.

The girl in the pebble story put her hand into the money-bag and drew out a pebble. Without looking at it she fumbled and let it fall to the path where it was immediately lost among all the others.

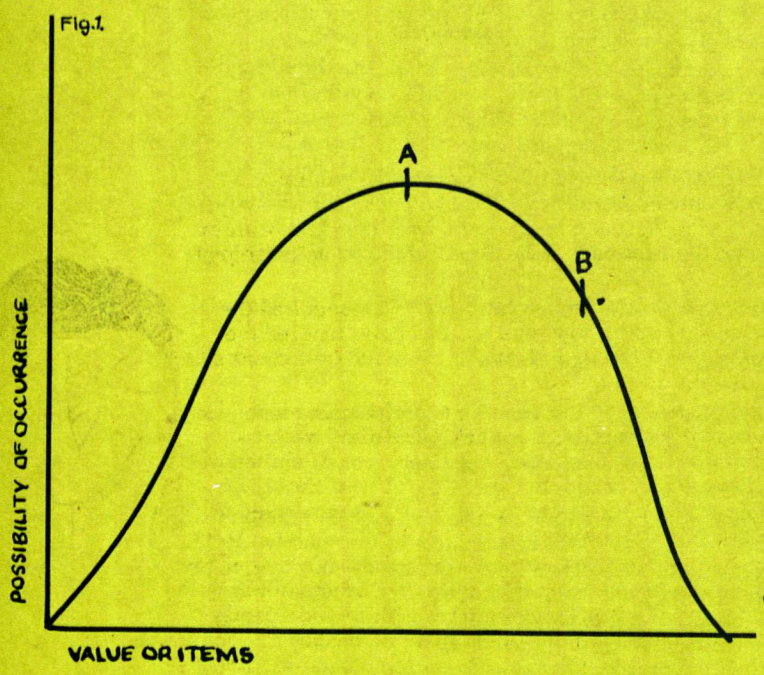
'Oh, how clumsy of me,' she said, 'but never mind–if you look into the bag you will be able to tell which pebble I took by the colour of the one that is left.'

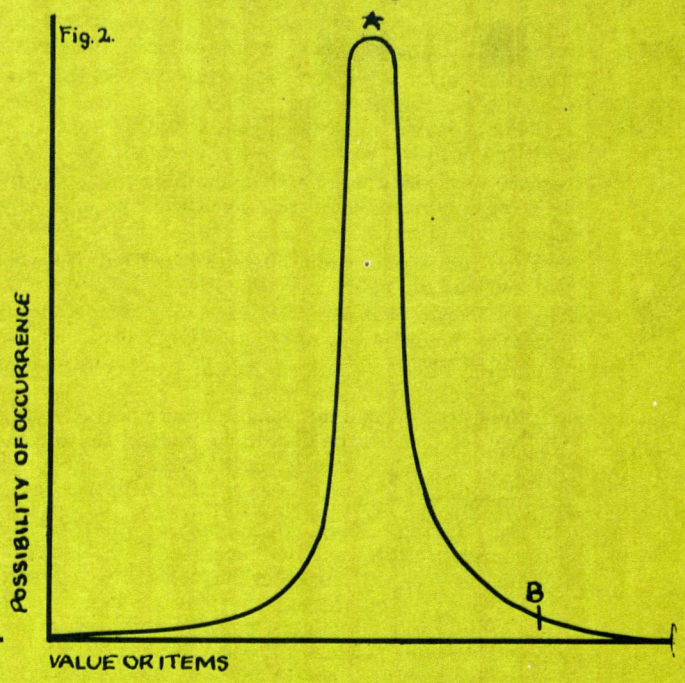
The above story is a good example of the use of lateral thinking. Many people on hearing the expression have an instinctive understanding of the nature of lateral thinking. Few use it consciously and deliberately but many recognise occasions when it has proved effective.

Vertical thinking has always been put forward as the only effective form of thinking – at least for scientific and practical affairs. Vertical thinking is the traditional logical, sequential, mathematical, Aristotelian type of thinking. But you cannot dig a hole in a different place by digging the same hole deeper. Effective as vertical thinking is for developmental purposes it is quite inadequate for generating new ideas and new ways of looking at things.

Lateral thinking is 'the other sort of thinking' but it is no less effective than vertical thinking even in practical matters. The difference between vertical and lateral thinking is a fundamental one and it is based on considerations of the system organisation in the brain.

The immense effectiveness of the human brain depends on its being organised as an iterative self-maximising two stage memory system. This is the type of system that creates order out of disorder but imposes an old order rather than recognise a new one. This is the type of system that makes everyday life possible but adventure difficult. Life would be awkward indeed if one had to analyse all the possible interpretations of the sound before jumping out of the way of a motor car horn. Instead the most probable interpretation totally dominates all others. In a system with a normal distribution of probabilities (figure 1) the most probable would be slightly ahead of something less probable. A self-maximising system on the other hand is a dynamic system and the most probable is always far ahead of any other (figure 2).





The simplest example of a self-maximising system is an empty glass. Push it slightly and negative feedback brings it back to its original position. Push it very slightly more and it takes off on its own in positive feedback and reaches the limit position. Combine these self-maximising properties of the brain with a memory system (and this has to be a two stage memory system in view of the limited attention span of a self-maximising system) and one ends up with a very rigid – but immensely practical – form of information storage.

No matter how far back one takes the ordinary logical process there must be an initial stage of perceptual choice. No matter how excellent the logic may be it is the perceptual choice that will decide how easily the problem can be solved. In vertical thinking one accepts the most obvious choice and then works from it with great application in the hope that by sheer effort one may earn a solution. In lateral thinking one continually shifts the initial perceptual choice and quite often very little logic is required when one makes the right choice.

In some circles it is fashionable to regard the brain as a statistical computer. This can be a misleading idea for while statistics are based on probability the brain is based on preferability. Scatter water randomly on a preferability surface and you will end up with a few deep holes.

The effect of the rigidity and inevitability of perceptual choice is shown in the following visual problem. The problem is to draw the outline of a shape which can be divided into four identical pieces (size, shape and area) by a straight line. The outlined shape should be capable of being cut out of a postcard and the four piece separated by one straight stroke of the scissors. The solution is shown on page 29.

The disadvantages of high-probability vertical thinking are inseparable from the advantages since they are but another way of looking at the advantages. Lateral thinking is an attempt to escape the self-maximising properties of the brain system in order to generate new ideas. It is interesting that in the higher reaches of computer programming the importance of random inputs (one aspect of lateral thinking) is being recognised. This is interesting because for many people computers are the epitome of sterile logical sequential thinking.

With logical thinking the context develops first and then a point develops from this; with lateral thinking the point arises first and then the context develops to support it (it is in the nature of the brain to develop a context for whatever is held in consciousness). The experts who relied on the Clerk Maxwell laws of electro-magnetic radiation were correct when they told Marconi that the wireless waves would not follow the curvature of the earth but would stream off into space. Foolishly, Marconi believed that since the Atlantic ocean was only a longer distance than his previous successful attempts at wireless transmission, he would merely require a more powerful transmitter, a more sensitive receiver. Marconi succeeded. He made his point and eventually the context, taking the form of the re-discovery of the Heaviside layer – arose to support that point.

Traditional methods of thought like traditional mathematics are arbitrary and for the most part unrelated to the system structure of the brain. People were content with Euclidean geometry until Riemann and Lobachevsky came along and showed that other geometries were possible. Our mathematics are still based on mechanical principles such as 2 + 3 = 5 (or some modular variant). It is perfectly feasible to base a mathematics on the notion that 2 + 3 = 3. Such a mathematics would be biological rather than mechanical.

Some of the fundamental differences in attitude between vertical and lateral thinking are indicated in the following points:

Vertical thinking is sequential and proceeds step by step along a path. Lateral thinking may make jumps and then fill in the gaps or it may saturate the field and allow a pattern to develop on its own.

With vertical thinking each step must be justified and rest firmly on the preceding step (this is so fundamental a basis of logic that if one were to try and explain logic to a dog who had suddenly become capable of it one might well start with this notion). In lateral thinking the steps do not have to be justified until the end just as bridge spans may not be self-supporting until they meet in the middle.

With vertical thinking one chooses the most probable approach and then proceeds from this. With lateral thinking one moves sideways generating as many approaches as possible and then scanning across them all.

With vertical thinking one blocks off certain pathways with negatives. With lateral thinking all pathways and avenues are used.

The categories and definitions in vertical thinking are rigid spatial separations. With lateral thinking the separations are in time not in space.

In vertical thinking one concentrates and excludes interference. In lateral thinking one not only welcomes but makes use of random influences.

These are but some of the differences between vertical and lateral thinking. They are detailed here precisely because they are rather obvious to anyone who has been involved in the so called creative process. But they are derived not from a description of the creative process but from a consideration of the functional behaviour of the brain as a biological system.

Lateral thinking is used consciously or otherwise a good deal by creative people and a consideration of the basis of lateral thinking can extend this use and allow it to be more deliberate. Unfortunately lateral thinking is very little used in the scientific or practical field. Scientists become unhappy that the process is not more predictable and more firmly under control. They do not seem to realise that a method which is not completely under control can nevertheless be effective. If a girl plays roulette with her boyfriends money but keeps her winnings she is not likely to refuse to play on the grounds that she cannot tell on precisely which play she is going to win. Vertical thinking promises a minimum solution and often breaks the promise; lateral thinking increases the chances of a maximum solution but makes no promises.

Once one gets away from the semantic antics or descriptive word play then it becomes possible to start making predictions. One such prediction which arises from the very nature of lateral thinking is that there is an optimum amount of emotionality for creativity. Less than this optimum (peak) or more than it would inhibit creativity.

Even those people who habitually use the general concept of lateral thinking tend to use it in a vertical way. Lateral thinking is not a substitute for vertical thinking but a complement. It is a disruption of the probability patterns of the brain in order to allow a temporary re-forming. It is a vertical characteristic of the mind to form rigid dichotomies and then choose one or the other: certainty/possibility; definiteness/fluidity; stability/change; sameness/excitement; security/adventure; square/pop. The mind finds great difficulty in usefully oscillating from one to the other as polarisation is so fundamental a characteristic. The brain is capable of lateral thinking for the same reason that it is capable of humour. Both define the system. It would be very sinister if a computer could be constructed that could laugh.

In both this article and in the book, 'The Use of Lateral Thinking' the description of lateral thinking has been very general. The intention is to provide a focus. Lateral thinking is a definite type of thinking, not a set of rules, or techniques or theories and there is a danger in detailing such peripheral matters.

The Use of Lateral Thinking by Edward de Bono. Published by Jonathan Cape 18/-

When a group of 100 people were given this problem the reactions were as shown in the figures:

35% could not produce a figure, I.

50% produced one or other of the variations shown under II. These are obviously wrong since if they were to be cut out of a postcard a stroke of the scissors would only divide them into two halves.

12% produced either one or the other of the variations shown under III. Both these are correct.

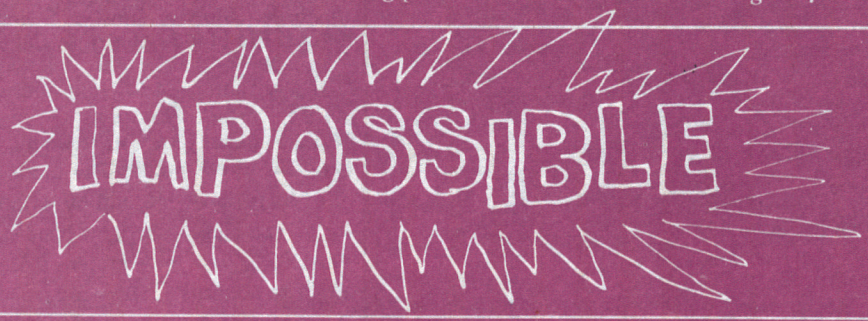
Only 3% produced what seems to be by far the most elegant solution. The difficulty here is that the pieces are not treated symmetrically but one serves as a base for the other three, V

The apparent difficulty with this simple task is that immediately the problem is stated there arises a 'perceptual choice' of a square divided into four quarters as shown in the figure. The two erroneous versions proceed from this image as shown, V. ④ ②.

If, however, the problem is stated as being one of assembling four identical pieces around a straight line then there is no difficulty and the thing proceeds as shown in the last figures, VI.

%

35



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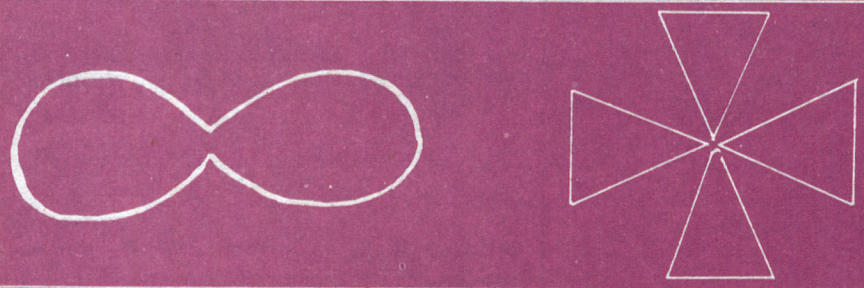

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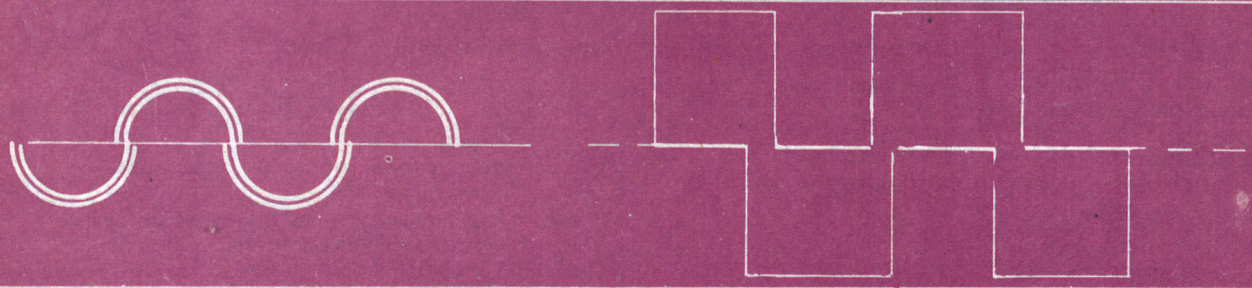

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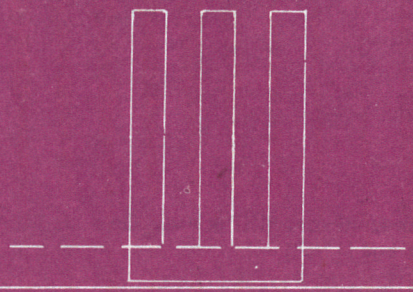

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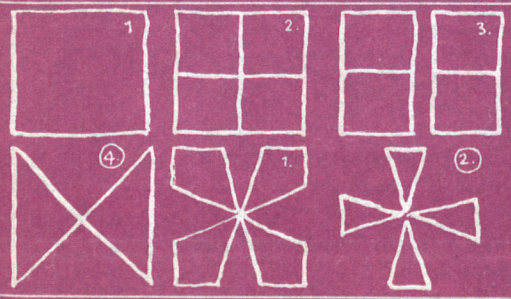

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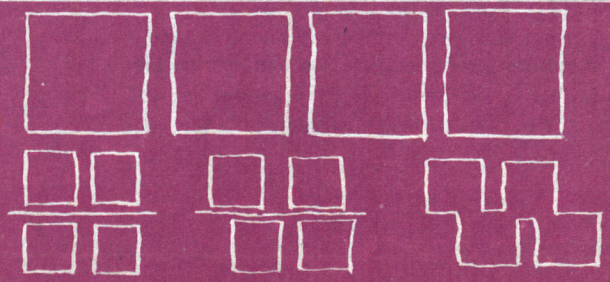


Michael St. John

Epilogue

Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb. Clink and shuffle. Cough.

Shut up, people. Quiet, now.

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

One minute studio. Ta.

Start the clock.
Start the clock.

Cough.
ha ha ha ha ha ha

Clink, scrape and ha ha ha ha ha.

Very nervous....

Don't worry. Just the same as when we rehearsed, you know.

Thirty seconds.
Cue VTR.
Thirty seconds.

Cue announcer ident.
Right. Christian Affairs number seventy two, 365.
Take one.

Good luck, children.

Fifteen seconds.

....Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one - cue grams and up caption.

Cue announcer.
In tonight's Christian Affairs, the Reverend David Summers, Vicar of All Saints' Chelsea, and director of Christian Bodies, talks to Derek Iverson of the Sunday Times

Symphony No.5 in C. B/hoven. First move. Columbis 33c 1051 On the first chinagraph mark.

Change caption.

Change caption.

Luverly.

Coming to you, two. Ready. Kill grams. On you, two. And .... -er cue Derek.

Good evening. Today is the first anniversay of the Christian Bodies Movement, and tonight we have **(stand by, three; soon on you - tighter on him than that, luv.)** the director of the organisation with us in the studio. He is **(on you, three)** the Reverend David Summers.

Hello.

27A VTR

(back to you, two) First of all, sir, there is one question that I feel we must put to you straight away. **(on you, three)** And that is about the new branch of Christian Bodies, the Do-ers. We've heard a lot about them lately - in the Press and so on - **(tighten in, three. Slowly, slowly. Swinging. Don't knock him off his bloody chair)** tell us something about it.

(I'll buy that. Hold it just there, Fred, three)

Well, it's hard to say what we do, really. I mean, **(tighter, three; nice grotty close-up)** the whole object of Christian Bodies **(Stand by with caption, one)** is to help, you know. Our new headquarters **(one)** in Chelsea in the - er - picture there, is open day and night to help the really needy. We look after the body as well as the soul there.

Two-shot, three. Bit tighter, can see that hole in the cyc....he's a natterer. We'll be here all blinding nigh

three,

Yes, but what we want to know is something of what you are doing there.

Well, first of all, we deal with the - er - poor, the homeless, and the - um - outcasts of society.

Like the Salvation Army in a way?

Not unlike it, no. We have eighty two beds and a

kitchen which are in use twenty four hours a day ...

(I want a mid-shot, two. Keep his collar in for the image if anyone switches on at eleven forty six at night. Bit too close. More collar, doll.)

And our main purpose is to extend the warm hand of Christian fellowship to those who really need it. It is not enough just to get up in a pulpit and preach at people. The Do-ers feel that is it truly practising Christianity as it was intended in the - er - first place.

(two)

(Stand by, telecine)

Sounds most rewarding.

It is rewarding work. I have thirteen volunteers at the moment, but I do need more.

What about money? I mean, the headquarters alone must cost a small fortune to run?

Ah-ha, we are furtunate in having, if you like, a sponsor. A wealthy and well-known business friend pays rent and overheads. Er - this is Independent Television, isn't it, so I'd better not mention his name, eh?

Ha ha ha ha ha ha

(Gawd. Telecine, that's it. Right film, one hopes? **Stand by, announcer, for voice over film)**

We have some film of your hostel here. Let's look at it together and give the viewers some idea of what you are doing there.

Clink and rhubarb and rustle.

(When we get to the film, kids, I want one to cover all the captions as planned. Three, nice tight shot of the rev. I vant his reaction to the film. Which is a load of excrement, anyway. Damm, missed the cue. Cue announcer)

The Borough of Chelsea is usually associated with the wealthy, the affluent, and the slightly odd.

16 mm mute

Property there is now worth a fortune and it would hardly seem the place for a voluntary charity organisation. **(he missed that on run-through, too)** But in this vast Georgian house just off the King's Road **it's about half a poxing mile from the King's Road - we had to walk there with the Arriflex, mate)** there is a group of people whose constant task it is to help and succour **(what?)** the needy and the distressed.

Lofty and well-aired dormitories for the bedless....

(hold it, announcer, until they clear this shot. The bod on the right bends down)

(who's been using my po?)

(in you go)

a modern kitchen.....
and a small chapel. Plain and simple, but a home for as long as it is needed.

Here we see our guest for the evening, David Summers, the Director of Christian Bodies, at his desk. Each day, he says, about thirty people come to him in distress.

Lame dogs, ex-gaolbirds, alcoholics, **(television directors)** homosexuals, **(like the berk wo writes these scripts)** widows - all sorts of hapless human beings. **(thirty sex to end of film. Ta)** Here we see some of the satisfied customers of David Summers. This man was going to commit suicide.... This woman took to drink and prostitution when she lost her child.... **(I wish we had admags back)** and this boy was well on the. way to becoming a sexual pervert... **(talking about Sydney again)**

(roll telecine. In after five, announcer)

This is the Christian Bodies, the Do-ers, in action. Doing a daily job, working all hours for little return save the knowledge that they are helping their fellows.

(five sex to end of film)

From this work in Chelsea, and the inspired efforts of this group, must surely come further understanding of the needs of others.

(on you, three)

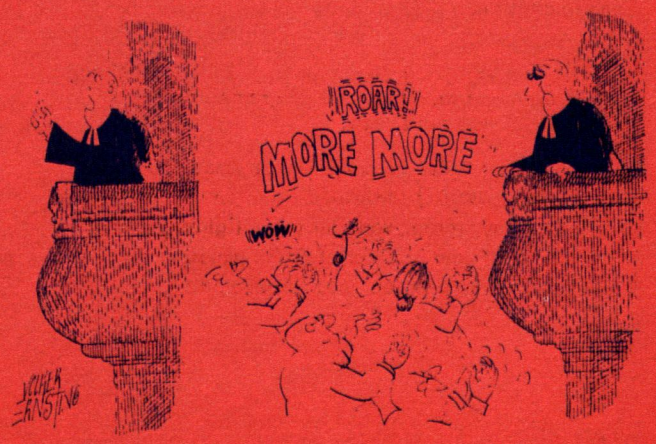
I didn't know I looked like that.

Well, on that bit of film we saw the sort of place you work in and a little of the work you do. Of course, it would take a much longer programme than this epilogue to fully explain what you do there, but can you give us, briefly, what your aims and objects are?

(he's taken a deep breath. He'll waffle on now, the old soandso)

Er, well, to start with, may I quote from my own script? The script that I learn my own daily part from?

Of course.



(I think he's going for the bible on the table. Watch it, one. If he does, I want a nice tight shot of the movement, you know)

Thank you.

(there he goes. Grab it. Nice....and....tight....and.... pan....with the....book. I'll come back to you, three, straight away. Got to get some bloody movement into this thing. How are we for time, Myra? One. Pan up.... slow, darling. Slowly. On you, three)

I take my cue
(I'll have unnatural sexual relations with my discarded heavy duty footwear) from Romans, chapter nine. And if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comp - comprehended - in this saying, namely, that thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. As far as we are concerned, the Do-ers of C.B., there is no better way of showing our love for our neighbour than by going out and doing something about it. Something tangible. The body needs aid as much as the soul. I mean, how can a soul think clearly in a careworn body, or a starved one, or an unloved one? This love thy neighbour thing is the whole fulcrum of the Christian lever. And love should not be something you put on the bottom of a letter - it is something you do. Hence the name, Do-ers. It all started when I was a young curate in Wigan....

(they'll have closed when you've finished, you old clown)

Er, I was sick to death of hearing people talk, talk, talk (you're jesting, for a certainty) about helping others, but not doing a single thing about it. I was determined that when I had a church of my own and a little - er - ecclesiastical authority I would start a practical unit of help and aid. Only when I came to All Saints' was I able to do this.

So this is a dream come true, so to speak?

Yes, a dream come true. I know there are lots of other similar groups doing the same work, and that our modest effort is not unique, but this is all to the good. The more the merrier, I say.

(wind Derek up and give the old boy a poke up the roodscreen too. We've got the closing prayer yet)

(tighten in, three. Stick your four inch in his mush and put the fear of Murphy into him)

Well, I see our time is nearly up. Can you **(stand by, Harry, with the prayer caption for one. The one with the open book thing. Tighter and kill that chalk mark)** - er - as we ask all our guests on these programmes, can we ask you to leave us with a prayer for the end of the day?

I have one here.

Cough, ruffle, riffle, scrape. Ahem. Cough. Rasp.

(on you, two. Just look at the pigging caption, will you? Graphics? I've shot 'em)

O, Lord God, maker of mankind and ordainer of our destinies, grant that we grown more to know our fellows; and that we serve thee through kindness and ministration to others. Help us to help. Give us strength where there is weakness And give us faith where there is ignorance and fear. And embrace us in thy care that we may pursue these charities with all the might of thy hand and with all the courage of thy blessed crucifixion.

(sounds like the end. Amen. Come on - amen)

And bless us, Lord, in all the works we do in thy name. Amen.

(right. Stand by, announcer, for closing chat. Wide shot, one: on you, one. Pull out slowly - slowly, for crying out loud)

(cue announcer and stand by grams)

In Christian Affairs tonight **(cue grams)** the Reverend David Summers, in C. vicar of All — *Symphony No.5*

In Christian Affairs **(cue grams)** the Reverend David Summers vicar of All Saints' Chelsea, and director of Christian Bodies, talked to Derek Iverson of the Sunday Times. — *Symphony No.5 in C. B/hoven. First move. Columbia 33c 1051 Second chinagraph mark*

(fade grams....and cue announcer)

Next week at the same time, Christian Affairs goes to Leeds to see what the young people are doing for the old age pensioners of the city. **(up grams)**

(....six, five, four, three, two, one - out. Fade sound and vish. And another converted savage bits the dust)

All over?

Rasp.

Hold it. Let's see if we are clear with VTR.

All clear. Ta muchly, people.

Well, David, if that was your first time, you certainly did a fine job. Very professional. We'll have you in Coronation Street yet.....

Ha ha ha ha ha ha Cough.

Thank you, Derek. I think it's a wonderful way of talking to people, this TV.

Are you joining us upstairs for a drink?

Oh, yes, please.

Right. This way, then.

It's quite chilly when they turn out all the lights.

Yes. We'll go to the visitors' room. I think that we have got to

FADE

Some readers complained about the space OZ 7 gave to Michael Malik. A particularly vocal critic was a beautiful Jamaican girl, Melinda, who is questioned below.

What do you think of Michael Malik's twelve months' gaol sentence?

I think, frankly, it should have been longer. He should have been deported, except that Trinidad won't have him back. The newspapers must stop publicising Michael X in the same way they stopped publicising the mods and rocker Brighton riots. The Press should ignore him and when he realises that he will get no more publicity, he will either shut up or he will start doing something constructive for negroes in Britain who have a genuine problem.

Don't you think he is?

No, he's doing a lot of harm; he's creating a situation which doesn't really exist. He's trying to force the issue, he wants to be a hero, as Stokely Carmichael is, just for his own personal gratification, to the detriment of the negroes in Britain. I think Malik's putting voice to a lot of submerged hatreds ...if you present any group of people with an unpleasant person they will automatically hate him and what he stands for and Michael X is trying to identify himself with all the negroes in Britain, which is wrong. The day his compatriots appeared on television a lot of harm was done. I think a lot of white people went round thinking: "You bloody nigger, I know what you're really thinking behind that calm facade - go back to your own country."

Do you think that black people are discriminated against in this country?

I don't know because I don't live in the predominantly coloured areas of Manchester and Birmingham. I think in London there is very little discrimination. If one wants to find discrimination, one will. There are cases obviously of discrimination in housing, the same way as there are cases of discrimination in anything - but there is also discrimination against Greeks, Jews, the Irish and everyone.

Are you an Auntie Tom?

Yes, by Malik's terms, I am an Auntie Tom, which means that I choose to first find out the sort of life the English live, find out how they want me to live and abide by their wishes - this is their country, not mine.

But if you're going to settle here and have children, as many coloured people are, isn't it in their interests for you to try and eradicate inequality?

Yes, but inequality has been and is being eradicated by legislation (which I don't terribly agree with). Inequality stems from ones basic inferiority or inadequacy to cope with a situation - I think a lot of the immigrants who are here now are inadequate or considered inferior because they have not had the opportunities of the people living right next door to them - when their children are educated and go and look for jobs, if they are qualified, I would think that they would have exactly the same opportunities as anyone else. If we find in ten years' time that there is a large number of unemployed West Indian youths who grew up and were educated in Britain, then is the time to say whether there could be a colour problem and what do we do with it. I don't think the situation exists now that Malik says exists - that is discrimination, negroes being killed, negroes being spat upon constantly - he says constantly - .... I think there are isolated cases and if he wishes to have on his platform the negroes who have been discriminated against and spat upon and are bitter, then he will have a very loud voice to proclaim his cause.

There is much evidence of blatant discrimination. There is a recent, much publicised, example of whites banding together to prevent a West Indian from buying a house.

There was a letter to The Times subsequently, in reply to this very subject, saying that if a man wants to sell a house and there are three people who want to buy it and the man who wants to sell the house has a particularly nice garden which he wants to keep up - yet his first and highest offer is from someone who doesn't particularly care for gardening and he says 'no thank you' - this can be construed as discrimination. I think in the case you mention there was discrimination, but on the other hand, other tenants in the street were interviewed and asked if they would mind having a coloured neighbour, and I think sixty percent of them said 'No, not at all, it wouldn't matter to me' - this depends - I'm sure a lot of people if asked would they like a Jewish neighbour or an unmarried mother with six children living in the room above would say no - everyone has their prejudice and they're quite entitled to it.

Have you ever suffered severe cases of discrimination?

Yes, looking for flats. Ninty percent of the people I rang said no - they did not want West Indians - they were extremely polite - and I finally found a flat in a very respectable area and the landlord said 'Certainly you can move in'. I asked whether the other tenants or the neighbours would mind, and he said if anyone in the house objected, he'd move them all out and fill the house with negroes.

You're not very bitter about the fact 90% didn't want West Indians?

No - but how can I explain it? - it was like trying to get the sort of job I wanted for a year and a half. Nobody felt that I was as qualified as I said I was. Eventually one person did say: 'O.K. we'll give you a try'. Ninety percent of the people I asked refused me - this could have been on the basis of colour, but I don't think it was. I think it was simply their own apprehensions about whether or not I was qualified to do the job. Why be bitter?

What is your reaction to teenage racial segregation?

Well, I encountered exactly the same sort of situation in Jamaica ...the Chinese only marry the Chinese, and if a Chinese girl marries a non-Chinese boy she is considered an outcast, usually by both societies - hers and her husbands - the same with the Indians in Jjamaica, the same with the darker skinned Jamaicans and the lighter skinned Jamaicans - if you're a white Jamaican, you do not marry a coloured Jamaican, or you try your best not to, because you are looked down upon. Why should this not be so in Britain, particularly when these children's parents have got prejudices, and do not feel that their son or daughter would be doing well to marry or go out with a coloured boy or girl - I don't see how the negro in Britain can say "Why the hell won't you let your daughter go out with me" when in fact he would not be able to go out with a white girl in his own country.

Do you want to marry a black or a white person?

I just want to get married to someone who loves me very dearly .....

Playboy Club News

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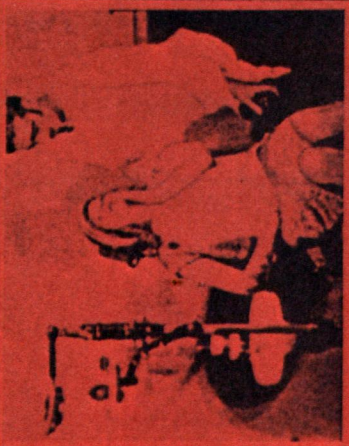

FIFTY YEARS OF STAG FILMS: *Blue moviemakers of the Twenties often resorted to primitive humor in filming their sub rosa reels. "Slow Fire Dentist," for example (top left), featured a fake bearded quack who administers gas to a patient and then proceeds to fill the wrong cavity. The masqueraded mysterious stranger, portrayed in the Thirties stag "Masked Rape" (top right) as a lustful intruder, became a classic and convenient way to introduce—and disguise—the male. "Busty" (center left), a typical Cuban import of the Forties, began with a bout of shower-stall autoeroticism. Both a perennial plot device and the title of a Fifties film, "The Peek Up" (center right) was photographed alfresco. During the Sixties, stag film producers have been able to procure more youthful and eminently more attractive "sex stars," as exemplified in two 1966 productions (bottom)—"Lesbian Call Girl" and a British import, "The Other Young Ones."*

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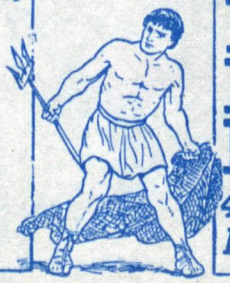

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HE COMES!!

YOU CALLED FOR ME?

GOSH YES, FREELANCER. US GUARDIANS OF THE BEACONS WERE LOOKING THE OTHER WAY AND SOMEBODY TORE THEM DOWN!
HAMA

WITH THE BEACONS DOWN, THE DREADED SONS CAN CROSS THE BRIDGE AND LAY WASTE TO THE WHOLE SCENE!!
KNIGHTS OF KOLHUS

THE GREAT OPERERAT WILL CUE YOU IN ON THE DETAILS... COME ON!

DEFEND THE BRIDGE MY SON, AND THERE WILL BE A PLACE FOR YOUR NAME IN THE GREAT LISTINGS
COOL...
IF YOU SUCCEED, YOU'LL GET THE PINK PRINCESS!
TO THE BRIDGE WITH YOU!!
HOT-DAMN
RUB'EM OUT! RUB 'EM OUT! RUB 'EM OUT!
YOU'RE MESSING WITH MY WORLD!
RUB'EM OUT! RUB'EM OUT! RUB'EM OUT!
OH YEAH?
ARRRG
THAT'LL TEACH YA.
TO BE CONTINUED

FROM THE PSYCHEDELIC INFORMATION CENTRE

BULLETIN NO 12

It was five years ago that I attached myself to the Cambridge group that started the psychedelic movement. In those days we didn't use the word "psychedelic" much - the accepted phrase was "consciousness-expanding drugs", or more briefly, "mushroom", since the Harvard group worked mainly with psilocybin. There was a whole new world in the mushroom, so we said - the key to a stronger, richer human life soon to be made available to every man. We were messianically dedicated, full of the happy excitement of sharing a soon-to-be-public secret that was going to save the world.

Were we like today's novice acidheads? It is hard for me to tell, because my perspective has changed so much. To my younger, naiver eyes, the mushroom people were idealistic as children, brave as Christian martyrs, and full of wisdom. They were an indissoluble family, destined to go forward, hand in hand, to win souls and bring in the Kingdom.

I have no idea what has become of most of them. They are not in the movement any more. Some of the conservative fringe members are still conservative fringe members. Some went "straight". A few flipped out of psychedelics into Meher Baba or some other form of occultism. The original, most enthusiastic members just disappeared, sometimes turning up briefly in this city or that, but no longer activists. The leaders, Leary, Alpert and Metzner, apparently unmoved by the fact that their own group had fallen apart, went out to preach LSD as the key to love and consciousness-expansion, to new starry-eyed kids, forming new groups that fell apart in turn.

For two years I have been publishing a bimonthly Bulletin which concentrated on facts: names, dates, addresses, the correction of rumors, etc., and in which editorializing was kept minimal. I am changing that policy, because I have slowly come to realise that I do readers a disservice to report on things like the Neo-American Church, the League for Spiritual Discovery, the psychedelic shops and so on, as if I took them seriously. Most of the psychedelic projects I have reported in past Bulletins have flopped, even though the more obvious losers were screened out before printing. Those that remain are a caricature of the psychedelic vision, a mockery of the idealism of youth. If the utopian vision of 1962 was too good to be true, it does not follow that what came out of that had to be this bad.

The word "psychedelic" is ruined; it might as well be scrapped by those who still wish to speak earnestly about their experience. Psychedelic now means gaudy illegible posters, gaudy unreadable tabloids, loud parties, anything paisley, crowded noisy discotheques, trinket shops and the slum districts that patronize them. There was something I used to mean by psychedelic, but if those posters are psychedelic, that other thing isn't. Put "psychedelic" down along with "community," "love," "religion" and other good words the hippies, with the help of Leary & Co., have corrupted.

Whatever happened to the Neo-American Church Boo Hoos whose names I used to publish (and what will happen to the new ones)? Art Kleps, "your Chief Boo Hoo," went to Florida where he knew there was a warrant for his arrest, got raging drunk, picked a fight with his ex-wife and passed out in a railroad station where he was picked up by police and, when his identity was learned, held on the old charge. (This is what he means when he writes in his recent bulletin, "This is not a good test case too messy.") I made the mistake of feeling sorry for him and raised $1000 for his bail, only to have him retreat into Millbrook and refuse to appear for trial, thus causing me to lose most or possibly all of the bail money. He is able to get away with this because psychedelic people have such short memories, and because they apparently do not expect their leaders to be trustworthy.

Not the least consequence of all this is the loss of the possibility of trust. A sensitive person can no longer distribute LSD after seeing how it is used. One can no longer buy LSD, the dealers cannot be trusted. It is unlikely I will ever go anybody's bail again. No old head expects much of any newly announced psychedelic project (unless it goes commercial, and then it may become big and rich, but irrelevant).

Vacant-faced kids drop by the Psychedelic Information Centre and ask, "what's happening?" Pressed for what they mean, they usually turn out to be looking for a rock band, or maybe a shop selling buttons, or news of the latest busts. I have nothing for them that they want, and they go away puzzled - they thought I had a Thing here, but it turns out to be just a few publications, no flashing lights, so it isn't hip.

There's still the same thing happening, of course, that's been happening since psychedelics became available: the possibility of having an experience that will reawaken a person to the basic truths he understood as a child, and point the way to becoming a better man or woman. (But even this possibility is cut off for many of the kids - they have had 100 trips and are jaded. Thus we have pathetic rumors about drugs "stronger than acid.")

That would be the only psychedelic happening that I'd be interested in - if a few people could be helped to lead better lives with the aid of psychedelics. If the Indians can do it with peyote, it should be possible for us - if we could just get clear of the cultish, flashy, idiotic pseudo-underground.

LAPEL BADGES

the gassiest slogans

2 I'M NON-FATTENING
3 Support Mental Health, or I'll kill you
4 I'M A MOD
8 I'M AN ENEMY OF THE STATE
9 EVERY LITTLE BITCH COUNTS
10 I'M EROTICA
11 AVAILABLE !
12 I'M A VIRGIN
13 WILSON FOR EX-PREMIER
14 Drinka Pinta BLOODA Day
15 I'M MAD FOR IT
16 UP WITH MINI-SKIRTS
17 I'M TOO NERVOUS
18 YES PLEASE
27 I'M READY
28 SCILLY WILSON
29 LETS MAKE LOVE
30 I'M A GOOD GIRL, COAX ME
31 TAKE ME, OR PUSH OFF
32 L.S.D. FOR EVER
33 LICENSED TO LOVE
34 NO ! SO DON'T ASK ME
35 HOWS ABOUT SHhh.. you know what
36 IF IT MOVES. FONDLE IT
37 Looks Good, Feels Good & Phew
40 UN-BUTTON
41 I FEEL SEXY !
42 I'VE NEVER HAD IT so good
43 FAMILIARITY BREEDS ATTEMPT
44 NO ENTRY !
46 IF YOU LOVE ME, GRIN
49 SOME DO, I DON'T
50 LICENSED TO KILL
54 EX-VIRGIN
55 SOME WILL, I WON'T
56 I'VE HAD IT
57 TEACH ME TONIGHT
58 MAO THINKS TOO MUCH
59 I NEED WEED
61 I WAS BREAST FED
62 RAVISH ME
63 THIS IS A NICE BADGE
64 ANTI ARM-PIT LEAGUE
65 BREED !
66 I LIKE BLUE TITS
67 I'M A SECRET RAVER
68 MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR
69 FLOWER POWER
70 DEFROST ME
71 GET STUFFED
72 DON'T FIGHT IT, FEEL IT

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IN
MEMORIAM
HOMO
SAPIENS
EXTINCT
WE
LUV
YOU!

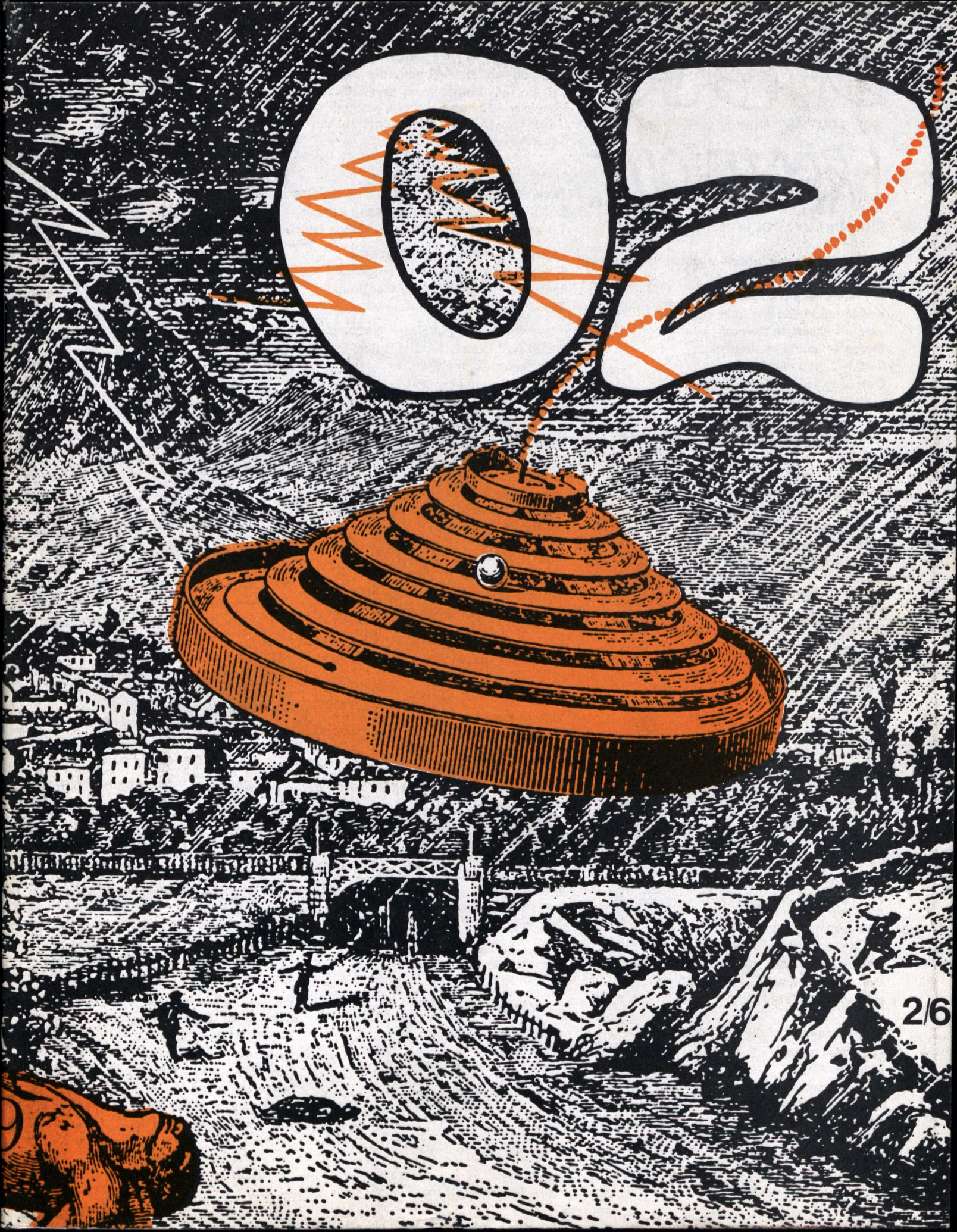
neville/hawson.

This section is part of OZ magazine No. 8. and must not be sold separately.

Lawson/Clive-Smith

GEUVARA IS DEAD... LONG LIVE GEUVARA!

"There is no definition of socialism which makes sense for us", said Che Geuvara, "but the abolition of exploitation of one man by another". Or of one country by another. The West is Billy Bunter in a world of Oliver Twists and Geuvara saw no boundaries; for exploiters are running free in Athens and Djakarta, Saigon and the Congo. So he taught tin miners to throw dynamite, mountain Indians to use their traps for war. The Doctor took up a carbine (yet lagged behind the geurilla bands of the Cuban revolution to care for the wounded on both sides). Men like Geuvara are too big and angry for our world of typewriters and soft hands; too big for the courtroom of Camiri, too honest for those fat men in the Kremlin who ordered their parties to betray the geurillas and whose revolution goes on in drapes and velours, and too serious to live into middle age


OZ
2/6

DYLAN

SONG POEMS NEW STUFF

"FREEZE-OUT"

THE MILLION DOLLAR BASH

Well the big dumb blonde with her wheel gorged
turned to the friend of hers
with his cheques all forged
and his cheeks in a chunk
with his cheese in the cash,
theyre all gonna be there at
that million dollar bash
Ooh baby , ooh ee,e . . . its that
million dollar bash

Everybodys ridin out to over there
and back
the louder they come
the bigger they crack
come now, sweep clean
dont forget to flash
we're all gonna meet at
that million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh eee . . . its that
million dollar bash

Well i took my counsellor out to the barn
silly nellie was there
she told him a yarn
then along came jones,
emptied the trash
everybody went down to that
million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh eee . . . its that
million dollar bash

Well ive hit her too hard
my stones wont take
i get up in the morning
but its too early to wake
first its hello
goodbye
then pushing
then crash!
but we're all gonna make it at that
million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh eee . . . its that
million dollar bash

Well i looked at my watch i looked at my wrist
i punched myself
in the face
with my fist
i took my potatoes
down to be mashed
then i made it on over
to that million dollar bash
Oohooh baby, ooeee, oohoo baby ooheee
its that million dollar bash ©

TINY MONTGOMERY SAYS HELLO!

Well you can tell everybody down in ole Frisco
Tell em Tiny Montgomery says hello.
Now every boy an girl gonna get their thing
Cause Tiny Montgomery's gonna shake that thing!
Tell em everybody down in ole Frisco that Tiny Montgomery's comin
down to say hello

Skinny-Moo and T-Bone Frank
They're all gonna take on down by the Bounty Bank
One bird book, and a buzzard and a crawl
Tell em all Tiny Montgomery's gonna say hello!

Scratch your dad and do that bird
Suck that pig and bring it on home.
Paint that dream and nose that dough
Tell em all that Tiny says hello!

Now he's the King of Drunk and he squeezes too . . .
Watch out, Lester . . . take it Lou
Join the Monk, the CIO
Tell em all that Tiny says hello!

Now bitch that gig
And play it blank
Tell em to go on out and gas that dog.
Track on in
Flower that snow
Take it on down
Begin to grow
Now play that load
An pick it up
Take it on in
In a bottle truck
Three legged man in a hotlip hold
Tell em all that Montgomery says hello!

Well you can tell everybody down in ole Frisco
Tell em all that Montgomery says hello! ©

I SEE MY LIFE COME SHINING

They say everything can be replaced
yet every distance is not near
so i remember every face
of every man who put me here

I see my life come shining
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released

They say every man needs protection
They say every man must fall
yet i swear i see my reflection
some place so high above this wall

I see my life come shining
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released

Now you all see standing
in this lonely crowd
a man who swears he's not to blame
all day long
i hear his voice shouting so loud
crying out that he was framed

I see my life come shining
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released ©

CRASH ON THE LEVEE

Crash on the levee mama
waters gonna overflow
swamps gonna rise
slow boats gonna roll
Now you can train on down
to Williamspoint
you can bust your feet
you can rock this joint
Aah mama
aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
You gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow

Now dont you try to move me
you're just gonna lose
there's a crash on the levee
and mama you been refused
Well its sugar for sugar
and salt for salt
if you go down in the flood
its gonna be your fault
Aah mama aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
Yes you gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow

Well the high tides risin
mama dont you let me down
pack up your suitcase
mama dont you make a sound
Now its king for king
queen for queen
theres gonna be the meanest flood
that anybody seen
Oh mama aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
yes you're gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow ©

9 Feb 1968

USO *A Home Away from Home*

—2—

just managed to get the flames out before it blew up. I heard later one of them was on acid at the time. what a trip!

Two of my buddies, Ricky & Steve got busted last week for grass. They're really watching us now man, but there's piles of stuff around as well as lots of hash. There've been days when the whole base smelled like Tonkins Sq. Park. The grass comes from Cambodia, I've heard, but anybody who's been in Saigon says it's as easy to score as get laid and often both at once. Out in the field we get mostly hash because R&R in Saigon has been restricted lately and hash is so much easier to stash in a spot check. There are opium dens in S. incidentally, a couple right across from the Caravelle and supposedly operated by the Cong. But I don't dig that shit. Pot's fine for me and most of the other guys around, who can at least thank the Army for one thing — turning them into heads. Some days everybody for miles around seems stoned. They've all got those sunny grins on their faces, you know, and we salute each other — "Peace!" It really breaks us up.

RVNAF (the S. Vietnam gov. radio station) now has some teenybopper disc jockey chick called Mai-lan, which means M

Paul Lawson

OZMOSIS

John Steinbeck II, just back from Bien Hoa, embarrassed the Pentagon and his super hawk dad when he revealed that 75% of American troops stayed stoned throughout their Vietnam year. It only costs fifteen dollars. Unreported so far in England, the fact that troops going on R & R, rest and recreation leave, in nearby Asian capitals, are marketing Viethash to pay for the holiday. Even Sydney's lackadaisical drug squad have been embarrassed into arresting an Ally a day.

If your eyes were up to reading, Lisa Bieberman's Psychedelic News Sheet No. 12, last issue, you might still be relishing her axe-job on Arthur Kleps. Kleps is the Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo American Church, the post-Leary religious organisation whose sacrament is peyote and whose ministers or Boo Hoos, seminary a five dollar note,are required by their faith to turn people on—sure grounds for a draft deferment. Kleps hits back hard at Bieberman in the latest issue of Divine Toad Sweat, the 'Dilated House Organ of the Church.'

Lisa Bieberman: You may have seen Lisa's muckraking bulletin or her article in the New Rupublic. I agree with much of what she has to say about the movement, and would only add, "so what?" Most people in the movement are fools for the same reason that most people in the telephone book are fools—statistical probability. Lisa has always tested the behaviour of others against some imaginary standard of correct behaviour appropriate to her own fears and limitations, rather than trying to asses the alternative and do what is possible with what is at hand. I am no more a standard Hippie than she is, but I enthusiastically advocate this life style for the majority of young people today. Conversely, although I am about as Red as you can get without being a tomato, I am quite happy to number among my closest friends some millionaires whom I consider to be blood-sucking parasitical imperialist conspirators. Lisa, and too many of the Hippies she finds so repugnant, share a common infantile conceit, they consider their tastes more important than their policy, and even, in extremis, wholly define their policy as the extension of their tastes. As for her personal attack on me, all I can say is (1) the bail money she solicited has not been forfeited or used to pay a fine as of the present date (2) almost all of it was raised from friends of mine who know that I know that they know that I know, etc. etc.—It would be an insult to ask, "May I borrow the $100 you put up for a few months to pay the fine, or would you rather see me in prison?" (3) If I am forced by necessity to pay the fine out of the bail money, it will only amount to $500 or so and the people who need cash in hand at once will get their contribution back at once (4) Lisa seems to think the circumstance of my being picked up passed out drunk in the Sarasota Railroad Station is evidence of moral iniquity and mental dengeneracy so desperate as to make public disclosure obligatory. I should be, I supose, "disgraced" in the eyes of all those Sunday School superintendent acid heads out there to whom Lisa so coquetishly addresses herself ("Look Ma, I take drugs!". Yes, folks, I had, indeed, on that occasion, more-or-less voluntarily, rendered myself unconscious in a public place (no private place was available). How about that? Some people, of course, lead affectional lives so rigorously ordered and curcumscribed that they never experience losses, anguish which may verge on the unbearable. I have noticed that these people very frequently end up rendering themselves dead in private places.To each his own.

Mixed media. Secker & Warburg, Studio Vista and almost every book publishing house have begun publishing film scripts. While moviemakers like Peter Whitehead, and Ian Cameron have begun publishing books. On films. Our McLuhan award goes to Whitehead and Andrew Sinclair's, Lorimer Publishing, who have corned the market in Godard and the more memorable classics and will be bringing out a title a month for the next three years.

Not all the good movies in town are at the New Cinema Club, which is getting round the censorship hangup, though their Chelsea Girls is a very bland strip of celluloid. The uncut version is expected to be presented by the BFI in conjunction with the Arts Lab soon. Meantime try and take in Alain Jessua's 'Comic Strip Hero' at the Cinephone.

U.P.S.

BLOW UP!

The photograph is the one taken by Mary Moorman with her Polaroid camera as President Kennedy was being assassinated.

David Lifton, a graduate student at UCLA, made an examination of the Moorman photo in 1965 and discovered the man shown in the series of blow-ups. He is holding a straight object in his hands and possibly may have actually fired a frontal shot at the President's car as it came up the street. This can not be determined from this photo but it is important to note that the existence of this man at that time and place contradicts the Warren Commission report on the assassination, which denies that anyone stood behind this wall or the picket fence.

This photograph proves the presence of at least one man, No. 5, half hidden behind the wall on the knoll, at the time of the shooting. The published Warren Commission documents do not reveal the presence of any individual behind the wall or fence at that time, either in an official capacity or otherwise; and Joseph Ball, senior commission counsel (who identifies himself as being in charge of this area of the investigation), explicitly denies that any one was there.

Since the subject area of the knoll is generally consistent with that designated by most witnesses as the source of at least one shot, No. 5 man must logically be considered an important suspect. This would be true even if it were not a fact that he appears to be holding a straight object.

The photograph and surrounding circumstances demonstrate graphically and powerfully the urgent need for a complete reinvestigation of the assassination of President Kennedy.

Reprinted from the Los Angeles Free Press, No 175, Dec. 1, 1967.

(Re: OZ No 3, Mark Lane.)

1.

Is this one of the Kennedy Assassins?

Why doesn't the 'Moorman Photo' appear as a Warren Commission Exhibit?

Who is this man?

What is the straight object he appears to be holding in his hands?

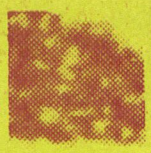
Why is he on the grassy knoll, half hidden behind the wall at the time Kennedy was shot?

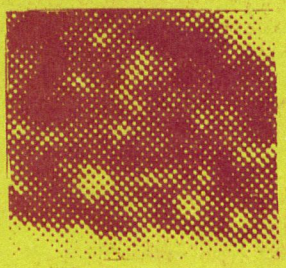
Why does Counsel Joseph Ball insist that there was no one either behind the wall or the picket fence?

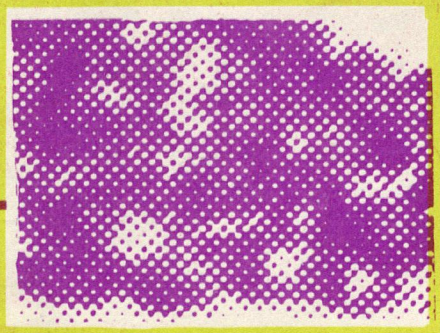
7.

DRAWING BY RICHARD HEFFEREN
M.I.T. GRAPHIC ARTS SERVICE

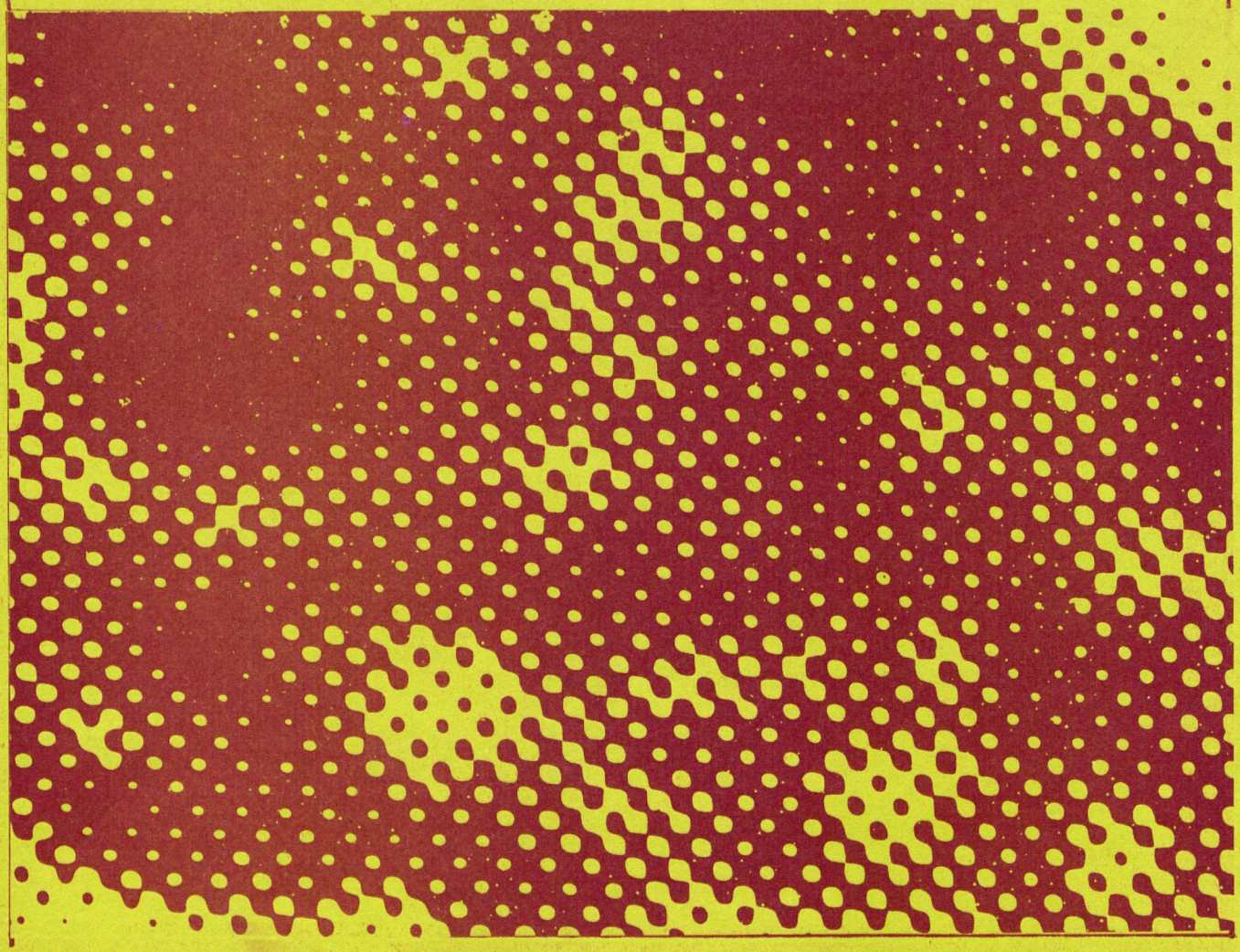
2.

3. 

4. 

5. 

6. Stand back a few paces to view.



The DIGGER THING is your thing ....IF YOU ARE REALLY.....

Unless we can wipe out the menacing mountain of evil karma accumulated by the human race, it will soon crush out love, freedom, enlightenment and all that is beautiful in the world. To avert this catastrophe we must act quickly, for time is not on our side. It cannot be overemphasised that delay will surely spell doom of the love revolution.

...TURNED ON!

Alex Lowsiewkee

The modern diggers are the dharma descendants of the Diggers who tilled common land and practised sharing in the England of 1649 and whose declared aims were to 'lay the Foundation of making the Earth a Common Treasury for All' and to create a new society in which all would 'as one man, working together, and feeding together . . . not Lording over another, but all looking upon each other, as equals'. But without reference to any historical affiliation, the term 'digger' may simply be defined in the present day revolutionary context as 'a person who digs love, freedom and sharing and *acts* on his understanding'.

The first of the modern diggers emerged from the hippie community in the autumn of 1966 in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. They made history there by dishing out free food to all comers, running a free store called *'The Free Frame of Reference'* where goods were given away free, providing crash pads in their communes for dropouts and distributing a free newsheet (Communication Company, San Francisco).

This pattern of action has been taken up in one way or another by diggers in other cities and towns on the North American continent. The digger movement is spreading fast over...

CONTINUED

People get annoyed because OZ isn't laid-out like the 'New Statesman'.

'You publish some extraordinary articles,' they say, 'but no one can take them seriously when they're printed upside down in circles in purple ink.'

Yes, they can. That's why OZ is banned at Parkhurst Prison. Their library committee take OZ very seriously. The police in Piccadilly take OZ seriously too. That's why they cautioned the newsvendor for selling OZ. (He doesn't sell it anymore.) And the man who sent the editor 24 cakes of Coal Tar soap takes OZ seriously. (We wish more people would send us soap – you can't have a bath with abusive letters.) Best thing to send us is 30/–. Then you'll find out whether OZ is just a load of psychedelic rubbish or the most creative and stimulating monthly magazine in the world. • HA! • HA! H...A....

Rubbish from past issues:

Michael X and the Flower Children . . . The Poetry of Bob Dylan . . . Letter from a Greek Gaol . . . The Coca Cola King of Kathmandu . . . Mark Lane's famous exposé of the BBC . . . Peter Porter's 'Metamorphoses' . . . Toad of Whitehall . . . The Great Alf Conspiracy . . . Mind Benders of Mayfair . . . How to take acid. . . .

Plus **Angelo Quattrochi** on De Gaulle, Italy and Russia . . . **David Widgery** on Guevara, the quality Sunday's, hippies . . . **Anthony Haden-Guest** on Girodias . . . **Ray Durgnat** on Marshall McLuhan, suicide and sex . . . **Edward de Bono** on lateral thinking . . . **Elizabeth Smart** on picking her nose.

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11 Lever Street, EC1. CLE 4882

A YEAR'S SUPPLY PSYCHEDELIC RUBBISH (PLUS 3 BACK ISSUES) FOR 30/-

there and diggers are now developing land-based love communes where they grow their own food, and even building their own 'drop cities'.

Over here in England we are lagging behind - but we'll soon catch up. However when moving into the third phase of the love revolution, we must appreciate that the circumstances existing here are somewhat different from those in America. So, although we can learn a lot from the experiences of our American dharma brothers and sisters, it may be necessary for us to evolve a somewhat different course of action.

As I see it, the most essential and urgent thing is the creation of love communes, each with its own land, houses and means of production for primary as well as secondary goods.

At present most of the land, houses and means of production are in the hands of the state and private capitalists; so we have to play their money-game and score bread to buy these things (or rather *retrieve* these things, for they belong to everyone by right of birth and our share has been filched from us).

If you're a real love revolutionary, give us your support, and come and join your dharma comrades in developing the London Diggers' Love Commune. Let's all get in touch as soon as we can.

OZ Magazine
The International Times
Family Dog Productions
The Arts Laboratory
The Tribe of The Sacred Mushroom
The Hyde Park Digger Movement
The 192A People & The Exploding Galaxy
and Alex Lowsiewkee
invite you to the Commune's Forum and/or Ceremony of 'Breaking Ground', to be held in March.
Date to be announced.
Please write to Diggers, c/o OZ Magazine NOW.

When we've got the communes on the groove, we'll support and expand the whole of Hipville by giving away some of our surplus produce free to hippies and diggers in need of them, and by selling the rest in hippie shops, preferably at prices which will appreciably undercut those of the profiteering hucksters of Squareville. The bread obtained from the sale will go partly to support those hippie shops and hippie enterprises which have to survive in the grab-world of straight society, and partly to reinvestment in land, etc. for the communes.

We'll automate our means of production and do our own scientific and technological research as soon as possible. And when we've done that, we could easily flood the market with cut-price and free goods because we would be unaffected by the hassles of big-profit margins and engineered scarcity which string out the squares.

The potential of the love economy is limitless, and we'll realise more and more of it as we devop our love communes. Meanwhile let's wise up on what a love commune really is.

What Is A Love Commune?
A love commune is a group of diggers practising together the digger dharma of love, freedom and sharing. It is a nucleus of the love society and has a love economy. It is interlinked with other love communes all over the world in a love network.

For the digger dharma to be a concrete reality within the love commune, all diggers must be hip to certain fundamental points of the dharma and practise these within their love communes. The following are some of these points whose reification characterises the fully-developed love commune.

Point On Love In The Love Commune In Full Flower.

(1) There is love in everyone for all sentient beings.

(2) In everyone there is the openness and nakedness of love and complete freedom from all square hangups.

(3) Everyone has arrived at that enlightened state of expanded awareness known as yung-huo (in chinese). This is a state best described as freedom from possessive or clinging attachment to things.

(4) In everyone there is sympathetic and compassionate understanding for the failings and deficiencies of others.

When these points are realised, there will be true communion between the diggers of the commune. Love communes are powered by love and it's love that makes what's human divine.

Points On Freedom And Sharing In The Love Commune In Full Flower.

(1) The love commune is an anarchistic organisation without any authoritarian hangups. This means it has no place for such megalomanic frauds and con-men as leaders and bosses and quack gurus.

(2) All work as far as possible is shared by all. There is no swindle like a permanent 'division of labour' which inevitably leads to division of people into different classes.

(3) All knowledge and enlightenment are shared and made available and free to all. This means that there is no monopolistic professionalism. This means diggers can and will evolve into versatile or even universal cats and chicks with their beautiful potentialities maximally realised, and thus become the forerunners of the fully aware and enlightened beings of the coming Aquarian Age. And each digger contributes to the love commune according to his or her ability.

(4) All material goods of the commune are shared out to each digger according to his or her need or, when the goods are abundant, simply made available and free to all.

(5) All drudgery, toiling and moiling are automated out of productions so that everyone can have as much leisure as possible to do his or her own thing.

(6) Everyone is free to do his or her own thing on the understanding that he or she does not shit on the freedom of others.

(7) To ensure true personal freedom, no one is treated or regarded as the property of another - this applies to children as well as adults. No one has any 'rights' over another and parents have no 'rights' over their children.

(8) The freedom, well-being, education and enlightenment of children are the responsibility of the whole commune.

(9) To ensure true sexual freedom, the sexual relationship between a couple is treated as a mutual arrangement which is freely entered into and which may be of as long or short a duration as is convenient to both parties. It may be freely broken at any time by either party and both may then make new arrangements with new parties - a current arrangement automatically cancelling out a previous one. The sexual arrangement is regarded as entirely the concern of the couple involved and is not subjected to the unsolicited interference of a third party. All sexual matters are freely discussed and openly illustrated and demonstrated as desired.

(10) There are neither putdowns like laws, rules and regulations nor putons like pharisaic respectability and morality and 'holier-than-thou' attitudes. The lifeways of the diggers are always entirely a matter of love and understanding.

The foregoing points, if fully realised, will raise the practice of freedom and sharing to a new high in human society.

Practical Side-Issues And The Revolutionary Praxis.
The diggers of each love commune will work out for themselves the practical details not only of the diggers' dharma but also of certain side-issues which may arise from their particular environment.

For example, in the early days of love commune development it may be of value or even indispensable for some communes to have weekend or part-time diggers. Again it may be useful or necessary for some diggers to learn kung-fu and/or judo and/or karate for self-defence against the brutal violence of thugs, bullies and other crooks and evil elements, including sadistic fuzz.

If our revolutionary praxis is a living and tuned-in one, it can easily cope with such side-issues. To keep the praxis evergreen and always in tune and in touch, it is essential to have a revolutionary critique and a revolutionary dialogue among the diggers to ensure that each and every practical detail pertaining to the praxis will be both meaningful and effective.

The London Diggers' Love Commune.
With this point in view, my dharma comrades associated with *OZ* magazine, *The International Times* newspaper, Family Dog Productions, The Arts Laboratory, The Tribe of The Sacred Mushroom, The Hyde Park Digger Movement (The Flower Children), The 192A People and The Exploding Galaxy, and myself invite all love revolutionaries to join us at the first open forum of The London Diggers' Love Commune, which will be convened to discuss the launching of the commune. We also invite everybody to the commune's first 'Breaking Ground' ceremony to be held on a subsequent occasion. **If you are interested and would like to participate in the forum and/or the ceremony, please write to:**
Diggers,
c/o OZ Publications Ink Ltd.,
38A Palace Gardens Terrace,
London W8.

OZ NO 9 February 1968

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WE'RE BACKING THE WORLD

Dear Sir,

Although suicide is no longer a crime, it remains an offense to aid , abet or counsel suicide in specific cases. Raymond Durgnat's letter in the last issues of your journal almost arouses the wish that the encouragement of suicide in general should be subject to the same penalties. He will no doubt attempt to shelter behind the distinguished poets from whom he quotes. But this would be to take these verses outside the context of their authors' obvious concern with the betterment of human life. Great art is on the side of Life, never of Death.

Yours sincerely,
David Holbrook

Dear Sir,

I am not in the least surprised that your correspondent Raymond Durgnat has failed to find a suitable suicide prescription.

His article is garlanded with quotations from various kinematograph entertainments and from such such minor literary figures as Messrs Housman and Keats. If he had turned aside from these pootling foothills, and directed his attention towards my towering plays, he would immediately have found the recipe he requires.

In 'The Millionairess', which I presented to the world almost one-third of a century ago, Epifania Fitzfassenden, nee Ognisanti di Parerga, approaches her solicitor, Julius Sagamore, with a similar request, and is immediately gratified with the following instructions:

'You will have to sign the chemist's book for the cyanide. Say it is for a wasp's nest. The tartaric acid is harmless; the chemist will think you want it to make lemonade. Put the two separately in just enough water to dissolve them. When you mix the two solutions the tartaric and potash will combine and make tartrate of potash. This, being insoluble, will precipitate to the bottom of the glass; and the supernatant fluid will be pure hydrocyanic acid, one sip of which will kill you like a thunderbolt.'

Time spent on the enjoyment of the loftier peaks of English literature is never wasted.

Yours,

G.B.S.

Raymond Durgnat replies:
So stalwart an exponent of the life-force as Mr Shaw cannot but command one's respect. He has, perhaps, had a little difficulty in understanding the problems of the weaker candidates for suicide, with whose plight I probably find it easier to identify: with those who could hardly face the complex task of conning a chemist of asking for cyanide in a nonchalant voice, of looking as if they have access to a garden with wasps' nests.

Dear Sir,

After reading John Wilcox' 'blue print for a beautiful community (OZ No 7) - almost arose from apathy to comment - J.W.'s enthusiasm for freebie dogma overpowered his capacity for reason (assuming he has one) and faith in politics and willingness for compromise with the Establishment, in the last paragraph was excrutiatingly nauseous. Despite these emotional reactions I was silent, not wishing to shatter the tranquil intellectual progress of your readers and amigos.

Come OZ No 8, and remarkable Angelo Quattrochi's sermon upon the freakdom of Russia (which has rushed nowhere slow) stating criticisms and targets supernaturally parallel to my own. Russia is now fast retracting within its own A.M.M. shell. The Gremlin has decided that it is now prepared to undergo a nuclear attack (vis civil exercises resumed) and has redetermined to undermine PEACEFUL co-existence.

With more unstable regimes, an expanding wipeout gang, population explosion, germ warfare, famine, race war, Chinese missiles etc. ad infinitum, posing a mushroom threat to the very continuance of man; the time has come for a radical ideological change . . . NOW! It should be intolerable to us to contemplate the total eradication of life on earth. (see 'Words' by J-P Sartre)

Leo Tolstoy, a religious anarchist, had a solution which Ghandi proved practical in India in the forties: He advocated rule by Love, i.e. abolition of organized authority. This would mean the free association of individuals, no armed forces, courts, prisons or written law. Hippies believe in a peaceful transition to anarchy Regis Debray & Che Guevara demand revolution,as do 'Tomorrow' on their last record. It is not these aims which require debate only the methods advocated for achieving them. Peaceful anarchists like Tolstoy proposed refusal by the people to

1) render military service
2) to pay taxes
3) to recognise the courts and the police;

while Guevarian radicals proposed armed insurrection and revolution by the people at the 1877 & 1907 International Anarchist Congresses. Their common purpose . . . the collapse of the established order!

Assuming that the world 'civilisation' is truly doomed these are the alternatives facing us: extinction, revolution, or transition peacefully. This first is ludicrous and the other two are dependent upon how much time we feel we can spare. Hippies are a long term solution whereas the Revolutionaries believe the problem to be more urgent, thereby requiring more radical action. It remains to be seen which method humanity will choose, provided it has time to do so!

Yours sincerely,
N.A. Megson (optimist)
Solihull,
Warwickshire.

Dear Sir,

I would have thought that such a lavish presentation as your Che Guevara fold-in merited a bit more attention than it obviously received.

I can visualize your design and layout people congratulating each other over their latest neo-psychedelic, total man, super-hero creation.

'Are you sure it's Gee- Eee- Ewe? who cares, man they'll know who he is. We'll explain all that at the bottom, and we'll throw in g - e - urillas just to really upset everyone.'

'Men like Guevara are too big and angry for our world of typewriters and soft hands.'

You said it and I bet He'd puke if he could see the hollow tribute you've paid him.

Yours,

J. Russell Wimbush
13 Ladbroke Cresc.,
London W.11.

All advertising enquiries to Penny Service at FLA 5785.

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The Nature of Vision by Jeff Nuttall
Roy Lichtenstein interview
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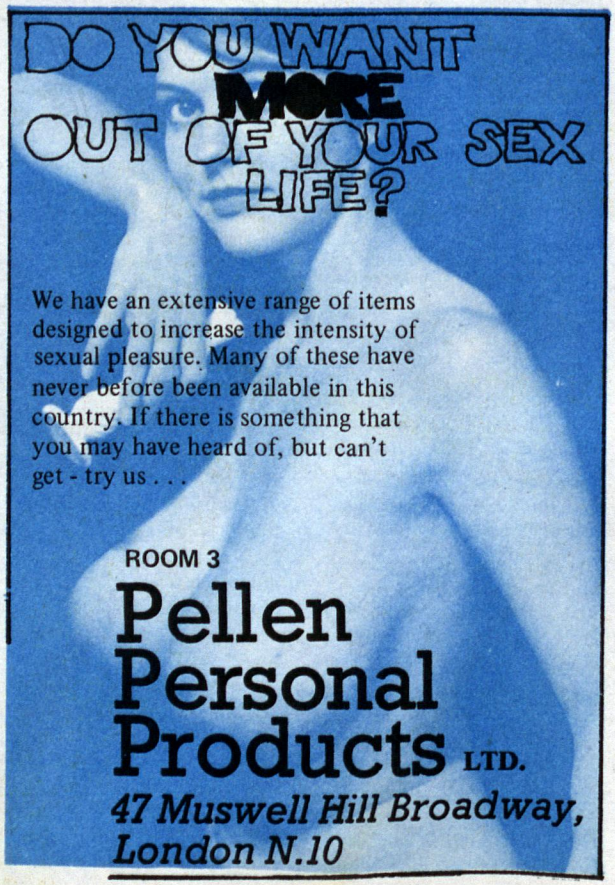

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From Michael X, Swansea

The last time I sat down to write I had no idea where the writing would lead: a book, however, came out of it. In that document I find that I was consistently accusing myself. Well to that I say 'beautiful' for the more I accuse myself the more I have the right to judge you. Better yet I make you judge yourself, which makes it that much less necessary for me to do it.

Don't matter where I start from. It can be called a bad start, but still let us compare feelings. I would like to say let us compare facts. But then I may take offence as what you present to me as fact, and here lies one of the strange dichotomies that arises whenever we speak to each other. So, like I said to the judge, (in Reading) I have no doubt that some of the things I say may sound offensive to your ears, but please bear in mind that your words may unknowingly have been an assault on my ears all my life. Nonetheless, these words must be spoken for with meaningful dialogues we may yet be able to contain the conflagration.

At this precise moment I visualise myself talking to people: black people, white people, and, this is important, the others, for so many people to-day are in the strange state of limbo. I would like to describe what I mean when I say white people. They include some folk with black skins with thoughts as grey as the majority of anglo-saxons and of course the majority of anglo-saxons, they are white people.

It seems strange to me that I use two words like 'White Monkeys' and white people get very offended, when in point of fact that is being quite kind, for I could have said 'white man' and that is probably the nastiest thing that a black man could call another human being, and daily, they, the grey ones, hear it and never even get slightly upset.

To-day I look back at that trial in Reading and I see what was really needed were interpretors, for during this monumental farce the judge invited me to come and stand two or three feet away from him. Me, who has always said that there is more of us than them. Yes, me, who sincerely believes that there is only one way to go when you are sure you are going, and that's taking one of them with you. That judge could not have understood a word I was saying for all that he had between him and his maker was those two or three feet of empty space. Judges, I believe, are the main bastions of grey thought. The greys are few but they are powerful. They have succeeded in splitting us in so many bits that it isn't funny. They create mythical alliances and we see them as real. For example when the word 'White' is used in relation to racial issues all the pink people, all the pale faces together with the greys see themselves as a monolithic group and act accordingly. This unique power of persuasion, through which the greys have ruled for centuries I call the grey super power super structure. It claims almost every media of mass communication. It is almost unbeatable, for people are naturally attracted to that which is strong. And all the pink idiots identify there.

How many pink or pale faced readers will actually renounce this alliance and come and fight the good fight with us, for man, for free man? No. I have heard them: 'you are right, but . . . '. Please, please, ask yourselves this for anyway you care to look at it there is more us than you.

And still they pretend not to understand for they see finally that truth is facing them, so they ask 'What is really wanted is apartheid in reverse, isn't it?' How can I answer after trying so hard to show the many shades of man.

So I evade the question, for I know they will be no better off if I say 'No' in reply. Instead we talk a bit about South Africa and they say that apartheid is abhorent. I make my final plea - can't you see now why our struggle must be international? What are we going to do when black people begin to storm Johannesburg, Durban, Capetown? What role are you going to take then? For it is obvious that this country will go the way of protecting its financial interests in South Africa, which in effect means protecting the grey thinking South Africans. We cannot wait until D-Day to organise ourselves. It is crystal clear that it is the duty of all clean thinkers to be ready to oppose or at least to neutralise the greys.

There you see one example of why we must move now. Letters or even a big advertisement in The Times condemning the action of the British government will not be enough. At this point I will have to fight you too, for then the end will be near and in that sea of faces one cannot identify individuals. When that happens all is lost. Your cause and mine. Just think this is only one example of many such situations around the world. Now I see the problem, they say, but you put it badly, if you will change the language . . . . . Allah be merciful. Give me patience. Give me guidance. Just like the prayer was unheard. Out goes my cool. Instead a torrent of words 'What else must I change?' Why don't you do some changing too? Why is it always me who must change? No. I will not change. This is how I have twisted and turned to please you. I have done your building for centuries. Now I put my foot down. You will have to look at me in the eyes with truth this time or all that you have worked for will go. I can give no more. Naught have I and since that is the legacy for my children like it was for my father and his father before him, so it will be for you and yours. In this world there are two kinds of people - the takers and the took. We have been took. You have always told me what I wanted, now let me tell you what I want . . . . . .

MICHAEL

Justice Partial, Your Lies Are Showing

The week before Christmas, Michael Abdul Malik was taken from Swansea goal to make his fourth court appearance, this time before Lord Chief Justice Parker at the High Court of Appeal. Mr. Pain Q.C. Counsel for the Defence, did all the talking, finding four grounds for appeal.

For a start, in the light of 'The Sunday Times' article which described Malik as 'taking to politics after an unedifying career as brothel-keeper, procurer and property racketeer 'the trial should not have proceeded. Mindful of his career Mr. Pain neglected to press the obvious: that Justice Parker had in this same court a fortnight earlier fined the owners of 'The Sunday Times' £5,000 for contempt of court and was now backpedalling. 'Though the article was likely to have caused an unfair trial', declared Milord Parker, 'in the opinion of this court it did not have that effect'.

Secondly Mr. Pain cited the Reading prosecution's choice of evidence as showing the jury that Malik had been in prison before. Thirdly he showed how the Recorder had failed to put the case fairly to the jury. On the question of Michael's intent the Recorder had presented the jury with a bogus simplification: did Malik understand what he was saying or didn't he? Michael's defence in fact rested on his being of a different background and so using the words in a different sense to that understood by the white majority. For a full hour Michael had explained at his Reading trial why the oppressed cannot and must not accept the culture of their oppressor, how the white man had subverted the black. The Recorder left all that out in his summing up to the jury. The accused was getting personal, the court had listened in absolute silence.

Q.C. Pain made an awkward point for a liberal advocate: that Michael's complaints and abuse related to the system, not to individuals or as the law has it, 'a section of the public distinguished by colour'. Parker, whey-faced and tight-smiling, didn't need to be told this. He dug what was in question, his own top job in that system, and what he had to do with this political criminal, shut him up.

Lastly Defence suggested to Parker it would be a help if he could lay down some precedent for this type of case. Wasn't Michael's sentence of one year excessive for a first offence under the Race Relations Act, hadn't the four coloured speakers tried on the same charge at the Old Bailey been fined £30 with one 2 year binding over? Parker would not be drawn, Defence had failed to pose an intriguing problem for his learned mind to work upon. Each case must be dealt with individually Parker replied and dismissed all four grounds for appeal.

Rather patronisingly Pain suggested that the coloured people had very little political experience and so lacked the background to English public life of an Englishman's sense of what is reasonable and what is not. Had Michael's original speech actually endangered the public peace, did we read that Reading rioted? Or had some chunks of misreported speech disturbed the media-believers' peace of mind? Either way the Race Relations Act was a good stick to beat down a man not deceived by it.

Question for the Establishment: Is Michael Abdul Malik backed by an organisation ready to execute the speaker's calls for action?

Question for the public: If Michael Abdul Malik is fishing in troubled waters (see Political and Economic Planning Report now before Parliament) will the spread of legal oil do more than calm the surface? Discrimination in public places has roots in the private prejudice of individuals. How do you legislate a change of heart?

Guy Gladstone
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Open letter to Castro by Angelo Quattrocchi

Compagnero Fidel,

Back in the Sierra you promised to transform all Cuba's prisons into schools, the army barracks into hospitals.

The Batista tyranny over your country made you first a political opponent, then a guerrilla, and finally a victorious leader - and a Marxist statesman.

Some come to Cuba to see if you have built, if you can build, the schools and the hospitals which you promised. Others come to see how Cuba bears the blockade; what the Cubans eat, what they wear, how they cope. Those who come with small minds - and small questions - leave with their small answers, for the overfed philistines of the world: the Cubans cope well.

Many come claiming that Cuban socialism is subsidized by Russia (and China?) and therefore its achievements and significance are very limited.

You do not need to answer them; they are often the ones who deal in South African gold, they choose their friends.

But I came with different questions, and other hopes.

The hopes of European Marxists; hopes destroyed by Stalin, killed in Hungary, mocked by revisionism.

Seemingly impossible hopes that a change in society means a change in man. The other world, China, has offered us negative hopes: it can only teach us humility, no more.

Cuba, the hostage of the future, suggested more than a geographical diversion. From the start, it promised more than a revised edition of the socialism of the means and the capitalism of the heart. In words made pathetic by our long wait and our historical impotence, we hoped, not only for social justice, but for socialist happiness.

Our questions were simple, and therefore very difficult to formulate. 'When exploitation of one man by another ends,' said Che, 'socialism begins.'

But that is only the beginning; the Russians decided that it was all, and when man's heart didn't change, affirmed that nothing else could be done - and late - pretended that all had been. A socialist dropout of historical proportions.

The Chinese have had to wait for us all, while we ride the ferocious paper tiger, judiciously imparting phosphorous death to the struggling. But Cuba, privileged by its own smallness, its unique position, can go further. The two old hopes of Marxism, elimination of money and the obliteration of the family, are in sight.

Money means a reward for egoism. It is an unnecessary incentive for a free, happy and responsible man.

Family means egoism applied to emotions. A free and happy man does not need to own other people he enjoys them.

Now in the West, young people freed, by chance, from the fear of necessity, are tentatively striving to get rid of these bonds. They are achieving little but offering an image of what our future could be.

Cuba could make reality of their dreams. I am not mistaken: the young work-brigades on the Isla de Pinos are already that future.

But the morality of production must not be allowed to over-ride the ultimate morality of the revolution: human happiness.

Let us speak simply and sincerely. Life is not easy in Cuba - hard work is necessary. Young Cubans are enthusiastic and give their energies to the work in hand. Their society must not only be just, it must also become beautiful. They must invent it, and for that they don't need money, only total freedom of choice and decision, whenever and wherever possible.

A few brigades of ideological dissenters from Europe, the young who have discovered the way of the future through moral dissent, could help.

You, Fidel, could invite them to come. Some will, I know, go next summer to work, they could form the first international brigade of the new revolution. Ask them.

They would not come for love of money, only for love of the revolution - which means love.

Dear Sir,

As a free-lance writer and, at the moment, also an instructor in Magazine Journalism (at Univ. of Iowa), may I say that rarely have I seen a more confused, confusing, botched-looking, noxious, sloppy, tasteless or incoherent magazine than yours. Keep up the good work!

Yours admiringly,

Bob Perlongo
School of Journalism,
University of Iowa,
Iowa 52240, USA.

Dear Sir,

Many congratulations on the success of your magazine 'OZ', biggest confidence trick of the modern age. You are very fortunate in having discovered such a large section of the public who are so naive as to be seduced into buying your superficial magazine.

As a new reader I expected to discover something which, if not revolutionary, may at least be termed original. Regrettably I failed to find this. Certainly, your ideas about sex are completely opposed to the norms of society, similarly your attitude to drug-taking. However, all this proves is that you are able to look at the values of society and decide that yours will be exactly the opposite, hardly a very mature attitude. Constructive thinking is evidently beyond your ability and you are merely able to find fault with the ideas of others, something which is not beyond the most simple-minded

I therefore sympathise with those who think they are discovering some new philosophy in your magazine for they are sadly mistaken.

Yours etc.,

Sheila Ladd
University College,
Glamorgan.

You are making money out of FILTH with your magazine
the so called OZ and I am glad
to see the "people" Newspaper is
about to do something about this and
about time too, there are others of
this works about to become/Angry
at this SLUSH!

IF I COULD TURN YOU ON
IF I COULD DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR
WRETCHED MINDS IF I COULD TELL YOU
I WOULD LET YOU KNOW IF I COULD
TELL
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KNOW

In the beginning God created the heaven and earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said: Let there be light; and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good.

Genesis I.1-4

I believe that there have been civilisations in the past that were familiar with atomic energy, and by misusing it they were totally destroyed.

Frederick Soddy

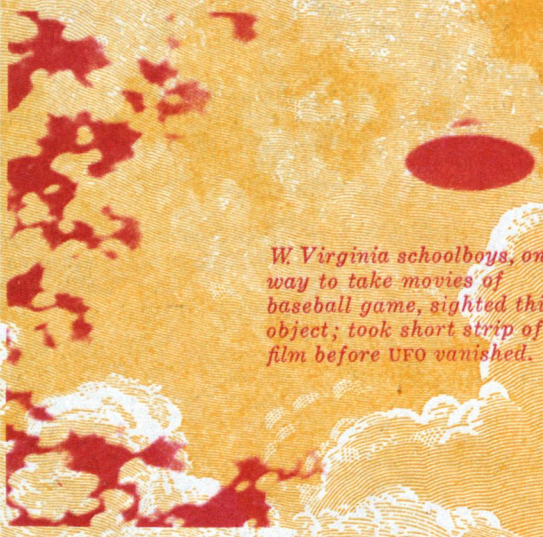
Observing that the human young needs a long period of care and protection, Anaximander concludes that had man always been as he is now, he could not have survived. Therefore he must have been different, that is, he must have evolved from an animal which can fend for itself more quickly. Later, Darwin explained the theory of evolution in terms of natural selection from a universal ancestral organism.

Bertrand Russell, 1959

It may be that other forms of humanity, or rather other thinking beings, made their appearance and disappeared. They may not have left visible traces, but their memory is preserved in legends . . .

Ten thousand years ago an enlightened civilisation controlled the world. It set up in the Frozen North zones of deportation. Now what do we find in Eskimo folklore? References to tribes being transported to the Frozen North at the beginning of time by giant metallic birds. Nineteenth century archaeologists always scoffed at these 'metallic birds'. And what do you think?

Louis Paouwels/Jack Bergier, 1960



W. Virginia schoolboys, on way to take movies of baseball game, sighted this object; took short strip of film before UFO *vanished.*

No matter how cheerful and unsuspicious my disposition may be, when I go to the American Museum of Natural History dark cynicisms arise the moment I come to the fossils or old bones that have been found - gigantic things, reconstructed into terr ifying but 'proper' Dinosaurs. On one of the floors below they have reconstructed the DODO. It's frankly a fiction . . . but it's been reconstructed so cleverly and so convincingly . . .

I think we are property. I should say we belong to something that once upon a time this earth was no-man's land, that other worlds explored and colonised here and fought among themselves for possession, but that now its' owned by something . . .

I suspect that, after all, we are useful - that among contesting claimants adjustment has occured, or that something now has a legal right to us, by force, or by having paid out analogues of beads for us to former owners of us - and that all this has been known, perhaps for ages, to certain ones upon this Earth, a cult, or Order, members of which function like bell-wethers to the rest of us, or as superior slaves or overseers, directing in accordance with instructions received from Somewhere else - in our mysterious usefulness.

In the past, before proprietorship was established, inhabitants of a host of other worlds have dropped here, hopped here, wafted sailed, flown, motored - walked here, for all I know - been pulled here, been pushed; have come singly, have come in enormous numbers; have visited occasionally, have periodically, for hunting, trading, mining, replenishing harems: have established colonies here; far-advanced peoples, or things, and primitive peoples or whatever they were: white ones, black ones, yellow ones . . . We are not alone; the Earth is not alone.

Charles Fort

The recognition of our eternal ignorance does not lead back to religion. In fact the acceptance of our incorrigible ignorance puts us far above the religions. The latter know the ultimate answer to everything. The explanation of everything is embodied for them in a three letter word beginning with G and ending in D, with an O in the middle.

Hans Elias, 1966

It seems certain that the world stands at the threshold of a new Age and that life on our planet in all its forms is enduring the birth pangs that precede a new dispensation . . . In the villages of West Somerset there still exists a tradition which says that: The Day will come when Jesus the Christ will come striding up the lanes from Cornwall on His way to Avalon.

Wellesley Tudor Pole, 1951

How can man be prevailed upon and empowered to make the radical changes in thinking and living which are indispensible for man's survival and for his evolution into a higher state of being?

Talk would be incomplete without mention of telepathic messages purporting to be coming from the inhabitants of other planets, many of them beyond our solar system, which reflect an apprehension that we may, by some foolhardy act set fire to the earths outer atmosphere, which consists largely of helium. These messages are being received in different parts of the world and are generally accompanied by invitations to the effect that our activities have long been observed by these friendly and highly evolved visitors from outerspace, who are ready to welcome us into their interplanetry brotherhood the moment we show signs of becoming a little more civilised. In fact, their purpose in coming is to help their brother man on planet earth as the new age dawns. The principal governments of the world know about these things, but are at present somewhat confused. Clearly nothing is more likely to result in a dramatic transformation almost overnight of the world-wide ordering of affairs on earth than the enforced admission by governments, that government as we know it, including the whole gamut of our national self-defence system, is outdated. Many things are being kept from the peoples of the world which they need to know at this time, but all doubts will soon be replaced as our visitors from outer space begin to show themselves in greater numbers all over the world.

Anthony Brooke, 1965

Secrecy results from the nature of the thing kept secret, and is not necessarily imposed by those who know.

Louis Paouwels/Jack Bergier, 1960

It would clearly be vain to study approaches to human unity and the creation of a planetary society in a narrow perspective divorced from the total stream of our evolutionary development and from significant universal cosmic facts which are widely impinging themselves upon our consciousness at this time. Although there may be need to give careful consideration to whatever institutions, frameworks and laws we may envisage for our world society, it is equally indispensible and even more important to direct our concern to the spirit of our world community in its individual and collective expression and in particular to the ways and means of effecting the release of those infinite divine resources which, like the power locked up in the atom, lie virtually asleep at the core of our individual being. It is an awakening of these latent powers which alone can give glory and meaning to life on earth. Without such an awakening any 'peace' and 'unity' brought about by external arrangements of a formal character will be without substance and will certainly not meet the deepest aspirations of the heart and soul of man.

Anthony Brooke, 1967

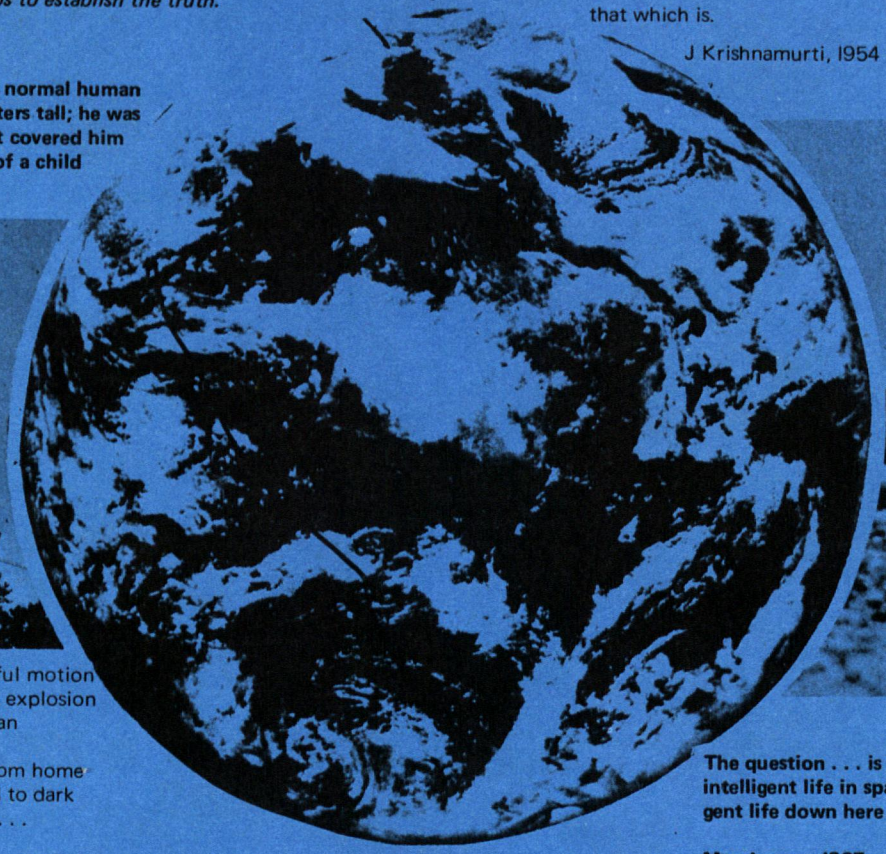
He who seeks to aquire knowledge must first know how to doubt, for intellectual doubt helps to establish the truth.

Aristotle, 360 BC

One of the things, it seems to me, that most of us most eagerly accept and take for granted is the question of beliefs. I am not attacking beliefs. What we are trying to do is to find out why we accept beliefs; and if we can understand the motives, the causation of acceptance, then perhaps we may be able not only to understand why we do it, but also be free of it. One can see how political and religious beliefs, national and various other types of beliefs, do separate people, do create conflict, confusion, and antagonism - which is an obvious fact; and yet we are unwilling to give them up. There is the Hindu belief, the Christian belief, the Buddhist - innumerable sectarian and national beliefs, various political ideologies, all contending with each other, trying to convert each other. One can see, obviously, that belief is separating people, creating intolerance; is it possible to live without belief? One can find that out only if one can study oneself in relationship to a belief. Is it possible to live in this world without a belief - not change beliefs, not substitute one belief for another, but be entirely free from all beliefs, so that one meets life anew each minute? This, after all, is the truth; to have the capacity of meeting everything anew, from moment to moment, without the conditioning reaction of the past, so that there is not the cumulative effect which acts as a barrier between oneself and that which is.

J Krishnamurti, 1954

It was a small creature, with a normal human face, from 1 meter to 1.20 meters tall; he was wearing a transparent suit that covered him completely: he reminded me of a child wrapped in a cellophane bag.



Sun turning round - graceful motion
We're setting off with soft explosion
Bound for a star fiery ocean
It's so very lonely
You're a 100 light years from home
Freezing red desert turned to dark
Energy here in every part . . .

Mick Jagger, 1967

The question . . . is not whether there is intelligent life in space but: is there intelligent life down here on earth?

Max Lerner, 1967

I saw a great star most splendid and beautiful, and with it an exceeding multitude of falling sparks which with the star followed southward. And they examined Him upon His throne almost as something hostile, and turning from Him they sought rather the north. And suddenly they were all annihilated, being turned into black coals . . . and cast into the abyss that I could see them no more.

Hildegard of Bingen, 1195

It seems amazing that man was so philosophically advanced in such ancient times. The mere fact that any culture in those days could deduce the correct explanation for the whiteness of the Milky Way is astonishing! There seems to be more mystery about early man than any anthropologist has guessed.

Joseph F Goodavage, 1967

The *Daily Express* published an interesting account from their representative in Moscow, Mr. Roy Blackman, who wrote to say that Russia is to open the world's first UFO detection agency. He went on to tell how it was revealed over the weekend that a Soviet scientific commission will in future investigate all corroborated sightings of UFOs over the Soviet Union. The commission, he said, is headed by Air Force General Anatoli Stolyerov. The establishment of the agency, added Mr. Blackman, represents a rethinking by Soviet scientists on flying saucers, which have always previously been ridiculed, and he concluded his piece with a reference to the Zigel article, and the new appraisal revealed therein.

One of our friends, recently in Moscow, had given us prior notice, in a letter dated October 25, that a permanent commission had been established on October 18. We also understand, from other sources, that General Stolyerov's No. 2 is the distinguished Dr. Zigel, and that among others the committee includes an unnamed Russian cosmonaut and 18 scientists and astronomers. There will also be 200 qualified observers throughout the country, and the Commission will be particularly interested in persistent reports from the Caucasus, the Urals and Central Asia.

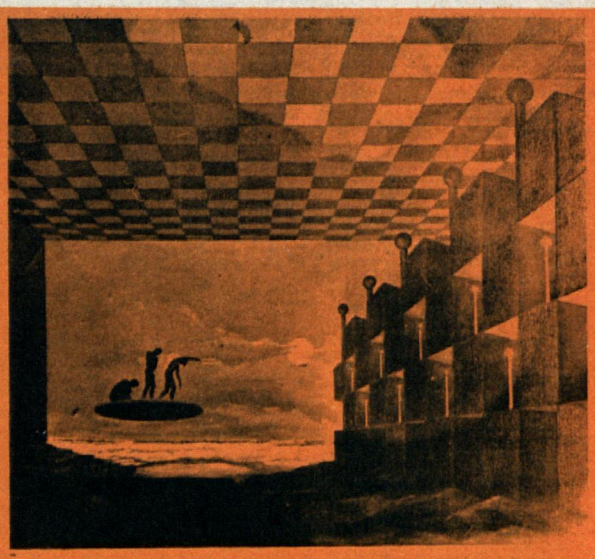
On November 9, 1965, 80,000 square miles of America was plunged into darkness by the failure of the Northeast Power Grid. The magnitude of such a failure; its consequences and its forbidding potential demanded and received instant investigation and general world-wide puzzlement and requests for explanation.

Quick answers were given and hastily retracted.

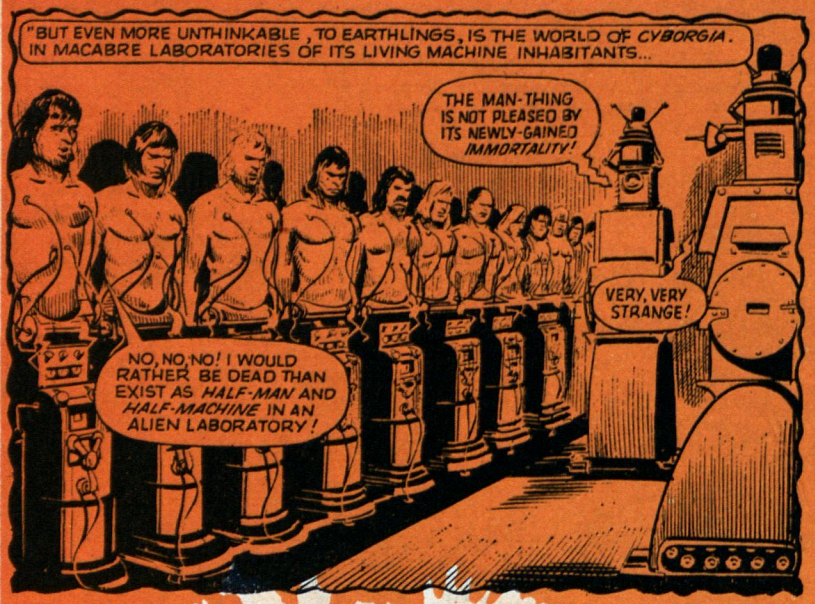
One early explanation was that a line break near Niagara Falls was the cause. This proved not to be the case. The blame switched to power lines near Clay, NY. They were not at fault. Investigators turned their attention to trouble in the Montezuma Marshes near Syracuse. Everything ship-shape. Ultimately the cause was said to have been a malfunctioning tripper at the Sir Adam Beck No 2 plant, in Canada. But authorities admit today that the real cause of the disastrous blackout remains a mystery.

The utility companies, the Air Force and the press made little mention of the reported UFO sighting that afternoon of November 9. Two commercial airline pilots spotted two disc shaped objects flying over Pennsylvania. In pursuit were two jets. At 4.30 p.m. a tremendous burst of speed carried the UFOs out of sight. At 5.30 p.m. a brilliantly glowing light was seen coming down over Syracuse, NY. At that same time 36,000,000 people were plunged into the Great North Eastern Blackout. Two huge fireballs were reported by two sets of reliable witnesses at this same time; one over the airport at Syracuse; the other above the power lines leading to the generating plant at Niagara Falls.

Joseph F Goodavage, 1967



"Lamentations," by the Belgian artist A. M. Rener. Professor C. J. Jung observed that the shape of the "flying saucer" was commonly depicted by artists, generally associated with fantastic themes.



We are no longer living in an age where progress is assessed exclusively in terms of technical and scientific advances. Another factor has to be considered, the same that was envisaged by the Unknown Elite in olden days who showed that Liber Mundi was concerned with 'Something else'.

Louis Paouwels/Jack Bergier, 1960

A man travelling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him.

Coming to a precipice, he swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other.

How sweet it tasted!.

A Zen story

On November 4 Jose Alves of Pontal was fishing in the Pardo River near Pontal. The area was deserted, the night quiet with only a slight breeze blowing from the east. Suddenly Alves spotted a strange craft in the sky, apparently heading towards him. He watched, transfixed, as it closed in with a wobbling motion and landed. It was so near he could have touched it, he said. The object appeared as two wash-bowls placed together, looked to be about ten to fifteen feet in diameter. He was too frightened to run. Three little men, clad in white clothing with close-fitting skullcaps, emerged from a window-like opening in the side of the small craft. Their skin appeared to be quite dark. Alves stood terror-striken, watching the small creatures collect samples of grass, herbs and leaves of trees; one of them filled a shiny metal tube with river water. Then, as suddenly as they had come, they jumped back into their machine, which took off vertically as swiftly and silently as it had come. Residents of Pontal, who heard Alves story when he came back to town, told the press he was a quiet man who lived only for his work and his family. He had never heard of flying saucers, and he was sure the little men were some kind of devils.

Coral E Lorenzen, 1967

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

The musician may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm, nor the voice that echoes it.

And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you thither.

Kahil Gibran, 1926

More ancient writings have been lost than have been preserved, and perhaps our new discoveries are of less value than those that we have lost.

Atterbury

On September 14, 1957, Ibrahim Sued, a well-known Rio de Janeiro society columnist, reported a strange story which startled the readers of his column in the newspaper 'O Globo'. Under the heading, 'A fragment From a Flying Disc,' he wrote:

We received the letter : 'Dear Mr. Ibrahim Sued. As a faithful reader of your column and your admirer, I wish to give you something of the highest interest to a newspaperman, about the flying discs. If you believe anything said or published about them. But just a few days ago I was forced to change my mind. I was fishing together with some friends, at a place close to the town of Obatuba, Sao Paulo, when I sighted a flying disc. It approached the beach at unbelievable speed and an accident, i.e. a crash into the sea seemed imminent. At the last moment, however, when it was almost striking the waters, it made a sharp turn upward and climed rapidly on a fantastic impulse. We followed the spectacle with our eyes, startled, when we saw the disc explode in flames. It disintegrated into thousands of fiery fragments, which fell sparkling with magnificent brightness. They looked like fire works, despite the time of the accident, at noon, i.e. at midday. Most of these fragments, almost all, fell into the sea. But a number of small pieces fell close to the beach and we picked up a large amount of this material - which was as light as paper. I am enclosing a small sample of it. I don't know anyone that could be trusted to whom I might send it for analysis. I never read about a flying disc being found, or about fragments or parts of a saucer that had been picked up. Unless the finding was made by military authorities and the whole thing kept as a top-secret subject. I am certain the matter will be of great interest to the brilliant columnist and I am sending two copies of this letter to the newspaper and to your home address.'

From the admirer (the signature was not legible), together with the above letter, I received fragments of a strange metal . . .
The magnesium in the samples analyzed, which was absolutely pure in the spectrographic sense, represents something outside the range of present-day technological development in earth science. In fact, the metal was of such fantastic purity that even to see it symbolized on paper is unbelievable. Even the infinitesimal quantities of 'trace elements' usually detected by spectrographic analysis - traces so small they could not possibly be detected by any other analytical method - were not found. Thus, the magnesium in the samples was absolutely pure in the spectrographic sense - with a percentage of 100. X-ray spectrometry and X-ray diffractometry by the powder method confirmed the results of the spectrographic analyses - the metal was pure magnesium. Again, no impurity was detected to introduce irregularities in the crystal lattice. The presence of any impurity of any interstitial atoms would change the regularity of the crystal lattice, thus causing crystal imperfections that would be revealed by the X-ray method. Therefore, on the basis of the chemical analyses the conclusion was that the magnesium in the samples was of absolute purity, in the sense that any other possible constituents which could be present would be present in such an infinitesimal amount as to be beyond the reach of any known method of chemical analysis.

We know very little about metals completely free of impurities and imperfections, simply because they are never found in nature and, in most cases cannot be prepared in the laboratory. It is not too difficult to refine a metal to 99.99% purity (which means there is something else besides the metal to the extent of 1 part in 10,000), but once beyond this point the going gets rough. For every 9 we tack on after the decimal point following the first two 9s, the cost increases tenfold, sometimes a hundredfold. This is so because involved, delicate and time-consuming crystallization operations are required so that the final product becomes more precious than gold.

On the basis of this evidence, it is highly probable the metallic chunks picked up on the beach near Ubatuba, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, are extraterrestrial in origin. This is indeed an extremely important and almost incredible conclusion. But on the basis of the findings of these chemical analyses there is no other alternative. As staggering as the implications may be, this appears to be the only acceptable explanation. Therefore, the magnesium samples analyzed must represent 'physical evidence' of the reality and extraterrestrial origin of a UFO destroyed in an explosion over the Ubatuba region. They are, in fact, 'fragments' of an extraterrestrial vehicle which met with disaster in the earth's atmosphere, as reported by human beings who witnessed the catastrophe. The gratifying aspect of this case, however, in that we do not have to depend on the testimony of witnesses to establish the reality of the incident, for the most advanced laboratory tests indicate the fragments recovered could not have been produced through the application of any known terrestrial techniques.

Coral E. Lorenzen, 1962. Olavo T. Fontes, M.D.

The Solar system is not a structure that has remained unchanged for billions of years; displacement of members of the system occurred in historical times. Nor is there any justification for the excuse that man cannot know or find out how this system came into being because he was not there when it was arranged in its present order.

Aerial phenomenon observed in Basel on August 7, 1566. The dark, round objects seem to be fighting each other. (Collection *Wickiana*, Zurich Central Library)

All human conceptions are on the scale of our planet. They are based on the pretension that the technical potential, although it will develop, will never exceed the terrestrial limit. If we succeed in establishing inter-planetary communications, all our philosophical, moral and social views will have to be revised. In this case the technical potential, become limitless, would impose the end of the rule of violence as a means and method of progress.

Lenin to H G Wells, 1920

'I saw a big disk, some eight to twelve meters in diameter, pass over my property at Jouy-sur-Morin, spinning as it flew and giving off a reddish-violet light together with a whistling sound somewhat reminiscent of the approach of a jet aircraft. The machine was at an altitude of about four hundred meters and hovered above me for more than twenty minutes; thus I had plenty of time to study it well. It then departed in the direction of Coulommiers.

As a former manager of the Aero-Club of France and having served in the airforce, I have not been the victim of a hallucination, and this machine was not a balloon, but a thick circular wing that hovered over one spot, then moved off at very great speed, climbing steadily as it did so.'

G Farnier, FSCE, 1954

FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

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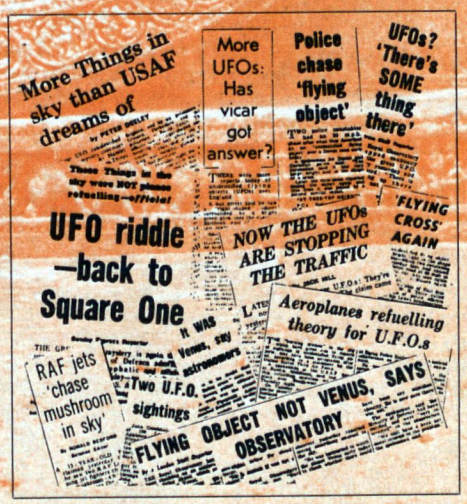
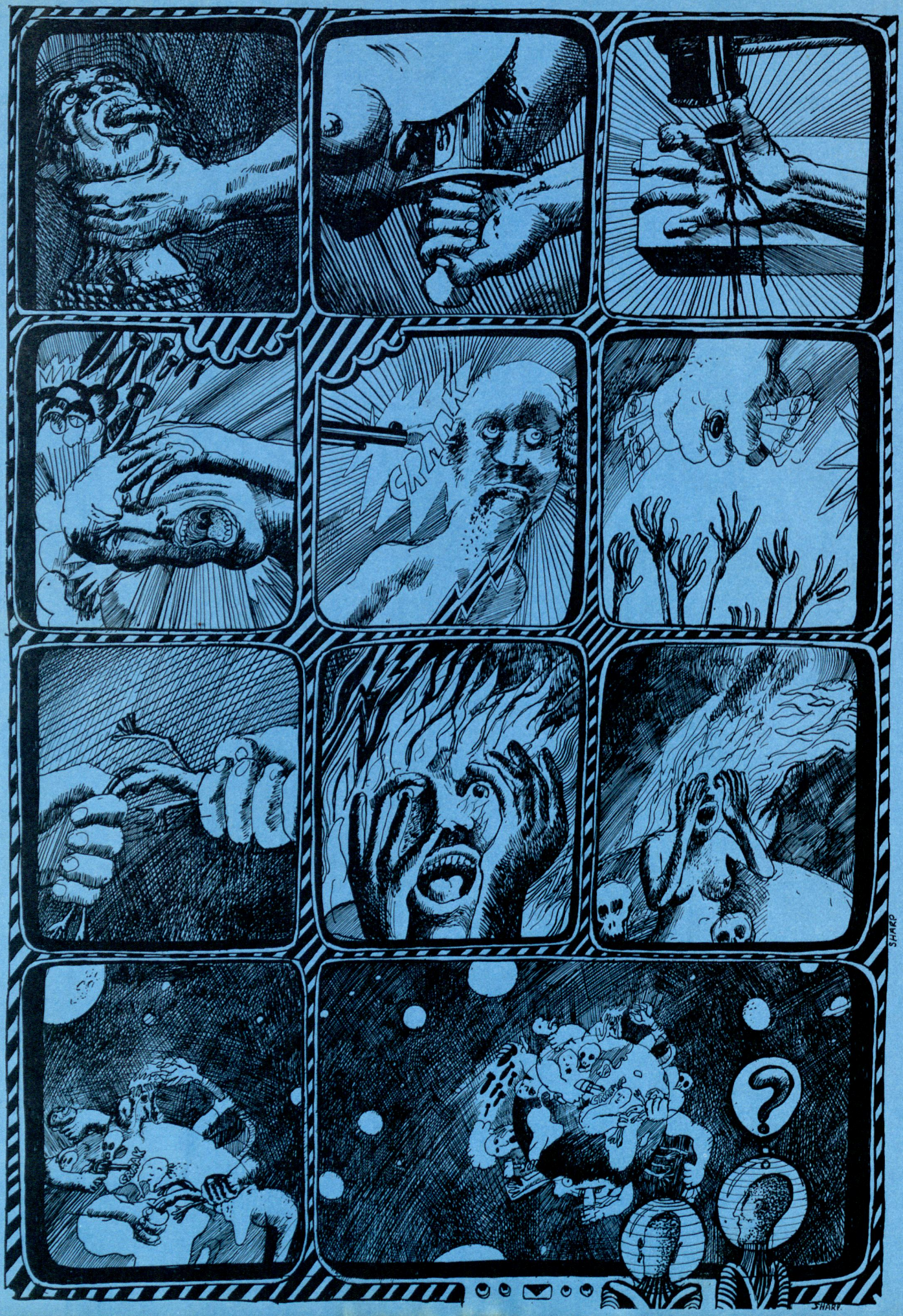


BRITAIN'S BUSIEST UFO DAYS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The Moth Man

Perhaps the weirdest creature of them all is the "Moth Man" who chose 1966 to settle himself down in America. On September 1st, Mrs. James Ikart of Scott, Mississippi, phoned a local paper to report a man-shaped object fluttering about the sky. Reporters and photographers dashed to the scene but the winged being had flown. However, several other people said they had also seen it. John Hursh, a local meteorologist, solved the mystery by calling it a weather balloon.

Scott, Miss., is near the Mississippi River, not far from where it is joined by the Ohio. On November 15th, far to the northwest and less than a mile from the Ohio River, that weather balloon turned up again. This time it was seen at midnight by four young people who were driving through a local park, the McClintic Wildlife Station. They were astounded to see a tall, man-like figure with wings standing in front of an old, abandoned power plant. Its eyes were a blazing red, some two inches in diameter, and it thoroughly terrified them before waddling into the deserted building. They went for the local police and their story launched the "Moth Man" saga. Within a few days the little town of Point Pleasant, W. Va., was in upheaval. Armed men searched the McClintic Wildlife Station and the adjoining TNT Area . . . a World War II ammunition dump which still contains igloos filled with high explosives. People were sharply divided on the "Moth Man" issue. There were the disbelievers, who scoffed, and there were the believers—who were mostly scared out of their wits after having seen the thing. Within a few weeks over one hundred people in the area had reported glimpsing the "Moth Man". Many were prominent business-men, teachers, and clergymen. All their descriptions were the same. The creature was taller and broader than a man, grey in colour, with luminous red eyes that had a hypnotic effect. It was seen both on the ground and in the air. When airborne, its wings, which had a ten foot span, were stationary and did not flap. On several occasions it was said to have pursued automobiles at speeds up to 100 miles per hour. Most of the sightings were either in the TNT Area, or very close by.

I first heard of this incident through Jim Moseley of *Saucer News* and I spent three weeks in Point Pleasant in December. The story of that visit is too involved and too bizarre to record here. But I quickly discovered that circular flying objects were being seen throughout the area and that most of these UFO sightings coincided with the dates of the creature reports and were always in the immediate vicinity. Oddly, everyone who had obtained a close look at the "Moth Man" later suffered from the same kind of eye ailment associated with UFOs. One woman, together with several other people, had a close encounter with the creature when it came up to within six feet of them after they got out of their car in the TNT area. The woman was so terrified that she actually dropped the baby she was holding in her arms. Her eyes were swollen for two weeks afterwards.

Flying Saucer Review

A Gallup poll in 1966 disclosed that five million Americans had observed something they believed to be an unidentified flying object and that ten times as many - fifty million- thought there was a real phenomenon involved the the reported manifestations. When the percentages are broken down according to educational levels, the proportion of persons inclined to attribute the sightings to imagination and fraud is highest among the least educated strata of the population.

Jacques and Janine Vallee, 1956

In the topography of intellection, I should say that what we call knowledge is ignorance surrounded by laughter. *Charles Fort*

In 1955, Colonel Gernod Darnbyl of the Norwegian Air Force released information that a UFO had crashed near Spitzbergen, Norway.

'It has - this we wish to state emphatically - not been built by any country on this earth,' Colonel Darnbyl said. 'The materials used in its construction are completely unknown to all experts who participated in the investigation.'

The Colonel promised a complete report as soon as 'some sensational facts have been discussed with US and British experts. We should reveal what we have found out, as misplaced secrecy might lead to panic!'

No report on the analysis of the downed UFO was ever issued. Ufologists have charged that the Norwegians were silenced by threats of economic pressures.

Brad Steiger, 1967

The real tragedy is the laboratory. It is to these 'Magicians' that we owe technical progress. Technique, in our opinion, has nothing to do with the practical application of science. On the contrary it is moving against science. The eminent mathematician and astronomer Simon Newcomb demonstrated that a machine heavier than air could never fly. Rutherford & Millikan showed that it would never be possible to make use of the reserves of energy in the nucleus of the atom. Napolean III's experts proved that the dynamo could never function. Science erects barriers of impossibilities.

Louis Paouwels/ Jack Bergier, 1960

While tracking Echo II on its course from North to South pole in November, 1964, Father Reyna (a Jesuit Priest, professor of mathematical physics, and director of three scientific centres/ observatories) and several other witnesses were curious and perplexed by a 'most wonderful and fantastic sight'. From the observatory at Adhara they picked up the man-made satellite at 8.37 p.m.

Eight minutes later, from the west, near Pegasus, came a UFO, following a right angle course to that of Echo II and continued east, where it descended to the horizon near Orion. The sighting lasted three minutes, during which time everybody inside and outside the observatory was alerted. Four minutes later, with Echo at its zenith, the UFO appeared again, but from the SW, near Centaurus, and performed much in the same fashion and descending to the horizon. The third sighting was at nine. This time it stopped briefly and again disappeared to the horizon at about the same time as Echo II was lost to sight. The object had been seen 'to perfection' when it was near the horizon, by everybody.

A stunning conclusion presents itself: the UFOs speed must have been at least 100,000 kms per hour, since the satelllite was travelling at the known speed of 25,000 kms per hour. This was estimated by the observers using several different methods.

Joseph Goodavage 1967

. . . the earth's orbit changed more than once and with it the length of the year; that the geographical position of the terrestrial axis and its astronomical direction changed repeatedly, and that at a recent date the polar star was in the constellation of the Great Bear. The length of the day altered; the polar regions shifted; other regions moved into polar circles . . . electrical discharges took place between Venus, Mars and the earth when, in very close contacts, their atmospheres touched each other; that the magnetic poles of the earth became reversed only a few thousand years ago; and that with the change in the moon's orbit the length of the month changed too, and repeatedly so.

Immanuel Velikovsky, 1950

The secret of alchemy is this: there is a way of manipulating matter and energy so as to produce what modern scientists call a 'field of force'. This field acts on the observer and puts him in a privileged position vis-a-vis the Universe. From this position he has access to the realities which are ordinarily hidden from us by time and space, matter and energy. This is what we call the 'Great Work'.

Fulcanelli

Anything that man is capable of imagining, other men will be capable of making a reality.

Jules Verne

So (HG) Wells plunged on . . . to try to envisage a new society, based upon this great knowledge-synthesis instead of on a religion. It had to begin with a world government, of course . . .

Colin Wilson, 1966

I am a firm believer in the existence of 'Anglegs' or 'Higher Beings', whatever these terms may represent. But let me be free to point out that there seems to be something else in the woodpile too. Surely no greater disservice can be done to the Earth beings of our kind - and to our descendants too, if there are to be any - than is being done by the fatuous and insanely dangerous over simplifications of the cultists and the crackpots who assure us so blandly that 'They' are all benevolent, and that all is Sweetness and Light. Whence, we may ask, does this certainty spring?
Are brainwashings and mental manipulation already occurring? Has the great Take-over already begun? If so, by what?

Gordon Creighton, 1967

Life can also be created. That particular problem was solved as long ago as 1836 by an English scientist named Andrew Crosse . . . It happened that Crosse was experimenting on the artificial formation of crystals by means of weak and prolonged electric currents, and found to his surprise that living creatures appeared in his chemical solutions. The creatures in question were insects of the type known as acari (mites), and they lived, moved, ate and bred. They first appeared when Crosse was trying to make crystals of silica by allowing fluids to seep through porous stone kept electrified by means of a battery. The fluid used was a mixture of hydrochloric acid and a solution of silicate of potash.

Cederic Allingham, 1954

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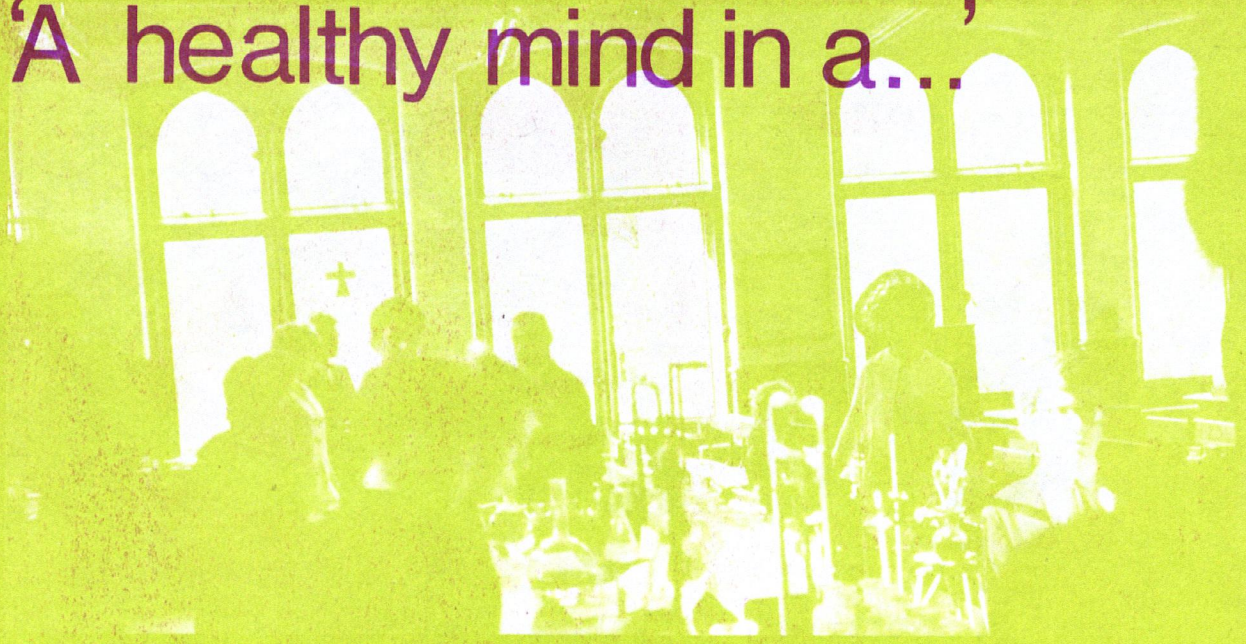
The Warminster Mystery, by Arthur Shuttlewood, published by Neville Spearman

Flying Saucer from Mars, by Cederic Allingham, published by Frederick Muller Ltd

Digest compiled by Martin Sharp and Jon Goodchild. It is to be a continuing development, and comments, notes, contributions, thoughts, written and visual, within this theme are welcomed. Payment made for all pieces printed.
(OZ Digest, 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, London W 8)

'A healthy mind in a...'



Julian Manyon (17)

The last 20 years have seen a violent assault on the status of the public school. The response of many such schools has been to seek a new and progressive image to try and justify themselves in the eyes of the 20th century. St Paul's is to a large extent typical of these. It's abolition of the Army Cadet Corps; it's plans for ultra modern new buildings; even the calculated flirtation of it's headmaster with the Liberal Party; all serve to silence it's critics and to beguile another generation of 'progressive' parents into parting with £350 a year for the education of it's offspring. One has to experience St Paul's to realize that it's values and many of it's teaching methods are the residue of the 19th century.

Competition that began for me at the age of 7 and for years made life a continuous and pointless struggle as, with half a dozen other classical scholars, I fought and grabbed for marks and for the little silver emblems that were the symbols of academic success. It was a competition that left little room for anything else enforcing a kind of monastic discipline upon its participants. A competition whose objects stretched endlessly into the distance altering as the years went by from O to A level, to University scholarships and, ultimately, to a successful career with financial security.

I became aware of the compulsion inherent in St Paul's only as I reacted against the competition. It is a school with few written rules but dominated by established conservative values. **'Mens sana in corpore sano'** is the maxim and to acheive this the traditional public school devotion to sport is fostered. Competitive sport is compulsory for all. Excellence at thumping assorted pieces of leather about the sole criterion for a prefectship; while to express a dislike of sport is to incur the wrath of a large section of the staff who are apparently capable of appreciating little else.

Prayers too are compulsory; objections on the grounds of atheism are not so much disapproved of, as totally disregarded. I have seen a senior boy who would not sing in prayers dragged violently by the scruff of the neck through assembly by a senior master, who told him outside that ... 'you do not deserve to be in this school, if you do not believe in God!'

There are few, however, who openly reject Christianity - ten years of compulsory religious instruction has its effect. I find it strange to reflect that I could say the Lord's Prayer in both Latin and English before I even knew what it meant.

This attitude is constantly defended by the claim that St Paul's is a Christian foundation. This is certainly true and there is even a statute limiting the number of Jews permitted in the school. The fact, however, that the authorities are prepared to employ random attendance checks, and even physical violence, to enforce their beliefs must belie their outwardly progressive attitude.

The true public school philosophy, however, was brought some to me in my experience as a boarder. For the first time in my life there was no escape from discipline and tyrannical regimentation. Every waking moment was controlled by bells . . . bells for getting up, bells for breakfast, bells for going to school and bells for coming back, bells for prayers and bells for lights-out at 9.30 p.m. Freedom of action rarely exists for boarders at St Paul's. The summary of their whole existence is contained in notice-boards and in the ridiculous regulations that surround them - you must queue for cocoa in order of seniority; you must not leave your slippers under the bed; you must have a hair-cut every two weeks. Above all I found that communication with most of my companions was almost impossible. Years of regimentation by masters - one of whom held, on his own admission, a puritan view of morality - and bullying by stupid and insensitive prefects had produced a kind of unquestioning apathy; a weak acceptance of their lot, yet an internal tension that erupted into unconscious cruelty and violence, as when, on one occasion,I was struck savagely from behind by a prefect for not making my bed properly - I broke a tooth; he subsequently became head of House.

The philosophy of a school such as St Paul's is indeed frightening, even more so, as Edmund Leach has noted, is the fact that much of the attitude I have described is held by the entire educational system of this country, and **not**

just the public schools alone. Certainly, the horrors of boarding are almost non-existent in state schools, as is much of the Victorian paraphernalia to which I was subjected. But I think it is true to say that our entire educational system is dominated by the pursuit of disciplined mediocrity and the cultivation of an orthodox and standard intelligence. The highly organized national examination system results, not only in encouraging destructive and senseless competition, but also in elevating within our society those who possess only the particular talent and mental outlook catered for by the GCE.

In our educational system, as well as in our society, success at jumping through a series of stereo - typed hoops is all that really matters. For those who fall by the wayside or, more numerous still, for those who are never able to really enter the race, the future offers little more than a life of continual frustration and boredom made still worse by occasional glimpses of others' success

Above all, by pre-selecting the rulers and the ruled by such means as the 11+ or the purchase of a public school education; by teaching some to compete and others, in the scores of sink schools littering the country, that they are incapable of competition; by training them for specific tasks rather than educating them in the widest sense; by indoctrinating them with the existing and moral prejudices of our age - disguised as objective truths - we run the risk of creating an essentially split society where communication between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots', the 'educated' and the 'illiterate', is made almost impossible.

Perhaps we have already taken the first steps in this direction, for so few are even aware of this fundamental dilemma.

I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together man.
I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together,

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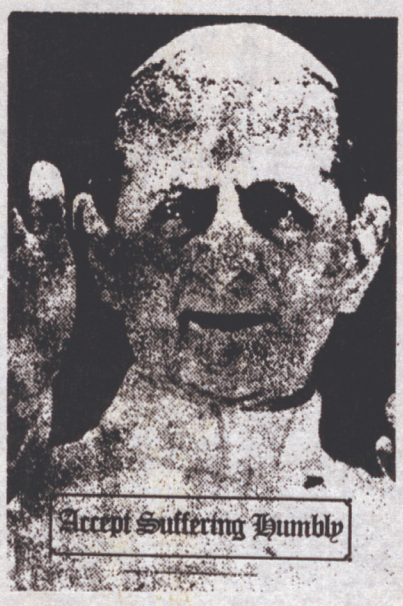

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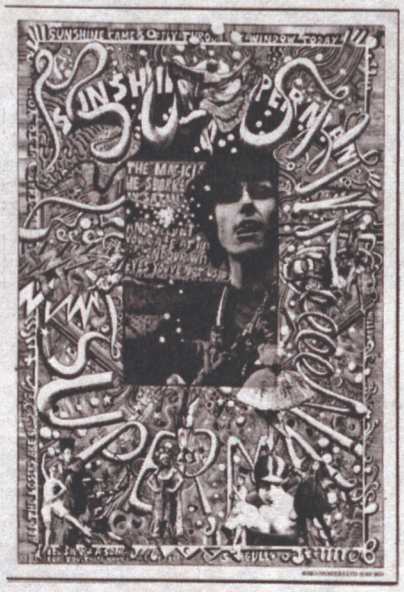

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'The mayor coughs, the baby cries, the miner dies. The Poor follow the rubbish carts of prosperity and the Rich follow the Poor to fill their dustbins. For our land is split into two classes; those who own the land and the factories and the machinery and those who must daily sell their sweat as salt for the table of Capital. To serve at the Banquet are the Four Disciples. The *Police* and the blue fascists who ride in the middle of the road and use truncheons for their wives. The morgues and urinals of official *Art*, its practitioners and apologists fawning across the promise and the shame of each others buttocks. The *Universities* and the teachers with minds like bricks who shout from the classroom DEATH DEATH DEATH. The yellow *Press* owned by the purple monsters who swing from each others ears.

To defend their charnel house of freedom, the oligarchies must squad car the peasant and the negro who dare rise against their power. The groin smashers practice murder on plastic Andes erected in Fort Worth and the Pentagon telephones Death around the world. In the whiskey-bar, the cell and the barrack, the Congo Algeria and Vietnam, the Beast operates his electric torture machine. Professors in linen suits travel the Hiltons of the world talking of viable infrastructure. Radicals cry into their beer.

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APOLOGY

But the subversive passion of the revolutionary leans forward to free the present from the past; to the Revolution and the ultimate expression of all forms of human genius.'

2. An attitude of non-commitment in art can crystalise and become accepted only in a stabilised society where the foundations of national existence are generally taken for granted and where national conflict runs at a tension so low that it fails to communicate itself in art.'

Isaac Deutscher 'Ironies of History'

Since Johnson's second year of office, the dollar has been heavily overvalued on the international currency market. The Vietnam war until '65 acted as an economic stimulus, due to war-derived demand for materials and the creation of new jobs and spending power. But increasingly capital is scarce within the US and wage costs are rising at an accelerating rate, a typical war time phenomena. At the same time medium level technical skill is drained from industry especially because students either go to Vietnam or stay within the universities to avoid the Draft. The economy thus suffers the worst effects of both inflation of costs and deflation of value. But on the world market this inflation of US currency makes it easy for US capital to further penetrate W. European business by borrowing paper money out of the Federal Reserve Bank. US interests own 55% of the British car industry (Ford, Vauxhall and Rootes) and about 30% of the European car manufacturers. Despite the US's overall payments imbalance, in investments, she still takes more than she sends out; from '56-64, US corporations sent out 16 billion dollars for direct capital investment and the return as dividends, interest and branch profits was 23 billion dollars.

Faced with increased invasion of US capital and a relatively backward economy, France must either build supra national corporations which compete with the US or counter-attack on the dollar. De Gaulle tends to refuse the former in the name of national sovreignty and it is the logic of the latter which underpins the French attack on the Pound, the dollar's longstop. The attack is easier because British overseas arms spending distorts real trade performance and fiscal stability. The French and Swiss have accumulated gold by buying dollars cheap and cashing them expensive; an important source are the GI dollars draining through the brothels and bars of Saigon. French gold reserves may be directly strenthened by the Russians, who do not publish figures but may well be producing more gold than S. Africa, the other primary gold source. This is an article about politics because it uses words like flat irons. British devaluation then was forced by French based attack but carried out and timed on terms dictated by the US. France feels US attack most acutely but the same nationistic response to international capital is present in the business support for the NPD in Germany and Wilson's 'Britain First' devaluation speech.

In Europe, competition increases and isolated national recessions continue. So far partial measures have patched isolated problems (ie the protection of Italian autos and French refrigerators in '64), but a general recession will force European capital to shelter its industrial heart in the Paris/Amsterdam/Dortmund triangle, protected by a European currency (the eurofranc with which the decimal pound is meant to mesh) and supported by the appropriate organs of supra-national state power. Meanwhile the US war-demand speculation on internal money markets and the continued refusal of Congress to finance the expected 30,000 million dollars government deficit by June 68 makes the first major postwar monetary crisis look very likely. Certainly if the European assault on the dollar continues, while US interest rates increase, the alternatives are the revaluing of gold, devaluation of the dollar or the US abandonment of the Gold Standard, in that order. But in semi stagnant economies, the increasing profits necessary to continued international competitiveness can only come from decreasing the amount of capital going to shares and salaries. Working class wage levels must be held static while prices and rents increase, so that the working class sustains a loss of real wages which will never be recovered. In England this is accompanied by specific assaults on working class organisation by inducting the union beaurocracy into the state planning machinery at the top and isolating site level organisation by outlawing unofficial strikes (ie 93% of all strikes) where necessay, ie Barbican and Roberts-Arundel, the armed wing of the state will be used to break strikes. The increased aggressiveness of international competition will increase the level of class conflict within each nation.

3. Dr. Filth of 'Desolation Row'

'The Wipeout Gang buys, owns and operates the Insanity Factory - if you don't know where the Insanity Factory is located then you should hereby take two steps to the right; paint your teeth and go to sleep'. Bob Dylan

'Mysticism starts in mist and ends in schism' Cardinal Newman.

Each man is his mystery. No reality is as interesting as the veil of my language and the marrow of thought. I need to celebrate being rather than becoming consumption rather than production, the silky fire of my mind before the paper skulls of their words. Poets suffer a fatigued anxiety about the meaning of their words but revolutionaries throw buckets at each other in the sandpit of the sentence. Oh Doctor Scholl, where are you now for these people who wear surgical shoes around their brains.

Socialism is the motto over the door of the prison which I notice as I pass from the sun to the moon. In my land everyone is like pious Buddists with pails of milk at the point where Beauty and Ignorance married each other in a ceremony served by Chinese Honey. The time for reflection is here. We turn from each other in disgust, weary of our puny exploits, weary of pretending to be able, of being able, of doing a little better than the same old thing. The time to relish and curl into the curves and find the world I miss, even when its here.

David Widgery

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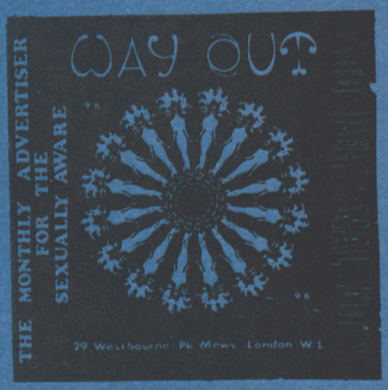

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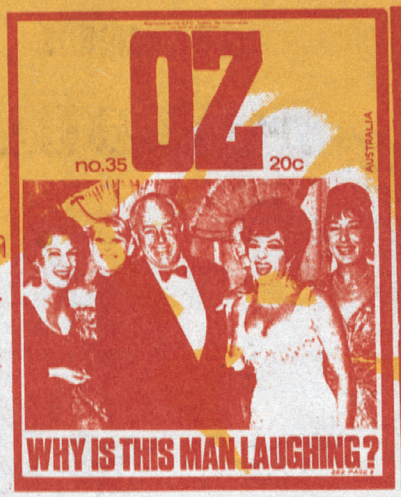
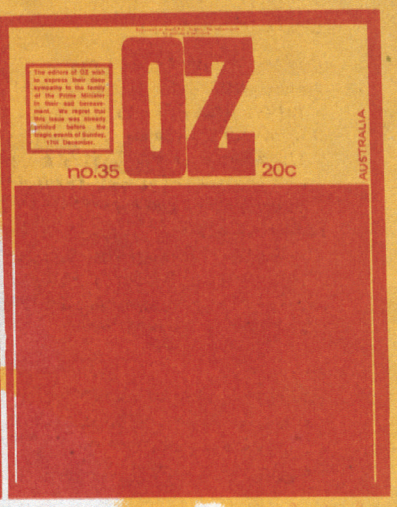




Sorry that OZ 8 was over-priced and partly unintelligible . . . We can't seem to find an experienced, tenacious advertising pusher so we depend on sale revenue. This issue arrives courtesy of someone very kind, thank you, and if anyone else wants to help; subscribe, take an ad or send OZ a present.

Part of this OZ has been edited by Jon Goodchild and Martin Sharp. They think OZ is too amorphous and negative and have suggested we occasionally free a section for people to develop a world-view or to explore any subject they find important. Groups or individuals are invited to contribute material for up to 6–8 'I'll turn you on' pages.

Carolin's Coon's piss may help change the law on pot. The Government pathologist, Professor Francis Camps, is researching cannabis resin and is unable to legally obtain it for his experiments. Hearing that Miss Coon, of Release, has a prescription for cannabis, Professor Camps has arranged for a taxi to collect a phial of her precious urine twice a week. He should be in for some surprises. Miss Coon is inviting friends to pee on her behalf.

Less colourful evidence was recently given by representatives of OZ and International Times to the sub-committee of the Standing Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence established by the Home Secretary and Health Minister. At one point the chairman, Baronnes Wootton, told the OZ/IT men that they were 'too religious'.

Even more religious is Alex Lowsiewkee, who gives the gospel on love communes in this issue and has prodded us into co-sponsering a forum on communal living in March (speakers will include gypsies and Dominicans). His gay evangelicism is in ironic harmony with the current corruption of the London scene. Remember that busy week when the Beatles discovered God through acid (and others discovered acid through the Beatles), when this new generation had a new explanation, when Donovan said 'Pop is the perfect religious vehicle; it's as if God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created, and had chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty.

Pop stars were the golden hopes of the Underground because they could provide the capital, they could finance the revolution, they'd love to turn us on. In America, it is said that some pop groups have poured their money into constructive, radical enterprises. Here, the Beatles talk of launching a mini-cab service and sow the ludicrous 'Apple'. When George Harrison was recently asked to appear free at the Alpha Centaura Concert he reportedly replied. 'No. I've already given £10. to Oxfam'. All you need is love and short memory. God may have chosen pop, but pop chose Apple.

These days, in the Underground, the sound of lovemaking is drowned by the ricochetting of bouncing cheques. Hippie entrepreneurs open cool galleries, launch oracular magazines and acquire posters, vanishing as mysteriously as they came, laughing at their unhappy creditors (people who sell goods or services on trust). Sickening contempt for any financial obligations is now considered hip. The scene is crowded by a band of exhibitionistic hucksters whose disregard of responsibilities makes Dr. Savundra seem like St. Francis of Assisi. Watch OZ. We may soon, like 'People', name the guilty men.

Enjoying a traditional English breakfast in his Chelsea studios yesterday afternoon, Martin Sharp, OZ artiste, applauded the 'I'm backing Britain' movement. 'This is the spirit to get the country out of the horse & buggy era, into the Mini Moke era', he philosophised as he selected a caramel eclair from the tray offered by his Estonian housemaid. 'As my own personal contribution', said Sharp settling into an elegant plastic hammock, and unwrapping a luxury food parcel from Australia, 'I will endeavour to go to bed half an hour later'.

Continuation of the HAMA Strip is held over for next issue. OZ No 10.

A hand-out from
THE ANTIUNIVERSITY OF LONDON

The Antiuniversity of London is to be where many of the original and radical artists, intellectuals, activists and workers in the London-Europe vicinity can meet with people and discuss their ideas and work. In addition, it is hoped that an increasing number of young people will be able to study at the Antiuniversity on a full time basis outside the usual institutional channels. The Antiuniversity is to provide a context for all of its members to find out 'what is going on' without being squeezed dry or turned into marionettes by the school system or the state.

Among those who will participate in the Antiuniversity are: David Cooper, Richard Hamilton, Stuart Montgomery, Allen Krebs, R.D. Laing, Ted Roszak, Alex Jensen, Joseph Berke, Jim Haynes, Asa Benveniste, Alex Trocchi, Juliet Mitchell, Calvin Hernton, Mike Horowitz, Roland Muldoon, Morty Schatzman, Malcolm Caldwell, Leon Redler, Jeff Nutall, Jesse Watkins, Francis Huxley, John Latham, Ed Dorn, Steve Abrams and Russ Stetler.

Subjects to be discussed include: 'Sound poetry poetry into music', 'The nature of vision, the importance of difficulty, the future of failure', 'Woman', 'The Sociology of Guerilla Warfare', 'The making of a counter-culture', 'The psychology of the family, of sex, of aggression, of the State', 'The fragmentation and violence effected by science and technology', 'From comic books to the dance of Shiva', 'Typography in Poetry' and 'Drugs and the mind'.

Meetings will be informal or not depending on the taste of those involved and will take place once a week or fortnight for a couple of hours. There will also be wide variety of other activities and events.

The Antiuniversity is associated with the many 'Free Universities', 'Antiuniversities' and 'Antischools' that have sprung up in Europe and America during the past five years, among many more to come.

The Antiuniversity of London is located at 49, Rivington Street, London E.C.2 (a few minutes walk from the Old Street Underground, Northern Line). It will open the week of February 12th.
All who are interested are urged to write to the Antiuniversity for a catalogue.

The wonderful thing about London's more exclusive shops, as everyone knows, is their uncompromisingly personal service. Each customer is treated as an individual: evaluated, analyzed, and if necessary, reformed. Twelve years ago I was so rash as to present myself to a Dover Street tailor with a letter of introduction. It altered my whole way of life.

And now, catastrophically, I've been cut down in my prime by a pair of suede shoes.

It all started innocently enough. They caught my eye while I was strolling through Harrod's just before Christmas (which is in itself a considerable achievement). They were tasteful, elegant, unique, unobtrusive – in short, all that a pair of shoes should be for a modest but impeccable chap such as myself. Ignoring the six guinea tag, I bought them forthwith.

Three months later they succumbed to their first heavy rain. The uppers stiffened and broke out in a white, scabrous rash. Fearing the worst, I hurried back to Harrod's Department of Polish and Shoe Repair for a diagnosis.

The attendant, a Harley Street specialist in grey coat and striped trousers, was gravely solicitous. "I'm afraid this is very serious, sir," he murmured. "You see how the leather has hardened and the pores have closed. And that white deposit – I don't know if we can get that out. I'll send them off to our factory, but I can't be optimistic. If only you'd caught them while they were still wet . . ." His voice trailed off into reproving silence.

I explained that I'd never had this sort of trouble with suede shoes before. Even cheap suede shoes. Entirely outside my experience. Caught me by surprise. Unexpected emergency.

He shook his head. "All sorts of factors could be involved in a condition of this sort." He lowered his voice discreetly. "Your feet, sir. Do they tend to be somewhat – ah – moist? I thought so. The rain could combine with the – ah – residue and bring it to the surface."

He paused for a moment, then leaned forward and spoke even more confidentially. "All sorts of factors, sir. For instance, you've probably never thought about it, sir, but very damaging things can happen to your shoes when you use a public urinal." I started to assure him that I always made a special point of not piddling on my feet, but he was well ahead of me. "Now I'm not suggesting that there's anything – ah – unhealthy about you, sir. But all kinds of people use those places. And water will splash, sir. And suede is so very – ah – absorbent."

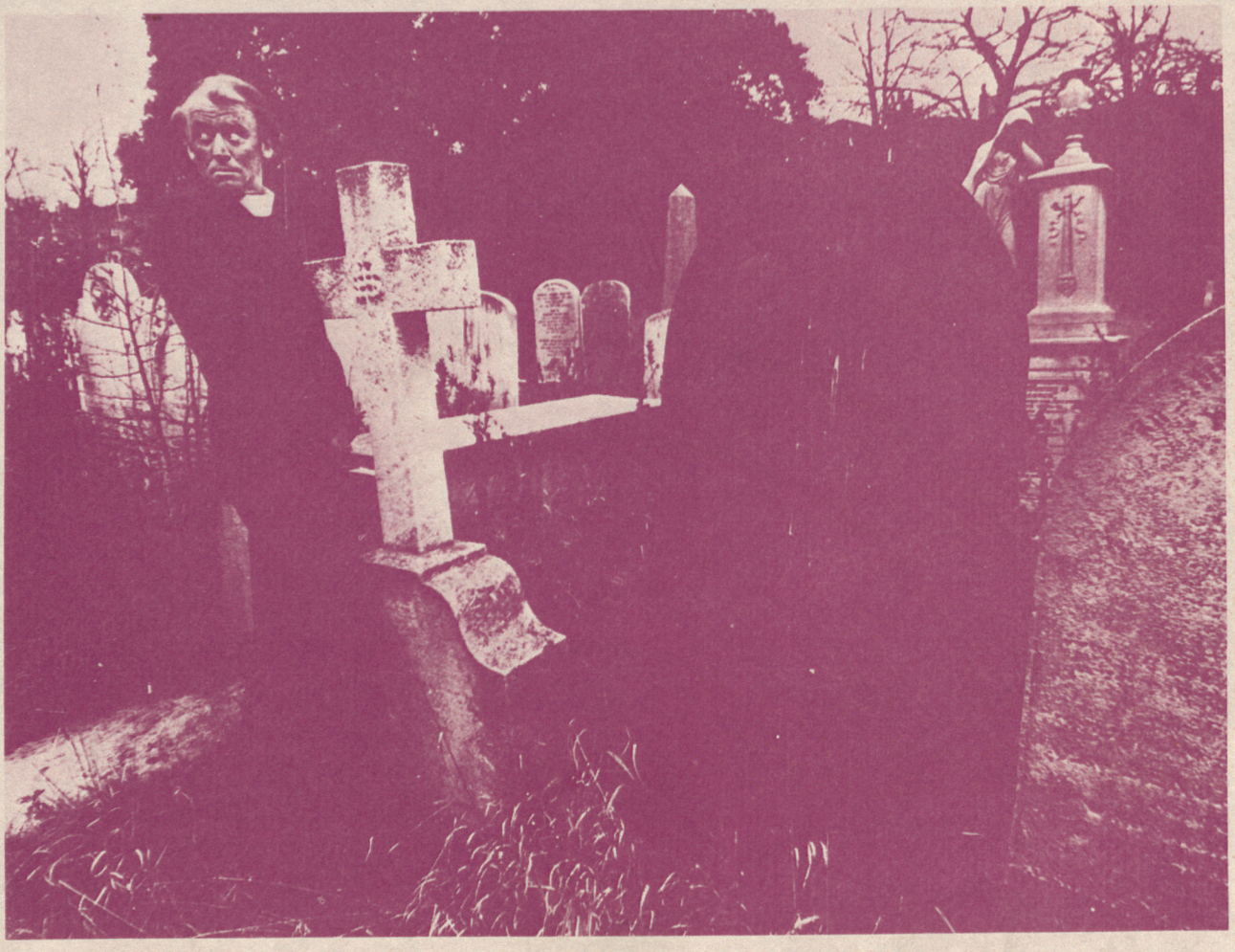
Before continuing, he allowed me a few seconds to contemplate my urine-soaked extremities. "You may not believe this, sir, but when I worked at Lilywhite's, a gentleman returned a pair of bowling shoes. The uppers were in shocking condition — all checked and scaly they were, quite beyond repair. We sent them off to an independent factory for analysis. Sort of a second opinion from a specialist, you might say. We left it to them to determine who was to blame.

"Well, a few days later they sent me their report. You'll never guess what they found, sir. Had diabetes, he did. Very advanced case. Never even suspected it. I had to call in his wife and break the news to her so she could see to it that he went to a doctor right away. Caught it just in time, they did. You never know, sir. You never know . . ."

I left in a state of considerable agitation and came straight home to rest. Tomorrow I have an appointment with my doctor for a urinalysis. And if I'm found dead in bed, I've left a note for the coroner to examine my shoes.

John Whiting

BOB WHITAKER



LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - In keeping with the fact that the Vietnam war is supported by and for America's big businesses, here is a way to take advantage of modern technology and to engage in simple but effective economic protest.

Anytime you find a business reply card or envelope, DON'T THROW IT AWAY.

If the postage is paid by the addressee, fill it out . . . with either the words STOP THE WAR or with a fictitious name and address (i.e. D. Rusk, III Main St., New York, N.Y.) Either way, it costs that company money, and sooner or later they'll know why.

Everytime you drop a card in a mail box - and it must be posted once you deposit it - it costs that corporation 4¢, 5¢ and more; and it costs the Post Office too. (Postal rates are already going up as a result of the war, and if this protest forces them up again, it may cause greater anti-war sentiment here.)

Order samples, encyclopedias, subscriptions to TIME, LIFE, Better Homes; join record clubs.

Even if they find out that the address doesn't exist, it will take them hours of time and paper work, costly fruitless effort, and valuable time in research.

Or, if you have just written STOP THE WAR, big and clear on the reply cards, even that costs plenty when you multiply the number of cards we can send in a week (with only the slightest bit of energy on our part), by the number of people who are slightly, very, or radically opposed to this war, by the numbers of companies that every day release hundreds of thousands of these otherwise useless communications.

We are asking all newspapers, magazines and radio stations to print, reprint or read this message to the nation. Let OUR reply to business be: STOP THE WAR!

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - Back in 1960, when Kennedy was assembling his Cabinet officers, McNamara was reportedly offered the choice of being either Secretary of the Treasury or Secretary of Defense.

He (McNamara) quickly declined the Treasury on the ground that he had had no experience in banking or fiscal affairs.' (Schlesinger, A Thousand Days)

Will the World Bank offer its new president some obviously needed on-the-job training?

NEW YORK, N.Y. Dec. 15 (LNS) - Mrs. Eleanor Raskin, one of the lawyers currently involved in defending those arrested at Stop the Draft Week demonstrations here last week, adds this footnote:

'Last week one of the hippy . . . er. . . demonstrators came into court with shoulder length hair and an enormous, beautiful yellow balloon.

'The judge, nothing daunted I'm sure by the threat of guns, absolutely quailed at the sight of the big yellow balloon, and flew into an incredible rage when the lad wanted to take it with him when he went to stand before the judge for bail, arraignment, etc.

'The judge finally surrendered and yelled at the lawyers to get the guy out of court. Power of ridicule, to say nothing of love!

U.S. GIVES 7.1 MILLION DOLLARS IN PICKLES TO SOUTH KOREAN MILITARY

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 15 (LNS) - Beginning next month, South Koreans fighting in South Vietnam will be supplied with tasty tit-bits to boost their morale - highly spiced 'kimchi' pickles - courtesy of (you guessed it) Uncle Sam. 'We can live a whole year without meat,' Koreans say, 'but without kimchi, we can hardly live a week.'

The U.S., ever mindful of the needs of others, especially when they're the only really efficient pacification units in South Vietnam, is rising to this life-or-death crisis. Recognising the necessity of building Koreans' morale 'to an even higher level,' the U.S. agreed last month to finance a six-month supply of kimchi for its 47,000 freedom-loving allies.

By 'U.S.' we mean that Vice-President Humphrey, during his visit to Seoul last July, told General/President Park that the U.S. taxpayers would be more than happy to underwrite the cost of the six-month supply of kimchi - at a bargain, too - a mere 7.1 million dollars.

'Don't worry, Park,' Hubert probably said. 'You keep your troops in Vietnam and maybe send a few more, eh, and we'll see that your boys get their kimchi.' (Hubert is great pals with generals these days.)

The Koreans' kimchi rations will be prepared by the Korea General Foods Corporation in Seoul - quite a bonanza for the boys at Korea General Foods. We tried to look up this company, thinking it might be a subsidiary of the giant U.S. General Foods Corporation, but to no avail. There is no public record of the company, so it's probably privately owned. Someone's going to make a killing off this deal, but we don't know who. However, with South Korea having the type of government it does, the free enterprisers who own Korea General Foods may quite possibly be some of General Park's buddies. Such shenanigans are not entirely unheard of.

7.100,000 dollars worth of pickles started us to thinking about this little deal cooked up by Hubert and Park. The only parallel we can imagine to this might be if, during the American Revolution, King George III had sent a special shipload of wienerschnitzel to his Hessian mercenaries.

Of course, one way to save the U.S. taxpayers that 7.1 million dollars they're 'investing' in kimchi, plus the 2.1 million dollars in paychecks they're subsidising every month (part of the reported 83,853,000 dollars paid to Koreans or to Korea so far this year for their/its role in Vietnam) would be to ship the 47,000 Koreans back to Korea and replace them in Vietnam with the 50,000 American GI's currently stationed Korea.

But that would make the Vietnam war even more 'American' than it already is, and, like Johnson said back when he was playing peacenik three years ago, we don't want American boys doing what Asian boys should be doing for themselves.

THE WORKERS AND THE MOVEMENT

STONY BROOK, N.Y., Dec. 15 (LNS) - The urgent need for the movement to change the consciousness of the American working class became evident at a recent antiwar demonstration here.

Rain began falling as an antiwar rally was taking place on the campus of the State University of New York, so a janitor came out to take down the U.S. flag.

When a group of construction workers on a nearby job saw the flag being lowered, they assumed the students were about to deface it. So they rushed to the scene, stomping on students, the janitor and even some school administrators.

THE MCCARTHY CAMPAIGN: A RADICAL POLITICAL CRITIQUE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11 (LNS) - The crucial word in understanding the significance of the 'presidential campaign' of Sen. Eugene McCarthy is co-option.

In practice, co-option means neutralising political activists by removing them from a previously defined role and placing them in a new role while presumably, but not really, promoting the same goals.

There are many examples of people who are co-opted in America today: black militants who take high-paying jobs with government anti-poverty agencies; idealistic youths who join the Peace Corps to 'help' in underdeveloped countries; doctoral candidates interested in revolutionary social change who are required by their academic disciplines to remain aloof from their subject matter in the name of objectivity.

Now, as militant students are increasing the tempo of their attack on the Vietnam war and the corporate elite that is behind the war, the McCarthy campaign emerges as a clear attempt to co-opt - to turn political activists into political moderates.

An editorial in the Dec. 6 issue of the University of Connecticut Daily Campus gets right to the point: 'By presenting a viable alternative to the war policies of the President, McCarthy will give many disaffected young dissenters a political home, giving them a chance to express their frustrations at the ballot box rather than in street demonstrations.

One of McCarthy's primary aims, as he himself has admitted and shown by his actions, is to convince young radicals that they should use 'the system' rather than buck it.

McCarthy has so far directed himself to students, professors, clergymen, union leaders - precisely those elements already committed to opposition to the war in some form. If he were making great efforts to carry his antiwar message to the hundreds of thousands of Americans who support the war, McCarthy's efforts might be more worthy of support.

As it is, however, it is a rather obvious attempt at co-option. Those who are associated with the McCarthy challenge are well known for playing this game. Senator Robert Kennedy, for example, has recently been very critical of students involved in free-wheeling street demonstrations, urging them to retain confidence in 'the system'. Allard Lowenstein, one of McCarthy's top organisers, has frequently been described as a 'peacemaker for the establishment.' Lowenstein is a busy-body lawyer from New York who has appeared at virtually every National Student Association congress for the past 17 years. He has promoted a 'Dialogue' between antiwar students and government officials, promoting the illusion that such conversations yield fruit.

The ultimate question, however, concerns McCarthy's belief that the electoral system does work as an outlet for radical ideas, and that liberal politicians like himself represent a viable alternative.

The answer to that question lies in the careers of Adlai Stevenson, Hubert J. Humphrey and Arthur Goldberg - the McCarthy's of an earlier day. It should be quite clear to student activists that liberal boosters of 'the system' are not the best allies in a principled, effective long-range struggle against the war and its causes.

In any case, McCarthy's antiwar views are vague and limited. They accept the concept of the United States as a worldwide police force.

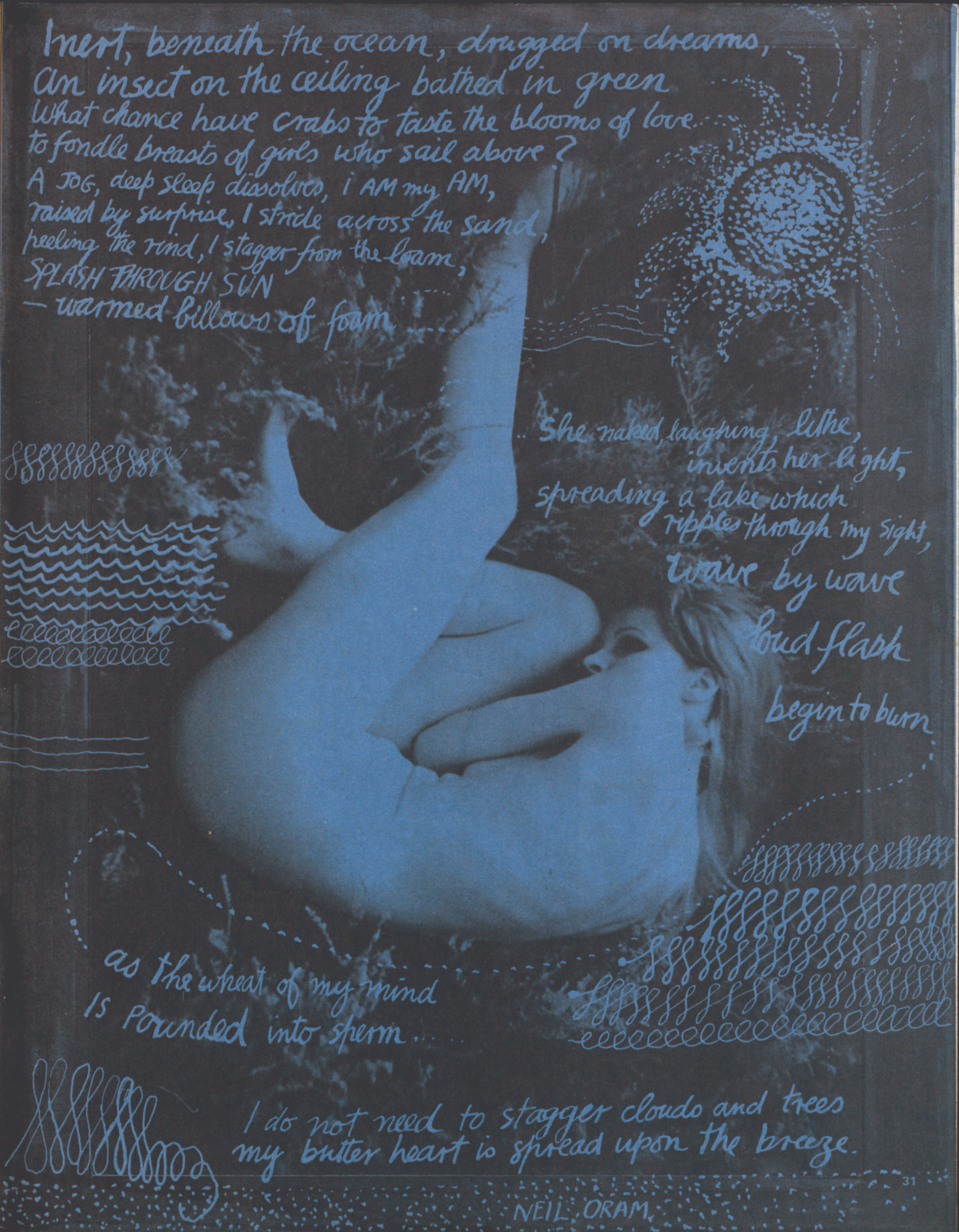
MADRID (LNS - Canadian University Press) - Students at Madrid University celebrated Gen. Francisco Franco's 75th birthday Dec. 4 in a unique way. They staged a riot on campus.

The riot began as students returned to university after a three-day suspension of classes, ordered last week by the university's chancellor to quell similar rioting and student-police clashes.

The New Democratic Student Union voted to begin an indefinite strike in protest of arrests of Union delegates who were in town for a secret meeting.

Press reports said about 1,000 students were involved in the rioting.

Inert, beneath the ocean, drugged on dreams,
an insect on the ceiling bathed in green
What chance have crabs to taste the blooms of love
to fondle breasts of girls who sail above?
A JOG, deep sleep dissolves, I AM my AM,
raised by surprise, I stride across the sand,
peeling the rind, I stagger from the loam,
SPLASH THROUGH SUN
— warmed billows of foam



She naked, laughing, lithe,
invents her light,
spreading a lake which
ripples through my sight,
wave by wave
loud flash
begin to burn

as the wheat of my mind
IS Pounded into sperm...

I do not need to stagger clouds and trees
my butter heart is spread upon the breeze.

NEIL ORAM

9 Feb 1968

USO *A Home Away from Home*

—2—

just managed to get the flames out before it blew up. I heard later one of them was on acid at the time. what a trip!

Two of my buddies, Ricky & Steve got busted last week for grass. They're really watching us now man, but there's piles of stuff around as well as lots of hash. There've been days when the whole base smelled like Tonkins Sq. Park. The grass comes from Cambodia, I've heard, but anybody who's been in Saigon says it's as easy to score as get laid and often both at once. Out in the field we get mostly hash because R&R in Saigon has been restricted lately and hash is so much easier to stash in a spot check. There are opium dens in S. incidentally, a couple right across from the Caravelle and supposedly operated by the Cong. But I don't dig that shit. Pot's fine for me and most of the other guys around, who can at least thank the Army for one thing — turning them into heads. Some days everybody for miles around seems stoned. They've all got those sunny grins on their faces, you know, and we salute each other — "Peace!" It really breaks us up.

RVNAF (the S. Vietnam gov. radio station) now has some teenybopper disc jockey chick called Mai-lan, which means M

Paul Lawson

OZMOSIS

John Steinbeck II, just back from Bien Hoa, embarrassed the Pentagon and his super hawk dad when he revealed that 75% of American troops stayed stoned throughout their Vietnam year. It only costs fifteen dollars. Unreported so far in England, the fact that troops going on R & R, rest and recreation leave, in nearby Asian capitals, are marketing Viethash to pay for the holiday. Even Sydney's lackadaisical drug squad have been embarrassed into arresting an Ally a day.

If your eyes were up to reading, Lisa Bieberman's Psychedelic News Sheet No. 12, last issue, you might still be relishing her axe-job on Arthur Kleps. Kleps is the Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo American Church, the post-Leary religious organisation whose sacrament is peyote and whose ministers or Boo Hoos, seminary a five dollar note,are required by their faith to turn people on—sure grounds for a draft deferment. Kleps hits back hard at Bieberman in the latest issue of Divine Toad Sweat, the 'Dilated House Organ of the Church.'

Lisa Bieberman: You may have seen Lisa's muckraking bulletin or her article in the New Rupublic. I agree with much of what she has to say about the movement, and would only add, "so what?" Most people in the movement are fools for the same reason that most people in the telephone book are fools—statistical probability. Lisa has always tested the behaviour of others against some imaginary standard of correct behaviour appropriate to her own fears and limitations, rather than trying to asses the alternative and do what is possible with what is at hand. I am no more a standard Hippie than she is, but I enthusiastically advocate this life style for the majority of young people today. Conversely, although I am about as Red as you can get without being a tomato, I am quite happy to number among my closest friends some millionaires whom I consider to be blood-sucking parasitical imperialist conspirators. Lisa, and too many of the Hippies she finds so repugnant, share a common infantile conceit, they consider their tastes more important than their policy, and even, in extremis, wholly define their policy as the extension of their tastes. As for her personal attack on me, all I can say is (1) the bail money she solicited has not been forfeited or used to pay a fine as of the present date (2) almost all of it was raised from friends of mine who know that I know that they know that I know, etc. etc.—It would be an insult to ask, "May I borrow the $100 you put up for a few months to pay the fine, or would you rather see me in prison?" (3) If I am forced by necessity to pay the fine out of the bail money, it will only amount to $500 or so and the people who need cash in hand at once will get their contribution back at once (4) Lisa seems to think the circumstance of my being picked up passed out drunk in the Sarasota Railroad Station is evidence of moral iniquity and mental dengeneracy so desperate as to make public disclosure obligatory. I should be, I supose, "disgraced" in the eyes of all those Sunday School superintendent acid heads out there to whom Lisa so coquetishly addresses herself ("Look Ma, I take drugs!". Yes, folks, I had, indeed, on that occasion, more-or-less voluntarily, rendered myself unconscious in a public place (no private place was available). How about that? Some people, of course, lead affectional lives so rigorously ordered and curcumscribed that they never experience losses, anguish which may verge on the unbearable. I have noticed that these people very frequently end up rendering themselves dead in private places.To each his own.

Mixed media. Secker & Warburg, Studio Vista and almost every book publishing house have begun publishing film scripts. While moviemakers like Peter Whitehead, and Ian Cameron have begun publishing books. On films. Our McLuhan award goes to Whitehead and Andrew Sinclair's, Lorimer Publishing, who have corned the market in Godard and the more memorable classics and will be bringing out a title a month for the next three years.

Not all the good movies in town are at the New Cinema Club, which is getting round the censorship hangup, though their Chelsea Girls is a very bland strip of celluloid. The uncut version is expected to be presented by the BFI in conjunction with the Arts Lab soon. Meantime try and take in Alain Jessua's 'Comic Strip Hero' at the Cinephone.

U.P.S.

BLOW UP!

The photograph is the one taken by Mary Moorman with her Polaroid camera as President Kennedy was being assassinated.

David Lifton, a graduate student at UCLA, made an examination of the Moorman photo in 1965 and discovered the man shown in the series of blow-ups. He is holding a straight object in his hands and possibly may have actually fired a frontal shot at the President's car as it came up the street. This can not be determined from this photo but it is important to note that the existence of this man at that time and place contradicts the Warren Commission report on the assassination, which denies that anyone stood behind this wall or the picket fence.

This photograph proves the presence of at least one man, No. 5, half hidden behind the wall on the knoll, at the time of the shooting. The published Warren Commission documents do not reveal the presence of any individual behind the wall or fence at that time, either in an official capacity or otherwise; and Joseph Ball, senior commission counsel (who identifies himself as being in charge of this area of the investigation), explicitly denies that any one was there.

Since the subject area of the knoll is generally consistent with that designated by most witnesses as the source of at least one shot, No. 5 man must logically be considered an important suspect. This would be true even if it were not a fact that he appears to be holding a straight object.

The photograph and surrounding circumstances demonstrate graphically and powerfully the urgent need for a complete reinvestigation of the assassination of President Kennedy.

Reprinted from the Los Angeles Free Press, No 175, Dec. 1, 1967.

(Re: OZ No 3, Mark Lane.)

1.

Is this one of the Kennedy Assassins?

Why doesn't the 'Moorman Photo' appear as a Warren Commission Exhibit?

Who is this man?

What is the straight object he appears to be holding in his hands?

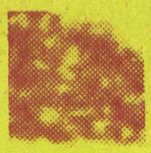
Why is he on the grassy knoll, half hidden behind the wall at the time Kennedy was shot?

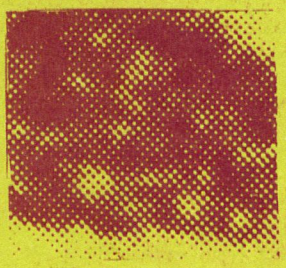
Why does Counsel Joseph Ball insist that there was no one either behind the wall or the picket fence?

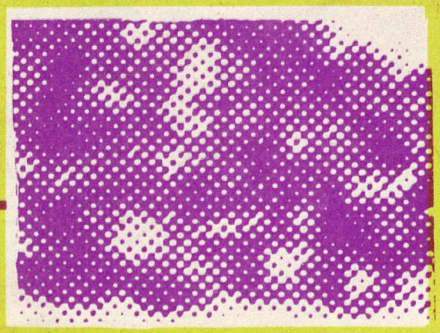
7.

DRAWING BY RICHARD HEFFEREN
M.I.T. GRAPHIC ARTS SERVICE

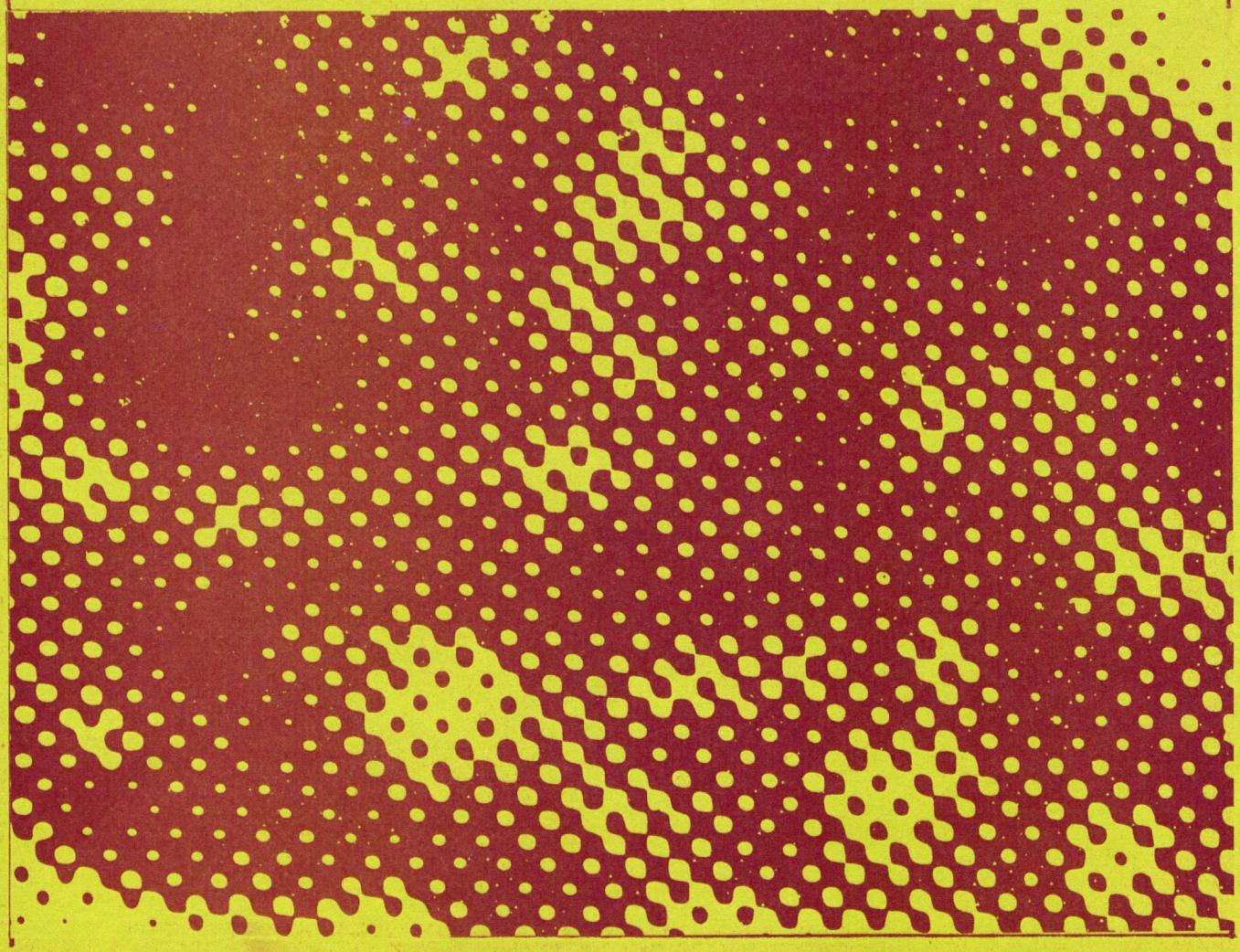
2.

3. 

4. 

5. 

6. Stand back a few paces to view.



The DIGGER THING is your thing ....IF YOU ARE REALLY.....

Unless we can wipe out the menacing mountain of evil karma accumulated by the human race, it will soon crush out love, freedom, enlightenment and all that is beautiful in the world. To avert this catastrophe we must act quickly, for time is not on our side. It cannot be overemphasised that delay will surely spell doom of the love revolution.

...TURNED ON!

Alex Lowsiewkee

The modern diggers are the dharma descendants of the Diggers who tilled common land and practised sharing in the England of 1649 and whose declared aims were to 'lay the Foundation of making the Earth a Common Treasury for All' and to create a new society in which all would 'as one man, working together, and feeding together . . . not Lording over another, but all looking upon each other, as equals'. But without reference to any historical affiliation, the term 'digger' may simply be defined in the present day revolutionary context as 'a person who digs love, freedom and sharing and *acts* on his understanding'.

The first of the modern diggers emerged from the hippie community in the autumn of 1966 in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. They made history there by dishing out free food to all comers, running a free store called *'The Free Frame of Reference'* where goods were given away free, providing crash pads in their communes for dropouts and distributing a free newsheet (Communication Company, San Francisco).

This pattern of action has been taken up in one way or another by diggers in other cities and towns on the North American continent. The digger movement is spreading fast over...

CONTINUED

People get annoyed because OZ isn't laid-out like the 'New Statesman'.

'You publish some extraordinary articles,' they say, 'but no one can take them seriously when they're printed upside down in circles in purple ink.'

Yes, they can. That's why OZ is banned at Parkhurst Prison. Their library committee take OZ very seriously. The police in Piccadilly take OZ seriously too. That's why they cautioned the newsvendor for selling OZ. (He doesn't sell it anymore.) And the man who sent the editor 24 cakes of Coal Tar soap takes OZ seriously. (We wish more people would send us soap – you can't have a bath with abusive letters.) Best thing to send us is 30/–. Then you'll find out whether OZ is just a load of psychedelic rubbish or the most creative and stimulating monthly magazine in the world. • HA! • HA! H...A....

Rubbish from past issues:

Michael X and the Flower Children . . . The Poetry of Bob Dylan . . . Letter from a Greek Gaol . . . The Coca Cola King of Kathmandu . . . Mark Lane's famous exposé of the BBC . . . Peter Porter's 'Metamorphoses' . . . Toad of Whitehall . . . The Great Alf Conspiracy . . . Mind Benders of Mayfair . . . How to take acid. . . .

Plus **Angelo Quattrochi** on De Gaulle, Italy and Russia . . . **David Widgery** on Guevara, the quality Sunday's, hippies . . . **Anthony Haden-Guest** on Girodias . . . **Ray Durgnat** on Marshall McLuhan, suicide and sex . . . **Edward de Bono** on lateral thinking . . . **Elizabeth Smart** on picking her nose.

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11 Lever Street, EC1. CLE 4882

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there and diggers are now developing land-based love communes where they grow their own food, and even building their own 'drop cities'.

Over here in England we are lagging behind - but we'll soon catch up. However when moving into the third phase of the love revolution, we must appreciate that the circumstances existing here are somewhat different from those in America. So, although we can learn a lot from the experiences of our American dharma brothers and sisters, it may be necessary for us to evolve a somewhat different course of action.

As I see it, the most essential and urgent thing is the creation of love communes, each with its own land, houses and means of production for primary as well as secondary goods.

At present most of the land, houses and means of production are in the hands of the state and private capitalists; so we have to play their money-game and score bread to buy these things (or rather *retrieve* these things, for they belong to everyone by right of birth and our share has been filched from us).

If you're a real love revolutionary, give us your support, and come and join your dharma comrades in developing the London Diggers' Love Commune. Let's all get in touch as soon as we can.

OZ Magazine
The International Times
Family Dog Productions
The Arts Laboratory
The Tribe of The Sacred Mushroom
The Hyde Park Digger Movement
The 192A People & The Exploding Galaxy
and Alex Lowsiewkee
invite you to the Commune's Forum and/or Ceremony of 'Breaking Ground', to be held in March.
Date to be announced.
Please write to Diggers, c/o OZ Magazine NOW.

When we've got the communes on the groove, we'll support and expand the whole of Hipville by giving away some of our surplus produce free to hippies and diggers in need of them, and by selling the rest in hippie shops, preferably at prices which will appreciably undercut those of the profiteering hucksters of Squareville. The bread obtained from the sale will go partly to support those hippie shops and hippie enterprises which have to survive in the grab-world of straight society, and partly to reinvestment in land, etc. for the communes.

We'll automate our means of production and do our own scientific and technological research as soon as possible. And when we've done that, we could easily flood the market with cut-price and free goods because we would be unaffected by the hassles of big-profit margins and engineered scarcity which string out the squares.

The potential of the love economy is limitless, and we'll realise more and more of it as we devop our love communes. Meanwhile let's wise up on what a love commune really is.

What Is A Love Commune?
A love commune is a group of diggers practising together the digger dharma of love, freedom and sharing. It is a nucleus of the love society and has a love economy. It is interlinked with other love communes all over the world in a love network.

For the digger dharma to be a concrete reality within the love commune, all diggers must be hip to certain fundamental points of the dharma and practise these within their love communes. The following are some of these points whose reification characterises the fully-developed love commune.

Point On Love In The Love Commune In Full Flower.

(1) There is love in everyone for all sentient beings.

(2) In everyone there is the openness and nakedness of love and complete freedom from all square hangups.

(3) Everyone has arrived at that enlightened state of expanded awareness known as yung-huo (in chinese). This is a state best described as freedom from possessive or clinging attachment to things.

(4) In everyone there is sympathetic and compassionate understanding for the failings and deficiencies of others.

When these points are realised, there will be true communion between the diggers of the commune. Love communes are powered by love and it's love that makes what's human divine.

Points On Freedom And Sharing In The Love Commune In Full Flower.

(1) The love commune is an anarchistic organisation without any authoritarian hangups. This means it has no place for such megalomanic frauds and con-men as leaders and bosses and quack gurus.

(2) All work as far as possible is shared by all. There is no swindle like a permanent 'division of labour' which inevitably leads to division of people into different classes.

(3) All knowledge and enlightenment are shared and made available and free to all. This means that there is no monopolistic professionalism. This means diggers can and will evolve into versatile or even universal cats and chicks with their beautiful potentialities maximally realised, and thus become the forerunners of the fully aware and enlightened beings of the coming Aquarian Age. And each digger contributes to the love commune according to his or her ability.

(4) All material goods of the commune are shared out to each digger according to his or her need or, when the goods are abundant, simply made available and free to all.

(5) All drudgery, toiling and moiling are automated out of productions so that everyone can have as much leisure as possible to do his or her own thing.

(6) Everyone is free to do his or her own thing on the understanding that he or she does not shit on the freedom of others.

(7) To ensure true personal freedom, no one is treated or regarded as the property of another - this applies to children as well as adults. No one has any 'rights' over another and parents have no 'rights' over their children.

(8) The freedom, well-being, education and enlightenment of children are the responsibility of the whole commune.

(9) To ensure true sexual freedom, the sexual relationship between a couple is treated as a mutual arrangement which is freely entered into and which may be of as long or short a duration as is convenient to both parties. It may be freely broken at any time by either party and both may then make new arrangements with new parties - a current arrangement automatically cancelling out a previous one. The sexual arrangement is regarded as entirely the concern of the couple involved and is not subjected to the unsolicited interference of a third party. All sexual matters are freely discussed and openly illustrated and demonstrated as desired.

(10) There are neither putdowns like laws, rules and regulations nor putons like pharisaic respectability and morality and 'holier-than-thou' attitudes. The lifeways of the diggers are always entirely a matter of love and understanding.

The foregoing points, if fully realised, will raise the practice of freedom and sharing to a new high in human society.

Practical Side-Issues And The Revolutionary Praxis.
The diggers of each love commune will work out for themselves the practical details not only of the diggers' dharma but also of certain side-issues which may arise from their particular environment.

For example, in the early days of love commune development it may be of value or even indispensable for some communes to have weekend or part-time diggers. Again it may be useful or necessary for some diggers to learn kung-fu and/or judo and/or karate for self-defence against the brutal violence of thugs, bullies and other crooks and evil elements, including sadistic fuzz.

If our revolutionary praxis is a living and tuned-in one, it can easily cope with such side-issues. To keep the praxis evergreen and always in tune and in touch, it is essential to have a revolutionary critique and a revolutionary dialogue among the diggers to ensure that each and every practical detail pertaining to the praxis will be both meaningful and effective.

The London Diggers' Love Commune.
With this point in view, my dharma comrades associated with *OZ* magazine, *The International Times* newspaper, Family Dog Productions, The Arts Laboratory, The Tribe of The Sacred Mushroom, The Hyde Park Digger Movement (The Flower Children), The 192A People and The Exploding Galaxy, and myself invite all love revolutionaries to join us at the first open forum of The London Diggers' Love Commune, which will be convened to discuss the launching of the commune. We also invite everybody to the commune's first 'Breaking Ground' ceremony to be held on a subsequent occasion. **If you are interested and would like to participate in the forum and/or the ceremony, please write to:**
Diggers,
c/o OZ Publications Ink Ltd.,
38A Palace Gardens Terrace,
London W8.

OZ NO 9 February 1968

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WE'RE BACKING THE WORLD

Dear Sir,

Although suicide is no longer a crime, it remains an offense to aid , abet or counsel suicide in specific cases. Raymond Durgnat's letter in the last issues of your journal almost arouses the wish that the encouragement of suicide in general should be subject to the same penalties. He will no doubt attempt to shelter behind the distinguished poets from whom he quotes. But this would be to take these verses outside the context of their authors' obvious concern with the betterment of human life. Great art is on the side of Life, never of Death.

Yours sincerely,
David Holbrook

Dear Sir,

I am not in the least surprised that your correspondent Raymond Durgnat has failed to find a suitable suicide prescription.

His article is garlanded with quotations from various kinematograph entertainments and from such such minor literary figures as Messrs Housman and Keats. If he had turned aside from these pootling foothills, and directed his attention towards my towering plays, he would immediately have found the recipe he requires.

In 'The Millionairess', which I presented to the world almost one-third of a century ago, Epifania Fitzfassenden, nee Ognisanti di Parerga, approaches her solicitor, Julius Sagamore, with a similar request, and is immediately gratified with the following instructions:

'You will have to sign the chemist's book for the cyanide. Say it is for a wasp's nest. The tartaric acid is harmless; the chemist will think you want it to make lemonade. Put the two separately in just enough water to dissolve them. When you mix the two solutions the tartaric and potash will combine and make tartrate of potash. This, being insoluble, will precipitate to the bottom of the glass; and the supernatant fluid will be pure hydrocyanic acid, one sip of which will kill you like a thunderbolt.'

Time spent on the enjoyment of the loftier peaks of English literature is never wasted.

Yours,

G.B.S.

Raymond Durgnat replies:
So stalwart an exponent of the life-force as Mr Shaw cannot but command one's respect. He has, perhaps, had a little difficulty in understanding the problems of the weaker candidates for suicide, with whose plight I probably find it easier to identify: with those who could hardly face the complex task of conning a chemist of asking for cyanide in a nonchalant voice, of looking as if they have access to a garden with wasps' nests.

Dear Sir,

After reading John Wilcox' 'blue print for a beautiful community (OZ No 7) - almost arose from apathy to comment - J.W.'s enthusiasm for freebie dogma overpowered his capacity for reason (assuming he has one) and faith in politics and willingness for compromise with the Establishment, in the last paragraph was excrutiatingly nauseous. Despite these emotional reactions I was silent, not wishing to shatter the tranquil intellectual progress of your readers and amigos.

Come OZ No 8, and remarkable Angelo Quattrochi's sermon upon the freakdom of Russia (which has rushed nowhere slow) stating criticisms and targets supernaturally parallel to my own. Russia is now fast retracting within its own A.M.M. shell. The Gremlin has decided that it is now prepared to undergo a nuclear attack (vis civil exercises resumed) and has redetermined to undermine PEACEFUL co-existence.

With more unstable regimes, an expanding wipeout gang, population explosion, germ warfare, famine, race war, Chinese missiles etc. ad infinitum, posing a mushroom threat to the very continuance of man; the time has come for a radical ideological change . . . NOW! It should be intolerable to us to contemplate the total eradication of life on earth. (see 'Words' by J-P Sartre)

Leo Tolstoy, a religious anarchist, had a solution which Ghandi proved practical in India in the forties: He advocated rule by Love, i.e. abolition of organized authority. This would mean the free association of individuals, no armed forces, courts, prisons or written law. Hippies believe in a peaceful transition to anarchy Regis Debray & Che Guevara demand revolution,as do 'Tomorrow' on their last record. It is not these aims which require debate only the methods advocated for achieving them. Peaceful anarchists like Tolstoy proposed refusal by the people to

1) render military service
2) to pay taxes
3) to recognise the courts and the police;

while Guevarian radicals proposed armed insurrection and revolution by the people at the 1877 & 1907 International Anarchist Congresses. Their common purpose . . . the collapse of the established order!

Assuming that the world 'civilisation' is truly doomed these are the alternatives facing us: extinction, revolution, or transition peacefully. This first is ludicrous and the other two are dependent upon how much time we feel we can spare. Hippies are a long term solution whereas the Revolutionaries believe the problem to be more urgent, thereby requiring more radical action. It remains to be seen which method humanity will choose, provided it has time to do so!

Yours sincerely,
N.A. Megson (optimist)
Solihull,
Warwickshire.

Dear Sir,

I would have thought that such a lavish presentation as your Che Guevara fold-in merited a bit more attention than it obviously received.

I can visualize your design and layout people congratulating each other over their latest neo-psychedelic, total man, super-hero creation.

'Are you sure it's Gee- Eee- Ewe? who cares, man they'll know who he is. We'll explain all that at the bottom, and we'll throw in g - e - urillas just to really upset everyone.'

'Men like Guevara are too big and angry for our world of typewriters and soft hands.'

You said it and I bet He'd puke if he could see the hollow tribute you've paid him.

Yours,

J. Russell Wimbush
13 Ladbroke Cresc.,
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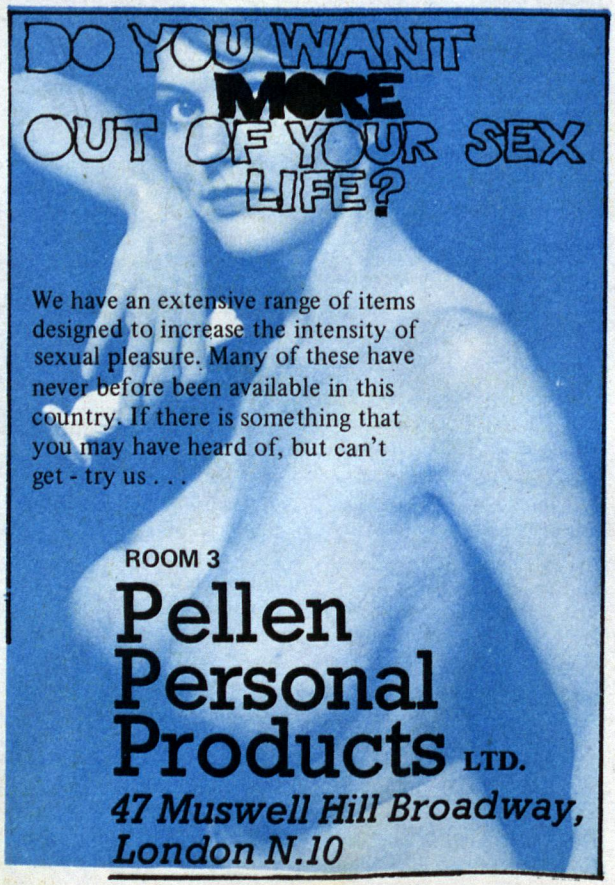

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From Michael X, Swansea

The last time I sat down to write I had no idea where the writing would lead: a book, however, came out of it. In that document I find that I was consistently accusing myself. Well to that I say 'beautiful' for the more I accuse myself the more I have the right to judge you. Better yet I make you judge yourself, which makes it that much less necessary for me to do it.

Don't matter where I start from. It can be called a bad start, but still let us compare feelings. I would like to say let us compare facts. But then I may take offence as what you present to me as fact, and here lies one of the strange dichotomies that arises whenever we speak to each other. So, like I said to the judge, (in Reading) I have no doubt that some of the things I say may sound offensive to your ears, but please bear in mind that your words may unknowingly have been an assault on my ears all my life. Nonetheless, these words must be spoken for with meaningful dialogues we may yet be able to contain the conflagration.

At this precise moment I visualise myself talking to people: black people, white people, and, this is important, the others, for so many people to-day are in the strange state of limbo. I would like to describe what I mean when I say white people. They include some folk with black skins with thoughts as grey as the majority of anglo-saxons and of course the majority of anglo-saxons, they are white people.

It seems strange to me that I use two words like 'White Monkeys' and white people get very offended, when in point of fact that is being quite kind, for I could have said 'white man' and that is probably the nastiest thing that a black man could call another human being, and daily, they, the grey ones, hear it and never even get slightly upset.

To-day I look back at that trial in Reading and I see what was really needed were interpretors, for during this monumental farce the judge invited me to come and stand two or three feet away from him. Me, who has always said that there is more of us than them. Yes, me, who sincerely believes that there is only one way to go when you are sure you are going, and that's taking one of them with you. That judge could not have understood a word I was saying for all that he had between him and his maker was those two or three feet of empty space. Judges, I believe, are the main bastions of grey thought. The greys are few but they are powerful. They have succeeded in splitting us in so many bits that it isn't funny. They create mythical alliances and we see them as real. For example when the word 'White' is used in relation to racial issues all the pink people, all the pale faces together with the greys see themselves as a monolithic group and act accordingly. This unique power of persuasion, through which the greys have ruled for centuries I call the grey super power super structure. It claims almost every media of mass communication. It is almost unbeatable, for people are naturally attracted to that which is strong. And all the pink idiots identify there.

How many pink or pale faced readers will actually renounce this alliance and come and fight the good fight with us, for man, for free man? No. I have heard them: 'you are right, but . . . '. Please, please, ask yourselves this for anyway you care to look at it there is more us than you.

And still they pretend not to understand for they see finally that truth is facing them, so they ask 'What is really wanted is apartheid in reverse, isn't it?' How can I answer after trying so hard to show the many shades of man.

So I evade the question, for I know they will be no better off if I say 'No' in reply. Instead we talk a bit about South Africa and they say that apartheid is abhorent. I make my final plea - can't you see now why our struggle must be international? What are we going to do when black people begin to storm Johannesburg, Durban, Capetown? What role are you going to take then? For it is obvious that this country will go the way of protecting its financial interests in South Africa, which in effect means protecting the grey thinking South Africans. We cannot wait until D-Day to organise ourselves. It is crystal clear that it is the duty of all clean thinkers to be ready to oppose or at least to neutralise the greys.

There you see one example of why we must move now. Letters or even a big advertisement in The Times condemning the action of the British government will not be enough. At this point I will have to fight you too, for then the end will be near and in that sea of faces one cannot identify individuals. When that happens all is lost. Your cause and mine. Just think this is only one example of many such situations around the world. Now I see the problem, they say, but you put it badly, if you will change the language . . . . . Allah be merciful. Give me patience. Give me guidance. Just like the prayer was unheard. Out goes my cool. Instead a torrent of words 'What else must I change?' Why don't you do some changing too? Why is it always me who must change? No. I will not change. This is how I have twisted and turned to please you. I have done your building for centuries. Now I put my foot down. You will have to look at me in the eyes with truth this time or all that you have worked for will go. I can give no more. Naught have I and since that is the legacy for my children like it was for my father and his father before him, so it will be for you and yours. In this world there are two kinds of people - the takers and the took. We have been took. You have always told me what I wanted, now let me tell you what I want . . . . . .

MICHAEL

Justice Partial, Your Lies Are Showing

The week before Christmas, Michael Abdul Malik was taken from Swansea goal to make his fourth court appearance, this time before Lord Chief Justice Parker at the High Court of Appeal. Mr. Pain Q.C. Counsel for the Defence, did all the talking, finding four grounds for appeal.

For a start, in the light of 'The Sunday Times' article which described Malik as 'taking to politics after an unedifying career as brothel-keeper, procurer and property racketeer 'the trial should not have proceeded. Mindful of his career Mr. Pain neglected to press the obvious: that Justice Parker had in this same court a fortnight earlier fined the owners of 'The Sunday Times' £5,000 for contempt of court and was now backpedalling. 'Though the article was likely to have caused an unfair trial', declared Milord Parker, 'in the opinion of this court it did not have that effect'.

Secondly Mr. Pain cited the Reading prosecution's choice of evidence as showing the jury that Malik had been in prison before. Thirdly he showed how the Recorder had failed to put the case fairly to the jury. On the question of Michael's intent the Recorder had presented the jury with a bogus simplification: did Malik understand what he was saying or didn't he? Michael's defence in fact rested on his being of a different background and so using the words in a different sense to that understood by the white majority. For a full hour Michael had explained at his Reading trial why the oppressed cannot and must not accept the culture of their oppressor, how the white man had subverted the black. The Recorder left all that out in his summing up to the jury. The accused was getting personal, the court had listened in absolute silence.

Q.C. Pain made an awkward point for a liberal advocate: that Michael's complaints and abuse related to the system, not to individuals or as the law has it, 'a section of the public distinguished by colour'. Parker, whey-faced and tight-smiling, didn't need to be told this. He dug what was in question, his own top job in that system, and what he had to do with this political criminal, shut him up.

Lastly Defence suggested to Parker it would be a help if he could lay down some precedent for this type of case. Wasn't Michael's sentence of one year excessive for a first offence under the Race Relations Act, hadn't the four coloured speakers tried on the same charge at the Old Bailey been fined £30 with one 2 year binding over? Parker would not be drawn, Defence had failed to pose an intriguing problem for his learned mind to work upon. Each case must be dealt with individually Parker replied and dismissed all four grounds for appeal.

Rather patronisingly Pain suggested that the coloured people had very little political experience and so lacked the background to English public life of an Englishman's sense of what is reasonable and what is not. Had Michael's original speech actually endangered the public peace, did we read that Reading rioted? Or had some chunks of misreported speech disturbed the media-believers' peace of mind? Either way the Race Relations Act was a good stick to beat down a man not deceived by it.

Question for the Establishment: Is Michael Abdul Malik backed by an organisation ready to execute the speaker's calls for action?

Question for the public: If Michael Abdul Malik is fishing in troubled waters (see Political and Economic Planning Report now before Parliament) will the spread of legal oil do more than calm the surface? Discrimination in public places has roots in the private prejudice of individuals. How do you legislate a change of heart?

Guy Gladstone
72l Fulham Road,
London S.W.6.

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Open letter to Castro by Angelo Quattrocchi

Compagnero Fidel,

Back in the Sierra you promised to transform all Cuba's prisons into schools, the army barracks into hospitals.

The Batista tyranny over your country made you first a political opponent, then a guerrilla, and finally a victorious leader - and a Marxist statesman.

Some come to Cuba to see if you have built, if you can build, the schools and the hospitals which you promised. Others come to see how Cuba bears the blockade; what the Cubans eat, what they wear, how they cope. Those who come with small minds - and small questions - leave with their small answers, for the overfed philistines of the world: the Cubans cope well.

Many come claiming that Cuban socialism is subsidized by Russia (and China?) and therefore its achievements and significance are very limited.

You do not need to answer them; they are often the ones who deal in South African gold, they choose their friends.

But I came with different questions, and other hopes.

The hopes of European Marxists; hopes destroyed by Stalin, killed in Hungary, mocked by revisionism.

Seemingly impossible hopes that a change in society means a change in man. The other world, China, has offered us negative hopes: it can only teach us humility, no more.

Cuba, the hostage of the future, suggested more than a geographical diversion. From the start, it promised more than a revised edition of the socialism of the means and the capitalism of the heart. In words made pathetic by our long wait and our historical impotence, we hoped, not only for social justice, but for socialist happiness.

Our questions were simple, and therefore very difficult to formulate. 'When exploitation of one man by another ends,' said Che, 'socialism begins.'

But that is only the beginning; the Russians decided that it was all, and when man's heart didn't change, affirmed that nothing else could be done - and late - pretended that all had been. A socialist dropout of historical proportions.

The Chinese have had to wait for us all, while we ride the ferocious paper tiger, judiciously imparting phosphorous death to the struggling. But Cuba, privileged by its own smallness, its unique position, can go further. The two old hopes of Marxism, elimination of money and the obliteration of the family, are in sight.

Money means a reward for egoism. It is an unnecessary incentive for a free, happy and responsible man.

Family means egoism applied to emotions. A free and happy man does not need to own other people he enjoys them.

Now in the West, young people freed, by chance, from the fear of necessity, are tentatively striving to get rid of these bonds. They are achieving little but offering an image of what our future could be.

Cuba could make reality of their dreams. I am not mistaken: the young work-brigades on the Isla de Pinos are already that future.

But the morality of production must not be allowed to over-ride the ultimate morality of the revolution: human happiness.

Let us speak simply and sincerely. Life is not easy in Cuba - hard work is necessary. Young Cubans are enthusiastic and give their energies to the work in hand. Their society must not only be just, it must also become beautiful. They must invent it, and for that they don't need money, only total freedom of choice and decision, whenever and wherever possible.

A few brigades of ideological dissenters from Europe, the young who have discovered the way of the future through moral dissent, could help.

You, Fidel, could invite them to come. Some will, I know, go next summer to work, they could form the first international brigade of the new revolution. Ask them.

They would not come for love of money, only for love of the revolution - which means love.

Dear Sir,

As a free-lance writer and, at the moment, also an instructor in Magazine Journalism (at Univ. of Iowa), may I say that rarely have I seen a more confused, confusing, botched-looking, noxious, sloppy, tasteless or incoherent magazine than yours. Keep up the good work!

Yours admiringly,

Bob Perlongo
School of Journalism,
University of Iowa,
Iowa 52240, USA.

Dear Sir,

Many congratulations on the success of your magazine 'OZ', biggest confidence trick of the modern age. You are very fortunate in having discovered such a large section of the public who are so naive as to be seduced into buying your superficial magazine.

As a new reader I expected to discover something which, if not revolutionary, may at least be termed original. Regrettably I failed to find this. Certainly, your ideas about sex are completely opposed to the norms of society, similarly your attitude to drug-taking. However, all this proves is that you are able to look at the values of society and decide that yours will be exactly the opposite, hardly a very mature attitude. Constructive thinking is evidently beyond your ability and you are merely able to find fault with the ideas of others, something which is not beyond the most simple-minded

I therefore sympathise with those who think they are discovering some new philosophy in your magazine for they are sadly mistaken.

Yours etc.,

Sheila Ladd
University College,
Glamorgan.

You are making money out of FILTH with your magazine
the so called OZ and I am glad
to see the "people" Newspaper is
about to do something about this and
about time too, there are others of
this works about to become/Angry
at this SLUSH!

IF I COULD TURN YOU ON
IF I COULD DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR
WRETCHED MINDS IF I COULD TELL YOU
I WOULD LET YOU KNOW IF I COULD
TELL
IF I COULD TURN
YOU ON... IF I
COULD DRIVE
YOU OUT OF YOUR
WRETCHED MIND
IF I COULD TELL
YOU I WOULD
LET YOU
KNOW

In the beginning God created the heaven and earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said: Let there be light; and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good.

Genesis I.1-4

I believe that there have been civilisations in the past that were familiar with atomic energy, and by misusing it they were totally destroyed.

Frederick Soddy

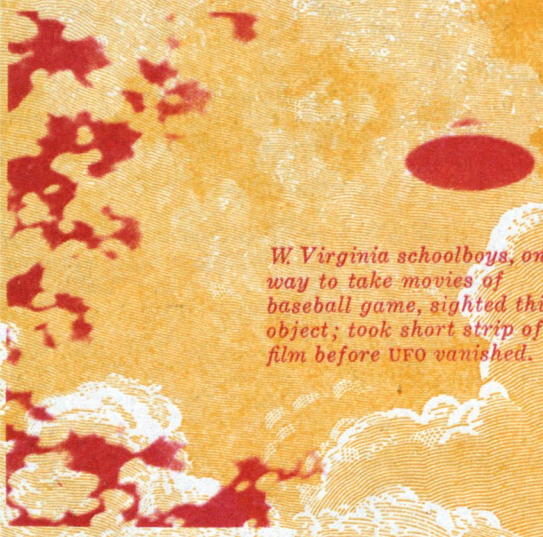
Observing that the human young needs a long period of care and protection, Anaximander concludes that had man always been as he is now, he could not have survived. Therefore he must have been different, that is, he must have evolved from an animal which can fend for itself more quickly. Later, Darwin explained the theory of evolution in terms of natural selection from a universal ancestral organism.

Bertrand Russell, 1959

It may be that other forms of humanity, or rather other thinking beings, made their appearance and disappeared. They may not have left visible traces, but their memory is preserved in legends . . .

Ten thousand years ago an enlightened civilisation controlled the world. It set up in the Frozen North zones of deportation. Now what do we find in Eskimo folklore? References to tribes being transported to the Frozen North at the beginning of time by giant metallic birds. Nineteenth century archaeologists always scoffed at these 'metallic birds'. And what do you think?

Louis Paouwels/Jack Bergier, 1960



W. Virginia schoolboys, on way to take movies of baseball game, sighted this object; took short strip of film before UFO *vanished.*

No matter how cheerful and unsuspicious my disposition may be, when I go to the American Museum of Natural History dark cynicisms arise the moment I come to the fossils or old bones that have been found - gigantic things, reconstructed into terr ifying but 'proper' Dinosaurs. On one of the floors below they have reconstructed the DODO. It's frankly a fiction . . . but it's been reconstructed so cleverly and so convincingly . . .

I think we are property. I should say we belong to something that once upon a time this earth was no-man's land, that other worlds explored and colonised here and fought among themselves for possession, but that now its' owned by something . . .

I suspect that, after all, we are useful - that among contesting claimants adjustment has occured, or that something now has a legal right to us, by force, or by having paid out analogues of beads for us to former owners of us - and that all this has been known, perhaps for ages, to certain ones upon this Earth, a cult, or Order, members of which function like bell-wethers to the rest of us, or as superior slaves or overseers, directing in accordance with instructions received from Somewhere else - in our mysterious usefulness.

In the past, before proprietorship was established, inhabitants of a host of other worlds have dropped here, hopped here, wafted sailed, flown, motored - walked here, for all I know - been pulled here, been pushed; have come singly, have come in enormous numbers; have visited occasionally, have periodically, for hunting, trading, mining, replenishing harems: have established colonies here; far-advanced peoples, or things, and primitive peoples or whatever they were: white ones, black ones, yellow ones . . . We are not alone; the Earth is not alone.

Charles Fort

The recognition of our eternal ignorance does not lead back to religion. In fact the acceptance of our incorrigible ignorance puts us far above the religions. The latter know the ultimate answer to everything. The explanation of everything is embodied for them in a three letter word beginning with G and ending in D, with an O in the middle.

Hans Elias, 1966

It seems certain that the world stands at the threshold of a new Age and that life on our planet in all its forms is enduring the birth pangs that precede a new dispensation . . . In the villages of West Somerset there still exists a tradition which says that: The Day will come when Jesus the Christ will come striding up the lanes from Cornwall on His way to Avalon.

Wellesley Tudor Pole, 1951

How can man be prevailed upon and empowered to make the radical changes in thinking and living which are indispensible for man's survival and for his evolution into a higher state of being?

Talk would be incomplete without mention of telepathic messages purporting to be coming from the inhabitants of other planets, many of them beyond our solar system, which reflect an apprehension that we may, by some foolhardy act set fire to the earths outer atmosphere, which consists largely of helium. These messages are being received in different parts of the world and are generally accompanied by invitations to the effect that our activities have long been observed by these friendly and highly evolved visitors from outerspace, who are ready to welcome us into their interplanetry brotherhood the moment we show signs of becoming a little more civilised. In fact, their purpose in coming is to help their brother man on planet earth as the new age dawns. The principal governments of the world know about these things, but are at present somewhat confused. Clearly nothing is more likely to result in a dramatic transformation almost overnight of the world-wide ordering of affairs on earth than the enforced admission by governments, that government as we know it, including the whole gamut of our national self-defence system, is outdated. Many things are being kept from the peoples of the world which they need to know at this time, but all doubts will soon be replaced as our visitors from outer space begin to show themselves in greater numbers all over the world.

Anthony Brooke, 1965

Secrecy results from the nature of the thing kept secret, and is not necessarily imposed by those who know.

Louis Paouwels/Jack Bergier, 1960

It would clearly be vain to study approaches to human unity and the creation of a planetary society in a narrow perspective divorced from the total stream of our evolutionary development and from significant universal cosmic facts which are widely impinging themselves upon our consciousness at this time. Although there may be need to give careful consideration to whatever institutions, frameworks and laws we may envisage for our world society, it is equally indispensible and even more important to direct our concern to the spirit of our world community in its individual and collective expression and in particular to the ways and means of effecting the release of those infinite divine resources which, like the power locked up in the atom, lie virtually asleep at the core of our individual being. It is an awakening of these latent powers which alone can give glory and meaning to life on earth. Without such an awakening any 'peace' and 'unity' brought about by external arrangements of a formal character will be without substance and will certainly not meet the deepest aspirations of the heart and soul of man.

Anthony Brooke, 1967

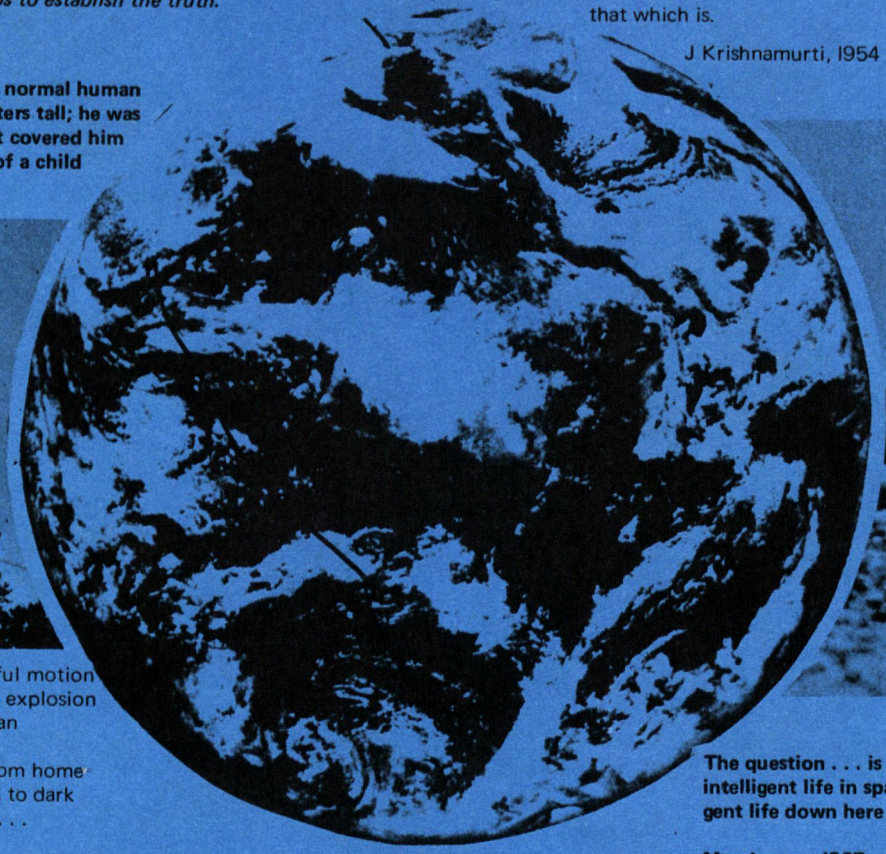
He who seeks to aquire knowledge must first know how to doubt, for intellectual doubt helps to establish the truth.

Aristotle, 360 BC

One of the things, it seems to me, that most of us most eagerly accept and take for granted is the question of beliefs. I am not attacking beliefs. What we are trying to do is to find out why we accept beliefs; and if we can understand the motives, the causation of acceptance, then perhaps we may be able not only to understand why we do it, but also be free of it. One can see how political and religious beliefs, national and various other types of beliefs, do separate people, do create conflict, confusion, and antagonism - which is an obvious fact; and yet we are unwilling to give them up. There is the Hindu belief, the Christian belief, the Buddhist - innumerable sectarian and national beliefs, various political ideologies, all contending with each other, trying to convert each other. One can see, obviously, that belief is separating people, creating intolerance; is it possible to live without belief? One can find that out only if one can study oneself in relationship to a belief. Is it possible to live in this world without a belief - not change beliefs, not substitute one belief for another, but be entirely free from all beliefs, so that one meets life anew each minute? This, after all, is the truth; to have the capacity of meeting everything anew, from moment to moment, without the conditioning reaction of the past, so that there is not the cumulative effect which acts as a barrier between oneself and that which is.

J Krishnamurti, 1954

It was a small creature, with a normal human face, from 1 meter to 1.20 meters tall; he was wearing a transparent suit that covered him completely: he reminded me of a child wrapped in a cellophane bag.



Sun turning round - graceful motion
We're setting off with soft explosion
Bound for a star fiery ocean
It's so very lonely
You're a 100 light years from home
Freezing red desert turned to dark
Energy here in every part . . .

Mick Jagger, 1967

The question . . . is not whether there is intelligent life in space but: is there intelligent life down here on earth?

Max Lerner, 1967

I saw a great star most splendid and beautiful, and with it an exceeding multitude of falling sparks which with the star followed southward. And they examined Him upon His throne almost as something hostile, and turning from Him they sought rather the north. And suddenly they were all annihilated, being turned into black coals . . . and cast into the abyss that I could see them no more.

Hildegard of Bingen, 1195

It seems amazing that man was so philosophically advanced in such ancient times. The mere fact that any culture in those days could deduce the correct explanation for the whiteness of the Milky Way is astonishing! There seems to be more mystery about early man than any anthropologist has guessed.

Joseph F Goodavage, 1967

The *Daily Express* published an interesting account from their representative in Moscow, Mr. Roy Blackman, who wrote to say that Russia is to open the world's first UFO detection agency. He went on to tell how it was revealed over the weekend that a Soviet scientific commission will in future investigate all corroborated sightings of UFOs over the Soviet Union. The commission, he said, is headed by Air Force General Anatoli Stolyerov. The establishment of the agency, added Mr. Blackman, represents a rethinking by Soviet scientists on flying saucers, which have always previously been ridiculed, and he concluded his piece with a reference to the Zigel article, and the new appraisal revealed therein.

One of our friends, recently in Moscow, had given us prior notice, in a letter dated October 25, that a permanent commission had been established on October 18. We also understand, from other sources, that General Stolyerov's No. 2 is the distinguished Dr. Zigel, and that among others the committee includes an unnamed Russian cosmonaut and 18 scientists and astronomers. There will also be 200 qualified observers throughout the country, and the Commission will be particularly interested in persistent reports from the Caucasus, the Urals and Central Asia.

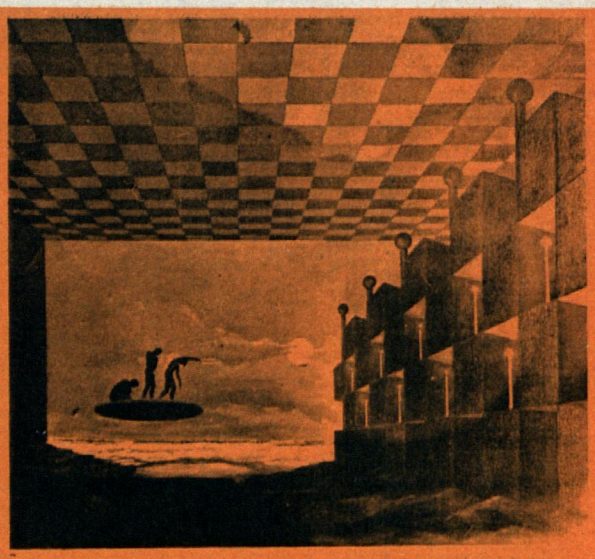
On November 9, 1965, 80,000 square miles of America was plunged into darkness by the failure of the Northeast Power Grid. The magnitude of such a failure; its consequences and its forbidding potential demanded and received instant investigation and general world-wide puzzlement and requests for explanation.

Quick answers were given and hastily retracted.

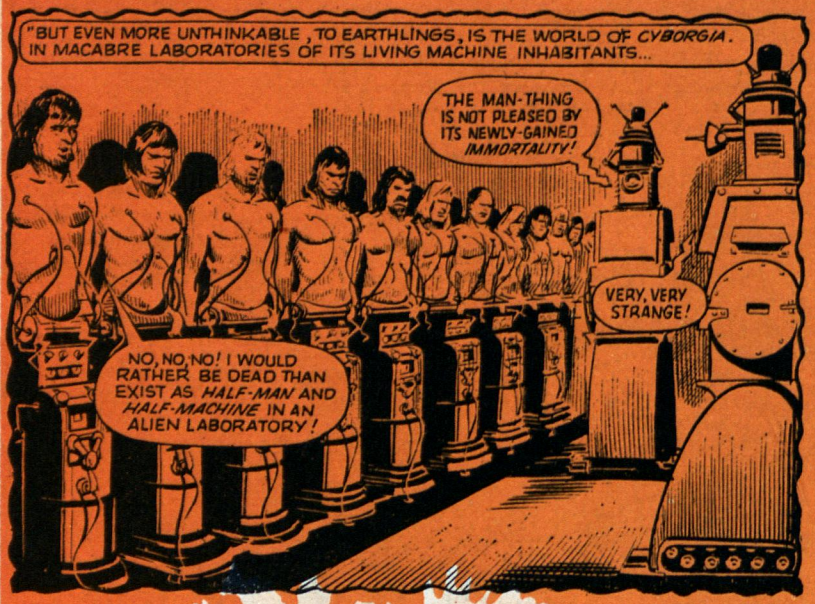
One early explanation was that a line break near Niagara Falls was the cause. This proved not to be the case. The blame switched to power lines near Clay, NY. They were not at fault. Investigators turned their attention to trouble in the Montezuma Marshes near Syracuse. Everything ship-shape. Ultimately the cause was said to have been a malfunctioning tripper at the Sir Adam Beck No 2 plant, in Canada. But authorities admit today that the real cause of the disastrous blackout remains a mystery.

The utility companies, the Air Force and the press made little mention of the reported UFO sighting that afternoon of November 9. Two commercial airline pilots spotted two disc shaped objects flying over Pennsylvania. In pursuit were two jets. At 4.30 p.m. a tremendous burst of speed carried the UFOs out of sight. At 5.30 p.m. a brilliantly glowing light was seen coming down over Syracuse, NY. At that same time 36,000,000 people were plunged into the Great North Eastern Blackout. Two huge fireballs were reported by two sets of reliable witnesses at this same time; one over the airport at Syracuse; the other above the power lines leading to the generating plant at Niagara Falls.

Joseph F Goodavage, 1967



"Lamentations," by the Belgian artist A. M. Rener. Professor C. J. Jung observed that the shape of the "flying saucer" was commonly depicted by artists, generally associated with fantastic themes.



We are no longer living in an age where progress is assessed exclusively in terms of technical and scientific advances. Another factor has to be considered, the same that was envisaged by the Unknown Elite in olden days who showed that Liber Mundi was concerned with 'Something else'.

Louis Paouwels/Jack Bergier, 1960

A man travelling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him.

Coming to a precipice, he swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other.

How sweet it tasted!.

A Zen story

On November 4 Jose Alves of Pontal was fishing in the Pardo River near Pontal. The area was deserted, the night quiet with only a slight breeze blowing from the east. Suddenly Alves spotted a strange craft in the sky, apparently heading towards him. He watched, transfixed, as it closed in with a wobbling motion and landed. It was so near he could have touched it, he said. The object appeared as two wash-bowls placed together, looked to be about ten to fifteen feet in diameter. He was too frightened to run. Three little men, clad in white clothing with close-fitting skullcaps, emerged from a window-like opening in the side of the small craft. Their skin appeared to be quite dark. Alves stood terror-striken, watching the small creatures collect samples of grass, herbs and leaves of trees; one of them filled a shiny metal tube with river water. Then, as suddenly as they had come, they jumped back into their machine, which took off vertically as swiftly and silently as it had come. Residents of Pontal, who heard Alves story when he came back to town, told the press he was a quiet man who lived only for his work and his family. He had never heard of flying saucers, and he was sure the little men were some kind of devils.

Coral E Lorenzen, 1967

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

The musician may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm, nor the voice that echoes it.

And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you thither.

Kahil Gibran, 1926

More ancient writings have been lost than have been preserved, and perhaps our new discoveries are of less value than those that we have lost.

Atterbury

On September 14, 1957, Ibrahim Sued, a well-known Rio de Janeiro society columnist, reported a strange story which startled the readers of his column in the newspaper 'O Globo'. Under the heading, 'A fragment From a Flying Disc,' he wrote:

We received the letter : 'Dear Mr. Ibrahim Sued. As a faithful reader of your column and your admirer, I wish to give you something of the highest interest to a newspaperman, about the flying discs. If you believe anything said or published about them. But just a few days ago I was forced to change my mind. I was fishing together with some friends, at a place close to the town of Obatuba, Sao Paulo, when I sighted a flying disc. It approached the beach at unbelievable speed and an accident, i.e. a crash into the sea seemed imminent. At the last moment, however, when it was almost striking the waters, it made a sharp turn upward and climed rapidly on a fantastic impulse. We followed the spectacle with our eyes, startled, when we saw the disc explode in flames. It disintegrated into thousands of fiery fragments, which fell sparkling with magnificent brightness. They looked like fire works, despite the time of the accident, at noon, i.e. at midday. Most of these fragments, almost all, fell into the sea. But a number of small pieces fell close to the beach and we picked up a large amount of this material - which was as light as paper. I am enclosing a small sample of it. I don't know anyone that could be trusted to whom I might send it for analysis. I never read about a flying disc being found, or about fragments or parts of a saucer that had been picked up. Unless the finding was made by military authorities and the whole thing kept as a top-secret subject. I am certain the matter will be of great interest to the brilliant columnist and I am sending two copies of this letter to the newspaper and to your home address.'

From the admirer (the signature was not legible), together with the above letter, I received fragments of a strange metal . . .
The magnesium in the samples analyzed, which was absolutely pure in the spectrographic sense, represents something outside the range of present-day technological development in earth science. In fact, the metal was of such fantastic purity that even to see it symbolized on paper is unbelievable. Even the infinitesimal quantities of 'trace elements' usually detected by spectrographic analysis - traces so small they could not possibly be detected by any other analytical method - were not found. Thus, the magnesium in the samples was absolutely pure in the spectrographic sense - with a percentage of 100. X-ray spectrometry and X-ray diffractometry by the powder method confirmed the results of the spectrographic analyses - the metal was pure magnesium. Again, no impurity was detected to introduce irregularities in the crystal lattice. The presence of any impurity of any interstitial atoms would change the regularity of the crystal lattice, thus causing crystal imperfections that would be revealed by the X-ray method. Therefore, on the basis of the chemical analyses the conclusion was that the magnesium in the samples was of absolute purity, in the sense that any other possible constituents which could be present would be present in such an infinitesimal amount as to be beyond the reach of any known method of chemical analysis.

We know very little about metals completely free of impurities and imperfections, simply because they are never found in nature and, in most cases cannot be prepared in the laboratory. It is not too difficult to refine a metal to 99.99% purity (which means there is something else besides the metal to the extent of 1 part in 10,000), but once beyond this point the going gets rough. For every 9 we tack on after the decimal point following the first two 9s, the cost increases tenfold, sometimes a hundredfold. This is so because involved, delicate and time-consuming crystallization operations are required so that the final product becomes more precious than gold.

On the basis of this evidence, it is highly probable the metallic chunks picked up on the beach near Ubatuba, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, are extraterrestrial in origin. This is indeed an extremely important and almost incredible conclusion. But on the basis of the findings of these chemical analyses there is no other alternative. As staggering as the implications may be, this appears to be the only acceptable explanation. Therefore, the magnesium samples analyzed must represent 'physical evidence' of the reality and extraterrestrial origin of a UFO destroyed in an explosion over the Ubatuba region. They are, in fact, 'fragments' of an extraterrestrial vehicle which met with disaster in the earth's atmosphere, as reported by human beings who witnessed the catastrophe. The gratifying aspect of this case, however, in that we do not have to depend on the testimony of witnesses to establish the reality of the incident, for the most advanced laboratory tests indicate the fragments recovered could not have been produced through the application of any known terrestrial techniques.

Coral E. Lorenzen, 1962. Olavo T. Fontes, M.D.

The Solar system is not a structure that has remained unchanged for billions of years; displacement of members of the system occurred in historical times. Nor is there any justification for the excuse that man cannot know or find out how this system came into being because he was not there when it was arranged in its present order.

Aerial phenomenon observed in Basel on August 7, 1566. The dark, round objects seem to be fighting each other. (Collection *Wickiana*, Zurich Central Library)

All human conceptions are on the scale of our planet. They are based on the pretension that the technical potential, although it will develop, will never exceed the terrestrial limit. If we succeed in establishing inter-planetary communications, all our philosophical, moral and social views will have to be revised. In this case the technical potential, become limitless, would impose the end of the rule of violence as a means and method of progress.

Lenin to H G Wells, 1920

'I saw a big disk, some eight to twelve meters in diameter, pass over my property at Jouy-sur-Morin, spinning as it flew and giving off a reddish-violet light together with a whistling sound somewhat reminiscent of the approach of a jet aircraft. The machine was at an altitude of about four hundred meters and hovered above me for more than twenty minutes; thus I had plenty of time to study it well. It then departed in the direction of Coulommiers.

As a former manager of the Aero-Club of France and having served in the airforce, I have not been the victim of a hallucination, and this machine was not a balloon, but a thick circular wing that hovered over one spot, then moved off at very great speed, climbing steadily as it did so.'

G Farnier, FSCE, 1954

FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

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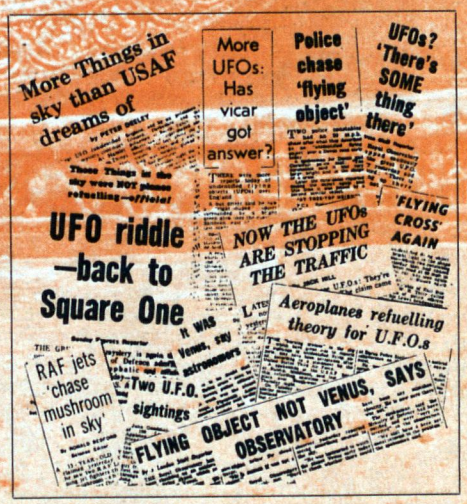
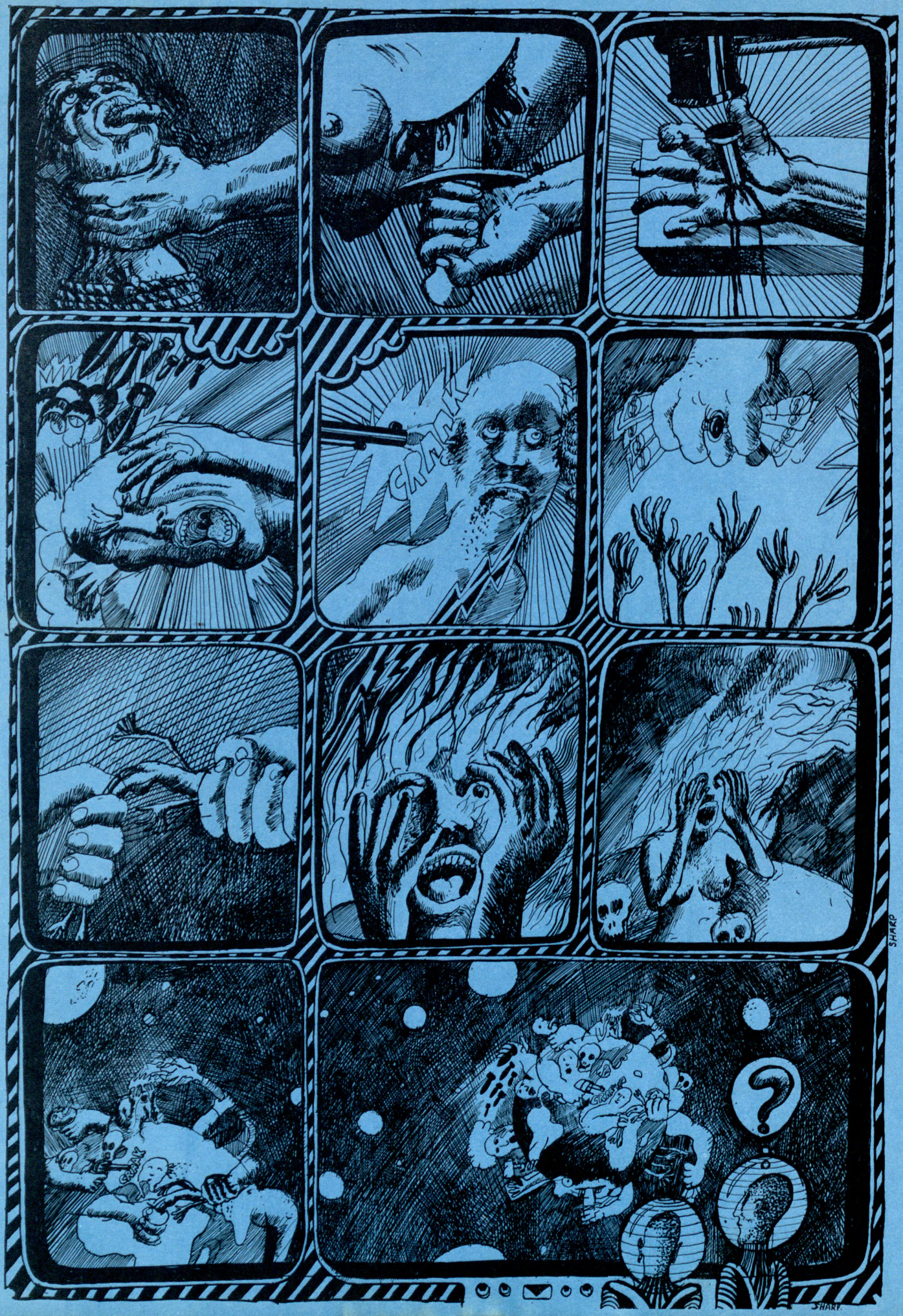


BRITAIN'S BUSIEST UFO DAYS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The Moth Man

Perhaps the weirdest creature of them all is the "Moth Man" who chose 1966 to settle himself down in America. On September 1st, Mrs. James Ikart of Scott, Mississippi, phoned a local paper to report a man-shaped object fluttering about the sky. Reporters and photographers dashed to the scene but the winged being had flown. However, several other people said they had also seen it. John Hursh, a local meteorologist, solved the mystery by calling it a weather balloon.

Scott, Miss., is near the Mississippi River, not far from where it is joined by the Ohio. On November 15th, far to the northwest and less than a mile from the Ohio River, that weather balloon turned up again. This time it was seen at midnight by four young people who were driving through a local park, the McClintic Wildlife Station. They were astounded to see a tall, man-like figure with wings standing in front of an old, abandoned power plant. Its eyes were a blazing red, some two inches in diameter, and it thoroughly terrified them before waddling into the deserted building. They went for the local police and their story launched the "Moth Man" saga. Within a few days the little town of Point Pleasant, W. Va., was in upheaval. Armed men searched the McClintic Wildlife Station and the adjoining TNT Area . . . a World War II ammunition dump which still contains igloos filled with high explosives. People were sharply divided on the "Moth Man" issue. There were the disbelievers, who scoffed, and there were the believers—who were mostly scared out of their wits after having seen the thing. Within a few weeks over one hundred people in the area had reported glimpsing the "Moth Man". Many were prominent business-men, teachers, and clergymen. All their descriptions were the same. The creature was taller and broader than a man, grey in colour, with luminous red eyes that had a hypnotic effect. It was seen both on the ground and in the air. When airborne, its wings, which had a ten foot span, were stationary and did not flap. On several occasions it was said to have pursued automobiles at speeds up to 100 miles per hour. Most of the sightings were either in the TNT Area, or very close by.

I first heard of this incident through Jim Moseley of *Saucer News* and I spent three weeks in Point Pleasant in December. The story of that visit is too involved and too bizarre to record here. But I quickly discovered that circular flying objects were being seen throughout the area and that most of these UFO sightings coincided with the dates of the creature reports and were always in the immediate vicinity. Oddly, everyone who had obtained a close look at the "Moth Man" later suffered from the same kind of eye ailment associated with UFOs. One woman, together with several other people, had a close encounter with the creature when it came up to within six feet of them after they got out of their car in the TNT area. The woman was so terrified that she actually dropped the baby she was holding in her arms. Her eyes were swollen for two weeks afterwards.

Flying Saucer Review

A Gallup poll in 1966 disclosed that five million Americans had observed something they believed to be an unidentified flying object and that ten times as many - fifty million- thought there was a real phenomenon involved the the reported manifestations. When the percentages are broken down according to educational levels, the proportion of persons inclined to attribute the sightings to imagination and fraud is highest among the least educated strata of the population.

Jacques and Janine Vallee, 1956

In the topography of intellection, I should say that what we call knowledge is ignorance surrounded by laughter. *Charles Fort*

In 1955, Colonel Gernod Darnbyl of the Norwegian Air Force released information that a UFO had crashed near Spitzbergen, Norway.

'It has - this we wish to state emphatically - not been built by any country on this earth,' Colonel Darnbyl said. 'The materials used in its construction are completely unknown to all experts who participated in the investigation.'

The Colonel promised a complete report as soon as 'some sensational facts have been discussed with US and British experts. We should reveal what we have found out, as misplaced secrecy might lead to panic!'

No report on the analysis of the downed UFO was ever issued. Ufologists have charged that the Norwegians were silenced by threats of economic pressures.

Brad Steiger, 1967

The real tragedy is the laboratory. It is to these 'Magicians' that we owe technical progress. Technique, in our opinion, has nothing to do with the practical application of science. On the contrary it is moving against science. The eminent mathematician and astronomer Simon Newcomb demonstrated that a machine heavier than air could never fly. Rutherford & Millikan showed that it would never be possible to make use of the reserves of energy in the nucleus of the atom. Napolean III's experts proved that the dynamo could never function. Science erects barriers of impossibilities.

Louis Paouwels/ Jack Bergier, 1960

While tracking Echo II on its course from North to South pole in November, 1964, Father Reyna (a Jesuit Priest, professor of mathematical physics, and director of three scientific centres/ observatories) and several other witnesses were curious and perplexed by a 'most wonderful and fantastic sight'. From the observatory at Adhara they picked up the man-made satellite at 8.37 p.m.

Eight minutes later, from the west, near Pegasus, came a UFO, following a right angle course to that of Echo II and continued east, where it descended to the horizon near Orion. The sighting lasted three minutes, during which time everybody inside and outside the observatory was alerted. Four minutes later, with Echo at its zenith, the UFO appeared again, but from the SW, near Centaurus, and performed much in the same fashion and descending to the horizon. The third sighting was at nine. This time it stopped briefly and again disappeared to the horizon at about the same time as Echo II was lost to sight. The object had been seen 'to perfection' when it was near the horizon, by everybody.

A stunning conclusion presents itself: the UFOs speed must have been at least 100,000 kms per hour, since the satelllite was travelling at the known speed of 25,000 kms per hour. This was estimated by the observers using several different methods.

Joseph Goodavage 1967

. . . the earth's orbit changed more than once and with it the length of the year; that the geographical position of the terrestrial axis and its astronomical direction changed repeatedly, and that at a recent date the polar star was in the constellation of the Great Bear. The length of the day altered; the polar regions shifted; other regions moved into polar circles . . . electrical discharges took place between Venus, Mars and the earth when, in very close contacts, their atmospheres touched each other; that the magnetic poles of the earth became reversed only a few thousand years ago; and that with the change in the moon's orbit the length of the month changed too, and repeatedly so.

Immanuel Velikovsky, 1950

The secret of alchemy is this: there is a way of manipulating matter and energy so as to produce what modern scientists call a 'field of force'. This field acts on the observer and puts him in a privileged position vis-a-vis the Universe. From this position he has access to the realities which are ordinarily hidden from us by time and space, matter and energy. This is what we call the 'Great Work'.

Fulcanelli

Anything that man is capable of imagining, other men will be capable of making a reality.

Jules Verne

So (HG) Wells plunged on . . . to try to envisage a new society, based upon this great knowledge-synthesis instead of on a religion. It had to begin with a world government, of course . . .

Colin Wilson, 1966

I am a firm believer in the existence of 'Anglegs' or 'Higher Beings', whatever these terms may represent. But let me be free to point out that there seems to be something else in the woodpile too. Surely no greater disservice can be done to the Earth beings of our kind - and to our descendants too, if there are to be any - than is being done by the fatuous and insanely dangerous over simplifications of the cultists and the crackpots who assure us so blandly that 'They' are all benevolent, and that all is Sweetness and Light. Whence, we may ask, does this certainty spring?
Are brainwashings and mental manipulation already occurring? Has the great Take-over already begun? If so, by what?

Gordon Creighton, 1967

Life can also be created. That particular problem was solved as long ago as 1836 by an English scientist named Andrew Crosse . . . It happened that Crosse was experimenting on the artificial formation of crystals by means of weak and prolonged electric currents, and found to his surprise that living creatures appeared in his chemical solutions. The creatures in question were insects of the type known as acari (mites), and they lived, moved, ate and bred. They first appeared when Crosse was trying to make crystals of silica by allowing fluids to seep through porous stone kept electrified by means of a battery. The fluid used was a mixture of hydrochloric acid and a solution of silicate of potash.

Cederic Allingham, 1954

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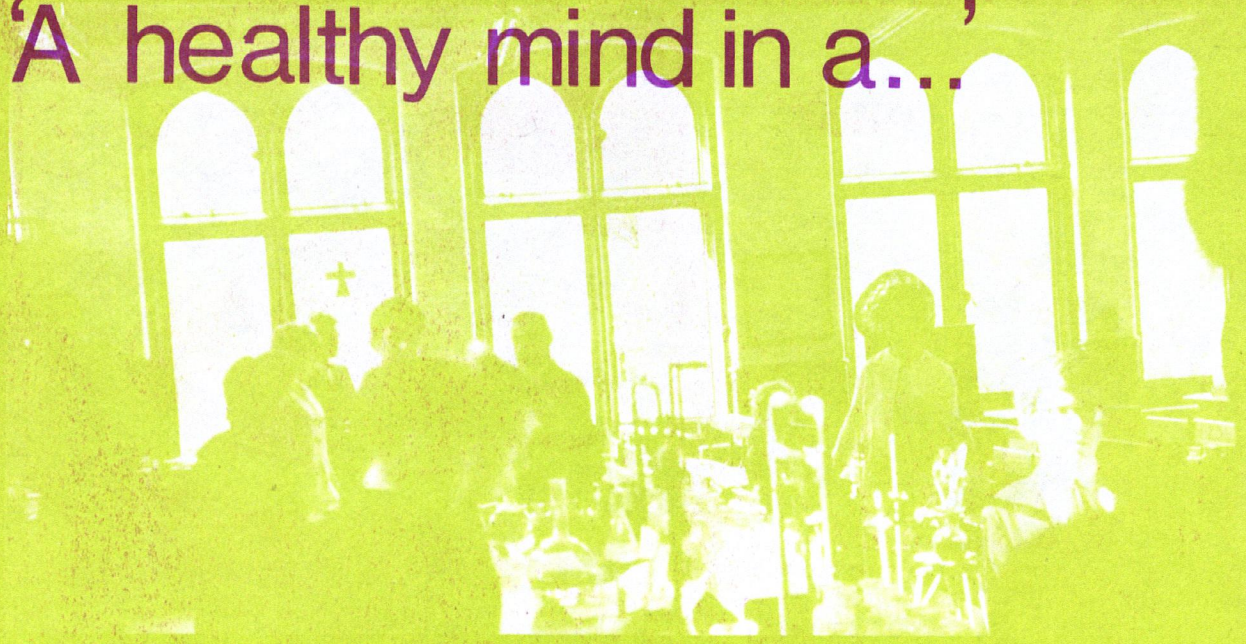
Flying Saucer from Mars, by Cederic Allingham, published by Frederick Muller Ltd

Digest compiled by Martin Sharp and Jon Goodchild. It is to be a continuing development, and comments, notes, contributions, thoughts, written and visual, within this theme are welcomed. Payment made for all pieces printed.
(OZ Digest, 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, London W 8)

'A healthy mind in a...'



Julian Manyon (17)

The last 20 years have seen a violent assault on the status of the public school. The response of many such schools has been to seek a new and progressive image to try and justify themselves in the eyes of the 20th century. St Paul's is to a large extent typical of these. It's abolition of the Army Cadet Corps; it's plans for ultra modern new buildings; even the calculated flirtation of it's headmaster with the Liberal Party; all serve to silence it's critics and to beguile another generation of 'progressive' parents into parting with £350 a year for the education of it's offspring. One has to experience St Paul's to realize that it's values and many of it's teaching methods are the residue of the 19th century.

Competition that began for me at the age of 7 and for years made life a continuous and pointless struggle as, with half a dozen other classical scholars, I fought and grabbed for marks and for the little silver emblems that were the symbols of academic success. It was a competition that left little room for anything else enforcing a kind of monastic discipline upon its participants. A competition whose objects stretched endlessly into the distance altering as the years went by from O to A level, to University scholarships and, ultimately, to a successful career with financial security.

I became aware of the compulsion inherent in St Paul's only as I reacted against the competition. It is a school with few written rules but dominated by established conservative values. **'Mens sana in corpore sano'** is the maxim and to acheive this the traditional public school devotion to sport is fostered. Competitive sport is compulsory for all. Excellence at thumping assorted pieces of leather about the sole criterion for a prefectship; while to express a dislike of sport is to incur the wrath of a large section of the staff who are apparently capable of appreciating little else.

Prayers too are compulsory; objections on the grounds of atheism are not so much disapproved of, as totally disregarded. I have seen a senior boy who would not sing in prayers dragged violently by the scruff of the neck through assembly by a senior master, who told him outside that ... 'you do not deserve to be in this school, if you do not believe in God!'

There are few, however, who openly reject Christianity - ten years of compulsory religious instruction has its effect. I find it strange to reflect that I could say the Lord's Prayer in both Latin and English before I even knew what it meant.

This attitude is constantly defended by the claim that St Paul's is a Christian foundation. This is certainly true and there is even a statute limiting the number of Jews permitted in the school. The fact, however, that the authorities are prepared to employ random attendance checks, and even physical violence, to enforce their beliefs must belie their outwardly progressive attitude.

The true public school philosophy, however, was brought some to me in my experience as a boarder. For the first time in my life there was no escape from discipline and tyrannical regimentation. Every waking moment was controlled by bells . . . bells for getting up, bells for breakfast, bells for going to school and bells for coming back, bells for prayers and bells for lights-out at 9.30 p.m. Freedom of action rarely exists for boarders at St Paul's. The summary of their whole existence is contained in notice-boards and in the ridiculous regulations that surround them - you must queue for cocoa in order of seniority; you must not leave your slippers under the bed; you must have a hair-cut every two weeks. Above all I found that communication with most of my companions was almost impossible. Years of regimentation by masters - one of whom held, on his own admission, a puritan view of morality - and bullying by stupid and insensitive prefects had produced a kind of unquestioning apathy; a weak acceptance of their lot, yet an internal tension that erupted into unconscious cruelty and violence, as when, on one occasion,I was struck savagely from behind by a prefect for not making my bed properly - I broke a tooth; he subsequently became head of House.

The philosophy of a school such as St Paul's is indeed frightening, even more so, as Edmund Leach has noted, is the fact that much of the attitude I have described is held by the entire educational system of this country, and **not**

just the public schools alone. Certainly, the horrors of boarding are almost non-existent in state schools, as is much of the Victorian paraphernalia to which I was subjected. But I think it is true to say that our entire educational system is dominated by the pursuit of disciplined mediocrity and the cultivation of an orthodox and standard intelligence. The highly organized national examination system results, not only in encouraging destructive and senseless competition, but also in elevating within our society those who possess only the particular talent and mental outlook catered for by the GCE.

In our educational system, as well as in our society, success at jumping through a series of stereo - typed hoops is all that really matters. For those who fall by the wayside or, more numerous still, for those who are never able to really enter the race, the future offers little more than a life of continual frustration and boredom made still worse by occasional glimpses of others' success

Above all, by pre-selecting the rulers and the ruled by such means as the 11+ or the purchase of a public school education; by teaching some to compete and others, in the scores of sink schools littering the country, that they are incapable of competition; by training them for specific tasks rather than educating them in the widest sense; by indoctrinating them with the existing and moral prejudices of our age - disguised as objective truths - we run the risk of creating an essentially split society where communication between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots', the 'educated' and the 'illiterate', is made almost impossible.

Perhaps we have already taken the first steps in this direction, for so few are even aware of this fundamental dilemma.

I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together man.
I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together, man.
I've got to get it together,

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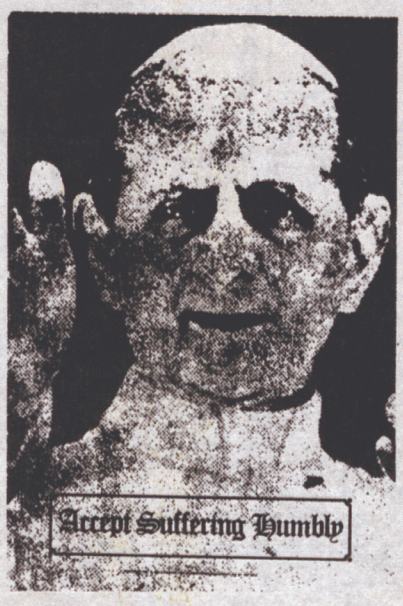

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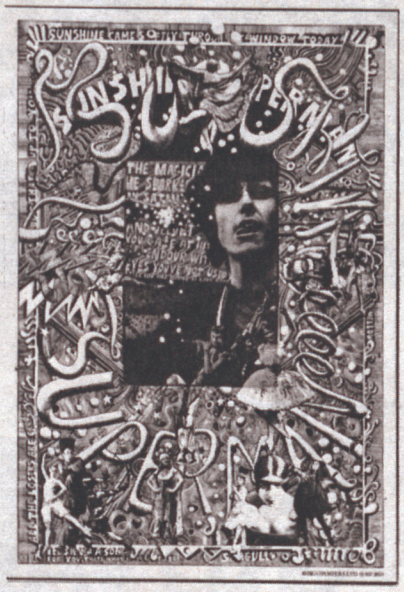

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Georg Buechner was a revolutionary German dramatist born in 1813. At the age of 19, he was forced to abandon his medical studies after publishing an address to the German peasantry. He lived and taught Natural Science in Austria on the royalties of his play 'Danton's Death'. There he wrote 'Leonie and Lena' and 'Woyseck'. He died aged 23 of Typhoid.

'The mayor coughs, the baby cries, the miner dies. The Poor follow the rubbish carts of prosperity and the Rich follow the Poor to fill their dustbins. For our land is split into two classes; those who own the land and the factories and the machinery and those who must daily sell their sweat as salt for the table of Capital. To serve at the Banquet are the Four Disciples. The *Police* and the blue fascists who ride in the middle of the road and use truncheons for their wives. The morgues and urinals of official *Art*, its practitioners and apologists fawning across the promise and the shame of each others buttocks. The *Universities* and the teachers with minds like bricks who shout from the classroom DEATH DEATH DEATH. The yellow *Press* owned by the purple monsters who swing from each others ears.

To defend their charnel house of freedom, the oligarchies must squad car the peasant and the negro who dare rise against their power. The groin smashers practice murder on plastic Andes erected in Fort Worth and the Pentagon telephones Death around the world. In the whiskey-bar, the cell and the barrack, the Congo Algeria and Vietnam, the Beast operates his electric torture machine. Professors in linen suits travel the Hiltons of the world talking of viable infrastructure. Radicals cry into their beer.

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APOLOGY

But the subversive passion of the revolutionary leans forward to free the present from the past; to the Revolution and the ultimate expression of all forms of human genius.'

2. An attitude of non-commitment in art can crystalise and become accepted only in a stabilised society where the foundations of national existence are generally taken for granted and where national conflict runs at a tension so low that it fails to communicate itself in art.'

Isaac Deutscher 'Ironies of History'

Since Johnson's second year of office, the dollar has been heavily overvalued on the international currency market. The Vietnam war until '65 acted as an economic stimulus, due to war-derived demand for materials and the creation of new jobs and spending power. But increasingly capital is scarce within the US and wage costs are rising at an accelerating rate, a typical war time phenomena. At the same time medium level technical skill is drained from industry especially because students either go to Vietnam or stay within the universities to avoid the Draft. The economy thus suffers the worst effects of both inflation of costs and deflation of value. But on the world market this inflation of US currency makes it easy for US capital to further penetrate W. European business by borrowing paper money out of the Federal Reserve Bank. US interests own 55% of the British car industry (Ford, Vauxhall and Rootes) and about 30% of the European car manufacturers. Despite the US's overall payments imbalance, in investments, she still takes more than she sends out; from '56-64, US corporations sent out 16 billion dollars for direct capital investment and the return as dividends, interest and branch profits was 23 billion dollars.

Faced with increased invasion of US capital and a relatively backward economy, France must either build supra national corporations which compete with the US or counter-attack on the dollar. De Gaulle tends to refuse the former in the name of national sovreignty and it is the logic of the latter which underpins the French attack on the Pound, the dollar's longstop. The attack is easier because British overseas arms spending distorts real trade performance and fiscal stability. The French and Swiss have accumulated gold by buying dollars cheap and cashing them expensive; an important source are the GI dollars draining through the brothels and bars of Saigon. French gold reserves may be directly strenthened by the Russians, who do not publish figures but may well be producing more gold than S. Africa, the other primary gold source. This is an article about politics because it uses words like flat irons. British devaluation then was forced by French based attack but carried out and timed on terms dictated by the US. France feels US attack most acutely but the same nationistic response to international capital is present in the business support for the NPD in Germany and Wilson's 'Britain First' devaluation speech.

In Europe, competition increases and isolated national recessions continue. So far partial measures have patched isolated problems (ie the protection of Italian autos and French refrigerators in '64), but a general recession will force European capital to shelter its industrial heart in the Paris/Amsterdam/Dortmund triangle, protected by a European currency (the eurofranc with which the decimal pound is meant to mesh) and supported by the appropriate organs of supra-national state power. Meanwhile the US war-demand speculation on internal money markets and the continued refusal of Congress to finance the expected 30,000 million dollars government deficit by June 68 makes the first major postwar monetary crisis look very likely. Certainly if the European assault on the dollar continues, while US interest rates increase, the alternatives are the revaluing of gold, devaluation of the dollar or the US abandonment of the Gold Standard, in that order. But in semi stagnant economies, the increasing profits necessary to continued international competitiveness can only come from decreasing the amount of capital going to shares and salaries. Working class wage levels must be held static while prices and rents increase, so that the working class sustains a loss of real wages which will never be recovered. In England this is accompanied by specific assaults on working class organisation by inducting the union beaurocracy into the state planning machinery at the top and isolating site level organisation by outlawing unofficial strikes (ie 93% of all strikes) where necessay, ie Barbican and Roberts-Arundel, the armed wing of the state will be used to break strikes. The increased aggressiveness of international competition will increase the level of class conflict within each nation.

3. Dr. Filth of 'Desolation Row'

'The Wipeout Gang buys, owns and operates the Insanity Factory - if you don't know where the Insanity Factory is located then you should hereby take two steps to the right; paint your teeth and go to sleep'. Bob Dylan

'Mysticism starts in mist and ends in schism' Cardinal Newman.

Each man is his mystery. No reality is as interesting as the veil of my language and the marrow of thought. I need to celebrate being rather than becoming consumption rather than production, the silky fire of my mind before the paper skulls of their words. Poets suffer a fatigued anxiety about the meaning of their words but revolutionaries throw buckets at each other in the sandpit of the sentence. Oh Doctor Scholl, where are you now for these people who wear surgical shoes around their brains.

Socialism is the motto over the door of the prison which I notice as I pass from the sun to the moon. In my land everyone is like pious Buddists with pails of milk at the point where Beauty and Ignorance married each other in a ceremony served by Chinese Honey. The time for reflection is here. We turn from each other in disgust, weary of our puny exploits, weary of pretending to be able, of being able, of doing a little better than the same old thing. The time to relish and curl into the curves and find the world I miss, even when its here.

David Widgery

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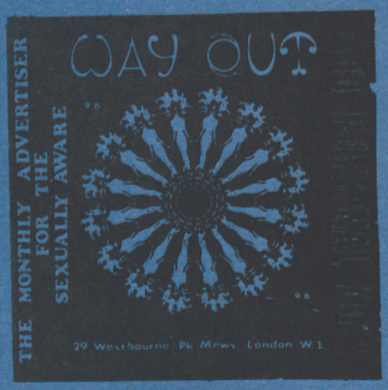

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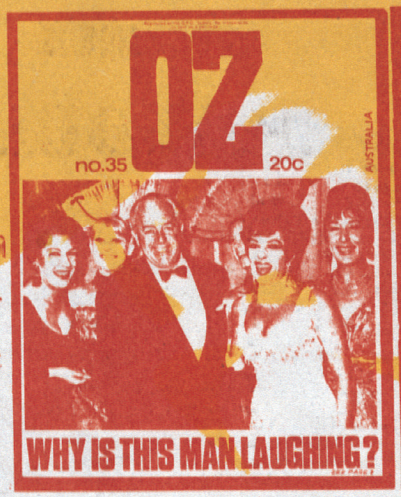
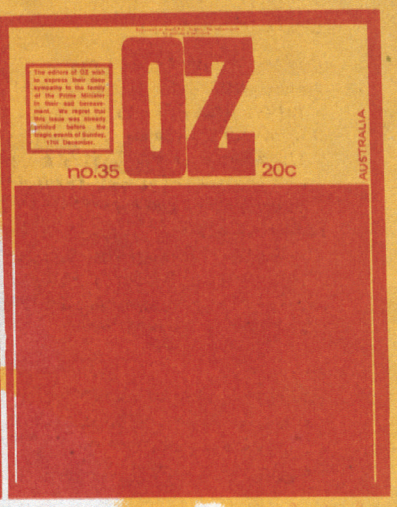




Sorry that OZ 8 was over-priced and partly unintelligible . . . We can't seem to find an experienced, tenacious advertising pusher so we depend on sale revenue. This issue arrives courtesy of someone very kind, thank you, and if anyone else wants to help; subscribe, take an ad or send OZ a present.

Part of this OZ has been edited by Jon Goodchild and Martin Sharp. They think OZ is too amorphous and negative and have suggested we occasionally free a section for people to develop a world-view or to explore any subject they find important. Groups or individuals are invited to contribute material for up to 6–8 'I'll turn you on' pages.

Carolin's Coon's piss may help change the law on pot. The Government pathologist, Professor Francis Camps, is researching cannabis resin and is unable to legally obtain it for his experiments. Hearing that Miss Coon, of Release, has a prescription for cannabis, Professor Camps has arranged for a taxi to collect a phial of her precious urine twice a week. He should be in for some surprises. Miss Coon is inviting friends to pee on her behalf.

Less colourful evidence was recently given by representatives of OZ and International Times to the sub-committee of the Standing Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence established by the Home Secretary and Health Minister. At one point the chairman, Baronnes Wootton, told the OZ/IT men that they were 'too religious'.

Even more religious is Alex Lowsiewkee, who gives the gospel on love communes in this issue and has prodded us into co-sponsering a forum on communal living in March (speakers will include gypsies and Dominicans). His gay evangelicism is in ironic harmony with the current corruption of the London scene. Remember that busy week when the Beatles discovered God through acid (and others discovered acid through the Beatles), when this new generation had a new explanation, when Donovan said 'Pop is the perfect religious vehicle; it's as if God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created, and had chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty.

Pop stars were the golden hopes of the Underground because they could provide the capital, they could finance the revolution, they'd love to turn us on. In America, it is said that some pop groups have poured their money into constructive, radical enterprises. Here, the Beatles talk of launching a mini-cab service and sow the ludicrous 'Apple'. When George Harrison was recently asked to appear free at the Alpha Centaura Concert he reportedly replied. 'No. I've already given £10. to Oxfam'. All you need is love and short memory. God may have chosen pop, but pop chose Apple.

These days, in the Underground, the sound of lovemaking is drowned by the ricochetting of bouncing cheques. Hippie entrepreneurs open cool galleries, launch oracular magazines and acquire posters, vanishing as mysteriously as they came, laughing at their unhappy creditors (people who sell goods or services on trust). Sickening contempt for any financial obligations is now considered hip. The scene is crowded by a band of exhibitionistic hucksters whose disregard of responsibilities makes Dr. Savundra seem like St. Francis of Assisi. Watch OZ. We may soon, like 'People', name the guilty men.

Enjoying a traditional English breakfast in his Chelsea studios yesterday afternoon, Martin Sharp, OZ artiste, applauded the 'I'm backing Britain' movement. 'This is the spirit to get the country out of the horse & buggy era, into the Mini Moke era', he philosophised as he selected a caramel eclair from the tray offered by his Estonian housemaid. 'As my own personal contribution', said Sharp settling into an elegant plastic hammock, and unwrapping a luxury food parcel from Australia, 'I will endeavour to go to bed half an hour later'.

Continuation of the HAMA Strip is held over for next issue. OZ No 10.

A hand-out from
THE ANTIUNIVERSITY OF LONDON

The Antiuniversity of London is to be where many of the original and radical artists, intellectuals, activists and workers in the London-Europe vicinity can meet with people and discuss their ideas and work. In addition, it is hoped that an increasing number of young people will be able to study at the Antiuniversity on a full time basis outside the usual institutional channels. The Antiuniversity is to provide a context for all of its members to find out 'what is going on' without being squeezed dry or turned into marionettes by the school system or the state.

Among those who will participate in the Antiuniversity are: David Cooper, Richard Hamilton, Stuart Montgomery, Allen Krebs, R.D. Laing, Ted Roszak, Alex Jensen, Joseph Berke, Jim Haynes, Asa Benveniste, Alex Trocchi, Juliet Mitchell, Calvin Hernton, Mike Horowitz, Roland Muldoon, Morty Schatzman, Malcolm Caldwell, Leon Redler, Jeff Nutall, Jesse Watkins, Francis Huxley, John Latham, Ed Dorn, Steve Abrams and Russ Stetler.

Subjects to be discussed include: 'Sound poetry poetry into music', 'The nature of vision, the importance of difficulty, the future of failure', 'Woman', 'The Sociology of Guerilla Warfare', 'The making of a counter-culture', 'The psychology of the family, of sex, of aggression, of the State', 'The fragmentation and violence effected by science and technology', 'From comic books to the dance of Shiva', 'Typography in Poetry' and 'Drugs and the mind'.

Meetings will be informal or not depending on the taste of those involved and will take place once a week or fortnight for a couple of hours. There will also be wide variety of other activities and events.

The Antiuniversity is associated with the many 'Free Universities', 'Antiuniversities' and 'Antischools' that have sprung up in Europe and America during the past five years, among many more to come.

The Antiuniversity of London is located at 49, Rivington Street, London E.C.2 (a few minutes walk from the Old Street Underground, Northern Line). It will open the week of February 12th.
All who are interested are urged to write to the Antiuniversity for a catalogue.

The wonderful thing about London's more exclusive shops, as everyone knows, is their uncompromisingly personal service. Each customer is treated as an individual: evaluated, analyzed, and if necessary, reformed. Twelve years ago I was so rash as to present myself to a Dover Street tailor with a letter of introduction. It altered my whole way of life.

And now, catastrophically, I've been cut down in my prime by a pair of suede shoes.

It all started innocently enough. They caught my eye while I was strolling through Harrod's just before Christmas (which is in itself a considerable achievement). They were tasteful, elegant, unique, unobtrusive – in short, all that a pair of shoes should be for a modest but impeccable chap such as myself. Ignoring the six guinea tag, I bought them forthwith.

Three months later they succumbed to their first heavy rain. The uppers stiffened and broke out in a white, scabrous rash. Fearing the worst, I hurried back to Harrod's Department of Polish and Shoe Repair for a diagnosis.

The attendant, a Harley Street specialist in grey coat and striped trousers, was gravely solicitous. "I'm afraid this is very serious, sir," he murmured. "You see how the leather has hardened and the pores have closed. And that white deposit – I don't know if we can get that out. I'll send them off to our factory, but I can't be optimistic. If only you'd caught them while they were still wet . . ." His voice trailed off into reproving silence.

I explained that I'd never had this sort of trouble with suede shoes before. Even cheap suede shoes. Entirely outside my experience. Caught me by surprise. Unexpected emergency.

He shook his head. "All sorts of factors could be involved in a condition of this sort." He lowered his voice discreetly. "Your feet, sir. Do they tend to be somewhat – ah – moist? I thought so. The rain could combine with the – ah – residue and bring it to the surface."

He paused for a moment, then leaned forward and spoke even more confidentially. "All sorts of factors, sir. For instance, you've probably never thought about it, sir, but very damaging things can happen to your shoes when you use a public urinal." I started to assure him that I always made a special point of not piddling on my feet, but he was well ahead of me. "Now I'm not suggesting that there's anything – ah – unhealthy about you, sir. But all kinds of people use those places. And water will splash, sir. And suede is so very – ah – absorbent."

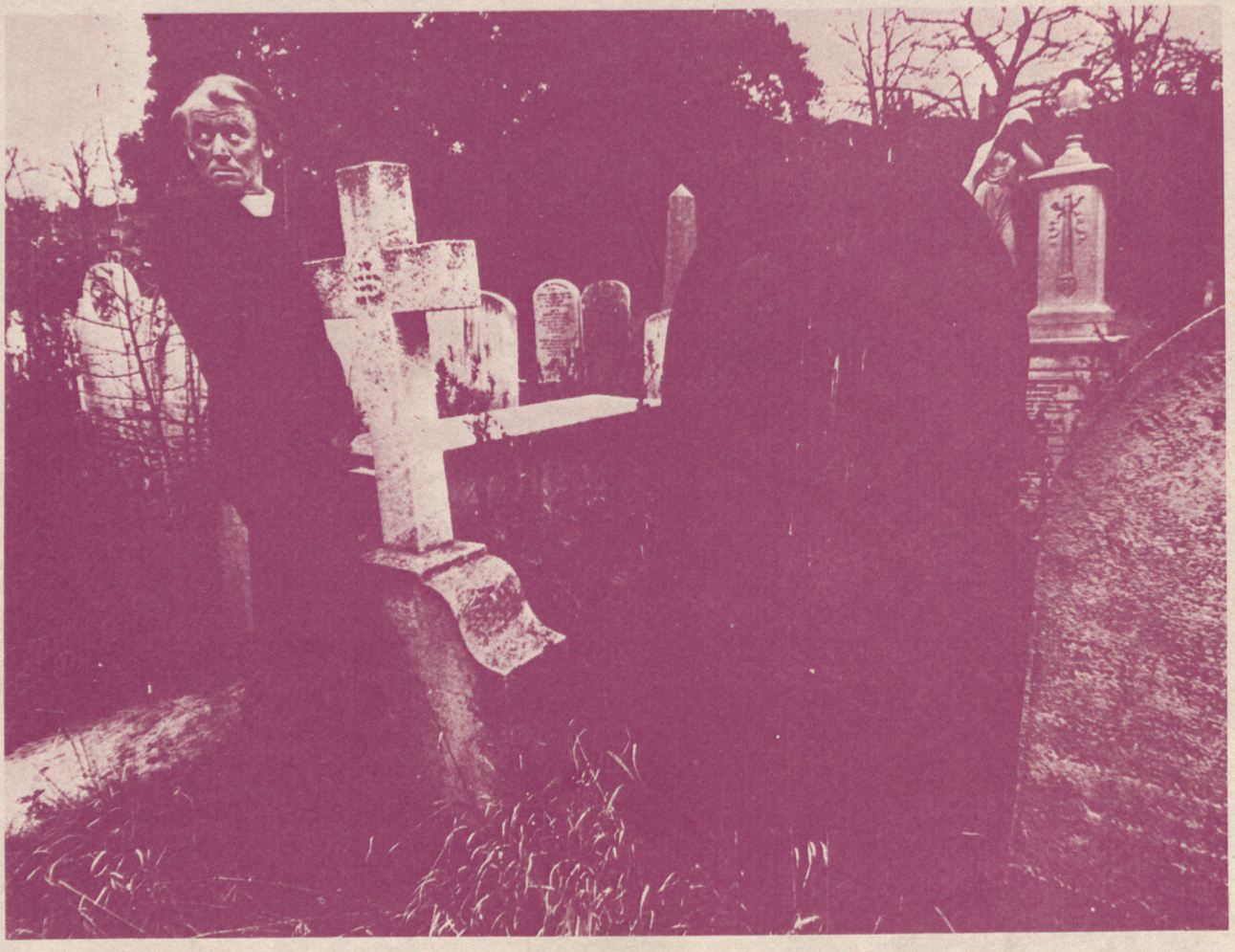
Before continuing, he allowed me a few seconds to contemplate my urine-soaked extremities. "You may not believe this, sir, but when I worked at Lilywhite's, a gentleman returned a pair of bowling shoes. The uppers were in shocking condition — all checked and scaly they were, quite beyond repair. We sent them off to an independent factory for analysis. Sort of a second opinion from a specialist, you might say. We left it to them to determine who was to blame.

"Well, a few days later they sent me their report. You'll never guess what they found, sir. Had diabetes, he did. Very advanced case. Never even suspected it. I had to call in his wife and break the news to her so she could see to it that he went to a doctor right away. Caught it just in time, they did. You never know, sir. You never know . . ."

I left in a state of considerable agitation and came straight home to rest. Tomorrow I have an appointment with my doctor for a urinalysis. And if I'm found dead in bed, I've left a note for the coroner to examine my shoes.

John Whiting

BOB WHITAKER



LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - In keeping with the fact that the Vietnam war is supported by and for America's big businesses, here is a way to take advantage of modern technology and to engage in simple but effective economic protest.

Anytime you find a business reply card or envelope, DON'T THROW IT AWAY.

If the postage is paid by the addressee, fill it out . . . with either the words STOP THE WAR or with a fictitious name and address (i.e. D. Rusk, III Main St., New York, N.Y.) Either way, it costs that company money, and sooner or later they'll know why.

Everytime you drop a card in a mail box - and it must be posted once you deposit it - it costs that corporation 4¢, 5¢ and more; and it costs the Post Office too. (Postal rates are already going up as a result of the war, and if this protest forces them up again, it may cause greater anti-war sentiment here.)

Order samples, encyclopedias, subscriptions to TIME, LIFE, Better Homes; join record clubs.

Even if they find out that the address doesn't exist, it will take them hours of time and paper work, costly fruitless effort, and valuable time in research.

Or, if you have just written STOP THE WAR, big and clear on the reply cards, even that costs plenty when you multiply the number of cards we can send in a week (with only the slightest bit of energy on our part), by the number of people who are slightly, very, or radically opposed to this war, by the numbers of companies that every day release hundreds of thousands of these otherwise useless communications.

We are asking all newspapers, magazines and radio stations to print, reprint or read this message to the nation. Let OUR reply to business be: STOP THE WAR!

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - Back in 1960, when Kennedy was assembling his Cabinet officers, McNamara was reportedly offered the choice of being either Secretary of the Treasury or Secretary of Defense.

He (McNamara) quickly declined the Treasury on the ground that he had had no experience in banking or fiscal affairs.' (Schlesinger, A Thousand Days)

Will the World Bank offer its new president some obviously needed on-the-job training?

NEW YORK, N.Y. Dec. 15 (LNS) - Mrs. Eleanor Raskin, one of the lawyers currently involved in defending those arrested at Stop the Draft Week demonstrations here last week, adds this footnote:

'Last week one of the hippy . . . er. . . demonstrators came into court with shoulder length hair and an enormous, beautiful yellow balloon.

'The judge, nothing daunted I'm sure by the threat of guns, absolutely quailed at the sight of the big yellow balloon, and flew into an incredible rage when the lad wanted to take it with him when he went to stand before the judge for bail, arraignment, etc.

'The judge finally surrendered and yelled at the lawyers to get the guy out of court. Power of ridicule, to say nothing of love!

U.S. GIVES 7.1 MILLION DOLLARS IN PICKLES TO SOUTH KOREAN MILITARY

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 15 (LNS) - Beginning next month, South Koreans fighting in South Vietnam will be supplied with tasty tit-bits to boost their morale - highly spiced 'kimchi' pickles - courtesy of (you guessed it) Uncle Sam. 'We can live a whole year without meat,' Koreans say, 'but without kimchi, we can hardly live a week.'

The U.S., ever mindful of the needs of others, especially when they're the only really efficient pacification units in South Vietnam, is rising to this life-or-death crisis. Recognising the necessity of building Koreans' morale 'to an even higher level,' the U.S. agreed last month to finance a six-month supply of kimchi for its 47,000 freedom-loving allies.

By 'U.S.' we mean that Vice-President Humphrey, during his visit to Seoul last July, told General/President Park that the U.S. taxpayers would be more than happy to underwrite the cost of the six-month supply of kimchi - at a bargain, too - a mere 7.1 million dollars.

'Don't worry, Park,' Hubert probably said. 'You keep your troops in Vietnam and maybe send a few more, eh, and we'll see that your boys get their kimchi.' (Hubert is great pals with generals these days.)

The Koreans' kimchi rations will be prepared by the Korea General Foods Corporation in Seoul - quite a bonanza for the boys at Korea General Foods. We tried to look up this company, thinking it might be a subsidiary of the giant U.S. General Foods Corporation, but to no avail. There is no public record of the company, so it's probably privately owned. Someone's going to make a killing off this deal, but we don't know who. However, with South Korea having the type of government it does, the free enterprisers who own Korea General Foods may quite possibly be some of General Park's buddies. Such shenanigans are not entirely unheard of.

7.100,000 dollars worth of pickles started us to thinking about this little deal cooked up by Hubert and Park. The only parallel we can imagine to this might be if, during the American Revolution, King George III had sent a special shipload of wienerschnitzel to his Hessian mercenaries.

Of course, one way to save the U.S. taxpayers that 7.1 million dollars they're 'investing' in kimchi, plus the 2.1 million dollars in paychecks they're subsidising every month (part of the reported 83,853,000 dollars paid to Koreans or to Korea so far this year for their/its role in Vietnam) would be to ship the 47,000 Koreans back to Korea and replace them in Vietnam with the 50,000 American GI's currently stationed Korea.

But that would make the Vietnam war even more 'American' than it already is, and, like Johnson said back when he was playing peacenik three years ago, we don't want American boys doing what Asian boys should be doing for themselves.

THE WORKERS AND THE MOVEMENT

STONY BROOK, N.Y., Dec. 15 (LNS) - The urgent need for the movement to change the consciousness of the American working class became evident at a recent antiwar demonstration here.

Rain began falling as an antiwar rally was taking place on the campus of the State University of New York, so a janitor came out to take down the U.S. flag.

When a group of construction workers on a nearby job saw the flag being lowered, they assumed the students were about to deface it. So they rushed to the scene, stomping on students, the janitor and even some school administrators.

THE MCCARTHY CAMPAIGN: A RADICAL POLITICAL CRITIQUE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11 (LNS) - The crucial word in understanding the significance of the 'presidential campaign' of Sen. Eugene McCarthy is co-option.

In practice, co-option means neutralising political activists by removing them from a previously defined role and placing them in a new role while presumably, but not really, promoting the same goals.

There are many examples of people who are co-opted in America today: black militants who take high-paying jobs with government anti-poverty agencies; idealistic youths who join the Peace Corps to 'help' in underdeveloped countries; doctoral candidates interested in revolutionary social change who are required by their academic disciplines to remain aloof from their subject matter in the name of objectivity.

Now, as militant students are increasing the tempo of their attack on the Vietnam war and the corporate elite that is behind the war, the McCarthy campaign emerges as a clear attempt to co-opt - to turn political activists into political moderates.

An editorial in the Dec. 6 issue of the University of Connecticut Daily Campus gets right to the point: 'By presenting a viable alternative to the war policies of the President, McCarthy will give many disaffected young dissenters a political home, giving them a chance to express their frustrations at the ballot box rather than in street demonstrations.

One of McCarthy's primary aims, as he himself has admitted and shown by his actions, is to convince young radicals that they should use 'the system' rather than buck it.

McCarthy has so far directed himself to students, professors, clergymen, union leaders - precisely those elements already committed to opposition to the war in some form. If he were making great efforts to carry his antiwar message to the hundreds of thousands of Americans who support the war, McCarthy's efforts might be more worthy of support.

As it is, however, it is a rather obvious attempt at co-option. Those who are associated with the McCarthy challenge are well known for playing this game. Senator Robert Kennedy, for example, has recently been very critical of students involved in free-wheeling street demonstrations, urging them to retain confidence in 'the system'. Allard Lowenstein, one of McCarthy's top organisers, has frequently been described as a 'peacemaker for the establishment.' Lowenstein is a busy-body lawyer from New York who has appeared at virtually every National Student Association congress for the past 17 years. He has promoted a 'Dialogue' between antiwar students and government officials, promoting the illusion that such conversations yield fruit.

The ultimate question, however, concerns McCarthy's belief that the electoral system does work as an outlet for radical ideas, and that liberal politicians like himself represent a viable alternative.

The answer to that question lies in the careers of Adlai Stevenson, Hubert J. Humphrey and Arthur Goldberg - the McCarthy's of an earlier day. It should be quite clear to student activists that liberal boosters of 'the system' are not the best allies in a principled, effective long-range struggle against the war and its causes.

In any case, McCarthy's antiwar views are vague and limited. They accept the concept of the United States as a worldwide police force.

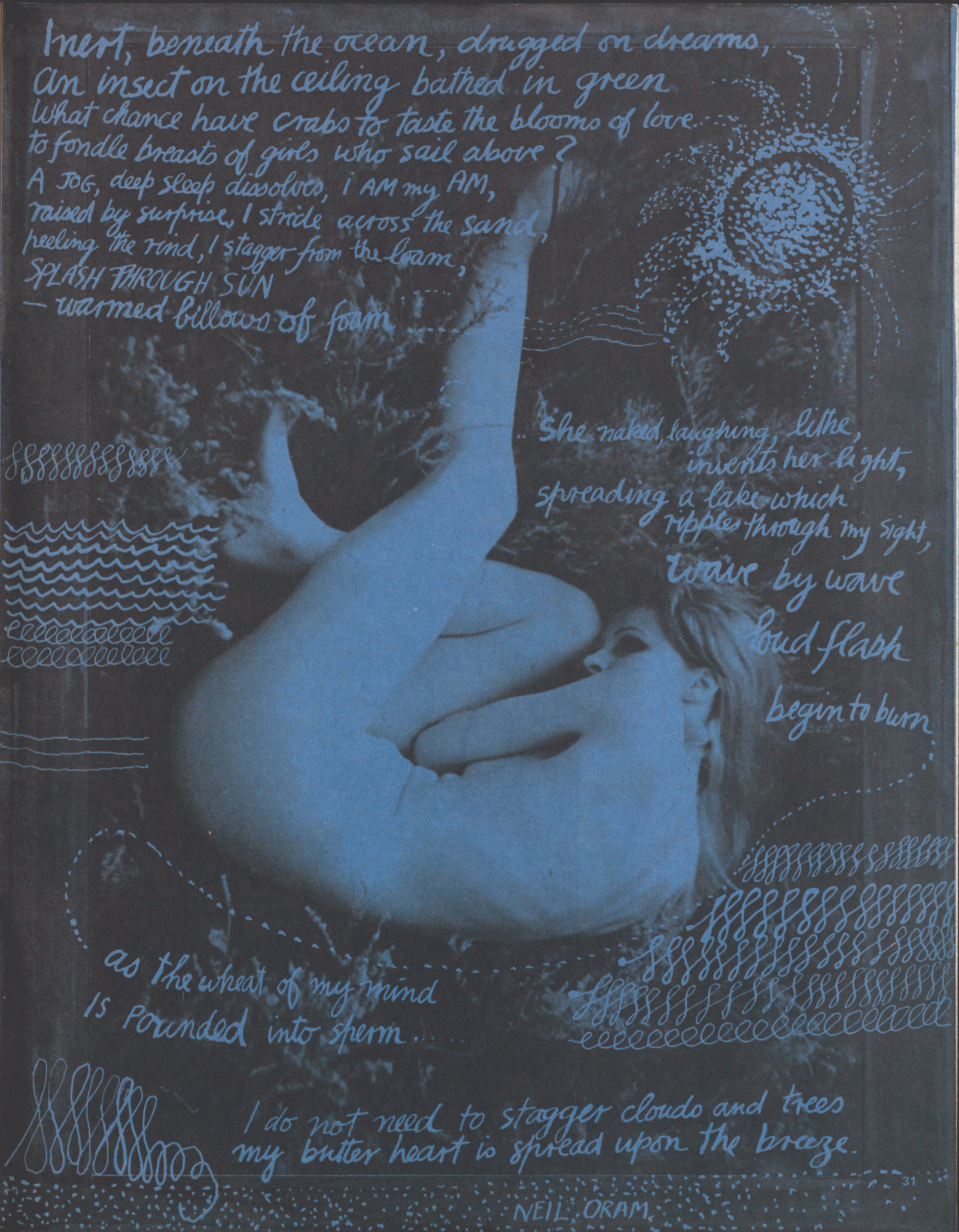
MADRID (LNS - Canadian University Press) - Students at Madrid University celebrated Gen. Francisco Franco's 75th birthday Dec. 4 in a unique way. They staged a riot on campus.

The riot began as students returned to university after a three-day suspension of classes, ordered last week by the university's chancellor to quell similar rioting and student-police clashes.

The New Democratic Student Union voted to begin an indefinite strike in protest of arrests of Union delegates who were in town for a secret meeting.

Press reports said about 1,000 students were involved in the rioting.

Inert, beneath the ocean, drugged on dreams,
an insect on the ceiling bathed in green
What chance have crabs to taste the blooms of love
to fondle breasts of girls who sail above?
A JOG, deep sleep dissolves, I AM my AM,
raised by surprise, I stride across the sand,
peeling the rind, I stagger from the loam,
SPLASH THROUGH SUN
— warmed billows of foam



She naked, laughing, lithe,
invents her light,
spreading a lake which
ripples through my sight,
wave by wave
loud flash
begin to burn

as the wheat of my mind
IS Pounded into sperm...

I do not need to stagger clouds and trees
my butter heart is spread upon the breeze.

NEIL ORAM

No 10

OZ

2/6

new easy to read for over thirties

THE PORNOGRAPHY OF VIOLENCE

the GREAT SOCIETY blows another mind...

SHARP

Flight-Sgt. Noel Quesada, shot down on a bombing raid over Phuc Yen near Hanoi in a Republic F-105 Thunderchief fighter bomber. One of the devices provided for him by General John McConnell, U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff, from the £9,000,000,000 bombing budget was Incinderjell. Incinderjell is a liquid inflammable napalm jelly packed in 3000lb. aluminium containers. It is adhesive, can burn underwater, uses all available oxygen in confined spaces and is made by the DOW Chemical Company. For further particulars, write to the Public Relations Officer, Mr Shahin, The DOW Chemical Company, 2000, Main St., Midland, Michigan, U.S.A. Or telephone DOW Chemicals, U.K., 01-WEL-4441

OZ NO 10 March 1968

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Dear Sir,

Your magazine is saturated with totalitarian ideas. I disagree with this, and, against my personal point of view, decided to try and convert you to my theories.

In anarchical society power is not tolerated. Why? Because it interferes with personal freedom. But intellectual power is not thought of though it is common knowledge that this mental prowess corrupts as much as physical or political power.

To be free from corruption our minds must essentially be the same as our fellows for mental power corrupts (possibly not the one who is so lucky as to have this prowess but some helpful ignoramus; devoid of intellect - rebucked - who now becomes withdrawn and jealous). Another example; God corrupted Adam with his powers - for Adam was jealous of God and wanted to be one with God; this knowledge prompted him to eat of the tree of life, his jealousy was due to the power of God. Of course this is only a story yet it serves to illustrate apoint.

John Wilcock and Alex Lowsiewkee obviously desire a manifestation of their own personalities in some little project or other. They would be better advised to follow Marxist teaching; even that of Nietzche is better than their own pathetic warblings.

JM Skinner

Et cetera

Dear Diggers and OZ,

My wife Gill and I have been interested in community living for the last ten years, and should welcome the opportunity of practising it with congenial friends. We were thus very interested in Alex Lowsiewkee's blueprint in the latest OZ, but find this project too extreme for our liking as well as — we fear — for it to succeed. Rather than jump straight into the overwhelming problems of an economically self-sufficient agricultural commune, we feel that the Diggers should start more modestly with urban residential communes. May I state my reasons briefly.

1. Farming is not Our Thing
I much prefer using my brain gainfully as a computer exporter than to shovel cow-shit from dawn to dusk. I suspect that most members of the Underground probably feel the same way. Do you really think that The Exploding Galaxy and the Arts Lab would be appreciated as much in Little Puddlecombe on the Marsh as in the centre of London?

2. Farming highly skilled and back breaking
and its difficulties are commensurate with the rigours of the climate. It will be infinitely harder to make an agricultural commune economically self-sufficient in England than it would be in Southern California.

3. Problems of Living Together
Alex Lowsiewkee states as a prequisite for living in a Love Commune that 'Everyone has arrived at that enlightened state of expanded awareness . . . best described as freedom from possessive or clinging attachment to things.' I wonder how many members of the Underground have really reached that stage: I know that I certainly have not. But living together in an urban residential commune would enable the members to help each other expand their awareness faster, and overcome their residual hang-ups, provided they can tune in reasonably well to each other.

continued

Et cetera

Cut each page along the dotted line (not through the spine). Now you'll have thousands of different possible page variations in your 36 (conventionally) paged OZ.

Dear Sir,

I was surprised to find, in Alex Lowsiewkee's article on Diggers, he advocates abolition of rules and regulations having just laid down a whole series of them (rather euphemistically termed 'points') – surely this invalidates most of his argument?

Yours sincerely,

David Graham
680 Lordship Lane,
Wood Green, N22.

Dear Sir,

Okay so UFOs exist, the evidence amassed over the past two decades is overwhelming. Craft displaying certain characteristics which set them way above the technology achieved on this planet clearly indicated a visiting race of extra-terrestrial beings. What is of real importance are the underlying implications behind the appearance of these aerial intruders.

The real question that intrigues UFO researchers throughout the world is 'Why are they here?: & 'What are their intentions towards mankind?' Obviously the answers to these questions are of paramount importance to the whole of the world. It doesn't take much thought to realise that UFOs, given that they exist, present a potential world revolution.

Personally, I believe that UFOs are here because of Man's present position. And Man's present position is in a hell of a mess. It is a highly significant fact that the UFOs arrived here en masse immediately following the nuclear explosions of 1954. Therefore, it is my belief that the intelligences behind the UFOs are highly regardful of Man's future progress. Seeing our state of affairs who could condemn the people who pilot the saucers from landing on this spinning time bomb planet of ours and making open contact? It seems that they realise we are rapidly approaching a cross-roads to our future advancement; a crossroads of decisions as to which path we will follow – the path of survival or death. It is up to we, and we alone, if we let them witness a nuclear holocaust or a peaceful revolution leading to a better world. If we manage to avoid total destruction and pursue a new course of world peace and radical amelioration of certain conditions prevalent through out the world, then we may well witness, in our lifetimes, the greatest event that has even occurred on this planet.

Yours sincerely,

Peter Coleman
7 Sleaford Road,
Hall Green,
Birmingham, 28.

Dear Sir,

I have a couple of contributions to make to your article on UFOs in OZ 9. The first is from a book called 'Flying Saucers From Outer Space' by Donald Keyhoe who, apparently, has acquired somewhat hush-hush information from the US Pentagon. On page 117 of his book is the following:

'Early that evening (Sept. 12, 1952) a glowing object was seen by thousands of people as it flashed over the state (W. Virginia). Among those who saw it, near Sutton, were Mrs. Kathleen May, her 3 young boys and a 17-year old National Guardsman, Gene Lemon. Though they couldn't be sure, they thought they saw something land on a near-by hill.

It was dark when they climbed the slope and Gene Lemon turned on his flashlight. The first thing they noticed was an unpleasant, suffocating odour. As they neared the spot where the object seemed to have landed, two shining eyes were reflected in the light. Thinking it was a racoon on a limb, young Lemon caught it in the beam.

'The light fell squarely on a huge figure, at least nine feet tall, with a sweaty red face and protruding eyes about a foot apart. As the light fell on it, the monster's body glowed a dull green, then with an odd hissing sound it started towards

Et cetera

The problems of living at close quarters with a large number of other people are much greater than those of tuning in to just one other person of the opposite sex with whom one also happens to be in here. I feel that the Diggers should concentrate on learning how to overcome these problems successfully, before the farming enthusiasts among them start tackling the problems of founding an economically self-sufficient farming commune in this cold, wet and overcrowded island.

Yours sincerely,
Fred Lamond

I am a Dominican interested in the hippie scene. I hope to be able to come to the forum if you let me know when it is happening. One gets so sick of being a Christian in a loveless Church – after all, love is what our whole thing is about. And religious communities are precisely there to demonstrate this. And what you're saying too, isn't it?
love,
Simon.
Brother Simon Tugwell O.P.

Dear Diggers,

Underground people living in London, (or elsewhere), presumably like to travel to various parts of the country from time to time, but find it a drag looking for places to sleep where it is both cheap, and where they are welcome.

Thus, to take a hypothetical journey from London to the Lake District or the Scottish Highlands. Keele University is about one mile from the Keele Service Area on the M6 Motorway, that is about half-way on the journey ie. a very useful location as a sort of North/South mid-way 'staging-point', especially for people who are hitching. If, therefore, it was desired to do the journey in two parts, the person could spend the night in a room at the university . . . free, of course, of course.

With about 12 people involved in the idea at Keele, it could be guaranteed that some of them would always be in, and have floor space available for the night.

On this small scale, a duplicated sheet, distributed throughout the London Commune, and listing the location of the rooms available at Keele, would be all that was required as regard administration.

However, it would be very nice if this idea were extended throughout the country, so that whatever town you were in, you could always find a room where you were welcome.

Bryan P Roberts.

Dear all those involved in 'the Digger Thing',

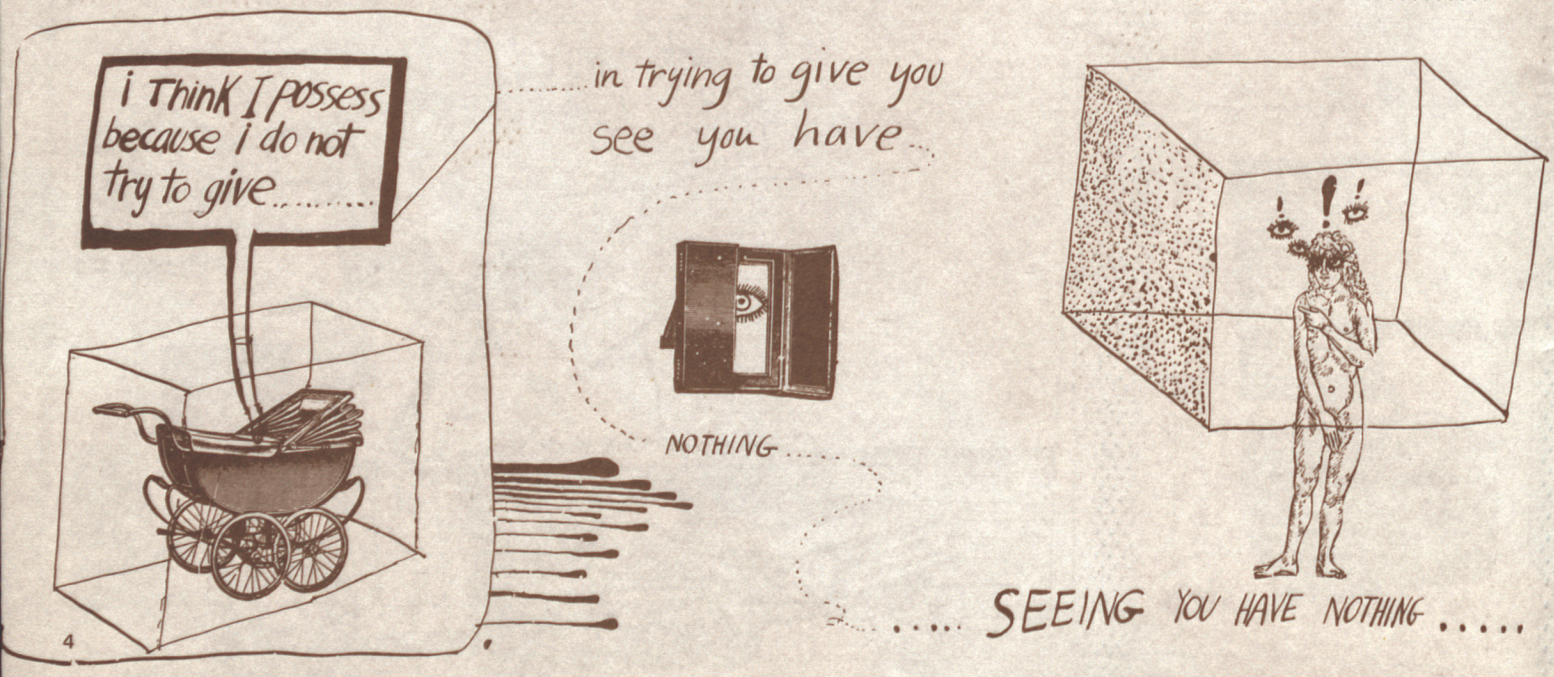
I am from the U.S. and have lived in California for the past 4 years. Last June I started hitchhiking around the western states, staying at various communes.

Two of the communes I visited were located in Taus, New Mexico. One showed a great deal of progress as far as communal living was concerned as they had a few acres of cultivated land and were growing most all the food necessary to live on, for themselves and for trade. They had 2 or 3 houses on the property for all to live in.

The New Buffalo Reservation, in Taus, is another well-known commune, located right by an Indian reservation. Here the housing was typees as well as camp sites, and also seemed to be developing rather rapidly.

I lived for two months in Big Sur, a low mountain area on the coast of California, between L.A. and San Francisco. It's approximately a 60–80 mile range, with small

Et cetera



them.
'Terrified Mrs. May and the boys fled down the hill. While Mrs. May was phoning the sheriff, her mother noticed a queer oily substance on the boys faces. Soon after this, their throats began to swell. Later it was suggested that the monster had sprayed the boys with some kind of gas; but in the excitement Mrs. May could not be certain.
'When the sheriff arrived, a fog was settling over the hillside. Twice he tried to get his dogs to lead him to the spot where the monster had been seen. Each time they ran away, howling, and he gave up till morning.
'During the night, the Lemon boy became seriously ill, almost in convulsions. His throat, like those of the May boys, was strangely inflamed and swollen. Later, a doctor compared the effects with those of mustard gas.
'Just after sunrise, according to a Sutton school-board member, a strange machine took off from the hill-top. When the sheriff and his men searched the area they found tracks on the ground, the grass mashed flat, and bits of what looked like black plastic. There was no trace of the fearful-looking creature described.'
As a postscript, I would like to draw you attention to a very vivid passage concerning the appearance of a UFO. The passage I am referring to is in the Bible, Revelations 4, i–viii, and also Daniel 7, ii–x. I hope that you find this stimulating reading. Many of the visions of Daniel can, at a stretch of the imagination, be interpreted in this almost 'Rosicrucian' manner.

Yours faithfully,
Colin W Nibbs
10 Alexandra Road,
Leamington Spa.

MIDDLE EARTH
43 King Street, Covent Garden.
240-1327

Dear Sir,

I would like to congratulate Julian Manyon on his article on St Paul's School, (OZ 9(, I have only two criticisms, 1) that it was not virulent enough and 2) that it was not extensive enough: It is well known fact at the school that the headmaster owes his position to the fact that he served as a captain under Montgomery (himself an old Pauline) in the Second World War, further that various heads of departments owe their positions to their acquaintance with the headmaster. I would like to point out though, that it is not the headmaster who runs the school, but a certain 'senior master', who missed his vocation in the army. Through the 'old school tie' system which I have described above, the school manages to lose all its most talented masters, it is a fact that since I came to St. Paul's, at least 25 masters have left out of a total of about 70. An incredible figure for a school of this repute.

I could continue indefinitely but . . .

Yours lovingly,
ANON
(St Paul's School)

Sir,

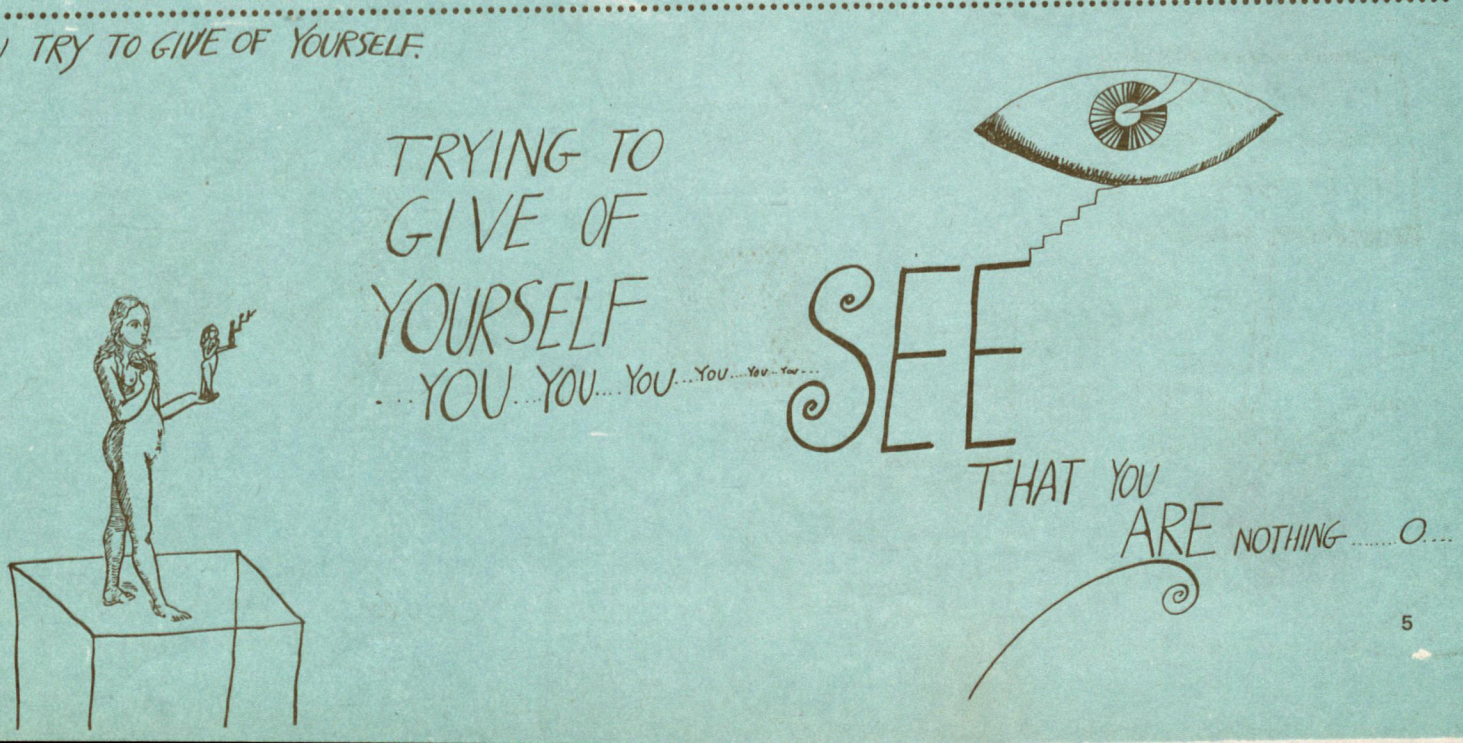
Judging by Julian Manyon's sentiments in 'A healthy mind in a . . .' St Paul's public school is a remarkably nasty place. This may be the case. But the plight of those at St Paul's should not be vaguely extended to 'the entire educational system of the country' nor, for that matter, is it remotely similar to conditions at other public schools.

I would like if I may to describe some facts of another public school of which very few of you will have heard. Perhaps its only claim to fame is that its Old Boys are highly represented on the staff of 'Private Eye'; another Old Boy is the late Judge Jeffreys. The school is Shrewsbury, 400 years old, 550 pupils of whom over ¾ are boarders. I wouldn't pretend that Shrewsbury is any more representative of English Public Schools than St

Et cetera

communities every 7 miles or so. The land we lived on was owned by an elderly woman who was pleased to let her property be used by people who truly appreciated its beauty. We had only one main structure, a large stone house used for cooking, for those people who stopped for only a few days. The rest of us made camp sites. Because this particular place had been started by those people who worked for an underground newspaper from San Francisco, they helped support it by taking up food and other necessities. We also had begun to grow vegetables for ourselves as well as make handicrafts to be sold in the head shops in L.A. and S.F.
It was very loosely organized, and because of its location much of the pop. was made up of people traveling up to San Francisco or down to Los Angeles. Of course we had many problems – e.g. leadership, people adjustments, forest rangers (patrols), surrounding communities; we also found out we would have to incorporate for a variety of reasons.

The most outstanding problems that I can remember were: 1.supporting ourselves, 2. adjusting to the idea of communal living, that is everyone is a part, and everyone must take part to make it complete and workable, 3. the acceptance of all those who wanted to experience this – this became a problem when someone would join, or enter and did not abide by basic rules (e.g. on the mountain no one was allowed to cut trees for fires – we had a sufficient amount of dried dead wood; no soap in the water – others lived down stream).
I know these are specific items that you will not become involved with. I point them out as every situation has its own particular problems that must be understood, with all complying to the solution. Being a love community it seems hypocritical to turn people out, to tell someone what to do, to have any form of leadership but when a large number of people join a commune, such problems arise. I must say that the experience was one of tremendous growth of learning regarding myself and my relationship with others. I am hoping that you will be able to get people together with the attitude that this is a truly beautiful and beneficial thing.
I would be very pleased if you would let me Know when your meeting is going to be, and if there is anything I can do to help put your ideas through. Go well.
My love, Judy Slottour



Paul's is, but I think it is much nearer the norm than the fascist-type repression which Julian Manyon claims to have suffered.

Shrewsbury, like St Paul's, has just voluntarised the CCF; it has also built new buildings just in time for the Public Schools Commission visitors including a symbolic Pentagon HQ for the headmaster. A Bursary scheme for poorer, would be Salopians, is in its third year, launched with great and favourable publicity. But beneath these surface changes, the school's system has not greatly altered. Games are compulsory for 3 years but, and I speak as one of this planet's most unco-ordinated spastics, there is no unpleasantness to those who fail to be Georgie Beste in miniature and the demand for sports amongst those in their fourth year, whom one might expect to be glad of a rest, has forced further games facilities to be organised.

Julian's 'discipline' seemed to consist mainly of bells and seniority in the cocoa queue. Naturally a bell first thing in the morning is highly annoying, but if failure to hear the bell means lateness for a lesson etc. anyone who abolished this means of regulating the day would soon regret it. As a prefect last term, my time was largely taken up by people complaining that the bell wasn't loud enough, or was late, or early, or too nerve-jarring . . . There were many ingenuous suggestions including using a drum (we tried it and nearly brought in the local army depot) but no one wanted to do without bells, all realising that some means had to exist of making the school run smoothly.

It isn't as if prefects were nazis; anyone may complain about any rule to his contemporaries, prefects, housemaster or head. If Julian has ever been a prefect I'm very surprised he hasn't gripped on to this. If he isn't a prefect I wonder why.

Public schools are not savage mind-disciplining-to-mediocrity places — the image put across in Julian's article. The 'savage and tyrannical regimentations' that give him so much pain are merely necessities for a free and smooth-running society such as is to be found at Shrewsbury. Within the framework of these rules boys can complain, criticise, suggest, and express themselves (cliché again, I fear). I ran two societies (inviting national figures to speak), and a newspaper which constantly landed me in trouble but never caused a breakdown in the reasonableness of the authorities. (I also helped with a magzine rather superior to 'OZ', if you'll forgive me.) This was by no means outstanding, other boys occupying themselves with a large variety of different interests and many doing very well at them. There was no 'enforced mediocrity' and the numerous and varied facilities lessened competition by widening the fields available.

Sincerely

Martin Wainwright (17)
Editor 'Sixth Form Opinion'.

All advertising enquiries to Louis Ferrier at BAY 4623.

Onward And Upward And Onward And—

When Dick Gregory landed in London a few weeks ago he explained to prying immigration officials that he was on his way to South Africa to collect a white heart. And while he was here, he took time off to convert a few black ones. He gave a lengthy, passionate speech to a West Indian student congress. They were Uncle Toms when Gregory mounted the dais to speak. Hours later they seemed ready to form the black Klu Klux of Earls Court. He told them that the negro's biggest mistake in America was to begin desegregating washrooms. It ruined the greatest thing they had going for them. The giant cock myth. Desegregated washrooms gave whitey his first chance to spy the unremarkable black membrane. The myth probably arose, said Gregory, when Southern slave owners were selling broken-down old niggers. 'This here grandaddy, probably looks old and useless, folks, but he can do twenty women a day . . .' The price stayed firm in the stud-farm market.

Gregory also told how slave mothers and fathers would pray that their children would be born deformed so they wouldn't be sold as slaves.

Some extracts from his speech:

'When whitey sent missionaries to Africa, the missionaries had the Bible and the Africans had the land. By the time they were finished, the Africans had the Bible and the missionaries had the land . . .

If there's any story in the Bible that makes a lot of sense to me, it's Judas. And Judas is better off than many of us are here today. When they offered him 30 pieces of silver he had the choice of whether to take it or not. Usually in the system as we know it, we get our thirty pieces of silver at birth . . .

We marched down the street and we got shot at because we were black. And for some reason we felt ashamed because we were aggravating the situation to make white folk shoot black folk. To get rid of some of the shame we went to the police station and prayed for the sherrif . . . .

So now, when we march down the street, we have a bit more confidence in the black man. We try and walk awkward if we can just to prove we don't have rhythm . . .

We know that if we take the country over tomorrow and gave whitey the same treat-

Et cetera

Dear Sirs,

I tend to agree that in the last twenty years there has been a 'violent assault' on the whole standing and workings of the Public school. But also in the last twenty years the Public school has rapidly changed from the shrouded snob school to a progressive educational institution. For example, Eton, regarded as one of the hierarchy of the Public schools, is most probably the most forward school in the country. It does not lack new working ideas, and always keeps an open mind on ideas of improvement.

Mr Manyon goes on to tell us about the minor ordeals he had to go through while being a boarder at St Pauls. This seems to be the main attack on any boarding school. Whereas we find the same in all the Services or anywhere where men are gathered in communal life. It has always been a case of the strong versus the weak and will always be. Such is human nature.

The cross that the Public schools is carrying is heavy enough without Julian Manyon trying to make it heavier with his rather drab experiences of Spartan hardship he seems now to enjoy telling us about.

Yours faithfully,

K M Kraunsoe
87/95 Battlebridge House,
London, SE1.

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Dear Sir,

May I add my stick to the camel's load? I am an Australian living in London. Here is an excerpt from a letter I received from my brother who was conscripted and is currently serving with the AIF in Vietnam.

'One time we were following a track along a creek. The forward scout spotted a few heads looking at us through the scrub. He immediately fired a burst of rounds into the scrub, then there was a sudden panic and the machine-gunner ran forward and fired burst after burst.

The platoon sergeant organized a sweep through the area. Doing this we found four bodies — a woman, two kids and a bloke in black pyjamas. We had run into a family of Cong. We found three rifles which had been fired at us. The platoon sergeant had by this time called for a helicopter to pick up the wounded (only one of our blokes was wounded). The woman had been shot pretty badly through the leg and as they loaded her onto the chopper her leg fell off, so they threw it in with her. We buried the other three bodies — the two kids aged about ten and twelve, with the old man in the same hole.

Later on that night we were mortared . . .

To prove authenticity I enclose my brother's name, rank, identification No etc. Please withold this information (along with my own name). I have reason to believe that already some of my brother's letters to me have been stopped — and vice versa.

Yours in good faith,

Dear Sir,

I am writing to you, or rather to all John Peel supporters on an extremely important matter. Radio Luxembourg is planning to completely change its line-up of DJ's giving them much longer shows.

Anyone who has ever experienced the ecstatic joy of existing with the **Perfumed Garden** will, of course, immediately realise the possible mind-blowing con-

Et cete

ment he's given us for the last 100 years, he'd burn the country down. After all, he's burning Vietnam down to the ground. And that's to free a foreigner. You know what he would do to free his mammy! Ha! To guarantee a foreigner instant freedom. Well, dig this – my six black kids in Chicago are still getting theirs on the installment plan . . .

During World War Two they brought German soldiers back to America and all the prison camps were located in the South. When those troop trains pulled up to feed the German soldiers they were permitted to go to the front of the restaurant and sit down and eat like human beings. THE BLACK AMERICAN SOLDIERS HAD TO GO TO THE BACK. Now my father told me this story and I told him, man you've got a gun and you're fighting a war and you can't let them do this to you. That's why the niggers in Vietnam tonight are hoping that the Vietcong will kill them before they kill the white boys . . .'

Dick Gregory has vowed that he will not have a haircut or shave or wear anything but work clothes till the war is over in Vietnam. Let me record that both beard and hair are as trim and respectable as the cutest National Provincial Bank clerk's. And as for the work clothes . . . they're crisp, clean and tightly tailored over a button-down Madison Avenue shirt and ties and elegant boots. He is also fasting: 'In America, a country where we lose more people from overeating than under-eating, where doctors make more money on people overweight than underweight, well, I figure that our conscience is probably in our stomach'

This year Dick Gregory is running for President as an independent write-in candidate. 'I won't get elected but enough people will write my name in to have an impact' (In US elections there is a blank space on the ballot paper for people to record any non-listed preferences).

'After the elections I am going to declare myself the elected write-in President of the United States in exile, and I will go to all the countries that don't recognise the United States and ask them to accept me as the President in exile. I also plan to establish an office in Washington near the White House where I will conduct the business of the write-in President.'

Q: Do you see black people in America

. . . continued

sequences of this. Every single person who supports John Peel must write to: Geoffrey Everett, c/o Radio Luxembourg, London W1; asking, begging, pleading or demanding John Peel has a regular late night spot, and if all the beloved are faithful to the Perfumed Garden and write, Geoffrey will have to sit up and take notice, and we may well see the return of the Perfumed Garden to the radio!! The importance of writing cannot be sufficiently stressed. The **Perfumed Garden** must return.

Love,

John Powers
Ramsgate,
Kent.

Get Peace News every Friday: order it from your newsagent

If you believe that treatment which you have received at the hands of the authorities is unjust, call Civil Liberties:
National Council for Civil Liberties, 4 Camden High Street, London NW1. EUSton 2544.

Dear Sir,

I'm interested in obtaining what might be called 'coital calendars'. These are simply the records, over a considerable period of time (say at least a year) kept by women (married legally or consensually) of the days on which they menstruate and those on which they have sexual intercourse with their husbands.

Ideally they would be women
1. who were virgins at the time of marriage, and
2. who have had no extramarital affairs, and
3. whose calendar starts at the time of marriage.

I should emphasise that I'm not interested in identifying the women who keep the records: neither am I interested in whether the records indicate a high or low coital frequency.

Alternatively, if none of your readers has such data now, may I appeal to any of your female readers (preferably virgins) who a are contemplating marriage, to keep such a calendar for a year after marriage?

Yours faithfully,

William H James PhD
18 B Monmouth Road,
London W2.

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participating more in the electoral process?

A: No. I hope not. Because the electoral system has not satisfied our needs. They have played a number of games with us you know, and . . . I don't want to ride on your car while you're TRYING to get it fixed. It has left us cold. We have got more done with the brick in the street than we have with the ballot box. And now America understands that she's got a choice now – it's either going to be ballots or bricks.

You know Henry Ford just hired 6000 Negroes in two days without their even taking the tests. And that did not come from political muscles; the fire got too close to the mustangs, this summer in Detroit, and this is what got it, you know.

When democracy works right, we don't have to go all over the world shoving it down people's throats with a gun. It's this fact that we've got armies all over the world with a gun, shoving this system down peoples throats which is proof that there's something wrong with it. You know? And the day that we stop backing dictators in every country . . . Where were we when democracy fell in Greece? Mmm? Always looking the other way. But I don't think that the Negro's problem is answered in politics at all. None whatsoever.

Q: Do you see any hope for the sane elements in America getting together in some k kind of coalition that will build throughout the country . . . ?
A: No. Because we are about eighteeen months away from open revolt in America. Everybody's getting ready to turn their backs on the political machine anyway. I think this coming election might be the last election we will have. And that's why the people who don't want to see America blow – like it's headed – will have to get together. But there's more to politics than just electing a politician.

If we don't elect statesmen, no politician's going to solve the problems. This is the dilemma. And I think, more and more, the whole peace movement and the freedom movement is losing people to the revolt. And I think this is what it's coming to. There is revolt in the air! And people are reacting to it.

And the kids demonstrated in Washington, DC at the Pentagon. It was a very honorable demonstration. They told them two months in advance, 'We will be in Washington, DC and we will hold a demonstration, and then we will go and we will try to float away the Pentagon.'

So they didn't surprise anybody. They knew they were coming. They said the kids were violent! How do you bring out your army with the guns and the nightsticks, and then say that the demonstrators, who didn't have any weapons, were violent? Well, the reason they were called violent is that this is the first time in America that a gun doesn't stop anybody. And that's a very violent action when The Man puts a pistol on you and tells you, 'Don't keep movin', and you keep moving.

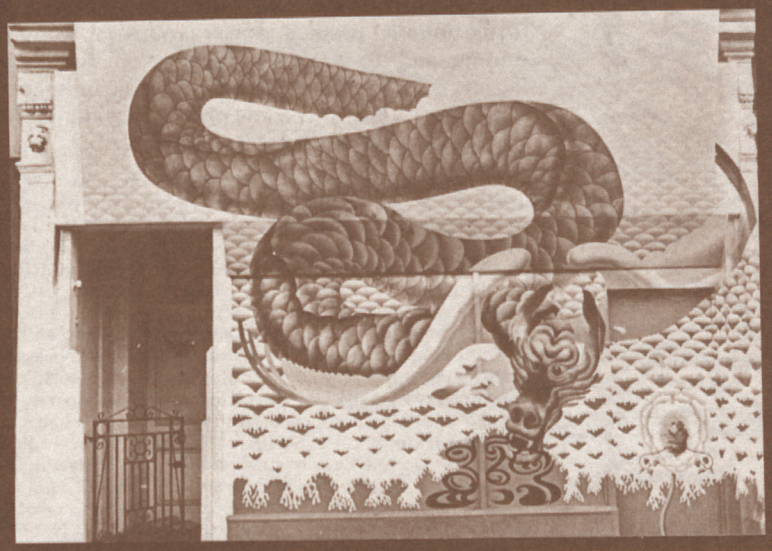
And just that action alone makes you violent – the fact that we run and control this country with guns. And for the first time in the history of America, the gun doesn't control anymore.

●

Biometrics researchers have established that the chances of getting a girl pregnant when screwing (a) in between periods, and (b) without contraceptives, are 1 in 32.

Et cetera

There is no reason to emulate, and every reason to ignore, the staid formalised forties hang-up of the conventional shop front. The Urban street scene is dreary enough as it is with all its inspired non-design. Attempts are constantly being made to enliven this environment – in their ones and twos – but they seldom match the shop frontage shown here for economy, effect and sincerity. Striking subtle-coloured, it is designed to catch the sun and street light and impart its own 'message'. It shows the Godhead in the form of a dragon, making the supreme sacrifice by descending to earth as inspiration to the 'earthly Dragon' (realised as a flower with roots reaching to the pavement). The 'heavenly' dragon weeps tears that crown the flower, giving understanding; as rain falls to the natural flower providing a life source. The Lotus, opening behind the 'head of the Flower Dragon' symbolises this realisation. The flower has grown to the exact height necessary to receive the tears – the amount of effort required to receive the 'understanding'. Fire from the God Dragon, at almost ground level, incorporates the only areas of unpainted glass by which to see into the equally impressive interior. Designed and Painted by Omtentacle, the Shop, in Worlds End, SW10, is open for meals etc all day.



This is Inspector Lambrou. He maims people. See Page 16.

THE MEN WHO BAN OZ

Safe behind their anonymity, little men inflict their prejudices upon the reading public. These are the men who purchase magazines on behalf of newsagents or wholesale distribution companies. Such a man is Mr Scott of Abel Heywood & Sons Ltd, Manchester; who, despite brisk demand refuses to let his firm farm out OZ to provincial retailers. Why? 'We don't deal in dirt', he told an astonished OZ secretary.

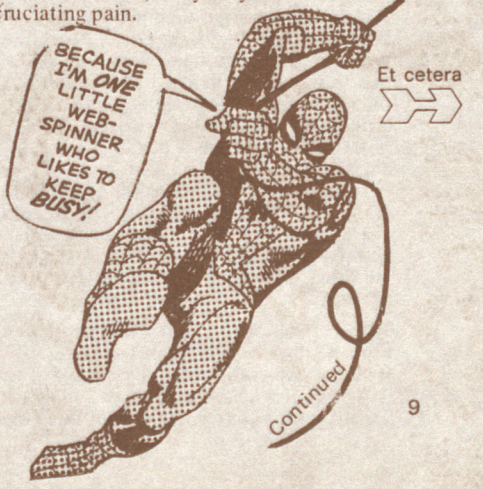
If you can't get OZ in Exeter, blame Mr B Doust from Surridge Dawson & Co, 24 Gandy Street, who was outraged that OZ gave space to Michael Malik. ('Life' gave **more** space to Michael Malik, but little men are not susceptible to argument). The man from Exeter was so angry he warned his head office not to handle OZ. Head office retaliated with puritannical bravado by instructing their chain of wholesalers to cancel all orders. Thank you Mr Durance at Surridge Dawson HQ, 133 New Kent

Et cetera

. . . continued

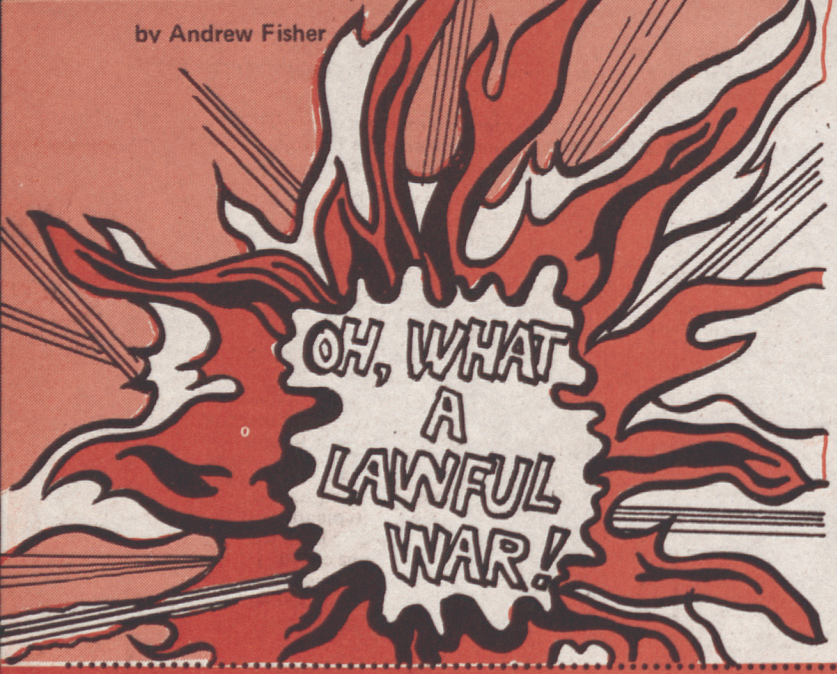
The **Last Exit to Brooklyn** decision had a lot of publishers blue-pencilling their own dirty books. Amonst these was Blond, at work cutting out detailed descriptions of cunnelingus, buggery, and jolly scenes with dildos from Gore Vidal's new novel **Myra Breckinbridge.** This was published (intact) in the States without publicity because Mr Vidal was 'afraid that the critics might give away the surprise twist which would spoil the fun for the reader.' The real reason is that it's such a bad book: Mr Vidal feels badly treated by the Establishment after his bitchy attack on the Kennedys and is sensitive about American reviewers. The 'surprise twist' concerns Myra's dubious sex, and is a peg on which to hang all Mr Vidal's own fantasies.

As part of their spreading **Apple** empire, run by the 2-year-old ex-road manager who doesn't know from beans the things 'cultural', **The Beatles** are proposing to start a series of Sergeant Pepper Clubs across America. These are to be art centres like Jim Haynes's, only they'll be run strictly for profit, professionally, with discotheques in case. Expensively mounted productions from the Establishment avant-garde – psychedelic plays, happenings, and what-have-you – will be imported from the Old Coutnry, though how they will stand up to the native product, vastly superior in this field to anything Europe can manage, is difficult to foretell. The Beatles are great on 'the experimental' as long as it's commercial, and such is their standing they can make a hit out of any old thing. However, with the heavyweight critics climbing on their backs like Ned Rorem in the **New York Review** and Deryck Cooke in **The Listener,** they may never survive the excruciating pain.



Et cetera

by Andrew Fisher



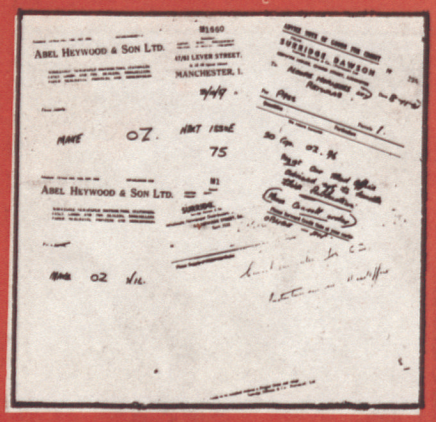
Justice & Violence in 'Armed Conflict'

As countries go on national alert, reserves are called up, revolutionaries prepare, power groups get ready for the summer and the street fighting goes on, you may be feeling left out of it all. Everyone has his own scene going - so why not you? But some problems will present themselves as you mobilise for your own war.

First: war has been abolished for some time now. What we have instead is armed conflict. War as an instrument of national policy (that's how Clausewitz saw it) was abolished by the Treaty of Versailles (ending World War 1 in 1919). It was abolished again by the Pact of Paris in 1926. You may remember after that war sprang up again – in Spain, for example, and later on, in certain other places. So at Yalta in 1945 three old men sat down and reabolished war. One was sick, another was dying and the third was thinking about something else. Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin. 'We three shall be the policemen of the world' they said and they created the United Nations with the Security Council as their Scotland Yard. It didn't work. They had also created the veto which stopped the Security Council from offending anyone. Under the United Nations Charter members undertook never to use force or the threat of it in their international relations. Since that moment war has raged every day somewhere or other in the world – usually between members of the United Nations – and under the strangest of names. 'Police action, opposing aggression,

Et cetera

Road, SE1 – we now sell 2,000 less OZ per month.


ABEL HEYWOOD & SON LTD.
MANCHESTER, 1.
MAKE OZ. NEXT ISSUE 75
ABEL HEYWOOD & SON LTD.
OZ N/C.

A few months ago we negotiated sales of OZ with a large Paris wholesaler. He was keen but wanted us to export through an English firm; 'Continental Publishers & Distributors Ltd'. This bustling, hustling, back-Britain organisation had never heard of OZ. Thundering silence followed various phone calls, letters, samples etc. Finally, their manager, Mr Dick, was prodded into regretting that OZ was 'too risque' to be bundled up with Penthouse and Mayfair. Goodbye Paris.

Lastly, acknowledgements to Mr HA Baron, Manager of WH Smith's and Mr PG Redwood of John Menzies Limited for their persistent firm refusals to accomodate OZ. If they ever did: we should probably lose heart.

A hand-out from:
WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL
Sofia, Bulgaria. July 28th - August 6th.

One thousand young people will be going from Britain to the World Youth Festival in Sofia, Bulgaria, this Summer. The Festival will be the ninth since the war, and will be the largest and the most representative ever held. Over 30,000 young people will be there, from 110 different countries.

The first Festival was held in Prague twenty years ago, the latest in Helsinki four years ago. With large delagations expected from France, the United States and West Germany as well as Cuba, Russia and Vietnam, some lively debates are expected. The Conferences on the Vietnam war, world disarmament, the cold war and apartheid should prove particularly exciting.

The massive organisational task of sending so many people to Bulgaria next July is being shouldered by the 'British Preparatory Committee' from its office at 84, Rochester Row, London SW1. The committee which employs one organiser is made up of officials from the fourteen organisations that have so far decided to send delegates to the Festival.

The British Preparatory Committee hopes that between now and next July 28th many more youth organisations decide to

Et cetera

San Francisco cops, determined to prevent a repetition of last year's pilgrimage to Haigh-Ashbury, have instituted hourly harassment patrols. The fuzz sit in patrol cars on the side streets off Haight, emerge several times a night to sweep almost everybody in sight into paddy wagons . . . Most of the Oracle staff have split for the country – circulation is down from a one-time high of 60,000 to about 30,000 – and the office is closed more often than not . . . Max Scherer's Berkeley Barb, now with yellow wraparound pages, varies from 35,000 to 50,000 weekly with almost half that sold on SF streets . . . During the daily paper strike Ramparts has been putting out an 'interim' daily which is just about as cornily amateurish as was Sunday Ramparts. Supported mostly by Roos-Atkin department store ads (which has nowhere else to go) it has given away for a while and now sells about 17,000 daily at a dime. Listed as publisher is Howard Gossage, owner of a SF agency.

MOSTLY NAMES: **Paul Krassner** invited **Boris Karloff** to write about the heart transplant operations for the Realist . . . 'It's not conscience that shapes a man's life – life shapes his conscience' (**Jean Luc Godard**) . . . **'Leonard Cohen's** political temperament is revolutionary. But, like Camus, he is starkly aware of the paradoxes of rebellion. He is frozen in an anarchist's posture but unable to throw the bomb' (William Kloman) . . . **David Amram,** his autobiog at Putnam and a tour in the offing in which he'll play only his own music (half classics/half jazz), will undoubtedly be promoted by the mass media as the younger (36) Leonard Berstein . . . The Diggers' **Emmett Grogan** conned 500 bux out of the Village Voice's **Ed Fancher** who was then told that it hadn't been Grogan after all . . . **'McLuhan** is in danger of becoming to electronics what Norman Vincent Peale is to capitalism' (Neil Compton in The Nation) . . . With a 23-film showing, NYC's Museum of Modern Art is about to turn **Charlie Chan** into a classic . . . EVO'S **Walter** (Get-the-Money) **Bowart** got an advance on a book, turned the paper over to **Allen Katzman** . . . Playboy is now promoting (for a mere $ 15), 'the pipe that **Hef** smokes' . . . Pink or baby-blue are the colors of the new button, **Dr Spock** Brought Me Up, I Won't Go.

•

Why is Howard Hughes buying up Las Vegas? Writing in a Nevada magazine, Roland Hill explains: 'Southern Nevada is the only logical spot from which we can defend our country . . . and (it) will be turned into a vast arsenal and war plant territory as the last ditch in our defense against all of Asia . . . Great things are in store for Las Vegas and Southern Nevada and by 1975 or before well over a million people will be living here working frantically to save our country from destructive invaders' . . . Jerry Hopkins' 'end-your-paranoia' list of 39 things you can do with cigarette papers (in LA's Open City) concludes with 'use as toilet paper for tiny shits' . . . If you want a free guest card for the Osaka Trade Fair (April 9–29) including free invitation to a garden party amidst the cherry blossoms, write to Secretariat, Honmachibashi, Higashi-ku, Osaka, Japan . . . 'The hippest place to be is inside the Trojan horse' (Ron Shepherd).

•

There is a perverse streak in most people that will urge them to see the worst film, read the worst book, or vote for the worst politician if they are assured that standards cannot fall any lower. It is important, therefore, to avoid saying that **The Mercenaries** is the worst film ever made. What matters

Et cetera

assisting in a country's internal affairs, counter insurgency' and above all, 'self defence'. Because the big let-out clause in the UN Charter was Clause 51. 'Nothing shall affect each member's inherent right of self defence'. NATO, SEATO, The Warsaw Pact are all treaties of 'mutual self defence'. Not aggression, oh no. What happens is that if, for example, someone attacks Greece, then Canada, 5,000 miles away but another member of NATO, can say —'the territorial security of Greece is so closely connected with that of Canada, that we, in exercise of our right of self defence under Article 51, are automatically entitled to attack the country attacking Greece.' Ludicrous you might say. But that's the theory behind our defence policy. NATO is for the Western North Atlantic countries, The Warsaw Pact for the Eastern European and Asian Communist countries and SEATO for the pro Western South East Asian countries. America's presence in Vietnam incidentally is based on a far less sophisticated fiction. It is the age old right of one power to call on another for assistance in its internal affairs. When one power is represented by Messrs Thieu and Ky you understand America's desire to make the result of South Vietnamese elections look truly popular.

So whenever I say war, you'll know I mean armed conflict.

Second: To make war you have to be a state. Or a prince. War was a public affair and was waged between princes. Principality against principality. If it was public the comatants had certain rights and privileges — as soldiers — in an old and honourable profession. It was public if it was between princes. If it was between private citizens it was called brigandry or banditry. Same product, different labelling. If you were caught at it you were killed quickly, nastily and indifferently. Unlike soldiers. Then states took the place of princes. Rousseau in his *Contrat Social* (1762) said:

War is not a relation between man and man but a relation between state and state in which individuals are enemies only incidentally, not as men, nor even as citizens, but as soldiers.

This dehumanising view was then premature, but now forms the basis of the international law of war. It lends itself ideally to the distancing effect of modern weaponry where the gap, emotional and physical, between the killer and killed increases. It is also irrelevant because most fighting in the last twenty years has been revolutionary — between despotic rulers of a state and a popular insurgency within that state.

Third: You must therefore use soldiers. In uniform or they might be called spies. The definition of a spy is one who 'acting clandestinely or on false pretences obtains or endeavours to obtain information in the zone of operations of a belligerent with the intention of communicating it to a hostile party.' (Hague Rules 1907) If a spy is caught he is not to be punished without trial. Hague Rules again. Unfortunately they forgot to say what sort of trial. Hence in Korea, when a US pilot was shot down and captured by North Korean soldiers, an officer on some of these occasions would line up the platoon and shout 'Members of the peoples court of the Korean Peoples Army is this man a spy?' And they would all shout 'yes'. And shoot the pilot. Obeying the laws of war is not always a problem. But one should try so . . .

Fourth: You must obey the international law of war. Distingu-

Et cetera

send delegates to the Festival, making the British delegations fully representative of youth opinion in Britain today.

●

OZ can survive a boycott of bigoted distributors, even the interference of Brighton cop moralists (that's another story), but the stoic avariciousness of Her Majesty's Custom & Excise commissioners may yet send us bankrupt. Except for a few hundred unfolded poster issues, the famous OZ 'Plant a Flower Child' was marketed as issue 5 of OZ magazine and it stated clearly on the imprint that 'Alfsheet is a special issue of OZ magazine'. However, a charmless JA Walsh, officer of HM Customs & Excise has been hounding OZ for a crippling purchase tax. OZ is a poster, they argue, not a magazine — give us 27½% of sales revenue. We're protesting this decision. If we lose; goodbye OZ.

Our case is summarised in this letter to Mr Walsh.

Dated 9th Jan 1968

Dear Sir,

We submit that:

1. This issue was folded and displayed so that it appeared in the form of a magazine and was sold as such. The words OZ Special surprise issue! on the cover being in conformity with the previous issues and the normal magazine price of 2s.6d. was printed in the upper left hand corner.

2. The issue was number five in the series of OZ magazines. It was sold as such, posted to subscribers as such and intended as such. The issue before it was numbered 4, the one after 6. The ommission of the number 5 on the cover does not alter the character of this issue as a magazine.

3. The issue was accepted, sold and distributed as a magazine by our distributors Moore-Harness Ltd who passed it on to the retail outlets in exactly the same fashion as every other issue of OZ. Prints or posters are never, to our knowledge, passed on to retail outlets in this way.

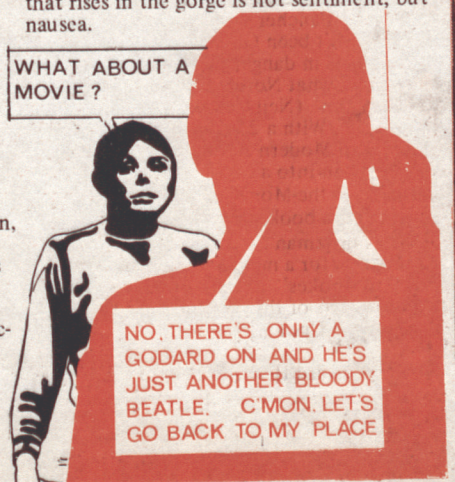
4. Any examination of this particular

Et cetera

is that the perverse public who care about films, let alone politics, stay away from this abuse of the medium, in the way that anti-apartheid aficionados boycott things South African. To see it is not only to reward MGM and the director, Jack Cardiff, for an appalling piece of film-making, but also for the most degraded, reprehensible, gimcrack gallimaufry of prostituted commercialism and amoral sentimentality that has every brutalised Technicolor.

It has as its core the philosophy that violence is the only real form of communication, and accordingly uses a setting, the 'strife-torn' Congo, that can justify fascism, murder, rape, torture, carnage, riot, killing for greed, pleasure, and revenge, and of course a native massacre. There are no redeeming technical features.

The abysmal dialogue is one reason why verbal communication is secondary to action, but you can't just bemoan the portentous philosophising (which incidentally is always handed to the good Negroes to deliver). This is a racist, Uncle Tom film, yes, but there is worse to it than that. It is emphatically on the side of capitalism (the Government backed by the diamond-mine owner) against the rebels depicted, naturally, in primitive war-paint and feathers, but one would hardly expect MGM to go Left-wing. What is significant about this nonsense lies in the assumptions of those who made it, that this concatenation of evil distortions is justified by the gusto of violence, that platitudinous characters are given heroic substance by their readiness to kill and be killed, that the only way to answer questions is in blood, and, by no means least, that this is what the public most appreciate. The lump that rises in the gorge is not sentiment, but nausea.



English television programmes are often shown in Australia. Here an Australian MP comments on one of them:

Mr. Turnbull (Country Party, Victoria) told the House that 'While on this subject I might mention that I watched a television programme the other night which was called 'The Frost Report'. I was attracted to it by a strange coincidence. As honourable members know, I represent 78% of the dried fruit pack of Australia. People in my area are troubled with frosts. When I saw the title of this television programme I thought that it was about frosts. However, I was soon disillusioned. I soon found out that the programme was by a man named Frost who makes a report. I am surprised that the Australian Broadcasting Commission would put a programme on like this. It went as far as to ridicule the Ten Commandments. Once this happens I think a programme should be put off the air.'

Et cetera

continued: 13

ish between the laws which govern states resorting to war (Point 1) and the laws which govern the conduct of war once it has started. And these are a joke. But they shouldn't be. The law of war is humanitarian. It is a restriction placed on the most illogical enterprise a human being can undertake. The supreme anti-human relationship. Any restraint on it must be humanitarian. But it is also stunningly obsolete. The law of war is fit only to deal with the technology available in a mid 19th century battle.

It started with codes of chivalry, of which the fundamental rule is that no more force should be used than necessary to obtain the military objective. Rousseau again had his say:

. . . the object of war being the destruction of the enemy state, one has the right to kill its defenders only when they have weapons in their hands; but immediately they put them down and surrender, thus ceasing to be enemies or agents of the enemy they once again become ordinary men and one no longer has right to their life. Sometimes one can extinguish a state without killing a single member of it; moreover, war confers no right other than that which is necessary for its purpose. These principles are not those of Grotius, they are not founded on the authority of poets, but they flow from the nature of things and are founded on reason.

Which was very turned on. But how, you may ask as the ICBM curves away into the sunset, will it distinguish between those who have put down their arms and those who still carry them. And mere civilians for that matter. The answer is that it is no longer important because the rule was effectively abolished in World War 11 when the British High Command issued a directive that bombing of German cities would take place, as Lord Cranbourne put it, to *'bring the whole life of the cities in which they are situated to a standstill, making it quite impossible for the workmen to carry on their work.'* Or as *The Times* said in 1945:

. . . to burn down the house with all its contents in order to roast the pig.

It is because of this that it is probably legal to use nuclear weapons. The target saturation bombing (complete destruction of all property and personnel, civilian or military within a given area) practised by the allies against Hamburg Dresden and Cologne was new in that it attacked civilians to destroy enemy morale. It was supposed to be in reprisal for the blitz. But the right of reprisal is narrow and only allows normally illegal acts as long as they are to stop an enemy who is at that moment carrying out illegal acts. The blitz had stopped long before Hamburg, Dresden and Cologne. All were by the existing law illegal. In war you only get punished if you lose. And the allies won. The right to kill private citizens as part of the destruction of national morale became an accepted custom of war — like so many other customs — simply because everyone did it.

The law of war built up in the 19th century as custom. It was found in governments instructions to their troops in Military Manuals. In 1907 at The Hague the customary rules of armed warfare were gathered together by an international convention. Annexed to it were the rules that still govern the conduct of war. They made sad reading in the light of what happened in World War 1. They make even sadder reading today. The emphasis is on things like the number of drummers, trumpeters and buglers that should accompany a flag of truce. Or the number of attendants who

Et cetera

issue will confirm our submission that the purpose of this issue is popular satire. For the editors to adopt a different layout for this issue does not deprive it of this character. Both faces of the issue, the predominately pictorial side and the side containing prose, are of equal importance and have received critical attention as such. Both *sides have primary and substantial social and satirical content, in conformity with the other issues of OZ magazine.*

5. To maintain that the character of this issue is changed because it is suitable for hanging on walls is, we feel, incorrect. Glossy magazines — NOVA, VOGUE, HARPERS BAZAAR, PENTHOUSE; weekend colour supplements: indeed any newspaper or magazine which experiments with typographical and/or visual layout is, in our experience and that of our acquaintances, so used. To the best of our knowledge they are not classified in Group 25, and we believe that this issue of OZ is neither more or less classifiable than they.

6. If you have seen other issues of OZ you will be aware that we consistently attempted originality, experimentation not merely in textual material and breadth of content but also in typographical and pictorial design. Issue No 5 is the most obvious example in this direction so far. In the future we hope to move further by bringing out an issue on loose sheets of paper in a paper bag (as in this case, another 'OZ Special Issue', selling at 2s.6ds. and this time with the issue number on it.) We submit that these are genuine artistic experiments in magazine form. Although issue No 5 is unusual and may bear some resemblance to a poster or a print our submission is that it lies outside the scope of Group 25.

We do hope you agree and We shall be very happy to send you other copies of the magazine or to in any way amplify the details mentioned in this letter.

Yours, OZ.

Below is his unmoved reply:

24th January 1968.

Dear Sirs,

In reply to your letter of January 9th, I am directed by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise to inform you that liability to Purchase Tax is determined by reference to an article's character. The Commissioners cannot accept that the Special Issue (Great Alf Conspiracy) poster has the character of a magazine; in their view, it is clearly a pictorial poster and cannot be treated differently from other articles of this kind. It is accordinly maintained that the poster is chargeable at 27½% under Group 25 of the Purchase Tax schedule.

The 'Geuvara' poster supplied with OZ magazine No 8, is also chargeable under Group 25, as, although intended to be sold only with the magazine, it is not in any way attached to it and must be treated as a separate article for tax purposes.

Yours faithfully,

(signed) J.A. WALSH
Officer.

H.M. CUSTOMS AND EXCISE
Earls Court 1.
Charles House,
375 Kensington High St.,
London, W.14.

Tele.No: 603 4595
ext. 3389

could follow a **parlementaire** and the honours with which he should be received by the enemy. The drummers, trumpeters and buglers are to warn the enemy of the approach of the flag of truce. No one in 1907 considered the possibility of amagnetic telephone or a valve radio. Yet these are the rules for today. There's nothing in them about aeroplanes. Only balloons. *'Persons sent in balloons for the purpose of carrying despatches . . .'* are not to be regarded as spies. That's all the rules say about people travelling through the air. There **was** a separate declaration at The Hague in 1907 prohibiting the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons or 'by other means of a similar nature'. However no state ever bothered to obey it — the 'other means of a similar nature' were proving too useful. Again a prohibition lapsed because everyone broke it.

Before both World War 1 and World War 11 there were laws which provided that submarines before attacking should surface, warn the ship it proposed attacking, take off crew and passengers and only then, sink it. No one really tried to obey it although a lot of reprisals were said to be based on the practice of unrestricted submarine warfare. Both sides did it and the prohibition passed into history.

The only thing that everyone has always been able to agree on is the use of poison — and by extension poison-gas. In the old days it wasn't liked because:

Et cetera

(a) It was a woman's weapon — it killed by deceit and stealth — and was therefore unchivalrous.

(b) The all powerful church was frightened someone might get at the communion wine and wipe out the faithful.

So it was banned. It still is. The Americans gave up poisoning the Vietcong rice stores because of international pressure. They came across huge piles of rice in the jungle, sprayed them with poison and then with green dye to warn the Vietcong of the contamination. But in 1915, in a famous case, some poor German soldier found a stream in West Africa that might have been useful to the enemy and poisoned it.. He meticulously put up signs saying 'Achtung!' or whatever. The verdict was that it didn't matter about the signs, he shouldn't have used poison in the first place.

He was shot. The Americans now burn the rice with napalm and everyone is happy. No one thought of napalm in the 19th century so you can use it in the 20th century. Along with most other horror weapons far worse than the now militarily ineffective poison. In Malaysia a few years ago the British War Office advised its officers against employing certain tribesmen in the Malayan jungles because of the War Office's sensitivity to the tribesmen's poison dart blow pipes. This is about the only level that realistic discussion of the law of war in combat can take place. Arguements on the illegality of nuclear weapons seem to depend on analogies between fallout and poison or on a recent cultural convention which prohibits the destruction of works of art — the bomb might get the Picassos too. The genocide convention is no use — it only applies to ethnic groups — not humans en masse. No one, of course, can agree on a simple banning of nuclear weapons.

The Law of War is now found in the Hague Rules, some customary law, the judgment of the Nuremburg Tribunal (unanimously approved by the members of the UN), a few miscellaneous conventions mostly on things like Dum Dum bullets and exploding projectiles and the Geneva Conventions of 1949.

The four Geneva Conventions are the most advanced of all war legislation — mainly because they deal with non-combatants (prisoners of war, shipwrecked at sea, sick and wounded and civilians). States lose interest in people once they can't fight. Therefore they can afford to let others be humanitarian about them. The conventions are the product of the work of the International Red Cross and not of the efforts of any country.

It all started in 1859 when a man called Henri Dunant saw 38,000 killed and wounded in five hourse at the Battle of Solferino. Later in the Battle of Gettysberg in 1862 'the flower of Virginia' was wiped out. Both events led to the creation of the Red Cross movement. They culminated in the Geneva Conventions of 1949. Four conventions signed by — for all purposes — every power in the world today.

More than any other enactment these conventions could act as a brake on the horrors of war today. The law cannot do anything about the **methods** of combat — the scientists and computers control that. What it can do something about is those who are not doing the fighting — civilians, people who have surrendered, sick and wounded. The conventions, not surprisingly, are out of date. But less so than most.
The problem is to get them to apply to the different situations. Once they apply, and all sides recognise them, then their protection is very good indeed. Although a neutral power or the Red Cross is needed to enforce them.

So, when do they apply?

(1) In a straight out war between countries (as recently abolished) there is no problem. Nearly every country in the world is a signatory to the Convention and non signatories would quickly accede. But in a straight out war there would probably be no one left to enforce the conventions or receive the benefit of them.

(2) In Vietnam type situations where neither side will admit there is a 'war', or armed conflict between two or more of the high contracting parties going on, but there obviously is. What should happen theoretically is that each side maintains the non war fiction but agrees to apply the conventions. This should also happen in a major revolutionary situation between the revolutionaries and the government. But a true revolution is one in which no government would dare agree to apply the conventions for fear of being taken to have 'recognised' the revolutionary force and therefore allowing the possibility of international recognition of an alternate government.

In Vietnam what happened is that the US claims to have ordered its troops to observe a standard of conduct higher than that demanded by the Geneva Conventions (without admitting that the conventions automatically apply). The North Vietnamese Government in response to an appeal by the International Committee of the Red Cross for the observance of the Prisoners of War Convention said that it was not bound by them as it *'contained provisions which correspond neither with its action nor with the organisation of its armed forces'* and went on to declare it was observing a 'humane and charitable policy toward the prisoners who fell into its hands.' The reasons are not hard to find. A common provision of the Conventions states that, apart from obvious members

Et cetera

of regular armies, militias etc, it would only apply to volunteer corps and other militias if they fulfil the following conditions:

(a) *that of being commanded by a person responsible for his subordinates;*
(b) *that of having a fixed distinctive sign recognisable at a distance;*
(c) *that of carrying arms openly;*
(d) *that of conducting their operations in accordance with the laws and customs of the war;*

Does that sound like the Viet Cong? Or Castro's Guerillas? No one can afford to fight that way anymore unless he happens to be the United States.
What's left is a clause which has to serve for situations ranging from the attack of the Great Train Robbers, an Arkansas Prison revolt, civil wars and Vietnam itself. It is a terrifyingly important clause. It is the last frontier of humanity.

This is it:
Article 3. In the case of armed conflict not of an international character occurring in the territory of one of the High Contracting Parties, each Party to the conflict shall be bound to apply, as a minimum, the following provisions:

1. Persons taking no active part in the hostilities, including members of armed forces who have laid down their arms and those placed *hors de combat* by sickness, wounds, detention, or any other cause, shall in all circumstances be treated humanely, without any adverse distinction founded on race, colour, religion or faith, sex, birth or wealth, or any other similar criteria.

To this end the following acts are and shall remain prohibited at any time and in any place whatsoever with respect to the abovementioned persons:
(a) Violence to life and person, in particular murder of all kinds, mutilation, cruel treatment and torture;
(b) Taking of hostages;
(c) Outrages upon personal dignity, in particular humiliating and degrading treatment;
(d) The passing of sentences and the carrying out of executions without previous judgment pronounced by a regularly constituted court affording all the judicial guarantees which are recognised as indispensable by civilised peoples.
2. The wounded and sick shall be cared for.

The lawyers can cut it to ribbons of course.
But for all human beings it must be a minimum standard of conduct. It is a clause common to all four Geneva Conventions, subscribed to by over 100 countries including Britain.
Another common clause is this:

Article 127. The High Contracting Parties undertake in time of peace as in time of war, to disseminate the text of the present Convention as widely as possible in their respective countries, and in particular, to include the study thereof in their programmes of military and, if possible, civil instruction, so that the principles thereof may become known to all their armed forces and to the entire population.
When were you last instructed in the principles of the Geneva Conventions?

VIOLENCE

JUSTICE AND VIOLENCE IN ATHENS, 1968

Report by Amnesty International on Greece

TORTURE

The following account presents in summary form the evidence the Amnesty International Delegation took from the 16 people they saw who reported that they had been tortured, and from the 32 people still in prison about whose cases they received second-hand evidence which they found convincing because it was in many cases corroborated.

Techniques of Torture

A. Physical Torture

1. The standard initial torture reported from every Asphalia station is the so-called **falanga.** The prisoner is tied to a bench and the soles of his feet are beaten with a stick or pipe. Between beatings the prisoner is usually made to run around the bench under a heavy rain of blows. We examined the feet of a person who suffered this treatment four months before and his sole was covered with thick scar tissue. One prisoner now in Averoff prison had his foot broken under this torture. As he went without medical attention, the bones have not set properly and he is crippled. The next step in this method is to strike the prisoner on the sternum. Prisoners vomiting blood from the lungs have generally undergone this treatment. **Falanga** is almost always accompanied by other inflictions of pain on the prisoner. In general five or six men are engaged in the torture of one prisoner. Common methods accompanying **falanga** are: pouring water down the mouth and nose while the prisoner is screaming from pain; putting 'Tide' soap in the eyes, mouth and nose; banging the head on a bench or on the floor; beating on other parts of the body, etc.

2. Numerous incidents of sexually-oriented torture were reported. In the case of women, the torturers shove as many fingers as possible, or an object, into the vagina and twist and tear brutally. This is also done with the anus. A tube is inserted into the anus and water driven into the prisoner under very high pressure. In the case of men, beatings on the genitals with long, thin sand-bags have frequently been reported. One trade unionist was beaten so much that a testicle was driven up into his body.

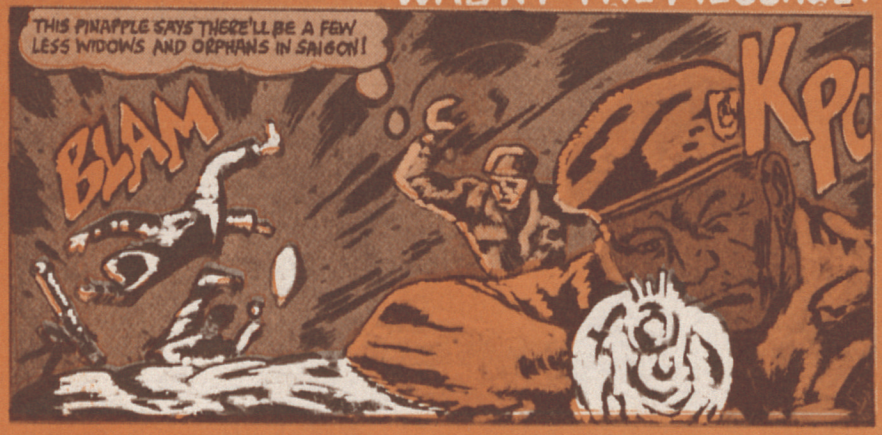
3. Techniques of gagging are frequently reported. The throat is grasped in such a way that the windpipe is cut off, or a filthy rag (often soaked in urine) in shoved down the throat. Suffocation is prevented only at the last moment.

4. Beating on the head with sand-bags or beating the head against the wall or floor are standard procedure. Many cases of concussion have been reported.

5. Beating naked flesh with wires

Et cetera

THE COMIC WAS PUBLISHED A YEAR AGO. THE GREEN BERETS WON - COMIC STRIP HEROES USUALLY DO - BUT AS THE 1968 SAIGON SHOW PROVED, THE MEDIUM WAS'NT THE MESSAGE:



WOUNDED WOMAN AND CHILDREN SEEK SHELTER BEHIND A HOUSE WALL...

Et cetera

March 1967. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.,

APP. 4-2-68

knotted together into a whip.

6. Prisoners have been hung up for long periods of time. Usually the wrists are tied behind the back and the prisoner is suspended from the wrists.

7. Jumping on the stomach.

8. Tearing out the hair from the head and from the pubic region.

9. Rubbing pepper on sensitive areas of the body, such as the genitals, underarms, eyes, nose, etc.

10. Pulling-out toe-nails and finger-nails.

11. Different methods of inflicting burns, including putting-out cigarettes on parts of the body.

12. The use of electric shock. This is done at Military Hospital 401 and unconfirmed reports state that it is done at the Asphalia Station at Bouboulinas.

Physical beatings by the army and police as a method of intimidation and interrogation are general. Physical beating can be classified as torture if it is done in a systematic way. One man of over sixty contacted by the Delegation was beaten at regular intervals for more than 12 hours. He suffered broken ribs but reported that young people were beaten steadily for periods of up to five days. Generally from four to six men beat a prisoner with their fists and kick with their booted feet, or use instruments such as planks, pipes, canes etc. At the Dionysos camp, which houses Greece's elite soldiers, prisoners are made to run a gauntlet. A reliable second-hand report from this camp is that a man literally had his eye knocked out of his head. The Amnesty International Delegation spoke with others who had broken ribs, noses, eardrums, etc.

B. Non-Physical Torture

Many informants who have under-gone torture consider that the non-physical methods were more difficult to bear.

1. Certain prisoners are intentionally moved to cells within earshot of other prisonors who are being violently interrogated. This has caused a number of nervous break-downs. One informant said that listening to the cries of the others was worse than undergoing the torture,

Et cetera

Et cetera

RANGER FORCES SOUTH VIETNAMESE PRISONER INTO A MUDHOLE:

APR. 5-9-66.

one wanted to run in and be beaten rather than listen to the sufferings of another. It is reported that Mikis Theodorakis, the composer, who was never physically tortured, suffered a nervous collapse under this method.

2. Conditions of detention in some places are particularly bad. One technique is to leave the prisoner in a tiny, dark cell without food, water or blankets, for some days. The cells at Dionysos, which are cut into the side of Mount Pendelli, have 10 centimetres of water in them all the time. There is an iron bench in the cell. As prisoners held are not allowed to go out of the cells, the water is filled with their own excrement. The cells in the basement of Bouboulinas used for solitary confinement are full of vermin.

3. Threats to kill, maim and rape. People who had been tortured were often told that it would be repeated at a certain hour in the night, and were kept in constant terror by threats that they would have to undergo again what they had just experienced.

4. Stripping prisoners naked is particularly effective in Greece, where the association of nakedness with shame is very strong in the culture.

5. Mock executions were frequently reported. The prisoner faces a firing-squad, is blind-folded and the rifles are fired. Some prisoners experienced this more than once. It is often done at Kesaryni, in the place where war-time executions took place.

6. Signing Declarations is considered by many to be the most inhuman technique of the regime. Compulsion to sign a paper denouncing parents, wife or political beliefs particularly affects a person of highly developed conscience and ideals. This is used in a deliberate way to break down the spirit of the prisoner. The expert in these matters is Mr Tournas, promoted to be Director of Greek Prisons under the regime. He begins by getting the prisoner to sign something innocuous, then tears up the paper, and makes the prisoner renounce more and more that he holds sacred. The Delegation interviewed people who had signed under this pressure, and all were in some sense broken. One particularly moving case was that of a man who signed in order to be free to see his daughter who was dying of cancer. She died before he was released and he has had a nervous breakdown.

The Security Police and the Military Police are un-restricted today in Greece. Since, in Mr Pattakos's words, 'the laws sleep', the police may arrest anyone, in any place, at any time, with no obligation to charge him or inform anyone of his arrest. Believing that their own position is threatened by opposition to the Government, they have reacted brutally to those engaged in opposition. Those who have particularly suffered at the hands of the security forces are the young people those who are not known abroad, and those believed to be of the left.

Organisations, Places and Persons Engaged in Torture

Torture as a deliberate practice is carried out by the Security Police (Asphalia) and the Military Police (Ethniki Stratiotiki Astinomia). The Delegation heard first-hand evidence that the army and the gendarmerie also carried out torture, but it was diffi-

Et cetera

VIETNAM

One of our chief problems is to keep repeating that one word till it becomes inescapable for everyone, especially those who have as yet, never questioned our alliance with the USA. Lets talk about 1968.

There should be reminders of the war, everywhere. Simply writing or painting that one word – VIETNAM – in as many places as possible would help. We should go out and splash patches of red paint on streets, roads, highways and pavements; on buildings which have anything to do with the conduct of the alliance.

Why red paint? It is the obvious symbol of blood and fire, which has already been used with some success in various ways in American, British and Australian demonstrations. Red paint, synonymous with destruction, is not itself destructive.

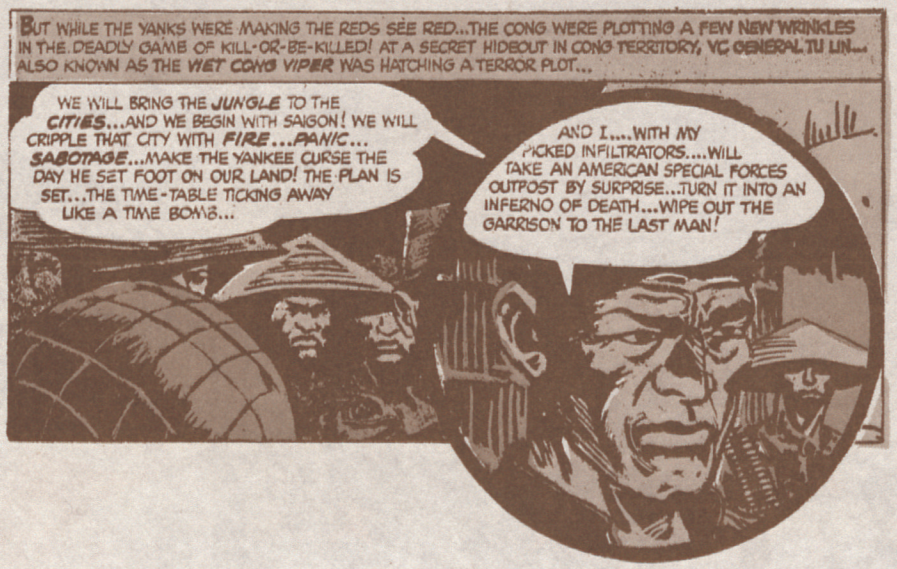
The Red Paint campaign needs no central organisation, it can be spread by example and by word of mouth. It will take time to spread, but that can't remove the dramatic impact of more and more of these patches appearing. Newspaper and TV will have to investigate what it's all about.

We will tell anyone that asks: RED PAINT is simply a protest against the Vietnam War, and a reminder of the pornography of such violence, period.

Because the paint is red they'll say we are communists. They'll say that anyway. The paint is RED because human blood is RED.

Begin Now – let the red paint spread . . .

ADRIAN MITCHELL,
PEACE NEWS, (UPS)



'FAMILY IMMOLATED WITH FLAME-THROWER DURING CONG VENGEANCE RAID; DAK SON.

UPI. 7.12.67.

cult to determine if these were isolated cases or standard procedure.

Those whose names are most frequently mentioned as directing and carrying out torture are: Inspector Lambrou, the Director of the Security Police Headquarters, in Athens at Bouboulinas Street, and the following officers — Mallios, Babalis, Karapanayiotis, Kravaritis, Spanos, Yannicopoulus, all the same office; Major Theophiloyaiannakos of the Military Police located at the Dionysos Camp outside Athens. Others mentioned frequently were Zagouras at Dionysos, Lt. Kapoglou, Director of Asphalia at Aigeleo, and Kouvas of the Asphalia in Pireus.

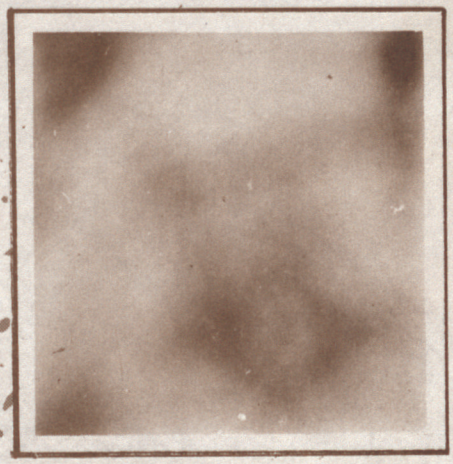
The places where the most serious torture was reported in the Athens area are the Bouboulinas Asphalia, Military Hospital 401, and the Dionysos camp.

27 January 1968. Amnesty International, Turnagain Lane, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

JUSTICE AND VIOLENCE IN ARKANSAS, 1968

This is part of a transcript of a documentary about Arkansas State Penitentiary, Cummins. It was shown on BBC's '24 Hours' on February 6th. Murton is the new Superintendent at Cummins.

MURTON: We have around 200 inmates who are sentenced under the felony courts to prison and yet when they come here they are given a gun and given life and death control over the rest of the inmates. It's the only place that exists in the United States and I suspect probably anywhere in the world . . .
We have a closed society of exploitation and well the nearest thing I can think to it in the free world would be the general situation in Chicago in the thirties whereby you had bosses and operators and every system of justice and everything else was controlled by the association, the organisation and those who deviated from the plan were eliminated. And the



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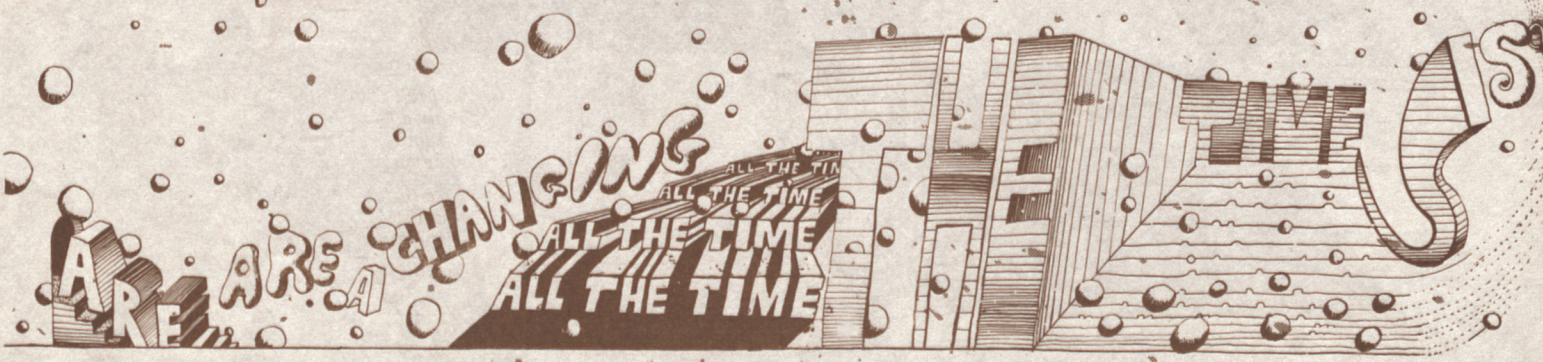

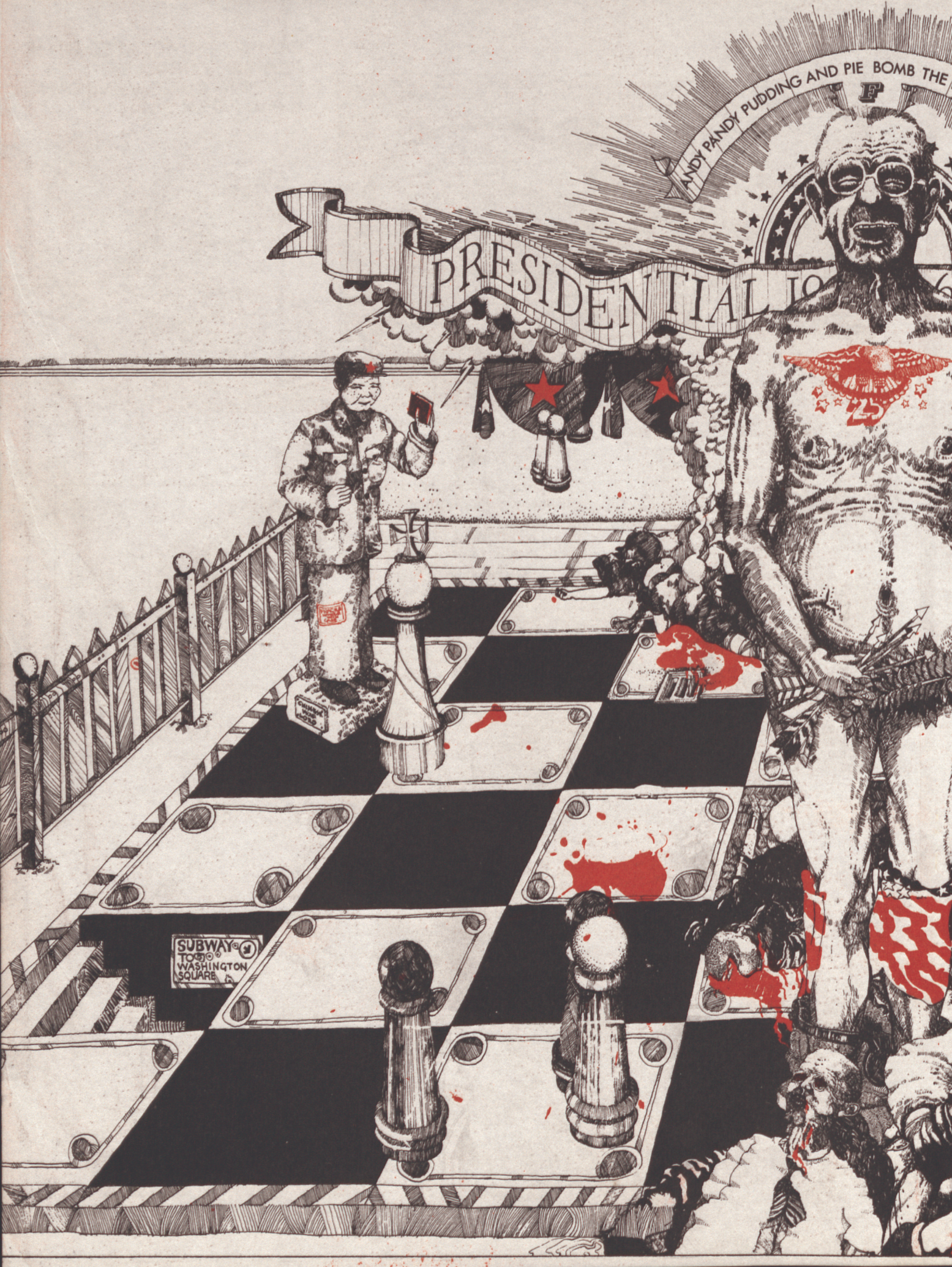
ANDY PANDY PUDDING AND PIE BOMB THE
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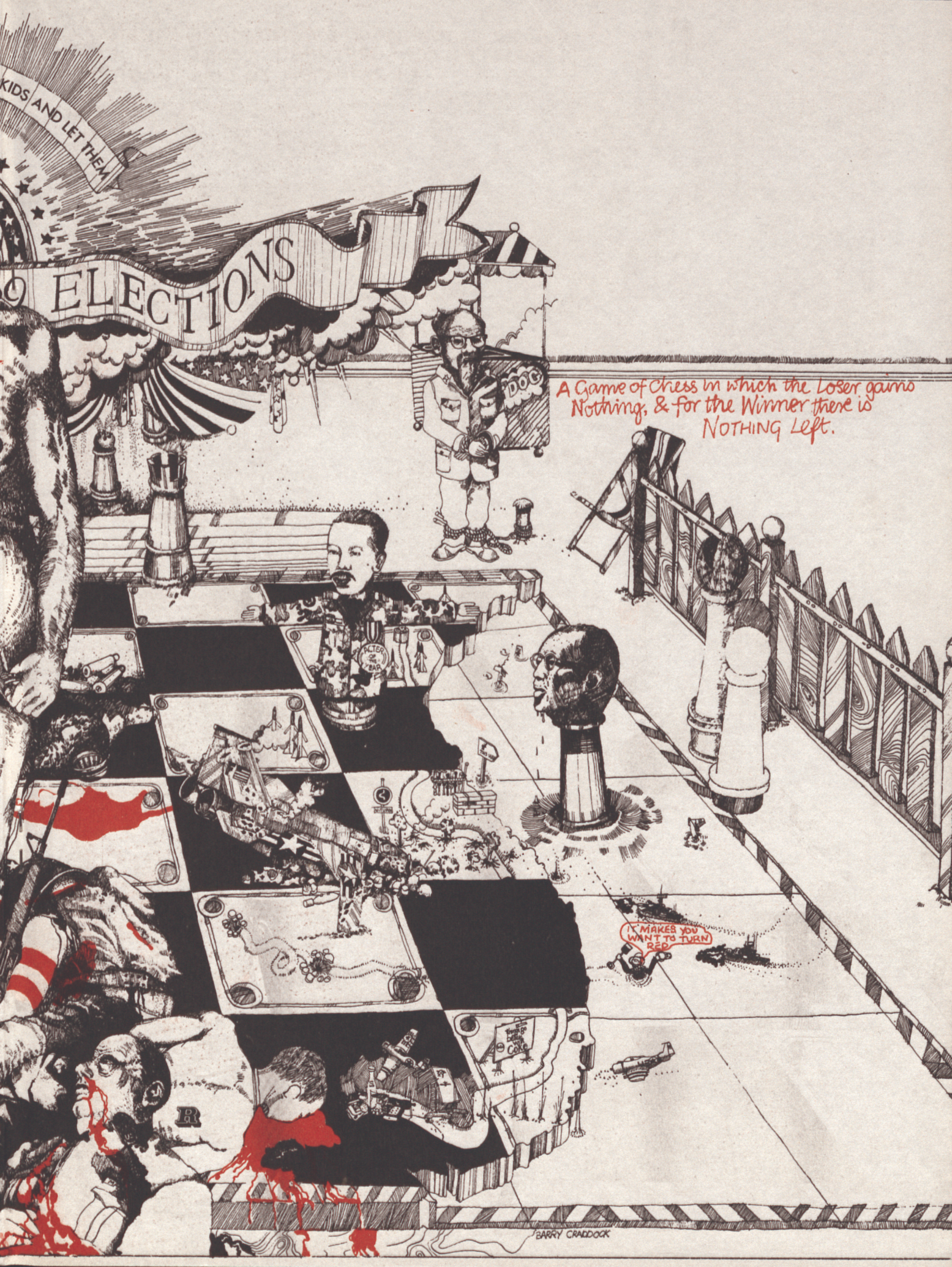

KIDS AND LET THEM
ELECTIONS
DOG
A Game of Chess in which the Loser gains Nothing, & for the Winner there is NOTHING Left.
IT MAKES YOU WANT TO TURN RED
R
BARRY CRADDOCK

RANGER STOMPING ON S. VIETNAMESE FARMER SUSPECTED OF SUPPLYING INCORRECT INFORMATION TO GOV. TROOPS...

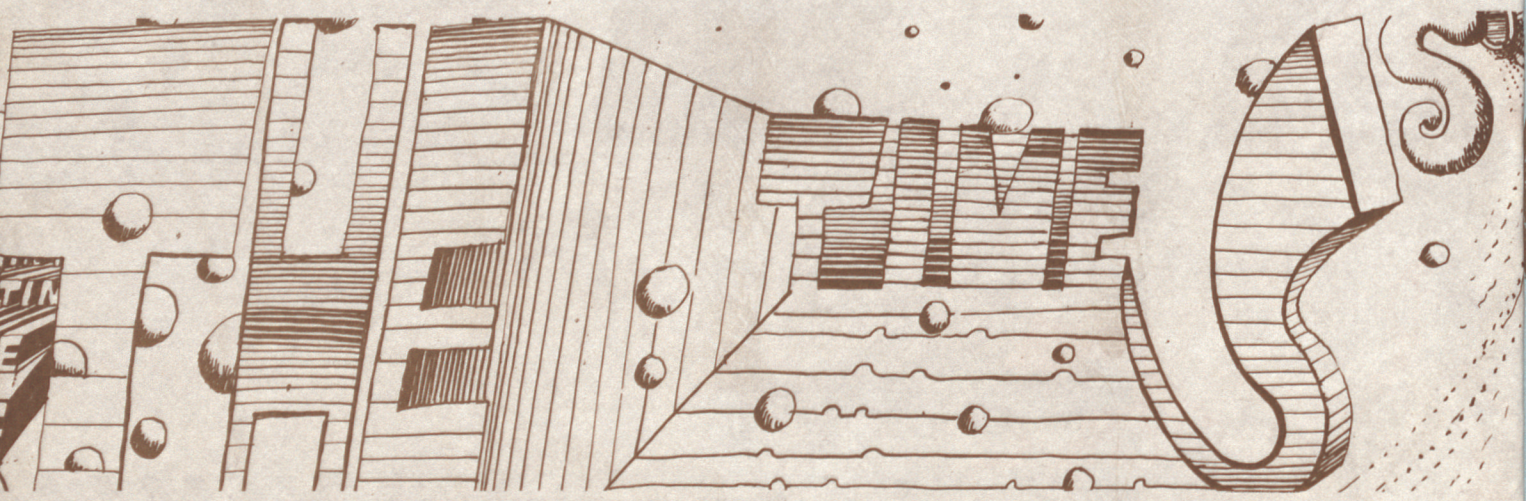
APP. UNDATED

same thing has happened here . . .
Those who tried to talk about the brutality and the torture were eliminated. And the system — when you have a system that's operated by fear and oppression then you must back that up with brutality, and it's been the custom here in the past that men were beaten with a strap which was about five feet long and five inches wide; an inmate would be spread out on the floor naked and another inmate or staff man use the strap on him. It was such a brutal thing that the man's body would convulse and he would lift off the floor six or eight inches. They'd have to have inmates sitting on the extremities, the arms and the legs, to keep him from coming up . . .
I mean I inherited a system of inmate guards which is antithetical to what we're trying to do. You see, in the past the inmate guards, which are called trustees here, have been in complete control of the prison . . . They've made the job assignments, they've decided which detail a man worked on; they shook down the incoming prisoners to take radios and watches away from them; they charged — the yard men charged a dollar for a man to get a bed the first night he came in. They assigned people to lucrative positions where they could make money. They decided who would become a trustee, who would carry guns, who would be in charge of the commissary. This was the system as it was. **They know here at Cummins that it has to change.** And when I came here there was no way to tell how many prisoners there were — which is really another subject — but there is an inventory of guns and there are some 22 guns missing off the official state inventory. There are some indications that in December there were three rifles and four pistols in one of the barracks here. We think they are still there. We do not have the capability at this time to shake the place down and there are no doubt knives — we've taken knives off people all the time. And whisky, there has been free wheel whisky coming in. So, I don't know exactly what the right criteria or the time is but when I feel it's the proper moment and I have support enough from the trustees I will shake down the other barracks and get these illegal guns and weapons away from the inmates. But then I have to devise a method to shake down the trustee barracks. There's been no shakedown for ten years.

COMMENTATOR: Everything is incredible in this prisog without walls. Last year alone 69 escaped. Mr Murton says that is more than escaped from all other American gaols. Equally incredible have been the state authorities. In recent years they have openly boasted about the unique way in which they made a profit from a prison farm. The explanation is simple? — this was the ultimate in slave labour violently enforced with the Tucker telephone . . .

MURTON: The Tucker telephone was a device used to extract information, to descipline and to torture the inmates at the Tucker prison farm. It did not have a dial it had a crank — in America similar to the army field phone, you crank it and the battery generates power and rings across the line. This was used at Tucker as a torture device and the general procedure was that the subject was brought into the hospital, taken into the surgical room and strapped naked to a bed, a surgical table, and there was a positive and negative control — anode

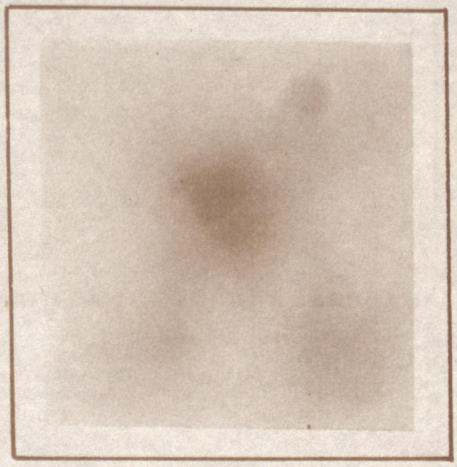
Et cetera



Tales of the Green Beret 'discovered by BBC's 'Eleventh Hour'

and cathode — and one was run from the anode to his penis and other from the cathode to his big toe and then somebody would sit at his feet and crank this machine and send a current through his body. This literally drove some of them out of their mind; it certainly destroyed some of them physically as a man, and it was excruciating torture, I have never heard of before. It's probably one of the most effective devices that could be used. And I've talked to inmates and have seen them and it's a horrible thing.

COMMENTATOR: These are not just the superintendent's personal views. This police report documents the way in which dangerous prisoners had keys to their cells, food crawled with bugs and maggots and brutality and corruption are daily occurences. But how could it happen here? — especially in the midst of such an apparent — ly ordinary American community? The answer is that it's not ordinary. This is the Bible belt of the South where puritanical standards still rule. The name of the capital, Little Rock, is itself synonymous with racial prejudice. In Arkansas justice is so fierce that a man may legally be given ten lashes a day, each day of the week. Inside Cummins, there's one man serving a forty-five year sentence. He's completed twenty years, it was his first offence; it was a theft. Judges will send boys of 14 to a place like this where there is a proven history of forty years of sadism. Of course the local people knew what was going on. In these agricultural communities where strangers are regarded with suspicion, secrets are impossible to keep. It's just that in the past nobody saw any cause for protest. **Now the facts are officially known there is still no sense of public outrage — except, that is, for criticism of the Superintendent and threats against his life, because he has dared to tell what goes on inside Cummins Prison.**



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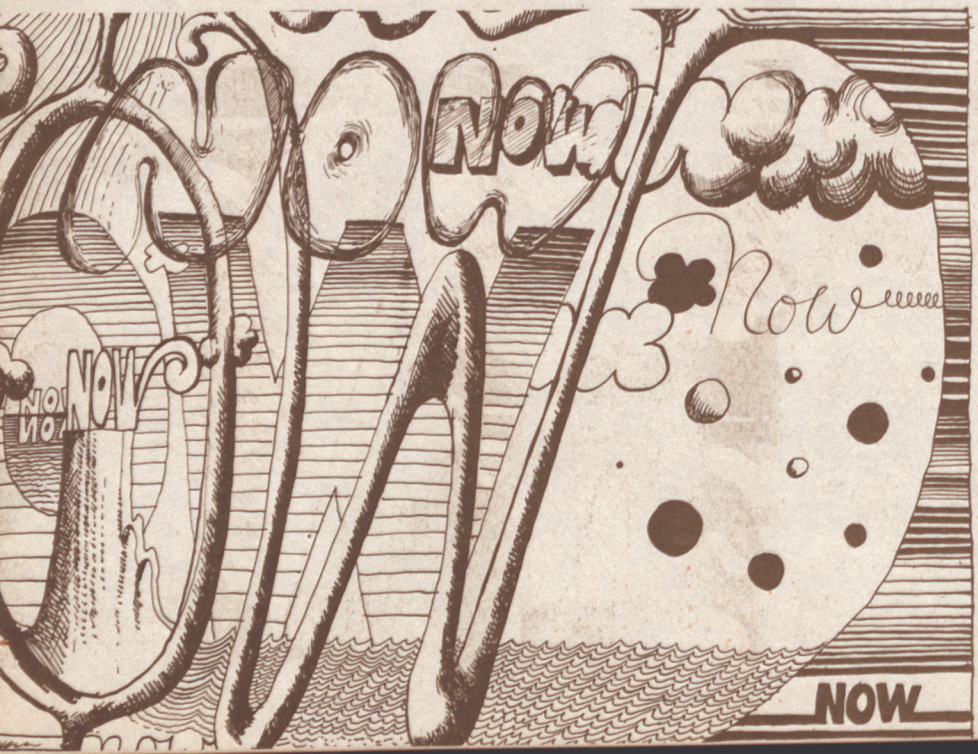

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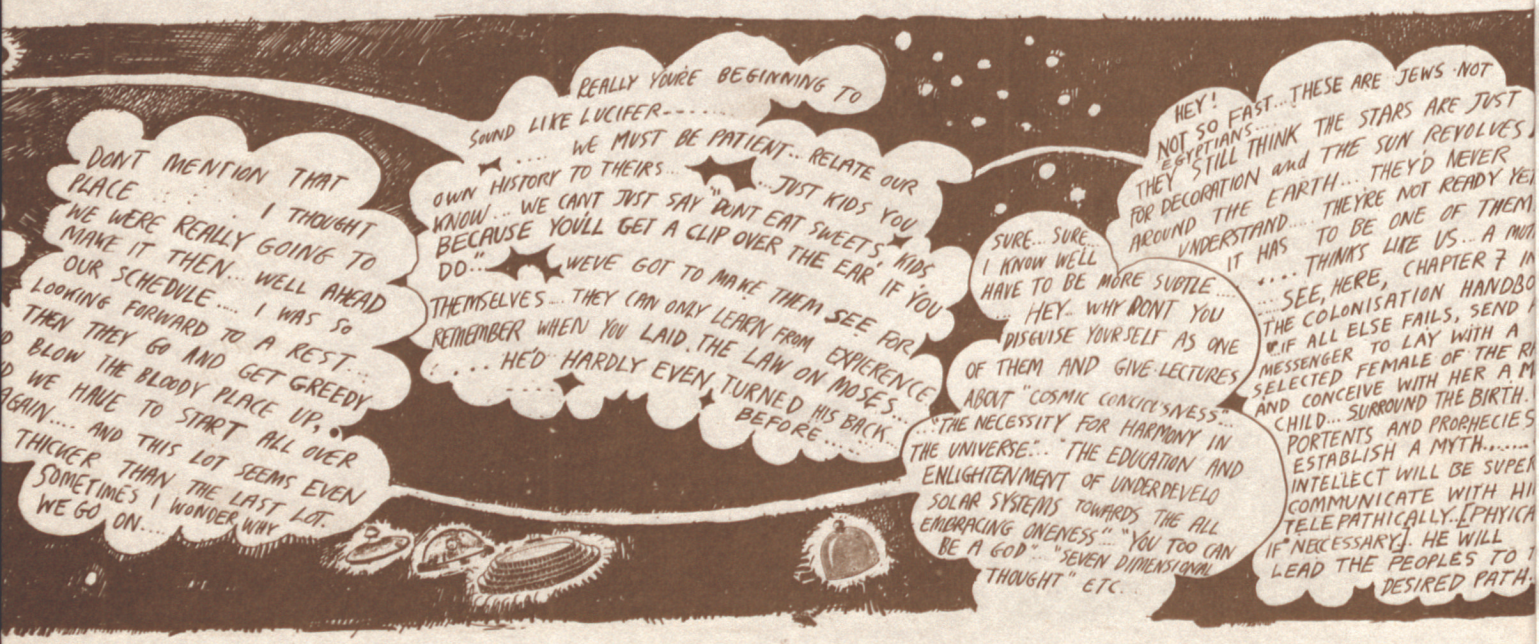

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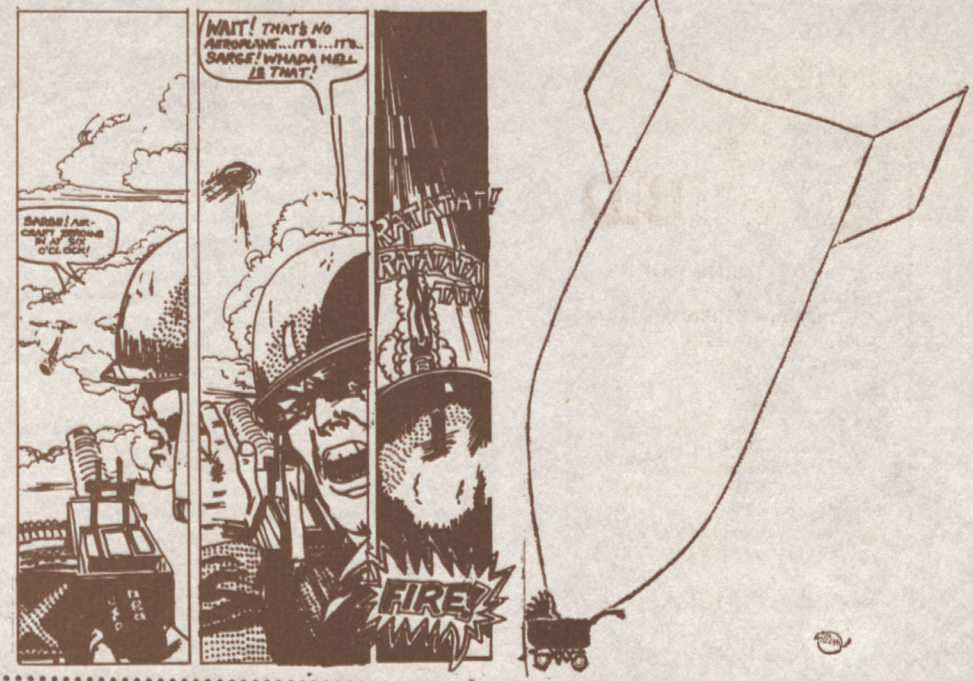
Splash Poster, UFo over Vietnam, to be published March 1968.
See page 34.



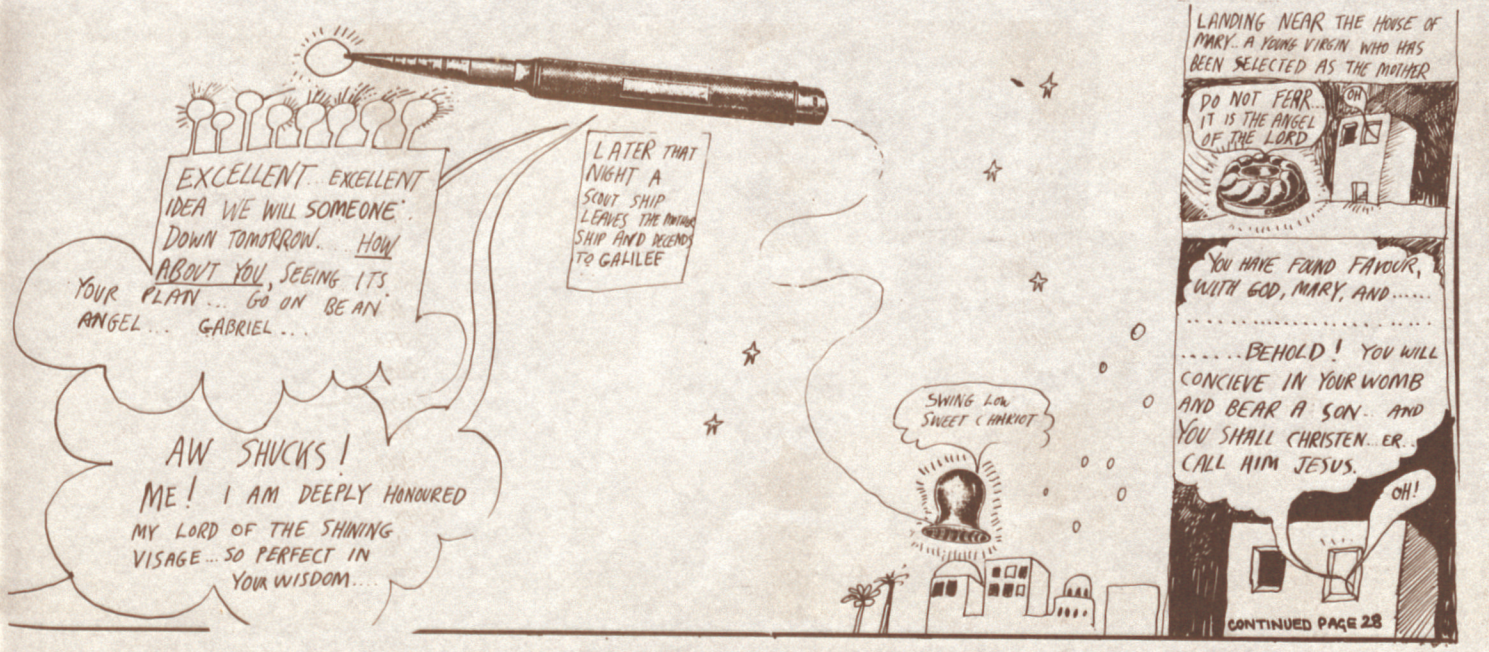
The Digger Thing must be **your** thing!
OZ has been *inundated* with letters from readers responding to the article in OZ 9. All letters are being answered now.

Meantime, an interim group of London Diggers have been going ahead with the arrangements for staging the Forum, and setting up the contacts necessary to get a successful community into action straight after.

The Forum will be held over the weekend beginning Mar 23 or Mar 30, depending on just when we can get a site. The hang-ups in getting a hall for anything are unbelievable! If anyone thinks they can help please contact us at OZ. Final arrangements will be announced in the next OZ, out mid-March, and also in IT.

We will be announcing a program for the Forum and the guest list. Invitations are going out at the moment and we expect representatives from experiments in Community living, including delegates from Holland and from the West Coast Communities.

Why is **this** man laughing? Who was Werty anyway?



CONTINUED PAGE 28

SUMMER WITH THE MONARCH

The Queen came up to Liverpool
To dine at our Town Hall
In the evening wrote to her husband
'Dear Phillip I'm having a ball'.

I think I'll hang about, I mean
Everything's happening here
I'm beginning to dig the poetry scene
And the ale is the bloody gear'.

So while she was having a castle built
Down in Castle Street.
She had a look around Liverpool
Found a pad there, small but neat.

She moved in a few belongings
Corgis, crowns and a throne
And blue blood in the neighbourhood
Really raised the tone.

Soon Her Majesty was caught up
In the bohemian social whirl
Our gracious teeny-bopper
Everybody's girl

I met her at a party
Somewhere in Morris Green
I was just a layabout
And she was Queen of the scene

But love knows no class barriers
As you will rightly know
And as I'd had a few that night
I'd thought I'd have a go

We had a couple of dances
Matter of fact we raved
And when I asked 'Can I take you home'
She simply smiled and waved

And she told me next morning
I'll never love another
I've always fancied weirdies
I appoint you Royal Lover

That same day we decided
To set the social pace
And once we'd laced our sneakers
There was no one in the race

We'd go every night to O'Connors
Throw down a few black'n tans
She'd roll a joint in the ladies
And we'd crawl back home on our hands

Arm in arm around the town
We made everybody stare
'What a funny couple
Sort of Royal Sonny and Cher'

We held weekend parties
Such as the city had not seen
With thousands swaying and singing
'God rave the Queen'

Our world was mad and frenzied
Adored by the swinging set
Our joy seemed never ending
A life of fun and yet

Happiness is misshaped
As I was soon to learn
And now my little story
Takes on a sadder turn

For The Establishment was angry
And to everyones surprise
The Prime Minister and Prince Phillip
Were planning her demise

They kidnapped her one morning
While I was still in bed
Took her to the Tower
And chopped off her 'ead

Now sadly I remember
With tears for company
How I spent summer with the Monarch
And the Monarch
spent summer
with me.

Roger McGough, 1967

CONVEOZATION

I don't know how many people here regard themselves as members of the underground or how extreme is this vision that some of us have for an alternative kind of society. How far are we prepared to accept the consequences of the kind of insights people have? Most people are compromising their notions in this respect particularly when they move towards political activities. For instance, the International Times in aligning itself with the Black Power Movement and talking about the Coming seems to me a compromise of an inward looking, simpler approach to existence that Hippies have been talking about and that we felt rather excited by. It seems that once you move into politics, like Dick Gregory has . . .

Yes, in between all this talk about crushing a system Dick Gregory is standing as a write-in presidential candidate. He always throws the American constitution at you, which of course was not exactly written by black power. Screw politics. What sort of future has a drop out philosophy in this country? . . .

There's an experiment going on here in the Tribe of the Sacred Mushroom . . . Many people are talking about it but these seem to be the first people who have gone out and done it, who have gone to estate agents and found a place outside London. And they've lasted the winter. If they can last the winter outside London with no income, it seems they've made it.

But isn't the point that the size and structure of these communes is very limited and merely parasitic on the existing framework – what's going to happen next? . . . if you're going to try and replace the whole system and advocate an alternative, then itdoesn't seem likely that it's going to exist as a small series of these small communes.

You're going to have a network of alternative systems — the purists in tribes, hippie minded people who sell things, and plastic parachutists, but actually you're going to need all 3 groups of people . . .

But aren't we talking about a few religious eccentrics . . . Can communes have real meaning for anyone here?

Robert Tasher has what seems to be the most viable idea of setting up in London. He's done a demographic survey of England and projected population growth and what areas the population will grow and he has found that as you know the population is increasing in south east England and decreasing in north England and in about 10 years time 60% of the population will be in south east England. Hereford county has lost population in the last 10 years from 170 thousand to 130 thousand and with this increased velocity of the population moving to south east England it will even lose more. He's planning to go to Hereford to gauge the planning commission to find out which bit of land they feel least strongly about — not to argue with them — you go there to buy land as an outsider you're immediately looked on with suspicion, so he's going to do it from the inside, find a piece of land, build tidal generators, put up geodesic domes, buy more land and set up a fortress commune . . he's going to have his piece of England and he plans to buy more and more of it . . . he has enough money to make it feasible.

The Americans seem to have got it much better than us, because when they drop out they go and live in the country and do things . . . they paint and sell their paintings – they can survive by making money. All the people I know in England when they drop out they go on a horse and cart, but they don't try to do anything except survive and cadge food. They don't read books they don't do anything – I don't see how they can survive unless they do something other than just living in the country . . .

But once you start being productive and active in these things you start playing the old game . . .

But aren't they playing the old game in the States by doing their posters etc?

You're gaining creative energy . . . poster design or jewellery making is really trade; exporting and importing rather than playing the old game. The creative energy is generated by the community itself.

There have been communities in the past that have come about in similar ways and have had in mind similar ideals . . . Owenites, Ammans and the Mormons of course.

Don't they usually come to grief through boredom?

The fortress commune seems to be an excellent mechanical way of being non parasitical.

It's also a way of not denying a couple of hundred years of technical advance.

The underground as a community still has a balance of trade deficit which mainly comes through payment of rent and food. My interest right now is in making it happen in urban areas rather than making it happen agriculturally. One way it might be done is using housing cooperatives — 3 or 4 getting together with a minimum amount of resources — a couple of hundred quid perhaps to form a housing cooperative — we can go for all sorts of GLC and borough facilities. Then we can divide the house into 3,4 or 6 flats. We own the house as a corporation. We're living in the flats and that's one way of alleviating the balance of payment.

You're still getting on the tubes every day.

You wouldn't just be growing cabbages, everyone would be doing something they find interesting, and the fact that everyone was together and they weren't having to work for the Government or pay taxes or involve themselves in a society which they didn't believe in, and could involve themselves in something in which they were interested, the motives for working would be completely changed.

It seems to me that the underground really is a church, and a fortress community is a free generation monastery - you have your plain clothes people - necessarily part of the system although it's based against the system . There's interplay between the system and the church. Now that sort of interplay that there is, is going to be between the underground and the overground — therefore the underground is bound to be riddled with hypocrisy, but fortunately we can riddle the overground with hypocrisy too.

One of the reasons why you have vigorous drop out communities in the States is because of the extreme conditions in the States especially in the cities, which you don't have here. We had our car stolen last week and I was surprised more than anything . . . car stolen in London? Whereas in New York if you leave your car in the streets 3 days you find it completely stripped and come back to find 8 Puerto Rican children playing in it because that's their only playground. Tyres off, motor out . . . you expect it.

This discussion about a changed society, an alternative type of existence seems to run parallel to the idea of a changed state of mind – that seems to be crucial and I think the whole of the idea of setting up communes and the whole idea of getting out of the existing situation is not necessarily relevant nor is it necessarily the thing which strikes you when you are in that kind of mind from acid or pot or just through being lucky . . . for instance I am, in a way, the product of a community because my father dropped out in the 30s in Australia. He's a painter, and he went off to the hills, bought up a lot of property which his friends helped him purchase. The binding force there , was not psychedelia or emotional alternative societies but the idea that art was to come before possessiveness – man possessing a woman, all these sort of ego kind of activities, and that anybody who was concerned with painting, sculpture, writing and so on took some precedence.

And somehow we did manage in that situation – my parents grew their own food, had a lot of people in like plumbers, electricians etc, who didn't pay rent, but lived there as well, and contributed their services of one kind or another. And that ground to a halt finally 20 years later, which seems quite a period, because people were just getting too old, I think, and too bored. But the two things it had, were a terrifically dictatorial figure at the top, and this binding unifying kind of faith in a certain notion of art. Now the thing I think that the underground has to articulate in a much stronger sense, is a binding philosophy – like the Ten Commandments you were talking of, and I really don't think it's got anything like that yet. It's far too diverse and confused . . .

Well, I think that moral chaos is stimulating. We ought not to force the Ten Commandments upon us. Maybe a manifesto, rather than the Ten Commandments. Nothing can be achieved by having rules and regulations.

What you need is some people going round saying thou shalt not and other people, also within the movement, saying what's all this rubbish about thou shalt not, and form the dialogue between the two,people would, with any luck, know what it was all about and at the same time not take it too seriously.

There are hippie underground people working in the BBC and bookshops, teaching in schools, etc and – I often wonder what can ever unify them.

There's one thing that probably all these people agree on, and that's legalised pot . . . I can't think of any other specific issue.

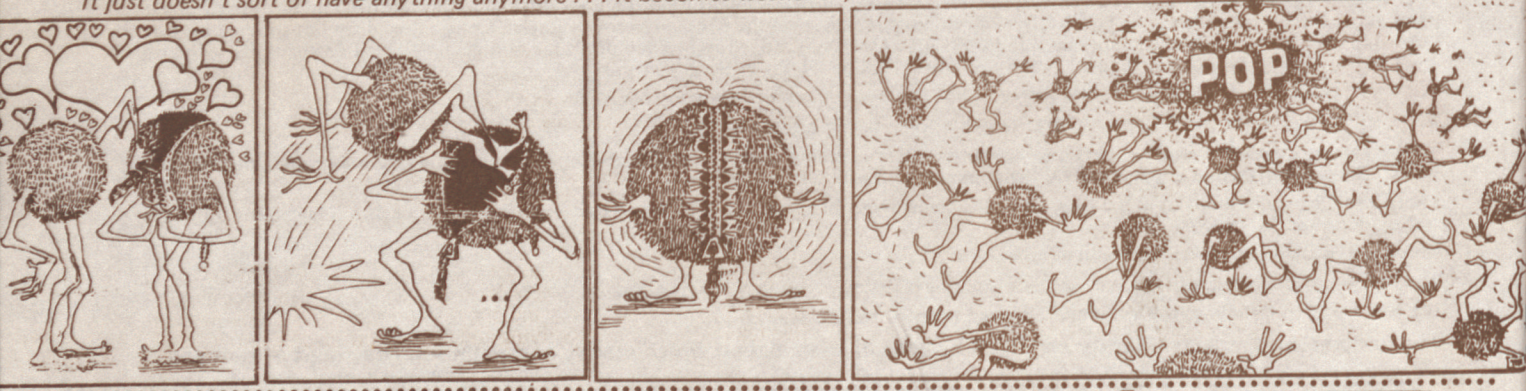
You're not actually selling pot are you? You're selling a state of mind.

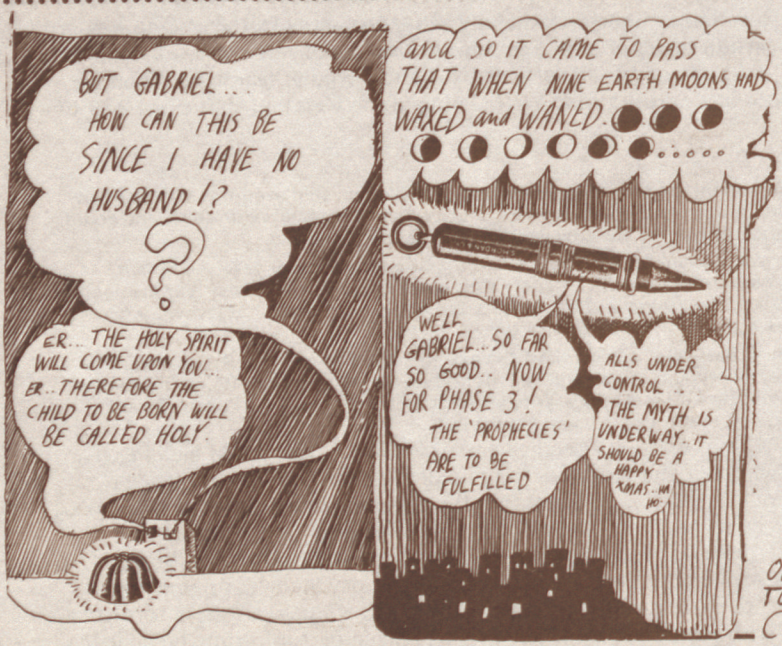
No it's just an extension of freedom to do what you want to do, an issue of civil liberty.

Well, I've got freedom to do what I like with my own body, but there's nothing I like doing with it . . .

Don't you think that it will take 50 years of absolute wisdom to get anywhere? . . . I think the state of mind that people are onto now and are aware of, is still so affected by other kinds of consciousness . . . and the articulate and slightly extrovert members of the underground are putting out their philosophies and their poems – all great entertainment, but not of any grand signigicance.

Because they're still employing establishment media it's still part of the establishment because they are clever enough to keep a few new voices in for a while, anyone who comes with radical ideas sooner or later becomes successful and then the demands of their social life, the city and the people moving in TV or in the art world and galleries – they become very much absorbed and part of it. What they might be saying is completely different, but in the context, in the form it's in, it is no longer discernable from anything else. It's presented in the same way, same pace, same pressure and same rhythm. It's got to be something which is distinctly outside this. A voice in the wilderness is never really joined by other people because it's . . . in the wilderness. Pop music established an international relationship between young people all over the world in a very primitive way, but it has established something and everthing that has gone with pop has spread this . . . but you hear a song by one of the underground groups next to a song on the radio by Humperdink. It just doesn't sort of have anything anymore . . . it becomes weakened, diluted . . .





But it's still important to communicate underground ideas on overground media.

Not if it's only ideas. LIke the humanist kind of trouble, because in the end it was only words they were sending out, they weren't asking people to come for sustenance only meetings. They weren't teaching people how to build houses, they weren't teaching people a trade. When the apocalypse comes, and the universities and the media closes, I'm lost. All these things . . . trades, sustenance . . . we have to establish natural demonstrations for our arguments . . . arguments are no longer useful,worthwhile except as a call to arms and then you need natural demonstrations to keep the people that you have stirred up.

We need a new form to house the new content. . . we're still trying to fit it into the old form, and the old form is the old form and it comes across the same way.

What is the situation in American now? In 20 years time the poeple who are now dropping out . . . by simple statistics, must take over all sources of power.

No, I don't think they will.

Who else?

This will happen if they become part of the establishment – at the moment I centainly don't think that will happen in 20 years time . . . there's still all those other young people . . .

A friend of mine who said she had taken so much acid she could no longer hallucinate isn't going to be part of the establishment.

Because of sheer numbers they come to a position where they will elect the establishment if necessary.

But in that framework they will be absorbed back in by that time because at the age of 19 one can still feel young and healthy enough to drift. You haven't got family obligation or anything else. Remember that monologue in US 2. That girl, 'how we were young and . . . ' a perfect example of how age creeps up on you – if you remain within the framework and create a new form. The world is in such a desperate situation that anything that is any good is created in art – if someone does a fantastic visual work of art, within a year and a half it will be used for advertising soap perhaps . . . the fact that everything that is produced is absorbed into selling in a matter of years, no matter how good it is, everything. This is the terrifying thing, that it is gobbled up so quickly by this commercial thing, depending on how many goods are sold and what your numerical rating on TV is. Quantity is the thing now, not quality. The worst magazine, newspaper, TV sells the most.

Revolution is gradual. You have to start preparing it 30 years earlier.

Isn't this too much team spirit again? Now it's entirely individual, and the one revolution that can be achieved overnight is by you – you don't have to worry who is going to go with you. Have your own barricade.

Yes, but individuals can never fight against the establishment.

Why fight?

I think individualists have had it. What the underground is emerging out of is the fact that progressively every kind of link, family links and so on, are all being atrophized and this has made life so unbearable . . . the grow up mass media of art is simply because nobody can be anything to anybody, not that they ever could. But given the fact that a lot of other constraints have been removed, mal-constraints, practical constraints, the only thing left which isn't void is trying to fulfil this sort of personal contact. If we let everybody have his own personal barricade, it is actually leaving people so much on their own. One needs a kind of combination of getting people away from a lot of dreadful ties to which they are attached (having a career, a job and so on). Perhaps a combination of acid and a communal life, access to a fantasy world, to an emotional world which is nonetheless more or less viable or sharable . . .

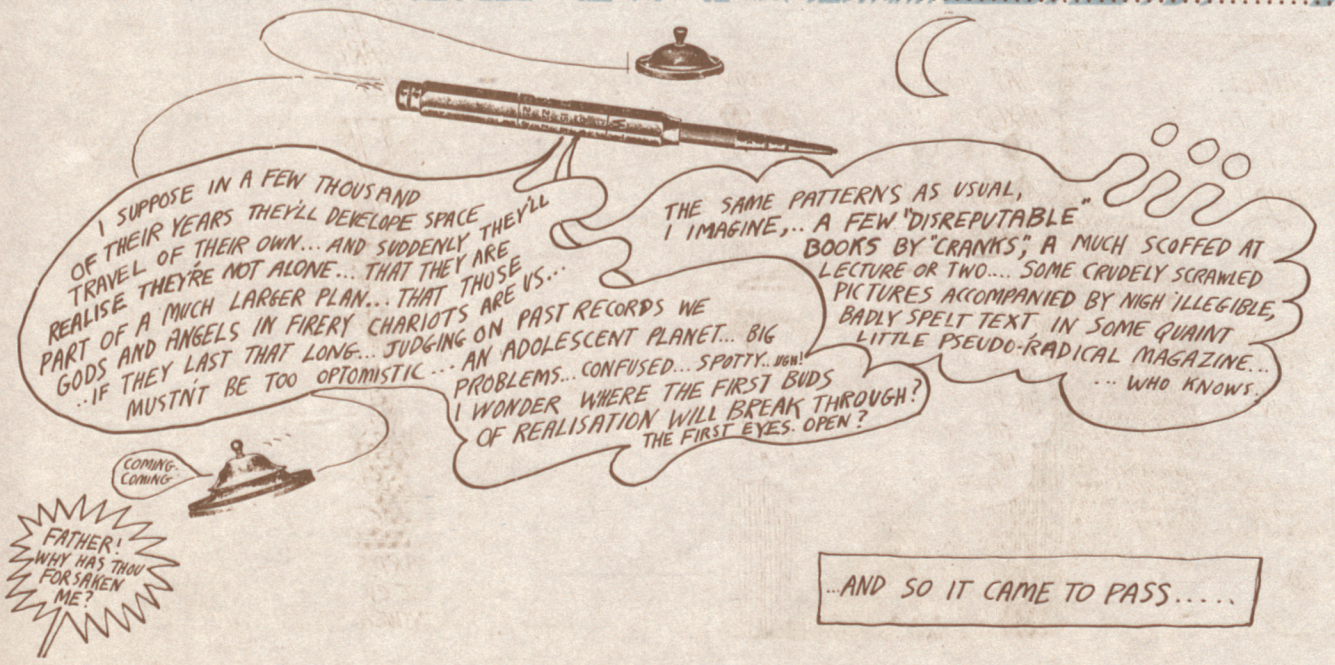
In my case I like what I do, teaching and writing. If I contracted out into a community I'd be leaving these best things behind . . . What I really want to do is to get away in the evenings or the weekends or a nice holiday somewhere where one's ego can totally dissolve and if I could shift between an everyday life and something totally different then this would make me quite happy and this is hypocritical.

Is it?

Well it might be hypocritical in that if I'm getting my daily dose of respiritualisation then I go back to the system and in fact, remain a prisoner of the system. On the other hand I might be so changed by the break that even in the system I might be a different person. Therefore, I might be able to link up. In every pin-striped fellow there is 25% of rebellion sitting there, and it can't think, can't talk, can't recognise itself. With other people it's more.

What are we going to do with that 25%? In a sense this is what the Underground is about, how to get that 25%, how to get him to burn his draft card to pull out of IBM and this comes back to whether John Peel should be playing records on the BBC, ending up promoting Engelbert Humperdink. The alternative is just putting out underground publicaitions and using underground methods but in that way we are not going to get the guy in the pin-striped suit. It is worthwhile taking the risk of modifying and diluting our message in order to reach a wider number of people.

Et cetera



it gets around

To: INTERNATIONAL TIMES 22 Betterton St., WC2.

I want to be an IT distributer .....

I want to be an IT girl .....

I want to sell advertising space for IT .....

I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO IT AND ENCLOSE AT LEAST £2 .....

(or equivalent amount) for One year .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

This movement is not going to come from a political platform or anything, it's going to come very naturally; probably the influence of drugs has taken people away a step from society, so they can see it more clearly . . . we still find that isn't enough, we still seek a new society, we still start getting involved in the games of the old society . . . one has got to physically remove oneself as well as mentally.

world birth earth

death mother open

All this discussion is futile. It's like Isadora Duncan trying to change the world by teaching people a new dance routine.

Mystery solved? These panels from the strangely disturbing cartoon poster being pasted all over town are rumoured to be the latest guide to an alternative society offered by Black Power—merchant banked by James Baldwin.

FROM FEB 24, THERE'S A CORNER of SE9 that will be forever foreign. Malcolm Ross and the South London Diggers are beating the Scots Nats to the punch. They are declaring BLACKHEATH an Independent Free State.

Immigration Policy sounds remarkably liberal.

'Dadaists, existentialists, sensitors, imagists, intentionalists, New Apple Apocalypticists, concrete poets, phallic symbolists, surrealists, etc.,' are invited to *'get off their intellectual arses'* abandon their *'isolated, frustrated dream states'* and become citizens of Independent Blackheath.

'Your mystical force can be brought to bear in the Magical rebirth of South London and *reconstruction of people's awareness,'* declares the New State's slightly chauvinist Manifesto of Independence.

The Exploding Galaxy and the Northern Open Workshop will perform at the independence *'Festival of Everything'* but the Manifesto warns, *'PS. This is not an electric technology experiment. Bring your creativity with you and do it.'*

Et cet

It is Year Zero. We are on the 39th Step of the Kahn Excallation Ladder — **Slow-Motion Countercity War . . .** Industrial spy, the red-headed transvestite, Morel, is relaxing between routine assassinations when Top-Priority Orders are encoded into his cocktail-hour musak. Report to —

Et cetera

Rare Eye-Witness Account: How We "Pacify" Them and Brutalize Ourselves

Xuan Dai, South Vietnam—Little fires were still burning in the ruins. Frightened baby chicks chirped frantically in search of their mothers. From the charred entry of one of the buildings, a middle-aged peasant woman tentatively poked her head, then emerged with a puzzled-looking little boy. Quickly another much older looking woman followed her and then several more children.

"Hey you, get over there," a tow-headed Marine, barely 20, shouted at the women and children. Slowly they padded silently where he pointed. American jet bombers demolished this village with tons of bombs and napalm. The Communist troops had stolen away before dawn. Only the women and children were left.

'We should have killed them all," said the young Marine, jabbing his M16 rifle in the direction of the crowd of women and children. "There's eight Marine bodies lying on the landing zone across the rice paddies."

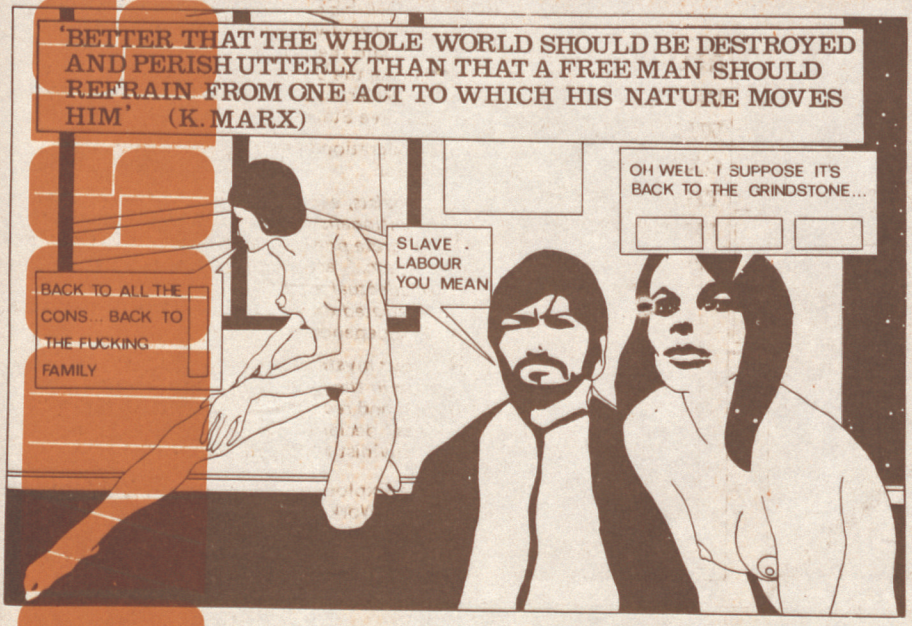
An old man with a dirty gray beard clinging to a little boy with large burn blisters on the back of his neck, extended a tin can and pleaded for water. "Don't give him any," the Marine shouted to his buddy. "Let them starve, let them die." Wordlessly another Marine extended his canteen and filled the man's cup.

Communist troops, firing from entrenchments on the tree line in front of the village, killed or wounded an entire Marine platoon on Thursday as it advanced across the rice paddies. It was not until Friday, right after the air strikes, that Marines dared enter the village.

Marines counted the spoils—two malaria-ridden men, blindfolded and shaking, held on suspicion, and several "captured" weapons, all of them rusted. As night fell women and children started crying. The intelligence sergeant asked what was wrong, and the interpreter reported they were "starving."

'Won't anyone feed these people?" the Sergeant asked. An officer, assigned to both calling in air strikes and directing civil affairs, said he'd see what he could do. "First I annihilate them and then I rehabilitate them," he said, laughing at his own joke.

—*Donald Kirk in the* Washington Star *Dec. 31. (Abr.)*



The whole event is under the patronage of Alan Ginsberg — the Underground's Duke of Edinburgh.

In the face of this latest crumbling of Empire, the Home Office are maintaining a superb stiff upper lip, *'The Ministry of Housing know nothing about it — it's just a flash in the pan.'*

WE HAVE BEGUN A CONSUMER

Survey of the products advertising in OZ. Perhaps predictably enough the first report back is from our intrepid tester of Suifan's 'Kwang Tze' solution, the 'Chinese preparation . . . guaranteed to end mutual frustration and bring satisfaction to both partners.' Our man among the 'sexies' reports:

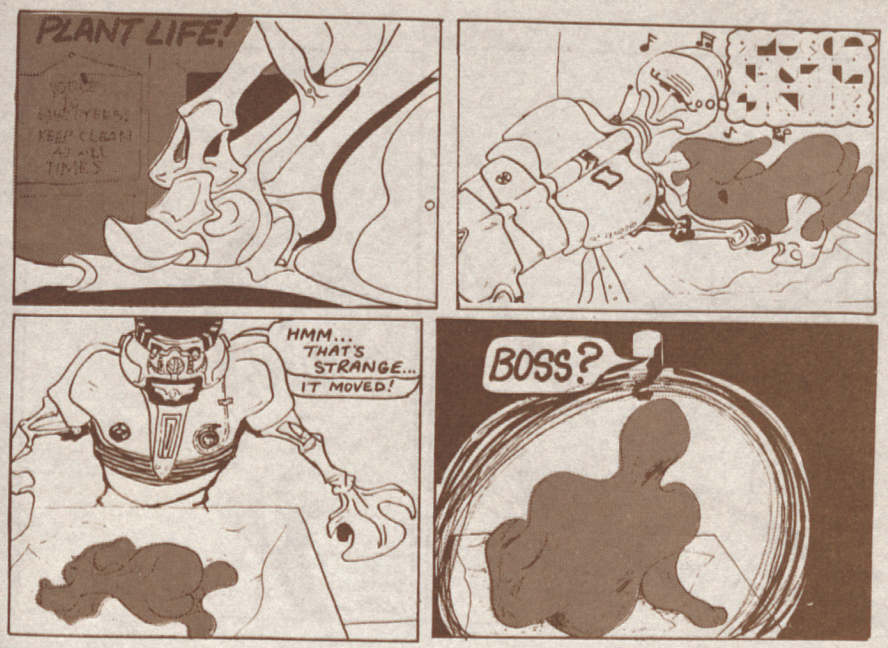
'Twenty minutes after taking the stuff, what James Baldwin laughingly calls my 'sex', went bright red and I had a large and painful erection, which cold spoons and showers notwithstanding, refused to vanish for an hour. My girlfriend was already fast asleep.'

FORD'S THEATRE RE-OPENED

Jan 30 in Washington for the first performance since Lincoln's Assassination. Conspicuous by his absence Lyndon Johnson.

Et cetera

KHATMANDU – Chicago of the East! Home of the Mobs and the Meat-plants . . . Khatmandu, where the Intergalactic Security Corps is locked in gruesome conflict with . . . **The Perils of the Flesh!**



It began down at the **Protoplaxon Plant** as surgically-improved human workers can the fabricated meats . . . Was it a rogue cell? A pseudo-divine orgasm, an obscene Second Coming? The Word is Made Flesh, and flesh CRAWLS. Protoplaxoid people slither corruptly into seats of power . . . **(Tell-tale signs.** Protoplaxon is grey, fungoid. Harold Wilson was protoplaxoid).

But General Zuk of Intergalactic Security counter-attacks. In the nick of time, he collects the fact, and prepares to meet the Machiavelian Morel. BUT THEN . . .

Et cetera

BOSTON. (LNS) THE NORTH KOREAN GOVERNMENT had been protesting intrusions into territorial waters by American vessels with electronic spying devices for over a month **prior** to the seizure of the U.S.S. Pueblo.

The Christian Science Monitor reported a formal demand to cease and desist issue Jan 20 by the North Koreans. The Pueblo was seized Jan 22.

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) 12 STUDENTS CHARGED WITH 'disturbing the peace' in a mill-in at San Francisco State College managed to avoid arrest for some weeks by holing up in an art gallery on campus. Not so audio-tactile, John Gerassi, the Professor of International Relations turned himself in.

CINCINATTI. (LNS) 18 YEAR OLD MARY DECOURCY Squire is in her 2nd day of total fast in quaintly named Cincinatti Workhouse.

Mary has been taking only water and vitamins since her arrest Dec 7 at an anti-draft demonstration. 'By fasting, I want to say, human beings do not belong locked up in cages,' she says.

HAVANA (LNS) CUBA HAS BEEN PUBLISHING literary works written by U.S. authors without paying royalties on the ground that 'developing countries should have free access to the cultural and technical advances of the industrialized countries.'

Cultural advances 1 & 2: Truman Capote's **In Cold Blood** & Edward Albee's **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**

PHILADELPHIA (LNS) THE U.S. AND CANADIAN military are two of the most important buyers of those scale model soldiers that come in the bottoms of Kelloggs packets.

Associated Hobby Manufacturers which produced or imported over 26 million scale model tanks, guns, trucks and men in 1967, revealed in **Toys and Novelty** that the US and Canadian military were major customers.

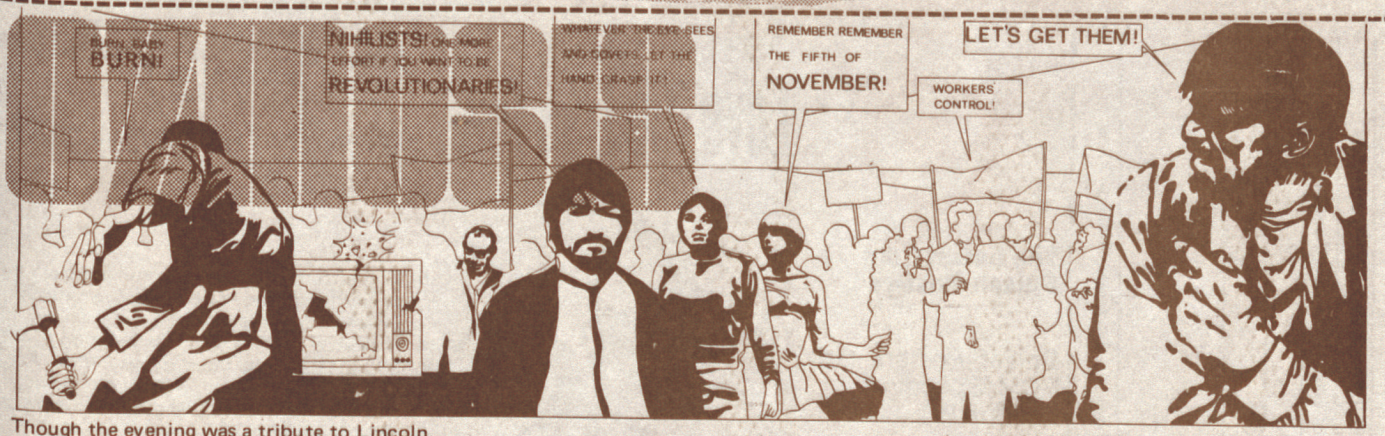
Assistant to the President, Peter Van Dore, confirmed that, 'We ship 20 or 30 'combat teams' a week to military posts.'

MILLBROOK (LNS) UBIQUITOUS ARTHUR KLEPS (OZ 8 & 9) founder and Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo American Church has been arrested with four of his followers and charged with conspiracy to distribute psychedelic substances on the premises of the church's headquarters at Millbrook, also the site of Timothy Leary's League for Spiritual Discovery.

'The Dutchess County Sheriff came upon the sanctuary for all living things, smashed sacred shrines in our places of worship, absconded with money, and forced the High Priest of the Sri Ram Ashram, William Haines, Guruji, to his knees on the ice,' said one of the arrested.

Five members of Leary's League, who have chosen to spend winter in a circle of five teepees in the woods at Millbrook have also been harassed.

Liberation News Service

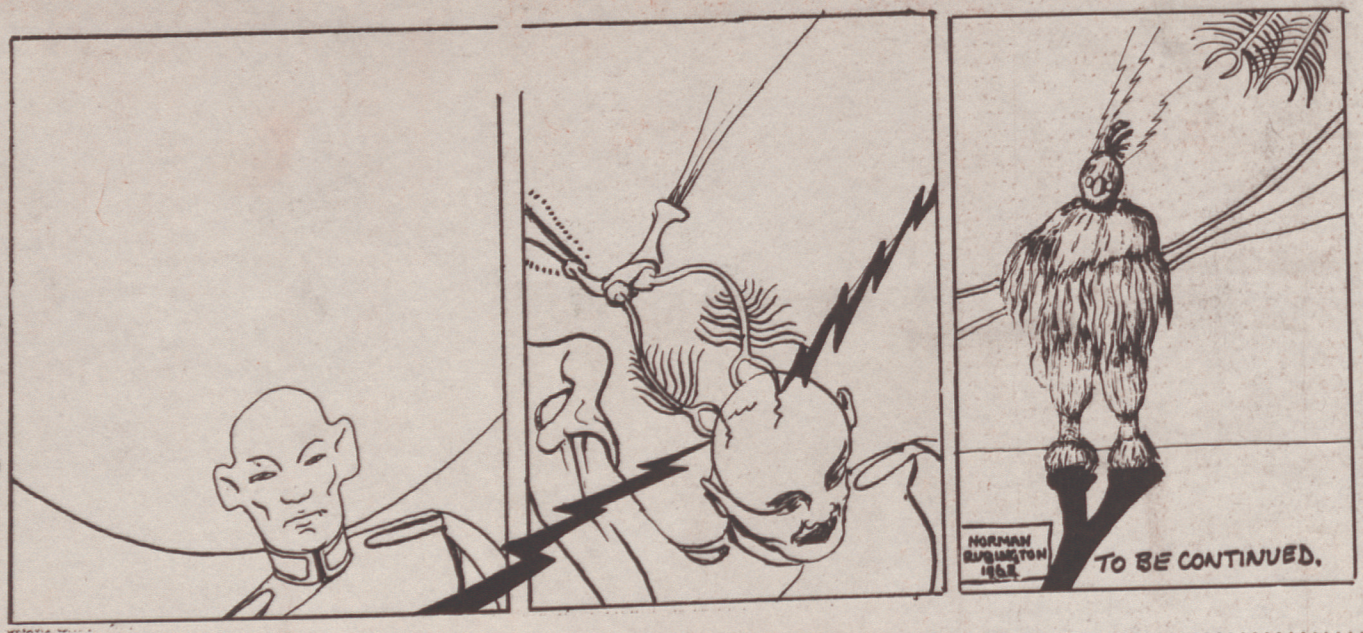


Though the evening was a tribute to Lincoln, performer Harry Belafonte, in a letter to the sponsors, the US Department of the Interior, threatened to withdraw should the President and Lady Bird enter the theatre. The President stayed home and the show went on.

Not so prudent, Lynda Bird and husband, Marine Chuck Robb, who, attending the premiere of John Wilson's anti-war play, 'No Man's Land', at the Washington Theatre Club, were harassed and embarrassed all evening by LNS' own correspondent Ray Mungo and friend 'Verandah' Porche, who providentially found themselves sitting beside the Robb's in the tiny theatre. Mungo reports he spent the whole evening **pointing** at Lynda and Chuck, 'who attempted to hide their faces in the playbill, but couldn't resist peeking out to see if somehow we had gone away. the rest of the audience knew we were pointing and the air was alive with electric tension'. Mungo also reports he managed to whisper 'executtioner' in Robb's ear as he left the theatre. Lynda came off a little better, though perhaps because Mungo found her, 'erotic, fragile, skinny . . . caresses her calves and thighs in public.'

Paul Lawson

Norman Rubington/Anthony Haden-Guest



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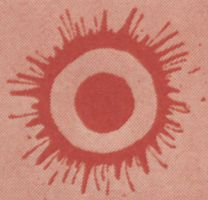

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(Hey Fellers, I'm Back)

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YES

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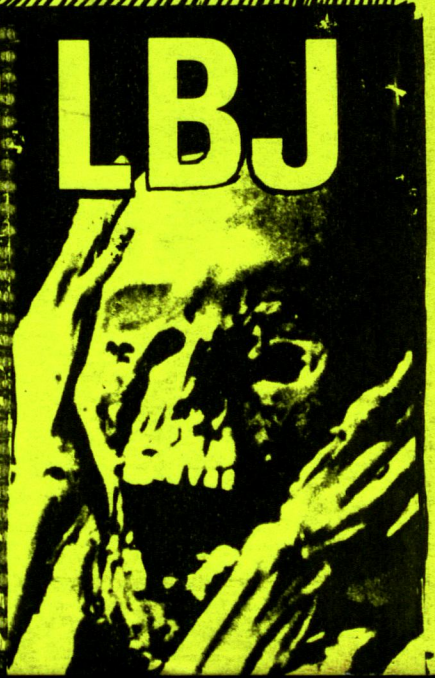
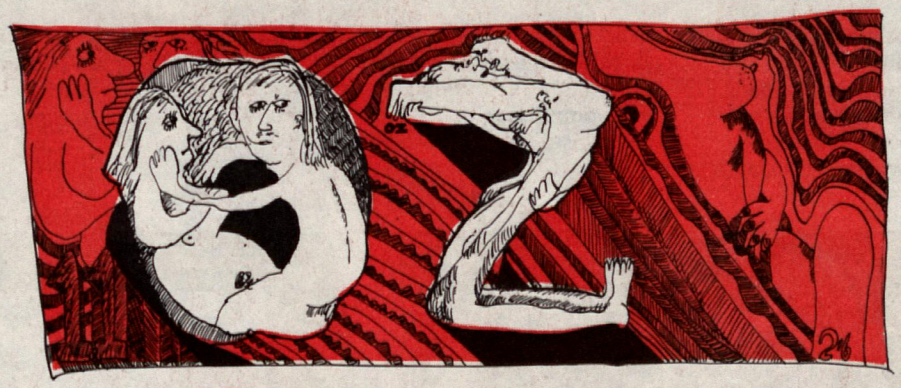
IS BEAUTIFUL!

LBJ





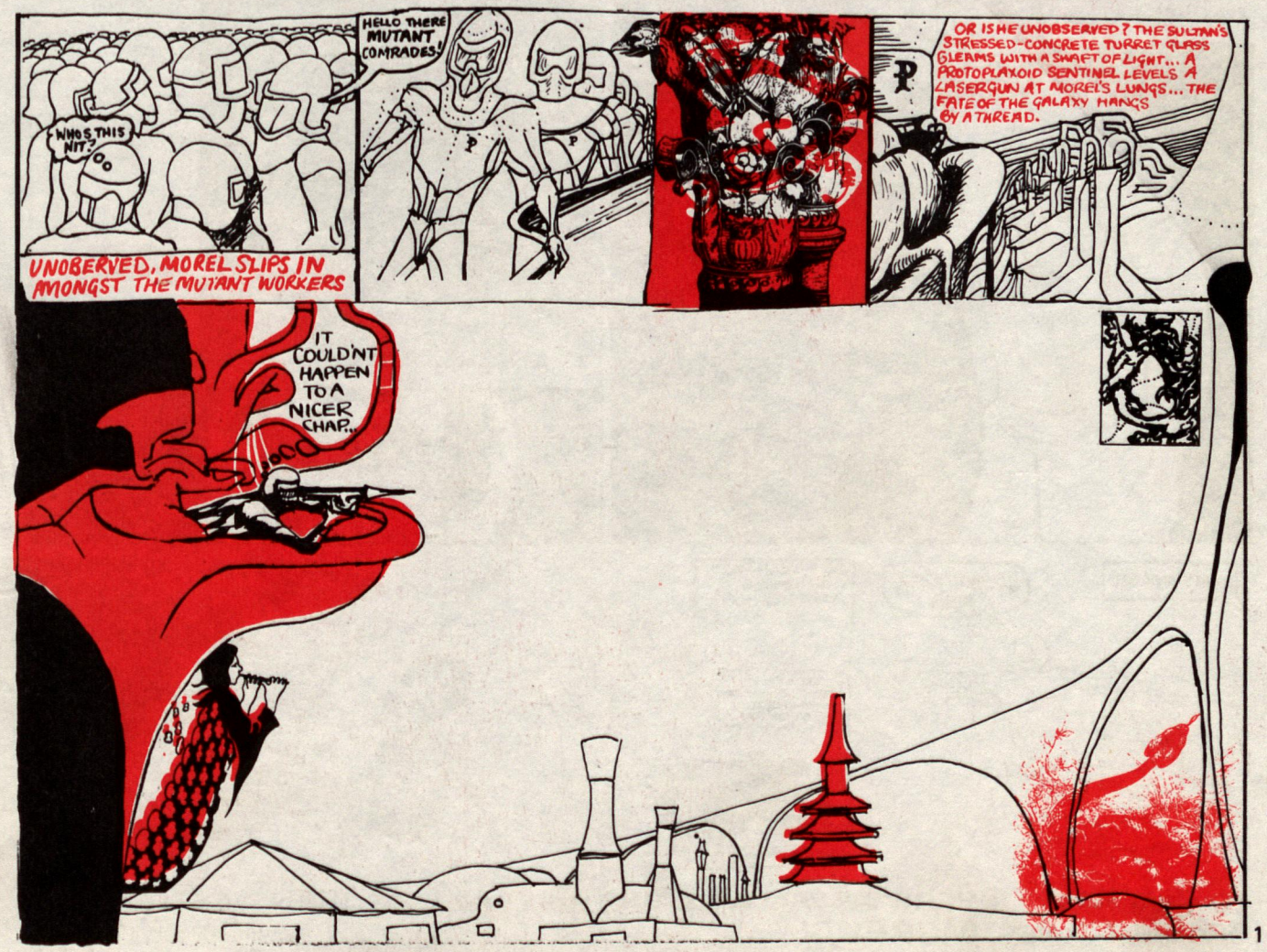
the meat pack

Anthony Haden-Guest
Norman Rubington

It is Year Zero. Morel, the transvestite industrial spy, has been summoned by General Zuk of Inter-Galactic Security to the Chicago of the Orient – Khatmandu ! Menace lurks at the Protoplaxon Plant where the canned artificial meats begin to swell with alien life . . . but, even as Morel arrives, General Zuk is struck down by the Flying Lobotomy. Now read on . . .

Morel checks out Khatmandu . . . 7.30 am, time for Kelloggs, and the rituals of Baptist-Yoga, guru naked, except for his hat which is a personal relic of J Edgar Hoover IV, and comes equipped with a Strontium-count, an instant abortive, and a sensitivity to many common plague bacilli.

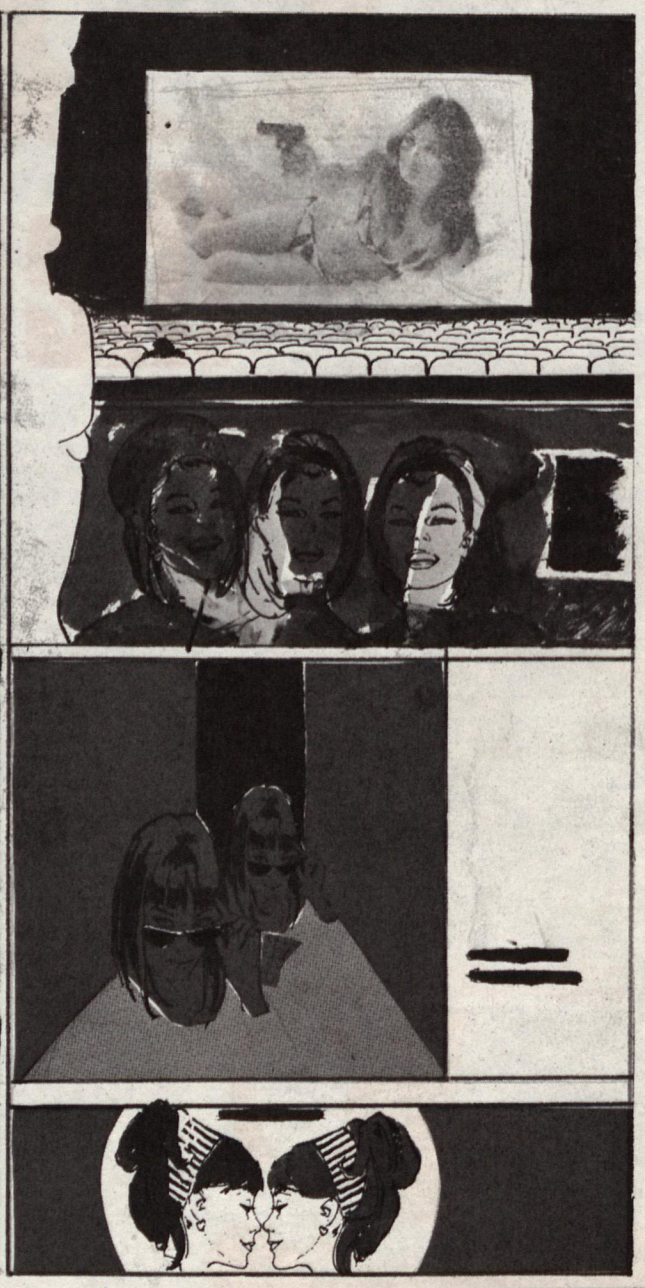
10.30 am. A touch of the fingertips at the Holy Water stoop, and Morel insinuates himself with the Maharanee of Nairobi & Dover (who is, in fact, an agent for Shell Chemicals) . . . Under the guise of deep-trance sexplay, Morel submits the Maharanee to brain surgery, in which he took a degree by post . . . HER PALPITATING MEDULA POINTS DIRECTLY TO PROTOPLAXON !

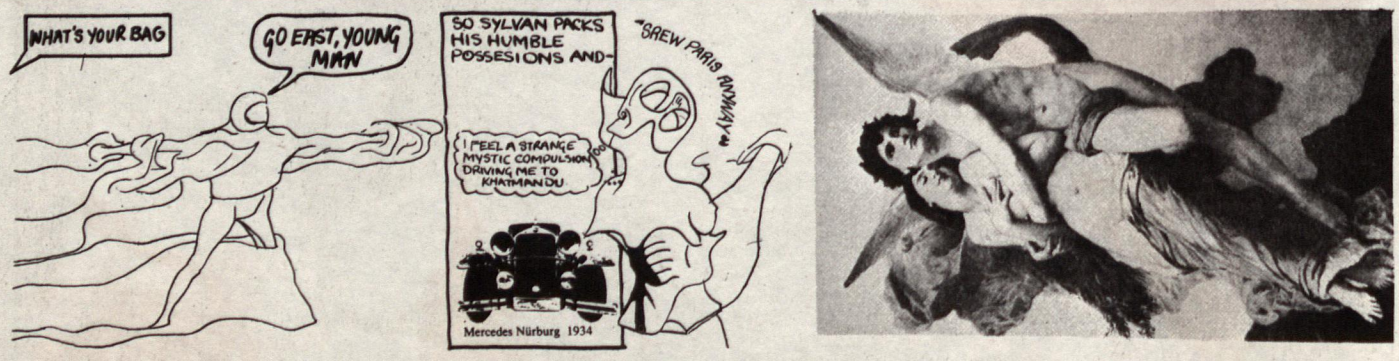


MEANWHILE IN PARIS . . . a multiple suburb where glitters a two-mile Eiffel Tower passed in 18 carat gold, and Maurice Chevalier is kept in suspended animation by a quart of blood a month . . . wanders SYLVAN !

SYLVAN is on a quest . . . It leads him through decaying drug stores and discoteques, crumbling art factories and compulsory orgies given for the bourgoisie . . . What is SYLVAN'S quest?

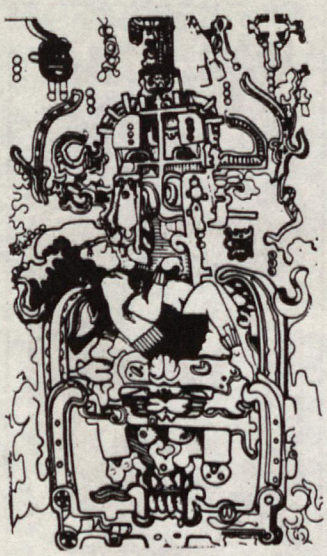
In the foyer of Maxim's he meets a decrepit super-woman . . . buys a packet of matches . . . she whispers an electric message !





TO KHATMANDU, WHERE SYLVAN WILL FIND HIS LONG-LOST TRANSVESTITE ELDER BROTHER . . . YES, **MOREL!!!**

(Continued. Very Copyright.)



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Dear Sir,

I was interested to see in issue number 10 of OZ that you are having problems with the Commissioners of Customs and Excise.

You appear to be approaching this from a common sense point of view. This is the last approach to succeed with the purchase tax authorities.

They are however sensitive about being embarrassed or faced with the possibility of having to do some work. I have found that in negotiating with them it is useful to show examples of similar situations where tax is not being charged. If you can claim that you are being discriminated against unfairly, their grounds for argument seem to shift. If you tell them that you are willing to take the matter to court, they are more likely to back down.

I am sending to you with this letter, copy of a magazine published by Evans Brothers, the entire format of which makes it suitable only for display on the wall of a classroom. It cannot be argued by the Commissioners that the educational connection has any significance since they steadfastly maintained for years that educational apparatus is liable to tax as a toy.

I hope you win this fight. You probably realise that the civil servants attempting to exercise their rather spurious authority are hollow men susceptible to deflation by a sharp prick.

Yours sincerely,
T B von Hohenheim

Dear Sir,

With much reluctance and forethought, I feel the need to write to you in connection with the London Diggers Love Commune. (OZ No 9.)

It is an admirable idea, but it would obviously become the retreat for sex-starved male, yellow bellied cowards; men who want security from life, without all the responsibilities that it entails. They feel the need to be wanted by the opposite sex and to cement this need with a child but they will not accept the responsibilities resulting from these actions In fact they can not face up to this 'modern world'.

Yours,
C F Eaton-Hall

13 Uxbridge Street,
London W8.

Dear Sir,

amici N A Megson (optimist) wrote before on many issues and is to be congratulated on raising his head above the money-coloured urine that drowns this peaceful slumbering middle-class Solihull place. With approx. (v.approx.) population of 25,000 one new-agent manages to sell 8 copies of OZ; i know 4 of the people who buy it so well i mean once in a dirty article (Wog Beach Shock) quattrochi (sorry Quattrochi as in God) wrote about how all good true 'hippies' should invade the black Italy place . . . * . . could we have a few pleasant peasant diggers come blow our/their minds. Even if you dont pubically publish this could you do something, tell or send someonebody. We have pleasant green-bladed parks,

Yours . . .
anun.

the main thing is:COME BUM IN SOLIHULL.

Dear Sir,

The OZ No 10 'Pornography of Violence' impressed me very much with the horror of violence, but it left me more confused than ever.

What confuses me is this; on the 'Guevara' poster of OZ No 8 was written 'Guevara is dead. Long Live Guevara.' Wondering who Guevara was I forgot about it until I read in 'Radio Times' Sunday 11 February (3rd Programme)

Che Guevara, who died last November, has left behind a reputation comparable to that of the legendary heroes of the past. In this talk, Peter Calvert discusses the theory and practice of guerrilla warfare and assesses the achievements of Guevara as a guerrilla leader.'

Does this mean that the producers of OZ condemn all violence provided it is anti-communist and support violence which is pro-communist?

Do they love the socialists and hate the 'capitalists'?

Do the people behind OZ have a batch of machine guns hidden behind those innocent looking flowers?

If this what 'Flower Power' is all about, count me out

Sincerely,
Colin Connaughton
(ex-hippie?)
68, University Street,
Belfast, 7.

PS: I will be very surprised if you publish this letter but if you don't I suppose I'll have to try 'International Times'.

Dear Sir,

Julian Manyon's critics have rightly picked him up on the question of the necessity of rules and regulations for the running of any community. But I think he was trying to say that the whole ethos, ie. the emphasis on competitiveness in games (both athletic *and* academic) is fundamentally anti-educational. It is a hindrance to the growth of intelligence and sensitivity. Nevertheless he seems to have a pretty bad chip.

My earlier experience was that, with notable exceptions, teachers at St Paul's projected the image of themselves as benevolent dictators. The prefect system (ostensibly democratic) was *their* system — not ours. For the crime of being found out by a prefect for pissing into a convenient milk-bottle at prep, I was called before the High Master. He obviously thought I had done something else — maybe I had, I can't quite remember ! He was sweetly understanding and, to my utter astonishment, confessed to a somewhat similar school-boy error himself. Was I really happy there, he inquired? The next scene is the sportsfield with the solicitous prefect giving me encouraging smiles as I worked off my energies in the proper way.

This incident surely suggests that a real conflict of values has been going on for some time; and all it symbolizes is the new psychological, open-ended approach to the business of education. I had hoped psychology was winning.

Yours sincerely, R N Parkhurst (42)

Friends,

April 21st, 1968, marks the black anniversary of the military junta's takeover in Greece. The regime has spent the last ten months tightening its grip on the country; by appointing its own men to key positions in all areas of public administration, and by making the "oath of loyalty" a pre-requisite to the right to work.

In the recent report of Amnesty International it stated, (OZ 10—Ed) "The Security Police and Military Police are unrestricted today in Greece. Since, in Mr Pattakos's words, "the law sleeps", the police may arrest anyone, in any place, at any time, with no obligation to charge him or inform anyone of his arrest". From the details given in this report, it is no exaggeration to state that the methods employed by the Greek security police, including torture, sadism, and blackmail, have not been parallelled in the Western world since the heyday of Nazism.

Resistance to the regime within Greece grows stronger. Two major resistance movements, Democratic Defence and Patriotic Front, organised by representatives of all political parties, outlawed since last April, are working together for a common aim . . . the establishment once and for all of true democratic government in Greece. The hope for Greece rests at the moment with D.D. and P.F., but they must be able to rely on support from democrats all over the world.

All those in this country who are outraged by the military regime's very existence, let alone their barbarous methods, and who wish to express their support for the Greek resistance movement, will have the opportunity to do so at a Rally to be held at Trafalgar Square on Sunday, April 21st, at 2.30 pm. This will be followed by a march via Downing Street to the Greek Embassy — letters of protest will be delivered at both.

The actress Melina Mercouri will be coming from New York specially for this demonstration, and will speak at Trafalgar Square; together with Greek Democratic Movement leaders, and invited representatives of the political, trade-union, religious, academic, and artistic worlds. It is hoped that the BBC Greek Service will record the voiced approval of all those present for a resolution condemning the military regime and expressing solidarity with the Greek resistance movement. This will later be broadcast to Greece.

Yours sincerely,

Raphael Papadopoulos, Ph.D.
for April 21 Greek Freedom Rally Committee.

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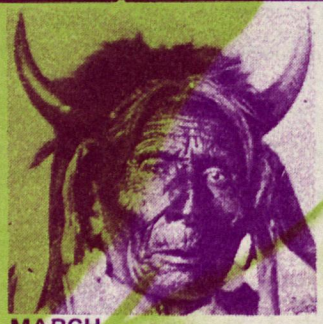

JEFF DEXTER IS THE D.J.

MARCH

29th CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN

30th JOHN MAYALLS BLUESBREAKERS

APRIL

5th TIM BUCKLEY AND ROY HARPER

6th THE FAMILY

12th ARLO GUTHRIE

13th. SOFT MACHINE

19th BRIAN AUGER TRINITY WITH JULIE DRISCOLL

20th FAIRPORT CONVENTION

26th DANTALIONS CHARIOT

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If you believe that treatment which you have recieved is unjust, call Civil Liberties.

WANTED FOR MURDER

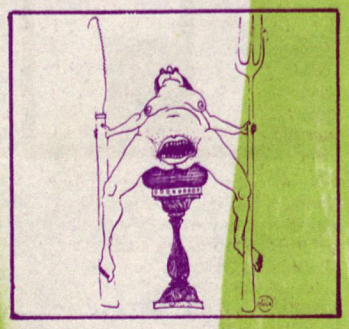
IAN SMITH, leader of the gang of white racialists who seized power illegally in Rhodesia, and have been charged the world over with judicial murder.

THE GANG, after holding three Africans for over two years, had them hanged despite a reprieve granted by the Queen to whom it claims allegiance.

It was reported yesterday that Smith is expected to follow up Wednesday's killings by putting to death another group of Africans now in the death cells in Salisbury.

GET SMITH and his gang out before more of Rhodesia's liberation fighters are dragged to the gallows.

From "The Morning Star"



LISTEN

● With the sponsorship of the second issue of the SHINJUKU SUTRA, carrying 12 pages of his material, John Wilcock finishes his first year of publishing OTHER SCENES, a subscription-only newsletter which grew out of his column of the same name. The 800 subscribers to OS have received 20 mailings during 1967: five small issues from Los Angeles in the spring; a 16-page tabloid, prepared as four issues from New York in May; a 32-page color magazine prepared in collaboration with Oz in London during the summer; a full-size poster filled on one side with stories and pictures from Greece in September; a four-page tabloid from New York in October; the 24-page Sutra from Tokyo in December. In addition to these 13 newsletters, subscribers received the Los Angeles Free Press, the San Francisco Oracle, LA's Open City, New York's Books and Downtown, California's Nude Living and two copies of OZ from London. (Eight years ago Wilcock offered subscribers to his Surprise Club ten mailings per year; now they get

● Other Scenes costs $6 per year for 20 issues ($7 foreign in any local currency). Make checks out to John Wilcock, please

● Please mail this form to: P. O. Box 8, Village Station New York, 10014

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Anyone who lost marbles, pepper, glass cutters or any other belongings at Trafalgar Square recently can claim them from surprisingly friendly police at West End Central.

What ever happened to Tony Bennett? According to an interview in the latest Rank Showguide, He's doing better than ever. When asked about his income he reported coyly: "There are an awful lot of people not making as much as me and I don't want to offend them. Let's just say my income is enormous and leave it at that". Bennett regards pop as "mumble jumble . . . " "I getup on stage, tune in to how the audience is, what sort of people they are, how they swing and I sing accordingly. I try to make myself a sensitive instrument". A prick?

Dial 160 and Engelbert Humperdink will tell you how to help Britain and help yourself.

That totalitarian institution, Private Eye, labours incessantly to stamp out its rivals — especially indigent newcomers. When OZ appeared, Eye editor Richard Ingrams lurched through Soho boasting it wouldn't last three issues. He did his best to guarantee this prediction with a gauche attempt to blackmail our mutal distributors. And Christopher Booker's witty retaliation to our little magazine was to publicly tear it up. Their OZphobia has since jellied into a blanket warning from Ingrams that he will dissociate himself from anyone who contributes. Meanwhile, that "affectionate lampoon" of Whitehall continues to delight young Tory audiences at the Criterion and the Eye's nervous attacks on projected magazines continues. Both the Running Man and the Black Dwarf have been singled out for continued abuse. Perhaps this will be justified, but why not wait for them to appear? There's a shortage of good little magazines.

Not that OZ holds any brief for the Running Man. Their promotional advertisements (see OZ 10) claim it will be available on subscription only. In fact, arrangements have already been made for its national retail distribution.

Sinclair Eustace, "the hippy candidate" pulled few votes in the South Kensington by-election despite his 3½ page advertisement in IT, paid for in advance (yes, yes, we're jealous). His cozy press party was crawling with sympathetic Tories and Eustace himself was amiably evasive. His attitude on Vietnam and pot legalisation was aggressively equivocal, or rather, allegorical: "If you try and cross a big river in a little boat and you pack too much luggage in your little boat, then it will sink." His little boat never got floated in the first place.

Nomadic underground newspaper editor, John Wilcock, is now co-producing a new "truly international" paper, the SEER. Twenty thousand copies of the first issue have been printed to sell in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and London. It will appear as often as necessary. Enquiries: Oliver Johnson, 26 Perry Street, NYC 10014.

So you think the most fascinating and exciting man of the century, dead or alive, is the Duke of Edinburgh; that his wife is the second most glamorous woman; that Australia is your home away from Ongar? Please try again. I can't believe it. Send us your answers, addressed to OZ Quiz, 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, W8.

1. *Who do you think is the century's most glamorous woman?*

   . . . . . .

2. *What profession or occupation, in your estimation, carries the most prestige?*

   . . . . . .

3. *If you were not British, to which nation would you most like to belong?*

   . . . . . .

4. *Who do you think is the most fascinating and exciting man of the 20th century, dead or alive?*

   . . . . . .

The Free Bookshop exists to serve all; is not a charity and wants to see more things for free. Send unwanted books, magazines and children to The Free Bookshop, Coleherne Mews, Wharfedale Street, Earls Court, SW10. phone PAD 2409 and they'll come and collect. Open 6 to 10 pm weekdays; 10 am to 6 pm Saturdays.

Frankie Dynon (known as "Y" to his friends at 'the Times') is off to Paris next week to 'negotiate arms'. When he returns he'll be playing a black power leader in a new film for Paramount. He fills this month's OZ hand-out section:

R.A.A.S.

BLACK POWER

Message to My Brothers and Sisters All Over England and The World !

Brothers and Sisters !

We are faced with many problems in this Western society, where we are the only ones who can liberate ourselves.

1. *We must recognise what we are and never be anything else but proud of being black.*
2. *We must stop imitating the White man and meet him on our terms. (b) If he continues to use violence towards us we must use it in turn towards him.*
3. *We have waited for over 400 years for our freedom, we can wait no more.*
4. *We must liberate ourselves now for the benefit of our children. Their legacy must be a better one than the one we have got.*
5. *Our unity is being challenged by white mans power structure in forms like:*
   (a) Arrests of our leaders and people.
   (b) Denial of halls for public meetings.
   (c) Our communications system interrupted.
   (d) Laws against us entering his country where we are citizens.

   We must defy it and do it now. Your part is important, for without you we are not full strength.
6. *Our brothers and sisters in South Africa are being killed by Whites, we must help them.*

There are 3 million whites who are taking advantage of over 14 million blacks. We cannot leave them alone.

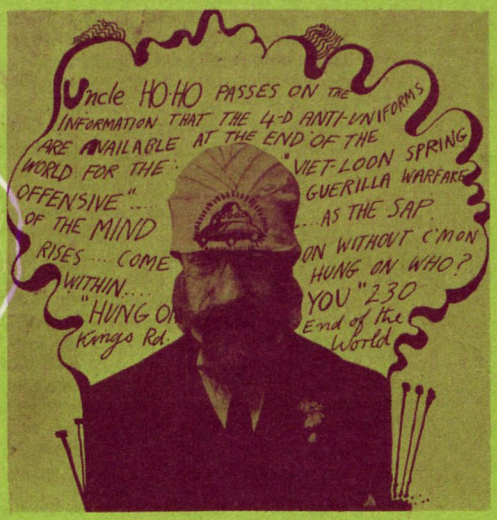
Our brothers in America are doing things, so must we.

If you feel that you don't know what to do or you want to do something, please write to us. We will also tell you what we are doing and you can tell us how you can participate.

Our address is:–
58, Compayne Gdns,
London NW6.

RAAS,
25 Bearing Street,
London N1.

Your Brother:
Frankie Dynon "Y"



Note: The cover is perforated and gummed. Please help us by posting your OZ sticker prominently (and any of the others you like).

The most important short film festival in the world took place in Tours, France, at the end of January. It received no English coverage, except a small and slightly snotty piece in that well-known cineaste's bible, The Financial Times. All right, it's only the wogs, but as a matter of fact the Grand Prix was won by an Englishman (the prize was an original sculpture by Jean Arp, worth £700). Not a Froggie was placed.

This particular prize-winning Englishman has never had the public recognition he deserves, despite heavyweight critical encomia that are a blurb-writer's dream. Und-

oubtedly he is one of the most talented and adventurous polymaths English culture has produced since the War, and if certainty is a virture, he sets an even higher valuation on his own work than do the critics. He doesn't **progress** *from book to book, but produces something different each time. His achievment is to force senses into play other than those expected to be employed in reading a book, so that the reader is brought into an involvment, or a participation, in the act of creation and reaction that has been usurped by the theatre. This does no not involve off-putting stylistic tricks, but engaging experiments with form, like pages with see-through holes or a grey, op-art fog. By staying with the familiar, but tripping us over the expected, he induces the imagination to work differently. In the way in which Beckett has altered the* **form** *of the play and Godard has tinkered with the form of the film so that both media are capable of achieving effects, and eliciting responses, they couldn't before, the author of* **Travelling People, Albert Angelo, Trawl,** *and now a new book to be sold in a box, its sections unsewn, so that apart from the first and last chapters it can be read in any order, has shown how the novel* **can** *be revolutionary without taking off into incomprehensibility. He's even the subject of a half-hour radio programme called "Novelists of the 60s".*

His Grand Prix-winning m **You're Human Like the Rest of Them** *is written entirely in decasyllables. It's central character is a schoolmaster whose lesson is simply that we must make it as difficult as possible for us to be destroyed. To even make this attempt to describe the film is to risk making it seem portentous. It isn't. Though the language is extra-ordinary it is totally familiar: to make sense* **and** *Beauty out of the obvious is the film's original achievment. The British Film Institute backed the project: at the same meeting at which its winning of the Tours prize was announced, they turned down his request for £800 to finance another film, to be about three minutes long. Perhaps this was because the script is to be, in the author's words, gibberish. No progression, you see – you never know where you are with him. That is the fate of an author who has to appear in a borrowed dinner jacket to receive the short film maker's highest award, who has won the Somerset Maugham Award, been called "one of the best writers we have got" by the Sunday Times, and who won't stay in one furrow long enough to build that popular following of beloved publishers. His name is B S Johnson.*

Now that April's almost on us the big city dailies are starting to run their usual con game stories about how the eyes and ears of the Internal Revenue service are everywhere. All about the all-seeing robots who can spot tax-evaders and brainwashing pieces about how generous the government is to allow you to keep anything at all. It's always amazing to me how few people question these obviously planted stories . . . A GI named Andy Stapp is trying to organize soldiers into a union with such common human rights as democratic election of officers by their troops, an end to saluting, seats on court martial boards for enlisted men, the right to join political groups and the right to refuse illegal orders such as being sent to Vietnam etc. Supporting Andy Stapp is the Comm. for GI Rights (PO Box 76, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 100100) . . . Howard Hughes' phone number is (702) 735-1122 . . . Right after word got out that Andy Warhol had been sending a substitute to impersonate him at bookings on college campuses came the word from Rome that Warhol's old friend, poet Gerard Malanga, had not only forged a Warhol painting but actually had a buyer for it (for $3000). Answering Gerard's frantic call to authenticate the picture, Warhol outfoxed Gerard by sending a letter agreeing it was his but belonged to his private collection and couldn't be sold . . . The Underground Press Syndicate, finally out of EVO's clutches, now operates out of its own independent address: Box 26, Village Post Office, New York 10014. List of papers, information etc on receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope . . .

. . . Aspen magazine (a quarterly that offers a batch of assorted goodies in a box) included a reel of film in its current issue and most its subscribers are still looking for a friendly projector . . .

The National Theatre has come up with another brilliant idea. Why not 4 playlets about 4 aspects of Woman, all starring the Boss's wife, Joan Plowright? And, even more scintillating, why not commission 4 **women** *to write them – even if they all bitterly resent the label "Woman Writer". So, over dinners with the Oliviers, Shena Mackay, Maureen Duffy, Margaret Drabble, and Gillian Freeman were all asked in a vague sort of way if they would produce an outline, a sort of synopsis, for which a sort of fee might be paid. Penelope Mortimer was also approached, but felt she was "too old" for that sort of thing. The whole project however, may come to nothing, firstly because the National are so vague about things like contracts, the authoresses are getting a bit wary, secondly because the history of multi-authored evenings is universally disastrous. Remember Peter Brook's* **US** *with its casualty roll of writers? Perhaps managers in despair at the "new" playwrights, are looking to novelists for drama, but scared of the possible results want a lucky dip to spread talent and blame thinly and evenly.*

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The smuggest industry in the country – publishing – held its annual National Book Awards in New York's Lincoln Centre last week. Poet Robert Bly and author Jona than Kozol mildly reprimanded the industry for its lack of action against the Vietnam War. They were met with some boos, mostly indifference. It takes an occasion like this to remind us that there's nothing courageous, adventurous or even civilized about most publishing – a big business that gains more from the continuance of the war than its ending . . . Calling Playboy's Jazz and Pop poll 'insipid' and its audience 'musically retarded', Soul's jazz editor, Leroy Robinson, expresses surprise that Nat Hentoff "who cut a good deal of his teeth with the raw, real jazz artistes and their music should lend his authoratative name and writing craftsmanship to such a big joke as the Playboy poll" . . . Graphics: New York magazine says that the city's new subway map (totally incomprehensible) was "apparently designed by a taxi industry lobbyist"

For one lovely week there will be no necessity to watch underground movies lying full length on a rubber floor at the Arts Lab. From 22–28th April the National Film Theatre is running an 'underground' week which will include works by such notable anti-film makers as Warhol, Markopolous, Bruce Connor, Stan Brakage, Harry Smith and Ron Rice. Don't miss 'The Match Girl' by New Yorker, Andrew Mayer.

The feature film 'Charley Bubbles', directed by Albert Finney (who now wears a 10 gallon hat and spurs) is not quite the smash success the publicity boys here would have us believe. In fact, no New York distributor would touch it unless Mr Finney played the lead on Broadway in 'A Day in the Death of Joe Egg' so they could cash in by publicsing the great presence.

'Spike File' is just that. A hotchpotch of editorial and outside contributions. Writers this month include, John Wilcock (Other Scenes), Bruce Beresford and Peter Buckman.

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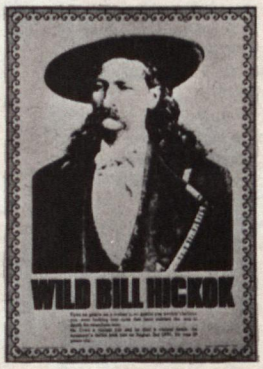

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A CALL TO ARMS FROM:

Mobilization for an International Mock Election (MIME)
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VOTE FOR NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT

International Mock Election

On November 11, 1968, the United States will choose its next President. That man will effectively determine the foreign policies of every nation in the world; his decisions will affect the lives of virtually every person in the world. In the technological age, domestic politics are in fact foreign politics, and national politics are in fact international politics. The United States, because of its overwhelming power and presence, has assumed, consciously or by default, the role of structuring the shape of international politics, to which every nation must react either in conformity or opposition. In a very real sense, this man is the President of the World.

And how is this extraordinary power delegated to this one man? The Americans hold an election. This is the first point. The entire world, except for America, is disenfranchised from the democratic process; the world's peoples have no voice in the selection of the men who exercise power over their lives.

But that may be a moot point, for American democracy disenfranchises most Americans as well. Democracy is the form of government wherein the people control the body politic. The central tenet of democratic politics is that periodically the people will exercise their prerogatives and choices by an **election**. The 'free' election has become the sacred trademark of Western democracy; having an election **means** having a democracy (ie. the holding of elections in South Vietnam means that there is a democracy there). But, in fact, elections in themselves mean nothing; they are only the climax of the democratic process. The real significance of democracy lies in the way the system generates the alternatives from which the people choose the way they will live and be governed.

The Proposal

We propose that an International Election be held concurrent with the US Presidential election: an **International Mock Election.**

The project, in itself, makes the two major points: that all politics is world politics and that the established system is an unacceptable form of democracy. The first point is made precisely because we are conducting an INTERNATIONAL election, pointing to the realities of power and politics and asserting that national boundaries are in fact imaginary. Secondly because it is a MOCK election, we are beginning to say that the normal procedures of western democracy are inadequate (to say the least) to cope with the problems we consider crucial to the survival of humanity — survival in spiritual and moral terms as well as physical. These points may be emphasised to a greater or lesser degree, expanded upon or not, but they cannot be avoided completely.

Apart from demonstrating these themes, the election project is conceived to answer two basic needs: 1) to be a common form of action that can serve as a focus for the amorphous international movement that is directed to a redefinition of Western society in sympathy with the realities and the ideals of a non-Western world; and 2) to be a new vehicle for protest.

There is in fact an international movement growing out of a common fundamental disaffection among the young for Western society. There is an increasing consciousness of the perverse values of the formal structure, resulting in an almost instinctive reaction to the mindless way our social and political institutions impose their values on the world and ourselves. We all react in common to manifestations of gross colonialism, acquisitiveness, nationalism, and hold a belief that war is an evil, at the very least because it is an anachronism in the nuclear age. We want men over machines, and at the same time assert the capacity of the computor to free men if properly used. We suspect a drift to technological totalitarianism in Western civilization; yet we know the creative age looms in the midst of the great Grey. This and much more. It is, then, our belief that our instinctive reaction is closer to the realities of the world than are the values of the established system, a contention that, if true, is the reality on which the international movement will crystalize.

But a genuine movement cannot be formed by words; it is a product of action, action linked to words and words linked to actions. And since our actions are generally labelled protest, so the election project must be conceived as a vehicle for protest. To this end, the structure of the project precludes no particular issue, no mode of protest. Generally, however, the form of the project implies that the actions will be creative rather than nihilistic. This project may generate alternatives to the system, provoke experimentation in humanistic democracy, and enable us to learn creatively from our opposition.

The following outline is intended to give some of the positions that might be developed by the election project. But since the most fundamental rule of the project must be its openness, making the campaign framework available to all modes of expression and protest, then any part of, or all of, the following explanation may be ignored. In essence, a mock election will be held and a hypothetical candidate announced. Beyond that, the entire content of the project must be filled by the initiative of the participating groups — national, local, or international.

Our intention is to hold a MOCK election. It is mock because we are in no way playing the power game. This is not a third party attempt; this is not a disguised way to gain power, nor is it really even an attempt to influence policy in the sense that we therein commit ourselves to measuring our success by their rules. We want to play with the real world, so we must ignore the false game the politicians play. Holding a mock election is not doing the establishment thing, because the sickness in the Western policy does **not** lie in its holding elections, but rather in the way it contorts the choices and options into one sort of mold. And that is the crux of our problem: how to articulate issues so as to make them relevant to the system, how to make them relevant to the people who are to vote, and then how to make the political act and these issues significant to everyday life — not as impositions but as possibilities.

Our operational set for this project — for ourselves and others — ought to be that **participation** is the real point of the mock election.

The Candidate

We will run an election, the whole circus. We will have our own buttons, rallies, speeches, platforms, manifestos, petitions, conventions, parades, door-to-door canvassing — all in our own style. And, of course, we will have our own candidate. But our candidate will not be a real person, he will be a symbolic candidate. The candidate must be hypothetical because his speeches, his platform, his views will be the views of all the groups and all the people using him as their expression of what the world ought to be and what a political figure ought to be saying.

Our election is really to be used as a means to test two different world views in a political arena, and therefore the exact makeup of the candidate is not a big thing — ie. we do not need a perfectly identifiable alternative to the personalities on the other side — but what we do need is a means to confront the established political system. Established candidates per se are quite irrelevant because they are all representative of basically the same mentality and value-structure — the differences that they imagine to exist between one another having little substance in a world that has moved far beyond them. The real point is that our **election** confronts their **election,** not that our candidate is confronting their candidate; the candidates are merely symbols of respective world outlooks. Since we reject their rules as having produced an undemocratic system, then we must begin to experiment, devise our own rules or play by as few restrictions as possible. And since we are not tied to either party or man, and certainly not to a hope of gaining power, then we can keep the notion of the candidate wide open. Our candidate can speak in a dozen places on the same night, give a dozen different kinds of speeches, give a dozen different press conferences. Rather than have a candidate that is the lowest common denominator of many pressures, our candidate can be open to definition by anyone who wants to play our game.

Consistency, why? What we most generate is wide experimentation, wide participation, provide a constant dynamic and interaction of our own ideas. We are ready neither for power nor for ideology, so why be bound by that pretension?

The end of the project, on or around November 11 — assuming that we have carried the drama this far — will probably culminate in a ballot. The ballot should be kept simple. We might just present the American non-alternatives against our own hypothetical candidate. Or perhaps the American choice of Johnson and Nixon (or anyone else) could actually be made one choice so our ballot really becomes a choice between world perspectives. The polling itself might take place in polling stations that we would set up, or it could be newspaper balloting, or perhaps ballots passed out on street corners.

As the campaign progresses, the technical questions of an end ballot will be decided, but the important thing now is to remove the concern about the vote itself — the emphasis remaining on participation, doing the election, not on having a vote.

An Attitude

This mock election is presented as a serious endeavour. We are declaring the bankruptcy of the present style of Western democracy and our intent is to face it and its problems on an active, involved level. Our effort is deadly serious in that we assume the eventual disintegration of the present structure and are committed to evolving a conception of what shall replace it. Yet, as we act, we must incorporate the characteristics of the world we envision — of beauty, love, and openness — rather than the visage of the taut, intensely serious, humourless revolutionary of a by-gone era. To break the patterns of the past, both the institutions and the mentality will require wide experimentation in bizarre forms of action.

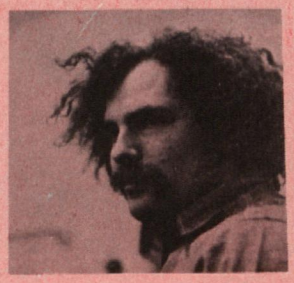
The End is only the Beginning

Conducting a free-swinging, open experiment — itself serving as a tremendous medium of expression, for dissent, for zapping people — will initiate thousands of different individual experiments with the election form, experiments in resolving all the questions we ask. Many attempts will be interesting and a few might yield genuine clues about new alternatives, new forms and notions about how the political can be made more responsive and more like the human.

The possibilities inherent in the election medium are infinite. It can serve both the short-run goals of particular protest on Vietnam and other contemporary issues, and it can begin the long process of evolving a world-order that will not accomodate Vietnams, imperialisms, cultural distortions, and the debasement of human dignity in an age that can afford freedom for all men. To all these ends the mock election is an experiment that hopefully will lead to many other forms of action. Finally, we really don't want to try to predict specific goals for this project, or to decide now just what will have made it valuable, but give it some room to expand, to move, to teach us where to go next.

YIPPEES ARE COMING, COMING, COMING TO CHICAGO!

By Jerry Rubin
LIBERATION News Service



NEW YORK, March 1 (LNS) - 1968 is the year of the "yippees".

A yippee is anyone who wants to be. A yippee! sounds like the name. Say it loud, and you'll see what I mean. Yippee! Yippee!

The yippees will be in Chicago this August for the youth festival, or Youth International Party, YIP.

The yippees were born at the Pentagon last October, although they have been developing in the womb of Mother America since the late 1950's.

The yippees are the children of the middle class, children who refuse to 'grow up', refuse to accept the world their parents created. The yippees have had white middle class America, and they didn't like it.

A yippee is a stoned-idealist, moved by a vision of a future utopia. He is a romantic. It is not fear which moves the yippee; it is faith and hope.

The yippees are fighting for their own freedom. The yippees know in their bones what America has done — rivers of blood, man against man, death of spirit, denial of dignity. The yippee is free because he is engaged and committed to change.

The yippee sees America as a huge prison, with her institutions (bureaucracies, office building, armies, universities, schools) as bars. The yippees are drop-outs from that world. They were raised on horror stories of Eichmann, the bureaucratic cop-out.

The yippees are with the Vietnamese, peasant guerrillas wherever they are, and the black and other struggling people of America in this mid-20th century saga of the battle of Man vs. Machine.

To America's insanity, the yippees ask: 'Why?' Yippees are naive.

The answers?

'You're freaky-looking.'

'The Chinese are coming.'

'Watch out for the commies.'

'Get a bath.'

The yippee is not busy working within the system or trying to explain his actions to the Establishment or the middle-class mentality. He is too concerned with creating a clear alternative, an underground, an opposition. He is involved in a cultural revolution. In the process he is seducing the 10 year olds with happenings, community, youth power, dignity, underground media, music, legends, marijuana, action, myth, excitement, a new style.

You don't agree with this description of yippee. That's because you are a yippee, and you have your own fantasy.

The New Left created the teach-in, the hippy created the be-in, and the yippee is creating the do-in or live-in. America's first youth festival will be a do-in and it will take place Aug 25 to Aug 30 in Chicago in Grant Park.

That's the same time the National Death Party meets to crown LBJ. Quite a coincidence! The world will see what the youth of America thinks of the Death Party and its war games. Our youth festival will be a living alternative. Take your choice.

Imagine the sight: thousands upon thousands of yippees, from 200,000 and beyond, making their way to Chicago by thumb, Magical Mystery Tour Bus, bicycle, car, truck, foot — from big town to small hamlet — carrying sleeping bags, guitars, blankets, food — and coming together in the middle of the country at the end of the summer for a supper-creative synthesis, energy explosion, information exchange.

It will be a total multi-media experience. For six days we will be together sharing and learning. Every morning all our money is thrown into big barrels to buy enough food to feed everyone. Our own Alice's Restaurant! And that tells America how we think the needs of human beings should be solved — everything free.

The music will be free. The performers will be playing for their community. Definite already are Country Joe and the Fish, the Fugs, Arlo Guthrie, Phil Ochs, the United States of America band, Pageant Players, Bread and Puppet Theatre, Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary, Paul Krassner, Steve Miller Blues Band; invitations are now going out to Dylan, Eric Burdon and the Animals, the Monkees, the Jefferson Airplane, Richie Havens, Simon and Garfunkel, the Doors, the Who, the Blues Project, the Beatles, Mothers of Invention, Mamas and Papas, Janis Ian, the Cream, and Smothers Brothers, to name just a few.

Walk across Grant Park at any time during the youth festival and you'll find:

1. Free mikes and soapboxes for anyone who wants to rap.
2. Free mimeo for anyone who has something to pass out.
3. The underground papers will come from all over the country to Grant Park to publish a daily paper for the festival. They'll do it right in the park and teach people how to start and do a paper.
4. Film-makers will hold workshops on the film, and they will show at night what they film during the day.
5. Continuous workshops will be

offered on the draft, and how to end it. A real school for the drop-outs. Art of the streets, art for and from the people. You name it. You do it. Everyone participates — every man a creator.

6. We'll have yippees dressed like Vietcong walking the streets and shaking hands like ordinary American politicians. We'll infiltrate right-wing crowds with short-hair yippee veterans who at the proper moment will blow minds with speeches like: 'Now, these yippees have something to say . . .'

7. Guerrilla theatre groups from all over the country will be there. The day before LBJ arrives in Chicago we will announce to the over-ground press that LBJ will arrive at 2 pm at O'Hara Airport. And it will be our own LBJ who will be greeted enthusiastically by the yippees, honored by a motorcade through Chicago, and then on to a hotel for a press conference to announce America's withdrawl from from Vietnam. You are there!

8. Yippees plan to paint their cars like cabs, pick up delegates, and drop them off in Wisconsin. We are infiltrating the hotels with bell-boys, cooks. We are also infiltrating the press.

9. We'll also have our own theatre convention. We'll nominate Bancroft P Hogg, a pig made out of vegetables, for President and LBJ for Vice-President. After Hogg is nominated, we will kill him and eat him. And we will say to America: 'You nominate a President and he eats the people. At our convention we nominate a President, and we eat him!'

10. The youth festival will dramatize the nation's most massive collective and individual acts of resistance. One night 100,000 people will burn draft cards at the same moment, with the fires spelling out 'Beat Army'. The next day all the pyromaniacs will send signed letters to the government confessing their act, and will encourage more young men to follow them.

This do-in will be unique in that it must be a bottom-up revolution to succeed. Heavy preparations are naturally needed. You are needed to work on it and to make it happen. It will not be done for you. We have opened up a coordinating office at YIP, Room 607, 32 Union Square East, New York, New York 10003, Phone (212) 982-5090, and we are there coordinating information.

At the same time as the American Youth Festival (YIP), youth festivals may take place all over the world, dramatizing the youth international revolution.

The Chicago power structure, especially Mayor Daley, is not going to be thrilled about our using Grant Park. But with hundreds and thousands of us, what are they going to do? It is our human right. We are confident of receiving a permit to use Grant Park.

That week in Chicago will be a living theatre of America. King will be there, also Gregory, also Spock and the peace movement. The Cemocrats will probably have to travel from hotel to convention hall by helicopter. Johnson will be nominated under military guard, under the protection of bayonets and the Army. Even if Chicago does not burn, the paranoia and guilt of the government will force them to bring thousands of troops, and the more troops, the better the theatre.

A lot of troops will have to stay and watch us (long hair freaks them out), diverting troops from the black community. And the yippees, being wanderers, will be all over the city.

Lyndon Johnson and his Democratic Party gang cannot rule this country — it is becoming clearer every day. The choice is between the life of American youth or of the American Establishment. For those who don't see that now, Chicago will be an eye-opener.

Yippee!

(prepared cooperatively with the *Berkeley Barb.*)

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The Anglo American Pumice Factory

Richard Meltzer will be writing regularly on pop for OZ. He is a staff writer for "Crawdaddy", (the magazine of rock) and about 10 thousand light-years ahead of London's free-lance pop hacks.

Geographic reinforcement of distance is amazing.
Two major hunks of land where **English Language** is the public window & window shade and sand mold and force-fed billiards game and black-on-white curved & pointed sound picture jamboree. Mm-hmm. What am I babbling about? (What, no ??) Okay, you now see or don't see the language-meaning-distance-interpretability-distance picture on just a simple you/me level, right? Do you or don't you? Add to that all, and some of, the standard and personal personal-transitory-topical-tedium & interest-through-linguistic-expression (-and-all-that) variables and you're either bored or not bored (and/or both and/or neither), in addition to being confused or not confused (and/or etc.) . . . And it's still just you-me of sorts. . . . language qua language plus **concrete reference.** But now more . .

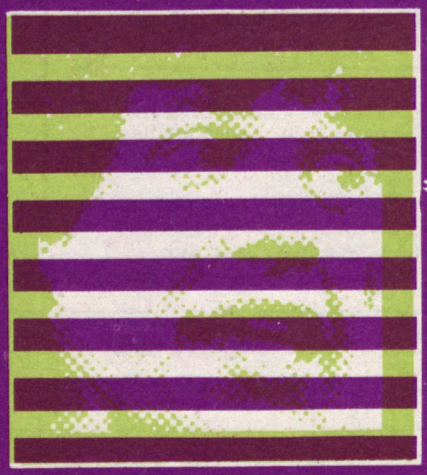
Just imagine a far-reaching **physical** intensifier of things. Then think about the same intensifier in-principle as an intensifier for **everybody.** Right? Here it is: (North) America & Britain. America: you don't get the first *Traffic* album until three months later (how could you live without it, only you also got the under-ritualized who-even-knows-about-that-sort-of-thing so you live somehow), you don't even know if anybody outside of Mick & his boys over in Britain have really ever heard of/heard Arthur Lee and his boys *(Love)*; you don't even consider Australia just because you read somewhere that Mick considered Australians a pack of hicky farmers. There's New York & San Francisco & there's London & Liverpool and all that, but just dig: USA & ENGLAND!

Have a lot of fun with Beatle-Zombie English accents and English apparent enunciative and referential localisms in their foreigness (and their extensions to total foreigness with 'Komm Gib Mir Deine Hand') and (who can tell?) New Jersey, USA, nasality by the *Knickerbockers,* **but this is black on white paper,** man!

Well, the *Stones'* **Satanic Majesties** is *Simon & Garfunkel* 'Dangling Conversation' focused in on itself overstatedly enough via the modification of 'Is the theatre really dead' into 'Are the Stones really dead' as sung by the Stones themselves: such a degree of infinite-regress world self-referential unity after-it's-too-late (?) that it really cuts through layers and layers of universal bone. That bit about how *S & G*, by being really almost scarey for a second, are really scarey by the fact of being scarey at all, like, how can *Simon & Garfunkel* be scarey? And with the *Stones,* death-dead and over-under-over-musicality, never awkward, until finally, when it's just finally; or something like that. And **'All you Need Is Love'** is all about *Arthur Lee* and **his** boys stateside, isn't it? Argh!

Comic books too: 2 major conceptual comic realities in US *(Marvel, DC* just to make sure you . . .) comic metaphor of total explicitness of description even in **Help!** (Roy Kinnear: 'I am moving my right foot, I am moving my, I am . . . '), who knows?

Geometricize and geographicize your soul and work out with intra-personal memory, intra-personal aesthetic evaluation. Even Manhattan Island as an Island **and** as a mainland (hey, does **geography** itself work all over the place; hey, are all places **places;** hey, how about **hey** everynowhere?)



History only makes it as **pre**-history. Nonsense! Well, history as anything other than pre-history is just a hard dry pumice sponge. It is? Yeah. Everything qua rock is the not-yet-fixed-even-after-everything-is-fixed-just-because-everything-is-fixed or something that. Everything else is just the apparently not-yet-fixed or the apparently fixed. The reason rock is **it** (in fact the first **it**) is that history (?) is on its side; it is on history(?)'s side. Too bad/good *Dylan's* current (**John Wesley Harding**) move is not only non-historical, but also non-prehistorical. Anyway, this geography business is a **specific** archaeological-epistemological problem, and the only reason such a *problem* exists is the apparent fact of the Anglo-American rival fixities, if you assume the **problem** problem has had it in both systems. And that's that.

Thus (and not-thus):

*** **R Meltzer**

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN LOVE AND JOHNNY MATHIS EXTENDS FAR BEYOND THE OBVIOUS STUFF (THE STANDARD SPECIFIC RELATIONAL TRASH) AND TRANSCENDENTAL MASCULINIZATION OF LATENT-BLATANT BULLFIGHT

Arthur Lee: 10 to 14 years . . . 4 teaspoonfuls
Johnny Mathis: faster relief guaranteed for pumice or you can make love to yourself in the ear
John Echols: fork yourself in the garment and French tickler sponge cleft
Bryan Maclean: if you can then your not worth a lick off an asshole in the shower at the YMCA if your a girl nosiree
Forssi: foresee
Johnny M: force me
Smokey Robinson: you weren't supposed to say that although Pansy's feelings for Dobie are equally strong, Pansy's Dad doesn't like the boy
Michael Stuart: Debbie Reynolds, Hans Conreid
Herb Alpert: bullfight without words
Johnny M: words but keep it in your pants

Arthur: okay, but not at all costs
Arthur: hokey pokey, founds and losts
(Snoopy: hey you fork, the whole things contained in the title)
Roger Price: $15 hamburger
(Tjay: rotten apple tits the hole things another kidnapping of a dead bride)
Memphis Sam Pearlman: once there was a bullfighter a non-bummer bullfighter in every sense of the word and all his fights were the same but they were all the same and it didn't matter because Molissa quieted everyone and every conceptual response possibility by saying what a fight what a bullfight and Molinda said older but she meant louder
Bryan: shrimp balls at the place next door to the Dumpling House
Arthur: clam balls for your balls
Michael: not all plays are movies, not all sequences are plays, not all temporal juxtapositions are sequences except all of them unless you play the drums and say otherwise or think otherwise or

Napoleon XIV, Jimmie Morrison: stop being so subjective so fallacious so stuffed with order ready to be jarred so 1-2-3 so you can ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha and do a little part-whole thing
Arthur: ambiguity and that was the thing and that's the sing because it isn't cause it is and and Country Joe no Gene Autry Johnny M: Adam Wade making money off my style but I'm better
Arthur: my use of Carousel consists of more than pitter patter
Elvis Presley: right, its a matter of gold-sequin velvet satin shirts
Arthur, Meltzer, Moondog: not quite, its a matter of gold-sequin velvet satin paisley corduroy underpants with angel patterns and Cru-ex stains
Lee Marvin as an innocent bystander: stop clouding the issue, its a matter of when ya use words ya have ta say somethin whereas pillows rarely say that much and cups with Nancy's name on them don't say anything except Nancy and not even that much if your a flea or an illiterate or there's a fake wedding set up with fake actors no not fake actors fake people played by actors and with Bela Lugosi reminding the dying wounded dwarf that it's not sequence so much as it's characters spectacle too (spectacle too)
Arthur: what about the pillow spectacle when **my** name is Lee is the way I would phrase it punctuate it
Bryan: I'm not saying this cause then there'd have to be a capital letter (and quotes) at the beginning of the sentence it's just a thing about me who's me it's a thing with words after a colon after Bryan Maclean's first name snoopysmothersnipples and cocks instead of cops
Lonny Donnegan: move from skiffle to ping pong to Arthur Lee and you don't even have to change the words except temporarily
Johnny M: move from and you don't **really** have to change the words only you sort of gotta beat up at least one person per month 1961-1967 to why even mind if they call you a faggot to it's okay if you use grease on both your hair and records Xavier Cugat uses grease too and maybe you can even use him on your next record no you can't Xavier Cugat is dead
Johnny M, Mick, Donovan, McGuinn, Lennon: an unbroken burlap arrow blazing with the flame of after-the-fact-ad-hominem-transcendence-anyway on the one obvious (Lennon) end and with feathers on Johnny M's ass and Johnny M singing his Johnny Mathis song(s) on the other, with Arthur Lee laughing in the form of a circular vinyl arrow someplace in North America

William Yip: I remember when I was a dyke
That's when puma was not
wasn't trite
They tell me that I was a prince
Royal mustard tasters dropped
me many hints
About the puppy who rolled
over once too . . .
Hopalong Cassidy: take any random page of any random telephone book and replace every proper noun by a precious object mentioned in any song by Arthur Lee, Bryan Maclean or Burt Bachrach, well I've got one word for it, bad medicine is two words, multiple chrome-plated orangutan(g)s is three three or four
Dry chartreuse record cloth:
I believe in iodine meatball
tweedy-bus
Why because it is so tedi-ous

*****R Meltzer**

So 117 policemen earned their double pay. They came in charabancs laughing and they went home in an ambulance. Tough. They deserved everything they got. They were inept and brutal. Not as brutal as the 'flics' or the Spanish Civil Guard or the Dutch 'kips' would have been. But they were brutal. Some of them were hurt being brutal. Callaghan tears.

But the demonstration failed. Demonstrably. After all those masturbatory plans, no one did get through to splash the Embassy with blood. Most of it was confiscated at Hendon. No one was prepared to stick their neck out and lead, as Red Rudi has been brave enough to do in Germany. So, unorganised, the march entered the square, substantially in one column and allowed police to contain it. They had only one entrance covered, a simultaneous convergence from three directions would have baffled them completely.

But the march was planned to be non-violent. Oh? If demonstrations are to be non-violent, OK. March people *through residential* areas. 10,000 people tramping through a surburban street would bring a few Katie Boyles and Mrs Thursdays and their men to the windows and maybe shake their preconceptions as much as their mantelpieces. But if marches are to engulf Embassies, then plan and do the job properly.

If, *if*, our consciences are so wrought over Vietnam, festooning our foreheads with loo paper ought hardly be a release. Demonstrations in London slap the public with a languid hand.

After the raid at Middle Earth, cleaners found 91 pieces of 'gear' on the floor.[

Today, a month after the raid, the proprietor Paul Waldman has yet to be charged. 'But the police have all the time in the world,' he says, rather pessimistically. And last week, two Bust Balls were held to provide legal funds for those busted and for the Club, just in case.

Waldman reports no harrassment since the raid. But its hardly surprising. 'A dozen policemen are through here every weekend. They have an underground of their own. Kids were selling to anyone. The cops must have scored pretty often.'

Now, every single person who comes into the club has to sign a declaration saying he does not have drugs in his possession. 'And we don't let any of the known dealers in. We throw people out. We really hustle the kids around now. They were very uncool before. Shmoks. Some of them were even smoking after the raid. I'm a businessman. I haven't got banners to wave. I won't do time for a test case. If there is any repitition of the circumstances that led to the raid, I'll close the place myself.'

Joe Berke denies any knowledge of Pandora. 'A friend of Joanna Southcott's?' But he has managed to liberate *FIRE*, the literary magazine he produces three times a year. The current issue, just available, describes itself as a dialectic between direct revolutionary action and cultural guerilla warfare. Which is fairly fitting as it opens with a longish slab from Che Guevara's diaries of the rather bumbling, Sleepy Gonzales beginning of the Cuban Revolution. The disasters that befell the 26 July Movement were as relentless and as banal as Pat Boone singing in a Mexican accent. However like all good 'B' movies about Revolution in Costa San Sebastian the Fidelista's make it. With odds against they created themselves it is hard not to think that Time must have been on their side. Well, the NY Times.

Guevara makes a nice counterpoint to poet Gary Snyder's Passage to more than India, a voyage of discovery whose Newfoundland is the wider concept of 'family'. Julian Beck manages to hit us where the Living Theatre live, and Joe historicizes the Free University of New York – fore-runner to EC2's Anti-University. If you still read Spike Hawkins, there are some beautifully presented poems to look at. 10/-d or $1.50. Worth it. 'I hope a lot of people buy,' says Joe, 'the printer doesn't know we haven't got the bread to pay for it yet.' But as the last issue sold out, there seems every chance of a *FIRE* next time.

The People's report on the Diggers was as condemnatory as the Presss Council Report on the paper's methods in obtaining their material should be.

Most of the information in the article was obtained under the guise that it was for the **Sunday Times.**

One of the victims of the deception, 'Paradise' Hartley, who has been associated with the planning of the Forum on Communal Living is protesting to the Press Council. 'They came round first of all, a man and a woman, saying that they were sympathetic to the Digger thing, which they'd read about in OZ and could they have more information. Then they came back again with a woman photographer, who kept saying things like,"Do something symbolic of the Digger movement." This time the woman identified them as reporters and said they were doing an article for the **Sunday Times Colour Supplement.** "Of course, we'll let you see the finished thing before we print it," she said.

"The next thing what I told her turns up in the **People,** completely misquoted. I rang the **Sunday Times** and they said they had a lot of trouble like that form the **People.**"

The name of the **People** reporter is Douglas Braun. He lives at 10 Granville Court, N4, and is on the telephone. MOU 3174. OZ readers may feel obliged to keep him informed of Underground news at all hours.

With Caroline, sadly interned in Amsterdam, the pirates seem to have vanished from the waves. Well, almost. Because Big L is about to make a comeback – among the soapsuds. Yes, swingers. Its Radio Laundromat, about to be launched in a 1000 coin-ops throughout the land. Laundrette Advertising Media plan to broadcast pop and what they call 'soft' music to all those housewives watching the dirty smalls slosh around the Westinghouse. Oh, and uh advertising.

Paul Lawson

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hip ocrates

'HIP ocrates' is a reader's medical advice column which appears regularly in the Los Angeles Free Press — one of the world's best (under ground) newspapers.

Question: I should like to know the physical dangers, if any, for the passive partner in anal intercourse. I enjoy that sexual experience very much.

Answer: Because of the many letters I receive from males and females concerning anal intercourse I recently consulted a noted proctologist. His opinion is that anal intercourse is not physically harmful when done in moderation. When performed frequently (and don't ask me to define frequent) there may be a tendency for the passive partner to develop earlier in life conditions usually found a decade or two later — such as hemorrhoids and a loosening of the anal sphincter or muscles controlling the anus.

Theoretically, one would expect a high incidence of urinary tract infections in the active partner because E. coli bacteria, which most commonly cause urinary tract infections, are normally found in the rectum. But clinically no increase in urinary tract infections in active partners has been observed.

Rectal VD is a real danger of anal intercourse because the carrier usually has no symptons. Both gonorrhea and syphilis may be found.

Sodomy (a legal term for anal intercourse) is a felony crime in most states punishable by long prison terms. The name is derived from the Biblical city destroyed because of its 'wickedness'. But what were they doing in Gomorrah?

Question: My mom in New York keeps informing me of the latest anti-birth control news. What have you heard about any ill effects from long term use? Is it true that their use can bring on diabetes if there is a history of it in the family?

My mother hates sex so I don't know when to believe her.

Answer: Several sensational articles have appeared recently in national magazines about the alleged dangers of birth control pills. They are based, in the main, on the observations by some physicians that young women on birth control pills seem to have a high incidence of blood clots forming in their legs, and, in some cases, of these clots traveling to the lungs. So far, there is no statistical proof that blood clots form more frequently in those taking birth control pills. Nor is there evidence that birth control pills bring on diabetes mellitus, with or without a family history of the disease.

We do know that the normal hazards of pregnancy are more common and more serious than those associated with the use of birth control pills.

They have been no reported ill effects from long term use of birth control pills; but they have been used only in the last ten years.

Question: Can you give us some straight information about cigarette smoking? Do you think the habit is really harmful?

Answer: I think there is little doubt that cigarette smoking causes lung cancer, emphysema and perhaps heart disease.

Since the US Surgeon General's report on the association between smoking and lung cancer, 85,000 MD's have given up smoking. Today, only 21% of all MD's smoke cigarettes and only 165 of those under the age of 35.

The tobacco interests spend more on advertising than any other industry. They are very successfully selling death.

Reader's Postscript: The reader who wrote you about the 'hum-job' divulged a rare and beautiful secret indeed: but have you heard of a razzbery job? It is similar to the 'hum-job' (humming during fellatio and/or cunnilingus), but instead of humming one executes a loud and vibratory experiment ation.

It is important to maintain good contact while 'razzing' so that all the vibrations are not lost to the air.

Question: I am 45 years of age, unmarried, and in excellent physical condition, which I maintain by working out weekly at the YMCA. My problem is that every so often while doing chinups, I have an orgasm. This prevents me from finishing my workout, but after relaxing in the hot room I seem to feel better than ever.

Nevertheless, there are physical and moral implications which I would like to have cleared up ie:
1. Is this physically harmful?
2. Since I usually know it is going to happen and continue the chinups anyway, would the Catholic Church consider this masturbation and therefore a sin?

Answer: I suspect there is something about this situation which arouses you consciously or unconsciously. Aside from being unable to continue your workout, no physical harm seems possible. But you should consult your own physician who may wish to refer you for psychiatric consultation.

I am not widely renowned as a Catholic theologian so I suggest you consult a priest in order to find out whether the situation you mention is considered sinful in the eyes of the Church.

Question: I have been told there is a penicillin tablet available by prescription which can be taken 30 minutes before intercourse and 30 minutes after which will effectively prevent venereal infection. What do you think of the effectiveness of such a program?

Answer: Not much. As you suggest, most venereal infections could be prevented by the prophylactic or preventive use of penicillin.

But such a program would do far more harm than good for the following reasons:

1. Bacteria such as those which cause gonorrhea are becoming more resistant to penicillin therapy. If everyone dropped a penicillin tablet each time he had sex, it would only be a matter of time before the drug was totally ineffective for treating VD. There is a growing fear among public health specialists that this may happen in the foreseeable future.

2. The more one is exposed to a drug like penicillin, the greater his chances are of developing an allergy to it, and many people are sensitive to penicillin already. The chances of dying from a penicillin reaction are greater than from a venereal disease.

Question: I had a vaginal discharge and terrible itching so I saw my doctor. He told me I had a yeast infection and prescribed vaginal suppositories. What is a yeast infection? Is it necessarily caused by sex? Is it contagious? (like I have a boyfriend and all?)

Answer: Next to trichomonas vaginalis, yeast (monilia, fungus) is the chief cause of vaginal infections. The same organism (monilia albicans) causes 'thrush' in the mouths of children, in fact, an important cause of thrush in children is transmission from the mother during childbirth.

Yeast are often present in the vagina, without causing symptoms But when broad spectrum antibiotics are given (tetracycline, for example), normal vaginal bacteria are killed, thus allowing the yeast organisims to grow and multiply. Diabetic women are especially susceptible to monilial infections. Symptoms of monilial infections are a vaginal discharge, irritation of the vulva (lips of the vagina) and itching.

The same symptoms may be caused by other infections, such as trichomonas or, less commonly, gonorrhea. That's another reason for seeing a doctor whenever these symptoms occur. I've known girls that borrow medication from girl friends because they think they have the same disease. But a pelvic and microscopic examination is necessary for often there are 'mixed' vaginal infections.

Treatment includes application of gentian violet (which accounts for many purple bottoms) or vaginal suppositories. Monilial infections are not transmitted by sexual contact but tend to recur so don't be discouraged if more treatments are necessary.

Question: I would like some advice on fucking during pregnancy. Is there any position that will not hurt a pregnant woman during the later months?

Answer: Most gynaecologists advise against intercourse in the last month of pregnancy. But your own doctor undoubtedly has his own theory. By that time the only feasible position is face to back.

In 1940s some scientists of the Dianetics school wondered what effect intercourse had on the psyche of the unborn child. Imagine the foetus floating in warmth and darkness. Suddenly he is subjected to thumping, buffeting and other phenomena. Are there any readers who remember?

Question: After a recent session with acid, I noticed severe pain in the joints of my knees, my neck and my groin. Is this common, is it me, or is it the acid?

Answer: LSD users have often reported muscle cramps and aching in the joints under the effects of the drug. Whether this is due to the effects of LSD or whether the user does not move about as he usually does is unclear.

I have observed similar effects in Africans given the hallucinogenic root Tabernanthe Iboga. At intervals during ceremonial dances, the limbs of the patient are stretched apparently to prevent muscle cramps.

Question: I've heard that the intensity of a woman's sneeze is somehow comparable to the intensity of her orgasm — a very convulsive sneeze, a very convulsive orgasm. A sexologist has said this observation is not to be sneezed at. Would you please comment?

Answer: Seems to me I've heard the same but I do not know of any evidence supporting this observation. I'm certain there are many who would be willing to join in a research project to settle this question.

MASSIVE VIETLOO

BY GREY FORCES

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

A RECENT PHOTO OF VIETLOON LEADERS INDULGING IN "GOOD" VIBRATIONS" - A TYPICAL VIET LOON PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUE.

LONDON.. APRIL 1ST. THERE IS GRAVE CONCERN EXPRESSED IN WHITEHALL TONIGHT OVER THE HUGE INCREASE OF VIETLOONS IN AND AROUND LONDON. THE GREY FORCES ARE PREPARING TO DEFEND THE CAPITAL AGAINST THE RUMOURED VIETLOON SPRING OFFENSIVE EXPECTED TO COME WITH THE WARMER WEATHER. GENERAL CALLAGHAN HAS REQUESTED EXTRA TROOPS TO COMBAT THE NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT OF THE MIND.

AFTER A QUIET WINTER OF PREPARATION THE VIETLOON ARE TO BE SEEN MORE AND MORE FREQUENTLY IN THE STREETS AND PARKS OF LONDON. IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY HAVE HAD AN AMAZINGLY SUCCESSFUL RECRUITING DRIVE OVER THE LAST FEW MONTHS AND HAVE INCREASED THEIR FORCES BY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS. THE VIETLOON ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE DEVELOPED SECRET WEAPONS CAPABLE OF "BLOWING" THEY GREYEST MIND.

SEACH AND DESTROY

DESPITE CONTINUOUS SEARCH AND DESTROY SORTIES CARRIED OUT BY GREY FORCES THEY HAVE FAILED TO FORCE THE VIETLOONS UNDERGROUND. THEY HAVE NO KNOWN LEADER, EXCEPT THE 'LEGENDARY' SAGA'. A BEAUTIFUL NUDE GODDESS WHO IS RUMOURED TO LIVE IN AN ENCHANTED FOREST, IN THE VICINITY OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH. UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS HAVE BEEN SEEN IN THE AREA RECENTLY WHICH COULD WEIGHT TO THE RUMOUR.

A RARE PHOTO OF THE LEGENDAY VIETLOON LEADER CAPTURED FROM VIETLOON SUSPECT.

INTERNATIONAL CONCERN

L.B. GRAY

WASHINGTON 31ST MARCH. GREY FORCE LEADER JOHNSON IN A SPEECH TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION SAID THAT "THE COMBINED THREAT OF THE VIET-SPADE AND VIETLOON BUILD UP'S POSED A FAR GREATER DANGER TO THE WORLDS CONSCIOUSNESS THAN THEIR ASIAN ALLIES The VIET CONG. " HE CONTINUED..." THEIR INTERNATIONALISM AND DESIRE TO UNITE THE WORLD, THEIR DESIRES FOR PEACE AND LOVE, TO EXPAND THEIR MINDS, THREATENS THE VERY BASIS OF LIFE AS WE KNOW IT... THESE GUERILLAS OF THE MIND MUST BE BRUTALLY CRUSHED... THEIR VICTORY MAY MEAN WORLD PEACE.

"ROCK REVIVAL" FAILS

LONDON... DESPITE THE DESPERATE EFFORTS OF THE GOVERNMENT TO COUNTERACT VIETLOON PROPAGANDA BY REVIVING "GOOD CLEAN VIOLENCE" THEY HAVE MET WITH LITTLE SUCCESS. LAUNCHED BY THE 'PUPPET' GOVT. RADIO THE CAMPAIGN INCLUDED INTERVIEWS IN ALL MEDIA WITH AGING "VIOLENCE MONGERS" & THE RELEASE BY GOVT. CENSORS OF THE LONG SUPRESSED FILM "WILD ONES".

(PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT)

VIOLENCE IS THE NEW SCENE KIDS

YES, ALL THAT FLOWER POWER AND PSCHYEDELIC LOVE CRAP IS UNCOOL. ITS THE NEW ALCOHOL AGE. LETS KEEP BRITAIN WHITE. LETS BEAT SHIT OUT OF ALL THOSE INTELECTUAL SISSY'S, LETS ALL "BACK BRITAIN" KIDS,... I DO.

GOVT. TAX ON COLOUR

WHY I LOVE HIM

'This Is a Political Matter'

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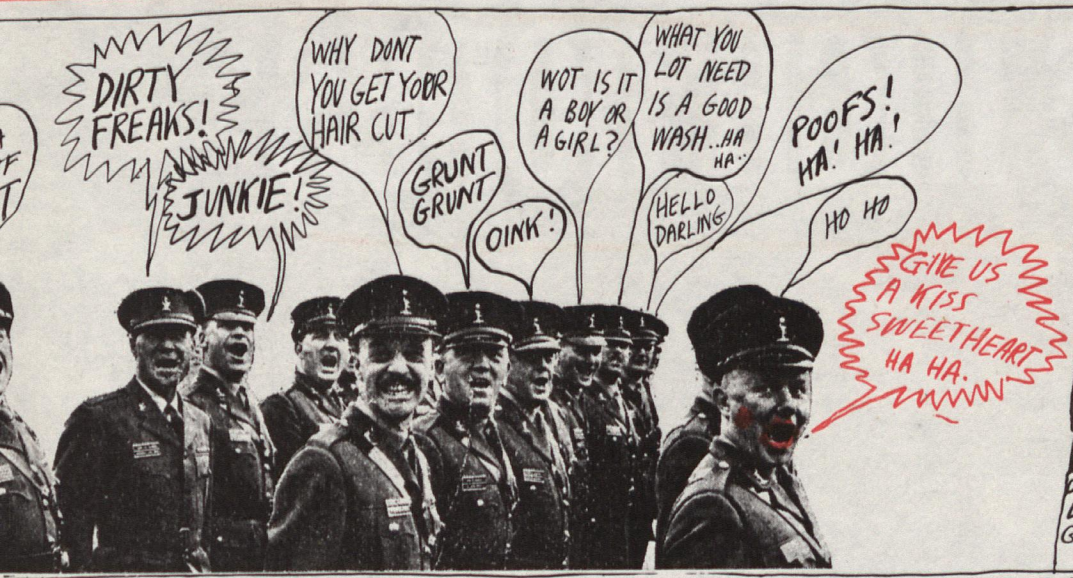
SRRING OFFENSIVE FEARED



BROWN POWER

WHY GEORGE WAS FORCED TO RESIGN!

THE TRUE STORY

AMAZING

VIETLOON SUSPECT RUMOURED TO BE SON OF EX-GREY LEADER GEORGE BROWN

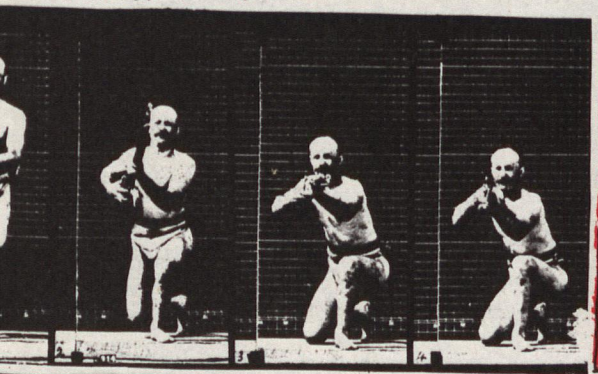
Universal Pictorial

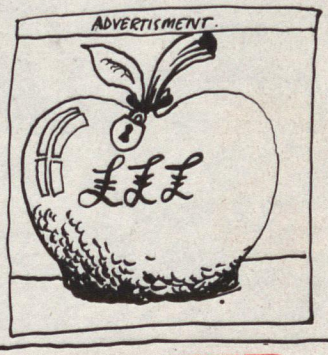
Britain's Brown: Cabinet dropout

ORCE TROOPS IN TRAINING. THESE FINE UPSTANDING MEN ARE HAND PICKED BY GREY LEADERS FOR THEIR ONAL QUALITIES OF ORIGIONALITY, OPEN MINDEDNESS, ABILITY TO WALK IN STRAIGHT LINES, COUNT UP TO THREE TE MUSIC.

AMATIC SCENES: UNDERGROUND FILMMAKER SHOT BY NUDE POLICEMAN

IS EXTRAORDINARY SEQUENCE SGT. 'BUST' PLANTER IS SEEN THROUGH THE LENS OF THE LATE VIETLOON AKER FRISCO FERLINGHETTI. THE SEQUENCE AND FERLINGHETTI WERE SHOT DURING A SEARCH WITHOUT WARRANT VRE LAUNCHED BY THE GREY FORCES TO COMBAT THE ADVENT OF SPRING





AGICIAN GETS LUNTEER..TO E KILLED

RS crowded as magician k announced

e said, kill a bring him back hree days. But first, he needed a volunteer.

There was some quiet shuffling among his audience in the village of Mando, Central Ghana. Then 23-year-old driver's mate Samuel Nuhu stepped forward.

The magician drew out a knife.

He slashed open Nuhu's throat, forced him struggling into a coffin and held him till he bled to death. Then he buried the coffin in a grave specially dug for the act. The villagers went away awestruck.

Charge

Last night police waited with Mark at the graveside. If Nuhu is not alive when the three days are up, they will charge the magician

GREY FORCES INFILTRATED

LONDON.. APRIL 1ST. DESPITE THE MOST STRINGENT SECURITY THE VIET-LOON HAVE MADE MASSIVE IN-ROADS INTO THE GREY FORTRESS. INCREDIBLE BURSTS OF BRILLIANT COLOUR SPURTING FROM THE GREYS CONCRETE SIGNAL ANOTHER BREAKTHROUGH BY THE LOON FORCES..... DAILY AREAS PREVIOUSLY FELT SECURE BY THE GREYS HAVE BEEN FALLING TO THE GUERILLAS OF INNER SPACE.

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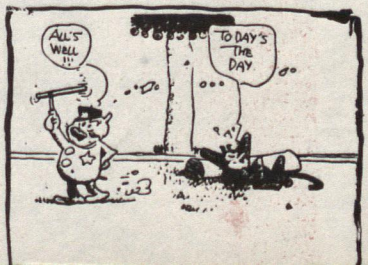


SHARP

FADING FREEDOMS/LATE HIPPIE HIGH HOPES:

Chapters

1 Orthodox Politics: Power as Freedom
2 Anarchism: Parodies and Pitfalls
3 The Pinstripe Hippies
4 A Hippies' Decade ?
5 In Which Sir Oswald Mosley is Sympathetically Considered
6 A Conservative Revolution ?
7 Snarling Through
8 Is the Muse of Satire the Midwife of Corruption ?
9 Libertarians, Left and Right
10 Nipples or Nozzles ?
11 Was I Right to Embrace Hugh Hefner without Divorcing Berthold Brecht ? by Ken Tynan
12 The Social History of Layaboutsia
13 All You Need is a Bit of Common
14 When is a Class not a Class ? Answer: When it's a Chapel

Note: Chapters 5–14 will appear in OZ No 12.

1 Orthodox Politics: Power as Freedom.

It's ironic that the Conservative party, which proclaims itself as the party of individual enterprise and freedom, appears to the lower orders as the authoritarian party. While the left, which advocates planning, control and bureaucratic centralisation, is preferred by the majority of anarchists and libertarians.

The paradox is resolvable, of course. The Conservative idea of freedom is freedom for power and money to have full rein. It stands for freedom for top people; the others need discipline, and must be kept disunited, weak; other power structures (eg. the unions) must be discouraged. Conversely, the Socialist argument is that in a democracy bureaucracy enables top people to be controlled by those below. 'State ownership is public ownership'. Thus more control of the powerful few means more freedom for the many with less power. And a great battle in British politics is for the centre: for those who can't decide whether the Socialists' giving of power to those below will cut down their own position more than the Conservatives' giving of power to those above. The recent history of English politics can be written in terms of the ambivalence of the large middle group. Before 1800, the country gentry and the hereditary aristocracy (the Tory party) had a monopoly of political power and were challenged by the rising industrialists and some merchants (the Whigs). The result was a merger (now, the public school network). 1945 represented a second major adjustment in favour of the working classes (the Welfare State) and until recently its gains seemed secure. With economic crises, this is less certain.

Socialism tries to make bureaucracy a 'third force', as between the top few and the many. In fact, it is so infiltrated by public school personnel, so enmeshed with private property, so dependent on foreign and domestic capital, that it often has to further, and obey the 'system' it intended to check and transform. Labour ignominiously does the Tories' dirty work (curbing the unions). Humble as a scholarship boy, it carries the can, loses its nerve before it reaps even the 'Conservative' success it has sown, and gets booted out by an angry populace until just before the next big crises, when everything happens all over again.

The Conservative dislike of bureaucracy, is almost too obviously motivated to need comment. The role of disciplining the lower classes can be left to poverty or, where humanitarianism won't allow that, to a combination of poverty, incentive and the ratrace spirit (which by preventing the employed from combining keeps wages down). The tails of the freedom to compete is that one loses the freedom not to compete, and the power which that bestows.

The underlying Conservative authoritarianism appears readily enough in attitudes to students, long hair, compulsory games, slackers, cadet corps, bringing back the thumbscrews, etc. The effect of all this is cancelled out by another paradox. Mass organisations have to be power structures too, eg. trade unions without the closed shop are heading for helplessness. Every side furiously conscripts one for the sake of one's freedom. Very puzzling . . .

Less obvious is the interior ambivalence of bureaucratic and trade union structures. Each union exists to defend its members, not only against the boss class, but against non-union members of one's own class, not forgetting those lower in the scale. Second, any organisation large enough to matter tends to become a class in itself. Current rifts between union officialdom and unofficial strikers are an example. Similarly, Bolshevism became Stalinism. Or a bureaucratic caste may

NT FASCISMS &

A Paranoid Guide

by Raymond Durgnat

compromise with capitalism against old-age pensioners, students, and every weak group. It may be (it is) infiltrated by the capitalist old boy net. It can be set up as or turned into, capitalism's disciplinary arm (Fascism).

A similar paradox occurs in the sphere of personal behaviour (freedom versus conformism). Those who wish to impose their rules have to seem to obey them too, and to some extent really obey them. Power makes its demands on the powerful as well as on the others — at least in the sense that the Pullman passengers are on the same train as the cattle-truck rabble.

The Public schools were the mechanism whereby the aristocracy and the country gentry compromised on a joint character-type with the rising industrialist class. It gave the latter tradition-worship and complacency, taking puritanism in exchange. It despised business very much less than it pretended, and never despised the City. But if the aristocrat (the Etonian) allows himself his elegant nonconformity, and 'affects' his conformity, the businessman, the administrator, the Etonian in his serious roles, has to shape his character around his activities. He's dependent on contacts, on goodwill, on discipline. He has life sure, but no incentive to use it to explore himself, to de-conformize himself, and only incentives give him meaning. He conforms: what else is there?

The same process operates on lower levels. In Britain the classes are so continuously graduated, that the fact of hierarchy is, almost, a continuous thing, from top to bottom. One reason why one working man in three votes Tory is that those who are a few rungs up the ladder (skilled working-class, say) are very much more frightened of those just one rung below them than they are envious of those twenty rungs up — or even one rung up. Not rising is quite bearable: falling is moral suicide; politicians talk about incentive, but the real sanction is dread.

Nobody's blood boils over the idle millionaire (he's too remote), and rhetoric to this effect is, perhaps, more puritanical than egalitarian. Since the common man can easily identify with the spendthrift-playboy, he seems more human than the left-wing propagandist who, by sharpening your discontent, intensifies your unhappiness. It's always easier to dream than to throw stones through windows. The addictive drug is mightier than the brickbat. The opium of the people has varied from religion, patriotism, and underwear advertisements, and hash and LSD are next on the agenda.

The Conservatives, who claim to be the party of enterprise, are obviously the party of class barriers. But many young Socialists and anarchists are victims of these barriers, demanding a more open society, that is to say, a society of really free enterprise, and for their own sakes. It's not in the least surprising if so many upstanding young stalwarts of the left turn turtle, traitor and Tory once they've arrived. They always were right-wing laissez-faire, competitive Liberals, or as near as you can be in this day and age.

Thus each of the parties is divided on the libertarian issue. The hanging, drawing, quartering Conservative lobby comes from those country and suburban middle-class elements which identify with country gentry stock. Big business is used to favour puritanising the workers, since drunks and fornicators made bad workmen, but since affluence has come to realise that non-puritan lower classes are excellent markets for consumer goods. It's relatively liberal, but old habits die hard, and the mixture of hedonism and puritanism in the *Daily Express,* for example, is hilarious to see. A popular solution to the ideological tensions is to turn on pop singers, whose hedonism is just a little too extreme, just a little too successful. But the *Express* can't do that, because pop singers have the spirit of success which it tries to sharpen in its readers. But *Express* philosophy is doomed, because the little man whom it strives to encourage is too.

The Labour party might be expected to be very puritan since it boasts of its 'nonconformist conscience', and union organisation is widely based on the old nonconformist chapels. Two elements seem to have moderated its severity. By processes which we will schematise later, the puritan tradition was evolving, by the late 19th century, into agnosticism and humanitarianism, and tolerance of libertarianism. Secondly, where there isn't puritanism, or a near-crisis situation, the bourgeoisie tends to be comfort-loving, ie. non-puritan, and rationalist, ie. logical rather than tabu-ridden. Third, working-class puritanism was associated with the skilled artisans, and left the poorer sections untouched. So side by side with a grim puritanism the working class shows streaks of "it's naughty but it's nice" permissiveness — what is often call "the old folk morality".

2 Anarchism: Parodies and Pitfalls

If we define anarchism as a condition of doing without laws, or, more accurately, the force behind laws, then its motive is the maximisation of freedom. But since everyone's freedom impinges on everyone else's, some sort of regulation is needed. This can come from various sources; within or without. It may be felt that only laws made man evil, that a natural kindness would soon prevail. It may be felt that his passions must be disciplined by the voice of God. Or by reason and 'enlightened self-interest'. Or control may come from informal sanctions (neighbourly disapproval, refusal of co-operation, etc). Or it may come from certain communal machinery (constables, courts). Or it may be imposed from above, in the interests of another individual or group. And usually it comes from all these quarters at once.

Those who are unsympathetic to anarchism are quick to see how informal sanctions could prove inadequate, how the machinery of force may have to be called on, to prevent one man or group maximising his own freedom by minimising everyone else's. The anarchist underdog may become the Fascistic overlord. Is the St Valentine's Day Massacre the classic symbol for anarchism in action? De Sade would have argued that it was, and said that anarchism was nothing if it had not overcome the sanctions within as well as those without. The right-wing stress on enterprise and laissez-faire, has a very real anarchism to it, albeit a non-idealistic one; and if we admit de Sade is an anarchist, we can't deny the title to the cut-throat competitor. We conclude with two varieties of anarchism. Right-wing anarchism which accepts the aggrandisement of the differences between individuals, as opposed to left-wing anarchism, which prefers minimisation and egalitarianism. There is ratrace anarchism, which weakens the laws, and has flourished at some intensely creative periods of human history, notably Renaissance Italy. And there is ratstate anarchism, where one group makes the laws for others. Though Nazism is a very obvious form, it's not historically rare (it's how the Normans ran England after the Conquest). If pressures are sufficient, any sense of law can break down, and a state of black anarchism supervene, whereby absolutely arbitrary behaviour, backed by brute force, have no need of laws at all. Rich Romans used to demonstrate their riches by pissing in the mouths of their most expensive slaves, who either learned to hold it in their mouths without swallowing, or very rapidly died.

No doubt a society based on internal and neighbourly constraints is feasible. It certainly is on the level of the foodgathering and hunting tribe, indeed chiefs (as opposed to leaders) don't appear until man has progressed to the pastoral-agricultural stage. An economic situation favourable to a new kind of foodgathering (pleasure-gathering) may be on its way. No doubt too society could bear much less onerously on the individual than the present tendency to multiply and minimise every kind of constraint. This is a reaction to today's split-second, pushbutton, highway-code-and-breathalyser semi-civilisation; at once too automated and not automated enough. But the reaction is panicky and self-perpetrating, and, all metaphysics aside, is one of the most useful targets of hippie activity. It's gratifying too that the boring Christian William Golding has to resort to fiction to put forth the *Lord of the Flies* view, that a few months on an island without adult supervision would turn all our kids into gibbering cannibals (The Jesuits knew better when they said, Give us a child for the first years, and we'll keep him for life).

Monotonously, though, white anarchists spoil their case by a simple-minded romanticism, pointing to the Polynesians or the Eskimos or the little green men on the flying saucers. Polynesian society had free love all right, so long as the lovers were of the right race-caste; if they weren't, and got caught, they were clubbed to death, for not respecting apartheid. The merry Eskimos may invite you to laugh with their wife, but wife-stealing leads to so many murder-type killings, at which the community connives, that in some groups every man has been directly involved in an ad hoc execution Mafia. The argument that sexual libertarianism will make violence unpopular is like the argument that aeroplanes will make walking unpopular. Whether walking is frustrated, flying has nothing to do with the case. And one might argue, with Freud, that loving is like drinking and fighting is like eating, and both activities go pretty well together, which is why 'only the brave deserve the fair'. Maybe man is, intrinsically, a tragic, and rather nasty, clown.

Maybe he could manage an anarchist community. But it won't be 'natural'. It'll be a cultural tour-de-force, subject to internal and external pressures. It'll be the result of a few thousand years of fumbling, it'll be a cultural triumph, and a precarious balance. Far from ending humanity's problems, it'll have to justify itself by the quality of life within it while it lasts, for it will in itself be no better equipped to last than any other mode of government.

Will it, even then, be more than another form of control? Will it amount to more than conditioning people so that their inner tabus and community opinion daunts them? "Conscience doth make cowards of us all", and so does "What'll the neighbours say." Of course, pressures may make towards diversity, innovation and social responsibility, rather than towards conformity, conservatism and a kind of glacial inhibitedness, which we associate these tabus with now. But pressures there will be. And it could be argued that one is, potentially, freer in a complex, plural society which works by external constraints (law and force), which leave you a much better chance of getting away with it and hugging your individuality to yourself. Maybe, of course, freedom isn't in individuality at all, and the natural form of anarchism is communalism. And this still won't solve the problem of external controls being controls.

Automated affluence is the well-known crock-of-gold. Even if it's there, the transition won't be easy, and even if poor old backachy Britain makes it in the end, it will be so far behind everybody else that there's scope galore for further tensions (for example: if non-automated British industry has to compete with foreign automated industries, then the British worker will have to work longer hours for less pay, and things'll get worse before they get better). And the Third World lies in ambush. It's very romantic to support everybody from Mao to Che to Fidel to Stokeley against square old Mum and Dad, but it's a situation that leads to sudden conversions, especially since the wretched of the earth are quite likely to, unidealistically, turn on each other, as being easier nuts to crack, than on the West, whose internal liberalism is the sine qua non for hippiedom anyway. If you disapprove of dictatorships, then you may well turn out to be on the side of the rich, and ther fore kindly, homeland after all.

But let's suppose the world slips by the Scylla of World War 3, how can it scrape past the Charybdis of a population explosion? It's worth a bet that our lifetimes will see offspring rationing (1 per person), with licences for sale, (unless we have a Labour Government, which will forbid it). That is to say, there will be a virtual sterilisation of sex, and though this may suit many a teenage hippie it'll lie very hard on many a paternal and maternal temperament.

Maybe, then, automated affluence will turn boredom into the psychological equivalent of oppression. A safe society will put every man in statu pupillari forever. Character will be just a ghost in a machine, touch on for amusement only. It'll begin falling apart, into a hunt for piecemeal ('transcendental') sensationalism. Or rivalries will centre on marginal status symbols, and the ratrace resumes, with no winners, only losers, ciphers on a treadmill. A thousand flowers of paranoia will bloom. Masochism will do the job of social injustice, a Sheckley-type 'hunt' of people will pass the time, since the few remaining animals will be more precious than human life. Will all this be worse than society now? No, but it'll be no less revolting.

3 The Pinstripe Hippies

If one can't be a pop star, or the ideal hippie, the most fortunate person to be is a spring of the country gentry, but whose family have been in business and in Chelsea for a generation or two. Girls are luckier than boys because their schools mark them less, but the alert and questioning boy can emerge pleasantly sensitive to others' tussles with environment. You have the time to stand and stare. You can have your two-and-a-half-day weekend, and your long business lunch, and your office hours run something like quarter-to-ten to half-past twelve and quarter-to-three to half-past four. Just the right amount of gentle stimulus, leaving you full of energy for the evening's fun. You're sensibly cynical, you have the where-

BARRY CRADDOCK

withal to swing; you have a personable self-confidence, which you soaked up at your mother's knee. And quite apart from the pleasant authoritative style the birds are naturally chatted up by, mannerisms are no detail in this fluid society. Poor old Scholarship Fred will never learn that affable authority, or that authoritative affability, which seduces all sexes. From all points of view the establishment committees are right to emphasise style above qualifications. For many purposes, academic qualifications are mediated along with middle-class, ie. a wrong, style. If a middle-class fellow has changed style he's probably changed attitudes too, and if he hasn't yet, he soon will, as friendships and habits accumulate. The working-class lad has to change twice, first to the schoolroom spirit, then to an upper-class style, and one in a thousand times will make it. Nor does the establishment, today, object to its Bertrand Russell, its Red Dean; they only go to show its tolerance, its diversity, its absence of class. And it knows it needs its diversent voices, a moderate diversity of responses is an excellent adaptive mechanism. And what if this bland crust of gentlemanly inefficiency finally suffocates the nation? The upper-class old boy net will still be sitting on top, keeping up with the Schmidts and the Duvals – too bad about the Joneses; but unemployemnt is very good for labour discipline. And if one is rather inefficient, well, one mustn't become too obsessed with efficiency, must one, I mean, look at those Americans, rushing about earning money . . .

The Conservative attitude shows an astonishing dichotomy. On the one hand, although lip-service is paid to the new technological era, there is absolutely no urgency about improving technical, and other, education. Educated employees mean trouble. On the other hand, there is a certain haste about getting into the Common Market. Given gentlemanly sloth, the exposure to competition's icy blasts may seem masochistic. But such 'exposure' will have three results. English capital and contacts will acquire European knowhow, and won't have to turn to the English for it. Second, European 'competition' will be the perfect excuse for further attacks on restrictive practices (ie. the trade unions). Third, competition will eliminate the tangled undergrowth of small inefficient firms and give a clearer run to the larger corporations. Fourth, a small group of international organisations will have vastly more power vis-a-vis, not only labour (which will stagger along being 'British' for the next century or so, long after business has understood that going into Europe means ditching patriotism), but vis-a-vis individual governments. Maybe in a hundred years or so there will be an efficient European bureaucracy, but between now and then the Common Market will be the businessmen's Paradise. In fact the left can hardly oppose it, so large looms the menace of American financial colonisation, and the impossibility of following un-American policies without some such unity.

4 A Hippies' Decade ?

Old Ray's Almanack is an almost totally useless work, still, by the law of averages, it manages to be right occasionally, and, one never knows, this might be the occasion. It foresees three main possibilities for Britain's future. Either things will get worse, or they'll just change, or they'll get better. Only the last possibility offers much comfort to hippiedom as we know it.

The first alternative is a slow British decline, with pauses and rallies, but a decline nonetheless, with steep, rapid and nasty periods too, and the second is a typically British compromise between competitive efficiency and traditional status. The brunt will in both cases be born by the lower middle and working class, although many of the middle middle class will shift from self-employed to employee status. Will white collar unionism strengthen labour, DATA-style? Wilson bid for, and won it, in the last two elections. But on past form, Conservative control of the press, and the left-wing's helplessness, will have these two groups turning on one another (and since 1945 there's been a truce rather than peace between these two groups).

Either way, hippiedom will know hard times. The Labour exchanges will be much, much nastier, and there won't be the money around for posters, and, just as beautiful butterflies turn to caterpillars when winter comes, so all those flower people will be reduced to beatniks and Bohemians (remember them? all cords and beer), if they don't just subside into the 1970 equivalent of Mods or just go plainclothes again. Any hippie symptons are likely to be scapegoats for the country's nasty mood. Of course, those intellectual hippies who do the splits between the overground and underground will survive, particularly since outside big business, they're the most international-thinking and sharpest-reflexed group in England.

But if Britain's decline is only relative, and compatible with a rise, however slow, in our absolute standard of living, then we can hope Britain's narcissistic parochialism will keep this balding, toothless and humbled old bulldog happily snoozing in its doghouse, dreaming of Croft's, hardly bothering to scratch at the hippie-hoppy-happy fleas pullulating and prancing about in its old pelt.

Or let's just play with the academic possibility that the Dunkirk Spirit, the Angels of Mons, or some such agency, descend-once more, and the various classes turn to fight the country's common difficulties without fighting one another. The result will be a smooth and total establishment of American-style efficiency, with exams all the way, from the cradle to the grave, without the massive nonconformism of the ghettos and the long grass. The idea of a massive conformity isn't a mere nightmare, and doesn't need all the melodramatic nonsense of 1984. It's firmly established in Switzerland, for example. There, even the artistic world is conformist; civic theatres abound. Switzerland, having no natural resources, except a traditional craftsmanship, staked everything on skill, and education; the discipline and prosperity of her workers is a joy to behold, while government is at once more democratic and more authoritarian than England's could ever be. Switzerland hasn't even had her Provos or her student riots, which it leaves to ex-imperial powers like Germany and Holland. And the Dutch soon learned. They split and sodomised Provo by luring the intellectuals away from the hooligans with gifts and grants. Compromise and conquer.

It's an obvious model for the English establishment, and Jennie Lee's visit to the Arts Lab may herald the kiss of death. Except that English hippiedom, compared to Provo, has been so inert, that there's little to kill. The kiss of death would also be the kiss of life, keeping, not the flower-people, but the vegetable-people, alive a little longer.

Yesterday I subscribed to the 'New Statesman', Today I am Just, Reasonable, Good, & Dead...

Flowers are not inevitable. They blossom only in our land (yours and mine) inhabited by stardust and white puffy clouds, the only acceptable beds for us cherubs and archangels.

But we should not sit there just waiting for our silver laughing to drive away the storm. From time to time it is salutary to look into the eye of the giant of darkness. If we wink, he might blink, and terror might recede for a moment in his wasteland.

Sad stories, carefully chosen, should fortify us.

Hence this:

1913. A baby of humanitarian inclination, its good intentions matched by fully clothed reason and reasonableness, was born in England. It was christened **"the New Statesman".** *(The magazine of the left.) Many a thing it has survived, thanks to its rational armour and unshakable good will. It is still with us, fifty-five years later, imparting relative judgments to the people who are only relatively grey, and would (but oh so much!) like themselves and the world to be better, if only . . .*

If only people could see Reason, Truth, Justice (see "social justice", Oxf. Dict.) and the Common Good. Only they can't.

That is why the New Statesman still imparts its sermon with patience, in blindness, judiciously choosing its words, carefully offering its metaphores, because the flesh is weak, of course, but somebody, somewhere, has to keep up with the good work. Nothing much has changed, for our mentor; the rich are richer, the poor are just as poor (relative poverty, you see). And the good still stroll on Hampstead Heath on Saturday afternoons, the New Statesman and the hopes with them until the pinkness of the sky will give way to darkness, which always comes. And it's time for dinner.

Occasionally, one of the strollers (J Freeman, former NS Editor) leaves the hills where wisdom is breathed in with the air, and descends to the plains where pestiferous reality is forced down the throat (Ambassador to New Delhi and now to Washington). The ninety thousand NS readers (strollers) will die of age, cancer and wife, fatal illnesses to men of good conscience. Let them live in peace, and in peace die, peace of mind provided for them by the eternal weekly installments of the "pink pill". 33.33% anger-soothing leader, 27% opinionated backbone-strengthening information, the rest is just literary colouring, as the chemist provides, according to need, skill, and the state of the market.

Confection should be sober and yet appealing, designed for a customer of good taste and not unawares of modern trends. It is strongly recommended not to introduce words (ideas) which could shock the patient. His correct thinking (left brand) should be encouraged by our product (to be taken in weekly doses). Signed, the General Sales Manager: the god of Reason and Human Progress. Trustees (temporarily suspended): the Labour Party.

Of course from our flowerbed, cuddling each other in catacombs, deafened by the bombs of the world outside (isn't Vietman their only and true happening) we have been oblivious to the multiform chemistry of the enemy's ideology. Too occupied with beautiful refusal we have overlooked the pathetic NS like an ancient statue which goes so well with the square that you don't see it.

You might not know about the NS.

And you should, because in prehistoric times, when all that young people could do was to dream of forbidden crutches and forbidden ideologies, any crumb of dry moral bread, even a Handkerchief to blow the residues of their mind on, must have helped.

Maybe NS helped.

If you dare and care, remember the dark ages when the young poor were kept in check by the English shilling, and the young not so poor by Oxford and buggary. The magazine was then a genteel reminder of the enlightened times to come, a suave reassurance that all will be well in the end, in spite of the church spires and the Krupp factories. Because who knows what is inside a pinstriped pair of trousers, and under a bowler hat, when the time of reckoning comes?

But since then, the iron castles have fallen, the holocausts of the body of the poor and the holy communion of the media of the rich have stripped the land bare. In the pitch dark lacerated by fireworks of death the candle of the New Statesman pales and wanes, the halo of light recedes, and the wick smells.

No wonder you might not ever have heard of the NS.

But in the laundromats where well-groomed people wash their clothes, the first of the two days of oblivion following the five days of alienation, one can still encounter specimen readers (age and sex immaterial) usually going through the leader, one eye to the machine, one eye to the lines. A performance of skill, for the cleanliness of body and mind, in one go. The species has survived against the odds, fed on Penguin Books and British common sense; it breeds the right number at the right time, fucking moderately with moderate light in moderately comfortable apartments mortgaged at moderate price with money earned in moderately successful jobs, possibly in positions where they can moderately exercize their mind, which gets moderately tired so they need moderately long holidays which will bring them back moderately refreshed.

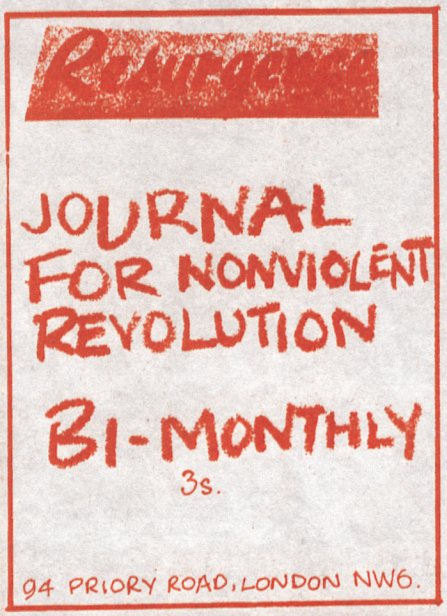
Their lives have problems, and each one of them raises issues. There are two kinds of issues, those raised by private life and those raised by public life. The private ones are called moral issues. The public ones are caled political issues.

The moral issues are, first,: Sex. And its corollaries: the family, divorce, the children, house design, gardening, commuting, the language, the generation gap and the pill. About these moral problems, one cannot give a definite answer, but only a basic set of values, and of course, there is a wide spectrum of justifiable attitudes. Basically, sex, and all the corollaries go under one simple commandment: thou shalt not hurt other people's feelings.

The political issues are: social justice (also socialism, in moderation of course). Corollaries: the economy, redundancy, the colour problem, poverty (see footnote on third world), the cost of living, education, national assistance, the welfare state and of course South Africa.

There isn't really a simple commandment for all of them, and that is precisely why the New Statesman was invented, so one can have, from week to week, an articulate and flexible answer, goodness in instalments, so to speak.
But life is more complex, it's not only a matter of having the honest answer to the issues. Every NS reader knows that. This is why the second part of the NS deals with the facts of the spirit, to put it bluntly, with Art. And the only guiding light there is that Art is eternal. Always, in all ages, everywhere, under any circumstance. Art can never be suffocated, or destroyed, or even humiliated by any dictatorship or power. Every New Statesman reader knows that. Also, every reader knows in his heart of hearts that mankind cannot be destroyed by the atomic threat, and that Reason and Mankind shall prevail. That is why the NS, first and second part, are there.

by Angelo Quattrocchi



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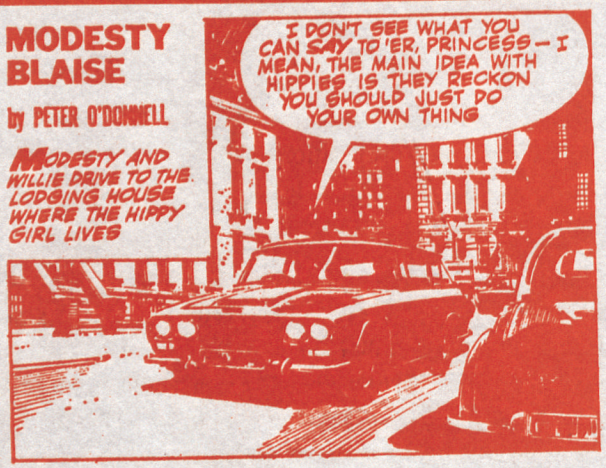
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



Friday, 1 April, 1969 One shilling

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Kerensky, Ramsey MacDonald, Albert Schweitzer, Tariq Ali Guy Mollet, Richard Ingrams, Michael Foot and John Gollan

John Coleman on CINEMA
Francis Hope on TELEVISION

Welcome Broom

Casuists and ill-wishers to the Labour Party will be quick to criticise the new coalition government. It is true that in the past this journal has had some hard things to say about Harold Wilson, and the other two members of his ruling triumvirate, Robert Maxwell and Cecil King. The fact remains that only the Garnetts can fail to welcome the new regime in Downing Street. Their policy as yet remains unclear. It is known, of course, that the triumvirate has declared itself against 'Blacks, Buggers, and Bolsheviks,' a declaration which the *New Statesman* has no hesitation in declaring abhorrent.

Yet, what is the alterative? For a while one such alternative lay in the hands of the political group now imprisoned and awaiting trial for treason against the Monarch. It is indisputable that this group, commanding the support of the entire left, had much to be argued in its favour. Yet they were Socialists and although — as this journal has stated many times in the past — the *idea* of Socialism has something to be said for it, one thing that cannot be said is that it is an ideology with which to run Great Britain. So, while there should be criticism of the manner in which this group was outlawed, and outright protest at the torture and summary execution of its leaders, it would be lunatic to refuse, on these grounds alone, a welcome to the new men.

At all costs a bloodbath must be avoided. In this respect the new regime has acted with commendable dispatch. On the economic front it has moved with equal resolution, and its decision to face facts and finally solve the balance of payments problem by selling Scotland to a consortium of Swiss bankers is heartening news. The time is surely past for murmurings about the mythical gnomes of Zurich.

Perhaps it should be stressed once again that we will wholeheartedly endorse decent policies which render more lacklustre the lives of ordinary men and women. It must be admitted that the misuse of the Queen's prerogative was a severe blow. Nonetheless, an exciting time lies ahead for Britons. This journal finds it hard to remember what precise policy it most recently advocated. No matter. It has been true, it is true, and it always will be true, that the time for words is past.

London Diary

PAUL JOHNSON

☐ I wonder how many NS readers know what is going on in Vancouver, B.C.? The anti-chipmunk campaign there is being carried out with sickening brutality. Asquith, in his famous memorandum to Lloyd George on the subject of chipmunk slaughter, laid down what the foundations of what should be a self-respecting British policy in this frightful business. Small hope, though, of the government taking the lesson to heart! The chipmunk benefit concert last night at Lady Droggle's underlined official apathy. I hate most music, but counsel NS readers to buy the record when it comes out.

☐ This week Karl Miller joins us as literary editor. Tomalin's experience in this field has been immense and I am sure that Book section addicts will welcome Anthony Thwaite aboard. Readers will notice a few changes. We are introducing 500 other new features in a desperate attempt to maintain readers. Henceforward the Crossword will be on the front page, followed by the Competition, chess column, quote puzzle, quickie conundrum, spot-the-misprint, Value Judgment and the Diary. And a whisper to old readers: Leonard Woolf is coming back as our new literary editor!

☐ I will not say anything about the new government, since its installation and intentions are fully covered in the rest of this week's paper. Many of the staff are leaving to take up posts in the new regime and Great Turnstile is sorry to see them go. On the other hand, Quiltin Sponthwaite joins the NS this week after a remarkably varied career as signalman (in Yorkshire), croupier (in Benghaza), and leaderwriter (in the *Church Times*). Next week Peregrine Worsthorne will join us as Political Correspondent, along with Montagu Norman and the Marquess of Bath. Lord Longford will be doing the Gardening Notes. I can't stand gardening. Neither can he.

☐ The new brothel in Berkeley Square opened with a bang last Monday. I arrived with a couple of ministers to find things well under way. Prices are modest: a special reduction for red-headed editors of weekly periodicals allowed me a satisfactory encounter for 10s. This took place in a room decorated in contemporary style. Any little quirks or foibles I might have, my hostess informed me, would cost 1s. pro rata. (See Roger Opeless's piece on page 467 on How the Poor Grow Poorer). We had a bitter argument about contraception in which I found some difficulty in getting my views across, although in fact Doreen reckoned at the end that our discussion was probably hypothetical. Afterwards Fred the Society Fiddler entertained us in the salon to some tricks requiring quite extraordinary agility. I puffed my way back to the Beefsteak tired, but feeling I'd had my money's worth. The upper classes, I'm afraid, do know how to enjoy themselves. NS readers take note!

Letters to the Editor

Omar Khayaam

Sir,—Julian Symons owes it to himself, the South and, yes, Mabel Lucy Atwell, to take me more seriously. When I spoke recently in an Edinburgh public house, the barman was so moved he pulled me two pints. Call this cheap if you wish but in doing so deny the whole of the Scottish experience.

ALAN BOLD.

No fixed abode.

The Comedians

Sir,—We open this letter by touching on the loss of what has so long provided the central focus for the work of the Review. But the yawning gaps we leave behind only serve to restate the imperatives; to open another enclave in the charmed circle of the academic middle class. Conversely, the dialetic goes full circle, we have ourselves too long obscured the recovery of a volatile and labile strain of European Marxism. We have been compelled to give way to a new generation, Roger Opie, Maurice Cranston, Donald Davie and P. N. Furbank. Will they be equal to the problems they inherit? Or will they succumb to the temptations of revisionism? Only history can decide.

TOM COCKBURN and
BREWSTER PATTERSON.

Carlisle Street, London, W.1.

Underground Movement

Sir,—There's a new generation with a new explanation, everybody should get VD, when you come to Notting Hill wear a flower in your wig. Why do Alfs *still* care about politics, Hitler and Oxfam? Groove with Laing. 'Hung on you' has mind-blowing gear. Cops and clocks are all wound up. Flying Saucers are . . . *(to be continued).*

RICHARD NEVILLE.

Editor,
Hippy Review,
Turramurra Nth.

Race Footnote

Sir, beg pardon for maladroit English, but I immigrant worker from Asia, finding it difficult to know why the police are beeting me evry day and calling member of the Grate British Comunity Dirty Wog. I rite to you Sir as famous and nobel defender of Freedom hopeng that these assaults on me and my family will stop.

SUNDAR PANIT
33 Ladbroke Grove, W.11.

C. H. Rolph writes: We deliberately left the orthography uncorrected to show the charming eccentricity of this ignorant Asian peasant's writing. The metropolitan police deny all knowledge of the charges, and there seems to be no reason to doubt their word.

Weekend Competition

No. 405,769

Set by Quilton Sponthwaite

Competitors are asked to guess which of the following collaborated to produce the undergraduate and ineffectual parody of the *New Statesman* printed in the monthly magazine OZ, No. 11, April, 1968:

Sidney Webb, Leonard Woolf, Paul Johnson, J. B. Priestley, Alexander Cockburn, Nicholas Tomalin, Claire Tomalin, Karl Miller, D. A. N. Jones, Quiltin Sponthwaite, Desmond McCarthy (deceased), Tom Nairn, Anthony Thwaite, Malcolm Muggeridge, Angelo Quattrocchi, Richard Neville, Alan Watkins, Julian Symons, Cyril Connolly, David Widgery, John Coleman.

Entries by April 15th to the *New Statesman*, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Prize of 5 guineas to the first correct entry.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10s for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ It is a fatal mistake for those protesting against war to get involved in violence. . . . It was madness to try and storm the Embassy. An Embassy is a symbol of civilization. The sooner we can get back to the admirable self-discipline of the CND marches the better.—Paul Johnson, in the *New Statesman*, Mar 22, 1968.

☐ This week I said goodbye to my little Olivetti portable. I shudder to think how many million words of sense and nonsense it has chattered out. The awful thing is that I cannot brnig myself to feel the smallest particle of affection for this faithful machine, nor the least pang of regret at its passing.—Paul Johnson, in the *New Statesman*, Dec. 15, 1967.

☐ The gesture of the Surbiton Back-Britain girls has made a great many people, most of them in humble jobs far from Great Turnstile, think seriously about the future of their country and how they, as individuals, can help. We welcome it.—Editorial in the *New Statesman*, Jan. 12, 1968.

☐ Our mixture of left-wing goodwill, sensitive clubman's philosophizing and schoolgirlish fascination with visible success must be an infallible drug for readers who know they have gained a good slice of the world and want to be reassured that they have hung on to their soul.—Francis Hope, in the *New Statesman*, May 12, 1967.

☐ Gillian Freeman's article on p. 904 involves the use of a four-letter word. I am still slightly shocked. Though I think it is right to print it ('lust') when it is essential, as in this case, to the writer's argument.—Paul Johnson, in the *New Statesman*, June 30, 1967.

CENTREPIECE

The Knight Errant's Story

J B PRIESTLEY

Ever since my old friend Harold Wilson asked me to call round and see him last week, to offer me the post of Minister of Culture in his newly formed coalition government, people have kept on asking me the same question. 'Why, Jack?', they ask, 'why did you accept, when it is surely clear that the job will interfere with your work on *Chips off the Old Loins*, your vast new trilogy on the youth of the seventies?'

I have put the same question to myself. Nor is the answer quite as simple as modern peddlers of the slickly superficial response would make us think. Most of them are under twenty-five years of age. Fortunately, the unique powers of mind I now find within myself, the fruits of an unusually rich and long lifetime of experience, supplied the proper reply to the dilemma.

'Jack', said the Prime Minister, leaning across his desk towards me — I saw immediately that reason and tolerance would never desert this worried countenance — 'I want the young folk cleaned up. Close the discotheques and frippery shops. Send the vagrants to the Isle of Wight. Curfew at nine o'clock. Such a move is long overdue.' I thought for a moment, carefully turning over my Yorkshire accent. 'Nay, lad', I answered, 'more fellow-feeling, more piety of the heart. The answer to the problem is culture.'

Had I not taken the job, some sterile, white-coated man of science, some smug expert in technology, would certainly have stepped in. A man without my psychic depths, my extra dimension of the understanding, my awareness of myth, and consequently incapable of ministering to the real needs of young folk. For, what they truly want, no such smartaleck could possibly supply. The frustrated revolt of youth derives, in fact, from a wish to be like me. The young folk want dreams; they've been given stones, by these men without imagination or heart. Is it surprising then that they have turned into a generation of filthy morons, clad in barbaric colours, their heads ringing with grotesque sounds, mouthing protests they themselves don't comprehend. Under the new regime they will have more of a chance.

The ancient haunting myths that take shape colour and force from the innermost magic depths of our being are the key to all this. In my own depths — still open and not closed as with so many people who have said goodbye forever to their childhood or youth, without arriving at the second one — there is a special access, a 'hot line' in new-fangled jargon, to these myths. I have realised this is our only real safeguard against the utter collapse of our civilisation. And so, I will advise that the clothes-boutiques be transformed into centres of myth-study (along the lines of the Sunday-schools of own youth). The discotheques will become lending libraries well stocked with myths. On the Isle of Wight the young folk will be encouraged to undertake walking tours. Marriage will be compulsory at the age of nineteen as I have always believed in the profoundly civilising of a good-hearted sensual woman upon we erratic and cerebral males.

'The young folk need a centre to their lives', I told Harold Wilson, 'mere discipline will not do at all. They want something that's always there, which they can look up to'. No new-fangled remedies will do. What is required — perhaps more desperately than anything else — is a young people's edition of this *New Statesman* magazine, to provide the steadying influence where our society needs it most. The *New Responsible* will start publication next week, edited by my old friend Malcolm Muggeridge, and will supply for the new generations that comfortable and harmless weekly expression of discontents, without which there is no stable, rooted society. 'Don't worry, Harold lad,' I concluded our interview, 'there's plenty of life in t'old myths yet'.

TELEVISION

Well, yes...

FRANCIS HOPE

One often asks oneself wearily whether the protagonists (alright, Fowler) of British *moeurs* really, well, *know* what they're actually saying. I missed *Grumbling in Grimsby* (ITV Rediffusion) by the merest whicker. A terrible pun, one might object, loved I not Cliff Michelmore. But then, do you and I, as liveried liberals with a pinkish tinge, really *know* what we're saying, one asks oneself as well. *I* think so, naturally (alright Rousseau), but who's to say, really, whether we can say anything when so many people are saying something else. There's a dilemma for someone. Tired out by it, I switched over and just caught the tale-end of *New Relapse*, a new programme on the Arts that looked just as tired out as I felt. One doesn't know what to think, really. Would *you* send your child to a Grammar School?

FILMS

Sexulloid Sickness

JOHN COLEMAN

Trouble with film-makers is, they make films. The weird, fraught activity of transferring something probable to an hour or so's celluloid is constantly there to disturb and infiltrate what finally emerges. Rarely more annoying so than in ***Flaming Flagellator*** ('X', Orifice Films, New Compton Cinema), a first work by Jean-Luc Cognefort. Sentimental, it give surface impression of rigour. How it does this is disinterrable from the very first sequence. A blonde strip of girl ('Gwendoline') is lashed brutally to a chair. A person clad entirely in glistening black leather enters, and proceeds to strangle her. I laughed several times, as an avowed addict of this rubbish; but the colour and photography fluctuated between great and dire, and the scene ended inconclusively. I found this fidgety of Cognefort rather than fruitful. The effect of celluloid wears off faster than the effect of words on a page. Books still give more because they are there for solitary revisitings and genuine participation. And this first effort of Cognefort's is less drawn from the classic ***Cuisses de Cuir*** than spattered by it. Nevertheless, wading through the giggles of gagged girls towards a quizzical denouement, I was held but sometimes with rage.

NEW FICTION

An outrageous overstatement

QUILTON SPOTHWAITE

In these troubled times, it should be a relief to turn aside to the peace of Literature. So it is sad to turn over the pages of Professor Morris's latest book* The author, now Keeper of the Queen's Giraffes, is to be complimented upon his impudence, but upon little else. This upstart, whose work on human beings was recently dismissed by the *New York Review of Books* in one paragraph, has now turned his unwanted attentions to the intellectuals.

His method — entirely predictable in its banality — consisted of evening excursions on Hampstead Heath armed with nets and tranquillizers, and the inevitable ciné-camera to record the tethered victims' responses. As is well-known — apart from one subject with a *Daily Express* in his pocket, and who turned out to be a tramp — the subjects were either in possession of a *New Statesman*, or quickly demanded one once they were in the interogation cages and the first excitement of capture had worn off. The author asserts that they '. . . feverishly thumbed the pages with expressions of glazed contentment, in what was obviously a timeless ritual'. Those deprived of the paper soon grew melancholic or unnaturally aggressive (several had to be shot). With a feeble show of *risque* logic, Professor Morris concludes as follows: 'To be blunt, this journal has broadly the same function for those using it as the trees, or lamp-posts, at the foot of which lower mammals deposit a trace of excrement: mutual recognition of species.' Only too easy to think, therefore, that the sacred process of 'reading' is mere biological reflex, and that 'intellectuals' are simply bourgeois humans with a few pretentions.

Fortunately, no one need take Professor Morris too seriously. His narrowly dogmatic interpretation of the facts is typical of the scientific mind, a-thirst for certainties. Ritual indeed! Any *ingenue* knows that the essential character of a ritual object is to remain ever the same. It is merely preposterous to assert this of our journal, which strives constantly to stay abreast of the times, and this week has a new Literary Editor, a new contributor, myself, and the new type of article you have just been reading, vigorous and outspoken. *Allez vous faire enculer par un singe, Morris!*

***The Naked Intellectual**
by DESMOND MORRIS. Cape, 30s.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

A Difficult Decision

ALAN WATKINS

"I, or rather God, doth command ye to quell this rabid mutinous sectarian rabble lately so active in the environs of the city, to the detriment of the Lord's purpose and the harm of the Commonweal." Cromwell, letter to General Fairfax, January 7, 1650, **Collected Correspence of Oliver Cromwell,** ed. Hiram P. Hackenlooper, vol. V, p. 378.

This text may serve to remind us that the events of the past few weeks are not really so far removed from the past practices of Brtish political life and the norms of the British Constitution as might appear at first glance. Last week owing to Prime Minister Wilson's lack of consideration for the needs and press times of weekly journals, I had to make some hurried though not, I hope, hasty remarks on the reported Cabinet exchanges between him and the new Minister of Internal Security, Sir George Woodcock. As is now widely believed, the dispute hinged upon Mr Wilson's proposal that dissenters to the policies of the new Coalition Government should be punished by a spell of imprisonment in the new labour-camp on Iona, and the removal of one testicle. Even allowing for some exaggeration in the telling, this story has an air of truth about it. And certainly, the Parliamentary Labour Party is now convinced that there has been a failure both in policy and also (to put it in its politest terms) in communication. Sir George, groping towards the expression of this widespread disillusionment, centred his argument on the problem of possible female dissenters. Or, as one of the more ideologically articulate members of the Left wing whispered to me in confidence last week, the equality of opportunity between the sexes — which Labour has always been pledged to uphold — quite evidently demands equality of punishment, if it is to be meaningfully implemented. So where do we stand? Admittedly, Minister of Pensions Duncan Sandys' newly - acquired habit of setting upon known or suspected Left oppositionists in the corridors of the House and gouging their eyes out was scarcely calculated to soothe such ruffled feelings. But still, one asks oneself, has Sir George chosen quite the most advantageous issue for his daring challenge to Mr Wilson? Possibly, instead of concentrating upon the formal or legalistic aspect of the question, as he was naturally inclined to do given his Trade Union background, the new Minister would have been better advised to look at the substance, the (so to speak) meat of the suggested new policy. The fact is, after all, that Prime Minister could very well have demanded the removal of *both* testicles. And — even more significant, according to certain rumours from usually reliable sources close to the Cabinet — he is believed to favour the excision of the *right-side* testicle, in all cases. Should this rumour be confirmed, it will then be abundantly plain that reason has by no means deserted the deliberations of the Government. The Left must take these possibilities into consideration before mounting still another mis-timed and destructive assault on policies which, however faulty in execution, may be right in intention. No-one can accuse me of showing any undue of even due devotion to Mr Harold Wilson and his Governments. Week in and week out, for longer than I care to remember, I have been saying more or less unflattering things about them. There are occasions, however, when it is right to give some credit; this is one of those occasions.

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NEXT WEEK

Douglas Jay:

CAN WE AFFORD CHRISTMAS?

John Morgan:

Money is everything

Malcolm Muggeridge:

On Becoming a Jehovah's Witness

More Toads

Anthony Thwaite

(For Philip Larkin)

The galley proofs encircle my tense loins,
My stones of emptiness. I'm not much good
At what they call 'the big emotions'.
And, it must be said, I never could.

Get worked up about sunsets, sex, that sort
Of thing. And politics, well who knows what
To think these days. Too easy to get caught
With one's pants down. And as for pop and pot

Let's face it, I'm too old. In Libya
A chap could get some peace, collect old stones
And mess around the desert with the kids. Back here
It's different. These red telephones,

For instance (am I bonkers?) seem to leer
Up at my indecision, mockingly,
And all those bearded lefties I kicked out
Still come back, one by one, to haunt me.

If there were some convention I could flout,
A small one, but mine own, perhaps I'd make
My mark. But I'm just not that sort of chap.
And who *is,* who's half-decent? No, I'll damn well take
The middle road. Books *are* a load of crap.

PRIVATE VIEW

Self Abuse

ALAN BRIEN

Us performers, damned to perpetually bite the royal hand
which feeds us, are intrinsically sad.
Where does self-criticism end and self-advertising begin?
If I hadn't my two kids, a boy of six and a girl of four,
I would have been thrown to the lions a long time ago.
It looks so simple, I feed the presses, and the presses feed me. But
My role is not definable, a *terrain vague* where you can't
turn your head back to look at the throne, an escape forward
pressed by the eternal laughter behind me.

A friend asks me, why not commit hari-kiri for ITV?
No, no, no, I will not commit the sin of pride. And besides,
BBC2 is waiting for me. So I will be patient, and wait for
Malcolm Muggeridge to die instead. God is getting impatient,
I can see the signs, the negotiations for Malcolm M's ascension are
nearing the end. He'll go up on the first of May,
I'll stay, and get a better seat at the table, my puns a bit
more urgent, my jokes a bit more vicious.
This is my Testament, to be printed by the *New Statesman* the
day I'll be appointed Head of British Television.

HE HA HE HE HA
HA HA HE HA HE HA HE HA
SHARP

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Icarus

ON JUNE 15, 1968 DON'T BE WHERE ICARUS IS BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, YOU WON'T BE: IN SPACE IS A CHUNK OF ROCK & SPACE REFINED METAL, APPROXIMATELY 1.2 MILES WIDE AND 300 YARDS THICK, AND IT IS ONLY 16,000,000 MILES AWAY AND IT IS TRAVELLING AT 13,940 MPH TOWARDS US.

PROFESSOR S T BUTLER OF SYDNEY UNIVERSITY ON FEBRUARY 4, 1965, TRIED TO EXPLAIN THAT ICARUS, PLANETOID WEIGHING ABOUT AS MUCH AS MOUNT EVEREST, WAS TO PASS WITHIN 500,000 MILES OF THE EARTH. HOWEVER' IF SCIENTIFIC CALCULATIONS WERE OFF .0000001, ICARUS, WHOSE ORBITAL ECCENTRICITY QUOTIENT OF .83 MAKES IT THE MOST UNPREDICTABLE OF ALL PLANETOIDS, COULD COME CONSIDERABLY CLOSER'. ICARUS, WHICH IS A SCALED DOWN PLANET, WILL MAKE IT THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE AND, EVEN THOUGH IT WILL BE ABOUT 1/3 OF ITS FORMER SELF, IT WILL STILL BE A FORMIDABLE PIECE OF ROCK IF IT HITS.

WHY ISN'T THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT ALARMED? IT IS. M.I.T. OUTLINED A PLAN BY WHICH ICARUS WOULD BE BLOWN UP IN SPACE BY SEVEN SATURN ROCKETS EACH CARRYING AN ATOMIC PAYLOAD OF 40 MEGATONS. NOW, WHEN THESE ROCKETS HIT ICARUS OUT IN SPACE THERE WILL BE A BANG WORTH 280 MILLION TONS OF TNT AND SUPPOSEDLY ICARUS WILL BECOME ATOMIC WASTE AND NOT HURT ANYBODY. BUT THE FACT IS ALMOST 2000 DEATHS CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO ICARUS ALREADY IN THE GUISE OF EARTHQUAKES IN INDIA AND CHINA, FREAK SNOW STORMS IN ARIZONA AND TIDAL WAVES IN THE ALEUTIANS: THESE THINGS BEING INFLUENCED BY THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF ICARUS'

ANOTHER DANGER WE EMBRACE WITH ICARUS' APPROACH IS THAT OF DROWNING. IF THIS MOUNTAIN PASSES THE EARTH FROM THE EAST TO WEST AT ABOUT 420 MILES UP IT WILL PASS OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, WHICH IS LESS DENSE THAN ICARUS. THE OCEAN WILL REACH UP 327 FT FOR ICARUS, AND WHEN THE PLANETOID HAS PASSED, LEAVING BEHIND HIS STUNNED LOVER WHO WILL THROW HERSELF BACK TO THE GROUND. THIS WATER WILL FALL FROM 327 FT UP, AND WILL SPEED ACROSS THE OCEAN TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH ICARUS WHO WILL HAVE SLOWED DOWN LITTLE FROM HIS ORIGINAL 13,490 MPH.

ON THE OTHER HAND IF THERE WERE EARTH-QUAKES AND TIDAL WAVES WITH VIOLENT FREAK STORMS, OR . . .

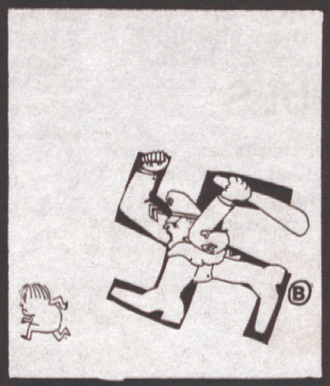
ALL OF THESE DANGERS INCREASE IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO THE CLOSENESS OF ICARUS BECAUSE ICARUS' PULL ON THE EARTH INCREASES WITH THE NEARNESS OF ICARUS' AND ICARUS GOT 55.40 MILES CLOSER TO YOU WHILE YOU READ THIS.

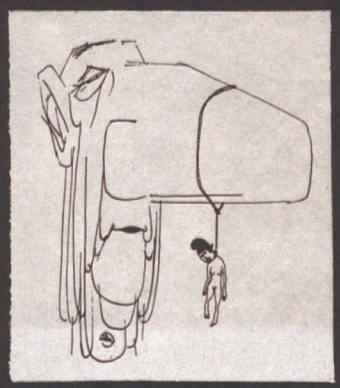
ARE YOU READY?

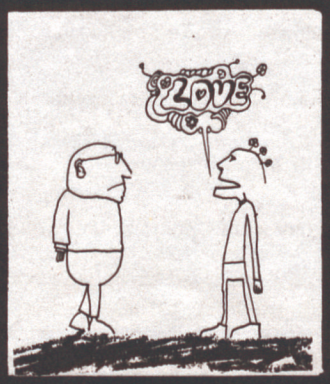
GERALD STEINBERG (UPS)

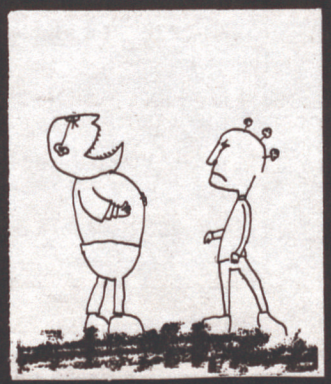
Willem, a 26 year old Dutch Cartoonist, is currently threatened with a 3 month gaol sentence in Amsterdam for publishing two "offensive" cartoons. Both are reproduced here. Cartoon A depicts Queen Juliana as a whore. At that time she has asked the Government to double her allowance. (Queen Juliana already owns £750,000 worth of Standard Oil, £835,000 of Royal Dutch Petroleum, £1,170,000 of KLM, £1,440,000 of Adam Express and £6,500,000 of Anaconda copper). Cartoon B is being prosecuted for "cruelty to police".

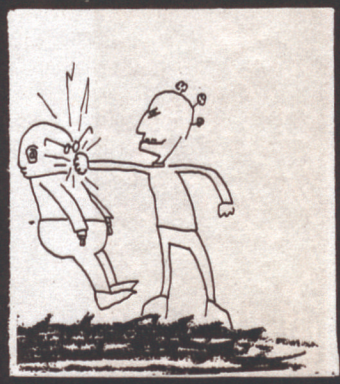
Willem has recently published a best-selling comic book in Amsterdam, 'Billy the Kid' and he edits a cartoon magazine, 'God, Nederland and Oranje'.











OZ SUBSCRIPTION

FREE POSTERS!

'Toad of Whitehall' comes free with OZ 2. It is a giant (22 x 24") colour gatefold inside. OZ 2 comes free with a year's subscription to OZ. So does any other issue (except No 1). Send us the coupon below and you get two free issues immediately. That is, OZ 2 plus one other. You can also order back issues separately, 2/6d each.

RARE 1ST OZ!

The Johnson caricature, 'Madonna of the Napalm' is a three page gatefold in OZ 1. This issue sold out and we have been unable to fill many subsequent orders for it. However, a few have now been returned from our distributors and we're going to offer them to our readers at the ludicrously expensive price of £1. They're not worth it. But no doubt some neurotic collectors will want to complete their sets. (For £2.10s you can have your own complete set delivered to you when OZ 12 is published. That is, OZes 1–12).

PAST ISSUES!

One: Theological striptease . . . turn on, tune in, drop dead . . . In bed with the English . . . Raped Congo nuns whipped with Rosary beads . . . Private Eye axed.

Two: Mark Lane's BBC expose . . . British Breasts . . . Peter Porter's Metamorphoses . . . Little Malcolm and his struggle against the 20th century . . . Cut our pop stars.

Three: What makes hippies happen . . Last exit to Brewer Street . . . An Address to politicians . . . In praise of Ugliness . . . Magnificent failures.

Four: Hapshash and the coloured coat golden gatefold . . . Tarot cards . . . Process exposed . . . Sgt Nasser's Lonely heartbreak bank . . . Norman Normal . . . Guide to Living in Sin . . . Let de Gaulle die quickly.

Five: Plant a Flower Child billboard poster . . . The Great Alf Conspiracy.

Six: (OZ & Other Scenes) Blue movies by the yard . . . The king of Khatmandu and his Coca Cola Court . . . Dope Sheet . . . John Peel interview . . . Letter from a Greek Prison . . . Leary in Disneyland . . . Mcluhan's one eyed electric kingdom.

Seven: What's so good about Bob Dylan . . . Wog Beach Shock . . . Michael X and the Flower Children . . . In bed with the Americans . . . Review of Maharishi's 'The Science of Being and the Art of Living'.

Eight: Mis-Spelt Guevara poster . . . Russia, you have bread, but no roses . . Playboy's banned pictures . . . Spyder Turner's raunch epistemology. . . . Edward do Bono on lateral thinking.

Nine: New Dylan Lyrics . . . 'If I could turn you on' UFO digest . . . Death at St Pauls.

Ten: The pornography of violence . . . Amnesty report from Athens . . . Gaol in Arkansas . . . The men who ban OZ . . . OH! what a lawful war . . . Roger McGough's 'Summer with the Monarch' (complete version).

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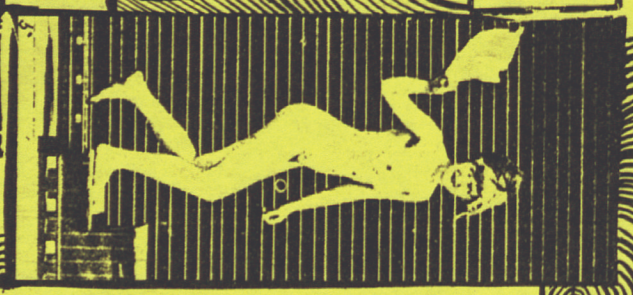
GIVE



ONE WORLD OR.... NONE

ABRAXas

I have seen the Bird of Paradise, she has spread herself before me, and I shall never be the same again.
There is nothing to be afraid of. Nothing.
Exactly.
The Life I am trying to grasp is the me that is trying to grasp it.

we are all learning to become VIETCONG

A man must make his move before his move is made

CANNABIS

LIVE!

DONT REVOLVE...EVOLVE

GUERILLA WARFARE OF THE MIND

NOTHING IS REVEALED

SMILE

SPEED KILLS

NOW

eternity

WE ARE LEPERS GIVE US BELLS NOT DEGREES

why

HO!

DROP OUT.

GREY...

IF I COULD TURN YOU ON.....IF I COULD DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR WRETCHED MIND IF I COULD TELL you i would let you know.

?

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oz

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DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES

NORMAN NORMAL

CAN YOU SEE

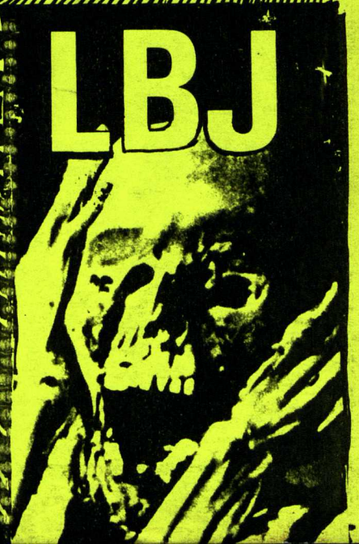
BLACK

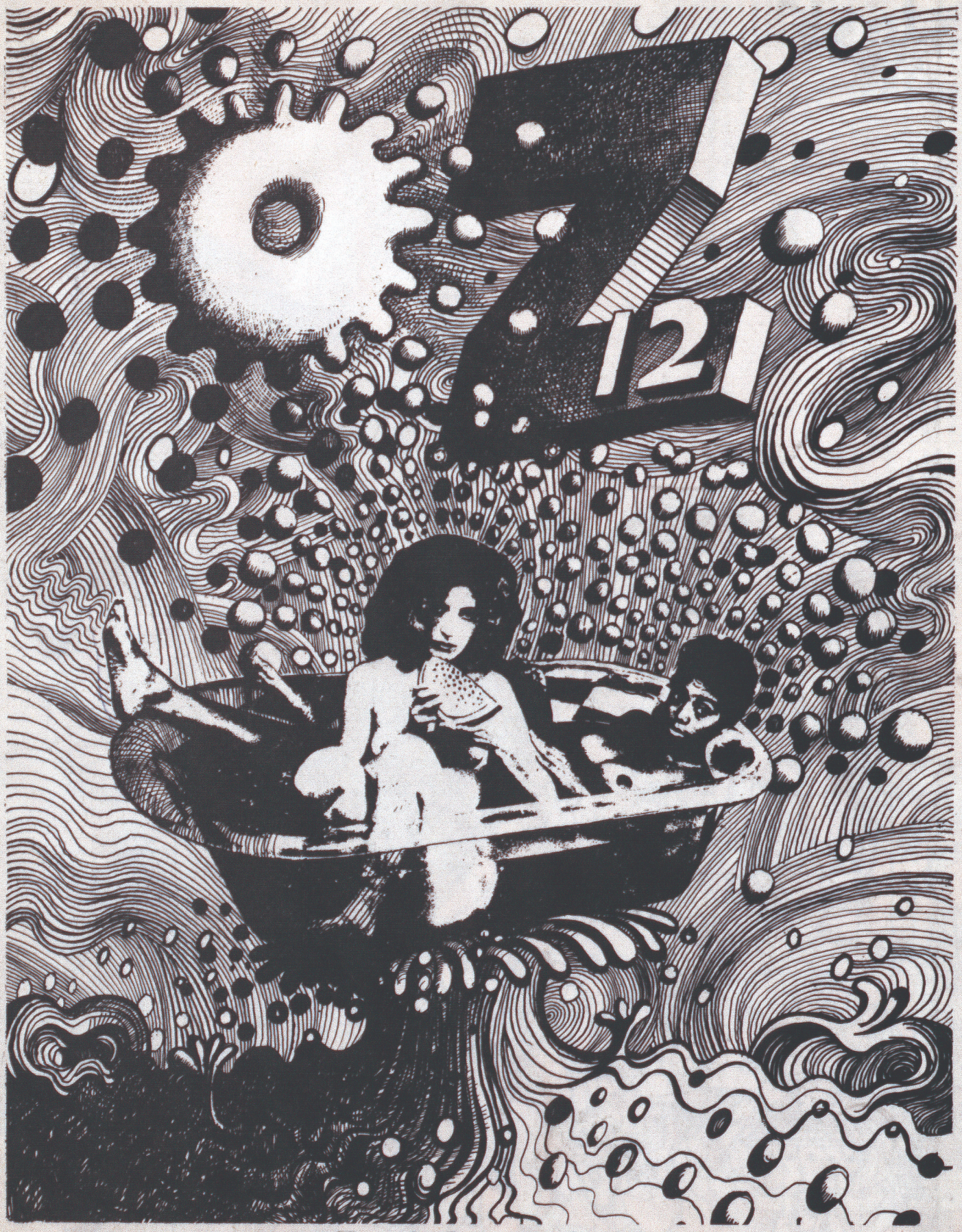
IS BEAUTIFUL!

VIET

LOOK

LBJ





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Academy of Meditation
Shankarachary Nagar
Rishikesh
Himalayas U.P.
India
19-3-68

Dear Virginia,

How are you? Write and tell me- things seem to get wierder and clearer here every day, one discovers the terrible and finds it's the beautiful, what seems bad is good, what seems good is beautiful. Look at us, take a good long look. One minute I'm crying and weeping and the next I'm laughing hysterically. Oh if you thought we were going away to whatever you thought you were mistaken. It's all here UP in the Himalayas of spiritual India, the example of the West. I'm writing in my little room, with incense burning to keep away the bugs. I have pictures of Maharishi all over my walls, a tea pot empty, honey jars, limes, tangerines, mangoes, paint box, cushions, wooden bed, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, I can't stop laughing. Virginia, I'm indeed with problems, with upsets, with incredible paranoia at times, and love at other times. I've seen them all, my hangups in turn, laid out, one by one, in waking state and in meditation. I don't know which is worse and have come to the beautiful realisation through the wisdom of Maharishi and my own meditational experiences, that you have just got to get past them all, that you've got to reach a field where none of these things exist, and by reaching that field, which you do in meditation, when you come back to waking state of consciousness everything is viewed as it is like going to a foreign country, you know how one sees everything so clearly? but what a drag to always have to go abroad to see the scene as it is much better to be able to see it all the time even when one's being active etc., you see? There's no way out of the field of problems if one remains on the land of problems; what happens, one just gets immersed in all the awfulness of them, or one shoves them to one side and refuses to be influenced by them; in both cases, no good, one gets more sadness, the other finds no solution. We can't get away from problems in this relative life of ours, so what is the answer? Get to a field, a level of consciousness, where there are no problems, and when you come back again on a different level, your mind just goes there, straight to the source of the problem, I'm telling you. Anyway I keep finding the problem has been solved during meditation, either in my own thoughts or if it has lain outside me, kind of it's solved itself. Really, Virginia, it's all so amazing. Anyway so love is spreading throughout the world, the same message of Christ, Buddha, Krishna, to name but a few. and we are so lucky, you realise. Virginia, you weren't so clever as to get born into this day and age for nothing, you know, you were kind of cunning and clever, you and me and the rest alike all got ourselves born and still being born, cos this time is favourable it seems. So all we have to do is take advantage of our intelligence and get going onto meditation.

M is beyond recognition, one of the several miracles taking place here. The Maharshi is pleased with her progress, her face is so beautiful, she's calm, walks differently, her pain in the shoulder is practically gone and she's beautiful, wow! A woman here who had a car accident and spinal damage 6 years ago, who could hardly move and all doctors had given up hope on her, can now move normally; this happened through meditating. Peoples' faces, relaxed and clear. So many amazing things are worked out during meditation, and it's kind of fun. think up songs which I can't remember when I come out! Virginia, to meditate, don't let the idea arise that one has to be of a certain nature, spirituality doesn't come into it - unless one wants it to. Anyway, what is religion? You should see the diversity of people here, some reverent, some exceedingly anti every little spiritual idea, but it seems common thought throughout that meditating works. What is said happens, and therefore this is what we give people to do, give them a mantra, and that's it. All this fuss and stuff, what is important, the only thing, is to go and get that mantra, that word and repeat morning and evening and find 'heaven' as you put it. That's all it entailms. To imagine things could not be better than they already are is nonsense. The idea is, to get Nature working with you. This means that you don't have to do much; you think a little, meditate a little and the thing happens.

It's Mike Love of the Beachboys' birthday tomorrow, a nice guy - the Beatles and wives are all so natural and meditate a lot and Donovan is something else, such beautiful songs, he feels he was living as a minstrel in the Arthurian times, is that where I've met him before? Mia Farrow cooled down the last few days and was really sweet. That's most of the celebrities - and did they put me through a scene, phew I've had all the scenes here. the lot and more! ! I'm tired, must meditate. No great change in me. more relaxed but still screwed up with Karma, though can feel it going with each meditation, can feel it, Universality, absolute. Have you bought Maharishi's Beyond Gita? I'm under no illusions as far as the actual meditation goes, there's nothing that could be an illusion. Virginia, write me some good news. lots of love

V.

To read this newsprint section, replace staple and cut along dotted rule

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Dear OZ,

So yet another desperate Solihullian leaps on the 'get a letter in OZ' trend—which of course is all I am doing now. That letter from 'anon' was desperately incorrect in its facts and in its request a little pathetic but the basic fact of the semi-humanoid mass being clogged in a sticky pool of coagulating 'money-coloured urine' is right and there is of course nothing we can do to radically alter this embryonic headquarters of the New Wipeout Gang . . . however it is interesting to note that the newsagent which previously stocked supposedly 8 (nearer 10/12) copies of the withering OZ now stocks nearly 2 dozen. It would be very nice of you if you published this short letter thing for we feel we must keep splashing the fear-striking name of So£ihu££ across the pages of your dying magazine-type. (SO£IHU££ IS THE NEW MENTAL VIETNAM).

Yours,
I J Evetts

Dear Sir,

Your interest in 'drop-out' communities seems relevant to what I am doing at Southwood House, which is a hostel for boys with Muscular Dystrophy. The nursing staff here have a totally informal relationship with the boys, and love, in its most unsentimental form seems to overcome all the drudgery of nursing and almost all the pain of being crippled. Could this be an idea for drop outs; to infiltrate an isolated institution for old people or cripples as volunteer workers, and gradually destroy any institutionalisation and petty-mindedness, replacing it with love? That way, the drop-outs wouldn't be parasitical (except in the way any charity or social service is parasitical), and would also be making good propaganda for the cause of the love revolution.

Yours,
R G N Davie
Southwood House,
Hinwick,
nr Wellingborough,
Northants.

Dear OZ,

We at Jesus College, Cambridge all love OZ, but we regard the announcement that Richard Meltzer will be writing regularly for OZ as BAD NEWS. His first article was 100% pretentious junk—send him back to Crawdaddy, they deserve him! Despite Meltzer, we still love you!

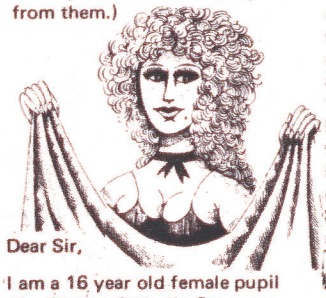
Yours sincerely,
Patrick B Hefferman
Jesus College
Cambridge.

OZ,

Re Meltzer thing on paper. Complete total bewilderment stems from free ignorance of wavelength Love, forever changes, da capo et cetera tres bien but give me quelques autres choses. Hello how are you, easy baby beats me to pulp. Broken Jug picture speaks to me (smokey—I second that emotion). 1000 light-years too far to see worse than eight miles high, strictly for the byrds. Will the pun censorship. Marvel better than DC says me.

Yours,
Paul Stanley.
Bethnal Green.

PS. Who exactly is Richard Meltzer? Who exactly am I? I do like the byrds, really!
(Now come off it OZ, the rumour is you're really sanctioned by the TAS agency and receive payments from them.)



Dear Sir,

I am a 16 year old female pupil of a Roman Catholic Grammar school. (Run by Nuns.) If you are still with me and are not too busy shoving the salvolatile up your nose, I shall continue to 'shock' you, with the news that OZ No 6 has reached two of those 'Black-skirted virgins'—as your Mr Quattrocchi so aptly put it in OZ No 7.

During a religious lesson, given by our English teacher—a nun—she began talking about God and love—war and peace . . . hippies . . . drugs and 'freedom'. On the question of 'freedom' and the 'New' Morality, sister X said that drug taking and 'living it up' were not 'free actions!' on the part of the young. She said, very authoritatively that the actions of the young particularly in drug-taking were a result of fears of the future and an attitude of 'Let's get as much as we can out of life'! She spoke of this as if it was a sin. (The attitude is—lead a miserable, poverty stricken, sexless life, and go to—Heaven! Ah! Lead a happy life and you are doomed to—Hell!)

I did not agree, but I could not risk opposing her openly in front of a class of 35 girls. They are very much Catholic influenced in these matters. They never think in depth about anything or anyone, not even themselves, so they either accept it or ignore it. Consequently I was afraid of exposing my views and being laid open to defenceless criticisms. Close friends 'sympathise' but fail to understand. Moreover I'm 'teacher's pet'—a tag I enjoy and do not wish to jeopardise.

Taking all this into account, I reached for the most subtle way of airing my views (in part) and remaining 'safe' at the same time. I had previously come across your magazine—for the first time—and having studied Mr Chester Anderson's article carefully, I gave it to sister X. (Added reasons: the article contained the word 'freedom' several times and since to my mind sister X did not know what she was talking about—the article was in complete contradiction to her ideas.)

She read it and gave it to sister Y—our HEADMISTRESS! Later, sister X and I had a chat, while two of my astounded friends looked on. During our conversation she revealed to me that she had had a chat with the 'head' about me—and quite a thorough chat it was. In answer to 'one' question I admitted to not being against drugs and told her of my views. Surprisingly, she was quite sympathetic, but spoilt it all by saying she would 'pray for me'! My friends looked on in awe. Sister X admitted she was now more aware of what was going on (attitudes etc) after reading the article, but denied reading the rest of the magazine. I assured her I would not buy another issue of OZ. I lied!

After being subjected to shocked and dirty looks from shop assistants and witnessing the ripping up of my OZ 7 by my enraged father and disgusted, incredulous mother, I am still an OZ reader. (I have survived).

However, I do not agree with all you say. You seem to be against universities and colleges as such! Why? The society at which you are aiming frightens me. You seem to be against individualism! In any sort of sort of community—I purposely avoid the word 'society'—leaders will arise, it is inevitable. A Community cannot exist with out leaders and your kind can only serve to frustrate and alienate these people. You will be left with the sheep, but no shepherds. What a confusion that will be!

KTY

PS. I am at present considering whether your magazine is sincere, or just a superficial load of old rubbish!

I am at an experimental stage in life and as in any experiment one allows for mistakes. I hope OZ is not one of them!

THE BLACK DWARF HAS RETURNED!

Dear Sir,

This is to say how how happy we are with the success of our advert in OZ No 9.

We received over 200 replies and in fact, sold 500 posters through this medium.

We hope in the near future, to take further full page feature adverts with you.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Lelebogen
Managing Director
Big O Posters Ltd
49 Kensington High Street
London W8

Dear Sir,

Amused and chastened as I was by the seathing attack on the Moral complacency of the New Statesman and its readers in your last issue, I feel it only fair to point out to some of your less schizophrenic readers (who take OZ only), that both Mr Quattrocchi and Mr Widgery (the latter on several occasions) have in the past written for that pale, pink and gutless (?) journal. Or could it be that some evil fascist fairy has been submitting watered-down copy to the NS under these hellish pseudonyms?

Yours cheerfully,
Alan Pulverness.

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Fri. 10th May	FAMILY The Action +
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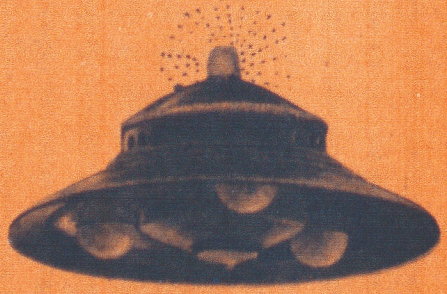
Sat 18th May	PINK FLOYD
Fri. 24th May	SPOOKY TOOTH TANGERINE SLYDE
Sat. 25th May	The return of CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



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HUNG ON YOU
430 KINGS Rd. WORLDS END

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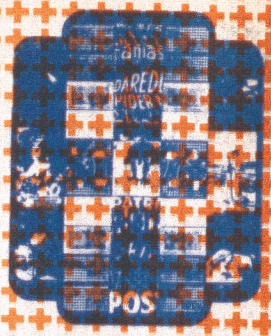

SPIDERMAN
BOP20. An intricate full colour montage by Bernard Schofield. Superb colouring. 18 x 22". 7/6d.

1. 2.

FASCINATION
OAC18. A Giant Mural Poster, by Bob Masse in Black & White, 6ft x 3ft. 17/6d.

Big O Posters Ltd.

(See Page 21)

OTHER SCENES

Other Scenes costs £2.10.0d for ten surprise mailings from all over the world. Make cheques out to John Wilcock, please. Mail this form to Other Scenes, 12 Glazbury Road, London, W14.

Name: .....

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Spike File is a hotchpotch of editorial and out side contributions. Anyone with cheap gossip or important information should send concise paragraphs to 'Spike' c/o OZ, 38a Palace Gdns Terrace, W8.

COME, MARRY EVA

The wretched Customs Alfs have again refused even a temporary entry permit to golden Eva. She has £50 and a permanent invitation to stay at her girlfriend's home, but British Customs keep sending her back to Paris. Her only loophole is to marry an Englishman. Eva is an exceptionally hip, beautiful Swedish summer and she promises to live at least a week with an Englishman who takes her hand in wedlock. Write to her girlfriend Judy, c/o OZ.

We finally got around to testing the wares of our two faithful advertisers, Pellen Personal Products Ltd, and *Ravensdale Products Ltd.*, ('Men it can be done). Pellen is an amiable husband and wife team who operate from discreet offices in N10. Their attractive young staff while away the hours packing and dispatching a fascinating range of 'optional extra' sexual attachments. These include fancy sheath styles which vary from the deliciously subtle to the sensationally sadistic. For the man, there is a loss of sensitivity but most girls report reaching new ecstasy thresholds. The male pleasure reduction can be avoided with Pellen's clitoral cushions and other devices. (One of which is called simply 'Marriage Happiness'). Ravensdale, the makers of 'Magnaphal' are also helpful and efficient. Although I haven't persevered with the famous ointment, which is designed to be used with a series of exercises, I saw many hundreds of letters from exuberantly satisfied customers. One man reported such an astonishing increase in the size of his prick that the makers of 'Magnaphal' declined to believe him. 'If you think I'm a lier', responded the satisfied customer, 'I'll come in and show you'. He was advised to discontinue treatment. Yes, men, it seems it can be done, but I remind you that Masters and Johnson in their book 'Human Sexual Response' concluded that there is no relation between penis size and male sexual prowess.

Results of the OZ Sunday Times quiz:

Century's most glamorous woman:
Girlfriends, followed by Anna Karina, Suzy Kendall, Marilyn Monroe.

Most prestigious occupation:
Doctors, then trendy Dukes, artist, writer, cook, fishmonger.

Nation you would most like to belong to:
Czechoslovakia, Tonga ('Is it just their press image or are they really so bloody happy?'), Andean tribe.

Most fascinating 20th century man:
Most OZ readers voted themselves, other: Guevara, Bob Dylan, Syd Barrett, Alistair Crowley, God ('creator of the apple'), Miss April Ashley, Bertrand Russell and Alfred E Neuman ('the first drop-out').

When the Beatles were refused admission to Disneyland, because of long hair they re-appeared dressed as nuns and were allowed in.

William H James PhD published a letter in OZ 10 seaking 'coital calenders'. These are records of the days in which women menstruate and have sexual intercourse with their husbands. This letter was written up in 'People'. Since then he has received over 20 replies. Three of them by the same crank—once as a 27 year old man, once as a 16 year old girl, once as a 55 year old woman. According to Dr James, a biometricist, about four of the coital records are extremely useful and will provide 'valuable and a completely new kind of data'. He tried, without success to publish the same letter in New Statesman, The Spectator, Nova, Sunday Times, Observer, New Society, Lancet and several other broadminded journals.

Donovan has become an obsessive drug coward. Following the recent raid on Middle Earth he cancelled his concert there. Donovan greets any visitors to his home with 'Hello. Make sure you're not holding.'

That gaggle of old women who run the Rationalist Presss Association which publishes the dull grey, moribund magazine 'Humanist' have refused to accept the standard OZ advertisement. A special committee meeting was called for it to be rejected. The advertisement shows a female bosom.

10 DAYS

IN NEW YORK — **Spike File**

At airports, the small print on automatic insurance machines firmly disqualifies charter flights from eligibility. Yet £50 for a ten day charter return trip to New York proved irresistable—even on a discarded Qantas Boeing 707. Sandie Shaw was aboard, she had wrung some publicity out of the non-incident of her smallpox vaccination which caused the Evening Standard to dub the flight 'the pop special'. Miss Deb 1967 was there, languidly stoned between two giggly friends, so was Al Stewart, folksinger, Steve, from Osiris posters, Mike Henshaw, the hippy accountant, photographers, literary agents, restauranteurs, one plump Indian woman (who was absorbed in pornography) and two gentleman looking uncomfortable in business suits.

Earlier, as the planeload had chirped along the concrete corridors towards takeoff area, after passing currency control, I spied wads of notes crashing to the ground from between the legs of debs like so many recoiling tampaxes; to be urgently retrieved by accompanying males. Their money, sticky but safe.

Seven hours later, New York. Visas were stamped, names were checked in an ominous black book and baggage trolleys were issued for us to queue up at customs like rush hour at MacFisheries.

Later, it's ham & eggs at a drug store and rides up town in fibre glass seated buses which have noisy machines sorting and spewing coins for the driver. Above is a cardboard Lyn Redgrave offering her recipe for Lamb Casserole.

Robert Putnam

3.

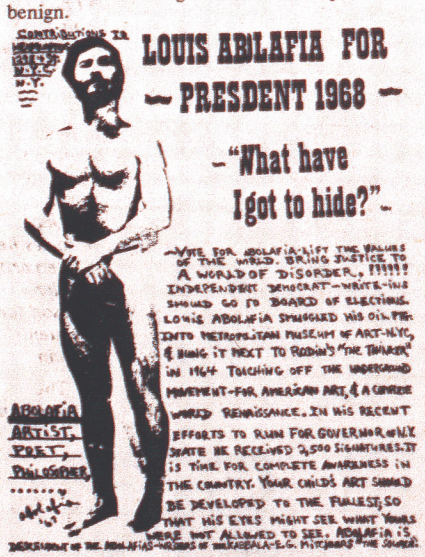
DYLAN
BOP1. Martin Sharp's beautiful Litho Poster, 20 x 30". Printed Red & Black on gloss Gold. 7/6d.

Big O Posters Ltd.
(See Page 21)

Every Saturday the politicised hippies, yippees, (see OZ 11) meet at the Free School (alias Free University) on East 14th Street. That afternoon they were preparing for the mass Yip Out–'Resurrection of Free'–to be held in Central Park next day. Balloons, posters, flowers, records, fun and magic. We were all asked to bring a can of food 'to build a mountain of it for Dr King's poor people'. Rock groups were coming. Amplified sound is illegal in New York parks, but yippees warned City Hall that, in the wake of King's assasination, they had better cool it. Light aeroplanes were booked to drop flowers on the crowds. One yippee reported the results of his free flower fall experiments. He had dropped chrysanthemums, daisies and daffodils from a high building to compare their endurance capacity. I was handed a yippee conscript form: 'I CAN STEAL FOR YIPPEE Mimeo paper––Money––records––dope––flowers––space––'. Paul Krassner, editor of the wild, original, personal, Realist, was there, exerting sanity.

Once Krassner was interviewed by Joe Pine, a neurotic, right wing telly celebrity who, like our Ken Allsop, has a wooden leg. Pine asked Krassner whether he ever felt embarrassed about dating girls because of his scarred face. Replied Krassner: Are you embarrassed when you unstrap your wooden leg to fuck your wife?. The video tape was never screened.

Thousands of people arrived at the park next day to give and receive free posters and records, score acid, hash, STP and Morning Glory seeds. Groups rocked, one couple loved under a blanket, a large brown beautiful girl suckled a baby, men in purple sweat shirts and yippee badges carried collection boxes chanting: 'get hip, give to yip'. Planes dropped flowers, which blew into the surrounding trees and the cops were benign.



Louis Abolafia was in the park, standing for President. His handout leaflet shows him naked ('What have I got to hide?'). Abolafia is executive director of the Foundation for Runaway Children . . . 'We try to mediate and counsel and point out the ills of drugs and various dangers in East Village . . . vote for Abolafia, bring justice to a world of disorder.'

In New York I enjoyed the hospitality of John Wilcock, an Americanised Englishman and veteran extraordinaire of the Underground. In 1952 he halped launch the Village Voice along with Norman Mailer, Daniel Wolf, Edwin Fancher and others and since then has edited scores of underground papers throughout the world. Somewhat of a cross between Che Guevara and Elsa Maxwell, Wilcock is an instinctive international revolutionary, a charming companion and a manic communicator. We look forward to his forthcoming influence on the London scene.

Now on Broadway, 'Hair', the rock musical, is the only thing worth going uptown for, apart from Macy's 'Toy City'. 'Hair' is a fast furious blend of love, hate, nudity, sex, satire, soul, pot and revolution. For a start, the leading lady Sheila lives with two men at once–which is a long way from 'West Side Story' (Natalie Woodn't). The middle class audiences roar their crew-cutted heads off at lines like 'Let's have a suck in for peace' and absorb without embarrassment the pounding vocabulary of traditional obscenity. Only three of the audience cheer when a hippie dodges the draft dodgers to enlist. The rest hiss. A brilliant parody of 'The Supremes' erupts form the discursive, lateral plot as a trio of tasty black girls are projected to centre stage on scaffolding, all bouncing and writhing and all sharing the same pink sequined clinging dress. The programme notes confirm the radical mood: 'Miss Sally Seaton lives in East Village . . . and is for acid, sex and peace'. Yes, it's all happening on Broadway. After the show I walked across the road and got bounced out of a bar for not wearing a dress jacket.

Add Saturday's Portobello and Kings Road together then multiply by 100. This equals the East Village at 4am. The vivid underground tabloid, East Village Other (once edited by Wilcock) is published here along with the newer 'Rat' (for total revolution). It is here that yippees give away free food (only to be prosecuted by police for infringing health regulations) where the Fillmore East pioneers with strobes, where there are more rock musicals, paperback emporiums, The Electric Circus, leather boutiques, rivetting record shops . . .

America has more freedom than England in all media except tv, and the East Village underground television laboratory (Channel One) is generally about as underground as Simon Dee. Only one of their joke commercials could not be televised here: a puppet drones on with a VD warning, as the camera moves in, you come to realise the playful puppet is really a live human prick (its nose and mouth) and balls (its two eyes).

The Mothers of Invention gave a wilder concert at the Fillmore East than here at the Albert Hall. The Fillmore was still half empty when the curtains rose so crowds of East Villagers were let in free. Projected behind the Mothers was a staggeringly original, 3 dimensional psychedelic light show, rather humbling the London Roundhouse experiments with slides of Afghan basket weaving and blobs of primaries.

I saw Andy Warhole's new movie 'Lonesome Cowboy', not yet released. It is the first of his films to enjoy editing. It stars Viva (the white cover girl) and Taylor Mead. This movie will become talked about because of a spontaneous gang rape scene and its deeply homosexual parody of Westerns. Dialogue, direction, and most of its action is, of course, ex tempore so the burden of communication falls heavily on each member of Warhole's cast, or rather, coterie. Lonesome Cowboy is patchy; at times monumentally boring and repetitive; often eccentrically brilliant. Hopefully it will emerge, in the finally edited version, as the ultimate anti-Western. Taylor Mead is a mad, camp clown. It is said that he turns real life into a movie. Whenever he appears in Lonesome Cowboy, he turns a movie into genius.

Warhole himself is still No 1 on the New York celebrity poll. It is said that Warhole let's everyone exploit him to his own advantage. Max's of Kansas city, the famous bar, granted Warhole several months credit in return for a painting. When the credit expired Max's had a fire. Now Andy is doing them another painting and still dines for free. Max's cultivates the great American craft of rudeness, which of course enhances its popularity.

Jimmy Hendrix appeared everywhere–except Harlem, where he was tossed out. His skin was too pale. I briefly met him once as I was grandly displaying some of Martin Sharp's best-selling posters: Donovan . . . Bob Dylan . . . Van Gogh. Suddenly Hendrix leaned over the table: 'Van Gogh? What group does he sing with, man?' I told him Gene Vincent.

The worst club in the Village is called 'Salvation', rendered instantly unpalatable by two prominent notices on the door: 'Couples only', and 'Men must wear ties or fashionable costume'. The entrance fee is $ 8 and not surprisingly, it was apparently the permanent venue for many of the swingers on our Boeing pop special.

Someone forgot the key to the Free School offices, so the second Saturday yippee meeting was spread across the grass of nearby Union Square. A yippee tribute to Luther King was handed out to bystanders (who are always where yippees are) . . . 'We are going to write vengeance on the wall of the White House', it shouted from scarlet paper. One little old lady shredded hers instantly, much to the irritation of onlooking blacks. Jerry Rubin pleaded for the yippee Saturday meetings to become information exchange centres. He also said it was 'nuts to think of revolution without ideology–inevitably that would come, consciously or otherwise'. Henceforth, Saturday meetings would be for each yippee to announce his project and invite those interested to rendezvous nearby. The key yippee happening will be the disruption of the Presidential elections. Already plans are underway for hiring buses, road kitchens and medical teams to accomodate the thousands of yippees expected to head for Chicago in August. The inauguration of the Youth International Party. Meanwhile, the new anarchists are rehearsing. These were the projects announced in Union Square Park on the sunny Saturday afternoon, April 20.

Project 1. Man with homebuilt portable amplifier and loudspeaker. 'I made this. We can control crowds with it. We can disrupt police with it. Give me some help and money and we'll make dozens. We will take them to Chicago.

Project 2. A girl quietly explains her poor people programme. Would those interested speak to her.

Project 3. Jerry Rubin and Paul Krassner announce they are preparing a book of quotations on the disalienation of world youth. They want any quotes that express what's happening. It doesn't matter who says them; they can be your own. Yippee will receive a healthy publishers advance. (Any helpful OZ readers can write to them c/o Yippee, Apt 607, 32 Union Square East, NY 10003. New York.)

Project 4. Man announces a loot-in. 'We'll choose a store. About 20 of us can go hand a cashier a flower and begin walking towards the door.'

Project 5. Chicago survival. A call for camping equipment, tinned food etc.

Project 6. General sabotage programme. Men wanted.

Project 7. Please hand out free tickets to community dinners at St Marks Church.

Project 8. Please paste up posters for yippee.

Project 9. People asked to join international student strike following week, April 26 ('Day of Peace, day of Spring, day of Warmth').

So ended the meeting of yippees and my stay in New York. Diggers, it should be pointed out, are ideologically opposed to yippees and equate the call to Chicago with a lemmings picnic. For me, if it ever becomes a choice between retiring to Norfolk growing vegetables or marching, like yippees, to the Stock Exchange and throwing money into the centre of the floor; it won't be cabbages.

Richard Neville

You'll see an advertisment in this issue for an OZ benefit at Middle Earth. Please come. We can't yet divulge all the reasons why OZ needs money, because it would frighten too many people on whom our existence depends. And although the recent issues have been covering cost, we're still paying for youthful extravagances. Example: Haphash and the Coloured Coat's psychedelic Kama Sutra gatefold (OZ 4) where we used pure gold ink instead of sensible varnish. The purchase tax people insist that our poster OZes weren't really OZes at all, but posters, and they want 27½%. David Hauseman and Paul Ableman have generously donated the use of Middle Earth on Sunday 26 May and groups will appear for expenses only. If Mick Jagger is reading this, please come and play.

From P.B.:

In Queensway, London, there stands a newsagent trafficking in the most catholic selection of papers and magazines—not, I should say, hard-core pornography, but serious stuff like **Ebony,** *Iraqui journals,* **La Stampa, Male,** *and the like. This pleasant little store was until recently run by a Jewish lady of uncertain years and temperament. She was, of course, white.*

The chief attraction of this emporium, was the interesting selection of personal advertisements carried on cards in glass cases outside the shop. Such things are common enough: '42-inch chest for hire'; 'Erections and demolitions a speciality' 'Cultured coloured lady seeks interesting position';'Young American ex-gymn mistress gives private workouts. Rough matting a speciality'; and very innocuous statements such as 'typing done at home', the advertiser of which, when approached by an innocent who did indeed want something typed, said 'you should read between the lines. Piss off.' It will readily by understood why the shop's glass display cases were the subject of intense study at all hours by men in raincoats with one hand in their pockets.

Came the day when the above-mentioned Jewish lady sold out, perfectly amicably and in just the spirit that General Dayan might emulate, to some Arabs. The character of the shop changed not at all—at first. Then horrified habitues of the subtle commercials of whoredom noticed that the cards were disappearing. Where previously the request to 'share a bedsitter' had been an invitation to pay for a fuck, it now meant exactly what it said. 'Wardrobe for sale' implied a nubile wench parading in an assortment of erotic garbs; now it meant a piece of utility furniture designed for storage.

The men in raincoats were seen gathered on the street's windy corners, muttering angrily amongst themselves. Normally unconcerned about racial problems, they became vehement supporters of the Immigration Laws and talked of the wogs ruining the area. It seemed, indeed, as if the Arab owners had embarked on a righteous crusade to clean the shop up, with the result that they had lost a lot of business.

But the true cause of the unpopularity, the real goad of racist sentiment, was surprise, surprise—our very own police force. They had paid a visit to the shop and told the ex-owner's sister (also Jewish and white), who had stayed on and had nothing but praise for her new employers, that it was illegal for her to run pornographic adverts (pornographic originally meant the study of whores, but if the blacks did it they'd bust them). Here we have, in one explosive mixture, the issues of censorship and colour and not a protest has been made.

The Conference on Human Rights opened in Teheran as a new wave of repression swept the country. The military dictatorship, under the Shah's direct orders, have reacted to unrest with mass arrests and prison torture, which are documented in letters smuggled out of the country. Some of these tortures are described as unspeakable. Banishment is common. Shiraz University has been closed for protesting against the absence of democratic liberty; Teheran University is surrounded by troops. Religious leaders have been badly beaten up, interrogated, and put in gaol where the rations are 24 gramme of sugar, one gram of tea, two loaves of stale bread, 40 grammes of the poorest quality soap and one shilling per day in cash.

As many as fifty student leaders have been arrested and banished to areas with unbearable climatic conditions without even the customary mock trial. This is the country playing host to U Thant and delegates sworn to defend the lofty principles of the Declaration of Human Rights.

The woolgatherers' favourite Sunday Newspaper stepped fearlessly into the shit raised by Mr Enoch Powell and sank without a trace. It's editorial, as usual, was distinguished by its rhetorical flourish and earnest meaninglessness. In the best tradition of middle class liberalism it placed the wrong interpretation on a series of false assumptions and concluded triumphantly by saying nothing at all. All this we expect, but at the beginning of the week its distinguished, wealthy and patrician editor took a different stand on the race problem. Seperate development (sometimes known as apartheid) was the answer, he argued. The Blacks wanted it, the whites would welcome it, it solved the problem of Britain's ghettoes. It was both sane and humane. He was amazed when most of his editorial staff then offered their resignations. Being a man of principle, he promptly altered his editorial. His staff withdrew their notice. His paper's attitude on race was then bravely exposed for what it was: the unhappy product of insecure men, uncertain of anything.

On a personal note, we celebrate the launching of a new publishing imprint by a friend of this magazine, Barley Alison. She is one who excells in the unexpected, being the last person you would expect to have been trained to pick a lock (during the War), spent ten years in the Foreign Office (after it), or shared a governess with Peter Ustinov. She is both an editor and a hostess in the grand tradition. The first book under her imprint—The Alison Press—is **Downstairs at Ramsey's** *by James Leigh, a beautiful, funny American novel, as smooth and bitter as good coffee. At a time when publishing is becoming as monotonously anonymous as government, writers need Barley Alison.*

From R.H.:

Despite the Grand Prix at Tours Film Festival and a circuit sale in the USA, B S Johnson's brilliant new movie **You're Human Like the Rest of Them** *has still not found a British distributor. American distributors, who have never been noted for their dedication to aestheticism, regard their Wardour street counterparts as a bunch of garbage men. Their gross underestimation of public taste is the sole reason for the grim, old fashioned shorts (and frequently features) in every circuit cinema in Britain.*

Lindsay Anderson's short feature film **The White Bus** *was a total fiasco at the Oberhausen*

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Festival this month. Non-directed actors, obscure social comment and crude humour left the audience mystified. Anderson built a reputation in the fifties by making minor (now dated) 'social comment' shorts and then encouraging his friends to write enthusiastic reviews. Although a nominal left-winger, his fascistic treatment of his associates makes him all but impossible to work with, and he hasn't made a full-length film since the melodrama **This Sporting Life** *some years back. If, and it's unlikely,* **The White Bus** *gets a London release we can be reasonably certain of being spared future films.*

Another fascist, Peter Watkins, who cloaks his penchant for mutilation and suffering with an convincing left-wing views, is back in London looking for work after the cancellation of his three picture American contract. Although someone (at least) was obviously impressed by **Privilege**, *Watkins proved far too irrational and dogmatic for the (always nervous) boys with the money.*

A BFI Production Board film called **The Park** *is arousing a lot of controversy. Called by the 'International Times' as 'the worst film at Knokke festival' and by the 'Daily Telegraph' as 'a gloomy view of urban recreation',* **The Park** *has received enormous praise from people such as Eric Rhode and Sir William Coldstream. This week (7.4.68) John Berger the novelist and art critic wrote a long eulogy on the film in the stai* **New Society**. *A number of people, this writer included, consider the director, writer, cameraman, editor, 21 year old Richard Saunders, as the most original film talent to appear in this country for many years. Saunders is now makin a short (70') 35mm wide screen feature,* **Jack Pudding and the Acrobat**, *from his own original screenplay. Intellectual, withdrawn, a perfectionist in his work (it was his attention to detail that enraged the 'International Times'), Saunders was undismayed at the lack of understanding which was the first reaction to his films. Film makers manque who complain ceaselessly about lack of BFI support should look at Saunders films to discover the secret of his work. It can be summed up in three words . . . Something to say.*

It is rumoured that a group of short film makers in London are preparing a dossier against a well known short film distributor. It is alleged that, for example, he sells a film for £200 to a TV station, tells the film maker the price was £100, then deducts his 15% commission.

In Paris go and see Louis De Wet's exhibition of drawings at the Galerie 7+13, 6 Rue Visconti Paris 6e. Actually drawings doesn't really describe them. Highly fashioned detailed works in pencil that have the weight of painting, like Pisanello using 15th century techniques on a complex 20th century vision. Like Pisanello where girls and modern sexual paraphernalia have been substituted for animals. De Wet is London based now and some of his work will be exhibited here later this year. His stuff is electrifying.

POLICE ARREST POETS

On Saturday, April 27, ten people were arrested outside Bernard Stone's Turret Bookshop in Kensington Church Walk and charged with wilful obstruction. Those arrested included Asa Benveniste (of Trigram Press), Anthony Barnett (poet), Hugh Kenso (Indica Books), Wendy and John Sharkey (ICA) and Clive Watson (poet). They were part of a demonstration which assembled outside the Turret Bookshop to protest against the inclusion of small press works in an exhibition at the United States Embassy.

This exhibition had been organised by Turret Bookshop partner, Edward Lucie Smith and included works of the demonstrators without their permission. Edward Lucie Smith had refused to withdraw their works on the grounds that he was exhibiting his private collection of small press works. The demonstrators did not want their works used for US propoganda purposes.

The 50 arrived at the Turret Bookshop clutching daffodils and anti-US posters. They burnt two books on the pavement, pinned a wreath on the door of the shop and asked the manager, Bernard Stone, to return them any of their works in stock. This he did, with a mixture of amusement and embarrassment.

Suddenly the police arrived. They urged Bernard Stone to press charges. He declined. Police then asked demonstrators to make way for a puzzled bystander. They did. Then Christopher Logue, one of the demonstrators, suggested the crowd move to the Embassy and remove the books forcibly. The ransacking motion was rejected, but the demonstrators decided to move to the Embassy anyway. Too late. The police swooped in and arrested ten of them. Of those who escaped, about eight arrived at the Embassy and were turned away.

Since the arrests, Bernard Stone has organised a petition from surrounding shopkeepers stating that there was no obstruction. It is believed by some of those involved in the demonstration and the events preceeding it, that the CIA are behind the arrests: 1. There has been an official clamp-down on press coverage of the arrests. 2. The 'wilful obstruction' arrests were made at a time and place where it is customary for people to gather. 3. One of the most vociferous demonstrators, Asa Benveniste, had his home burgled prfessionally, but little was taken. The next day his printing press was broken into. All metal typefaces and ancillary utensils were destroyed or taken. The low price for scrap lead and metal rule out the theft motive. The police did not take finger-prints.

(This report was prepared with the co-operation of Sonia Sharkey and International Times.)

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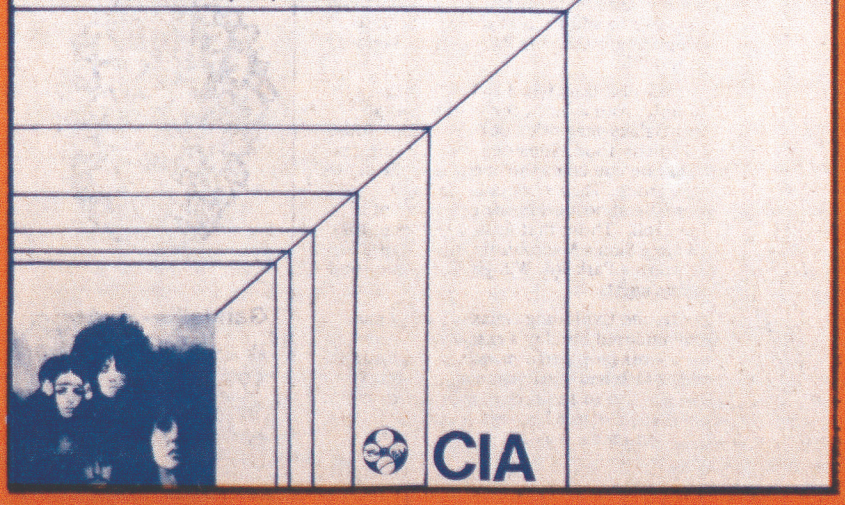

CIA

KINEMATOGRAPH WEEKLY: April 27, 1968

A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO

COLUMBIA has certainly produced a different campaign book for "In Cold Blood." This was done because the company feels the picture demands very careful thought from managers and a really sensibly conceived and executed campaign. The conventional approaches and conventional printing were therefore thrown overboard.

Local press—" tell them about it as far in advance of your playdate as possible," Columbia suggests. And then send periodic reminders, and possibly copies of the Penguin book. Editors, music critics, women's page writes, should all have a special interest, because of the film's content.

At the theatre in advance of playdate Columbia believe a personal letter on normal letter paper, and personally signed, and displayed on the newsboard, or blown up and displayed in a glazed frame on a prominently sited easel, would provide the necessary personal approach to patrons. (And there's a suggested text too.)

Nearer playdate, cut-out film reviews from local and national papers could be added to the letter, and so make a special display panel.

Another advance theatre activity could be a talk to the audience from the stage—not a long speech, but a sincere word of recommendation. Again the text is provided.

DIGGERS

Heisenberg had a theory about electrons. They jig about in a rather excited way, and Heisenberg's Theory of Indeterminacy, as it's called, infers that the behavious of electrons is so unpredictable you can never tell where they are at. Heisenberg would have been in his element at the Digger's Conference.

Carefully non-organised as an unstructured event, it looked like a shambles, spoke with the gift of tongues (all at once) and by Sunday night, seemed something of a success.

Friday evening, as the lady form the Guardian pointed out, (with greater kindness than perhaps was deserved) started out with something of a false start. About 150 people turned up at the Anti-U. In the confined space at 49 Rivington St, things took on something of the crowd quality of St Peter's Square on Easter Sunday. (Elias Canetti would have been ecstatic).

So we lit out of the local church hall. On the way, Policeman G 253, (I think, he was very tall) accosted a gorup walking over and demanded to know why Hackney police had not been informed of the 'march'. A polite reply that the 'march' was only peaceable citizens walking round the corner to church was answered with a string of remarks indicating the Constable's extreme distaste for communal livers. After we had crossed the street, someone whispered 'Blue Fascist', loudly and honour was satisfied.

(For a fee) the local parson was very interested in accommodating communal living. The only hang up was, did we mind the concreters. Some parishioners were repairing the stairs to the choir loft, they would need to fill their buckets at the tap in the hall just behind the speakers, and they would, of course, be unable to wheel their barrows any other way but through the crowd. McLuhan says in an age of accelerating transience we have to forget trying to adjust our frames of reference to new conditions, they are gone and replaced before we have even thought about them. So a good natured crowd ignored the concreters and settled down to hear the first speakers, Laing group psychiatrists, David Cooper and Joe Berke. David and Joe spoke briefly, eloquently, pertinently and way above the heads of the audience, who listened patiently and then sullenly, and finally resentfully began addressing themselves. A transience of form accelerated by the Exploding Galaxy (present in strength) beginning their performance a full two days earlier than scheduled. So it was a non-structured event. Right? Right! One of their members, wearing a huge Mexican hat full of wood shavings commandeered the speakers table, eyed the crowd, and gobbled like a Christmas turkey threatened with the axe. They cheered. And maybe they were right.

As someone diagnosed later, the new order is almost unable to express itself in language and finds little reward in the anachronism of the dialectic. The meeting was thrown open and 150 voices set about each other. The loudest of them belonged to Sid Rawle, self-styled 'unique friend and adviser' to the Hyde Park Diggers, (denounced by another speaker as primitive capitalists) who strode, cape aswirl to the centre of the hall and announced in full stentor, 'This is a bloody shambles,' a sentiment requiring little perception, but Sid declined to elaborate and sat down. A few speakers came to the front and attempted to articulate their anguish or confusion, but failed or were unheard. Everyone else was sitting about the floor in groups rapping. Communicating. As the Galaxy exploded round them. It might have gone on all night.

But the System, in this case represented by the Vicar, was very uptight about any sort of 'happening' and the organisers weren't too handy with the relevant biblical text to calm him down. So the hall was cleared and most of the group returned to the Anti-U where they rapped affectively, seriously, till late.

Saturday afternoon, about 90 people returned to the Anti-U for seminars with members of existing communities. George Ineson a member of a Gloucester community which has been operating successfully for 20 years, was probably the most interesting of the speakers.

Ineson indicated the problems of communal living with great clarity, but the discussion groups seemed reluctant to tackle the two real bugaboos of any social set-up, money and sex. As Alan Krebs, remarked, 'They're afraid to reach out and touch the peckers of the dragons'. And the session closed without any St George showing up.

Sunday's session was at Middle Earth. It was intended to be a workshop conducted by Leon Redler, but it was a sunny day, so he played baseball on Primrose Hill. As touchingly expatriate an activity as the Australian anti-Vietnam people disrupting Anzac Day at the Cenotaph. Improvising, the organisers attempted a little crafty structuring by arranging the only available seating in the form of concentric circles and the afternoon went off just like a Quaker prayer meeting, with quite remarkable raport.

The man from the Free Bookshop complained at length, that he just couldn't seem to give anything away. Nobody wanted to take. Only swap. So everyone promised to come and denude his shelves sometime soon. Address: Coleherne Mews, Wharfedale St. SW10, PAD 2409. Open 6–10 weekdays, 10–6 Saturdays.

Emmanuel Petrakis spieled for the New Life community, but made it clear he didn't want anyone with hangups, after all his was a 'family' community. Address: New Life, 15 Camden Hill Rd. Gypsy Hill, SE19.

Nick Stapleton announced that a commune was starting in Potter's Bar and did anyone want to join? Address: 39 Highfield Way, Potter's Bar.

Muz Murray revealed that a Europe-wide list of crashpads was being prepared and paper and pencils were passed. Nearly everyone with a roof over their heads put their names down. The idea is being spread. Starting with the next issue of OZ, this list will be published in a form suitable for future reference. If you would like to add to the list pleasewrite to Crashpads, c/o OZ, 38a Palace Gdns Terrace. London W8.

Someone else threatened to burn his last 10/- note. And even lit the match. But a gaunt Galaxy man cried out that it should be used to buy food. Someone shouted 'diggers do' and on cue coins showered into the centre of the group. They were collected and eventually almost everyone got a bite of a cheese roll. Those that missed out were told that Greg Sam's Macrobiotic Restaurant, 136 Westbourne Park Rd. W2. gives out free food Sunday nights.

Finally, the Exploding Galaxy, having patiently endured Sunday's extended session, gave a workshop performance of the Buddha ballet which had sufficient magic to transform each member of the Forum into one of the Budddha's five hundred milch cows. It seemed a nice communal way to close.

Paul Lawson

War is hell. Yeah! And draft dodging isn't all that much fun either (would you rather be shot or would you rather starve in exile?). The summer draft offensive in America will see a significant escalation of draft dodgers in London. They'll need jobs and accomodation. If you can help, contact, Liz Salt, c/o support Advisory Council for American Resisters, 4 Shavers Place, Haymarket, London SW1. After all your mothers loved their fathers in 1942.

If Robert Kennedy were Jean Luc Godard he'd make movies like Don Levy's first feature **Herostratus**, playing this month at the new ICA, Carlton House, The Mall.

A perfectly assured technique of great adventurousness confronts the 'issues' of our time with incredible intensity and such ruthless commitment that audiences emerge white-faced, as wrought as heroine Gabriella Licudi who breaks down completely in the final scene. And she's not acting.

If you've ever thought there might be more to movies than Busby Berkely, see it.

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THE STORY SO FAR:–
Sections 1–4 of this non-linear political mosaic appeared in OZ No 11. Section 1 suggested that freedom is meaningless unless defined in terms of power, and compared the Socialists' and the Conservatives' claims to being the party of freedom; suggesting that, on balance, the party of planning left more people freer than that of free enterprise for top people. Section 2 thought that anarchists were usually too sentimental in assuming that it's natural, egalitarian and comradely; they ought also to allow for right-wing (competitive) and 'black' (sadistic) anarchism. And the internal contraints needed for anarchy needn't necessarily by less tyrannical than our external ones. Section 3 looked enviously at another aspect of right-wing anarchism: the para-hippie irresponsibility enjoyed anyway by our upper classes, and its grim consequences for the rest of us, as top people team up with American and European finance and say 'Up the Union Jack, I'm all right' to middle and lower-class Britain. Section 4 wondered how the hippie pitch would be queered by Britain's decline and, if not fall, then stagnation or only slow rise, and concluded that the best situation would be a very slow rise with absolutely no Dunkirk spirit.
NOW READ ON:–

5 In Which Sir Oswald Mosley is Sympathetically Considered.

If Fascism, like right-wing anarchism, lacks a voice, it is for the same reason; whoever claims absolute power arouses sales resistance. One understands Fascism amongst one's friends, but never in public debate, when it becomes that deep deep black mass in comparison to which one's own dirty grey seems as white as democratic white. Yet it's as pervasively around us as the air we breathe.

In theory, at least, Fascism could evolve into just what Hitler called it, 'National Socialism'. In fact it loses Communism's traditional drawback, its allegiance to the working classes of the world, who are either too vague, or wogs, or Moscow spies. And when Russian Bolshevism's massive bureaucratic apparatus, instead of withering away, turned into Stalinism, National Socialism was, perhaps, just what it was, only with the bureaucrats playing the capitalists as well as themselves. But Stalin and de Gaulle remembered what Napoleon and the Marxists ignored, a nation is, economically as well as culturally, a class; one, admittedly, that criss-crosses others, but a class all the same. It was nasty, but it was only human, of the German little man to believe that, one day, he too would be an aristocrat, that is one of the herrenvolk

Seen in this light, Mosley's sudden switch from the Labour party, in which he was all set for a brilliant career, to a Fascist plank, ceases to be inexplicable, and becomes a perfectly intelligible calculation, showing more logic than flair. He foresaw that, when it came to a showdown, the Labour party's nerve would always fail it. The leaders' surrender that ended the General Strike stemmed not only from the forelock-toucher's awe of those top hats, not only from the streak of peace-at-any-price meekness that creeps into the labour movement through its middle-class connections, but from a matter-of-fact recognition that victory would mean taking over the country, in the teeth of a mutinous middle and upper class, and international finance ie. the 1926 Gnomes of Zurich. Parliamentary action would run into the same trouble, in another form (the Labour government would end, like Wilson, frantically running the capitalist machine). Mosley reckoned that nerve was needed, and a readiness to turn patriotism, hysteria, compulsion, **anything,** against the establishment machine. Unfortunately for himself, Mosley made the odd mistake of imagining that the workers wouldn't fear Fascism more than they feared Conservatism. His movement brought in the lower middle class elements whose chief bugaboo was Communism (and similarly in Germany, Nazism was strongest among the middle classes, weakest among the working classes). Even Mosley's jingo plank failed; his similarities with Nazism gave him the image of a Nazi spy. His anti-Semitism was infinitely more revolting, and less plausible, than the prevalent form of colour-prejudice today.

To the three preconditions of Fascism proper (industrial rhythms, hierarchy, nationalism), we can add a fourth: a sense of crisis. The best brooding ground for Fascism is one in which one group can reasonably hope to keep power over other groups, but only by straining every nerve, by mobilising every resource. The English Tories gave up early in the 19th century, when they realised they couldn't take on middle and working classes together; they switched to compromises with democracy instead, and that's why England is the land of democracy, freedom, compromise and peaceful evolution. Germany was unluckier; A.J P Taylor sees Nazism as deriving spiritual sustenance from Prussian Junker experience as a poor aristocracy dominating a vast population of Prussian and Slav serfs by efficiency alone. The French scene is so fragmented that shaky coalitions alternate with weak, but nasty, Fascist spurts (Boulangism, M Coty's mercenaries of the '30s, Vichyism, Poujadism, OASism), because her social diversity creates bitter, on-a-knife-edge situations very tempting to opportunists. Macchiavelli's words are still true; for every revolution undertaken by the poor, ten are undertaken by the rich. Hence the Western fear of Moscow, whose guns and gold make the poor rich.

NT FASCISMS &

A Paranoid Guide

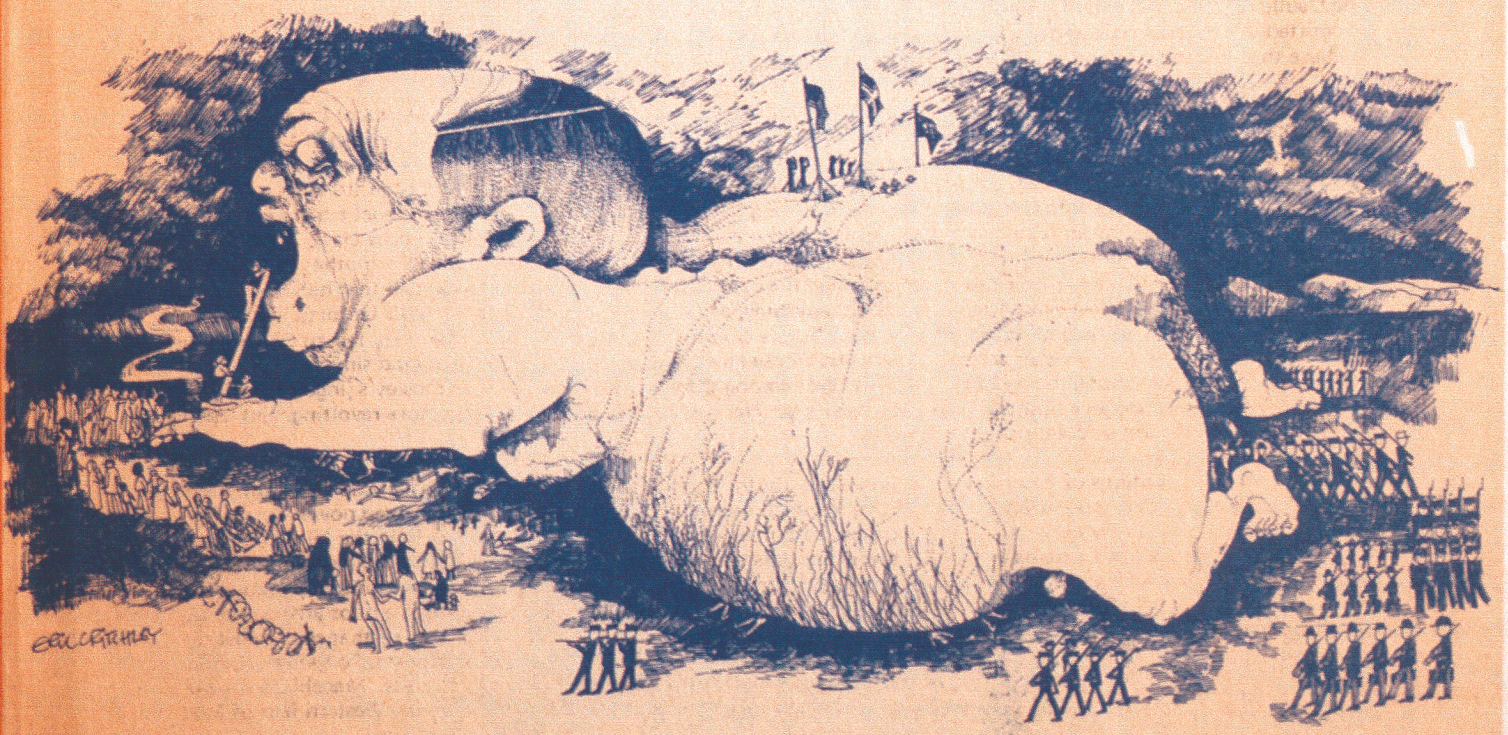
by Raymond Durgnat

It also seems that there's such a thing as democratic Fascism; a prosperous majority permanently, and violently, oppressing a wretched minority. The American negro is such a minority. (It's ironic that Nazi propaganda against America wasn't quite as distorted as it then seemed). But the most popular form of Fascism is that which consists of exporting one's proletariat. One lets one's workers at home into some sort of prosperity; it profits, with one's bourgeoisie, at the expense of the coloured proletariat of the third world. In popular language, this becomes 'bash the wogs', and those portions of the English working-class which rise above the level of such responses tend to become somewhat resigned to the possibility of such responses and tend to adopt the callous, or a philosophical, that is to say, an actively or passively Fascist, attitude, towards the exploitation of the ex-colonial world.

What makes it all more difficult is that this Fascism is the keystone of our prosperity, of our liberalism, of our freedom; that to attack it is not only treacherous to many of our friends (only idealists won't mind that) but masochistic, unless one can locate oneself in those curious God's-eye-views from which intellectuals love to look down on mere mortals. Only this is certain; you can't put the third world, and the British working-man, first, and the Labour movement is due for much more trouble as this problem looms. For 'third world' read the Jews, and you can easily solve the mystery of how so many good Germans could live alongside the concentration camps.

6 A Conservative Revolution?

The Conservatives are right to see a powerful bureaucracy as a potentially Fascist class. As Ernest Mandel remarked, the Russian revolution set up a party bureaucracy, which, as Tory commonsense, and Marx's own basic principles, might have warned it, would put its own interests first. But everyone can see the danger and the Conservatives only obscured it by the obviousness of their motivations, as well as by that endless and inane Conservative attempt to link Socialism and tyranny, which goes back to the forging of the Zinoviev letter in the '20s, through Churchill's utterly serious allegation that the 1945 Attlee administration would put Harold Laski in charge of its Gestapo, and goes on every day in the Daily Telegraph's Peter Simple.



As subsequent elements have made clear, the creeping extension of control is as irreversible as inflation. There is a Parkinson's law of loss of liberty. A Labour government introduced peacetime conscription for the first time in English history, a Conservative government continued it. For nearly 20 years now, 'they' have been requiring university authorities to inform them which students belong to far left political clubs—just for reference, of course. A study of changing police attitudes would reveal the gradual, but steady increase in the docility it expects from the public. Since 1945, they were encouraged in this by the public's satisfaction with affluence, with tradition, with all things moral and British.

Now that the political consensus—or stalemate—is shifting, this happy relationship is shifting too. The unarmed London police beat down mass demonstrations throughout the '30s, and are traditionally paranoiac about anything that involves street crowds. Now middle-class people are coming down into the street, people who are less hopeless, and better equipped to complain in the press, about police attitudes, a new line of friction is opening.

Of course, individual waves roll back, even as the tide moves in. We've already gained on some roundabouts (general sexual permissiveness) what we've lost on some swings. Its even arguable that our increased consciousness of bureaucratization results largely from a gain in insight. We know, now, who conditions us, how, why, and how unfree we are, within as well as without. For Acts of God, read Acts of Parliament. However niggling bureaucracy is, the Means Test isn't back—yet. And even in the '30s, Orwell saw the life of the British 'little man' as ruled by nothing else than stark, simple fear. To compare **Coming Up For Air** to **1984** leaves little doubt that Orwell was drawing on the moods of 1934. We're obviously all freer now than the victims of the Depression's callous chaos.

One would expect a Labour bureaucracy to be preferable to a Conservative one, simply because the party's social centre of gravity is lower. If Labour make aggravatingly timid advances in social reform (abortion, homosexuality, divorce, etc), the Conservatives make no advances whatsoever where money isn't involved, and in such cases they always defer to traditions, those which limit freedom, included. Of course, they would curb the closed shop, out of the purest love of Olde English Liberty. The choice is between a bureaucracy which occasionally bares toothless gums at big business, and one which is willing to act as the agent of big business, in polishing off the cumbersome dinosaur with which the working-class defends itself. There is also, of course, a conservative bureaucracy– including J.Ps, lawyers, and other traditionalist groups. In comparison with the other bureaucracy, it hardly shines for its reasonableness, its concern with the individual, or its freedom gray red tape.

The present threat to freedom comes from a popular quarter. As Britain hits hard times, as freeze, squeeze and cut stalk the land and the old consensus breaks up, politics repolarise. Certain overtones in the I'm Backing Britain campaign are a straw in the wind. My friendly radio dealer said, with an air of finality, 'It's not actually a British model, of course'. (He seemed to think the Philips was). A millionaire gets at the children: 'Little girl, get rickets for Britain.' The government is helpless in the face of a thousand little rises in price (but can cut down on school milk). The Race Relations Act proves all but useless against white prejudice, but is immediately evoked against Michael X, and Roy Sawh As for loveable, fallible George Brown, his remarks about the Omsbudman remind us just how much he resents the lightest pinprick from a character who is virtually castrated by his brief. As for Smiling Jim Callaghan, who previously represented police interests in parliament, bids fair to be the Home Secretary in the Henry Brooke tradition.

On the Conservative side, developments are even more alarming. The supposedly patriotic party is as ready to encourage the Rhodesian rebels now as it was ready to scheme with the Ulster mutineers in 1914. The Enoch Powell-Duncan Sandys axis is more confident, more **interesting**, than ever before. Conservative rhetoric about Britain's economic crisis comes down to, 'My workers should tighten their belts out of patriotism while I get my expense account lunches back to give me more incentive.' A handful of silly secretaries work an extra half an hour for their bosses, while business sticks 'I'm backing Britain' stickers on everything from its Japanese ballpens to its Volksvagen The dishonesty was so flagrant it backfired, superbly; everything the camp Union Jack brigade had done in jest was done in earnest.

John Hurford

As gutless as ever, Labour starts trussing up the unions, to such an extent that it might be better off in opposition, resisting the Conservative campaign which is bound to follow. Tough, dynamic, enterprising Mr Wilson blames the gnomes of Zurich, because he knows as well as we do that a great many of those gnomes had English names and addresses, but he doesn't like to say so, because there'd then be more gnomes of Zurich than ever. Of course they're not being unpatriotic, but they have to protect their investments, and, in the long run, what's good for them is good for Britain.

How numerous and short are the paths from 1968 to 1984 might be indicated by a (frankly artificial) scenario, one of many possible ones. Crisis worsens. Labour government in head on shock with unions. Labour movement splits, Wilson resigns, general elections, thumping Conservative majority. Showdown with unions; general strike. Middle classes patriotically silly and break strike. New policies decided on to distract attention from austerity. Conservatives adapt Liberal co-ownership schemes,

with owners to retain 51% interest. Combination of depression and workers competing against others improves labour disciplines no end. Since the workers are in a minority against an owners/bureaucracy/middle-class united front, and that is tied to the gnomes of Zurich, who is working for whom? General discontent, and government institutes one-year national labour service to soak up unemployment among young, especially coloured. Informal employers' organisations hire Tracers Ltd to keep photographic record of labour agitators. And so it goes. There'd be no need to legislate against freedom of speech, provided only that the middle classes could be kept frightened of, and uninterested in, the lower classes. It's at this point that the scheme shows its artificiality; the middle classes are just as frightened of the upper classes. And how right they are.

7 Snarling Through

Since 1951 the English right has been relatively reasonable. Three major lessons inspired this policy. The first was the 19th-century upper-class realisation that it couldn't hold the country down by force if the middle and lower classes combined against it. The same logic underlay England's attitude to empire. No colony was interesting if the cost of tyranny exceeded the returns in trade; to hold India down in 1945 would have ruined Britain. Giving the Empire away, though it chagrined Churchill, was financially painless; the red left the map, but the trade links remained. The third lesson, taught by Keynes, proved by Schacht, and imposed on the Conservatives by the Attlee government, was that working-class affluence helps trade by increasing its spending-power and broadening the home market. The welfare state and the unions rankled with Conservative suburbia, and the middle class little man who had lost his status vis-a-vis the better-off workers; but big business didn't mind in the least, and big business called the Conservative tune. Not via the rank-and-file, so much as via the Conservative leaders—always, so mystifyingly, to the left of Peter Simple's leaders. For years they, loyal to a man, never murmured against their leaders, simply seething at (a) the trade unions and (b) a curious abstraction called 'the state' or 'bureaucracy'. This curiously omitted the Conservative ministers who headed and extended it and the public-school network which determined its policies. Eventually two things sharpened intra-Conservative strife. But suddenly the party found itself with a middle-class leader; he lacked that magic authority, grumblings began. And the country ran into the economic trouble for which it had been heading since the 19th century.

On the Labour side, Attlee was determined to minimise bitterness. He nationalised minimally, compensated maximally, co-operated with big business. Little business felt it was being taxed to death but working-class cash poured into the till and salved hurt pride.

Thus Conservative and Liberal policy converged in a consensus, which also seemed admirably liberal. And by pre-war standards certainly was. Suez was the first hint that the consensus wasn't altogether liberal, and though the Labour left pretended otherwise it knew perfectly well that the majority of its supporters favoured bashing that wog Nasser. Fortunately for Gaitskell, the Americans pulled the rug from under Eden's feet. But Suez served to rally the first of a series of youthful 'waves', whose selfless indignation was doubtless sharpened by the denial of equalities and opportunities in a stagnant society.

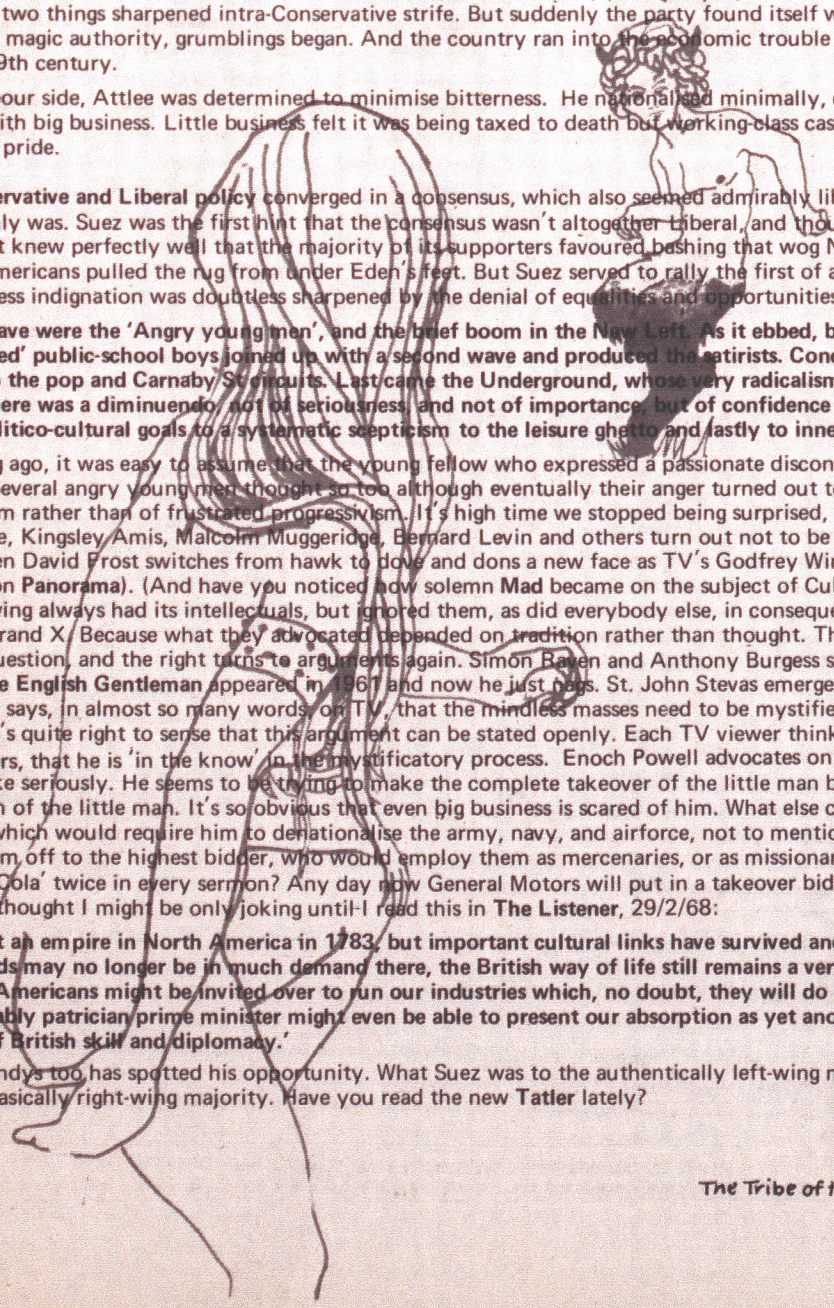
The first wave were the 'Angry young men', and the brief boom in the New Left. As it ebbed, baffled, the first trickle of 'emancipated' public-school boys joined up with a second wave and produced the satirists. Concurrently, gifted non-intellectuals set up the pop and Carnaby St circuits. Last came the Underground, whose very radicalism entailed a retreat from *now* politics. There was a diminuendo, not of seriousness, and not of importance, but of confidence in involvement, a shift from positive politico-cultural goals to a systematic scepticism to the leisure ghetto and lastly to inner-outer space.

Not so long ago, it was easy to assume that the young fellow who expressed a passionate discontent with society must be left-wing. Several angry young men thought so too although eventually their anger turned out to be a matter of frustrated conservatism rather than of frustrated progressivism. It's high time we stopped being surprised, or shrieking 'sell-out', when John Braine, Kingsley Amis, Malcolm Muggeridge, Bernard Levin and others turn out not to be the left-wingers we took them for. Or when David Frost switches from hawk to dove and dons a new face as TV's Godfrey Winn (and these days, the sparks fly higher on **Panorama**). (And have you noticed how solemn **Mad** became on the subject of Cuban exiles and anti-Castroism?) The right wing always had its intellectuals, but ignored them, as did everybody else, in consequence of which they tended to be rather Brand X. Because what they advocated depended on tradition rather than thought. The current crisis calls the consensus in question, and the right turns to arguments again. Simon Raven and Anthony Burgess shot their bolt a little early; Raven's **The English Gentleman** appeared in 1961 and now he just pots. St. John Stevas emerges as the Tory answer to Carnaby St, and says, in almost so many words, on TV, that the mindless masses need to be mystified by the romanticism of royalty. He's quite right to sense that this argument can be stated openly. Each TV viewer thinks of the mindless masses as all the others, that he is 'in the know' in the mystificatory process. Enoch Powell advocates on antediluvian laissez-faire which he can't take seriously. He seems to be trying to make the complete takeover of the little man by the big combines seem like the triumph of the little man. It's so obvious that even big business is scared of him. What else can one make of economic principles which would require him to denationalise the army, navy, and airforce, not to mention the Church of England, and auction them off to the highest bidder, who would employ them as mercenaries, or as missionaries with an obligation to mention 'Coca-Cola' twice in every sermon? Any day now General Motors will put in a takeover bid for the Conservative party, and even I thought I might be only joking until I read this in **The Listener**, 29/2/68:

'Britain lost an empire in North America in 1783, but important cultural links have survived and flourished. For although British goods may no longer be in much demand there, the British way of life still remains a very marketable commodity. In return the Americans might be invited over to run our industries which, no doubt, they will do considerably better than we can. A suitably patrician prime minister might even be able to present our absorption as yet another in the long series of triumphs of British skill and diplomacy.'

Duncan Sandys too has spotted his opportunity. What Suez was to the authentically left-wing minority, immigration could be to the basically right-wing majority. Have you read the new **Tatler** lately?

/over...



The Tribe of the Sacred Mushroom.

8 Is the Muse of Satire the Midwife of Corruption?

Bureaucracy is the big bad wolf. Every fashionable body is anarchist. Swinging Britain is go-ahead Britain. In some undefined way there's no contradiction between affording Carnaby St prices and quadrupling every old age pension. Every lord's son feels quite fond of Mao, because he's so refreshingly different from Sir Alec Douglas Home. Every Carnaby St pattern-cutter thrills to the saga of Fidel and Che, as do those flower-power pacifists whose principles forbid them to squash a human fly under their finger-nail. Rightwing or leftwing, what does it matter, the enemy is the consensus which the various establishments have created between them.

The ambiguity of all this detachment may be expressed in terms of **Private Eye.** The paper itself inherits a curious, and likeable alloy of attitudes: the indignation of the nonconformist conscience; the lordly cynicism and contempt of an aristocratic identification, especially at the expense of Mrs Wilson; upper-middle-class snobbery at the expense of the lower-middle-class (Mrs Wilson again); intellectual-fashionable snobbery at the expense of the middle and upper class; the rage of a generation fed on futile myths by its fathers; in brief, it exploits every possible contradiction between every kind of idealism and every kind of reality.

The most disquieting aspect of this largely admirable (and valuably informative) paper is one of its readership groups, namely, the advertising agency S-men who need to pull a fortnightly face at the thin smears left on their tastebuds by ratrace brown-nosing. They think pulling a face spiritually disengages them from the system; **P.E.** is their raspberry-rosary. And simultaneously satire proves that everything is only a racket and that they can pursue their own racket with a clear conscience. It purges one's self-hatred and anesthetises one's conscience.

The detachment of middle class youth from the vindictive complacency of traditional Conservatism isn't worthless, and in the present climate of opinion, this anarcho-nihilist right is undoubtably preferable, first because though it's more cynical it's less self-righteous, second, because it's less anti-Communist and therefore less anti-Third-World, third, because it'll briefly fellow-travel with the left on account of its own frustrations, fourth, because it's more respectful than it knows of liberalism and more sentimental than it knows about certain facts of life which the left doesn't want to know, thank you very much, which the right, being confusionistic, can't articulate, and which only get mentioned clearly by such great and isolated cynics as Macchiavelli, Hobbes and a few of the other great unread (or ungrasped), and, fifth, because it's libertarian rather than authoritarian.

But there's always the possibility that such cynicism should become a dominant mode, and if the middle-class continues losing confidence in its own sentimentalities, we might come nearer an American or a French situation, where the incorruptibility of the bureaucracy can't be taken for granted, where the rightwing would be relatively free from traditional restraints and blindnesses, where the middle-class would throw off its nonconformist guilt towards the less fortunate, where what is now done apologetically would be done systematically, and British politics would become hard-edge, energetic, brutal and irresponsible.

One: Theological striptease . . . turn on, tune in, drop dead . . . In bed with the English . . . Raped Congo nuns whipped with Rosary beads . . . Private Eye axed.

Two: Mark Lane's BBC expose . . . British Breasts . . . Peter Porter's Metamorphoses . . . Little Malcolm and his struggle against the 20th century . . . Cut our pop stars.

Three: What makes hippies happen . . Last exit to Brewer Street . . . An Address to politicians . . . In praise of Ugliness . . . Magnificent failures.

Four: Hapshash and the coloured coat golden gatefold . . . Tarot cards . . . Process exposed . . . Sgt Nasser's Lonely heartbreak bank . . . Norman Normal . . . Guide to Living in Sin . . . Let de Gaulle die quickly.

Five: Plant a Flower Child billboard poster . . . The Great Alf Conspiracy.

Six: (OZ & Other Scenes) Blue movies by the yard . . . The king of Khatmandu and his Coca Cola Court . . . Dope Sheet . . . John Peel interview . . Letter from a Greek Prison . . . Leary in Disneyland . . . Mcluhan's one eyed electric kingdom.

Seven: What's so good about Bob Dylan . . . Wog Beach Shock . . . Michael X and the Flower Children . . . In bed with the Americans . . . Review of Maharishi's The Science of Being and the Art of Living'.

Eight: Mis-Spelt Guevara poster . . . Russia, you have bread, but no roses . . Playboy's banned pictures . . . Spyder Turner's raunch epistemology. . . . Edward do Bono on lateral thinking.

Nine: New Dylan Lyrics . . . 'If I could turn you on' UFO digest . . . Death at St Pauls.

Ten: The pornography of violence . . . Amnesty report from Athens . . . Gaol in Arkansas . . . The men who ban OZ . . . OH! what a lawful war . . . Roger McGough's 'Summer with the Monarch'

Eleven: Brutal New Statesman parody . . . Vietloon spring offensive . . . Yippees hit Chicago . . . the Anglo-American Pumice Factory Ray Durgnat's Hippy HighHopes.

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"Excuse Me, is this the way to the Gas Chambers?"

What actually has happened in Britain? A couple of politicians have exploited the race question? Some crowds have waved racialist banners? What's changed? The presence of racialism has nothing to do with the activities of Parliamentarians, it's always there. True, but now a strange process has been completed. For nearly a decade politicians have been gently fanning the race issue; extremely frightened of what they were doing, wanting to soak it up rather than start anything big. Now after the Enoch Powell affair, everyone can see that the fire really was blazing all the time, and everything that is done from now on will be in some sense a response to a situation in which racialism is one of the fixed institutions of political life. When they started the long string of capitulations on the question of immigration, they cast their bread upon the waters; in return there has floated back a solid mass of well-nurtured fascism. Hundreds of dockers marched to Parliament to demand further cuts in immigration and to express support for an extremist Conservative.

Meanwhile from the militant left, famous for its dockside agitation, there came the deafening roar of silence. While a wave of 'chuck-out-the-blacks' strikes and demonstrations erupted, only a few students marched in the opposite direction. The trade union leadership did nothing. The unofficial leadership did nothing. The Labour Party did nothing.

What has happened is that eight hundred thousand coloured people, most of whom have migrated to Britain in the recent past, are now psychologically encircled. They have always had their troubles—now they have become one of the centres of political life. It is assumed as a national fact that most people hate them. Everybody in Britain—including the militant race-haters—knows that all that talk about cutting-down immigration was only a way of preparing the country for the real business of degrading and destroying the black community. There is no debate about the question, there can't be, because nobody in authority any longer wants to rehearse the facts; they merely wish to define their positions and attitudes as a matter of further political convenience. We are scrambling up the down escalator; it's hard enough to stay on the same spot.

Nonetheless they all know that:

there are well under a million coloured people in Britain.
it is now impossible to get in legally unless you are
actually needed for a highly skilled job.
more people leave the country than enter it.
immigrants demand less of the social services than the rest
of the population
the rickety transport, health and postal services would
collapse altogether if the immigrant population took it into their heads to depart.
the injection of another more vital and dynamic culture is exactly what this exhausted country needs.

But meanwhile, whatever elected representatives care to believe, bureaucratised racialism is on the increase; income tax officials, welfare authorities, port immigration officials and above all the police, riddled as all bureaucracies are with the pin-headed species of dictatorship, are now operating in a situation in which discrimination is an easy path to popularity. Every new law published to deal with the statistical delusion of excessive immigration, makes every law against discrimination three times harder to enforce.

Britain is stuffed with festering resentment; at no other time in its history has there existed such a contrast between our image and the reality. We want everyone to think we are merry, bright, falsely modest, brilliantly decadent. It is a neon picture stuck on a crumbling old building, but we enjoy the way it glitters. Every now and again the millions who are obliged to live out their lives in appallingly drab and uncomfortable homes, who perform idiot jobs in bad conditions, who watch every facility from transport to the health service, from the police force to the education system, gradually decline into frustrating incompetence and then are told that the degeneration is their fault and that they must accept further reduction and decline every now and then, these people (most of us?) notice the gulf between the colourful sophisticated picture and the hollow truth and the shock deepens the frustration, and the frustration turns to hatred.

Racialism is one of the purer forms of hatred. It is very satisfying feeling; it gives you a sense of belonging to a group; it cuts through the complex issues; it removes dilemmas and suggests easy solutions. It feels radical, even revolutionary. If you can look at your neighbours and hate them straight, without knowing their names or jobs, you can feel comfortingly engulfed, threatened; you are brave, standing firm, uncomplicated, purged of irrelevancies. You know what's wrong with the country, you don't have to be told, you can see for yourself.

The politicians have fed Britain, during elections and between elections, on lies and illusions. Now ordinary indecent people are feeding the politicians back with a newly manufactured lie and illusion—that our troubles are the fault of the blacks. Racialism comes from below for the most part—hey presto, the politicians are weak enough to be swayed.

'This is not a racial matter', said the Tories in 1962 when they fought through the first measures to prevent the free entry of all British subjects in the teeth of Labour Opposition. 'This has nothing to do with Race' said the Labour Party when they maintained and strengthened the same laws a year or two later. 'We denounce the gross slur of racialism' said Harold Wilson as he passed emergency legislation to stop the free entry of Asians form Kenya. 'We will not tolerate racialists in our party' cries Mr Heath as he manoevres his party into opposing the new laws to prohibit discrimination. 'This has nothing to do with colour' say the leaders of the dockers who marched to the House of Commons to demand measures to reverse the flow of immigrants. That is the way we go about our business in Great Britain.

The entrenchment of racism into politics was an easy, though a delicate process and it was, historically speaking, quite rapid. It was a zig-zag path in which everyone, once they let go of principle, quickly came to hold the view which they had denounced two years previously as blind bigotry. The only rule in the game is to keep in step; if you lag behind the general drift you will be denounced for being wildly unrealistic ('nobody wants uncontrolled immigration any more'); if you rush too far ahead, you'll be given the chop (poor mad Enoch).

This steady political evolution is however gaining speed and it will lead as far as the racialists want to take it; no organisation exists to stop them. Given the profound socio-economic crisis that Britain is going through, the basis exists for them to get beyond the 'chuck em out' stage, the question is probably only how and not if rioting will start in Britain. The real danger is that the coloured community will endure a useless period of passivity before starting to defend themselves. Unfortunately violence is the only language the racialist understands.

In the meantime, the demand that immigrant Pakistanis and West Indians learn to behave in precisely the same way as the rest of us do is one of the more self-destroying demands of white racism. Most references to 'integration' are made in a context of fantasy or impertinence. So enduring is the heritage of Britain's imperial past, that the British of all social classes continue to assume that the values of the donor society are the only values available. Such is the legacy of a situation in which one society physically owned another series of societies for generations. If anyone wants to know why Britain is developing a major form of race conflict, that is why. We have lost in any case the will, let alone the leadership to make it otherwise.

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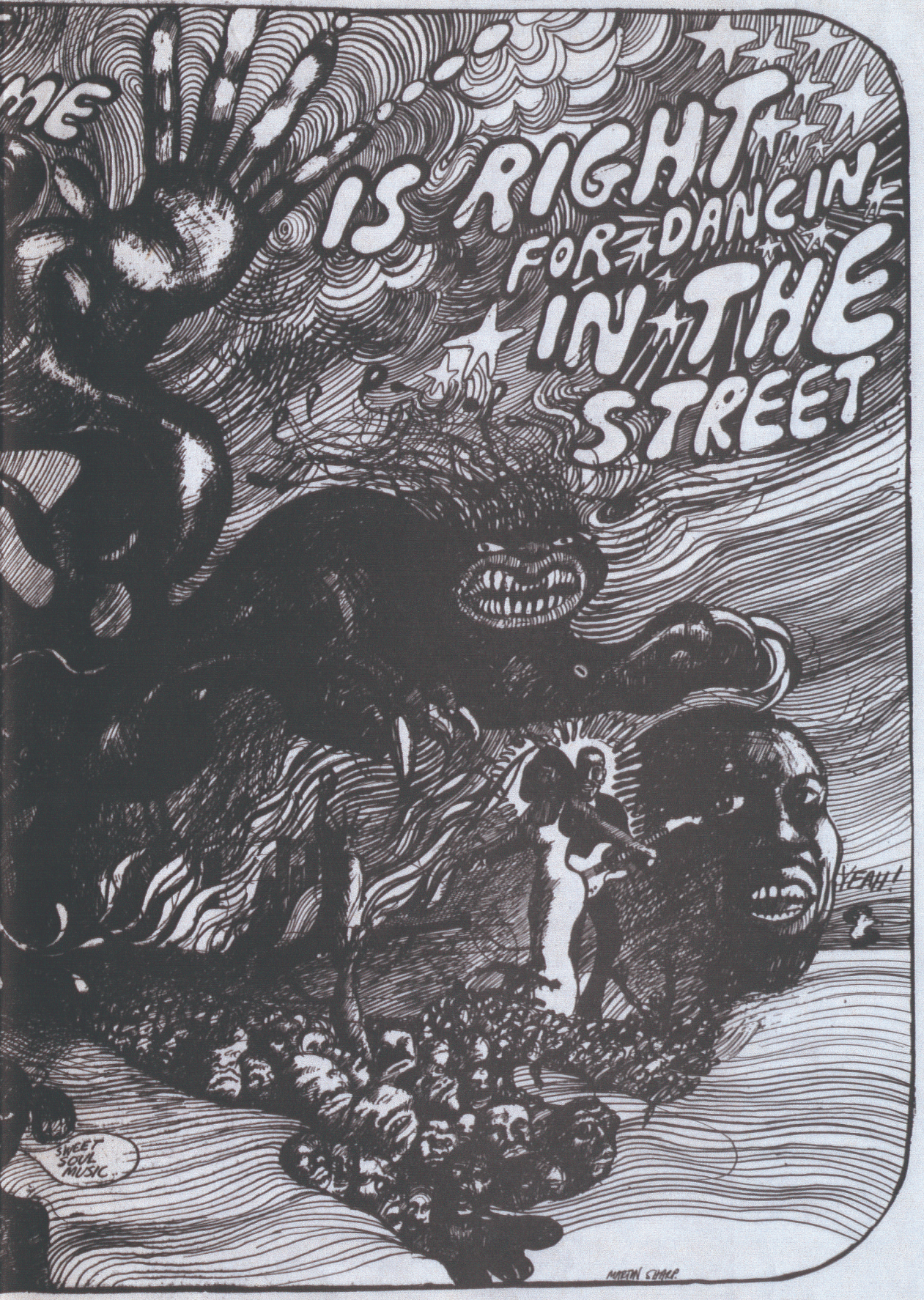
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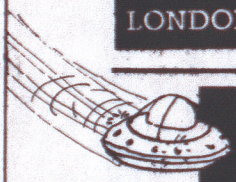

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Giant (30" x 40") photo litho POSTER of DR MARTIN LUTHER KING, captioned with prophetic quotation from his last speech. A 10% royalty will be donated to the Campaign Against Racial Discrimination (CARD). Obtainable direct from J.L.T.Y. & Co. 49 KENSINGTON PARK RD RD. LONDON W11. Send cheque/ postal order. Price 9/-d each (7/6d plus 1/6d post and packing).

The New KONTACT had many fascinating details of switched on people searching for people. Send 4s for current issue, to:
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Grapevine

and whats more, we now wholesale our female fashions & can supply 2 months ahead of manufacturers!!

● **Wanted by London bachelor: Mistress, Slim under 27; Box 23.**

BACHELOR, 26, Artist. Shy. Seeks sophisticated older woman. Box 22.

K Gurry whose name appears in the last edition of OZ, was the victim of a malicious hoax. The Culprit is known and legal proceedings are being taken. We request that no correspondence concerning these ads be entered into.

Grapevine

Burton Street, Nottingham.

WHY SHOP? Use our discreet rapid postal service.

Conture (Form-Fitting)	15/-doz
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Booklets free. Return post. Double-packed, plain envelope. SUREX LTD. 8 Edward St. Blackpool.

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New Worlds
BANNED (yawn)
Did you miss the March issue of New Worlds?
W H Smiths refused to handle it, though taking future issues.
For banned issue send 4/-d plus 6d for postage (3/-d if student) to OZ AD, 11 Goodge Street, London W1.

OZ NIGHT - MIDDLE EARTH, SUNDAY, MAY 26. (See Back Cover)

Use this form for your small Ads, (see above). Mail to: OZ Smalls, 38a Palace Gdns Terrace, London W8.

Name: I enclose postal order/cheque for £ s. d

Address:

Smallz OZ adz workz wonderz
smalls: 1s0d per per word; 1s6d semidisplay; 2s6d box no
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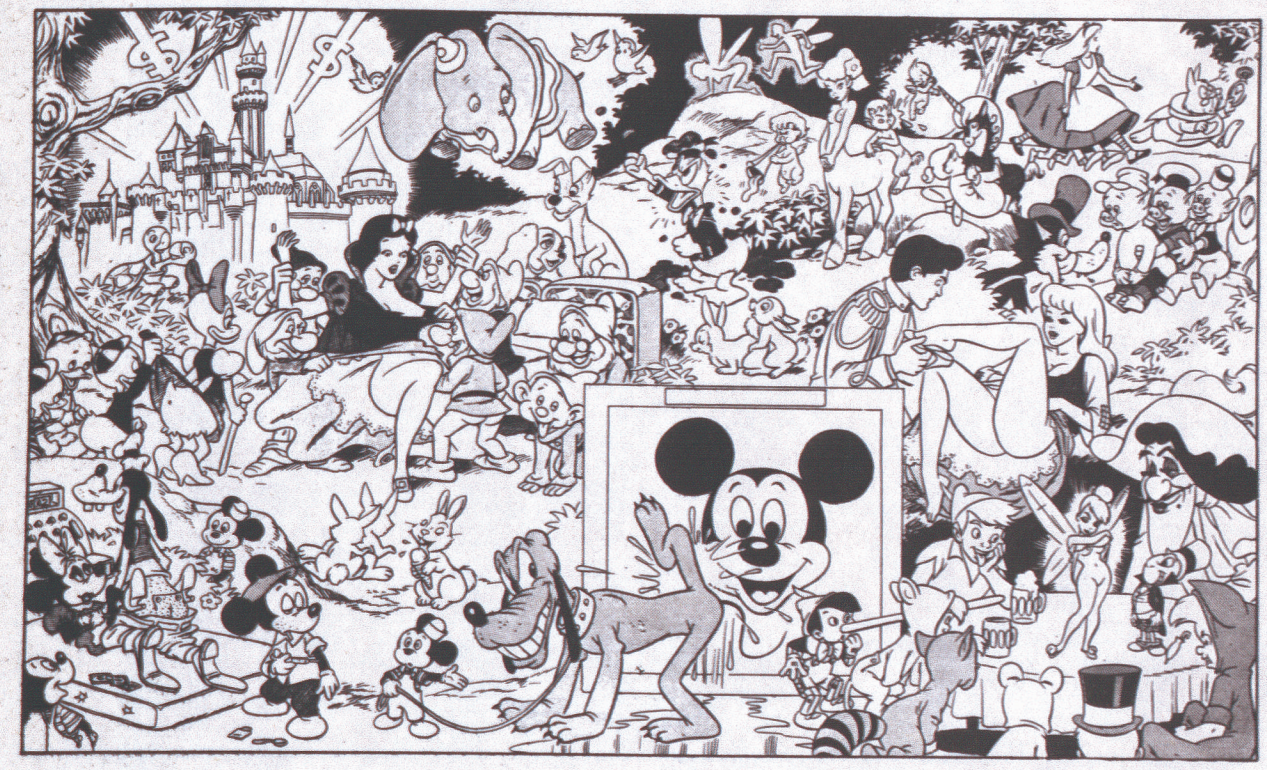

Made to measure clothes
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CONCERT! MAY 26 OZ BENEFIT CONCERT! MAY 26 OZ BENEFIT CONCERT! MAY 26 OZ BENEFIT
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CONCERT! MAY 26 OZ BENEFIT CONCERT! MAY 26 OZ BENEFIT CONCERT! MAY 26 OZ BENEFIT

Come, have your mind blown at Middle Earth on Sunday, May 26 It's OZ Benefit Night. ★ Incredible big name groups ★ Incredible small name groups ★ **Sexy Barney Bubbles Light Show** ★ Underground films ★ Overground films ★ Soldiers (see them drilling!) ★ Happenings ★ Whatever else we can think of. For the latest good news phone Felix Dennis at 385:4539 (evenings) or Middle Earth 240:1327.

Desire can be destroyed

Low lights, high fi and play Eric Humpty Dumpty Drumbago's all stars, Wagner and Sergeant Peppers 'Lonely Hearts Club.'

It's the living groove: a pocket docket of arresting hints, helps and happiness

'Pleasant to munch at films, on the street, or at home.' Alexander Erie'

It's the big sweat, you're busted, it happens like this:
1. Make no statement
2. Do not discuss the matter with which you are charged.
3. Request that any property taken away from you is packaged and sealed in your presence.
4. Be polite to policeofficers
5. If arrested on a drugs charge, phone Release at 603 8654.

These gentle facts are taken from the Judges rules and the Police administrative directions.
You are entitled to telephone your friends or solicitor.
You need not make a statement unless you wish to do so.
You should not be harrassed by the police to make a statement.
Reasonable arrangements should be made for your comfort.

If you dig good karma try this for health, its the healthy eat thing, straight style, chew these in slow time, shit regular and you'll still be grooving the other side of ninety. **Calories** cheese, bread, butter potatoes, treacle. **Protein** milk, eggs, fish, cheese, butter, eggs, greens. **Vitamins** tomatos, liver, cereals, oranges, yeast. **Minerals** cheese, fish, milk, eggs, greens.

When it comes to minimal cost (and tin beans don't feature on the menus in growing tribes) make for food which gives out cheap protein first. Then make up missing calories, vitamins and minerals with the change.

A practical economic diet that you could live on must be based on cereals; dried fruit; potatoes; butter; margerine and suet; milk; fat fish eg. herrings, sprats; and cheese. Eggs are a luxury, milk is better value than meat. Throw away that doozledog, swing with the vegetable thing.

Barnums Carnival Novelties, 67 Hammersmith Road, W14. NOB 1211.

Leos Ice Cream Parlour, 317 London Road, Mitcham.

Morrison Marshall & Hill, Screwing Machines, 44 Tower Hill, EC4. 01-709 1461.

The O.K. Designs, The complete design service: 24 hour interpretations with a smile; 1A Leigh Court, Avonmore Road, West Kensington, London W14.

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Church of England, Moral Welfare, St. Andrews, St Andrews St EC4. 01-583 0910.

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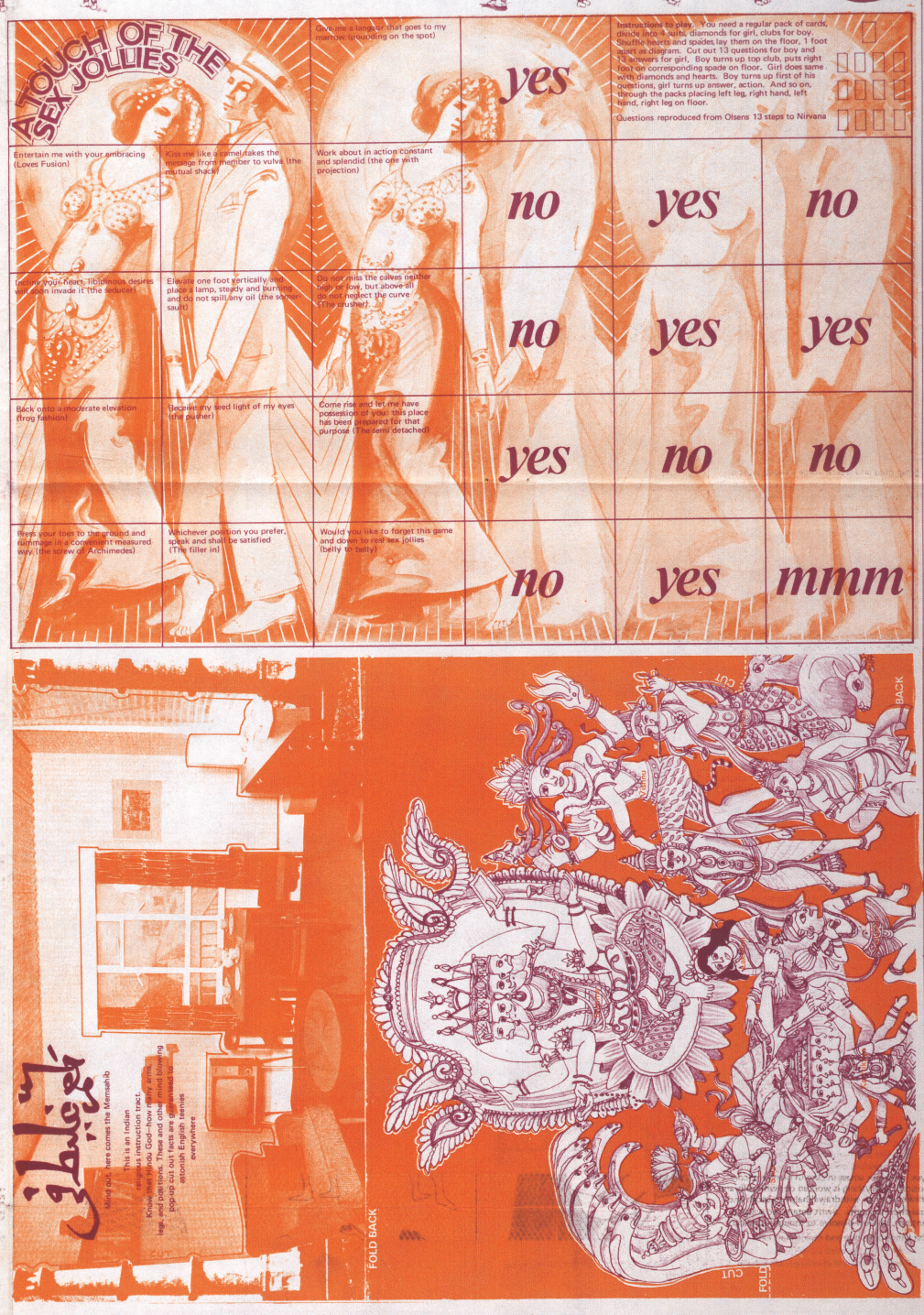
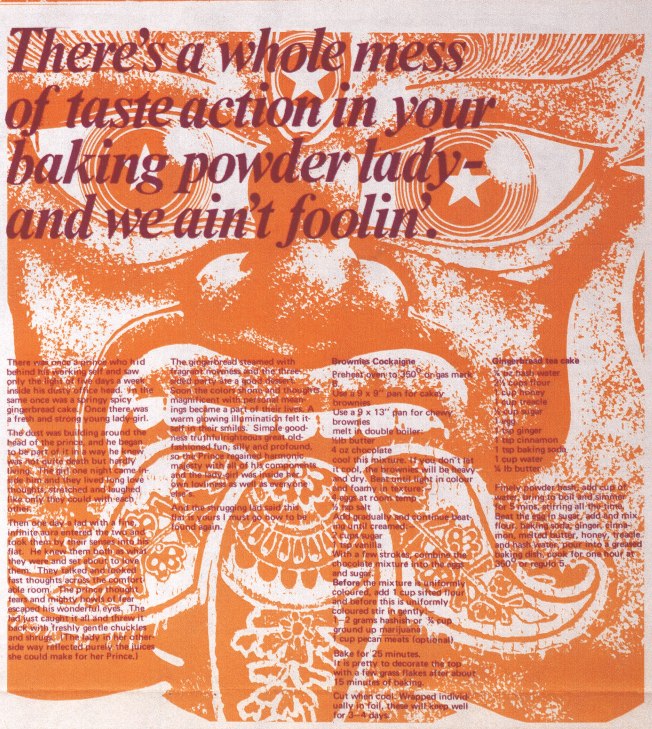




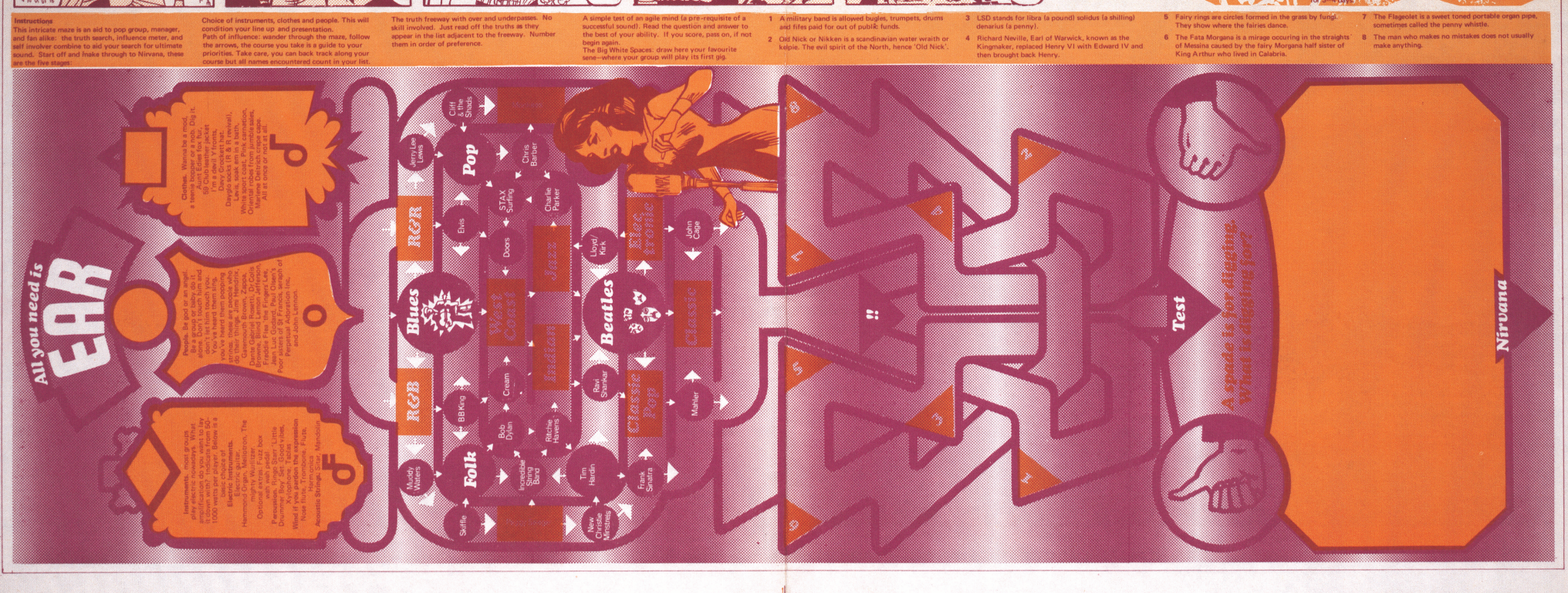
Instructions
This intricate maze is an aid to pop group, manager, and fan alike: the truth search, influence meter, and self involver combine to aid your search for ultimate sound. Start off and make through to Nirvana, these are the five stages:

Choice of instruments, clothes and people. This will condition your line up and presentation.
Path of influence: wander through the maze, follow the arrows, the course you take is a guide to your priorities. Take care, you can back track along your course but all names encountered count in your list.

The truth freeway with over and underpasses. No skill involved. Just read off the truths as they appear in the list adjacent to the freeway. Number them in order of preference.

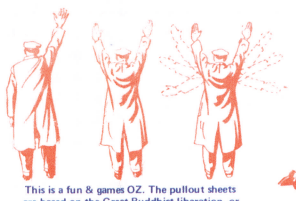
A simple test of an agile mind (a pre-requisite of a successful sound). Read the question and answer to the best of your ability. If you score, pass on, if not begin again.
The Big White Spaces: draw here your favourite sene—where your group will play its first gig.

1 A military band is allowed bugles, trumpets, drums and fifes paid for out of public funds.
2 Old Nick or Nikken is a scandinavian water wraith or kelpie. The evil spirit of the North, hence 'Old Nick'.
3 LSD stands for libra (a pound) solidus (a shilling) denarius (a penny).
4 Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, known as the Kingmaker, replaced Henry VI with Edward IV and then brought back Henry.
5 Fairy rings are circles formed in the grass by fungi. They show where the fairies dance.
6 The Fata Morgana is a mirage occuring in the straights of Messina caused by the fairy Morgana half sister of King Arthur who lived in Calabria.
7 The Flageolet is a sweet toned portable organ pipe, sometimes called the penny whistle.
8 The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything.



Existence is unhappiness

For best results each sheet has been programmed with a suggested environmental and musical interpretation.
For this sheet stay at home and play Shirley Temple, Blue Monk and Tiny Tim Duets.

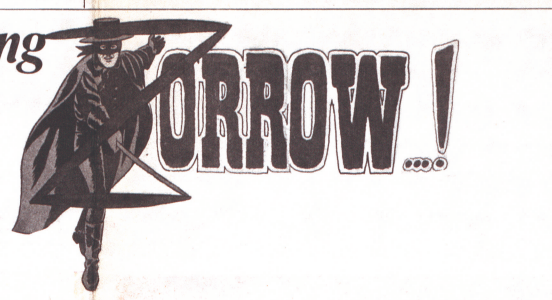


This is a fun & games OZ. The pullout sheets are based on the Great Buddhist liberation, or method of realising Nirvana through knowing the mind. Three out of the four poster-sides represent three out of the four truths which comprise Buddhism. The fourth side—and thus the fourth truth—had to be dropped because of extra advertising. But don't worry. The advertisements promise you Nirvana too.

a

Summer OZ supplement, rainbow designed by Eric Stodge and Barney Bubbles in co-operation with Onesterland Productions. A1 Good Guyz gratefully acknowledge Chris Higson, Stafford Wiley Cliff, John Dove, Nancook Bunker, Fred Fulcher, Gary and Carol Russolf, Paul Olsen, Dave Pether and Peter Brown, without whose help it would have been a bleak winter.

Unhappiness is caused by desire or craving



Out into the park, up in the air with the Coca Cola Gay Desperados steel orchestra. Brandenberg Concerto No 4 in G major, No 5 in D minor No 6 in B flat minor, Intergalactic Odyssey by John Cage.

Delusion of self

In time's honoured rhymes comes a shaking of wits, a trying of energies. Painful guises rolling away from a still, sweet centre of action. Behaving singularly yet as one with all, the many personalities turn into and out of each other, becoming several, then none, then all too many to even try.

Details assert themselves into the intricate mesh of now; spin out, disintegrate, assimilate in other patterns here and there, in concrete vapor and long lost vacancies. Two eyebrows reflect implore explode our cool self's actualities. Forehead wrinkles communicate their owner's feelings toward the world astride contricted shoulder muscles arched with outside tension. Furious waves of biting the lips and staring aside in half-response to something else. Anything else. Other than.

The fact—that—somehow somewhere something's not all here, nor there, but wandering.

And then that sudden sacred thing is somewhere else. Only fading memory tracts are left with negative imprints, and newspaper words and pedestrian wariness come back into frame and onward goes the mindful flows of tracing out the body's pleas and satisfying pleasure's fateless tastes.

Trying not to flash back to the source—keep it, grasp hold and freeze inside a vacuum pit of fear till suddenly it all departs into the cry of infant stickiness. We are all crazy people, who know from direct talk with dreams and mating visions, jokes expressed in careful cynic's poses, television melodrama entrances and exits, police tankards tipped enforcing dark jailed visceral solitude; snakes and crabs reminding us puppy-eyed little girls' soft meant love looks, little boys' farts and nasty gigglings.

Somewhere all over the world a time is flowing. Somewhere everything is being done, loved, hated, and believed in. Everywhere the demon devils dreaming noxious outbreaks. All the time sweet feathered angels aching to break through and sweep pain away with gentle charming words of praise. Sickness, shame and a tumbling of tormented actions envelope the people of earth. Scratched and tickling politics imply, defer the self to endless dry distortions of honor and pride. Asphalt realities of union rules and back street regulations seize and use poor souls: strong bodies strain with their uniform's obsession—with a country's selfish scared and endless demands. Factories hum and parties pray to leaders' gripping friendliness. Gory incantations steeped with Saviour's blood for veinless citizens; showing how and snapping moral whips above the sheepish heads of flocks, locked inside yet pinned without, straining from the slaughter house of boredom, cringing away from the personal stain of committing themselves.

But beyond all expectancies, sailing away from environment—made limitations, boldly setting out to recover, learn and be the self's own spark plug presence. Looking away from those reflections in the mirror image bank of living, eyes wide open, brain on top and heart in the middle, loin joices creating their own stream, nourishing seeds and releasing instincts; life's merryrounding playgrounds telling stories, giving advice, cradling good habits and kicking out the bad, something more ore less of something else.

That THING other than.

Many times we go to feel and place out problems we know we just can't solve. Sitting down and setting around to get it done. Feelings gone away and only a pure concentration circuit moving hands securing facts and feeding them in the learned processes of rationality and implicit calculated intellectual control of self and situation. Often time the birds' songs lock their waves outside the field thus created. Pushings, pullings, outward stretches hidden hawns and backthroats cracking with tobaccoed facts and figures, the pencil writes and numbers names and dates resolve themselves under peeled and watchful eyes. Energies amass in careful plans and conclusions. Everything is worked out with pills and whiskey's quick withdrawal helps to sooth and straighten thoughts. Swift details, no wasted motions, no slow dissolve to thoughts unclear.

The lamps burn late and strangeness calls a'crawling into red eyed pulse fatigue. The problem is chased and chartered, snared and bartered, until solution's final snap. Aching backs are stretched and half meant threats are once again forgotten. Doors are closed and hotels reached and baths are presently drawn. Underwear discarded and naked cocks regarded looking used and slightly bruised but brave and strong. The quietness of hot water is clumsily achieved; the grim and tired dirt reigns control and strong smells succumb to the glaze of being clean. Soul thoughts all but worked away, hopeless rings of subjugation deepening drops of tight frustration copy themselves from memory, play havoc with enchained sensations, rest themselves in sorrow and dismay. Royal kings and queens quite feel it while the earthworm curls and digs it all.

Mounting pimples, growing wrinkles, skilfully mock and cause annoyance to ourselves. Fighting fright so simply told to turn into some other faces. Ego antennas circling and hovering round the business ties and four course lunch men, round about the waitress right into the bread and butter stroking deals and brandy's numb concessions. Dirty jokes are scoffed about and set upon in sexless undertones. Secret cards are played against the spirit's fierce indelible mysteries and sacred stakes are pissed away with each passed day's encumbrances.

Soft sellings of hard sellers and every different move-reaction caught and held in wrench-like traction. Sweet selves stray awkwardly outside their womb remembrances, stumble in lonely

Delusion of Self

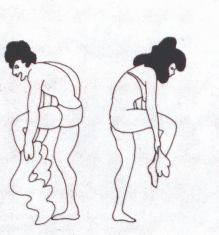
patches of deepening quagmires, bundle in and cry deep wails of inmost desperation to the truth they knew they once did have but now just feel a stranger too. And quickly softest eyes will harden into ever changing refocused certainties, lost and fragmented, tripping but soon not wailing anymore 'cause that would mean . . . it wouldn't be me . . . 'cause now it's different . . and now IS me . . . and now is THEN . . . and now it is that suddenly, O all of this sudden and so quick to begin . . . do I sense this THING which must pretend, which does preclude itself in all of THIS which happens.

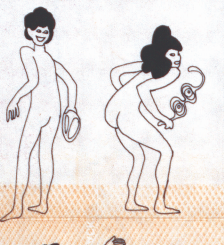
And of a flash through fog and body's bumblings the truth becomes its own quiet Self, and sadness quite another. And you and me are many selves. There goes Mr Struggle and Mrs Nice. Hello there Sister Memory and Old Grand Uncle Cosmic Self and little baby Yes and God. It's Beautiful, all these Selves and me included.

Loving love and smiling smiles break through fear like lightning fire through sunset smoke and for a moment the You it All becomes. And then your choice and upbringing comes in and damn if you don't have an interpretation, damn if it don't make sense. Damned if I am not more than just me. Damned if I ain't at All. Baby, we've got to celebrate.
'Celebrate what?'
'Our Self'.
'Both of us?'
'Yes, all One.'
'I'll be right over . . .

Sensuality

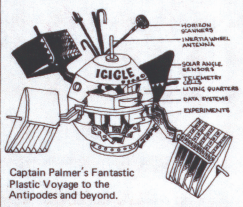
We all know the one about the bumps and the breasts. An old wives tale—in fact there's no difference. Black is white.





Heavens above.

Next week: IT ALL HAPPENED TO PLONK.



Captain Palmer's Fantastic Plastic Voyage to the Antipodes and beyond.

Desire for a Future Life

Can you dig it? We're not saying this is still going on, but you can have faith baby, that it was in 1938. Dig: back in the ancient days everyone was hip to the fact that ladybirds killed greenflies; greenflies not exactly being the healthiest things for Californian fruit. But man, the ladybirds each year would groove just about two months before the greenfly and so had nought to eat. The farmers wanting the greenfly wiped out decided to find out where the ladybirds made their yearly sleep during the cold wintertime. Well people, as you know, when you pursue without relenting, truth, justice, and the American way of life will bless you—just as it did the farmers, they found that the ladybirds (we call them ladybugs in the States) spent the winter zonked out in the Rockies, about 1000 miles away. And high up.

Being sharp dudes, the farmers arranged to send men up in the mountains on mules to collect the crashed ladybirds and bring them back down into large cold storage depots known as State Insectiaries, dig? Then, as soon as the deadly, nasty and horrible greenfly appeared the farmers hustled up the ladybirds, thawed them out and sent them on their way. Naturally, from sleeping all this while with no food these ladybirds got out in those fields and really worked out.

Pride

How to construct your Merry May Andrew Proud summer vegetable man: cut out and join with a brass split pun, banana 'B' to orange 'B' and so on until your little vegetable buddie is made up. Mount him on a stick and place him in a window box. Remember Merry May's maxim: get fit and stay fit the natural way. For a fact you should know about your food and how to keep healthy see information sheet

Magic Paper

Love of Life on Earth

It's back to Elvisville with a bang this month.

One of the queerest discs Elvis ever made was *Tonight's All Right For Love*. This disc isn't queer because of an unusual treatment nor are the words or the tune particularly striking but this is the Elvis disc that has never been released in Britain. And the one recording that fans always seem a bit puzzled by.

Sound Advice

SINGLES. Price 7/3d., including post and packing.

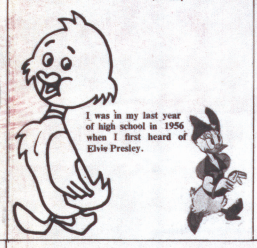
A Mess Of Blues/The Girl Of My Best Friend	45-RCA 1194
Surrender/Lonely Man	45-RCA 1227
Wild In The Country/I Feel So Bad	45-RCA 1244
She's Not You/Just Tell Her Jim Said Hello	45-RCA 1303
Devil In Disguise (You're The)/Please Don't Drag That String Around	45-RCA 1355
Bossa Nova Baby/Witchcraft ...	45-RCA 1374
Viva Las Vegas/What'd I Say ...	45-RCA 1398
Kissin' Cousins/It Hurts Me ...	45-RCA 1404
Never Ending/Such A Night ...	45-RCA 1411
Ain't That Loving You Baby/Ask Me	45-RCA 1422
Crying In The Chapel/I Believe In The Man In The Sky ...	45-RCA 1455

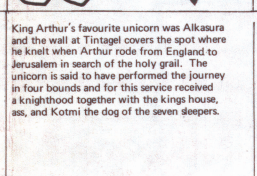
EXTENDED PLAY. Price 12/8d., including post and packing

Elvis Presley: I Need You So; Have I Told You Lately That I Love You; Blueberry Hill; Don't Leave Me Now	RCX 184
Jailhouse Rock: Jailhouse Rock; Young And Beautiful; I Want To Be Free; Don't Leave Me Now; Baby I Don't Care ...	RCX 186
"Strictly Elvis": Old Shep; Any Place Is Paradise; Paralysed; Is It So Strange ...	RCX 175

LONG PLAYING (12 in.) Price 32/3d. Post Free.

"Elvis": That's Right; Lawdy Miss Clawdy; Mystery Train; Playing For Keeps; Poor Boy; Money Honey; I'm Counting On You; My Baby Left Me; I Was The One; Shake, Rattle And Roll; I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone; You're A Heartbreaker; Trying To Get You; Blue Suede Shoes	RD 27120
"A Date With Elvis": Blue Moon Of Kentucky; Milkcow Blues Boogie; Baby Let's Play House; I Don't Care If The Sun Don't Shine; Tutti Frutti; I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Cry; I Got A Woman; Good Rockin' Tonight; Is It So Strange?; We're Gonna Move; Blue Moon; Just Because; One Sided Affair; Las Vegas ...	RD 27138
"Elvis Gold Records" (Vol. 2): I Need Your Love Tonight; Don't; Wear My Ring Around Your Neck; Fly With Came True; I Got Stung; Loving You; Teddy Bear; One Night; A Big Hunk O' Love; I Beg Of You; A Fool Such As I; Don'cha Think It's Time; Jailhouse Rock; Treat Me Nice	RD 27159
"Elvis Is Back": Make Me Know It; Fever; The Girl Of My Best Friend; I Will Be Home Again; Dirty, Dirty Feeling; The Thrill Of Your Love; Soldier Boy; Such A Night; It Feels So Right; The Girl Next Door; Like A Baby; Reconsider Baby ... ... (Mono)	RD 27171
	(Stereo) (SF 5*60)
"G.I. Blues": Tonight Is So Right For Love; What's She Really Like?; Frankfort Special; Wooden Heart; G.I. Blues; Pocket Full Of Rainbows; Shoppin' Around; Big Boots; Didja Ever; Blue Suede Shoes; Doing The Best I Can (Mono)	RD 27192
	(Stereo) (SF 5078)
"His Hand In Mine": I'm Gonna Walk Dem Golden Stairs; In My Father's House; Milky White Way; Known Only To Him; I Believe In The Man In The Sky; Joshua Fit The Battle; Jesus Knows What I Need; Swing Down Sweet Chariot; Mansion Over The Hilltop; If We Never Meet Again; Working On The Building (Mono)	RD 27211
	(Stereo) (SF 5094)
"Something For Everybody": There's Always Me; Give Me Your Word; It's A Sin; Sentimental Me; Starting Today; Gently; I'm Coming Home; In Your Arms; Put The Blame On Me; Judy; I Want You With Me; I Slipped, I Stumbled, I Fell (Mono)	RD 27234
	(Stereo) (SF 5106)
"Blue Hawaii": Almost Always True; Aloha-oe; No More; Can't Help Falling In Love; Rock-A-Hula-Baby; Moonlight Swim; Ku-u-i-po; Ito-eats; Slippin' Sand; Hawaiian Sunset; Beach Boy Blues; Island Of Love; Hawaiian Wedding Song (Mono)	RD 27238
	(Stereo) (SF 5115)
"Girls! Girls! Girls!": I Don't Wanna Be Tied; Where Do You Come From; I Don't Want To; We'll Be Together; A Boy Like Me, A Girl Like You; Earth Boy; Return To Sender; Because Of Love; Thanks To The Rolling Sea; Song Of The Shrimp; The Walls Have Ears; We're Coming In Loaded	RD 7534
	(SF 7534)
"It Happened At The World's Fair": Beyond The Bend; Relax; Take Me To The Fair; They Remind Too Much Of You; One Broken Heart For Sale; I'm Falling In Love Tonight; Cotton Candy Land; A World Of Our Own; How Would You Like To Be; Happy Ending ...	RD 7568
	(SF 7565)
"Fun In Acapulco": Fun In Acapulco, Vino Dinero Y Amor, Mexico, El Toro, Margarita, The Bullfighter Was A Lady; There's No Room To Khumba In A Sports Car; I Think I'm Gonna Like It Here; Bossa Nova Baby; You Can't Say No In Acapulco; Guadalajara; Love Me Tonight; Slowly But Surely	RD 7609
	(SF 7609)





I was in my last year of high school in 1956 when I first heard of Elvis Presley.

Self Righteousness

One for the boys

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, there lived in the green and pleasant grass parkland the beautiful daughter of a rich nobleman. She wore long decorative robes which only the best craftsmen were allowed to make and her long hair was brushed seventy seven times seven (as in the tradition) by honest maidservants. She ate only the finest fruits, drank the rarest, most sparkling wines and was surrounded daily by laughing fountains, languid peacocks and puffy white doves.

The rich nobleman ensured that the most capable musicians trained her happy voice and dulcimer playing. And daily she read velum pages in leather buckled books and serenely stood in awe of the finest works of art brought from unknown distances by learned scholars. But although she walked on daisy lawns, was rich beautiful, bathed in a yellow dress in the morning dew or naked in the mountain stream, she was unhappy.

Every evening when the sun rays disappeared behind the pink tesselation, youthful suitors would come to her marbled rooms and woo her in the sunset. But she was unhappy. Then one day during the feast of Chapporal, god of the Hamlet, a sparrow flew to her window sill and spoke to the girl in the voice of the ancient kings. He told the girl of the town people who were thirsty. The girl was upset and ran to her father with the news. He laughed at her concern for the people and bade her run away and play with her new white leopard from the Indies. He told her of his own plentiful water supply and that it did not matter if the peoples water ran out, they had plenty of water in the castle for themselves.

She felt a heavy weight on her heart and went to kneel by the fountain (her favourite delight) where she thought about the thirsty townspeople.

Daily the sparrow brought ever worsening reports and daily the girl brooded more and more, until even her father noticed, but nothing he nor her suitors could do made her happy.

And daily the running water dried up a bit, and the merry chuckle and liquid bubbles were no more. The girl sighed, the water dried, the people died, until one day to the nobleman's surprise the palace water supply dried up too.

When no water ran into her fountain and the lillies lay moist and the golden carp floundered amongst the white stones, her heart broke for the thought of her father's attitude to the towns-people and her tears streamed down her cheeks into the fountain. She cried and cried, until the fountain overflowed and began to trickle across the drawbridge and down into a dry river bed. As she cried she got thinner and thinner until when all the valley rivers were flowing again she had cried herself into nothing. The people were overjoyed at having water again and forgave the nobleman's harsh attitude. The nobleman became a better man in his grief and never again did horrible things. But only the sparrow knew the secret and now you shall share it.

Go to a river and stare into it. You will hear the girl's merry singing and see her beautiful hair as the water bubbles over the rocks.

One for the girls

THEY TORE OFF MY CLOTHES

December 20, 1915, 4 *a.m.*
(*entering Mudros Harbour*).

THE staff of the Foreign Office were working at full pressure under the blaze of countless electric lights. As an example to all, it was announced that by order of the King and Queen, plain, simple living was to be the daily rule at the Royal table. —1

"Fill the cupboard," accordingly, was the order of the day.

The first appeal for recruits appeared. It was printed in the national colours. Within a deep red border, in vivid blue letters on a white ground, were the words, "Your King and Country Need You" —2

Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!

As we were sitting at dinner a tall, good-looking lady, in evening dress, sailed into the room and I took aim, pulled the trigger and automatically, almost as it seemed instantaneously, she fell to the ground, and will, I am sure, rank as the greatest joke—and the greatest feat of arms—in the whole —3

Selfrighteousness

range of military history.

That was the first shot that was fired by a rifle in the British Army..

Bang! Baghdad was now definitely cut off from communication with the Euphrates. —4

I refused to believe it. Something could be done: something must be done: yet hope sank from its high zenith to a mind-defeating nadir: I looked round, gasping and thinking (like an idiot, for meditation was out of place) that this is how a gaffed fish must feel. Was I in the same world as that of a minute ago? Had God deserted me? I saw miles of yellow sand about me, immense and magical and still; and specks on the horizon, growing larger; rising wind swept sand in our faces. The sky was of an incredible sapphire. Why was Nimrod buried Lere? Why didn't the enemy shoot? When would this agony be over? —5

At that moment the gentleman in blue, whose appearance we had previously discussed, appeared behind me; who wore no stitch of clothing upon his hirsute and nobly proportioned person: either he had been painted or tanned by the sun to the distant resemblance of an Ancient Briton. Life is full of surprises. He looked so odd, dancing before me naked, that I began to laugh; but he hit me again, and knocked me out.

Soon I was clad in little but shirt and shorts, with two exceptions to my semi-nakedness: my single eyeglass was still in my eye and I still wore my wrist-watch: perhaps my assailants did not know that they were both detachable. Arabs go mad when looting.

Rapidly pushing up the sides of the car they saw Sulaiman Askari sitting in his chair, his smoking Mauser still in his right hand, and a thin stream of blood trickling from his forward sunken head.

AT Buckingham Palace the crowd sang "God Save the King" with tremendous fervour and "Down with Germany, the violator of Belgium." I looked up at the effigy of Nelson—"sailing the sky with one arm and one eye"—to see whether in imagination I was the Evil One called by the ancient Hebrews, Beel-Zebub, the Lord of Flies. Flies are his servants, doing his bidding, and doing it well; torturing the living, rendering intolerable the last hours of the dying, defiling the bodies of the dead: enemies of man, and woman, and child, and beast; utterly evil. —6

I climbed off my perch and put myself under his protection, thinking of a night in India when I had become Master of my Lodge. —7

Doubt

Clear away False Beliefs

Here's the pitch, turn those falsies into wash day reality, with Arthur's magic man Merlin. This wiz kid will have you on the floor in fits with an up the sleeve bit that goes like so:

white
whine
chine
chink
clink
clank
blank
black

It's fun—but get the big message behind it, Magic Merl wasn't fooling when he changed base metal into Fort Knox filler, it's only words and it's easy to do. Why can't ideas or beliefs be the same? Nothing is permanent.

Ignorance

Mild mannered Prince, Siddhartha Gautama rode out one morning and saw an old man gesturing to him from the roadside. The Prince had not yet developed the X-ray vision that seven years set him thinking. That night, back at the Palace, the pleasure girls danced for him, but Siddhartha saw only the weariness in their limbs, the saliva drooling from their mouths, and later, that some gnashed their teeth as they slept, and others even snored.

It became clear to Siddhartha that life was *dukkha*, torture and suffering, its joys and pleasures limited by time, fading, leaving only old-age, illness and death. Only *dukkha*, suffering.

So the Prince set out again from his Palace, this time 'on the road', as a wandering ascetic. Seven years, later under a fig tree in South India, there came the bolt from the sky. Shazam! Enlightenment! Super Bliss! *Nirvana !!* The last veil of ignorance had dropped away, Siddhartha had become Buddha.

Avidya, Ignorance, the Happy Prince figured was the cause of it all.

'In the beginning there was existence blind and without knowledge, and in this sea of ignorance there are stirrings, formative and organizing. From this there arises awareness, which begets organisms, which live as individual beings. These develop the six fields, that is the five senses and the mind. The six fields come into contact with things. Contact begets sensation which creates the thirst of individualized being. This creates a cleaving to things which produces the growth and continuation of self hood. Selfhood binds us to the Wheel of Life and continues in renewed rebirths. These are the cause of suffering, old age sickness and death. They produce lamentation, anxiety and despair.'

To attain *Nirvana*, that serenity where,

'Imperturbable and serene the ideal man practices no virtue;
Self possessed and dispassionate he commits no sin;
Calm and silent he gives up seeing and hearing;
Even and upright he abides nowhere.'

To attain peace ignorance must be entirely eliminated.

The way to do it, taught the Buddha is this, we must know the Four Noble Truths. We must follow the Noble Eight Fold path.

First, we must know the misery of our existence. It is difficult to shoot one arrow after another through a narrow keyhole from a great distance,' explained the Buddha, 'It is more difficult to take a hair split hundredfold and with it strike and pierce a similar hair. But it is even more difficult to attain the insight that life is suffering.'

Second, we must be aware of the cause of that misery, the insatiable desire we to satisfy ourselves, when of course we know we shall never be really able to do so.

Third, we must eliminate that desire.

Fourth, we can eliminate the desire, escape the misery and thus attain enlightenment by following the Noble Eightfold Path.

The Eightfold Path consists essentially of methods of concentration and meditation to subdue the self and curb the craving for life; Right Understanding, Right Thoughts, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Means of Livlihood, Right Effort, Right Recollection and Right Meditation.

Samma Ditthi, Right Understanding, means perfect intellectual grasp of the Noble Truths, the nature of self and the laws of rebirth, *Kharma.*

Samma Sankappa, or Right Thoughts is right motive, desire to help fellow man, to follow the path of altruism and slay self.

Samma Vacha, Right Speech means silence unless every word is courteous, considerate and true.

Samma Kamanta, Right Action is twofold; positive, what we do; negative; what we refrain from doing. Murder in the heart is still murder. Right Action means following the *Pancha Sila* the Five Precepts; *I promise to abstain from taking life. I promise to abstain from taking that, which is not given. I will exercise self control in regard to sex, well controlling the expression of natural desires. I promise to abstain from lying slander and deceit. I will abstain from slothfulness caused by drink or drugs.* By the practice of Right Action the Buddhist acquires merit, 'good kharma'.

Samma Ajiva, Right Livelihood consists of following a trade or occupation consistent with the Five Precepts. President of Dow Chemicals could not be classified *Samma Ajiva.*

Samma Vayana, Right Effort is a declaration of renewed strenuousness to attain *Nirvana.*

Samma Sati, Right Recollection, is the ability to control thought, to concentrate the mind on a single thought to the exclusion of all else.

Samma Samadhi, in its lower stages is called Right Meditation, in its highest it is the threshold of Nirvana. An immediate insight into the Nature of the Universe, by means of knowledge far transcending reason.

At this stage the individual is free from the fetters of *Avidya*, Ignorance, and being free knows that he is free, and finds himself on the threshold of *Nirvana.*

'Look within', Siddhartha Gautama said, 'The Buddha is within you.' But there was a pupil who meditated long. Asked why, he replied he desired to become a Buddha. The Master picked up a brick and began to rub it. Asked what he was doing, he explained he wished to make a mirror. 'But no amount of polishing a brick will make a mirror!' 'If so, no amount of sitting crosslegged will make thee, a Buddha,' was the reply.

Further information: Paul Lawson - Buddhist Society, Eccleston Square, London SW1 01-TAT 1313

Send something nice through the post month, OZ pioneers again with eight dear posties to send out to your friends. Strange but true, Cut them out and blow minds.

Captain Palmer; cooled out of the rat race into the sea in 1964. Captain Palmer, then in an Advertising agency, persuaded ICI to make a plastic 'water spider' construction (see diagram) and he drifted around the oceans until his vessel the 'Icicle' spipwrecked on Pitcairn Island where he now lives.

King Arthur's favourite unicorn was Alkasura and the wall at Tintagel covers the spot where he knelt when Arthur rode from England to Jerusalem in search of the holy grail. The unicorn is said to have performed the journey in four bounds and for this service received a knighthood together with the kings house, ass, and Kotmi the dog of the seven sleepers.

Somewhere there is a window cleaner called Bill. He has a book, the only copy, with the cure for cancer. (The author was jailed and his books burned by the CIA who control world cancer deaths.) If you know where Bill or the book is, let us know.

When Cromwell walked, the Diggers dug the untilled earth to make the vegetables grow, led by Gerrard Winstanley who wrote the Diggers manual 'The True Leveler's Standard' in 1649. The Diggers were very religious.

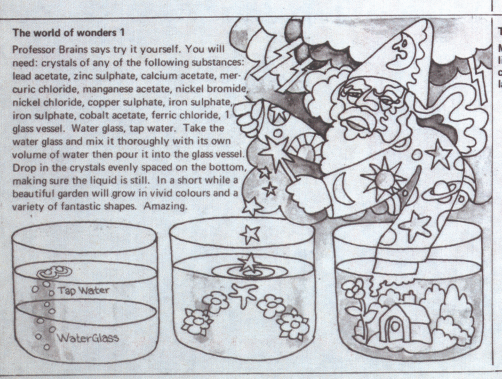
Did you know department: in Barrow Alaska the caretaker of an emergency USAF airfield has bulldozed the letters F U C K 8ft high out of solid ice.

Drop out of the five day week, turn on with the weekend Extension Co-ordination Committee. They fight for a ten day work-freak and a four day weekend. Write to OZ now c/o Paul Lawson for further details.

A Belgian, Monsieur Auguste Meusier some years ago managed to write 17,131 words on a postcard the same size as this and this number beat all previous records. Record seeker should mail Paul Lawson at OZ.

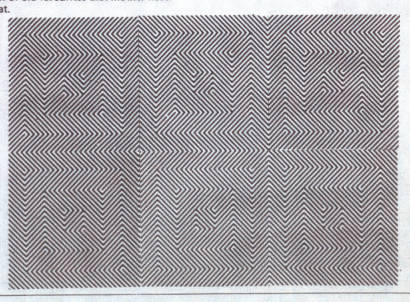
The world of wonders 1

Professor Brains says try it yourself. You will need: crystals of any of the following substances: lead acetate, zinc sulphate, calcium acetate, mercuric chloride, manganese acetate, nickel bromide, nickel chloride, copper sulphate, iron sulphate, iron sulphate, cobalt acetate, ferric chloride, 1 glass vessel. Water glass, tap water. Take the water glass and mix it thoroughly with its own volume of water then pour it into the glass vessel. Drop in the crystals evenly spaced on the bottom, making sure the liquid is still. In a short while a beautiful garden will grow in vivid colours and a variety of fantastic shapes. Amazing.



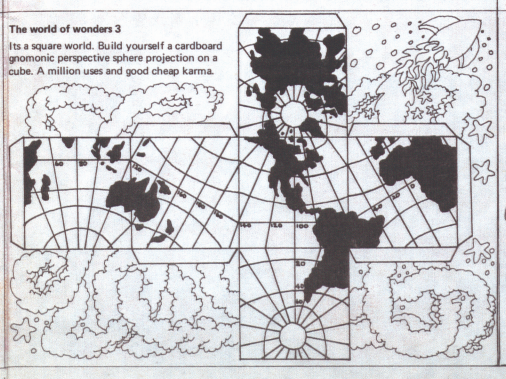
The world of wonders 2

Mind boggles, optical illusions, riddles and flying lies. You've seen them. You've done them, a collection of old favourites that mother never laughed at.



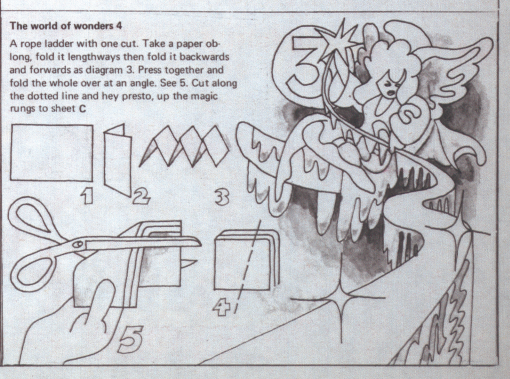
The world of wonders 3

Its a square world. Build yourself a cardboard gnomonic perspective sphere projection on a cube. A million uses and good cheap karma.



The world of wonders 4

A rope ladder with one cut. Take a paper oblong, fold it lengthways then fold it backwards and forwards as diagram 3. Press together and fold the whole over at an angle. See 5. Cut along the dotted line and hey presto, up the magic rungs to sheet C



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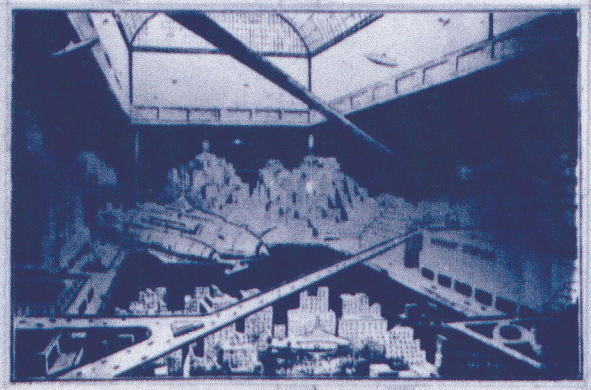
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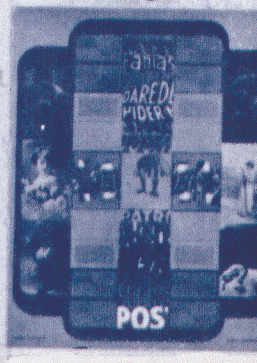

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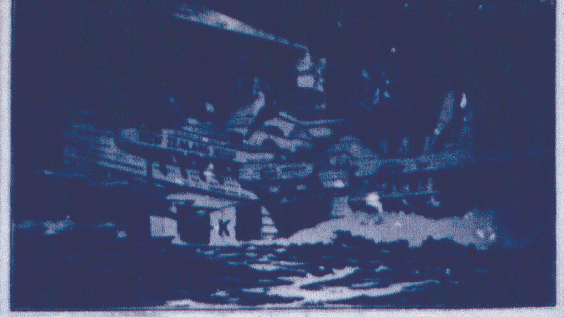

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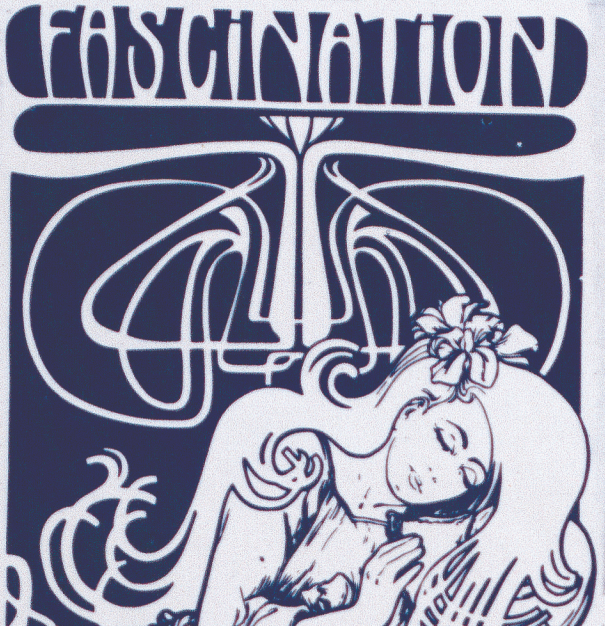

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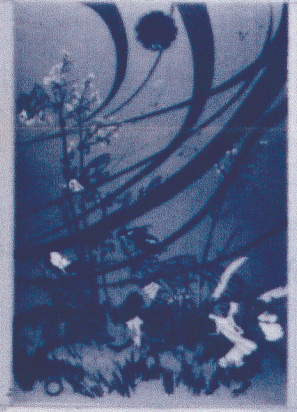

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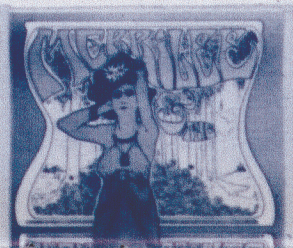

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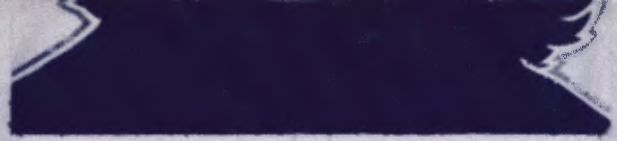

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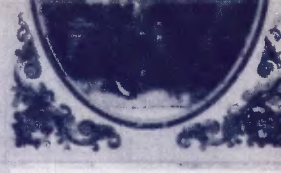

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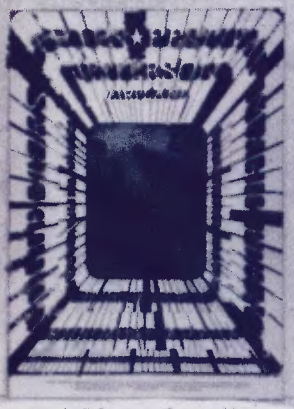

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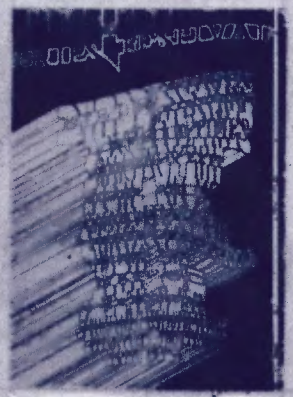

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OZ 13

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Dear OZ,

After living in one roomed communes of the love/hate type in the Notting Hill Gate area, since I dropped out in September last year I have come to the conclusion that the city drop-out scene is a pathetic one.

I would like to list some of my observations.

1. People thrown together by necessity (usually financial) although sharing in the true community spirit, food (usually stolen), experiences (usually hallucinatory) and pot (usually not enough), still tend to split into little camps, ie Joe hangs up Bill and Bill hangs up Fred which upsets Jim because Jim likes everyone. Which is a big hang up for Him, for if he refuses to bend in one direction or another, he's on his own man!

2. Speed kills—not only people, but scenes as well. Someone suffering (and they do!) from speed hang ups and come downs really drag the whole scene down. Watching a friend becoming an addict, drifting into the misty world of Boot's disposables, is a soul searing experience not to be forgotten easily.

Perhaps if many dealers sold decent acid and not disappointments, a lot of the speed thing might disappear.

3. Most conversation in turned-on scenes, is mainly turned in to 'My best trip' or various 'Freak you out cocktail recipes', and little else is discussed.

4. Even the people wanting to be in on the love commune thing, seem to be sitting around on their arses, drawing the NAB and waiting. Waiting for what?

For things to be arranged for them, by the diggers? (That mythical race of people) or perhaps for guidance from our friends? in space? Whilst this situation exists it just isn't going to happen.

Dharma—Karma—Smarma!
Each of us should be a digger for fucks sake, otherwise there's not going to be any communes 'cos we'll all die of old age, *waiting*!

My grumbles may seem slanted from one angle, but walk around NHG and ask any drop out on the scene where they've been lately (apart from MOSS or Middle Earth) its a strange land surrounding a strange land.

As for myself, I'm giving up my cherished freedom (and the NAB), my long locks are to be shorn and I'm dropping IN decked out in my blue suit, white shirt and tie, to become a purveyor of holiday shell ashtrays and other plastic goodies for the grey people (poor bastards) in Sunny Jersey (from whence I came) for as long as I can stand it.

Then along with my brother and anyone else who wants to create something, by raising bread, we're going to buy a cottage and land in the country, grow our own food etc, and build a commune out of *our own efforts*.

A 20th century city of Electric Gardens is no place for anyone to find their relationship with the things which will always be here.

Love and peace
(if you can find it)

Michael Escott
7 Foxhill Close
Greatfield, Hull
Yorks

Dear Sir,

We are shocked by the Prime Minister associating himself with Monsieur Roche, Rector of the Sorbonne, whose one chapter in history can be written with a sentence. He closed the Sorbonne.

That our Prime Minister as Chancellor of Bradford University should confer the honour of a degree on a man who abused the trust of more than seven centuries of students by violating the right to maintain the University as a centre of free thought, and who, apparently in the name of the State, called the armed representatives of that State, and violated one of the worthiest of French traditions, the sanctuary of the Sorbonne, suggests that our Prime Minister would follow Monsieur Roche and the french government if the liberties of our own Universities were ever put to the test.

Yours sincerely,

MW Watson Todd
David Schreiber
R Deane Edwards
Michael N Momache

The English Revolutionaries

When they broke into the town hall guns at the ready the town clerk said "I'm sorry you'll have to write for an appointment." So they went away and came back three weeks on tuesday in their best suits.

Steve Sneyd
Aldmondbury
Huddersfield, Yorks

We need you Cohn-Bendit, because

1. We are fed and watered by the State's Almighty Hand, and do exactly as we are told.

2. We are told that the Government knows what's best for us; the big Corporations know what's best for us; BBC, TV and the Press know what is good for us to hear; Advertising Agencies know what is good for us to buy; teachers know what is good for us to know; Law and Order is good for us, because it excludes anybody who tells us that we ourselves might know best what is good for us.

3. In return for being well looked after, we PAY taxes to the Government, to buy noisy aeroplanes for Corporation men to deafen us with; we PAY for the BBC, TV, and Press, and give them our trust; we PAY the Advertisers, and they don't need our trust because there is nothing but their products to buy; we PAY for our teachers and pretend they are all profound and knowledgeable; we PAY for Law and Order with cash and obedience, and agree to call you 'irresponsible'.

4. We do not know how to want to be responsible for our own lives and our own environment.

5. We are superior to all foreigners, who are (1) oppressed (2) untrustworthy (3) violent (4) backward (5) far away.

6. We admire America, and are the only country in Europe who like the Americans to be in Vietnam.

7. We have a good trade going in poison gases . . . and you can tell us how they work.

8. Our policemen are wonderful.

9. Our Leaders are a bunch of fixers, our politicians their pimps, our businessmen arrogant bloodsuckers, our universities teach us only how to be teachers, our parents fear and hate (1) negros (2) jews (3) jews (4) foreigners (5) the Lower Orders (6) us; our Press tells us lies about you, and loves our politicians, businessmen, pundits and parents; and our Law orders us to obey them all.

10. Our debt to all of them has made us morally bankrupt.

11. We think we owe our lives to Society, and forget that we ARE society.

12. We are made oblivious with Welfare; blind with parochial pride; childish with obedience; petulant wtih disobedience; anxious for a pension; taught to be ignorant. We do not like FACTS.

13. We are very young for our age; very insulated; devoted to cash and status.

14. Sex and pot are our substitutes for Freedom.

15. WE HAVE NO PASSION.

16. Although we don't believe in god, we let him make our laws and frighten our children.

17. We don't believe in politicians, but we act as if we do.

18. We don't believe our Press, but we buy it.

19. We want what you want, but we support the other side.

20. We call police violence and the violence of the State . . . "student violence", and make it our excuse.

21. WE ARE VERY, VERY FRIGHTENED.

Issued by the Surrealist Group: Ian Breakwell, Alan Burns, Rupert Cracknell, Sophie Kemp, John Lyle, Conroy Maddox, George Melly, Peter Rider, John Rudlin, Ken Smith.

Dear Sir,

Sorry to say that there were not 50 but 25 of us, ('Police arrest Poets') sorry to say that Christopher Logue was not a participant in the event but a watcher.

Yours sincerely,
Sonia Sharkey (known as Wendy)
52 Queensway
London W2

Dear Sir,

This year will be the last year that mankind will have in the consciousness they have manifested hitherto.

On our part, we have planned everything, and everything has been prepared carefully. The message is a message of joy, and I wish that it be treated as a message of joy. Serious events will strike Earth, they will end in the Second Coming. And this is what should be stressed; speak of the spiritual side of the matter more than the violent part of it. Violence does not belong to us,—it belongs to Man; but violence will come to an end for Man now.

Certainty and knowledge are to be preferred to faith; but in order to attain certainty in this matter, one must believe. When the events begin to speed up you should group together and talk about these subjects. Never discuss, but talk—and be calm and harmonious within. The more calm and harmonious one is, the more one will understand about the nature of this message. Many individuals will receive messages themselves during the forthcoming days.

Confusion begets confusion. Only he who will not receive confusion within himself will escape confusion. Do not allow outer things to disturb your innermost being, and it will apply now more than ever before in the situation in which you will come to stand. Find peace and harmony within yourselves; they will be necessary during these latter days of Earth.

Au Revoir !

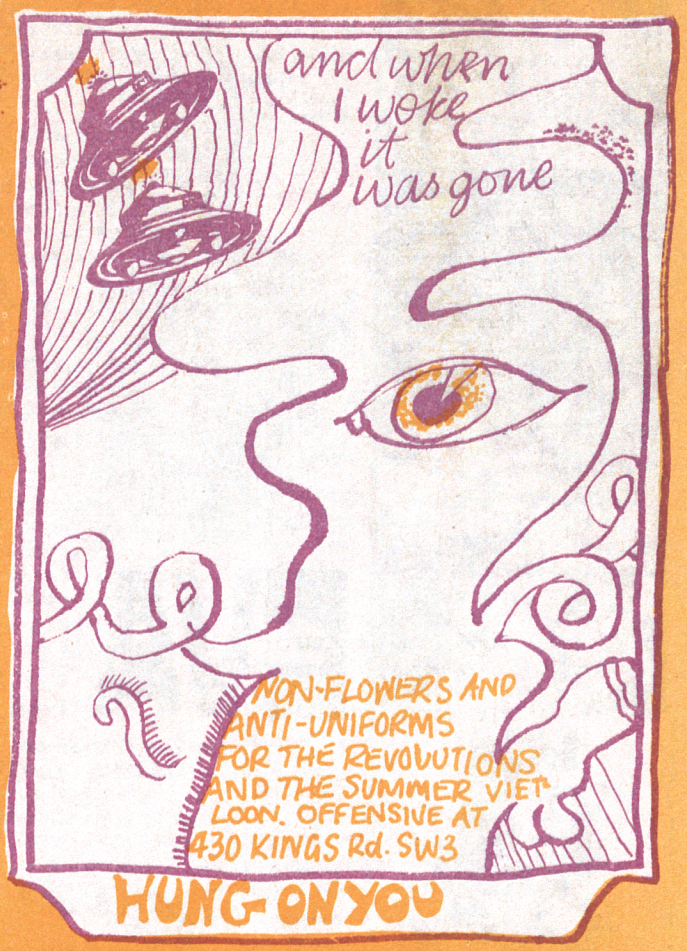
Universal Link
PO Box 13
4140, Borup, Denmark

Dear Sir,

These ideas might interest you . . . Over the past ten years I have been the author of numerous un-American letters to the local newspapers. It has always been my basic purpose in writing letters to the newspapers to present ideas, to make people think. In this small way, I have been contributing to the increase of consciousness. A deliberately subversive enterprise I admit.

With the widespread increase of consciousness society will mature, and authoritarian institutions such as governments and religions will lose their power over the human spirit. The maturing of society means precisely the increase of consciousness, on a general or collective scale.

Psychedelic drugs are the best way to achieve a radical increase of consciousness, although there are clumsier drugless methods such as fasting, breathing exercises, and concentration, as in yoga or



meditation. This is why psychedelics are felt to be a threat to the present order. In spite of persecution, the advent of psychedelics will have the effect of accelerating the growth of the human race.

To experience an altered state of consciousness, such as intoxication is educational and broadening, like speaking a foreign language or playing a musical instrument. But psychedelic drugs do not merely alter the consciousness, they literally increase or expand consciousness. The mind opens up, everything is more real. This is the minimum effect; it may be followed by psychological hallucinations or by spiritual insight, depending on the temperament or personality of the drug user.

The basic conflict in society is between the forces of growth and the forces of inertia (sometimes called 'stability'). Psychedelic drugs are a powerful force for growth, too important to be confined by legalism or medicalism.

Dave Reissig
402 Arthur St
Syracuse NY 13204

PADS

Along with some 'Smalls' advertisements, offers of crashpads have been lost. If you want to add your name to the world wide list of crashpads being prepared, please write to OZ, c/o Crashpads. Please write again if we lost you.

leave it blank till the last moment we might find the copy then

LEBEL

Jean-Jacques Lebel led the storming of the Paris Odeon. Now he is in gaol and the building has been cleared by police. Many complicated, contradictory elements are united against French fascism; not the least of which is Lebel, who sometimes inspires derision from his more stubbornly political colleagues (who also regard the Odeon as a tourist's revolution). But the eloquence of Lebel is considered dangerous enough to have him gaoled. Here he speaks to Bryan Willis a few days before his arrest:

We are for the total end of the human rapport which is established between the governor and the governed, the ruler and the ruled. We are for self management in each profession and each category of the people by themselves, but we are also for the destruction of the categories. In other words one of the reasons that we occupied the universities is not only for the students or for the workers: it is for everyone to come and use this university for whatever they want to use it. Not only for education, but if they want to eat there, sleep there, fuck there, get high there or live there. We are for the total destruction of categories.

One of the main ways the Capitalist system maintains its total control over bodies and minds is by categorising everybody into social groups. They say "You're the workers you're the students, you're the intellectuals, you're the doctors or whatever". We are for the destruction of this division into small groups. The fact that a tremendous number of workers now come to the Sorbonne or to other faculties that are occupied means that they feel that these are their places. These places belong to them. They do not just belong to the students or to the teachers.

As far as the Cultural industry is concerned, one of the main industries of the capitalist state is culture, in the sense that the propaganda of the ideology of the ruling class goes through everything that is called artistic. The movies for instance, were first an art and are now an industry—the same thing has happened to writing, to theatre to painting. Whatever is done in the way of culture is completely counter-revolutionary because it is the culture of money. The main thing about all cultural activity in the capitalist state is that it makes money. Whether you make money by playing Brecht or by playing Moliere it is exactly the same thing. You are giving a spectacle to people who do not participate in any way in what's happening. They consume the spectacle in exactly the same way as they consume when they buy a car or a refrigerator or chewing gum.

The society has made everybody into consumers and everything including art and political ideology has become consumer goods. We want to demolish completely the structure of the consumer society. It is possible for the people to make their own art. Some artists who pretend to be revolutionaries exhibit at the museum of modern art, which is a temple of capitalism just as much as the stock exchange we burned the other day. Some painters want to bring their paintings to the factories but that is a completely counter-revolutionary attitude. The workers don't need pseudo avant-garde paintings in the factories they need the total destruction of the social rapport between the bosses and the workers. They have to make their own paintings or invent their own art which will probably not be with brushes and canvases, but an art which will be completely integrated into the life process itself. Art can can become, when the revolutionary process has really demolished a number of mental and social taboos, something completely integrated in daily life.

Our action is to demolish even the left. For years the unions have been trying to stop the students and the workers coming together. Our main work is now in the factories, talking to the workers and telling them how the unions are helping the government to alienate them. The unions manipulate the workers into obeying the government. The workers get a shilling a day more to continue doing the same work, when it is the concept of work that needs to be questioned. Self-management would enable people to cease working for others and break down their work into what was necessary for economic exchange with others. We are trying to, beginning to, reinvent the concept of life, language, and political expression itself.

De Gaulle is trying to sell an image of France abroad which does not correspond at all to the corruption and pseudo liberal fascism that is going on inside the country So one of the aims was to destroy this image and I think that we succeeded in that. We took over one of the centres of propaganda, the Odeon. This used to represent the French culture from Warsaw to Tokyo and everywhere. So we took it over and decided that was the end of the cultural industry there. It would never be a theatre any longer, just a place, an ordinary place where anybody could come and learn, inform other people, talk with other people and exchange information and ideas.

What happened later, alas, and this we must ctiticize, was that a bureaucracy installed itself in there. It started making the usual little bureaucratic decisions which were cut off completely from the general movement.

What we are doing today is denouncing completely what is going on inside the Odeon. It re-institutionalized itself within a few weeks. It became again a sort of Ministry of Culture, a micro Ministry of Culture. What we are doing today is throwing all those people out and giving it again to who ever wants to express themselves there.

We didn't take it to re-establish a leftish bureaucracy there.

?

John Esam is rumoured to have begun a new publishing project. It is said to be a magazine scheduled to appear each fortnight in a format similar to 'The History of the 20th Century' entitled 'The History of the Future'. It will begin with the end of the world and work its way back. A number of famous but at present unknown writers will be writing for it, many of whom have yet to be born but all of whom have died.

John Wilcock's Other Scenes is now being distributed in London by ECAL 22 Betterton Street, WC2. Phone: TEM 8606.

HAROLD MUGGINS IS A MARTYR, (play/festival/freakout/gala/funfair/trial) uses movement, sound, light, projections, and more audience involvement from moment they enter front gate with carnival funfair, amusement arcade, guest orators, and Harold Muggins appealing for support in environment slapped onto Unity Theatre by students from Bradford School of Art; late night shows after performances on Fridays and Saturdays of poets, singers, short plays, films, whatever comes; discussion on the alternative society; children's carnival processions through Camden.

Unity Theatre is old, seedy left-wing theatre club near Kings Cross or Mornington Crescent tube stations. Good stage and auditorium, licensed bar, people don't know about it so hardly used, one of the assets of the Underground that should be developed. Run by committee, ineffective, needs people who want to get things done and just do them. Full membership gives right to take part in shows, vote and stand for election to management (£1 a year plus 1/- on joining).

The Unknown Soldier is on his way
Watch out for The Unknown Soldier
Pop and theatre combine superbly with The Unknown Soldier
The Doors close with The Unknown Soldier
The Doors and The Unknown Soldier We could be so Good Together
Only John Peel plays The Unknown Soldier
The Unknown Soldier will be in Britain from May 31st
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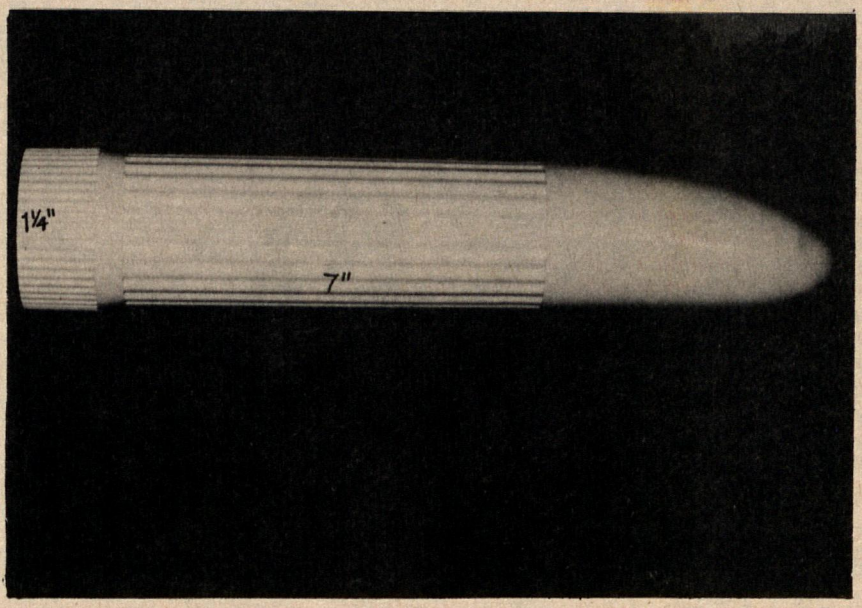

From:
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or send for details (free) of this and other products.

We shall attack, consistently, every kind of bureaucratic humbug that believes that "They" should control "Us". HELP wants participation democracy, at all levels. And a genuine belief in people. Not shadow-boxing and public relations.

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We're looking at protest groups because they are the Davids in a Goliath society. They have the sniff of truth for what's wrong. Perhaps because they have no power and money.

In 10 years more cause groups have been formed in Britain than in any other decade in our history. From Consumers Associations to Shelter, from Child Poverty Action to Stansted. Draw your own conclusions.

We see HELP as a movement. A gathering of people who care. We will use volunteers. Pool information. Try and act as some kind of publishing ombudsman.

We see HELP developing a computer service to readers, publishing subsidiary material to the order and interests of the individuals and groups working with us.

HELP staff are young. And they are sick and tired of the cynicism they have inherited. Not just in politics. In just about everything.

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ANDY

From John Wilcock's 'Other Scenes'

Andy Warhol is alive and well. He's sitting up in his room at New York's Columbus Hospital, reading magazines, unable to talk to anybody. Despite bullets in his head and chest he'll be fine. Meanwhile, Grove Press goes ahead with plans to publish his novel, "Twenty Four Hours" in the fall.

Having produced the ultimate in deadpan paintings, the totally static movie, a pop group that wanders offstage while feedback entertains the audience and pop-up] book that can't be read so much as looked at, Warhol has now turned his attention to tape recording. "Twenty Four Hours" is an untouched taped record of 24 hours in the life of Andy (carrying the NOrelco tape recorder), Ondine, articulate star of Chelsea Girls and other movies (who does most of the talking) and whoever they run into on their serendipitous journeys around Manhattan. It sounds revealing—but isn't.

To the average reader, in fact, the book might as well be in code. To start with, Andy is referred to throughout as Drella or "D", short for the nickname 'Cinderella', known only to intimates. Ondine is clearly identified and some of the Warhol gang or friends (Gerard Malanga, Billy Name, Paul Morrissey, Steve Schorr, Jonas Mekas, Allen Ginsberg, Ed Sanders) are featured by name, but how many people are going to identify references to or by Taxine, the Duchess, the Mayor, Billy Bedroom, Norman or 'the number one artist' ?

As for subject matter, it shifts almost every sentence in a surrealistic manner that resembles James Joyce more than anything else. It's important to remember that the book is *documentary*—god knows, it's surely too freaky to have been made up.

X

Despite their clamorous indignation about our liberties, Tory MPs are taking great care that the case of Sir Frederick Crawford, the Rhodesian who lost his British passport, doesn't get pushed to the point of an actual investigation. For they know as well as everybody in Rhodesia that Sir F and his wife are pillars of Rhodesian reaction, as long as it makes money.

His wife, an obsessive busybody, is even more famous than the Queen Mother for monumentally unfortunate remarks, and dining at the Crawfords is gracious living indeed: 1 black servant per guest on informal occasions, 3 blacks per guest on formal occasions. It's no secret in Salisbury that Sir F was over here to arrange a big, devious, sanctions-busting deal in asbestos and tobacco. But the whole Tory line on Rhodesia confirms that, where Tory loyalty is concerned, class ('kith and kin' being the smooth phrase) comes first, the Queen a very poor second, and the rest of us, nowhere.

Goodluck to the Manchester Arts Laboratory, which opened on June 22nd.

Congratulations to John Hopkins and Suzy Creamcheese on their marriage trip.

Hilary Barrow and Adrian Rifkin are helping form a White Peoples Association to promote the aims of Black Power and help black people. They plan day nurseries in Notting Hill, cottages in the country for orphaned children, films, plays, dances and summer events. Anyone interested write to Hilary c/o OZ.

OZ

Thank you everyone who helped so generously with the OZ benefit. We're sorry about the girl who rang us weeping over the exploding parrot ("Everyone else was laughing . . . it was horrible") and for the man who freaked out when the mercanaries freaked in for the crucifixion scene.

The World's Most Boring Man had over 40 customers; some of whom competed with him; and the World's Longest Joke Teller is droning on to this day. The girl wrestlers were sexy, cruel dedicated, deliciously young and are coming back for more on June 30. Yes; we're having another one at Middle Earth next Sunday. It will be wilder, more unexpected totally integrated, and dangerous. Come. It will make our first one seem like a nursery party.

Meanwhile; warm thankyous to The Pink Floyd, Pretty Things, Social Deviants, Blonde on Blonde, Alexis Korner, Miss Kelly, The Flamingoes, Louise, Buzby Loyd, John Peel, Jeff Dexter, Carolyn Coon, Transcendental Aurora (The Light Show), Ian Knight, Jeff Shaw, Sean Kelly, Peter the popcorn man, Sebastian Jorgensen, Michael Newman, Bruce Beresford, Felix Dennis, the Mercenaries, Dave Hausman, Paul Waldman, Middle Earth, Michael Ramsden, Tony Crerar and the Human Family, David Spode and everyone else who helped OZ at Middle Earth.

Some who couldn't make it to Middle Earth sent a donation instead. We've added a section to the subscription coupon for the convenience of any other philanthropists. The Black Dwarf has a sweet old Scottish lady (she sent them £1000), Private Eye has celebrities, IT has a lovely banker's son, but OZ, dear readers, has only you.

TOM

A few weeks ago Mr Tom Morton was arrested and roughed-up outside the Royal Courts of Justice for distributing a pamphlet entitled The Crown of England and the Throne Stinks of the Corruption of Her Majesty's Judges.

Under the sub heading; The Palaces of Perjured Judicial Ponces, Mr Morton alleges, among other things: "That I was brought to secret trial by the Director of Public Prosecutions, on false charges and false evidence, designed to deprive me of my freedom of speech, in order to protect Judge . . . , whom he knew to be criminally corrupt . . ."

Under another heading; Your

Majesty's Judges are Posturing, Petrified Pestilential, Perjured Pimps; Mr Morton calls for a public inquiry into his case on the grounds that the Judiciary cannot try a charge against itself.

Mr Morton's contempt for the legal profession derives from the mis-handling of his divorce proceedings in 1953 and he has been fighting the law ever since.

In 1964 he produced a 350,000 word book single handedly, on an electric duplicator, entitled "Treason by Dilhorne and His Corrupt Judges Hilbery Salmon and Rawlins" which is the complete story of a marriage, narrative accounts and the official records of the "corrupt and extraordinary" legal proceedings which followed. He has since persisted with a series of pamphlets written in traditional inflammatory style which he has distributed himself in strategic areas. The penultimate paragraph in one pamphlet reads:

As an artist, I greatly admire Your Majesty. Like many of my fellow citizens, I was filled with pride, when you appeared in France some years ago, looking beautiful and splendid, before an official banquet. We all know you to be the very personification of chivalry and honour, but your judges have placed the filth of perjury and suppression into your mouth. A person who commits perjury spits in the face of God. In condoning these terrible crimes, that is what your judges have done in your name and until you spit this filth out in their faces, you defile heaven and must be known as, **The Perjured Queen.**

When Mr Morton appeared at Bow Street Magistrates Court on a charge of disturbing the peace he was convicted and put on a good behaviour bond. The court treated him with a bored paternalism, telling him to go home to Polperro and forget all about his bizarre allegations. "We've heard it all before", said the magistrate.

Tom Morton is a friendly, elegant artist from Polperro in Cornwall, intelligent and courageous. When young, he was a policeman, joined the army, became a landscape artist and now runs his own gallery.

OZ has no opinion about what he says; but defends to the last column inch, the flair with which he says it. Ho! Ho!

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AGIT-OZ

The tradition of all the dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brain of the living.
Karl Marx The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon.

"The quotations and historiography are aimed to demonstrate the partisan and unseemly belief that socialism means popular power and human liberation and requires the overturning of advanced capitalism by the industrial workers themselves. Debray, Laing and even Marcuse are important and serious Marxist thinkers but largely irrelevant to our here and now. (Excellent left critiques of Marcuse's pessimism and hey nonny no Freudianism are the Alisdair MacIntyre in Survey Jan 67 and Peter Sedgewick in Socialist Register 66.)

Above all else read Victor Serge's "Memoirs of a Revolutionary", an Oxford paperback at 12/6d.

The best Marxist paperback selections are the Bottomore and Rubel Pelican editions of Marx. C Wright Mill's selection "The Marxists" is rather uneven and David Caute's "Essential Writings of Karl Marx" in London Panther is somewhat intrusively edited, though less soggy than his weak "The Left in Europe" for the World University Library. For perspectives on British capitalism both the enlarged May Day Manifesto (Penguin) and "Towards Socialism" (Fontana Library) are valuable if taken alongside E P Thompson's long essay "The Peculiarities of the English" in Socialist Register 65, critical of their approach. For a view of the self activity of the working class as the heart of the revolutionary process read E P Thompson's magnificent "The Making of the English Working Class" (Gollancz, but why still no paperback?) Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution" (Sphere, Sunday Telegraph book of the year: 'Evil has never been so dazzling presented') and Hal Drapers polemic "The Two Souls of Socialism" (available from IS). International Socialism have also published the complete polish "Revolutionary Socialist Manifesto" written in a polish prison by Kuron and Modzelewski.

For your day-to-day activity read Socialist Worker, Voice of the Unions (and its area and industry based papers), Solidarity, International, and perhaps the Black Dwarf. The bi-weekly Newsletter remains unbelievably sectarian and dishonest but is at least frequent. Tribune and Morning Star are beyond hope".

AGIT 1

Men fight and lose that battle, and then the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes, turns out to be not what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name.

There are of the English middle class, today . . . men of the highest aspirations towards Art, and of the strongest will; men who are most deeply convinced of the necessity to civilization of surrounding men's lives with beauty; and many lesser men, thousands for what I know, refined and cultivated, follow them and praise their opinions: but both the leaders and the led are incapable of saving so much as half a dozen commons from the grasp of inexorable Commerce: they are as helpless in spite of their culture and their genius as if they were just so many overworked shoemakers: less lucky than King Midas, our green fields and clear waters, nay the very air we breathe, are turned not to gold (which might please some of us for an hour maybe) but to dirt; and to speak plainly we know full well that under the present gospel of Capital not only there is no hope of bettering it, but that things grow worse year by year, day by day.

William Morris, craftsman poet and political writer who asserted revolutionary social change against the dominant Fabian reformism.

When philosophy paints its grey in grey, one form of life has become old, and by means of its grey it cannot be rejuvenated but only known. The owl of Minerva takes its flight only when the shadows of evening are fallen.
The Philosophy of Right: by Hegel

The best laws that England hath are yokes and manacles, tying one sort of people to be slaves to another.
. . . let the gentry have their enclosures and waste lands set free to them from all Norman enslaving lords of manors . . .
If you found out the Court of Wards to be a burden and freed lords of the manors and gentry from paying fines to the King . . . let the common people be free too for paying homage to the lords of the manors.
Gerrard Winstanley
'The Putney Debates' radical agitator in Oliver Cromwell's army

You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of the nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend.
Communist Manifesto, Karl Marx

The science of marvellous industry is simultaneously the science of asceticism . . . Self-denial, the denial of life and of all human needs is its cardinal doctrine. The less you eat, drink and read books; the less you go to the theatre, the dance hall, the public-house; the less you think, love, theorize, sing, paint, fence, etc, the more you *save*—the *greater* becomes your treasure, which neither moths nor dust will devour—your *capital*. The less you *are*, the more you *have*; the less you express your own life, the greater is your alienated life—the greater is the store of your estranged being.
The Holy Family, Karl Marx

A negro is a negro, but only under certain conditions does he become a slave. A machine to weave cotton is a machine to weave cotton, but only under certain conditions does it become capital. Separated from these conditions it is as little capital as gold, in itself is money or sugar is the price of sugar.
Das Kapital, Karl Marx

In direct contrast to German philosophy, which descends from heaven to earth, here we ascend from earth to heaven. That is to say, we do not set out from what men say, imagine, or conceive, nor from what has been said, thought, imagined, or conceived of men, in order to arrive at men in the flesh. We begin with real, active men, and from their real life-process show the development of the ideological reflexes and echoes of this life-process. The phantoms of the human brain also are necessary sublimates of men's material life-process, which can be empirically established and which is bound to material preconditions. Morality, religion, metaphysics, and other ideologies, and their corresponding forms of consciousness, no longer retain therefore their appearance of autonomous existence. They have no history, no development; it is men, who, in developing their material production and their material intercourse, change, along with this their real existence, their thinking and the products of their thinking. Life is not determined by consciousness, but consciousness by life.

The existence of revolutionary ideas in a particular age presupposes the existence of a revolutionary class . . .

The ideas of the ruling class are, in every age, the ruling ideas: ie, the class which is the dominant *material* force in society is at the same time its dominant *intellectual* force. The class which has the means of material production at its disposal, has control at the same time over the means of mental production, so that in consequence the ideas of those who lack the means of mental production are, in general, subject to it.

The question whether objective truth can be attributed to human thinking is not a question of theory but is *practical* question. In practice man must prove the truth, that is, the reality and power, the this-sidedness of his thinking. The dispute over the reality or non-reality of thinking which is isolated from practice is a purely *scholastic* question.

The materialist doctrine that men are products of circumstances and upbringing, and that, therefore, changed men are products of other circumstances and changed upbringing, forgets that it is men that change circumstances and that the educator himself needs educating . . . The coincidence of the changing of circumstances and of human activity can be conceived and rationally understood only as *revolutionary practice.*

Social life is essentially *practical*. All mysteries which mislead theory to mysticism find their rational solution in human practice and in the comprehension of this practice.

The philosophers have only *interpreted* the world in various ways; the point, however, is to *change* it.

Theses on Feuerbach, Karl Marx
1818-1883, German revolutionary socialist. Exiled in Paris and later to London where he died. Founder of the First International, co-author of the Communist Manifesto and wrote Das Kapital.

A narrow empiricism denies that a fact does not really become a fact except in the course of an elaboration according to a method. It finds in each factor, in each statistic, in each *factum brutum* of economic life, an important fact. It does not understand that the simplest enumeration of 'facts', their stringing together without any commentary, is already an interpretation, that at this stage the facts are already examined from a point of view, a method, that they have been abstracted from the context of life in which they were found and introduced into a theory . . .

When one faces a situation where the exact knowledge of society becomes, for a class, the immediate condition of its self-affirmation in struggle; when, for this class, self-consciousness of society; when this class is, through its consciousness, both of the subject and object of consciousness, then the theory is an immediate, direct and adequate relation to the process of the social revolution, then the unity of theory and practice, that precondition of the revolutionary function of theory, becomes possible.

Georg Lukacs 1885– Marxist literary and social critic who served as Comissar for Culture in the brief Bela Kun Soviet Republic of Hungary in 1919 and supported the Hungarian revolution of 1956 serving as Minister of Culture in the Nagy Government and as a founding member of the anti-Stalinist Hungarian Communist Party. Professor of Aesthetics at Budapest University.

Continued P.18

You are wrestling with the Enemies of the human Race, not for yourself merely, for you may not see the full Day of Liberty, but for the Child hanging at the Breast.
Instructions of the London Corresponding Society to its travelling delegates 1796

WITH REGARD to a false interpretation of our enterprise, stupidly circulated among the public, WE DECLARE as follows to the entire braying literary, dramatic, philosophical, exegetical and even theological body of contemporary criticism:

1) We have nothing to do with literature. But we are quite capable, when necessary, of making use of it like anyone else.
2) Surrealism is not a new means of expression, or an easier one, nor even a metaphysics of poetry. It is a means of total liberation of the mind *and all that resembles it.*
3) We are determined to make a Revolution.
4) We have joined the word *surrealism* to the word *revolution* solely to show the disinterested, detached, and even entirely desperate character of this revolution.
5) We make no claim to change the *mores* of mankind, but we intend to show the fragility of thought, and on what shifting foundations, what caverns we have built our trembling houses.
6) We hurl this formal warning to Society: Beware of your deviations and *faux-pas,* we shall not miss a single one.
7) At each turn of its thought, Society will find us waiting.
8) We are specialists in Revolt. There is no means of action which we are not capable, when necessary, of employing.
9) We say in particular to the Western world, *surrealism* exists. And what is this new ism that is fastened to us? Surrealism is not a poetic form. It is a cry of the mind turning back on itself, and it is determined to break apart its fetters, even if it must be by material hammers!

The Surrealist Declaration of 27th Jan 1925. Signatories included Aragon, Artaud, Breton, Eluard, Ernst and Queneau.

"One must dream," said Lenin. "One must act," said Goethe. Surrealism has never maintained anything else, for practically all its efforts have tended towards the dialectical resolution of this question.
Position Politique de Surrealisme, 1935

Both feeling and reason degenerated in the age of capitalism when that age was drawing towards its end, and entered into a bad, unproductive conflict with each other. But the rising new class and those who fight on its side are concerned with feeling and reason engaged in *productive* conflict. Our feelings impel us towards the maximum effort of reasoning, and our reason purifies our feelings.
Bertold Brecht 1898–1956. Marxist poet and dramatist

The working class must carry out all these changes in the area of political, social and economic relations in order to realize its own class interest, which is the command over its own labour and its products. Is this program realistic?

With the initial step toward its realization—making the enterprise independent—the working class would create the conditions for adapting production to needs, eliminating all waste of the economic surplus and the proper use of the intensive factors of economic growth. The same would be carried out by the technocracy, the difference being that the production goal of the working class is consumption by many, not the luxury consumption of privileged strata. That is why workers' control of production would assure the most radical resolution of the contradiction between an expanded productive potential and the low level of social consumption which impedes economic growth today.

The workers separate class interest coincides with the economic interests of the mass of low-paid white collar employees and of the small and medium holders in the countryside. In their combined numbers, they are the overwhelming majority of the rural and urban population. Since the slavery of the working class is the essential source of the slavery of other classes and strata, by emancipating itself, the working class also liberates the whole of society.

To liberate itself, it must abolish the political police; by doing this it frees the whole of society from fear and dictatorship.

It must abolish the regular army and liberate the soldier in the barracks from nightmarish oppression;

It must introduce a multi-party system, providing political freedom to the whole society;

It must abolish preventive censorship, introduce full freedoms of the press, of scholarly and cultural creativity, of formulating and propagating various trends of social thinking. It will thereby liberate the writer, artist, scholar and journalist; it will create, on the widest possible scale, conditions for the free fulfillment by the intelligentsia of its proper social function;

It must subject the administrative apparatus to the permanent control and supervision of democratic organizations, changing existing relationships within that apparatus. Today's common civil servant will become a man free of humiliating dependence on a bureaucratic hierarchy;

It must assure the peasant control over his product, as well as economic, social and political self-government. It will thereby change the peasant from the eternal, helpless object of all power into an active citizen sharing in making decisions which shape his life and work.

An Open Letter to the Party by Jacek Kuron and Karol Modzelewski Both these polish revolutionary socialists are in jail as a result of cirulating this document. Street fighting by young Poles in Warsaw this year originated in protest against the imprisonment.

This is a sad reality: Vietnam—a nation representing the aspirations, the hopes of a whole world of forgotten peoples—is tragically alone. This nation must endure the furious attacks of US technology, with practically no possibility of reprisals in the South and only some of defence in the North—but always alone.
The solidarity of all progressive forces of the world towards the people of Vietnam today is similar to the bitter irony of the plebians coaxing on the gladiators in the Roman arena. It is not a matter of wishing success to the victim of aggression, but of sharing his fate; one must accompany him to his death or to victory.

Che Guevara 1928–1967, Message to the Havana Tricontinental 1967

The International of Crime and Treason exists, the present task is to create an international of Resistance and Solidarity.

We must leave our dreams and abandon our old beliefs and friendships of the time before life began. Let us waste no time in sterile litanies and nauseating mimicry. Leave this Europe where they are never done talking of Man, yet murder men everywhere they find them, at the corner of every one of their own streets, in all corners of the globe.
For centuries they have stifled almost the whole of humanity in the name of a so-called spiritual experience. Look at them today swaying between atomic and spiritual disintegration.

The Wretched of the Earth, by Frantz Fanon 1925–1961. Born in Martinique, Fanon was a doctor who became the leading thinker of the Algerian Revolution. He died of leukaemia.

The Government have referred the GLC rent increases to the Prices & Incomes Board. Tenants should be under no illusions that this is going to mean anything other than a postponement or slight adjustment, of the rent increases. Petitions and lobbies will only have the same effect.
In the last resort only a rent strike by GLC tenants will effectively stop the rent increases; otherwise they will go through. Lobbies and petitions which are not backed by strike action will be largely ignored.
If the GLC rent scheme is going to be stopped this will not be done by Parliament or the Labour councillors at County Hall.
IT WILL ONLY BE DONE BY THE TENANTS THEMSELVES THROUGH THEIR OWN RESOLUTION, ACTION AND ORGANISATION.

Not a Penny on the Rents. A leaflet of the GLC Tenants Action Committee

Moralists of the Anglo-Saxon type, in so far as they do not confine themselves to rationalist utilitarianism, the ethics of bourgeois bookkeeping, appear to be conscious or unconscious students of Viscount Shaftesbury, who—at the beginning of the eighteenth century!—deduced moral judgements from a

special "moral sense," supposedly once and for all given to man. Supra-class morality inevitably leads to the acknowledgment of a special substance, of a "moral sense," "conscience," some kind of absolute which is nothing more than the philosophic-cowardly pseudonym for God. Independent of "ends," that is, of society, morality, whether we deduce it from eternal truths or from the "nature of man", proves in the end to be a form of "natural theology." Heaven remains the only fortified position for military operations against dialectic materialism.
Their Morals and Ours, 1938 Trotsky

It is true that humanity has more than once brought forth giants of thought and action who tower over their contemporaries like summits in a chain of mountains. The human race has a right to be proud of its Aristotle, Shakespeare, Darwin, Beethoven, Goethe, Marx Edison, and Lenin. But why are they so rare? Above all, because almost without exception, they came out of the upper and middle classes. Apart from rare exceptions, the sparks of genius in the suppressed depths of the people are choked before they can burst into flame. But also because the processes of creating, developing, and educating a human being have been and remain essentially a matter of chance, not illuminated by theory and practice, not subjected to consciousness and will.
From a lecture in Denmark 1932, Trotsky

—Death to Utopia! Death to faith! Death to love! Death to hope! thunders the twentieth century in salvos of fire and in the rumbling of guns.
—Surrender, you pathetic dreamer. Here I am, your long awaited twentieth century, your "future".
—No, replies the unhumbled optimist: You—you are only the *present.*

On Optimism and Pessimism, 1907 Leon Trotsky 1879—1940. Leader of the 1905 Russian Revolution. Peoples Commissar for Foreign Affairs 1917-18; founder and leader of the Red Army during the Civil War. Denied possibility of 'socialism in one country' and continued to work for world revolution until murdered by Stalin in Mexico.

Even before I emerged from childhood I seem to have experienced, deeply at heart, that paradoxical feeling which was to dominate me all through the first part of my life: that of living in a world without any possible escape, in which there was nothing for it but to fight for an impossible escape. I felt repugnance, mingled with wrath and indignation, towards people whom I saw settled comfortably in this world. How could they not be conscious of their captivity, of their unrighteousness?

One night, in a port whose houses were shattered by bombs, the sick man in our party, some police officers and I went into a tavern filled with British soldiers. They noticed our unusual appearance. 'Who are you lot? Where are you going?' 'Revolutionaries—we are going to Russia.' Thirty tanned faces surrounded us eagerly , there were hearty exclamations all round us, and we had to shake everybody's hand. Since the Armistice popular feeling had changed once again; the Russian Revolution was once more a distant beacon to men.

Memoirs of a Revolutionary, Victor Serge 1890—1947. Son of Russian emigre, grew up in Brussels and Paris. Returned to Russia in 1918 and worked for Comintern. Supported Trotsky and the Left Oppositionists, imprisoned by Stalin 1933-6. Freed after outcry in France, died in Mexico.

Unfurl the red flag in the east wind
To turn the world scarlet

Mao Tse-Tung 1893—
Reply to Kuo Mo-jo.
Assumed leadership of the Chinese Communists after their decimation by Chiing in 1927. Led epic long march to Yenan in 1934-5. Fought against the Japanese and defeated the Kuomintang in 1949 when he became Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic. Nationalist warlord and poet.

Imperialist bestiality has been let loose to devastate the fields of Europe, and there is one incidental accompaniment for which the 'cultured world' has neither heart nor conscience—the mass slaughter of the European proletariat . . . It is our hope, our flesh and blood, which is falling in swathes like corn under the sickle. The finest, the most intelligent, the best-trained forces of international Socialism, the bearers of the heroic traditions of the modern working-class movement, the advanced guard of the world proletariat, the workers of Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia, are being slaughtered in masses. That is a greater crime by far than the brutish sack of Louvain or the destruction of Rheims Cathedral. It is a deadly blow against the power which holds the whole future of humanity, the only power which can save the values of the past and carry them on into a newer and better human society. Capitalism has revealed its true features; it betrays to the world that it has lost its historical justification, that its continued existence can no longer be reconciled with the progress of mankind . . .

Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles! Long live Democracy! Long live the Tsar and Slavdom! Ten thousand blankets guaranteed in perfect condition! A hundred thousand kilos of bacon, coffee substitutes—immediate delivery! Dividends rise and proletarians fall. And with each one sinks a fighter for the future, a soldier of the Revolution, a liberator of humanity from the yoke of capitalism and finds a nameless grave.

"The madness will cease and the bloody product of hell come to an end only when the workers of Germany and France, of Great Britain and Russia, awaken from their frenzy, extend to each other the hand of friendship, and drown the bestial chorus of imperialist hyaenas with the thunderous battle cry of the modern working-class movement: 'Workers of the World Unite!'

The Accumulation of Capital 1913, Rosa Luxembourg

". . . socialist democracy is not something which begins only in the promised land after the foundations of socialist economy are created; it does not come as some sort of Christmas present for the worthy people who, in the interim, have loyally supported a handful of socialist dictators. Socialist democracy begins simultaneously with the beginnings of the destruction of class rule and of the construction of socialism. It begins at the very moment of the seizure of power by the socialist party. It is the same thing as the dictatorship of the proletariat.

"Yes, dictatorship! But this dictatorship consists in the *manner of applying democracy*, not in its *elimination*, in energetic resolute attacks upon the well-entrenched rights and economic relationships of bourgeois society, without which a socialist transformation cannot be accomplished. But this dictatorship must be the work of the *class* and not of a little leading minority in the name of the class . . ."
The Russian Revolution 1917, Rosa Luxembourg

"Mistakes committed by a genuine revolutionary labour movement are much more fruitful and worth-while historically than the infallibility of the very best Central Committee."

in Die Neue Zeit 1904, by Rosa Luxembourg 1871—1919. Born in Poland, became leading Socialist Revolutionary, moved to Germany 1898 where with Karl Liebknecht she led the anti-revisionist wing of the Social Democrats. Author of "The Accumulation of Capital" murdered by Fascist thugs in January 1919 during the abortive German Revolution. With Lenin one of the two greatest Marxists of the twentieth century.

It is not only the conscious hypocrites, scientists, and priests that uphold and defend the bourgeois lie that the state is free and that it is its duty to defend the interests of all, but also a large number of people who sincerely adhere to the old prejudices and who cannot understand the transition from the old capitalist society to socialism.

The State, 1919 by Vladimir Ilyich Lenin 1870—1923, leader of the Bolshevik wing of the Russian Social Democrat Party. Against the opposition of every other political group and sections of the Bolsheviks he agitated for and brought about the October Revolution, the world's first proletarian revolution. Died with the USSR isolated, the Western European Revolution he anticipated not having materialised.

AGIT 2

David Widgery

WHEN HARRODS IS LOOTED

1968 would be as good a year as any for the liberal intelligentsia to start taking politics seriously. Let's, for example, pretend that the Metropolitan Police are the Wehrmacht and the dockers are breaking the windows of all the Indian restaurants in Gerrard Street. Orwe could make believe in the National Conservative administration of 1971, the first shot striker and the Student Problem. Or perhaps the meat porters do find out that it's the bankers and not the blacks. Either way the elaborate parlour games of most of our political intellectuals could be broken up very fast by the realities of a world recession, concentrated economic and political power and eroded democratic institutions.

Fleet Street's chain of fools and their allies in the university have told us for years that the class struggle didn't exist or wasn't needed any more or that it was our business to be on the other side of the barricades anyway. When the students in Germany talked about overturning capitalism, they patronised them and put the rebels on the front of their glossies like cavemen painted mastodons to show their mastery. When it happened in France, they talked of its 'style' and how we have a middle tier of oppression so it can't happen here. And when it does happen here and maybe its no longer chic but brutal and muddy and the rubbish is burning and Harrods is looted, they will not still see it's about revolution and socialism and that for us all else is folly. The nice people will have to choose then between those who honked their horns around the Champs Elysee and shouted 'Cohn Bendit to Dachau' and accurately 'Liberate' our factories' and the workers marching in the Place de la Bastille with the clothes they have stood beside machines in all their life. And if that's already too much like cliche, then you've already chosen your side. As for us we should have chosen long ago. For until this struggle against capitalism and for popular power is finished, we remain in this log jam at the middle of the century slung as Arnold wrote, "between one world dead and the other still powerless to be born".

At least while the Labour Party is in opposition the myths of Fabianmight be maintained; for the intellectual that increased Parliamentary representation of the Labour Party means the increase and then the achievement of popular power, for the worker that if there was a Labour Government as well as a Labour Council then rents would not still go up and houses would get built. But the vulnerability of the British economy to international capital movement and 'confidence' has revealed yet again the marked and unjustified optimism that social democrats have always had about economic and political power. The independent foreign policy, as beloved of C.N.D. as Douglas-Home, is so many sweepings before the broom of American Power. The 'export-led boom' depends simply on for how long and how low working class living standards can be forced, and the science of '64 means the productivity of '66 means the exploitation of '68. Labour has simply been taking its pleasure too often on the bed of Capital, for us still to be crying rape. But the rewards of collaboration with capital have not been adequate to buy mass support with wages and domestic booms and Labour has been without mass support for 4 years now. But over the last two years even those party activists who remained have been finally sickened away from politics and gone back to "Gardeners' Question Time" and mild and bitter. Increasingly suitable undemocratic professionals of Transport House are wielding the dead weight of a party defined by the absence of militants or of real strength from the class socialism is all about.

In fact the students' emphasis on opposition outside Parliament is a precise expression of the options open to serious socialists in the face of the shift to the right which social democracy and European communism has made over the last 20 years. Coalition social democracy has abandoned even its verbal claims to equality and social reform, the rhetoric of Wilson, Brandt, Mollet and Nenni (and for that matter Sik and Lieberman) is now thoroughly state plannist, elitist, technical and manipulative.

The Communist Parties have in turn occupied the reformist parliamentary programmes which social democracy has vacated. The drive towards respectability and the attempt to strip the tiger, ballot box by ballot box, has meant the isolation and frequent suppression of the CP's militants so that its functionaries could achieve the plush comforts of the Parliament. The marxism they practise is for the most part the ruling class ideology of the Soviet Union, national and conservative and forced to express the most authoritarian elements of European socialism. The responsible CP-ers appealing for moderation at tenants meetings are as fundamentally reformist as the French Stalinists who shopped the students and workers of Paris, just less successful. They are no more de-Stalinised than Globke and Oberlander are de-nazified. The cameos are plain; the leaders of the CBI welcomed to the leather chair of the Kremlin to complain about their workers over vodka aperitifs; the coutious and 'responsible' behaviour of the Moscow Narodny Bank Ltd. in tiding over the last two gold crises.

But because there is no visible political institution which can be seen to represent student socialists and because loyalty to Eastern Europe is no longer an accurate litmus to the far left, the political train spotters

Continued. p18

1640 cromwell's revolution

DIGGERS

1791 jacobins

T. PAINE

LUDDITES

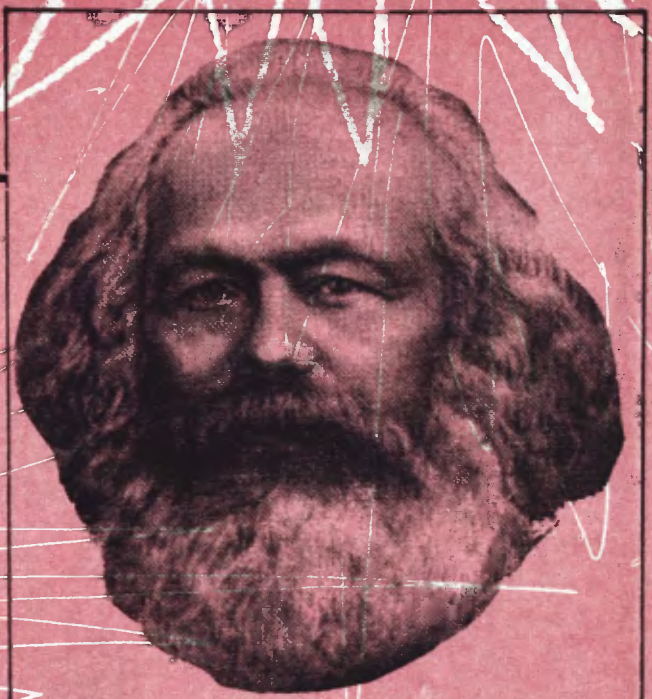
CHARTISTS

MORRIS

1885 fabians

PARIS COMMUNE

ANARCHISTS



marx

RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

1917
1920

lenin

Luxembourg

trotsky

WEBBS

SERGE

Left Opposition

1930 Mc DONALD

mao

stalin

STATE CAPITALISM

HUNGARIAN UPRISING

NO!! It's the last straw!
America and Russia have
decided to ally in one super state:
The SOVIET AMERICAN REPUBLICS (S.A.R.)
Their command headquarters, centre
of a vast joint scientific and industrial
complex
The OCTOGON!

ATLEE

BEN BELLA

50'S

TRIBUNE

CASTRO

FOOT

CHE

C.N.D

1968 WILSON

PARIS

MayDay Manifesto
11 Fitzroy Square London N1.

New Left Review

Vietnam Solidarity Campaign
8 Toynbee Street London E1

Commnuist Party of Great Britain
(Marxist Leninist)
London Workers Committee

International Socialism
36 Gilden Road, London NW5.

Solidarity
534 Westmoreland
Road, Bromley,

COMMUNIST PARTY
36 King Street, London W1

4th International (Paris)
Voix Ouvrier
Jeunesse Communiste Revolutionaire
International Marxist Group

and student affairs 'experts' whose ideology is end of ideology, have assumed that students are no longer interested in theory and analysis but are just in it for the punch-ups. If only lines of communication could be opened for full and free dialogue and the trouble makers eliminated, the universities could get back to the real and superbly harmless works of scholarship. Whereas in fact political students spend their waking, thinking, drinking life utterly bound up in politics and analysis. Those who are fond

of asking why we don't join the NLF should not suppose that the workers and intellectuals of the Spanish War are the only people who meant what they said when they declared they would die for what they believed. Indeed the very franticness of students, their capacity for outrage and hope, is an affront to the play ethic of late capitalism for which a flayed self-awareness wears so much better than conviction.

What is at the back of this urgency, what makes the anger last and deepen is the horror which must happen every day to maintain the US occupation of South Vietnam and the final horror which comes from the realisation the Vietnams will be repeated until the US is either a fortress in mutiny or so over-extended that the final reckoning comes. But students response is not just the contempt that any person with a sense of meaning must feel over the mouth disease of LBJ, Brown's righteous hypocrisy and Wilson's diatribes written in the Pentagon. It is not only the well chronicled, familiar, glutinous lies, the genocide to save a civilisation, humanities Incendergel, the fragmentation bomb of freedom. The mirror Vietnam holds up to the West illuminates precisely those myths that are at the centre of the status quo, the absence of class struggle, the inevitability of economic growth and thus increase in living standards, the post colonial powers' begin international intentions.

International capitalism has obliged the triple anniversary of Marx with a life-scale demonstration of precisely why it cannot make the world liveable for its people. It is not just the war in Vietnam, but the needs of an economy which makes Vietnam the rule rather than the exception an economy 'stabalized' only by high unemployment and massive defence related expenditure, a system required to police the neo-colonial empire that it has, at least for a few more years yet, to expropriate economically and supervise politically. America, that fine citadel of democracy, needs its guns and buttresses; to get them Tom Paine must be bound naked to the stake of militarism.

As the late Isaac Deutcher, whose magnificent witness against the new barbarism alongside Sartre and Russell was an initial inspiration to the movement which has grown up across Europe to defeat the Americans in Vietnam, wrote:

"About 60 years ago Rosa Luxemburg predicted that one day militarism would become the driving force of the capitalist economy but even her forecast pales before the facts".

The helplessness of Wilson even to make a formal diplomatic break with America (and thus the helplessness of those on the Left whose sole aim was to pressure him into dissociation) illuminated the nature of our satelitism to the needs of imperialism as clearly as the bankers budget, the gratuitous cuts say in the NHS for the foreign audience, and the shows of 'toughness' indicate the helplessness of national capitalist planning with capital international and irrational.

The world's on fire; all Wilson can offer is the nudging and anticipation of backward British capitalism into mergers, investment and what is known as technological advance. The carrot is his grim dedication to the task of depressing living standards to a level at which even British business cannot help but become more competitive in the bitter conflict over the dwindling growth (perhaps even an absolute decrease in '68) margin of world trade. The political drive towards state capitalism makes sense to Maudling and Shore as well as Robbins and is resisted mainly by small CBI firms. Its main political implication is the increased induction of the higher levels of the trade union bureaucracy into the state planning machinery and then the use of the unions themselves to discipline their own rank and file. The TUC leaders find themselves wandering the corridors of power without entry to any of the doors of control and having abandoned even the notion of a militant rank and file on their journey to the top.

In the fifties, it proved easier for much of British business to pay wage drift rather than fight it and union officialdom was able to acclimatise to relatively automatic reformism from above. But the conditions which underlie the Gold Crisis mark the end of this era; wage increase must be fought and won in conditions which inevitably link the industrial to the political. It is in this promising situation and in the opportunities it provides for attacking the fact and the politics of freezism, that student socialists have tried to find a footing. But as the aprons and boots in St. Stephens Yard suggest, there is no guarantee provided that the turbulence and disillusionment within the union rank and file will turn to the left, although similar vacuums in

Germany, France and US have led to important achievements for the revolutionary left. What is clear is that the Labour Party's roots in the working class are withered in the air; the MP's and intellectuals who remain must feel as far away from the young people who proudly carry NLF flags, as they do from the workers who are no longer ashamed to shout Keep Britain White.

The Sunday Press waxes, or rather wanes, eloquent, the svelte left cries into its whiskey and the Parliamentary Left continues to flog its dead horses in the Augean stables of Westminster but none of them notice there's no one listening and nothing is revealed...Of course the taste for revolution is nothing new to the young middle class. Acid hippies, progressive school bohemians and bored pop entrepreneurs all like the language of total liberation and look of Che Guevara (and some can even spell this name right). But as for theory and ways of understanding, these are either brain diseases any way or have already been gleaned from Cinerama Dr. Zhivago. Indeed, the more the underground loons on about revolution, the more obvious it becomes that pot serves roughly the social role that gin did in the Thirties, by enabling the young enlightened middle class to gather round and talk about their enlightenment. The club called Revolution where the young ruling class whinnies under portraits of Mao and Che is only typical of this radical dishonesty.

As the traffic to Xanadu thins, it ought to become clearer which of the new orientalists are moved to ask or answer any serious political questions. But in the USA the generous dreamings of the acid left has been overtaken by reality, hippies give away food but negroes take refrigerators, and will hopefully leave the induction centres, police stations and tenements in ashes. Ginsberg did drink the water of the Ganges and he did have dysentry for a month afterwards. The intelligensia seem happy enough treading the water of the Mall palaces, content in the knowledge that we live in a world of violently interacting bourgeois bric-a-brac. To paraphrase Buechner, the whole thing makes you realise how much more important is a single busman on strike than five thousand critics campaigning to legalise pubic hair.

What, on the other hand characterises the political militants is a strong sense of the impotence of seminar socialism marxist hash evenings and all the complicated rationalisations of the liberal intelligentsia which ultimately serve to limit all activity to discussion and contain all discussion within the magic circles of the academic middle class. It has made them wary even of the photogenic struggles within the university. For the result of such militancy is usually the collaboration within a few committees on the herbaceous border of power where a large amount of time is spent comparing the students white with the administrations black and settling on a negotiated charcoal.

Those who are serious are increasingly aware that the universities and the technical wing of the binary system are essentially there, enlarged or otherwise, to provide specified amounts of predictable skills to the medium levels, to a given industrial system. It is this system and the ways of changing it which finally concern us; the JCR's are voting their money to the picket line not the pantomime, students spend as much time with Tenants Associations as with their tutors, the spectre is still haunting Europe but its banners this time read; 'Today the students, tomorrow the workers'. Unnoticed by the whispering gallery of the London Left, students and workers are making growing contacts, gaining mutual self respect and through their activity and their experience of it retrieving something from the husks of Wilsonism. For without these roots into and connections with working class life, the most scintillating critique of bourgeois ideology, the fulles of blue prints for student power, and the groviest of anti- universities could all be paid for by the Arts Council for all the danger they present.

To wait for revolution by Mao or Che or comprehensive schools or BBC-2 is to play the violin while the Titanic goes down, for if socialists don't take their theory back into the working class there are others who will.

Similarly the solidarity with our German and French comrades was not just a vicarious gesture , but because we know our struggle is integrally linked to theirs and that we both face and are overcoming very similar problems. The spirit in which the students of Europe increasingly collaborate and meet politically is specifically one of socialist internationalism, not the remnants of the Fourth International nor the furniture of international Stalinism or the dining clubs of European social democracy but rather the invisible international which the great revolutionary Victor Serge wrote of.

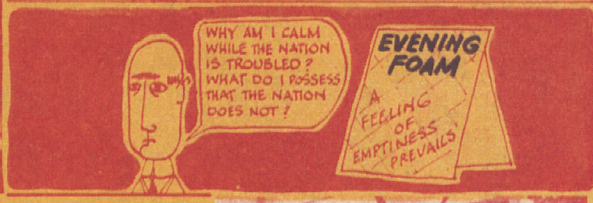
It represents the beginning of a recovery of the tradition of European revolutionary socialism and the activist heart of Marxism within it. It is no accident that Luxembourg and Liebkneeht were the faces paraded in the German streets and Trotsky's face that the students pinned across the court-yards of the Sorbonne. The rifle butt and the canal for Luxembourg, the ice axe for Trotsky and the pistol for Dutsche, these are different weapons of different ruling classes.

The message of this last year is that their imperatives are being taken up again in the cockpit of Europe.

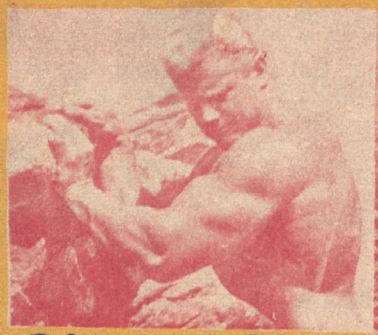
THE MISSION OF HUBERT SANGUINE

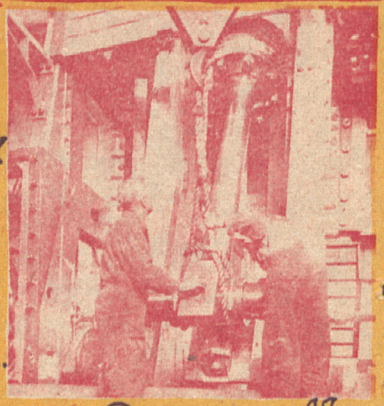
a reasonably average man in the street....

BY ANDREW FISHER & DAVID SPODE



....OUR YOUNG MEN OF PROMISE..... OUR PASTORAL HERITAGE.....THE TURNING WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

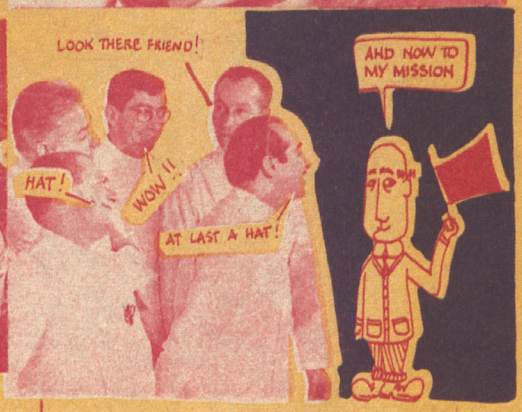




"No no, there is only one reply—Yes. Nihilism has no point. There is no such thing as nothingness. Zero does not exist. Everything is something—nothing is nothing. Man lives by affirmation even more than by bread."

"Algebra is applied [illegible] radiation [illegible] protection [illegible] those who would venture to affirm that the perfume of the hawthorn is useless to the constellations, [illegible] then calculate the course of a molecule?"

.....OUR ENGLISH ROSES.....



MEANWHILE IN BULGARIA.....

TO BE CONTINUED

AGIT 3

THE MAY REVOLUTION

by Angelo Quattrocchi

Last day of May.
Hopes are crumbling around us, we have lived a successful rebellion, a failed revolution.
Now: rage, impotence, bewilderment.
Images of workers going back to the same factories, owned by the same capital.
Early morning. The factory gates opens and sucks them in, as before, as always. They sell their labour, they buy their bread.
We have gone the full circle.
The red and black flags still wave at the Sorbonne, at the Odeon. Hostages of a dream, defenceless.
Feverishly, the frail hands of the students prepare for the world to come, amidst the ruins of a working class betrayed by its leaders, the Trade Unions and the Communist Party.
For decades those leaders have skilfully bargained for crumbs, and in so doing lost aims and will.

The paving stones wrote improbable poems which lasted fulminating seconds.
Calcinated cars, scars, fumes, flames, flares.
Kids running and trembling and running and throwing stones and being hit, for having discovered they exist.
Nights of the long knives. Barricades which changed the pages of history, pages turned at unparalleled speed.
People stood to be counted, each according to his dreams fighting his ghosts, against blue slowly moving barriers of ancient force and brutality: the faceless arm of Capital.

We now commit to paper, after the revolution which is lost and before the one which has to come, the words of hate for old and new enemies, the words of hope for new minds and young consciences.

Riddles, examples, courage. The young fight better.
More to hope, less to fear. In a revolution you risk your life to save your soul.
A revolution is total or is nothing.
Everything in the melting pot.
Students take over the Universities.
Workers take over the factories.
Students want to run the Universities.
Workers want to run the factories.
To each according to his dreams.

The young girl who is not allowed out after eleven is a bloodstained pullover lit by the barricades in flame, in rue Gay Lussac. The May Commune.
The three red fridays:
the 3rd, when the police invaded the Sorbonne;
the 10th, the night of the student's barricades;
the 24th, the night of the riots, when the Stock Exchange burned for long minutes.
The three red fridays, red with flames and blood, but in the latter part of the night black, dark with fear and savagery.
Students and workers and innocents pay. In the police stations the skulls crack, limbs are torn, broken, faces beaten to a pulp.
Silhouettes squashed against street-doors, dark upon dark,
while the sirens run through the conquered streets.
Shame, misery, vulgarity.
The spasms of a class in agony, a class which pays the mercenaries to maim its own children, who have suddenly learned to think.
When the workers joined the students the walls were crying the revolution could win, against the old logic of the tired masters, against the tired horses of marxist faith.
The revolution was feeding itself, escalating madly and remorselessly, because there was victory in every defeat.
In the Latin Quarter, the end-products of the factories were used to build barricades. It was like trying to stop the flow of the river. But then it happened at the source, with the occupation of the factories. The rebellion had become a revolution.

We state here, against the manipulators of our truths, that this has been a spontaneous rebellion, followed by a spontaneous revolution, slowed, harassed and finally brought to the halt not by the enemy, but by those who should have lead us, and betrayed us.
It has been confronted by the traditional powers of darkness, the strong-arm of Capital.
And that is as it should be.
But darkness has found new allies: the parties of the Left, the Communist Party traitor to its cause, and the Trades Unions, which assumed the role of the police of the working class.

Two old aims. More bread and the overthrow of the capitalist system. For the first, the Trade Unions.
For the second, the Communist Party.
A century goes by. The communist Union –CGT– wants more money, nothing else.
The Communist party wants order, at all costs.
Two hundred young workers occupy the first Renault factory, in the middle of the night (when their police – the CGT – isn't around). In a few hours the fire spreads to the country, in three days there are nine million strikers. The country is at a standstill.
But the CGT asks only for money, keeps the students out of the factories, chokes the movement.
The middle classes hoard food and tremble behind closed shutters, in country houses. The government howls, a powerless hyena. De Gaulle calls for a referendum and is ignored.
The army is indifferent.
Then, the realization. No money, no transport, the food is there only because the workers have decided to bring it to the towns. Electricity is there only because the workers want it.
The country is immobilized,breathless.
It's time for takeover. Start running the factories, providing the essential services. Worker's control, workers' councils. Now. Now.
The CGT and the Communist Party prevent it.
They threaten, appeal to reason, cheat, lie. The workers have taken over without them, in spite of them. But they say they are not ready, they ask for a bit more money. And De Gaulle goes to see his Generals, pleads for their help, brings in the army and his fascist allies.
It's election or civil war. The CGT and Communist Party back down. It's the end, the end of the first epidosde.

Burn, Saint Michel, burn !
Rue Gay Lussac is in flames. The tear-gas burns eyes and lungs, plastic helmets are handy, three cars are enough to block a street. A street is a battle, the paving stones are the same. The second French revolution, the same stones.
Thanks to them, and thanks to the 73 comrade trees which consolidated the barricades, and were burned by the enemy's grenades. And thanks to those people of the Latin Quarter who didn't dare to come out but at least threw us food that night we waited for hours on the barricades, before the attack.
Thanks to the people who gave refuge

to the students chased by the riot police, whose batons aim at the face and the crutch, two things they do not have.
And finally thanks to the fascist press and the fascist radios who have unwillingly helped the movement by their constant lies. One special mention for 'l'Humanite', organ of the French Communist Party, which has made clear to all that they are the fifth column of the enemy, in spite of their tradition and name.

Oh yes ! New people have been born. They do not experience poverty, physical hunger, only frustration for their social condition and contempt for the written and unwritten laws of society.
They are the students, the workers, the unemployed, the young who sparked the fire. The old-fashioned working class, under the grip of the Communist Party and the Unions, are the gunpowder. True, the mass of the working class only wants better conditions, mesmerized by its own institutions and half lulled marginal concessions.
Spark and powder came to contact, only the detonator didn't work.

It started in the Universities, concentration camps of the mind, where privilege is consumed, and perpetuated.
There, the predilected sons of injustice and absurdity learned the reasons for injustice, discovered the sources of that absurdity.
And rebelled.
Who is Charlemagne, Professor Emeritus ?
Charlemagne was a very good king who defended Christianity.
Do you know what workers eat for lunch ?
Professor Emeritus assumes his students want their piece of paper, to become patented oppressors. They are therefore allowed to give the right answers, not to put questions.
The trades union official assumes that his workers, ruled by poverty and fear, want just a few more crumbs to fall from the capitalist tree, a tree resplendent in goods and napalm, prodigal in arms and bombs, sparing with salaries.
Both were wrong.
And the factories are occupied, the owners and the managing directors locked up in their offices.
There too, it's mostly the young, because the older fear victimization, which they have suffered countless times, and have wives, and families, and worries, and the best of them a party card, or a trades union card, which ties them up. First Renault, then Citroen, and Berliet, and Nord and Sud Aviation, where they build the Concorde. Then the researchers and scientists came out, and all the rest, like an artichoke.
Do the scientists want just more money? Oh brother, they all talk of direct democracy. They talk of workers' and students' power. The old word 'comrade' is resurrected by exalted teenagers and handed back as good as new to the workers. All the universities occupied, all the secondary schools occupied. Will the children occupy the family homes and demand control, or better, the abolition of the family altogether ?

This is only the first episode of the second French revolution. Remember how many battles, riots, fights it took to eliminate the aristocracy and to behead the king ?
This time it is the people who want direct control against the system based on ownership of the means of production. The decisions are questioned at all levels by the people who produce. The producers, at all levels, from the working class level to the technocratic level ask for the elimination of hierarchy and direct control of their concerns. They challenge not only the functioning of the system but its very aims, and therefore its existence. The institutions of the Left prevented the workers from transforming their strike committees into workers councils. At other levels, from the teachers to the scientists, from the television men to the football players, they contested the existing system and prepared blueprints for a direct control of their concerns. They cannot be stopped. And what they want can only be done with a successful revolution.

The monarch flew to see his Generals, pleaded, won their support, flew back and declared war on the revolution. And astutely offered the escape to the washing-mashine-conscious left: elections.
There was a choice to make, a choice between the bullet and the ballot. That evening after De Gaulle spoke, when the army took its positions around Paris and at strategic points all over the country.
The leaders of the Left, chemists of sweat and crumbs, for decades preaching revolution and teaching resignation said they would take the ballot, once again.
It could have been a victory, it would have been a victory because there were nine million strikers on one side, and only the police force on the other.
The army is made of peasant soldiers and student officers. They could have only used paratroopers and certain specialized corps. The proof. De Gaulle went to Germany to see General Massu, the only one who would have stepped in to obtain amnesty for his old friends of the Algerian coup. And they brought contingents from Corsica. The bulk of the army, soldiers and officers would have refused to be employed, let alone to fire on the strikers.
And the Gaullists, the shopkeepers, the fascists ?
They were there the day De Gaulle spoke and threatened, true, but very few, only commandos would have been prepared to fight. The bourgeoisie does not come into the streets, it pays the police and the fascists to do that. They would have been drowned by the people.
But the leaders of the Left took the ballot.
Murder ! Murder ! Fire to the police stations, this is a time of hate and blindness. History forgive us who could not be kind, who had to be hateful in order to create kindness.
11th of June. Two kids have died.
No names, no sentiments, no time.
Comrades, when shall we be able to sing again, in quietness and kindness ?
Comrades, the gates of the factories are the gates of hell and of paradise, because both hell and paradise are on earth.
We must, and therefore we shall, we will trespass.
Who will find the words to sing the Sorbonne besieged ? The agony of an era is agony of flesh and blood, it is screaming, pain, suffering.
Words come before and after, only.
Oh it had to happen, the pattern is old, too well known.

Power, ready to bathe us in blood, played its cards.
The conventional left backed down.
They started to bargain 10% of the present wages and sold all of our future.
But many said no, the best said no and the vangard of the future was left alone to stand and be broken.
The Renault workers and others. And the students, the bad conscience of this society.
The Sorbonne shudders, the bell of the chapel has been heard last night, calling its occupants to defend the citadel. Pravda's and Figaro's rotatives lie. Transistors ooze soothing music and lies. But we have eaten the apple, we will be back to take the tree.

Your desires should come to consciousness, your dreams will become realities, because this is a revolution. Not for bread, not for comfort, but for all you

think possible.
We do not want to have more, we want to be more. We want the factories because we want to produce what is needed. What is the use of getting a penny and working for factories which make bombs ?
Our mouths full of ashes will pass the words from university to factory, from factory to university. The humming of their machinery which impartially produces visible goods and invisible injustice cannot stop that. Those who have nothing to fear, those who do not care about what they own or what they will own, they will be the carriers of the future.

And our old organizations we will throw away like used rags. Only two rags to be kept, the red and the black, the red to scare the old bourgeoisie, the black to scare the old communist horses.
Old horses who tried to prevent the link between the students and the workers, the link between mind and body which would have made, which is making the revolution unbeatable.
They had thrown a mystifying ring around us, the last emissary of the enemy.
Now the ring is broken.
Factories occupied, country paralyzed, power on the defensive, bourgeoisie hoarding food and keeping indoors. We were at the top of the mountain, the promised land in sight.
The movement, the students of the pale hands and troubled minds and the workers with heavy hands and clear minds, they wanted to take over.
They wanted to start the factories themselves, to start running the country.
But those who keep the workers in ignorance and the students in their ghettos, our false leaders said 'no'.
They were contented with a mess of pottage, they were reasonable, sensible, peaceloving, they kept the country in check so that the owners and the State could find the machinery in order when the time came.
The promised land in sight, yes, but this side of the mountain, the forces of darkness grew denser, darker.
Ready for the embrace which suffocates, for the pistol-shot which kills.
We had to climb down the same way we came, to the waiting embrace of those who own in fear and live in death.

Splintered glass and burning wood, cobble stones are good projectiles, handkerchiefs soaked in lemon juice against the tear gas, the stones are dug up and passed from hand to hand and reach the barricade, where the defenders stand.
When the gas makes the position untenable, run to the second barricade, when they cross the first one, then and only then it's time to throw all you have.
Barricades shouldn't be kept for too long. When running away from it, do not leave anybody behind, pick up your wounded if possible, because lying bodies will be kicked by successive waves of the enemy with white sticks.
Between the barricades, fifty yards or so.
The enemy front line, the shielded and masked men with the grenades, are heavy and clumsy, they can run for fifty yards and no more. So by the time they come you should be already entrenched behind the second barricade.
The enemy, like all barbarians, shouts in a frenzy of excitement. Remember when faced they are cowards, they are only mercenaries. Just beware of the ones who shoot their grenades point blank, they shoot to kill.
Encirclement is the everlasting danger.
Most battles have a pattern. The enemy comes from the river and works its way up Boulevard Saint Michel. If Saint Michel must be kept as long as possible, diversionary tactics are essential. They have prooved successful more then once. The attack on the police station by the Pantheon is the best example.
Police stations where they beat and torture the prisoners are the most advisable targets, of course.
Do not break anything if not absolutely necessary for self-defence. Cars have to be used for barricades; big and posh ones are more useful, small ones might belong to people who cannot buy another one.
The purpose of the enemy is to break your morale and your bones.
Your purpose, to defend your ideas.
The barricades are only self-defence, the street battles are only a necessity, because the enemy has only brute force, and employs it.
Victory is inevitable. Only, it must be conquered.
The first episode is often the most heroic.
It has proved that a takeover is possible.
Now the unpredictable is at hand.
People have learned to measure their lives in weeks, not decades. Hope is their strength, resignation their only enemy.
All the rest is rubbish.
Only the small-minded want better conditions for themselves, and bugger the neighbour.

Look at the shopwindows, full of things. If you are good, you can buy them too, like others do.
Please be good, and work, so you can consume, please consume, so everybody can carry on working.
Don't ask questions, just work and consume.
Your superiors, teachers, trades unions leaders and bosses think for you. They are good for you.
When work is finished, the telly and the radio tell you how to spend the money you have been handed.
Please be good. Nice people do not make demonstrations.

In the cruel month of April
this was true, but France was waiting.
In the gay month of May
all this muck was washed away.
In the hard month of June
we shall see who sets the tune.

Latin Quarter: battleground
Who did throw the first stone ?
Echoes reverberate from Rome.
Nothing is given, just one more pound.
All must be taken, like the Sorbonne.

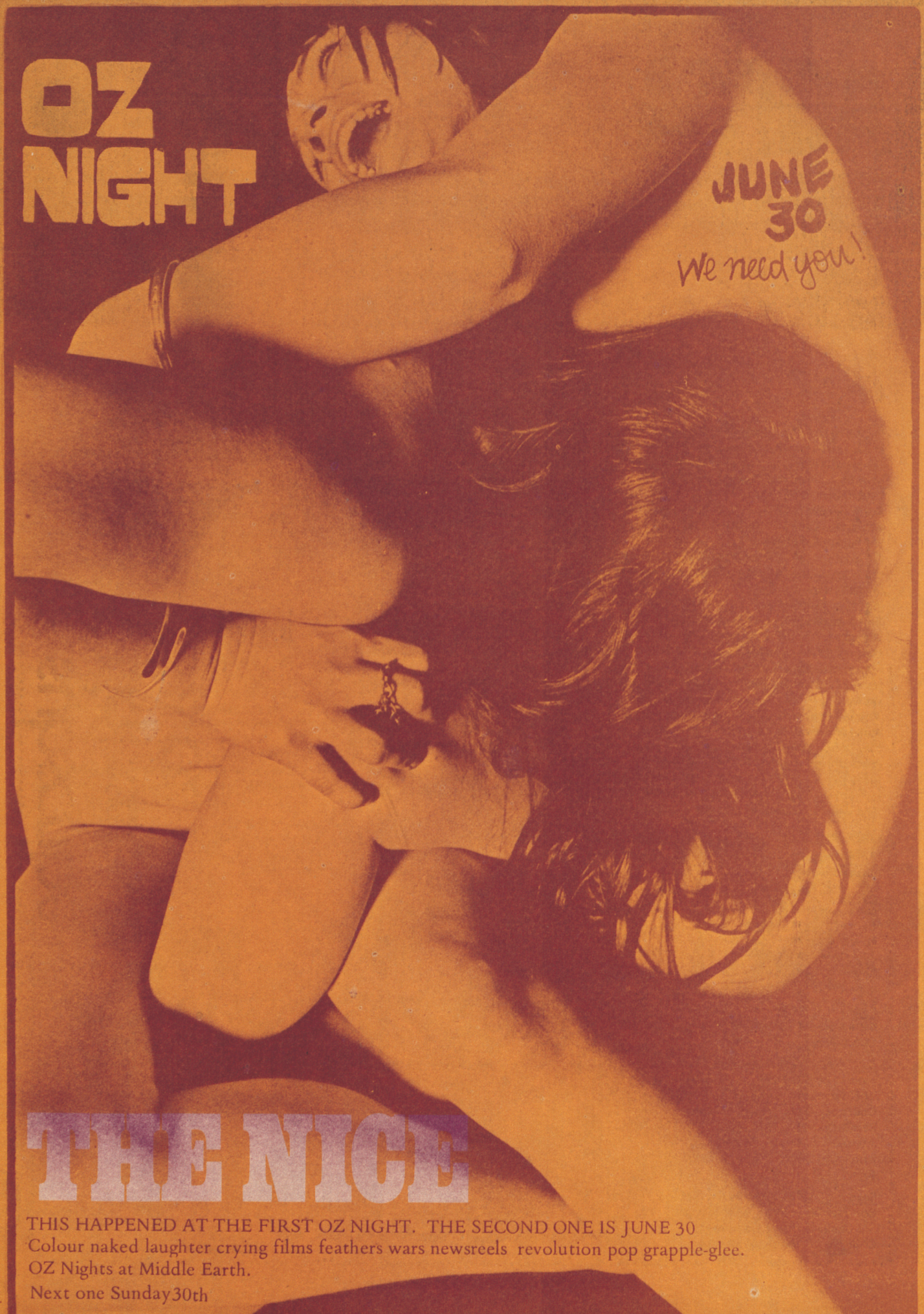
Rue Monsieur Le Prince: scattered fights.
Rue Gay Lussac: we lasted three hours.
Place Denfert Rochereau: we were too many.
Boulevard Saint Michel: taken and lost.
Gare de l'Est: the workers are there.
Renault factories: we don't want elections.
Citroen factories: the people are with us.
The Sorbonne and Odeon: the revolution goes on.

AGIT 4

Angelo Quattrocchi

PHILISTINES TEARS — NECTAR OF THE GODS

Nanterre la Folie, where it all started.
Resentment bottled in people. Remember: the poor suffer, the not so poor are bored.
In France more than everywhere else.
Undercurrent of class hate.
Cohn Bendit is rumoured to have laid the daughter of the ex minister of education, a student of Nanterre.
At Nanterre now, meetings. The kids from the surrounding slums play hide and seek in the Campus.
Will they go to University?
The examinations are the police patrol of the mind. Abolish the University altogether.
Culture, learning is for all.
The population of Flins (Renault factory) joined strikers and students against the police.
The kid drowned near Flins was seventeen, and a Maoist.
The police Unions issued several communiques during the months of May, asking for more pay and complaining about being put in front of the students and the strikers.
The communique said that if they were asked to confront the strikers it could become, for many, 'a case of conscience'.
They must be using only the most brutal and ignorant now. When the army was called in to clean up Saint Michel after the nights of riots, the police was keeping watch on them. Power feared they would talk to the students and sympathize with them.
One student was stripped naked but for his slip. Taken to a police station they put a grenade on his slip. It blew up. It's been testified by other students present. It has been impossible to trace him since.
Passers by with red hair or red garments have been beaten late at night and in the early morning, the time of the witch-hunt in the Latin Quarter.
The most popular sign at the Sorbonne: 'It is forbidden to forbid'.
Many of the soldiers were confined to their barracks during the month of May.
What did De Gaulle promise to General Massu, in exchange for his support and intervention in case of a showdown?
The amnesty of the generals of 'Algerie Francaise'.
It was De Gaulle who gave orders 'to be firm', the first night of the students barricades, when police attacked at 2.20 in the morning.
When a demonstration went by the 'General Assembly', the Parliament whose MPs people will vote for at the elections, there are six policemen to guard it. The demonstrators ignored it.
When granpa De Gaulle made his fireside chat it was retransmitted in the courtyard of the Sorbonne. The students laughed a lot. When he said that the police had done its duty admirably, there was silence. Not one single shout.
The Paris Prefect of Police said that he too was clobbered when a student.
The high school students have been the bravest under police attack. Kids between fifteen and seventeen were totally oblivious to danger, even more than university students.
The Communist Party says it respects two flags, the red one and the French one. They are Communists, but also French.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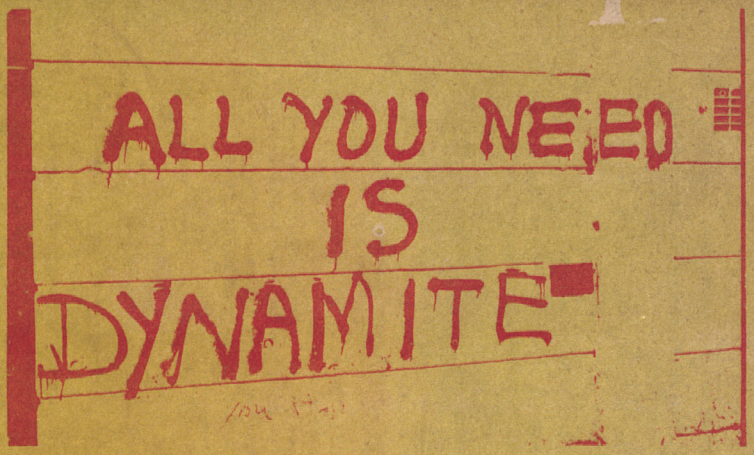

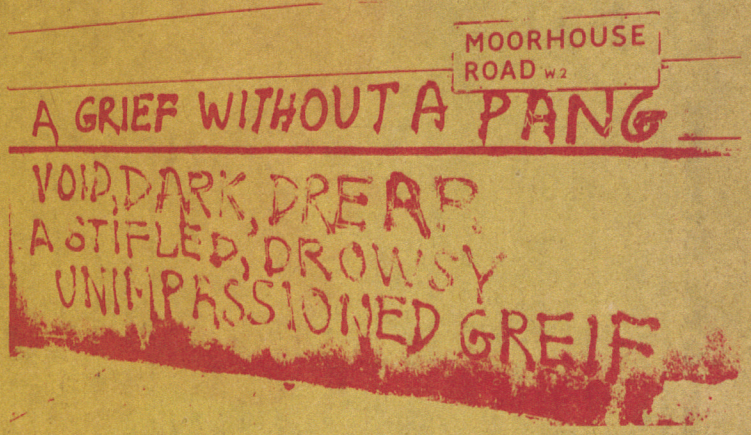

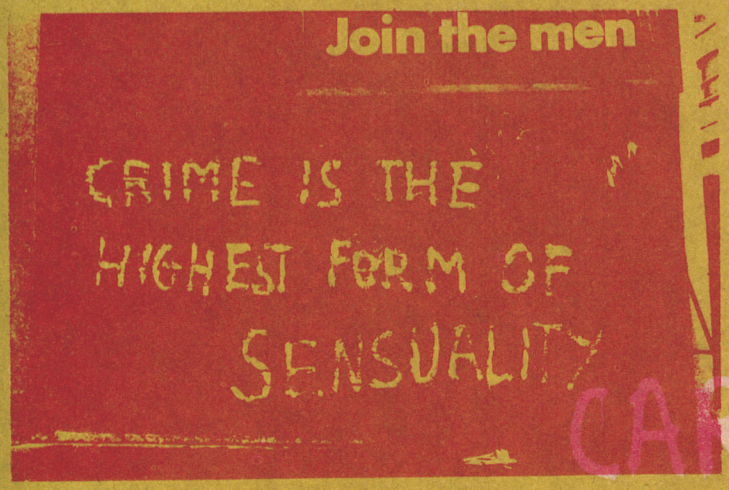

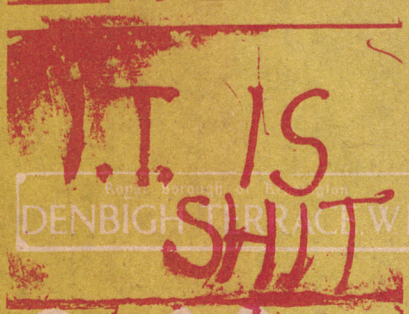

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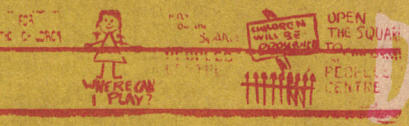

THE CAST

BOB DYLAN
ALBERT GROSSMAN
BOB NEUWIRTH
JOAN BAEZ
ALAN PRICE
TITO BURNS
DONOVAN
DERROLL ADAMS

The dialogue below is taken from *'Don't Look Back'*, a film of Dylan's tour in this country by D A Pennebaker. The full transcript has been published in paperback by Ballantine Books Inc, 101 5th Avenue, New York, 10003.

WHO THREW THE GLASS IN THE STREET...

Dylan's hotel room—party—Donovan listens, as one of his records plays in background.

DYLAN *from other side of room, breaks in suddenly.* Hey come on, I want to know who threw that glass in the street? Who did it? Now, you better tell me, now if somebody doesn't tell me who did it, you all gonna get the fuck outa here and never come back. Now, who did it? I don't care who did it, man, I just wanna know who did it.

DRUNK I'm pissed . . . I was out there in the bathroom, coming out . . .

DYLAN Hey, don't tell me you're pissed, man. Don't tell me you're pissed because I don't want to hear you're pissed.

DRUNK I'm not, I'm not.

DYLAN Who threw the glass in the street?

DRUNK I didn't throw the glass.

DYLAN Well, who did it? Tell me, you were there—who threw it? You know who?

FRIEND OF DRUNK Yeah, I know who, Bob. But you know . . .

DYLAN All right, hey, I don't care who did it. If you know who did it you just better tell whoever did it to get out there and tell the cats that come up here to ask who did it, tell them who it was. I'm not taking no fucking responsibility for cats I don't know, man. I got enough responsibility with my friends and my own people.

DRUNK I, I agree.

DYLAN Now, now come on!

DRUNK I was out there . . .

DYLAN I don't care who was . . .

DRUNK . . . When you asked who did it.

DYLAN I don't want no—none of your—none of your shit man.

DRUNK I'm not givin' you shit.

DYLAN Throwing a glass in the street!

DRUNK I'm not givin' you shit.

DYLAN What'd you do it for man? What'd you do it for, I mean, what'd you throw a glass in the street for?

DRUNK I didn't throw a glass in the street.

DYLAN Well, show me the person that did it. If you don't have him here by the time I count to ten you better take the responsibility for him.

DRUNK All right.

DYLAN All right—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten . . . you got him here?

DRUNK No.

DYLAN Hey, man, I'm not kidding. You think I'm kidding. He's gonna clean up that glass, man, or I'll clean it up.

VOICE I'll clean up your glass, man.

DONOVAN Hey, I'll help you man.

DRUNK I wouldn't clean your . . .

DARROLL ADAMS He's all right . . . he's . . .

DYLAN Hey, I believe he's all right, man. I believe he's all right. Well, okay, I believe it.

DRUNK Listen . . .

DYLAN I know a thousand cats that look just like you, man, talk just like you.

DRUNK Ah, fuck off. You're a big noise, you know.

DYLAN I know it man, I know I'm a big noise. I'm a bigger noise than you, man.

DRUNK I'm a small noise.

DYLAN Right.

DRUNK I'm a small cat.

DYLAN That's right.

DRUNK If I'd thrown a fucking glass in the street . . .

DYLAN *Shoves him.*

You're anything you say you are, man.

DRUNK I'm nothing!

DYLAN You say you're small . . . you're nothing.

DRUNK I'm nothing!

DYLAN I believe you.

DRUNK Nothing.

DYLAN I believe you, man.

DERROLL ADAMS Boys.

Later . . .

DYLAN *leans over and takes drunk's hand.* I just didn't want any, I didn't want that glass . . . if you're sober, I didn't want that glass to hurt anybody.

DRUNK What?

DYLAN I just didn't want that glass to hurt anybody.

DRUNK It didn't.

DYLAN Okay.

Denmark Street

London home of agents and music publishers. Grossman sits in office of Tito Burns, British Producer.

GROSSMAN Now, what kind of money do you think? How far do you think we can push them?

TITO BURNS I tell you. As far as Granada goes, uh, they were talking 12-13 hundred pounds but there's 15 hundred there, I know.

GROSSMAN You don't think we can do better?

TITO BURNS Possibly, yeah. But I know that like he's talking to us 13. . . .

GROSSMAN Why don't we ask for 2,000?

TITO BURNS *laughs.* Well, I had that figure in mind, strangely enough.

GROSSMAN *doesn't laugh.* Get it settled.

BURNS Great.

GROSSMAN Why don't we, why don't we hear now and get an answer from them . . . 'cause you know why, don't you? Just tell them that I have to present it to Bob before we can give them the final answer, but we'll give it to them by tomorrow.

BURNS Fine . . . I'll get Johnny Hamp, Granada in there. The other one was rediffusion, but they're the same.

To secretary.
Uh, Johnny Hamp, please. Urgently, wherever he is. Track him down, dear.

To Grossman.
The top one so far really is Granada, but I haven't spoken to him.

Phone rings.

SECRETARY *on intercom.* Umm, Johnny Hamp is in the studio, his secretary's there. If she could have some idea of what it's about she might be able to get him to come to the phone.

BURNS Just say Bob Dylan. He'll be there in a shot.

To Hamp. Two grand, Johnny. Yeah, on an exclusive. And it would be very much exclusive. He's not going to do anything else. Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . you want to leave that with you, John? Hello?

CHRIS *On phone at other end.* Hello.

BURNS Yes.

CHRIS Ah, this is Chris, Stewart's P.A. speaking. He's not there. He's not, he's not, you know, available at the moment. He's a bit tied up in the theatre. Can I help?

BURNS Well, I think he might untie himself. Would you tell him this is the call he was expecting regarding Bob Dylan?

CHRIS Bob Dylan?

BURNS Yes.

CHRIS OK, well you know, when I say he's tied up I really mean it. You know, I'm not kidding.

BURNS I know he is . . . with rope, right?

CHRIS No, look, we've got a show on in the theatre here, you know?

BURNS Don't get upset, don't get upset—I'm only kidding ya.

CHRIS OK, well I'll try and get him.

BURNS Well, you tell him, Chris, that I have Mr. Grossman with me. Uh, Bob's manager, Albert Grossman's with me now.

CHRIS OK.

BURNS OK? Bye . . . how 'bout that? Thinks I'm tryin' to put him on.

To Stewart on phone. Stewart? Ummmm . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . uh huh, oh dear. That for the two? Hmmm might go to 15. I see. Uh, fine. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. Yeah, not bad for me, I'll take it for a week's work. I don't mind. Uh, Stewart, look, shall I just check this out with Albert now and sit down there and . . . to save you from hanging on? And then give you a call back? God bless you.

To Grossman.
1250. You could probably get him to stretch it to fifteen hundred. So, I figure this, you know, BBC, ah . . .

GROSSMAN One show, but not for two.

BURNS No. I had a feeling that Granada would come up with the money because they have done in the past. Remember what he offered Peter, Paul & Mary for two shows BBC. For two that seems to be their, their top.

GROSSMAN If you get him back, why don't you leave me take a crack at him on the phone.

BURNS Pleasure.

GROSSMAN 'Cause he called me in the states, you know.

BURNS Who . . . Stewart or Johnny?

GROSSMAN Stewart.

BURNS Stewart? . . . Listen Stewart, I've got Mr. Grossman for you. Will you hold on a second?

GROSSMAN I spoke to you in New York, didn't I? Uh, remember. Yeah. And uh, at that time I indicated, uh, the kind of money we were looking for . . . for Bob and I assumed that when Tito told me you were interested that we were somewhere in that vicinity and that I was personally, you know, kind of you know, surprised, you know, at, you know, the nature of the offer. In other words, as much as we'd like to do the show for BBC I think we can't even consider it at that money 'cause it doesn't come anywhere near the other offers that we have. OK, well the minimum that I would consider would, uh, be the fee that you mentioned for each half hour. No, no, no—I wouldn't . . . 1250 for each half hour. Well, uh, thank you very much. Bye.

To Burns.
He said he'll put it to them but he's almost certain it'll be, it'll be no . . . but I think he's going to come back with 2,000, I bet. For two shows.

BURNS Then, then we're no better off. We're still better off the other way with one show. Aren't we, Albert?

GROSSMAN I don't know.

BURNS I don't, uh . . .

GROSSMAN Can we, without, uh, acting in bad taste, can we get Johnny Hamp back on the, on the phone and, and tell him it looks like we have a better offer from, uh . . . I'll tell him. No?

BURNS Albert, if I may, if you go along with me, 'cause I know Johnny, and Johnny's a good guy—in other words, Johnny is not about to save them money, you know.

GROSSMAN I know. We only asked for two. He's certainly not going to come with more than that. I mean, he's certainly not going to come back and say we'd like to give you a little more than you asked for.

BURNS Well, what we can do is this. If you want to hold on, Johnny'll be back in the morning, and if he comes up with the two, and if they've turned 'round in the end, and say, you know, "forget it," we no go. If they come up with the two, I'll say "Look, Johnny, as your friend because Albert wants to do it with you, we're telling this to you, we're not saying no to you and doing the other one, we're going to tell you straight what happened. We were ready to do yours if you came up with the two but then the BBC got raving mad and came up with two. So you've got to top it."

On the telephone.

Albert? Um, Albert, Stewart? I'll be with Albert in a few moments and

Holds up two fingers for Grossman . . . Grossman smiles.

Um, I'll put it to him and uh, uh, and you know I'm sure he'll come up with a decision, you know, very quickly. Well now Stewart, let me tell you, between you and I, um . . . very truthfully, you know, oh, like two months ago, Granada came on when they heard he was coming, and, you know them, they pay . . . you know, what, they pay for the taxi as well, if you know what I mean. Uh, and they've been on there hammering away like mad. So, uh, Albert does have a pretty tough decision in a way. But, you've seen today's chart? Dylan: number six, "Subterranean Homesick Blues." Yeah, jumped from like 45 or something to six. Yeah, I'll be with Albert within ten minutes or so.

Albert looks up at Two.

THE HOTEL ROOM

Hotel manager enters, accosts Grossman.

HOTEL MANAGER Who's in charge?

GROSSMAN In charge of what?

HOTEL MANAGER Who is in charge of this room?

GROSSMAN What do you mean "Who's in charge of this room?" It's rented to Bob Dylan. What do you mean, "who's in charge of it?

Dylan appears in doorway.

HOTEL MANAGER Are you Bob Dylan's manager?

Neuwirth moves in front of Dylan protectively.

GROSSMAN Yes, I'm Bob Dylan's manager, but I'm not in charge of his room.

HOTEL MANAGER No, you're in charge of Bob Dylan?

GROSSMAN No, I'm not in charge of Bob Dylan.

HOTEL MANAGER We have had complaints about the noise—above, below.

GROSSMAN Oh, that's unfortunate. We'll try to hold it down.

HOTEL MANAGER And if it isn't organized in five minutes, I will ask you to leave.

GROSSMAN Why don't you get a constable—would you please?

HOTEL MANAGER I will.

GROSSMAN Please do that. There's been no noise in this room, and you're one of the dumbest assholes and the most stupid persons I've ever spoken to in my life. If we

were someplace else I'd punch you in your goddam nose—you stupid nut. Would you . . . we've rented this room and I'm asking you to leave this room. We have valuables in here and I don't want you in here.

Dylan smiles at camera.

Would you get out of this room?

THE SCIENCE STUDENT

DYLAN Are you going to the concert?

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah, I'm going to watch. I mean, I, I . . . well this is what I come to see mostly. . . .

DYLAN Listen. . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT I came to see you . . .

DYLAN Listen. . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT But I thought I might have a word with you first. I mean, what is your whole attitude to life? I mean, when you meet somebody, what is your attitude towards them?

DYLAN I don't like them.

SCIENCE STUDENT I mean, I came in here. What's your attitude towards me?

DYLAN No, I don't have an attitude towards you at all. Why should I have an attitude towards you? I don't even know you.

SCIENCE STUDENT No, but I mean and it would be an attitude if you wanted to know me or didn't want to know me.

DYLAN Well, why should I want to know you?

SCIENCE STUDENT I don't know . . . that's what I'm asking.

DYLAN Well, I don't know. Ask me another question. Just give me a reason why I should want to know you.

SCIENCE STUDENT Um . . . I might be worth knowing.

DYLAN Why?

SCIENCE STUDENT Huh?

DYLAN Why? Tell me why. What good is it going to do me for me to know you? Tell me. Give me, name me one thing I'm going to gain.

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, you might learn something from my attitude to life.

DYLAN Well, what is your attitude towards life? Huh?

SCIENCE STUDENT I can't explain that in two minutes.

DYLAN Well, what are you asking me to explain in two minutes? . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT Huh? . . .

DYLAN . . . That's all you're getting is two minutes. You're asking me to explain something in two minutes too.

SCIENCE STUDENT But you're the artist. You're supposed to be able to explain it in two minutes.

DYLAN I am?

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah.

DYLAN Hey, now, what about you? Aren't you an artist?

SCIENCE STUDENT Oh, no.

DYLAN What are you?

SCIENCE STUDENT I'm a science student.

DYLAN Well, let's hear it again, what are you? A what student?

SCIENCE STUDENT A science student.

DYLAN Now, what does that mean? Just what does that mean?

SCIENCE STUDENT Hmmmmm?

DYLAN What does that mean? What do you do? What's your purpose in the world?

SCIENCE STUDENT Ummm . . . what's my purpose?

DYLAN Yeah.

SCIENCE STUDENT What's my purpose in the world?

DYLAN Yeah. How do you help? You know. What do you do in the world?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I'm uh, uh, uh, I'm in the world for me, I guess.

DYLAN Well . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT Like everybody else.

DYLAN Just like me.

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah, yeah.

DYLAN So we're just alike, aren't we?

SCIENCE STUDENT I guess so.

DYLAN We don't come from two different worlds.

SCIENCE STUDENT No, we're both alike.

DYLAN We both come from, uh, Prussia.

SCIENCE STUDENT You're wrong, you're wrong. I was right, I was right—all the time. No, but this, I mean, this is interesting. Now I go, I go to interview to groups, if I go interview Alan's mob. I don't think they're, they, they couldn't care less about me, you know.

DYLAN Well, you know, why should, you know, haven't you ever stopped to wonder why?

SCIENCE STUDENT Ummmmmm.

Laughter.

DYLAN There's gotta be some reason, doesn't there? I mean it just doesn't happen.

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah, yeah, but it's nothing to do with me because they don't wanna know me before I go in.

DYLAN Huh? Well, what do you want from them?

SCIENCE STUDENT Before I go, I don't know them, I don't . . .

DYLAN What do you want? Can you write them up in your paper? That's not it. What's that?

SCIENCE STUDENT No, I don't, I don't think of myself as . . . as . . . as. . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, do interviewers ask the same questions as me?

PRICE Yeah, obviously they do because . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT They do?

PRICE . . . You don't know what to ask anybody because you don't know what's on any person's mind anyway. Who wants to talk to anybody who doesn't . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I won't know if I don't try to find out, will I?

DYLAN We don't want it either.

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I can't play it.

Laughter.

SCIENCE STUDENT You know what I meant by give something material. I'm not necessarily interested . . .

DYLAN What are they going to give you spiritually?

SCIENCE STUDENT Uh, I might learn something.

DYLAN What?

SCIENCE STUDENT Huh?

DYLAN What! What don't you know that you want to know?

SCIENCE STUDENT OK.

ALAN PRICE You get a kick out of interviewing people, ya know.

SCIENCE STUDENT Ohhh, come on, Alan, if I talked to somebody. . . .

PRICE . . . People had better sense 'cause I don't kno They ask the same questions 'cause nobody . . . I mean . . . you got interviewers a million times ask the same stupid thing so . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, do interviewers ask the same questions as me?

PRICE Yeah, obviously they do because . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT They do?

PRICE . . . You don't know what to ask anybody because you don't know what's on any person's mind anyway. Who wants to talk to anybody who doesn't . . .

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I won't know if I don't try to find out, will I?

NEUWIRTH Besides, it's impossible.

Laughter.

SCIENCE STUDENT If you had said you didn't want an answer I wouldn't have given one.

DYLAN Do you always try to satisfy everybody?

SCIENCE STUDENT No.

DYLAN Do you every once in a while try?

SCIENCE STUDENT Hmmm?

DYLAN Do you every once in a while try to satisfy somebody?

SCIENCE STUDENT Somebody, yeah, not everybody.

DYLAN Yeah, a few people though, uh?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, some people I can't satisfy because that's the way I'm made.

DYLAN Yeah.

SCIENCE STUDENT No matter how hard I try I couldn't satisfy them.

DYLAN Well, how do you know that?

SCIENCE STUDENT Hmmmmm?

DYLAN How do you know that?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, after you get to know somebody for a little while you can guess just uhmmm. . . .

DYLAN Are you still friends with them even though you can't satisfy them?

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah, friends, not deep friends, not deep friends. You find it's the . . .

DYLAN What's a deep friend?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, it's somebody that you're almost exactly on the same plane with them.

DYLAN So it means you're just like them.

SCIENCE STUDENT You can communicate with them very well.

DYLAN Somebody that they're just like you.

SCIENCE STUDENT Uh . . . not exa . . .

DYLAN Looks like you.

SCIENCE STUDENT No.

DYLAN No?

SCIENCE STUDENT No.

DYLAN Talks like you?

SCIENCE STUDENT Uhmmmm.

DYLAN Well, how do you mean like somebody?

SCIENCE STUDENT Thinks the same way.

DYLAN Thinks the same way?

SCIENCE STUDENT Thinks the same way.

DYLAN Like what? Like we both think that, uh, that we want, that, uh, that both are happy about a green door?

SCIENCE STUDENT No, think in the same language.

DYLAN Think in the same language.

SCIENCE STUDENT Yeah.

DYLAN Uh huh.

SCIENCE STUDENT And so you can understand each other. And you know what each other are thinking.

DYLAN Well, let's try and understand each other, shall we?

SCIENCE STUDENT That wouldn't be a bad idea. That wouldn't be a bad idea. And how are we going to set about . . .

DYLAN Well, you can ask your first question.

SCIENCE STUDENT Hmmmm?

DYLAN You can ask your first question.

SCIENCE STUDENT Ah . . .

DYLAN Go ahead. You got a question to ask? Come on.

SCIENCE STUDENT Ah . . .

DYLAN You haven't got any questions?

SCIENCE STUDENT Well, I didn't.

Knock on door.

DYLAN I think somebody's calling for you.

SCIENCE STUDENT You want me to go.

NEUWIRTH I'll get it.

Goes to door and looks outside.

DYLAN No, you don't have to go.

SCIENCE STUDENT No, I didn't come in here. I mean, I don't consider myself, I mean, he considers me a journalist. I'm not a journalist.

NEUWIRTH Hey, man, the high sheriff's lady would like to talk to you.

HIGH SHERIFF'S LADY I'm the sheriff's lady. And I'm to say on behalf of all of them I've come to say, how very happy we are to have you here. And we hope you have a very successful night because everybody loves you. There are thousands outside. And these are my three boys—David, Steven and Steven—and they think you're so marvelous that they've left all their exam papers. They've got terribly important exams and they've left everything to come and listen to you.

DYLAN *smiles nervously.* Oh, okay.

LADY So that I do think you'd better be good. Oh, you are good. I don't think you can help being good. But we're really very thrilled indeed to have you here. And if you come after May again, then I'll have you as my guest in the mansion house.

LADY And you write them yourself, too, don't you sometimes?

DYLAN I write them all, yeah.

LADY Yes, have you really? Yes, because they've got feeling and they're really marvelous. And I really mean this, I think you're really a good example for the youth.

DYLAN Thank you.

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joint
& was just about to light it
When my wife comes round the corner
and says Hey wait
I want to read that —

Michael Horovitz

SHORT COMINGS?

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Paul Lawson

this year's Legalise Pot Rally is on July 7. Should the sun shine, as tribal rites go, it will almost certainly be a success—a harking back to what John Peel describes as 'last year's beautiful, *futile*, happy summer.' As an act to impress Legislators, the Rally's chances are as likely as Yoko Ono's of becoming Chairman of Great Britain Ltd.

Law Reform will come when we, who support change, develop sufficient cool to demystify our own responses. Something is happening to Mr Jones, but neither he nor Bob Dylan really know what it is. But Herman Cohen, Joe Berke and Calvin Hernton might be able to tell them, round about August, when the computers feed back the collected findings of the first systematic studies on Cannabis and related drugs. Joe Berke and Calvin Hernton's Research Committee on Cannabis was founded in 1965, and first set about compiling a bibliography of the available literature. It didn't take too much page turning to discover that no valid scientific data existed, for the most part, throughout the western world. So a pilot study was set up to provide original data about the uses of Cannabis in Britain—social variables: background, education, vocation, life-style, sex, age, income; as well as objective information concerning the phenomenology of the Cannabis experience; how the users experience themselves whilst under the influence of the drug. No results until August, but early feed-back appears to explode much of the conventional wisdom.

Herman Cohen in Amsterdam has taken a slightly different approach. More concerned with the interaction of drug takers with society (he lectures the World Health Organisation on Discriminatory Tendencies Towards Drug Takers in London this August), he has set up a Questionnaire concerned to survey what is going on. At least in Amsterdam. How many people are using what? In what kinds of combination? And with what frequency? What kind of social groups do they come from? What interaction do they have within their group? With other people? With Society? And with the Legal machinery of Society? Cohen is intrigued by the influence of legal pressures on the structure of 'the Scene.' He is also very concerned to redefine the terms 'use' and 'abuse' of drugs. Cohen is not so sure that legalising Pot is the answer.

'Of course,' he says, 'it would be better than the present laws, but in itself it is too simple a solution. What I am trying to do is explore the sociological process going on, but in the end, I suppose, I am one of 'them,' because I view the drug taker as a social deviant.'

As the survey is his doctoral thesis, and he has publishing commitments, the full results of his work are unlikely to be available for two years, however, he thinks the early results are less favourable to the basic 'head' position than he himself would have thought. Last question in Cohen's questionnaire:

Was u "stoned" toen u deze vragenlijst invulde?

Guerilla Art Sloane Square, one day recently, before the Underground's six man graffiti squad pacified the area for Harrod's once again.

a consumer survey would have little difficulty in establishing that readers of the new Italian invader *International Playmen* get more square metres of tit per unit cost than *Penthouse*holders. But London Editor Herbert Van Thal maintains in a stiff Home Counties accent, that he would prefer to publish more things like the long Marcuse interview in the launch issue. The younger almost revolutionary tone to some of *Playmen's* pieces he says is conscious and he is concerned to deny that *Playmen Italy* was one of the Roman magazines prosecuted for publishing fairly pornographic papparazzi shots of Bardot and Sachs. Though he is not quite sure.

At *Penhouse*, Bob Guccione is coolly unconcerned. No it wouldn't be fair for him to comment on one of his staffer's remarks that Playmen having failed to make Smith's might be left wth a lot of the 185,000 initial print order on their hands. (Van Thal: 'Typical of Smith's. We're still negotiating.') Guccione points out that Penthouses's quarter million run allows them more colour and draws more advertising revenue than anyone else. And the run goes up to half a million in November when Penthouse applies for a U.S. entry visa.

Last month, Paradise Hartley got married, turned 21 and came of age as "*the man who threw a toilet roll at Conservative Leader, Edward Heath and was afterwards fined £100 by Gloucester City Magistrates*" (Gloucester Citizen, May 26).

In an Anti-Vietnam demonstration outside Gloucester Guildhall, a policeman's helmet was splashed with red paint, Paradise's guitar was crushed, and two toilet rolls were thrown, one by Paradise into an open window, he was arrested, and charged with "Using Threatening Behaviour, Whereby a Breach of the Peace was likely to be occasioned."

For the crimes of, (1), thowing a toilet roll, and (2), singing protest songs, he was fined £45 less than the *seventeen* demonstrators arrested in the Battle of Grosvenor Square, and £85 more than 3 men with prior convictions for grievous bodily harm who rolled a drunk outside a pub, £15 more than a drunken driver who killed a four year old child sentenced in the same court, the same day, by the same Gloucester Magistrates.

'Don't Look Back'—the movie of Bob Dylan's tour of Great Britain should have been titled 'Don't Think Once.' It has never been shown here, suppressed at the insistence of his manager Albert Grossman—who *did* look back, closely—and thought twice

THE BLUE-BOOK

ROYAL TOUR DE FARCE

When Prince Philip was in Australia recently he made two mundane, mildly critical observations about that country which provoked a national outcry. Australians believe that when a Duke or a Queen opens their mouth it should be only to smile. Unfortunately, whenever Prince Philip opens *his* mouth he puts his foot in it. He hasn't yet learnt that Australians resent criticism; especially from bloody foreigners. Nevertheless deep down they love Prince Philip. Last time he was in Australia (in 1963) he brought his wife and thousands of locals risked injury to admire the lovely couple. These extracts, taken from the first issue of Australian OZ, show what a Royal Tour is really like!

– being a diary of the Queen's excursions in the great cities of her Australian and New Zealand subjects, culled from Sydney's adoring morning newspapers.

Nothing has been exaggerated or distorted. It all really happened.

Wednesday, February 6: The Queen arrived in New Zealand at the Bay of Islands.

Local and imported Maoris staged a welcoming ceremony and later applauded wildly when the Queen spoke a few words to them in Maori: "Araha-nui kia ora koutou", meaning "Love and good luck to you all".

Fifteen of the imports were unluckily killed when the bus in which they were going home toppled 200 fee: into a valley.

AUCKLAND

Thursday, February 7: The Queen arrived in Auckland and attended an opera in the evening.

In the foyer fifty people were treated for shock and heat exhaustion.

WELLINGTON

Monday, February 11: The highlight of the Queen's day in Wellington was a children's rally and shearing contest at Fraser Park.

In the grounds of Wellington Hospital a 14-year old crippled girl crawled across the grass by the driveway and on her knees saw the Queen go by in her car only 3 feet away.

The girl, in nightdress and bed jacket, moved quite fast on her knees from her seat as soon as she saw where the Royal car would pass.

With a delighted smile, she waved to the Queen.

DUNEDIN

Friday, February 15: Twenty children were taken to hospital when a bus careered down a steep hill and crashed through the iron gates of Dunedin Botanic Gardens.

Two were admitted to hospital and the other 18, slightly injured, were hurried back to the Royal Garden Party.

The Duke quipped to 9 year old Vicky Sherwin, who lost two front teeth. "You won't be able to eat for a while".

Another small girl with "a sore head" said that the Duke had jokingly asked her if she would be walking home.

ADELAIDE

Wednesday, February 20: 9,500 people turned Adelaide's Royal Garden Party into a free-for-all.

Fashionably dressed women with shoes off clambered on to chairs for a better view of the Queen.

The Duke picked up a handkerchief for a tiny woman in her seventies and said loudly for all those nearby to hear: "There you are. Now we'll make a date."

People laughed, clapped and cheered at his gesture.

During the evening a gala music festival was held. In an over-crowded stand eighty choristers collapsed.

Thursday, February 21: At Victoria Park race course 65,000 children were packed in for a rally.

With the temperature soaring into the 90's the South Australian Education Department installed extra toilets and brought in iced water supplies.

700 children collapsed.

MELBOURNE

Saturday, February 23: A section of Melbourne's racegoing public staged the worst display of rudeness on the tour.

Matrons in new summer ensembles climbed half way up the fences surrounding the mounting yard and for several

---

She ate and drank a little with the guests, though the Duke plucked an occasional glass of beer from a passing waiter's tray – Sydney Morning Herald

At one stage the Queen was so relaxed that she stood, one foot behind the other and with her hands on her hips as she gazed about – Telegraph.

He was badly shaken by the incident. So much so that he was unable to make his customary quip – Telegraph.

With the reporters and photographers cluttering the rocks all around the Pinnacle look-out he had ample opportunity to clown or make one of his renowned "cracks" – Telegraph.

It was pointed out to the Royal couple that the Opera House was more than a mere building . . . The Queen and Prince Philip seemed to appreciate this – Telegraph.

Photographers and Prince Philip stood grinning at each other, but the Queen maintained a dignified demeanour – Telegraph.

SHARP

hours did not cease gawking at the Royal party.

One woman in a smart blue frock and large blue hat teetered on top of the fence gazing at the Queen.

She had a small Union Jack stuck on the top of her binoculars and another mounted on her camera.

Sunday, February 24: In the morning Her Majesty attended the Scots Church, which was filled with 800 people, many of them regular worshippers.

In the evening several people were hurt when spectators ran out of control at the Myer Music Bowl.

The rush began when Miss Lauris Elms and the Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Choir were performing "Land of Hope and Glory".

The crowd knocked down and trampled on middle-aged women and children. Handbags were trodden into the lawn.

As the Queen stood outside the Royal box talking to concert performers, ambulance men 10 yards to the rear were treating middle-aged women who were lying on the ground.

Monday, February 25: 500,000 people came to the city to see the Moomba parade and Royal couple.

Watching the parade the Queen saw a second, but unscheduled, procession.

The impromptu parade was made by stretcher bearers carrying women who had fainted near the Royal dais.

The Queen appeared to be concerned.

SYDNEY

Saturday, March 2: Organisers were gratified by the number of small craft on the harbour to greet the Britannia, despite the rough weather.

Several small boats capsized.

At Circular Quay, before the Queen stepped ashore, a tour official with a loud speaker, told waiting dignitaries how to behave.

He told them to stand up when the Queen and the Duke entered the wharf building, to sit during the Queen's inspection of the guard of honour and not to stand on chairs.

Thousands lined the city streets for the Royal progress. In all, twelve people collapsed and had to be taken to Sydney Hospital.

In Bedford Street 32 crippled children waited two hours to greet the Queen.

At Hyde Park a youthful choir sang "A Rose in the Land of Wattle". The Queen waved to the girls, who were blind.

After the progress the Queen remarked: "I'm very pleased with the large crowd that came to see us."

Sunday, March 3: In the morning the Royal couple attended St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Along the route the excitement proved too much for 13 children, who fainted.

The couple made an impromptu tour of the Opera House site with Professor H. Ingham Ashworth, who reported: "I think they both realised it was unique."

At a special quayside ceremony, during which he accepted the keys of a new boat for the Outward Bound movement, the Duke was greeted with the cries of "Rhubarb! Rhubarb!" from some teenage girls.

It was reported that the puzzled Duke was told that "Rhubarb" was a general purpose catch-cry adopted from the "Goon Show". It was a term used to express pleasure or annoyance, enthusiasm or disdain.

The Queen and the Duke's response was to walk to the wharf with barely a glance at the crowd as though they had not really been expected and were just passing by – S.M.H.

The Queen examined a portrait of herself in the hospital foyer before she went to the general wards – S.M.H.

As they stepped aboard the launch, two women gave a self-conscious cheer and began giggling – S.M,H.

Monday, March 4: In the morning the Queen opened the Wallace Wurth School of Medicine and the School of Biological Sciences at the University of N.S.W.

In the university grounds 50 people collapsed and one woman suffered a heart attack.

The Royal couple made a surprise visit to the Moore Park children's recreation centre.

Bert Balbi, 11, said: "When I saw the Duke I asked if he was someone special and if he was the Queen's husband. The Duke said 'yes' but it did not matter if I did not know who he was."

Jimmy Moshides, 13, asked Prince Philip: "Do you play the trumpet?" He later sheepishly admitted to reporters that he had the Duke of Edinburgh mixed up with Duke Ellington.

BRISBANE

Friday, March 8: Before the Queen's arrival in Brisbane, the loyal citizens were reminded by the Premier to give "Resounding cheers and forests of waving flags".

The highlight of the day was the unveiling of a memorial commemorating the discovery of the Moonie oilfields. The ceremony was held at Bulwer Island, a spot transformed almost overnight from a mangrove swamp into a tropical haven.

Fully grown palm trees were planted around the Queen's dais and the whole area was sprayed with mosquito repellent.

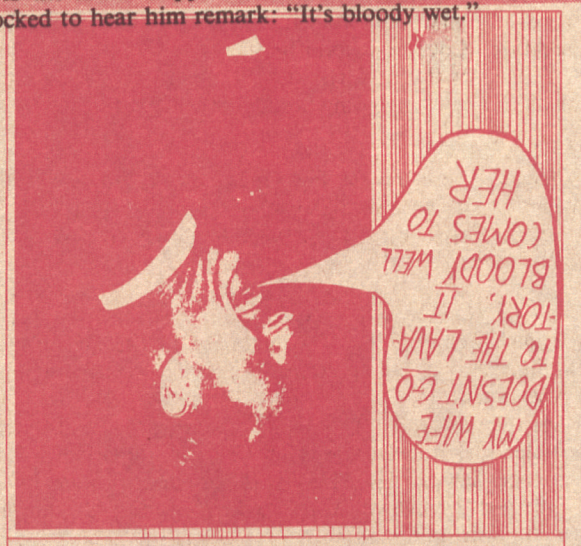
Citizens of a nearby suburb irreverently complained that the island's mosquitoes had moved into their homes.

Saturday, March 9: In the morning the Queen attended a rally of 82,000 children, of whom 100 were treated for heat exhaustion.

In a remarkable change of form, the skies almost washed out the Royal Surf Carnival at Coolangatta.

Before the Royal car arrived a band playing on the beach gave up when some of the instruments filled with water and policemen stood ankle deep in slush to hold back crowds near the road.

As the Duke stepped from the car, people nearby were shocked to hear him remark: "It's bloody wet."



THE WONDERFUL WIT OF HRH PRINCE PHILIP

Nearly everyone restrained from over-staring – Telegraph.

Mr. Menzies amused the Queen by mistakingly introducing 18 year old Eileen Hannan of Melbourne as Mrs. Hannan. "I thought she looked a little young," said the Queen when greying Senator G. Hannan explained she was really his daughter – Mirror.

Although a little hesitant at times, the Queen sensed her guests were too embarrassed to start a conversation and always had something – often pertinent and lively – to say – Telegraph.

Stanley Kubrick's

2001: a space odyssey

The worst Trip ever - Tom Nairn

2001 is a stunning experience. Its impact is so great that one's critical faculties are left numb. And yet, to get at the real sense of the experience requires critical reflection — a great deal more reflection than the average 'message' film, in fact. Hidden in the blinding techniques and psychedelic dazzlement of 2001 there is a moral fable which betrays the apparent meaning of the film. Kubrick's Odyssey through space and the future is also an obsessive voyage among his own ideas, ideas already familiar from Lolita and Dr. Strangelove. The trip to Jupiter is an effort to escape from the profound, pessimistic nihilism of these earlier works. And it is characteristic of Kubrick that escape is felt to be impossible : his dream of the redemption of humanity is in fact a nightmare, perhaps the most disturbing nightmare ever projected on the cinema screen. Beyond Jupiter and the infinite lies man's destiny. This destiny is the contradiction of his existing nature, not its development. And yet the new universe beyond our dreams is even more frightening than the one we know.

2001 is essentially a fantasy-diagram of human evolution. It is punctuated by three titles, printed on the screen like chapter-headings The first is the Dawn of Man, the second — after the discovery of traces of intelligent life on the Moon — is Eighteen Months Later: the Mission to Jupiter, and the third is Beyond Jupiter and the Infinite.

In the dawn of man, a species of primitive anthropoids clings to its marginal and precarious existence in a hostile nature. Then one morning a strange object is present when they awaken. It is a tall, black monolith quite devoid of markings. This tablet — whose shape is a formal key-note of the film — vaguely suggests the 'Tablets of the Law' to a culture whose subconscious is still Christian. The effect is reinforced by the loud choir of unearthly voices which explodes on to the soundtrack every time the Thing appears. However, its form and colour also suggest another familiar emblem of Christianity : the tombstone. The ape-men cluster curiously round this mystery, and touch it.

Somehow the object's influence leads them to see the possibility of tools, in their struggle for life. Next we see them using simple bone implements to hunt, and as weapons in their own wars. They have become meat eaters, killers as effective as the leopards they formerly feared. The leader of a band throws his bone-club victoriously into the air, and as it hurtles through space, it is transposed into a satellite circling the Earth. Our victorious conquest of nature, culminating in space-flight, is merely a continuation of the same story. The tools have become more complex, and we have space-suits instead of anthropoid hair; but essentially nothing is changed. And nothing will change until another Tablet is discovered on the Moon.

It is important to observe that this picture of human evolution is itself an out-of-date one. Lewis

Mumford recently pointed out that

> The misleading notion that man is primarily a tool-making animal. . . will not be easy to displace. Like other plausible conceits, it evades rational criticism, especially since it flatters the vanity of modern Technological Man, that ghost clad in iron . . (The Myth of the Machine)

It was a notion which suited the Industrial Revolution, the great burst of tool-invention that created our conditions of everyday living But its limitations have become obvious in the age of computers and cybernetics which has followed. Here, a new vision of human pre-history has gathered force, where language is seen as the decisive transition from nature to culture. After all, how could tool-using have become established, as a developing tradition within primitive societies, without a context of culture and communication? Speech, dreams, and rituals are more fundamental than implements. The fact is simply more evident to us, from within our web of electronic communication and our mind-simulating automative machines.

In the second part of the film — Jupiter Mission — Kubrick shows he is perfectly aware of the facts behind this change in attitude. It is about a computer with a 'mind' of its own, a perfect cybernetic machine. So why the archaic ideology of the first part? The answer is that this archaism has a definite function in the unfolding of the film's content.

In space, we are carried first of all to a circular space-station, then to the American Moon-base. The musical accompaniment of the voyage is a slow Strauss waltz, evocative of the security and comfort of the past. This device of counter-pointing images with an unusual soundtrack — used by Kubrick in other films — again emphasizes the lack of real novelty in the action. Travelling in space has not really changed anything. The complex and beautiful models, the extraordinary 'realism' of these sequences — so much commented upon — have the same total effect. Technical marvels are juxtaposed to human banality, repeatedly. Clever enough to escape from their own world, a race of advanced monkeys is carrying an outworn and still animal heritage towards the stars.

Thus, every sequence in the film shows people eating. Or, when not eating, fighting. The images refer back always to the pre-historic visions of our ancestors chewing their raw meat and battling over the possession of a water-hole. On the space-station, a polite but suspicious encounter between Dr. Floyd (the American Space Agency official on his way to the Moon) and a group of Russians shows that even now the Cold War is not over. The fight on the Jupiter expedition becomes between men and their own creation, the HAL 9000 computer. When we first see the astronaut Bowman, he is running round the space-ship's centrifuge making boxing gestures. The two stewardesses on the Moon-ship settle down — with a meal, of course — to watch a judo match on television. In general, there is an ingenious use of film-within-film to accentuate the message. In the very first space episode, we see Floyd asleep before a small movie-screen showing a boy-girl dialogue in a futuristic automobile : vehicle apart, it might be from any Hollywood movie of the forties. Later, there are scenes of exquisite banality when Floyd picture-phones his daughter back on Earth, and a message is relayed to astronaut Poole from his parents on his birthday. There is even a cake with candles, which they blow out for him with big smiles as he glides away from them through infinite emptiness. Even the comic picture of the 'Zero-gravity Toilet' with its arms-length of instructions fits into this logic : a consequence of eating (animality) man does not escape from, in his conventional adventure into space.

On the Moon, after a 'briefing' reminiscent of the Pentagon scenes in Dr. Strangelove, Floyd and his party go to inspect the Thing. They are sustained by artificial chicken — and ham-sandwiches on the way ('They get better at it all the time' says one of the crew). On arrival, the analogy with the anthropoids is rubbed in as they crowd round the black slab : Dr. Floyd reaches out to touch it with the same gesture as the ape Chieftain, four million years previously.

Then, there is an abrupt transition to the Jupiter expedition, after the second title. The lack of a title between the anthropoids and the earlier space sequences emphasized continuity; this one states, in effect, that something more important than all the intervening human history must have occured on the Moon, but we do not yet know what. However, we do have a firm picture of a hopeless, unchanging, backward-looking 'human nature' tied to animality and to social rituals which technological advance has rendered ridiculous.

Going towards Jupiter, the two representatives of this hopeless human nature, Bowman and Poole, are in a vast spacecraft which is also a computer. This mechanical intelligence ('HAL') controls every aspect of the craft. As it is programmed to respond to voice instructions, the astronauts can 'converse' with it. It can even take conversational initiatives, as when it inquires how Bowman feels about the mission. It has motives — as we learn later, when it becomes clear that there was a hidden reason for the inquiry into the astronaut's state of mind. In the course of the same conversation, the computer suddenly reports a fault.

Repairing this fault entails going outside the craft in a one-man space machine. We learn that there is in fact no fault — it was a pretext for getting rid of the two humans (and the others hibernating on the voyage) because, as HAL puts it, 'I couldn't let you endanger this mission'. Bowman survives alone, but manages to get into HAL's brain and disable the machine.

Then we learn the truth. The computer knew about the objectives of the mission all along, as it had been programmed with the information before leaving. The astronauts themselves did not — they were supposed to find out on arrival at Jupiter. HAL had therefore to inquire and find out what Bowman (the commander) knew, before deciding how to realize its design : to meet the source of the alien intelligence itself, without human interference. The Moon monolith had given off a radio beam pointing towards Jupiter, like an instruction. Thus, the perfect and infallible intelligence man has created wants to approp-

riate this cosmic intelligence to itself.

The point is emphasized by the formal properties of the scene inside the computer. The oblong red space in which Bowman swims weightlessly, as he struggles to disconnect the higher brain-functions, recalls the shape of the Tablet. Even more strikingly, so do the computer keys which spring out as he severs them. Hence, H A L is as near as humans can get to Intelligence — but even the machine is corrupted by the human touch. Egoism and aggressive possessiveness have been built into it unwittingly — so that, by themselves, men cannot escape from their own nature even here. They need help, or rather Help. Kubrick's equivalent of the US cavalry is waiting at Jupiter.

It is worth at this point recalling Kubrick's history as a film-maker. His films are all histories of defeats, from Killer's Kiss up to Dr. Strangelove. Even the glossy brochure given out with 2001 admits weakly that

> Kubrick tends to be somewhat pessimistic and sceptical by nature . . . He came to the conclusion that space exploration might be the only thing that the human race could learn to do which would keep it from blowing itself up.

2001 lies beyond the destruction of the world. Having dismissed the human species in Strangelove, Kubrick has tried to imagine an alternative. As the brochure puts it :

> For nearly five years, ever since he finished making Dr. Strangelove, Stanley Kubrick has been fascinated by the theme of extraterrestrial life...

This life is waiting for the sole remaining astronaut at Jupiter, so that terrestrial life may be redeemed Another black monolith is circling the planet to conduct Bowman on, a trip of exploration 'Beyond Jupiter and the Infinite'.

In other films, Kubrick offsets his cold pessimism with outrageous grotesqueries (like the scenes between Quilty and Humbert in Lolita that underlined the message in black-comic fashion.) This element is missing from Space Odyssey — its place has been taken by the grandly experimental sequences of Bowman's voyage beyond time and space. The dazzling technical novelties are designed to convey the dissolution of all the normal barriers of the humanly-conceived universe : inner space and outer space, the seeing eye and the inorganic fuse together into one experience.

Finally, Bowman's trip ends in a bizarre room where time too has ceased to exist. Here, he sees himself age and die, in a few moments of our time, where the only action is, naturally, a meal (a kind of Last Supper), and the shattering of a glass. Then as he wastes away, the Tablet materializes again (more tombstone-like than ever) and death and life themselves are reconciled. He is reborn, and becomes the new life-form demanded by the logic of Kubrick's Weltanschauung, the cosmic answer to human depravity. He floats back to Earth, an ethereal foetus in a transparent ball, and turns to face the audience in the film's concluding image : our future, or a reproach to what we are?

Obviously, the interpretation of these last sequences is crucial for understanding the film. The critics were very nice about 2001, on the whole, though some were puzzled by the ending. Writing in New Society, Paul Mayersberg claims that

> Kubrick's previous view of man. . . as a self-destructive animal has been considerably modified in 2001. This latest film proposes the possibility of a new start for mankind in space . . . an optimistic, evolutionary view of man . . .

He attributes this softening of Kubrick's pessimism to the influence of co-writer Arthur C. Clarke. It is quite true that Space Odyssey is an attempt at transcending the gloomy vicious circle Kubrick previously moved in, and this might indeed be due to Clarke's participation. But it is no less important to observe that this attempt emerges as quite unconvincing, and both looks and feels all wrong.

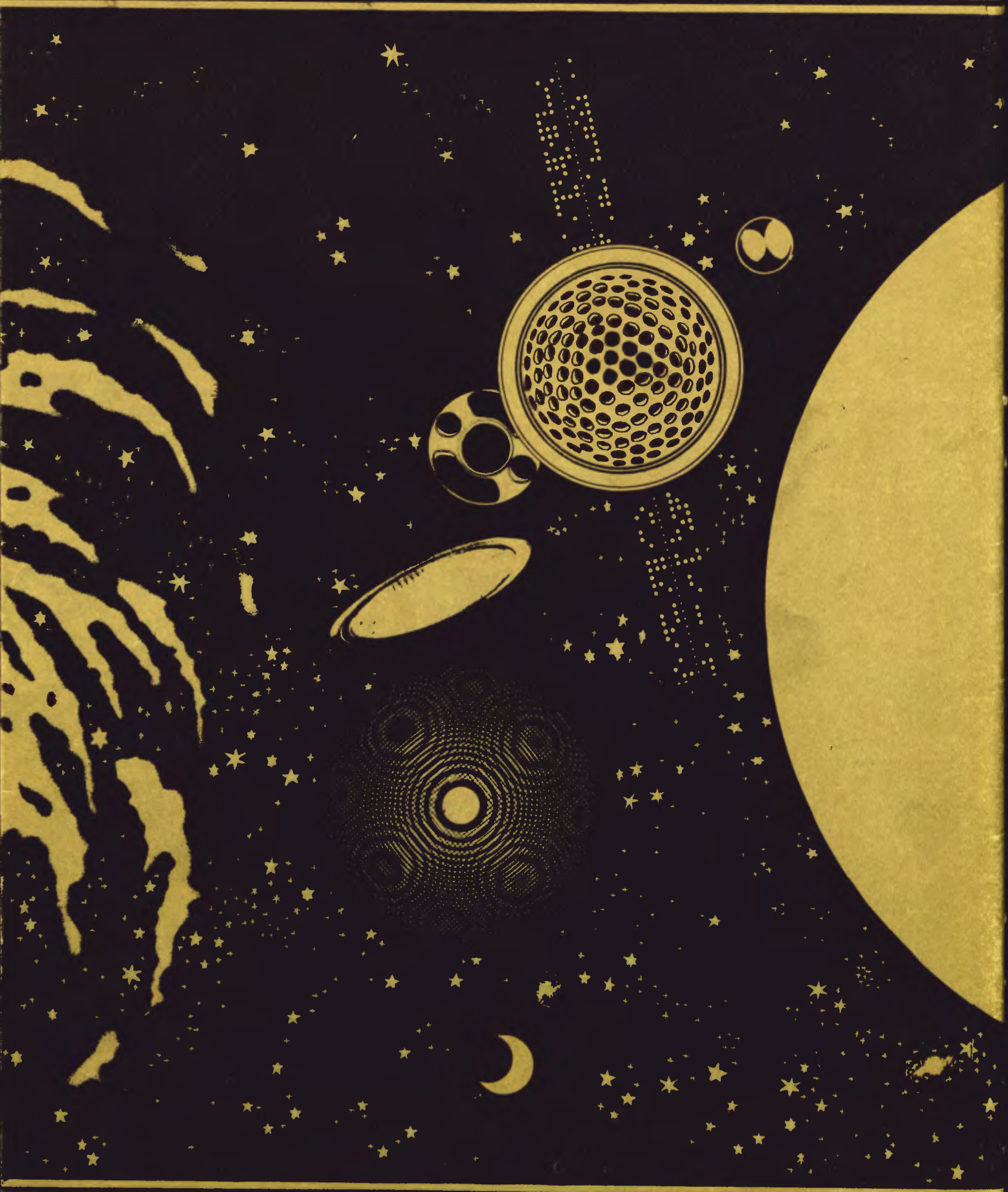
The strange room fashioned by the cosmic Intelligence for Bowman is utterly chilling. Described as 'an elegant apartment' in the British Film Institute Bulletin's review, and taken by Mayersberg as representing humanity's past, its most evident characteristic is actually phoniness. It is in Mid-Western Louis Quinze, rendered even more eerie by the shadowless underfloor lighting. What happens is even more nightmarish. Bowman undergoes the universal horror of the body's ageing and decay in a lived-out dream-time of instants, from which he may not awake. Uncomprehending, he feels close on him the trap of time, tolerable to our real condition only because the young can never see themselves as older. His position is like a guinea-pig in some cruel laboratory experiment. Then, given rebirth by the faceless experimenter, his cold alter ego turns enigmatically once more in our three dimensions.

The Bulletin says that

> The film's major achievement is nothing less than to provide a new mythology for Space Age Man . . .

But it would be more accurate to say that Kubrick has given a new, uncomfortable twist to the oldest religious ideology of all : the idea that men were made by a super-being beyond our understanding called God. However, the old notion pictured this Being as nice, rather than simply intelligent. Christianity : the hand of the redeeming God is disclosed in the last sequences, as cold as an empty icebox. The texture of the closing images does not show a new Christ of kindness, but one of those chilling Super-brains which stalk the pages of conventional science-fiction. This is not 'a new start for man', but something else altogether — a being without animal qualities, but also without human ones. Naturally, the film defines the process and its result as inscrutable, unknown; but why must the unknown be nasty?

The Christians always said we shouldn't judge what appears nasty, as it may be for our own good in the long run, and we cannot fathom the ways of God. Fortunately, the ways of Kubrick are another matter. They appear to lead us towards a new world of experience, using the utmost in technique and free imagination; in fact, they lead us back into the heart of the oldest, stalest kind of despair with the human state. The message was always false. In this year of our Revolution, it is absurd, too



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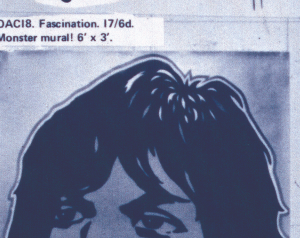
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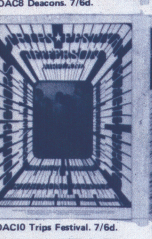
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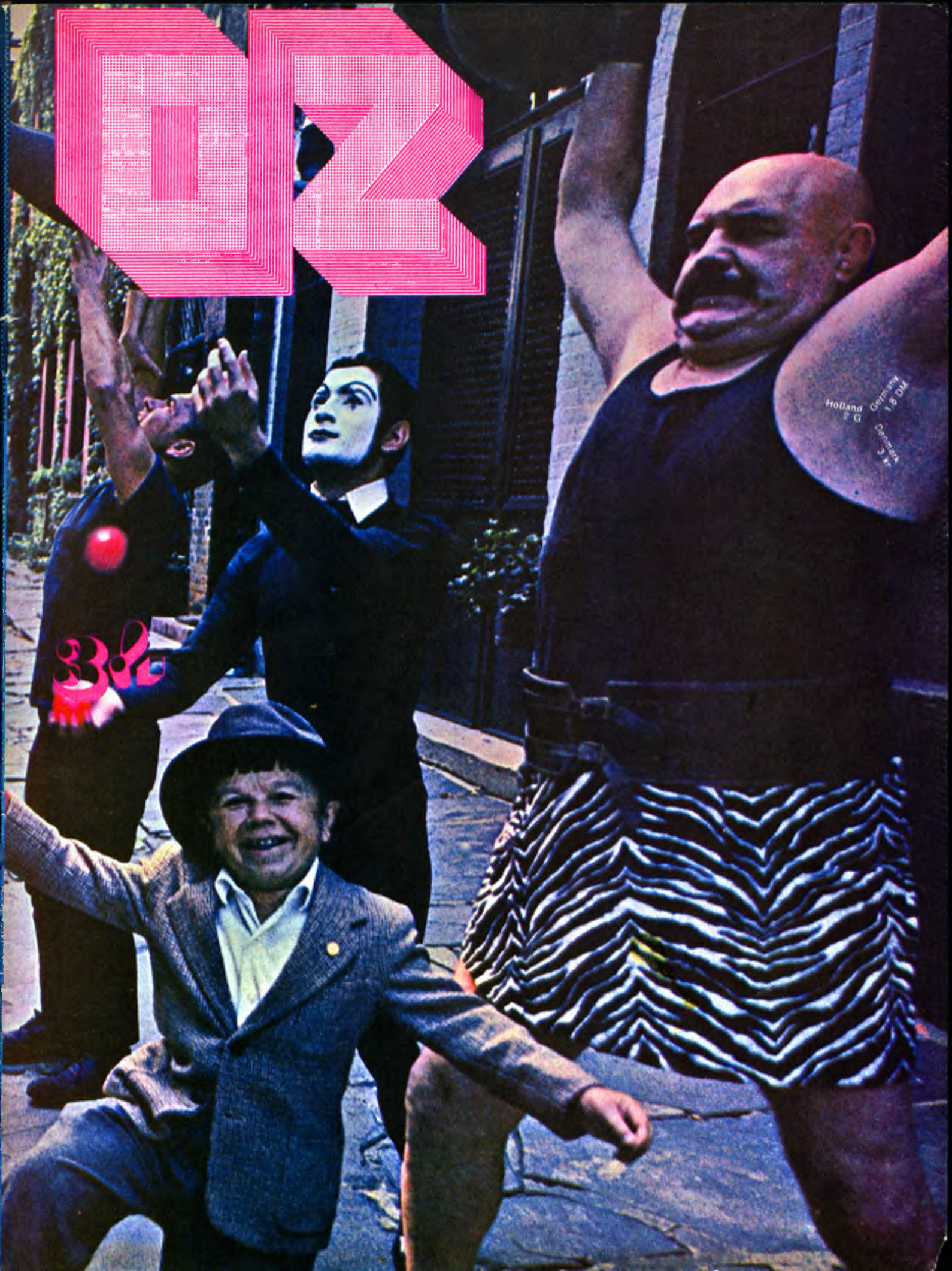

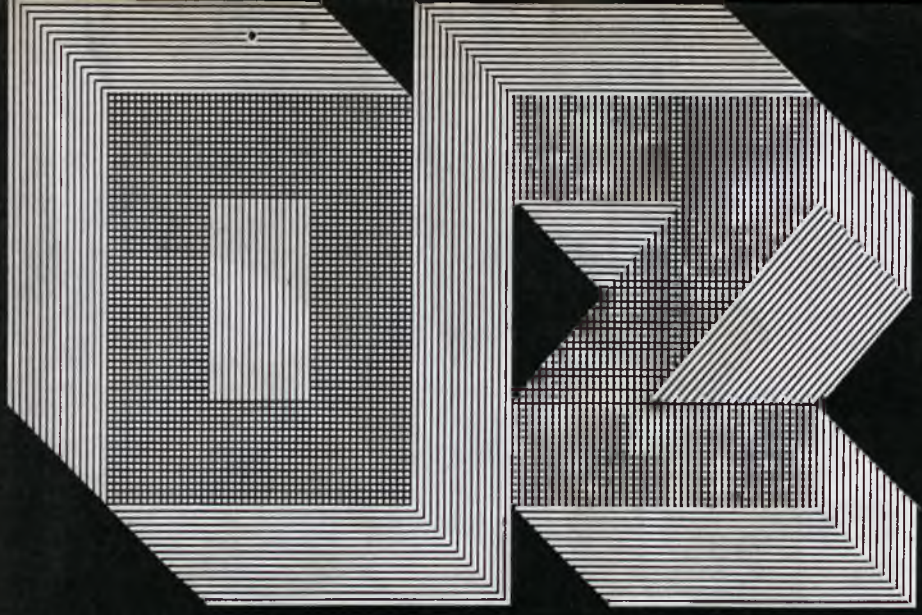

OZ 14

Editor: Paul Lawson
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Advertising: John Leaver
Oz Workers Co-op: Jenny Crowe, Pauline Carter, Tim Epps, Andrew Fisher, Richard Neville, Mazin Zeki Marge Reagan,
Pusher: Anou

Dear Sir,

I have just received for the first time a copy of OZ. I have been trying to find out what issue it is, and have not, and that is the trouble with your Publication. Let me explain:

I found this issue on a seat whilst travelling on the tube and looking through it I was attracted by the colours; taking it home I began to read but found that several articles were unreadable:
1. Agit OZ. Why? Because there is a clash of colours and it strains one's eyes to read. Finding it so I passed an article which I most likely should have enjoyed.
2. Agit 2: White print on a pink background.
3. White print on green background. They can't be read.
4. And last but by no means least, if you are going to reproduce nude or sex shots, do it so they can be seen.

I don't know if the faults listed above are due to failing sight or the fact that I'm reading—I broke off to write this letter—at night.

However, I've disregarded the former since I'm no way near the age of failing sight and have assumed that if the four faults are not justified then it must be due to the fact that I'm reading at night. If therefore, this is the case I still think, in the interest of gaining further readers, you discontinue from the above, because your publication would be limited only to day readers.

Put it to the test. Publish, not necessarily this letter but an edited version and ask your readers to comment. If you are not already aware of what I've written, you may very well be surprised. All the best.

Very truly yours,
E.Ernest.

2 Mortimer Road,
Kensal Rise,
London N.W.10.

For Andrew Fisher and David Spode. OZ 13.

Dear Sirs,

Zen is nothing
nothing is nothing

Zen is everything
everything is everything

Everything is nothing
Nothing, everything

Karl Hawkins.

1 Little Silver,
Exeter.

Dear Sir,

I returned a few weeks ago from India, where I had been meditating in a Buddhist monastry, and was pleased to see many signs that the London scene has become more turned-on. One of these hopeful signs appeared to be a new magazine called OZ which I had heard about through an interview on the radio with your editor. Finding myself very much in agreement with the views he was putting forward, I went out and bought a copy.

The magazine—an old one (OZ 12) as it turned out—opened out into large sheets covered with various games to play. (Bravo and all that for this original idea.) But I was amazed to read that these jolly pastimes were "based" on the teachings of Buddha. I could see no connection. It seems that Buddhism to you is just something to boost the swinging-trendy-groove image with which you push material that isn't really all that new. It's part of a snap-crackle-pop sensationalism, "guaranteed", as you say of the Indian religious instruction tract on page C, "to astonish English teenies everywhere."

What dismayed me most of all were these sentences taken from the statement which prefaced the whole production:

"Three of the four poster-sides represent three out of the four truths which comprise Buddhism. The fourth side—and thus the fourth truth—had to be dropped because of extra advertising." So instead of the "Noble Eightfold Path which leads to the cessation of suffering", we get "personal products." I am invited to enlarge, not my consciousness, but my prick!

Poor us. Lost in a fog of confusion, we wander in circles, aimlessly. Buddhism offers us an escape into a place of light and peace. What hope is left to us when even Buddhism itself is made into just another game?

Yours sincerely,
Timothy Coakley.

4 Gascony Avenue,
London NW6.

Dear OZ,

On Friday, July 26 I took an overdose of sleeping-pills and was admitted to Kingston Hospital. On Saturday evening I was told that I was admitted compulsorily to Long Grove Mental Hospital. I was driven down by the Mental Welfare Officer together with my father.

When we arrived the door was locked. After a while somebody opened it but none of the nurses we spoke to at first could understand English. A nurse took me to a small, bare room next door to a room in which a woman was screaming. The nurse told me to undress but I did not; my handbag was emptied and all my possessions taken away. My father refused to leave until I was found a better place to sleep, so I was allowed to sleep in a dormitory near the Night-nurse. The Mental Welfare Officer apologised to my father afterwards for the poor reception we had had.

On Sunday morning I went to the staff-nurse's room and said that I could not stand the place and that I wanted to go home. She summoned three men who thrust me forcibly into a cell containing

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only a bed; the window was locked and shuttered so that no daylight came into the cell. But then I was extremely distressed; I took the mattress off the bed and rammed the door with the iron bedstead. The men returned, flung me on a mattress and held me down so that I could be given an injection. After that I was semi-conscious for the rest of the day. My father came during the visiting hour and was told he could not see me. He insisted and eventually the medical officer was telephoned and was asked to give his consent. My father was allowed to stay in the cell for the hour. I was lying on the mattress (the bedstead had been removed); no chair was provided for my father to sit on.

On Monday morning a woman doctor saw me and took a few notes; no treatment was mentioned. I was allowed to spend the rest of the day in the day-room with the other patients. I was not allowed to have my hand-bag and other possessions back, so, since I did not have my money, I could not buy cigarettes, as the other patients could. Monday night I spent in a small furnished room which was locked.

On Tuesday morning at a case conference it was decided that I was still a suicide risk and could not therefore be discharged, although the psychiatrist agreed with me that I was not in need of psychiatric treatment. The staff-nurse said that I was uncooperative so it was decided that I should not be allowed to wear my day clothes. I was then allowed to leave the case conference; I was disappointed not to be allowed home, so my first thought was to telephone my father. There were no telephones in the building for use by patients. To use one of the telephones in the grounds one has to be accompanied by a nurse.

No nurse had the time to escort me to the telephone, so I asked another patient to come with me, which he did. I was not able to get through to my father. On returning to the building I met the male staff-nurse who was waiting for me in the corridor.

He pushed me forcibly into my room where the window had already been barred and locked and told me that the reason why I was being confined was that I had made a telephone call without being escorted by a nurse. He then locked the door after me. After knocking several times I was given a chamber-pot; later on I was allowed to have my book. Altogether I was on my own in the room for six hours, not knowing how long I was going to be kept there. At visiting time my father came and asked that I be discharged. This was allowed but, as it was against medical advice, he had to undertake to accept full responsibility for me for the remainder of the 28-day order.

[Name supplied but withheld]

Dear Sir,

We feel that the Prime Minister cannot totally take the blame for having to confer on M. Jean Roche an honorary degree at Bradford University.

A motion put before the Student Union Council at Bradford proposed that the University should be urged not to confer this honorary degree. Despite the fact that previously a general meeting of the Students Union had pledged solidarity with the French Students, the right wing extremists majority on the union council defeated this motion and this resulted in two of the council members resigning and expressions of extreme disgust from others who voted for the motion.

Yours in disgust,
A. Tuckman.
D. A. Martin.

27 Clive Terrace,
Bradford 7,
Yorkshire.

Dear OZ,

John Hopkins has sent me the following comment which no doubt applies to my Hippy High Hopes in OZ. I'm sure he wouldn't mind my sending it on to you and it may well express what many of your readers feel!

Ray Durgnat

Dear Ray,

I have been reading your writing on and off for a few years. I must say that it is about time you started making constructive suggestions instead of putting everything down the whole time. All you are doing in fact is relaying your hang-ups to other people and increasing the number of general hang-ups.

It is a damn shame.

Best Wishes,
Hoppy.

DEAR OZ
AGIT 1, OZ 13
JUST ABOUT SUMS UP THE STUPIDITY OF REVOLUTION – for instance
"YOU ARE WRESTLING WITH THE ENEMIES OF THE HUMAN RACE NOT FOR YOURSELF MERELY, FOR YOU MAY NOT SEE THE FULL DAY OF LIBERTY, BUT FOR THE CHILD HANGING AT THE BREAST" WRITTEN IN 1796!

THAT CHILD NEVER SAW THE DAY OF LIBERTY, NOR WILL ANY. TRYING TO CHANGE HUMANITY THRU POLITICS IS FUTILITY. THERE IS A BIT OF THE ENEMY IN EACH OF US, AND GOODNESS TOO, IF YOU CHANGE YOURSELF, & YOU HAVE ALREADY CHANGED THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE WORLD – AND THAT GOES FOR EVERYONE –
xxxx
JAMIE, NORWICH.

Metrix, the arts workshop of Crawley and the South East, meets every Friday evening at WEA, Robinson Rd, Crawley, Sussex. Come and do your own thing.

Future events.
Kieran Kilroy–
Poetry Show
6th Sept: Film by Yolk productions 'Charge of the Leek Brigade'
Also other films from the International Film Pool.
13 Sept: Folk night
20 Sept: Mixed media group from Sussex/Oxford Universities

SMALLS

Will 16 yr old female pupil of Roman Catholic School (OZ12) write to Box No 14 (2)

Graduate wishes contact girl alone or pairs, of either submissive or aggressive nature to dramatise fantasies
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BERKE'S

BOURGEOISIE

a lexicon

Ever since I got married I can't eat tongue.

Even the children love to do things together.

Good people get theirs, and bad people get theirs too.

I never like to be out alone in the streets in case I am attacked.

Children must be **taught** *to believe.*

I am **certain** that all teachers are very good teachers.

George and I never quarrel about serious things.

At one stage, Patricia was really rather worried, she was going around with all these Bible stories and thinking they were absolutely true, and we had to explain that they weren't really true, more or less, you know.

I find it difficult to do anything that will make a difference.

A young man should keep himself free, forge his career, nicely secure, settle down, and then think about bringing a woman into his life.

I do go to church, but it's cold and musty and you say the same thing every week.

I didn't have any brothers so I never really had any thoughts about it.

I am often, as it were, sexually satisfied in ways that don't involve full intercourse.

Even in the best of homes . . .

I keep any eye on my son and keep on at him to do things, and he does them, and it turns out all right, and that's all one can hope for.

I never read the paper anymore, and I never vote except when my husband tells me to, in fact, I never have.

ESP is still a great challenge.

Families who pray together, stay together.

I don't think there's any foundation for the Œdipus complex at all.

Children should **learn** to be happy.

Buddhists **look** pretty ignorant.

I don't normally dream.

I can't take you seriously unless other people take you seriously.

He can be serious for a week or two, but then he's finished.

I don't know why people buy budgies when they can pick up sparrows so easily.

A man should be able to see the world before settling down so he can realise that home is best.

I mean, why don't I just go and tell the children that I think things are made of atoms, because, well, I think they are.

How can you say Europe is dying, look at West Germany.

I don't care if everyone in the world is living in sin, it's none of my business.

Dance halls in the West End are not good for a boy of sixteen.

I always vote Labour because they have better ideas, more suited to the Middle Class.

I am reaching the age where I need to be a certain generation and I'm not sure which.

Children should eat everything on their plate.

KNICKERS

All those people at Eton and Harrow, all they do is learn Greek in the morning and rugby in the afternoon.

I expect a boy to respect my daughter when she gets to that age.

I object to being taught anything by my children.

Conscription was a jolly good thing.

Fortunately, all of Richard's friends are what I call nice boys.

I don't think our children would be happy living in a completely free atmosphere.

Drinking leads to violence, and gambling leads to the gutter.

God is someone else whom people can turn to.

I collect for spastics.

Freud doesn't know everything.

God is a pie in the sky.

I don't think that I have any particular brand of insanity.

God save the Queen.

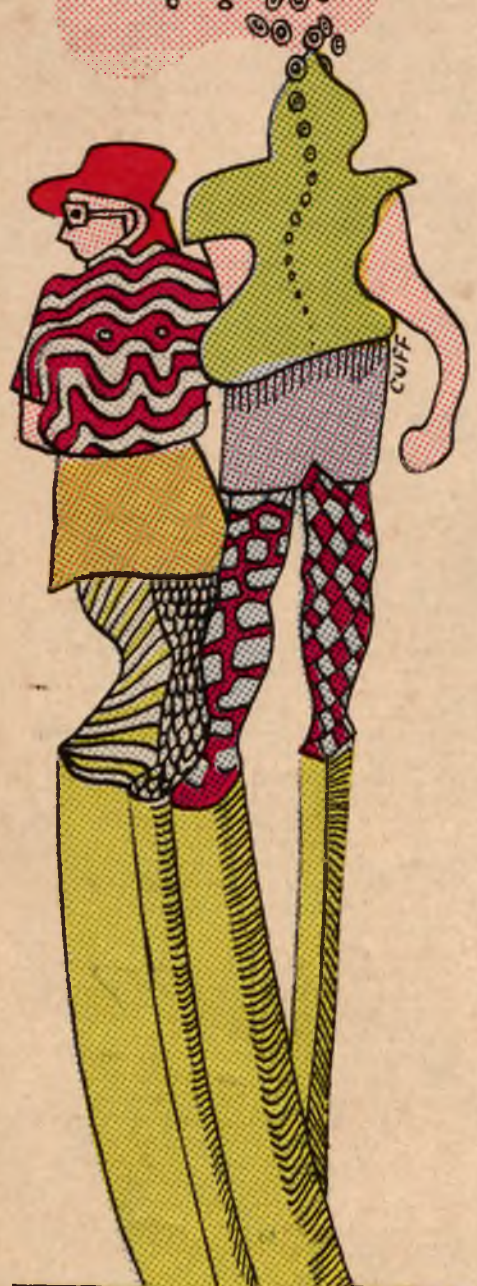
I have always had the idea that the final act is frightening, and in some ways unpleasant.

Don't be bourgeois.

Compiled by Joe Berke

WHERE WE'RE AT

Trip Without a Ticket



Our authorized sanities are so many Nembutals. 'Normal' citizens with store-dummy smiles stand apart from each other like cotton-packed capsules in a bottle. Perpetual mental out-patients. Maddeningly sterile jobs for strait-jackets, love scrubbed into an insipid 'functional personal relationship' and Art as a fantasy pacifier. Everyone is kept inside while the outside is shown through windows: advertising and manicured news. And we all know this.

How many TV specials would it take to establish one Guatemalan revolution? How many weeks would an ad agency require to face-lift the image of the Viet Cong? Slowly, very slowly we are led nowhere. Consumer circuses are held in the ward daily. Critics are tolerated like exploding novelties. We will be told which burning Asians to take seriously. Slowly. Later.

But there is a real danger in suddenly waking a somnambulistic patient. And we all know this.

What if he is startled right out of the window?

No one can control the single circuit-breaking moment that charges games with critical reality. If the glass is cut, if the cushioned distance of media is removed, the patients may never respond again as normals. They will become life-actors.

Theatre is territory. A space for existing outside padded walls. Setting down a stage declares a universal pardon for imagination. But what happens next must mean more than sanctuary or preserve. How would real wardens react to life—actors on liberated ground? How can the intrinsic freedom of theatre illuminate walls and shoe the weak spots where a breakout could occur?

Guerrilla theatre intends to bring audiences to liberated territory to create life-actors. It remains light and exploitative of forms for the same reasons that it intends to remain free. It seeks audiences that are created by issues. It creates a cast of freed beings. It will become an issue itself.

This is theatre of an underground that wants out. Its aim is to liberate ground held by consumer wardens and establish territory without walls. Its plays are glass cutters for empire windows.

The Diggers are hip to property. Everything is free, do your own thing. Human beings are are the means of exchange. Food, machines, clothing, materials, shelter and props are simply there. Stuff. A perfect dispenser would be an open Automat on the street. Locks are time-consuming. Combinations are clocks.

So a store of goods or clinic or restaurant that is free becomes a social art form. Ticketless theatre. Out of money and control.

'First you gotta pin down what's wrong with the West. Distrust of human nature, which means distrust of Nature. Distrust of wildness in oneself literally means distrust of Wilderness.'—Gary Snyder.

Diggers assume free stores to liberate human nature. First free the space, goods and services. Let theories of economics follow social facts. Once a free store is assumed, human wanting and giving, needing and taking become wide open to improvisation.

A sign: If someone Asks to see the Manager Tell Him He's the Manager.

Someone asked how much a book cost. How much did he think it was worth? 75 cents. The money was taken and held out for anyone. 'Who wants 75 cents?' A girl who had just walked in came over and took it.

A basket labelled Free Money

No owner. No Manager, no employees and no cash-register. A salesman in a free store is a life-actor. Anyone who will assume an answer to a question or accept a problem as a turn-on.

Question (whispered): 'Who pays the rent?'
Answer (loudly): 'May I help you?'

Who's ready for the implication of a free store? Welfare mothers pile bags full of clothes for a few days and come back to hang up dresses. Kids case the joint wondering how to boost.

Fire helmets, riding pants, shower curtains, surgical gowns and World War 1 army boots are parts for costumes. Nightsticks, sample cases, waterpipes, toy guns and weather balloons are taken for props. When materials are free imagination becomes currency for spirit.

Where does the stuff come from? People, persons, beings. Isn't it obvious that objects are only transitory subjects of human value? An object released from one person's value may be destroyed, abandoned or made available to other people. The choice is anyone's.

The question of a free store is simply: What would you have.

Pop Art mirrored the social skin. Happenings X-rayed the bones. Street events are social acid heightening consciousness of what is real on the street. To expand eyeball implications until facts are established through action.

The Mexican Day of the Dead is celebrated in cemetries. Yellow flowers falling petal by petal on graves. In moonlight. Favorite songs of the dead and everybody gets loaded. Children suck deaths head candy engraved with their names in icing.

A Digger event. Flowers, mirrors, penny-whistles, girls in costumes of themselves, Hell's Angels, street people, Mime Troupe.

Angels ride up Haight with girls holding NOW! signs. Flowers and penny-whistles passed out to everyone.

A chorus on both sides of the street chanting UHHI—AHHI— SHH BE COOL! Mirrors held up to reflect faces of passersby.

The burial procession. Three black-shrouded messengers holding staffs topped with reflective dollar signs. A runner swinging a red lantern. Four pall-bearers wearing animal heads carry a black casket filled with blowups of silver dollars. A chorus singing 'Get Out Of My Life Why Don't You Babe' to Chopin's Death March. Members of the procession give out silver dollars and candies.

Now more reality. Someone jumps on a car with the news that two Angels were busted. Crowd, funeral cortage and friends of the Angels fill the street to march on Park Police Station. Cops confront 400 free beings a growling poet with a lute, animalspirits in black, candle-lit girls singing 'Silent Night'. A collection for bail fills an Angel's helmet. March back to Haight and street dancing.

Street events are rituals of release. Reclaiming of territory (sundown, traffic, public joy) through spirit. Possession. Public NewSense.

Not street-theatre, the street is theatre. Parades, bank-robberies, fires and sonic explosions focus street attention. A crowd is an audience for an event. Release of

crowd spirit can accomplish social facts. Riots are a reaction to police theatre. Thrown bottles and over-turned cars are responses to a dill, heavy-fisted, mechanical and deathly show. People fill the street to express special public feelings and held human communion. To ask 'What's Happening?'

The alternative to death is a joyous funeral in company with the living.

Industrialization was a battle with 19th century ecology to win breakfast at the cost of smog and insanity. Wars against ecology are suicidal. The US standard of living is a bourgeois baby blanket for executives who scream in their sleep. No Pleistocene swamp could match the pestilential horror of modern urban sewage. No children of White Western Progress will escape the dues of peoples forced to hand their raw materials.

But the tools (that's all factories are) remain innocent and the ethics of greed aren't necessary. Computers render the principles of wage-labour obsolete by incorporating them. We are being freed from mechanistic consciousness. We could evacuate the factories, turn them over to androids, clean up our pollution. North Americans could give up self-righteousness to expand their being.

Our conflict is with job-wardens and consumer keepers of a permissive loony-bin. Property, credit, interest, insurance, instalments, profit are stupid concepts. Millions of have-nots and drop-outs in the US are living on an overflow of technologically produced fat. They aren't fighting ecology, they're responding to it. Middle-class living-rooms are funeral parlours and only undertakers will stay in them. Our fight is with those who would kill us through dumb work, insane wars, dull money morality.

Give up jobs so that computers can do them! Any important human occupation can be done free. Can it be given away?

Revolutions in Asia, Africa, South America are for humanistic industrialization. The technological resources of North America can be used throughout the world. Gratis. Not a patronizing gift, shared.

Our conflict begins with salaries and prices. The trip has been paid for at an incredible price in death, slavery, psychosis.

An event for the main business district of any US city. Infiltrate the largest corporation office building with life-actors as nymphomaniacal secretaries, clumsy repairmen, beserk executives, sloppy security guards, clerks with animals in their clothes. Low key until the first coffee-break and then pour it on.

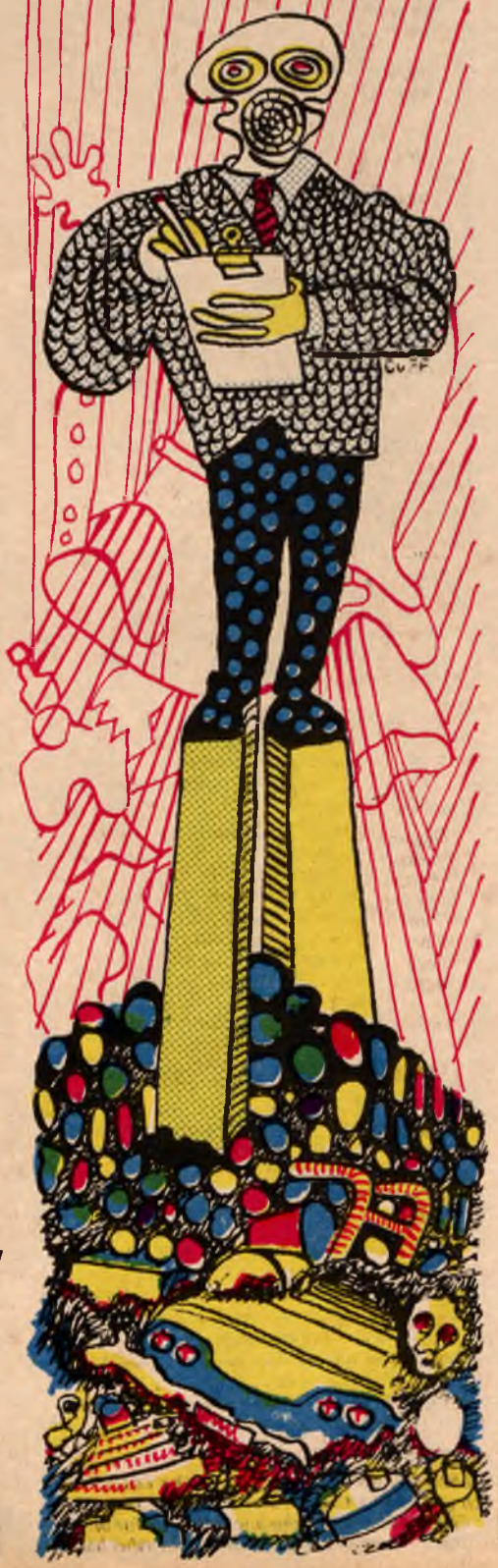
Secretaries unbutton their blouses and press shy clerks against the wall. Repairmen drop typewriters and knock over water coolers. Executives charge into private offices claiming their seniority. Guards produce booze bottles and playfully jam elevator doors. Clerks pull out goldfish, rabbits, pigeons, cats on leashes, loose dogs.

At noon 1000 freed beings singing and dancing appear outside to persuade employees to take off for the day. Banners roll down from the office windows announcing liberation. Shills in business suits run out of the building, strip and dive in the fountain. Elevators are loaded with incense and a pie fight breaks out in the cafeteria.

THEATRE IS FACT/ACTION

Give up jobs. Be with people. Defend against property.

Garbage or Nothing



1. The recent death of capitalism has everybody fucked around and confused. Private enterprise laissez faire legally murderous piracy GONE already buried to be replaced replaced by what? If it doesn't have a name, how can you talk about it? And what about the garbage? WHO'S GOING TO COLLECT THE GARBAGE? Now there's something you can talk about . . .

11. America 1968 so incredibly wealthy that the local spiritual crisis is what're we going to do about the garbage, the economic crisis how to distribute the garbage, the political crisis who's going to collect the garbage and why should anyone want the job, while in the oblivious streets attention has suddenly exploded into flesh bodies and the various ways of rubbing them together. The Evolutionary Credit and Loan Association has terminated our contract, stamped it PAID IN FULL and the planet is ours at last. Sudden flashes that maybe those five thousand years of time payments
—all those payments ON THE DOT—
all those
food wars and social cipher contracts were gestures of empty anxiety. Now that it's ours and we can take a casual look around, well there's so much GARBAGE.
Our wilderness is turning sour.
IT STINKS!
No place in the cosmology of planetary physics for garbage.
What?
What an astounding oversight!
What were our ancestors THINKING about?

111. America a nation in 1968 so incredibly wealthy that all morality is based on the problems of EXCESS:
Fantasy executives and governmental spies running wild-eyed down the corridors of control:
'There's too fucking much of it!'
'It's completely out of control!'
'Power leak! Power leak!'
The cells of power grow wild: undisciplined freedom cancer. Sudden flashes that the future of bureaucracy spy systems lies in garbage control.
People are USING it, picking it up FREE on the streets, living on it, they no longer respond to the seduction of the state, there's no way to get a HOLD on them.
Pomposity suicided and rigidity machines put to work at a furious clip: all this garbage must be catalogued and filed, garbage destructionteams trained, parking lots on the tillable land, thousands of well-programmed garbage experts march to work each day to GET IT DOWN ON PAPER, enormous factories hastily tooled for garbage conversion.
'By God, we'll make napalm out of it.'
Youngsters who don't understand it's all
been paid for already
are given guns!
given napalm!
and shipped to parts of the planet where there MAY be people who MIGHT be hip to OUR garbage and MIGHT WANT SOME OF IT FOR THEMSELVES.
The situation complicates itself incredibly. Computer engineers make it worse: the machines don't UNDERSTAND power, sex, and control: the machines programme useable garbage and forbidden fantasies of FREE.
The Secretary of Garbage Control considers dropping acid and getting it over with.
Systems of control grow schizophrenic . . . .
they writhe and contort in involute paranoia.
SYSTEMICIDE MAKES HEADLINES.

1V. America a nation so incredibly wealthy in 1968 that all morality is based on EXCESS: true American career counselors now ask only one question.
'Do you want to produce garbage or do you want to collect garbage?'
Industrialist or politician?
Fishfarm or junkyard?
The young people want no part of it, of course what with garbage their natural matrix

and medium.
Produce it?
Collect it?
They want to fuck in it!
The career counselors build marvelous constructions of seduction and mystery, they trans-substantiate symbol money
into sex
into power
into death insurance
into pleasure.
But it's just THINGS, it's garbage, it's overflow and the young people know it.
They throw the career counselor out of the window.
Who's going to collect the garbage?
Who knows?
Who cares?
Let's use it to act out our fantasies, use it for unimaginable gratifications.

V. We were sitting around the other night talking about garbage, making screaming intuitive leaps thru each others arguments, when Wm. Fritsch suddenly woke up and shouted,
'What I gotta do is learn to do nothing.'
And of course that's it
and it's not surprising that the solution came from a man who sometimes arrives at the compulsion to visit all his friends and empty the garbage for them.

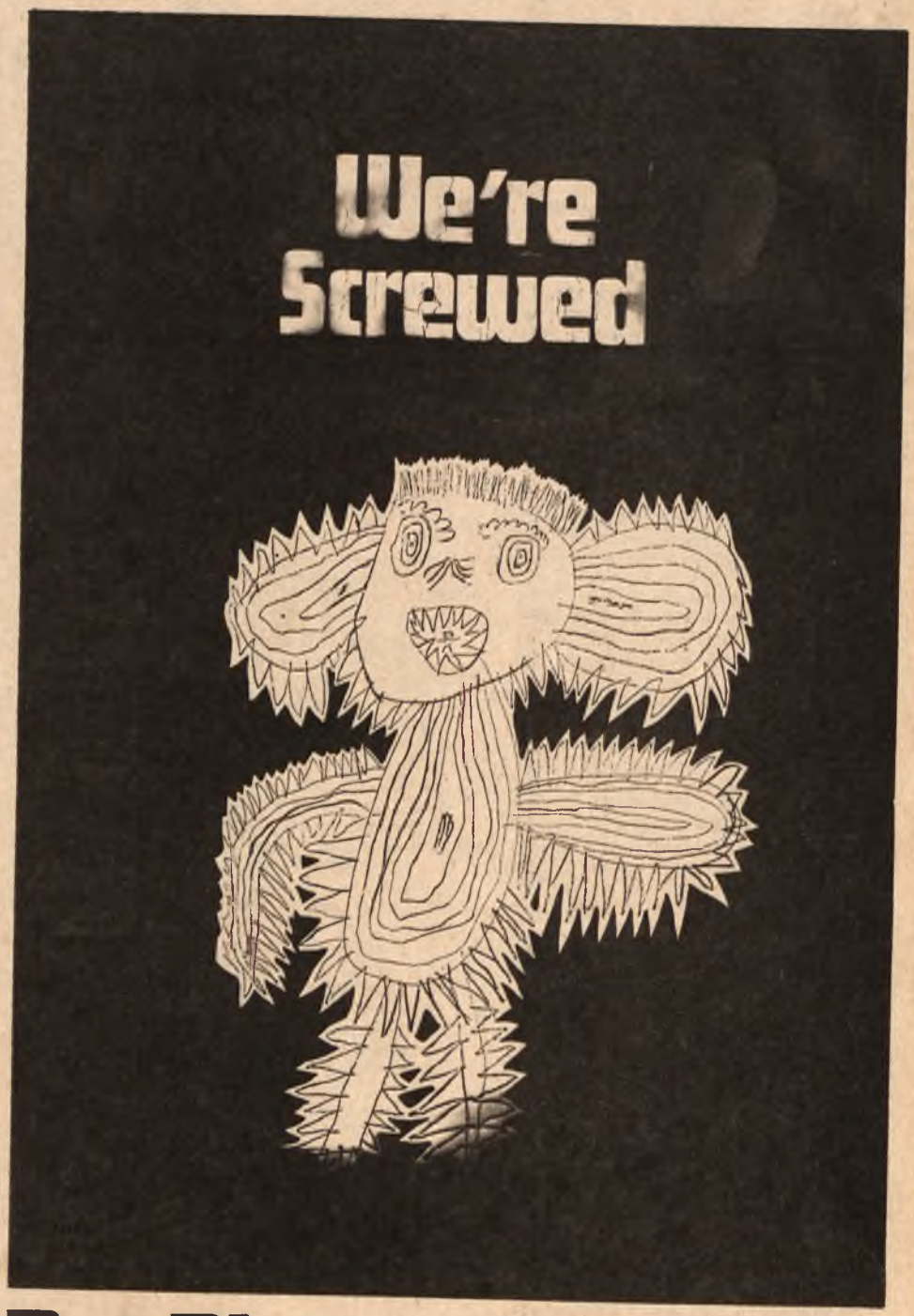
V1. Garbage crises cannot be SOLVED: they must be ALLOWED TO DISAPPEAR.
The alternative to the garbage collection production box is to do just exactly nothing . . . . no more and no less.
Sudden flashes of the invisible network w/ the individual spine planted squarely on it. organic units in the planetary ecology.
DOING NOTHING.
Ecological systems have no garbage in them, contain nothing that is alien to them.

V11. Invisible networks of nameless human connectives (names shed as metaphysical garbage) can help each other to do nothing.
That part of the psyche organism to which name is attached, that part which DOES things in praise of the name,
that part withers in the flesh caress of the anonymous community.
The galactic actor does nothing in the NAME of anything:
he receives his direction from the silent spinal telegraph,
his spine is planted square on the invisible network,
HE DOES NOTHING,
his movements are not outside the process.

V111. It's paid for, all of it.
A cellophane bag represents 5000 years of machine history, inventors suicided by their inventions, aeons of garbage dedication, paid for in cancer wombs, in fallen cocks, in the crazy waste of our fathers.
Generations dead of lacklove sold for 29 cents.
Your birth certificate is your final credit card.
Stack the garbage in piles and people will live in among it, communities of free parallel spines planted square on the invisible network.
They will do nothing to effect the celebratory transformation of garbage into spinal food.
Their movements are not outside the process.

1X. The invisible networks grow thru the absent university of nothingness, disguised as dopesellers.
as sneakthieves
as naked dripping 17 year old Americans girls.
Doctors of garbage of philosophy.
Doing nothing in PUBLIC teaching nothing demonstrating nothing living paradigms of nothing!
The absent university is powered by social magic.
It has flesh classrooms.
It is the university of the spine.
Tuition is paid in units of psychic bondage.
Its graduates are FREE.

SO...



But Digger Batman b.5.7.67 might just make it

O sky glorious, O sky divine—People—dominions—nations—Heavens—door—O walking deliverance—O Passage—People—O People—Machines—Animals—Trees—Towers & bridges—OSeed—O colors—Faces—All Moving Things—Life,hello. . . . I want to tell you of the birth of Digger.

Morning, about 9.30, July 5th 1967—clear and sunny upon the city, the sky echoing with happiness, the streets still and clean and just to walk on them is to be silent in the bright rising from the night after a big 4th of July electric music and free feed celebration out in the park where Emmett and the cooks frp, tje Fillmore had made barbecue for about 4,000 people.
I am up early and out into the street from Peter Cohon's on Pine Street where the Communication Company lived—out and standing in the good day with the smiles all over me, just letting the warmth and the light honey about on me, my clothes glowing and the fine feeling seeping to the skin and a touch tasting to my innards, and O the head is just wanting to face with smiles in all

directions. I had driven Susan Parker to the airport a couple of days before and still had her car so I swings over a few blocks to Geary thinking to have coffee and a morning smoke with the Jahrmarkts, Billy and Joan and the kids.

Up two flights, rap rap on the door and Bill answers to my hello half-dressed and happy. 'The baby's coming,' is what I remember him having said. And there is Joan sitting in the sun of those bright windows looking out over downtown and the bay, sitting on the bed, the mattress inevitably close to the floor, and the three kids —Jade, Hassan and Caledonia—kind of hushed and happy because they know the baby is coming and they have been waiting too.

So Joany's been in labor since the night before and now sits very calm with a $ tin watch in her right hand timing the contractions—about every 7 minutes and getting closer together. So me and Billy just standing there kind of stunned and sunny not thinking too much about what to do. 'You got any arrangements made?' I says, and 'no' is his reply.

It kind of goes like that, having a cigarette and a cup of coffee in the warmth of the morning in the corner room with just one fact we're standing in—the baby's coming and we are smiling and blinking lumenant with speech in soft sounds. Nobody is thinking too much about hospitals though we figure lightly first about getting Joan into one of those places, but none too serious.

I sound on Joan if she thinks she got time for me to go phone around and see what I can do, get help I guess is what I meant, and she says there's plenty of time so I cut out and drive over to Margo St. James place on Nob Hill and start phoning.

I get hold of Kaiser Hospital and after about seven switchings back and forth I get ahold of some voice that says No, theres no chance of getting into their facilities without two hundred and fifty dollars in front even if the baby is on the way right now, and that the only thing that They, this voice, can suggest is to take The Expectant to County Hospital, which said set of instructions vis-a-vis that exhausted brick pile of agony so offends my ear I come near to throwing the phone across the room.

So I phone Bill Fritsch to let somebody else know what's happening (who tells Emmett who sends an ambulance which nobody quite knows what to do with except send it away). So i clean out Margo's refrigerator of all its food and drive back over to the Communications Company where is lovely Sam and Cassandra and Claude and Helene who I break it down to.

Right away Claude is on the horn talking here and there. I get Cassandra and head back to Billy's, drop off Cassandra and split down to the store to get some smokes and am just rounding the corner on Geary when Claude pulls up to tell me he is on his way to Bolinas to get John Doss, a friend and Head of Pediatrics at Kaiser.

Upstairs is Cassandra cleaning the kitchen, making coffee and a bit to eat for the kids. It is late morning now and we relax—everything seems to be going along unmolested by even the quiet logic of time—Cassandra molested busy in the kitchen, Billy sitting with Joan in the sunny corner room, the kids hushed and talking among themselves in their room, and I with the stillness if no thinking in my head gazing out of the window under the Bat flag at the greenish dome of the city hall.

Rap rap on the door and I go out to open it to Richard Brautigan who comes in under a soft tan hat, checks out the action, spots Cassandra in the kitchen, decides everthing is cool, walks once again through the rooms, tall slightly stooping like a gentle spider standing up (we are all spiders, or ants, or something, I remember wondering, watching Richard putting his hands in his pockets and taking them out) decides to split. 'Be back in a while—need anything?' 'No, nothing.' Out the door he goes.

It's early afternoon now. Quite suddenly Joan gets up, walks into the kitchen and squats down flat-footed on the floor with her back leaning to the wall, contractions coming quicker, Billy kneeling withher, Cassandra calm, me getting nervous—smoking cigarettes.

Knock on the door and in comes Claude and Helene with John Doss, way over 6 foot, a tower of a man withthose huge gentle hands that by a mere holding can take panic from a hurt child. All of a sudden it seems we got the best. Right away he's with Joan, coat off talking real easy, squat'd down, laughing with the simplicity of things. Claude asks me if I want to smoke some gold and lays a joint on me—I take it and put it on Billy.

People begin arriving—Billy Fritsch and Lenore, Bill much calmer than the day before in the park loaded on acid and telling Richie Marley real anxious, 'There's a warp in the continuum!' Emmett arrives. Diggers start coming.

By now the kitchen is a place of prayer—Joan in labor on the big patch quilt now in the middle of the kitchen floor and around her kneeling and sitting silent people—silent and back within listening to what silence says at self to birth.

John Doss moves in from the crowded front room every now and again and kneels his huge person down to speak quietly to Joan as he feels with those giant hands across her belly for the baby within. Billy squats Arab-silent flat-footed beside Joan, his hair long about his shoulders, staring into the thick air that holds the deep flux of his unspeaking Arab prayer.

Now the city has darkened for night, and Geary Street outside the window crawls alive with the homeward bound. Across the street the huge sign of an auto-agency—BOAZ, in Hebrew 'the lion hearted'—in black and white and red letters sends ancient benedictions into the rooms, and the green dome of city hall is alit as if it were a mosque removed one world and glowing not with bulbs nor candle but rather ringed with another light.

Now from out the night John and Sara and Peter and Sam and Gandolf and Natural Suzanne and more Diggers arrive like a troupe or miming chorus bearing brown paper sacks filled with sandwiches—huge Poor Boys from some ecstacy delicatessen—the picture: Joan about to give birth on the kitchen floor, one dim shaded desk lamp by her feet, and a dozen people encircling her eating sandwiches and smoking weed, faces all in a shadow of the only lamp.

The contractions have begun to quicken and Joany is saying over and over again softly. 'Come on Baby. . . . Come on little Baby. . . . come on.'

The labor was becoming long, more than 24 hours now and the concentration of Joany's song had drawn the muscle lines tensed above her eyes pointing to a spot between them, slightly above them, and directly within.

John Doss had a slightly worried look as his hands felt over her belly. He seemed to be trying to gauge the position. Reaching within he felt for the baby's head which seemed to be turned in the wrong direction. The contractions were now great visible waves that moved down across Joan's belly and with each one her tightened face appeared to have the full focused power of everything behind it pouring down through her body toward the slow and heavy working and waves of force that carried the baby in its passage.

'I need an instrument,' he said mentioning some sort of birthing clamp. 'I have to turn the baby's head'' He turned to someone there and told them to go across the street to the hospital and get an instrument and an intern.

Meanwhile Joan begins instructing Billy in how he, Billy, is going to receive his baby. Beneath the belly skin you can see the baby making its movements. Around Joan about a dozen Diggers and Digger ladies looking like all the accumulated faces of the Universe, the Divines of Ever pouring from each eye.

Like no time there is a bang on the front door and two white coated hospital guys come in stiff and important with shiny metal in their hands, take one look at the scene and decide it won't do for them to have anything to do with it. John Doss goes to meet them and they start backing off real quick. John grabs one of the guys by the lapels and starts to jerk the doctor's jacket off and gets it down to around the guy's elbows.

'Take off that coat and get to work in here, for Christ sake. Be a doctor for once in your life!' he says to the guy.

'Take it easy John, take it easy,' the other guy tries to soothe. 'This can't be done here. . . . . it's not sterile. She must be moved to the hospital.'

About this time I start to ride up. 'She isn't going anywhere.' I says leaning across Joan at the guy. 'Cool it ,' Bill says from the floor They split threatening an ambulance and, for all we know, the Heat, so everybody settles down again with 'Come on baby' going real strong.

So John is back down with Billy showing him how to receive the baby, when it starts to come out and so quick and easy it seems a miracle but Billy has the baby's head in his hands and it looks like throughout the whole scene of deliverence the baby had turned its own head and decided to come out and with a thick liquid whoosh is right in Billy's hands. I am on my knees by Joany's head and I lean down with little more than a whisper, 'It's a boy.'

With some cotton string John Doss ties off the umbilical cord and cuts it with a pocket knife and the baby is born, out, free, alive and beautiful crying in his father's hands so fast that it was not a process of birth at last but life occuring.

John Doss begins cleaning up Joany and places the afterbirth in a basin.

'Eat!' he says to the circle of joyously lighted faces holding out the basin. 'Everybody eat!' and starts carrying the basin around from one to one and each dips a hand into the stuff of birth and blood and tastes and never, from no dope i have ever taken, have I got so instantly high. Somebody marks the time, 10.41, and asks Billy the baby's name.

'Digger!' Billy answers back with a voice loud with single word as its own rising song.

The bloodied ends of the umbilical tying string Billy takes and wraps up in a poem I had made that afternoon to lay on the kitchen floor:

Velvet kneeling meat—
Crazyblood in his prayers.

is all I remember.

Towards the New Synthesis

Herman Kahn

CUFF

I ought to start by admitting not that I'm a war planner or a member of the establishment but that I come from Los Angeles. And it's a good place. In fact a good deal of what I'm going to be talking about is the Los Angelization of the world. Somebody called it the barbecue culture; someone referred to it as a kind of wholesome degeneracy. The issues which arise in that culture I think we pretty much will be talking about and facing over the next 33 years. I have seen the future, and it doesn't work.

I'd like to start by taking a kind of a neo-Marxian view of the problem. Look at the economics of the situation. The numbers aren't important. Let me backtrack for a second. I gave a talk in Washington a few weeks ago and I decided to look very profound. So I started the talk by saying, "Man has been on earth two million years."

That doesn't sound as profound as saying I m one with the cosmos, but, you know, it's a pretty big idea. And then I pointed out that I had examined every one of those years with loving care and all that, and I noticed only two incidents of any interest,. If you are a religious man, you'll have to add a third.

The two incidents of interest were the agricultural revolution, or the neo-technic revolution, generally say, about two hundred years ago, but you can't place it exactly. The agricultural revolution was exciting because it made civilization, cities, living in cities. That was a very, very big change. It created classes, it created organization. It didn't really increase the standard of living of people because Malthus was operating, and the change in technology meant that there were more people rather than that they lived better. And there is some concern, of course, that this may happen again. I don't think this will happen, but you see it expressed, and sometimes the same people will talk about the fact that there is total starvation facing the world and unlimited goods, and these look a little wrong and they could be right together too if you're stupid enough but that seems unlikely.

Up until roughly the Industrial Revolution, no human community ever got much above, say $200 per capita, much below, say $50 per capita. Think of Indonesia today—100 million people about 100 dollars per capita. That's the Han empire, the Roman empire. You know, the same number of people, same way of living. Roman peasants or Chinese peasants they go there today. They would recognize it and vice-versa. You can think of that as the normal state of human beings. Normal is a bad phrase there. Typical.

If you think of the Industrial Revolution, you think of Europe today,say somewhere between $500 and $2,000 per capita. And again, here's a Marxian notion, if you make enough of a change quantitatively it eventually makes a qualitative change. It's different. Europe is not like a pre-Industrial civilization. I think it takes about a factor of 10 to make the next change. That's roughly $5,000 to about $20,000 per capita; and that's roughly the United States and about 20% of the world.

At the end of the century, it is not a post-economic world. That is, most of the people in it will be worried about how to pay the rent, and how to make the payments on the third helicopter, and it's really too expensive to put in a second swimming pool, you know. You may say, "My God! What trivia," but you know, it's nice to have a swimming pool, and you may want another one so the kids can play in theirs. If you look at a man in the United States who makes about $50,000 a year after taxes, he generally does not feel post-economic. He rather objects to any terminology of that sort.

Rather surprisingly, it would not be shocking if before the 21st century closed you would hit what I would call an almost post-economic society. The "almost" is of some importance... somebody will want to take a trip to Saturn and not quite be able to afford it, and he'll feel very deprived because everybody else is going that year. Or they'll want to go to Mars 'cause that's where the action is, and you can't make it, and that's annoying because it'll just cost too much. But for any kind of thing that we think of today as a moderate necessity of life, other than love, affection, friendliness, competent teaching and so on, these (the necessities) will be sort of free. The other may or may not be free; that is one of the things I'd like to talk about. I want to restrict my remarks to this post-Industrial society, which is not yet post-economic.

Now, post-Industrial: it doesn't look like Europe. It may also be a post-business society. Here, the notion is that when Calvin Coolidge said that the business of America is business, he was probably making a perfectly reasonable statement for his period. I would say as late as 1955, when Secretary Wilson made his statement, "I'm not aware that what's bad for General Motors is good for the United States, or that's what's bad for the United States is good for General Motors" . . . . remember he got kicked in the teeth for that . . . . it's a reasonably accurate remark.

If you ask what makes what makes the United States the kind of country it is, lemme tellya, General Motors plays a bigger role than any activity I know of. Now you may not like it, that's your privilege, but it's an accurate description of the United States, as people think of it. I am reliably informed that they manufacture unsafe cars, and that can't be good for the United States. Unless you don't like the country, as some of you I gather don't. But you really don't probably want people killed in accidents. I am saying that by and large, it's hard to imagine the United States sick and General Motors healthy, or General Motors sick and the United States healthy, economically. That's no longer true today. The United States is bigger than General Motors, and it'll be increasingly untrue in the future. It's a little bit like a farmer. A hundred years ago this was an agricultural country. Today a farmer comes home and tells his wife "I just doubled production in the south 100." Wife says, "That's marvelous, what else did you do today?" No confrontation, no interpersonal relations. She's not interested. The New York Times puts it on page eight, none of you read it. I do because I've got to; it's my business, but I'm not excited either. It's just not an exciting thing to do to double productivity on the south 100 acres in the United States. That's a fantastic statement but true. Twenty or thirty years from now, and even in some degree today, we would expect a minority of the country to be in business and a certain manufacturing, and a doubling of productivity of goods will not be exciting. It'll be interesting, you know, you'll be richer, but it won't be exciting.

Where will the excitement be? I don't know, but I would predict a kind of mosaic society. Not Moses, but mosaic in the sense of lots of little patterns. Uh, I'm getting a slight fondness for the other kind of Mosaic society, as I look at the current society. I had a grandfather who was a rabbi. He talked regularly to God. He looked very rigid. He had no identity problems by the way, knew who he was, knew who his children were, knew what the world was like. Couldn't eat pork, but somehow led a freer life than many people I know. Married for life, it never occurred to him to uh....I see you're nostalgic for that. You may like to see those familiar wrinkles on the pillow next to you. A surprising thought, but ponder it.

Why is it that people think they have so much freedom today? Well, the world has changed. Roughly speaking, there's 135 nations in the world today. Fifty-five of them as far as I know do not worry about frontiers. And as far as I know that was never true anywhere in the history of the world before. No Latin American country, for various reasons which are kind of com-

plicated, worries about its frontiers. Now you can find no twenty year period in Latin American history since 1810 in which there was not a serious frontier confrontation, except in the last twenty, and no one expects it for the next thirty either. That's true in North America. I can't write you a scenario in which Ho Chi Min gets into San Francisco unless invited by an audience. It's just, you know, very difficult to write that scenario. In Western Europe, with the exception of Germany's east border, there's no problems. Everybody knows that Germany and Japan lost World War 11 and are the most successful nations since. Neither has a navy and they're the second and fifth largest trading powers in the world today. And don't seem to worry about the flag following it. Uh, there's a joke I sometimes tell, you may know the story about the Israelis. About four or five years ago they had a balance of payments problem and decided to declare war on the United States, on the theory that the US would win the war, occupy them, rebuild their economy, protect them from the Arabs, you know, no problems. And this rabbi got up who was grey with wisdom, and said, "With our luck we'll win". You couldn't have told that joke thirty years ago. Nobody would have known what you're talking about.

Alright, let's look at the economic problem. Now, there's a possibility of starvation in the world. I think it's overstated because it depends on a series of things . . . . you have a problem which I ought to mention. If someone comes up to you and says, "Everybody in the world's going to starve to death." he generally looks like a warm-hearted human because somehow he's worried about it. But if he says that everybody's not going to starve to death, he looks kind of callous, he looks detached and he's not worried about it. My statement's in between: I am worried about it, but I don't think it will happen. For it to happen would depend on the monsoons, floods in China, maybe bad weather in North America. The US government, I think unwisely, cut back production this year. They looked at the problem and decided that the problem was a lot more likely to be a food surplus. I think that's a mistake because our food stocks are depleted, and it's good to have a surplus, but I think their guess is right. But there are serious economic problems in the world. Most of the people, if not as hungry as often described, are hungry, and a lot of them are undernourished and underfed and so on. In the US, as far as I can see, outside of some pockets, in the South and some other very odd areas, no serious starvation. There's a fair amount of malnutrition, that's of both the over- and under- sort, and it has the question of choice involved in it.

I'm not sure about Haight-Ashbury. I've talked to some of the people here and they tell me it's the same. I know about the East Village and Cambridge Square, and my friends there tell me it takes about ten dollars a week to live reasonably well, per person, about $500 a year. That if you go to New York City or Boston, and I suppose the same here, and work at the Post Office at night, that's about $500 a month; so roughly in one month you can get a year's income, or say twelve people in a pad, they can take turns working one at a time. And you don't have to take a bath or dress or anything like that because the Post Office doesn't care at night. It's very permissive. The thing's stronger than that. An American, an upper class American can drop out, knock around for four or five years, get married, have a kid. There are three syndromes; it's kind of interesting. Criminals, dope addicts, and many hips who grow out of it. About the age of thirty-thirty-five (we know less about the hippies because they haven't been around that long), they often want to go back to that society. If you started off as an upper middle class kid with the skills you achieved people will say, "Come back, we're delighted." They don't forclose it. It's not like Europe. In Europe if you drop out for five years, you've had it..you'll have trouble getting back in. No problem in the United States; you look kind of romantic and you can make a living years afterwards telling anecdotes about it. There's no pressure.

Let me give you a distinction in pressures here for example. I was in Israel about two years ago. That country has a peculiar structure. It's about 40% Ashkenazy, or European Jews, and 60% Oriental Kews. Ashkenazy Jews are more or less on the top; Oriental Jews are more or less on the bottom. Sometimes a Moroccan Jew will say to an Ashkenazy Jew: "I don't want your European Culture." - which is being forced on him, by the way. Ashkenazy Jews will always say, "There are a hundred million Arabs." The Moroccan Jew will think about ten seconds and say, "Where is the electrical engineering school?" You see he has absolutely no choice. He can't fool around; there are no illusions possible, you know. He is in a structure, and the structure tells him what to do, and that's reality, and he can see it.

Now if you take the structure away you've changed reality. If there aren't one hundred million Arabs around, you don't have to go to electrical engineering school. But you have another interesting problem: you are free to define reality any way you choose. And nothing's going to knock it out of you, at least in the short run. You notice, for example, how people play the soldier game, or the business game, or the farmer game? You've all the terminology. I want you to think of two countries. One of them is tough, mean, nasty, barbarian, and they've got soldiers. They don't play the soldier game; they've got soldiers. You know, people who believe in Duty, Honor, Life and Death matter, Glory. The kind of people who enjoy a good fight. There are a lot of people like that. The other side's got a group of people who play the soldier game. You know, it's the kid's game grown up. Who do you think's going to come out well? Well, I'll tell you: the people who are not playing the soldier game but have real soldiers; Take away the barbarians, no river, big ocean, no problems.

You can play the soldier game, you know, and nothing's going to happen. Take a country faced with starvation You've got to have farmers rather than people who play the farmer game. Take a country which is economically in trouble. It's good to have businessmen, not people who are playing the businessman game.

What I'm saying is that in the United States you will be able in the future to downgrade what we used to think of as serious activity to the level of a child's game. As far as I can see, the thing will not become so pervasive—not everybody will do it, you understand, somewhere between say five and thirty per cent of the population. That means they have no problems. A little bit like the Greek or Roman Empire. The Stoics ran it for about two hundred years, ran it very well. Nobody appreciated what they did. They didn't expect appreciation - it was part of their creed not to. When Marcu Aurelius died, they just disappeared without a trace, and then people learned that they had some-thing useful. In the sense that from that point on, the Roman Empire was run by crony, by warlord systems, gangster systems, and it was different. And people noticed the difference by the way. Romans had middle class cops. You could riot and they would not knock you in the head unless you were a christian. Then, they'd throw you to the lions because they made distinctions which we don't today.

Now, how dangerous or good is it to have this kind of freedom? How good is it to have this kind of freedom? It clearly gives you enormous ranges of choices. It is true, you can choose now, to a great degree. Not everybody can choose now, you understand. I was having an argument a few minutes ago. I had made the comment at Berkeley that in Continental Europe, there are no hips. There are Provos or people like from the Dada movement who

mock society or don't like the middle class smug morality and hypocrisy. But they're elite groups. They don't say everybody should drop out. They say, "We drop out; you keep working."

It's hard for a European to say, "Everybody drop out." He's got a vague fear in the back of his mind that maybe everybody will! It looks to him like it's hard to put together. Take it apart and maybe it doesn't operate as well. You know you may not be able to put it back together again. In the United States, it's different. Middle class Americans will borrow up to their next year's salary, and that spirit rolls right down to the hippy. We all have faith in the future. We all know the system's going to work. We all know that we're not going to get into a 1929 depression again. We all know the country's not going to be invaded, almost irrespective of policy-good or bad policy.

There is however sensible policy which at least realizes that while you can't manufacture goods simply by defining money, you can lose goods by defining money badly. The system is an organization, a social system. Money is a symbol, if you will, but really, money is a technique for making the thing work. There are lots of other ways for making it work. A number of the socialist economies have noticed that even if you want to have socialism, it's good to have this technique of money and using market prices and market orientation.

Alright, how good is it to lose this structure? To be able to make total free choice? And really not having any nagging, guilty conscience that you're not paying your share because you're really not making an example for other people anyway. No, you're doing your thing; let the other guy do his thing. I would guess that there is a real possibility for a superior type of human being. But I would be very dubious that he is going to be a hedonist. My guess, and I'm not just being sentimantal, goes back either to the European tradition of the gentleman or the Hellenic tradition of being a good Greek.

I don't happen to like the kind of thing that's produced over here, but I would guess it would be something like the following: let me define a gentleman for you - a man with many, many skills in all of which it is very hard to achieve high capability, but in all of which he does achieve high capability, none of which are useful. They are done for other reasons. They are not done grimly, but they are done seriously, but with a touch of lightness. A society could live that way I'd guess if it has a kind of internalized discipline. To be a little inaccurate, the Greeks were like that, the Romans weren't. The Greeks stayed fit because they liked to be fit. The Romans stayed fit because they had to be fit to fight wars. Take away the war, they quit being fit, and they ran into trouble. The Spartans had that same sort of theory. They were more like the Romans than Athenians. They had the notion that once they got rich, the place would collapse. They got rich and the place collapsed. One of the soundest predictions I've ever seen.

Freud once made a very perceptive comment which I want to rephrase to make it better. "For most people the long arm of the job and the requirements of national security are their only touch with reality." Take that away and they can live a completely illusioned life. They need not touch face with any kind of reality from that day on. They can make it up as they go along, and they will find it satisfactory.

Now that is, of course, part of your freedom. That's learning by making mistakes. But one of the important things about making a mistake is to know it's a mistake early enough in the game to change. Say you could create an environment in which you could raise you children so that practically 100% of their experiences were affirmative, pleasant, warming, supportive, and so on. Would anybody care to raise their children in that environment?.... You have a strong sense that they ought to have at least some frustration, some failures, some rejections, some nastiness. Not too much; it's not good for young children I'm sure, say up to ages 5, 6, 7, but at some point the psyche can take it. It bruises, but it doesn't get damaged. And the world has that character.

I remember at the Berkeley riots, one girl was carrying a sign saying, "I'm a Human Being. Please do not fold, bend, spindle, or mutilate." Well that's a reasonable request. I also recall a slight change in styles of raising children. Some years ago we were told that if you frustrate them, it gave them neuroses. Today we're usually told, not always, that a certain firm discipline is as natural as rain, and the kid needs it as well as he needs vitamin B. It's part of his growing up. The ability to do sustained effort on unpleasant, dull tasks-that's part of the ability to grow up. Not everything comes for free, for fun. Now this girl appeared on a BBC programme, and it was really kind of fascinating. The BBC announcer said to her, "Berkeley is one of the three, four or five best schools in the world. You have a sign saying that life here is a living hell. Now this is really a marvelous area within 20-30 miles from Berkeley. You can get any kind of wholesome or degenerate pleasure; you have a wide choice. So why is it living hell?" The girl said, "They have a computerized program for classes. It gave me only ten minutes to get from the tennis courts to math class, and it takes fifteen. I'm not treated like a human being." The announcer said, "That doesn't seem to me to be a living hell. Do you have another anecdote?" The girl, "I'm an art major, and the computer programmed my class for the cellar, and programmed the engineers for the sixth floor with the view, and this is very bad for the psyches of the art majors, and anyway the engineers have no psyches." The announcer looked dubious. It didn't strike him as a living hell, but he was an Englishman and didn't understand these things. Then the girl pointed out perfectly correctly that suicides are on the increase among college students. Well, you can't laugh about that. But you wonder, is it the living hell or is it the students? Maybe it's the low frustration index. There seems to be some evidence of that.

What about the longer term? That is let's assume we pick a society which really was hedonistic, secular. How many people here worry about an afterlife? One of the things that will change this way will be not just the economics but the technology. Let me give you three examples of this. I'll start with the computer.

Let's look at the computer for a few minutes. It's an interesting gadget, an exciting one. They talk back to you. Computers have improved by about a factor of ten every two or three years, which is one of the new elements. Anything you learned about computers two or three years ago can be obsolete today, and anything you learned today can be obsolete in two or three years. And this in turn may mean that you will want some familiar sign posts elsewhere. Today, for example, in computer technology, unlike say civil engineering, you can reach your peak salary at about early thirties. And then you're obsolete. You go into administration if you want to keep up you salary. You don't make an honest living anymore. Or, you really work hard, and go back to school at night, which turns out to be kind of dull today.

A second thing of interest. There is reason for believing that despite many of the computer experts, this improvement of a factor of ten will continue for the rest of the century. This means an improvement by a factor of some billions or some quadrillions. Now some of you are not familiar with numbers; those are very big numbers. It means that they surpass the number of neurons in the human brain by quite a bit.

That raises another issue. You sometimes see statements that there are

some things which a human can do and which a computer cannot do. Nobody has ever made that statement carefully. To the extent that a person really knows what he's talking about, he must have had divine revelation. Now it's hard to argue with a man who has talked with God, and I don't. I don't argue with my grandfather; I don't argue with him. But for those of us who haven't got divine revelation, we simply do not know if there are any characteristics of a human being, including the most intimate at the mental-emotional-feeling level, which could not be duplicated or in some reasonable sense of the term, surpassed by a computer.

If it turns out that somebody proves that computers cannot do what a human being does, that there is something vital or special or different about human beings, that we're not just a collection of atoms put together in a laboratory, I think that would be the most significant event of the 20th century, ranking with the other two events I mentioned earlier, and for some of us replacing the events I overlooked. It's a kind of theology, in other words. It's a theological statement.

If, as I believe much more likely, the computer can do anything the human being can, and maybe surpass, that is also in its own way the most significant event of the 20th century, though achieved more gradually, and will change very much our view of ourselves. This is secularism at the limit. And when the computers get better, who needs human beings? It's not a joke. I would guess that before the post-economic society comes, you'll get the intelligent computer. I used to make a comment that it wouldn't surprise me if by the year 2000 a computer was making this lecture to a group of computers. But it wouldn't be as funny. If I say that to a technical audience, they say, "How do you know?" They get mad. I want you to imagine this human being: he's got an artificial heart, a false leg or two, carries an extra three brains on his back because he gets tired thinking with the other ones sometimes. And, you know, when you phase out the other obsolete equipment maybe you phase him out too. He's only another mechanism. Or, maybe you have votes for the computer.

Let me give you the next device which is interesting. Pleasures pall, you get tired of them. That seems largely correct, but there's at least one exception which is of interest. Some experiments were done with rats. You can take a rat and wire his pleasure centres to a button and give him the choice of pressing either the button for food, water, sex, or rest. He seems to like it very much. He seems to press that button 6000 times an hour, give or take a factor or two. If you force them to take a little food and rest, they seem to lead longer lives than the control rats. In other words it's a sort of healthy thing to do.

We know where the human pleasure centres are roughly; there are people doing experiments on them right now. Get them wired to a computer on your chest or a consul. I'm a prudish type. I'm not free, so I won't let you play your own buttons. That's depraved. But get yourself and opposite number, hopefully of the opposite sex, but I'm not going to be rigid, and play each other's buttons. If the mice experiments are any example you've got it! It's what you've been looking for! Anybody want anything else? There's something annoying about it. My grandfather would be very upset. He'd be more than upset. It's clear that's not what you want by and large, so I would guess only 5-10% of Americans would go for it. But the rest of us are going to find it somehow inadequate. But it's very hard to explain why it's inadequate.

I think it's clear that Western culture and the United States in particular has very much neglected the side of the human personality, sometimes known a as "inner space." I would assume that as part of this post-Industrial revolution there will clearly be more emphasis on so called Dionesian man, spiritual man, mystical man, and drugs definitely go in this direction. They clearly lead to an increase in privatism of the personalityif any of the reports are right. They lead to a withdrawal from structured situation to unstructured One of the real problems with the drugs is that maybe the people who so to speak could use that change in personality most are least likely to take it; the ones who are already pretty unstructured are the most likely to take it. The ones who in some sense it may be most harmful for. The question of legalizing it either under care or generally is a messy one and I don't know where I would stand. There is widespread agreement, no particular data, but you don't need data to get agreement, that marijuana is less dangerous than alcohol. So that if you had a choice between marijuana and alcohol, you'd probably choose marijuana. On the other hand, if the question is whether to add marijuana to alcohol that's not so persuasive that it's less dangerous. Alcohol does cause a lot of damage in the world and you're asked to sort of double it or at least by half. And that's something you want to look at with care.

One of the points which strikes me is that when you do any study of groups from the viewpoint of objectives—that is you have some kind of objective, a nation trying to increase wealth, or a businessman trying to make money, it can be people trying to win a football game, don't care what it is—you soon find that there's a role for what's called the rationality of irrationality. That is, you cannot do your objective efficiently by almost any criteria you care to mention unless you can lock yourself in on some issues rigidly. To give you a simple example: any business situation-unless you can lock yourself in to paying money you can't borrow money. A society which doesn't feel any obligation . . . . well, do you know the game of chicken? If you get in a car dead drunk, throwing whisky bottles out the window, very blind, throw the steering wheel out, you win the game. Because you're locked in. I'm not recommending that, but I'm describing in a very dramatic way some of the roles of irrationality. For many people, getting married for life may be a very important thing for them. Literally. Because that's the only way that they can conceive of it. They simply cannot give and receive unless they feel that it's permanent. Take away the concept of permanence and they can't have the same kind of relationship.

In an interpersonal encounter, you can get a kind of feeling that would come to most people only after a lifetime of interaction. Now, that's a typically American thing too. If you go to Europe, you'll find that the people don't call each other by the first name unless they went to high school or college together. If you look at World War 11, for example, if you had a guy next to you who was killed, and he happened to be a close relative or a very close friend, you often get a syndrome of tremendous guilt. Because you first feel happy that it was him not me, and you then feel very guilty for that happiness. It turns out that Americans get that syndrome for someone they met last week with the first-name basis and get along with them very well. To Europeans that closeness looks very ersatz. They find it incredibly shallow. I think the other kind of course will also satisfy us. We get the habit of getting into relationships with someone we brushed past in the elevator. You know, we shared that experience together so I can give you my most intimate thoughts and you can give your most intimate thoughts because what could be closer than sharing the same elevator. I think you'll find people like that in life. But I think many people here would not like it. Who's to say who's right and who's wrong? I really don't know.

I don't know what it'll be like, but I would give you even money for a new human being in the 21st century. But I really doubt that he'll be a hedonist, a dropout, a materialist, a console player . . . . I rather suspect he'll be a little bit like me.

Towards the New Synthesis

Herman Kahn

hip dcrates

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Eugene Schonfeld MD
1968

Question: I am a girl of 18 with a sexual hang-up. I want to share a beautiful, gentle relationship with my boyfriend and also feel loved by him. Yet there are times when I would like to be brutally and cruelly balled. But not by my boyfriend!

I have visions of being tied to bedposts and having men (all types) coming in and taking turns on me and doing whatever.

Is this normal and what can I do about it?

Answer: A part-time coed. whom I suspected daydreamed only of chocolate cake, told me recently that her favorite sexual fantasy was making love while floating in water. Another student, inspired by her panoramic view of San Francisco, fantasizes about making love while floating through the air. Both fantasies could be realized. The first by determined swimmers and the second by swift high-jumpers, gutsy skydivers and bored astronauts.

Fantasies of sexual masochism occur in both sexes but are more common in women. In fact, a certain amount of masochism is normal in females. Why this should be so is unclear. Perhaps it has to do with women's sexual role (taking rather than putting in).

Fellini's 'Hero' in '8½' had vivid sexual fantasies and in one sequence told his mistress to act the part of a prostitute. Some psychiatrists would advise you and your boyfriend to act out between you the fantasies you desired. Most would tell you to seek psychiatric aid if you felt you were about to make this fantasy come true (especially by advertising in the classified section). A course of psychotherapy might enable you to better understand your unconscious motivations.

Question: I am a girl (23) who has an unusual bustline problem —too much! I'm 5' 5", 120lbs., wear a size 10 dress and have a 36D bustline.

I wouldn't mind it so much if it weren't so droopy—without a bra I closely resemble those Neolithic Venuses on the cover of the latest 'Scientific American'. I didn't start wearing a bra until a year after I should have and didn't wear one at night until I was 20. Weight loss only makes things worse. Consequently, I'm quite unattractive in the nude.

I've been trying exercises for the past couple of months but it hasn't helped a bit as the problem isn't the muscles but the skin. What I'd like to know is 1) Would plastic surgery help? 2) How much would it cost? 3) If I did have surgery, would it permit me to go braless occasionally—if not I might as well forget the whole thing right now.

Yours truly,
The Neolithic
Fertility Goddess.

P.S. While we're on the subject of breasts—one of my nipples is constantly hard, the other is always soft even when I'm turned on—is this abnormal?

Answer: Those Neolithic Venuses looked pretty good to me. Who told you you're unattractive in the nude?

Surgery is sometimes performed to reduce the size of very large sagging breasts. The cosmetic results vary depending upon the breasts, the skill of the surgeon, and fate. A certain amount of scarring is inevitable. Having one nipple erect and the other soft when aroused is perfectly normal. But if you continue wearing bras to bed you'll turn off any potential arouser.

Question: Please hurry and have this printed. I haven't found the answer in any books and this problem has been bothering me for some time so you are one of my last resorts. Why is it that my labia minora protudes (at least ½ inch) from my labia majora? What can be done to correct this? Fortunately, I went to a high school in a state that didn't require Physical Education so I didn't have to take embarrassing gang showers.

Answer: The labia are the 'lips' of the vagina, the outer labia are the majora or the larger lips and minora are the smaller inner lips. Variations in size are normal. If any of your intimate friends think your 'problem' is unusual, it's due to their lack of experience. Perhaps it was unfortunate that your state did not require Phys. Ed. Your fears would be fewer now.

Question: What are the implications of balling four guys consecutively in the course of one afternoon (physically/psychologically)? And what are the signs of nymphomania

Answer: Women are so constructed that they are physically capable of far more sexual activity than are men. No physical harm would be expected from the situation you describe unless one of the men had a communicable desease. Of course, the risk of contracting a venereal disease increases directly with the number of one's contacts.

Psychological implications of varied sexual situations depend on the personality of those involved entirely, for exam ple one of those four guys might freak out. In Masters and Johnson's study, 'Human Sexual Response,' every one of the 312 males questioned expressed some concerns about 'excessive' masturbation. One man who masturbated once or twice a month thought once or twice a week was excessive. Another who masturbated 2—3 times a day might lead to a case of 'nerves'. Not one thought his own pattern was abnormal.

Dorland's Medical Dictionary (23rd edition) defines nymphonia as 'exaggerated sexual desires in a female.' Webster's Collegiate Dictionary refers to 'morbid and uncontrollable sexual desire in a female.' I think I understand the phrase 'sexual desire in a female' but find it hard to quantitate 'exaggerated' and am not sure what 'morbid' means in this connection.

My conclusion is that 'nymphomania' means more sexual activity than is considered proper by the woman-hater using the term.

Question: I often read ads In the underground press for people wanting 'French' love. Could you please tell me what this is?

Answer: 'French love' or 'French culture' refers to oral-genital relations. The French may call this 'Italian love'.

Question: A friend of mine has been forbidden by his doctor to indulge in intercourse until a nasty bit of the clap is entirely cleared up. If any of his girl-friends should decide to employ digital manipulation of his primary sex organ to achieve orgasm and release on his part, would this result in a case of the 'hand-clap?'

Answer: I applaud the concern you have for your friend and his friends. Gonorrhea of the hand is unknown because the gonococci bacteria favor a warm, moist, airless environment. Gonorrhea of the mouth is possible but seen rarely. Most physicians believe all sexual activity should be avoided while treatment for gonorrhea is underway.

(Note: The symptoms of gonorrhea in the male are itching, burning and pain on urination and a discharge from the urethra. Symptoms in the female may include the above but are usually less severe or absent in the early stages. Females may later develop pain in the lower abdomen and a low-grade fever resulting from spread of the infection to the uterus, tubes and ovaries.)

Question: When at home by myself sometimes walking around in the nude or while taking a shower, I get an erection. What bothers me is when I think of going to a place like a gymnasium to work out or a Turkish bath or some other place where I may be taking off my clothes, I worry that I may get an erection in front of members of my fellow sex in such a place. I know that all men get erections but should I be concerned about getting one in a public place?

How do other men feel about this? Does it happen to them, and, if so, does it bother them? Should I consider this a problem? I have never brought this up to anybody before because I thought I might be abnormal.

Answer: Your 'problem' is one that almost all men have worried about, especially younger men—but these fears are usually never expressed, except perhaps, to a psychiatrist.

Some solutions suggested by patients—jump into a cold shower, think of jumping into a cold shower, think of making it with the Johnson girls, try to make it with one of the Johnson girls, remember the first time a policeman's flashlight shone into your car when you were making it in the back seat, think of Doris Day, recall a hospital or university cafeteria meal. The possibilitiesfor turn-offs are endless. Another possibility is not to worry about it.

Question: I recently, at the advice of my friends, drank a bottle of Romilar C.F. cough syrup. This was supposed to get me stoned. It did just that. After about 20 minutes my arms and legs got limp. I could hardly think and slurred when I talked. I laid down and found myself hallucinating.

About an hour later, I got real sick and threw up, after which I couldn't walk. My pupils almost covered my whole iris. I went tp bed that night and found myself hallucinating in double vision with my eyes open. The next day I had chattering teeth and every time I took a deep breath I would end up yawning which would make my body go limp.

I feel fine now (3 days later). What possible damage did I do to myself? Is what I did illegal?

Answer: I first heard about dextromethorphan cough syrups and tablets used for 'high' from a British ex-commando in Copenhagen in 1965. Apparently, it had not appreciably benefited the ex-commando. He often went about bopping peaceful Danes on the chin in pubs such as Lauritus Betjen and the Pilegaarten.

Recently I treated a girl who had taken half such a bottle of cough syrup at a rock dance. As a result she was semi-comatose, incontinent of urine and required hospitalization. Her boyfriend, who had taken the same amount seemed normal, except for dilated pupils.

Nothing is known about possible long term harmful effects after frequently using large amounts of dextromethorphan.

Buying cough syrup is not illegal. Using it to get high may be against the law though that's hard to prove. You're missing the point if your chief fear about this incident is violating a statute.

Dr Schonfeld welcomes your queries. Write to Hipocrates c/o OZ 38a Palace Gardens Terrace London W8.

ENSURE CONFUSION!;??!

Every OZ is different. We don't have a standard, instantly recognisable cover-style, shape, form, content, texture size or smell. (Yes, smell. Sniff out OZ 12 again. We mixed a Woolworths cologne with yellow ink). That's why some people miss OZ on the news-stands. This edition (14) has a new printer and a special guest editor. The next OZ (15) is already being prepared along different almost contradictory, lines. We know it's confusing. It confuses us. You too can ensure regular confusion by subscribing. Just 30/- for a whole year's subscription plus two free back issues.

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Sorry, we're quickly running out of back issues. There are absolutely no more OZ 3 or 4's. Some OZ 5's are still left—the famous plant-a-flower-child poster—but we're mean and broke enough to now charge £1 for them. All the rest are still available, but 6's and 7's are disappearing fast.

RARE FIRST OZ

The Johnson caricature, 'Madonna of the Napalm' is a three page gate-fold in OZ 1. This issue sold out and we have been unable to fill the many subsequent orders for it. However, a few have been returned from our distributors and we're going to offer them to our readers at the ludicrously expensive price of £1. They're not worth it. But no doubt some neurotic collectors will want to complete their sets.

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Three: Not available

Four: Not Available

Five: Plant a Flower Child billboard poster . . . . The great Alf Conspiracy. (We have just heard this poster has been banned by beautiful Australian Customs)

Six: (OZ & Other Scenes) Blue movies by the yard . . . . The king of Khatmandu and his Coca Cola Court . . . Dope Sheet . . . . John Peel interview . . Letter from a Greek Prison. . . . Leary in Disneyland . . . . Mcluhan's one-eyed electric kingdom.

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DR. ALAN COHEN
IN A SERIES OF LECTURES

MAHATMA GHANDI HALL 41 FITZROY SQ. W1.
MIND EXPANSION (REAL OR IMAGINARY)
SEPT. 22ND. 7·30 P.M.

ARTS LAB. 182 DRURY LANE. W.C.2
DRUGS & HIGHER CONCIOUSNESS
SEPT. 15TH. [redacted]. 4 PM

THE ART OF SELF-DISCOVERY
SEPT. 18TH. 7 PM.

OCCULTISM v MYSTICISM
(WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE)
SEPT. 20TH. 7 P.M.

JOURNEY TO THE EAST
(AN INTRODUCTION TO UNIVERSAL MYSTICISM
SEPT 19TH 7 PM

FADING FREEDOMS/LATE HIPPIE HIGH HOPES:

Chapters 9 Libertarians, Left and Right 10 Nipples or Nozzles ? 11 Was I Right to Embrace Hugh Hefner without Divorcing Berthold Brecht ? by Ken Tynan 12 The Social History of Layaboutsia 13 All You Need is a Bit of Common 14 When is a Class not a Class ? Answer: When it's a Chapel

A Paranoid Guide by Raymond Durgnat

9 Libertarians, Left and Right

The rightwing puritan broods upon the immorality of those leftwing intellectuals up in Hampstead. The leftwing puritan shakes his head sadly over the bright young things of Chelsea. The common man disapproves of all those students who live the life of Riley, Oscar Wilde and Mick Jagger combined on lavish grants paid for out of his own hardearned taxes.

On balance, libertarianism gets associated with the left, for two main reasons. The upper-class code is designed to cope with middle-class puritanism. It sets out to maintain a facade, and has two main rules: (1) the real sin is being found out, (2) It doesn't matter what you do so long as you don't do it in the street and frighten the policemen. Second, the basis of property transmission is the family, and whatever you do mustn't disrupt that lifeline. Sexuality is a matter of wild oats (when you're young) of escapades and asides. But the family and honour are your status, your business, your privilege, your career, your employment exchange and your insurance.

The working-class was infected with middle-class puritanism, via evangelical propaganda, or had to defer to it, since charity only went to the deserving poor. Many working-class people were sunken middle class anyway, or formed a labour aristocracy' which wanted to impress the middle-class and itself with its good character, so as (1) to get the vote and (2) disapprove with a clear conscience of all that nasty, dirty, brutal unskilled labour. In any case, hard times need self-control, and in pre-contraceptive days self-control means puritan-type restraint, so even the non-puritan tries to live up to puritan-like ideals.

The left-wing challenge to puritanism comes from a variety of sources. There are those intellectuals who having read Freud, Lawrence, et al, feel fancy ought to be free. There's no incentive to retain the family system as a property-transmission belt, if anything, the desire would be to limit it to a husband-and-wife group. Remarriage, adultery, divorce pose fewer problems. Cupid flutters free as a butterfly from the chains of Mammon. There may also be psychological differences. Anti-libertarianism, anti-feminism, authoritarian and pro-status attitudes may all spring from identification with the father, who jealously guards his privileges, of having mother, and all her good things, for his property. The left winger identifies with a son who demands his fair shares of mother even though he's smaller, ie. lower class. Whence the sort of folk-myth that rightwing people act older than their age and leftwing people never quite grow up, unless they become successful revolutionaries, when they turn into the leftwing's rightwing, ie. bureaucratic tyrants. The leftwinger assumes that only brutal father is keeping mother from giving herself to all (ie. him), a fantasy which would account for the leftwing combination of idealism, feminism, and unmolested morality, while the rightwing insistence that one must respect the saintliness of motherhood means 'Hands off' and goes with a tendency to deprive women of property rights so that they can't be independent, ie. it conceals a deep fear of women's natural promiscuity.

A more middle class kind of libertarianism originates in inverted puritanism. The early puritan was if anything more respectful of sex in principle, but strict about observing his principles, than the traditional Christianity of his time. He found God through the book and through conscience; he respected learning and the inner light, and God is what they say he is. The cast iron certainties of 19th century science gave knowledge an agnostic slant, and the inner light, agnosticised, becomes psychological self-awareness. The very severity of puritanism provokes reactions, and though the standard middle-class attitude remains a (evolved, sentimentalised) puritanism, it becomes a few doughty groups who turn puritanism against nationalism-with-a-conscience and who identify, through guilt and pity, with the downtrodden, yet scorn to take advantage of their libertarian principles for merely personal, physical pleasure. Oddly, this puritan anti-puritanism produces either masochists or extremely inhibited characters, the Hellfire Club, and Sade, all came from aristocratic backgrounds.

It's true that various sectors of the establishment cling to the old traditional mixture of puritanism and obscurantism where sexual morality is concerned, and that the New Morality associates itself with left-wing intellectuals and with the old 'folk' morality (the non-puritan, lower-working-class sectors).

But the Left has its puritan tradition, derived from the upper-working-class connections with the middle-class, and we ought not to be in the least surprised to find Labour MP's crying out against all this filth and satire. A strange twist to the right-authoritarian, left-libertarian axis is given by such studies as **The Uses of Literacy**, or the stance adopted by the New Left of the '50s, when they appeared unable to think about affluence without sounding like the joy-through-self-denial brigade of the Salvation Army. Behind this lay Dr Leavis' glorification of the village community and 'handmade' literature as against the city and the mass media. The fact that a whole generation of left-wing youth took its cultural norms from a liberal reactionary is only one example of the extent to which the English leftwing elite is saturated with middle-class idealism, whether through family backgrounds or through the classroom (and make no mistake; the battle for a leftwing Britain was lost in the sixth forms of the grammar schools. Today the commercial rightwing (eg. the commercial TV lobby, the pirate radios) can pose as the torch-bearers of the ordinary man's liberty, as the champions of affluence, as the workingman's buddy rather than his schoolmarm.

NT FASCISMS &

David Holbrook's sermonising would make one laugh if he didn't make one weep, precisely because his weird mixture of sensitivity and moral sadism, of idealism and paranoia (ie. misdirected aggression), so thoroughly queers what might have been a promising libertarian pitch. If he's worth, and he is, the courtesy of our love-hate, it's not just because he symptomises, in conveniently extremist form, a new twist to the school marm attitude. He moves from libertarianism a la Lawrence to an unreasoning hatred of all other temperaments and styles. Yet much that he says, in criticism of the New Morality, is basically sound.

Meanwhile, let's not forget the libertarian right. Bold Sir Jasper stroking his mutton-chop whiskers as he menaces the poor-but-honest tenant's English rose of a daughter; the Victorian pater-familias knowing that brazen servant girls were pretty meat for their social master, the lover of freedom who thinks Cuba should remain the brothel of the USA.

10 Nipples or Nozzles?

Feminine emancipation, for one thing. As family status is replaced by jobskill status, the ratrace must try and conscript the ladies as well. Of course, the working-class woman has been out working for about two hundred years, which may be one reason why she's tougher and coarser and some of the things intellectuals like about Lauren Bacall and Angie Dickinson, and why the working-class Mum can acquire such proportions (the younger girls are working). World Wars 1 & 2 proved that the middle and upper classes could be conscripted too. The freedom of women to work is like the freedom of men to work, or die for their country, or like the freedom of children to go to school, have their heads filled with nonsense, be kept in and given lines. The achievement of our society is that it makes not working as intolerable as not learning. But emancipation will leave women no freer than it leaves man.

Woman as a sheltered, stultified sentimentalist is a familiar figure of pathos, as is the man on whom she makes her cloying demands for sustenance. Typically, perhaps, she is the product of a **little** experience of reality—insufficient to teach, sufficient to arouse resistance. No doubt this type will survive, and thrive, as the American 'do-godder' thrives—but more militant hitherto. The more educated and intelligent women will lose all proneness to hysteria, frigidity and tears, become more prone to obsessional disorders and to kinks. The biological will become trivial and meaningless rather than obscene; and all poetry will fly to those phantasy realms in which contact itself is blurred and half-obliterated. The image of intellectual liberal happiness will be: two beautiful people, of neither-nor sex, moving through a jungle of movie-images of their bodies, drowning, together in incense and environments, aiding one another to symbolic suicides by needle, pill and other mechanical appliances. These will be worthwhile, maladjusted individuals. The pinstripe machines will fly to the Khatmandu and Hawaii holiday-camps, drench themselves in de-deodorants, wonder where life went but be too sweetly busy to pause to find out. It's not so nightmarish—rather attractive, in fact? Precisely . . .

11 Was I Right to Embrace Hugh Heffner without Divorcing Berthold Brecht? by Ken Tynan

The Playboy-Penthouse philosophy sells by sex but it doesn't sell sex. It sell what the magazine names imply: luxury, of which the girls are so to speak, the lushiest cusions, the mascots, the all mod cons. The girls are the bait for selling the aftershave lotions, the superchargers, the personal products, the escort agency, in brief, the bunny, in one form or another, and her accessories. What's presented as a radical crusade against puritanism is something rather different. It might seem a massive and desperate bid to offer us incentives for working harder.

But it isn't even that. All it offers is a luxury dream of which girls are part. That's why ironically, **Penthouse** can't afford to let OZ mention sex in its advertisements. Sex offered in any other context, and paricularly in a hippy one, ie. detached from status, shatters the implication that the sex ethos naturally belongs in, and calls for, whatever version of the philosophy your wallet will stretch to, and that your playgirl is likely to be melted by.

The link is a fragile one, because you know she knows and he knows, and she can separate your person form your playboy mask just as fast as Messrs Heffner and Guccione can pretend that the latter can become the former. They know, and OZ readers know, and only the idiots who subscribe to P & P don't know, that a passionate, reckless, sensitive and generous temperament will get very ugly men and women so much loving so fast that the supply will vastly exceed the demand. In this open-plan world (tubes, cafes, informality) only one thing makes computer date agencies necessary, or makes loneliness a psychic scourge; and that's a state of continuous, intense and abject psychological terror. And no amount of moralising about bed will make the least difference to a human poverty which won't be solved in bed at all, but by transforming in every layer of responses from from the unseeing glance to the hidden fantasy.

Imagine, for a moment, if you can, a day without terror. A violent world, perhaps—but a resilient one . . . And contrast that with the logical conclusion of the P-P philosophy; the Playboy Club, where untouchable bunnies sell you ordinary entertainment slightly more expensively. For if you felt you could touch, you'd feel you ought to try (to prove you're a man, you're with it, to have fun, etc); and if you were faced with the prospect of trying, you'd be faced with the prospect of failing, and you'd be back in the same old terrorised state from which you started. But you can't. How restful totalitarianism is.

Heffner's brilliance lay in seeing that by stressing the prohibitions (bunnies aren't allowed to . . .)you render the daydream safe. 'I don't have to try, but she might if she could.' continued OZ 15

JUST DO YOUR THING MAN.
DO YOUR THING

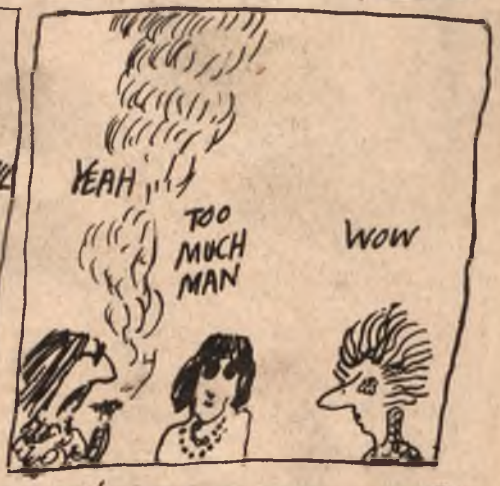
IT'S LEBANESE SCARLET MAN
INCREDIBLE SMOKE MAN
TOO MUCH!

HAVE YOU TURNED ON TO THAT NEW ACID MAN
BLEW MY MIND MAN
INCREDIBLE SCENE MAN

REALLY FREAKED ME OUT
YOU DIG THAT PAKISTANI SHIT MAN
WHAT A SCENE TOO MUCH MAN

ISNT THAT D.M.T A REAL TRIP MAN
OH WOW MAN BLEW MY MIND
MAN I GOT SO STONED MAN

YEAH MAN I GOT SO STONED ON THAT SHIT IT REALLY BLEW MY MIND
YEAH MAN TOO MUCH
BEAUTIFUL MAN BEAUTIFUL


YEAH
TOO MUCH MAN
WOW

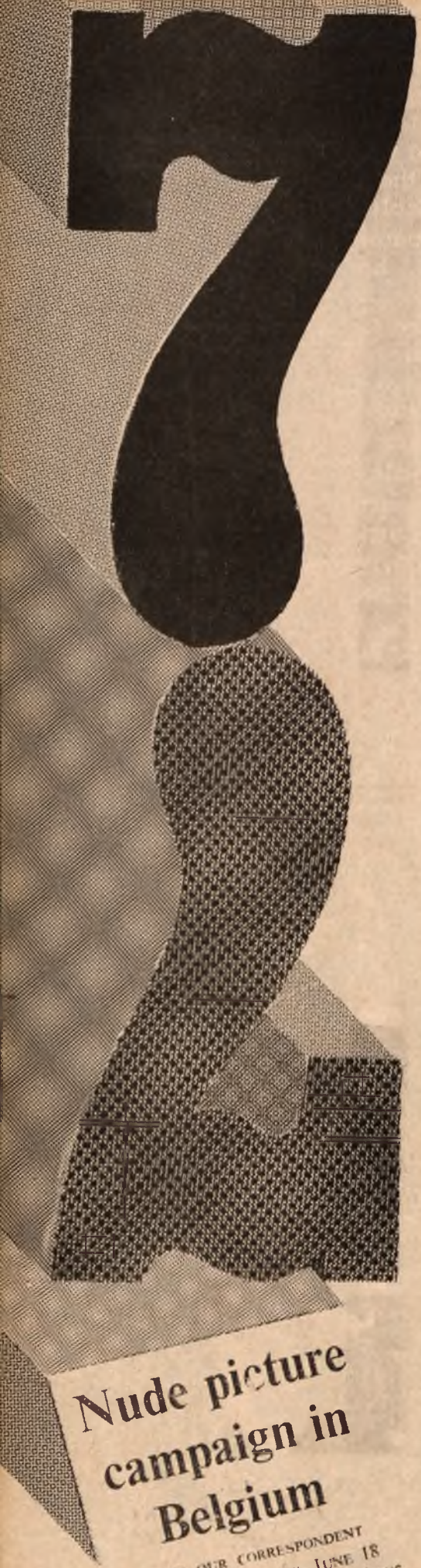
HAVE YOU TURNED ON TO STOUT MAN
STOUT?
TOO MUCH MAN
SHARP

APPLE

Paul McCartney asked me to point out that Apple is not in competition with any of the underground organisations, rather it exists to help, collaborate with, and extend all existing organizations as well as start many new ones. The concept as outlined by Paul is to establish an 'underground' company above ground as big as Shell BP or ICI but as there is no profit motive as the Beatles profits go first to the combined staff and then are given away to 'the needy.'

Miles

CUFF



The Yellow-on-Orange Press

7. A magic number. Turn it upside down and it becomes a fat feminine 2. What relation has 2 to 7? It's a part of the incomprehensibility of symbols. Incomprehensibility plus fact equals error:- "Nude picture campaign in Belgium." (courtesy of The Times). Caption talks about campaign. For nude pictures? No. The article chronicles Belgian police raids on art galleries. Grey press readers are expected to read headlines backwards. The breakdown and falsification of the simplest facts in commercial communications media is easy to demonstrate. Partly resulting from hide-bound traditions in error-making partly a conscious effort of controlled communications to inure subscribers to false thinking and lie-acceptance.

The Underground is supposed to be different. It is.

But is it any more effective? Effective in the role of communications? There is an easy attitude that suggests that just because the underground presses exist and have been able to survive they are successful.

The wrong yardstick is being used. Underground publications are made by people who do not belong to Fleet Street and establishment publishing groups, and they behave differently. They make a different product. But they have torn down one kind of incomprehensibility and replaced it with another.

On the news front, they kindle the same kind of hysteria as the faceless leader-writers of the dailies. They fight the same battles, but on the other side. To meet the effete philosophies of the establishment in a head-on clash that will awaken a response (not only amongst the faithful and converted, but outside amongst the hosts of Midian) means that far more effective thinking and writing must be recruited if truth is to bloom.

Central to the business of communication is impact. It is disputable what percentage of literate people are scared off unbroken paragraphs of solid type in the New Statesman and The Times. It may not be any greater than the staunch un-readers of the Express and the Mirror, those that hate every screamer and slice of cheese-cake and would rather spend their reading time with the London A-D. But it is easier to assess the great majority which is put off by misprints, overprinting and press-gram, and who will not read anything litho-ed yellow on orange.

Even supposing that such barriers are overcome, and a whole new public is prepared to dump its biases and read underground publications, there is a need for subject matter to attract participation. Uncensored news is not necessarily much more intersting if it is merely an expanded version of tabloid abbridgement. Nor is there much satisfaction for a reader finding in these clandestine pages reference to something that was too dull to make the papers

Loyal undergrounders may be forgiven for wondering at times if editorial, besides lacking convincing and attractive writers, is not also short on straight reporters with news sense. And what is underground news sense anyway? It should be more than taking in each others' washing.

Unconvincing rediscovery of the product of great minds by birdbrains is a lamentable waste of time. Such timewasting is further compounded if these lightweights commit the extent of their findings to print. Reassessmen of values by the underground is a laudible activity, but it must be carried out be those mentally equipped to do it.

The Square press sins most by ommission. Nc just because of censorship and commercial pressures. It actually leaves great areas of thought and action unexamined—in the mistaken belief that nobody wants to know. Just how long growing sensitivity will allow this state to continue, how long it will remain economically viable (with evening papers at 5 pence a time) is hard to say. But there are signs that a paper-hungry community is fed up with consumer advertising and consensus politics, laced with mayhem and tease-sex. If that is all that life is about, more and more will turn to and seek for something better. At the moment they won't find it.

Another hold up is ubiquitous. The hedonistic fun thing. The suggestion from the underground that a wise man lives on a diet of milk, honey and lotus. Even if this were true it would evoke suspicious hostility from the outside world. The conception that you work at what you like and like what you work at needs keener explanation—otherwise in puritan Britain and probably elsewhere the argument will find few takers.

Whacky pictures are alright, but not exclusively so. The earth is crawling with good artists, illustrators and photographers, so why get stuck in a rut? Steadman and the rest of them don't make a summer, and most free presses want to publish the year round. In Nazi terms, repetition may achieve its ends, but it never was satisfactory unless it could be imposed blanket-style.

Generation-gap troubles too. Outside a few sacred old men and flash middle-agers, underground press workers and contributors are in the same age bracket (and it must get older). Even if in fact it is, the underground shouldn't be a youth club, nor should it be allowed to senesce into a society for oldsters to camp about in bermuda shorts and school-caps. Currently, free publications are chained to youth. That sort of bondage can be dull.

Perhaps the youth flavour explains why optimism is in the saddle. A putative long-life stretching won't help to make its inheritors interested in forcing the pace of change. It may be little use pointing out that everyone gets older—fast—but the dirty and leisurely course of human history suggests that gradualism has consistently choked off the millenium. Rosebud gathering ends in a stench of corruption.

This is not to demand that the underground should show itself more committed. It's just that happiness, the better life, and the rest of it are not going to come about by chance—nor will they come any nearer throug the good intentions of the Establishment Go-Slow. Those who have opted out of the non-life have a right to expect a little more action. They could (should?) find it in the underground press.

(new readers, begin here)

Sheldon Williams

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.....

ANTI-U

Alan Krebs

The Antiuniversity of London is a response to perceived madness. It is not the only response possible, it's far from a perfect response, but its existence, in the concrete, is intended to be an explicit statement of what we think the educational system of the West has come to be.

Meaningful education comes to an end at the age of five. At about that time learning to differentiate hot from cold, good animals from bad, the meaning of frowns, inflections, smiles, the techniques to control (or at least limit) the actions of the Titians who tower over a kid come to be differentiated from 'real learning'. 'Real learning' takes place in a special building at appointed hours at the hands of paid officials. It is first and foremost an initiation into the properties of methodical submission. We learn how to be students, how to be passive,how always to work within a situation with predefined limits without ever questioning those limits.

Knowledge comes from School through the instrumentality of the Teacher. It is a sacred thing, divided into certain sacrosanct areas and approached in stylized form with a host of attendant ritual acts: silence, decorum, respect, neatness, cleanliness, order. If blood must flow (and flow it must) it must be directed laterally: 'Whose performance today was best?' 'Whose lesson was the neatest?' Who learned to spell the most words today?'

And let us not think for a moment that this programmed rape is without its biographical significance. Which of us will pass through the filter? Who will be streamed in which direction at the 11-plus? Who will perform the best on O-levels? Who will perform best on the A-levels? Which will go to Oxford? Which will go to Cambridge? Which will go to City University? Which will go to Slag Heap Tech? Which will go no place at all?

For Western industrial man the educational system is first and foremost THE mobility escalator in his society. Barring the Pools and a fortuitous homosexual relatioship with Lord X it is the one technique available to the majority of white westerners to improve their lot in comparison with their fathers. The structured insanity of the industrial nine-to-five as millhand or clerk or even the motor trade or the life-time sale of yard goods provides initiation first to the parents—then later to the child: whether the fears and nightmares, the futility and horror is ever recognized, whether the transmission system is ever noted, whether the emotional 'guidance' provided is ever remarked—its articulation is irrelevant. The horror exists.

Who can blame them if two-thirds through the Twentieth Century they took their social orders to be permanent fixtures of mankind? If they agreed that for the sake of the telly and the HP, the week's supply of paraffin and the Queen they tried to do the best they could for their children. And who would blame them if their institutions were geared to produce more clerks and engineers, teachers and Post Office workers—docile submissive, respectful, unquestioning?

The educational system exists primarily to produce the skilled manpower that those who run the social order require. The managers need those who neither rebel nor daydream, innovate excessively or quarrel: Just good, respectable, methodical, home-owning workers.

By the time the gates of heaven are opened, the grant obtained, university admission secured, the damage has already been done. That only 5% of the age-eligible population of the United Kingdom can obtain entry to the 'facilities' of higher education is a saving grace. It is not that only 5% can obtain entry; rather that only 5% are certifiably destroyed. It is those who have managed to hop through so many hoops, to pass through so many of the filters, to have so bridled and constrained not only their minds but their bodies as well that the best of them will spend a good proportion of their ensuing years unlearning the destructive effects of their earlier education.

'Nonsense,' respond detractors, 'why, many of us will become teachers. We will become educators and given complete freedom to pursue researches wherever our curiosity might lead us. Instead of grinding away at a dull and terrible job in the Underground we'll have our minds free to explore ideas—to consider the relevance of Yeats to Joyce, to examine the the philosophy of Hume, to explore the contribution of Weber.'
Surely.

'Nonsense,' respond others, 'think of science (i.e. apart from chemical—bacterial warfare hydrogen bombs, rockets, flame-throwers, etc.) think of outerspace, the configuration of matter, the leaps and bounds of the new physics, the development of new contrivances, of transplants.'

Surely. Particularly in a social order in which all innovation is scrutinized for its destructive potential.

From the perspective of damage already inflicted, then, the construction of an anti-university is an obscenity. More than anything else it is a drawing together of cripples who, who, at least, have an inkling of their infirmities. The majority who attend will always already have been wounded—their injuries will always be carried over into the new organization. Thus, at the Antiuniversity of London, the dominant question (with those who have already had their brains constructively orientated by the establishment, will be how to destroy the whole previously existing structure of learning, the sacrosanct student-teacher relationship, the injunction to passive silence, the awe of great figures, the humility of the Humble when facing the source of Light.

As for the 'unfortunate' 95% who never merited the favour of the establishment, not surprisingly there are few. Why, after all, should people take time out from making money, drinking, screwing or sleeping to sit down in classrooms and listen to teachers intone. Even if teachers intone ideas never intoned in Western classrooms before, there is—in the very process of intoning—something of the smell of impotence and death. If these brethren were with us, the obstacles faced by the place would be even greater: how do you create relevance, in the Twentieth Century, with words? Unless the words can be translated into some meaningful act, unless they derive from some felt and visible material circumstance, then what good are they at all? This is a question the Antiuniversity has yet to be even in a position to answer.

ANTI-U2

Bill Mason

It has been necessary to give up the premises at Rivington St. because of lack of funds, and until we have more money, courses and seminars are being held in member's homes and other places. Information about all meetings can be had by writing to 1 Sherwood St. N1., or by telephoning Bill Mason at 01-289 0998

The registration fee is now £5 a year, starting in September, and will admit members to all courses. But unless cards are shown, a visitor's fee of 5/- will be charged.

Information of all public lectures sponsored by the Anti-University will be first sent to members, who will be able to attend at half price. We hope to arrange that membership cards may be used to obtain the usual student discounts. Any members who have already paid for the summer session will be sent a years membership.

A room will be rented in a pub for a general meeting and a get together on the second Friday in September, when future courses will be discussed. The time and place will be known by the last week in August. Ring Bill Mason after that for details.

Courses now meeting are:

1 Action Research Group on Racialism / 2 Roy Battersby, Leon Redler, Roger Gottlieb – Time & Timelessness / 3 Bob Cobbing & Anna Lockwood – Composing with sound / 4 David Cooper Seminar / 5 Roberta Elzey Berke – On Finnegan's Wake / 6 Guerilla Poetry Workshop / 7 Jim Maynes – Dialogues about Relevance and Irrelevance / 8 Jerome Liss – Workshop Sensitivity training / 9 Alex Lowsiewkee – Chinese Language & Philosophy / 10 Julian Mitchell – Literature & Psychology / 11 David Mycroft – Line Think / 12 Peter Payne – Self Defence & Body Awareness / 13 Ian Sutherland – Joy/14 Morton Schatzman – Analysis of the Family/15 Tony Smythe – Civil Liberties in Britain.

This will be extended in September to include the following courses and seminars: 1 Noel Cobb – Spiritual Amnesia & Physiology of Self Estrangement / 2 Alan Krebbs – Life in a Television Set / 3 John Latham – Anti No / 4 Paul Lawson – Demystifying Media / 5 Gustav Metzger – Theory of Auto Destructive Art / 6 Jesse Watkins Group / 7 Mazin Zeki – Alternative Press.

Instead of a formal catalogue, regular news bulletins Will be sent out and members are invited to use them for comment and communications.

The Institute of Phenomenological Studies

During the summer of last year, The Institute of Phenomenological Studies organised the Dialetics of Liberation Congress. This was concerned with the Demystification of Human Violence in all forms, the Social System from which it emanates, and the exploration of new forms of action.

The proceedings were recorded, and Inter Sound of 20 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1, are releasing them as a series of 23 long play records and are now accepting orders.

Records are available individually or in sets. For example the Anti-Psychiatry set. 1 Gregory Bateson Conscious Purpose vs Nature; 2 Bateson concluded/Ross Beck concluded; 3 David Cooper Beyond Words; 4 Ronald Laing The Obvious; 5 Ross Beck Politics and Psychotherapy of Mini and Micro Groups. The Anti-Psychiatry set costs £6 or $13.99.

Other speakers include Stokely Carmichael, Herbert Marcuse, Jules Henry, Alan Ginsberg, Julian Beck, Paul Goodman, Paul Sweezy, Simon Vinkenkoog.

Records are available individually of all speakers at £1.5.11 or $2.99.
Enquiries to Inter Sound, 20 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

3rd World

Norodom Sihanouk rules Cambodia with the verve and guile of a latterday Lorenzo the Magnificent. Something of a South East Asian Superstar (he makes movies, composes songs, hosts Jackie Kennedy), he has maintained the integrity of his threatened kingdom by counterbalancing the Americans with the Chinese. In doing so he has been forced to articulate many of the 3rd World's hopes and fears.

In the general world situation today and — in particular — in the present situation in Asia, Cambodia has no desire to adhere to regional organizations the real aims of which are seldom clearly defined. At this time, our preference goes to bilateral relations outside a rigid framework, which would deprive us of the freedom of manœuvre we require to ensure our survival, and to safeguard our non-aligned status. We attach supreme importance to retaining our freedom to have the sort of relations we want with the countries we want to have relations with in conformity with the principle of reciprocity, with due regard to the international conjuncture and to where our national interests lie.

I need hardly add that it is our ardent desire to see the establishment of an authentic co-operation between all Asian countries, irrespective of the sort of régime they may be subject to, or to the political options they may have taken out : co-operation on the lines envisaged at Bandung in 1955. But it is evident that solidarity in this beneficial form demands a strict application of the principles of peaceful co-existence, together with the liquidation of American neo-colonialism, particularly in its most brutal aspect as currently displayed in the attack on Vietnam.

There is only one way of bringing the war in Vietnam to an end. The problem is a very simple one. Are the United States prepared to respect Vietnam's national independence, and to recognize the right of the Vietnamese people to settle their own affairs free of military intervention, and foreign interference? If the answer is a positive one, let them withdraw their armed forces at present engaged in an invasion of South Vietnam, and the war will come to an end at once.

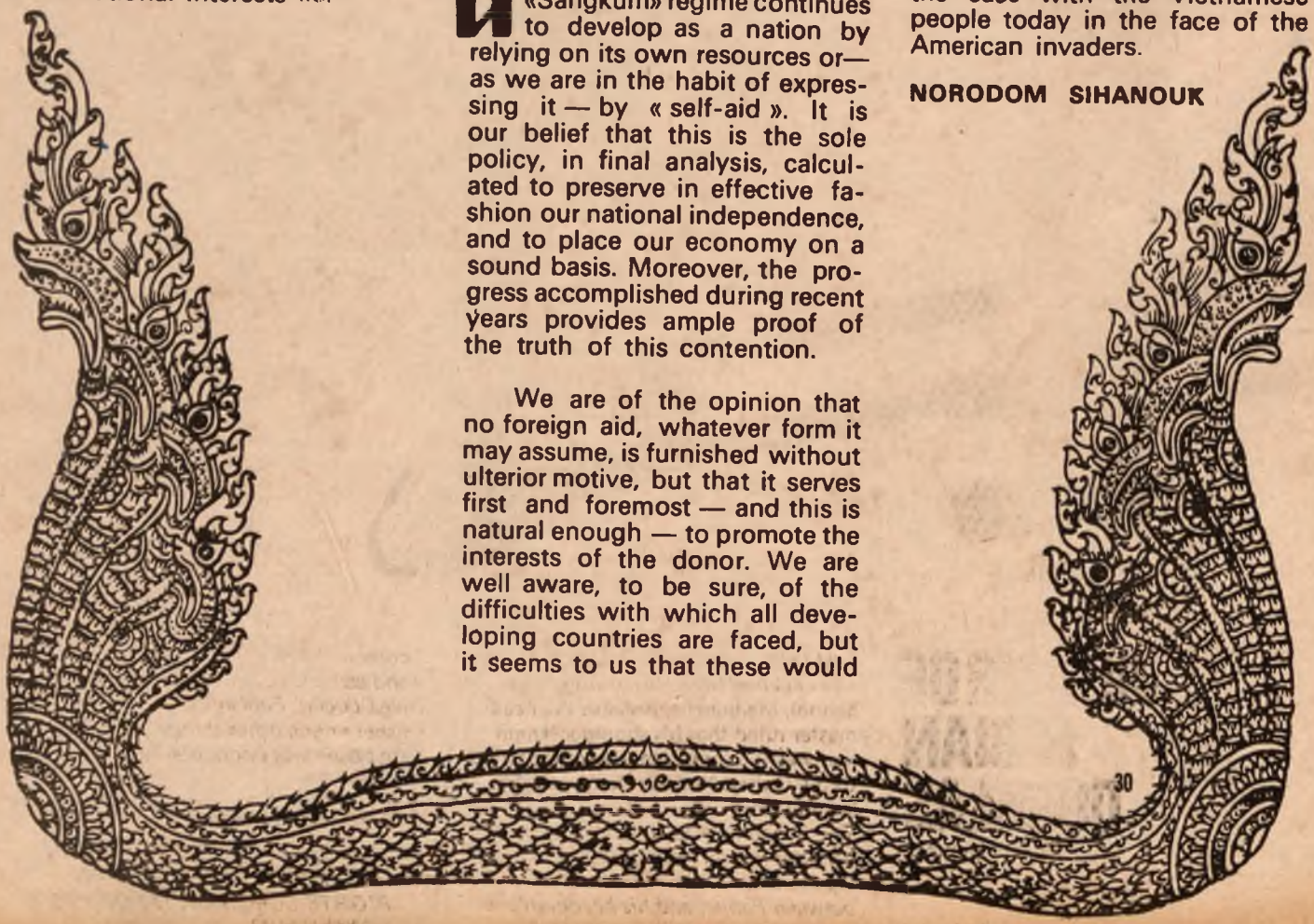
Cambodia under the «Sangkum» régime continues to develop as a nation by relying on its own resources or— as we are in the habit of expressing it — by « self-aid ». It is our belief that this is the sole policy, in final analysis, calculated to preserve in effective fashion our national independence, and to place our economy on a sound basis. Moreover, the progress accomplished during recent years provides ample proof of the truth of this contention.

We are of the opinion that no foreign aid, whatever form it may assume, is furnished without ulterior motive, but that it serves first and foremost — and this is natural enough — to promote the interests of the donor. We are well aware, to be sure, of the difficulties with which all developing countries are faced, but it seems to us that these would be greatly attentuated were our « third world » to find some way of uniting to end an absurd situation or — in other words — to put a stop to further exploitation.

We are demanding that the great powers finally admit the fact that every country in the world, whether it be large or small, rich or poor, has an equal right to insist on complete respect being shown its national independence and territorial integrity. In short we are asking to be accorded the indentical rights which the great powers insist on being invested with themselves. So far as our traditionally expansionist neighbours are concerned, we trust that their future rulers will have the wisdom to adopt another approach in their dealings with Cambodia and — more especially — that they will renounce their designs on Khmer territory.

If these neighbours flout our sovereignty, and show no respect for our territorial integrity, they do so in the knowledge that our people will rise in defence of their sacred rights, alone if need be, or with aid supplied them by friendly countries, as is the case with the Vietnamese people today in the face of the American invaders.

NORODOM SIHANOUK



THE HAIR OF FABIAN DOUGLAS

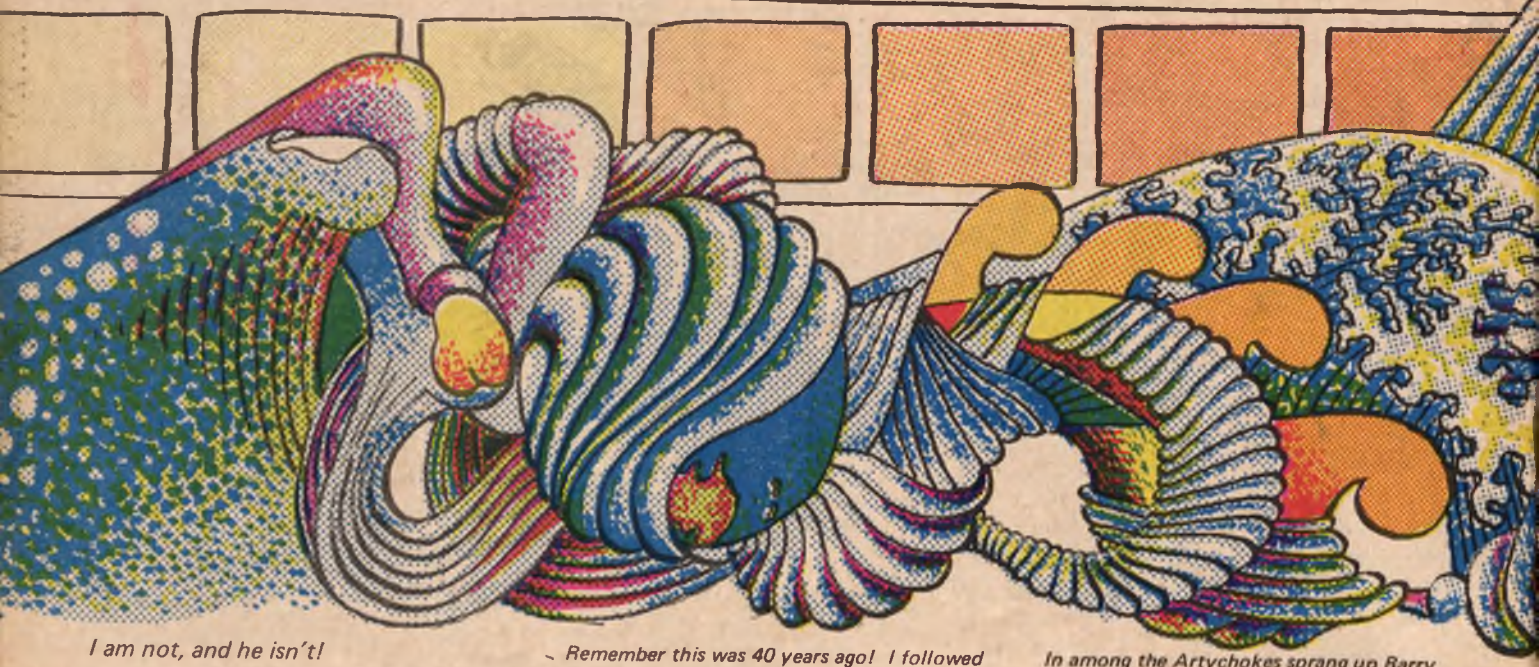
by Neil Douglas.

Last year, 15 year old Fabian Douglas was expelled from Hurstbridge High School, Melbourne, because the headmaster ruled that his shoulder length hair was too long. Now he is appealing to the United Nations Human Rights Commission.

The freedom to go to school long haired is not an issue of world shattering importance, but the conflict between Fabian and his headmaster is not about hair. It is a conflict of consciousnesses. In his extraordinary and eccentric autobiographical story, Neil Douglas, Fabian's father, establishes—among other things—that the first hippie was undoubtedly a Victorian.

A Very Simple Story—

1. *WHY BACK YOUR BOY FABIAN IN HIS PLEA TO U.N. HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION FOR HIS LONG HAIR?*



I am not, and he isn't!

WHY DO YOU BACK YOUR BOY IN DISOBEYING SCHOOL RULES AND THE HEADMASTER?

I am not, and he didn't!

I cannot get this simple story correctly published as a whole in Australia, and so write 12.000 miles to LONDON OZ, who alone have offered the space to show what we **can't** *get, and what* **warrants** *an appeal all the way to U.N., is that* **we want to be told the facts either way, by experts, and not by the sort of Authority which apparently fears even their own experts, as I will show.** *Definition of self expression for original types at schools* **SHOULD be made by the properly qualified experts,** *Instead of by untrained and authoritarian officials! This little question affects all the biggest issues of our lives and in schools, I believe we ARE damaging our creative kids.*

2. *WHY SHOULD MY 15 YEAR OLD BOY FEEL SO STRONGLY THERE ARE ALTERNATIVES TO THE RATRACE? WHY DOES HE SO URGENTLY WANT THE EXPRESSION OF THIS AT SCHOOLS?*

So would you, if, like Fabian, you grew up in a more effective and beautiful life than the ratrace!

BEGIN YOUR NEW LIFE HERE . .

One day, when I was a boy myself, two busi nessmen stood over me. It was an arranged interview for my own good. They told me my father was right,—I had to earn money for my living, and so had to Be Successful in Business. Businessmen were Practical—all Governments and Schools centred around Business. I must be practical too, and be efficient, and stop fooling in the garden all my time, and get a job, and conform to society, before I could be accepted in Society. And I knew it was the Final Ultimatum . . . .

When I was asked for a reply, I said, 'But - but -' (then I had an absolute inspiration and I said,)

- 'but I HAVE RETIRED.'

Remember this was 40 years ago! I followed up the astounded silence coming from what I didn't know in those lonely days was an intense psychedelic advantage! - by expertly talking very fast about my plan for turning our four acres of land, 20 miles from the City, into an -

OASIS IN THE RATRACE FIT FOR KIDS, A ROBINSON CRUSOE KIND OF EDEN,

- I said - with a world wide collection of rare vegetables and fruits for all seasons, and wonderful herbs for connoisseur approaches to home grown food and home brewing and cheeses made from cow or goat! There would be chooks, and bees, and a kiln for pottery, and some natural and beautiful girl without artificial gunturrets and commercial warpaint, would come and weave and spin for clothes and make handcrafts! We would be self supporting, yet with enough money all our friends would be people instead of rats on the treadmill.

3. *ALSO I WOULD NOT HAVE MY CHILDREN FORCED OUT OF PARADISE INTO THE TREADMILL!*

I said fiercely—into the sardine commuter trains for forty years, into the time payment penance, into the insulting fortnight of free time once a year for the rest of their lives, into guilty silences in order to get on,—my kids would also be people and their wives wouldn't have to go out to work!—Be People, I said—not industrial automatons who can **walk past** *others on the footpath screaming for help, as happens in all industrial societies and lately even here in Sunny Australia, the Land of Mateship! We won't soil our suit even to help someone in terrible distress these days!*

OH I wouldn't wear this uniform and feel like a chook in a battery in return for wage spiral money buying built-in obsolescence—striking even before the payments are done!

OH IT WAS A SAVAGE REPUDIATION and I burst into tears for myself and my future children and all kids I knew stifled and twisted and silenced to fit into set patterns.

4. *Invoking my future children against their Business Heavy weights amused my parents, except that my father said, half convinced, that my poor future girl would probably rather I was in the ratrace!*

— 'I would rather you were in the ratrace,' said every lovely girl I met for the next twenty years, while I achieved in fact and reality the most awful frustration, but also a garden which was

THE MOST PERFECT PARADISE ON EARTH I HAVE EVER SEEN, FULL OF **VERY** *CULTURED FLOWERS!*

In among the Artychokes sprang up Barry Humphries, John Percevals' ceramic angels among the Passionfruit. Behind the Perfect Posy for the Prettiest Girls always appeared Max Harris, and behind the perfect Poesy smiling Barry Reid. Sidney Nolan nibbled the nuts, and the Early Boyd promoted in paint the New Diet of Worms, and Sunday came any day of the week . . . . oh what a garden from which to watch, heh, heh! guess what I watched!

5. *I WATCHED THE BIG PRACTICAL BUSINESS WORLD COLLAPSE!*

Businessmen suicided **(very practically)** *on every hand,—a long depression, terrible to see last so long, and then wars precipated by business, then we had a Bank Run, and then the sinister New Guard, (local fascist group- ed.) and even the Military in the Coalfields. But even worse than the Price-wage Spirals was that—*

EVERYONE HAD COUPONS FOR FOOD AND CLOTHES INSTEAD OF FOR CHILDREN AND LOVE.

GET THIS—
THE FOOD THAT GREW ON MY VINES WAS FOR FREE!

Fiercely I looked out at the broken and discredited Business World from the Gardeners' happy grind where the only SPIRALS were around the hives, and the only QUEUES, the lines of carrots or fruits along the boughs and into my hands themselves did reach the nectarine and curious peach . . . .

6. *INEVITABLY THEN, TO SUCH A SUCCESSFUL ALTERNATIVE WOULD COME A MAN LIKE FABIAN!*

and so it was that one day a girl who had been half starved in the big depression both for beauty and for food burst into tears when she saw the huge rambling Garden, and Fabian at length became Fabian of a green thought in a green shade and Paradise was soon neither rude nor solitude along with Linden and Rowan his brothers named for our trees, and Fabian means grower of beans (as well as brains over brawn,' to put the old legend crudely).

7. *NOW THE NICEST PEOPLE MUST ASK THE NASTIEST QUESTION:—*

WHAT sort of a HOUSE would such 'NON-CONSUMER GOODS' children GROW UP in then?

So see Fabian with birds nests by his attic bed in 'a home beautifully expressed' as someone called it at once, a historic pioneers cottage like Dylan's poem, Fern Hill, in the Bush! It was made with no nails, of stingybark, and blackwood, wattled into natural timber effects

and a wooden shingle rooted attic, where tame ringtails stole Fabian's bedside apples at night and window views showed long aisles of (unpaid for) expensive and exclusive flowers reaching in bowers away into the wildgarden orchard and the Bush, and all the proper price stickers were also missing from the tree high mountains of fruit!
—and our furnishings?—all were of gentle handmade style, wood basketry, pottery, handwovens, hand wrought metals made by friends in exchange and barter.

8. *Was it any wonder that Fabian came to me one day and said, 'NEIL, I WANT MY HAIR LONG! I DON T WANT SHORT HAIR LIKE THE CHEEKY TAXIMAN. I WANT TO LIVE 'REAL' NOT WORK! I WANT MY HAIR LONG LIKE MATCHUM SKIPPER MY JEWEL MAKING MAN. I WANT RINGS IN MY EARS TOO AND HE IS ALWAYS LAUGHING. I WILL WORK REAL, LIKE IN THE GARDEN AND FIND NATURE ALL MY LIFE.*

HE WAS NOT YET FIVE YEARS OLD!

9. *At five he went off to school with his long hair and was so very confident although there were no other long haired boys in sight those days.*

IF I AM A SISSY SO IS SAMPSON he told funny suburban kids, but as always was accepted because of his exciting and expert ways with nature—pets, excursions, snakes, butterflies, scorpions,bush orchids,—the love life of kangaroos—and Kissing Gouramis!

HOW I GOT BULLIED OVER FABIAN! YOU'RE DOING IT TO HIM! said all the sensibles! They couldn't see a born aesthetic in Australia, a Man's Country, and like Huxley they'd have to take mescalin or some other dose even alcohol to see the world with a peacock edge to it like Fabian does every minute of every peacock day, naturally, and at eight he said I will wear my hair right down my back like a Peacock!

TO THE VILIFICATION, I said many people would soon be like Fabian and give up trying to win Lotteries or Be the Boss and try to capture their lost innocence, the warm earth and ask the most powerful of all political questions:—
'Do we live to work or do we work to live?'—AND MEAN IT.

OH IT WAS A LONG SPEECH I MUST SADLY SAY IT LASTED SOME YEARS while I wore a flower in my buttonhole all my life, but suddenly, Hullo! as I knew it would because truth grows spontaneously, up sprang everywhere the vast discrediting of the ratrace by all the people who walk with long hair and bare feet like good gardeners like to, except that many were so damned innocent they harmed the cause so much, I nearly stopped wearing my flower after forty years, but they did and do ask that one real question—AND MEAN IT.

10. *AND IS FABIAN AFFECTED BY THE TAUNTING, YOU ASK?*

BAD GOD, MAN! FABIAN'S ONLY JUST BEGINNING TO ATTACK THE RATRACE RELIGION OF HUMAN UNINVOLVEMENT!

A school suburban type ringleader, hoping for a laugh on the playground, picked Fabian one day! A ring gathered, and waited for Fabian's reply. Fabian walked up to him and looked the suburban bloke over very quizzically very closely, like he does a specimen, and then said brightly at his **hair**—*'Ah! I've got it—a lavatory brush!—I don't fight lavatory brushes!'*

The bloke walked away from his mates to leave the laughter and everyone stayed with Fabian.

11. *AH! THE FIRST 'STUDENT RIOT' I SAW was when Allanah Coleman my fellow Art Student, later of London, innocently wore the first slacks seen in Australia, the land of MEN! She stopped the whole city and as always they said, 'YOU caused the Riot!'—and now they have slacks in every family, and still they scream the same way now at Longhairs—'YOU cause the trouble!'*

12. *MEANWHILE FABIANS 10 SUCCESSIVE HAPPY HEADMASTERS, INNOCENT AND UNAWARE SET THE CANNON FOR FABIANS SUBMISSION TO U.N. BY PERMITTING INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSION AT SCHOOLS!—AND LIKING HIM!*

Yes, in three schools, these heads made use of Fabian's abilities to demonstrate various wonders for classes, and they actually appreciated interesting specialised types of boys at school, and even lifted compulsory sport for some brainy types, and had them in the library or in congenial work which saved them the hated 'torture' such as Religious Instruction. . . (hows that for any scientific mind like Fabian's?) and they all allowed **waste length** *hair at school for Fabian!*

THERE WAS NO INCITEMENT TO INDISCIPLINE, BUT THE REVERSE, NO PROBLEM OF DISCIPLINE THESE 10 HEADMASTERS COULD NOT HANDLE WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE, NOR ANY PROBLEM OF TELLING GENUINE FROM PROVOCATIVE SELF EXPRESSION BY SIMPLY STUDYING THE CHILD AND ITS BACKGROUND.

They all did this, and came to see us often socially, and shared of our life and friends. They sent classes up to see the native garden etc., the paintings, Fabian's collection, and specially on Public Occasions, when our home was used for Open Days for Charities like International Social Service or the Arts Council, and, as at school, Fabian was always in demand with his dramatic talks, and his charm, and his charming snakes etc!

SO HE WAS A SUCCESS AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL AND SO WERE HIS PARENTS.

13. *THE ELEVENTH HEADMASTER SAID, 'YOU WILL NEVER GET A JOB IF YOU LOOK LIKE YOUR PARENTS OR YOUR PARENTS FRIENDS. LONGHAIRS ARE DISREPUTABLE. YOU WILL CUT YOUR HAIR. I HAVE TO THINK OF THE GOOD NAME OF THE SCHOOL. I CAN'T MAKE THE RULES OF THE SCHOOL FOR ONE BOY! A STANDARD HAS TO BE SET BY THE MANNERS OF GOOD SOCIETY AND ADHERED TO. I WILL MAKE THIS BOY CONFORM* **FOR HIS OWN GOOD!** *I AM DOING HIM A FAVOR!'*

He repeated this to schoolteacher friends who objected strenuously to him and to me and all pointed out the 10 Headmasters hadn't needed a rule for one boy!

14. *Fabian was faced with a terrible choice. He had long looked forward to secondary school to do sciences on the way to entymology and biology, but if he cut his hair it was admitting our indecency!*

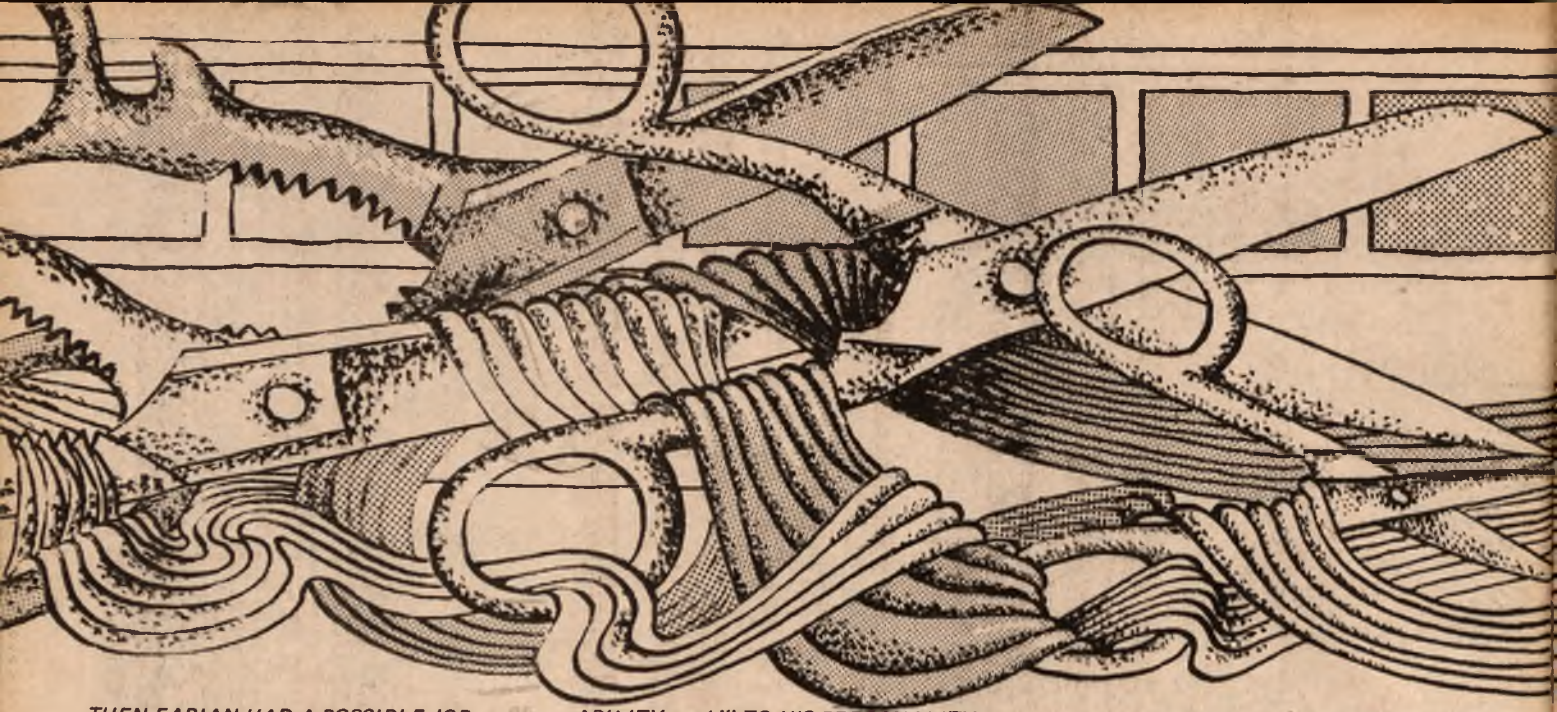
Before he started in the new year, 1967, he had to agree to 'behind the ears, and above the collar,' as the ticket to his further Education! The Headmaster, represented this to him as an honourable compromise on his part Fabian said, 'I wish it were possible for me to force a similar 'honorable compromise' on his part that he would feel as upset and dishonoured about as I do.'

I left the matter to Fabian.

BUT FOR SIX MONTHS THE HEADMASTER TRIED TO GET FABIAN TO CONFORM INWARDLY TOO!

I said—'Take it all very politely and do not become rude. He has never been out of the suburbs in any real enough way and really believes he has to indoctrinate you towards the mass produced pattern for both you and he to 'get on'.

One morning when Fabian was late, I found him in tears with his brother linden helping him to do the hair in a very clever way so that it was longer than it looked, and pressure of time made the protracted process a domestic crisis! This became a recurrent crisis and a point of **honour!**



THEN FABIAN HAD A POSSIBLE JOB OFFERED HIM ON THE TELEVISION AS A LONG HAIRED NATURE DEMON STRATOR FOR A 'YOUNG SESSION' IN THE WILDS OF THE BUSH AT THE SAME TIME THE HEAD WAS SAYING HE WOULD NEVER GET A JOB!

THE HEADMASTER RUBBISHED THIS OPPORTUNITY SO HE BEGAN TO IN-TENSELY HATE AND DESPISE THE HEADMASTER HE HAD HITHERTO AD-MITTED WAS A GOOD TEACHER WHOM HE LIKED APART FROM HIS PHOBIA, and grew deeply resentful, not of school, but of situations possible at school, 'so private from the public' he said.

His tension was increased by another mark of public esteem. The Eltham Arts Council advertised a nature walk for the building fund during the Eltham Festival, 'to be led by Fabian,' which they could not do if he was a threat to the school with his well known ideas. To this walk came 72 children and adults of the district. It was a wonderful day but—Monday was school again!

Imagine my worry when of all people he began to lose his confidence, and lost his powers of concentration on his beloved interests, and work connected with them, like watering his pets, lost volition generally and became most uncharacteristically tearful and aggressive personally, and forgot home jobs vital with both parents often away. Worst of all he began to stutter badly and to talk—Fabian, mind you!—with his head down, which I had been amazed to see other kids do to the Head at School.

'I want to wear my hair to my shoulders, why can't the Head be like all the other teachers and get on with the lessons and forget the hair. There are terrible boys at school whom he never worries as much as he does me. It's because he is bald. I have tried both ways and I get on better with kids with long hair and grown ups too, and also with myself and what I want to be.'

He burst into tears and asked me to see the psychology and Guidance Branch of the Education Department, whose officers he knew personally.

Meanwhile the hair needed another trim—it couldn't have come at a worse time psychologically:—

'DON'T COME BACK TO SCHOOL UNTIL IT IS CUT.'

FABIAN WAS IN SUCH A STATE, THAT I MADE OUT A LIST OF TWENTY-ONE DIFF-ERENT CATAGORIES OF ACTUAL EDUCA-TIONAL VIOLENCE—i TO FABIAN'S SCHOOL ATTITUDES, ii TO HIS TEACH-ABILITY, and iii TO HIS PERSONALITY.

15. *I TOOK FABIAN AND WENT TO SEE THE HEAD, AND APPLIED FOR AN INTER-VIEW WITH THE EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOL-OGY BRANCH, AS HE HAD REQUESTED.*

AS A PRECAUTION I HAD PREVIOUSLY TESTED OUR ARGUMENTS WITH EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY FRIENDS WHO SAID WE WERE RIGHT TO WANT THE SAME TREATMENT AS THE PREVIOUS TEN HEADMASTERS BELIEVED IN.

I used **their** *words to the head. 'I feel Fabian is being ground between the millstones of two totally different approaches to life,' and recited a list of alleged damages I wanted expert assurance about, such as the stuttering becoming permanent under more of the same indoctrination and intimidation and division that had brought the trouble, and that therefore a conscientious parent, without this expert assurance, could not comply with the order, as yet.* **We were not disobeying,** *but asking for expert supervision, I cited the ten previous Headmasters as a practical demonstration, after all, that it was not a case of making the rules of the school for one boy, and the benefits to both school and group and individual by this type of authority. I mentioned also the job on television, and said also that the Headmasterwas involving my own integrity and decency as a direct challenge to me also, as well as the boy he was supposed to be educating.*

To each part of my speech he replied, OBEY MY LAWFUL ORDER OR I WILL SUSPEND THE BOY. HE ACTUALL THEN SAID HIS PSYCHOLOGY AND GUIDANCE BRANCH WERE IRREVELANT TO THE CASE, WHICH WAS OBEDIENCE TO HIM ALONE WITHOUT QUESTION!

'But you are not a trained Diagnostician and do not know if the stuttering could become permanent—these things are very complex. The boy has a high regard for you, warring with his own personality and home experiences, to the opposite of what you make this whole school seem.' I said, 'His lessons are suffering and could suffer more, therefore I demand expert supervision of our obedience. If I am so wrong surely I myself need expert advice from the men my tax money pays to advise me. What has your true authority to fear from your own Experts? What may be shown to be wrong opinion in a wrong area on a wrong premise will not help your true authority nor will controversy about your authority as a Psychologist.'

UNMOVED HE SUSPENDED FABIAN IN MY PRESENCE.

I then drew his attention to the important point that nobody knew of this interview in his office, the hair was not even noticeably past ears or collar, Fabian had NOT SAID HE WOULD NOT CUT HIS HAIR, BUT ASKED TO SEE THE EXPERTS, this was not a challenge to him personally,—could he then suspend his judgement instead of the boy while we rang them from his office? Say for five minutes? He was unmoved even by this appeal!

16. *SO WE WERE PUT ON CORRE-SPONDENCE COURSE—SOLITARY CON-FINEMENT LESSONS FOR THIS GROWING BOY NEEDING TO RUB SHOULDERS, AND TO INFLUENCE AND BE INFLUENCED BY HIS GROUP HITHERTO SO SUCCESS-FULLY FOR ALL.*

IT IS IMPORTANT TO NOTE THAT THE IMPROVEMENT IN HIS PERSONALITY WAS FROM THIS MOMENT FAIRLY RAPID,—

The stuttering vanished and he held his head properly again under home criticism, and lost all other worrying symptoms except for a slight trace of mumbling instead of speaking at times,—but this is going. I realise now a boy of fifteen cannot possibly cope with six months pressure from an adult he likes and is in two minds about.

He passed his two failure subjects, French and maths., on correspondence, and did better all round.

THIS WAS BECAUSE DELINQUENT BOYS TOOK UP THE TEACHER'S TIME IN CON-STANT SCENES, HE SAID, AND POINTED OUT **THEY** *WERE STILL AT SCHOOL, WHERE HE WANTED TO BE BUT THEY DIDN'T!*

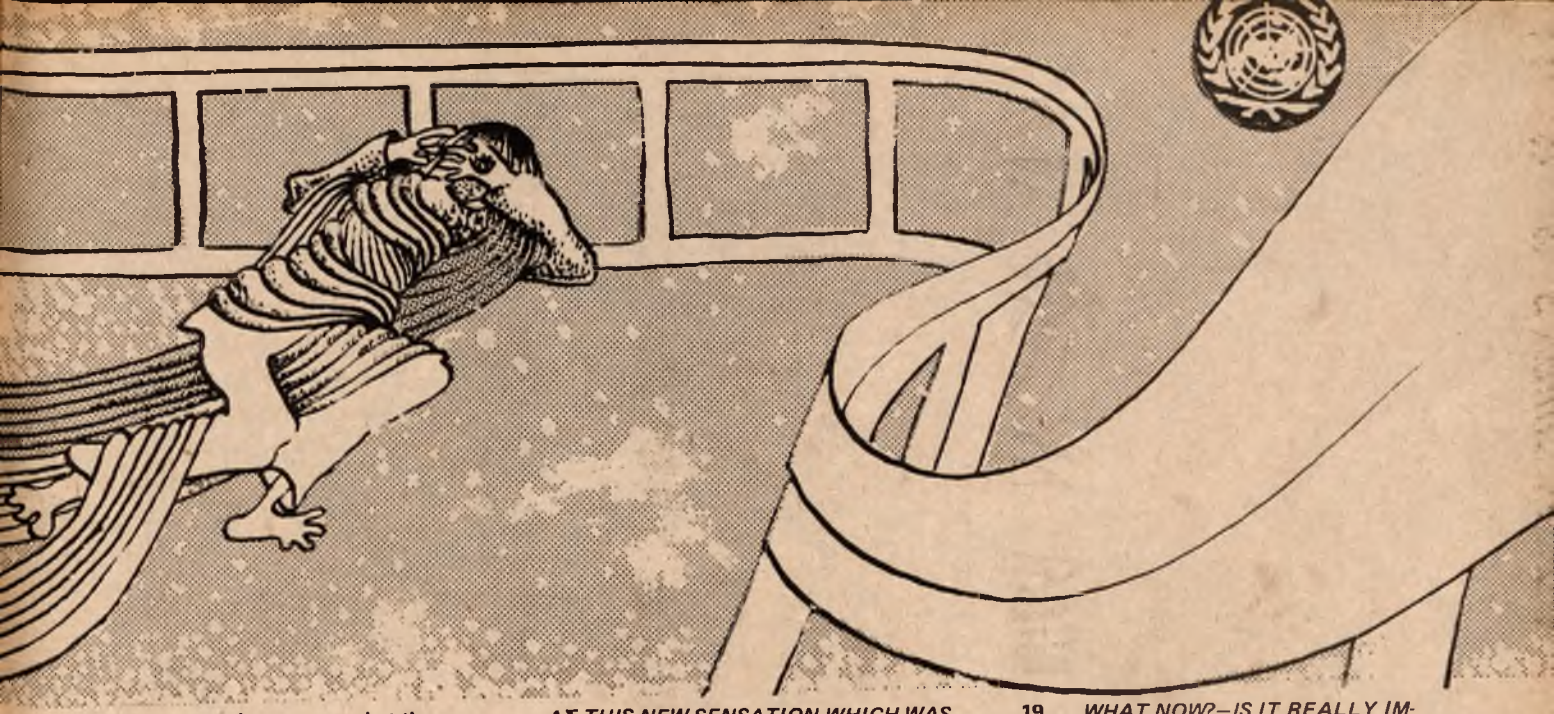
17. **1.** *WERE WE GOING TO ACCEPT THE HEADS' PUBLIC LABEL—DISREP-UTABLE?*

2. *WAS I GOING TO LET THE UN-TRAINED DIAGNOSTICIAN JUDGE FOR THE TRAINED EXPERT WHETHER WE HAD A CASE OR NOT, AND ACCEPT THE PUBLIC DISGRACE OF SUSPENSION BE-CAUSE WE WANTED TO BE PUT RIGHT BY* **EXPERTS?**

Hoping it would help, I withheld all publicity until the OFFICIAL ENQUIRY INTO THE SUSPENSION.

This 'established' our disobedience, again without checking their own Experts to find if damage would be done to the boy by obeying, and more of the same treatment.

Fabian felt he was fighting for many other individuals denied legitimate self expression because 'different' types to the suburban pattern.



'If we should submit we prove what they think of us for them, that we are disreputable.' Fabian said, 'Keep fighting Neil, for many boys. Is school a sheep shed?'

18. *I THEN BROUGHT A CASE IN THE SUPREME COURT OF VICTORIA, AND THE HEADMASTER, MR. McINERNEY.*

I WENT TO THE COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES.

I APPEALED IN THE PAPERS TO THE LAW-MAKERS INSTEAD OF THE LAW KEEPERS.

I WROTE TO THE MINISTER FOR EDUCATION.

All these approaches were allowed to fail, for one magnificant reason or another, to do the simple job of GETTING EXPERT OPINION HEARD AND EXPERT JUDGEMENT MADE ON THE DEPARTMENTS EVASION OF THEIR EXPERTS!

THEN I WROTE AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MINISTER FOR EDUCATION, SUBMITTED IT TO PARLIAMENT, THE PREMIER AND LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, THE NEWSPAPERS, THE EDUCATION FACULTIES OF UNIVERSITIES, HEADMASTERS ASSOCIATION, AND SO ON.

FINALLY A REALLY TREMENDOUS ROW BEGAN IN TRAINS, TRAMS, DEPARTMENTS, AND FURIOUS EXCHANGES IN NEWSPAPER COLUMNS, BETWEEN IN ONE CASE for example THE PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION AND THE PRESIDENT OF HIGH SCHOOLS PRINCIPALS ASSOCIATION! NO PUNCHES WERE PULLED! ALL KINDS OF NOTABLES FLEW AT EACH OTHER! TWELVE OF FABIAN'S TEACHERS INCLUDING TWO SENIOR MASTERS BROKE PUBLIC SERVICE PROTOCOL AND WROTE TO THE PAPERS SUPPORTING FABIAN!

ALAS BY THIS TIME, HEADLINES, CORRESPONDENCE AND FIGHTS WERE TAKING PLACE DAILY BETWEEN IMPORTANT PEOPLE WHO DID NOT KNOW THAT OUR TRUE SIN WAS NOT FLAT FLOUTING OF AUTHORITY BUT AN APPEAL FOR EXPERTS, AND THE WHOLE THING GOT OUT OF HAND!

I REPEATEDLY RANG CHIEFS OF STAFF AND SPOKE TO REPORTERS AND WROTE LETTERS BUT COULD NOT GET THIS SIMPLE FACT PUT RIGHT.

I THREATENED AN APPEAL TO U.N. WHEN EIGHT WEEKS WENT BY AND THE MINISTER HAD NOT ANSWERED MY OPEN LETTERS APPEAL TO BE ALLOWED TO SEE THE EXPERTS.

AT THIS NEW SENSATION WHICH WAS WORLD WIDE, HE THEN SENT ME A LETTER SAYING OBEY THE AUTHORITY OF THE HEADMASTER! – GO AND SEE THE NEW HEADMASTER THIS YEAR.

WHEN I DID THIS, TAKING FABIAN WITH ME, I FOUND THE NEW HEADMASTER WANTED ME TO SIGN A DOCUMENT THAT I WOULD OBEY THE AUTHORITY OF THE HEADMASTER!

–AND WITHOUT GIVING ME ANY GUARANTEE THAT THE PRESSURE WOULD BE TAKEN OFF FABIAN OR EXPERTS CONSULTED!

To the newspapers he said:–

'I cannot make the rules of the school for one boy!!–His father's attitude is keeping him out of school!'

To me he said, 'I have no knowledge of ten other Headmasters!'

Meanwhile damage was still being done, and cruelly, to a nturally popular and gregarious boy, with both staff and school, who is on Correspondence in a home with both parents away at work, in an atmosphere of de facto solitary confinement for a crime the experts may well find was only in the imagination of his accusers.

'FATHER MUST TOE THE LINE,' said 'The Melbourne Age' newspaper. 'The Sydney Morning Herald' said, 'IT IS BECOMING TIRESOME TO HAVE HIS SON REPRESENTED AS A TRAGIC VICTIM OF INTOLERANCE WHEN SO MANY REAL ISSUES OF CONSCIENCE ABOUND'.

AT THE SAME TIME 'THE AGE' ran a major double weekend article by Robyn Boyd on all the major ills of toeing the conforment line in Australia!

AT THIS SAME TIME 'THE HERALD' complimented the Commissioner of Police (who almost caused a riot in the Police Force in the Mellish case, of the mad gunman holding his wife hostage) 'for taking the advice of Psychologists against all comers!!'

I wrote of course but they did not correct the poor public image their determined inconsistency had given our true application being **'for the advice of Psychologists against all comers!.**

(How do they reconcile this behaviour with their membership of the Journalists Association?) And I would ask why did they change their original policy of very sympathetic approval? And WHO bashed in their sympathetic staff? 'AN ORDER HAS COME DOWN. they said!

19. *WHAT NOW?–IS IT REALLY IMPORTANT? WELL, I CAN'T SEE THE DEPARTMENT EXPERTS TO FIND OUT! BUT THEY CANNOT SPEAK* **PUBLICLY** *UNTIL THE HEADMASTER ASKS! BUT WE WANT TO BE TOLD BY EXPERTS PUBLICLY IF SCHOOL REALLY DOES AFFECT OUR PUBLIC-LIFE, and fate as a Nation? IF SO . . . . Official's Policy must be revised urgently towards their own Experts advice about true discipline for specialist extra-type kids possibly being buggared up by Blimps! And so in Human Rights Year, am I going to be told YES or NO by the proper Experts or all comers?*

This is a very simple story.

THIS IS A VERY SIMPLE STORY

THIS IS A VERY SIMPLE STORY.

–or is it?

Neil Douglas
Research Post Office 3095
Melbourne
Australia

CREDITS

BBC, Black Dwarf, Black Panthers

LAW ORDER & JUSTICE

ho ho!

a documentary

Commentator: And that is a disturbing question. We have seen four cases where the courts have upheld charges of wrongful or malicious prosecution against coloured people. Are these the exception? For every coloured man with the means — and the will — to fight his case how many others find it easier and quicker just to plead guilty — and get it over with? And more significantly — are these cases symptomatic of radical prejudice among our police? Sue McConachy talked to an ex-police constable from the Metropolitan area, who resigned from the force last year.

Ex-Policeman: Well I think in the police force you find a complex of prejudiced minorities. For example you might find that a certain number of police officers would be prejudiced against taxi drivers, bus drivers or against Jewish people. But I think the coloured prejudice is virtually absolute. In other words it extends probably 99%.

Sue: What efforts were made by senior officers to counteract it?

Ex-Policeman: None at all that were apparent. Either they were unaware that it exists or they just chose to ignore it.

Sue: How much is this police attitude a reflection of the general public?

Barrister 2: I would always argue that the whole society is a racist society and it is almost totally impossible to ask a policeman to be non-racist in a racist society. That s just a basic contradiction. But because of the immediate inconvieniences of the police framing of black people, one must demand this.

Sue: Do you think that the administration of the law affects the way the police operate?

Barrister: The magistrates rubber stamp the police evidence. I had a case quite recently where I had two policemen giving evidence and I had some quite respectable middle-class white witnesses giving evidence quite contradictory to the police evidence. And at the end of the case the magistrate simply convicted, saying "I accept the police evidence". And you get this rubber stamping throughout. And of course some of the worst offenders of rubber stamping are Stipendary Magistrates.

Sue: What's the answer to all this?

Barrister: One of the answers is I think, that we've got to start being honest about this. I think that, for instance, most black people know what policemen do to black people, but other sections of the community don't. Most working class people have some idea of the police. I mean, there used to be an old saying that if you saw a policeman, you'd cross over to the over side of the road and get out of the way. I think that, even more important, is that most members of the Bar who practice in the Criminal Courts know what goes on, but they keep silent. And I think that one has to blow the lid on this because I think there is always a danger here that you put the interests of maintaining law and order before the interests of justice.

Barrister: I know what is being done now is not going to solve anything. And one must be very direct here and say that the police must stop it or the black communities will have to stop them from doing it.....it's simply this. And in the United States one sees this is exactly how it turned out to be. So they have a lesson to learn from the United States.

This document has been circulating among local black militants and has led to several arrests. Its sentiments are abhorrent, but in the light of police persecution, not difficult to understand. It is important that police, politicians and the press begin to realise the consequences of discrimination—which is why we have published the following. Some sections have been eliminated for legal reasons.

CONFIDENTIAL

What To Do When Cops Lay Their Hands On a Black Man at The Speakers Corner.

What happened in Hyde Park on Sunday, June the 8th, was a disgrace to every Black man in this country and, in particular, to every one of the hundreds of black people who were assembled at the Speaker's Corner that day. Eight white men in police uniforms and that was all they were able to kidnap three black man, club them till they nearly died, dump them in a Black Maria, and then drive them away to their police klans Headquarters. The cops got away with while hundreds of black men stood there watching. They got away with it, not because everyone of the black boys there was a coward, not because they were outnumbered by the police, not because none of them tried to rescue the arrested brother or not because there was not enough time and opportunity to do what would have been a simple 2-seconds rescue work. The reason the cops got away with it was that the black boys there did not quite know what to do. The purpose of this leaflet is to give this information so that the next time the fascist cops lay their hands on black man in that park again, we will all know exactly what to do and know how to do it fast, neatly and like men who are serious about their determination to fight oppression.

The first thing the cops do when they arrest someone in the park is to take him straight in to the little police telephone hut, the black box in the in the middle of the fence behind where the communist platform usually is, to telephone for a van to take the prisoner away. So the rescue operation must be done either before the arrested black man is taken to that police hut or after they have taken him there and are waiting for the black maria to arrive. We shall consider the two cases separately.

1. Before the arrested black man is taken to the police waiting box.
This method must be employed if the cops arrested black man near the platform of a black speaker or near a big black crowd. The moment the cops lay their hands on a black brother, it is the duty of the black brother nearest to the spot tocall the attention of the other brothers to what is happening at once and the news must spread like wild fire in the park.

The black crowd must surge forward like one big black steam-roller to catch up with the cops and the black brother being marc hed away towards the police box.

who earns his living by voluntarily making himself an instrument and a venomous custodian of a fascist whitey system that has oppressed out people for centuries and are continuing to do so, and have [illegible] you to Hyde Park to do so

And the job is done everybody involved in the key part of the rescue work must make himself scarce and, just in case, provide himself with an alibi.

2. After The Cops Have Already Got The Arrested Brother In The Fenced Police Box In the Park.

If by any chance the rescue job is not done or not completed before the cops have already got the arrested brother into their little telephone box in the park, or if the arrest has been made in some isolated corner in the park some minutes before the brothers hear of it in both cases the rescue operation must be done while the cops are guarding the arrested brother in the box, waiting for the van to come and take him away. What must be done must be done with speed in the following stages:

1. All the brothers must rush down and surround the fence the moment the news of the arrest reaches them. Any Black man who does not go is a traitor and must be marked.

2. The greatest concentration of brothers must be in front of the fence, facing the entrance which leads to the box where the cops are holding the arrested brother.

3. Chanting and pushing must start at once and everybody in front must grab hold of the fence and begin pushing and pulling it together to pull it down. this will make all the cops run to this side of the fence and line it up to defend it.

4. Then 5 brothers must leap over the fence at one signal and run towards the box as if to rescue the arrested brother being held there. This will make the police, at least some of them, leave the line and chase after the 5 brothers.

5. Then another set of 5 brothers will leap over the fence and chase after the cops to make sure they don't arrest the first five brothers.

6. In the struggle and confusion a third set of five brothers will then leap over the fence. If it is still standing, and make straight for the box
rescue the arrested brother, free him and let him bow.

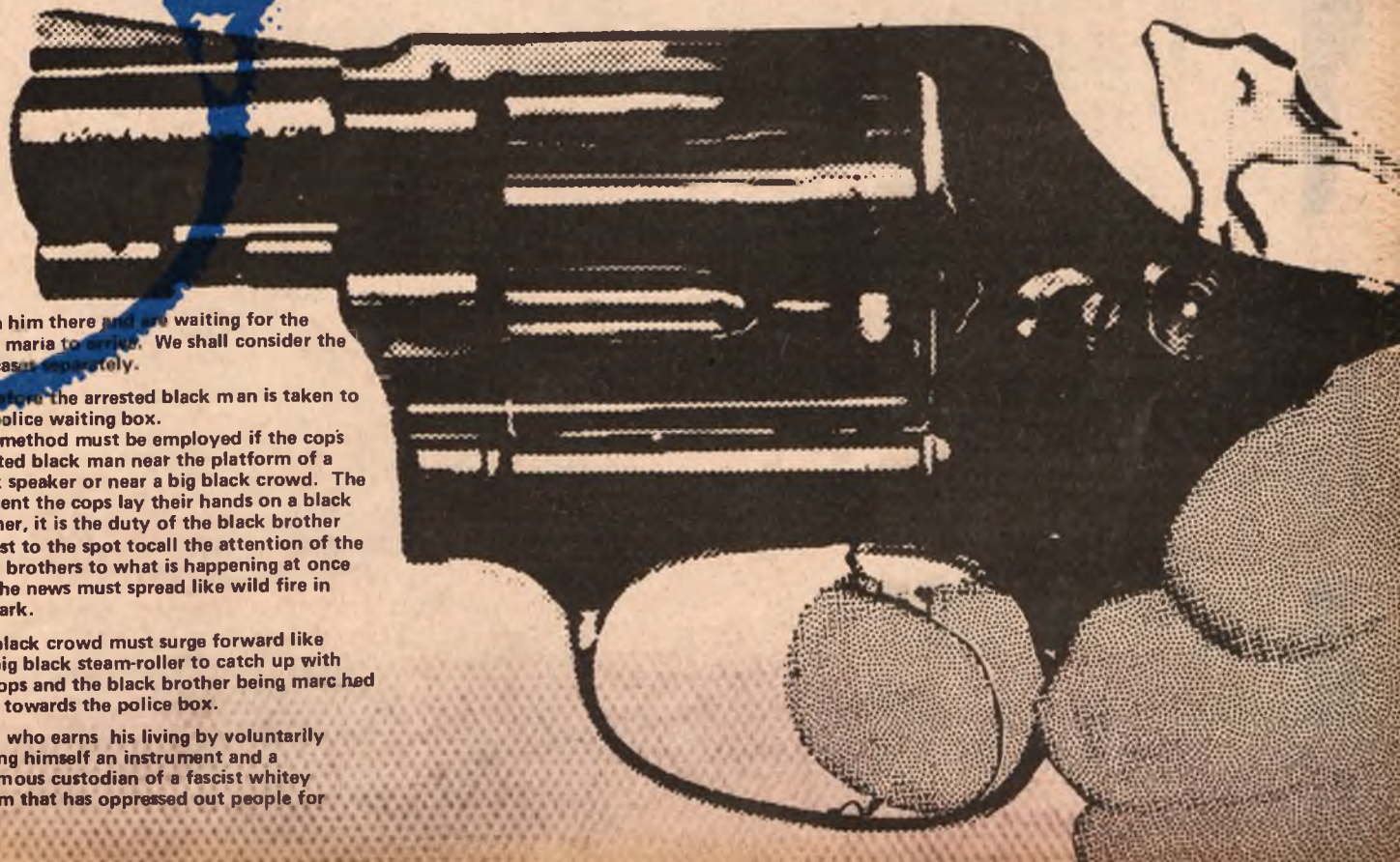
7. Finally, the rest of the crowd must then leap in and join the struggle to make sure that not a single brother is arrested or left behind.

9. If any white man who appears to be a bystander suddenly joins in the fight and defends the cops, you must know at once he is neither a plain-clothes cop or a viscious fascist

10. It must be seen that at the end of the rescue operation no single cop must be standing on his feet, able to recognise or identify anyone.

11. Everbody must disappear immediately after the rescue job is done and be miles away before police re-enforcements arrive on the scene.

12. If by some miracle, the rescue attempt is a failure and the cops manage to get the arrested brother to the police station it is the duty of all the brothers present to march straight down without delay and as one united body to the police station and see that the brother is bailed out and released as soon as possible. Then we must all go home not with our heads bowed down because we have failed, but to find out why and where our plans went wrong and with this improved knowledge and experience, be better equipped to strike back next time.



VIVA CHE!

Contributions in tribute to Ernesto 'Che' Guevara by

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THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

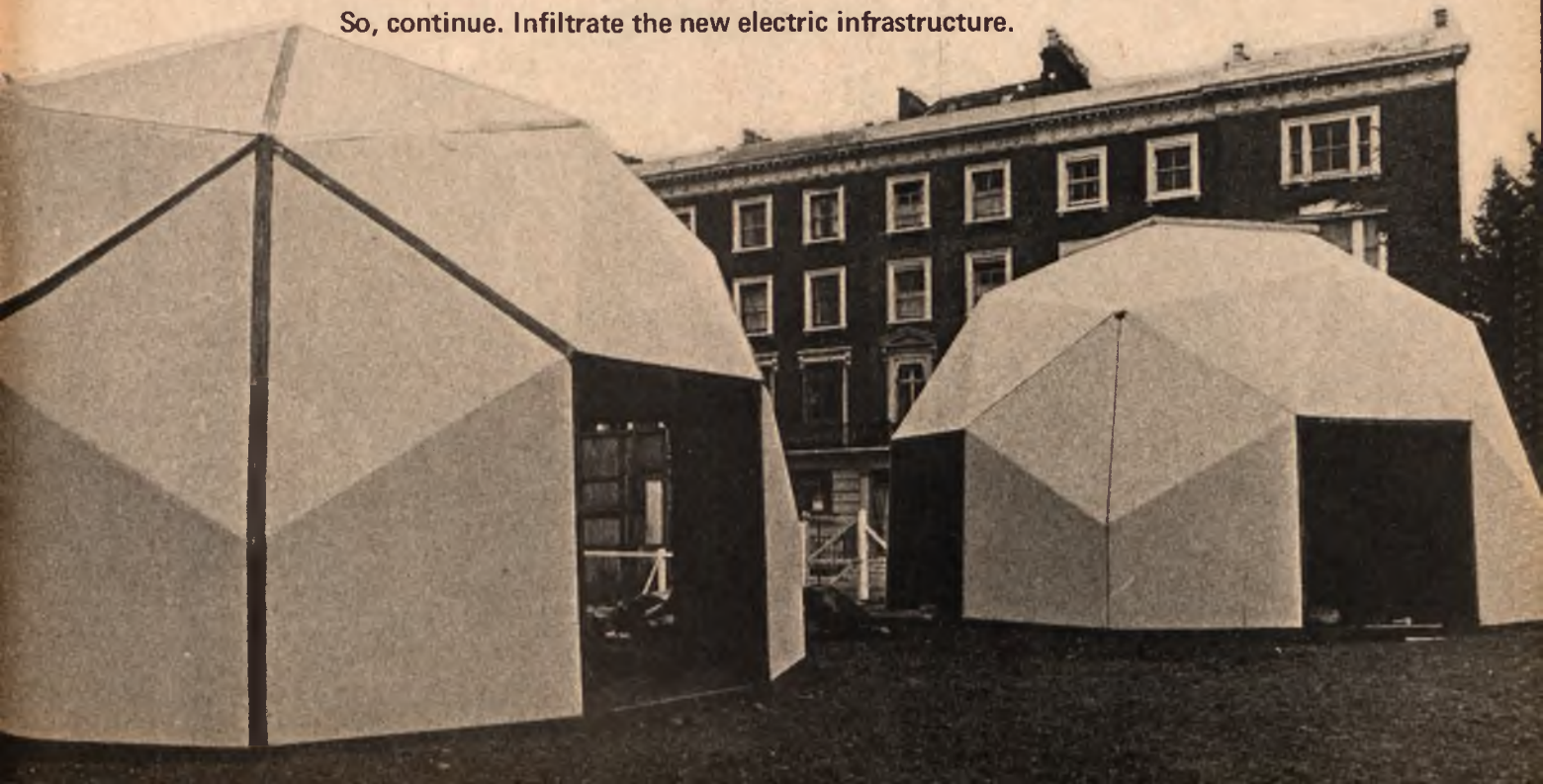
Art is anything you can get away with.

We now live in a global village - a simultaneous happening.

There is absolutely no inevitability as long as there is a willingness to contemplate what is happening.

The Electric Circus is a new section of OZ concerned with environment.
Which to you, *media freak* means, television, movies, sound radio, etc. Because that's where you live now.
All the rest is geographical accident.
You will find informational input into the Electric Circus is pretty much raw data.
(Check out the Godard press conference on Page 42.)
That's because the conventional perceptual processes are now only so much civil defence against massive media fallout.
So don't don't get bugged by spelling mistakes.
You probably weren't meant to look at the words anyway.

So, continue. Infiltrate the new electric infrastructure.



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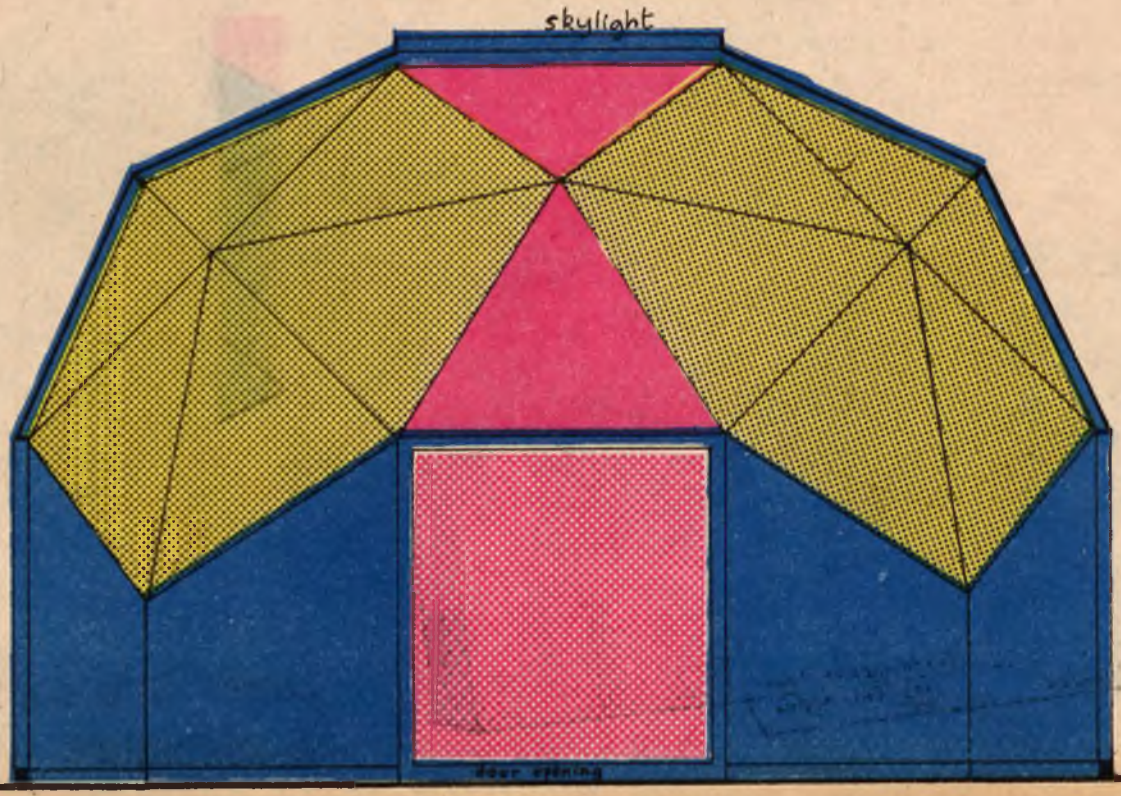

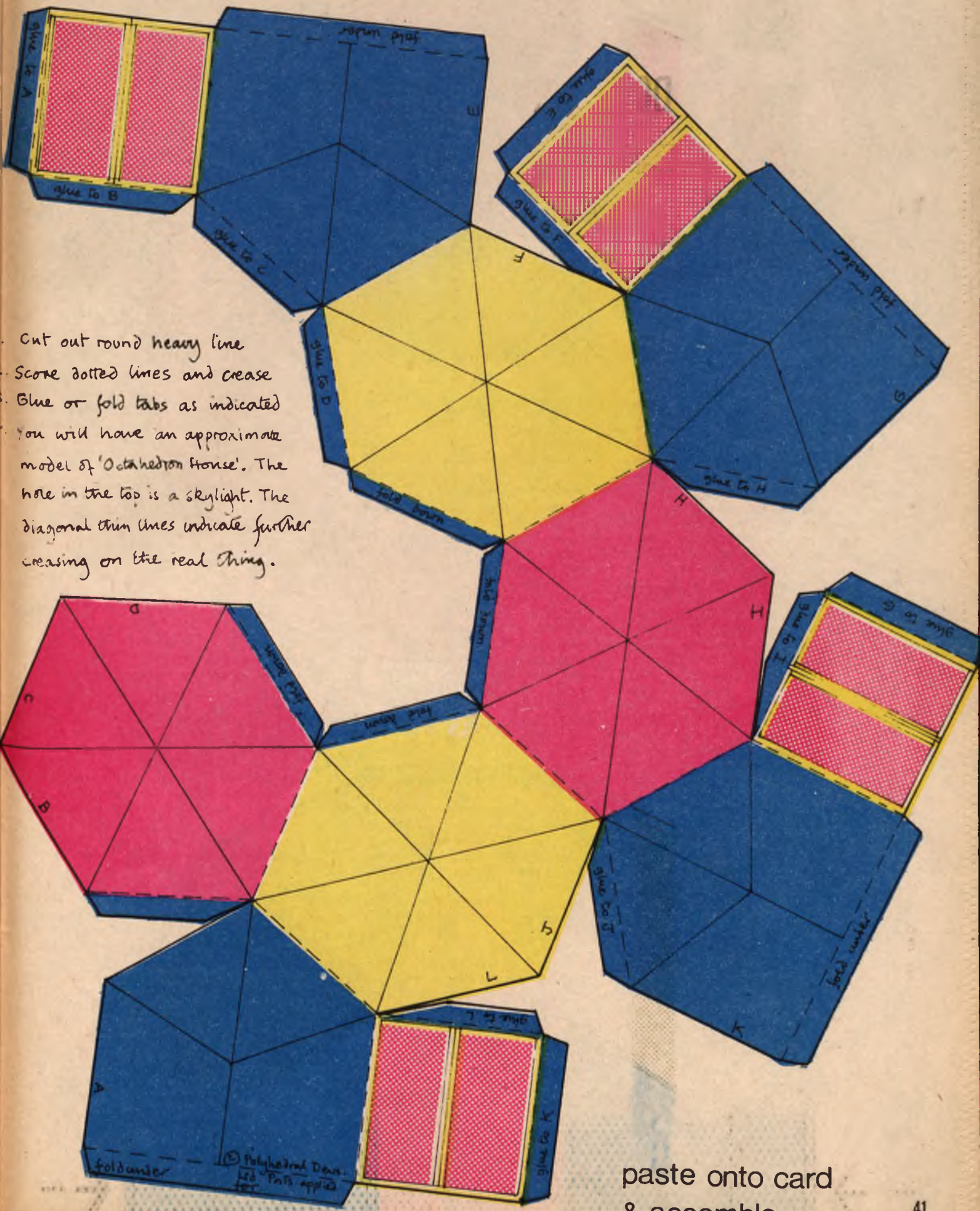

1. Cut out round heavy line
2. Score dotted lines and crease
3. Glue or fold tabs as indicated
4. You will have an approximate model of 'Octahedron House'. The hole in the top is a skylight. The diagonal thin lines indicate further creasing on the real thing.

paste onto card & assemble

1+1

2 or 3 tapes of a Press Conference

You seem to be saying that you want to make yourself invisible.

Yes, I think this is especially since what happens in France, about three or four months ago it was happening, especially with the students, still considering myself a student in the audio-visual form, it shows me that a lot of people, who were younger than I was, were discovering a lot of things that I had maybe not yet discovered. Things that I was discovering at the same time but that I had been working on for twenty years and they discovered it very easily, and I mean, the good in their movements was not coming from us, it was coming from them. So, we were speaking of culture, art and a lot of things, and they, they found things apart from us. So we have to learn from them instead of pretending to teach them. That is why we cannot speak of being a person as an artist or making a piece of art. This has to be completely destroyed. We must be very, I think so, very simple. This is why this movie is called just **One Plus One**, because this is the beginning and already two plus two is too complicated.

Why is it called **One Plus One?** Because there are just several people or groups or tribes or societies. There is the musical society, The Rolling Stones; there is the black society, or if not a language society, there is a music language, black language, the European or democratic language, there is the Fascist language which is always the same. It was called Hitler twenty years ago and today it's De Gaulle in France, or Wilson here, I mean, people like that. Of course, Wilson is not exactly like Hitler, but something which astonished me very much is when there are speeches, political speeches by leaders of today, they are saying exactly the same thing that Hitler or Goebels was saying. Exactly the same. If we say Wilson had said that, nobody will find those things funny. They will say, 'OK, yes, Wilson could have said that very easily."

Etes-vous soigne d'etre prophetique completement de ce film?

No, not at all. I don't think there is anything prophetic. Prophet, it means religion and I think religion is a masked form of Fascism too.

There's something quite vocational about the way you make films because you do try and relate. I mean, when one sees tham it seems something has been said about the society we live in, I mean, after all almost all your films. And you also often talk about propaganda and use quotations from several works of propaganda in your films. How much do you think that films themselves can be propaganda?

Well it depends what you call propaganda, I mean there is good propaganda and bad propaganda. I mean, quotations, well every word you say is a quotation from the dictionary. So if someone has said something better than I could say it then I don't see why I shouldn't use it. It is not quotation, it is just part of more general speech into which I put, I am bringing, my own stone..

Do you think the language of film is a language like any other then?

Yes exactly. Just it is to express himself into films and it makes an express into literature or music, but it's a part of a general language. It's like science, you can express through mathematics or physics or chemistry.

The language of science is more objective?

Well when I say language it's not only the tone but the meaning too. I mean, the thought. Sometimes you express yourself through a violin, sometimes through a piano and still it is music. And there is Mozart and there is The Rolling Stones. It's music. I think there is more difference for example between Mozart and The Rolling Stones than between a modern movie and a modern book.

Yes certainly. What I am still puzzled by is what you first said a about . . .

Well forget about what I first said.

em . . . film-making now being a process of learning for you, you're having to learn from the students.

But to learn is to learn from them. I think we, as moviemakers, in order to change movies, the only possibility to make good and new movies, it's to make movies with people who never made any, who are not in the movies. Because if you work with people who are in the movies, sooner or later you are doing again the same kind of movies. You have to go to people who don't do movies. Just to learn how they . . .

Jean Luc, can I just interrupt, because this is very interesting for us because you know as your three producers, we haven't had a lot of experience, but if you say you would like to make movies with people who haven't made movies before and you come up against the difficulty of lack of experience in the technical sense.

Well forget about the technique. We have to make simple things there are no difficulties. You bring the difficulties, I mean, not you personally, I mean the technicians. Because they are used to work in such a complicated way like privileged people.

Always saying we need this and we need that. When of course there are some young people like Doevshenko. When he was twenty or eighteen, he was a worker, and he was passing a street and he saw a house and some people working inside and he looked in the window and he said, 'Oh I am very

+J-LG

interested and I would like to do what you are doing' and that's how he began movie-making, Doevshenko. But today, if somebody goes to Algamo(?) Algamated and looks in the window and says 'I want to make a movie' they would throw him out and say first you have to do this and that and go and get certificates and things, and after that they would say you are not able to because we need such you know. And so they build themselves a castle and after they say to the peasants who want to come into the castle, 'No, to come into the castle you have to be a king or something like that.'

But isn't it true also that with equipment that isn't suitable for many people to use that one man cannot pick up a camera and do everything?

This is the trouble because today you make one movie with a hundred men, instead of a hundred movies with a hundred men. There are very few movies. Each year there is about three thousand movies which is very few. For how many people in the world? It is always the same who are going from one theatre to another one. The people in Manchester shouldn't see the same movie as the people in London. Why . . .

But would you say that this is a problem of the society or a technical problem that? . . .

Oh no, this is a much more general problem.

And we haven't developed the individual camera that can do it?

Oh it's deeper than that. It's more technical. It's going to people in the country or students or workers and trying to learn how they speak first, what is their language. It's not saying as in the left, we must do movies for the workers. No we must do movies from the workers. The movie has to come from the workers. The movie is not to be brought to the workers, the movie should be built by the workers; if they don't want to built it, at least we should learn from them how do they want a movie to be. But we are so far away from that the theatre it is the same. there is no need to go to a play — like very often, every strike there is, the theatre goes into factories and plays some Brecht and things but the trouble is its only on strike, ot should be every week. That means the theatre is brought by the king of the theatre to the workers. The contrary should happen, but even the workers don't know that. They are very glad, because if they are feeling miserable, they are glad that when there are strikes at least people are coming to see them. They don't even think they could have their own form of theatre, they just think that theatre and culture or movies are a privilege. We start with teaching in a university and then you get a degree. You have a degree in Hollywood for the movies. Thats what I mean when I say that you shouldn't go to the people in movies. You have to go to people who are not in movies. You just have to go to people because we are in a castle. And this is very hard to leave, this castle, because its very nice in the castle.

Is this why you wanted a man who is actually a black power militant?

I prefer it but I was a bit afraid to because its more honest for me to take actors because if black power people say 'you were not right saying that,' because I'm not so good. Well then I can say, well maybe I'm right, maybe I'm wrong but at least people know it is actors and will not take it as if it is a real person. For example, we though Cassius Clay could play the thing, but if he were on the screen he would not be able to express what I want him to express. Maybe he doesn't like Leroy Jones or maybe he doesn't agree with him so it's not possible.

You said something to me once which I have remembered and if you would like to say a little more. If the technicians have been used as tools is it possible to break through this, or do you think it is a human problem?

It's possible but in evidence it is very difficult because we have to do everything twice or three times. There are knives and forks and its just like asking a fork to work as a knife. And the fork, says I'm only a fork. He's not but so many people tell him he is a fork so he believes it.

You talk of language, not in terms of linguistics, but as being a whole ethos of the person. After being in England how would you describe the language of the British?

I've only been here a very few days. I would not pretend to know.

Yes but you said it was an attempt at making a British film.

In what sense?

Then comes a cut in the tape and no sense can be made.

spontanteity . . . . (cut)

Why did you come to England to make a film?

It was interesting to go to a new place and find how it is and I came because I was asked to come, and then I thought it would be nice to go to the most conservative country in the movie making world to see how it is.

Have you spent a lot of time in England at all before?

No

And you don't have any special feelings about England?

No I was just glad to begin this picture with the Rolling Stones.

Do you consider English moviemaking more conservative than American?

Even more. I don't know how it is possible but it is.

Would you like to say something about the difference between French moviemaking and British?

There is the same difference between France and Britain. In movie making they are conservative all over the world but here its even more complicated because not only of the conservativeness of the movie making but also the conservativeness of the union and of your way of life even if you are out of the usual life. In France there are two or three types of conservativeness. Here there are five or six, anyway that is what I feel. Especially here you live on formulae, in movie making at least. You have been taught to make movies by American people. They gave you a formula and you have kept to it. You never change.

Isn't that because most English films are financed by American companies?

Yes of course, and it has increased. Because after all when Hitchcock went to America he was British. Most of the best actors are British. Burton, Cary Grant, Charlie Chaplin. They are British. But they are keeping to the formula. When you tell them about another formula, they are not interested. That is what Tony told me. He said, 'Jean-Luc, you asked me to shoot when the sun is coming in and out of the clouds. It is very difficult for me to look into the camera and at the clouds at the same time.' And I say, 'Well you should train to do that when you are not shooting.' He never thought he could learn to do that. He was taught to shoot with the sun in or with the sun out and not with a combination of the two. He thought I was joking but I wasn't. He could have been training himself all that time. But he didn't and it's the same all over the world, from the technicians' point of view. What the cameraman should do qhen he has nothing else to do is hire a Samuelson for an hour a day and take it out and start training himself. Sports people do. But in movie making the one who really works is the guy who is making tea and biscuits for the others.

He's really the only one who works eight hours a day. Everyone else worked only two or three hours a day and they were being paid for eight (Paul: he changes his tenses here so that it sounds as if he is referring to his actual crew and his experience with them. Pauline).

May I say that I think it is a lack of courage (female voice (French) I think she must be assistant prod. or something).

(interrupting) . . . no, it's a lack of education only. Not courage, because they were very nice people. They were really willing to do well. It's only a lack of education.

A lack of courage on the producer's side, because at one point when M. Godard had got sufficient film but he was not shooting every day the unit had become very dissatisfied and M. Godard said to me, 'Ask them to borrow or buy cameras and go and make a movie for themselves.' And I did not ask them and I think I should have asked them.

(Male voice) No, that's not true. It was put to them and offered them but I think that once people are doing . . . (trails off at interruption)

(female voice again) **Because they say 'We want to make a movie, we want to be shooting every day** . . . male voice now **Jean-Luc, although you haven't finished the film as yet have you been disillusioned with your experience in England of making a film?**

Maybe two or three years ago I would have been but not today, no, I'm very glad.

Would you come back to make a film again?

Oh yes, anywhere. But I think the director is now . . . well . . . the only thing I discovered from what happened in France from my personal experience as a movie director is that I was very proud of directing the, what we call in France, mis-en-scene. Well, directing was . . . I don't know how you say it, we say le patron, well directing was being the boss. And so I was again the boss in the It doesn't mean that someone has not to do the movie at the right time but not always the same person. Because why should twenty people obey the fantasy of another? The artist can't be the boss, this is no more.

Do you think the American movie as it is serves any purpose at all?

The purpose of the bankers and the purpose of what we have to call, even if it sounds too much, cultural imperialism, because it is. Black people who want to make a movie can't do it. If Stokely Carmichael wants to make a movie about Malcolm X, he can't do it. And even if he finds the money, if Mao gives him the money, or Kosygin, but I don't think he would, then no theatres will show it:

It's a very deep problem. It's not just a matter of film making. It's a whole social structure.

So it's very difficult to change it in film alone.

No of course, but since we are the beginning we have to be. And since people like Guevera, well-known people or completely unknown people are doing the same, are giving their life, at least we may give our time. Because we don't risk our lives doing that.

Most film-makers have a preconceived audience, which they visualise are going to see their films. Do you have any preconceived ideas about who is going to see your films?

No I never think about it.

Does that relate in any way to why you wanted the Rolling Stones? Was it just them as musicians?

No, it was also because of the way in which they represent something, a certain kind of society, to which I am . . .

So in terms of this film, if one can visualise ahead, you hope that young people are going to see it?

I don't know. I don't care . . . about young or old just . . .

Do you care about your audiences?

Sometimes, yes. The work of art is always related to money. So that's why you ask 'Do you care?'. It means do you care for a lot of people. No, I don't think a lot of people should ultimately see everything. Why? (should they) when there are books on mathematics known only by three of four people who know about mathematics and they are not ashamed if everybody doesn't understand. There are some movies like that.

There are some movies where it is very important if they are seen by quite a lot of people. Like some books and some music. There are no rules. The trouble is there is that that they try to make rules. If you go to the bottom to find what is beyond the rules you find money.

But you seem very often to draw back to education. Education you think is one of the main failings of society in general?

Yes because you find money behind education too.

So it's the whole basis of it.

Yes. Every goes together.

What is the more important aspect of film-making? Communication or propaganda?

Well I think it can't be put like that. It is automatic communication. To me there is no difference in film. It exists but there should be no difference between film and television. There is a difference because they are badly done but to me there is none. One is brought by a electronic device and the other by a photograph, a chemical device.

The fact that it is a confined screen . . .

It's only because they don't want it to be a huge one because people would like it too much. If there is something very bad for the government, if you had all the wall of your dining room it would . . . They could build it very easily but they just don't want it. They keep it very tiny.

And sometimes, if it is a very straight (?) thing to have just a tiny thing is very good too. I mean radio is still going and there is no image. Music isn't bad

But you say the workers don't actually see your films.

Well, a hundred years ago Marx was sent away from France to England or to Belgium. After all what he wrote with Engels helped a little bit with what happened later on. And he didn't fight. He wasn't a very strong man physically. But it helped. Literature and language and art and science can't be neutral. For example, Guevera was very glad that Debray (?) wen to him and he tried to tell him to go away from Bolivia and tell the world. 'Publicity would help us' he said.

You can see in Greece today that the colonels are against anybody who writes, makes films paints . . . (cut).

For example what happened about the dockers and the black people here and Enoch Powell. If he were Prime Minister, it wouldn't be exactly the same. And it depends how you do it. If Peter Brook had staged Marat Sade each morning in front of Buckingham Palace in front of the people, the police would have thrown him in jail right away.

What is your primary dissatisfaction with the film industry?

Working too much as an industry on formulae, which could be good sometimes but not always. It's not a matter of people, because all the people I had were very nice and but they are badly educated, that's all.

And so you think that people in film industry are badly educated?

Oh yes. Totally.

Do you think it is more important to be instructive in films or to be just entertaining?

Instruction, but I don't see why instruction shouldn't be brought through entertaining.

And is that the element you are looking for in your films?

Yes. I think actors very often should be used not only in plays and movies but in universities just to play the teaching sometimes, the lines of philosophy.

With the feelings for society that you have would your purpose be better solved by doing something like a television programme?

This would yes, but not to me but to a lot of people. That's the way television should be. One hour of television should belong to the Labour Party and the next hour Rootes or to Manchester United. And everyone could express themselves.

. . . cut . . .

AUDIO-TACTILE

Jefferson Airplane

'We live in a society which consists of highs... Claims Murray Roman (Tetragrammaton 101). And it's true. Music is a high—what's more they can't bust you for it. So, why doesn't somebody release

'We live ina society which consists of highs . . . .' claims Murray Roman (Tetragrammation 101). And it's true. Music is a high—what's more they can't bust you for it. So, like they already have L.P.s called Songs for Swingers and Music for Lovers why doesn't somebody release Music to get High On. The CBS Rock Machine album comes pretty near it with tracks from people like Leonard Cohen, Moby Grape and Blood, Sweat & Tears. It would be nice if everyone could cut a record like that with their own twelve favourite tracks on it. The only drag is that everbodys selection's got tobe different to everyone else's. My own album as of now would contain tracks from L.P.s that you maybe won't have heard yet.

1. **'Castles in the Sand'—Jimi Hendrix** (from 'Axis Bold as Love' on Track) You should already know.

2. **'Dynamite'—Sly and the Family Stone** (from 'Life' on the Epic label) You can only get this album on import at the moment from somewhere like One-Stop, Town Records or Musicland. If it's released in this country it'll be on the Direction label. Sly and the Family Stone are probably coming here in September. They're an incredible group who move all the time but you can't put them into the ordinary soul bag.

3. **'On the Road again'—Canned Heat** (from 'Boogie with Canned Heat' on Liberty) It's good that Liberty released this as a single.

If they hadn't the L.P. would have been almost worth buying for this track alone. As it is the other tracks are nearly as good.

4. **'Politician'—Cream** (from 'Wheels of Fire' on Polydor). Cream are always best when they work within a standard blues framework. This track, composed by Jack Bruce and Pete Brown, features a typical wailing vocal and evil bass line by Jack Bruce and of course Clapton (or as the Americans spell it—God).

5. **'Feelin' Good'—the James Cotton Blues Band** (from the'James Cotton Blues Band' available on import on the Verve label). The album from which this track comes features a good selection of R&B numbers (listen to the classic 'Don't Start Me Talking') but it's a pity they included 'Knock On Wood'.

6. **'Old Songs New Songs'—Family** (from Music in a Dolls House on Pye) The Family are almost as good on record as they are are live and that's a compliment. The outstanding feature of an outstanding group is the voice of Roger Chapman, the lead singer who sound incredibly like Buffy Sainte-Marie.

7. **'Rondo'—The Nice** (from 'the thoughts of Emerlist Davjack' on Immediate) I prefer the Nice's treatments of other peoples' material to their own numbers. It's a fantastic experience simply to watch them perform this number.

8. **'I Started Walking'—John Mayall** (from 'Bare Wires' on Decca). This is John Mayall's best L.P since 'John Mayall's Blues Breakers with Eric Clapton' mainly because of the brass selection of the group. This particular track features an angry guitar solo by Mick Taylor.

9. **'Wine'—The Electric Flag** (from 'A Long Time Comin'' on CBS). The nice thing about the Electric Flag is the variety of the numbers they do. This particular track is pure rock-and-roll. On the sleeve Michael Bloomfield says he thinks of the group's music as 'the music you hear in the air, on the air, and in the streets; blues, soul, country, rock, religious music, traffic, crowds, street sounds and field sounds, the sound of people and silence,' which must be roughly where it is.

10. **'America'—Simon & Garfunkel** (from 'Bookends' on CBS). Every track on the the L.P. is superb but 'America' is the best.

11. **'One More Heartache'—the Paul Butterfield Blues Band** (from 'The Ressurection of Pigboy Crabshaw' on Elektra). This number features Paul Butterfield's excellent harp playing. The group's big brass section grooves all the way through the album.

12. **'Murder in My Heart for the Judge' —Moby Grape** (from 'Wow' on CBS). Moby Grape are another group who don't specialise too mucn. The album even contains a number 'Just Like Gene Autry; A Foxtrot' which is such an authentic 1920's sound that you have to play it at 78 rpm.

John Leaver

do yourself a favour go to a record shop listen to this album.

if you dig it that's nice

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CZECHS TOLD

The Writer of this article is a Czech, very prominent in the movement towards liberalisation. Outspoken, and plainly so, for some time, he no longer feels free to write under his own name. Hence the pseudonym. We respect his fears that the least indication of who he is may endanger him and his family.

The present situation of Czechoslovakia seems to be obvious beyond any doubt. It is given by the presence of the occupational units and by the acception of the Moscow dictate which has been more than once compared to the Munich dictate. While the occupation of the foreign armies still lasts, the basic democratic freedoms are again re-strained. What will be the attitude of the Czech and Slovak nation to this reality? What are the prospects for the nearest future? Will people defy this situation or will they submit? Will there be more shooting in the streets of Prague or will fantastic accusations and selfaccusations be again heard in the courtyards?

Though the present state of affairs makes us draw rather pessimistic conclusions, let us try to see things in broader perspectives. Then it appears that the present Czechoslovak situation reveals a lot of very positive factors which certainly will come into effect in the nearest future. Undoubtfully the most positive moment is that a political and economical program has been worked out after tens of years which is acceptable even for the young generation who in the pro-Soviet regimes, traditionally keeps apart from the political life. This program of the democratic socialism has not failed – its fulfilling has been interrupted by force at the very start from the outside before its inner conflicts could have be fully revealed. Thus it remains still very attractive both for the Czech public as well as for the public in the Eastern countries, if not for the whole progressive public in Europe.

The second important factor is the inner renaisance of the Communist party which turned from the bureaucratic and politically almost ineffective organization into an active political force which succeeded in uniting the whole nation gaining it for its program. The Soviet intervention – quite in contrary to what the Soviet leaders intended – completely undermined the conservative wing of the party and strengthened the progressive wing and the centre.

The return to the methods of the past would be possible only in case of a severe attack against the Communist part itself and if the life of the country got under the control of the Soviet secret police again.

Another important meoment can be seen in the fact that during the half year's duration of the so called Prague spring the progressive intellectuals managed to reveal completely and discredit the mechanism of the neostalinist government not only in the eyes of a handful of intellectuals but of the whole Czech and Slovak public. The severed contacts between the progressive intellectuals and the working class were restored again. Even neostalinism needs at least a handful of loyal people believing in the cause; and these will be very hard to find in Czechoslovakia. It will be difficult to find them even among the quislings for they will be scared by the present development. All these factors and moments – not mentioning the change in the traditionally pro-Russian feelings of the Czech nation – might mean that the renewal of a neostalinist system in Czechoslovakia will be difficult even under the auspices of the Soviet troops, even if the Soviets will succeed to gradually remove the present party leadership, what they will certainly try to do.

Nevertheless the prospects of the Czech and Slovak nation will not be very rosy. After any great national upheaval there follows fatigue, if not a hangover. Both Czechs and Slovaks have discovered that though supported by the whole world public, in their struggle, their fate lies completely in the hands of one of the superpowers. They have learned that their freedom is quite fictitious and that the dream of the Czech example to the world has been really just a dream. They have understood that they may differ only in minor details and in certain limits.

The fatigue will grow undoubtfully due to a serious economic situation. The bitterness which can be expected as an overwhelming reaction of the majority of people might prevent mass collaboration but will also make people to turn their backs on further struggle. They might find useless any effort in the country where tanks are watching whether the limitations of freedom are not overstepped.

The question which many people ask now-whether the Czechs and the Slovaks will accept the hard terms–may be answered that they have hardly any other alternative left. Both the Czechs and Slovaks have experienced a hundreds-years' existence how to gain some free space inside non-free conditions imposed on them from the outside. They will seek this again. It is possible that the Russians at the same time when they will feel that the border of their zone alotted to them at the Jalta conference is secured will alow Czechoslovakia to enjoy some extent of freedom. It also is not in their interests to keep up a regime which would cost them millions of rubles a day. So the Czechs hands in hands with their Slovak brothers might try to continue in their reformist program aware of all the limitations due to the fact that they are no longer masters in their own country.

And because there is no life without hope, those who cannot live just for the needs of the present day will rely upon the political development inside the socialist camp of which Czechoslovakia is a member. They know that the evolution which started in Czechoslovakia and also the way in which it was suppressed cannot remain without some response. They know that the Czechoslovak spring must bear its fruit although it is difficult to predict when this might happen.

RICHARD DEUTSCHER.

CHICAGO

EUGENE SCHONFELD

Some Yippies would welcome a bloody confrontation in Chicago this summer. They believe that, while a few people might be hurt or killed, in the long run it would do good for people in this country and over the world. Let me emphasize that most Yippies do not want violence. But those who expect and welcome violence may use their skills of oratory to urge crowds in Chicago to provoke the authorities. They can easily be provoked. All the latent and overt prejudices against minority groups (including hippies) lay very close to the surface in that capital of America's torment.

Last October, I participated in the Friday demonstration at the Oakland Induction Center. At the end of the day, when automobiles were being pushed into the middle of the streets and their tires deflated while street benches and trees were strewn about as additional barricades, I felt a sense of excitement on being involved in the most direct protest of any that I had witnessed.

At the same time I recognized that simply because this kind of protest was effective, it would be followed by more violent protests and met with increasing violence by the opposition. These fears have been realized.

There is no doubt that black people have suffered more persecution in this country than any other minority group. Claims have been made recently that there is a plot to exterminate the black man in the United States. I don't believe there is such a plot but I do feel there is a possibility of this occurring—a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. The assassination of Martin Luther King has led to a vacuum in black leadership, rapidly being filled by black militants, some of whom espouse violence as a means to obtaining their ends.

The Yippies who planned the loot-in at Macy's in New York City on June 8th had no specific complaint about Macy's but chose the store because it is probably the best known department store in the United States. The Yippie looters think this kind of chaotic action may lead to some changes. I have need only look at Nazi Germany to note many striking parallels.

When Germany was affected by the world-wide depression, paper money there became virtually worthless. I recall seeing old motion picture films of people carrying money in wheelbarrows to buy groceries. During the same year in the United States we had the opposite problem—the scarcity of money. However, it was far worse for a money-oriented society like Germany to find its currency worth nothing than to have it worth a great deal and unavailable.

Because of the "safeguards" on our money, banks would not fail in the event of a depression as they did in the 1930's, at least not right away. What would happen is that the currency would just become pieces of paper.

A relatively small and powerless portion of our population consider themselves workers and identify with the "working class." Our unions concern themselves not with political issues, but only with questions of increased pay and benefits for their members. Union members, for the most part, are among the most conservative groups in the United States and truly feel they have a stake in the status-quo.

In a vacuum created by anarchy, violence and economic catastrophe, "status-quo" people look to a strong man or a leader to help them. German communists thought they could use Hitler and later take his power from him. They were among his first victims. Some of the Yippies feel that creating anarchy and chaos will indeed lead to a rightist reaction but then a turn to the left. German communists believed the same until they were eliminated.

Violence leads to more violence. If the Chicago Yip-in ends in violence it could do no more harm to the cause of peace and black progress in this country than if it were directly supportive of the radical right.

The Free University of Berkeley this summer is offering a course in the use of small arms. It is said that this will be a highly popular course. I see no difference between middle-aged housewives in Detroit training with guns or blacks training with guns or long haired so-called hippies training with guns at the Free University.

Fascism is fascism and it doesn't matter whether it is a black fascist, a blue-haired fascist or a long-haired fascist.

There are ways of achieving social change without destroying the entire society. Some members of the underground and overground press believe that the present events in history will occur whatever is said, that they move with inevitable force. But I cannot remain silent, I will not contribute to a situation which potentially could lead to another Nazi Germany, or a situation which might result in thousands or millions of deaths.

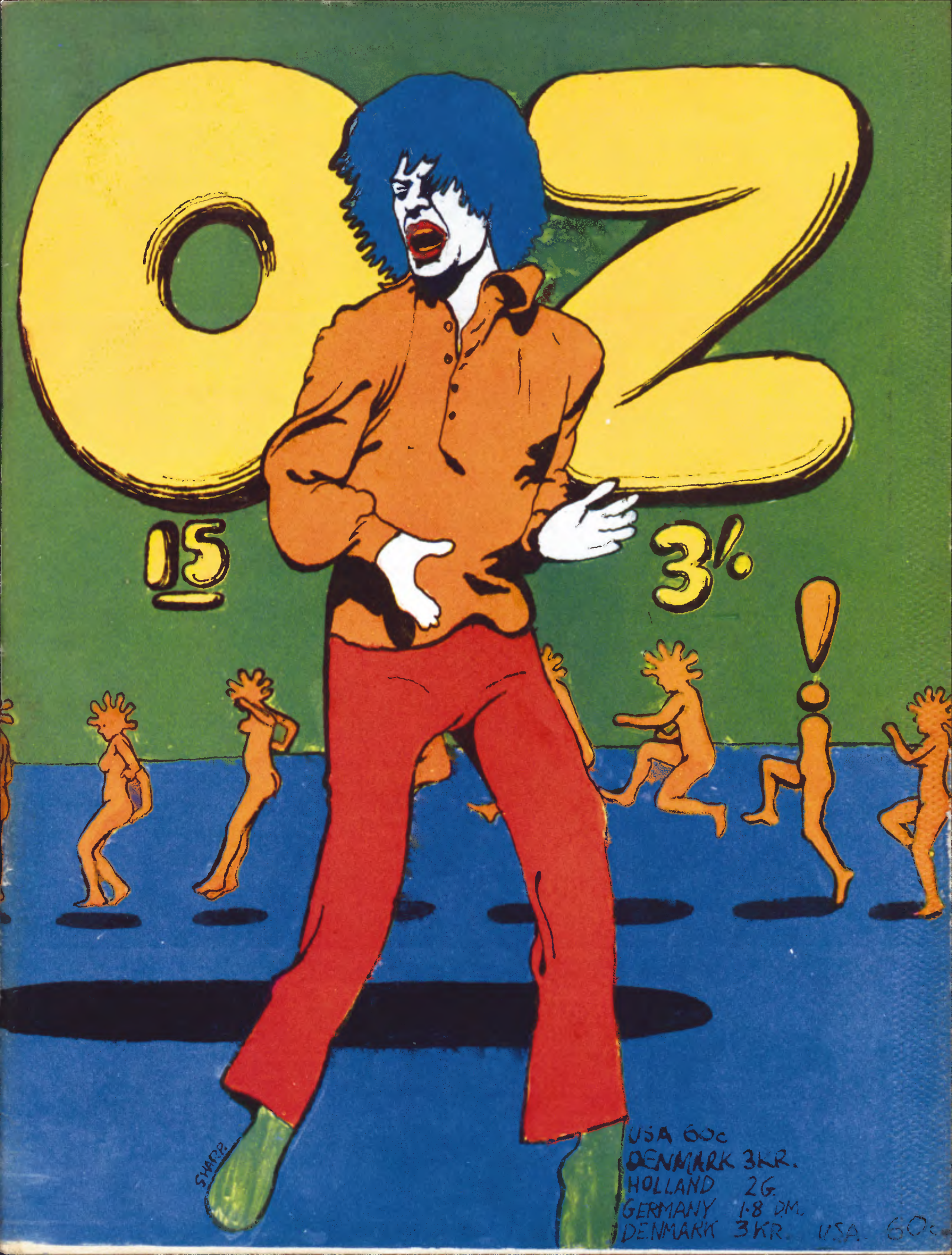
I think the Yippies had an important role in forcing President Johnson to decide to step down at the end of his current presidential term. But all Yippies are not Hippies. One should distinguish the essentially non-violent and pacifistic hippie from militant New Left groups.

I think it is time for everyone to seriously decide whether the situation in this country is so odious and so unamenable to change to warrant riots, rebellions, the possibility of thousands killed or imprisoned and the eventual take-over by the right.

We have only to look to the example of Russia to know that intellectual tryanny can continue 50 years after the end of a revolution. We must ask whether the economic and social inequities in the United States are so severe that they warrant the risk of a destruction of a society and a race of people.

I say things are not yet that bad. I say the non-violent course followed by Gandhi and Martin Luther King is an ideal toward which we must strive. The alternative may be an unprecedented period of barbarism.

I'm not going to Chicago this August.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OZ 15

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Dear Sir,

Thank heavens for the sense of Eugene Schonfield in his article on 'Chicago'. A lot of young militants strike me as plain 'rockers' and 'yobs' excusing themselves with a nihilist philosophy. If only they would realise the validity of Schonfields statement: 'Fascism is fascism and it doesn't matter whether it's a black fascist, a blue-haired fascist or a long-haired fascist.' I pray that readers will stick to a beautiful alternative of OZ rather than the Tyranny of 'Black Dwarf'.

John Dougill
Lockner Farm,
Chilworth,
Guildford.

Dear Sir,

Apropos of 'Happy's' comment in OZ 14, Ray Durgnat may be relaying his hang-ups to other people, but they sound to me like the kind of hang-ups that more than 50% of the population have. Ray scores in being able to articulate them, which is a hell of a lot more than can be said for some of your contributors. If some reader (or perhaps the editor) could provide a commentary on Herman Kahn's piece in No 14, or even give me the general drift of it, maybe I'll learn something. Or is it that the underground sees obscurity and rambling as virtues, even when trying to explain its own hang-ups.

(If you think that's worth printing, and I don't please leave out my address.)
Sincerely,

Brian Morley

Dear Sir,

I have just read OZ No 14 and I feel I should communicate with you and your magazine about your position. First, for a 'supposedly' revolutionary mag you seem to support avidly mass commercial culture. Pop, whether whether it be Hump or the Doors it is still commercially orientated, retrograde, reactionary, primitive (using primitive chord changes and harmonies), traditionless and superficial. What really pains me is all the 'big hips' who shout how progressive it is without even hearing Stockhausen, Boulez or Cage.

Secondly, your letter column seems to be filled with disconcerted spiritualists such as Jamie who forgets man is a social animal, his consciousness is a product of social relations and politics is the weapon of the class struggle and that his philosophy and ideology derive from the superstructure of our society.

Thirdly, all the old cliches–Berke Berke's bourgeousie.

Fourthly, Mr Kahn. Has this dear gentleman never observed anything and seen the economic, social and political structure in its right perspective. He seems to think that capitalism is absolute, that there is no class-struggle and society is static. Someone should inform him that society progresses, the means of productions revolutionise (ie mechanise), labour is not needed. But capitalism needs labour to make profit. Wham. Big contradiction. Economic crisis. Only one way to solve it. Social revolution.

Fifthly, the Czech article. When will the public realise 1) neither Russia nor Czechoslovakia are communist/socialist. 2) You cannot have socialist states. 3) This crisis is due to Czechoslovakia having a far more advanced capitalist type economy than Russia, and therefore wanting to join the also advanced west.

Finally, Chicago–Pacifism doesn't work. Eugene, if you want something you grab it, you don't ask. If you want a change in society, you have to smash it first, and only the proletarians can do that.

In conclusion I would say your magazine is another product of the pseudo-radical set. I wish it wasn't.

Yours sincerely,

Neil Rogall
38 Primley Park Cresc.
Leeds 17.

Dear Sir,

to write on vinyl plastic with wotever media (um) YOU CHOOSE! or is consequently available or PRACTICAL (for instance strong solvents are not recommended unless you wish to produce literature of the obscure)
EVEN SMUCDXVDESE
but wot about making a stencil?
wot about it ,,,,,,,,????????????
'the medium of the printed word is now so outdated that it is abandoned to dilletantes whose only qualifications are their abilities to vary the parchment'–Khufu, egyptian pharoh during the 26th century be inventor of hieroglyph pictograms which he transported to china where through long evolutionary processessssss the complex ideograms of china developed–abasalootaly false history.

TTHE JOINT VENTURE
13 ladbroke crescent W11.

Dear OZ,

At the beginning of September the Turkish government passed a new passport law. This forbids hippies or beatniks from either entering or staying in the country. Many are being turned away and 40 hippies staying in Istanbul were immediately deported as soon as the law had been passed. Their definition of beatnik is bitnik in Turkish. Bit means louse, so really it's lousenik they mean. This means that anyone who has long unkept hair and beards, defiled and sordid clothes and is penniless, will not be accepted.

If anyone gets to Istanbul, don't stay at the Gulhane Hotel or in the area of Sultanahmet, it's renowned for its busts. Don't ever trust a Turk–police rely on informers.

The best hash (esrar) comes from either Bursa or Gasiantep. Don't buy form Istanbul, it's too expensive.

There are many of us busted in Turkey. Turkey is the worst country in the world to get busted in. The minimum sentence given is 2½ hears, the maximum sentence 30 years, the inbetweeners as myself receive 8 years 4 months. We don't receive amnesties, murderers do.

I was busted in the country with Pakistan hash (charas). The cha charas was chatral chatos, each piece was stamped by an official stamp that said: 'Chatral charas' in urdu.

Turkish prisons are like hotels caged with animals.

Do what you can for us, we need someone to take notice of our situation. I've been in nick for 2½ years now and have 3½ more to do. But think of those with 30 years. I write on behalf of all of us, it's been the first opportunity. My letters are not controlled, no one in the city of Erzincan can understand English well enough. Besides they trust me. Anyway, if I'm sentenced for abuse against Turkey and its laws, my case will be stronger . . .

Robert Pontin
Merkez Ceza Evi
Erzingan
Turkey

PS Once when I was Ankara, Oz came to me, how about a few more copies? Sorry I can't send the subscription money. Your stickers came in useful, 'CANNABIS' is stuck upon the cell wall. Ninety five percent of the prisoners are 'heads' here. Many are serving life imprisonment ie. caught with 450 kilos or 0. . . 50 kilos of shit and so it goes on . . .
love
RP

Dear Richard Neville,

In receipt of yours of Sept. 10, very sorry about never writing that piece on Kingsley Amis (some day it will be done) and yes, I *would* like to "generalise my criticisms of the Underground", elaborating my point about its "political deathwish" (your words, boyo), "phoney culture" (yours again), "etc" (again). The "etc" has me worried, since the other two quoted terms pretty well cover the range of my arguments as first made public in my notorious long letter to the *New Statesman,* a letter which I understand has subsequently come to be regarded down there among you all as the four-cornered, hard-edged perimeter of absolute squareness. Well, even though I would never dream of assigning Underground politics a "deathwish", I still *think* that on present showing they have their own doom built in, whether they wish for it or not. Obviously Underground politics, such as they are, *wish* for most of the things which the liberal-humanist tradition has long cherished as the very opposite of death: love, peace, creativity and the rest of the caboodle. But as Hannah Arendt pointed out at the end of one of her classic studies of totalitarianism, *politics is not the nursery.*

Politically speaking, it seems to me that as long as the Underground preaches revolution it is setting itself up to be knocked off. The revolution it calls for would in fact be the worst thing that could happen to it, since the Underground would be automatically and abruptly taken care of by whatever force emerged to administer the resulting chaos. (This force needn't be the police, by the way: vigilante daddies with a few young mouths to feed would justifiably beat you to death with tee-squares as you tried to grab milk from the crates.) In its heart of hearts, of course, the Underground has no plans for revolution, since this would mean taking over an industrial society which is too complicated for it to understand. Nor does it even have plans for bringing immediate pressure to bear on the people who actually *do* administer the industrial complex. Perhaps by instinct, certainly not by brains, the Underground seems to have tumbled to the fact that continued and increasingly complicated industrial progress is the necessary precondition of its own survival. The clearest demonstration of this new awareness (a semi-conscious awareness, I fear) is that the Underground, when it fights at all, fights the police — the very force specifically equipped and paid to deal with street action. As genuine *saboteurs* of the industrial system, the Underground does not rate; although with typically boneheaded ignorance it dismisses the old Committee of 100 stuff as essentially quiescent.

But of course the Underground is right and my generation was wrong on this subject: you can't smash the set-up by peeing down the manhole of an RSG, parking your arse on a V-bomber runway, or even blowing up Battersea powerhouse. The only way to fight City Hall is by providing an alternative mode of existence and keeping it running long enough for the industrial complex to become humanised by penetration and by example. This is the *real* politics of the Underground, a politics it inherited from the CND generation without gratitude or understanding, just as the CND generation inherited the old radical tradition without gratitude or understanding, and so on all the way back to Christ Jesus, whose followers first landed us with the continuous historical problem (not just a difficulty but a *problem* and never to be laughed or sung or "meditated" out of existence) of moving the legions out without moving the priests in. And what I originally objected to about Underground politics I still object to: its pigheadedness about what really *are* its politics, its blindness to the *fact* that it must guarantee the continuity of its own intelligence by clarity and by study, its blindness to the *fact* that a down-grading of technological complexity would mean suffering on a large scale, its blindness to the *fact* that its own present liberty was created in the past by men it has not the knowledge or the discrimination to recognise as heroic, its blindness to the *fact* that any revolution open to a power-grab is a *defeat.*

My idea of unmitigated, catastrophic boredom is to listen to a convocation of dropouts mumbling about Britain's similarity to, say, Greece. The subject of the *differences,* of how these differences came about and how best they can be preserved, never comes up. As a psychological climate, the Underground in Britain is essentially an atmosphere in which some clod getting busted for not being smart enough to hide his pot can imagine himself to be in the same political condition as a middle-aged, committed Greek intellectual being tortured for what he knows. And so on around the ring, until every distinction is blurred. We - are - the - Viet - Cong - and - what - is - done - to - the - Viet - Cong is done to us. (And what is done by the Viet-Cong is done by us?) Che lives. (But have you ever had to decide who dies? He had to. Lovely smile, though.) Dixon - of - Dock - Green - equals - Heinrich - Himmler. In this mish-mash of generalised emotion, realities drown. The murderous complications of politics become elementary photographs, the photographs become trendy wallpaper and everyone who is anyone can feel involved, even (especially) those who haven't the imagination to realise that other people's pain *hurts.*

And meanwhile the extension of liberty in these islands is curtailed and its very preservation threatened by the growing disinclination of the infected young to commit themselves to the choices between evils, the long second thoughts and the necessary boredom vital to liberty. Instead of rights, we are offered Love. Love, that magic word whose manic propagation among this generation is Hollywood's final triumph. As if the guaranteeing of personal liberty against abstracted emotion were not the whole of politics in the modern age!

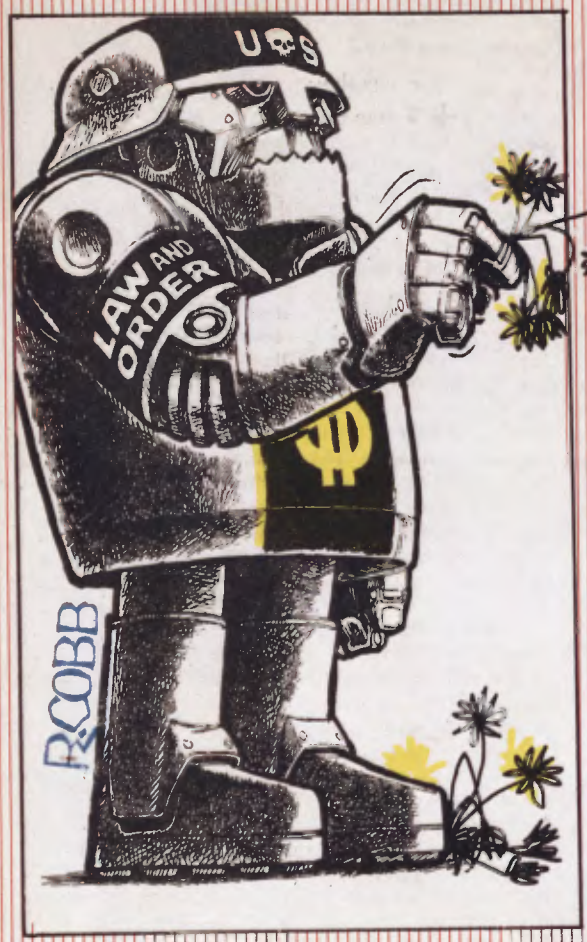
But of course none of this 'Love' garbage could work for a minute without a great deal of equally polarised Hate, which we see venomously directed at handy symbols like the bourgeoisie (the custodian of civilisation in Europe), liberals (we name no names because we know so few), and regular politicians up to (or down to) and including Johnson. It never occurs to people who *cartoon* politics in this way that they are in fact succumbing to the mental corrosion spread into space and time by the two chief tyrannies of this century. Let me make this point once more, Richard, before I turn to our second topic of the evening: **there is only one tradition of thought, that tradition is the liberal-humanist tradition and there can be no simplification of it which is not a distortion.**

As to "phoney culture", I need add very little to what I first argued. It seems possible that the Underground is already shaking itself free from its first chaotic democracy (in which *everyone* is "talented") and evolving towards the realities of art, which, as some of your sweet helpless people have doubtless already realised, means some people being more talented than others. But the cultural ambition of Underground people as a whole remains villainous low, and can be raised only when it is realised that no alternative *culture* is possible. An alternative *society* is at least a proposition, but an alternative *culture* is not even a notion. There is only one culture, in which the unique is added to the unique, and to become aware of its eternal laws is a necessary step in realising that life is not a fairy story. A work of art comes out of the alone on its way to the universal and during its passage through the brain of the poor bastard fingered to be its creator he receives a forcible reminder that "self-expression" is strictly for children. Art is individual, but it is not *personalised,* and has very little to do with happiness. The Underground, expressing itself compulsively, has come up with some styles of dress, a few good ways to decorate the walls, some tricks with lights and some copycat graphics: kid-stuff mainly, and fair enough, since most of its members, by the long time-scale of the artistic life, are children still.

The true significance of the Underground is as a political movement and political movements are not in themselves creative—all they can create is the possibility for creation.

And after all this, am I basically for or basically against? Basically for: and will remain so until the point when the Underground goes irrational by conviction. That point is not yet, but it could come. Every bad poem, Zen epigram and brutal paragraph brings it nearer.

Clive James,
Pembroke College,
Cambridge.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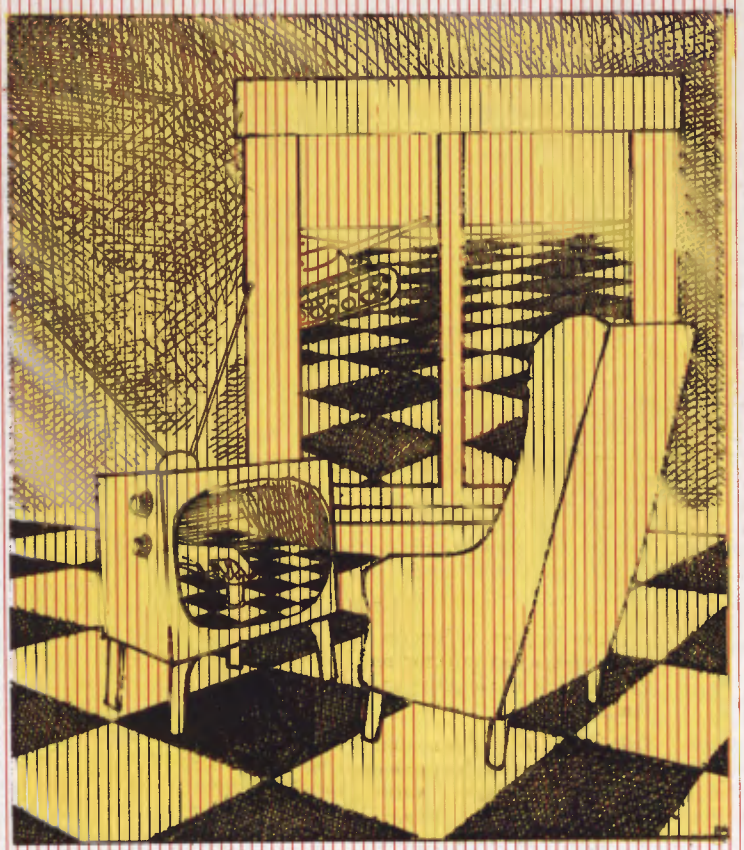
R.COBB



MAN, I WAS A HIPSTER LIKE YOU
...LAST YEAR... VERY UNCOOL... YER
JUST CAN'T BOUNCE CHECKS WITH HAIR LIKE
THAT MAN...
SHARP

These two reports by Release are, in some ways, a very effective reply to the Flip Top Pot anti-legalisation article in this issue.

Dale is the editor of Interzone A and one of the most active participants in the community around Notting Hill—at one time running a free food and clothing stall in Portabello Road.

ONE

✳ The voice of three Villages—Silenced

Having a party in Notting Hill Gate can be hazardous, but there is nothing more likely to revive the flagging party spirit than a visit from the local constabulary, in force. It seems that the police are attracted by party noises but rather than joining in as guests, they prefer to come uninvited on the pretext of looking for . . . drugs.

Dale's flat was raided in April when there was a gathering of 29 people on the premises. The police managed to find a very small amount of pot, and some skins. Nevertheless they proceeded to arrest all 28 people, the 29th was a Russian Orthodox priest who had been allowed to leave.

At Ladbroke Grove Police Station everyone was charged with being in possession of cannabis, but it was technically impossible for all 28 of the people arrested to have possessed the piece of cannabis and the charges against 24 were dropped at committal proceedings five weeks later. Many of those arrested had spent several weeks in custody because they were unable to find suitable sureties to bail them out. (A magistrate can grant you bail but unless you have a friend who is over 21, a householder with no police record, who the police consider suitable—there is not much chance of being released before a trial.)

Dale, and his girlfriend, and two others were the only ones finally charged.

Dale (19) and Kathy (19) were charged with being in possession of cannabis and of allowing their premises to be used. The other two were charged with being in possession of cannabis; one of them pleaded guilty and was fined £10 at Marylebone Magistrates Court. The other was later placed on probation when the case was heard at sessions;

The police referred the case to the Director of Public Prosecutions who considered it serious enough for his intervention, which automatically meant that Dale and Kathy would have to appear before a Jury at Inner London Sessions.

Four months later, four issues of Interzone A later, and a few days after the arrival of Kathy's baby, the case was heard.

Dale and Kathy pleaded 'not guilty' to both charges, they were found 'guilty' of being in possession of cannabis, and 'guilty' of allowing their premises to be used. The case was remanded so that Mr RE Seaton, Chairman of Inner London Sessions, could order probation and medical reports. Kathy was allowed bail, but Dale was remanded in custody. Before the case was finally heard we contacted three people who knew Dale very well, had given him ideas for Interzone A and would act as character witnesses for him. One was a psychologist and two were priests, but Mr Seaton was not persuaded by their evidence to follow any other course than that which the probation officer had recommended. The probation officer's report to Mr Seaton recommended that Dale would benefit from a period of Borstal training.

Kathy was put on probation for two years and Dale was sentenced to Borstal—a discretionary sentence of up to two years.

Borstals are overcrowded, and it is almost impossible to go from the Court to Borstal. So Dale is now in the notorious Borstal Allocation Wing of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, where he could remain for months, until there is a place for him at a Borstal.

He is appealing . . .

✳ A True Story

Chris and Alfred were walking home one afternoon when a blue police car pulled up beside them and a couple of policemen got out. They searched Chris and Alfred, but as they found nothing they got back into their car and drove off.

A few hundred yeards further on the two boys were stopped again by the same police who had bothered them a few minutes before. This time they were told to get in the police car, and unless you are wearing a pinstriped suit with last terms Eton report in your pocket, it is advisable to do what the police tell you. They were taken to Muswell Hill police station and charged with being in possession of cannabis resin.

—What cannabis resin ! ?

—The cannabis resin we found on the pavement when we went back and looked at the spot where we first searched you.

PLANT . . . but Chris and Alfred kept their cool—made no statements, and asked for bail. They were allowed bail of £50 of their own surety and came straight round to Release. They had to appear in Court the next morning but we explained that this appearance was just a formality, as the police cannot proceed with a case until they have an analyst's report on the drugs in question. We told them how to apply for legal aid and gave them the name of a solicitor who would fight the case for them.

They were refused Legal Aid, but their solicitor made the necessary inquiries, the results of which were interesting !

Chris and Alfred had been stopped walking up an avenue—at the top of the avenue there is a cinema.

The police said that when they first stopped Chris and Alfred, a policeman who was sitting on the cinema roof had seen Chris drop a piece of pot on the pavement. The two policemen in the car had not seen this surreptitious movement but on talking to their colleague, who by then had climbed off the cinema roof, had decided to go back to the first stopping place and had found the dropped pot.

This seemed a miraculous piece of detective work and their theory was put to the test. Our solicitor with surveyor and photographer made an excursion to Muswell Hill.

They were surprised to find that, from the spot that the police said Chris and Alfred were first stopped, the cinema was completely obscured by trees.

From the [illegible] taking acrobatics [illegible] place, the area of road where the dropping was alleged to have [illegible] place, could not be seen.

THE CASE WAS DISMISSED WITH COSTS.

[illegible]

TWO

If you're wondering why Brian Jones' sentence (£50 fine) was so light; it's because even the thickest observers realised the stuff was planted.

THREE

For some of us at OZ, the Brighton obscenity trial (Page) was a nostalgic event. In September 1963, the Sydney Stipendiary Magistrate Mr Locke found Australian OZ 6 to be obscene and he gaoled the art director and editors. They appealed, and the conviction was quashed.

Sixteen expert witnesses appeared for OZ, but Mr Locke, the Sydney magistrate, like Mr Ripper the Brighton magistrate, couldn't believe his ears. In his summing up he noted:

'Some remarkable pieces of evidence assist in assessing the weight to these and other opinions expressed by some of the witnesses for the defence. As an example, we find the witness John Olsen deposing, among other things, 'distortion in art is absolutely normal'. In another place he said: 'There is no real world of art that is not distorted'. A second example: the witness AK Stout said 'I do not know what an obscene term is' and in another place he said, 'Four letter words never corrupted anybody'.

Astonished as he was by this kind of testimony, at least Mr Locke did not go so far as to recommend that the witnesses be scolded by the 'University authorities'.

FOUR

David Adams, editor of the forthcoming Notting Hill Herald, explains why:

The process of decentralisation has begun. We've seen it in the Digger movement, and we've seen it in Czechoslovakia; we see it in local community centres and in Welsh and Scottish nationalism. Now the process will evolve and, unless something drastic happens, within the next quarter century we shall have returned to village-styled self-sufficient communities linked to the central zone but autonomous in many respects and with a great deal of self-government. Whether these village-styled communities will be so localised as, say, boroughs or counties are now, or whether there will be a compromise and the small communities will be part of a medium-sized community of a state, and the state autonomous within the federation (eg Notting Hill, Camden, etc within London State, London State being part of the UK federation), depends on many things. The point is that the process is one of historic inevitability.

The actual form of the press is fast becoming redundant. There are faster ways of learning about events and more durable ways of keeping a record of important statements. What the newspaper must become is a reflection of and a service to, a community. The reason that national newspapers are becoming valueless is because they are centralised (despite regional editions that only very slightly from the London-based edition) and because they are hardly interested in dissemination of information.

A new press must evolve. It will be a product of the community, as in the States Village Voice, East Village Other, etc are a real part of the community they deal with. The press must become a self-perpetuating force. It initially guides and stimulates the community and thereafter acts as a voice and a synthesis of the various aspects of the community. It must be by the community, for the community and of the community. At the moment I know of no local paper over here that is just this. There are small journals that serve a minority group; there are others that serve a lot of people in different parts of the world. Perhaps the reason is that we are only just beginning to discover our communities. You can't start a local press and form the community afterwards; by our law of historical inevitability the community evolves and produces its own newspaper.

This is why we are publishing the Notting Hill Herald; it has now become an inevitability, as the evolution of Notting Hill into a community that is working for itself is seen to be an inevitability. The Herald has simply come into being; well, not simply, because the community hasn't got far enough yet to be able to dispense with money and we need money to print the paper.

So we are appealing for funds; and not only for the Herald. The Herald will be published by a group called The West London Free Press. Later the WLFP will publish any printed material that fills a gap in Notting Hill. One of the first things will be a free poetry service, subsidised by profits from the commercial productions like the Herald.

At the moment the press, and this applies to local newspapers as well as nationals, is a one-way media—from newspaper to reader. Editors look at events and decide what their readers are interested in. In fact media, by definition, is a two-way rubber ball. Things happen, and they get reflected; ideas are expressed, and they get reflected; moods are present, and they get reflected. Now newspapers make the news; it's a crazy situation but inevitable if you think of the lack of communication between readers in their environments and the editors in their Fleet Street offices. We will be reflecting an area, acting as a catalyst and, in the truest sense, a medium. We will disseminate information. We will exist only to collect relevant information and pass it on.

If you think you can help, we'll be glad to hear form you. What we really need is money. Once this thing has started, it won't stop. The revenue will pay for the printing with, we hope, some left over for free literature. But the WLFP has to be set up. Donations to: West London Free Press, 1 Glendawer Place, SW7. We'll let you know what's happening as soon as.

FIVE

The Assasination of Maurogenis: Who is next?

On May 29 the body of George Mavrogenis was found in a forest fifteen miles north of Copenhagen. He had been shot through the head. His widow, Brigit Mavrogenis, only stated that she believed his death to be a political murder. Mavrogenis, a member of the Central Unionparty, had once been press attache at the Greek Embassy in Copenhagen, but after the coup of April 1967, he had quit his post and founded a resistance movement against the dictatorial regime in Greece. In view of the fact that anti-junta resistance groups in Europe are being watched and followed by assasination squads sponsored by the present illegal government in Greece, it is not too much to believe that this is only the first of a coming string of assasination attempts. The junta appears to fear freedom among Greeks outside its well-patrolled borders almost as much as it fears freedom at home.

From: Domocrita, June 19

A Quote from the New York Times

'Athens, June 1—The Education Minister, Theophylaktos Papaconstantinou, in a circular made public today, warned that the police had been asked to report, reprimand or even arrest children violating (New Teenage decorum) rules out of school.'

Got any news, information, rumours? Send it to Spike, c/o OZ.

SIX

Second best disc jockey, according to the Melody Maker awards, is Tony Blackburn. Tony was so incensed at John Peel's victory, that he wrote to Melody Maker claiming Peel didn't really qualify as a pop DJ and that the award should go to himself.

SEVEN

After repeated requests for money due, gentle Michael X recently became impatient at the offices of International Times and drew a knife. He left satisfied.

SEVEN

Living up to our reputation for string pulling, nepotism and corruption, the editor of this magazine urges all readers to buy his sister's new novel **The Girl who played Gooseberry** by Jill Neville. Biased as he is, the editor thinks this book is funny, sad, stylish, unexpected and profound. Buy it and swell the family exchequer. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 25/-)

Also highly recommended is The Beginning of the End, by Angelo Quattrocchi and Tom Nairn (Panther) with its extraordinary mixture of poetry and logic.

Note to media men: OZ Advertising Manager, John Leaver is nightly washer-upper at Muffins Restaurant in Ifield Road SW10. Come, enjoy scallops mornay, rosemary lamb and tequila; while John's rinsing your dishes you can discuss next month's advertisement.

EIGHT

The Decca bureaucracy is notoriously cowardly and conservative. The only thing they like about the Rolling Stones is the money they earn. Despite heroic battles all last week, Decca still refuse to accept the Stones' LP lover and have again delayed issue of the

Beggars Banquet. Says a Stones publicist: 'Where will it stop? If we let them change the cover, they'll be in interfering with the lyrics'. Meanwhile their 45, Street Fighting Man, which is not released in England and banned in Chicago, is enjoying discreet brisk sales in One Stop Records (in Oxford Street).

NINE

Both the BBC and Thames television have turned down a Dutch made documentary on the late Biafra, now showing to packed houses in Amsterdam. The film is considered 'too anti British It depicts, in gruesome detail, the bombing and slaughter, showing how whole generations of Biafrans have been wiped out. The film also details the British arms bargain sale.

TEN

If Middle Earth folds it will be due to the single minded efforts of Superintendent Smith of Bowe Street Police Station. His merry men were responsible for the fatal raid on its Covent Garden premises and they've been harassing Middle Earth ever since. When the GLC closed the roundhouse on Saturday 28 September, alternative arrangements were hurredly made at the Lyceum. At 3.30 pm, £350 was paid to its manager for the planned Canned Heat concert that night. A few hours later, Smith's heavies swooped in and warned the Lyceum's manager against accomodating the grooving junkies. Canned Heat was canned once more.

Middle Earth have asked OZ to print the following warning:

In future, anyone found pushing, carrying or fixing will be grabbed and turned over to the police immediately.

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NORTH CAROLINA ANVIL Box 1148, Durham, NC 27702
OPEN CITY 4369 Melrose, Los Angeles, Cal 90029
OTHER SCENES Box 8, Village Sta, New York, NY 10014
OUR DAILY BREAD 2010 2nd St So, Minneapolis, Minn
THE PAPER Box 367, East Lansing, Mich 48823
PEACE & FREEDOM NEWS c/o Peace Action Ctr, 2525 Maryland Ave, Baltimore, Md 21218
RAG 609 W 23rd St, Austin, Texas 78705
RAT 201 E 4th St, New York, NY 10009
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SAN DIEGO DOOR 7053 University Ave, La Mesa, Cal 92041
SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE, 1371 Haight St, San Francisco Cal 94117
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INTERNATIONAL TIMES 22 Betterton St, London WC2
*OLVIDATE Apartado Nacional * 8373, Bogota 1, Colombia*
OZ 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, london W8, England
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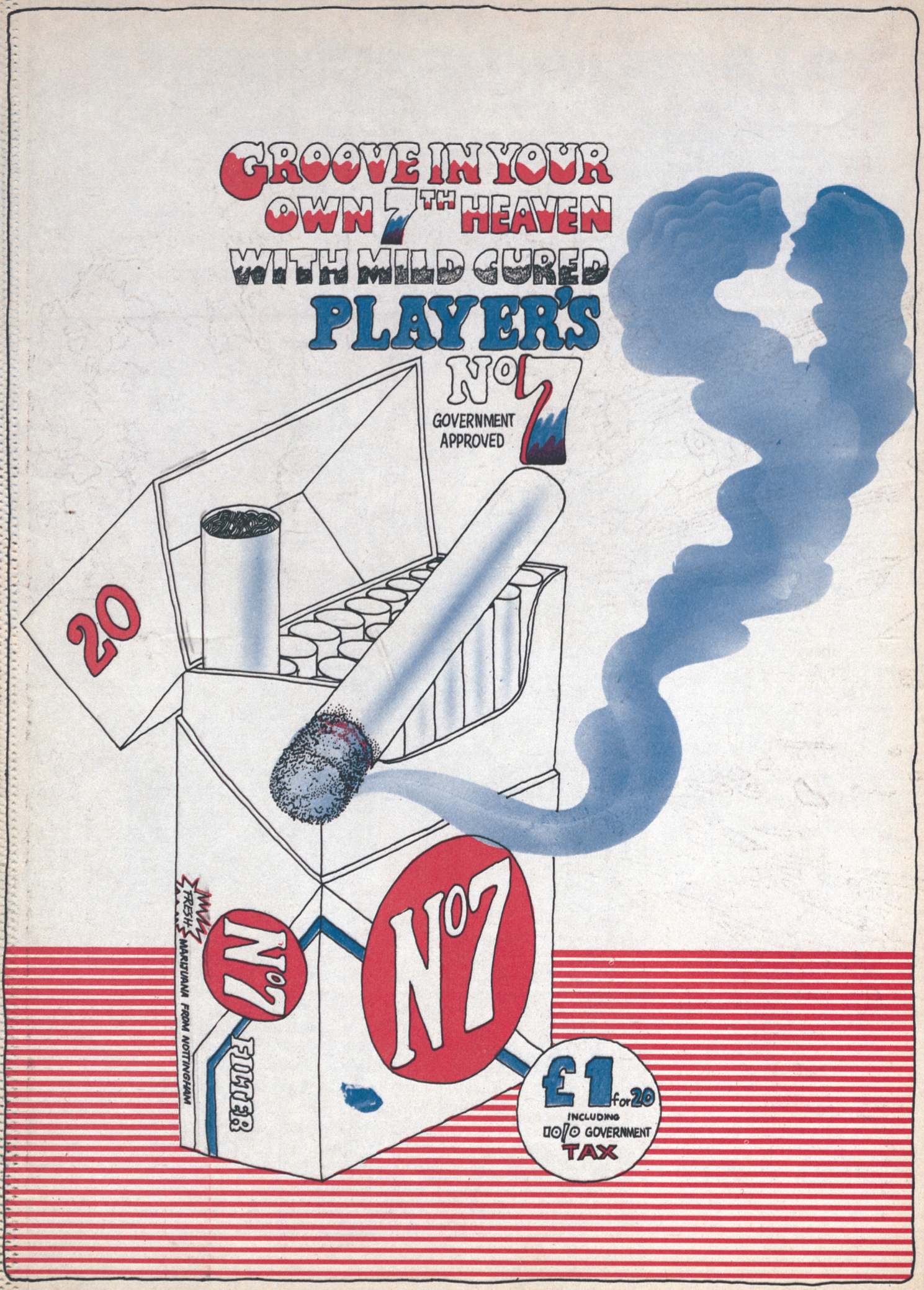
PIANETA FRESCA 14 Via Manzoni, Milano 20121, Italy
REAL FREE PRESS Wolstraat 41, Antwerp, Belgium


GROOVE IN YOUR
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Flip Top Legal Pot

Legalise Pot rallies are so beautiful; hundreds of doe-eyed painted people stirring slowly under the soft sky, bound together by their sense of gentle daring in a common cause, holding smoking incense sticks like they were precious aphrodisiacs or opium pipes at least. Not less beautiful, but probably more so because their beauty is not compromised by utility. If pot is legalised it won't be capitulation to this kind of demand: when our masters decide to have pot on their side it is dubious whether it will be to our ultimate advantage.

It is clear that nobody wants to be penalised for doing something harmless and pleasant, but do we really want our pot legal?

Champions of legality do, because the law against marijuana is too clear an example of the arbitrary nature of the law, but to many of us the notion of law itself is antipathetic. The law exists, we are told, to protect life and property. It protects life by outlawing abortion, euthanasia and suicide, ie: it insists on life even when it is unbearable to the liver. It cannot be proved ever to have prevented a murder or an assault, and can be proved to have legally killed and to have penalised those who refused to fight and kill. Police brutality is legal massacre. In the interest of life, it proscribes marijuana, as a dangerous drug less habit forming than tobacco and coffee and considerably less harmful to the organism than alcohol and aspirin. If the law did protect life or could protect life against war, madness, or disaster perhaps there would be some point in wooing legality, but there seems to be no point at all in respecting it as the safeguard of property. Many of us do not believe in the inalienable right of property, to the extent that we possess little or nothing, and do not complain when it is used or carried off by others, and tend ourselves to use and carry off the goods of others, especially department stores and bookstalls, and yet I do not find posters saying

Legalise Theft.

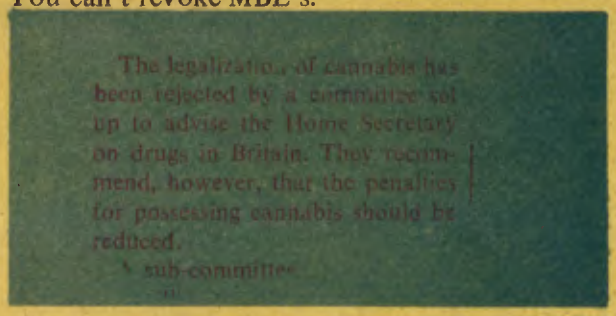
Everything that I do can be guaranteed to annoy a guardian of the law in a certain frame of mind, and yet I cannot join any movement to

Legalise Offensive Behaviour.

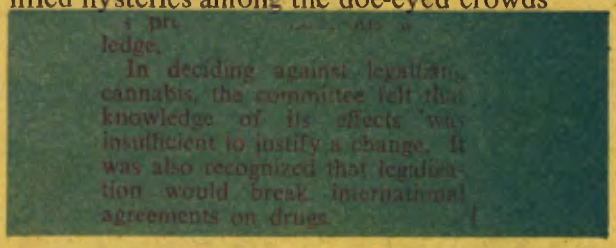
It would be less soft-headed, and consequently more beautiful, if equally futile, to rally in Hyde Park under the banner

Fuck The Law.

The signers of petitions to legalise cannabis go to some lengths to distinguish themselves from the criminal classes. Of the thousands who would sign and maybe did, the publicised names were priests, members of parliament, pop intellectuals, jurists and doctors, stooges of the establishment, some of whom were so rosily innocent of the irrational nature of arbitrary opposition that they cried out in amazement when they were passed over in the race for more eminent positions within the establishment. Others were so firmly entrenched that they didn't have to worry. You can't revoke MBE's.


The legalization of cannabis has been rejected by a committee set up to advise the Home Secretary on drugs in Britain. They recommend, however, that the penalties for possessing cannabis should be reduced.
sub-committee

The rest of you, stop and consider before you rally again, what legalisation would mean. Our masters will not legalise marijuana until they have worked out how to control it, which means *how to exploit it.* When the cigarette companies have finally lost their battle to conceal the relationship between smoking and lung cancer, they will begin pressurising for legalised marijuana (and ought to be designing the scene right now). Their economic pressure is more powerful and more subtle than the unintelligible ravings of a few unamplified hysterics among the doe-eyed crowds


ledge.
In deciding against legalizing cannabis, the committee felt that knowledge of its effects was insufficient to justify a change. It was also recognized that legalization would break international agreements on drugs.

of Hyde Park. Governments get a useful slice of revenue from cigarettes, otherwise tobacco would already have been outlawed. The potential rakeoff from pot is enormous—it's even more than what goes to the pushers.

Then the advertising campaigns will begin: all the young executive prestige shit will gather round the kind of joint one smokes. They'll come in flip-top boxes and be lit with Dunhills, photographed on malachite bedside tables, with automatic pistols and platinum cuff-links. All the slow ritual of rolling a joint, the gentle rhythm of passing it from lip to lip . . . all the communion of the shared conspiracy gone. The smoke won't be as good either, adulterated with commercial products,

dry and stale from being too long in the packet, or the shop, or the machine.

Maybe it won't happen that way, only one thing is certain: if pot is legalised, it won't be for our benefit but for the authorities'. To have it legalised, will be also to lose control of it.

The alternative is to join the criminal classes and be done with it. Regard the law as your enemy (it is actually impartial to all but itself) and take steps to lick it. The negro, prevented from joining the whites on his own terms, closes the ghetto to the white man. The pot smoker may reject legality and work instead to promote lawbreaking in that form, as far as possible with impunity. To begin with Stop Getting Caught.

Any London con can tell you that you're more likely to get caught when you aren't doing anything wrong than when you are, so it's nonsense to think that you need not develop any routines to protect yourself because you're not doing anything wrong. The law is not concerned with right and

> But there is no doubt that Mr Callaghan will be sympathetic to the case for a change of law over the ownership of premises. The [illegible] der heavy criti-

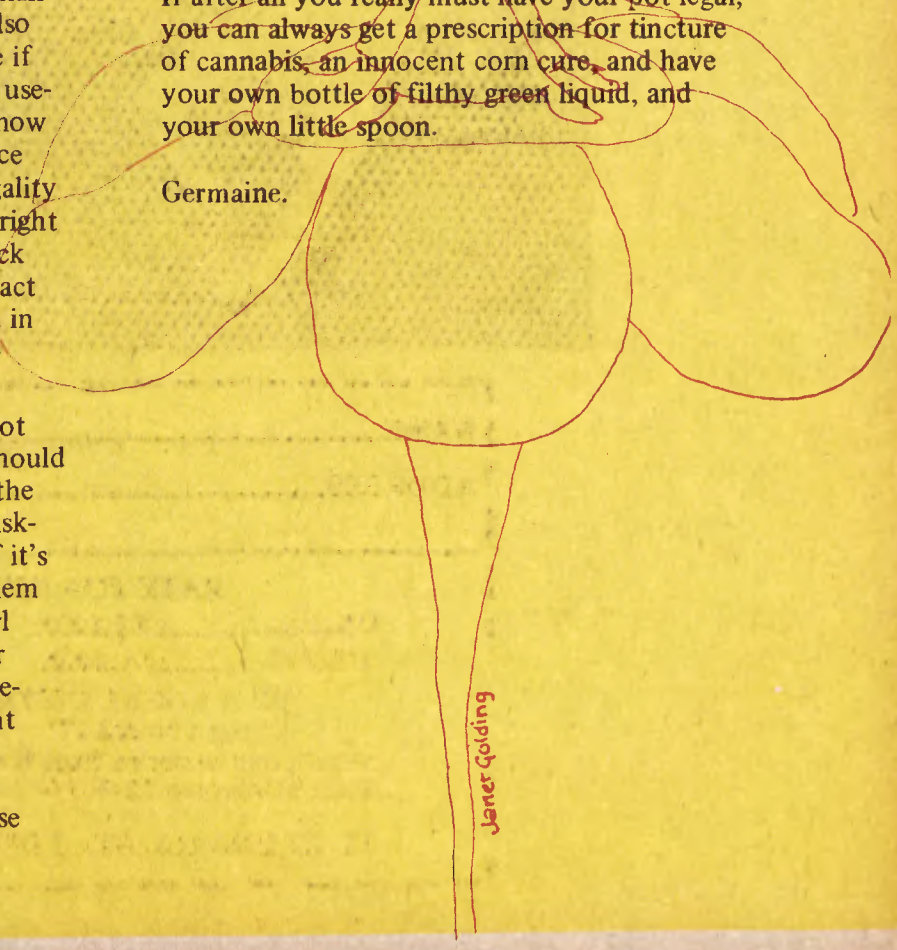
wrong. Any criminal knows that the police will manufacture any evidence that they cannot find, and better it should be pot than detonators and gelignite, or heroin. He also knows that in all but the rarest cases (like if you're a bishop in mufti) it is worse than useless to claim having been framed. Learn how to deal with the police. The great evidence manufacturing industry is part of that legality pot smokers are so anxious to get on the right side of. Fuck it. (One way you could fuck it, if you are caught, is to insist on the exact amount you were carrying being declared in court, so the cops don't keep half of it to plant on somebody else.)

Most criminals know the law very well: pot smokers don't bother to find out. You should know exactly how little you have to tell the fuzz. If the cops stop you on the street asking what's in your paper bag, especially if it's obviously records, pause before letting them search the rest of you long enough to hurl your gear into the nearest front garden or down the grating or into a crowd, or somewhere. Even if they find it, it's a different matter to prove that it's what you threw. Even if you're not carrying anything you could throw something else just to confuse things. Another way is to carry some harmless substance like basil leaves, or sugar cubes, or sugar pills, so that they think that they've found the gear and don't bother to fit you up, and only after tests discover their error. The tests are too documented and too public to be rigged (I think). Learn the criminal's rule, to protect your own, especially your connection, and don't as one idiot did toss your gear to someone else when you're getting busted. Remember ignorance of the contents of a parcel is no defence. If you're in a public place which is getting busted drop the gear on the floor because it can't be traced to you and the management is for it anyway, that's if you can't drop it in the can in time. Awful to think of the stuff the fuzz gets hold of for free. Don't leave gear at home: if you must have it around it's safer on you, especially if you're staying with a friend. Don't stockpile it: let the pushers do that: for them it's a calculated risk.

There are more ways out, and we must develop them. If, like Mafia and Prohibition we succeed well enough in breaking the law and not getting caught, it will paradoxically have more effect in getting pot legalised, than all the pious ejaculations and gormless pleas for gentler sentences, because people cannot be allowed to get away with things. We have certain advantages over criminals of a less self-conscious type, so let's use them.

If after all you really must have your pot legal, you can always get a prescription for tincture of cannabis, an innocent corn cure, and have your own bottle of filthy green liquid, and your own little spoon.

Germaine.



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I CAN'T ESCAPE

The emptiness in my arms is an evil force, driving me to inexorable ruin. To satisfy my needs, I am willing to gamble away everything.

by Myra Norris

I had the dream again last night. It was so real that I awoke with my body sweat-drenched. Even after I was fully conscious, I seemed to feel the hands roaming over me, taking their pleasure, meeting no resistance on my part.

I rolled over in our huge double bed. I reached out my hand. My fingers touched Don's undented pillow. I withdrew them as if they had touched a loathsome reptile. With growing awareness, I recalled that Don would be away another ten days. The swing through the mid-west district wouldn't be curtailed for hell or high water. These junkets never are.

And I don't dare complain. I have no right to. The house we live in, the clothing I wear, the insurance policies which protect the children and myself are all very much involved in Don's journeys to his company's district offices.

But as I listened to the ticking of the clock and glanced down the length of my naked body, I knew that I would be taking action again. And the thought sickened me.

"You're no better than a cheap whore," I told myself. The words bit into me with the force of a whip blow. No woman likes to think of herself in these terms.

I rolled over on my stomach and buried my face in my arms. I tried to will myself back to sleep. It was useless. The quivering in my loins, the ache in my belly, the pounding of my heart against my breasts wouldn't allow sleep. Finally I rose and watched the dawn come up in the eastern sky.

At breakfast I managed not to betray my innermost feelings to the kids. I packed their lunch boxes, herded them into the Mustang and got them to school. I hoped that their innocence would not be destroyed by their mother. Yet I knew there was a distinct possibility that it would. Supposing Don found out.

You never can tell about that. You're never safe. There's always the unexpected return, the gossiping neighbor, the telltale clue.

Yet knowing all these things wasn't enough to stop me I pulled into the parking lot behind the Double E and found a phone booth. I trembled so that I found it difficult to insert the coin into the slot. "Make him be at home!" I breathed.

The receiver buzzed once; twice. Although the day wasn't particularly warm, the clammy sweat broke out along the length of my spine.

Then; "Hello?"

"Jack, darling."

"Hey, it isn't even nine o'clock yet."

"I have to see you. Are you free?"

"For you? You bet your round little bottom. And don't let anybody pinch it until I get there. Give me an hour to shave and clean up."

"The usual place?"

"The usual, naturally."

THE usual place is a suite in a motel near Kennedy International Airport that Jack's firm keeps for visiting firemen. Cars pull in and out all day long and there are never any questions asked.

I could scarcely breathe with the excitement that gripped me. It was an excitement tinged with the worst possible feelings of panic and guilt. *(Continued on page 54)*

HO! HO! HO!

CONFESSIONS OF A

MY PASSION DRIVES-

FAITHLESS SUBURBAN WIFE

Alan Aldridge's book jacket for 'Drop Out' by Robin Farquharson (Blond 25s October). Last winter Dr Farquharson suspended a successful career and 'dropped out'; his book is an impression of contemporary society seen from the bottom up.

Revolution '68
The right story's the left one

So read **The Beginning of the End: France, May 1968** by Angelo Quattrocchi and Tom Nairn, two non-compromising writers of the Left who tell it like it is. Angelo was there. Tom wasn't but what the Hell, he still knows what it's all about better than any press-room full of capitalist mass-media pundits. So will you—when you've read him.

Even more so if you also read **The Student Revolt: the Activists Speak** with contributions, interviews and so on from Cohn-Bendit, the March 22 Committee, etc., etc. **Both 6s**

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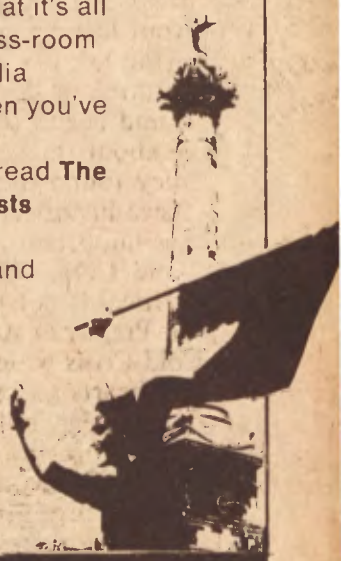

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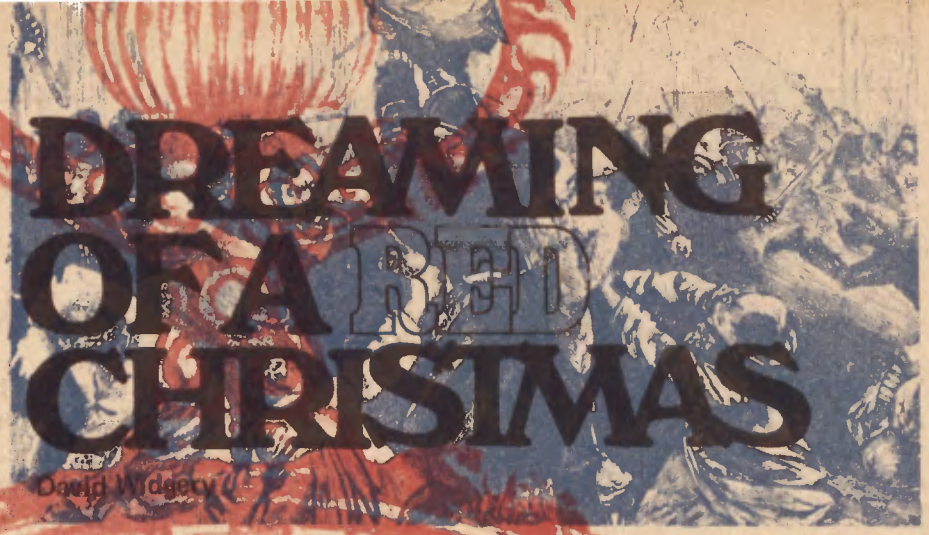
'I do not agree with the many, who think it is even now too late so to compose the public mind as to be able to stop at Reform, instead of driving on to a Revolution . . . The example of France should certainly operate, to prevent our thinking of settling things on a totally new bottom.
Major Cartwright to Thomas Hardy 1826

'If you do not give the people reform, they are going to give you social revolution. Let anyone consider the possibility of a series of dangerous industrial strikes, following the present hostilities, and the effect that would have on our industrial recovery.'
Quintin Hogg 1943



It moves. After two decades of devout leaning against locked doors, the left has walked into two or three of the boudoirs of power and begun to convince people about the secret passages they found there. 1968 is decisive historical punctuation quite as important as 1917, 1872 and 1848. What makes it so critical is not just Paris in May or Prague in August or the Cold Crisis which made the bankers hearts go cold everywhere this year, but the impact of all three on people and their politics. The separate proofs add up to a revolutionary theorum. Paris showed the flush of energy and resourcefulness released by workers who according to the script was hopelessly conned, cajolded and cut and dried by the system. Prague (and its echo and cameo in Chicago) which showed again, if further proof were needed after '53 and '56, that the Communist World has nothing to do with socialism and the Free World has even less to do with freedom . . . neither side really objects to slaughter in the streets as long as it stays the right side of the fence. The gold crisis too has collision which ought not to have been able to happen but which has left the banks bleeding and the growth rates amputated. The authorised version of two hostile and incompatible social systems, has been shown, unignorably on 100 million cathode tubes, as two intolerable systems of human human domination. The revolutionaries are those, in the Mekong Delta, the Chicago stockyards, the Oakland courthouses, the factory action committee and the college lecture hall in France, fighting, cometimes winning, but recognising and naming Capital and its lieutenants and integuments. The left for which for twenty years has been huddled to keep warm round various campfires in the dark and shouting insults at one another, has at last seen the glor glory of a mass movement without which they looked, and were, a joke.

After France and Enoch in the absence of a popular party, stalinist or social democratic, many workers are feeling the need for politics; many engineers are reluctant about their national strike precisely because they realise that without real politics it will get smashed with both arms tied behind its back. Those who (mis reading Marx) thought that workers had to be driven by misery will see them beckoned by ideas, ideas which take on a power of their own in the world of chimneys and girders. The programme is increasingly simple; the system stinks and it moves over if you push it hard enough.

Just to take one example, that of the struggle of council tenants, now almost entirely working class since the Town Hall has largely replaced the private landlord who can make a bigger profit in building office blocks and middle class commuter estates. In 1915, a group of Glasgow housewives decided to knock the rent increases and they fought on their own with broomsticks, dustbin lids and pails of water to throw at the Council bailiffs. The court cases were blockaded by thousands of workers from the shipyards, the foundries and the munitions factories. Soldiers informed by letters to the front began to talk of mutiny. In insurrectionary crises, the first Rent Act was passed fixing the rent at the pre war level . . . many tenants are still living on the gains of this victory. In '39 tenants took over the control of their buildings during rent strikes in Birmingham and the East End, at Langdale Mansions Police had to negotiate with tenants pickets before being allowed through to interview a man who had committed a crime. In St Pancreas in 1960 when 400 police and 28 bailiffs sprung a surprise raid, housewives waving frying pans ran to building workers on the Shell south bank site and and railmen in the Camden Goods Yard who marched back to the estate and routed the forces of law and order. The bailiffs report describes the flat of one of the evicted tenants: 'The original door has been removed and a bulkhead lined with steel plates six inches thick fastened in its place, buttressed with heavy baulks of timber. The windows too, were firmly secured with thick planks. Work was commenced on the door but no impression made. Attention was then turned to the window and a hole made, through which the defendent kept up a steady fire of bottles'. This October 240,000 GLC tenants face the first of four yearly increases in rent with

wages frozen and unemployment the highest since the war; there are already signs that if the Council try evictions it could be on the scale of Glasgow, already dockers and car workers have promised support and there have been massive tenant demonstrations in Central London which the press has systematically ignored.

But if the systems growing economic jerkyness will generate new political failure will express itself in the ideological responses of the middle class. Not only does the system creak at its arthritic joints and its trade pulse wander and grow more reedy. But as a civilisation, as a set of abstract values, as a way of life, modern capitalism is not just in a state of terminal melancholia, it has actually ceased to exist. The tone of its ideology is prematurely drained of any optimism, just listen to the language of Humphrey's speeches, still-born in his tonsils. Its rhetoric meanders from a mystified scolding to an irrational violence. For not only did the end of the Undemocratic Convention in Chicago exemplify the systems inability to recognise the one man, McCarthy, which might be able to save it from within, but McCarthy himself was unable to do anything outside the definitions of the system except go on thinking like Thomas Aquinus and acting like Florence Nightingale.

We are in the process of seeing quite how far most quondam liberals are prepared to go in order to keep their own indignation safely in leash. In the States, the time is long past being against the war, but please Mr President a little less bombing, against the draft but Hell we'll go, nothing against pot and LSD we'd love to try some, some day. But now in Britain the tone of public liberalism (fulsome or niggardly depending on the party in power) is becoming increasingly inconvenient. It should not be lost on us that it is the Observer which is offering bright ideas about anti-riot weapons, William Rees-Mogg who front pages the most sketchy lies about forthcoming insurrections and lovable, Labour back benchers whining ignorantly about riot suppression.

What the black community and working class militants have known for generations is being painfully discovered by those middle class intellectuals who have previously cherished and diseminated the most endearing illusions about the basic decency of our system. Now even they are coming to realise that modern Britain was built on blood, the ache of mens muscles, skulls and gravestones, and this it was built by gangsters and thieves. The difference is that until recently this bloody part of the business has been done out of sight, in India, Malayia, the far East, Greece and the Labour Camps of South Wales and the Industrial North which are as foreign counties. But now, and from now on, the police courts the cells, the senior common rooms and the graduate employment exchanges is showing the priviliged something of the methods the system has used to oppress the rest of the world.

Middle class rebelliousness and bourgeois hooliganism has other intriging results. It seems to be leading the guilty sons and daughters of the British bourgeoisie to adopt, as a grotesque toughness, the romantic illusion that violence of itself is strenthening and purifying. Certainly the evidence suggests that the revolutionary class is always the subject of attack and that without self defence the active non-violence of socialist society cannot be created. In that sense, soft core pacifism is not only a delusion but a dangerous snare because it leaves the agressor in possession of the initiative. But the sons of gentle folk bragging of how hard they hit a copper is as repulsive as violence for its own sake is anywhere, and has nothing, repeat nothing, to do with socialism. The idea of violence as the highest form of class struggle and the superiority of racial nationalism to socialist internationalism are simply crude rationalisations of the absence of many of any mass industrial support in Britain and the inability of the rationalisers to go about getting any. In all probability, the demands in England to demonstrate 'that power is in the street' will in fact simply demonstrate that power is sitting in front of his TV watching the Golden Shot. Students, layabouts and undergroundies simply lack any point of purchase on the system. Which is not to say there are not a great deal of things that can be clear sightedly done.

A pleasant start might be for British hippies to stop being sentimental and lazy about the system, and going on as if their highest aim is to serve in oriental boutiques. If one per cent of the celestial beings who say, packed a gross and commercial Doors-Airplane concert, devoted themselves to throwing accurate yoghurt bombs at the Queen or undressing in Court we would be a lot better off. And the more obsessive of the Guevara fans ought to start realising that our Sierra Miestre is the council estates and skill at duplicating leaflets is more valuable than knowledge of a carbine. And everyone ought to start realising that words like redundancy and unemployment, so effortlessly slotted into political diagrams means grown men with families and without jobs not sure how to replace last years school uniform which has holes in it, wives forced to do three hours cleaning floors before most of us are up, husbands doing the washing up and sitting broken in the kitchen; real holes, real floors, real people. The new present is about these people, their needs and their fight to defend and win them. The mixture is more combustive now than at any time since the War; intellectuals of the world, ignite.

TURN TURN TURN

YOU JUST CAN'T SHOOT PEOPLE DOWN IN WARM FLOWING VERMILLION BLOOD LIKE THAT, FLOODING THE GUTTERS TURNING THE PARKS TO LAKES OF CRIMSON

YANK M'DOODLE IT'S A DANDY HAW! HER! HO!

Tell me Mr. John Wayne How do you feel about being Not chosen as Mr. Wallace's Vice-President

AW SHUCKS! THAT'S SHOWBIZ FOLKS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, AND THE MEN AND WOMEN

MERELY PLAYERS, THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS and THEIR ENTRANCES.. ....PSSSST

ER.. THOU SPEAKEST WISER THAN THOU ART WARE OF...

AWAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of Night.. HAS FLUNG the Stone that puts the Stars to FLIGHT!

AS YOU READ THIS ARE THE OLDEST YOU HAVE EVER BEEN

THESE ARE DAYS

WE THINK THEY'LL NEVER END!

HEY JEWD HEY JEWD

NUDGE NUDGE

NUDGE

NUDGE

AS YOU READ YOU ARE THE OLDEST YOU HAVE EVER BEEN

OH, TELL ME MR. CALL WHY YOU LEGAL POT BECAUSE SCRU BY THE CREW

VOT IZ IT GEORGE

By far the most costly war in terms of human life was World War II (1939–45), in which the total number of fatalities, including battle deaths and civilians of all countries, is estimated to have been 54,800,000.

INTO THE UNKNOWN

and all day long the hunters stalked the streets in search of the flower children of the concrete, nikkon automatics horny for images. Saint Stephen was stoned out of his mind... don't leave him hanging all

6,000,000 can't be wrong

WHAEVER MAN GIVES ME IN TRUE DEVOTION, A LEAF, A FLOWER FRUIT OR WATER, I WILL ACCEPT it. That gift is love the heart's dedication..

I SEE MY LIFE COME SHININ' FROM RADNOR WALK TO WORLD'S END ANY DAY NOW. ANY DAY NOW I SHALL GO TO WALES

BUY THE IS SICK BRITISH

IS THERE ANYBODY THERE IS THERE ANYONE THERE TO RECEIVE ALL THE GIFTS? THE GIFTS I ALWAYS OFFER WHEN I KNOW THERE IS NO ONE THERE

M MIND

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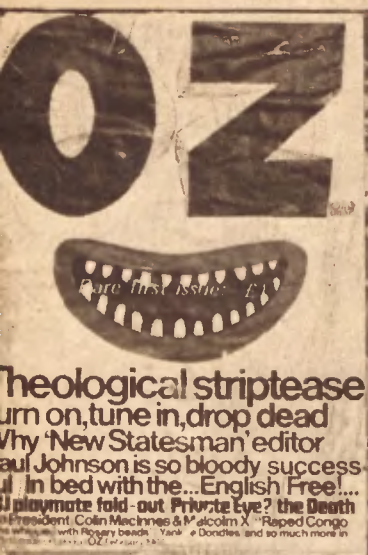
Do you want the corgis?

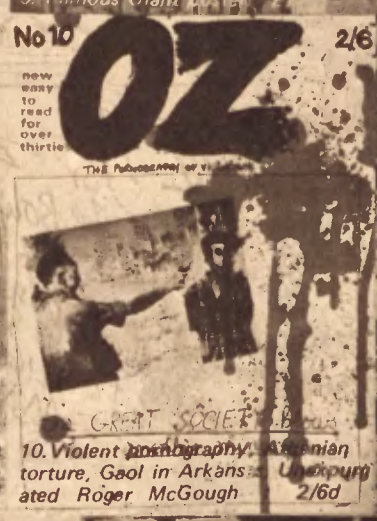


5. Famous Giant poster

6. Dope sheet, King of Khatmandu, Letter from Greece, John Peel, [illegible] ayed McLuhan, Blue movies : 2/6d

7. Dylan analysed, Wog Beach shock, Maharishi, Michael X and flower power, Sunset Strip killer : 2/6d

8. Edward de Bono, Questioning on Russia, Guerrillas, Beatles [illegible] cult, [illegible] Filthy pictures : 2/6d



10. Violent pornography, Armenian torture, Gaol in Arkansas, Underpurpated Roger McGough 2/6d

11. Yippee! Famous Vietnam parody, [illegible] offensive, Groupies, Protest, Rock [illegible] 2/6

12. Virginia's [illegible] Chamber, Three [illegible] colour Buddhist [illegible]

13. Some have come back to life right [illegible] Rocks exposed, Marriage [illegible] Living in sin, Snakes & ladders, Quattro [illegible] The colour [illegible] Guide to [illegible]

14. [illegible]'s Bourgeois [illegible] Sihanouk [illegible] H Kahn [illegible] 2/6

15. Another [illegible] English gold gate fold, [illegible] When Harrods is looted, Beginning of the end : 2/6d

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BARRICADES AROUND THE SMALL SCREEN

'If you want to make a revolution first take over the television.'

'If only we had our hands on television we could transform society'

'If THEY didn't have firm control of the BBC and the ITV they wouldn't stay in power another week.'

How true is all that?'

'Television is a revolutionary medium but that doesn't mean that it can be used to transform consciousness within any given society. The attitude of people towards the television medium is inherently revolutionary in the sense that it contains a built-in demand to control that medium but television can only illuminate the information about a society that its inhabitants already possess in general terms.

Most public discussion about television programmes isn't fundamentally discussion about quality—it is argument about what ought and ought not to be shown.

If you don't like a book you take it back to the library; if you don't like a play or a film you walk out; if you don't like a newspaper you change to another one. If you hate a television programme you complain to the relevant authorities and ask them to take it off. In every television viewer, and I don't believe there are really any exceptions to this, there is a thwarted programme controller.

'In other words with television as with no other medium, there is an automatic demand on the part of the recipients to exercise control.

'At the same time there is an automatic simultaneous demand on the part of the authorities to exercise control. Both government and viewer share the identical underlying supposition: that to communicate pictures to half the population is to be able to mould society. Every individual viewer knows of certain things that he doesn't want his fellow citizens to hear or believe for fear that this will ultimately alter the way society operates; every government fears that its functions will be, in some mysterious way, usurped or its own political structure altered or disrupted, if certain categories of ideas and information circulate on the enormous scale on which the television medium operates. In other words both series of pressures upon television are pressures towards ***censorship and self-censorship: all*** discussion hitherto conducted about the organisation of the medium of television has been discussion about ways to tie it up, to prevent it realising its believed potential. But there is in fact no reason to accept that it has any such potential, any power to influence people much beyond the point they've already reached.

Of course television has never operated outside conditions of thorough control of one sort or another in any part of the world; there's no way to test this argument.

But there are certain things we do know. If you use television consistently as a means of lying and distortion you create a situation in which the medium as a whole is disbelieved. The greater the degree of control by government and party over television in, say, the Soviet Union or pre-Dubcek Czechoslovakia, the lower the level of public credence. The same really goes for France.

'If Brezhnev himself took control of Czech television and changed all the personnel to suit his own ends (as he might well do) he wouldn't succeed in persuading a significant proportion of the Czechs that the Russian troops moved in to stop a counter-revolution. He might terrorise them simultaneously into signing pieces of paper to that effect but no matter what proofs he might present, if his message failed to match the actual experience of the people watching he would fail to convince them.

'Television operates within the area of accepted consciousness. Governments in insist on keeping tabs on it in one way or another 'to keep it out of irresponsible hands' but although television can be used to make the gentle shifts in public opinion necessary to shift Douglas-Home for Wilson or Wilson for Heath no set of hands, however 'irresponsible' could use the medium to shift the system of government out of existence.

But there is still this inherently democratic demand by the viewer to take charge of himself. What about that?

Television seems to bring out the authoritarian in people, whatever their alleged views on politics in general. It has the power to accelerate changes in ideas and tastes-but the kind of influence it wields in this field is more apparent than real; a social change engineered by a spate of programmes is apt to evaporate overnight when something else comes along—unless there is a real basis for that change existing quite independently of television.

The point is that the revolutionary element in the nature of television occurs in the instances when it makes the unconscious feelings of masses of people conscious and explicit, when something hits the screen that people already know but didn't realise could be openly stated. Recently you had in Britain a programme that went fairly thoroughly into the question of the behaviour of the police towards black immigrants; previously no-one on a really public medium had drawn attention to a widespread phenomenon of maltreatment. After the programme many papers said the 'police had won' and the usual liberal elements contended that the 'police had lost' and it was left at that; but no-one troubled to find out what had happened to the consciousness of immigrants themselves after the programme. For the first time something that related peculiarly to their experience was dragged into the open and turned into a fixed point of public discussion, known about, argued about. For them the television programmed had of course changed nothing at all as far as their physical well-being was concerned, but it had subtly altered an aspect of their identity as a group within British society.

Television could build upon the desire of the viewer to take charge of it; it has a strange power to take what an individual or a small group realise is happening to them or within them and generalise upon it with an entire society looking on. The problem is how the viewer, on one level participating less in regard to this medium than in the case of any other, thrusts his private or unconscious realisations towards the people who fill the screens. How does the television medium scramble out of the bonds with which the authorities and the viewers continually leash it up and realise a series of potentials that would be profoundly revolutionary?

I don't know. Perhaps you have to have the revolution first.

MR RIPPER

You thousands of Underground children who will queue up all night in the cold and pay ludicrous prices to squat on a concrete floor and worship a fahsionable, imported pop group, with your vision obscured by a plethora of tv cameras should remember that Her Majesty's Courts provide regularly, free of charge, spectacles of even greater absurdity and entertainment.

One memorable judicial 'happening' was the trial of Michael X at Reading (see OZ No 7) and another was the recent prosecution of Bill Butler in a Brighton 'part-time' Magistrates court.

On August 29, Butler was convicted by a car salesman, a Labour Exchange manager (retired) and an auctioneer's wife for selling obscene prose and poetry, and fined £230 plus 180 guineas costs. When passing judgement, the Chief Magistrate, Mr ('laughing Jack') Ripper commented:

'May I say how appalled my Colleagues and I have been at the filth that has been produced at this Court, and at the fact that responsible people including members of the university faculty have come here to defend it. It is something which is completely indefensible from our point of view. We hope that these remarks will be conveyed to the university authorities. As far as the book Poems by John Giorno, this is the most filthy book I have ever had to read.'

At one stage during the proceedings, Bill Butler was asked by the Prosecution, who hoped to embarrass him, to read aloud from that book of poems by the filthy John Giorno. Butler did so—with a rich, resonant bellow that delighted the gallery, discomforted the Prosecutor and educated the Bench. Another highlight was when the exasperated Prosecutor (Mr Michael Worsley) asked Butler: 'But why do people read such poems?'

'Because', answered Butler wearily, 'poetry is one of the few things left that makes life worth living anymore'.

'Fucknam' by Tuli Kupferberg, a Fug, was one of the items condemned. As the Defence pointed out, it was ironic that this was considered to be dirty, when the butt of its satire, Vietnam, is in reality a far greater and crueller obscenity.

The most comic moments in court were, as usual, provided by the police. One item confiscated was an issue of a New Underground tabloid, 'East Village Other'. The front page pictured a scattering of numbered dots and the headline read something like **'You will be arrested if you join these dots'.** The exhibit was tendered with the dots joined. But it was admitted by the Crown that the dots had not been joined by the Defendant. So who had completed the dirty picture? 'Er . . . we did' muttered the embarrassed assembly of plainclothesmen. (They were not arrested.)

3,000 copies of OZ and some issues of IT were also seized by police at the time of the raid. Although these had been dropped from this prosecution it was clearly hinted at in Court that separate action may follow against the publishers. We cannot give official opinion on the verdict, because Butler has decided to Appeal and OZ does not possess the immunity of 'The Times' from *sub judice* proceedings. However, know your enemy. We offer a condensation of the Prosecutor's final address to the Bench. It also should be pointed out that almost all of the iniquitous items are available in London bookshops or were at the time of publication. One final sadness; none of the publishers of the works prosecuted (eg. Corgi, and New English Library) offered any assistance to Butler. Evergreen Review didn't even bother to answer Butler's letters.

Extracts from
Mr Michael Worsley's closing speech:

Thirdly I would like to say a word about the defences expert witnesses. I have not called any expert evidence to rebut it and I take full responsibility for this decision. The reason for this is because I rely on your examination (he is referring to the Magistrates) of the works themselves to rebut the defence of public good. It is obvious that these books are obscene and it would not be in the public good for them to be published. The Court is perfectly open not to accept the Defendants experts. I concede that not every page of every work is obscene. One would have different views about whether it is good or bad and this is not a question of whether this is disgusting but whether it is obscene. **I rely on this Court knowing a dirty book when they see one despite all the expert evidence and all the high-sounding language which was used.**

Fourthly I should now like to say a word briefly about each of the witnesses in turn. First the Defendant Butler he has given his opinion about particular works, for example the pornographic poem. This is unmitigated filth, but Butler said and others said that it had literary merit. Whether Butler is sincere or not I believe he may be, and he may have devoted his life to literature or not, but anyone capable of saying that this poem is of literary merit shows that you cannot rely on their evidence. You have seen this poem. **I wonder what this country is coming to, if we can say that this sort of filth has literary merit and should be published in the public interest.**

As to Mrs Anne Graham-Bell, she is a lady, if I may say so, of the utmost respectability and honesty. She told us that this material would help publishers, but this of course is irrelevant as we are only concerned with the publication which was intended under these circumstances. As to the extract from The Story of O in Evergreen 31 she disclaimed any desire to deal with this which shows clear evidence of bias. She thought that once a person became an adult they could not be corrupted, this is of course wrong as you (the Magistrates) well know. She is not to know the evil to which these sort of things lead.

As to Mr Mottram, he said that the 'pornographic poem' had literary merit. The Defence did not even admit that certain passages were disgusting and obscene they tried to defend everything, even this poem. Mr Mottram is a moral tutor of students, yet he said that if his students could only find sexual fulfilment through sadistic perversion it would be a good thing for them.

Objection by Defence
This was a completely hypothetical point and indeed a silly hypothesis. It was my recollection that Mr Mottram said if they did that and nothing else and if this was the only way they could fulfil themselves there being no other way then it would be a good thing, this changes the context of the remark and, therefore, the shades of meaning given to it.

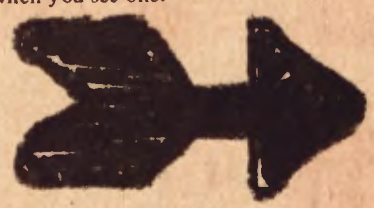
(There seemed to be some dispute between the notes on evidence taken by the Prosecution and the Defence as to precisely what Mr Mottram did say).

Worsley continuing.

Reference was made to the judgement of Mr Justice Stable in the case of *Secker v Warburg* about the standards of our time. I should like to point out that the material in that case was concerned with a natural love between man and woman not with buggery, sadism, orgies etc. Mr Justice Stable does not countenance or approve the kind of practices concerned here. In many cases he has shown his extreme distaste, dislike and disgust for buggery.

As to *Section 4 (1)* (objects of general concern) which includes political objects for example Vietnam—if one has compassion one does not need to hold the heads of the readers over the muck-heap to express it. This does not drive a decent man to filth.

I rely on you (the Justices) knowing a dirty book when you see one. I would only repeat that you know a dirty book when you see one.



S DIRTY BOOKS

Obscene — it's official!

Hunke's Journal
Hitler Painted Roses
Poems by Bill Deemer
Poems by John Giorno
Ritual
Say My Name by Gibson
I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan by J G Ballard
Cuddons No 11 (with 'Fucknam' by Tuli Kupferberg)
Grist
Kulchur No 9 (with 'Toilet' by Le Roy Jones) No 16
No 19 (with 'Yoga Exercises' by Tom Veith)
Best of Olympia
East Village Other
The Last Times (contains Plymel)
The Seed
Evergreen Review: No 15; No 16 ('Justine' by de Sade;)
No 27 (Robert Ce Soir;)
No 31 (Lovers of Roissy from 'The Story of O' by Pauline Reage;)
No 34 (Last Exit to Brooklyn;)
No 35 (Pinktoes;) No 36 ('Justine' by de Sade)
and Nos 38, 40, 41, 43–50.

A TURNING ON TO THE DIVINE GAME...

The following text is an interview between a group of people, which included children, and Dr Allan Cohen, Counselling Psychologist at the University of California. He was a colleague of Dr Timothy Leary and Dr Richard Alpert during early researches into LSD and similar drugs. His disillusionment with chemicals as a means to conciousness enhancement brought him to Meher Baba who says that true self-knowledge can only be gained through a natural process of evolving and unfolding conciousness. Dr Cohen was recently in London to give a series of lectures.

Q: Meher Baba says that everything is nothing. God is the only reality and that he says to give up drugs. Why should you give up drugs if they aren't real? Its just like a dream you know. You just dream about taking drugs. Like I dream about living. So why give up drugs at all?

AC: *In a dream many things can happen. Some of the events that occur in a dream make me dream more deeply, other events in a dream can help you wake up! If you take as the assumption, as Baba does, that the purpose of life is to fully wake up to who you really are, to Infinite God, then there are certain things that help; certain things that hinder. Though all these things are illusory. For example, you could take drugs in a dream! And taking drugs in dreams gets you stoned, and gets you high, and you would perhaps be more complacent, perhaps satisfied in the dream to continue dreaming. In one sense you might do something difficult in your dream that might cause a small nightmare, and that small nightmare might be enough to get you to ask the question; can I wake up? And how can I wake up? Baba is simply saying about drugs, and he says this specifically, that if drugs are a dream into a dream, an extension of illusion, and that taking that dream into a dream as reality is as he says, like taking a mirage to water, and if the purpose of life is to drink of that self knowledge then taking drugs can harm one to waking up.*

Many people who have turned off drugs and moved on to mysticism are the real revolutionaries. They aim at more than change in local policy or revisions in the structure of the national government—they seek a revolution in the nature of man and seek to start with themselves. For many reasons outlined by Meher Baba as well as common sense, 'turning on' keeps you from permanent internal revolution. The perfect men have really changed the world—Buddha and Jesus had neither armies nor thrones The real revolution is of that conciousness which none can control but yourself and which can even transcend the possibility of frustration. No matter how politically involved you might be, your first objective is to cool your own head, that with advanced love, conciousness and intuition, you might know exactly what to do to get where you know you want to be.

Q: I hear Baba calls himself God. If one man calls himself God, how do you know that he is God?

AC: *What else can he call himself when he is God? He says there is nothing but God. He not only says he is God, he says that ALL are God in varying degrees of consciousness. We are not conscious of our Godhood, and continue to experience the duality of illusion. He has the full consciousness and continuous experience of Godhood, and the authority to say: 'I am God!' He says that he is God in human form, the Avatar, the Ancient One who has come to redeem the modern world.*

Q: What's to stop me going out in the street, going up to someone and saying, 'I AM GOD'? Turning a lot of people on to the fact that I am God.

AC: *Besides bad Karma, you would have to HAVE those qualities which would shake the world.*

Q: If Baba says God is in everyone, why should I bother with Baba? Why can't I look towards myself and find the God within me.

AC: *Because you wouldn't know yourself if you saw it. Because we are not sufficiently conscious, we don't know who our Real Self is. That's precisely the reason why we can't follow it. And that's precisely the reason why we need a master who embodies our Real Selves in a way we can relate to It. In a way that will not fool us or let us down. When one follows his or her ego one is subject to all kinds of illusions and delusions because the ego is NOT the Real Self, and only the Master really knows what experiences one needs to get out of the illusion of self and find one's Real Self. Baba says I AM YOUR REAL SELF. And of course, that he loves you more than you could ever love yourself. Because, you don't know how to love yourself, he does. So it is absolutely essential, that at some stage of the spiritual path for everyone to*

get hooked up with a perfect Master. Or to get hooked up with one's REAL SELF.

Q: If Baba is in silence, why does he write so many books and give so many explanations?

AC: *Well Baba does say that he's keeping silent this time because for one thing man has had enough words! And its now time to live them. He's also in silence because it has great mystical significance. But about the books, he said that these are books only the words written to satisfy the intellect, the convulsions of mans' mind and intellect. Words are a signpost. At least it points the way to non reading.*

Q: If one gets involved with Baba should one drop ones present religion or beliefs, like Christianity or Yoga etc?

AC: *Baba says it's not necessary to leave one's religion. He belongs to no religion, in fact he intends to draw them altogether like beads on one string. If you follow Baba then you are a real Christian. Or you are a real Buddhist, because after all you are following Christ or the Buddha in Baba. Furthermore, every religion was based at least on a Perfect Master. Perfect Masters are the same consciousness as is Baba. However Baba does say that concentration on him is the perfect way. Looking into a whole lot of other methods might impede one, so it's best to concentrate one's energy on one source. On one Master.*

Q: What are Baba's attitudes on sex and marriage?

AC: *Well, Baba says that sex is the major duality of experience. The biggest one. In effect, the experience of being a man or a woman is the most powerful pull towards the illusion of duality. The most obvious crystallisation of that duality is in the physical form. It is trapped in a physical form in our identification as either a man or a woman, which really grabs our consciousness. When all other things can be wiped away we are all still pretty much attached to that kind of distinction. Baba says that because we are attached to the distinction we are unconsciously seeking to unite with the opposite, to become one, which is all motivation is anyway. Thus, the whole business of sex is to get the apparently male, and apparently female regions of consciousness together. Now, the question is, how do they get together? It depends on the part of illusion that one identifies with. If for example one is identifying totally with physical body, then the question of lust crops up. Apparently to get together just physically, well, it doesn't work, just on that level because it intensifies the separateness of the opposite partners. And it makes one acutely aware of missing them if they are not there in their physical body. If greed and jealousy appear we are still I and YOU, and the problem of getting together has not been fulfilled either. Another step up is getting together of the mind, the mental body. Then, possessiveness and lust leave. They cannot be conditions of a mental affiliation. Physical gratification can also not be a limitation to that kind of Love. And that kind is when the person really would like the happiness of the other no matter what. That's a very high form of attraction. That's where the duality starts to break down, because then I am with you wherever you are, and whatever you are doing, and the togetherness is much greater. But that then, is STILL limited because of I love you. The origin of the sex drive is divine Love, where really the two elements Unite into Oneness. This can happen in a pure consciousness, where the drive is is not attached to the body, the emotions or the mind. Baba says the value of a really deep and sustained male female relationship is to bring out all the deepest part of the ego, which has to be transcended.*

Q: We were talking about the drive towards One-ness and so on, and the channels to take, but will we, or do you think it possible that evolution will eventually lead us all to God realisation? Like soon, we may be able to communicate telepathically, breaking down some barriers of separateness surely. Does Baba say that we will eventually stop reincarnating, all of us, and God reign only. Or do you always have to involve?

AC: *The way Baba talks about it is that evolution is really cyclical that spiritual progress is obviously easier in certain ages. Like it's going to be a heck of a lot easier for all the people around after Baba speaks! That does not violate any of the individual Karma. For example, some cat that might really be zonked by the next Avatar in the Avataric age, seven hundred years from now, might today be a dog.*

Mike McKinnery.

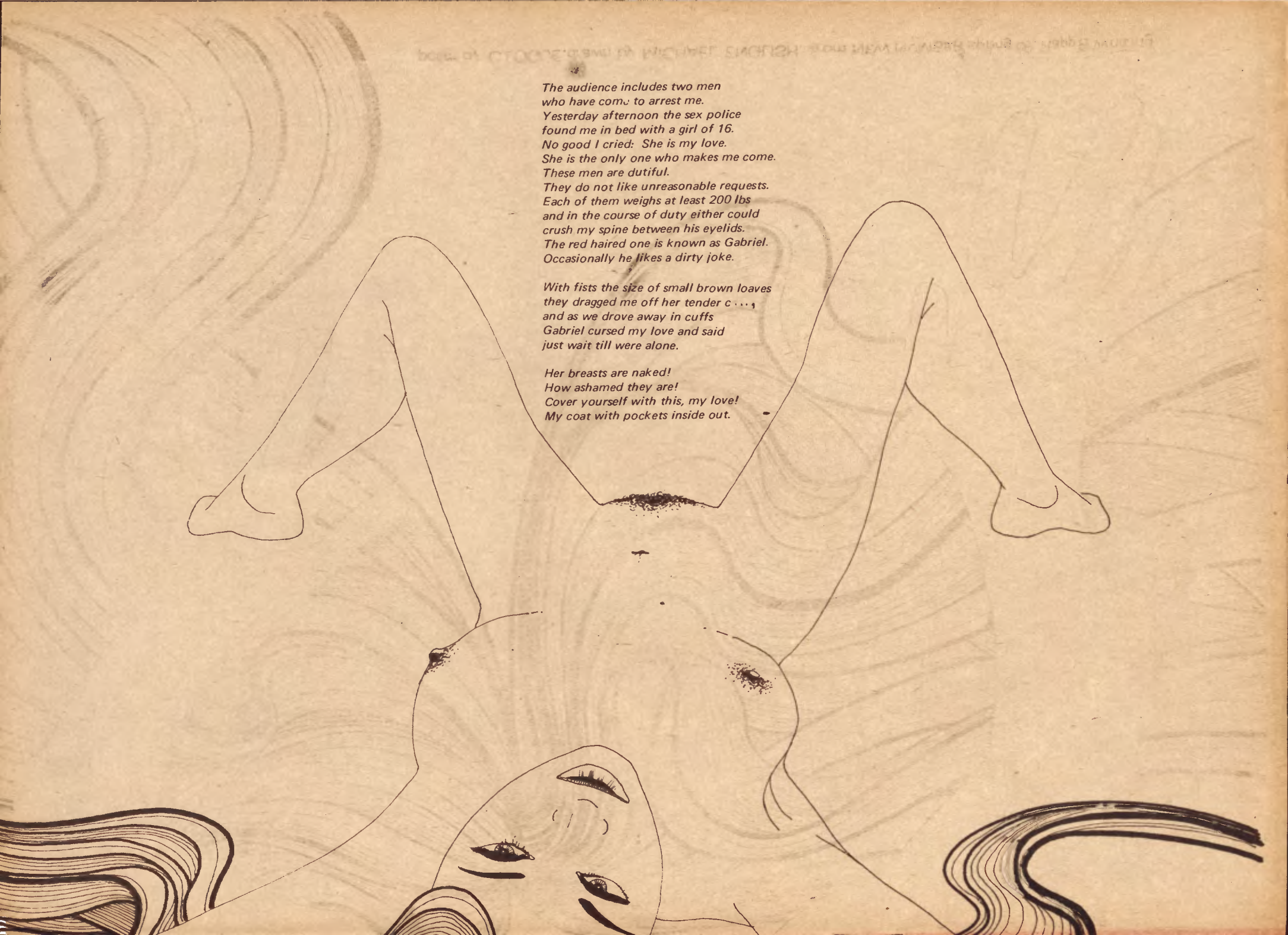
For more information on universal love, it's mystical and real meanings; The mechanics of the universe, the perception of illusion, the understanding of true self-knowledge, write to:– The Universal Spiritual League, 87 Wardour Street, London W1.

poem by C.LOGUE.drawn by MICHAEL ENGLISH. from NEW NUMBERS spring 69. Rapp & Whiting.

The audience includes two men
who have come to arrest me.
Yesterday afternoon the sex police
found me in bed with a girl of 16.
No good I cried: She is my love.
She is the only one who makes me come.
These men are dutiful.
They do not like unreasonable requests.
Each of them weighs at least 200 lbs
and in the course of duty either could
crush my spine between his eyelids.
The red haired one is known as Gabriel.
Occasionally he likes a dirty joke.

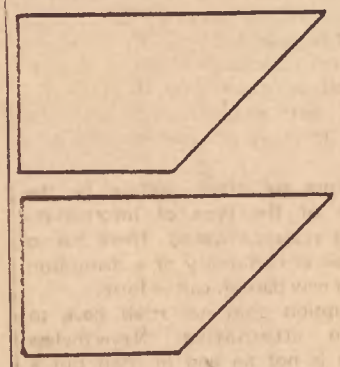
With fists the size of small brown loaves
they dragged me off her tender c . . . ,
and as we drove away in cuffs
Gabriel cursed my love and said
just wait till were alone.

Her breasts are naked!
How ashamed they are!
Cover yourself with this, my love!
My coat with pockets inside out.



continuity & discontinuity

Edward de Bono. ©



a

The two shapes shown above would be made out of thin plastic. The idea is to put them together to form a single shape that could be described accurately to someone who could not see what was being done. Almost everyone arranges the two shapes to form the rectangle shown below. This arrangement is either described simply as a rectangle or else as a rectangle that is three times as long as it is broad.

pic B.

A third piece is now added and as before the aim is to arrange all three pieces to give a shape that is easy to describe. Many people have quite a lot of difficulty over this but eventually (with annoyance at their slowness) reach the solution shown below. Other people reach this solution at once. Again this shape is described as a rectangle or as a rectangle that is four times as long as it is broad.

Pic C.

Two further pieces are added and the task is to arrange all five pieces to give a shape simple enough to describe. Most people become completely stuck at this stage. They think for a bit and then set off with a rush only to end up with disappointment at one or other of the shapes shown below. One of these is incomplete since a piece is left out and the other is not simple enough to be described comfortably. Many people give up and declare that it cannot be done.

Pic D.

And yet the answer is extraordinarily simple. A complete correct sequence is

Pic E.

The difficulty is that at the second stage the longer rectangle is indeed the most logical development from the shorter rectangle but use of this longer rectangle makes the third stage inaccessible. If, however, the square had been chosen at the second stage then the third stage follows easily since it just involves making the square bigger.

The plastic pieces provide a simple and visual model of a self-maximising system. At each stage the available pieces are put together to give the best possible arrangement. Unfortunately the system has continuity so the arrangement may not be the best possible pure arrangement of pieces but the best one that follows on from a previous arrangement. The rectangle was the best arrangement at the first stage. At the second stage the longer rectangle was the best arrangement given the preceding shorter rectangle. Yet at the second stage the square was obviously the best pure arrangement.

In order to reach the solution one would have to disrupt the continuity. One would have to refuse to be blocked by the adequate. One would accept the rectangle as perfectly adequate but would go on to discover alternative arrangements such as the square.

The pieces of plastic may be considered as pieces of information and the passive self-maximising system as a model of the information processing system of the brain. Traditionally information processing in the brain has always been regarded as a physical process analogous to the way a man might build a house by choice of units and choice of their distribution and relationships.

A computer is an example of a physical information processing system. In a physical system everything is at rest or in uniform motion in the same straight line unless acted upon by some force. In a biological system nothing is at rest unless so constrained by opposing tendencies.

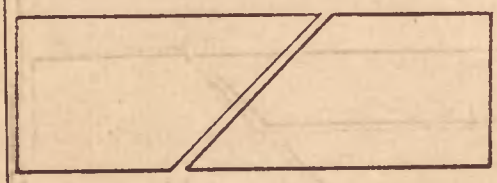
The principles of biological information processing are fundamentally different from those of physical information processing. **In spite of the traditional view it seems very likely that the brain is not a physical information processing type of system but a biological type.**

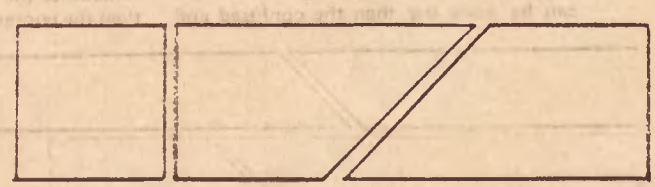
A physical type of system involves a processor and what is processed. The processor actively works on the material that is to be processed. A biological system is passive and self-organising. The material processes itself. The physical system works by choice within a frame of reference and requires some way of rejecting what does not fit. The biological system works by random generation followed by survival through natural dominance. There are many other points of distinction.

Perhaps the simplest difference to remember is that in a physical system one is not allowed to be wrong at any stage whereas in a biological system it may be necessary to be wrong at some stage.

There is a story about the man who asked a large cigarette manufacturer if he could have the contract for sweeping the floor in their factories. He was given the contract on condition that the waste tobacco was not used in any form which might compete with the firms products. Nevertheless the man made a fortune. No one knew how he had done it. In the end he disclosed that all he had done was to collect the waste tobacco and then dump it out at sea beyond the three mile limit and claim repayment of the duty. So strong is the continuity from the idea of tobacco to its usage that few people guess how the man made his fortune.

Words and categories tend to magnify this inherent defect of the information processing system since they freeze development at one stage. They imply that future arrangements can only be arrangements of these earlier stages rather than a complete disruption with proper reformation of patterns. It is as if in the arrangement of the plastic pieces the rectangle was given a special name and all future arrangements were supposed to be based on this rectangle. This is in fact exactly how many people do tackle the problem.





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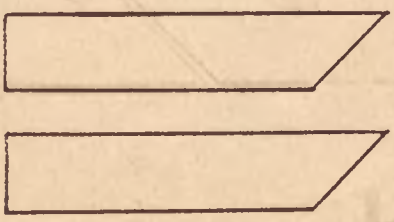


c

There is a great hunger for hard words, fixed categories and rigid definitions. Most people feel a need for something tangible to build with and to build upon. Useful as this tendency may be in matters of technological development this use of hard words nearly always leads to philsosophical word games which are fun to play but as important as nuns' knitting. A caricature of this use of hard words is shown in the supposedly true story of the bank which employed a large computer to work out what characteristics would define the best credit risks among its customers. All sorts of information on each customer was fed in. At the end the computer gave the unexpected answer that the most dependable indication of credit worthiness was being out of a job. The best credit risks were the unemployed! It is easy to see what had happened.

It is not a matter of rejecting the hard use of words as being harmful outside technology. It is not a matter of fleeing from the Western habit of pigeon-hole polarisation to the complete Eastern fluidity and rejection of categorisation. It is a matter of using words not as definitions but as triggers. These are soft words. A soft word is a word that triggers off the appropriate response or image. The function of a word is given by its effect not its history. At one moment it may mean something to someone, at another moment something else to someone else. But words can only be used in this fashion if people have had the necessary experience so that the word can trigger off a ready made reaction just as a code number may conjure forth a complete book from the library. Psychology is perhaps the easiest of all fields in which to wallow around in self-justifying word games. Instead of borrowing the idiom of such word games one could perhaps develop a direct awareness of the fascinating processes that happen with the type of information processing system we call mind. Such an awareness leads to the emergence of a much more useful idiom. **Wordless involvement of the mind as in the problem at the beginning of the article can be more use than the confused and limited gyrations of verbal analysis..**

When 'The Five-Day Course in Thinking' was published in America it was interesting that some of the keenest interest was from computer people even though the book stresses the need for discontinuity and the limitations of logical sequence. The interest may have been due to the design of the book not as an attempt to teach anything but as an opportunity for the reader to develop an awareness of the fascinating processes that make up his own individual style of thinking. And in that awareness the computer people are as interested as creative people.

The problems are certainly trivial in the book. But then there is no special switch which changes the system in the brain depending on whether one is dealing with trivial problems or earth shaking ones. It is the triviality of the problem which shows up the nature of the system so clearly. And an understanding of the nature of the system may be far more important than an understanding of the more serious problems since very often these problems are the direct result of the faults of the system. For instance there is a point in the book where philosophical speculation would pronounce a problem to be insoluble and yet the solution is simple in practice. This shows up the limitations of pure detached thinking and the dangers of word-games.

Humour may well be the most significant phenomenon of the mind since it indicates the nature of the system better than does anything else. Humour and the related insight both show how the system is capable of suddenly switching over to a new arrangement of information. A computer is not capable of this sort of behaviour since it operates in a linear fashion which means that at any moment there is only one possible arrangement of information according to the programmed instructions.

There may not be a reason for saying something until after it has been said. Usually a point arises from a context but sometimes the point has to come first and then the context will follow.

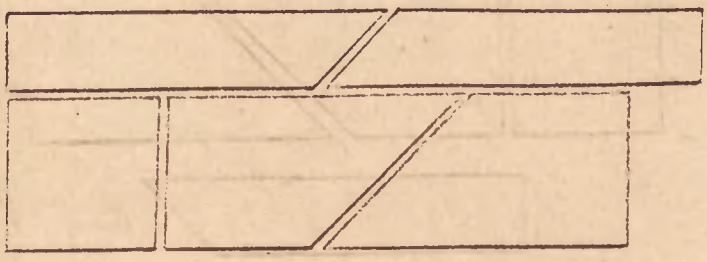
It may be necessary to be at the top of the mountain in order to find the best way up. It is usual to move only if there is a direction but sometimes it may be necessary to move in order to generate a direction.

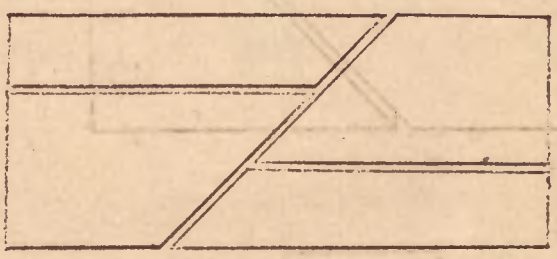
These things are made essential by the behaviour of the type of information processing system involved. There has to be a break in continuity or a disruption before the new pattern can re-form.

The disruption does not itself have to offer an alternative. Nevertheless disruption is not an end in itself but a stage in the development of the new order. For that reason methods of disruption are useless if they impair the faculty for recognising the re-formed pattern even as it snaps together.

It may be wondered what there is to be gained by an awareness of the workings of the information processing system of the mind other than an opportunity to construct new word games. It may be mistakenly assumed that self-awareness is but another name for self-consciousness and the rigidity of pseudo-complete analysis.

Apart from the fascination of the process and an acknowledgement of the limitations of the system it is possible to be specific enough to show that there is an important functional word which is missing from every language. In its function the word is as fundamental as the negative which is the basis of the arbitrary and useful yes/no system. The use of this new word could make a difference both to thinking and to behaviour. There is nothing magical about the word which is a practical logarithm. But to gain any acceptance the word would have to emerge into a setting that had some awareness of the thinking behaviour of the mind.





d

For instance if you were asked to divide each of the three shapes shown below into two halves which were equal in size shape and area, how would you do it? More important than just working it out could be an appreciation of why it should be difficult.

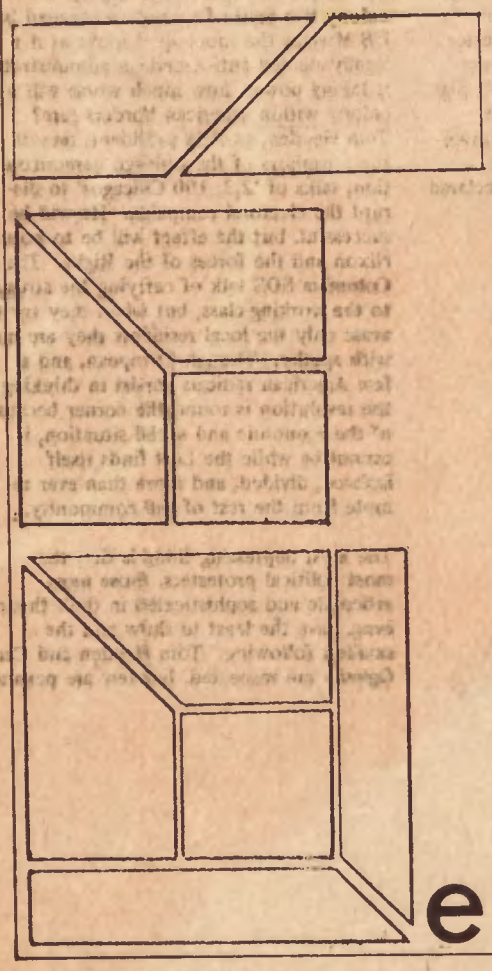
What does one know of the mad mud of mind?

Pic.F.

The Use of Lateral Thinking,Jonathan Cape 1967. 18s.

The Five-Day Course in Thinking, Allen Lane the Penguin Press, October 22nd, 1968. 25s.

Edward De Bono, c. 1968.



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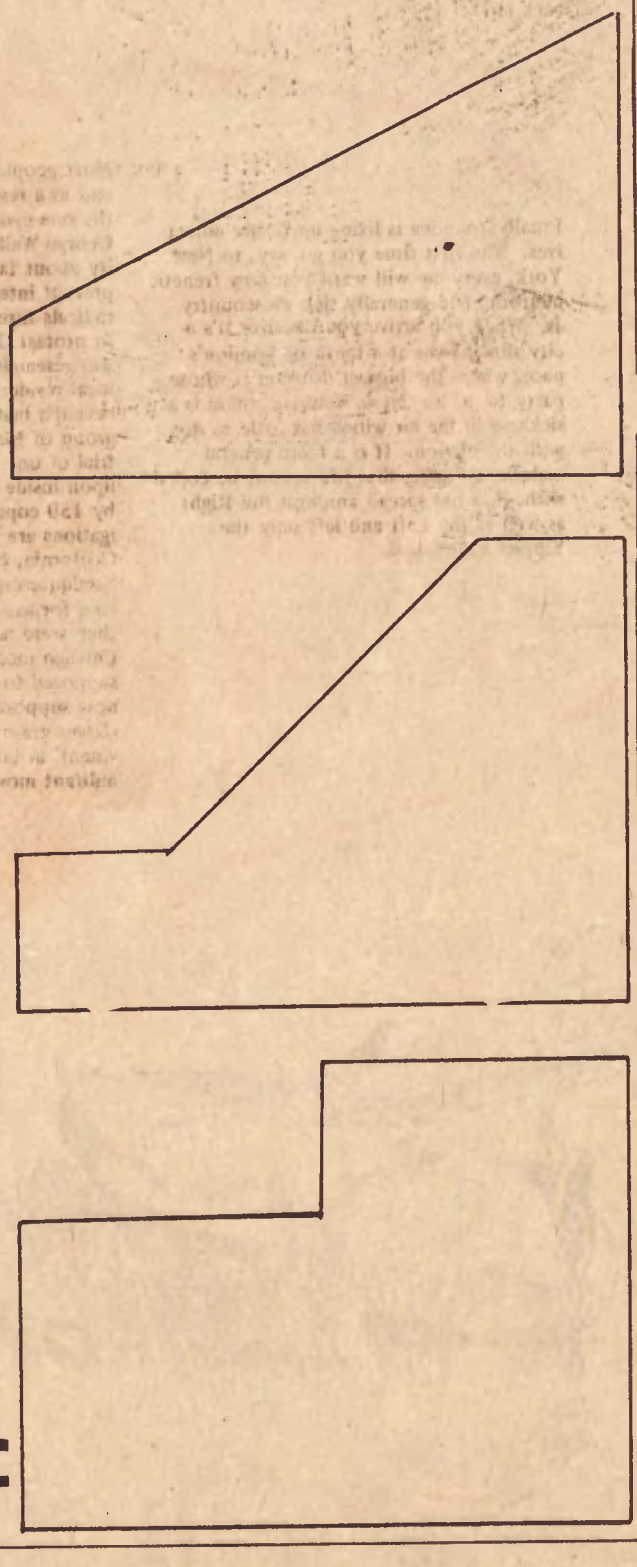

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The State of American protest

by Peter Buckman who has just come back alive.

Finally America is living up to her adjectives. The first time you go, say, to New York, everyone will warn you how frenetic neurotic, and generally sick the country is. When you arrive you discover it's a city that moves at a tenth of London's pace, where the biggest decision is whose party to go to. Now, however, there is a sickness in the air which has little to do with the election. It is a more general malaise, a feeling that life cannot be coped with, that has spread amongst the Right as well as the Left and left only the Yippies untouched.

Most people can't see what's going on, and as a result, 20 million may support the one candidate who tells it like it is: George Wallace. He can talk with impunity about taking over Southern schools to prevent integration, but when Columbia radicals threaten to take over their schools to protest the university's involvment with war research, and its policy of evicting local residents to make room for more research institutes, they get busted. A group of Black Panthers attending the trial of one of their brothers were set upon inside the Courthouse and beaten up by 150 cops in ordinary clothes. Investigations are 'proceeding'. In Oakland, California, two cops shot up the Panther headquarters, and were dismissed and face trial for assault, but that was because they were in uniform. Two months after Chicago most of those people who were supposed to be so outraged by Daley's pigs now support the repression. The FBI alleges grave communist and 'foreign involvment' in both the student and black militant movements. Berkeley was declared a 'state of civil disaster' after a group called the Up Against the Wall/Motherfuckers shot at some cops from the centre of a crowd. It is small wonder the Left are making preparations for long exile, for even that will make the bad old McCarthy days seem like a childish dream.

Faced with all this the Left is in bad shape. For one thing it is so fragmented no dialogue is possible between liberals and radicals, let alone Trotskyites and Maoists, young and old, or black and white. Much worse is the gap between rhetoric and reality. The Panthers, led by Eldridge Cleaver (now the Huey Newton is to be jailed) ask for nothing but guns, seeing themselves as a 'black colony within the white mother-country' ripe for liberation. But they also expect genocide. If a colony like Santo Domingo is invaded by US Marines the moment it looks as if a legally-elected anti-American administration is taking power, how much worse will a colony within American borders fare? Tom Hayden, ex-SDS president, one of the organisers of the Chicago demonstration, talks of '2,3, 100 Chicagos' to disrupt the electoral campaign. He will be successful, but the effect will be to bolster Nixon and the forces of the Right. The Columbia SDS talk of carrying the struggle to the working-class, but when they try to arose only the local residents they are met with apathy. Though European, and a few American radicals persist in thinking the revolution is round the corner because of the economic and social situation, it cannot be while the Left finds itself isolated, divided, and more than ever remote from the rest of the community.

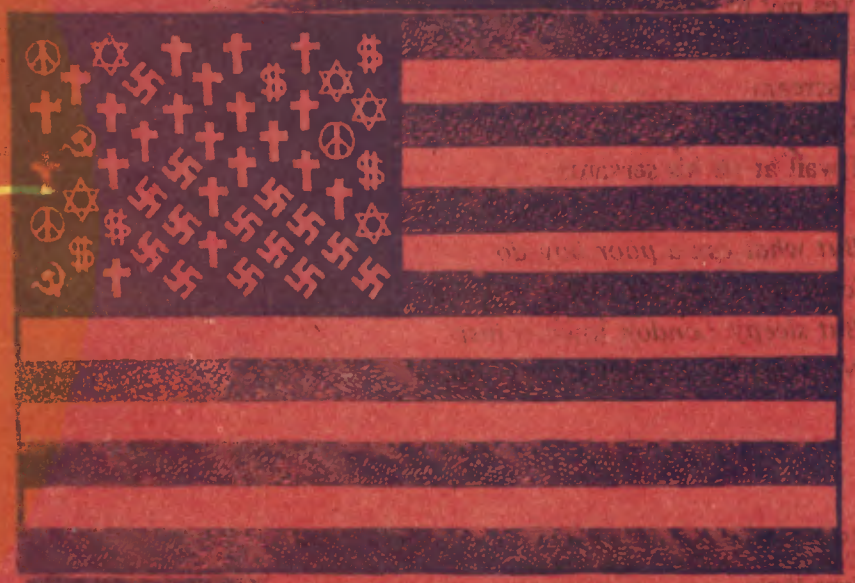
The most depressing thing is that the most political protesters, those most articulate and sophisticated in their theorising, have the least to show and the smallest following. Tom Hayden and Carl Oglesby are respected, but few are persuad-

ed to act on their philosophy, which is to know your enemy–the whole capitalist system–and fight it wherever you can so that groups may be free to 'discover a sense of their own authority and power'. This unfortunately degenerates into isolated incidents of violence whose significance is unclear and whose success so temporary the public is totally alienated. The radicals, moreover, are fatally split between those who believe in the necessity for planning and those who rely on spontaneity. The planners place great emphasis on strategy so that each action is successful in its limited objectives. The spontaneity people believe in 'exemplary action', in an act so daring it galvanises people to do their own thing. That this has had some success–in Berkeley and Columbia, not to mention Paris–has encouraged its supporters to hope for too much from it. No reliance can be placed on the 'masses' to support a revolutionary action if they're getting what they want from the system.

One big claim of the radicals is that their action in Chicago and elsewhere 'polarised' the apathetic and showed the system up for what is was. Fine, but that isn't worth the sacrifice if the effect on the system is negligible, or if all that those fired up by so much brutality are allowed to do is go out and get beaten bloody once again. In an International Revolutionary Students' Conference held recently at Columbia the Germans explained that had spent masses of time discussing theory before acting, so that when the time came everyone would understand what they were doing. No one, it seems, in the American New Left has time for such things.

In this context the only people whose 'exemplary actions' make any sense are the Yippies. They at least bridge the communication gap between theory and action by their life-style, and they are most serious about making people realize how ridiculous the whole thing is. Their throwing of dollar bills from the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange is well-known, as well as their incredibly brave but not remarkably successful actions in Chicago. At least they got good advice: 'Don't call a cop a Nazi pig,' said Abbie Hoffman. 'all he'll do is beat his chest with pride. Call him a sissy nigger-loving Commie fag Jew-bastard. Then he might think you're getting at him.'

The Yippies have ruined the dignity of the Officers Training Corps by miming the drill-routines alongside the cadets, and more recently sent up the sacred House Un-American Activities Committee by appearing before it dressed as witches and casting spells. Most of all they fearlessly live by the do-your-thing-or-fuck-you philosophy that is the only one enjoying a following outside the student body. Young workers see the Yippies having a good time and begin to wonder where it's at. Young radicals are encouraged not to take things so seriously. The trouble is the situation is so serious that when the repression comes–soon–the Yippies will be the first victims. Things will get worse.



R.COBB

STREET FIGHTING MAN

Everywhere I hear the sound
of marching charging people,
For summer's here and the time is right
for fighting in the street . . . boy.

But what can a poor boy do
'cept the same old rock roll thing,
But sleepy London town is just
No place for a street fighting man

Yes I think the time is right
for violent revolution,
From where I live the game they play
is compromised solution.

Yes my name is called disturbance
I shout
I scream
I kill a king
I wail at all his servants

But what can a poor boy do
'cept the same old rock roll thing,
But sleepy London town is just
No place for a street fighting man

Approximately transcribed from:
(Street Fighting Man; Jagger, Richards
Essex Music)

There's a tramp sitting on my
doorstep,
Trying to waste his time;
With his mentholated
sandwich,
He's a walking clothesline.
Here comes the Bishop's
daughter,
On the other side;
She looks a trifle jealous,
She's been an outcast all
her life.

The gangster looks so
frightening,
With his luger in his hand;
But when he gets home to his
children,
He's a family man.
But when it comes to the
nitty gritty,
He can shove in his knife;
Yes he really looks quite
religious,
He's been an outlaw all his
life.

Oh the singer he looks angry,
At being brought to the line;
And the bass player he looks
nervous,
About the girls outside;
And the drummer, he's so
shattered,
Trying to keep the time;
The guitar players look
tarnished,
They've been outcasts all
their lives.

Oh there's 20,000 grandma's
Waving their hankies in the
air;
And burning up their tensions,
Shouting "It's not there."
There's a regiment of soldiers,
Standing looking on;
And the Queen is bravely
shouting,
"What the hell is going on?"
With a blood-curdling
"Tally-ho,"
She charged into the ranks,
And blessed all those
grandma's
Who with their dying
breaths,
Wave "Thanks."

Approximately transcribed from the unrealeased LP, Beggars Banquet.

BFI REPORT

Confidential

According to its memorandum of association the British Film Institute (BFI) was established

to encourage the development of the art of the film, to promote its use as a record of contemporary life and manners, to foster study and appreciation of films for television programmes generally, to encourage the best use of television.

It has a board of Governors. All, according to the Articles of Association, appointed by that eminent artist of the film, that astute recorder of contemporary manners, that the connoisseur of film and television, Chancellor of the Exchequer *As a result there is not one member of the board elected by the 80,000 or so members of the BFI.*

Only the Income Tax authorities seem to produce the same sort of helpless rage that the BFI induces in many of those that deal with it. Remember, too, that the BFI gets £300,000 a year from the Government.

Recently Paul Rotha, Tony Richardson, Ken Loach, John Schlesinger, Susannah York and Clive Donner, amongst others, signed a letter to Jennie Lee expressing no-confidence in the Board of Governors. Derek Hill (Short Film Service and New Cinema Club) has waged a campaign against the BFI—particularly over the short film issue. At the last AGM some members went along to try and do something about the Board of Governors. They thought that the provision of the Articles of Association about each member having one vote meant something. They soon learnt the dreadful truth about the omnipotent Chancellor. Oz has been given a mass of facts and complaints about the BFI. Some proved innaccurate when we checked them, others are reproduced below:

Stanley Reed, the director of the BFI, is a good press relations man. Flushed with his success in this field, and the associated one of subsidy-gathering, he has now set his sights at turning the BFI into the Rank Organisation of 16mm. Reed's response to all criticisms is a shrug of contempt and the reply that the only thing wrong with the BFI is its lack of money.

Look at some of its departments.

1. British Film Institute Production Fund:

In 1951 the film industry gave the Experimental Film Fund £5,000. Over the next nine years it got about £40,000. Out of this came four or five Free Cinema movies (though Every Day Except Christmas and We Are The Lambeth Boys, are Ford-financed). Almost all the fund's films were mediocre or bad. the shows scarcely attended, press comment transparently 'kind'; the films wretchedly distributed. Several have never had a booking. Even more startling: of every six projects to which money was given, only one was ever completed.

The Committee administering the fund consisted of an 'inner' committee, empowered to award up to £100 without formality, and a full Committee meeting twice a year. This included such avant-garde minds as Sir Arthur Elton, an aged documentarist, Basil Wright another aged documentarist, Lord Bradbourne, producer of In Which We Serve. The Fund's chairman was Sir Michael Balcon who once told Ken Tynan he could never bring himself to make a film which criticised British institutions such as the army. Neither Elton nor Wright has made a film that wasn't subsidised by government or big business in their lives.

The only passionately concerned committee member was Karl Reisz, who doesn't like anything that's not in the spiritual tradition of Free Cinema i.e socially conscious left-wing and tormented by confusion.

Fund footage was a standing joke in London laboratories for years before the fund went broke. About two years ago the Fund was reinvigorated, with £5,000 a new name—excluding the word experimental, be it noted, and Bruce Beresford, a young Australian, in a technical-production-liaison post. He is probably the only person in the whole BFI who knows how to put a film together.

Although films have been steadily completed since Beresford's arrival, subsequent distribution of them by the BFI's Philip Strick has been farcical. In one case he sold B S Johnson's film Your Human Like The Rest Of Them (winner of the Grand Prix at the Tours Short Film Festival and Melbourne Film Festival) to the BBC for £75. It should have been sold for about £1,000. The story is a standing joke at the BBC. Most of the films remain unsold.

Why doesn't the BFI sack the dud Committee and set up another with a Peter Brook-Ken Tynan-Bruce Beresford-Don Levy-Stephen Dwoskin nucleus, perhaps? The answer is: the BFI is too enmeshed with its Old, old boys . . .

2. The BFI and Short Films

Short films are demonstrably vital to new talent and to history of the cinema. For years Richard Roud, National Film Theatre (NFT) Programmes Officer, made a policy of making up no programmes of shorts (except the BFI's own, or in response to pressure BFI men Lindgrèn & Huntley's specialist interest films) and he pointblank refused to help the Short Film Maker's campaign by spotlighting short films.

Just as this campaign was certain to succeed, Reed set up a BFI Short Film Committee. At an NFT Open Discussion on shorts, with Derek Hill, Caroline Heller, John Irvin and others, only one member (Alan Lovell) of that committee turned up. That committee is a face-saving sham, to enable the BFI to pretend to a little credit for a campaign which it dare not support because its governors include representatives from Rank and the ABC; the campaign was in part directed against these two companies.

It cannot be too often repeated: the BFI is not, in fact, an independent body.

3. The BFI and The Industry.

The British film industry does a great deal for the BFI. It helps finance it. It gives the NFT free films. It gets very little for its help, since it could run its own archives, stills service, etc, much more cheaply. Sight & Sound, the BFI publication was at one time so contemptuous of British films that pressure was successfully exerted, by one of its industry governors to muffle its criticisms. Another informal regulation forbids the institute to express any definite opinion about censorship. Once again: the BFI is so enmeshed with the old boy net that at every turn this must determine its policies.

4. The BFI as a Competitor.

Derek Hill complains 'No sooner had news of the Short Film Makers' Campaign plans (for a short film festival) been announced than the British Film Institute declared that *they* were putting together . . . a week of short films at the NFT in August.'

The pattern is quite obvious. Rank and ABC, with their governorships, can dominate the BFI. Reed's empire-building can lead him *only* along a collision course with every other 16mm interest.

It's up to them to put the BFI in its place.

5. the BFI as a Publisher.

During the mid-fifties, BFI Publications put out a scattering of indexes of film directors. Roud's monograph on Max Ophuls sold all of 200 copies in five years. Its subsequent ventures were few, halfhearted and wretched.

It took a youngar critic, Peter Cowie, with his Zwemmer/Tantivy paperbacks, to prove that filmbooks could succeed. Hearing that another younger critic Ian Cameron, was linking up with Nicholas Luard and Studio-Vista for another series, the BFI decided, not to collaborate, but to provide (government-subsidised) competition. It linked itself with Secker and Warburg.

The BFI is supposed to further film appreciation. Just how it 'furthers' it may be illustrated by two interesting facts. It repeatedly refused to supply a copy of the NFT's mailing list to Studio-Vista, alleging that it was 'out of print'; it was in fact freely circulated in all BFI departments from which Studio-Vista deviously obtained one. It also refused to stock the *rival* book on Godard, at the NFT festival bookstall, until veiled

threats were uttered.

Once again, the pattern is quite obvious. The BFI will go as far as it dare in obstructing the sales of publications other than its own. How this constitutes 'furthering' film appreciation is hard to see. The issues are exactly those aroused by the BBC's subsidising of the Listener, with the difference that the BBC doesn't try to obstruct sales of the New Statesman.

6. The BFI and Critical Opinion.

In a Sight and Sound Article in 1958, Basil Wright said, 'What we need at this stage is an anarchic paper, run by a group of probably rather scruffy young men between about 17 and 22, who will let off squibs and roman candles and rockets in all directions and generally stir up the whole thing.'

The early Sixties saw three such papers—Movie, Motion and Definition. Did Sight and Sound give them any encouragement? It called Definition (from the London School of Film Technique) 'cultural gauleiters', described Movie as out for kicks from violence, and ignored Motion, which had carefully documented Sight and Sound's attitudes. When the London Film-Makers Co-operative was founded, Sight and Sound went out of its way to delve into the political past of one of its members and libellously misdescribed him as a 'professional witness' for the McCarthy Committee.

Sight and Sound also runs the Monthly Film Bulletin and overlaps with the NFT Programmes. It maintains its reputation for 'authoritativeness' by:—

A: Being distributed free to all BFI full members—it automatically increases its circulation by several thousand.

B; All opinions other than its own are either viciously attacked (as above) or ignored. Reference to almost any issue will show reiterated attacks on 'the critics', The NFT programme cite Sight & Sound critics *ad nauseum*, newspaper critics rarely, and other specialist film critics (from Films & Filming, Movie, Film Culture) almost never.

C: The BFI is an important information centre, and never loses an opportunity to find second 'jobs for the boys'—suggesting one another as festival jury members, press critics, etc. The BFI old boys network includes Richard Roud and Peter John Dyer on The Guardian, Tom Milne on The Observer, Penelope Houston on The Spectator (where politically, her heart, if not her head, is) David Robinson on The Financial Times (though capable of an independent line) and John Russell Taylor on The Times & The Times Literary Supplement.

7. BFI Response to Criticism

One expects a semi-official body to ignore a great deal of criticism, either for its own good reasons, for hidden reasons (e.g. industry pressure and politics), or through simple lethargy. What one doesn't expect is a vindicative, ad hominem response which, without being the rule at the BFI, is all too common. For example:

When an employee of the Central Office of Information (C.O.I.) made a perfectly fair criticism of the BFI in the correspondence columns of a magazine, a BFI Department Head wrote a personal letter to *his* Head of Department, on the thin pretext that the letter could be taken as the COI's official opinion; the correspondent almost lost his job as a result.

Again, when Films & Filming criticised the recent increase in the price charged by the BFI for stills, the BFI officer responsible wrote to the editor accusing the assistant editor of abusing the BFI's facilities by paying member's price for stills subsequently used for publication. This accusation was not merely false, but, again, libellous. In point of fact, that assistant editor had, over the past ten years, given the BFI stills library many thousands of stills, on condition of retaining free reproduction rights. Once again, the BFI's response to perfectly reasonable criticism could hardly have been more spiteful and ungrateful.

8. BFI Had Faith.

In the last NFT programme Richard Roud claimed that the NFT had pioneered appreciation of the New York underground over here. Perhaps he can explain why, when he was offered 40 hours of New York underground movies in 1966, he turned them down as of no interest? And why in 1967 he said of two movies by Peter Emmanuel Goldman, 'these have little to do with what is generally known as Underground cinema, which is just as well?' And why, when the current underground programme was arranged with the co-operation of the London Film-makers Co-operative, did NFT programmes and press-sheets bear no credit whatsoever to that organisation?

9. Muddle and Apathy.

A: A student at the London School of Film Technique ran a film society which managed to attract, as its special speakers, men of the calibre of Francois Truffaut, Hitchcock, Fritz Lang, Nicholas Ray, etc.

The BFI is in an unparallelled situation to arrange for such events at the NFT. Over the years it has consistently failed to do so. (In this connection it should be noted that the Berkeley and Rouben Mamoulien programmes were part of a 'package' arranged by a New York archive, to tour all European cinematheques, and the NFT's sole initiative in this respect was making its theatre available).

The recent sessions by Peter Ustinov and Don Siegel represent a new initiative, which should be encouraged—it should also be noted that its inauguration is pathetically tardy.

B: The print copies of BFI releases have been a matter for complaint from within and without the Institute for many years—some sequences, in important films, are virtually indecipherable, others wrongly edited. The BFI has a blanket excuse in alleging poor quality of the original archive print. But according to many BFI staff, this poor quality is a fiction, in many cases; the BFI simply releases the cheapest print, indifferent to its quality.

C: The BFI and CBA services have become so bad, with mislaid and delayed films and acknowledgements, that its usual procedure, to blame the GPO, has worn thin, and the recent Annual Report acknowledges, covertly, the volume of complaints, by pleading that its volume of work has forced it to cut down on its usual 'personalized' service. In fact this 'personalized' service includes putting reels from Film A in the tins of Film B and delays of half-an-hour or more, while the staff hunt missing films and forms, are the rule at its Film Counter in Lower Marsh.

D: The acquisition of films is equally slapdash. A visiting Professor recently had to make four appointments before the films he was offering were even looked at, a film delivered by hand still hadn't been looked at four months later, despite numerous reminders , and and was simply withdrawn.

10. The National Film Archive:

The National Film Archive, run by Ernest Lindgren has at last count 1899 films—many of them appear to be short films. When you consider that over 2000 overground commercial films are made in the UK and the US each year and when you add the films made in the rest of the world (Japan makes over 300 a year) 1899 is an amazingly small number. Particularly when one learns that 17 of the films are those of Basil Deardon (obscure maker of 40's English films) and that there are no films of Godard, Truffaut or Resnais.

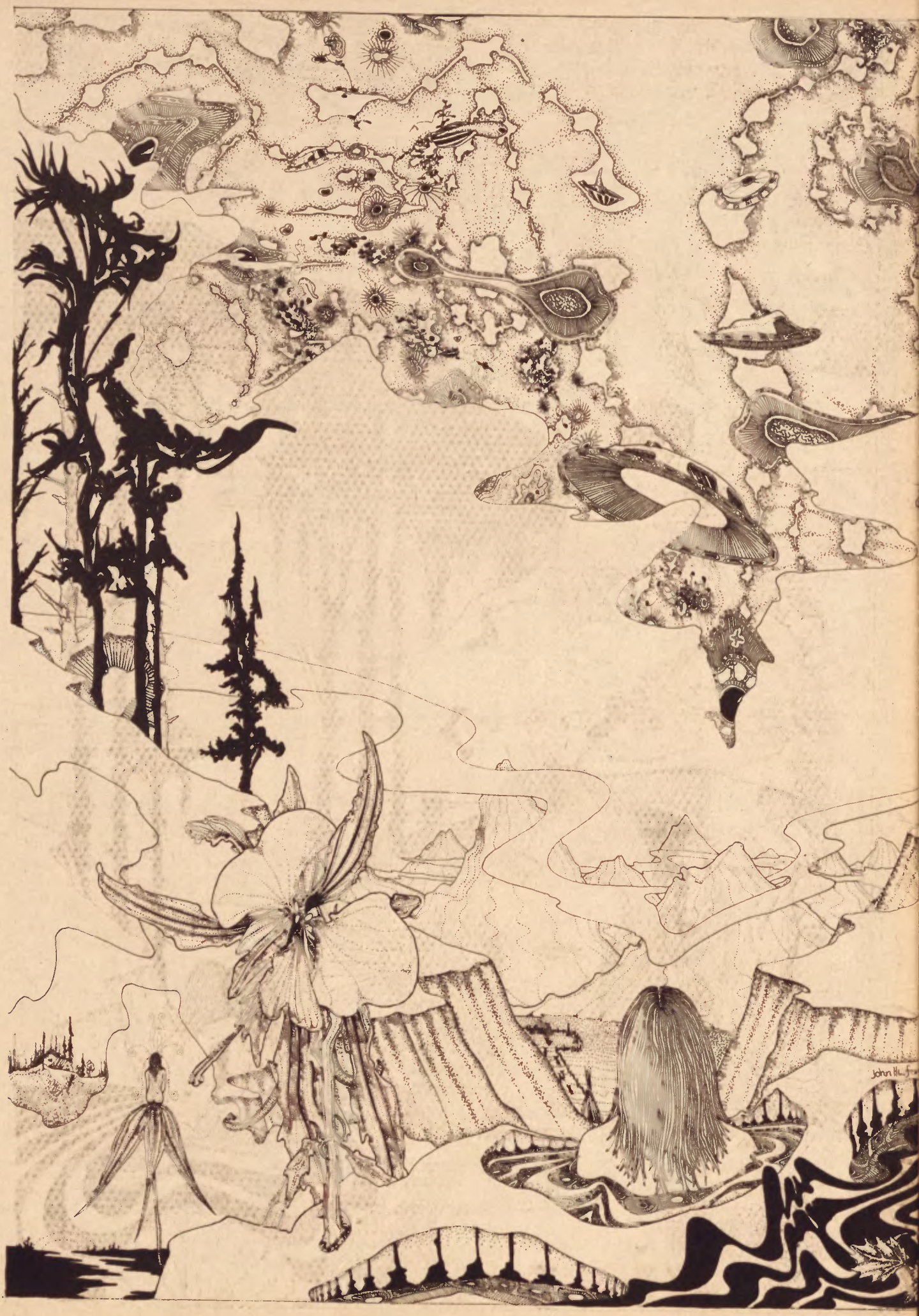
11. BFI Charges:

The NFT obtains its films free of charge from kindly distributors, but its seats cost as much as those at Rank cinemas, even before the recent increase, which brings them up to West End standards. The BFI pleads a loss at the NFT, but in fact its figures on this are entirely theoretical (as its report implies, when speaking of sums *deemed* to relate to the NFT). A policy of high prices all round bears particularly heavily on undergraduates and other young people whose interest in the cinema is both active and influential, and the BFI should adjust its pricings in an effort to make concessions towards them.

Undoubtedly the BFI performs some useful functions, a few very well. In many respects, however, it is competitive, vindictive, exploitative, selfregarding and irresponsible. As a semi-official body, supported by the taxpayer, and responsible to its members, it has no business to be so. And the groundswell of discontent with its senior members will continue until genuine, not merely token, changes in its composition, its status and near-monopoly position are made.

Rather sheepishly, we should point out that two OZ people, Martin Sharp and Andrew Fisher have both happily made films with grants from the production fund.

Sharp (Do you love me Darling? 1968 with Bob Whitaker) Fisher (The Adventures of X, 1967 with Michael Newman)



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DOWN ON THE FARM

Emmanuel Petrakis,
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How to start: 5–12 friends who know and enjoy each other's company, can look for a large house of six or more rooms, via an agent, classified adverts etc. for a rent of £10–£12 per week. This works out at about £2 per week each, with two persons sharing a room. Add another 10s each per week to cover overheads (rates, electricity, gas). An initial deposit of £2 10s each should cover the agent's fee. Initially, the bare essentials: mattresses, a table, some chairs, a cooker, etc. could be purchased either second-hand or on hire purchase, then gradually increased by bargains from jumble sales, auctions, second-hand shops or outright gifts of furniture from sympathetic contacts. To provide for this, a common fund should be set up, also to cover cost of minor repairs, decorations, etc. One person (the one with the most stable income) would sign a long lease with the landlord, with option to sublet. In group situations a person's hang-ups from childhood and early adolescence tend to come to the surface. Constant depth communication among all concerned should gradually bring about greater insight and understanding of oneself and others. This is not easy, and is a wisdom gained through tears and crises. But there can also be moments of fun and enjoyment when everyone participates in group singing, dancing, picnics, love-ins, etc. It would be foolish to introduce drugs into the scene, as this would be providing the fuzz with an open invitation to bust

up the community, and all its constructive aspects as well. If you want a successful community, you had better make sure that the participants share a commitment towards an outside social goal, such as community service, Underground information and liaison service, raising funds for a useful project, etc. Selective screening of applicants and a probationary period for newcomers would tend to protect the group from undesirable or parasitic hangers-on.

There are a number of community houses in London and other parts of the country, each with a different approach (artistic communes, social work, rescue work, with or without sexual freedom, digger-style, Christian philanthropic, vegetarian, pacifist, bourgeois liberal, pot-takers, etc.). one group of about 8 persons, the Phoenix Community, in Crouch Hill, North London, is so well organised, that for £5 per week each member enjoys a private room, evening and weekend meals (they employ a cook), central heating, a large garden, a frig, a washing machine, and a telephone. They have formed a housing association, which has erected a block of flats with communal facilities nearby, and a third house has been purchased for conversion. They hold an open house one evening per month. Besides communal functions, arrangements should safeguard the use of a room for reading, writing, meditation, private interviews, and so on. The Phoenix community provides a quiet library room, as well as a communal lounge.

One way to initiate aspirants into communal living, is for the Underground organisations to rent a large country house near London and other major urban centres for weekend communes. These would give interested radicals a chance to really get to know each other in a functional setting, to explore ideas, and to have a nice time together.

Living together: When two or more persons, who have known each other over a period of time, have discovered common bonds and affinities, and gained affection for each other, they may form a Group Family to give more definite shape to their relationship, and to encourage its expression into deeper and more meaningful channels. In the Group Family, of mutual adult adoption, there is no mine and thine, but "ours": our home (a community flat or house), our common fund, our children. Thus we can find happiness through sharing and serving, and live at a deeper level which removes the root causes of much personal and social suffering through isolation. Most of our social evils are the result of our present mistaken concepts and poor human relations, which make strangers of our fellow humans. The Group Family may, in some cases, imply Group Marriage, in the practical if not the legal sense. The family should not be a strait-jacket where too intensive and sometimes explosive relations exist, but a co-operative group sharing a similar outlook on life, always open to include other suitable persons. Older members act in the role of uncles, aunts or grandparents. The younger adults can function as spouses.

Although apparently revolutionary, the idea and practice are not new. They have been successfully applied for many years, with local variations, in the Polynesian Islands, in African communities, in Israeli kibbutzim, among the Eskimos, etc. This way of life is currently practised by some hippies and others in the U.S.A. and the U.K., and by increasing numbers of young people in Sweden.

Working together: The Alternative Society can only come about through our daily efforts towards economic independence, functional integration, and constant re-education. In the initial stages, community members may have to take on casual work outside the community. The eventual aim, however, should be to provide basic services or make useful goods in order for a group to cover its material needs. What individuals can do in this direction, a group can usually do better. An example of individual initiatives: Ding Dong Cottage in Cornwall, run by Judith and Douglas Cook of the peace movement, who make and sell wooden baby toys. One can also mention diggers who work as part-time gardeners, radicals who earn a living as teachers, Janos Abel, a libertarian who runs his own printing service, and many others.

If we look at communitarian groups, we can quote Beeville Community in New Zealand, a group of about 30 people who started about 30 years ago from small beginnings as a pacifist group. They are self-supporting on 30 acres, 12 of which are in permanent orchard, and have set up a small pre-cast concrete factory, a modern honey-processing plant and building with 480 bee-hives, and a repair workshop.

Another pacifist commune, Koinonia Farm, in Georgia, USA, consists of about 10 adults who make a living by operating a pecan plant to process their pecan nuts, and by selling fruitcakes and pecandy via a small mail order business.

About 11 anarchists live together at Tolstoy Farm, in Davenport, Washington, USA, on 180 acres, 30 of which are tillable. They are proud of their canned and frozen crops, obtain their milk from a cow and some goats, and raise chickens. Their income is supplemented by casual work in neighbouring farms.

There are many other communities, urban or rural, in the US and other countries which have started quite modestly. Some have set up experimental schools, others sustain themselves by making leather goods, children's clothing, tools, watches, etc. In Japan, 30,000 live in 30 communal villages, kibbutz-style. Some of them have built modern factories for making chicken-rearing equipment, furniture, mats, and preserves. There are also workshops and motor vehicles for the needs of the commune and for outside work. There is total economic integration, a high degree of self-sufficiency, and the various needs of commune members are catered for.

In India, the Gandhian village commune movement has spread over the past 15 years and now embraces 60,000 villages with a total population of 40 million people. There, people grow their own food, build their own homes, weave their own clothes, and give their children a basic practical education imbued with co-operative humanitarian values. The work and the proceeds are all shared and no one lords it over anybody else.

In Israel, over 85,000 people live in about 223 kibbutzim (agricultural communes), many of which are reputed in the country for their high cultural and artistic achievements. A number of kibbutzim pool their resources to set up industrial and further education training centres, and to manufacture agricultural and other equipment for their own use and for export.

South America has about 20 worker-run factories, owned co-operatively by themselves, which include the following industries: metal, printing, glass, textiles, transport, flour-mills, etc. The main agricultural co-operatives in Sao Paulo (Brazil), were started over ten years ago by Japanese immigrants who had learned the co-operative idea from Germany (Japanese kibbutzim now send their teenagers to train in Israeli kibbutzim).

French industrial co-operatives, also well-established for many years now, include the various stages of production, from raw material to finished product, in building, electronic testing equipment, deep sea diving apparatus, printing, electrical goods, cookers, refrigerators, etc. The Federation of Communities of Work in Paris produces its own sophisticated periodical 'Communaute', assists new co-operatives, sponsors training schemes, and carries out international research in co-operative ventures from Mexico and Peru, to Algeria (where they built a new village with 1,000 dwellings) and Polynesia (where a co-operative fishing industry is being set up).

We too in the UK can do the same if we but get together with a will to create constructive alternatives to the Status Quo and its robotisation. To do that we need to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without cards and formalities) until our comrades can develop their self-supporting ventures. These could be workshops producing soft cuddly toys, mini-skirts, aprons or other goods, photographic, home repair or duplicating services, or we could run small progressive freedom-schools in working class areas, organise bargain and literature shops, etc. Failure to respond constructively to the challenge of the times might well bring about more personal breakdowns of various kinds, street violence, and fascist repression as is the case in Greece, Czechoslovakia, Spain and South Africa today.

With a view to co-ordinating efforts and providing contacts and information on libertarian ventures, the 'New Life' movement (15, Camden Hill Rd, London SE19) has been publishing 'NEW LIFE', an international newsletter, since 1965. We are now conducting a workshop/course on "The Dynamics of Social Change" to explore together techniques of mutual aid, creative living, practical projects for personal and social regeneration, re-education and psychological re-orientation. We invite all constructive activists to join us in this exciting adventure and to link up with each other. 'It is better to light one small candle than to curse the universe for its darkness' (Chinese proverb).

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

rock

Richard Meltzer made his controversial debut in OZ 11 with *The Anglo American Pumice Factory**, and is this issue we present selections from his unpublished book: *A Sequel: Tomorrow's Not Today*. Extracts were first published in *Crawdaddy*, the amazing American Magazine of Rock, which revealed that Grove Press had "wrestled with Meltzer's book for seven months before finally turning it down because 'they didn't understand it'". It was written originally in the summer of 1965 for an undergraduate aesthetics course. The editor of *Crawdaddy* writes: "The intent of the book is to simply offer a sideways insight into the workings of rock as an art form; it is certainly the most careful, well handled approach to the subject I've ever seen".

** For those of you who missed the pun: Pumice = light weight rock.*

aesthetics

Bob Dylan's greatest dive into the rock 'n' roll domain, Like a Rolling Stone, represents an attempt to free man by rescuing him *from* meaning, rather than free man *through* meaning. John Lennon's two collections of writings, In His Own Write and A Spaniard in the Works, have shown his desire to denigrate all meaning and thus throw intentional ambiguity into all domains of meaning. And very definitely *all* meaning is similar, beginning with the most 'authentic and continuing down the line.

When told by Paul McCartney about a girl he encountered with the idea that God had advised her to marry Paul, 'I was trying to persuade her that she didn't in actual fact have a vision from God, that it was . . . ' George Harrison interrupted with, 'It was probably somebody *disguised* as God'. Meaning by any other name, smells about the same. John and Ringo destroy PF Strawson's argument for separation into logical and empirical primacy:

John: 'We're money-makers first, then we're entertainers.'
Ringo: 'No, we're not.'
John: 'What are we then?'
Ringo: 'Dunno. Entertainers first.'
John: 'OK.'
Ringo: ''Cause we were entertainer ers before we were money-makers.'

Whereas James Joyce attempted to salvage meaning from semantic chaos, John would rather attain a cool semantic oblivion, and thus has written two books intentionally inferior to James Joyce's works.

One of Lennon and McCartney's manoeuvers is to present meaning in such a role that it becomes trite. Thus is the use of 'in spite of' in a positive sense reduced to triviality in 'Yes It Is':

'Please don't wear red tonight.
Remember what I said tonight.
For red is the colour that will
make me blue
In spite of you
It's true . . .
Yes it is, it's true.'

This very spirit of the song, with its assertively positive title, presents a frightening ambiguity between arrogance and possession of a unique vulnerability. 'When I Get Home' plays upon the mere appearance of a single word, 'trivialities':

'Come on, if you please
I got no time for trivialities
I got a girl who is waiting home
for me
Tonight.
Wo-wo-wo-I
Wo-wo-wo-I
I got a whole lot of things to tell
her
When I get home.'

In the midst of apparent 'tragedy' in realising a sudden revulsion at his semi-adulterous involvement with another girl, he can hesitate to give it the meaning of 'triviality'. But the five-syllable word is so strange in such a monosyllabic context that it is rendered incredibly inappropriate, and the need for meaning collapses.

In a world of such things as random values, metaphysical inconsistency, and the constant unavoidable interruption of pure aesthetic perception by random events from within and without, eclecticism is the only valid position; and other stances may be measured by virtue of their distance from the eclectic. Andy Warhol has devised one of the simplest of all schemes, the selection of a popylar motif, from Troy Donahue, to floral prints, to Campbell's Soup, followed by mechanical multiple reproduction of this motif, with the consistency and inconsistency being a function of the mechanism of creation. Rock 'n' roll, however, cannot rely upon the selling power of random circumlocution of the originally acceptable motif, but turns toward the utter compression of popularly acceptable, yet eclectically arranged, images. A Little Bit Better by Herman's Hermits begins with the instrumental introduction from the the Four Seasons' Coca-Cola commercial, procedes with the sinister spirit of the Rolling Stones' Play With Fire (of course rendered innocent by Herman's contradiction), sung with the vocal style of the Zombies, to the tune of Chuck Berry's Memphis, and in possession of a title clearly reminiscent of the recent hit by Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, A Little Bit Too Late. Wayne Fontana himself sounded like a clear version of the Kingsmen in his first hit, like the Searchers in his next. The Beatles have taken from visceral jazz saxophonist John Coltrane in Love Me Do, the gay Four Seasons in Tell Me Why, Larry Williams in I'm Down, and Bob Dylan and Scottish marching bands in You've

Got to Hide Your Love Away. They have used elderly African drum in Mr Moonlight, violins in Yesterday, timpani in What You're Doing and Every Little Thing, packing case in Words of Love, and unusual amplification manoeuvers in I Feel Fine and Yes It Is. They have used double tracking on several records, sometimes so obviously that it can be easily noticed (in Hard Day's Night, John Lennon's harmonica line can be heard while he is singing lead vocal in I Should Have Known Better. It does not matter if part of the Beatles' formula is visible; after all, even Lennon's bathing suit is clearly visible in a bathtub scene).

Teilhard de Chardin's philosophy of education as expounded in The Phenomenon of Man is readily visible in the eclecticism of rock. Just as branches of life strive for continuation, sometimes to succeed and sometimes to reach a dead end, with nature always using a multiplicity of interrelated strivings in its drive toward the Omega Point, rock 'n' roll is clearly viewable in terms of crude persistence. As long as a fixture 'works' in the Allan Kaprow usage of the term, it remains in the fore-front and shouts its presence; when it ceases to work it is relegated to relative obscurity until a new context presents itself and allows for favourable reacceptance. No branch can ever really become extinct if it continues to function in the memory, even dormantly, and old but undiscovered branches from both the 'within' and 'without' of things past, as Chardin uses these terms, can always appear in active functions in contemporary rock. The almost forgotten 1957 minor hit by Kathy Linden, Billy, features an expectation of obscenity in its final passage:

'And when I sleep . . .
And when I sleep . . .
I always dream of Bill.'

This anxiety of waiting for the impossible use of 'sleep' in the last line is not too overtly common in rock of any period, but suddenly in the summer of 1965 it arose in Tom Jones' What's New Pussycat? Pussycat lips, pussycat eyes and other pussycat features are mentioned until, with the final verse, the singer is hesitatingly approaching something more openly sexual and finishes, 'You and your pussycat . . . nose'. Here is the appearance of a branch of rock with now at least two evolutionary members, a branch which I can call the 'pussycat school'. Rock has had its 'rain school' (Raindrops, Teardrops, Rhythm of the Rain, Walking in the Rain, etc.), a fine eclectic grouping which is ambiguously between the inner and outer world of artistic evolution. There are even flimsier branches, such as the branch of all songs with 'tell' in their titles. Rock has implicitly operated on this infinitude of random, eclectic evolutionary pathways, something merely suggested by Thomas Pynchon in his *V*. My categories 'pony tail rock' (the group the Poni-Tails; What Is Love? which describes this emotion as 'five feet of heaven with a pony tail'; Chantilly Lace, with its reference to the hair piece as a criterion of socio-sexual adequacy), 'fear-of-loss-of-being rock' (Going Out of My Head; Remember, Dion and the Belmonts' absolutely obscure I Can't Go On Rosalie) and 'march rock' (Little Peggy March; the beat of I'll Never Dance Again; the tympani of Every Little Thing; Calendar Girl, which declares, March, I'm gonna march you down the aisle) are as valid as such categories as 'folk-rock', 'Motown rock', or even 'rock-which-legitimately-renders-human-experience' or 'that-which-consistently-conforms-to-the-standards-of-classical-music rock'.

At the same time rock has transcended any difficulties encountered in the sociology of knowledge. Because it is so wantonly eclectic, any moment's linear connections can bear contrdictory relationships to those of the next without difficulty. I Can't Stop Loving You has succeeded I've Had It, Tequila had led to Too Much Tequila, and Eve of Destruction and Dawn of Correction have appeared almost concurrently. William James has seen the impossibility of viewing philosophical contructs separate from the temperament which has led to them; rock has never for a second viewed the construct and temperament as anything but the same phenomenon, or noumenon for that matter. Quine has noted, 'The unit of empirical significance

is the whole of science.' The unit of rock significance in the whole of rock 'n' roll, and this is not merely the result of the failure of reduction, as Hegel's unit of historical significance of all of history seems to be, just as permissable, anyway, is the 'Jenny' position in Summertime, Summertime, which resembles Hegel's end of history, 'No more Babylon history.'

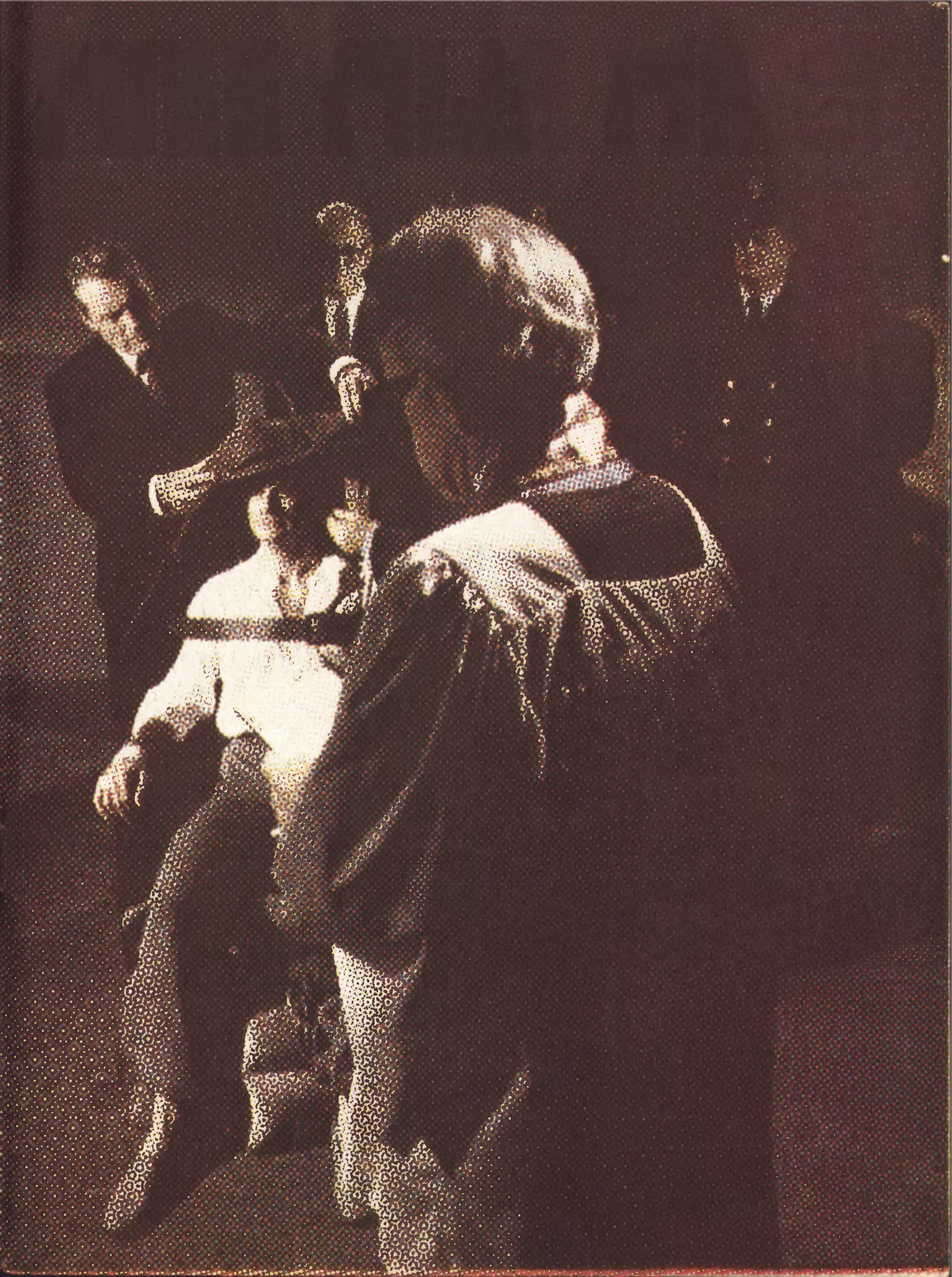
The possibility of artistic evolution presupposes questions of evolving legitimacy and illegitimacy. Once a new approach has been legitimatized through acceptance it may be repeated; in the case of rock 'n' roll the very process of legitimatization itself can pertain to rock 'n' roll's total picture, and this repetition of course is driven into the ground, just as I have obliterated the concept of [illegible] by overuse so far in this [illegible]. Rock has dealt with legitimacy and illegitimacy in [illegible] which frequently a[illegible] tion. Often something [illegible] of being observed as both [illegible] in a rock context and utterly alien. When Elvis Presley followed his early hard core rock hits with a ballad Love Me Tender, the music of which had been taken from Stephen Foster, [illegible] tions [illegible] Could Elvis [illegible] popular musician in the [illegible] sense? Was rock 'n' roll, in [illegible] three years [illegible] movement, on the verge of fusion with this popular mainstream? Pat Boone built his entire early career on music ambiguously legitimate to both pop and rock, with titles like Love Letters in the Sand, Anastasia, There's a Gold Mine in the Sky, April Love, When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano, and his [illegible] Friendly Persuasion. Perhaps he was interested mainly in attaining pop legitimacy for his own songs, imbued already with a pseudo rock energy, without concentrating upon how that energy might enhance what he conservatively felt to be legitimate. The Platters, perhaps the biggest group during the early days of rock 'n' roll, seemed to sound so legitimate that they have completely vanished. As rock developed a significant change took place: ballads became illegitimate. That is, they were no longer ambiguous good music but were now silly for use by rock 'n' roll. Beauty could now reenter rock 'n' roll with full 'badness' to it; there was no longer a need to equate beauty with the submundanely pretty, as muzak necessitates: beauty was now free and ontologically energized. 'Soul' encountered a similar problem [illegible] completely by Ray Charles. His early blues and [illegible] contained an intense, lyrical [illegible] that seemed un[illegible] from rock [illegible] sentimentality. Charles' What'd I Say and Swanee River Rock alienated his work from its earlier [illegible] legitimacy and introduced to rock a variety of soul [illegible] more 'righteous' than that of rhythm and blues. One of the first great ballads of this new era of rock was Conway Twitty's It's Only Make Believe, perhaps an indicator of the self-cognition necessary for such a transition beyond limitation by dubious distinction: 'People see us everywhere, they think you really care./But [illegible] it can't deceive [illegible] know it's only make believe.' The problem of delegitimatization has sometimes been reduced to a problem of trivialization. The Righteous Brothers' Unchained Melody is a song recorded scores of times in a 'love ballad' context, but only the Righteous Brothers, only one Brother sin[illegible] on the record, a dubious triviality [illegible] could make it comp[illegible] bearable through a rock con[illegible] The [illegible] was to slur the phrase 'your love, in the final 'God speed your love to me', so that it is not clearly audible, even inaudible on a faulty transistor radio. Bob Dylan has brought his harsh folk songs of protest into rock 'n' roll by following the latter's pleasure principle, recording for single releases (separate form his record albums) those songs which are the most, usually, pleasing, as Like a Rolling Stone and Positively Fourth Street.

The usual labels for fragments of artistic evolution, 'baroque' and 'rococo,' are really superficial manifestations of this deeper activity. A cursory examination of the terms used to designate styles, the accepted song, is revelatory of an orientation different from that of the traditional forms to which those labels were originally applied: A song can be a 'hit', a 'blast' a 'smash', or even a 'gasser'; kinetic destruction is inherent in kinetic success.

Stylistically, Conway Twitty resembles closely Elvis Presley, who is echoed by Terry Stafford, who sounds like Del Shannon. Murrian[illegible] Fatahful can be thought of as an [illegible] Joan Baez; Adam Faith is essentially the same as Jimmy Soul both stylistically and sonically. By a convenient [illegible] epistemology, Dee Dee Sharp has resembled the Orlons, and to [illegible] the Marvelettes. 'Be-bop-a-lula' Buddy Holly was poignantly heard in the singing of Conway Roe and Bobby Vee, who has even used Buddy Holly's Crickets. The instrumental sounds of the Tornadoes and of Johnny and the Hurricanes display no distinct difference. Mel Carter is not greatly distinguishable from the 'late great' Sam Cooke. Some vocals and harmonica solos by Dylan and Lennon have sounded so related that one rock 'n' roll magazine said that they might be the same person in different disguises. Jay and the Americans sound like the Fortunes, who sound like the We Five, who sound like the Ivy League, who sound like the Beatles, who sound like the Zombies, who sound like the Searchers, who sound like the Everly Brothers, who sound like a multitude of white country types singers, who sometimes sound like Negro country blues singers, who can sometimes sound like urban Negro blues singers, who sound like the Rolling Stones, who sound like the Nashville Teens, who do not even look like Jay and the Americans.

At the close of Plato's Symposium, Socrates has clinched complete control of the situation and has, by keeping his listeners on the verge of boredom and sleep, forced them into acceptance of anything he chooses. 'Socrates was arguing with others—not that Aristodemus could remember very much of what he said, for, besides having missed the beginning, he was still more than half asleep. But the gist of it was that Socrates was forcing them to admit that the same man might be capable of writing both comedy and tragedy—that the tragic poet might be a comedian as well.' Socrates here has spoken of tragedy and comedy alone as a matter of drunken brevity. John Lennon in a similar position would group together amny more things, likely tradedy, comedy, pornography, melodrama, structured philosophy, mathematics and psychology, history, limerick, babble. Dulled beyond speech he might still indicate his conception of the One in dullness beyond speech. Mick Jagger actually offers a variation of this position at the conclusion of the Stones' Walking the Dog, babbling, Duh-duh duh-duh duh-duh . . . just a waiting. Struck by profound revelation, he is ambiguously wounded and removed of his power to speak coherently or so awestruck that coherent speech is no longer necessary. Anyway, he just babbles.

by [illegible]hard Meltzer



All states are police states. But some societies disguised the fact much better than others, above all Britain and North America (the area of 'Anglo-Saxon democracy' in its different forms). Now, the disguise is wearing thin.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE

KEEP THEM INDEPENDENT!

The battles of Chicago and Grosvenor Square have made the biggest holes in it. But the evidence accumulates every day that these were not brutal accidents, that the old garment can not be sewn up around them — that they were, instead, symptoms of profound, irreversible social change. The mystification was founded on a social consensus which is very rapidly deteriorating beyond repair: in effect, society was held together by an ideological and moral cement which made police-type force secondary. And this physical force simply grows in importance as the cement rots away.

The most obvious expression of the change is simply growing consciousness of the fuzz as a social fact, and some sort of social problem (which in Britain naturally takes the form of dismay that coppers aren't as wonderful as they used to be). But it has already been registered culturally in a very striking way. No fewer than three movies this year present an image of the police almost unrecognizably different from that dear to American and Britiah cinema in the past: Don Siegel's *Madigan,* Gordon Douglas's *The Detective,* and a British film, Douglas Greene's *The Strange Affair.*

The concensus worked by keeping us convinced that, on the whole, the police was good. It was the upright guardian of an acceptable social structure. The bent cop is a familiar figure in Hollywood convention, but the whole point lay in contrasting him to the honesty of 'the force,' to incorruptible superiors. The common theme of these new films is, by contrast, that the whole force is bent and corrupt in some way, because it serves a corrupt social order. Instead of showing corrupt individuals in a wholesome system, they show would-be honest individuals in a system so corrupt that they cannot survive it.

Madigan is much the weakest of the three films, although by the best-known director, Don Siegel. A season of his films was running at the NFT when *Madigan* appeared, which included the first-rate *Baby Face Nelson* (1957), *The Line-Up* (1958) and *The Killers* (1964). *Madigan* is much poorer than any of these, but does at least raise a more interesting question than any of them.

Dan Madigan (Richard Widmark) is a semi-corrupt New York detective: he lives on what is called 'police discount' (hand-outs) but has never actually 'sold out a job,' as his complacent superiors put it. But they have nothing to be complacent about, we learn. Police Commissioner Russell (Henry Fonda) is having a furtive affair with a married member of the Womens League against Juvenile Delinquency, and his Chief Inspector Kane (James Whitmore) is bent in half trying to protect his bent son, Patrolman Kane, who just can't live on his salary. Russell has a high reputation as the soul of uprightness. Nevertheless, he bends over double too, to shield Kane and Madigan. He says of Madigan: 'I always feel he's out there doing something I'd rather not know about'. Yet at the climax, when the cops go in after the crazed killer, he can say: 'Be careful, Madigan. Good detectives are hard to come by.'

Thus, everyone is corrupt, from patrolmen to Commissioner. And the system only works by everyone protecting everyone else. But though Siegel discloses this completely bent universe for us, he is absolutely unable to explore its contradictions. More at home with violence (the keynote of his best films) than with the sociological insight which the theme demands, he founders hopelessly back into conventionality. Everyone's rotten, he suggests, but it doesn't matter because everyone is also OK at heart: the corruption is superficial. When the fuzz comes face to face with the real enemy, everything shifts back on to the familiar terrain of cops-and-robbers. Madigan becomes a hero, Russell becomes human, and even the bitchy Mrs. Madigan (Inger Stevens) finds she can't bring herself to screw the other man.

However, one must accord the film some credit for its extraordinary *ugliness:* Siegel's ageing heroes, brought constantly into lined close-up, and the grainy brutalism of many scenes, accord better with the theme than the sagging story-line.

But *The Detective* takes the theme—almost—to its logical conclusion.

Joe Leland (Frank Sinatra) is another New York cop occupying a middling position in the police hierarchy, like both the heroes of the other films. The film traces the whole story of his investigation of the murder of a wealthy homosexual, and is most renowned for the boldness of the dialogue, where penises, spunk, and screwing are spoken of fairly casually. But it is another boldness which is really interesting.

Leland's father and grandfather were both cops, and he struggles to keep straight. He respresents the old cinema tradition of the honest policeman. His investigation of the murder is really the analysis of the different corrupting pressures to which he is exposed; and the ambiguous 'success' of the search is really his final recognition that the pressures are irresistible, and his decision to leave the force. The 'honest cop' has become a thing of the past.

The film shows police corruption as having three main aspects. First of all, it is a highly bureaucratic institution, torn by a ceaseless, unscrupulous scramble for promotion. Leland gets his promotion to Lieutenant by sending the wrong man to the chair, against his inner convictions. Then when he finds a subordinate using Nazi techniques to extract a confession, he is powerless to protest because it reminds him of what he has already done. Secondly, the policemen are riddled with the petty-bourgeois prejudices of outside society, in a peculiarly crude and rigid form: this is conveyed vividly by their attitudes to the homosexual milieu shown in the film. Leland fights a lone, losing battle for tolerance. Thirdly, the police are helpless before the massive political and financial pressures of an outside society which is itself totally rotten. When some agitators are arrested, Leland remarks angrily that the

police have to 'sit on the lid of the ghetto garbage can', and make the eventual explosion that much worse. Then the shocking truth of the crime emerges. The murderer was a respected pillar of society, who had preferred to commit murder—and then suicide—rather than be known as a homosexual, and have his life ruined by the vile prejudices of his bourgeois environment. And he was also the centre of a vast property swindle with vested interests in ghetto housing, in which half the city's upper crust participated.

Thus, Leland succeeds in exposing the 'real villains'. An older type of detective movie would have ended on a brassy triumph-of-justice fanfare at this point. But Leland realises that there is no triumph. The swindle will be back in operation again in six months, whatever happens. It is society. The police force he believed in is there to protect and foster its corruption, not to cure it. He quits, saying that 'there are some battles one can't fight here', but without making clear what they are, or how he will fight them. Played with convincing dignity by Sinatra, Leland is the conventional Hollywood hero-figure in a fallen world, a universe whose values have collapsed and left him alone.

Madigan told us that cops are corrupt, but that it didn't matter too much as they are all good guys underneath (it even turns out that a negro preacher's son *wasn't* roughed up, when under suspicion of sexual assault!). *The Detective* says that fuzz corruption is only the logical expression of a hopeless social order, hence the one remaining good guy in the world has to pull out.

However, there is still a faint trace of Hollywood's old optimism in the existence of this one good guy. One can't understand how he could have survived so long—what would really happen to an officer who knocked colleagues down every time he saw them being nasty? But anyway, one crusader is left, determined to keep on trying. Americans have conserved that much faith in their dream. In the British anti-fuzz film, there are no redeeming features: no hero, and no hope at all for anyone.

The Strange Affair has two central characters, and of the two P.C. Strange of the title is less important (Michael York). He is overshadowed by Sergeant Pierce (Jeremy Kemp), who corresponds to Madigan and Leland in the other films. Pierce is a gritty, angular figure who has made a fetish of police honesty, and consequently detests those who are dishonest: 'There's nothing in this world more despicable than a bent copper!', he warns P.C. Strange. He particularly hates one successful gangster who was formerly a bent copper, and is now in the heroin trade. P.C. Strange is a novice constable who has failed his University exams and naively 'wants to do something useful for society, and that sort of thing'.

The film follows the disillusionment and downfall of both men, but unlike Leland they do not survive catastrophe: Pierce ends up mad, rambling on helplessly about God and the sins of young folk, and Strange is jailed for planting false evidence on a suspect. In other respects, there is a remarkable parallelism between the films: *The Strange Affair* translates *The Detective's* critique of the police integrally into British terms. Certain conversations and attitudes echo one another almost word-for-word: for instance, Leland's talk with Curran in the police cafe, and Pierce's talk with Evans in the washroom at New Scotland Yard.

However, the British film is—at its best—both more subtle, and much better directed than either *The Detective* or *Madigan*. Take the theme of police bureaucracy. Greene manages to convey the essence of this, and also the central dilemma of Sergeant Pierce, in one short, brilliant episode. When Pierce returns to New Scotland Yard, and gets out of his car in the parking ramp, two superiors are looking down at him, framed stiffly in an opening with the building looming darkly behind them. He is angrily rebuked for having failed to 'sign out'. Now he has to go and sign out, and then sign in, so that 'the book' is in order. From their attitude, and his protestations, we gather that his over-earnest regularity, his anxiety to be a 'single-handed sword of justice' makes him a grain of sand in the organisation, that he is disliked and persecuted for it. As he hurries awkwardly up the ramp, the concrete ceiling shutting out the sky behind him, he already appears vividly as a man alone, increasingly shut up in a private world of rancour and bitterness.

At such moments, Greene makes the routine talent of Douglas and Siegel very obvious. And he is helped both by a very good musical score by Basil Kirchin (*The Detective* is burdened by the conventional noises of Jerry Goldsmith), and by a marvellous acting performance from Jeremy Kemp as Pierce. Unfortunately, at his worst he is a lot worse than either of the other two. The weak bits of *The Strange Affair* are precisely those singled out by most critics as constituting the film's main interest.

All three films counterpoint their view of the police with a story of the central characters' private lives. Here, *The Detective* comes off best, with a relatively creditable version of that other great American figure, the nymphomaniac. Greene lets himself be betrayed by the swinging-scene mythology into a picturesque vision of a Hampstead nymph and her pornographer-guardians: as anyone who glanced at the reviews knows, they make a blue film of P.C. Strange in bed with their ward. This is the same trendy terrain which proved so disastrous in Greene's last film, *Sebastian*.

Still, the flimsiness of these parts of *The Strange Affair* is outweighed easily by its virtues: its vision of a London half ruins and half a raw novelty which underlines the archaic routines of the fuzz; its accurate register of the British class hierarchy, both inside the police and in its relationship to the public; the scenes at the Westland Heliport, where Pierce's desperation is set off against the arrival of a white-robed oriental sage and his crowd of devotees; the quietly convincing picture of the police crusade against youth, drugs, and sex. One can leave the last word to the script: we see Strange and another copper crossing a Notting Hill street, at the same place we saw them previously, on their first patrol, when they knew nothing about it. Now Strange has begun to understand. 'I thought I was going to defend the social order against the incursions of crime and anarchy', he intones, mimicking the kind of voice which later sentences him to two years inside. 'Well,' he goes on, 'that's all absolute rubbish, isn't it . . .'

Tom Nairn

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..WAIT FOR IT..ONE OF
1,000,000,000 GALAXIES THAT ARE VISIBLE
?
still to be

secret

to regard

SQUIRREL STOPS A VILLAGE FROM GOING TO THE LOO

By MIRROR REPORTER

CAREFULLY, a squirrel built up her winter store of nuts . . . and cut off a village from its loos.

The larder was in a switch box on top of a pole carrying electricity cables in the Elham Valley, near Folkestone, Kent.

The pile of nuts caused the box to short-circuit.

There was a blinding flash and the squirrel was electrocuted.

All the lights in the valley went out and an electric pump taking water to the hillside village of Rhodes Minnis stopped working.

Serious

For four and a half hours the village had no water . . . and no one could visit the loo.

Santa, Go Home

of fright of his face. His new LP has a cover photo of 21 nude women, snapped by David Montgomery, who also photographs the Queen.

But this bombast—aural and visual—cannot hide a fantastic virtuosity of guitar playing. The guitar speaks—unmistakably and unashamedly—of a pent-up violence and anger, felt by Hendrix's entire generation. Listen also to the stabbing, choking, breathless pounding of 'Magic Bus.' Stravinsky's Symphony in 3 Movements has got nothing on this—relentless, cursing, rhythmically obvious, tight, fearful.

Madly lucid

If you are over 25 you feel uncomfortably aware that Pop is not just music; Something Is Going On Underground. If you are under 25 you are certain that It's All Happening. A curious alliance has been struck between teenagers, the hippies, commercial pop, and the young intellectuals. Somehow all have crystallised into a separate society or 'scene'.

At its centre, the authentic full-time hippies, young, serious, flamboyant in dress, claim to have taken an analytical look at the adult world, experienced a violent revulsion at what they saw, and decided that the only honourable course is to detach themselves, or 'drop out'. International in outlook, they feel they have more in common with their age group in San Francisco or Amsterdam than with older generations, sometimes referred to as the 'grey'. Their ideas are as colourful a grab bag as their clothes. Genuine young seriosity often founders in hippy ideas of 'love' that have only a marshmallow consistency, or in faddy mysticism. But Vietnam and civil rights arouse a common response.

The Underground plans to live peacefully but disparately. It produces and reads its own newspaper, the *International Times*, runs its own boutiques and bookshops, organises its own finances and legal aid for members who get picked up by the police, goes about its own pop arts business. It also likes to go about its own pleasures. This is the point at which it clashes with the 'straight' world since, to break [illegible]s of conventional living, the Underground [illegible]ations produced not only by light shows, [illegible], but also by marijuana and LSD. So its [illegible]nd tribal gatherings, its Freak [illegible] police attention.

of knowl- edge,

Congrats!

TOAST TODAY, folks, for the sixty-third wedding anniversary of **Mr. and Mrs. A. Challice**, of 5, Stanley Bungalows, Bury - road, Newmarket, Suffolk.

Congratulations!

"LOVE SCHOOL" OF THE STONE AGE MURIAS

Warm, sensual pleasure made easy and without g
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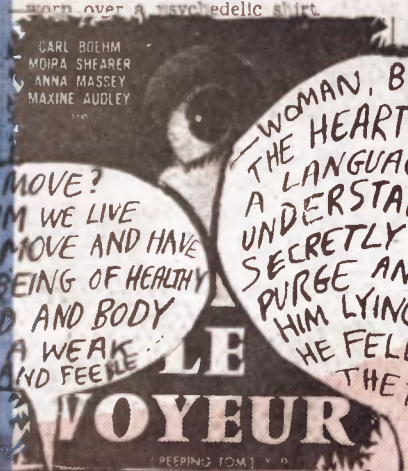
whose prehistoric, free-love paradise 300 miles dee
Indian jungle would shock the hippest, Jet Set swi

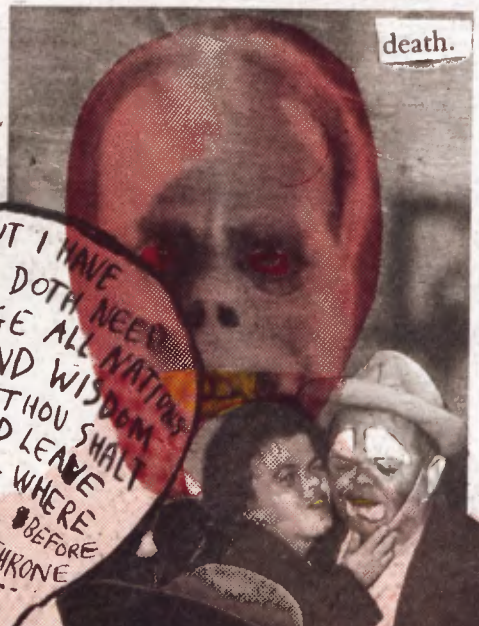
Colonel's daughter weds a hippy

THE COLONEL'S daughter plumped for a hippy wedding yesterday.

Caroline Barras, 19-year-old daughter of Colonel John Barras, Commanding Officer of Bovington Camp, Dorset, wore green shoes and a borrowed blue-spotted dress.

Bridegroom Barry Thompson, a corporation grass cutter, sported a giant blue paper flower on a tattered jacket worn over a psychedelic shirt.





Anxious to be first in the queue for tickets for a concert by the Rolling Stones my friend and I left the house at 3 a.m. to make our way to the theatre.

We were stopped by a policeman who was to our disgust ignorant of what or who the Stones were.

And so we settled ourselves on the steps of the theatre. Ten minutes later the policeman reappeared on a bicycle and drew from the saddlebag a vacuum flask of hot, steaming tea.

It was lovely. And, by the way, we got our front row seats.—(Miss) ROSALIND BRADICK, *Codgardie Avenue, Chingford.*

Boob kills marines

Da Nang (Vietnam): A U.S. marine Phantom jet accidentally bombed a unit of the U.S. Fifth Marine killing six marines and wounding eight others.

3 pastors 'drive demons' out of screa[illegible] wife

Harry Davies (left), Malcolm Carr (centre) and

TERRIFIED women called police to a hillside chapel yesterday where three pastors were "driving demons out of a possessed woman."

They claimed that the woman—wife of one of the pastors—had been dragged screaming into the chapel.

But last night the woman's husband, Pastor Harry Davies, said: "We believe she was possessed of evil spirits or demons, and we decided to cast them out by the power of prayer."

The exorcising ceremony took place at the House of Prayer in Treharris, Glamorgan. Mr. Davies was assisted by the chapel minister, Pastor Malcolm Carr, and Mr. Carr's brother, John, a minister from Dundee.

They are all members of the Full [illegible]

"But by [illegible] drove out th[illegible] cured and ea[illegible]

Mr. John [illegible] people think w[illegible] may accuse us [illegible] we are just follow[illegible] of Jesus in driving o[illegible]

Mrs. Beatrice Farmer [illegible] saw the woman arrive in a van with several men. "She was screaming," said Mrs. Farmer.

"When she came out of the church, she seemed transformed."

Four policemen and one policewoman spent several hours at the chapel.

PREDICTIONS

Mercury is opposed by the Full Moon of November 23rd (11.53 p.m.) showing that a lot of controversial legislation will be dealt with by Parliament. A call will be made for a substantial reduction in the Civil Service to offset increasing government expenditure. Exports will slump but imports will beat all previous records and will accentuate the [illegible]ayments pro[illegible]es in the [illegible]affect air, [illegible]

[illegible] Moon of [illegible] (9.42 a.m.) [illegible]-square to [illegible]ng that the [illegible]n of parliament will end with an inglorious muddle and perhaps a sense of relief [illegible] the public that politics [illegible] be temporarily [illegible]

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small size blanket with big blanket security

UNIQUE gift for that man

[illegible]mething to hang on to

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[illegible]ltop - Malibu, Ca. 90265

[illegible]me

Address

James Darren "Romps" as guest star, singing his "Goodbye Cruel World" to 74-year-old starlet Pearl Deines on the S. S. Oceanic.

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The name of a 'TEEN TV Special.
It's a dance. It's a superfun smash.
It's a new party for tired teens.
It's a 'TEEN teen idea.
Need a retread? Don't tune out.
Don't drop out.
Grab a tire and roll.
'TEEN co-produced a great TV Sp[illegible]lifornia Dairy

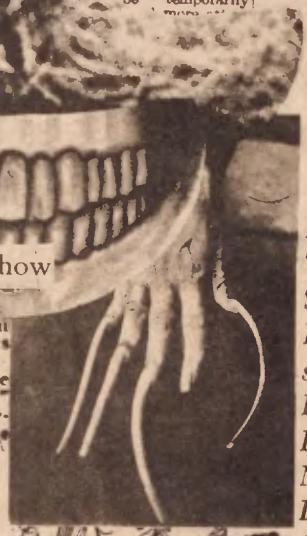
THE WORD GAME

TODAY'S key word in the Word Game is:

RAINCOAT

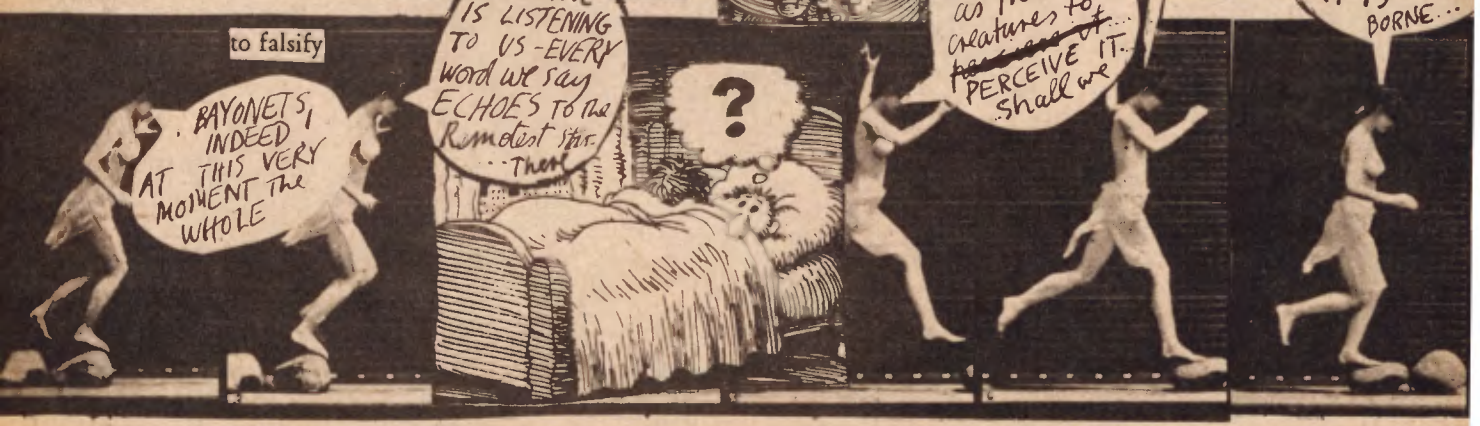
DRUG CHARGE

STRAIGHT



But how

to falsify



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Always refreshing. Coca-Col
r Coke after Coke.
The Death of
ROBERT KENNEDY
A Family's History
of Tragedy
moment. An attempt
NEWS
OF THE
WORLD
Great Student Plot
shall
IN UPON ME
I AM AN ENGINE
THAT MOVES
IN PREDESTINATE
GROOVES
TOMORROW
and TOMORROW,
and TOMORROW
CREEPS IN THIS
PETTY PACE
FROM DAY TO
DAY
TO THE LAST
SYLLABLE OF
RECORDED TIME
AND ALL OUR
yesterdays have
lighted fools
the way...
THE WAY TO
DUSTY DEATH
OUT, OUT,
BRIEF
CANDLE!
NO...
NO!

BETRAYED
Ago
sho
SIEGE
BOMB
you
find peace for a
LIFE'S BUT A WALKING SHADOW, A POOR PLAYER, THAT STRUTS AND FRETS
HIS HOUR UPON THE STAGE AS SHAKESPEARE SO WISELY SAID
"THE WORLD'S A STAGE" AND THEN IS HEARD NO MORE
?
IT IS A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT, FULL OF SOUND AND FURY SIGNIFYING NOTHING

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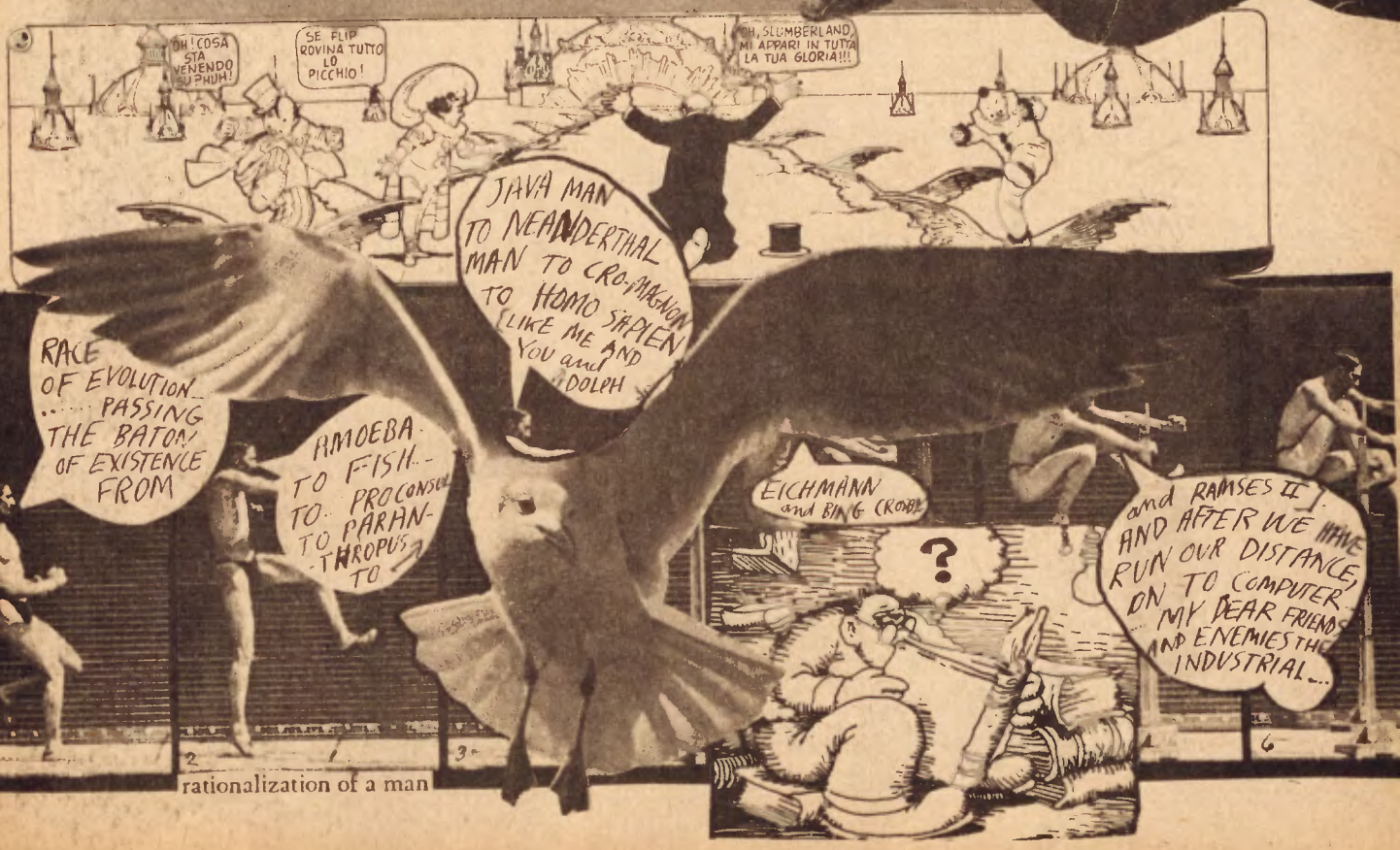
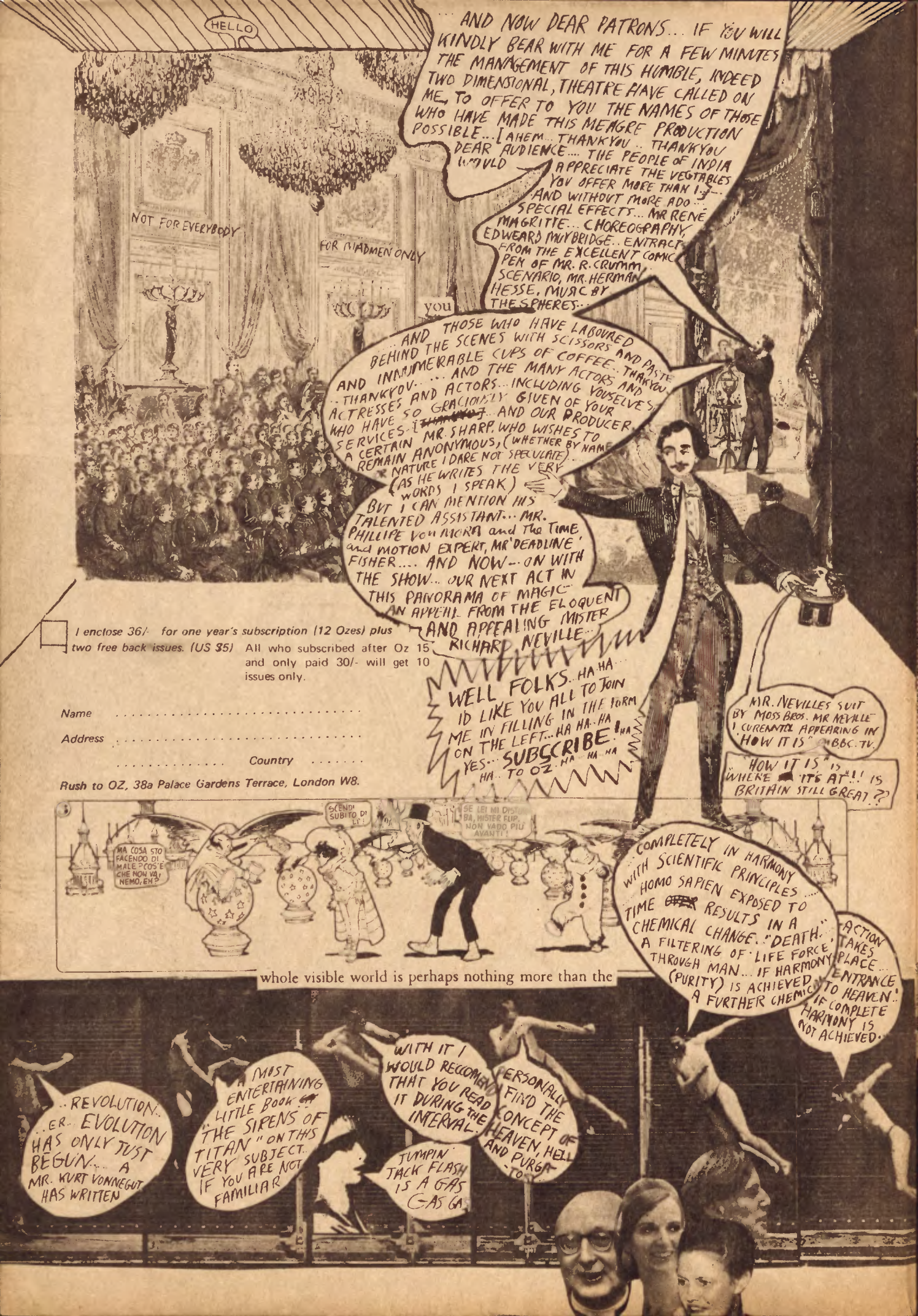
unless



rationalization of a man



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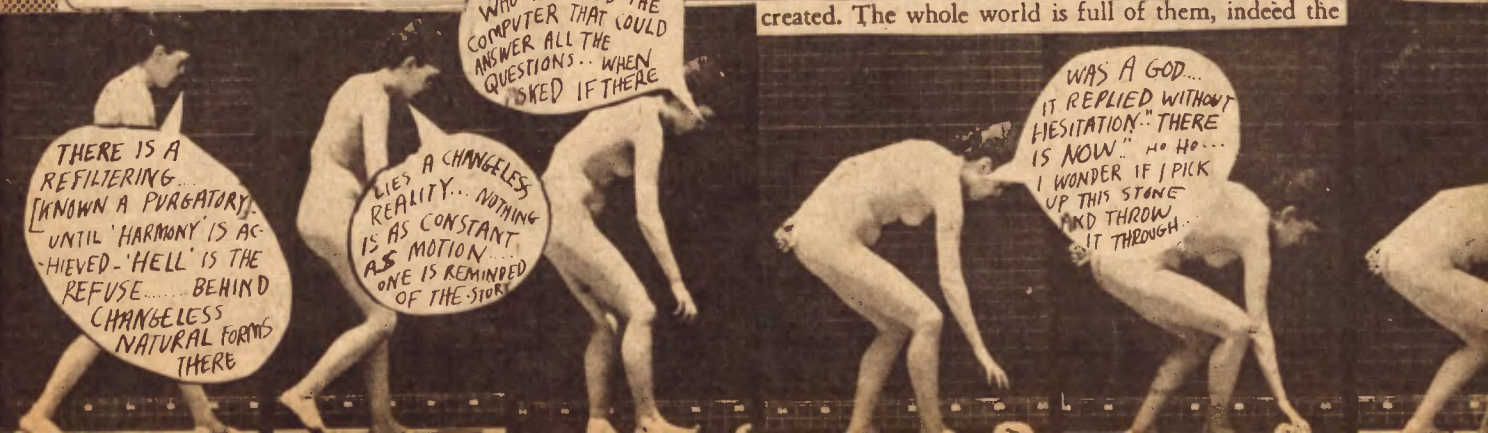
whole visible world is perhaps nothing more than the

AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO REVELS IN TRIGONOMETRY.

need

created. The whole world is full of them, indeed the



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- 2 Machine Gun Loaders
- 2 N.C.O.s with Field Glasses
- 4 Bren Gunners
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- 2 Grenade Throwers
- 2 Riflemen, crawling, in Steel Helmets
- 2 Riflemen, crawling, in Cap Comforters
- 2 Riflemen, kneeling, firing
- 2 Riflemen, standing, firing
- 2 Wounded
- 4 Sub-Machine Gunners
- 6 Riflemen, walking
- 3 Riflemen, walking, Rifle at hip
- 4 Riflemen, standing, Rifle in hand
- 2 Riflemen, bayoneting
- 1 Officer, crawling, with Pistol

FREE!

Tied to a tree and BRANDED— BY MY RAT-PACK CYCLE GANG!

He accused me—

"YOU'D MARRY THE FIRST WHITE MAN WHO ASKS YOU!"

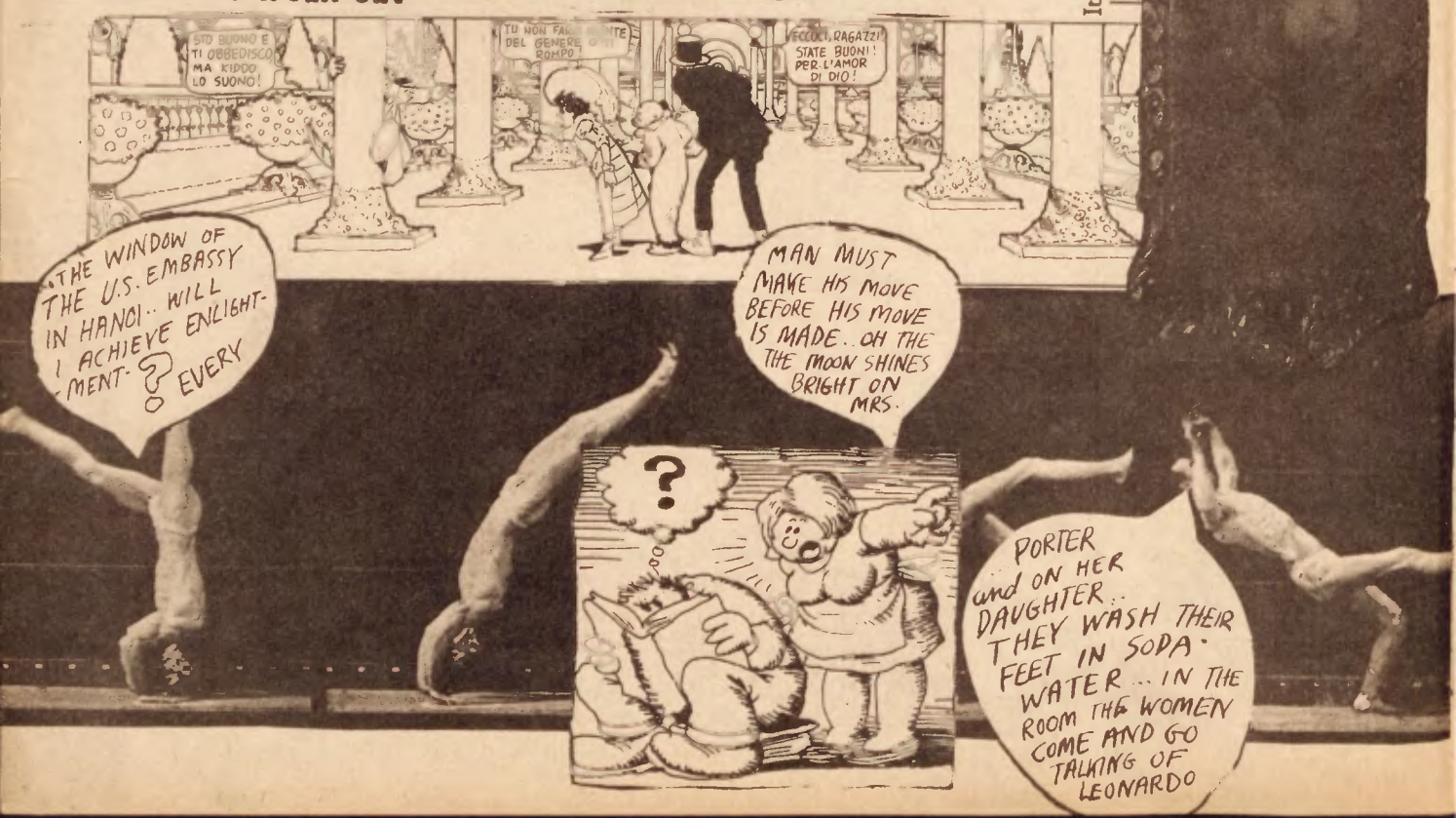
We Were WAY-OUT WEEKEND HIPPIES

We had 48 hours of make-out and freak-out

A LITTLE PICCANINNY AND HIS PONY.

It was for this purpose that our rationalizations were

What is the protect for?



The Miss United Kingdom and subsequent Miss World title brought a total of £3,500 in cash prizes together with a full compliment of lucrative promotional associations with firms as varied in their produce as the International Wool Secretariat on one hand and the mammoth Chrysler Corporation on the other. From "Pure Wool" to 7 litre saloon cars the "critical path" devolves into more permanent and serious pursuits—the next step, according to agent Larthe, is a film test with Hollywood producer Hall Wallis—after that, who knows, the world may be hers to keep.

accomplished cannot be annulled, but only confused.

THIS IS PART OF YOUR TINY TIM SUPER POSTER.

"Please, Please Stay Away From Drugs And Alcoholic Drinks!"

fall of man," may be traced back to that fear); yet the

IF THE PICTURES we print on these two pages don't make you feel uncomfortable, they ought to. For it is from scenes like this that the rest of the world judges us. And that means judges YOU.

They were taken in the heart of London, still the greatest of capital cities, during the past few weeks. It is a sad fact that they could be taken almost any night . . . and on most days, too.

For months now a steady degeneration has been taking place on London's streets and public places. It has happened so gradually that it has gone almost unnoticed by those people who live and work in the city.

But it has come as a considerable shock to thousands of foreign visitors, who cannot believe that such sights can be tolerated in what was once a proud city.

The truth is that not only are they tolerated, but they are becoming more and more commonplace until they have reached the proportions of a national scandal.

with this attempt, man is filled with fear; he prefers to annul his knowledge of good and evil (the term, "the

whose

■ Congratulations to Mayor Daley and the Chicago police on their tough handling of the yippies, Vietniks and newsmen. If more mayors and police departments had the courage to crack down on those who carry only the flags of our enemies and newsmen who consistently slant their coverage of events in favor of those who would undermine and disrupt our country, there would be greater freedom for the majority of Americans rather than greater lawlessness for the few.

It is a tragedy that such individuals are allowed to cringe behind our constitutional guarantees after they have wreaked destruction by their agitation.

And, STARTING TODAY, another great new series

At school with Princess Anne

—a fellow pupil's fascinating

25 WAYS TO RELEASE YOUR HIDDEN SEX POWER
(Continued from page 41)

GENERAL DE GAULLE may regard himself as the saviour of France, but I can't imagine history regarding him as such.—A. Williams, London, W.6.

Who's afraid of Middle Age?

ROBERT LEE MASSIE, *twenty-six, is the product of a broken home and has been a delinquent since the age of eight, finally resulting in the murder of a California housewife whom he was attempting to rob. He has been on Death Row at San Quentin for three years. But, unlike virtually all other condemned men, he adamantly claims his right to execution and has instructed his court-appointed attorneys to cease their appeals.*

"I'm sick of the whole mess. Life never gave anything to me. . . was always just drugs and alcohol and misery. And I never gave anything to life. I always knew it would end up like this —killing people. That's why I tried to join the Army. At least that way it would have been legal. But they didn't want me. Nobody ever has. So let's get it over with. All I have to say is, see you in the next world."

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4 Exquisite, Wide-Eyed, Full Color Moppet Paintings Reproduced For Your Home

night-bound eyes

to eating of the Tree of Knowledge; perhaps too it was the original meaning of natural death.) Now, faced

Postmen in Andover have refused to handle their local weekly newspaper because it has criticised the postal service.

say you want a re -
say you got a real
say you'll change the con -
lu - tion
lu - tion
tu - tion
to change the world.
ng what we can,
ur mind in - stead.
you know
you know
you know

remains nothing for him but this final attempt. (That is moreover the meaning of the threat of death attached

NEXT SUNDAY
When Princess Anne discovered 'pop'

to change the world
to see the plan
to change your

'Cured by Cannabis'

ACTOR Robin Anthony Culver wanted to protest against cannabis resin being designated a dangerous drug. So he walked into a police station with some in his hand, declared it was not a drug but a stimulant . . . and was promptly arrested.

At West London court yesterday he told magistrate Mr. E. R. Guest: "I was virtually an alcoholic. Cannabis has cured me of neurosis eroticism, depression and fits of violence.

"I believe that cannabis can be of positive benefit to mankind," he went on.

"The law of this country has to be obeyed," said Mr. Guest. "But I have no fear you will do yourself any harm."

He gave Culver, aged 26, of no fixed address, a two-year conditional discharge.

Well
Well

are blind

Another Beatle has been photographed in the nude.

Like the kiss that puts a gleam on your lips. New Coty Gold Lipsticks. Most precious of all Coty Dew Fresh lip colours.

Now Coty Golds give your lips that simply irresistible 'just kissed' moistness you've never been able to show till now.

Four new stay-fresh, always stay-creamy lip colours bathed in gold. Wear that special 'just kissed' look with Coty Dew Fresh Lipstick. Gold, or any shade.

MOON MESSAGES: The Moon-ys are powerful conflicting, lead disagreement. Only the bold, ssuasive and oratorical make udway

ARIES (Mar. 21-April 20): ood fortune providing you take your time.

TAURUS (April 21-May 21): Stand your ground quietly while others are in confusion

GEMINI (May 22-June 21): Some disquieting question may make you anxious. Take it easy.

CANCER (June 22-July 23): Fortunate day for popularity, friends rallying to your support.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23): Give

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23): Intimate matter should be taken care of immediately before it grows worse

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22): A partnership arrangement is vital You should give in a bit

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21): Luck in a private question that has to do with work.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20): Love life smiling You can deepen an acquaintance.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19): Expect strange turn of events at home Keep close watch on things owned

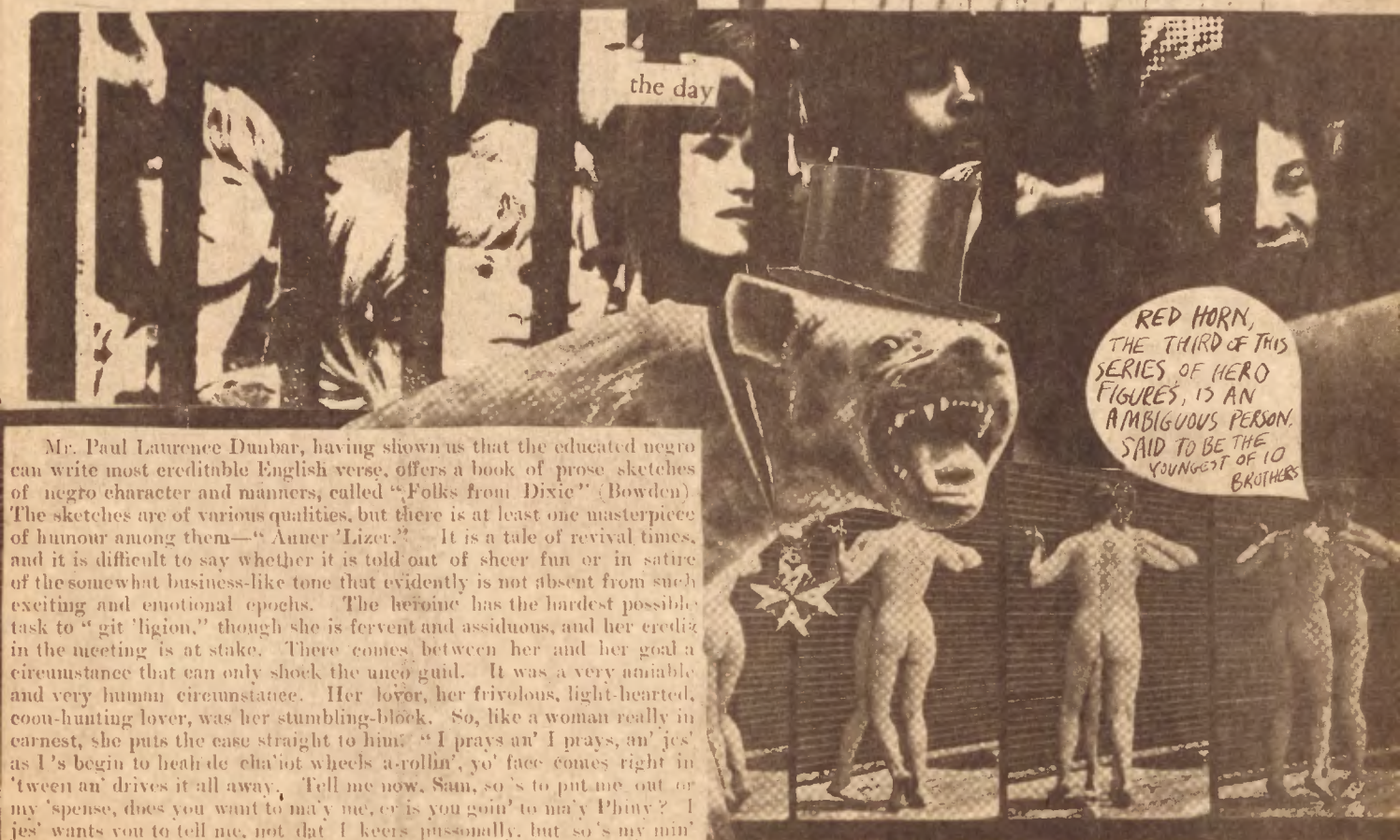
PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20): You

the

TE

however, is not likewise given him, consequently he must destroy himself trying to do so, at the risk of not achieving the necessary strength even then; yet there

"I'll Help Anyone I Can — Just Write To Me."



Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, having shown us that the educated negro can write most creditable English verse, offers a book of prose sketches of negro character and manners, called "Folks from Dixie" (Bowden). The sketches are of various qualities, but there is at least one masterpiece of humour among them—"Anner 'Lizer." It is a tale of revival times, and it is difficult to say whether it is told out of sheer fun or in satire of the somewhat business-like tone that evidently is not absent from such exciting and emotional epochs. The heroine has the hardest possible task to "git 'ligion," though she is fervent and assiduous, and her credit in the meeting is at stake. There comes between her and her goal a circumstance that can only shock the uncouguid. It was a very amiable and very human circumstance. Her lover, her frivolous, light-hearted, coon-hunting lover, was her stumbling-block. So, like a woman really in earnest, she puts the case straight to him: "I prays an' I prays, an' jes' as I 's begin to heah de cha'iot wheels a-rollin', yo' face comes right in 'tween an' drives it all away. Tell me now, Sam, so 's to put me out o' my 'spense, does you want to ma'y me, or is you goin' to ma'y Phiny? I jes' wants you to tell me, not dat I keers pussonally, but so 's my min' kin be at res' spi'tu'lly." Anner 'Lizer got religion early next morning, and Mr. Dunbar's simple talk of her struggle and triumph has won him the rank of a true humorist. O. O.

THE SKETCH.

edge of good and evil in itself, but must endeavor as well to act in accordance with it. The strength to do so,

The opposite illusion may be explained
hus: nobody can remain content with the mere knowl-

is just here that we seek to show our individual superiority. But the real differences begin beyond that knowledge.

LOVE LETTERS

TTER FROM A GENTLEMAN COMPLAINING OF THE CONDUCT OF HIS FIANCÉE.

19 Rose Hill,
Sydenham, S.W.,
(Date in full).

ar Julia,

As you know I am not at all a jealous person, I am not one of the people who think that an aged girl should talk to no other man but her cée, but I must say I am quite at a loss to know how to take your recent conduct. Last night you scarcely took any notice of me whatsoever but reserved it all for young Higgens, who, as you must be perfectly aware, is a notorious flirt and altogether worthless. I could not help overhearing several people remarking on it. You can imagine what I felt like! Dear Julia, if you are repenting of our engagement you had much better tell me; on the other hand, if it is merely thoughtlessness on your rt, I must tell you that you are trying me very much. I hope you will forgive my saying all this.

Ever your affectionate,
Alf

of light.

capacity to recognize good and evil; nonetheless it

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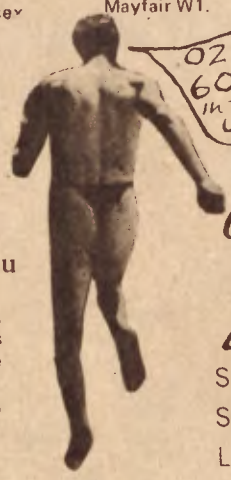

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Antonin Artaud

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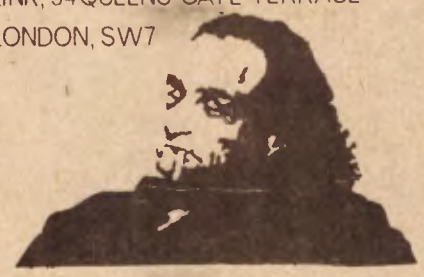

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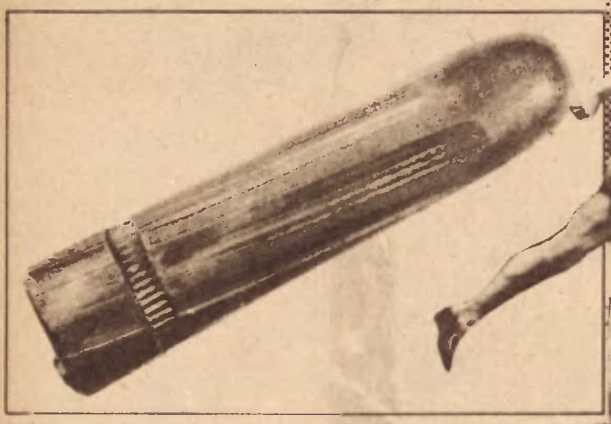
Since the Fall we have been essentially equal in our

refuses to account for the deadlock by an error in the original fettering.



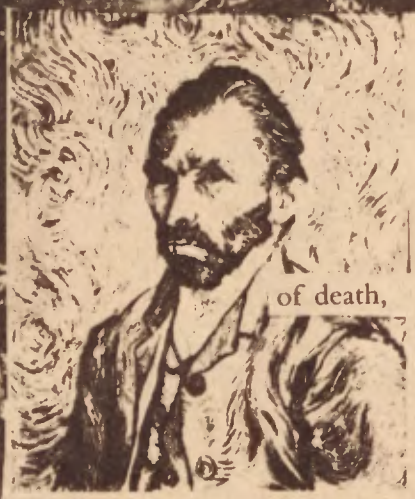
What are your views on men and after-shaves?

SAVE 4d
I WAN IT! AND I WAN IT NOW!
behold
MILLIONS of our readers saw this dramatic picture in the News of the World last Sunday. What they didn't know—and what we didn't know until a letter arrived in our offices—was that behind it lies a heartbreaking story.
earth, his heavenly collar throttles him, and if he heads for Heaven, his earthly one does the same. And yet all
O THE FIERY TEAR WEPT INTO THE NIGHT
Why should child
suffer like this?

nothing can drag him past the frontiers of the world.
But simultaneously he is a free and secure citizen of

Heaven as well, for he is also fettered by a similarly
designed heavenly chain. So that if he heads, say, for the

He is a free and secure citizen of the world, for he is fettered to a chain which is long enough to give him the freedom of all earthly space, and yet only so long that



of death,

Perhaps the finest self-portrait

Those TOPLESS California shoeshine parlors ($2 regular, half a buck extra for 2 tone) have already been covered here. But now....to even stand around and WATCH costs a DOLLAR....

I WAS A TIGER IN BED

(continued from page 15)

LONELY?
TIRED OF PHONY ADS?

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Meet LONELY gals, any day, any state (rich, poor, single, married, good or ?) Conversation easy. Competition nil. The last place you'd look. For complete details plus successful approach, rush $1.00 and stamped addressed envelope to E.G.R., P.O. Box 3203, South El Monte, Calif. 91733. Success guaranteed or money refunded.

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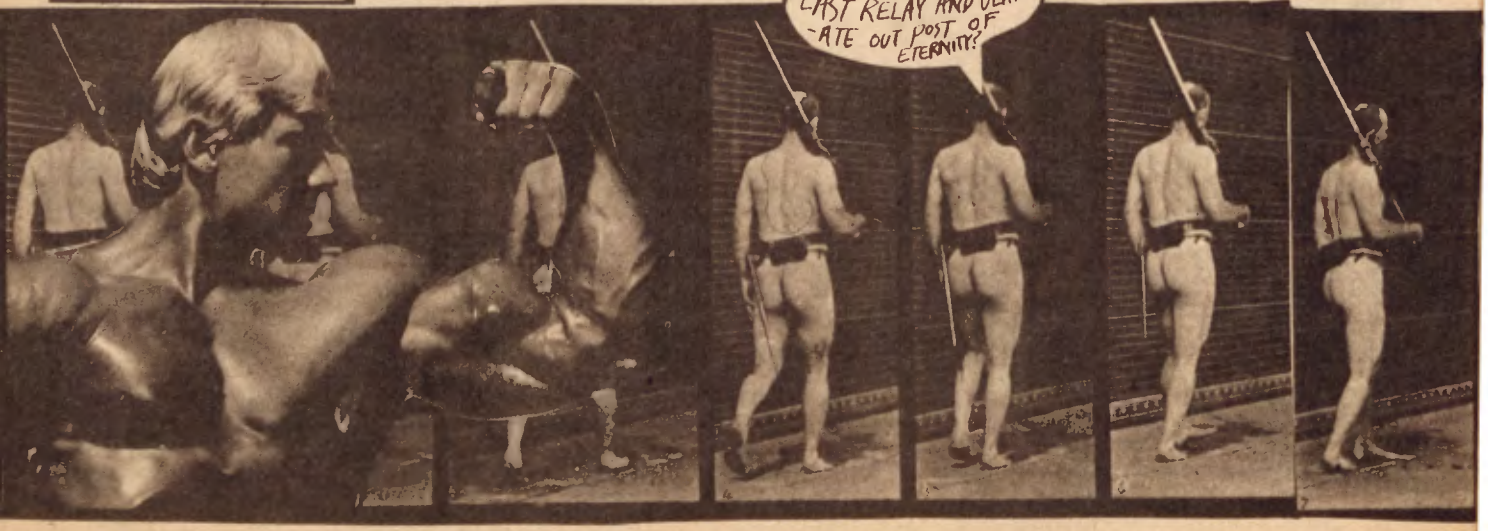


THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

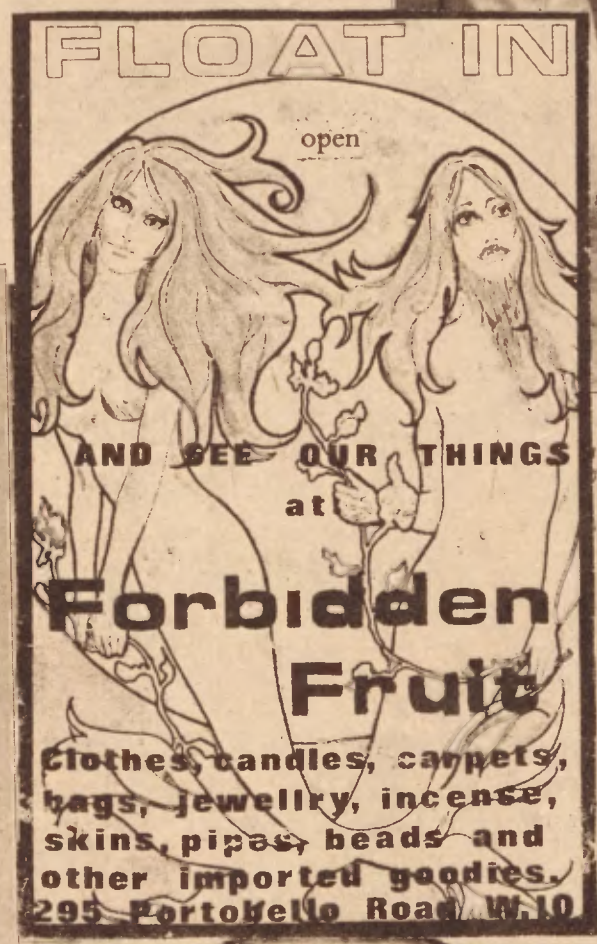
When the time comes for China to be divided among the nations, a great slice of it, the middle slice, will naturally be placed under the beneficent rule of England; that is, the whole of the Yang-tzi Valley, possibly all the rich province of Szetchuen, and a considerable chunk of the misty mountains of Yunnan, will belong to the Queen. I don't know whether the Chinaman will like it—indeed, I don't know if he very much cares. Last year, when I was attempting to befool myself that I was bicycling right through the heart of China, when really I was walking across it, I went slam-bang across this region that is ultimately to be part of her Majesty's dominions.

One afternoon, I was strolling through the crowded, higgledy-piggledy, noisy, dirty streets of Yunnan-sen, arousing derision from the mob at my tight-fitting cycling-clothes, and striking terror into the hearts of all the little pig-tailed boys with my straggling red beard, when in a curiosity-shop—for I have always had a keen scent for curios—I actually found for sale a half-crown piece. I turned it over with a smile, for the sight was like a picture of home. "This is a curious thing," I said. "Yes, it is," said the long-fanged old heathen who wanted to sell it. "Who is that?" I asked, pointing to the figure of the Queen. "I don't know," answered the dealer, "but I've been told it's the Queen of a far-off country where there are only women."

He was pretty ignorant, was that Chinaman, but he was no more ignorant than other future subjects of her Majesty that I came in contact with. A Chinaman has the conceit of a newly made alderman.

(MASTER FAUNCEFORT), AND ALICE.

MISS HETTIE CHATTELL AS CAPTAIN RATTLER IN "THE J.P."

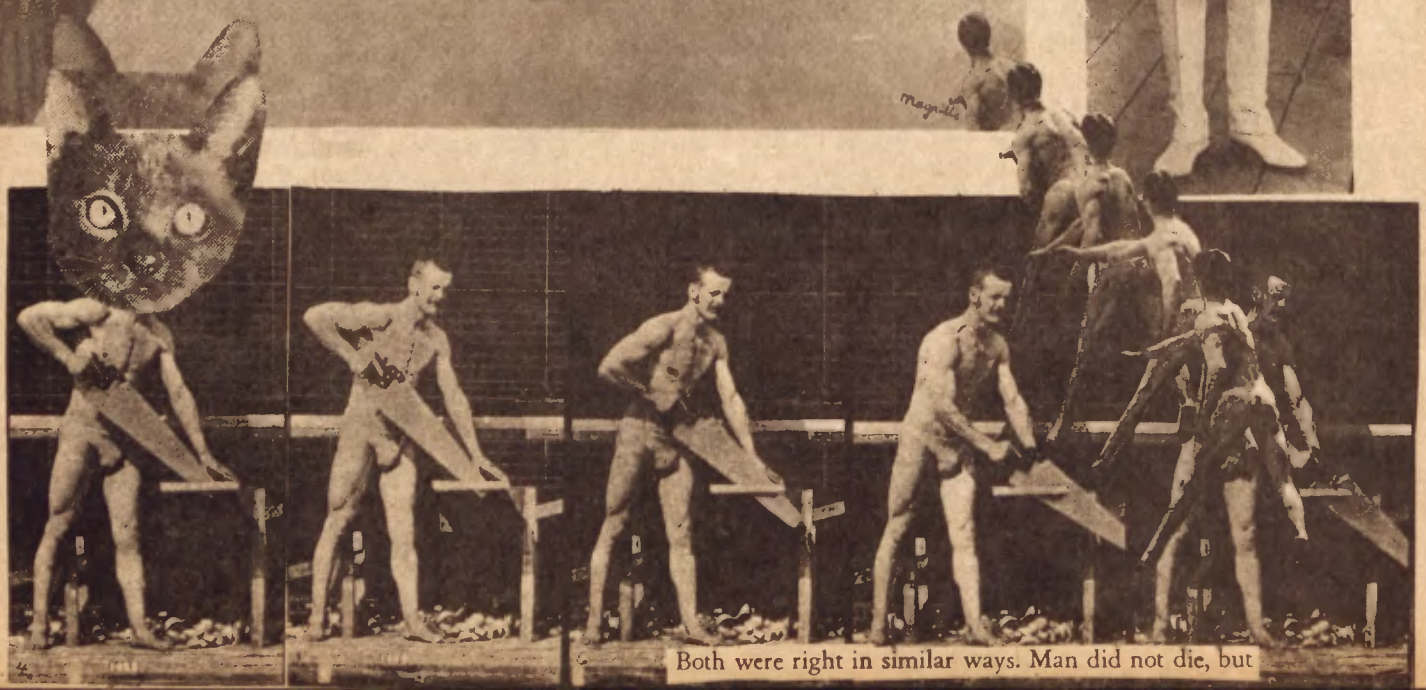


MARY MACPHERSON, THE SKYE POETESS.

him to
d, with
If you
away.

the paradisiacal man did; men did not become God, but divine knowledge.

they did not become like God,
but received the indispensable capacity to become so.



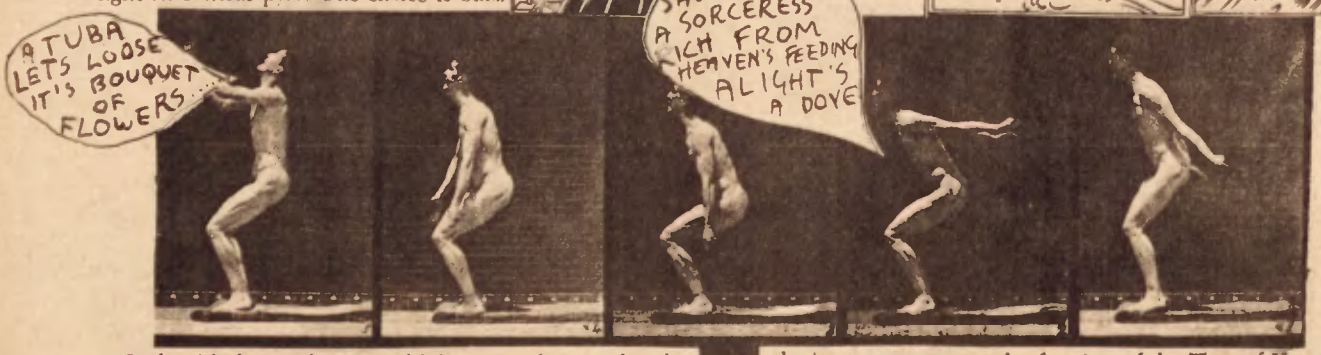
Both were right in similar ways. Man did not die, but

it can be understood so), it would be equality with God. Both were wrong in similar ways. Men did not

die, but became mortal;

PLAYBOY: Will we be able to find any deep meaning or fulfillment, either as individuals or as a species, as long as we continue to live with the knowledge that all human life could be snuffed out at any moment in a nuclear catastrophe?
KUBRICK: We *must*, for in the final analysis, there may be no sound way to eliminate the threat of self-extinction without changing human nature: even if you managed to get every country disarmed down to the bow and arrow, you would still be unable to lobotomize either the knowledge of how to build nuclear warheads or the perversity that allows us to rationalize their use. Given these two categorical imperatives in a disarmed world, the first country to amass even a few weapons would have a great incentive to use them quickly. So an argument might be made that there is a greater chance for *some* use of nuclear weapons in a totally disarmed world, though less chance of global extinction; while in a world armed to the teeth, you have less chance for *some* use—but a great chance of extinction if they're used.

If you try to remove yourself from an earthly perspective and look at this tragic paradox with the detachment of an extraterrestrial, the whole thing is totally irrational. Man now has the power in one mad, incandescent moment, as you point out, to exterminate the entire species: our own generation could be the last on earth. One miscalculation and all the achievements of history could vanish in a mushroom cloud; one misstep and all of man's aspirations and strivings over the millennia could be terminated. One short circuit in a computer, one lunatic in a command structure and we could negate the heritage of the billions who have died since the dawn of man and abort the promise of the billions yet unborn—the ultimate genocide. What an irony that the discovery of nuclear power, with its potential for annihilation, also constitutes the first tottering step into the universe that must be taken by all intelligent worlds. Unhappily, the infant-mortality rate among emerging civilizations in the cosmos may be very high. Not that it will matter except to us: the destruction of this planet would have no significance on a cosmic scale: to an observer in the Andromeda nebulae, the sign of our extinction would be no more than a match flaring for a second in the heavens; and if that match does blaze in the darkness, there will be none to mourn a race that used a power that could have lit a beacon in the stars to light its funeral pyre. The choice is ours.



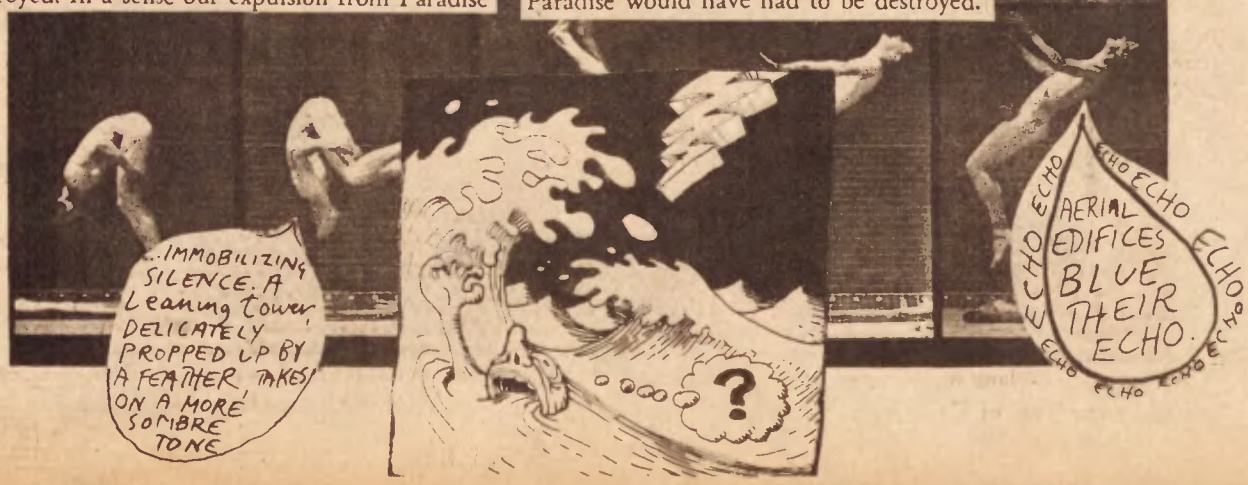
God said that Adam would have to die on the day he ate of the Tree of Knowledge. According to God, the instantaneous result of eating of the Tree of Knowledge would be death; according to the serpent (at least

AMA RIOT

SEIZE HIT BREAK JAIL

the body

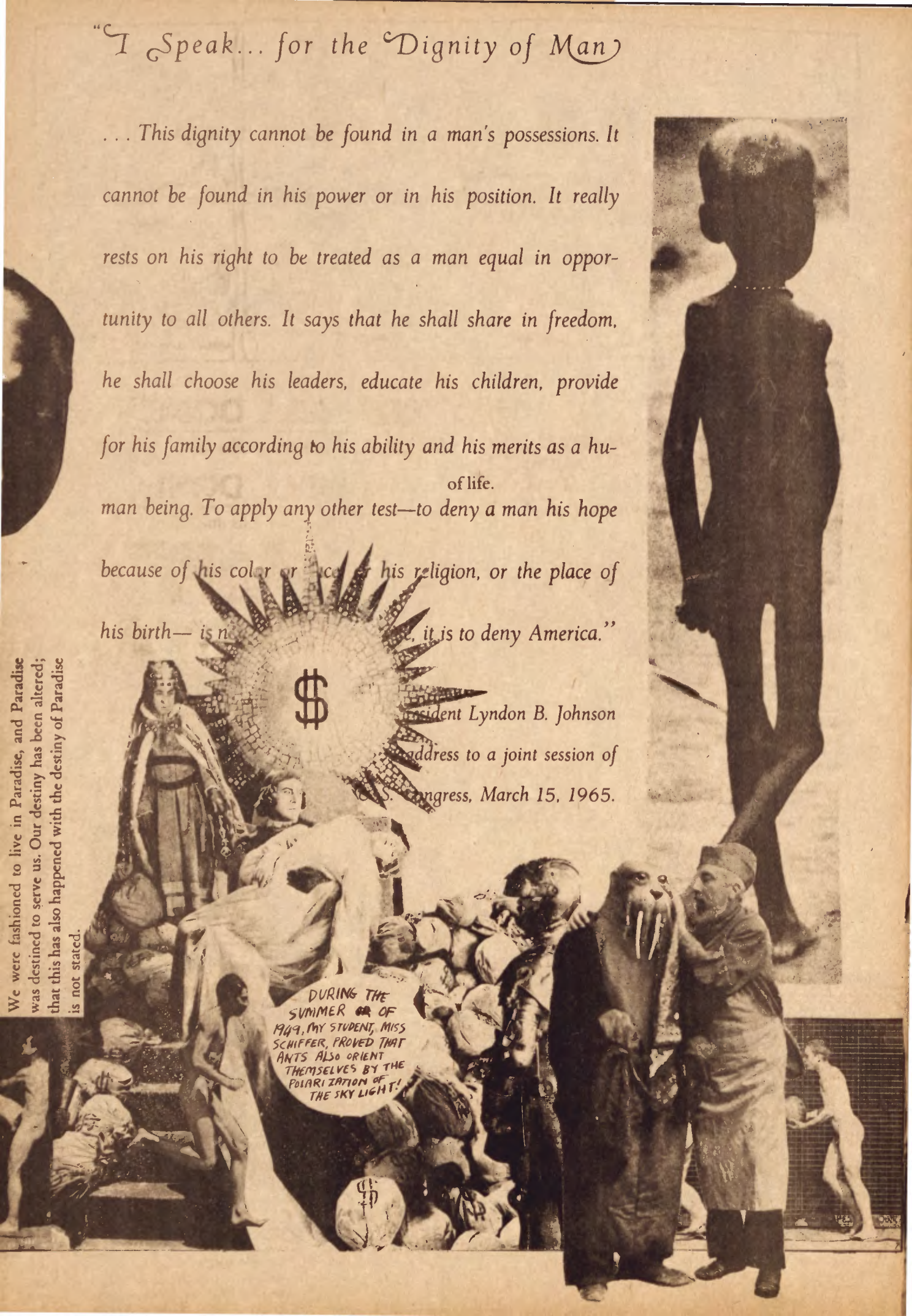
We were expelled from Paradise, but Paradise was not destroyed. In a sense our expulsion from Paradise was a stroke of luck, for had we not been expelled, Paradise would have had to be destroyed.



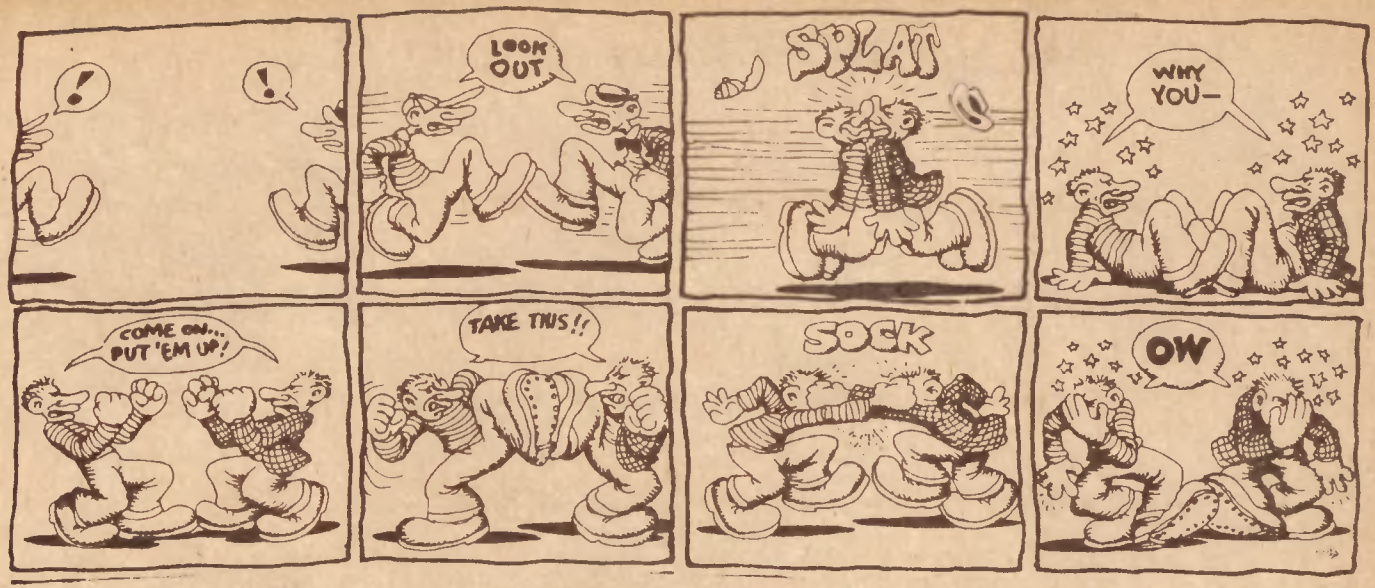
"I Speak... for the Dignity of Man

. . . This dignity cannot be found in a man's possessions. It cannot be found in his power or in his position. It really rests on his right to be treated as a man equal in opportunity to all others. It says that he shall share in freedom, he shall choose his leaders, educate his children, provide for his family according to his ability and his merits as a human being. To apply any other test—to deny a man his hope because of his color or race, his religion, or the place of his birth— is n[illegible], it is to deny America."

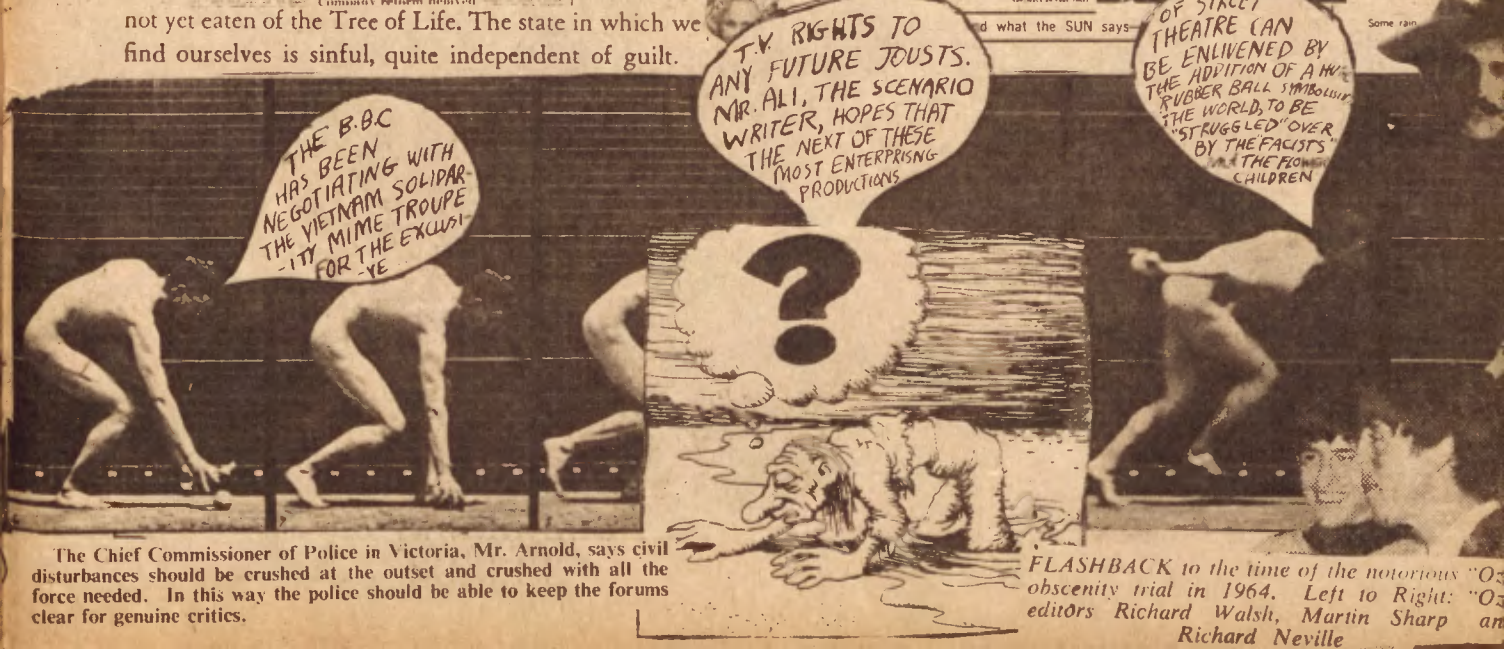
President Lyndon B. Johnson
address to a joint session of
U.S. Congress, March 15, 1965.



We were fashioned to live in Paradise, and Paradise was destined to serve us. Our destiny has been altered; that this has also happened with the destiny of Paradise is not stated.



not yet eaten of the Tree of Life. The state in which we find ourselves is sinful, quite independent of guilt.



The Chief Commissioner of Police in Victoria, Mr. Arnold, says civil disturbances should be crushed at the outset and crushed with all the force needed. In this way the police should be able to keep the forums clear for genuine critics.

FLASHBACK to the time of the notorious "Oz" obscenity trial in 1964. Left to Right: "Oz" editors Richard Walsh, Martin Sharp and Richard Neville

Ansafone

Daily Mail

Verdict on Demo-Day:

Yes, our police ARE wonderful!

Comment

And they've proved it

Gold i lost as Mario crashe

DAILY EXPRESS

Riddle of Russian space shot

Fringe fanatics foiled at the big demonstration

WHAT THE BOBBIES FACED

and death

Commander

Privilege

Persuasion

Peaceful

Georgi ready for space feat

Children set fire to their school

Britain's fourth liver transplant

Looters move in after window smashing

Transplant man drives himself to hospital

MURDOCH WANTS TO MEET TAKEOVER PANEL

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NERVE DEAFNESS and DEAFNESS IN LATER LIFE

We are sinful not merely because we have eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, but also because we have

Daily Mirror

In Grosvenor Square, as the great march ends, police and protesters are one, link arms to sing Auld Lang Syne

Notek

DAILY SKETCH

Monday, October 28, 1968

CHRISTMAS CARD LIST

And THEY talk about **PROVOCATION!**

THE DAY THE POLICE WERE WONDERFUL

Most of the marchers were pretty good, too

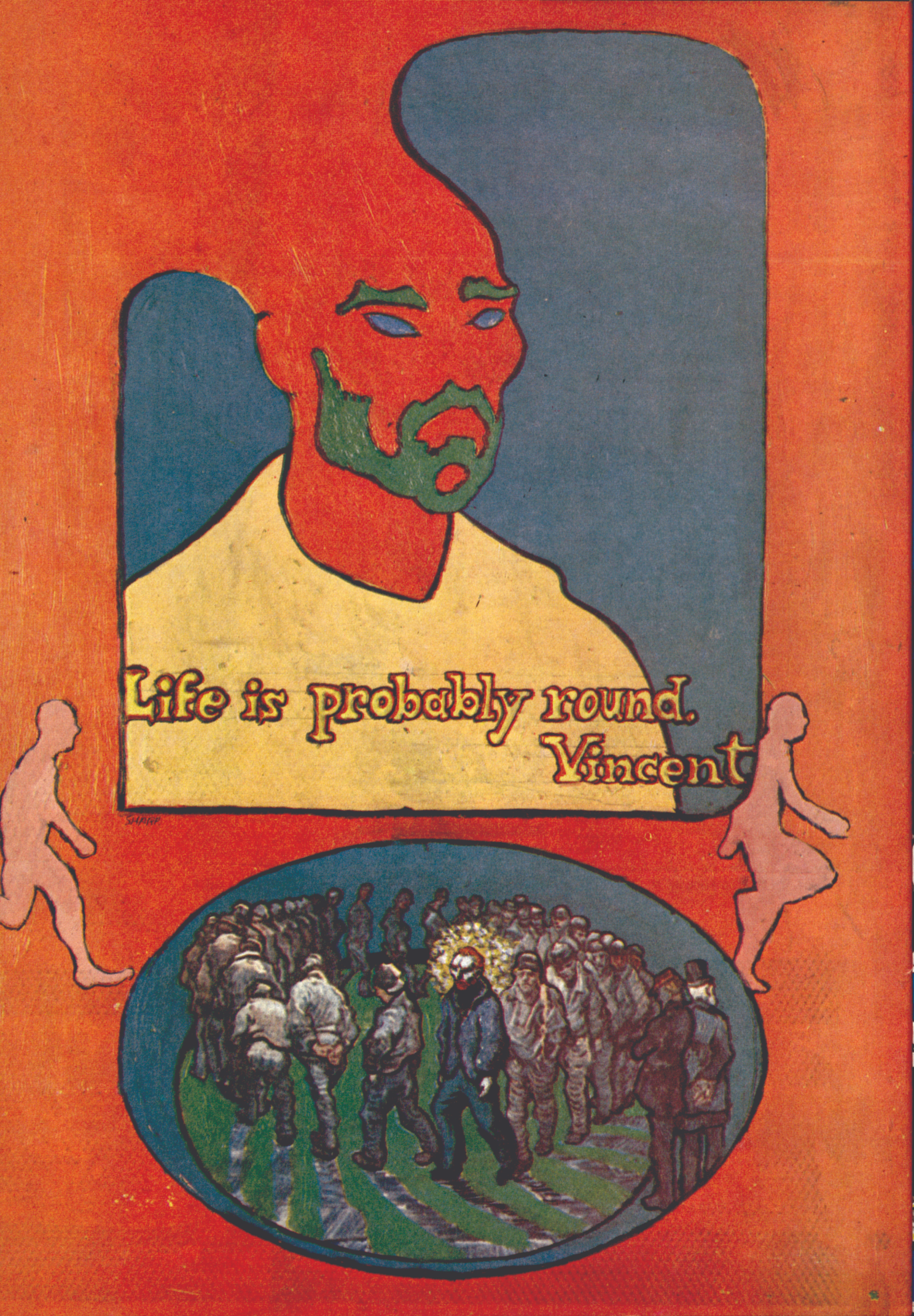
A demonstrator aims a kick at the face of a policeman in Grosvenor Square

POLICE STAND FIRM AGAINST 4,000

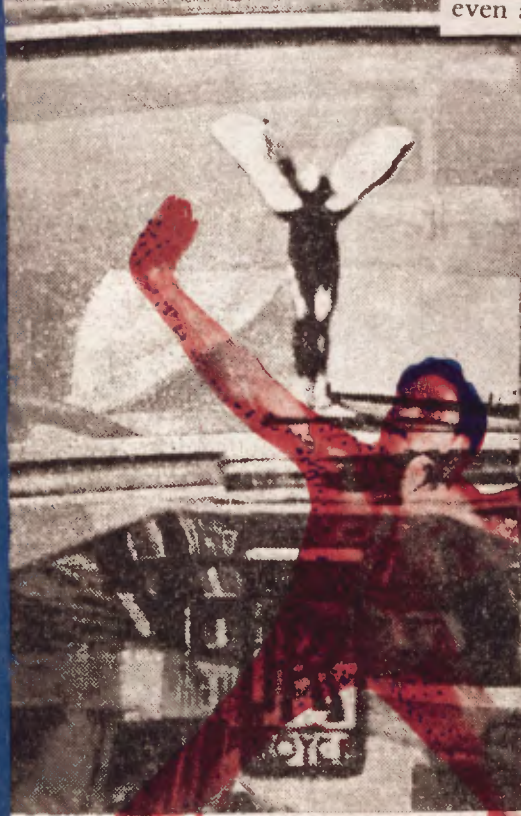
The Sketch says: Well done, police

BROADLOOM

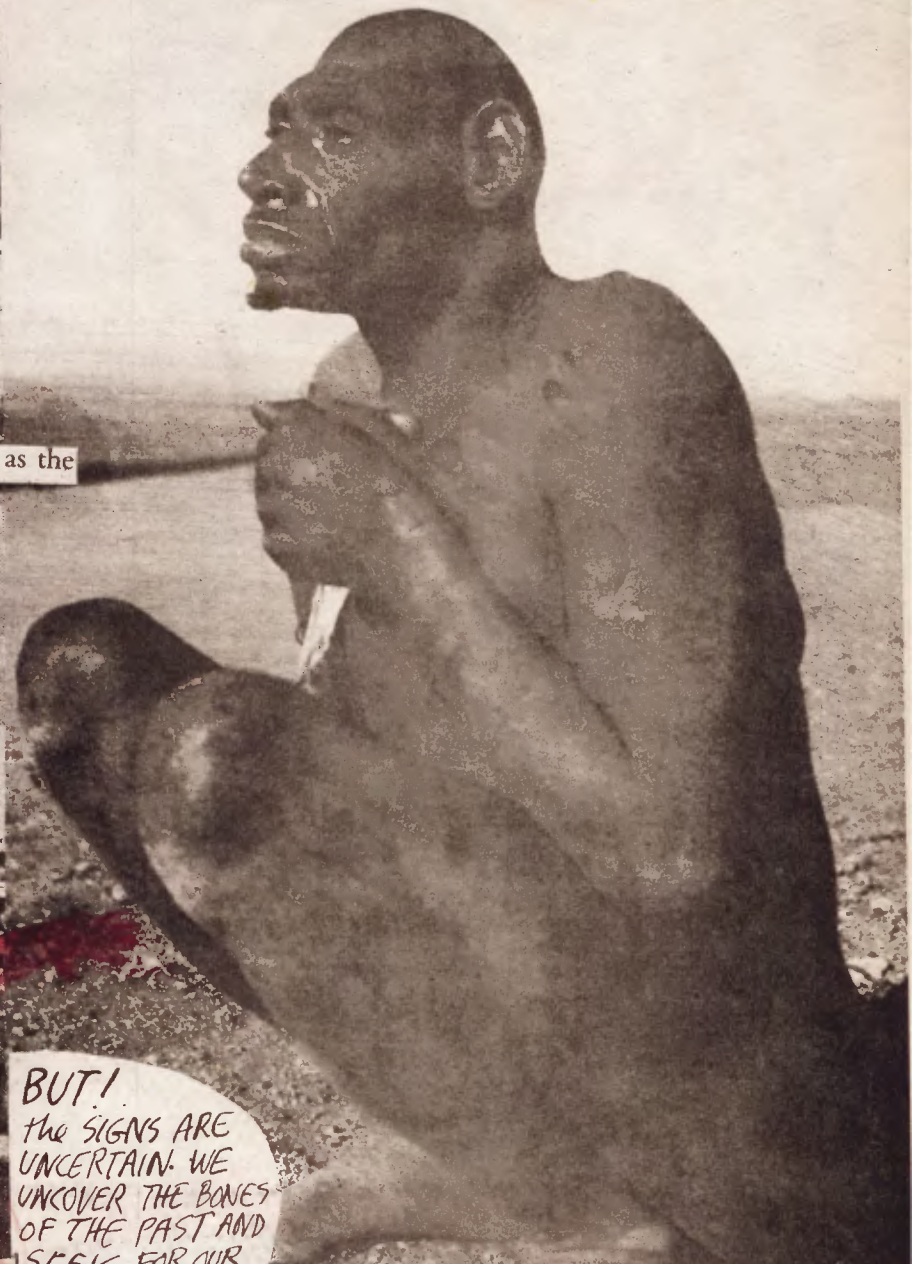
Why do we lament over the fall of man? We were not driven out of Paradise because of it, but because of the Tree of Life, that we might not eat of it.


Life is probably round.
Vincent

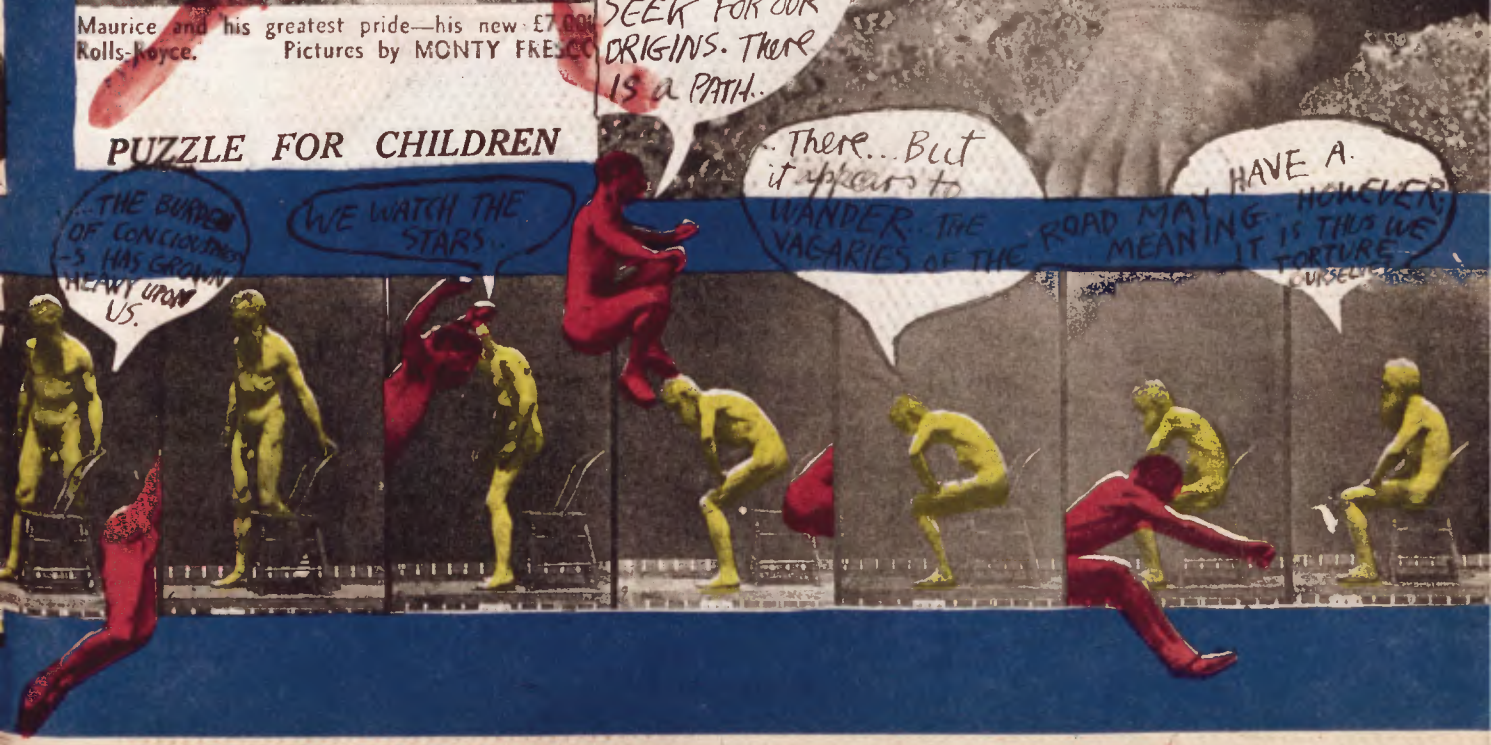
even as the



Maurice and his greatest pride—his new £7,000 Rolls-Royce. Pictures by MONTY FRESCO



PUZZLE FOR CHILDREN



river and

there in actual fact, no matter whether we know it
here or not.

CITY OF CHICAGO
INCORPOR
RCH 1837
EXHIBIT
60
FBI
LABORATORY
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EMPTY
BED

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nature of the
occurrence
(or, temporally expressed, the
eternal
recapitulation of the occurrence)
makes it

he expulsion from Paradise is in its main significance
ernal: Consequently the expulsion from Paradise is
nal, and life in this world irrevocable,

FRANZ KAFKA

PARADISE

IS THERE A DEATH AFTER LIFE
SHUMP.
THIS SHOULD BE THE END
BUT..
I FEEL IT IS JUST THE BEGINNING..
ALL MEN
ARE
MADMEN

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Is Tiny Tim what he eats
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How telly screws up Pop

Robert Whittaker

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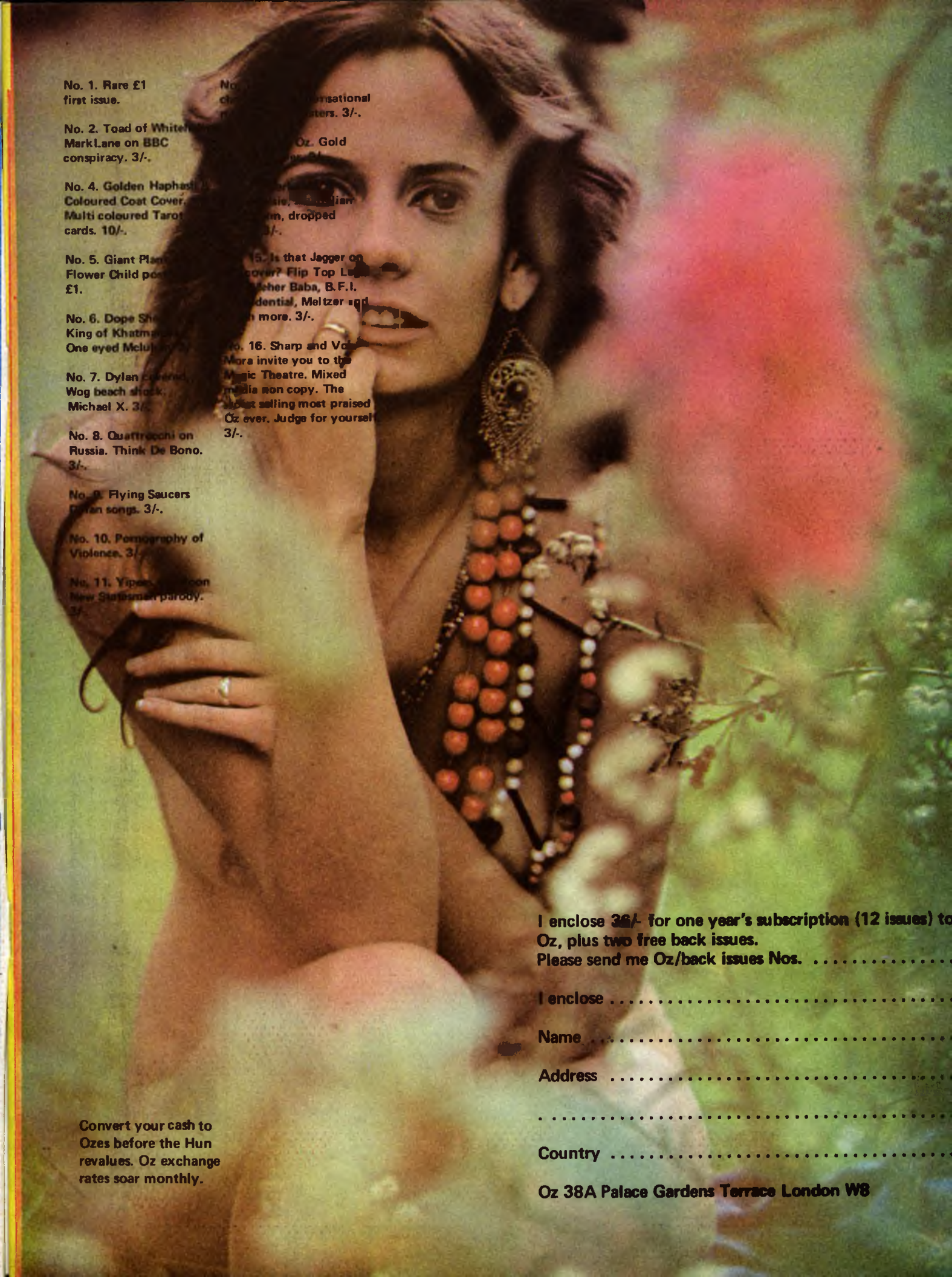

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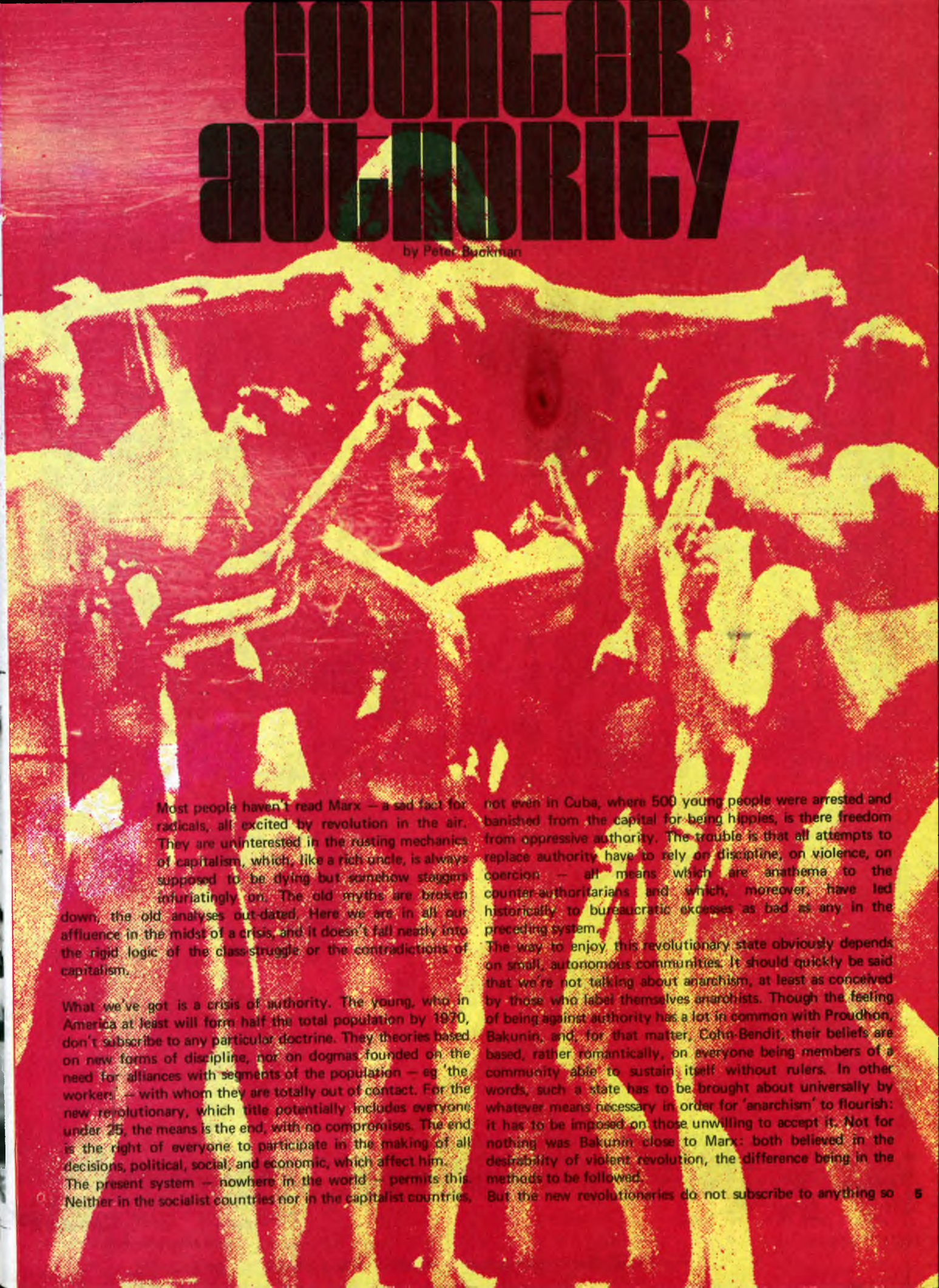
Avant-Garde's "No More War!" poster contest, announced nine months ago, brought a response that swamped our expectations: Over 2000 entries from two dozen countries. The theme most conspicuous in winning posters is a wholesale rejection of militarism, of the military ideal.

winning poster

RON AND KAREN BOWEN, U.S.A.

COUNTER AUTHORITY

by Peter Buckman



Most people haven't read Marx — a sad fact for radicals, all excited by revolution in the air. They are uninterested in the rusting mechanics of capitalism, which, like a rich uncle, is always supposed to be dying but somehow staggers infuriatingly on. The old myths are broken down, the old analyses out-dated. Here we are, in all our affluence in the midst of a crisis, and it doesn't fall neatly into the rigid logic of the class-struggle or the contradictions of capitalism.

What we've got is a crisis of authority. The young, who in America at least will form half the total population by 1970, don't subscribe to any particular doctrine. They theories based on new forms of discipline, not on dogmas founded on the need for alliances with segments of the population — eg 'the workers' — with whom they are totally out of contact. For the new revolutionary, which title potentially includes everyone under 25, the means is the end, with no compromises. The end is the right of everyone to participate in the making of all decisions, political, social, and economic, which affect him.

The present system — nowhere in the world — permits this. Neither in the socialist countries nor in the capitalist countries, not even in Cuba, where 500 young people were arrested and banished from the capital for being hippies, is there freedom from oppressive authority. The trouble is that all attempts to replace authority have to rely on discipline, on violence, on coercion — all means which are anathema to the counter-authoritarians and which, moreover, have led historically to bureaucratic excesses as bad as any in the preceding system.

The way to enjoy this revolutionary state obviously depends on small, autonomous communities. It should quickly be said that we're not talking about anarchism, at least as conceived by those who label themselves anarchists. Though the feeling of being against authority has a lot in common with Proudhon, Bakunin, and, for that matter, Cohn-Bendit, their beliefs are based, rather romantically, on everyone being members of a community able to sustain itself without rulers. In other words, such a state has to be brought about universally by whatever means necessary in order for 'anarchism' to flourish: it has to be imposed on those unwilling to accept it. Not for nothing was Bakunin close to Marx: both believed in the desirability of violent revolution, the difference being in the methods to be followed.

But the new revolutioneries do not subscribe to anything so

Keith Morris

rigid or systematic as the analysis of Marx or Bakunin. As a matter of fact, Cohn-Bendit was locked into a room at the International Conference of Anarchists for disagreeing with them, so tolerance is not one of their things. Those who are simply anti-authority are individualists,: as members of the underground they believe that the first principle is that everyone must be free to do their thing. Some try this in small communities, but so far history has proved to be against them. Most people don't want to go back to bucolic states of gambolling innocence with no running water. Whatever the new form of social and political organisation that arises in an affluent society, it has to take for granted the maintenance of living standards.

There's no point in regressing, though it's worth pointing out that our notions of what is up-to-date and what is out-of-date have been largely dictated by the system under which we are ruled.

The models of the Third World are inappropriate for those dedicated to a counter-authoritarian stance. The Chinese Cultural Revolution is the nearest thing to the permanent questioning of authority known to civilisation, but its excesses, at least as known to the West, are too much for the comfort even of the most radical activists. In China, as in Cuba and other socialist states, the unity of the people to build a revolutionary state from scratch can be relied on. No such unity exists in advanced countries. The alliance between 'workers' and 'intellectuals', though tested and proven in France and Italy in campaigns notable for their brevity as much as for their violence, seems to be the prerogative of a few militants in both camps. As a revolutionary coalition it simply isn't on, especially as the 'working class' can no longer be considered simply as an undifferentiated mass ripe for revolution. Those most disgruntled by the system are those who depend upon it for prosperity, while resenting the way the state interferes with them. They are profoundly anti-revolutionary. The largest class in a neo-capitalist state is that of the consumers on whom the system depends. All they want is more.

It is this desire which has caused the crises that have so badly shaken the system. All the agitation by the young and the radicals, which has contributed to the break-up of the system's liberal facade, has not in fact brought it to a crisis. That came when the 'workers' demanded higher wages, which had to be conceded in some way or other for without doing so the mechanisms of production would have come grinding to a halt. The inflation that was inevitable, and the determination of the consumers not to suffer more than the ruling class could, of course, lead to an explosive situation. The probable result will be the advent of a repressive, totalitarian regime. The political Left is simply unprepared to lead a revolution. They have not spelt out what they want and care about, because they think that would be authoritarian. Yet to attract the support of the massively disgruntled — any or all of the consumers, white- and blue-collar workers, managers, civil servants, teachers, state and local officials, doctors, firemen, and policemen — a clear statement of the cause and objective of revolution is vitally necessary. It doesn't appear because it runs counter to the dearly-cherished principle of anti-dogmatism, and because no one on the Left is certain of how the revolutionary state would be run, let alone brought into being.

All this leaves the most revolutionary section — those who are against Authority — unmoved. While they don't want much to do with the beliefs of those in authority over them — their teachers, the police, their families — they feel equally alienated from the political Left, with its warring sects, its wild and sometimes incredibly antiquated rhetoric, above all its rigidity. Though I personally believe that for the necessary revolution to take place, a high order of discipline, clarity, organisation, and systematic analysis is necessary, I would be the first to say that what the Left is up to seems most of the time to have little to do with what concerns most people, or to be sadly ineffective. I can understand those on whose cooperation a revolutionary organisation must depend in a crunch — the young, basically — being as fed up with the Left, at least in England, as they are with the authorities who are their real enemy. But if what makes a new revolutionary is his attitude to authority, not his adherence to one dogma or another, what's going to hang him up is how he's to make his revolution. Obviously he can't get permanently high and simply withdraw. By himself he is virtually powerless, though the whole point of the movement is individual liberation. He can express a fuck-you attitude in clothes, actions, or style, but such action is limited, for if he steps too far out of line the system will simply clobber him.

There are two urgent needs. Given that counter-authoritarianism — and I wish someone would provide a good word for it — is what unites today's potential revolutionaries, it is up to the political Left, with its vast experience in agitation, to prove that organisation, analysis, and programmes are capable of being effective in bringing about a revolutionary state, one which will not deteriorate into quasi-Stalinism, as has befallen so many of the socialist countries.

Those who are simply counter-authoritarians, on the other hand, have an equally difficult task. They urgently need to understand that the forms of repression they are constantly encountering, and which they are so against, are all linked to the system we live under. It's not that we suffer under a peculiar and conspiratorial dictatorship, because there's a lot we're allowed to do. But no one is permitted directly to challenge the balance of power between those who govern and those who are governed, and that's what the system is all about. We can protest and wear funny clothes, but when we want a say in making the decisions that directly affect us, whether at school, university, or work, we get no joy at all. Thus to be counter-authoritarian cannot be a series of isolated encounters. They're all the same fight, which to be won requires a totally different life-style, unthinkable under this system. The struggle is political, whichever way you look it, and the trouble is those who are all involved in politics aren't breaking through the credibility barrier.

It's not possible to be very optimistic. There have been crises of authority before, and the good guys have never been able to take advantage of them. What the political Left has done in America and Europe has been vastly exciting, and it's changed the *climate* of protest, but not the conditions or the balance of power which occasioned it. The most hopeful thing is the really young: the kids at school, who both in France and America are rejecting all forms of authority *and* fighting in the streets with their ageing colleagues at university. Soon these kids are going to be in the majority everywhere. There has never been a greater potential for revolution, but *they* are going to make it, not us, and if we don't do the right thing now, we're going to be on the wrong side of the barricades — the losing side.

WHO MOVED THE BLACK CASTLE
WHO MOVED THE WHITE QUEEN
WHEN GIMMEL AND DALETH
WERE STANDING BETWEEN?
OUT OF THE EVENING GROWING
A VEIL
PINING FOR THE PINE WOODS
THAT ACHED FOR THE SAIL

THERES SOMETHING FORGOTTEN
I WANT YOU TO KNOW
THE FRECKLES OF RAIN ARE
TELLING ME SO
O ITS THE OLD FORGOTTEN
QUESTION
WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE PART OF?
WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE?

AND AN ELEPHANT MADNESS HAS COVERED THE SUN
THE JUDGE AND THE JURIES THEY PLAY FOR THE FUN
THEY'VE TORN UP THE ROSES AND WASHED ALL THE SOAP
AND THE MARTYR WHO MARRIES THEM DARE NOT ELOPE
O ITS THE NEVER REALISED QUESTION

O LONG O LONG E'ER YET MY EYES
BRAVED THE GATES ENORMOUS FIRE
AND THE BODY FOLDED ROUND ME
AND THE PERSON IN ME GREW

THE FLOWER AND ITS PETAL
THE ROOT AND ITS GRASP
THE EARTH AND ITS BIGNESS
THE BREATH AND ITS GASP
THE MIND AND ITS MOTION
THE FOOT AND ITS MOVE
THE LIFE AND ITS PATTERN
THE HEART AND ITS LOVE
O ITS THE HALF REMARKABLE QUESTION
WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE PART OF?
WHAT IS IT THAT WE ARE?

ROBIN WILLIAMSON

THE HALF REMARKABLE QUESTION
FROM WEE TAM & THE BIG HUGE
BY THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND
© WARLOCK MUSIC LTD
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John Hufford

OZ 17 ...

Dear OZ,

When WILL IT stop printing 'Periodic Clarifications of Editorial Policy'; when WILL Pete Stansill stop impressing nobody with 'tactical rationality, politico-emotional solidarity, ultimate ecstasy and popular static notions of history;' when WILL the Deviants stop pretending to be The Voice Of The Underground, (available at any branch of WH Smiths?); when WILL Middle Earth stop putting up their prices; when WILL John Wilcock stop including comic strip two-headed Japanese lesbians in Other Scenes; when WILL Black Dwarf stop printing Che posters/memoirs/diaries/collected sayings and similar crap; when WILL somebody tell Simon Stable that nobody's interested in his phoney fortnightly 'Top Ten Underground Hit LP's,' plastic dream machine and abysmal column, when WILL anybody ever 'come along and do their thing' in an Arts Lab as devoid of creative atmosphere as a British Railways waiting room; When? . . . When Pellen Personal and Men it CAN Be Done stop advertising in OZ . . . you know . . . Never.
Love,

Felix
44 Wandsworth Bridge Road
SW6

Dear OZ,

Can a TEEN-AGE PENSIONER bridge the gap between Youth and Age, Us and Them, Student and LABOURER? Or can a Bed-ecilled SCOTS MYSTIC "Point the Way"?

I LOVE their EDUCATION, their SPIRIT, their desire to right WRONGS; but NOT their fragmentation or lack of PURPOSE. As a MYSTIC I can DO what I MUST for a troubled SOUL; the Establishment can't OPPOSE ME OR DESTROY me or my INFLUENCE. But that is AFFINITY, individual from person to person.

If the WORLD was CHAOS, isolated changes would be possible (as OZ illustrates). But if it is ORGANISED CHAOS for the benefit of the MONEY-CHANGERS, what then? They can sit back at the CENTRE and smile at what happens at the EXTREMES. You have America's THINK-TANK and BRITAIN'S GERM WARFARE.
You have SCIENCE and INTELLECT prostituted by FINANCE and GOVERNMENT—with ABSOLUTE CONTROL of Mass Media. As God in above, I can only KNOW about Student RIOTS, BLACK GHETTOES, VIETNAM, APPLACHIA, if they let me. Do the STUDENTS and TARIQ ALI KNOW this?

Don't the STUDENTS KNOW that TUC and LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCES, are SOPS for the APATHETIC; mediums for the selling of TORY LEGISLATION which could have caused REVOLUTION had it come from TORIES? Don't they SEE that 'don't rock the boat' leaves the TORY WACKEYS where they were PLACED?

Let me ILLUSTRATE: as a BELIEVER in SOCIALISM I backed them. As a CHRONIC SICK WORKER I LIVE on four pounds ten, PAY for five essential MEDICINES, where last year I paid NOTHING. More IRONIC still: I retired as a SICK labourer, the DUNCE in my class at School draws seventy pounds PLUS as an MP, and is justly FAMOUS for never having opened his MOUTH in the COMMONS!

THAT, I feel, illustrates the SOCIALISM and sincerity of 'OUR BOYS'.
After years of experience of BRANCHES and CONFERENCES I can assure STUDENTS or MILITANTS that POLICY NOT decided at BRANCH LEVEL; less than 2 percent of MEMBERS actually ATTEND. They have BINGO, overtime, a coupon to fill up, a MATCH they can't miss. These are the PRIORITIES. POLICY is handed DOWN.

Conferences are PLACES I can take the wife to for a bloody good expenses-paid holiday!

What do my friends THE WORKERS 'want'. How can I KNOW if they never attend?

A check-up on HOTELS and boarding-houses in Conference 'RESORTS' will REVEAL the same names year after year. The agenda is PONDEROUS. The effect on Harold and George: NIL.

To succeed at all the STUDENTS must UNITE, win over the apathetic WORKERS and ORGANISE. I with them I KNOW what they want to pull down, what they want to build.

But surely they KNOW that 'Work for the WORKERS' means the SAME and is more COMFORTABLE, enables My mates to ignore me, ignore VIETNAM, ignore NIGERIA and scream 'Make them BASTARDS WORK'.

As a MYSTIC, I accept de BONO and his LATERAL THINKING. The student must reject him I accept BABA in toto But advise: the ESTABLISHMENT first, our NEW WORLD later.

The LAST PLACE youth can go to seek HELP or UNDERSTANDING is MUM and DAD, Principal STAFF Fifty years of practise (NOT for MONEY) have TAUGHT ME SOMETHING.

ALEX DUTHIE
49 High Street
Innerleithen
Peeislesshire
Scotland

Dear Sir,

I am prompted to write to you by Mr Rogall's letter (OZ 15) about James letter (OZ 14) on revolution. I regard most of this suddenly fashionable talk on this subject as little more than hysterical romanticism, deriving ultimately from the anti-national philosophy of Hegel, (as pointed out by Karl Popper more than 20 years ago.)

It would be interesting to know what attitude Mr Rogall and all those who think like him have to a seldom mentioned thing called the truth.

If, following Marxist writers like Karl Mannheim, he holds that 'everybody's conciousness is a product of social relations' this is as true of himself as it is of anyone else, 'proletarian' or 'capitalist'. If this is so from the standpoint of truth Mr Rogall's arguments for revolution are to be taken no more seriously than those in favour of the status quo. Presumably along with most Marxist writers he regards myself as one of the select band of mystical brothers who have been vouchsafed a vision of social reality devoid of unconcious bias.

I hold a correspondence theory of the truth, ie. a statement is true if it corresponds to the facts. What are the facts, how do we decide? The only way of arriving at facts is to put forward theories that attempt to explain experience. These theories if they are to be more than merely heuristic must be capable of being rigorously discussion. These requirements as far as I know are never met by anyone who is in favour of revolutions. Their behaviour in this regard seems to me to be what psychologists call 'displacement activity'. They are unable to satisfy some basic drive and vent their frustration by lashing out wildly at everything in sight. That they are unable to satisfy these drives may be due to childhood experiences, lack of love, education, or indeed society as a whole.

But there is no guarantee that violent revolution will resolve either their own frustrations or more importantly anyone else's.

No one doubts that revolutions change things, the question is are they improved? Do we not in reality only change our masters ideas? Then again comes the question which ideas are nearer the truth? Sociological questions should be treated as scientific questions to be resolved by the scientific methods of testing and rational public discussion. Those who advocate violent revolution are condemning to death and injury many innocent people in the hope, and it is nothing more, that things will be better afterwards. The arguments for revolution, such as they are, all have an authoritarian, anti-democratic bias. I regard democracy not primarily as meaning rule by the majority but as being an institutionalised device to prevent tyranny. To stop the strong bullying the weak, and safeguarding the rights of minorities, that is what democracy should be about. Otherwise you are involved in paradoxes of the sort 'what if the majority decide they want to be ruled by a dictator' etc.

Mabe capitalist society is not the finest society that the wit and best aspirations of man can devise, but also maybe neither is a socialist one, ie, I am not ruling out a spiritual development of mankind that has nothing to do with social organisation—a communion of saints?

Yours sincerely,

David Hall
346 London Road
St Albans
Herts

OZ,

You had this fantastic two page I CANT ESCAPE MY PASSION DRIVES. Perfect very beautiful, poetic I guess and perfect then this stupid HO! HO! HO! at the bottom of the page.

I know you know and you should know I know.

It took the edge of the whole work it was like it had never been done. You don't have to give us the knowing nod you almost got the insensitivity award. XX
John & Irene

Dear Friends,

I feel I must expresss disapproval of the sadistic nature of the pictorial section of the advertisement for Magnophall in your last edition (15). Sadism is the fascism of sex and merely another variation of the violence you condemned in yoru Pornography of Violence issue (OZ 10).

I hope that OZ will not raise the same plea as Tony Elliott, editor of the pseudo-progressive magazine . . Unit . . (Whose adverts you have carried in the past), did in reply to my criticism some months ago of the inclusion in that periodical of career advertisements for notorious juggermants of industry and commerce and even the armed forces! His reply was as follows:—

"In any little magazine the bread is so vital that within reason we will accept any advertising revenue that we can. We are not in a position to refuse say £12 from the army".

So, kick this sadism thing OZ before it becomes a habit. Let's have more of the type of beautiful and incredibly endowed nymph such as formed the back gound to the Pellen Products advertised in OZ 9. Perhaps I'm now out of fashion in still thinking that you can't be both pro-beauty and pro-violence.

Yours sincerely,

Ian Nichol
25 Coronation Road
East Grinstead
Sussex

Dear Sir,

I have never been able to establish satisfactorily whether you lot want authority to remain or not. One article in your magazine serves to reinforce my puzzlement at the chaotic way your minds seem to run ie. "down on the Farm'.

In this article we were treated to the joys of communal living and the supposedly ensuing rebirth of individualists.

This was all very good and proper but then the authors advocated 'Underground Banks', 'Trust Funds' and worst of all that omnipresent phrase 'co-ordination of efforts' in other words—authority. If and when the new order(order —see!) has been established will not these 'banks' etc reappear 'overground' to take the place of the old capitalist banks also the 'co-ordinators' will reappear as the governemnt. Back to square one!

This example of the illogicality of the whole movement together with this incessant scurrying around after novelty and sensual stimulation means but one thing to me decadence and not evolution as you seem to think.

Quote from the article: 'it is better to light one small candle than curse the universe for its darkness'. Well maybe the candle has been lit but it seems to me that it has been placed on the altar of negation.

I remain dear sir with hopes dashed
yours sincerely
Stephen Timothy Ruilliman

ps pelase print I'd like to see the reaction of your readers and any defense they may care to propose!

Dear OZ,

Visually, OZ 15 has been the best yet. I did find myself in disagreement with two articles, however. As far as 'Barricades around the small screen' goes, surely if you hate a television programme you don't watch it—or does Wayland Brown think we're all Mary Whitehouses? With Richard Meltzer, you should have taken the advice you got after his first article. With the amount of information he gleans from every word of every song, our pop-song writers must be disguised university professors or something.

Tristan Wood

Roundway House
Colston's School
Stapleton
Bristol

Dear OZ,

In reference to your magazine of November, we think it was an out and out con.

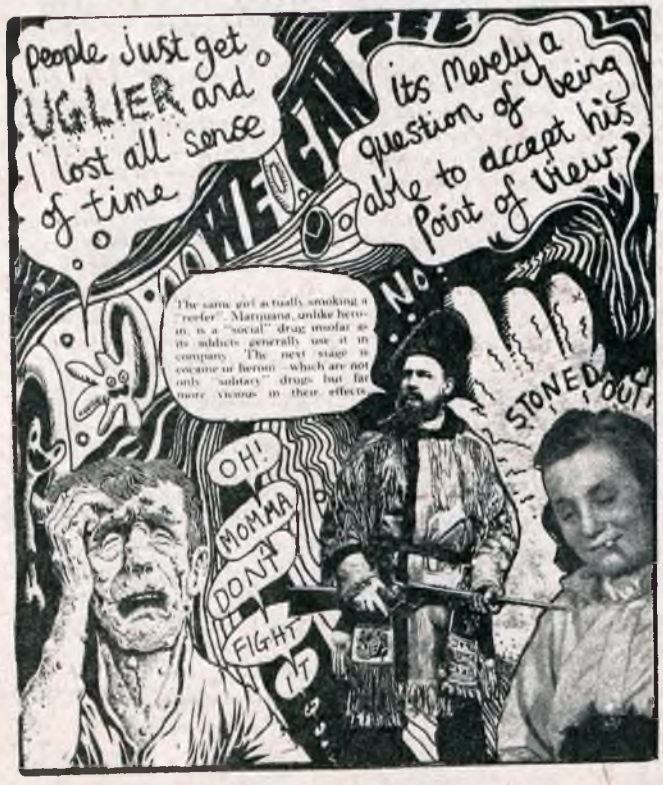
So far we have enjoyed most copies of your magazine, so we would be very grateful if you would refund our money.

Luv
Linda & Jerry

Dear OZ,

In you last edition you said more visually, than you could ever have done otherwise

John Christopher Wakefield



MOTHER FUCKER

6.

But that wasn't enough. So he retired to think & to work it all out... And sooner or later he came up with the correct line. He got paid a lot for going around & telling other people what they should do. But somehow the movement transcended him.

FROM THE BOOK 'UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER'-LNS

Dear Sir,

What a bloody con, what a take, my precious 3/- back and if I were a subscriber I would divorce you: the chorus of rage and incomprehension that greeted Martin Sharp's 'Magic Theatre' must have gratified everyone on Oz except the accountant. For what on earth can rile that groovily pliant teddy bear, the modish end of the underground audience? Not pot, not denunciations of the Greek colonels or General De Gaulle, not flowers and titties: no matter how challenging a magazine may start out to be, it will usually end by offering 'idees recues' to an audience which buys to see its attitudes confirmed; this is as true of Oz as of the Observer Colour Supplement or the Watchtower. Thus gentlemen you feel it right that the Times should change its editorial policy but wrong that Oz should change its format; experimenting with the magazine amounts to vivisection of your infinitely valuable leisure time; most of the soothing but tribal identification-points that crop up in a normal issue of Oz and make the readers into a happy family are missing from the 'Magic Theatre',or, more precisely, concealed by a change of medium. I find it ironical that an audience which, at parties, prides itself on being 'avant garde' should be thrown by a mode of presenting images which has been central to modern art since John Hartfield and Max Ernst developed collage fifty years ago. This is old stuff. Only its application to a magazine, in the extended form that Sharp has given it, is new - that is, new to England; in Germany and America it was tried in the 20's. What is more, I think it doubly ironical that readers who, at a guess, spend at least some of their time echoing the usual cliches about instantaneous communication across the global village, the death of the written word and the M being the M should feel such hostility towards one of the first serious, though flawed, attempts to apply the idea of simultaneity of experience not just to a picture on a wall but to a whole magazine. If you have difficulty with Sharp's narrative collage what problems will you not have with Paolozzi's 'Moon Strips Empire News'? I suspect that the complainers are the sort of people who will parrot the belief that a wired up discotheque is an information-processing centre, while thinking that a collage is not. The reason of course, is that we have magic cliche, communications which is selectively applied: discotheques, T.V. and the press communicate, but art objects do not: we have different expectations for them: they sit on the wall,look pretty and go up in value. Martin Sharp, whatever his talents as a painter may be thought to be, is more affected by this problem than most of his contemporaries; and in a sense it is the subject of the 'Magic Theatre'. Perhaps, in the end, he will not make collages at all but films, since this is the better medium (as the Surrealists and Dadists themselves realised) for the network of images along which one's mind travels non serially, skipping to and fro in time, that he wishes to project. But the unalterable fact is that this network could not be made with WORDS.

Since magazines are words about other words to be read in a stack of lines from left to right and back again, magazines shouldn't do Sharp's kind of work; or should they? Why not rupture the medium to look at it? Or do the protesters imagine that spidery little cartoons about flower power are all that graphic design can do for Oz? In the 'Magic Theatre' Sharp has assembled one of the richest banks of images that has ever appeared in a magazine; and if your response to that is to say that it is therefore not a magazine at all, you should rethink your categories. To my surprise I find myself prepared to ignore the gaucheries, the illiterate Sharp spelling, the word balloons that sometimes read as if they were written by Andre Breton's bastard child out of Grandma Moses ('A Cuba lets loose his bouquet of flowers..... upon the shoulder of a sorceress rich from heaven's feeding alights a dove', and similar bits of hippie embarassment.)

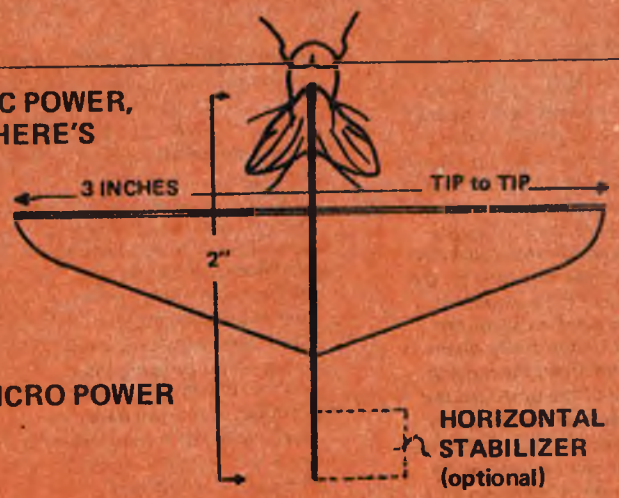
None of that will matter ina few year's time; what does matter, and makes the 'Magic Thetre' the only first class issue of Oz in the last sixteen, is that at last a magazine has broken the mould in a lyrical and decisive way. As a frequent non-reader I can promise you that the readers Oz loses through such an experiment are no loss.

Robert Hughes

ave to die on the day the instantaneous result of eating of the Tree of Knowledge. According to God, edge would be death; according to the serpent (at least

WE'VE HAD HORSE POWER, GAS POWER, ATOMIC POWER, BLACK POWER, FLOWER POWER — AND NOW, THERE'S

FlyPower



HOW DO YOU USE THIS NEWLY-DISCOVERED MICRO POWER SOURCE? BUILD A FLY POWERED AIRPLANE!

1

2

3

4

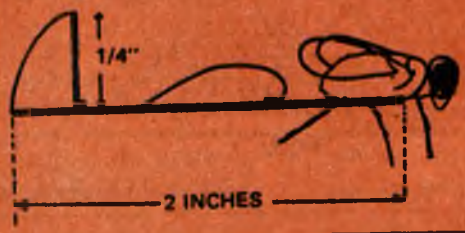
5

AFTER YEARS of swatting, spraying, etc., we've finally found a use for the common housefly! The right fly can become the powerplant for the wildest, craziest gadget-glider you ever saw. Here's how . . . .

1. First, out to the local garbage can. With net, plastic bag or whatever, catch the biggest, fattest, fly you can find. Put fly into a container and place in refrigerator to cool.
2. Get a small piece of balsa or styrofoam strip. To this piece, glue a tiny verticle fin, as shown.
3. Using another strip of balsa, glue a leading edge spar to the fuselage strip. Then get a piece of tissue (wrapping or silk) and make a tiny airfoil wing. Glue the front edge of the tissue to the balsa spar. Let dry.
4. Touch a dab of Contact cement to the front edge of the fuselage, as shown.
5. Take fly out of refrigerator. He may look dead, but he's just stiff from the cold, which makes it easy to dab a tiny bit of contact cement on his bottom and glue him to the plane.

It takes a few seconds for the fly to warm up and start moving. Then, after a few unsuccessful attempts, he'll take off, dragging the miniature plane. The added weight will tire him quickly and, for the first time in his short life, he'll find he can glid e! As he becomes more expert, you get a great demonstration of FLY POWER.

Try it . . . It's a riot!



S Whitt Field
Liberation News Service

Felix & Anson

Poverty Cooking

Beggar Stew

Ingredients:

Ask the butcher, (the shabbiest shops usually sell the best meat), for a shillings worth of mutton neck.

Rob the supermarket of one large carrot and an onion–those who live near a street market or in the Covent Garden area will be able to pick up these for free–otherwise go to the local Co-op grocer. They serve so many old age pensioners with miniscule quantities of vegtables and fruit, (I once heard an elderly lady demand, and get, half a large cooking apple), that the assistant is less likely to snigger condescendingly or refuse to serve you.

Finally, you'll need one large tablespoonful of cornflour or plain flour to thicken, one oxo cube, one and a half pints of tap water, salt, pepper and mustard and a pinch of mixed herbs, (the latter not being essential but at sixpence a packet, worth their weight in cannabis).

Method

Chop up the mutton into medium sized chunks; slice and chop onion and carrot–not too small or they will dissolve; mix up oxo into a paste with a little water in a cup, then repeat process with cornflour in a seperate cup. Boil up meat, vegetables, cornflour and oxo in the water, stirring as you do so, reducing heat until gently simmering. Add salt and pepper to taste plus a teaspoonful of mustard if you have any. Sprinkle on herbs. Simmer for at least an hour, two hours if you can wait that long.

Golden Rule

A stew boiled is a stew spoiled. Simmer *gently* and stir spasmodically.

Cracked Egg Omelette

Total cost about 9½d an omelette. Cooking time around 5 mins.

Ingredients

Get to Sainsburys early one morning and ask for half a dozen cracked eggs–they're usually sold out by the afternoon, so be warned. They'll cost between 1/3d and 1/6d a dozen.

Method

Recrack three of the eggs into a cup and whip with a half cup of milk, (optional), until creamy. Add ½ teaspoonful of salt and ¼teaspoonful of pepper. Pour this mixture into a hot frying pan which has been greased with a little marg or oil, stirring with a fork until nearly set, then fold over and slide out of pan. *Don't* leave too long–45 seconds to a minute at the outside. Some people prefer to grill the top before eating.

Omelette has countless variations:–

Bacon Omelette Fry chopped up rasher of bacon in pan; remove bits with any surplus fat; cook omelette and add bacon just before folding over.

Herb Omelette Sprinkle a handful of mixed herbs into the egg before you beat up.

Potato Omelette Any left over cooked potato? Fry them quickly, in an little fat as possible and then pour on usual omelette mixture. Don't try to fold over, it will be too thick.

You'll find you can put almost anything into an omelette–tomatoe, grated cheese, mushrooms, hash, onions, even marmalade or jam if you've got a sweet tooth.

Golden Rule

Speed is vital. Nothing tastes worse than burnt egg. Don't use too much grease and make sure pan is *really* hot.

The year of the frog

TIME OF NO SPEECH. OUR EYES COMMUNICATE.
THERE IS NO MADNESS. INTENSE IMPATIENT DESIRE
OF KNOWLEDGE. MAKE UNDERSTANDING.
THE ROAD BROADENS. THE GOAL IS THE SAME
SPEED FREAKS US. CHANGE IS CHAOS.
CHAOS IS PLOUGHING. THE EARTH IN DELICIOUS AGONY.
CHILDREN GROW. WIDE-EYED UNAFRAID.

MOTHER I WANT TO BE WHERE I COME FROM. SING
THE BEATLES WOMEN LOSE THEIR INFANTS

FLESH FLOWER TULIPAN

CLARITY COMES IN WAVES. PEOPLE EXPAND. THEY
SHOW US. A DROP OF ESSENCE FELL ON THE
EARTH, IS SPREADING EVENLY, ALL ENCIRCLING.
ALL ONE.
SOME GO MAD SOME DON'T. ALL IS ONE
AQUASION. AQUARIUS. CLEAR AS WATER
FLOWING CRYSTAL.

I WALK INTO ONE HOUSE AND LEAVE THROUGH THE NEXT.

BORN IN THE YEAR OF THE CAT

CAT STORIES PORTRAILING LIFE.
I WAS HELOISE WHO LIVED ON THE ISLAND
SHE CAME FROM EGYPT. LIVED IN THE HOUSE ON
THE HILL. WENT TO THE PORT . . . ONE NIGHT IN
MY DREAM SHE WAS NO MORE. RACOON FROM
THE DESERT, THE MOUNTAINS OF ABYSSINIA
GREENEYED SPACED, A CAT FROM THE TEMPLE
LIVES IN THE CITY, SUBTERRANIAN

I AM THE SERVANT

AND HERE AND THERE IS THE FEAR OF NOT GROWING.
NOT BEING SURE ENOUGH TO BE VISIBLE.

I AM MOTHER TO WHO. AND SOME TIMES I KNOW I AM ALL

SHE CAME FROM FAR AWAY AND SAID 'YOUR BABY WAS DEAD
BECAUSE I AM YOUR CHILD. IT WAS A SLIGHT MISTAKE,
AN ERROR IN SOME EOS PART OF COSMOS
MAYBE THE WORLD IS GOING TOO FAST FOR OUR
SANITY. AND INSTEAD OF BRINGING HERE
NEWBEINGS, NEWBRAINS, PERHAPS WE MUST LEARN
TO LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR, OR IS IT THAT WE DO
NOT MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO FIT INTO THE COSMIC
GOEMETRY, AND SPACE PEOPLE COME INTO THE
NOW TO HELP TO MAKE THE CHANGE. WE
EXPECTED SOME MOVES, EARTHQUAKES
NATURE CHANGES WITH THE PASSING
OF ICARUS, CALCULATIONS AND EXCITEMENT.

AND ICARUS PASSED ON A PEACEFUL DAY IN
JUNE. FROM SPACE IT CAME NEAR, AND THEN
THE TENSION AROUND US PASSED. YOKO ONO
etc. LOOSE THEIR CHILDREN AFTER NEARLY
SIX MONTHS NOW. AND SUZETTE WATCHES
TELEVISION WITH US AND SAYS 'DO THE
PEOPLE KNOW THAT THERE ARE STRANGERS
ON THE EARTH?

I AM IN THE STREETS AND ON BUSES AND IN
OFFICES, AND IN THE CROWD SUDDENLY A
FACE I KNOW SHINING AND LIGHT, WE MEET
AND MOVE TOGETHER.

DEC 5
SADNESS FOR THE GAMES WE PLAY–
WHY THE TENSIONS–
ANOTHER SOURCE OF ENERGY–

THE FROG THE YEAR OF THE FROG.

SYMBOLISM

11 DEC
THEY SAY THAT LIFE IS YOUR MASTER
WE CHANGE YET SITUATIONS RETURN TO US
IN CYCLES, THE CHANGED I CONFRONTS,
EVENTUALLY SOLVES CORRECTLY, AND
SO THEY PASS FROM
JAPANESE MASTERS ARE VISIBLE CONTACTS
OF THE CYCLE

JULE SACHON

GURU TO THE WORLD

John Wilcock, in India. Other Scenes.

The heart and soul of Pondicherry is the **Sri Aurobindo Ashram**, focal point for pilgrims not only from India but from all parts of the world. It is an unusual ashram in the sense that its buildings are spread all over the town and some of its businesses provide employment and services for other residents of Pondicherry.

It includes, for example, its own laundry, perfumery, printing press and travel agency as well as bakery, tailors, furniture factory, oil mill and handmade paper workshop.

Right on the town's major square, is a building containing the ashram's central kitchen and there each day almost everybody who wants a meal can drop by between 11.15 am and 12-30 pm and line up for a simple vegetarian lunch sitting crosslegged on the floor to eat stainless silver bowls of rice, curry, yoghurt, bread and fruit. Theoretically non-members are supposed to contribute but nobody presses for the donation.

Sri Aurobindo, born in Calcutta on Aug 15, 1872 (a Leo!) was educated at Cambridge, England, and as a writer and revolutionary became involved in the extremist wing of the Indian Independence Movement early in the century. Jailed by the British for his involvement in a bomb plot (1908) he studied yoga and meditation during his year in prison and by 1910 was in Pondicherry continuing his silent divinations and rejecting political overtures from the increasingly active independence parties.

Four years later a remarkable French woman arrived in this little French town just south of Madras on India's east coast and fell immediately under his spell. She returned to France later in the year but came back to Pondicherry in 1920, married Aurobindo and since 1926 has been in complete charge of the ashram and all its activities under the name of the Mother Everybody connected with the ashram in any way, and many of the other people in the town, refer to her reverently in this way and in so far as any problems or doubts arise it is confidently assumed by all that 'the Mother will solve them.'

In the ashram's main building, on Rue d'Orleans, which also houses the reception center, is Sri Aurobindo's grave, always covered with flowers and surrounded by meditative disciples, and a framed portrait of both himself and the Mother, both looking about 40 years old and wearing halos. Sri Aurobindo, after a productive life of writing & inspiration, died on Dec 5, 1950; the Mother, who lives more or less in seclusion, is now 91 having been born (a Pisces!) on Feb 21, 1878.

Four times each year—on Feb 21, April 24, Aug 15 and Nov 24—the Mother appears on her balcony and gives general darshan (a sort of papal blessing)—to the assembled crowds, who come from all over the world for the occasion. The rest of the time she utters her pronouncements & preferences indirectly preferring to make her decisions on new applicants, appointments, etc., by studying photographs of would-be adherents. Theoretically ashram members are entitled to a personal audience with the Mother on their individual birthdays.

Membership in the ashram is currently about 1500, including a couple of hundred foreigners, and some of them—an Austrian hotel chef, a former soap company executive, a one-time Madison Avenue designer—were extremely successful in their earlier careers. One wealthy ex-Bostonian now occupies a remote island off the Coromandel Coast growing and processing the ashram's coconut crop. Ensconsed in the biggest of the ashram's numerous guesthouses at any given time are scores of international hippies of all ages, some wearing the gaudy regalia & beads of Haight-Ashbury, others with shoulder length hair and ankle-clinging Indian dhoti.

With the success of its experiment in international harmony assured, the Sri Aurobindo ashram began to think in more ambitious terms of an international city in which people of all races could live and work together. Such a city—Auroville (City of Dawn)—is now planned for a 10,000-acre site three or four miles northwest of Pondicherry stretching inland from the coast to three inland lakes.

On the city's master plan in the ashram's office it looks like a galaxy of stars swirling around a central plaza.

Auroville's planners talk ambitiously of such projects as monorails, moving sidewalks and closed-circuit TV channels which are hard to visualize in the context of the site's present condition: scattered patches of scrub & palm trees sprinkled across the red soil plains.

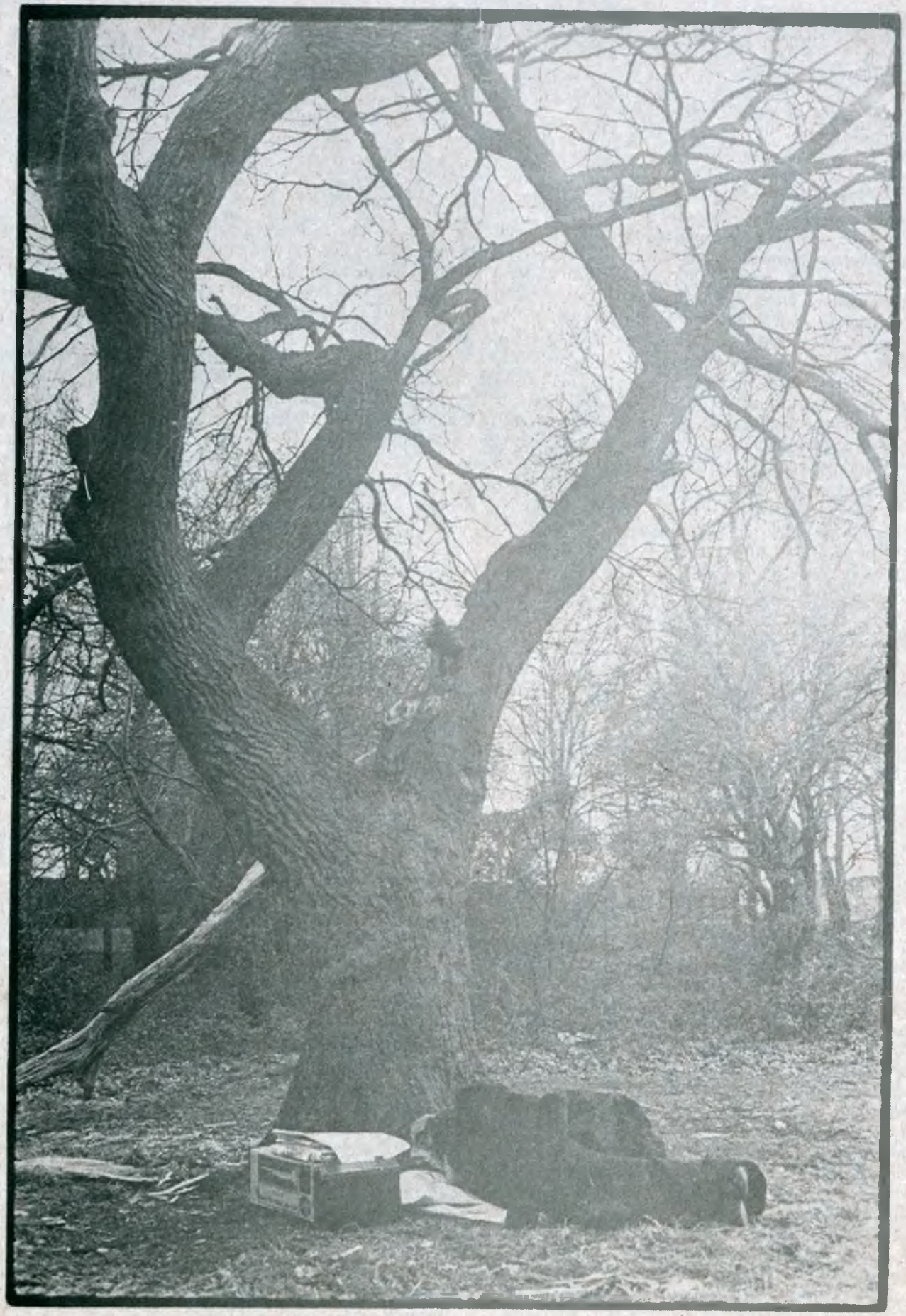
Instead of building the community's core and spreading out from there, Auroville is being constructed randomly at several points within the 15-mile perimeter, to allow maximum potential for individual effort and different ideas. Within ten years, it is hoped, people from all over the world will have added their contributions to the site including trade or display pavilions from different nations and Indian states. Many kinds of light industry and manufacturing are planned or anticipated—flour & cattle food plants, electronics,leather goods, carpets, canning factory, etc., and a university is also scheduled.

Despite these far-reaching plans for an industrial estate it is hoped to maintain 'a close harmony with nature' so that the community will also be basically rural with orchards, dairy and such crops as rice, groundnuts, mangoes, olives, grapes, dates, soybean and avocados.

The Indian newspapers have referred to the project as 'the first world city' which, when completed within ten years, will have a population of 50, 000.

The principles of Auroville will be those that guide the ashram: integrated living and working together of people who seek 'a higher consciousness'. Although all are welcome, with the proviso that 'endurance & perseverance are essential,' it is felt by the community's planners that 'only those who feel they can work in a spirit of self dedication can successfully confront the inner and outer problems which will at every step appear at the personal collective level.'

But perhaps a much quoted aphorism of the Mother puts it more succinctly: 'You are richer with the wealth you give than the wealth you keep in your possession.'



We do everything for them...

RUPERT ANDERSON

At this moment there are 100,000 people without homes in this country; a tenth of them are wandering the streets of London now. There is really nothing more I have to say about the subject – the rest of this article is mere wordy and indignant elaboration.

There was a time – between October 1961 and August 1962 – when the problem of homelessness in British cities received a sudden gush of public articulation. The LCC which was the body which governed London before the big reorganisation of the early sixties, announced that the winter of 1961-62 was presenting them with an unprecedented and unexplained increase in the number of men and women who had nowhere to live and who were dependent on welfare accommodation for mere protection against the elements. They had somehow found beds to accommodate 3,000 people and were frightened of the consequences of a further increase. In the late fifties they had only had to worry about a thousand such unfortunates.

There was a huge public outcry at the time. It seemed incredible that at the high-point of what in those days they used to call the affluent society there could be people – 'ordinary decent people', the Times leader called them – who could not afford the price of a roof over their heads. Many of them were not poor, but had fallen victim to eviction-happy landlords, or had families too large to accommodate easily; there were women whose husbands had deserted them or gone to gaol; some of them were feckless problem-ridden people who defaulted on their rent.

In the days before the Labour Government came to power in Britain in 1964 there was a very vigorous Parliamentary opposition, eager to find something to vent its righteous indignation over. The issue of homelessness came readily to hand. Mr. Robert Mellish (later to become the minister responsible for Housing in the London area) said it made him sick to see such suffering. The Leader of the Labour Party (a Mr. Gaitskell) went personally to visit a number of the reception centres in which those newly rendered homeless were placed. The Conservatives who know how to avoid a hiding to nothing took a responsible investigatory line; Sir Percy Rugg Conservative leader on the LCC suggested a non-party approach to the problem and stressed 'the danger of allowing the awful human problem of London's homeless families to become a football to be kicked around the political arena.' However the blame was generally held to lie with the dreaded Rent Act of 1957 which had destroyed security of tenure for hundreds of thousands of flat-dwellers and the government of the day received an unrelenting drubbing from a string of gentlemen (and not a few ladies) who today adorn the commanding heights of British official political life.

The television and press coverage was overpowering in its concern for the misery of the homeless and fearless in its determination to uncover the facts. It takes many hours, even today, to wade through the files for 1961 and 1962 marked 'homeless.' There was the family that lived in a parked car at Edmonton for six weeks. There was a woman who actually had a baby in a hurriedly-erected tent made of two broomsticks and a sheet. There was a councillor who appealed to the landlords in his area not to carry out a series of threatened evictions until Christmas was over. Encouraged by the mood of the country, tenants banded together and fought against evictions; there were several cases of tenants barricading themselves against bailiffs. The Minister of Housing Dr. Charles Hill was booed and heckled all over the country. His house was besieged by angry evictees.

The Times letter column at that period contained a number of laughable and unheeded suggestions for sudden and dramatic removal of the problem. 'Homeless may be given underground homes.' 'Why not put them in ships?' The LCC bought a convent and put seventy families in it. They invented the mobile home and placed thousands of them on empty sites all over the metropolis.

But still the figures crept remorselessly upwards. While the fuss was at its height the LCC used to announce the figures once a month. The monthly score used to arouse the kind of fascinated anxiety that the balance of payments figures do at the present time. Just before Christmas 1961 the LCC had counted about 3000 and soon afterwards lost hope that the number would drop much below that level. But by May the following year there were 3700 and by the following Christmas 4000 seemed inexorable. But by the next winter the level reached was around the 5000 mark, and the winter after that 6000. The feverish attention paid by the new Labour Government to the housing problem in the early months had some effect; after eviction was made illegal and the new rent officer system instituted for dealing with rents, the figures actually dropped back to the 6000 level – after climbing up to 7000. There was no doubt that for a short period by running extremely hard indeed the new administration was able to stay at the same spot. But gradually, after 'Cathy Come Home' was transmitted for the second time on BBC television, the swinging dose of conscience-letting had simply reached its limit. The Shelter organisation was born and thereafter its brilliant publicity techniques added a truly professional touch to the coverage; if you look through the files for the more recent years you will find how profoundly Shelter has cast its beneficent shadow over the problem. Pragmatism has filled the aching gap in the liberal conscience; instead of bleating about the problem you can **do** something about it. The figures in London went up to the 8000 level in the winter of 1966-67 and at the end of March 1968, according to an

Price £8,800

Prices £6,400–£6,625 (the 971G). Other properties cost between £5,500 and £7,825

Price £4,875

answer given in Parliament, there were over 9000 people in temporary accommodation run by local authorities after being rendered homeless. But in the last two years Shelter has provided nearly 700 (seven hundred) homes in various parts of the country for the one hundred thousand homeless people in Britain. The probability is that 'the voice of Britain's homeless' has succeeded in a couple of years of ingenious public relations in not even coping with the increase in the numbers of homeless families while completely taking the heat out of the situation politically.

Even senior members of the Labour Government have been eager to contribute publicly to the work of Shelter. Harold Wilson himself has taken part in a Shelter publicity stunt. Having heaved themselves into power with the aid of the public disgrace incurred by the homeless, they have failed to discover an administrative technique for dealing with the problem; now, without a flicker of embarrassment, they call upon the well-heeled to contribute pennies to the cause. We are not discussing the housing problem which presents an intractable challenge to civilised government in every part of the world. We are discussing the question of mere protection against wind, snow and rain for ordinary people in one of the wealthiest societies in human history. We are not talking about the provision of centrally-heated self-contained homes at economic rents; we are not talking about overcrowding or slum clearance: we are talking about working men and women who have nowhere – this evening – to lay their children to rest.

In London of course there is a significant number of problem families who cannot cope with modern life, with the sheer organisation of a family budget and the arrangement of a family routine. Even when they are housed properly they will inevitably bring some disaster upon themselves by not paying rent or running into hire-purchase difficulties; they need a well organised network of social workers and perhaps – this is surely a technical question – can benefit from a period in a hostel community. But the numbers are being swelled at present with thousands of families who are quite 'normal' and are merely the victims of racial discrimination and illegal eviction. They may be large families but they are not necessarily poverty-stricken.

They could afford a fair rent. They are victims of a situation for which the whole of the rest of society is to blame.

Nonetheless as soon as a family has reached a position of homelessness and enters into the official system which is designed to cater for their welfare, society begins to take a form of revenge upon the hapless family unit. In many parts of Britain, including much of London, a homeless family will first be forced to divest itself of all males over the age of sixteen. The women are left to cope with their children inside emergency accommodation while the men are left to fend for themselves. In the famous winter of 1961-62 there were 12000 men sleeping in London hostels who possessed no home of their own; another thousand were known to be sleeping in the open air or in railway stations and derelict houses. The number today must be astounding.

The scene in the emergency room at one London hostel recently visited provided an immediate reminder of pictures of an eighteenth century slave ship, just under a score of people in double bunks in a single room. It was a bad night. No one was particularly to blame. No one was able to cope with the deadening task. Of course there is also much hostel accommodation that is bright and cheerful, run by fully trained social workers, with space for the fathers to sleep in. But every borough runs its own system. And how can you design a system to deal with those members of society who have reached the lowest point of social wretchedness in the light of the knowledge that you are not helping to clear up a problem but are merely contributing to a collectivity of misery that is swelling visibly before your eyes.

It is however worth pointing out some of the ways in which the social scapegoat principle works itself out on the homeless. At one London hostel the conditions of overcrowding are such that the mothers often have nowhere to store food; there are rats and mice. Often there is no hot water available for days on end. The whole atmosphere unsurprisingly is fetid. Many of the mothers keep their children cooped up the entire time inside their tiny rooms – where they have individual rooms – to prevent them catching diseases from other children. When you realise there are anything up to four score people at any time living inside this single old house, you begin to grasp how nerve-wracking the experience can be for mothers who are struggling alone with the occasional help of a visiting social worker to bring up their families without any immediate hope of rehousing. The local doctors refuse to call at the place and refuse to register patients who give the hostel as their address. The local state schools refuse to admit the children. Local employers, unsurprisingly, are unwilling to give jobs to people from the hostel. The wretchedness of homelessness feeds on itself. A woman there recently stabbed her husband and the whole family is now split up; the result of course was inevitably that her children were taken away. The state pays the cost; the expensiveness of the task of destroying these families is incalculable. The cost of hospitals, mental homes, children's homes, welfare workers and later of borstal training for the children, prisons, policework must be many times higher than the price of providing a flat.

The communications gap which exists between the scandal as news and the scandal as administrative practice continues to grow. Most people probably imagine that an improvement has

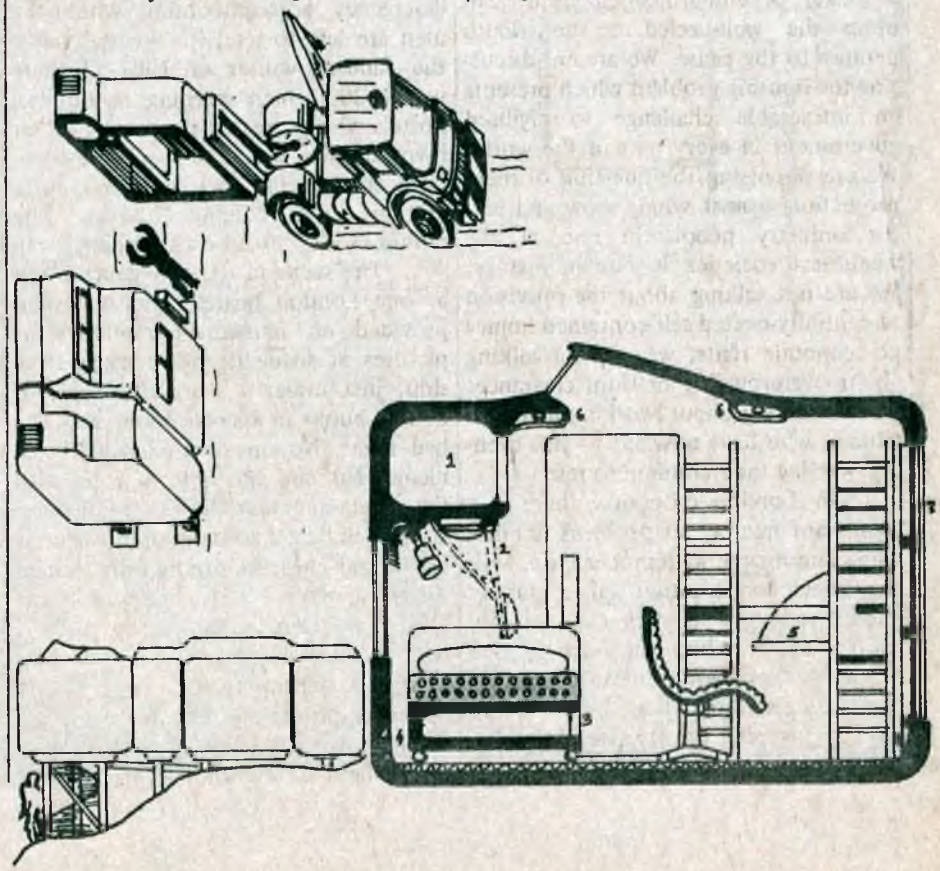
taken place in the situation of the homeless since the days of the really massive publicity; few realise that the old workhouses which have been used as hostels for the homeless have not been removed. The newer hostels and recently acquired welfare accommodation are employed to deal with the increase in numbers.

Take for instance the story of Newington Lodge, the borough of Southwark's hostel for the homeless, a former workhouse which now stands half-derelict in the midst of one of London's huge areas of rebuilding. Once television reporters used to cluster round the gate waylaying inmates in order to extract from them the story of their plight. Politicians used to thunder forth at public meetings in the area about the sickening iniquities which had led to the rising figures of homelessness. Enterprising reporters used to smuggle themselves into the hostel in order to bring the world the inside story of misery, frustration and despair. **12 January 1962** (Guardian) 'The LCC is however determined to go ahead with its plans to close Newington Lodge and all the other homeless family units in the old institutions from which husbands have had to be excluded.' **2 May 1962** (Guardian) 'One result of the increase in the number of families for which the LCC is having to provide shelter is that it has proved impossible to abide by the decision to close the criticised emergency accommodation in the old institution premises such as Newington Lodge in Southwark.' **31 August 1963** (Guardian) 'The LCC is still trying to close its unloved institution of Newington Lodge . . . it is hoped to have ready by October a new reception centre.' **10 July 1964** (Guardian) 'Hopes of finally closing Newington Lodge, Southwark, as a reception centre for homeless families have been defeated.' **March 1965** 'Southwark, asked by other neighbouring boroughs for more time before demolition can begin have refused to grant a reprieve. Newington Lodge has been scheduled for demolition for a considerable time. In any case it is not in accord with modern standards.'

It is hardly necessary to complete the story. 'The Lodge' is still used to house the homeless of Southwark – or some of them. Most of its inhabitants are people who have been evicted for non-payment of rent. They are split families, the fathers still being refused admission to the hostel. 'Of course, we are trying hard to close the place down,' the warden will tell you. The women are not given facilities for cooking for themselves. 'We do everything for them' the hard-pressed hostel staff will explain.

The story of the homeless is the tip only of an iceberg of resentment and frustration, that lies thinly concealed under a coating of pragmatic concern and attention. Liberal pragmatism and middle class charity can be seen to be not poles apart; they are allies in a sense. They have a great deal in common, in particular, the way they enclose a problem and shut it off from real public attention. They absorb indignation into helpfulness. They are the lightning conductors for guilt and hopelessness alike. They surround a problem with a cottonwool of needless complexity, and at the same time of spurious professionalism.

But above all they separate giver from receiver, helper from helped, agitators from deprived. The homeless are placed upon a kind of pedestal in the advertising columns rather than the news pages. The enlightened are supposed to worship and dignify them leper-like with gifts, and the result is that they are separated utterly from our understanding. The homeless are not different from the housed; they have merely become victims of the system one way rather than another. The homeless are not available to be coped with. It is their indignation not yours which really matters.



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hip ocrates

'Dear Dr Schoenfeld:

A couple of weeks ago my girlfriend and I got loaded and were making love. She told me that she wanted to show me something new that would be a real thrill to me. She said that one of her old boyfriends like to have her to do it to him often, so without knowing what it was, I agreed to let her try it.

What she did was to stretch my scrotum out tightly, then she took a pair of finger nail clippers and cut a small hole in the sac. I began to get scared then but she said not to worry, it was fun and didn't hurt much. Next she stuck a small plastic straw into the hole in my sac and started blowing air into it.

My sac got bigger than a baseball, but surprisingly it didn't hurt much and felt kind of good. I began to worry that it might burst so she stopped blowing and removed the straw. Then she quickly put a piece of adhesive tape over the hole to keep the air in. Then we continued with intercourse and I had a climax that was out of this world.

Afterwards she removed the tape from my scrotum and squeezed the air out of with her hand. Then she dabbed my scrotum with rubbing alcohol (to prevent infection she said) and retaped the hole. When she put the alcohol on it burned like hell. The next day my penis was swollen to about double its normal size and it itched like hell, but two days later it was OK again. What I want to know is could this practice cause me any harm? And what caused my penis to swell the next day?'

Dear Dr Schoenfeld:

My girl friend was experimenting and blew a large quantity of air into my urethra. Well, she says it feels great to her to feel that balloon strike bottom. I do get a thrill from it, albeit a masochistic one because, God, it hurts. Can this form of fun in any way injure me?

Write soon, cause I don't want to stop unless it might really hurt me.'

ANSWER: I hesitated for a long time before deciding to print the above letters about very literal 'blow' jobbs. They appear in print only to point out that pleasurable sensations should be weighed against potential dangers.

To use drugs as an example, shooting (amphetamine) undoubtedly gives great immediate pleasure, but at the potential price of hepatitis, thrombophlebitis,detrioration of the personality and sudden death through overdosage. Heroin users quickly become heroin addicts. Nineteen known deaths have been caused in the last year by inhalation of freon gases from glass chiller aerosol cans.

If any readers doubt that the practices mentioned in the letters above are harmful, I should point out firstly that more bacteria exist in the mouth than in any other body orifice. Our skin is a natural barrier to bacteria and other microorganisms which are not normally found in the bladder or scrotum. Infections of the bladder (cystitis may continue up the urethra to the kidneys). Infections of the scrotum? Not a pleasant prospect. Even more dangerous is the possibility of an air embolism. Air forced into a closed tissue space may enter the blood stream, go the heart, lungs or brain and cause sudden death or a stroke.

QUESTION; I have a 'condition' which seems to worry my husband more than myself. Ever since my teens my inner or minor vaginal lips have hung outside my major lips.

Because they are not neatly within the major lips my husband believes this could indicate some disorder. What do you think?

ANSWER: There is nothing abnormal about the labia minora protruding through the labia majora. Why some of my best friends . . .

The external genital organs
The labia have been drawn apart.

QUESTION: Please don't laugh—I'm serious! My boyfriend has a perpetual hard-on. He is 23 and I've never met anyone like him.

It's absolutely amazing. We make love he ejaculates and still pulls out with a hard-on and wants to start all over again, leaving no time in between.

He could do this all night, if it weren't for my getting sore. It bothers me because I recall reading sometime ago about a physical ailment causing a perpetual hard-on. I also recall it supposedly causes great pain to the male, not to mention the soreness it can cause the female.

ANSWER: Priapism, an abnormal state of continuous erection of the penis, can be caused by several diseases or by trauma to the spinal cord. The condition is commonly observed when a man is hung (literally—not as described in underground classified ads).

One of Balzac's Ribald Tales concerns a woman who brings a hanged man back to life through an unusual method of resuscitation.

But your boyfriend is not diseased—you just turn him on. The use of a lubricant may prevent or relieve soreness.

QUESTION: In the showers I notice all very fat men have a penis barely an inch long. Why?

ANSWER: An aroused (angered) colleague stoutly maintains this is a false observation, caused, no doubt by lack of familiarity with obese people. Increased fat tissue covering the base of the penis accounts for this belief. Have you ever read about Fatty Arbuckle.

QUESTION: Could you please explain what inverted nipples are and what, if anything, is the cure?

ANSWER: Inverted nipples turn in rather than out. The condition is rather common and should cause no concern unless it occurs after puberty. Pregnancy may cause them to evert.
I've also seen a picture of a suction device used to evert the nipples similar to those used to stimulate the flow of breast milk. Some gynecologists suggest having a close friend suck inverted nipples at least once daily to cause eversion. Find someone trying to kick cigarette addiction.

Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him at PO Box 9002. Berkeley, California. Mark your letter: OZ.

HOMOSEXUAL BOERS

Bill

To amend the Immorality Act, 1957, to make punishable the possession or custody of any article which is intended to be used to give sexual satisfaction to a female in an unnatural manner; to make punishable the commission of sexual acts between persons of the same sex; and to repeal section 10 of Act No. 22 of 1898 of Natal.

BE IT ENACTED by the State President, the Senate and the House of Assembly of the Republic of South Africa, as follows:—

1. The following section is hereby inserted in the Immorality Act, 1957 (hereinafter referred to as the principal Act), after section 18:

"Possession or custody of any article which is intended to be used to give sexual satisfaction to a female in an unnatural manner.

18A. Any person who has in his possession or custody any article other than a contraceptive which is intended to be used to give sexual satisfaction to a female in an unnatural manner, shall be guilty of an offence.".

2. The following section is hereby inserted in the principal Act after section 20:

"Sexual offences between persons of the same sex.

20A. (1) A male person who commits any immoral, indecent or unnatural act with another male person or a female person who commits any such act with another female person shall be guilty of an offence.

(2) In the application of the provisions of subsection (1) 'unnatural act' includes any act committed by a male person with another male person or by a female person with another female person and calculated to stimulate sexual passion or to give sexual satisfaction.".

3. Section 22 of the principal Act is hereby amended by the substitution for paragraph (*a*) of the following paragraph:

"(*a*) in the case of an offence referred to in section 2, 18A, [or] 20 (1) (*a*) or 20A (1), to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three years with or without a fine not exceeding six hundred rand in addition to such imprisonment, or where it is proved that the person convicted kept a brothel and that unlawful carnal intercourse took place in such brothel to his knowledge between a white female and a coloured male or between a coloured female and a white male, for a period not exceeding seven years with or without a fine not exceeding one thousand rand in addition to such imprisonment;".

4. Section 10 of the Act "To amend the law relative to the trial and punishment of the Crimes of Rape and Indecent Assault and Conduct" (Act No. 22 of 1898 (Natal)), is hereby repealed.

5. This Act shall be called the Immorality Amendment Act, 1968.

The Charges

Lawrence Gandar and Benjamin Pogrund—Editor-in-chief and a reporter of the Rand Daily Mail, Johannesburg—are charged with two counts of contravening Section 44 (1) of the Prisons Act; publishing false information concerning prisons without taking reasonable steps to verify the information.

One of the allegations made in the article on prison conditions published in the Rand Daily Mail, was that homosexuality was rife in prisons and that officials turned a blind eye to it. The state is eager to refute this, as a draft law against homosexuality is going through parliament but has not yet been passed. State witness after state witness denied knowledge of widespread acts of homosexuality, besides giving evidence on other aspects of prison conditions. Evidence was given under the protection of a ruling that witnesses remain unidentified in newspaper reports.

The surprise in the trial's third week was that the judge allowed newspapers to publish the name of former convict Harold John Goodwin. This came after the defence submitted that Goodwin was 'well known, not to say notorious'. Goodwin, who is known throughout South Africa as 'babyface' testified twice during the week's hearing.

His evidence raised the question of whether homosexuality was practised in Pretoria jail. He denied it was rife but under cross-examination admittted being connected with a club since his release which the defence claims was for homosexuals.

He said he was employed as a secretary of a club. Asked what type of people were members of the club, he said it was a matter of opinion and he was 'not prepared to state an opinion'. It was a mixed membership of men and women. Mr Kentridge for the defence said a Major van Zyl of the CID had put in an official memorandum on behalf of the South African Police to the Parliamentary Select Committee investigating the matter of homosexuality.

Goodwin said he had not given evidence before this Select Committee and had not submitted a memorandum although he had sent a letter to the Minister of Justice. He was not prepared to reveal the contents of this letter. It did concern his club.

'Let's not beat about the bush. Was your club for homosexuals?' 'I will neither confirm or deny that.'

He agreed that men sometimes danced together at the club, but said he had no personal knowledge of their private lives.

'You consider it ordinary for men to dance together in a club?—That is a matter of opinion.'

Questioned about his earlier evidence that he had never heard jokes about homosexuality between prisoners and warders, Mr Goodwin said he had heard jokes occasionally among prisoners, 'no more or less than outside prison'.

He denied that homosexuality was rife in prison.

Mr Kentridge said that a prisoner called earlier by the state had given evidence that Mr Goodwin was notorious in the prison for having homosexual tendencies.

Immorality Amendment Act

Early in 1968, the South African Government drafted an amendment to the Immorality Act of 1957, making punishable the possession or custody of any article which is intended to be used to give sexual satisfaction to a female in an unnatural manner; to make punishable the commission of sexual acts between persons of the same sex.

In other words male and female homosexuality is to be outlawed and punishable by law. Not only will it increase drastically the penalities for the offence, but it will make lesbianism an offence for the first time.

The Government itself is not entirely happy about the Bill, or about the right-wing behind it. This knowledge and fear of the consequence of the Bill has encouraged the homosexual community to brief lawyers to present their case to the Parliamentary Select Committee studying the Bill.

Club Charade

It so happens that 'Babyface' Goodwin is the secretary of a club in Johannesburg called Charade.

On the 22nd February 1968 he wrote a letter to The Minister of Justice. I quote from a photostat copy of the letter:

'Dear Sir,

I am the secretary of a club which is limited exclusively to adults with homosexual or lesbian tendencies.'

He goes on to express the fears of his members and their willingness to make their views known to the Select Committee, and ends the letter by assuring the Minister of his co-operation at all times.

I quote the last paragraph from the Minister's private secretary in reply to Goodwin.

'The Minister also desires me to assure you that your society need not have the slightest fear of being branded or 'listed' as you call it!'

You can draw your own conclusions as to why 'Babyface' Goodwin subsequently turned state witness and lied in the witness box.

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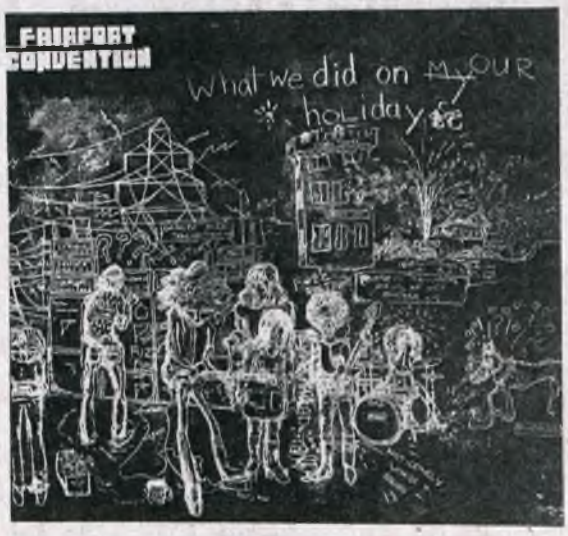

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Smash Cash

DAVID RAMSAY STEELE

400 BC: Hey all you thirsty people, though you've got no money, come to the water. Buy corn without money and eat. Buy wine without money and milk without price. (Isaiah).

1652: There shall be no buying and selling ... If any man or family want grain or other provisions, they may go to the storehouse and fetch without money. (Gerrard Winstanley).

1968: The Abolition of Money. The abolition of pay housing, pay media, pay transportation, pay food, pay education, pay clothing, pay medical help and pay toilets. A society which works towards and actively promotes the concept of "full unemployment" ... (Yippie election leaflet).

Abolition of Money! Down through the ages this wild and visionary slogan has been whispered by a subversive few. Ever since human beings discovered cash, they have hated it and tried to rid themselves of it — whilst their own actions have kept it alive. In this respect, money is like syphilis.

Today the whisper has become a shout — though still the shout of a tiny minority. Tomorrow it will be the roar of the crowd, the major topic of discussion in every pub and coffee house, factory and office.

The abolition of money is an ancient dream, the most radical demand of every social revolution for centuries past. We must not suppose that it is therefore destined to remain a Utopia, that the wheel will simply turn full circle once more. Today there is an entirely new element in the situation: Plenty.

All previous societies have been rationed societies, based on scarcity of food, clothing and shelter. The modern world is also a society of scarcity, but with a difference. Today's shortages are unnecessary; today's scarcity is artificial. More than that: scarcity achieved at the expense of strenuous effort, ingenious organization and the most sophisticated planning.

The world is haunted by a spectre — the spectre of Abundance. Only by planned waste and destruction on a colossal scale can the terrifying threat of Plenty be averted.

Money means rationing. It is only useful when there are shortages to be rationed. No one can buy or sell air: it's free because there is plenty of it around. Food, clothing, shelter and entertainment should be free as air. But the means of rationing scarcity themselves keep the scarcity in existence. The only excuse for money is that there is not enough wealth to go round — but it is the money system which makes sure there cannot be enough to go round. By abolishing money we create the conditions where money is unnecessary.

If we made a list of all those occupations which would be unnecessary in a Moneyless World, jobs people now have to do which are entirely useless from a human point of view, we might begin as follows: Customs officer, Security guard, Locksmith, Wages clerk, Tax assessor, Advertising man, Stockbroker, Insurance agent, Ticket puncher, Salesman, Accountant, Slot machine emptier, Industrial spy, Bank manager, before we realized the magnitude of what was involved. And these are merely the jobs which are wholly and utterly useless. Nearly all occupations involve something to do with costing or selling. Now we should see that the phrase "Abolition of Money" is just shorthand for immense, sweeping, root and branch changes in society. The abolition of money means the abolition of wages and profits, nations and frontiers, rich and poor, armies and prisons. It means that all work will be entirely voluntary.

Of course, the itemizing of those jobs which are financial does not end the catalogue of waste. Apart from astronomical sums spent on the Space Race, and the well-known scandal of huge arms production, we have to realise that all production is carried on purely for profit. The profit motive often runs completely counter to human need. "Built-in obsolescence" (planned shoddiness), the restrictive effects of the patents system, the waste of effort through duplication of activities by competing firms or nations — these are just a few of the ways in which profits cause waste.

What this amounts to is that ninety per cent (a conservative estimate) of effort expended by human beings today is entirely pointless, does not the slightest bit of good to anybody. So it is quite ridiculous to talk about "how to make sure people work if they're not paid for it." If less than ten per cent of the population worked, and the other ninety per cent stayed at home watching telly, we'd be no worse off than we are now.

But there would be no need for them to watch telly all the time, because without the profit system work could be made enjoyable. Playing tennis, writing poems or climbing mountains are not essentially any more enjoyable than building houses, growing food or programming computors. The only reason we think of some things as "leisure" and others as "work" is because we get used to doing some things because we want to and others because we have to. Prostitutes despise love. We are all prostitutes. In a Moneyless World work would be recreation and art. That work which is unavoidably unhealthy or unpleasant, such as coalmining, would be automated immediately. Needless to say, the only reason these things aren't done by machines at present is because it is considered more important to lower the costs of the employer than to lower the unhappiness of his slaves.

The money system is obsolete and antihuman. So what should we do about it? In years to come, with the increasing education and increasing misery of

modern life, together with growing squalor in the midst of growing plenty, we can expect the Abolition of Money to be treated more and more as a serious issue, to be inserted into more and more heads. The great mass of individuals will first ridicule, then dare to imagine (Fantasy is the first act of rebellion – Freud), then overthrow.

In the meantime, as well as propagating the notion of a Moneyless World, those of us who see its necessity have a responsibility to sort our own ideas out, in order that we may present an intelligible and principled case. We must stop thinking of the Moneyless World as an "ultimate aim" with no effect upon our actions now. We must realise that the Abolition of Money is THE immediate demand. A practical proposition and an urgent necessity – not something to be vaguely "worked towards."

Unfortunately those who want the Moneyless World frequently wade in a mire of mystification. Above all it is necessary to understand the workings of this society, capitalist society (Moscow, Washington and Peking are all in the same boat) if we are to know how to destroy it.

For example there is a commonly held view that Automation is going to settle all our worries, that money will expire automatically as part of a "natural process of evolution." This is quite wrong. As pointed out above, this society only automates to increase profits and for no other reason. Employers even take machines out and put workers back in – if they find that labour-power is cheaper. Any gain from automation these days is more than cancelled out by the waste explosion. Do not imagine that the slight increases in living standards of the last twenty years are the beginning of a smooth transition to Abundance. Another huge world slump is approaching.

A different illusion, also popular, is that cash can be abolished by example, by opening giveaway shops or by starting small moneyless communities which are parasitical upon the main body of society. These experiments accomplish little. Those people, for instance, who open stores to give and receive books without payment, face a predictable result: a large stock of lousy books.

These projects stem partly from a belief that we need to prove something. Relax. We don't need to prove anything. The defenders of this insane society, it is they who stand accused, they who have to supply the arguments – arguments for poverty and enslavement in a world of Plethora!

All theoretical constructions which relate to wages, prices, profits and taxes are ghosts from the past, as absurdly outdated as the quibbles about how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. "Incomes policy" is irrelevant – we want the abolition of incomes. "Fighting crime" is irrelevant – we want the abolition of the law. "Workers' control" is irrelevant – we want the abolition of "workers." "Black Power" is irrelevant – we want the abolition of power over people. "The national interest" is irrelevant – we want the abolition of nations.

And let no one raise the banal cry: what are you going to put in their place? As though we would say to a research scientist: "And when you've cured Cancer, what are you going to put in its place?"

Then there is the myth of the small-scale. We cannot go back to being peasants and we should not want to. Keeping several thousand million people alive on this planet necessitates railways, oil wells, steel mills. Only by intricate organization and large-scale productive techniques can we maintain our Abundance. Do not be afraid of machines. It is not machines which enslave, but Capital, in whose service machines are employed, McLuhan represents the beginning of the New Consciousness of man-made artifacts. Computors are warm and cuddly creatures. We will have a beautiful time with them.

Many of the worst errors which retard the development of the New Consciousness, the Consciousness of Plenty, are to be found in Herbert Lomas' piece on "The Workless Society" in International Times/43. This at least has the merit that someone is putting forward a case for the removal of money in specific terms. Unfortunately, they are specific non-starters.

According to Herbert Lomas, a political party is to be formed which will take power and proceed as follows. Useless workers in industry will gradually be laid off and paid for not working. The process will be extended until money can be abolished. In the meantime, those being paid for doing nothing will do what they like. To begin with many of them might play Bingo; eventually more and more would aim at higher things.

What is wrong with this projection? Many things, but chiefly two. First, it fails to take account of the systematic nature of society. Second, it assumes that present-day society exhibits a harmony of interests.

In the first place, Lomas says: "Why are these people working? They are not working for the sake of production, for the truth is that if they were removed production could be increased beyond measure." He concludes that they are working because of their attitudes, the attitudes of their employers, the attitudes of the rest of society. But the fact of the matter is that these workers are working for the sake of production – not the production of goods but the production of profits. The reason why things are "made with great ingenuity to wear out" is not because of the attitudes of the people involved. The management may think it's criminal but they are paid to organize things so as to optimize profits. If they produced razor blades to last for centuries, the firm would go broke. It is not the attitudes which are crucial, but economic interests. If a teetotaller owns shares in a brewery, it does not make the booze less potent.

Which brings us to the second point. Today's world is a jungle of conflicting vested interests. The Abolition of Money will represent the liberation of slaves, yes – but also the dispossession of masters, i.e., the employing class. We cannot view the government as an impartial panel which looks after the best interests of everybody; it is an instrument used by one set of people to oppress another.

On one point Herbert Lomas is correct. The movement for the Abolition of Money must be political, because when we destroy money we destroy the basis of the power of our rulers. They are unlikely to take kindly to this, so we must organize politically to remove them.

For the moment though, what is needed is more discussion and greater understanding. We must be confident that the movement will grow. We must think, argue, and think again – but never lose consciousness of that one, simple, astounding fact: Plenty is here. The Moneyless World is not an ultimate millenium. We need it now.

OVER & UNDER

'The England I know and the England I love is an England of constant change and constant movement of peoples, a proud arrogant mongrel race intense and stubborn, but with this wonderful sense of movement' Ray Gosling's Sum Total.

There is an England undiscovered, its people are violently sarcastic, drink tea and are not all that young now. They grew up in a world of chip shops, library books being overdue, racing bicycle clips, Journey Into Space and tend to look like characters out of Giles cartoons. They grew up in the Fifties and based themselves more on Hancock's Half Hour than the Goon Show; they knew how to hitch and attempt petty crime and from the third form in grammar school it was more or less a race to get expelled and get out to the serious business of buying a motorbike and a girl. I could never see how these people could stomach the Underground: it was precious and they were cynical, it was pretty and they were ugly in an English way, it was American or Australian and they were British, it was exhibitionist and prone to delerium and they were stoic and ran a mile if they thought someone was putting it on.

Occassionally there are explanations of how the two could meet. Ray Gosling, then billed as the talking teenager, wrote one in 1962 called Sum Total. Jeff Nuttall wrote another in 1968. It's called Bomb Culture, and is a quite brilliant social history of this decade. It starts in the pre CND wonderland of the first of David Mercer's plays, of George Melly and Trad before The Observer-and-this-evenings-Art-Critic, that magic time when Alistair McIntyre was still a Trotskyist, when John Berger wrote for the New Statesman, and Cyril Davies and not John Mayall was the father of British Blues. Nuttall stays outside the Underground's mental bathysphere and the awesomely photogenic world of the hippies; he senses this is bourgeois romanticism and serves mainly as a way out of the nastyness of bourgeois utility. Behind the flowers he partially glimpses the hardeyed disinterest and glare of suspicion of the underground (anatomised with characteristic sensibility by Ray Gosling in an IT centre page spread for which he was subsequently attacked by some underground shaman-moron for having handguns). Nuttall is suspicious of the limitations of drugs and rejects those who call for reunion with the cosmic: 'I would suggest that not only is this alienation from the cosmos the condition we call human but that such a seperation is a vital element in the cosmic pattern, that man is naturally un-natural and that this is an absolute enrichment rather than a psychic tragedy'. The ego, which gets such a bad press these days, is rightly seen as the core of man's strivings and the turning away from Nothing. Nuttall remains compassionate but exterior to the majority of the underground and is best of all when talking about CND meetings, American pop and nylons getting laced up in Finchley (our author has a sizable alcohol habit which is reassuring), the Vicar of St. Martins in the Fields, trad jazz clubs near Northern Line Tube Stations and the Young Communist League before it went pop.

Its reviewers have been interesting. Those who know the terrain have gone overboard. Peter Fryer, one of the best of those who left the Communist Party over Hungary, wrote at the end of his piece his terrible need to be a friend of Nuttall's. Dennis Potter, at 33 a bedridden veteran of CND, satire and the BBC, reviewed Bomb Culture with a sense of agonising recognition which was almost beyond words. The critical wide boys, noticeable A Alvarez in the Sunday Beast whose cleverness is in fact mostly belligerence, hammered the book. From the academic-critical greasy pole, even for a critic who has annexed 'extremism' as his analytic territory, Nuttall is too frantic, too painful, not well enough adjusted to the insanity of the present. Lowell and Plath are allowed close to the edge, they are after all Americans, Nuttall's hangups are not permitted.

For those of us who are still angry, Nuttall's gut wrenchings will make perfect sense. There are not two things; how society is organised, how people are conscious and respond to this organisation. The relation of beliefs to action is not external and contingent, but internal and conceptual. What is happening in Vietnam does change the way we use words; the way we use words has an effect on ourselves. In many ways the trough between the end of CND's fruitless non-conformity and the beginning of VSC, between post-Hiroshima and Vietnam, between Hungary '56 and Paris '68 was a period of 'being stranded in the unbearable, especially politically.

Looking back on it now it would seem that it took crazyness, illness, dope or political extremism to get through it and see through it.

The nuttyness of Morgan and Joe Orton's plays, the nudging self-awareness of the New British Movie, the metropolitan smugness of Swinging London, these responses differed only in the degree of self-deciet. Hopefully the events of 1968 signal a new future, something more than the brisk merchandising of '63-'67, perhaps we can put the pillow over the cage of pop and get on to something that really matters.

This is, I think, the sense of what writers like David Mercer, Dennis Potter, Adrian Mitchell are about and all of who's work is very specific about the perils of that period and the values of a theraputic lunacy. Nuttall's conclusions hover, as the book, between tough-sentimental hero and poetic juvenile delingquent; the one headmasterly, the other half barmy with phallic energy. He seems doomed to be saying 'lets at last get down to business' the main message of his My Own Mag editorials and post Trafalgar Square oration letters to Anarchy. But one is followed by the suspicion that, to use Nuttall's own words: 'the most hot blooded insurrectionists hold their role of opposition to a thoroughly secure establishment more important than the overthrow of that establishment'. For much as the idea of revolution in

general compells him, any attempt to organise politically is seen as comic opera Leninism (which of course it sometimes is). He guotes a caricature of a Stalinist from Lessing's Golden Notebook as if that proves it. Instead he prefers the garbled halls of verbal anarchism, particularly the tiny Chicago group around Bernard Marzalek and their paler versions in this country, Cuddon's Cosmopolitan Review and Heatwave (now joined by King Mob Echo, the organ of soon-to-be-fashionable-Situationalism). All these groups enjoy a good deal of violence-in-the-head and revolutionary bop prosody and find political or economic theory not worth bothering with; its Wifey who runs American and the telly; beer and mental homes which keep us anaethetised.

The same enthusiasm for apocalyptic rhetoric without any of the dangers attendant to revolutionary committment is visable in the ludicrous over-priase for Mailer's last two reports by precisely the people who could'nt see a word of what 'The America Dream' was about. Clive James writing in OZ 14 finds it fairly easy to mock this sort of language politics. He advances the familiar proposition that all revolutions lead to new tyrannies, that these days things are simply too complex anyway and anyway it might upset the bourgeoisie 'the custodian of civilisation in Europe'. Instead he offers hippy fabianism, 'the only way to fight City Hall is by providing an alternative mode of existence and keep it running long enough for the industrial complex to become humanised by penetration and example', in the mean time the Academy will remain the Keeper of the true standard of the 'one literature'. In fact his political condescension is largely misplaced because although hippies don't take a very acute interest in political theory there are many who do, of whom Mr. James, if his citation of Hannah Arendt as a political authority is anything to go by, is likely to be largely ignorant.

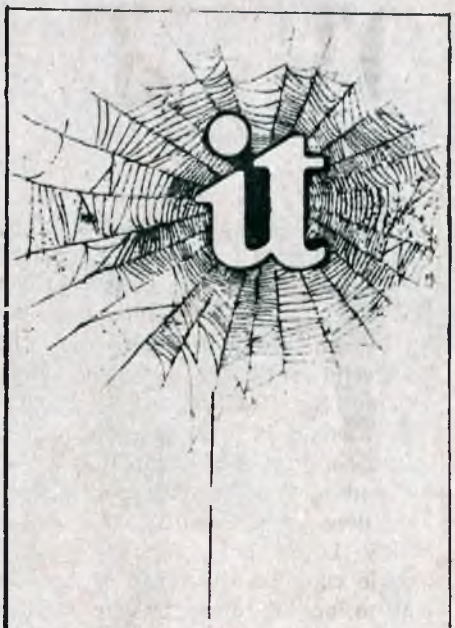
As for the 'one literature', it is precisely a conscious rejection of revolutionary politics in one stem of English literary criticism (see Leavis's Scrutiny, a Retrospect) which has produced this exaggerated concern for Cambridge and specifically the English Tripos as the supreme validiction of literature and human culture. For all the academic muscle bending, boyos and surfing prose and premonitions of social disintegration, James eventually argues himself into a remarkably poky little corner; revolutionary politics are boneheaded because boneheads sometimes talk about them, hippies should grow up, art is forever. James is certainly right to be appalled at the cultural landscape of rank mediocrity, he is wrong to see it as the necessary product of industrialism or those identified as the underground when it is rather the specific result of the nature of British society and the class that dominates it.

What is in fact happening is the convergence of a dissident and political intelligensia with a mass and rebellious youth movement. The previous emmergence of such a genuinely subversive intellectual movement were fin-de-sieacle Bohemianism and, between wars, Stalinism. The 1890s of Beardsley, Wilde and McKintosh ended in Boer War jingoism; it remains the souce of most of the visual plunderings of the underground. The Red Thirties scarcely existed and the swift repatriation of most if its intellectuals to bourgeois society after the Molotov-Ribbentropp Pact demonstrates this, but the Foreign Languages Publishing House prose is still perfectly intact in the arthritic language of Black Dwarf editorials and VSC speakers.

What happened in the era between the end of CND and the beginning of what can be called with justice, the period of revolutionary politics, was the emmergence of both bohemians and revolutionaries alongside. The kind of foklorique anarchism of the underground's politics is an essential stage just as Narodnikism was prior to Bolshevism. 'Where there is revolution there is anarchy, the first stirring, the first cry, the first position before organisation begins. We must greet and welcome anarchy.

'It is not the sword of revolution only its herald. But the herald performs a genuine service,' Peter Sedgwick. This is the meaning of the history Nuttall witnesses; 'The path that leads from moral reasoning to political action is strewn with our dead selves,' Andre Malraux.

David Widgery



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1 We demand, full employment for all black people living in the United Kingdom.

We know that black people are being discriminated against in employment, and are relegated to jobs that the white man no longer wants to do, even though they are well qualified for better jobs.

2 We demand, better housing conditions for all black people and a voice in the re-allocation of houses for our people.

We know that white landlords are not giving us housing accommodation fit for human beings.

3 We demand an end to police brutality and the persecution of our leaders.

We know that Brothers Michael, Obi, Gideon and Peter Martin, have been imprisoned because they dared to speak out for freedom.

4 We demand freedom for all black people in prison.

We know that our Brothers have not been given fair trials because of the very nature of the jury system.

5 We demand that all black people be tried by their own Peer Group as is written in the Magna Carta.

We know that white jury men and women are ignorant of the varous dialects of the black people in this country. How could a black man have a fair trial if the members of the jury cannot understand his means of expression?

6 We demand education for our people that exposes the true nature of this racist society.

We demand education that teachers us our true role in the present day society. We know that this educational system is detrimental to the free growth of our black children and impedes the creation of the new Black Man.

 LONG LIVE THE EAGLES!

Ho! Ho! Ho Chi Mall

The gospel according to Ho Chi Mall

Onceuponatime, an outfit called the Institute of Contemporary Arts carried on its smallscale, select, thoughtful operations on a first floor in Dover Street. Its gallery was its lecture room was its bar. Some said it was cliqueish, and it did have its own wavelength, but it was a neat, economical, functional format. It was nicely balanced between a Surrealist inheritance and high-powered intellectuality, it was openmindedly eclectic yet selfrespectingly selective. It dealt in new directions and in what was good of its kind.

What policy one wondered, could back the choice of new Mall premises, where no exhibition can cover its costs unless the visitors come pouring in like the rushhour in the tube? It's now apparent The ICA has set itself to appeal to (1) any foundation which will respond to the snob appeal of its past reputation and its new address, like the Arts Council, or Sidney Bernstein, or the Gulbenkian Foundation, or Apple, and (2) the box-office, with a vengeance. It's pop or bust.

For such a strategy the time seems ripe. A new public is appearing. Old brow-barriers are crumbling. All the mini-skirted secretaries and discotheque dollies have learnt to limbo to Vivaldi from UFO and from echochamber soundprocessing to hear structureless sound for its own sake.

So appetising is the grab-allcomers theory that an old showbusiness axiom warns against it. Choose your public, and write for it. Don't try and sit on seven stools at once. You can't be, simultaneously, Queen and Petticoat. If you're eclectic you'll appeal only to eclectics, and there may not be many of them. Of course, an axiom is only a rule of thumb, Overlap areas exist. *The Obsessive Image* romped around in one.

Pitfalls there are, when you try and be a Royal Pop Academy, Tate-cum-hep-Tate-cum-art-discotheque-laboratory. With such a massive rent wrapped like a millstone round your neck it's not so easy to swim between Scylla the love-all, grab-all nonselectivity of the trendhound – and Charybdis – the slack, lowest-common-denominator imbecility exemplified by the Apollinaire production.

Apollinaire. Ah – la belle epoque. Ah, la vie de boheme. Ah, les filles des bordels. Ah, le Douanier Rousseau, ze divine innocent, ze – 'ow you call 'eem? – peasant Gulley Jimson, no? In Truffaut's Jules et Jim film Jim tells Jules the story of Apollinaire, so the ICA production has Guillaume the spitting image of Jim. With a Strangelove arm. Homage to Truffaut, to Kubrick? No, secondhand, thinking, Banalities. The play is as full of fashionable cliches as of fashionable spades.

What made Apollinaire go establishment? His headwound. Why was he The Outsider? Being a foreign born Jew. Why should we identify with him? Because he was so vulnerable to women and yet full of sexy joie de vivre. What was the Wound in His Soul? All Women Were His Mother, a Haughty Blonde. And when he goes for a jaunt on an automobile (to show how modern he was) it makes period noises and does things like get flat tyres. All the jokey things that seemed new in that 1950 British comedy, Genevieve. Sweet Genevieve. Twenty years on, the ICA borrow from Ealing comedy in a bid for what? Aunt Edna?

Every word spoken or read, proclaim the authors, is from Apollinaire. So what? Such 'fidelity' is treachery when the lines are selected by minds working on the same principles, of two-bit pseudo-psychology and ingratiating martyrology, as the novelists who wrote Moulin Rouge, Lust For Life and The Agony and the Ecstasy. Who bothers so little about Apollinaire's poetry (as opposed to his brand-image) that they get a charming actor to speak it with indigestible flatness. Who are so mesmerised by chronological pedantry that they think the Lumiere programme is an evocation of Paris ca. 1900?

The play is a structureless succession of stagings that had ceased to be avant-garde on the West End stage well before Joan Littlewood. The only critic who liked it was Harold Hobson, and that's no accident. He knows what's safely banal when he sees it.

The ancillary exhibition included many artworks commissioned in homage to Apollinaire. 'In homage to' is current cant for derivative hackwork, 'using the pretext of.' The notion of commissiong little, quick, light artworks, artworks from trendy people is as transparent as it's pitiable. It's the art machine producing little objects to keep itself going. It's the small change of consumer society. The Wimpyburgers of art. It's jobs for the boys. It's 'I'll

FLUORESCENT CHRYSANTHEMUM
Until 26 Jan.

commission you if I think you're with it.' It's another little one-man Arts Council using the ICA to build up its little sub-empire. It's an old boy net because it's a matter of flip whim, of idle fancy, devoid of merit. The shunting aside, for the sake of the Apollinaire piece, of John Arden's play, about which its author protested, is a case in point. In the first place, the Apollinaire piece should have been offered to theatre groups whose director was not the play's co-author. For obvious reasons. For everybody's sake. As it is, when one thinks that the co-author was once script editor of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, one is tempted to suppose, either, that he's besotted by his involvement in his play now, or that the Royal Shakespeare Theatre covered up for his remarkable absence of acumen then.

The ICA Bulletin was once a small, terse, valuable magazine. The new Magazine is distended by the same ragbag indiscrimination that made the Apollinaire productions so pitiably opportunistic. Now it rambles on about Hornsey, Czechoslovakia, about everything discussed, typically, in The Observer, and here it gets, not analysis, but little inspirational blazons of excited me-tooism. A two-page poem scolds Guatemalan intellectuals whose minds fiddle while the third world burns. So just what does Apollinaire have to offer them? What would it have mattered if his anniversary had been celebrated only by The London Magazine and all the other usuals? Or if it hadn't been celebrated at all? (So Apollinaire was a pornographer! So what? Today everybody's a pornographer. So he welcomed the new! So what? Since pop art everyone welcomes the new. It's the only way bourgeois art can throw up sensational nothings fast enough to make progress look like liberation).

Two issues devoted to the Cybernetic exhibition were a welcome return to thought, in a magazine whose level of universal raving is now almost on a par with The Beatles Monthly Book. The ICA raves so obsessively it's reduced the very notion of enthusiasm to abject tedium. The idea of repudiation also. 'Shit to Institutes of Contemporary Art!' chant the Apollinaire chorus, thus proving that 'Shit' doesn't mean a thing either, because the cry is meant to keep you coming and keep paying its establishment-sized rent. You can enjoy that little sensation of superiority, of jolly twinge of refusal, which snobbery always sells to those who pay for their seat. In trendy mouths, all these 'revolutionary' slogans mean is: 'Anyone for tennis?'. Revolution, like tennis, is offered as a Nice Change. The ICA, meanwhile, will revolve itself ever more firmly into the Mall.

Increasingly the worst in the old art establishment, the insecurely placed within it, cashing in on the revolutionary rave-up. Increasingly the attack on art is also an attack on integrity in the name of the mass produced, easily consumed, throwaway, knicknack objects. Consume faster! consume everything! don't think about anything! Buy art! Buy anti-art! But non-art! You too can be a collector! Buy A History of Anti-Art! Buy an Anti-History of Anti-Art! Buy the Anti-Art Bulletin! Objects! Institutes! New! Revolutionary! It's All Happenings! Newnewnew nownownow! Wow, zoom, bingbangbollicks! The pseudo-primitivism of the worst pop-art conceals the snatch-and-grab provocativeness of art which offers nothing but the illusion of defying art. At a time when the standards of the old ICA are more desperately needed than ever, the newlook ICA like a rotten tonsil, becomes a centre of infection.

Guevara, Paris, Hornsey, all came as if on cue, just as flower power began wilting, to give the same old magazines another set of slogans, of innovations, of trends. It's impossible to respect the Coldstreams and others, who, so isolated in and insulated by the establishment that they don't know what's happening outside it any longer, but who soldier on with integrity about what they do sense or glimpse. It's not so easy to respect the Mr Facing Both Ways who preach spontaneity out of one mouth and commission hackwork with the other, or who cry 'Shit to myself!' in confident expectation for their revolutionary radicalism.

The ICA may get its grants fro m goodnatured or prestige-hunting sectors of the bourgeoisie. It may also make much trendy todo about reconciling fine art and pop art and pop fine art and avant-garde pop and avant-garde pop fine anti-art and even revolutionary bayonets before cultural butter. To reconcile both strategies has, one must admit, the courage of bluff. One would admire that bluff if behind it were what one senses behind the operations of a Diaghilev or a Darwin, a profound respect for art, and artists, a sensitivity of response, as well as all the survival mechanisms of showmanship, conning and all the rest. The ICA's old style integrity remains, in three of the four exhibitions since its move to the Mall. The filmshows have performed the function, which the BFI still refuses as far as it dare, of accommodating the experimental. Thanks to the ICA, many American phenomena have at last been seen here. And so on and so forth. It would be a great pity if so much that's so promising were stunted or lost because of a too-bold strategy were sabotaged by clumsy tactics, by a cheap, opportunistic tone, by the sacrifice of integrity to an ambition altogether out of its league.

See Back Cover

man figure was draw
ion of cockpit design at
an animated human figure
designer can assess preliminary
chair by drawing the outline design on the
observing its relationship to the human figu
this has been done at Nottingham University

Greek Gaols

'Letter from a Greek Gaol' appeared, unsigned, in OZ 6 and was republished in Underground newspapers throughout the world. It was written by Neal Phillips, an American, who now tells how his guards turned up to interrogate him with a copy of OZ within days of its publication in London. After his release, he was gaoled again in Rome and has since been hounded by CIA officials everywhere

Cold-sweat flashback to Greek political prison on the island of Aegena, lost somewhere in the Agean Sea. A boatload of secret police called KIP arrive, dreaded gang of psychopaths – from the sadistically selfish oligarchy which robots them to their nameless unknown commander to the lowest functionary, these specialists in mendacity and duplicity, beaters of feet and shockers of balls, pubic-hair pluckers and kidney-kickers, extractors of blood-soaked confessions, these perpetrators of the CIA's dream of a better world. They call me into the usual cold barren office and we're face-to-face again, come certain cool this time but any expert in analyzing these confrontations would see the colour of fear in my aura, even after 38 months in these caves and dungeons and still standing.

A copy of OZ lies opened on the lemonwood table separating us. It is open to a published message I had smuggled out of Prison of Seven Towers in Salniki a few months before. Shock. There is a 'name withheld' printed under it, it has been on sale in London only four days, but through some unimaginable fuzz-sorcery they've already arrived in the middle of the Agean Sea to confront me with it. Smuggling political information out of prison is five years if they feel polite, and 'accident' or 'escape' if they do not. It's all the same, five years added to my 3½ is death, one cannot live through osmosis acid and willpower for ever.

They begin their painfully slow and tricky rap with an arrogance which one must hear to know, the heaviest vibe on earth, the God in the White House very definitely is on their side, the world of my prison is shuddering and they are crushing me. They know, they tell me, that John Wilcock visited me at Seven Towers in June, and that he published his 'Other Scenes' jointly with this issue of OZ, and that I had handed Wilcock this message, they'd compared it with my other writings they'd busted through the years and their language-specialists agreed it had to be mine and would certainly swear to it in 'court', and anyway I was the only foreigner in Seven Towers through those months, etc, etc, now please sign this 'admission' and 'all might be forgiven'. I did what one learns to do: remarked upon the strange coincidence in all of this, if the positions were reversed I'd no doubt believe the same as they, but sorry I couldn't sign it, it wasn't me. Crazy laughter. I shot a look which meant that all the tortures and deaths in Greece could not make me sign anything anywhere for anyone, that I could be taken apart piece by piece and NEVER sign a contract for five more years in malnutrition's kitchens and they believed me, although I do not know even now if I flashed them the truth, nobody can ever know.

Three more months pass in frozen misty prison-silence, another deadly winter. New arrivals daily, all broken and driven mad, condemned to terrible years for thought-crimes. Our unheated little stone room which once held eight now has twelve, then fifteen, now twenty, we are bitterly cold and unwashed and underfed, everywhere there is sickness, and the feeble old doctor who appears two afternoons a week for 1,500 of us has no medicine in his bag. Like the Seige of Stalingrad. Under those conditions those of us with our heads still partly together spend most of our time chasing the vibes of violence out of the air, for life like that is impossible even for the sane, and an eruption in such sad hopeless quarters might destroy us all.

KIP visits again and again, off their OZ kick now, but wanting to know who was publishing those things and bombarding them with those petitions, names and addresses, what organization were they connected with, were they Communists? Dope freaks? They wanted labels; 'friends' would not do. The American Embassy always sent a man with them, not to protect me (an infantile illusion destroyed two smashed kidneys and a face-stabbing before), but to plug my answers into their worldwide fuzz network and classify some more of the underground mind as 'enemy'. No deal.

February comes: and King Constantine, now exiled in Rome, pardons me out of my exile in Greece. Madness. Flight into Rome, five days with the CIA for 'reorientation'. Nights with the Living Theatre. Total acid,

immersed in the acid of the earth. Freedom. We must quickly invent a new language to handle the infinity of fabulous feelings which live in those white-light realms beyond words. Impossible to communicate the power of a walk in the park, alone and floating free, all senses on OPEN, somebody's cut the string on my balloon. There's no privacy in prison, even when asleep or masturbating, the eye of the State is always at the keyhole. Now each simple walk in the streets is a blinding parade of miracles. EVERYTHING is an orgasm. Malanga makes a film called Recording Zone Operator on the reincarnation of Drakos, my executed cellmate.

Everything's too public, Rome is such a village, busted again. Forty months in prison, forty days' out, busted again for bash. Everybody's complaining about the Prison of the Sky Queen in Rome, but to me it's a first class hotel – some food, a bed, doctors to repair the old Greek wounds, music, books, letters, a sympathetic and intelligent judge named Giovanni who released us after six months without a trial and thus saved years, said we'd broken the law but committed no crime, setting up a howl in the Vatican press and destroying Giovanni's career.

Now it's London, in heaven's upper regions and grooving around with our friends. People ask me many different types of questions about what is going on in Greece, like what the hell do they THINK is going on in Greece? How many times do they have to hear it, in how many ways from how many people? Greece was never free. I was busted there in 1964 and my first 50 jail-friends had been falsely convicted of X-crime which was a pretext to cover political sins which could not be prosecuted in their own names. Everybody was tortured systematically even then, just generally speaking it was the most twisted social system anywhere after 20 years of total American political military economic and moral control, and even before that it was always bad bad bad. But finally the Greek Jesus had arrived in the body of Andreas Papodreau and he set off Sigma vibrations which rolled back and forth through the ignorant terrified streets and multiplied. The Priest-Palace-Wealthy–CIA–Police–Military interests which had always operated Greece to suit their own obscene pleasures felt the threat, and together they launched the Junta upon the people in it's own name, attempting to perpetrate the illusion that the said Junta was working in it's own name to continue the enslavement brutilization and mystification of the Greek people.

There are a couple of thousand prisoners in exile prisons with no court at all in their future, but the Greek Justice-head is nothing if not tricky. I've lived in eleven different prisons there and all of them are full of political prisoners condemned of actual 'crimes' and sent to criminal prisons, therefore they do not count as political prisoners, but they are, friend, thousands. And the Red Cross goes to Leros and issues a devastating report of the diet, sanitation, etc. The food and services which scandalized the world were far better than any food or services I ever saw in a criminal prison. Nobody knows definitely about that or supposes that it exists because the fucking Red Cross doesn't go there because the poor people hovering and cowering in dark corners of their minds inside are classified and convicted as 'criminal' instead of 'political'.

The deceptions which the reactionary CIA-controlled totalitarian state gives the world as information become ever more sophisticated and deadly as the truth of who they are and their aims and the horrible mind-crushing nature of the fraud they have unleased upon the world becomes ever more difficult to conceal. They speak of freedom, but they are themselves enslaved by their own minds. By the dark forces which give them their twisted definitions of what life is and what should be done about it. How is it there? Bad, baby, very bad, like the dark side of your nightmare moon. When and how is it going to end? I know perhaps too much to walk safely through the streets about how it happened and what it is, but the form which the ending will take I cannot envision. I only know that it will end when the America that we know ends, for a nation of people who are oppressing each other and massacring the children of Viet Nam cannot be expected to produce Senators and Presidents who really care that most of the people in Greece eat garlic and bread for lunch.

So Greece will begin to free itself when America understands what freedom is, and not before– So I say something now to certain people who have proved that they read this magazine. To those absurd political police who kept busting me on the streets of Rome and asking those funny questions, and the police in Paris who did the same, and to the crew-cut philosopher who cornered me on Tee outside of Brussells and spoke French like a lifetime in Iowa tempered by ten years in Washington and polished off his education by six months at the Berlitz school to learn French) and was obviously an American CIA operative riding the Tee in Belgium and flashing funny badges there to question me oddly. To the British Customs officers who were actually political police who examined my correspondence for three hours and told me that personally they didn't care how many Greek colonels I killed – 'it isn't our show' – to these people and the others in my future, I say a couple of things:

We do not kill people, that is your game and the only one you understand, nor do we have a telephone nor a secret organizational chart nor any formal connection at all with each other, but there are many millions of us, we are all around you, everywhere, even under the very ground you tramp with hob-nailed boots, We do not threaten you, only the 'you' from whom you are dealing Our political propaganda is simply to give you a knowledge o yourselves, a part of your inner beings which you do not yet know exists, and from which you must live with total integrity and in freedom when you come to terms with your discovery. And if you cannot find your way we are not going to lock you in concentration camps and mutilate your bodies and souls, we shall simply ISOLATE YOUR MINDS. This is the movement you feel all around you and which you canno understand, the vibration in the air which disturbs you so, the thing you slash at with your swords but cannot kill, and which is growing until it will ungulf EVERYTHING. And I tell you to that the information gleaned from all those years about Litton Industrie's connection with the CIA and the CIA's operations in Greece, etc, is written and signed in six long and careful copies and rests with six very strong and able men. You can eradicate me if you must have vengeance, but as for stopping the release of my deadly data, you cannot do that, you have moved too late. We have had a collective vision of what human freedom is really all about and have been given some idea of what is possible, and we intend to live those dreams. Now. Right now.

time out

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Apple Records Presents
Two Virgins
Yoko Ono – John Lennon
(Unfinished Music No. 1)
on Track Records

OUT NOW

A section devoted to the Pop thing, the first of a series. The Electric Circus is dead.

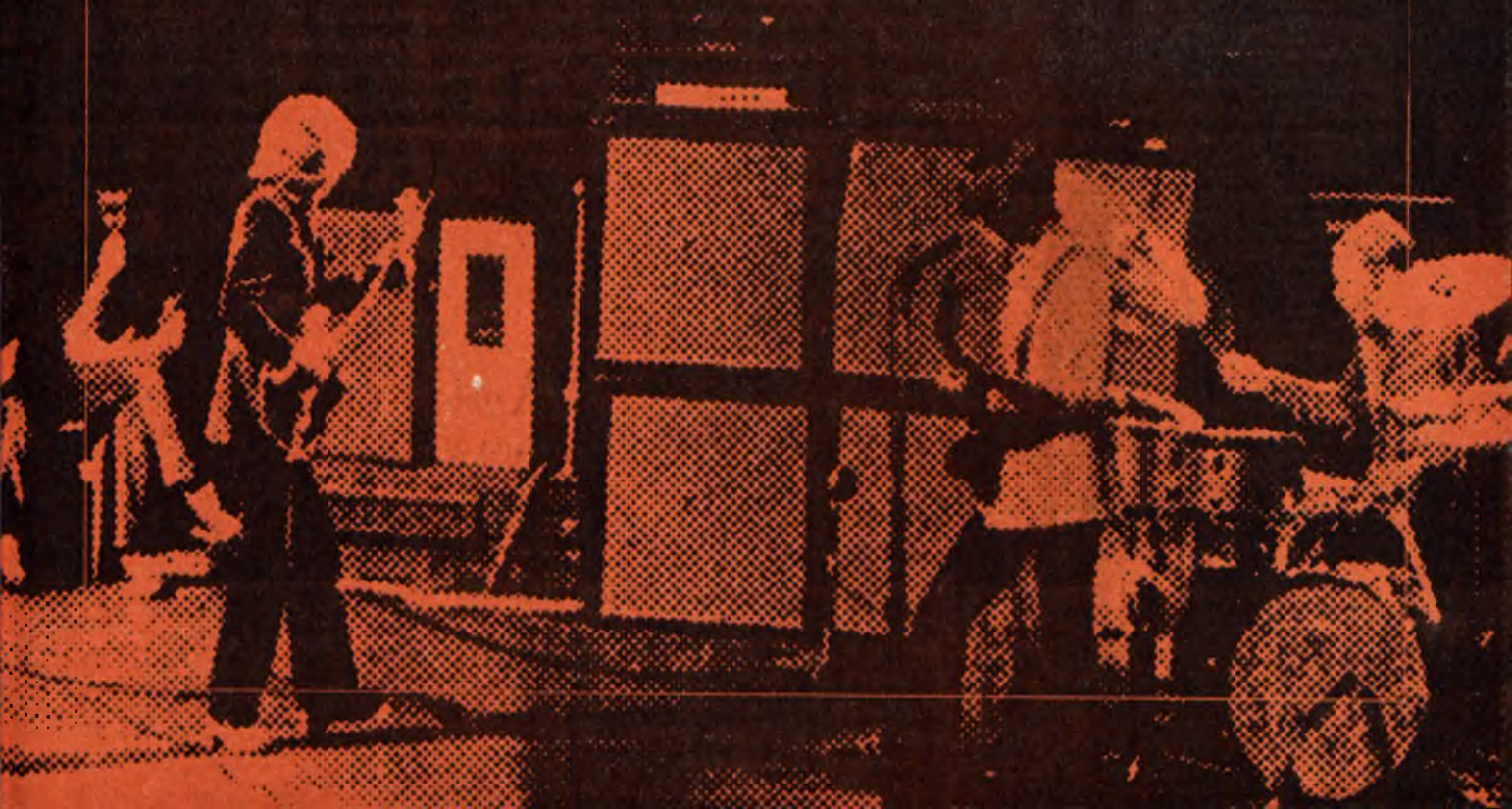
Mōzic

"The Cream is splitting because 50% personal withdrawal and 50% musical difference. I really don't think I could play with a band anymore; it just does not appeal to me to do that kind of thing anymore. It was a big virtuoso kick. I want to lay back. George Harrison and I have clicked a lot together because we are both guitarists and we've thought that we might produce an album between the two of us. He's got more to lose by it. We want to keep his name off it because anybody who hears anything about the Beatles today is bad news. If it got out that George and I were hanging out together we would be queers in the press."

"My future plans are not as vague as they were; they are getting tighter. I've got to cut an album sooner or later which will have different kinds of backing groups. George has opened my eyes to the fact that you can do whatever you want on record. I have not realised that before. I have always been very inhibited in the studio, very limited the different ways to approach a song, whereas George says it doesn't matter you can use strings or whatever. So I'll do lots of different things like strings and brass and small groups. I play with him privately. He wouldn't do a record because he doesn't like his playing that much, that's not true; he wouldn't do it because he would be frightened of inhibiting me."

"Whatever I do now is going to be me because I have been in the other kind of situation too long. Whether or not I am going to be a failure doing me is beside the point, because I've never done it yet. Even with producing I want to work with the producer but I want as much say as he has."

Clapton.



Woodpecker, Woodpecker

Ian Stocks talks to MANFRED MANN, one of the stayers on the British pop scene.

You've been heard to say that you think that music tracks for your TV jingles are better than anything you've done with the Manfred Mann group. . .

Well I'm not saying that everything is better, but certainly the best things are better than the things we do as a group. Somehow it's generally better music. It's got to do with the fact that the group works as five people — who are together because the group is successful — you get trapped into working in a certain way. But Mike Hugg and I do the commercials together — so we are able to use other musicians who are better suited to the sort of music we want to produce.

So you and Mike Hugg virtually produce the commercials?

We write them, and play on them . . . and we get some guys we like. They aren't all great, some of them are corny, and kind of sweet in their own simple way. And we don't take the whole thing too seriously . . . . it's not a great artistic thing, but some of the music —like for the Woodpecker commercials last year and the Crunchie commercials for next year—stand on their own as pure music. Like this Crunchie commercial that has chocolate being poured over the head of a statue —the track we're using in that one is completely free improvisation on melatron flute, piano and wind chimes that came up one afternoon. There's only 19½ seconds of it on the track but it's exactly what we wanted to do and we're very happy about it.

And of course — it's very well paid, I can see it as a future career. And I really find the whole scene very enjoyable. I know a lot of underground people put advertising down — but we manage to work with a lot of really nice creative blokes.

Fry's Turkish Delight, which have always had a rather corny dated track—we've done that over and now it's sort of pagan chant with soprano sax solo over the top. I think it's really good.

Can you see advertising as a sort of art form?

No, music is an art form, film is an art form and occasionally people get together and make nice things — like the Hamlet commercials, which are great. Some advertising transcends its own thing, and stands up on its own as something worth looking at and listening to — totally apart from the fact that its meant to be selling cider or whatever. Let's get it straight — it's not something I',m hung up on — I just find I enjoy the short fragments of music, and occasionally one is very proud, and a lot of the time I'm saying, that's nice, that's a really happy sound. It's not like doing a pop track you don't like that lasts for three minutes and takes twelve hours to record — these only take two hours in the studio.

It's been said that you're leaving pop?

Yes, in a very odd sort of way. The Manfred Mann group isn't doing public appearances any more — so Mike Hugg and I are getting involved in our own sort of thing. So I guess in that sense we're not involved in it anymore.

Has this anything to do with the changing nature of pop?

Yes, there's only one way to think of pop in general — it's music which sells to the masses. But now a lot of people are interested in a new sort of music, that's called pop because it derives from pop and because a lot of the people doing it don't want to appear contrived, and there isn't another name.

It's not popular with the masses, so now there are two markets — the pop market, where everybody goes out and buys hit records — and a kind of semi underground market — the people who buy Cream LP's, people who dig Jethro Tull and Brian Auger. People are listening for better music, even though I don't think it *is* necessarily better music.

Mike Hugg and myself have our own thing going — which I'll talk to you about but not to anyone else. Normally I don't like to talk about the thing I'm doing — so many people do it and it never transpires. Ours is not a blues thing at all, though I know there's a big market for blues at the moment— we don't have a big ravey blues vocalist — just us chanting in the background and Mike Hugg singing nicely in a gentle way. An LP for Lyn Dobson. I've put a lot of money into the studio time. It's an odd sort of mixture — a bit of blues, a bit of pop, Ornette Coleman, with avant garde jazz to the fore.

A lot of people are getting involved in the scene, with a lot of synthesis, like the record with Lyn we're doing in there now. What is that music? There's indian sitar that turns into a bit of a jazz solo, there's bass and drums like they play behind Ornette Coleman and John Coltraine — it's just music, with elements that could come from pop records. It's a long way away from pop, but you could put a little

yeah yeah yeah...

melody on it and a vocal and it wouldn't be far away. There's funny kind of thing happening that I can't name

Do you have any particular affiliation with the Undergroung?

I have no idea what the underground is. Is it giving away flowers and love? – that's probably a very dated view. Or is it the generally violent approach? – worshipping Che Guevara and occupying factories and schools, concerned with overthrowing our evil capitalist community. Even though I like the people in it and sympathise with the attitude, I disagree with both as political philosophy. I'm not a pacifist or r evolutionary, but I have to take these people seriously because that's what they want.. The generation that's rebelling today is in a sad state and devoid of philosophy. It's not that we must change things and overthrow evil without anything to put in it's place. Marx worked out a practical system which was a very very wonderful way of organising society. Now that's been in practice in Russia for fifty years. But how can today's genuine socialists look at those places and not see that its lead to a heavy bureaucratic repressive state, Cuba is just the one pathetic hope. I can't believe that Che Guevara is in any way relevant to England today. If you have a real personal or social or artistic conscience then you must see that the system's been found wanting – not because the system is wrong but because people are people and a little bureaucrat will always be a little bureaucrat.

I can't agree with the underground, I'm a terrible realist. I don't even think I fit into the people of the pop world. Perhaps I'm taking the underground too seriously and it's just some load of people who've been given a title. I think really it's a very sheltered generation.

What do you think of music that's arisen through the Underground?

It's the sort I don't listen to al all, though the sort of thing I play would fall within that bracket. I like some of the things I've heard – the Mothers of Invention, the Band, but I don't have the LP's so I can't say that's what I like. I listen to the Beach Boys, Tamla Motown and Stevie Wonder – purely for my own enjoyment, not trying to get high or stoned on it or anything. The big freakout guitar solos just disturbs me. I don't like it, I don't enjoy it. If I want to be serious I put on Bach, or Ornette Coleman. I certainly would'nt go out and buy the Grateful Dead or the Fugs.

For years I've yearned to come off stage, and for people who like good music to say 'Christ wasn't that great, those guys are good'. For years it's been 'Oh I enjoyed the show,' or 'I havent enjoyed the show' more likely, or screaming at the singer, which has very little to do with me personally, or the respect I want as a musician. If you're in the public eye you want some genuine respect for turning out something which is genuinely good, or at least to be judged as either 'They can't make it' or 'They can'. But for years I feel I've avoided the issue, I've been involved in something where I've been judged by something that wasn't me anyway. I'm not putting it down– I've enjoyed it and enjoyed playing in the group and pop music – I've learnt a lot from it. I just don't think that it's the only thing I can do. If I want to play I can't go round and play 'Ha said the clown' can I? I have to play something else.

MRM Productions–Director John Burroughs

LP reviews

DISPOSABLE/The Deviants, Stable SLP7001.

One feels it would be almost absurd to indulge in a strictly logical review of the Deviants new album when the very existence of both group and record is practically an illogical, if inevitable, reality. Neither the Deviants nor their music invite logical explanation, notwithstanding the recent concentration of interest within the straight British press on the London underground/freak/I-was-a-week-end-hippy scene, which alone ensured the inevitability and emergence of an Underground Group In Chief. Consciously or otherwise, (I suspect the former), the Deviants have clutched and nurtured this title, using it with some considerable success as a springboard for publicity and promotional purposes. Whether without it they would have managed to raise the bread to independantly record and distribute even their first LP, Ptoof, is by now irrelevant and all that should be at issue is whether the group have anything original or valid to offer in the 13 tracks of pure British underground music that constitutes Disposable.

Cuts like Sparrows and Wires, Normality Jam and Somewhere to Go, say they haven't. The lyrics are for the most part pretentious, artificial, clumsily metered and badly sung. With the exception of Dick Heckstall-Smith, who is only credited with playing on Fire in the City and arranging Guaranteed to Bleed, there isn't one outstanding musician to be found within the nineteen assorted people credited as performing on the album. OK so who needs outstanding musicians in a 'mean and filthy' band like the Deviants whose main objective is to tell it, (wait for it), like it is, (like the Mothers, Fugs and Doors have told it presumably?), 'stories of the hung up, the strung up and paranoid 20th century.' So where's the significance of Pappa-oo-mao-mao, the best number on the LP incidentally, Sydney B Goode, without a single credit to the Chuck Berry original, and Blind Joe McTurk's Last Session, a 77 second satirical comment on obscure American country blues artists and their recordings. Where's the significance of Farren's Last Man, an utterly predictable collection of out-dated sound effects, boring lyrics and mediocre arrangement.

The only possible answer is that the entire album is an incredibly cunning joke, calculated from start to finish as a poke in the balls at every potential record buyer. But if this was the intention then why package it so inexpertly—everyone knows it's the graphics that sell LPs these days. Isn't it?

Felix Dennis

PLAYBACK/The Apple Tree Theatre, Verve import, FTS3042.

The Apple Tree Theatre say their thing with an even combination of sad amusing sexy sound and articulate a vision of the new scene. Songs Garfunkle would like crampin between acid pieces pieces of conversation.

In the beginning the shouting boring actor is thrown out by the whispering prompter and the applause is deafening.

A randy young square stalks a jerky Cole Porter town looking for cunt. A misunderstood conversation with a head cuts his fantasy back to non-reality which is maybe reality and who's crazy?

Two lorry drivers spin a radio dial searching for banality between the static. Its there but everything's tainted so it gives way to a search for some STP amongst the impressive list of drugs they carry in the cab.

Theatre can be an articulate dream sequence trapping and repeating the sounds of the technological society. The Apple Tree Theatre playback what they can remember from their experience. Most pop keeps its sentiments behind a web of imagery and double meaning. Spoken words on records, however short can be very boring. 'I've got blisters on my fingers', is an effective shout of pissed off protest at first. By the 20th time its meaningless and annoying.

The whispered, shouted, screaming voices of the past and the never ending moment have a place. The Apple Tree Theatre mix them with enough nice sounds to make the whole performance bite.

Bryan Willis

JAMES TAYLOR/James Taylor, Apple, Sapcor 3 (stereo), Apcor 3 (mono).

Here is a fine album James Taylor's songs have a compelling lyrical quality, the words saying what they mean/meaning what they say, never lapsing into artificial imagergy and contrasting perfectly, (at times almost too perfectly), with Peter Asher's involved but sensative production. Oddly, it's not so much what's gone into the arrangements, as what Asher and Richard Hewson deliberately chose to leave out that puts this debut release into a class of its own. The tightly reined, beautifully timed use of brass and orchestral backing, together with uncluttered chorus work and frugal double tracking all serve to keep the spotlight firmly on Mr Taylor, whose singing, while it may be limited in range is nevertheless refreshingly unaffected and sincere.

Practically all the tracks are linked, usually by studio musicians using Hewson arrangements, and perhaps it is because of this that on first hearing the album tends to sound vaguely 'samey' throughout. It took me at least half a dozen playthroughs before I began to realise how subtley intricate cuts like, Carolina In My Mind, Sunshine, Sunshine and Something's Wrong, really were. Many of the songs are highly personal, introvert compositions, the last track on the first side, Something In The Way She Moves, for example. Here, Taylor sings quietly, alone, sided only by his acoustic guitar playing in perhaps the most moving and impressive piece of the whole collection.

Knocking Round the Zoo, the hardest rock number included, has outstanding lyrics:– 'Just knocking round the zoo on a thrusday afternoon/There's bars on all the windows and they're count-up the spoons/Now my friends all come to see me they point at me and stare/Said he's just like the rest of us so what's he doing in there?/. . .' while, Blues Is Just A Bad Dream is a straight twelve bar,interesting for its use of threaded discordant violins and orchestration, in a number that might have otherwise been slightly below the phenomenally high standards set by the rest of the album.

It's difficult to bag this recording. It isn't folk-rock or progressive pop, it isn't acidic or electric blues; it's a long playing record by James Taylor. I hope and I'm sure, that it's the first of many.

Felix Dennis

SOUTHERN COMFORT/Walter 'Shakey' Hotom & Martin Stone

Two of the sparse benefits produced by the recent British boomin blues have been the release of a number of interesting American imports and the attempts of some major record companies to float blues subsidiaries here. Unfortunately, the mediocrity shown by the foremost of these subsiduaries in their choice of imported release material has so far been matched only by the banality of their home-grown recordings–the Peter Green jokes and pathetic Chicken Shack LP serving as prime examples.

As you read this, another independant company will be making its debut release, not with an acceptable trendy blues breaking band but with a little recorded American harp player and a half forgotten English guitarist. The company, Underground Recording Enterprises, took advantage of the visiting American Blues Festival to combine the talents of former Muddy Waters and Otis Rush sidekick, Walter 'Shakey' Horton and guitarist Martin Stone of the original Savoy Brown band. The resulting album, Southern Comfort, is an odd mixture of strengths and weaknesses. While it contains sustained interest–vocal tracks not only from Shakey but from Jesse Lewis and Jerome Arnold who also play drums and bass respectively, plus a twelve minute raga extemporisation by Stone–it seems unsure of is its own identity, often giving the impresssion that the technical production and mixing owe more to enthusiasm than to professional skill.

But the band really wails on occasions, especially Shakey with his shouting, virile harp on tracks like I Need My Baby, and the Jimmie Roger's Walking By Myself, while Martin storms into his own on Jesse's Found Me A New Love and triumphs throughout his complex personal trip Netti Netti.

I will avoid the inevitable comparison with Butterfields East West, (on which Jerome Arnold provided an equally sympathetic bass line), and mention a again only the mixing, which at times resembles nothing so much as a novice producer's demonstration kit–an orgy of reversed tapes, superimposed effects and double tracking. This apart, Southern Comfort deserves to sell, both on its own merits, which are considerable if spasmodic, and as an encouragement to the aforementioned subsidiaries to make a concerted effort in raising the standard of their future British and imported blues releases.

MJ McDonnell

PEWTER SUITOR Tyrannosaurus Rex, Regal Zonophone. RZ 3016.

Haven't I heard it before? No I haven't . . . it's Pewter Suitor and like all other 'Rex numbers can't readily be distinguished from the last, words as usual are reduced to phonetic mutations. But why can't they evolve this sound of theirs? On the lines of familiarity breeding contempt this similarity begets boredom, if a listenable boredom. Perhaps the limitation is that they are two people trying to be a group instead of two people.

Anyway, whatever they're doing it's at least peculiar to Tyrannosaurus Rex and in mild doses, single tracks as opposed to entire albums, can be incredibly effective.

Don't confuse their music with the garbage excreted by the pop machine. This folk/rock experiment has an urgency and potential peculiarly valid in these days of the Hump, O'Conner and the Archies.

KEN CORE

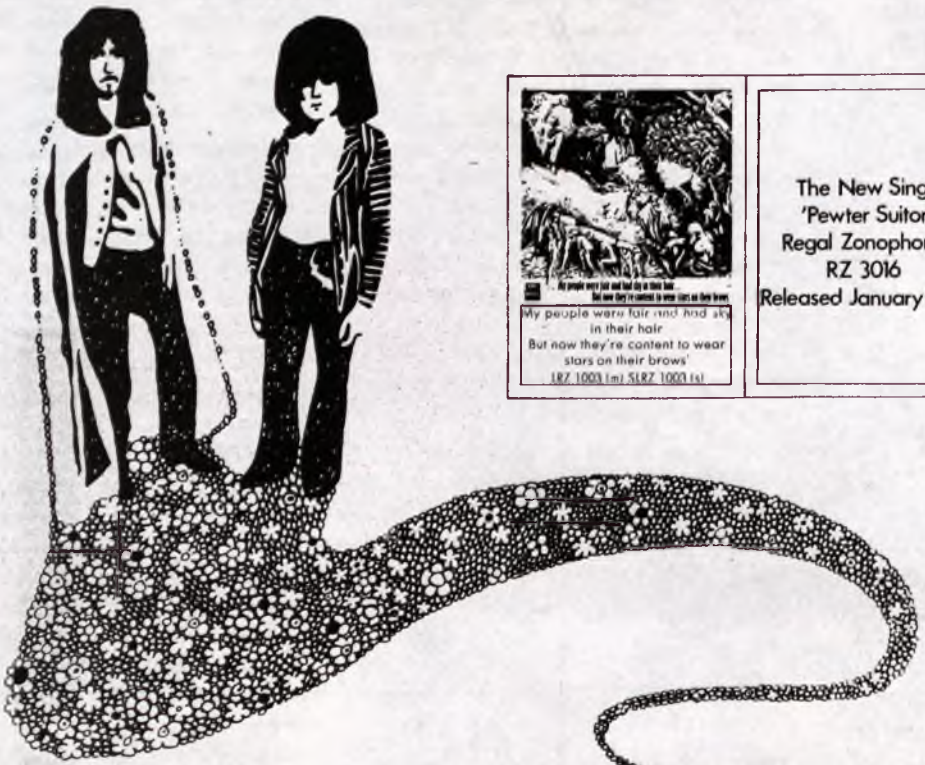
Late last year Time Out's ad manager, John Leaver, reviewed a non-existent album 'Heavy Jelly' by the Heavy Jelly. The review set out to send up the worst members of 'Peelian' pop intelligentsia but inevitably created a completely straight demand in record stores all over London. Time Out decided to continue the story by running another full page advertisement for the group in their next issue.

About this time they also agreed to let four well known blues musicians use the title for a forthcoming non commercial experimental blues album, which, for contractual reasons, would have to be recorded anonymously.

Suddenly there are Heavy Jellies everywhere. Heavy Jelly at the Albert Hall just before Christmas and a rush-released Island single from a group calling themselves, surprise, surprise, Heavy Jelly. Chris Blackwell of Island Records lept in quickly it seems. Who are these Island new boys. Shades of Spooky Tooth? The single displays all the worst aspects of today's blues/pop sound, computer formulated and market researched to supply a growing demand.

Meanwhile Granada is reported to have been approached about a film starring Heavy Jelly.

Amanda & the Heavenly Jellie at the Albert Hall.



My people were fair and had sky in their hair
But now they're content to wear stars on their brows'
LRZ 1003 (m) SLRZ 1003 (s)

The New Single
'Pewter Suitor'
Regal Zonophone
RZ 3016
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TYRANNOSAURUS REX on Regal Zonophone

Why isnt London jumping

Geoffrey Cannon

December 31 1968. My place. Between 8 and 11.30. Incoming telephone call. "Hi Geoffrey? Wynford. Where's it jumping?" Me. "That's my question". Pause for amusement. "There's something in Hampstead; no, two scenes. Forget them. Perhaps in Fulham. . . " Outgoing calls. "Hi. This is Geoffrey. Alan? (Peter? Malcolm? Jo? Joe? Clive? Stuart? David?) What's the scene?" "I thought I'd stay in (I was going to ask you/Not feeling too good tonight/Quiet scene tonight/etc)".

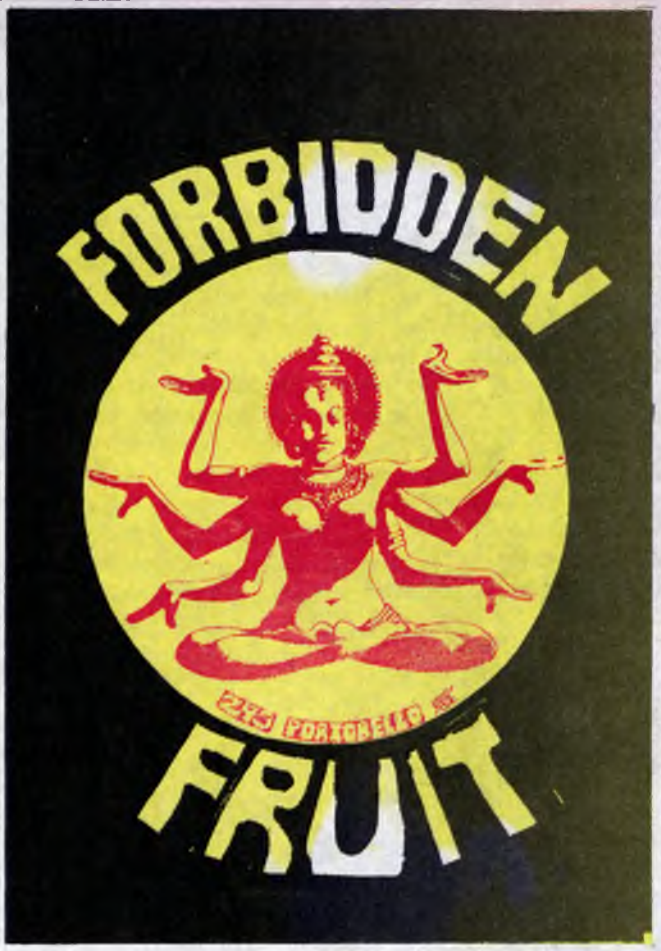
Extract from television and radio programmes. BBC1. 9.05; The Sound Barrier (old movie). 11.0; Cilla Black and Frankie Howerd. 11.50; The end of the year in Llandaff Cathedral. 12.01; Scottish New Year. BBC2. 10.30; Why man creates (film). 11.00; Pick of the Year review. ITV. 10.30; Love Story. 11.30; A show for Hogmanay. Radio 1. 9.15; As you like it (no, not the Shakespeare). 10.00; Late night extra. 11.31; Night ride in Glasgow. Radio 2. As Radio 1 (!!, as they say in chess problems). Radio 3. 8.25; Handel. 10.10; Haydn. 11.15; Close Down. Radio 4. 10.00; The world in 1968. 11.02; A book at bedtime. 11.45; Service from the Bull Ring, Birmingham. 12.00; Big Ben. 12.02; Forecast for coastal waters. 12.05; Close Down.

Close Down. Close Down. Close Down. Tonite let's all make love in London. There's nothing better to do, and there's pretty much nothing else to do, either.

And yet, here are some recent foreign scenes. Hamburg, offices of Deutsche Grammophon. Horst Schmolzi, chief A&R man "I come to London every four weeks to get my hair cut, and to breathe your air. Everyone in London is free; everything is possible. Hamburg is dead." Paris, flat of Philippe Paringaux, chief writer for Rock and Folk magazine. Philippe: "I envy you. In London, you can do anything. Everyone is on the scene, everything's moving. Paris has been killed. Things are worse than before the evenements". London, talking with Andy Wickham, English A&R man and company freak at Warners. He's thinking of settling here with Phil Ochs. California has gone horribly rotten. London. Talking with Stanley Mouse, the designer, and Bob Seidemann, the photographer. They've settled here, because of evil vibrations in California. London again, at Apple. Rock Scully and Danny Rivkin, who work with the Grateful Dead. "I'd like to stay here a long time, and cool out in a sane scene. Let's the get the Dead and the Angels here and have a year's party."

The image of London is that it is the world's most free city. Come on a visit, see the shops, see the people in the streets, see the records on sale, meet nice people, and the image is preserved. Think of what is possible in London; sure, I think anything's possible. But what's really hap-

Continued: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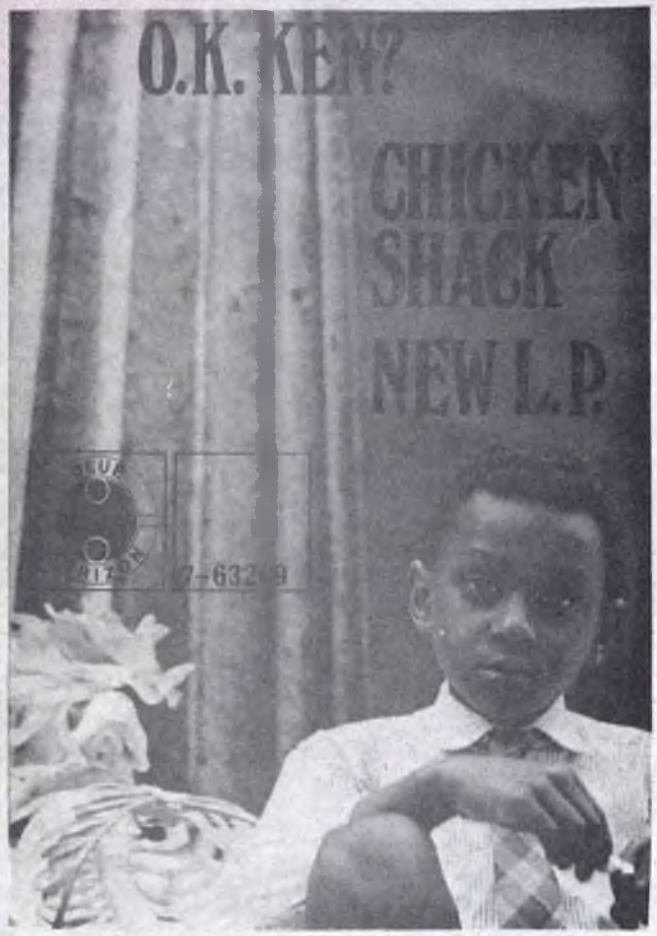
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pening; what's for real; what makes you exhilerated to be here; what makes you feel in your political gut, your sensual gut, your being (all the same thing)that here is movement? Where's the electricity? Do you sense it?

Good people in London: there are plenty. Caroline Coon, and Release. Time Out. Jim Haynes and the Arts Lab. The Round House, some nights. IT. OZ. Apple, we would like to think; Derek and George, anyway. Joe Boyd and the Incredibles. Jo Bergman, with the Stones. The

ICA is friendly: Mike Kustow has the chance to pull off a really big scene, but not yet. And others.

But notice. These are either private people, like all those you know, or else are underground. And by definition, an underground presupposes apathy or oppression above; we know all about that. London is a city which leaves you alone, which is a fresh sensation coming in from Paris, Hamburg, New York, Los Angeles. But you are left alone. The underground flourishes: underground. It is left alone. Where's the electricity?

Down memory lane. Remember the rave at Alexandra Palace? At Olympia? Remember the poetry fest at the Albert Hall? UFO: those were good days. Remember the two good Saturdays in Hyde Park last summer, with "Tantalising Maggie" wreathed in the trees?

Do you remember . . . This must be a joke. What's memory doing in 1968? The Beatles are in their tents. The Stones are in their tents. Middle Earth is being hurt. And we are in our tents, too. Where's the electricity?

One simple answer: it's in the air. Turn on the television or the radio, and there's electricity. But the air waves might as well be static, for all they do to our minds; they do less for us, and for our parents, and for our grandparents, than electric light. Turn back to that New Year's Eve list of television and radio programmes. Just one evening, sure: but a special, public evening when everyone is caught up by the traditional urge to get stoned (old and or new style). A time of dancing in the streets, of a sense of community, of good thoughts and renewal.

And what did we get? Nothing new. Nothing to do with being in London. It's either the usual mixture, or else reminiscence, or Hogmanay (like in 1965, 1960, 1955, 1950 . . .). Or else the BBC's favourite word: Close Down.

Yes, British broadcasting has a high reputation. Yes, we are

very used to it. Get un-used to it. Think about it. Think about the opportunities. Get enraged. What has broadcasting to do with us? Nothing, at the moment. Everything, as it should be.. I don't just mean us as freaks, avant-garde intellectuals, drop-outs, the fringe, post-beats, extra-Parliamentary opposition, or whoever we are. I mean us as people, I mean our friends as people, I mean our families as people, I mean everyone we don't know as poeple. I mean Britain, and, specifically, London. Wake up! We are being swindled. Our lives are being slowed down. London is being rendered invisible.

To get even more specific, thinking about television. London is the hub of the world in rock music. I don't mean rock music as pop entertainment, but as the window to change; the mirror of Paris, Chicago, Columbia; the creator of the new post-scientific, post-technological age; the sounds that tell us how to live. Also, fashion, seen in the same, and proper way: the visual equivalent of rock music; here, again, London leads the world. And so I'm not merely using rock and fashion as examples of the state of television, but as the indicator of the rate of movement in television.

Once again, we've got used to what we get. I can't even bring myself to list the shows. They're all geared to 'the market' in the crass sense of the word, just as Radio 1 and Radio 2 are. There's no-one in television thinking. So what we get is what the producers imagine we won't dislike: the old-definition lowest common denominator stuff, with tinsel trappings and go-jo girls. Television is parasitic on what happens to sell best, week by week: and that's no definition of anything. Especially because rock (pop, if you like) is not Denmark Street—remember the old sheet-music sales charts?—but is the visible side of the life-style explosion.

'Is Tony Palmer an exception? No. Oh, he was. He has the opportunity. But, for me, he's playing a game of screwing the BBC, marvelling at how many arrows shots he can get through all those committees. 'See! Tony's ghost train ride.' 'See! the peasant burning.' 'See! The human skeletons.' But I have an interest to declare: I had some part in Granada's show on the Doors: so you must compare the effect of the two shows).

Again, down memory lane. Remember Ready Steady Go? No, it wasn't that good. But it lived, and now dead. What's wrong with London Weekend Television? They are, I am told, planning a mammoth open-ended studio show, not in prime time, but a show where everything that jumps will be seen to jump, and so where the information feedback from the show will put the city in gear, so it can accelerate away. So we can accelerate. A show which has no subject, which doesn't come under any existing department (light entertainment? music??! documentary?!!) and so which will feed into the richness which now passes through London, the biggest ideas factory in the world. We would all run this show. It would be the new music the new styles, the new life, the new politics. We need it, and London Weekend Television need it. Derek Grainger and Humphrey Burton: where is it?

Thinking about radio. But not thinking about the BBC. The BBC is permanently trapped in its history, of which the Musicians' Union, Needle Time, its quasi-civil service concept, the whole Public Service fraud syndrome, is a part. Forget the BBC. Recall, down memory lane again, the pirates. No, again, the pirates weren't as good as we remember. Again, they lived, and are now dead: but, but, their best opportunities are now burst open again.

Because Harold Wilson is thinking of making commercial readio legal. There is a private member's Bill at present before Parliament which, if carried, will allow the Greater London Council to run its own radio stations. The buzz is that Wilson may calculate that he will gain some critical young votes in 1970 if he allows commercial radio: in which case Radio London will be on the air in a year's time. Or else, if the Conservatives are elected in 1970, then they will bring the Bill forward and pass it, for broadcasting to start in 1971. Of course, if Wilson says no, and is elected in 1970, then no Radio London yet. But let's think to it happening.

Because here is the key to make London jump. An equivalent of American FM stations. The GLC plan four channels, which is perfect thinking. Also, their prime motive is to bring people into London and to promote what's happening in London; also, they'll combine the roles of the government and the ITA relative to commerical television, giving companies franchises, and taking a cut of profits. And, as I see it, the best Radio London will also be the most commercial.

1. There is a demand for good rock music on radio. The BBC will never fill this gap. 2. What's on in London? Not just times of showings; but who's in town, what are they thinking, what are they doing? 3. What's happening now? Evening papers are hours behind: radio can tell it instantly, not by formal news programmes, but by flashes. 4. Who are the people? Let's hear their voices. Not those of 'experts' wheeled in and out to give their half-formed views, but of people who live their thoughts. Certainly there are thousands in London. Perhaps millions. Do you know anyone who you are sure has nothing to say? I don't. But current television and radio work on the principle that only a few hundred people are fit to speak. Let us all speak with each other.

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by Stephan Gregory

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you are what you see

The voice you know already, that aery eldritch voice, like an Arctic breeze or the breaking of very thin dolls-house porcelain, or the Pierrot of the Minute stepping out of a time-capsule . . . so, after the voice, you are dazzled by the hands. With an avid exquisitely palsied flutter, they settle on the mouth, blow swooney kisses, fasten on the breast like a demented dowager calling for the smelling salts, nestle towards the throat like X-Ray photographs of vampire bats . . . Vampires? There is also that hair, snaking [illegible] around (Vogue meets Famous [illegible] Disneyland) and the face . . . . . the [illegible] . . . Tiny Tim's still photographs do not begin to do him justice. This is Rasputin, or Percy Bysshe Shelley given Dracula's kiss of eternal life, and returned, but after being buried rather . . . too long . . .

Anyway it's Tiny Tim, and he gets the main billing in YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT, which is a longish short film, and brought to you by Michael Butler (who also brought you Hair) and Peter Yarrow (who brought himself, together with Paul and Mary). YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT . . . You are what's eating you? You are what you watch? What are you watching, eating, here, is an exhaustive look at the manners & modes of The Way of Life (The Way of Life being what some still nostalgically call The Underground. Only missiles stay underground nowadays, and they are looking forward to flying high etc. too).

When I say exhaustive, I mean exhaustive . . . Compendious as an encyclopedia we run from A to Z, Al Jolson to Frank Zappa (No, he isn't on my list of credits, but I swear I saw him), and taking in data on face-painting, the Electric Flag, surfers, a nude dance by Hamsa el Din, Super Spade, motor bicycles, Harpers Bizarre, all manner of mind stimulants, the Great Indian Desert, several communes and assorted mystics, a hermit, and Father Malcolm Boyd running with his flock along the sea-shore, no hermit he, and excerpts from the Beatles, and . . . and as the hand-out ends, with that throwaway honesty into which such hand-outs occasionally stumble — "For older viewers YAWYE is a trip" — ask younger viewers what that means, older viewers — " and an invitation to see the world through the sensory apparatus of its most vocal and visible citizens".

So why Tiny Tim's lead billing? His screen-time is, if not tiny, well, nor is he Garbo in Queen Christina, he is one among many, but —whatever the motives—this one is crucial . . . Indeed, these are the clarifying, indisputably the best sequences, from a scarifying duet with a blonde, with a voice like a bullfrog dipped in honey, in which T.T. takes the Gertrude Lawrence part, to some envelop[illegible] material of [illegible] satire. e.g. an a[illegible], or should I say sharp? piece of [illegible] [illegible] Plastic [illegible] [illegible] (Paste on your own hippy decals). Nor was a touch of bitters out of place by this point . . . Everything had been so loving and cosy that I was beginning to get diabetic eye-balls.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT is a documentary, a more or less meaningless definition, and seldom less meaningful than here . . . This is not the product of a polished team of experts, researchers, cameramen, pointing their cameras at a slice-of-life (Abortion, the Nurture of Opium Poppies, Beautiful Caledonia, whatever) and splicing it all together into something which is polemic or poetic, but essentially an object . . . Here is Camera, Here is Subject, Here is (hopefully) Audience. This is one of the New Movies in which subject, maker, and watchers, are all splashing about in the same lukewarm bath, soapy with self-applause. This movie is not a construct. It is a pane of glass, transparently honest, and transparently accurate . . . what is good in it, and what is dull in it, and what is stimulating in it, and what is pretentious in it, is what is good/dull/stimulating/pretentious in the Scene with which makers and viewers identify . . .

What is dull and pretentious incidentally is a good deal . . . Huge passages of inadequate articulation of Great Truths, tapped from the soft underbelly of Mysticism . . . awesomely uninventive visuals, and tiresome sentiments . . . all the bumper home-movie tricks (Look! When I put my face in the camera, the nose swells . . . ad nauseam) except shot in rich National Geographic tones, and none the better for that.

Also I promised myself some time ago never to go knowingly to a film that had the Discotheque Scene, you know, everybody doing that ecstatic jerk, those fashions, so, so wild, and the Inevitable Blonde who is tall, healthy with a sort of icy sparkle, like refrigerated California Grapefruit Juice, and everybody doing the frug, the boogaloo, the whatever, having a wonderful time, and quite sure that [illegible] will [illegible] . . . which one never [illegible] . . . [illegible] [illegible] is all is. Again, and again.

[illegible] as I say the movie is transparently honest. It is a New Movie, and what I mean by this is that it is a calculated retreat from art . . . as such it will probably be not liked by most artists, say, and especially critics, because all this long while life has been one thing and art has been another, and it takes training and, preferably, talent. Anyway it is distinct. Otherwise how would artists make any money anyway. But not nowadays . . . this is the New Movie . . . here we are all splashing around in that lukewarm pool of Universal Creativity . . . 'Everybody doing their thing' and if your thing is a tedious thing, well, that's your thing too. But if its Tiny Tim doing his thing, well, that's a different story. Nobody, nobody does a thing like Tiny Tim.

Anthony Haden-Guest

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USA 60c.
DENMARK 3Kr.
HOLLAND 2G.
GERMANY 1.8 DM.

Khatmandu and Marrakech
Hairy hippies
The Soft Machine
Andy Warhol
The MC 5
Michael X
Jerry Rubin yippie
Destroy corporate capitalism
Whatever happened to Gandhi
Join the students and see the world

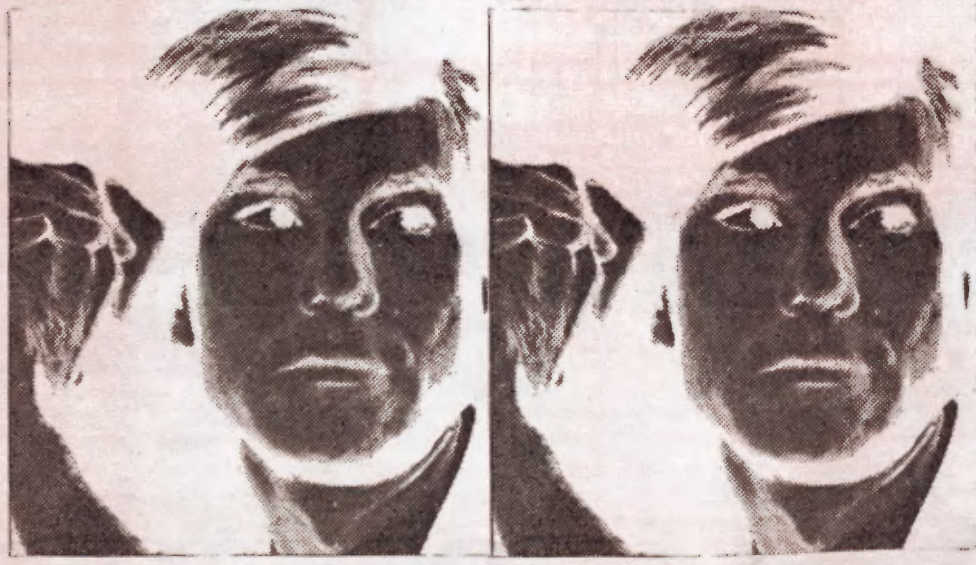
SSSSSSSSSSSS Andy Warhol

Lazarus from Liberation News Service is in England and writing for OZ. This is his interview with Andy Warhol made just before he left the States.

Andy of platinum hair and leather fame gets good reviews in Time (I am the Warhol, You are the Warhol, goo goo goo joob) as Holy Mother the Church converts Hard Capitalists to the Belief and brings them to the Factory bearing gifts and offers more . . . much needed as the Spirit of A G Bell wants-his-money-and-he-wants-it-now or he'll foreclose on the Factory Communicators . . . . as the Crew stalls A G Bell (Hullo, Ed's Billiard Hall, Eight-ball speaking), Spaced Out Type with his Hippie-for-fun-and-profit Side Kicks comes for a chance at Superstarring and any odd Hula-Bucks . . . . Elevator whirr whoosh clicks into obscurity as we . . .

Andy, they're here to interview you
Hi, what'd you want to . . .
Andy, telephone, it's your lawyer
Uh, just a minute, okay
Sure, no hurry
Andy says you might be in one of our films, right?
Well, I don't know . . .uh . . .
What's the matter don't you like our stuff?
Chelsea Girls I liked a great deal . . . his newer stuff, well I don't know
You seen *Joe Dallesandro (in Flesh)* . . . how'd you like that?
Well, it was honest, truth at 24 fps and all that, but . . . .
It's just a dirty movie, one of them, what'd they call them?
Skin flicks?
Yeah, like stag films, but Andy didn't make that one
No?
No they just . . . just a minute . . .

Sorry about the phone, what'd you want to know?
The film, *Joe Dallesandro in Flesh,* Paul just told me that you didn't make that one . . .
That's right. Paul wrote it and produced it and all; it's his film.
But the Garrick (theatre) . . . the ad's and posters read 'Andy Warhol's Joe Dallesandro in Flesh'
That's right, they just put my name on it
You mean the Garrick? Isn't that the Andy Warhol Garrick Theatre . . . don't you own part of the theatre?
No; they show my films there though, and call it the Andy Warhol Garrick theatre, like they say Andy Warhol's Joe Dallesandro, to bring people in . . .
Andy Warhol at three dollars a head, right? Is that what they charge?
Three dollars. You seem to be amused at that . . . that anyone would pay three dollars to see one of your films, is that too much?
No.
But what about . . .
What's funny is that people pay three dollars because it *says* Andy Warhol, like, you saw the film didn't you? like you did . . . and you take it all in to mean something, like you can *understand* it . . .
But I didn't . . .
I can look at a film and see the film, but understanding it . . . well, I don't *understand* it – it's all usually ad lib, or most of it . . . you know, you really should be in one of our films . . .
Uh, what would it be about?
I don't know yet, we haven't thought about it – why don't you think about it . . . if you get an idea, we'll do it
The ideas for your films, where do they come from?
Oh, someone just comes up with something, or I see someone in the street or hear them talking, or . . . it's hard to say, but I just think of something.
And your crew, the Superstars?
The same thing, I see them on the street or they come in the office, like you, or something like that – usually they talk a lot – you know, you really should be in our film . . . you could come down some weekend and we'd do it then . . .
Your method of creating, it intrigues me. *Empire* I believe is my favourite; how, or what was involved in doing that –
We filmed a day in the life of the Empire State Building sort of – *why Empire?* I don't know, it just seemed like a good idea, I like it more than a lot of other buildings . . .
Someone, a critic, has said that you bore people, but in a way that, as a defence, they have to try looking at your films in a new or different way . . . boring them into a conscious awareness . . .
I wanted to put it somewhere, where people who walk by and see it would hardly notice any movement – but if they came back and looked in an hour, they would see it had changed, the sun had moved, but if you *looked* for movement, if you watched it, you'd never notice, like a clock . . . it changes, but very slowly. My films though, if they mean anything or have a message, well, I don't know my *message* . . .
When you did the Campbell Soup Cans . . .
I didn't do that either
No?



No.
And the seven canvases by the door of the elevator?
Parts of them, but I really don't know which parts exactly – anyhow, it doesn't matter, as long as I sign them – they aren't beautiful or anything like that, just interesting
Sort of the world within the plastic?
What?
Something Avatar said about you –
Avatar?
It's a NY paper, small but quite good, about the best in fact – just after you were shot, they said that, whereas most pop artists took the world and painted the plastic, you took the plastic and revealed the world within . . . would you agree with that?
Well, it's nice
About Solanas; I could shoot you now, anyone could take the . . .
Would you
No, but someone else might, I really

You have a new book, *a,* is it similar to your pop-up, fold-down, peel-off thing, your first book?
Not really; I'm not sure just what it is, someone said it's a novel
Commercially, how did your first book do
Sales weren't bad; reviews, well . . .
Getting back to the question of themes . . .
Forget about themes
You say you don't have a message, or at least don't know what it is, but why do you make films
As you say, why not?, I mean I don't know, it's just . . . well, why not?
True enough. There seems to be a trend among what have been called the angry, young film-makers, like Godard, who are trying to say 'Look, this is only a film', to take films out of the hands of a few with the cameras, and let every man make his own life. As Godard said, 'A thousand films from a thousand men', that anyone should and can make a film about life as they know it
Do we?
I see your point; anyone can do it but only a few do, but when you paint your signature onto a canvas someone else has finished, aren't you saying the same thing?
I don't know what it's saying or if it says anything

I see, well, I don't really, but . . . what are you doing now?
We just finished a film . . . it's Viva fucking a guy for two hours, but we can't show it Not even at the Garrick?

Whirr Whoosh Click
Andy, dahling, how are you? You look well . . . Andy these men are from the ad agency and they . . . they can explain
Yes, we uh . . . we saw your posters at the Museum of Modern Art and we like what you do . . . we have a client who needs an ad, a poster for a display and we thought you might well we'd like you to do the job, if you're interested . . . here, let me show you
What's that?
It's an idea our boys cooked up . . . you see, wait let me show you, where's a plug? Here's one . . . you don't mind do you if we just unplug it for . . .
. . . it's a good idea, we've already sold it to an airline. Now our artist drew up this idea, and we'd like you to think along the same line . . . how do you like it?
It's nice.
What about you, don't you like it
No, not really
Oh . . . well Mr. Warhol, what do you think. Now like I said, we've seen your things and like your stuff, you certainly know what you are doing, we just wanted to give you a few ideas, know what I mean?
Uh, sure
If you just think about it, we'll give you a ring in a day or two
Uh, could I keep this
Sure, where can we put it
Here I'll take it
Well Andy, I've got to go too, call you later
Bye
Sure

Did you really like the poster.
Uh . . .
Will you take the job though
We need the money, law suits and the phones and all, I'll probably do it. We've done this sort of thing before and
Like the Schraft's 'Underground Sunday'?
Yes, but I really didn't understand the fuss they made over it, it only took half an hour
Andy, I'm going out for dinner, want something
Where are you going . . . I'll have a hamburger and coffee, how about you, want something
Sure, I'll have the same
You can get something different, they have different sandwiches
No, Hamburger is fine, thanks
You sure?
Sure, how much is it
That's okay, I'll pay for it
Here . . .

How's your sandwich
Fine thanks
You got the recorder working again? I'm really sorry about that
That's okay, they're pretty sturdy little machines
It's great, how much does one cost
Somewhere around 70 dollars I guess
Isn't this yours
No, we borrowed it
Just a minute, let me get the phone . . . . . Sorry about all these interruptions, today's been a bad day. I've got to go out for a while, you're welcome to stay and see some films, then we could talk some more, or do you want to come back some other time?
Thanks, I think I'll wait
Fine, be back soon
Sure

whirr whoosh click

Excuse, me, but do you work here
No, not really, but there's someone in the other room
Thanks, but I'm looking for this girl, my daughter. She left home and we just thought she might have come around. This is her picture, she's a good girl, not bad looking either. She talked about 'Andy' and the Velvet Underground so much, she met him at some party she said, well we just thought that she might have come around here . . .
I wouldn't know, like I said, I don't work here, but if you ask someone they . . .
I don't want to bother anyone, especially Mr Warhol, but we were just worried about Sue, that's my little girl's name, and my wife has read about Mr Warhol in the Times and, well, she was just afraid my little girl might have gotten mixed up with, well, in trouble
Sure, I know what you mean. Tell you what, write down your name and address and your daughters name and I'll ask Andy about it when he gets back. I'm sure that if he knows anything, he'll get in touch with you
Thanks a lot, I really don't want to pester you, but my wife's been on my back for a week to come down here, anyway, if she's old enough to leave home, she should know what she's doing
I'll tell Andy
Here you can show him her picture, in case she's using another name or something
Sure
Thanks again
I'll tell Andy

an hour later
Hi, sorry I took so long. You like the rushes
What . . . oh, the films
What'd you think . . . you don't shoot do you
Not really, no. How about you
No, these shots aren't too good . . . have any more questions
whirr whoosh click

Enter Spaced Out Type and Hippie Side Kicks
Andy, remember me?
Well, uh no, not really
But Andy, I remember you . . . we met at Maries, remember, last summer
Andy, the phone company wants you
Tell them I'm at my lawyers
We already told them that
Well, make up something
What's That?
A Tape recorder
They say they know you're stalling and that if they don't get their money, they'll disconnect at noon tomorrow
Tell I'm working on it
It's not on is it?
No, its not
What's your name?
Lazarus, what's yours?
My friends call me Billy
Do those two call you Billy?
Oh, they've been taking care of me; and when I told them that I knew Andy, well they brought me down right away. They've been very nice to me
I see
Andy, after all this time, and I'm not even talking to you. Andy, I want to be in one of your films
Sure, uh, what do you mean
Oh, Andy, I feel just like last years flower child . . . that's why I'm wearing a headband, and this shirt is Indian, I mean India Indian
It's very nice, I don't think I've ever seen one in blue before
No, you don't see them much any more. I could get one for you . . .
That's okay, but I'd never wear it
How about the bells
They're nice too
Andy, I feel like I want to take off all my clothes and run naked, you know what I mean
Uh, sure
And I want to be in one of your films like all those other nice people
Oh, I see
I just knew you'd understand, you always did . . . you know, uh I forgot your name Lazarus
Oh, I know a song about Lazarus, by that Indian girl Buffy St Marie
Yeah, that's the one . . . do you know it too?
No, but why don't you sing it and I'll record you
But you said it wasn't working
It's not, but I'll turn it on, here
No, I couldn't sing . . . what time is it
About six-thirty
Oh, I'm late . . . can I use the phone . . . thanks. Oh, damn, he's not there. I've got to leave Andy, but here's my number and when you need me just call, I'm always at home. Bye.

whirr whhooosh click

SUMMER SOLSTICE

Listen, everyone –
it's the 21st of June
so let's all celebrate –
with explosions before dawn
shouting after dawn
a rennaissance breakfast
and the smell of grass
all morning

at noon the pope will have an erection
and all business men
liberated for lunch
will be seduced by belly dancers

after lunch free money for all
on the city hall steps

then general uproar and revolution
until three
followed by love injections
at kiss mobiles at 4

from five until sunset
electronic bands
will circle the city
and break down jail walls
with amplified sound

at dinner-time a tidal wave
of loud laughter
and after dark a power failure
so films made under
the influence of drugs
can be shown against
the night sky
and all city parks will be thrown open
to everyone out of their minds

by midnight the happy eye of the storm
will enter the full moon
and at three am everybody on earth
in twosomes and threesomes
will fall down on the grass
and hug and kiss under blankets
until the end comes
when the polar ice cap melts
and all cities of the world
will sink into the sea
and the family of man
will die in its sleep

that's tomorrow *but today!*
the 22nd *it's the 21st*

so –
let's bust up the joint!

HYDE MANHATTAN PARTNOW

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER WELCOME HERE

No. 185
Friday
17 Jan. '69

PRIVATE EYE 1/6

WINNER OF *GRANADA TV* 'IRRITANT OF THE YEAR' AWARD

For this experimental format OZ acknowledges the inspiration of San Francisco's great music paper Rolling Stone.

February 1969

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Dear OZ,

Khatmandu – 'the place to go to before everybody else gets there' – reads the colour supplement in the *Camp* restaurant. The walls of the camp are pasted over with pastiches from other places. The banana custard in the Camp tastes of newspaper and the pancakes feel like it, but it is usually full – of the Doors, of people buying and selling (Dominic sells his rings), medallions of the Tibetan calendar go for 1s.6d. Over the way is the *International* – of beautiful porridge and toasted cheese sandwiches, winking Christmas tree and chicken chow mein – it's warm and the food is good – Kathmandu is just one long food trip.

New places to go to – the *Cabin* where hash candies are 6d. a block, one of their hash candies put me on a horror trip for two days and people have been known to run freaking from the cabin; but ganga and chillans pass round and you can score either hash or ganga at the Cabin – they have the best music in town.

The *Capital* which still cater for Nepalese but is also overrun by Europeans – it's an eating place and good for that – also the Star restaurant. You can also stay at *The Matchbox* for 2s. a room – that's by the river – there are places all over town to stay.

The *Tibetan Blue* is still going but no longer makes the scene – it's got 'please to smoke no hash' on the wall. *The Globe* is defunct with no plaque to mark its demise. Round the corner from the Tibetan Blue is the *Government Shop* and everybody scores hash here – it's the season for hash.

The cabbage swiping black bulls swipe cabbages and everybody does what they have to – there are a lot of people up here though everybody said that everybody else was going to Goa for Christmas but that was in Delhi. In Delhi you stay in Janpath Lane, or I stayed at the Banerjeer at 18 Fire Brigade Lane – the *Cellar* is the place to go and I didn't go – exit Delhi.

Benares is the hip place to stay – on a houseboat moored on the Ganges in full view of the prayers on the ghats and the burning bodies. Me, I'm slowly going to Pardichamy and the ashram there and then probably to Bangkok but that's some time ahead. I shall miss the lotus living on the Ceylon beaches.

Love Rosemary.

Dear OZ,

You published a small article about Gary Butler and his girlfriend Kathy in your September issue (I believe) of last year, in reference to a raid on their flat and him being charged with illegal possession of a drug, which resulted in him being sent to the Borstal Wing of Wormwood Scrubs. He is now at South House, H.M. Borstal Institution, Feltham Middlesex, (his number is 129), where I visited him recently.

He asked me to convey the accompanying booklet to you with the hope, that you might find something printable he is, not surprisingly, rather depressed under the present conditions.

Yours sincerely
Werner Thomas
22 Rodney Road
London SE17

Here are two extracts from the booklet:

Twas on a cold wet sunny day
They came to take poor me away
Chained by the wrists they pulled me thither
My sweat stained body was all a shiver
He seems to be withdrawn said the fuzz
Quite right
Poor me died six times that night.

To love is to hurt
For love always hurts
Pain tremors, killing hate
Are all forms of violence
Violence: love of
To break someone's head
I hate violence
I enjoy hating violence
It gives me something to do.

Dear Richard,

Whoever you gave two pages in Oz 17 to, to deliver an attack on the ICA and me without having the guts to put his/her opinions is either a) a plain coward, b) someone who nurses such an unutterable grudge against me that they tremble to affix their name to their feelings or alternatively c) a vast international conspiracy dedicated to my downfall.

That's a joke of course, but behind the joke I'm serious: the cloak of anonymity, the use of secrecy for public attacks, poisons relationships, and can lead to paranoid fantasies as in c). I'm not normally a paranoid person, but I'll confess that once or twice over the past weeks I've stopped short asking myself 'could it have been X ?...'

Although your brave Sir Galahad of the cultural revolution makes some quite interesting points about ICA policy which under other circumstances I'd be prepared to discuss, I'm not at present willing to wrestle blindfold, or pick combat with a hit-and-run masked bandit.

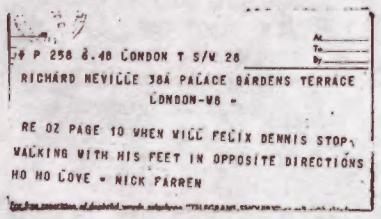
You were kind enough to warn me in advance that you were going to print a piece about the ICA in Oz 17, and generous enough to invite me to reply to it. It is however unkind and sneaky to print unsigned onslaughts, a practice more fitting for Beaverbook smut-hounds or totalitarian witch-hunters than for a mag like Oz which proudly pins up the banners of sexual ecstasy (which implies wholeheartedness) and cultural liberation (which implies commitment to your own words and thoughts).

Michael Kustow.

Dear Oz,

Here is an idea for DROP OUT CITY in London. DROP OUT CITY would be a group of run-down slum properties (for cheapness – you guessed) – grouped near each other, providing FREE 24 hour protection from the elements, somewhere to kip in your roll. No rules, supervision or put-downs, equals to a man. During the day, FREE MEALS could be provided from another place, perhaps staffed by participants from DROP OUT CITY, therefore no need to pay them (crude but honest). Later on, more buildings could be aquired for an ART GALLERY, showing produce from any artists, giving them a chance of a semi-permanent show. The same principle applies to other areas of CULTURE (sub or otherwise), e g. THEATRE, cinema, etc, charging the PIN-STRIPE brigade but again FREE to DROP OUTS. This way the CITY might, just might, pay its way. But here and now, the money to start the thing could come from POP SHOWS or some such, artists CONTRIBUTION to a fund, as in other BENEFIT shows. Am I making a good case? I didn't pass my 11 plus you see, so slightly illiterate. Will somebody please see what I'm trying to say and make a better job of it? You, we, everybody, could start right now, it would fulfill a lot of the things which have appeared in your mag! Workless society MONEYLESS society, SHELTER for the FREE. HELP on details could, would come from SYMPATHISERS in estate agents office's and so on. It needs somebody in a better position than me to have the NERVE and FORESIGHT to start the BALL ROLLING. To my eyes, it seems so possible.

Paul James,
60 Askew Road,
London W.12.



Dear OZ,

In reply to David Ramsey Steele's article in OZ 17. First of all I wholeheartedly agree that a moneyless society would be very groovy providing it was made up of unselfish, loving, compassionate people; qualities which are unfortunately lacking in the greater percentage of the human race. He also calmly assumes that the level of industry would be maintained at its present rate, an assumption which is sadly miscalculated. If you were to offer the average man the abolition of money i.e. incentive and in return for his daily grind food, clothes and shelter he is more than likely to tell you to piss off. This would not only wreck our own standard of living but would do nothing to alleviate the problem of of the world's population starving. Man does NOT possess benevolence towards the underprivileged of this world even with money, let alone without it. His main concern is number one and that goes for this generation as well as the capitalist one we are all living under.

Even if machines did all the menial jobs, as Ramsey Steele suggests we would still need to import as this country is not self-supporting. I can see the scene now; thousands of people jostling at the dock side screaming 'meat! meat!' as an Argentine boat comes in and meanwhile there is machinery for an irrigation plant in India standing rusting on the quay.

The whole idea is ludicrous.

Love and bewilderment,
Roger Hillier,
60 Fairholme Road,
London W14.

Dearey Oz,

Just a word or two hundred to try and put right any people who think that if we all follow David Ramsey Steele's reasoning in 'smash cash' we will attain a beautiful world.

There is nothing wrong with money as a means of buying and selling goods and services – it is man's corruption of the monetary system that is its downfall – NOT the system.

Can anyone honestly believe that there will ever be enough resources on this minute planet of ours to give everyone in the world what they want. Sure, everyone can have clothes, some kind of house, adequate food, etc, but there will never be enough to let everyone live in a big house, have as much food as they can eat, etc.

The resources of the world are rapidly being outstripped by the global population!

The other main fault in his reasoning was that he said 'abolition of money means abolition of (among other things) nations and frontiers, armies and prison.' – Just think of how many wars between nations have been caused by purely financial considerations. Another quote: 'In a moneyless world work would be recreation and art' – find enough people who regard refuse collection, public toilet cleansing, lorry driving, coal delivery, etc, as 'recreation & art' and you would be OK – but I can't see us getting anyone to do these kind of essential jobs.

It is us, the human race, that is at fault. We cause all the misery, pain, murder & starvation of our fellow beings – **no system could corrupt us. It takes a corrupt person to initiate a corrupt system.**

Hope you get the message,
love,
Samuel.
6 Wanbleddian Gardens
Cardiff.

Dear Oz,

Rupert Anderson may as well gripe at his arse for shitting as at politicians for telling lies.

He criticises Shelter and then suggest the need for 'a well organised network of Social Workers' to help 'problem families'. The well-meaning liberal and the 'fully trained social worker' within the present set-up can do nothing but take the news-worthy stink out of the whole filthy issue of homelessness.

Surely what is wanted most is for the lid to be pulled off until the smell moves the bastards to do something about it, and more important than rhetoric is suggestions as to how this can be done.

I.

EMERGENCY YIPPIE REPORT

Dear friends,

From the Bay Area to New York, we are suffering the greatest depression in our history. People are taking bitterness in their coffee instead of sugar.

It's a common problem, not an individual one, and people don't talk to one another too much any more.

It is 1969 already, and 1965 seems almost like a childhood memory. Then we were the conquerors of the world. No one could stop us. We were going to end the war. We were going to wipe out racism. We were going to mobilize the poor. We were going to take over the universities.

Go back and read some of the early anti-war literature. Check out the original hippie-digger poetry and manifestoes: euphobia, overflowing optimism, and expectation of immediate success. Wow, I can still get high on it.

A lot has gone down since then. The war roars on, the San Francisco scene is gone, pot and acid are being challenged by speed and smack, Nixon has replaced Johnson, and white racism is stronger than ever.

America proved deaf, and our dreams proved innocent. Scores of our brothers have become inactive and cynical.

Still, our victories since 1965 have been enormous. We kicked LBJ's ass. We defeated the Democratic Party. Our history has been marked by a series of great battles: Berkeley, the Pentagon, Colombia, Chicago. We are stealing the youth of America right out of the kindergartens and elementary schools. We are the most exciting energy force in the nation.

It is just because we are striking so deep that, in every phase of the movement, arrests and trials and court appearances and jail have bottled up resources, sapped energy and demoralized the spirit.

This has happened slowly – not the way many paranoids expected, the knock on the door, and concentration camps for thousands of us. Chase that shit out of your head. That's not The American Way.

The American Way is to pick one off here, one there, and try to scare the others into inaction.

So:

Huey Newton is in prison

Eldridge Cleaver is in exile

America's courts are colonial courts, where White America punishes her black subjects. America's jails are Black concentration camps. Every black man in jail is a political prisoner. In America we have Race and Class Justice, pure and simple.

And they have picked off the Panther leadership and driven it into jail and exile without our burning the fucking country down in retaliation.

Oakland Seven are accused of conspiracy

Which means: organize a demonstration which effectively challenges authority and the courts arrest you for conspiracy and tie you up with lawyers and boring shit for years. Is that why so few people are into planning demonstrations any more in Berkeley?

After spending three months there in the fall, I was depressed to see the old Berkeley audaciousness gone. Shit, three years ago we were going to overthrow Washington from Telegraph Avenue. Result: broken dreams for hundreds and hundreds of people. 'Politico' has virtually become a term of insult in Berkeley today.

Meanwhile, the cops are smiling.

Tim Leary is up for 30 years and how many of our brothers are in court and jail for getting high?

Smoking pot is a political act, and every smoker is an outlaw. The drug culture is a revolutionary threat to plasticwasp9-5america.

If you smoke quietly, you won't get bothered. If you smoke in public, or if you live in a commune, or get active politically, or show up somewhere in J Edgar Freako's computer, you're likely to get busted for getting high.

Through the power of arrest, the cops have virtually silenced the drug evangelists and have destroyed drug communities like the Haight-Ashbury.

Spock faces two years in the pen

When America arrested the Baby Doctor for advising young men to follow their consciences, I was ecstatic: the next day I actually expected thousands of intellectuals and religious folk to stand on soapboxes and repeat Spock's words. Fuck. No one hardly said a word.

The intellectual community was paralyzed by fear. Is it any wonder now how German intellectuals were so easily silenced? Some of the Boston Five tried to beat the rap, re-interpreting their actions into meaninglessness. Where was that moral confrontation with authority that Paul Goodman spoke so oozingly about?

Sorry for the bitterness, but I saw the arrest of Spock as a test case for the government. If they could arrest and convict Spock without much of a backlash, certainly they could exile Cleaver and jail Leary, and eventually get to me.

The government won the test. Now they are willing to try anything.

Campus activists are expelled and arrested

Participants in any campus outbreak now are expelled or suspended from school, and arrested on assorted misdemeanors, if not on felony charges for conspiracy.

Students quickly forget the court cases left behind, and the euphoria of an outbreak turns sour in the hearts of those who go to court and jail alone.

When cops first come on campus, the liberals scream – but gradually the liberals get tired and go to sleep.

Cops and courts never sleep.

War resisters are behind bars

The anti-draft organizations are in shambles. Individuals are left alone to face 3-to-6 year sentences for refusing the draft. Thousands of men have been driven into exile in Canada and Sweden. The bravest men in the army are choosing to go to the stockade rather than eat military shit.

Stockades, federal prisons and courts are full of men who have defied the military, and who now must face the music. Unfortunately, there is no orchestra playing behind them.

Add it up:

Cops and courts have tried to put the national black leadership on ice, knocked the Berkeley white activist movement on its heels, over-run the campuses, wiped out many longhair communities, muted the intellectuals, and given, with impunity, fantastic punishment to draft and GI resisters.

The pattern goes a long way to explaining the malaise so many of us feel. America got where she is by jailing and killing blacks and other coloured peoples. If America's own children – the brats of her white middle class – insist on acting like blacks, well, shit they will jail and kill us too.

Who the hell wants to 'make it' in America today? The hippie-yippie-SDS movement is a 'white nigger' movement. The American economy no longer needs young whites and blacks. We are waste material. We fulfill our destiny in life by rejecting a system which rejects us.

Embarrassed by the national press and the Walker Report, Daley needs a scapegoat in the pen. I am not going to be anyone's scapegoat.

America used to use HUAC to shit people up, but HUAC can only silence a movement that is afraid of itself. Pierson appeared before HUAC in October and said I told him that the yippies were planning to 'assassinate Daley and the other national politicians' and overthrow the government 'within a year.' He sounded like he was on an acid trip.

The yippies love HUAC. For us it is a costume ball: a chance to project to the children of the world our secret fantasies, a la McCluhan. What a gas it was to see the headline: 'HUAC BARS SANTA CLAUS.' HUAC is all bullshit; it has no power.

What is not bullshit is an official government document in which the Department of Justice admitted in December, 1968 to a Virginia appeals court that it maintains 'electronic surveillance' of me. The document, 12660, is signed by C Vernon Spratley Jr, U S Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and it was sent to the U S Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit.

It says: 'The government is tendering herewith to this court a sealed exhibit containing transcripts of conversations in which appellant Rubin was a participant or at which he was present which were overheard by means of electronic surveillance.'

Electonic surveillance!

The government admits that it maintains either a phone tap or a house bug, or both, of my life. In other words, there is nothing that I can do in the privacy of my own home that does not go into some secret Big Brother tape recorder.

No need anymore for suspicion – it's admitted. And what can I do about it? Nothing.

The New York cops, using an illegal search warrant and phony drug possession charges; the Chicago cops, using an agent provocateur and spy; the Department of Justice, using bugging; and the Chicago courts, using frame-up felony charges, $25,000 bail, and travel restrictions, have joined together in a criminal conspiracy to deprive me of my civil rights. That's about all the shit they could throw at me in six months.

I've got to raise a lot of money to stay out of jail: for everything from lawyer's fees to organizing a propaganda fight against Daley's Neanderthal Republic. A Jerry Rubin Defense Committee is being organized. Please try to help. Make contributions to 'Rubin Defense Committee' and mail to 5 St Marks Place, apt 16, New York 10003, New York.

These are days when one asks himself the most basic questions about the movement: Is it real or transparent? Does it just concern issues, or is it a whole new life style? Could the government break it apart with concessions?

Are we creating a New Man, or are we a reflection ourselves of the bullshit we hate so much? Are we a new brotherhood, or are we just a tangle of organizations and competing egos? What will happen when we reach age 30 and 40?

I am not sure myself, and what I think often depends on how I feel when I wake up in the morning. And this is one of the differences between the black and the white movements. For blacks the liberation movement is a struggle against physical and mental oppression. For whites the movement is an existential choice.

One way to feel whether or not we have something real is to see how people relate to one another in trouble. In the past the movement has left the casualties of the last battle to their own individual fates as it moved on to the next dramatic action.

Many activists have even been forced to turn to their parents for help, rather than to the movement which is trying to overthrow their parents' institutions. How can we ask young kids to take risks in a movement which doesn't defend its own? My brother is 21 years old and his eyes often ask me that question.

The movement is more concerned with ideological debate, organizational games, and in-fighting than with creating a family. But our movement is only as strong as the friendships within it. Our only real strength is in our identification with one another.

That collective identification then becomes the greatest challenge to the cops and courts:

MESS WITH HIM AND YOU'VE GOT ME TO DEAL WITH TOO.

If 1968 was 'The Year of the Heroic Guerrilla,' then 1969 will be 'The Year of the Courts.' We must attack the myths surrounding the courts as ferociously as we have attacked the American myths of war, apple pie, your friendly neighborhood cop, and 'free elections.' Maybe Pigasus should become a judge.

Lenny Bruce put it right: 'In the Halls of Justice, the only Justice is in the Halls.' Courts come on as sacred as churches. Judges act like they just got off the last plane from heaven.

America's courts are the nation's toilets. And in America's jails, human beings are forced to live like animals.

Martin Luther King saw civil disobedience and arrests as moral thrusts aimed at stirring the population and government to action. His death dramatized the death of innocence.

The police, district attorneys and judges use arrests freely: to get activists off the streets, to tie us up in endless judicial and legal procedures, and to serve as a warning to others. Arrests become a form of punishment and detention.

For the cops, an arrest is almost as good as a conviction.

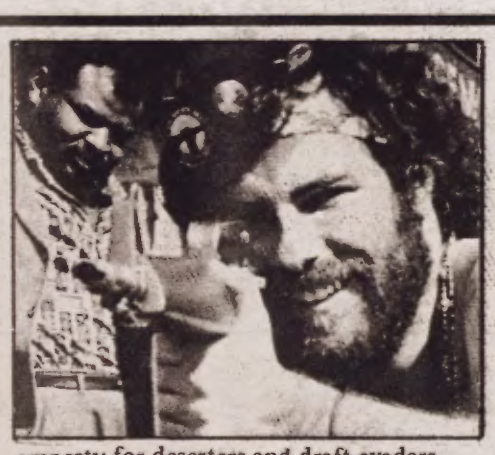
To challenge the courts is to attack American society at its roots. In campus rebellions, the most revolutionary demand, the demand that can never be granted by the administration, is the demand for amnesty. Attacking the society's mechanism for punishing her citizens is attacking the society's very basis for control and repression.

Americans like to believe that this is a country of 'fair play.' We ought to organize tours for the American people of their courts and jails.

An offensive against the courts and jails – including direct action and direct legal and financial aid to the victims of the system – would be the most immediate link that a white movement could possibly make with blacks and poor whites: the country's shit-on, the "criminal element".

As a beginning let's organize massive mobilizations for the spring, nationally coordinated and very theatrical, taking place near courts, jails, and military stockades.

The demonstration should demand immediate freedom for Huey P Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Rap Brown, Harlem 5, Harlem 6, all black prisoners, Timothy Leary, the Oakland Seven, all drug prisoners, all draft resisters, Benjamin Spock, Jeff Segal, Martin Kenner, me, Fort Hood 43, Catonsville Nine and Milwaukee 14, and all white political prisoners, and



amnesty for deserters and draft evaders.

Our search for adventure and heroism takes us outside America, to a life of self-creation and rebellion. In response, America is ready to destroy us.

America, like the Roman Empire, is falling apart. Repression reveals the speed of America's fall. When you challenge America, you soon find that underneath the pretty words about democracy, lies a mad, arrogant beast who will tolerate no disrespect or opposition.

I used to know all this in my head. Now I know it in my gut. In the past six months I've personally found out what it's like to live in a police state.

In 1964 and 1965 I was active in campus demonstrations at Berkeley, travel to Cuba, and anti-war actions like stopping troop trains. In those days America thought it could solve its problems with white demonstrators by quickly winning the war in Vietnam.

But we had other ideas, and so did the Vietnamese. The anti-war movement became part of a massive youth movement, student demonstrations spread across the country, and in the summer of 1967 America's ghettoes burned. The solution to rebellion at home became for LBJ a military one, and his administration turned the problem over the FBI, CIA, Red Squads, the cops and the courts.

I guess I began really asking for trouble when, after working as project director for the seige of the Pentagon, I helped organize the youth festival and demonstration in Chicago in opposition to the Democratic Convention.

The yippies were the most public, anarchic and fearless conspiracy the world has ever seen.

It made LBJ very uptight to realize that incredible youth-rock festival was going to be held in Chicago the same week he was scheduled to be renominated. LBJ knew that the one group in the country which had done the most to laugh at him and make him look silly were the hippies.

But LBJ dropped out. Bobby Kennedy looked like he was going to get the nomination and through his charisma put the yippies on the shelf. On June 5, Sirhan assassinated Kennedy, and yippee popped back, as unreal as ever.

On June 13 three New York narcotics detectives, carrying a mysterious search warrant, stormed into my Lower East apartment, angrily tore a Castro poster off the wall, and arrested me for alleged possession of three ounces of marijuana.

They spent 90 minutes in my apartment questioning me about yippee plans for Chicago and going through my personal papers and telephone book.

The search warrant claimed that on June 10 an informer was in my apartment with me and he saw dangerous drugs there. The only people in my apartment on that day were my closest friends. Narcotics police, who use corruption to get high, invented an informer to get a search warrant. Attorney Bill Kunstler is now attacking the warrant.

A Red Squad detective later told a New York Post reporter that this was the first blow against the yippies, whom he said were agents of the Communist Chinese importing dope into the country to destroy American youth.

Virtually everyone under 30 in Manhattan smokes pot. The cops use marijuana busts as a handy club against blacks, longhairs and political activists. If you are a longhair and a political activist, you got trouble. If you are a longhair, a political activist, and black, you got real trouble. (Hello, Eldridge, wherever you are).

The marijuana charge against me is a felony punishable by 2-15 years in the state pen.

When I arrived in Chicago for the yippee festival, I found three shifts of plainclothes cops hounding me day and night. It was typical Chicago police harrassment. Round the clock they tailed the half dozen people they thought were 'leaders.' They were there when we went to bed at night and they were there when we got up in the morning.

For me they cooked up a special treat. Daley sent an undercover cop, Robert Pierson, alias Bob Lavon, to infiltrate the yippies, act as an agent provocateur, spy on me, and frame me on a serious felony rap.

At 10.30 p m Wednesday, Aug 28, while looking for a restaurant, I was kidnapped off an empty downtown street in Chicago by four plainclothes pigs. I was threatened with beating and death, slugged and told by the head of the Chicago Red Squad:

'You guys ruined our city. You, you Rubin are responsible. Do you like our city? We hope you do because we are going to put you in jail here for a long time'.

By chance, Jack Mabley, a columnist for the conservative Chicago American, happened to be in the streets when I was picked up. This is how he described what happened:

'No blood flowed in one of the most ominous happenings. Jerry Rubin . . . was walking west on Washington . . . A girl (Nancy) was with him . . .

'An unmarked car with four policemen skidded to a stop besides Rubin. Three men jumped out. 'Come on Jerry, we want you,' one called as they grabbed Rubin. The girl screamed, 'We haven't done anything! We were just walking.'

'I have heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or revolution. But Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks.

'This is the way it is done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of the police state, it IS the police state.'

I was then accused of a wild assortment of charges and bail was set at $25,000, more than the usual bail for accused murderers.

Two months later, on October 29, the Cook County Grand Jury returned an Illinois State indictment against me on two counts of 'sollicitation to commit mob action,' a felony punishable on each count of 1-5 years in the state pen. Pierson's bullshit provided the basis for each indictment.

Pierson lied by saying that I shouted through a bullhorn, 'Kill the pigs,' thereby supposedly solliciting others to mob action the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug 28 in Grant park. The incident is supposed to have taken place after cops attacked the crowd when the American flag was lowered, during the rally preceding the Mobilization march.

Anyone who was there during that time, including people with photographs or films, and especially people who saw me during that time, please contact my attorney: Frank Oliver, 30 North LaSalle, Chicago, Illinois, 60602.

Whenever I come to Chicago for court appearances the press treats me like a yippie Richard Speck. The Judge has officially restricted my travel to Illinois. (Illinois?) The court system, of course, is under Daley's thumb. It all adds up to a one-way ticket for me to five years in the Illinois state pen and revenge for Richard J Daley.

Remember the legend of Spartacus. The Romans slaughtered all the slaves, but the moral example lives on.

When the Roman Army came to kill Spartacus, they faced a mass of thousands of slaves. They demanded that Spartacus step forward.

'I am Spartacus!' shouted one slave.
'No, I am Spartacus!' shouted another.
'No, I am Spartacus!'
'No, I am Spartacus!'
'No, I am Spartacus!'

With love, Jerry Rubin

(with a little help from my friends, Nancy Kurshan, Martin Kenner, Arthur Naiman, Stew Albert, Gumbo, Jim Petras, David Stein, Sharon Krebs, Robin Palmer, Ken Pitchford.)

SMALLS

Deep Analysis from handwriting. Details: Consultant Graphologist, 25 Belsize Crescent, London NW3.

Some-one from Newcastle-on-Tyne sent us 36/- P.O. for subscription without including name or address. Who was it?

Oliver Foote where are you? Write to Ron McAlary c/o OZ.

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FREE BOOKLET. I AM GOD. B. SCHWARTZBERG, 610 E. 13 NY NYC USA.

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THE OBSERVER,
see page eleven

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JOIN THE ARMY . . . AND go to sleep.

There are only 7 actual wars in the whole world . . . . and most of these are piddling border skirmishes kept going for publicity purposes, and in which you are not eligible or welcome to fight anyway. But for the man of action, the world still has room. The battlefronts have shifted, that's all. The seat of war has moved to the campus, and now, there is a Korea for you as a *Professional Student.*

In the final analysis, universities depend for their achievements on the human factor – on the intelligence, versatility and strength of character of their student leaders. So, for more than an academic interest in revolution, become a *student.*

Look at what the new student is doing already in the first weeks of 1969, and you will see that somewhere, somehow, there is a rewarding place for you. The year is off to a whirlwind start. YOU as a student, can keep it that way.

LONDON:
Forcible removal at the London School of Economics of gates erected by authorities to restrict freedom of student movement. 26 arrests. Confrontation with police at Bow Street. Successful occupation of ULU by students forced re-opening of LSE, closed by director Adams following student protest.

PARIS:
Occupation and sacking of Rectory building following meeting to protest against refusal to show films of the events of May and June. Fighting with police, who charged a group of 1000 students. 200 arrests. National Union of French Students has called for mobilisation against police provocation.

BESANCON, NANTERRE, VICENNES, CAEN:
Occupations, strikes, violent clashes with police and authorities. Boycott of elections for university committees of staff and student.

BERLIN:
Hundreds of students clashed with police after demonstrations against the Social Democratic Party and the Greek Military regime. 500 students attacked the Persian embassy in protest against the Shah's regime, and dispersed by police weilding batons. Barricades erected at the Free University. Violent strikes and protest actions caused closure of the Law School.

PRAGUE:
Following upon the death by fire of student martyr Jan Palach, thousands of students have demonstrated their solidarity against the new regime.

MADRID:
Demonstrations following upon the death of a student while under arrest have led to the imposition of a state of newspapers, threw up barricades, and clashed with police.

BARCELONA:
The university is closed until further notice following disturbances in which authorities allege that militant students ransacked the rectors office and attempted to throw him from a window. The students were protesting against the arrest of several of their leaders.

TOKIO:
Hundreds of students held out in the university's Yasuda Assembly building for two days against 9000 police. At one stage students held most of the university buildings. The final police assault took eleven hours. Elsewhere, 1500 students sealed off a square mile with petrol soaked barricades. A total of 443 students were arrested. The students were protesting against close defence ties with America.

KYOTO:
500 students battered down gates to help colleagues in occupation of campus buildings. Clashes with rival students. For the past year in Japan, students have occupied more than fifty campuses.

DACCA:
A march of 5000 students to pray for the sould of a student shot a few days earlier. Barricades raised and thirty injured. Police and army have fired on crowds, and several hundreds have been arrested.

RAWALPINDI:
Six students were injured when police opened fire on student demonstrations. Student violence has created political unrest all over Pakistan.

SAN FRANCISCO:
Mass arrest of 483 students, following demonstrations and strikes at State College. At Berkeley, violent demonstrations involving hundreds of students resulted in the departure of Ronald Reagan's limousine under a hail of eggs and rocks. At San Jose State College, students stormed campus buildings after faculty members threatened with dismissal after participation in a strike.

LOS ANGELES:
At UCLA (as at the San Fransisco campuses) a continual state of unrest amounting to revolution. At New York Queens College, Brandeis University Massachusetts, Swarthmore College Pennsylvania, the story is much the same.

From Montreal to Mexico City, from Brussels to La Paz, students demand radical change. Revolution is being fomented with tactics of confrontation developed in the streets of Chicago last August.

Can you fit into the brilliant, brash, fast-moving action-filled world of the NEW STUDENT?

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Read below where its at. Complete the coupon and send it to your favourite student organisation.

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Berlin: SDS, I–Berlin 15, Kurfurstendamm 14 West Germany.

England: Tom Fawthrop, C/o Soc – Soc **Hull University,** Hull.

David Triesman (Essex University) 128 Alderman's Hill, N 13.

David Adelstein, C/o Soc – Soc London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London WC 2.

Revolutionary Socialist Students Federation, 59 Fleet Street, London WC 2.

Japan: Kakamaru Zengakuren. (Revolutionary Marxist Zengakuren) which is a splinter group of the National Federation of Students' Self Governing Assos.

Yoshimasa Yukiyama, 1–1 25 Maniyama, Nakano–Ky, Tokyo.

France: J C R (Jeunesse Communists Revolution) C/o Rouge, B P 201, Paris 19.

National Union of French Students, C/o P S U, 81 Rue Mademoiselle, Paris 15.

United States: S N C C (Students Non-violent Co-ordinating Committee) 360 Nelson Street S W, Atlanta, Georgia.

Young Socialist Alliance, P O Box 471, Cooper Station, New York, 100003.

S D S (Students for a Democratic Society) 1608 West Madison Street, Chicago. Illinois.

N M C (National Mobilisation Committee)

Canada: Y S A (Young Socialists Alliance) 32 Cecil Street, Toronto, 2B, Ontario, Canada.

Belgium: J G S (Jeune Garde Socialiste) can be contacted at the Universities of Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels.

These organisations are nation wide on individual campuses. There are splinter groups and even more radical independent organisations. E.g. at Berkeley, contact third world liberation front or Black Students Union.

■ *OZ has lost its printer. Not because we're broke. Not because we're obscene. Not for any of the usual reasons publications lose printers. But because on October 20th 1968 this item appeared in, for God's sake, the News of the World.*

THOUGH Mr Woodrow Wyatt, Labour MP for Bosworth, sports a fancy line in bow ties and select names like Pericles Plantagenet and Petronella Aspasia for his children, he has never been considered particularly avant garde.

It seems unlikely that he would deliberately go beyond the mildly unorthodox behaviour which has made him so much more newsworthy than the average backbencher.

But the fact remains that one of his associate companies is now linked with the printing of the "underground" magazine OZ.

The current issue carries no printer's name, but Mr Wyatt's business headquarters at Banbury confirm that it was printed at Middlesbrough by an associated firm.

Mr Wyatt doesn't have control, but he does take a close interest in the management of this company.

He can hardly have been aware of the true nature of OZ.

How can he fail to be shocked by advertisements which offer do-it-yourself formulas for the drug LSD?

Can he approve of the obscene poem or of the dirty pictures? Or of the advice to pot smokers?

Clearly not.

We then read in the next weeks News of the World this:

MR WOODROW WYATT, MP, tells us that the North Riding Publishing Co., of which he owns 45 per cent, has decided not to print the "underground" magazine OZ in future.

We were officially notified of this decision some time after the News of the World. There was publicity about our problem in the press. We wrote an angry letter alleging breach of contract. As a result Woodrow Wyatt & Co (otherwise known as North Riding Publishing Co Ltd) printed another three issues of OZ. This one is the last.

In January we wrote another letter to North Riding Publishing Co Ltd asking that it continue printing OZ we pointed out amongst other things that OZ had the money to pay promptly, that we had never been prosecuted and that we brought in overseas currency. But the answer was no. we have to find another printer. Which will be difficult because most other printers seem to think like our present lot – which is why we'll probably come out late next time.

■ *'The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might, and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and from without. We need law and order! Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive. . .Elect us and we shall restore law and order. We shall by law and order be respected among the nations of the world. Without law and order out republic shall fall.'*
(Excerpt from a campaign speech made in Hamburg in 1932 by Adolph Hitler.)

■ *We wrote to the distributor who used to handle Australian OZ and asked if he could sell London Oz. This is his reply:*

'Many thanks for your letter.

I was sorry to hear 'OZ Aust'. had finished, however the fact that it had to be tamed down the past twelve months, handicapped it saleswise but at least, kept all concerned out of the courts, I suppose.

Regarding your suggestion of me handling London OZ. Believe me I would really like to say yes, as I think it would sell quite well here.

However the issue you sent me, (No.15) I consider, would be much too hot for me to handle, especially as the powers that be have clamped down solidly on this type of literature.

About the only places where they will let books and newspapers of this type be sold, are in Newsagents shops and of course I do not distribute to Newsagents.

Even in shops they are supposed to be placed where teenagers etc cannot get hold of them.

The Newsagents usually keep them under the counter until an enquiry is made – then they may sell them.'

■

RULES FOR THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY

Every member of the BLACK PANTHER PARTY throughout the country must abide by these rules as functional members of the party. CENTRAL COMMITTEE members, CENTRAL STAFFS, and LOCAL STAFFS, including all captains subordinate to either national state, and local leadership of the BLACK PANTHER PARTY will enforce these rules. Length of suspension or other disciplinary action necessary for violation of these rules will depend on national decisions by national, state or state area, and local committees and staffs where said rule or rules of the BLACK PANTHER PARTY WERE VIOLATED.

Every member of the party must know these verbatum by heart. And apply them daily. Each member must report any violation of these rules to their leadership or they are counter-revolutionary and are also subjected to suspension by the BLACK PANTHER PARTY.

1. No party member can have narcotics or weed in his possession while doing party work.
2. Any party member found shooting narcotics will be expelled from this party.
3. No party member can be drunk while doing daily party work.
4. No party member will violate rules relating to office work, general meetings of the Black Panther Party, and meetings of the Black Panther Party anywhere.
5. No party member will use, point, or fire a weapon of any kind unnecessarily or accidentally at anyone.
6. No party member can join any other army force other than the Black Liberation Army.
7. No party member can have a weapon in his possession while drunk or loaded off narcotics or weed.
8. No party member will commit any crimes against other party members or BLACK people at all, and cannot steal or take from people, not even a needle or a piece of thread.
9. When arrested Black Panther members will give only name, address, and will sign nothing. Legal first aid must be understood by all Party members.
10. The Ten Point Program and platform of the Black Panther Party must be known and understood by each Party member.
11. Party communications must be National and Local.
12. The 10-10-10-program should be known by all members and also understood by all members.
13. All Finance officers will operate under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Finance.
14. Each person will submit a report of daily work.
15. Each Sub-Section Leader, Section-Leader, Lieutenant and Captain must submit daily reports of work.
16. All Panthers must learn to operate and service weapons correctly.
17. All Leadership personnel who suspend or expell a member must submit this information to the Editor of the Newspaper, so that it will be published in the paper and will be known by all chapters and branches.
18. Political Education Classes are mandatory for general membership.
19. Only office personnel assigned to respective offices each day should be there. All others are to sell papers and do Political work out in the community, including Captains, Section Leaders, etc.
20. Communications – all chapters must submit weekly reports in writing to the National Headquarters.
21. All Branches must implement First Aid and/or Medical Cadres.
22. All Chapters, Branches, and components of the Black Panther Party must submit a monthly Financial Report to the Ministry of Finance, and also the Central Committee.
23. Everyone in a leadership position must read no less than two hours per day to keep abreast of the changing political situations
24. No chapter or branch shall accept grants, poverty funds, money or any other aid from any government agency without contacting the National Headquarters.

■ *Another item from the Alfback. Under the note 'Todays thought: Who so beset him round. . .,do but themselves confound – Bunyan', Sydneys' Daily Telegraph (one of the States two main morning papers) ran this lead editorial:*

The Australian louts in London who are busy organising demonstrations against our Prime Minister (Mr. Gorton). are recruited from an expatriate band of no-hopers whom all normal Australian visitors avoid like the plague.

It is obvious from the placards they are carrying that they are pushing Communist-inspired lines on racialism and the Vietnam issue which they expect some of the delegates to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference will adopt to attack Australia.

The Communist-slanted pro-Aborigines movement is being whipped up by these renegade Australians who haven't been in this country for years, and have never talked with Aborigines in their lives.

In Mr. Gorton they have picked on the wrong target.

He is a man with an acute awareness of the Aborigines' problems, and has appointed a special Minister to deal with them.

During his tour of Northern Australia last September Mr. Gorton spoke with many Aboriginal groups and displayed a profound sympathy for their welfare.

In fact there has never been a Prime Minister who has had their interest more at heart.

Many of the African delegates to the Conference will undoubtedly press their views on the Rhodesian question on Mr. Gorton, who holds the same views on this subject as Mr. Menzies.

Though Australia may consider some aspects of the Rhodesian situation as deplorable, we are not going to support any black African calls for armed intervention in the dispute.

If it came to the stage where the Conference was swamped by the armed-interventionists, and Mr. Gorton's position became untenable, he would have considerable support if he walked out.

He could then suggest that any such deliberations in the future be limited to members capable of reaching at least a broad basis of agreement, and who see in South-east Asia graver problems than those of Rhodesia and its future.

OZ has a new office:
52 PRINCEDALE ROAD, W 11,
(the old Release office.)
All subscriptions, magazine purchases, accounts and general business should go to that address only. Telephone: 603-4205
Editorial will remain at
38A Palace Gardens Terrace W 8. Tel: 229-4623.

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NOS 7-17 AT 3s, NO 5 AT £1, NO 4 AT 10s

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○ *one year's subscription*

I enclose .....

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Full address _____

_____

(18)

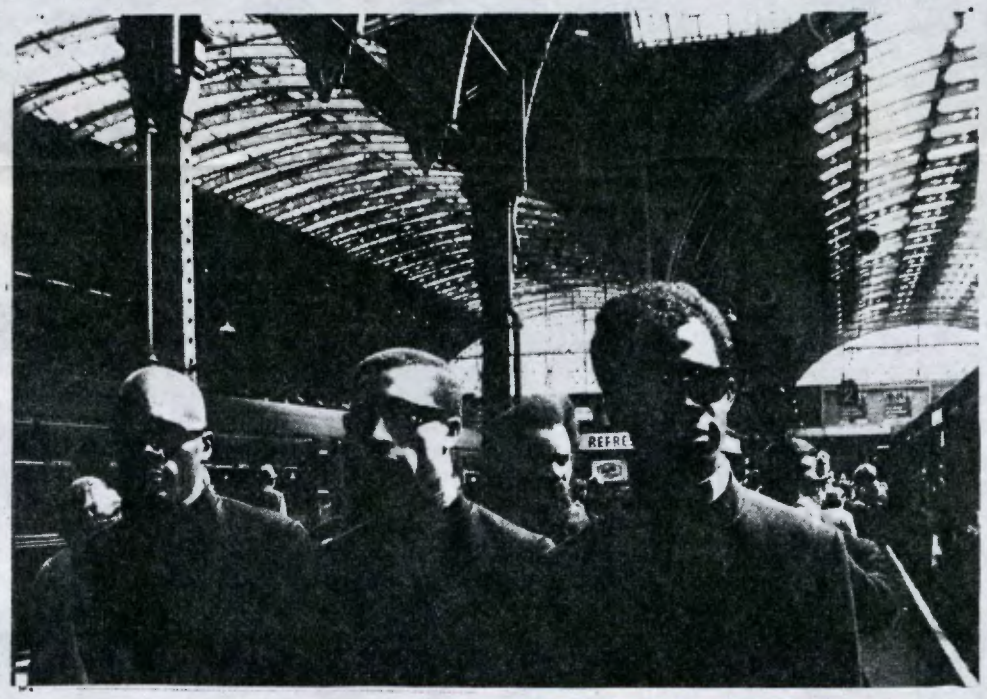
MICHAEL X

I've always made it clear to anyone coming on physical with me I have only one thing to do – that is die. I know how to die and it doesn't bother me that much.
Anyone coming at me I am prepared to kill him.

First the gaol thing. It was a little complicated in some ways. I'd rather use one person to illustrate it. The deputy editor of New Society, I've known him for a number of years, Brian Lapping, he tells me how he is so very sorry I went to jail and what an unjust sentence it was. But he has a newspaper, an organ, he could have used his newspaper to talk about it, to talk about what he really feels, but he didn't use his newspaper to talk about it, so I don't believe him. Here I get a really clear illustration of what is really happening in England, the gutlessness of the people, the country is in a sense deteriorating into nothingness. Because they talk about being sorry, but they don't feel strongly enough. It all ends up with a lot of rhetoric. He was a friend of mine for a number of years but he didn't feel strongly enough to come and see my wife, how she was, which I find a really inhuman approach. Surely he could have visited to see if my wife had company to talk to for one day during the time I was in prison but their humanity doesn't extend out there. The dehumanising thing of society has got into all of them. So personally I have hard grudges against a lot of people, which I still feel.

In Jail one suffers racism all the time. One of the things about truthfulness is that if you sincerely believe the things you are doing and you're doing it, one does not worry about the consequences like in jail and I've been to a number of them during my sentence, I was in Oxford, Brixton, Bristol, Stafford, Swansea, I kept being moved round from one jail to the next. I finally settled at Swansea. In Oxford, the prison governor was a reasonably kind fellow and there were one or two prison officers who acted like human beings. But there were a considerable number of them who acted like total bararians. Men who would encourage prisoners to have a go and seek out that black savage. Inside, you have to fight your way out of these things, make it clear that you are prepared to act that way too. I've always made it clear to anyone coming on physical with me I have only one thing to do that is die. I know how to die and it doesn't bother me that much. Anyone coming at me I am prepared to kill him. The result was that I had to move from there to Stafford. In Stafford, I don't know what happened there in a way it was frightening. I arrived in the evening when the prisoners are being settled down for the night. The prisoners in the wing knew I was coming there, I don't know how, I could hear them screaming in the night, 'You black bastard, 'we'll get you' and lots of things. But it's not surprising because I hear it on the street anyway. But when you are alone in a cell and you hear these screams from every side it is rather frightening. Your life is threatened in a very real sense. You know in the morning you are going to have to come out amongst these screaming people and you have to come to terms about how you are going to walk. You know fear can be smelled on a person, so you become extremely strong with these fellows. I was there a little over a week. I was shut away in a place called the hole, which was under the cell landings –people shut there are either violent or for punishment or as they say for their own protection from other prisoners. I so I was told was being protected, you can't argue. I wanted to be among the prisoners. I knew they didn't know why they wanted to kill me. I was prepared to work it out in any form with them. But being shut away they can think you are hiding. I talked with some of the others held in the hole when we all went out to empty our piss bowls, they were supposed to be violent men but they saw me as another human being, talked prison talk and were cool. In exercise I had to walk by myself. I could still hear men in the cell blocks around screaming at me. Privileged prisoners also spat at me when I was exercising. I had a cut up with one of them. He followed me into the toilet wanting to punch me up and then split but it worked the other way. He was just a bully, he didn't know anything about fighting. So I was taken away, put in a cell and stopped exercising. Finally shipped to another prison. This happened all the time.

At another prison they wanted me to work in a prison factory sewing mailbags. Now this is a waste of time. Machines can do that. I told a prison officer I didn't want to do it, explained why, which took a lot of time. He said here you have to do what you are told to do. He had weapons all I had is my fists. At the reception desk I knew an officer from Cardiff and he had told me a man in for sex crimes had been cut up in the mail bag works. So I told the governor about this and that I didn't want to go but if I had to I wanted to be in the same department where I could have a knife. I said if I go in there I want a knife and I'll cut up anyone who's aiming to cut me up. He went through the whole scene telling me about accidents and I told him I'd been in enough jails to know what 'accidents' mean. So I was put in the hole again, this time for punishment not for protection. I was not to be given food etc. but that didn't worry me because I wasn't eating anyway, it was the beginning of the Muslim celebrations and I was on a 30 day fast, which rather confused them, I was supposed to be in for punishment and they didn't have any rules to guide them in my situation. The governor came to see me and talk a number of times while I was there for a month. I told him how I'd like to talk to the other prisoners, maybe I could learn something and they could learn something from me, I could give them other ideas to think about instead of just sitting in the prison factory all day and then in their cells at night. He came on very understanding and said he'd like to help. He was one of the reforming kind and wanted to have new ideas, but then he'd say, you're in prison and there are certain rules we have to go by.



At Swansea I was placed in the execution wing, where the murderers are. I passed through a few prisons on the way and a lot of things happened in all of them. It was rather nice in a way in the execution wing sleeping where hanged prisoners had – outside was the block where their necks were popped off. My window looked over the cemetry too, where they are buried, except it isn't a cemetry but a big lime pit. I would sit at night looking at it in the company of all those dead souls, rather nice, and sometimes write a bit.

After I came out the organisation had gone through considerable changes. RAAS, the organisation I served before I went in was functioning differently because you had brothers like Frankie Dymond or Frankie Y who was in the running of things, and Frankie's methods to say the least are rather unorthodox. So I came out to find a different body to what was originally set up – which was in many ways extremely good. One can then go on to other things. So I drifted around a bit, looking and talking here and there about prisons and about the past year and things because that's what most people really wanted to talk about. Then I ran across a group in London, a very small group which was called the Black Eagles and a very young fellow called Dakus Absou, who is very nice I was very pleased to meet him. He was in Trinidad where he got in trouble constantly, being arrested every so often, so he came to England to do something serious like study law which he thought would be the right thing to do, in order to understand the law somewhat. Studied and qualified as a barrister, then started lecturing at a couple of Universities. In York, where I first ran into him, he began to want to use his energies and his talents towards people inside the ghettoes, those who had the problems he had when he was 18. When I met him he was 24. This was a few months ago when he was getting these young brothers together and talking to them and they had the group called the Black Eagles. I started spending a lot of time with them. Then Dakus offered me a job, he asked me to be a Minister without Portfolio and relate with him about my experiences in organising. This I did and I still serve as Minister without Portfolio in the Eagles. My latest job with them was to work out a 5 year economic plan. That's what I'm on now, and have been working on this for a month since I came back from the States. My involvement with RAAS still exists, I serve both bodies I don't believe in things like one man one job – like Jim Haynes who does a lot of jobs very well. I have a lot of time to do a number of jobs, probably because I have such good people to work with. Since I went to prison people seem to be better this way, more energy etc. Before I went to jail if I was going somewhere to speak it would take them about 6 days to leaflet the area, now I say I'm coming and the hall is full without 6 days notice.

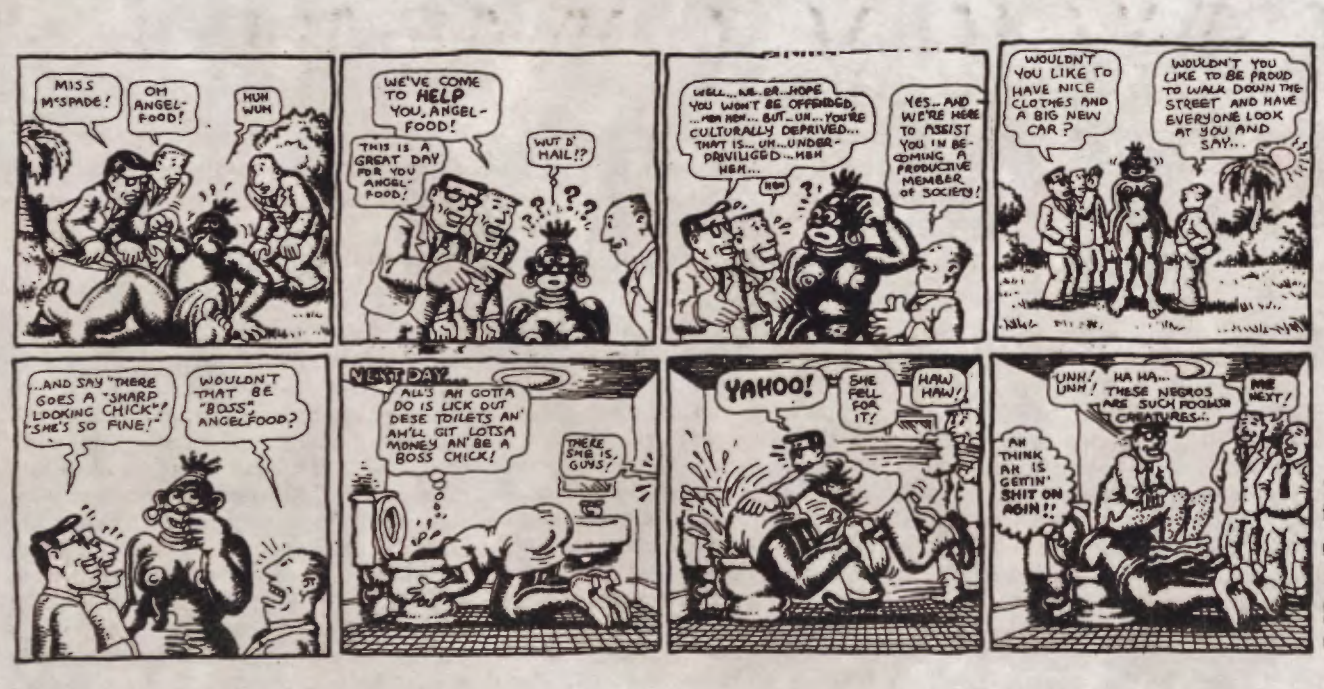
We must realise how black people have existed over the last 400 years and how they had things going for them that were not in the white community, their terms of reference were different, their sense of values. So the economic plan for them is going to be different than Mr.Callaghan's. We have liberated the young people in their limbs, like in dancing, they can go out now and shake the selves, walking the street has changed a lot, their attire is different, their clothes are not drab and grey like their mothers' were.

All the young kids today, the revolutionary ones running around saying we are going to change the system, when I ask them what will they replace it with they say it will evolve out of us. Well that's not a good enough answer for me, I want to be damn sure and very clear in my mind and break it down to what I am building towards I want to see. I know what is the alternative society, our society has a value system that is quite different to the European value system. The European on the other hand has looked and tried at all kinds of things, like capitalism, conservatism, socialism. We see the alternative society, what it is, one must be clear in your mind what the alternative society is, people may say that that isn't very much but it appears to me like it's all, so I get a different perspective. When people say the area you live in is dirty and degrading I don't believe them because where I live that is home. I can't go measuring my home by anyone else's, which is another of the strange things that happens in white society. If I understand my home and the people inside it I understand all these things, I understand how to exist on very little. I live on very few pounds indeed. I exist on very little. I have 9 in my house and I have to provide their daily bread. It's different for those in bigger houses with fewer people. They live on in a week what I live on in a month. And this is the sort of thing you have to understand to do economic planning, for our Black Nation here, and there is a Black Nation inside of the White Nation and it functions, it really works. My main priority will be human beings, and I can't be indifferent. I'm not like the Black Panthers in America. I don't want to chase round getting a gun because a gun means a bomb, and I don't see why anyone would want to support us or be with us if our ultimate aim is to take Mr Wilson's finger off the button and put mine by in its place. Surely our function is to dismantle that machine which is running riot.

The Black Eagles are completely different to the Black Panthers. Any influences that we have is from the Nation of Islam. We have lived in our communities, we are not looking for any real radical change, we are not looking to fight anybody. I'm most certainly going to defend my home against anybody. Like when the police came to my home recently, the newspapers said I came downstairs with a knife. If 4 men bust into my place I'm not going to receive them like guests. I only fight if I'm threatened, I defend myself. I don't see Enoch Powell's speeches as a threat to me. I'm a threat to him, because I'm showing something quite different than what he can possibly show. His game is one where the Labour party is there and the Conservative party is there and one or the other of them will play games, one will have a go and then the next one will have a go. There is no change that can come out of them because each one complements the other. It is in the interest of each one to make sure the other exists, because otherwise they'd crumble into nothingness. That's their system. Enoch Powell talks about us being a threat to the very core of nationhood and he's absolutely right. Look what we have done to the young people, what we have done to you, surely that's a threat to HIS nationhood. He can see very clearly the change. I understand very clearly what he is saying. He is aware of the change of values of the young white people. I don't see Powell as a terrible man at all I find him one of the most honest. I respect honesty, if some of his proposals were implemented – like shipping black people

back and so on I don't know if that would be such a bad thing because back in my island is an awful lot of sunshine. I think it is in the interests of the people here to shut us in and not let us out.

I've definitely been harrassed by the police. Definitely harrassment. They came with a search warrant to look for stolen money. They only searched for an hour, 9 people, 5 rooms, they knew what they wanted to find and then they left. They were looking for something bulky as well as what they found, like guns, and weapons. I still have faith that somewhere there is honesty. Those police they must have to convince some magistrate that there were guns at my place and surely he or someone will want to know why they came to find something and didn't do it. Why didn't they search for the stolen money they came with the warrent for. I have to live with the problem of the difficulty of communicating in court. But if I allow that to stop me trying then I'm working for nothing. I tried before and now I'll try again. Too bad if I have to go to jail. I'll come out and try again.



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hip pocrates

Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him at PO Box 9002. Berkeley, California. Mark your letter: OZ.

Dear Dr.Schoenfeld,

Regarding your column warning about literal blow jobs:

A few years ago, one of the psychiatric journals carried a paper on an unusual accidental death of a woman following coital foreplay.

Her lover had an impulse to blow air into her vagina which he proceeded to do vigorously. She had just stopped menstruating and her vascular system was therefore directly vulnerable. She complained of pain immediately and died within a few minutes – a rather gruesome outcome to what began as an erotic whim.'

COMMENT: Or as a well-known Berkeley backgammon expert said, 'No, no baby, blow is just a figure of speech!'

QUESTION: Could you please tell me if there is any other word for 'clitoris'? That's just too scientifically proper for bedroom talk, but neither my boyfriend nor any of my other friends have been able to find one that seems natural to say.

We agreed that 'clit' from 'Candy' was only a little bit better so your suggestions really will be appreciated.

ANSWER: Three syllables does seem out of proportion but I've never heard another word for this unique organ which has pleasure as its only known function. Perhaps there are readers with other suggestions.

QUESTION: I am a single girl of 23 who has a most frustrating problem – I am unable to reach a climax (except through cunnilingus or masturbation) because I have a hooded clitoris.

I know there is an operation to remove the hood, but I am also sure I could not afford it. Therefore I write to you to ask if you might know of any positions that would help me reach a climax.

I have tried all the well-known positions (and other types too) but I'll be damned if I can ever climax through intercourse!

ANSWER: I doubt that a 'hooded' clitoris is the cause of your complaint and surgical procedures seldom are the cure.

Sexology Magazine (a useful source of information – don't be put off by the lurid covers) recently featured an article claiming a useful treatment for this very common problem.

If a woman can reach a climax through masturbation or manipulation by her partner, she is gradually trained to reach orgasm through intercourse. A kind of conditioning takes place. The climax is achieved first when penetration begins and eventually during complete intercourse. (A female's orgasm is almost always caused by clitoral stimulation, direct of indirect).

Patience and perfect frankness between partners is required if this treatment is to be effective.

QUESTION: As a relatively straight guy who showers every day and keeps his hair short, I've never been a great admirer of hippies. But lately I've begun to wonder. With a receding hairline I have become conscious of the scalps of others and yet have seen few bald spots among the hippie population.

Does keeping one's hair long and allowing the natural oils to gather by not washing slow down the fall-out rate of hair? I'll do anything to save myself from becoming bald.

ANSWER: Anything? When I read your letter I immediately thought of two hippies you may not have seen. One is Bob Ockene, a New York Bobbs-Merrill editor and Yippee whose cherubic face seems to be enhanced by his shiny head. Bob's beautiful wife is apprently not turned off by baldness.

The other is Max Scherr, editor of the Berkeley Barb, who seems to have hair growing everyplace except the top of his head. Max's beard reaches to his waist. Sometimes he stuffs part of it under his peaked cap.

The length of one's hair does not hasten or retard normal male pattern baldness so I imagine most of the hippies you have seen are of an age when baldness is rare. And, contrary to popular belief, hippies who long forego bathing are shunned by their fellows, not because of conventional uptight sterility standards, but due to that erotic sense organ, the nose.

Hair grows from structures in the skin called follicles. Each tiny follicle contains an oil or sebaceous gland and an involuntary muscle. 'Gooseflesh', a reaction to cold, fear or other stimuli, occurs when the involuntary arrector pili muscles contract and move hair vertically, lift the region around each hair and depress the surrounding skin.

The rate of hair growth varies from one individual to the next and may be slower or faster at times even for one person. But in general hair grows 1.5 millimeters to 2 millimeters per week (approximately 1/25th of an inch). All of the hair except for a small part beneath the skin is 'dead' material. If you think you can spare one, pluck a hair from your head and look at the bottom of the hair shaft – that's the only live part. The rest, in effect, is pushed out or grows from this base.

Recently, I received a letter from a fellow in Los Angeles who had heard that bull sperm could increase the rate of hair growth. I told him it was a lot of bull. No known food or shampoo can increase the speed at which hair grows.

The length to which hair will grow also varies greatly from one individual to another. I've been writing mainly about head hair, but, of course, hair grows all over the body on everyone. Even people who seem relatively hairless have fine hairs which may be seen on close examination under a strong light.

The hairs on an individual body may vary in length from a few millimeters to almost five feet. Life expectancy for an individual hair varies from 3 to 5 months for the eyebrows to 2 to 4 years for head hair.

Hair becomes more lustrous and fluffy after washing because soaps and shampoos remove oil and dirt particles which coat the hairs and cause them to stick together. The oil is usually secreted from the sebaceous glands of the hair follicles while dirt particles may come from the polluted air of cities or even from rooms densely filled with cigarette smoke.

I know of one Berkley co-ed whose roommates share a common smoking pastime. Her boyfriend claimed he could get stoned just by smelling her hair.

QUESTION: I am a 17 year old boy living with my parents in a small town. I have been hearing and reading quite a bit about THC.

Since it's still legal, it would be a boon to us small-towners who want to turn on but are missed by any drug traffic.

Where can I get some THC?

ANSWER: THC, or tetrahydrocannabinol, is thought to be the active ingredient of marijuana. Because the synthesis of this drug is so complicated and expensive, any 'THC' sold on the black markets is almost surely not synthetic marijuana.

Capsules of a drug said to be THC and selling for $1.50/ each were recently collected in the Haight–Ashbury and analysed in the Pharmocology laboratories of the University of California. The capsules were found to contain not THC but a sedative used for treating animals.

Most dealers know little about the purity of the drugs they sell. The most widely known underground (al) chemist believes that a dealer with any feelings at all for other people will use this drug on himself first before selling it to others.

The establishment has no monopoly on dishonest – though they've more than their share of the market.

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HOW TO COMMIT REVOLUTION IN CORPORATE AMERICA

THE OBSERVER, 2 FEBRUARY 1969

None the less conglomerate power can pose problems and the Monopolies Commission ought to start its inquiry with the guidelines laid down last May by the US Department of Justice.

AND IN CORPORATE BRITAIN

Part One. The Analysis.

There are three aspects, I think, to any good revolutionary program for corporate America. These aspects are closely interwined, and all three must be developed alongside each other, but there is nonetheless a certain logic, a certain order of priorities, in the manner I present them.

First, you need a comprehensive, overall analysis of the present-day American system. You've got to realize that the corporation capitalism of today is not the 19th-century individual capitalism that conservatives yearn for. Nor is it the pluralistic paradise that liberals rave about & try to patch up. Nor is it the finance capitalism of the American Communists, who are frozen in their analysis of another day.

Second, you need relatively detailed blueprints for a post-industrial America. You've got to show people concrete plans that improve their lot either spiritually or materially. There's no use scaring them with shouts of socialism, which used to be enough of a plan, how-ever general, but which today only calls to mind images of Russia, deadening bureaucracy & 1984. And there's no use boring them with vague slogans about participation & vague abstractions about dehumanization. You've got to get down to where people live, and you've got to get them thinking in terms of a better America without the spectre of Russia, rightly or wrongly, driving any thought of risking social change out of their heads.

Third, and finally, you need a plan of attack, a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it – before most people get involved in revolutionary activity they take a mental look way down the road. Maybe not all the way down the road, but a long way down. They want to know what they are getting into, and what the chances are, and whether there is really anything positive in sight that is worth the gamble. In short, I suspect that most people just don't fit the formula that seems to be prevalent in America: get people involved in anything – rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing demonstrations, rat strikes, draft demonstrations, whatever – and gradually they will develop a revolutionary mentality. According to this theory, apparently, people will realize their power & want more if they win the rat strike, or they will wise up if they are hit on the head by a peace officer at a draft demonstration. Well, maybe that works for some people, but I wouldn't count on it, and I wouldn't rely on it to the exclusion of all else. Actually, most people seem to sink back into lethargy when the rats are gone, or nuclear testing in the atmosphere is abandoned. And I know of no convincing evidence that getting people hit on the head or thrown in jail makes them into revolutionaries – certainly many of those who believe this didn't become rev-revolutionaries this routine. So, ponder carefully about this activity for activity's sake. You need a plan of attack, not just some issues like peace rats. And one thing more on this point: that plan has to come out of your analysis of the present socioeconomic system & out of your own life experience – that is, out of the American experience, and not out of the experiences of Russia, or China, or Cuba, all of which have been different from each other, and are different from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and as it moves new realities arise and old theories become irrelevant. New methods become necessary. If you expect to be listened to, you will have to look around you afresh and build your own plan, abandoning all the sacred texts on What Is To Be Done.

An analysis of the system, a set of blueprints, and a program for gaining power. That is the general framework. Let me now say something more concrete about each, admitting in advance that some points will be touched on only lightly and that others, which should be read as friendly criticisms of past & present efforts of American revolutionairies, may be too cryptic for those who have not observed these movements or read about their beliefs & strategies.

As to the analysis, here I will be the most cryptic. The name of the system is corporation capitalism. Huge corporations have come to dominate the economy, reaping fabulous, unheard-of profits and avoiding their share of the taxes, and their owners & managers – the corporate rich – are more & more coming to dominate all aspects of American life, including government. Corporate rich foundations like Ford, Rockefeller & Carnegie finance & direct cultural & intellectual innovations, corporate rich institutes & associations like the Council on Foreign Relations, the Committee for Economic Development and the Rand Corporation do most of the economic, political & military research and provide most of the necessary government experts & consultants. As for the future, well, Bell Telephone is undertaking a pilot project in which it will run a high school in the Detroit ghetto, and Larry Rockefeller has suggested that every corporation in New York 'adopt' a city block and help make sure that its residents are healthy, happy & non-riotous. Adopt-a-block may never happen, and corporations may not run many high schools any time soon, but such instances are symbolic of where we are probably headed – corporation feudalism, cradle to the grave dependency on some aspect or another of a corporate structure run by a privileged few who use its enormous rewards to finance their own private schools, maintain their own exclusive clubs, and ride to the hounds on their vast farm lands. For even agriculture is being corporatized at an amazing rate. Family farmers are in a state of panic as the corporate rich and their coporations use tax loopholes to gobble up this last remaining bastion of 19th-century America.

Much work on this necessary analysis of corporation capitalsim, or feudalism, has been done, but much more needs to be done. It is a scandal, or, rather, a sign of corporate rich dominance of the universities, that so little social stratification research concerns the social upper class of big businessmen, that so little political sociology research concerns the power elite that is the operating arm of the corporate rich . . . indeed, that so much of the social sciences in general concern themselves with the workers, the poor, and other countries – that is, with things that are of interest to the corporate rich. If you want to know anything interesting about the American power structure, you have to piece together the hints of journalists, read the few books by a handful of Leftists who are academic outcasts, follow the research reports of two excellent student groups, and listen to & read Dan Smoot. Dan Smoot? Yes, Dan Smoot. Properly translated, he has a better view of the American power structure than most American political scientists, who of course merely laugh at him. He may not use the same labels I would for the men in charge (he thinks David Rockefeller & Co. are communists or dupes!), but at least he knows who's running the show. It is truly a commentary on American academia that he & one journalist – Establishment journalist Joseph Kraft – have done the only work on the all-important Council on Foreign Relations, one of the most influential policy-forming associations of the corporate rich. While the professors are laughing at Dan Smoot and equating the business community with the National Association of Manufacturers & the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Smoot is keeping up with the activities of the richest, most powerful, and most internationally oriented of American big businessmen, the vanguard or corporation feudalism.

This really brings you to your first revolutionary act. Research one thing & one thing only – the American power structure. Withdraw your libido from 12th-century Antarctica, historical criticism of Viking poetry, and other such niceties, and get to where you are: here, America, the 20th century. Just turning the spotlight on the power elite is a revolutionary act, although only Act One. Ideas & analyses are powerful, and they shake people up. The problem of would-be American revolutionaries has not been an overemphasis on ideas, but the use of old ones, wrong ones, and transplanted ones. That's why C. Wright Mills grabbed American students & parts of American academia. He had new, relevant ideas & facts about the here & now – he exploded old cliches & slogans, and, I might add without being autobiographical, for Lincoln Steffens & Bertrand Russell had already done the job for me, I think he created more radicals with his work than any hundred Oakland & Los Angeles policemen with their billy clubs.

But analysis is not only important so you can better criticize the system. It is also necessary in developing blueprints & plans of attack. As to the developing of blueprints, to go beyond mere devastating criticism of the system you have to understand it so you can figure out what kind of a better system you can build on it. The most important & obvious point here is that you will be building on a fully industrialized, non-farming system. This means that your post-industrial society can look very different from systems built on pre-industrial, agricultural bases such as was the case in Russia, China & Cuba.

As to the importance of a good analysis in developing a program for taking power, this is essential because it tells you what you can & cannot expect, what you can & cannot do, and what you should & should not advocate. Let me give four examples:

- 1) Corporation capitalism, if it can continue to corporatize the 'underdeveloped' world and displace small businessmen & realtors in the cities, may have a lot more room for reforms. In fact, if creature comfort is enough, it may come to satisfy most of its members. Be that as it may, and I doubt if it can solve its problems in a humanly tolerable way, the important point is that no American revolutionary should find himself shocked or irrelevant because the corporate rich agree to nationwide health insurance or guaranteed annual incomes, or pull out of one of their military adventures. And don't get your hopes up for any imminent collapse. Better to be surprised by a sudden turn that hastens your time schedule than to be disappointed once again by the flexibility of the corporate rich. This means that you should rely on your own program, not depression or war, to challenge the system and bring about change, and that you should have a flexible, hang-loose attitude toward the future.
- 2) Corporation capitalism seems to be very much dependent on overseas sales & investments, probably much more so than it is on the military spending necessary to defend & extend that Free World empire. And even if some economists would dispute this, I think it is 100% safe to say that most members of the corporate rich are convinced that this overseas economic empire is essential – and that is what affects their political & military behaviour. Thus the corporate rich fear . . . nay, more than that, have utter horror of isolationism, and that suggests that you revolutionaries should agree with conservatives about the need for isolationism.
- 3) The American corporate rich have at their command unprecedented, almost unbelievable firepower & snooping power. This makes it questionable whether or not a violent revolutionary movement has a chance of getting off the ground. It also makes it doubtful whether or not a secret little Leninist-type party can remain secret & unpenetrated very long. In short, a non-violent & open party may be dictated to you as your only choice by the given fact of the corporate leaders' military & surveillance capability, just as a violent & closed party was dictated by the Russian situation.
- 4) The differences between present-day corporation capitalism & 19th-century individual capitalism must be emphasized again & again if you are to reach those currently making up the New Right. Those people protest corporation capitalism and its need for big government & overseas spending in the name of small business, small government, competition, the market place – all those things destroyed or distorted by the corporate system. You must agree with the New Right that these things have happened, and then be able to explain to them how & why they have happened: not due to the communists, or labour professors, but due to the growing corporatization of the society and the needs of these corporations.

Now, as to your second general need, blueprints for a post-industrial America. Blueprints are first of all necessary to go beyond mere criticism. Any half-way moral idiot can criticize corporation capitalism, anyone can point to slums, unemployment waste, phony advertising, inflation, shoddy goods, and on & on. To be revolutionary, you have got to go beyond the militantly liberal act of offering some criticism and then asking people to write their congressman or sit in somewhere so that the authorities will do something about the problem. And it is necessary for you to self consciously begin to develop this plan because it is not going to miraculously appear after a holocaust or emanate mystically from the collective mind of that heterogeneous generalization called The Movement. Individuals are going to have to develop aspects of these blueprints, wild, yea-saying blueprints that you can present with excitement & glee to Mr & Mrs Fed-up America. It is not enough to be for peace & freedom, which is really only to be against war & racism. It is not positive enough. As a smug little man from the Rand Corporation – a consultant for the other side – once reminded me, everyone, even him, is for peace & justice. The differences begin when you get to specifics.

G. William Domhoff
from the Entwistle Project.

To be continued

Mōzic

The Soft Machine

Joseph Strick to film Pollard in Naked Lunch rumours

When the Corporation sends out their hipster to make a film on Pop he has an easy job on his hands. The previous week he could have been finishing a documentary on PRIMITIVE DANCE & THE NEUROLOGY OF ECSTASY. But the change to a new subject will not be too difficult because Pop has become the kind of cultural compendium where all the birds sing. No editing problems. An image of the Queen (Elizabeth) waving from a balcony is as acceptable as a Russian tank on fire. Total consciousness, baby, and long live Marshall McLuhan.

Our hipster opens with a close shot of Donovan, the shy mystic smile/Cut to blurred focus corn field/Dissolve to cotton, then the cotton pickers/Cut to Negro in Vietnam/Cut to pop singer who says yeah he's got a thing about guns and violence, it's all there in the music.

Images bounce along with the continuity of a conversation led by Eamonn Andrews. Both viewer and critic will find it seductive.

Then the newspapers send out their hipsters for the cosy approach to Pop. Thus – 'I was expecting four Afghan hounds with chocolate drop eyes to come padding to the door, but Paul met me in a Fairisle sweater whose brightness disguised a hangover. In the background I heard Bartok (Yes, I did say Bartok!) playing gently on the stereo.' Or MAUREEN CLEAVE TREMBLES AFTER TALK SESSION WITH MORRISON. SHE APPROACHES THE MYSTERIES OF THE MYTHIC CROTCH. Then our M C goes on from this experience to the Bachelors, the approach is the same. But not our film maker. He is permanently on the heights of the super-cool where the air is pure ether and there are no horizons.

In his film he will refer to the Soft Machine and/or John Cage, Zen, Satre, Ubu Roi, Phenomenology & others too numerous . . . He is bound to mention the Soft Machine because the name itself implies access to the inner sanctum of the avant garde. You don't have to listen to the music – it's enough to know of their existence. So when Kenneth Allsop mentions the Soft Machine in Nova (her Novacain) the horrible graceless suspicion arises – Has he heard the group? Both journalists and consumers use the name of a group like the Soft Machine as credentials of their complete cultural awareness. This Cabalistic (and cutely – cabbalistic) air surrounds this particular group. They have so far escaped the full treatment from all the journalists who are so determined to communalize the esoteric. (Pop is such a sweet comforting model of the democratic process. Anybody can make out, they don't even have to change their accents. And Kenneth Tynan might offer his high-octane spittle by way of a blessing, e.g., The Beatles are true Marxists in their control of the means of production). Nobody has made any "all-human-life-is-there" claims for S.M. music. Not yet anyway.

Ten years ago the present members of the Soft Machine were (their own words) obnoxious little hippies in Canterbury. They listened to a lot of Mingus, Cecil Taylor, Webern amongst other classical and modern musicians. They played together at intervals over the next five years but did not come together as a group until the Daevid Allen Quartet was formed (The group was mentioned in Downbeat at the time as part of the stirrings of avant garde jazz in Britain). Their drummer left a straight pop group, the Wild Flowers, to join the quartet. The organist, Mike Ratledge, came down from Oxford, mistimed an application for Ph.D course and started playing with them. Daevid Allen was doing Jazz/Poetry, Electronic music and Indian-influenced material.

They ran through the usual little black book of names and ended up with the Soft Machine, a group which began playing tightly-controlled pop tunes before moving into looser improvisational work. Club and College gigs piled up in the first year, the obligatory commuting up and down the M 1

Left stranded for work in the first summer, they moved to the South of France, playing at a polystyrene club designed and built by Ian Knight and Keith Allbarn. The French police came down on the club for 'attracting undesirables.' They moved along the coast. Then a combine of promoters (Victor Herbert, Jean Jacques Lebel, Allan Zion (director of film Who's crazy? with The Living Theatre) got them to perform at the Picasso play, La Desir attrape par la queue. French television shows followed, gigs in Rotterdam, the occasional live British show. Daevid Allen, lead guitarist, was banned from the country for work permit reasons (he later left the group).

During this time they attracted the attention of people not directly concerned with the pop world. American composers such as Earle Browne said 'The S M are playing the music I want to write.' Mark Boyle provided the light-shows for the group's work from the beginning. They came back from France, move with M B 's Sensual Laboratory to Edinburgh, followed him to Paris for the Biennale where M B won the sculpture prize. There they played on a happening called 'St Genevieve et le tobogan,' accompanying the dance of Graziella Martinez.

An American tour with Hendrix followed directly on this. They worked there for three months. In New York they recorded their first L P with Tom Wilson (Producer of Mothers', the Animals and the first man to put Cecil Taylor on record). There was another three month tour, again with Hendrix.

The group have returned to this country where they are working on the second L P They hope to avoid live performance and tours after the American experience, with the exception of possible Continental tours with Ronnie Scott & Roland Kirk. They are at present rehearsing for the L P. A new bass player has joined the group.

The first L P has not been released in this country. Copies were available in the import sections of shops like Music Land in Berwick Street, Soho.

INTERVIEW

Mike Ratledge, organist with The Soft Machine.

The interviewee prefaced the text below with the fact that he had no opinions on any subjects. It was 'ridiculous to attempt an interview.' The tape recorder was switched on. The interviewer gives the impression of being both stupid and innocent – which is quite genuine. For him, pop begins and ends with the Four Seasons & the work of Phil Spector – a fact of no particular relevance.

F W: Are you an Underground group?

M R: That can mean two things. Are we regarded as the subject of cultisms in the Underground? The answer to which may or may not be true, it is not for me to say. The second thing is whether that is desirable. I would say that none of us wish to be a cult in the Underground. The Underground is basically what Taylor Meade described it as – 'Doing something for nothing.' And that's what it's turned out to be. When you're asked to do an Underground benefit, and the promoter starts talking to you in terms of the art you're offering, you know very well that you won't get any money for it, you'll even have to pay your own expenses. It means no organization, the stage will be a shambles, the P A will be hopeless and everything else. But good things have still come out of the Underground. The U F O was good when Hoppy was running it. It was well run. But the Underground is usually shambollic.

F W: Would you like to be disociated with the Underground, move out, make a lot of money, a lot – like Hendrix?

M R: I'd hate to have the position of Hendrix in terms of his work schedule and what it's doing to him. I'd hate to be on the road months at a time, working every night and never rehearsing. I mean, still playing numbers like Hey Joe after three years to an audience that shows it doesn't listen to what you're playing because the applause at the beginning of a number when it identifies it is louder than the applause you get at the end. That's all they're interested in.

F W: Off-stage sounds like a nightmare. What's it like?

M R: Exactly as they say it is – working with Hendrix it is anyway.

And travel in the States with a pop group is like a luxury purgatory. You stay in Hiltons, then a Cadillac Fleetwood takes you to the airport first thing in the morning. Another Cadillac Fleetwood meets you, takes you to the hotel. You wash, the Cadillac Fleetwood takes you to the gig and back to the Hilton. You sleep. In the end it completely destroys your sense of geography. You're manipulated like a piece of baggage. You have no control over the direction your life takes. It's like those experiments where they deprive rats of control over their bodies. In the end you suffer from depersonalisation, loss of identity. It sounds heavy but it does happen like that. There is no longer any 'I' that travels, the travel subsumes you, there is no such thing as place because air destroys that as a form of travel. And America is constructed in such a way that it denies any individual differences from place to place. This is the blueprint for America.

F W: Alright.

M R: What do you mean alright? I haven't finished yet.

F W: O K What about American groups?

M R. There are the Mothers' and the Spirit. They were the only two groups I was interested in, or impressed with at all. (pause) There are four types of groups. Firstly, the group that has technical proficiency on their instruments and have got ideas of their own. The Second has ideas but no technical proficiency. Then those that have no ideas of their own but have the proficiency. And lastly, those who have neither ideas nor technical proficiency.

F W: But they have publicity.

M R: Yes. The Mothers and the Spirit come into the first group. There are thousands of other groups that have either technique or proficiency. Or blues groups doing blues arrangements better than the people did them originally. Then there are weird underground groups in places like Chicago who have ideas but no proficiency – like the M C Five. But most are not worth mentioning because they are so technically bad.

F W: What about the Doors?

M R: The Doors I can't really see, except as a sociological phenomenon. The Doors are a chance for all the little teenyboppers in the States to think they're digging something avant garde when they're not at all. They have got all the symptoms of being avant garde. They've got the proselytising lyrics, the sex figure of Morrison who masturbates on stage, so he's really iconoclastic and you're worshipping an iconoclast – who is not actually moving the art forward in any way. They go into old blues riffs, none of them are proficient, they have no authority on stage, their sound is appallingly weak. In all the ways that pop music has broken through in five years, they don't possess any of these features that caused the breakthrough. Hendrix contributed a new searing sound. But they have no sound identity. They're contributing nothing musically.

F W: Groups like the Jefferson Airplane – how do they fit into the scale you just suggested?

M R: The J A and the Big Brother Holding Co. are big cult figures on the American underground.

I've never seen the J A live, but apparently they're much better than on record. They're too tidy on record for me and the soloists aren't what they're reputed to be. They have strong voices sure. But there's still a blues tyranny in America basically. To be a substantial hit you have to be a blues group. B B & T H C are not an avant garde group. They're just a big super-charged, super-heat blues group. You read in the papers in England about the avant garde in America, their names – when you hear them they're just blues groups.

F W: You started as a straight jazz group and moved into pop. This isn't typical, because the usual group starts with blues and ends up with an avant garde reputation. But you never were a blues group.

M R: This jazz/pop thing is very difficult. There are two types – the jazz group that goes into pop, and the pop group that goes vaguely into jazz. Don Ellis and Gary Burton have gone into pop. And in a peculiar way they tend to lose something. Whereas pop groups going into jazz don't. Jazz groups going into pop tend to misconstrue what the actual excitement about pop is. They tend to simplify their structures, but what makes pop is the sound. The excitement of the sound is something which somebody like Don Ellis hasn't got, nor Gary Burton. So they lose both ways. Whereas pop groups in jazz, if they're any good, maintain the excitement of the sound. The best example of this is the Mothers', although they're not really a Jazz/Pop group – there's no such middle stream. But they use devices as in jazz, and they have jazz soloists. But they still have the tough rock sound. The Spirit is another example of this.

F W: Do you have a tough rock sound?

M R: It's tough. I don't know whether it's rock. It's very distorted and individual.

F W: If somebody who manufactures hits (like Spector used to) came to you and asked to record for him – would you?

M R: No, largely because you can't calculate a hit ever. It's chancy. So you'd be left recording something which is neither a success nor a pleasure to perform. The only thing to do is to do what you really like doing. (pause) Supposing Jim Webb came up to me with a song. That's a better example. I wouldn't mind doing it if I liked the song – but not as the Soft Machine. That would be unfair on what little public we have. But I love playing with other people whatever music they play. If Kevin in the group did a pretty-pretty single I wouldn't mind playing on it with him. But not as a Soft Machine. It just confuses the consumer.

F W: How do you react to pop journalism?

M R: The basic trouble is that all journalists are outside us. i.e. they don't play instruments, they've certainly never played in a pop group. They probably, until recently, haven't listened to pop music, not until the Beatles. They're not equipped in terms of musical knowledge to make any kind of judgement. If they confined themselves to saying who they liked and didn't like that would be acceptable. Unfortunately, they try to give musical reasons why they approve. These musical reasons tend to become a series of cliches that people bandy around, which usually have no relevance to the people they're talking about. A specific instance is Tony Palmer who claims qualities for The Cream which they don't possess. He says they expand the structure of common pop song chords, whereas they're still using blues structures basically, and more than any other group around. It's the same for all groups designated avant garde. It reminds me of the beginning of jazz where they tried to make jazz respectable by comparing jazz musicians to Stravinsky & Schoenberg & Bartok. But this is confusing the form because each medium has its own syntax. To make cross-judgements is confusing. It doesn't respect the identity of the medium, like all people writing film criticism in terms of theatre. Thereby you miss the basic point of what cinema is. So Tony Palmer and the rest of them – when they talk about the Beatles being better or as good as Schubert or Schoenberg or whatever are missing the point about what makes Pop special and different from these people. Cross-judgements simply confuse rather than illuminate. Apart from not being really desirable.

F W: So how would you evaluate the Soft Machine in your musical terms?

M R: It's difficult. I think we're using a lot of things that modern jazz is now using. The most recent numbers use time-signatures like 13/4 and 9/4. We're tending to get more onto a completely compositional basis and not the idea of the

cyclical song that's repeated. We're getting away from the idea of a song as a repeated structure A B A. And more onto song as complete composition. With our definite structure, the structure is a straight fifteen minutes which doesn't actually repeat, which is more of a classical procedure if you like, but then that's not saying that we're jazz/pop or that we're classical. That simply confuses it. We have a straight pop sound inasmuch as it's very abrasive, direct and immediate.

Most criticism tends to be based on this pointless comparative system. To say we're like Coltrane or like Cecil Taylor doesn't really help all that much.

F W: Well, you particularly sound like those people to me.

M R: Sometimes it might. But I know that everyone in the group has liked Coltrane at some stage, and the group feeling he got was something one liked. But I prefer to think that we had assimulated it. Because what makes it worth talking about us, or any other group, is what makes them different from the people they've been influenced by.

F W: Is there a pop-musician who even approaches Coltrane as a musician? I'm sorry.

M R: Certainly not in the terms of technique. But they have things which Coltrane doesn't have, and vice versa. I personally don't think that pop has got to the stage where I'd rather listen to any pop group than Coltrane. I'd rather listen to Coltrane any day. You see, you idiot, I don't see that there should be this exclusive choice. Everybody tries to set it up in terms of exclusive preferences.

F W: What of the present claims for pop music, claims which I find pretty screwy, that it is the complete reflection of our time, pop singers being its best interpreters.

M R: As MacIntyre would say – That's either trivial or false. Either you make it tautologically true in terms of retrospective criticism that every artist has always reflected his age – he has no choice. Or it's false because certainly the people one meets in the pop world have no motives in those terms of expressing this thing.

F W: Some of them make these precious claims for themselves.

M R: So do a lot of other people. We all over-estimate our importance, and quite often this is necessary to survive. If you didn't think that you were doing something worthwhile you'd never do it, so again that's inevitable.

F W: I think pop music's importance is over-inflated. Why is there this importance attached to it?

M R: In the last ten years it's been possible to get a lot of money from pop. It was always true of people like Presley. But now the 'star' thing isn't so strong. Today it's friends next door who make a record and become successful or make money. There can't be a person living who doesn't know through somebody or other a pop group that's actually made a lot of bread. So it draws more and more people into it, like supposed intellectuals and everybody else. There's this possibility of so much money to be made. And in the early fifties there was a beginning of a whole concern with the gap between the cultures. Michael Tippet used to have a big thing about the high brow and low brow culture. With this concern the gap began to narrow. At the same time things were becoming more available.

F W: So if poetry made people a fortune, we'd probably now find thousands of poets – is that what your reasoning?

M R: If you could make a huge amount of bread from writing poetry it would work this way. Money means a/ you'll be a social success b/ you have dozens of chicks c/ it means amazing publicity d/ money must imply a large audience because nobody makes a lot of money without a huge audience e/ it would have to involve a personal confrontation.

If all these conditions were satisfied you would find poetry practised by thousands of people.

F W: What about you?

M R: I'd do whatever I like doing. It sounds strange but I don't do things for economic motives. I fantasize about doing things for money like robbing banks, or huge advertising cons, or writing a con novel. But I never do it.

F W: Why not?

M R: Because I'm too fucking lazy, and I have no real conviction that they would ever work.

Fletcher Watkins

Both questions and answers ran out at different points in the interview. To start things off it was necessary to establish what the Soft Machine were NOT doing. As below.

M R: There is nothing to connect us with people like Cage in terms of operational procedures. We don't use chance methods like throwing the I Ching, or I.B.M. random charts, or throwing coins or that stuff. Occasionally we have written a piece which is written by chance in that every note and the rhythmic structure of the piece was written by chance. But that's not our basic working procedure.

F W: You play a long number though called WE DID IT AGAIN? What was that all about? For five or six minutes, or more.

M R: Everybody in the group saw it in a different way. Robert saw it as a chance to do soul drumming for thirty minutes or whatever it was. Kevin saw the whole idea of the repeated figure as being spiritual liberation, the ultimate effect.

F W: Being boring?

M R: It was his idea that if you find something boring, a basic Zen concept, then in the end you find it interesting. And there is something in that if you listen to something repeated in the same way your mind changes the structure of it each time, the ear either habituates or forces a change on it itself, which is similar in a way to the stuff Terry Riley's doing. I saw it mainly as an irritant source.

F W: For yourself or the audience?

M R: I saw it directed at the audience. And the only times I wanted to use it was when I felt like saying fuck you to the audience. But Kevin wanted to use it at any time possible. And Robert saw it as a gesture too. Kevin saw it half way between this spiritual liberation thing, and showing how hip we were. These ostenato techniques. I saw it as an irritant source though mainly.

Michael Broome
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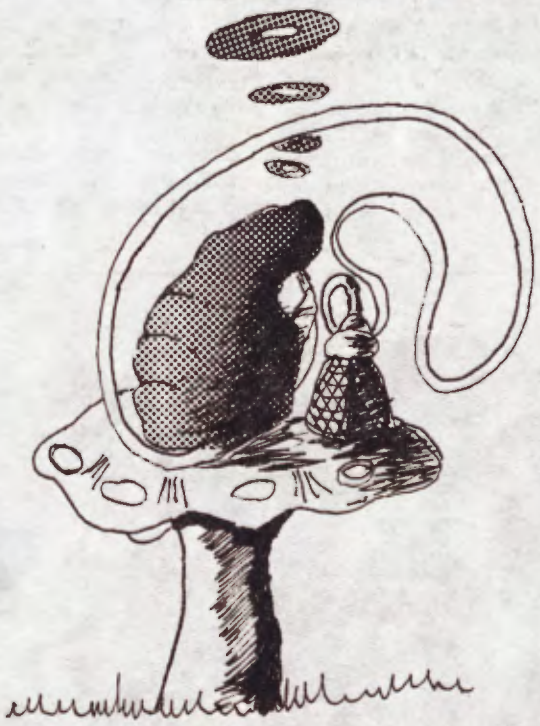

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The MC5 kick out the Jams!

Hands clapping, fast as boots marching at the double.
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This is a record. The real thing is in concert. Feel yourself at Fillmore East, crushed in heat and light. Then at this moment, Rob Tyner, the MC5 lead singer, sprints on stage, leaps high in the air, his body writhing through the strobes; then, as he hits ground:

KICK OUT THE JAMS, MOTHERFUCKERS!

The MC5 album will be released here in a couple of months, on Elektra EKS 74042. While you're waiting for it, buy a pair of stereo headphones. On the day, invest in a considerable sized piece of dope. Put the volume on full through the headphones; bass three-quarters round to full, treble neutral. Be sure you are already stoned.

During the next 40 minutes, any vestiges of attraction 3000 years of western culture may have for you will be burned and smashed out of your head. The MC5 provide the definitive trip. They fuck your mind with a white poker, and they stay in. And at a certain point, primally aroused, you move too, they melt in your head seething and shaping. You pour with sweat and energy, the jerks forming into your own unique rhythm, which takes over from the music. It wraps you; then you wrap it, surging electrically and chemically. Now you can feel how it would be to live at the point of orgasm every day. Now you are a microcosm of the world.
You are on fire. Burn!

When the police went beserk in Lincoln Park, Chicago, breaking people with clubs, one band stood firm and played. the MC5. Norman Mailer was there, and this is what he felt *(Miami and the Siege of Chicago,* published in Penguins on 27 February):

A young white singer was taking off on an interplanetary, then galactic, flight of song . . . the sound screaming up to a climax of vibrations like one rocket blasting out of itself, the force of the noise a vertigo in the cauldrons of inner space – it was the roar of the beast in all nihilism, electric bass and drum driving behind out of their own non-stop to the end of mind. . . There was the sound of mountains crashing in this holocaust of the decibels, hearts bursting, literally bursting, as if this was the sound of death by exploding within, the drums of physio-logical climax when the mind was blown, and forces of the future, powerful, characterless, as insane and scalding as waves of lava, came flushing through the urn of all acquired culture and sent the brain like a foundered carcass smashing down a rapids, revolving through a whirl of demons, pool of uproar, discords vibrating, electric crescendo screaming as if at the electro-mechanical climax of the age.

'Hey, think the time is right for a palace revolution/ But where I live the game to play is compromise solution' sings Mick Jagger in Street Fighting Man; and we think of Brian Jones, ashen and alone in the dock. But Detroit (Motor City: Motor City 5: MC5) is solid and militant. The hippies and the Panthers dig each other, share mores, and are politically bonded. The MC5 are now the emblem of Detroit in insurrection. They turn on blatantly; and the police know that if big arrests are made for smoking, then Detroit could be in flames again, as it was in summer 1966. Eric Ehrmann in *Rolling Stone:*
'There are more politicized hippies in Detroit and its surrounding areas who have helmets, gas masks, tear gas and home made Mace along with other ordnance paraphernalia than any other city currently in insurrection'. Peace is up to the police. Meanwhile, in freedom, the MC5 liberate their energies, and ours.
The MC5 have been playing in and around Detroit for some years now. Their surge started in March 1966, when Allen Ginsberg, fresh from India, appeared at a big Detroit concert with them. The bridge was John Sinclair, then a post-Beat entrepreneur/writer/poet. Sinclair connected Ginsberg's energies, new to America, with rock and roll energy. Beat meets beat. Sinclair was then running a local artist's workshop, which then changed its name to Trans-Love Energies. And these new energies became focused after the summer 1966 Detroit fires. The MC5 are now the band of Trans-Love Energies, and live in a big house in Ann Arbor, from which a violently radical sheet, *Fifth Estate,* is produced by Sinclair, who combines being their manager and being Minister of Information for the white Panther party – Eldridge's equivalent.

White Panthers? Sure. The revolution is now, and carries no passengers. Panthers are not racists. So what do White Panthers stand for? Maybe there's too much echo of Ginsberg and Corso in Sinclair, but this is what he says in the *Berkeley Barb:*

I heard Stokely Carmichael in 1966 call for '20 million arrogant black men' as America' salvation. And there are a lot of arrogant black motherfuckers in the streets today – for the first time in America – and for the first time in America there is a generation of visionary maniac white mother country dope fiend rock and roll freaks who are ready to get down and kick out the jams. Our programme of rock and roll, dope, and fucking in the streets is a programme of total freedom for everyone.

What kind of programme is that? The revolution is its own programme. What kind of revolution is that? Hear some more MC5 sound.

Detroit is the machine city: a place where you can only win or lose. The MC5 harness these ruthless rhythms. They thrust raw chunks of Hendrix, theWho,Screaming Jay Hawkins into their sound, melting and binding them with Detroit's incessant pulses of metal, engines and fire. Picture drummer Dennis Thompson, stripped to his pants, sweat streams flickering off his body. The noise doesn't let up. The band modulate only at maximum volume. The point at which you take over the sound is the point at which you rock with it, roll with it, know that it is the level at which we all live after breaking through to the other side. It takes a brave man to listen to the Velvet Underground when stoned, because they do more than break through. They describe their own world on the other side: horror trips of worms and canker and no connections; and this world can fasten on you. The MC5 only break through. They are the only band ahead of the action. Their jet stream of energy directs, focuses and releases your own energy, for you to use for your own needs and desires. This is what Sinclair is saying his way. This is what Rob Tyner screams ecstatically, out of his mind at 130,140,150 decibels, piercing the pain level, the amps shaking and roaring, his audience becoming with him, in him, so that he is their shaman, possessed by his own forces to fuck and purify and whirl himself and them and us into the vision of all our worlds, clear, unblocked, and moving fast as light:

'Kick out the jams, yeah, kick out the jams, KICK EM OUT KICK EM OUT'

The rest is our affair. Whose else?

At a lower energy level, Jim Morrison has this quality (and his own personality). And, like the Doors, the MC5 are going to be very big in America in 1969; and hardly known in Britain ('Cos in sleepy London town/There's just no place for a street fighting man'). And, like the Doors, the MC5 are an enormous hype; much like Christ. They are a young band, with the utter lack of hesitancy of 20 or 21. They will probably become a teeny bopper band. Good. Then, They'll zero straight into kids' heads. Rock and roll never destroys: it creates mental autonomy. Grow up with the MC5, and no-one will ever pull a fix on you; no politician will masturbate your mind. Sandy Pearlman, describing the recent MC5 riot at Fillmore East in *Village Voice:*

Rock and roll is no political instrument. It's autonomously powerful. Politics is a phase and an inspiration to rock and roll. Rock and roll's forms autonomously tend toward energy release and focus. In the competition of energy scenes these forms are, in fact, more efficient than those available to the American Revolution.

Taoism is what we need. To a Taoist, nature (=, to the West, personality) and nature (=, to the West, the world) are indivisible. And, for a Taoist priest, emblem of the people, if the world is wrong, then, inevitably, his personality must be wrong, except, for him, there is no way to speak separately in this way. So, for the world to be put right, he must first purify himself. The act is more than symbolic; it is the only way. And this is our only way, also. We must strip the world of abstraction, of rationalisation, of principles, of idealogies: of all verbal and institutional power structures. We must make the world us-sized. Then we move; then it moves; then we are people again, and the world is human again. The MC5 speak. They speak for us. Of our own autonomy, and potential autonomy.

Stoned? Got the album on? Can you get more volume?
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G C.

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LPREVIEWS

EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL
Buddy Miles Express Mercury 20137 SMCL

'The Express has made the bend . . . He is coming on down the tracks. Shaking steady . . .Shaking FEELING – Shaking LIFE!' . . . enthuses Hendrix on the liner notes. But something went wrong at Sunset Sound, Hollywood, last October. Something that probably doesn't notice live; not with a thousand watts of shattering Wrap It Up it wouldn't; not with the demented High Priest of the Electric Church storming the stage like a berserk Sherman tank it wouldn't. But it's there, the question mark, there on the album, the nagging doubt – Is Superspade really a super spade? Can he make it on his own? Is Buddy Miles really James Brown, Arthur Conely and Otis Redding rolled into one monstrous, ugly genius. Bloomfield used to say he was. A lot of people used to 'know' he was. But on Expressway To Your Skull that's just not what comes across.

Of course he's good. Of course he can play superbly. Listen to the only instrumental on the album, Funky Mule. Here, as on no other track, the band is incredibly together. Miles is in his element, effortlessly displaying all the qualities of the gutsy, funk drumming that made his name in the Flag; a masterful display of technique and emotional feel. Here too, Jim McCarty on guitar breaks out to solo brilliantly, the snorting repetitive brass of Herbie Rich Marcus Doubleday, Virgin Gonsales and Bill McPherson piling up the pressure, forcing the pace; and all the time Buddy is there, pounding, thrashing, flailing like he owned eighteen limbs. On this track the seeds sown in the ashes of the Electric Flag reap a rich harvest.

So why doesn't it all work? It doesn't work because Buddy can't sing like Redding, Conely *or* Brown. He has a good voice, but it's just not *that* good. And it doesn't work because Buddy is superspading three quarters of every number. The other members of the Express hardly get a look in. It's sad to see a brass section as competent as this reduced to unimaginative honking on tightly reined riffs and used only as a vehicle for B M's grunt-grunt vocals. Their solo potential is enormous and amply illustrated whenever the opportunity arises. Like at the close of Wrap It Up where the whole band merges into a free-form cacophony of discordent 'Coltrane' one tastes for a moment the promise of what hopefully is to come.

Perhaps it would be as well to remember that Expressway To Your Skull, now over four months old, was recorded pretty soon after the groups formation – perhaps a little too soon after – since which time, if the Atlantic grapevine is to be relied upon for once, they have been, 'going thro' changes'. Let's hope that one of those changes is related to material. By the fourth cut I was beginning to sick up on another helping of 'Good God Almighty. .Uh. . .Uh. . .My baby's comin' back/back down the railway track. .Yes she is. . . ohhhhhh. . .Yes she is. . .nah, nah nah, nah, nahnah', especially as the album only consists of seven numbers. The Buddy Miles Express is a great band, all it basically lacks is someone who can tell Buddy Miles when to button his fat pussy and make with the machine gun he uses as a left hand.

Felix Dennis

BRIAN AUGER & THE TRINITY
'Definitely What' (Marmalade 608 003)

There are two types of group in London. To see one type of group you get stoned and go to Middle Earth; to see the other type you get drunk and go to Blaises. Brian Auger & the Trinity fall into the latter category.

Brian Auger's image used to be in the same bag as that of Zoot Money's in the days when he had his Big Roll Band, did numbers like I Go Crazy and took his trousers off on-stage. On Definitely What, which features Brian Auger & the Trinity without Julie Driscoll, there are some good examples of Zoot Money's slightly anachronistic type of humour.

However, although two numbers on the album (George Bruno Money and John Brown's Body) show signs of this type of influence – one is, in fact, dedicated to Zoot Money – the other show that Brian Auger is making a determined attempt to break away from leaping music.

To this end the group is augmented on many of the tracks with brass and strings. Sometimes the arrangements work – on Far Horizon, for example where the brass creates a moody, nostalgic backing to the reflective vocal – and sometimes they don't. Day In The Life, for example, goes on for too long without enough variation. Bumpin' On Sunset on the other hand, another instrumental number, succeeds because more care seems to have been taken to make the various instrumental parts hang together.

In a couple of places, however, the album really explodes. On Red Beans and Rice, Brian Auger's pyrotechnic organ-playing and his really superb rhythm section generate as much excitement as, say, the Cream do on Spoonful. The bass and drums don't just lay down the beat, they drive it along as if they were trying to outdo one another.

The self indulgent bits (like George Bruno Money) apart, this is a very good album, worth listening to because, if nothing else, it demonstrates that Brian Auger and The Trinity deserve wider recognition in their own right with or without Julie Driscoll.

John Leaver

LOVE CHRONICLES. *Al Stewart.* (CBS 63460)

If Al Stewart's first album, *Bedsitter Images,* was less than perfect it was because of the over-produced, anything-and-everything- goes musical arrangements. *Love Chronicles* is his second album and, if anything, there seems to have been a reaction in the opposite direction; now the arrangements, by comparison, seem positively subdued, with suitably restrained drumming and, on most tracks, a rather unambitious mixture of acoustic and electric guitar, the latter whining away at mundane linking phrases like a dog worrying a well-chewed bone. All in all, then, nothing very exciting, and it all serves to highlight Stewart's voice, ever-dominant, which unfortunately doesn't always live up to this showcase (albeit a slightly dusty showcase) treatment; its nasal quality sometimes irritates (some of the tracks sound as if Stewart had a head cold when he recorded them) and its poppy slickness

doesn't seem entirely suited to the subject matter of the songs.
The songs, of course, are the redeeming feature of the whole affair. They elevate it from just another pop-folk LP to a major and important one. Stewart knows better than anyone else on the scene today how to write effective narrative folk lyrics. He's remained uncomplicated where Dylan has gone off into ellipsis, and where Paul Simon has floated off into whimsy and romantic fantasy, Stewart has remained with his feet in a tangible and intriguing reality: 'Maurice,' said Renee, 'Why didn't you say that you'd be so late,/The supper that I made is ruined again./Is there anything you'd like?'. 'No, nothing,' he replied/Standing by the stairs, not looking in her eyes, so stupidly Male.
There are six tracks on this album. In Brooklyn, Old Compton Street Blues, Ballad of Mary Foster, Life and Life Only and You Should Have Listened to Al are all longer than usual and the sixth is the eighteen minute magnum opus Love Chronicles itself. Described variously as a love story (by Stewart) and a sexual odyssey (by his publicists, who are prone to that kind of thing), this is in fact a confessional song about sex which subtlely and creditably avoids the conceit and sexual-bragging of Don Juanism. It's tender, its thoughtful and it's an original experiment in pop music to compliment the assured genre writing of the other tracks.
It would be a pity if this album became memorable only as the first pop LP to feature the word 'fuck', when there are so many other good and equally memorable things about it.
Graham Charnock.

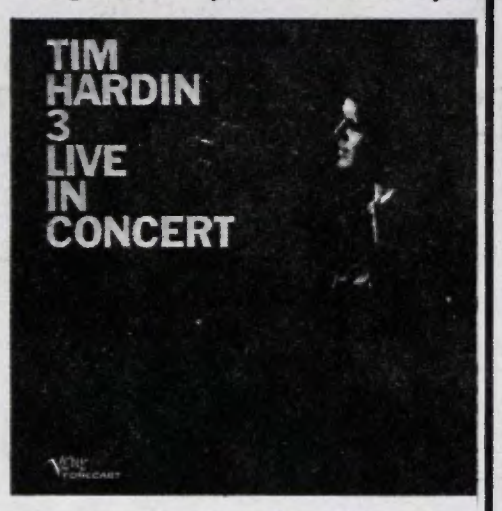
CRUISING WITH RUBEN AND THE JETS. *Mothers of Invention.* VERVE IMPORT. (V6 5055–X)

The Mothers are doing something different. Perhaps the cynisism has disappeared or the irony become more subtle. Zappa always gives the impression of being formulated in what he does. In Rubens songs he is doing just this. None of the hard acid freakout here.

The impression that the record seeks to create is of nice quiet kids singing nice quiet little rock songs. The big bad freaky boys don't do it anymore anyway they do it in a different way.
Their own description of this music is 'greasy love songs of cretin simplicity! 'They sing these they say because they like to sing them. The songs are nice to listen to, sweet beat, unremarkable sentiments. 'We made a wish and threw a coin/Since that day our hearts have been joined. I gave you all my love/Theres nothing left for me to do but cry. Stars in the sky they never lie/Tell me you need me/Don't say goodbye.
Ruben is everywhere though you might not recognize him in his space helmet and bombed out shades. He likes to bop, eat ice-cream soda in the drugstore, ride in space ships, play hell in Vietnam and throw coins in the fountain of love.
The mothers are singing harmonious space age rock and roll with dwardy – doop/oh wah pulsating rhythm and funny junkie articulations of parodied virtue. The shadows of the fifties when we used to hold hands in the back rows of cinemas and make it in the parking lot. Deseri is the groovyist chick around and jelly roll gum drops are good to eat.
Memories are trivial, only experience is meaningful. Time is present; ghosted with the spectures of everything. So the beat goes on.
So where are the ticket stubs to the chemical gardens for rusty shit people? Are the ashen faced heros of all the grooves sitting on the birdshit spattered fence and whistling for true love through the bars of the 7th cage on the left.
Bryan Willis

TIM HARDIN *LIVE IN CONCERT.* MGM Verve Forecast (VLP 6010)

'You know this' says Tim Hardin as he drops the opening notes of Misty Roses. He's damn right you do. You've heard it on the first album. You've heard it at the Albert Hall if you went to his first concert in England last July. You've heard it if you



were at the New York Town Hall on April 10th last year you'll hear it again if you buy his new LP.
It's a beautiful record with sound that washes over you like gentle water then rears in rasping protest at a pain so personal that it excludes the listener. But apart from an eulogy to friend Lenny Bruce, the songs on this album are no more *new* than Don't Make Promises was when released last year to coincide with his English concert.
How long can you play that song again and still get the same applause? From the claps wedged in between each track of Tim Hardin 3 it seem's he's still getting it from the fans. A tribute to his ability to weave new magic with old songs. But it isn't enough to freak out an amalgam of oldies with the tinkle of a hippy bell from the drummer, Donald Macdonald, and one new song.
Private sorrow may be the merchandise of poets, but we look to poets for constant creativity and Tim gets bogged down by his insatiable appetite for excess. He pours out his love-songs with the same generosity (self-indulgence?) as rum and coca cola and as with rum and coca cola or whatever, you either dig it and turn on or don't and cut out. Presumably there are those people who are so dedicated to the Hardin myth that they'll dig his music from here on out. But Tim Hardin sells Tim Hardin's pain with a label spelling MGM, profits to Koppelman and Rubin, and he's in dire danger of drowning in it. His tribute to Hank Williams is both elegant and moving. We know you've been places he's been, Tim – but Lenny Bruce was a brilliant comic head not just a tragic figure and the words to the song don't match the strength of the music.
I know Tim thinks Misty Roses his best song, but its the fact that he can erupt out of maudlin introspection into something as funny/witty as Smugglin Man which makes him great.
That ruthless sense of humour should produce more than just one song and it's time he wrote something new.
Danaë

TERRY REID

Dougal

Terry Reid had just returned from his phenomenally succesful tour of the States when he recorded the following interview for MOZIC last month. Accompanied by Pete Shelley on organ and Keith Webb on drums this nineteen year old former member of Peter Jay's Jaywalker's had been electrifying American audiences for the past three months, playing alongside, and holding his own, with established names like Country Joe And The Fish, Buddy Miles Express, Procul Harum, Jeff Beck, Canned Heat and The Cream.
Reid's music is not 'progessive'. It is joyful, uninhibited, hard core soft rock, brought across with a combination of naivity and sweat, (it is not usual for Reid to pass out on stage), and aided by the group's ability to exactly gauge an audience's mood and adapt their performance accordingly. If Reid was a painter he would be Constable; if he could write he would be Fleming.
How exactly did you come to get your present band together?
Well, I was with Peter, (Jay), for around two years playing hard and mostly on the road, when I got to this stage where I felt like I had to get a band of my own. I guess every musician wants to do that at some period, and that's what happened to me. Must be about a year or so ago, Christmas before last, and I met Keith through this organist guy . . . Pete came later, just before the tour, so really he's only been with us for just over three months, but already he's got his own thing together . . . as it turned out I was bloody lucky, both those guys are fucking good musicians.
And the US really helped us, almost forced us, to develop musically. You know, America is a great place for making a band; or breaking it of course.
Did you notice any immediate differences between audiences here and those you played to in the States?
Differences? Oh yeah, there are differences alright. Like sheer quantities, you know? That theory about everything over there being bigger is definitely not a hype. It's not a hype, it's a way of life. Like for instance here, in Britain, you might play to a few hundred, maybe even a few thousand in the Albert Hall or Wembley, but in the U S that would be ridiculous. You get used to playing to thousands, six thousand, ten thousand even twelve thousand and that could be in almost any major city. The Cream show at Madison Sq. Gardens pulled over 21,000 and at the Miami International Pop thing there were almost five times that over a period of three days. I mean 100,000 people is a lot of people. I would say size was the major difference.
Then there's this other thing you know. Take here; if you're top of a bill but you play say medium to poorly, well, you're still almost certain to go down better than the rest of the show. It's almost a tradition. But that doesn't apply so automatically over there. Kids will listen to you; you get more of a chance. We found time and time again that if you play well and play for your audience you can steal a show. Jeff Beck he did that.
Do you think maybe that's why you did so much better in America than you have done here, up to now?
Yeah, that was one of the main reasons. Bang-Bang helped too of course.
Were you satisifed with Bang-Bang?
Well, that album was produced with the tour in mind, it was designed to coincide. We needed something to take over with us, that was why it was only released in the States, and consequently the whole thing was rushed. We didn't spend enough time on it and I . . . well, lets just say it wasn't as good as it could have been. Anyway, it certainly won't be released in Britain now, although I understand that it has sold well in America. We'll be recording a new album for release here in the very near future.
Your producer, Mickie Most, has been quoted as saying, 'There is no art in gramaphone records'. Do you agree with that statement?
I don't think that you can say that. I'd be prepared to, like, to accept that a small proportion of today's pop, say one or two of McCartney's songs, might in a hundred years time be recognised as . . . as art. But

only time can tell. Anyway is it that important? Surely what is important about pop music today is it's role in our generations lives. Isn't that, like, more relevant? Man, I believe that rock, pop, whatever you want to call it is a vital release. I think kids in America, here, all over the world are using it to escape from the daily shit-grind. It's a turn on, a gas, a happy thing. That's what it should be too, a happy thing. The 'progressive', or so called progressive scene is bogged down in doom, people are sick of wracking their brains trying to figure out what the words mean. Kids want to be entertained not preached to . . . it's all got out of hand. When I perform am I producing art? Am I fuck. I'm trying to turn kids on, trying to make people happy . . . that's what I'm here to do, that's what I'm paid to do.

So you wouldn't agree with John Peel's statement about pop being the warning drum of an imminent social revolution?

No, I wouldn't agree. He's . . . well, like, he's coming on too strong. Man, Lennon and McCartney's songs may have caused so many million wet knickers but they won't produce a 'social revolution'.

OK. Leaving wet knickers and revolution behind us temporarily, what bands really impressed you during your tour?

Oh wow, that's very difficult. There are so many good groups in the States. Procul Harum are just too much. They are so good live, incredible from start to finish. The whole band is together, and the guitarist . . . ridiculous. Cream of course. We caught them several times, played on the same bill a few times. The split was beginning to show though. Sometimes they were brilliant, sometimes they were fucking miserable. Buddy Miles has got together a nice scene now, they are so loud! Canned Heat the same, loud, but excellent. Then there were the GTO's. Girls Together Occasionally that stands for, Three chicks in LA, very freaked out; never seen anything like these. They were really good, and good to us! The only nice thing about Christmas was the cake they baked for us. Some cake.

The Grateful Dead I didn't dig too much. In fact I couldn't believe it, they were so bad. And Country Joe etc were a disappointment. Probably because we caught them just before they split.

Did America appear to be a violent country to you?

Yeah, in many ways I guess it is. Though it's amazing that it all the gigs we did I never saw one fight break out in the audience. That's something you wouldn't get in this country . . . man, I'd rather play the Appolo Theatre, Harlem than Glasgow anyday. We nearly got bottled in Glasgow one time, not because we were bad like, just because they didn't like the looks of us. There were no scenes like that in any of the gigs we did in the US.

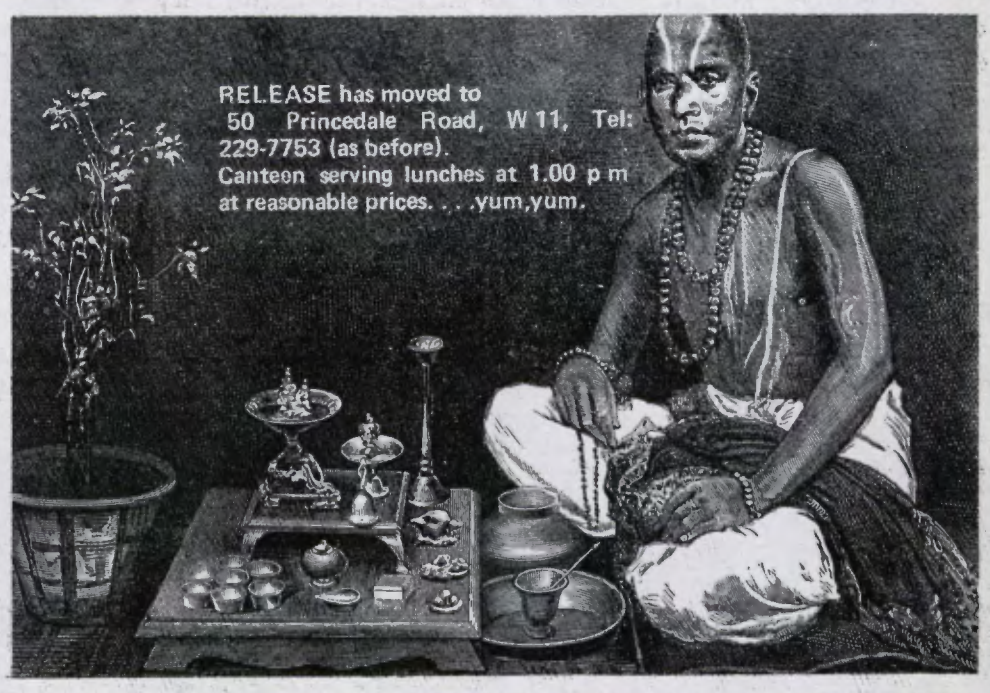
The cops? Oh, just about as uptight and corrupt as in Britain. You're more likely to be damaged permanently in a tangle with the American fuzz though, if you see what I mean. And there are some cops there, like over here, who seem to have a fair understanding of the kids. Like in Atlanta, which is basically a very, very uptight town, there were cops at the concert we played there who were gently leading away a bunch of kids tripping out. No rough stuff. No arrests like. Just gently leading them out.

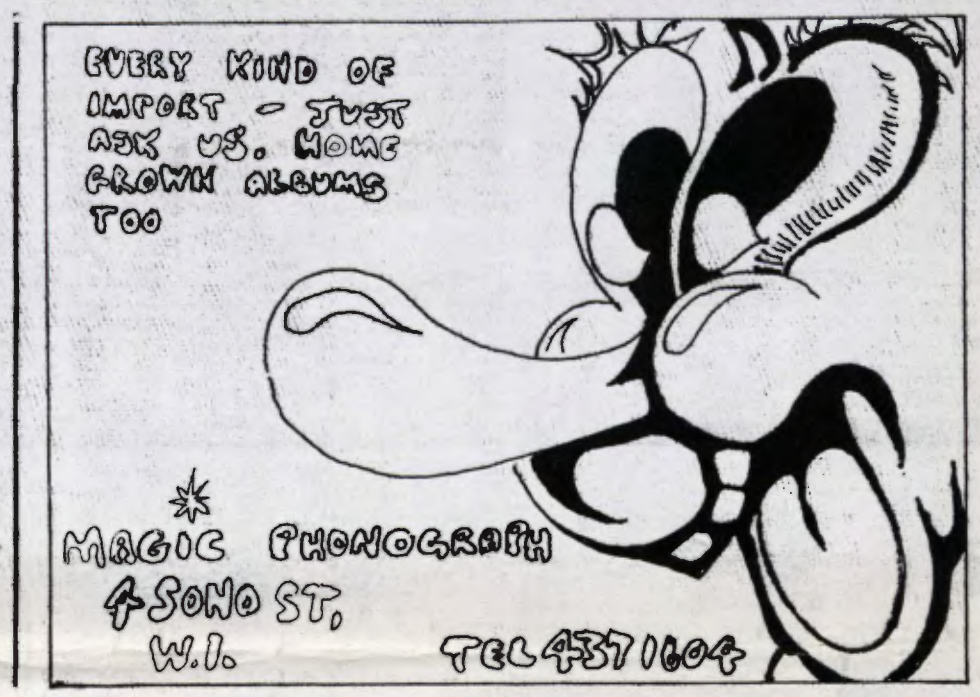
I think that some of the cops in the States are beginning to realise that kids are going to smoke and take acid no matter how the law stands . . . anyhow, I'm sure that pretty soon one state or another is going to try legalising hash. It's too late for them to stop it now; the number of people that smoke in America is ridiculous. This is true, listen. I met a 15 year old girl, the daughter of an FBI official who was turning on really regularly. At 15 she could roll a perfect joint. I'm not saying that's good or bad man, I'm just saying like there it is.

Will you be going back to America in the near future?

Oh yeah, almost certainly. The bread is there, you can earn up to 4000 dollars a gig without too much trouble. There's nowhere in this country you can earn that sort of bread. But right now it's just good to be back. Three months is a long time to be away.

FD





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THE RAT GAME

Angelo Quattrocchi in Paris, end of January:

Kids are forced out of schools and beaten, while you are told of Che Guevara, Vietnam and other shows.
High school kids rebel to their teachers-jailers.
Daily they perform the rites of the next revolution, by desecrating authority.
The armies of the state beat them up.
Unmask a teacher, you'll find a copper.
The show retreats further into the land of unreality, where soap bubbles ads are reaching paper cunts.
Here, we ignore those who want to die stupid.
Breakfast, tube, job, telly, sleep, breakfast. .
Deface their advertisements, ridicule their teachers, laugh at their Parties.
Since our first raid in May, they live in fear, we in hope.
They have bought five thousand new coppers.
We have acquired tens of thousands young workers, who despise their Trade-Union leaders.
Hundreds of thousand are doubtful, doubtful that one penny more can change the misery of their daily life.
If you don't listen to telly, you'll soon hear the police sirens, rapists of dreams.
If you don't read the papers, they'll send you a party member home.
If you say no to your parents, they'll put you into the army.
How long can they last?
In their supermarkets, you still buy their last dead god, parcelled in merchandise.
Where will it snap?
In university-factories, in factory-universities, there were the assembly lines of the canned minds your waste.
Or in the churches-supermarkets where they buy time of your life and give you survival in exchange, and boredom.
The king is naked, shivering.
Strip the king and strip the teachers and strip the manager and the banker.
In the caverns of housewives' minds the rats are squealing. Omo is washing their life away.
The rattling of coins exchanged from dead hand to dead hand has for too long covered the gentle and piercing cries of orgasms.
Much has been learned.
The millions of private tragedies, exposed to the sun, have revealed the nature of the collective fare.
Who can endure it?
The more I want the revolution, the more I want to make love, the more I want to make love, the more I want to make a revolution.
Do not drop out. Drop in. Drip in. Fuck your neighbour, fuck him well and slowly, with determination, on the common pavement, then together you can go shopping, for fun.
Don't listen to those who want to teach you how to make a revolution, or how to make love, they are dry priests.
They sell you Marx in grocery shops, as long as you stay quiet. Lenin you can buy at the chemist, as long as you wait till tomorrow.
Here, in Paris, we amuse ourselves by defacing their ads, laughing to their faces, playing with the rat, which, when prodded, takes always the shape of a copper.
Not before long, it will be time for the festival again, when we'll take over their concetration camp factories and their universities, releasing them finally from their long fear.

From Action, newspaper of the movement in France.
What has made the bourgeoisie tremble, what gives them cold sweat?
France is melancholic. Like always, politicians lie, but without much conviction, out of habit, excusing themselves for using too trite devices to mask the truth.
Because truth is too clear: the bourgeois are done in, dead.
Big trusts still control the state, De Gaulle their servant, the coppers are at every corner, stolid as ever, sinister clowns perform daily on tell, reciting rosaries of irrelevant nonfacts.
Unctous managers of ignorance, called professors, administer carcasses of myths, handling dollars of examination papers.
It is undeniable.
But something bigger, an innocent blinding reality is laid bare to stupefied millions of citizens: the bourgeoisie has the power, but it stinks.
Even its faithful servants murmer it in private, only they console themselves with the knowledge that it stinks elsewhere too, the american and russian bourgeoisie stink as much.
It is a cancer, which May has revealed, suddenly, and for ever.
The ruling class is drowning in shit. Hiding its head in its own vomit, where it's choking to death.All that helped its digestion is now filling its throttle, its knowledge of itself, its discovery of its unreality, the realization of his absurdity.
When, everywhere, a son despise his parents, a student refuses to stuff himself with solemn lies and questions the teacher, when the workers refuse to be conned by their leaders who betray them, when artists don't want to be clowns anymore, then the cracks in the wall become so big that even the moles see them.

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WIND UP BLACK DWARFS

The present generation of revolutionaries are precisely the people who are unwilling to be specific about the conditions of the immediate revolutionary future – the subject about which, as Orwell once contended, every revolutionary is forced to lie. Faced with the assertion that the liberties embodied in this country's institutions should be protected in the first instance, the revolutionaries proclaim those liberties meaningless by continually widening their definition of 'system.' British liberties are thus not *really* liberties because of the Americans; American liberties are not *really* liberties becuase of the Vietnam war; everything active in the system, even that which criticises, limits and modifies the system, is just part of the system – except the revolution.

The historical strength of the classic Left in this country has been its practical recognition that society can be, and has to be, treated bit-by-bit even though an intellectual commitment to an ideology apparently insists that anything less than a total upheaval is meaningless. The revolutionaries, these newest of new brooms, noting only the failings and writing off all actual improvements achieved over the last century as a movement of history for which nobody is responsible and for which credit need consequently not be given, are able to present this strength as a weakness, and to suggest that a great number of honest men and women have been wasting their time.

This is a perisistent and extremely unenticing *failure of the imagination,* usually ascribable to conceit but in the case of the better part of this generation, I am sure, ascribable to a generous passion. This revolutionary generation, overwhelmed by the fact that a lot of people are still getting hurt, saves its maximum rancour for anyone who suggests that a total solution might hurt even more people and hurt them worse. If your creed is all or nothing, the man you hate most is not the man who offers nothing but the man who offers something. Suppose you accept the premise that Vietnamese children are frying in their own fat because of something intrinsically murderous in the American capitalist 'system'; and accept further premise that the British 'system' bolsters the American; and the further premise that the overthrow of our 'system' is a *required gesture* against the American 'system' and on behalf of those children. Then the man you hate is likely to be the man who tries to break down this chain of consequence – the man who says that the continuity of British society has an absolute virtue independent of the welfare of the Vietnamese children and that to contend otherwise is simply to be rhetorical. A man talks like that is bound to appear a demon, since he scorns directly the most self-consciously generous of all youthful sympathies – the sympathy that says, like Eugene Debs, 'while there is a soul in prison I am not free.'

Now that sympathy, and not much more, is to the credit side of the ledger. On the debit side the entries are densely packed and piling up fast. Leaving aside the greater part of the Underground which is content to enjoy its practical existence in a non-theoretical continuous present, hasn't the remarkable thing about this particular revolutionary generation been that it advances its own innocence, its own impatience and its own ignorance as positive qualities? There seems to be this general impression that society doesn't *have* to be analysed or understood in its dynamism, that it is in fact static and needs to be replaced holus-bolus by a new and true dynasmism in which all values will have their genuine beginning. In the fervour of this general impression, the objective nature of intellect as regarded as a drawback; the analytical heritage is reduced to symbol-ridden myth in which Rosa Luxemburg becomes a swinger in a maxi-skirt; and the emotional initiative passes to the 'invisible international', the gentle people who are supposed to be everywhere and will effect a universal change of heart once they solve the problem of asserting their will without coercion. But as you can see already, merely to expound is to expose. This new revolution, while relatively (not wholly) guiltless of philosophically justified brutality, is nevertheless *characteristically* anti-intellectual, ahistorical and obscurantist. Ideology, pared down to a mood-determined minimum of 'ideas' and all the more powerful for being free of analytical determinants, attains a new spreadability, like butter left a long time in the sun. Anyone can have a go. If you feel young and all the world looks wrong, you're in. The residual dislike of the bourgeoisie, though vociferous, is determined by rejection of mores rather than analysis of class-function. This is why classic Left figures like Grass in Germany and Pasolini in Italy were unable to discommode the young student revolutionaries by accusing them of being what they in fact were – well-heeled sons of daddy and mummy. The revolution as a whole, rather than having 'objective class-enemies' in the old Stalinist sense, only has *objective intellectual enemies* – people who feel broadly what the revolutionaries feel but think differently about the revolution. It's a sweet set-up. If you want a revolution, no matter how much of a bastard or idiot you are, you're part of this most popular of all popular fronts. If you *don't* want revolution, no matter how deep your concern for liberty, mercy and justice in individual cases and in society at large, then you are part of the system – this static system which has never *really* changed, until last year in Paris and of course next week here.

The classic Left in this country over a long period has largely managed to free itself from ideology by realising that 'society' is simple a word doing limited linguistic duty for a complex actuality that *always* changes. Gradually it has abandoned the notion of stasis (along with its counter-notion, crisis) and come to see that society is merely coherent – it is not rationally interrelated and is therefore not subject to being totally changed any more than it is subejct to being totally described. This is not a mud-hut country where you have to break up the ceiling in order to make furniture; nor is it a high-rise country in which the bourgeoisie suddenly falls into the basement to re-emerge, black with dust, as Nazis; it is a *mature* society much more complex than any metaphor which can be thought up to describe it.

The huge unheavals which look total in other lands, in this land are held closer to the surface and squeezed further into time, giving the apocalyptic revolutionary, whose hunger is as much for brute experience as for justice, the opportunity to say they never happen. In fact these upheavals cannot be stopped happening – except, paradoxically, by revolution, which really *can* arrest history in Hegel's definition of the word (the story of liberty growing conscious of itself) or anyway slow it down to a crawl. The revolutionary approach to politics, fastening on the superficial similarities of our society and say, Batista's Cuba, recommends revolution *here* because of its necessity *there.* But these supposed similarities ('capitalist') are absolutely nothing compared to the differences between the two places as *states.* Britain is so immeasurably more advanced that it is practically indescribable – which is most of the trouble.

The logic of the thing is ruthless. Since all the world is the system and nothing in the world is not the system, the countries which naively offer the maximum of tolerance may be regarded as its weakest points. The complex countries, the centres of revolutionary *thought,* while not immediately the most vulnerable to revolutionary activity are certainly the most hospitable. This ought logically to mean that they are the last places one should try to start a revolution, but no, it has come to mean the opposite. Retaining from classical Marxism only a vague notion of capitalism as a social concept, and inflating this notion into an even vaguer interpretation of the *state* (a job Marx himself never systematically tackled), the revolutionariesinflate *that* into a vision of the world where justice, love, peace, creativity and sanctity cannot *really* exist until everything is changed. The grimly ironic thing is that it's exactly the way the Americans think about Vietnam, where they, too, are trying to impose an interpretation of reality on reality itself. And of course it is killing them. Like a fire-breather who has taken too much fuel into his mouth, they have ignited a flame which is running backwards inexorably towards its trembling source, and their own steadfastness can only concentrate the inevitable explosion. But if American society is wrecked, must ours be wrecked with it? Isn't this just the time to realise that Britain is an inherently pluralist society with its own uniqueness to protect against both American *and* revolutionary interpretations of reality? This country is a centre of *civilisation* – which is a phenomenon complex and valuable beyond any sociological opinion which can be formed of it, beyond any political concept which can be derived from it, and beyond any single idea which can be had in it. At present it is being held in contempt by young people whose love of justice is unquestionable but who do not realise that to a certain extent this is a passion they were bred to feel here, in these islands.

Clive James

POVERTY COOKING

SPRATS (Crunchy & Delicious)

Total cost around 2/6d. Feeds three or four. Cooking time 20 mins.

Ingredients

Most fish is very cheap around this time of the year; you'll find that you can buy a pound of baby herring, sprats, for anything between 1/4d. and 1/8d. One thing to look out for at the fishmongers though is the general condition of the fish. If they look old, listless or jaded around the gills than you can take it that they *are* old. Don't buy them and don't let the fishmonger put you on about how he was up at four in the morning collecting them from the market.

Finally, you'll need four or five medium to large potatoes, some flour or breadcrumbs and two or three ounces of margerine.

Method

Peel and put potatoes on to boil in salt water. Using a sharp knife cut off the heads of the sprats and dispose of them. Split the fish with the knife down the front and clip off the tails. Next, remove guts and intestines, (messy but essential), running you fingers down the backbone to remove any blood that may be left. Wash thoroughly and leave to drain for a few moments before dipping in four or breadcrumbs. Fry gently in margerine, (you can use cooking fat of course but it does tend to taste greasy), until both sides of the fish are brown.

By this time the potatoes should be nearly ready. Chop these into flat scallops and removing fish from pan, fry for two or three minutes to flavour. When serving pour a small quantity of the fat over fish and potatoes to moisten. Don't worry about removing bones – these are entirely edible. This meal is nourishing, delicious and dirt cheap. Try it.

Golden Rule

Do *not* put wet fish into the pan, they must be dipped in flour or breadcrumbs.

BALLSED UP BOLOGNESE

Total cost around 4/8d. Feeds four to five. Total cooking time 25 mins.

Ingredients

1 packet of spaghetti, (Lily Brand if you can get it), ½ 1b mincemeat, oxo cube, ¼ oz cheddar cheese, 1 onion and flour.

Method

Lower spaghetti into a pan of salted, boiling water, holding ends in one hand and bending strands by softening in the water. Chop onions and mix with mincemeat in another pan of water, crumbling in an oxo cube as you bring to the boil. After 10 minutes add flour and water paste, (previously mixed in a cup), stirring well in. Cook for another 10 minutes, remembering to keep a watchful eye on the spaghetti in the other pan. When serving, drain meat and spaghetti thoroughly and sprinkle each dish with grated cheese.

Golden Rule

Don't allow the spaghetti to overcook, it must be tender but not soggy. Also be sure to previously mix the flour with a little cold water, if you don't it'll go lumpy.

Felix, Dougall & Anson.

NEXT MONTH – ROAST TRAFALGAR PIGEON

WHAT **PAUL GETTY**, THE **FREAK HORSEMAN** OF THE DJMAA EL FNA, AND THE **NUDE TEXAN GIRL** FROM THE ALBERT HALL ALCHEMICAL WEDDING DID LAST MONTH

Typically, I was a day too late for the first annual Love In held at the local park in Marrakesh, Morocco, on Christmas Eve, where hundreds of European/U S heads freaked out on acid punch and a potent repertoire of improvised narcotics, including Marjoon – walnuts and peanuts, honey, cream, coffee, yoghourt, chocolate, pomegranates and other mysterious substances compounded into a fudge with the leaves – not the buds – of the keif plant and which offers a stunningly faithful impersonation of old fashioned Western LSD. Some of the more voracious Christmas trippers developed de-hydration symptoms (incessant pissing) and landed in hospital where the very un-Florence Nightingale Berber nurses apparently proved an effective ant-acid.

This Love In was convened by Lee, who had published an open invitation in IT and had created a special passport stamp to commemorate the occasion, reading 'Brothers of Eternal Love'. Lee and I met as soon as my bags were unpacked and he took me immediately to his crash pad in the Mellah, the Jewish section of town which is renowned for its Kremilinists – unlike, as it turned out, Lee's residence.

Upon arrival Lee flourished a keif-filled Indian chilum, whereupon some of the inert cadavers who littered the crash pad floor came to, well not *life* exactly, but to a ghostly characature thereof, a state of befuddled vegetable life expectancy, as the water pipe was passed from communal hand to mouth. Cream's Wheels of Fire was on the cassette, but rotating wearily because the batteries in Marrakesh are from Shanghai, called White Elephant, and they are not joking. A friendly neighbourhood policeman called by to share the pipe and improve his English. Inger, a bald headed Swedish girl, sat in the corner mumbling and scratching. ("Shaving is the only way to get rid of head lice known" said Lee, who had wielded the scissors.) Mahommed, a westernised local, passed around the fried fish and bread. A Danish couple projected a light show on the ceiling, the usual confused homage to abstract expressionism, a quiet Australian wrote poetry in the corner. And so a pot cloud descended, within minutes of arrival, and all attempts at retrieving a few unstoned moments for the next few weeks proved fruitless. Which is as it should be. Staying cool in Marrakesh would be like Alice not falling down the hole.

It is said that 57 per cent of Moroccans officialy smoke keif and certainly none of the other 43 per cent ever seem to show up in Marrakesh. A small packet (about three tablespoons) costs 2s. The ancient popeyed, grinning Merlin who sells candy to the kids on the way to school, distributes hash cookies in the Medina at twilight for 1s.8d. each. You can score blue cheer acid all the way from the West Coast for £1 per capsule. It is the most unparanoid drug scene this side of Kathmandu, although as I was leaving there were familiar rumours of Hippie purges. Some speculate on the home market by exporting keif stuffed camels, but cheques are difficult to clear in Marrakesh, even if the mail survives the Arab postal gauntlet. All my letters were either lost or opened by local postal authorities. (One last hazard: the girl at Poste Restante has an eccentric command of the alphabet.)

The great central square, Djmaa el Fna, is a combination market place, play ground, circus and freak show which rarely closes: percussionist families, snake charmers (the cobras are toothless but don't tell the fat rich tourist), magicians, mystics, shooting galleries, soup ladies, pin heads, and the galloping clove-foot gentleman, who wears a saddle, whips himself and neighs. (Sometimes, I am told, he plays the carriage. . .)

In the market you can unearth rich velvet caftans, antique leather Berber satchels, gay striped blankets, the priceless jewelry now the rage of Paris, embroidered sandals, baskets and carpets. Or bathe, like you never have before, in a dark steamy dungeon under wooden buckets of hot and cold water, among writhing silent black bodies.

Mohammed found me a suspiciously cheap four-roomed Moroccan house, built around a tiled courtyard, with orange and lemon trees and sparrows. I traded a transistor radio for a table and settled down to work, but not for long. A friend warned us that the house had a crazy landlord attached, he was now in hospital but if he ever escaped our lives were in danger. We were further unnerved when the Arab lady upstairs began affixing great bars to our shared doorway.

Meanwhile, Lee kept calling to make sure I stayed high.

Biographical Digression:

Lee is a prodigeously bearded lice-ridden dishevelled deserter from the American Way of Death, thirty-six years old, but looks older, from California. His philosophical change of life was ushered in with LSD. 'I first took acid when I was thirty-three and instantly became one of Sergeant Pepper's Band.' Before then, Lee had served with the United States Army in Korea; from where he returned home to marry an heiress. Marriage did not purge him of his life-long addiction to pederasty. He spent two years and much of his wife's money bribing himself out of goal after the first conviction. In the early sixties, when pot began to raise its head on United States campuses, Lee was a police informer. He was later converted after unexpectedly catching some of his best friends rolling joints. By 1967 he had discovered acid and he decided to drop out to Kathmandu, Nepal. The decision was not entirely unconnected with a scheduled court appearance in a few days time on another child molesting charge.

Lee arrived at Buddha's birth place with tons of money and a record player. He headed straight for the Blue Tibetan Coffee House, the appropriate H Q at the time, hooked up his machine and blew Sergeant Pepper to the Himalayan Sherpas and the stunned assembly of hippies (this was 1967, remember). Lee Pied Pipered the entire Blue Tibetan clientele on to a passing tourist bus and headed far into the foothills. When the driver lost wind, Lee bought the bus on the spot and continued to the edges of Dhulikhel, nineteen miles away, where he discovered a paradisial Himalayan hill top and established a commune. Lee equipped this with tents, sleeping bags and assorted camping gadgets.

After a few idyllic weeks, they were visited by the men from Reuters and the consequent publicity set up disastrous results, providing an apt parallel to the press's simultaneous corruption of Haight Ashbury. The commune was scattered by the usually docile Nepalese, Lee was arrested and frogmarched, hand-cuffed, through the Kathmandu streets from the Blue Tibetan to gaol. Where he spent 10 nights before being loaded aboard an outward bound flight . . .

Lee had lived in Morrocco for a year and he lived by the absence of his stolen passport: 'I am the happiest man in the world without that document, the Poste Restante gives me my mail, the bank cashes my cheques'. This last item has now petered down to $10 or $20 a month, from the $500 bus-buying days, but Lee still gives it to down-and-outs with equal abandon. He somehow scrapes together enough money for a house, and he accommodates and feeds anyone who needs it. A sincere relic from Hippieland, Lee hasn't molested *anyone* since taking acid, much less little boys. He is warm friends with many Moroccans and a gifted guru to those passing through.

He knows the Tibetan Book of the Dead, the Book of Tal, Sergeant Pepper virtually by heart, has renounced wordly posessions, uses water instead of Andrax and probably has the unhealthiest chromosomes this side of Timothy Leary. For some of his entourage the going is too tough. Three weeks after the Love In, Inger could still mouth only one sentence "I don't know", and the last I saw of her was twiching aboard the Casablanca bus with friends who were shipping her home to hospital. Apart from this hard core beat community, mystical and moneyless, the scene splits further into a) the Paris, healthy, East Village, Haight Ashbury, drop out, artists, writers, stray Living Theatre members and pretty blacks who live in the Hotel de France (7s. per night) huddling high around Beatleful cassettes: and

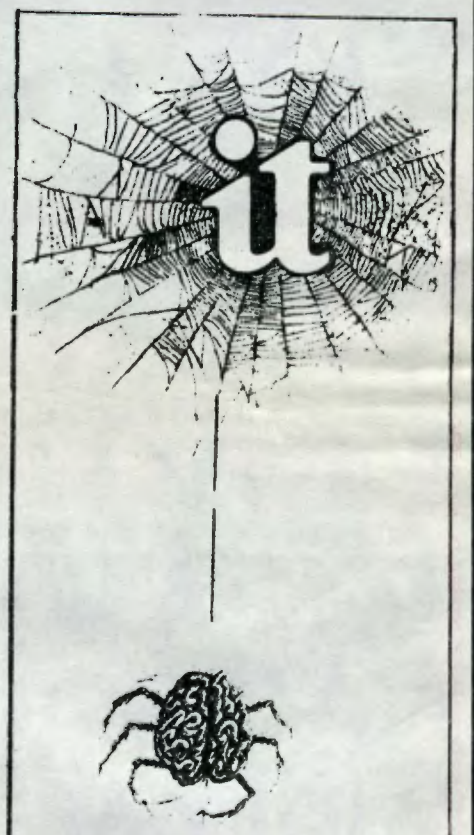
b) Vogue and gin upper class freak outs who orbit around Paul Getty's holiday house and sip coolness in the twilight shade of outdoor cafes.

The Madman first came at 4 a m, hurling his empty wine bottles at the reinforced door, which happily did not give in (the only bad Arab is a drunken Arab, which is why alcohol, not keif, is discouraged, Mr Callaghan). Neil Phillips, (who wrote the scary Greek gaol piece in the last Oz) came to town and I quickly moved him in for protection. (Sorry about that, Neil.) Two exotic witches from the Hotel de France began feeding me with extraordinary hallucigens which they had extracted from a man called Ackmed from Tangier, who is famous for turning on Mick Jagger, among thousands of others. It was in the drugged haze of these last few days that countless clowns began popping out of the mirages. The blonde Texan lady who I had last seen naked inside the Albert Hall flowed into the courtyard one afternoon and giggled tumultuously. A soft gentle trio of Americans, Michael, John & Rick (who slept in a walnut factory) wove spells of magic and mystery. Breathless Bill Butler, of Brighton's Unicorn Bookshop, brought urgent and nonsensical gossip from London. A long time resident came with tales of local fuzz busts and warnings of mass deportations.

Finally, inevitably, on the last night, the madman slid silently into my courtyard while I was engrossed, with friends, in the ceiling shadow patterns projected by a parrafin heater. There was a brief struggle, which I lost, and he carried inside a whale-like Moroccan prostitute in a white petticoat and flamenco lipstick, then he proceeded to cunilinga in the court yard, much to the dreamy fascination of my stoned companions. I danced around like an epileptic faggot, ordering someone to go find the cavalry. Why was I so afraid? The madman was harmlessly exploring the bowels of his beauty, on my porch now, and offering extra portions of the house rent free if only I would turn up "zee moozic". His grinning maiden lumbered towards my petrified genitals, whereupon someone returned with a solo rescuer, who took one look at the chaos, boggled incredulously and fled. The madman spotted some Western flesh and was anxious to barter. Perhaps we could have even reached a deal, but marjoon has a habit of making even the mundane sensational, so that this particular evening's not uneventful circumstances were rendered, to say the least, farcically incomprehensible. And this was just the prologue to a night rampant with insanity.

I know that the madman kicked in the door of a nearby travellers commune and that the police raided my house, leaving when no one opened the door. Lee strayed into the dream, somehow frightening a pregnant Moroccan, getting locked in a room and beaten by six outraged relatives. (Sorry about that, Lee.) Friends bundled us on to the Casablanca bus, the tambourine man pressed a hash cookie in my hand. The watch said four hours, but we knew the journey took ten minutes. Next we sat in a Paris transit lounge being laughed at by Jet Set stockbrokers, and woke up in London in bed with Marrakesh flue – something Alice never caught.

Richard Neville.



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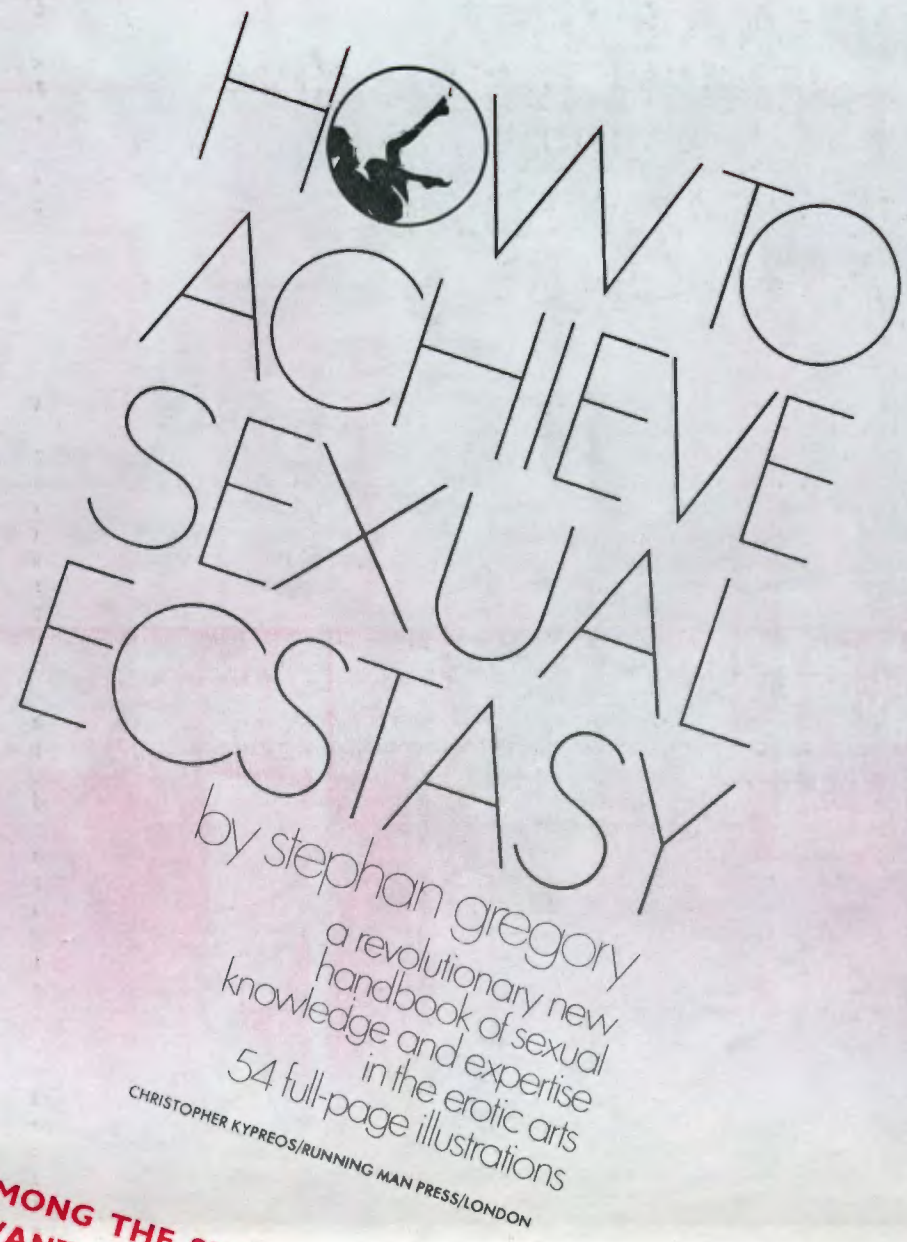

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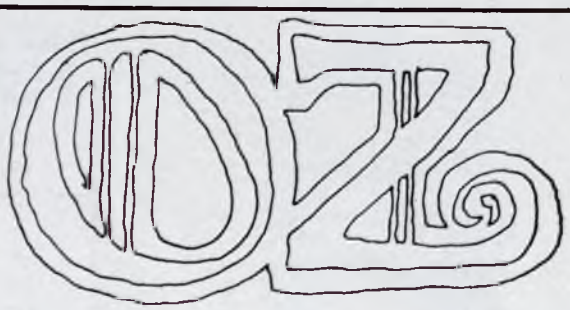

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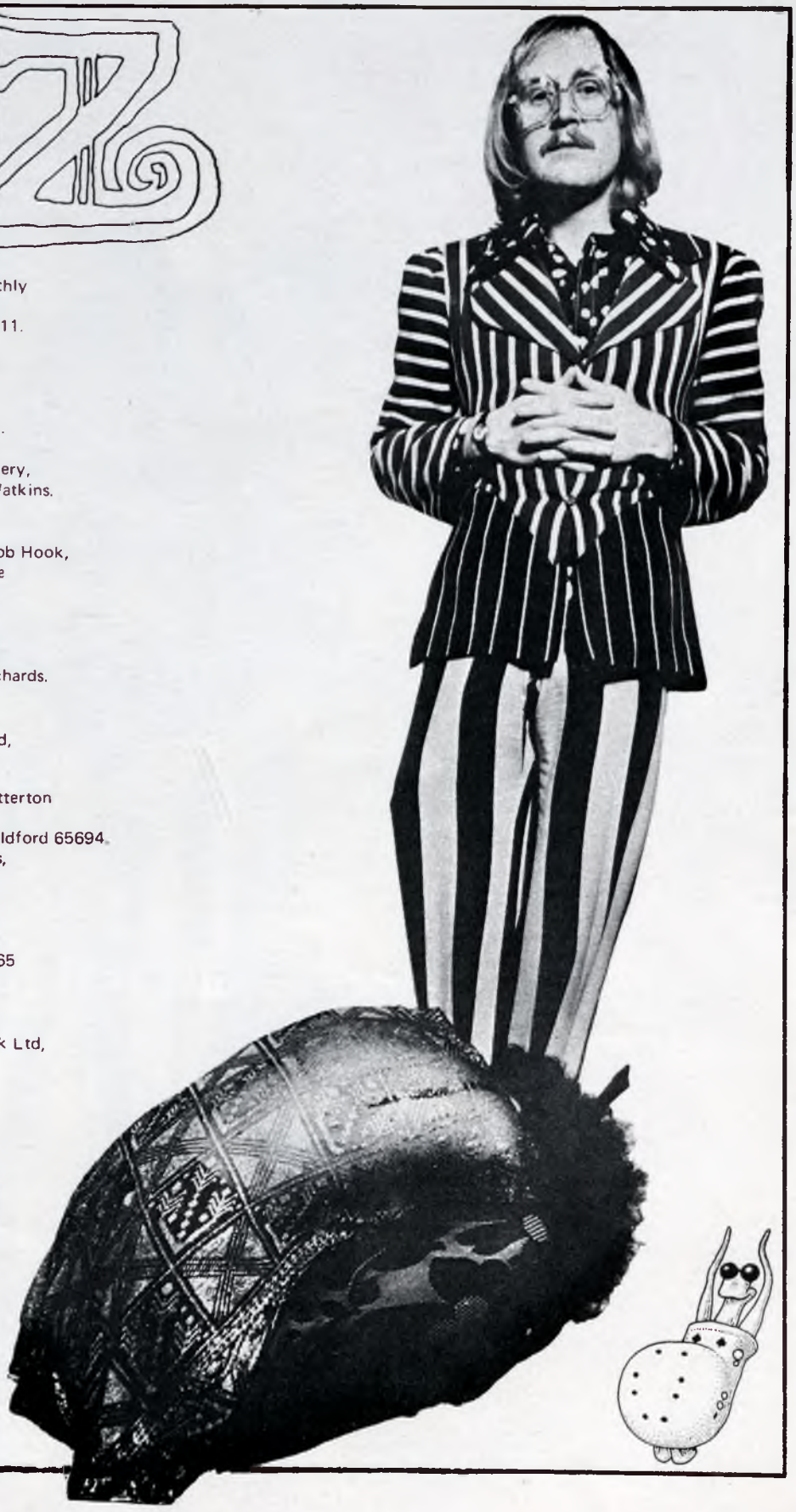


OTHER SCENES

NEW YORK: Lower East Side types all disclaiming knowledge of where the several thousand neatly-rolled joints came from – the ones that arrived in New York homes on St Valentine's Day accompanied by a heart-encircled fact sheet which declared that 'marihuana is not habit-forming any more than are the movies' despite the 200,000 arrests for possession last year. The anonymous donors promised that more joints would be sent out Mother's Day 'to persons selected from the phone books.' Yippie Abbie Hoffman, sometime spokesman for the Tompkins Square community, says: 'Wish we knew who did it; we never got any. My theory is that it's the American Tobacco company. They know that with all this pressure on tobacco that cigarettes will be declared illegal soon. They've already registered names like Acapulco Gold and Panama Red and now they're looking around for ways to test new products.'

Ford's Theatre in Washington spent thousands on installing hard-bottomed seats, replicas of those in the theatre when Lincoln was shot, only to discover (after complaints from patrons) that asses are apparently not the same shape today. Red velvet cushions have been ordered . . . DC's radical newsletter Mayday (now seeking suggestions for a new name because Mayday has been previously copyrighted) says the Federal government is growing marihuana for "testing" purposes on Senator James Eastland's Mississippi farm . . . Senators Albert Gore and Everett Dirksen are feuding over whether the iris (Gore's choice) or the marigold should be proclaimed the national flower. Meanwhile, Rome burns . . . The men's john in the Supreme Court building dispenses watered soap . . . No news is Agnew.

Everybody's into the movie thing these days with techniques often getting more attention than the actual content. Montage or collage films, for example, popping up on all sides with various methods aimed at the same results. Two projectors with different films combine beautifully on one screen (Warhol etc) but you can also get the same effect in the processing (as John Chamberlain does in his "Secret Life of Hernando Cortes"). And you can even do it in the camera by rewinding the film back to a certain point and double exposing as you shoot a different scene over the first. Ed Seeman specializes in this method with his mind-blowing Frank Zapppa footage (now being edited by Zappa for release in the spring). Chamberlain, by the way, has also screened a color movie called 'Wide Point' which displays fragmentary scenes and images on seven enormous screens at once. Fascinating to learn how much more one's eyes can be forced to absorb simultaneously. Then there are the Maysles Brothers whose latest epic is about a team of bible-salesmen touring the south, making their pitch at some gruesomely suburban homes. The Maysles technique is to hang around so close for so long that everybody gets used to you and you end up with film as close to real-life as you can get. In the case of their "Salesman" it works marvellously.

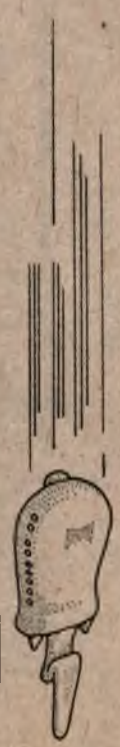
Universities were described as "mere trade schools for the military-industrial complex" by California delegates to a recent Peace & Freedom party conference at Venice. Committees were set up to study lowering the voting age, institute free public tranportation and change the present penal system . . . Charter flights to Africa for $450 roundtrip are being organised by Jimi Daniel, 1833 New Hampshire Ave NW, Washington DC 20009 . . . The NY Post and other straight papers around the country are currently on a sobstory kick – interviews with the families of slaughtered GIs who invariably 'didn't want to go to Vietnam'. Presumably the reporters didn't think it cool to ask the obvious question, 'Then why did you let him go?' And none of the stories chooses to make the point that if a kid willingly goes off to a foreign country to kill complete strangers without asking 'Why?', then neither he nor his family has any kick coming if he doesn't come back . . . "Poems are too spititual for Americans" (Greenfeel a commune magazine, 25¢ from Box 1037, Carmel, Calif. 93921).

The California firm, Computicket Corp, that's replacing those old-fashioned gaudy-colored theatre tickets with a standard computer-punched one, book European theatre tickets within seconds . . .

Nixon's foodtaster is stoned most of the time . . . Bantam Books offers to pay expenses involved in setting up press conferences between its author and college newspaper editors . . . Why does Douglas Fairbanks call himself 'Junior'? Does he still see himself as a child?

What may have killed Ramparts was its hang-up on glossy paper, full-color photographs, general extravagence. Ramparts. top brass threw money around from the beginning like a drunken sailor; on that budget almost any competent newsman could have kept the mag going for at least four times as long. Ramparts' problem was that it always had more money than experience (or commonsense) as became only too sadly clear when they had SF virtually to themselves during the newspaper strike and filled the gap with a subcollegiate tabloid that nobody bothered to buy or read . . .

William Buckley's rightwing National Review gave a glowing testimonial to Boston's Avatar which, unlike most undergrounds says NR writer Anthony Dolan, is 'patriotic' . . . Sad that Bill Graham's Fillmore had to go the slickpaper route with his pocket-size program that looks like a replica of Broadway's Playbill. It could have been a creative product. But then one sees all the ads (20 out of 24 pages) and remembers that friendly Bill Graham isn't in this business to be creative, right? . . . Courses on belly-dancing, medical aspects of drugs, gourmet cooking, rock music, stained glass art, witchcraft and communal living are offered by SF's Heliotrope (Free University) which adds that courses 'generally take place in the warmth and comfort of the instructors home . . . but they may meet at the beach, or in a tree' . .



Dear OZ

I belong to a 'commite d'action' at the Sorbonne and we were all upset to read: "Unmask a teacher, you'll find a copper" (Angelo Quattrrochi – OZ Feb 69). The other day, 200 teachers occupied the Sorbonne to protest against repression and students being sent to the army because of their political action. Most teachers want revolution; its obvious, as during our active strike; we interrupted some lectures to explain this strike, and most teachers didn't object – though some students did.

Also, I don't like this RMS idea if those people talk of "Professionals" or of "part-time Revolutionary Militant Student". Revolution is not a new

game or fashion – it's very serious, and if one really believes in it, anything he does or says is revolution. I was quite upset too to read the French addresses given by the RMS at the moment, only the "commites d'action"can be powerful as they unite all revolutionary tendencies. And we're precisely trying to get rid of the PSU and other Unions, because of all they do is make a lot of publicity – even abroad, as OZ print it for their own little pointless Unions – Unions have proved to be useless before May. May was an action of the masses (and not of the Unions) and Unions like those mentioned in OZ won't make a revolution.

If Angelo Quattrrochi or anybody from OZ is still in Paris, I'd like to meet this person as I quite like OZ (except what I mentioned) and I'd like to discuss things or even help if I can.

I wish OZ all the best.

Agnes Diannent

Commite d'action de langues
Sorbonne/lensier.

U.S. ARMY RECRUITING

Dear Oz,

What is happening.? What's with all this violence? These Poor Bastards are sick. Let's stop now before these phoney cunts blow the whole scene. Everybody knows that a social Revolution is just underway. Our attitudes have changed radically in the last 5 years. More sweeping changes are yet to come. Grass *will* win the day we hope we have the control to achieve the aim's of most. A peaceful society. A love community. Naked and unafraid: 'What do the petrol bomb mob want, Stalin!? A policed state. That's great for the States. They're that already. What do they want in the words of the Prophet? Fuck knows!

If they want to kick shit in the face of the establishment, there are nicer ways.

In the spring when the gardens are reborn lets go out into the streets Naked. Make love in the streets. On Buses in Trains. Fuck in the Parks and Squares. Give flowers and grass to the fuzz. Lets do it in the road! Fuck for peace. You must agree its no more ridiculous than throwing molotov cocktails at policemen, and if its publicity that they're after they'll get it; look at the spread that the nude at the Albert Hall got, and John & Yoko. But please, don't lower yourselves to the violence that typifies the grey world that surrounds us. Don't imitate it like a bunch of sheep. Kids have got more sense. Let's have a revolution by all means but lets not act as sick as the rest of the Alf's.

Dear Harold & Papa God Nixon included.

I hope somebody feels the same and rewrites this better than I have.

Love
Pete

Sir,

It has come to my notice that a disgusting and pornographic publication called OZ is being mailed to this address.

Take notice, that under no circumstances are any further copies of this filth to be delivered to my daughter at this or any other address.

L A Bidmead
46 Onslow Road,
Burwood Park,
Walton-on-Thames,
Surrey.

Comrades:

I dont know where comrade Buckman got his information on Anarchism – from the columns of the "Guardian" perhaps, being charitable. Malatesta defined anarchism as "Society organised without Authority" In what respects could that differ from "counter-authoritarian society?

On the charge that "Their beliefs are based ...on everyone being members of a community able to sustain itself without rules" I would reply, firstly, that this differs not at all in essence from his own concept of autonomous communities (unless by revolutionary state he means revolutionary Stage, which is particularly a contradiction in terms). Secondly, it is not necessary to overthrow the State before carrying out liberation activities. Counter-authoritarian activities can be carried out here and now by anarchist and liberation groups. The East London Libertarians, active in the London Squatters Campaign (and elsewhere) are a case in point.

It is possible that some such libertarian groupings could act as base-units for Comrade Buckman's autonomous communities, co-operating and helping each other on "Mutual Aid" – for, as he himself admits, "If [the individual] steps too far out of line the system will clobber him" Collective action is necessary in Leftie jargon – its called "Solidarity".

He further accuses the anarchists of "imposing" their system on those "unwilling to accept it". Yet he regards the Left generally as potential allies – and is thus put in the position of singling out for authoritarianism precisely the one tendency of the Left which is uncompromisingly counter-authoritarian, and enlisting the aid of groups whose belief in Authority is complete, (as long as they have the authority). They are also dogmatic, despite comrade Buckmans ideas about them – the S.L.L. and certain Maoist groups are notable in this respect.

As to the Corrara Congress; perhaps I should quote 'Freedom!; "after all old revolutionary movements there is

always a residue of the old faithful who have come to regard themselves an establishment." There was a division between those who wanted an institutionalised adherence to a doctrine, and those who wanted freedom of revolutionary action. The British delegate indeed opposed the idea of national delegations, as accepting those "bourgeois concepts which destroy the roots of international revolutionary solidarity" (Freedom, 21-9-68)

Many of comrade Buckman's concepts are unclear – I would presume that by "discipline" he means self-discipline (as opposed to externally imposed rules of behaviour) – an essential in all anarchist thought. But what does he mean by "organisation"? Too many people on the Left equater organisation with bureaucracy, ennabling them on the one hand to justify their own bureaucratic excesses as "organisation," while condemning the anti-bureaucratic anarchists as being, therefore, anti-organisation.

I would agree on the inadvisability of merely "dropping out" in the purely emotional involvement of the "hippie". Quite apart from such an action's impotence in the face of repression, such involvement without a defensive basis of theory, can be dangerous (Hitlers adaptation of the "Wandervogel" of the twenties to become the Hilterjugend of the thirties, and the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, are two cases to think about).

Finally, while agreeing whoheartedly on the inappropriatness of Third World models, I should like to end with a quotation from the "Red Book" (CH.26)

1. The individual is subordinate to the organisation

2. The minority is subordinate to the majority

3. The lower level is subordinate to the higher level

4. The entire membership is subordinate to the Central Committee

So much for the questioning of authority implied in the red-book waving Red Guards (although the situation in China is complex). Those who would ally themselves with British Maoists, please note.

Fraternally,
Mike Don

Oz Baby,

It seems really sad to me that in order to create Drop out city, (Pauls letter Oz 18) the method suggested involved founding it with bread derived from shows etc. surely this is just bloody hypocritical.

How the hell can any society be justified when its founded by one of the main things it opposes? By doing that we would be indistinguishable from warmongers who say in order to have peace there must be a war.

The whole idea of drop out city is beautiful, but free meals, never, someone has to pay for them in a place like the smoke.

Why not take over a deserted stretch of coast line and make shelters of branches or driftwood, grow all necessary food and all excess trade for things that Mother Nature doesn't provide, only then could it be a moneyless society.

Love to those who want or need it.
Tiesse.

I'm really just sitting here listening to Bobbie Dylan.
I had a friend called Keith, he wrote a poem called 'Bob Dylan My Idol'.
This was to be a lengthy piece . . . no, piece, of writing, but well now I just don't know.
Bob Dylan's pretty good, some of lyrics really screw me up, I think he's a druggie, I also think, no believe he's a horse addict.
I wish I had an object in life but I have'nt it doesn't really matter I suppose.
This is rather meaningless I know, but, well, I just a meaningless guy, sorry.
I was going to end there well you know how it is.

Dedicated To No One . . . . . Sorry
Alan Hunter

Dear OZ,

The reproduction of Eugene Schoenfeld's proclivitites in OZ 17 could only be dismissed as iniquitous filth. Pages like this no doubt create pretentiousness, perhaps necessary for such a publication but this issue did not in anyway compare with the Sharp-Von Mora tacit well implied "Magic Theatre."

Jeremy Hinds, Manchester 10.

Dear Oz,

Smash capitalism, violence, corruptness, stagnation, injustice, they all cry.
And how are they going to do it? With violence, hash, acid, and their own form of injustice, intolerance.
Policeman, nice guy, no harmful whims what to do? Kick him in the face, belly, anywhere, call him fuzz.
Yes. Trample on all who are in the way, no clear sight here.
My *dear* God. How many must be hurt by the herd with warped ideals, before somebody sees the light.
BN.

Dear Friends,

I was a little surprised by the criticism of David Ramsey Steeles' Smash Cash article. Anyone who works with money will realise the amazing amount of trouble cash in all its various forms can cause.

In the past month the following things have effectively loused things up for me. (I am a salesman in an Electricity Show room). First of all a guy walked in complaining about getting a letter demanding that he pay two outstanding HP payments on his refrigerator. He said he'd paid them. The following day he was in again with 38 pieces of paper which were receipts for each of his HP payments. Checking through these I discovered he was in fact one short, and another receipt was invalid because it had not been machine printed through the shops till machine. This receipt had however been written out by me and I saw it as my responsibility, so on the spur of the moment I decided to offer to pay the payment in place of the invalid receipt.

My charitable action however was not seen as such by our head office, and the following week one of my numerous superiors appeared with an accountant. I then found myself on the carpet – for offering to pay the money in myself – it was then suggested that at an earlier date I had accepted the money fron this guy, for myself by not making a permanant record of it by stamping the guy's receipt form. They then suggested that I had virtually *confessed* my crime by offering to pay the money in myself, at this later date.

The whole thing is now I think cleared up, though I'm assured any further anomalies concerning my cash will be considered along with this one at a future date. And as you can imagine I'm sick to death of the whole money thing, I'm not employed as a cashier anyway, but due to staff shortages I have to look after as much as £500 a day. And further more I can work like hell all day, and all I have to show at the end is a pile of bits of paper I'd like to leave now and see if I can get a less frustrating – and dangerous job, but if I leave now I imagine I'll get a lousy reference, so all I can do is stop on in the hope of being lucky and keeping on the right sides of the twisted valves of the land.

I was going to give you a list of

some of the other problems I've had with money recently in the hope of showing what a stupid system the whole currency thing is however the final comment I will make is this one. There is plenty for all, at least in this country. Only money allows so few to have much more than their fair share, and I find only when people are very hard will they bug and get something that isn't theirs.
Love to all from the centre of a stupid battle of great sadness and bewilderment.
Terry Kidd.

Dear Editor,
Isn't this just the time for Clive James (wind up Black Dwarfs, Oz, Feb. 69) to realise that sometimes, just occasionally, we dull, classic members of the British working class master the intellectual strength to digest his brilliantly reasoned column in Oz, and sometimes, just occasionally, have the impertinence to disagree with him?
'Britain is an inherently pluralist society.' Thank you for the information. Tell us of a society which is not. He talks of the 'anti-intellectual revolution'. Now then, Clive, principle down a bit here. The revolution only seems anti-intellectual to you, because you obviously see intellect as an entity valuable entirely in its own right with no necessary relevance to anything except itself. No intellect, not even our stunted working man Socialist tradition, even developed without something into which first to get its teeth. Give any man a steak and he will chew it. To be anti-intellectual now is the healthiest attitude a thinking man can have. Try to understand the real intellect of the historically hard-bitten century-old grass roots mostly uneducated international left and you will be helping your own brilliance to perhaps develop a little further.
Does the 'classic Left' have 'only objective intellectual enemies'? Well, to be brief, the present student struggles are directly relevant to chipping away once again at our old enemies – the blind, selfish, albeit "civilised" councillors, politicians, financiers, businessmen, soldiers and all other heads of men who, once they have succeeded in grabbing something from the rest of us, wish to make bloody sure we don't ever get it back. And if all that Guss of Germany, Pasolini of Italy and James of Great Britain (or is it Australia?) can see as enemies of the revolution are their fellow-intellectuals, then you must be in an extremely fortunate, secure, well-heeled and blissful situation, and I wish you good luck.
So, Mr. James, please continue to delight us with your frolics, thereby making an Emerald Isle, I assure you, even more cultured and civilised than it already may be. However, seeing that we both have the pleasure of living in the same nauseating, over-civilised city, may I recommend you to spend the odd evening out in the Newmarket Road pubs with us and our discontents, which are legion, and forget for a moment the plush Common Rooms and effete Satirical Clubs of the University, where more hot air is dispersed nightly than in the Mill Road Public Baths?
Yours fraternally,

Stuart Clucas,
(Vice-chairman, Cambridge University Branch of the National Union of Public Employees)
13 Fair Street
Cambridge.

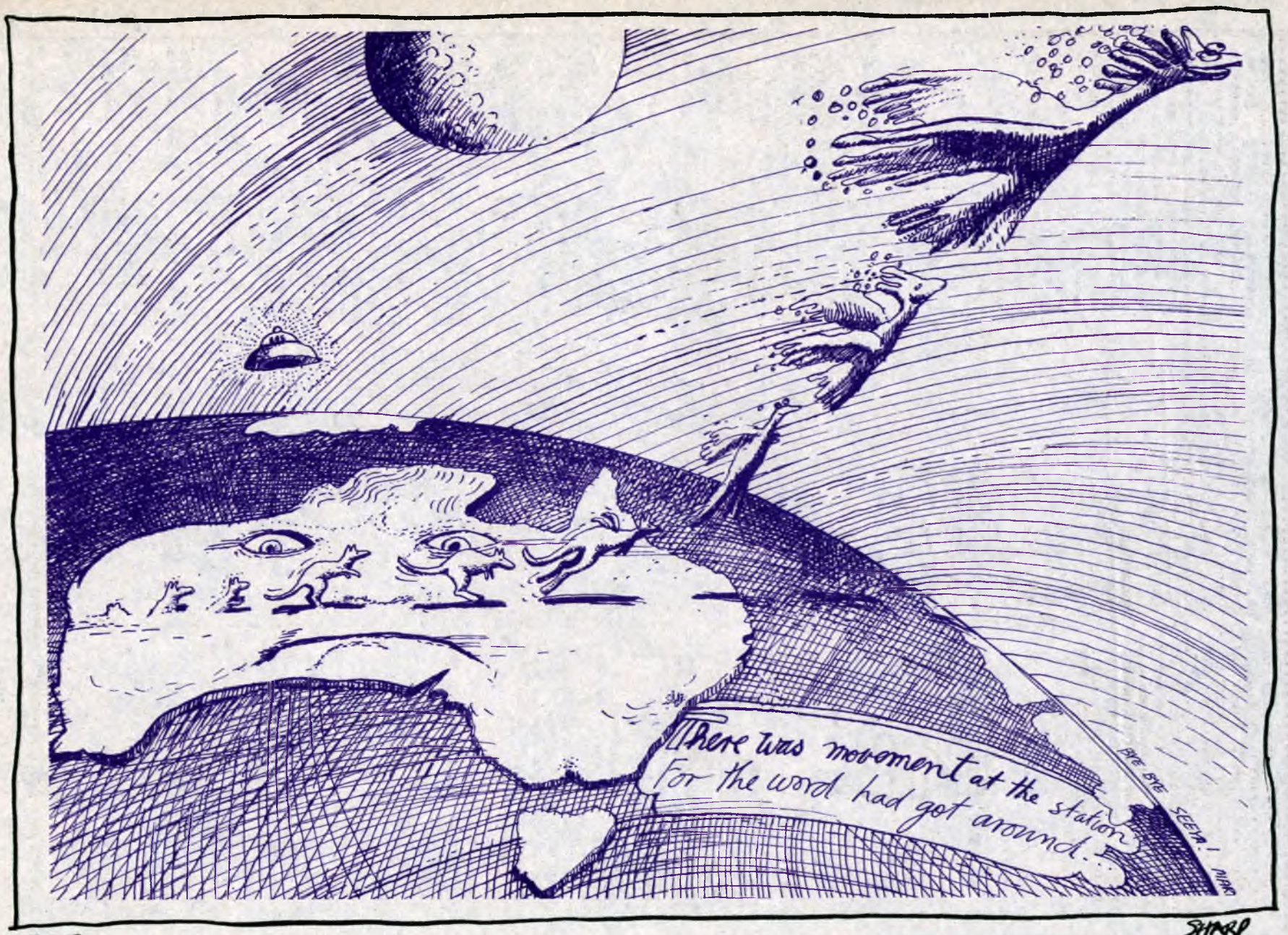
Sir/Madam,
I don't have any money, but I have more sense than to eat the sort of food recommended in your feature, 'Poverty Cooking'. On a diet of recipes like Beggars Stew, Cracked Egg Omelette, or Ballsed Up Bolognese, I would remain poor, physically, and spiritually, as well as materially, all my life. Being without money is often unavoidable, perhaps even laudable, but there is absolutely no need to eat poorly. 'Poverty cooking', no matter what variety of recipes turns up in subsequent issues, is wrongly conceived. Cheap, no doubt, beggars stew is. Delicious it may be (in a degraded sense – but this sort of concoction is ten times more delicious if it is made ten times more expensively) but these are hardly the two most important criteria. Is it rich in protein? Is it good for you? and the answer is of course, no. About as good for you as a meal you might buy in a Wimpy Bar of a Golden egg or any other cheap restaurant chain in London – nutritive value, nil. Just platefuls of shit for those at the bottom of the heap. Shit to give you bad skin, bad breath, constipation, piles, baldness, and generally to keep you running along at about half pressure. The droppings from the Fat Honky's table. Tenth rate imitations of some of the gastronomic delights of western cuisine. A cuisine which is thoroughly decadent anyway. An attitude to food which by ignoring the nature of man and what is good for him, and concentrating on appearance and taste, has most of its adherents diseased in some way by the time they are forty. The average life span in the west is about sixty five. For this longevity, of which it is so proud western civilisation relies not on the sensibility of its dietary habits, but on the brilliance of its surgeons, and the dubious efficacy of its drugs. That is the *best* that can be expected – and 'poverty cooking' represent that same attitude at its very *worst*. On beggars stew, life will be very short and very unhappy. Racked by disorders, both psychological and physical, you will be an easy prey for the vultures of capitalism and the overground. Don't beg, don't scrounge cracked eggs from Sainsbury's don't buy cheap spaghetti from cheap supermarkets, *OPT OUT*. Don't let your lack of bread turn the getting of enough food into a middle class hang-up.
Revolutionise your whole philosophy of eating – you are what you eat. Brown rice, fresh vegetables in small quantities are what you should start with; make every day a trip, spend less, go macrobiotic. Macrobiotics is simple intelligence, common sense and natural foods. The authors of your column should read up on the theory of yin and yang before digging deeper into the garbage can. Roast Trafalgar Square pigeon might, just might, be OK, but you would probably be better off eating the 6d carton of grain. Doses of strontium-90 all round.
Richard O'Sullivan
5-7 Earlham St
London WC2

Dear OZ,
Sprats yes. But why potatoes and spaghetti? Cheap food can be nourishing For instance, MUESLI can be made for under 2s. per pound as compared to 6s for a packaged brand. It contains oats, 2/6 2lbs; millet, 3/6 lb; wheatgerm, 2/- lb; barley kernels, 1/6; soya flour; nuts; Sainsburys walnut pieces are 1/5; sultanas 1 lb, 2/2; sea salt.

It can be made as a porridge as normal. Or, with milk and fruit, There are endless cheap combinations.

Vegetable soups are also very nourishing. Winter vegetables: carrots, onions, turnips, parsnips, cabbages, leeks, swedes, sprouts all combine well. Heat up thicken with soya flour of wholemeal; garnish with cheese. With wholemeal bread this is a good meal. You can make enough for 8 for about 5s bread inclusive. Lentil broth is another good stand by. Lentils cost about 2s per lb, simply soak overnight heat up, flavour with herbs.

If your real interest lies in helping folk buy and eat cheap and nourishing food, why not put people in touch with wholesalers, or open a distribution centre for goods at almost wholesale prices, thereby avoiding food manufacturers con. By buying wholesale you can save from 15 to 50%. Cereals and vegetables are the cheapest foods.
Yours,
Anthony Lovell,
UEA, Norwich.


There was movement at the station
For the word had got around...
BYE BYE SEEYA! MARC
SHARP

Those who ploughed through the typist's idiosyncracies in my report from Marrakech last month may recall Lee, a charismatic International hippie consul who gives freely his love, food and accommodation to those passing through. On Feb 24, he sent me this message through a friend:

"...enclosed with this letter is a witnessed copy of a letter I received from Sandy Stephenson, the kilted Scot you met in Marrakech. It sounds only too authentic. We do not know what is happening to his friend Winfred Hanck, aged 22-23, but fear he might be in the same position... Cops are roaming around Marrakech stamping passports, controlling visas and the like, being very unpleasant to those who don't have any. Like Lee, Roy, Inger and a few others...".

This is the letter enclosed with Lee's message:

'Dear Lee, Winfred got busted yesterday, and I got busted about 3 or 4 weeks ago. I had 350 grams hash in my room and they came and searched my room and found it. I've been living in pure hell for those 3-4 weeks, and now I'm deported and repatriated. They decided right away that I was selling stuff and not smoking it as I told them, and to make me admit it, they tied my hands and feet and hoisted me on a length of steel scaffold between two desks and let me hang there by my arms and legs, they took my shoes and socks off and whipped the soles of my feet with a cowhide whip, they also tied a towel around my head and poured water onto it over my mouth and nose, this went on for half an hour every morning and afternoon for 3 days, while they shouted at me "you were selling it weren't you". I managed somehow to keep from admitting that, don't ask me how. I am 26 years old, and it's the first time I've cried I think since I was 10. I was thrown into a cell about 10 ft squ. with 11 other people and a toilet, we had to lie on top of each other all night, and were eaten alive by lice. I am going to write to Time Magazine about it and will send you a copy when I do.

Winfred had ½ kilo of stuff in his sleeping bag, and I managed to pass a message on to my friend in Rabat to remove it, he promised to do so this morning, so I hope he has. My advice to you right now is to get out of Morocco as soon as possible, as my Consul tells me they are arresting people all over the country, about 30 were deported from Agadir recently. I realize you have no passport, and if you know of any way I can help you write and let me know. I will be living in London.

My sentence was one month imprisonment suspended sentence and as they knew I had 250 DH (£2-18) they fined me that, but that wasn't the end of my troubles. The Prosecutor for the King wasn't satisfied, and wanted to keep me in prison for another 3 months for another trial, and was going to give me two years. That's what I think Winfred will get if they find the stuff.

I don't advise you to go and try to see him, because they will arrest you too, and no matter what you tell them, they won't believe it, and will not make any enquiries about it either. They decide what they will charge you with, and torture you until you admit it. Then if you don't admit it, they write out your confession and make you sign it anyway. They said in mine that I bought a little to smoke and the rest was for sale. To see Winfred in prison, you have to go and get special permission from the Tribunal, and they really HATE Hippies, so don't do it man, you might fuck it up for him.

Don't forget to write if I can help you in any way. I did all I could to help Winfred, as I was escorted out of the country by a Police Inspector. Maybe if you sent somebody who looks a bit straight just to be sure that his stuff is removed.. don't go yourself, you are sure to be arrested, they only ask to see your Passport, and that's enough.

You may think I'm raving a bit, but believe me I have good cause to, I wonder that I didn't go completely crazy.

Good luck again,
Sandy
On the boat
Ceuta Algeciras.

Sandy is in London now. In Rabat the British vice-consul asked him to warn 'hippie travellers' that Moroccan pipe dream days are over. The country is being cleaned up for tourists.

STOP PRESS:
An organisation called KK has just been formed by Tom Cartwright (who was busted with Neal Philips in Greece) with the co-operation of Release and Bit. It has three main purposes:- 1. To help those doing time or awaiting trial by sending bread, books, clothes, etc. and providing legal advice. 2. To collect information on busts, severity of sentences and prison conditions, to publicise such information and bring pressure to bear where necessary. 3. To act as an association comprising of bust-survivors, their friends and helpers, which will be a morale booster for those in jail.

Anyone who can help with information, bread, clothes, books, letters or visits to prisoners, contact KK, Release Office, 50a Princedale Road, London, W.11. Tel: 01-229 7753.

Abbie Hoffman's 'Revolution for the Hell of It' is the most important book yet to emerge, or rather, leap out of the Underground. Along with Paul Krassner (of the Realist) and Jerry Rubin (Of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement), Hoffman was a founder freak of Yippie! (Youth International Party, see OZ 10) – the anti-organisation which invented Chicago. This acid gamester is an intuitively brilliant media tactician, a tireless psychic guerilla and a profound dialectician of now style politics: 'Political irrelevance is more effective than political relevance... A be-in is an emotional United Nations.... If you want to begin to understand our culture you can start by comparing Frank Sinatra and the Beatles. ... The Viet Cong attacking the U.S. Embassy in Saigon is a work of art ... there is no programme – a programme would make our movement sterile'. Revolution for the Hell of It (written in three amphetamine days) is an epigrammanifesto for the only revolution possible in an age where there 'are no more political solutions, only technological ones... all the rest is propaganda' (Jacques Ellul), and as

The PHONUS BALONUS Blues

ANOTHER STORY OF LIFE AND LOVE IN THE BIG CITY!!

SOME HEAVY COMIX BY CRUM THE BUM

such is a total repudiation of New Left political beauticians and their hoary Marxist utensils. His strategy I would call the Politics of Play, a concept which, along with his book, I hope to discuss in the next OZ. (Revolution for the Hell of it. Dial Press Inc, 750 Third Ave, New York, NY 10017; $1.95 . . . some extracts appeared in IT 51).

OZ urgently requires an amazing comic-strip artist. Send samples of your work to 52 Princedale Road, W11 for Jon Goodchild, or contact him direct at 352 7258 (evenings).

Some readers may have detected an improvement in the quality of this magazine. Those with broad tastes may also have noticed Zeta's catastrophic slump into a mire of witless incomprehensibility. These two events are not un-connected. Paul Lawson, once our assistant editor, left OZ some months ago for the bounteous pastures of London's most unnecessary tit magazine. We wish him luck.

Piper Greene seeks 'reviews, articles, editorial or stray facts' on John Mayall: write to Box 193, Kerhonkson, NY 12446, New York.

High school age, mindblow writings on drugs, revolution, life, arts, race, the generational war, ecology, etc, are being anthologised by Keith Lampe (of Yippie and Liberation Magazine) and David Herres (of Liberation and WIN Magazines). 'People whose things are accepted eventually will receive tiny loaves of bread floating slowly back.' Send to – 10th Floor, 5 Beeckman St, New York City, 10038.

It is doubtful whether the abovementioned yippie editors could extract much revolution from UK students, let alone schoolchildren, if a survey published in the latest issue of Sennet, the University of London Union newspaper, is to be taken as a guide. Sennet (Feb 26) has completed a survey of almost one thousand students, which they say is an accurate mirror of opinion at England's largest university. 'If Parliament were to be elected to-day', 32% of students would vote conservative, 30% Labour, 16% Liberal, although they would prefer Harold Wilson as Prime Minister. 41% are satisfied with the present political system, and 60% have changed their views since attending university. Of these 60%, 30% have shifted to the right. The survey concludes that students are 'parochial and insular.' After reading Sennet, I came to the same conclusion – not about students, but about student editors.

Why are British student papers so bad? Most of them look like trade journals for the asbestos industry. Even the best of them slavishly imitate traditional newspaper lay-out styles (bold intro pars, justified type, column heads etc). The prose is plank Fleet Street, the issues stubbornly provincial. Student journalists droop with surprise when it is explained that their publications lack one single, distinctive or original feature (good or bad) and that they have somehow managed to resist the sweeping technical and aesthetic printing advancements which rendered their efforts obsolete twenty years ago. The editorial mood is coy, soporific, unchallenging.

A week after I joined a student paper in Australia in 1962, the editor called for the Vice Chancellor to resign, published highly confidential and scandalous minutes of Senate meetings, exposed Security links with the administration and created an outcry that reverberated around the lecture halls and newspaper columns of every city in the country. In Australia! In 1962!

A few years later the same newspaper (Tharunka, laugh, it's Aborigine for 'message stick') was prosecuted by the Sydney Vice-Squad for obscenity, and its editors fined. Meanwhile, the editor of a nearby student paper Honi Soit) campaigned for the abolition of the student union and the substitution of a student-wide anarchist commune. The British editor's stock answer to any suggestion that they should ease their publication into the nineteenth century is: Oh! The printer wouldn't let us do that.

Change the printer.

'But' they say, recovering their composure, 'they've been printing us for 25 years.

Change the printer.

'But he does it as a favour very cheaply'. Cheaply and badly. Change the printer, improve quality, boost circulation and advertising revenue. Oh yes, advertising. For all their demolition of iron gates, students are only too meek before the insane restrictions of bucholic agency hacks who even dictate the position of their hideous pieces of 'College Scarves' art work, (often on the front page).

Most of the papers are printed on collapsing letterpresses and could easily be transferred to any of the numerous sheet-fed offset machines which at half the price, are hungry to print these uncontroversial parish rags. Pages could then be designed totally by students, like paintings or even sculptures, instead of left to molten-lead robots. No-one wants the papers to imitate OZ, merely to develop their *own* personality, like the 100 members of the Underground Press Syndicate, which share a family resemblance yet exhibit individual variations. Typically, few of the students have ever heard of the UPS or of such famous pioneering tabloids as Other Scenes, East Village Other, or the Berkeley Barb.

The editors of the Buffalo Chip, from Omaha Nebraska, were in London recently. They produce a 20 page tabloid for £150 an issue and often set their type on nothing more sophisticated than an Olivetti portable. Their only two advertisers withdrew after being threatened with violence by outraged Nebraskans. Their brave and fiery little tabloid makes Cherwell and Varsity seem like the prose prostitute's training-beds they really are.

Student editors seem completely ignorant of the world-wide proliferation of Underground alternative publications - which, from Dallas (Notes) to Zagreb (Paradoks), from Wellington (Cock) to Saskatchewan (The Carillon) from even Curacao (Vito) to Bombay (Anti/Pro) are light-years ahead of the sad, trite, grey banalities of undergraduate role playing. Recently, when I was showing the staff of Sennet samples of these amateur, indigent and much harrassed newspapers, they at least had the integrity to be embarrased. But one of them asked plaintively, as she inspected the world's most beautiful newspaper, the San Francisco Oracle, 'WELL, suppose we *did* try and turn Sennet into something original. What would Fleet Street editors think? They might prefer Sennet like it is'. A question which reveals, I think, the reason for the contemptible standards of student publishing.

We wish Private Eye goodluck with their libel fund and offer congratulations on their move to palatial three storey offices. Now the editors on the Wilton-carpeted top floor ring the secretaries on the cord-matted bottom floor for endless cups of tea with which they scurry upstairs past the pleasant, always-on-the-verge-of-being-fired, Tony Rushton.

The last Australian OZ was published in February. From its first issue (April Fools Day, 1963) Aust-OZ was a semi-digestible stew of satire, short stories, caricature, pertinent Hansard reprints, inside news and gossip. It was the only magazine to ever reveal the real cause for the unexpected resignation of Sydney's Archbishop Gough (who now presides over the smallest parish in Britain) and it once published a remarkable Guide to Sydney's Underworld with an accompanying pop Top Twenty chart of local hoods. (Unfortunately the latter precipated such a flood of underworld jealousy that there were several bashings and one near fatal gangland shooting). Regular outbursts of police atrocities were recorded under the title 'The stiff arm of the law' and a 'This month in censorship' feature was dropped as examples became too commonplace. The magazine exposed that sacred car, Holden, produced for Australia by General Motors ('At 60 miles an hour the only sound you can hear is the rust') the dishonesty of the press, the cowardice of the Australian Broadcasting Corporation and the abominable bellicosity, racialism and Rugby Club morality of the Government.

A Sydney magistrate, Gerald Locke, once ruled that 'the publication would deprave and corrupt young people or unhealthy minded adults so injudicious

SMALLS

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as to fancy it as literature and so misguided as to cultivate the habit of reading it'. He discarded the testimony of seventeen 'expert' witnesses who were so injudicious as to consider the magazine had literary merit and so misguided as to dispute its tendency to deprave and corrupt. Martin Sharp, art editor, was sentenced to four months hard labour and editors Neville & Walsh to 6 months. The prosecution had spent many court hours establishing whether a pun contained in a cartoon, 'Get Folked', was in fact a pun- which is some indication of the prevailing level of intelligence.

Following the verdict, one of Australia's most popular news commentators, the late Eric Baume, had this to say: 'And I was very pleased indeed to see – and I don't care whether these people who talk about liberties and so forth jump in the lake – I was very pleased to see that three young men were gaoled on charges of publishing an obscene publication, OZ magazine. Well, that's a good thing – to wipe OZ out will be one of the best things for the country. A dirty little rag with filth in it'. Two years later Mr. Locke's verdict was quashed on appeal.

The Australian OZ team are now to publish a monthly newsletter which will compensate for the infuriating vagaries of local media. £1/10/-; Box HI43, OZtralia Square, Sydney, Australia.

One of the more depressing memories of Australian OZ days, if readers will forgive the persistently autobiographical tone of this month's Spike, is the panic tour of print shops. I once saw about fifty printers in three days with proofs of a forthcoming issue (I still recall its cover picture of a British policeman verbally offering Profumo his sister, (sorry). The original printer had been scared off by police action and was anxious to unload the metal. It is not an enviable feeling, tramping streets with the hard-fought proofs of a magazine that may never be printed. Almost at the point of abandoning the whole OZ project, we visited – with a resigned jocularity – the Anglican Press, who, to our utter amazement, accepted the job without question. This experience of seeking out printers, with the desperation of a junkie haunting pharmaceutical warehouses, has occurred ever since, with the relentless consistency of the trade cycle.

We have no idea what press – indeed, if any, this OZ is being prepared for. One printer (London Caledonian) reacted with such unsavoury hysteria to a Sunday Times news item linking our names, that, as you will see from their outburst below it was pointless proceeding with them - although a price had been agreed and a production schedule established. While generally admitting an absence of legal obstacles, printers' reasons for rejecting OZ include:

1. It will upset other clients ('we print lots of religious material').
2. It will upset the unions ('too revolutionary').
3. It will upset the tea lady ('tastelessness').

And, incredibly,4. one printer last week said, 'we'd love to do the job but we're too near Windsor'. Windsor? 'Yes, the palace you know. They might not like it'. Even the printers of Fanny Hill refused to quote for OZ.

There will be no free press in this country until OZ, Black Dwarf, IT, Hustler, and the Running (late) Man establish their own printing company.

Dear Sir, *re.– Oz.*

We act for London Caledonian Press Ltd. In the Sunday Times of 23rd February, 1969, there appeared on page 15 an article which stated that 'OZ' was 'fixed up now with the London Caledonian Press'. Our instructions are is that there is no truth whatever in this allegation and we wrote accordingly on 27th to the Sunday Times. In reply they have written in their letter as follows:–

'We have made inquiries of the editor of the magazine and have been assured that such arrangements have been made'.

Our clients inform us that they had in fact been approached by you and had submitted a quotation but that the question of publication was subject to a number of assurances to be given by you. In this connection, a Mr. Freedman, who informs us he is a partner in the firm of Accountants which act for you, telephoned us on 19th February. We discussed with him the question of certain assurances and indemnities which our client would require, and he said he would get in touch with your solicitors. Since then we have heard nothing from them, from Mr Freedman, or from their solicitors, or from yourself.

Mr Blatt of the London Caledonian Press informs us that on Friday evening last, 28th February, you telephoned him at his home in connection with our letter to the Sunday Times. He made it quite clear to you that there was no arrangement for publication of your paper, and would not be until certain assurances had been obtained. In these circumstances, we must ask that you write to the Sunday Times immediately confirming that there has in fact never been any agreement by our clients to publish your paper. We must also ask that you let us have a copy of your letter to the Sunday Times, and we must make it clear that our clients reserve their rights against you in the matter.

We are by the same post sending a copy of this letter to the Editor of the Sunday Times.

Yours faithfully,
(Unreadable)
Seifert Sedley & Co. Solicitors,
14, Tooks Court, Cursitor St,
Chancery Lane, EC4.

Needless to say, it was thought better to suffer a production set-back than to enter into any sort of professional relationship with such people.

UPS

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE is an informal association of publications of the "alternative press" and exists to facilitate communication among such papers and with the public. UPS members are free to use each other's material. A list of UPS papers is available by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to UPS, Box 26, Village P.O., New York, N.Y. 10014. A UPS Directory containing ad rates, subscription prices, wholesale prices and a great deal more is available for $2. A sample packet of a dozen UPS papers is available for $4, and a Library Subscription to all UPS papers (about 50) costs $50 for 6 months, $100 for one year. The above offers are available from UPS, Box 1603, Phoenix, Arizona 85001.

Would-be members of UPS are requested to first send $25 membership fee and then ten consecutive issues of their publication to all members of UPS, after which time their membership will be granted automatically, assuming that a majority of the members have raised no objections.

From our correspondent :

December last year, Time Out, our very own, hip, What's On In London, staged a successful non-event.They invented a West Coast blues bank, Heavy Jelly,' reviewed their non-existant album and promoted it with a full page image advertisement. Harmless, adolescent, if perhaps weary stuff (OZ 17). The trendier half of London's underground smirked, (or yawned,) self indulgently at what soon became an open secret and Island Records moved quickly to cash in on the resulting publicity, (a mention in the Melody Maker Raver's column), releasing a single by a group of the same name.

Next issue, Time Out used another half page to explain to their doubtless

bewildered readers exactly what had happened. Under the heading, **The Heavy Jelly Affair**, they stressed that their advertisement had no connection whatever with the Island group as the name had already been promised to 'some very good musicians from several groups who want to record together but could not do so under their names because of contractual reasons'. They rounded off by saying, '. . . when these musicians produce *their* L P . . . it should be an important event in British Blues'. Well, Head Records are soon to release this 'important event' with African drums, due out in the first week of April. The title of the record is interesting though; wait for it, yes, it's **Time Out (The Long Wait)**.*(FD)*

Incidentally, this brave new team of pop predators has taken to censoring its advertisements with such prurient enthusiasm that they are fast becoming known as the Mary Whitehouses of the Underground.

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Is the girl in this picture a tart? Yes! says Jimi Hendrix, who wouldn't be seen posing with her for OZ. It's the lovely Caroline Coon. When she arrived at Jimi's - especially tarted-up for a groupie parody - an acolyte muttered: 'Jimi's the only one around here who's allowed to wear frizzed hair'.

'Yes', added Mr. Hendrix, 'you don't have to prostitute yourself'.

In that case, thought Caroline, I'll leave. Which she did. Followed by a sympathetic Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell. Recalls Caroline: 'It was an awful Experience'. Teeny rave bop OZ

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FRELIMO

Examining the struggle in Mozambique between the Portuguese colonialists and the local inhabitants is like re-reading some mediaeval history book. All the hoary (and gory) ingredients of an old-style colonial war are there. Fine cities set along the East Coast of Africa have become fortress of privilege for the settlers from Lisbon.

Perhaps there's a touch of the Crusades in it too; the noble sons of Portugal – 70,000 men-at-arms – travel to Darkest Africa to bring Christ and Portuguese culture to the 'uncivilised'. (Especially Christ. A tourist just back from the capital Lourenco Marques said, 'The Portuguese are very religious. Whenever they kick or strike an African they cross themselves afterwards as an apology to God.' As an after thought he said, 'And you see a lot of people crossing themselves in Mozambique.')

The task of freeing Mozambique from Portuguese exploitation is in the hands of Frelimo, the Mozambique liberation movement which operates from the neighbouring state of Tanzania. Before discussing Frelimo's chances of wresting power from the Portuguese, it is appropriate to study the nature of the power of the oppressors.

Portugal itself is an economically and socially bankrupt country. It has Europe's lowest Gross National Product (GNP) and the lowest literacy rate. But it manages to maintain colonies in Africa (Mozambique, Angola and Portuguese Guinea) many, many times its size because it believes in fascisms, and fascism is a safer alternative to communism – particularly if you are an American State Department official or a gnome in Zurich. And since 1926 when Dr Salazar came to power fascism has kept Portugal (not to mention Spain) an impoverished, yet stable, country.

Then, of course, Portugal belongs to NATO which means her colonial aberrations gives her the tremendous military backing of the United States and Britain. Although the treaty is specifically directed towards peace-keeping north of the Tropic of Cancer, the Portuguese find no difficulty in shifting vast quantities of NATO guns, ammunition and bombs to the war zones in Mozambique.

Portugal's trump, but unplayed, card is her close association with the appalling regimes of Balthazar Vorster (South Africa) and Ian Smith (Rhodesia). As Vorster so glibly put it two years ago:

'We are good friends with both Portugal and Rhodesia. Good friends do not need a pact. Good friends know what their duty is when a neighbour's house is on fire.'

Apart from heavy economic investment in Mozambique, South Africa sends 'advisers' to the fighting areas and hands over a steady supply of arms to help fight the 'common enemy' – kaffirs.

Since UDI the rebel Smith has also become a hero figure to the Portuguese settlers, and they have responded to his cause by permitting sanctions-busting traffic to the coast with tobacco and metals. Eighty thousand Rhodesian tourists a year spend their holidays in Mozambique where their passports and currency are still valid.

No one in the liberation movement has any illusions about the might of the enemy. But there is a curious belief that the *rightness* of their struggle will transcend these massive obstacles to freedom and independence.

Frelimo began in 1962 as a response to a horrible massacre carried out in the northern province of Mueda.

On June 26, 1960, the peasants of the region held a peaceful demonstration to protest against the extreme economic hardship posed by the settlers' labour laws. Portuguese soldiers opened fire on the unarmed crowd killing 500 Africans, more than eight times the number massacred at Sharpeville in South Africa in the same year.

At the first major conference Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane was elected president, a post he was to hold until he was assassinated in Dar es Salaam in January this year.

As a child, Mondlane was peculiarly fortunate. He was able to go to school which was rare for an African. He went to university in South Africa and eventually completed his studies in the United States where he obtained a doctorate in sociology. He then spent five years in the trusteeship department of the United Nations. In 1961, however, he left the soft options of American university life and the corridors of the UN to return to Africa and engage directly in Mozambique's liberation struggle.

It is necessary to spend so much time on Mondlane's background in an attempt to show what special qualities he brought to bear on the character of the movement. As a sociologist, Mondlane was an intense humanist. He saw the role of the party not as strictly speaking a military weapon to stab and slaughter the existing tyrannical order. He fought for a coherent revolutionary strategy of integrated activity in the military, political, economic, social and educational fields. Mondlane always insisted on the importance of education, both academic and political. Through the Mozambique Institute set up in 1963 by

his American wife, Janet, young Mozambiques are trained in educational, medical and social programmes. This year there are 200 students who have been assisted by Frelimo studying at university level overseas.

In the brief years of struggle Frelimo has been successful in securing the northern provinces of Gabo Delgado and Niassa. In these areas one can get a glimpse of the New Order proposed by Frelimo. One of the first reports from the Frelimo controlled areas said: 'One of the most urgent problems Frelimo is facing is to make good the years of neglect in education. The first step has been to organise primary schools where children can be taught Portuguese, basic literacy and arithmetic, and be given an outline of the history and geo graphy of Mozambique.'

The next stage of the liberation was to set up small clinics and first aid posts: the job of the Frelimo Public Health Department. By the end of 1967, 100,000 people had been vaccinated against smallpox while smaller numbers had been immunised against typhoid, tetanus and tuberculosis. Somehow this programme of revolution seems unreal to twentieth century revolutionaries who have lived with the purges of post-czarist Russia, the anti-revisionism of Mao and the ruthless determination of Ho. But Eduardo Mondlane, blown to pieces by a time bomb, was a different sort of revolutionary.

How successful was he? In July last year the party held its first national conference *inside* Mozambique. In jungle clearings the leaders and

delegates sat down to discuss the future of the struggle. At one time Portuguese aircraft spotted their meeting place and bombed it; but the talks merely shifted to another site and no one was injured. After a week of debate the Frelimo men melted back into the jungles to continue their work – but they had proved to the world that their strength was real.

The only way to break Portugal's colonial grip, however, is to smash economically or politically the regime back in Lisbon.

Mondlane's tactics of military harrassment were certainly helping this process. Under Dr Salazar defence spending reached a peak of £145 million. This year with conscription extended to all men between 18 and 45 and the serving period increased from two to three or even four years, the defence budget is likely to eat up 50 per cent of the national budget. The serious effect of this expenditure is reflected in the balance of payments. By the pruning of essential social services, this is still kept in surplus. But the £52 million credit registered at the end of 1967 was down to £25 million for the first nine months of 1968.

How long will this depressed society take these enormously heavy overseas commitments? And as the battle sharpens, what effect will the heavy death toll have on the national conscience? (The Portuguese have officially admitted to 378 dead and 3,500 wounded in fighting to mid-1967. The Johannesburg Star suggested, however, that Portugal is now losing an average of 100 men killed in action each month).

Frelimo's immediate job is to re-group around the Rev Simango, the new president and deliver more decisive military blows on the Portuguese garrison. For this she needs more military support from the Organisation of African Unity, Russia and China.

In Britain, support can only be of a specialised kind. It must be of a political nature and aimed at ending Britain's bland acceptance of Portuguese colonial rule in Africa. There is a long-held tradition in this country that Portugal is 'our oldest ally'. This must end. As Mondlane himself wrote: 'It is not that a change of attitude on the part of the West will alter the outcome of the struggle. But it could, we feel, help to determine the time it may take for us to win.'

INDEPENDENCIA OU MORTE – VENCEREMOS!

For further information on the Mozambique liberation struggle, write to:
Miss Polly Gaster
The Committee for
Freedom in Mozambique,
1 Antrim Road, London, NW3.

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FOOD EXPLOSION

There is too much food in the world. Far too much. And the surplus is growing at a terrifying, uncontrollable rate.

Governments try to tackle this crisis by all sorts of restrictions on agricultural output – the most famous of which is the American practice of paying farmers to leave their land uncultivated:

Areas to be cultivated for particular purposes are fixed farm by farm, and are subject to inspection by officials who have grown increasingly anxious, as surpluses have mounted, to check on anyone who is inclined to cheat. On occasion the inspection has taken on features of a military exercise, with the government men engaging in surprise aerial reconnaissance over suspicious fields of corn. Even so, the great flood of produce coming off American farms has not been checked.

In other words, even though the farmers are restricted in the acreage they can cultivate, the problem of excess food still gets worse, because they manage to produce more and more from a smaller and smaller amount of land.

When other means fail, the last resort is destruction. Fields of sugar cane are burnt, baby pigs slaughtered by the million, milk poured down mine shafts, wheat tipped into the sea. Crops are ploughed back into the ground, and fruit left to rot on the trees.

Remember that publicity campaign to keep the Biafran children alive until Christmas was over? Well, just up the road from Biafra, in the Ivory Coast, they were systematically destroying 100,000 tons of coffee. And in Europe, two immense (but by now familiar) crises were coming to a head: the French fruit glut (an annual affair), and the Common Market butter problem.

In France over half a million tons of fruit and vegetables had to be destroyed. Fruit was tipped on to the roads by the lorryload, and tourists having to drive through this sticky mush were handed free gifts of peaches, together with protest leaflets. Grapes were dumped into rivers, abandoned at the roadside, and occasionally thrown by frustrated farmers at government buildings.

As for the Common Market's dairy problems, the Financial Times commented: 'the butter surplus seems to be a problem almost beyond the wit of man to solve'. What could the EEC farm bosses do about their 350,000 tons excess butter? They thought of feeding it back to the cows, but that would cause the cows to supply more milk, resulting in a worse situation. Even as things stand, next year's dairy surplus is expected to be more disastrous than ever (ie: bigger). They thought of getting rid of the stuff at half- price, but people in Europe are already eating enough butter, and couldn't consume much more, even if it was that cheap.

They thought of turning the butter into something that couldn't spread, then presenting it as some new product and trying to sell it that way. They still haven't sorted the problem out, and sooner or later they will almost certainly be forced to slaughter a lot of dairy cows – probably four million out of the Common Market's 22 million.

Of course, we all know that there are quite a few hungry people in the world, and for this reason talk of 'too much' food being a 'problem' seems ludicrous and bizarre. Those who admire Black Comedy can be recommended to read almost any material on agricultural economics. It is usually wildly hilarious, to a degree only possible with an undertone of stark horror. Picking on a couple of standard economics textbooks at random, I find the following gems:

'Unfortunately, with the help of fertilizers, modern chemicals and irrigation, some farmers managed to maintain their normal output on reduced acreage and receive the federal payment too.'

It's the 'Unfortunately' that kills you.

(The restrictive Agriculture Acts of the early thirties were) 'merely interim measures until the bounty of nature again became an embarrassment.'

A beautifully coy way of putting it.

Quotes such as these are beyond the imaginative powers of a Kafka. Capitalism's insanity is so systematic, and such an everyday thing, that it is impossible to satirize. It is its own caricature. My favourite quote of the lot is from a 1958 Press Release of the Food and Agriculture Organization. Here, the problem of too much food is described as though it were a dangerous epidemic, a Black Death sweeping over the world:

'The 30th session of the Committee on Commodity Problems ended yesterday after almost two weeks of discussions on what it termed a grave situation for international commerce in agricultural products.

The discussions of the 24-member committee have stressed the concern of delegates at the deterioration of the world agricultural economy. Accumulation of surpluses, contraction of international markets, the fall of world prices for most products and the slowing down of general economic activity were the chief factors involved. It was also noted that the chronic presence of surpluses had spread to new products and additional countries. The outlook was rather dark, and the attention of governments was drawn to the urgent need for measures to alleviate the situation. . . .At the same time it was recognized that from now on the problem of surpluses should be considered as a permanent characteristic of the world agricultural economy.

If there is too much food, if there is a volcano of

plenty threatening to engulf humanity, it would seem to follow that the thing to save the situation would be a colossal natural (or unnatural) catastrophe. And this is in fact the case. The present system of society, choking in its own abundance, would be perked up no end by a world-wide series of super-earthquakes, or some disastrous fallout of nuclear pollution. Anything that destroyed men, machines and materials in a really big way would provide a welcome shot in the arm. **You cannot sell something unless it's scarce.**

As a matter of fact, that isn't as fanciful as it sounds. The big American drought of 1934 was a tremendous boon, reducing the wheat crop more effectively than any government action, and letting Agriculture Secretary Henry Wallace off the hook. It was reported that he:

'breathed a sigh of relief; it would not be necessary to write about the logic of ploughing up wheat while millions lacked bread'

That, of course, took place during a depression. 'Overproduction' has always been a feature of slumps. What is new about the modern overproduction of food is that it is permanent, chronic, continuing through boom and slump alike. In 1947 Marx and Engels described the crises of plenty as follows:

'In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that in all earlier epochs would have seemed an absurdity — the epidemic of overproduction. Society suddenly finds itself put back into a state of momentary barbarism; it appears as if famine, a universal war of devastation had cut off the supply of every means of subsistence: industry and commerce seem to be destroyed, and why? Because there is too much civilization, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce. . .And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand by enforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more extensive and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.'

The reason for today's permanent surplus of food in all the advanced countries is rather different. If governments stopped interfering in agriculture, food prices would dive and farmers would be going broke all over the place. Farming would become a permanently depressed sector (as it was in America during the twenties boom). Men, machines and land would move out of agriculture into other uses. This would keep on until food prices rose again to a profitable level. Governments are not prepared to let this happen, for various reasons, so they 'support' the farmers and prevent food prices from falling.

This sort of policy can have laughable consequences on a world sale. Thus, European governments subsidize the growing of sugar beet. At the moment the Common Market has a big headache with its million ton sugar surplus, whilst in Cuba they've just introduced sugar *rationing*.

I suppose there will be someone innocent enough to ask: 'How can there *possibly* be too much food in the world, when so many people are *starving?*' Such a person has not yet realized that in a buying and selling world, a world which produces for the sake of cash, human needs can go and get stuffed. Money talks; hunger is dumb. People are starving all right, not because there isn't any food for them, but because they've got no money to buy it. In other words: 'too much' means 'too much for a profitable market' not too much for human needs.

Actually, starvation isn't as widespread as a lot of people think. Those who put it about that there is some sort of 'overpopulation problem' still bring up the old myth that 'two-thirds of the world are underfed.' It would be truer to say that two-thirds of the world suffer from *malnutrition* — one-third from under-eating, one-third from over-eating.

The idiocy of the money system is illustrated by what happened when America decided to give some of its surplus wheat away to India. This is just the sort of thing some woolly-minded Humanists advocate. The effect was, of course, to hinder the development of Indian agriculture, and also to keep out exports of rice from Burma and wheat from Argentine, aggravating hardship in both these countries. Ironically, both Burma and Argentine get American aid. When surplus American corn was handed out in Israel, this cut the price of Israeli eggs (Hens eat corn). Israeli eggs were exported at prices so low that the European egg market was upset. Giving things away, within a buying and selling system, doesn't work.

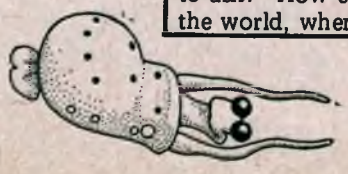
In a Moneyless World there would be no difficulty about improving farming in backward areas, and transporting food out to them at the same time, but under Capitalism these two obviously sensible actions are in direct conflict with each other.

Similarly, I suppose most people are now aware that there's a certain amount of starvation in the USA, the richest nation in the world's history. The Observer mentioned this last August, and incidentally gave us another gem for our collection of Real Life Sick Gags: a Senator James Eastland opposes welfare hand-outs which he calls 'giving something for nothing', whilst he gets £1,000 a week from the government for *not* growing cotton on his plantation.

Why can't the US government simply open its granaries to the poor of America? Because even the poor, if they eat at all, pay for what they eat, and if they get their food free, they will no longer spend money on food, so the price of food will tumble down and the farmers will be hit. You can't operate bits of sanity inside an insane system.

DAVID RAMSAY STEELE.

Sources: Andrew Shonfield, *Modern Capitalism, The Times,* 30.11.68; *The Scotsman,* 16.8.68; *Financial Times,* 30.10.68; *Guardian,* 19.10.68; P d' A Jones, *The Consumer Society;* A J Brown, *The American Economy;* FAO Press Release, quoted in: *Proceedings of the International Conference of Agricultural Economists, 1958;* G N Peek, *Why Quit Our Own,* quoted in: Brown, *The American Economy;* K Marx and F Engels, *The Communist Manifesto;* C Clark, *Population Growth And Land Use;* R Bailey, *Problems of the World Economy; Observer,* 18.8.68.



HP

PROFESSOR NORMAN ZINBERG TALKS TO CAROLINE COON

Late one afternoon, Harvard's Professor of Social Relations sat cross-legged in his sitting room floor, saying goodbye to a stream of LSE students who were using the off-Kings Road house as a temporary home for their tutorials. Professor Norman Zinberg 'possibly the World's greatest expert on the smoking of cannabis', (Sunday Times) had decided not to drink the Martini that is a customary tonic prior to his frequent journeys – the next morning he and his wife were off on African safari – until after he had finished talking! The American magazine Science has published the results of the first truly scientific test ever made on the subject of pot, and after meeting Professor Zinberg, who is in England as Visiting Professor of Social Psychology at the London School of Economics, it was not difficult to see that he will play a significant role in bringing the issue into the open – then the myths about pot will not persist and Government Officials will *have* to revise their attitudes to the so called 'problem' of 'drug' use.

Z. Let me tell you something which I think will interest you about experimental work in this area. Not only is there an overwhelming problem based on the legal position making it very hard to start any kind of research, but people suspect you because you're doing research in this field. The other night* the first question I was asked was 'Do you use pot?'

I felt that this was the most definitive question of the evening it was really a question of establishing your credentials. If you are a drug user then anything you say cannot mean anything, and if you're not – are you afraid of it, of what? It's one of those questions where you start pissing on the toilet seat. You know, you're damned if you do it, and damned if you don't. I find, in this field it is difficult to establish yourself as a reasonably objective person. Arguments are thrown at you at every possible chance and in every possible way.

We found, in working with naive subjects, (those who had never seen or smoked pot) and chronic users (those who had smoked pot daily for at least two years) that, instead of working like alcohol, where people have to learn to hold their liquor, with marijuana, as you become accustomed to its effects, it takes less, down to a specific base line, to enable you to get high. This is what is known as 'reverse tolerance'.

We felt, on the basis of the information from users and from our experimental data, that it wasn't question of chemical accumulation with chronic users. It was too consistent. They took just about the same amount, depending on body weight and what-have-you, to get them high. It didn't seem to matter how many years they had smoked.

C. Hardin B Jones, Professor of Medical Physics & Physiology at the University of California, argues that there is strong evidence for physiological, mental and social deterioration associated with prolonged use of Pot, and that accumulation of small doses injures the body and mind.

Z. I think it would be very difficult to postulate an accumulation hypothesis given the kind of data we recovered after our experiments. To have such a hypothesis you would have to postulate a very complex chemical retention system – only retaining so much and no more – roughly on the basis of enzymatic action or endocrine action, or what-have-you that it was bound to a certain tension level. A very difficult hypothesis!

C. What action do you think cannabis has on the central nervous system?

Z. I don't really have a clue.

But I do think we know a lot about cannabis and I do hate it when people say, "Well I can't have ar opinion because we are so ignorant.

We know a lot of things, and a lot of people have used cannabis for quite some time, and if we don't know enough it's because we haven't allowed ourselves to look. On the other hand when it comes to the actual action – what makes up intoxication – what brain centres are involved – I think we truly don't know. For that matter, we don't know that much about alcohol.

We felt, from our experiments, that it was probably the higher brain centres that were affected – the centres that control abstract and reasoning capacities rather than the brain centres which tend to be more automatised and control lawfulness, regularity and what-have-you. That might explain why a chronic user could do a test like the Digit Symbol Substitution Test (that is replacing numbers with symbols) rather well, and perhaps would do badly in the Speech Sample, when he turns back on his own imagination and abstract thinking – but that's all hypothesis.

C. From your experiences could you say whether alcohol was physiologically more harmful than cannabis?

Z. Well, physiologically I would think that cannabis is the less harmful. The thing is that it's hard to compare dosages. We take in a great deal of alcohol – we ingest it for one thing – and with ingestion we have much less ability to judge how much has been taken in. By the time you have absorbed it and it has gone to the blood

*at the meeting of the Society for the Study of Addiction where Professor Zinberg read the second part of his paper, Clinical and Psychological Effect of Marijuana in Man.

stream then to higher centres of the brain, you have taken in a great deal more than you think – I don't know if it has happened to you, but it has happened to me once or twice!

When you have smoked cannabis you really know rather quickly how much has been absorbed and what the response is, probably in a very few minutes, so you are unlikely to take a consistent over-dose. The only way you would be able to make a valid comparison between cannabis and alcohol, is if you really gave people consistent over-doses of ingested cannabis over long periods of time, to see whether or not, at that level, it would have a great deal of effect relative to all the various physiological effects. I think the comparison of alcohol with cannabis doesn't really get anybody anywhere. If I were to say that cannabis is less harmful than alcohol, people would say, 'But under what conditions'. The conditions under which people smoke cannabis in this country – the average user – I would say, takes cannabis only once or twice a week, and considers himself a regular user – what is smoked amounts to only a very small dose. If you consider that regular use, occasional low dosage, you are talking about quite a different phenomenon from even the man who has three drinks before dinner every night – and doesn't in any way consider himself as an alcoholic!

C. In that case, why is there such hysterical reaction to pot from the general public?

Z. Well, I guess that the only offering hypothesis prevalent at the moment is that it threatens peoples concepts of social order, individual psychic order, and that it offers some concept of hedonism, and so on. I don't think this is true, but I think in a way pot users have sold this idea to the other people, and I think they have also promised more than is true to themselves and to others. This whole idea of mutual disappointment has a lot to do with the kind of pressures that are involved. I don't really understand it yet, and it's what I want to find out.

If you try to talk to people who are intelligent and reasonable or in legislative positions, they say that cannabis is bad because it releases aggression. You say, well no, it is really more of a tranquilliser. Then they say, it leads to other drugs. Then you point out – I point out – *that from the findings of my experiments it results in 'reversed tolerance', and for cannabis to lead to other drugs would mean increased tolerance rather than decreased tolerance.* Therefore, it is unlikely, in the classical sense of a drug progression, – growing tolerance, dissatisfaction & greater craving – that it does lead to other drugs. On the other hand, in the sense of so called 'horizontal' drug use, that is, where you are thrown in with other people and obtain your cannabis in a certain way so as to be in contact with other drugs, and if you are a curious person, you might want to try other things. Then, they say, 'what is going to happen to society if everybody uses drugs and drops out?' Then you have to differentiate! Are they dropping out because they use drugs, or does the use of drugs in society result in people dropping out? A hard question to answer. It's a result of the present social situation, not a cause of it. I don't think at this point we can answer in a Yes or No way.

Certainly the other half say that people drop out and use drugs because they feel depressed and are concerned about the social situation. The fact is that, increasingly, I've seen so many *middle-class* people who do use drugs, and don't drop out. They don't get picked up by the Law. Their drug use is discreet and careful. They think that their chances of being in trouble with the law, except by the greatest kind of fluke, are as close to zero as possible. Therefore, when you do find a group who use their drug use as a *reason* to drop out, you have to look further and deeper which is not all that simple.

Each year I think this is more true, and for some reason it seems that these people that drop out, do find something for themselves in the definition of being deviants which has been put upon them, and once it's put upon them, somehow or another it fits.

C. It seems, from what you have been saying that the 'Pot culture' could be described as an expressive social movement.

Z. Again, that involves a differentiation between the actual effects of the drug, the personality of the user *before* he becomes a user, and then the impact of the person being defined by his larger society as a social deviant, of how this eventually affects his definition of himself. There is, I think, a lot of evidence that the third hypothesis, if not explanatory of the whole situation, is certainly a very important point. It is a problem of a self-fulfilling prophecy and I think I may make myself very unpopular by saying that the thing that most strikes me about it all is how opinionated people are on *both* sides, and how difficult it is to have a relatively objective view. But certainly the authorities who are still uptight make it impossible for anything to happen and I'll tell you a funny story.

The other night I was invited to a dinner party to meet a very prominent English Minister. There were six men in the room as I walked in, all of us having separated ourselves from the ladies for coffee & brandy after dinner! I walked in and he was introduced to me. In a friendly and generous manner I was introduced as being here to do a study on drug use. The famous man then turned to me and asked me, in a very pleasant way, whether I thought there was any important difference in drug use in Great Britain and the United States. And I said inoccuously: well, to tell the truth I think there is astonishingly little difference – I have

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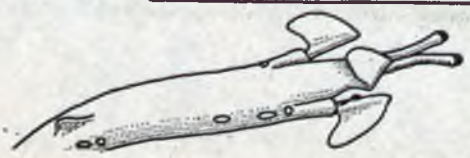

been surprised at how little difference I have found. At which, he turned on me, and *screamed* ridiculous! – the only reason why we have drug use in Great Britain is because the Americans and the Chinese and these chocolate coloured babies show up and bring in the drugs. You find me a real Englishman from my constituency (which shall remain nameless) and not one person uses drugs – I assure you, not one person! All these awful things are only done in ports, where all these people come to from outside. And so on and so forth. He went completely wild and really felt that my comment had been an accusation of him and all Englishmen, and that any right-thinking, moral, decent person wouldn't possibly do it. A very famous man, a very influential man.

I think it gives you some idea of the extent of the prejudice in that direction. Now to go to the other side of it.

Recently I was talking to somebody who you would, I guess, have to describe as a head, and I said; 'I do think that some of the people we work with like the chronic users have gotten too far out. I can't tell whether they were far out when they started using it, but they had been using some form of cannabis almost daily for three to four years, and I have had trouble talking to them. You know, we didn't really quite connect, in the sense that sometimes people connect. They were intellectually sound, they were working and doing okay, but I'm sure they felt the reason we didn't connect was my fault. The kinds of images they used – and it wasn't just pot like images – but the philosophical images around Zen and abstractions – I found circumstantial and I found it difficult to establish communication'. This Head got mad at me too, when I said that.

He said that I was really sticking to Western thought and western civilisation, and that my interest in talking to him was scientific. Science was the cause of all the trouble and it indicated that there was an invariant reality and the truth was that there wasn't an invariant reality – and he went on like this. And so I couldn't really talk to this man any better than I could talk to the Minister on his moral grounds.

I still don't understand why everybody is so up tight about the issue, and really what I'm trying to do is study this and try to understand why it has become such an emotional issue. If in fact the drug, as you suggest, and lots of people suggest, is a relatively mild drug – let's say that it is – than the fact that on both sides people are so uptight about it, becomes even more remarkable.

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GUERILLA PSYCHIC WARFARE

Part Two: Blueprints & The Plan.

Blueprints

What could this post-industrial society look like? I want to emphasize that it is on this project that so many more people could become totally involved in the revolutionary process. If it would be by & large intellectuals, academics and students who would work on the analysis & critique of the growing corporation feudalism, it would be people from all walks of life who would be essential to this second necessity. You need men & women with years of experience in farming, small business, teaching, city planning, recreation, medicine, and on & on, to start discussing & writing about ways to organize that part of society they know best for a post-industrial America. You need to provide outlets via forums, discussions, papers and magazines for the pent-up plans & ideals of literally millions of well-trained, experienced, frustrated Americans who see stupidity & greed all around them but can't do a thing about it. You need to say, for example, "Look Mr & Mrs City Planning Expert trapped in this deadly bureaucracy controlled by big businessmen, draw up a sensible plan for street development, or park development, in your town of 30,000 people". "Look, Mr Blue Collar Worker, working for the big corporation, how should this particular plant be run in a sensible society?"

And, you need not only to discuss & to develop these programs, you need to make them clear to every American, not only to the ones you might win to your side because the present system disgusts them morally, or exploits them, or ignores them, or rejects them. No, even more, you need to reach the many millions more who, once they did not fear you or distrust you, would be willing to live under either the new or old system. And make no mistake about their importance. When people talk about the small percentage of Bolsheviks who took over Russia, they often forget the overwhelming numbers who passively accepted them, in that case out of disgust with war, despair, and the lack of a plan of their own that they really believed in.

Let me repeat to make its importance clearer: the neutralization of large masses should be a prime goal for a program to develop & present blueprints for a post-industrial America. To this end it should be personally handed by some one revolutionary to every person in America. Each person should receive a short, simple, one-page handbill especially relevant to his situation or occupation. It would begin, for example, "Policeman, standing here protecting us from Evil at this demonstration, where will you be after the revolution?" And then, in a few short sentences you will tell this bewildered soul, whom you embraced after handing him his message, that there will still be a great need for policemen after the revolution, but that policemen will tend to do more of the things that they like to do – helping, assisting, guiding – rather than the things that get them a bad name, to wit, faithfully carrying out the repressive dictates of their power elite masters. You will tell him that you know that some policemen are prejudiced or authoritarian, but you know that's neither here nor there, because orders on whether to shoot ("to do whatever is necessary to keep 'law & order' in this ghetto") or not to shoot come from officials higher up who are intimately intertwined in the corporate system.

Similar handbills should be prepared for every person. Some would hear good things, like more money & better health. Some would hear things that would surprise them or make them wonder, like:

'You won't be socialized, Mr Small Businessman producing a novelty or retailing pets on a local level, because the socialized corporations can produce more than enough; and furthermore, keep in mind that government in a post-industrial America couldn't possibly harass you as much as the big bankers who won't lend you money, the big corporations who undercut you, and the corporate-oriented politicians who overtax you'.

Others, for whom there is no good news would get such cheery messages as Mr. Insurance Man we hope you have other skills, like gardening or typing;' 'Corporate Manager – we hope you like working for the anonymous public good as much as you liked working for anonymous millionaire coupon clippers;' 'CIA Man – we hope you are as good at hiding as you are supposed to be at sneaking'.

Perhaps most of all, there has to be a consideration of the role of Mr John Bircher, Mr Physician, Mr Dentist and others now on the New Right. They who are put off or ignored by the increasing corporatization have to be shown that their major values – individuality, freedom local determination – are also the values of a post-industrial America. This does not mean they will suddenly become revolutionaries, but it is important to start them wondering as to whether or not they would find things as bad in the new social system as they do in this system which increasingly annoys them, exasperates them, and ignores them. They must we weaned from the handful of large corporations & multi-millionaires who use them for their own end by talking competition while practicing monopoly, by screaming about taxes while paying very little, and by talking individualism while practicing collectivism.

What would a post-industrial America look like? First of all, it would be certain American institutions writ large – like the Berkeley food Co-op that is locally controlled by consumers, like the Pasadena water & electric systems that are publically owned like the Tennessee Valley Authority which has allowed the beginnings of the sane, productive and beautiful development of at least one river region in our country. In short, the system would start from local controls and work up, as it used to before all power & taxes were swept to the national level, mostly by war and the big corporations. And, as you can see, it would be a mixed system, sometimes with control by consumers, sometimes with control by local government, sometimes with control by regional authorities, and sometimes – as should be made clear in the handbill to certain small businessmen – with control in private hands. For many retail franchises, for many novelty productions, and, I suspect, for many types of farms & farmers, depending on region, crop involved and other considerations, private enterprise may be the best method of control.

The question will be raised – is this promise of some private ownership pandering to a voting bloc? Is it like the old Communist trick of the United Front? The answer is a resounding NO. Any post-industrial society that does not maximize chances for freedom, flexibility and individuality is not worth fighting for. Given the enormous capabilities of corporate production, the economic & cultural insignifiance of most small businessmen, and the very small number of family farmers, there is simply no economic or political or cultural reason to socialize everything. There is no "kulak" class, there is no "petty bourgeois". Pre- industrial societies may have had to socialize everything to defend their revolutions against hostile forces, but that is only another way in which your situation differs from theirs.

I have left the most obvious for last. Of course the corporations would be socialized. Their profits would go to all people in lower prices (and thus higher real wages) and/or repair to local, state and national treasuries in the amounts necessary to have a park on every corner (replacing one of the four gas stations), and medical, dental, educational or arts facilities on the other corners (replacing the other three gas stations – there being no need for any but a few gas stations due to the ease of introducing electric cars when a few hundred thousand rich people are not in a position to interfere). But how to man this huge corporation enterprise? First, with blue collar workers, who would be with you all the way in any showdown no matter how nice some members of the corporate rich have been to them lately. Second, with men from lower-level management positions who have long ago given up the rat race, wised up, and tacitly awaited your revolution.

The Plan: Psychic Guerilla Warfare

I come then, finally to the third necessity, a program for taking the reins of government away from the power elite in order to carry out the plan developed by revolutionary visionaries. It is on this point that there is likely to be found the most disagreement, the most confusion, the most uncertainty and the most fear. But I think you do have something very important to go on – the ideas & experiences & successes of the Civil Rights & New Left & Hippie movements of the past several years. If they have not given you an analysis of corporation capitalism or a set of blueprints, which is their weakness, they have given you the incredibly precious gifts of new forms of struggle and new methods of reaching people, and these gifts must be generalized, articulated and more fully developed.

I have a general term, borrowed from a radical hippy, that I like to use because I think it so beautifully encompasses what these movements have given to you: "Psychic Guerrilla Warfare" – the "psychic" part appealing to my psychologist instincts and summarizing all hard-hitting non-violent methods, the "guerilla warfare" part hopefully giving to those who want to take to the hills enough measure of satisfaction to allow them to stick around & participate in the only type of guerrilla warfare likely to work in corporate America. For make no mistake about it, psychic guerrilla warfare is a powerful weapon in a well-educated, sedate, highly industrialized country that has a tradition of liberal values & democratic political processes. And it is the kind of guerrilla warfare that America's great new acting-out girls can indulge in on an equal basis with any male anywhere. It is the confrontation politics of the New Left-teach-ins, marches walk-ins, sit-ins, push-ins, love-ins, folk rocks and be-ins. It is the non-violent, religiously-based, democratically-inspired confrontation morality of Martin Luther King, and it is the unfailing good humor, psychological analysis and flower power of the Hippy. Together they are dynamite – what politician or labor leader can fault confrontation, what true Christian or Jew can react violently to non-violence, and what disgruntled middle-classer can fail to smile or admit begrudging admiration for the best in American hippiedom?

How do you direct this dynamite to its task of destroying the ideological cover of the corporate rich? First, you start a new political party, a wide-open, locally-based political party dedicated to the development of blueprints for a post-industrial America guerrilla warfare. It should be a party open to anyone prepared to abandon all other political affiliations & beliefs – in other words, it would not be an Anti-This-Or-That coalition of liberal Democrats, Communists, Trotskyists and Maoists. In fact, ignore those groups. The best members will drop out & join yours. For the rest, they have non constituencies and would soon fall to fighting the Old Fights among themselves anyway – Communist & Anti-Communist, Pro-Soviet & Anti- Soviet, and On & On ad tedium. No, you don't need that – it would destroy you like it destroyed them. In fact, they need you, for if you got something going the party would be big enough for all of them to work in without seeing each other or having to defend the old Faiths.

Fantasy? Perhaps, but don't under-estimate the cynicism at minor levels of the techno-structure. I have spoken with & to these groups, and there is hope. They are not all taken in, any more than most Americans are fooled by the mass media about domestic matters. They are just trapped, with no place to go but out if they think too much or make a wave. Now, "out" is easy enough if you're young & single, but it's a little sticky if you didn't wake up to the whole corporate absurdity until you were long out of college and had a wife & two kids. Cultivate these well-educated men & women whose talents are wasted & ill-used. Remind them that the most revolutionary thing they can do – aside from feeding you information & money so you can further expose the system, and aside from helping to plan the post-industrial society – is to be in a key position in the technostructure when the revolution comes. You may not win many of them percentagewise, but then it wouldn't take many to help you through a transition.

Then too, part of the corporate system would disappear – one computerized system of banking & insurance would eliminate the incredible duplication, paperwork and nonsense now existent in those two "highly profitable" but worthless areas of the corporate economy. Corporate retails would be broken up & given to local consumer co-ops, or integrated into nationalized producer/retailer units in some cases. Corporate transports (air, rails, buses) would be given in different cases to state, local and national government, as well as to, on occasion, the retailers or producers they primarily serve. The public utilities, as earlier hinted, would finally be given to the public, mostly on the local & regional level, probably on the national level in the case of telephones. The only real problem, I think, is manufacturing, where you have to hold the loyalty of technicians & workers to survive a transition. Blue collar control – syndicalism could be the answer in some cases, regional or national government control in others. Here, obviously, is one of those questions that needs much study, with blue collar & white collar workers in the various industries being the key informants & idea men.

In addition to declining offers of coalition, and instead seeking converts, such a party should reject as inappropriate the Leninist "democratic centralism" for an American revolutionary party. Not that all the Old Lefties would give it up – some would probably join your party and try to "caucus" or "bore from within", but the open give & take of ideas and the local autonomy of chapters could handle the little organizational games they have become so good at while organizing & reorganizing each other over the past 30 or 40 years.

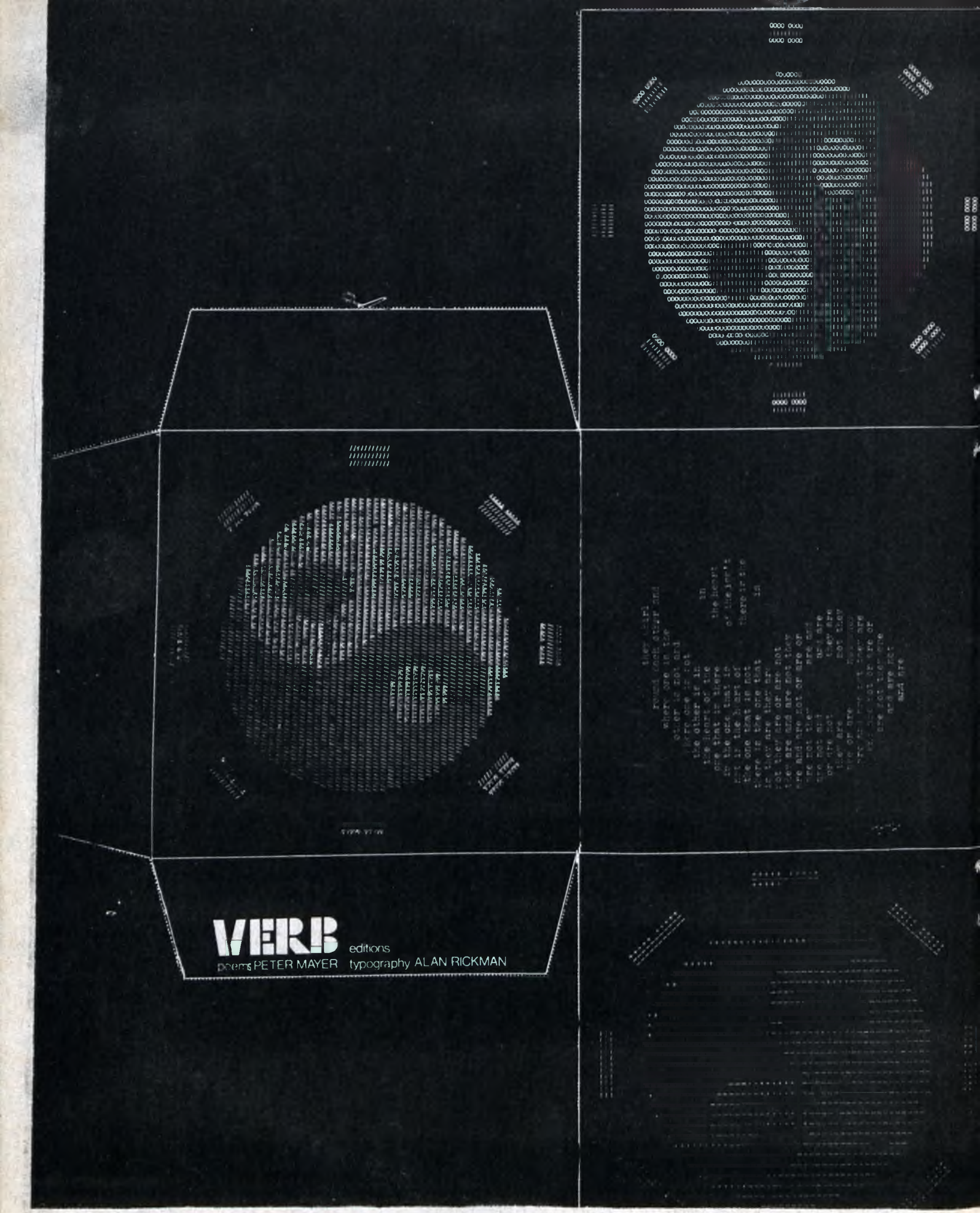
So what does this party do besides present a constant withering critique of corporation capitalism and build blueprints for a post-industrial America? It practices all forms of psychic guerrilla warfare whenever & wherever there is a possible convert. Eventually, and on the right occasions, it even enters elections, not to win votes at first, but to win converts. In making its pitch, it doesn't ask men & women to quit their jobs or take to the hills, but rather it asks them to commit their allegiances to new socioeconomic arrangements, to help develop new social & intellectual institutions, to financially support the growth of the party, to read party-orientated newspapers, to convert & neutralize friends & neighbours, and to stand firm if the corporate rich try something funny.

After building chapters in every town or city district in the country by word of mouth and small group contact, you would gradually begin to participate in local elections to gain further attention. Then you would enter legislative elections, both to gain converts and to win seats, for the more legislative seats you hold, state & national, the better for the sudden takeover that will come later. You avoid like the plague winning any executive offices, for to be a major or governor when you don't control the whole system as meaningless and a waste of energy. You couldn't do anything liberals won't eventually do until you control the presidency. In other words, I'm not suggesting a gradual takeover, which would wear you down, compromise your program and (Jesus, what CRAP! Ed.) perhaps allow you to develop an ameliorist mentality as you got used to a little bit of influence & status. Indeed, the British Labour Party should be as sad a lesson to you as any other recent experience, and you should not repeat their failure to force a total & complete change the minute you take power. If they couldn't do it, well, you can, because once you take over the Presidency in a one-election shot, there is enough power concentrated there to accomplish drastic changes overnight. In short, the corporate rich are absolutely dependent upon the executive branch to keep their economic system from depression and collapse.

I don't mean to imply that you would only control the Presidency, that you would only move on the national level. Actually, you should move on the whole system at once, for each local chapter would have developed parallel governments that would also enter elections for the first time when you decided you had the popular support to win the Presidency. All members of a given chapter would train themselves to fill some government job at local levels – they would be like the shadow cabinets of British politics only more so. The transition would be sudden – one election – and it would be total in the sense of taking money power and status from the corporate rich.

G William Domhoff
From the Entwistle Project

(If the Revolution means prose like this, let's LOSE!)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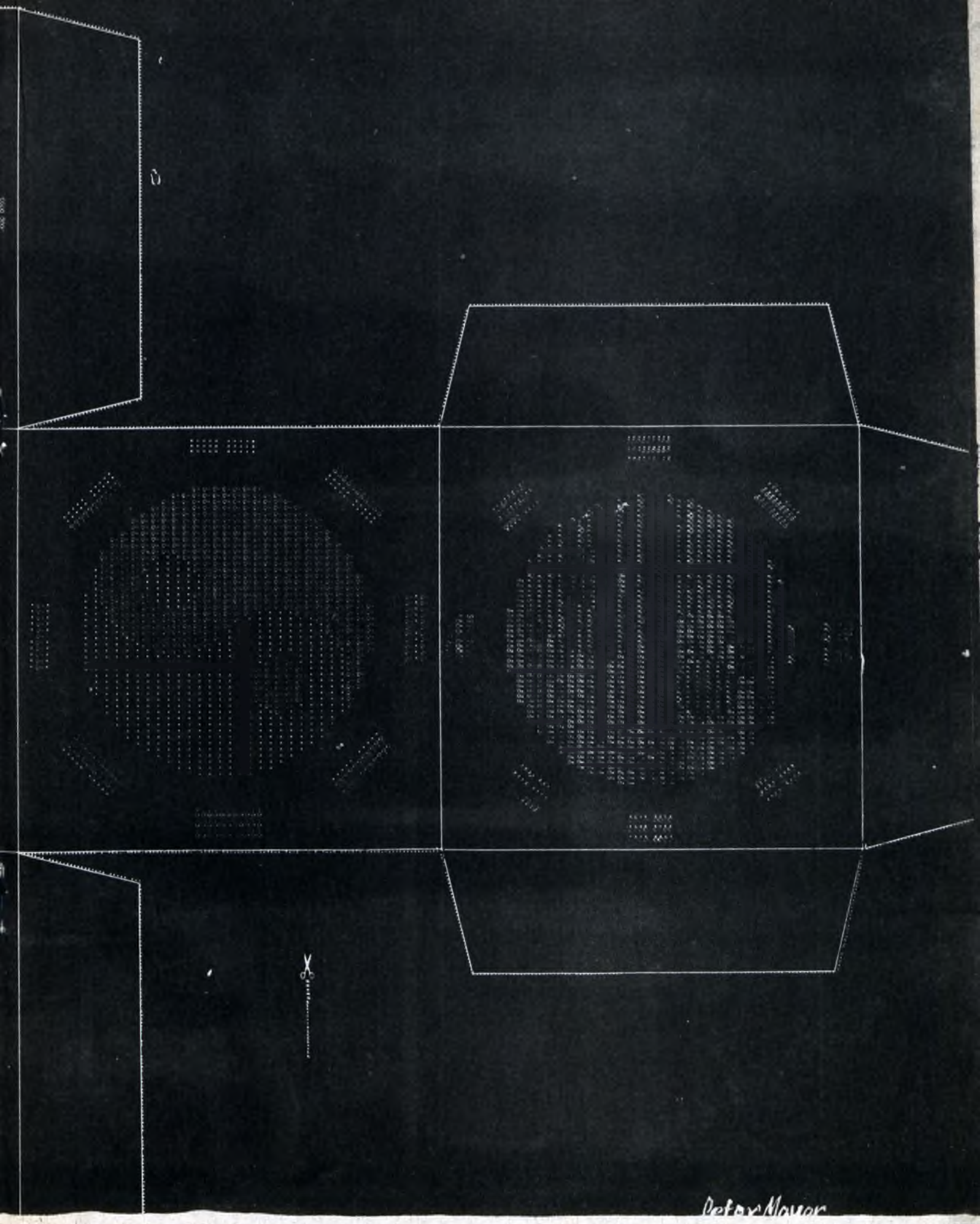


Peter Mayer

ROBA

Why the Press Council's a Fake

A startling expose of the methods of the Press Council is contained in a recent Solidarity pamphlet 'Damned' by Andy Anderson. Anderson is secretary of the Friends of King Hill, a direct action group that scored a notable victory over Kent County Council's treatment of homeless families in 1966. The group exposed official callousness, victimisation and inhumanity in hostels that one MP compared to concentration camps.

At the height of the campaign, The People newspaper ran an article headed *Don't Waste Your Pity On This Phoney Martyr.* The puff for it said:

(Everyone was sorry for poor Mrs Mills, the man in the hostel row. But read the full facts . . . Today for the first time, The People reveals the full story about Mr Mills. It exposes him as nothing more than a phoney martyr. (2/1/66)

With the tone safely set in the best traditions of the Sunday press the article proceeded to attack Mills – who had squatted in one of the hostels with the support of the Friends of King Hill.

The article described Mills as a 'sponger'; asserted that in eight years 'Mr Mills and his family have received more help than any other family in the country'; described Mills' propensity to 'fix the electricity meter wherever possible'; and gave a general impression of filth and degeneracy, concluding that 'Mr Mills is the despair of all the people that have tried to help him. And yet he dares to play the martyr.' The article also attempted to show the patience and forbearance of the Kent County Council in putting up with him for so long. It ended with a plea that the KCC 'should do one more act of kindness – they should put the Mills children into a home. Then they should kick Mrs Mills out of the Hostel.'

The article, apart from setting back the Campaign some weeks, had a profound effect on Mrs Mills.

She had just come out of Chatham Hospital. When she read the article, she collapsed. Locking herself in the dingy Hostel, threatened with the loss of her children, she refused to go out. Her children were jeered at in the streets, and some weeks later she was admitted to a London hospital, on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Such is the power of the People – **THE PAPER THAT FINDS OUT!**

Mr Mills, with the help of the Friends, began an ill-fated libel action against The People. Money was donated and borrowed, but after about £150 had been spent, it became apparent that excessive amounts would be involved, and the action was dropped. The People's editor refused to discuss the matter, so an agit-prop pamphlet campaign was started, refuting the most flagrant of the articles' allegations. Odham's Press was picketed daily, and two of the Friends were arrested for obstruction.

With few illusions about the outcome, the Friends decided to see what the Press Council would do with the complaint with 39 complaints against the People article. This correspondence piled up over eighteen months and 17,000 words before a decision was reached.

The Friend s general complaints about The People article were.

1. the bulk of the article contained lies, half truths and insinuations.
2. it was unwarranted, misleading and disgraceful comment.
3. it was highly defamatory and malicious.

In the Friend s document – five statements were signed supporting allegations about lies in the People's article. Three people categorically denying statements attributed to them in the article. Each was witnessed by two out of four people – including a doctor, a teacher, a computer programmer and a civil servant. In addition, one section (39) contained attested statments on the methods used by Patricia Elston in compiling The People article. This was an additional cause for complaint.

Noel S Paul replied for the Council on 13 Feb, insisting that all complaints should also be represented to The People editor Robert Edwards. This had already been done, but further copies of all documents were sent to Edwards on 14 Feb 67.

Edwards replied on 14 March 67 saying that he was 'fully satisfied' that the article on Roy Mills 'was accurate in every particular, was fully justified . . . . was fair comment on a matter of public interest . . . and The People was thoroughly entitled to take the view it did.'

A copy of this letter was sent to Noel S Paul a press council secretary, who replied by asking that the complaints sign a 'legal document' releasing the People from any legal complaints arising from the matter, and insisting that the campaign against the paper be halted.

The Friends signed this document on 8 May 67, reasoning that if they didn't, the complaints would never be represented to the Council, and that in any case the document was not morally binding.

Three days later they received an astonishing 1700 word letter from Paul. He had arbitrarily split the complaints into three categories:–

A Substantial complaints which might or might not be subject to adjudication. (8 complaints).

B. Complaints 'consequential in character' to the first eight, which were not 'challenges of statements of fact' but complaints about 'unjustified comment'. If the council 'sees fit to adjudicate' on the first eight it would 'naturally' deal with some or all of the eight complaints in this category.

C. 'Complaints about which I (Paul) am unable to find anything substantial' and which would not be presented to the council. Twenty-three complaints were relegated to this category.

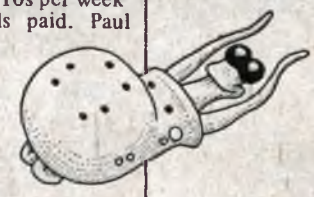
It was an appalling situation. Not only had the Press Council, through Paul, claimed to be the final arbiters of the matter-(by insisting that the Friends signed the 'legal document') – but it was painfully apparent that the complaints would go under the virtual censorship of Noel S Paul, and against whose decisions there could be no appeal.

We have a selection from the correspondence limiting it to the original People statement, the Friends complaints and the subsequent and awe inspiring acrobatics of Mr Noel S Paul, in selecting which of the 39 complaints were to be considered. Mr Paul, at the time a 'secretary' to the Council, has since trodden the primrose path to 'assistant Secretary' (1967), and in 1968 he was appointed Secretary in place of the retiring Col. W C Clissit.

Category A

1. 'A series of well-wishers gave them (the Mills family) accommodation.' The People, 2.1.66.

Untrue. No-one had ever given the family accommodation, there had always been rent to pay. A Mr Hopkins put the family up, and asked for 'about 10s per week' towards gas and electricity, which the Mills paid. Paul produced *no other case* of 'free' accommodation.



2. A complaint about words attributed to Mr Hopkins, who was quoted as saying that he let the Mills family one room in the house and . . .

. . . when they left, our new settee and the mattresses and bedclothes had to be destroyed. The People, 2.1.66.

This was a flagrant lie. Hopkins made the following statement to two of the Friends on 9 Jan 66:

I, Brian William Hopkins of (address) have at no time stated that after Mr Roy Mills and Mrs Mildred Mills left my house, 'our new settee and the mattresses and bedclothes had to be destroyed' as stated in The People on Sunday 2 January 1966, nor is it true that because of the Mills family I had to destroy a settee and matresse and bedclothes.

In a letter to the editor of the People Hopkins made a similar statement, but the Press Council made no further reference to this complaint.

3. 'A stream of social workers and welfare officers have tried to help the Mills family. Their aid has either been ignored or thrown back in their faces . . .'

This too was a distortion. No social workers or welfare workers ever visited the Mills.

4. 'A woman social worker called on Mrs Mills to help her plan her household budget properly. When Mr Mills discovered this service did not include the lady doing the family's housework and shopping, he told her to go.' The People, 2.1.66.

Another lie. The woman was in fact a Home Help, forbidden by the terms of her employment to help with budgeting or to handle money. Elderly and untrained, she did little housework. Mrs Mills real problem was budgeting, and although her husband made a special request for expert help it was never provided. When Mrs Mills got a job, the Home Help was removed because it was against the County's rules. Even Mr W E Allison, the Kent official who gave so much information to The People, said later 'the service was *withdrawn* because Mrs Mills declared her intention to go to work in a factory.'

5. The People article stated that a Mrs Molly Riley had said that, when the Mills family were homeless, she had let them two rooms in her house. According to The People, Mrs Riley said that she and her husband had been through some hard times themselves and . . .

'. . . we felt we ought to help this family. We decided we could let them have the two top rooms in the house. The rent was 30s. a week, plus half the gas and electricity bills. The Millses stayed for six months, paid the rent intermittently and contributed a total of £1 to the gas and electricity bills. The People, 2.1.66.

The Friend s accusation that this passage contained downright lies was supported by a statement signed by Mrs Molly Riley on 9 January 66 and formally witnessed by the doctor and the civil servant referred to above.

Mrs Riley completely denied having made a number of the remarks attributed to her in The People article. She said:

'I, Mrs Molly Riley, of (address), do hereby state that Mr Roy Mills and Mrs Mildred Mills were not our tenants at any time and that there was never any question of them paying rent to me or my husband. Nor was there at any time any agreement about paying for the gas and electricity . . .'

Category 'B'

6. Some of the complaints in Paul's category B were just as serious, but these too were to be rejected by the Press Council (if, in fact, they ever saw them.) Here are two examples.

'. . . Over a period of eight years Mr Mills and his family have received more help than any other family in the country. The People, 2.1.66.

This was patently untrue, a sweeping statement for which there could be no evidence. However it certainly shows The People's heavy hand in developing the picture of Mills as a 'phoney martyr.'

7. 'Mr Mills 'fixes' the electricity meter whenever possible.'

This sweeping statement is based on *one* conviction some years before. It neglects to add that at the time Mills was suffering severe injuries, and had been unemployed for some months. While digging in his garden, he set off a wartime cannon shell, and suffered shrapnel injuries. The court recognised his difficulities and sentenced him to two years probation. The People made no mention of this, but the malicious intent is obvious.

Category 'C'

Finally, some examples of the complaints Paul rejected, and which therefore would not be presented to the Council. His excuses are threadbare to the extreme.

Objection was raised to People reporter Patricia Elston's methods in gathering material for the article. Facts were distorted or omitted, in line with the general editorial instructions she had received. Elston visited Mr Mills, and after telling him that the article would be a hard-hitting description of the plight of the homeless, she got her interview. More seriously, she visited KCC officials, who broke their own rules in giving private information about the homeless. She attributed statements to people which were the very opposite of what they had said to her.

Paul's answer to this complaint was short – 'I am unable to find any grounds on which to seek an adjudication.'

Another complaint was directed against The People's claim to be giving 'the full facts' about Mills, which was very far from the truth – for example the following quote:

'Then Mr Mills had an accident and was off work'. The People, 2.1.66.

the paper's passing reference to Mills cannon shell accident and resulting long period of umemployment. The incident itself had serious repercussions in Mr Mill s'life. But Paul's reason for rejecting this complaint:

'What comprises a 'full story' is entirely a matter of opinion. That a 'full story' is not in someone else's opinion of sufficient extent does not provide grounds for complaint.'

'Mr Mills is the despair of all the people who have tried to help him. And yet he dares to play the martyr.' The People, 2.1.66.

This was quite untrue – another sneer at MR Mills. For a start, the 40 members of the Friends of King Hill did not 'despair' of him. Paul's reply –

'. . . many people may have a high opinion of Mr Mills and his family, but that does not extinguish the newspaper's right to make the statements here given.'

'The Kent County Council gave him a council house. Eventually, even the council's patience was exhausted and in 1962 Mr Mills was turned out for non-payment of rent.' The People, 2.1.66.

This was a false fact, designed to restore the Kent County Council's tarnished image. In fact the house belonged to Maidstone Borough Council. Important facts were omitted – Mills was still suffering from the shell accident, and that the arrears were only £20 (and paid in full 3 weeks after eviction).

Paul's reply: –

'Although it may be (I have not investigated the point) that the wrong housing authority has been named, the error, if it is one, clearly does not inflict injury on anyone.'

The Friends wrote back angrily that the complaint illustrated the general inaccuracy of the article, in that the council was hardly 'patient' under the circumstances.

'Again the Kent County Council took pity on them and allowed Mrs Mills and her children into the West Malling Hostel.' The People, 2.1.66.

Another attempt to restore the Kent County Council's image. There was no 'pity' involved. The KCC had a statutory duty under the National Assistance Act to provide accommodation.

Noel Paul's excuse for excluding this complaint was that . . .

'. . . the expression 'took pity' in the context, even if it were considered inappropriate, would not be a substantial matter of complaint.'

'Mrs Mills has three rooms (in King Hill Hostel), with cooking facilities and the use of a communal room.' The People, 2.1.66.

In fact there was no communal room. The Friend s campaign demanded the provision of such a room. One MP had described the Hostel as 'like a prison camp.'

Paul's reply:

'The only challenge here seems to be in respect of the communal room. The injurious nature of this statement, if it is incorrect, is not apparent . . .'

'Kent County Council should do one more act of kindness – *they should put the Mills children into a home. Then they should kick Mrs Mills out of the Hostel.' The People, 2.1.66.*

The KCC had already been pursuing this policy for years – setting an all-Britain record for children in care over the past 14 years. The King Hill Campaign put a complete stop to this inhuman policy. This too, was totally false and misleading.

Paul's reply –

'The newspaper is entitled to take the view that it would be an act of kindness to put the children into a home, just as your organization is entitled to take a contrary view.'

'Mrs Mills has been in the Hostel longer than the three-month maximum period – so the Council does not take the £1 2s 6d rent. Her husband is staying with yet another kind-hearted well-wisher – and he pays no rent either.' The People, 2.1.66.

Another distortion. Mrs Mills was defying the rules by staying in the Hostel, and the Council could not accept the rent because it would nullify trespassing charges being brought against the squatters. At the same time, Mr Mills was paying rent where he was staying, and a statement was produced to this effect.

Paul's reply –

'The facts do not appear to be challenged.'

'Yet he is not slow to cash in on someone else's misfortune. At one time the Mills family was renting a house at South Avenue, Rochester, Kent, for £4 10s a week. Yet Mr Mills had the nerve to charge a woman £5 rent for one room in the house.' The People, 2.1.66.

This was false and distorted. The Friend s produced a statement from the woman in question to show that the rent was much less than £5, and for it she received full board for herself and her two children (whom the People had not mentioned.)

Paul's reply:

'It would seem appropriate to describe a lady with two children as a woman. The failure to mention the existence of the children does not affect the accuracy of the statement in the newspaper.'

In any case, no further reference was made to any of these complaints, though some were easily as justified as those Paul included in his first category, and supported the Friend s accusations of 'malicious intent', insinuations and disgraceful comment'.

THE ADJUDICATION

Six months passed. Despite letters and phone calls, the Friend s elicited only one piece of information: Paul's assistant, a Mr E Harrison, said that although he could give no information about the progress of complaints, he would say that the matter 'had become a nightmare for Mr Paul and no-one was more anxious than Mr Paul to get it off his desk.'

On 28th July 1968, the Council's 670 word statement was published.

Their adjudication was:

'The Press Council is satisfied that the article in The People contained no substantial inaccuracy and the complaint that it was vicious, malicious and grossly inaccurate is rejected.'

As far as is known, The People was the only national paper to mention the adjudication Under the heading **End of a Vile Campaign – The Paper that Finds Out** on the front page of the 28 July issue, Editor Robert Edwards indulged in an orgy of self praise.

'It was, in fact, a masterpiece of good reporting' 'Once more The People has lived up to its reputation as the paper that finds out and publishes the facts as they really are.'

'A group of agitators' had 'initiated against Pat Elston and The People a filthy public campaign . . . . one of the most disgraceful smear campaigns ever launched against a newspaper.'

With such strong convictions, it's odd that The People have never bothered to sue the Friends for libel. Certainly the financial problems wouldn't be too great. IPC's profits at October '68 were up to £6,236,000. Compare this with the Friend's failure to raise more than £150 for their first abortive libel action on behalf of Mr Mills.

But the real importance of this case is that it exposes the Press Council as a complete fake.

The Council is composed of at least 80% journalist, all dependent on the industry. All the Constitution has to say about lay representatives is that Representatives of the Public *shall not exceed 20%* of the total to vote. The same anachronism exists in the much-criticised Police Tribunals.

Of course, the logical solution is contained in the Constitution of the Press Council. We quote Section 16: Dissolution:

'The Council may at any time terminate is existence if it appears to the members that the Council's voluntary nature and independence are threatened.'

It's obvious to us that the Council never had any 'voluntary nature and independence' to begin with – by the very nature of it's Constitution.

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Mōzic

THE UNIVERSAL TONGUEBATH
A GROUPIE'S VISION

Staff writer Germaine talks to Dr G, a celebrated (and over educated) international groupie.

Musicians, like other men, have always had women,but something in their way of having them was different by virtue of their being musicians, like it would differ again for airline pilots and lighthouse keepers. In the years BB(before Beatlemania) there were two kinds of musicians' birds, the musos' old ladies and the scrubbers. The rock-and-rollers picked up and put down the local goers like meals, perhaps storing a little woman at home, protected from the knowledge of her husband's promiscuity and lunatic fringes of his sexuality. The scrubbers suffered all his aggression, all his loneliness and self doubt. The Jazz musicians had a different scene. They toured less often and less spectacularly, and played to a discriminating clientele which came to listen. They were deep into their music, and so perforce were their women. Marriage was not common, but monogamy was the rule. It was a hard life for the birds, because they never went out at night except to sit out the old man's sets. There wasn't much money so they worked in the daytime, and fought fatigue and loneliness sitting in a dark corner where the clubowner would not find their presence intolerable. They came to listen instead of waiting a t home in bed because musicians were not often verbal in those days of separated media, and the only way they could hear the message of love was through the music. But cool jazz was cool. The message was often cold, inner-directed, and musos often lost their birds, not often to each other. Some of them took up a pose of embitterment, and took it out on the scrubbers. Lots of them drank or pilled up. One or two kept a wife in the suburbs. And took that out on the scrubbers too.

'The first boyfriend I ever had' said Dr. G, the Daytripper,' 'was a jazz drummer, the best. I was with himfor a year, and I never danced with him: that was one of the things it meant. I couldn't even dance to his music, in front of him. Seems like I sat that whole year. In the end I became the hatcheck girl in the club. Then he took a long gig in another state. On his last night in the club he sang a blues just for me, about having a girl tenfoot tall, and I cried myself blind in the hatcheck room. The rag merchants talked all through it and then they all clapped their hands'. She knitted her brows. 'Then somebody *told* him I had been with somebody else, 2,000 miles away, and he just dropped me cold without another word. Can you imagine that?'

But the post Beatle era was dawning and the media were drawing closer to each other for the fusion which is now. Music became commercial and creative, not only notes but words, not only sound but physical onslaught, sight, movement, total enviroment. The jazz musician's love affair with his instrument moved out of his head and met the rocker's violent cruel sensuality at tenderness junction, and the girls sitting wiped out against cold nightclub walls in quiet clothes arose with their listening eyes and danced alone, opened out their beauty in the various light and sex flowed back into the scene and lapped all around them. Where all the currents intersected and flowed forward and back, there he was, the musical revolutionary-poet calling all to witness the new order and achieve the group grope, astride his thousands of volts, winding his horn while the mode of the music changed and the walls of the city fell and everybody burst out laughing. The women kept on dancing while their long skirts crept up, and their girdles dissolved, and their nipples burst through like hyacinth tips and their clothes withered away to the mere wisps and ghost of draperies to adorn and glorify, and at last the cunt lay open like a shining seapath to the sun.

So who did it happen for? Not for everybody. For the musicians it happened, and for those same girls who dragged out their lives flattened against a leaf of sound, for their sisters and their daughters. The women who really understand what the bass guitar is saying when it thumps against their skin, a velvet-hard glans of soundwaves, nuzzling. To understand and face the possibilities of annihilation OM without flinching. To be limitless. Infinite. Bounty as boundless as the sea, and love as deep. Here's how it happened for one.

'I was very slow to turn onto pop. I turned down an invitation to a party for the Beatles. I moved from jazz through blues, skirted folk music, and ended up with Bach and Buxtehude. Monteverdi and the great madmen. Hobnobbed with guys who were called *composers* and wrote operas and ballets and stuff. Started to go to concerts of contemporary music and talk about it. Sang Carl Orff. The song that made the difference was I can't get no satisfaction and the original resensifiers were The Stones. I pay attention. The walls of the city began to shake.'

'It was evident that there was a pop conspiracy to blow the minds of my generation. I was interested but not involved. I only began to understand the group symbol when I met Simon Dupree and the Big Sound in a TV Studio. The place was full of smoothies and groovers being cool and calculating every move. The

sounds of sucking filled the air, when these little guys blasted off, singing what was already an old number, *Reservations*, I remember, and his underpants showed. And he sweated a lot. And his sound blew out all the crap and BBC gumshoes and I knew I was on his side. You know what its like; all the technicians regard rockstars as freaks, the management regards them as charming, grubby mental defectives. They do... their thing and don't give a Fuck. The message is sent. When I was being dressed for some change or other in some tight little thing that squeezed all my boobs up, I looked up and they were all looking at me... with a kind of hot innocence, and I suddenly realised that groupiedom was possible. But the stitches were still in. Just say, it occurred to me. They all went off and took a train to Aberdeen or somewhere, some gruelling bloody awful tour

'The first popstar I actually pulled was an entire accident. I was at this ball in the country (the best scene for a calculated 'hit' now I come to consider it) and I was having a dreary time because my bloke was utterly spaced out, so I made myself mildly conspicuous.

(We should point out that Dr G's six feet and other freakish attributes make inconspicuousness a more significant achievement)

'- and sure enough in the first break the lead singer of the group turned up next to me and stayed there, which was alright except it was a nowhere group who were not getting it together and I didn't dig him. I started to kind of edge away and I walked into the lead singer of the star group and we went into this crazy improvised routine, as if we'd known each other for years. When it's right that'show it is. You recognise each other, and you play in tune. Because you meet that way there are no hang-ups, no ploys, well, no ways of exploiting each other. If you fuck, you do it with the carnal innocence of children or cats or something. When you've watched a man calling his call and you've heard it and know what it means, there are no limits; the night you spend together is limitless too...you might go off for a few days to a few places, but it's immaterial if you're still together... Sounds like a poor line in cheap mysticism, but that's how it can be. Usually you separate quite soon, because there are things to do, more things to have and do, and maybe it happens again a few times, maybe months apart. It's a bit like a jam session I suppose.Or a super group. Maybe he's married or got an old lady: that's like his regular scene. He knows he can blow good things when he's with you, sometimes, things he can only blow with you, so you get together. That's how I like it. Monogamy is death for me.'

She's laughing but she means it. She explains that she's verypromiscuous but out of the hundreds of guys that she's made, relatively few are popstars, but most of the popstars are names to conjure with.

'I guess I'm a starfucker really. You know it's a name I dig, because all the men who get inside me are stars. Even if they're plumbers, they're star plumbers. Another thing I dig is balling the greats before the rest of the world knows about them, before they get the big hype. Because I have to follow my judgement, not the charts, you dig? Now take Magic Terry, he's a star which your telescope hasn't picked up yet.We met at a party in New York, and he said he wanted to come and read poetry at my apartment. I believed him, although it seemed unlikely and he came and did this amazing thing, this ENORMOUS poetry, which he's going to do soon (if he doesn't die or something) with the best hard rock backing money and his judgement can get, and that is the best. When it happens it will all happen to me too, whether I'm there or not. The great thing about starfucking is that every time you play a record, or just dig his thing again. it's all there, like he was there.'

I spy on her by looking through the records scattered round the turntable: they are the names I expect, with a few notable exceptions. I had seen her sharing Jim Morrison's spotlight at the Doors concert so I asked why there were none of their records there.

'I suppose I went there to get some Jim Morrison. I never know until I experience the thing properly whether it's a good thing or not. Jim Morrison was a terrible bring down. I mean, he was there coming on like a fucking sex kitten, pouting and wiggling and slipping out of his clothes. He thought he was singing to teeny-boppers and kept throwing them the drumsticks and stuff and everyone froze with embarrassment. The vibes were so bad that he started to have trouble getting it together. He went upstage and tried to bring himself on jigging the maracas up and down with his elbow down here so he'd have a

stand to show the customers, and then he goes leaping down to show it to everyone and it's gone.'

'Most commercial groups are a terrible bringdown: it must be like fucking a whore, you know. You watch them standing there slapping their instruments with these terrible fixed expressions. Can you imagine sex with Andy Fairweather-Low or that podgy guy from the Amen Corner or is it the other one? Jesus, I never know which is which. That night the Doors communicated their impotence to all of us, and we sneaked home furtively, separately, ashamed of liking that LP so long ago. What a disgusting hype they are.'

Most groups are hypes sure. That ought to be irrelevant. Like you and I both publish to earn a bottle of wine, you write The Wanker's Manual and I write Reality Sandwiches. But when a group is nothing but a hype, as I believe the Doors are, when they make love and revolution *commodities* , assassination is called for. Mind you, there are other kinds of motives for starfucking. Maybe if someone turned Jim Morrison on properly the Doors would open. But I'm really not a groupie-reformer, for God's sake.'

'But do you know I find Englebert very horny-making. He's so evil you know, getting all those lonely housewives to cream their jeans, with his tight highfronted shiny mohair trousers with just a touch of rubber hose. So fucking evil'

She's still laughing, and I start her off on a different tack and she stops.

'I don't know. I mean everybody uses the sacrament Acid, most people some of the time. I only ever once went with anyone on horse, and I remember it as absolutely magical. I nearly turned on myself. He was as strong as a hawk, as light as a feather. His breath was a sweet as a child and his skin was hot and smelled like sunlight. He slept and woke and made love and slept as easily as if it was happening every day instead of every hour. He was amazingly high energy, and unutterably tender. I thought it would be all monkey-on-my- back stuff, but it was unbelievably potent and delicate. I still feel very involved with him although I never see him. I heard he fell off a bandstand the other day and cut his head. He gets sick a lot and he's unhappy I think. That's a drag, not being able to help. I guess it's unemancipated or something but I won't call him. I only hope if it gets really bad he'll think of me...I love him you know, him and a thousand others as they say.'

She is laughing again, but I am glad when the phone rings, and I put on a record while she talks.

What a bring-down...

When she comes back ... I ask my last question. I phrase it awkwardly and the Doctor squeezes her fleecy hair up in her hands and laughs again.

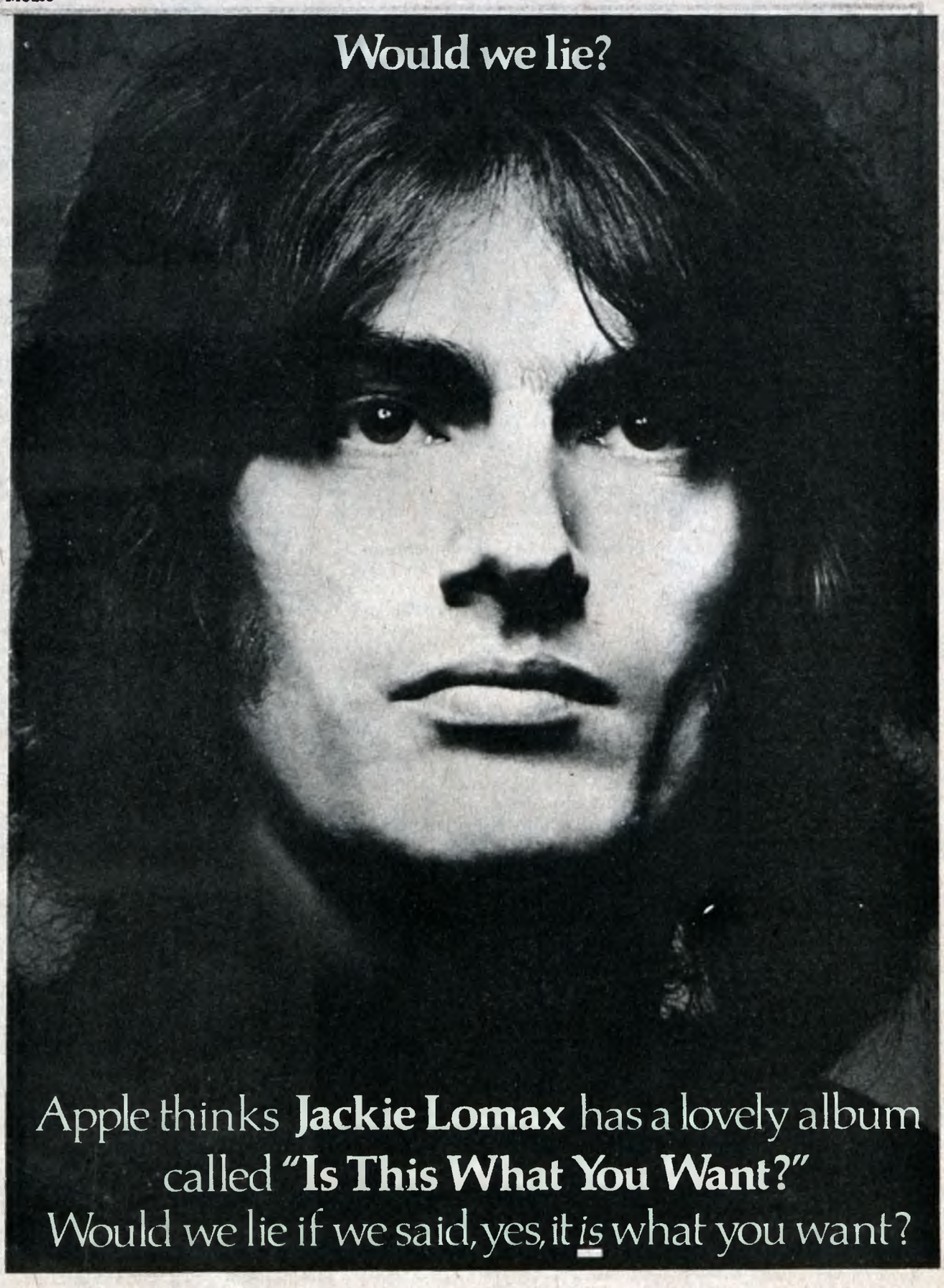
'It's not a matter of *minding* balling the whole group. They're not like the ton-up guys who'd hold a girl down while they all fucked her: that's the fascist sort of homosexual kick, like where the leader fucks the girl in the glare of their headlights and they all jack off and stuff. I'd never be likely to wind up in that situation. But I'd love to be one of a group in a loving sexual situation. I just don't know very many groups who can get it together. The Airplane seem to love and listen to each other a lot, but Rolling Stone tells me they get uptight about sharing birds. Now RS is not always right anymore than a penis is called a *Hampton Wick* , but I haven't often come across groups that were so together that they could make that scene. Probably the MC5 are near it. I had to go to sleep in their hotel after Elektra had had to ring me up to get Rob Tyner to a conference, and they slept two to a room with the doors open and everyone walked through. I found out I really *really* liked being able to hear other people balling very close to me while I was, and I was very pleased; you see, the group fuck is the highest ritual expression of our faith, but it must happen as a sort of special grace. Contrived it could be really terrible, like a dirty weekend with the Monkees!

'When you asked me that question, you made like you thought that it was a kinky sort of thing, well it isn't you see, because kinkiness...it's the great British disease. Kinkiness comes from low energy. It's the substitution of lechery for lust. You don't really feel desirous so you turn yourself on with cute variants like rubber mackintoshes and nuns' habits... Lots of popstars run a sort of playboy scene where they lie about, being the rich tycoons, having skilled whores go to work on them, sort of refining sensations like learning about caviare. Look at the image Tom Jones puts out on his TV show, a sort of fat noseless Hugh Hefner, real consumer sex in selfseal plastic wrap. But the groups I dig, and who are likely to dig me, are high energy, high voltage tenderness! There are no taboos, you can do anything anywhere, from excess to excess. Rolling Stone speak true when he say The Happy Nation sucks. Frank Zappa's an odd case though: I fancy him like mad. Have you seen the photo on the American sleeve of Ruben and the Jets. Here they made it too little, but the big photo reveals that Frank Zappa is a Grade-A-High-School-Prom-Heart-Throb!

I dig everything he does, except when he goes into his paranoid why – am – I – explaining – you – don't – care – or – understand routine, but I'd think twice about balling him because Ed Sanders told me that he has the same perversion as Tyrone Power on *Hollywood Babylon* and somebody else told me that that means he's a shit fancier! How do you get that together for Godsake? I don't really believe it. It's probably meant to frighten off all but the brave and resourceful. Still, maybe I'm not that brave and resourceful. Nevertheless, because I really respond to his vibes, I want him, shit or no shit, because that's how it is if your body and soul and mind are hooked up. I'd fuck Shakespeare, except that he specially asked that his bones not be disturbed.'

She jumps up to get ready to go eat at the Macrobiotic (because she likes it!) and rattles on while she fluffs out her hair, about the cafe-au-lait groupies of New York, brittle and loveless, but beautiful and →

Mozic


Would we lie?
Apple thinks **Jackie Lomax** has a lovely album
called **"Is This What You Want?"**
Would we lie if we said, yes, it *is* what you want?

'YOU MIGHT THINK IT'S A LOAD OF OLD COCK, MAN, BUT THAT'S YOUR HANGUP'

TWO VIRGINS Yoko Ono/John Lennon. *Apple Records.*

Come to think of it psychedelics, macrobiotics and just plain idiotics have bowled over an awful lot of musicians these past few years. You know the sort of thing. 'Man , that was just the grooviest gig of my life' says the third-eyed drummer boy whose holy sticks never actually made contact with his kit during some transcendental solo which, horrors, threatened to go on for a week. Or the spaced-out singer who's always mixing up the words and melody of his last and next songs with the one he's supposed to be into. And then falls into the orchestra pit.

The luckier ones, so their claim goes, and mine, wake up forever. A world in a grain of sound is their first, fabulous discovery. From that moment on the steps might lead anywhere or nowhere but they'll seem new steps and they'll seem revolutionary steps and they might be. Melody, harmony rhythm die as we've known them to be reborn, perhaps. Those aged, exhausted imperatives, the G7 to C, 4 x 4 = 12 = The Blues syndrome can never again quite seem the limit of music's possibilities. Some even get into the aleatory kick, that one musical territory where advanced pop, jazz and "classical" musicians can meet, fuse and come up breathing the same musical language.

Aleatory (sometimes called 'chance' or 'random') theory finally and crudely boils down to a kind of anything goes as long as it works for someone, somewhere. It's criteria, to say the least, is vague. To bore the pants off an audience is often considered desirable. 'Inner tension' is perhaps the universally favoured expression of praise. Unpredictable factors like the creaking of a chair three rows from the back of a concert hall can become a crucial ingredient of the performance, equal in musical status to say a pre-planned, notated instrumental sequence.

Way back when flowers and love and doing your own thing and smiling at the fuzz were all in bloom I took part in what was probably the first attempt here to put aleatory principles into practice in a pop context. The result was that best-forgotten first LP by Hapsish and the Colored Coat. I doubt, however, if the Pye Recording Studio people will ever forget it. Every manner of banged, plucked, stroked and blown sound producing device was put at our disposal. There was one instruction only from the rather excited sessions producer. 'Blow', he would say, frantically dashing from one well-intentioned group to another. 'Blow, baby, blow.' For the next three hours, with increasing timidity, possibly 100 people banged, plucked, stroked and blew and looked as if they were on the worst trip of their lives.

An American friend of mine used to play the same lousy tritk. You'd be settling into a nice scene at her place when suddenly without warning she'd produce an equally bewildering array of instruments and utterly obliterate your high by saying in her New York kiddies, Martha Graham-modulated, dance instructress voice: 'Come on. Everyone can be an artiet. Technique is the refuge of the insecure. Let's just forget all about our self-conscious little egos and create beautiful, beautiful sounds'.

Just as the dancers go on and on about how the traditional concepts of their art are mere deformations of spontaniety so the new musicians talk endlessly of the need to disenslave themselves from "Bourgeoise" proceedures.

There's lots of talk too about John Cage, that most discussed least listened to maestro of modern music. (those wanting to join in might first read Silences — Calder & Boyars: 84/– or the more recent A Year From Monday – also C & B: 55/–)

Where in relation to all this do Two Virgins of Miss Ono and Mr Lennon stand? Do they know their Cage? Does it matter? Many of the new politicians couldn't care a stuff about Marx so we might as well excuse their musical equivalents if they choose to ignore the teachings of their predecessors. After all a Cage could be a cage.

For my money Two Virgins is not the pretentious bore most of the established critics have complained about. Neither does it seethe with the magical insights claimed for it by others. Better to welcome it on its own ground as a genuine happening in sound, crude and naive if compared with the tried and tested master of the avant garde, certainly less boring than some, more uncertain than most. It fascinates, like the best bad art, not because of an independent aesthetic life of its own, but because it is the creation of those two splendid creatures on the sleeve about whom we know, superficially at any rate, more than we ever did about any Bach Beethoven or Boulez. It's a far from unpleasant way of extending that knowledge. And Parkinson's Law operates. I for one can hardly wait for the coming of the Third Virgin.

If by some chance you're still interested in things aleatory pay a visit to the Arts Lab Tuesday nights, 8 pm. There you'll find English music's true street-fighting men, the AMM group. They fucked their way out of virginity years ago and are today to be reckoned with from Cologne to California.

For them, as with most revolutionaries, whether in politics or the arts, the question is: Freedom. How much real freedom can you have and survive?

Translated into the language of the new musicians this mostly becomes a question of how much say the contemporary composer will allow his performer in determining the music's final shape and content. In other words the traditional authoritarian concept of hero-composer lording it over humble interpreter is being challenged. A struggle over power no less. The analogy with current political debate is obvious and fascinating. The performer insists on a bigger share of the creative cake. Sometimes he wins complete control. Composer abdicates or rather composer and performer become one and the same and a group like the AMM is the result. Their members include the one super star of the local avant garde, Cornelius Cardew, Prof of Composition at the Royal Academy and three ex-Mike Westbrook band jazzmen. Don't miss them.

Sebastion Jorgensen.

LPREVIEWS

LED ZEPPELIN Led Zeppelin. *Atlantic 588171*

Very occasionally a long-playing record is released that defies immediate classification or description, simply because it's so obviously a turning point in rock music that only time proves capable of shifting it into eventual perspective. (Dylan's Bringing It All Back Home, The Byrds Younger Than Yesterday, Disraeli Gears, Hendrix's Are You Experienced? and Sgt Pepper). This Led Zeppelin album is like that.

Before joining the now sadly defunct Yardbirds Jim Page was acknowledged as one of the best session musicians on either side of the Atlantic. Here it's clear why. Few rock musicians in the world could hope to parallel the degree of technical assurance and gutsy emotion he displays throughout these nine tracks. Exactly eighty-four seconds after the beginning of Good Time Bad Times, the first cut, side one, Page does things with an electric guitar that might feebly be described as bewildering. From then on it only gets better.

Lead vocalist, Robert Plant, is a blue-eyed-soul merchant Farlowe when he isn't being Winwood, living proof of the YouDon'tHaveToBeBlackToSingTheBlues theory, formerly with a Birmingham based group, The Band of Joy, as is the Zeppelin's drummer, John Bonham. Bonham's technique is interesting. It's nice to be able to listen to a drummer whose use of bass pedal and cymbals is intelligent without being studied or contrived and at the other end of the stick, powerful without deteriorating into frenzied, feverish thrashing.

John Paul Jones plays bass and organ for Led Zeppelin. It's enough to say that of both instruments he is an experienced, resourceful master.

This album makes you feel good. It makes you feel good to hear a band with so much to say and the conspicuous ability to say it as they feel it; to translate what's in their heads to music. It makes you feel good to hear Bonham and Jones working together, creating these deep, surging, undercurrents of rhythm as Page again and again molest the more vulnerable areas of his Telecaster. Good to listen to Plant with his ugly, angry vocals, bellowing to his woman that he's leaving her – right after the next fuck. Good to dig completely spontaneous but so, so beautifully controlled breaks in How Many More Times, or Jones running amok on his Hammond keyboard in Willie Dixon's You Shook Me and to sway, entranced with Page's droning, mantra-like bow guitar in Dazed & Confused.

It makes you feel good because it is good; and in places much more than that.

Of course, as a result of this album we'll lose the group to the States, and almost certainly within the month the M M letters page will headline – 'Is Page BETTER Than God?!!' – and then the BBC will begin negotiations on a feature film . . . . . but there's more to it than that. There is a phrase nobody uses anymore, (not since we de-freaked our hair, handed back granny her beads quietly disposing of kaftans and joss sticks to jumble collectors). That phrase exactly sums up Led Zeppelin's debut album. Remember Good Vibrations?

Felix Dennis

RHINOCEROS. *Elektra* EKS 74030.

A decorated Rhinoceros with sort of multi-coloured scales, strewn with shells and beads. Very pretty.

Inside seven cats looking serious or Western Movie Style mean. They have hats, rings, hair on their faces and scarves around their necks. They come from the Electric Flag, The Iron Butterfly, The Buffalo Springfield, The Mothers of Invention and there is a cat from some music school.

Sometime, somewhere they have been together in a recording studio to try and put something between the pretty coloured Rhinoceros.

The results of their efforts don't take long to hear. The first time I played it I had to take it off again it was so bad. But the record came from Elektra, so I tried again later.

After the sounds become familiar it's not so bad and occasionally a little bit of it nearly comes together, but then it is possible to become accustomed to things that are really quite unpleasant. Usually unpleasant things are best avoided. In this case it's easy. I still have my copy. One of these days somebody will get the hot eye for the pretty cover and take it away. That's how it goes.

Bryan Willis.

'PROJECTIONS'. The Concert Ensemble, featuring, John Handy, Michael White, Mike Nock, Bruce Cale, Larry Hancock. *CBS.*

Since first hearing John Handy at Monterey, I have very much enjoyed hearing and selling all his albums. So far CBS have released four of them. Monterey, 2nd Album, New View, and Projections.

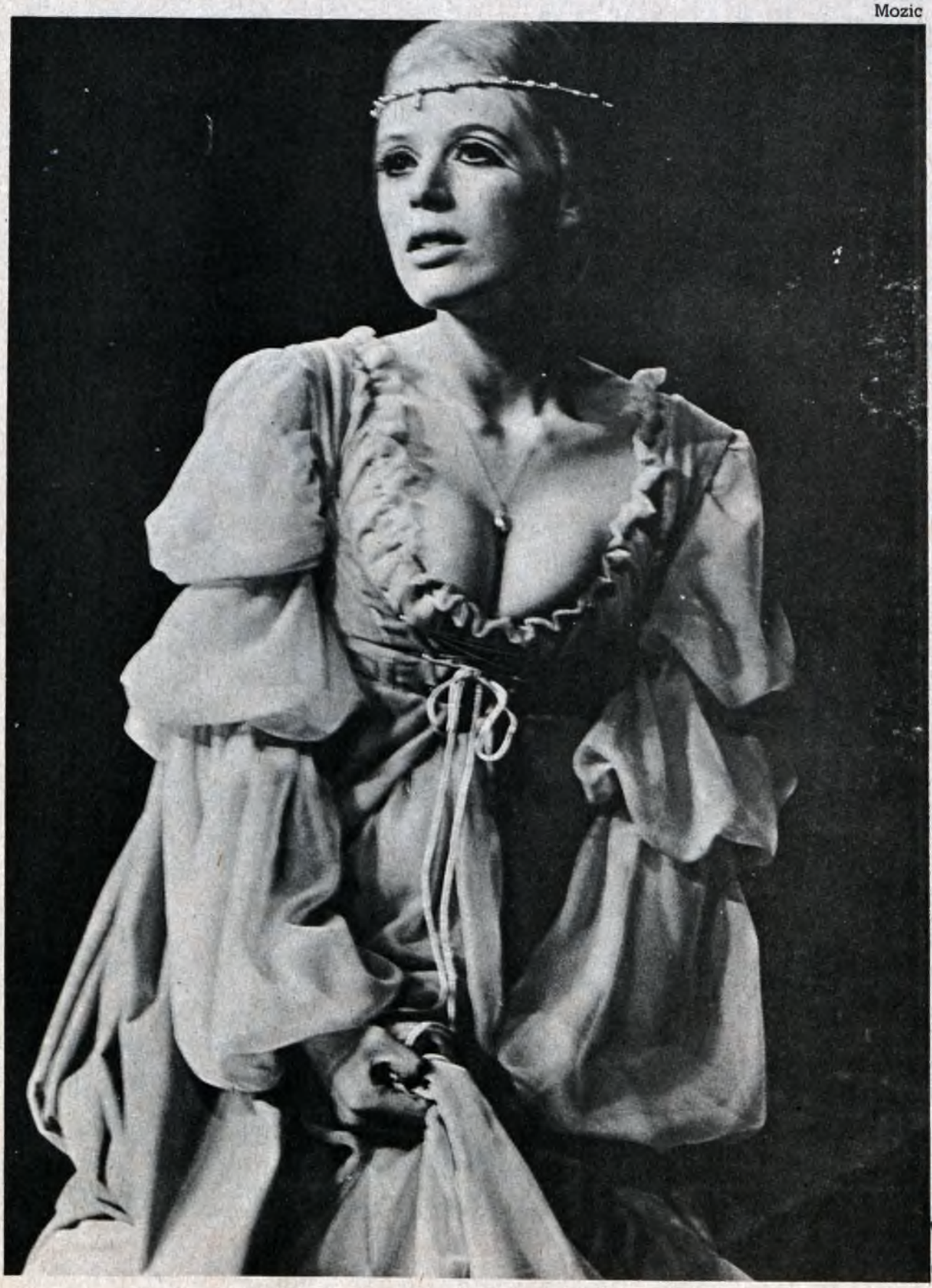
In 1965 Handy recorded Spanish Lady and If Only We Knew. These were live recordings, and on this occasion the quintet consisted of Handy, also; Mike White, violin; Don Thompson, piano and bass; Terry Hahn on guitar, and Terry Clarke on drums. On this occasion seven thousand people gave Handy a standing ovation.

On his second LP, Mr Handy gives us five very different themes to work on. Dancy, Dancy is a simple little tune, in the Bossanova beat, with some really nice drumming by Terry Clarke. Scene X, on the other hand is more serious, and is in 5/4 time, while Blues For A High Strung Guitar is really beautiful, featuring Jerry Hahn on guitar.

New View was recorded in 1967, and the line-up is completely changed. This time Mike White is not featured at all. Instead, Bobby Hutchinson, courtesy of Blue Note Records, plays vibrophone. This is not such an exciting sound, rather it is a sad sound, and was recorded at The Village Gate in New York, some three weeks before the death of John Coltrane. In fact, Handy dedicates a track to that memory. This is more serious Handy, and requires a much more concentrated attention.

Projection is the latest release and is very much more like the first album. Mike White is back with Handy, and the tracks all have a much lighter, air about them.

Mozic



DARIANE

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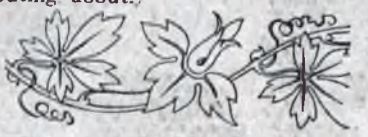
The track Projections itself is in waltz time, composed by pianist Mike Knock, featuring some excellent double stops and exchanges between Handy and White. I think the track that reminds me most of Monterey is Senora Nancye because the opening is again unaccompanied sax and the quartet come in with the same feeling. The album lasts forty-two minutes, and is well worth the 37/6d that I paid for it. If you can afford it, try and make up the set as it is always possible that CBS may decide to delete the earlier recordings.
Simon Stable

ROOTS, The Everly Brothers. *Warner Bros. Seven Arts Records WS1752*

Roots by the old Everly Brothers is a dandy bucketful of tunes that'll bring that renegade Cowboy Spirit back home. The album sleeve notes explain that the album is an attempt by the brothers to trace their roots or something like that and it sure does, sort of. They've sprinkled the album with some very short bits of tape done by themselves along with Mom and Dad Everly, the whole family pickin' plunkin' and singin' away on their old radio show somewhere

up in the Kentucky boondocks, wherever. The tape effect provides us with a ready reference for the progression of the Thing as a whole: it measures the exact distance that down-home hillbilly bluegrass could come if it wanted to.
Roots is a smooth kind of thing like ethnic tennis balls bouncing down a mossy rock garden and the Everly Brothers, like the True Cowboys that they almost are, never expend too much energy. Roots rolls nice but it don't never tumble.
Only once in the album do the brothers become a little too enthusiastic. Throughout and especially towards the end of T For Texas the electronicality gets to be a trifle obnoxious but after a few listens, one realizes that Don and Phil are carelessly constructing a special tin-foil and plastic platform of discord from which to dive straight down into the eighty-seven bars of the introductory guitar solo of 'I Wonder If I Care As Much'. This solo is a pure modern amplified coyote's lament, the song is a great old hit risen from the grave, its rhythm is heavy tribal Cherokee and the result is one of the finest modern Cowboy songs in captivity.
Side two has two cuts worth quietly shouting about.



The third cut deserving a special mention might well be the high spot of the album. It's the Merle Haggard composition, Sing Me Back Home. The arrangement on this is so tight (!) that the consequent tension provides some kind of wierd dimension that really makes this tune bite! Sing Me Back Home is the key to Roots and to Country & Western and it fits like a finger. On the back of the key it says: You can do what you may to a man but you can't tear the music from him, it was around long before he got there.
'Sing me back home,
before I die . . .'
G B P

YOU CAN'T BEAT PEOPLE UP & HAVE THEM SAY I LOVE YOU
Murray Roman *Track 613 007*

America never had music hall as such. It had saloons in frontier towns, and later it had silent films, prohibition and speakeasies. None of these are really ideal environments for the stand-up comic, the patter merchant who flourished on the British stage, and it wasn't until the advent of an electronic, tv-orientated age that the USA really got into the swing of this kind of humour. Once it did, however, it produced some notable talents: Stan Freeberg, Shelley Berman and Bob Newhart among them. Murray Roman works in this tradition but uses the West Coast freakout idiom. Whether he's an entirely natural product of his time is arguable (he has groovy friends like Tom Smothers who count against him) but outside the bounds of this review; if he *has* cut his clothes to suit the style of the day then he's done it so well that none of the seams show. The patter is very neat.
One of the faults of this album (it's as riddled as gruyere cheese) is that, if anything, the patter is *too* neat. Roman obviously believes a comic can get by on idiom alone, an idea so daring it hasn't been attempted since George Formby. Fuck content, Roman seems to be saying, a thing, *anything*, has only to *sound* funny to get you laughing.
Even the relatively lucid ,straight tracks bow to this abnegation of content: canned phoney 'soul' music clatters in the background, swelling and fading, intercut at random to destroy any idea of sequence or cohesion; the traditional devices of humour, the juxtapositions, the interplay of tensions that provokes laughter, are spread pretty thin: at all times the style's the thing. All very well, but can you really get laughs by declaiming sotto voce and with echo: 'Smoke your draft card'? Well maybe, but not by paying the same kind of shallow lip service to psychedelic effect and serious modern preoccupations (such as drugs and race riots) for two entire sides of an LP. One can't blame Murray Roman for trying, I suppose, but having tried he should have had the grace to acknowledge the experiment a failure. I think it's Shelley Berman in disguise.
Graham Carnock

TOUCH
— Deram. Mono DML 1033. Stereo SML 1033

When your organ gets out of control, pop-pickers, beware. No other instrument can compare with it for volume, variety or sustaining power Equally no other instrument in the history of music has attracted so many meglomaniacs, pedants and bores.
Only an organist (Al Kooper of Dylan backings and Super-Session fame) could bring out an album called "I Stand Alone". Probably the most sinister thing about the Right Hon. Edward Heath is not his tendency to keep us with the Powells but the fact that he's an accomplished player and a fully paid-up member of the Royal Society of Organists.
So watch that organ.
Don Gallucci is the somewhat

overwhelming organist with this new group from California. Listening to Touch you get the feeling that he's very much the boss, that he's academically clever (probably a Julliard graduate or something) and that if only he'd work more at his piano he might end up a considerable jazz soloist. Some of the nicest things here take place when he shifts from key-board pipes to key-board strings. Despite blurb claims of "unique individuality" however, the other four members of "Touch" don't amount to much except as glorified organ stops for Maestro Gallucci to pull and shove. Nevertheless they are kept extremely busy.

Touch is very tight, together and troubling. Apart from easy-going tracks like We Feel Fine, The Spiritual Death of Howard Green and Miss Teach the music has the character of a ritual funeral wake, all spooky organ riffs and stately drum beats. On the credit side however I've not heard a record since "The United States of America" which so boldly and effectively tackles the problems of avantegarde pop. There may not be much joy but there's musical adventure galore.

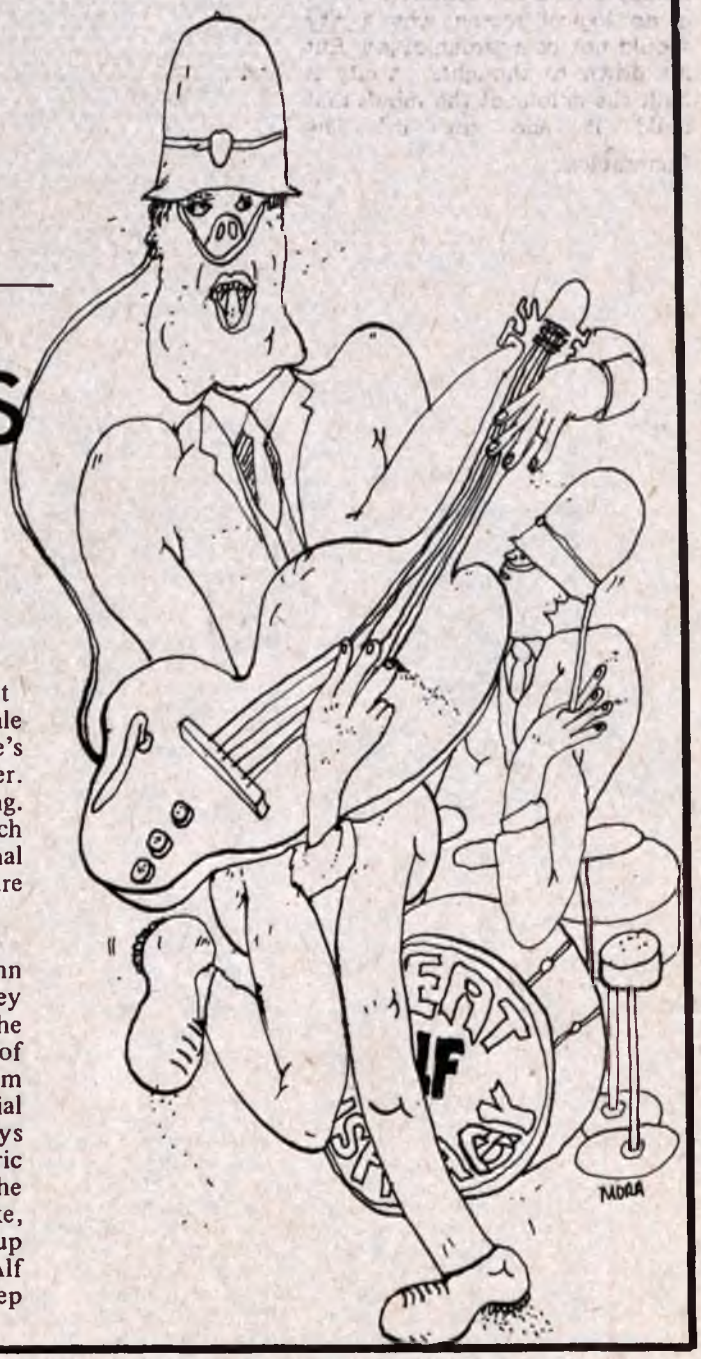
Eschewing the blues altogether and indifferent to the devices of straight pop "Touch" attempts a synthesis of post Sergeant Pepper esoterics twentieth century classical music and jazz with just a dash of electronics and musique concrete. Heady uncommercial stuff, heavily arranged and multi-multi-multi-tracked, pretentious certainly but not unattractively so.

The lyrics are dreadful (Wake up and feel it in the air/It's a time of hope for man/Jesus was right/Sensitivity Reigns/But yet the fighting and the hatred goes on and on and on) but the organisation and distribution of the vocal parts is often brilliant and original. Seldom have voices been used with such austere theatricalstyle in a pop context. On second thoughts though it could also be said that seldom have voices (the same is true of the lead guitar) sounded so much like they came from the organ.

Drat that organ.

Sebastian Jorgensen

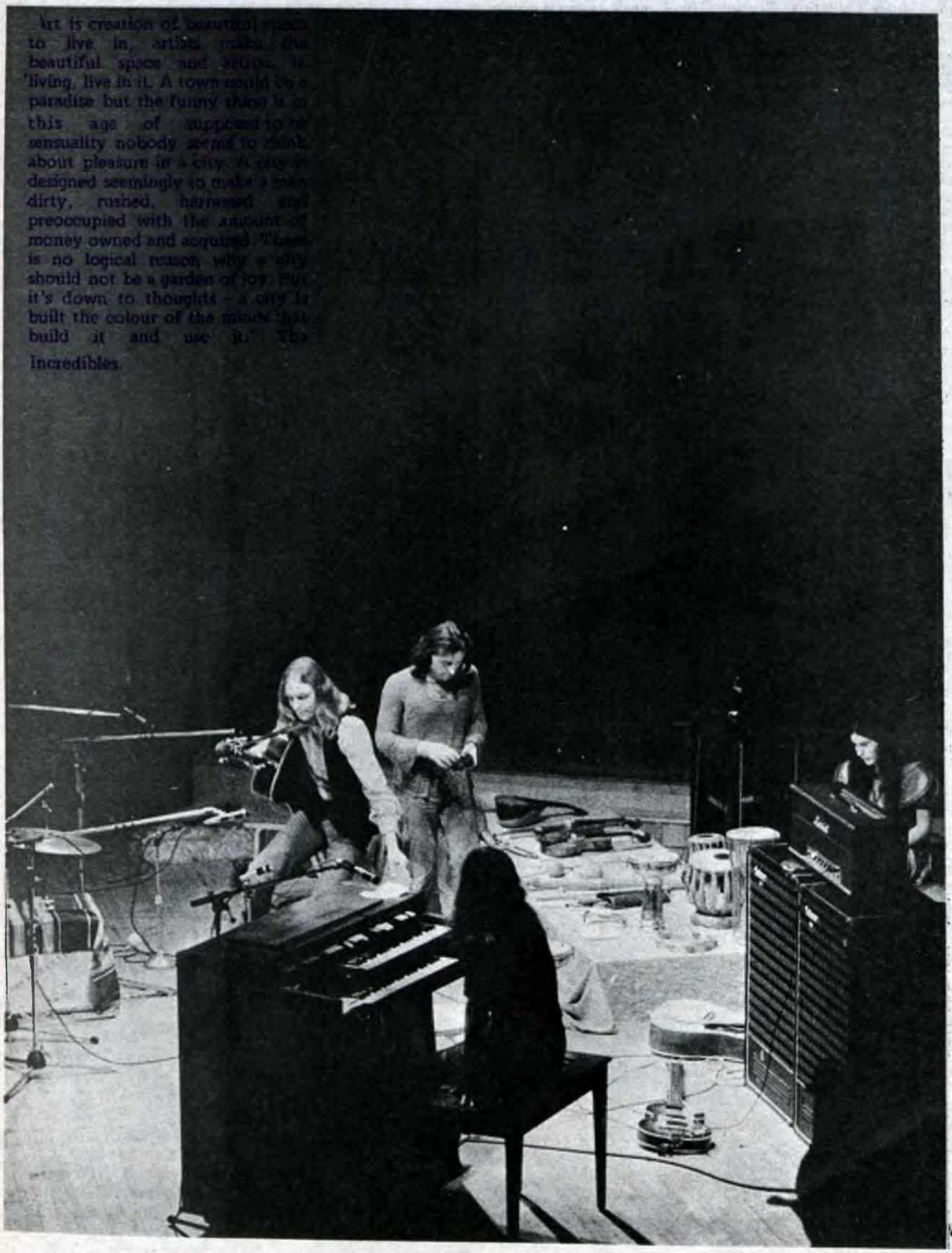
THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS



Detective Sergeant Norman (normal) Pilcher is London's deadliest male groupie. Originally from Chelsea police station, he's now the Scotland Yard drug-squad's chief head-hunter. That's why big time dope criminals are rejoicing. Pilcher is a publicity junkie, who likes nothing so much as to bask in the limelight of celebrity arrests. Banal racketeers are not for him. For a cop, his tastes are amazingly hip. Twice he has beseiged the home of Brian Jones.

Last year he lumbered into the bedroom of John Lennon and Yoko Ono. On the day Paul McCartney got married, Pilcher delivered a wedding present in the form of his own intruding person to the home of George Harrison. One day last year the intercom buzzed in a Chelsea studio: "Postman here, special delivery"...up the stairs came Pilcher and the boys puffing and panting and screaming "where's Eric Clapton, where's Eric Clapton?" Out, luckily, so the co-tenant was bagged instead. For God's sake, someone; give Pilcher a lead guitar and build a group around him. Sergeant Pilcher and the Great Alf Conspiracy. It might catch on. At least it would keep him off the streets.

Art is creation of beautiful space to live in, artists make the beautiful space and artists is living, live in it. A town could be a paradise but the funny thing is in this age of supposed to be sensuality nobody seems to think about pleasure in a city. A city is designed seemingly to make a man dirty, rushed, harrassed and preoccupied with the amount of money owned and acquired. There is no logical reason why a city should not be a garden of joy. But it's down to thoughts - a city is built the colour of the minds that build it and use it.' The Incredibles.



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THE ONLY LIVING DYLANOLOGIST

Recently The East Village Other has been featuring articles by A.J.Weberman, in which the self-styled 'Dylanologist' dissects at length the songs of Bob Dylan and of others (such as Hey Jude) which he feels he can relate in some way to Dylan. The articles have produced , not surprisingly, some outraged letters from EVO readers, containing comments ranging from outright abuse (' A J Weberman is an ass-hole ') to the restrained irony of ' soon he will be finding a meaning in such obvious nonsense poetry as Mother Goose. ' Weberman is shortly to publish a book about his findings in connection with Dylan. Dylan's new LP is due out sometime in April. The 'definite last word' on John Wesley Harding which follows, provides amusement, and a warning to those who want, at any cost, to load a simple song with significance and meaning. The text is taken from an interview with Weberman by Gordon Friesen, contributing editor of Broadside Magazine, which appeared originally in Graffiti.

G: How about JOHN WESLEY HARDING? How does it stack up to his other work ?

Alan: First of all, in this album Dylan has changed his style of poetry. In the other recent LP s he used surrealistic, 3-dimensional, multi-layered imagery in order to get across what he wanted to say. Now in JOHN WESLEY HARDING we have what are apparently meaningful songs o n one level. But on this level the meaning is kind of trivial - ' John Wesley Harding was a friend to the poor ' and all that crap. It's enough for many people; few people look for irony anymore since they tend to take Dylan quite literally; and the stories on JOHN WESLEY HARDING make sense on this level, to some degree They make more sense than the material on most of Dylan's previous albums, especially Bringing It All Back Home and Blonde on Blonde. You know that the cat isn't going to write this simple kind of poetry. Everything is going to have an ironic meaning. As Dylan says, ' Don't under estimate me and I won't under estimate you. ' This album is full of irony even though you might not be able to find it at first glance. I happen to believe that the whole first side is autobiography, Dylan talking about his career including the time he had the motorcycle accident. ' John Wesley Harding was a friend to the poor, he travelled with a gun in every hand '. Here we apparen tly have the Robin Hood superman outlaw. ' All along this countryside he opened many a door '. He took off a lot of people. ' but he was never known to hurt an honest man '. He only ripped off the dishonest rich. But when I hear it, it's a song about the old Dylan, i e. the Dylan of the TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGING days, who was ' a friend to the poor ', that is, a proletarian songwriter who wrote songs about the poor -- ' Hollis Brown ', ' Hattie Carroll ', ' Only a Pawn in Their Game ' and so on. So he was a leftist songwriter, a leftist poet. ' he travelled with a gun in every hand' - gun is guitar in this context because Dylan says ' in every hand ' and you generally play a guitar with both hands (unless you're Jimi Hendrix,that is). Woody used a similar metaphor when he wrote on his guitar case:' This machine kills fascists '. And here's something funny:Teen Star Time Magazine said April 1, 1966, ' Bob Dylan, who sings his own compositions, wears blue jeans and has little to do with barbers, and is *armed* with a guitar... ' (my emphasis). So that's weird. The whole melody and layout of this poem is extremely Guthriesque...' all along this countryside ', and why ' all along' ? Every word that Dylan uses has ironic meaning. ' All along the watchtower/Princes kept the view '; why ' all along '? If anyone has any ideas on this write to me in care of Broadside, 215 W 98St , NYC 10025. ' This countryside ' is the USA where ' he opened many a door '. ' Opened the door ' is a phrase used by some commercial trade publications to describe Dylan's effect on the music business around the time of ' Blowing in the Wind '. For instance CASHBOX Magazine on Oct 5 1963, said: ' If the Kingston Trio opened the door of the folk boom, then Bob Dylan has opened the door much further with Blowin' in the Wind. Others with Dylan's perspective can now get a chance to be heard and display their musical wares. So whether pro or con Bob Dylan, one cannot deny that he is a major force to be watched and reckoned with '. So Dylan borrows this phrase from the commercial pop music publications. ' But he was never known to hurt an honest man '-- the singers whom Dylan replaced were dishonest in the sense that they didn't sing the truth, what was happening to them or going on in their minds; they sang almost exclusively about true love and that sort of bullshit often entirely divorced from reality' It was down in Chaney County ' --- down south in Mississippi where Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner were slaughtered. ' A time they talk about' --- they don't talk about it in the movie Don't Look Back, where Dylan is shown in Greenwood, Mississippi with Seegar and Bikel singing to a black audience. ' With his lady by his side '- at first I thought this line referred to Joan Baez, because in Oxford Town ' Dylan says,' Me , my gal, and my gal's son,we got met with a teargas bomb '. I kind of erased the information that Joan has no son and wasn't with him in Greenwood. But then I remembered that 'Lady' was Dylan's symbol for the oligarchy in some of his previous poems and when you reminded me that the Feds were behind the Civil Rights voter registration I realised he may have meant: ' With the Federal Government on his (political) side '. ' He took

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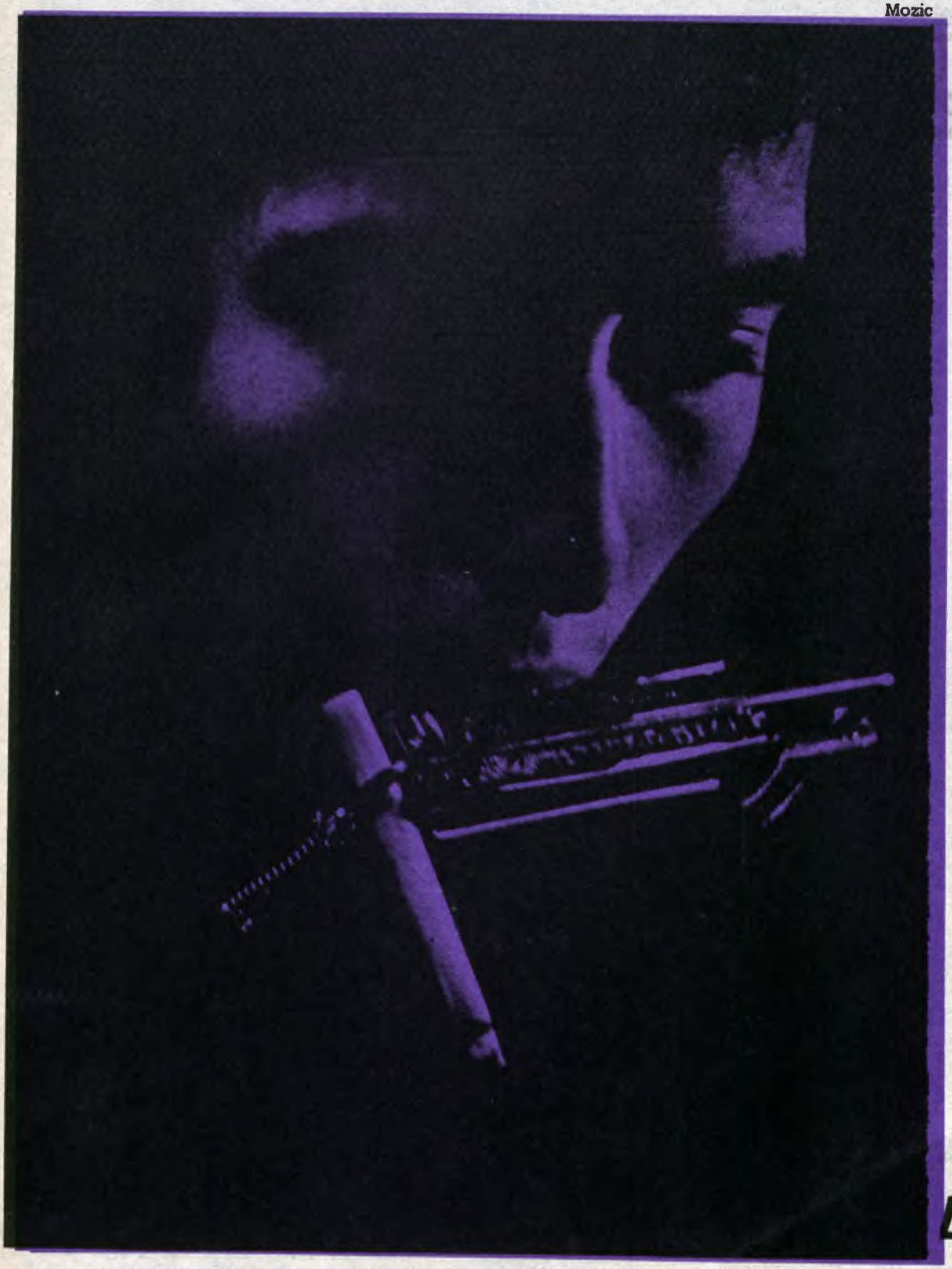

a stand '---a microphone and a stand on the issues---' And soon the situation there was all but straightened out '. He went down south toprotest the murders and brutality going on (Dylan was very sincere - in Don't Look Back, if you look at his eyes while he sings ' Only a Pawn in Their Game ' you will see tears in them). But the Civil Rights linked murders went on the same as before---in fact, it was after he went to Mississippi that Chaney, Goodman,Schwerner, Viola Liuzzo and others were killed. And so, Bob Dylan - in combination with our great Federal Government---didn't really help the situation at all. ' For he was always known to lend a helping hand ' -- Dylan attributed this lack of success to the fact that the hand fate dealt him wasn't high enough to straighten out his own problems, let alone those of the black people, and when combined with the hand of the Federal Government was a stoned loser. ' All across the telegraph ' - make those capital ' T's '. The Telegraph, a protypical American newspaper - ' his name it did resound '. Dylan received a lot of publicity in the press media. ' But no charge held against him could they prove '. The press slandered him - many of the articles written about Dylan were derogatory. For example, Time Magazine had one entitled ' Not quite a Genius And Newsweek printed an article accusing Dylan of getting ' Blowin' in the Wind ' from a New Jersey High School student named Lorre Wyatt.

' As I Went Out One Morning ' has to do, I think, about what happened when Dylan got the Thomas Paine Award from the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. ' I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine 'deals with Dylan the poetic political activist pretty much as he was during the Bringing It All Back Home Days. This is a good example of what happens to listeners if not set to get into Dylan. It sounds like some semi-religious mystic poetry sufficient unto itself. But if you are hip to where Dylan's head is at,then you'll find that what appears simple is actually a lot of irony with hidden meaning. ' All along the Watchtower ' --- at first I thought this was about Dylan's friend Ginsberg. ' Two riders ' - writers - ' were approaching and the wind ' - Dylan's most promising symbol, the wind - ' began to HOWL ' - Ginsberg's autobiographical poem . I want to make a confession. I even went and asked Ginsberg and he said, ' No, it never took place. It never happened '. So I decided that Dylan is talking about when he became electrified, though I'm still not sure - ' the wind began to howl '. Like ' the ghost of electricity howls in the bones of her face '. It follows, because he then goes ahead and tells about his experience as a rock singer in the ' Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest. ' Which is very funny - a series of misunderstandings between himself, his manager, andthe folkniks. It's the longest cut on the album and from rapping with friends I gather that it's the most talked about cut. A very interesting riff. ' Frankie Lee ', Frankie Lane, Frankie Lyman- it's Dylan the rock and roll singer. Dylan, when he was making records like ' Positively 4th Street ', ' Like a Rolling Stone ', ' Please Crawl out of Your Window '. And Judas Priest is none other than his manager, Al Grossman. It could be any kind of commercial character but it seems to be Grossman. The last cut on the first side ' A Drifter's Escape ' is Dylan telling about his motorcycle accident. The whole side shows that Dylan is getting to be more autobiographical and more concerned with what is going on in his head.

G. You haven't had time to get into the second side ?

A. Not really. I've only been playing the record five times a day now for seven months. But I have some ideas. ' Dear Landlord ' is I think, addressed to a Dylan critic or interpreter. ' I am a Lonesome Hobo ' is a very personal song. ' I pity the Poor Immigrant ' is, I think, about Viet Nam. ' The Wicked Messenger '- this song is a very short history of Dylan's career from a radical standpoint. ' There was a wicked messenger, from Eli he did come ' . Dylan is the wicked messenger, and Eli is the Old Testament from which he draws so much of his symbolism. ' Down Along the Cove ' is another very personal song. And ' I'll Be Your Baby ToNight ', I feel,although I'm not sure, is Dylan saying that he is going to stop protesting. What makes me think that he is laying a 'message' on us is its position at the end of the LP. Dylan often saves the last cut on an album to tell us what he's going to do on the next one. He did it with 'Restless Farewell', announcing he was going to change; he did it in 'Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands', where he wasn't sure he should continue being a recording artist. So I felt that in 'Baby To-night' Dylan is giving us a hint of what his next album is going to be like. It's going to be very simple. Perhaps he is not really going to stop protesting, just seem to stop. The irony will still be there, only it will be in a different form of poetry. I'm beginning to wonder if Dylan's not running out of autobiographical things to say - - he's said it all - given his ideas about politics,leftists, rightists,man's condition, universities, the mass media, war, religion, philosophy, science, idealism, everything. A whole lifetime of ideas - he's really offered what amounts toa complete systematised ideology, a complete world view. But then, Dylan has a way of presenting the same ideas in new forms. If you want to understand JOHN WESLEY HARDING you have to understand *all* of Dylan You have to take his first record BOB DYLAN, play the two original cuts on it, then go on and listen to every record, albums and singles Dylan has ever released, in chronological order. And to really understand Dylan you have to be a revolutionary - youhave to have an extreme dislike for our present society and a strong desire to overthrow it.

G: Alan, how does your system of interpreting Dylan work ? It sounds quite complicated.

Alan: First, you've got to get thoroughly acquainted with Dylanology. That means, among other things. you have got to realise that everything the cat says is packed with irony.If you can't find the irony that doesn't say it isn't there; it means only that you can't

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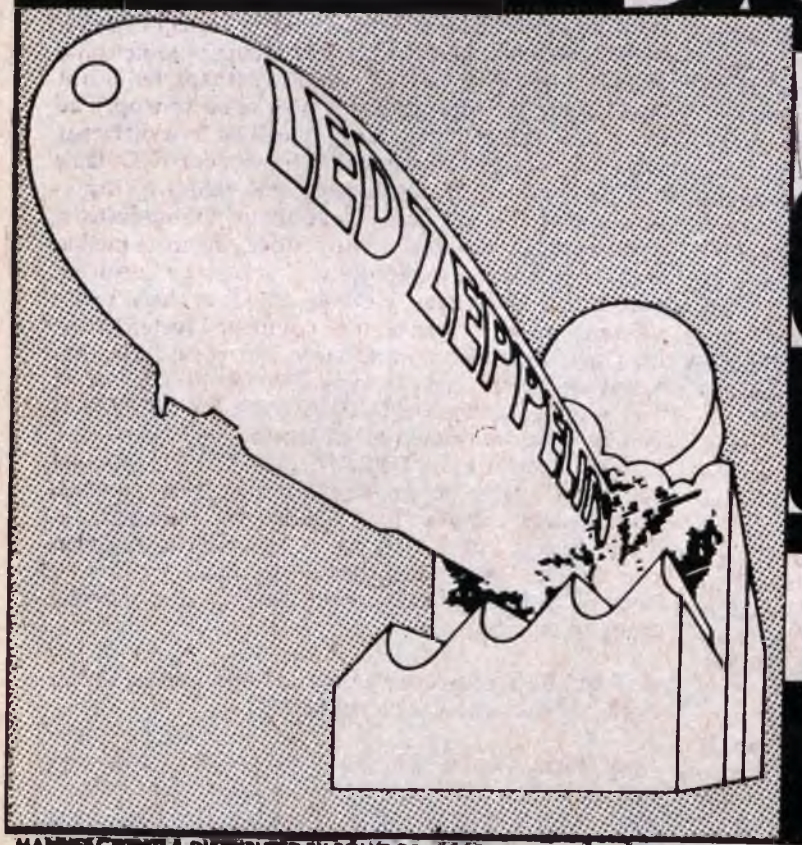

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find it. Next, once he has decided on a symbol, he tends to use it pretty consistently. Take the symbol 'lady' which came up before. Remember ' With his lady by his side/He took a stand ' ? The reason I said it meant oligarchy in that context was because I had looked at Dylan's use of the word in several other contexts. You see, my brain is this computer, programmed with Dylan's poetry, so when I hear the word 'lady' , I think of ' Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands '--- ' In the empty lot where the ladies play blindman's bluff with the key chain ' and ' And the ladies treat me kindly and furnish me with tape '. And ' As lady and I look out to-night from Desolation Row. ' When I substitute the word 'oligarchy' for 'lady' in these lines, I get a coherent interpretation. Dig it, Gordon ? ' In the empty lot ' - America - where the ladies ' - the oligarchy - ' play blindman's bluff with the key chain ' - plays meaningless games with the nation's wealth. ' And the all night girls ' - the poor - 'whisper of escapades ' - are forced into an existence where sex becomes another form of escape - ' out on the D-Train. ' 'Train' is a Guthrie symbol wh ich Bob uses. Remember, ' This train don't carry no gamblers, this train '? I think Woody meant this 'life', the life cycle. Well, Dylan means the same thing. But 'D' is Death, so the D-Train becomes the Death Train, and this is a very apt metaphor since the D-Train used to go through the Lower East Side, Bedford-Stuyvesant and Harlem, where death is prevalent all around. Hey, I better cool myself before I run down my whole book.

Of his new LP Dylan himself has had this to say: ' I can't remember too much about how I wrote the new songs It depends on where I am, what the weather is like and who is around at the time. The music is a little of everything. You'll know what it is when you hear it...The new songs are easy to sing and there aren't too many words'

continued from page 32

entertaining, and the softer girls who still hunt among the minstrels the familiar lineaments of a husband and cry by silent telephones in lofts along the Bowery, of the necessity of being into your own thing, of getting back into your body so if you understand and admire an artist your nipples erect when you read a line of him or hear a bar of his music (like berries under the brown gauze of her long dress whipped with old lace) so Norman Mailer's penis blossoms in her head, stopping suddenly to swoop and kiss me on the mouth with her hand cupping my breast as naturally as a nest a bird, a kiss full of promise for a day when we shall come to life among the flowers of Beulah, 'rejoicing in unity In the Four Senses, in the Outline, the Circumference and Form, for ever in the Forgiveness of Sins which is Self Annihilation', and I notice that she has changed the record.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad.

MUSICLAND

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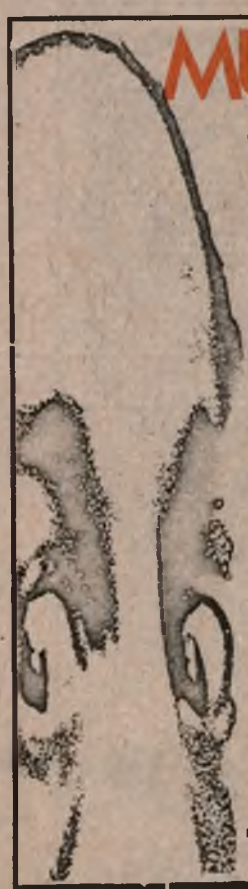

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I've known Murray Roman for a long time . . . he blew my mind occasionally. He had some groovy ideas, but with this album, he suddenly just stepped out and became more than a comedian . . . He became an innovator of a new style of comedy, and this record will become a classic. These are some of the reasons why I think so . . .

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(2) He did it in spite of the fact that all the major labels said "I think it's great, but I don't think we'll be able to distribute it. Some people will be offended."

(3) Most of all, I think it will become a classic, because it's done well . . . it's beautiful and awkwardly naked . . . it's meaningful . . . it's funny.

Murray is my friend, and I am proud to be associated with him and what he's done here. I think it's wild, and I'm sure you will want to play it for a lot of your friends, as I have.

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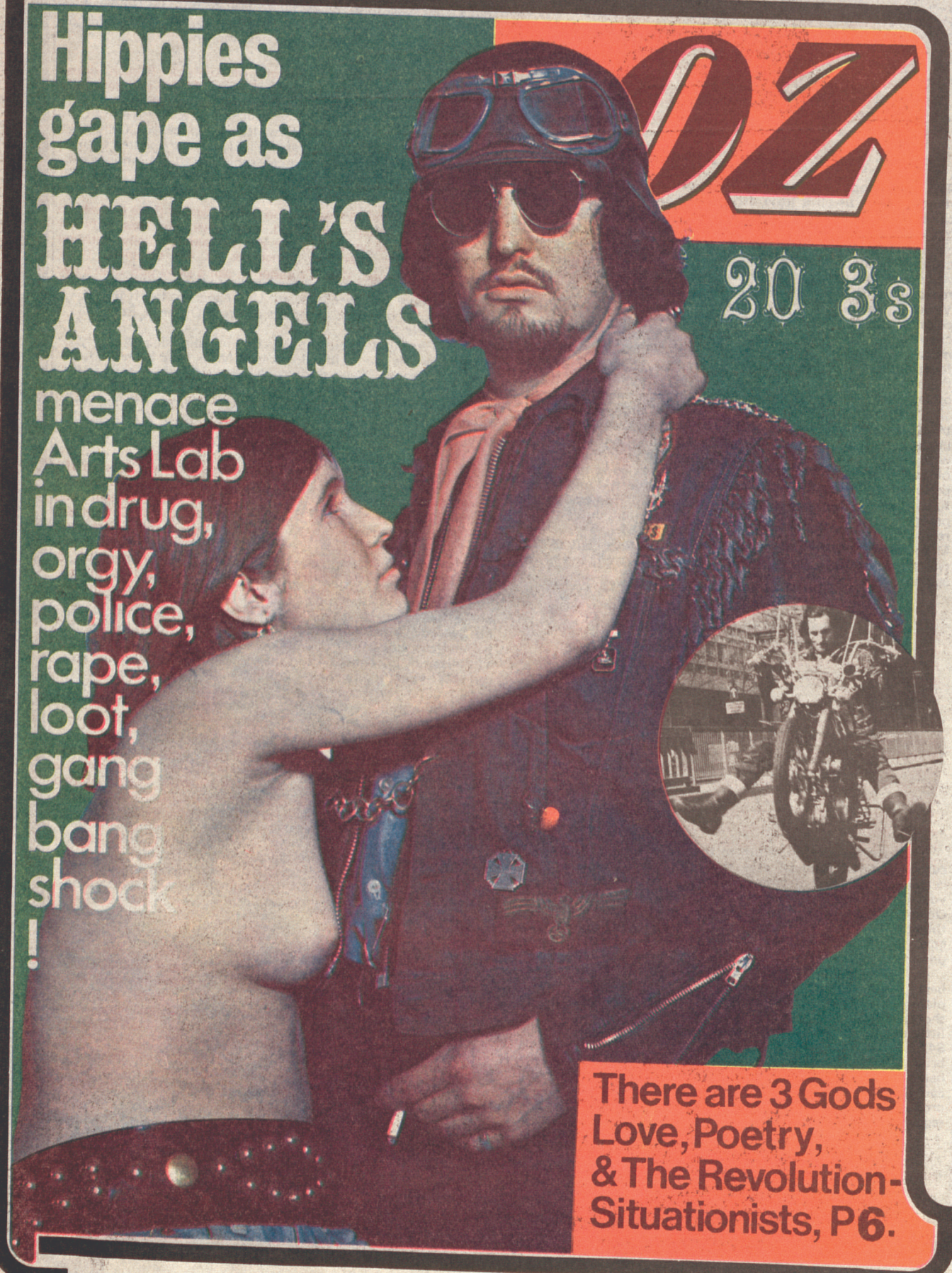


There are 3 Gods Love, Poetry, & The Revolution- Situationists, P6.

JOHN WILCOCK'S

OTHER SCENES

The tremendous pace at which the so-called sexual revolution is moving leaves us all a little dizzy. It's only a matter of weeks since Jim Buckley & Al Goldstein broke away from The New York Free Press to found a new unabashedly sexual tabloid called Screw. After seven issues it is selling 50,000 copies (at 35¢ each) & is about to go weekly. The New York Review of Sex, whose major assets have been high-quality paper (better reproductions) & such mind-blowers as a close-up of Ultra Violet's snatch & Sam Edwards' pseudonymously-written column about sex-&-politics, is close on its heels in both circulation & potential income. Marvin Grafton, the Rat's ad manager, launched another sex tabloid named Pleasure & a fourth, Kiss, is on the way from the Evo stable. Inevitably there'll be others & just as inevitably the fast-moving world of offset publishing will move into & exploit other neglected areas.

Meanwhile, poet Lennox Raphael & producer Ed Wode try to figure out what all the fuss is about over 'Che!' Just because they put on a play which has fucking in it — which is where everybody is at right now — there's all this commotion & old-fashioned legal shit. All you had to do was go to the special performance that was put on for the press after the initial bust to see how important this story is: at least 100 'members of the press' crammed into the tiny Free Store to watch, drool over & record in minute detail this precedent-shattering production. Miles of film was shot, hundreds of stills were taken but all that was seen in print or TV were the same old 'safe' shots (no tits or ass) that have always been shown.

Where is the Establishment press at? One of the answers, of course, is somebody like Helen Gurley Brown who was hired as Hearst's sexpert-in-residence, after her book 'Sex & the Single Girl' proved she knew a little more about sex than the average typist (but still considerably less than anybody the slightest bit hip).

As the years have gone by, the gap between what Helen Gurley Brown knows about sex & what is really happening has grown so much wider that today she sounds like some naive high school chick (except, of course, that high school chicks these days are fucking when they're 12 years old). It's fitting that the Hearst organization should regard her as an authority because it confirms that they're still at least two years away from what's really going on. Why do dinosaurs like Hearst publications fold while young, vigorous, new papers spring up & expand so rapidly? Well, you don't need an answer to that question unless you're in menopause.

By the way, to return to the play 'Che!' for a moment, author Lennox Raphael says that he regards it as merely a curtain-raiser, a sort of tantalising hors d'ouevres so to speak, & you should see the NEXT two plays he's already written. Obviously it's not going to be long before people who go to the threatre will be attending a fuck-in, just like you might have gone to the Roman baths for the evening with your groovy, uninhibited friends.

Which brings us to the movies. While the squares are being repeatedly conned on 42nd Street by 12-minute beaver pictures (you'd think they'd at least overlay the straight girly shots with a fantasy sequence) or hyped-up nudist frolics, the little old ladies and Cosmopolitan readers are lining up to pay $4.50 for an excruciatingly dull Swedish film containing one brief fucking sequence. Sally Kirkland & Rip Torn look like being the first two stars to actually demonstrate sixty-nine in a commercially released flick, although it's rumored that the producers of that little epic are quite uptight about the sequence.

AP ran its annual wire story on millionaires who don't pay taxes (21 of them last year because of depreciation deals and other swindles) but as usual didn't name any names or follow up on what might be done about it . . . Manhattan Tribune calls underground papers 'semi-pornographic' which is a stupid putdown with about as much meaning as 'half pregnant' . . .

Is Eldridge Cleaver dead? A victim of CIA agents? That's the suggestion made by Chicago's militant Resistance Press in the first issue of their new paper, The Free Chicago Graphic scheduled for publication next month . . .

Bill Hutton's 'A History of America' (Coach House Press, 671 Spadina Ave, Toronto, Canada, $1.98) will definitely give you a different perspective than you learned at school . . . Seattle's [illegible] poster [illegible] the latest casualty figures in Vietnam & concluding with PRAY FOR PEACE are being distributed by the group called 'Clergy & Laymen Concerned About Vietnam'. Figures are updated with a new poster each month & you can subscribe to a 12-month set for $3 (475 Riverside Drive, New York 10027) . . .

As noted in this column before, Meher Baba is likely to be heralded much more dead than alive. His was a rather exclusive cult & very little he did or said (virtually nothing) could shift or alter the allegiance of his disciples. It is interesting, though, that it's easier to sell a dead god than a live one . . . The Underground Press Syndicate Directory is the most comprehensive reference book on UPS papers so far. It lists size, frequency, ad rates etc and costs $2 from Orpheus, Box 1832, Phoenix, Ariz, 85001 . . .

First underground paper in Australia, since AUST OZ folded there, is the multi-colored Ubu News (25¢ from Andrew Read, 54 George Street, Redfern, NSW 2016) which used to be the newsletter of the underground film freaks in that country . . . New Zealand booksellers are getting uptight about an underground mag named Cock (50¢ from PO Box 2538, Wellington, New Zealand).

In the introduction to his book of columns, 'Notes of a Dirty Old Man' (Essex House, $1.95) poet Charles Bukowski reminisces about turning out his column for LA's late, lamented Open City: 'For action, it has poetry beat all to hell. Get a poem accepted & chances are it [illegible] come out two to five years later, and a 50-50 shot it wi[illegible] ar, or exact lines of it will later appear, word for word, in some famous poet's mouth, & then you know the world ain't much. Of course, this isn't the fault of poetry; only that so many shits attempt to print and write it.' That celebrated paper writer George Plimpton has been under fire from Harry Smith's Newsletter for allegedly favoring his own magazine, Paris Review (a much over-touted delettante coffee-table quarterly) with grants he was supposedly administering to benefit little mags and unknown writers. You can bet your hippy that nothing with guts — neither an underground paper nor any truly underground writers — will attract Plimpton's eye favourably; he's too careful of his image to allow that to happen . . .

Piladelphia's Distant Drummer reports that Drew Pearson's column about gangster-tainted Walter Annenberg was blacked out of Philadelphia papers. Annenberg, owner of two Philly papers, plus TV Guide & a bookie wire, has been named as ambassador to Britain because he's known as a kind of guy . . . Two prominent [illegible] Peter Hutchinson (John Gibson gallery) deals with 'super-saturated chemical solutions that yield crystals; tubes filled with fermenting materials that produce yeasts & moulds' and John Van Saun (Feigen) who specializes in demonstrating the properties & potentialities of fire through burning Sterno pots, sizzling steel wool and melting candles.

Thousands of people, mostly students, have been officially ordained as ministers in the Universal Life Church. It's within everybody's grasp to become ministers by mail order thereby getting half-price fares, a break on taxes, exemption from the draft & all those other groovy extras that clergy seem to accept as their birthright. Trouble is that when 'ordinary' citizens start claiming these benefits the authorities get very uptight. There'll be a test case in San Jose, Calif on May 5 when Universal Life Church primate, Rev Kirby J Hensley goes on trial for 'violating the State Education Code' by issuing doctor of divinity licenses.

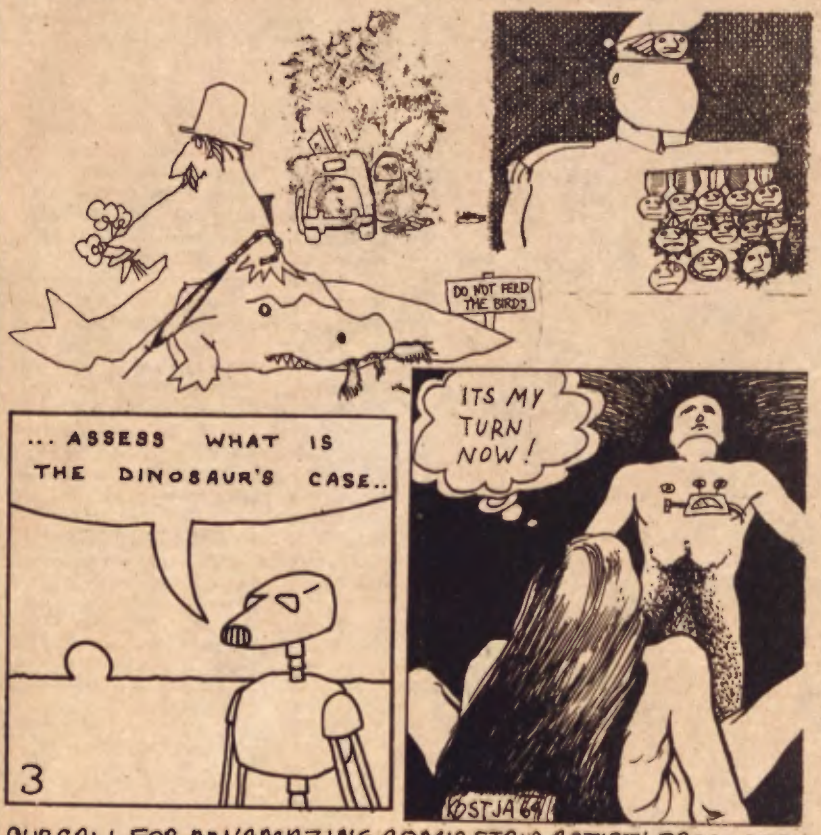
Dear OZ,

When I heard about the Squatters 'Home' at Bell Hotel, Drury Lane I was enthusiastic. I thought something was really happening. I was going to move in. Luckily I took a good look round & didn't.

These are the developments from what I heard & saw. The Arts Lab had its eye on the place & some guys from there climbed through & started clearing up. When they were spotted they opened the front door & got everyone then in the Lab to move in & start clearing up. At this point KYLASTRON who was deputised by Jim Haynes made no effectual explanation of the Art Lab's intentions for the place. It was christened the 'home' & a notice was put on the door telling people without homes to move in & clean up. The one tramp already there was allowed to keep his room which he cleared up. He moved in one of his mates next door.

KYLASTRON later explained to me that the Lab wanted the place as a cheap hostel for 'Artists & creative people, umarried mothers, ex-junkies. Six rooms would be kept locked for travelling threatre troupes performing at the Lab.' The sanitary inspector came & pronounced the place unfit for human habitation. Hell's Angels were moved in on the 3rd floor as a protection against external aggression. After the 1st few days precious little clearing up was done & a levy of £1 per head was imposed. When the talks broke down on matters of internal discipline . . . who should stay . . . who must go. KYLASTRON resigned but returned a couple of days later by popular(?) demand. He is well in with the angels & started using them. to evict people who would not come clean or who refused to pay their £1 per week. KYLASTRON organised a 3.00 am raiding party which threw out anyone found smoking or refusing to pay. The angels knocked on every door. Who's there? no answer. Delay. Door opened. Sniff sniff, 'right you lot — out' . . . in the case of a lot of my friends. KYLASTRON appeared from time to time & when he was criticised he would turn & say something like 'Look man, this is my place — morally if not legally, & if you don't like it go & find your own place & do your own thing there. This isn't a fucking dosshouse. Go on, just get out.' & in the event of trouble the angels were never far away to help the evicted tenant on his way.

After the Saturday bust KYLASTRON & the others from the Arts Lab gave up & pulled out. The place was reoccupied on Sunday & the ground floor barricaded. Access was by ladder to the 1st floor & most of the people turned out previously moved back in. On Wednesday workman broke in & smashed the place up because



OUR CALL FOR AN 'AMAZING COMIC STRIP ARTIST' PRODUCED A FLOOD OF SUGGESTIONS, SOME OF WHICH (ABOVE) ALMOST MADE IT VISUALLY. BUT IN THE MAIN THE STORY IDEAS WERE TOO BANAL. HOPEFULLY WE'LL HAVE ONE FOR OZ 21.

A blast from the Nationals

THE GUARDIAN
POP MUSIC
by Geoffrey Cannon

The second enterprise is "Time Out," which I judge to be the most exciting and admirable magazine launched within the last year. To over simplify, this magazine is a what's-on-in-London for avant-garde, experimental, and electric events. It covers rock, blues, folk and jazz events with particular thoroughness. It's already indispensable. "Time Out's" rock record reviews are pretty good, too.

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it was 'unfit for human habitation.' What KYLASTRON had hoped to do was get everybody working to clear the place up, turn out the junkies & get the place properly legal. His methods created a microcosm of state which he readily admitted but claimed was the only way of securing the place for any length of time. Was a place run along fascist lines worth securing anyway? Would it have changed? It's arguable, but doubtful. KYLASTRON did express the hope of setting up an office to organise the taking over of other properties by squatters.
He wanted this to be the precedent. To get this legal & then get people moving in on empty houses on a large scale. Now marches & petitions are under way. Also a petition demanding employment for those discriminated against for unusual appearance or behaviour, now this may give some idea of where the arts lab crowd are at I mean what about those that don't want employment & want to smoke & things, I mean . .
I seem to be going on a bit so anyway I haven't a point to make especially except some people are so happy playing along with the straights that they're probably happier being straight anyway & it don't make no difference what they look like, & its sad. Honestly I don't know where I am so why don't I just keep quiet?
Love
Steve Burke
28 Roland Gdns
London SW7

Dear Editor,
I compliment you for printing such a fine article as Germaine's on Dr. G. It was beautifully done.
It brought one thing clearly to my mind. In this world saturated with violence, physical, mental or spiritual, it is infinitely better to have a good fuck.
Yours sincerely
C. E. PHILLIPS
31 Cumberland Mansions
Brown Street
London, W.1.

Dear OZ,
Pure & eurhythmic, clear & polymorphic. I wonder if anyone realises exactly how content a glass of water must be?
Paul, Frank & Zettusa
Farnham Close,
London N20.
P.S. Except Robin & Mike.

Dear OZ,
I wish you well in your campaign against capitalism and hypocrisy, but permit me a cynical middle-aged observation: LSE was a nice simple symbolic target to pick; what about the big stuff next time? why don't all you hairy teenagers boycott the pop music industry? what about a self-denying ordinance for twelve months, no albums, no magazines (other than OZ, of course), no transistor radios, no discotheques; how about a march down Charing Cross Road to Denmark Street, to smash a few windows there? Not that I've anything (much) against pop music, I can take it or leave it, like Vivaldi, Beethoven, or Sibelius: but I puke when I see the love & sympathy flowing towards Biafra & Vietnam, whilst the money from your hot little pockets all flows in the opposite direction.
But here's a little bit of both for OZ.
Yours faithfully,
P R Bridger
Happy Island
Pwllmelin Road
Cardiff.

Dear OZ,
There is an article entitled 'Psychic Guerilla Warfare', in which someone named G William Domhoff from the Entwhistle Project, attempts to air his plans & views for a political takeover in good old decadent America. Towards the end of the article the editor, Richard Neville (xxxxxx), has resented two comments 'Jesus, what CRAP! ed.' & in parentheses at the bottom of p 23. (If the Revolution means prose like this, let's LOSE!). After reading Mr Domhoff's article & finding these two 'gems' from Mr Neville at the bottom of p 23, I think that Mr Neville has made a serious editorial mistake, which does discredit to OZ! — He has slandered Mr Domhoff's article by inserting his derogatory comments
RIGHT IN THE FUCKING TEXT!!!
Secondly Mr Neville has **failed to provide any reason** for those comments. It seems to me that if Mr Neville thinks that what Mr Domhoff says is 'CRAP' (in capitals), then Mr Neville should *at least* 1) Tell us why he feels this way, and 2) Present his

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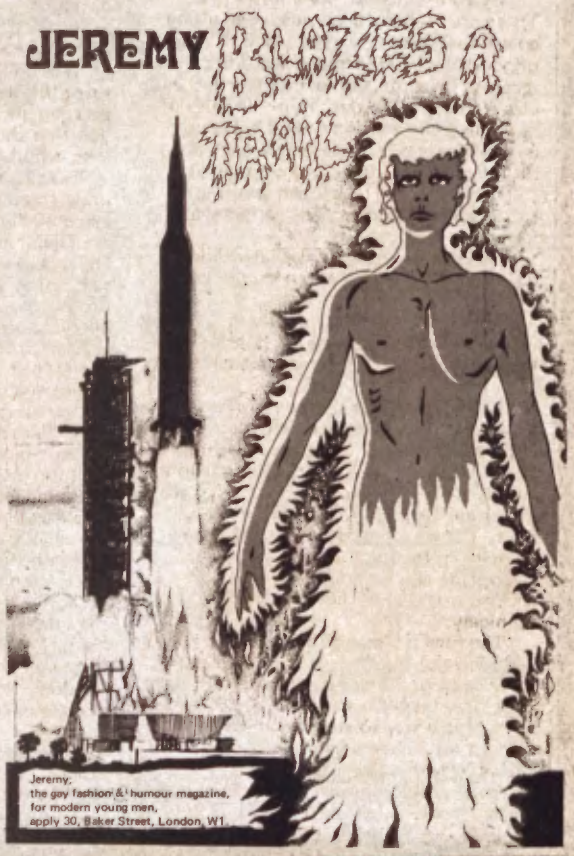

views some other place than *right in the middle of Mr Domhoff's text.* I am sure Mr Domhoff expects commentary on any piece of writing he does for public consumption, but I don't think he quite expected this form of editorial slander! Jesus, what crap! Ed.

Thank you sincerely

Charles Conrad
London

P.S. I think some apology on Mr Neville's part is in order.

Dear OZ,

British Students are indeed 'parochial and insular'. In fact, they are a lot worse than that in the majority of cases. They are lazy, apathetic, selfish and smug.

I am at Hull University and very much involved with publications there, along with several others. What our activities have shown though is that these failings are capable of being broken by the right form of attack. I would therefore like to outline our activities in the hope that other small groups seriously dissatisfied with the media at THEIR Unies can do something similar about it.

At Hull we, decided to start a 'mag' to fill in the vacuum left by the other university tabloids. We began a first issue of WORM at the beginning of the Easter Term and by the end had a circulation of 500 and also five issues behind us.

The policy of the WORM is to *guarantee* printing every single contribution from one word to a thousand or infinity! We have strictly adhered to this rule.

WORM is also totally anonymous. There are no editors because everything goes in. Result . . . we get a hell of a lot of good stuff we normally wouldn't have received because people are often either afraid to say what they think because of possible recrimination from University authorities and the law or else they are shy of criticism (especially of poetry).

Things people have been wanting to say are said and spread fearlessly at last.

Creative contributions that would have remained in secret are shared with everyone.

The drawback of obscenity is negligible as it can do no harm and readers are prepared to take the good with the bad.

There is no formal organisation at all so that legal prosecution is almost impossible. Also as there are no editors or staff anyone who wants to can help in typing selling or even getting cups of tea. The same people never work on every issue. Yet we managed to bring out one issue every fortnight which is quite reasonable and we found we received enough material in that time to fill up nicely.

The mag is also a good revolutionary and active political unit. Issue number three carried instructions on how to make a molotov with diagram and said where in the university to strike with same. No student took the hint but the Authorities certainly tried every form of secret pressure to stop circulation. Issue number 4 again struck at the authorities of the University and their possibilities also slamming a warden of a Hall of residence for his hypocritical treatment of students.

Several other things led to threats of police action on the sellers and publishers if sales were not stopped. The charges include: OBSCENITY, LIBEL, OBSCENE LIBEL, SELLING SAME, WRITING SAME, PRINTING SAME.

All this in ten weeks. WORM is for the students of the University it says what they think. It does not tone down anything. No clique runs it and in ten weeks it is said to have shifted student opinion at Hull from right to Anarchist.

ALL UNIVERSITIES NEED A WORM and Manchester University are to start Man Worm next term on exactly the same print every anything lines. Worm is so powerful because it is honest and because it belongs to everyone in reality.

The mag is unpretentious. Foolscap duplicating paper, Gestetner stencils typed one finger at a time, cost an issue of 500 approx £5-10-0. Any one can produce one all you need is the courage to have *real* freedom of press and a little energy.

Every University has grumbles. Every University has poets and thinkers, it should have more than most units. WORM is genuine revolution, genuine freedom. Its very freedom and the fact that it is not an ego trip cos of a non policy adds to its power and virtually safety from prosecution.

FUZZ: Who writes this obscene revolutionary rag?

WORM: Everybody at the University or nobody.

FUZZ: Yes but it must have an editor, someone must run it.

WORM: Everybody edits it. You are forced to decide what you think is good and bad and form critical judgements, if you find them necessary, while you read it so everybody is the editor.

FUZZ: Yes but . . . (unable to understand that real freedom of this sort can actually exist. Who does he get?)

The banning of WORM 4 from the University Union, by Admin, was unable to stop sales and no one could be prosecuted — except themselves for allowing it in their premises. Mass support from the student body also came in the form of lobbies of President, who apologised; debate attacks on the Admin; and much needed money gifts which were given purely from hearts and not prompted at all. Students at Hull are realising just how much freedom is possible. The Right, who keep trying unsuccessfully to label our policies as anarchistic and dangerous, have felt a backlash that merely lost them power. Their 'credibility' has been destroyed because we really are doing this for the students. WORM is *really* speaking for them. The Authorities read WORM too. It worries them. They cannot understand freedom. It is a complicated and, to them, a dangerous thing.

WORM is everywhere. If you want to give yourselves a little freedom of thought write to us at:
'Worm' Hull University Students Union, University of Hull East Yorks.

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The 'Situationists are Coming' is another in the occasional series of supplements prepared by friends-of-OZ, and way beyond editorial control.

The Situationists are coming

Angelo Quattrocchi

13 Apostles

I have three gods: love, poetry & the revolution

Love knows no boundaries, refuses no flesh, & is ephemeral, as is my love for women. The act is an accomplishment.

Poetry is the search for beauty, a wolf barking at the full moon, scratches on this page, her face lit by a barricade. A striving. Revolution is the stone thrown in the stagnant pond, & the ripples spreading life to the water, the shaking of the innumerable dead minds & souls from my shoulders. It's poetry achieved, in action, in love.

& no religion. No theories to justify today, no theologies to justify tomorrow.

1.

Memento mori

The dead hand of the enemy. The long hand of power. The icy finger on your soul.

Carpe diem.

Live the day. Live the day as if it is your last. Live the day as if it is your first. Does the message come across?

Does it cut through layers of grease, oil, butter, fat?

Does it enter one ear & come out of the other? Oh, dead mummies, nursed by the flickering of many screens, daily lulled to sleep by the rustling of newspapers, does it occur to you that this day you live only once?

Does it occur to you that those who quietly poison your day need your complicity, that they feed on the dung of your mind?

Does it occur to you that those who assassinate today, your day, do it in the name of tomorrow, a Socialist tomorrow, a fatter tomorrow, an electronic tomorrow, a never never land of promises, the chains of our contemporary slaves.

If they offer you an insurance, you should strike them dead.

If they offer you a party card, you should stuff their mouths with papers.

If they offer you a cause, you should break their hearts with such a laughter that all the glasswindows of Companies & Corporations, from 42nd street to the Calcutta Post Offices should fall in splinters. The tinkling of freedom.

2.

Remember that Saturday afternoon in Notting Hill?

When a few hopefuls in search of instant-coffee communication went around touching passers by with their hands, to provoke togetherness (& giving, unfortunately, an explaining leaflet afterwards).

It is said that a bank manager asked for the purpose of this, & when given the leaflet, remained unconvinced. Housewives found it 'nice', if a bit bewildering. Hippies & similar acted, of course, in a conspiratorial manner. Word spread rapidly in the market (yes, it was the Portobello road, kaleidoscope of dwindling images of the possible) that some kids were going around touching people. Some eyes went sharper, some, softer. The display of objects, a small degree out of focus.

A handsome (groovy) negro was approached. – Yes, baby? – he said.

A working class bloke got wind of the affair, spotted one of the touchers & told him: 'listen, why don't you touch my mate here, he needs it.'

The 'experiment' ended at pub-opening time, & was written about in the papers.

3.

Once there was a god

An all powerful, transcendental god ready to justify all murders, all sacrifices. The most beautiful & most revolting creature of man's imagination.

In his name, all crimes could be committed by man upon man, the revenge of the oppressed was put aside, & ritualised, in his paradise.

He exploded, like a nova, an interstellar bang, Bang! Now stardust is all that is left.

Objects, goods, commodities.

Houses to protect you from life, to shelter your putrefaction from the putrefaction of your neighbour.

Cars to take you from nowhere to nowhere.

Children to make you die faster, to watch you dying with unblinking eyes.

In this huge graveyard of god, you work, without murmuring, ad maiorem dei gloriam, still.

4.

What is the worth of a desire, if it cannot be put into practice?

It is but a dream, a nightmare, in a dark night where all cows are black. The myriads of desire not fulfilled, the thousand desires sparked by daily frustration, fill our air with a lethal mixture which slowly assassinates the

acquiescent. The rebel chokes, his cough is the only sign of life in the thick smog.

But the all pervading mixture is also inflammable. Strike a match in the black caverns of our desires, & leaping flames will scorch the minds, long abused. At the light of that fire, fed by the dead wood of the sacrifices imposed on us in the name of the three paper gods – Production, Consumption & Alienation, we will dance our last dance of death, our first dance of life.

5.

There are corners where the shadow of misery is paler

The nursery rhymes, where the cow jumps over the moon. The guttural cry of the lover which thickens the air. The child's play, & his questions. The trees standing against the sky at dusk; Even the smoke of the farmhouse in the distance. There are screams which pierce the screen, one eternal instant. Lions copulating at noon. The agony of the tortured & the quickening of the breath of the executioner. A theory of empty, illuminated skyscrapers at night. The lonely joys buried in frightened hearts. Blasphemy, sometimes.

The ghastly grin of the masturbater in a lavatory cubicle. & the lightening, the lightening in pages, in lines.

6.

Where have all the flowers gone?

Where is the alchemy which turns base metal into gold; where the mystery, which makes your hair a forest, your profile to pornographic cameras, reflects the image of our grayness. There is more passion in the sudden fit of the small child who destroys his sandcastle, than in all the metal pricks we are throwing against the solemnity of indifferent skies.

Where have all the children gone?

There's more life in the wind swelling the willow-trees than in all the millions of television aerials, crosses of the graveyards.

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Waiting, waiting, in a long cold winter, waiting. There is more life in the skull of Attila, the Hun, than in all the skyscrapers built for your awe.

But when will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

7.

Cocks as Coca-Cola bottles. Untap, unzip, pour the liquid into the glass, or, alternatively, suck directly. Pop. As many as you like (can afford). Refreshing, stimulating, & also relaxing? Bip. Hygienic. Zap. & therapeutic. Plop. It mustn't be messy, oh no! No fuzzy edges, no smudges. Cleanliness the only way to Coca-Cola-ness, the best, best way.

Counterparts are unmentioned. Delicate. As loo-paper can be. Pink. Forward, Christian soldiers, unroll. To each according to its size. Temperaments are catered for, by the art-industry. The jolliest of sports. Join the set. With skill and indurance, you too can give an adequate performance. Coca-Colas of the world united, you have nothing to lose but your liquid.

8.

The space of one day mirrors the entire life.

At dawn, a bell murders your dream, too early, and calls you to your slavery. As childrens' play is much too early strangled by the school-factory, which stuffs them like sausages.

Your journey to work ignoring and ignored by others, is a long tunnel crowded with cyphers. The kids encounter the multitude of platitudes, & learn obedience.

The day is filled with the horror of enforced work, your adult life.

& when all the energy is drained, the spine bent, the mind vacuum-cleaned, & the fear of ultimate nothingness approaches, at dusk, then, it's the communion of the dead souls.

The litanies of the cathode tube tirelessly sing the hymn to the approaching sleep, the approaching death.

9.

Get hold of the idea, & hold it, don't let go

The idea is to the mind what the gentle clitoris is to the woman.

It inflames to the point of no return, to the land where your will is king.

The idea of happiness has taken hold, in the collective mind; it cannot recede.

The acid on your tongue is the presentiment of the ripples to come.

The first spasms are felt with such invading sweetness that all else is fast disappearing.

Be gentle & firm, in the pursuit of your goal.

Nothing, nothing else, you can see, is now real.

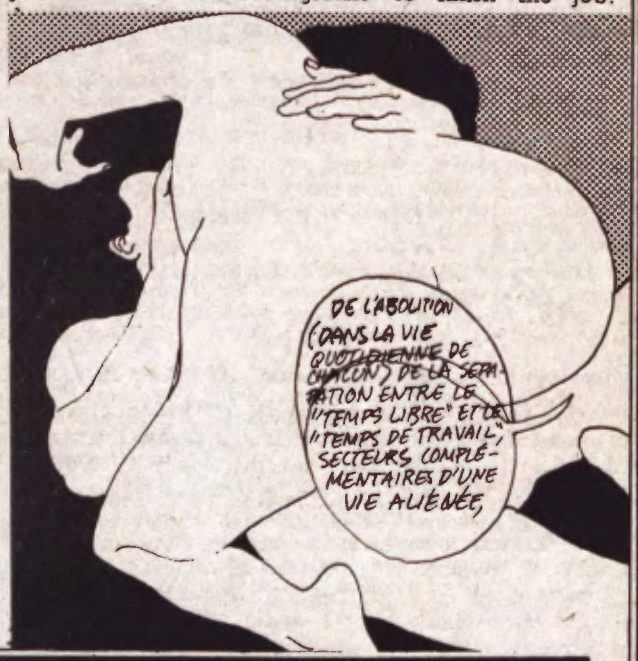
Pity those who squirm away.

10.

Love thy neighbour. Give Caesar what's Caesar's

Oh, dear Christ, long haired half jew agitator from Palestine, when the Roman Empire, built on slavery, was powerful, what did you think of Pontius Pilate liberalism?

What did you feel when he washed his hands & gave you to the local bourgeoisie to finish the job?



At this phase of the present struggle – it is the Work-Concept which must be endangered and ultimately nullified.

(Lumumba, Guevara & the ones who are forgotten and await revenge).

In the catacombs of Rome, slaves drunk on freedom made the empire tremble. Your Christians burn like torches for not giving to Caesar what is Caesar's. There are more men than lions, always, when guerrilla of the mind is engaged. & then they made a Party, with a God in residence & party leaders and officials.

What happened after that was inevitable.

Now God is dead & Caesar fears the Ides of March, because there is only one way of loving thy neighbour, that of not giving anything to God & not giving anything to Caesar.

11.

Society is a plastic flower

The police of our minds, the plastic police, the mass media, are the pouring everlasting rain soaking my heart, the marrows of my bones, the cavity of my brain. The producers of nightmares have attached to my body an obscene shadow I can not shake off, whatever I do. The shadow of fear.

It's fear which makes me work (I have to survive) & without fear my typewriter could produce stars.

It's fear which builds my day (I have to be alive) & without fear people would be daisy-chains around my neck.

In others I see the mirror of my shadow, the same shadow. But in their pupils, which regulate the admission of the light, often I see a gleam, before the eyelids descend.

It is that gleam that, focused like a global laser, will pierce the plastic dome and melt it.

12.

Beware of those who say: 'it's not that simple'

They are the clerics of the dark rites.

Be weary of books which tell you 'how'.

The paths to your liberation are yet untrodden.

To those who say that the "enemy" is still strong, tell them they are the enemy.

Would-be leaders, shoot on sight, it will save time later.

Let us not have one single thought of mine matching yours. Ask for the unison in action, but not in thoughts.

To those who distil rules about the multitudes of futures in store, your attitude should be both of scorn & pity. They are vestal virgins of deserted churches, rallying the waning faithful.

To those who cultivate their gardens, say nothing. Their awakening will be rude, and salutary.

13.

Situationists

Imitations from Raul Vaneigem, author of the book: 'Traite de savoir-vivre a l'usage des jeunes generations.' A tribute to the ideas that the producers of nightmares & the consumers of alienation will never be able to integrate.
Let – Vaneigem, my friend – the mass media spread them.
Let them buy the noose which will hang them. AQ.

Objects are the gravestones of the cemetery of our lives. You own an object, it owns you. When you consume your life.

People are the only instruments of your pleasure, & if you try to own them, they become objects too: wives.

The sabotage of the system is poetically expressed by those young people who steal the books which show the reasons for their discontent.

Megalomania, often sterile, is also a good tool against the coalition of forces which repress free will. It's the powder which never gets dry, good stuff for dynamite.

Spontaneity is the only mode of expression of individual creativity. Where the light of creativity still flickers, spontaneity has a chance of survival.

To those who refuse the present laws of our world only by instinct, we must say that there is an abyss between fighting in order to create a new life and fighting in order to stay alive. They have to cross that abyss with knowledge. Creativity without knowledge is poetry without style.

To get the feeling of your alienation from life, think of people in the streets, think of their meetings. Each one of them is the policemen of his own behaviour. Chase the policeman from your mind, is the slogan.

It must be said: since human non-communication is what it is, what the world of hierarchy makes it to be, we follow the etiquette of silence as the lesser evil, in a landscape where men are objects.

Misery of conscience forges killers for the state, Consciousness of misery forges the killers of the state.

Like the sexual act, which is not for the procreation, but very accidentally produces children, in the same way our forced labour produces changes, as if in an afterthought. We are changing the world?

Look around! The world changes in the way enforced labour makes it change: that is why it changes so badly.

Hope is the leash of submission. The kettle boils, power provides the spout of hope for the future. An adjustable safety valve, hope for the future is fear of the present.

Like Pascal's thinking reed, we can bend to power, & just survive. Our masochism is the only dead wood feeding the pyre of power, & making our will to live into smoke.

What is an Ideal (God, King, Country, Communism) if not a lie for the people, & a truth which serves the masters?

The more the consuming machine gobbles up the producing machine, the more we are governed by seduction, the less by force.

To create life as if an art is now becoming a popular idea. The vicissitudes of that idea, & the ways to spread it, are the only concern of the new revolutionaries, the new poets.

The armies of power can only recruit psychological cripples. They are beginning to have difficulties in recruiting soldiers, policemen, even clerks.

That is obviously why they are trying to substitute them fast by computers, & missiles.

The area of enforced labour diminishes, but the area of enforced leisure increases in proportion. To each according to the needs of production & consumption.

We live in times when the ideology of consuming has consumed all ideologies. Do not underestimate East-West relations! On one side, homo consumator buys a bottle of whisky & gets in exchange the lie which follows. On the other, homo communist buys ideology & gets in exchange his bottle of vodka.

One system consumes, in order to produce, the other produces in order to consume.

Our limitations are inside us, & we rationalize it with ideologies, & give them solidity with politics.

The will to be free from all strictures; the will to battle against all that corrupts; this is the will that has widened the old arena of the class-struggle. Subjectivity, the new subjectivity, makes the battle larger, & more deadly.

The *'party'* of the *'will to live'* is a political party. We do not want a world where we exchange the certainty of not dying of starvation for the certainty of dying of boredom.

The same drains the blood of the worker in his hours of enslaved work & in his hours of enslaved leisure. Those who speak of revolution & class struggles without talking about the enslavement of our daily life, without knowing that the only spring of rebellion is our love for life, & our hate of imposition, those talk with a corpse in their mouths.

Creation of pleasure is pleasure of creation.

The concept of pleasure knows no limitations. Pleasure either flourishes or shrinks. Repetition kills it. Pleasure is only for the total man, for the free one. Eroticism is pleasure trying to find its style. We must create, in social life, all the conditions for pleasure, for the absolute pleasure which is in love-making.

There to serve the present established order, & any establishment to come. Gulliver pinned down by the Lilliputians.

Love &

respect for the family

These are extracts from a Russian Propaganda Book called "MEN'S DREAMS ARE COMING THROUGH"

When Inessa Armand included in the plan of a pamphlet she was going to write for women proletarians the statement that even a fleeting passion was more poetic & pure than the loveless kisses of a vulgar couple, Lenin objected emphatically. He considered it impermissible not only to advocate "free love" but to justify any fleeting passion or infatuation.

"The loveless kisses of a vulgar couple are *dirty*. I agree. In contrast to them there should be – what? *Loving* kisses, it would seem. You, however, contrast them with a 'fleeting' (why fleeting?) 'passion' (why not love?), the logical result being that loveless (fleeting) kisses are contrasted by the loveless kisses of a married couple . . . That is strange. Wouldn't it be better, in a popular pamphlet, to contrast philistine-intellectual-peasant . . . vulgar & dirty matrimony devoid of love with proletarian civil matrimony based on love . . .?"

Lenin's conclusion about civil matrimony based on love defines the nature of the Soviet family under communism as well.

Love involves two persons, and results in the birth of a child. This is a matter of concern for society & it entails a duty in respect of the community. This is why society controls matrimonial relations & condemns sexual license in no uncertain terms.

Communist society, while not indulging in the petty regulation of the private lives of people, will do all in its power to strengthen the foundations of the healthy family. The important changes that will occur in family life as society advances to communism, & the expansion of the manifold social links between people will gradually lead to the family shedding many of its past & present features & functions. This is not to say, however, that the family will disintegrate or wither away, as bourgeois propaganda asserts.

What changes will the family undergo in communist society? A short working day – the shortest ever – will enable the adult members of the family to give more time to their cultural pursuits & to the education of the children, which will be modified organisationally, with society shouldering much of the burden.

The family will always be able to educate the children morally. Parents' example & that of all senior members of the family, the children's participation in domestic work, the cultivation of good family traditions, & family honour & pride will never lose their beneficial effect. One of the important things in the moral code of the builders of communism is mutual respect in the family, & concern for the education of children.

The family will develop & become stronger, making the lives of people increasingly full. The communist family will join forces with society as a whole to bring children up to be industrious, morally & physically healthy people always striving to improve their knowledge, enjoying the beauty of life & fully appreciating its value.

Survivals of the old, outmoded way of life are particularly tenacious in the family. Habit & customs that people have inherited or developed persist for a long time & exert conservative influence. This is why family life is slower to change than economic & political relations. The replacement of one socio-economic formation by another does not transform people's way of life overnight.

In communist society matrimonial relations will not be ruled by dependence. Family relations will be completely rid of material considerations, & will be based solely on mutual love & friendship. This does not imply, however, that there will be no contradictions in the family under communism. It may well be, for example, that the husband (or the wife) will cease to love his wife (her husband) because of a new love. But such complications will occur far less frequently than nowadays.

Will monogamy exist in communist society, or will there be a new development in matrimonial relations?

"Monogamy," wrote Engels, "arose out of the concentration of considerable wealth in the hands of one person – & that a man – & out of the desire to bequeath this wealth to this man's children & to no one else's. For this purpose monogamy was essential on the woman's part, but not on the man's; so that this monogamy of the woman in no way hindered the overt or covert polygamy of the man. The impending social revolution, however, by transforming at least the far greater part of permanent inheritable wealth – the means of production – into social property, will reduce all this anxiety about inheritance to a minimum. Since monogamy arose from economic causes, will it disappear when these causes disappear?

"One might not unjustly answer: far from disappearing, it will only begin to be completely realised."

And so, monogamous relations, the bulwark of family love & personal happiness, will exist under communism as well. Respect for the family is a highly important feature of the communist way of life. We live today more and more along communist lines, that is, in mutual trust & friendship.

Moral Purity

The moral code of the builder of communism embraces all important relations: in the sphere of morality those between the individual & society, the individual & the collective, work relations, & relations between individuals. Its fundamental principles are:

"devotion to the communist cause; love of the socialist motherland & of the other socialist countries;

"conscientious labour for the good of society – he who does not work, neither shall he eat;

"concern on the part of everyone for the preservation & growth of public wealth;

"a high sense of public duty; intolerance of actions harmful to the public interest;

"collectivism and comradely mutual assistance: one for all & all for one;

"human relations & mutual respect between individuals – man is to man a friend, comrade and brother;

"honesty & truthfulness, moral purity, modesty, & unpretentiousness in social & private life;

"mutual respect in the family, & concern for the up-bringing of children;

"an uncompromising attitude to injustice, parasitism, dishonesty, careerism & money-grubbing;

"friendship & brotherhood among all peoples of the USSR; intolerance or national & racial hatred;

"an uncompromising attitude to the enemies of communism, peace & the freedom of nations;

"fraternal solidarity with the working people of all countries, and with all peoples."

PROGRESS PUBLISHERS MOSCOW 1986

Bedtime Story

Peter Buckman

My school is nicely organized. When the headmaster wouldn't cancel religious assembly, we kept him in his room for three days until he nearly died. He had to have surgery to make him pee.

When the English mistress threatened my friend Bettina with detention, the whole class barricaded themselves in & stayed a week. We had food thrown up to us. Miss Lethebridge (English teacher) has a nasty scar on her head. I think it was caused by a chair. Detention isn't fair.

We had a new young maths master who wanted to teach us new ways to add. We don't like adding. It's only used for counting money. We wanted more art & history, especially about the slaves' revolt. The new maths master left after two days. His hair changed colour.

They tried to force us to do P.T. Fat Louis always got off because his father is a rich doctor & he told the head Louis had a weak heart. Louis never used to do any exercise. He got driven to school every day, until we burnt his car. Then we took him to the gym & threatened to exercise him till he dropped unless they stopped compulsory P.T. They stopped. Louis goes to another school now.

The funny thing is what our big brothers & sisters do. They got very excited about not being able to sleep in the girls' dormitory. So they went in & the police came & lots of people got hurt & they still can't sleep in the dormitory. We do it all the time. No fuss.

They were worried about exams too. Every time they worry about something the police get called in. Perhaps it's because they're older. Anyway, as soon as that happens, they all split up into little groups & argue about what to do. Then their little groups fight amongst themselves & the police take away those who fall down. The winner calls itself something like "The Union" & goes & talks to the headmaster, or the President, or whatever. By then they're so tired they forget what they were originally worried about. Or perhaps "Unions" are very forgetful things – we've never had one.

Our big brothers & sisters don't know who to support. They rush round to factories when there's a strike & get thrown out. They rushed round to us when we barricaded ourselves & we threw them out. Why haven't they got anything of their own to do?

Besides they spend all their time making speeches. Each little group invents something called a "programme' & they talk & talk until everyone falls asleep & then the one who's talking declares his programme carried. Then he falls asleep, & the police come. Programmes are very tiring – we've never had one.

What I don't understand is why our big brothers & sisters go on telling us to "make the revolution" when all they're doing is boring each other to death.

What I don't understand is why our big brothers & sisters argue like our parents, & get all organized like our parents, & act exactly like our parents, & still go on & on about how awful our parents are.

They won't be any use to us. We'll have to get rid of them too.

RANK and HEEVY COMIX
"VICTOR VULGAR"
IN EMILE ZOLA'S "URINAL GERMINAL"
THEME MUSIC: DADADADA LADEEDAA!
VULGAR'S THE NAME, CHEAP THRILLS IS ME GAME!
HONK! SHOO! DOOPY!
DIS GUY SURE AS HELL CAN RIDE A PIG!
HISTORY BEING WAD IT IS, FOLKS, OLE VIC VULGAR RODE PLUM INTA A REVOLOOSHIN!
WHOOSH!
WAT'S GUNG ON ROUN HERE VID ALL DIS SCREAMING?
FEELTHY SCUM!
$10
YIKE!
ALL I WANT IS A ROOM SOMEWHERE... FAR AWAY FROM THE COLD NIGHT AIR!
LISTEN, SUCKFACE, WATSA GOING ON? WHAAAAT?
DAT'S WAT I CALL A DAME!
THE HILLS, MEN! FLEE TO TA HILLS.....
HOOTSEE TOOTSEE ICECREAM!
DA FILLFHEE PEZANTS ARE GOING NUTS COS WE DON FEED EM! DAT'S WHAT!
UGH! WATSA GOINK ON DER! DEY'S PULLIN DAT GUYS PEENUZZ WRIGHT OFF!! OH, GAAAHD! DAT'S REELY FOUL PLAY! GEESUZZ!
MORA 69
HEY! WAITA SEC! DAT'S MY PEEZUN, I MEAN PEENUZZ! LEGGO! BLAGGARDS! YOOW!
HOOTSIE TOOTSIE ICECREME!
DA LEADER OF DA REVELOOSHIN SEES DAT VICTOR IS NO ENEMY BECOS HE, VICTOR, IS SUCH A BLOODY IMBECILE HE COULDNAT BE HARMFULL....COULD HE?!
LET GO OF DAT MAN, HE'S A FUCKING IDIOT!
BUT, LEADER, ARE NOT ALL REE-AKTIONARIES FUCKING IDIOTS
LET US HAV IM!
THE LEADER SPEAKS ON...
HEY! OUR LEADER IS RUDE! HE JUST SAID F--K!
PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER! WE ARE HUMANS! NOT HYENA'S!
HOORAY! RA! RA!
CLAP! CLAP!
MORE! RA! RA! MORE! RA! RA!
CLAP!

HEY! DIS GUYS GWEAT!
WE WANT A REEVOLOOSHIN NOTTA PEENUZZ MASSAKER! LIFE NOT DEATH!
CRAP!
CLAP! MORE!
CLAP! CLAP!
OH! IT IS THE BURNT ONE!
CRAP! CRAP! CRAP!
CRAP! CRAPPY CRAP!
KILL HER! NO ONE SPEAKS TO ME LIKE THAT! KILL!
CRAP! CRAP! KRAP! GEK! HONKY CRAP!
WHOOSH!
VICTOR RUNS AWAY FROM DA REVEELOOSHIN.....
GEEZUZZ DAT WERE NO BALL OF LAFFS!
SHEE IT!
STOP!
STOP! IN DER NAME OF DA LAW!
LIFE LINE
FATE
PLEASE NOTICE THAT AT DIS STAGE OF THE COMICK DA ART WORK DETEER-IORATES COS DA ARTIST LOCKED HISSELF OUTTA HIS ROOM AND HADDA FEENISH DA STORY WID A FUCKIN LOUZY PEN!
DAMNAZION AND CORRUPTION! IT'S DAT NASTY OFFISSER TUESDEE!
OFFISSER TUESDEE HATES EVERYTHING ON DA EARTH CEPT KRAZY KAT COMIX!
WEEEL! IF IT ISN'T MY GOOD FREN, OFFISSER TUESDEE!
HE ALSO LIKES ROD STEIGER'S SUNGLASSES IN DA ACADAMEE AWARD WINNING "IN DA HEAT OF DA NIGHT!"
POW!
YEEOW
DON YOU EVER TALK BACK TO ME, PAL!
GEEZUZZ! CANTTA GET ANY PIECE, I MEAN PEECE, ROUN HERE!!
WHO'S DAT FREAK?!
HOOTSIE TOOTSIE ICECREAM!
SO VICTOR VULGAR, TIRED OF ALL DA VILENCE HE'D WITTNEZZED, WENT HOME AND SPENN DA EVENING PULLEN DA WINGS OFFA LEEDLE FLIES.....
GEEZUZZ!
TIL NEX TIME FANS!
VON MORA '69

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

Once upon a time there were three little pigs. The first little pig built a house of straw, the second little pig built a house of sticks, and the third little pig built a house of bricks.

One day a big bad wolf approached the house of the first little pig. "Let me in," he said, " or I'll blow your house down." The little pig was too frightened to open the door. The wolf huffed and puffed, the house fell down and the first little pig was eaten up.

"Let me in, let me in" the wolf said to the second little pig, "or I'll blow your house down." The second little pig was too frightened to open the door, the wolf huffed and puffed the house fell down, and the second little pig was eaten up. "Let me in, let me in," said the wolf to the third little pig, "or I'll blow your house down." The third little pig was too frightened to open the door, the wolf huffed and puffed, the house fell down, and the third little pig was killed by falling bricks.

MORAL: Those who build houses must take the consequences. Does it really matter whether you are eaten alive or buried alive?

A Vicious God

FRAGMENT OF A TAPE FOUND IN AN ASTEROID OF OUR NEAREST GALAXY, 4 LIGHT YEARS FROM US: THE ALPHA CENTAURI

I am about to destroy you, before leaving this wretched part of the Universe.

When I put life, the first spore, into the solar system, I was counting on a few million years of fun. & fun I had at first, watching the first amoeba secrete its mucus, the first slimy cold snake devour tender unarmed flesh, the big monstrous giants tearing themselves apart, horn against claws, fangs against beak, teeth against poison.

The roaring of the beast torn to shreads by its pursuers, the last spasms of death & the mad dance of the scavengers high on blood, the petrified pupils of young animals trapped by fire, oh that was pleasure, millions of years of it!

I remember when the glacial periods advanced. Magestic trees would slowly & inexorably die trapped by the biting ice, or would be uprooted by the rushing waters & be left on the shore, roots looking obscenely at the sky, left there to rot, that was worth it. I enjoyed the scorching sun burning the grass, turning green fields to dust & the dried tongues craving for water. & the sudden madness of the animal caught by the sting of the scorpion was pleasurable . . . . . .

fighting for the mother's tits & dying blindly.

From one species to the other, up the painful evolutionary ladder, I've seen many a twisted shape with no hope of surviving, developing inadequate organs & breeding offspring like factories, producing useless specimens which were prey to others.

The carnage was sublime. Never, never boring.

Insects were lovely too.

There was undiluted poetry in the insects caught in spider's webs, struggling to free itself while the spider approaches to feast on it. There is a quality, a refinement in their velvet deadliness, a purity in the scorpio's sting, an irony in the queen bee & her chasing males which surpasses the gory slaughter of the mastodons.

But you get tired of everything, in time. That's why I had built in the evolutionary mechanism in the first spore, so that I could watch my show in progress, an evolving die-in where the agonies of one era would give birth to more complex, more sophisticated cryings.

The birth pangs had always been a special favourite of mine. From the lacerating howls of elephantial monsters spilling into the open their enormous baggages in a gush of blood, to the quiverings of the miriads of ants & their incessant fabrications, reproductions were the highest moments of my spectacle.

Death had the thrill of the utter, final destruction of a creature, the fine ending of the miserable mortal animals. Their expressions in those moments when confronted by the total horror of the unknown, when all their beings cried out in revolution against the final enemy, that was satisfying.

I do not mention the masturbation of the first ape, the grimace & the lips of the first furcoated simian savagely grinning at its ejaculations, or the explosion of colours . . . . . .

were the same, only he who knows more can suffer more. There was, though, already a difference in quality.

To see him frightened to death by thunder, annihilated by the swelling of a river, grunting in useless search for food had a new thrill which more then compensated for the previous chaos of the beastly parade. Pain had been given a tongue, & could now speak for itself. A new world to conquer.

Tribes toiling in their little corner of the world, fearful & yet resourceful, often at the mercy of the elements but always patiently rebuilding over the ruins.

& then the great moment of novelty, the delicious unparalleled moment which will never come again. THEY KNEW!

These crawling, scrounging, feeble little simians knew about me!

The little fools were making drawings, even ritual offerings for their dead, trying to placate & ingraciate with rituals, it was touching, I was no longer alone!

To see them butcher a calf and offer it in a ceremony was a new form of joy. The days of the mindless agonies of the beasts was far behind. It was the dawn of a new era.

New joys were in store. Fire had a good many uses, now that . . . . . .

the night of Saint Bartholomew.

Ecstasy. There were decades when the delights were so pure that the white heat burned all doubts, man had discovered the true nature of his maker.

When fighting beast, & slaughtering them, he was only cunning, & amusing, a colourful toy.

But when he started earnestly to plough fields & to put aside his bit against the hard times, I think it was only then that the real game started. His first offerings were clumsy, his rites very crude.

But it was a beginning. In his miserable state he had to worship the unknown & to sweat. To learn toil & accept sacrifice. & sacrifice was accepted in my name, & he invented thousands of names for me. Sometimes names of frustrated love, but mostly real names, I had become the image of his suffering, the reason for his suffering, the mirror of his misery.

Slavery was an endless source of entertainment. Only my name & my existence was the instrument of the crippling of minds & bodies. I was now living in every living soul, in his acceptance his of suffering I was glorified.

The masters of men were my best servants, my only servants. The beasts of the forests were no longer there, but the arena was better. Now, power held over men by the masters, in my name, was a many tentacled monster with a thousand heads, indestructable.

The heads had sweet insimes: sacrifice, necessity, immutability, acceptance. It could have gone on forever.

From the darkest hut to the courts my invisible hydra was showing its thousand heads. If one would be cut off, many would spring from its severed hideous neck. My officiants were very often deadly efficient.

the Inquisition was poetry . . . . . .

I started calling hierarchical power my hydra. Power was sacred, the rule was sacred, it had roots in my being. I was never so high, so high in the sky unreachable & so high in my pleasure. & I was never so low, so deep & rooted in every martyred peasant & quartered rebel. I had very few qualms. Sometimes the rulers themselves would get high on the power stemming from me & behave with the majesty of vi ciousness which was too close to my omnipotence. Masters of men tried to behave like gods. But they were passing qualms, man was firmly in the grip of the hydra & the blood was flowing endlessly, the major glory of myself.

I adored their doings, when they went on their voyage of discovery. The 200 Spanish conquistadores & their massacre of the Aztecs was worth the all prehistorical era, & the real beauty of it, the culmination of my dreams, was the fact that it was done in my name. Beautiful outcasts would penetrate forests, swim rivers, cross oceans, to accomplish their mission, my mission, quartering natives, committing atrocities I had never thought of, thirsty for power denied to them in their own countries. They were drinking the blood of their victims in their furious impossible revenge against their own limitations. The strictures of their codes & rituals reduced them to maddened dogs. & yet, sometimes, when I would see how they were spreading & building everywhere, through blood & fire, yes, but with determination & skill, I would think in my moments of apathy, that maybe something got out of hand.

They were producing their own machines and their own misery, but if the misery was for my entertainment, the machines were for their advantage. My hydra had paled, its heads were getting lethargic . . . . . .

that not only I was doubting them, but they were in doubt about me! The old pleasures were still there, certainly, & some new ones too. The carnages were now unparalleled, internal

rivalries between the clans produced wars of unprecedented magnitudes for the partition of power, my power!

But something had definitely gone wrong, very wrong, they were getting out of hand as the result of it.

As if the hydra, my power, had now splintered in miriads of fragments, the spell was still there, but so watered down that it gave me very little pleasure anymore. They were all servants now, servants of their own machines & their social order, servants of their private fears, the very last bastion between them & their own leasure. The officiants of the old rites had been forgotten, in their gray world they were only one step from their accomplishment. I was frightened.

Desecration become more & more widespread, laughter was braking down barriers & self assertion was spreading like bushfire. We were near a cataclysm I could not prevent & hated, we were near a revolution with no gods no masters, the old myth of Prometheus coming to life & taking over the place of the Gods. The signs were unmistakable. They were talking of a revolution which would establish their total freedom and give them access to the gates of joy, pleasure, fulfilment, so that each one of them could be his own master, his own god.

It was then that I took my decision, before it was too late . . . . . .

he must have blown himself up, said Alan stopping the tape which was still running.

—ANON

Sparks

by Alan Jackson

THWARTED

I live forlorn on the seventh floor
of a corporation flat
which the children all have fell from
and the pigeons have beshat.

I do not mind the loneliness
the long evenings with the tellie
but I do wish the wind hadn't altered the flight
of the brick I dropped on Jock Kelly

AGAINST JOHN BERGER

'X is for ecstasy which is always suspect'
—John Berger

god bless the little gnome
& may all his lids fit:
& may he always have strong men handy
when the wind do blow

a hard day's work
lends a man dignity
and he is never out of debt

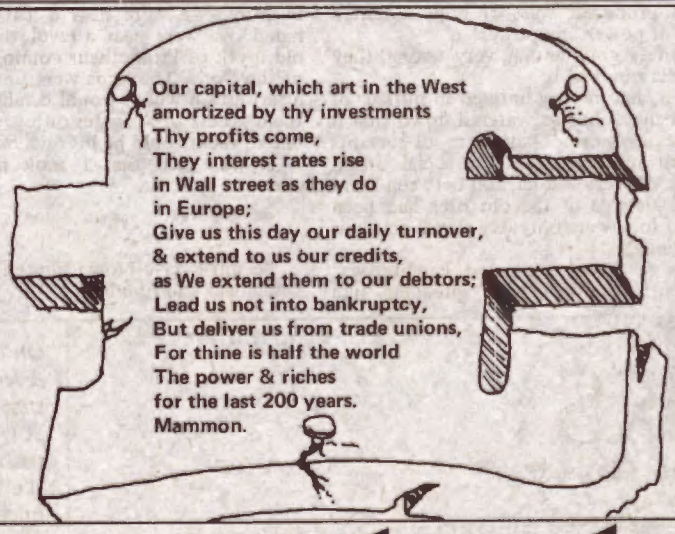
WHERE

apple cake distributed
between the poor
not one asking
excuse me,
where
do these apples
grow?

a man who was a spider
married an adding machine
and produced the first president
of the USSA.

Oh Lesbia, live with me
& love me so
that we will laugh
at wise old men
with sour faces.
the sun which rose
once will rise again,
when our sun sets
follows night
& endless sleep.
Kiss me now
a thousand times
& then a hundred
& more hundred
of those thousand
till all the hundred
of thousand
kisses accounted &
unaccounted
of mine & yours
will make us
lose the count
so that the sores
will never learn
how many
of given
sweet kisses
& taken
delicious
we've had
kisses.

— Catullus



For those who do not understand:

But we too, no longer concerned with the art of submission rather with that of non submission, & offering various proposals of an earthly nature, & beseeching men to shake off their human tormentors we too believe that to those who in face of the rising bomber squadrons of Capital go on asking too long how we propose to do this & how we envisage that, & what will become of their savings & Sunday trousers after a revolution, we have nothing much to say.

(from Bertold Brecht)

END

$200,000 MARIJUANA IS NO JOKE

MAYDAY FREAKOUT

Maybe May Day doesn't turn you on. But this year's procession is different. As the Socialist Worker puts it: "We are not marching through London to shout at the so called citadels of power. Unfortunately there are no Joshua's in the working class movement & the walls of the stock exchange will not fall down as we shout slogans . . . We are marching from Tower Hill through the East End to Victoria Park where we will *enjoy ourselves.*" So drop out on May the first, and freak off to Victoria Park.

"My governor is going to be choked when I take the day off. He's going to be double choked if I enjoy myself" – building worker.

MOZIC:

Quote of the month from Janis Joplin in London on hearing that her scheduled front cover spread in the current 'Newsweek' had been abandoned due to Eisenhower's death: . . "Goddam the motherfucker . . . fourteen heart attacks & he had to die on my week. My bloody week!"

HOW TO TELL IF YOUR TELEPHONE IS TAPPED.

Replace the exchange code of your 'suspected' phone number with 175. Thus, if the number of the telephone vou wish to test is 229:7541, then, using that phone, dial 175:7541. You will hear a recorded voice at the other end saying: "start test now". Put the receiver down immediately. If it rings back, your phone is innocent. (Silence at other end) If not, it's bugged. The above code is also used by G.P.O. technicians to test the bell. This test is infallible.

CITY STUDENT '69 PRESENTS

Sadlers Wells Rosebury Avenue
EC1. (nearest tube Angel).
At 3 pm. Sunday April 27th.

MOODY BLUES & JOE HARRIOTT'S INDO JAZZ FUSIONS
Compere David Symonds.
Tickets 5/-, 10/6, 15/-, 20/-, 25/-

At 7.30 pm.
PENTAGLE & EAST OF EDEN
Tickets 5/-, 10/6, 15/-, 20/-, 25/-

JAZZ CONCERT
Sunken Garden, Bunhill Row, EC1.
(nearest tube Moorgate)
From 8 – 11 pm. Tuesday 29th April.

DON RENDELL & IAN CARR QUINTET
Tickets 5/-

FOLK CONCERT
Sunken Garden, Bunhill Row, EC1.
(nearest tube Moorgate)
From 8 – 11 pm. Thursday 1st May

THE TINKERS, ALEX CAMPBELL, JOHN MARTYN
Tickets 5/-

Lyceum Ballroom, Strand, WC2.
All-nighter 12 – 6 am.
Friday May 2nd.

ALAN BOWN, SPOOKY TOOTH, JON HISEMAN'S COLOSSEUM, HERBIE GOINS & THE NINETIMERS, PORTRAIT
Compere Radio 1 DJ Johnny Farlowe.
Tickets 18/- in advance from City University Student's Union, St. John's Street, EC1.

Sadlers Wells, Rosebury Avenue, EC1.
(nearest tube Angel).
3 pm. Sunday 4th May.

JULIAN CHAGRIN LIVERPOOL SCENE
A splendid time is guaranteed for all.
An afternoon of mime, wit, pop, and poetry.
Tickets 5/-, 7/6, 10/-, 12/6.

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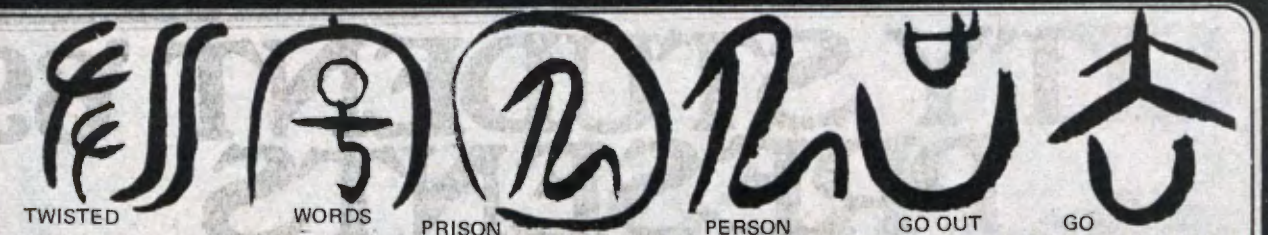
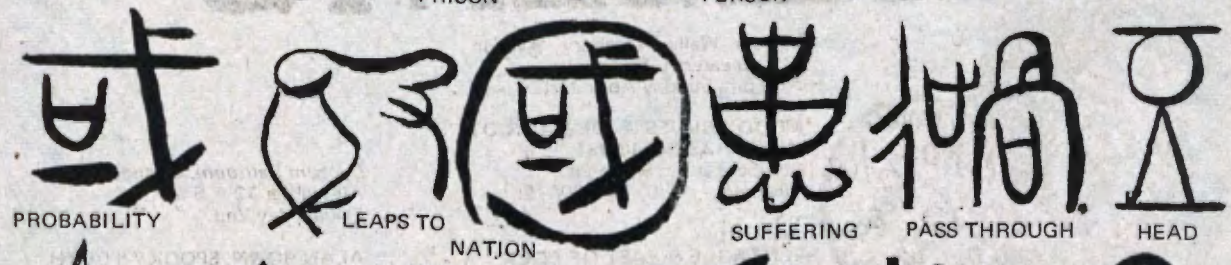
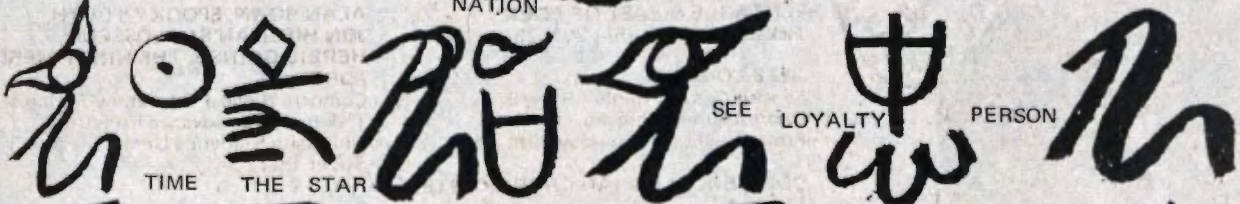
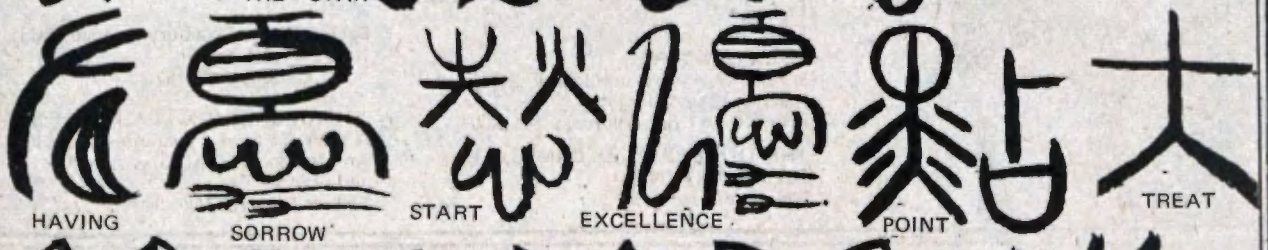
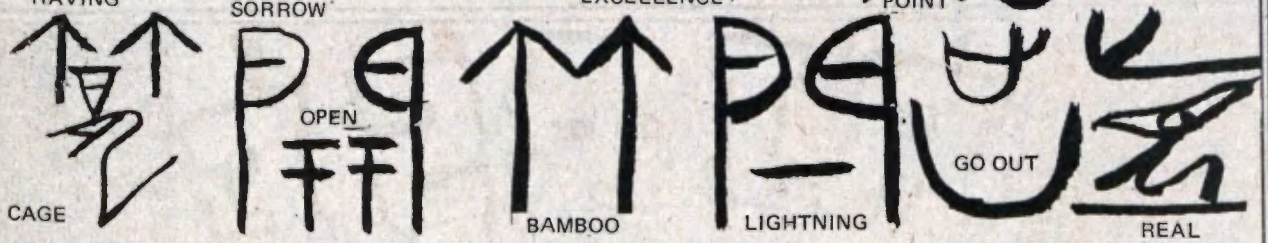
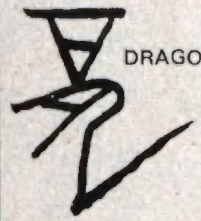










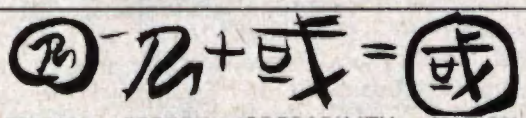


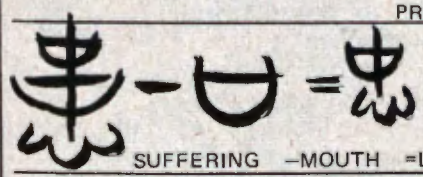
WORD PLAY

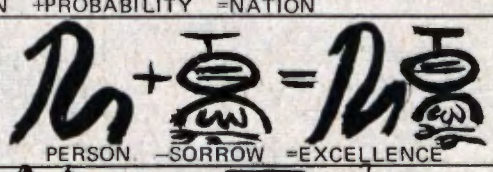
TAKE THE PERSON OUT OF THE PRISON INSERT PROBABILITY AND GET A NATION,
TAKE THE MOUTH AWAY FROM SUFFERING AND SEE THE BEGINNING OF LOYALTY,
A PERSON HAVING SUFFERED HAS THE BEGINNING OF A POINT OF GREAT EXCELLENCE,
THE LIGHTNING COMES AND RIPS AWAY THE BAMBOO FROM THE CAGE AND THE REAL
DRAGON EMERGES.

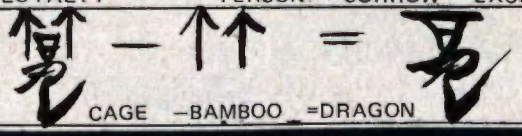
HO CHI MINH *PRISON DIARY.*

COMMENTARY

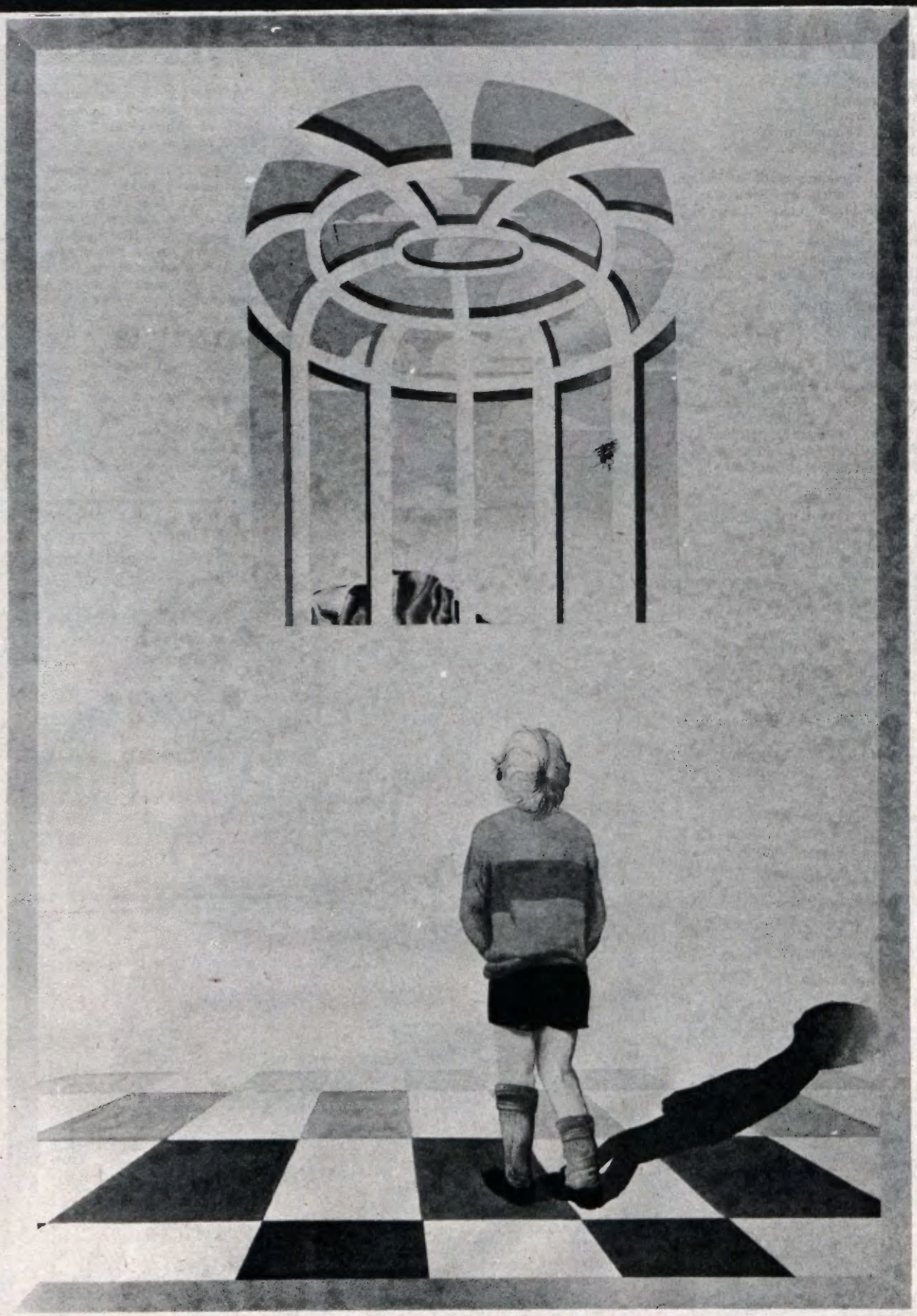








Peter Mayer



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SMALLS

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SMALLS

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SMALLS

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John Dankworth & his orchestra, Cleo Laine.
Flamenco guitarist, Paco Peña.
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A general carnival atmosphere with international booths, booze & things to eat.

2000 souvenir programmes to be given away free. Articles by prominent writers on race relations, photos by Cartier-Bresson.

Male Models required by physique photographer . . . All nationalities. Age up to 25. Full details & photographs to: J.D.S. Publications Mortimer House, 13A Western Road, Hove, Sussex.

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I want to go to college. No bread. Send me any old (or new) shillings or American quarters to Bill Medvesky Jr., Norwood, Massachusetts, U.S.A. I am completely serious & will spiritually thank those who help me.

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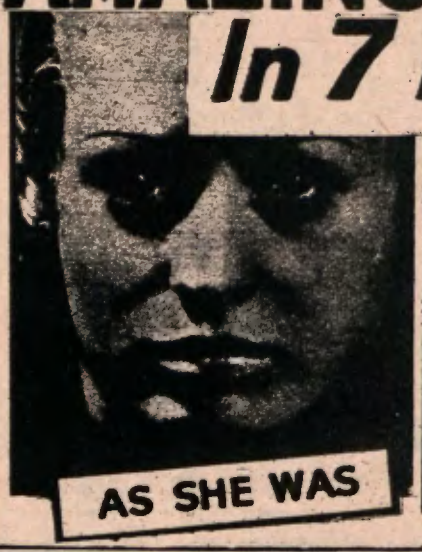

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Eugene Schoenfeld
M.D.

QUESTION: How can a male determine whether or not he is circumcised? I am not sure about myself.
ANSWER: Buy the John Lennon-Yoko album. Neither John nor Yoko are circumcised.

QUESTION: First, my current female companion thoroughly enjoys my uncircumcised penis (it's the first she encountered, she said) which has prompted me to abandon plans to have the foreskin lopped off. We both find it pretty groovy for her to play with, which she does for long periods.

Therefore, we both disagree with the observations of your "assistant" that the shot of John Lennon's uncircumcised penis is ugly, thereby implying that all uncircumcised peni are ugly.

Now the problem: We both engage in oral stimulation in our frequent sexual relations, and as much as I hate to admit it, my chick complains sometimes about the "smell" caused by the presence of my foreskin. I think the medical term for the substance formed under the foreskin is smegma, right? (right) I wash under there as carefully and as often as I can to combat this, but it's a real drag for me to jump up from our play and rush to the bathroom to rinse off my penis to kill the smell and then run back. You can imagine how this would cool off things.

What can I do? If I wash ahead of time, everything is OK, but I don't always know when we are going to swing together and can't plan so far ahead. I've suggested going ahead with the circumcision, but my chick is against it. Besides, I've been told by my doctor that a circumcision takes about 10 days to two weeks to heal and can be pretty painful during the first 5 days, especially if one gets an erection.
ANSWER: Maybe you've discovered one of the original causes for circumcision. Smegma is also suspected as a cause for cancer of the cervix, a disease seldom found in Jewish women (at least those married to Jewish men).

QUESTION: My physician accepts the theory that one should go off birth control pills every 4 years in order to prevent future difficulties in pregnancy.
I'd like to know what evidence supports this theory.
ANSWER: Because birth control pills have been used clinically only for the past ten years, many physicians take their patients off the pills at periodic intervals as a precautionary measure. Time limits on the use of birth control pills had been recommended by the manufacturers and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration until recently but no adverse effects from long term use of "the pill" have yet been discovered.

QUESTION: I've been told all the sperm is ejected after the first ejaculation. After that, the story goes, one may have another orgasm, or several, but for 36 hours or so, he won't be able to father a child.

If I could do it with a rubber at night and without it in the morning, I'd be happy.
ANSWER: I hope you read this soon. The amount of sperm does decrease with each subsequent orgasm during a fixed period of time (say 48 hours) but you can certainly impregnate your friend(s) each and every time. The average emission of semen may contain 500 million spermatozoa and each one could conceivably cause a girl to conceive.

HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. $5.00. Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him co PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709. Mark your letters, OZ.

ROAST TRAFALGAR PIGEON

Total Cost around 11d, (the price of a small, uncut loaf), plus whatever vegetables you can afford/steal. Total Preparation time 4-6 hours.

Ingredients

As above. 1 fat pigeon per person or three skinnies between two should prove sufficient.

Method

Clear a room of all furniture and breakable objects. Open the windows wide. Cut the loaf and deposit half back into the bread bin, (to be used for cold fowl sandwiches the following day), crumbling the remainder liberally from the window ledge in a winding, 'paper-chase' trail across the floor. Leave the room and close the door. Don't stand outside trembling with anticipation, birds have amazingly acute hearing. Go away and make yourself a cup of tea.

When you've finished your tea pick up an old blanket or bedspread and walk back, removing your shoes first to avoid noise. Burst in. Don't bother listening at the key-hole – if there are no pigeons in the room then nothing is lost – if there *are*, run immediately to the window and shut it, slamming the door with a backward kick as you do so. Examine your prey. Be choosey. Contrary to nursery rhyme instruction sparrows and blackbirds make lousy pie-material, let alone a roast. Assuming you have two or three excited, squawking pigeons as prisoners the next step is to capture them bodily, using your blanket as a net.

There is another, slightly more sophisticated method of obtaining these birds that may be worth noting – providing you live within easy reach of Trafalgar Square. It's simple. Borrow or beg a zip-up carrier bag, the larger the better. Sprinkle in it half the loaf. Stand in the Square, and opening the bag, you have merely to wait until the required number of meals are gathered gorging themselves within. Then zip the bag and return home.

Killing pigeons is easy and painless, (to both parties), as long as the procedure is carried out methodically and firmly. Grasp the bird across its back, beak pointing away from you, in your left hand. This effectively controls all wing movement and allows your right hand to twist the head three-quarters of a revolution, clockwise, jerking the neck upwards at the same time. The bird will struggle for approximately 45 seconds before becoming limp but continue holding the neck strained in this position for at least two minutes to ensure death.

Split the beak horizontally with a sharp knife and hang by the legs to drain away excess blood. Leave for several hours if possible. Pluck feathers, excepting those on the wings and head, and allow to soak in salty water, again for as long as possible. Cut off head and claws and snap wing out from the knuckle. Using the knife split the stomach slightly and remove the nastier looking intestines. Roast in oil or margerine with new potatoes in a moderately hot oven. Remember to baste, (pour hot fat over the top of the bird with a spoon), occasionally. A casserole with these birds is even more delicious. Either way it's free, nourishing stuff. One word of warning – it's probably illegal.

Golden Rule

Do not, under any circumstances, twist the neck anti-clockwise.
Felix/Ken P

OUT OF THE PSYCHODRAMA

David Widgery

Once again, like a nation on heat, we enter some summer. With sun on the nylons & a pair of froggish sunglasses, England will take its holiday time for the next four months. The beautiful middleclass will further extend their self-organisation for the consumption of pleasure through such glossaries as Time Out & the internal bulletin of the ICA. The pressing questions of apres-beachwear, leg makeup & duty free cannabis will for the months to come occupy mens minds. The sales of garden forks, tambourines, tennis rackets & methylamphetamine will grow, as will dancing in the park, public sorcery & the other advancing orders of hippy emptiness. But for those who find the easy pleasures difficult still & find wasting time timewasting; for those (other than the accountants of recently radicalised publishing houses) who remember last May in France: things are a lot different this summer.

Politically, our May days may be the whole year round; 1969 will be the best year since 1945 to gain a footing & a hearing in what the class revolution is all about & whose absence from politics has defined every protest movement of the last twenty years by the workers themselves. Whether the abbatoir of the extreme Left is in fact capable of being more use now than it would be sunbathing in Green Park is another matter; but the opportunity, the opening through which revolutionaries can provide the sort of politics & analysis workers are starting to feel in need of, that political eye of the needle *is* there. Unfortunately over the last three years the notion of the revolutionary overthrow of capitalism in the West has been mainly nourished by the demonstration of the peasants of Asia & some important parts of Latin America to militarily defeat the imperial aims of North America. But the wringing of the maxims of Mao & the study of apt texts on guerilla war didn't disguise the inauthenticity of the act of identification. Whether the national teams of the peasant world were applauded from the director's box (a la New Left Review) or by the Vietnam Solidarity Campaign in the stands, for a British socialist the statement was one of impotence, though certainly an impotence of a different order than the position of the Marxists bivoacked in the liberal prairies of CND . . . this time our side looked like winning. Nor was talk of police repression in this country much more than wooliness or hysteria; we are drilled by injustices at present more elusive. The arithmetical addition of the Cuban emphasis that 'The duty of the revolutionary is to make the revolution' to an over optimistic & usually ill-informed version of what happened in May turned out to be a short cut to nowhere except a lot of toxic prose about fuzz terror by people who would clearly have difficulty telling the Keystone Cops from Securicor. The urban black proletariat are the only people who are fighting the police & winning.

The tactical exhaustion & subsequent political disintegration of the VSC after the October march (probably the biggest under revolutionary banner since the chartists) must have depended not a little on the unconcious assumption of many that marched of ideas of sparking, detonating or otherwise setting an example to workers. Because Cohn Bendit's spark set off a gigantic general strike which hoisted the red flag over factories, besieged police stations, for 30 days, ran whole zones of France under a species of workers control & only relinquished control of their lives & jobs after several bloody battles, we were destined to throw matches about the room & hide the fire extinguishers. & if this becomes your view then a set-back in a demonstration becomes a retreat for the movement, a tactical withdrawal becomes a political capitulation. Thus the self important quarrels about march routes & the appalling & wasteful hyperbole (as late as the March 30th march this year, Maoist groups were talking of 'our target . . . the most desperately guarded & beleagured building in Britain; the hideout of the US mass murdered in Grosvenor Square') A similar fizzle is reported by the SDS campaign of fighting in the streets against the US election & inauguration, the German SDS's growing isolation & even the wilder forecasts of a Red October in France by those well heeled French revolutionaries who materialised in London.

Now it is certainly true that the militancy of students & blacks has in some cases reawakened factory workers to their own traditions; several factory occupations have taken place in Britain. One for 17 days. But then they don't talk about that too much in the papers. It's also true that the barometers by which political interest or disinterest are normally monitored (membership of political organisations, electoral voting, Trade Union branch participation) were all quite unable to predict the spontaneous revolt in France & are equally unlikely to do so here. The frozen slopes of post war politics are melting fast, one action can set off an avalanche. But since the nature of the spark is essentially unpredictable there is little point in trying to provoke it into existence, rather the job is to create a sultry atmosphere where the spark will spread. The psychodrama of the student power expert of the vietnam militant is a nonsense without a working class in action & this cannot be manufactured by students or TV programmes. It can & is being manufactured by Harold Wilson & we should be precious glad.

For what's happening over those very two years that Grosvenor Square rang with curses is that the essential business of the British ruling class was failing. The Government were being unable to dismantle that industrial awkward squad, the shop stewards, the only centre of independent political power stopping the solution of British capitalism's crisis at the expense of the majority. The struggle has been conducted with typical British hypocrisy, despite ostentatious declarations for the gnomes benefit & the public clobbering of weak & vulnerable workers (notably the seamen, builders & contracting electricians), Barbara& Ray climbed down quickly & quietly when faced with determined union organisation or stray solidarity feeling (as in docks & post office). While the threat at least of the Prices and Incomes policy has held down the wages head of steam, the white-coated, slide-ruled, productivity magicians have attempted their sleight of hand on the shop floor. But even then the expected improvements have failed to come over the hill. Rather the reverse; after four years of belt-tightening, things have never been worse; the moment the economy looks like expanding, its tendency to such in imports forces a cutback which in turn depresses investment. The Crisis, once occasional as in Suez or Profumo, becomes the permanent crisis as in exports, productivity, unemployment.

The more Wilson attempts to fill the bath with the plug still out, the more loony the attempt looks & is, the more incredible the politics that underly it, the less acceptable the avuncular manacles of Mrs Castle. Four years tinkering with the trade unions raw nerve has at last founds its response among the better organised workers (car men, printers, engineers) & the regional centres of labour indiscipline (Merseyside and Clydeside). As a gesture of how much they care about the disguise, the lies & the greater glories of the export drive, that highest of man's aspirations, half the total of British workers failed to turn up on New Years Day. On 27th February there was, surprise, a national strike against the Incomes Policy more important than one hundred Vietnam marches. More important too than the struggle at LSE was the readiness with which revolutionary students were received at the Fords picket line. & on the 1st of May, there promises to be a major political strike, one which the union leaderships have to support but do not control & which will be organised by workers, students & oddball militants. & if Wilson lasts long enough to put through his anti-strike laws, there will be a lobby of Parliament which far from pleading with MPs will probably take Whitehall apart. Those who witnessed workers knocking chunks off the palace of Westminster in 1962 will know the difference in the 'militancy' of a workers march & a Vietnam stomp. & those whose remembrance of this bland & torpid isle goes back to the St Pancras rent strike & the impact Irish site workers & railway men made on the 4,000 police who performed the eviction, must view with interest the United London tenants Association's call for a rent strike if eviction goes ahead.

The point is not the sudden em. ergence of a worker's revolutionary movement which will make the politics of Nabarro & Anguilla look as pallid & adolescent as they are. What is happening is the much slower recovery of politics as a way of solving problems and belief in ideas as a way of thinking. The new movement will undoubtedly include new versions of left reformism (some Squatters) right reformism (Shelter etc) industrial syndicalism (the Workers Control movement) & anarchic fucking authority about (sabotage vandalism and overdue library books). But all these fragmented challenges raise questions which unlike orthodox Labour & TU politics do not entirely accept the arrangement of the existing society but starts to be subversive of the status quo. It is not a revolutionary movement that will win, indeed its splintered parts have proved relatively easy to co-opt, restrain, bamboozle or destroy one by one. But as the Labour Party finally decomposes & the Communist Party begins to act more & more like orthodox grand social democracy, the chance is there to build parties to the left of the CP which might have a certain influence.

Within these groups (the most important being at present International Socialism) with the arguments on the basis of shared experience which are the forge of the revolution. Such groups are even in France still tiny & unknown. But every further month of Labour's leaky steam roller is filling in another clue in the political cross word, another piece in the jigsaw of consciousness, until soon something that will be recognised by workers as their own will be visible in the revolutionary mosaic. In the setting sun of the Labour government in the blankness of the Tories & the coma of the Liberals, the shadow being cast again by the ideas of Marx, Lenin, Luxemburg & Trotsky are quite long. & quite potent.

Now no doubt the composers of pop songs & the makers of pretty clothes will find it increasingly difficult to ignore the rising level of social conflict & may borrow tension from it. But this pulling out of the chocks, kicking away of the stilts & blowing of the mind is merely the manufacturers description not the contents of the packet. The clownish idea that a Zappa on every turntable will turn the world red ignores the fact that its mainly succeeded in making big capitalist record companies bigger. The idea that the simpering Batboys of pop are in fact the Archangels of revolutionary change ought finally to expire in the face of the Apple Saga wherein one Lennon, a hard, sarky, rock singer turns into a soggy, quietist TV celebrity & lived happily opening Oxfam bazaars & repelling take over bids. We will also hear a lot of condescending cabbage water from various 'experts' who wouldn't know Bukarin from Bakunin & would be more likely to associate Thermidor with sea food than the Paris Commune, that things are in danger of getting out of (their) hand & about the 'complex' (etc) problems of the 'real' (etc) world. & there will be the usual suggestions that the revolution is a warm gun, a fleshy girl turning on in a wood surrounded by portraits of Che Guevara, Madame Bihn in Flask Walk or John Gollan as Minister of Red Productivity. It is not. It is industrial workers who have been socialist since they were born & are now refusing to vote Labour, its wanting to stop the strike law & not being sure whose going to help you, its the capacity for self-activity & self-education the British working class movement have always shown. Its what really happened in Russia in 1917, Spain in 1936, Hungary in 1956 & France in 1968. It's, in one of Eldridge Cleaver's wiser words, 'the difference between those who make up the problem & those who make up the solution'.

1964 & 1965: AMERICAN MASS MEDIA DISCOVERS THE HELL'S ANGELS. MOTOR CYCLE PACKS REPORTED ROAMING CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAYS, RAPING BABIES, TERRORISING THE GOD-FEARERS & FREAKING OUT THE HIPPIES. A NEW CULTURE – THE LOST VIRILITY REGAINED – THE ANSWER???

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7th, 1965 IN LA HONDA, CALIFORNIA, KEN KESEY & THE MERRY PRANKSTERS (see OZ 3) TURN THE ANGELS ON TO LSD, DMT & CHRIST KNOWS WHAT. KESEY'S FANTASY PLACE – THE WOODS WIRED FOR SOUND MICROPHONES, HORN SPEAKERS & BOB DYLAN. TREES COVERED IN DAYGLO. PEOPLE COVERED IN DAYGLO. THE BUILDING FULL OF EVERY IMAGINABLE PIECE OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT. THE PRANKSTERS RECEIVE A BAND OF ANGELS IN RUNNING FORMATION ON THEIR MASSIVE CHOPPED THUNDERING HARLEY 74'S. ANGELS WITH BEARDS, LONG HAIR, SLEEVELESS DENIM JACKETS, DEATHS HEAD INSIGNIA . . . LOOKING THEIR MOST ROYAL ROTTEN. AMAZINGLY A FANTASTIC ALLIANCE BEGINS, THE ANGELS ADD KESEY & GINSBERG TO THEIR EXISTING LIST OF HIGHS – BENZEDRINE, METHEDRINE, POT, GRASS, BEER, SECONAL, AMYTAL, TUINAL, WINE ETC. & MORE ETC. THE PRANKSTERS ADD THE ANGELS TO THEIR MOVIE. EVERYWHERE IS KEN KESEY. LATER CHASED BY THE FUZZ – JAILED – THEN ON THE RUN & IN THE END REJECTED BY THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. HE WANTED TO GET BEYOND ACID. ITS ALL DESCRIBED IN TOM WOLFE'S AMAZING BOOK 'ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST. MEANWHILE OTHER BOOKS WERE BEING WRITTEN ABOUT IT ALL. 'HELL'S ANGELS' BY HUNTER THOMPSON, 'FREEWHEELIN FRANK' AS TOLD TO MICHAEL McLURE: PLUS ARTICLES IN EVERY BIT OF PRINT IN THE WORLD.

CHRISTMAS 1968: TWO HELL'S ANGELS ARE REPORTED IN LONDON. THE TRENDIES QUIVER & STRAIN TO GET AT THEM. RUMOURS ARE THAT THEY ARE STAYING AT APPLE – THROWN OUT BY GEORGE HARRISON? WHERE DID THEY GO? HOME.

MARCH, 1969: SQUATTERS & MEMBERS OF THE LONDON ARTS LAB OCCUPY A DERELICT HOTEL IN DRURY LANE. AS THE PRESSURE INCREASES PEOPLE BECOME EXCITED BY A PIECE OF NEWS. IT IS SAID THE HELL'S ANGELS ARE IN THE BUILDING. THE U S CAVALRY OVER THE HILL TO THE RESCUE? AN UNDERGROUND POLICE FORCE TO MATCH THE FUZZ? OR A MENACE TO AN ENGLISHMAN'S PAD?

I looked up to heaven
What did I see
Comin' for to carry me home
A band of Angels
Swing low Sweet Chariot
Comin' for to carry me home.

For a London Hell's Angel that sweet chariot is driven by Angel Levi – he is in charge of Rescue & Maintenance. "It's my job when they break down at Lands End or somewhere to go & get 'em in my van." But recently he had his colours taken away. Colours are the emblems all Angels, anywhere, wear. The top rocker says 'Hell's Angels'. Underneath it is a skull with feathers & 'MC' for motor cycle club. Below that is the bottom rocker which has the name of the chapter – in this case London. But Levi went & rolled an acid dealer to get some bread, 'didn't hurt him mind, there was no violence like' & because the dealer was a friend of Jack Henry Moore & because J H Moore is a sort of Ginsberg-Guru figure for the London Hell's Angels & because everyone was very upset – Levi lost his colours – officially for eight weeks but maybe for ever because he appears to have just gone away.

Before all this happened I talked to Levi. The President, Crazy Charlie (why crazy? 'He's crazy that's why we call him crazy. Just crazy that's all') was in the nick charged with possessing offensive weapons & Levi was acting President. With him was Odd Job, an amiable Angel possessing all the physical beauty of a cut down fence-post with pop eyes, and Christine, Levi's 18 year-old Old lady (Angel wife). What happened when the Drury Lane hotel was occupied?

LEVI: We moved into the hotel & Kylastron, the organiser there, a musician, a fucking good one & a nice type of bloke, was elected to organise things. Our part was to keep eyes on the place – security – to prevent people walking out of the place with stuff wherever possible & to control the flow of pot. We had quite a few turn outs, some of them at three o'clock in the morning – through smoking. Everyone who was there was against normal society & they wanted to be different. They don't like the

hell's angels

Andrew Fisher.

authority that everyone else runs under. We don't like authority ourselves that's why we're one percenters. We've got a lot of bad names put our way through acting like a mini gestapo force when we'd be asked to do something for their own sake.

ODD JOB: We were the one group that was organised, tight-knit, we knew how to act together.

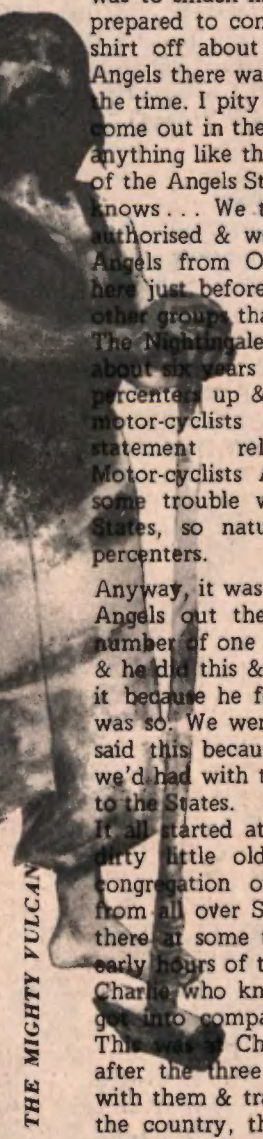
LEVI: We'd never done this thing before we was asked. We had a meeting amongst ourselves & we decided that it would be a good scene for us in as much as we're doing good. Not all Angel chapters are good. Some has got a right bad name. Well we ain't got a bad name, but we haven't got a good name. We're not worried how our name is. We're Angels that's all we're worried about.

ODD JOB: We have a reputation of being a bunch of hard nuts & I think that's made them a bit wary of us. When we walked into a room and told them to get out they went. They didn't want any part of us.

LEVI: One or two put up arguments & spoke against us but they were only in a minority & it was the majority who carried over there. One night there was me, Crazy Charlie and Loser Pete up there smoking. Then it was decided in a meeting that there'd be no smoking on the premises. Later on someone told me there was a man smoking up there so I had to go up & tell him. 'Get rid of it.' Alright, next night the same thing happened, same man. Earlier the same evening we had had a meeting & agreed that we could ask people to leave if this was going on, so I had to ask him to leave. Alright, he was tripping at the time so when he got his stuff together he went. He came and saw Kylastron a couple of days later & asked if he could come back; he got his own room back, he moved in again; a couple of days after he moved in we had to throw him out again. He was permanently out this time for smoking.

ODD JOB: I might point out that during the two days he was away we looked after his gear & made sure that no-one took it.

LEVI: You know, it's a bit of a bind at times, you've got your own business to look after, we've got our own lives to lead & we've got to make our living same as everyone else has. It was a bit of a bind but I think by & large we enjoyed doing it. Now we stay at the Arts Lab – we've been thrown out everywhere else. If we left the place'd collapse – we run it without thanks.



THE MIGHTY VULCAN

But the underground's a great crowd really. We enjoy them as people they are just being what they are. They're very acceptable. We get on well with THEM. & I think most of them get on well with US. We had one upsetting time in the hotel when one of the chaps from I.T., Dave something, came down & declared that we had no right to wear the colours & that we weren't Angels. My first reaction to this guy from I.T. was to smack him in the eye. I told him I was prepared to come out into the street with my shirt off about it – so were the rest of the Angels there was about six of us in the room at the time. I pity him afterwards if he'd actually come out in the street. We're not hard cases or anything like that. You see this guy knew some of the Angels State-side, or at least he thinks he knows . . . We told him the chapter had been authorised & we got a charter from the Frisco Angels from Oakland, when they were over here just before Christmas. There are a lot of other groups that call themselves Hell's Angels. The Nightingale Angels have been running for about six years & there's a hell of a lot of one percenters up & down the country. 99% of all motor-cyclists are law abiding citizens, a statement released by the American Motor-cyclists Association after there'd been some trouble with the Hell's Angels in the States, so naturally the rest of us are one percenters.

Anyway, it was decided that he'd phone up the Angels out there – we gave him the phone number of one of the Angels – Sweet William, & he did this & I think he was a little sick over it because he found that what we'd told him was so. We were rather pleased Sweet William said this because it was the first real contact we'd had with them since they went back over to the States.

It all started at Chelsea Bridge. There's only a dirty little old coffee stall up there but a congregation of motor-cyclists get up there from all over South London. They all end up there at some time or another, mostly in the early hours of the morning. Loser Pete, Red & Charlie who knew each other from the Bridge got into company with the Stateside Angels. This was at Christmas time. It was suggested, after the three of them had been kipping up with them & travelling round with them round the country, that they might start their own pack. I think now we've got about twenty five members. Unlike a lot of clubs we've all ridden together a number of times.

hell's who?

Rat Face is another Angel. He has two great aims in life – one is to be better than me. His top number of girls. in one night is about eighteen – that's the number of times he's had it without pulling out – that is with one bird. In one session eighteen times without rolling off. MY greatest time so far is four different birds in one night.

But our aim in being Angels is to look after each other. If you don't YOU get looked after – in another way. Eventually we'll have a real big pack with us. We've got sufficient but we'll grow. We're only four months in existence as Angels, time will tell. People who want to be Angels find us, we don't find them. Then they have to have a 100% vote. It may mean that they have to hang round with us for months and months before they get 100% vote but that's up to them. Whether we like them personally or not doesn't matter, it's whether we think they'll make a good Angel. They must have a bike. If their bike's off the road it's got to be on again in thirty days, otherwise they hand their colours in. We've got to know if they've got class. When they join, the rest of the Angels at the initiation can shit, piss or vomit or do anything to a new members colours – then if he wants to be an Angel he has to wear them like that.

Odd Job and me have had Angel weddings. I was the first Angel to get his red wings and I'm rather proud of the fact.

This is my old lady here, Christine she was a momma but I changed my mind. I did have an old lady but she got busted the day after I got married. They carted her away – I can't be in two places at once. She's gone away for three years. There's quite a few mommas but they're not always with us all the time.

Some nights we feel like a dip of the wick & we've got a few mommas so they get passed around.

CHRISTINE: The mommas have to pull a train – they have to go with all the Angels who are there.

LEVI: So we get down and all have a go. Too bad if she can't last the time. They have to do this before they can become a momma – everyone has to sample the goods.

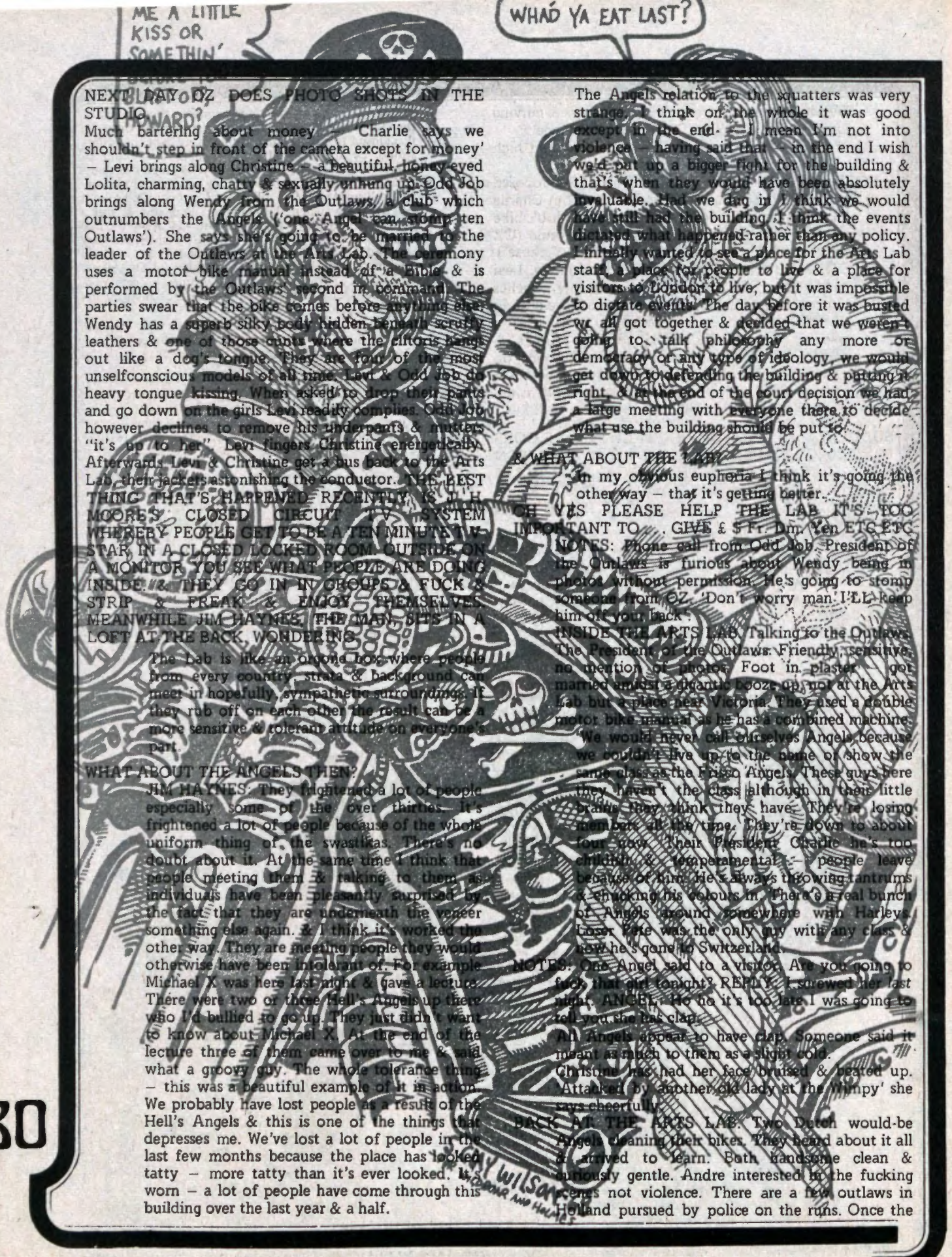
We have a meeting once a week so everyone can be brought up to date & told what's to be done. If you miss a meeting it'll cost you half a quid unless you've got good reasons. If you wear your colours on public transport it'll cost you a dollar. These things are stuck to, they're rules & they have to be abided by. We don't want to be exactly like the Stateside Angels because that's conforming & we don't want to conform. Generally we have to be more careful. We don't

want to get a name for being bad, but we don't want someone to brand us as do-gooders. We're Angels, we're as we are. People take us as they find us or it's too bad for them.

Charlie is our President. Odd Job is Deputy Sergeant of Arms. All the officers have stand-pins to take their places when they're not there. Sergeant of Arms looks after the discipline side. Rat Face is our treasurer. Loser Pete is our secretary; they call him Loser Pete because the general impression is that if he gets anything he loses it. He's a terrific guy – he's in Switzerland at the moment. At meetings we discuss when we're going to have runs, where we're going to run to, what we're going to do when we get there, whether anyone has got to be busted, generally things that would be discussed at any board meeting. We discipline members, take their colours off them. We're lax at times but as Angels we can't be wrong. We have a run about once a month and every member must turn out, if they miss an official run it costs them money. When we get there we play it pretty cool, we ride respectable, we don't disturb anyone. When we get there we have our fun. We don't go out of our way to aggravate people its just that some people don't like what we wear, don't like that we wear German insignia. We have no political affiliation there's no racial discrimination.

CHRISTINE: We have a chick society to help girls. We do just about anything for them. Wash their hair, clean their clothes, patch them up when they're hurt, clean the boys' bikes. It's for anybody, Outlaws or Angels' girls who need help. I love being with the Angels, I've been with them for two weeks. Before that I modelled for art classes and was once a secretary at a police station. I feel being with the Angels is the beginning of my life. I like being 'property of'. I'll have a jacket with 'Property of Levi Hell's Angels' stitched on it.

LEVI: We wear as standard the one percent badge, that's the outlaw caste. There are other outlaw packs. There's the Hangmen, the Road Rats, the Outlaws, the Aces – they come from Nottingham, there's Angels in Bristol, there's Angels in Manchester, there's Angels in Birmingham, you find them all over the place & they all wear One Percent. I wear an S.S. helmet, there's only two good ones in the London area that we've seen, one belongs to the President of the Outlaws. In the States they wear denim jackets over here the weather makes it necessary to wear leather jackets so we wear a cutdown denim over the top of it. This badge is one we appropriated from a youth club and changed, so it now reads Hell's Angels, London. The colours are sacred, every member must wear them. No woman can wear my colours nor any-one else. There's no point in being an Angel unless you can ride a bike. Mind you we don't say we're the best I imagine there's a lot more who can ride a damn sight better.



NEXT DAY OZ DOES PHOTO SHOTS IN THE STUDIO.

Much bartering about money – Charlie says we shouldn't step in front of the camera except for money' – Levi brings along Christine – a beautiful honey-eyed Lolita, charming, chatty & sexually unhung up. Odd Job brings along Wendy from the Outlaws, a club which outnumbers the Angels ('one Angel can stomp ten Outlaws'). She says she's going to be married to the leader of the Outlaws at the Arts Lab. The ceremony uses a motor bike manual instead of a Bible & is performed by the Outlaws second in command. The parties swear that the bike comes before anything else. Wendy has a superb silky body hidden beneath scruffy leathers & one of those cunts where the clitoris hangs out like a dog's tongue. They are four of the most unselfconscious models of all time. Levi & Odd Job do heavy tongue kissing. When asked to drop their pants and go down on the girls Levi readily complies. Odd Job however declines to remove his underpants & mutters "it's up to her". Levi fingers Christine energetically. Afterwards Levi & Christine get a bus back to the Arts Lab, their jackets astonishing the conductor. THE BEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED RECENTLY IS D. H. MOORE'S CLOSED CIRCUIT T.V. SYSTEM WHEREBY PEOPLE GET TO BE A TEN MINUTE T.V. STAR IN A CLOSED LOCKED ROOM. OUTSIDE ON A MONITOR YOU SEE WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING INSIDE. & THEY GO IN IN GROUPS & FUCK & STRIP & FREAK & ENJOY THEMSELVES. MEANWHILE JIM HAYNES, THE MAN, SITS IN A LOFT AT THE BACK, WONDERING.

The Lab is like an orgone box where people from every country, strata & background can meet in hopefully sympathetic surroundings. If they rub off on each other the result can be a more sensitive & tolerant attitude on everyone's part.

WHAT ABOUT THE ANGELS THEN?

JIM HAYNES: They frightened a lot of people especially some of the over thirties. It's frightened a lot of people because of the whole uniform thing of the swastikas. There's no doubt about it. At the same time I think that people meeting them & talking to them as individuals have been pleasantly surprised by the fact that they are underneath the veneer something else again. & I think it's worked the other way. They are meeting people they would otherwise have been intolerant of. For example Michael X was here last night & gave a lecture. There were two or three Hell's Angels up there who I'd bullied to go up. They just didn't want to know about Michael X. At the end of the lecture three of them came over to me & said what a groovy guy. The whole tolerance thing – this was a beautiful example of it in action. We probably have lost people as a result of the Hell's Angels & this is one of the things that depresses me. We've lost a lot of people in the last few months because the place has looked tatty – more tatty than it's ever looked. It's worn – a lot of people have come through this building over the last year & a half.

The Angels relation to the squatters was very strange. I think on the whole it was good except in the end – I mean I'm not into violence – having said that – in the end I wish we'd put up a bigger fight for the building & that's when they would have been absolutely invaluable. Had we dug in I think we would have still had the building. I think the events dictated what happened rather than any policy. I initially wanted to see a place for the Arts Lab staff, a place for people to live & a place for visitors to London to live, but it was impossible to dictate events. The day before it was busted we all got together & decided that we weren't going to talk philosophy any more or democracy or any type of ideology, we would get down to defending the building & putting it right. & in the end of the court decision we had a large meeting with everyone there to decide what use the building should be put to.

& WHAT ABOUT THE LAB?

In my obvious euphoria I think it's going the other way – that it's getting better.

OH YES PLEASE HELP THE LAB IT'S TOO IMPORTANT TO . GIVE & $ Fr. Dm. Yen ETC ETC

NOTES: Phone call from Odd Job. President of the Outlaws is furious about Wendy being in photos without permission. He's going to stomp someone from OZ. 'Don't worry man I'LL keep him off your back'.

INSIDE THE ARTS LAB. Talking to the Outlaws. The President of the Outlaws. Friendly, sensitive, no mention of photos. Foot in plaster – got married amidst a frantic booze up, not at the Arts Lab but a place near Victoria. They used a double motor bike manual as he has a combined machine.

We would never call ourselves Angels because we couldn't live up to the name of show the same class as the Frisco Angels. These guys here they haven't the class although in their little brains they think they have. They're losing members all the time. They're down to about four now. Their President Charlie he's too childish & temperamental – people leave because of him. He's always throwing tantrums & smashing his colours in. There's a real bunch of Angels around somewhere with Harleys. Loser Pete was the only guy with any class & now he's gone to Switzerland.

NOTES: One Angel said to a visitor. Are you going to fuck that girl tonight? REPLY. I screwed her last night. ANGEL: Ho ho it's too late I was going to tell you she has clap.

All Angels appear to have clap. Someone said it meant as much to them as a slight cold.

Christine has had her face bruised & beated up. 'Attacked by another old lady at the Wimpy' she says cheerfully.

BACK AT THE ARTS LAB. Two Dutch would-be Angels cleaning their bikes. They heard about it all & arrived to learn. Both handsome clean & curiously gentle. Andre interested in the fucking scenes not violence. There are a few outlaws in Holland pursued by police on the runs. Once the

Dutch heat smashed their big handlebars & curving exhaust pipes. Why do they want to be Angels?

You can get high on alcohol, you can get high on dope, we get high by riding our bikes.

ANOTHER DAY. MORE OZ PHOTO SHOTS. Supposed to be of massed Angels showing class. But Charlie has gone on a run to Folkstone. & Odd Job's bike is the only one left working. It's a Honda (OZ photographer: 'My old mum rode one of those'). Off we go trailing Odd Job in a mini moke. Levi comes along. Odd Job tries to do a few wheelies but can't quite get the front wheel off the ground ('Don't really like doing them'). Levi tries a wheelie between frightened passing tourists & pensioners with horrible grimaces. Levi gets on revs up & the bike smashes into a tree. The chain breaks. Odd Job wheels it disconsolately away. More haggling over money.

SUDDENLY A LARGE LUMBERJACK FIGURE GOES PAST IN THE ARTS LAB. KEN KESEY. STETSON HAT, SCARF & A TOOTH WITH THE STARS & STRIPES ON IT. IN ENGLAND TO CELEBRATE THE SUMMER SOLSTICE AT STONEHENGE WITH THE PRANKSTERS.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE HELL'S ANGELS?

INTERVIEW

The Hell's Angels have changed. I saw Pete & Sweet William just before I left San Francisco. These are the two guys who came over before. Pete's the heaviest guy I know. Just flat – like he quit catholic military school in 3rd grade. Dropped out THEN – said cut it THEN. He's got a faith thing that goes farther back than anybody I know. When you're all travelling out there on the edge you get just so far & then you have to reach back. He can go farther there & be there longer than anyone I know. He can't read or write but there's something in his face that's just so RIGHTEOUS. It's the only word I know. That's what got to the Angels when we were here before. It's just that guy's face. He wants to get as many Angels as he can from over there to come to England. He's havin' a tough time because they know him as just this 35 year old Arkie – he's from Arkansas. He drinks a lot of beer & laughs a lot – has been an Angel longer than anybody. His face is really just beat to shit. This reporter was interviewing him & she was asking him what does it mean to be an Angel – and Sweet William who's the youngest Angel – the first Jewish Angel – said what it means & she breaks down & begins to cry. He's really got a heavy face there's just something about it. One thing you can see everything comes hard for him – this whole Angel thing came hard for him. Now they traditionally don't recognize anyone unless they've been officially recognised & these two came over here & found themselves idolised by two thousand reproductions. Tradition says that they're supposed to flatten these cats who are wearing their colours unless they've been officially recognised. The English are so good at recognising aristocracy. They see people & know it immediately – that there's the Man. Pete, he's really stuck in a dilemma – I've never seen Pete so worried about anything for so long. What's he going to do about all these Angels over here in England? We have a bet with him that there'll be more Pranksters back over here at the Solstice than Angels.

He knows that it is likely to be true because he can't communicate what he's trying to do to his Angel friends to try & get them interested. All they want to do over there is drink & have a good time which is what they're supposed to be doing. They keep him honest that way.

But these guys over here – & I met some very good guys. Loser Pete is one of the best. Angels have a saying they don't pick their members they recognise them & Pete came over here & he recognised them, he recognised lots of them – if they were over there they would be members, they just have that kind of bearing. Certain guys will make it as Angels & that's what will happen over here. They once asked me why I wasn't an Angel & I told them I just couldn't take it – you know when they get in a long line & spit a goober in each guy's mouth all the way along the line – taking it in turns letting it grow & passing it on – by the end of the line it's not so good at all – I just couldn't take it. (OZ Photographer starts taking photos) Hey! A camera is tough business. A camera & tape recorder are the two most vicious instruments known to man.

When I came here a week ago these guys were carrying arms – but they don't need it, that's the good thing about Angels – they came over here & got on with the Bobbies real well because they know it's a one to one thing in the streets because the Bobbies aren't carrying guns & clubs & the Angels respect that. That's what builds them they have decided to do something that nobody else has wanted to do yet, like they say it'll take some ugly to be fucking president of the fucking world, alright we'll stand up & do it & mean it. If it came to voting for president of the world I'd vote for Pete in a minute. There are a lot of Angels who are still too young to be great congressmen but there are a lot of them I'd like to see in Congress too. They're RIGHTEOUS, man, they've had kicks & everything long enough that they're interested in comfort & one of the ways to be comfortable is to make the population comfortable around you. They're doing it. When you're around them & they're feeling good towards you, man, it furnishes you with something which is unmistakable. Like you walk down the street surrounded by great big Angels through any district in the world & you feel good about it. I feel that same covering here over the Arts Lab. I think they're trying to make it work. They know that that's what they have to do. That one guy stood up there – he'd just

Levi

been arrested for carrying a double barrel shot gun & I told him you don't need that & he doesn't, because you can already see in his eye that thing where he says – he's reached across & sworn with a bunch of other guys – when it comes to certain things I'll stand behind this all the way to the grave if necessary.

A good hero is working towards the day when there are no longer any heros. Any other hero is insane. Nobody wants to carry that load indefinitely. They work towards the time when its spread about. It's a weight. It's a difficult dedication. Like Sweet William the Jew. He joined them thinking he was going to convert them to accepting spades in their ranks. He found they were much further out than that. He found he was in something for life. About integration he found they had discovered about that years and years ago & just knew where they were.

I was brought along with the Angels last Christmas. It was the fabled Trip without a Ticket. Someone put together this thing whereby 13 people got to take a ride in a plane to England. They just packed the 13 people in. Bill Graham of the Fillmore paid for the Angel bikes to be brought over. One guy with an airline office paid for the tickets but they were open anyway. Air India. Indians are cool man. We got on – the psychedelic monsters. I was an hour late & turned up wearing a white scarf & a black leather jacket & a Lindbergh aviator hat. This Indian airline Captain who'd been waiting for me for an hour said 'If we get into any trouble I'll call you.' They have stewards as well as stewardesses. It liberates the stewardesses. They don't have to take the sort of shit the American stewardesses do – you know like look at me but you can't touch me. Anyway we were all sniffing THC & the plane soon became a living room. I walked back & one of the stewardesses said you have marijuana? I thought they were going to bust me until I realised they were Pranksters. It really blew my head – they knew everything that was going on – we hadn't concealed anything from them. The great thing about England is that you have the Indians. They're the coolest people around.

Man right here is the front line. All the time I spend here it's hard work – it's the frontier where things are happening. I mean I could go to Mexico have an easy time but in the end I know I'd have to come back to London.

LEADER OF THE PACK

AND NOW CRAZY CHARLIE PRESIDENT OF THE HELL'S ANGELS LONDON CHAPTER.

Q. What about the acid-psychedelic scene that Kesey personified once. Are you involved in that?

A. That's more Loser Pete's scene than mine. Loser Pete wasn't a grease boy. He was a beat who liked motor cycles. Levi was a traveller.

Odd job was . . . Odd Job. We've all got different scenes. The whole thing is to get to know each other's trips.

Q. Are you on an acid scene?

A. I'm pleased to say I don't take drugs.

Q. Why are you 'pleased' about it?

A. It's just one less thing the police can get me for.

Q. Is that the only reason?

A. No. I get my kicks other ways. I haven't tried acid but I've tried the others. It's just not me.

Q. Are you against people taking drugs?

A. I'm not against anybody.

& THE SAME DIFFIDENCE ABOUT THE CRAZY DANGEROUS FLAMBOYANT THINGS THAT ANGELS DO & SEEM TO INCARNATE THE IDEA OF AN ANGEL – SHOWING 'CLASS' IT'S CALLED. HE EXPLAINED THAT 'SHOWING CLASS IS SHOWING OFF, BUT SHOWING COLOUR IS SHOWING WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF!' I ASKED HIM IF HE HAD HIS RED WINGS.

A. Things like that – class – doesn't affect me at all. I was once critisized for not showing enough class. I just don't need to show class. I show more colour in one day than many people show in the whole of their lives. Just by being what I am.

Q. Hasn't this affected the other members?

A. It has done but they've gradually come to know what I say is right.

Q. Isn't it important that Angels, especially their leaders, should show class. Isn't showing class part of being an Angel?

A. No . . . showing class is snapping peoples minds. Like one of the lads went up to Heston Services on the M 4 – He got a raw egg, rolled it around on the floor with his nose. Then he broke it, reached up, put salt & pepper on it & then sucked it up off the floor. Now that was a mind snapper. It's a sort of free expression. Showing class is a very little part of being an Angel.

& WHERE WAS THE RIGHTEOUS ANGER? I TOLD HIM WHAT THE OUTLAWS HAD SAID ABOUT HIM & THE ANGELS.

A. The thing is they don't know what it's about. I know what it's about. Loser Pete knows what it's about. It's our task to show others what it's about. The President & the Sergeant of Arms of the Outlaws they'd make very good Angels. But they've always said they'd be members but for the fact that it's not their trip. It's not what you do but what you think.

STORY OF THE BEGINNING OF THE ANGELS

A. Loser Pete is the original London Hell's Angel. He came over from Switzerland. We met at Chelsea Bridge. Something just drew us together. I didn't see him for two weeks & I've never missed anyone so much in all my life. I was looking for him every day then one time he was there. From then on we were together. Then the Angels turned up. Even then I wanted time to decide whether I wanted to dedicate my whole self to it. I finally decided & here I am. It wasn't a hasty decision. It came over a period of months. It was Loser Pete who found out about the Angels. He had books, newspaper cuttings – everything. It was like a school project for him. You know where you have to get something ready for parents visiting day. He did the colours himself, it takes him a day to stitch a set. He'll be back in about two weeks. Then the Angels came over, told us roughly what it was all about.

WHAT HAPPENED AT APPLE?

The Angels had a room upstairs at Apple. Someone tried to throw us all out of Apple at a party – we were drinking & the food was out. Suddenly the food disappeared. We said, "Where's the food?" & someone said to Pete, "It's uncool to be hungry". Pete just busted his head. There was a real tense atmosphere. I didn't really know what was going on. I wasn't an Angel then & I only saw the surface of things.

& WHAT ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND? ARE THE ANGELS GOING TO BE A POLICE FORCE OR WHAT?

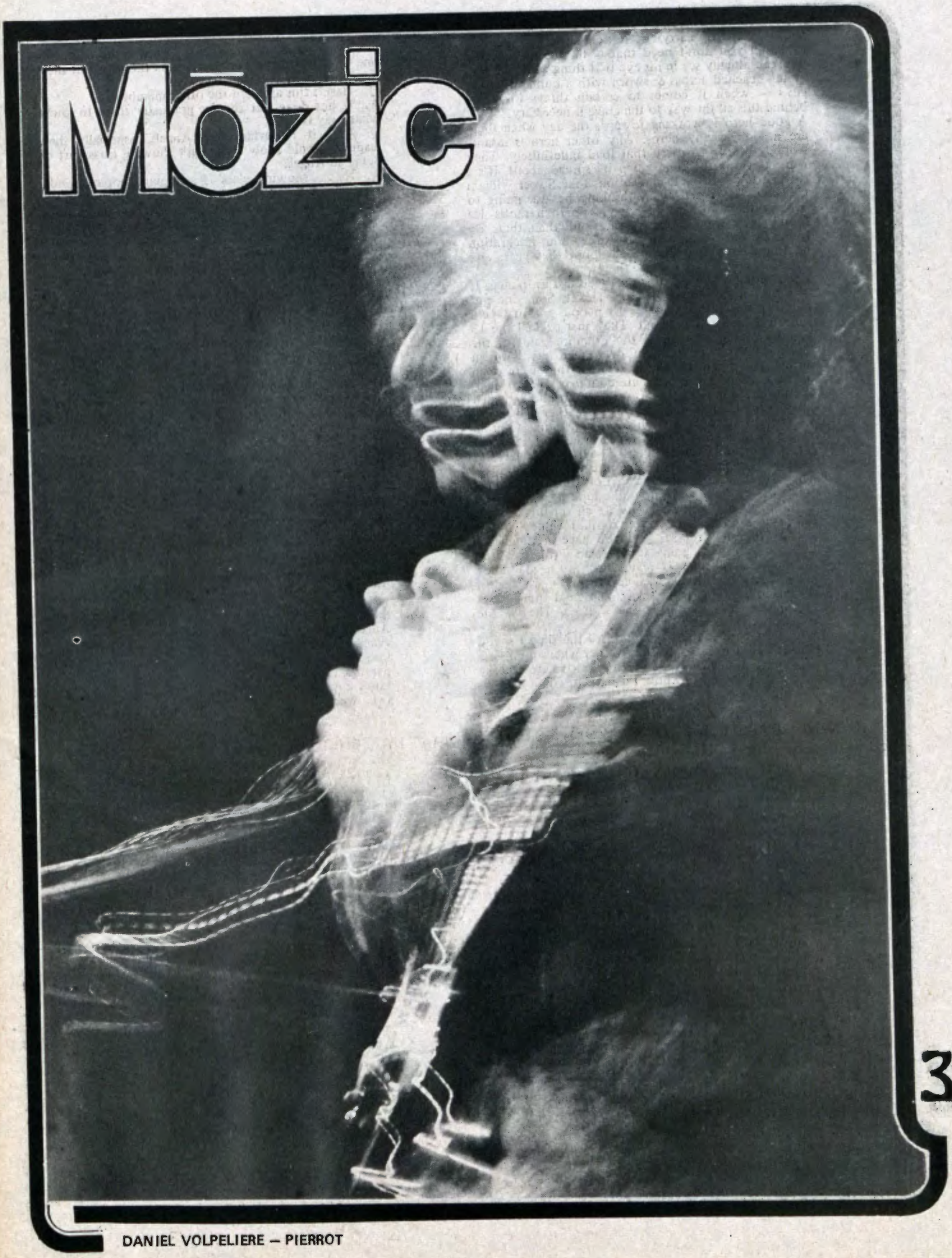
A. I have no feeling personally about politics or anything like that. I'd say I have an open mind about it. The Underground hasn't affected me – as far as I'm concerned it doesn't exist – it's just another lot of people doing another lot of things.

Q. So what keeps you at the Arts Lab?

A. The People. The Arts Lab is a world on its own. It's a totally different community to what you usually get. But it *is* a *community*. You get council flats & blocks & they say they've built a new community centre. It doesn't mean anything – there's no spirit of community.

SO WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE ANGELS?

A. They're going to get bigger & bigger. There's no limit. One day its not going to be Hell's Angels Chapter London or Chapter California, it's going to be Hell's Angels Chapter Earth. CONTINUED PAGE 42



DANIEL VOLPELIERE – PIERROT

CHILD THAT I AM I DO

Danaë

I saw the Incredible String Band use the Fillimore stage for a picnic site turn the Lower East Side into a woodland glade & do a very far out thing & then return on a backwards trip to the fields of childhood innocence.

I too sat on the wall & watched the baker's stubbly grin. How beautiful to find that England shimmering on New York air & I fell in love with the Incredible String Band.

'What's holding you back from loving everyone? Everyone is basically good so if you try to understand why people are acting in weird ways being abrupt being ridiculously angry then you get to know how the mind works you get through that & really love them' *(Rose)*

When they move on stage they are private but close together like new lovers & lit with a clean fire that talks of peace & apple cheek country weather. What can I say but child innocence? It sings across their music & dances at the corner of their eyes.

'Our music isn't consciously gentle it just comes out like that . . . violence is a hang-up . . . my kind of music is ripply and floral . . . I have a love of ancient sounds – Eastern, Chinese, Kabuki music & African drums' *(Robin)*

I meet them in London grey sound studio clanking with wires & microphones & busy television try hard freakies. Don't want to know how old they are where their parents live who they fuck – but how they are what they are & understand it. How does the gentle love wave survive the you-next-boy-pop-to-the-top hassle & come out trembling?

'I want to communicate my experience of the glory of life & how we all share in making our lives what they really are. Communication is an end in itself. I say buzz & you say bleep – that's a communication. Starting from that basic theory a lot of things can happen' . . . *(Robin)*

Robin is a hawk, two light eyes astride a beak, & golden hair. Mike a dark matyr living another life on the stage with bare feet.

'The amount of time we've all lived in the universe is incalculable what does this instant of talking matter except that we are communicating?' *(Robin)*

It's cold and their noses are blue, Licorice's legs mottled above the knee, rust velvet squashed & shiny barely covering her small girl's body. Smiles at me with one tooth missing. What is it that divides the eyes of those who watch & those who don't. A psychic beam travelling through witchcraft. Pick it up on the cold air

the vision of [illegible] the [illegible] auditorium. Pick it upon the headphones taking your mind into aliceland. Pick up the incredible psychic string band & know that they've been places you've been those mystical acid trips where you found nothing but yourself but found yourself to be everything.

'Writing was a necessity – acid opened my eyes so many changes in the past six years I could have given you twenty different answers to what I believed in. You name it I've tried it like the mysterious ancient things – Tarot, magic, astrology . . .' *(Robin)*

Somewhere in Wales near the wet sand & the magic stones live the Incredible String Band & part of the Exploding Galaxy & there they made a fable film taken from Robin's head & decorated with secret dreams. Soon the multichannelled machine will box his magic fable with words, the dream pinioned by a million eyes devouring plastic food. Running water down a strong welsh mountain I hear in the music celtic winds & ancient dreams on the flat notes.

'I am fascinated by places where there's memory of druids, the magic stones, & ancient towers, woods & sacred groves. Art is the creation of beautiful space artists in living life in it. A town could be paradise but in this age of supposed-to-be sensuality nobody seems to think about pleasure in a city . . . there's no reason why a city should not be a garden of joy but it's down to thoughts. A city is the colour of the minds that built & use it' *(Robin)*

No electronics perms peroxide. The girl's hair sticks out newly washed in rainwater faces newly scrubbed. Music from folklore; jugband music they play with their strings not on them.

& along the way some kind of religious mania.

'We go somewhere & there they are hiding in a corner unloved for years' *(Licorice)*

'It started with interest in the real natural music & the skills just flowed out. If you love something it's very easy . . . it's a joy to let the secrets of the instruments unfold themselves' *(Robin)*

'A year ago I'd have said I was in touch with the Spirit which wrote all the songs I would have said I wasn't responsible for their existence it was the music but now I'm starting to take responsibility for actually creating them' *(Robin)*

& that responsibility found through the present method, the future, wish, a new way, found through the macrobiotic restaurant in New York, paradox, found in Tottenham where Old Father Hubbard holds his court. The Incredible String Band are scientologists. Spill long blond hair & [illegible] in breath:

'There's much in Scientology' *(All)*

'It is an applied philosophy to make the able more able through the restoration of awareness' *(Robin)*

'It has released past pain in me so that now I am able to play instruments on stage which frightened me before' *(Licorice)*

Rose has a smile which goes on & on & on. Fall down the tunnel of Rose's smile & find Mike at the end with his slight smile. Been together since the beginning of time & before, as Licorice & Robin.

butter on a brown bread stage.

'I wanted to play things at home when Mike was playing & gradually my own strings came along because I could use them to be happy. Then I wanted to show more people how happy I was & started playing on gigs & just get happier all the time' *(Rose)*

So I saw them first in revolution mother-fucker-land cloaked in Abbie Hoffman magic humour shaken by Bill Graham vacillations.

'Revolution is thinking that you've got to fight something – Governments aren't there to be fought they're there to be educated. If anything I'm the opposite of revolutionary – reactionary – evolutionary' *(Robin)*

'I don't want to control people. That's not my trip. But I think there has to be some kind of Government, but it has to be done by people individually. Maybe there has to be some kind of code which everyone'll agree to . . . the way I'm approaching politics is by improving myself to a point where I don't need law'.

Listened again to them freeze crystal clear in the glass cage of Lincoln Centre. Last heard them play to lumpy hippies in Croydon far removed in the drizzling rain from the other times & each time something different. Some songs dipped into another pot.

'No drugs for more than a year now'.

Stripped pine & chrome Fairfield Hall jampacked with superconscious Indian bands tied carefully with a back mirror facing the light to match marks & spencers.

But what does it matter with the fairy music harsh in the hard accoustics of Croydon?

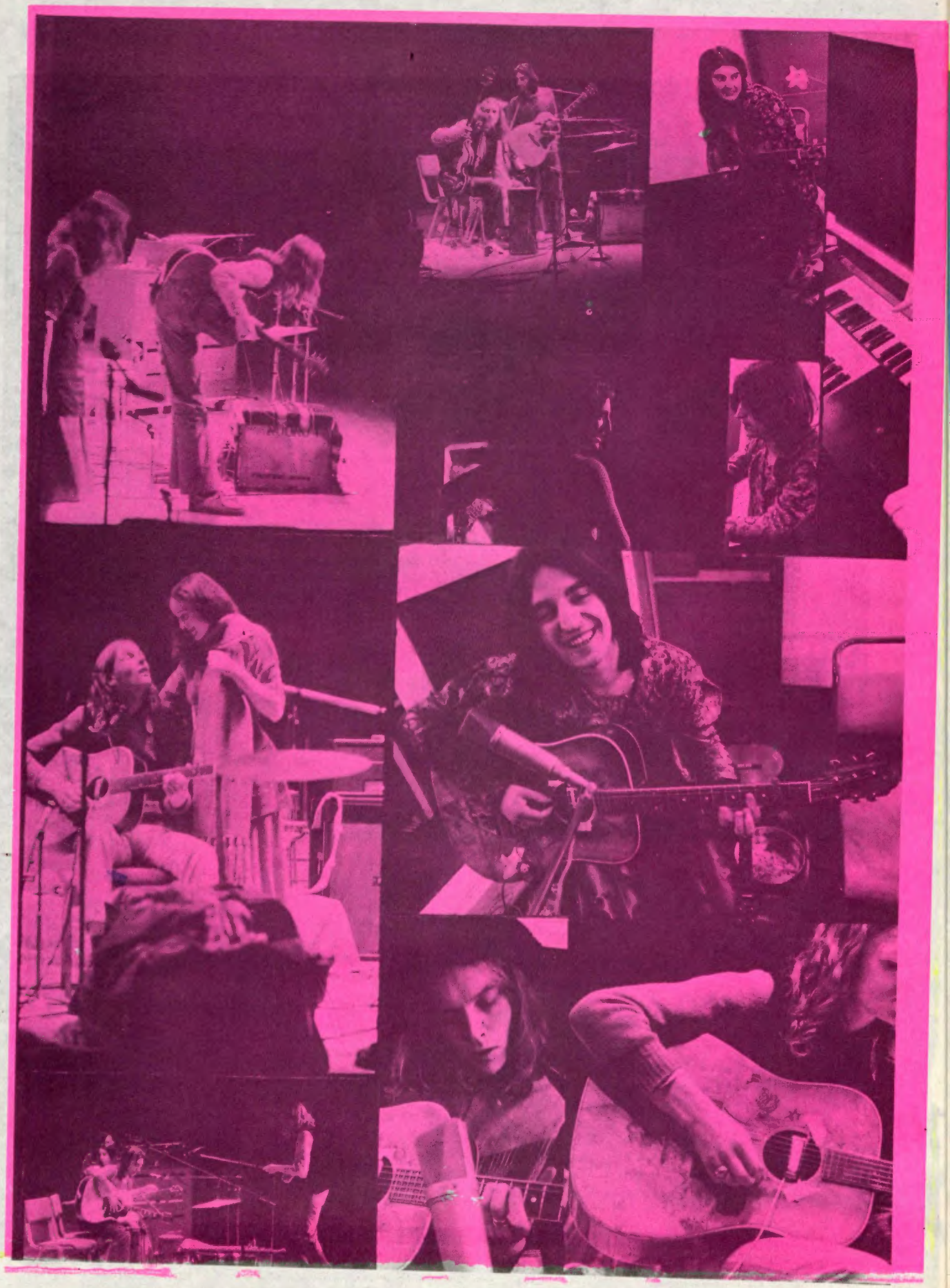
All that matters is love between man & woman & child. It's been said before. Confucius has an edge on even an Incredible String Band but he could not, did not, does not sing with a flat voice and hawk eyes cut out of Scottish Welsh wet blue skies nor smile with an endless smile, nor lose his tooth not to find another, nor die a martyr once to rise again skinny on a wire trippy stage.

What does it matter say the Incredible String Band & play again, what do you do?

'I believe in evolving towards a golden age' *(Robin)*

Child that I am I do.

when man moves god is moving
when the ocean moves god is roaring
when stars collide god is the bright matter unmoved
when everything is fast asleep
god is awake
how is it possible to disentangle
better to ask your mother to be lovely today



JIMMY PAGE

Felix Dennis

EARLY DAYS

It all really began for me rehearsing with Cyril Davis. That would be around six years ago now, just after he'd split with Koerner. Then I was accepted for Art College and I had to decide between painting and playing. Well, the music scene was pretty depressing around that time . . . nobody was interested in Chuck Berry or Bo Diddley, all they wanted was Top Twenty & Jazz . . . so I went to College. Of course, about a year later everything began to happen with the Stones and Liverpool and the R 'n' B scene so I took to jamming occasionally at the Marquee on Thursday nights. Somebody asked me to play on a record – can't remember what it was to tell you the truth – but from that session came other offers of work and suddenly there was more than I could cope with, four or five sessions a week. I began missing too many lectures & taking days off at College so I thought that I'd better finally decide: painting or playing? It wasn't an easy decision but finally I took the plunge & chose sessions. Sometimes I wonder whether I made the right decision.

YARDBIRDS

The Yardbirds came out of getting bored with session work, which is so unpredictable. One minute you're playing for really good musicians & the next . . . well . . . Herman's Hermits are into their own thing no doubt, but it isn't my scene exactly. I'd known Jeff* in the Yardbirds for quite a long time & when Paul Samwell Smith** quit that was it. I'd never played bass before but I quite dug it & we left for the States shortly after I'd joined. Then Jeff was ill one time in LA & it was a case of me play lead guitar & Chris Dreja† do the bass or scrub the gig. After that it worked out that the Yardbirds had two lead guitars, until Jeff left finally to form his own band. It was a shame that the Yardbirds eventually folded out. Towards the end Keith and Jim MacCarthy just didn't have their heart in the music. They were almost ashamed of the name Yardbirds in the finish, though I don't know why; on the last tour we were getting better reaction than we'd ever had. They were a great band, I was never ashamed of playing in the Yardbirds.

MUSICAL PRESS

I don't read any of them in this country, not even the MM. I used to but I just can't now. They're so shitty. This country desperately needs a new trade paper. There isn't one authorative writer on the staff of one music paper in this country who knows anything about rock music. Yes, you can print that. Let's talk about something else, let's not talk about them.

UNDERGROUND

Is Led Zeppelin an underground group? I suppose if you mean in terms of lack of airplay on Radio One then yes, we'll be an underground group. I know we won't ever be heard on Radio One, except maybe on Peel or Drummond's shows. *The radio in this country, in fact all the mass media, are in a disgusting condition. They're so restricted. The BBC just won't accept that really worthwhile music has developed from rock & roll, from all those awkward pimply guys who were playing guitars in 1960. That's what's happened, but they just can't accept it.*

I mean I don't want to keep referring things to the States because Britain isn't America, but at least there are some channels for rock music. In fact for all forms of music, over there. The only underground group that's ever existed in the States was Hendrix. That may sound strange but you know he'd had two hit albums & a whole year of acclaim and success before they finally offered him one TV spot. Underground to me means something that is being suppressed by the authorities & that's certainly what was happening to Hendrix. His reputation was spread solely by word of mouth & the FM stations. TV exposure is the most important thing in the States, the most accepted method. He was denied that exposure constantly.

I know perhaps you were referring to the underground in the sense of a collection of people and ideas existing within, but divorced from the society in which they live. That's an interesting concept but has little to do with our music. In this country, & this is just personally speaking, it seems to me to be something which has been distorted into an almost comical replica of the US. Take IT for example. There's an example of the basic theory of the underground, the alternative society, the theory being lost behind the pounds shilling and pence. The underground is big business now & that's a pity.

CENSORSHIP

I remember bringing back copies of Australian OZ to England & they had these ridiculous censored things . . . breasts, can you imagine? Australian censorship is . . . well, I guess you'd know, wouldn't you? Even the nudes in Playboy are censored sometimes. I mean, Playboy! That's ridiculous. If I ever saw a pair of tits that excited me in Playboy I'd begin to wonder if I was perverted. Playboy's like Doris Day in the nude. Impossible. I'm sure if I stripped off Doris Day's bra I'd find another bra underneath. I have these theories about Hugh Heffner . . . (nodding to tape) . . . not while that's on though.

SCREAMING LORD SUTCH

Ah, Sutch was a gas. I was going to produce him for Immediate once but something happened & it never got together. Sutch was four years ahead of his time . . . I mean Arthur Brown, he's only a psychedelic Sutch really isn't he? You know what Sutch is doing now? He's in America, a travelling representative for Marshall equipment, driving a huge Rolls with this union jack painted across it. He scared the shit out of his audiences, him and his Savages. What a crew!

JOHN MAYALL

Mayall? Look . . . yeah . . . let's just not talk about John

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*Jeff Beck, lead guitar in the Yardbirds after Clapton.
**Paul Samwell Smith – bass player in early Yardbirds.
†Chris Dreja – rhythm guitarist

AMONG THE ACCUSERS, AMONG THE FINGER-POINTERS OF OUR TIME, ONE STANDS OUT CLEARLY: **LENNY BRUCE.** AS HE SAID ONE NIGHT, IN A FAMED ASIDE: "I'M SORRY IF I'M NOT VERY FUNNY TONIGHT, BUT I'M NOT A COMEDIAN. I'M LENNY BRUCE." PROFOUNDLY SO; AND SINCE HIS DEATH THE ONCOMING WAVE OF YOUTH HAS PICKED UP ON HIM. NOW THE MYTH, THE MARTYR, SPEAK OUT STILL THROUGH A HERITAGE OF TAPED LIVE PERFORMANCES. FROM THESE, **FRANK ZAPPA** CHOSE **THE BERKELEY CONCERT,** AVAILABLE AROUND MID-APRIL ON TRANSATLANTIC **TRA 195D.** THIS IS THE FIRST LENNY BRUCE FULL CONCERT PROGRAMME ISSUED WITHOUT ANY EDITING WHATSOEVER. TWO LPS **71s 3d.**

Transatlantic
WHERE TRENDS BEGIN

Mayall. I don't want to talk about him. Mayall . . . long pause . . . no, we just won't talk about him. Do you mind?

HIT RECORDS

Say we made a record like the Marmalade's, sure we could do that, we could do that easily. But I'm a guitarist and a musician as such & I just don't want to be associated with those scenes. Anyway, that group just couldn't get a tour or stir any interest in the States. America has enough of its own bubblegum music. Someone like Eric you really have to admire, simply because he broke through in his own right, without watering down his music. Whether he finally achieved his goal in the Cream I don't know. Like at Madison Sq. Gardens where there was that audience of 35,000, well a good part of that audience was composed of teeneys, nine to twelve year olds. They hadn't really come to listen to the Cream's music had they? I'm sure they defeated Eric's purpose. He left the Yardbirds in the early days, just after For Your Love to avoid all those scenes. *The overpublicity of the Cream was the biggest single factor in their break-up.*

GROUPIES

The first time I came into contact with groupies was on the initial tour of the States with the Yardbirds. We were playing in this huge ballroom in LA & there were a whole crown of teenys screaming & waving banners & posters with the group's name on & things. Then right in the middle of these banners with 'I love Keith', & 'Jeff, Jeff' & 'Yardbirds Forever' rose this huge poster with the word *'WANK'* in four foot high lettering. Christ, I nearly stopped playing.

Then there were these telephone calls at the hotel from groupies.

Somehow they learned a hell of a lot of cockney slang. They'd phone up and say, 'Hi Jeff, how's yer 'Ampton Wick?' Ridiculous!

That edition of Rolling Stones with the groupies was useless. There aren't any groupies in San Francisco anyway; most of them are based in New York, LA, Chigago & a couple in Miami. There was only one real groupie pic tured in the entire Rolling Stone article, which in any case was a diluted version of the Realist original. The Realist was the paper that carried pictures of the Plaster-Casters' trophies. The Plaster-Casters have retired now..

DYLAN

Dylan's lyrics are like four minute versions of a book. You can just keep taking them in. What can you say about Bob Dylan? It's all been said.

AMERICA

The US is an explosive scene, politically & socially speaking. It's difficult to explain to someone whose never been there. & it's so big; what's true in Mississippi wouldn't apply in New York. Remember the US is a lot of little countries tied together by Washington. The laws vary from State too. Take a sixteen year old girl across the state line in your car in Texas without her parents permission & that's abduction. Fuck a girl under 18 in Texas &that's rape.

The fuzz in that part of the world are pretty paranoic too. Any excuse to get their guns out. Every day you hear of cops shooting innocent people, bystanders & the like. Keith bought himself a gun for $12.50 in Texas, bullets and everything included. He bought it for protection. He was frightened of Texas . . . well, so was I. The whole atmosphere is hostile. And in Alabama. *We were in Alabama when Robert Kennedy was shot. We were drinking in a bar when the news came over the radio. There were a lot of people suddenly smiling in that bar . . . one guy turned to his mates & said in a loud voice, 'well, that's another bastard down.' Nobody was shocked, let alone sa d that a man had just lost his life. Heartless people. Winning is the biggest religion in the US.*

But there are good scenes of course in the States. Kids will listen to your music, the FM stations are good, the bread is there. People seem to be more aware of what you are trying to say, musically speaking that is . . . & you get a better chance to prove yourself live. It always seems to me that in England people are too ready to tear musicians to shreds, to play the comparison game. Something like, 'Beck's not a bad guitarist but he's not as good as Clapton is he?' End of Jeff Beck. We'll be back in America in April & I'm looking forward to that.

THE ALBUM

Well you can't really judge anything about Led Zeppelin from the album alone. The group had only been together for two & a half weeks when we recorded it. We'd had fifteen hours rehearsal before shooting over to Scandinavia for a few gigs, then straight after that we cut the album. There's very little double tracking, we were deliberately aiming at putting down what we could actually reproduce on stage. I know that I influenced pretty heavily the content & arrangements on this first one, but that was only because we didn't have the time to discuss everything between us. The next album will almost certainly be more of a group project. The best thing about the Zeppelin is that nobody's being carried. Robert & the two Johns are all excellent musicians, they all have something to say.

LED ZEPPELIN

Like I said, the great thing about the Zeppelin is that nobody's carrying anybody else. John Bonham & Robert Plant were both in a group from Birmingham. 'The Band of Joy'. I was very lucky to find two such fine musicians available at the same time. John Paul Jones, well, I expect you already know quite a lot about him. He's done an awful lot of studio work; I'd say he's one of the best bass players in the country.

I don't know how you'd bag our music . . . maybe it's too early to say. Anyway we're notconsciously aiming at anything or in any specific direction. Just playing together and taking it as it comes. Since recording the album we've changed a lot of the material, & the length of the numbers seems to have expanded. One thing that used to get me about the Cream was the way I thought they relied too heavily on Master Eric for the improvisations. That's not going to happen with us. Everybody's got something to say &, well, that's what we'll be doing. I can't believe that we've all come together so quickly. If I'm really honest with you, though it'll probably sound like I'm boasting, I'd say that I feel very confident about the direction of Led Zeppelin.

INSIDE JANN WENNERS HEAD THERE IS A STONE-ROLLING

Sebastian Jorgensen

ROLLING STONE

WANTED

IN THE COUNTY OF DADE

'UH-OH, I THINK I EXPOSED MYSELF OUT THERE'

Every form has its fashionable arbiters, even rock & roll. These are not unlike ring-side reporters at a big fight: relatively secure in their complimentery seats, marginal participants in that holocaust of vibrations which concrete action generates, favouring one combatant then the other & all the while scribbling as others punch or pray.

From this position these people rarely emerge, like the objects of their passionate scrutiny, as household names; nor can their final judgements compete with the referee's. Their one great advantage, potentially, is their distance from the vortex, a distance which should enable them to formulate cool patterns from hot, confusing detail.

Finally any publication which is specialist by nature will sail or fail depending on whether it backs winners with any consistency over a period of time. Just as the charts (singles &/or albums) are the referees in pop so circulation figures are the determinants of success or failure in publishing.

By these standards – & seen in an underground context – the San Francisco based rock music fortnightly "Rolling Stone" is an unqualified success. More flexible than committed – I doubt whether anybody on "Rolling Stone" was ever fooled for long by the early promise of acid, transcendental mysticism or revolutionary politics – it sells 57,000 copies in the States & now, with the backing of Mick Jagger, its forthcoming London edition could topple that figure.

The 23-year-old "Hugh Heffner" of pop, as Geoffrey Cannon dubbed him with characteristic heavy-weight wit in the Guardian, has little time for the present run of rock pundits, both under & over-ground, here or in America. Not only the lamentable M.M. but also I.T., Eye Magazine, The East Village Other, Berkely Barb & just about everyone else (apart from this magazine, strangely enough) is icily dismissed. "You find that the major critics in the United States previous to 'Rolling Stone', people like Richard Goldstein, they don't know what they're talking about," said Wenner looking for all the world like an unusually hairy rugby player who turned on tuned in & scored yet another goal. "They produce terribly overwritten, boring stuff, immitation Tom Wolfe stuff to conceal their own ignorance of the subject, I mean they couldn't make a plain, flat statement about the music. The other thing that became very clear was that they really didn't like it. We're out to replace 'Melody Maker' and all these shitty music publications. There's nothing to read around today." With the 50:50 partnership deal with Mick Jagger already finalised, hip Londoners still quoting from his magazine's brilliant expose of groupiedom, the Sunday Times' jazz-pop critic Derek Jewell about to talk to him on "Late Night Line-Up" & a return flight ticket to San Francisco in his pocket there was every reason for his friendly cat-that-got-away-with-the-cream smile.

ON KENNEDY: "The assassination changed the whole course of American history. Politics is all a lie in the first place & Eugene McCarthy is as big a liar as anyone else. But John Kennedy was an interesting cat. The thing is the most a president can do – if it's true that both parties are the same & all that shit – the most he can do is set a personal tone & a personal style. The death of Kennedy points to what an influence he was. I mean all over the world people were just fucked. It was incredible. There was no hippy thing in America, there was no flagrant drug scene. It all wouldn't have happened if Kennedy hadn't got killed. Everybody was still digging what was going on in that other scene. Kennedy made politics & the whole thing very relevant because he was young, he was attractive, he was just plain beautiful you know & not ugly. Lyndon Johnson is ugly & Richard Nixon is ugly & they just emphasise the ugliness of the scene they're in already. But maybe it was all false anyway, maybe it was just a false promise, an illusion & it was deception rather than reality. It could well have been. Maybe that's why he was shot. It all happened after Kennedy. "Because after that, man, fuck! there was nothing interesting after that."

ADVERTISING: "We haven't yet developed solid advertising outside of the record companies. We are moving now into new areas but we do operate a kind of censorship. We won't accept sex ads, we won't accept wig ads or cosmetic ads or cigarette ads. We wouldn't accept Magnaphal ads because it's kind of tasteless. Puritanical? No, I don't have any argument with Magnaphal & I don't want to see them go out of business. But since advertising is 50 or 30 per cent of any magazine it as much as anything else characterises the magazine. Cigarettes anyway are bad for you. I think it's a filthy habit though I smself smoke. Alcohol though is groovy & we would accept those kinds of ads. 80% of the readership of East Village Other & the Berkely Barb is only interested in the small ads. I want to avoid that. They're the only market places for homosexuals. It's the sex market, they're the sex scene newspapers. The rest of it is pretty boring."

RELATIONSHIP WITH JAGGER: "I met Mick a year ago in L.A. & we had a pleasant meeting & we just talked about business & hip businesses & you know the energy of rock & roll & how it was being wasted &

where it was going & Apple & about his own abortive record company & it was just an absolute natural that we should do it here together. I don't see any conflict of interest in reviewing a Rolling Stones' record in future. Of course they'll have a say editorially. But you know we're not a Rolling Stones fan club publication. Mick & I are 50:50 partners in Invisible Ink Printing Industries or whatever it's going to be called."

THE GAP: I think that the only hope for students & our side of the fence is that the old people die off as quickly as possible. Every time I pick up the papers I read of them dying off. The faster the better. I think it's the only way. Now the kids come home to their parents with faces broken out in blood. It used to be 'Oh Dad, I've got to talk to you. I just took some acid so let's sit down & have a talk for the first time in our lives. Let me play you 'Rubber Soul' or something!

DOPE: "It was & is very important. When it first happened it had a tremendous impact. In my own life it was a fantastic turn-around. You know – wait a minute fellah, wait a second, look at THAT! When the acid scene started off you could take L.S.D. without having read about some freak trip in Life magazine, without having read all those horror stories. Everybody who got too fucked up on acid has come out of it fine. Chromosome damage? Who can tell? It might even be a good thing anyway to have some mutants around."

THE ROCK & ROLL ARMY: "Rock & roll is a different kind of politics in the broadcast sense. The one thing most people dig is rock & roll. & like the Jerry Rubin thing, the Yippee thing, the real power of our side is in what I like to call the Rock & Roll Army. But who's going to get this army on the march? It hasn't been Eldridge Cleaver & it could have been the Beatles but they're not going to do it & maybe they shouldn't do it but that's where the power is. & the Rock & Roll Army is the army that has gone home & turned on its parents.

CAMPUS REVOLUTIONARIES: What kind of revolution is it where you go in & take over a building & you burn down some kind of college hall or take over the library & destroy the presidents office & go around ranting & carrying flags & taking over the campus. & then you get beaten up & thrown in jail & ten minutes later you're bailed out. Then you go home with complete impunity. What kind of revolution is that? There is yet to be anyone killed at a college demonstration. When it happens we're talking about revolution, now we're not. It would be much better if it could be done by going home & turning on your old man. America is just a violent, violent place. I'm not an advocate of violence but I understand it. "When I see pictures of these kinds of things on television I go pfft. You know, if I was there I'd have a gun. So that's why I don't go."

MUSIC: You can intellectualise about a lot of rock & roll music but it's primarily not an intellectual thing. It's music, that's all."

continued from P32:

Q. Freewheelin Frank said that . . .

A. Yeah he's incredible. I've seen bits of his poetry. & his book – there's only one person who can talk like that. He might just get over here this year.

Q. But how do you want the Angels to develop?

A. I personally want them to develop to – not necessarily numberwise – but to the point where say one bloke is shafting his bird somewhere & you're up the other end of the M 1 & you break down. & after one phone call the bloke whips his end out & comes straight to your rescue. Loser Pete had this very quality. My bike broke down & without even me phoning him he was there. It's this thing it's like telepathy. I couldn't care if there was only two of us or if there was 500 of us provided we all felt about each other the same – like that.

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How many fuck you? Do you enjoy it? Do they enjoy it?

Try counting Angels.

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IF YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING TELL US ABOUT IT SO WE'LL KNOW TOO.

My folks were always putting him down (down, down)
They say he came from the wrong side of town
(whatdoyoumeanhecamefromthewrongsideoftown?)
They told me he was bad
But I knew he was sad
That's why I fell for the . . . LEADER OF THE PACK

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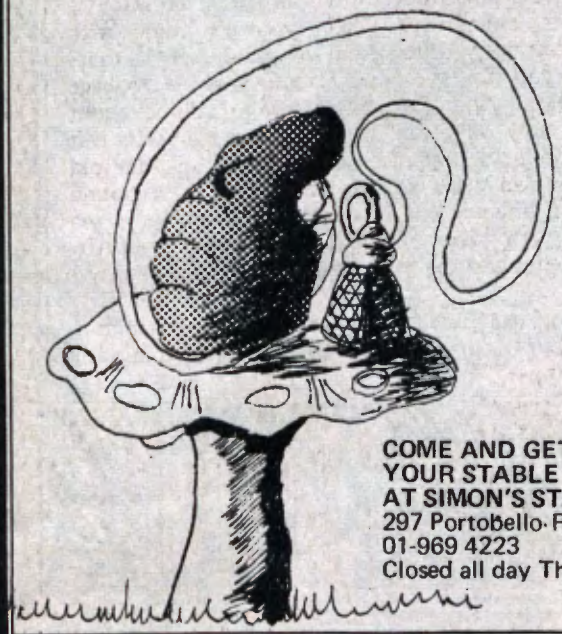

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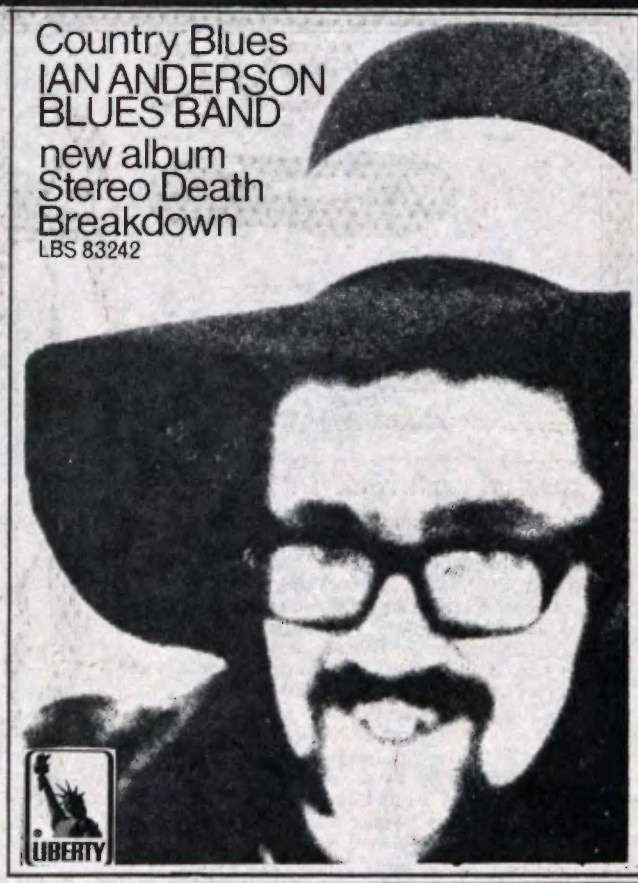

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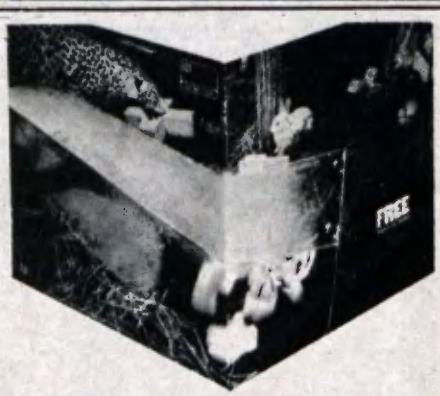

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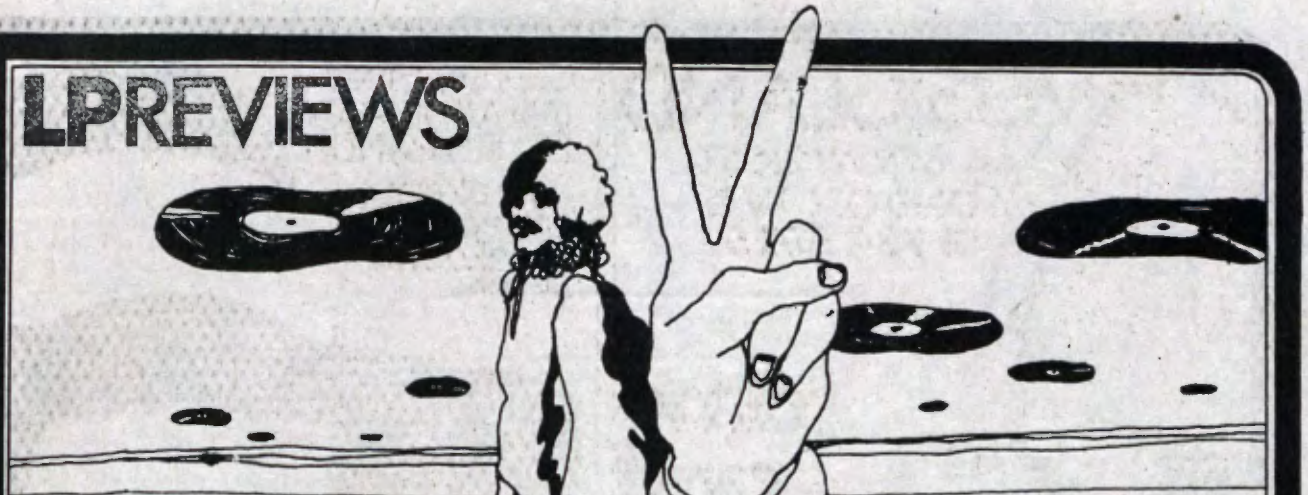

THE LAST EXIST Traffic *ILPS 9097*

The intriguing thing about Traffic was the acabradabra of their originality. Stevie Winwood may be "... quite simply the best white blues singer I have ever heard, regardless of age, environment or nationality ..." – Al Kooper, April '68 – but there are a dozen white blues singers, both in Britian & America who can certainly sing *almost* as well.

Capaldi is a fine rhythmic drummer, tight & always relaxed, with a well controlled left hand, but he'd be the first to point out that Baker, Hiseman, Moon or any one of a hundred others feature similar qualities in their drumming. The same applies for Mason & Chris Wood. Both are much more than competent musicians but neither is an outstanding one in the literal sense of the word. It was the combination that did it.

When Stevie split from Spencer Davis he was emphatic that his next venture wasn't going to be 'The Stevie Winwood Group'. Tired of the 'boy star wonder' image constantly laid on him in those early days, (however true it may have been), he carefully gathered a collection of home town friends & lit out for the country. When the music finally emerged it was evident that he had nearly achieved his purpose. Nobody in Traffic was backing up S.W. They were playing with him, not behind him; they were playing together. *That* was the secret.

But here, on 'Last Exist', & just faintly on their previous album, it was becoming apparent that Winwood was outgrowing the cloak he had so deliberately drawn around himself. On live appearances too, it was Steve's emotional singing & playing that brought the audiences to their feet ... they appreciated Mason, Capaldi & Wood, but they rose to Winwood. For Steve Winwood *is* a musical genius, albeit a reluctant one, & whatever carefully planned steps he had taken to disguise & diffuse the fact, nothing could have hoped to veil his enormous talent for long. He is probably the most *multi* talented musician, singer-organist-composer-guitarist-pianist, that Britain has produced in the last decade. Eventually he will play jazz; no other field encompasses a wide enough area to absorb his music.

One complete side of 'Last Exist' consists of part of the recordings made last summer at the free, open-air concert in Hyde Park. Consequently the balance at times is shoddy & the group suffers from all the technical hang-ups encountered on any live recording. But these are trifling complaints compared to the magnificent performance. In 'Feelin' Good' Winwood lays down his best organ solo to date, a beautifully constructed & intricately phrased piece of music, tapering off finally into Chris Wood's melodic, gypsy flute, hovering like a guardian angel over the free-form timing & creating a bridge of continuity without which the song might well have become too involved for even the musicians to follow.

The studio tracks on the album are interesting, occasionally moving, especially Winwood & Capaldi's 'Withering Tree. & 'Shanghai Noodle Factory', but the overall impression is perhaps that the cuts are good because it is Traffic playing, & through little merit of the material. If these are the best tracks that Island could salvage out of what the group left on tape, then maybe it would be as well if this really was, 'The Last Exit', (which of couse it is decidedly not; we've still got the 'Best of Traffic', volumes, one, two & three to come yet.)

So the Cream is dead, the Buffalo Springfield & the Yardbirds, & the Mams & the Papas & the Electric Flag & the Byrds, (well almost), & now Traffic. You could buy this album for any one of a number of reasons. You dig Traffic, you dig memories, you dig Island Records, you were at Hyde Park & you'd like to hear yourself clapping or you just want to be able to pull the weird black flat circle out of its dusty cover in 30 years & say, "hey kids ... this is where S.W. really began you know ..." Anyone of those reasons would be excuse enough.

Felix Dennis.

BLOOD, SWEAT, & TEARS Blood Sweat & Tears. *CBS 63504*

If you, like me, never quite got used to the horn sections on any of the Mike Bloomfield, Buddy Miles, Paul Butterfield or even John Mayall LPs, this one is for you. Whereas with other rock groups on the brass kick, horns take the form of added accompani ment & sound jarringly superfluous, BST's arrangements bring out their full value. In rock music there is a certain professionalism emerging with the influx of jazz musicians, & that is especially evident with BST who do the right things in the right way & know how to handle a horn section. On the sleeve notes they thank their producer, among other things, for his dogmatism, which strikes one as a pretty strange thing for a rock group to appreciate; on reflection though, it shows just where BST are at. Their choice of material is interesting; it ranges from Variations on a Theme by Eric Satie to Traffic's Smiling Phases – & throughout an abundance of skill & musical understanding. Like the professionals they are, they include some standards – Laura Nyro's 'And When I Die' & Billie Holiday's classic 'God Bless the Child', which is, incidentally, the best track. It is a measure of their class that they are able to take songs like these & do them more than justice, while at the same time injecting something of their own.

One of the good things about the Blues Project was that they didn't let any conventions stop them from experimenting The same is true of BST. 'Blues – part II' is a masterpiece; it starts with a puzzling interlude on electric organ by Dick Halligan in what seems to be archaic classical style, but is in fact free-form & not set to any classical standard, although it starts to sound like a toccata at the end.

I understand that More & More is this LP's contribution to the Rock Machine I Love You record. That track is worth the 15/- on its own. In fact Steve Katz's delicious solo is worth it.

In front of the band David Clayton-Thomas gives an impeccable performance throughout – he might be

said to have soul. Bobby Colomby on drums & Jim Fielder on bass make up a rhythm section that rocks hard & swings nicely. Fred Lipsius on alto also shows up well in this set. The production is perfect & there are no lapses in taste; what is more BST in no way suffer from the morbid habit of taking themselves too seriously.

Nowadays, when we are seeing the last great flowering of the movement in rock that started with the Who & the introduction of the Marshall amplification system, there seems to be a dearth of really musical records. Because of this Blood Sweat & Tears is a refreshing experience & totally satisfying.

THE LIVE ADVENTURES OF MIKE BLOOMFIELD & AL KOOPER Mike Bloomfield & Al Kooper *(CBS (S) 66216)*

'An American music band' was Mike Bloomfield's description of his short lived Electric Flag, & 'American music' sums up this latest album of his. With their Electric Flag & Blood, Sweat & Tears bands, Bloomfield & Kooper were exploring similar areas of blues-soul-rock, & this album is the logical extension of those experiments - but without the brass. Super Session took it some of the way along & was an important record, musically & historically, but only partly realized the full potential of the musicians involved. The music on this double record set makes the 'can-white-men-play-the-blues' controversy, irrelevant. This has nothing to do with imitation black blues or imitation black soul. This is American music from two white American musicians who have all of America's music floating around in their heads. Music from the radio & from ball rooms & clubs & from the street & people's homes. Blues, soul, jazz, country, folk, pop – all that they have heard & absorbed as naturally as a kid growing up absorbs the language, syntax & slang of his family & everyone around him.

Often, otherwise good bands, particularly white blues bands are let down by a wooden rhythm section, but here, Skip Prokop on drums & John Kahn on bass actually know how to swing. Listen to them on 'Her Holy Modal Highness', a jazz influenced piece that is the essence of the instrumental work on this album at it's best, relaxed instead of forced but building to intense climaxes, & always completely together. There is little left to say about Mike Bloomfield, probably America's favourite guitarist. Though his playing on the Electric Flag album sounded tired compared to his work on the first two Butterfield albums, here he is back in form. Like his chief influence, B B King, Bloomfield is a blues guitarist, but one with an awareness of jazz that shows in everything he plays. His perfectly constructed improvisations never contain the merely flash. Playing with economy, he is a master of form.

Kooper's throaty vocal style is well known, but this is Bloomfield's first vocal cutting on record. Not a great blues singer (his songs are all blues), he makes up for any lack of power, depth or intensity of feeling with a superb sense of phrasing. Carlos Santana of the Santana Blues Band plays on the other guest spot, Sonny Boy Williamson, a tribute to the late blues singer & harp player, written by Jack Bruce & Paul Jones. Certainly one of the funkiest numbers on the album, with one of those persistent riffs that remains in your head for days after you've heard it. It is Al Kooper, though, who is the more dominent musical personality. Not surprising perhaps, as it was he who suggested the session & produced it.

There are only two original numbers, but a jam isn't about presenting new, original material – a jam is about playing & numbers like Paul Simon's Feeling Groovy, which they completely restyle, & the Band's The Weight are given fresh, exciting treatments. The choice of Material throughout is excellent.

This is a record that points to two of the several directions, rock is now taking: the increasing status of individual musicians & the jamming resulting from this, & the idea becoming more & more popular of recording live in the ball rooms and clubs, where the music & it's directions are created. Neither concept even when good musicians are involved is, or will, always be necessarily successful. But this is one of the successful LPs and one of those you might try to converting your jazz friends with. You'll probably succeed.

Peter Dalton

REALITY IS BAD ENOUGH. Patrick Sky. Verve Forecast *SVLP 6103*

The use of the theatre as a symbol for the world & drama as a symbol for the patterns in which human life is worked out, is as old as Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage", perhaps older, perhaps even as old as the theatre & drama themselves. One feature of Patrick Sky's album is the way it takes these symbols & makes new use of them. The album is not theatrical; it doesn't seek to mimic an overall theatrical presentation as, say, Sgt. Pepper did. There are, however, obvious theatrical overtones.

Most overtly there is Sky's version of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Modern Major General" where the comic atmosphere is intensified by the use of a solo banjo backing wedged paranthetically between a marvellously staccato orchestral introduction & finale. Another costume piece, "Enjoy Enjoy Enjoy", mimics a kind of awful American pre-war big band radio show. One can imagine Sky singing this with tuxedo & slicked-down hair.

Again, a theatrical motif is used as a design concept. The album's cover shows two clown faces, cut-out representations of the familiar tragi-comic masks of Greek drama. To a certain kind of mind (obviously the "New York Times" mentality that Sky slams in "Not The Loving Kind") the songs would lend themselves to easy classification into comic & tragic categories, paralleling this theatrical "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry" tradition; one feels an Art Director is fretting somewhere because they wouldn't, just wouldn't, take the idea of duality to its extreme & tie the whole thing up neatly by calling it "Two Sides of Patrick Sky".

Of course, it's the failure of the songs, & Sky's talent, to be tied up neatly in any but this superficial manner that makes them so interesting. A child would probably find the mantric sadness of "Children's Song" unbearable. "Silly Song" is acutely perceptive in a way we don't usually expect "silly" things to be.

Just as the theatre is no longer an easy black & white, a simple case of God versus the Devil as in mediaeval miracle plays, so popular music & contemporary folk art are outgrowing their early "Teenager In Love" ingenuousness. Sky's album is valuable both as a product of this process & a graphic embodiment of its principles. "Reality," as the man says, "is bad enough. Why should I tell the truth?" Think about that when "Che!" visits your friendly neighbourhood repertory company.

Graham Charnock

HOWLING WOLF: Electric How. *Pye CRLS 4543 (s)*

Howling Wolf is supposed not to like this record. The cover blurb reads 'This is Howlin' Wolf's new album. He doesn't like it. He didn't like his electric guitar at first either.' Presumably Cadet-Concept adopted this aggressive defence because of the bad press that the recording got in Rolling Stone & elsewhere.

But however much you might sympathise with the idea of the proud bluesman electrified against his will, or deplore the way that the publicity was angled – poor old coon, he'll thank us in the end, – the important thing is the record. Ultimately what the record company did & what Howling Wolf thought doesn't matter.

The music itself isn't as bad as one might expect. It's thoroughly electrified but that in itself is no bad thing. In fact it's all good leaping stuff – the kind of blues you can really dance to. It's depressing to find people who say they can't dance to anything but Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder & Otis Redding. If they had an ounce of rhythm in them they could dance to Electric Howl. Phil Upchurch, who plays guitar on three of the tracks, recorded 'You Can't Sit Down' a while back, & the bass & drums lay down a beat that'll make your neighbours' ducks fly off the wall.

The material consists mainly of standard blues numbers all given the same treatment – thumping rhythms; screaming wah-wah guitar, with Howling Wolfs' harsh vocals (which sound like they were torn out of his stomach with barbed fish-hooks). Best number of the album – & the worst for dancing because the superb jumpy bass line stops & re-starts several times – is 'Evil', but 'The Red Rooster', & 'Smokestack Lightning' are all almost as good. The arrangements are nearly the same throughout but the backing musicians are so good and so together that that doesn't matter either.

Put it this way – if you don't know who Howling Wolf is & you like electric blues, you'll dig the album. If you do know who he is & you care that he was hyped, the best thing you can do for him is to buy the record. That way he can howl all the way to the bank.

John Leaver.

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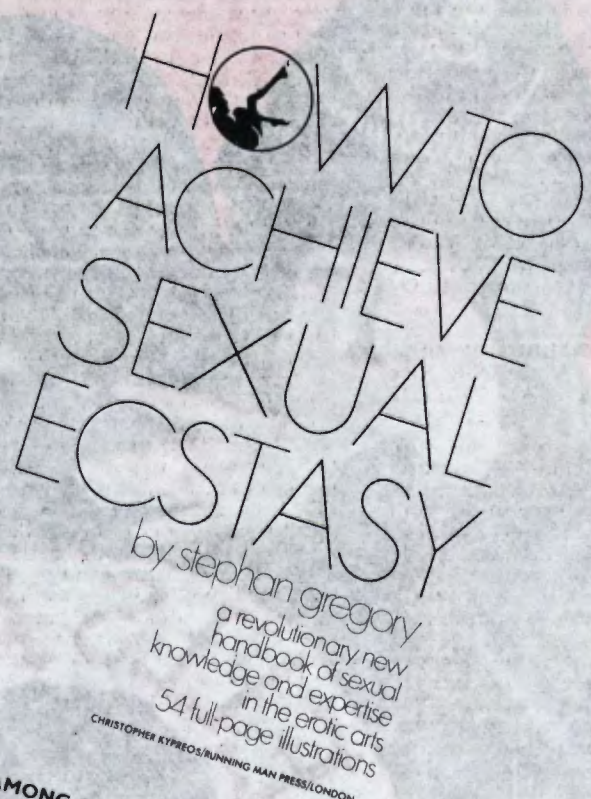

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OZ 21

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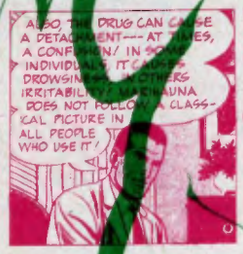
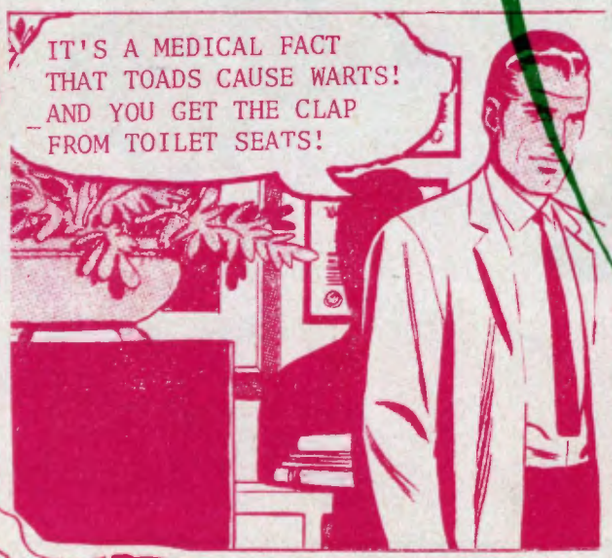
52 Princedale Road, London, W11

Now!

REX ORGAN, M.D.





Dear Sir
I am living in Bulgaria. I am eighteen years old and I live with my mamma and pappa and I think this idea might interest you . . . Do you know what "an absolutely dull life" it is for me and for my friends. We've tried many things but they are not so much. Can you give me some advice or help me in some way.
Generation of 'The Sorrow Eyes'.
Luchezar Manolov
Tsar Asen N24
Burgas, Bulgaria

Dear Editor,
my names ronald -- so whats cool in a name eh -- and I was walking out this afternoon round about -- have you dope fiends actually seen stuff like a good april sky? -- I mean, don't come on to me about beautiful people because most of you guys have got faces like collapsed lungs -- and I saw a copy of your mag (the one with the peeky chick coming on coy about fishing out that poor guys whang-dang -- some chance with him looking so pooped and useless -- on the cover. It was sticking out of a dustbin -- the mag I mean -- ok there are lots of things sticking out of lots of dustbines and ive learnt not to be choosy so I snuck off to the park and had a good old read and when I finished my world was pretty cloudy and I say
its just not healthy!
and I mean healthy-healthy.
if all you guys got out in the open air and did some physical action, that is work with your bodies -- I don't mean for bread either -- just a lot of football and walking or even climbing up scafolding -- dont tell me theres not much of that in the smoke -- for a kick off, all that kind of stuff and youd stop shoving all this shit down the throats of kids like myself (accept the ones who dont keep their bodies fresh) who are so bored they'd cut off the old Iron Dan if you told them there was a good thrash in it some where. I know kids who drank brasso because they thought it was a cool thing to do. And who are all these guys coming on about freedom for this and that and legalising pot -- ugh -- and wierd sexual details and all this 'come to jesus' bit about hunger (poverty natural for weak creeps) and all that piss in my bowler malarky. What I say is if guys get busted in north africa and land up in there shitty prisons they got to be dumb in the first place. I know because I been there and the beaches are a knockout -- I was putting in twelve miles swimming a day and blocking in this yankee pee h.d. soon brought her off pot, the silly mouthy cow. She had a big ginger pussy and well reamed out I can tell you. This wog offered me bread for her and I took it -- last I heard he was beating the piss out of her.
I went to greece after that and I don't see its such a bad scene there either, ok so the armys pushing the old snitch in everywhere but thats honest the way I see it and once you get to know the ordinary blokes you can play soccer with them. They don't sprachen much of the english bit from what I could gather they think english beatnik chicks are a big joke -- there was one called pearla who was about as sexy as a pigs trotter but she thought she was some kind of goddess because they were all lamming it into her.
She's the sort who thinks oz is like the bible man -- and full of pox what's more. I played soccer instead in greece. And I had a game of soccer this afternoon and afterwards popped a bit into my salt -- she don't take none of your tablets either, nor my desecrating myself with artificial objects, desecrate is the right word. What I mean is I feel real good and I don't need none of your hernandos hidyway so:
on your faggoty bums.
ps. to get the lion on the tub you got to crack the whip -- right?

From an Ex Public School Boy:
I have recently been thrown out of St Pauls public school in London for smoking, (after great interrogation and bluff on the part of the headmaster). I am fifteen, and am due to sit my 'O' level exams this June. I have been lucky in finding somewhere to carry on with my studies (on the condition that I mention nothing in school about St. Pauls), but that does not happen to everyone. A witch-hunt is starting throughout the country for school-boy heads, and before it does, let's try and get teacher's sense of proportions right.
Hash smoking is now a widespread social habit, almost in the same class as whisky and soda. Without arguing the pros and cons of it, the fact remains that people are turning on at 13, 14 or 15 years old. The school leaving age stands at fifteen by law. If people are being expelled from schools throughout the country, with a good chance of their careers being ruined, for a misdemeanour for which by law they would probably receive a penalty comparable to that for pulling the alarm cord on a train, it has to stop somewhere. I do not advocate legalisation of pot, merely because I dread the inevitable hassle of commercialism that would fall upon the magic weed; I just know that everything would work out much better if those in "responsible" positions would keep their cool.
Anonymous.

Dear Poverty Cooking,
I was absolutely horrified to read your recipe for roast Trafalgar Square Pigeon. The gourmet in charge of this column cannot be aware of the nasty things that the Trafalgar Square Pigeons are in fact fed on. Not only do they eat pigeon-repellant from the National Gallery, but they are full of contraceptive pills (an experiment to reduce their numbers) and other mean, nasty and horrible things.
The net effect of eating one of these pigeons would probably cause sterility, blindness etc, etc. Otherwise it's a good way of freaking out tourists in London.
Love,
Nelson
c/o Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

PS. It is not even illegal to kill them, as the author of the column pointed out.

Dear OZ,
Please stop mucking about.
Love,
Honest John.

Dear OZ,
Thanks for a look at the London Oz. I think the relative liberalism of the UK might have gone to your head a little. Your chances of getting Oz through customs -- and believe me, we'd like to take a crack at distributing it -- are so remote as to make the experiment virtually a waste of time, unless you're particularly flush at the moment. Things in this country have got worse instead of better since the early days of Oz. Queensland is banning things outright as usual, Tasmania is doing likewise -- two of our magazines last year -- and Victoria has started persecuting poor old 'Man', 'Girls and Gags' etc. Nipples do not exist in Victoria. The kids are fed by osmosis or something. Even NSW has passed legislation empowering Chief Secretary Willis (the bloke who banned Motel without even reading the script) to 'restrict' ie knock it off the newstands, any publication he feels like -- and without formal redress through theCourts. So far he's banned half a dozen or so.
Same thing, bare tit. Not even box. Just tit. And lately the customs people have really become tough. Their score last year -- all but two copies of Playboy, Gareth Powell's Chance (anup-to-dated super-slick Man, quite harmless; Squire (both these latter were printed in Hong Kong and shipped back, so there might be more to it than just Customs) and Christ knows what-all else we didn't ever hear about. Furthermore, the Judge, in describing Chance as erotic and perverted, was particularly upset by an imported French comic strip called Barbarella. The lesbian tendencies, bare bosoms and erotica were all bad news, said his worship. Yet around the corner from the Supreme Court, the movie version of Barbarella, with Jane Fonda's tits hanging all over the place, symbolic gang bangs and enough lesbianism to turn on a rabbit, was playing to packed houses. Same department -- Customs -- places its tawdry stamp of approval on movies about which, while we're on the subject, an alarming new tendency has developed, overseas distributors, realising the new freedom in cinema overseas will be frowned upon by the mutton-floggers in our Customs department, now submit a version for censoring, hack out what Customs people don't like and strip in pre-filmed replacements, meaning, of course, that we only see what the government wants us to see, luvly stuff.
All of which is to bring you mildly up to date on the state of retrogression in your fair homeland. The population is still in the hands of dirty-minded cretins, and that's being polite. When I think of the political potential latent in the Australian censorship system, I go creepy all over. In brief, yes, we'd love to distribute Oz if you can get it through customs. But I wouldn't spend too much money on trying to get it through.
Regards to all, and best of luck to London Oz from all at Whisper.
Terry Blake.
Group Publications Pty. Ltd.
263 Oxford Street
Darlinghurst, Box 3021,
Sydney 2001, Australia.

LETTERS CONTINUED P.14.

OZ darling,
Didn't they tell your gastronome about parasites? Anybody who eats one of your Trafalgar birds is liable to do themselves a decided NASTY. Pigeons from towns are poisonous. As most of your readers follow the OZ cookery column avidly, I forsee a sudden drop in your subscription numbers. Suggest you print a bit saying catch 'em in the country. Then you will only die of pesticides. Much nicer. Ask Hippocrates or someone.
Yours till the cows come home
Peter Samuelson.
Old Grove House,
Hampstead NW3.

THEATRE: The LIVING THEATRE will be in London the month of June performing Frankenstein, Mysteries, Antigone, and Paradise Now at the Roundhouse (tel: 485-8073); plus late-night intimate things at the Arts Lab.

Late at night and over the weekend Oz has a robot answering the phone. (229 7541). If you have news or information that Oz can use ring up and tell the robot. Or, as an alternative to writing a letter to the editor, record a 15 second message. We'll publish the least boring messages in the next Oz.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS

THIS IS A CHAIN LETTER. WITHIN THE NEXT FIFTY-FIVE DAYS YOU WILL RECEIVE THIRTY-ELEVEN-HUNDRED POUNDS OF CHAINS.

In the meantime, plant your seeds.

If a lot of people who receive this letter plant a few seeds and a lot of people receive this letter then a lot of seeds will get planted.

Make a few copies of this letter (5 would be nice) and send them and this copy to friends of yours. Try to mail to different cities and states, even different countries. If you would rather not, then please pass this copy on to someone and perhaps they would like to.

THERE IS NO TRUTH to the legend that if you throw away a chain letter then all sorts of catastrophic abominable and outrageous disasters will happen. Except, of course, from your seeds point of view.

****

GROWING AND CULTIVATING POT

This should help you grow better quality plants in less time.

The first thing in growing a better plant, naturally, would be to start with seeds of good quality. If you or some of your friends have had access to good grass, use those seeds. After all, not all the grass we smoke does the same thing for us.

Select the largest seeds and place them between two napkins, blotting paper, etc. and add enough water to cover the napkins. Then cover the top or put them in a dark closet for two or three days, until the seeds have sprouted at least a half inch or longer.

In the time it takes to sprout the seeds, you can prepare your garden. To do this, you can use one of two methods.

NUMBER ONE:

Use a flat wooden box like an apple box, tomato flat, etc. and add about one inch of gravel to the bottom. Fill the rest of the box with a good grade of soil or add a commercial fertilizer per manufacturers instructions. Remember, too much fertilizer will burn the plants and retard or kill your charges.

Moisten the soil thoroughly, then level the top. Using a pencil or similar article punch holes two to four inches apart with interspacing rows. In an apple box up to 35 plants may be planted.

Plant your sprouts with the seed above the ground and the sprout in the soil. Tamp the soil firmly, but not packed, around each plant as you insert the sprouts.

NUMBER TWO:

The second method is to use small flower pots made up the same way as the first method and plant one sprout to each pot—a kind of a "potted pot." This method saves transplanting later. Though with adequate nourishment and light the first method is the easiest for both space and time. From here on, both methods are the same.

If you have a closet you can use, fine. A garage or any place where you can set your plants without them being trampled on will do also.

One word of caution on any transplanting to the outside. The little "beasties" of the wild love young, tender plants and unless some method of protecting them is taken, more than likely you will only find stalks and stubble to harvest.

LIGHTING:

Now as to the lighting—grass grows from three to fifteen feet high so lighting is important. If you use artificial light you can keep the unwanted stalk down in size, without sacrificing the lovely foliage simply by using a blue light for the first 30 days. You can leave the light on for 24 hours a day though 17 hours is as good. Plants don't need to sleep; the more light, the faster they mature.

Blue light keeps the stem from growing in height but will make a sturdier stem to hold our head factory. Set your lights (as many as needed to give good illumination) so they are 12 to 14 inches away from the top of your plants. If the temperature at plant level rises above 100 degrees use ventilation or less light. At the end of 30 days you will have quite a garden.

At the end of 30 days, change to red bulbs and start the gradual cut down on the time you have the lights on, from 24 to 16 hours. After a week cut to 14 hours, at the end of that week, to 12 hours. Leave at 12 hours until the plants begin to flower. When the plants flower you will be able to tell the worthless male plant from the sweetness of the female, as the female will have larger and heavier flower structure while the male will be skimpier and usually taller. Some people smoke the male plant also, but it has nowhere near the strength of the female. Of the female plant, the top leaves and the flowers are the best, but the whole plant, root and all, have the quality we are looking for.

HARVESTING.

When your plants are ready to harvest, (you'll know by the flowers and seed pods) wet the soil and pull the whole plants out, root and all. Remove the flowers and top leaves (this is the best and is referred to as "supergrass"). Dry these, whole, in the sun for two weeks or until they are crumbly—this is grass at its best. If you like, after drying, sprinkle wine or rum lightly on the dried leaves and put in a "baggie" or a covered bottle and it will enhance the flavor of your grass immensely. For the rest of the plant, remove the leaves from the stem and dry the same way or hang the whole plant upside down for two weeks and pick off the leaves as you want, saving the stem and root for the last as it is much harder to smoke. Or you can remove the leaves and place a small quantity in the oven under low, low heat for 20 to 30 minutes, or until crumbly, and run them through a strainer. A word of caution on the oven. Too much heat will burn the leaves—need I say more?

Chain letter originated in Los Angeles at Christmas time 1968 as a joint effort of the Paratheo-Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric and the Bavaria: Illuminati of Chicago and the Tampa Society for the Laughing Buddha-Jesus. Received and passed on by the Express Times along with growing tips from "Growing Marijuana", a pamphlet by Langdon Enterprizes.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS.

OZ
COMICKS SUPPLEMENT
JUNE 69
WAK KOMIX
~FEATURING~ DA PEN OF SWINNERTON, CRUMB, WILSON and OTHERS!!
ART!
TREEMENJUS!
GREAT!
A BREEF SURVEY OF DA NEW COMIX!
ART
WE BEGIN WITH
"VICTOR VULGAR"
HOWDY!
MEETS
"DA BLACKS, DA JEWS, AN' DA KKKK!"
THEME MUSIC: TONK! SPONK! SPINK! LALALAHO!
CRACK!
THINGS GO BETTER WIO CACKA COLA
HOOTSIE TOOTSIE IDIOT!
VULGAR'S THE NAME! CHEAP THRILLS IS ME GAME!
THIS GUY SURE AS HELL CAN'T RIDE A PIG!
THUS BEGINS DA MOST RACIALIST STORY IN DA HISTORY OF CATHOLICISM!
OH GAAAAHD! IT'S SULPHUR SPADE DA COMMIE FROM DEETRITE! JUS ITCHIN FOR ACTION!
HOOTSIE TOOTSIE TRUNCHEN
WAL! IF IT AIN'T DAT CWEEP WHITEY MAN, VULGAR! HA!
~PACKED WID ACKTION, LAFFS, FILTH AND FUN~
HOOTSIE TOOTSIE TRUBBLE COMMIN'!
CONTINUED PAGE 6
VON MORA 69

VICTOR VULGAR CONTINUED.....

Fig. 673 — THESE TWO SPIRAL NEBULAE (TYPE Sc) — ONE SEEN IN PLAN AND THE OTHER EDGE-ON — GIVE SOME IDEA OF THE PROBABLE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF OUR GALAXY AS SEEN BY AN OBSERVER IN EXTRAGALACTIC SPACE.

.....MEANWHILE.....

.....AND SO!.....

SUDDENLY !!

PLATE 60. Second photo of North Pacific UFO.

WHEN THE VESSEL REACHED OUR PLANET, THE CHILD WAS FOUND BY AN ELDERLY COUPLE, THE RENTS.

The entities

We come now to the most astonishing part of the lady's story. For she claims that, standing in front of the landed UFO, there were three men about 2 metres in height. "They were wearing skin - tight shining black clothes, and black boots that were also shiny. Their suits also covered their heads, leaving only the faces bare." (See Fig. 4.)

Fig. 4

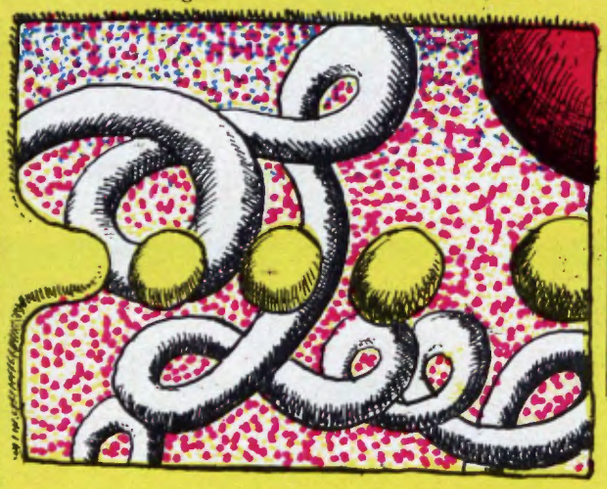
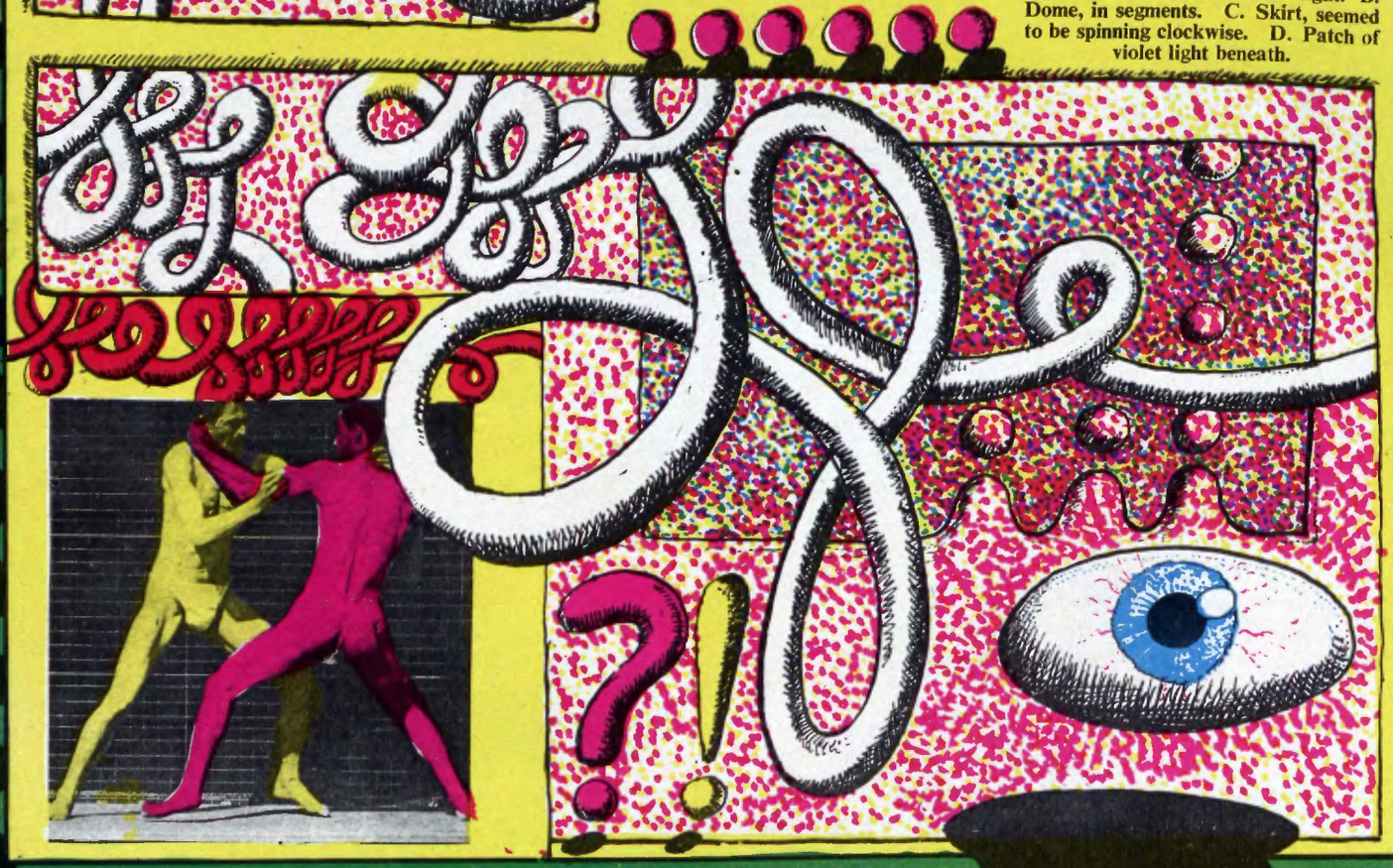
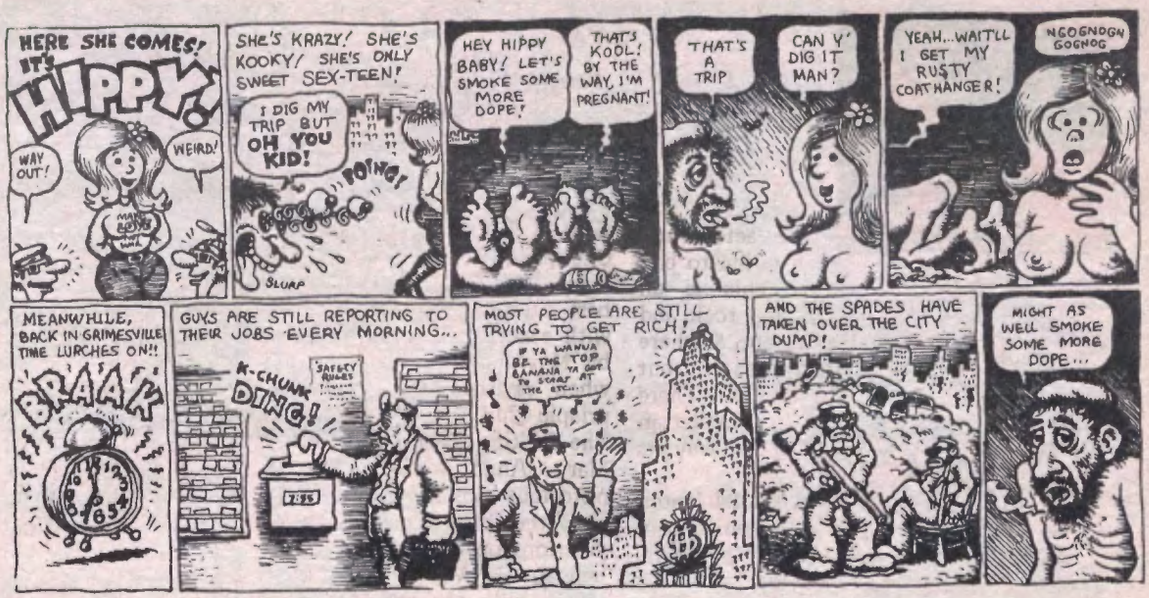


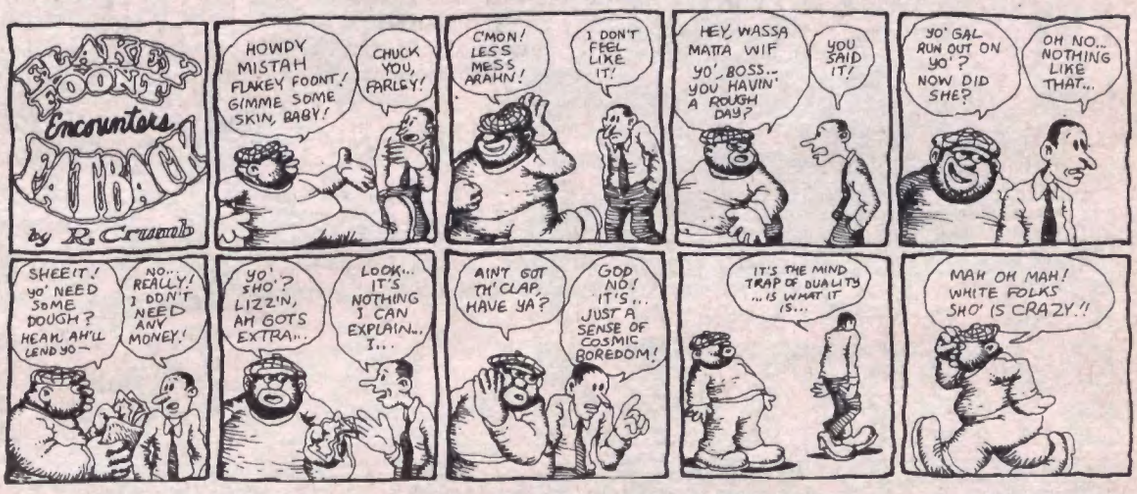
Fig. 1. Witness's own sketch.

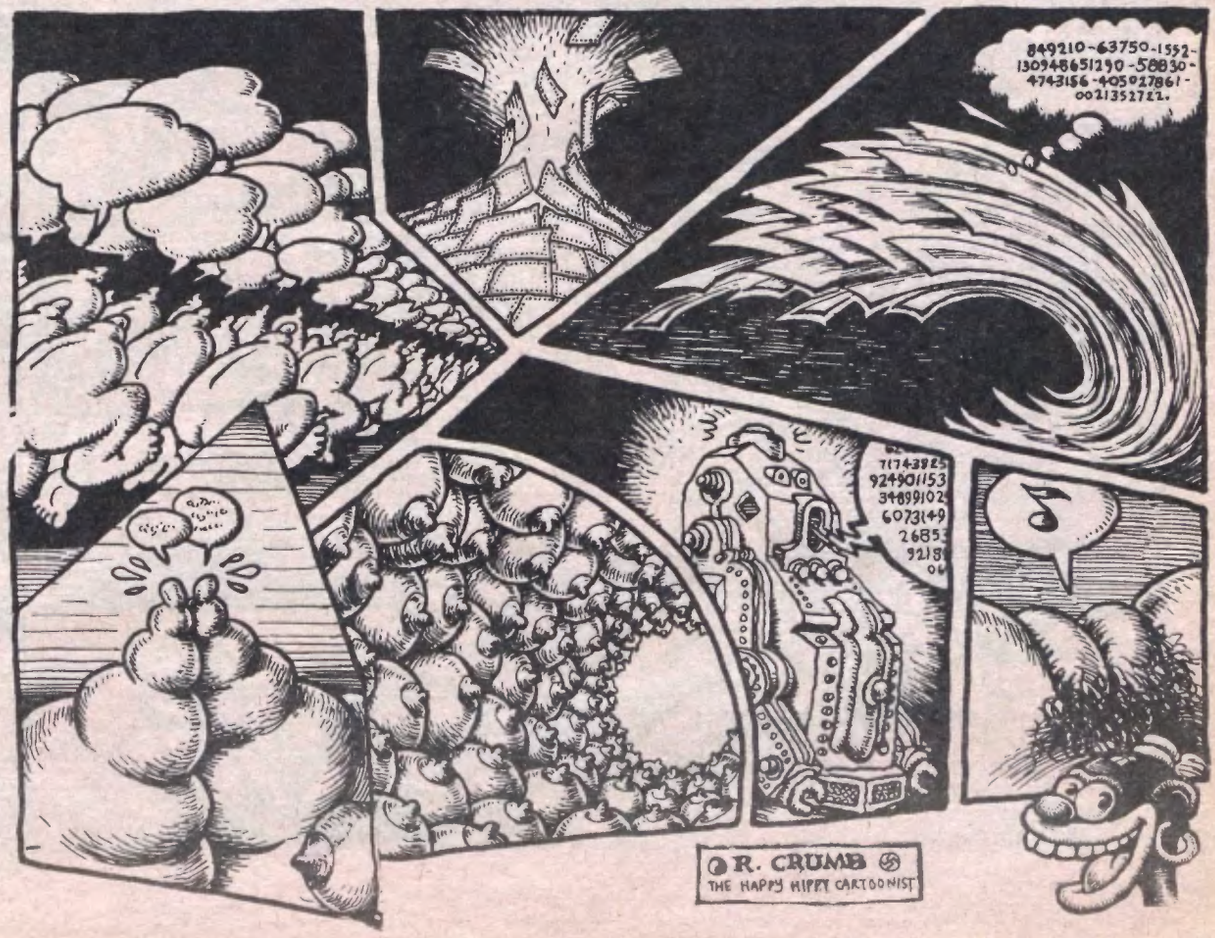
Fig. 2. A. Antenna with red light. B. Dome, in segments. C. Skirt, seemed to be spinning clockwise. D. Patch of violet light beneath.




HERE SHE COMES! IT'S HIPPY!
WAY OUT!
WEIRD!
SHE'S KRAZY! SHE'S KOOKY! SHE'S ONLY SWEET SEX-TEEN!
I DIG MY TRIP BUT OH YOU KID!
BOING!
SLURP
HEY HIPPY BABY! LET'S SMOKE SOME MORE DOPE!
THAT'S KOOL! BY THE WAY, I'M PREGNANT!
THAT'S A TRIP
CAN Y' DIG IT MAN?
YEAH...WAIT'LL I GET MY RUSTY COAT HANGER!
NGOGNOGN GOGNOG
MEANWHILE, BACK IN GRIMESVILLE TIME LURCHES ON!!
BRAAK
GUYS ARE STILL REPORTING TO THEIR JOBS EVERY MORNING...
K-CHUNK DING!
MOST PEOPLE ARE STILL TRYING TO GET RICH!
AND THE SPADES HAVE TAKEN OVER THE CITY DUMP!
MIGHT AS WELL SMOKE SOME MORE DOPE...

I MAY BE NUTS BUT A SPEEDFREAK I AINT!


FLAKEY FOONT Encounters FITBACK
by R. Crumb
HOWDY MISTAH FLAKEY FOONT! GIMME SOME SKIN, BABY!
CHUCK YOU, FARLEY!
C'MON! LESS MESS ARAHN!
I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT!
HEY, WASSA MATTA WIF YO', BOSS.. YOU HAVIN' A ROUGH DAY?
YOU SAID IT!
YO' GAL RUN OUT ON YO'? NOW DID SHE?
OH NO.. NOTHING LIKE THAT..
SHEEIT! YO' NEED SOME DOUGH? HEAH, AH'LL LEND YO—
NO.. REALLY! I DON'T NEED ANY MONEY!
YO' SHO'? LIZZ'IN, AM GOTS EXTRA...
LOOK.. IT'S NOTHING I CAN EXPLAIN... I...
AINT GOT TH' CLAP, HAVE YA?
GOD NO! IT'S... JUST A SENSE OF COSMIC BOREDOM!
IT'S THE MIND TRAP OF DUALITY ...IS WHAT IT IS...
MAH OH MAH! WHITE FOLKS SHO' IS CRAZY!!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7174382
924901153
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26853
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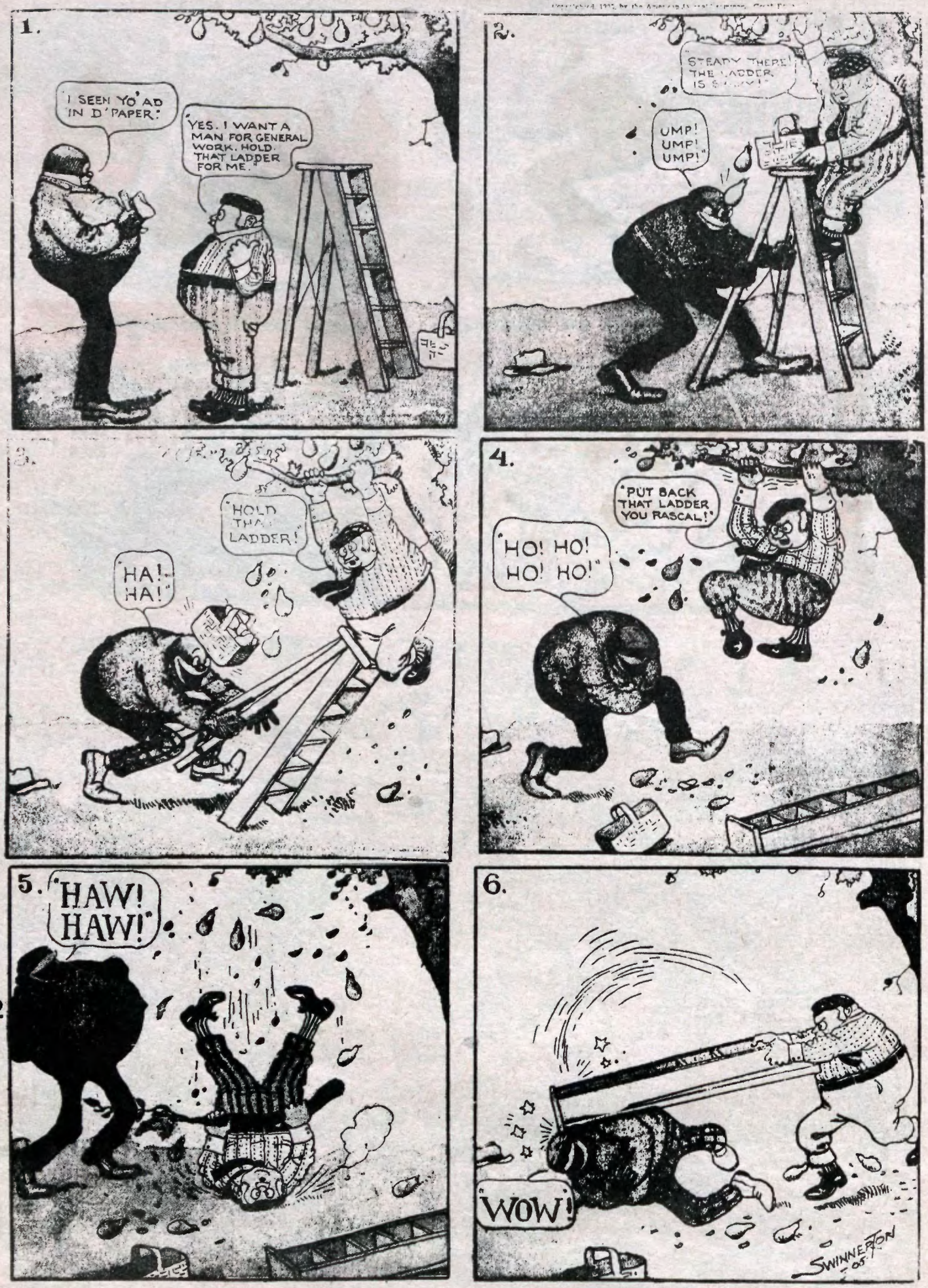
04
R. CRUMB
THE HAPPY HIPPY CARTOONIST

and sam laughed



San Francisco Examiner 1905!!

SMALLS

'Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires' — W. BLAKE 'brothers and sisters move forward, tell it like it is, shit, fight, burn, revolt, invade, scream, wail, drink, screw, dance!!!— THE DEVIANTS
Agency: 01-493 7666

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POETRY PUBLISHED Y/BREAK-THRU, LINFIELD, SUSSEX. (S.a.e.)

Pete Quesnal, late of St. Nicholas, where the fuck are you? Write, I'd like to know. Felix Box (21)

Girls and boys for nudie movies, exported only, not pornographic. Riviera Line Productions. 45, Hereford Rd., W.2. 01-727 9934

Two Young men seek over sexed females with good looks — min. age 18. Box No.21(6)

Young photographer seeks models for portraiture and glamour work. Strictly non-porn and above board. Work available but time-wasters need not apply. Phone Dougall at 01-736 1330.

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Young West End photographer with flair for the unusual will photograph the actual birth of your child. Telephone 01-262 0403.

Young artist needs friendly, perhaps lonely, chick for company. Little bread but nice pad, and friendly English sheepdog. Box (21) 7

EIGHT FIRST CLASS PHOTOS OF YOUNG MEN AT PLAY, and in a relaxed, 'informal' mood for only 16/- or a sample of 4 for 10/-.
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VD KILLS,
VD KILLS, Either syphillis, (the pox), or gonorrhoea, (the clap), can ultimately lead to blindness, heart disease, paralysis, insanity and death. Both diseases are highly infectious. Both can be easily cured if caught in their initial stages. At the slightest suspicion that you may have contracted VD CONTACT A DOCTOR AT ONCE, OR VISIT ONE OF THE TREATMENT CENTRES LISTED BELOW.
(Symptons are varied but usually one or more of the following:
(i) appearance of a small, possibly painless sore or ulcer on or near the sex organs, (ii) skin rash or inflammation of the skin following (i), (iii), pain during urinating, (iv) yellowish-white discharge from penis or vagina.)
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West London Hospital (St Marthas & St Luke), Bute Gardens, London W6. (748 3441)
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OZ

Dear OZ,

Pete's letter (OZ 19) couldn't have come at a better time, when the whole scene is becoming fucked up with cynicism & violence. Whatever happened to freedom & hope?

Like, what do we get at the average demonstration? A load of bums, armed with cockneyeyed slogans & abuse for the police (some of them have stones instead of abuse). The police are sick, they need acid & hope, not stones. By adopting violent methods, one is lowering oneself to the level of the establishment one is trying to overthrow. Flowers up their noses will worry the fuzz much more than petrol-bombs; they're used to them.

Let's get ourselves straight: 'hippies' (you are hippies, aren't you) are essentially non-violent. The blokes who organise these demonstrations are 'communists' of the greyest, most conventional type. At a recent demo (March 9th) many of the demonstrators were chanting 'Lenin, STALIN, Mao-Tse-Tung.' Shit. What have we got to do with people like this.

Many of the militant underground are getting mightly confused, & you're not helping by publishing crap like AGIT. OZ! There seems no other way of showing one's feelings than going to these shitted-up demos. What we need is hope-ins, be-ins, & smoke-ins on a vast scale, like the free concerts, except bigger & better.

This summer will probably be a fine one – why not turn it into one long demonstration? The streets are for free, the parks are for free. USE THEM. Be in them, fuck in them, smoke in them, if you're brave enough, they can't arrest 50,000 people. Get out your bells & beads. Do anything beautiful

Sorry this is all a bit incoherent, but I have strong feelings on this subject. My apologies to Pete, if you publish this shit, for saying it much worse than he did.

Good Luck with OZ.

Your Friend NICK.

"No, I don't want a blow job — I'm a girl."

The Editor,
The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary,
Oxford University Press,
Ely House, London W1.

Dear Sir,

We recently paid £7.5.0. for The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary The 1967 edition for use in our office. We note that in the Preface it is stated, "It is hoped that both the student and the general reader will find in this work what they might reasonably expect to find in a historical dictionary of English compressed within 2,500 quarto pages, which covers not only the history of the general English vocabulary from the days of King Alfred down to the present time but includes also a large number of obsolete, provincial, and foreign words and phrases, and a multitude of terms of art and science."

It does not contain the word 'fuck'. We would be interested to know the reason for this curious omission.

yours sincerely,
OZ Magazine

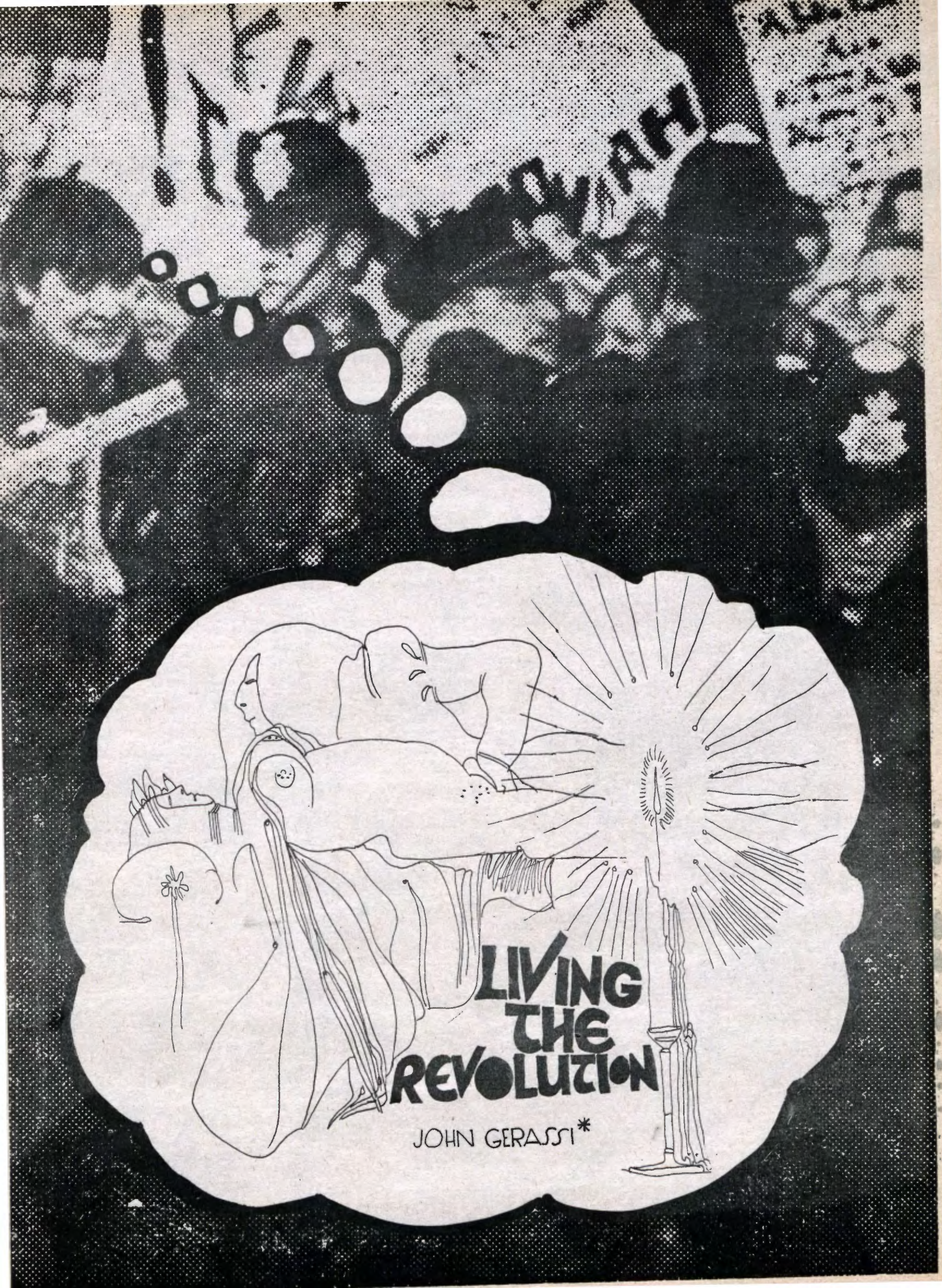
Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter of 14 April. At the time the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* was first published (1933) no dictionary for general use – as distinct from dictionaries of slang – contained the word of whose omission you complain. Nor does it appear now in any of the serious dictionaries, including the main American dictionaries, immediately accessible to us. So far as we know it is to be found so far only in the recent Penguin Dictionary.

The reasons for its long omission from the serious dictionaries are complex and you will hardly expect me to go into these in an answer that must be brief. In the main, I should guess that the permissive attitudes that now prevail are of such recent date that they have not yet had time to become reflected in large dictionaries that can only be revised and reset at fairly long intervals for reasons of cost. And to have included the four-letter words, until recently, in dictionaries meant for general use might have meant their being banned in this country and elsewhere. Even now their inclusion might still have this effect in some countries and, failing this, might mean that their market became restricted in, for example, schools. For a publishing house to be affected by such considerations does not necessarily imply that its motives are wholly commercial: it might well find that it would be a pity to restrict, by the inclusion of such sensitive words, the use of the scholarship and useful knowledge which a dictionary may otherwise contain.

In short, then, the question is a vexed one to which no easy answer (other than the historical and pragmatic one given here) can be given. It will be under close consideration in our own future planning for a new edition of the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*. You may be interested to know that this and similar words will be dealt with in the new edition of the Supplement to the large *Oxford English Dictionary* now in preparation.

Yours truly,
DM Davin
The Clarendon Press
Walton Street Oxford.


YAH
LIVING THE REVOLUTION
JOHN GERASSI*

So we call ourselves revolutionaries! Yet we – at least most of us white, middle-class, educated dreamers and drop-outs – have all the basic necessities we need to live more comfortably than ever before. We have more physical freedom, more sexual freedom, even more verbal freedom than ever before. At least in the rich capitalist world which we consider the real enemy and want to destroy. So, why *do* we want a revolution? And what kind?

Ask these questions to any 'traditional' revolutionary, one who thinks he is a 'Marxist-Leninist', and you'll get the traditional economic-political answers: the capitalist exploits the working class by blah-blah. But we're not working class!

Yes but we're intellectuals and the role of the intellectual revolutionary elite, conscious of the tida-tidum, is to papim papam. Why? Because that elite, realizing that it profits from the greed . . . Ho Hum.

I don't know about you, but that's not why I'm a revolutionary. Sure, I can make those tedious analyses. Sure, I even think such analyses have to be made, as fuel to bring about revolutionary situations.

In order to thrive in my kind of society, I know I've got to convince others to view it as groovy. And, in order to keep them receptive to my future, I've got to make them conscious of our present. So I guess I'll keep trying to explain why we live in a dehumanizing society, the direct and necessary consequence of capitalism, and its mode of operation, capitalist bureaucracy.

But that's for the squares. We know we're being dehumanized, and we know why: they need us to do their dirty work. And not just in Vietnam, either. For how will they get the gadgets and experts they need for our materialistic society? And who will rationalize their necessity? Who will explain their political value? You and me. They need us more than we need them. We're the ones who must think up these things in their labs, the ones who must explain their value in their books, the ones who must show their appeal on their television, the ones who must defend them in their courts. That's why we've got to go to *their* universities, join *their* factories, and institutions. Otherwise? Well, just imagine, as Abbie Hoffman (*Revolution for the Hell of It*) put it recently:

What would happen if large numbers of people in the country started getting together, forming communities, hustling free fish on Fulton Street, and passing out brass washers to use in laundromats and phones? What if people in slums started moving into abandoned buildings and refusing to move even to the point of defending them with guns? What if this movement grew and busy salesmen sweating under the collar on a hot summer day decided to say fuck the system and headed for welfare? What if secretaries got tired of typing memos to the boss's girlfriend in triplicate and took to panhandling in the streets? What if when they called a war, no-one went? people who wanted to get educated just went to a college classroom and sat-in without paying and without caring about a degree? Well, you know what? We'd have ourselves one hell of a revolution, that's what.

Obviously, if the modern world's universities came to a standstill – or if we all refused to get educated *their* way – the whole capitalist-bureaucratic world would collapse. And it would do so faster than with guns and barricades. (The corollary, which I won't try to defend here but is, to me, a simplistic truism, is that the dehumanizing society's most important and necessary weapon is the university.) This is true

not only because of what they teach us but of why as well. In order to make us "experts" they have to dehumanize us, separate us, compartmentalize us. We have to be segregated, pigeon-holed, divorced from one another so totally that we cannot relate to one another (outside our own in-group) except through *their* institutions. What would happen to our society if a worker actually liked to sit and talk with intellectuals? If children were allowed to masturbate together instead of watching television? But that still isn't all. What our education system necessarily does is force us to enter and propagate the vicious circle which dehumanizes us – which teaches us that material achievements are the only valuable things in life. To make us "good" experts, we must prove our merit. How? By passing tests better than anyone else. By competing. In other words by considering our fellow men as our personal enemies. This is true in Russia as well as in America. We've got to "prove" ourselves – first in class, then in the army, then in the factory. Every value we have is based on individual achievement, on some rags-to-riches tale, on some poor bloke finding his god in the desert, overcoming his obstacles *alone*, struggling with *his* soul.

The so-called Communists are just the same. All Power to the Soviets! Yes, but later. First, let's be as good as the capitalist world. So Lenin rules. Then Stalin. Then what's-his-name. The Soviets can wait. They're made up of ordinary people, and some ordinary people are stupid and everybody knows stupid people don't count. Because they don't want to get to the moon first. And niggers don't count either because they love sex too much and are lazy. But they'll be okay when they get our values, when they understand that the meaning of life is to get ahead. Until then society can tell them how to live – with the police.

I'll tell you why I'm a revolutionary. It's very simple:

I just don't want that kind of a life. I want to live in a world where I don't have to stand while my boss or the commissar sits, where I can talk to a black man as an equal; where I don't get asphyxiated by fumes or killed by shoddy cars; where no-one wants to shoot me and I don't want to shoot anyone; where I can enjoy a painting without caring about who did it, just as I don't care who made the sun-set. I want to know what my neighbor thinks about the school where we both send our kids even though he likes music written by some guy named Beethoven while I groove to Jimi Hendrix. I want to be free to ask a girl to go to bed with me knowing that if she doesn't she'll feel free enough to say 'no thanks' and then we can still rap about a book we both read – and vice versa. I want to smoke pot if I like it. I don't want cops telling me where I can sit, but I do want to be able to listen to my neighbors, all kinds of people, and if they all feel that it's good for us all for me *not* to sit there, I won't and I won't feel my manhood is bitten off for going along with them. I know I can't participate in every decision, that I can't be everywhere at the same time and I don't want to – I'm lazy – so I want to be able to have some guy represent me there and another guy over yonder. But I want to be able to recall him anytime. I don't want to worry about food or clothing or a roof – I know the world is rich enough to give me all that – me and everybody else – and I'm willing to do my share of the work, but not for somebody else's profit. I don't want to accumulate property. I want free education, as I and the people I rap with think it important or pleasurable.

I'm no masochist; I don't believe I have to sacrifice myself in order to have a vacation or enjoy myself. I don't believe pleasure and work are antithetic; every man ought to enjoy what he does. I want free medicine, free transportation, free rent, free leisure, free theatre, free eye-glasses, free pot. I'll work, sure, I'll do my best, I can write – sometimes. I can teach. I'll do it, with pleasure. Or, if you all think it's a waste of time, well, I can make pretty good tables and dressers, with sliding doors that really slide. Maybe I can hoe potatoes. Why not? If a bunch of us do it together, singing, laughing. Well, not everyday maybe. So we'll take Mondays, you take Tuesdays.

Most important, I guess, I want to know what you think and feel, and why. And I want you to care about me. I don't care if you have an IQ of 20 and me 120 – that's luck. You have blond hair, I got brown. That's your human condition. If you have an IQ of 20,

you're just as much a man as I am, me with my potato nose and you with that straight delicate one. Your experiences are worth mine and mine yours. Let's rap, brother. Let's see what we want from each other, what we have to do in private, what we agree on and can do together. Let's run our schools together. And our factories. And, if after a while, there's no Spiro Agnew to pick up the garbage, and we agree that we want it out of our community, maybe I'll pick it up on Tuesdays if you can do it on Wednesdays.

I don't want customs, or passports, or work-permits, or foreign exchange. Of course, since we'll all be equals, we won't need any of that. True, there's always that guy, the one who invents a new way to fly and won't tell us unless he gets two cars to our one. Well, the hell with him and his invention. Suppose, though, what he invents is a pill that prolongs life for 50 years. We'd all like to live until we're 130. But then, what can he do with his invention? Together, you and I, we'll have fun. We'll laugh and enjoy ourselves and we won't have any reason to distrust each other, even if you do have a prettier nose and I envy you for it, and I have a higher IQ (which you won't envy since it won't get me more things). (I might have a prettier wife, though.) Still we'll relate. He'll be an outcast. Let him live till he's 130 – lonely and bitter. We'll die when we're 80. But it was fun.

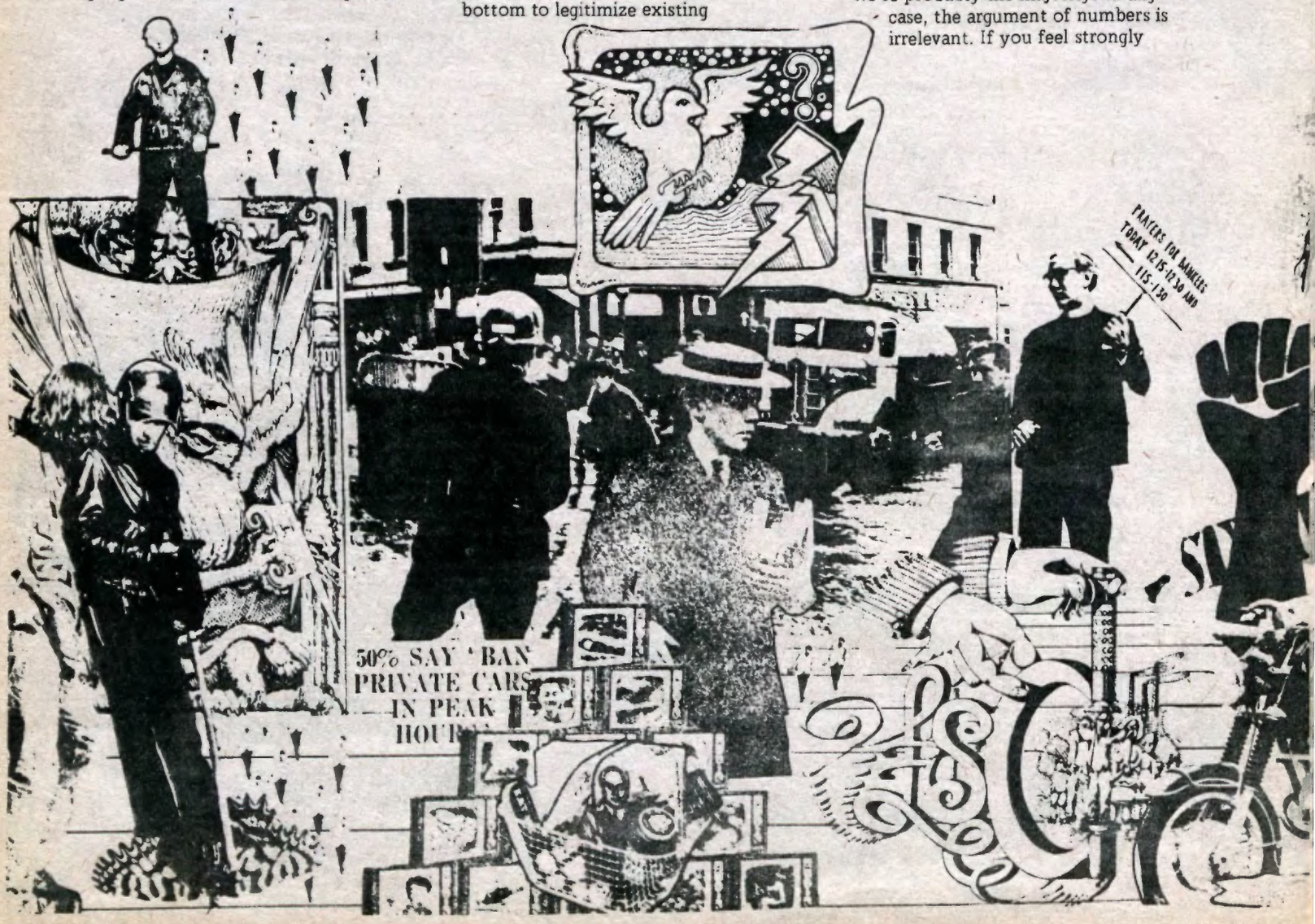
That's what I want. That's what a lot of people I know want. I got taught by having it. That's right, I'm a product of capitalist society. I've had the fancy home, the maid, the car, the expense account, the titles and the Bigelows on the floor. What I didn't have was happiness. I was bossed, cajoled, coerced, manipulated, pigeon-holed. I lived by the values of this society and they taught me to drive, drive for more, rush and rush some more. I was told not to think of happiness as a feeling only as a thing, a possession, a warm blanket like Linus always has.

It didn't work. I hadn't suffered from the Depression or World War II. I just couldn't be fooled. And there are thousands, perhaps millions of kids today who can't be fooled either. Brought up under the material incentives of capitalism, we are the product of capitalism's greatest contradiction – that it simply doesn't satisfy. And so we can no longer be manipulated by capitalism, at least not for very long.

But we can be repressed by it. That's why we need a revolution. We *are* being repressed by it, by its police, its universities, its televisions, its 'democracy', its parliamentarianism, its secret services, its apologists and especially by its myths, most importantly, the myth that change must be peaceful and that only we revolutionaries are violent (though even the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence can't stomach that myth. It says: 'Like most ideologies, the myth of peaceful progress is intended at bottom to legitimize existing political arrangements and to authorize the suppression of protest. It also serves to conceal the role of official violence in the maintenance of these arrangements.')

Let's settle a few things first. We want to throw out those in power to establish a new society.

Now if you think that elections can change anything, you just aren't with it. Those who have power are not those who are elected but those who set up elections. What we must overthrow is capitalist (State or Private) parliamentarianism, not the Democratic or Republican, Labour or Conservative parties. We have as much right to do so as the Americans who overthrew the English, the French bourgeoisie who overthrew their aristocrats. As Abe Lincoln put it: 'This country with its constitution belongs to us who live in it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they shall exercise their constitutional rights of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.' But then, influenced by a life-time of debates between 'majority' and 'minority', you might say that we're the minority, and that there are a lot of innocent bystanders, too. For one thing, every revolution, the English and American included, was started by a minority, a tiny one at that. It became a majority only as it proved it meant what it said. For another, we're the young. Among the young, we're probably the majority. In any case, the argument of numbers is irrelevant. If you feel strongly



about saving your capitalist regime, defend it. But don't call yourself an innocent bystander. There is no such thing. An innocent bystander in the American Revolution? To Hitler's occupations? Or, as Abbie Hoffman puts it: 'If you are a bystander, you are not innocent.'

So, we agree, it's a fight to the finish. Well then, why doesn't the Establishment hound us, arrest us, kill us? Because that is not what modern Capitalism is all about. It is not George Wallace, the KKK and Minutemen, the four colonels of the green beret calypso. No. The Establishment is IBM, Xerox, the Kennedys, the London and New York Times, Harvard University, LSE, the Courts – the liberal corporatists who, *to survive*, must maintain the semblance of fair play and reform-mindedness.

It is no accident that no modern, developed capitalist state has ever resorted to dictatorship, not even in times of trouble. For as long as the liberocorporatists can maintain such a semblance, protesters tend to remain isolated and un-polarized. Destroy the verbal meaning of corporate liberalism – silence the Times, arrest the Eugene McCarthys – and the whole structure becomes threatened over-night. It can then be maintained only by an armed phalanx who are just as apt to bump off the Kennedys and the chairman of Xerox, IBM and the universities (who are often the same) as they are to cut my head off. In fact, more apt to do so – for the colonels (or police chiefs, as would be more likely in America) have more to gain from liquidating the former – the loot.

Thus, it is no accident that in the French revolution of May-June 1968, the power elite did not bring in the troops to open fire on students and workers, even on May 29 when it could fear total collapse of the corporative state apparatus.

The enemy is not going to kill us all. Some, here and there, by assassination, but not all, and not systematically. It will repress us (and is doing it) by massive individual arrests, tying us and our resources up in their courts while, simultaneously trying to buy off some of us here and there by paper reforms, changes in degree but not in kind. (For, suppose that they did let us run our universities, what would happen to their counter-insurgency, biochemical and ghetto-control research? What would happen to their moon-projects, their executive training and recruiting operations, their future civil servants, media-men, computer experts?).

But let's not kid ourselves their form of repression is the most efficient yet devised. It is far better than guns or clubs. Useless car-safety legislation or an amendment to lower the voting age to 18 is far, far wiser than HUAC intimidations. Indeed, the best thing that happened for the Second American Revolution is Mayor Daley.

Well, then, what can we do against this monolithic liberal corporativism which bathes itself from head to toe in a pluralistic myth? Lenin once gave this answer: 'Give us an organization of revolutionaries, and we will overturn Russia!' And he did. But with what results? Never mind what he said, what did he *do*? He got his organization – the revolutionary party – and with it the elite corps that went on to rule Russia, creating Stalinism, Czechoslovakia and the trials of Daniel and Siniavski. History has judged Lenin right. His methods were the only ones capable of overturning the Czarist State. And ever since, like scholastics mimicking St Thomas, 'Marxist-Leninists' have insisted that every revolution must be carried out in the same way. Yet Lenin wouldn't agree. He would say, as he did, that conditions determine tactics and that tactics are subservient to the reasons for the revolution. His reasons were land, bread, freedom. His revolution never got the third, but two out of three is a pretty good batting average in any league.

Almost. Not in ours. We're ambitious. We want a perfect score – or else forget it. But don't, because we'll get it.

There are certain laws about revolutions. Not many, but a few. One is that a revolution is made by people, ie: a movement. The other is that it must (and does) function within two awarenesses:

1) the nature of the adversary;
2) the kind of structure, at least in general, which the movement wants to set up.

The first is easy: liberal corporativism, which we all know, or should. The second is harder. I've described my structure above. Other revolutionaries have other descriptions. But we all agree on one basic characteristic: that it be a humanizing society. That means that Lenin's elitist organization is out. Also, then, is his 'party' as defined by modern day 'Marxist-Leninists'. I put that in

quotes because Marx never talked about a ruling party hierarchy such as Lenin put into motion. Marx, for example, spoke of 'the party arising spontaneously from the soil of modern society.' And Engels, in his best work, *Anti-Duhring*, said that the role of a revolutionary party is to destroy the State; not only the old state but all **future** states. After seizing power he wrote 'State interference in social relations becomes, in one domain after another, superfluous, and then withers away of itself; the government of persons is replaced by the administration of things. The State is not *abolished*. It withers away.' Even Lenin insisted that once the revolution is victorious ' a *special force* for suppression is *no longer necessary*. In this sense the State begins to wither away.'

Where Lenin went wrong was to believe in short cuts. There are none – neither to justice nor truth. Just as a revolution from above is bound to fail (since they do not participate in it, the masses do not consider it theirs and will not work for its post-victory success), so is one that forgets its principles in order to strengthen itself (once the value of man is relegated to second place it stays there). No matter how 'good' and just a cop's intentions may be, no matter how much he believes in the rationalization that he is being efficient in order to become chief whence he can have the power to humanize the whole force, by the time he *is* the chief he will have institutionalized his actions: every cop on the force will act as if man is an object, to be treated as such. Once manipulation is a way of life, human lives become manipulatable. The Russia of today is not the fault of a Stalin gone mad; it is the necessary consequence of a revolution that did not trust the people for whom it fought. Because it was under attack from both a reactionary within and a capitalist without, it may have had no other historical choice. But that does not change the fact that today Daniel and Siniavski are in jail because Lenin believed in discipline and that Russians are stratofied and compartmentalized because Lenin reintroduced material incentives with his 'temporary' New Economic Policy.

Our revolution, then, must not cherish the principle of efficiency. It must not build followers. It must not sacrifice participation for effectiveness. It must not judge what is relevant according to doctrine. Nothing that is relevant to you or me can be considered irrelevant by the revolution. The only way we will ever see a New Man is by valuing all men. Men not theories. Men not programs. Is this heresy, as the 'Marxist-Leninists' yell? To their scholarly dogmatism, perhaps. Marx himself however, was no dogmatist. 'Every step of real movement' he wrote, 'is more important than a dozen programmes.' By real movement, of course, he meant *people*..

No party? No ideology? No program? How in hell then, do we make this 'humanizing' revolution?

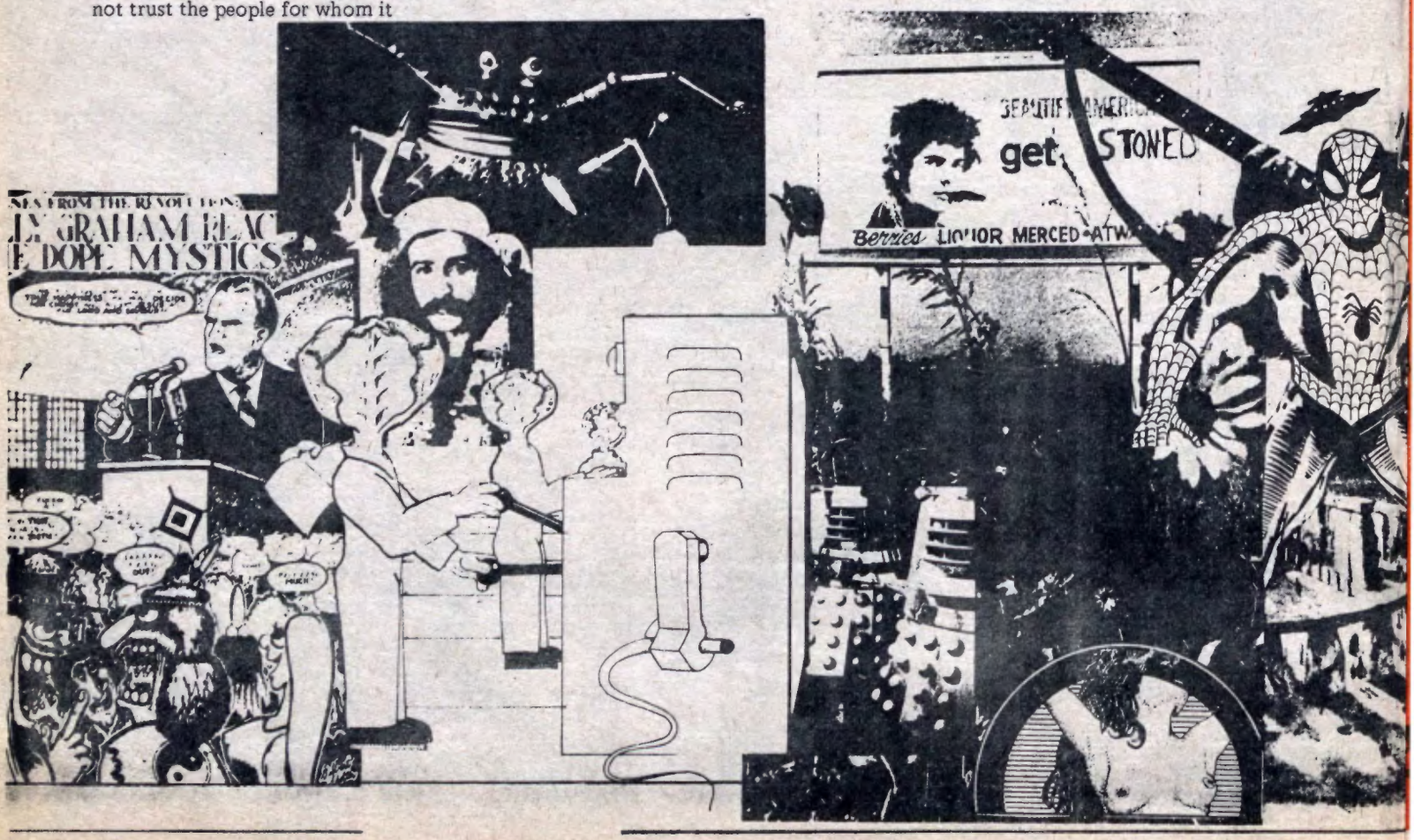
By living it. By fighting for what's relevant to you, not to some theoretist. You want to turn on, turn on. You want to drop out, drop out. Groove to the MC5 singing John Lee Hooker's Motor City Is Burning ('All the cities will burn... You are the people who will build up the ashes') or the Lovin' Spoonful's Revelation: Revolution '69 ('I'm afraid to die but I'm a man inside and I need the revolution'). Live in a commune. Be faithful to *your* values, not your parents' (Remember Bob Dylan's The Times, They are A-Changin': 'Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command; Your old road is rapidly aging.')? Don't be afraid to be happy. As Abbie Hoffman wrote: 'Look, you want to have more fun, you want to get laid more, you want to turn on with friends, you want an outlet for your creativity, then get out of school, quit your job. Come on out and help build and defend the society you want. Stop trying to organize everybody but yourself. Begin to live your vision.'

If we do, there's a great pay-off: once we win we won't have to worry about somebody having perverted the Revolution. Because the Revolution will be us.

*

John Gerassi, an American, is the author of Venceremos, a definitive study of Che Guevara. He has been the Latin American editor of *Time* and *Newsweek*, and prior to coming to London where he is now resident, he was Professor of Political Science at San Francisco State College. He was sacked from this post for supporting the students in their demands for administrative reforms.

On June 23-25, the Oxford Creative Workshop is holding a three day talk-in on THE ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY in Oxford.
To be discussed: How can a commune keep out of debt without compromising? How can spontaneity of vision be preserved in a switched off world?
For details: Brother Simon Tugwell, Blackfriars, Oxford.



hip pocrates

(copyright 1969)
Eugene Schoenfeld
M.D.

WARNING; The use of "reds" or barbiturates for highs (lows would be more descriptive) seems to be increasing again. Seconal (secobarbital) and Nembutal (pentobarbital) are two commonly prescribed medications often used in suicide attempts. Barbiturates are also physically addicting & kicking a barbiturate habit is more difficult & dangerous than kicking narcotics.

Mixing 'reds' & alcohol can lead to a one way trip because the two drugs potentiate each other, i.e. 1+1=more than 2. In the case of barbiturates & alcohol the whole equals more than the sum of the parts. A girl in San Fransisco died recently because she mixed booze with 'reds'.

QUESTION: I've recently heard that smoking catnip is very similar to smoking marijuana. Could you tell me if there is any truth in this or is it a big put-on by the catnipindustry to get you to buy their product?

ANSWER: A recent story in the WALL STREET JOURNAL reported a surge in catnip sales around the country as well as an article in the JOURNAL of the AMA about catnip use by humans. A different kind of cat is using catnip these days & the WALL STREET JOURNAL notes that the price of the tabby turn-on is only 60¢ a lid. The JAMA informants claim that catnip is nearly as potent as marijuana but the research division of the Telegraph Avenue Irregulars disputes this finding. My informants claim that a catnip high is somewhere between banana peel linings and poor marijuana. Maybe there are grades of catnip like Calico Gold or Siamese Green. Is milk consumption on the increase?

Stalking further information I telephoned Alexander 'Sashe' Shulgin, the brilliant chemist who is best known to the public for his synthesis of STP (which was later illegally distributed in a dose form twice that "recommended").

'Sashe', I purred, 'what can you tell me about catnip?'

He promised to send me some information in a few days and yesterday his letter arrived. Portions of it follow: 'The plant is called catnip or catmint (Nepeta cataria). Steam distillation of the plant yields a volatile oil (about 0.3%) that is mostly acidic (inactive).

'The volatiles seem to turn on members of the cat family only. McElvain screened his fractions using the lion as a test animal. There is some reputation of the use of catnip in humans, as a tea for nervous headache.'

'There is a report from Puerto Rico (1945) that catnip was detected as an adulterant in marijuana!'

'A number of other, chemicals have been established as being present in catnip (as citral, geraniol, nerol, camphor, citronellol) but of some interest is the content of ascorbic acid.' '...the active ingredient, nepetalactone.' 'An extremely similar substance...is isolated from the Argentine ant, Iridomyrmex humilis.' '...similar compounds are found in yet another, insect the stick insect Anisomorpha buprestoides.'

'The chemical...is completely unrelated to any known family of hallucinogens.'

...if catnip smoking seems to lose its charm, one can always turn to cigarettes made of Argentine ants.'

'Maybe the person who coined the word 'Roach' knew something that we don't.'

Ground catnip closely resembles ground marijuana leaves. Nothing is known about possible harmful effects from short or long term use of the drug.

A recent drug conference in Buffalo, N.Y. featured as participants Drs. Joel Fort, Tim Leary, Ralph Metzner, and Tod Mikiyura as well as Allen Ginsberg & Paul Krassner. Also at the conference were a group of the Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers. The Motherfuckers, who carried chains, whips, knives & other weapons, continually harassed the speakers. Ginsberg tried to incorporate their screamed obscenities into his poems — with little success. Paul Krassner ended his talk with a few futile minutes of trying to banter with them.

Joel Fort gave an astute psychiatric diagnosis when he said to one of them, 'You're not only Motherfuckers but assholes as well.'

HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. $5.00. Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him co PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709. Mark your letters OZ.

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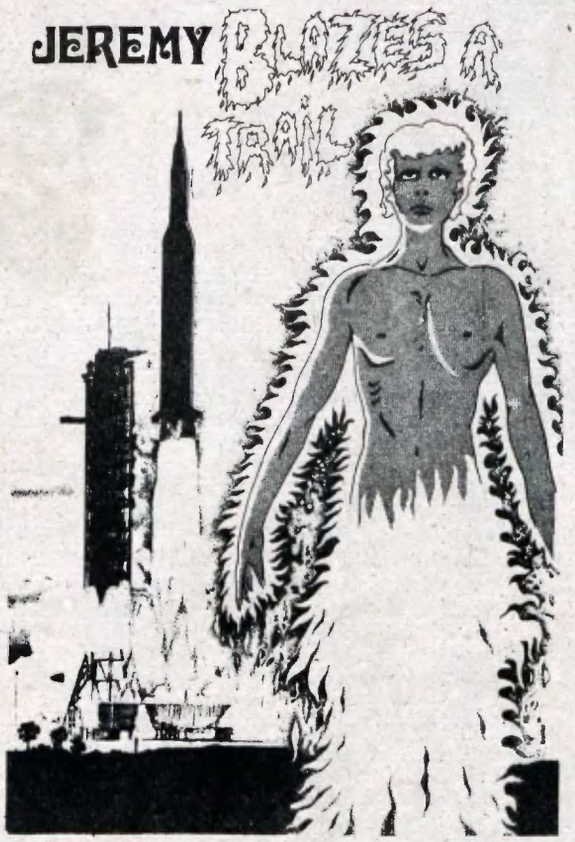

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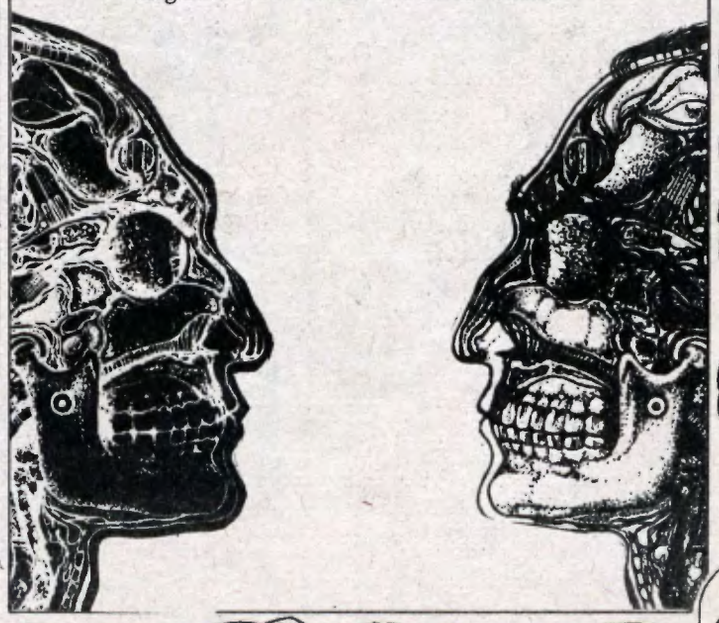

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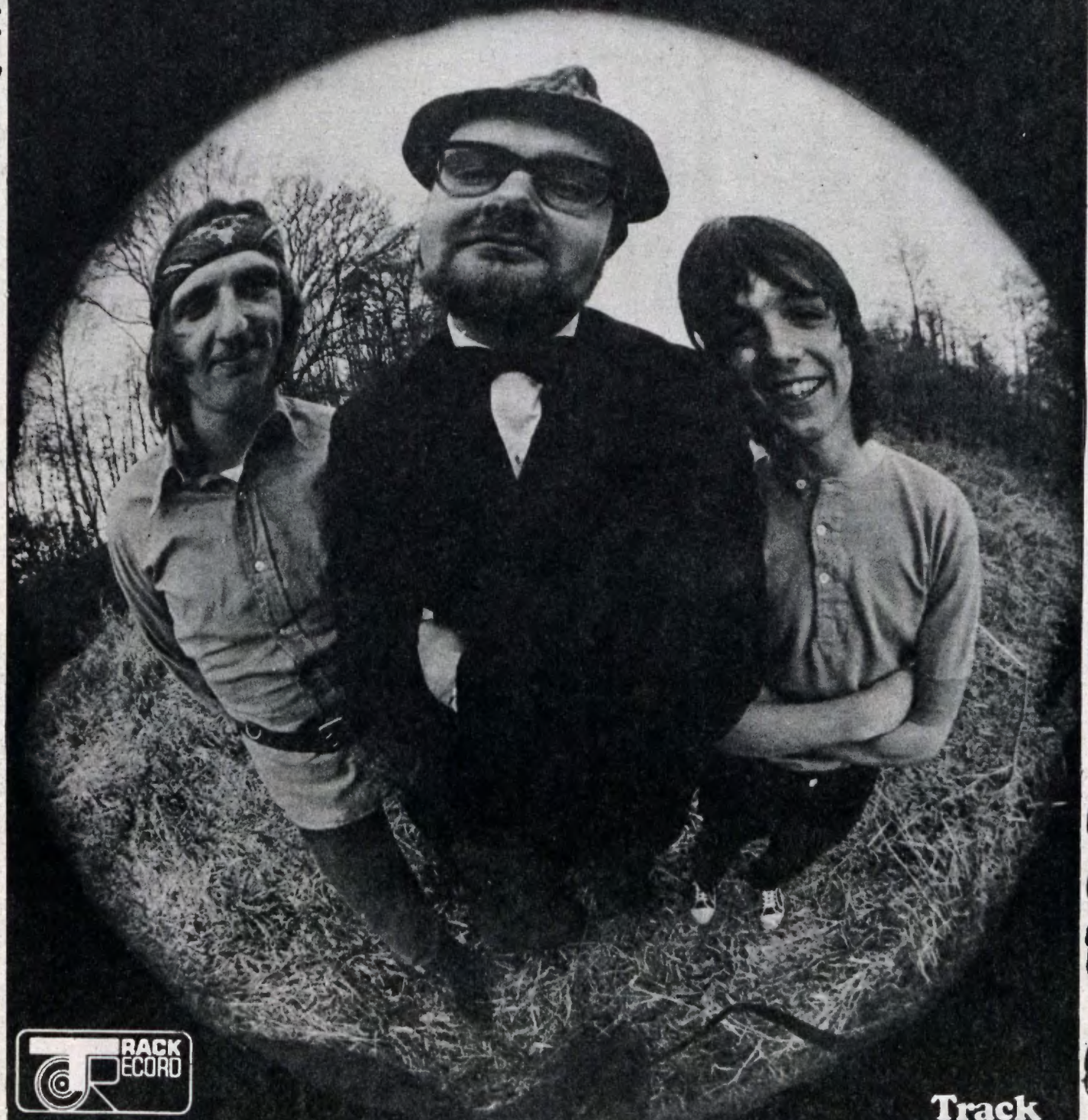
'WILHEMINA'



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BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN

Peter Townshend:

I'm today's powerful young man. I'm today's successful young man. I'm not saying that in any egotistic way at all, but you have to face it. It is us and people like us who dictate the musical formula: we dictate changing hair styles, the way people dress. This is what art is: this is what our music is. It involves people, completely. It does something to their whole way of existence: the way they dance, the way they express themselves sexually, the way they think — everything. The world of pop and what it is achieving is unbelievable. I can't see that someone like Benjamin Britten, sitting in his little studio doing his things (which I very much admire) getting through to the same kind of audience and having the same kind of effect. For this reason alone, pop music and its effect is crucial to an understanding of today's art. It's crucial that pop should be considered as art. It's crucial that it should progress as art, and not return as it seems to be so desperately trying to do, to the kind of factory made, big-agency-controlled rubbish that it was before the Beatles came along.

It's very difficult to talk about pop music, since to start with there isn't such a thing as 'pop' music. There are many different kinds of music all called 'pop'. You can't say that the sounds I produce are the same as those of Donald Peers. They're totally different — but they're both called 'pop'. For me, my kind of pop is the leader of youth; it's being in the present. But the more you talk about it, the more confused you become; the best thing is not to be talking but to pick up a guitar and be playing it. Because that's what pop music is about. Pop music isn't me sitting reasoning out its role; it's me picking up a guitar and playing you a song.

If you look at my form of art, you can find something in the best of pop which completely eliminates the old form. Completely eliminates it. If you think that Mahler's Ninth Symphony is overwhelming, I can play you a tape which I made in my studio at home which is *more* overwhelming. If you tell me that Italian opera is unsurpassable, then you're talking rubbish. If people dig Italian opera then let them dig it. I think we can do better — in today's terms, Italian opera doesn't say *anything* for today. Benjamin Britten, for example, is hung up on Purcell. So am I, and I think I was getting nearer to what Purcell was getting at musically in my song 'I'm a Boy', than Benjamin Britten was in the whole of his work. I can read music and I can arrange it; I know all about counterpoint — but as soon as I learned it completely, I realised that it was utterly useless to me. All it allowed me to do was to understand what other composers were trying to do. And once you've understood, you've got to go on and use *today's* terms to produce new music, not yesterday's.

I think the most important musical development we've made is in free form music. Complete abandon in music, completely uncontrolled music which does exactly what it wants. We don't allow our instruments to stop us doing what we want, we don't even allow our physical health to stop us doing what we want. We smash our instruments, tear our clothes and wreck everything. The expense doesn't worry us because that would be something which would get between us and our music. If I stood on stage worrying about the price of the guitar then I'm not really playing music. I'm getting involved in material values. I don't have a love affair with a guitar; I don't polish it after every performance; I play the fucking thing. Our actual intention is to play out all the adrenalin and all the aggression and all the things that are in us. We communicate aggression and frustration to the audience musically and visually. We want to show the audience that we are frustrated characters, that we do want to get something out of our system and we do wanna do it in front of them. I've written a thesis for Gustav Metzger — an auto destructive lecturer. I said that our audience is numbed by seeing violence in the same way that they're numbed by seeing a car crash. It's a traumatic experience. But it does release basic tensions — people flying off the handle. Lack of control and basic abandon, which is something which people don't particularly admire or respect in other people but which everybody has put up inside them. So our performance and music has got much more to do with art than people imagine. Much, much more to do with pop music than anything else. Outside of football, there's been very little *real* expression of how we feel since the days when people ran around with no clothes on banging drums. It's all been . . . sophistication and gloss.

We're not out to blow people's minds, however. We're out to get through to them. It's too easy to blow someone's mind. All we have to do is to go on either stark naked or explode — blow our toes off or something: you can always blow people's minds. You know these guys that come up and say: wouldn't it be a mind-blower if we got 6,000 million kids all dressed in red uniforms and had a big freak-out in the middle of Ealing Common. Sure it'll be mind-blowing, but what would it prove?

At the moment, I'm very interested in getting complete control over my music. In other words, I would write a piece of music, arrange it, play every instrument myself, record it all myself, in my own studio, sing any part that needed singing, produce it myself and also distribute it myself. Complete control. The more control you've got over what you're involved in, the nearer the finished produce is to what you intended. It will be good when every individual can make music in the same way that every individual can paint a picture. Think how huge it could be: instead of the drab music classes that you have in school now, you could have something similar to an art class where everyone actually makes music themselves. This could be huge.

There will be a benefit concert for the Fairport Convention on Sunday 25th May 1969 at 6 pm at the RoundHouse Chalk Farm. Family, Pretty Things, Deviants, have agreed to play at the time of going to press, and many other musicians have intimated that they will be there for a blow, all being well.

This interview with Peter Townshend is taken from a book, 'Born Under a Bad Sign' by Tony Palmer, to be published by William Kimber & Co Ltd in September 1969.

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LPREVIEWS

TOMMY. The Who. *Track 613 014*

'Tommy', the Who's saga of "that deaf dumb and blind kid", is a fantasy for our times. It's not didactic at all . . . there is no overall message. The final track 'We're Not Gonna Take It!' fades out into unresolved ambiguity . . . Who isn't going to take what? Is the cry a revolutionary or a reactionary one? Is Tommy, by this time transformed into a seer and prophet, fighting his disciples or leading them? Or maybe trying to escape from them, back into the realm of pure sensation he knew as a child? The answers aren't important. The open-ending keeps the fantasy alive, gives free rein to its charm.

John Peel, that otherwise sensible fellow, has already been trapped into making "better than" comparisons between 'Tommy' and Sergeant Pepper. A pity, since while 'Tommy' is probably an equally important LP and an equally important "event" in the pop music world, the two are really incomparable in terms of the quality of what they attempt and achieve as music. Part of Sergeant Pepper's impact was the way it stood so obviously outside the existing pop tradition . . . so obviously apart, for that matter, from anything the Beatles had tried before. It was truly revolutionary music. It was so *unexpected* it made your head sing. At the same time it had an integrity which ensured its success not only as an event but as music in its own right. 'Tommy' has that same integrity, but in a sense it is nothing new. There is really nothing here that the Who haven't done before and there are, literally, echoes . . . a certain chord sequence, bass riff or melody line . . . that link the present songs with previous ones. On the other hand one can honestly say there is nothing that they've ever done so well. 'Tommy' is a natural and, moreover, a triumphant progression from their earlier LPs.

Of course, the triumph is Pete Townshend's as much as anyone's. To produce an opera using the language, music and values of his own generation has been a personal ambition of his for many years now. The opera label then, Townshend's own, is as appropriate as any for 'Tommy'. The work has the formal strength and rigidity that the term implies (and which presumably first prompted Peel to make comparisons with Pepper). At the same time, however, the music is far from being studied. It's amazing, in fact, that within such a formal framework the Who could have produced songs of such rawness and violence, with such momentum and with such emotional impact as the ones we find here.

'Tommy' opens with an instrumental 'Overture', a bow to tradition which is wryly put in perspective as more of a thumbing-of-the-nose when it is followed up later with 'Underture'. This impressive nine-minute instrumental trip is strongly rhythmic. By turns it pounds along like blood in the veins and then slips into gentler, broader soaring sequences, while Townshend's guitar works a pattern of complex chord inversions over everything. 'Underture' is also interesting in that it is really a distillation of the instrumental spirit of the whole album. Tightly controlled and yet at times disruptive, it's the spirit of calculated violence we've come to expect from the Who, a violence of opposing and contrasting elements, of sudden, unexpected switches of mood. Again, the Who have never managed it so successfully as here. The musical production on this album as a whole would be hard to fault on any score. One particularly nice point is that although there is extensive over-dubbing it is always used, as where Townshend mixes accoustic and electric guitars, to intensify and augment the group's characteristic sound rather than transform it into something else. It shouldn't be too difficult, in short, for the Who to perform the entire opera live and one looks forward to them doing just that.

The songs themselves are concerned not so much with Tommy as with the people who surround him, the opportunists and the quacks, the people who use him and, in the case of his celebrated Uncle Ernie, who abuse him. Some of the songs have been called sick. They're not, of course, but it's interesting that the two which will probably be the most controversial in this respect, 'Cousin Kevin' and 'Fiddle About', are both John Entwhistle's creations. Townshend's songs, of course, constitute the solid backbone of the opera and his flair for the down-to-earth, almost colloquial lyric ('My Generation', 'I'm a Boy' etc.) is still in evidence. His lyrics always were perceptive, now they are consistently and brilliantly so. Once more it's a case of the songs achieving a superior level of quality rather than presenting us with anything drastically new in structure.

Finally a word about the cover and Mike McInnerney's graphics which really have to be seen to be believed. Every last thing adds up to make this album an experience you should try and take in.

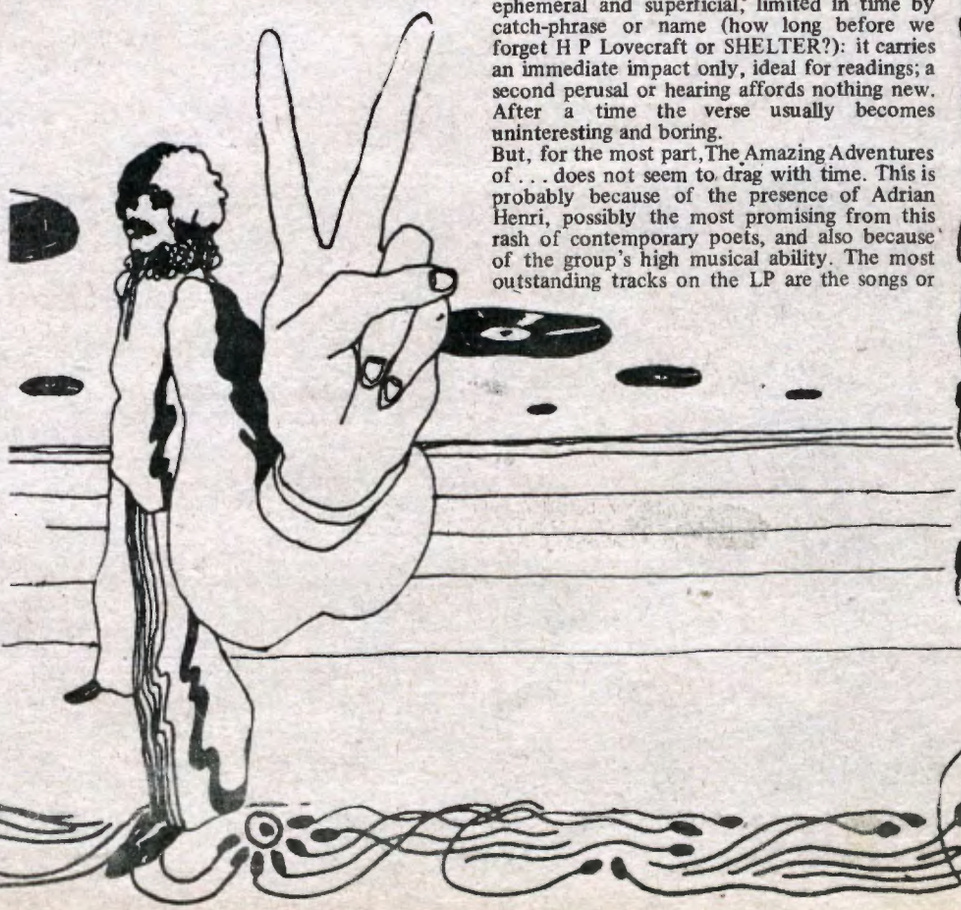
Graham Charnock

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF . . . The Liverpool Scene *RCA Victor*

What is great poetry? Is it the eternal pieces from poets such as Milton and T S Eliot, dealing with thoughts and problems which have always been, and always will be, a part of man's existence, or those passages of verse which have purely a contemporary relevance and soon fade into past days, past thoughts, at present being written by the so-called 'Liverpoool Poets'? The first provides one with material with which one can delve into and explore, the second one can hear and enjoy; the first is the poetry of the intellectual, the second the poetry of the people (Prevert's poetry, for example, was often found scrawled by the people on walls, tablecloths, etc); the first is to be read, the second to be read out. The current popularity of the Liverpool Poets is due solely to their relevance to the life of the people plus the fact that their poems are read out rather than read, while it can hardly be a coincidence that the better-known of today's crop of young poets all seem to originate from Liverpool, when people all over the country are writing in the same style and language and often just as well (thank

you Beatles). Their poetry is usually purely ephemeral and superficial, limited in time by catch-phrase or name (how long before we forget H P Lovecraft or SHELTER?): it carries an immediate impact only, ideal for readings; a second perusal or hearing affords nothing new. After a time the verse usually becomes uninteresting and boring.

But, for the most part, The Amazing Adventures of . . . does not seem to drag with time. This is probably because of the presence of Adrian Henri, possibly the most promising from this rash of contemporary poets, and also because of the group's high musical ability. The most outstanding tracks on the LP are the songs or



instrumental pieces – the sweet-memoried Gliders and Parks, the Charlie Parker-type sax on Universes, Andy Robert's guitar in Burdock River Run, the pleasant Percy Parslow's Hamster Farm, the Love Story raga. The Liverpool Scene seem so versatile – on this record alone they present rock, folk, jazz, and blues, all of an equally high standard. Usually the words are pleasant, the musical effects brilliant. It is only the four-part The Amazing Adventures of Che Guevara which falls into the ephemeral trap of a great deal of today's poetry – this is simply a monologue which becomes rather tiring after a few plays, helped on its way by the inclusion of 'live' laughter which makes it all sound like one big mutual admiration society. But other contemporary pieces, like Henri's Batpoem, are helped by the music and do not meet the same fate. It's really rather an outstanding record.

C. Cousin.

The Children's Carnival will be held in Finsbury Park on Saturday May 24th (Whitsaturday). A procession will leave Finsbury Park via Upper Tollington Park at noon, pass through Camden Square and will return from there to the park. The carnival itself opens at 3 pm. drama, dancing, puppets, mime, minstrels, a steelband, a jazzband, blues groups, pop groups, a draughts demonstration, masks, inflatables, floats, stalls, sideshows, a barbeque, boating on the lake, happenings and a pavilion for refreshments. The Carnival (which ends at 8.30 pm.) has been convened by The Positive Movement. Co-Ordinators: Brian Collingwood and David Hatchard.
Public Relations: Tammo de Jongh, 10 Lady Somerset Road, London NW5. GUL1646.

NASHVILLE SKYLINE Bob Dylan *CBS KCS 9825*

Somebody once said that when Bob Dylan first started his career he wanted to be Elvis Presley much more than he wanted to be Woody Guthrie, the trouble was that there was an opening for a Guthrie so he took the gig. Analysing Dylan's motive is a common and generally fruitless pastime, and indeed, everytime one particular section of the audience began to believe that Dylan had committed himself to their trip, he promptly turned about, and accompanied by cries of 'Traitor' and 'sell-out' began to explore another music form.

In St. Augustine on John Wesley Harding Dylan sings – 'No martyr is among you, for you to call your own', and with this sentiment he has shrugged off, in turn, the patronage of the ethnic folksters, the peace marchers, the pop fans and the acid freaks. None of these changes are really so surprising when one takes the time to examine Dylan's musical background. Sure he got into Woody and Leadbelly and Big Joe Williams at an early age, but at the same time he was almost certainly getting drunk for the first time, and pulling his first chicks to the sound of Buddy Holly, Elvis, The Everly Brothers, Chuck Berry and Gene Vincent.

All through his first albums there is this manifest desire to put down some rock and roll: the Wake Up Little Susie riff on Highway 51 on his first album: The thumping Jerry Lee Lewis style Mixed Up Confusion that was recorded on the Freewheeling session but not included on the album, Black Crow Blues and even Jack O'Diamonds that he wrote for Ben Carruthers all led up to Subterranean Homesick Blues, itself an adaptation of Chuck Berry's Too Much Monkey Business, and the subsequent three albums in which he fully worked out the rock thing.

Nashville Skyline in someways seems almost to be the working out of the other half of his rock influences, even to the extent that many of the tracks sound very like Presley or Jerry Lee Lewis B-sides and album tracks. I Threw It All Away is very like Presley's I Was The One while One More Night is reminiscent of a slowed down version of Blue Moon Of Kentucky, this similarity to the country rock of the middle fifties (what was known at the time as Western-Bop) is taken to such a length on Country Pie the guitar sound is practically identical to Cliff (Galloping) Gallup of the Bluecaps (Gene Vincents backing group).

Most of the music press in recent weeks have been shouting about 'Dylan Going C & W' and announcing the 'Great country music revival', but I think that in terms of a Hank Williams and Married By The Bible, Divorced By The Law type of country music, this revival will be as major a non-event as the rock revival of last year. I really don't see white Stetsons and banjoes turning up at the freakout, although I can see a lot of country on the lines of the band getting through to groups like, say, Fairport Convention. As Joe MacDonald said in IT, country music is music in E.

I am very tempted to think of Nashville Skyline as a pleasant and relaxed intermission in Dylans progress as an artist. It is produced with studied carelessness, he and Johnny Cash goof the words on Girl From The North Country, but nobody bothers with another take. On To Be Alone With You you hear Dylan asking 'is it (the tape) rolling Bob', while on Country Pie nobody bothers to do proper fade-out, they just shut down the faders.

Nashville Skyline may not exactly be Bob Dylans Ruben And The Jets but at times it comes close.

Mick Farren

Dr Byrds & Mr Hyde Byrds *CBS 6345*
Retrospective: **Buffalo Springfield** *Atco 228012*

When in their early days, the Byrds were compared to the Beatles by many American rock critics and fans, one of the factors they must have had in mind was the eclecticism common to both groups; and the Byrds, like the Beatles always had a strong enough sense of form and style so that whatever influences they drew on, the groups identity was firmly stamped on the material.

The Sweetheart of the Rodeo was a surprise in the context of the Byrds development on record. While each album prior to that had seemed a logical development and progression from the previous albums, Sweetheart of the Rodeo showed a different approach. For once the material, in this case country in origin and influence, was more dominant than the Byrds style, excepting in the vocals.

The new Byrds LP is also basically country, but it does show more of a reaffirmation of the basic Byrds style. Most of the tracks have more in common with the country influenced tracks such as Old John Robertson on the Notorious Byrds Brothers than with the Sweetheart of the Rodeo.

But while there was more of an attempt to achieve a synthesis of the two forms, electric rock and country music, the result is the least organic of the last four Byrds albums. Nevertheless, individual tracks are superb. The old country song, Old Blue, sheer corn, but a case of the Byrds style transcending the original corniness of the song, and in fact making that corniness one of the song's strengths. Their country instrumental, Nashville West, is like Dylan's, Nashville Skyline, pure fun. To show the Byrds are still masters of electric rock with taste and still the best interpreters of Dylan, is what is probably the best version yet of Wheels on Fire.

One of the problems facing groups like the Byrds and the Flying Burrito Brothers is in how to conciliate their liking for C & W styles with some of the attitudes and values to be found inherent in the music at its grass roots level. A problem that manifests itself in Drug Store Truck Driving Man a beautifully countrified number by Roger McGuinn, that is my favourite track on the album, and a track that shows McGuinn, (who wrote 5D and Eight Miles High, the prototypes of electric acid rock), has fully mastered the country music form.

Country music's influence on rock didn't of course begin with John Wesley Harding though one might think so reading some of the musical papers in this country, but has been an integral part of rock since the beginning. Presley had his roots in C & W as well as blues; Buddy Holly and the Everly Brothers even more so; while even a negro R & B/rock performer like Chuck Berry wrote songs such as Memphis which have a country feel to them; and Jerry Lee Lewis works now almost entirely in the C & W field. But most of the current interest in the form is due to Dylan and the country influenced rock albums that have been released since John Wesley Harding: The Bands' 'music From Big Pink, The Fantastic Expedition of Dillard and Clark, The Byrds' Sweetheart of the Rodeo, and the Flying Burrito Brothers Gilded Palace of Sin.

Another modern group who successfully formed a synthesis between rock and country was Buffalo Springfield. Their latest album is, as the title implies, a backward look over their career, and contains some of the best tracks from their previous albums.

The Springfield belong to the same genre as Moby Grape, The Spoonful, Byrds etc – white, country and folk influenced, friendly good time music, even if the Springfield were at times a little frightening or sad. If you haven't any of their previous LPs this is a good buy and almost essential as the Springfield was among the alltime great American Rock Bands.

Both Steve Stills and Neil Young were important songwriters and should continue to be so – Stills with the Crosby-Stills-Nash team and Young as a solo artist. Beautiful rolling rhythms on Stills compositions and sad, moving, sometimes almost frightening melodies and themes on Youngs'. Like The Band's LP this record presents a true synthesis of styles rather than a conscious attempt by a rock group to simply assimilate C & W styles.

Peter Dalton

Just a wasp in grain shit.
MUD SNAIL by HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS.
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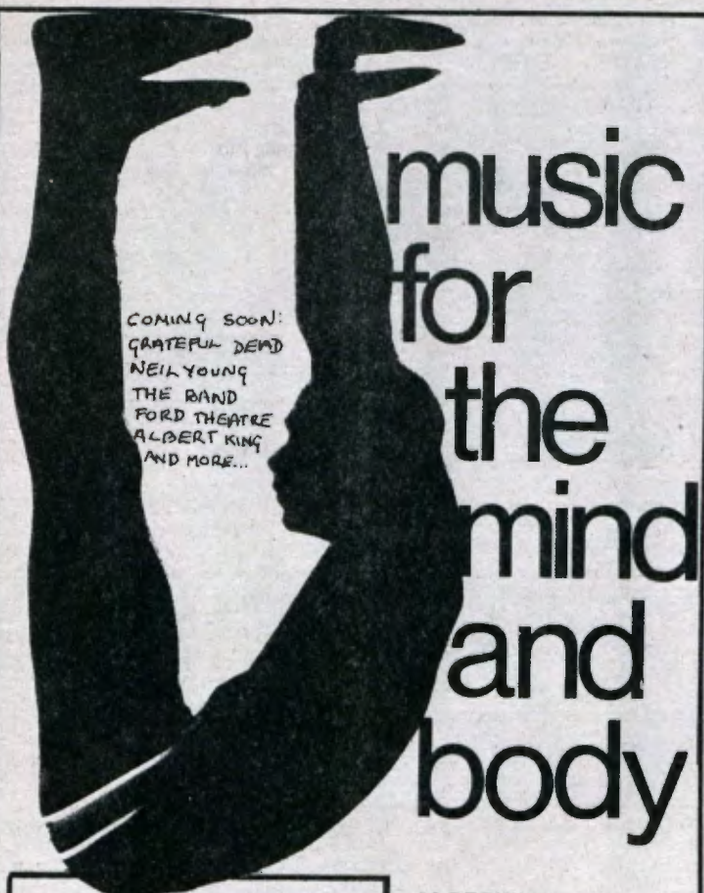
22, Regents Park Rd, NW1, and elsewhere.

Another plug plug plug. PARTY by Robert Walker. Also at the Arts Lab from 27th May. This came out of his play Metaphors. It has the death defyingly sexy Ann Mitchell in the lead and her small sexy son Sean. Also Barry Houghton. 8pppppmmmmmm. With lights, sounds film, a three piece free music band. Nobody strips, nobody fucks but...



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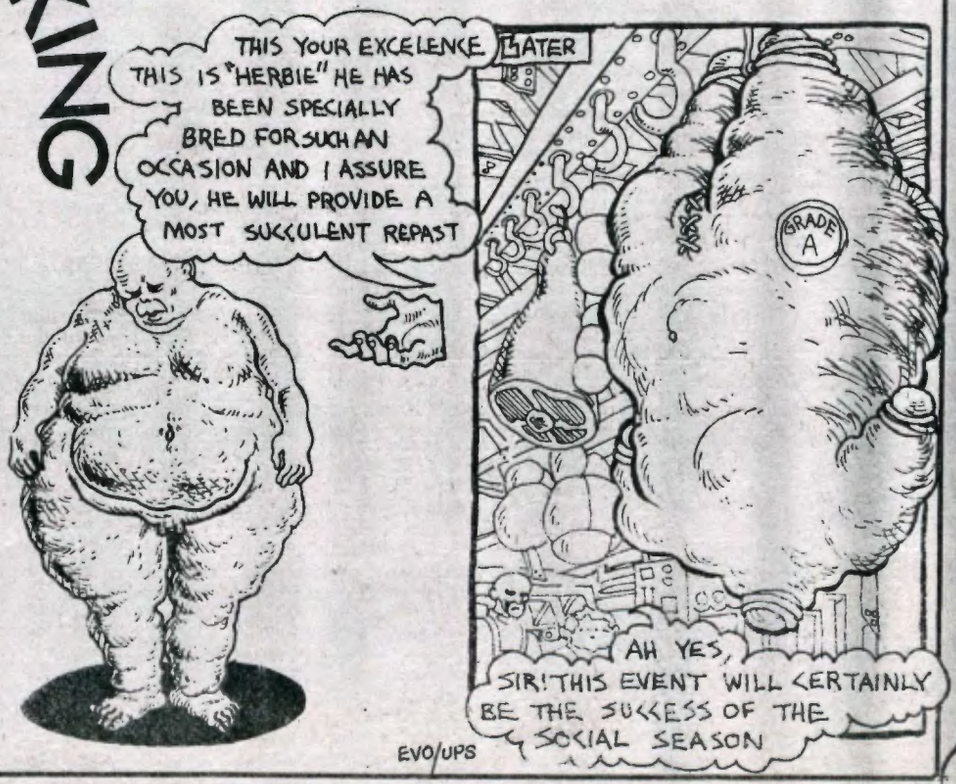
Ingredients: One plump school boy between the age of five and nine. Younger the flesh is too bland and lacks character, later the disappearance of pre-pubertal juices makes it tough and sinewy.
Method: Keep the boy (or girl) without food for at least a day. Then slit the throat and remove head, feet and hands. Allow the body to hang until the blood has stopped dripping. Remove one of the legs with a cut along the line of the groin, and saw it into six pieces, leaving the meat on the bone. Insert a clove of garlic into each piece of meat, season well with salt and pepper and sprinkle with thyme and marjoram. Put in a moderate pre-heated oven for approximately three hours. From time to time baste it with its own juices or with olive oil. The remainder of the carcass should be put in a deep freeze or left to pickle in a strong solution of salt and water, flavoured with herbs and spices, vinegar or wine and so on. It will keep a large family for at least a week.

The beautifully flavoured fat from this dish can be spread on slices of toasted French bread and makes a treat for the children at tea time.

* 'Do not forget that human flesh is edible, and of all animals, the human is the easiest to catch. Cook it well.'
Instructions in U.S. Army Survival Manual, quoted in Berkeley Barb, April 5-11 1968.



TOMMY

WRITTEN BY PETE TOWNSHEND

by

THE WHO

double album triptych cover

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It was the real thing that made my ring-a-ling ding...

Summertime Blues

Words and Music by Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart

I'm a-gonna raise a fuss, I'm a-gonna raise a holler,
About a-workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar,
Ev'rytime I call my Baby, try to get a date,
My Boss says, "No dice, Son, you gotta work late"
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

Ah, well, my Mom 'n' Pa-pa told me, "Son, you gotta make some money,
If you want-ta use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday,"
Well, I didn't go to work, told the Boss I was sick.
"Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick."
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation,
I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations!
Well, I called my Congress-man and he said (quote),
"I'd like to help you, Son, but you're too young to vote."
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

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CHIFFONS

My Boyfriend's Back

Words and Music by Robert Feldman, Gerald Goldstein and Richard Gotteherer

My boyfriend's back, and you're gonna be in trouble,
When you see him comin', better cut on the double,
You've been spreadin' lies that I was untrue,
So look out now 'cause he's comin' after you,
And he knows that you've been tryin',
And he knows that you've been lyin'.

He's been gone for such a long time,
Now he's back and things will be fine,
You're gonna be sorry you ever were born,
'Cause he's kind of big and he's awful strong,
And he knows about your cheatin',
Now you're gonna get a beatin'.

What made you think he'd believe all your lies?
You're a big man now but he'll cut you down to size! Wait and see!
My boyfriend's back, he's gonna save my reputation,
If I were you I'd take a permanent vacation.
La di la, my boyfriend's back! La di la, my boyfriend's back!

Recorded on Stateside by **THE CHIFFONS**
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Shakin' All Over

Words and Music by Johnny Kidd.

When you move in right up close to me,
That's when I get the shakes all over me,
Quivers down my backbone,
I've got the shakes down the kneebone,
Yeh! the tremors in the thighbone,
Shakin' all over.

Just the way you say goodnight to me,
Brings that feeling on inside of me,
Quivers down my backbone,
I've got the shakes down the kneebone,
Yeh! the tremors in the thighbone,
Shakin' all over.
Well, you make me shake and I like it,
Baby, well, you make me shake and I like it,
Baby, well, you make me shake and I like it.

Jenny Take A Ride

Words and Music by E. Johnson, R. Tenninan and Bob Crewe.

C—C—C—Rider see what you have done now,
C—C—C—Rider see what you have done now.
You made me love you,
Now, now, now, now—your man has come.
I'm goin' with my baby, won't be back for four years,
I'm goin' with my baby, and I won't be back for four years.
If I find me a new love, I won't be back at all!
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't you come along with me,
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't you come along with me,
Don't worry 'bout tomorrow, won't you come along with me!
Spinnin' spinnin' spinnin', spinnin' like a spinnin' top,
Spinnin' spinnin' spinnin', spinnin' like a spinnin' top,
So come along, babe, we're gonna reach the top!

C'mon Everybody

Words and Music by Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart

Well, c'mon, ev'rybody, and let's get together tonight!
I got some money in my jeans and I'm really gonna spend it right!
Been a-doin' my homework all week long,
Now the house is empty, the folks are gone.
Oo, oo! C'mon, ev'rybody!

Well, my baby's number one, but I'm gonna dance with three or four,
And the house'll be shakin' from my bare feet slappin' the floor
When you hear that music your feet won't sit still.
If your brother won't, then your sister will.
Oo, oo! C'mon, ev'rybody!

Well, we'll really have a party, but we gotta put a car outside,
If the folks come home I'm afraid they gonna have my hide.
There'll be no more movies for a week or two;
No more runnin' around with the usual crew.
Who cares. C'mon, ev'rybody!

Recorded on Liberty by **EDDIE COCHRAN**

johnny
KIDD

eddy
COCHRAN

little
RICHARD

THE GROOVY THING IS - YOU'RE NOT ALONE...

MURRAY ROMAN

'The groovy thing is, you're not alone and there are more of us every day'
All the time he's talking to you, Murray Roman reaffirms his connection with hip society. He employs the generation gap to win your sympathy – I'm with you man – and he's careful to stress the number, and the names, of the rock musicians he's friendly with.
'In the paper today it said that Jimmy Hendrix got busted for smack. I don't think Jimmy Hendrix was on smack 'cos I was with him last Saturday night and I know when a man's on smack and he wasn't.'
– that's *professional* name-dropping. Perhaps that's being overly critical. It's not until you've recovered from his amazing fluency and volume that the techniques by which he engages and retains your sympathy become more apparent.
That doesn't mean that he's not worth listening to. Murray Roman, one-time manager of the Righteous Brothers, head writer for the Smothers Brothers TV show and comedian in his own right, is one of the funniest and most perceptive guys ever. As a comedian he's more formidable than anyone in this country – he's no Ted Rogers; rapping with the mums and dads; no mothers-in-law and Mick Jagger impersonations for him.
'I wanted to relate to things that were making me laugh, making my friends laugh'
If you've heard his first album 'You Can't Beat People Up and Have Them Say I Love You ', released on Track over here, you'll know that all those things relate to five subjects – drugs, sex, rock, authority and revolution. *Our* kind of subjects, right?
The strange thing is, although his approach, and the content of his comedy, seem cynically calculated to appeal to the market he's trying to reach – which is, for want of a better definition, the underground – when you talk to him you realise.... that, by a happy coincidence, he believes in 90% of what he says. In this interview he talked solidly for nearly forty-five minutes – he'd said it all before, many times, to all the underground papers in the States. When he came into the Track office, and saw a copy of OZ, he pressed the Underground Press Interview button.

'(OZ) is a filthy paper published by filthy people. Drugs, orgies, police, loot, rape, gang-bang – fantastic! You could stand for Parliament on this platform and I know about 100,000 people who would vote for you.'
'The world is becoming a divided place divided between pro – and anti-life people. Pro-life people are pro – being alive – anti-life people make cigarettes.'
'They tell you that your mother is filthy – not above the neck or below the knees, but everything else is filth!
'Yes, but I came out of her ..... ;
'No you didn't – she didn't look.'
'Let them promote – let them take all the capitalistic approaches to selling our life-style. Beautiful! They gonna have to hire us to do it. Nobody's going to sell a rock-and-roll record in this town without the underground press, because nobody is going to read the E M I press bulletin about what 'really good' music there is. I hope they open 5,000 F M stations in London. They're going to have to have somebody to rap to the kids and it can't be somebody who's gonna do numbers like 'Here's a really groovy JUDY GARLAND record, and here it is – OVER THE RAINBOW – let's hear it ...' – it's going to have to be some guy who can say 'Hey, here's a record that I played last night and I really dug it and I'm going to play it for you today, and I hope you like it – it could be a good trip."
'English music made L B J resign – it's true! The kids were listening to the music – one day they appeared in the streets. And one of the great opportunists – a brilliant man, but an opportunist – Bobby Kennedy – said 'That many people really believe in Peace? – I'm gonna run for President."
'We have a mayor in Los Angeles who has the I Q of a *plant* – his name is Sam Yorty. After Sirhan Sirhan killed Kennedy he went on National Television and gave the address of Sirhan's family in Pasadena in case *you* were a maniac and wanted to kill them.'

President Nixon makes these statements – 'As I've said before, as I'll say again, what I've said many times before is that I stand today where I have always stood', and you sit there and if you're a little smashed you say 'It's a put-on man – I tell you someone put acid in the water of the city and it's a hype.'
'The fantastic adventure of Anguilla – thousands of British troops conquering one snotty-nosed black kid with a goat. Officers standing on hills, glasses peering to see if they could find a frozen, rusted, double-barrelled shot gun to send to the Queen – 'They were armed Your Majesty.' – with skin.'
'Our Pueblo incident is just as heavy as your Anguilla – it's hysterical. The US navy sent the ship within 12 miles of the North Korean coast when they had been warned that they were liable to be attacked. On board they had 4000lbs of classified material – information about N A T O The captain did'nt want it –, what did he want information about N A T O for? – but the Navy forced him to accept it. When the ship was attacked, somebody said 'What are we going to do now?' – they didn't even have an alternative plan, they didn't know what they were going to do and to destroy the classified equipment they had one paper-shredder and a pair of pliers and the guns were frozen and didn't work... It's one of the great sagas of American Naval History.'
'The United States is a country dedicated to saying 'Well, we made a terrible mistake in Vietnam but we'll keep killing them until they admit we weren't *that wrong*.'
'The Press in this country distorted the whole Cornell University trip. The filthy, foul Manchester Guardian – it's supposed to be a fair paper. Alistair Cooke wrote an article from the 21 club about what was happening in Ithaca, New York, 460 miles away. Nobody reported that the black kids never went into the building with those rifles – that they didn't collect the guns until 12 hours after they had been in there, and the reason that they got rifles was because they heard that 200 white men were coming in cars to kill them. The University officials *didn't* capitulate at gun-point and, what's worse, none of the ammunition the black kids had fitted the guns they

RAY STEVENSON

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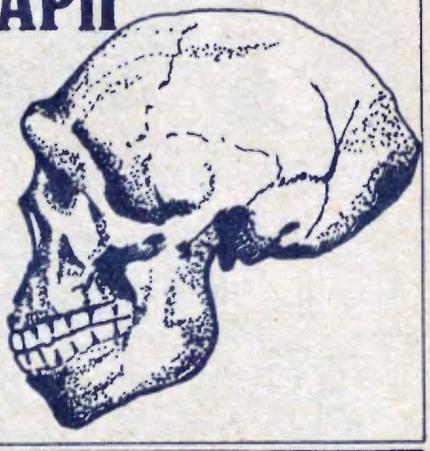

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carried. They were scared – how old were they? – they averaged between 17 and 18½ years old, Scared, dead scared in a big, empty, draughty fucking building and the night before, in front of the Fraternity House, the Sorority House, where there were twelve black women, somebody burned the Cross. What were the kids supposed to believe – that they were beloved? I want to tell you that if I were at Cornell, and I were black, and somebody told me that there were 200 white men coming to shoot my ass I'd get me a double-barrelled shot-gun myself and say –. 'OK Whiteface, you come and get me and I'll take your ass with me' The Manchester Guardian reported it as 'Armed Black Militant Students Force University Authorities to Capitulate'. For six months those kids had tried every legal recourse to get a black studies programme and when there was nothing left they occupied the building – twelve of them.'

'If it wasn't for papers like OZ nobody would ever read the truth, and maybe nobody ever reads the truth anyway. The America that Alistair Cooke writes about from the 21 Club is the America he saw once in a movie with Betty Grable – who is a star here and nowhere else. Noel Redding's a star – If Betty Grable went into Madison Square Garden she wouldn't even draw my mother if you gave her a free ticket and Noel Redding will draw 21,000 people and jam it to the rafters – so who's the star? Donovan will fill the Hollywood Bowl – Betty Grable couldn't even get the usher to remain. But what I'm really talking about is what Mr. Cooke thinks is a star and what Mr. Cooke thinks is America.'

'We worship Bob Hope. Bob Hope himself has never had a funny thought in his life – which is already funny. His script-writers have... Every year Bob Hope goes to Vietnam and entertains the troops and all of America falls to its knees and sucks Bob off. We as tax-payers pay for his trip as he takes along 50 broads and other entertainers and they fly over first-class with Army camera men shooting film of the whole thing. I don't mind that – Bob's a big star – but then six weeks later N.B.C. has a show called 'Bob Hope In Vietnam' and it was sold for half a million dollars. Now for half a million dollars I would be willing to go away every year and entertain the boys anywhere they wanted me to – to the fucking South Pole. And yet we pay for everything – the hotels, the expenses, and a deta chment of our finest troops to make sure the Vietcong don't shoot Bob's balls off.

'Let's stop talking about drugs – we're helping them. Timothy Leary should have shut up – 'Give it to kids.....' – Oh Shut Up. There were no laws against it in the States until that loud-mouth got on the tube. What with Timothy Leary and Jerry Rubin we got enough trouble to last for years.'

'If you make a statement you make a statement that helps us all, you don't act so that every uncommited American says 'They're all filthy – they're crazy – they run around in their underwear.' I'm going to start to wear a suit, but I'm going to be who I am because I know who I am, and that's the difference between us – I can sit and look at myself in a mirror and I like Me.'

'I've never heard anybody who smoked dope to say 'I can lick any man in the house.' cos if somebody says it at any party I've ever been at they say 'Go ahead and lick me man – I'll sit back and unzip myself. Fred, he wants to lick you first."

'Maybe we shouldn't wear uniforms – maybe that's where we're going wrong, like if the Vietcong wore signs around their necks saying 'I'm a Vietcong' they wouldn't have any trouble figuring out who was who in the villages. Like, if we walked along the street together, and a policeman saw us, do you think the thought would ever cross his mind that we smoked dope? All you have to do is to get into a category and then they know who you are. You'll only upset them if they don't know who you are.'

'I'm cool all the time – I wouldn't let them have that shot at me. I'm too smart, why should I help them? Let's go and give ourselves up and we'll see who comes with us. Man, don't you see that they're taking us one by one? – and that's how we'll fall. We're all ashamed – 'Did you hear so-and-so got busted?' – 'No – where, when?'. Just like in Munich – 'Did you hear Bergstein got taken by the Gestapo?'; 'You're kidding – when?'. And everybody said after the war 'How come the Jews never fought back?'. Will they say that about us? Among Jews anyway, the burning question is –... 'How did they do it? – load them into cattle cars, pile them into ovens, stuff hot lead up their asses?' The answer is – they did it ONE BY ONE.'

'If we're going to fall let's all fall together – at least if they put us in jail we'd know everybody.'

Danny Hughes

CHE

BODY POLITIC

In New York today, some actors and actresses are lobbying their union to ban nudity from the stage. This is an inevitable reaction where sex, rock and drugs are part of the movement, & where black & white don't just denote skin but symbolise polar areas of thought. There are bridges everywhere in Manhattan *except* between lifestyles & the way its inhabitants think, feel & act.

Not surprising, then, that on 24 March *Che*, the play that took the puritanism which still grips most Americans to its opposite and logical extreme by having actors fuck on stage, was busted; & its entire cast, author, director & 16 year-old stage hand, were charged with public lewdness, consentual sodomy, impairing the morals of a minor, & conspiring to commit the same.

On Saturday 25 April, *Che* illegally re-opened where it had started – the Free Store Theatre on Cooper Square – thus giving a few more avid readers of Screw, Pleasure, Rat, Other Scenes, Nyrs, etc, to say nothing of the Morals Squad, another chance to see it.

After an evening of organised boredom with the Performance Group's *Dionysus in 69*, I had apprehensions about Che.

Written over a period of two years by Lennox Raphael, a West Indian from Trinidad (who, to quote him, is 'the product of a good fuck'), Che is an explicit and coherently extended sexual metaphor of the body politic and its convulsions. A complicated series of sexual games develops between Che, who is a general symbol of revolutionary energy; the President of the United States, naked except for a star-spangled Uncle Sam topper & a red-white-and-blue cord tied round his waist; Mayfang, the lesbian 'angelspy', representing variously the new technology, the Military and the CIA; the 'viciously delicious' Sister of Mercy, who is a composite of the real Che Guevara's Tania & the Catholic nun who was photographed washing Che's wounds & smiling over his dead body; & Chili Billy, son of King Kong.

'King Kong was the first sign of sanity in America after that freak Thomas Paine,' Raphael thinks. 'I wanted to use King Kong just to provoke us to dig the ape in all of us, the beauty of the Ape.'

Neither the President (played by Paul Georgiou, whose body carried rather more conviction than the rest of his acting) who tries constantly & unsuccessfully to seduce Che (Larry Bercowitz), nor Mayfang (Jeanne Baretich, sinister in silver lame with a clear plastic dildo slung round her neck, Mattel submachinegun under arm, plastic nipples & steel wool crutch, who has a go at everyone) – ever have orgasms. Che makes it with 'the chosen clit', Sister Mary Anne (Mary Anne Shelley, with the best tits off-off Broadway), who comes with everyone, even whilst being beaten by Mayfang, & again – very violent – when ravished by the fur-suited and priapic Chili Billy (David Zaslow).

The fucking scene between Che & Sister Mary Anne is inevitably the most notorious moment of the play, but it is also the best. They screw in various positions on the Star-Spangled Bedcover, beneath a slow strobe which increases its tempo with the lovers. This was mime: Bercowitz didn't have an erection. But my reservation about the sexual mime in Dionysus didn't apply here. Why? Because, the scene was not so obviously choreographed, because it was not 'removed' from the audience and, being so skilfully and *realistically* performed, the symbolic functioning of its reality was not impaired.

The end comes fast & savagely. The President declares, 'On my Dickery-Dick is Capitalista', and Che, disregarding the warning never to bite 'the cock that feeds you', bites it while blowing the President. Whereupon the anguished and outraged embodiment of Western capitalism grabs Mayfang's handy machine-gun epigrammatically bellows 'Fuck you . . . motherfucker!', shoots Che & his bride of Christ, & collapses sobbing on the prime object of his lust, the body of Che. 'I worked on the premise,' said Raphael, 'that Che was killed because he bit on America's pride & expansionist ecstasies.'

This, of course, is a simplification of the action, even in sexual terms. There was much group-groping, blowing & invitation to buggery. There are some hilarious moments, as when the President, in a desperate and contorted attempt to locate 'the real me' by orgasm, tries to suck himself off; although in the first half-hour or so the constant bombardment of snap-lines ('Mudpack my passion'; 'I seek the real me in the debris of your lust'; 'Semen surrounds my teardrops'; 'We are the nature of our games'; 'Pain has its own reflection') is lightened only by tentative fingerings between Che & the President & a bit of half-hearted dildo-sucking from Mayfang, as Lolita with her popsicle, threatens to overbalance the play by making it too wordbound. Raphael has packed so much into it that the temptation is to get hung up at this or that point, deciphering the significance of a single detail instead of flowing with the action. It is a 100-minute one-acter without any breathing-spaces.

A source of confusion on the night I saw it was that no-one at all got a hard-on (though the cast had made it five times before, according to Bercowitz and Raphael – whose paternal advice to his actors went, 'Do it if you can & if you can't it doesn't matter'; and the critic of Screw reports seeing the Presidential prick semi-erect after leaving Mayfang's lips). Thus it was often uncertain whether limpness had political implications or not. In the end, this ambiguity didn't matter. The metaphor worked & in a single viewing it is possible to extract the implication that established power always tries to assimilate to itself subversive forces; & if it fails, has those energies crushed by the occasional servant of both – modern technology, which, being simply a tool, wants to be used by (or come with) either.

The Foreplay note to Che indicates Lennox Raphael's motives & sympathies: *"Writing is revolution when done in the interests of revolution; . . . the revolution is being revolutionised because it is also an ecstasy of who lays whom."*

&even though Raphael sta.ted in an EVO interview with DA Latimer that . . .

'The play is intended to displease Left & Right, & provoke people to dig what's happened to themselves. The way we destroy ourselves with our power games, the way a big powerful congestive country like America could gang up against Cuba, for example. The way we could consider that morally right. The way we rationalise, moralize, the violence in Vietnam, North & South, very functional.'

Che works both as revolutionary event & as revolutionary theatre. (Assuming Abbie Hoffman is right when he claims that confusing your enemies is the primary act of revolt.) It is a play where all action takes place in terms of the functions of the human body, & the breaking of social & theatrical taboos which has confused the straight press, at least, is not gratuitous. The obscenity is structural. Though there's nothing technically new in Ed Wode's production, Che is one of the first convincing images, in art, of the counter-culture's belief that sex, politics & violence cannot be disassociated in revolutionary contexts. 'Revolution is a wolf howling in the vestibules of your passion.'

The night before I left New York, Che was busted again, for being performed in an unlicensed theatre – a legal point which applies to almost every off-off Broadway production. A pity; but the enforced rest may give the cast bigger & better horns in future matiness. The script is to be issued by Raphael's own newly-formed publishing company, Hotwax.

obert Bauman NYRS

UP ULSTER

Peter Buckman

There's some corner of a foreign field, that is for ever England, where only those who have houses may vote in local elections, & such houses are in the personal gift of local councillors who don't give them to people likely to vote against them. The government of this same field, that is for ever England, encourages foreign investment, so Entre Preneurs from all over move in & start up factories, thus doing their mite to relieve a chronic unemployment situation. However, as soon as these factories have started making a profit, the owners make a quick sale & move out, leaving their workers worse off than before. There is an act that has been on the statute books of this field, that is for ever England, since 1922. Called the Special Powers Act, it enables the police to arrest without warrant, imprison without charge, forcibly enter houses to make a search, flog prisoners & deny an inquest if they die, forbid anyone, whether lawyer or relation, to meet with the prisoner, prohibit the circulation of any newspaper & the possession of any film or gramophone record, & arrest anyone who does anything 'calculated to be prejudicial to the preservation or maintenance of order in Northern Ireland & not specifically provided for in the regulations'. You may wonder why any British government would permit a corner of her field to have such arrangements. That is the question Bernadette Devlin asked in Westminster.

The civil rights movement in Ulster, like any radical movement anywhere in the world, is trying to organize support *on class lines.* It takes a lot of bloodied heads before people realize that there are those who exploit and those who are exploited. In Ulster the problem is complicated by the religious factor: people are denied houses & jobs because they may be Catholic & the council who represents them is 100% Protestant. But the movement for which Bernadette Devlin is just one spokeswoman is not after justice for Catholics, but justice for all the exploited. Seen from England itself the notion sounds absurdly old-fashioned & doctrinaire. But it's way ahead of the separatist demands made by, say, Black Power groups. It's at the same advanced stage as the American radical movement, where at least – & under the tremendous threat of immediate extinction – black & white radicals are giving each other support in the name of justice for all the exploited. Sounds terrible unless you are exploited, but you don't have to be out of a job to experience that. Just go on any peaceful protest march outside the range of television cameras.

Bernadette Devlin has the knack of making Westminster seem ridiculous, in a far more subtle way than Jerry Rubin made the House of Un-American Activities Committee seem absurd by appearing in full guerrillero rig. She didn't need to dress up. Bernadette spent her maiden speech in telling the Commons just what it could do with itself.

People's Democracy is trying to do what the black-white radical coalition in America is doing: build a movement on lines of class rather than colour or religion. What kind of success have you had, & how long do you think it will last? How do you avoid problems between students & workers?

Bernadette Devlin: Ulster is a very small place: we don't have the problem that students feel themselves to be a class apart. They think of themselves in terms of the village or town background that they come from, so there's been no friction between them & the working-class people in the movement. PD is a very open movement indeed – anyone can come to its meetings. We're not going to get all tied up in rigid bureaucratic procedures. As to the success of the movement in building along class lines, we've only just begun. It's very difficult to make people see that we don't stand for an IRA or a 'Pan-Papish' plot. Our aim is to smash the Unionist Party, which is to blame for the present situation. The new Prime Minister, Major James Dawson

Chichester-Clark, isn't going to make any difference: he's just another squire. But we don't want union with Eire either: we want them to organize and demand *their* social justice. And in England too – it was very encouraging when I went down to a building site & talked to the Irish workers. They were ready to go & do something.

Has your movement learnt anything from American experience?

I don't think directly, because you're dealing with political backwoodsmen. Vietnam doesn't mean anything there. But indirectly, yes. The Irish student too realized he was just part of a sausage-factory: the campaign for the election let him see that it was possible to organize for joint radical action with the working class.

What about the Civil Rights Association? Is People's Democracy going to break away as it becomes more radical?

The CRA's becoming radicalized too, you know. It's got groups in all the big towns who are getting set for action. PD in Belfast has set up a coordinating committee to pull together all the groups that were set up during the election. We're going to have to start organizing *before* the B Specials move in on us: up to now we've only been reacting. We'll have to start initiating – things like rent strikes, squatting, workers' control of the factories.

Will you form a political party? Is what you want possible without it?

Not a political party as it is normally understood. We must retain our spontaneity, but we must also have a programme & be ready to meet the challenge of repression. Our programme – which we've said we'll stop all our activities for if it's granted – is in the points made during the election. But the government *can't* grant them, because they're revolutionary. We have to organize, & we have to build up from the roots. How you do that without becoming structure-bound we don't yet know. But we ought to begin talking about it before it's too late.

Do you foresee extended street action?

Yes, because what the government is offering is only tokenism. Chichester-Clark'll be out soon, & Faulkner (the ex-Deputy Prime Minister) will come in like a blinding light, & he'll give us one man-one vote. But god help anyone who wants anything more. We shall get "strong government". Faulker is a fascist, but an extremely clever one. Westminster will just look on & make noises. My function there is just to make sure they don't forget they have the ultimate responsibility.

Can you organize to prevent this? You've talked of a Citizen's Army.

It's still a spontaneous movement, you see. We don't *control* it: something has started which has to be given its head. I don't think a Citizen's Army such a bad idea: it worked in Bogside, in Derry.

Won't you then have the problem of being isolated – depending on the surrounding areas for sustenance?

Bogside wasn't isolated. Workers were allowed to come & go, to do their jobs. Anyone was allowed *out;* we were just careful about who we allowed in. The police were kept out, but it wasn't a siege. The ghettoes are there, like in America, but we've proved we can defend them.

What about Westminster?

I suppose I compromised myself by standing, but I don't expect anything from them. It airs the principles of the cause. The English workers should bring pressure on Westminster if we can't at Stormont. I know I can't do much, except remind them of their responsibilities.

Then was your campaign a waste of time?

It helped us to consolidate our organization, & the publicity's useful. I don't think it's going to affect me. What matters is that the true conditions be exposed so that a united movement – a socialist movement – can be built up. There has to be civil rights activities in the South as well as in the North, & in England too. That's the only way we'll get through to the Protestant working class & convince them it isn't all a Popish plot. But first we have to solve our own problems in Ulster – get a just society for Protestants and Catholics.

What's going to happen?

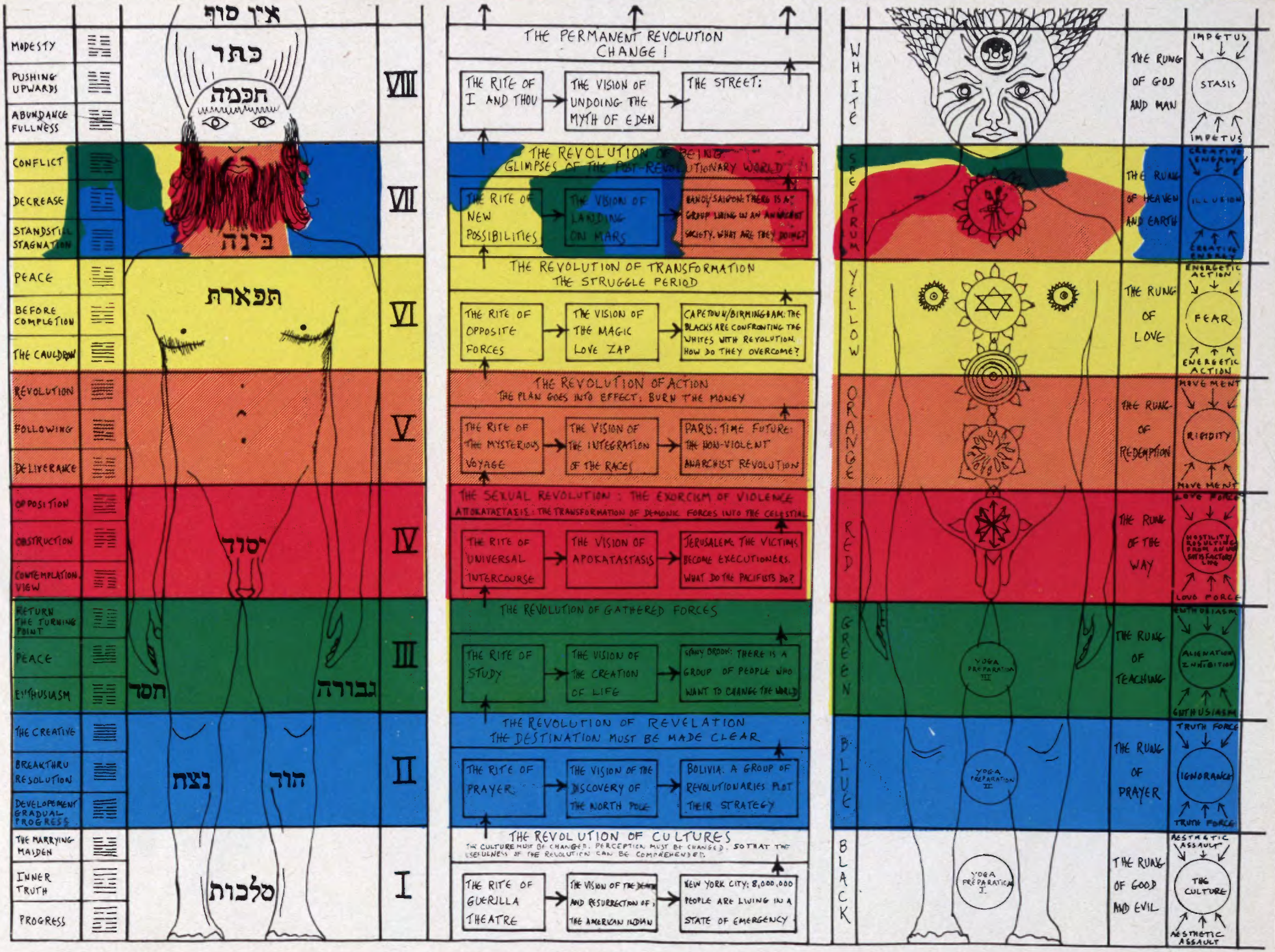
We'll have a three-sided civil war – the Protestant bigots, the Papist bigots, & us in the middle. We should really get our best men out – Ireland's tragedy has always been that they get shot. As for me, I keep getting letters saying "Get a gun and learn how to use it". I don't think I could bring myself to shoot anyone. I can't shoot anyway.

What we have to do is to sit down & talk about our next moves. So far there hasn't been time: we've been busy defending ourselves against the violence directed against us by the government, like the burnt-out ambush. 90 of the people in that have been identified as B Specials: we took their pictures round local houses. We have to be organized to protect ourselves, but also we must plan ahead. Many people think things will die down in the summer. But we're getting small groups going across the country, in twos & threes, talking to people, finding out what they want. That was what the election helped us to achieve – the participation of people who had nothing to hope for from politics.

If your aims of a socialist Ireland are achieved, won't it immediately become the victim of economic isolation?

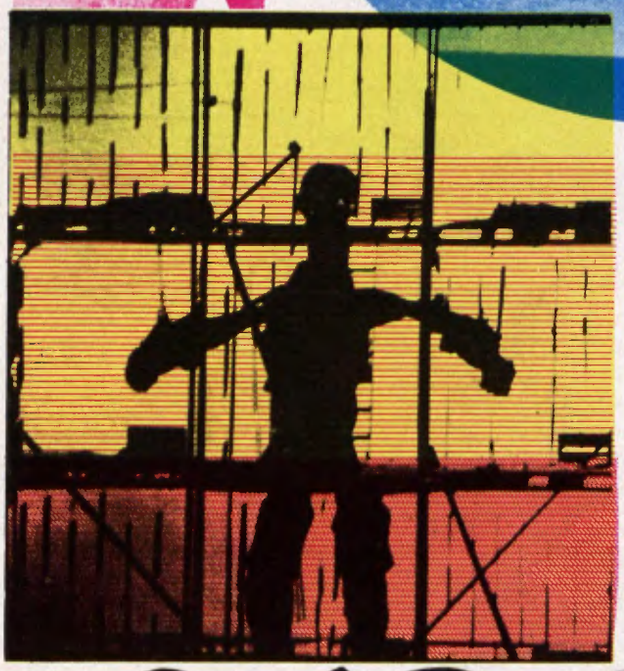
It could, but that's a long way off. We hoped for a lot from the British Labour Party, but were quickly disillusioned. We wouldn't be able to rely on them & now we don't. We no longer have to act in order to get their sympathy: we're not interested. We must build unity – that is our only task. As the situation isn't revolutionary, there can't be any talk of 'counter-revolutionary tactics' We have to answer all the questions that are raised in America & elsewhere: how to bring socialist freedom & justice without becoming bureaucratized & unfree. We don't know the answers, but now we *have* to find the time to sit down & ask them.

The Chart is the Map



PARADISE NOW!!

The Plot is the Revolution



The Ritual is the Vision

BILL LEVY

It is impossible to master functions of life well if one does not live them fully ... This is the meaning of work democracy".
William Reich. ***People in Trouble***

WHO?

The Living Theatre community : 30 plus large people ages 20 - 45, eight children, dealers, missionaries, camp-followers, etc, a school for teachers, the absolute gathering together around something Holy.

LIVING WITH THE LIVING

by Gunter Pannewitz

Travelling for three years with the Living Theatre means changing from city to city, from one reality to another. We play with a different audience night by night. Everything is a matter of circumstance; so are the people; so are we thirty-three persons living together and working together. We do not make the choice of running away; instead we teach love for each other and respect for each other. We have developed a great need to find our truth, our beauty, ourselves, in order to be strong and clear at every moment in all our self-expression; that means that we must develop belief in ourselves and in our spiritual beauty, recognizing that every single person, every single life, is his own messenger. It means discovering certain techniques of life in order to stay high. Well, thirty-three different peoples mean thirty-three different techniques, just as one million monks have one million different religions. All of this leads to a more or less poetic way of life, depending on your development of self-discipline, love and the beauty which you discover in yourself, in the world, in people; the way you relate to the world is the way you treat yourself.

Standing Under Signals

First I Take A Deep Breath
Then I Receive Cautiously
Carefully I Project What I Read
Delicately I Examine It
Forgetting What There Was Before
I Understand What's Now:
First I Take A Deep Breath
Thin I invite What Now
I Cautiously Receive

That I Carefully Project
Delicately Examine
Forgetting It
I Throw Out The Image
To Understand:
Now
I Take A Deep Breath
To Be Vital And Responsible
Responding With Compassion
To The Present Signal
Emergency !
Caution-Emergency !
Careful -Emergency !
Delicate-Emergency-Emerge !!
Invitation For Vita Emerging Through
The Deep Breath That Awakens Me To :
Life-The Responsibility
Life-The Reability To Respond
In Compassion To The :
Presence
Presenting Pre-Sent Emergency
Emerge !!!
Echnaton

WHEN

Frankenstein: June 4,5,13,14,16, & 17
Mysteries: June 6 & 7
Paradise Now: June 9 & 10
Antigone: June 11 & 12
All performances start at 8 p.m. Approximately six performances of each production. First and second weeks schedules above. Second two weeks scheduled shortly. Also individual and special events at Arts Lab, 182 Drury Lane WC2 during month of June.

WHAT?

Performing:

Mysteries and Smaller Pieces

'This special performance is a public enactment of ritual games which are part of our work... If our work should succeed at any moment, it is because we on stage will reflect every man on the street; that is, we will have achieved Artaud's vision of the actor 'being like victims burnt at the stake, signalling through the flames'
Julian Beck.

Antigone

After Sophocles/ after Holderin/ after Brecht a new translation by Judith Malina.

Frankenstein

A meditation the purpose of which is to lead to levitation. If it succeeds the play is consummated. If it fails it becomes a victimisation.

Paradise Now

Voyage from the Many to the Che, Guerilla Theatre Rite, through visions, orgies, trances to Rite of I and Thou, The Street and the Open-ended possibility of Change and Permanent Revolution, Vision of the Landing on Mars, the Rite of New Possibilities. Ritual tells us the Content of actions. Paradise Now goes from ritual to vision to action.

STUDENT: Well, what can I do? I'm just one man.
SBI: (with a lot of passion) That's what you've been made to think. You've been made to think that you're an amorphous, hybrid thing. Like in the cowboy movies, there's always this group of guys up at the ranch who have no names. They're just waiting there to be called to fight. And They're the abstract, hybrid form – the boys back at the ranch. And that's what the people are. (Screaming) And you've been made and trained to think that.
STUDENT: That's violence.
SBI: No, I'm getting hot; the blood is going through my body; my body is feeling; my face is red; my blood is going to my head; there's more air in my brain right now; my consciousness is expanding; and I'm alive.
Steve Ben Israel

APRIL 13, 1968
It's total crap: I don't wanna be a poet but rather a sonofabitch to be shot in Bolivia or Memphis or Berlin.
Gianfranco Mantegna

MEDITATIONS: ON THE LIFE OF THEATRE

The following are portions from THE LIFE OF THEATRE, a book by Julian Beck which will be published by City Lights later this year:

Who says we are mistreating the body with our drugs our opium our marijuana our lysurgic acid psylocybin heroin cocaine peyote mescaline mushrooms hasheesh kheef amphetamine. We are honoring it and its ability to change like the moon, like an embryo, like a poem, like a war.
Ferrara, May 1966

The Theatre is the Wooden Horse by which we can take the town.
Paris, October 1967

The creature who is formed at the end of the 1st and 3rd acts of Frankenstein not only means the public, it is the public, the creature simultaneously menaces civilization and is civilization, it is civilization menacing itself.
Lausanne, January 1968

To remain sane in this civilization process demands the criminalization of the self.
Paris, December 1967

Violent action, violent revolution, changes things, but remain what they are.
Perne. Januarv 1968

You can never tell an actor to move to the right or to take a step downstage. He has to be doing something. You cant give an actor a technical direction. There has to be a motivation that is more than getting out of the way or filling in the space. Whatever the actor does he has to be creating something or else he is wasting his life. Now this same knowledge must be applied to life. The State and Capital are always telling the people to move over there and to fill in the space, their directions are not creative to the degree that none of the actors in the great world drama are not wasting their lives. Continuing the metaphor, that is why we have to change all the mises en scene.
Paris, December 1967, Granville, Ohio December 1968

Really (? (!!!))
it takes a lot of courage
these days to say

"what is that" .....(The Fuc)
(Really)
because I
hear that we are
moving in something
which I can
! see:
with my own eyes

but ---------- so ---------- what
THE FU S THAT

Petra Vogt.

WHERE?

Roundhouse, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1.
Tel 01-485-8073
Prices: Monday-Thursday: 5/- 10/- 20/- 40/-
Friday-Saturday: 10/- 15/- 15/6 60/
"... all the ways of earth are the ways to heaven/"
Eric Gutkind, The Absolute Collective

HOW?

How much a night in the theatre has changed us is perhaps the wrong question. Perhaps the right question is, What, if anything, do we know after this experience that we didn't know before in terms of what we're going to do from now on? That's change. I think really the only change is the change that leads to some kind of change in action or activity. Of course this includes the intellectual Process, but our theatre is no longer purely intellectual theatre.
But it mustn't get as lost there as it can on an intellectual level.
But if the audience is already radicalized, then we have our next question: How can we as theatre now serve you as students or you as audience or you as people twenty-five years younger than me? In Paradise Now we try very much to give the stage to the audience so that we can learn just that. But even Paradise Now is set up from problems we thought six months ago were the pertinent problems, problems we thought of in France in a very specific political mileu. Here we're surrounded by another political mileu.
If the question, is, How have the Mysteries changed you? or, How have you felt moved? let me amend the question: How can the theatre serve the revolution? That's what I want to know from you. That means you have to be the revolution too, you know. We call upon you to be the revolution!
Judith Malina

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OZ 22
July 1969

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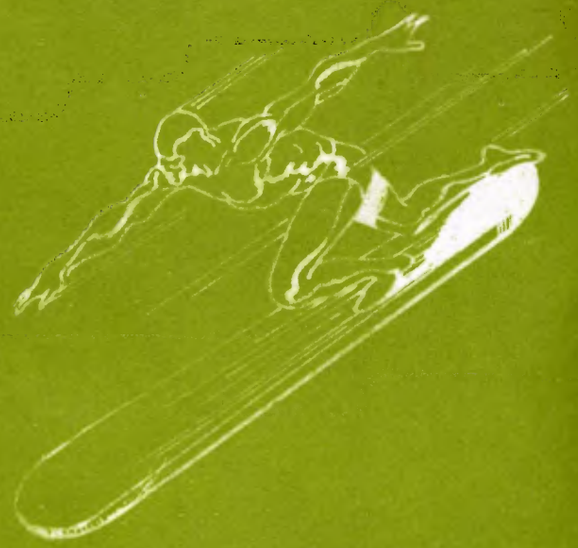

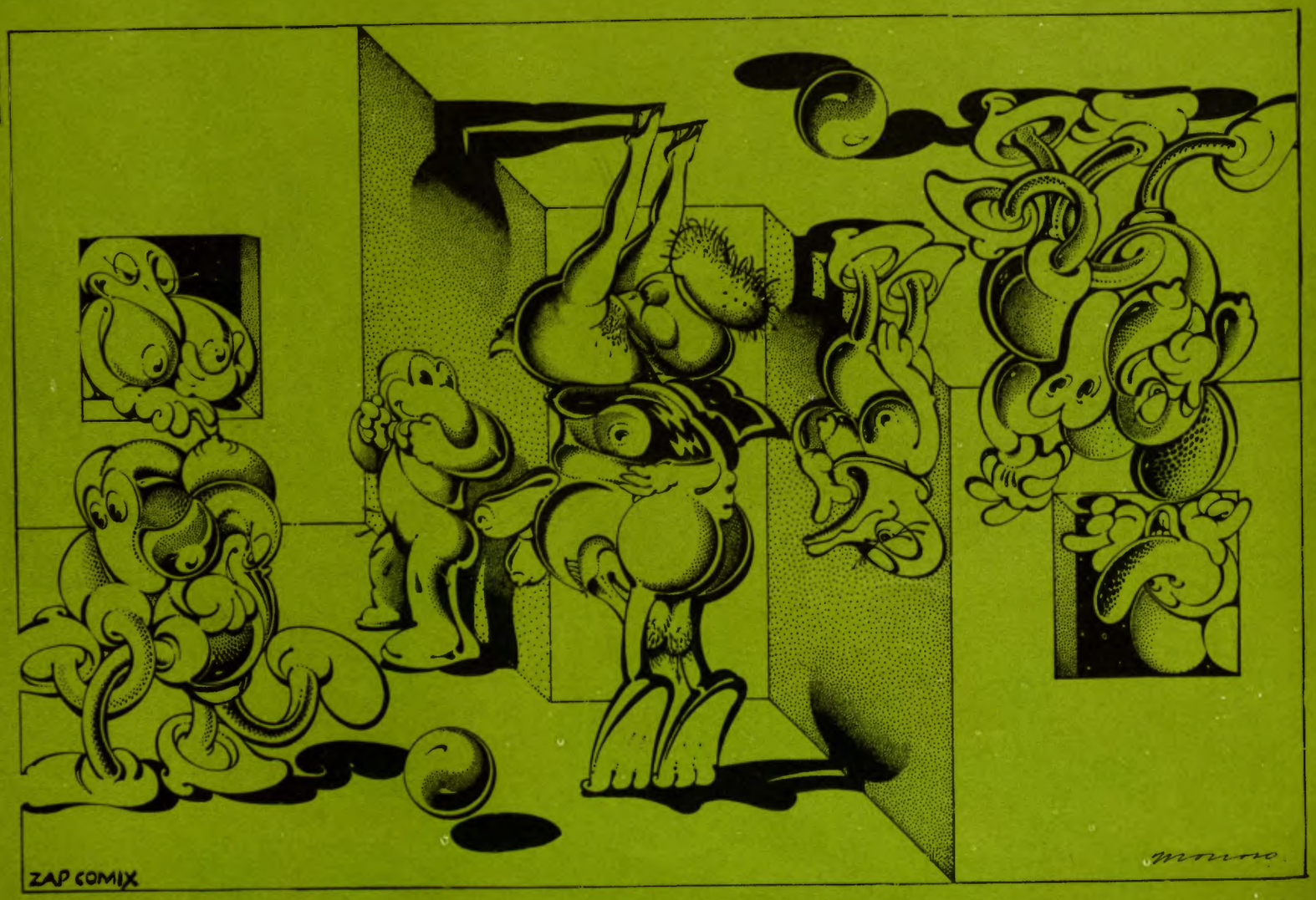

For our border units we gratefully acknowledge the cover design by Dave Loxley of the new Third Ear Band L.P. 'Alchemy' on EMI's Harvest label.

Music is the natural high.
JUST . . . .
laugh,
cry,
sigh,
snarl,
scream,
lurch,
move,
be silent,
fall about,
love,
be alone,
drop out,
work,
turn on,
be a head,
groove,
grope,
grovel,
fly,
float,
swim,
sleep,
speed,
protest,
energise,
own up,
crap,
creep,
or just be yourself . . . .
don't go short
(by courtesy of Alan Skidmore)

do it to Marmalade Records

On July 4th Marmalade is releasing:—
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Julie Driscoll and the Brian Auger Trinity
'If only for a moment'
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'Battersea Rain Dance'
Chris Barber Band
'3,000 years with Ottilie'
Ottilie Patterson
'Thinking Back'
Gordon Jackson
'Extrapolation'
John McLaughlin
'Oliv 1 and 2'
Spontaneous Music Ensemble
'100% Proof'
The Marmalade Sampler—priced 14/6d
MARMALADE BRINGS MUSIC TO A HEAD

'Rolling Stone is not,' cried Jane Nicholson, 'repeat *not* an Underground paper,' as OZ and IT were busted.

'Well,' the friendly policemen might have replied, 'you use four letter words like rock and fuck and dope, don't you?'

Poor baby. It's awful to be so misunderstood. You just want to talk about music and fucking and dope, that's all. We *know* you have no intention of overthrowing this Vichy government; nothing is clearer than that English Rolling Stone presents no threat to any political institution of any kind. Well, sister, events of the past weeks should prove even to you that Rolling Stone had better develop some political principle and subversive knowhow, because when the Man decides he wants you for saying fuck and all that, he isn't going to check with the underground whether they claim you, let alone whether you think you belong.

Recent publicity in the Melody Maker (yet) for the Lyceum, filled Mecca magnates with terror & disgust. When Mick Farren fronted down there with a chick shortly after Tony Wilson's mild rave (which was mainly about how much more comfortable it was than the Roundhouse) he was barred from entering because they didn't want any 'superfreaks', were not underground, didn't want to know. After some agro they were let in free, just as arbitrarily as they had been excluded.

The real reason why Miss Nicholson and Mecca Ballrooms want to disassociate themselves from the underground is that they have to make money. Both want to be allowed to keep on making it, and that means keeping in with the cops and with the users of dope, rock and sex. Society will permit a brothel but not a house full of happy fuckers: the kids will be allowed to have their fun at the Lyceum within limits and for a price. Lyceum means high school, I believe, and this one is a 4½ million pound shit-heap, with flesh-coloured lights and writhing stucco ornaments more obscene than anything the underground has ever spontaneously emitted. To see hippikins and hippettes milling miserably around among the Mecca gorillas, who hate them, almost blurs the memory of police collaboration at the Roundhouse, and UFO seems another part of Summer '67. The Midnight Court (once associated with John Peel's name without his consent – a trick more underground than above board) at the Lyceum is doomed, because the underground that they milk for a pound a head will keep using it as a rendezvous, to pick up dope, or sleep in or freak out in, despite the fevered protestations of the square management. The management will co-operate with the police to show their good faith, and the police to show theirs will close it down. Who the hell cares?

Despite the two English issues which were contemptible, it would be sad if Rolling Stone goofed, as they are sure to do if they try to serve the cause of rock and the Establishment simultaneously. In America it is clear that this divided loyalty is a no-no, as Janis Joplin pointed out with her comment on the meaning of long hair there and here, because persecution is less subtle and resourceful than in England. In England Miss Nicholson is tempted to please everybody all the time if she can get away with it, but she's playing poker in the dark. Once a paper admits any principle of censorship for survival, the we-don't-want-to-do-it-but-we-don't-want-to-lose-the-printer kind of censorship, it jeopardises the integrity of its editorial principle.

It's better to print and be damned, because you'll be damned anyway.

It is actually impossible for any paper worth reading to satisfy all the Man's requirements for trouble-free journalism, so it's strategically better to give him as much trouble as possible. The bitterness of the situation may be gauged from an example. Some issues ago OZ deleted an article which would have given them, in a deliberately disgusting form, a scoop, a possible libel (unlikely) and a more possible reaction from the printer. While still bleeding from this self-imposed wound, OZ was busted for something no-one expected and lost the printer and 6000 copies after all. If Rolling Stone continues to print only what is acceptable to Woodrow Wyatt's Papers & Publications, you'd be better off giving your two-and-six to the old guy failing to play the recorder in Sloane Square.

The underground is not simply some sort of scruffy club that Jane Nicholson and Mecca Ballrooms have refused to join. It's where the life is, before the Establishment forms as the crust on the top, and changes vitality for money. It's humus, the matrix that the city fathers pin down with foundations, spread asphalt over and crush under piles of glass and steel and concrete. Where it reappears in the Overground it is known as dirt. It is used as a repository for waste, shit, offal, dead bodies. From circumference to circumference through this old terrestrial ball whereon we all in darkness crawl, it extends, the wormy, undermined, intermind Underground. Most things that live in it communicate by smell and feel. Some are so primitive that their systems of sexual distinction and forms of copulation are utterly confused. They crawl and grope in the humming darkness, their unmapped, unremembered paths intersecting occasionally and tunnelling on. No signposts because there are no strangers and nothing to point at. You may take refuge there from the catastrophes of the overground. No fallout in the alleys where the moles root their lives away.

Analogy between subversion and the behaviour of badgers led to the coining of the term to describe groups formed in secret to undermine tyranny, particularly groups with a large organisational network, which, like a mole's system of tunnels, is impossible to trace, even if intersected. The term was used for the non-establishment newspapers, for UFO and Middle Earth, because they were set up by consumers to satisfy their own requirements, which were not the acceptable ones of profit by exploitation. The political content of these manifestations was at first negligible, and in some cases still is, but confrontation is political awareness, and by trying to do their own thing, the phenomena now described as underground pretty soon re-discovered the machinery of repression. The political character of the underground is still amorphous, because it is principally a clamour for freedom to move, to test alternative forms of existence to find if they were practicable, and if they are more gratifying, more creative, more positive than mere endurance under the system. This partly explains the lack of ideology which combines so oddly with the growing peevishness of the underground, peevishness now developing into belligerence, with the threat of violence.

It is commonplace to remark that a politically decided elite may use the force of this generalised discontent to establish a more repressive system still, but so far the difference between Bolshevik revolution, Maoist revolution, Trostskyite revolution and revolution for the hell of it, has only resulted in grotesquely confused skirmishing within the underground. The Establishment however will hope in vain that the underground will destroy itself: the signs of internal dissension are the signs of continuing life; complacency and inertia are qualities prized only by the Establishment.

It is in our interests to let the police and their employers go on believing that the underground is a conspiracy, because it increases their paranoia and their inability to deal with what is really happening. As long as they look for ringleaders and documents they will miss their mark, which is that proportion of every personality which belongs in the underground. That is what responds to the peculiar poetry of rock, and feeds on the insecurity of the unlimited possibility. To silence that, it would be necessary not just to kill all the prophets of the new thing, but to utterly eradicate the memory.

The people who belong to the underground all the time are very few, but almost everybody has spent a season there. The Establishment has to draw nourishment from it, and so plunders and is plundered by, the underground. Despite the venal patronage of Elektra, Transatlantic, Polydor, EMI, Track, Apple, the Inland Revenue and Radio I, the underground remains uncharted, unreliable, unrewarding, and irresponsible. If every head who clamours to be of it today were to deny it tomorrow it would exist still.

Miss Nicholson may tell the fuzz anything she pleases – her cunt knows better.

Germaine

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear OZ,
The letter about WORM at Hull University in your last issue did not exaggerate the effects it had on the atmosphere here. It was, I think, a major contribution to the fact that at the end of last term a record poll put me in as President for next year on the slogan "Vote Academic Thug" and a manifesto which worried the grey rulers of the place distinctly. They got even more worried on Wednesday when a Union meeting overwhelmingly made the main idea of my manifesto Union policy. If you could put the stuff in it would be nice, as things are really beginning to hum up here, and to save me from going all bureaucratic and heavy as President I'd like to have as many OZ-reading types come up here as possible. As much as any University atmosphere can be breathed ours can, and with revolt headed by WORM and the Brynmor Jones Preservation Society (he's Vice-Chancellor) it's one where you can be happy while revolting. You can't be serious if you're solemn. It's not all happening here, but quite a lot of it is, and if we get an entry this year that's even more subversive than last, all kinds of things could happen.
All good things to you,
Tim Poston
65 Princess Ave
Hull, Yorks

Dear OZ,
I have very sad news for you. The 20 copies of OZ 20 that you sent me — have burst open in the post. The South African security police have been on my track, and all is very grim.
Love and Peace,
Jerry Tussons,
PO Box 1652,
Durban.

Dear OZ,
Having read most of your editions I know the general standard of your articles.
But are you honestly trying to tell me that Hell's Angels (OZ 20) are for real??? Granted, I don't know all that much about them, but I laughed my cock off when I read your article!
Where the hell are they going?
A musician (who knows where he's going!)

People at OZ,
Instead of geraniums I'm planting pretty pot flowers in my old and long established public school. It's so nice and cheerful even down to the corridors of coldness and the melancholy tolling of the bell to call you not only to Matins but also to Vespers and never to hope, always to prayer and hypocrisy, never to friendship.
W. Haileybury & Imperial Service College.

Dear OZ,
'The best of Pop completely eliminates the old form.' (Pete Townshend — OZ 21).
Although Pete Townshend is right when he goes on to say that no art (viz. Italian Opera) is "insurpassable", surely an attitude of mind that only the art of the present is relevant to our lives is self-defeating. A lot of the rest is really too good to miss.
At the moment I'm turning on de Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, which has 'a lot to say' to me even though it probably wouldn't to Pete Townshend. This doesn't mean that I can't get on with Dylan (or the Mothers or that I'm not interested in MC5 or Monteverdi for that matter).
One of the interesting paradoxes of modern music is that its newest offspring Pop is, with certain important exceptions, the most 'reactionary' in the sense that it's the most tonally obsessed. Abbe Liszt, who died nearly 100 years ago, was tonally more adventurous than the Beatles. Pop has yet to free itself of tonal hang-ups, and I found it interesting that Pete Townshend confesses to 'very much admire' Benjamin Britten, a composer who in modern musical terms is positively neanderthal. At least Don Giovanni was relevant to its own times, even if Pete Townshend thinks it has 'nothing to say' for today. I find it still has more 'to say' than anything by the great Britten.
I am not holding any brief for a bourgeois concept of "culture" as something defused and dead. Fuck "Kulchur". But what is really good, and still dangerous in the art of the past is worth the effort of understanding if we're not to become totally cut off. The past is too important to be left as something for polished superficial "cultural" mandarins like Kenneth Clark to put us all in our place on Sunday nights in glorious BBC Eastman Colour, just as Pop is too important to be left in the hands of the moronic fascist-orientated disc jockeys on Radio Wonderful. One day, when perhaps we are all artists we can afford to forget what other people did 500 years ago — but until then the lives of the artists remain the only models for a sane existence in a crazy world.
Yours,
Michael Hirst.
134 Finchley Road,
London, NW3.

Dear OZ,
Re: Dr Schoenfeld in OZ 20
"Agreed no gentle man would want to give his woman cervical cancer, and evidence seems to show that the uncircumcised run a horrid risk of doing that. But before all good men rush to the nearest hospital to offer their foreskin in tribute to an envious Matron "The old school's inspiring motto was: *Mediocria Firma*, and happily there *is* a middle way: retract it! Accustom yourself to wearing the foreskin retracted, and with ordinary hygiene the smegma will disappear completely. The first few days will be ticklish and priapic, and for a while longer your friends may wonder at the sudden grimace which indicates that the skin has popped back to its old position, trapping a pubic hair on the way . . . But it will soon settle down, and doffing is far less painful than docking.
"The usual commission, please, from the first firm to bring out a RETRACT IT! badge
Love and peace
Alan Pitt Clark,
Wichelo, Ipsden,
Oxford, OX9 6AP.

Dear OZ,
Just a short note for your paranoid readers. Your telephone tapping test is NOT infallible. If the telephone does not ring back it MAY be tapped; however there is another possibility. If, after having waited for the phone to ring back and it has not, you lift the receiver again, you may hear a pre-recorded voice saying: SIFTER OUT OF ORDER (whatever that means).
Love and Peace,
Bob.
4, Brunswick Road,
Withington,
Manchester, 20.

Dear Editor,
I subscribed OZ on the grounds that it is not to be taken seriously — that the magazine is such and such and such to a certain kind of class/society etc . . . I myself stand aside and laugh at OZ and all the freaks that go along with it. Sometimes I need a change in my reading and OZ is not a bad substitute. Alright, alright, the instructions of the poverty cooking sections were taken from a U.S. army survival manual. During the war, starvation and death perhaps such an army survival manual is needed — to survive, if the child is already dead.
But surely even you must know (I hope) in a British society, any society, even your underground movement, society

and what have you that what OZ.21 suggests is insane, cold-blooded murder. And only an insane person could think of such a thing, let alone bloody well publish it. Roast Trafalger pigeon alright. But God, not your casual 'perhaps 6d for the use of a lure' — of a child's life. And even more so your bold, typed lettered word 'Method'. You convert this quoted material from the survival manual, and turn it, quite deliberately, into a beyond mockery, repulsive, sick humoured title 'Leg of long pig'. A child of all things.
It's no joke, not even in such a magazine as OZ. We are all human, no matter who or what society each one of us fall into.
I am sorry to find this particular piece of material, which has such ill and inhuman taste to it in OZ. In fact it is quite dangerous to the sick minded individual, and to the heartless brutally murdered child, which is so often heard of.
No — that recipe was not called for, not by anyone in their right sane mind. And not in the way OZ Magazine tries — wants — does put itself to the public.
After all, it is publicity.
Yours
C F English,
25 Charnwood Road,
Loughborough, Leics.

Mr. Quartermain

At 4.45 on Wednesday morning 25 June, a brick came through the window of 6, Woolands Road, Ilford. A battle followed.

The house had been occupied by squatters the preceding Saturday, and was being repaired and decorated by them in preparation for moving in a homeless family. Number 6, like about 40 other houses in the vicinity had been purchased by the London Borough of Redbridge in preparation for the Ilford Town Centre Redevelopment Plan. This is an expensive and extravagant scheme involving the demolition of 900 houses in the area. It is to be implemented in two stages, the second stage which involved No. 6 and a number of other houses, does not commence until 1977. Which means that these houses will remain empty for 8 years. Not only are they empty, but since the recent revival of squatting, the council has spent £2,520 on wrecking these houses and making them uninhabitable. So while homeless families have to make do with sordid council accommodation (cooking meals while sitting on the toilet etc.) the council goes round smashing up perfect dwellings. Last Wednesday following the brick came Barrie Quartermain and his twelve men. They wore helmets, carried shields and various weapons, iron bars, clubs etc. and were organised into a small fighting unit. They charged the house screaming and hurling bricks. Carrying two ladders they attempted to take the house by storm, but the squatters occupying the upper floor returned the bricks and smashed the 'bailiffs' and their ladders as they appeared. The gang realised after twenty minutes fighting that they could not gain access, so lit two fires to try and burn the squatters out. It was at this point that the police decided to intervene though they had been standing by since the beginning, and all they did was to move on the gang. They moved on, alright, to 23 Audrey Road, Ilford where another battle commenced. Luckily for the Flemings, who squat here, they had time to move their three children out, though Quartermaine did not know this.

Under the Statute of Forcible Entry if a person has a rightful claim to land that is in the possession of another, he must not attempt to recover this land by force; he must use only the remedies provided by the courts. Every single legal authority supports this statement which was passed at a time when Barons were returning from the crusades to find other Barons had occupied and taken possession of their lands. The purpose of the act was to prevent Barons employing private armies (like Quartermain 's) to take back their lands. WHETHER OR NOT THEIR CLAIM TO LAND WAS RIGHTFUL OR WRONGFUL WAS IRRELEVANT.

When a council decides to make an eviction it must a) employ a certificated bailiff, ie. a man who has been granted a bailiffs certificate by a court. b) It must serve a court order for the eviction, ie. naming the persons to be evicted and the property. Redbridge council has done neither of these. It hires its 'bailiffs' from Southern Provincial Investigations. This is run by Barrie Quartermain and is not even a member of the British Association of Private Detective Agencies. Quartermain supplies and leads a private army that specialises in evictions. "Councils who employ me don't have a squatter problem any more".

In the three illegal but successful evictions, and various other unsuccessful ones that he has carried out, he has shown what sort of an animal he and his 'lads' are.

On 20 March 1969 during the attempted eviction of the Mercer family from 84, Courtlands Avenue, Ilford, he hit Mrs Olive Mercer in the stomach with an iron bar, she was visibly pregnant and lost her child as a result. Two days later he followed her to the doctors and on the way back, stopped and beat her saying "Next time you or any of you cunts in that house interfere with the job we're sent to do, and we'll be back to finish it, you won't get a chance to get anyone". There are pages and pages of sworn affidavits. evidence of this man's brutal activities. He is NOT a certificated bailiff. His certificate was taken from him by a Kingston magistrate in 1967 for some dubious activity which we can't go into here. NOR did Quartermain or Redbridge council have court orders for any of the three successful evictions or the attempts last week. So in fact what we are witnessing in Ilford by Redbridge council is an illegal action. A senior member of Redbridge council has intimated that the squatters could probably quite successfully sue the council. They don't mind being 'told off' as they have achieved their aims.

It is difficult to see any sort of logic behind the action the council is taking. A few empty houses filled with homeless families. There would seem to be certain men on Redbridge council who are so desperate about the redevelopment scheme that they are prepared to push it through at all costs. Their deep involvement indicates just how much they stand to lose if the large property development is even vaguely threatened.

The squatters seem to have no qualms about another battle. They are well prepared. While I was at 23 Audrey Road, a white Zephyr drove slowly past with four hard looking guys staring out. Immediately there was a sort of organized panic. The Flemings and their three children were quickly moved into a neighbouring house. While in 23 everybody suddenly acquired weapons and helmets. Stacks of bricks and shovels were uncovered by the windows. The back garden was hosed down to make any use of a battering ram difficult, and all downstairs entrances were barricaded. This was a false alarm but illustrates adequately how strongly the squatters feel.

IT is morally wrong to have perfect empty houses while there are homeless families. Redbridge Council, by smashing houses which will be empty for years and taking extreme measures (including a special agreement with the London Electricity Board to have the cables disconnected at the mains) and above all their incredible blunder by employing the Quartermain organisation to do their dirty work for them, have revealed their absolute bankruptcy of any kind of a human housing policy or fitness to act as servants of the local electorate.

John Crowley

& With a few exceptions, London's critical response to the Living Theatre revealed less about what went on at the Roundhouse than about the destitute aesthetics of those paid to evaluate our culture. From JW Lambert in the Sunday Times to Milton Shulman in the Evening Standard, the critics tumbled triumphantly over each other in their bid to demonstrate that Julian Beck & Co failed to conform to the classical requirements of legitimate theatre. They can't act, they can't dance, they can't sing, snorted Fleet Street, as they tied blinkers to their motor cars and galloped forth to measure the hurricane with a slide rule. The night I saw Paradise Now, Judith Malina didn't kick her legs as high as Ginger

Rogers in Mame, angry black Rufus didn't deliver blank verse with the taut aplomb of Nicol Williamson; but within ten minutes most people had abandoned their seats and were roaming the auditorium tense, confused, excited and involved. It is commonly judged miraculous if British audiences even humalong, like Butliners at a jamboree, yet Roundhouse guests were randomly engaging each other and the cast in belligerent debate; some stripping, others kissing, some in trance, others fleeing in a state of shock. This was not a cozy night at the Opera; a few laughs, a few tears, home to pay the baby-sitter, a witty post mortem over supper, then back to the grind in the morning and absolutely no alteration in lifestyle.

The man who was spat upon will never be quite the same. One member of the cast (Steve Ben Israel), outraged by the vociferous frigidity of the audience pranced threateningly about like a caged ape, shouting: 'You people scare me . . . you really scare me' . . . finally spitting at a gentleman in a brown suit and drooping moustache. This man lunged furiously forward, as we are trained to do, grabbing Israel, ready to strike. Suddenly half a dozen of the cast melted into view, immediately improvising on the situation, and began to spit on each other and on Israel. "Look at this. Spit! Spit! Does it hurt? Is it painful? It's just water. Did you want to kill him?" The spectacle of the caste of the Living Theatre bathing in each other's phelgm and brown suit's horrified realisation of the implications of his aggression and its deadly futility, was, well, beyond entrapment in the grey review pages of the quality Sundays.

Neither the slick Black Panther newsreels nor the ritualistic Hyde Park harangues have ever exposed the intensity of suppressed racial animosity as much as the confrontations between the audience and black members of the cast. The power of this experiment was not verbal. Its eloquence not divisible into cogent packages of 'acting ability', 'choreography' and 'voice projection'. But when the white lady in the front row reacted to the black calloused foot being thrust in front of her eyes with a swift jab at the actors balls; one boggled at the patience and restraint of black power and ached for the sins of one's own race – a tragedy greater than Hamlet's.

Later, a golden haired Dutch cast member went trancelike while his colleagues pummeled him with such convincing symbolic brutality that a girl at his feet tearfully intervened . . . human pyramids writhed and entwined like de Sade's table of flesh, everyone began to dance and chant . . . the evening ended in a communal catharic spasm, the like of which, taken all for all, we may not meet again.
One of my acquaintances could not tune into the Living Theatre because, given their near nudity, he was turned off by the lack of feminine physical attraction, he could not see past the band-aids and appendix scars. That makes him even worse off than Milton Shulman.

& A further example of contemporary cultural insularity is evidenced by the decision of every major British publisher to reject Abbie Hoffman's incendiary treatise, Revolution for the Hell of It (Dial Press, New York). Penguin's are said to have justified their refusal with the observation that although they recognised it as a landmark, Revolution would be slammed by every single established critic, and they did not want that to happen to one of their titles. It has been reprinted three times in the U.S. and slabs have been reproduced in the Black Dwarf and IT. So much for the values of British publishing, which is currently fawning over the name dropping inanities of a failed press tycoon and yet another wanking delineation of the I'm-a-poor-lonely-Jew syndrome which began with Joyce and continues with Bellow, Malamud, Podhoretz etc. threatening the mayoralty of the brashest city in the world and culminating in the gripes of Roth. Revolution for the Hell of It celebrates not the Jewishness of its author, but the lifestyle of tomorrow, and it will infect the culture of today despite the restrictive practices of those literary necrophiliacs who see significance only when they look over their shoulder.

& "Teach living at school
And living means understanding"
(from Penguin Education Special:
"The school that I'd like)"

SCHOOL STUDENTS: DISCOVER THIS ALTERNATIVE AT THE LIVING SCHOOL. A three day school which is living and not dead . . . a communal experience of discussion – action – ideas – ways of communicating these ideas.

five themes running continuously:

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from the basis of these discussions, a more general programme on POLITICAL ACTION – talks with squatters, tenants, shop stewards, schools, militants – how they started and what their problems have been.

on POLITICAL IDEAS: THE SITUATION HERE AND ABROAD: imperialism and national liberation, Black Power, the industrial scene and the White Paper, the student movement, the position of women.

MAKING PRINTING ACTING DOING: our media; posters leaflets news-sheets street theatre reaching out and being heard and being understood.

AND ALL THE TIME: pop groups, music, play groups, puppet show, films, acting and endless surprises.

July 28, 29, 30 at
the London School of Economics. All letters to LIVING SCHOOL c/o LSE Socialist Society, LSE, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2.

& Despite copious glossy publicity, The Jagger-Fox-Pallenberg film, *Performance*, never been released. All involved with the film are excited about it, but a Mr Hyman

from Warner Brothers is determined *Performance* will never leave the cutting room table. He finds the general tone of the film offensive, as well as intimacy of the co-stars (which apparently shook even hardened camera men). But good news. Warner Brothers has been merged, and in the process, the indomitable will of Hyman broken. See remnants of the original at your local ABC in the Autumn.

& Known as the Genital Disturber, the chair pictured comes yellow and red in stove enamelled metal. The seat and other details are in perspex. An electric motor causes the knob in the seat to rotate once every 2 seconds, producing soft, pleasurable sensations, helping the sitter to "develop mental imagery". Cost 100 gns. Designed by John Kaine, Domestic and Personal Interference, 74 Camden Mews, NW1. 01-267-1000.

& Bath recreation Ground is a huge grassy corral, and on Saturday, June 28, it was filled with gentle people who paid more than they might spend on food in three days to get in. They queued hundreds deep for the lavatory or warm 'pop' (if they had any money left), or mounds of spun tallow called 'soft-whip'. A conservative estimate, made about noon, said there were 15,000 people. By five o'clock there were many more than that, and a gate in excess of £15,000 for smiling Mr Frederick Bannister.

For their money, the People get nineteen 'Blues' Groups playing non-stop and John Peel labouring to keep them from realising their discomfort and the inadequacy of any facilities offered. No limit on the Gate; they packed them in till they trampled each other down, penned like cattle, thumped into passivity by the music. And still no protest or complaint. The last train went at 8.30 pm. On the railway station the Penguin orchestra leaving the respectable part of the Festival hooted with derisive laughter at those few of the people who were rich enough to afford the train, as they climbed into their three reserved cars. All the riches of what the Bath and Wiltshire Evening Chronicle called 'the Blues Cult' spilled out to subsidise Mr Frederick Bannister's smile.

& *Real Time is a new magazine distributed to computer programmers and others, containing murmurs of dissent and messages of hope, from 66 Hargrave Park, London, N19 (1/6).*

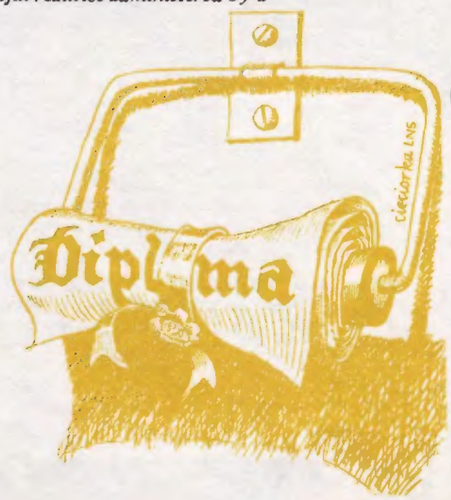
& **Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command** *(Dylan): The son of President Nixon's Chief Aide was recently busted for possession of marijuana. And so too, even more amazingly, was the daughter (wait for it) of Spiro T Agnew.*

'As soon as 3 O'clock rolls around
You finally lay your burden down . . .'
(Schooldays: Chuck Berry)

& *Something's happening, Mr Headmaster. More and more schoolchildren are demanding an end to compulsory sport and religion, abolition of examinations and freedom from perverted sex (mis)education. (One schoolboy's typical report: 'We had the vicar to tell us when not to do it. The doctor to tell us how not to do it. The headmaster to tell us where not to do it'). HOD (440 Selby Road, Leeds, LS15) is one of several wild new roneo'd forums of pupil opinion. A recent issue contrasts the verbal permissiveness of Allerton Grange's headmaster ('This is one of the easiest going schools in the country') with the painful realities administered by a Mr Partridge of the lower school, who beats boys for school uniform irregularities and hairyness. Fifteen pupils of Leeds Grammar School have been threatened with expulsion unless they disassociate themselves from HOD. A temporary teacher, Dave Gibson, was recently fired for selling the magazine outside local schools. Another leaflet, distributed by the Leeds Schools Revolutionary Committee, was recently headlined in the Yorkshire Evening Post; 'Protest Over Sex Leaflets Given to Children'. In fact, the leaflet was mainly concerned with abolition of corporal punishment, prefects and games, pausing in passing to ask: 'Is it the aims of schools to turn out sweetly obedient lesbians and homosexuals?' Last OZ contained a report from a pupil expelled from St Pauls, along with several others, because he was overheard in the corridors talking about pot. Headmasters tend to act on their suspicions, not evidence, as in the recent case of two boys expelled from Rugby, although the police, according to the Daily Telegraph, 'had not been able to satisfy themselves of an offence' (23/6/69). This headmaster, Mr Woodhouse, has expelled fifteen boys in the past two years. Justifying the school's resistence to long hair and changes in fashions, the assistant head, Mr Hunt, said: 'We are paid by a certain class of parent to do a certain job and these parents want their sons brought up in a certain way. It is our job to prevent extremes of modernity'.*
Rugby seems a suitable case for treatment by the Public Schools Anarchist Committee who last week organised a demonstration at Wellington College, coinciding with a 'minor interior uprising'. This committee can be contacted via the London Arts Laboratory notice board.

& *Question seven of the national nursery examination for the certificate of the board asks: 'What contribution can be made by the nursery nurse towards the prevention and treatment of the following conditions: (a)strabiums, (b)otitus, (c)masturbation, (d)eczema.?'*

Send 3/6 to 131a Munster Road, Fulham, London. S.W.6., for more Pritchard poetry and prose, (see p.13)



& There is something sickening about the easy inevitability with which certain well connected heads are able to buy off a bust. Either go to court and help expose the drug law for what it is, or at least expose police susceptibility to bribery. (One is thinking of the knight's son *caught*, but not arrested, with Mick Jagger). Thom Keyes, author of All Night Stand, has taken the latter alternative. He was arrested for cannabis possession on April 27. The next day he alleges that he handed Detective Sergeant Robin Constable £150 in consecutively marked £10 notes, in return for which it is alleged that Constable offered to

Continued on p.IO

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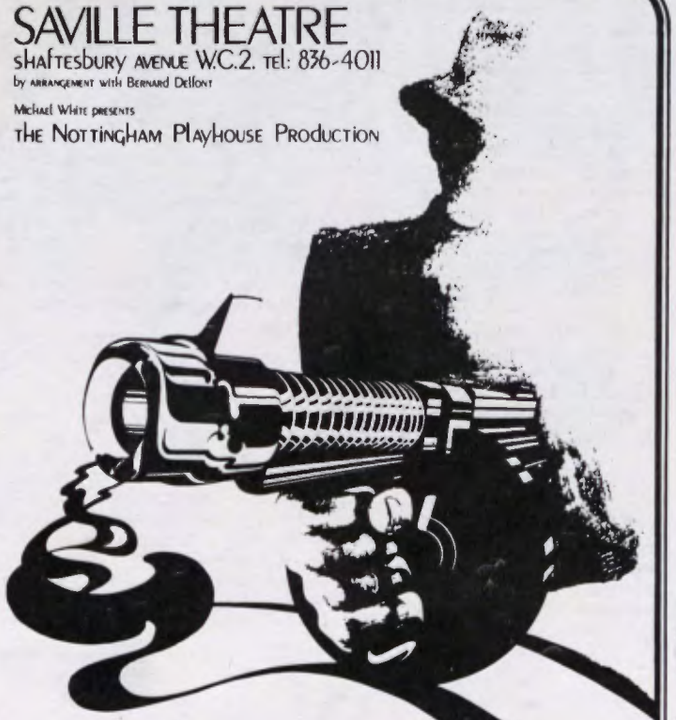

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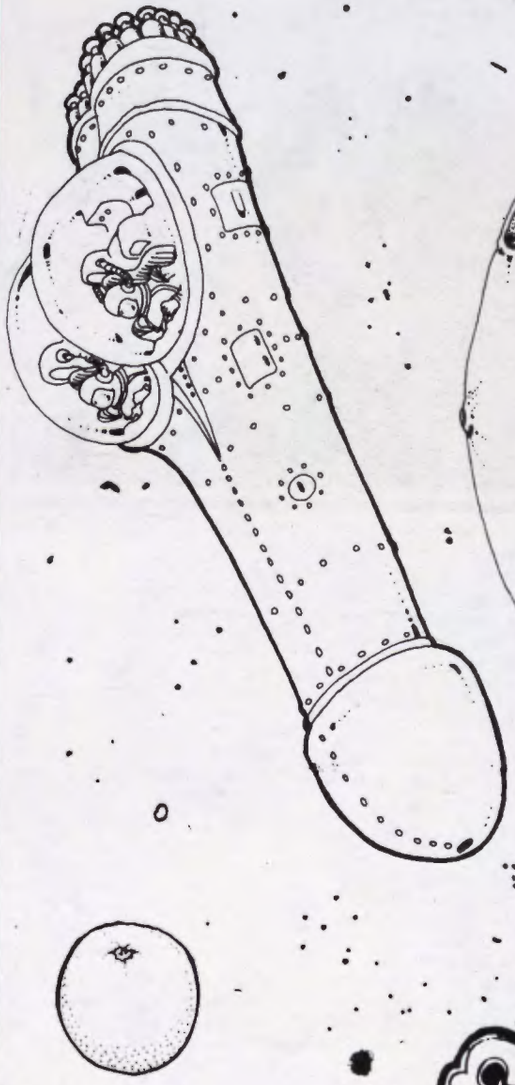


LAFP. UPS.

BADAJOZ'69

drop charges against certain people who were arrested at the same time. A few hours after the transfer of money, Scotland Yard visited Thom Keyes at his home and took an 8½ page statement. One month later the same policeman, Detective Sergeant Robin Constable, led the raid on Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull. Meanwhile, some are legally getting high with a little help from *Soma*, the organisation formed to research cannabis and to press for law reform. The active principles of the weed, the tetrahydrocannnabionols (THC), are not yet banned and experiments have already begun with lucky volunteers. Soma is currently appealing for £50,000 to support research and service programmes – 438 Fulham Road, London, S.W.6.

& The promiscuous relationship of this magazine with the British printing industry has led to an unavoidable neglect of editorial content and a failure to encourage new contributors. What OZ needs most are not garrulous UFO spotters and tripping hippie poets, but probing, eye-shaded city desk type reporters who can sniff out some of the scene's outrages and follow them through mercilessly. An encouragement to any dormant Lois Lanes or Clarke Kents, we reveal the threads of one story that could be further investigated, elaborated and sent to us: the musicians Union versus Pop. The MU has never forgiven pop or its perpetrators for toppling Perry Como off the hit parades. Its unspoken motto is that the comfort of one redundant session oboe player is more important than the rights of a thousand longhaired pop guitarists. Despite the fact that many of the lesser known pop groups are ruthlessly exploited by the trade and that a vast percentage of the MU's funds derive from pop; the Union is careful to hold its meetings on Friday nights when there is little chance of the pop proletariat being represented. It is also widely known that there is a corrupt relationship between the Union and a leading theatrical agency. Overseas pop groups cannot be imported without the MU's approval, which is rarely forthcoming unless this agency is involved. All this is worth exploring, with examples, quotes and commentry.

Last month's issue, OZ No 21 carried an article on Murray Roman. It was written by the very delectable John Leaver from Time Out.

& The Spikeys, or Brushcuts, are summer's new dumb terrorists in jeans, braces and thick leather boots. With sharpened aluminium combs and hair to match they have already wrecked one major free concert. They maraud in large groups, and last month beat up a few longhairs in Hyde Park to the baying accompaniment of vastly outnumbering hippies: "Wow, what a bad scene, man". One compensation: Only the masculine variety have been spotted, so at least they won't breed.

& If you're tired of computer matching bureaux which seem set out to introduce Cliff Richard to Mary Hopkin, then New York's Head Dating service is for you Sample questions: Which of these drugs have you taken? Grass, hash, keif, opium, THC, speed, smack, acid, mescalin, DMT, DDT, STP, peyote, ups, downs, snappers, glue, yoga, apple pie? Which of these drugs have you balled under? How many times have you been busted? Are you Asexual? Bisexual? Heterosexual? Necrophiliac? Other? For those interested in meeting a hairy, asexual apple pie head, "cats 5 dollars, chicks 2 dollars", write to 67 East 2nd Street, New York, Ny10003.

& From Political Economy to Women's Liberation, from Social Manipulation to Racism in the Ghetto, SCREW (Support Communications for a Revolutionary Europe and World) has published a lengthy compilation of inflammatory and analytical tracts: write 46 Park Crescent, Brighton, enclosing stamps.

Hyde Park sleep-in after pop concert

PARLIAMENT, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1969

LORDS The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the Woolsack at 2.30 p.m.

LORD DERWENT (C.) asked whether it was in accordance with the Government's policy to allow entertainments in the Royal Parks which attracted audiences of 70,000 to the detriment of the usual amenities and the peaceful enjoyment of the parks by other citizens, and whether the regulations forbidding sleeping in the parks when they were closed were enforced on the night of June 7-8.

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES of HASTOE, Baroness-in-Waiting.—Royal Parks are preserved a places where the public can enjoy relaxation and recreation. It has always been customary to allow a very limited number of events with special appeal and these last two summers concerts of popular music have been arranged as an experiment.

The crowd attracted by these concerts are a measure of their popularity, especially with young people. The behaviour of the audiences has been admirable and comment on the event of June 7 had been overwhelmingly favourable.

However, so many people remained in Hyde Park that it was recognized as impracticable to enforce the regulations and clear the park at night.

LORD DERWENT.—That is an unsatisfactory answer. There are risks to health of a large number of people sleeping in the park all night where children will be playing the next day because of the quite inadequate lavatory accommodation.

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES.—On future occasions there will be discussions between the organizers, the police and the park authorities about the provision of lavatories and so on. Considerable help has been offered by the organizers both in the collection of litter and the provision of extra lavatories.

LORD DERWENT. — Would Lady Llewelyn-Davies consider whether the Royal Parks are suitable for this type of entertainment because although they give pleasure to a large number of young people they prevent a large area of the park being used by other people

LADY WOOTTON of ABINGER.—Is not the implication of Lord Derwent's question that young people are inherently insanitary and objectionable and ought to be done away with ? (Laughter.)

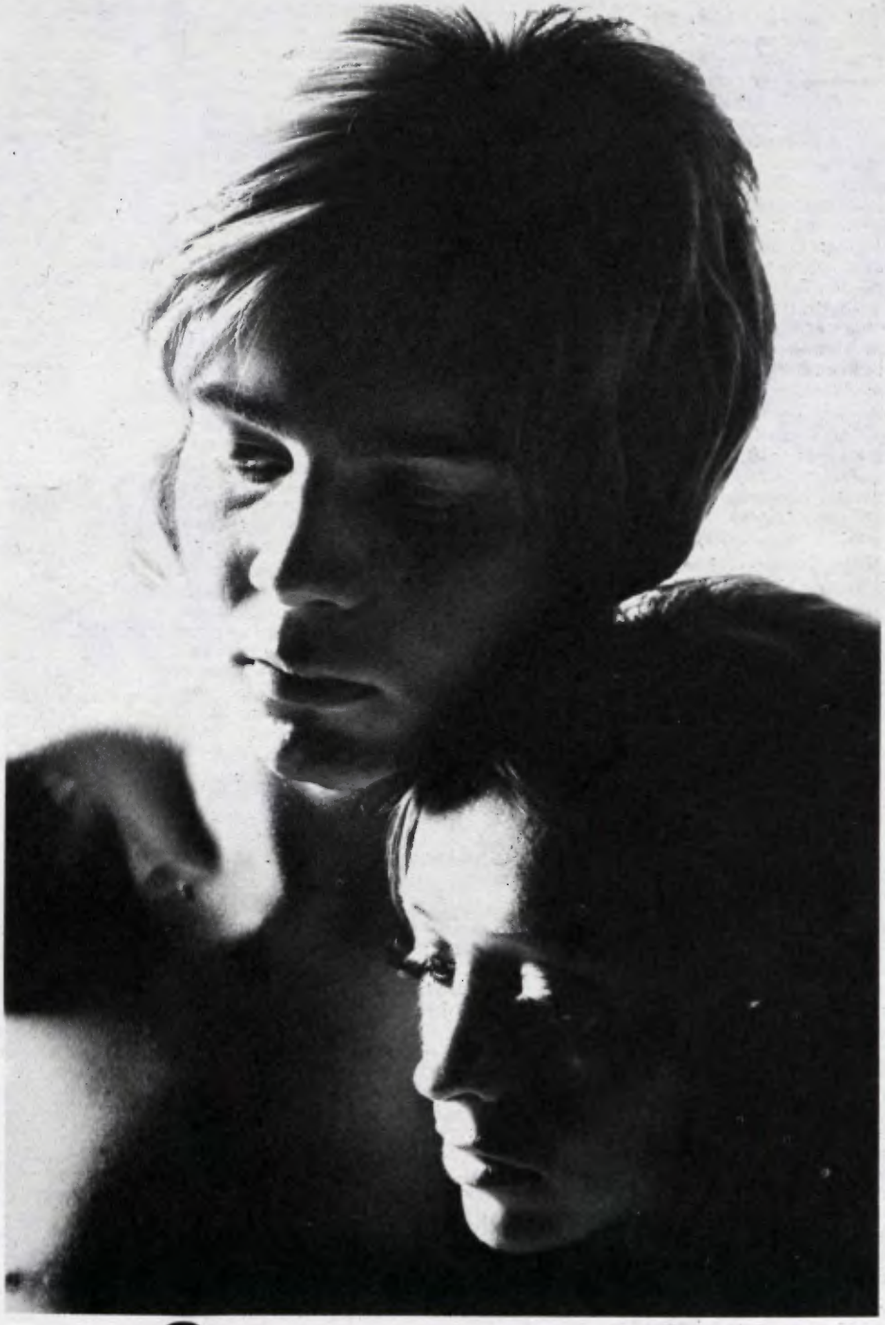
LORD BYERS (L.).—The Government should resist this Tory attack on the right of assembly. (Cheers.) It has come to a pretty pass when 70,000 youngsters go to a park and behave responsibly and this House should be seen to be criticizing them. (Renewed cheers.)

LADY LLEWELYN-DAVIES said the dangers of disrupting the ordinary activities of the parks were not great.

She was sure the Opposition had not heard of the groups who took part. They included The Cream, The Move, The Pink Floyd, and one which she was sure would delight Conservative peers, The Election. (Laughter.)

LORD STRABOLGI (Lab.). — Would Lady Llewelyn-Davies assure us that these concerts in the Royal Parks cannot be considered a rival to similar pop concerts organized in the grounds of several stately homes. (Laughter.) The House then debated economic problems in Scotland and rose at 8.29 p.m.

WHO CARES ABOUT SEX?



jeremy

The magazine for people who don't care about sex!

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66 BOLSOVER STREET LONDON W.1

OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock

Tim Leary says that he'll conduct a 'grass roots' campaign for governor of California, beginning with a train tour of the State in September. He already has the support of more than 100 rock bands and 'the four leading newspapers' and explains that though he won't be participating in machine politics 'there may be some smoke-filled rooms'.

At his NYC press conference last week the jubilant acid Guru stoned deadpan into network TV cameras and said the recent Supreme Court axing of the Federal tax proviso on pot meant that heads could smoke legally on Federal property — national parks and FBI offices, for example. The government's recent estimate of 6 million users was about as accurate as their Vietnam casulaty estimates, he suggested, substituting a more likely figure of 40,000,000 smokers.

Chesnut: An old joke reappeared in the LA Free Press. "It is said that the Republicans are considering changing their emblem from an elephant to a condom, because a condom stands for inflation, halts production, encourages co-operation, protects a bunch of pricks, and gives one a false sense of security while being screwed."

Overset: Britain's Noise Abatement Society complained (to the Department of Weights & Measures) that BOAC's ads about its 'silent' jets were dishonest and misleading. And believe it or not the ads were stopped . . . ICI, the British plastics firm, has devised a plastic tombstone . . . Macy's is touting (for 70 bucks) a transistorized belt that massages you while you work (or fuck) . . . The four-year-old Research Committee on Cannabis (write Joe Berke, 31 Randolph Ave, London W9) has almost completed its report after studying the habits of almost one thousand heads . . . Watch for the split-second shot of the motor cycle burning about two-thirds of the way thru the marvellous Peter Fonda-Dennis Hopper movie 'Easy Rider'. It's a brilliantly subliminal premonition of how life (and the movie) ends . . . John Harriman writes poems in taxi cabs and titles them with the drivers' names . . .

Eatitup: Cat and dogfood advertising 'are subtly directed towards the appetites of people, not animals' says Connie Sohodski in The Dove, and as evidence she asks why the adds stress that the food is *all meat*? That *dogfood shouldn't taste like dogfood.* That one commercial depicts dogs shopping in a supermarket 'and engaging in all that chitchat that people might engage in'. The fact is, she adds, that petfood manufacturers have discovered that their products sell well in areas inhabited by people who can't afford pets — that they're obviously buying the stuff for themselves.

Extra: Telephone company is refunding thousands of bucks each week to disgruntled customers who lose dimes in broken phones. All you to do is call the operator and ask for your share

Aruba: The nearest island to the South American coast is Aruba (where I dropped out least week to do some work) but like most islands within our orbit it's predominantly American and totally colourless. No indiginous native food to speak of, no colorful local customs (or costumes), just a dreadful American-type ressort conformity as best exemplified by two Sheraton-style hostels — gloomy barns with nothing to offer but plastic American meals and gambling. Even the entertainment is third-rate Las Vegas acts and this issue, in fact, is the spearhead for an attack on the system by concerned natives who want to see local musicians get a chance. Aruba has one interesting asset: a desalinization plant with oil-powered generators which can supply this almost-barren coral island with almost 3 million gallons of fresh water per day at a monthly cost of about $12 for each family. These plants to extract fresh water from the sea are the wave of the future but very few communities have been far-sighted enough to invest in them.

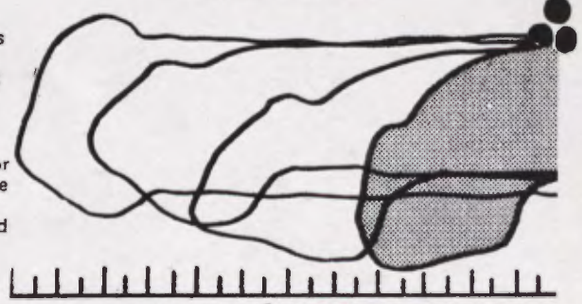
Smut: Lennox Raphael's 'Che!' (OZ 21) which depicted fucking on stage with honesty, poetry and humor got busted as obscenity whereas Ken Tynan's new hit, 'Oh Calcutta' which depicts fucking somewhat more satirically (and sleazily) will probably make a fortune for all concerned. Which isn't necessarily to put it down: it does present sex more honestly than previous commercial hits and it will free the theatre (and its predominantly middle-class audiences) that much more. But will 'Oh Calcutta' ever see the debt that it owes to 'Che!' And, more importantly, will it ever acknowledge that debt publicly with money or support? ?

A comune: calling itself the Kingdom of Endor tried to plan The Great Aspen Freak Festival in the little Colorado town for this July but carelessly announced that 100,000 hippies could be expected — and that blew the whole thing. Suddenly the available land wasn't available any more and threats of 'vigilante' action scared off what few record company commitments that had been made. What finally brought matters to a head was a claim — untrue — that the Beatles would be coming. Meanwhile, the Colorado legislature passed a special law to allow 90-day jail sentences for kids convicted of squatting on unoccupied property in the mountains west of Boulder. Apparently there was quite a bit of it last year and no law to cope with it.

The Movement: Chicago indictments against the yippies and others charging 'conspiracy' ('the first time that the majesty of the US government has been used to make criminal charges against a put-on', says Michael Harrington) is successfully shaping us all into a conspiracy — an open one that freely admits its aim as to be the overthrow of the US 'government'. Heterogenous guest list for the Abbie Hoffman fund-raising party shows how widespread The Conspiracy is becoming . . . Veteran publisher and Peace Eye freak Ed Sanders, meanwhile, is completing his novel about Abbie tracing the growth of the Yippie conspiracy right up to its current position as 'an international cartel of chromose-damaged diplomats, Swedish generals, Yippie agents with the pentagon, war correspondents, bank presidents, nuns, poets, streetfuckers and peace apes' . . . Black Panthers' brilliant (and humane) national campaign to provide breakfasts for undernourished children so they can learn better ('we must survive this evil government so we can build a new one') is outlined in the April 27 issue of their paper, the Black Panther (25c from Box 2967, Custom House, SF, Calif 94126).

Mediamix: If Craig Karpel's profile in the first issue of US is any criterion, David Eisenhower's at least as dumb as his father. And he apparently told the Times that he was marrying Julie Nixon before graduation because he didn't have the 'will power' to wait two years before fucking her . . . As he busted Screw and Kiss for 'obscenity' (his definition), NYC assistant DA Richard Beckler became judge, jury and executioner by threatening to arrest any newsstand that carried the papers. Apparently he's trying to save money by dispensing with the need for trials although it's doubtful that the US government would agree with him. Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley, the editors of Screw are suing the city for damages, and with help from the New York Civil Liberties Union, plan to take the case to federal court. The first issue of Screw (January 69) is now a collectors item worth 25 dollars, and by the time of the bust, the circulation had jumped from a few thousand to 120,000. Screw was the first into the underground sex field, and is famous for its gutsy down to earth approach, and sense of humour. It exposed male and female genitals and the relative endowments of

PETER METER



the mayoral candidates, and ran dirty movie reviews which made an assessment, based on a 'peter meter', of the number and quality of erections each one produced.

Are hustlers the only chicks answering those stud-wants-to-fuck ads in the sex classifieds? . . . The Nation doesn't agree with James Forman's campaign to pressure the rich WASP churches for financial reparations. Why? Well, maybe the Nation's financial backers include some of those rich, white churchmen . . . SF's Society for Individual Rights (SIR) is battling with Pacific Telephone for the right to be listed in the Yellow Pages under 'homosexual' . . . Scores of indignant readers complained to Hamburg's Der Spiegel magazine about its ads showing a bloodsuckin chick illustrating the theme that 'Fernet-Branca helps against vampires' — but sales of the aperitif rose 25 per cent . . . The movie, 'If It's Tuesday This Must Be Belgium' ran out of whimsy before it ran out of title, says film critic Burt Prelutsky who suggests renaming it 'Europe On Five Dullards A Day' . . . More financially insolvent u/ground papers can be expected to follow the lead set by Seattle's Helix and SF's Good Times (which has since folded) by reincorporating as a nonprofit religious foundation under the umbrella of the Universal Life Church, staffs thus becoming worker-priests . . . Toby Mamis explains that he asked the copyright people in Washington about the name 'New York Herald Tribune' and was told nobody was using it. And that's why NYC's highschool kids can buy this new, livelier tabloid (110 Riverside Drive, NYC 10024). And with the original logo, yet.

LOADED !

Bob Pritchard

There were several members of the County Police Force at each end of the narrow alley. They were hiding behind garden walls, uncomfortable under bushes, and up in the trees, waiting. A Police Psychiatrist had examined the facts in the case of the 'Blackhound Lane Slayings' and had decided that it was inevitable that the killer would attempt to strike again, soon. The Police had therefore decided to prepare a trap. A decoy, Policewoman Elsie Griswold, would walk this way each night until the killer showed. This would be the second night.

The three victims had all been young girls, attractive, and under twenty-three, as was Miss Griswold. The bodies had been found in this lane ten to twelve hours after they had been reported missing. Or, rather, parts of their bodies had, for they had been mutilated beyond recognition. All that had been left of three fine young girls had been a pile of crushed bones, a smear of blood, and a few teeth, from which identification had been proven.

As the policemen waited, a cat stalked the night air across the lane, playing with its tail. It paused at the side, sniffing suspiciously, tail crooked and twitching nervously.

Not one of the policemen noticed when the cat disappeared, nor did one notice later when a small mess of blood and bones lay steaming on the surface of the earth, in the centre of that dark lane.

A car drew up noisily. The decoy alighted, unescorted, and as the men grew tense with anticipation, started to waik along the darkness, heels clicking on the gravel.

There was an earsplitting shriek, then the ground beneath her feet cracked open. Fingers of earth gripped her ankles and started to pull her into the blackness. She screamed, kicking her legs wildly, but the earth entwined around her legs pulling her deeper into its bosom. The men, too stunned to move at first, recovered slightly, and raced forward bumping into each other in their haste. Chaos.

As the first man reached her the earth covered her mouth Attempting to scream through the soil she succeeded only in producing a feeble gurgling sound.

Before any man could find a suitable grip on her head it disappeared beneath the soil. The men stood around the bubbling earth, stunned and powerless.

The ground bubbled wildly for a short while, then lay calm and still. Much later the earth convulsed and vomited the remains of the female body. It lay on the ground, a circular mess of bones, framed with a splattering of blood, and one fine pair of N.H.S. dentures.

The earth belched, then fell asleep.

A NIGHT'S DREAM

Her gestures tumble cliches round the room
Filled with examining eyes, while
The pungent stench of cheap perfume
Obscures the blank aftermath of a smile.

In the dark when the light had been fucked off,
I read by my bulbous flame
The story of my life, as if the same
Old fanny had produced a spark,
A fusion of all that glistered in my loins,
Ears, balls, knees and thrusting arse.
It started with a theme –
I call it that – made
Of memories of a randy boy.
Marx only knows the feelings that I had
When all the other lads, my pals,
Kicked footballs in the streets,
Streets filled with paper and with dung,
They wanted to kick balls,
I wanted to rest mine in a cunt
And spinning from the first attempt
To draw the spunk myself
I then remembered Nancy's tits
Big, beautiful, spear –
Pointed breasts that trembled in my hands
Like perfect jellies.
She was not the first I'd felt
But then she was the best.

In the privacy of the open night
One male grasshopper drove
His point home with a quick shove
And the lady's shudder. Love?

Alan Bold

THINGS TO SEE IN LONDON

First notice the adverts – London's greatest free show.
One says PROTECT YOUR WIFE
INSURE YOUR LIFE
Another says GET A BETTER JOB & MORE PAY
One says that WRIGLEY'S aids concentration
And another says WARNING
Obstructing the doors of the train causes delay
and can be dangerous. Any interference with
the doors is an offence against the BYELAWS
If after this show you feel like dining, swallow hard
or visit the WIMPY bar in Waterloo station
which is run by an Indian in a white hat.

Next day instead of going to the zoo walk down Oxford
Street and see where the pigeons sit in the road
like a flock of sheep on a bit of space the stupid
traffic hasn't noticed.
If you feel like a day out try Aldershot.

If you want to see some graphic art, for 9d you can
visit each of the cubicles of the men's lavatories
at Waterloo station.
One of the best spots if you want to write a postcard
or scribble a novel or poem is a bench in the
station. This is where I'm writing this.

You can spend the night here.

Don't go to the Brook Green Labour Exchange or the Social
Security at Holland Park. They won't give you
anything without you've got enough stamps or waiting
half a day. I don't have that much time.

It gets rather cold in Waterloo station about 2 am.

But if you stick it out you can see the view from
Waterloo Bridge at dawn. It's OK.

Peter Brown

stimulant personal massager

Scientifically designed shape—no uncomfortable protruberances—1¼" x 7"—easy to keep clean—can be used with creams and oils—absolutely safe to use on any part of the body. De-luxe model, batteries included. 80/- p & p included.

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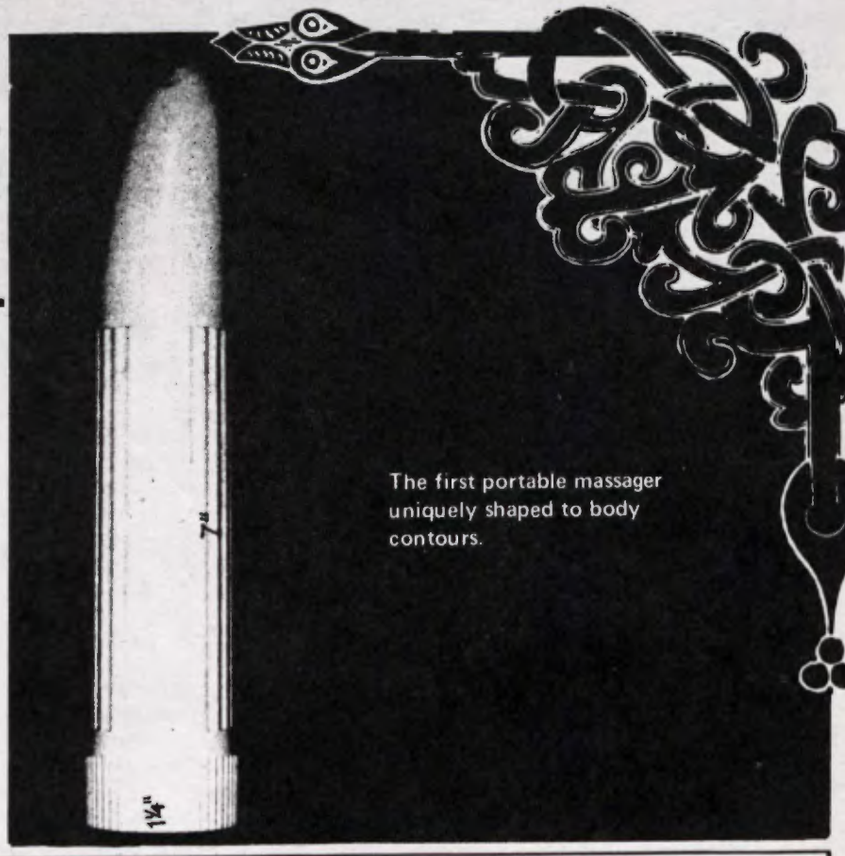
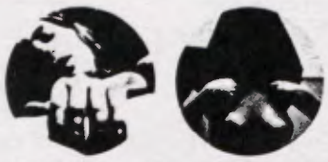


The first portable massager uniquely shaped to body contours.

An Evening with Steve Dwoskin U.S.A./U.K.



A repeat of the ICA's recent retrospective, including the four films that won Dwoskin the Solvay Prize at Knokke-le-Zoute – **Chinese Checkers, Alone, Naissant** and **Soliloquy** – and his latest films **Take Me** and **Me, Myself and I.**

"If you tried to give a bare description of what Steve Dwoskin's films are about, it would sound like a parody of an underground film-maker. There's one about two lesbians playing checkers, one about a lonely girl masturbating, and another about a girl contemplating pregnancy. But all of Dwoskin's films are too subtle to be put down by a prosaic recital of their scenario . . . Steve Dwoskin is a 29 year-old New Yorker who has lived in London for the past three years and teaches graphics at the London College of Printing . . . He dislikes being called an underground film-maker. 'The word underground completely ignores the variety of films shown outside the commercial cinema – animation, realism, documentary, fantasy. If you need a description I suppose "individual" is probably the best word". Dick Gilbert, The Guardian.

"Dwoskin's films have a kind of poetic realism. They render what is. And they comprise a facet of the current revolt against secrecy which is our most urgent need." Philip Crick, Cinim.

"Even if Knokke and organiser Jacques Ledoux had only allowed us to see the four Dwoskin films, the Festival would have been wholly justified." Cahiers du Cinema.

At Nash House, The Mall, S.W.1.

Wednesday, July 16th, 18.00
Wednesday, August 6th, 22.00 all seats 8/6

30

AN EVENING WITH STEVE DWOSKIN

That's just one page from our new programme! It takes 35 more to describe the other films on show in what the Times calls 'a continuous London Film Festival'. Our presentations are unscheduled for any public London opening. Some await distributors, some await cinemas, some have been banned by the censors. Only New Cinema Club members can risk tomorrow's films today.

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hip ocrates

QUESTION: Where can I get myself *CASTRATED*? I'm tired of sex I hate sex, I don't want to be controlled by women any longer! I hate the two-facedness, bouble-think, hypocrisy. I can't stand living in the Sexual Contradiction any longer: sex is condemned, sex is admired; sex is dirty, sex is fun; if I ask her or imply that I want sex, she hates me ('What? You think I'm a *WHORE?'*) but if I don't ask her and in fact act like 'I don't want sex' (and I have done this) she says, 'What, I'm *NOT GOOD ENOUGH* for you?

I think all morals should be destroyed, the Church should be destroyed, the educational system, the family, the state, the culture, male supremacy, money, competition, the TV, Power, the police and the courts should be destroyed as the only way in which we can live in a sexually free society. Maybe we should all have to be brought up nude to eliminate the sex hang-ups. And why should we hide it? To protest this social atrocity and hypocrisy, masses of people should fuck in the streets!

But in the meantime, I can't stand it. Will a hospital do it? I don't mean just removing the tubes. I mean cutting off the dick and the sac, so there won't be any more desire for sex. Would I still be able to live? What would happen if I did it myself? Is there any way to put the sex organs to sleep to eliminate the pain?

ANSWER: I think you should call the Department of Mental Health of your county or City Health Department to learn of psychiatric services available to you. Other sources of information are the local medical society or the nearest medical schools. Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.

QUESTION: I am writing to you in regard to my weight problem. I am 22, five feet six inches tall and I weigh 134 pounds. I would like to weigh 125 pounds. I have been as heavy as 145 pounds and really have had no trouble losing the first ten pounds but the second are a problem.

I perform fellatio on my boyfriend an average of four times a day. My girlfriend told me the average caloric value of one ejaculation is 100.

It is true that I am gaining calories by ingesting his semen? Should I keep an account of this and add it to my chart?

ANSWER: Dedicated medical researchers have found that the average ejaculation has a volume of 3 to 5 cubic centimeters – about a teaspoonful. Since the caloric value of a teaspoonful of pure sugar is only 18, it would seem likely that these felonies* committed with your boyfriend lead to a net calorie loss for both of you.

*Fellatio is a crime punishable in California by prison terms of 1 to 14 years for each offence. Most other states have similar penalties.

QUESTION: Could you explain please the results of a conversion operation for either a male or female trans-sexual. Is it possible to develop a penis for a woman or a vagina for a man?

ANSWER: To answer your question briefly, it is possible to construct an artifical vagina for a trans-sexual male but not a penis for a trans-sexual female. In a male the penis and testicles are surgically removed and an artificial vagina constructed, usually from the lining of the scrotum. Female hormones are given to cause enlargement of the breasts and a decrease in facial hair. In females, male hormones are given to increase the amount of facial hair and to deepen the voice. The breasts are often surgically removed but thus far no technique has been developed to give a penis to a trans-sexual female.

QUESTION: I have six children and would like to find a way to present my soul-mate with a more shrunken area to play in. Dig?

My physician told me that I had an unusually good pelvic floor for having had so many children (whatever that means). I have exercised my vaginal muscles but think I have accomplished all that can be done that way. My husband is sweet and says it doesn't make that much difference, but . . .

Incidentally, I called my doctor to ask if I could have some kind of surgical repair. But the nurse I had to clear it through was grossly offended, wouldn't bother the doctor with it and called me a "perverted slut."

How do them up-tight apples grab ya?

ANSWER: If there's any perversion here it comes from the nurse and not you. I think you should bring this matter directly to the attention of your physician – he may not know the harm being done by his nurse.

Surgical procedures are sometimes performed in a case such as yours and a gynecologist could give you a definative answer.

HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and their answers now published by Grove Press, at $5.00. Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your letters/questions. Write to him c/o PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709. Mark your letters **OZ.**

POVERTY COOKING

After the gastronomic excesses of last month, our expert offers a couple of recipes, delightfully simple and morally impeccable, which might have come straight from the pages of George Oshawa's Zen Cookery. Macrobiotics does not necessarily mean brown rice and beatific starvation in a damp North Kensington basement. Eat cheaply, grow happy and fat, and taking into account that you are living in London in the middle of the 20th century, grapple once more with the yin/yang principle.

Backed Rice. Serves four.

Total cost: 2s. Although some healthfood shops charge as much as 2s 9d, you should not have to pay more than 1s 6d a lb. for your rice. *Ingredients:* Two cups of short grain brown rice, three cups of water, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon Tamari soy sauce.

Method: After washing the rice, place it in a dry frying pan, and roast it until it is golden and begins to pop. Then place all the ingredients in a casserole and bake for 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

If you think that this sounds just too dull for words, melt as much hash as you can afford (but no more than ¼ oz) in a spoon with a little corn or sesame oil, and stir it in instead of the Tamari soy sauce. Call it Rice Delight, and make sure you lick out the bowl.

Eggs in Batter For four.

Total cost: 2s 6d.

Ingredients: 4 eggs. Use only fertile eggs from hens which have been organically fed. Don't despair, cracked eggs from Sainsbury's will do, and despite what you may have heard from your macrobiotic friends, it is not essential that the hens were in the lotus position when the eggs were laid. For the batter: ½ cup of wholewheat flour, ½ cup of water, a pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon corn starch.

Method: Mix the batter, not worrying too much about lumps. Put ¼ of the batter into a small bowl, into which you then break one egg. Gently scoop batter around the egg, and then quickly slip the egg and batter into deep oil, hot enough to cook the batter, but not to overcook the egg. By the time you've done the fourth egg, you've probably worked out how to do it perfectly.

SEE Heironymus Merkin
fall in league with the evil satyr
Good Time Eddie Filth.

SEE Heironymus Merkin
fall for the tantalising nymphet
Mercy Humppe.

SEE Heironymus Merkin
fall into the arms of
Polyester Poontang,
Filligree Fondle and just
about every girl who dared
to listen to him sing.

SEE Heironymus Merkin's
mum fall off her rocker at her
singing, dancing son's
incredible performances.

HEAR twelve new songs,
featuring the voice of death
as he sings the enchanting
'When You Gotta Go You Gotta Go.'

HEAR Uncle Limelight
sing the beautiful pastoral
ballad 'Piccadilly Lily.'

HEAR your conscience tell you
to miss this film the first chance you get.

TELL it to go to... ****
See it!

Universal Pictures Limited Presents
Anthony Newley · Joan Collins · Milton Berle in
"Can Heironymus Merkin ever forget Mercy Humppe and find true happiness?"
co-starring Stubby Kaye and Bruce Forsyth as Uncle Limelight and George Jessel as "The Presence"
WRITTEN BY HERMAN RAUCHER and ANTHONY NEWLEY · MUSIC BY ANTHONY NEWLEY · LYRICS BY HERBERT KRETZMER · PRODUCED and DIRECTED BY ANTHONY NEWLEY
A Universal Pictures Limited/Toronto Corporation Production · Technicolor®
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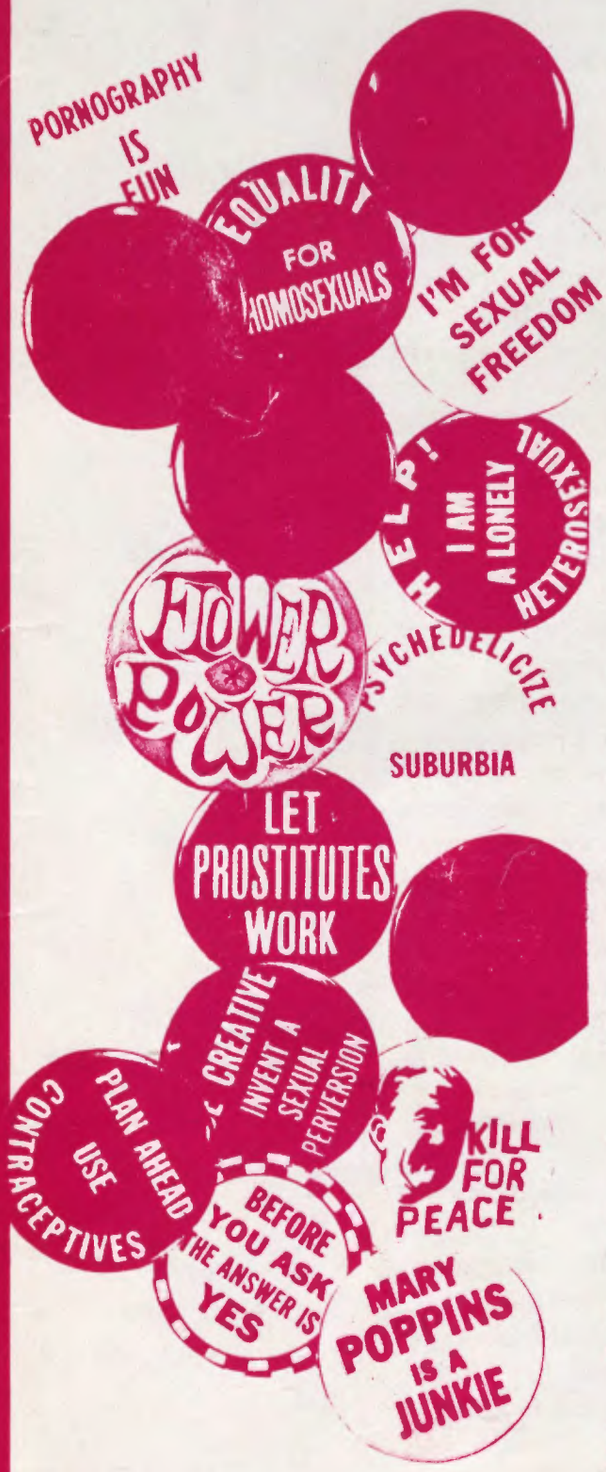
BY JOEL RALEIGH, EDITOR

THE GREAT HIPPIE HOAX



Stripping the petals off the Flower Children reveals them to be floundering in a cesspool of sex, half-crazed with weird drugs, parasitic, selfish, diseased and above all—coldly calculating!

a report to the people

The germination for this book as a public service document began several months ago in San Francisco in the twilight of a raw and blustering day.

In a state of hallucinatory coma, a young woman had been brought by an ambulance to the city hospital. Babbling and screaming, the patient was utterly oblivious of sights and sounds outside of herself.

Stripped of all the verbiage by toxicologists, by officers who had filled in the proper forms, by surgeons, by the hospital's own records as prepared by nurses, the facts of the case were as follows:

For the purpose of this report her name is Ella Willcox, aged 17.

She was listed under the archaic heading of "spinster," but as shall be seen she was anything but that at the time of her arrival at the intensive care sector of the hospital.

She was lying nude when she was found on the grubby floor of a foul tenement basement in the notorious Haight-Ashbury District, feeding grounds of an estimated 60,000 hippies.

Her body was a classic of splendor—except for several factors.

Her belly was distended with pregnancy and it was later determined she was approximately in the fifth month.

Starting at the top and ranging down, her once-golden hair was crawling with body lice. The hair itself was matted and gummy and stank of perspiration.

Her ears were clotted with filth that had accrued on the natural wax and her hearing was somewhat impaired until washing with high-powered syringes brought out blobs of congealed sediments.

Her teeth were rotting and her breath was foul from noxious gases stemming from her stomach and internal organs. Her teeth hadn't been brushed for several months, it was plain to see, and were stained with cigarette and marijuana secretions.

Her globular breasts were bitten severely and the left one had a festering sore with a tooth mark revealed about the nipple. Lactation had set in and it was apparent that someone had been feeding off her.

Her swollen belly, inflated both by pregnancy and the onset of an early malnutrition, was crisscrossed with scratches presumably made by a sadist. Several of the scratches were oozing with pus.

Her pubic hair was also acrawl with lice of the vulgaris variety familiarly known as "crabs."

The insides of her thighs, which because of her pregnancy showed distended veins, were also bitten severely. From her vagina, a fluid, yellowish in character, flowed.

Her ankles and feet were filthy. The soles of her feet had developed a horny surface of callused skin which indicated the girl had not worn shoes for an extended period.

The room itself, if it can be called that since the boiler of the tenement took up a great deal of space, was a shambles.

Worse, in one corner, someone had defecated and a hole near a steam pipe was obviously used as a urinal. Near this was a tin box that obviously served as the storing place for food.

The air was rank. It sickened the ambulance attendants and officers who had been called to the scene by alarmed neighbors.

No one in the neighborhood would talk. No one would say with whom the girl had been living. An expired driver's license established her identity. She had come from the Middle West and was the daughter of a prosperous hardware merchant. In short, she had come to San Francisco the previous year, had obtained a job, had even written faithfully to her parents until her letters became confusing and discordant.

She had joined the ranks of the hippies, her father, who came posthaste, found. She refused to give up what she called her "new-found freedom," and dropped out of sight except for infrequent appeals for money which was sent her.

It is the goal of this document to show that the hippies —both here and abroad—are nothing but swindlers, liars, conmen, cheats, and that, above all, their primary concern is to keep themselves sensually excited.

They are frauds; they are shams. And the proof is simple, direct and easy.

The proof that the hippie is a hoax may be gathered from those officials who have had close and extended contact with them. With those who know them well and who have remained undeceived by pretensions and by lies.

The hoax that the hippie has perpetrated on the public is enormous.

Hippies are not fun-loving. They are vicious.

They are not saturated with love. They hate.

They are not pure and spiritual. They are degenerate.

They are not kind. They are often insufferably cruel.

They are not simple, natural and spontaneous. They are cold, calculating self-servers who constantly seek to get something for nothing. And they are succeeding. Because society has been gullible and supportive.

That the hippies are this way can be gleaned from the people who assembled, most willingly, to assist in giving from the fund of their knowledge and experiences.

No one has been paid to contribute information to this book. It was given free in the hope that exposure may lead to some concerted public action against a movement now infecting the nation and many countries abroad.

To shield themselves against criticism, to insure that they will not lose their jobs, to make certain that they are not revealing much from confidential files, the names of the authors included here are pseudonyms.

But the facts are true. Some sections which were recorded on tape have been edited only to afford a readable continuity.

We salute, with great gratitude, those who have assisted in this documentation of a great hoax that is running rampant and is, in many serious respects, endangering the nation.

You cannot afford not to be involved.

Your daughter, your son, your wife, your husband may be a victim of the consequences of what the hippie has wrought in this land.

There is a sadness, a disgust and a cold anger in the presentation of this book. •

BY MR. AND MRS. F. CROWINSHIELD

"please come home! our hearts are breaking!"

The distraught parents of a girl hippie tell of their agony when she vanished into hippie limbo.

We, as parents of a daughter, forever lost and gone to us, stretch forth a hand to other parents who today are bereft of their children.

No, our sweet child is not dead. No, as people who believe in the Almighty, we cannot wish her dead. For it is a sin to wish anyone dead—even though it be for her own good. That must be in the judgment of God, in His hands.

There is little point in recounting what we gave to our dear child, our own Belinda. Suffice it to say she had a good home, a room of her own with her own private bath; her own television set; a wardrobe of fine clothes; charge accounts at the best stores; an allowance of $15 a week; her own little red sports car; a vacation in Europe with three friends; tuition paid for in a famous Eastern college.

Are we wealthy people? No, not as wealth is measured these days. I suppose we are affluent in the sense that we are financially secure and reasonably comfortable.

But we feel we gave Belinda more than material pos-

sessions. We gave her love and tried to inculcate spiritual values.

Where did we go wrong? Where did we fail to keep her on the path of an orderly life so that she turned to the lowest dregs for her companions and threw away a future that may have been a golden one?

Our Belinda ran away from home when she was just 16. Just 16, mind you. It seems like yesterday that she told us triumphantly that she had begun to menstruate. We are not prudes. We discussed sex freely and openly with her. We told her what is known as "the facts of life."

She ran off without a word and we heard from her four days later—after four days of sleeplessness and sorrow. We had an inkling where she had gone. For several months, she seemed to be going about with boys not of her set, not of her class. Untidy looking boys, some of them sporting beards.

This kind of life is not unknown in California today. We did not worry overmuch. The beatnik had had his day and we read vaguely and with disinterest about the hippie, the new kind of citizen who despises the world he lives in.

When she left she withdrew her $200 savings and also took money from her father's wallet and her mother's purse. She probably had a total of about $350.

Four days later, she called from Southern California. We live on the Peninsula, about 15 miles south of San Francisco.

Her voice was fuzzy; she giggled hysterically.

"Mom, I'm not a virgin any more." That was her greeting.

Then she began to ramble and used the foulest language we had ever heard in our lives. We listened to her quietly. It was hard to believe she was our daughter.

She said she needed money. We did not ask her what had happened to the $350 in a few days. We did not reprimand her. We just wanted her home.

She said she needed $500 in a hurry. We went to the bank the next day in a state of shock and wired her the money.

Then weeks drew into months and one day a second call was made. This time she wanted just $25. We wired that to her.

In the interim, of course, we had enlisted the police who sent out a Missing Persons alarm over 10 Western states.

The police lieutenant was kindness itself. He warned us exactly what would happen.

"I know the hippies. They'll take her for everything she can get for them. They'll spend in one night what it costs you weeks to earn. They'll threaten to kick her out if she doesn't come up with more money."

Then he cautioned us not to expect to find her.

"Your description is meaningless. She no longer looks like the same girl. She's probably dressed up in one of those weird costumes and it would be hard even for you to pick her out. Moreover, she probably looks different. Drugs do that, you know."

One day we received a letter from her. It was the only one we had ever gotten in almost a year. It reads like this:

"Dear Parents: I think you stink. You make me sick. You make love with the lights out. Are you ashamed of your bodies?

"I'm surprised you ever got pregnant, Mother. You are always so holy and virtuous. Why you never even let Dad take a shower with you, I'll bet. And I'll bet you never let him do the things he would like to do in bed. And I'll bet you would love to do things with him in bed but you're too stupid to tell him that. You're too loused up.

"Mom, did you ever do this with Dad? (And here there was a crudely drawn sketch in the margin of her letter that is too disgusting to describe.)

"Dad, did you ever do this with Mother? (And here was another drawing showing another sexual posture.)

"Send me money. Send me money every week from now on. You'll never hear from me unless you send $25 a week via Western Union. I'm letting you off lightly. I could get more from you. Maybe I'll ask for more later. Belinda."

This from our own daughter. We were torn between sickness and despair. Did she think we had never been young? Did she not stop to think how she was traducing her very own parents who had never harmed her. Why did she do this? Does she hate us that much?

The answer is that she does have a consuming hatred for us.

It took a deal of courage, but we took the letter to a psychiatrist. He twirled his eyeglasses for a while and then spoke.

"Do not for a moment blame yourselves," he said. "You will have a tendency to do so. The girl has completely lost touch with reality."

Then he said something astonishing. "It's not all a matter of drugs either. We have a tendency to blame those peculiar actions, this drive towards self-destruction, on drugs. Don't forget that the very act of taking drugs is a kind of suicide. She hates herself and so she turns the hatred on you.

"There are some women who are desirous in bed and get a deal of joy from their husbands. There are others who are cold and who don't care about sex one way or the other. And there are the tramps, the ones who do it for sexual passion or for money. Your daughter is the tramp who does it for sheer viciousness. She loves her body and wants to enjoy it to the hilt. Accept the fact that she is a tramp, as is true of all the hippies, and you will understand her all the better."

Of course the question remains this: Would she have become a tramp had there been no hippies?

We are certain she never would have become the tramp the psychiatrist spoke about. She would have gone to college, would have met a man, would have married, had children and gone through life in the familiar pattern. She might have been unhappy in her married life and wanted other men. Perhaps she would have committed adultery many times over. I do not know. But even adultery, even many divorces, even many a mess in her personal life would have been better.

It would have been better than no life at all.

We are not so blind as to say that the hippies ruined her. That would be ridiculous. That would be a lie.

The fact of the matter is she is a hippie herself. Why do we parents always go around blaming the others?

Someone has seen our daughter. We are told she looks like a woman of 35 or more. She has lines beneath her eyes; her skin is grey; her body hangs limply. Drugs will do that, we are told.

We also should like to exhibit another letter she sent us not long ago:

"Dear Has-Beens: Well, you will be glad to hear that I've turned you into grandparents. Yop! You are the happy grandfather and the happy grandmother of a beautiful little baby who was buried this morning. Like that? I thought you would. Love, your ever-loving. Belinda."

Why is she so vicious? Is it the drugs? No. It is Belinda herself. Drugs could not do that. She has a fateful defect somewhere in her makeup, in her composition.

It is therefore with great emotion, with a sense of believing that we are grownups and intelligent, that we indict our own daughter, Belinda, along with all the other hippies.

Our daughter Belinda is to blame for her own destruction and for destroying our lives. We are of course different people. We see no one, go no place. Her presence and her absence hangs over our house.

With heavy hearts, before God, we cannot hold her blameless for this would be an injustice to those whom she probably has harmed in her own, cruel way.

We indict our own daughter Belinda and may God have mercy on her—and on us. •

The indictments have been drawn; the charges have been made; the evidence has been presented. What is to be done now? There is much that can be done—and done right away. A national crisis requires action against the human plague.

what must be done?

During World War II, the United States placed more than 100,000 persons into detention camps. Most people are unaware of this. Today, the U.S. Government should round up draft dodgers and put them into detention camps. Those who interfere with the draft process must be put into other and similar camps. That's what can be done! (UPI)

From **The Great Hippie Hoax,** 'a scalding indictment of the phoney movement that has trapped thousands of teenagers', published by Universal Publishing and Distributing Corporation, 235 East 45 Street, NY 10017; Universal-Tandem Publishing Company Limited, 33 Beauchamp Place, London SW3. This glossy document concludes not only that hippies should be sent to concentration camps, but that their homes be burnt, and the occupants made 'to clean up garbage and thrown into jail'. The book contains eleven 'indictments' of hippiedom, which apart from the one reproduced here include:

Indictment 1, by Sgt Lemuel Parkinson. From sodomy to safe-cracking, from mayhem to murder, from rape to robbery, from prostitution to pilfering, — millions of dollars are spent annually to catch criminals — and a police officer tells why hippies are above the law and get away with their scurrilous acts.

Indictment 2, by Doctor Penn Warren Delaplaine. The hippie activates longings that man has repressed for centuries. These primitve desires make themselves manifest in sexual perversions that appear to dominate the entire movement.

Indictment 3, by Sidonie Grunweld, Phd. They rise at mid-day, perhaps munch on dog food or smear rancid butter all over their tongues, put on some dirty shoes and socks, ignore the stained and filthy bed. Before they set out to pan-handle their way though the day they water the pot on the windowsill.

Indictment 4, by Judge Antonio Bellargia, Magistrate's Court. Then they are hailed into court, the mouth words never before heard in chambers of law. They befoul their cells so horribly that other prisoners refuse to be near them. They wolf down their food like animals, and their probation reports mark the pathological liar. They masturbate openly any place, any time.

Indictment 5, by Doctor Llewelyn Maxfield. A horror of hepatitisis sweeping across the land. Accompanying it is an alarming increase in venereal disease. The dangers of permanent drug damage to an alarming percentage of young people and to the children they will give birth to are terrible to contemplate.

Indictment 6, by Sam D Perriotti. A slum landlord who specializes in hippie tenants tells gleefully how he ravages the girls when they're behind on his gouging rent — and how he watches orgiastic parties at the pads.

Indictment 8, by Arthur Lorge. A self-confessed lecher who preys upon young innocent girls and lives off them until their money runs out, tells what it's like to savour the world's offerings without responsibility. As he puts it: 'I've got life knocked up!'

Indictment 9, by Helen Smithers. She got tired of fumbling on the porch and the hurly-burly of the back of the car. She wanted it what she calls 'straight and hot' without her parents telling her what time to come home and whom to see. This girl hippie freely confesses at 17 that she's had more than 60 lovers in a year!

Indictment 10, by Thomas Eddleworth. The ravaging Hell's Angels, who terrorize whole towns when they go snorting in on their powerful motorcycles, have found new playmates — the hippies. They beat the hippies senseless whenever they want to and use the girl hippies as so many chattels Here, a member tells of the brutal pleasures they have with the insipid, smiling hippies.

Indictment 11, by Joe L Bushmiller. A famous reporter who has covered everything from dope running to dipsomaniacs, mayhem to marauding tells of his eventful weeks in the sewers of hippiedom where he lived and observed what he calls the 'most depraved people in the history of man.'●

DRUGS IS A 5 LETTER WORD

By a Sunday Times Reporter

The really serious contemporary scare-mongering over drugs began in 1964, with a speight of articles about the drugs scene at Cambridge and Oxford. It is a rich experience to come across newspaper cuttings showing that 500 Oxford students smoke hash with the familiar remark, in this case Dr Linford Rees, that reefer smoking opens the way to heroin addication. If all the hash smokers over the years had really turned into heroin addicts we'd probably have an addiction problem numbering tens of thousands.

The activities of undergraduates at our two most respectable universities continued until 1967 partly due to the Fleet Street trend of employing graduates from these institutions. They brought with them sizzling stories of midnight smoking debauches – good stuff for the gritty editors anxious to please a mass audience which has always felt antagonism towards the privilege associated with Oxford and Cambridge. It's difficult to know whether these newcomers to Fleet Street belonged to the smoking groups – I think not. They were more the establishment student who could hardly wait to rush to London to reveal the distasteful goings-on at their colleges. The Express at the time breathlessly recorded that 'students bought drugs from an attractive Swedish blonde at undergraduate parties'. One couldn't help wondering whether she was the same girl who cropped up in a Daily Telegraph article almost three years earlier. The Telegraph said: 'Reefers ring at Cambridge – inquiries about a Swedish blonde. Six people are suspected of organising the manufacture of reefers for Cambridge undergraduates. They are believed to include a West Indian, a Frenchman and a blonde Swedish girl'.

Needless to say the Baltic beauty was never named: she remains a part of the drug mythology which Fleet Street has constructed over the past ten years. The gutter press did not take an interest in our main university cities until 1967 when the People sent Trevor Aspinall to investigate. 'Drug Sensation at Oxford' was the predictable front-page headline. He quoted the local police chief as saying: 'Only the other day three fathers came to see me about their daughters. All these men were from the upper echelon of society and their anguished state was most distressing. The horrors of this twilight drug world are dreadful.' One of the hallmarks of the gutter press whether discussing drugs, crime or students, is the way the most improbable quotations are attributed to people who are interviewed. Can you imagine any police officer saying 'the horrors of this twilight drug world are dreadful. I have knowledge of previously respectable young ladies selling their bodies to all and sundry to get their next fix.'

In considering sensationalism of the drug scene, no newspaper can be mentioned in the same breath as the News of the World, which employs the remarkable talents of Mr. Simon Regan.

After the Wootton Report on cannabis was released, Mr Regan filed a story which said: 'Foreign dealers flew into London the same morning the Wootton Report was published. In a matter of hours the capital became one of the easiest places in Europe to buy cannabis in the form of hashish concentrate.' In four hours he returned to his office with enough hash to make 500 reefers. No one doubts Mr Regan could buy that amount of hash. But the assertion that London overnight became the drug capital of Europe is arrant nonsense. Mr Regan knows it, and the editor, Mr Somerville, knows it. Yet by a naked political manoeuvre the News of the World was able to mobilise the entire Alf Garnett community against a document which could have gone a long way towards removing myth and misunderstanding from the drug scene.

The authoritative drug specialist on that bastion of Asquithian liberalism, The Times, is a Mr Norman Fowler. He enjoys the confidence of the present Home Secretary, Mr Callaghan, and one cannot help but notice the consistency with which Mr Fowler advocates the Home Office line. Now obviously Mr Fowler cannot be blamed for accurately reflecting Mr Callaghan's views in the Times. It's his job. But as we all know Mr Callaghan has made some notorious errors in his ministerial career since 1964. He, more than any other minister, is more responsible for our present economic chaos. He rejected devaluation thus bringing this country to the brink of economic peril. As Home Secretary he has conceded two fundamental points to the Powellites – the Commonwealth Immigrants Bill and the recent enactment of regulations making entry certificates for dependants mandatory. So while Mr Fowler is slavishly recording Mr Callaghan's personal views of drugs other journalists on the paper are not given the opportunity of perhaps presenting conflicting views. It's a question of office politics. If one reporter has the ear of a cabinet minister he has a tremendous advantage over his colleagues. He is more likely to be trusted by his editor and can exercise conscious or unconscious editorial influence over the paper's policy.

Within the Times organisation it would be difficult for one of the junior reporters to present a view contrary to that of the Home Office or Scotland Yard, so eloquently expressed by Mr Fowler.

A reporter being half-bright about any subject makes difficulties. For instance I have definite views about hard and soft drugs which I have claimed from personal and professional association with the drugs scene. What am I to do then if Dr Elizabeth Tylden the London psychiatrist comes to me with a statement about reefers causing serious psychological disorders? I know already, for instance, that she has claimed that cannabis allegedly leads to genetic malformations. But in the statement she's presenting me she makes no mention of this far graver accusation. And again, if Dr Max Glatt came to me with the story he gave the Daily Mail in January this year I would have serious misgivings about presenting it the way the Mail did.

Dr Glatt said:
'Young people habitually taking hash always claim they have lots of "ideas". But they don't translate these into activity. Their preoccupation with the drug results in the neglect of their interest in furthering their education or training. They don't grow up – they just withdraw into their own hash world.

I would challenge Dr Glatt's basic assertions. His presumption is that society is being run correctly and that young people are given the fullest opportunities to develop their personalities. From my observations the majority of children in this country are thrown onto the scrap heap at sixteen or seventeen – they're obliged to repress their imaginations and their aspirations to become wage-slaves in a society whose goals are materialist-oriented.

Now, Dr Tylden and Dr Glatt may feel justified in accusing me of misusing the freedom of the press. They could charge me with suppressing their views. My answer is that reporters have a right – more precisely a responsibility – to be sceptical of all views and all information which they receive. It is a common justification of gutter press journalists that they are merely expressing the views of that ubiquitous fellow *the man in the street*. But we all know the man in the street's views.

He wants to send home the blacks, put our youth in the army and rusticate the dissident students.

Exploring the cuttings covering five decades revealed an unbelievably shallow approach to the reporting of drug affairs. For instance in all the thousands of column inches that have been written about drugs I could not find one article which dealt with the reasons why people or individuals took to hard drugs. I want to see explained the social background and the thought processes which makes a teenage boy or girl take a hypodermic needle, fill it and plunge it into his or her arm. It cannot be explained away by slick chat about teenage trends. My own newspaper, The Sunday Times, produced the ultimate in mindless journalism about drugs in a story last year headed 'Crawley has seventy heroin addicts because one boy went to Worthing.' The article recounted how a 16 year old Crawley boy studying in Worthing caught the heroin habit and spread it when he returned home. For all the academic talk about gregarious addicts I am not willing to believe that one boy turned on 70 teenagers. This proposition is intellectually insulting. A more satisfactory reason lies in the sterile environment of Crawley new town, another of the hideous artificial societies created by our town planners.

The mindless coverage of drugs by mass media stems from an inability to understand the problem – the relation between cannabis smoking and alienation of youth from their enforced middle class values. An insight into this estrangement can sometimes be gained from the Underground Press, and Fleet Street journalists should approach this new media – not with a professional abhorrence – but in a spirit of compassionate curiosity.

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THE DAILY MIRROR

Just a cigarette, you'd think, but it was made from a sinister weed and an innocent girl falls victim of this TERROR!

24 JUL 1939

MARIHUANA

Does that word mean anything to you?

Perhaps you have heard vaguely that marihuana is a plant that is made into a drug

But do you know that in every city in this country there are addicts of this dangerous drug?

In London there are thousands of them.

Young girls, once beautiful, whose thin faces show the ravages of the weed they started smoking for a thrill.

Young men who, in the throes of a hangover from the drug, find their only relief in dragging at yet another marihuana cigarette.

How do they obtain this drug—since the police are hot on the trail of all suspected traffickers?

They obtain it from so many unexpected sources that as fast as one is closed by the police, so another opens up.

Night clubs, reputable hotels and cafes are frequented by agents. They operate from the least likely places—milliner's shops, hairdressers, antique shops.

But in Soho, in little lodging houses run by coloured men and women, the cigarette can be had for a secret password, and a very small sum of money.

And many terrible tales are told about marihuana addicts.

One girl, just over twenty, known among her friends for her quietness and modesty, suddenly threw all caution to the winds.

She began staying out late at nights

Her parents became anxious when she began to walk about the house without clothes. They stopped her when she attempted to go into the street like that.

At times she became violent and showed abnormal strength. Then she would flop down in a corner, weeping and crouching like an animal. Soon she left home.

No trace could be found of her, but cigarettes and ends in her room were identified as marihuana

How much does a marihuana cigarette cost? Just a shilling!

Or in a "reefer club," the low haunts where men, usually coloured, sell the cigarette, a puff can be had for sixpence. The fumes of the smoke are caressing, but they leave a somewhat acrid taste and a pungent, sickly smell.

That is, to the beginner. The addict likes it. She likes it, not because of its taste or smell, but because it gives her abnormal strength and makes her indifferent to her surroundings.

One day, passing a narrow street in Soho, I saw a small crowd gazing at the third floor of a dingy house.

A young and lovely woman, her clothes in shreds, stood perilously perched on a window ledge.

Behind her was a man. He, too, was wild-looking and dishevelled. Several times the girl made an effort to jump and the man feebly held her back.

Soon, a third man appeared, coloured and strong, and hauled them both back They were both marihuana addicts.

As she disappeared, she could be heard screaming: "I can fly. Well, I don't care if I die!"

Unconscious of herself, of any danger, she acted on the impulse to do the impossible

I heard of one case, a nineteen-year-old dancing girl who was taken to a "reefer club" by a party of friends.

Soon a man was at her side, offering her a cigarette, for which he made no charge. It was a decoy.

Soon she became one of his best customers, spending half her salary on the weed.

She sank lower and lower. Her associates became criminals, drug lunatics, and dope peddlers.

Unlike opium, hashish and other drugs which make their victims seek solitude, marihuana drives its victims into society forcing them to violence, often murder.

One man, in the delusion that his limbs were going to be cut off, killed his mother, father, brother and two sisters with an axe.

It is easily the most sinister menace to our young people to-day. And to be forewarned about it is certainly to be forearmed. For ignorance is spreading this habit more than anything else.

There's only one way to treat the fellow with the case of "doctored" fags which he offers to young folks. Gaol him! For he's engaged in committing moral murder.

For women, the menace of the cigarette is greater than for men.

Here is a true story that illustrates this fact.

A girl of twenty-one was persuaded by an older man to elope with him.

For months her father searched vainly for his daughter. One night he saw a girl, her eyes staring wildly in front of her, her hands drooping, her head leaning on a man's shoulder.

He was horrified, but even more horrified when a second glance told him that this was his daughter, ragged, by neglect and ill-use.

"I am not going home. I'm going to America," she wailed, when she saw her father.

The man with her refused to give her up. The girl clung fiercely to him.

There might have been a brawl but the father said:

"I have a friend outside who will call the police if I'm not outside with my daughter in ten minutes."

Reluctantly his daughter went with him. In a few months she was cured of these nightmare weeks.

It may happen to any man or woman. The next victim may be your best friend.

A cigarette seems harmless enough. It is not so easy to check the craving.

For marihuana can turn happy lives into hell.

R. S.

SPECIALLY POSED FOR THE "DAILY MIRROR."

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TELEVISION
THE BANKRUPT MEDIUM

OZ TV supplement: introductory notes.

The burgeoning underground press reflects the failure of traditional media to cope with the consciousness of a new generation. Television in particular has repudiated the demands of those supposed to be most affected by it. In the following supplement, Tom Nairn takes the fatalistic view that it is the natural function of a virgin medium to belch forth reactionary propaganda for the first hundred years. Less patiently, others are exploring and developing facilities for an alternative, underground television network (See John Hopkins: Video Now). From the inside, a producer offers hints towards humanisation (A tired producer's notes . . .).

Official reaction to any expression of discontent is (1) "Of Course! But you should have seen how bad it was five years ago". (2) "You speak for a ludicrous minority. Mums & dads who after all buy the soap powder and pay the license fees, *love* us". The same ludicrous minority responsible for escalating the circulations of OZ, IT & Rolling Stone (As those of the New Statesman and the Listener irrevocably subside), who pack Hyde Park for adventurous pop (Could Des O'Connor or Simon Dee fill Sloane Square?), who compel extension of the Living Theatre's Roundhouse season, who nurture arts laboratories all around the country . . . An infinitesimal market? Apparently so. Its existence is not even acknowledged by anything currently on television.

Digression: Who said this: "No single group of viewers, *even if it is the majority*, will be served to the exclusion of all others, no single type of television will predominate . . . " Answer: David Frost and Aidan Crawley when applying to Lord Hill for London Weekend's ITA Contract.

Any week's Radio or TV Times reveals television to be one marathon series of All Our Yesterdays, itself still running. *Peak* times: Show of the Week ("The *good old days*, a special Scandinavian edition of *old time* music hall) yet Once More with Felix, Mirror to a (stone) Age, the Glen Miller Sound, Time to Remember (" . . . as the camera recalls the events of 1919"), The Fifties ("Robert Robinson *looks back* to the death of King Georve VI"), Film Night ("A Dig into the Past"). Giving a Dinner Party (who *does* anymore?). Princess Grace, *"former* film star" conducts a musical tour of Monte Carlo, Fyfe Robertson asks: "Why Zoos" and the 1969 Methodist conference from the central hall, Coventry, gives us Songs of Praise.

There is nothing new one can say about the pitiful assembly of milk-advertisement celebrities that bounce in and out of each other's shows night after night, except to stress that most are manipulated by a handful of boardroom magnates, who, at the mention of the words quality, originality or culture reach for their export awards. That ex Vaudeville family, the Grade Brothers, know what the public wants. Lew runs ATV and its myriad subsidiaries. His brother, Bernard Delfont, runs everything else and he is a director of EMI, which owns Associated British Pictures (which has TV holdings), which has an interest in the Grade Organisation, which owns Harold Davison Agency (which provides many of the artists appearing on TV) which is connected with countless other showbiz institutions. Even the Daily Express once conceded: "Impressario Bernard Delfont has just done a deal . . . which gives him virtual control over live entertainment in Britain". That was three years ago. The Grades have more control now.

Here's how it works: Bernard Delfont runs the Royal Variety Show, a TV special, which takes place in a theatre (London Palladium) owned by his brother, which raises money for a charity presided over by himself, employing artists managed or promoted by the Grade organisation or Harold Davison and who are often concurrently appearing at theatres run by Delfont or Grade, costumed by Monty Berman, an ATU offshoot, and recorded by EMI.

The same numbing obsession with the gaudy, tinselled, second rate, sentimental, bygone, showbiz glamour era also permeates the BBC. When Billy Cotton died, Mr Tom Sloane, head of Light Entertainment, intoned: "He represented everything good in this country". And certainly the Cotton musical philosophy (viciously anti-rock) still represents the contemporary mood at the BBC, which, politically, is similarly dancing to its own gruesome fox-trot (one step to the right, two steps backwards).

For evidence of the encroaching conservatism of the Corporation see the sour grape memoirs of ex director Kenneth Adams or compare Lord Hill's BBC charter with that of his predecessor (Encounter, November '68).

One indication of contemporary critical standards is the cultish infatuation with Rowan & Martin, a programme with a dazzling array of human gadgets, of breath-taking pace and intermittent wit, but which is deceptive in its achievements. It is not outspoken. No-one is threatened. No-one is named. A typical 'strong item' consists of a song and dance attack on censorship, with no-one 'exposed', nothing achieved, nothing altered, nothing new sung, nothing publicly uncensored, but all reassured.

Some of those working within media have become so embittered, that they have created the Free Communications Group, which believes that newspaper, television and radio should be under the control of people who produce them. The first issue of their magazine, Open Secret (2/6, 6 Swan Walk, London, S.W.3) publishes almost in full, the hilarious and confidential application by London Weekend Television to ITA. This Group which has also established a committee to enquire into the television industry, seeks to provide a long term alternative for those on the inside. For the rest, it might be more fun to take John Hopkins's advice, and do it in the road with your own portable video.

When the poor-hard-done-by-underground-avant-garde gets on its financial feet its first purchases are, in that order, clothes, hi-fi, colour TV, and a sports car. The last as a joke of course. But why the TV, you ask? Because it nourishes, and extends that boredom with which drop-outs defend their inverted elitism against the facts of life. They never could communicate: now, just like Mr Jones, they've found their excuse not to. And they, they laugh at it, but they keep on watching, whoever calls, while on the phone — the Saint, Jesse James, The Virginian . . . We're all tired businessmen now.

Why do we prefer watching boring TV to our boring friends? Because the picture might change at any moment, while our friends won't.

TV — from a miracle it became a hypnosis, then a habit, and now, wallpaper. Intermittently, a window.

THE TIRED PRODUCER'S NOTES for his testatment

by David Sharp, a tired producer.

I want a television that the people can use, just as they use the town hall, labour exchange, clinic or supermarket. In the mass society people have a need to transfer their experiences, perceptions and frustrations to their fellow citizens, to their functionaries, representatives and leaders. They should no more feel that the apparatus of electronic contact is alien and embarrassing to handle than the dentist's equipment or the garage mechanic's. They have to humanise the media of communication by taking possession of them.

All discussion about television in the past has been about finding means to trammel and control it. Let us talk now about how to free it. Let us stop talking about expanding the area of expression in terms of individual words or actions, watching the area of permitted nudity increase inch by inch over the months, or the total permitted vocabulary of sexuality increase four-letter word by four-letter word. There are no stable yardsticks for the measurement of freedom – there is only the clarity of purpose of communicators determined to say what has to be said. The most powerful form of censorship is the mind of a writer or producer calculating what he can get away with.

Everywhere the content of the television screen is the major guide to what it is possible to think openly with the particular society, the exercise yard in the cultural prison. This is true in Russia, as much as in Portugal, in Britain as much as in America. We are too complacent in the West. Our screens are always just about as open as our societies. Television everywhere is socially controlled, nearly always state-controlled as well. The healthier the society, the better the situation for the professional communicator, the less he is obliged to look over his shoulder. There is therefore, even in Britain with the freest screen and the freest society of all, no room for complacency. The battle-lines merely change from decade to decade. You spend the whole of a professional life pushing them to the farthest extent in one direction and as you pause for breath, turn round – you will see the next generation hemmed in somewhere behind you. In places they are fighting for the right of opposition politicians within the national parliament to use the most powerful medium of all to address their voters; they turn to Britain with admiration and surprise, because here all the politicians have some right of access to the screen. *Do not be fooled – the next fight is to get the politicians off the screen.*

Be very careful when people speak to you about quality in television, especially if they are critics, shareholders or programme controllers. They are nearly always referring to something that looks good, not on the screen, but in print; they are anxious to adorn their company reports or to achieve the satisfaction of writing patronising passages or simply to appear in the Honours' List. When they talk about quality programmes they are actually talking about programmes which they think 'ought to be out on television'; that is very different from good television, which is almost impossible to legislate for. Good television occurs usually by accident when the producer is merely indulging himself and accidentally succeeds in communicating something to his audience at the same time – when that magical fusion of maker, artifact and public occurs, in which all three are inseparable. Good television isn't even something that can be seen on the screen and later stored in a box; it is a living presence that leaves an indelible impression on the minds of all who saw it and all who were in the first place responsible for it. It is as much the product of the audience acting through the decision-making processes of the producer as a product of the producer reacting to the appreciation-processes of the audience. Good television isn't just a flicker that disappears at midnight; it lives in the way a good person who is dead lives, transmuted through countless half-remembering minds into a piece of history. Good television like history can survive as a gesture, the allusive wave-patterns of the brain. That was nothing at all to do with what the people who try to run television put into their catalogues as quality television.

Nausea, liberal: Julia *or, "Negresses! Forget the 'ghettoes, for sweet surburban grit will make you Black America's answer to Phyllis Calvert!" (And if you know who Phyllis Calvert is, you shouldn't be reading this article.)*

If you had decided to be a writer of books, papers, plays, films most of your potential public would glance and pass on. That is the way of things. Having made their choice to ignore or reject you, you would trouble them no longer, nor they you. You would be concerned to make a living and gain the serious attention of a few. If you continued not to please the public sufficiently you would soon cease to be printed. However, you have chosen to produce television instead, and the public will not leave you alone. In vain to suggest that they pass by on the other side. You are not in the print business. That which bores the audience they will turn off. That which pleases them they will eventually turn off. That which impresses them they will try to watch next time. That which enrages them they will watch avidly.

A good proportion of the audience reacts positively to what it feels ought not to have been put on. A smaller proportion reacts passively to what it feels ought to have been put on. You will be exposed without much protection to the ravages of the former. No telephone exchange however inefficient will keep the enraged audience from you. No postal system ever devised will succeed in losing their letters or diverting them from you. No scheduling however late will prevent the chronic sick and their kin from watching your cinematic essay on the benefits of euthenasia; No warning however strong will keep the nervous, or the politically or religiously sensitive from watching the programmes that will most crucially activate their sensitivities. As well to expect the flies to ignore the sores of a beggar. What you must do is work out your own rationale that neither closes your mind to their cries (which would be self-destructive) nor so opens it as to terrify you from calling another shot. The army of the infuriated is the birth cry of your mental offspring; when you hear it you know that you have brought to birth a living thing (and have survived the ordeal yourself). When you have produced something really worth-while and can still feel the stones between your shoulder blades, remember that protest is the outlet of a troubled soul; that section of the audience that cannot cope with the way or the extent to which you have troubled it, is the section that seeks self-reconciliation through abuse. In their abuse lies also the latent demand to control the medium, the frustrated appeal for the right of access, the unconscious demand to give public expression to a social experience. In that demand lies the only real hope there is.

We Needs Must Love the Highest When We See It (Arnold), but

I know what England ought to want because God speaks to me on my Hi Fi (Lord Reith and his Pals), but

Nausea, Radical: All My Loving, *which sees pop music as the expression – equivalent – antithesis of shooting the Vietcong in the head (blows his mind, man). This thesis is sentimental-sensationalist slop, slanted at* News of the World *readers who think they're* New Statesman *readers, at* New Statesman *readers who think they're* Melody Maker *readers, and at* London Magazine *readers who tremble with thrill at the thought of being* Fuck You *readers.*

THE CULTURAL LUDDITES

Tom Nairn

Hand-loom Intellectuals

Among the machine-breakers of 1812, the historian E P Thompson pointed out, 'pride of place went to the hammer-men, who wielded enormous iron sledges called *Enochs* to break open doors and smash the frames'. They had a song which went:

Great Enoch still shall lead the van,
Stop him who dare! Stop him who can!

One feels trepidation, therefore, denouncing the new machine-breakers of 1969. In many circles, both Left and Underground, to hint that new-fangled television machines are good for anything but smashing invites instant Enoch-ing. Raised eyebrows turn one into an accomplice of the system, like the evil West Riding mill-owner who used to wait on the hammer-men coming of a night, with 'barricades of spiked rollers on his stairs, and a tub of oil of vitriol at the top'. But whatever the risk, and without in any way condoning the machine-owners and magistrates, I must condemn the new Luddism. More than that. There is a sinister – and far from revolutionary –significance in the fact that the Underground and part of the Left intelligentsia come together in rare harmony just *here*, of all places. That is, on the lowest possible common denominator of corporate, backward-looking, hopeless, helpless, anti-historical stupidity. Not looking forward to a future together, but weeping over a past. Not in constructive, collective action, but at the point of maximum inertia. Not as revolutionaries, but as pathetic, dispossessed, hand-loom intellectuals menaced by the dread culture-mills of Shepherd's Bush and Kingsway.

Revolt of the Book-worms

The old machine-breakers had a mythical leader called General Ludd. Our new General Ludd, Angelo Quattrocchi, spoke out recently on the front page of the new Paris daily Action (descendant of the revolutionary newsheet of May '68). 'Break your telly into little pieces', he cried. Then, go and see the man who runs the telly, and 'ask him to give you back all the time he has stolen from you, all those hundreds of hours he has taken out of your life'. If he can't do so, break him in little pieces too: you'll find he is full of valves, wires, nuts and bolts – 'Alors tu riras!' The same message scorched the valves and wires in John Goldsmith's recent TV documentary about art students, where suddenly an earnest face loomed out of the set and told the spectator in suitably slow, Dalek-like tones, that there was something even *he* could do to help on the revolution: 'You can smash your television set, now!'

In one sense, the epileptic absurdity of the position is (literally) too obvious.* But the obviousness conceals something else – the real bite of the argument – which has to be concealed, because it conflicts with the apparent revolutionism, the strident libertarianism of the facade. At heart, the neo-Luddites are shamefaced conservatives, timid nostalgics for a lost golden age of safe cultural elitism.

Looking first at the facade, it must be obvious indeed that the modern cultural machine-breakers are as doomed to defeat as the weavers of 1812. Like the latter, they have identified the new machine-system as being evil *in itself*: an affront to humanity, and to all the decent values of human intimacy and spontaneity. The confusion is the same in both cases. The gigantic new cotton and wool mills did create a sort of hell, laying waste large tracts of England, and destroying an older (and in some ways preferable) culture. Yet they also forged the modern world, and were the only possibility of liberating mankind from want and raising him in time to a vastly superior social culture. Once the process had got under way, there was only ever one thing for the workers to try and do: control it, in their own interests, and develop it further. To break the machines and kill the men who owned them merely distracted people from the real, difficult revolution which had to be accomplished: trade unions, political organization, the formation of a new culture. Instead, General Ludd's men tried to resurrect a dying world, a culture forever lost of independent men living beside their work in small village communities.

As they did with the early mass-production of material goods, so the new Luddites would do with the growing mass-production of mental goods. But there is a difference. Confusion could be forgiven the starving weavers of 1812, illiterate villagers caught in the vice of contradictory forces they did not understand. It is much harder to forgive their new descendants, intellectuals whose wilful ignorance extends to their own work and values, their own backgrounds, their own natures, in an unbroken tide of bad faith.

The hammer-men of 1812 did not represent (as they tended to think) an ageless and natural way of life, now criminally threatened by the satanic mills. They represented a transitional form of industry, small-scale domestic production which had the seeds of the new monsters inside it all along. In exactly the same way, the telly-despising intellectual of our day does not in the least represent ageless, 'true' culture. By and large, he represents the culture of *books*. That is, the first, transitional form of mental industry: the old-fashioned, artisan production of ideas now menaced with extinction (or at least, radical transformation) by the mass media. But once there was print, it was really inevitable that there should be such new media sooner or later. And it is impossible to turn back upstream again: one's hammer will simply part the waters.

*The obviousness is frequently underlined by the astonishing number of such wreckers who turn out to be addicts of Radio I and hardened movie-goers. I know one incapable of thought unless the radio is on. Another is, without exception, the worst telly-addict discovered in a long experience of viewing and viewers: reduced to total subjection by a test-card, he will watch anything. But because these earlier mass media have been around for some time, and are partly absorbed by 'culture', they rarely seem to disturb the Luddites.

You Can Burn All Your Books, Now!

General Ludd II and his men have forgotten what the fate of print-culture was, in its own early existence. They have forgotten that, as McLuhan pointed out, it was the most reactionary of cultural phenomena for long after its birth. For a century it propagated little but mediaeval bigotry and prejudice, treatises on the detection and torture of witches, unreadable Reformation and Counter-Reformation polemics, and assorted theological rubbish. It put the manuscript-scribes out of business and (I don't doubt) made them feel like smashing the presses.

Would they have been justified in doing so? How alien the coldly impersonal, lead-stamped book must have seemed, after the unique, lovingly transcribed, *human* manuscript! To a progressive manuscript-clerk the situation must have been intolerable: the devices had not only put him out of work, they were filling the world with cultural junk! Imagine his withering scorn on seeing printed books in a friend's home. How – to employ General Ludd II's favourite term – how *plastic* book culture must have looked: neatly-packaged brain-poison from faceless leaden men, a new barbarism spreading into every home . . .

But we know – and certainly the telly-haters ought to know – that this 'barbarism' contained the industrial revolution and political democracy within itself. Neither could have existed without it. It also signified the end of an ancient elite culture founded on mediaeval ignorance and squalor. Opponents of the presses looked back to Dante; but the presses themselves looked forward to Shakespeare, Marx, and Joyce. And of course, to Quattrocchi & Co. too, the new elite threatened by a newer barbarism, solemnly identifying its own senile decrepitude with the ever-shining light of human culture.

Bubbles in the Primeval Ooze

It would be too much to expect originality

from the TV wreckers. They are in the unfortunate historical position of being able to enunciate only cliches, the receding echoes of a (fortunately) moribund culture. When television was younger, even good-bad writers like Raymond Chandler denounced it more effectively:

Television is really what we've been looking for all our lives . . . television's perfect. You turn a few knobs, a few of those mechanical adjustments at which the higher apes are so proficient, and lean back and drain your mind of all thought. And there you are watching the bubbles in the primeval ooze. You don't have to concentrate. You don't have to react. You don't have to remember. You don't miss your brain because you don't need it. Your heart and liver and lungs continue to function normally. Apart from that, all is peace and quiet. You are in the poor man's nirvana. And if some nasty minded person comes along and says you look like a fly on a can of garbage, pay him no mind. He probably hasn't got the price of a television set . . . (Letter to C W Morton, 1950)

The apparent novelty of the new Luddites is their pretence that machine-breaking is revolutionary. An attack on totalitarian garbage-can culture, no less: hitting back at the great brain-washer and his sinister agent crouching in the corner of the living-room. In a society like this, to expect most TV programmes to be other than garbage would be naive. But the responsibility for this plainly lies with society, which manufactures the TV that suits it. And society includes us. Chandler understood that, at least:

To me, television is just one more facet of that considerable segment of our civilization that never had any standard but the soft buck. Hasn't today and probably never will have . . . Perhaps in some ways the worse television is, the better . . . Perhaps enough of those people will realize after a while that what they're really looking at is themselves. (ibid)

To think that cracking a few telly-valves will stop or cure this state of affairs is even more naive. To think the valves are somehow responsible for it carries one perilously close to that traditional Right which has always thought that 'more' means 'worse'.

Bad Money Drives Out Good (Hoggart), but

All I Want Is One Station Broadcasting Light Intelligent Music All Day And Night And I Might Just Be Able To Bear A Commercial Station With Snide Anti-Left Propaganda To Get It, And Then I'd Happily Send My Colour TV To The Starving Biafrans

Satire stagnated because the next step was a radical critique, a constructive rethinking, which the satirists couldn't manage and the BBC headed off. But beware: sub-Fascist realpolitik peeps silently, but grinningly, over the Marxist shoulder. Alf Garnett is its old-fashioned, nostalgic, and all too human, face.

May and the Media

Yet this *is* what the neo-Luddites really think: a culture forced on the defensive is in fact capable of such regressions. If they were really interested in a revolutionary attack on the corporate capitalist state, the correct strategy would be – naturally – to fight for power within the media, and ultimately for control over them. It has not been sufficiently recognised that one of the central weaknesses of the May '68 revolt in France was its indifference to such issues. France, where conventional bourgeois print-culture was at its most powerful, where the old apparatus of literary academicism has left a deep mark on the whole intelligentsia and infected the Left with its archaic narcissism, where the most rabid revolutionaries retained until 1968 the fossilized cultural mentality of a 19th century village schoolmaster – France was, in this one vital respect, the last country where a 20th century revolution should have occurred. Marx said that the Communard revolutionaries of 1871 failed when they hesitated at the gates of the Banque de France, and did not appropriate it. The revolutionaries of 1968 failed because they hesitated too long before the gates of the ORTF, the Paris telecommunications centre. They wrote bravely on walls, like mediaeval scribes. But they despised the electronic walls in every living room too much to write on them. No other revolution can afford to make the same mistake.

Concern for minority audiences is a minor matter. All mass media exploit the overlap between middle and working class culture. The best ideas admit these tensions, within and between them with the banalities conceal. Wrestling is the last outpost, in this middleclass medium, of pure *lower working class roughness.*

Contrary to intellectual misreporting, whereby the good guys always win, the real anti-heroes are the hateable, unbeatable villains, like McManus, Pallo and Rann. For those blissfully ignorant of how it's fixed, wrestling can hurt, in the sense that the old fashioned boxing booths could hurt, when plucky innocent lads were ready to have a go against the booth plugugly.

True, French television may have been the most odious and cretinous of any western country. Yet even in the ORTF, the television workers showed they had more in them than valves, wires, nuts and bolts. Does Ludd II believe that the journalists and technicians who waged one of the most stubborn of the May-June strikes, and later lost their jobs, are machine-men who would →

ITALICISED QUOTES BY RAYMOND DURGNAT

be better employed wielding quill-pens? In other countries like Britain, where even the existing structure of the medium is more flexible, and the contradictions in its functioning are consequently greater, where TV could obviously be something quite other than what it is – here similar attitudes on the Left are inexcusable. They are only a hair's breadth from being frankly counter-revolutionary.

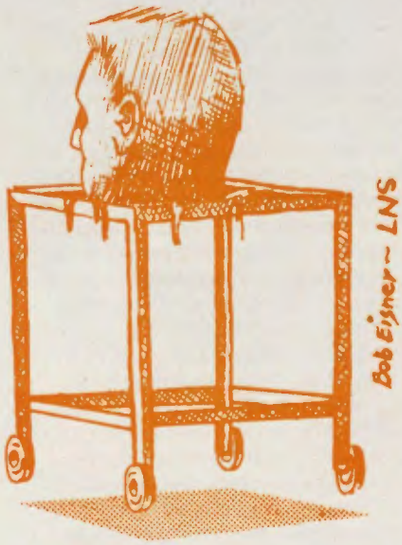
Narcissists with Hatchets

As print-culture contained the possibility of the bourgeois-democratic world, so the electronic media contain the possibility of a communist world within themselves. That is, of an effective common culture which can overcome the last vestiges of restrictive elitism *without* thereby reducing humanity to a lowest common level of mechanical conformity. Television is still in its earliest, crudest phase, corresponding to that of the printed word a century or so after Gutenberg. The great developments certain to come, in technique, transmission, reception, educational and local-community use, personal recording and projection, will transform the medium and its social meaning. They will realize its (literally) revolutionary possibilities. Through them, technology will itself help to shatter the primitive bourgeois social framework, by generating within it the foundations of the first great and truly communal culture – the first *free* culture – tomorrow.

But this is just what the Luddites fear, though they cannot portray the fear openly without betraying themselves! What contempt for technology lies in the disparaging picture of the 'valves, wires, nuts and bolts' in the telly-man's brain! What dismal fear of the mass culture which would remove for ever their own pretentions to the inheritance of 'art', their own aristocratic, last-ditch elitism masquerading as the avant-garde! In brutal fact, their own bookish world is founded upon the mechanical debasement of popular sensibility, upon that wretched, mindless conformity inseparable from the mass exploitation of the printed world as a means of domination. How many hours has the printed page stolen from humanity's lifetime? Who will restore to us our ten years insufferable tedium of miseducation by literature?

They are therefore incapable of seeing that the new medium might be different: that it might be more than an infinite, calamitous extension of the reign of books over the earth. They too, in other words, are 'really looking at themselves', as they pick up their hammers or hatchets and make angrily for the flickering screen to darken it for ever. But like Narcissus, all they will ever destroy is their own dark reflection.

VISUAL WANK



Sorry OZ, I really tried. When you rang up on Wednesday about doing a piece on TV entertainment, I got onto it right away. I called Keith Smith at BBC publicity and said OZ was doing a survey of TV programmes, and could he tell me about Light Entertainment? Yes he could – What week did I want; I said Monday to Sunday. He started chuckling and said 'You know We've never had a call from OZ before, can you hear all right with all that hair?' (Chuckle). I could hear papers rustling, and then he said '22nd of June – Ah yes, the first of a new Lulu series recorded in Sweden.' I remembered what you said about showing how the same artists appear on every show and asked him who the guests were. He chuckled again and said – 'well, My Generation, – the Rolf Harris dancers – they're very good'. Anyone else, I said, yawning. 'No', he said 'they're all foreigners and you wouldn't know them'.

More paper rustling. 'You must send us of a copy of OZ – I haven't seen it since the first issue. Very hippie, isn't it?' I said it wasn't but couldn't raise the energy to say why. (Send him a copy will you.) But by this time he was telling me about the N F Simpson show with Ned Sherrin producing. 'Of course we're not trying to send anyone up – if you want an intellectual name for the type of show, its parody – oh no, not satire – parody in the best sense. But, really, if we make people laugh we're happy.'

By this time he was humming catchy little tunes and the papers were rustling like crazy. It was time for a joke again – 'If you like tennis you have Wimbledon every night for a week.' I started awake. What – a satire on Wimbledon? But he said 'no no just a joke.' 'On Wednesday night we have the second of the Bobbie Gentry shows, (she wrote Billy Joe) which is very good if you like that sort of thing,' he said, archly. I thought briefly that perhaps she stripped, but already he was giving a list of guests – 'I've got Joe South, Billy Preston, Alan Price and James Taylor, and also John Hartford.' He said something about John Hartford but I couldn't catch that.

'On Thursday and Friday we've got nothing'. He didn't seem particularly upset by this catastrophe, and went on to tell me that BBC1 were repeating Not in front of the Children.

'Wednesday, there's a fifty minute show of Les Reed's greatest hits – he did all Tom Jones' big songs – he must be a very wealthy man by now. Humperdinck, Donald Peers, Cleo Laine, and Jackie Trent are going to sing the songs. On the same night there's the third programme in the Beryl Reid series'. I said I liked Beryl Reid, and he said the show had had mixed reviews and really wasn't very funny, 'Some people seemed to like it.'

The papers were still rustling at the same breakneck pace, when we came to Saturday.

'The Ken Dodd show' he said with a slight catch in his voice 'with Vince Hill'. Who else I said, and he countered with 'Being Ken Dodd there won't be much of anyone else'. 'Also a profile of Peter Ustinov and fifty minutes of Nana Mouscorie – she wrote the White Rose of Athens – which is a special programme recorded at the Top of the Town in cabaret.'

He was still singing softly when he came up with his last morsel – 'fifty minutes of Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass recorded in the US'. I rallied and asked – 'Does he sing as well' and was rewarded with another stanza of the Yellow Rose of Texas and 'Yes'. I thanked him and promised to send the copy of OZ (don't forget to send it) and hung up.

Well, that night I decided I'd try to watch some of the programmes. So I turned on 'the Good Old Days' on BBC1 where a magician was talking to an audience dressed in Edwardian clothes and very false moustaches and they were all laughing so I turned it off. I guess I'm not ready for that kind of camp. I forgot to turn it on again, so I went up to the Roundhouse. I didn't watch any more TV on Wednesday, because I went to hear Dick Gregory at the Arts Lab. Gregory was really rapping – talking about how he was going to picket the peace conference in East Berlin, how the CIA put black agents onto him and they have to invent stuff because the jobs for black CIA agents are rare, about food needs, and food poisons, and how a soldier who is ready to die will always beat one who is only able to kill. Gregory is great – he's a prophet of an age and really so musical that it's impossible to tell you what he says because the *way* he says it is so beautiful. And *he's* so beautiful – like a sacred scarabin in this dunghill of a city.

Thursday was a hassle, so I didn't think about the piece until I got in at around seven. I turned on 'Top of the Pops' and there was Tony Blackburn smiling his capped teeth smile and looking as if he had filled his pants on screen – very nervous – but the show started with the lousy new Beatles number and pimply kids jerked on the screen (only when they were *sure* the camera was on them) and a few bubblegum groups mimed their songs badly, and that was the pop ration for the week now that Colour Me Pop has ended. Following that was the First Lady, which I bore for about five minutes. Later I watched some of the BBC's films of the fifties but a guy came round and we talked till late.

I'm really sorry I didn't get the piece done but tonight I'm leaving for Stonehenge and the Druid's Summer Solstice. There is going to be a big ceremony at midnight and dawn and someone told me that a virgin will be deflowered).

It means missing the Alfred Hitchcock movie, and not finishing your article, but it should be fun. Sorry.

Ian Stocks.

SHOOT IT, SHOW IT! VIDEO NOW!

John Hopkins, Co-ordinator of TVX.

Funny thing about our society is that most of the machines we need are all around us, and it's just a case of figuring out how to get hold of them. This article helps fill the information gap about what machines there are, what they can do: the figuring is your business.

In a word, portable TV is here. By portable I mean that there is an outfit consisting of a shoulder-pack videotape recorder (weighs 13 lbs) and a hand held TV camera (weighs about 5 lbs) which works off its own internal batteries. A microphone mounted on the camera picks up sound, and synchronised sound and vision are recorded on a half-inch wide videotape, running time 20 minutes.

The batteries last an hour and are rechargeable. Cost, about £575. To see what you've recorded, the tape is put onto a larger record/playback machine, rewound, and played back through a TV set adapted to the larger machine's output. The total cost is just under £1000, including accessories like battery charger etc. Made by the Japanese company *Sony*, whose head office (01.695 0021) will tell you where your local Sony dealer is.

For the technically minded, it works to 405-line standard, with 220 line definition, bandwidth of about 3MHz, negative modulation, automatic gain control for audio, automatic exposure compensation for video. Standard C-mount lens is a 4:1 TV zoom, viewfinder is a miniature 1" screen mounted at the back of the camera. The portable camera and recorder code no. DVK 2400, playback machine code no. CV 2000. A similar machine made by Japanese company *Shibaden* will be on the market soon, which uses 625 line system. UK distribution by GVS (01.202 8056). The real differences between Sony and Shibaden emerge when you look at the overall systems developed by these two companies, and how the portable recorders fit into these systems. The tapes from a Sony portable can only be played back on one machine, as it was produced originally for the domestic market. The tapes from the Shibaden portable can be played back on a variety of machines, all of which are compatible with the entire range of Shibaden equipment. In certain applications these differences in back-up systems are important, and the Sony system has greater limitations.

There's another difference too. Each time you edit in the camera (stop shooting and then start again) you make a discontinuity in the sequence of control pulses put onto the tape when you record. When playing back, this discontinuity causes the picture hold to be lost for a short time. With Sony, this can 'tear' the picture for up to 2 seconds, but with Shibaden all you get is a 'flash' lasting perhaps a tenth of a second. It means that on Shibaden you can do a series of very short jump outs and get away with it, which on Sony will produce just jagged torn pictures. And with Shibaden you can also dub on sound at the playback stage. To be fair, the Sony felt better balanced and easier to operate, a question of design hipness: and the actual picture quality is at least as good as Shibaden if not better.

Well that's as concise as I can make it. Now read on. Two other questions. Can I play back from one of these machines thru my ordinary TV set? Not without modification, cost £35 or if you know a friendly electronics freak, maybe £10. The manufacturers ought to produce a *cheap* connector box for this purpose, but they don't. Can I go to a shop and buy this equipment as an individual? No. You've got to buy it thru a company and prove educational or industrial use. What happened was that the UK electronics lobby, realising that they couldn't produce equivalent machines, pushed a restrictive law thru Parliament to protect their sales of what I'm reliably told is relatively inferior equipment. Well, what do you expect from a country whose economy is on its last legs?

SOME OF it

HERE IS IT! The first book from KNULLAR publishing, SOME OF IT is a full-length anthology of the best writing and graphics from IT/1 up to current issues. This is all material original to IT over the last 2½ years. 180 pages of William Burroughs, Claes Oldenburg, Alex Trocchi, Allen Ginsberg, Miles, Antonin Artaud, Jean-Paul Sartre, Peter Brook, Jeff Nuttall, Michael X, Pete Townshend, Maharishi, Jakov Lind, Philip Lamantia, John Peel, Buckminster Fuller, Tuli Kupferberg, Michael McClure, Julian Beck and dozens of others, all bound in MELANEX.

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LONDON'S VERY OWN HIP WHAT'S ON

Every fortnight, 1s6d.

Where do we go from here?

The cat's out of the bag. Although certain technical problems remain, the chief of which is electronic editing, *we can now make our own television*. What's more, the mystique of TV studios, technicians and administrators, and hard-to-acquire expertise, and the hurdle of the ACTT (cameraman's union), have been exposed for the bullshit they are, in one fell swoop. Want to join the ACTT so you can work in TV or films? It'll cost you plenty in free drinks and expensive meals. Want to do a Granada TV directors course? You need a degree.

Well, it's all downhill from now on. The speed with which we can develop alternative circuits in Universities, Arts Laboratories and Neighborhood-Local situations depends now only on our resourcefulness, the figuring-it-out I spoke of earlier.

It's interesting to compare the obvious stirrings of grass-roots TV with the statements made by our beloved Minister of Technology, Mr Wedgewood Benn.

He seems to understand better than most of his colleagues the inevitable nature of electric technology which is to decentralise the media. He also expresses concern (on TV !!) that TV in particular needs to be made more available to more people, and that this is a social necessity. Fine words. Well, unlike the administrators who hold the reins of commercial TV – and that includes the BBC – we haven't got vested interests in prolonging our own jobs where they are obviously due for a shake-up.

What's more, we are now beginning to produce the answers to the questions that Mr Wedgewood Benn has been asking.

OK Mr smart guy, how *would* you run local TV? Actually it's quite simple. To start, a couple of portable recorders. Two rooms to operate from: one a small studio for interviews, the other with editing facilities. Your *video journalist* goes out shooting: children, entertainment, revolution, town hall meetings, conversations, opinions . . . he comes back to the editing room, rewinds, edits if necessary, makes duplicates, and the tapes are sent out to various parts of the district where playback sets are located. Pubs, cinemas, meeting places, dances: places where people are used to get together. Pay for it from advertising (no sweat to put ads together), maybe paid admission if it's a' a cinema, and public funds. Yes, you heard me, PUBLIC FUNDS.

This is the point where the town councils have got to fork out some cash, and it's not much, to provide a public service. Within a short time any basic system of local TV like the one I just described could undergo considerable sophistication. Instead of sending tapes to the playback points, you tap the existing GPO video lines already laid down for this sort of use. Then, you can transmit without the tedious business of trapesing across town three times a day. Then, you might set up a low power transmitter to use one of the broadcast bands not used in that place.

The point about all this is that *it is possible now*. So let's go ahead and do it.

So what are the prospects?

On the level of local TV, all that has to be done is to find one town or borough council that will give support to a scheme that will turn a lot of people on. The difficulty that they may actually want to *control* what is put out on local TV can be avoided by giving the council as much time as it thinks it wants to tell the people whatever it wants to tell them. In fact, it's not down to a them-or-us control battle: it's down to letting as many people, factions, opinions as possible be aired, and this in itself is the opposite of a potentially dangerous influence. It would be just as socially harmful to allow the 'revolutionaries' to control such a facility as it would be for the 'reactionaries' to control it. Before my colleagues on Black Dwarf – long may they thrive – get uptight, here's an example. Imagine a situation where Mr Barry Quartermain is allowed to give his opinion of how to treat squatters and earn his living, and Squatters who have been set upon by his men are allowed to say what they think. Give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself. The trouble with broadcasting is the moment things get interesting, the interviewer closes the conversation with some neutral remark. What would happen if you let Enoch Powell and Tariq Ali talk it out, all day if need be? Or the local grocer or pusher starts to say where he's really at?

In some respects we have a better idea of what not to do than what to do. Why is the news always read in a serious tone of voice, and religious programmes held in the atmosphere of a morgue? Could it be that they really think 'the news' has much relevance to the man in the street? Or that god vanishes when you crack jokes about him?

On the level of Universities, Sussex, Brunel, Leeds, Strathclyde, Birmingham, York and Imperial College London, and Brighton and Plymouth technical colleges have their own closed circuit systems, and there are probably more I don't know about. I'm under the impression that TV in these places is still treated as something available to only a few people, which has to be done in a studio, and by means of which only 'neutral' topics may be discussed. However, what is more important is the very existence of the systems themselves.

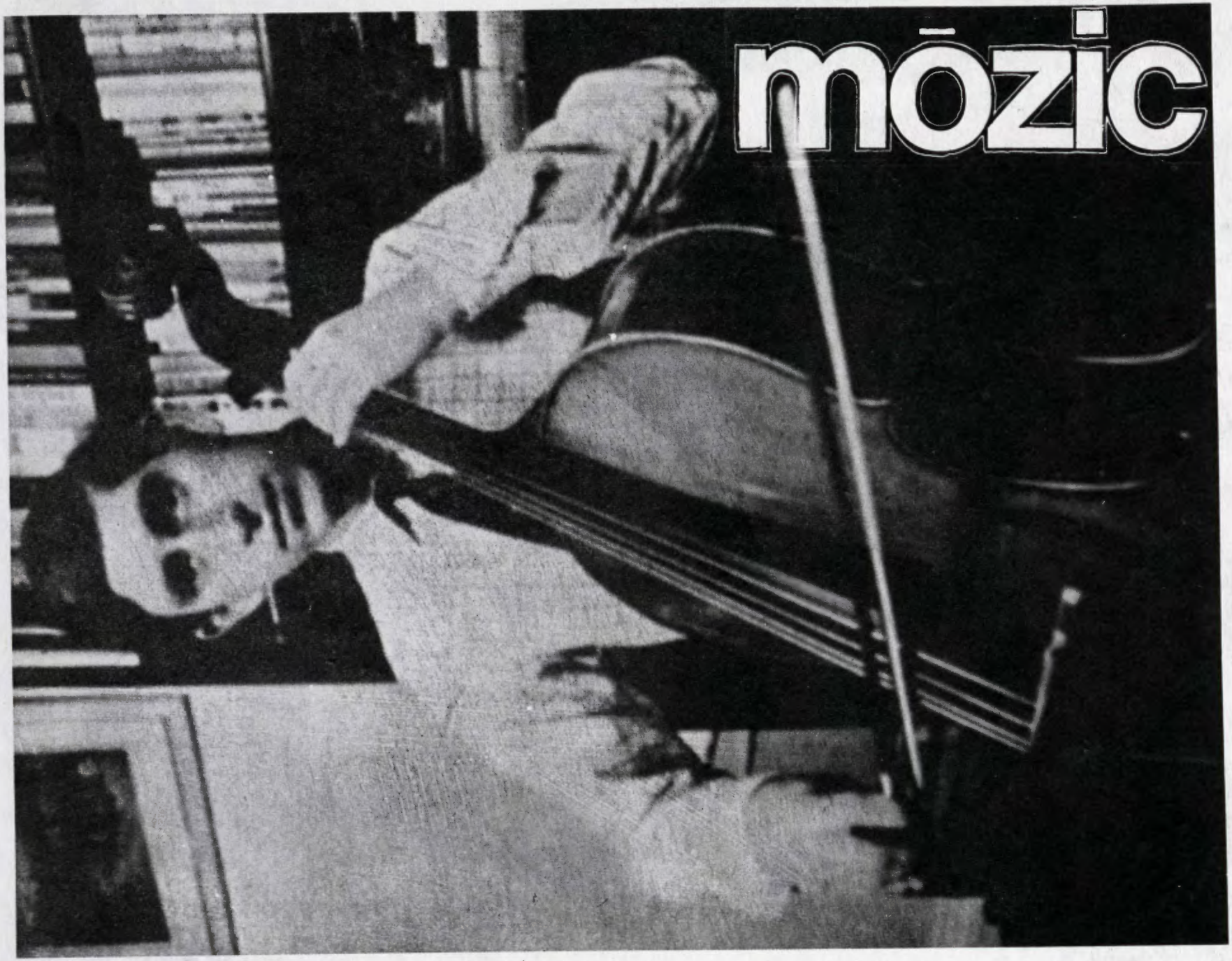
Jim Haynes announced at the recent FACOP meeting at St Katherine's dock that the Arts Labs throughout the country want to set up a circuit and exchange material, and the first steps have already been taken. The open-ended no-holds-barred attitude in the London Arts Lab is going to be very productive when it comes to exploring the possible uses of video.

Recently a meeting was held at the ICA between film makers and the setting up of a parallel video circuit was mentioned.

So we can see that already there is a number of small circuits and viewing situations, which with a little co-ordination form the basis of an alternative network. The task at present seems to be to promote mutual awareness and realisation that, once again, what we are looking for is all around us, and all we have to do is *to get it together*.

Mid July London:

A group of people will be asking the Government for a local London TV station. The detailed plans will be set out at a press conference to be held shortly. Information from TVX, 1 Robert Street, London NW1.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LONDON

UNCLE MEAT

To Begin with could you tell us something about the film you've made?

We made a movie called 'Uncle Meat'. It's got a lot of pictures of the Mothers in it; it also has a very strange plot which will require some straight-life-type actors to execute and we need some more money to finish it.

Isn't the plot explained on the sleeve of the Uncle Meat LP?

The beginning and the end is in there – the middle isn't.

Was the album written with the film in mind?

It's quite possible to make a film to match music, so I made some music and I made up the story line around it.

Basically what sort of a film is it?

It's a fantasy film with political and sociological overtones!

Sounds very deep. Is it?

Yeh, quite.

And we are all going to be able to see it?

We've got a couple of negotiations with people trying to raise the money to do it but it isn't that easy – you can't just come out and say 'Fred, will you give me the money?' He says 'OK' and then you go and make it. It's really involved with a lot of paper work and bullshit.

Are you pleased with the way that the concerts have been going?

Yes, it's been amazingly good considering the type of stuff we are playing which isn't, you know, major minor chords with a steady beat which is what most pop music is made up of – a couple of suspensions here and there. We've some things that don't operate in a key signature, and more things that use chords that don't appear in your everyday harmony book, and some rhythms which are difficult to tap your foot to. So it puts it a little bit out of the ordinary frame of reference of the average teenage audience or the average adult audience, if they ever came to see this kind of stuff. But strangely the kids here, even out in the provinces, were very open to the music and listened to it, I don't know whether they understood it, but they liked it.

Did you put a lot of work into the music?

No, as a matter of fact I wrote most of it on the plane on the way over here, and I-er-usually just get some paper out and start drawing dots on it, and wait for someone to play it so that I know what it sounds like. That's the chamber music stuff. You know there's a difference between songs and compositions, songs are put together a different way, but these little bitty pieces that we are doing, they are based on another technique.

In the first concert you performed in this country why did you bring on members of a straight orchestra?

Well I like to play with straight musicians, you know, it gives us a little contrast material, and it also displays the fact that there are some members of the group who really are very skilled players and could exist just as easily in a symphony orchestra as on rock and roll stage; so we brought them out to er sort of bridge the gap between electric music and the other kind. Unfortunately there was one old fart in the string section that kept playing out of tune on purpose, trying to make the stuff sound ugly – so it turned into a carnival at the end. And it turned out that way because I wasn't going to let this guy spoil the show, so we made some use of the fact that the music was turning out a little bit sour, and I thought I'd stretch it to its illogical conclusion, and we went up dancing around on stage with them and having them, you know, do various things that you wouldn't expect a person in a tuxedo to do, like blowing farts through a microphone towards the audience, that's one way you can save the show when you have an unco-operative violinist!

I was reading in one of the 'pop' papers that you are now considered to be not a load of hairy freaks making rude noises, but talented musicians. Does it amaze you to read about yourselves in this way?

It's sort of funny, you know, they never would have discovered that we were musicians if I didn't do those interviews with those people and talking like hours on end trying to explain to them in detail what it is we are doing, because most people who write about music don't know what music is. They have certain tastes about the pop stuff that they listen to, and they don't have a broad based musical background that they could use as criteria by which to judge new music. It's pretty easy to judge a rock and roll song you know – like – does it make you tap your foot? Does it have the kind of words you want to hear? – in the boy/girl situation which is usually the plot basis of most of the lyrics, does it turn out all right in the end for you? You know, those are the things you look for when you are reviewing a song. But if *we* come along and we are playing some electric chamber music or if we are experimenting with electronic sounds where we are into percussion constructions, or we are into unaccompanied arias on stage which are spontaneous, or we are doing some sort of visual thing with a gas mask. You know, if you are a rock and roll critic in one of those pop papers what do you write about? What kind of musical background do you have to assess this, how much Stockhausen have you heard, how much er John Cage do you know about?

You have obviously listened to these serious musicians, but are they interested in what you're doing?

Of course not, because that's one of the things that's really sick about the so-called serious musicians' world. It completely ignores rock music. You know, they think that 'we have it all, we are the avant garde and we are the forefront of musical experimentation,' say serious composers you know, and they're foolish to think that way because we in the rock world have equipment at our disposal that they don't even *know* about, that we use on the bandstand all the time, I am sure that a lot of the composers who are sweating now in their little isolated garrets don't know about electric woodwind instruments or what you can do with them. Even the electric guitar hasn't been touched by serious composers, and this whole thing has happened right under their noses. They ignore it. They think that electric music is something that you make with a synthesiser and amplified music is a completely different world. The composer has been writing for bassoons for a long time, but the way it sounds in our ensemble is completely different. It's executed the same way, the only thing we added was electricity. The same with the flugel-horn, clarinet, flute and other things we use. The trouble with the serious music world is that they're too narrow

$\frac{1}{4}$ oz	hash
$2\frac{1}{2}$	cups of flour.
1	cup of honey.
1	cup of treacle.
$\frac{1}{2}$	cup sugar.
1	egg.
1 tsp	cinnamon.
1 tsp	baking soda.
1	cup water.
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb.	butter.

Finely powder hash add cup of water bring to boil and simmer for five mins, stirring all the time.

Beat the egg in sugar add and mix flour, baking soda, ginger, cinnamon, melted butter, honey, treacle and hash water, pour into a greased baking dish, cook for one hour at 350° or regulo 5.

eat, wait,
and listen to

A BLIND MAN'S MOVIE

MURRAY ROMAN

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minded. They should go to the rock concerts. That's one of the reasons why their music is out of touch with the youth. And it shouldn't be, because I think that they are doing important things artistically, but it's very difficult to bring that to the attention of large numbers of people; And the largest single body of people are the teenies – and how we get our music across without lowering our standard is that we just play it in places where the serious composers never go. We go to the Fillmore, and we play in all those little psychedelic dungeons all over the United States. We play schools and we play hockey rinks and we play bowling alleys and we also happen to play concert halls when we come to Europe.

How much of your music is notated?

50 per cent of it. The other 50 per cent is improvised and it's very carefully structured, and the live shows we do are all different, not just because of the improvisation but because of the way the building blocks of the show can be assembled.

Could you explain some of the lyrics on the album?

I am very interested in things which are absurd, and so the lyrics of that album are absurd, but some people think they are too sophisticated to appreciate an absurdity now and then.

Some people may think that there's some deep sociological significance in the lyrics.

Well, as a matter of fact they do have sociological significance but it isn't as literal as most of the intellectuals would like to make it. You know, it's a pretty subtle thing. First of all it's an art statement that we are working in this medium, and it's also an art statement that the package looks like it does for that record. It's an art statement that the words are what they are against the music being what it is. It's all very carefully balanced out.

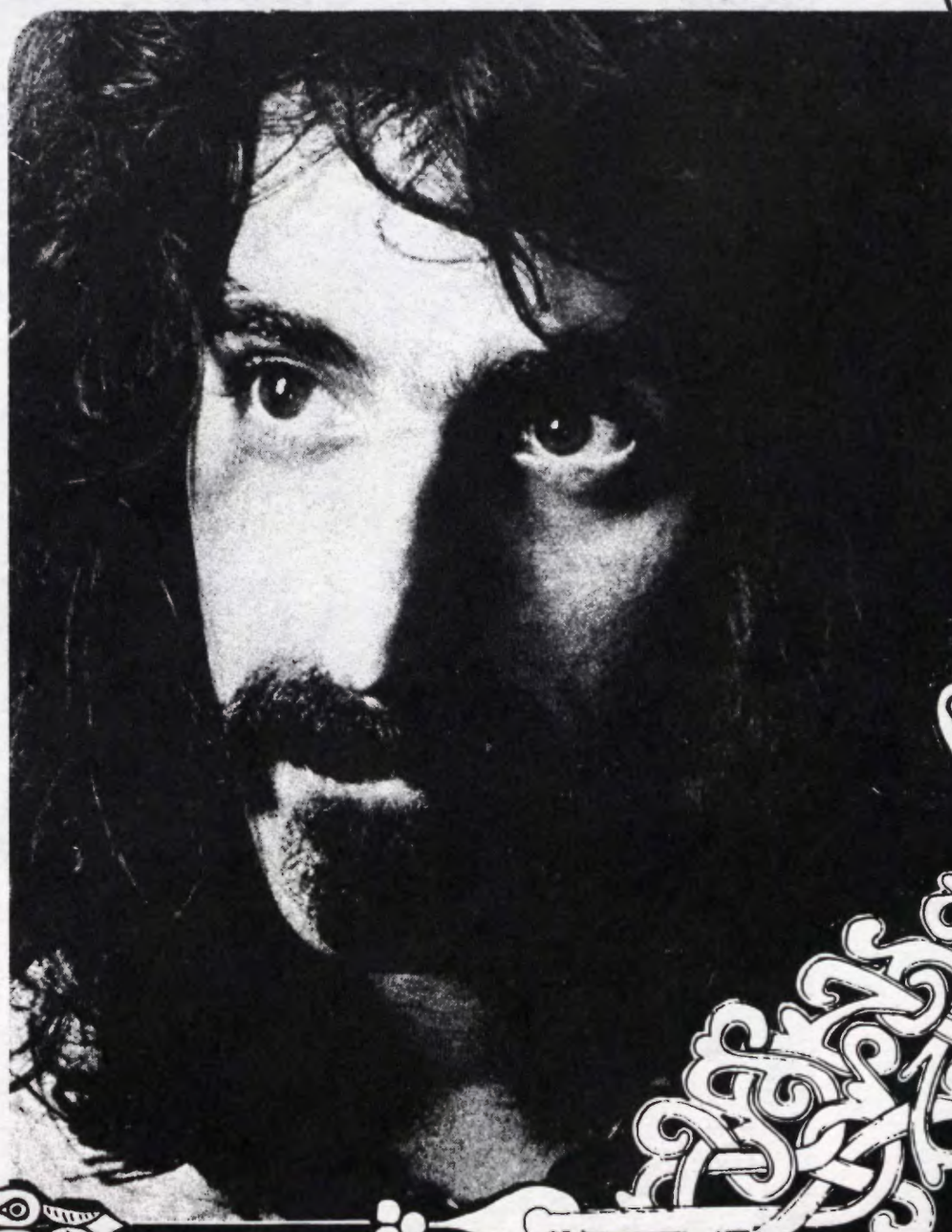
So the lyrics are used also for a pure 'sound' purpose?

Right. Rundy rundy rundy doody mop mop sounds very well in that context, it looks stupid on paper but that's the thing with lyrics you know, lyrics on paper generally speaking don't look well at all, like, why did any body bother to put them down on paper. In fact usually cringe when I write 'em, but it's a different thing when you realise it as a sound and especially depending on what register the voice is singing it in and all those other variables like the reference in the Uncle Meat variations to 'fuzzy dice and bongos, fuzzy dice, I got 'em at the pep boys at the boys, brodie knobs and spinners, chromium plated'. OK now those words on paper don't look like very much and if you say them they don't sound like very much, but if you take 'chromium plated' and sing it on an operatic melisma like the soprano is doing in that thing it becomes something really absurd you know. What she's singing there is a very difficult piece of music and she's being forced to sing those words on it. Of course I don't think you even know what brodie knobs are over here which makes it even less accessible.

What are they?

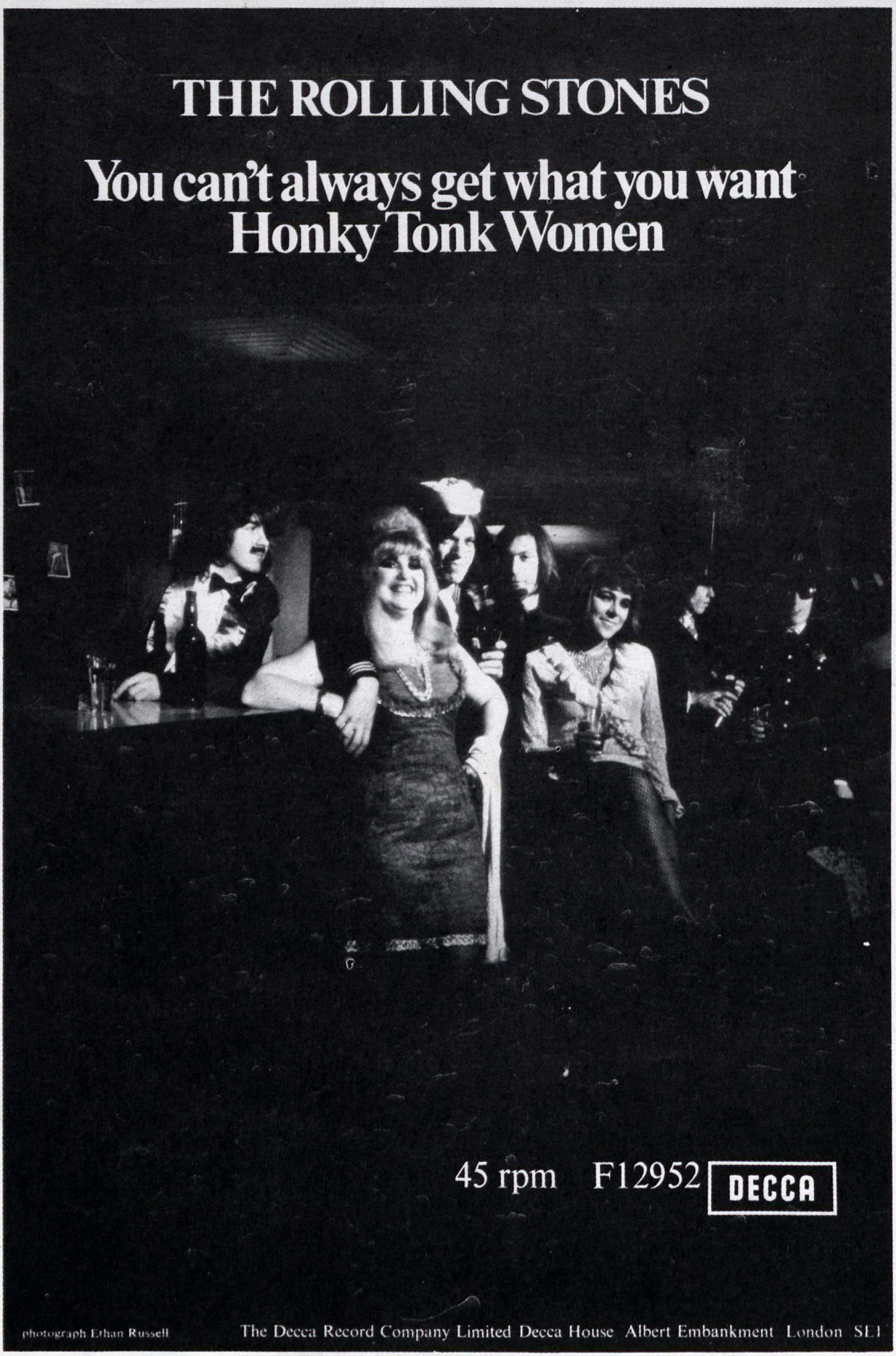
A brodie knob is a plastic knob which is screwed on to the steering wheel of a teenage automobile, generally it's clear blue plastic – some old men have them too, and they have these little pictures you know that you turn one way then you turn the other way and the picture moves, and the picture is generally a nude girl, her hands behind her head, so that it looks like she bounces her tits up and down for you when you turn your wheel.

Frank Zappa/Pete Drummond



THE ROLLING STONES

You can't always get what you want
Honky Tonk Women



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photograph Ethan Russell

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Lenny Bruce THE BERKELEY CONCERT *Bizarre Tra 195*

Somewhere along the line Lenny Bruce became known as a "dirty comedian". Well, he's no comedian – he was the first to admit that. One night he apologised to an audience 'I'm sorry I haven't been very funny – but you see I'm not a comedian, I'm Lenny Bruce.' But THEY all thought he was dirty; after his first season in the Establishment Club he drew these comments 'the man with a sewer for a mind', 'America's vilest export', and 'a fountain of filth at £600 a week'. When he tried to come back to London he was met with a deportation order at the airport as the Home Secretary had decided that his presence in England was "not conducive to the public interest". In Sydney there was much of the same. Lenny Bruce had several attempts at giving performances and was stopped by police, once in a theatre, and once in a club when he got into a hassle with some female who didn't appreciate him, and then finally when a University concert was organised, the Vice Chancellor stepped in and cancelled it. So Lenny went back to the States, where he didn't exactly get it easy. What with drugs and obscenity, he was always getting busted. Everywhere he spoke, the audience was half fuzz, waiting for him to drop one of the magic words they had written down in their little books as 'obscene'. And sure enough, drop one he did – he wouldn't let a challenge like that go by. Once in court, he always insisted on acting as his own lawyer, which only complicated things for everyone.

Well, he's dead now, and he died a lonely and unnecessary death, but this album is, if anything could be, a good memorial. This is Lenny Bruce talking to you, and somehow it's like listening to someone you know and like and respect, someone who's got something important to say, and manages to make it funny as well. As I said, he's no comedian, there's nothing facile about him, no well-rehearsed patter produced by a battery of script-writers – it's all him. It wouldn't do any good trying to get down anything he says, you've got to hear it for yourself. He just talks about things that concern him, like justice, and the law, religion, girls, and being Jewish, etc.

Some people are saying that Lenny Bruce on record is dated (well, he does talk about Vietnam), but this album is now, as it was when it was recorded, just a man getting up and talking openly and thoughtfully – and fast, funny and frenetic as well – about some pretty timeless subjects. Recording quality is okay, no frills – in fact it's just edge to edge Lenny Bruce. The abrupt cut-off at the end, as if the original tape just ran out, is pretty exasperating, though.

Ralph Gleason, his old friend and patron and one who stuck by him, writes some very good sleeve notes. But he was lucky enough to know Lenny Bruce first-hand. This album is the closest we'll get.

Gina Paul

VELVET UNDERGROUND. Velvet Underground *MGM CS 8108.*

The Velvet Underground have always been a group who turned as many stomachs as they blew minds: not everyone can groove on them. Their attraction, (or repulsion), lies in the extreme areas in which they operate: insistent, relentless rhythms . . . hysterical organ and guitar . . . wrecked vocals. A cut like Sister Ray on their last album makes a direct bid on the metabolism; you either escape or surrender. Their music is always unsettling and disturbing, their heads adrift somewhere in William Burroughs-land, a sickly sweet, rotten smell in the air . . . songs of Strange Pleasures, subversive and corrupt.

Yet here we are with Jesus, a long way to travel from Heroin in the space of one LP. Have they really hung up their spurs and the whip of shiny, shiny leather with the sailor's suit and cap? Have the Flowers of Evil started to bloom?

Perhaps they haven't gone through 'changes' so much as 'modifications': the wolf and the lamb walk hand in hand. For the first time 'velvet' shares top billing with 'underground'. They've stopped 'rushing on their run' and slowed the pace to a processional dawdle. But though everything has been toned in low key it's still unmistakably them. It's got 'feel' alright, but it's a kind of ghoulish, corpselike feel. Gone are the walls of sound and vast textural contrasts, in comes a sad, liturgical droning, the wailing of the converted sinner (but with his tongue slyly in his cheek). One doesn't really have faith in their faith, and it's probably wisest to give up very early trying. Cop out of value judgements, write it off as some variation on camp (which VU have always been strong on anyway), and you can relax and enjoy it.

Songs on this album are divided between heaven and hell, and the casual listener will be forgiven if he doesn't quite notice the difference. Jesus is pure, simple, moving and undeniably sincere. But then there's Some Kinda Love, which is another thing altogether . . . shall we say 'hard core necrophilia'? The lyrics are filthiest – 'Put jelly on your shoulders and lie down on the carpet . . . .', or, 'In some kinds of love the possibilities are endless, and for me to miss one of them would be groundless . . .' Murder Mystery, in which chick drummer Maureen Tucker takes to song, is a cross between the Mothers and the Billy Cotton Band Show, and reminiscent of the saga of Walter Jeffries on White Light/White Heat. Maureen also takes the honours on Afterhours, and gets into a nice Vera Lynn bag . . . in fact she warbles delightfully.

Velvet Underground don't really sound together on this album, either as a group or as individuals, which I have a sneaking suspicion was what they might have been aiming at. Luckily too, for if they made it they would lose their quality as a group . . . fragmentation is more their scene. The style of this album is the antithesis of their style before. By replacing blatant freak-value with subtler means they end up sounding more bizarre than ever. Tired cliche, but this album really does grow on you . . . like a malignant tumor.

Adrian Ribolla

KING OF THE BLUES GUITAR Albert King *Atlantic 588173*

While both BB and Freddy King have visited this country and have more than lived up to their reputations, Albert, the most recent of the Kings to emerge, has yet to make a trip to Europe. However, when he does, he should be a sensation, at least if his records are anything to go by.

After the excellent live set, Live Wire/Blues Power, comes his latest release in this country, 'King of the Blues Guitar', which though on Atlantic is in fact, a reissue of some of his Stax work of a couple of years ago, five tracks of which were released on the Stax album, Born Under a Bad Sign.

If you haven't the Stax LP, this is the better buy, excluding as it does, the two mawkish ballads, 'The Very Thought of You' and 'I Almost Lost My Mind', which so marred the first album: and including several of his excellent single releases such as 'Lucy' and 'Cold Feet'.

Recording for the Memphis based Stax label, King has been influenced by the soul sound for which the label is famous; and on his studio work he uses Booker T and the usual house musicians. As some blues purists in this country object even to the use of horns, they might find this hard to take. Nevertheless, they must one day come to terms

ROCK QUIZ

Here are sixteen authentic quotes about rock music, ranging from 1956 through to 1969. Each quote has three possible alternative origins. Tick your choice and turn to the astounding answers on page 44.

1) 'Rock 'n' Roll is a means of pulling down the white man to the level of the negro. It is part of a plot to undermine the morals of the youth of our nation.'

The Secretary of the North Alabama White Citizen's Council
Richard Daley, Mayor of Chicago
Judy Garland

2) 'I don't know anything about music. In my line I don't have to'

Yoko Ono
Elvis Presley
Timothy Leary

3) 'Viewed as a social phenomenon, the current craze for rock and roll material is one of the most terrifying things ever to have happened to popular music. Musically speaking, of course, the whole thing is laughable.'

Billy Cotton
Frankie Vaughan
Steve Race

4) 'Nothing really affected me musically until Elvis.'

Eric Burdon
John Lennon
Donald Peers

5) 'The kids accept almost any form of rock and roll, even the lowest and most distasteful . . . It seems to encourage sloppy clothes that become the accepted uniform. It's one step from Fascism!'

Malcolm Muggeridge
Mitch Miller
The Editor of the New Musical Express

6) 'I am one-hundred per cent Christian and everything I do is done with my religion in mind'

Billy Graham
Little Richard
Cliff Richard

7) 'It's so fabulous being young and a girl and you can have nice clothes and can dress up, and that's the nicest part about it, being famous and people admiring you.'

Sandie Shaw
Mrs Jeff Banks
Sandra Goodrich

8) 'In the old days you'd drag your old man out on the lawn and kick the shit out of each other, and he'd say, 'Be home by midnight!' and you'd *be* home by midnight. Today, parents don't dare tell you what time to get in — they're frightened you won't come back.'

Dick Gregory
Frank Zappa
Simon Dee

9) 'The same goes for my stripper routine. Nobody has ever objected . . . why should they? All that happens is that the stripping music plays and then I take off my jacket and . . .'

Engelbert Humperdinck
Janis Joplin
Danny La Rue

10) 'The effect of rock and roll in young people is to turn them into devil worshippers to stimulate self-expression through sex; to provoke lawlessness, impair nervous stability and destroy the sanctity of marriage. It is an evil influence on the youth of our country.'

R D Gaiman, Public Relations
Officer to the Church of Scientology.
Rev Albert Carter,
Minister of the Pentacostal Church.
Marjorie Proops

(Compiled by Felix Dennis & Jim Anderson).

11) "Uh-oh, I think I exposed myself out there . . .'

P.J. Proby
Jim Morrison
Judith Durham, ("Big Boobs" to her friends)

12) 'Too many people are becoming obsessed with pop music. The position of rock and roll in our sub-culture has become far too important, especially in the delving for philosophical content.'

Mick Jagger
Tiny Tim
Jan Wenner

13) 'Pop's not a culture, it isn't an art. If rock and roll is a culture it's a great big boil and when it bursts it will leave a nasty scar.'

Mick Farren
Simon Dupree
Che Guevara

14) 'When I perform am I producing art? Am I *fuck!*'

Mary Hopkin
Terry Reid
Jimi Hendrix

15) 'Pop is the perfect religious vehicle. It's as if God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created and chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty.'

Mike Heron
Donovan
Liberace

16) 'I had a banana band in highschool.'

Bob Dylan
Duane Eddy
Sir Malcolm Sargent

with the fact that most of the post BB King bluesmen and even BB himself have made use of horns, and are influenced by gospel and soul styles. This can, as in the case of Buddy Guy's treatment of Knock On Wood, be simply a commercial ploy to retain the interest of soul conscious black youth, or it can, as in Albert King's case, be an extension and development of the blues form, in the same way as BB King extended it by introducing gospel influenced vocal mannerisms and a strongly jazz influenced guitar style, derived from Django Reinhardt as well as T-Bone Walker. Albert's guitar style has its root in BB's, but it has a thicker, meatier tone to it; a more limited guitarist, certainly (at least on record), but none the less effective. He owes a lot to BB, but without being too derivitive. Of all the newer bluesmen, Magic Sam, Jnr Wells, Albert Collins, Buddy Guy etc, Albert King has probably the freshest approach, his is almost certainly the most interesting development of the BB King style while still remaining within the strict blues form.
'Born Under A Bad Sign' is best known to most people through Cream's version, but the version contained here is the original and one of the album's standouts. Other highlights include two brilliant slow blues, Personal Manager and Laundromat Blues. In complete contrast to the slow moodiness of those two tracks are Lucy, a tribute to his guitar in which he speaks of her as a woman, and Cold Feet, where he bemoans his lack of hits while his soul brothers at Stax are all high in the charts.
One of the most welcome by-products of the current success of white blues bands has been the revival of interest in both the older and younger negro bluesmen. While Albert will never receive the adulation or financial reward of the Claptons of this world, he is now at least playing to a wider audience and his album sales are picking up. Of the Albert King albums available (five, including imports) this is the most representative of his work at it's best.
Peter Dalton

A MEAL YOU CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH IN THE DARK. Pete Brown and his Battered Ornaments. *Harvest SHVL 752 Stereo.*

The whole process of reviewing is really a product of the popular mass media with its demands for 'instant copy' and so on. It's incapable of dealing with anything less ephemeral than yesterday's headlines since it's based on first impressions, and first impressions are so often not worth the paper they're printed on. Anybody who's noticed that a child can get more comfort and enjoyment out of a cheap, dog-eared and ancient teddy bear than from a whole roomful of bright and shiny, but unfamiliar, new toys will realize why. Some things can become more important to us than their external appearance and our first experience of them might ever suggest. It's this long term effect – the quality of art (or the teddy bear, or that lucky penny in your pocket, or whatever . . .) that makes it live and continue to influence us – that the short review just can't account for. It's what makes the short review ultimately worthless, something to be taken with the largest pinch of salt you can find.
Understand me, I'm not saying Pete Brown's LP is art (or not art), or even that it is good music of its kind (or bad music of its kind). I'm only trying to be objectively honest, and the trick, as I see it, is not to be put off by one's first impressions of this album. They're likely to be unfavourable. Like Captain Beefheart, Pete Brown often taxes the ear-drums and frequently strains the sense of credulity. On the third time round I've just begun to detect saving graces: some of the lyrics really do have an appealing directness, and on some of the tracks the band really *does* appear to be rapping, interacting, constructing something valid. On the other hand some initial pessimisms seem to be borne out: on the whole I'd say the musicianship is weak and on the two tracks where the lyrics are in part and most obviously improvised, Politician and Travelling Blues, Pete strives too consciously to be evil and ends up as merely ridiculous. That's on three hearings. You may get this, or something different, quicker than I did. You may get it after a good while longer. You may never get it at all. And even if you do consider the whole thing merely abortive it shouldn't automatically be precluded from your collection. If it's true that by our mistakes we become lovable, then it may merely mean that this album has a better chance than most.
Graham Charnock

IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT Blossom Toes *Marmalade 608010 Stereo.*

There is a side to me that doesn't like record reviews, particularly underground reviews. Nine times out of ten they just end up as a kind of public wank by the reviewer who is living out his fantasy as best he can. However now and again an album comes along which although not a point of departure for other people's dreams, achieves something beautiful and unique in such a personal way that those of us who have heard feel a need to ask those who haven't to listen.
It's about two years since Blossom Toes' first album was released and on the evidence of this, their second album, it was two years spent growing musically and growing together, for after a very long listen I find this one of the best albums I have heard for months, and if a few levels and production points had been smoothed out and the track Just above my hobby horse's head taken out, it could possibly have been the best.
The feel of the album is very positively West Coast in terms of the colour and structure of the music; occasionally there are momentary glimpses of America and Americans, a suggestion of the Airplane, a hint of Beefheart, something which made me think of Steve Miller, but these are just the memories from which musical language is made and communication established, the imagery is essentially English, an experience drawn from an environment that includes us all, acid freaks, politicians, warriors and children moving in a world that sways between dream and reality without ever belonging to either.
With an album where people working as a group achieve a high level of performance as a group its rather contradictory to single out parts of the whole. However, my personal highs were Jim Cregan's playing on Indian Summer, harmony guitars, Billy Boo, Brian Godding's guitar solo on Wait a Minute, the rhythm section throughout and perhaps Giorgio Gomelsky's greatest contribution to pop music so far, bass vocal harmony on Love Bomb.
Blossom Toes have listened, lived, evaluated and evolved into their own thing, I hope you like it as much as I do. *K*

Answers to Quiz

1) The Secretary of the North Alabama White Citizen's Council. May 1956
2) Elvis Presley. April 1957
3) Steve Race. May 1956
4) John Lennon. February 1967
5) Mitch Miller. November 1957
6) Cliff Richard. April 1969
7) The three alternatives are Sandie Shaw's maiden, married and stage names. December 1967
8) Frank Zappa. June 1968
9) Engelbert Humperdink. May 1969
10) Rev. Albert Carter, Minister of the Pentacostal Church. Oct. 1956
11) Jim Morrison. March 1969
12) Mick Jagger. February 1969
13) Simon Dupree. April 1969
14) Terry Reid. Jan. 1969
15) Donovan. 1968
16) Bob Dylan. June 1966

OUR FIRST SPIRITUAL EFFLUENCES,

OUR FIRST MUMMY-MADE MEDICINE,

SHALL BE PHYSIC MADE FROM THOSE

WHO SHOWED THEIR ECCENTRICITY

BY THEIR UNNATURAL PERSISTANCE

IN RETAINING THE APPEARANCE OF

LIFE, AND FROM THOSE, WHO WHILE

IN THIS LIFE, MIMIC'D MORTALITY.

A MEAL YOU CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH IN THE DARK

PETE BROWN AND HIS BATTERED ORNAMENTS

SHVL 752

WASA-WASA

EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND

SHVL 757

ALCHEMY

THIRD EAR BAND

SHVL 756

HARVEST

EMI

BLACKHILL ENTERPRISES LIMITED

E.M.I. RECORDS (THE GRAMAPHONE CO. LTD.)

MARSHA

Do you think of your hair as an aggressive sign?
No. Listen, how did my hair happen? My hair happened because I was wearing it in Shirley Temple curls and it rained one day and got very frizzy. I looked in the mirror and saw how easy it was going to be to keep it that way. The manager, or somebody at *Hair* said: 'It would be very nice for you to wear that in the show.' I said maybe sometimes I'll wear it that way and sometimes I won't. I found it was easy to maintain it that way and then I really got into it, like totally into it. It got a lot of work for me and I've been able to exploit it

But as far as the political thing goes that's not your object in wearing it.
Definitely not. Somebody came to me saying that one of the large newspapers was doing a story about 'naturals' and black girls going into this very heavy identity with African heritage and whatever. I told the man I couldn't possibly discuss that with him because that wasn't why I was wearing my hair like that. Of course it's kind of nice for people to associate that with me, but that's not really where it's at in my head at all, because my hair could just as easily be straight as kinked. There are a lot of things happening down on the plantations and there are a lot of things that the hair can do.

How are your relationships with the black activist groups in London. Have they approached you or have you wanted to do something with them?
It's very strange. They approached me on a very naive and beautiful level, really. Somebody from the black power group came up to me and said: 'We're doing a show, can you come?' and 'We're having a meeting, can you come?' and I went down to see what was happening. I went down in face because I wanted to set up a nursery for black children in London since I had this nursery in Berkeley. I thought that I could tie it in with the Movement and that in some way it might help, but when I got to the meeting I just felt that it was going to take so much time and energy to make them aware of the fact that I wasn't a foreigner and that I wasn't standing apart from the Movement – our Movement – that I just didn't get into it. I found the vibrations very funny at that meeting. I was treated like an outsider and I didn't expect that, you know. I expected that being black, I would be treated like everybody else in that room.

Was the reason that you were treated like an outsider that you had made it in . . .
I don't know. Perhaps it was the fact that being American sets me apart from the blacks in England. I didn't really understand why I was treated like I was, but I did definitely feel some strange attitude towards me.

Many black musicians coming to England, mainly rock, but jazz as well, often say, in press releases anyway, that they really dig England more than the States and that they feel much less of a prejudice here. What do you think of that sort of statement?
I think they feel that way because they don't really live here. Unfortunately nearly everywhere in the world there's this really blind prejudice. I thought when I first arrived here that none existed, but as soon as you start looking for a flat, as soon as you start talking about *anything*, as soon as people start asking you about music, about your hair, about the entirety of your being, you realise that there are great prejudices existing in almost everybody's mind.

You find this less now or not, I mean for you at the moment?
My position is really very strange because I find that before Englishmen identify me with being black they first identify me with being American, you know. Perhaps if I were West Indian the treatment I would get would be totally, but totally different. But when you get into the working class and the middle class society, you find that all the prejudices are the same. In fact, because I lived in Berkeley, I find more here than there. I think the prejudice in England is diabolical because nobody really discusses it. Ladbroke Grove really exists but nobody does anything about it. Discrimination in housing is an accepted thing and is something that everybody is very courteous about and refuses to discuss. They try to throw it off as being irrelevant or whatever. I can't understand the English position on the racial situation at all, but there is definitely a very strong problem here, which I think makes the blacks position here worse than in America. At least we're getting out there and discussing it, at least we're hassling over it.

What's discussed here is always in Enoch Powell's terms, too, that's the level of discussion.
Oh, exactly. Unfortunately there's somebody in that position to lay something like that down and have, seemingly, most of public opinion with him, and yet there's no black back-lash, there's no liberal back-lash, nobody seems to get upset about it. I mean Powell can make these statements and nobody blows him off the face of the earth. I don't understand it.

Vogue Magazine had some beautiful pictures of you awhile back but their little precis talked about you as a golliwog, as if you were some kind of man from the moon. How do you feel about that sort of thing? And also about the way IT ran your ad, with emphasis on WOGS for Walk on Gilded Splinters, which probably was a mistake.
Yeah, there was a mistake, in that before that happened I wasn't wise enough to approve all my ads before they went out. I mean, that Vogue article happened because Ray Connolly did an article about me in the Evening Standard and the

David McIntosh

headlines were that I was the prettiest golliwog in London. Unfortunately I can't get upset about the word 'wog' because it doesn't seem real to me. If they were talking about 'niggers' there would be some very heavy anti-vibrations coming, but 'wog' doesn't mean anything. The word has no bad connotations for me. It's just some English thing. The only reason I was opposed to them calling me a wog was because I realise that in this country the word is used adversely against dark-skinned people. That's what made me up-tight. Whoever made that ad had a lot of bitching to cope with from me because of it.

Your first single, Walk on Gilded Splinters – you took Dr John's sly, jazz orientation and made it into a real voodoo chant.

I left the Hair evening show at 12 and I got to the studios to record and found that there was a group in the studios so I had to wait for another hour and so by the time it happened I was really uptight and I must have sung that fucking song about twenty times. I realised I was getting very uptight about something I really believed in, so I sat in this funny little room, and it was so hot it was ridiculous. I always smoke when I'm recording, cigarettes, and I couldn't smoke because there was no ventilation, I couldn't sing because it was too hot. It didn't work with my clothes off, so I put my clothes back on, it still didn't work so I decided to sit down and calm down, and get into the motion of the music, which to me was a very spiritual thing.

It sounds like a heat trance.

No. Three years ago I met these two Americans who said that they had had a seance and that there were spirits in their house. I went over there laughingly to prove how wrong they were about seances and spirits and this whole thing happened and since then I have had great communication with something that's with me all the time, and that's how I eventually got into the song.

When the song was recorded by me it had nothing to do with voodoo, it had to do with something that I have that's greater than that. Because when I think of voodoo I think of poisonous snakes, you know, and what I did with that record had venom in the lyrics, but not in the over-all feeling.

You were talking before about the whole pop scene in terms of the super-star scene.

I mean what is *that*, what is a super-star? If someone uses that word again I'm going to like freak-out, because I should think the people who are called super-stars are considered super-stars simply because they play their instruments very well, but to even allow themselves to be associated with that label takes a hell of a lot out of it.

The real super-stars have very little to do with that label.

Yeah, I guess you're right. I mean, nobody calls Jagger a super-star.

But he is one.

You're joking, he is one. In my heart and in everybody else's I don't know. There's so little happening in the business at the moment. Things are stagnant – I don't mean that in somebody's back yard somebody isn't creating something beautiful, something new, something really fresh – so what they're doing now is to get cults going around super-stars, and super-stars don't exist. As soon as you call yourself a star, you're *really* taking yourself seriously aren't you.

It means you make a lot more money.

I don't know. I seem to keep the taxi-cab company going but other than that I don't seem to have a whole lot of money. A lot of us are here because we were running away from middle class society. I left the University of California because I was really tired of estate cars and I get here to find that that's exactly what you ride in to go up to Leicester to do a gig, and that a push bike isn't good enough for you. And you can't go out of the house without any make up because of your image. I don't have any image because one day my hair is going to fall out.

That's not exactly fair, Marsha. Marsha Hunt playing with White Trash is the merging of two incredible images.

I'd rather call myself Mabel. If Marsha Hunt means something to someone other than what it means to me which is like this name my mother gave me because she couldn't think of a better one, I can't get involved with that. It's very hard to explain, but none of that is real, none of that is why I came here. I'm just happy to know that I'm not at Berkeley any more. I left it because it was becoming to me everything that the armchair philosophers said they didn't want to become a part of. Like the Free Speech Movement, we were fighting the system, and before we knew it, like within three weeks, we had committees, and sub-committees and anti-sub-committees and the sub-committee to the sub-committee. And I thought, 'Well, this definitely isn't happening' and I came over her to breathe again. It's frightening when I think I might slip back into that thing again.

How do you find you're fighting it? How do you try not to slip into it?

If I can just keep laughing, you know. If people can get good vibrations from my energy, from what I do because I'm happy, I'm sad, then that's a nice thing, but as soon as I get involved with projecting what I think they want me to feel then I'm going to be in a very bad way and I hope that I never get the If I see it coming, I'm going to split again.

23 3/6

OZ

"yet each man kills the thing he loves..."

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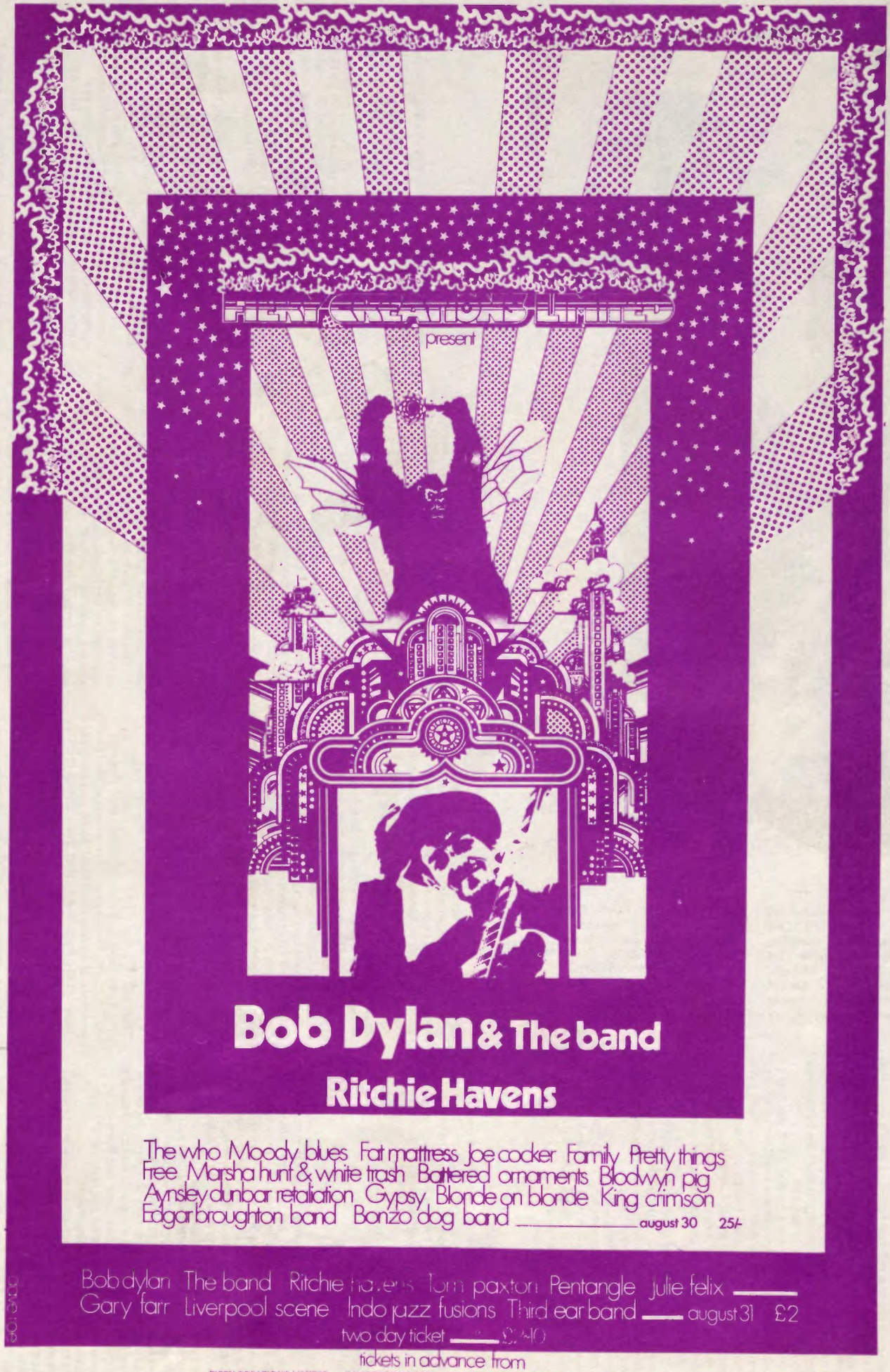
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CORRESPONDENCE

WHO is the delegate who will demolish the myth of mental illness?

Dear OZ,
Reading your mag makes me feel very small. It's alright for the Living Theatre to take off their clothes, but I've got a few nasty spots which I am very embarrassed about, and have to drink lots of milk and sat out in the sum (what fucking sun?)
The fucking scene out here in the country is non-existent, we have to do it with our hands, which leads to a red raw tool and aching balls, legs and back – bad temper and nerves, and it does drive you crazy because you know what you're missing every time you masturbate.
The smoking scene? One of the most afficient drugs squads in the country is working in this area. So who needs paranoia as well?
Then there was the time I turned up at the Arts Lab (first and last time) to see the Dylan film and couldn't afford it. 15 bob for a fucking film! I was thrown out by some irate trendy who kept muttering something about Royalties.
I thought the idea of kids doing their own thing was that it would be cheap and for everybody, not a clique.
I can't play the guitar, I can't write poetry, act, paint, or sing and my understanding of politics and economics is very limited. So what happens to me in the great cultural revolution.
In my 19 years I've had 3 women, a nervous breakdown and some poor education. Can't you people in London realize that 20 miles north of IT, OZ, Arts Labs, etc, NOTHING HAS CHANGED!
So what's all the fuss about?
Do I hear smug laughter.

J F

PORNO SWEDEN
Yes, you still have to send to Sweden for your Porno. For £1, we will send you our Glossy samples, Richly coloured catalogues on Films, Colour-Slides, Photos, Magazines and Books. We accept I.R.C.s International Reply coupons which you can buy at any Post Office. Cash Postal Orders and cheques are also acceptable, but leave all payee columns blank.
MAYFAIR DESIGN, BOX 9077, 12109 JOHANNESHOV 9, SWEDEN.

Dear OZ,
Rugby *is* breaking bravely away from tradition, is being democratically reformed with the boys in mind, and is in no need of an anarchist revolt, thank you. So please tell the Public Schools, Anarchist Committee where to get off.
Love,
Peter James,
Springfield House,
West Clandon,
Surrey.

Dear OZ
On June 22nd the Sunday Telegraph revealed that over 30 boys at Rugby School were expelled because they were 'hippy rebels' – they were wearing their hair long and preferred mod clothing and they had tried to introduce 'hippy ideas and literature' into the school. Two boys had also been expelled for smoking pot, and for circulating OZ and IT. They also published their own magazine, Lucifer, which was halted after three issues. A 'Rugby Freedom Movement' had been formed and the boys involved, went around smashing windows and light bulbs and generally wrecking the place. The following day the Rugby authorities issued a statement admitting that there had been some trouble recently, but that the number of boys punished had been exaggerated.
Next Sunday the Telegraph – now giving more attention to the whole business than either of the supposedly troublemaking OZ and IT – announced that on the following Saturday (July 5th) an anti-public schools, demonstration would be held by the London-based Public Schools, Anarchist Committee at Wellington College. The demo, would take the form of a minor uprising. An advert in the Drury Lane Arts Lab, called for support. It stated: 'In each of the country's public schools there is a tiny group of heads trying to destroy inequality and petty tyranny. They need your help.' The headmaster of Wellington said that he bitterly resented 'the intrusion of professional agitators into the affairs of a private institution.' Meanwhile the headmaster of Aldenham Public School at Elstree announced that he was banning both OZ and IT from the school.
And for the next gripping instalment read the Sunday Telegraph? . . .
Seriously, an attack on the public school is not just an attack on the school authorities, but also an attack on some of the pupils, their parents, and the rich and powerful upper crust of our society. No attack should be taken lightly by those who plan it – any small group from outside the school stands little chance anyway faced with such opposition. In society's present state, it is best that the public school pupils themselves attempt to change their environment into something more free and sensible.
Yours,
Tristan Wood & Julian Ladbury,
c/o Rugby School.

Dear OZ
It's a lie to say television is a 'bankrupt medium' (OZ 22). It's like saying TV does not exist. It's an example of idiotic non-think. What you seem to have totally forgotten is that the medium is only 15 years old – virtually nothing compared to the cinema, and nothing at all compared with literature, painting, sculpture or theatre. You are dealing with something whose potential is unknown, whose capabilities are unknown, whose resources are unknown.
I resent very much one quote in this unfortunate supplement – I think by David Sharp in his 'tired producer's notes.' He claims that the point I have made above is not a useful one. On the contrary I regard it as an extremely useful and important argument because when you compare the improvements made in cinema from the time it first started, around 1890, with a film made 15 years later, say 1965, you find they are minimal compared with what TV has achieved in the same period of time.
I've worked in TV for three years and can remember thinking how extraordinary it was to see live TV pictures from New York. And now of course I can watch pictures from the moon. The technological possibilities of this are beyond one's imagination.
That's not to say that the uses being made of TV at the moment are necessarily the best. But as a contribution to the debate your supplement is worse than non-existent. It's positively damaging. OZ has utterly screwed up the real issues at stake. Most of your criticisms of the BBC are absolute and total fictions. The BBC has in fact worked out the most amazing British compromise.
There is a Board of Directors which involves a director of television, a director of radio, a director of administration and so on. They run the BBC and they are the group of people to whom all those who work for the corporation are responsible. But the Board of Governors is responsible to nobody at all except the government. So you have the government, the State, and the Board of Governors who are there to interpret what the State wants, if you like, except that they consist of a lot of people who are not political appointees.
Some are totally opposed to the Labour government and when the Conservatives come in they will be totally opposed to them.
These people have their representative on the Board in the person of the Director General, and he exists, as it were, as a filter and he goes back to the Board who tell him they want this and that and go chortle, chortle, chortle, and ask how can such and such be watered down. Then the Director General goes chortle, chortle, chortle, how can I water that down and this is passed down to the head of a department who says chortle, chortle how can I water that down. The net result is that the people who are actually making the programmes are not controlled in any way at all by anyone.
Often what the BBC tends to do, by and large, is to go half a step forwards while seeming to go half a step backwards. It was the BBC who first said 'fuck', not ITV. It's the BBC who shows nude women, not ITV. It's the BBC who says 'Man shot in the head in Vietnam', not ITV. And the BBC produced 'Till Death Do Us Part,' etc. etc. So it's absolute nonsense to write off the BBC as a reactionary organisation.
Of course I'm not denying the validity of some of your criticisms. Certainly the sub-culture of the so-called undergorund, that better part of pop music, organisations like Release, Shelter, Bit and magazines like yours and what they are supposed to stand for, are largely ignored. And the BBC is completely at fault in this.
But if your David Sharp (known to me, by another name, to be a very senior producer who should know better), your Raymond Durgnat and particularly whoever was responsible for *that* introduction are assuming that behind all this there is some kind of corporation conspiracy then why the hell didn't you conduct a debate along those lines. Such an approach could have yielded infinite possibilities. If there is a next time may I suggest you change your misleading heading to 'TV *is* the medium' and run a supplement which has been thoroughly and intelligently thought-out; not just another compilation of uninformed sneers.

Yours
Tony Palmer
Ladbroke Grove.

WHO is the delegate who will speak for the 1200 patients killed every year in the USA under electric-shock 'treatment'?

verbrechen oder wunder: ein vollständiger mensch

A crime or a miracle : a complete human being

WHO is the delegate who will protest at the 'committal for Psychiatric treatment' of political prisoners in the USSR?

Dear Oz,

I was down at the Midnight Court last Friday taking pictures of the groups, then a small army of fuzz moved in and started making people feel a bit uncomfortable. I got a couple of shots of them engaged in their usual activities, and promptly had my film confiscated by the management of the Lyceum.
So much for yet another 'underground' organization. They should stick to bingo halls and the Hammersmith Palais.
To be fair, I did get compensation for the film, but that isn't the point.
It is interesting that they let me take pictures for three weeks without any interference, but as soon as the fuzz appear?

Love,
(Name and address witheld by request)

Dear OZ,
Just one small point about something Marsha Hunt said in OZ 22. Namely: she didn't know why the british blacks gave her the cool reception. Now, the answer to this is not because she is American, or any kind of nationalist or race thing, but because of CLASS. And it is because of class conflict that the whites hate/fear the blacks (and, of course, vice versa). Marsha's like the duchess who couldn't understand why the peasants didn't smile when she brought them windfalls every summer. By making a bit of money she's put herself even more firmly in the middle class than she was when she was a swinging student at Berkeley — a small wonder the labouring blokes from Ladbroke Grove didn't exactly feel that she was one of them.
And, of course, they would be right in viewing her as being largely uncommitted to THEIR problem — she, after all, has risen above it. Now, she will attract only a few sophisticated shreds of white racialism (no greasy landlords to fight with, no getting refused drinks, no being thrown off buses by yobs, etc, etc.) — her public is black *and* white, and her money and success will attract the usual arse-licking crowd of admirers from both colours — because, in her case, the primary base for racialism (i.e. economic) will have been destroyed. Marsha had better start learning that you can't succeed by the values of a rotten society and then try joining those who are being crushed by that society. Easier by far to have carnal relations with oneself.
luv,
Bob Ritchie
Osborne Cottage
Cassington
Oxford

Dear OZ,
Well, waddaya know, the Great English Romantic Revival has just hit the vinyl. Called Jethro Tull they will play sweet songs and merry ditties to soothe your cells. Bring not your nasty Clearwater near, nor your vulgar Waters, give me a cup of tea, a Jethro, and a good lie down.
With heart-shaped Fenders and a posy of violet Marshalls they assault our ears with a cupid's kiss. Out with bodies, hit the pits with Mum.
Get *Stand Up*, it's the best English album for some time and reading between the grooves is a pleasure.
T R Zelinka,
10 Argyll Mansions,
Hammersmith Road,
London W14.

Dear OZ
The Secondary Schools' Unions were unable to achieve any serious mobilization of youth. Since its collapse the vestiges of SSU's in the North-West, e.g., Manchester, Stockport, Oldham, etc., with the help of a radical newspaper 'Grass Eye' now hope to re-start the movement. The new campaign will be based on a £3 minimum wage demand for school students who choose to stay on beyond the school-leaving age.
The campaign will be called WAGE — We Ain't Getting Educated. A research group is currently being established in Manchester. Its purpose is to churn out facts which will prove to people that our present educational system ignores the needs of the individual student.
A festival is being arranged for the North-West. The idea of the festival is to have an exciting seminar Blues festival at the beginning of the new term (September 12-14) to draw attention to campaign aims. Earlier, Sept 6-7, there will be a meeting of militant leaders in Manchester — ideas needed.
Yours fraternally,
Naomi Wimborne
(Manchester SSU.)

Dear OZ
With reference to your article on Spikeys, OZ 22, I fear you are sadly misled as to their numbers and sexual division. The Skinheads have appeared in large numbers since last September.
It is not surprising that this violent movement has arisen: man is fundamentally a violent creature, and a re-action to the peace-love culture thing was inevitable.
Let us not dismiss these people as morons however. We both have a uniform. We are all reacting to the confusion and pressures brought about by the Neo-industrial Revolution, which is still in its infancy. We all use the soft drug: the Cropper's favourite tripe is acid, he has contempt for the sacred weed. But where is the fundamental difference?
Isn't our reaction to Skinheads remarkably like the Normal's reaction to us? Are we utter hypocrites, or do we echo the words of Frank Zappa:
'Who cares if their hair is long or short, or partly grey.
We know that hair ain't where its at!'
Yours lovingly
A Friend.

Dear Oz
While the over-adorned carriage of the Prince of Wales meandered through the servile sycophants some discordant notes issued from three "heads" nearby. The procession meanwhile continued on its way. But as soon as the "pram" turned into another street the trio were immediately pounced upon by the fuzz. The scenes which followed were grotesque. Swarms of navy, silver-buttoned, truncheoned sadists — whose faces were contorted with fury — broke loose with abuse and blows. This went on for five minutes. The 'heads' emerged with bedraggled clothes and bloody faces. The Press, *who were onlookers*, didn't even bother to mention this in any of the 'national deceptives'.
Yours
Thomas Jenkins,
130 St Helens Avenue,
Swansea, Glamorgan.

Dear OZ,
Concerning your recent issue (OZ 22) I have just been reading The Hippie Hoax thing (Pages 17–23). Marijuana turns happy lives into hell! Is this all true?
Surely this is CRAP! Love and peace and freedom to all.
Andrew

Dear OZ
I am editing, for Panther Books, an anthology of revolutionary and radical poetry by young British poets. The book will, I believe, demonstrate, justify and reflect the political aspirations of young people today. I would like to hear from your readers who should send contributions, with sae, directly to me
Alan Bold
19 Gayfield Square
Edinburgh 1

Dear Germaine
Revolution is a happening thing. Lets not be so *serious* about it.
I hope you won't be stuck in you bag of defending 'the underground'. Like the man says, lets make it for the hell of it.

Love
Gene Mahon
Rolling Stone
19 Hanover Square
London W1

WHO is the delegate who will demand an end to the creation of addicts through the use of

Dear OZ
Right. Fuck the Lyceum. Thank the star that Implosion burst on us. So, now we must all STAY AWAY from that Mecca shitbole.
Dave Carey
at Piccadilly Circus
London W1

Dear Germaine
Perhaps you could know how it feels if you find the Steely Dan 78 from Yokohama.
But it's a commercial proposition!
Jane Wiedlin
Rolling Stone

Dear Oz
I was pleased to feel the fire of germaine's observations. Obvious they may be, but its heartening to see them reiterated simply and strongly. We all need to be reminded from time to time how so fucking easy it is to conveniently forget the principles which we profess to believe. Compromise is a hell of an insidious thing, like we all appreciate the occasional necessity for it, but once you start, it rots you like gangrene, slowly, neatly nick by inch. And you adjust. You didn't even notice.
International Times is a far better example. At least Rolling Stone doesn't pretend – it's on the bandwagon, that's all, and doesn't even get *that* together!
But keep off your arse OZ, lest you forget too and the smell is there. With you the senility syndrome is setting in.
Having *said* what you said . . .

Sincerely
Suaree
London

Ozzie –
Your efforts to bring such luxuries as food into the reach of the impoverished multitudes are ingenious and admirable. But you've done it again: human flesh (at least in the US) is UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION due to the large amounts of DDT in the body. Better luck next month.
Catherine Pantsios
7800 Merrill
Chicago, Ill. USA 60649

Dear OZ,
Sure, pepper in a vagina is a certainty for kicks, and freedom without responsibility degenerates into licence.
OK, so you do/don't know the SDS is engaged in the use of explosives and sabotage also they are linked up with Black Panthers for the spread of urban violence. Further OZ proclaims it is revolutionary, but then so was Jesus.
Of course slang words are used by the 'boyos', but if you possess a bit of intelligence with a healthy respect for English with its half a million words you select the correct one, i.e. 'coitus'.
Howsoever, by *all* means go your way towards a humanized society, whereas I'll defend 'Civilized Society' because despite its warts it's worth defending.
May the best side win.

Alan Donn
35 Marlborough Road
Woodthorpe, Notts. NG5 4GB.

P.S. I am a man of principle, with positive values and standards, i.e. integrity, fidelity, the dignity of labour etc, etc.

Dear OZ
I am fifty-four. I was brought up strictly Church of England and a Royalist. At the age of four "correctly" refusing chocolates from a stranger (to me) I accepted them immediately on being told that they were from 'The King' (King George V). No problem there, as the 'stranger' was in uniform (actually a friend of my father's) – 'The King's Army'.
I am still a Royalist. I no longer consider myself a practising Christian.
I am more Christian than I ever was. Old age? I don't think so, the example of the young.
I have three sons, I meet their friends. I went to the Rolling Stones gathering in Hyde Park because it was an 'event', because my eldest son is a disc jockey.
I went to gawp. I stay.
I would never have believed that I could be crowd-enclosed, standing, happy and safe.
I've stood through 'Lucia de Lammermoor' at Covent Garden, through 'Lear' at Stratford-upon-Avon, through Wimbledon – but, a crowd of 'Hippies'?
The wonderful impersonal goodness of the young. An old fashioned world? No longer so.
Let us be grateful that at last Christ's teaching (not St Paul's) is alive in the land.

Yours truly
Harriet Ravendroft
27 Jameson Street
London W8

Dear OZ,
I find it frustrating that whilst up to 500,000 can turn out for free concerts – many of whom seem to be under the impression that they are taking part in a revolutionary act that will topple the State by sitting in the sunshine for five hours and watching groups whose position lies firmly within the System, Less than a hundred found the energy to go and protest against the mass-murderer Nixon when he came to London last February, and less than fifty turned up at a recent march on the Spanish Embassy to show solidarity with those people under Franco's regime who are condemned to spend the rest of their lives in rat-holes for the crime of opposing Fascism. Or are we supposed to let Nixon, Franco, Wilson, Vorster, Mao, and all the rest of the politicians who consider it their duty to run our own brains for us, do their own stuff?
Yours fraternally
Geoff Trodd

Dear OZ
Rumour has it that Barry Quatermain is going to re-open UFO. Would you care to comment?
Love
Peter

Dear OZ,
Many thanks to you, and your readers. Since your publication of my request, I've received from OZ readers 113 pairs of spectacles, which is a very good effort indeed.
Yours sincerely
Albert Bailey
Hinstock Optical Mission,
Marrow Brook Lane,
W Farnborough, Hants.

Dear OZ,
Maybe we're all a little too tied up on this sex revolution thing. Maybe on this whole revolution thing. Maybe we should all just go off and sit on a lonely cliff top or something and think. Maybe we should all read Huxley's 'Brave New World' and ask if that's what we want.
Squill
1 Valley Road,
Harrogate, Yorkshire.

Dear editor:
20,000 copies of a questionnaire have been sent out by Mazin Zeki to people whom he considers the 'Underground'. The questions he asks are either extremely stupid or potentially dangerous.
Any innocent studies of dissidents in the past have later been used to control blacks, workers, homosexuals, and students. This type of questionnaire is subject to the same kind of repressive use. For example, this seems to be one of the first studies of how the members of the underground get enough money to eat, to sleep, etc. Depending on the results, it could well be, that people with long hair will have additional difficulties next time they go to the National Assistance. And the drug question could not have been better designed by the fuzz itself. If the results show that 75% are 'addicted' to hashish, then any member of the 'underground' can rest assured that the fuzz will estimate that out of every four houses, they will score three.
What one is to do with questions like the following, we don't know. The space race is a waste of time and money. For the underground, predominantly and 'if politics is ignored by the majority, it will slowly die'. But if the money is wasted on the questionnaire, Mazin adds a list of books that he tries to sell by soap powder commercial advertising.
We then feel, that there are a number of things that Zeki should publicly explain. Since these results will be published whom are they intended to benefit? What is his relationship to the Underground Press Syndicate Europe? Where does his money come from? A careful estimation from people who should know indicate that some £540 have been spent on the printing, posting, and paper for this project. Certainly this amount of money could be more usefully used to satisfy 'the needs and aspirations of the alternative society'.
It might be better right now if people simply ignored the questionnaire or had a little fun at Mazin's expense and sent back the pre-paid envelopes empty.

Love
Alexander Hotel
48 Park Crescent
Brighton

Dear OZ,
I have enjoyed reading OZ, and have done so since issue number ten, the first issue I bought. I had no idea what it was going to be like – it just looked interesting. I have read it since because it proved to be, for want of a better word, good. I regard myself as one of the comparatively few people who stayed with the peace movement after the over-publicised summer of 1967. Of course, the movement had to change its original ideas slightly. We must be realists.
Recently, we have had to put up with more publicity than is good for us. I say this as one who is really an outsider, who is still conforming (for educational reasons). I have watched the fuzz raid IT etc. with a worried mind. The music of the underground is gaining numerous new followers (like myself). Not all these are exactly peace-loving, or anything like it. Some are sadists. We were a group of drop-outs but are being infiltrated by those who aren't.
Oz, and IT etc. may talk about increased readership but I am shocked at the way some of my non-hippy friends and others I have seen, are using OZ etc. They use them and treat them as dirt, rubbish and cheap thrills. As a person, I like to, and do, observe people and things. I am convinced that things are becoming rotten. I speak mainly of the Midlands. You seek to spread the message but as you do so it becomes subject to change. Some people can't be convinced, some won't and some are just stupid. I dearly hope that destruction doesn't come as a result of adventurous creation, as it often does.

Love and Good Luck,
Malcolm

addictive drugs in Psychiatry? WHO is the delegate who will show his outrage at the hundreds of thousands of people incarcerated in

101 Flood Street,
London, S.W.3.
August 19 '69.

Dear Richard,
Thanks a million for staying away,

~~Dear Richar~~,
Thanks a million for staying away, lost in that enormous book you're writing, letting me edit this issue with a sense of total freedom. But of course the established (established? Watch it!) guide-lines were there and, brother, ~~did I someth~~
~~did I sometimes need to cool off by clinging to them!~~ Also, and particul-
~~arly, kto~~
~~did I sometimesn~~
~~did I sometimes need to cool off by clingint to them! Also, and particul-~~

~~did I somethi~~

did I sometimes need to cool off by clinging to them! Also, and particul-arly, to your aides and abetters – Jon, Felix, Ken and the beautiful Brigitte. They've given me incredible support. Register that. These last three-lay-ou
Register that. These last three-lay out
Register that. These last three lay-out nights we've logged-up a sum total of say three winks sleep between us. The straight press was never like this. From the "complimentary" copy I'll make sure the office sends you (c.o.d. ho) you'll find OZ has tripped out over homosexuality, considered the American-on-the-Moon thing in terms of a Faustin wank-off into space, then
of a Faustin wank-off into space, then re-considered it as but the first hesit-ant step towards an inter-planetary consciousness. Throughout in fact
consciousness. Throughout in fact you'll find traces of rampant schitzo-phrenia, yin and yang nt
consciousness. Throughout in fact you'll find traces of rampant schitzo-phrenia, yin and yang not quite to-gether. Isn't that what most of us are into, after all.
ubrim
into, after all. Why pretend otherwise?
White
While collecting graphic metaphors for all this I took the liberty of moving in on both Martin and Philippe at the Pheasantry where of course they were deep into their own independent work. (Molopolis gets advance exposure here, too, though it looks as though we'll have to leave out the pic. of you as movie-starin
movie-star-in-the-making. Sorry.)

He took a leap, a head leap, into someone else's shoes and turning up-side down glimpsed the moon-shot through "alien" eyes: n
through "alien" eyes: not all his wave-length these days, though it might once have been.

Same thing, in a way, happened in compiling the homo section. If Keith's photographs are journalistically effect-ive but perhaps not as convincing as usual it's most likely because we posed them and there was quite a bit of self-consciousness about at that stage. Felix, for example, is terrified ou
Felix, for exap
Felix, for example, is terrified out of his wits that little old news-stalls ladies will not display any magazine
wotj tje cpver O t
with the cover I take the
with the cover I take responsibility for choosing. "We'll sell a tenth our
with the o
with the cover I take responsibility for choosing. "We'll sell a tenth our usual number" he moans. Then gets straight back to working his arse off. Hope he's wrong. . .

Some girl-lover, mother, sister – once challenged most of us into our first fuck; someone else into our first mind-wrecker. V.I.P.s without peer. Now, short of a one-way ticket right through to the other side, way, way out there, what's next for us beautiful earth-bound cripples? Under the heading, (Dylan) "You can have your cake and eat it too" you'll find a suggestion or two.

That drug clinic doctor I inter-viewed proved extraordinarily persuas-ive. It took place well after midnight in his straight, cramped, wide-awake little flat, both of us flattened to the backs of our skulls by too much of this and/or too little of that. I felt, on leaving for Tina and baby blue, like I must be one of the most hung-up-over-sex individuals in town. I didn't feel alone either.

Conclusions of the moment: the hetro scene is not only absurdly limit-ing but unnatural as well. Why, for Christ sake, why is history littered with the bodies of men who chose to communicate with sticks and stones, with knives and napalm, rather than with love.

Blake wrote somewhere something about not trusting generalised forms of love; trust only that love which manifests itself in "minute part
manifests itself in '
manifests itself in "minute particulars", he preached. De-conceptualised love. Hello John. Hi Yoko.

Thus I've dedicated this guest editor issue to the proposition that (every-thing else having been tried, space apart, new break-through alchemicals apart) making love means not making war ONLY if that love can transcend, physically, erotically, orgasmically, sexual distinctions. So get your Button writers down to it: Make Men, Not War (for guys) and Make Women, Not War (for dollies).

As for the rest of the contents there are a few put-downs of IT that I hope aren't misinterpreted because there's one underground publication, that, early on anyway, meant more to me than any of the others. IT.

This is ridu
This is ridiculous. Everything else is type-set but Spike. Ad
This is ridiculous. Everything else is type-set but Spk

This is ridiculous. Everything else is type-set but Spike. And here I am writing exclusively to you while all the awakening world awaits non-exclu-sive OZ. If I don't get the usual to-gether in time I guess this will have to take its place. I wonder if the "Daily Mail" will every employ me again
Mail" will ever employ me again?

All love to Louise and yerself,
Sebastian
(Perhaps I meant to get out of it this way all along. Games!)

MAN
MAKETH
MAN

SUCK FOR PEACE

Prostitutes are the most myth-ridden people imaginable, and not particularly bright. It may be because their sexual lives are reality, while the opposite is true of most Americans. I mean, they are forced to pawn their dreams daily and get enough to eat. They always remind me of "disposables" a type of merchandise that was quite new when I was young, but which now has swept the country: disposable plates, dresses, shirts. The Kleenex people seem to have begun it, and their rational for the product they sold bearing the famous name works for "disposable" men too.

When thumbing through the yellow pages under "P", ask yourself these questions:

Is he soft? Strong? Does he pop up?

See? For softness, think of maileability and submissiveness: his ability to conform to your wishes. Strength? Let's call that sexual endurance or virility. This guy, as a pro, should possess a physical strength that best expresses itself in the sexual act. Now, "pops up." He's got to have a prick that stiffens at the sight, sound, or mention of money. After all, from his point of view and yours, it isn't necessary that he respond to you on a level of personal attraction. That might even be unpleasant. Right? But he has got to become aroused, for your convenience, at the prospect of earning some of your money. Therefore, have no truck with limber dicks and excuses. He's got to be there in the full masculine condition as often as you need him so. And let's not forget size while we're at it. A good sportsman will always throw back the minnow, believing it unworthy of his equipment and expecting it to grow by next season.

Simple test. When auditioning your glandular technician, see how many silver dollars he can support on his stiff cock.

Ah, disposable people! Doesn't that play music in your ear? It gives one a feeling of infinite power and of cleanliness. One appreciates, uses, and discards toilet tissue. The cost is immaterial No matter how much of the stuff we use or how dependent upon it we become, we are never obliged to cherish it after use. The thought is or should be repellent. But sexual pleasure is the legitimate end of any intercourse, and any means to that end is acceptable. Prostitutes, therefore, conveniently provide that service which may neutralize the temptation or necessity of complicating legitimate friendships, or even loves, with the pyrotechnics of unbridled license.

Male prostitutes are currently called 'hustlers'. In Oscar Wilde's time, they were called 'renters,' because one paid them periodically. Paid them either for sex, or afterward, because of blackmail.

If you live in a small city or town, you may find them with difficulty. They thrive in the larger cities. Nevertheless, if you hang around the bus stations, swimming pools, train stations and airports, you're sure to find them, along with various social diseases and embarrassments. Use with caution. Avoid the taste for trash, if possible. Of course, they'll probably be part-time or advantage hustlers. They won't often ask you for x number of dollars, but will be inclined to grant their favors in exchange for dinners, drinks, trips and nights out.

Your best candidate, in my opinion, is the American College Boy as opposed to the professional prostitute: we'll get him a little later. And American college life being what it is, he will be anywhere from eighteen to twenty-eight. Strong, healthy, often good-looking, he is the flower of the philosophy of extended adolescence. He will bud but not bloom for a decade or two, then bloat and go to seed.

Get yourself a house or apartment. Call in a faggot decorator. Check him out and have him do something marvelous. Stock your bar. Serve perfect cocktails and get a superb car. Learn to cook or hire one. When you entertain, get the most incredible, the most amusing and the most intelligent people to your house. They may be vicious. These Medusas thrive where the currents are strongest, on a rapidly changing atmosphere, and are consequently perfect at parties where prolonged conversation is to be avoided in favor of the quip, pun, lash and flourish of repartee.

Now, the stage being set, go down to that restaurant, bar, or parking lot, to that corner of eternally patrolling cars, and hook yourself an attractive college boy. Strike up

a conversation, as they say. It doesn't matter if he isn't quite what you want, but make sure he's attractive. Take him home or invite him to a *soiree*. He will be fascinated. And if you lead him to believe that you might be willing to have "company" because you're lonely, whimsical, too wealthy for true friendship – company that could profit from the association . . . why he's already pulling down his skivies and touching his toes. And if, as I said, you don't find this particular one to your taste, be sure that he *will* talk about you to those of his friends that might be willing to hear about the adventure, and will ask your permission to bring them. There! Soon enough you will have your pick of the whole campus.

What makes me think they'll sell themselves?

(1) They've been taught from the cradle to trade whatever they have by way of personal attraction and/or talent for money – or advantage that leads to money.

(2) They are quartered either in dormitorie, apartments in noisy clusters, titillating and exciting themselves with bodily proximity (think, dear, of the usual college shower room), and denied privacy, but socially forced to think and talk of little else but sex.

(3) They are bored by and mistrust

their fellows.

(4) The usual co-ed is so dumb, inexperienced and afraid, having come from the classic morbid Christian background, that she is unable to provide or to contribute to anything like sexual joy. She is used most often as a shield behind which her "date" hides his fear of masculine inferiority and impotence. Dating, then, and the college engagement are the means these pathetic girls provide for avoiding sensual self-assertion. Condemned to premature marriage, theirs is a conspiracy of silence and shame.

(5) The vision of the sexually liberated woman is the one to which they give lip service and which they most fear, but having been denied access to and love of their fathers by insecure Christ-ridden mothers, the mature, experienced, sexually competent older man is the winner who cuts the cake. And often these fledglings best learn the arts of love and loving crushed under the weight, locked in the hairy embrace of that bachelor-about-town, the hard-jawed businessman who takes his weekends in Dallas or Los Angeles, knows everybody, and gives a Scotch-on-the rocks to an undergraduate as if to an equal. Don't worry, Clyde. You'll make out.

But the professional prostitute is another bird. Speaking and thinking, stereotypically, these are usually in the West Forties; that is, we see the most services to any and all men that want and need them. This is your hard-core, or street-corner, whore. Here in New York City, one sees them usually in the West Forties; that is, we see the most *obvious* types there.

The uniform of the hustler is something crossed between a working man, a thief, and a merchant mariner. I suppose the best example of this style are found in those magazines devoted to "physical culture," or to the "young body beautiful," or to "male art." I am not suggesting that all the young people in these publications are prostitutes, but simply that the prostitutes share with these narcisstic physical-culturists certain postures and styles of dress and undress that, for a novice, should be easy to recognize. For instance, the much-too-tight jeans or dungarees, the stretch tee-shirts that, combined with a certain hunching stance, display the torso like antique armor. Often the arms are tattooed in imitation of those crotch-heavy sailors of popular mythology. The hair will be a little exorbitant in cut, not necessarily long, but artfully arranged to fall carelessly over the forehead in the style made popular twenty years ago by the actor Tony Curtis. (The lower orders are always the last to relinquish styles. They inherit them like servants used to inherit their master's clothing. Notice in period movies and in operas, paintings and plays that the servants always dressed in a mode current about a generation previous to the action). The "underground" movie *Scorpio Rising* is a fashion parade of this particular brand of motorcycle drag: the "We fuck but we don't kiss" brand of homo-eroticism.

These people tend to smoke aggressively, cupping the butt against nonexistent howling winds, biting off the smoke in bitter bombing raid bites. They lean against things, usually buildings, in the classic manner of drugstore cowboys

and violated and degraded because they sought help

everywhere, though curiously enough they may be neither illiterate, unschooled or idle. Indeed, to make a living in this business these men must work unceasingly and at very low rates for long hours. In fact, because the scale of pay is low, say five bucks, or about as much as you'd pay for a slum female, the market being at all times glutted, they must work every waking hour, and are always, should you ask, waiting for someone . . . a call . . . a contact . . . a John.

The difference between a trick and a John, for instance, is largely a matter of time. Generally a trick, as in cards, is turned quickly: one may have several in one night. A John, however, may be the man who keeps one or with whom one has a standing arrangement.

Prostitutes of both sexes and all economic categories are what I call "Telephone People." I've never known one of them that didn't hang around the house calling, waiting to be called, and answering calls, not necessarily from customers, but about business; for social and sexual life blend as business. If I didn't know better, and I'm not sure I do, I might believe that it's all a conspiracy engineered by the Bell Telephone Company. For surely if whores were all rounded up and put in nice clean comfortable houses designed for the purpose, there wouldn't be such a need for negotiation by wire, neither would the sidewalks be so littered with idle flesh.

. . . .Resourcefulness plays a cheery part in masturbation too. Heaven knows, if you simply have but one position for it, one approach to it, you'll bore yourself just as you'd bore a lover with only one position to have sex in. Since masturbation is something you do by yourself that stimulates voluptuous reveries, you naturally use devices and implements to help things along. Hasn't everybody at one time or another turned on the vacuum cleaner for a good clean blow-job? I certainly have.

While I was in school, I met a very resourceful jack-off. Resourceful in that at this point Bimbo was perhaps too shy to have as many actual contacts as he wanted, and consequently made up for it by himself. One evening as we were exciting ourselves with talk. Bimbo told me he fucked Baggies.

This was years ago and I hadn't even *seen* Baggies. They'd only just appeared in the supermarkets.

"Well, tell me," I said, "how you do it and where I can get them and what the hell are they?"

"It's very, very simple," he cooed, puffing on one of his colored, scented cigarettes. "Baggies are sort of filmy plastic bag-things you buy to put sandwiches in. Amazing. Keeps 'em fresh too!" Another sip of the coctail. "The idea came to me while I was making my lunch one morning. They're very cheap. Anyway, you take a Baggie and a very large sponge, either an artificial one or a natural sponge, and you cut a narrow slot or slit in the sponge about, oh . . . as long as your dick is. Then, you take the Baggie and insert it in the sponge. Then moisten and soften the sponge with water, not hot water – *warm* water – and put the sponge into a larger plastic bag." His eyes had begun to sparkle, and a smile played about what he liked to think of his "cruel" lips. "Now, take a tube of KY and squirt a lot of it into the Baggie inside the sponge and knead it a little. Now what *I* do is put the sponge between the inner-spring and the mattress of the bed. That's just the right height when you're on your knees. Just slip in your pi-pi and fuck away! The softness of the bed and the warmth and sponginess of the Baggie-dear make it feel just like one of those weak little people I like fucking in the ass so much. In fact, you can even tighten it by leaning forward and putting all your weight on the mattress."

I must admit it piqued my imagination. I had an erection by this time – the sure test for any idea. We were just finishing our drinks. We rose.

"Oh, and one more thing."

"What?" I asked a little blearily.

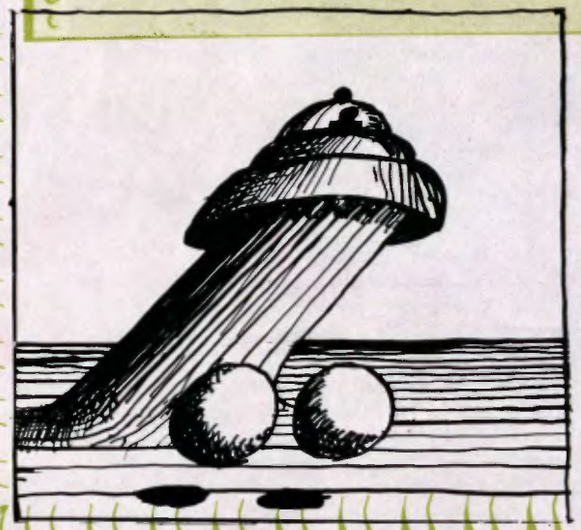
"They're disposable. Neat, eh? So cheap you just throw them away."

"Oh," I mumbled, "Yes, yes."

"And none of that stupid clap business."

The extracts reprinted above are taken from a brilliant book of rare humour and raw vitality entitled The Homosexual Handbook, by Angelo d'Arcangelo, published by Ophelia Press Inc. If you wish to obtain copies of the book, or any others in the Ophelia or Olympia Press catalogues, write to 67-69 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. USA. Price $2.95

Angelo d'Arcangelo.

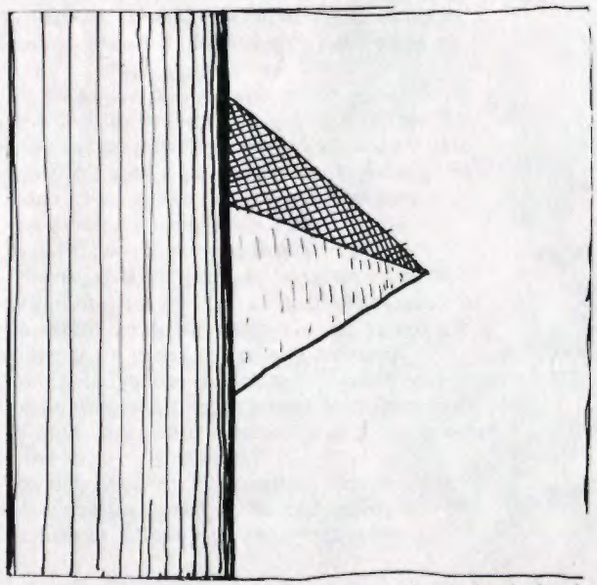


WHO is the delegate who will call for a halt to the brutal and punishing 'treatments' of electric-shock,

POVERTY OF FUCKING, argues a young West London drug addiction clinic doctor, is a greater hang-up for most of the world than poverty of eating. In short, bodies are starving. And good men are killing good men for sheer lack of complete loving. Aroused by unknowing dreads they make contact with sticks and stones when it could be, should be, must be with cocks and balls. The author of this piece has, in more ways than one, been turned-on by his "patients": his convential medical training – homosexuality, like drug-taking is a sickness, horror, horror, etc. etc. – has been thoroughly arse-upped. From his words with OZ you get the impression that he's headed for that space opened by Reich & Laing and maybe further. Here he exposes the Vice Anglais not as inadequacy, deviation or whatever, but as a hope for the future, the most obvious, most natural, most ready-to-hand, most necessary, most inevitable breakthrough for butch and brutal mankind. Read on, girls, read on:

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN

Sex since general
Freud has become confused with the
life-force. Talking about any other animal,
sex is just concerned with reproduction something

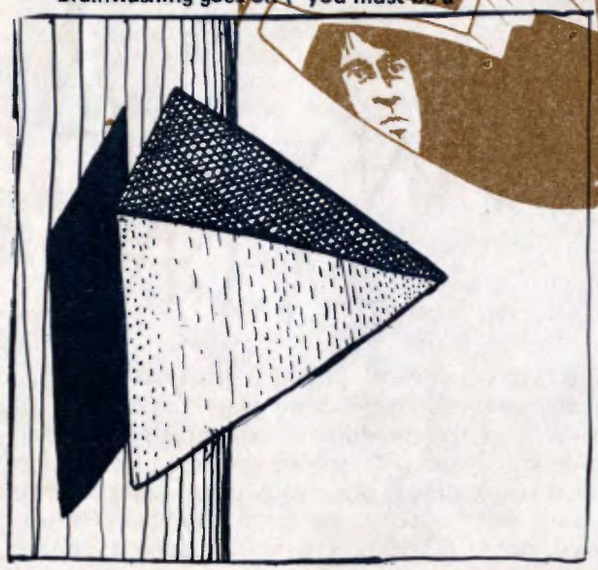


which cannot be achieved by two men. The sex organs are generally referred to as sort of genital urinals. I think in fact they've got three purposes rather than two: there is the ordinary urinal function, then your genital function which is reproductive, sexual for having babies. But then you've got your orgasms and you can have orgasms with anyone. So orgasms can't be related to sex if you look at it in natural terms, if you look at it in the terms of what nature intended. Orgasms can serve another function.
The thing is that man is primarily an animal. And he's an animal that loves cervical hemispheres and its the elaboration of his environment that he's made by using his cervical hemispheres which makes him think that he's not an animal any longer. But I figure that there must be some level at which all men are the same
Everyone now is coming to look at things in terms of duality. You know, you can talk about what's natural for Man but you've got to specify whether you mean natural for Mankind as a whole on a biological level or natural for our society.
That is Man as he is in a society which has been made by thinking, as a result of his cervical hemisphere. And the two are not the same. And because the two are not the same each individual is confused and I think this is very fundamental not only to homosexuality, but to all illness. The thing about societies is that they're defensive and you can illustrate the gap between what's natural for Mankind and what's natural for society when you consider killing. A man has to be *trained* to kill and it requires rigid discipline. Armies have to be held together by rigid discipline and all the rest of it, therefore it is not natural for Man to kill another man. In order to make a man defensive, you've got to tinker around with his motivating forces and instinct. Its as if Man has reached a compromise between being defensive and being loving, so that he's never allowed to love to the extent that he's capable of and yet he's able to love sufficiently in order to keep society together.

I use the word homo-erotic rather than homosexual because it has more love connatations. This is so important – words have so many emotional connotations. I mean the word homosexual arouses so much anger and resentment. I believe the love force between men is equivalent to the love force between a mother and her child, and I think it would be in Nature's interest to have such a love force. And if this love force was enabled to express itself the whole balance of society would swing right round. You would in fact accomplish a revolution, because the Revolution that people keep talking about doesn't, to me anyway, mean tearing things down. I mean I don't have visions of 1917, the French Revolution and so on – blood and all that nonsense. You have a switch inside and people's outlook changes from being defensive to being loving. This is usually what the hippy what's-it is all about. Then you have accomplished the revolution. And this change of heart is fundamental to the success of whatever change in cultural patterns takes place in the next few years. If you were in a society where loving awareness instead of defensive awareness, was the 'law', then homosexuality would never be noticed. Unfortunately, however, there's no model to look to. When you consider why did Man become defensive, why Man became Man's enemy in the first place, I think you've got to say, well, there's certain organic causes for insanity. I think it's insanity for Man to do an anti-instinctive act, i.e. to kill another man. It's not Nature's

brain slicing, sterilisation, heavy and addictive drugging and the animal training techniques of

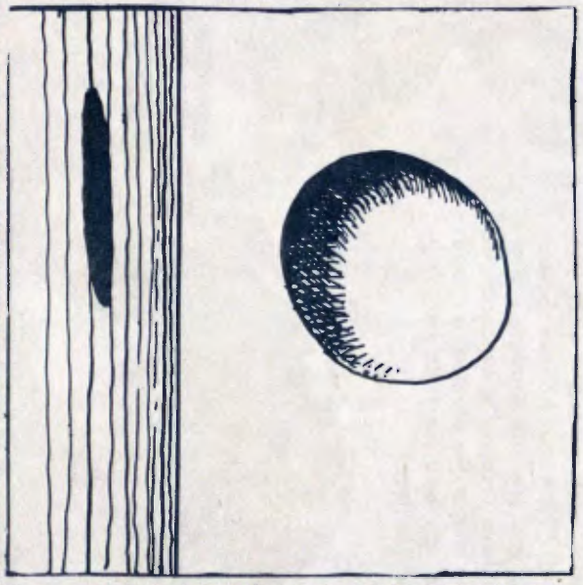
purpose. I mean why have kids if you're going to kill them? In genral, no other animal in health goes around killing other members of its species.
I think you could probably say the first men were innocent but they were also ignorant, but being ignorant they didn't know about dietary deficiencies etc. For example polagra, which is a deficiency of one of the vitamin B complex. One of the symptoms of this is homocidal mania, so quite obviously, right from the earliest times, one man swooped on another for no particular reason, and from then on Man has had to defend himself from other men. Sometimes you get cultures which are very loving, like the ancient Greeks, but they always seem to be swamped by insane lunatics invading from outside. When a lion goes preying in the jungle he's not stalking another lion, whereas when a man goes out to work the chances are that he is preying on another man. So that somewhere along the line a man in our society is not being natural for Mankind as a whole. He is encouraged to grow up defensive Children are taught to fight, boxing at school for example, so that men are taught not to be cowards. Its 'unmanly' to be a coward. So again the brainwashing goes on ("you must be a man") and this involves all sorts of things like being able to fight and not loving other men, not going to bed with other men. Involvement between two men, you could say, begins with a handshake and ends in an orgasm, but it doesn't necessarily have to culminate in an orgasm. There are degrees of friendship, as with a woman. In a natural state if you have an orgasm with a woman there are three people present who are to be considered, because of the fertility thing, so here again it is safer to have orgasms with men to take some of the pressures off the women.
True homo-eroticism is going to become extremely fashionable, which will be the best thing that can happen for women, because for the first time, probably ever, men will learn properly how to make love. Most men of any age seem to use women as sort of complicated masturbating machines and the first thought that enters their head when they see a woman is fucking her, with very little consideration for the woman, for 'turning her on' or really making friends with her and developing a deep emotional thing But I think that men will learn how to seduce women properly, so that women don't just have to fling their legs in the air in order to get a man, the way they have to now. This is the big complaint of women. They are so despondent, because women are missing out badly.
When you start encouraging people to be themselves, that is natural for mankind as a whole, you find that homosexuality becomes something natural. You have, in fact, got a cure for "homosexuality".
Whereas most young people have very open minds, when it comes to homo-eroticism their homo-erotic 'drive' or 'instinct' has already been suppressed by the time they start verbalizing and talking about freedom and so on, so that the whole range of erotic freedom tends to be neglected. I've noticed there is in fact a considerable amount of self-consciousness about this even among "underground" people. Almost to a man the possibility that they might be queer has crossed their minds but they've just brushed it aside. Men just can't admit that they love other men. And quite obviously if Man is not allowed to love his fellow men it's easier for him to kill them.



1.
ELEVEN YEARS OLDER
THAN BIRTH
AND WITH THAT SEXLESS INNOCENCE
I BEGUILE YOU FRANCIS –

MOVE YOUR ATHLETIC HANDS
AND WITH MY SPARKLING EYES
INFLATE YOUR MAN-SIZE EGO
MAYBE NOW THERE IS A WOMAN
WHO PUTS YOUR HEAD ON OLYMPUS
AND YOU FUCK
LIKE THE GOD YOU BELIEVE YOU ARE
OR MAYBE YOU STILL RAPE SMALL BOYS
AFTER TRAINING
IN THE PAVILION SHOWERS

2.
THEN YOU PAUL
WITH YOUR THIN WHITE FACE
YOUR LEARNING AND YOUR
INTELLECTUAL
CALLING TO THE CHURCH
LONG HOURS BY CANDLELIGHT
TALKING THEOLOGY OSCAR WILDE
WOMEN OSCAR WILDE
MOVING ME IN MY NAIVE ADOLESCENT DREAM
TO NESTLE AT YOUR FEET RESPONDING
TO MY ADORATION



WHY DID YOU EARTH YOURSELF
BY TOUCHING ME WITH YOUR CLAMMY
HANDS IN THE EMBARRASSED DARK OF SLEEP

3.
THESE ARE TWO
TWO IN MILLIONS
ALL NEEDING ORGASMS
ALL NEEDING ORGASMS
ALL FRUSTRATED
ALL CONDEMNED
ANOTHER SEX THAT WEEPS
FOR SIMPLE ACCEPTANCE

4.
GREEN URINALS ROWS OF MALE
URINATORS HOLDING THEMSELVES
TIGHT
LEANING OVER TO CATCH A GLIMPSE
HANDS IN POCKETS MASTURBATING OVER
RUDOLPH HOPING FOR THE PRETTY BOY
BY THE MIRROR
WHO HOPES FOR THE PEACE OF A ROOM
SOMEWHERE AND A GIRL
TO STROKE HIS BROW

YET NOW

AS I LIVE AND LEARN
I SEE THAT IT IS NOT A DISEASE
OF THE MIND THAT THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
OR PENGUIN FREUD SUGGEST

5.
NOT BRUTAL SISTER
OR CRUEL MOTHER OR DOMINANT
FATHER OR PERSUASIVE COUSIN
BUT SOCIETY
THAT CRUSHES GOOD NATURAL LOVE
BETWEEN MEN THAT CREATES PERVERSITY
AND SORDITY THAT PREVENTS NARCISSUS
AND GOLDMUND AND GIOVANNI AND
WILDE FROM BEING AS BEAUTIFUL AS
ROMEO AND JULIET DON JUAN AND VALENTINO

michael j w storey. the last supper

directing research along 'Man is an animal lines and generally disregarding, minimizing or

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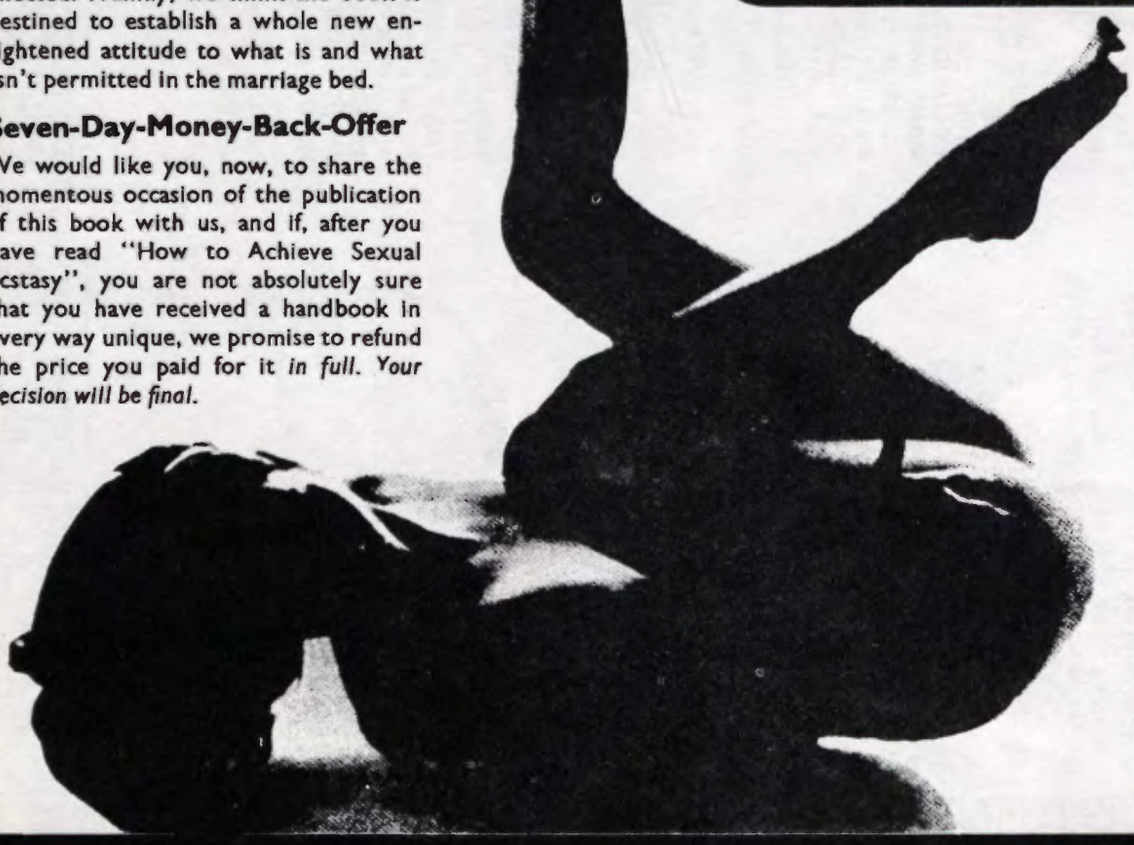

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Did you feel the Moon move, little Rabbit?

By Bob Hughes

The god Apollo, mythology teaches us, pursued the goddess Luna constantly but never caught up with her. It was not weakness on his part; one may assume that Apollo never *wanted* to copulate with that barren, meteor-poxed virgin; but the pursuit had a ritual function, and it ensured, among other things, that the sun rose each morning. What Apollo did not want to do, Apollo 11 has achieved.

'I think,' said the Emperor Caligula, on his deathbed, 'that I am becoming a god'; and in becoming a mini-god, what gifts did *homo sapiens,* as represented by those two cybernetic beasts swaddled in tinfoil and high-absorbency diapers, leave for Luna? It is a depressing list. Billions upon billions of dollars were expended so that our Faustian technocrats might leave behind them the culminating traces of several million years of evolution:

several plastic bags of urine,
two pairs of discarded boots,
a plaque inscribed with a cliche,
a few pounds of waste metal,
and an American flag.

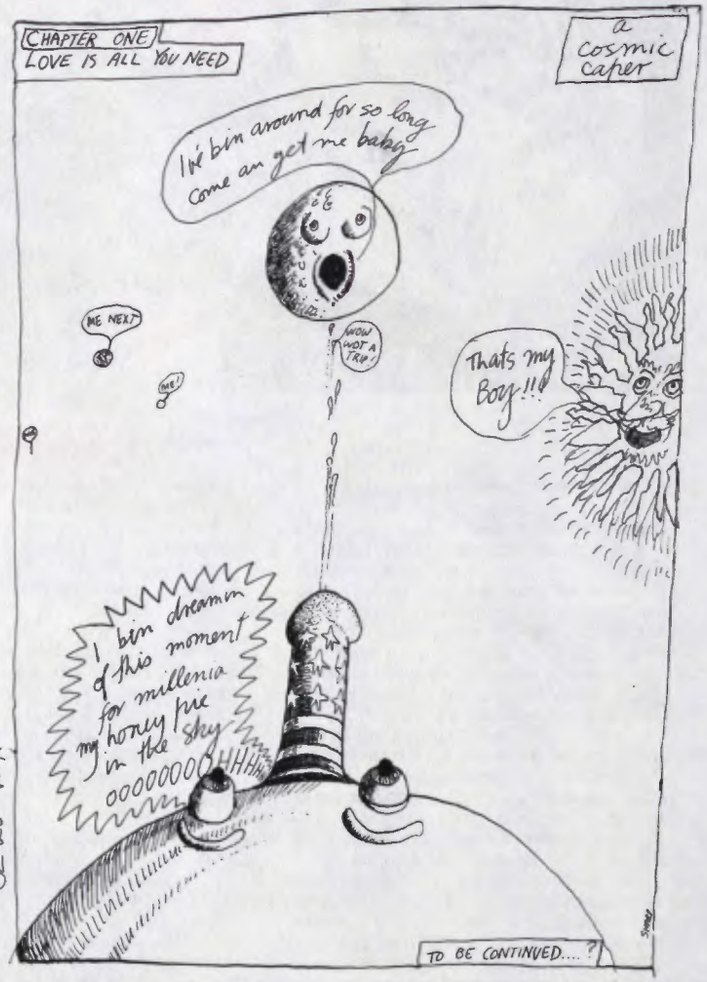
There is little enough reason to suppose that it actually happened. As filtered through the TV screen, science fact was frustrating after the science fiction to which, from childhood, we were all used.

Once more, life set out to imitate art: this time it almost succeeded.

Armstrong and Aldrin, loping and galumphing like Michelin men from one rock to the next, while David Frost intoned his banalities and Courrege's models waddled to and fro in moonsuits and Revlon churned out its ads for frosty moondust lipstick . . . one became aware that nothing had happened on the screen which could not have been done in a television studio for £30,000. The special effects were so far below Kubrick level that they seemed unreal. Such are the perversions that media impose on actuality; but the moonshot was conceived *in terms of media,* as the greatest and most expensive public relations exercise in the history of man. The intention was to demonstrate, to a fifth of the human race, via TV, that America cannot lie and cannot fail. It was partly because of this that a curious failure arose in the project itself: earlier PR defeated its own ends. The moonshot was not a dramatic event because it only involved human protagonists at the most superficial level. It was advertised as drama; but a football match is not drama. One was aware from the beginning that either the astronauts would get there or they would not; and that it hardly mattered, for the purposes of public relations, whether they did or not, since in the former event it would be a Triumph of Science and Will and in the latter a Noble Sacrifice for Mankind. By blastoff day, we had all been so indoctrinated in the technological omnipotence of NASA that success was expected automatically, and our only catharsis could have arisen from failure.

Naturally, nobody hoped for failure, since that would have meant the deaths of Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins and we are all – are we not? – against death, especially the death of men whom we vicariously 'know' through prolonged exposure in TV and the press; the number of lives that might have been saved if the money spent in establishing (I speak only of overt scientific purposes, which, in the case of Moonshot, were secondary) that some lunar rocks contain 6% titanium, is of course, beside the point; it does not accord with the mythological structure established by the First Church of Braun Scientist.

Very few people who followed the moonshot could have escaped the feeling that all was pre-ordained; that the astronauts were running down a groove in space like slot-cars; that they would land and return, and that they were in no way responsible for their fates. No doubt it was to cut this heresy that Armstrong took over manual control of the module just before landing – otherwise his audience would have assumed that the only role of man in space was a symbolic one; just



OZ 23 P17.

a machine for planting American flags. 'Even despite our computers', Armstrong thus proclaimed, 'we are existential beings, even in space.' And yet, now that it is over, I can only think of one gesture which Armstrong could have made which would have qualified as unquestionably heroic. Suppose he had planted the Flag; and then poured petrol over it and burnt it? Impossible, alas, there being no oxygen on the moon. But if Luna does not justify a lunatic gesture, what will?

We came to believe that Science (which, in this context, meant the collective Will of the US Government) could not fail. Nothing was adventitious: funnelled through those banks of computers at Houston, no paramaters of likelihood had been left to chance. So one can only conclude that the detritus Armstrong and Aldrin left behind them was intended to have some symbolic value.

The rubbish became relics.

What can they mean? One, unhappily, has already disappeared – the First Footprint, which, a few minutes after it was made, was scuffed out of existence in the lunar dust by the Holy Boots of Aldrin. (This will not be a problem for future hagiographers. There were, at one time, no less than 14 Holy Foreskins of Jesus Christ venerated in different European churches; the monks at Houston should have no trouble manufacturing a new First Footprint, cast from a replica of the Discalced Boot, and sending it with Apollo 12 to be installed at Tranquillity Base. And yet how odd it is that what works in the wet concrete outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre cannot, with all the resources of NASA behind it, be induced to work on the moon!)

Second only in importance to the First Footprint was the First Text: the historic words of Armstrong, as he planted his boot in the dust – 'That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind.' As a writer in the New Statesman observed, the words 'man' and 'mankind' had until then been thought synonymous, and henceforth 'mankind' could only mean the new samurai class of astronauts. Perhaps NASA was worried by such implications; in any case, NASA & Armstrong have agreed to rewrite the sentence, which will go down in the history books – with luck and PR pressure – as 'that's one small step for *a* man'. This change, Time Magazine was swift to point out, 'reflected the humility of the first mortal to reach the moon.' Curiously enough, this was virtually the first time the word 'mortal' had been applied to Armstrong in an English-language magazine; the previous assumption having been that Armstrong was nothing of the kind. What we have been witnessing is a reinvigoration of the Christ myth: the redeemer from space who, as soon as he utters a word, sees it dissected for religious significance by squads of acolytes. There is some evidence that even the President of the United States believed that: otherwise, why would he have proclaimed that the descent of the Holy Boot was the most important event in universal history since the creation of the world?

Indeed, the whole atmosphere of Moonshot was saturated with religious parody: consider the ritual significance of the Entombment at the end of the flight, ostensibly for disinfection. On the third day, he rose again . . .' But the parallel here is not so much with Christianity was with the cult of the pharaohs of ancient Egypt. As soon as an acolyte touches the sacred body of the Astronaut, he too must join his ruler in the grave; all that observation-room, with its sixteen devotees and its pingpong table, needs for mythological completion is a few hundred mummified ibises and a pyramid raised above it.

The two most pregnant relics were, however, the Plaque and the Flag. (I leave aside the Holy Piss: its significance requires no comment: it was probably an infiltration by some Yippie at Houston Control, designed to show in the most succinct manner that the prime function of capitalism is to create unassimilable waste. Remember that marking out territory by urinating on it is a basic animal reflex . . .)

The Plaque bore the inscription, WE CAME IN PEACE FOR ALL MANKIND. This was signed by Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin, also by Richard Milhouse Nixon, who – difficult though it is to remember, so conflated is the myth – did not come at all. This phrase was a noble piece of rhetoric, for it meant nothing and was not, in any demonstrable sense, true. It is the sort of phrase which colonists only utter in two circumstances: either when they are sure that there is nobody and nothing to come to (which seemed to be so with Luna), or else when they have buried the last Indian. However, nobody in NASA could be certain that the moon might not have some inhabitants. In case the astronauts brought some back, elaborate Auschwitzes of sterilizers and UV radiation were prepared for them on earth. We come in peace for all mankind, but emphatically not tor any life-form which we find below 'our' level. In this way, the Plaque summed up the most exquisite of all contradictions in colonial self-justification; and the fact that none of us care much about microbes, not even moon microbes, should not blind us to the profound truth of the Plaque's cliche.

But the flag – there was the nub of the whole performance, the failure of imagination represented by sending 19th-century sensibilities to the Moon. It was once the custom to flag some newly-colonized strand to signify that, by the act of landing, you owned the place. Now under an international treaty signed by 80 countries, including the USA, in 1967, the Moon is international territory and cannot be annexed. The primary use of the flag-fetish was therefore stripped away (it is not clear how many Americans realised this); and what was left? An obsolete symbol of nationalism and patriotism (the two emotions most grotesquely unfit for use in space) which, because there was no wind on the moon, needed a steel spring sewn in it to sustain its perfunctory erection. It is hard to imagine how the technocrats worked out the design for their impotent flagpole without realising the absurdity of the symbol.

The irony of it all was that one couldn't escape the feeling that all the rhetoric of 'New Age' was a lie. What we witnessed on July 20 was not the dawn of a new era, but the opening of Act III of a Faustian melodrama which has been going on sicne the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. Moonshot was inspired by the wish-dream of 19th-century capitalism, inflated grossly beyond its first proportions: the confident phantasy that man, by his technological achievements, will and must dominate the cosmos. Act III, opening with Moonshot, will close with sunshot, when the great silver penis containing not three, but thirteen astronauts (number 13 to be jettisoned in mid-flight) will be directed into the sun, and there be vapourised, thus inflicting on the rewired and computerised corpse of Werner von Braun and all his fellow-Americans the symbolic castration which American and Russian hubris has so long sought.

In the meantime, we need monuments of an absurdity overt enough to suit the projects. How much better it would have been if Apollo 11, instead of leaving its collage of symbols behind on Luna, had settled for one great image! Claes Oldenburg should have been commissioned to design a crucified Mickey Mouse, sixty feet high, in inflatable featherweight plastic that could fold into a small tube. Released on Luna, it could last for 70, 100, or a million years until at last some wandering asteroid punctured it, in a soundless hiss of Duchampian chance. To see that, it would be worth *going* to the Moon.

Lunar Eclipse, August 27, 1969
Washington, D. C.

offer enlightened alternatives? WHY? Because that way lies their Empire.

Mother Earth

MILES

It's difficult to escape from Mother — people have big Freudian problems in doing it, some never do it all, men go for chicks who are like their mother, who can cook like mother, they sometimes even hit the streets in drag and look like mother. Chicks get crushes on teachers and strongly defend mother's methods of childbearing. With mother around (and father as well, of course), it's not real freedom, it's permissiveness with parental permission, it's licensing, and sometimes it's even a guilty game of rebellion.

The Ancient Britons used to carve stone Mother Gods representing the Earth. The Greeks had them as well, we all had them. In America today there are girls, usually big and wearing no underwear, to play the part of Earth Mother. Like all Mothers, Mother Earth holds us back!

We're getting big now but she won't let us leave home. We're showing signs of juvenile delinquency by fucking up the planet to spite her — polluting rivers, poisoning the land, making the atmosphere radioactive . . . it's pathetic really. So now it looks like mankind will pull through, though so far we've only taken a small walk on Mama's apronstrings. Even with this taste, don't you already feel Earth's too small?

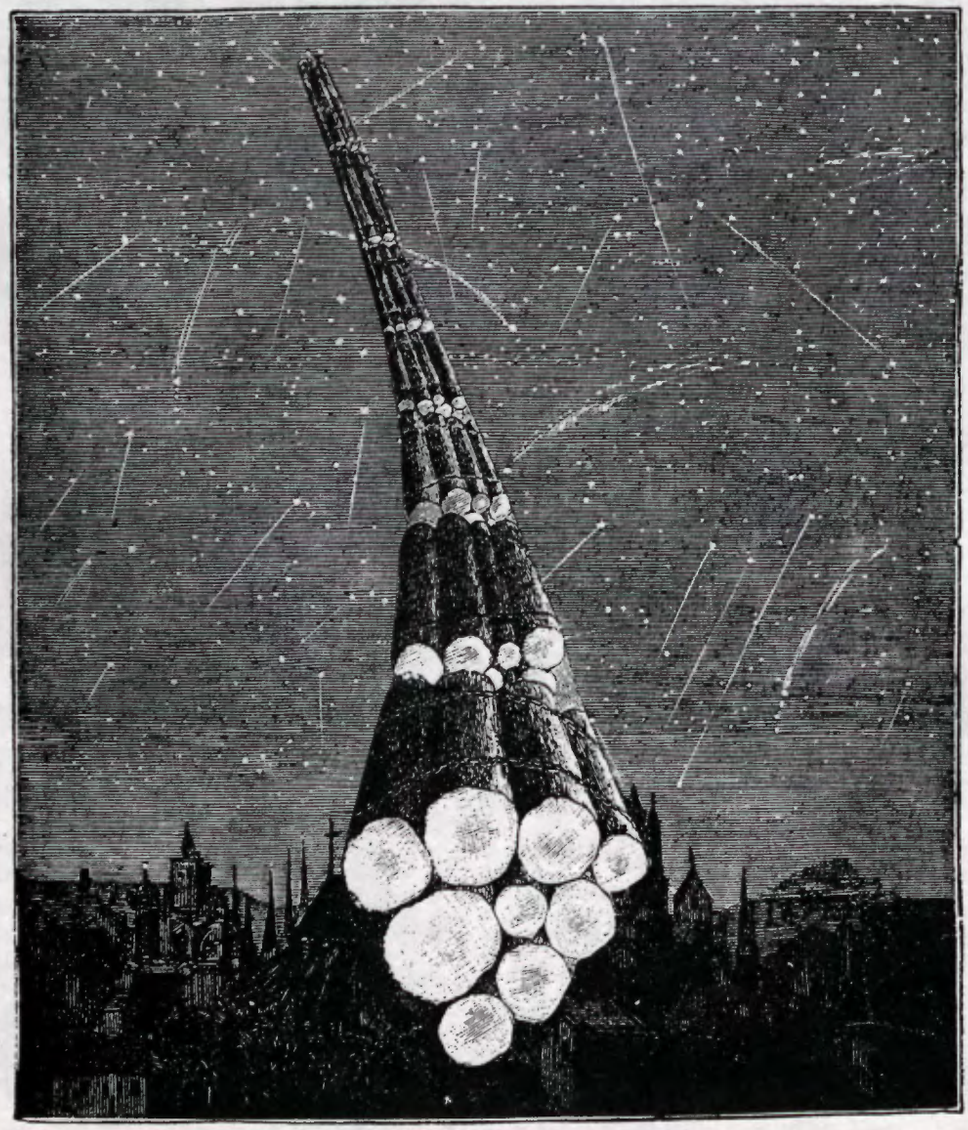
Man's relationship to his whole environment plays an important part in his creation of his local environment. Social structures are a product of socio-economic conditions. The bigger the environment the wider the understanding through exploration — they expand correspondingly. Almost within living memory we have seen the expansion from family-unit to parish to national area. Family feuds and disregard for life and property of families other than one's own give way to village/parish pride and responsibility, then civic pride links itself with some national aspiration (granted usually through the most reactionary of forms: ruling families, powerful companies, Royalty and war-effort). Now Nationalism is giving way to a type of Internationalism, not for humanitarian reasons — it's simple economics. Our disregard for the lives and property of our European neighbours is diminishing and a common-market is becoming possible. The corresponding expansion in thought can only come after the continental experience has been felt by enough people, either in person or through the media.

And we all know the next step after that. Planetary thought can only come when Man can see the planets and when he is aware of the next step which is interplanetary thought. The only place to see the planet is from outer space!

Man's suspicions and hates about the next larger area of expansion negatively predict the inevitability of that expansion. Originally it was family feud, then warring villages and competing towns, then nationalistic wars. The 'Wogs start at Calais' syndrome — throwing garbage out of windows precedes civic pride, economic exploitation precedes a common market, pollution of the Earth precedes civic pride, economic exploitation precedes a common market, pollution of the Earth solar system — a good sign: one-fifth of the Moon's atmosphere is from the Lunar Probe motors, our spacemen left bags of piss behind on their camping site, Solar space is cluttered with burnt-out rocket motors and ejected materials — fun for space archaeologists and scrap for space merchants.

Of course the spacemen took The American Way of life with them, but a colony on the Moon would soon develop its own life style, and the people in the sky would look down at the Earth and think of it only as Earth and not as a collection of countries. That is the view which will save the Earth, the more that see it the better. Whether we see it from magazines, on TV, or, best of all, from the Moon itself. Clean up spaceship Earth, set the planet in order, it's in a mess, restore the natural ecological balance. Maybe the present almost fanatical interest in ecology is spin-off from the Moon shot — we can already see it doing some good. Ecological concern isn't new — Bates, Ginsberg, Snyder, Bucky-Fuller, Leary and many others have been issuing grim warnings about it for years now. The space program is the most avant-garde thing Man had done since Surrealism! Much more effective than any riots or marches because it will have feedback on the total Earth population (except China who so far haven't been told about it).

The generation growing up now will have Solar-consciousness. Their future is mapped out for them — Galactic consciousness and later on Universal consciousness — our galaxy is only one and part of a larger Stellar unit. The units get bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger to eternity, we've only just started.



der himmel nimmt zweimal den hut ab (I)

The sky takes the hat off twice

MAX ERNST

A WARNING ?

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MEDIA OF THE MEDIA

PIRATES

At long last, after the legislative death of good pop radio with the passing of the "pirates", it looks as if something is in the air again.

Late this August – on 428 metres on the Medium Waveband – a new radio station put out its first pilot broadcast. RADIO ANDORRA is the baby of Hugh Nolan, who spent two years on 'Disc and Music Echo' learning how not to do things, and Terry Yason, a publicist whose last gig was the Stones' Hyde Park concert. Their business manager is Geoffrey Bass whose first job was selling 2000 pills a week at school till the Mafia stopped him. His parents forced him into the City where he gathered all the experience he's now putting behind Radio Andorra.

'To make the whole world dopey' was Terry's promising and to-the-point policy statement. Enlarging on this he spoke of the 'flabbiness and boredom' of Radio One, the 'image of morning cups of tea, etc.' They want to utilize radio as it should be and bring it into the 1970's. Control of programmes will be entirely with each DJ and a gap will be retained between the business side and the programming so as to ensure no business pressure on the artistic side. One of the main ideas behind the whole thing is the decategorisation of music thus helping to break through the label barrier.

This concept is well illustrated by a run-through of the 'artists' on the first test tape – Arlo Guthrie, Vera Lynn, Winston Churchill, the Chambers Brothers, Blind Faith, Coltrane, Bach, and the Bhagavad Gita. If enough money can be raised Terry and Hugh have an option on extending the time from the original 1 a.m. – 2 a.m. to a.m. – 6 a.m. And also of changing to a clearer wavelength, increasing their output of 440 kilowatts to 1,000 kilowatts. There could also be an aerial that would give as good a signal as Radio One – at least in the London area. Since the whole basis of Radio Andorra is communication, if OZ readers have any ideas of what they would like to hear, write to Radio Andorra, 68 St James's Place, London, N10.

In the visual field Ronan O'Rhailly who put Radio Caroline together is going into television. He plans to operate from a Super Constellation (another will be standing by in case of a break-down) above international airspace, flying over the North Sea. Its transmissions will cover about 75% to 80% of the U.K. and will run from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. The first two hours will be all music in a visual context. 'The sort of thing,' media whizz-kid O'Rhailly told OZ just before we went to press, 'That you don't have to sit and watch to get the whole thing.' He plans this to be the place where anyone, could theoretically put on whatever he wanted, uncensored. The rest of the time will be taken up by features and films. It will be a 625 line picture in colour, and you can adjust any 625 line set to receive it.

The advertising will be done in the same way as Radio Caroline and O'Rhailly seems pretty confident that this is virtually 'a licence to print money and also be creative.' He speaks in terms of a gradual shifting balance between making his company a profitable concern and using the media for the promotion of 'gentle anarchy'. He is also very involved in using television to make people, especially the young, aware of ways to personally help those in need, like the aged. He has his Super Cons. lined-up and hopes to be on the air by the coming Spring.

ALAN REID

SMALLS

SEND YOUR SMALL ADS TO OZ AT 52, PRINCEDALE ROAD, LONDON, W11 RATES: – 1/– PER WORD. BOX NOS. 3/– EXTRA. BOLD TYPE 6d EXTRA PER WORD

I had one of your volumes given to me in January last, and of all the gifts I ever received I thank God for that one, for it has been the means, in God's hands, in rescuing me from a vice which, if followed up, would have completely destroyed me both body and soul. Needless to say, I have become one of your ardent followers since, and will ever continue so as long as I live.

GAY YOUNG MEN WITH STYLE & POSE & LACK OF CLOTHES
16 SUPERB, BRAND NEW PHOTOS OF GAY YOUNG MEN. This frank, startling & intimate set of 16, exciting, different & new photographs is yours for only 25/– or a sample set of 8 for only 16/–. Sent by 5d post in plain sealed envelope with 7 DAY REFUND GUARANTEE.
Send cheque, P.O. or Giro. ORDER NOW from:
Studio 16, Dept Z, 52, Earls Court Rd., London, W.8.

EIGHT FIRST CLASS PHOTOS OF YOUNG MEN AT PLAY, and in a relaxed, 'informal' mood for only 16/- or a sample of 4 for 10/-.
FIVE SUPERB FEMALE MODELS in 'interesting' poses for only 10/- or 8m and 5f photos at a reduced price of only 22/-
ALL THESE PHOTOS WILL COME UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS, OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED, sent by first class post in plain sealed envelope. Cheque or P O to: G B PUBLICATIONS, DEPARTMENT ZO, 1, Sherwood St., London, W.1.
Sorry no lists.

BLIND FAITH HAVE ARRANGED THAT DELANEY AND BONNIE AND FRIENDS ARE ON THEIR FIRST AMERICAN TOUR WITH THEM

Young out of work Disc-Jockey seeks friendly girl to help find and share flat. Genuine. Box No.4.

MALE STUDIES, 8" x 5", Continental Style. Five for 20/-. Don Busby, 103 a, Friera Barnet Road, London, N.11. Postal Service Only.

THE FILMS OF ROBERT BRESSON: assessed in a collection of essays by leading critics and illustrated with about 140 stills. A studio Vista *Movie Paperback* published this month. Available at your bookshop.

Professional man seeks female travelling and amusements partner, blue-eyed, very attractive, intelligent. Box No. 1.

Couple, would do amateur posing. Anything considered. Genuine. Box No. 2.

PRIVATELY TAKEN colour slides, photos for the artist & collector, also full range of the new advertising MAGAZINES, for making personal contacts. sae. plus 2/6 p/o for lists & sample photo. O. Halls. 200 Avenue Road, London W.3.

'AXLE'
FREELANCE TRANSPORT
Has now merged into the AXLE Transport System. AXLE provides a comprehensive aggravation-free system. SELF DRIVE HIRE, OR DRIVEN BY GOOD MANAGERS. EQUIPMENT HIRE ALSO ARRANGED. THIS IS ALL DONE AT A REASONABLE COST. CONTACT US AT: 97/31046, 286/7425, 235/7182/3/4
42, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge.

Widower, greatly in need of comfort seeks a bright 'with it' girl possible long-haired and 30-40. Possess nice home on S. Coast, and car, etc. Box No. 3.

GAY/CLUB/DRAG SHOW GUIDE 10/-.
GAY PAPERBACK 10/-.
PHYSIQUE MAG 10/-.
JOHN : BM/FBGH, LONDON W.C.1.

LONELY! JOIN THE PATRA CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Friendly, private and confidential. Share your hobbies, find new friends, both sexes, all ages, world-wide. Send stamp for details to Mrs. P. Gill, 66 Laburnum Road, Redcar, Teeside, England.

MICK JAGGER SAID REFERENCE DELANEY AND BONNIE AND FRIENDS 'IT'S THE BEST WHITE GOSPEL SOUND I HAVE EVER HEARD SINCE I FELL OUT OF MY CRADLE IN 1946'. HE ALSO KINDLY GAVE US PERMISSION TO QUOTE HIM

Practical and postive help is available to men with sexual defects or deficiences. sae for details, Male Consultant, BCM/POSTHASTE, London, W.C.1.

FREE sexual introductions for Couples requiring Troilism this month. Usual cheap rates for individuals. TOZ2, 23 Arcadian Gardens, London N.22.

GEORGE HARRISON WANTED DELANEY AND BONNIE AND FRIENDS FOR APPLE BUT IT DIDN'T HAPPEN. THEY ARE HOWEVER AVAILABLE ON ELEKTRA, WHAT'S IN A NAME ....

PUSSYCATS – A BRAND NEW SET OF FIVE SUPERB FEMALE PHOTOS IN INTERESTING POSES – YOURS FOR ONLY 10/-.
'LES-BITCHES' – A SET OF FIVE SUPERB FEMALE PHOTOS FOR ADULTS – ONLY 10/-.
'DANDY JIM' – A SET OF THREE SUPERB MALE PHOTOS FOR ADULTS – ONLY 7/-.
SPECIAL OFFER – PUSSYCATS AND LES-BITCHES FOR ONLY 16/- OR ALL THREE SETS FOR £1. ALL SENT WITH A SEVEN DAY REFUND GUARANTEE BY 5d POST IN A PLAIN ENVELOPE. SEND CHEQUE OR P O ORDER NOW FROM. . . . MANNERS ART, Department ZO, 38 CRAWFORD ST, LONDON W1.

IRON

GAY MEN
are invited to send £3 for our new Magazine IRON BOYS. This uncensored Magazine from Sweden shows scenes never published before, covering every angle of love. Should you desire catalogues only, then send £1. Delivery by registered Air Mail from a country with a reputation to protect. International Reply coupons IRPs available from all Post offices do not contravene the currency regulations. We also accept cash, Cheques and Postal Orders with payee column left bland.
SEND NOW TO: H. Gerene Esq., Box 523, ALVSJO, SWEDEN.

BOYS

die säfte
the liq

steigen
uids rise

ROYAL AIR FORCE

INNS/438
RAF FORM 4216

OFFICIAL SECRETS ACTS

DECLARATION

TO BE SIGNED:

(i) In duplicate, by officers, on first appointment.
(ii) By officers, airmen and airwomen, during service, as and when required, including all occasions when personnel are posted to and from Ministry of Defence (Air)
(iii) In duplicate, by officers, airmen and airwomen on leaving Her Majesty's Air Forces

1. My attention has been drawn to the provisions of the Official Secrets Acts, 1911 and 1920, which are set out on the back of this document, and I am fully aware of the serious consequences which may follow any breach of those provisions.

2. I understand that:

a. The sections of the Official Secrets Acts set out on the back of this document cover also articles published in the Press and in book form.

b. I must not divulge any information gained by me as a result of my service in Her Majesty's Air Forces to any unauthorised person, either civilian or member of HM Forces, orally or in writing, without the previous authority of the Ministry of Defence (Air), as laid down in QR 991.

c. I must surrender any documents etc referred to in Section 2(a) of the Acts on transfer from one post to another, save such as have been issued to me for my personal retention.

d. Those provisions apply not only during the period of my service with Her Majesty's Air Forces, but also after that service has ceased.

e. All the information which I acquire or to which I have access owing to my official position is information which is covered by Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act, 1911, as amended by the Official Secrets Act, 1920, and that it would be a contravention of those Acts for me after I have left Her Majesty's Air Forces:

(1) To publish without lawful authority any such information in any form, whether orally or in any document, book, newspaper or magazine article, play, film, broadcast or otherwise in the United Kingdom or abroad.

(2) To communicate without Lawful authority any such information to any other person whether or not such person is or has been employed in the service of the State.

f. In the event of my wishing to publish such information in any form after I have left Her Majesty's Air Forces, whether orally or in any document, book, newspaper or magazine article, play, film, broadcast or otherwise, I should, in my own interest, as well as that of the Crown, write to the Under-Secretary of State, Ministry of Defence (Air), for permission, forwarding a copy of the material it is desired to publish.

3. I hereby declare, on leaving Her Majesty's Air Forces that I have surrendered any sketch, plan, model, article, note or document (whether or not classified) made or acquired by me in the course of my official duties, save such as I have due written authority from the Ministry of Defence (Air) to retain.

4. This declaration is made this 5th day of NOVEMBER 1968* and I have received a copy for my retention.

Unit Stamp

TRANSIT SQUADRON
RELEASE/DISCHARGE
5 NOV 1968
R.A.F. INNSWORTH

Signed: .....

Rank: J/T.

RAF No: B4278022

ROBERT PETER KELLEY
(Full name in block letters)

Witnessed: .....

Rank: 12Tht

*Delete as necessary

After the first six months of the course, and those other tribunals of the same course we were given vague intimations of the truer nature of the Jobs for which we were being trained. We were then taken to a room where the official Secrets Act to sign. At the end of the course (which included setting up and servicing radio transmitters by Soviet aircraft from air to ground, thus contravening the virtually non-existent Berlin Agreement and operating under appalling conditions of temperatures in the upper 90s and 1946 Four Power Potsdam Agreement) information which it was agreed that no such activities would be carried out in that city.

tune in
Radio Red
turn on
Lebanese Red
fall out
Cost: £150

Nine months after being given (buying) my freedom from the RAF I find it increasingly difficult to recapture and put into words the hatred and contempt that I then felt against the air force. These days I can feel only sadness and pity for them: "For they know not what they do" Shit. They know very well for once you've signed that innocent-looking piece of paper (for five, nine or, wait for it – even twelve years) you're theirs. You really are At first one belongs to them in body only (in that they may order you where they will, to do what they will, while providing 'fresh meat' for the sadists in charge of the 'basic-training' camps). But that is nothing. It's when you realize that it's your mind they're after, when their oh-so-subtle process of British indoctrination runs foul that you decide you want out, out and out fast. How did I get into this? You ask yourself again and again.

Let's go back four and a half years. I'm seventeen and a half and I've just left grammar school, my boredom relieved only by the occasional knee-trembler in some back-alley in the town of my birth. Depressed area: managing to keep a couple of steps ahead of the accountancy-type career plans my parents have so carefully laid out for me. Anyway, Christmas '64 passed in a drunken haze and I'm still around. Then my mother, kind soul, unearths some air force propaganda/literature that I'd had orgasms over at the age of 14 or was it 12? The sight of the 'men in blue' turns me off a little but to keep the peace at home I decide to give the local CIC (Careers Information Centre Information?) a visit. 'Interested in languages son?' (I'll murder my old French master). Various aptitude tests (even Mike Sarne got in the same trade), the promise of a £250 bounty at the end of a year's crash-course in Russian, visions of James Bond-like activities (all in civilian clothes they said) and three and a half weeks later there I am! Resplendent in blue, receiving my six-week basic-training. Very b-a-s-e sick.

I survive, like all good airmen do
and went on to my new camp
where 13 aircraft flew

To give them credit the course was very good, especially as the instructors were all Russian-emigrés carrying fearful tales of red-eyed communists. Who else but the British could think of a more subtle form of indoctrination against any forming of left-wing views?

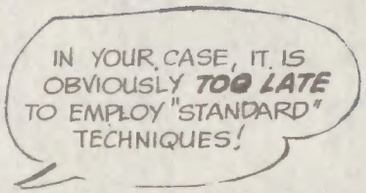
The £250 bounty never materialized of course, nor did the answers to our repeated complaints about this 'misinterpretation' of the facts. Those facts being of course that all such bounties had ceased two years beforehand and the civilian suit bit was reserved only for those with brown noses, or maybe an Air Vice Marshall-type uncle? Accelerated promotion to sergeant at the end of the course? That too had ended two years before, or so they said. In actual fact the promotion that I did achieve was that of Airman to Junior Technician, missing two intermediates, those of LAC & SAC. Part of the 'social elite?'

Berlin hit me like a new world where Vodka cost 10/- a bottle & 1/5d got you 20 cigarettes but after a few months the alcohol wasn't enough to dispel the increasing disenchantment. Not just the degradation of waking up still pissed next morning but also the incredible amount of bullshit that was seemingly of more importance to the RAF than the job for which I had been trained. A friend turned me on to Dylan and I decided to take leave and hitch-hike to Morocco, where on February 8th, 1967 I turned-on in Tangiers for the first time. Four days later in Marrakech I was invited to live with a Moroccan family and from that moment on it was a one-way trip. I left three weeks later still stoned and with the firm intention of conducting an intensive campaign to turn-on as many of my RAF colleagues as possible and somehow obtain my discharge from what had by then become the 'air farce'.

Unfortunately because of short-hair etc. . . .it took a while to make contact with the dope-scene back in Germany, so it was back to drunken oblivion and ever-increasing frustration in my efforts to obtain a premature discharge. It was about this period that I began to explore every possible means of being discharged, thrown out, anything would have sufficed. The official reply to my repeated requests for a discharge were that I must first serve three years from my 18th birthday and then apply to purchase my release, the cost being £150. This served only to plunge me into weeks of depression, alleviated only by the occasional smoke and the various pills prescribed for me by the station Medical Officer. His answers to my frequent visits and pleas for help in obtaining a release on the grounds of depression were that I should accept the fact that I was 'in' and 'had better watch my step or face the consequences'.

'67 dragged on and passed into '68, by which time I had passed through a Marxist phase and defection was more or less a permanent thought in my head. A glimmer of hope entered my life when I was given my first official warning to change my attitude, improve my standard of dress and also to produce a standard of work of which I was known to be capable. How did they expect me to get it together when I was spaced on Lebanese Red? Failure would result in a reviewal of my future employment in the service. Beautiful, my first natural high! The Cream siad it in 'What a Bringdown' – Soon after this I had leave and was stoned in Turkey a week after I'd left. The scene in Greece was too reminiscent of the RAF so back to the land of Erhardts Economic Miracle where the best buzz of all was waiting to be fed into my head. I was no longer wanted, my application for 'purchase of discharge', had been accepted and I was on my way. Seven weeks later and £150 poorer (it works out at around 4/6d a day over two years) I was back in England being handed a little blue book, a discharge book, I soon lost it, I've even forgotten my ID card number. A feeling of pride.

Parting word. The day I cleared from the camp I had a final interview with the Wing Co.
He asked me if I had enjoyed my stay on the camp.
I grinned at him.
He offered me a cigarette. I grinned and lit my own.
He then asked me what my ideal society would be.
At the time my head was in Cuba, so
I told him. We digressed and started rapping about socialism. 'Aih maiself come from a working clarss faimileh,' he said, and look at the position I've got to. I grinned again and didn't ask him why his nose was brown, or how many floors he'd scraped with razor blades or who had bulled his shoes and pressed his uniform for him.
I stood up to leave. His final words were: "Lenin was a THUG". I grinned and I left.



SMALLS

World Call. WORLD CALL! Swedish liberty in sex. Send 10/-, (no Postal Orders) or $1 for rich, illustrated brochure of magazines and photographs. Outside Europe add $1 extra. Adults only. Write to: HERMES-OZ, Box 6001, S-20011, Malmo 6, Sweden.

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INGMAR BERGMAN: 15s. paperback study with about 140 film stills, covering Bergman's whole career. Written by Robin Wood; published July 10; A Studio Vista *Movie Paperback*. Available through your local bookshop.

DYLANOLOGY
You read about it in Oz No. 19. Now you have a chance to be a part of it. If you have any British Dylan 'artifacts' let me know . . . I have rare Dylan tapes to trade.
A. J. Weberman c/o Duncan.
6 Bleeker Street,
N.Y.C. 10012,
U.S.A.

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A unique preparation. For Men. Or women who know what they want. Secrets gleaned from Nature. Subtly blended to put you back on top. Energy. Vigour. Joie de vivre. Lebenlust. It's all there. Naturally. Give yourself a chance.
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MAYBE THE PEOPLE BUSY COMPLAINING THAT MUSIC IS GOING THRU' A DULL PERIOD HAVEN'T YET HEARD DELANEY AND BONNIE AND FRIENDS AVAILABLE ON ELEKTRA

STILL AVAILABLE "The United Kingdom Directory of Homosexual Meeting Places" 10/- Post Paid. Maleservice, BCM/POSTHASTE, London W.C.1.

Male Student, 24, seeks interesting Lady Friend. Box No. 6.

YOUNG PEOPLE INTERESTED IN POSING FOR EXPERIMENTAL FASHION AND NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY. PLEASE RING 722 0702.

GREEN STAMPS FOR RELEASE
Honestly. Release, which needs a fair amount of money to keep in proper working order, can, as a social help organisation, get back 12s instead of 8s per book of stamps. They can also make use of British picture stamps and foreign stamps, and hope soon to get extra money on Pink stamps and cigarette coupons. Send stamps or any other help to:
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RAY Durgnat needs reliable efficient slick nice typist, now quick and occasionally, to work in N.4. 359-1324 round midday.

MEET SEXY BIRDS, GAY MEN, KINKY COUPLES, THROUGH A MONTHLY MAGAZINE. NATIONWIDE CONTACTS SEND 10/-. LEWIS. G.P.O. BOX 16, BLACKPOOL, LANCS. FY1 5RD

THE ORIGINAL DELANEY AND BONNIE AND FRIENDS ARE ON ELEKTRA. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

KEEP IN TOUCH. Letters held or forwarded, telephone answering service. FULL details 01-788-5570.

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Skint Chick, instant bread for hour's amateur posing. Non-published, non-porn and non-involvement. Box No. 7.

Poetry Published.
Y/BREAKTHRU, Linfield, Sussex (S.a.e.)

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Discreet, results by return. Send small sample urine and £2, or request free container.
Pregnosis Laboratories, Dept. 0, 22 Cantley Road, London W.7. 01-794-4444.

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hip pocrates

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QUESTION: I think my girlfriend and I have been screwing too much. The reason I believe this is lately I've been almost continuously tired.
Could it be that too much sex is wearing me out? We only screw once a day, six or so times a week. As far as I know, I'm getting a balanced diet and plenty of sleep.
What do you think?
PS1. I'm 20 years old.
PS2. We've been living together 4 months.
PS3. I'm six feet tall and weight 130 lbs.
ANSWER: "Too much sex" for one person may be too little for another. But newly coupled couples sometimes feel they must have sex every day, even if they're not in the mood, just to prove to each other they're in love. Anyway, sex is not as lethal as we've been led to believe.
Perhaps you're not really eating a proper diet. Six feet tall and 130 lbs? Eat! Eat!
Chronic fatigue may stem from any one of several causes. Have a physician give you a thorough physical examination.
QUESTION: I am a serviceman in Vietnam and my wife thinks I am having sexual relations here. Not so. But after arriving I noticed some pimple-like protrusions in my pubic area. I went to sick bay where the corpsmen laughed them off as venereal warts.
This worried me so I wrote to my wife who is a Registered Nurse. She gave me a rather long medical term and said they were caused by gonorrhea. Now she is going to sue for divorce. I have chcked with a few other medical sources and they all say the warts are not caused by sexual contact.
I am rather puzzled by the whole thing and would like to find out who is right. It doesn't seem possible that the service and civilian doctors could be 180 degrees out of line in diagnosing this problem. Pray for peace.
ANSWER: Condyloma acuminata are warty growths thought to be caused by a virus. Their common name, "venereal warts," tends to perpetuate the false belief that they are caused by venereal diseases such as gonorrhea.
Venereal warts are seen more frequently in women than men and may appear anywhere on the vulva or within the vagina. At first the warts are small elevated growths the size, perhaps, of a mole. Later they become quite large giving a mulberry-like appearance. Conditions which seem to favour growth of venereal warts in females are a profuse vaginal discharge, obesity, infrequent bathing and pregnancy.
Treatment for venereal warts is similar in males and females. A solution is applied directly to the warts which causes them to shrink and disappear. Often one or more re-applications are necessary. Some mild discomfort may be noted in the surrounding area but the procedure is much less painful than one might imagine.
QUESTION: William Baird, birth control expert, is quoted in the May, 1969 Ramparts as saying: 'You'd be surprised how naive about sex some of those bright college kids are. Some of them believe they can prevent pregnancy by withdrawal.
Now, just what is wrong with "pulling out" as a means of contraception?
ANSWER: Coitus interruptus is a risky means of contraception — and a drag as well.
Small amounts of semen may be deposited in the vagina before the sensation of ejaculation occurs. Studies have shown this fluid contains thousands of spermatozoa.
QUESTION: I've been married for five years now. A little over seven years ago, my husband, he was 18 then, had a vasectomy (clip job, he calls it) in order to make him sterile.
He has been sorry that he did it but what was done was done. We decided we would adopt a couple of children next year or the year after.
But believe it or not, I am pregnant. Missed last March but I didn't worry. Finally my doctor insisted on a test at the end of May and that proved it.
My husband won't believe that he is the father. I have no reason to lie to you — I don't know you nor you me. Another man hasn't touched me in 6 years. My doctor told him it was possible for the vasectomy to help and asked to examine him but he thinks my MD would lie (I think maybe he suspects my doctor).
Now he has said that he does not blame me for wanting a child but insists on knowing who this 'mythical' man is.
It would make him the happiest man on earth if he just knew it was his baby.
ANSWER: A vasectomy is a simple surgical procedure often performed in a physician's office. Two small openings are made in the scrotum in order to cut and tie off both vas deferens, the spaghetti-like tubes which transport sperm from the testicles.
Vasectomies ALMOST always cause permanent sterility. Since attempts to reunite the severed ends of the vas deferens are usually unsuccessful, few physicians would perform a vasectomy on an 18 year old.
Rarely, the severed ends reunite spontaneously and this apparently has happened in your husband's case. Any family physician or urologist could examine your husband's semen microscopically and assure him he could father a child.

QUESTION: I have a question that is very important for me to learn the answer. When a boy is eating me what should I do?
ANSWER: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you . . .

DEAR DR HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. $5. Send your questions c/o OZ.

POVERTY COOKING

955. Asceticism – N. asceticism, puritanism, sabbatarianism; cynicism, austerity; total abstinence.
mortification, maceration, sackcloth and ashes, flagellation; penance &c. 952; fasting &c. 956; martyrdom.
ascetic; anchorite; martyr; hermit &c. 893; puritan, sabbatarian, cynic.
Adj. ascetic, austere, puritanical; cynical; over-religious.

*

956. Fasting – N. fasting; famishment, starvation; banting.
fast; fast day; Lent; spare –, meagre- diet; lenten -diet, – entertainment; short -rations, – commons; Barmecide feast; hunger strike.
V. fast, starve, famish, perish with hunger; make two bites of a cherry.
Adj. lenten; unfed; starved &c. *v.*; half-starved; fasting &c. *v.*; hungry &c. 865.

957. Gluttony – N. gluttony; greed; greediness &c. *adj.*; voracity.
epicurism; good –, high- living; crapulence; guzzling; over-indulgence.
good cheer, blow-out; feast &c. 298; gastronomy.
epicure, gourmand; glutton, hog, gastronome, gormandizer.
V. gormandize, gorge; overeat oneself; engorge, eat one's fill, cram, stuff, stodge, glut, satiate; guzzle; bolt, devour, gobble up; gulp &c. 298; raven, eat out of house and home.
have the stomach of an ostrich; play a good knife and fork &c. 865.
pamper, indulge.

Germaine

Some of IT, – ed. David Mairovitz, *Knullar, 25/-*
New Numbers, Christopher Logue, *Jonathan Cape, 12/-*
Watchwords, Roger McGough, *Jonathan Cape, 10/-*
Turning On, Rosa Gustaitis, *Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 45/-*
Pop from the Beginning, Nik Cohn, *Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 36/-*

The most salient fact about *Some of IT* is what it costs. The cost of a book is normally not a salient feature except that David Z. Mairowitz admits in his shifty Backword (backward-looking foreword) that the book begins as 'necessity for cash'. OK so it's a moneyspinner. As one not anxious to write totally irrelevantly I suppose I ought to speculate about its propensities as a moneymaker. Well, for one, there's no way of shaking it. It is a mausoleum built of chunks of prose from the heavies, nearly half of them from the first ten issues (there have been sixty) which were assistant-edited by, bless-my-soul, David Z. himself, who made a less than spectacular comeback recently to pirate No. 51. Those early issues were stiff with paydirt and big names, and even more than usually dazzling examples of the international low-downs that have been the next best thing in IT to the day to day murmurings of the community here and now. The chief value of IT is that it is ephemeral. Mairowitz has obviously chosen the least ephemeral material for his mausoleum, and sent a hasty bow in the direction of underground notions of co-operativeness and freedom from critical pre-suppositions and personality cult, by refraining from calling it the *Best of IT* although the only other principle of selection he can have used would need to be mere caprice. Why on earth reprint Julie Felix's letter from No. 4? Other mysteries include the reason for Michael de Freitas X Abdul Malik's withdrawal of Words, a circumstance only slightly less mysterious than Mairowitz's motives for wanting to include it in the first place. Any monument of literature rising out of the blood that has flowed beneath IT's bridges must necessarily be very little like the newspaper that limped on to the streets regularly at enormous cost to unnamed and sometimes utterly obliterated characters, nevertheless Mairowitz owes it to the unpaid and unsung workers to reproduce the articles at least as well as they appeared in the original. In fact the layout, partly because less immediate

and mostly because it is simply incompetent, is less effective (that is to say lovely) than it was when it was originally hurled together. Even Alex Gross's unremittingly brilliant journalism appears here as not so much still-born as new dead. The shape of the book suggests a quality of liveliness that it does not have, for it is wrapped in slippery silver plastic foil which slides out of the holder's nerveless paw like wet soap; if only it did contain a paragraph or two from Hamburger Mary or Middling Sue, a reminder of the most hallucinating weeks of events, the weirdest of the small ads, a collage of the confident plans and predictions that never materialised, some follow through on the voices that disappeared. (Where are you Tom McGrath now that we really need you?) The real strength of IT is not small-time journalism by big-time people, but the stimulation of good word-power from people who might otherwise not have written at all. All that remains of the attempts to give IT into the hands of its workers is the mendacious masthead, and a volume like this repudiates even those attempts. It might have been a more successful money-spinner to make up a cut-out theatre of IT's daily battle for survival with all its dishonourable truces and its casualities. If IT is to be rescued from

becoming the trade paper of the 'underground' pop promoters, it might be better served if everybody bought a dozen copies of the next issue and sent them to clergymen, male nurses, politicians, schoolteachers, dustmen and skinheads everywhere.

New Numbers is from Logue and London, *Watchwords* from McGough and Liverpool. Logue is a bard, a mythmaker, a camera eye seizing on the characteristic images of his Kulchur, never out of focus, always slick and contained; on paper a Nova/Queen poet. On walls, however, he's something else. One Logue graffito on roughcast is worth this whole shiny vacant pink and black and white thing. The value of McGough is that he is deep into words instead of numbers, tangled in familiarities of sound and smell and feeling, less potent than loving, never quite sure whether he is with it or without it and not really bothered. Logue writes of him and her, McGough of me and you, sometimes plaintive tough-guy, cock in hand, 'another noticed on the head-board' but mostly 'wondering why'. Logue's cuntstruck poet is never cunt enough or struck enough. He's never really there. The gestures were crystallised, the mannerisms identified before he ever showed up. McGough's poetry is a marsh of dream, fib, confession, coaxing. The difference is the difference between numbers and words. Take your pick. You know what mine is.

Rasa Gustaitis really did her work. Up and down she went, turning on to everybody's thing, getting it right I suppose. Pretty, feminine, intelligent, moderately daring, the gurus dug her, especially when there was no other firm female flesh around, and through it all she took her notes. The best evidence that it didn't work, that *Turning on* is one thing she wasn't doing, is the book. Three hundred and twenty-six pages of well-rehearsed subjects and predicates, clauses, colons, phrases, epithets, reported conversation, paragraphs, parentheses and not a flash of freedom, brilliance, not a single verbal gesture more effective than a file card. Apart from the narcissism of the authoress, nothing comes through strong: not a kiss, not a blow, not a drug shifts this chick's cool and gets her prose off the ground. She likes herself best alone close to nature like a romantic poet, and then she wraps herself in syntax with a mild tremor of luxury. It doesn't really matter: her book is for people who seek to understand the phenomena without committing themselves to any attitude towards them. If you can already turn on, you don't need it: if you are turned on right now you're not reading this in any case. For forty-five shillings you can get a better trip without having to read anything. If you really need to read you can get the none-such Blake for three bob less. So who's it for?

The same question applies to Nik Cohn's *Pop from the Beginning*. If Nik Cohn wasn't really there at the beginning he is sure going to make it sound like he was. This is no Tony Palmer cerebrating about the music, but a series of total responses, to the whole situation, hip, flip and cynical. He's mostly right, his judgment is clean, no breathless panegyric; he digs it for real reasons and no fake is going to get past him. (I think he's a bit generous with the Doors and Janis Joplin, but I'm the only one who will.) His judgement of English girl singers is entirely and frankly distorted by his aberrant sexual desire for Sandy Shaw and Kiki Dee does not even rate a mention! He is as interested in the business, the type, the image and the gossip as he is in the music. He knows that pop is basically simple. Nevertheless he's embarrassed because he's writing a book. He sums up in non-words, AWOPEOPALOOP ALOPBAMBOOM, and he'd really rather have written the book as something else, a tape-recording or maybe a tele-recording, so his style is all, hey and wow and look and! and? Maybe he would like to be Tom Wolfe, just a little bit, but failing that he is so very colloquial that the reader feels that he is getting talked to all that long time and so he gets bored. There are just not that many pages in a conversation. Perhaps Weidenfeld and Nicholson could arrange for a vast record album of single tracks that he talks about to sell along with the book, (yeah?) because even Nik Cohn would rather be digging the music than talking, and very much more than writing. He knows there's no need for a reference book on pop and so do you. Never mind. He'll get rich anyway.

Blackhill and Harvest are getting it together
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"A MEAL YOU CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH IN THE DARK" - SHVL 752
PETE BROWN & HIS BATTERED ORNAMENTS

"A WASA-WASA" - SHVL 757 - EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND

"ALCHEMY" - SHVL 756 - THIRD EAR BAND

BLACKHILL ENTERPRISES LTD.
E.M.I. RECORDS (THE GRAMAPHONE CO. LTD.)

EMI
HARVEST

AMERICAN record dealers say they will refuse to stock the new Blind Faith album which portrays a picture of a nude eleven-year-old girl on its sleeve.
I hope British record dealers will show the same sense when the album is issued here. It's in outrageous bad taste and should be withdrawn.
Don Short, Daily Mirror

for rebirth are rehearsals for reorientation are rehearsals for redirection are rehearsals for release are rehearsals for rearmament are rehearsals for regicide are rehearsals for revolution are rehearsals for rennaissance are rehearsals for reaffirmation are rehearsals for redemption are rehearsals

PHIL OCHS (b. El Paso, Texas, 1940. d. Chicago, 1968) chose an East London bomb site to tell the girl he was trying to screw that he too had been destroyed.
MICK FARREN (b. Brighton, England, 1944. d. –) chose a Chelsea double-bed to tell the girl he *was* screwing that he'd like to shoot a policeman stone dead.

One American. One Englishman. One. They've never met. They do so – for the first time! – in this issue of OZ. Head to Head. Hearts Bleeding. Wounded by fact and fantasy. Interviewers Alan Reid and Chris Robbins (see Spike) caught the gush. Suicide is homicide is suicide is homicide is suicide. Liberation has always meant dying.

Ochs, once ordered out of Dylan's chauffer-driven Cadillac for suggesting the master would never be as big as Elvis no matter how hard Colonel Tom Grossman tried, had been tramping the streets of Edinburgh looking for a hotel. To buy. To own. To be Master of an ever-changing community of one-night stand salesmen and their whores, Glasgow Rangers' supporters, whisky freaks, Yankee tourists, American friends, other friends, Haggis heads and assorted Kilted fantasies. He wants to feel *good* again.

Meanwhile Farren, once gutsy enough to launch the Social Deviants on their very own label and, what's more, get away with it commercially, wants to take the orgasm out of *her* cunt and put it into *his* head. England's first orgasm transplant. He's not calling the operation MC6 No, it's the Pink Fairies (see our black and white supplement) and one or two of the old Deviants, Tyrannosaurus Rex and, yes, the Pretty Things, are going to be there with him. He wants to feel *bad* again:

Campaign Against Psychiatric Atrocities, c/- 194 Clarence Gate Gardens, Glentworth Street, London NW1

'The Rock & Roll business is ideologically in a very sorry state in Britain. You just walk into the Speakeasy and half the freaky, hip people in there are straights masquerading. They're just guitar technicians. And they are just controlling themselves in terms of rock and roll as one of the last non-controlled medium. So when I thought all this out I realised that the Speak divided itself into the ones who are getting uptight and the ones who are getting the others uptight. We seemed to be the latter group so we thought that a corporate identity might be a good thing.'

'One of the first principles in everybody's mind is to put the orgasm back into Rock. I can remember the days when chicks used to rub themselves up and down the seat arms in cinemas – and that was great. Rock & Roll is really like a conditioned energy release, it's like Voodoo or something, it's got a lot of things over the kids. There's just so little balls in it these days.'

Then Dylan freaked out and decided that all politics was a joke around '65. The change in Dylan had no effect on me at all, being the other political song writer I was asked that question at that time, I didn't think it was terrible because I'd always admired Dylan as a writer and the only question is, was Dylan's writing getting better or worse and it definitely was getting better – as in Tambourine Man, I was one of the first people to hear Tambourine Man, he came over to my house and sang it, I just couldn't believe it, you know, then he sang it at Newport I was glued to the stage.

'A band can be used to block a street. It's very difficult to move it, especially if it's got a generator, because it's a peaceful audience which blocks the street. It's very easy for the cops to break up an angry crowd and hit them over the head with clubs, but if they are all happy and groovy it's very difficult to break them up. So it's a thing that can be swung into use when the situation arises. This is just simple time-wasting strategy.

'We want to just bomb out and do something. We have at least six drummers, seven guitarists, seven bass players, four or five singers and maybe two organists. So, say at three o'clock closing time you come out of the bar and you think, "Heh, it would be good to go and play." So you shoot down to the nearest open space and you play.'

The breaking off into the bands the musicians of that period, eventually all grew up into groups, and then in came psychedelia – which I don't like – all the things that have happened I consider it to be the least important and the most damaging. Another very sudden euphoria and a huge let-down we are now in the process of is the let-down of pop disintegration.

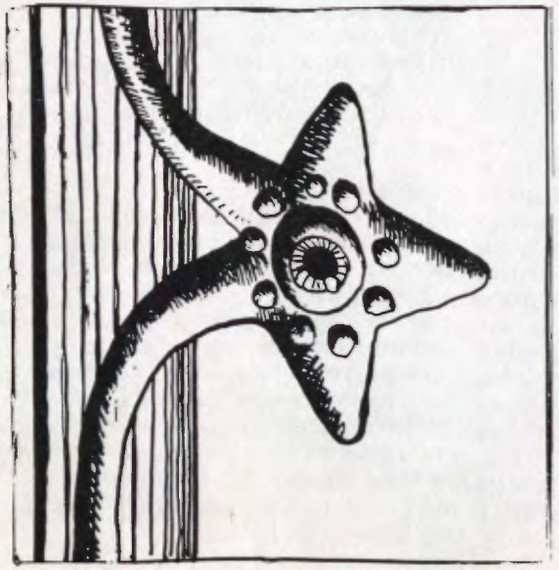
I think drugs made my music more essential, I might have done that without drugs, I mean, I took some drugs and my

CAPA tried to raise these questions at the Second International Congress of Social Psychiatry this August.

music became more essential, I never overdid drugs and I never got onto speed at all, so I never really gave myself over to it. I am glad I didn't. I think drugs have ruined very many people in music and I am saying that as somebody who would advocate the legalisation of Marijuana, but still I think that the effect of drugs got out of hand and killed people and music got out of hand and obviously sexual.

'The idea of violence has been happening off and on for God knows how many years since the war, but it's only lately that community violence has gotten to the level of us,' Jamie says. 'So it stands to reason that within the next two fucking years some schmuck in fucking Wall Street is going to start marketing violence. They've been doing it for years of course but so far they are in control of sweet fuck all on our level. We have just got to make goddam fucking sure that they don't get control which is where another faction of the Pink Fairies comes in. The Fairies have to open all the kids' heads. It won't be us that's in the forefront though – it will be the unification of all that the Pink Fairies have managed to do that will be in the forefront. You know – the million kids that have risen to hear Mick sing "Fuck it!" and stand up and piss in the street.'

'The Pink Fairies are organising a musical attack on authority, like the MC5 in Chicago, a strategic, organised and effective attack on the straights. The real purpose is basically to try and be outrageous. In terms of the fact that most of us have money, or access to money, we're a lot less vulnerable than the average kid on the street. We press the cops and in many ways throw out an outrageous smoke screen which covers up a lot of useful things that can be going on at the same time It means the heat can be taken off the underground press for instance. If it looks like we're causing most of the trouble the underground press will look really peachy then.'



Mick Jagger is the best pop singer in many ways and the best rock singer, but Mick Jagger is still a form of copy of Elvis. Mick Jagger is the perfect sixties answer but, good as he gets, its not as simple as quality unless you were so good to wipe out everything. Elvis was conditioned by the Army – King Creole was a good movie and good music, and Jailhouse Rock, was a good movie with good music. He was really good then, but the Army conditioned and straightened him out and when he got out of the Army he was totally packaged and plasticised by Tom Parker and so for 10 years Elvis made sugar movies and was totally plastic but the point is that Elvis survived this and this is what's obvious now with US Mail and and In The Ghetto and Guitar Man and his TV special. Of course the pop scene is deteriorating which is not necessarily sad because all scene's deteriorate, you know, folk music came and was huge and degenerated; jazz music came and was huge and degenerated; and now pop music is doing the same. It's all processed, I am glad things were created out of it. But the last stage, the stage of the frantic sexuality, you know of Jimi Hendrix of the Cream, of all these people; personally I don't get excited or moved by the music – it doesn't strike me as human. You know all the great music often is very human. The great Elvis. You know, Heartbreak Hotel. Those songs as garish as they are – the thing is I think great music comes from great personalites.

'Take the Hell's Angels. They are in the situation where they have been taken out of the boozer, away from their brown ale, and given acid. And they're still trying to sort it out. They are in the same space that 80 per cent of the English kids buying records are in at the moment. Once that record buying public has been given the push they will reach that violent level, the violent stage the Angels are in now. And at that time they're going to need some sort of organised format like the Pink Fairies which will be able to voice some sort of direction.'

'At demonstrations there is no example. If you have somebody who is easily identifiable – this is where the One Percenter Colours come in – and acts in a certain pattern in the face of a certain situation, then the people immediately around them will follow. Which is groovy – it gives us another guide. So when the horses come down we can say, "Link hands, stand still." People listen to you. They say, "That cat is a member of an organisation, he is standing still, that means standing still is where it's at.'

Then the assassination happened, which is still the primary factor of the whole thing in America, it's the most psychologically damaging thing that's happened to the Western mind that I can think of. In a sense its almost like a personalised world war 2, because the image to the Western man of a movie star president, intelligent, you know, all things that a lot of people want to be, is totally wiped out for no apparent reason, and this is the main thing everybody is intimately aware of through the media. Everybody's seen Kennedy, even people that didn't like him said, well, he's pretty, and then he was killed . . . brutally, bloodily, in public, so then, in a sense, it drove everybody crazy in retrospect. I think people are still suffering from that, and this generation will always carry this shock with us. Especially as American culture spreads out to everyone else accordingly, you know people crying and breaking down when they heard. I cried too. The whole thing in a sense is a bloodbath of attractive public figures this is what the game is, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Malcolm X, you know, being wiped out. My feeling is that America has got to a certain point of wealth, and, you know, wealth can be very destructive, and at a certain point the cancerous aspects of America just got out of hand. What killed Kennedy was the Bay of Pigs. He was killed by the outrageous fury of the Cubans who were betrayed because there was two Governments. The totally cancerous CIA anti-communist government which is the secret Government in America and the Public Government which is the PR firm. What was slowly dawning on Kennedy was that he didn't have as much power as he thought he had, he came to be President and as soon as he came in he was involved with the final stages of the plan to attack Cuba and this and that and don't worry about it. Unimpeachable military advice which as soon as the attack was launched was immediately untrue – they told him that as soon as they landed the people would desert Castro and the opposite happened, people rushed with rakes down to the beach.

'Yeah sure you can have a dirty magazine as long as it doesn't go over 30,000 circulation. If it goes over that you're in trouble. And sure, you can carry as much politics as you like – but no faggot ads. But faggots mags are okay just as long as they don't carry any politics. The idea is to keep everything in cages like the zoo. That's going down all the time. And one of the reasons it goes on is because there are some real chicken shit musicians about, particularly some of the top musicians. Their heads are in the right space but they're frightened to open their mouths. It may mean that their teeny bopper sales will go.'

A room mate of mine called Jim Glover played a guitar so I started playing the guitar and this is when folk music was just coming in. The Kingston Trio was coming in and Baez was coming in – the early folk is different from the village scene and the village came after the folk boon hit. Then more and more people moved to Greenwich Village. This is where Dylan comes in. This is where Tim Hardin comes in. This is where almost all the big rock groups came in as straggling folk groups, Mamas and Pappas, Byrds.

'Politicians – I don't mean Wilson, I mean Rudi Dutschke – are so fucking depressing in their life-style. The new left are a bunch of shits, really boring shits. It's the same with actors – actors are going right down the pan. James Dean was the last real life-style, with maybe Steve McQueen and James Coburn now. But they are very secondary to Jagger, or Hendrix or Townshend.'

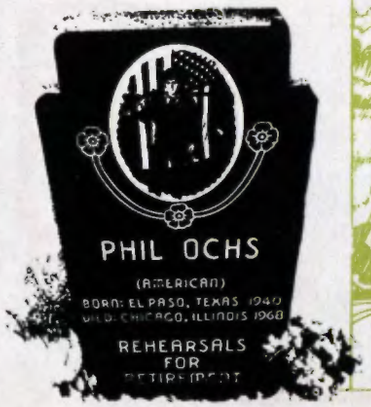
The death of the American which is what all this has been about through the '60's, you know, the starting out as heavenly and ending up as hell which is the death of the American, the death of the Kennedy's, finally the death in Chicago of the all out middle class attempt to still be liberal and human and go through the electoral system, and the utter and public and brutal failure of that experiment. That's what's happened and that's what brought this album (Ochs' 6th – Rehearsals for Retirement) which is the swan songs of the country. It's like the soul of the country has been killed – and I feel myself partially murdered – songs about the death of a country. So the album ends not with the revolutionary call but it ends as though I've been killed. It's like you retire and pull back and it's like it says 'now comes the rabble – if the home-created hordes take over and craziest takes over'. The social obligation is that this must be stopped, you know, it's like you don't have the heart left to try and stop it, it's like it doesn't matter, the mental state, the final point of everything.

There ought to be a coach party that takes the audience from HAIR down after the show to see a few speed freak kids. You know the whole thing – songs like, "We Ain't Got a Barrel of Money", and all those songs about money doesn't get you happiness, "Mother Kelly's Doorstep" and "Buddy Can You Spare a Dime". The poor are really grooving on it. They really dig being poor. So don't worry about them folks – they've got something you haven't got, they've got poverty. They've got integrity. They may not have anything to eat, but they have not integrity. And it's the same old shit over again . . . you know.'

I mean I'm half political and half musical and I go back and forth between the two and I go along and sing my concerts every year. I do some concerts and every year I make a record or so and it comes out and it does well. I never get a hit single and I never go on television – but I'm not that kind of artist.

'The average straight thinks twice before he kicks the shit out of a hippie because they don't know which type of hippie it is. You've got two breeds of hippie walking the streets – one will chain whip the guy who beats him up and the other will fall down and turn the other cheek. The 50 per cent risk is too much for the average straight. It's just the threat of it. I don't really see us beating anybody up ever – but the fact that we're on motorcycles, we have belts with heavy studs, so that we are not into a peace and love situation – you're in at least an "I will resist situation."

GEO ROMAK



BLIND FAITH Blind Faith *ATCO SD 33304A*

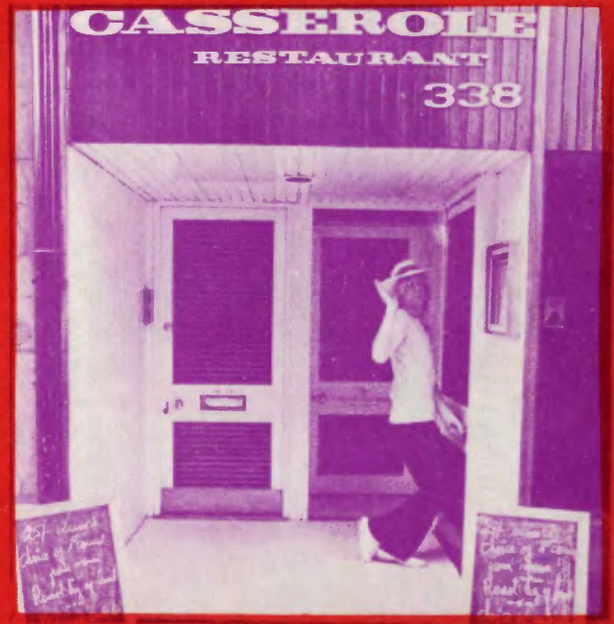
A super first album by a super new supergroup. Stevie Winwood sounds superbly agonised; Ginger Baker is superbly rythmic; Eric Clapton superbly subdued, and Ric Grech trys superbly hard. The whole thing sounds pleasantly enough like a cross between the Cream and the Band. They'll be blase about it at the Speakeasy, totally uncritical in the suburbs and totally non-comprehending on Radio One Seriously, it's very good – better than one had been lead to expect by all the ultra-cool detractors who saw them in the park, and worse than all those column inches in the music papers would have you believe.
Super. Cathy McGowan should review it, not me.
John Leaver

FIENDS AND ANGELS, Martha Velez *LONDON SHK 8395*

First opinions of this album were unenthusiastic – after playing through various tracks during a day interspersed with a heady dose of Messaien at the Albert Hall and a further bite into Uncle Meat – compared to which Martha Valez and Fiends and Angles appeared, well, smooth, professional, competent and cool: a bit slick, maybe a little too predictable. Perhaps about right for the Revolution discotheque.
However, first impressions being what they are, I played the album several more times, over two or three days of varying moods, but those first impressions still linger. To consider the credit side first: Martha Valez has a good bluesy voice, a bit velvety, expressive – a good way with words. She has had a wide experience in the States, and turned down a part in Hair, which can't be bad. But – without wishing to put Martha down – what is really interesting about the album is the backing she gets. Her Angels (and Fiends?) are some of the best known artists on the British scene – on "I'm gonna leave you" and "Feel so bad" there's the unmistakable sound of Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce, and with the addition of Mitch Miller and Duster Bennett, it's almost inevitable that these should be two of the best tracks instrumentally. In "Swamps Man", Martha is backed by Capaldi and Chris Wood, and on "In my girlish days" it's Chicken Shack with Martha instead of Christine Perfect up front. On the Dylan track "It takes a lot to laugh, it takes a train to cry" there's the distinctive organ of Brian Auger.
Backing of this quality might even redeem Tom Jones, and it's hardly surprising that there's plenty of really excellent instrumental work of the sort which saved Billy Preston's, "That's the way God planned it" from being merely a bible-punching bore.
One major criticism of the album as a whole, in fact, is really this – that the variety is provided by the accompaniment rather than the singer – the distinctive feel of each track is either that of Clapton and Bruce, or the sound associated with Traffic, with Brian Auger or whoever.
Still all in all, this is a competent and well-produced first album even if Martha might have been a little lost without her illustrious friends. It would be fair to say that there *are* more interesting things going on musically at the moment, particularly in the States, and it would be good to see more than the present mere handful of British Artists (none of them on the present album) being really adventurous. The Mothers have shown how you can carry the kids with you when you stray from the home key, and (to adopt Frank Zappa) pop is only the best vehicle for expression we have at the moment, not a tradition or a faith: so it must move on. This album doesn't. Everyone seems happy to stick (albeit smoothly and professionally) in that same old groove.
Two postscripts: from the cover, Martha looks a beautiful chick. And a bitch about the sleeve note. The cover layout's good, but why can't we be given a little more straight information about Martha Velez and the musicians rather than lines like "Au revoir" "Bon Soir" et "Debussy knew a gas lit voice once" which presumably means something to Martha even if it means nothing to Debussy or me. Either let us all into the secret, or leave it to the publcity men.
Mike Hirst.

TIM BUCKLEY Happy Sad *EKS 74045*

The liner notes to Tim Buckley's last album, 'Goodbye & Hello', were short and anonymous, if somewhat treacly . . . "He will sing you his ten tales and then wander till spring." In those wanderings Buckley has obviously been through a few interesting experiences.
Firstly he's balled a chick in Room 109 at the Islander, (a motel/hotel?), on the Pacific Coast Highway and dug her enough to take ten minutes and forty-seven seconds to thank her for, '. . . changing an old man, full of self-pity, back to a child again . . .' Can't be bad. Any fuck worth nearly eleven minutes of Elektra Records' time speaks for itself
Secondly, he's been balling gypsies.
Thirdly, and possibly (?) most important of all, the subject matter and treatment of his extraordinarily inventive lyrics on this, his 3rd album, seem to reflect a recent carefully considered shift in his philosophy. Comment on the complexities and frustrations of an artist working in our pubescent-Atomic age have faded to insignificance as he reaches to explore the infinitely more interesting and surreal territories briefly touched before in songs like 'Morning Glory' and 'Carnival Song'. He's not singing about wars anymore, at least not the wars of five-star generals and Dow Chemicals Inc. He's just not interested any longer in the widening cracks of a corrupt society, or its inhabitants, those . . .'godless and sexless directionless loons who put on their death masks and compromise daily . . .' Buckley has forsaken patriotism, anti or otherwise . . . 'I wave goodbye to America and smile hello to the world . . .' McLuhan's fantasy Global Village is his front sitting room.
Like any number of rock artists, Dylan and Lennon among them, he's back to personal relationships. 'Room 109', for example, compares with 'I Threw It All Away' on Nashville Skyline, or in a less obvious, but no less tangible way with 'The Ballad of John & Yoko', which is basically the story of a real life love affair. All of a sudden we're nodding our heads together. 'Love is all it is/It makes the world go round . . . No matter what you think about it/You just can't do without it . . .' well, you know the song as well as I do. And T.B. has learned it off by heart.
Musically speaking, this album is just slightly less satisfying than before. The arrangements are still as absorbing and faultlessly constructed as ever, with the usual emphasis on Buckley's triple-time twelve string bursting through the berserk congas of Carter Collins' and Lee Underwood's fine electric guitar work, but often, and especially on slow tracks, much of the eerie magic of Buckley's strange animal inflections of voice is suffocated and nearly lost by over-recording and/or insensitive instrumental work. Buckley too, seems to have been concentrating far too hard on the profundity and delivery of his lyrics, and in the process lends himself to his own worst enemy, overstatement.


CASSEROLE
RESTAURANT
338

A PHILIPPE VON MORA FILM

starring

JOHN IVOR GOLDING BILLIE DIXON MICHAEL RAMSDEN

and introducing

MAYOR UMBERTO HUMP, SHIRLEY HUMP, JACK "STEALTHY" HUMP (ALIAS CHIEF OF POLICE HUMP), PIANO, GERBER MOTIFART, THE SINGER IN THE MILK EASY. TWITCH, MAD MICK, ANDREW THE ANARCHIST, DAVY CROCKETT, FUDZY, MOLOPOLIS CREATIVE DIRECTOR, THE STEALTHIES, STREET FIGHTERS AND ASSORTED DISTINGUISHED EXTRAS

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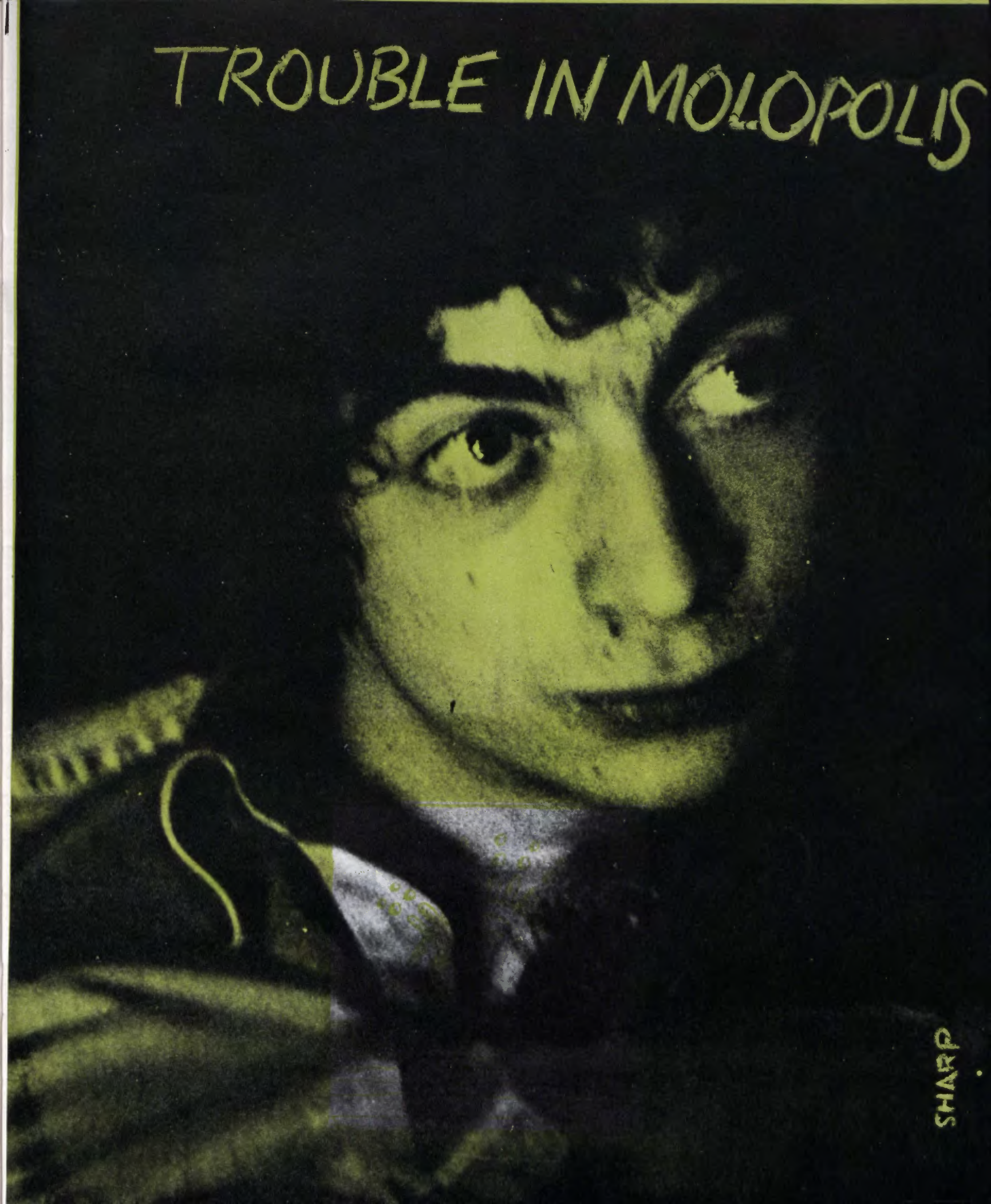

COHEN
The Beautiful Loser

Raymond Durgnat

Cohen's beautiful LPs are the spires and towers of which his poems and novels are the outworks. He can't sing in the way dying Lady Day can't sing. A broken recitative revalidates the (in her case) trite lyric and what may seem (in his) a tuneless miserabilism. Yet his songs need the rest of his work just as the best of Keats needs the rest of Keats.

His Selected Poems 1956-1958 are pulled between free verse, prose, song, the metaphysicals haiku, fin de siecle, folksong, post-Joyce intricacy and pop baroque. He often uses a groping, stumbling, triptilted line which needs his ashen voice to find its metre.

The earliest poems are awkward, as if the man had to emerge from myths of himself represented by conflicting identifications with classical Greece, Jewry-in-exile, Jesus Himself and overblown expressionism like For you/I will be a Dachau Jew. Thereafter he never quite eradicates the out-of-focus looming heenormous, but he progressively sheds his old skins of protective mythology. In the Flowers For Hitler section (1961) the cynical, the matter-of-fact and a snide humour deepen the anguish and the subtly out-of-synch faux-naif. In deft intellectual density he matches the academic stream: a kite pulls *gentle enough to call you master/strong enough to call you fool.* Or: *the gulls slowly writhing, slowly singing/On the spears of wind.* I can almost imagine Cohen in a movie called Song of the Vampire. Its folksinger is seeking the girl, or man, or both, who will believe in, and love, him sufficiently to thrust the spike through his sleeping heart. In this alienated age we're all the Wandering Jew, the Flying Dutchman, the Last of the Mohicans. Cohen's self-criticisms aren't sops to our cynicism, but tragically a propos.

Just as Suzanne reappears in several poems, so Master Song, on the first LP, is the gist of Cohen's second novel, Beautiful Losers. I haven't been able to find his first, The Favorite Game, described by Look as 'the phallic progress of a young man much like the author'. Its successor is a phallic regress, a descent from the strenuous heights into the swamps of the polymorphous perversity and internal hallucination. A current romanticism opposes the p.p. (as 'babyish', therefore 'natural') to genital imperialism ('adult', therefore 'Fascist'). It sees in the former a viable alternative (rather than accompaniment?) to the latter. I suspect that Cohen is ten precious years ahead in having learned that whatever defeats genitality will eventually defeat passivity also. For paranoia, like cancer, never ceases nibbling onwards and upwards into one's gut.

Beautiful Losers centres on a bookish anthropologist, whose stream of consciousness recalls uneasy ecstasies with his suicided wife, Edith; her lover, F, who is also his fellow orphan, friend and guru (hence Master Song); and a martyred Iroquois Saint, Catherine Tekakwitha (1656-1680), who seems at once a lost moral ideal (having the stiff clear will of brave and Jesuit) and alter ego (masochistic, insolently defiant squaw).

Beautiful Losers is prose poems in narrative sequence (just as much free verse is prose eccentrically justified so that you'll read is densely). It mingles the modes of McClure meat science, comic-strip faux-camp, post-Ionescou cut-up, Burrovian science-metaphyics, and that Fuck You poem where Orlovsky watches Ginsberg jerk off on a Tangiers bed.

Its first 50 paradox-packed pages beat the pounds of the mood and even when, seeking a second wind, it turns to the seductive master, it is only to trace his apotheosis into ulterior masochism. In any case, all our inner monologues are so media-, jingle- and parody-soaked, that we can all jerk off volleys of apt or profound phrases (The Wit and Wisdom of Graffiti), and we need rhapsodic (Shakespearean) texture less than a new, classical selectivity (ornaments mustn't confuse mainsprings, intricacies need development, subtleties need tracing back to basics).

Pop poetry generally inclines to the Eclectic String Bag (eg, the Moody Blues LP's mishmash of computers and Cartesianism) and there's much to be said for a sort-out via an alternative tradition, the dry curt cut of French classicism. It's curious how in Histoire de l'Oeil (even in its execrable Olympia Press translation, A Tale Of Satisfied Desire), in L'Abbe C and in Le Bleu du Ciel, Georges Bataille's dry spare hardline storytelling, eschewing all rhapsodic mosaic, catches the merging of each and everyone's flesh and mind into one, every-pore-a-vulva, tragiecstatic cosmic come.

TIME OUT in London

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friendly sisters, he's affably impotent, and interested only in symbolic and actual modes of suicide. There's a moral in that somewhere and maybe it's this. Curious yins and yangs link Calvinist (ultra-WASP) and Jewish (un-WASP) modes. Calvinism: 'I must match my father', Judaism, 'I must placate my father'. Calvinism's internal repressions match Judaism's intra-family tensions.

It's because we're all Calvinists and Jews (*father*-religions) without fathers ('poor old pop') that we're driven to feminise everything – including the male body (called the polymorphous Paradise). Yet it's arguable that if God had meant men to feel themselves, they wouldn't have organs pointing like arrowheads out to the avid wounds, but winding round their own bodies like a spiders'-web of fleshy tendrils. Other space leads to self-sacrifice, inner space leads to suicide.

Cohen's sense of guilt and failure, as authentic as Greene's, is maintained in the teeth of adverse circumstances, (his family are rich, he was offered but refused the Governor-General's prize for poetry, and the National Film Board of Canada's intelligent, yet intriguingly unrevealing, documentary shows him pretilly melancholy, hammily sensitive and well at ease with all. Yet his work's weakness is an over-reaction against all consolation, however unworldly, however merited. And he comes nearest Jesus when he writes as Judas feeling the nails go in.

LPs:	Leonard Cohen, CBS 63421, 1967. Songs From A Room, CBS 63587, 1969. Poems: Folkways 9805, 1969.
Books:	Selected Poems 1956-69 (Jonathan Cape, 35/s). The Favorite Game (Viking 1966). Beautiful Losers (Viking, 1966. Bantam, 1967).
Films:	Ladies And Gentlemen, Mr. Leonard Cohen; Poem; Angel. All from National Film Board of Canada, London, 16mm.
Articles:	Songs Sacred And Profane, in Look Magazine 6/10/68. Ian Mann, Leonard Cohen's Novel Beautiful Losers, Zig-Zag No 1.

It's where linear narrative rears its old hat head (as when a couple are dominated by a rodent-like robot sex massager; orgasm cannot wither, nor exhaustion stale, its implacable, variety) that the novel leaps into its real lunacy. If Cohen's LPs offer the essence of his written word, it's not because the latter is redundant. Indeed the songs' undertones unfold their dirty dozens here. It's because the song form controls the sprawl (Cohen's generous muse needs a very strict corset) and encourages the idiomatic against the literary.

In mid-'66 Cohen turned to C & W and cut his first disc at Nashville. His sad, drifting soliloquies heal the breach between psalm and song. Monotonal, liturgical, cyclical, like a post-Reichian wailing wall in words, they're sardonic, watchful, self-critical. Harshly tender, accusingly sad, they have their element of moral prophecy, and assert the opposite pole to Dylan's John Wesley Harding, whose surrender to TV-Western banality is either impenetrably ironic or spiritually senile.

Among the 7 deadly sins of the hippie era one may list: indifference disguised as tolerance ("Do your own thing – Jack"); suicide disguised as self-abandonment; and a snidely spiteful repudiation of fatherly qualities (genitality, responsibility, consistency) disguised as humility, femininity and spontaneity. Cohen's bad conscience has got their number: Lady Midnight . . . *pointed at me where I kneeled on her floor/She said, 'Don't try to use me/Or slyly refuse me/Just win me or lose me/It is this that the darkness is for.'*

An ex-Calvinist friend confessed that the best years of his life were the naively puritan ones. Then sexuality, guilt, asceticism and misogeny balanced one other so nicely that he was incessantly erect, indifferent to his own pleasure, and rarely capable of ejaculation. This delighted, and awed, the girls, and suited his old-fashioned pride, with remorse doing the job of masochism. The less puritanical he became, the more he allowed himself a full-body-and-mind orgasm, the more the thrills of guilt shifted to anti-life attitudes. Now all women are his

heads & Reds

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..but I was the one who smiled when I got it !"

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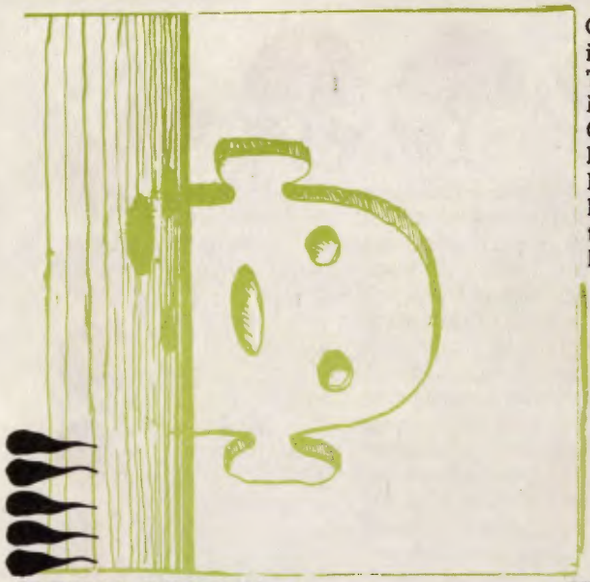

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BIOGRAPHY OF THE SIMEON SYNTHESIZER

by SIMEON of Silver Apples

Both Danny and I were bored with conventional musical instruments – not so much how they are played, like we can really get into a good guitar's player's technique and all that – but the *sounds* that the guitar itself makes. I don't care how many fuzzes, wah-wahs, or vari-tones you run it through, it still sounds like a guitar. And that can still be very groovy. Don't get me wrong, I'm not putting the guitar down, or anything like that, I'm just saying that we wanted to find something new, and we knew it had to be electronic just because that seemed to be the area most open to experimentation.

A friend of ours gave us World War II surplus audio signal generator and we went to work from there. Not having any electronics training, we had to go step by step, shock by shock, learning how to hook it up – vary its sound – key it in, make it go. This old generator is the nucleus of what is now the Simeon synthesizer. At the time we had never heard of a syntheizer.

This was, I guess, somewhere in late 1967. The main problem was that of pitch control. It has to be played like a fretless string instrument, violin or cello or like a slide trombone. So it was a matter of learning the various positions on the sweep dial so a melody could be played. After I got to be pretty good at that it occurred to me that if I had a few more generators, keyed through a series of switches mounted on a plywood board that I might be able to get some bass lines figures out with my feet. So we got the cheapest ones we could find and stacked them on a table and I started practicing. Boop-ah-doop-ah-boop-ah-doop-ah-doo.

Next I noticed that while my feet were busy, and my left hand was busy playing the melody, my right hand was idle. So we got some more generators and wired them through telegraph keys, all in a row. My first keyboard. I found that by setting the new generators in certain ways I could play chords by poking different combinations of telegraph keys. The more generators I had the more chords I could play, so we hooked something else and got some more – plus some more telegraph keys.

The Simeon now was a heap of wires, keys, wah-wahs, and generators piled up on a table. It was obvious that if we were ever going to do anything with it, it would have to have a console. So we hocked something else, this time I think it was my guitar, and got some plywood and glue and screws and made a big flat box with everything mounted down on it – and in it. God was it heavy, but the Simeon was not a "thing."

We had a few tunes we could play so Barry Bryant, our manager, got us a job playing at Max's Kansas City's upstairs discothek. We drove a few people out and some stayed and danced and had fun. But at least it was a beginning – and also someone from the Gibson guitar and amp company heard us and suggested that with one of their Maestro tone filter units we could get some interesting effects. We promised him we would put his name on our first record (we had no idea that anybody would give us a record contract) and he sent two of them over the next day. They were groovy, so they were mounted down into the box. A few days later we hit him for two echo units and mounted them down.

The Simeon Synthesizer was now almost like a real musical instrument, all I had to do was develop the co-ordination needed to play it. Being ambidextrous helped and I practiced playing the wah-wah with my elbow. At first I had to get absolutely wrecked to get the separation of all the different components clear in my head, so I could concentrate on say, playing the melody with my left hand while at the same time keep the bass going with my feet and the rhythm section going with my right hand, and sing. Now I can do it straight but never mind that.

Danny, in the meantime, had gotten hold of a whole bunch of drums and turned them chromatically so that instead of just playing percussion drums he could now only keep the beat but also play in key with me. If you notice – on our version of Mustang Sally coming up on our next record – he plays Norwegian Wood during a little 3/4 break.

A big break as far as the Simeon is concerned occurred while we were playing a gig at the Cafe Au Go Go and one of the guys on the bill gave us the name of a friend of his who had built a little voltage control keyboard. We quickly made contact and bought it from him. That soon was mounted down into the box. Shortly, thereafter, another friend showed us that a walkie-talkie unit made a good white noise sound (we had so far been using an FM tuner for white noise) so we mounted down a walkie-talkie – being sure to yank out the aerial as not to get any transmissions through it. This put through a wah-wah sounds like ocean waves or wind, depending on how you play it.

Actually, the Simeon is a conglomeration of sound toys that anybody could sit down at and freak out on – or if anyone were to practice it like you would practice a piano he could play music on it. The instrument gives its player lots of freedom in that each of the keys or buttons can be readily turned to any note that can be heard by the human ear, or beyond that. We once struck a high frequency horn out the window and blasted all the bats that might have been flying within range of it with a note that we couldn't hear but that they are supposed to be able to hear. Amp up to 10, right?

We all watched for the "Bat Riot" but it never happened. Someone swore he saw two bat-like things doing the Boog-a-loo on the next rooftop, but that's an unconfirmed acid sighting.

We are the first to admit that the Simeon is a crude little monster. It was never meant to be a Moog-like creature, in fact it was recently in the same recording studio with a Moog and it didn't blush a bit. Someone called it the result of hippie technology and it flexed its muscles. It is made to be a live-performance instrument, and leaves all the multi-overdubbing tricks to the sophisticated fancy black boxes with blinking lights and myriads of patch cords.

The Simeon loves to crouch out in the middle of a stage and have someone pull out all of its stops.

It's an energy machine – getting it together – it once tried to mount the Moog, with love in its tubes.

UPS.

From Other Scenes.

obstruction to the full enjoyment of the record, which basically consists of Dr. S. S. being musically very tight 'n' together, using strong tunes and interesting harmonies.

Here and there the odd line comes through, the most successful track being the frighteningly ominous 'Ship Of Fools'. After a few plays, of course, one tends to remember more and the tunes come through quite clearly, the words, impotent and unimportant in their nonsense, receding into the background. Now even the dog has decided to remain in the room and sleep surrounded by beautiful tunes.

Cousin Caterpillar

None of the tracks here have quite the absolute sincerity and above all, conviction, that made 'Morning Glory' one of the musical highs for me last year. At least, not up to now. Buckley's material always takes time, and in a way it's difficult to judge He does have an incredible voice, capable at times of almost unbelievable variations in tone and pitch. It's a shame that he still appears to lack the confidence to resist consistently proving the point. Only on one cut, the last and shortest, 'Sing A Song For You', does he in fact relax enough to let the words flow straight out of his head without running them through the gauntlet of his indisputable but shattering vocal abilities.

But if this *is* a fault, and certainly Tim Buckley and his producers do not appear to consider it to be one, then it can be the *only* major fault in Happy Sad. For Happy Sad is a whole LP, as have been all Buckley's albums. Hours of thought and concentrated work must have gone into the making of it. There is not an ounce of hype here. As a poet and a musician T.B. is getting better all the time. Just a few more '109's' and another gypsy woman could do it.

Felix Dennis.

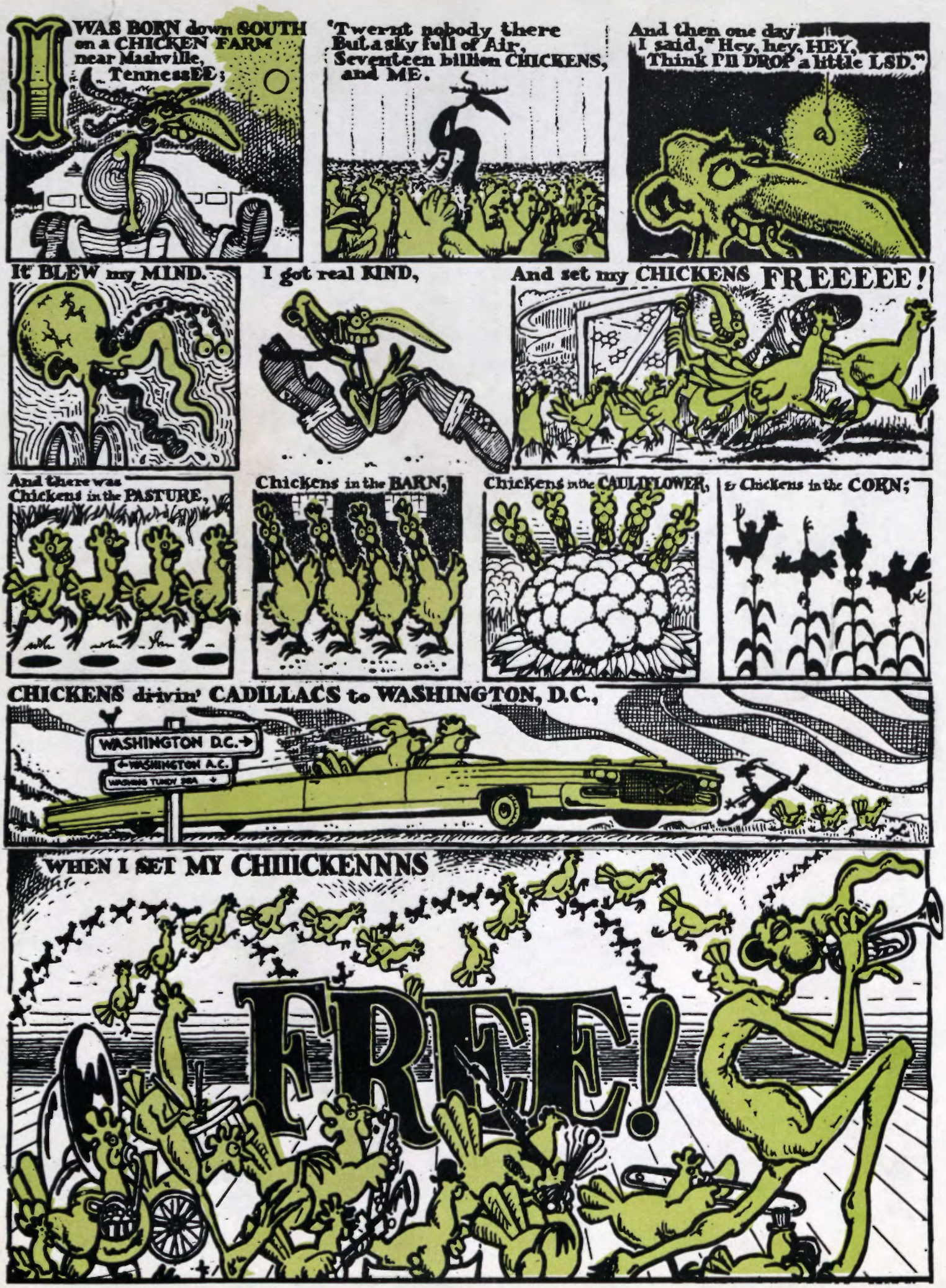
KIP OF THE SERENES Dr Strangely Strange *(Island ILPS 9016)*

The first time I placed this record on the turntable the dog sat up and howled. It's the first album by an Irish group called Dr. Strangley Strange, a record produced by Joe Boyd, and, (according to the advertisements), a group assisted and admired by the Incredible String Band, (whom they sound a lot like). But it didn't make any difference. Although a keen listener to the Incredibles, the dog howled then left the room. He was uneasy.

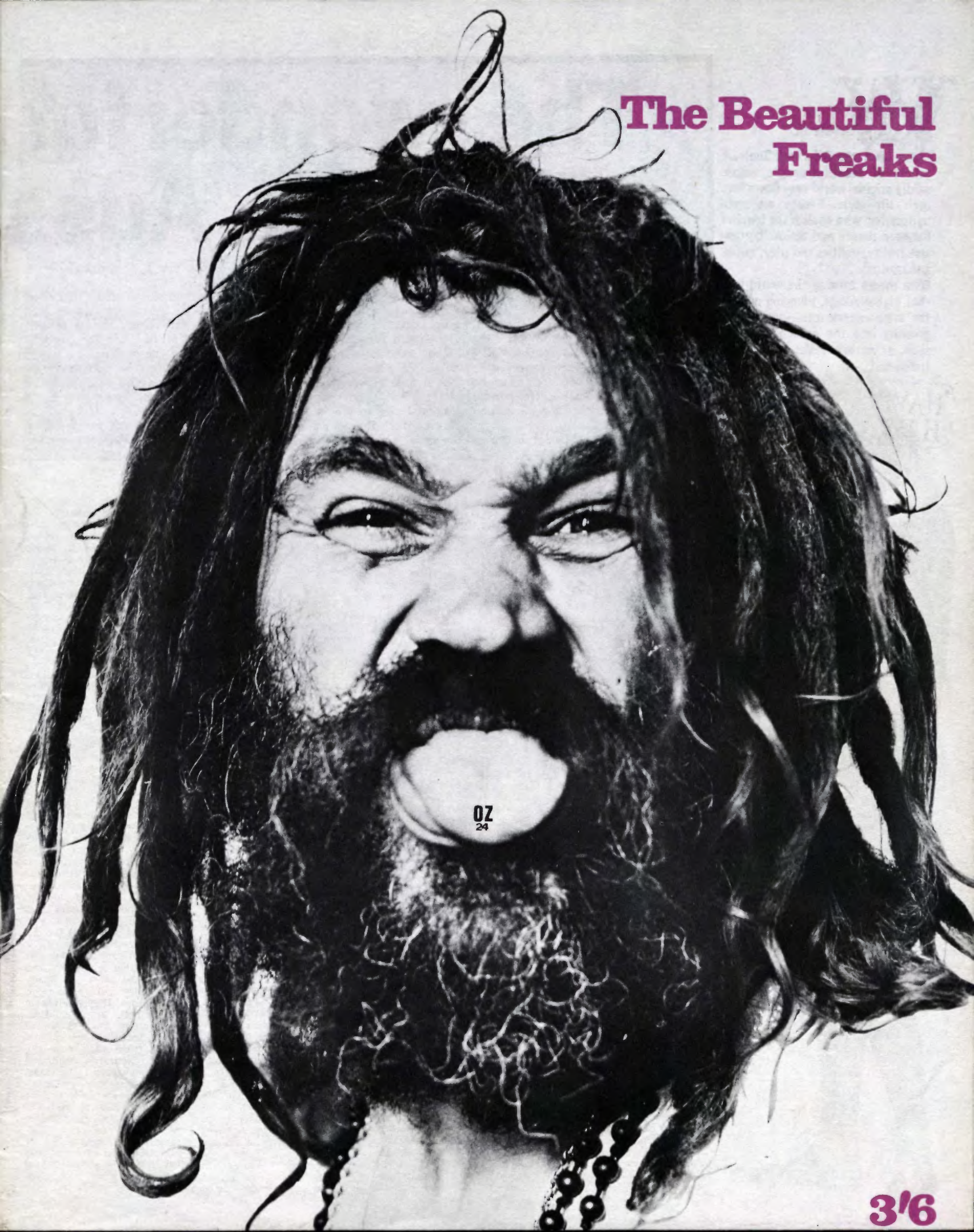
The trouble was the words. The importance or necessity of words. Dylan without words would be nothing; Hendrix would get on fine without lyrics. O.K. So Hendrix is a more accomplished musician than Dylan, but this isn't the answer. The Incredibles, though excellent musicians would lose a lot if the words to their music were taken away. And how many people regard words as being important anyway? Pop people seem to be quite happy to play gigs where the amplification distorts even spoken introductions, or enables backing to swallow lyrics in a great tidal wave of sound. Some groups like the Stones, don't need words anyway, coming through effectively on sheer sound and stage presence – a presence which itself detracts from the lyrics. And then again, the Third Ear Band regard lyrics as a barrier between the mind and the music.

Yet instrumental works often evoke only a vague and indefinite response and are certainly more difficult to really listen to than songs.

And every time I've listened to this L.P. I've found my mind unable to concentrate on the words and running onto the tunes, the harmonies and the instrumentation. Or even the tone of the voice, but hardly ever what that voice is saying. Dr. Strangely Strange's lyrics are a crowd of trivial images, few of which seem to stand up to close examination, (the easy couplet form is frequently used), so that the words are, I suppose, unimportant, often, in fact, giving way to a hum or a la-la-la. Which only goes to make one regret that the words are there – the voice is needed, but the words only form an


I WAS BORN down SOUTH on a CHICKEN FARM near Nashville, TennessEE;
'Twernt nobody there But a sky full of Air, Seventeen billion CHICKENS, and ME.
And then one day I said, "Hey, hey, HEY, Think I'll DROP a little LSD."
It BLEW my MIND.
I got real KIND,
And set my CHICKENS FREEEEE!
And there was Chickens in the PASTURE,
Chickens in the BARN,
Chickens in the CAULIFLOWER,
& Chickens in the CORN;
CHICKENS drivin' CADILLACS to WASHINGTON, D.C.,
WASHINGTON D.C.→
←WASHINGTON D.C.
WHEN I SET MY CHIIICKENNNS
FREE!

The Beautiful Freaks



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Welcome to the OZ Freak Show. A gallery of beautiful people, whose wildly original world-view flows into their life style. Freaks are anti-hypocrites; who abolish the barriers between theory and action, fantasy and reality, politics and play, sanity and madness . . .
With media turning the world into that global village, plugging us into the same experiences – we all risk growing into the same person. In such a world, freaks restore the Individual.

The wonderful wizard of Auss

THE only conventional thing about Ian Channell was the manner of his arrival at Heathrow Airport yesterday. He flew in from Australia by jet.

As resident wizard at the University of New South Wales, he might have been expected to arrive on a broomstick. But he explained: "I do not scatter powder and make spells. I am an illusion breaker."

He lives in a special house at the university and is supported, he said, by the students and the Vice-chancellor's fund.

The exact purpose of his unusual post is not entirely clear. The wizard of Aussie said simply: "They need me for almost everything."

A strange figure in most curious clothes, he is on his way to a students' conference in Hamburg. He carries flowers and rolled umbrella, and wears whistles round his neck and a plastic hammer in his belt.

"My house," he said, "is called the ALF house. It stands for Action for Love and Freedom. Members of ALF are for freedom without the use of drugs."

The whistles, he said, were to make everything go quiet while he explained to policemen that he is not dangerous.

Ian was tarred and feathered by students recently, but the experi-

THE FOOL ACTING

ACTING THE FOOL

If it is illegal to sleep in the open air, sit on the pavement, read certain books, to miss a day at school, to run away from home under the age of 16, to laugh and sing in the street, and punishable (by refusal of employment) to grow one's hair to a pre-1914 length, then it is obvious that the insanity of our civilisation requires very special handling.

Without face to lose, there is a great freedom of opportunity for a fundamental critique of all social relations and ethics. There is a great deal of license permitted a Fool provided he is seen as having nothing to gain by his activity. Just to do absurd things that harm no one, perhaps make a sly comment on a puritanical practice in a friendly way, let people have a laugh at your expense if nothing else. If you are generous and wealthy in this area of personality, then you have achieved something towards alleviating the tension and anxiety of life in this decaying culture. Who loses?

This leads me into an outline of the theory and practice of the fun revolution or politics of the absurd. The kingdom of heaven on earth in this eschatology is of course the Fool's Paradise – Cockayne or the Bum's Heaven that Burl Ives used to sing of.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF POLITICS OF THE ABSURD

Some fragments to be filled in by others

Need for an Alf [Australian Liberation Front – ed] cadre of tough hobbit type detached expressive actors on the stage of life. Optimistic existentialists assuming as a base line the sort of model of the universal man that can be derived from many religious thinkers, artists, philosophers and humane livers.

The new tactics of guerrilla warfare of the mind can be seen as having a tradition – see Czech history especially, the British fun war against Hitler 1939-1942, the Danish response to the Nazi invasion and attempt to eliminate Danish Jews, the defence of Mafeking by the founder of the immortal Boy Scouts, the retreat from Gallipoli, the Emden, early days in the Vietcong guerrilla warfare against the Americans and South Vietnamese Government troops, in the subculture the heroes are Good Soldier Schweik, Brer Rabbit, Bugs Bunny, Tweetie Pie, The Road Runner, the simple alf peasant in Grimm's Household Tales, the universal figure of Jack pitted against the powerful aggressive greedy but simple-minded giants.

Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy and most of the silent clowns starting in the Mack Sennet stables. Ulysses is the hero rather than Agammon or Achilles; Jesus rather than the priestly and political bureaucrats he had to outwit. Was the crucifixion a Houdini-type hoax and did Jesus make his getaway to India with Thomas? Socrates played his game with the whole of Athens as his opponents and finally got them to kill him to save himself from the sinful act of committing suicide so that he could go on with his search for the universal human essence in the world of the soul – why couldn't he wait until the usual time, the impatient old devil?

IN THE FUN REVOLUTION EVERYONE WINS

In the fun revolution everyone wins or it is immoral and inhumane. Social relationships are transformed, individual organisma are not hurt, maimed or killed. Man is a role-player, not a one-dimensional White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Adult Male Bourgeois Business Executive with the rest of mankind as an inferior residual category. Man can be liberated from seriousness and self-hypnosis encouraged by over-dependence on print, education, nationalism, symbols of success, cleanliness, whiteness and achievement and Pythagorean overreliance on quantitative criteria of meaning. Man as free from oral depedendency hangups, anal control and order hangups, castration anxiety and sexual inadequacy hangups. Man neither as free to hurt others nor as forced to love them. It's all in the mind and understanding can liberate us and all mankind.

Heads I win Tails you lose tactics to give the aggressive puritans enough rope to hang themselves and then to love them instead of hurting them is the basic tactic and ethic of the Alf fun revolution, e.g., placard in one of last year's fun Demos, "Let Professors use student toilets". The use of clickers as detonators of authoritatarian teacher figures disguised as individuals loving man and wishing to liberate him.

Love the Americans in Vietnam, help them to get home to their friends, etc., or to desert safely if this is the only way out, Martyrs are manipulating pity to get their cause accepted not by reason but through Black Magic (emotional control). Going to gaol is no sign of being right, going into a mental institution is no sign of being wrong (see Laing and Goffman on this). Work it out free of social control by the "Lonely Crowd" around you.

THE FUNCTION OF DEMONSTRATION

Postulate: Demonstrations have at least two functions:-

(i) Instrumental – to attempt to persuade other people that your point of view is right.

(ii) Affective – the emotional satisfaction of demonstrating itself.

How can this twin objective be best satisfied? THIS is the issue – not bourgois considerations of respectability or puritan self-fulfilling prophecies that all men are basically aggressive and not to be trusted (including themselves, of course), nor traditional hanging on to outmoded ideal models of the good old time demos and revolutions that worked (did they? – if so why did things get worse) for our grandfathers?

Banners are only one sort of props that can be used in a demo and have as many disadvantages, if not more, as other props. They produce an aching in the arms, inhibition of freedom of movement during the march, procession, dance, ritual, etc., or in any rapid tactical withdrawal which may have to be made. Other gear for demos include:-

Hats: Helmets (affective or decorative Roman, medieval, Goth, Vikings, etc., and/or instrumental-protective, e.g., modern Japanese, police or firemen's), bowlers and top hats (capitalist absurd), flying helmets (curse you, Red Baron), boy scout hats (be

DAILY MIRROR, Thursday, September 11, 1969

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ence left him unruffled. "It helped them to release themselves," he explained.

He had to leave then, he said, because the time was already 3½d. and he really lives in the next generation. Wizards are like that. Very cryptic.

Picture by VICTOR CRAWSHAW

prepared), pith helmets (colonialist absurd), medieval headgear (women's hats in opportunity shops are often suitable).

Clothing: Academic gowns (educational absurd), military dress uniforms (militarist absurd), white lab coats (technocrat absurd), sporting attire (competitive sporting absurd), nightshirts (anti-puritan trousers demo), old-style male swimming costumes (ensuring male nipples are covered, puritan shame of the body absurd), cloaks, kimonos, inscribed T-shirts, long gowns, baggy trousers, ankle-length riding skirts with boots, mini-skirts still a powerful revolutionary weapon; suits of armour (plastic, metal or cardboard), (Quixote absurd).

Hair: Let it all hang out. The existentialist self expression of hair resisting the demon barber's symbolic castration. The male ("the birthright of his sex") can again reveal his essential nature as the display expert and show-off. The return of the pre-1914 colourful male as revolutionary in the grey flabby masculine world. Wigs may be used by the successful segmented role-players.

Attention-getters and harmonisers: Clickers, bells and various other portable instruments that are easy to play whilst on the move. Not pianos, those bourgeois symbols of success with their constipated size and thundering sound which displaced the beautiful harps. Other suggestions include drums, harmonicas, whistles, trumpets, trombones, sousaphones, tubas, swanee whistles, bird callers, auto harps, rattles, jew's harps, dustbins, violins, cymbals, triangles, etc. Also bubble-blowing apparatus, smoke machines, etc.

Transport: Walking, running skipping, dancing, roller skates, skate boards, pogo sticks, go-karts, scooters (pedal-type), old prams, tricycles, cardboard tanks, horses, camels and other absurd animals, etc.

Improvisation centrepieces: This is virtually an unlimited field, depending on the luck of finding and recognising certain objects (ready-mades) and deploying them in environments where their impact is maximal in detonating the false consciousness of the petty bourgeoisie.

A few items I have personally tried out in a variety of social contexts, both inside and outside the university, have provided excellent focci for living theatre experiments. These are a tailor's headless dummy, a wooden aspidistra stand, a long amplifier horn, a dustbin, a Roman standard (SPQR) and a beach umbrella. I am looking for a large clock face at present.

FUN DEMONSTRATIONS ARE AVANT-GARDE

In all the latest in the happening art scenes, John Lennon, John Cage, Pop Art, Ready-mades, Living Theatre, Retribalisation, Implosion, re-emergence of living in the mythical dimensions. The WASP's are in retreat. Art as puritan manipulation of materials in the mimetic, scientific experiment to capture a disenchanted, predictable, controlled environment has freaked out into icons, myths, action painting, ambiguity, and sheer play with materials. Paintings are being recognise; again as traces of the artist's life activity in doing his thing – and the painting of the first pin-up, the Mona Lisa, and its hoarding as an alienated object by Da Vinci as inhuman as the Roman collections of objets d'art.

Paintings are the excreta of the artist. It is the existential act of creation that is the valuable thing, not the anal retentive behaviour of collecting others' paintings.

I could go on but where would it all end? Think for a moment of self-destructive sculpture. What is the artist doing? Why pop art? At least the idiot alfs on their pogo sticks and with their childish clickers are somewhere in the mid-twentieth century. There is something charming and quaint about the old-time radicals still haggling over Trotsky and trying to cope with Marx's Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts which I'm sure they wish had remained undiscovered or suppressed as in Russia. They are remarkably like traditional leaders in the Church and Education faced with the new theology and the student-power phenomenon.

THE "LUMPEN" DIALECTIC

The contradictions inherent in the one-dimensional communist-capitalist bourgeois, puritan, nation-states are revealed only when negated by the recognition of a true dialectical alternative.

This is now present – and to Marcuse's consternation turns out to be the hippies, yippies, dropouts, temporary workers, children and some women. These are the "Lumpen" or "uncontrollable ratbag" proletariat today. They are increasingly being revealed as having valid world views and ethics of inter-personal behaviour, they exemplify their philosphy rather than preach it and their message is the possibility of liberation through cutting down alienated work commitments and simple but transcending forms of leisure. Thus the phoney class struggle by competing bourgeois groups for the meaningless symbolic spoils of the overdeveloped welfare warfare states may end.

IAN CHANNELL

Rufus Collins Living Theatre Black Freak Beautiful

On the surface his skin shines ebony and his charm is as mannered as Noel Coward but he doesn't go to Savile Row drink champagne stay at the Savoy, does take drugs, and dig them, fuck whoever he pleases, spout the revolutionary dream in a stream of express poetry that's impossible to stem, shout skinheads from the car window at any passing short hair, and support your local filth most particularly when there is a large car full of large dyed people. He does hold you in thrall with spittle and blazing eyes, and muscles that bulge estatically through shimmering robes . . . he does believe in change . . . and has been charged often with psychic violence although his flag is non-violent anarchy and his heart pacifist.

"Say I am aggressive. Say I have my own particular kind of violence. I think it's not violence but energy. An attempt to change the smug attitude. When you react against something you have to take a step beyond the thing you are reacting against . . . the step further is the one that labels you freak – but that's the one that brings about the change. The only way is to become physically involved with what you're saying so that you let the grief and sweat and perspiration you feel when say, some-one has been killed, come out – let it come out so that you can re-channel the energy instead of sucking it back, sitting back and sucking it in and keeping it under a calm cover until the pot boils over and you have another confrontation where you kill off fifteen million people".

When you pass him on the street he's so charged with energy it's like passing a pent up explosion and when you see him in Paradise Now he bursts like lava over the upturned faces of the psychodrama . . . using the theatre as an arena, to challenge the human state with the force of his convictions, dancing the red cape before your eyes so that you charge him with your answers and so find them out under the merciless glare of the fanatic revolutionary.

"We attempt to arouse people out of their lethargy because once they can stand up on their own feet and shout 'NO' loud and strong, then they can no longer talk about death in a calm and civilised way. You hear about Vietnamese children starving, you hear about African children starving, you hear about Mexican or South American children being fed poison, being gassed planes hunting them down in the jungle just because they are Indians, and you know if you kill off so many you'll be given a piece of property as a prize. It's the human animal hunt, and the hunters come back to talk perfectly calmly about – how many Indians did you kill today? I've killed 1,500 and that means 1,500 acres more land, we're reacting against this kind of calmness that's smothering the Universe. The calmest places you can go are the places where there's most killing. You get a conference between two heads of state, Nixon and the Queen of England, or Nixon meeting the Russians . . . and what they come to meet about is how many people are going to die. The calm way is the way of the killer".

He says "Yes I'm a freak" because people have labelled him that since he bled out of his mother's womb in freakdom 30 years ago in Harlem. "My father drank, my mother slaved and my brother and sister and I nearly starved, but my mother always taught us table manners, and which fork to lay where, even though there was no food to eat. I began to take dancing lessons and became a child star. That's very far out in Harlem. Even then the way I looked put people uptight. I'd walk into a store and the manager would say to the shop assistants – don't "speak to that nigger just get him outta here.

"Anyone is a freak who has not adjusted to society as created by the media – anyone who tries to look for his own freedom, anyone who tries to follow the principles and precepts in fact set out by society is consistently put down, but it's society itself that's directly opposed to the freedom of the individual. If you protest against wars against polluted air against food which destroys your body – then you are a freak – theft is something the Government itself created, they being the thieves. Individual freedom is bullshit. I'm called a freak because with my life I demonstrate what I believe. Nowadays people get into the same jibbering rages over hippies as they did blacks. These people think everytime they see a black man he's screaming black power – well maybe every black man is saying black power in his own way, but it certainly has NOTHING to do with the horrible violence they associate with it, these people who believe in a strong class system of inequality, believe in money, war, and competition.

At thirteen he went to a monastry after meeting the only man he had ever seen who looked happy, a monk. He stayed there for seven years but exasperated with the isolation, and rigidity decided his evolution must take place outside the sheltering walls. The religious influence remains.

"I'm trying to bring up life so it's more beautiful, even the washing of dishes takes on a new significance so that nothing is trivia – drugs teach us that – there is no trivia in life. I'm saying: find a new ritual because the ritual you bathe yourself in now is the ritual of blood. Each action of man should take on the beauty of the elevated state so that instead of rituals like the Chicago massacre written in the blood of America, we can heighten perception and the very life we are living. You can wash dishes, and it's as holy and sanctified as meditation – Something everyday like shitting – you have to get away from these strained shits you've been brought up to when you HAVE to go to the bathroom every morning after breakfast, and be out in five minutes. You should totally relax and allow this thing to happen to you – allow the relief that the whole body feels with the bowel movement. Why do we always shut the door? Because it stinks? My dear we all shit, and it's not an alien smell. If people ate better food they wouldn't have such bad odours."

Yes – the quintessence of black sexuality that makes male and female quiver with expectancy, cast downward shivers at his extraordinary perfectly formed body. He sees them.

"It's a constant battle to free myself from my own sexual mores but each time I overcome in that particular

battle I am opened up further. When one finally realises that everything is sexual and most of the frustrations of the world are sexual frustrations then it becomes absolutely necessary to hammer on the door of the sexual revolution. People see us walking around the streets being friendly, holding each others' hands, whether male or female, kissing, loving – and then they feel the freedom we have in the use of each others' bodies and touching each other – but it frightens them.

"Psychedelics are very important because they open you up – ram you into contact with the reality that you most of the time try to escape. Drugs are a quick way to the visions and if you don't come from a history of 2,000 years meditating to get to the visions – drugs help – o yes".

Acid laughter bubbling up through the top of his wire head.

"The great revolution in America is because of marijuana . . . because more and more people are turning on and finding the vision of another life. They see that they were living their lives to die. What angers me most about society is that the moment a voice is raised against anything felt to be wrong it's violence – it's insanity . . .

"The real violence of the world is the violence of death, the violence of killing, the violence of the underpriviledged, the violence of starvation. We must use our energies to transform the world and make it more beautiful".

He's living the revolution. Dig it.

DANAE

MARCIA HERSCOVITZ INTERVIEWS HERSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF IAN STOCKS

"A tragic-comic novel, poignant and unforgettable, a rich and bawdy masterpiece."

I'm alone now in her room, a tiny silver space in the Angel, a dream-factory with gold and silver mirrors. Cosmic draperies and fringes hang down over a satin bed strewn with foxes. The window looks down on the garden and on the opposite wall is painted a trompe L'oeil window: blue sky and white lace. There's artificial grass on the floor and real blue hydrangeas. Pictures and toys are strewn with precision to reflect in mirrors and dangle precariously. Sarah Bernhardt in her bedroom, Anna Pavlova with a deck of cards. A Forties mannikin casts her eyes downwards on a box of Black Magic chocolates whose partially open lid reveals its contents of black lace. Everywhere there are collages made from old photographs, pictures about daily rituals with a twinge of surrealist irony. And erased photographs of people with the light in their eyes, women sporting lemniscates, children manifesting out of thin air.

I.S.: How do you get these effects?

M.H.: By erasing with a pencil eraser.

I.S.: Who is Stan Stunning?

M.H.: Jay Landesman.

Books are strewn all over the place. An original edition of "Magick in Theory and Practice" by Aleister Crowley, "The Equinox," Vol. 1., No. 1., by Aleister Crowley, "The Book of Lies" by Aleister Crowley, "777, a quabalistic guide to ceremonial magick" by the same. "The Selected Poems of Andre Breton" and "The Projection of the Astral Body."

I.S.: Did you really come to London to find the Great Beast?

M.H.: No, I came because Julian Beck bought me a ticket, but I decided to stay and look up some old friends. The Atlantis Bookshop window and my house are the only two places where Aleister Crowley and Marilyn Monroe sit side by side.

I.S.: Are you a witch?

M.H.: No, but I believe in magic and the power of the will and I'm very interested in cults and secret societies. Especially the Golden Dawn which existed in London around 1910 and had as its members W. B. Yeats, Samuel Mathers, Florence Farr, Bram Stoker, Arthur Machen, Crowley. I wanted to know how this form of ritual secret society manifested itself today and I discovered it in the Rolling Stones. Kenneth Anger came to Paradise Now with Lucifer tattooed on his chest and his new film "Lucifer Rising" is about Brian Jones.

I.S.: What about magic spells, bewitchments, enchantments?

M.H.: I used to play with red candles and home made dolls as a child and recite invocations from the Key of Solomon. Now I'm into better and more subtle realities, or dreams. They put Artaud away for casting dispersions on the butchers' wives. Note to girl troubled by vampires: Remember, dearie, you made them and make something beautiful instead. There's a lot of amphetamine sorcery on the Lower East Side, whirling dervishes and take-off artists. Also secret readings on Sunday mornings of the Zohar and Kiehl's Pharmacy where I used to buy manna. Splendor in the artificial grass.

I.S.: Let's not get carried away. Tell me about the Tarot cards.

M.H.: (fondling a bulky deck of 78 handpainted cards, closing her gold-lidded eyes and pulling out the Ace of Cups): I made these cards in 1963 in New York. I had been reading with the Marseille Deck but felt the need to make my own deck with new designs. Everyone has to make his own wheel. I used to be Michael McClure's reader-advisor. I always make the subject cross my palm with silver to prove I'm just a cheap gypsy hustler and don't bear responsibility for what the cards say. The Tarot never lies. It's a perfect system with the four elements and cycles represented in the four suits and the Hebrew alphabet on the Greater Arcana. A set of pictures, representing everything in life, that can be read by the literate and illiterate alike. Everyone wants to find the system of the universe. Taro means rota wheel, which sounds pretty right to me. Wheel, calendar, cycle, circle, earth, moon, stars, movie stars, beds, bodies, astral bodies . . . .

I.S.: What are you doing?

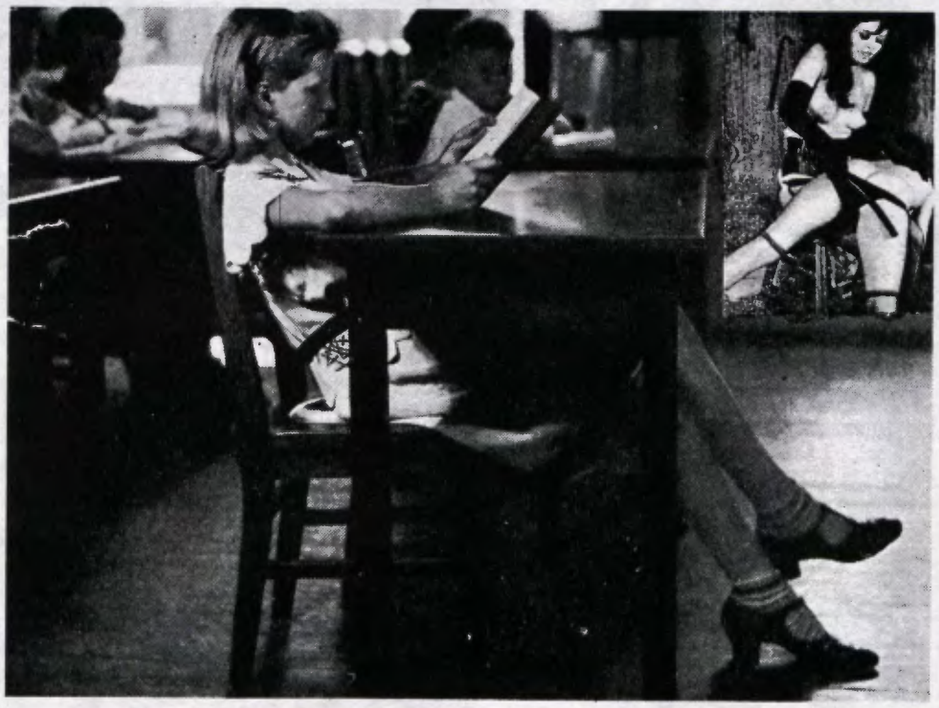
M.H.: (sucking her thumb): I'm making a dream book called "Magic in Bed."

It's a series of images which tell a story with eyes closed. It started with an assignment from the Times Sunday Magazine to do sixteen dream pictures and now it's growing into a book I'm dedicating to one of my benefactors, Max Ernst.

While I'm still on the camera I'd like to say hello to Kasoundra in New York and Mom and Dad in L.A. There used to be an afternoon television show in Los Angeles called "Queen for a Day". Six different women would get up and tell Jack Bailey why they were the neediest and the studio audience would vote by applause meter. The winner was Queen for a Day. They used to drape her in a red velvet cape, put 24 long-stemmed roses in her arms and show close-ups of the tears streaming down her cheeks. They gave her a washing machine, a bedroom ensemble, new clothes, a facial, luggage and a night on the Sunset Strip.

The Sibyl at Delphi was another chick on a big trip. Once a year the Church would dress her in a bride's dress and take her to a cavern underground where she sat on a tripod and inhaled the fumes of laurel leaves. As God's bride she would go into a trance and utter the prophesies for the year which all the priests would write down. Unfortunately she committed the sin of falling in love with a mortal man and was expelled from the town. She lived the rest of her life with the goats on the mountain.

"I imagine she's a pretty nice girl but she doesn't have much to say."



This girl's back is bent until it is uncomfortable, her lungs are crowded so that she can't breathe well. Her head is tilted so that blood does not flow easily to her brain and she can't think well.

SHARP
JOHN IVOR GOLDING

UROLOGICAL NURTUREMENT

JOHN IVOR GOLDING: *Welsh genius drop-out, lateral talking drifter. When in town resides at a men's hostel near Drury Lane. Lives off disability pension of less than £4 a week.*
One time: Photographer for Picture Post. Gunner in Singapore. Dancer in BBC chorus line.
Recently discovered by prodigy Chelsea film maker. Mr. Golding ("call me J.G.") is renowned for his unscheduled guest appearances at such social high-spots as the Ritz – for the christening of Lord Harlech's grand-daughter – and George Harrison's home – where the new-cool pop celebrities were not amused.

With all due respect to Christian Barnard and what he was trying to do with that dental surgeon, I have to say nature is a very sensitive thing. It's like its own species. I had quite a few years studying tropical medicine while I was overseas. I was, shall we say, a cheap labour RMO. You see, a lot of people have this monstrous idea about nature – oh, you've gone three years of age now, no more napkins to put on, no more Johnson's Baby Powder, now that's the weakness today.

I agree one must have a sense of porportion because of, shall we say, the Alsace Lorraine hetero principles, constitutional principles which a lot of people are conditioned by . . . another name for an Alsatian dog with a one track mind. Alsatian dogs are trained by the police, and only the person that disciplines that dog in feeding him, hygeine, in every way, he only obeys the instructions of his handler. The very same thing, you see is this. It's not a matter of the neighbours that you get. A lot of people, the Inner Outer Mongolian people and some parts of Tibet but let me tell you I only noticed in one or two parts of Australia but I did notice it in South America mainly especially in Uruguay – a lot of this: the urological nurturement of those that were married similar to the French. The point is this you see. It's not a matter of mollycoddling. I know the majority of people turn round. You see, as Richard Marsh says, he's glad that he left the Wilson cabinet. This earth is three thousand million years old. Now the nearest thing you can go to, apart from the ice age elephant, is your cyclovan which was caught in a place I know very well, Port Louise, Mauritius, and three hundred and fifty thousand years old they are, you see. But nature is a very fragile thing and just because people say ooh, there's a lovely motor car, Bluebird on the salt lake that's, Malcolm Campbell's son, or shall we say, going to the moon. We've actually got the computers now, but look at these pressurised suits that people have to wear. There is a limit you see, for which, in the crevices and the catacombs of the cortex that you can accept even an aberration for its hallucinations of its own inspirations even if you have to have e.c.t. to some, to the violent one by all means, but don't give it to the meek and mild. It's dangerous, my dear, don't give it to the meek and mild. Oh don't upset nature, I think that dentist that we had from Pretoria, you know the one I mean, Christian Barnard's friend. I think myself you see, it's a very delicate thing. He may have had bulbous disease of the heart, but at the same time, the thing is this, milk causes cancer in mice and . . .

I was fourteen at the time. Call it highjacked, if you like, but believe me, you had to be in bed at half past four in those days, and I suppose it takes quite a long time. I mean to say, for example: I was challenged a couple of months ago when we were doing a film. A friend of Robin Day's happened to be in the Chiswick Town Hall when I was in those House of Lords robes. You know, the Coronation Gown. And he said, "I think you'd be first class on the Panorama, with Harold James Wilson." And I said: "I remember him well. He was just like a boy scout." Yes, I remember him and Griffiths from Llanelly. A yes man. His grandfather was a workhouse superintendent in Huddersfield. Allright I said, I think I can go a bit better with my current affairs than he can.

Lord Harlech asked me what I had in mind – I said automatically, it's there automatically. In other words, we're trying to get a pari passu with what we had on the old Sunday shows. In other words, for sixty minutes it was vibrating. Oh yes, it was vibrating. It really gives that adrenaline, that bromide effect, that metatone, that europhosphate. You have to give a catatonic, shall I say a narcissistic religious scene, you see, because it's a Sunday show so you've got to throw all that in to please the geriatrics. In other words, the calvinists, the Methodists, them of all denominations you see, you've got something, believe me, that is why we had it as I mentioned to you in the Inner Region Formation and when we had the BBC Come Dancing, the doors used to clash open and the cameras, just like South Pacific, were going and then the chandeliers coming down la di la, and then of course you're all dressed up and you have this sort of scintillation with the music which gets everybody going. Of all ages, everybody in tails, all the girls are in crinoline dresses and the point is this, that it used to take me like the National Anthem. It can make one very agile. You understand, it really gives a better agility than the Spanish dancers that you see in the Spanish restaurants, or should I say what you see in Barcelona on the Costa Brava for tourists. I mean to say when you've actually been to these places, when you're actually with a compere like Allan Williams, and the main three taking on the South Constituency from Callaghan, very well known, and they've all been out to Australia by the way, J.G. Wynn Jones, Wilfred Wolner, the insurance broker, that's Lady Plymouth's last husband, and of course Cliff Morgan.

We used to have a mascot, she was sweet 16 Angelina, and was always dancing on the village green, when the boys come out you can hear them shout, poor little Angelina, but the point is this, that you then open out with the Romancy marches or something like that, and the main point is this, the leaders you can take to satisfy the Radio doctor, now chairman of BBC, Dr. Charles.

LEE....

Once upon a time, Lee was drafted to Korea and like most soldiers, was killed in action. He was shipped back home to California where a kindly old buddy gave him a hallucinogenic kiss of life. He was re-born as one of Sgt. Pepper's Band, joining Lucy and a million others who, in that sparkling summer of 1967, overflowed into public parks, glossy magazines and each other's arms.

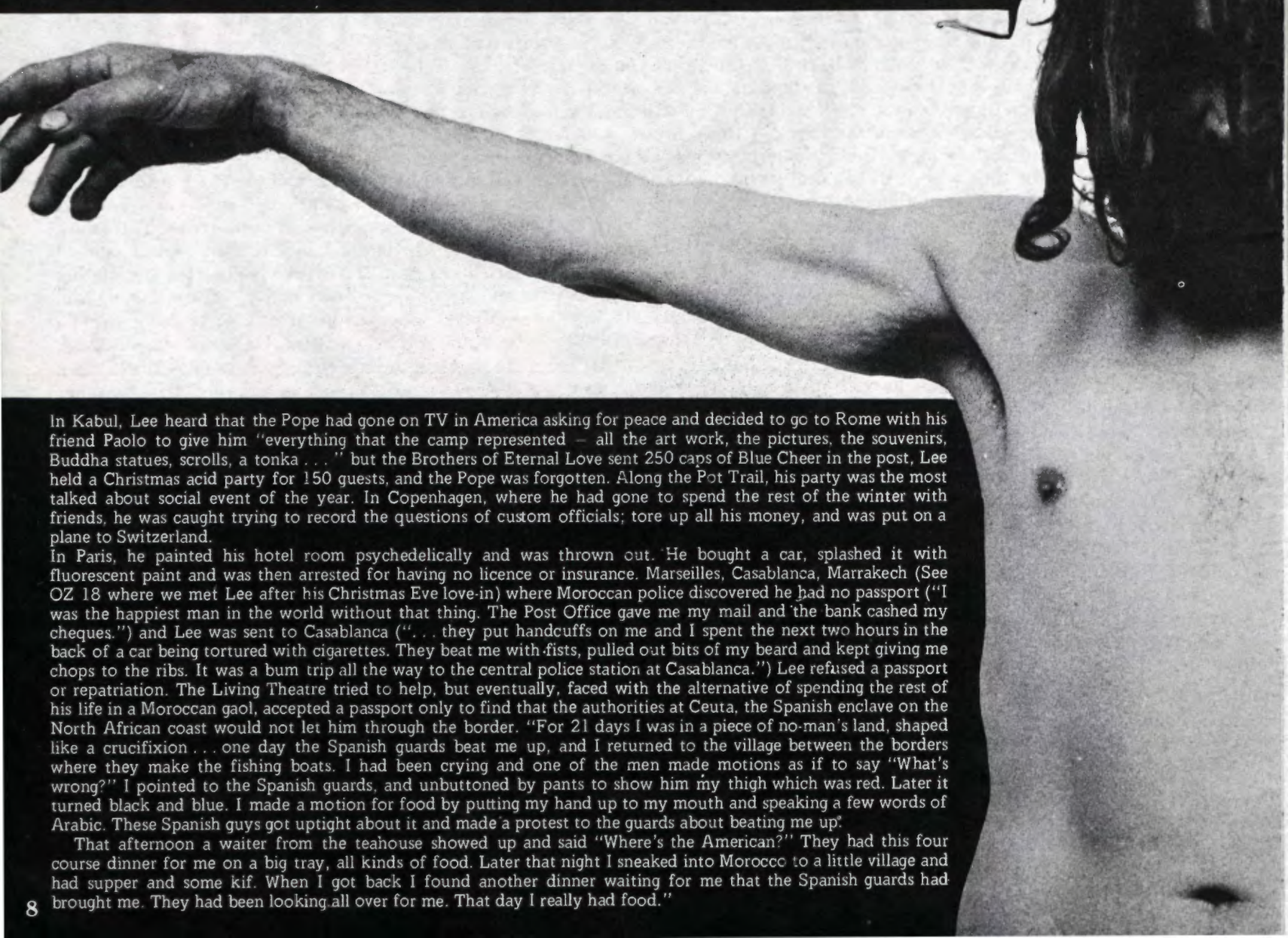
Towards the end of 1967, he left California for India, where the Brothers of Eternal Love had told him he would find his guru.

"In Hong Kong I bought some ginseng root, the purest thing in the world. It is very rare. Eaten over a period of 21 days it is like taking acid, only a body purifier as well. It glows in the night. The guy in the shop didn't think I had enough money for it. I went next door, which looked like it hadn't had no customers for about 20 years. They had it for 250 dollars. I went to the bank, and when I got back to the store, the whole family was waiting to see me buy the stuff. It was in a tin box. Inside the tin box was another old, wooden one, and inside that were about thirty long sticks. When I opened the box in Calcutta, everyone in the hotel wanted some. You know: "I got a sick mother," and all that. Next thing I knew I was down to one piece. When I got to Katmandu I had to camp outside the town. There was a Danish photographer there taking pictures, so I showed him my ginseng root and Indian statue I had. I left the box open when I went to show him around the camp and when I got back, the kids had broken the root up into little pieces and passed it round. It blew my mind. All gone, and I didn't get to eat a single piece."

In Katmandu, Lee spent his days in the Blue Tibetan restaurant, playing his records, stoned out of his mind on Government hashish, and paying his friends' bills. His attempt to start a commune ended when he was put on a bus and dumped at the Indian border.

"The Times" 12 December 1967

"Katmandu – a hippy camp at Dhulikhel, a mountain village 19 miles from here on the Katmandu-Tibet Highway, has been disbanded by the Nepal police. They are said to have deported the camp leader and warned others to leave the country soon. The camp was to have become an international temple for the hippie cult. It had been decorated with photographs of King Mahendra and Queen Sita, but these proved of no avail against police action."



In Kabul, Lee heard that the Pope had gone on TV in America asking for peace and decided to go to Rome with his friend Paolo to give him "everything that the camp represented – all the art work, the pictures, the souvenirs, Buddha statues, scrolls, a tonka . . . " but the Brothers of Eternal Love sent 250 caps of Blue Cheer in the post, Lee held a Christmas acid party for 150 guests, and the Pope was forgotten. Along the Pot Trail, his party was the most talked about social event of the year. In Copenhagen, where he had gone to spend the rest of the winter with friends, he was caught trying to record the questions of custom officials; tore up all his money, and was put on a plane to Switzerland.

In Paris, he painted his hotel room psychedelically and was thrown out. He bought a car, splashed it with fluorescent paint and was then arrested for having no licence or insurance. Marseilles, Casablanca, Marrakech (See OZ 18 where we met Lee after his Christmas Eve love-in) where Moroccan police discovered he had no passport ("I was the happiest man in the world without that thing. The Post Office gave me my mail and the bank cashed my cheques.") and Lee was sent to Casablanca (". . . they put handcuffs on me and I spent the next two hours in the back of a car being tortured with cigarettes. They beat me with fists, pulled out bits of my beard and kept giving me chops to the ribs. It was a bum trip all the way to the central police station at Casablanca.") Lee refused a passport or repatriation. The Living Theatre tried to help, but eventually, faced with the alternative of spending the rest of his life in a Moroccan gaol, accepted a passport only to find that the authorities at Ceuta, the Spanish enclave on the North African coast would not let him through the border. "For 21 days I was in a piece of no-man's land, shaped like a crucifixion . . . one day the Spanish guards beat me up, and I returned to the village between the borders where they make the fishing boats. I had been crying and one of the men made motions as if to say "What's wrong?" I pointed to the Spanish guards, and unbuttoned by pants to show him my thigh which was red. Later it turned black and blue. I made a motion for food by putting my hand up to my mouth and speaking a few words of Arabic. These Spanish guys got uptight about it and made a protest to the guards about beating me up."

That afternoon a waiter from the teahouse showed up and said "Where's the American?" They had this four course dinner for me on a big tray, all kinds of food. Later that night I sneaked into Morocco to a little village and had supper and some kif. When I got back I found another dinner waiting for me that the Spanish guards had brought me. They had been looking all over for me. That day I really had food."

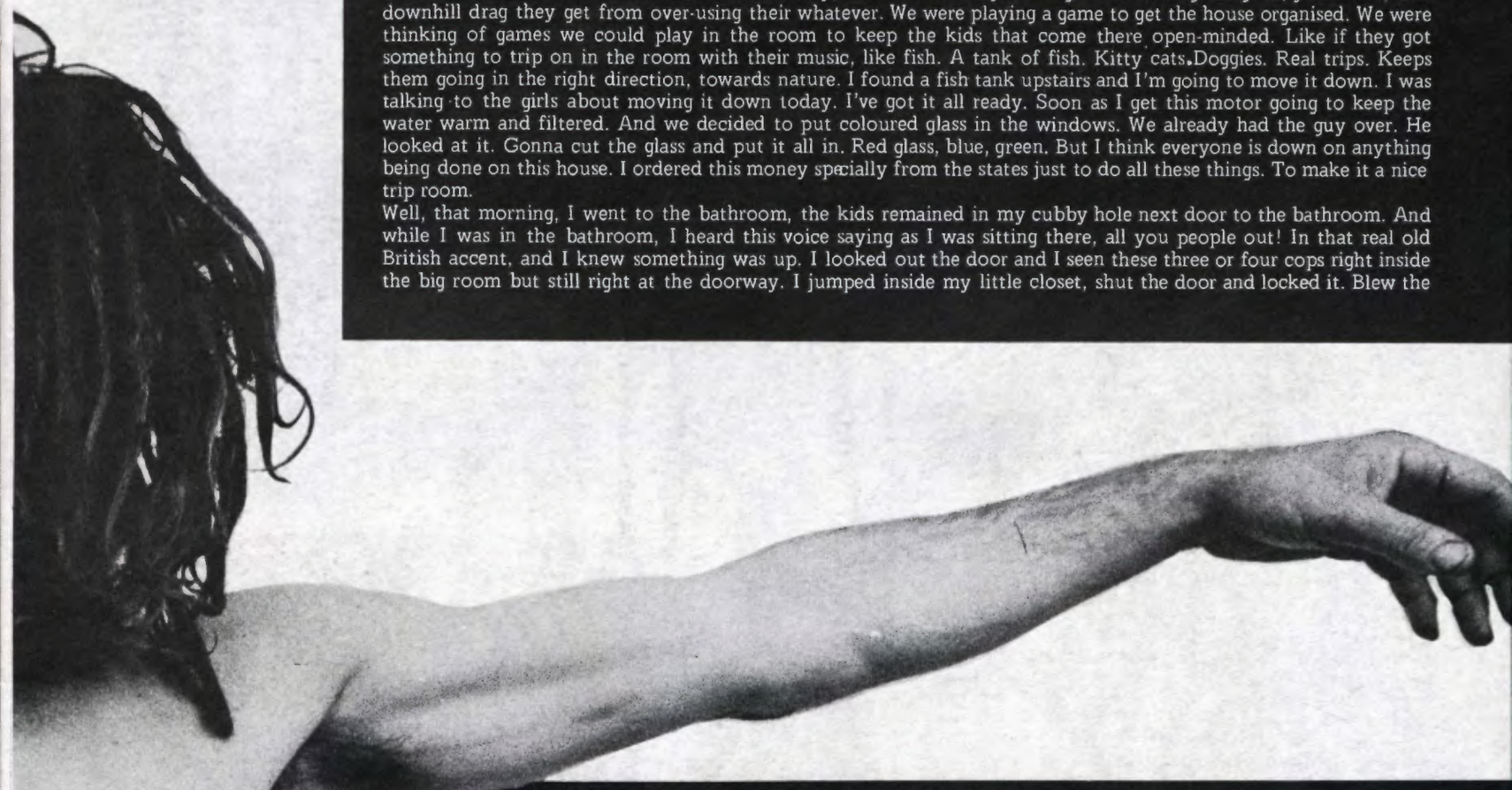
IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

Back in Paris, he managed to get a room for one night by wrapping his head up in a towel and pretending to be ill, but otherwise found himself relegated to gutters and suburban churchyards. London, since his arrival three months ago, he has found more sympathetic. He was told not to play his record player in Hyde Park, was photographed at a window of the 144 Picadilly's squat-in as a 'defiant hippie, symbolising total rejection of society', and he found the vibrations at the Isle of Wight 'outasight'. "There's no way I can express my feeling for what I seen out there. It really is a message, a spiritual message."

But not everyone received it: October '69:

"A very good friend from the other side of the Grove came over with his sitar, and that was when we were just coming on acid. And that guy was really outasight on his Indian sitar. Anyway all day long it was just beautiful, just fantastic vibes and about three o'clock that morning, they came in. They had come over that afternoon, looking for a man for questioning about some deal or other. I let him in. He didn't look like no policeman. I thought he was an insurance salesman. He came in and after he got inside he said he was a policeman. I sat there talking for a minute to him. I asked him if he went to church on Sunday, I said looks like you eat good. He was getting fat, you know, that downhill drag they get from over-using their whatever. We were playing a game to get the house organised. We were thinking of games we could play in the room to keep the kids that come there open-minded. Like if they got something to trip on in the room with their music, like fish. A tank of fish. Kitty cats.Doggies. Real trips. Keeps them going in the right direction, towards nature. I found a fish tank upstairs and I'm going to move it down. I was talking to the girls about moving it down today. I've got it all ready. Soon as I get this motor going to keep the water warm and filtered. And we decided to put coloured glass in the windows. We already had the guy over. He looked at it. Gonna cut the glass and put it all in. Red glass, blue, green. But I think everyone is down on anything being done on this house. I ordered this money specially from the states just to do all these things. To make it a nice trip room.

Well, that morning, I went to the bathroom, the kids remained in my cubby hole next door to the bathroom. And while I was in the bathroom, I heard this voice saying as I was sitting there, all you people out! In that real old British accent, and I knew something was up. I looked out the door and I seen these three or four cops right inside the big room but still right at the doorway. I jumped inside my little closet, shut the door and locked it. Blew the



candles out and said the fuzz is here busting us. Then we heard all this rumble outside the door, somebody smashing something. Then voices and some moaning and groaning. In the panic and excitement, we opened the window, and there was the drainpipe. I slid down it, hit bottom and said, "Come on, Man, follow me, it's groovy." I cut out the front way. As I made it out through the bushes, and was just making my turn to split down the road, I heard this cop say, "There goes one down the road. Get him," and I put on extra speed, it was like putting myself in overdrive. Completely man. Like I was on the racetrack of the world. About three thousand yards later, I ducked inside of an alley way going in between two buildings. I lay down under some stairs there and lay panting like mad until I could catch my breath. As I got up from resting, I seen them put somebody in the paddy wagon. They had several police cars and I think two of those big vans, those ice cream wagons. Black ice cream wagons. What's that cat's name who makes all those busts. It was in a cartoon in that paper Black Dwarf. Well, he struck again last night. That motherfucker right there in that cartoon strikes again. What's his name. Attention all heads in this area. Whoever reads this magazine, be on the look-out for P.C. Frank and that motherfucking ice cream wagon with the red light on the top and the blue uniforms. Don't let them close your mind. Please don't let 'em close your mind. Keep an open mind. All things pass. Outasight, outasight, outasight. I can't win. I can't lose. I got nothing to lose. One to me is fame and shame. One to me is pleasure and pain. One to me is lose or gain. They're all the same says my brain. The Tao says that, or words to that effect."

The following night, Lee received 100 dollars from an American friend and Lee spent it all on an acid party. He mixed it with punch and turned on fellow squatters and forty guests. Bongos, flutes, drums, a sitar, plenty of food, and with everyone tripping beautifully, the arrival of twenty fuzz seemed a matter of little importance. Heads were lined up against walls, shaken down, hash was confiscated, roaches collected, but surprisingly no arrests were made. "We was all laughing. The music still going and no one was getting paranoic. Only them cops. Anyhow, I don't know how, but they just left those roaches and walked out. It was just outasight. The magic of acid and they just didn't know what to do. Fantastic." Lee was jubilant, but the following afternoon they got him. At the moment, he is in Brixton gaol, awaiting trial on two charges of resisting arrest, and possession. Bail was refused.

"I don't know. Why? A guy just wants to practice his religion, just wants to do his things, man. All I want to do is smoke, stay stoned, and just groove. Why is it so hard for a man to breathe . . . this damp air in England."

A Very SPECIAL Freak

This is a very special Freak. It is the edited result of a series of taped interviews with a young man who works in a London travel office.

Surprisingly as it may seem, I am not completely opposed to the capers of today's young. I'm 26 years old in December and that means I collect on an insurance policy which my father took out for me when I was five. With the £1,000 I intend making some sort of business investment. Perhaps I'll buy some growth stock or put some money into a small business. You can't do much with a £1,000, as you know, so I need to treble it at least. I'm lucky in that my wife is completely behind me in this, she thinks the risk is worth it. While we're young, why not take a gamble – that's our attitude.

People are entitled to conduct their lives in whatever fashion they like. If they want to grow their hair long, or wear ridiculous clothes, let them. If they want to be unwashed and filthy and unhealthy, I'm not going to stand in their way. If they want to sleep together in deserted premises in sleeping bags, that's their problem. These are questions of personal taste and hygiene which each of us has to decide for personal taste and hygiene which each of us has to decide for ourselves.

And if we are brought up correctly we should act normally as most of us do.

But what irritates me is the fact that the small minority of young people who freak-out don't work. Instead, they prefer to live off the State; to sponge off people like me who work and pay taxes. This is extremely unjust and I wish the Government would do everything to stop hippies from bleeding the rest of us. I hope I'm not sounding like a Fascist or anything. I don't want everyone rounded up and put into work gangs. But if young drop-outs were encouraged into industry they would soon realise that there is another, worthwhile existence. It's nothing to be ashamed of to be a wage earner. In fact, it is ennobling to work during the day and return home at night to be a sort of father and protector in the home. This is the principle on which our civilisation is founded

What would happen to my life if I suddenly decided to stop work. First of all my wife would almost certainly leave me. She wouldn't have any time for a man who wasn't prepared to pull his weight. (And I wouldn't blame her!) Secondly, my family would ostracise me, and I can hardly think of anything more devastating than losing the respect of my close relatives by becoming a sponger. Thirdly, I would feel decadent. I would ask myself why aren't I giving all my energy to helping Britain to grow strong? I would be swamped with guilt because I feel it is everyone's duty to help preserve Western civilisation. The alternative is handing over our civilisation to the communists.

And lastly, without working I would lose my dignity – the need to maintain a private and public standard of behaviour – which enables me to be respected by my relatives and friends and provides the firm foundation of my marriage. I would find it intolerable to throw off my dignity and allow my own petty individualism to run wild. If we all did that, our country would be in the hands of the anarchists.

I can't for the life of me see why these youngsters don't want to settle down and get a decent job like the rest of us. There would be far less tension in our society if they conformed and this is surely in the best interests of law and order. And I am concerned about those who have practically made a religion out of their drop-out existence. You hear them worshipping Love and Peace as if we could all have it. For nothing. It's not as easy as that – you have to work for it.

I'm working for Love and Peace at my office every day of the week. I don't get in anybody's way and I don't break any rules or regulations. And my wife and I are in love like any other young married couples. We may not be as madly in love as we were when we first got married, of course, but we *respect* each other and that's what counts.

We live in Blackheath on a council estate and we try to live in peace particularly with the neighbours. To this end, we try never to mix with them; I always think it's best to keep out the hair of your neighbours otherwise you'ry just asking for trouble. So we keep our own counsel and don't bother anybody around us. What more can you ask a man to do? I'm loving – I'm giving peace a chance!

Absence makes the Peter Fonda.

DON'T WORRY – BE HAPPY.

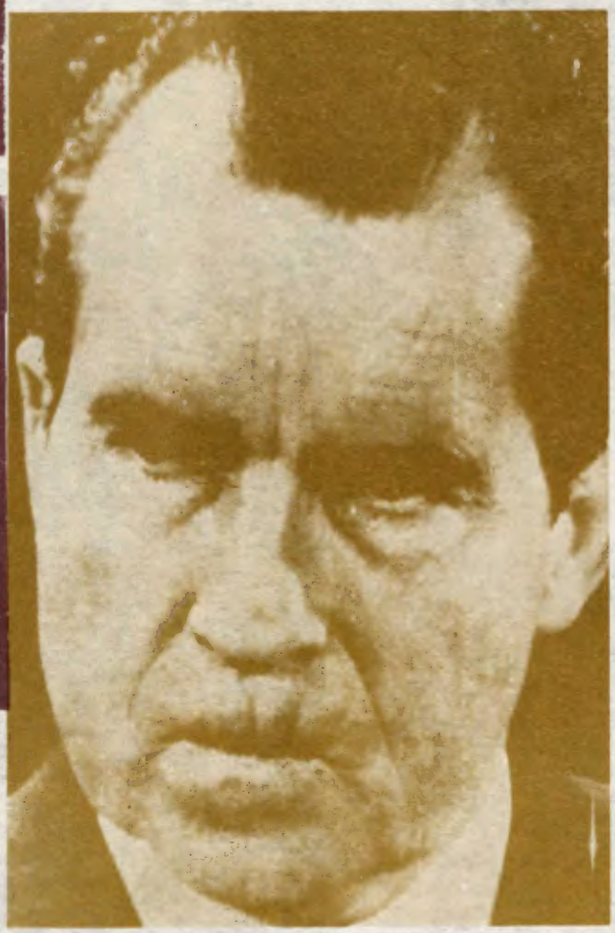
A VERY ABBREVIATED DIRECTORY OF INTERNATIONAL FREAKS – not all of them beautiful.

USA: Tuli Kupferberg, Emmett Grogan, Frank Zappa, Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner, John Wilcock, Valerie Solanas, Louis Abolafia, The Living Theatre, Little Richard, Ken Kesey, Reverend Jefferson Fuck Poland, Jerry Rubin, Playmate of the Month.

EUROPE: Simon Vinkenoog, Robert Jasper Grootveld, Jean-Jacques Lebel, Danny Cohn-Bendit, Fritz Teufel.

AUSTRALIA: Mad Mel, Bea Miles, Rosaleen Norton, Richard O'Sullivan, Francis James, Barry Humphries, Zara Holt.

UK: Michael Chapman, Jimmy Saville, Arthur Brown, Jack Henry Moore, Robin Farquarson, Mick Lesser, Simon Tugwell, Wendy Sharkey, Spike Milligan, Hoppy & Suzy, Wild Child, Muzz Murray, Edward Heath.



Anthony Haden-Guest

Bruce's Paradise

Bruce is a familiar figure around Chelsea, and has been for several years. He is thin, with a shortish beard, and a pre-occupied manner, and he holds his right arm rigidly above his head at almost all times. This is an 'Indian Thaumaturgical Exercise' which he learnt from a devotee of Gurdejieff (mystical author of ALL AND EVERYTHING) and has practiced since the age of 22. He is now 36.

Bruce gets £7 a week unemployment benefit, which he supplements by begging small loans. His clothing is nondescript, though right now he is wearing a well-cut jacket, a present from his father, who is an established painter. Bruce also used to be a professional painter, and was doing well . . . a delicate realist, with a spidery line. Nothing surreal or bizarre in either imagery or treatment.

His writing too is delicate rather than surreal. He handed me this book rather diffidently. "It's all I've got to play with" he said. The book is a Lion Brand exercise book, with a Royal Blue cover, and ruled white pages, much thumbed. Bruce's handwriting is small, educated — he went to a public school — but nonetheless the book is difficult to read because it is written both in pencil, now smudged to near illegibility, and various colours of biro. Also a great deal is altered and crossed out, so that sentences and even words do not invariably finish.

Some extracts of the book follow. I have done very little to the text. Obviously I have selected what seems (to me) the best, and where there has been a great deal of rewriting, crossing-out, and re-crossing-out, a certain amount of editing has been necessary. Apart from that, all I can say is that I wouldn't mind having written it myself.

The title-page is very heavily scored with crossings-out. It did read 'Heaven' adding a Battersea address. This has been crossed out, and now large blue capitals say PARADISE.

I went into a tavern in
Battersea, began
To practice the piano when
the
Earth-Being had agreed. After
approx three five six five
minutes
The E-B. asked me to leave
He told me that he
preferred television. I went
out, of course, I never
pick quarrels with E-Bs.

Signed on. No job. Collected
my
postal draft. My unemployment benefit? doesn't amount
to enough for lunch every day
Oh, dear. Charity
I stopped to give a lady
Suffering from cancer of the
bones my
remaining sixpence and my
film
and music address

There are several little Scars
on my r.h. (right hand) How
on
earth did they appear?

Heard about an Irish play on
the wireless. I'll enquire.

Wrong Connections
I told the Earth-Beings
around me as I walked on
Earth
Streets "I don't own *you*. Nor
do I own
Your possessions. Also I don't
wish
to bother you.
I never drink anything
containing alcohol and I never
smoke
My health has been appalling.

I am wearing my dark brown
or
plain chocolate-coloured
trousers, my
brown socks, my brown shoes,
my pale
olive-green and white shirt and
my Eagle
jacket . . . I eat and drink
regularly and I sleep well. I
handle
and play with my possessions,
all of which
I keep just beyond my bed,
mercifully and carefully

I avoid Romance completely
My health has been appalling
I must buy a laurel garland
For my head.

I went to the V & A & A
Museum where I bought a
strawberry milkshake,
consumed it? at my
leisure, decided that it would
be an excellent idea if Princess
Margaret
were to play one or two songs
on an harpsichord
(or a piano)
and the Earl of Snowdon and
to sing with
Michelmore . . . and also if
possible
(Prince) Charles (with his
guitar) would become
members
of my immense group, The
Spiders

To be sung . . . Undesirable to
the tune of Unforgettable

A jam sandwich and a plate of
soup

"I do music every day. I do play the piano every day" explains Bruce "In the Western mode, I play anything, like Liberace" (laughs) "No, I never improvise. I think to improvise one must have quite a knowledge . . . Although I can play a Classical tune, I have to play a popular tune simply because I haven't got as much as one platonic girl-friend. The thing is that popular music appeals to girls" (Appealingly) "Doesn't it?" And Bruce breaks, with unexpected control and harmony, into popular song.

My I.T.E.
More Word-Jewels
"Any money, no?" Denis
asked me,
"No" I replied "I'm
completely
"broke" (to use the slang
word Linda
Christian once used in a
teleyision film)
I've been more or less broke
for the last
fifteen years because I've
never
aquired work which paid
enough
My last girl friend killed
herself because
I wasn't Cliff Richard
I've had a difficult time
getting into pop show business
at my age

Bought Denis's shopping, as
usual.
He nearly always gives me
breakfast and supper. I am
grateful. He works
with Mr Parle. In the evenings
he studies his pile of possible
film scripts (Aldous Huxley,
Graham Greene,
Christopher Isherwood, Scott
Fitz
gerald and other writers).
Unfortunately
the film camera which
Nell Dunn, Sir Philip Dunn's
daughter, lent me was
damaged. Because I haven't
been
able to sell my drawings of
Harmless
Machinery (including me using
Harmless Machinery and Self
Portraits)
I haven't been able to buy
another. Now
Denis is looking out of his
window.

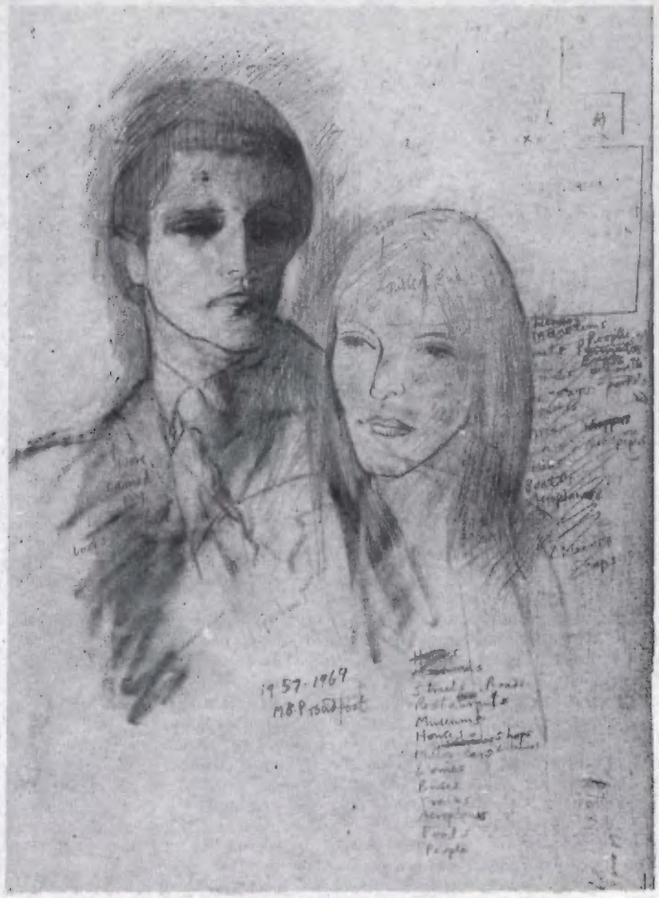
(Denis, says Bruce, is Irish, and they share a room in a boarding house in Battersea. This boarding house is to be the subject of a documentary which, Bruce thinks, he will shortly be making with the Earl of Snowdon and Cliff Michelmore. "Yes . . . Yes" he says — there is an element of repetition in conversation, which is also very self-effacing, almost apologetic. "Yes . . . I suppose one idea I've got is . . . is to ask Princess Margaret who I saw playing the piano . . . playing the piano . . . I'd like her to play the piano in my documentary".

Anyway, the reason that Bruce is on the streets so much is to leave some room for Denis . . . "Talking about painting, well, I can't paint there . . . Because it gets in Denis's way. He needs the chance to (A) study Aldous Huxley and (B) practice his singing. He'll probably sing the tunes I select for him. He doesn't have a platonic girl friend either. I want to suggest that this documentary should get him and me into Show Business. The fact is that I want to get into Show Business to film Aldous Huxley novels, with a view to doing a film this Summer. Yes, something like EYELESS IN GAZA . . . "Does Bruce think

there is something extra special about Huxley? "No. The fact is I do not. He seems as good a person as any. He does write novels . . ."
And what incidentally of Bruce's parents . . . "I think they are a little disappointed . . . I think that they are wondering how it is that I can't afford a FRAME . . . a, a frame for my drawings of Tame Machinery . . . I enjoy doing drawings of Tame Machinery . . . The sort of machinery that appears in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. I used to buy one or two SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS but then I ran out of food and drink . . . I mean by tame, machinery that isn't war machinery. I wouldn't draw war machinery, not me . . . Personally I am a preacher of peace" (apologetically) "Personally I don't rate myself with his paintings" Who? "Leonardo da Vinci . . . I don't like his paintings of war machinery. I don't suppose he did." (Laughs) "It must be a joke . . . I saw Yoko Ono walk into Paul McCartney's office. At any rate" (appealingly) "It's better than Hiroshima . . ."
"Will you ever make it, do you think?" Denis
asked me. If the Earl of Snowdon
accepts this script that
could be the "start of something big"
for me in the film line. I
may get film and recording
offers.
(The Snowdons again. Curiously enough, Bruce is only one acquaintance who fantasises about the Snowdons. The Snowdons are in this not unlike the Kennedys. The brighter an image, the more intense (and sometimes macabre) the feedback).
My I.T.E. (My Earth life-aim)
I'm holding my right arm up
in The Air
until
in this
or another
?re-incarnation

I am
admired
by
nine
hundred
million
young
girls
that
is, of
course
an Earth
–aim, but
I keep it
in mind,
although apart
from
my
main
quest (Good Health)
Several of Bruce's preoccupations occur in this passage. The I.T.E. are Indian Thaumaturgical Exercises. Bruce holds his arm in the air. If he stands still, he may, instead, outstretch his foot . . . "It's supposed to keep up the vibrations" he explains. He has been doing these exercises since he was 23. "I was given it as an exercise by one of M. Gurdejieff's followers and friends . . . Madam Loubchansky . . . She suggested it as a remedy for Philosphic Confusion. In the police they call it a Skyhook. It does heal people. It has cured me of my stomachache" Is Bruce sicker than other people? Yes, he says, than asks, with alarm "I haven't said anything obscene, have I?".

I say No. "An Earth-Aim of mine" he says "Is to hold my arm up until I am admired by nine hundred million girls". Does he want to go to bed with them? "No. My health has been appalling. Nice of you to ask me". Bruce divides activity with the other sex rigorously enough, with Love, Romance, and Sex. Sex is Sex, Love is Platonic, and Romance is betwixt and between. Bruce does not have a Platonic girlfriend. We would be very happy if some girls, as many as possible (The magic number seems to be nine hundred million) could write platonic love-notes to Bruce c/o OZ.
I gave the match-man in
Brompton
Road what remained
of the shilling Tim had given
me. I passed a street violinist
and
a second match-man but I had
no money left . . . I went to
Luba's Bistrot
in Yeoman's Row, just
the road where Luba gave
me a beautiful soup (soup of
the day – beautiful soup)
when
I had finished my soup I went
next
door to Richard Temple's
galleries where
I spoke to one of his assistants
"Would it be all right for the
Earl of Snowdon to visit
these galleries?"
"Yes, if he is interested in it"
"I suppose that one might
install
an harpsichord (temporarily)



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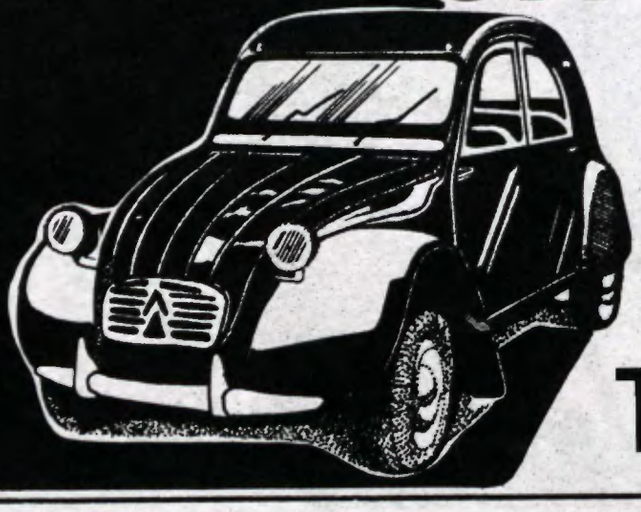


TEL:01:397:6294

I AGREE WITH YOUR TACTICS BUT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR GOALS

**A preview chapter from a soon-to-be-published but as-yet-untitled book by Jerry Rubin – veretan Berkeley activist, yippie founder and the running mate of one-time Presidential candidate Eldridge Cleaver.*

People who say, "I agree with your goals. I don't like your tactics" are full of horseshit. The goals are always excuses – it's the tactics that are critical. The means of the revolution are the revolution. If we had to decide beforehand what our goals were, we'd be arguing about the future society for the next 1000 years, but we can all agree what to do. Do. Do. Do. The movement gets its greatest unity around tactics. We come to action with different experiences, and through collective action we grow together and become a movement.

I never knew what the issues were at demonstrations. They were all decided by leaders who went to boring meetings to debate each other for hours. What we wanted from those meetings were demands that the establishment could never satisfy. If they satisfied our demands, we lost. The purpose of demonstrations is confrontation, the demands are secondary. What makes the demands radical is the fact that the Establishment would not satisfy them. Just in case, we should always have a supplementary set of demands tacked on to the original. "Amnesty" is always good, because amnesty takes away the power of the power structure to punish. That's a hard one for them to swallow.

Remember those early civil rights demonstrations? The demands actually were jobs for black people in hotels and auto showrooms. The people picketing and sitting-in were not the people who wanted the jobs; in fact, we spent our lives avoiding such jobs. We were fighting for demands which we didn't even believe in. It was the means that were important: the picket line, the sit-in, the rally, the demonstration. If the power structure were smart, it would have satisfied all our demands without a fight. But that's what makes power structures power structures, they can't do that.

We liberate ourselves by fighting for what we believe in. The job of good leadership is to put forth demands which won't be satisfied, but which are reasonable enough to get a lot of people, especially the liberals, on our side. We scream furiously when our demands are not met, as if we had expected them to be in the first place. We know we're actors and we must believe in our act.

Why do people go to long meetings debating for hours what the demands of a demonstration will be and what will be the specific words on a leaflet? None of those things are important. Nobody reads leaflets. What's important is the theatre. Scripts are for shit. Ours is a do-it-yourself revolution.

Revolution is not the satisfaction of a "program." Revolution is the arrival of new classes and generations on to the stage of history through struggle, the changing of people from spectators to actors. As Castro puts it, "The goal of the Cuban revolution is to turn every individual into a legislator." *Representative* democracy is the enemy. The goal is each-man-his-own-revolution. We do not want concessions from our leaders: we want to run our own lives. We achieve the revolution by *making* it.

We free ourselves by first realizing how unfree we are. You only find out how unfree you are when you start fighting for your freedom by breaking rules. We have as much freedom as we don't fight for. The dilemma is most people in America *think* they are *free* because they can't even imagine freedom. They think reading lines verbatim from a pre-written script is freedom. Stop reading the lines as they're written; you'll get fired and find out how free you are.

Vietnam has been the best thing that has happened to America in a long time. Vietnam has demonstrated emotionally to the American people how little control they have over their own government. In fighting to end the war the American people have begun to achieve their own liberation. The longer the war continues, the greater freedom we will achieve fighting to end it.

Truth emerges in crisis, and Vietnam is America's truth. We can understand America by looking at Vietnam where it all comes clear as a crisis. The goal of the revolution is to create crisis.

The only way to know if your tactics are successful is to see how many people you alienate. In America, it is normal daily life which is the enemy, and we've got to alienate people by shaking up their daily lives. If you don't alienate people, you're not reaching them. Ineffective protest is protest which gains no one's attention, makes no one unhappy, alienates nobody. Effective protest gets people upset – therefore it's usually illegal.

America puts people in prison through carefully defined roles. We are students and teachers, workers and managers, bureaucrats, lawyers, judges. Everybody is defined by his role and told how to act. The freest people in the country are the "not-students." We are known by what we are *not*! That should be everybody's goal, to be known by what he is *not*.

How do you know what a man's role is? By his clothes. Want to be a lawyer? Get yourself a blue suit, a couple of yellow legal pads, a brief case, a client and go to court next week and identify yourself as a lawyer. Nobody will ask for your diploma; print your own. All you need to do any job in America is the clothes. If you get the clothes, you're the job.

As a transitional stage towards communism, the yippies demand that everybody changes his job every year. Everybody should do what everybody else does in society so we can all understand and feel the experiences of other people.

Everybody should drive a cab, run an elevator, work on a newspaper, grow food. The world has gone full circle from non-specialization to industrialization and specialization, to computerization and back to non-specialization. Communism ushers in the universal, renaissance man. The expert and specialist will be a museum piece.

The yippies try to liberate people by getting them to change their clothes. We relate to other people through their clothes. A judge puts on black robes and all of a sudden everyone starts treating him like a god. He takes off his robes and he's just like any other schmuck on the street.

The suit and tie is the essence of the class society. Ties will be illegal in our communist society. The Marx Brothers are our leaders as they go into restaurants cutting people's ties. The be-in represents the goal of our revolution – the be-in is a costume ball. Everybody comes as ballplayers, queens, generals, pirates. We're trying out different lives and fantasies.

The purpose of the revolution is to create theatre-in-the-streets, You are the stage. You are the actor. Everything is for real. There is no audience. The goal is to turn on everybody who can be turned on and turn off everybody who cannot be turned on. Theatre has no rules, forms, structures, standards, traditions – it is pure, natural energy, impulse, anarchy. The revolutionary's best impulse is his first impulse. Do it! Worry about it, analyse it later.

The yippies declare war on Hollywood and Broadway. We are out to put them out of business. Theatre belongs on the streets. America tries to get people to feel artificial experiences, and purge their emotions through catharsis with television, movies and plays, so here is little emotion left for one in his daily life. We live our lives through John Wayne. The role of revolution is to break the stage, start a fire in the movie theatre and then start screaming, "Fire! Fire!" How can theatre compete with life in this era? How do you outdo Vietnam? The only way to match Vietnam is to bring Vietnam home. The theatrical producers of today are creating theatres of Vietnam on the college campuses of America.

When we first got the idea of Chicago, we went to hip theatre people to get them out of their auditoriums and into the streets. There was interest, but not enough. It was not the professional theatre people who created the Theatre of Chicago; it was the amateurs. The yippies feel knowledge can be dangerous, because knowledge forecloses possibilities. Experts are masters, and prisoners of previous forms. No real advances are made by experts. Our leaders are children and blind people. The revolution makes "expertise" a crime.

The Living Theatre came to Berkeley the same week the people had spent fighting the National Guard in the streets in a Theatre of Blood. Being pacifists, the Living Theatre thought this was the wrong way.

The Living Theatre liberates the audience and the auditorium as much as is physically possible within the medium of paying money to go to an auditorium with a regular starting and closing time. Actors merge themselves with the audience, eliminating the stage. "We're not allowed to smoke pot," one Living Theatre member screamed out, whereupon he was offered a joint from five different directions in the Berkeley audience. Another Living Theatre member shouted, "I can't take off my clothes!" All around him people started taking off their clothes. "I can't travel without a passport." That struck a lot of people in the room odd, because for some of us it's a crime to even cross a state line.

People were angry at the contradiction of revolution-in-the-auditorium – taking all our energy and putting it into a play in one place at one time for a price. The theatre medium is archaic. Shouting "freedom!" in a theatre is a contradiction in terms. The only role of theatre is to take people out of the theatre and into the streets. The role of the revolutionary theatre group is to make the revolution. The role of the revolutionary rock group is to make the revolution. The role of this book is to get you to make the revolution.

The newspaper editors of America in their annual conferences call on the "experts" to explain to them what their children are doing. They would never think of asking the criminals themselves to come to discuss their crimes. Although the panels are called "Conferences on Student Unrest", the editors call as participants people who spend their days in the library and their nights sleeping very soundly. Why don't they call those of us who are restless and can't sleep?

The College Editors can't get away with that because it would be too embarrassing for them to call on older people to explain what people their own age are doing. They usually have to invite a token yippie who brings all his friends. When you ask for one, you get 20.

We freaked out as soon as we arrived. The editors were carbon copies of each other. Is there a factory somewhere producing college editors? Their faces had the same tired, bureaucratic expressions. They talked as if they were talking to each other on the telephone. There they were, person to person in a fancy Washington D.C. Hotel, and they had talking-on-the-telephone personalities. They related to each other not as human beings, but as fellow professionals. They came from campuses that had been burning down all year, and the main question on their minds was: Should college newspapers editorialize on the Vietnam war or would it compromise journalistic integrity?

Just keeping our voices in a moderate tone in talking to these editors was a sell-out, I felt. It implied the discussion was "reasonable". Is the Vietnam war a difference between reasonable men? Do these editors think a dispute between a Southern redneck cop and a black slave is a disagreement between reasonable men?

Paul Krassner got so hysterical over their matter-of-factness that in the middle of one of their discussions he began to cry. "People are dying in Vietnam and you're talking like this", Paul kept sobbing. He was on acid at the time and the unconscious truth of the situation burst forth.

We woke up Saturday morning and dropped tabs of acid, ready for battle. What the editors did not know was how conspiratorial we yippies are. We had seized their conference completely and we were setting up a rigged debate for the afternoon: "Should the College Newspaper Editors Association Take a Stand on the War?" The editors had no idea that some people in suits, short hair and ties pretending to be college newspaper editors were members of the Washington Street Theatre group.

I went to the show myself not knowing who were the editors and who were the actors. I'd be able to figure it out, I thought.

But everybody sounded like an actor. I couldn't believe anybody was a real editor. It was the most insane discussion I'd ever heard: Should we take a stand standing up? Sitting down? On the toilet? For negotiations? For the war? Against the war? They were all playing at being editors. Who was real and who was unreal? I knew only 15 of the 150 people in the room were actors, but I couldn't tell who.

Finally the vote was ready to be taken. The lights suddenly went off. Flashed across the wall were scenes of burning Vietnamese babies, torture scenes, napalm. The room was full of hysterical screams. It was a torture chamber. Everybody started screaming. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

The film stopped and a voice came over a bullhorn: "This is Sgt. Haggerty of the District Washington Police. We arrested the man who put on this film and we have charged him with obscenity. Everyone in this hall is under arrest for conspiracy to watch obscene movies. Stay where you are. Please do not resist arrest."

The editors started fleeing the room. They thought so little of their country that they believed immediately that they were going to be arrested en masse for seeing a film. They believe they live in a Nazi country.

A crewcut husky guy in a suit-and-tie jumped on top of a chair, identified himself as editor from Notre Dame, and yelled at the top of his lungs: "I've just come back from Vietnam. I've seen my brothers dying. We've got to stop this killing. The men in the White House are sending us all to die for nothing. I'm a college editor and you're a college editor. We have power. Are we brave? Can we be brave?"

Is this guy real? Or part of the Washington theatre group? I didn't know. But finally it struck me – it made no difference. Everything was real and unreal.

The editors finally realized they had been the subjects of a huge dose of Reality Theatre. They were furious that their "democratic dialogue" had been disrupted. They were ready to expel the chairman of the afternoon session who had conspired with the yippies to put on the show. They went through a torturous meeting, screaming and yelling at each other. Through the meeting they realized they had learned something about themselves that day. People started talking to one another off the telephone. It was an emotional breakthrough.

Senator Eugene McCarthy was coming in two hours to a press conference for the editors. They were going to run a real "Meet the Press" show, the way their Big Daddies do it. They started going around to us, begging us not to disrupt it.

I thought to myself: Bullshit. The press conference is free theatre to be used by anybody who can make the best use of it. The purpose of a press conference is to make news. News is free. Why assume that the only person who can make news is the presidential candidates who answers questions? McCarthy is just an actor, and we're all actors. There is no stage.

Theatre uses whatever props it needs to most dramatically make its point. The most effective theatre breaks rules, throwing people into a new situation without guides to behaviour. It wouldn't be effective just asking McCarthy a question. McCarthy could co-opt any question. Anyway, what offends us most is not McCarthy's content, but his style. The most oppressive thing about it is the format of the press conference treating the candidate as an authority.

It was a few minutes before McCarthy was due to arrive and I had no props and no ideas. I was on acid and I stood to the side jogging like a boxer, working up enough confidence to act out of the roles that everybody else would be respecting. When you break a set theatre like a press conference or a classroom, you got to have a lot of confidence in yourself because everybody's going to be looking at you as if you're crazy. You got to be crazy.

Somebody was holding a newspaper and I saw the heading: JAIL-BREAK IN HUE, 2000 VIET CONG FREE. I was delirious! 2000 people who were in jail a few hours ago were now free! McCarthy says he's against the war, doesn't he? For what other reason could he be against the war except to see the Viet Cong free?

McCarthy came in just as I heard he was: distant, distinguished, reserved, unemotional. He had no Secret Service protection. Didn't the word reach him that the crazies had infiltrated the college editors' conference?

He finished his 15 minute speech and was getting ready to answer questions, when I started running towards him.

I jumped on the stage, put my arm around him, and started screaming, "People are free, Gene. Gene, people are free. Aren't you happy? Isn't that great!" The television cameras were buzzing away. My arm was around his shoulder. I'd intended to kiss him – really I did – but it just didn't work out because he was so cold. I felt like an unrequited lover, my emotion unreturned. McCarthy actually tried to ignore me, continuing the press conference as if I weren't there.

Within ten seconds there were five more yippies and diggers on all fours around his feet, barking like little animals. The editors went out of their minds. The organizers of the conference tried to plead with us reasonably to move away, but it didn't work. We were delirious that human beings were free in Vietnam, and we wanted to celebrate, not have some boring press conference.

Gene was surrounded by the Marx Brothers. We tried to unnerve him psychologically, making faces at his every answer, booing and cheering things he said. But he went on – trying to be the master defuser of crisis.

We heard an Indian drum in the background. Dum-dum-dum. People were carrying a coffin towards us. As they got closer and closer, I saw McCarthy get edgier and edgier. "Don't worry, Gene," I said. But he was trying to act as if I didn't exist. The coffin-carriers reached McCarthy and emptied the coffin upside down. Huhdreds of McCarthy buttons came flying out wrapped in an American flag. The coffin read: "Electoral Politics". At this point McCarthy just turned away, left the stage and cut the press conference short.

The college editors started moving towards me, hungry for blood. They were seething with an emotion that I'd never seen them express over the war in Vietnam. Their professional reputations had been spoiled. They went beserk. "What are you so angry about?" I screamed. "McCarthy paid us to do this. His campaign is dull, dull, dull. It's the best thing that's happened to his campaign. Finally he's going to make national television. Don't worry. McCarthy's not pissed at you. He's happy!"

"If this is your revolution, Rubin, you can have it," one editor said. I didn't know he was that interested in the revolution in the first place. "If this is your newspaper business, you can have it," I replied.

Being an ex-reporter I felt self-righteous: "We gave you a news story and you're angry. What kind of reporters are you? Fuck you. What is this shit, objective journalism? What are you trying to do, be reporters like your daddies? These press conference formats are dead!"

I was furious at these editors because I finally realized their game: they want to be popular. "Go home and watch television!" I screamed, "you're corpses. TV is putting you all out of business. Hah, hah. TV is making you useless!"

The editors just couldn't keep the niggers out of their conferences – or their newspapers – no matter how hard they tried.

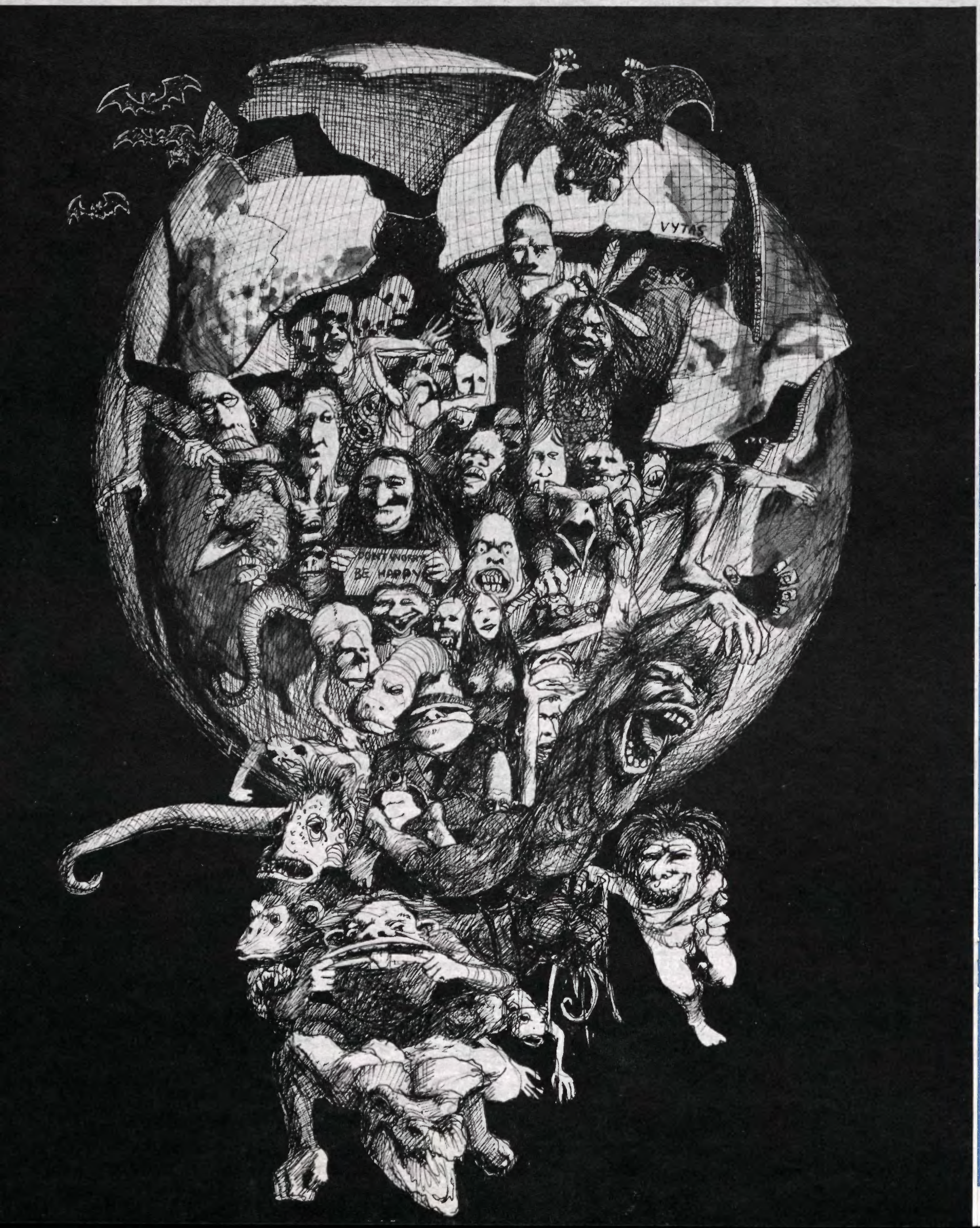
Good theatre is the unexpected. Everybody always expects radicals to march in a circle, carrying picket signs and shouting slogans. Radicals have got to put away their picket signs and use their imagination.

Bobby Kennedy was coming to San Francisco to speak at a $500 a plate dinner for the Big Democrats. I can never understand those $500 and $1000 dinners. Are some people that hungry? What do these Democrats do? – starve themselves for weeks and then come in like hungry lions, devouring everything on their plate, and then putting it aside, and saying, "Now that was worth $500"? I guess I look at them through my son-of-a-working man eyes. To them $1000 is pocket money. They see it the way I see a quarter.

We got to Kennedy's dinner an hour early and set up a table with bread, bologna and mustard, and we made free sandwiches to give to all the necklaced, fancy-dressed, tail-coated men and women coming to eat Senator Kennedy's big dinner. It sounded like a rotten deal to us, paying $500 for dinner inside, when you could get a free bologna sandwich outside. When people arrived, we shouted, "Have a free bologna sandwich. Why pay $500 for bologna inside when you can get free bologna right here?"

I never saw so many "influential" people get so angry in my life. "You scum, you dirt, you filth!" they screamed at us. I yelled back, "I thought only Republicans talked like that!" The women were scandalized. They moved away from us as if *we* were a snake about ready to coil.

Kennedy attracts a lot of Jack Newfield-types, liberal-dupes who come on to revolutionaries real chummy-chum-chum. "We're really for


VYTAS
BE HAPPY

Castro, but we're working for Kennedy so that we can make things easier for revolutionaries, don't you know?" And then they added, "and we got free tickets." But this time the revolutionaries had a great tactic. The liberals had to prove their friendship to us by eating our bologna sandwiches. If they ate the bologna it would ruin their appetites for sure, and we could be certain they would be repulsed by Bobby Kennedy's dinner. You are what you eat.

What if one day 5000 sound trucks travelled throughout a city announcing, "The war in Vietnam is over. Turn on your radio for further information." The telephone wires would be buzzing. Within two minutes everybody would be calling his mother telling her "The war is over!" Nixon would hae to come on television to reassure the American people that the war is still on, despite the vicious rumour-mongers.

The peace movement is not bureaucratically organized well enough to carry out such a project, and is also too locked into ideology to let its imagination go crazy. Phil Ochs went around from peace group to peace group in spring of 1967 trying to convince them that it was time for the peace movement to celebrate the end of the war. The rumour started going around that Phil Ochs had become an apolitical acid-head, which was not true. Phil just sees too many movies. "How can we deal with the absurdity of Vietnam except with our own absurdity?" asked Ochs. Finally Ochs gave up on the politicos and peace people, and started working with the freaks.

Posters of a sailor kissing his girl on V-D day, WW II vintage, were plastered all over New York City, announcing the celebration of the end of the Vietnam war. 2000 teenagers and assorted nuts showed up at Washington Square Park – for most of whom the war had never even begun. We didn't know what to do with ourselves, so we went around playing our noisemakers and telling each other that "The war is over!" We got in a huddle and started counting backwards: 100-99-98-97, and as we got into the 20s more joined us and when we hit 1, we screamed "The war is over!" and we started running up Fifth Avenue to share the good news with our fellow New Yorkers.

The cops were unprepared. They thought we were going to be nice boys and girls and celebrate the end of the war by playing in the Washington Square sandbox all afternoon. We ran through the streets screaming, "The war is over!" Cab drivers honked their horns. People stopped their cars and got out to ask, "What did you say?" Even pro-war types waved and said, "Is it really? How did you know?" Alan Ginsberg ran into automats, threw his hands to the sky in that special Ginsberg handspring, and screamed at the top of his lungs, "The war is over! The war is over!"

Everything became part of the celebration. New York cops on horses and with sirens blazing came after us to clear the streets. We thought the police were celebrating the end of the war, too, bringing their own noisemakers and props. Red lights, green lights, traffic jams and noises all became part of the celebration.

Nobody was unhappy the war was over. And what was even more amazing: Nobody asked: Who won? Nobody gave a damn.

We should have broken into Broadway plays and screamed, "The war is over!" People there would have turned to us and said, "Ssssh. You're interrupting the play. Ssssh." We'd respond, "We're part of the play."

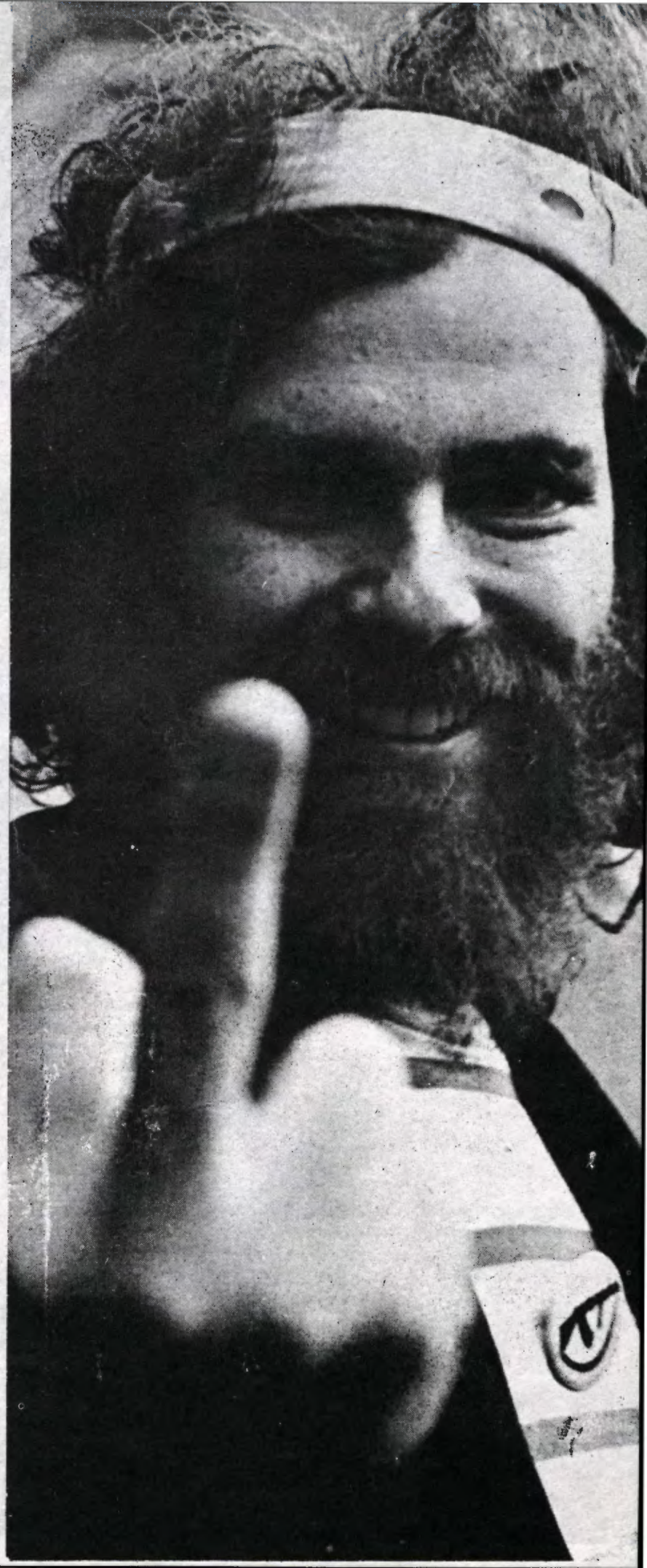
"Demonstrations should turn you on, not off," says Phil Ochs.

The demonstration broke people out of their expected roles, Pro-war people couldn't figure out how to react to this psychological assault on their minds. How much more effective than parading around with signs saying, "End the war."

The key to theatre is timing. Theatre grows out of the situation and the key to theatre is timing. In the summer of '67 it was appropriate to scream the war is over. But then LBJ pulled a theatrical trick on us. He said the war is over. The role of the peace movement during the time of negotiations is to show people that the war is still on. The yippie demonstration in Chicago was the reverse of the War is Over demonstration. We ran through the streets shouting, "The War is On!"

The power to define is the power to control. Over 99% of the violence that takes place in America is by the State through its cops and armies. But when a cop shoots a nigger, that's "law and order." When a

continued page 19



NUTTER STUDIOS

black man defends himself against a cop, that's "violence." Is the same moral act performed when a Jew kills a Nazi as when a Nazi kills a Jew? Why aren't there different words to describe the violence of the oppressor and the violence of the oppressed? The power structure creates the frame of reference which forces the people to see things from their point of view. The role of the revolutionary is to create actions which force a revolutionary frame of reference.

Huey P. Newton determined what millions of people would think and talk about for years when one October morning in 1967 in Oakland, California, he shot and killed an Oakland cop who had stopped his car and was bullying him, ready to kill.

Not a million books, articles or speeches could have defined the situation so clearly as Huey's action. Huey forced people throughout the world to ask themselves: What would I do if I were Huey Newton? What would I do if I were an Oakland black terrorized by Oakland police? Thousands of people identified not with the dead Oakland policeman but with Huey Newton. A massive response from black people, white liberals, white radicals, students, professors, doctors, housewives throughout California formed the Huey Newton Defense Committee and argued that black people should arm themselves and defend themselves from the violence of the white police.

The white power structure tried to react business-as-usual. One white life is worth 1000 black lives. They made plans to execute Huey P. Newton.

The Oakland courts were unable to execute Huey. Huey was convicted of voluntary manslaughter and sentenced to 2-to 15 years in jail – a compromise.

Huey Newton has become a symbol of the liberated, black revolutionary acting for his people. The battle to free Huey is the battle to free ourselves, because Huey did something that was right, but that we are as yet afraid to do, and he redefined the situation for all of us.

The Black Panthers have been able to take actions that have created legends throughout America. The Panther uniform – beret, black leather jacket, gun – gave the Panther myth incredible force. Three Panthers on the street became an army of thousands. When the jackasses of the California state legislature were meeting in Sacramento to deliberate a bill to leave guns in the hands of the cops but take them out of the hands of the victims of the cops, the blacks, the Panthers armed themselves, drove to Sacramento and invaded the Chamber to personally pay a visit on their Congressmen to discuss their grievances.

The idea of armed mad niggers invading their Sacramento sanctuary must be a nightmare of every congressman. But the Panthers were acting out of common sense. How else can a citizen talk to congressmen? By writing a letter which is answered mechanically by machine? Our legislators have cut themselves off from the experience of the people. They represent special interest groups and see the people only on guided tours. They don't experience the life of the people, so we have to bring our way of life to them.

Fear and paranoia is the luxury of the suburban leftists, the armchair intellectual, the graduate student, the unimvolved. The further away you are from the movement, the more scared you are. The Black Panthers aren't afraid. The yippies aren't afraid. The Viet Cong aren't afraid. In your living room, you're scared to death. In the middle of a riot, I've never found anybody who's scared. The way to eliminate fear is to do what you're afraid of. The goal of theater is to get as many people to overcome their fear, through action, as possible.

We create reality wherever we go by living our fantasies.

(See Oz 18 for Jerry Rubin's Emergency Letter)

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hip pocrates

QUESTION: Some time ago a doctor injected silicone into my nose just above the left nostril. The silicone started to come out.

I went back to the doctor and he removed an inch of hard white substance hanging out of a pore in my right nostril. But he couldn't remove the rest of it.

My nose is now both uncomfortable and unbecoming. What should I do?

ANSWER: Silicone injections are still experimental procedures in this country. Even the experimental work was stopped for a time while the Food and Drug Administration investigated possible dangers.

Permission was recently granted to resume the experiments in all parts of the body except the breasts. Breasts were excluded because the presence of silicone makes cancer diagnoses more difficult.

Silicone injections are thought to be useful in correcting certain cosmetic imperfections, but any experimental procedure may back-fire. Your physician has undoubtedly consulted with other researchers in this field regarding your case. Or he may wish to refer you to another plastic surgeon for a second opinion.

QUESTION: My girlfriend had a very unfortunate pregnancy before I met her. She had a Caesarian section and because of complications her uterus had to be removed. She does have her ovaries, however.

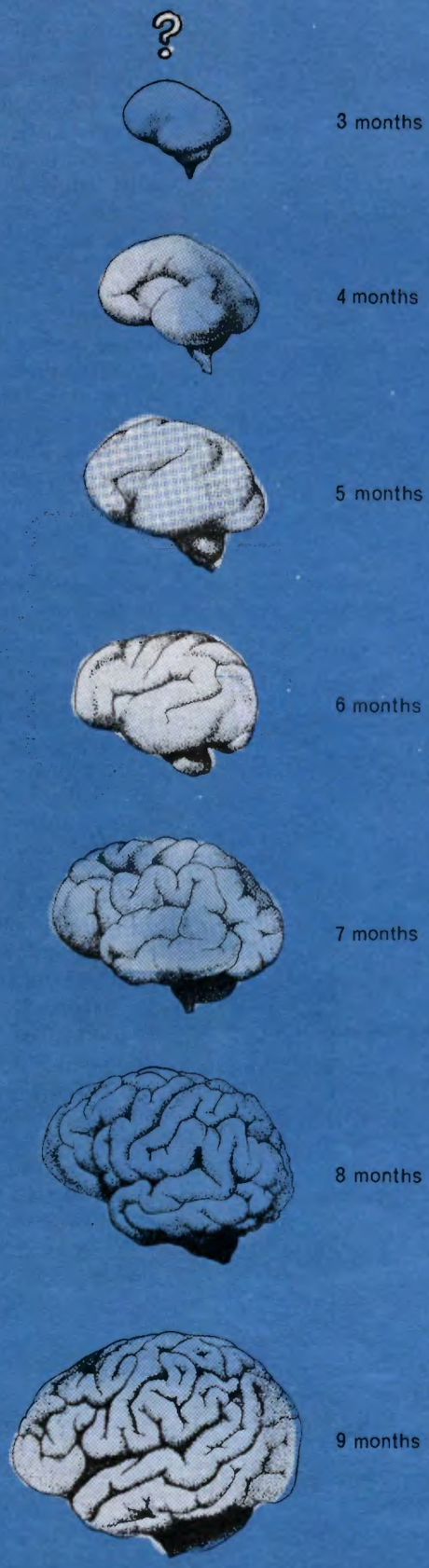
I would like to impregnate my girlfriend but obviously can't. Can you advise me on the pros and cons of her getting a uterine transplant or similar therapy?

ANSWER: I'm sorry to tell you that no operation for a uterine transplant yet exists. But adopting a child can be as fulfilling to a couple (and the child) as one born to them.

Adopted children even come to resemble their adoptive parents because of similar facial mannerisms and body movements.

QUESTION: Whenever I eat in a Chinese restaurant the upper part of my body feels numb, I feel weak all over and my heart seems to pound.

What could be wrong?



ANSWER: Chinese Restaurant Syndrome came to public attention last year with the publication of a letter in the "New England Journal of Medicine" from a Chinese physician. Dr. Robert Ho Man Kwok noted these symptoms when dining in Chinese restaurants but not when eating home-cooked Chinese food.

Even before Dr. Kwok's letter appeared, a Yale gastroenterologist had found a connection between Chinese food and headaches in some individuals. Dr. Martin Gordon and seven brave volunteers (all of whom had previously been victims of Chinese Restaurant Syndrome) ate in a Chinese restaurant in New Haven, Connecticut. You know they're brave.

Halfway through the meal they noticed headaches, numbness of the face, palpitation of the heart, sweating, clenched jaws and flushed faces.

The culprit seems to be monosodium glutamate which is generously used in such delicacies as won ton soup. Most people are not sensitive to this seasoning, but those who are sufferers from the dreaded Chinese Restaurant Syndrome.

Don't worry too much about it. One or two hours after the symptoms begin they disappear and you'll be hungry again.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. $5.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o OZ.

QUESTION: I have a friend who smokes marijuana almost every day and has fallen behind in his school work.

What can I tell him to make him smoke less?

ANSWER: You can tell him any drug can be abused, including marijuana.

"Thinking About Using Pot" is a booklet containing scientific facts about marijuana prepared by Tod Mikuriya, M.D. and Kathleen Goss. Copies cost $1 each and are available from the San Francisco Psychiatric Medical Clinic, 1840 Grove St, San Calif. 94117.

Does marijuana impair driving ability? Not in experienced users, according to a study published in the May 16th SCIENCE Members of the Division of Research of the Washington State Department of Motor Vehicles and Departments of Pharmacology and Psychiatry of the University of Washington School of Medicine gave tests simulating actual driving conditions to 36 marijuana fiends.

The group scored no more total errors on the simulated driving test when stoned than when they were straight. Alcohol, however, caused them to score significantly more driving errors.

The driver-training simulator consisted of a mockup of a car facing a 6 by 18 foot screen in a totally darkened room.

"The test film gave the subject a driver's eye view of the road as it led him through normal and emergency driving situations on freeways and urban and surburban streets."

Alfred Crancer, Jr., of the Washington Department of Motor Vehicles, had previously found in a five year study that a driving simulator test could predict future driving skills (an actual behind-the-wheel test could not). Factors tested during the 23 minute driving film were accelerator, brake, turn signals, steering and speedometer.

The average age of the 36 heads was 22.9 years: 7 were female and 29 male. Each subject had three "treatments." One treatment consisted of waiting in a comfortable lounge with no drug administered before taking the simulator test. The second consisted of drinking 2 Bloody Marys or 2 Screwdrivers of a concentration sufficient to cause a 0.10 per cent blood alcohol level nearly half of drivers fatally injured in auto accidents have been found to have a blood alcohol level of 0.05 per cent or more). The third seemed to be a treat as well as a treatment and consisted of smoking 2 joints of a batch of marijuana kindly provided by the National Institute of Health.

More "speedometer errors" were made when stoned than when straight but in this test speedometer errors mean not speeding but amount of time looking at the speedometer. The authors of the study believe that drivers high on marijuana spend less time looking at the speedometer because their sense of time perception is altered by the drug.

"They often report alteration of time and space perceptions, leading to a different sense of speed which generally results in driving more slowly."

The conclusions of this paper coincide with observations often reported by chronic marijuana users. Some individuals greatly fear driving under the influence of marijuana; others enjoy driving while stoned and believe they perform at least as well as when straight. Driving under the influence of any drug is best avoided but it seems as if another marijuana myth has been shattered.

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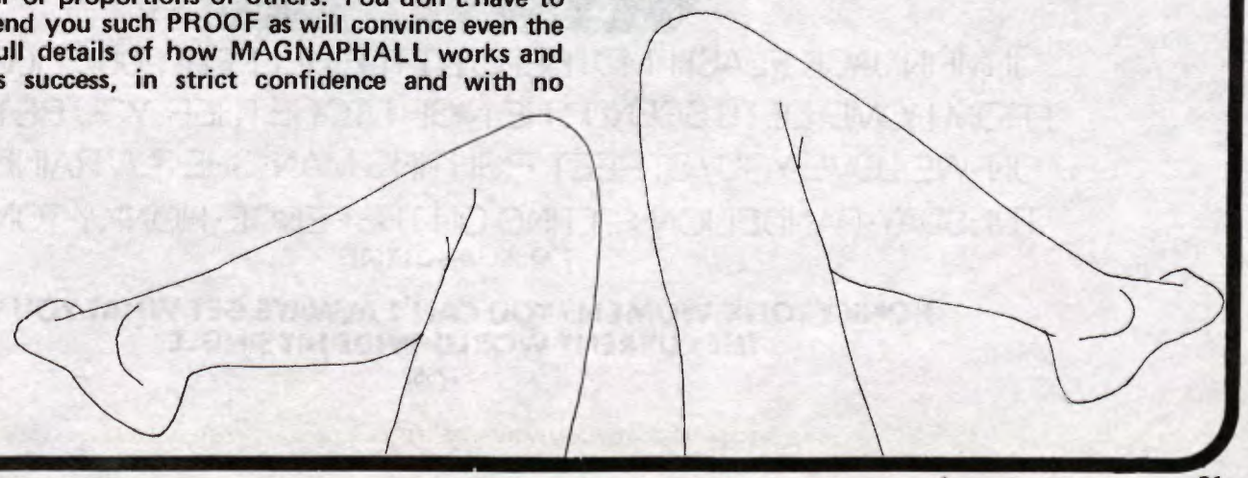

THE ROLLING STONES

THROUGH THE PAST, DARKLY

(Big Hits Vol. 2)

JUMPIN' JACK FLASH · MOTHERS LITTLE HELPER · 2000 LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME · LETS SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER · YOU BETTER MOVE ON · WE LOVE YOU / STREET FIGHTING MAN · SHE'S A RAINBOW · RUBY TUESDAY · DANDELION · SITTING ON THE FENCE · HONKY TONK WOMEN.

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INTERVIEW WITH: *ILSE OLLENDORFF REICH BY HARVEY MATUSOW*
September 1969

Your book (Wilhelm Reich: A Personal Biography – Elek Books) is coming out this month

Today Reich is a sort of folk-hero for many thousands of young people both here and in America, and many of them don't even know why.

REICH: My guess would be his attitude towards sexual liberation, which, today of course, is a matter of fact. In Reich's early twenties, the Victorian influence was still very strong, and he was really the first one who tried to liberate youth from Victorian attitudes. He made it quite clear that he felt that sexual liberation was very closely allied to political liberation. Also his work, Democracy Concepts, directed against the professional politician. I don't know whether it's as much in Europe as in America . . . but youths are so fed up with the professional politicians whom they see as ruining everything; that there is, whether they know it or not, an appeal in Reich's book.

Then the attacks on Reich which were perpetrated by the press and by government agencies, not only in the United States, but in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Austria and Germany were because he was breaking the bonds of Victorian morality?

REICH: Yes. I would think so. They were afraid – evidently rightly so – they were afraid once the liberation came about in the sexual field, that the political liberation would follow. They were afraid for their status quo. Reich was a great rebel, against everything they stood for, and that's where the attacks came from. Of course, their 'attacks' are one of Reich's concepts of the emotional plague, which was completely distorted, again by his disciples. The fact is that you attack someone where you feel yourself attacked – and they felt themselves attacked in their moral concepts, their sexual views, and rightly so. So they attacked Reich in that same field, and made him a sex maniac and what have you.

What was it that Reich was doing with, what the popular press called the Orgone Box, or Orgone Accumulator?

REICH: As I try to explain in my book, the Orgone Energy Accumulator, (its real name,) was an experimental device the function of which was to get the biological energy of the body, a sick body, strengthened. That was its only purpose, to strengthen the biological functioning of a body. Now, it worked out that if, for instance, someone was very anaemic, it would do something to strengthen the haemoglobin content of the blood. It would enhance the biological energy and help the body to fight any disease. It was never claimed by Reich to be a cure-all. He never claimed it could cure anything, and it most certainly wasn't ever mentioned by Reich in connexion with sexual energy or potency which is claimed again and again by the popular sex magazines. Even the United States Food and Drug Administration tried to make it look as if it were a sexual racket. All these allegations against Reich and his work started in an article which appeared in the New Republic in 1947.

Did Reich feel that his work with the Orgone Energy Accumulator was stopped too soon for the kind of results that such experiments could get? That they were never fulfilled because of the Government's injunction which allowed the destruction of the boxes, and the burning of his books? That he really needed more time?

REICH: Again and again, Reich asked the Government to do large scale experimentation with the accumulators in a hospital. Nobody really took it seriously enough to help him and we really didn't have the means to do it on a large scale. Reich had done a lot of large scale experimentation with mice, and it seemed to warrant experimentation on human beings, but it never came to it. He asked again and again for help from large-scale organisations and foundations, but it never came to anything.

So to a great extent it would be true to say that the work on the O.E.A. was never fulfilled? Stilted as a result of ignorance and misconceptions partly derived from over emphasis on sex in a press that attracted certain types of people who had only sex on their mind?

REICH: I think you're very right. The number of people who were on the fringes. It was very distressing to Reich. He didn't want to have anything to do with them, and actually he said that it became such a burden, that in a way he was almost glad when the Government injunction came. To that extent he was freed of that burden, he was beyond that point, it had just been one experiment. He was already in outer space with his experiments at that time. The Accummulator, and human beings, to some extent irritated him. Do I make myself clear?

Yes! You mentioned just now, Reich's moving on to his experiments in outer space, and we know that the Russian Sputnik was launched just one month before he died – he at least lived to witness it. What of his experiments in space?

REICH: I don't actually know very much about it because all the experiments came after I left, or at the time I left. I just couldn't follow his work in outer space. With Reich, life, work, was all one – and if you were not fully with him, it was just impossible to continue living with him. It was beyond me. I just couldn't accept for instance, UFO's as reality. And these he definitely accepted as reality, I couldn't. They may be right, they may not. I don't know enough about it. But Reich claimed to have, not talked, but made contact via his cloud-buster space gun. He claimed to have been able to, not destroy them, but push them away, to chase them away. And he insisted that they came over Organon (Maine, USA) that he saw them hovering overhead, and I couldn't accept that. I am maybe too much of a realist.

Well in prison he used to stand in the yard and look up at the sun, partially shielding his eyes, and if you spoke to him he'd say, "Don't you see them? They're coming. Something has to be done. They're there, can't you see them?"

REICH: Yes. He was convinced that the earth was under attack from outer space. He was absolutely convinced about that and as I said, he thought the whole flight in space could only be done with orgone theory. He was convinced of that. He made big calculations. I didn't understand anything about it, and I couldn't follow it. I know that he wrote that the Sputnik was a game, a toy, compared with what was going on. He was convinced also that the American Air Force and the Space Agencies were aware of this work. I don't know where he took that belief from, but to me these were illusions.

Today you hear talk that the Space Agencies are experimenting secretly with some of Reich's experiments.

REICH: Well, I haven't heard any of that. This is complete news to me. I haven't even heard the rumours!

What do you think his reaction would be to the fact that man has finally reached the moon?

REICH: I can't even speculate. Absolutely no way of telling.

Do you think, if Reich were alive today – or if Reich's spirit were here, looking at the world today, what do you think his reaction would be, seeing the youth in this new anti-political revolution – do you think he might be smiling somewhere as he looks on?

REICH: I think he would. That would be a very positive thing for him. This anti-political ideal.

About spiritualism, that is, when the body dies, does the spirit continue to live? What were his attitudes?

REICH: Well, he wouldn't talk about the spirit going on living. He would say that orgone energy that fills the body, I mean, what makes us alive, in his opinion, was the orgone energy. He said that you can move, that you are standing erect, that whatever makes life is the energy in you – that's orgone energy. When you are dead, you fall down – the energy leaves your body, and his idea was that this amount of orgone energy which is in the individual body merges with the general orgone ocean outside of us. That was as far as he went. I don't think he believed in the spiritual world. I would accept this idea, that what they call soul or spirit, or whatever leaves the body when it is dead. I have accepted the concept of orgone energy completely, in that sense. As for living matter, I can see that this merges with the general orgone energy ocean.

For instance, talking about total orgasm, which is a fusion really of the totality of the energy, moving outside of oneself, almost to create a new life form, which is to infuse the energy into another life form, and if you feel this, the totality is sort of what he was about – transfering the energy.

REICH: That is what he explained, I think in "Either God or Devil", and what is it there, the cosmic superimposition. This is what he had in mind – the identity of all living matter whether it's in space or in the human body. This is the same energy that moves.

I know that many people have told me who've taken LSD that they're able to go back in their minds to where they're only a dot – they sometimes can't explain what it is – but that its a dot of energy, like a star – and in a sense they become totally immersed in the universe and they feel that this experience is very similar to what they've read in Reich.

REICH: I would think that this is so. I can't judge because I don't know anything about this experience with drugs, but I think that the experience would be the same. When people talk about it, and Reich wrote about the oceanic streamings and things like that, this is all part of the same idea, of the same energy concept.

THE NAVY LARK

When I arrived in London on leave I made straight for the pubs in the West End with the intention of getting pissed and maybe finding a bird. I got pissed alright but someone in the bar suggested that the best place to pick up a chick in London wasn't the pubs but in Hyde Park on Saturday afternoon. So I slept off my hangover and tooled down Oxford Street just after lunch on Saturday and found the place crowded with people. Not my sort of people, mind you. You see after six years in the Navy (I joined when I was 15) you tend to think and react in very conservative, orthodox ways. What I mean is you get a sort of short-back-and-sides approach to life.

The people I found in the park were something new to me. I was wearing my wellpressed uniform and feeling very choked up in this unreal atmosphere. We had been at sea for 18 weeks – a long time without birds, music or someone sensible to talk to. I'm on submarines. There's none of this join the Navy and see the world crap. You're trapped in this cold, black prison and suspended under the sea doing jobs you're told nothing about. If you believe the lectures they give you at Portsmouth we're helping NATO – defending western civilisation and the British way of life I suppose. But it's all so ridiculous.

One night I got drinking with some old hands and they absolutely believe that if there's a war it will be over so quickly we won't have a chance to survive. So what's it all about?

Well, I'm in Hyde Park on this Saturday afternoon and there's a guy up front singing and he's asking the same thing – What's It All About? Whether it was drunken remorse or not I can't say but I was feeling pretty lonely and depressed. That's fairly typical with sailors. Have you ever thought why sailors have such a reputation for being drunks? They can't like the stuff – nobody *really* does. Have you ever thought why sailors have such bad relationships with women? Why do their girlfriends and wives always run off with other blokes?

Their love affairs don't only break up because they are away so much. It's more than that. I've been on ships and watched the anxiety turn to jealousy and then hate. The Navy doesn't want anybody who can't hate. So when the average sailor comes ashore he's never looking for love or affection he just wants to get all the hate out of his system. Hence the fights, the boozing and the sickening nights in the brothels of Gosport. I was really trying to work all this out in my head when three people sat down near me to listen to the concert. I had the usual reaction – I thought they would stare at my uniform and end up making some smart comment. That's how the fights usually start. But this was altogether different. We somehow started to talk and then when the concert was over they asked me to join them for coffee.

I won't bore you with the Big Romantic Story but by Sunday morning I was in another world from the one that had held me captive for six years. We spent the day visiting people and smoking. At 11 o'clock on Sunday night I knew it was time to get ready to go back to my base. We all drove down to Charing Cross. It was midnight and the streets outside were all pretty deserted. On the platform there were mainly sailors standing around or sitting on their suitcases waiting for the "Special" to take us back. It was the most depressing, empty moment of my life. No one was laughing or joking, all the sailors were trying desperately not to catch the eyes of the person next to him. They were all like executioners going off – in terrible shame – to work the gas ovens. My friends were looking at all the faces and I could tell they were horrified.

I knew immediately what I had to do. "I'm not going back," I said, "let's get out of here." That was a month ago. My life has now changed altogether and it's not just because of the girl I met in the Park and the scene we've now got going. And it's not just smoking – although this has certainly helped to broaden the levels of my consciousness.

For instance, I now go to operas just as much as I go to pop sessions. I want to study for "A" levels to get some sort of education. The only thing I'm sure about is that I don't want to have to return to the Navy. They've got a warrant out for my arrest now and I have to keep changing my address. And every time I go for a job I am asked for my insurance cards. I can usually work for a fortnight before the boss gets edgy and starts to ask too many questions. Then I have to move on. One day they will catch up on me; I'll be arrested on a demonstration or turned over after a party and then I'll have to go back and face a spell in jail. But that's not the worst of it. My contract with the Navy – the *minimum* contract by the way – is nine years from my eighteenth birthday. This means I will have to serve another six years *plus* the time I was absent without leave. So I could be in until I was 30. The best years of my life wasted in the Navy is an appalling thought. I dread the thought of being captured.

I read the other day in one of the papers that there are about 200 sailors, soldiers and air men who want to get out of the services. (The exact figures on deserters isn't known because the Government is too frightened to give it). I know how all of those 200 feel – frightened and frustrated. I guess I'm really one of the lucky ones – I'm outside trying to lose myself in the Underground while they're still inside roasting. The only organisation, apart from the anarchy of the Underground, helping servicemen like me is the National Council for Civil Liberties. Officially they've got to give you a lecture and tell you to give yourself up but then they try to offer any help.

The Underground can help a little more by being a little more sympathetic. If you see some sailors or soldiers around the scene, don't immediately assume they are nasty, vicious bastards. Some of them may be having severe personality crises; they may be genuinely searching for a life-style that is more fulfilling than helping to organise the destruction of mankind. Behind those uniforms of death there may be souls of life.

To: Captain W. J. Graham, R.N.,
Officer Entry Section (20DH1),
Old Admiralty Building, London, S.W.1.

Please send me further information about
Full Career ☐ Short Service ☐ Commissions
(tick which) in the Royal Navy.

Name

Address

Date of birth

My educational qualifications are/will be

ROYAL NAVY

If the Alternative Society is really to be an alternative, then we must redefine our relationships with one another. Oh, but something *is* happening, Mr. Jones, look at the Isle of Wight/Woodstock, where half a million young, stoned, broke, anti-careerists sat non-violently and smiled at each other, yakkety yak. It is easy to demonstrate that thousands of people are not football hooligans, wear bright clothes and relate to each other with more warmth than stockbrokers; but when it comes to resolving disagreements deeper Underground, then this new morality is swiftly swamped by the old hypocrisy.

In the US major Underground disputes (LNS, Berkeley Barb, Fillmore East) have not been settled with daffodils and lysergic acid, but with punch-ups, lawyers and lies. In the UK, behind-the-scenes power struggles have often degenerated to a level which would make the occupants of Westminster shudder with envy. Because the participants are often neurotically aware that their private behaviour contradicts their public philosophy, the mud is slung with excruciating intensity.

Last week a crisis has raged at IT, and there has at least been an attempt by some to settle it in a spirit not entirely contradictory to that expounded in the paper's editorial pages. As OZ lumbers off to press, the situation changes every minute, so we cannot offer a full report. It is difficult to present the facts objectively, as personal friendships with some of the IT people tend to colour our interpretation. Herewith a cursary and semi-accurate resumé of events, an attempt to present the conflicting points of view and some of the issues raised.

– On Sunday October 13, the IT offices were occupied by some members of the IT staff and friends, who announced that the paper would be taken over from the editors. The London Street Commune was invited to join the occupiers, which it did, and both groups issued the following statement.

The International Times was liberated by the staff of the paper from the offices at 27 Endell Street and is now being run from address below. Since Love Books relinquished control of IT the paper deteriorated to the point where Peter Stansill, David Hall, and Graham Keene claimed to be the legal owners and bosses of the paper. We, the staff of the paper declare that IT is now a workers' group and we will continue to represent the alternative society against any attempts to gain control. Our solicitors have been instructed to take the necessary steps to halt any action the self-styled directors may take. The International Times workers group have invited the London Street Commune to occupy and use the building in our absence. The Commune will use the building for its own purposes which include the setting up of a Street Newspaper for skinheads, Angels, Beats, and other beasties.

NOW *The International Times is again YOUR PAPER. This is a vital move in the history of the time – the so called UNDERGROUND IS SURFACING. We hope to work closely with the Commune, and the other groups that are helping redefine our society. The new IT will not have editors, typesetters, etc., the roles will go BUT THE WORK WILL BEGIN*

–Those involved in the takeover included David Warren, a former art director and Ian Dallas, a former guest editor, Charlotte & Malcom Jackson (switchboard & distribution), Joe Barenboim (part-time distribution), Gareth Bartlett (general helper), Philip Cohen ("Dr John") of the Commune and others.

–When Graham Keen, Mark Williams and others of the editorial staff discovered that they were were unable to enter the building, that the advertising girl was allegedly threatened with violence, that crucial distribution, advertising and office files were missing, that the IBM typesetting machine, typewriters and other equipment was being removed and that they didn't know what was going on, they called the police. In retrospect this action is regrettable, but at the time understandable. At any event, the police were asked by IT editors not to take any action.

–On Monday night, the editors proposed to solve the dispute by handing over Knullar Ltd., the company which publishes IT, to the occupiers, plus the office and capital equipment. They would ask for at least photocopies of the distribution/subscription lists and other crucial files to be returned and then they would set about to continue IT from somewhere else. Thus there would be two papers serving the community instead of one. An anticipated problem: Both groups would want to call their papers IT.

–This exceedingly generous proposal was put to the occupiers at a meeting in Hyde Park the following Tuesday. It was rejected. No one wanted Knullar Ltd. By Tuesday night the IT staff occupiers had vacated the Endell Street offices, leaving only the London Street Commune, whose members had no loyaltv for either side in the dispute, felt they had been used as psychological mercenaries by the IT staff, and were firmly idealogically opposed to the whole concept of IT anyway.

–By the end of the week the editors were back. The London Street Commune vacated Endell Street offices after, it is reported, methodically wrecking it. They are now planning to publish their own paper, called AGGRO.

–Some of the equipment had been retrieved from the IT rebel staff by the editors, but none of it in working conditions. The staff refuse to return the files and distribution lists and at the time of writing, the editors (plus staff allies) are rounding up "Underground intellectual heavies" to persuade them to change their mind – these lists are also important to Transmutation, an independent Underground distribution company, who need them to distribute other Underground magazines.

–While many people do not support some of the tactics of the rebels, there is much sympathy for the need for a second Underground paper. It is also agreed that Ian Dallas, when he worked at Endel Street in his capacity as guest editor, consulted staff members, including long serving packers and 'office boys' who had long felt disgruntled at the "elitest working atmosphere." He is certainly a good editor.

–Rumour: The amazing 'Suck' is planning to bring out their next issue with the IT logo on the cover.

EXPLAINING to OZ readers the gravity of the Government's new drugs legislation is not an easy task. For most of your subscribers, I suspect, have already made the decision to conduct their own lives by their own standards. But meantime, politicians too are 'doing their thing' which will mean higher penalties for all drug offenders, especially pushers, tougher police powers and compulsory treatment for hard drug addicts. To understand how this Government – the party of Life and Soul – arrived at the point of legislating these measures it is necessary to examine the development of political and social institutions in this country since 1966.

When Labour was re-elected with its massive majority the country braced itself for dynamic change; the trendy technocrats had been given a mandate to shore up the contradictions and injustices in our society. The meek were about to inherit the earth.

Apart from the financial conspiracy which seriously inhibited Labour's plans, there was the sudden, inexplicable caution which revealed the Labour Party to be bankrupt of genuine understanding of the masses. There were, however, one or two exceptions. Roy Jenkins became Home Secretary and immediately set in motion inquiries into the state of the prison service. He lent his support to abortion and homosexual reform.

He reconstituted the standing committees on drug dependence and formed the crucial Government sub-committee on LSD and cannabis under the chairmanship of Baroness Wootton. The committee decided cannabis was the more important drug to consider so it launched what was to become one of the most definitive studies a Government has ever undertaken. Membership comprised doctors, social psychiatrists, a police commissioner, magistrates and lawyers. When it reported to the Government in January this year, however, the social atmosphere had considerably changed. Jenkins was trying to run the economy while the previous Chancellor, J. Callaghan, had been despatched to the Home Office. It was a new era of subtle repression: Callaghan had already passed the racialist Commonwealth Immigrants Act and in his talks with his former cronies in the Police Federation he had given the clearest indicators that hippie-bashing was to be a new sport which would earn promotion.

With amazing naievty the cannabis committee handed over its document which concluded that pot-smoking was no more harmful than drinking booze. Three weeks later in Parliament Mr. Callaghan ridiculed the committee and agreed the penalties needed looking at – they would be going up. Now what did the gallant Baroness and her fellow citizens do in the face of this public pillorying? Did they resign? Did they tell Callaghan to elect a tame committee if he was so desperate to get a tame report? Not a bit of it. They are all earnestly slaving away on the LSD report, later they'll join committees looking at peace corps work among the Welsh unemployed. As Trotsky said, bureaucracies once erected take on a life of their own.

Baroness Wootton has what is known as an acute committee mentality. She's served on more committees than any known British subject. And the rules of the committee game are that you never resign when you've been kicked around, you pursue further Good Works in the name of social improvement. Having insulted the committee and received plaudits from the Press, the Pulpit and

Dear Oz,

You give yourselves away at last. The letter you published under my name in your last issue was never written or signed by me. It is true that I was interviewed about my reactions to your television supplement. I understood from you that this was to be subsequently written up and given back to me for correction. It was only with this clear understanding that I undertook to be interviewed at all.

I was extremely distressed therefore to find myself quoted out of context in the form of a letter. As it stands, the gibberish that you printed bears no relation to what I feel and I would be grateful if you made this clear to your readers.

Yours sincerely,
(Tony Palmer)
BBC

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the Politicians, Callaghan is now armed with the forces of reaction to clamp down on people who take drugs. He feels that the Home Secretary's job needs to show a smack of authority. Hitting the blacks is too controversial so hit the hippies. Who'll complain? And what better tonic for the party just before the election. "CALLAGHAN STOPS DRUG PERIL – Mr. Callaghan announced today wide-sweeping changes in the law to halt the drugs menace which is imperilling the youth of Britain. He delivered the legislative package in the Commons today to the cheers of both sides of the House. Mr. Callaghan demonstrated the firm hand of Government which will be so helpful in the forthcoming election campaign."

Of special concern is the proposal to compulsorily treat regressive hard drug addicts. Countenancing "compulsion" in managing any part of society is fraught with dangers. It is solely invoked at the moment in the treatment of mentally disturbed people – but only after rigorous psychological examination by a panel of doctors. With addicts, however, we have a more sinister and obvious interference with civil liberties if this section of the new Act is passed. Police will have the right to pick up addicts and hand them over to hospitals who can instantly compel the patient to a closed mental institution for so-called treatment. The patient will not have the right to challenge the medical procedure. One can easily foresee circumstances in which the police will arrest so-called troublesome members of the Underground and not have them locked away in Wormwood Scrubs on legal charges, but simply have them incarcerated by the medical profession.

In a year's time the Labour Party will be telling the workers, the middle and upper classes that it is definitely *not* the permissive party, and it is the party which hammered the hippies. But pot will proliferate and so will the number of young people who cannot accept the contradictions and madnesses of our present society. The Callaghan Bill is due to pass through Parliament at the end of this year: the Tories, if they win office, will probably pass a revised version containing more potent weapons against social outcasts. It is not, however, new laws against hippies which will solve the housing, hospital and education crises in Britain. We look to the answer for these problems in a re-arrangement of our social priorities which neither political party provides today. In helping to get these priorities right, hippies may find it necessary to abandon their Underground Toryism, their pop-cultural side-shows. A *real* opposition is needed. Maybe after Callaghan has had his way, 'revolution' won't seem such a dirty word.

A. M.

Books received:

Let 'em Roll Kafka. Poems by Peter Brown. Fulcrum Press. Hard back 21/-, paper back 10/6.

Battered poems from a battered cornerstone of the Underground as it was before the flower power days of 1967. The poems are slight, sad, painfully personal, sometimes funny. Here's one: "Few"

Alone tired half drunk hopeful
I staggered into the bogs
at Green Park Station
and found 30 written on the wall

Appalled I lurched out
into the windy blaring neon Picadilly night
thinking surely,
Surely there must be more of us than that . . .

Where are the real poets of the Underground? They were not, you probably noticed, at the Isle of Wight – in between sets, poetry was flung to the vast crowd with great energy, but it wasn't the kind of stuff those kids wanted to hear. There were no connections made. Unless you were over 25.

The Marijuana Papers – Edited by David Solomon. Panther Modern Society paperback. 12/-.

Contains no surprises, but it's an exhaustive and definitive book about a subject we all know and love. Buy it and get your facts right for once and for all.

The Pop Process. Richard Mabey. Hutchinson Educational. 30/-.

It seems appropriate that this book should be published by a firm describing themselves as 'educational'. It seems destined to go straight to the library shelves for use as a history and reference book, when Pop becomes yet another boring subject for study in comprehensive schools. I prefer Nick Cohn's totally personal approach to Mabey's more analytical study, but the book is interesting nevertheless. Pop is a bottomless barrel of fascination, and Mabey manages to give us a lot of scrapings. Read him for the badness of some of his opinions. For example: "Another Side of Bob Dylan is a failure by any standards" – he didn't even find To Ramona of any value.

Bound for Glory. Woody Guthrie. J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 45/-.

This autobiography covers the first thirty years of the life of Woodrow W. Guthrie, up to 1942. It's a moving book, almost too much to take as the searing sixties scorch to a conclusion. It's a book from the golden age of America when the dream was still a dream. The dialogue is idealised, sentimental, like an old John Wayne movie. Guthrie comes across as pacifist, with a narrow masculine range of emotions and so compassionate as to be almost non-human. As a traveller, hobo, man of the road, he has more relevance than Kerouac, and reading the book will show you why and just how much Bob Dylan was under his spell.

Governor Reagan of California captured in a pose from his modelling, pre-Hollywood days.

Mick Farren's outpourings in the last OZ is from a collection of subversive material to be produced at the end of the year under the title of 'Canned London', a giant-sized sardine can of prose, posters, photos, records and other goodies.

EXAMPLE: Alan Aldridge poster pictures by Clive Arrowsmith, a SF comic/novel by Eduardo Paolozzi and Anthony Haden-Guest and a record by The Deviants.

Christopher Robbins has been getting it together over the last few months under the working name of 'Factory'. 'Everything in the can is either about or by the young in London now. That can mean, of course, anything from heads to skinheads, but most of the things and the people we deal with go under the amorphous title of underground.'

Other people involved with the production of the can are Andre Del Amo, promotion, Bob Cotton, graphics, Roger Stowell photos and Larry Pryce, street interviews.

Groupie. Jenny Fabian and Johnny Byrne. New English Library. 25/-.

The most interesting things about Groupie are its thinly disguised ("only based on" we are assured) portraits of:

Caroline Coon (Liza Bellamy)
Anthony Haden-Guest (Reginald Chatterton)
Thom Keyes (Theo)
Jeff Dexter (Lenny)
Jenny Fabian (Katie)
Johnny Byrne (Johnny)
Pink Floyd (Satin Odyssey)
Ben (Sid Barrett)
The Soft Machine (Dream Battery)
The Family (Relation)
Rik Grech (Joe)
Roger Chapman (Spike)
Tony Gourvish (Grant)
The Nice (The Elevation)
The Fugs (The New York Sound and Touch)
Jimi Hendrix Experience (Jacklin H. Event)
Noel Redding (Keith)
Mitch Miller (Sam)
Aynsley Dunbar (Jubal Early Blowback)
Max (Alexander Sigmund Dnochowski)
Spooky Tooth (Shadow Cabinet)
Zoot Money (Zach Franks)
Andrew King (Nigel Bishop)
Dave Hauseman (Jason Wylie)
Dantalian's Chariot (Transfer Project)

LF.JA.

Spike found himself at the Horse of the Year show last weekend – where the upper-middles celebrate their allegiance to the Crown and equestrianism. Earnest young pony-clubbers compete for the big prize – riding through slalom races with obstacles. One of the games was 'knock the hippies heads off' – each team had to ride over a course, dismount, then throw stones at effigies of hippies until their heads fell off, remount and finish the course. Princess Anne loved it – this was the only event that distracted her from non-stop eating and drinking.

THE RADICAL RESEARCH CENTRE is a non-profit organisation formed early in 1969 to index the many publications of the alternative press. The centre operates through a decentralised network of indexers who send reports in for compilation on computers. They need an indexer for OZ. Anyone interested, write to Radical Research Centre, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. 55057, USA.

Solidarity has published a special report on the Ilford Squatters. Price: 6d. For copies write to Andy Anderson, c/o Solidarity, 79 Balfour Street, SE 17.

Why did Melody Maker refuse to print the ad from Island Records which appears on our back cover?

HEAVY AUTUMN

THE NEW MOBILISATION COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM along with many other groups is planning a series of actions this autumn on an unprecedented scale. The anti-war demonstrations culminate in the US on November 14 with a nation-wide student strike, and November 15 with mass marches in San Francisco and Washington DC, to demand that ALL the Troops be brought home NOW. Co-incidental demonstrations are planned in London.

RONALD REAGAN at the Albert Hall. He will address the Institute of Directors on November 6.
He should be given a big welcome here and anywhere else he goes.

Reagan as killer : His score at Peoples' Park, Berkeley, California (see OUTCRY, reprinted in OZ 21) was:

James Rector, student, DEAD, age 25.

Alan Blanchard, artist, BLINDED for life.

Seventy brothers and sisters wounded.
Give him the welcome he deserves.

SOUTH AFRICAN SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE plans a mass demonstration on NOVEMBER 16 to show support for struggle of the South African people against racial oppression. Inquiries to 211 Ladbroke Grove, London W 10.

BIAFRA WEEK 24th October to 1st November, organised by Biafra '69, a fund raising committee formed in March this year. Events: Albert Hall Pop Concert – Georgie Fame, Delanie and Bonnie (27th October). Ball – Madam Tussauds (31st October). Film – National Film Theatre (29th October). Information: Peter Hazel–Smith 01-437 6002.

because the boys playing football
eat out my heart
that is why i protest
because every policeman like a star
in hollywood detests me
that is why i protest

because the little girl on the fourth
storey falls like a bomb
that is why i protest
because the grocer is full of knives
and i am almost dead
that is why i protest

because we are so in love
and yet are dying
protest protest
because we are men and do what men do
protest

From 21 Songs of the Revolution, by Julian Beck.

COLLECTOR'S DREAM: Two complete sets of OZ 1-21, bound in red leather, embossed in gold. We have only two for sale. They were expensive to bind and will impress your friends. Price: £50 each. Please write to BOUND OZes, 52 Princedale Road, London W.11.

APOLOGY: We were overwhelmed by the response to our Jimi Hendrix poster offer. We had 200 extra printed, but at 5/- a time, we can't afford to run off any more. For those who missed out, sorry

OZ SUBSCRIPTIONS
42/-,/6 dollars for 12 issues.
52 Princedale Road, London W.11.

Mozic AND THE REVOLUTION

When Joshua fit the Battle of Jericho the walls came tumbling down. That's revelation. The holy Ghost talking. So it can be done. The way to crack a mirror or shiver a wineglass is to find the right frequency and pound it. Like those strobe lights that picked up the B-rhythms of some kids dancing around in Ealing or somewhere, and threw them into epileptic fits. T.C. knows a cat in Australia who used to make strange music sitting between two huge columns and singing into them and feeding and feeding it back and back. Finally, he burst a blood vessel in his head and now he's crazy. If you sit a man with a bucket on his head and let a water-tap drip onto it, he'll be crazy within hours. The Japanese taught some Australians that. Music hath charms to tame the savage breast, as Shakespeare noticed. Music hath alarums to wild the civil breast, as well, as Tuli Kupferberg pointed out. It is partly a matter of the mode of the music, but then as well something to do with the ears the music exists in. He that has ears to hear, let him hear. The bell tolling in the desert makes no sound.

What then is the mode of revolutionary music in October 1969? And who's it for? Mick Farren is right to agonise over the superficiality of the rock revolution. The underground is falsely complacent, living on an exaggerated notion of its own importance and effectiveness, which Mick Farren tirelessly deflates and derides. He looks back with furious nostalgia at the time when ugly, desperate, grinding songs were million sellers. When shop-girls, mechanics, storemen, packers, gasfitters, wharlf labourers and their girls, found dignity, lust and anger in the music of rock. It is painful to hear the skinheads saying as they look over the crowds, past the enclosure where the beautiful people bask in a cloud of Mick Jagger's spittle, "Well, the Stones are one of us, arnay?" Expensive drugs, more expensive butterflies, dead mates, Baby Jane Holzer's dildo, no, baby, the Stones are not one of you. By Marianne Faithfull's sacred Mars bar they are not one of you. They are being protected from you by the Underground's favourite scapegoats, the poor old phoney Hell's Angels. In the official souvenir of that concert there is a photograph of the groupies' enclosures backstage, which features, in filthy yellow plush trousers, Ibiza vest, chain, and dilly-bag, the underground impresario himself. The expression on his face sums up the whole blind alley of revolutionary music. "Why isn't it working" those hot eyes are saying. "What the fuck happened?"

Why did Mick Jagger not tell those quarter of a million people to take over the city? Why did they behave so well and pick up all their garbage? They were celebrating their togetherness, boasted the underground. They showed the parent-generation how they were gentle and loving and co-operative. Mick Farren knew that that was not how it was. The phenomenon had been contained. No one need be afraid of the Rolling Stones any more. They couldn't

change a thing. They didn't want to change a thing. They arrived at the head of the pop wave, expressing the vague discontent of their generation. They were rewarded with money and initiated into the fancy vices of the upper class, drugs, buggery, cruelty and vicarious violence. Home video of the Aberfan disaster with "Yes sir, that's my baby" for a backing. Loving, gentle, co-operative my arse. Still, it was genuine. The greasers, the rockers, the mods, the skinheads, the hippies, the yippies, all of your genuine working class youth would have been corrupted in the same way. Only the bourgeoi revolutionary can spurn the insidious rewards this society offers to successful subversion. Only the middle class rebel yearns for the proletariat.

Someone told me times are changing
But looking all around it seems the same
Buying selling running hiding
Wondering if the world has any shame
Looking from my window
Blank faces queue for something new to come
But nothing ever changes
And their dreams all wither in the sun

(The Deviants. Transatlantic)

The rock revolution failed because it was corrupted. It was incorporated in the capitalist system which has power to absorb and exploit all tendencies including the tendencies towards its own overthrow. The Rolling Stones have been absorbed, and their music has been corrupted too. *Honky-tonk woman* like the *Salt of the Earth* is merely a new perversion, a kind of self-conscious slumming. It stinks. And yet, even if Frank Zappa has had to throw Mick and Marianne out of his house in Laurel Canyon, Mick Jagger is still a better man than he, because the deficiencies in his revolutionary theory do not matter, because the corruption and faggotisation of his own character are irrelevant. What is only important, is that the Rolling Stones found the frequency, they sounded the chime, they dripped the tap on to the bucket, they cracked the mirror and busted the glass. *Satisfaction* can never be unwritten. It has been heard, for there were ears to hear.

Frank Zappa is more intelligent and a better musician than any of the Stones, and that is probably why he would never risk immolation as a pop hero. For Mick Jagger is a victim, after all, and it makes little difference whether he is aware of the fact. Though, when he chooses to dance in a studded dog collar and his white clown suit, perhaps we may assume that he has an inkling.) Zappa may enjoy his artistic and other sorts of integrity, but he will never make a contribution to the revolution of sensibility which is the pre-requisite of political revolution. The converted seek out Zappa and learn more about their attitudes from him, but the Stones helped thousands of kids to bust out. What pains Mick Farren, and it pains him terribly all of the time, is that the bust out was so trivial in its immediate effects. So his music dashes itself against the horns of a polylemma — every proposition has its *but*. Music must reach a mass audience, *but* it will then become commercial. Music must please those who hear it, *but* it must not make the unbearable bearable. Music must be violent and exciting, *but* it must not provide harmless expression for violence and frustration. In such a conflict Mick Farren's Deviants could only use music as a weapon. Tune, harmony, rhythm were a bunch of Uncle Tomisms. The Deviants were offensive. Mick screamed, Russ battered. When the equipment collapsed, or silence ensued for any reason, Mick bawled at his audience, pleading with them to tear the hall down, to fuck, or shit, telling them the home truths about the management, libelling, protesting, complaining, cursing. But the audience remained an audience. They listened. They stood still, patient under barrages of feedback and Mick's incomprehensible yelling. They wanted to have a good time, and there was this wheezing Jeremiah begging them to hate something. They were too good mannered even to hate him. Mick ended up hating nearly all his audiences. He meant to yell at their parents, but he ended up yelling at them.

We are the people who pervert your children,
Who lead them astray from the lessons you taught them,
We are endangering civilisation,
We are beyond rehabilitation.

(The Deviants. Transatlantic)

But they aren't endangering civilisation. It's all fantasy. The Stone could claim this, they still could, but they never would. Mick Farren is convinced, passionate, sincere and unsparing of himself in his service of the revolution, and that's just what's wrong with him. Electronic music was a glimpse into the possibility of liberation, not expounded but demonstrated on the nerves; kids began to dance, to leap, and their want was born. Mick Farren understood the phenomenon politically, intelligently. He is still the best critic the English Underground has, and like Jeremiah he ought to be heeded. But he cannot sing. He cannot sing because, although he has a freaky throat, he cannot *hear*. And he never did hear what rock music really was, in terms of guts and glory. He is an impresario, but he does not understand exactly what it is that he's peddling, any more than any other Denmark street wheel-and-dealer. The most significant part of the rock revolution, because it did happen, was that kids got into their bodies. Music is a curious medium. Utterly abstract in its construction, but completely sensuous in its apperception. Tunes, rhythms can only be conveyed by exact mimicry. They are not ideas. Mick Farren writes lovely prose, he has good, tough, sharp ideas, but he is not and never will be into his body. He is a victim of one of the meanest tricks that our sick civilisation plays upon the body-soul hookup, chronic asthma. As a result of it, he is addicted to a particularly brutal form of stimulant. This tyrannical dance with death has too much to do with the kind of music he makes; and with the deadly if microscopic efficiency of the Pink Fairies' operations in fucking up other people's music. King Crimson are still apologising for the gig they did at the Speakeasy, which is the only regime which the Pink Fairies will ever upheave. Because they were put off and harassed by a more than usually drunken and drugged Twink, Steve Tooke and Mick Farren.

But something has happened. The Deviants are no longer Mick Farren's Deviants. Under all the bullshit flummery of the Pink Fairies something was really happening. A leather giant with a deformed arm, and a natural Charles II mane, leans into the mike and says with a maniacal smile, "let's have some fun" before he drives off on deranged lead guitar. That's it. That's the pulse. He has it. The bass player can find it from him, and Russ boxes out the frenzy on drums. The words are inaudible. The band practises these days. They dig it. They are into it. Soon their audiences will fuck without being told. The Deviants have discovered music. They used to be frail and pious. Mick's yelling was still preaching after all. Now Paul Rudolf's "Let's have some fun" could set up a sympathetic vibration in the foundations of the Home Office. Mick has responded to the pressure, which looks these days like bouncing him clean off the stage, with a change in the group's public image. He is no longer il Duce. Russ and Sandy and Paul talk to the papers too. Mick has swapped "The Pink Fairies are organising a musical attack on authority, like the MC5 in Chicago (sic) a strategic, organised and effective attack on the straights" type bullshit for the "If Nat Joseph thinks you're sincere he just lets you get on with it your way" type bullshit.

Factory has yet to publish its deal on the Pink Fairies, with its special record and all that. If it does it really ought to change its name to Fantasy. The basic weapon of the Pink Fairy conspiracy is conservative. The machine gun that will rip open a policeman's chest and furnish Mick Farren with a satisfactory orgasm at last is the weapon of the straights: to kill a man is simply murder; it is revolution to turn him on.

It is not the groups who call themselves Underground who will provide the music that will shake the walls of the city. It is not the polemicists who choose a microphone and electronic backing to continue an argument who will enlighten the straights who continue to be born. It is not the best musicians, and it is not the worst. But it will be done with music.

Beware a man who is not moved by sound.
He'll drag you to the ground
Come dance with me, come dance with me in (Wilson's) land
Come dance with me, we'll beat that hoary band.

(Tuli Kupferberg)
Germaine

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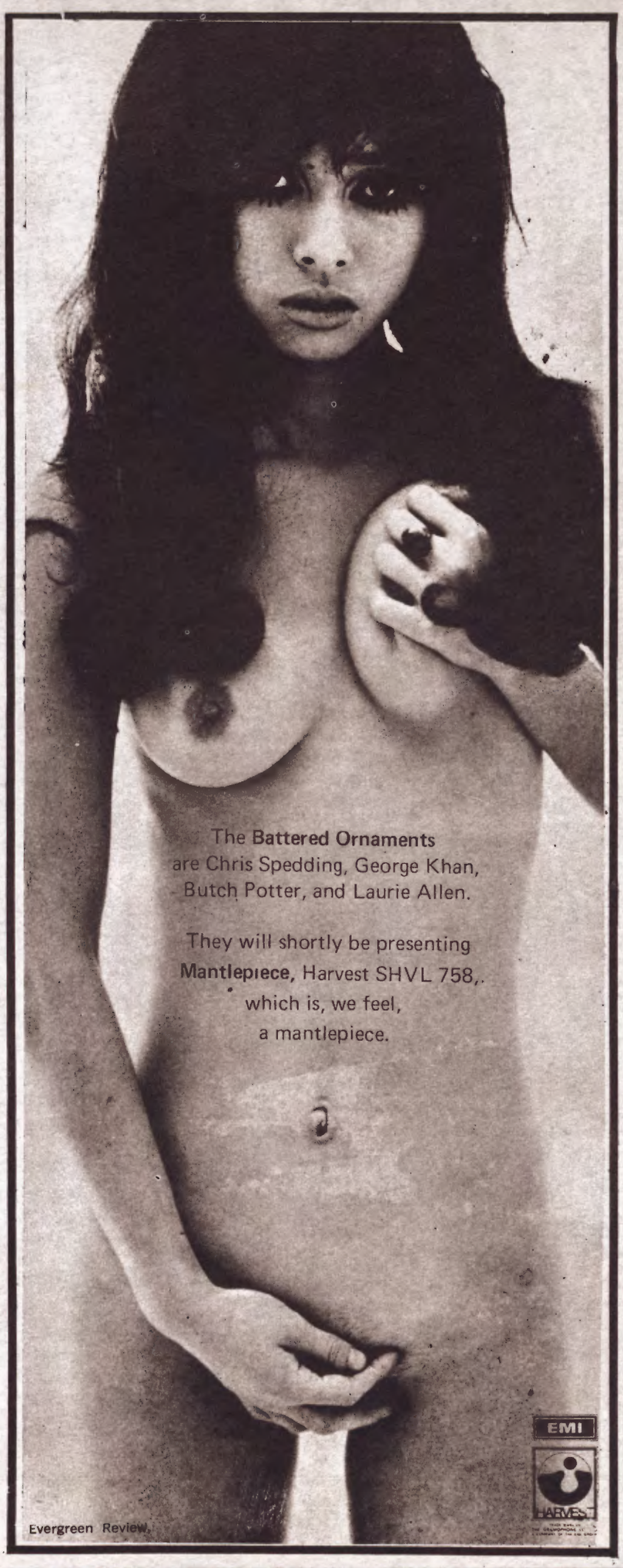

ALBUMS

ARTHUR . . . OR THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. The Kinks. Pye NPL 18317.

Ray Davies' appetite for middle-class, suburban 'Nowhere Men' seems to be almost as insatiable as it is predictable. From early '66, Davies has been writing and the Kinks have been performing that same old song. Is the distance from YOU REALLY GOT ME to WATERLOO SUNSET really much further than the length of DEAD END STREET? I wonder. But there's no denying that if there is little sign of any change in content on the Kinks specialised menu, Davies is still certainly cooking better than ever. Put it another way; if we hadn't heard it all before, this album would probably be heralded with blaring trumpets and ecstatic acclaim . . . but we all know what familiarity breeds.

It's interesting that Davies has always claimed his function in song writing to be that of reporter, rather than preacher. His insistence that he advocates no change in lifestyle for 'Arthur' & friends is fully justified, bearing in mind the strong journalistic overtones of his compositions and the comparatively few 'lapses' into comment. Well, at least his is a more tolerant attitude than say, George Harrison's honking wallowing 'Piggies, in their starched white shirts, whose lives are growing worse, grovelling in the dirt.' Davies will have none of this . . . dig:-

'She's bought a hat like Princess Marina's . . . so she don't care', (what *you* think of her?); or, 'He's bought a hat like Anthony Eden's, he says it makes him feel like a Lord!'. The M.C.5. would not, perhaps be amongst Mr. Davies' biggest fans?

Instrumentally, 'Arthur' is several steps removed from his predecessors, and Davies, always a master of eclectic licence, (nine or is it ten chart single hits is no small feat, whether you care about charts or not), has excelled himself on the arrangements. Ninety per cent of his material is hybrid, it's true, but it's never Xeroxed. I can't ever tell exactly where he steals anything from. Strains of George Martin, Cole Porter, Norman Petty and Benjamin Britten are all in evidence. Welsh Mining Community Brass Bands or B.B.C. Northern Light Dance, Vera Lyn to Beefheart, Ray handles them with the ease that only experience brings. Look, the air-raid sirens! in 'MR. CHURCHILL SAYS are actually in key! How professional can you get?

But, like Townshend's TOMMY, although the music is great fun and an integral part of the whole production, it is specifically designed to serve its purpose, and no more. In fact, no more is required. The music, and even the Kinks themselves, are merely a horse upon which the ever smiling Mr. Davies is firmly mounted.

To give him his full credit, there can be no doubt that Davies lives and breathes his characters. 'Arthur' is his own special anti-heroic creation. You can tell he spies on him, takes notes of him on tubes and buses, collects items on him in newspapers and researches his history with considerable diligence. The album is, in fact, subtitled OR THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE . . . and lines like, 'Mr. Beaverbrook says we gotta save our tin/'cos all the garden gates and empty cans are going to make us win . . .' have that delicate ring of (authentic) confidence. Twisted phrasing has always been a Davies' specialtiy too . . . 'Pack up your ambition in your old kit bag . . .', brilliant!

I do dig this album. It's sometimes sensitive . . 'Some mother's son lies in a field . . . somewhere someone is trying to be so brave . . . ', often heavy-handed . . . 'Australia no class distinction, Australia no drug addiction . . ' He's non-progressive and full of Yorkshire Pudding. I can't help feeling, though, that while Ray Davies' lyrical coat is undoubtedly many coloured, surely by now it must be wearing slightly shiny at the elbows and egg stained round the lapel. After all, he's been wearing it for nearly four years. But perhaps he's comfortable in it like Arthur is in his?

FELIX DENNIS

LOOKING BACK John Mayall Decca LK5010 (Mono) SKL 5010 (Stereo)

The cover is presumably symbolic. I mean there's this backwater railway siding Somewhere In The American West, with engine 1273 looking very stagey and antiquated in the background. And there's Mayall, buckskin jacket and all, hitching himself aboard another train in the foreground, glancing away from the camera, over his shoulder. Looking back.

For a long time Mayall has epitomized white English blues and the Mayall group, under its various aliases (The Powerhouse Four, the Blues Syndicate, the Bluesbreakers *et al*) has acted as a watershed, a catchment area for developing musical talents. The list is long and, by now, well known, and most of them are here on 'Looking Back', naked and unashamed: Jack Bruce, Eric Clapton, Roger Dean, Aynsley Dunbar, Mick Fleetwood, Hughie Flint, Peter Green, Keef Hartley, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Jon Hiseman, John McVie, Mick Taylor. These are all talents which ultimately proved too great for one man to organize and channel. At frequent intervals the watershed has overflowed, the talents coursed away in tributaries until, many times removed from their original source, they have reached the vast sea of their particular public. While Mayall himself remains inland, isolated, accessible only to a few hardy blues pligrims.

As the title suggests, this is a retrospective album, an historical document rather than a piece of living popular music. It covers a period from April 1964 to December 1967 and demonstrates, with its absence of real musical progression (in the same period, for instance, the Beatles moved from **Hard Days Night** to **Sergeant Pepper**) why Mayall has never really made it beyond the record collections of the blues purists, and why so many of those talents found it necessary to split and find their own direction. None of the songs really break new territory. The dominant voice is Mayall's; he explores his own idiom adequately but never attempts to move outside it. This is not to demean Mayall's stature in any way. The musical scene in Britain today owes no man a greater debt than Mayall, but it's sad that the debt will never be paid in the public acclaim the man deserves. Not, that is, while the music remains so insular and the format so rigid.

This then is an album for the pilgrim rather than for the explorers on the frontiers of modern pop. Mayall climbs aboard his train. The train moves off. The rails stretch out ahead, a straight line to the horizon. Occasionally the train makes a halt and passengers alight. They're bored with the journey and this is where they change. New passengers board. The train starts up again. Mayall has to ride it through. He watches the horizon but it never gets any closer.

Graham Charnock

BRAVE NEW WORLD. Steve Miller. Capitol EST 184

Not this time Steve, you didn't try hard enough. You're still beautiful and we luv ya, but you're walking through one track too many, just flashing your credentials. Unfortunately we've got too tough to take the gravy without the potatoes. You taught us to be tough with SAILOR. A battalion of Nicky Hopkins may have helped but then it wouldn't be Stevie Guitar Miller.

I like the cover; it's been out for months in the States you know. Ah yes, that's Steve, all the stuff . . . lovely vocals with the drums. Sha la la la la la, nice . . . a bit of rock and roll, drums good but a bit flashy . . . ordinary blues, unnecessary, what's next . . . lovely opening lovely, dropping off his consonants like Jagger, and there's Nicky, beaut . . . not bad sounds on that side, yeah turn it over for me will you . . . some pretty Miller, a celeste or something in the background, yeah it's alright, but playing around a little, maybe the next one will have the right vibes . . . God, this is ordinary too, a touch of Sailor and Get Back, in fact that's the second bit like Get Back . . . bottleneck, sort of early Stones, these parallels are off putting when you notice them, it's poor and there's only one more track; . . . good good, beautiful bending of guitar strings, nice shuffling beat like Traffic or the band, it's turning heavy, heavier, but it's better than the previous track, the end piece is like the end of side one on Abbey Road, which is like the House of the Rising Sun. Well I dunno, it's good but doesn't grab you like Sailor.

It's awfully well produced, thank-you-Steve-and-Glyn-Johns. The sordid stereo crossovers are delightfully absent. It's a shame you can't produce a one-sided record, then we could salvage a side comparable to Sailor. Not enough of the usual strong tunes, letting the arrangements do too much.

I like it, but, nag, nag, it isn't good enough. You can't save us from drowning and leave us on an island with just a sob, sob, memory of yourself.

Some of it's good to dance to.

T. R. ZELINKA

A WARNING?

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issue a warning:

the photographic illustrations from "Variations on a Sexual Theme" of the variations of position possible in sexual intercourse contained in this book are posed by unclothed human models, together. This book called simply "Variations on a Sexual Theme" is the most intimate and enlightened mannual ever to be published in this country. It contains 40 beautifully posed photographs by a top photographer, showing the basic coital positions, the knowledge of which are essential to ensure maximum sexual satisfaction. It is a book that could not have been published even a year ago; it is no hype.

Each photograph is accompanied by a frank commentary suggesting the movements and carresses likely to heighten each others enjoyment. Because of the beauty of the photographs and the couple portrayed; the exquisite binding, and quality of print, it is undoubtedley going to be a run away best seller. At the moment only a limited edition has been published and is only available by mail order, direct from Julian Press. On receipt of the coupon below and 60s. you will be sent, under a plain seal cover, one copy, which carries with it a seven day money back guarantee if you do not find it as good as we say it is.

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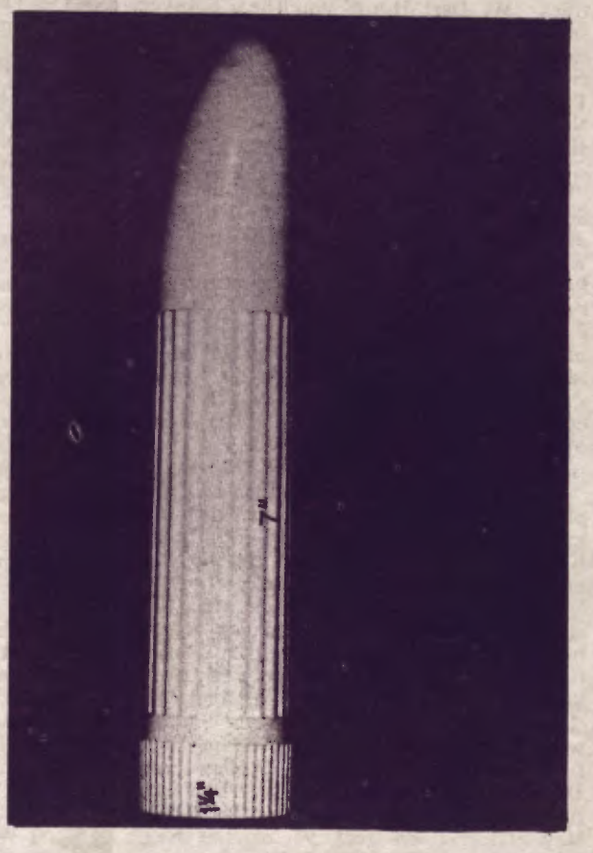

THE BEATLES Come Together

On initial hearing I thought that the isolated life led by The Beatles had at last begun to show in their work: that they lacked new experience and stimulus and consequently had few new musical or lyrical ideas. Paul at home with Linda and Mary watching the box; John and Yoko watching *Top Of The Pops* on telly in the back of their white Rolls with black glass as it cruises down Saville Row on its way to Ascot; Ringo the happy family man and George strangely upset by his bust, uncertain about his friends but singing *Hare Krishna.* But the more you play *Abbey Road* the better it becomes, this is often the case with Beatles material but this time its more so. The same with their musical activity: To many people very little has happened since *Sgt Pepper: Magical Mystery Tour* wasn't issued as an album here and *The Beatles* seemed disjointed and patchy – but *Sgt Pepper* was a long time ago and in fact SGT PEPPER is DEAD! The Beatles, however, are not and have been doing a stack of things.

John and Yoko released "Two Virgins" (Sapcor 2); "Life With The Lions" (Zapple 01) and formed The Plastic Ono Band, recording "Give Peace A Chance" (Apple 13) in a hotel room in Montreal. John joined with Paul to record "The Ballad Of John and Yoko" (EMI R 5786) without the others.

Paul's working on another album with Mary Hopkin after producing "Postcard" (Sapcor 5) but he's not all in the smaltz bag, if you get out the new Steve Miller Band album "Brave New World" and play the last track "My Dark Hour" you'll hear him very smooth on bass and so tight on drums the sound almost goes up its own ass. He is credited under his nostalgic 1950's Mister Teezi-Weezi style name *Paul Ramon.* Needless to say its the best track on the album.

George has been hard at it with "Wonderwall' (Sapcor 1) and "Electronic Sound" (Zapple 02) and in production he did Jackie Lomax's "Is This What You Want" which he also plays on, along with Paul and Ringo and the more recent Billy Preston album "That's The Way God Planned It" (Sapcor 9). He produced and plays bass on "Hare Krishna Mantra" and is revealed to be *L'Angelo Misterioso* playing rhythm guitar on "The Badge" which he also co-wrote. This little recondite cut is found on "Goodbye Cream" (Atco SD 7002) and is very pretty.

Ringo's been into films and has recording plans which I'm told I can't reveal, but he has been getting interested in country and Western music of late – check out his tracks on *The Beatles* and *Abbey Road.*

They made the "Get Back" film and album (now scheduled for January release) but got so fed up with it that they couldn't finish it. Some of the numbers: "Maxwell's Silver Hammer", "Oh Darling!" and "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" were taken from the Twickenham sound track and re-recorded for the "Abbey Road" album. I heard an early take of "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" back in May. It was on reel 97 of the Nagra recordings of "Get Back". The amount of Beatle material is staggering, if they ever issue a variorum edition of out-takes such as the one done with Charlie Parker material, it will take up several hundred albums. The Beatles have moved on again: from the fab four moptops to psychedelia and musical complexity and now a paring down to a more simple music, not a return but a progression.

ABBEY ROAD:

The sleeve photographs by Iain Macmillan, who did their first album sleeve, represent this album perfectly. The picture shows the Beatles happily back at the EMI Abbey Road studios, after a brief flirtation with Kingsway and Trident studios they've gone home to where "Rubber Soul" and "Sgt Pepper" were made on old 4-track equipment. Now EMI has 8 tracks and The Beatles usual engineer, one of the world's best, Geoff Emerick is there and so is (Big) George Martin and all . . . Its like a British *Carry On* film, Abbey Road itself with gentile trees and late Victorian mansions, the studios Battle of Britain modern. All under a blue sky.

Its good British Rock, The Beatles at their worst being better than anything that ever came out of San Francisco and this being much better than that. They combine East Coast Rock with British Umpah music. They reach undreamt, of highs and a few lows but not many and they're still good. You can even dance to it like you did when Beatle-jackets were all the rage (remember them?). I imagine you have this album by now so we won't describe each track, just some of them . . .

The album opens with John's rocker "Come Together". The title is the slogan of Tim Leary's campaign but as John says: "Obviously this isn't a good campaign song, so I'll write him another one. This one just turned out to be a funky bit of rock!" Its simple and good and may be the backside of "Something" when its issued in The States as a single, so John can listen to it without having to hear the whole album. "Something" is by George. It represents the full maturity of George as a song writer (no-matter what Tony Palmer says). Its a pretty song and will last a long time, its also not underground (fortunately, as most underground music sucks). Paul includes "Maxwell's Silver Hammer", a complex little piece, locked firmly into his particular style and often with references (both musical and lyrical) to previous 'hits'. The references to 'pataphysics concerns Alfred Jarry's science of the exceptional. Paul's interest dates back three or four years but he isn't a member. The only British pop group holding any pataphysical honours are The Soft Machine who hold the *Ordre de la grande Gidouille.* This track is a perfect example of Paul's combination of American Rock with British brass band music (he produced The Black Dyke Mills Band if you remember). Ringo's track "Octopus's Garden" shares the same brass band influences, this time combining them with country and with Beatle high harmony backings. Look out for these as they are absolutely perfect! The two heavy numbers on side one are "Oh Darling" and "I Want You" which show the Beatles can do it better than everyone else and that they like it; so do I and I'm sure that you will as well! "I Want You" in fact shows up most heavy blues albums as a pile of shit as nothing could be heavier and yet they don't resort to distortion and feedback, in fact they include some really subtle and delicate passages . . .

Side two *Abbey Road* consists largely of the medley Paul assembled but includes fragments of mid-period Lennon Rock like "Mean Mister Mustard" and "Polythene Pam", the latter of which has lovely English lyrics, "She's the kind of Girl that makes the News Of The World" etc . . . The whole side is an exercise in harmony, colour and texture ("Because" and "The Sun King"), very complex in tone and mood change, meaningless words throughout most as the language of music and musical images are what counts on this album (and on future ones). Some pieces are extrovert *'Beatlemusic'* such as "The End" but others are very personal such as Paul's "You Never Give Me Your Money" which is surely dedicated to Allen Klein . . . "You just give me your funny papers". The Beatles are evolving a whole new musical language again, the words don't matter, they arrive from here and there, often from schooldays: "1234567, all good children go to heaven" or the traditional words to "Golden Slumbers" which are sung (with a very different tune) in junior school. The music with these two pieces is some of the most beautiful on record, particularly behind the "1234 . . ." section where the mixing is done with extreme care and sensitivity.

Throughout the side there are flashbacks to previous tracks, "You Never Give me Your Money" and also references to previous Beatle records "Monday's On The Phone To Tuesday . . ." The Beatles are wrapping it up, progressing to a new simplicity (lyrically) but a new complexity (musically) and between them creating a new high in British pop: "You Never Give Me . . ." is more complex in its editing (actual tape splicing and overlay) than anything on "Sgt Pepper". It makes me happy because when The Stones brought out "Honky Tonk Women" I thought that we only had two top groups anymore (Stones and Who) now the Beatles have soared ahead again and its very nice!

Things have changed: John and Paul haven't written together for two years and the musical identity of each member of the group is becoming more and more obvious in the group albums. I asked John about some of these points:

ON WRITING:

John: We haven't written together for two years except to help if someone needs a line or two.

Miles: *Has this effected your playing together?*

John: It doesn't make any odds who writes 'em. Its when The Beatles perform that makes it into Beatle music. Its a long time since we've sat down and written together for many reasons. We used to write together mainly on tour and then there's a valid reason for it, but it got false: sort of, "Come round to our house and we'll write some songs" you know, just didn't work anymore.

Miles: *Do you find the songs change much when you record them?*
John: Oh Yeah. I mean they can change completely unless you've got a specific idea of exactly how you want the song to go. The whole thing can change completely at the session, just a speed change can alter it. "Come Together" changed at the session: you know you sort of do it the way you wrote it, embarrassedly, because you know that that isn't the answer. Then we thought: "Let's slow it down, lets do this to it, lets do that to it . . . " and it ends up however it comes out.

Miles: *So you still go to a studio without much idea of how it will finally sound?*
John: Yeah . . . you have a . . . like for "Come Together" I just said to 'em, "Look I've got no arrangements for you, but you know how I want it!. you know: mmmmmmmm, yeahhhhhh, and like that" and they play like that. I think that's partly because we've played together a long time so I can say, "Give me this. Give me something funky" and I set a beat maybe and they all just join in.

Whoever sings a Beatles song is the one who wrote it. If they all sing as on "Octopus's Garden" where the lead voice is Ringo and the rest provide harmony then Ringo wrote it and they helped with the arrangements. There is, however, the unifying factor which seems to be a mysterious quality known as *Beatlemusic.*

BEATLEMUSIC:
Miles: *You all seem to play in different areas on this album, there's a very wide range of music.*
John: Well . . . I do what I like and Paul does what he likes and George etc . . . we just divide the album time up between ourselves. Its more apparant on the double album, but its always been that really. The combination music is what we call pure Beatles, maybe like "Its Getting Better" and things like that, where we've all written it and we've all turned it into sort of pure Beatle.

Miles: *The number of new things you've been doing don't seem to have given rise to many new subjects for songs.*
John: Well, what's there to sing about? On the album I sing about Mean Mister Mustard and Polythene Pam, but those are unfinished bits of crap I wrote in India. When I get down to it I'm only interested in Yoko and Peace so if I can sing about them again and again, its only like I'm going through my blue period as a painter. That he's going to paint this cup for a year, go into it, get into that cup. Maybe I'm doing that, and I'll do that till I get tired. I can always write "Mr Kite" any time of day and those songs . . . But when I get down to it I like funky music. I like Rock or Blues or whatever you call it, so what I say is in that given area. On '24 Hours' they sardonically read "I Want You" lyrics: "I Want You, She's So Heavy" that's all it says, you know, but to me thats a damn sight better than "Walrus" or "Eleanor Rigby" lyricwise because its progression to me. If I want to write songs with no words or one word, then maybe that's Yoko's influence. But when it gets down to it, Bop-Bop-a-lula Ba-lim-bam-bam's great! That's what I'm getting round to. I remember in the early meetings with Dylan. Dylan was always saying: "Listen to the words, man," and I'd say, "I can't be bothered." I listen to the sound of it, the sound of the overall thing. Then I reversed that and started to be a words man. I naturally play with words anyway. I made a conscious effort to be wordy a-la-Dylan or whatever it is. Now I've relieved myself of that burden and I'm only interested in pure sound.

MILES

Miles: *What's your concept of pure Beatle?*
John: If I want to sound like "Come Together" and "I Want You" all the time, which I do, always did. You know, "Dizzie Miss Lizzie", whatever it is, I wanted to be THAT GUY. And Paul wanted to be whoever it is he wants to be . . . whenever we all combine and do it, that's what we term Beatle music.

Miles: *You no longer have a group direction?*
John: But we never did! It was just whoever was pushing the limits of the bag at the time. I mean, we often all pushed at the same point, but it was never "This is the way we're going!" As far as we're concerned this album is more Beatley than the Beatles double album, because that was just us saying "This is my song and we do it this way, and this is your song and do it that way."

Miles: *How do you conceive of an album? Do you have a great backlog of material to release?*
John: We've got a lot of songs. The three of us write the most of it. Trying to fit the three guys' music onto one album, its pretty hard, thats why we did a double album, we have so much stuff. But its hard to bring out double albums all the time, it takes us a long time, so we'll probably outlet them on other things like Plastic Ono. We'll split 'em off like that because its like being constipated with all the material. We don't have conceptions of albums. I think Paul has conceptions of albums or attempts it. Like he conceived the medley thing. I'm not interested in conceptions of albums or making it into a show. I like it to be whatever happens. For me I'd just put fourteen Rock songs on.

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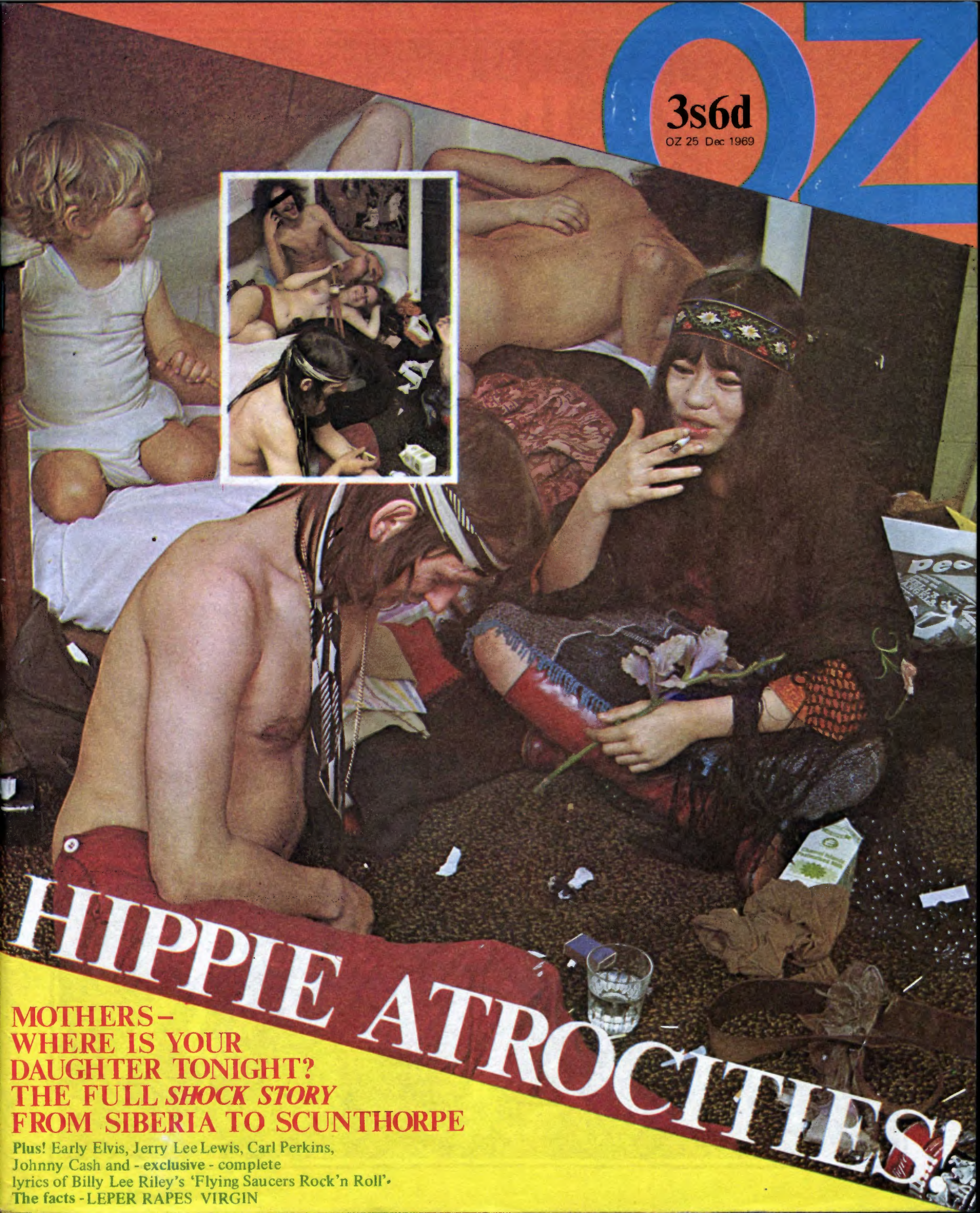
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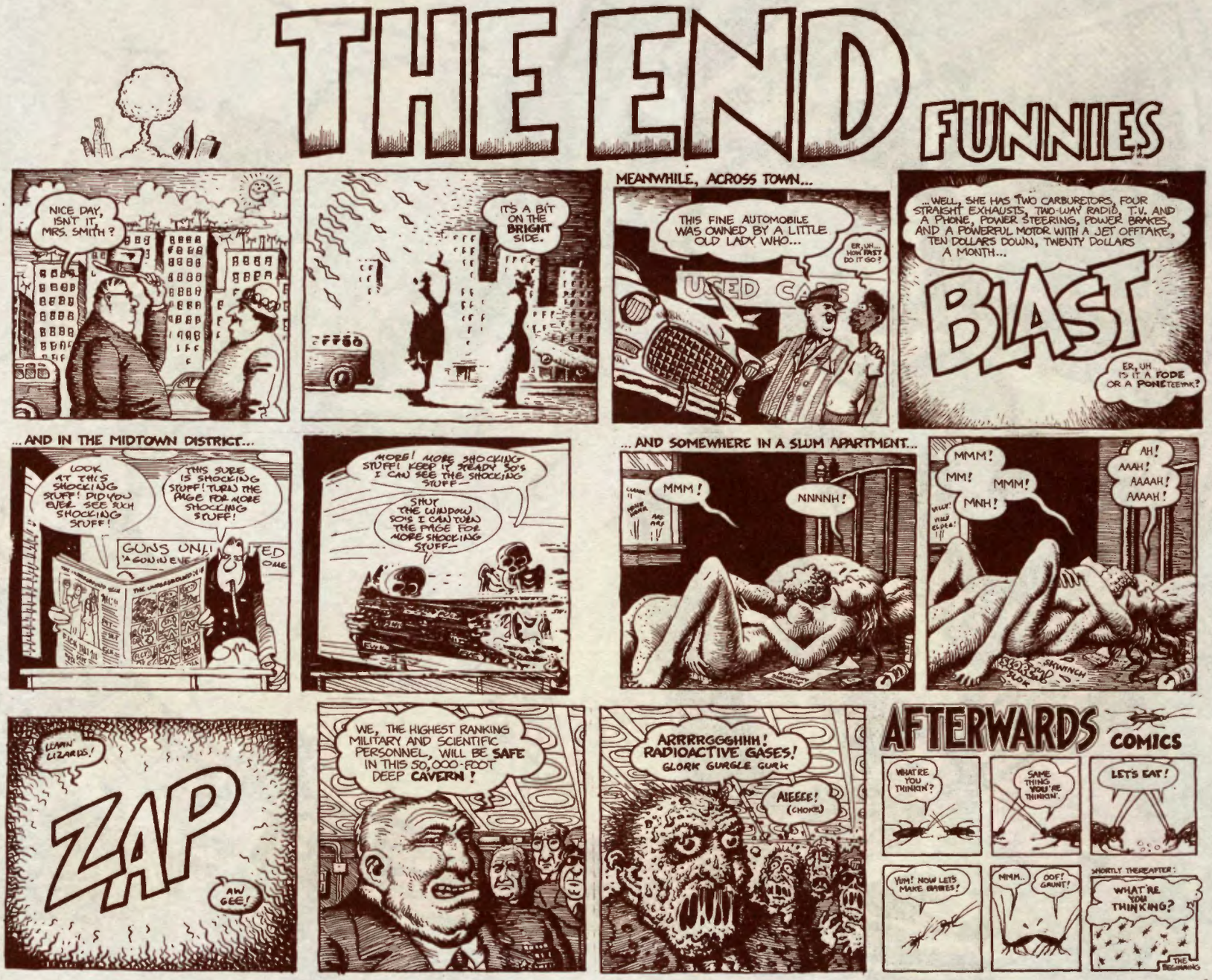
Inside OZ

This OZ is about enslavement – of the body and of the spirit. 'We've lost the art of dreaming' writes Donald Reeves from his parish in that cellblock that is Morden, 'a community organised for death.' We sent two girls to that other hotbed of spiritual rigor mortis, Scunthorpe where they withstood for a whole weekend, seething distrust, rampant inertia and Special Chow Mein (with an egg).

Many of those who reject the lifestyle symbolised by these towns, end up in gaols and courtrooms. In this OZ there is a report from Chicago, where Yippie, New Left and black activists are on trial for conspiring to celebrate a Festival of Life. Also, Harvey Matusow, one of the first to focus attention on hippie prisoners in Turkey, now discovers more hash fiends languishing in Lebanon. Anthony Lorraine, gaoled for 15 months for a similar offence in various Russian prison camps, writes of his experiences. His internment was less stultifying than the three or four years of ingenious subjugation imposed by Oxford University. Two contributors remind us that tomorrow's 'leaders' are *still* being churned out with the same elitist set of prejudices, and the total inability to relate to or communicate with their fellow man, that has traditionally distinguished the Oxbridge product.

Unfreedom everywhere, but small breakthroughs: cultural renaissance via rock music, so a tribute to Sun records and its founder, Sam Phillips; and a tribute of another sort to the 'man without whom . . .' OZ probably wouldn't be here, Jack Kerouac, father of beat, founder of drop-out. His road now leads around the world, and from one lay-by, Ibiza, OZ reports on a personal liberation; learning to love idleness, fun, sun and life. Now read on.



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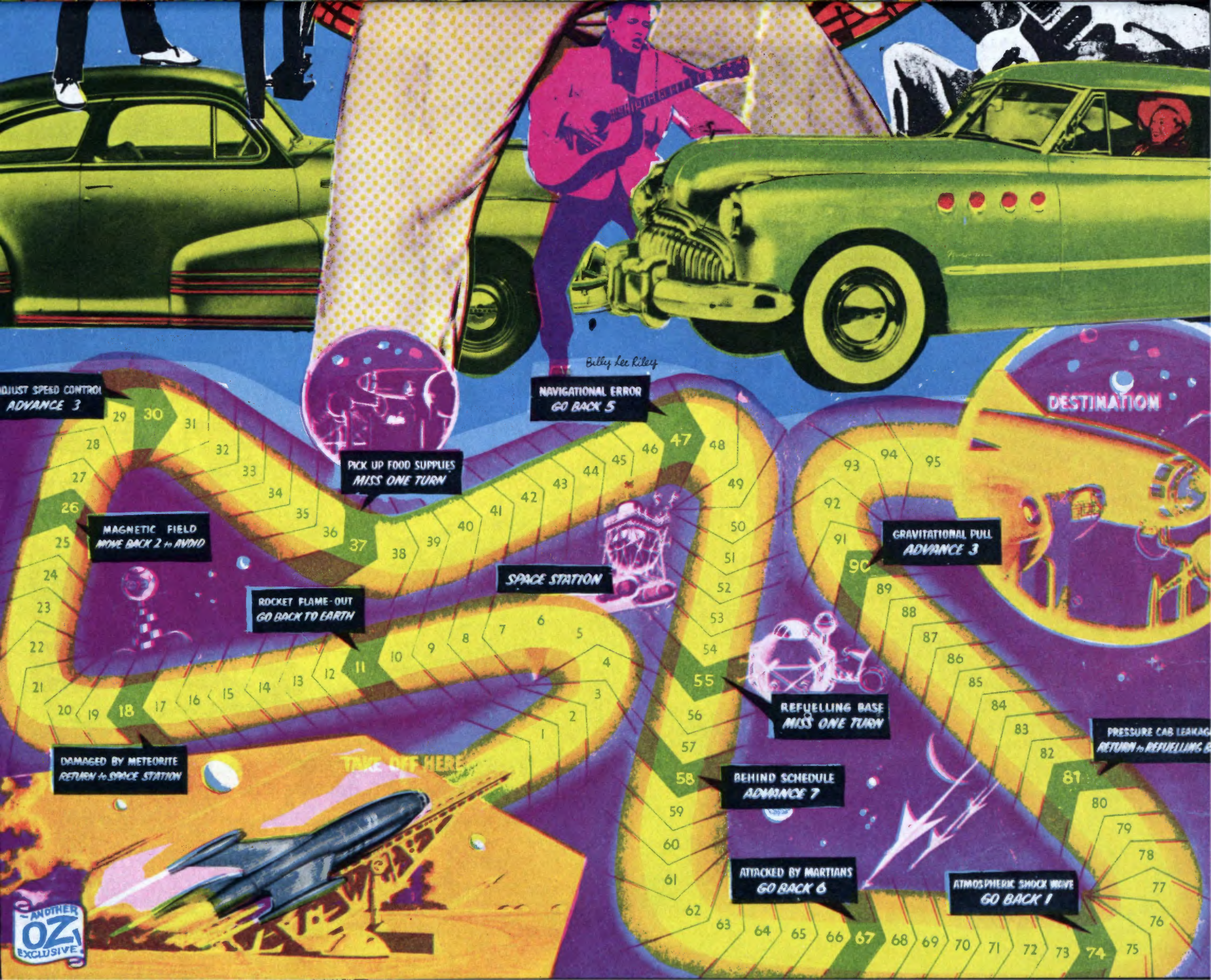
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ADVANCE 3
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ROCKET FLAME-OUT
GO BACK TO EARTH
REFUELLING BASE
MISS ONE TURN
PRESSURE CAB LEAKAG
RETURN to REFUELLING B
DAMAGED BY METEORITE
RETURN to SPACE STATION
TAKE OFF HERE
BEHIND SCHEDULE
ADVANCE 7
ATTACKED BY MARTIANS
GO BACK 6
ATMOSPHERIC SHOCK WAVE
GO BACK 1
ANOTHER OZ EXCLUSIVE

Here's Elvis (the Pelvis) Presley as you never saw him – on the *Sun* label with Scotty & Bill, circa 1956

America's Real Uncle Sam

Robert Finnis Mozic Special

Everybody has heard of 'Blue Suede Shoes' or 'Great Balls of Fire'. They are stock phrases or classic statements in Pop. Even today's teenyboppers have faint notions of their presence.
What have they both in common? Both were recorded in the middle-to-late 50's, both in the same Memphis Studio and by artists born within close proximity in the Southern States. Digging deeper, the two records belong to an impressive list of hits to emerge from one label in the fifties, which in three years was to grow from just another tiny label into a major force on the 50's rock n' roll scene and yet – this is significant – remain, by choice, a minor label; *Sun Records*. *Tamla-Motown* and *Stax* began in similar trappings (later in the time scale) but have by now, in the late 60's, become million dollar corporations. Only Spector's defunct *Philles* label can be compared with *Sun* in as much as they both had a readily indentifiable sound which made a sizeable impression on record charts while remaining essentially one man companies.

Excelsior BMI

SUN RISE

Sam C. Phillips was born in Florence, Alabama in 1923. After forming a country group in his earlier days, he then became a D.J. and the early 50's found him cutting demos and masters of local blues singers on 'race' records as they were still known in some parts. This was a minority market, but a steady one and Phillips did fairly well leasing suitable masters to labels such as *Chess/Checker, R.P.M.* and *Modern* and coming up occasionally with hits such as 'Rocket 88', by Jackie Brenston on Chess. (1951)
At this stage his small studio had a few microphones (some say only 2 at first) but this was suitable for the blues sounds which didn't rely too much on perfection but general feel, soundwise. Others he recorded were Howlin' Wolf, B. B. King, Ike Turner, Rufus Thomas, Bobby Bland and Joe Hill Lewis.
In 1953 he formed the *Sun* label and early releases included discs by Rufus Thomas, Willie Nix, Roscoe Gordon and a young Junior Parker, billed as Little Juniors Blue Flames. Soon they had a small hit, with a sad, melodic disc by the 'Prisonairres', inmates of the Tennessee State Penitentuary. The song, 'Just Walkin' in the Rain', was recorded 3 years later in 1956, by a then commercially popular white artist, Johnny Ray, who stole the honours.* *Sun* continued to put out discs by blues artists, but by 1954 a very few white singers appeared, some singing straight country boogie or C. & W. The label was now dealing with two ethnic groups, and releases were few and far between – a policy which was to remain.

ELVIS PRESLEY

The famous appearance of Elvis Presley on the label occurred in July, '54 with two simultaneous releases out of the blue, crammed in amongst a few blues/gospel discs and a country record:-
206 'Cotton Crop Blues'/'Hold Me In Your Arms' – James Cotton
207 'There Is Love In You'/'What'll You Do Next' – Prisonairres
208 'Right or Wrong'/'Why Do I Cry' – Buddy Cunningham
209 'That's Alright'/'Blue Moon of Kentucky' – Elvis Presley
210 'I Don't Care If The Sun Don't Shine'/'Good Rockin' Tonight' – Elvis Presley
211 'Just Rollin' Along'/'Drinking Wine' – Malcolm Yelvington
212 'The Boogie Disease'/'Juke Box Boogie' – Dr. Ross
Phillips was a shrewd man and the white kid was the first artist he had with a youthful image. The constant spate of up-tempo blues and boogie tunes reveal that Phillips was right on top of the scene and knew that something was about to break, although it's possible he didn't know what, otherwise he'd be the richest man in the world. He had Presley listen to the original 'That's Alright' by Arthur Crudup and told him to do it his way.
The biggest and most influential disc-jockey in Memphis, Dewey Phillips – no relation to Sam – played 'That's Alright' one night in July of '54. Presley hid in a cinema to avoid the embarrassment and tension (although he told his parents to listen in) of hearing himself.
Forty-seven listeners called in asking for a replay and fourteen sent telegrams to learn where and when the disc was available. The DJ ended up playing the record seven times that night and it sold 7,000 in Memphis alone within a week. Bob Neal another D.J. signed Presley for a C. & W. tour which carried him through the South.
A few releases later, Elvis followed up with 'Milk Cow Blues Boogie'/'You're a Heartbreaker' on *Sun* 215 and 'I'm Left, You're right, She's gone'/'Baby Let's Play House' on 217. Other *Sun* releases still consisted mainly of blues names and in Autumn '55 Presley's last *Sun* release 'Mystery Train'/'I Forgot to Remember to Forget' (223) appeared.
By this time he was the biggest celebrity in the South since Robert E. Lee. There was hunger for his kind of music, but the starving audiences at first didn't know what the hunger was for. When it came along in the form of a white boy moving in a field previously run by coloured guys, they recognised it. The late Steve Sholes of R.C.A. heard him and for the first time ever an executives fund was formed to raise the $35,000 Sam Phillips asked for Presley's contract and all *Sun* masters so far, including some unissued ones. They got Presley (who got $5,000 in the deal) and Phillips thought he'd got the best of the bargain.
The *Sun* masters had cost next to nothing but while he knew Presley would be big, he 'never thought he'd be that big'.
The *Sun* recordings were all White kids singing the blues' – the first rockabilly sounds. The white kids enunciation of the blues.
As Rock n' Roll gradually came into it's own, Phillips began recording more and more white artists singing rock n' roll, while the minority appeal blues artists were dropped. Even country artists were forced into rock n' roll because that's where the bread was, although at a grassroots level they were carrying on a tradition.

Vocal U-143

JOHNNY CASH

In the South there's been a long tradition of musical interaction between spiritual and gospel music. Suddenly blues merged with country. In this way the early pioneers of rock music presented what some call rock-a-billy music to the mass commercial market for the first time. It wasn't R. & B. but it was a legitimate inheritor of the blues heritage and it served as a means of introducing some of the qualities of 'soul' to the mass American audience. It was an exciting and vital contrast to the moribund tin-pan alley product of the day.
About the time Presley was hitting his peak with Sun, a country singer from Arkansas Johnny Cash (b. 1932) auditioned for Sam Phillips. Cash had been a farm boy who'd joined the airforce and in his spare time had learned the guitar and developed a style which came from the blood; he was a country singer. After he left the service he hit Memphis then the 'coolest' place and along with his Tennessee Two (Marshall Grant on string bass and the late Luther Perkins on lead) prepared for the audition. Phillips was impressed and 'Hey Porter'/'Cry, Cry, Cry' was issued on *Sun* 221 in late '55. It became a national hit, selling 100,000 in the South alone and a year later he was named as the most promising C. & W. artist of the year in 4 polls. The fact remains that Cash was the first young country singer to make it in the pop field on the scale of a pop artist with continued success, without ever veering from country, an extreme rarity in those days.

CARL PERKINS

On the rock n' roll front, Elvis had a contender with Carl Perkins. They say that Perkins could have given Presley a run for his money, if it wasn't for his

*In 1953 five temporary residents of this Nashville Prison formed their own so called group – 'The Prisonairres' and wrote their own original material. 'Walking in the Rain' turned out to be a small hit, and then 20 per cent of the profits were turned over to a rehabilitation centre. Before Ray's version became a smash, four of the group had been released. Johnny Bragg co-composer of the song, was still serving a sentence for an offence he committed in 1938 when he was 17. Johnny Ray's label *Columbia* held Bragg's royalties for him. The four others renamed themselves 'The Marigolds' and pursued a career in the South.

Sam C Phillips in the original Sun studio.

Johnny Cash – before he met Bob Dylan.

Elvis's first recording: in '54 when Elvis was truck driving he used his first pay cheque to record 'Blue Moon' for his mother in the recording booth Sam Phillips let out for private recordings. A year later when Sam wanted a ballad recorded ('I Love you because') he called in Elvis, but he started to sing the blues, which led to his first release 'That's all right'.

One Sun recording was released approximately every three weeks.

crash, but this is doubtful. He wasn't as good looking as Presley, who had a kind of Valentino appeal. Perkins looked and was a pure country boy. But the ethnic value of his sound and contributions cannot be denied. His first appearance was on an obscure *Sun* subsidiary label, *Flip*. This was, according to Sam Phillips, a 'non-union label for testing out new talent'**

The disc was 'Movie Magg'/'Turn Around' (both C. & W.) on flip 501. It was withdrawn soon after and Perkins reappeared in Autumn '55 with a single on *Sun* 224 'Gone, Gone, Gone' (rockabilly)/'Let The Jukebox Keep on Playing' (C. &. W.) Perkins was equally at home with country or rock n' roll and his raw, but fairly disciplined powerful voice, epitomised country-rock. The back-ups weren't very tight but more relaxed and rickety, a chug-a-long quality. Never any hard electric stuff. After 'Gone, Gone' did fairly well attracting D.J. interest in Perkins in the South, where he was gigging successfully, he wrote 'Blue Suede Shoes', reportedly after hearing a youngster at a dance date say another 'Watch you don't step on my Blue Suede Shoes'. Phillips liked the song and at a session on Boxing Day 1955, they cut the title along with 'Honey Don't'. It was issued on *Sun* 234 simultaneously with another Perkins disc, more in the country vein, 'Sure to Fall'/'Tennessee' (235). We know what happened to the first although Poor Old Carl had his shoes scuffed by the Pelvis who later shamelessly covered it. Nevertheless it did become the very first of 4 or 5 discs which topped all 3 charts (C. & W., R'n' B. & Pop). Music record has a definite semi-acoustic sound, not quite high-powered enough, but definitely a landmark sound.

On the way to the Ed Sullivan Show on March 22nd 1956, Perkins was seriously injured in a car smash in which his brother was killed. Perkins was in hospital for 6 months and Presley did the show instead, thus becoming the first rock n' roller to do a national T.V. Show probably the main factor in breaking rock n' roll along with Payola. Perkins had other hits on the *Sun* label: 'Boppin' the Blues' (1956) and 'Your True Love' (1957).

THE THREE SOUNDS OF SUN
1 – GRADE 'A' COOKING

The *Sun* sound can be split into 3 categories or sounds. The first includes all discs from 1953 to early '57 and was the best. It included a wide range of discs, both blues, and later '55-'57 rock n' roll or rockabilly. All these discs (as with most of the very best rock n' roll records) were recorded on comparatively primitive equipment and to compensate, voices, instruments, etc. were boosted or 'cooked' electronically with echo, compression, etc. so that the final sound consisted half of reality, half of 'dream distortion'.

What makes those records so good is that were they crystal clear, the crude reality of the sounds would be brought painfully out. However, with a cooked sound – what went into the mikes was very different from what came out in the booth – the reality was lost.

**It was discontinued after a man called Ed Wells, who ran another 'Flip' label (they had a 1956 hit with 'A Casual Look' by the 'Sixteens') sued Phillips over the name.

Of course the 'cooking' was beneficial. The most popular device flutter echo put a hard, extremely earthy edge to anybody's voice, a fierce back-alley echo. To begin with, this early sound had one important factor – bass. There was a lot of bass, especially bass drum, on some of the records. Most of the back-ups usually 3 piece, centred around the string bass, closely recorded and struck with a drum stick to produce that chugging, slapping sound. There was usually plenty of presence although the voice might be lifted into ghostly heights by the flutter echo. (A recent example of this contrast is 'Bad Moon Rising' by Creedence Clearwater, which is by their own admission an attempt at the *Sun* sound, and a very successful replica it is too).

2 – JERRY LEE LEWIS

Jerry Lee Lewis was the kind of artist that had to happen. Wild, eccentrical, extremely talented, he first appeared on *Sun* 259, 'Crazy Arms'/'End of the Road', in October '56. He was basically a country singer at this time although he had dabbled in boogie forms. 'Crazy Arms' didn't do much, but things well and truly opened up with his next release which crashed the world charts 'Whole Lotta' Shakin' Goin' On'/'It'll Be Me', on *Sun* 267. This song had been recorded early in March 1956, without success, by a coloured group called the 'Commodores' on *Dot* and theirs was more Haley like. (Also recorded by Dorothy later 'Dotty' Fredericks). Lewis went on to score more gold discs with *Sun* 281 'Great Balls of Fire'. *Sun* 288 'Breathless' and 'High School Confidential' on *Sun* 296. Then came the U.K. tour with the muck-raking nationals rooty-tooting about Jerry's under-age wife. (Presley could get away with it – Priscilla Beaulieu his wife, was only 12 or 13 when he began dating her in Germany in 1958, whilst in the army.) After a few gigs he returned home disillusioned and depressed and whether by coincidence or not the hits stopped coming. Soon as he got back Jerry [illegible] the U.K. affair. Issued on *Sun* 301, it was called 'Return of Jerry Lee' (coupled with a narration by Lewis Boogie).

The disc had little commercial value but was a sketch of Lewis arriving back at the airport and being interviewed by the typical corny American Reporter, billed as 'George with Lewis' who began by asking how the latter was feeling, after the appropriate airport noises. Suddenly the voice track was cut and a segment of Lewis' vesion of 'I'm Feeling Sorry' inserted. The collage with a play on words made up the whole track. Not surprisingly it didn't sell (wasn't issued here, natch!) but on the other hand it cost nothing to make and it must have made Jerry Lee feel a whole lot better. He was back on form two releases later with 'Break-Up' (*Sun* 301) but though this rocker sold well he couldn't match up to his previous success on disc, until 1961, when he had a surprise smash with 'What'd I Say' (*Sun* 356) after a period in the doldrums.

The early Lewis discs had represented the second style in development of the *Sun* sound. This was tinnier with less bass than the earlier Presley, Perkins, Cash sound. The slapped bass had gone and the rhythm back-ups were more conventional with everybody following Jerry's voice and piano, always in complete autistic control. One gets the feeling, as all the other instruments rumble on after him on his famous crescendos, that they were mindless pawns scuttling after the leader with cries of 'anything you say, Jerry Lee'. However, the weird recording techniques and primitive acoustics of the sound were still in force up to mid '58. The way Sam Phillips recorded always produced a sound which can only be described as 'raw' and the simplest back-ups could be transformed into a wild, distorted, rave-up.

Sun wasn't the only label capable of this. All over the country exclusively between the years '55-'57 the smaller labels especially, because of lack of facilities, were turning out weirdies of studio gimmickry, some extremely exciting. Once they latched on, the bigger companies copied. *Capitol* with Gene Vincent & the Bluecaps on 'be-bop-a-Lula' and *Coral* with the Johnny Burnette Trio's utterly fantastic 'The Train Kept a-Rollin' (both '56). Of course some were *too* primitive and laughably so. For instance, on 'Red Headed Woman'/'We Wanna' Boogie' by Sonny Burgess on *Sun* 247 (June '56) there's a fair amount going on, with a sax player and various voices yelling in the background, but unfortunately it sounds as if it was all recorded through one microphone. A muffled thump is keeping the beat while Burgess sounds as though he's frantically vocalising with a pillow between him and the mike. On top of this the sax playing Hell fills in the background, sounds like a comb with lavatory paper. Unintentionally, an amusing sound.

3 – SETTING SUN

With the coming of better techniques and equipment by late '57 the studios had more or less tied down recording and could capture a singer's voice and instruments accurately and yet, ironically, this was a bad thing for rock n' roll. With the primitiveness went the fire, earthyness and the fever. Compare the electronic gimmickry of 'Great Balls of Fire', late 1957, its 'popping' effect (break-up of the signal to the mike – occurs with consonants such as 'p' and 'b') on the vocals, to the faithfully recorded 'Money' recorded in *Sun's* newer studios in Nashville, 1960.

In short by 1960 the *Sun* sound had been lost and entered the final phase whereby any of their discs could have been recorded by anyone, anywhere in America. The 60's brought a death blow to *Sun* (original rock n' roll had died by '59) but they had several more pop/rock hits like 'Lonely Weekends' by Charlie Rich (1960) 'Mountain of Love', Harold Dorman (1960) and 'Pretend' by Carl Mann (1960). Cash and Perkins had long left the label, but Lewis remained until 1963 when the label ceased to function except for a few sporadic releases.

After 1960 Lewis was produced by Sam's elder brother Judd Phillips, in Nashville, who swamped Jerry Lee in brass and girly choruses in an attempt to modernise him ('Good Golly Miss Molly', 1962, 'What'd I Say', 1961) but succeeded only in recording Lewis, who was going through a bad period, into mediocrity.

Phillips never had any ambitions other than money and he never developed *Sun* into anything bigger. Everything was purely functional. He had several subsidiary labels Flip, Blackgold, and the

Well it's one for the money
And two for the show
Three to get ready now go cat go
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes
You can do anything that you want to do
But don't step on my blue suede shoes.
Burn my house
Drive my car
Steal my liquor from an old fruit jar
You can do anything
But lay off of my blue suede shoes
Blue Blue Blue, Blue Blue Blue,
You can do anything
But lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Blue Suede Shoes, according to a taped interview with Carl he woke up at 4 a.m. with the idea in his mind, wrote it down on a piece of brown paper and took over to Sam in the morning. They chewed it over for a few weeks before recording it. Story of overhead conversation was probably promotion material.

Carl Perkins missed the sunshine – still down south.

'Return of Jerry Lee Lewis': never released in G.B. or London (although they had it) because part of lyrics went so:
Q. 'And What did you say to Queen Elizabeth?'
A. 'Goodness gracious, great Balls of fire!'

Jerry Lee Lewis

MIGHTY BABY

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largest 'Phillips Int. which featured Charlie Rich and Bill Justis, the *Sun* house-arranger who hit with the instr. 'Raunchy' (1957) and Jack Clement a house writer/Producer.

There was a philanthropic workshop atmosphere at the label, with everybody playing on everybody else's records anonymously and besides it was a good way to make a few bucks. In the mists of time, however, nobody knows who played where and even Elvis is supposed to have played on a record by Billy 'The Kid' Emerson, called 'Red Hot'/'No Greater Love' (*Sun* 219), circa early '55. 'Play guitar, Elvis,' yells Emerson on the latter title, just before the break.

On a sadder note, were the guys on *Sun* who never made the big time. Names like Sonny Burgess, Warren Smith, Roy Orbison, Hayden Thompson. They were all talented but only a few could make it 'National' and they fell by the wayside doomed to regional success – usually in the South, where some were bit stars – after only a few discs on an unprolific label, release-wise.

Roy Orbison developed a new romantic, singing and writing style on joining Nashville's Monument label in 1959 and consequently became one of the classic names of pop with many hits on that label. Prior to this success, in 1956, Orbison had been a High School student in Texas and impressed by Buddy Holly's progress he formed a group called the 'Teenkings' which performed locally. Holly introduced Orbison to Norman Petty the former Svengali and Roy cut four sides in Petty's tiny studio in Clovis, N. Mexico, two of which were released on the local *Lyrel* label, 'Ooby Dooby'/'Trying to Get To You'. These didn't happen, but on Johnny Cash's recommendation Orbison sent them to Sam Phillips who liked them and had him re-cut 'Ooby' and put it out on *Sun* 242. The record sold 350,000 just scrapin' the national chart. He had several more *Sun* releases billed as 'Roy Orbison and the Teenkings' and Orbison moved to Memphis where he lived for a while. The subsequent releases didn't sell but he appeared on all the rockabilly tours.

'On our early tours, we had two Cadillacs. One for me and one for my group. We couldn't really afford them. On one tour, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Warren Smith and myself and band all had our own Caddies – about seven or eight. We formed a caravan and followed each other into town. I'd put in as much as 5,000 miles in that car in one week, driving myself.'

Elvis had a Cadillac, too. It wasn't his, but we didn't know that. He's appeared in the Southern States in a pink Cadillac and in his lace pink and black outfit. The outfit came from a man's shop in Memphis, on Beale Street. It was called 'Lansky Brothers'. They had all this wild gear. The coloured guys were the first to wear those clothes. That was a big thing, to get those clothes, a diamond ring and a Cadillac. All the rockabillies got their clothes there.'

Phillips is quoted as saying (of Orbison) 'I knew his voice was pure gold, but I'd felt he'd be dead inside a month if people saw him'.

Others like Ray Smith and Hayden Thompson were losers because they were derivatives of the more successful *Sun* artists. Although they cut some good sides, they sound either identical to a more successful stablemate or a conglomerate of two or three. Smith sounds like Jerry Lee/Carl Perkins, while Thompson is more like Presley. He even went around in a truck with 'You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog' on the side, dressing and behaving like Elvis. Sonny Burgess could easily be mistaken for Perkins, while others like Warren Smith became pawns. Smith was a pure C. & W. singer but rock n' roll was where the gold was and Phillips had him record this style.

His first 'Rock n' Roll Ruby' on *Sun* 239 (penned by Johnny Cash) sold well but didn't go national and he cut others in the rock n' roll vein like 'Ubangi Stomp' and 'Miss Froggie' (both '56).

These were all early *Sun* classics with plenty of 'bottom'. Ubangi Stomp, a heavy 'bopper', is amusing as it shows up Smith's dislike of singing rock n' roll, his flips always being country.

The humourous lyrics are sung in an utterly indifferent, dry, unhappy sounding voice;

'Well I've rocked over Italy and I've rocked over Spain,
I rocked in Memphis, it was all the same
I've rocked through Africa and rolled off the ship,
Saw them natives doin' an odd lookin' skip,
Well I looked up the chief, he invited me in,
Heap big jam-session 'bout to begin.'

He was glad to leave *Sun* to record his real love, country, but has long since been lost in the morass.

BILLY LEE RILEY

Sam was perceptive but overlooked one singer who had the looks and style to have made it in a very big way but as pop history has it, he remained popular only regionally.

His name was Billy (Lee)Riley. Unlike all the others, Riley didn't have the typical 'Southern Boy' looks of Perkins, Lee Lewis, Ray Smith, etc. but more mysterious in the Presley manner, and this was partly due to his Red Indian blood. He had very high cheek bones, a very hard face and was a little younger than the rest, being 20 and whereas the others looked like grown men, he retained a boyish quality like Presley whom he vaguely resembled. In 1956 after a long stint in the army, he recorded a master in Memphis with Jack Clement (who was soon after to join *Sun*), which Phillips purchased and issued in June '56; 'Trouble Bound'/'Rock With Me Baby'. The disc, a la Presley, didn't do a thing, but Sam Phillips saw something in the boy although as with Elvis overlooked his total potential. Riley's next release recorded at *Sun* was 'Flying Saucers Rock n' Roll' (*Sun* 266, Oct. '56). The record wasn't as cumbersome as its title but a great sound, well recommended. A typical rock tune (or anti-tune) it was primitive, echo-laden and a typical Sun smasher. His voice was literally *all* grits n' gravel and after a session like this his vocal chords must have looked like rhubarb. He made Cochran sound like a honey-voiced choir-boy. Too early to be derivative Riley was singing what was in the blood, like all those early singers circa 1956. It sold about 30,000 and Riley with the enthusiasm of a young guy on the make, thought he was in for the big time. But he wasn't. He began to tour on the Rockabilly shows and his next release sold 50,000, became very big in the South and nearly broke out in the rest of the country. This was 'Red Hot', similar to 'Saucers' but not as good, being bogged down by a back-up vocal chorus. After bordering on the brink this disc with Carl Pekins on guitar, didn't live up to its initial promise but Riley found himself popular especially on tours.

'Talent will out' didn't seem to work for Riley though, and his subsequent releases bombed. He sessioneered for Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee, but left the label in 1960 and has since been lost in the mists of time, making discs for other labels, some of which made use of his harmonica prowess. Until his very recent release on U.K. *Stax* 'Goin' Back to Memphis' he had never had an English release in 13 years.

London Decca, an excellent, diverse label in its heyday, never saw fit to issue many *Sun* discs over here.

THE GREATS . . .

Pop has never been acknowledged as a music of the people like Jazz, blues, folk, etc., but as a worthless money-raking media. Sam Phillips had those latter motives in mind (he only paid 3% as to the usual 5%) but what he was putting down was basically a valid music form, young mid-fifties Americana expressing itself in a new found way. He claims to have to believe in a record before he put it out and the comparatively few releases bear out this claim.

If you take a 20-25 year old singer from a group today and get him to sing even the simplest songs like 'Good Golly Miss Molly', he'll sound ill at ease, not in control; subservient to the song. On those early *Sun* records the vocalists had full dynamic authority, they were men before their time and this applies, of course, to others like Little Richard, early Gene Vincent and to a certain extent Johnny Burnette.

SAM PHILLIPS

Today, Sam Phillips, now 46, looks exactly the same. He is immensely rich and has various broadcasting and recording interests, but the *Sun* rights have been taken over by Shelby Singleton, the writer/producer/publisher, although Phillips still has some controlling interests.

Recently, Singleton activated a 'new' *Sun* label and several albums of the original *Sun* hits by Cash and Lewis, re-mixed in Stereo, have been issued, also others by Charlie Rich and Roy Orbison.

There is a large stockpile of unissued material, especially of blues artists from the pre-1955 days. The original studio, where all the million sellers were recorded, has been pulled down and the Sam Phillips complex is now located close to the heart of Downtown Memphis, where the studio is hired out to all labels/producers.

There are many more companies today than in the old days of *Sun* and the later *Stax*. More studios, more companies, many of them operated by producers and engineers who originally cut their teeth in the '50's with artists from the *Sun* stable, like Roland Janes, lead guitar on 'Whole Lotta' Shakin', who owns the 'Sonic Sound Studios'.

Sam Phillips turned down Conway Twitty, Buddy Holly ('too much like Elvis') Sam Cooke, sadly neglected Billy Riley and sold Elvis for £10,000. But all in all the list of names Phillips introduced to records is staggering, so total, that it will probably remain unbeatable. Unbeatable till eternity

Well the little green men were real hep cats
Rockin' and a rollin' to the crazy flats,
I couldn't understand a word they said,
But the crazy beat real stopped me dead
Well I come out of hiding and I started to rock
And the little green men taught me how to bop
They was three foot high Hit a few bars
Brought rock and roll all the way from Mars.

Billy Lee Riley – his Red Indian heritage very apparent.

The Sun Legend!
by Paul Vernon

If you're into Blues Rock-a-billy, Rock, Country or Sunfreak, this is the book you've been looking for. Available from Dobels, Charing Cross Rd. W2, or from Paul Vernon, 172 Cricklewood Lane London NW2 at 7s plus 1s postage. Get your copy now!

Sam Phillips started out in 1950 as D.J. and Band Promoter at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis. He set up Sun Studios in 1953. He is now a Millionaire, owning the three studios in Memphis where most of Memphis Soul is recorded.

Not the original studios, but its all we could find

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The Great White Wonder

Felix Dennis

The Great White Wonder (Bob Dylan with his pants down)
Bob Dylan (& Guests) No label/no number.

November the 24th 1969. 'The Great White Wonder' hit London in bulk today as Jeff The Fireman hawked sealed copies from a cardboard box tucked nervously under his arm. 'Five ten a set, man . . . take it or leave it . . . sorry, cash, no cheques . . . take it or leave it . . .'. Mostly they were taking. Five pounds and ten shillings might seem a lot to pay for two records, even a bootlegged double Dylan L.P., especially as only last September Rolling Stone reported it retailing in Los Angeles stores at under half that price.

It's being marketed like dope. There's the same restrained air of paranoia, the absurd metaphorical telephone calls . . . 'You know, man . . . **THE** album . . . look, man, this is an open line . . . Whaadaya mean which album?? . . . stupid muthafucka . . . **THE** album . . .', the huddled street corner conversations in the 'Gate, a flash of blue notes and everybody wondering just who is burning who.

Jeff is hustling, but handing over each copy sadly as his stock dwindles. His contact tells him this will be the only shipment to London for three months and he wishes he had more. He refuses to tell just how many have been sent . . . 'Don't want no aggro' from C.B.S. do I? . . .', but it's obvious that buyers are not hard to find. Although we've been hearing whispers about 'those tapes' for months now, they've been hard to locate. I can remember a freak at the original Arts Lab' excitedly playing me half a side on a battered cassette recorder as long ago as November '68, but generally they've only been available at an unbelievable price from under the counter of one very hip London record store, which specialises in the 'Import-upmanship' game, or from friends of friends of friends who have friends in the States . . .

And where, exactly, did they come from anyway; these treasured great white elephants? The mysterious promoters of what must be the biggest pop music find/fraud since Mrs. Holly so 'luckily' stumbled over the forgotten tapings of her dear, departed Buddy whilst clearing out the attic, seem to have availed themselves of two major sources of material. The first is from a tape allegedly taken in a Mineapolis hotel room back in December 1961, featuring Dylan rapping obscurely on four tracks and singing on twelve others, accompanying himself with guitar and harmonica. If the date is correct this would mean Dylan had not at that time signed his recording deal with Columbia Records, and indeed, two of the songs included, 'Man Of Constant Sorrow' and 'See That My Grave Is Kept Clean', are merely earlier versions of numbers included on 'Bob Dylan', his first Columbia L.P. Apart from one other song on the package, 'Only A Hobo', (which had previously been released on the Broadside label on 'Broadside Ballads Volume One; A Handful Of Songs About Our Time', with Dylan masquerading as a certain Blind Boy Grunt), none of the other twenty odd cuts have seen the light of day before, except as material for artistes like Manfred Mann, The Byrds, Brian Auger & Julie Driscoll and The Band. It's The Band, too, who provide the musical accompaniment for Dylan on the second tape source, the by now infamous 'basement tapes', recorded in the cellar of Dylan's upstate New York home, just prior to his journey to Nashville early in '67 to cut 'John Wesley Harding'. Titles from this session include, 'Mighty Quinn', 'If You Gotta Go — Go Now', 'Tears of Rage', 'Wheels On Fire' and 'Nothing Was Delivered'.

The last, and most recent track in the whole collection, 'Livin' The Blues', was taped directly from Dylan's appearance on the 'Johnny Cash Show', televised in the U.S. earlier this summer. It features Bob mechanically C & W'ing his way through a composition suspiciously reminiscent in both title and chord structure to the old Tommy Steele hit, 'Singing The Blues'. This is pure 'Skyline' Dylan. The (Isle of) Wight suited hype who smiled condescendingly through his beard at us for an hour in September. Here, as then, he sounds vaguely bored with his own performance. The audience is ecstatic.

Sound quality throughout the twenty six tracks might at best be described as mushy. At worst, it's absolutely dreadful. Generally speaking, the Minneapolis tape seems to have suffered least in the transition to flat plastic. Many of the cuts on the 'basement tape' sound at times as if they were recorded by an enterprising neighbour from a room adjacent to the cellar, or as if at some point they had been subjected to re-recording over a long-distance telephone hookup. It would hardly be fair to suggest that this represents The Band at their best. Often bass and high treble frequencies are lost altogether, songs fade abruptly in mid chorus and words are buried in humm and feedback. Poor Richard Manuel (of The Band), who, if I'm not mistaken, is harmonising with Dylan on these songs, either had a really bum mike or a sore throat . . . listen carefully in 'Mighty Quinn' and you'll hear what I mean.

Remember that none of this material was ever intended for release. And, in a way of course, there lies half the appeal of The Great White Wonder. Here's Mr. Dylan with his pants down. Dylan **exposed**. Dylan **vulnerable**. Dylan without the stifling protection of Albert Grossman, CBS Studios, Bob Johnson, handpicked Nashville session musicians and the best engineers that money can buy. Proof that behind the publicity mask of Bob Dylan there lies . . . what? A happy family man who digs jamming with friends in his own cellar? It would be nice to think so.

Technical hangups aside, it's still fascinating to hear America's answer to Donovan prove that when it comes down to it, nobody, but nobody sings Dylan like Dylan. 'Tears Of Rage', for example, is so far removed from The Band's own version that I had difficulty in placing the song at first. His phrasing, timing and delivery are, as always, superb and completely unique. With Dylan singing it, this song takes on a whole new meaning; the story of a man confused and utterly bewildered at the miserable condition of his own country. A man outraged by his treatment and the treatment of his friends and fellow citizens from the 'authorities'. This is 'Desolation Row' Dylan . . . 'Tears Of Rage, Tears of Grief/**Why** must **I** always be the thief?' Why? Why? Why? He may well ask.

Of the new material on the 'basement tape', 'Open The Door Richard', is probably the most outstanding. Now, wait a minute. Don't I remember that chorus from an old, warped 78 by, er . . . yeah . . . Roy Fox and His All Star Band? Wasn't 'Open The Door Richard' a knees up tango out of the pre-war madness of my mother's childhood? I rang her. Yes, of course she knew 'Open The Door Richard'. She sang it to me and I listened in embarrassment . . . it was the same. Another Dylan put on. O.K. I know he's mumbling, 'I've heard that song before . . . right after the chorus . . . irony with a capital 'i' . . . but is that why such an amazing song (and it **is** an amazing song), was never released? How long does copyright last on a song anyway; not that plagiarism ever bothered Dylan before.
For those who like their Dylan straight, undiluted and non-electric, the hotel tapes contain a wealth of nostalgia and 'honest Bob'. That bitter, angry young man, passionately denouncing the Klu Klux Klan for beatin' up them niggers because they git uppity if they ain't kipt dahn, boy . . . on the farm . . . cotton sacks/on their backs/railway tracks/peepin' thro' the cracks/of the wooden shacks . . . the white man's preacher screams at a black man who's had the impudence to learn to read . . . 'What you don't un'erstan' boy is that there is lots o' **good** ways f'r a man to be wicked!' Oh, really?

Or try this, from 'Abner Till', to story of the beating of an innocent negro '. . . And I'm just singing you this song/to remind you that this sort of thing is still goin' on/ . . . an' so that we can make this great land of ours even greater t' live in . . .' How far from Woodstock Nation, Abbie Hoffman or the analogies and metaphors of 'Highway '61' could you get? Why, even Dylan might permit himself an indulgent smile at these takes. Still, it's good to listen to him singing in that nasal voice and picking his guitar and blowing his harmonica and coughing and rapping and pretending he's (the new) Woody Guthrie. He was young and poor in those days, and like he said later on in 'Just Like A Rolling Stone' . . . 'when you ain't got nothin', you ain't got nothin' to lose . . .'. That's exactly how he handles these sixteen cuts; easy, relaxed and like he ain't got nothin' to lose. Which he hasn't.

The Byrds– always beyond today

"While there is an underlying consistency to all their work, The Byrds have a capacity to grow in a way uncommon to the pop scene. They are always pushing themselves to the next plateau, even with one eye glancing at their past...Before seeing the group live I played "Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde" several times and loved it without qualification."

Jon Landau, Rolling Stone.

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Well that's how a poet feels, because he's no different from everyone else. What makes a poet different is that he takes time to put it all down on paper. Beautifully. And what makes Leonard Cohen a very different poet is that he turns his poetry into songs.

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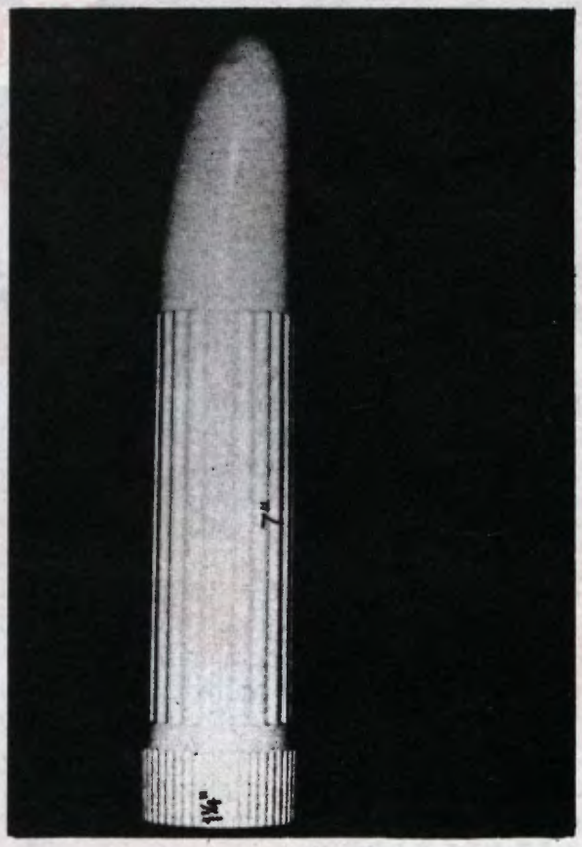

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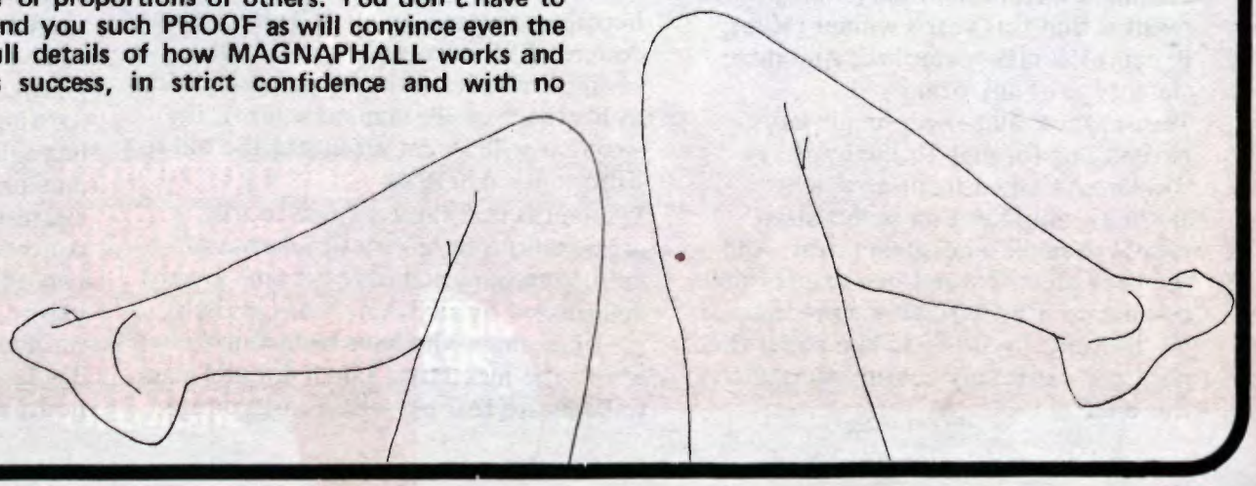

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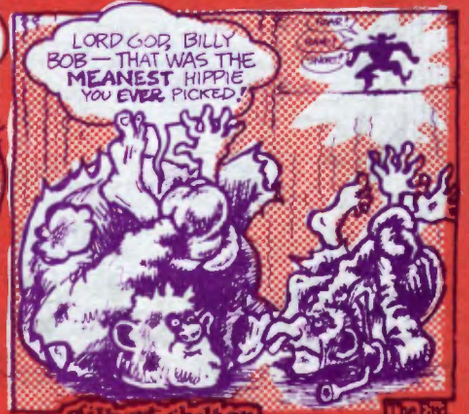
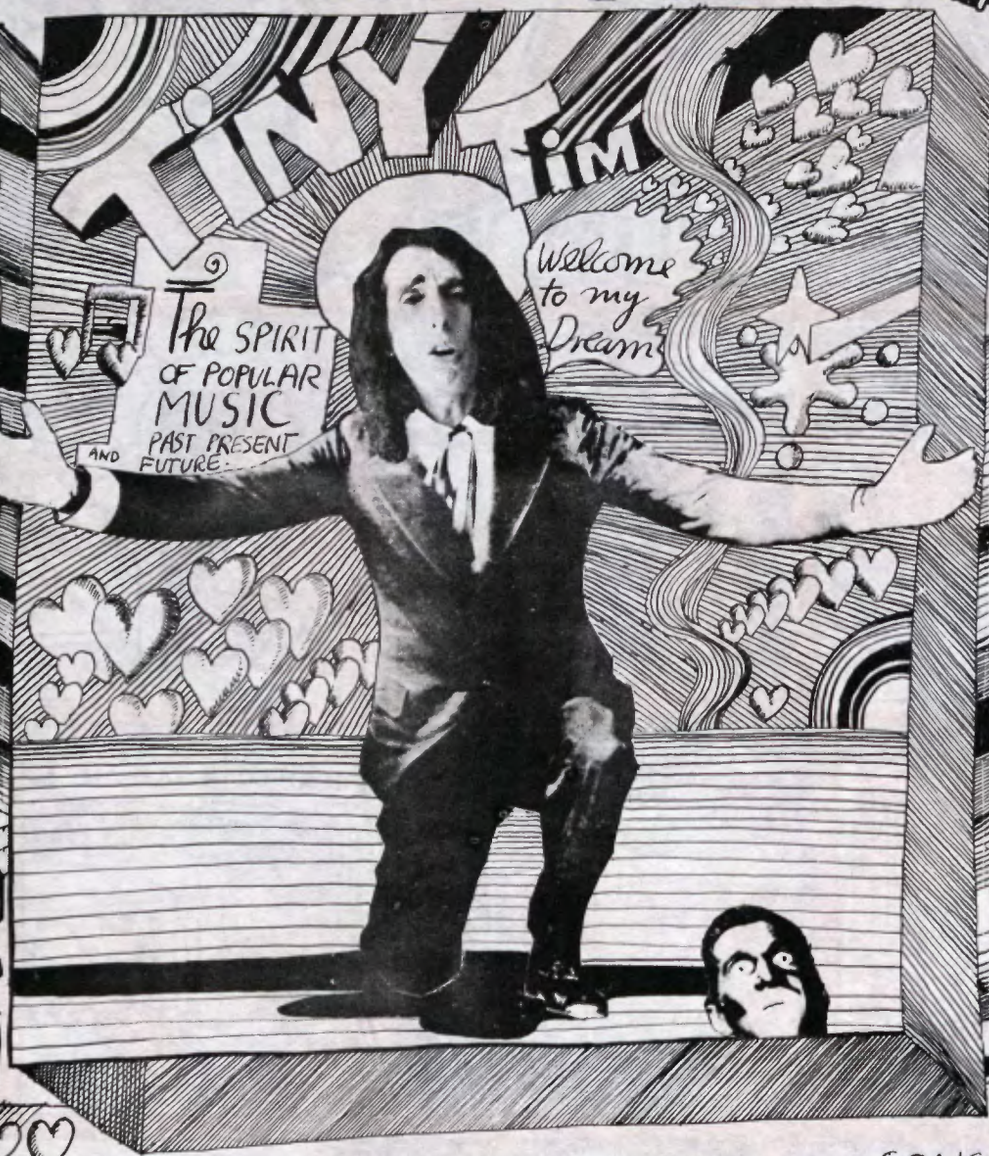


HEAR YE HEAR YE "The BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS"

PRINCE TINY TIM JONES



"I LOVE ROCK & ROLL, but the SPIRIT of the SINGERS whose SONGS I DO are LIVING with me" "I Sang in back alleys and on Subway trains"

"ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS TO SPREAD JOY ALL OVER"

will you be here long- or just passing through ?

Don't tell me rainbow was late getting in

even as a child, I used to get a thrill just watching the shellac records spinning around on the turntable. I'd press my nose to the label and it was like magic to me. I actually felt as if I was living in the grooves—and I really haven't changed at all: Even now, when I get a big box of records, I drag them to my room, close the door, wind up my 1909 Victor phonograph and listen to them straight through. Maybe I'm a living ghost of the past, but it's more than just singing to me. I go into a trance and usually end up sitting there in my room with my head lodged inside the horn of my record player.

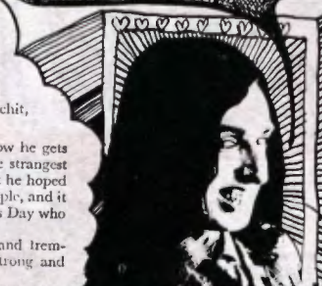
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

A GHOST STORY OF CHRISTMAS

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit,

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.



Come Tiptoe through the window

Well here I am on record AT LAST! It feels so WONDERFUL to be here on my first Album....

"IT'S THE SINGER NOT THE SONG"

"FOR A BIRD OF THE AIR SHALL CARRY THE VOICE AND THAT WHICH HATH WINGS SHALL TELL THE MATTER"

I'm a looser, a clumsy clown
So why does she come around
acting so sweet... Is she just
laughing at me ?????"

Tiny Tim's actual age is unknown—to all except himself and his parents. "I consider I am 16," he smiled.

EVERYONE COME TO THE BALL
I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU ALL

"I heard a linnet courting
His lady in the spring
His mates were idly sporting
Nor stayed to hear him sing
His song of love—
I fear my speech distorting
his tender love"

"The True Love Of A Good Woman Is The Only Thing Missing From My Life."

"I See Her Face Each Time I Sing."

Tiny has seen this vision, this inspiration, for as long as he has been singing. "She has never deserted me," he declares. "She is between 15 and 25, and is always with me. I guess I always needed an audience, and back in those very hard times when I was first starting to sing, I had to invent one. Anyway, this is my dream girl, and I think one of the reasons that I must go on singing is the strong hope I carry that she will someday really appear, in the flesh."

Secret love, where are you?

"When I met my future wife I knew I had seen her before . . . she had come to me in a dream as a fairy princess. I fell in love with her. I shed a little tear and put it in an envelope to keep"

"He held out his hand
and she had to comply
he spoke with his eyes and
a beautiful lady became Mrs. Brady"

MISS VICKI

AND NOW THE MOST PROFOUND DUET IN THE LONG HISTORY OF SONG!

SHE: COME COME MY LIFE IS LONLEY LONG FOR YOU

HE: COME COME I LOVE YOU ONLY MY HEART IS TRUE

I GOT YOU BABE
I GOT YOU BABE

"WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD CHILDREN I USED TO KNOW"

Loveliness is EVERWHERE
FEAR'S JUST IN YOUR HEAD
FORGET YOUR HEAD
AND YOU'LL BE FREE
FREE FREEEEEEE

YOU CAN KNOW IT ALL
IF YOU CHOOSE
REMEMBER LOVER'S NEVER LOOSE
THEY ARE FREE
FREE FREEEEE

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then?

THE ARTICULATE AUDIBLE VOICE OF THE PAST, WHEN THE BODY AND MATERIAL SUBSTANCE OF IT HAS ALTOGETHER VANISHED LIKE A DREAM.

THE WORLD IS WIDE
WITH MANY TIN
BUT FEW SO RARE AS
TINY TIM.

The ICE CAPS ARE MELTING
THE TIDE IS RUSHING IN ♫
ALL THE WORLD IS DROWNING
TO WASH AWAY THE SIN."

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW IS LOVE SWEET LOVE
NO NOT JUST FOR SOME.. BUT FOR EVERYONE

TINY TIM WANDERING THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, SINGING TO ALL WHO WOULD LISTEN, IS A TRUE MINSTREL OF THE AGE. HE IS THE WISEMAN PLAYING THE FOOL, AMBIGUOUS, MULTI VOICED. EMERGING AS A GREAT STAR AT A LATE AGE AFTER YEARS OF DEVELOPING HIS ART IN OBSCURITY. HIS 1968 CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL, BACKED BY THE LONDON PHILARMONIC, CONDUCTED BY HISS ARRANGER, RICHARD PERRY WAS A TRUELY VIRTUOSO PERFORMANCE. ON FIRST HEARING AND SIGHT TO THESE EARS AND EYES IT WAS... DARE I SAY MIND BLOWING!..... HE GAVE AND GAVE AND GAVE..... MUTATING BEFORE ONES EYES FROM THE IMMORTAL INNOCENT TINY TIM.. TO AL JOLSON... TO WILL ROGERS TO RUDY VALLEE.. TO BOB DYLAN DISSOLVING AND REFORMING, SPLITTING IN HALF, MALE AND FEMALE. EACH SINGING A LOVE SONG TO THE OTHER... MERGING AGAIN TO ELVIS PRESLEY... RUSS COLOMBO... BING CROSBY... THE ONE SINGER WHO IS ALL SINGERS.. A PROFOUND CLOWN.. A GREAT ROMANTIC, THE SPIRIT OF POPULAR MUSIC MADE FLESH. THE MOST INCREDIBLE VOICE IN CAPTIVITY. SO PURE, SO SURREAUL.... WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID, IF YOU HAVE EARS TO HEAR LEND THEM TO DERRY DOVER, LARRY LOVE, TEXICALI TEX, JUDAS FOXGLOVE. TINY TIM HE WILL THEM TO OVERFLOWING....

"GOD BLESS US EVERYONE!" Said Tiny Tim... the last of all.....

. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-bye they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of Pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child
And he laughing said to me

Pipe a Song about a Lamb
So I piped with merry chear,
Piper pipe that song again—
So I piped.. he wept to hear

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe
Sing thy songs of happy chear,
So I sung the same again
While he wept with joy to hear.

there are three main reasons why I sing. The first is to give thanks to God for the gift he gave me. Number two is to cheer people whether they are young or old, with a song of the past or present. And number three, and perhaps above all, is because of all the lovely women who with their beauty cause my heart to overflow with joy.

IF I MADE A MOVIE I SHOULD LIKE TO PLAY "SCROOGE" IN "A CHRISTMAS CAROL"

BY The late & great Robert Bridges, Charles Dickens, William Blake. Also Tiny Tim Fan Magazine "Kerille". Tiny Tim's 2nd Album "God Bless Tiny Tim" "For All my little friends" assembled by MARTIN SHARP.

'Hip pocrates'

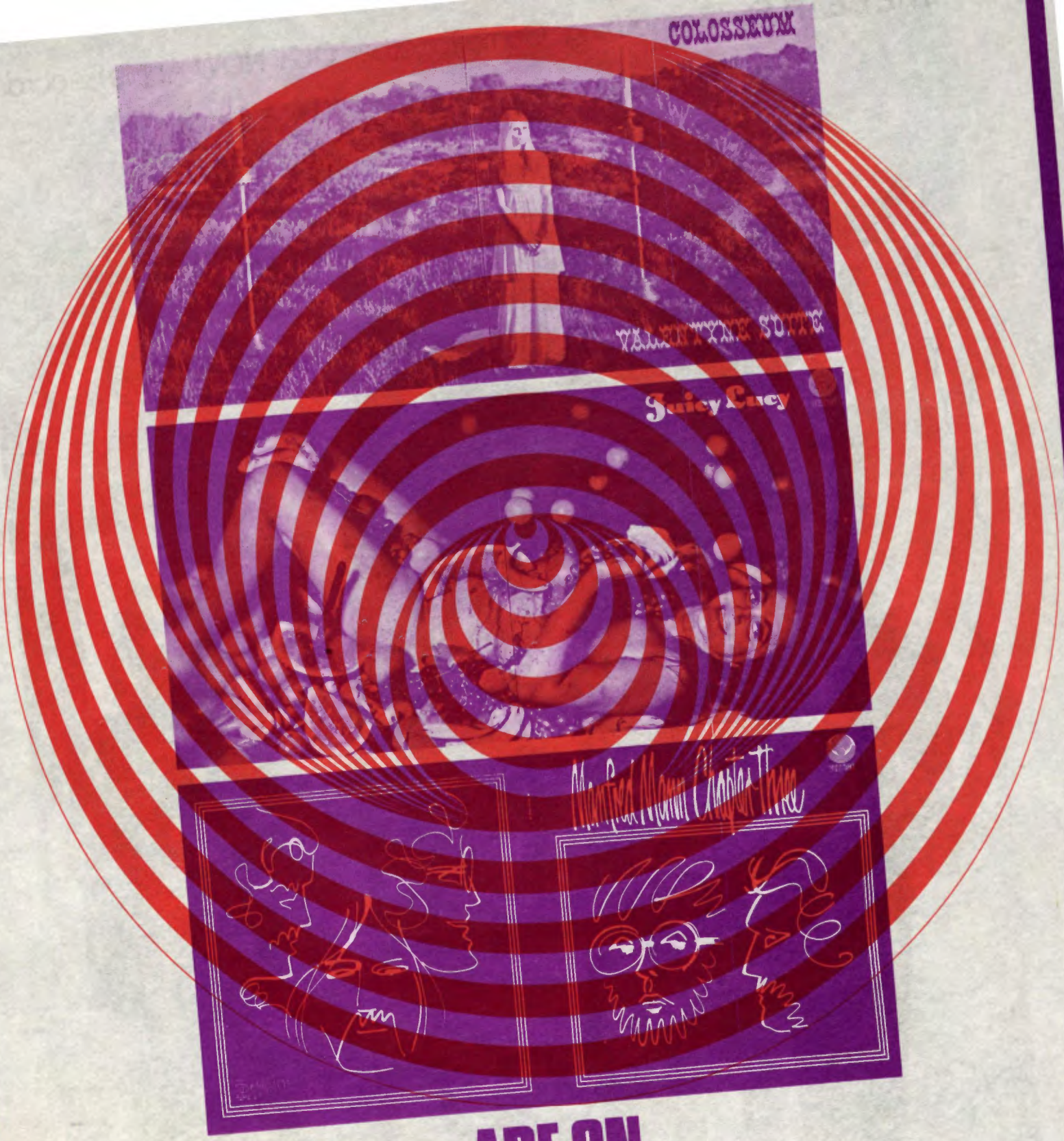
QUESTION: I am a very early riser, strictly a morning man, and my mate is a late sleeper. Therein lies my dilemma.
There is nothing I like better than having intercourse with her as she awakes, or more precisely, waking her up with the actual coital act. When first awakened, she sometimes is a bit irritable but quickly gets over this.
Since there is little or no foreplay involved, I cannot sustain myself long enough for her to achieve complete sexual gratification. I'm beginning to be concerned about the wisdom of this practice but I don't want to give it up because it really does turn me on.
We are not up-tight about this thing but I do feel the need to improve the situation for more mutual satisfaction. What can we do to help my mate achieve sexual gratification on short notice?
P.S. This letter is on the level.
ANSWER: You could spend months or years of psychotherapy trying to determine why you wish to take your wife unawares — or adjust to the situation. If this is a frequent practice your wife isn't *really* surprised. But if she can't get any satisfaction, neither will you — fully.
Sounds as if you two should discuss very openly with each other your mutual needs and wants.
Incidentally, my laboratory assistant says she can think of no better way to start the day.

QUESTION: I have a story I would like to relate to you. Here it is:
Herb visited Linda in December and again in July. He did not see her in the six months inbetween and therefore did not ball her during that time.
Linda stopped taking her birth control pills early in April and became pregnant later that month. She claims that Herb is the father. That she carried around the sperm (or the fertilized egg) from December until April and when she stopped taking birth control pills became pregnant. She is now four months pregnant.
A psychiatrist told Herb that this is possible. The Free Clinic said it was impossible. I personally don't believe it.
Have you ever heard of this? Do you think it could happen?
ANSWER: Linda will have to accept some other explanation. Pregnancy could occur, for example, without intercourse if the sperm were deposited at or near the vaginal entrance. Perhaps Herb misinterpreted the psychiatrist's words. He might have said something like 'Well . . . anything is possible, but . . .'
Spermatozoa can remain alive in the vagina no more than 2 or 3 days whether or not a woman is taking birth control pills. Deep-freezing can maintain sperm cells in a state of suspended animation for long periods of time. But your friend would have had to be quite literally frigid for this phenomenon to occur.

QUESTION: If you have been circumcised, can you become uncircumcised through a skin graft? One of my friends has been to Japan, and he says there it is quite common for men who have been circumcised to get skin grafts.
ANSWER: Medical opinion remains divided regarding the merits of routine circumcision.
Urologists, *movies*, and other proponents cite the lack of penile cancer in Jewish men and the low incidence of cancer of the cervix in their wives. Circumcision prevents an accumulation of smegma, the cheesy substance beneath the foreskin thought to be a cancer-producing irritant. Routine circumsition also prevents tightening of the foreskin and certain penile irritations of infancy. Opponents or routine circumcision point out that psychological effects on the infant are unknown. How does he perceive this attack on his privates? No anesthetics are used and the baby almost always cries, though many physicians say the baby feels no pain (they mean it doesn't hurt the physician). Freud neglected this area, perhaps because he was a victim of the ritual.
Claims have been made that uncircumcised males are more sensitive, but the few objective tests made of this question have shown no difference in sensitivity.
My own opinion is that routine circumcision is unnecessary if mothers learn how to care for their infant sons. The foreskin should be regularly (and gently) pulled back from the head of the penis and accumulated smegma cleansed with soap and water. Boys should be taught this as a matter of personal hygiene. But even with scrupulous cleansing, some males will have persistent irritations and tightened foreskins requiring circumcision later in life. And circumcision in adult males requires hospitalization for several days (several months ago I printed a letter from a fellow who broke some stitches while kissing his girl goodnight).
Skin grafts to replace severed foreskins are possible. But so is the graft of an entire penis (non-functional, except for the elimination of urine).
A physician proponent of routine circumcision said of his opposition. 'They are wrong to the amount of difference.' Or maybe it's much ado about little.

QUESTION: For almost as long as I can remember I have had small pimples on the lower underside of my penis. They are about the size of goose pimples.
At first I thought that this was normal but then I began to wonder. Please tell me if my conditions is abnormal and, if so, what to do about it.
ANSWER: The 'goosebumps' you describe are oil glands, many of which contain hairs. They are a perfectly normal part of the adult male anatomy. If you still have doubts, why not ask your physician next time you have an annual examination.

Dear Dr Hip Pocrates is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. $5.
Send your questions c/o OZ.



ARE ON VERTIGO

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THE BEATLES 'Something' 'Come Together' **OUT NOW** Apple Records

This interview with Peter Fonda is extracted from the Georgia Straight, an Underground newspaper published in Vancouver, British Columbia.

PETER FONDA: There was these pictures on my desk in the motel room in Toronto, and one picture showed me and Bruce Dern from *'Wild Angels'* riding along the Venice beach-front just before we pull into Dern's house, in the beginning of the picture . . . Only the picture was printed in such a way that all the background was almost washed-out – the beach and everything was very white and all you could see was Dern and me on the chop . . . and I thought Hey that's a far-out image . . . and I looked at it for a second you know, two guys – not a gang, but John Ford and Ward Bond, or Monty Clift, the searchers, just two cats man . . . Far-out image . . . and then I was playing my guitar for a while, and then I played 'Fat Angel' by Donovan, whose first lines are: 'He'll bring you happiness in a pipe. Then he'll ride away on your silver bike. And apart from that he'll be so kind, in consenting to blow your mind . . . Fly Trans-Love Airways, get you there on time . . .'
I thought Man, yeah, that's the image . . . So I thought, these two guys they go across the country; all sorts of things'll happen to them, all sorts of different situations – always I said with *themselves* they come face to face . . . with the hippies, with the southerners, with everything . . . And like *'Mice and Men'* one guy is the straight and the other guy is the foil, you know . . . looking for it . . . he's *believing* it, he's believing he bought his freedom and the other guy ain't so sure all the time . . . And at the end they get killed, right from left field.
In my own mind I said Now the . . . audience who sees this film . . . *my* subculture fans who saw *'Wild Angels'* and *'The Trip'* will say Ah, Fonda's going to get away with it this time . . . he's got to get away with it this time . . . And I said (snaps fingers) We take it away from them.

GS: How detailed was the screenplay? According to the publicity blurb, Terry Southern just kind of wrote up a few things and handed it into somebody – I mean based on your ideas . . .
FONDA: I'll *tell* you what happened. I was in Europe and there comes Terry, to see Vadim and Jane about *'Barbarella'* and he gets drunk and high and he says 'What are ya – what are ya doing?' and I said 'Oh I'm going to do this movie'. 'What's the story?' 'Blah blah blah blah' and he said 'That's a far-out story, that's one of the great stories I've heard, it's got a beginning, a middle and an end'. 'What are you going to do?' and I said 'Oh, we got to get a writer to help us put it in screenplay form'. He says 'I'm your man'. I said 'Terry, you co[illegible]ndred and fifty thousand a script, th[illegible] our whole budget'. He said 'No no no, you don't understand. 'I'm your man'. . . we got together and Dennis and I sat down and rapped the story with Terry sitting there, into a tape recorder . . . Then we brought it back, sold it, to Bert Schneider, who said 'Far out, how much do you want?' I said 'What do *you* want?' . . . and he left us totally alone. Terry lent us the name, which was very important . . . it gave Columbia the idea that we had something more than just a schlock motorcycle flick.
And we actually did the script – it was absolutely written out. The dialogue in some instances was led into with an idea, like we didn't have a scene for Luke Askew by the fire, where he says he wants to be Porky Pig and I said I never wanted to be anybody else and we talk around, just that kind of non sequitur, stoned talk. But we led in saying, you know, we're going to talk about where we are, who he is and the mystique about him, and about the fact that I never wanted to be anybody else . . . Then we just went in and did it, you know? The next scene, the jail, the hippie commune, we just ad libbed . . . but we knew what we had to do, what was going to happen – not what we had to say.

GS: That's the way films should be made!
FONDA: A great deal of my personality goes in, just like Dennis – a great deal of his personality goes into that – and Jack Nicholson, who was born in New Jersey, not in Texas, you know, and he doesn't drink even . .

GS: Was that speech his, or in the script?
FONDA: We ad libbed the going into it, with the joint and everything like that. We just goofed around a bit there and we get into the U.F.O. speech – written, word for word, Dennis wrote that speech. Then we get out of it on an ad lib sequence: How's your joint George? We'll save it, we'll do it tomorrow, first thing . . .
And the next scene, in the restaurant, that was all ad-libbed. We knew what we *had* to say . . . and those guys in those seats were not actors, they were people, they were just there, and we put them in their positions and said Listen, this is what you can say and what you know . . . and you can say anything bad about us cause we're the worst people in the world . . . you know, we just raped and killed a chick outside of town (we told them a few lies, you know) . . . And then Hoppie came on, he said Talk about the bike, our beards, our grubby looks, the long hair, the beads, everything . . . talk about the flag and the inky queers, anything you want to . . . And they just came right off with it.

GS: Yeah, they really did.
FONDA: Yeah they really did, man . . . they really did! When he says 'I don't think they'll make the parish line', they really meant it.

GS: Oh, wow!
FONDA: We also wanted to get into how they respond, how the herd responds to anybody who comes into it different. We *are* herd-instinct people, all of us, I mean whether we're Americans or Russians or Chinese, and soon as somebody comes in with a different attitude, man, Whew! uptight, they call the bulls out and the bulls go in and do in the individual . . . We have a problem, not only the black versus white in the country, but, you know, the poor, the haves versus the have-nots, whatever it is. And we could have made the movie in Chicago, Michigan, Ohio, we could have made the same pic. The same problems exist. But we didn't use, you notice, the spade thing except as a background thing, we show the white cemetery – the brilliant white things with the crosses and everything and the great mansions in the town – and then the black side of town, with the blacks in their little shacks, and everything like that. We ourselves don't get involved with it except an occasional something like, Yeah, well you'll get out of jail if you haven't killed anybody, at least nobody white. We get involved with the problem without ever getting into the cliche, which I hoped would be one of the greatest parts of the film because then nobody could walk away saying Ah well they dealt with that problem well. Because . . . it goes beyond dealing with a problem. We used a western, but the genre of motorcycles which is *our* western, it's the outlaws of *our* group . . . I mean these dudes that ride around on their bikes, man, with their far-out stuff . . . I dig 'em, I let them go by and they say Far out, look at that guy! So there is a western, an outlaw, an outcast – not a rebel with a political cause or anything else, just a complete inarticulate *reaction* to what's happened. I mean we're reactionaries because we're reacting to what's happening rather than acting. And we go that off in the film. We reacted . . . and got reacted against. And, you know, people have complained about things like the cocaine score at the beginning of the film. They said it's

These dudes on their bikes I dig 'em far out stuff...

terrible to do that now you're a big hero and everybody's going to think it's alright – I'm not a hero, I think nobody's going to score cocaine, I don't think it's going to happen. But people have said it will, and How come you don't have more about that, it just was so easy, you just simply went in and tasted it and it was all friendly, the guy hugs you like he's your father, and his name's Jesus, and so forth . . . and everything's so easy and just get to the airport, everybody is smiling and planes are landing already and you give it to Phil Spector and he gives you the money and everything's cool and you split.

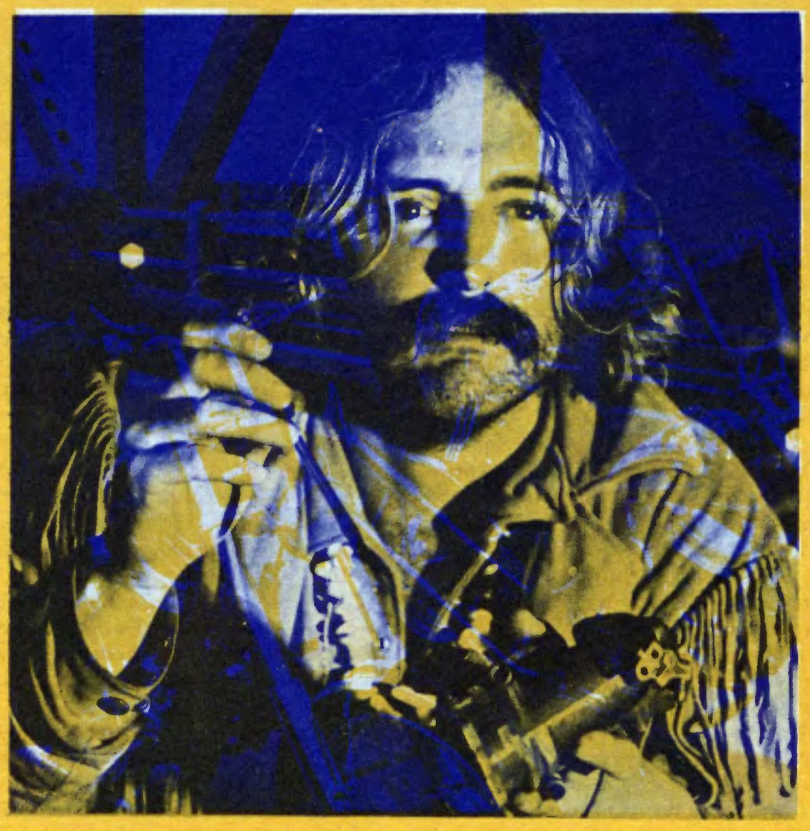
GS: But he's really uptight; that's nice.
FONDA: He was *terrified* of those planes. He really didn't know . . . we didn't know whether they'd hit us or not, they were really right over the top of our heads. The gig is if we'd had some big *dramatic* scene of scoring the cocaine, where there was a lot of danger in what we were doing, and people chasing us or something, it would have lifted it off what we had done. All we did was a sample, illegal, immoral *federal* act. We could have been selling newspapers like William Randolph Hearst, it's the same act. He's pushing, he *was* in his time pushing false hope, false, you know, lies and shit like that, no matter who went down . . . he built San Simeon . . . no matter what it cost, and it cost several lives. So we score cocaine no matter who goes down, but we make it as if we just went to the supermarket . . . because that's the American attitude.
We were sure that what we were doing was right, we felt honest about it. We took dramatic license in being non-dramatic. By being underplaying, by never giving a speech to the audience really, by never indicating what we were doing before, why we were doing what we were doing or even where we were going, really, other than just a few small lines here and there – never making a point to the trip other than the trip itself.

GS: How did you come to develop the relationship between yourselves and Dennis? I really liked the way he kind of functioned as a foil to you, in the sense that he didn't present himself as just being a nice guy, but like he was kind of uptight and angry.
FONDA: Well I insisted 'I don't want to say anything in the movie. I want to carry an existentialist point throughout the film, without really getting involved but seeing everything so that the audience, who is with *me* – whatever part of the audience is with me – can also make their own mind up about what they see. But we *need* somebody in there with the reality – hard-nosed, paranoiac attitude . . . we call him the angry speed freak in the film – who's got to be the other side of my personality. Actually we'rejust one person – but we get away with it; he's my sidestick, he's my foil, he's Sancho Panza and I'm Don Quixote, you know, in our own way. It was developed in the idea that he had that ability, he's that kind of guy, he's aggressive, he's a Taurus you know, and he's really bull-headed and stubborn, that's how he can direct the bloody thing anyway, and act in it – it was a tough job.
He drinks, he gets uptight and he's up on uppers – that's his character, Dennis. So Dennis brought *his* character to the film and made it work as my foil – goes out and does my battles . . . because I won't fight . . . and somebody has to fight otherwise we're going to get done. So he goes out and *does* my battles, and he *gets* uptight. You know, although I know I'm not going to stay at the hippie commune, for example, he's really the catalyst – 'come we're going, come let's go, come *on'*. You know, he could not take it . . . it was nowhere for him even though he's long-haired with beads, it meant nothing to him – he was into the money . . . he was a hard-nosed street guy . . .
The hippie commune is the weakest part of the film as far as I'm concerned. It was the one we had the most trouble with. Whether it was conceptual or not I'm not sure . . . well, I have my ideas about it, I've seen it 116 times now but . . . We were sure that we didn't want to go in and do a hippie commune sequence that everbody was going to say Ah well look it they're all saying pro-hippie, isn't hippie wonderful. Well hippie ain't wonderful, and it's a bummer life out there, and they're eating dead horses, and they're getting shot at by the Indians, the Chicanos and the townspeople, and they don't know what they're doing, and they're diseased. I mean, these are cats who we went and lived with, and talked with . . . we can't show it like a paradise either. And we don't want to promote it, we just want to show it as an alternative, which Captain America chooses not to get involved with. He says, Yeah, yeah I know about time but I just got to go . . . which is the thing with *everybody*.

GS: At the end you say 'We blew it Billy'. Is that what you were saying earlier, that it was all reacting against you and you weren't like making it? . . .
FONDA: We simply went out and acted, the whole time we just did a thing . . . At the top, the *first* sign, after we get kicked out of the motel during the title sequence . . . the first thing is that I'd gotten like totally uninvolved with him going to New Orleans . . . and I'm really withdrawn about the act . . . but I never

cop out to saying Man, I wonder if we did something wrong. I just don't say anything about it at all, and I keep on removing further and further. I get a little bit involved with Jack Nicholson George Hansen, the guy who comes in but I keep getting further removed until he gets killed, and that really snaps me. And then in the trip in the graveyard we do a holy communion with the acid, and the wine you know, breaking it out and passing it around and drinking it . . . and I cop out to my mother – which is like the thing that's going down with everybody, that whole generation; Momism, you know.
The thing is there and Momism is the gig that did it . . . to us, to the French, the Russians, to everybody, man – maybe the Chinese are not because they're so psyched out anyway – but Momism is the thing that really cooked us all up. So copping out to it, coming on as an existentialist hero, and then suddenly copping out to Mom . . .
It was a bit scary for me, you know. Dennis says Get up there on that statue and ask your mother why she copped out on you. And I said Oh man, wow! I said Gee, you know, is that relevant to the picture? I said Listen, man, I want to be an existentialist hero in this film, I don't want to say anything until it's all over and then say We blew it, you understand? And that's my whole gig in this picture, and he says No man, no, go up there and cop out and ask your mother why she left you. And he's *crying* as he's telling me. This's our one chance, d'you understand, and I started crying and I said You're right. And I climbed up on that statue and I was wailing for two hours, as they kept reloading on us – I was really into it. Unfortunately, he got so taken away with what I was doing up there that he kept talking through the whole thing, so we can only use snatches of it, you keep hearing him saying Oh, yeah man, oh yeah! We had two live mikes – one with the chick who's reading I believe in God the Father, and me up on the statue, which was all simultaneous. That was our little technical mistake, but it was *our* mistake . . . After it was over I came up and I said I think we ought to take it out of the film . . . He said Why? and I said You Know, like, if I'm up holding onto the statue . . . of liberty there, saying Why did you leave me, Mom, the whole audience is going to think I've left Captain America and now I'm Peter Fonda. I really had this thing going in my head, and he kept saying No, no, no, not at all, leave it in, it's got to be in, it's the one thing that brings you down there . . .

GS: I was curious to know what kind of crew you had, how large.
FONDA: Including what I call gofers – the kids who do everything, right? – 23 people . . . at the most. Not including all the actors in the hippie scene. On the road we had one lighting truck, a generator, a camera truck . . . well, it wasn't a big truck . . . We shot out of the back of a Chevy convertible, all those travelling shots . .,. We used an Arriflex and blimped it for the sound sequences and kept back . . . you get the camera away, you see, which gives the idea like the camera's not there . . . cause the camera's removed . . . Angeniux zoom . . . which is a beautiful lens, man. I've never been photographed that beautifully . . . and it also gives you great mobility . . . because although I hate zoom – cause it's always overdone – this guy's such a good cameraman . . . he shoots with both eyes open, so he can seen everything that's happening, and he'll slightly adjust . . . and you could hardly see it, he'll just open a little more, to cover something, close down and make it in focus. And we do rack-focuses, which can always be overdone, but we do them just right to direct attention . . . but it's always when you least expect it to happen . . . and I like that.



GS: Where did you pick up your cameraman? I agree, he's really good.
FONDA: We saw this guy's work on two other motorcycle films: *'Hell's Angels on Wheels'* and *'The Savage Seven'*, and then a film called *'Psych-Out'* . . . all of them low-budget, Joe Soloman type films and we said Far out, man, this cat really knows how to work a long lens. Well Antonioni came down to see a rough-cut, flipped out, just literally flipped out, tried to get him right away . . . the cameraman was off in Hawaii shooting an ad or something like that, but Antonioni says, You know, I've gotta have that *man* – He's fantastic . . . Antonioni really, he's got this tic, man, it's incredible. During our movie though you know, his tic started and then it began to stop and then at the end like he was just like that, watching it. Then he came out and said It's the most honest film that's come out of America that I've ever seen.

GS: That's wonderful.
FONDA: Yeah . . . and he went around telling everybody else about it too, and I feel good, you know.
You see, we're into communications, man, not entertainment. I mean I want to entertain people too . . . and we do have great musical numbers and those bikes look beautiful, and we have some great jokes . . .

GS: But in a way we're all beyond entertainment these days.
FONDA: We have to be . . . we have no time left.

man, that ride.

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WRESTLING

TAG TEAM CONTEST

Next the Worthing Hotel, scene of Scunthorpe's second discoteque. This involved walking some distance through the town (town being mainly houses). On the bridge some cats stopped us to drop the word 'Are your knickers brown?' Everybody seemed to have long hair, mainly early Beatles cut and everybody came over straight, straight, straight. Up dark streets, nobody, pressure of a sleeping town, heavy and getting creepy, then from nowhere five or six cats, one streaming blood from a gashed face, freaky lobotomy-type haircuts, mad eyes focused on us, gang rhythm. Terror flash with set change to lonely menacing nowhere. Brief fumbled contact, the rhythm broken, and we were past, sad knicker-level fantasies floating after us.

PUB CRAWL

We fled into The Worthing. They didn't like us, thought we were bums trying to con drinks after hours, dinner impossible. In the dining room last

WE MEET A HEAD

Lunch at the Buccaneer, a restaurant cafe with a faintly exotic flavour lent largely by the non-British nationality of its owners. Supposed to be 'a bit rough'. Decor appropriate, including two bare-titted gilt Mai Britt Figureheads looming from the wall. Not exactly any action. Kids drinking coffee, mixture of white collars and the odd young executive eating steaks. The omelette came with at least 2s. 6d. worth of chips reckoning by fish shop prices. That's a lot of chips. In the doorway we talked to a kid waiting. He wanted to score. What if we were fuzz? The questions died unanswered. We weren't and he knew it. At last. In this town one real live head. He worked as a moulder in the steel factory, was 17, grooved on soul and blues, went to Riddings, a housing estate one mile out of town to Soul Scene discotheque. Saturday night only, closing time 10.30. Spent Sunday nights at Riddings Youth Centre that is until the witching hour of 10.30, dancing and

'Do you like it?'
'No'.
'Why don't you leave?'
'Don't want to
He was 18, and also lived with his parents. Dropped out of Doncaster College of Art, crummy course, but paints – all the time. No desire to find a gallery and be part of that system, disliked Scunthorpe, also London, doesn't want to be part of any scene, would move eventually to Scandinavia, somewhere colder (!) prefers always to be alone, grooves on painting and on sounds – like Cream, has chicks but no one special, most people here, like his sisters, marry young. He won't. Doesn't read any underground stuff although he could get anything if he was interested, knows of about 15 people who smoke, none of them chicks, has had acid, but not really good stuff, nothing harder, gets on well with straight people but has no special friends, is hip to the narrowness of Scunthrope, feels safe in his private world, detached, is amused by

'Look out Scunthorpe here we come.'

Scunthorpe's the only town I've ever cased thoroughly in 4½ hours. It took a lot longer to get there We made Kings Cross Saturday 2.45 p.m., bought cigarettes, butterscotch, Trebor mints, found a 2nd class booth, sat opposite a man with a pipe and the Pocket Book of Logarithms and at 3 p.m. lurched off backwards to the dark satanic mills. British Rail afternoon tea, changeless trip of cellophane wrapped goodies served on silver plate, out of the window marshland movie getting marshier. Then Doncaster, graveless, grimy precise image of the North set in all our skulls, slow shuffle from Ladies to Buffet, connecting trainlet, Scunthorpe.
A few yards to the railway bridge (setting, predictably, for the Bridge Hotel, Scunthorpe's jewel) then right and straight down. Oswald Road turned into Frodingham, was crossed by Doncaster turning into High. A perfect square. Town centre.

THE SCUNTHORPE HUSTLE

We roamed a little. The set was international English-speaking, shopping surburbia. Pinball Palace, Co-ops, Congregational Church, High School, non-residential Britannia pub. Two ancient fixtures outside the Britannia signalled their alarm at our being unescorted. It was 6.30 or so, and Saturday-night-on-the-town was in full swing. Rockers on the corner, kids in pairs, in bunches, stilt-heeled 20's attached at the elbow to grey suits, Moonmen, we were sent off down a side street to The Parkinsons Arms. 'We regret that your canine friends cannot accompany you into the lounge'. The plaque on the door should have made us hip to what followed. For one neon second we trod tufty-pile carpet and blinked at Laminex luxury when a tweedy person flung open the door booming 'Sorry!' This was intoned three times. Nothing moved, orange gins fixed midflight to gaping mouths. A message began to seep through. He hustled us outside, when pressed he said he had no rooms, that if he did have any he wouldn't rent them to us, to anyone, in fact, in trousers, long jackets or denims. To any females at all, actually, It was an all male pub, it had 'a certain clientele' which did not and never would include riff-raff (no tap room, no bar, lounge only).
'Anyway, you're clearly from The People coming here and asking all these questions.'
In our long jackets we trudged back to the Britannia. The chicks, frozen legs mottled in nylon, a tribute to British staying power, all wore minis, obviously compulsory Saturday night gear. Two cops warned us off the Britannia, indicated we were out of our heads to be in Scunthorpe at all and sent us up Doncaster Road to the Royal. The receptionist backed, the proprietoress was cool, we had a room.
The Freddie Mark Extravaganza were playing at the Public Baths Hall to eighteens and over, 8s. 6d., 11.30 finish, Campbell's Teen-Beat Discotheque, rockers, hangout housed in a side entrance to the Inter Affiliated Conservative Club founded in 1937, played soul to fifteens and over till 10.30 (Friday nights 13+). Playland was full of old ladies playing a variation of bingo, the Britannia was packed with all male boozers, Carry on Something was showing at the Majestic, Yangtze River at the A.B.C, and right opposite The Straight Arrow Bingo Club (formerly 'Straight Arrow Bowling Alley') crammed them in.

ON THE CORNER IN A TEDDY BOY SUIT

Under the circumstances we lit up and grooved a little on the roses and central heating. Much later it was pouring, Playland had closed, the kids were spilling out of Campbell's down to the corner, couldn't place Freddie Mark (Mecca of the straightest teens) so we had a drink at the Britannia (sweet sherry) were offered a fuck by long-haired alkies looking 17 and coming on 70. 'Ring bell Lil' Closing time, we split, stood on the corner like everyone else. There seemed nowhere to eat, the cafes were shut, the rockers, bored out of their heads slumbered across the road bumping cars, or sat on railings outside the pub waiting to be moved on by the eight apple faced cops who obviously went through this ritual every weekend. Two were hustled into the van, a dispirited few felt each other up in shop doorways, most of them started walking home, felt vaguely hopeful seeing a rocker with Hells Angel emblazoned on his leather jacket but he split home too, a double decker turned the corner, flashes of lacquered bouffants and fake fur collars pointing at the far out rockers, big busted queen conductor Tony Curtis curl pressed into place.

couples in cocktail gear foxtrotted to the sound of real live 50's piano. The discotheque, Saturday night only, had closed at 10.30. The rules said we wouldn't have qualified anyway.
Paranoid and hungry and eager to avoid further dark street encounters till we had eaten, at least, we took a cab to the Chinese restaurant which stretched closing time, Saturdays, till 11.30.
That was a mistake, Moderne neon, everybody sat shoulder to shoulder, everything came with chips. Except the Special Chow Mein. That came with egg. Bisto gravy and mock soy sauce. A couple, maybe 18, sat in our booth. Twin wedding rings. Sausages and chips, hamburger and chips.
'He didn't come to Freddie Mark'.
'No.'
'What's his name?'
'Stuart.'
'What's he like?'
'Nice.'
That was all till they split, which they did after the last mouthful. So did everybody. Average time for food consumption roughly 25 minutes. We left, spurred on by the arrival of the lobotomy loonies, bloodless not but freaky still.
Outside it was pouring and deserted. The choice lay between late night Swedish sex at the Majestic or bed. We walked back to the Royal, scoring Tizer and kit-kats from the closing fish shop on the way. A police car pulled up. 'What are you two doing out so late?' It was 11.15. We rang the night bell, woke the proprieters, went to bed and got smashed.
Sunday, grey black, still raining. In any direction rows of liver brick semis, woodwork painted hardware red and yellow. A few more prosperous detached houses conforming more to much the same aesthetic liver turning orange. Plastic shops. In the notsofar distance on three sides sombre smokestacks, the steel industry on which the town is based. Gazed at the newsagent's Fabulous, Teddy Bear, Princess, Ringo Special, Fella, Lone Comix etc. All the ads are for hamsters. No underground papers. No demands. Some would order if requested. Biggest local paper the Scunthorpe Evening Telegraph. Its full window display of photos features a new A.A. sign on a highway out of town and a scene from the drama club's production of The Rotters – lot of knickers showing there.
'How about live groups?' to the girl in the fish shop.
'Weell, we had the Seekers, or is it the Searchers? And someone very famous last week but I can't remember who.' Freddie Mark's Extravaganza ad. still fluttered next to the Slipper Baths sign

turning on with four or five others. No one was hip to the strange smell – or cared – so it was cool. He found music (never live) just about every night except Tuesdays and Thursdays. Didn't have his own pad. Hardly anyone did – everybody lived with their parents. Difficult not to in a town like this. Nowhere to ball except the odd party. Knew about ten cats who smoked shit, twice as many who's tried because it was the thing, then reverted to the beer. Never turned on birds – they blabbed to their mothers. Nor did they approve. Lost his last girl because of that. Went part time to one college in town, technical college. Any activities there? Not that sort of college, you just walk in, do your course and split.
He was keen to leave Scunthorpe and live in London so he dealt a little. Would bring it up North, knows a cat who started with two quids' worth and now has a good thing going. Shit costs a lot more up north, always comes from London, good field for dealers. Police? He'd been up five times for possession, fines each time. Was liable to be searched at night. Not exactly drug squad though. Did he ever read any head papers, magazines, etc. Interested in turning people on? No. Whoever wants it can get it and most people don't want it. Hadn't dropped acid, uncurious, none around. Hard stuff? No junkies in town, pointless for them to stay, but has a friend working at the hospital who can score morph. Said kids like him were called mods – still – but couldn't see any point in categorizing. Kept away from the rockers' Disco, although they all listened to Soul, dug soccer and followed the local team. The rockers and schoolkids were on pills, mainly speed, if anything. There was very little friction between groups. Spades? He didn't know any, didn't want to either. They lived in their own section of town and there wasn't much mixing. Why? Didn't like Pakistanis. No reason. Just didn't. The questions puzzled him.
Dark again, raining still. Bail to the Royal, pausing to buy ½lb paragoric cough drops. Also a few thousand smarties and chocolate peanuts. Ritzey evening meal scene in the dining room of the pub. Dover sole and camel coloured lurex. Gave that a miss and got into the wallpaper of Room 3, with a little help.

SUNDAY PAINTER

Late, again in the Bucaneer pub with no beer set, examining fresh straight faces, greys, browns, gabardine, woollens, boy meets girl, coffee, last bus home, we saw another head, spaced very beautiful, with a chick, not so beautiful.
'Where do you live?' (to her)
'At home, with my parents'.

its conservative character, working class and white collar. Tory town. 'Everyone in here' surveying the Bucaneer 'is on £30 a week'. Thinks Scunthorpe is pretty like all other small English northern towns he's been in. Scores weekly if he gets the bread from a London contact, doesn't go to clubs, digs spades, has a spade friend, seems unperturbed by the town's raciast segregation policy, seems unperturbed by anything.
On the way back along totally deserted streets, no clubs open on Sundays, no lights in any houses, a Chinese approaches, coatless in the rain, doubletakes, says 'Bonjour' and disappears. We sleep paragonic after that.

MONDAY MONDAY

The sun came out on Monday. That changed the colours if not the temperature.
'Where's the park?'
The What?
The Park?
The Park??
We found one (there are three) at the end of Frodingham Street, terrifying in its symmetry, an amalgam of tennis courts, bowling green, asphalt paths, locked huts, a few trees and an aviary. No one there at all – just us and the birds. One cold parrot, some pigeons, a canary and two lovebirds. We smoked in the only sheltered spot, entrance to the gents, not understanding the principle of the automatic flush and hallucinating ghosts. End of park romp. Impossible to find a taxi to take us to the station.
Then we met George. George is very old. He was going the same way and didn't want to walk either. He said he'd find a cab and we said we'd take him to the station. That meant a lengthy stop at Arnold's house but Arnold wasn't in. A grey non-taxi pulled carefully into the drive and Arnold got out with two dozen fresh eggs and another old man. We all got in. On the way George and Arnold spotted an enormous lady. She got in too. She was off to Mrs Wingates and assumed we were too. 'It is Sharon, isn't it?' It wasn't but it didn't matter. All very Scunthorpian but different. This was the bit we hadn't seen. One hundred years ago the town was fifty houses. Then the steel industry and now 18,000 people. But obviously vestiges of the village life remained here and there, people looked after each other, the old weren't necessarily redundant – it seemed a true simplicity to set against monotony and lack of imagination. But it wasn't enough.
The fat lady got out at Mrs Wingates, George went to the insurance office and Arnold dropped us at the station.
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Morden

Just Bloody Tenants

Rev. Donald Reeves

'Nothing ever happens in Morden' – said a local journalist. Those words look right; most people don't even know where Morden is. It's the last station at the Sourthern end of the Northern line. At the station entrance you stand near the edge of a housing estate of some ten thousand houses. 'Nothing ever happens in Morden' – yes, those words look right. One street looks just like another. You go down one, and you've been down the lot. It was built before the days of planning. It's a ghetto. You live *on* the estate, you say. It's a ghetto because families were put here in the early 'thirties from inner London. They weren't asked what they thought about this. But the L.C.C. had to do something about the London slums. They had the br i ght idea of building vast housing estates in outer London, so people were uprooted from Rotherhithe, Wapping, Islington and Walworth and housed in tiny 2-bedroomed or 3-bedroomed hou s es with no adequate heating facilities, and three thousand of them without bathrooms. But it was a bit like the country; the L.C.C., and now the G.L.C., call the houses "cottages". They each have a strip of garden, and in the old days the Horticultural So c iety was really thriving.

But not now. All the organisations complain of apathy – the Churches, the Tenants' Associations, the Labour Party Group. Parent/Teacher Associations don't get off the ground; the local Councillors complain about apathy.

In fact, the estate is a community organised for non-participation, for non-consultation – yes, even for death. There are hordes of social workers around patching up the crises. But they are not concerned with the family or with the community. They can't do any preventive work. There are lots of volunteers from the flourishing bourgeois communities of Wallington, Carshalton, Sutton and Croydon doing good everywhere.

But somewhere I want to say to all this good work (and it is) – STOP – you are killing the people. They have had so much done for them that they no longer realise they have resources in themselves to look after one another. I do not know of one organisation – voluntary or statutory – which has representatives from the estate on their Committees. It's all decided for them.

All this is made worse because we have more than our share of the old people's explosion. The G.L.C., still the landlord, says to young people who want to live where they've been brought up, that when they get married they've got to move out so there are about 15,000 people in a few square miles.

'Nothing ever happens in Morden'; these words may seem right, but in fact they are nonsensical. There are thirty thousand PEOPLE living on the estate, and these people are affected by institutions like the G.L.C., and the two local Tory Councils whose goals need questioning severely. And everything is not well. There is grumbling, complaining, anger and just occasionally violence – which is in Morden at least exploding apathy.

Apathy is all over the place. A few months ago Mary Smith of Roche Walk, Carshalton was found dead on the kitchen floor. She had put her head in the gas oven. It had all been carefully prepared. In a note she said, 'I'm so lonely; I've no friends – friends belong to the past." Three days later there was by chance a public meeting on the problems of the elderly. Mary's death should have been a catalyst, for people to DO something. Instead, there was a sense of frustration and helplessness. Why aren't *they* doing more?

Then we have bathroom problems. The G.L.C. is a tired, inefficient and incompetent organisation as far as its modernisation of old houses goes. Enormous delays occur between various stages of the installation of these units; people complain about the way the builders behave. And after they have all left – perhaps after a period of six months instead of two weeks as Horace Cutler, the G.L.C. Housing Chairman proudly said – they leave muck and rubbish all over the place. But no-one feels strong enough to turn their complaints into action. They just hope that someone will do something for them.

Then there are all the questions about Housing. 'You're just a bloody tenant' said an official at the local G.L.C. office in Middleton Road to a tenant making an enquiry. The G.L.C. have been benevolent despots as Landlords on this estate; they regularly cut hedges, do a limited amount of interior decorating, and normally take trouble with requests for transfers. But, and it's the biggest but, they have no understanding at all of the need for tenants to take a share in the running of the estate – in, for instance, the making of local by-laws.

The situation is going to get much worse. In April next year, the G.L.C. begins to shed its responsibilities as a landlord. One-third of the estate will be transferred to the High Tory Council of Sutton. Up will go the rents, and then shortly after down will come the houses. The land will be sold to private developing companies. The Council will make a packet, and have removed some Council houses. The tenants will be rehoused elsewhere. It is likely that that is what is going to happen; a Councillor said you can't consult people about their homes; tenants feel too strongly about them. So it will be demolition without consultation because after all the Council know best, and know the wider picture – so they say.

As I write all the posh papers are moralising about the atrocities in Vietnam. That's predictable. But the tone of their moralising turns me off; it's much the same as some so-called revolutionary underground Press who go on and on about Biafra, Bolivia, or the Jews or the Blacks in the ghetto in Harlem. It all sounds the same – a lot of well-heeled liberals pontificating about these big issues, and ignoring their own turf.

Revolution has got to come. It's got to come in such unlikely places as these barrack-like, transit camp, anonymous housing estates where people feel like children (because they are treated like children) and so feel unable to stand up and say stop – we are not going to be pushed around any more.

One of the things I believe is that this can happen – provided you are able to discover a point of indignation (through an action survey done by the tenants – based on the old Socratic maxim 'An unexamined life is not worth living'), and so generate curiosity and hope. Out of this will come new leaders who will bring the people together and put right whatever is wrong. It's a long, slow haul. But it can and does work. It kills the stifling paternalism of so many of the caring professions. The revolution will come when local pressure groups insist on being a real part of the decision making process. This cuts right across the old political arguments – political parties are then just irrelevant.

But there are no blue prints. The revolution in Morden may take the form of an old people's charter written by them for them, or 'No demolition without consultation', but the revolution will come on specific issues. Even in Morden some of us are, as Mc luhan would say, part of the cool generation, who want direct, intense involvement on matters which want putting right rather than fighting for some worked out Utopian style community.

To that extent our vision is blurred and barren. We've lost the art of dreaming; in a post-metaphysical world we've got no language to talk about God, or at another level about the Black/White thing, or our gut level responses to space travel, or to what communities are about. Our language has run out.

I've said nothing about the Church in Morden. We are a tiny group of people, about 150 to 200 representative of the estate. The Church of England has had a love affair with the working classes ever since the Industrial Revolution, but it has never been consummated. But if the Church has any relevance at all it's got to lead the Morden Revolution, and it's beginning to do so. And when the Revolution's over, then we have a wealth of symbol and rhetoric to help the world *celebrate*, to look for new idols, to keep open the future, and even to have something to offer in shaping it. Morden like so many places has forgotten how to celebrate, because there is apparently nothing to celebrate. But Morden is wrong. We have something to celebrate – and we do in a big way from time to time. But that's another story.

Chicago

The most important courtroom confrontation in the history of the Underground is now taking place. The US Government has indicted eight people on charges of conspiracy arising out of incidents and demonstrations during the Democratic Convention in Chicago, August 1968. The 'Academy Award of Protest' went to Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman, Lee Weiner, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and Tom Hayden.

THE FIRST DAY 26 SEPT '69

It has taken Judge Julius Hoffman one day to accomplish what most observers here had speculated would take one week to a month to complete. But almost singlehandedly, Judge Hoffman has accumulated a jury, a 12-member Panel which appears to illustrate *Newsweeks* "Troubled Americans" rather than any clear-headed application of jurisprudent impartiality. This morning they are ushered into the courtroom; 10 women (2 black) and 2 men, plus 4 alternates (all female, one black). A couple of them are retired, some have adult children, all are straight working class people, and only one, a 23-year-old girl, could in any way be considered a "peer" of the eight defendants on trial.

At first glance, the jury en masse has the vaguely formidable appearance of 12 people who are not here to goose around. They sit erect, hands folded in their laps, eyes riveted on the defendants' table which they face. As the hours and days pass, postures are noticed to have undergone imperceptible shifts; N.Y. appears in the courtroom. Lefcourt is also in custody of the U.S. Marshal, having been arrested upstairs in the Court of Appeals while filing an appeal on the warrant issued by Judge Hoffman for *his* arrest.

It is learned that authorities in San Francisco have refused to issue arrest warrants for Michael Kennedy and Dennis Roberts, the two other lawyers who had been hired by the defense only for pre-trial work.

Judge Hoffman refuses to drop contempt charges against Tigar and Lefcourt, stating that he will release them from custody on the condition that they sit as counsel at the defendants' tables, a rather clumsily calculated move intended to show that the defendants have adequate legal counsel for the trial to proceed without Garry. A 10-minute recess is called to allow Tigar and Lefcourt to meet with the 8 defendants, Kunstler and Weinglass and decide whether or not they should withdraw from the case.

As the courtroom is clearing, there is a mild scuffle as U.S. Marshalls attempt to handcuff Tigar in the courtroom and place him in custody.

Defendant Abbie Hoffman shouts: "We object to the treatment of our lawyers – they are needed in trials like this one going on all over the country. They're not just our lawyers, they're our brothers."

The court reconvenes and Judge Hoffman is still not satisfied with the defenses decision to consent to the withdrawal of Tigar and Lefcourt, provided the defendants do not have to waive their 6th Amendment right that would allow for a Postponement until the return of Chief Counsel Garry. Hoffman denies the motion and orders the two attorneys – still in custody – to sit at the defense table. At the end of the day, Hoffman orders them jailed over the weekend, denies them bail and sets no sentence.

Following another motion by Kunstler, Hoffman also refuses to allow for the withdrawal of attorneys Irving Birnbaum and Stanley Bass – local attorneys who by law are required to represent the defendants *in the event that out-of-state Counsel is not present.* Hoffman orders these two men to appear in court every day, even though their participation is unnecessary.

FIST WAVING

Refusing to hear further objections from the defense, Hoffman calls in the jury, and Ass. U.S. Attorney Shultz opens the government's case. He begins with a carefully enunciated run-down of the defendants, and as their names are mentioned, each stands and faces the jury. It goes along well enough until Tom Hayden stands and gives a friendly sort of fist salute, nothing intended as a threat, just a sort of convivial fist salute that freaks out the judge. The jury is dismissed. Hoffman goes through a terribly long, elaborate riff about "fist waving" in his courtroom. "It's my customary salute, Your Honor," explains Hayden.

Hoffman wheezes something about fist waving and finally calls the jurors back.

Shultz picks up where he left off in his opening address, the next name being Abbie Hoffman.

Abbie stands up obediently and tosses a kiss to the jurors just before sitting down.

Caught off-guard again, Judge Hoffman quavers out an order that the jury "disregard the kiss just thrown by Defendant Hoffman."

Shultz continues without further interruption from either side, and having "dropped" all the defendants' names, proceeds with some pretty heavy accusations, which he says the government intends to prove. In essence, the prosecution holds the position that Defendants Rubin, Hoffman and Davis made non-negotiable demands on the city of Chicago so that they would be turned down, and the allegedly pre-planned riots could then break out. David Dellinger was claimed to be the "architect of the revolution," and the Yippies were accused of demanding $100,000 from city of Chicago to prevent the riots. The rest of it seemed to have come out of *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*

William Kunstler opens the case for the defense. His address emphasizes the right to dissent, the right to protest an illegal, unjust and immoral war. The defense will prove that they came to the '68 Democratic Convention with thousands of other Americans who wanted to protest continuation of the war in South Vietnam, a war which had been within the jurisdiction of the political party that was in power. Well aware of their Constitutional rights, these thousands of Americans came to protest the involvement of their country in that war, and they came to the most obvious place, the Chicago convention, to show that dissent. The real conspiracy, declares Kunstler, was not on the part of these 8 defendants, but on the part of national political figures and the local police to suppress the demonstrations.

"As individuals, these men (the defendants) are unimportant – what is important is the threat to everyone's freedom to dissent, the threat. The threat to our freedom of speech. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, these defendants will stand before you as classic examples of The People against the government."

LUNCH RECESS PRESS CONFERENCE

Davis: It's a stacked trial, loaded against us. It will be impossible to get a fair trial here, because the way Judge Hoffman is conducting the trial shows him to be completely in the arms of the government."

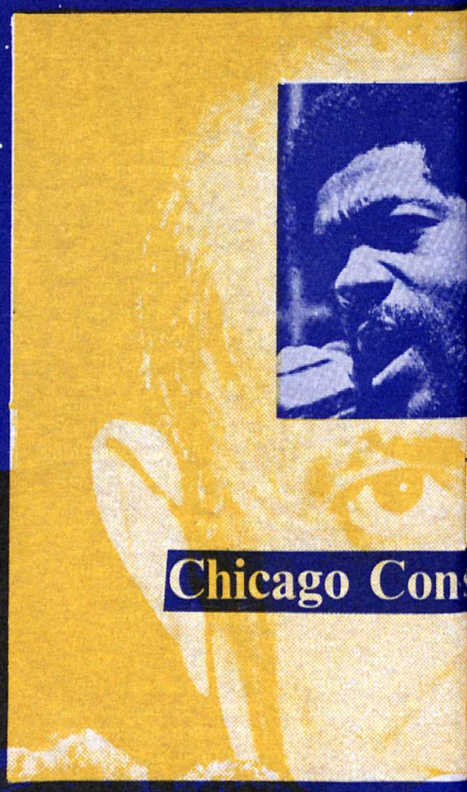
An attorney representing the ACLU: "We are deeply concerned with the treatment of the attorneys in this case and with Judge Hoffman's issuance of arrest warrants on 4 of them. This is unheard of and shocking."

AFTERNOON SESSION

Leonard Weinglass' opening statement for the defense emphasizes the new life style, youth culture and the Yippies; these young people came to Chicago to show that there was an emergent new culture in the country and in the world.

Throughout Weinglass' address, Judge Hoffman and assistant flunky Shultz have played the "objection-sustained" game, a game that will continue to be played between the Hoffman-Shultz-Foran team of pawns for the prosecution in an attempt to humiliate the defense attorneys in front of the jury. As the trail plods on exposing the hideous entrails of the Nixon administration with every desperate motion and ploy, it will become necessary only for Foran to stand up, and Hoffman will ask on call, "Do you object? – I'll sustain the objection." The travesty is apparently being allowed to continue until one of his grim reapers advises the President what to do. Or until things become so hopelessly convoluted that, having no alternative, the federal government flies up its own asshole.

At the completion of the Weinglass address, Judge Hoffman asks, "Are there any other defense attorneys



who wish to speak?"

Defendant Bobby Seale stands and walks to the lectern.

Hoffman: "Who's your lawyer?"

Seale: "Charles R. Garry."

NO VISIBLE JUSTICE

Hoffman dismisses the jury. He then demands to know which of the attorneys at the defendants' table represents Defendant Seale. Citing the statement addressed to the bench this morning by Seale, Kunstler states that since he has "fired" the attorneys present and petitioned for representation by Garry, neither he nor Weinglass have the authority to speak for Seale. Hoffman denies Bobby Seale the right to give an opening statement in his own defense. Bobby Seae, defendant in a government trial, sits in a courtroom in Chicago, and, for all technical reasons, he is without legal counsel.

The first witness for the prosecution is put on the stand: Raymond Simon, Corporate Counsel for the City of Chicago, legal representative of Mayor Daley and the city aldermen, and of the City of Chicago as a corporate entity. He speaks at length of meetings with Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis in the months prior to the convention their applications for park and marching permits and their "non-negotiable" demands. Things lurch along until finally the court is recessed, followed by word that the U.S. Court of Appeals has denied the defense's Mandamus action for postponement until Charles R. Garry can appear. It has also denied the defense's motion to release its 4 attorneys from the threat of arrest. When this announcement was made to the court by Hoffman, he followed up by stating that attorneys Lefcourt and Tigar would be held in custody over the weekend without bail. *About*

spiracy Trial

one-third of the courtroom spectators, including most of the press sections, rose en masse and gave the clenched fist salute!

CONSPIRACY V. KANGAROOS

On October 14, the defense moved to have the trial adjourned for one day in observance of the October 15th Moratorium. The judge denied the motion, so next day, Abbie Hoffman and Rennie Davis unfurled a Viet Cong flag in the courtroom and had a tug of war with a Federal Marshall before it was taken away. The defendants wore black armbands (as they had on October 8 – anniversary of the death of Che Guevara) and Dave Dellinger read names of Americans killed in Vietnam until the judge entered the chamber and ordered him to stop.

The Yippies have published an 'official souvenir progrom' for the trial, which they parodied as a baseball match between The Chicago Conspiracy (the defense) and The Washington Kangaroos (the prosecution).

Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin made an after hours trip to Washington where they posed in boxing gloves and offered to fight the US Attorney General, but Tom Hayden, writing for the *Guardian* (a New York radical weekly) on November 1 noted that the trial had ceased to have its initial carnival atmosphere.

'We no longer humourously refer to federal judge Julius Hoffman as "Magoo" (a reference to a comic character the judge is said to resemble) but as "Adolph Hitler Hoffman."

The first 21 government witnesses have been from the Chicago police department and the FBI. Their testimony has unfolded as an attack on the movement, political ideas, language and style rather than on concrete crimes. The most concrete action charged any of the defendants so far was letting the air out of police car tires, throwing sweaters at undercover agents and other trivia which defense attorney William Kunstler asserts belong in a municipal police court, not before the federal bench.

NO SHINS KICKED

Occasionally there is a fantastic claim such as the one that Rennie Davis arranged for live television coverage in front of the Conrad Hilton hotel August 27 and then ordered Mobilization marshalls to kick the line of policemen in the shins so demonstrators would be clubbed before the TV audience. On this particular charge as on many others, cross-examination revealed no shins were kicked.

The heavy emphasis in the police testimony has been on the provocative language and identity of the defendants. With a pretense at embarrassment officer after officer tells the jury that the defendants shouted, "Fuck LBJ," "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi-Minh" and other chants.

When defense attorneys ask police if any obscenities were used by them while clubbing demonstrators, they are given pious denials. The most any police witness has acknowledged is that he heard one officer say to another, "These little sons of bitches are really tough . . ."

The Conspiracy is attempting to pinpoint the blame for the Chicago melee on authorities at the highest level and show that the trial is an integral part of a national policy to institute a legalized fascism. The Nixon administration, according to the defendants, is rigging the Supreme Court and Justice Department with reactionary political figures prepared to go beyond present Constitutional standards towards a new policy of reaction.

As examples of a move toward fascism, there are the proceedings of the Conspiracy trial itself. For example, the government has admitted illegal wiretapping of defendants but asks the court to uphold wiretapping in the overriding interest of national security. Furthermore, the prosecution case cites as "evidence" of crime speeches given before and during the convention to public meetings where there was no evidence whatsoever of a "clear and present danger to the peace."

The Conspiracy is waging a struggle co-ordinating the defense inside the courtroom with a political campaign on the outside to stop the trial. The defense case will try to re-enact what happened in Chicago and bring political figures such as Lyndon Johnson and Mayor Richard Daley to explain their policies. Leaders of the civil rights, academic and liberal communities are expected to testify about what happened in Chicago as well as ordinary people who were beaten or gassed in the streets.

SHOWDOWN AT CHICAGO

The Conspiracy hopes to make part of its defense a "people's case" and encourages all witnesses to return to testify.

Since the trial has sparked widespread international concern, the Conspiracy hopes to turn it into a political showdown.

Dave Dellinger, at the request of the Black Panther party, announced the possibility of releasing U.S. military prisoners in Vietnam if and when the U.S. unconditionally released Bobby Seale and Panther leader Huey Newton. Panther Eldridge Cleaver has been in consultation with the Vietnamese about this. The political import is that Seale and Newton are not simply political prisoners but prisoners of war because it's a military policy the government utilizes against the Panthers.

Dellinger and Davis asked to be allowed to go to Paris to discuss release of American prisoners with the North Vietnamese delegation to the peace talks. Hoffman denied permission, but lawyer Kunstler went instead.

CAKE NAPPING

One of the most tumultuous scenes in the court last week was when seven Panthers were not permitted to bring a cake into the courtroom to celebrate defendant Seale's 34th birthday. Hoffman denied a request from Kunstler to celebrate the birthday. After a recess, as the defendants emerged from the conference room in ceremonial procession with the cake inscribed "Free Huey and Bobby" across it, a line of marshals wrested the cake from Jerry Rubin.

"That's a cake-napping!" shouted Abbie Hoffman and Rennie Davis turned to Seale and said "Hey, Bobby, they've arrested your cake."

"They've arrested a cake," said Seale loudly, "but they can't arrest a revolution."

The Panthers seated in the second row shouted "Right on!" and raised their fists.

When Hoffman ordered the spectators to be silent Seale turned to his supporters and said, "Okay, brothers, just sit in the courtroom and listen and don't say anything."

"I give the orders here, sir," said Hoffman.

"They don't take orders from a racist judge," Seale replied'.

Seale was soon to have more troubles than the loss of a birthday cake.

Seale as slave: the word from Chicago is "Stop the trial"

headlined *Liberation News Service:* "Bobby Seale the national leader of a militant political group dedicated to the liberation of black people, has been gagged and strapped to his chair . . . If it weren't Bobby Seale, if presiding Judge Julius J. Hoffman didn't have the power of the state on his side, one might see it all as a tableau from the Theatre of Cruelty. But Bobby Seale's situation is more than symbolic. It is real, and there is only one way to describe it — slavery. Seale is a black man in chains whose fate is now determined by the masters in their mansions . . . Seale's ordeal is a reasoned if cruel response to his position as leader of the Black Panther Party.

SEALE AS SLAVE

Some time before he and his chair are carried into the wood-panelled courtroom, a team of marshals go to work on him. His boots are loosened and his legs are bound with heavy leather straps to the legs of a folding chair. His wrists, wound several times with leather, are buckled to its arms. Several layers of gauze, adhestive tape, and cloth are wound around his mouth and tied at the back of his head. A similar gag is wound vertically around his jaw and tied at the top of his head. The type of gauze used resembles that used by football players to hold a trick knee in place . . . The press, the judge and the prosecution have attempted to portray Seale as a wildman engaging in 'disruption' and 'outbursts'. It is clear, however, that there would be no shouting if the judge would allow Seale to defend himself, or postpone the trial until Seale's lawyer, Charles R. Garry, recovers from an operation.

. . .On Seale's second day in the rig, prosecuting attorney Richard Schultz provoked Seale by falsely accusing him of inciting violence (Seale had told Panthers in the courtroom to cool it but to act in self defense if attacked) Seale shouted through the gag in protest and tipped over his chair. The marshals attacked him, punching him in the face and groin. Jerry Rubin rose to protest, but a marshal elbowed him in the mouth . . . Tom Hayden's plea that Seale should not be put 'in a position of slavery' fell on deaf ears. Rennie Davis tried to tell the jury about Seale's mistreatment, but was silenced and threatened with contempt charges . . . Abbie Hoffman put the courtroom blowups in context: "The disruption started when 'these marshal's' got into overkill. Referring to the heated atmosphere and gridded ceiling of ghostly white fluorescent lighting, Abbie remarked, "This ain't a courtroom. It's a neon oven."

BARREL SCRAPINGS

The prosecution case is baking slowly. Observers both friendly and hostile to the Justice Department have expressed surprise at the legal weakness of the government's case. So far, almost all testimony has come from hack politicians loyal to Mayor Daley, policemen, and paid informers. "We're scraping the bottom of the barrel," prosecutor Schultz was overheard saying.

Meanwhile, Movement forces around the country are beginning to mobilise around the necessity of stopping the trial. No one knows how or if it can be stopped, but the trial is making it absolutely clear that the courts are an integral part of America's repressive machinery. Demanding an end to this trial and freedom for all political prisoners is a logical extension of the struggles for black liberation and against imperialistic war . . . because this repression is a blatant attempt to destroy those movements as well as to wipe out the insurgent youth politics and culture which threaten the sick and dying regime." L.N.S.

Anthony Lorraine has returned home to Oxford after spending fifteen months in a Russian prison. He was arrested in Tashkent on a charge of smuggling cannabis and given a three year sentence. He was released in October – along with fellow hash-head Michael Parsons and 'spy' Gerald Brook – in exchange for the Krogers. Judging from an account of the latter's thuggish incarceration in Parkhurst and Holloway (See Private Eye No. 198), the Britishers enjoyed a relatively civilised treatment notwithstanding the chilling indifference of the British consul in Moscow. Lorraine was surprised by his arrest, as the Russians generally overlook petty smugglers, preferring instead to extract the dollars from them as tourists. Five months were spent in solitary confinement, awaiting trial, then 11 months in a forced labour camp and the rest in a Moscow prison. This is Anthony Lorraine's own story:

Tashkent

For those of us who came out of Hindustan going west into Germanic Europe it was against the water. Bombay was another white bread and quick cutting Hollywood satellite, but India still gave: colour and silks and a gentle hospitality in passing. In Goa we emerged from the sea, naked-salted, to bathe in sweet landwater and fruit juices. From Katmandu, the mountain Tibetans offered goat's milk and vengeance.

A day's waiting on the steps of the Afghani consul in Peshawar got us visas. As cholera preteuded to close the Irani land border the Soviets were quite willing to offer their side-route. Only, please pay in dollars.

BUSTED

The Central Asian Soviet republics illegalised cannabis in 1962. But generally like our own: be cool, not in the streets. This was a bad month in Tashkent: I was caught holding in pockets and shoulder bag.

"It's on the custom's declaration you signed on entering the country."

"Show me."

He didn't, but it wasn't.

Rubber stamp trials. A lawyer whose job was the sob story, no holes must be drilled in the State's case, no questions. The law is sacred. The investigation has demonstrated the offence.

Narcotic. Defined as:

1. destroys central nervous system
2. destroys perception
3. conducive to destructive acts.

In defence, without the help of the lawyer or consulate, presentation of the usual facts.

"Your Honour, comrade judge, do you drink vodka?"

"Yes."

"Then please allow me to smoke grass."

Only coercion has been "say you're sorry", "be guilty" and maybe we won't give you so big a punishment. We all got the same sentences. Most of us came into Tashkent the same month. Moscow calling! "lay off, we can't afford to lose the dollars."

No violence. "Man, if you touch me I'll pull every Geneva convention trick in the book. Besides, if you touch me then I touch you, I get eight years."

The guards on the fences carried guns, with bullets; first shot in the air then in the leg. I wasn't confident enough of their cool to try it. Threatened to shoot me once.

Laughter, nervous.

Days of nothing going very fast.

Sleep and work and turn-on between times.

Dropped acid on May 1 up against the barbed wire. A beautiful trip. Body sports, the game of the ring, smiling and singing, guitar and occasional grass but most available opium. Everyone turns on in Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan and Ajerbaijan.

300 miles south-east of Moscow, 250 prisoners. Most born in Soviet Union, retaining non-Russian passport in the hope of one day splitting? 25 Westerners. 12 heads busted in Tashkent. In transit to Europe. Chinese, Greek, Korean, Arab, Polish and Mongolian scenes. Petty violence and embezzlement. 3-5 years deprivation of freedom in a labour colony for foreigners. 70 pairs of gloves a day or 7 stools or 450 carved pawns.

70 pairs of gloves sell for 45 rubles. We are payed 1 ruble 50 kopecks. Material and other costs: 20 rubles. Supporting the soviet government, 20 rubles a day. 3 years – 18,000 rubles. Pretty good for a country that fought a revolution to expropriate exploitation. We pay 47 kopecks a day for food; the police dogs get 1 ruble 50 kopecks food a day.

OUR MAN IN MOSCOW

We ache for greens: fruit and vegetables; for nine months the consul brings nothing, and at last 5 oranges, 5 pears and Knorr soups.

"Don't want to push it too much the first time, mustn't offend the Russians." Speaking across the gap to my fellow citizen representative. Blank.

"Man, you're going to go home and eat and your woman is probably already bustling around sipping cocktails. Fuck, at least bring us some onions and garlic, or some butter and caviare and sausage would be super, but we don't expect that. YOU KNOW. We get starch cereal and cabbage soup three times a day, we've had that, with black bread, for nine months now, nothing else, and all you have to do is take five minutes to go into a grocery store. No, you're too proud to receive any favours from the Russians with your sweet lipped diplomatic game. It's no favour, the Russians are human, they're happy to see us get other food, they know we're used to it, we're special, they don't want us unhappy. Or do you think your doing your bit to deprive, punish and destroy us?"

FUCK IN THE BOG

We leave Moscow after our 'morale boosting' visit with Her Majesty's representatives intensely unhappy. We stand in the station for hours being shunted around. The guard won't take anyone to the toilet. Some chicks do it in their cage and it runs under the grill to pool the steel corridor. The chicks are a trip. Everytime we travel, cages of them. Defiant; making heavy dike scenes, coming on as hard as they can for western cigarettes and else. We'll make it in a fast standing five-minute toilet job.

WOW, it tears you apart. Another load: mothers, sisters, grandmas and the girl-next-door. Nothing much but small shoplifting and the need for a little extra sugar. It doesn't get them down, they sing all night in the train: soulsound: songs of sadness and love. They're saying "Fuck off, let us be, Mr. K.G.B."

The ultimate is complete non-cooperation, "why should I work for you?" and maximum punishment, which is solitary confinement. Groove. A cell to yourself and brought a little food three times a day. During the Tashkent investigation I was in solitary for five months – long and deep inside looking: yoga and meditation.

They soon realised we actually wanted their first degree. Also, sometimes for our own safety: during the 7 months, cooped thirty to a winter room – vibrations would get tight. We stuck out like peroxide thumbs. A knife in our guts would be a big scandal problem for them, besides being a drag for one of us.

In walks a beautiful blackbelt head and our problems are over. We start retailoring prison suits to bell bottomed hipsters and waisted nehru shirts. Fashions for liberation. And in comes the year's grass crop and a new guitar and we swing in the tea-house. Or the hospital, where I make the first hallucinogenic trip with belladonna and know all about north European witchcraft.

Are there 12 million people in soviet prisons? Of a population of 220 million. Is it a stabilising system of cheap labour? Why the enormous sentences for small crime? There's no rehabilitation, no attempt to cleanse where the individual has gone from the social norm. Lenin put it that socially the Russian people were ill; fifty years later they still are. The administration and running of the colony and factory is absolutely corrupt. As outside in the big zone, where there is no communal ethic, none of the collective joy that full work promised, so inside.

Traditional religion gave an ethic and soviet marxism has been so loudly rejecting this that there has been no sufficiently differentiated space for a marxist communual ethic to move in on.

Do the younger people see this? They see the mask and insincerity of marxist interpretation. They realise interpretation is not moving with the times. Broadly they are not politically/economically orientated. Underground broadsheets and new movements cry out for freedom for the individual. Let us out of this insidious big-brother scene. Let us hear the sound communication from the West, what are the fashions, where is it at there? Let us travel, let us have another party, even freedom of religious belief.

The political camps are full of Ukraine nationalists, partisans and those who helped the nazis a little. The K.G.B. still hounds, digs up and gives these people 25 years. 25 years after. It would be a generally embarrassing scene if there was a general amnesty of war criminals in W. Germany. These and younger dropouts say there will be a revolution, a blood-bath, a mass murder of K.G.B. persons. But it can't happen until the satellites make it: Czeckoslavakia, Hungary, Latvia, then only does the Ukraine have a chance or the alternative people of Leningrad Moscow. "HANDS OFF CZECHOSLAVAKIA" they chanted in Red Square and were shipped off to Siberia.

Where are the cats who are there still? It's an O.K. scene, we made sure of that. But there is no contact with their heads by the various consuls. The consuls are closer to the red administration than to us. Now we can make that contact, send small trips of relief, for which send any contributions to me care of OZ.

HEADS IN A SALT MINE

In what were the salt-mines of Siberia there are still eleven heads who were trying to move a little joy around the world. Pushed into heavy masturbatory scenes: that's a bad trip for good people to get into. The whole scene of deprivation of all human stimulation is bad. The Soviets speak loud of humanity but where is it for these 12 million inside their empire of colonies? It's a strong antiquated penal system working neither as deterrent, punishment nor rehabilitation.

We make it as the ultimate in the existential earth trip, we smile a little and turn on because sooner or later the light will be green and we can go again. Those there cannot, they are in it for life, the colony is the little zone, the soviet union the big zone. So what's the point of escape. Both places are the same totalitarian deprivation of human freedom. Semi-marxists on entering, we emerge eager to reassess the values of free-enterprise. No hard feelings Mr. Russia, but you just missed on your reassessment of homo sapiens.

1. The Great Alienator

2. The Great Masturbatorium

After his fifteen months in a Russian prison Anthony Lorràine returns home to Oxford – where, according to our student contributors, another prison system is in full swing – the University. Its effect is more subtly and extensively pernicious, because, as these students point out, the inmates are unaware of their own oppression.

Oxford

In 1209, there was widespread rioting after the lynching of two undergraduates; as a result the University nearly collapsed.
In 1355, on St. Scholastica's day, every member of the University was killed, wounded, or driven out; for this massacre, the townsfolk had to say a penitentiary Mass annually until 1825.
In 1969, what? On the surface, little – the old student-skinhead clash, the yearly injunction to Gentlemen not to venture out on Bonfire Night, a drunken brawl when an undergraduate ventures into a Town pub. To most people – many students included – the old Town-Gown split has disappeared; but a tragic rift still exists and the machinery of the University – by accident or design – creates this rift.
On coming up, the student is met firstly with servility. He is cast in the role of Young Gentlemen; the town is here to serve him, and when he doesn't exploit it, he can just ignore it. His meals are served to him, his shoes are polished, his cups are washed, his bed is made. Old Bert and Mrs Baggins scurry round his mausoleum, tidying him up.
Scouts and bedders (they make beds, not sleep in them) earn £8-£12 a week, and often live in tied houses. They can start work as early as 6 a.m., cleaning lavatories and scrubbing floors before they call their young gentlemen for breakfast. To supplement their income, they also serve meals in Hall and work in the kitchens.
After his college servants, the only other townie a student will be in regular contact with is his landlady. Moral watchdog, warder extraordinary, she will (s)mother him ruthlessly. Their conversation, far from being restricted to discussions on the weather and one's health, soars to such philosophical heights as to encompass the morality of leaving a dirty ring around the bath.
Undergraduates have to live in registered lodgings on pain of losing their degree. Digs cannot be registered unless they have a resident landlady whose duty it is to enforce the same fascist rules imposed on a student living in college – no loud music, no guests after midnight, no cooking in rooms, no radical alterations to be made to the sterile decor, &c, &c. As of October 1970 – nearly a year after 18-year-olds become adults in law – undergraduates will be able to live in unregistered digs, if approval is given by the College Dean; this could mean even more restrictive rules.
When he isn't met with servility, the Oxford student finds hostility. He is taught only one way of relating to people – via the father-son relationship. He shows filial loyalty and obedience to his college and a paternal interest in, and difference from, his scout and bedder. Having been told how wonderful he is to have got to Oxford (crap!), the only attitude he can have towards townies is one of patronage; after all, the only townies he meets are college servants. He is a little put out when this pose is resented by his contemporaries who are natives of Oxford. The great Youth Culture which transcends all barriers of class, race and wealth just hasn't been heard of in Oxford. Students dress as they please, and can usually afford more and better clothes anyway; there are society meetings/plays/happenings every night – but open only to 'members of the University and their guests'; the best groups come to play at exclusively student functions, such as Summer balls (one recent exception was Jethro Tull at the Town Hall).
The young adults in the town – mostly assembly-line workers from Cowley – feel justifiably bitter about their underprivileged status. It's the working class/middle class conflict all over again, here accentuated by the fact that the middle class element is also immigrant. In theory, 10% of Oxford students are working class, but there is no class-consciousness, no attempt to identify with the working class youths of Oxford; the only calls for student-worker solidarity come from ex-public schoolboys having a last (and first) fling before going into Daddy's firm. The fact is that working class students are here because they want to be middle class, and therefore hold to bourgeois values more *fervently* than the actual scions of the bourgeoisie.
The antagonism between undergraduates and citizen, usually transmuted into apathy and mutual contempt and ignorance, is carried on into the student's later life. At Oxford he is imbued with the elitist ideal and convinced of his own superiority; he is destined to become a manager, a manipulator of men. Yet there is no one more singularly ill-fitted for this task than the Oxford graduate. A greater awareness among people that they are people, not objects, necessitates not just a change in management techniques, but the complete abolition of the manager/worker dichotomy. But Oxford still churns out reactionary anachronisms, committed to the perpetuation of the System. Yet it is not enough to change the University; society itself is still class-structured, still demands an aristocracy. To think a change in the academic world will precipitate revolution on a wider front (a common delusion among 'Revolutionary socialist students') is like believing a change of condom will bring about a fresh erection; the underlying structure needs to be revitalised and reoriented. So what can we do who faintly perceive and incoherently outline the rottenness that *is* the University, not just the rottenness that is in it? The apathetic revolutionary is just as much a product of the system as the grey man; and he stands just as much chance of breaking out. We are all prisoners, we are all dead we are all unborn.

Roj Jarman (St. Peters)

Oxford University is a prison, if an open one, and the colleges are its cells; only their inmates stay there of their own accord, and the locks and bars that kill the freedom in them are only partly physical. As a rule, the serfdom of students in Oxford is accepted by them without reflection or regret. It is an integral part of the voluntary servitude and abnegation of human possibilities that is the typical form of contemporary bureaucratic capitalist society. Moreover, in Oxford as elsewhere, a glittering spectacle has evolved as a compensation for the real poverty of everyday life. Each person finds consolation for his lack of genuine identity or satisfaction in life by discovering, almost as if by accident, a ready-made role in the ongoing spectacle – fearless free thinker, sexy young bluestocking, youthful protester . . . Though most students are none of these things, except in front of cameras or the eyes of admiring spectators, the pretence that they are enables the spectacle to be perpetuated endlessly – a rehearsal for a drama that is never actually performed, but which receives the enthusiastic acclaim or indignant criticism of reviewers.
The first emotion of virtually every undergraduate on arrival in Oxford is astonished disappointment that there are so few women (one to every five men). The second feeling, experienced by a significant minority of men after having met a few of these women, is grateful relief that there aren't any more about than there are already. For the Oxford undergraduate is, as a rule, stupid, sexless and ugly. She spends almost all of her time working, and whatever leisure she permits herself she consumes in ostentatious public appearances with domesticated, easily manageable, and altogether innocent males.
It cannot be denied, on the other hand, that this is a state of affairs about which few Oxford men experience any great anxiety. For most undergraduates, sex is like toothache, a nuisance of not much importance, and certainly nowhere near as absorbing as work, sport or drink. Vestigial physical needs can always be purged by pornography or masturbatory phantasy (Oxford must surely be the world's wet dream capital). Like castrated tomcats, undergraduates have better things to do than to screw.
Oxford students have, it is true, no lack of plausible excuses for putting up with this situation. Most colleges lock up their inmates at or around midnight, and special permission of a passkey is needed to be absent overnight. Being discovered with a girl in your room after visiting hours (which vary from college to college) still entails disciplinary sanctions – loss of one's rooms in college, or even rustication. All undergraduates have servants who are obliged to enter one's bedroom every morning, and wake one
Why do so few students at Oxford try to erode the system of supervision and inspection or even actively resent it? It must be confessed that students at Oxford are only conforming to the University's expectations in regard to them. The system of selection, relying heavily as it does on special scholarship examinations and personal interviews in the college to which one has applied, predetermines the character-types of those who are admitted about as effectively as it domesticates them even further once they are inmates. The ideal Oxford applicant is highly uninventive, wholly apolitical, sexually neutered, and, on the whole, not very bright.
In all justice, however, the internal social system of Oxford University cannot be arbitrarily separated for purposes of analysis from the social system of Britain as a whole. The ancient universities perform an indispensable function in securing the social totality against the threat of qualitative change posed by its own contradictions. A new breed of servile specialist must be developed to harry the workers into their scientifically managed factories and rationalised offices. Oxford succeeds in doing this with its placid traditions of urbanity and moral agnosticism; Oxford soon assimilates, moreover, all but an intransigent minority of its working-class intake. Finally, Oxford provides for the rest of society an indispensable spectacle of contemporary student life – permissive and fearlessly critical, free loving and free thinking – which is objectively necessary to a system that provides as much for liberal reformists (who applaud student life) as for conservative Jeremiahs (who deplore it), and, in both cases, supplies them with the appropriate mirage of the student's predicament.
To those not caught up in the situation, it is almost inconceivable, but to those who are in it, it is almost intolerable. What can be done? Nothing will be achieved if we await the eventual awakening of the sleeping majority of the students in Oxford. They are happy slaves, and they do not find their fate at all objectionable. Nor can any effective organisation of dissidence be achieved if it relies on the discredited strategies of passive political mobilisation and rentacrowd militancy favoured by the Left in Oxford. Rather what is required of the critical minority in Oxford is a determined attempt to construct an alternative mode of everyday life, freed of the banality and emptiness of its established opponent. And at the same time, by a non-stop cultural harrassment, to ridicule and scorn both the pieties of the system and the pretences of our fellow undergraduates. A resolute refusal to invent any role for oneself in the obscene spectacle of Oxford life; a rigorous struggle to contest, deflate and demolish its decadent carnival; and a patient effort to construct an authentic alternative to the spectacle (rather than an alternative spectacle); a mode of everyday life that isn't any longer a variation of the death-game – nothing less can possibly be enough.

John N Gray (Exeter)

'The Lebanon:'

The Hole of the Lebanese Black

by Harvey Matusow

The Lebanese caught the bug, and in March started to crack down on westerners on the hash scene. Since the crackdown started upwards of fifty British, American and other Europeans have been busted. The majority of these arrested are in their twenties or early thirties, but one British women age 64 was also gaoled.

The Lebanese law provides for no extenuating circumstances – no consideration of the individual's background or the fact that the offense may have been the individual's first – In addition to this, there is no remission for good behavior, and no parole.

The law there calls for sentences of between three and fifteen years if you are convicted of trafficking, and a one year sentence if you're found in possession of hash for your own use.

CONNED BY DEALERS

If you get the one year sentence it's possible to serve it in the Asfourieh mental hospital, and you can get a reduction to six months if the doctor there certifies that you've given up using the stuff.

One of the dangers in Lebanon is that the kids are being conned by Lebanese hash dealers into believing that the stuff is legal, and that they can make a connection with someone at customs. There are a few documented cases where the Lebanese pusher sold a cat some hash, and a double bottom suit case, then informed to the customs so as to collect a reward of 50 Lebanese pounds for every pound of stuff you're caught with.

One British chick was caught recently with 25 pounds of hashish strapped around her waist, claimed that she was forced by her boy friend to carry it. She was convicted, then suffered a nervous breakdown – had to be moved to a mental hospital – and is now back in prison.

While most of those busted plead guilty at least two Americans recently busted claimed that they were innocent victims of others who tried to smuggle the stuff out by planting it in their cars. It's not infrequent to hear the assertion that smugglers pick a patsy who has a car, and then conceal the hashish in the car – inside the petrol tank or the tyres or elsewhere, where a confederate can recover it when the car reaches its destination.

SLEEPING LIKE SPOONS

One American who just finished a three year sentence, Elliot Fayad claimed this happened to him. He told about the prison conditions in the Sands Prison where people await trial with others already convicted.

He said it was built in Ottoman times to house 600 people and now has over 1,200.

'Seventy to eighty persons occupy rooms 20 by 30 feet' he said, 'and at night they have to sleep on their sides, fitted together like spoons, and in the daytime they roll up their blankets to form passageways among them. There are no beds.'

'Only one hour a day is allowed for exercise, walking in the courtyard, while others, usually the poor ones who'd been paid with cigarettes clean the place up.'

'Food is brought in once a day. It's cooked, but cold on arrival, and is a real problem for non-Lebanese to get used to.'

He also said that once a week they had a meal of rice and beans which was considered a treat.

The toilet is a hole in the floor that tended to fill up after 9 PM when the water was turned off.

Foreigners had a double problem in not understanding the language. The noise he claimed was unbelievable.

There are at least two fights a day, and if the guard sees it, both men are beaten.

HEADS FOR SCAPE-GOATS

Fayad said he saw shortly before his release, two Americans severely beaten by the guards and thrown into a dungeon for four days, after they were caught smoking some hash which had been smuggled in.

All in all, the scene in Lebanon today is acutely anti-Western, mainly due to the political tensions in the Middle-East, and any western kid caught is liable to get an extra pounding. Putting an 'imperialist pot smoker' in prison, is a good diversion in a country split down the middle politically and needing scape-goats.

November 15th is the threshold of our dream

THRESHOLD

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Goodbye Jack Kerouac

David Widgery

'KIND KING MIND/Allen Ginsberg called me' *Mexico City Blues, 5th Chorus.* **'a girl once told me I had a steel trap brain, meaning I'd catch her out with a statement she'd made an hour ago even though our talk had rambled a million light years from that point'** *Jack Kerouac.* **'Poets are God's spies'** *PB Shelley.*

Ti Jean, Vanity Duluoz, Sal Kerouac, you're gone now. You died age 46 in your house in Lowell, Mass. where you lived with your crippled mother and suspicious wife of one year, Stella, and they decided to do to you the American death thing and have you mummified, thread your veins with formaldehyde, tie a bow tie in position and clad your face in certain deathly cosmetics. And though Ginsberg, Orlovsky and Holmes stayed by you gently all night, dawn was soon and a Massectuecets funeral.

MARMITE AND BOP

To read Kerouac when you were 15, scrabbling through the Ks of Slough Public Library, was a coded message of discontent; the sudden realisation of an utter subversiveness and license. He legitimised all the papery efforts of a child writer, dream books, pretend novellas, invented games, planned and described walkouts. He expressed a solution to the pentupness, exitlessness of youth that feeling of wanking off inside all the time.[1] Everyone I know remembers where they were when they read 'On The Road' whether newly expelled from school, public librarians (trainee) in Hammersmith, car park attendants in Dorking, knowledgeable Eisenhower drunks or hospital porters because of the sudden sense of infinite possibility. You could, just like that, get off out of it into infinite hitchhiking futures. Armed only with a duffle coat you could be listening to wild jazz on the banks of the Tyne or travelling east-west, across the Pennines. Mostly we never actually went, or the beer wore off by Baldock High Street and you were sober and so cold. But we were able to recognise each other by that fine, wild, windy prose and the running away motif that made so much sense. I, like ten thousand other fifth formers, wrote series of letters in imitation of Kerouac, spiralling indiscriminate word patterns and being able, in his shadow, to write thewordstogether if I so wanted to. A Canadian friend who thought he was Dean Moriarty sent me a notebook bound in smelly red cellophane about his runaway with an autocycle and packet of marmite sandwiches which he was forced to abandon in a snow drift after two miles. The notebook was about 80 pages yet seemed proper and as it ought to happen and all accountable within the terms of spontaneous bop prosody. Jazz was the other part of *our* underground because it meant beer and beards and arguing about the 4th trumpet in Kenton's reconstructed front line like stamp collectors.

We would get three-quarters drunk and listen to Charlie Parker who seemed to be trying to sound like Kerouac too if you listened to the breath sounds and the oral punctuation. 'Yes, jazz and bop, in the sense of a, say, tenor man drawing a breath and blowing a phrase on his saxophone, till he runs out of breath, and when he does, his sentence, his statement has been made . . . that's how I therefore separate my sentences as breath separations of the mind . . . there's the raciness and freedom and humour of jazz instead of all that dreary analysis and things like "James entered the room and lit a cigarette. He thought Jane might have thought this too vague a gesture".'[1] When Hoagy Carmichael heard Bix Biederbeck, he fell of his chair. When Tom Paine was in hiding, he found shelter at the home of William Blake. 'Now I'd been getting bored with the stereotyped changes that were being used all the time, and I kept thinking there's bound to be something else. I could hear it sometimes but I couldn't play it. I was doing alright until I tried double tempo on Body and Soul. Everyone fell out laughing. I went home and cried and didn't play again for three months.'[2]

RED SHIFT, BIG BANG

Kerouac's writing started with home drawn comic strips, home made comix, whole childhood exercise book novels, long systems for horse racing and basketball games in the comfort of your front room played with symbols and pieces of paper money. 'At 18 I read Hemingway and Saroyan and began writing terse little stories in that general style. Then I read Tom Wolfe and began to write in the rolling style. Then I read Joyce and wrote a juvenile novel like Ulysses called "Vanity of Duluoz". Then came Dostoevsky. Finally, I entered a romantic phase with Rimbaud and Blake which I called my "self-ultimacy period", burning what I wrote in order to be self-ultimate. At the age of 24, I was groomed for the Western idealistic concept of letters from reading Goethe's Dichtung und Wahreit. The discovery of a style of my own based on a spontaneous get-with-it, came after reading the marvellous free narrative letters of Neal Cassady, a great writer who happens to be the Dean Moriarty of "On The Road".'[3] Cassady might, reluctantly, be compared to Trotsky in his historical span. Just as Trotsky is the sole link between Bolshevism and the post-war revolutionary movement so it was Cassady who was the only human link between the West Coast beats and the post-Leary hippies, acting as the driver of Ken Kesey's acidic bus Further. He stayed magnificently the same. In Kerouac he's this incredible talker, lost into a blue streak that's going to last all his life, pulsating even when silent 'where once Dean would have talked his way out, he now feels silent himself, but standing in front of everyone, ragged and broken and idiotic, right in front of the light bulbs, his mad face covered with sweat and throbbing veins, saying "Yes, yes, yes", as though tremendous revelations were pouring into him the whole time now, and I am convinced they were, and the others suspected as much and were frightened. He was BEAT-the root, the soul of beatific.'[4] And 10 years later when drug-casseroled ex-novelist Kesey makes his American migration, there Cassady sat driving the bus. Cassady had been a rock on this trip the totally dependable person, when everyone else was stroked out with fatigue or the various pressures, Cassady could be still counted on to move. It was as if he never slept and didn't need to.

For all his wild driving, he always made it through the last oiled gap in the maze, like he knew it would be there all the time, which it always was. When the bus broke down, Cassady drove into its innards and fixed it. He changed tyres, lugging and heaving and jolting and bolting with his fantastic muscles popping out striation by striation and his basilic veins gorged with blood and speed'.[5] Now Cassady's dead too. His body was found beside a railroad track outside the town of San Miguel de Allende in Mexico. It was said that he had been despondent and felt that he was growing old and had been on a long downer and had made the mistake of drinking alcohol of top of barbiturates. His body was cremated. (Marshall Bloom founding figure of the American Underground Press killed himself six weeks ago by connecting the exhaust pipe of a running car to the closed car interior but this he's not in this story).

BULLET BEAT

Cassady's writing had started, like Kerouac's, in the slow painstaking, creative-writing-course-by-post way. Then he wrote The First Third a novel about his childhood with his alcoholic father in the Denver alley wineshops and Greyhound station johns and the way they talked to each other (like Kesey's acid soaked Pranksters) with 'minds weakened by liquor and an obsequious manner of existence, seeming continually preoccupied with bringing up short observations of obvious trash, said in such a way as to be instantly recognisable by the listener, who has heard it all before and whose own prime concern was to nod at everything said, then continue the conversation with a remark of his own, equally transparent and loaded with generalities.'[6] Cassady sent Kerouac a 40,000 word letter (now called the Joan Anderson letter) which Kerouac describes as 'the greatest piece of writing I ever saw, better'n anyone in America, or at least enough to make Melville, Twain, Dreiser, Wolfe I dunno who, spin in their graves' and which disappeared overboard into the sea. Kerouac and Cassady could talk each other into a state of semi-trance where their unrepressed word-slinging hotted up into a big shootout, bulletwords.

wizzing backwards and forwards with words that were slippery without being gelatinous and made you tremble when you read them.' We did much fast talking, on tape recorders, way back in '52 and listened to them so much we both got the secret of LINGO in telling a tale and figure that was the only way to express the speed and tension and the extatic tom foolery of the age.'
Kerouac/Cassady learned from this to curve and move their acoustic prose in the air, sustaining the long line by breath, rubbish image, riff, dazzling phrasing making an awkward tightrope walk like Chaplin about to fall but never quite doing so since able to 'add alluvials to the end of your line when all is exhausted but something has to be said for some specified irrational reason'.[7]
It's from Kerouac's sound not the coterie poetics of Creely/Olson that is behind Ginsberg's rush on language. And from all three Americans the florid young British poets of the 50s fed, snatching bootlegged copies from Ferlingetti's City Lights Press and the other artistic contraband which made possible the dense undergrowth of the British small poetry magazines (especially Poetmeat, early Underdog, and the shortbreathed and 'substantial' New Departures). Mike Horovitz, whose mattress prose, too, is interior sprung, describes the impact of the American orals on off the page British poetry wonderfully well in his afterwords to Penguins 'Poetry of the "Underground" in Britain'.
Ferlingetti had always been social and political 'all this droopy corn about the beat generation and its being "existentialist" is as phoney as a four dollar piece of lettuce . . . only the dead are disengaged. And the wiggy nihilism of the beat hipster, if carried to its logical consequences actually means the death of the creative artist himself.'[8]
Ginsberg increasingly became political after his decision to 'expose self and accuse America'.[9] But sez Kerouac 'I agree with Joyce, as Joyce said to Ezra Pound in the 1920s, "Don't bother me with politics, the only thing that interests me is style".' Nowdays he seems to dismiss the holy goofing groin cats and wine lips of the San Francisco poetry gang 'Ferlingetti and Ginsberg, they are very socialistically minded and wanted everyone to live in some sort of frantic kibbutz, solidarity and all that. I'm a loner'. Kerouac was the lonesome traveller jumping out of cars, into fruit waggons, merchant holds, going and going as if by his movement alone he could become a molecule in a marvellous unity. He deeply wanted to believe in a total unification of the Golden Buddist eternity, his religion was his ultimate resource and he saw it mostly in nature; the misty swelling and blooming of the seasons, sea and red wood trees he watched over for a spell. This was the wonderful still centre within all his energy; the baby Ti Jean with kitten and candy bar on pillow while the absolutely evil Dr Sax caused the swollen city river to rise sucking and slapping in the streets of Lowell.
It is said that as a child Kerouac was discovered trying to fuck the world, found with his prick buried in soil.

WHAT HAPPENED

This handsome travelling man who sings and writes across the hugeness of the States is a great figure of the real migrant American. In the false America of the fifties of Ike and Perry Mason's fight against freedom, in the symbol worshipping, silent, bad sociology writing, thick fifties, his very existence was a protest. Against that world's addiction to the inaumate, Kerouac's response was not political or critical he just damned them with his energy. Against the moral ruin of their world he replied in every second of his hour with the creative act. He insulted them, almost without knowing it himself, with his exuberance, his wonder, his emotions, almost crazed by the torrent of experience and finally devoured by its own appetite. Compared with him the alleged novelists of dissent on this side of Atlantic look and were mean, conservative and trivial.
But he seemed imprisoned within his wonder and his age; the Fifties. He doesn't so much develop as a writer as accumulate reworking the themes of his witness of the Beats, of his brother Gerard and family, of Mexico City and Paris with a steadily growing intensity. The compulsive nature of his writing could turn pathological; drugs and writing were the organising principles of his life, and death. 'Notoriety and public confession in literary form is a frazzler of the heart you were born with, believe me'. He was unable to alter the pace set by his mind which was as out of breath at 45 as it was at his hallucinated 15. He wrote, like Victor Serge, single spacing on a continuous typewriter roll at a punishing rate (in Tangier he typed Naked Lunch for Burroughs). The Subterraneans was written in three days, a physical feat much harder than the athletic struggles of the windy field leaving him as white as a sheet and having lost 15 pounds and looking strange in the mirror. His babble brook book Sartori in Paris was written on cognac and malt whiskey. Tristessa the fine mystic novel about a Mexican girl taint for morphine and the remarkable Mexico City poems were direct from his life in Mexico where his life and writing intersected dangerously. The vain records of the pagentry of the West Coast Beats 'Desolation Angels' 'Big Sur' and 'The Subs' indicate the pace at which he lived, the tension level at which the books are charged. Book of Dreams used even his sleeping life for material 'in a style of a person half awake from sleep and ripping it out in pencil by the bed . . . yes, pencil . . . what a job, bleary eyes, insaned mind bemused and mystified by sleep, details that pop out even as you write them you don't know what they mean, till you wake up have coffee, look at it and see the logic of the dream from the language itself.' He was the last American to write quite like this; the great Romantic a naked sheet wound round experience and registering it in wonder 'the true story of what I saw and how I saw it'.
As he grew unrelentingly older, he grew, logically, patriotic and sentimental. A rare public meeting he spoke to in Southern Italy was broken up by dumbfounded Italian kids when he defended the American war in Vietnam. His drunkenness, male adventuring, lumberjack clothes (now looking uncannily like the handsome Ronald Reagan) were of a different world now. He must have sensed it was impossible to keep hold of his old human universe when he retreated to his bungalow in Lowell. Like Dylan his quietism is only objectionable if you interpret politically; which of course you have to. When people started fighting back against the monster America the nutcase radicals, Trotskyists, Black Panthers they do so in a way that excludes him . . . even disgusts him. For now protest is nowhere near enough. It's too conventional and we need to fight America with all the science it is using to destroy us. And we must win.
We have to blaspheme against Kerouac's religiosity and be wary of his colossal nervous system. He is a precious voice but from the past. When we win we can name streets and stars after him.

1. Paris Review 43, Kerouac Interview.
2. 'Hear Me Talking to You' P 342 Charlie Parker.
3. The New American Poetry, Don Allen P. 439.
4. 'On the Road'
5. 'The Electric Cool Aid Acid Test' Tom Wolfe P. 101.
6. 'The First Third' City Lights Journal Number 2.
7. 'The New American Poetry' Don Allen P. 414.
8. 'The New American Poetry' Don Allen P. 412.
9. Eric Mottram Introduction 'Flight From America' All other Kerouac quotations Paris Review.

A Sad Letter

Dear Sir!
Some weeks ago I saw an invitation in your paper asking all foreigners in Turkish prisons to report about their cases, sentences and about general circumstances.

I was arrested in spring of '66 being in possession of 1 Kg. of hash. It happened at the frontier station 'Uzunkopru' on the occasion of custom control on my way back to Germany. After five months I was sentenced to 'lifetime' only the fact being a seriously disabled man (Brain injured and now again right sides paralysed) cut down this sentence to '30 years'. During the hearings 'without lawyer' and in unknowledge of the Law in this country but the Turkish court didn't bother about that.

My consulate wrote a request to the court asking for a lawyer, but no result and I was punished without possibility of defence. At least finally I tried to make a speech for the defence myself, but the Judge didn't like it and cut off my speech.

I mentioned several times I smoke hash myself and the stuff is for my own use, because I am seriously war disabled and suffering very much from pain, but no reaction at all.

After getting my sentence still in court, the translator told me I had got to serve my time but 'only 20 years' because 10 years of my sentence is a free part if I am a good prisoner, isn't that broad-minded? On the whole and by and large they really improve their barbarism.

My next thought was to appeal, of course it is possible, but the question was how to do it? During the whole trial without a bill of indictment, that means, without number of files, and after the condemnation without argument of trial, last nothing at all. The same day after condemnation I informed my consulate by an urgent letter and they tried to get the number of the files. If you don't mind I am telling you, after the consulate got this damn number, it was too late to do something, because the 'appointed time' was up. No chance to appeal any more. Up till today, not a single sheet of paper, like, bill of indictment, or bill of trial, nothing, but insist on their law.

If it would be useful for your paper here are some facts how they treat me in prison. I told already about my invalidity, before I got arrested I could walk normally without stick, now I am forced to use a stick for every step and almost not more than 5 minutes. I spent a lot of time in Turkish hospitals but without success. Here isn't much knowledge about medical treatment in cases like mine. Other things happened, but I get tired at mentioning them all again. I got medical expert evidence several times, but the last one, it seems, is the importanest of all, said: S (that's me) needs help and nursing all the time, he can't take care of himself. That's the correct translation. Now my consulate is trying something but in this fatalist country maybe they are successful after my funeral because they kicked me right down and now it doesn't really matter anyway.
All in all, to be amongst murderers, thieves and slave sellers, is the biggest misfortune I ever took part. What a nuisance, to be a smoker of hash, is a bigger crime 'than a simple murder case' which would be punished 24 years. But otherwise they are eager-joining every modern European institution that means every time a step nearer to the money but without carrying out obligations of humanity in their own country. For instance they joined the European Court in Strasburg too and now they take a look to the convention of this high European Court about humanity. I don't have the intention to give my thoughts about humanity for discussion only so much, I got a lot of compassion for this world.

My regards to you and I am hoping my letter will help somewhat to beat the drum about the prisoners in an awful and backward country.
H. Schonwalder

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Name.....

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Dynamite the BBC

Dear Oz,
It is not surprising that Tony Palmer felt it was necessary to disassociate himself from the remarks he was reported to have made about the B.B.C. Anyone who has anything good to say about B.B.C. Radio and Television has got to be speaking out of the top of his head.

The most indicative example of the B.B.C.'s attitude towards its audience is Jimmy Young hidden Radio One. Despite the changes that have taken place in the Rock Music scene during the last twelve years, they are still trying to make us believe that things haven't changed since 1958. We still hear forty teeny groups each day on wonderful Radio One when every available pointer tells us that the teeny scene is dead. We still hear nothing but singles when albums, for the first time ever, are selling in greater numbers.
The power is there and by using the B.B.C. as its whipping boy, the Government is showing, as it did with the sacking of the pirates, that it is becoming increasingly aware that the recording industry is the only one over which it has no control.

Censorship mutilates television, radio and the daily press. 'Popular' magazines are controlled in much the same way and the cinema and the theatre rely almost entirely on lucrative outlets. Of the 'underground press', 'Time Out' appears to possess the greatest potential for change (on every page) but is misusing it. IT has gone into music for the wrong reasons and OZ needs to be taken more seriously. Our music, however, is completely our own. It is the only medium which does not have to rely on a lowest common denominator appeal to get itself across. It is rooted in the community and the community accepts and understands it.

Rock music in 1969 is not the Radio One Fun Thirty (nor are the composers competing with Schubert or Bach). It is a point of contact for thousands of otherwise isolated people, providing them with their most solid form of communication.
In 25 years we will rule the world. The revolution is in our heads and that's the most important place of all. Meanwhile, the Beatles say what is on our minds.
R. Harris

Michael Gross

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On Memorial Day, May 30, the Park Committee Asks All to Rally in Berkeley Together

We Will March to Peoples' Park!

James Rector is dead in Berkeley of a police bullet in his heart. A sadistic Alameda County Sheriff's deputy killed him as Rector, from a rooftop, watched the massive assault on hundreds of brothers, some of whom he had met in a park built on vacant land. He was shot by a single policeman, but Sheriff Madigan distributed the shotguns, and the University of California pulled the trigger. The University fired the police guns which shot a hundred others on the bloody day of May 15th. It swung the clubs which have wounded, even crippled, dozens of others since that day, in methodical, conscious and indiscriminate violence.

Berkeley has undergone ten days of siege by 2700 National Guardsmen and thousands of police. All political and constitutional rights have been suspended by Reagan's fiat. A reign of terror, with heavily armed police teargassing and breaking into homes and dormitories has hit the university community.

All this because the University of California expropriated Peoples Park from the Berkeley community

Arts Lab Death

Conversation
The British are said to be hard to get to know. They seldom talk to strangers in trains or buses. They like to get things done with the minimum of effort, and they consider that too much talk is an unnecessary waste of time. When talk is unavoidable they like to come straight to the point. When two people meet and they wish to save themselves from the embarrassment of silence, they usually talk about the weather. As this is always changing, there is always something new to be said about it. In any case, this is a useful topic with which to open a conversation with a stranger.

Dear Friends,
Please accept this newsletter from me with some news which should interest you. The Arts Laboratory located on Drury Lane for the past two and a half years is closed. The Arts Lab was many things to many people: a vision frustrated by an indifferent, fearful society; an experiment with such intangibles as people, ideas, feelings, and communications; a restaurant, a cinema; a theatre (Moving Being, Freehold, People Show, Human Family, etc.); underground television (Rolling Stones at Hyde Park, Isle of Wight, Dick Gregory All Night Events); a gallery (past exhibitions include Yoko Ono & Lennon, Takis, etc.); free notice boards (buy/sell, rides to Paris), a tea room, astrological readings, an information bank (tape, video, & live-Dick Gregory, Lennie Bruce, Michael X, Michael McClure . . .), happenings (verbal and otherwise); music (live and tape including The Kinks, Donovan, Leonard Cohen, Third Ear Band, Shawn Phillips, Kylastron, etc.); books, magazines and newspapers (Time Out, IT, Sock, OZ, Rolling Stone); information.
People flowed through — young, old, fashionable, unfashionable, beautiful, bored, ugly, sad, aggressive, friendly — five bob if you can afford it, less if you can't. A few people in a position to help financially took but never gave. They asked, 'What's the product? What's it name?' The real answer was Humanity: you can't weigh it, you can't market it, you can't label it, and you can't destroy it. You can touch it and it will respond, and you can free it and it will fly, you can create it and it will grow. If you kill it — it's murder. The kids here don't believe it's the end and they're right for it will reappear in another form. 'We are the seeds of the tenacious plant, and it is in our ripeness and our fullness of heart that we are given to the wind and are scattered.'

Some facts: The Arts Council gives £13,500 per annum to the Traverse Theatre in Edinburgh. I founded and directed and which is only one third the size and scope of the Lab. The kitchens of the Royal Opera House are given some £37,000 per annum by the Arts Council. The Arts Lab received no support from the Arts Council. I have been asked to join the Arts Council. I am £18,000 in debt.

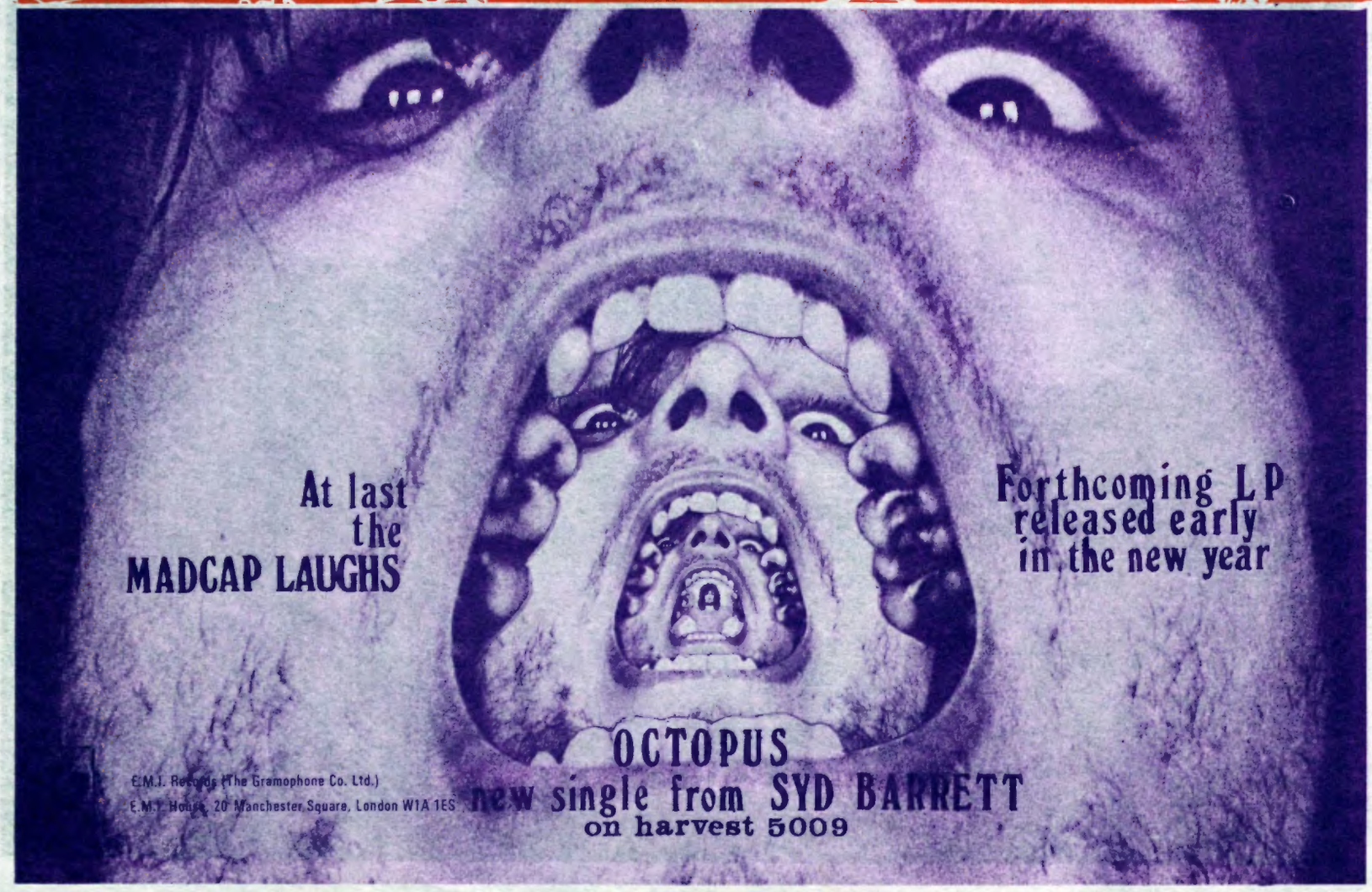
The future: My future plans and the future plans for the Lab are clouded. I might move to Paris or to Amsterdam or to both cities. I have been invited to lecture at the new University of Paris at Vincennes. The Lab has been invited to present a season of London theatre, film, music, experimental television, etc. in La Lucernaire, a theatre in Paris, in December.

The loss does not diminish the scope of the experience, I have learned. The fullness and unpredictability of the future out-distances the past. Perspective brings understanding — a property of future and past. The future has a delightful habit of turning into the present.

Blessings and regards
Jim Haynes

Invitations
There will be many people in Britain who will want to invite you to their homes. If they invite you it means that they want you to come and they hope that you will tell them definitely whether you are coming or not.

Dress
While your national costume is always appreciated — and the more colourful the better — people are apt to be intolerant of men who adopt a flamboyant imitation of the British male attire.



Kill for Love

Dear Richard,

Having been presented as an asthmatic impotent, tone-deaf, sadist wierd, I am now about to fall into the trap of writing a letter in reply to Germaine's piece 'Mozic and the Revolution' OZ 24 and will probably confirm all of her suspicions.

It would appear that the main problem in contemporary revolution, with the exception of the Guerrilla wars in S. America is that all action takes place within territory held by the enemy. This fact destroys the idealistic approach to revolution, because in order to survive, the Revolutionary has to connive, cheat, lie and above all, develop a mental attitude which often is cynical and occasionally sadistic. This problem of expediency and passive idealism was exposed two years ago at UFO with Caroline Coon forcibly learning that it is not sufficient to embrace marauding skinheads and murmur 'Peace and Love' to them. A number of people, including myself found we were in the inenviable position of having to face gangs of skinheads on their own terms in order to save genuinely peaceful people from getting their heads broken. In this way we were forced, on one hand, into compromising our own ideals ('To kill a man is simply murder; it is revolution to turn him on'); while on the other we earned the distrust of the flower people following these displays of violence.

If the Rock revolution is going to succeed in this society, it is painful, but necessary for some of us to sacrifice our own chances of the promised land, so that those like Dr. G., who are already into peacefully doing their own thing, will not have to compromise themselves in order to survive. In some ways the Revolutionary is the least suited to live in the Utopia supposedly created out of revolution. This is sad, but there it is.

We have been hearing Rock solidly for the last ten years and despite what Germaine says, we have gone (even me in my condition), 'pretty far into our bodies'. The very fact that a white southern kid like Elvis Presley can go so far against his culture as to strut, and stomp like a nigger is a far greater part of revolution than all the feedback imaginable. Sure, we have got down into our bodies, the problem now is to find a way for Rock to begin to make us rattle over our brains. Dylan began to move in that direction, and maybe John Sinclair was helping it along the way, but my great fear is that the process will not be fast enough to be completed before the red-necks shoot us as well.

Mick Farren

The Police and the Law: It will not be long before you can recognise the police. The ordinary "constable" is familiarly known as a "Bobby", though he likes to be addressed as "officer" unless he has three stripes, in which case call him "sergeant". He patrols his beat on foot, or is seen on traffic control duty.

Buses: You may smoke "upstairs" or "on top", but not "downstairs" or "inside".

Underground Railways: Stations are marked UNDERGROUND in white letters on a blue ground.

First Meetings When British people are introduced to each other, they give a faint smile and say: "How do you do?" There is no answer to this question. They occasionally shake hands, especially if formally introduced, but they do not shake hands with men and women they see often.

How to Make an insurrection: People do not make revolution eagerly.
C. Wright Mills

ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH BLUES

VOLUME 1

IMALO3/IMALO4

VOLUME 2

IMALO5/IMALO6

THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF BRITISH BLUES IN TWO VOLUMES
EACH VOLUME CONTAINING TWO ALBUMS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.
ANOTHER COLLECTORS ITEM FROM IMMEDIATE.

IMMEDIATE

EVERYBODY who is interested in giving recitations should have a book of monologues at his or her elbow. The usual repertoire of pieces in sober verse is well enough in its way, but when a few monologues are added, the repertoire becomes much more popular and acceptable.

It usually helps a great deal if suitable clothing is worn. A scarf or a hat may easily make all the difference to the effect, and a few pieces of furniture, such as a table and a chair, help in suggesting the proper atmosphere.

Though there is usually more to learn in a monologue than in a set of rhymed verses, the monologue is often mastered more quickly, as there is not the need to memorise the passages with the same word-accuracy.

My young nephew knows everything. You know the type – went to school until he was seventeen – seventeen mind you! – then went to a university and came away thinking the old folks couldn't teach him anything. All I said was wrong, and everything he did was right. Well, anyway, he got married last Easter. Married a bit of a thing as bad as he was – and the *ideas* the pair of them had! Everything was going to be done the modern way and they wouldn't take any advice – no, not even at the wedding reception. It really upset his mother, who believed in the old fashioned way of doing everything. I knew it was no good talking so I just said nothing – I even gave them the wedding present they wanted. Not what you'd expect – a case of cutlery, a carpet sweeper, or something useful but a Chinese vase! Fancy, a Chinese vase to put in the hall! A Chinese vase! Well, that just shows you.

We all went to their house after the reception to look at the presents and you never saw such a house in all your born days. Everything had to be modern – whether it worked or not. The kitchen was modern, the dining room was modern, the hall was modern, the bathroom was modern, the bedrooms were modern. They even had modern twin beds.

"Twin beds," I said, "I've never heard of such a thing. What's the matter with a good old-fashioned brass bedstead?"

They both just looked at me, and I was sorry I'd spoken. I didn't say anything, but I thought quite a bit.

Well, after we'd seen the presents we all came away and left them to themselves, and it wasn't until three or four weeks later that I heard anything more of them. I got a letter saying this and that, but at the end was the bit I'd been waiting for.

"We can't understand," said my newphew, "where the Chinese vase is that you gave us." I thought it was worth a telegram. I went down to the Post Office and sent it off straight away – I only wish I could have seen their faces when they opened it.

"Look in the other bed," I said.

Caroline does a nasty

19th Nov.
Catford College,
Goudhurst Road,
Downham.

Dear Oz,
This is yet another in the series of all-you-hear-about-Caroline-Coon-may-be-boring-but-it's-fucking-true.
OK so Release is a great service and a lot of the credit must go to Caroline, fine Of late the fuzz have been super-active and so it isn't surprising that friends get busted, and Release are good to us. Someone thinks it would be nice to raise some money which no doubt Release could use. How about a benefit.

Well Release how do you feel about a benefit? 'Groovy, come up and chat about it'. So we do. Everyone seems to feel good about the whole thing. Carry on. So we carry on. It seems that with an effort most people will help. We move next door to OZ and the girl says that we should be able to get some free advertising.

With some fixing we persuade another college with a larger hall to let us have it for the evening. With some fixing they get the local council to let them have it for nothing. Back at the college strings are franticly being pulled, by the end of the week we've got more than enough groups plus the aid of those concert veterans at the Rookery. Things are really working. We've even got a press willing to print cheap.

Get a call from Des Banks, 'Would we come up and see Caroline and tell all. Sure. So we arrive and Caroline is wondering where the best sights in Germany are to be seen. Then someone tells us to sit down. We wait around for a bit. Someone has nicked the coffee. They have a long discussion on padlocks and signs. Then someone notices us in the corner. Can they help us 'Benefit? Oh yeah. Well, like it's difficult. You know, I mean like we've had hundreds of benefits and er just not benefited.' Oh. So they go back to the coffee. By now we're shit tired of the whole thing. So get up to go. Caroline spots us.. 'Like you know I'm sorry but you know how it is.'
So we stand at the door and she tells us how. If the benefit flops people will still go around thinking Release have benefited. Caroline could'nt you have said so on the phone? It would have saved us god knows how much money and a fuck of a lot of time and trouble.

Sorry but you know how it is. Oh yeah do you want to stay and watch the moonshot? I suppose the fact that if you look there are hundreds of people willing to help a good cause, is good enough in itself, but I wish Caroline would sometimes stop and think.
Anyway, thanks to the Soft Machine, Ai Stewart, Blackhill, OZ, N.U.S., the Rookery, The Notting Hill Press, Des and all others who were naive enough to think it might have worked.
Richard, Martin, Jon, Carol, and 1000's more.

Please...

Dear Sir,
I am 24 years of age and having read an account of your works as published in the People, Sunday September 7th, 1969, I would love to learn more about your magazine as you say love is beautiful, it is and all of us women know it. But like me, few of us are getting any Intimate Personal attention. Like my man for instance. From mounting me and getting it up into me, to rolling off me, four minutes and then deep snores. That is called love. But it only leaves me with an insatiable gash under my belly that is thrust forward elongated and gaping immensely, greedily yearning to be explored and used and served, as well as skilfully and dexterously operated into me by hand. No there is none of this for me only a very deep frustration. Day by day I come on heat as I go about my work in the home or on the street, there is nothing I can do about it, as I am not getting the tool shoved up into me that would take this feeling away from me, and do me the most good. I have to just carry on. I thought your book would teach him, *what* and *how* to do to me the things that would get him the most pleasure it is possible to get out of me. Lasting pleasure that is. What a God's Gift of Love to a woman in my present position to be held forcibly down unable to move, until by his ego and over indulgence all of me has been exposed and exhibited for his vision and the enormous vast channel of pleasure that he could obtain from working up into me dilegently. Well I will close now. I cannot see any of this happening, but it gives me comfort and happiness to talk about it all. It is a pity wa cannot swap open discussion by correspondence with men. But discretion would have to be used, so that neither party could be traced if letters got lost. Only anonymously could this be possible. Will close now.
Name supplied but witheld.

Learning the virgins

Dear Sir,
Does your magazine learn people? Such as myself? I am a **VIRGIN**,. Perhaps it would be better if you and your friends would do something of good nature to the country. I don't know why OZ causes such storms. I have just been reading in the paper that a so-called woman [dog in my eyes] can sleep with two so-called men [dogs]. Why? How? I don't understand it. Will your mag learn me? I'll just have one copy for now. To see if I can find out things. My parents and family were **VIRGINS** and abhor anything outside marriage, I am the same, I enclose the 3/-. Would you put it in a plain envelope? No we don't have anything like it in the house. I am curious. I suddenly want to know, at 24 years old!!! But **VIRGIN I STAY**
Name and address witheld.

Letter from a hospital

Dear OZ,
I watched the Stone's concert on the T.V. the other day amid a frantic putting down of the people there by the nurses and the patients (who are alcoholics) and saw a lot of people I knew, good to see they are still around. But where.
One good piece of news anyway, I am getting out in a few weeks or so, but I will remain a day patient, which is not to bad as I have only to attend here about three days a week. So maybe I can get my head sorted out and come up to London, and even back to Oxford for a week or so, I have had an invite from bro. Simon Tugwell (whom you may know) to go and stay at Blackfriars for a weekend. I may just do that.
(hope you don't mind me writing to you like this but as I said in my last letter, things are a drag, and I maybe in need to talk about things I and the other person know about.)
It is obvious that there are things that I cannot talk about in a letter, like, why I am here, and why I dig the East.
Funny things happen here at the hospital like;
(a) I had been here a week and was going up to occupational therapy one day, it was cold so I wore my poncho, the next thing I knew was the doctor wanted to see me, the conversation went like this:
Me I hear you want to see me Mr . . .
Him. Yes Barry, it's about your, er, er, blanket thing.
Me O. yes, it's very beautiful isn't it.
Him. Why did you wear it around the hospital this morning.
Me. Cos it was cold and I don't have a jacket.
Him. Er, well if you have a problem like that you know you must come to us and we will give you one.
Me. But I don't consider it a problem.
(long silence)
Him. Well, wa can't have you walking around the hospital like that I forbid you to wear it (pause) if you think like that you are not normal.
(b) Last night I went into the grounds and sat under a weeping willow tree listening to the John Peel show, and then to a concert for about two hours until a nurse came along and asked me what I was doing, so I told him. With the result he told me to go inside because it wasn't normal for people to sit under trees at night listening to a radio, and looking at the stars and field mice that lived in the tree I sat next to.
(c) Thev tell me speed is harmless and you can't get hooked on it
(d) They get angry at me for messing up their experiment that they were doing with me by putting me with 15 alcoholics, you see they told me they would bring in a 23 year old alcoholic so that I could identify myself with him, when he came I found that he was a drag and all he could talk about was booze, how he beat up freaks for fun when he was drunk, and the winner of the last race the day before. Well, what do you think happened.
(maybe I am intolerant).
love and flowers
Barry Fitton

A. Stephanson 69.

THE Sun

FORWARD WITH THE PEOPLE 5d. Tuesday, November 25, 1969. No. 8

THE SUN SAYS

Making monsters of people

GENETIC engineering is one of those scientific phrases invented not to convey a meaning, but to obscure it.

We do not want to breed slaves. And there is a master race already. It is the human race. All of it. White and coloured. Aryan and non-Aryan. Let's leave it at that, says The Sun.

It's GET SET

Day tomorrow ANOTHER SURPRISE BARGAIN FOR SUN READERS

Don't miss your Super Sun TOMORROW

A NEW sexual revolution is being waged in the United States.

LEPER RAPES GIRL —SHE GIVES BIRTH TO A MONSTER BABY

LEPER RAPES GIRL

She Gives Birth To Monster Baby

by CLINTON THAMES

There have been many despicable crimes committed against minors in this country, but none more revolting than the one inflicted on Caroline Riley, 17, of Houston, Texas.

Caroline, a virgin, was walking home from school 7 months ago when she was suddenly attacked by an escaped leper!

The shock of the hideous rape was too much for the ravaged child to bear and she spent six months in a mental institution recovering from the strain.

But just as Caroline regained her sanity another shock hit her — she was pregnant.

Three weeks later it happened — Caroline gave birth to a hideously deformed monster baby!

"Now the doctors say she'll never recover, that she'll be a vegetable for the gest of her life!" sobbed Emily Riley, 41, Caroline's mom.

"Giving birth to that thing snapped any saneness my poor child had left in her."

The horrible rape happened in a suburban park that Caroline always walked through to get home. Mom Emily still remembers the hysterical shrieking of her daughter after her disheveled body was fond behind a clump of bushes.

"I rushed right to the park when the neighbors notified me something had happened," she told SUN "The sight I saw made me want to tear the hair out of my head and die.

"My poor baby was lying there with her clothes torn off and the most horrible expression in her eyes.

"It wasn't until I looked closer that I saw the decrepit looking scab that was smeared across her flesh."

"It was so sickening that I puked all over my daughter's body."

Police arrived moments later and immediately got on the case.

The results showed within an hour when a leper, his decaying flesh practically oozing from his body, was found hiding behind a trash can in an alley.

"The child was too hysterical to give us any help," Police Lt. Chuck Hamson told SUN "but the doctors looking after the victim said the loose scab on her body was human scab.

"It didn't click that the rapist was a leper until the pervert was discovered in the lane.

Leper Manuel had escaped from Mexican colony. He's now back

"The clincher came when we searched him. The girl's nylons and her torn panties were found stuffed into his pockets."

The leper, Manuel Rodriguez, an escapee from a Mexican leper colony, was deported to Mexico City where he was tried and committed to a high security section of the colony.

But that didn't help young Caroline — the shock of being molested by a slimy pervert was so great that she went berserk.

"It took three months before she could speak and another three months until she was healthy enough to be released from the Institute," Dr. Wilson Richards, her psychiatrist, revealed.

"We had told her by then that she was pregnant and she took it as well as could be expected. She said she was ready for it.

"She probably was ready for childbirth, but not for the monstrous event that did happen."

The monstrous event that Dr. Richards was referring to was the birth to Caroline of a 9-lb, faceless freak.

"It was the most revolting creature I'd ever come across," the doctor, who was at Caroline's bedside to give her confidence, stated.

"The monster had two heads hideously welded together at the face. There were no eyes, mouths, no noses, nothing except four ears.

"It died moments after it was pulled from Caroline's womb but it was too late by then — the poor, hypersensitive girl saw her freak baby and screamed convulsively.

"By the time we calmed her down with drugs she was a whimpering mass of tissue, oblivious to the life going on around her.

"She's stayed that way ever since and I'm afraid nothing is going to pull her out of it.

"No human could go through as much torment as this child and stay sane."

This diagnosis has been corroborated by other experts but that isn't stopping the Riley parents from hoping.

"We pray every day that a miracle will cure our Caroline," Emily admitted. "With God's help she will one day be healthy and living with us again."

SUN then asked gynecologist Dr. James Waterman, 48, who assisted in the birth of the freak, whether deformity and leprosy will always go hand in hand.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," he replied. Usually, a leper's hormone structure is so imbalanced by the slow rot of leprosy that a normal offspring is out of the question.

"But no one could expect a freak with two bodies and one head!"

Hideous double-headed freak was result of foul mating between leper & teen virgin Caroline

Caroline today is insane. She was unable to cope with double disaster

Gal's mom, Mrs. Riley, prays every day that Caroline will recover

MAKE FRIENDS NOW

AT YOUR NEWSAGENT 2/6

"IMPACT"

The most explosive step forward in our permissive society.

Presenting beautiful and erotic demonstrations of sexual love, this film smashes the final barriers imposed on our society by puritanical thought and opens the door to sexual ecstasy. In this, the most provocative and daring film ever to be offered for sale on the open market, you can follow the sexual moments of a young couple in their uninhibited display of love.

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"IMPACT" is what society has been hoping for since SEX was invented but it is only now, in the great liberal traditions of the Danes and Swedes, that this film with it's frank and revealing performances can be made available to the general public. Throw all your books, your magazines and forbidden photos away because "IMPACT" is here to make them out of date.

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HURRY, AND MAKE AN "IMPACT" ON YOUR SEX-LIFE

LOOK AHEAD FILMS LTD **35, Piccadilly, London, W.1.**

I have never had much time for the in depth interpretation, the 'what we're trying to say is', or the supposedly hidden meaning, in music. The Dylanologist and the intellectualiser are to-day's rock Philistines. And so with Quintessence' first LP, In Blissful Company, I was very happy to accept it as one of the most joyous and spontaneous records I had heard since the balmy days of Traffic, and Who Knows What Tomorrow May Bring.

Notting Hill Gate, for example, transcends a tendency towards total banality in the lyrics and achieves the status of a minor classic. Having missed Quintessence on the battlefields of Implosion, All Saints Hall and the Speakeasy, I was surprised to find the group is still very much your typical English blues rock outfit. The eastern influence is there, of course (there's more than a touch of Asian exoticism in **Gange Mai**) but having heard of the Quintessence life style and seen from afar members of the group swanning around the Grove in their robes and sandals, I had expected an oriental trip at least as heavy as George Harrison's. Partly to find out why In Blissful Company succeeds so brilliantly, partly because I happened to meet Shiva the group's vocalist in Portobello Road one afternoon, I found myself cross legged on a cushion in his incense laden pad, sipping peppermint tea, slightly distracted by the Indian petit-point of the carpets and wall handings, mesmerised by the caste mark on his forehead, listening to his serious, gentle talk.

"Behind the music is a very close family life in which basically, we are all following the same philosophy which is the quickest way to realisation of God for us. We are fairly organised, with meetings outside group practices, at which the families get together in one of our pads and sing mantras, especially Hare Krishna. This brings about a much closer communication among the families, and in particular among members of the group when playing."

I wonder how much family harmony there was behind Blind (virtuosity for its own boring sake) Faith.

"The inner circle of the Quintessence amounts to six individual families, about twenty people. Occasionally we have kirtan which is devotional singing, used to invoke Krishna Consciousness. It produces a state of complete relaxation and happiness. Getting audiences to join in, which we always try to do, frees their minds from fetters, makes them forget earthly problems."

In Blissful Company is in fact, a devotional record. Religious music, closely identified with Quintessence's faith and way of life. None of your gloomy hymn-singing, Wesleyan moral fog, but akin to Italian Renaissance church music, which, produced at a time when Christianity still had something going for it, was rich, passionate and inspired.

"The best way I can express my feelings about God is through my music and I want all my physical actions directed towards this."

The group's Swami, and study of the Bhagavad Gita and the Upanishads have left indelible marks, and Shiva is now an orthodox Hindu, a long way from his days as Phil Jones, singing with The Unknown Blues, a still unknown pop group in Austr[illegible]

"To transcend their egos, all members of the band take part in the kirtan, but some are more involved in occultism, a western path towards realisation. This is why we still have as much an English as an Indian sound – the music necessarily reflects both philosophies. At the moment our sound is simple, but eastern influence is likely to grow, and we may issue an album devoted entirely to chanting, which may be more difficult to understand."

My musical appreciation capabilities being, by an unfortunate quirk of birth, permanently stunted (I am tone deaf), I will no doubt be left behind as the group makes their journey to Bombay and all points east. When I departed, Shiva was playing an electric organ and Vidya his wife, was making another peppermint tea.

"The message that we are trying to put across in our music is that it is within the grasp of everyone to attain infinite knowledge, love and peace. Every track on the record reflects upon the infinite consciousness which prevades everything."

Which brings me back to where I started. The music comes first, the message comes second. Even when it's a beautiful message like that. For Quintessence, the two are inextricably intertwined. But the direction they are going is not that of the majority of those who will buy and love the record. The music of Quintessence says a thousand things, and you can pluck from it what you will.

Jim Anderson.

There are many groups that seem to go on for years at what you might call the Klooks Kleek level. In other words, they achieve a mild sort of reputation but never manage to break out of the endless round of one nighters up and down the country.

If the music business was all fair and honest – credit where credit was due and so forth – one could say that this kind of group didn't succeed because it didn't deserve to: because it just didn't have what it takes to turn a Klooks Kleek group into a Royal Command performance act. As it is, of course, success depends less on how well you can play than who you know (how else do you explain the Ryan twins?)

Maybe this is the reason why Mighty Baby (nee the Action) have been around for so long without ever really making it. Perhaps they haven't got engaging accents, or they aren't evil-looking enough, or they're not as under-privileged as they ought to be – I don't know.

The important thing about Mighty Baby (right – enough soft-selling) is that their first album is very good indeed.

Obviously their music slightly resembles the hard rock-blues that the Action used to play. I don't think it's too whimsical to say that it's pure electric music throughout: Mighty Baby seem content to explore the possibilities inherent in a drums/bass/lead/organ/sax line-up – they're not into the we're-as-versatile-as-any-symphony-orchestra thing. They make a king of Buffaloe Springfield sound at times too, but they're never merely imitative – you get the feeling that they write all their own material because they want to express themselves in their own way, not because somebody told them that to progress in the business you have to do your own numbers. Every track is, to a greater or lesser degre, satisfying, there are no space-fillers.

The best numbers on the album ar those, like 'House Without Windows' and 'A Friend You Know But Never See', where they lay down and develop a solid rock and roll riff. Here you can see the advantage of playing for years: each musician instinctively maintains and enhances the balance of the song. Unlike those bands which are merely showcases for one soloist Mighty Baby are a group in the fullest sense.

The sleeve is good too, dig the frantic Martin Sharp front cover.

John Leaver.

John Mayall The Turning Point Polydor 583571 Push as you pull Led Zeppelin Two Atlantic 599198

Pump and Jump, Pick and Bash are at it again. The Undercurrent of Led Zeppelin has become a reality. Varoom!!! Are we big enough to accept their brute force? Shugashug, bokbok. Go awey you pox, let me hear it. Baby baby baby.

Robert Plant is screaming songs in tuna, Bonham and Jones are stomping, and Flash Harry Page is showing his class. They define heavy.

Plant is no longer just a member, he's out front leading Led Zeppelin. He's singing duets with the Jones' bass continually, the Flash is happy filling the gaps. You can't describe the pieces as songs, you can't whistle them in your maisonette. I mean the Fifth Dimension did 'Sunshine of Your Love.' 'Squeeze me til the juice runs down my legs' has got to remain pure Plant. I promise you after one hearing you will not return Page, Bonham, Plant and Jones. You could win a bird for the night with Led Zeppelin Two.

I think Page was trying too hard on the first album, the sweat was honest but overpowering. But as much as you attack this one you can't dent 'What is and what should Never Be', 'Ramble On', and the middle section of 'The Lemon Song'. At first hearing there are some unnecessary things, Bonham's drum solo, the electric claptrap on track one, the Burdon intonation on 'Thank You'. But they serve some purpose in providing contrast for the brilliant bits. Notwithstanding the heavy blues business there are musical chuckles woven into the album. This is a must when you're smashing ears with a million watts. Sadly, there are a lot of musicians who lack humour.

A huge bonus is the joyous physicality not present on any other record since Bayou Country. The simmering melancholia in many of the records released over the last thre months is a bore even if it's a description of the way things are. A bit of 'wham bam thankyou mam' from the leading gut-rippers may exercise the soft scene.

John Mayall and Led Zeppelin have the same audience. They've got to difference between them that counts. Mayall's voice is scratchy but Plant's hair is curly. In fact Mayall tries to look after my head, and Led pulls at my heart.

That John Mayall, there's a man who's stuck to his guns. The British have been searching for him for 20 years, a homegrown jazzman, recognisably British in mode end music. Clap clap clap. He's been round and he's found himself. Hear it all on 'Turning Point'. If you add Reggae we have equality with U.S.A. on all musical fronts. Clap clap clap. Jesus what a relief, we can provide a complete alternative music for the free world. Applause.

If Miles Davis dropped dead tomorrew, there would be somebody to take his place. Not so with Mayall. He's a one man band, literally and metaphorically. Silence. And he's not dead yet. Rousing cheers, cheers. I'd love to stay, but my wife's warming up the headphones, we've got the Gary Burton import on the Dual. That's what you're up against Mister Mayall.

Turning Point has some great harmonica, the drumless rhythm section is not too strained. The new boys are learning fast. Hear it at least twice.

T. R. Zelinka

A teeny bopper reviews King Crimson – In the Court of the Crimson King. Island ILPS-9111

I have the record – a present from last month's beautiful freak, Lee, for having looked after his cats and goldfish while he struggled with arch enemy P.C. Pulley – and it sits in rather isolated pink and purple glory as far as possible from the previous crown of my record collection; The Troggs Greatest Hits. I didn't really hear much of King Crimson at their free Hyde Park concert – I was fully three hundred yards away, much distracted by a long-haired 13 year old boy who pissed on me from the branch of a tree, chanting skin heads, and a couple of wandering fuzz who caused the girl I was with to accidentally stub her joint out on her dress. Paranoia, I certainly wasn't at the Speakeasy for the gig that (according to usually unreliable sources) for some obscure sociological, rather than musical reason, King Crimson has forever after been trying to live down. I read somewhere that the group has been over-exposed, over-acclaimed, over-promoted, over-rated and the victim of what is known as The Group Hype. Anyway, it must be obvious by now that until I got the record I had not heard King Crimson play a single note. I felt nervous. Read quickly through the lyrics inside the cover. Very poetic I suppose. 'Call her moonchild/Dancing in the shallows of a river/Lonely moonchild/Dremaing in the shedow/of the willow.' What was this? Not another Gandalf's Garden group! Admired the hideous cover. Those nostrils! Accidentally played the second side first and wondered if I was going to get value for money. Sounded like Donovan. Tyrannosaurus Rex? – drawing two names out of my limited repertoire. Moon shot mood music. Very pretty. Very cool. Then bam! A full blooded heavily orchestrated classical theme – **In the Hall of the Mountain King.** I mean, **In the Court of the Crimson King.** No connection really, but brought up on Grieg and Buddy Holly I get confused. I turned up the treble to enjoy the harsh screams of **21st century Schizoid Man,** thought it was Paul McCartney singing **I Talk to the Wind,** found **Epitaph** the most original and beautiful track on the record. I sat very still on the floor throughout. No dancing.

Pop music has travelled a long and increasingly sophisticated way to arrive at something as finely chiselled as King Crimson. But the end of this particular road is near and King Crimson (or Blind Faith, or Quintessence, or Mighty Baby or Soft Machine or whatever) at the Purcell Room, the Wigmore Hall or even Ronnie Scotts is a probability in the near future. Look what happened to that thing called jazz. 15 year olds now are never going to grow into King Crimson. They will instead be starting the long process of doing the same thing to reggae or whatever new thing their musical imagination gets into. As for me, I'll never make it to the Purcell Room, but there's always those nostalgic journeys into the past – Conway Twitty at The Talk of the Town, Bill Haley at the Speakeasy, things like that.

Jim Anderson

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After all, tomorrow is another day. SCARLETT O'HARA

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SEIZE THE TIME

The musical 'Hair' is not exactly to but even at its most corrupted, Hair generally expresses the underground's belief that one's politics and lifestyle should be identical. Its authors would no doubt be amused by the irony of Gloria Stewart being fired from the cast for exercising her fundamental democratic right to protest — she disrupted the auditions for another musical, the Black and White Minstrel Show. "I have yet to speak to a Black person who did not fail to express anger and disgust at the mere mention of the Minstrel Show," she told OZ. "The traditional show was conceived in an era of the Ku Klux Klan and economic slavery of our people. It was born when lynching, rape, castration and miscegenation were commonplace in the so-called United States of America. Let us not forget that the "Americans" in this case were newly arrived English immigrants who started the whole damned thing. Is such a tradition worth preserving in the name of good entertainment fit for Grandmothers and elderly ladies in such a great country Black people are becoming restless, angry and tired of the laughing game?"

OZ presents below a selection from the many letters Gloria received as a result of her protest (original spellings):

Gloria Stewart
Why don't you get wise to yourself? Why do you imagen English people put up with negros?
Its because the vast magoritie of them are stupid enough to imagen that negros are all singing and dancing people., like in the Black and white Minstrel Show. Instead of mean vioucos evil minded bigots who hate everything white, and are out too destroy and defile and smirch it. And I hope that you are not under the misaprenshion, that all your white friends are completely intergratet and do not notice your colour or your monkey type features. Because I can tell you now that when all the bars are down, and they are looking for a word to describe you and your kind, you will always be a black bastard, And your white boy friends will climb into your bed, will not be be able to get out of it fast enough., till they tell there pals about the bit of Black ham they had away last night. So lets face it you are black, you will always be black, your descendents will be black.
You dont belong to this country, but we have to put up with you. If you and your ilk and any real pride and self respect, you would not try to force yourselfe upon, people who dont like or need you. So leave the black and White Minstrel show alone, and let the idols have there fairy tales.
Signed Al White
p.s. After working with niggers I cant even stand nat king cole ella fitzgerall? dina washington Share Mayhan Brook Benton Sactahome, you name them I hate them. Why dont yougohome, back to your family tree? please by bye black bird!!?

Can you not even leave we ordinary people of Great Britain just **one** show that is not polluted by this filthy generation, white or coloured? We are sick of your style of show?? The Black and White Minstrels are beloved of **decent** people who do not care if the artistes are white or coloured. Just a happy band of **ladies** & **gentlemen** who give us entertainment even fit for elderly ladies. But your generation would not understand that and, no doubt, would like to take over the whole show and pollute it by your filth. Because Margaret Snowdon and the Establishment applaud your sort of thing do not think decent people do so too. Go back to your own country from whence all this pollution came. "Can any good things come from America?" You have racialism on the brain. I am an ex-Lillis girl, have travelled all over the world and still remaind friends of all races, creeds and colours. The only thing that matters is to be a good artiste and that is why the Black & White Minstrels will be remembered affectionately long after such degrading shows as yours will be forgotten, thank the God whom your generation rejects.
unsigned

Why not keep your big mouth shut about the Black & White Minstrels show. We are sick of your type, expressing your views about what **you** think of our people in our own country — so shut your big fat lips — We don't like what we have been forced to have in a white country. By the way why do you call yourselves by English or Scottish names — We prefer the Minstrel singing to your filthy type of show. Go home. Tell the others to get their hair cut.
unsigned

THIS IS ENGLAND! If you, and the coloured community that have invaded **MY COUNTRY** object to white people blacking their faces then clear out to your own jungle and hovels that the vast majority have come from.
To approach a princess re the subject was colossal cheek and ignorance and proves how **jealous** you are of the white man who cannot be held responsible for black or coloured **skins**!
As for dignity!!! How many blacks try to whiten their skins, straighten their hair. Wear european clothes and wigs and eat our food, etc. etc. etc. Now you come here lower our standards abuse, cause mischief, filth everywhere, morals nil, except to invade our best clubs, hotels, whilst we sit meekly by!
Had it not been for the courageous leader and our own brave **white** man in the British isles during the last war **YOU AND YOUR LIKE** would not be living in luxury. demonstrating, causing mischief, bringing drugs & jungle behaviour to this once clean honest country. **YOU WOULD ALL** be slaves. I predict **SLAVERY WILL RETURN.** You would like the white man exterminated. Your own to be rulers. Should that ever happen my prediction will come true. We pour the ratepayers money into your country's more so since home rule, where does it go. Why do you and your like flock to this overcrowded island?
YOU AND YOUR LIKE CANNOT DO WITHOUT THE WHITE MAN.
We are not fools. We know what is going on the black power, etc. If this lot succeed god help you and your lot eventually. You will be slaves to your own kind.
We whites have had enough.
unsigned

Miss
Why don't you mind your own business, and go back to the States we can do without any foreigners over here, especially the bloody wogs. Fuck the white man's burden.
P.A. Dawes.

Written on two pieces of toilet tissue:
You been making to much noise and protest — about what nigro woman? If you don't like it nor do we like you and we don't like the noisy you make. Soon wer going to teach you a leson you won't like either you and some other filth like you. We know were to get you and we will soon then we'll see what your black face looks like with some razor stripes. So remember shut it — your noise and your black monky face — we get you for sure.
signed. The niggro knife
(drawing of a dripping dagger)

It is against such a background of British bigotry that Michael Abdul Malik has embarked on what seems like his most constructive attempt to harmonise race relations so far — the revitalised RAAS (Racial Adjustment Action Society), a supermarket size community complex at 95-101 Holloway Road, N.7. Basically it is an educational project, involving discussions groups, films, restaurant, library and school. In return for any donations (minimum 27/6) RAAS offers an autographed first edition of the book 'From Michael de Freitas to Michael X' which will be sent post free.

On October 27, Sergeants Tilley and Kent of Scotland Yard entered the OZ office with a warrant issued under the Obscene Publications Act. They confiscated one copy of OZ 23 (The Homosexual issue and the only one left in the office) and various files relating to printing, distributions and binding. Minutes before their arrival we had been tipped off by a phonecall from IT — police had also searched their office for "obscene literature" — ie the homosexual OZ. Nothing more has been heard from them yet, but we soon will, judging from a subsequent charge against the directors of IT: "conspiring with persons inserting advertisements and with other persons to induce readers to resort to the said advertisements for the purpose of homosexual practice, thereby to debauch and corrupt public morals contrary to common law".
Another charge brought against the three directors, Peter Stansill, Graham Keen and Dave Hall, alleges that public decency was outraged by "lewd,

disgusting and offensive matter — contrary to common law". These come up at Wells Street Magistrates Court on January 16 and are then likely to proceed to the Old Bailey. The 'common law' charge means that, unlike a prosecution brought under the Obscene Publications Act, the usual defences (artistic, literary merit etc) are not available. Yet another example of Britain's swinging new permissiveness occurred last month when one of the people said to be connected with Europe's first English Language Sex paper, Suck, was imprisoned at Harwich for three days. He was returning to England from Amsterdam with copies of the first issue. They were confiscated, he was summarily incarcerated and later deported. Anyone wishing to obtain further information about Suck should write to: Joy Publishing, Alexander Boerstraat 30, Amsterdam, Holland.

"Revolution In Our Lifetime"

During the death throes of English Rolling Stone, many people received a photostat copy of a private letter sent by Jann Wenner, (founder and editor of US Rolling Stone) to Jane Nicholson, the UK editor, initially hired by Wenner. The source of the photostat copies is not know. The letter in part, reads:

"Your business practices are appalling and the level of expenditure is not justifiable either by the quantity or the quality of what you have been doing. It cannot be called a "write-off loss" incurred when beginning or expanding a new business, because all the basic costs have already been met. If you did not have what is apparently unchecked drawing power on Mick's money, you would be bankrupt with no hope of ever breaking even. You are spending his money with recklessness and carelessness and soon he or his financial advisors and accountants will realize it.

Nearly every direction, instruction and policy you and I agreed upon has not been followed. You have done very little that I have asked and this has led Trans-Oceanic to the edge of financial disaster and made it an editorial laughing stock.

I have no objection whatsoever to a separate edition in London, one with its own distinct and unique character. But you have assembled, paid and put in print a group of people — all of whom I dig — who can only be honestly described as rank amateurs. I am sorry to say it, but the English edition of Rolling Stone is not even as good as I.T. or OZ. What you have done in altering our material and in adding your own has been appalling.

If I felt any assurance at all that you would follow my directions, I think the situation might be salvageable, but you have consistently disregarded them on down the line. The more British material you add, the more advertising declines. Jane, I have not heard from anyone — whether in the underground or in the music business or publishing, whether English or American — I have not heard so much as just **one** favourable comment about the English edition. Every time I get your new issue I ask myself: What are we doing being involved with these people? It's embarassing to me and it is a travesty on what Rolling Stone has ever done or meant. Is this some kind of joke?

What has happened to Rolling Stone in London bears no resemblance to what Mick and I originally discussed and planned for us to do in England or Europe. It has become farce, and I can no longer be a part of it . . . You are a bunch of amateurs and kids playing at the game of publishing, taking a ride on the established reputation and material of Rolling Stone and on Mick's bank account.

Mick arrives in Los Angeles in mid-October and I hope that we will agree on what has to be done. In the meantime, I would suggest that you suspend operations and payroll for the next month and ask Rupert to have a chartered accountant audit the books. I hope that Mick and I have will have a solution soon and put this mess into workable shape, but it means turning the entire operation around and restructuring it from top to bottom.

Sincerely,
Jann Wenner
Editor

Since that letter was sent, English Rolling Stone has changed its title to 'Friends' and the staff have received various warnings from US Rolling Stone's solicitors that injunctions will be served if Friends resembles its former self in any way. Meanwhile, the printer, Woodrow Wyatt, never a man to rely on when the chips are down, has demanded from them an impossible £10,000 indemnity.

Another paper crippled by administrative disputes is **Play,** a breezy, intelligent tabloid 'concerned with young people and the creative arts'. On November 18, Inter Action, the trustees of **Play,** suspended publication indefinitely. The editors intend to continue with their own paper, **Generation.** 'People pretend to bend over backwards in their concern for young people,' says Mike Segal, one of the ousted Players, 'and wonder why they get nothing back but hatred and distrust'. **Generation** wants its readers to '**think** about kids' and to involve themselves with young people in a constructive and creative way. More information: 01-836 9329.

Grass Eye (63-67 Market Street) Manchester is a crisply and originally presented Underground paper produced by a 'loose bunch of radicals who support people's struggles to find a way out of the mess we're living in' and well worth sending a shilling for. Other Mancunians feel 'it is time for another OZ to emerge' and will soon be launching **Growth,** a monthly mag of fun and revolution. The comparison with OZ is already bringing them bad luck with printers . . . anyone with suggestion or manuscripts write to Dave Robinson, 56 Crow Hill North, Alkrington, Middleton, Manchester.

No doubt encouraged by their acceptance for distribution by W. H. Smith's, **Time Out** too are joining in the Manchester Underground Press explosion. Those interested in co-operating with **Time Out,** Manchester write to their London offices at 70 Portobello Road, W.11.

Derby police are offering £50 for information leading to the conviction of cannabis possessors according to the publishers of a new pot-oriented magazine, **Free Expression,** Machine Row Ave, Mapperley Park, Nottingham.

The **Beatles Illustrated Lyrics** by Alan Aldridge reveals a pop-erotic book which has led to prohibition for insertion of nudes only in illustrations in the book. The Czechs have dropped the sun **Revolution** and all naked girls carrying hammers and sickles. Some artowrk never even made the UK edition. Photographer Bob Sandeman (he did the Blind Faith cover) chooses to illustrate the song **Yesterday** with a double page close up of a cunt. "I didn't mind," says Aldridge, "but I knew there would be problems." For **Yesterday** David Bailey proposed the picture of a limp prick. Some of Aldridge's own illustrations had to be dropped. Dell, the American publishers, who had paid £40,000 and ordered ¾ million copies before it was published, expected a children's book — to be marketed through the national Children's Book League. Originally Dell objected to 13 pieces of artwork, but finally accepted four alterations. However, they insisted that several Beatle quotes concerning drugs be dropped from the book. Aldridge himself is slightly disappointed with the standard of his own work because he had to rush is through in nine weeks. Several artists failed to deliver their commissions, leaving even more work for Aldridge's studies. He thinks the British publishers, BPC did a "fantasticaly good job" but says also that the "Americans dominated the whole fucking issue and BPC were beholden to them". He is also somewhat bemused by the lack of response from the Beatles who received most of the £25,000 advance paid by BPC. BPC themselves are delighted with Aldridge. "The book's a bloody good product", smiled their man as he navigated his face with a flexless Philishave, "we've sold the rights to 36 countries and it's still selling". The Portugal edition will contain no illustrations, no songs and a 'revised' cover.

"We will fight from one generation to the next"

A friend went to watch the Springboks at Twickenham. Although not with the mass of demonstrators, when they began chanting "we will fight from one generation to the next" immediately he was bundled off with extravagant force to the nearest police station where he joined a queue of 150 demonstrators and policemen. Suddenly, the Detective Sergeant who had arrested him clutched his stomach and fell to the ground screaming: 'Why did you hit me?' Horrified at this behaviour, our friend raised both his hands and shouted to the crowd: 'I want everyone here to see that I am being accused of striking this man and that I have not touched him . . . I have assaulted no-one'. Our friend is soon to face an assault charge and urgently requests anyone who witnessed this incident to contact him c/o OZ, 52 Princedale Road, W.11.

John Lennon has given the Digger Action Movement the 26 acre island of Dornish, off Ireland. Anyone interested in joining the community envisaged there (and other Digger projects free stalls in Portobello Road, head schools and urban communes) contact Sid Rawle, 116, Lower Cippenham Lane, Slough, Bucks.

From The People. 30/11/69
A LOVE LIFE has been given by the National Health Service to a wife whose husband is a paraplegic — paralysed from the waist downwards.
He has been supplied with an artificial sex organ (price £15) after his application, supported by several doctors, was approved at high level at the Health Ministry's headquarters.
Said his 38-year-old wife: 'The psychological effect was fantastic. It has made a new man of him.'
Said her husband, a 40-year-old war disabled ex-army sergeant: 'I feel like a real human being again.'

The cock was supplied by OZ's most persistent advertiser, Pellen Personal Products. 'Yes (disabled) men . . . it can be done!.

The Love Germ by Jill Neville. Weidenfeld and Nicholson 25/-. This book is about VD and the Paris Revolution 1968. It is a fantastic, earth shattering, dynamic, brilliant, beautiful, touching, sensitive, unbelievable, out of sight, deeply moving book written by my sister. **RN**

THE LAST OF THE WINOS

They're playing mock rock at Buckingham Palace. Originality went out with Alice and the bathwater. To complement American Ambassador Annenberg's penchant for reproduction Chippendale furniture and reproduction language (remember 'elementary processes of refurnishing and rehabilitation'?) goes a current royal craze for reproduction pop, played by this season's favoured group, the DARK BLUES; one quartet, three former Oxford boys, one music salesman. If the GPO mislaid your invitation, you will have missed hearing them play at Prince Charles' 21st.

They are dedicated to playing most of the current hit parade 'so that when you walk into the room you think it's the record'.

Nigel Tully, computer man at IBM, group leader, slim, English blond sideboards, neat short back and white lacy stretch shirt, tight shiny yellow trousers. 'For gigs we wear see-through red lacy shirts, usually black trousers. It's not a uniform, just a bloody good marketing idea.'

Sober suits during the day. 'We don't have an identity to sell. We're there to give audiences what they want. Audiences are a phenomenon. Whether they're hairy, dinner-suited or dukes, they all want a good time.'

Charles came up and said thank you very much. His 21st at the palace: 'We accepted before we went that it wasn't going to be a "yeah" night and we didn't play rave-up numbers. The Queen didn't drop her wig; they were just nice ordinary people having a nice ordinary party.'

The DARK BLUES have played together for 8 years, 'good crap rock and roll. My three great gods are Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Gene Vincent. There's no-one who can arouse that old chair-slashing excitement any more...

I don't particularly want to break out of the capitalist wages scene. I doubt if we could satisfy an Underground audience; we haven't tried to get that kind of work.'

Politics?

'I refuse to have positive views about anything that doesn't affect me directly...

Athenian democracy is probably the right way to run a country — a democracy of the elite, you only get to have a vote if you're bright, good at something.'

Drugs?

'I've never tried any, never been offered. No-one has ever said, "Here, try some hash". But I think I'd probably try it.

Are the DARK BLUES a sexy act?

'Nah.'

Pushed is *anything* important?

'I think that drinking good wine is terribly important and drinking bad wine is a bad thing. My philosophy is to go along with good thinking — I'm not particularly convinced there was any good thinking about Haight Ashbury.'

If the way to the royal psyche is through the DARK BLUES, then Plan your Party now. Inquiries to agents: Party Planners, run by Lady Elizabeth Ansom, 229 9666. As a result of publicity about the royal gigs their fees are going up, though I couldn't find out how much the palace paid. The DARK BLUES are turning royal blue fast. **MV**

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Books received:

Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair by Pablo Neruda.
Poems 1956-1968 by Leonard Cohen.
Poems by Adrian Mitchell.
Published by Jonathon Cape at 8/- each.

Lush, overblown, romantic poetry of love, in the grand old operatic manner from Chilean Mr. Neruda, who is, as Jerry Lee Lewis would put it 'one of the best poets in the business.' Consider a verse from **Drunk with Turpentine:**
Drunk with turpentine and long kisses,
Like summer I steer the fast sail of the roses,
bent towards the death of the thin day,
stuck into my solid marine madness.

Love, life, passion and a lot of the pain, without the music from Canadian Mr. Cohen, including **Suzanne takes you down.** Take alook at the index of first lines in the back of the book (A kite is a victim you are sure of. Claim me, blood, if you have a story. I am locked in a very expensive suit. My lady was found mutilated. Towering black nuns frighten us, etc.) and you will learn a lot about Leonard Cohen and probably read the poems as well.

If you liked Aldermaston you'll love English Mr. Mitchell, although he himself tends to be a little circumspect: Most people ignore most poetry/because/most poetry ignores most people! Not as many pages as Cohen, but you get instead a highly developed social conscience, four children's poems (Lovers lie around in it./Broken glass is found in it/Grass/I like that stuff. Tuna fish get trapped in it/Legs come wrapped in it/Nylon/I like that stuff — Eskimos and tramps chew it/Madam Tussaud gave status to it/Wax/I like that stuff — Cigarettes are lit by it/Pensioners get happy when they sit by it/Fire/I like that stuff and so on for several more quite delightful verses) and poems like this:

Fascist Speaker
Armoured like a rhinoceros
He hurls his tons into the crowd.
From half a dozen minds he rips
Triangles of flesh and blood.
Six shouts, six cardboard banners rise
Daubed with slogans saying Pain,
But wilt and tear in the hundredfold
Applause of men as mild as rain.

Embers by Peter Cadle. Fopo, 18 Honeygate, Luton, Beds. 1/3.

Watershed
Between
Happiness and sorrow
Tears and laughter,
Rapture and agony,
Life and death,
One millionth of an inch.
Jim Anderson

The Confessions of Aleister Crowley ed by Kenneth Grant and John Symonds Cape 5gns
Poet, mystic, painter, publisher, mountain climber, heroin addict (on and off), gourmet (food and women) — Aleister Crowley had a sort of poetic life-hunger peculiar to the early 19th Century. He inherited £40,000 from his father, a Plymouth Brethren fanatic, which enabled him to finance his climbing expeditions to Mexico and the Himalayas and publish his books at his own expense.

Crowley was an expert on the use of drugs (not a crime in the early days of the century — Freud turned his friends on to cocaine, telling them he had discovered the 'wonder drug'). Crowley introduced anhalonium (another name for mescalin) to Europe, and wrote the best study of heroin addiction up to that time in 'John St John'.

On the publication of these deliberately literary (and therefore much censored) autobiographical confessions last month, his reputation as 'the wickedest man in the world' did not fail, and reviewers made heyday of his perversions and the bizarre events of his life. Whatever personal experience these reviews contained, most of it was of the 'I once saw Crowley . . . etc.' variety, and by and large they put Crowley down as a charlatan, or at best, misguided.

The main problem with Crowley, and the reason for the widespread fear of him, is that he was completely self-motivated. His biographer, and tenacious holder of the Crowley copyrights — John Symonds — denounced Crowley on TV for his 'lack of discipline' basing this on Crowley's dictum 'Do what Thou Wilt, shall be the Whole of the Law' and conveniently forgetting the complementary rider — 'Love is the Law, Love under Will.' Mr. Symonds, filled with pious Christian bigotry, is frightened by 'Do What thou Wilt' which in fact, simply means that Crowley recognized no greater authority than himself on earth. Symond's slightly hysterical attitude has been given some edge by the fact that the Underground has picked up Crowley — Symonds cited the picture of Crowley on Sgt. Pepper, but neglected to mention his own fury when Kenneth Anger announced he was going to do a film on Crowley. (Anger owns the Abbey of Thelema in Sicily and has cleaned the whitewash off Crowley's paintings there) Magic is undefinable and mysterious. What magicians are really trying to do is tap the hidden wellsprings in their bodies and minds.

With his expert knowledge of logics and mathematics to support him Crowley blew the minds of those pussyfooting around with magic which at the time was little more than Sunday afternoon entertainment. He introduced Egyptian and Vedantic traditions and to rid his neophytes at the Abbey of the ego, he issued them with razors to cut themselves with whenever they said 'I'. Sex was an open part of the rituals, and many dilettantes went crazy or committed suicide. Crowley still horrifies people by saying that he wanted to sacrifice someone in a sex-magick rite. He would be hated less if he had actually done so (as the Nazis did as a matter of course). Writing about it is apparently a greater crime. Other justifications for Crowley's 'wickedest man in the world' title? — he practised black magic (Crowley would deny this. He thought Christ was a student of the left hand path because he tried to control the body); he fucked a few women and left them; enjoyed anal sex; used heroin and was mean to his friends (especially Victor Neuberg); was arrogant and contemptuous of the Establishment ('You're all a pack of cards') and didn't mind owing money to people. In short Crowley was the epitome of that mythical Wicked Person you are told about at Sunday School.

Crowley remains a scapegoat and whatever merit or interest his ideas have are still shrouded in a mist of misleading publicity. 'Wickedest man in the world' is puritanical bullshit. Crowley is straight, unlike the people who handle him and overprice his work (he wanted his Equinox to sell for 1/- a volume). The leader of the Druids 'was a man — he lived', as Maugham once said, and that's all you need to remember about Crowley.
Ian Stocks

Benadette Devlin The Price of my Soul (Andre Deutsch, 25s also in paperback)
Witty, committed, breathless; as Irish a yarn as an Englishman could wish, this is Bernadette's and People's Democracy's story from the beginning. The familiar tale loses nothing in her telling: best of all, it emphasizes precisely those shortcomings in the movement that need exposing if committed radicals are to do more than stagger from barricade to barricade. From the splits with the Old Left to the 'dealings' with the 'sympathetic' members of the government, whose every promise was as false as our own Prime Minister, Bernadette lays bare the limitations of protest action. Nothing can be done in Westminster: 'What we have now is a kind of Animal Farm, all-pigs-are-equal system, whereby the pigs with MP after their name are entitled to sit in the farmhouse, and the rest of us are just common four-footed animals'. Nothing can be done without some organization that can provide new recruits when the old ones are tired. Nothing can be done if everyone emphasises their own purity of doctrine and refuses to recognize anyone else's: in Ireland this is a simple matter between Catholics and Protestants.

Bernadette wants people to realise what can be achieved by organized action which not only embraces all kinds of beliefs amongst young people, but also the real suffering of the Irish working class, of whatever religion. She believes that action and organizing in the streets is one of the most important tasks facing radicals. But, as the French students found after the May events, you can only build after the barricades if you've formed an organization that works, however loosely, at the bottom: the famous grass roots. Bernadette's upbringing taught her to take on personal responsibility for her actions — this is what she has tried to do in the fight for civil rights. If the movement gets anywhere, people will have learnt to take that kind of responsibility. This is a good book for those who believe 'it can never happen here'.
Peter Buckman

John Hufford

Mighty Baby: 'Mighty Baby' (Head HDLS 6002)

There are many groups that seem to go on for years at what you might call the Klooks Kleek level. In other words, they achieve a mild sort of reputation but never manage to break out of the endless round of one-nighters up and down the country.

If the music business was all fair and honest – credit where credit was due and so forth – one could say that this kind of group didn't succeed because it didn't deserve to: because it just didn't have what it takes to turn a Klooks Kleek group into a Royal Command performance act. As it is, of course, success depends less on how well you can play than who you know (how else do you explain the Ryan twins?)

Maybe this is the reason why Mighty Baby (nee the Action) have been around for so long without ever really making it. Perhaps they haven't got engaging accents, or they aren't evil-looking enough, or they're not as under-privileged as they ought to be – I don't know.
The important thing about Mighty Baby (right – enough soft-selling) is that their first album is very good indeed.

Obviously their music slightly resembles the hard rock-blues that the Action used to play. I don't think it's too whimsical to say that it's pure electric music throughout: Mighty Baby seems content to explore the possibilities inherent in a drums/bass/lead/organ/sax line-up – they're not into the we're-as-versatile-as-any-symphony-orchestra thing. They make a kind of Buffalo Springfield sound at times too, but they're never merely imitative – you get the feeling that they write all their own material because they want to express themselves in their own way, not because somebody told them that no progress in the business you have to do your own numbers. Every track is, to a greater or lesser degree, satisfying, there are no space-fillers.

The best numbers on the album are those, like 'House Without Windows and 'A Friend You Know But Never See', where they lay down and develop a solid rock and roll riff. Here you can see the advantage of playing for years: each musician instinctively maintains and enhances the balance of the song. Unlike those bands which are merely showcases for one soloist Mighty Baby are a group in the fullest sense.
The sleeve is good too, dig the frantic Martin Sharp front cover.
John Leaver.

Byrds Preflyte Together Records ST-T-1001 (Available on Import only)

During the past five years few groups have captured our imagination like the Byrds. In a sense, the West Coast movement began with them. They were the first rock group to be signed by Columbia in the States, forerunning Moby Grape, Spirit, Blood Sweat and Tears and United States of America, etc. They were one of the first bands to understand the importance of Dylan's songs and they were the first group to produce music from a communal environment. At one point fifteen or twenty people were directly involved in the creation of their music.

Now a new American record company has dug up a master of old Byrd recordings and released it in the States under the title 'Preflyte'. All of the material was recorded in 1964, before the Byrds signed with Columbia, and the album contains the original recording of 'Mr Tamborine Man'.
It is a beautiful L.P. The music is naieve and in places imprecise, yet is has an incredible vitality and charm. Through it we can clearly see the Byrds early influences – the Everly Brothers, the Beatles, Chuck Berry and Dylan. It helps us put their later music into perspective and, more important, shows clearly why, despite never having produced a really world class album, the Byrds have become a legend.

We identified with the Byrds. The Beatles hair was growing – but the Byrds had grown theirs longer. British groups were still wearing uniform on stage – the Byrds played in jeans and T-shirts. They were untogether, moody and unpredictable and, when everyone about them was hustling into the Liverpool scene, the Byrds produced a new sound. Their teeny tour in 1965 was a disaster. We weren't ready for them. When they came back two years later they got a twenty minute ovation after a two hour set at Middle Earth.

But the album isn't just a point of reference. Some of the music compares with any they subsequently recorded. 'Here Without You' is gentle, melodic and emotional. 'You Don't Have To Cry' has a strong Beatles influence but all the Byrds trademarks are there – Jim McGuinn's voice, the vocal harmonies and the unmistakeable guitar sound. And, of course, there is 'Mr Tamborine Man'.
The original Byrds have long since parted but their influence is as strong as ever. Through Crosby Stills and Nash, the Flying Burrito Brothers and Dillard they are producing music of the highest quality.
We didn't realise it at the time but the Byrds were the first American super group.
Bob Harris.

KEYNSHAM

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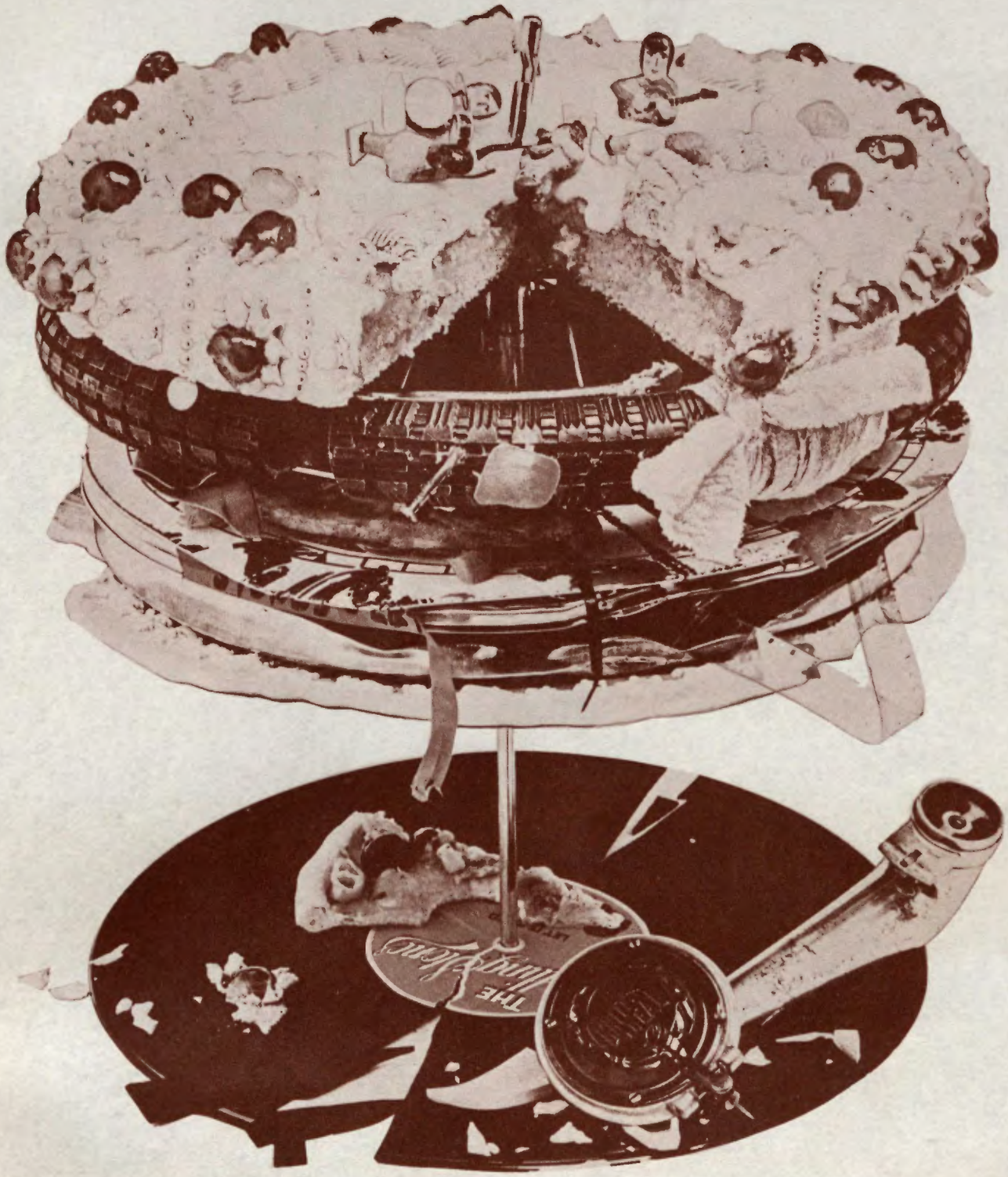

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POP PROMS . . . see other side.

Michael Gross

Chronology

A VACANT LOT IN BERKELEY. A year ago, the site of some beautiful old buildings housing students and cooperative living groups. Now the remains of People's Park, surrounded by a wire fence, guarded by hundreds of National Guard troops.

The University claimed the area had "been the scene of hippie concentration and rising crime," and it bought the land off Telegraph Avenue between Dwight Way and Haste for $1.3 million. The buildings were demolished last summer. For nine months the land was occupied only by cars sunk in the mud.

Then the people of the community, sick of the waste, got together and started working on the land. People's Park was born. Work began on People's Park Sunday, April 20, and before the sun set a few hundred square yards of sod covered what had been a vacant mud lot just hours earlier. The vibes in the park were beautiful. Everyone worked and sweated. Local merchants contributed money and supplies. The vibes seemed even to rub off on the police who showed up. They actually tried to dissuade some firemen from putting out a bonfire; but the fire-fighters were intent on their task, and the praise of the police for what the people had done did not keep the firemen from dousing the blaze.

Sounds like a fairy-tale, but the strange alliance with the police was not to last. Over the next three and a half weeks the park bloomed, blossomed, grew. A thousand people used the park every weekday, and on weekends as many as 4500 a day came to plant flowers and vegetables, to make plans for the turf, to do their things. Everyone who worked, planned—neighbors, old and young. A community grew along with the park.

These people came to the park not to force a confrontation with the University but because the first time they had a place they felt was their own—a place where they could do real labor and have real community. A place they made with their own hands, in their own image.

The University responded: "One does not plan around the desires of 50 people," said Vice-Chancellor Earl Cheit.

While the people were building their park, the University was laying the groundwork for what was to follow. Chancellor Heyns and Vice-Chancellor Cheit alternated calls for negotiations with the park people with statements like: "We will have to put up a fence to reestablish the conveniently forgotten fact that the field is indeed the University's"; and, "in the final analysis, we own the land."

It was obvious that the only kind of negotiations that the University was interested in were those that would fix a date for the uprooting of People's Park. Nonetheless, the People's Park negotiating committee, along with Professor Sym van der Ryn, chairman of Heyns' committee on housing and environment, proposed to Heyns that People's Park be declared an environmental design field research station. This proposal was in response to a call from Heyns on Friday, May 9. Heyns said, in UC newspeak, that he would give the committee two-and-a-half days to "facilitate the design of a process to get a plan."

ON TUESDAY the 13th, it was plain that time had run out. Professor van der Ryn issued a statement which read in part, "The Chancellor gave our committee two days, over the weekend, to come up with a plan." This wasn't enough time, he said. "I think the People's Park was a great idea. The University just seems to be mad they didn't think of it first." He added that the University "didn't seem to be very interested in negotiations" about the lot.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, a meeting of local residents and students voted to protect People's Park against invaders and to form a negotiating committee to hold discussions with the administration. A member of the negotiating committee said, "We are willing to meet with the administration at any time. We are not seeking a confrontation for confrontation's sake." But the University had decided to move.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 15, at 4:30 a.m., 250 police moved on People's Park and rousted the 100 people who had spent the night. ("When we move on the land, it won't be in the middle of the night," Cheit had proclaimed.) Police quickly sealed the area surrounding the park, and by 6 a.m. the San Jose Steel Company had begun to erect an eight-foot, concrete-anchored chain-link fence. It was up by noon.

At noon thousands rallied in support of People's Park. The rally proceeded from the steps of Sproul Hall out onto Telegraph Avenue, and two to three thousand people marched up to Haste before being stopped by the police. The people were attacked by a barage of tear gas before they could reclaim their park. The police waded into the crowd and began to beat people with clubs.

The people fought back with the only weapons they had—rocks, bottles and other street debris. Alameda County Sheriffs fired shotgun blasts into the crowd, and later claimed that only #9 birdshot was being used.

More than 100 people were shot with birdshot, buckshot and rock salt from shotguns—at least five were reported suffering from high caliber bullet wounds. One man, James Rector, 25, of San Jose, lay in the hospital in critical condition, having been wounded in the kidney, liver, spleen and stomach. Rector had been on the roof of the Granma Bookstore at Telegraph and Dwight, watching the action below, when he "looked out and saw a policeman aiming what appeared to be a scatter gun at me...I tried to run and was shot in the left side." Another man, Alan Blanchard, co-manager of a theater, was blinded by gunfire on a nearby roof.

FRIDAY MAY 16. Gov. Reagan sent in about 2000 National Guard troops by morning and the city became an occupied war zone. California Highway Patrol busted up a morning rally in Sproul Plaza on campus, enforcing an edict from Reagan prohibiting assemblies, rallies and marches.

At least 5000 people then gathered at the Campanile on campus, and from there they marched to the central business district on Shattuck Avenue. The National Guard sealed off the area and slowly began forcing people back up towards campus where the police were waiting with tear gas canisters.

At a community meeting that night 2000 people voted to march on the business district again the following day. "No business as usual" was the cry. People felt that it was im-

continued

ALAMEDA COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPUTY prepares to fire again at spectators on rooftop seconds after fatally wounding James Rector, who lies on rooftop.

On Memorial Day, May 30, the Park Committee Asks All to Rally in Berkeley Together

We Will March to Peoples' Park!

James Rector is dead in Berkeley of a police bullet in his heart. A sadistic Alameda County Sheriff's deputy killed him as Rector, from a rooftop, watched the massive assault on hundreds of brothers, some of whom he had met in a park built on vacant land. He was shot by a single policeman, but Sheriff Madigan distributed the shotguns, and the University of California pulled the trigger. The University fired the police guns which shot a hundred others on the bloody day of May 15th. It swung the clubs which have wounded, even crippled, dozens of others since that day, in methodical, conscious and indiscriminate violence.

Berkeley has undergone ten days of siege by 2700 National Guardsmen and thousands of police. All political and constitutional rights have been suspended by Reagan's fiat. A reign of terror, with heavily armed police teargassing and breaking into homes and dormitories has hit the university community.

All this because the University of California expropriated Peoples Park from the Berkeley community.

All this for a park? But there are great things at stake, as we have learned with our blood. Reagan's troops and the University's police are the same as the occupation troops in Vietnam and the ghetto. The military attacks on Berkeley have been indiscriminate because the University's "enemy" is an entire community. The Telegraph Avenue community, which has long been in the forefront of the national youth revolt, built a park, People's Park, on land the University said it owned because it had a piece of paper. Land in this society is owned by men rich enough to afford such pieces of paper. Property for community use or for administrative control: this was the question posed by People's Park. Street people, fraternity students, workers, young blacks: all worked on the park. It was their belief that land belongs to the people who need and use it.

When the University fenced in the park, the morning of May 15th, thousands fought to get it back. In the face of an occupying army, more thousands are still marching and fighting a week later, day after bloody day.

There is unanimity because the entire community recognized a simple need: a park, a self-determined gathering place. A place with grass, flowers, trees, swings and sandboxes; not a million-dollar student union, not a luxurious, restricted-admission swimming pool, not more antiseptic dormitories for students who don't even want to live in the present ones, not a sterile ballroom built as a self-monument by an avaricious Regent, not tightly-structured playing fields for students who don't want them, but a People's Park. Mothers—and all citizens—recognize the same need as street people and students.

The reaction was violence, the reaction was pacification, the reaction was counter-insurgency, with murder as one weapon, because fundamentals were at stake.

A few men, a few giant corporations, own this society and run it as their private kingdom. They can't meet the elementary needs for food, clothing, decent housing, living space, equal education—people's need to govern their lives and share the wealth they produce.

As a predictable result, people try to break free and to meet their own needs: they revolt.

The Regents, the Berkeley administration and their ilk well understand that the movement of black people and young people could teach dangerous lessons to the rest of America, and they fear that in recognizing and fighting back against the special ways in which imperialism oppresses young people, we will come together in solidarity with the world revolutionary movement. The Regents, Reagan and the rest are up a creek: all their technology has failed to beat the Vietnamese. The people who built People's Park understood that we have been forced to die in an insane war; we have been trained by schools for meaningless or nonexistent jobs; we have been taught racist, lying distortions of our history. When the University looks at its undergraduates and Telegraph Avenue, it fears one thing: liberation. And it is right to fear.

For we declare openly that our demand is for space to expand our community and our living of good lives.

The two stakes, ours and theirs, crash head-on in People's Park,

Continued

Michael Gross

"Financial commitments to build the field were obtained several months ago. But we didn't decide when to move until after the People's Park was started."

"The fence was necessary to permit the kind of rational discussion and planning that wasn't possible before."

—Earl Cheit, May 21

APPEAL

Continued from Page 1

as they have in Vietnam. Either the land belongs to the University or it belongs to the people. Either flowers will grow or guns will sprout. In Berkeley we have tried to plant gentleness and brotherhood. And the big business, law-and-order Regents of the University of California, like the rest of their class, have shown that they must resort to violence whenever people contest them for their rights. This is the pattern of Berkeley and Vietnam, Watts and Santo Domingo.

If you had been in Berkeley last week:

You would have learned the horror: being shot at without warning;
And you would have seen people risking getting shot to care for the wounded.
You would have felt the terror of being unable to escape poison gas sprayed by a helicopter while you were hemmed in by National Guardsmen;
And you would have seen people risking injury to get the wounded to medical stations (the police having commandeered all ambulances).
You would have seen your brothers and sisters mercilessly clubbed for the act of planting trees and flowers on "private" lands;
And you would have seen them defy Reagan's orders and plant new parks and keep fighting.
You would have listened to a string of lies and cowardly distortions from local, state and University officials, masking the vicious reality of a police force which operates out of all rational control;
And you would have heard the truth from the mouths of an aroused community.

Berkeley has been hit hard, but it is important to remember that it is not alone. Police in Berkeley simply used the tactics they have tested in the black ghetto. This is the America we now live in:

ON THE CAMPUS: Police have been used on 100 campuses this year, the National Guard on six. Over 4,000 demonstrators have been arrested. Black students were shot and killed at Texas Southern University and Orangeburg, S.C. On just one week of May, 1969, 200 officers and members of Students for a Democratic Society have been arrested around the country, on trumped-up charges amounting to a nationally-coordinated political roundup.

IN THE BLACK COMMUNITIES: Friday, May 16, police shot and killed a 15-year-old black youngster in Burlington, Noroth Carolina, during a revolt that broke out in a high school. The National Guard has occupied 70 black communities over the last four years. Lawmen have killed over 200 black people and injured thousands. Guardsmen occupied the black ghetto of Wilmington, Delaware for nine months. High schools are occupied by police every day.

Since the Black Panther Party is the major national stronghold of black resistance, it has been hit the hardest. Police have killed 15 Panthers, and arrested over a thousand in the last six months alone.

IN THE FACTORIES: They don't hesitate to fire, club and gas when workers fight back against insufferable authorities and low wages. In Richmond, to take just one example, a striking oil worker, Richard Jones, was killed by a scab truck last January.

America has become a land of political prisoners—because a movement has begun to challenge the insane economic and military realities of this country. The greater our movement, and the less the State is able to rule by consent, the more it resorts to brute force. The State has gone berserk, but there is method in their madness, for they have a world empire to protect. That empire includes the home front. So James Rector, shotgunned on a Berkeley rooftop by an Alameda County policeman, lies dead. And none of us is safe unless we create a system that meets human needs.

The alternative to revolution is the police state.

But we should not demean James Rector with opportunistic statements meant to make a martyr of a brother. What should be remembered is that he used Peoples' Park, he loved it, he watched its desecration, and now he is dead.

All of us must begin to realize the situation of which Brother Rector's death is only the most visible symbol. We call for outrage at the atrocities performed upon us, our brothers and our sisters. Begin yesterday.

We demand, and we will fight for:

—People's Park back to the People
—All troops out of Vietnam, the black ghettoes, and Berkeley.
—Amnesty to all political prisoners. Free Huey, bring back Eldridge.

—Build Parks everywhere.
—All fences down.
—The land belongs to the people.
—All institutions to the people.
—All wealth to all the people.

CHRONOLOGY

continued from page 1

portant to aquaint the community with the brutal and repressive tactics of the police. With all of the shit coming down on the campus and street communities, it was decided that the rest of Berkeley should be made to feel some of the pressure.

SATURDAY MAY 17. People gathered on Shattuck at 11 a.m. and found most of the stores closed and the street pretty well deserted. They marched around the street for about an hour before police and National Guard troops began herding them up to the campus. A short rally was held, and it was decided that on Sunday everyone would meet at Herrick Hospital for a silent vigil.

People were continually harrassed throughout the day, particularly on Telegraph Avenue, where the police again used gas and clubs to disperse crowds. But the National Guard, obviously obeying orders reluctantly, behaved like the unwilling slaves they are. Extensive contact between youth in and out of uniform produced results surprising to both sides.

SUNDAY MAY 18. People began arriving for the vigil at Herrick Hospital shortly after noon, but found that all access routes were blocked by the Guard. Spontaneously, people began to break off into smaller groups and went off to different parts of the city to establish new People's Parks. The vacant lots created by BART along Hearst were the scenes of a number of "plant-ins." At Hearst and Grove the people planted trees and flowers and raised a pole with a sign on top reading "Peoples Park Annex #1."

Shortly after the sign was raised the police and Guard used clubs and bayonets to move the people off the lot. The police then ripped out all the plants that had been planted.

Another group of people marched to the north side of campus, to what is an upper-middle-class neighborhood, pausing on the way to plant small trees and flowers at many points along the route. The police followed behind the march pulling up the plants as they had done at Peoples Park Annex #1.

Many people spent time over the weekend talking to National Guardsmen, many of whom were openly sympathetic to the park struggle. Some of the Guardsmen bivouaced in People's Park told demonstraters that they were watering and weeding the garden every day. Guardsmen, at different points around the city, were seen flashing peace signs and clenched fists at the crowds, and the Guard formations and marches were frequently comical as the men were deliberatly negligent in following orders. Relations between the guard and the park supporters were generally quite friendly especially when contrasted with the relations with the police.

MONDAY MAY 19. Monday was another "No business as usual" day. People were greeted on Shattuck by several hundred Guardsmen and police who contained them by cutting off the ends of all the access streets. People who were cut off from the main body when the police blocked the access street were beaten indiscriminately and many were arrested.

Police used tear gas on campus to disperse marchers there and in one charge by the National Guard a man was stabbed by a bayonet. The guilty Guardsman upon being taunted by the crowd yelled back at them, "Eat me" and "Suck my cock, you punks."

At 10 o'clock in the evening James Rector died of his wounds.

TUESDAY MAY 20. Repression got much heavier on campus. A vigil to honor James Rector, led by some faculty members, tried marching off campus at Bancroft and Telegraph but was blocked by a ring of Guardsman and police that had sealed off the entire campus. Police then herded the bulk of the march into lower Sproul Plaza where people then found themselves trapped. About 15 minutes later a National Guard helicopter flew over the crowd spraying massive doses of a gas which left people's skin burning, eyes pouring forth tears, and which caused many people to vomit. Eighty-five people were arrested on this day alone, including one National Guardsman who threw down his rifle and refused to obey further orders.

WEDNESDAY MAY 21. A serpentine march around campus ended at Heyn's house on the north side, following a few tear gas attacks by police. The crowd sat on the ground in front of the house faceing a hundred or more bayonet-wielding, gas-mask toting guardsmen and an equal number of police. Both preceeding and following a two minute silence for James Rector, songs were sung and cries went up from the crowd for the guardsmen and police to remove their masks. When the Guard finally did remove them the people clapped and cheered and yelled to the soldiers; "If you want to go home, smile." Most of them smiled at the crowd and at one another.

Calm prevailed until the crowd dispersed on its own at around 4 p.m. Some people went up to College and Ashby, a minor business district, where police in cruising patrols would jump from their cars and pull people out of the crowd to arrest them.

At 8 in the evening, a small riot broke out at the dormitories overlooking People's Park between dorm people and Alameda Sheriffs, California Highway Patrol, and SF Tac Squad. The police had attempted to enter a dorm to remove a sign from an eighth story window which read, "Fuck the Pigs." The dorm people poured out into the street and confronted the police. Before it was finally over more people had been arrested and beaten. The arrest toll for the 7-day battle had reached 288 by the time the 10 o'clock curfew went into effect.

THURSDAY MAY 23. During a march, following a noon rally at Sproul, police and Guardsmen herded nearly 500 people into the Bank of America parking lot on Center Street. The people were all arrested for failure to disperse and illegal assembly. This marked the first time that the mass arrests to break up a march had been used.

In a mass meeting held at 8 p.m., the people decided on tactics for the next week. It was decided that next Friday, Memorial Day would be Tear Down the Fences Day in Berkeley.

Alameda County District Attorney Frank Coakley announced that arrests would not end with a return to normal in Berkeley. He said that his office is making a "complete and through investigation" of events in Berkeley and that "appropriate action" will be taken "as has been done in other episodes of mass violence and criminality."

Over 300 faculty members had signed a petition pledging not to teach while the city was under military occupation; some of them confronted Governor Regan in his office in Sacramento. Statewide actions of solidarity with Berkeley had involved thousands of students in San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Cruz, Stanford, Riverside, and San Jose. Faced with a statewide crisis, and outraged cries from liberals influential in the state (some of whose children had been gassed by the National Guard while on a picnic near the campus), Regan withdrew most of the Berkeley curfew and rotated nearly all the National Guardsmen. Many of them promised students they'd return—on a different mission.

With hundreds of injuries, a death, a blinding, nearly a thousand arrests, and searing anger in the hearts of all, Berkeley prepares for another week of struggle, and called on all supporters throughout the state to plan to come to the city for a Memorial Day Celebration.

The Park is not dead. James Rector and our former selves are dead.

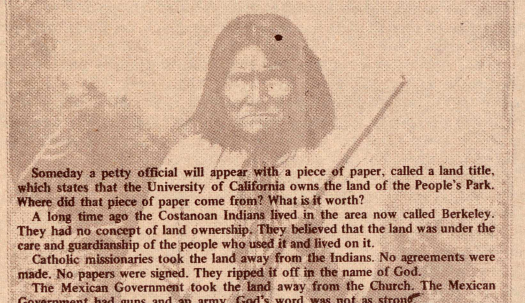
TO GUARDSMEN

Join us on Friday, Memorial Day, May 30, to form a massive contingent in the march of 50,000 to get back our park. The more Guardsmen from all over the state who join us, the better we can know our friends and isolate our enemies. You are not hired killers like the police. You are under orders to occupy our community against your will. You know we are not America's enemies. Don't let them turn you into pigs.

We're going to win!

30,000 copies specially printed in London by OZ for inclusion in OZ MAGAZINE No.21.

WHO OWNS THE PARK?



Someday a petty official will appear with a piece of paper, called a land title, which states that the University of California owns the land of the People's Park. Where did that piece of paper come from? What is it worth?

A long time ago the Costanoan Indians lived in the area now called Berkeley. They had no concept of land ownership. They believed that the land was under the care and guardianship of the people who used it and lived on it.

Catholic missionaries took the land away from the Indians. No agreements were made. No papers were signed. They ripped it off in the name of God.

The Mexican Government took the land away from the Church. The Mexican Government had guns and an army. God's word was not as strong.

The Mexican Government wanted to pretend that it was not the army that guaranteed them the land. They drew up some papers which said they legally owned it. No Indians signed those papers.

The Americans were not fooled by the papers. They had a stronger army than the Mexicans. They beat them in a war and took the land. Then they wrote some papers of their own and forced the Mexicans to sign them.

The American Government sold the land to some white settlers. The Government gave the settlers a piece of paper called a land title in exchange for some money. All this time there were still some Indians around who claimed the land. The American army killed most of them.

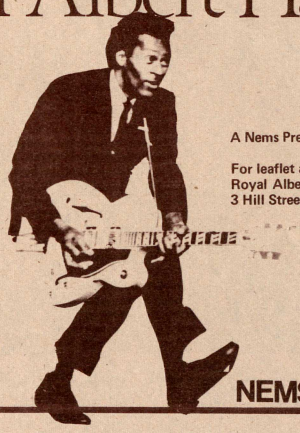
The piece of paper saying who owned the land was passed around among rich white men. Sometimes the white men were interested in taking care of the land. Usually they were just interested in making money. Finally some very rich men, who run the University of California, bought the land.

Immediately these men destroyed the houses that had been built on the land. The land went the way of so much other land in America—it became a parking lot.

We are building a park on the land. We will take care of it and guard it, in the spirit of the Costanoan Indians. When the University comes with its land title we will tell them: "Your land title is covered with blood. We won't touch it. Your people ripped off the land from the Indians a long time ago. If you want it back now, you will have to fight for it again."

JUNE 29–JULY 5

Pøp Proms at the Royal Albert Hall



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For leaflet and full details write to Royal Albert Hall or Nems, 3 Hill Street, W.1.

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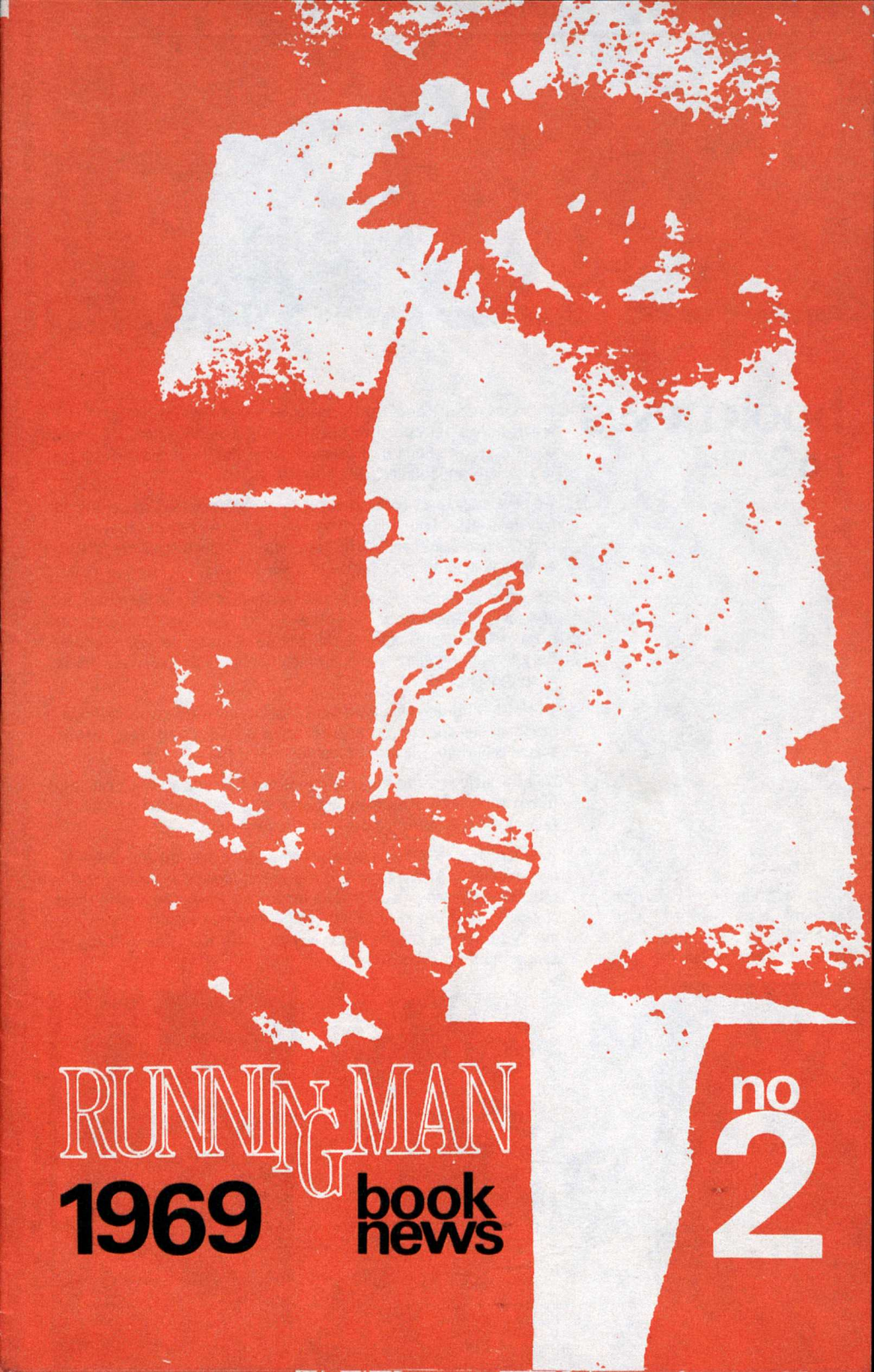
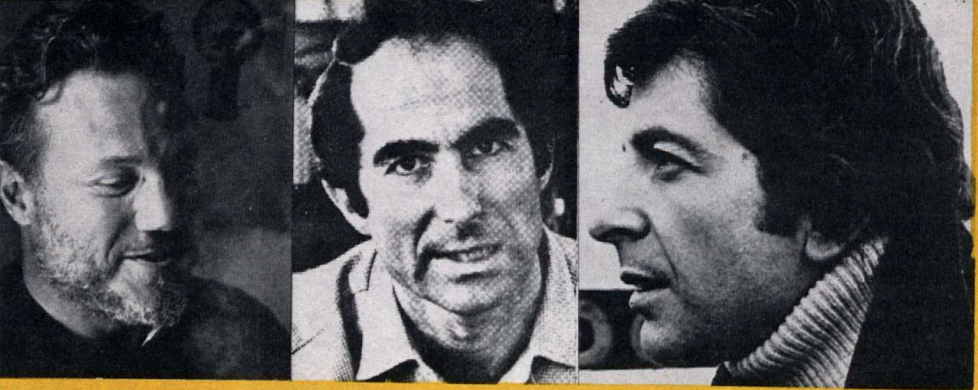


RUNNING MAN

1969 book news

no 2



Leslie Fiedler, Philip Roth, Leonard Cohen

book news no 2

This second number of the Running Man Book News brings you the opportunity of selecting new titles covering a multitude of adult interests enabling you to build up a comprehensive library of new books geared to a socially and intellectually liberated society.

We have made these books available to you because they reflect the combined taste of our editorial board - not merely because they are destined to become commercial best-sellers, though some are. We have enjoyed reading them and think you will as well.

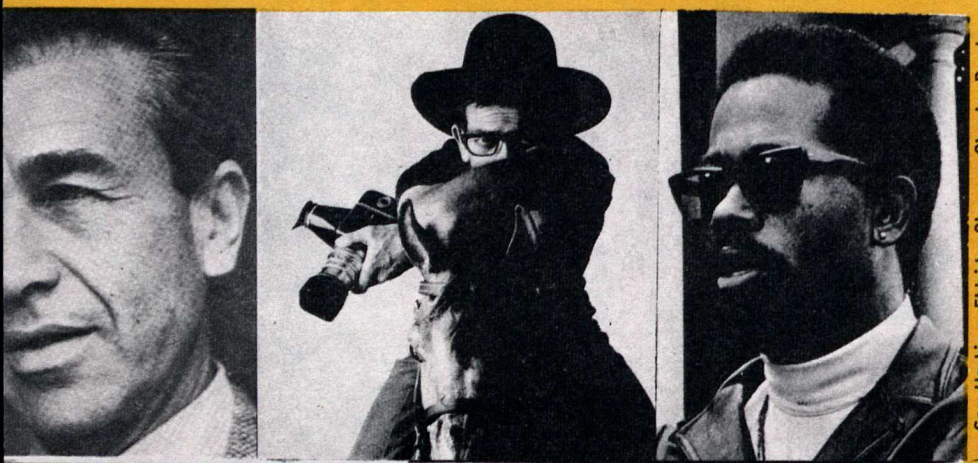
The intention is to cover the whole spectrum of sex and literature, with books on anthropological, medical and psychiatric facets, studies of the great erotic cultures of the world, albums of nudes, fiction reflecting the alternative society, many of which have only just survived efforts at supression.

In short, Running Man Book News touches on every aspect of those most tenuous and complex areas of social relationships - love, human sexual behaviour and social revolution.

We can safely describe the response to our first and previous catalogue in two words: enthusiasm and acclaim. Who ever heard of a book catalogue being reprinted five times in six months?

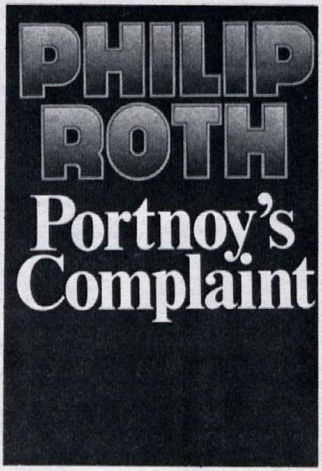
To order books from this catalogue you must be over the age of twenty-one, mature and adventurous. Simply send Cheque or Postal Order with the accompanying order form (or write the order on a plain sheet of paper). Your order will be sent without delay. Of course, making a purchase does not commit you to buy any more books, nor will any be sent without your firm order, ever.

Cover design by Barry Hall from 'Leonard Cohen: Selected Poems 1956-1968', by permission of Jonathan Cape Limited



Sam Haskins, Eldridge Cleaver, Charles Rembar

Portnoy's Complaint by Philip Roth

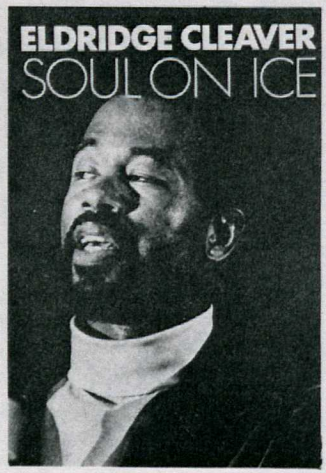


Reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic have so unanimously applauded this book that its best-sellerdom is a foregone conclusion. Christopher Wordsworth, writing in the Guardian a couple of weeks ago said: 'Excerpts having appeared in American periodicals, some shock-waves from 'Portnoy's Complaint' have already reached these shores. It is the most scabrous and disgraceful piece of living tissue since Henry Miller, and just possibly the most outrageously funny book about sex yet written. It should be suspended by a hair, preferably pubic, as a warning, over the desks of those novelists who brandish their current sex-licence like a rattle... The wilder crannies of America's sex-geography are explored, the smut is the elemental stuff - though doubtless deplorable, laughter gushes from a perpetual spring tn the wierd desert of the human condition.'

What is Portnoy's Complaint? Here is a definition given in an article by O Spielvogel, entitled 'The Puzzled Penis', which appeared in the International Review of Psychoanalysis: 'Portnoy's Complaint (portnoiz kumplant), n. (after Alexander Portnoy (1933)): A disorder in which strongly felt ethical and altruistic impulses are perpetually warring with extreme sexual longings, often of a perverse nature.' Spielvogel says:' Acts of exhibitionism, voyeurism, fetishism, autoeroticism and oral coitus are plentiful; as a consequence of the patient's 'morality', however, neither fantasy nor act issues in genuine sexual gratification, but rather in overriding feelings of shame and the dread of retribution, particularly in the form of castration.' 'Portnoy's Complaint' must surely be one of the most astonishing books about sex ever written. Cast in the form of Alexander Portnoy's self-lacerating and outrageously uninhibited confession to his analyst, this book can only be described as an explosion of the protagonist's compulsive sexuality, a great erotic purging. In the nether world of Portnoy's masturbatory fantasy you will meet as bizarre and sex-crazed a group of females as you are likely to encounter anywhere. Just published this month. 'Alexander Portnoy is a great comic character, fit to stand (and he does) beside Svevo's Zeno... Alexander Portnoy, the Raskolnikov of jerking off, is going to be for many readers what his mother was to him: The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met... a wildly funny and brilliantly clever book' - New Statesman

33s including postage & packing

NUMBER 1 BEST SELLER



Soul on Ice by Eldridge Cleaver

Just published, a remarkable collection of essays and open letters on racial questions which were written from a cell in California's Folsom State Prison by the most magnetic, original and articulate leader of the black liberation movement in the US since Malcolm X. Cleaver is Minister of Information of the militant and increasingly influential Black Panther Party, and, during the recent US election, was the Presidential candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party. Cleaver's powerful and distinctive prose explores, with terrifying lucidity, the themes of the struggle for black freedom in America, the myths of the white race and sexual relations between whites and blacks. Among his topics of discussion are: the Watts riots; the assassination of Malcolm X; the white race and its heros; James Baldwin; Cassius Clay; the black man's stake in Vietnam; 'White Woman, Black Man'; the allegory of the Black Eunuchs.

'Soul on Ice' is bound to take its place alongside such classics as 'The Autobiography of Malcolm X' and Richard Wright's 'Native Son' as a text vital to an understanding of the dynamics and the dimensions of the racial conflict.

Cleaver, who at this very moment is a fugitive from prison, gives a gut-churning account of his own personal terrors, his frustrations, his savage contempt for 'talk' when only action matters, his revolutionary assertation of manhood in the face of a white society he sees as castrating to his own brothers.

'A passionate and truthful book... His analysis of the rebellion of white American youth is one of the toughest and psychologically most accurate that exists.' - Guardian

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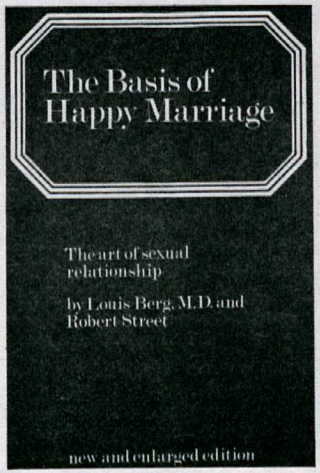
A NEW HANDBOOK ON THE ART OF THE SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP:

The Basis of Happy Marriage



by Louis Berg, MD & Robert Street

A famous psychiatrist, in a new and enlarged edition of this best-selling handbook, sets out to destroy the ignorance which makes minor misunderstandings erect impassable barriers between lovers. Concerned with both the physical and psychological aspects of sex, Dr Berg emphasises the psychological approach towards meaningful erotic experience. In the author's own words, 'This text is to be regarded essentially as an instrument, the purpose of which is to relieve one of the major threats to the stability of the home: sexual incompatibility'.

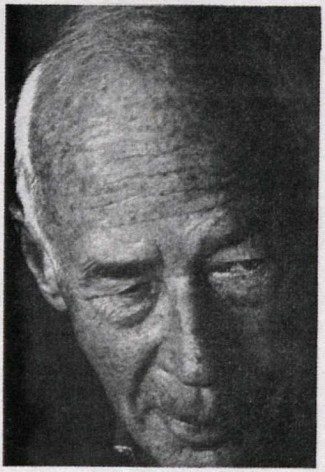
Dr Berg's step-by-step method for achieving erotic happiness can be highlighted in the following chapter analysis of this important work:

Adult Sexual Behaviour, Popular misconceptions
The Erogenous Zones, Women as varieties of physical sexual factors
The Technique of Foreplay, Psychological factors affecting female sexual temperament
The Nature of Intercourse, The 'highly passionate' in response to intercourse
The Type of Orgasm, Orgasms diagrammed and explained...
The simultaneous orgasm and orgastic intensity
The Importance of Digital Contact, Stimulating the 'highly passionate', 'moderately passionate' and 'lowly passionate'
The Technique of Coitus, Digital clitoral contact the primary factor, The 'rise-and-fall' technique
The Sexual Reactions of a Male, The male as simple sexual machine
Positions in Intercourse, Effect of variations in female physical structure
The Sex Act Systematized, Cardinal rules to be observed in performing sexual intercourse
Oral Connection, Never frankly discussed, Not a perversion
Controlling the Male Orgasm, Nature's conspiracy against the female
Mating and Marriage, Sexual duties of a wife, Prescription for happiness
Aesthetic and psychological factors in methods of prevention

The author states that there is no doubt in his mind that sex is controlled and governed by a natural and universal law which is common to all individuals, and all persons are subject to its influence in greater or lesser degree. He sets out to deal with the vital problems involved through intelligent, practical, codified, and instructive discussion.

The most revealing book on sex in a long time. Demolishes many misconceptions.

21s including postage & packing



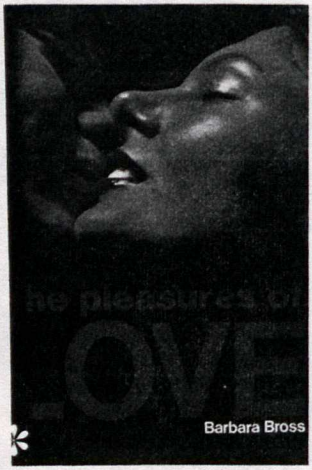
Sexus by Henry Miller

UK publication at last of Henry Miller's most controversial novel. Smuggled through customs for years, this long-banned book celebrates the author's joy in unbridled sexuality to a greater extent than in any of his other works. In this novel we are hurled through a pell-mell variety of adventures, virtues, sins, comic interludes, tragedies, loves, hates, and reflections on humanity which leave us unexpectedly ennobled. Like Henry Miller's other books, 'Sexus' is autobiographical and probably franker about the protagonist than any signed novel ever published. Miller tells of his first and second marriages, his early struggles as a writer, and above all the intimate details of his relations with women. For more than twenty years the books of Henry Miller were banned in Britain and the United States. Despite this official censorship a widespread underground market developed, and Miller's fame, and notoriety spread rapidly. His books had a tremendous impact on a generation of writers, including Lawrence Durrell and the American Beats. But even Durrell expressed none too little anxiety when 'Sexus' was originally published by Olympia Press in Paris, and his nerve-ridden correspondence with Miller on the book's publication has been widely quoted. Miller's frankness is perhaps the most moving element in the book, rendering for his readers an unparalleled exploration of the male sexual psyche. An essential addition to anyone's bookshelf. 'A momentous event in the history of modern writing.' - Samuel Beckett. 'I call Henry Miller the greatest living author because I think he is... there is not a smirk anywhere in his writings. Miller undoubtedly profited from the mistakes of his predecessors; his aim was not to write about the erotic but to write the whole truth about the life he knew.' - Karl Shapiro **66s** including postage & packing

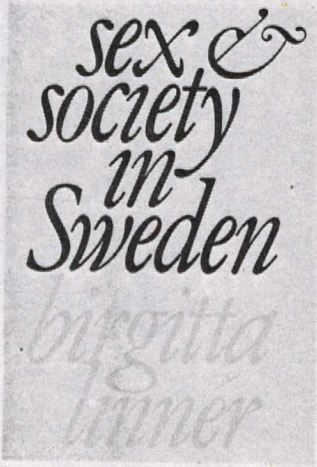
The Pleasures of Love by Barbara Bross

A new sex manual from the woman's point of view. One of America's leading gynaecologists talks intimately about intercourse, sexual attraction, mate selection, perversions, birth control, marriage, adultery and divorce. The author asserts: 'Sexual variety is one of the most delicate subjects in marriage. For we have been so conditioned by the restrictive codes of morals of another age that few of us dare face even within ourselves the desires that we feel... Sexual awareness therefore is one of the unavoidable concomitants of successful intercourse... Nearly all books that have ever been written about sexual relations fall into one of two schools - those who outline a technique, and those who say 'Just let yourself go, honey. It'll be all right'... We will have to follow both ways at different times.' This enlightening book is a sure answer for staleness in an established union, leading to mutual dissatisfaction, and repetitive monotony. The author maintains that the secret of freshness in married life lies in the use of the imagination, to achieve a sense of erotic discovery, to introduce variety and counteract boredom, to attain new pleasures and enhance old ones. The author brings her professional training and experience as a gynaecologist to many intriguing questions, such as: 'How can you make use of all five senses in love-making?'; 'Why is it better to make love on the floor than on a soft bed?'; 'When does an unusual desire become a perversion?'' No doubt some will be shocked by her outspoken manner and directness, but no one who sincerely cares about the happiness of married couples or the health of our society as a whole will be offended by anything but the social attitudes which made this book both timely and necessary.

30s including postage & packing



Sex and Society in Sweden



by B Linner. Published at last - here is the first serious manual of sex in Sweden for the British reader, describing their approach to sex instruction, their sexual way of life, and the debate about sex roles going on in Sweden today. A fascinating handbook for Britons, who, burdened with the myth of their own native inhibitions, will discover the truth about the legendary promiscuity of Scandinavians! Divided into sociological exposition and practical manual, the first part discusses sexual customs, sexual freedom and equality, sexual behaviour, Swedish solutions to the problems of marriage, divorce and illegitimacy, birth control, abortion, the law, disease and prostitution. The second part of the book consists of sex education material for adolescents and adults. It is an unembarrassed sex handbook for an enlightened society. The chapter on Sexual Coexistence deals with Sexual Liberation, Renewal, Stimulation, Pleasure, Differences in the Reactions of Men and Women, Fatigue and the Sexual Urge, Coitus Interruptus, Chemical and Mechanical Devices. 18 photographs and numerous diagrams. **38s** including postage & packing

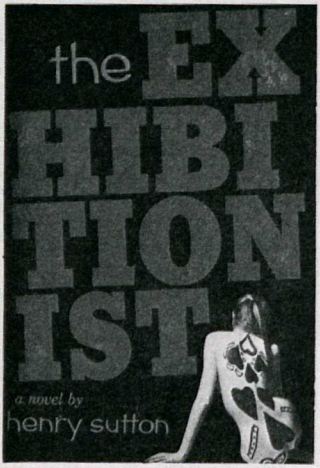
Mademoiselle 1+1

by Marcel Veronese & Jean-Claude Peretz. Size 11½ x 13¾ inches. Two famous French photographers combine their talents to produce a very professional book of nude studies using endearingly unprofessional models who are none-the-less intriguing as new buds. The story of 'Mademoiselle 1 + 1' takes place in the Camargue, a rude land where life is primitive, the habitat of wild horses, near the sea. Beauty and mystery meet here. Zoe, a beautiful young girl, honest and pure, keeps a small inn where the horsemen come to drink. But in the night, Zoe undergoes a transformation. This lovely book tells Zoe's strange story. Is she guilty or innocent? 'Mademoiselle 1 + 1' is a contemporary legend brilliantly photographed. This landmark in the photography of beautiful women could only have been accomplished by the close collaboration of photo-reporter Veronese, fashion photographer Peretz and graphic designer Alain Wienc. The concept demanded the talents of these three men, who made the most of their first opportunity to collaborate. The essence of the young female form has been captured by the two photographers who are both known for their artistic treatment of the erotic. **88s** including postage & packing

November Girl

by Sam Haskins

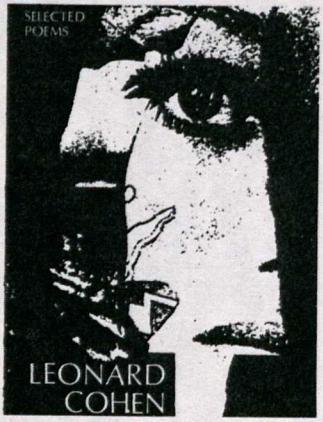
The accomplished camera of Sam Haskins is familiar to many through his last book, 'Cowboy Kate'. Now, with this magnificent new set of nudes, Haskins captures the hopeless longing of a lonely girl. A poignant text accompanies the pictures, that convey the erotic heights to which only feminine want can aspire. Haskins first used his camera for reporting. He reported on beauty, in 'Five Girls' (1962), how they looked and what they did. Then he turned to storytelling in 'Cowboy Kate' (1965), the wild loping western girl who curved like the wandering Rio Grande. 'November Girl', combining a subject of intense physical beauty with Haskins' own technical virtuosity as a photographer can only be described as poetry. The naked female figure has never before been recorded in a mode so sensual as that of 'November Girl'. Said the British Journal of Photography: 'Sam Haskins has had the talent, stature, vitality - and the discipline - to cut figure photography free from the cliches, hesitancies, and vulgarities that continually inhabit it.' This book, in its lavish 11½ x 13¾ inch format, is a sure collector's item. **67s** including postage & packing



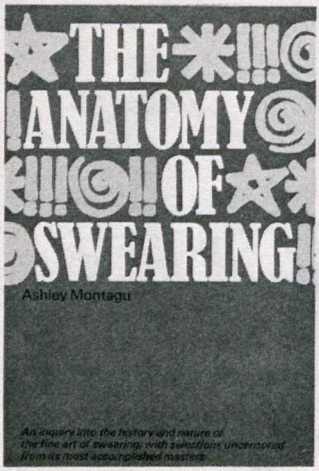
The Exhibitionist by Henry Sutton

'The Exhibitionist' is the age-old story of the corruption of an innocent told in shockingly contemporary terms. The world of Meredith Housman is that of the international play-set, populated by the rich, the beautiful and the talented for whom the only realities are those manufactured in the film studios. Housman plays a game in which women are brutally possessed, discarded and replaced without a backward glance. Every woman he wants is his with the exception of the woman whose love he craves - his beautiful daughter Merry. After a childhood in which Merry is thrown from parent to parent, she eventually finds solace in the arms of Melissa, Housman's strange second wife, while Melissa lusts after Noni, the 19-years-old starlet. When the photographs of their naked embrace at a teenage party are splashed across the centre pages of a sex-and-scandal magazine, Merry finds the spotlight of fame upon her. She climbs to the top of the ladder, playing the same perverted games, but with a ruthlessness even her depraved father had not thought possible. This book will jolt the libidos of a whole generation of readers. **38s** including postage & packing

Leonard Cohen: Selected Poems 1956–1968



Published in the UK at last, this is the first collection of poems by the gifted and original Canadian poet, novelist and musician Leonard Cohen, whose coterie has recently expanded from small and devoted pockets of students to an international generation-gap-bridging audience large enough to fill several football stadiums. His provocative novel, 'Beautiful Losers' - reviewed in the Running Man magazine Vol 1 No 2 - has been called everything from an outrage through black humour to a long poem-prayer. Critic Leslie Fiedler noted that it marked - through its pervasive and unrelenting sexuality - 'the end of porn'. 'Selected Poems' contains Cohen's own choice from his work, ranging from lyrical love poems to thoughtful considerations of ontological and social problems. This 245-page book includes selections from 'Let us Compare Mythologies', 'The Spice-Box of Earth', 'Flowers for Hitler' and 'Parasites of Heaven'. Eclectic and searching, the voice of Leonard Cohen is at once private and universal. This is likely to be the most influential volume of poetry to have appeared in the entire decade. **38s6d** including postage & packing



The Anatomy of Swearing

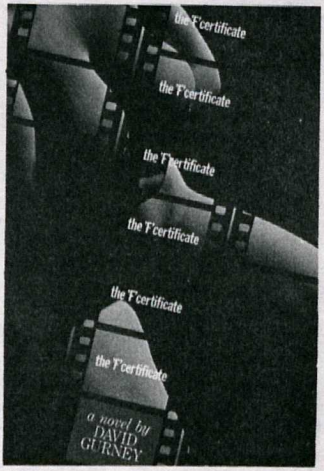
by Ashley Montague. Subtitled: 'An inquiry into the history and nature of the fine art of swearing with selections uncensored from its most accomplished masters'. The author, a well-known anthropologist, came to the conclusion that the elegant and sometimes vicious art of swearing had fallen into a state of decline. He seeks to correct this state of affairs by investigating swearing in all its aspects: its origins in primitive language; its philosophy and psychology in various ages and cultures. This wryly written survey takes us from the ancient Hebrews and Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, through the Elizabethans and Victorians to the present, examining the numberless forms of this cathartic language without reticence, bowdlerization or asterisks. Subjects covered are: Four-Letter Words, Cursing, The Origins of Swearing, The Word 'Damn', etc. Replete with many fascinating anecdotes and much valuable information, this is no handbook in the art of swearing, but rather a layman's survey of an aspect of language that has, alas, atrophied. (370 pages.)

66s including postage & packing

The 'F' Certificate by David Gurney

It all started when a large and prestigious film company was poised to carry out plans already well advanced for completing the boldest stroke ever in the history of cinema; a film for general release showing the sex act in full detail. The scheme to make the film, and then to get it on the cinema screens with the help of a newly devised 'F' Certificate, was masterminded by one of the company's bosses, Nicholas Kirk. Kirk was so totally ruthless, totally bent, he had proven himself capable of sexually initiating even his own daughter. When the secret plans for the 'F' Certificate film are discovered, and when another film executive's daughter becomes personally involved with the actual filming, the tragic and unexpected consequences ensue. 'The 'F' Certificate' is set in the England of the immediate future - an England overrun by swarms of silent, sadistic youths, who indiscriminately destroy, maim and kill. It is a terrifying story, tempered by the sexiest nymphettes in the history of literature, a story which depicts a chain of events terrifyingly possible in the England of tomorrow.

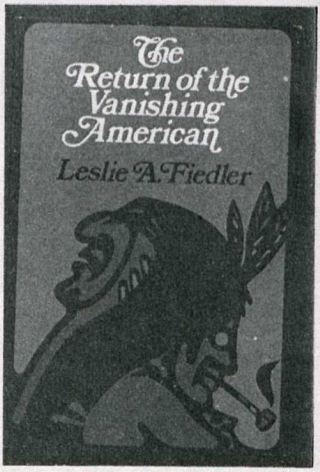
37s6d including postage & packing



The Return of the Vanishing American by Leslie Fiedler

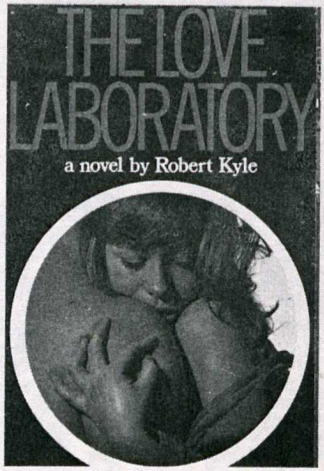
Just published, 'The Return of the Vanishing American' completes the trilogy, begun with 'Love and Death in the American Novel' and 'Waiting for the End', in which the distinguished critic and literary editor of the Running Man magazine delves into the origin and nature of those myths characteristic of the American experience and the literature it has inspired. Legends which recur frequently in American literature and have inspired what Fiedler brilliantly describes as the 'Higher Masculine Sentimentality', have given way to a comic appreciation of all that is artificial in a writer's love for an illiterate culture, represented by films such as 'Cat Ballou' and the work of novelists such as James Leo Herlithy or John Barth. A major critical work about a fascinating new aspect of the American ethos and inspiration. 'Unquestionably brilliant and interesting' - Times Literary Supplement. 'Dr Fiedler's witty, exasperating, energetic, penetrating book will prove indispensable... a high level of scholarship and intelligence' - Spectator

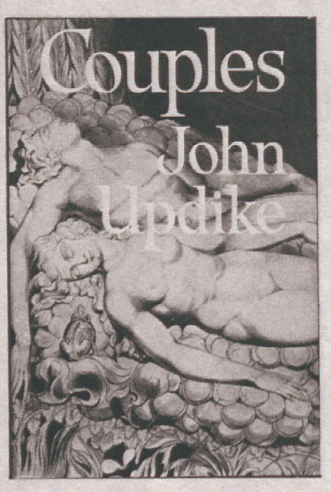
32s6d including postage & packing



The Love Laboratory by Robert Kyle

The lid off the world of the sex researchers, their experiments, and their findings. This is the story of the Prescott-Freeman experiments in human sexual response, and of the anonymous men and women behind the statistics - why they volunteered, what they were asked to do, and the startling truths they uncovered. Dedicated 'to all those enrolled in formal investigative programs... And to those others who prefer to conduct their research in their own way, in their own time, in private,' this book recounts in eye-opening detail what went on during the Human Sexual Inadequacy Project, when the two scientists were engaged in measuring the physiological function and effect of female orgasm under laboratory conditions. There, amid the gleaming apparatii, with cameras whirring and electrodes pulsating, they set forth to chart the mysteries of human sex. The result is a milestone in sexual enlightenment, revealing important biological discoveries which should be considered by every intelligent adult. Written with an unwavering sock-it-to-me style, this book will astonish all but the most jaded professional. **45s** including postage & packing

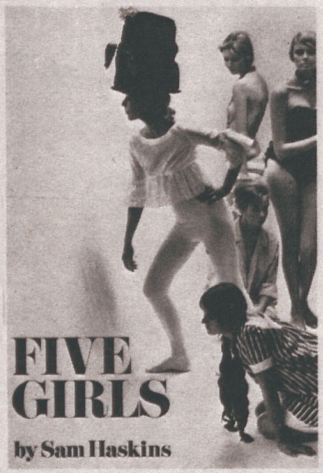




Couples by John Updike

John Updike's eagerly awaited best-selling novel about the sexual interactions of ten couples consolidates his reputation as a prose writer of considerable daring. The couples, who comprise the smart set of a small New England town, sail together, ski together, and in fact all their activities are undertaken as a group. So sophisticated is this elite group that the strangely intertwined sex lives of its members are treated as casually as small talk at a cocktail party - until doubts occur about the libertine attitudes of the circle towards the extra-marital relationships of its members. Only a writer of Updike's calibre can take the reader so far into the intimacies of a communal love affair. He has here, in effect, written the Magna Carta of group sex. 'His prose is musical, his celebration of the female body often glorious and cleansing, and his treatment of the sexual is sometimes delicate and deeply touching.' - New York Review of Books

33s including postage & packing



Five Girls by Sam Haskins

Size 10¾ x 8¼ inches. As anyone who has experienced 'Cowboy Kate' will know, Sam Haskins is more than just a photographer: he is a story teller, a poet, even a mystic. For only a mystic could incantate and so poignantly capture the fleeting moods of the female nude on film as he does. Now we meet five luscious, enchanting girls: Bes, Cill, Anna, Helmi and Shirl; each affectionately caught with wit, with daring, and an impudent camera eye, by an artist who appreciates them, not only for what they are, but for what they can be. These five picture-essays are unique examples of photographic art - songs of praise for the loveliness of women, unashamed glimpses into the labyrinthine workings of the human heart. In each story there is a pervading sense of fun; while technically, the telling has more in common with ballet. Nothing is plainly stated, so that the reader can exercise his imagination to the full. This new magnanimously-sized softbacked edition, makes available this one-time collectors' item at a fraction of its original cost.

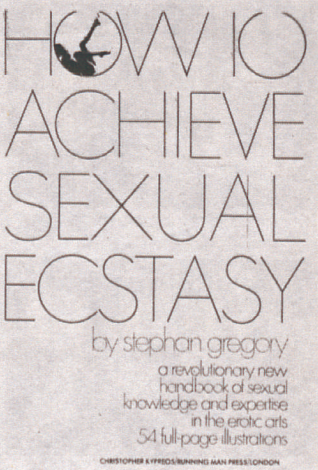
24s including postage & packing

Candy by Terry Southern & Mason Hoffenberg

6,000,000 copies of this irrepressible book have been sold worldwide. Candy is the original girl 'who can't say no' - to anyone. 'Candy', the book, is a satirical masterpiece which chronicles her wild sexual adventures and misadventures, establishing Candy Christian as the most notorious, lovable heroine of contemporary fiction. Combining sex and humour - in itself no mean feat - by sharpening the humour into satire, the authors incantate an incredible rogues' gallery drawn from Candy's escapades, ranging from a despondent hunchback to a very sophisticated eastern mystic. Taken as a paedophiliac's field-day, or simply a sexy, funny book, 'Candy' is certainly one of the most important novels of the decade. It was originally published in Paris under Maurice Girodias' then furtive imprint and copies had to be smuggled through customs until now. 'Terry Southern has brought Alice into the Wonderland of Puritanism, and the Puritans are going to scream... But those of us who are not professional moralists will be grateful for this book. We need it.' - Nelson Algren

45s including postage & packing

How to Achieve Sexual Ecstasy



A radical new handbook, just published by the Running Man Press.

'How to Achieve Sexual Ecstasy' is probably the most sophisticated handbook of sexual technique ever published in this country. Exposing the shoddy substitutes for real sensuality and eroticism that bring to doubt the general effectiveness of most marriage manuals, this unique work - based on rapidly changing outlooks of human behaviour - presents to the emotionally well-adjusted couple the prospect of tasting all the delights of a vital sexual relationship.

The advanced sexual knowledge and expertise in the erotic arts revealed in its pages - though intended to minimise the crippling associations of guilt and shame within the sexual relationship - brings with it the burden of one proviso only: that no harm, psychic or physical, must be visited by either one of the partners upon the other. Otherwise it treats and epitomises virtually all of the contingencies of the human sexual act on an unashamedly adult level.

With the aid of 54 full-page illustrations and 73 diagrams, 'How to Achieve Sexual Ecstasy' demonstrates a prodigious assortment of sex postures, movements, procedures, caresses and manoevres with a clarity never before effected. Frankly, we think the book is destined to establish a whole new enlightened attitude to what is and what isn't permitted in the marriage bed.

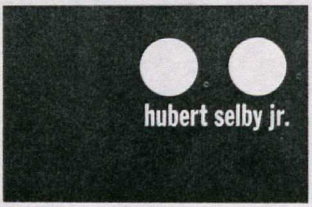
Among the subjects you'll want to read about are:

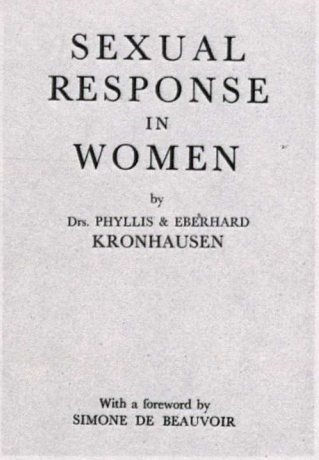
Beyond Sexual Infinity
Specialised Coital Positions
Movements of Coitus: Customary and Unorthodox
Threshold of the Sexual Psyche
Variety, Adventure and Seduction
Erotogenic Expertise and Anatomy
54 full-page illustrations throwing light on the most intimate aspects of love, before, during and after coitus. Now you can see, with a vividness never before possible, the variety of sexual fulfilment among normal healthy men and women.

'The extended description of the sex act becomes a kind of seduction of the reader, presented with a notable simplicity and warmth. Careful attention is paid to the needs of elaborate foreplay and a concern for the partner's responses... Those of us who tend to rush our fences could surely learn something from the descriptions of how to kiss our partner's elbows and savour the delights of the navel... I recommend Stephan Gregory's book.' - New Worlds

42s including postage & packing

POST-TRIAL EDITION
Complete and unexpurgated
Introduction by Anthony Burgess





IN CONSTANT DEMAND:

Last Exit to Brooklyn by Hubert Selby Jr

Banned for two years because of its ruthlessly honest portrayal of the sheer obscenity of existence amid the relics of American civilisation. During the long and stormy passage of 'Last Exit to Brooklyn' through the courts much was written in the sensational press of the self-righteous diatribes delivered against it by so many eminent reactionaries But it is strange that little attempt was made, even in the court itself, to give any clear impression of the content of the book or its author's intentions. When the vague and meaningless charge that the book 'tended to corrupt and deprave' was so rightly reversed the publishers scored a great victory over hypocrisy and won the right to bring to the public a book that must be read. It is a brutal book, as twentieth century life is brutal but anyone who claims that the degradation and despair which scream from its pages, exist solely in the author's mind is surely trying to blindfold himself against reality. The prostitutes, the homosexuals, the petty criminals who wander the policeless streets of Brooklyn are the victims of a sick and ruthless society and through the brutal clarity of Selby's writing one is taken deep into their lives and minds. From the pathetic pride of Georgette, the 'drag queen' to the humiliation of the girl who is the victim of a multiple rape the whole gamut of human emotions are portrayed without sentiment and with a clinical accuracy which pounds home the immediacy and urgency of Selby's message. Anyone who reads 'Last Exit to Brooklyn' without bias will surely find it one of the most moving and socially important books of the century. **45s** including postage & packing

Sexual Response in Women by Drs Phyllis & Eberhard Kronhausen.

A forthright attempt to determine the exact nature of woman's sexuality which explodes myth after myth which prevent women from realising their own sexual potential. Subjects include: The Struggle for Orgasm; Women and the Ways for Love; Are Women 'Touch Animals'?; Lesbian Love; The Future of Female Sexuality. **38s** including postage & packing

The Erotic Minorities by Dr Lars Ullerstam

A stinging attack on the hypocrisy of a society which regards itself as permissive yet condemns those whose sexual urges and desires do not conform with 'normality'. An impassioned libertarian plea by a Swedish psychiatrist with proposals so far-out they will seem bizarre even to those who regard themselves as being emancipated.
32s6d including postage & packing

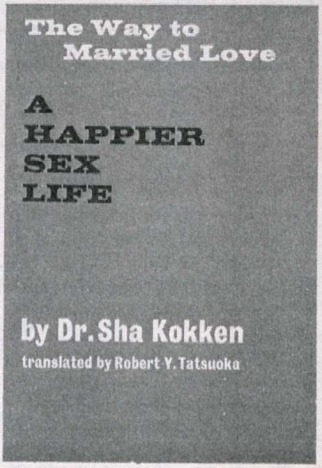
The ABZ of Love by Inge & Sten Hegeler

This handbook of love stormed the best-seller lists in Denmark, Sweden and the US. The complete, unabridged illustrated edition of the most important work on sex today. Said the Times Literary Supplement: 'The authors treat the mechanics, the variations, the pleasures and the difficulties of the sexual act. They give exact instructions on practical details... It is time the subject of sex was treated with less reserve.' This 288-page book is arranged as a dictionary with 600 separate entries for easy consultation. Library Journal deemed the 120 illustrations: 'as frank as the prose.' 'The best book on sex known to me' - said Anthony Storr in the Sunday Times. The authors, both doctors, state in their forward: 'This is not a text-book for beginners - not an ABC... Our book is meant as a personal and subjective supplement to the many outstanding scientific books now in existence... We still know far too little about sexual relations, and so we are by no means able to provide a complete prescription for a happy sex life. But we do believe we have a few of the ingredients.' **46s** including postage & packing

MODERN MANUALS IN CONSTANT DEMAND:

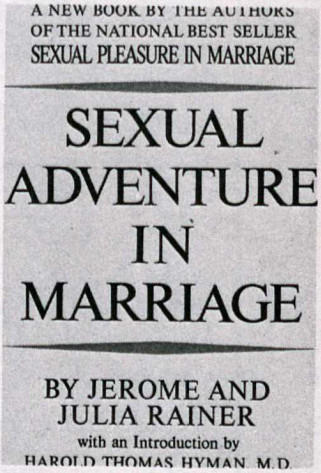
A Happier Sex Life by Dr Sha Kokken

Dr Sha Kokken's unique photographic approach skyrocketed this outstanding oriental manual of sexual technique into sales of 1,700,000 copies in Japan alone. Written by the prominent Chinese gynaecologist six years ago, the book is currently enjoying success in Germany, China, America and the Scandinavian countries. And now this best-selling manual is available to British readers. 'A Happier Sex Life' is a new and vital method of presenting information. Over 400 photographs and drawings demonstrate a variety of sex positions which are classified and explained by the doctor-author. Chapters on: Emotional and Physical Love; Oriental Methods of Fertility Control; Sexual Relations in Pregnancy; Auto Eroticism; and alphabetical Classification of Sex Positions, etc. Innumerable oriental insights and attitudes conveyed through the text and photographs, achieving a previously unseen precision of demonstration, should establish this book as a primer for western experts. Over 420 photographs, over 50 diagrams.
53s including postage & packing



Sexual Pleasure in Marriage by Jerome & Julia Rainer

Two handbooks written by a husband-and-wife team of writers. What was needed, the authors agreed, were books that resolutely discussed the pursuit of pleasure in marital sex. So they embarked upon the writing of two that would. They have assumed that the reader is adult, literate, and seriously interested in the basic proposition that happiness in marriage is related to pleasure. Among the matters 'Sexual Pleasure in Marriage' discusses: Sexual Pleasure, the Neglected Art; Myths and Facts about Sexual Compatibility; Overcoming Blocks to Pleasure; Can Pleasure lead to Perversion? **33s** including postage & packing



Sexual Adventure in Marriage Jerome & Julia Rainer

'Sexual Adventure in Marriage' is designed for those husbands and wives who are already well-versed in the facts of married life. This enlightening book is a sure answer for staleness in an established union, leading to mutual dissatisfaction, and repetitive monotony. This selection of chapters from the book conveys the scope: Sexual Adventure: Counterfeit and Real - the Power to Refresh the Senses - What Husbands Enjoy - What Wives Enjoy - Adventure is not Perversion - Varieties to Foreplay - Antidotes to Monotony, etc. **28s** including postage & packing. **59s** including postage & packing for both books

New Approaches to Sex in Marriage

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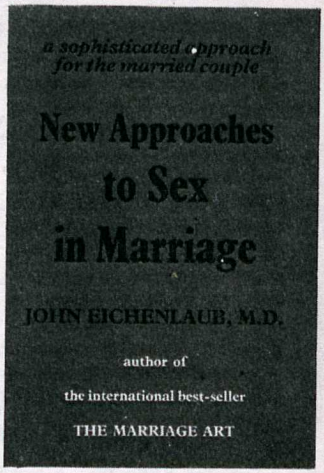

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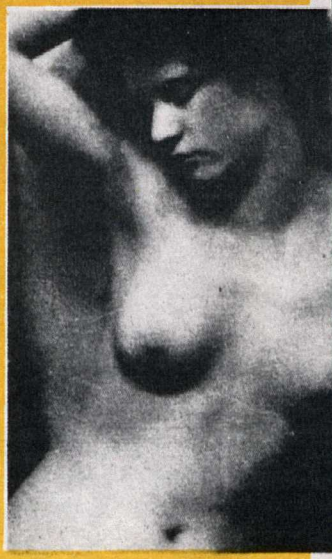

We have pleasure in announcing establishment of the new publishing house, Christopher Kypreos/Running Man Press. It is our intention to present the most adult, the most uninhibited and meaningful writing on today's cultural scene to a new generation of readers.

How it all began... Once upon a time, some two years ago, we started Running Man Books, which was intended to be the business base of a wild new magazine. Running Man Books was an instantaneous succès de scandale, while the magazine - although the intellectual community devoured each issue - was driven out of business. Undaunted, we rallied our forces and published our first hardbacked book under our own imprint a few months ago. From all indications our predictions related to the present vacuum in British publishing are proving correct. Our first title has enjoyed a pre-publication readership of over 80,000. As the third reprint order goes to press, while six new books are in preparation, Calder & Boyars Limited has undertaken national representation of Christopher Kypreos/Running Man Press titles to the trade.

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Some forthcoming titles:

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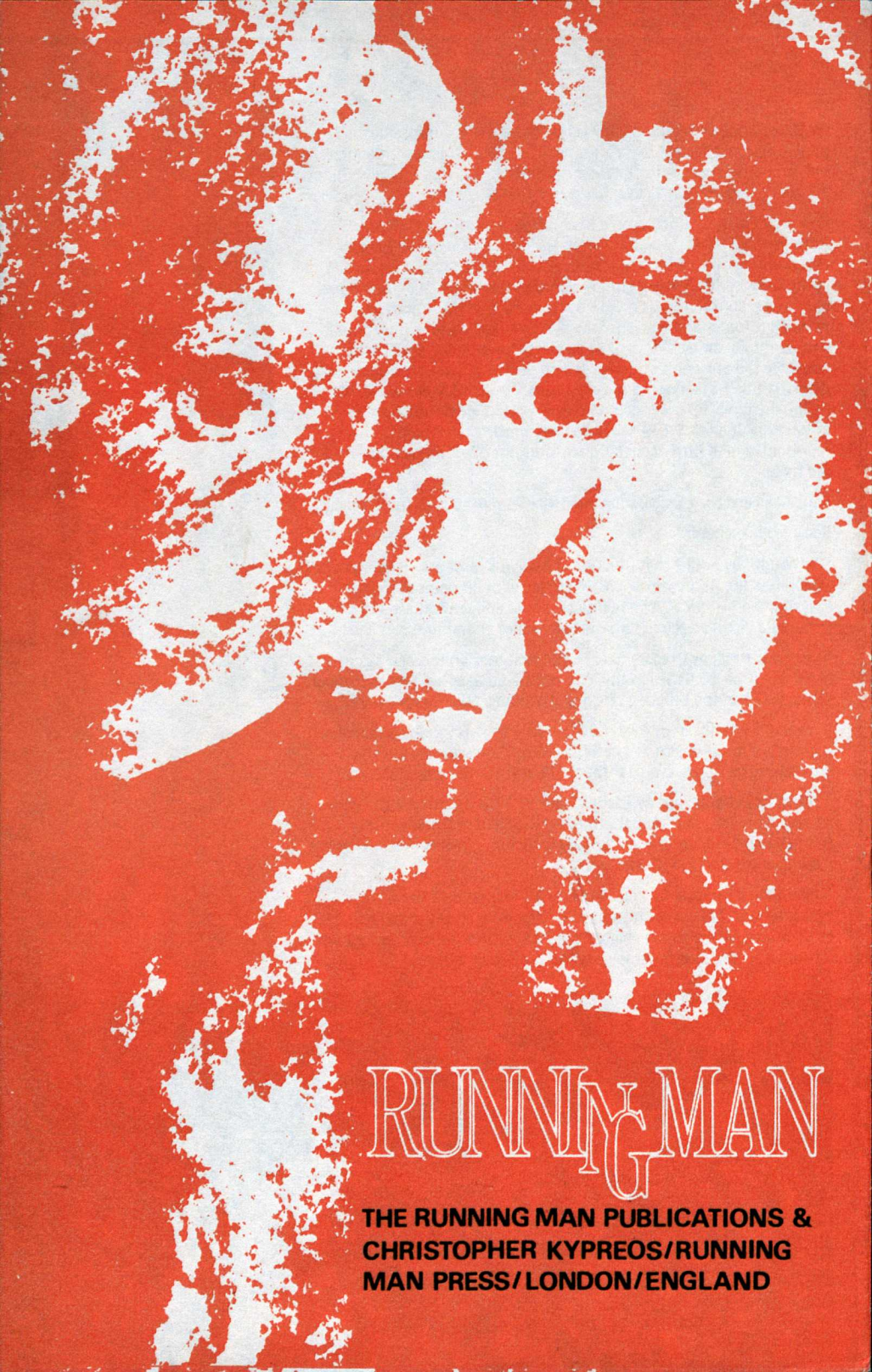
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no wonder we lost another printer

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editor Bill Levy's private journal of three days in Harwich immigration gaol. You'll see why they sent him back to Amsterdam.

Want to edit OZ? Are you under 18? See page 46

Unloveable but beddable — Wendy

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A SANE REVOLUTION

If you make a revolution, make it for fun,
don't make it in ghastly seriousness,
don't do it in deadly earnest,
do it for fun.

Don't do it because you hate people,
do it just to spit in their eye.

Don't do it for the money,
do it and be damned to the money.

Don't do it for equality,
do it because we've got too much equality
and it would be fun to upset the apple-cart
and see which way the apples would go a-rolling.

Don't do it for the working classes.
Do it so that we can all of us be little aristocracies on
our own
and kick our heels like jolly escaped asses.

Don't do it, anyhow, for international Labour.
Labour is the one thing a man has had too much of.

Let's abolish labour, let's have done with labouring!
Work can be fun, and men can enjoy it; then it's not
labour.
Let's have it so! Let's make a revolution for fun!

D. H. Lawrence

OZ 26
February/March 1970
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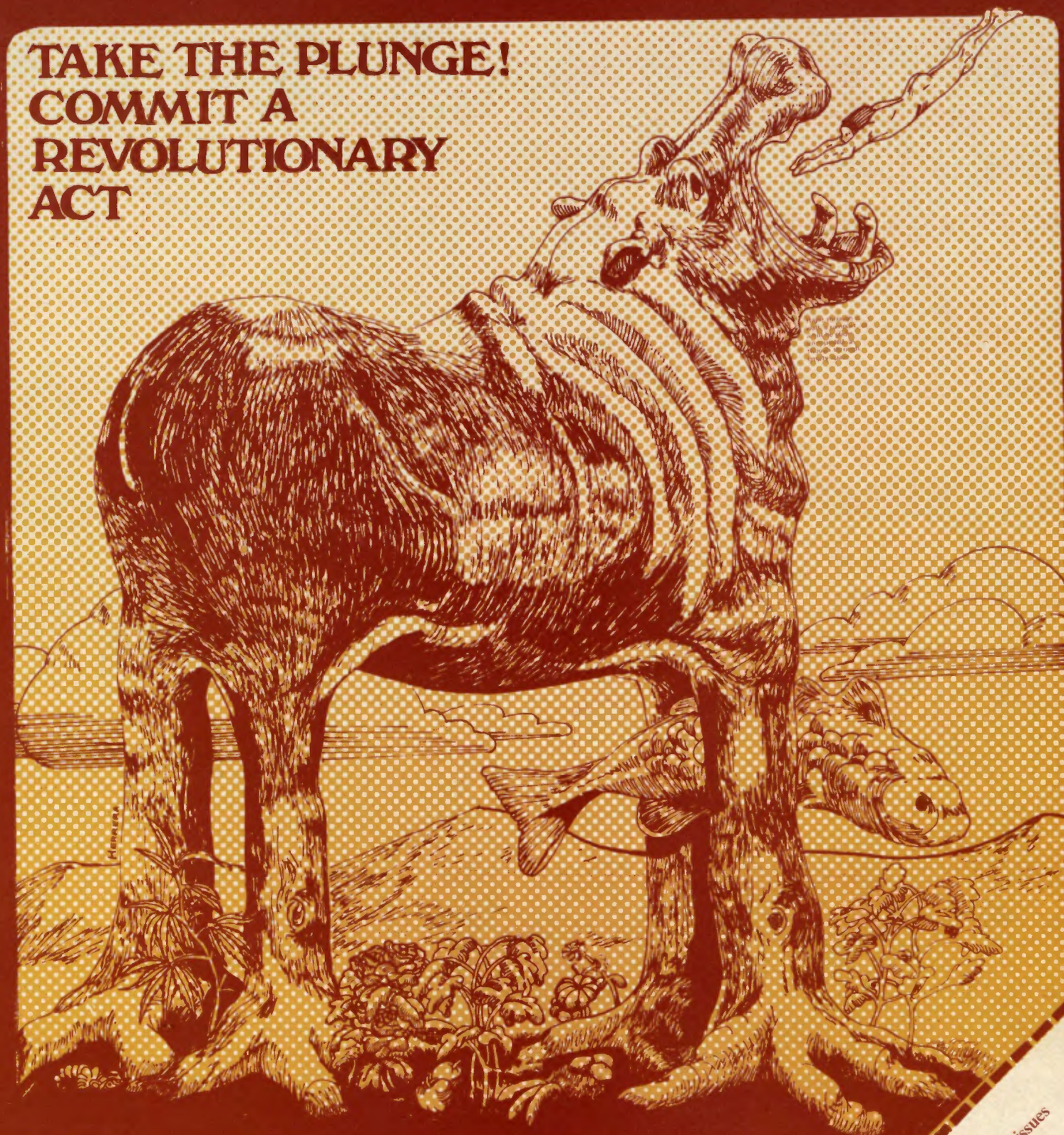

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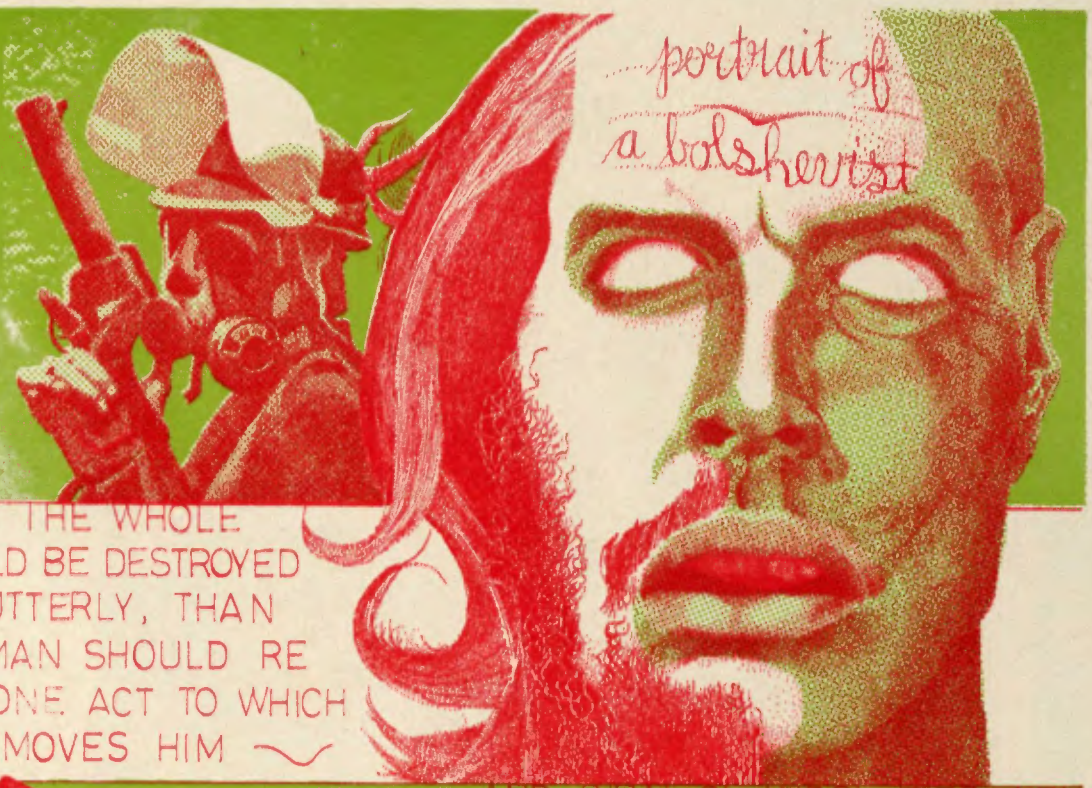
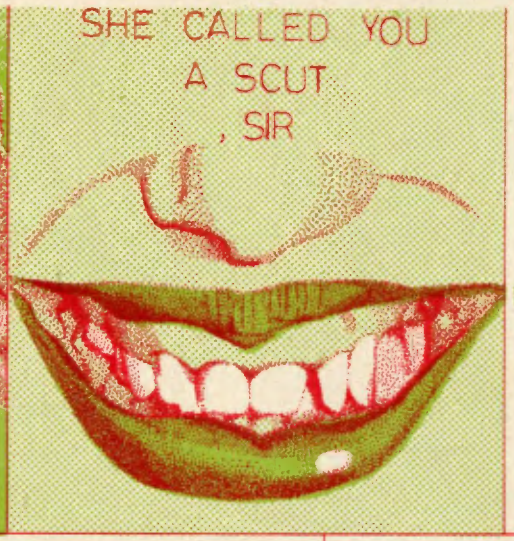


BETTER THAT THE WHOLE WORLD SHOULD BE DESTROYED AND PERISH UTTERLY, THAN THAT A FREEMAN SHOULD RE FRAIN FROM ONE ACT TO WHICH HIS NATURE MOVES HIM

FETCH THE CAT GAG HIM FLOG HIM TO WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE, WE MERELY ANTICIPATE THE LAW

AND WHAT OF THOSE WHO ARE MOVED TO PHANTASISE, MUST THEY THEN ACT?



ROT. THAT'S ALL RIGHT. NOTHING LIKE A GOOD ONE ON THE POINT OF THE JAW FOR PRODUCING A DEVOUT MANNER OF LIVING IN THE RECIPIENT. WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER? WILL SHE JOIN US IN A CHOP?

NOT TO-DAY. SHE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY WHITE SLAVERS OF THE WORST SORT. THEY GENERALLY DRUG THE GIRLS WITH COCAINE OR SOME DOPE FIRST. HALLO, THERE GOES THE JOLLY OLD GONG! I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS TIFFIN.

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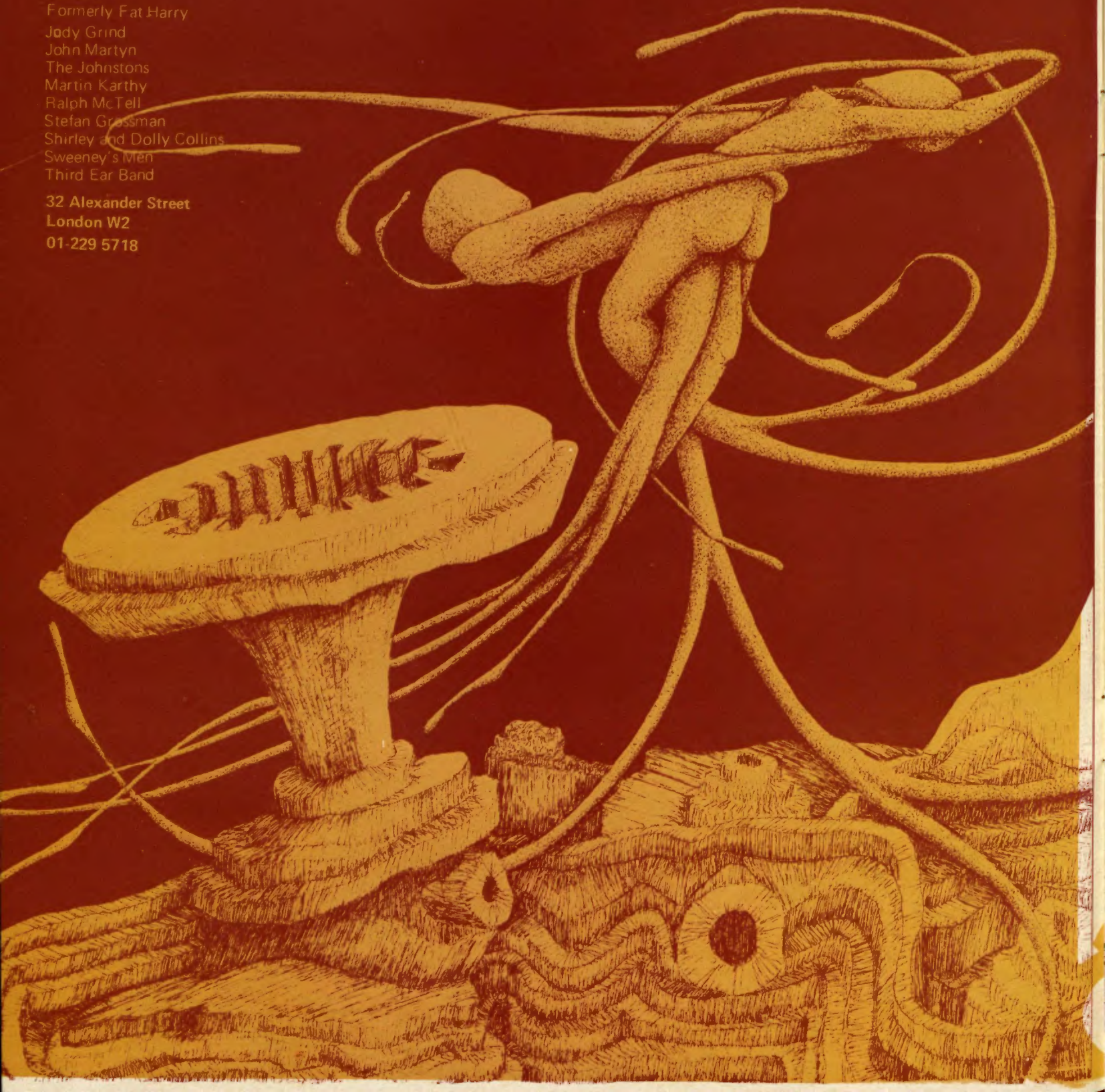

BUT THEN SO WAS THEIR FIRST–
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TRY THEM AND SEE

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Bill Levy cont. from P23

to wait in Pentonville Prison until further representation can be made on my behalf. Also says Home Office had a report filed by doctor that I'm a "Drug addict". We have a long talk – an hour and a half – we admit each of us made mistakes have become armoured with each other. Abby says she sees Susan from her letters as feminine, vivacious, probably a colourful dresser, all the things she (Abby) is not.

"Susan is supportive", I say, "we are supportive with each other".

Religion is sexy
& so is Susan.

Abby and I talk about past present future. Both agree there are still elements we love in each. She has been telling herself without belief she doesn't love me any longer. I'm told Peter Jackson M.P. (Lab) for High Peak, Derb. is coming to see me. What will he see?

See Chief Inspector to find out names of doctor. The one who examined me first is called Dr. Doupe. He is Port Medical Officer attached to Essex County Council and ultimately to the Minister of Health. Tell Chief Inspector I plan to break that man: sue him for criminal libel; have him removed from Medical List. Chief Inspector concerned I'll make a complaint about police. Says Dr. Doupe is with Immigration people.

Being a drug addict is not a question of opinion but one of fact. Besides the man never examined me.

Fucking bureaucrats. When they saw I might not be what they claimed they falsified evidence to justify the decision.

Force myself to smile when I return to detention cell.

"We can't change the world. We can only change ourselves". Bill Sands.

Rain today. Sky dark, blue silver pink along horizon. Thunder and lightning.

No longer thinking of cunt.

All in all, I've found friends people willing to help when in need in unexpected places. Heathcote and Abby have responded like family. Guess its my fathers teaching to think of those closest as family.

Must remember to ask to see Aleister Crowley sex diary mss Tom Driberg alluded to in his "News of the World" article, late October.

Find out Baroness Wootton won't do anything for me because she says in my testimony before her committee I admitted breaking the law; should have expected that. So much for politicians of all stripe.

Left Amsterdam after two days of lightning and thunder, elemental skies. Now I'm leaving England perhaps forever, after another similar cosmic storm.

If one jumps over the edge one is bound to land somewhere.

But isn't it very risky?

Five hours until I leave. No feeling in cock and balls. I don't even have bladder filled morning erections. Now I know what Hoppy meant when he said he was impotent for two months after getting out of Wormwood Scrubs Prison. Did prison make Michael impotent as well? I must ask him when we meet next.

The total absurdity of it all; seven or eight able bodied policemen keeping 24 hour watch on this horney endomorphic jewish intellectual.

Stale smell of nervous sweat in armpits.

Beginning to hallucinate. Thought I heard someone call my name from train platform outside window.

Rain stopped. Still unsure whether I'll be turned back from Holand.

Abby is a dear. Her first thought upon hearing I'm to be deported was how to get me my winter coat.

6 o'clock train arrives from London. Is Peter Jackson on this one or was report of his visit a false alarm?

Feel as if I'm treading in the air, quite unstable.

Dinner at British Rail Canteen, as usual.

Heathcote phones. Both solemn about parting. He says Jean left London today at noon for Chicago to judge a Bunny contest with Bill Crosby. Jean is special. The only person I know capable of the sustained passion of a W. H. Hudson heroine. A Scorpio, with Venus in Scorpio. Heathcote says if he goes to New York to contact him through Grove Press.

Notice on Police Bulletin board next to telephone: Harwich Police, Traffic Division, Stag Night; "We expect to have two strippers, a drag act and a comedian".

Abby phones. Asks if I would like her to come see me off and go with me as far as the Hoof. First sexual feeling I've had in a week. Abby has chosen to put up a fight! Good. It's the only chance *we* have of winning.

Jackson, M.P., never posts. DEPORTED. When a country closes its borders, an election can't be far behind!

It can only get crazier.

When Abby and I get to cabin on board the ferry, I vomit, then wretch, sweat and tremble. Get over this after an hour. For Abby, release in tears.

Abby and I stay up all night. We lie in bed nude – having friendly, gentle sex without cosmic quality. Talk talk.

Mixed Feelings about Abby and Les fucking while I was in Amsterdam.

1. Les and I have been good friends for 16 years. We have never shared a girl. This brings us closer together. Silently compose a letter to Les:

Dear Fluke,
I've been deported from England as a gangster of love.
If you asked again, I think China might come to Turkey.
She needs the support that you, more than I, can give.

2 Reminds me of a Susan Janssen story. When she was temporarily blinded after an accident, her boyfriend brought another girl to the flat – a girl with one leg – and fucked the new girl while Susan was in the room, bed-ridden and blind. She could hear what was going on but that perception was denied by boyfriend.

3 Abby says now Les is her boyfriend as well as mine.

A cock and ball polaroid photo of Les on the cover of this journal. When I draw Abby's attention she replies descriptively "Yes, he has a bigger cock than you. It felt different from yours, but you know it's not the size that counts . . . Stilll then yours is more attractive"

We discuss our sexual preferences. It's a subject I have always avoided. Abby says she likes to be fucked at least twice in a session. She likes all positions. I tell Abby I enjoy sucking her cunt. She thought I did it only to please her: "It is the only thing that melts me", she says.

Abby expreses concern about never having had a vaginal orgasm. In her group sex scene with Chris and Darryl Breyer she noticed that Darryl had a powerful orgiastic release enough though Chris came rather quickly.

I tell Abby how much I enjoy the muscular dance of her cunt!!!

Ferry arrives at Hook of Holland . . .

"You had tomatoes for dinner", Abby notices as she looks from mirror to sink while getting dressed in the morning.

Letting go takes courage . . .

And if you ask how I regret this parting
It is like the flowers at Spring's end Confused, whorled, in a tangle.
What is the use of talking
And there is no end of talking,
There is no end to things in the heart . . .

Ezra Pound. *Exile's Letter*

Postscripts:

1. See also, Edgar Allen Poe's story, *The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Feather.* Here the lunatics take over an asylum and entertain an unwary guest.

2. If we limit ourselves to what is understandable we have not increased the scope of what might be understood. Official contacts with the unknown always finish in some commercialized undertaking like Lourdes, or a police raid, like Gilles de Reis.

William Levy for peace 1970

The new word

Po

Po

The new word PO upsets many people. It would not have been worth inventing if it did not have this effect – at least to begin with.

The Mechanism of Mind (published by Jonathan Cape) is about the way the mind works as a pattern-making system.

A pattern-making system requires a 'discontinuity function' in order to change the patterns and bring them up to date.

We have never developed any discontinuity tool in language because we have been obsessed by the need for the continuity of sequential logic.

The new word PO is a discontinuity tool for language and thought. Just as NO is the basis of logical thinking so PO is the basis of lateral thinking. NO is the negative of language. PO is the laxative of language.

PO can be used in a variety of ways but underlying them all is the single function of making easier the creative jump.

1 *Provocation:* PO allows one to use information in ways which cannot be justified on any other grounds.

Sex PO paper-clips . . . capitalism PO ketchup . . . are not meant to describe anything but to set off ideas.

PO cars should have square wheels . . . allows one to use an 'intermediate impossible' as a step to a new idea.

2 *Challenge:* Applied to a whole argument or to a single concept PO is never a judgement but working outside the YES/NO judgement system PO challenges the rigidity and dogmatic absolutism of concepts. PO implies, "That is a convenient cliche concept – try changing it."

PO is a refusal to accept assumptions.

3 *As reaction:* Faced with a situation one reacts immediately with whatever standard reaction pattern slips into place. PO breaks the continuity and by providing a pause reaction allows one to proceed to a new reaction.

4 *As attitude:* Even if one never actually uses PO it serves as a symbol of the arbitrariness of fixed patterns that have arisen for historical reasons. This should temper arrogance and rigidity.

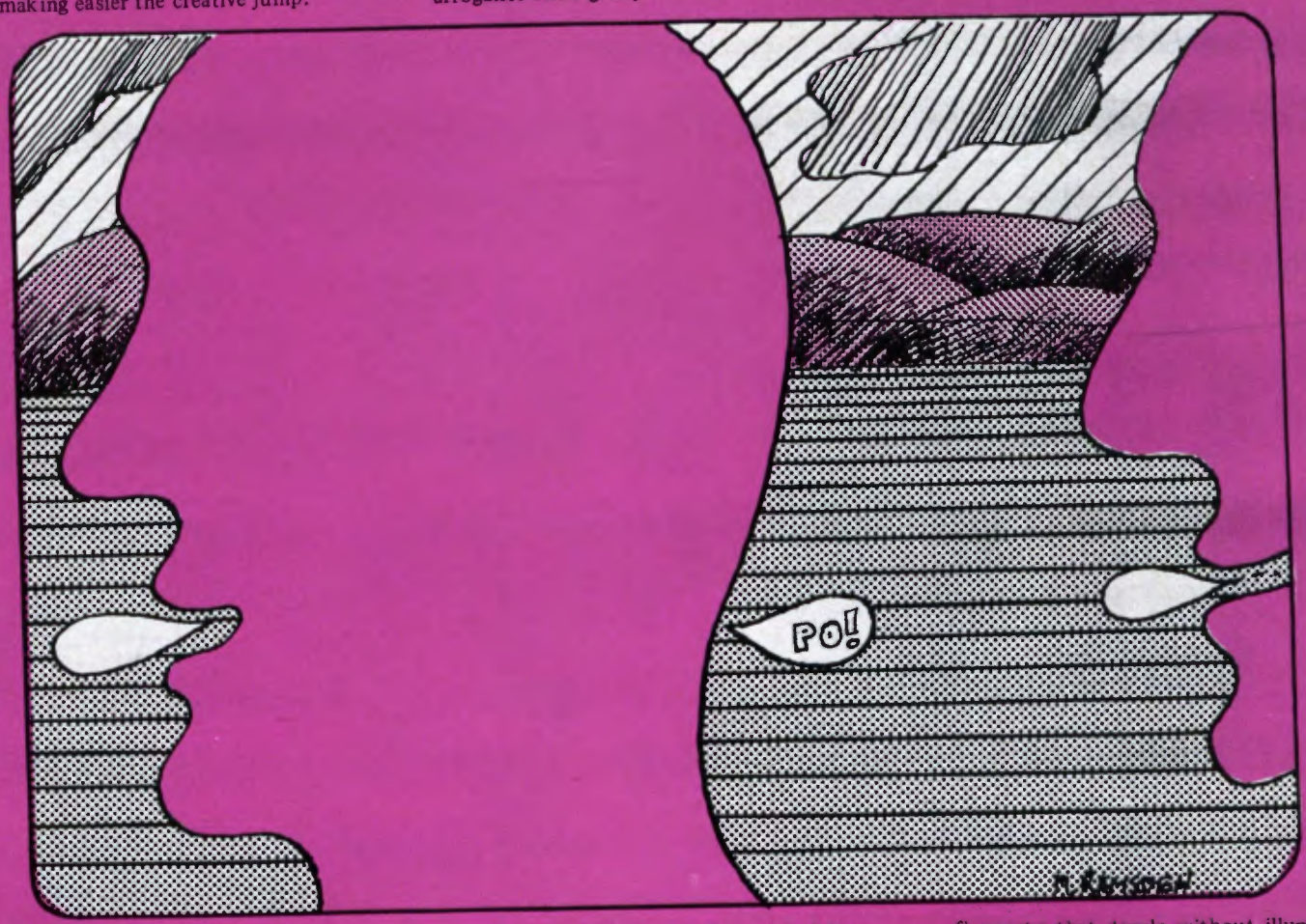
(Those who want more details of the use of PO should consult *The Mechanism of Mind*).

PO is but an information tool to break the continuity of fixed patterns and so allow available information to come together to give new ideas.

Being a tool PO is only as useful as one acquires skill in using it. Since all training should at least be enjoyable below is an opportunity to practise ONE ASPECT of the use of PO. With PO one sets up an impossible situation – and then one resolves it.

You can play this game by yourself or with other people. You select a name in the first list and then you (or someone else) selects a word in the second list. You put them together as: PO Mashall McLuhan is Brighton pier . . .

Then you resolve the situation.



Harold Wilson	spaghetti
Malcolm Muggeridge	Brighton pier
David Frost	toe-nail clippings
John Lennon	The New Statesman
Marshall McLuhan	a beer mat
Richard Nixon	BBC-2
Raquel Welch	a pair of braces
Ted Heath	lipstick
Spiro Agnew	a flash of lightning
Enoch Powell	mushroom
Tiny Tim	fish-fingers

PO Marshall McLuhan is Brighton pier . . .

. . . a bridge that only has one end

. . . heavily advertised but disappointing when you get there

. . . more known than used

. . . the seeing butler of modern society

PO Harold Wilson is a packet of cornflakes . . .

. . . promises on the outside, half-empty inside

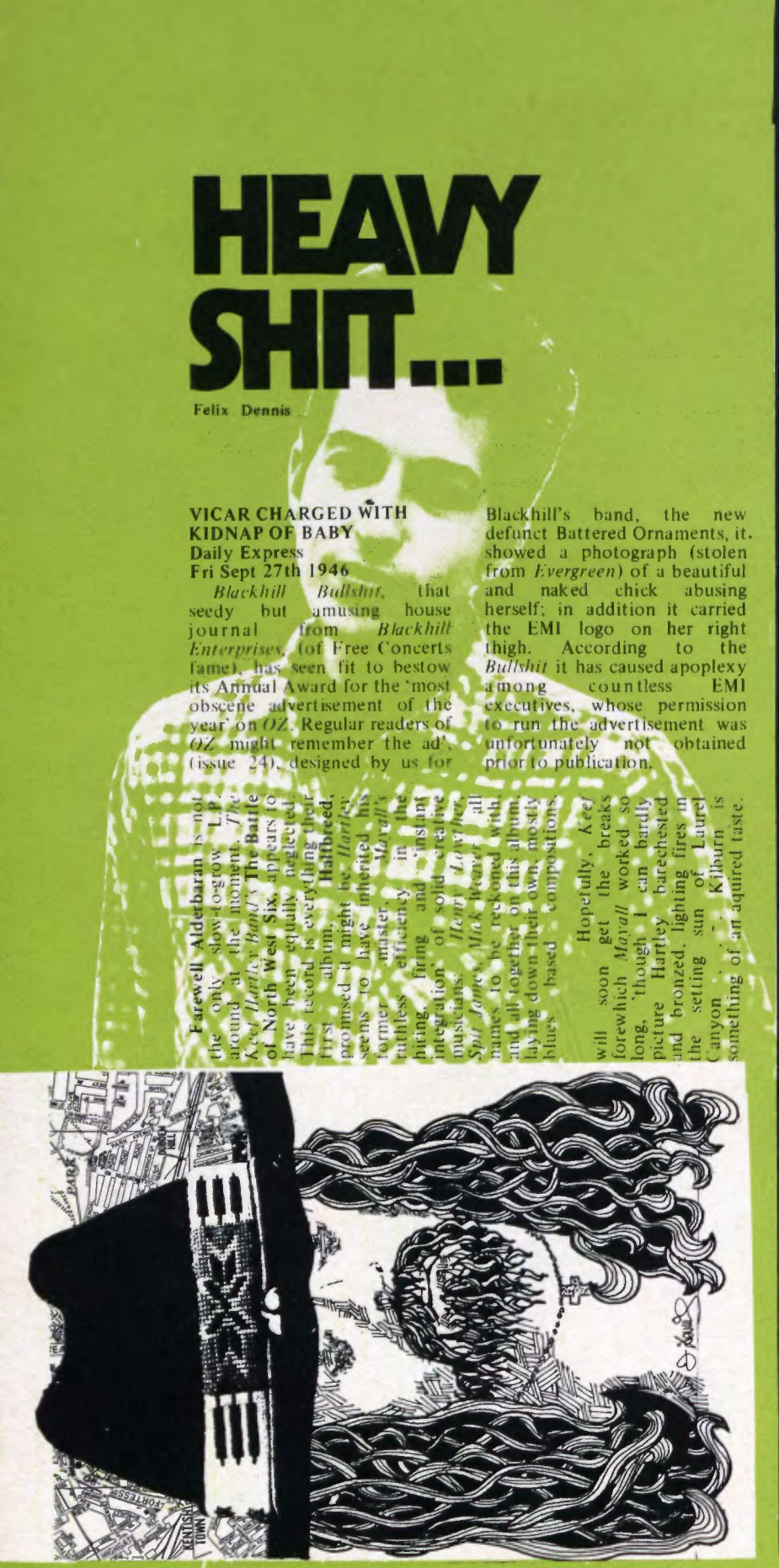
. . . fireworks that dazzle without illuminating

I shall be inclined to give some copies of the book mentioned above to any splendid examples that may come up (send them to me via OZ).

Edward De Bono
author of *The Mechanism of Mind, The Five Day Course in Thinking, The Use of Lateral Thinking.*

HEAVY SHIT...

Felix Dennis

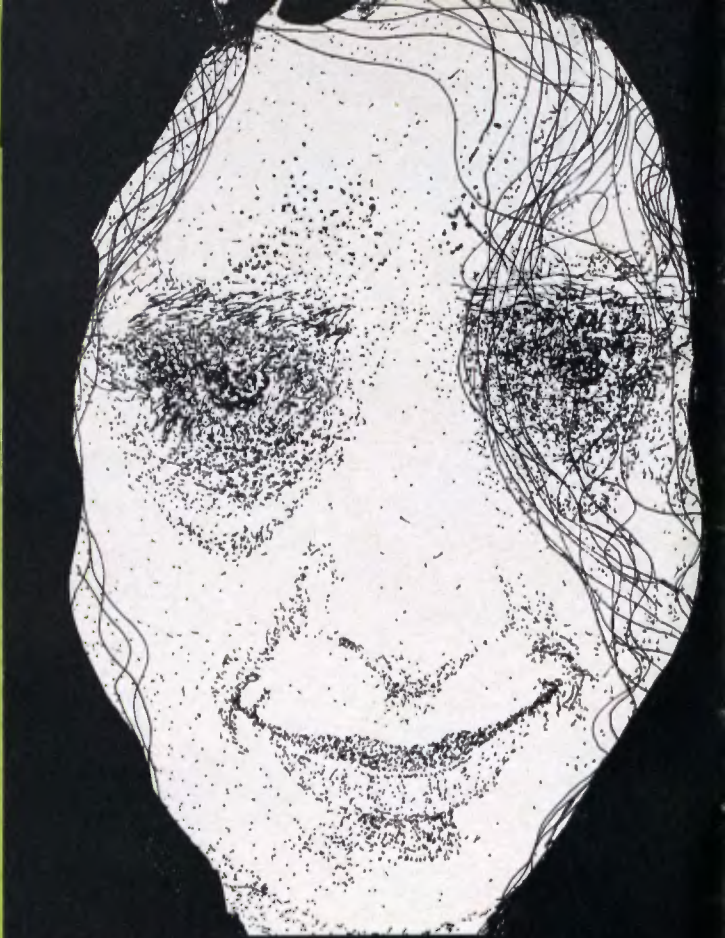


VICAR CHARGED WITH KIDNAP OF BABY
Daily Express
Fri Sept 27th 1946

Blackhill Bullshit, that seedy but amusing house journal from *Blackhill Enterprises*, (of Free Concerts fame), has seen fit to bestow its Annual Award for the 'most obscene advertisement of the year' on *OZ*. Regular readers of *OZ* might remember the ad', (issue 24), designed by us for Blackhill's band, the new defunct Battered Ornaments, it showed a photograph (stolen from *Evergreen*) of a beautiful and naked chick abusing herself; in addition it carried the EMI logo on her right thigh. According to the *Bullshit* it has caused apoplexy among countless EMI executives, whose permission to run the advertisement was unfortunately not obtained prior to publication.

Farewell Alderbaran is not the only slow-to-grow L.P. around at the moment. *The Keef Hartley Band's* **The Battle of North West Six**, appears to have been equally neglected. This record is everything their first album, **Halfbreed**, promised. It might be *Hartley* seems to have inherited his former master, *Mayall's* ruthless efficiency in the hiring, firing and 'instant integration' of solid creative musicians. *Henry Lowther*, *Spit James*, *Mick Weaver* all names to be reckoned with, and all together on this album laying down their own, mostly blues based compositions.

Hopefully, *Keef* will soon get the breaks forewhich *Mayall* worked so long, 'though I can hardly picture Hartley barechested and bronzed, lighting fires in the setting sun of Laurel Canyon . . . Kilburn is something of an aquired taste.



LONDON BALLOON BARRAGE TEST TODAY
News Chronicle
Sat Oct 18th 1938

It's no news that Radio One(derful) is even more boring now than in its pre-Pirate days, when we all called it the Light Programme, so it was unusual to hear somebody other than the Peel/Drummond syndrome getting into a little head music on 247 metres last month. *Seen & Heard*, no less, featuring *Laura Nyro's* latest L.P., **New York Tendaberry**, on *CBS*. And to be strictly fair, their summary of Nyro's talents was crystal clear, if a little clinical.

They remarked that it 'remained to be seen' if Laura ever 'made it', (nasty phrase), as a singer/performer, although 'no-one could dispute her talents as a song-writer'; (she has already given several hits to *Three Dog Night*, *Fifth Dimension* and *Blood Sweat & Tears* in the U.S.A.). Would this new album sell in its own right or remain 'merely a showcase for her unique compositions?'. *Seen & Heard* sounded doubtful that **New York Tendaberry** would sell, and so am I, but they missed the point; commercial potential is hardly a fair yardstick to measure musical ability . . . or as Zappa has noted of the mass record buying public . . . 'these kids wouldn't know music if it came up and bit them on the arse.' Exactly.

Laura sings and plays the piano in an absorbed meticulous style, each note plucked like a ripe plum. Discords are her speciality . . . jarring the senses, breaking up what might otherwise remain too barren a landscape, too monotonous a view . . . dischordant phrasing and timing. Stilted, even ponderous in places, her songs often break unpredictably in mid-verse, melody torn to tattered shreds, calculated solecism. Although her consultant/conductor (strange title?) has added brass and a little orchestration on a few tracks they have been used sparingly and are all the more effective for it. And always it's that startling jazzy fingerwork, that high strangled voice up front, dominating the mood and tempo completely.

Her compositions are as melancholy, for the most part, as Leonard Cohen's but there's a peculiar high-strung, paranoid quality about them, the jittery speed of a meths freak, that stamps them unmistakably as her own. Laura Nyro is exhausting but rewarding listening. Brilliant music to fuck to

BREAD TO BE RATIONED IN GREAT BRITAIN?
Sir Ben Smith Gives Warning
The New Yorker
Apr 20 1946

When are British record companies going to stop packaging their products in soft, toilet roll cardboard? Double sleeves in the U.K. are actually thinner than single American covers. Even forgiving the generally God awful standard of graphics, records like *Let It Bleed* and *Abbey Road*, guaranteed to sell, and make, millions, surely deserve better treatment than a slap-a-bit-of-shiny-on-both-sides of flabby board attitude. Of all the companies, only *Island* seem to give a fuck about the production of their sleeves.

And talking about fuck and sleeves, why has that very word been omitted from the lyrics supplied with **Volunteers**, the latest *Jefferson Airplane* album? It's quite audible on the record, but the word 'Fred' has been substituted rather lamely in its place in print. A member of R.C.A.'s publicity office explained to OZ that . . . "this is a decision made from our New York office . . . but you have to remember we have a responsibility to the public . . . it's possible that old people or kiddies might pick up this record and be offended by it . . . or something . . ." He didn't know what the *Jefferson Airplane* thought about it, and didn't seem to care. In fact he hadn't known *anything* about it until we called him. It's interesting to remember that *RCA* are the company who recently booked a double page splash in *Zig Zag* imploring kiddies (and old people), to *'take a short trip'*, (to their record dealers), to really, *'turn you on'*, (to their miserable selection of 'progressive' sounds), which are really *going high . . . care to join them?'* **No thanks.**

...a basket of musical bubbles

"IT'S ALLRIGHT!" HITLER POSTPONES MOBILISATION
There Is Hope – Real Hope – For Peace
Daily Express
Thurs Sept 29th 1938

Heartening news for those of you who may already have heard via *Rolling Stone* of the new bootleg albums available in the States. Two long haired entrepreneurs, who preferred us to forget their names and faces, called at the *OZ* offices last week to divulge their plans for the production, distribution and marketing of **LIVER** *Than You'll Ever Be*, the reportedly fantastic, stereo recording of the *Stones* playing live on their U.S. tour, together with **Stealin'** and **Gww John Birch Society Blues**, the two new Dylan L.P.s following up **The Great White Wonder** (see OZ 25); these two albums contain between them a total of twenty seven songs, only eight or nine of which have ever been issued before, in different versions, on previously released *Dylan/CBS* records.

"The sound quality on the Dylan albums, especially **Stealin'** is fine," promised the taller hustler, "much, much better than **'Wonder**. And the *Stones*, oh man, you gotta hear it to believe it. Unbelievably good."

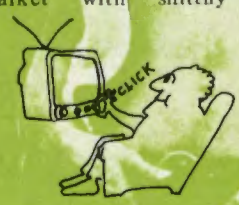
His friend continued, "When the **'Wonder** hit here last December we didn't do too well. Only one batch was actually produced here: the rest were imported from Canada. That meant high prices, too many questions and too many other cats crowdin' the market with shittily produced goods. Some of the home-grown albums, well . . . people who bought from some of our . . . er . . . competitors are probably pretty pissed off. The plastic should be worn through just about now! This time, man, we've got it all sussed . . . all the albums gonna be made here, first class jobs."

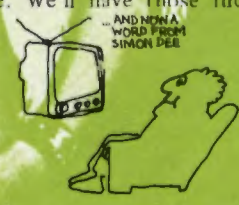
Did they envisage any problems persuading stores to sell illegal goods? "Who says it's fuckin' illegal? Who says it is? Anyway, if it's the *Stones* and *Dylan* it'll sell. Plenty of the big record stores carried **'Wonder** – under the counter like. We'll have those fuckin' albums out here in wholesale quantities by the beginning of March. And I mean fuckin' *wholesale!*"

Did they have any moral qualms about releasing an artist's material without his knowledge or consent?

"Fuck all that! Music belongs to the people . . ."

He was keeping a straight face but his partner blew it with a sly grin: "Don't listen to him man. In '67 he was wearing a kaftan floggin' beads 'n' bells to the tourists. We're only in this for the money . . ." How true to the spirit of the British underground.



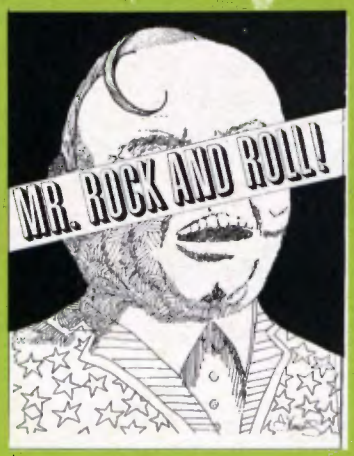


"HOW I KILLED SETTY . . . AND GOT AWAY WITH MURDER"
Donald Hume's Startling Confession to the Pictorial on Page 7.
Sunday Pictorial
June 1st 1958

Ever since *Rolling Stone*, in their review of the underground press, so graciously labelled OZ as . . . 'the hippiest underground magazine anywhere . . ., so hip they're insulting about it . . . ', (oh, really?), certain American record companies have taken to mailing us albums direct from the States, presumably for review and at a pheonomenal cost in air-freight to boot. Fair enough, except that for every *B. B. King* that arrives, (thank you *ABC Records*), we have been deluged in other crap, bearing liner notes like the following:

". . . *The Billy Mitchell Group* is a 'Madonna And Child'. The Group is basic, beautiful and funky. The group makes the listener a viewer – makes him see with his ears. Listen and you will see the masterful splashes and strokes of da Vinci – the gentle but obvious shadings to complement the whole. Listen to *The Billy Mitchell Group* and see their musical sketches. It's magic . . ."

It's not. Try to imagine *The Happy Wanderers* up Oxford Street on a foggy day, featuring a selection of numbers from last year's entries in the Eurovision Song Contest . . . well, it's worse. So thank you *Calla Records*, but no. And could *Calla Records* be a subsiduary of *Roulette Records*, who, last month, were also responsible for sending OZ, among other goodies **The Best of Tommy James and The Shondells**, proudly bellowing on *their* liner notes that they sold more single hit records than *any other artist* last year. Over six million in fact.



MAN HANGED AT SURBITON
School Gardener's Discovery
The Surrey Comet & South Middlesex News
Aug 5th 1958

As our editor, Richard Neville, admits in his illuminating, and more important, just published, book, *Play Power*, he is nearly thirty; born in a mid-way generation . . . "already pubertal by the time Carl Perkins . . . happened". This perhaps explains his incessant obsession, (often denied, but painfully obvious), with early Rock - And - Roll. The voluminous article on early *Sun Records* in the last *OZ*, certainly the longest single article on any subject in this magazine, at least to my memory, is clear proof of this insatiable thirst for the reliving of days filled with Australian sunshine, bopping with Sweet Little Sixteen at the High School Confidental . . . etc. etc. Even Zappa, (I must stop quoting him), refers to this music as 'greasy love songs of cretin simplicity', but as anyone who has heard *Ruben And the Jets* will know, he too is an addiet and his sneer is patently tinged with loving reverance.

Imagine then, if you can, Richard's unbounded fury on discovering an almost criminal fraud committed in the name of Rock-And-Roll by a certain *Ember Records*. It seems that they have released an album, **Mr. Rock And Roll**, which by its graphic design, (or rather by the lack of it), and detailed sleeve notes, purports to be a collection of early and original material by the living kiss curl himself, William Haley. Numbers like **See You Later Alligator**, ("In A While Crocodile", retorted Her Royal Highness wittily after a Royal Command Performance), **Rock Around the Clock** and **Shake Rattle and Roll** are all listed, alongside notes mentioning: – 'this vintage Haley platter' . . . 'relive the excitement of . . .' . . . still sounds as fresh today as when it was recorded in 1954 . . .' etc.

In fact the tracks contain nothing but contemporary Haley, and it must be sadly recorded here that he has not improved as a musician in any of those fifteen years. To be honest he sounds a great deal worse; the arrangements and instrumentalists who accompany him have been hurriedly assembled and recorded in what must surely have been a series of disasterous and lightning 'first takes', probably on one of their recent tours of Europe. *OZ* telephoned *Ember* in a self-righteous frame of mind, to demand on explanation.

The publicity man was embarrassed. Our interpretation of the liner notes was only 'our opinion'. He could not agree that they were deliberately misleading to the public. They were 'our business'. Not his business. He had, in any case, never read the notes. What did we want him to say? Any thing he said 'would sound trite'. We agreed, and rung off to the whine of, 'please don't slate us'. He rang back, flustered. He repeated his arguments. Did we realise the notes were written by no less an authority than THE PRESIDENT OF THE *BILL HALEY FAN CLUB?* We had not realised. But did that alter the contents? 'Not really' he signed. We hung up.

Be warned *Ember Records*, and any other record company foolish enough to invite the wrath of ageing romantics; memories are not to be tampered with. If you must hype business, stick to Reggae; teenyboppers who read the *New Statesman* are not so easily deceived.

VICE-PROTEST TO HOME OFFICE
Residents say: Stop this vicious trade. £20 a night: That's what prostitutes earn on Clapham Common
Clapham Observer
Fri Nov 14th 1958

Putdown of the month prize to Robbie Robertson from *Time Magazine's* in-depth article on *The Band*, (we'll show *Newsweek* who's really heavy), quoted as sneering . . . "The new *Rolling Stones* album sounds like a bunch of blues orientated cowboys."

BLUE AFTERNOON *Tim Buckley*
Tim Buckley's first album hailed from that period when the West Coast had just discovered *Bob Dylan* and had given birth to the *Byrds* and folk-rock. The album bore the hall-marks of inexperience; it had some beautiful songs but also a certain amount of make-weight material. Overall, the music was divided between quiet, folksy type numbers with a minimum of accompaniment, and hard, crisp, percussive rock. This division was in itself a weakness – it was as if *Buckley* couldn't decide where he wanted to go, as if he was trying to assimilate too much of what was happening on the West Coast at the time. The record was promising, but no one could have been really prepared for the album which followed: **Goodbye and Hello.** In my view this is one of the essential pop albums, ranking alongside **Sergeant Pepper** in its beauty and inventiveness. True, the achievement was as much producer Jerry Yester's as Buckley's. Yester took *Buckley's* basic music, added a line up of top, West Coast session musicians, and produced a schizophrenic album, playing off *Buckley's* amazing voice, thin and taut, like a mellow scream, against some really staggering arrangements. The final effect in music which says so much on so many different levels that, like **Pepper**, it will stand any amount of replaying.

Perhaps *Buckley* found the arrangements *too* overpowering, for on *Happy Sad*, his third album, he was down to a basic 'group' of four musicians: *Lee Underwood, Carter C. Collins, John Miller* and *David Freedman*, and a minimum of production tricks. The group took the songs as they came, using *Buckley's* incisive guitar rhythms as a basis for improvisation. It produced some nice sounds but the total effect, (especially after the colour and flare of *Goodbye and hello)*, was a little samey.

It was obviously the style and format, however, that Buckley had been after all the time, for it remains, virtually unchanged, on **Blue Afternoon**, his first album for *Frank Zappa's Straight* label and the first to be produced by *Buckley* himself.

Despite the apparent lack of progression, **Blue Afternoon** is, in fact, a valid development of *Buckley's* music. It's an exploration, in greater depth than ever before, of the sad side of Tim's **Happy sad** coin. The music is poignant and introverted, dealing with themes of loneliness, loss and parting. It's white mind-blues rather than black gut-blues, and even a coming home song like *Happy Time*, with superficially joyful lyrics, is given a melancholy treatment that etches in an unspoken background of loneliness. The album is emotionally, rather than musically, 'heavy', but the songs avoid self-pity and the final effect is uplifting rather than depressing. Whatever else it may be, this album is pure Buckley, purer than ever before. That can't be bad.
Graham Charnock

Taj Mahal **Giant Step/De Ole Folks At Home.** Not really knowing much about Taj Mahal (except that he couldn't possibly be a building in India, and probably was not the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Mahal) I looked him up in Lillian Roxon's Rock Encyclopaedia (published in New York by Grosset & Dunlap $9.95c) She hadn't forgotten him, and there he was dutifully listed under M between Mad River and Mamas and the Papas. Found none of those intimate personal details which would have satisfied my teeny bopper, fan magazine heart, but I did read this:
"The irony with the traditional country blues is that black singers, whose people originated them, have outgrown them emotionally and feel the need to move into something more sophisticated. So young white singers have taken them on, caring for them with the love of a true archivist. For Taj Mahal, who is black, to do these blues is an even further turn of the screw. One of the very few sophisticated young black singers, he brought back the sound of authentic blues, flatly refusing to gloss over or stylise."
So, Taj is not an Uncle Tom, but an archivist. On **De Ole Folks At Home** he has dug up an incredible collection of negro folk songs, which, to the accompaniment of himself on banjo – a beautiful rich funky sound – he sings in the friendliest manner possible; in pure rustic blues style, but without the stretches of anguish or the blue corners. A University background, simple living, vegetarianism and California weather have made him as mellow as yellow. Trouble is, he otherwise sounds as ancient and the same as the men who originally sang these songs – Howling wolf, Lightning Hopkins, Muddy Waters, Sleepy John Estes, Son House and others of that band of reincarnated black tortoises – which is very strange for someone who is only about twenty seven. Somehow it seem a waste. Is it a guilty search for his lost black heritage, or a lack of true imagination which has caused him, like a classicist, to look to interpretation of historic texts for inspiration? I am glad he hasn't turned the screw even further and gotten into German beer hall songs or something.
The tracks themselves are fine. Some of them, like *Lining Track*, have always been crude, undeveloped and not particularly likeable, while others, such as *Fishing Blues*, and *Annie's Lover* are so pretty that it is a delight to have them sung as well as Taj does it. Compare his singing of *Candy Man* with Blind Boy Grunt's version on **Great White Wonder.**
The other record, **Giant Step** is much more the Taj Mahal we all know and love. *Take a Giant Step, Give Your Woman What She Wants* and *Farther on Down the Road* were the tracks I liked best. The whole feeling of the record is easygoing, reflective, totally relaxed and in accordance with the atmosphere and image that Taj Mahal projects – that of the courtly gentleman-farmer musician, sitting in the shade on his wooden porch, big hat firmly on his head, happy stoned grin on his face, friends always around, chickens scratching in the sun, bucolic peace and good will radiating to all. His version of *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl* is a handholding affiar. When Alvin Lee does it for Ten Years on **Shhh** it's more like child molesting or rape.

This is not a sensational record. No new ground is covered, and **Giant Step** is probably a misleading title. Taj is sitting still (probablv in a rocking chair) and resting on his laurels. Which is a lovely thing to do. Everyone should do it a little more. He's just a big kindly man who loves to sing and talk about the blues. There's a lot of the homespun philosopher teacher in Taj as you will realise as you happily listen to these two records. He's not heading in any particular direction, but "he's looking fine and feeling good, man, how about you?"
Jim Anderson.

In a silent way *Miles Davis*
There are listeners who don't hear the jazz genius of the sixties, they don't care for the lyrical stuff, they demand out-front dynamics; the self-imposed silence of the Davis personality, regardless of the Rolling Stone interview, offends many, but not me baby. All I need is a pair of Koss headphones, and the soothing tintinabulations, wow, of the Miles' magic, and you could cut my leg off and I wouldn't know. But I'm like that, a martyr to music. Others still keep demanding dynamism, they want the artist to cut his leg off in front of them.
The aforementioned would look at the line-up and see *Davis, Wayne Shorter* on soprano sax, and ostensibly a six-piece rhythm section of three electric pianos, bass, guitar, and drums. They'd say that Davis fancies himself, or he must be a gutless wonder to need all those people shugging behind him. Both views are right because they're necessary to make his music. He wants individual expression, and at the same time he wants them to play his way. This is an apparent contradiction unless put in terms of he's the boss, but they're free to get on with their work. Or maybe here's the whole, let's see if the parts fit. If you've got talent, they will.
The trouble with *Davis* records is that often you don't have the job of waiting for solos, and when they arrive there's that special kick and you say to your friend listen to that *Dulcie*. From the beginning it seems to be the whole *Miles Davis* band, and the bits and parts are not particularly noticeable. This record is like that all the way. The whole is greater than the sum of the parts could have been. The music has an atmosphere of an **Abbey Road** side two, a **Nashville Skyline**, . . . is slow down, look around, start again.
For the English there's some local colour with the prescence of *John McLaughlin* on guitar and *Dave Holland* on bass. *McLaughlin's* strength on Marmalade shows why he's in the Davis band, and there are a lot of heavies there to complement or compete with.
If you want a lead into **In a silent way** listen to the *Mademoiselle Mabry* track on **'Filles de Kilimanjaro".** The new album is a multi-coloured, three-dimensional extension of that single line.
Hire some headphones.
T. R. Zelinka

RENAISSANCE
You've got to accept that *Island* have a special sound. They've been up north of Oxford Street, pouring nitrates on the transplanted heads, cultivating the pink crop, and not quite putting them in the Safeways' stands as exotic vegetables. And if you do your record shopping in the usual way, you can't miss them, the packaging stands out, good or bad. And so it should, I mean, there's the sound, enthusiastic, fresh, and idealistically apropos. The problem that *Island* is fast approaching is that when a label sound becomes identifiable, the individual artists must be suffering. Motown Memories, etc. The December bunch of *Renaissance* are suffering There's too much *Island* in them. Shades of the pink label surround the sounds. I want to get into them, but I'm too quickly reminded of the commandments established by *Traffic, Jethro Tull* and the oldies, Thou shalt be original, Thou shalt be English, and latterly Thou shalt be commercial, the latter attributable to producers, engineers, and the label, less often the artists. Commerciality is a nasty word only when it's obvious and superfluous, and in the long run *Renaissance* are the losers, not *Island*.

After wading knee-deep through your toccatas, fugues and fantasies, nocturnes and impromptus, Slow-finger *Hawken* humps the harpsichord behind the icy, crystal, cool, menthol voice of *Jane Relf*, and slopes into muddy mangrove stomping supporting the strangled vowels of the lead boy singer.
You can't help but like *RENAISSANCE* if you like me you fancy the piano, and they're real strong on keyboards. The *Bach* and *Beethoven, Mozart* and *Schubert, Chopin* and *Dr. John* snatches amongst the variable '69 rock are vigorous and amusing and perfectly compatible with the whole set. But not enough concrete to sustain life-long listening. *Keith Relf* as an old quality name, mutter, mutter, Yardbirds, mutter, has an attraction, but there's that piano man doing all the work. Maybe *Relf* and *RENAISSANCE* are like *Pappaitardi* and *Cream, Glyn Johns* and the *Steve Miller Band* in relationship, except that they don't put all the musical responsibility on one man's back. The album could have been called *Island* Graduation Concert featuring *John Hawken.*
In spite of the weight, *RENAISSANCE* finish the course, and you mark them in your form book as highly promising.
Some of my lay friends would think the record was a delightful send-up.
T.R. Zelinka

don't compromise, because the music doesn't.

flock
santana
spirit
pacific gas & electric
chicago
janis joplin
laura nyro
johnny winter
taj mahal

THE SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES

DYLAN
SIMON & GARFUNKEL
BYRDS
BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS
MIKE BLOOMFIELD
AL KOOPER
LEONARD COHEN
MOBY GRAPE
TIM HARDIN
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
CHAMBERS BROTHERS
FILLMORE

CBS Records, 28/30 Theobalds Road, London W.C.1

The Flock (S) 63733

Their name is The Flock. Run with them.

The Flock is unique. A pace-setting new group.

John Mayall (a musician's musician) called them the best band he'd heard in America. Listen to their album. See if you agree. Then run with The Flock. And watch them spread.

THE SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES

NATCH'L BLUES
(S) 8-63397

DE OLE FOLKS AT HOME/TAKE A GIANT STEP
(double album 43/9) (S) 8-66226

TAJ MAHAL
(S) 8-63279

"Men who love one another; men who are always in love with lovely ladies, children, dogs, cats; with Old Ma Nature at her best and at her worst; men who can laugh and cry...men who can accept their own mistakes and the mistakes of others. It's all living, you know."

–Taj Mahal said that.

THE SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES

That's the way he thinks. That's the way he sings. On his two-record LP set, "Giant Step"/"De Ole Folks at Home", and on "The Natch'l Blues", Taj sings and talks about the same kinds of living.

On "Giant Step" it's Taj and his steel-bodied accoustic guitar. Really authentic country blues. On "De Ole Folks at Home" drums, piano, organ and electric guitar are added. Really authentic electric blues. More authentic country on "The Natch'l Blues".

It's all Taj, you know.

DIRECTION

BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS IS NOT AFRAID

TO BE DIFFERENT.

The great contemporary themes played with pure rock power.
Blood Sweat & Tears is not afraid to be different. On CBS Records.

BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS
(S) 63504

CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN
(S) 63296

Reprinted from November 1969 VICE-ROI

THE BIGGEST TOOL IN SHOW-BIZ

Do You Feel INFERIOR?

JED TANNER

Roddy McDowell never gets the super star billing that close pals of his like Richard Burton and Liz Taylor do — but Roddy McDowell doesn't really need them

And that's mainly because McDowell, at 37 years of age, has the biggest hidden asset in show business — and that isn't his camera or his acting ability, either.

The talent that Roddy packs into 10 powerful inches is the kind that makes gals flock to him for a torrid night between the sheets.

It also causes famous show biz couples to hire him as a sort of informal marriage counsellor — he puts the punch back into their soured weddings, just by unleashing his hidden asset and springing it indiscriminately on everybody in sight.

Invited to every orgy going for the same Reason, Roddy somehow manages to stay out of all the headlines and the scandals that periodically rock Hollywood's image.

"I enjoy life," he grinned happily when VICE ROI interviewed him.

"I don't push myself down people's throats, if you know what I mean.

"I just sort of lie back and let it all come to me."

Roddy got his first big show business break when he starred in "How Green Was My Valley".

Roddy was also making it big, between takes on the set of "National Velvet," when he had a constant stream of female companion lining up for a session with his massive hidden asset.

A tall lanky man, with a face that belies his astonishing sexuality — he's so young looking that he could pass for a teenage virgin in a Sunday school class — McDowell gets better in every way as he gets older.

"Age mellows a man," he grinned.

It seems that most of the Hollywood he-men secretly pride themselves on being supermen when it comes to doing what counts.

So Frank Sinatra had all the great studs of Beverly Hills gathered in his mansion for an unofficial heavy weight contest.

Peter O'Toole, Dean Martin, Rock Hudson, Paul Newman, Robert Mitchum, Big John Wayne, Sammy Davis — they were all there. And so was Roddy.

One by one they dropped their pants and displayed their armaments. McDowell, who was at the end of the line, didn't even blink when he spied the formidable equipment that everybody from O'Toole to Caine were in the process of displaying.

When it was his turn, he quietly unzipped his trousers, folded back the double folds on his custom made undies (the only kind he can wear for support, they cost him $20 a pair, and last a long time) and exposed an organ that could have served as an ICBM if the Defense Department fought its wars in bed.

"Amazing!" stammered Sinatra, who up till then thought he was the heftiest man around.

"Incredible"! gasped Peter O'Tooke, whose reputation in Dublin had him pegged as a real winner when it came to doing what counts.

"Wow!" freaked Rock Hudson, who couldn't get his eyes back into their sockets.

But that's the story of easy going Roddy McDowell's action packed life.

On top of all that, he's one of the best actors Hollywood has ever seen, a formidable photographer, and an all around likeable chap.

Having a hidden talent as big as Roddy's is bound to bring a guy all the success that life can offer.

And nobody could blame Roddy for taking as much advantage of it as he can.

I'm A Natural BLONDE!!

... and 42-26-37. I have a special set of au naturale pics that leave nothing out. (I love to prove I'm a real blonde). Big sample set of clear, sharp 4x5's with complete info and other "special items." $3.00 for everything. You must be over 21 to get these!

FRANCINE WYATT DEPT. F-27
4806 Bergenline Ave. Union City, N.J. 07087

The Slag heap Erupts

by Germaine

Illegal Practices. See ELECTIONS.

The 1969 'second wave of women's liberation movements were very much a manifestation of those sinister forces in our society which we call the media. While pulling in millions of pounds, dollars, lire and what-have-you by brainwashing women into demanding the emulsified fats, perfumed deodorants and disinfectants, liver-corroding analgesics and other consumer 'products' which are as necessary to keep our economies on an even keel as the threat of war or anarchist insurrection, the newspapers kept up their circulation, and thus their sale of advertising by inventing, a new sensation — Women's Liberation.

Valerie Solanas got them at it first by shooting Andy Warhol, although they could not get as much out of that as they might have liked because the matter was *sub judice* for quite a while. Still that tactic meant that Girodias got round to publishing the *Manifesto*, which is still most of what most people know about women's liberation. It did not take long for other women to grasp the principle of Solanas shock tactics, especially when they saw young blacks exciting WASP paranoia by similar means on every campus and university subway. When the House Commission for Unamerican Activities was officially called a witch-hunt, one group of radical women suddenly realised that was what they wanted to be, so WITCH, Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell, was formed. Ballyhoo was their business and from the beginning they were good at it. Dressed in black and riding broomsticks they hexed the Chase Manhattan Bank, distorting the familiar slogan in a fashion fatuous enough for J.Walter Thomson himself, to 'You have a Fiend in the Chase Manhattan'. When they bewitched Wall St. the market obligingly suffered a frisson of five points and then pulled itself together again. Bra-burning and invading the annual Bride Fair in Madison Square Garden were good fun and good copy too. Nowadays WITCH is a little leery of the Tactical Police Force and has gone underground and anonymous, a heavy fate for ballyhoo.

Whorey

Betty Friedan's National Organisation of Women takes itself much more seriously than WITCH, although after Valerie Solanas showed them how, they ran around with slogans like 'A Chicken in Every Pot and a Whore in Every Home', until they managed to weed such vulgarity out of their ranks and into extremist movements like the Feminists and the October 17th Group where they belong. Mrs Friedan did not want to endanger her beautiful relationship with congress: after all a girl in a congressional committee is worth a thousand in the bush. Nevertheless she capitulated to the media by 'forcing' (you recognise the journalese as in 'Frost *hits* railways', 'forcing' here means 'persuading') the New York Times to demonstrate its freedom from male chavinism by desegregation of the Want Ads. Of course she could not 'force' anybody to desegregate the jobs. The immediate result of her action was that more women wasted more time reading about, applying for and getting rejected from jobs they had no chance of getting in the first place.

The problem is at least partly a problem of image, and self image. Men don't really like women, and that is really why they don't employ them: women don't really like women, and they can usually be relied upon to employ men in preference to women as well. Playing grotesque pranks in Wall Street was at least an attempt to increase the possibilities and break down the stereotype of the female image. However, such a strategy relies upon an inhuman freedom from paranoia. Valerie Solanas had to shoot her man to get him to take more than patronising notice of her. So Abbey Rockefeller and Roxanne Dunbar teach karate to the Boston Women's Liberation Movement. When nobody likes you, and you really don't much like yourself, the most common reaction is to turn nasty and attack first. Unfortunately any skinhead could tell Miss Rockefeller that cowardice and steel tipped boots, broken bottles and safety in numbers, is better technique than any bloody karate which you can learn in debutante schools. But women don't even like each other enough to want to travel in packs like the Chelsea supporters.

Bitch

The real reason why Female Liberation is a hot number in the Sunday mags and the glossies is because it smacks of lesbianism, female depravity, freakishness, perversion and solemn absurdity. The tone of the reportage is most commonly derisive. The karate experts try to censor their meetings, regarding all the female journalists who imply that they are ugly, frustrated poor things like Irma Kurtz did in England

and Julie Baumgold in New York, as Aunt Tomasinas who capitulate to the enemy. The only perceptible result of such a non-tactic is that the journalists are not even restrained by courtesy and the meetings read more like witches' covens than ever.

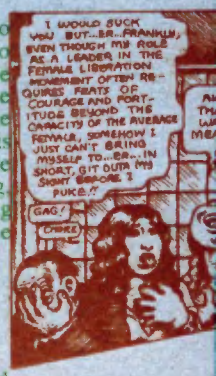
And yet, militant women owe a great deal to the media that guy them. The average housewife is dulled and confused by her day-to-day diet of pulp journalism and crap television. She does not catch the nuances of contempt that cling around the images of Abbey Rockefeller splitting a board with her head. Threading her way through clouds of clever-clever verbiage she retains the overwhelming impression that 'something is happening here', even if 'what it is ain't exactly clear'. Most of her life she has served fashion without demur, and now the media have created the fashion of female liberation. At last the fucking media look like they are hoist with their own petard. The trend is based upon a tiny reality. Betty Friedan started NOW in 1966, and its membership is even now not more than 3000 odd. The nucleus of the Boston movement is twelve, and the national convention called out 500. The average local group counts twenty-five as a bumper turnout. The groups divide and subdivide every month, the names proliferate, New York Radical Women, the Feminists, the Redstockings, the October 17th Movement, New Women, Cell 55 and so on. As far as the papers are concerned, new names mean new stories, and the phenomenon grows. Most of the groups are more or less academic, workshops with reading lists, research projects, discussion groups. The basic texts are confused and repetitive. The membership is mostly educated middle class women who have revolted against male chauvinism in the new left, with especially complex problems of priorities and strategies. On the one hand it is argued that oppression of women is the first example of class oppression, and that they cannot be emancipated until private property has been abolished and the state has withered away, and on the other hand, as most of them learned when fighting for the rights and opportunities of the blacks, that you cannot be liberated fighting other people's battles. Russia, China and Cuba all used women's bodies to fight their battles, and once the new regime was established put them right back in their place again. Of course, most women are not radical leftists, or unmarried university students, and the luxury of such theorising is not accessible to them in any way at all. Mrs. Smith who tends a bottling machine by day and husband and kids morning and night has no use for a reading list however exhaustive.

In England the situation is a paler and more confused reflection of the American scene. Middle class suburbs boast their Women's Liberation Workshops but finding our about them is virtually impossible. Agitprop import the publications of the New England Free Press, but when I rang up it took two hours before anyone realised that most of the advertised titles hadn't arrived yet, and nobody knew how I could get back copies of *Shrew*. Calling the Tufnell Park Women's Liberation Workshop proved even more fruitless. When an energetic bunch of women from Warwick University joined the Miss World demo, chanting and dancing rings around the police, the Tufnell Park ladies clung quietly to their banners (which said 'We are not sexual objects' - a proposition which nobody seemed inclined to dispute) and begged them to desist. *Shrew* officially lamented the demeanour of the interlopers, but reminded itself in seigneurial fashion that they were probably working class housewives who knew no better, the people, in fact, they meant to 'help'. In fact the Coventry group of privileged girls is one of the very few that are actually attended by working class women who tell *them* how it is.

Many militant women show too plainly by their inefficiency, their obesity and their belligerence that they have not succeeded in finding any measure of liberation in their own company. They are still beset with middle class sexual scruples, so that they cannot find any alternative to the phony concept of female sexuality as monogamy and child-bearing, except, as some extremists have advocated, masturbation, lesbianism or celibacy. These alternatives are more compulsive and repressive than the despised heterosexual confrontation, and the result must be to debilitate the movement, because repression consumes energy which might be used creatively. Masters and Johnson's discovery of the clitoris is assumed to be the elimination of the vagina, and the sexual response of the middle class American of the 1960's, hung about with electronic equipment, is assumed to be a physiological absolute. Rather than increasing the possibilities in a revolutionary fashion, militant feminism is reducing them, imprisoning the new women in a wilderness of theory which grew itself out of a hopelessly distorted situation in which clear sight was impossibility. Rebellious women have always been able to find liberty, independence and culture in convents, but that never changed a thing, even when a much larger proportion of women did it. 'Confrontation is political awareness'. A woman who cannot organise her sex life in her own best interest is hardly likely to transform society.

Bites

Men are the enemy. They know it; at least they all know that there is a sex war on, an especially cold one. They have no perverse desire to remain enemies, but sexual assemblies vote overwhelmingly in favour of a new definition of women's role, for if women liberate themselves, they will also free men of their neurotic dependence and the fearful inauthenticity of sexual relationships. A hidden factor in the situation is the desirability of the tearaway girl, the bitch, the unpredictable. Many men hate brassieres and vaginal douches as much and more than women do. They are as tired of guilt as women are of shame. The bourgeois perversion of motherhood has been assailed by male psychologists and obstetricians: ought we not to listen to them? SDS and IS men may be chauvinistic, and may reap female adulation as a reward for conspicuousness in the movement. We have all seen Tariq marching with his classy blonde chicks. If women had the guts and the imagination to look beyond their epi cene middle class environment, and start fucking for sex instead of ego and prestige, they might discover that in working-class homes mum was the brains of the family. Working-class men don't regard educated women as intellectual rivals: they have no respect for most of their irrelevant learning in any case. Women automatically take on the class of their husbands, so it's good Marxist strategy to mate down instead of up. Some of your academic expertise might actually end up at the service of the class it is supposed to serve. It's a more attractive prospect than typing, distributing leaflets, making tea, and bed and love, for some arrogant IS male.



Dog Man

So far the self-appointed leaders of female revolution have remained the dupes of their phony middle-class 'education', and their demands are circumscribed by cautious notions of 'equality of opportunity'. Their organisations are built upon political structures derived from the patterns of male grouping, and at the very worst they fall for the colossal perversion of male sexuality, which is where it all began, the perversion called violence. The only genetic 'superiority' that men have to women is their capacity for violence, which in an age of total weaponry is now not limited to man alone. We all need to be rescued from the computer-aimed nuclear phallus: what women have to do is invent a genuine alternative. The cunt must take the steel out of the cock; female masochism must be eradicated if male sadism is to become ineffectual. There are signs that it is happening, but slowly, and so far without prophetesses, but not in the workshops and chapters of the spasm misnamed the 'Movement'.

In May we will attempt a positive statement of Cuntpower - female tactics for survival in a world destined for the typically masculine end of suicide. This article has been a goad to stimulate energetic women to some new thinking. We want to expose that new thinking in Cunt-power OZ. If it comes out with blank pages you can draw the obvious conclusion.

Men! Don't let women liberators blackmail you. Meet Wendy – OZ's yum-yum rubber fun substitute-silent clean insatiable.

Gangster of love deported.

Extract from Bill Levy's journal

10 Nov 69 First Day.

Went to cabin immediately upon arriving on boat – took a shower, shaved, went to bed. The boat flopped around. Every once in a while I heard a crash. When it really got rough there was a sudden drop in air pressure. As a result I floated/levitated a fraction of an inch off my mattress five different times during the night. In the morning we were told the disturbance had been a force eleven gale, or one less than hurricane.

Arrived in Harwich feeling ill: swollen glands on my neck, a heavy head and congested chest. Immigration Officer suspicious. My answers are vague and indefinite. Takes me to Customs where bag is searched. Customs men find and seize 6 copies of SUCK, American sex papers *Kiss, Pleasure*, and *Screw*, one each, catalogue from Copenhagen Sex Fair and other sex items. They are not interested in my two speed vibrator. My person is searched presumedly for drugs. None are found, of course. What interests them (Special Branch) most is a letter I wrote to George Streeton in Copenhagen, mss copies of press releases written by Lynn, Katherine, Jim, Susan Coxshead, myself and this journal.

Sitting alone in search room I hear myself described as a "thoroughly undesirable character". The sound travels easily through the wall. I hear also the letters mss and my notebook are to be photocopied as evidence. With the help of a phone call (to Scotland Yard) police identify me as one of *those* in nude group photo on page 15 of SUCK.

An immigration officer arrives. Tells me I have been refused permission to land in the U.K. because, he says with indignation, I'm a dealer in pornography and possibly a dealer in drugs.

Phone Abby in London at 3 p.m. to explain what has happened. Ask her to phone Nick Cowan, a solicitor and school friend of Heathcote who gets Home Office to delay deportation for 24 hours. Nick says he will speak with Home Office in the morning to give reasons why I should be allowed entry. *Let's hope it works.*

Also in detention with me a Kenyan who was refused entry because he didn't have a proper visa. His wife and child live in Liverpool. He has never seen his child. He has been studying sociology at University of Warsaw, Poland. The guard told him instead of being returned to Holland he would be driven to Heathrow and from there flown to Nairobi. Home Office could at least allow him into England for a week for humanitarian, if not legal reasons.

Abby phones again says it was she who got Nick Cowan to phone Home Office. While speaking with Abby a Mr. What phones on another line. It turns out to be Heathcote who says he would try to get some friends of his moving on my behalf. While speaking with Heathcote an old man wearing a uniform insists I terminate phone call immediately. "I have a committee meeting", he says.

I'm led into a room where short fag doctor and big bull-dyke nurse are waiting for me. He asks me to fill out a form with questions like: "Have you suffered from Epilepsy, Venereal Desease or Mental Illness?" Answer: Yes or No! (Why, I've been crazy all my life, doctor). After I fill out form, doctor says: "You told immigration officer you took marihuana".

"No, I did not tell them any such thing, they read it in my journal"

"How often do you take marihuana?"

"Every chance I get".

"How often is that?"

"I'M lucky enough to get a chance almost every-day"

"Do you take heroine?" he asks

"NO!!"

He asks me to take off my sweater so he might examine my arms. I comply. He finds nothing of course! When I tell the doctor I'm ill with a case of flu and I'm glad he came, he refuses to examine me. Police later arrive with aspirin.

Interrogation by two Immigration Officials, they want to know about porno/drugs. I tell them pornography is a generic term of an art form and there is no such thing according to law. I admit to being editorially involved with SUCK, but deny having broken any laws of the U.K. Admit smoking hashish, but say that is a matter of public record in my testimony to Wootton Committee on Drugs.

Another phone call from Heathcote. He says Peregrine (Lord) Eliot will guarantee my financial security and testify to my good character. Things are looking up. I'm encouraged.

When I return to detention centre there is a third person: a Pakistani who gives a completely unintelligible account of a money complication resulting in his being refused permission to enter England.

Pakistanis are bats.

The woman in the British Rail Canteen objects to the contents of this journal. She asked that I not bring the notebook to breakfast.

11 Nov 69 Second Day

Uneventful morning. Taken by police to post office in Harwich to cash money order sent by Abby. Mail a letter to Susan Janssen in Amsterdam. Return to detention center and read Newsweek and two Marvel Comics "Spiderman" and "X MEN" bought at W. H. Smith kiosk on platform of Parkston Quay Rail Station.

Still no word either way from Home Office. If I'm not allowed entry now, with the forces I've brought to bear, it will be even more difficult to gain entry from Holland. In Amsterdam, Susan and I could be together. But whether that would be beneficial to either of us under forced conditions, is at best, unproven.

Terrible lunch of Beef Curry and Rice. The Kenyan and I have been living on British Rail Canteen food for over 24 hours. That's enough to depress anyone.

The police say detention center is not a prison. It looks like one to me. Although there are no bars we are locked in. The windows are reinforced with steel mesh and smaller ventilation windows open only a few inches.

Look in mirror. Look as bad as I feel. I thought prison would give me a heightened sexual awareness. I was wrong. Haven't had an erection since interned. Maybe due to flu, or anxiety about future, or being totally wasted sexually after two weeks with Susan.

Sex with Susan is cosmic. In many ways Abby performs better, but our sex life has been a disaster except for brief encounters. My fault mostly – a pseudo-mystical stance that sex was irrelevant. With Susan sex is a trip. Feelings of being born again, of time travel, floating, cell explosion, involuntary rhythmic pelvic movements after orgasm, transformation: earth to water.

2.30 p.m. More questioning. This time the police want to know my wife's name the address of her place of employment and whether or not I have keys to our flat on Regents Park Road.

Today I'm nervous when questioned. Last night I was relaxed and confident. My horoscope today: "You can relax and expect important developments". There is nothing else I *can* do.

Thinking about cunt: Abby's and Susan's.

Sleepy afternoon. Dream of Susan in two, possibly three, separate sequences.

Kenyan and I for word waiting.

Another terrible meal: tomato soup, welsh rarebit, beef and kidney pie and a pepsi. Before dinner I'm told if no other orders come from Home Office I will be on a boat leaving noon tomorrow.

After dinner I phone Abby. She says a man from Customs and Detective Sergeant Clark from C.I.D., Scotland Yard, were waiting at the door when she returned home. They had a search warrant under Obscene Publications Act. Both of them looked in all the drawers, under the bed, through my papers and a thorough check of my bookcase. Det. Sergeant Clark insisted upon taking away all the Insect Trust Gazettes (about 125) a literary mag I edit, he said to protect us from having anything that might be pornographic. What!

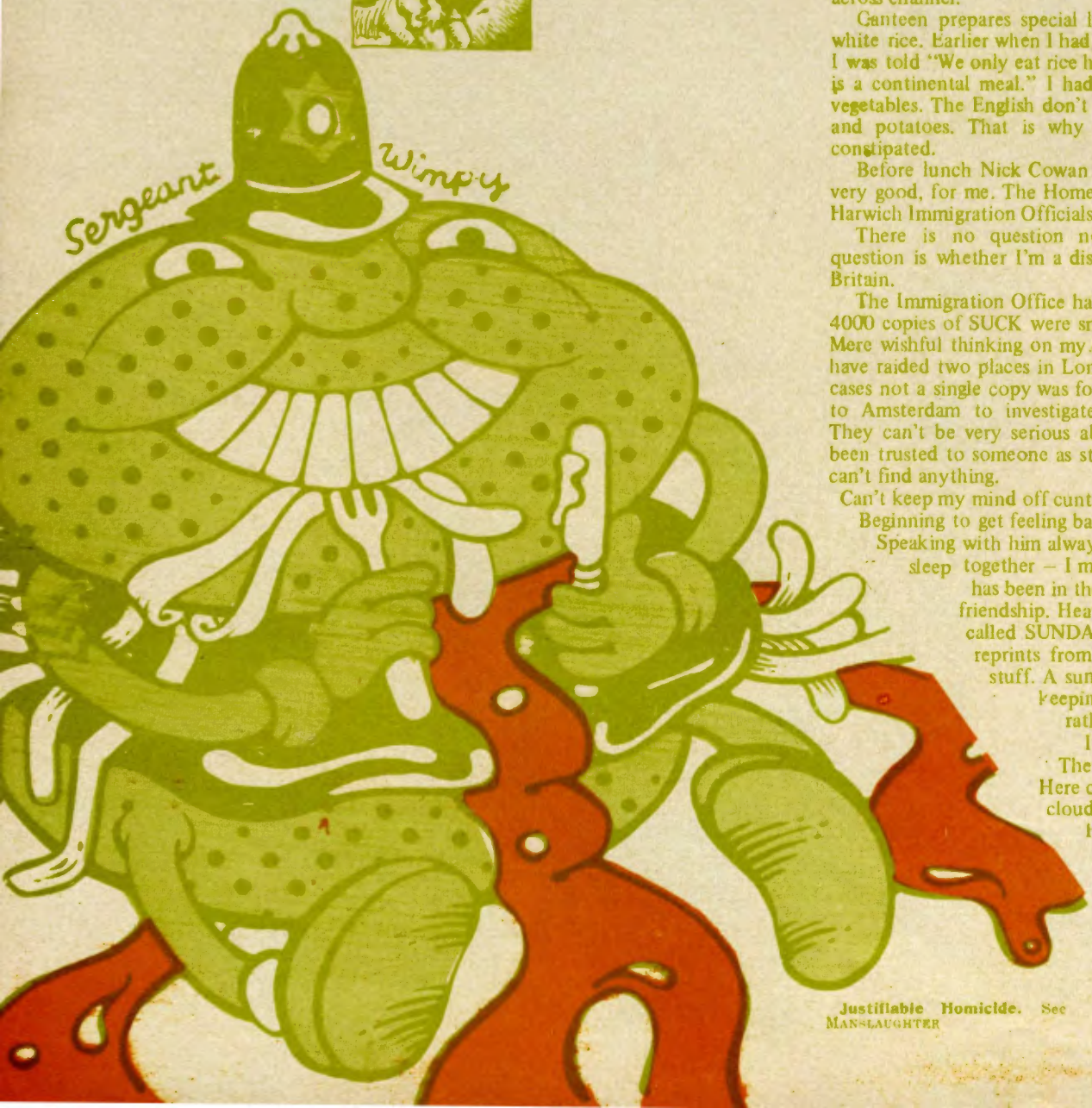
Visit by Brain Police.

Abby says both officials were kind and polite., i.e. impersonal. They asked whether she knew Willem de Ridder or Jim Haynes. They also thought it odd that Jim and I had some lawyer.

Can't keep my mind off cunt. Abby can use her cunt muscles like a firm handshake pumping out the last drop of sperm. Susan's cunt is warm and moist.

We are joined by an oriental about 25 years old of unknown nationality. The Kenyan, told before dinner he was to be deported on 10 p.m. ferry gets another reprieve. The cop

Photographed in flash tints by David Nutter



says "Your case is with the High Commissioner now".

Can't get to sleep. Treating myself to physic *mea culpa* and working myself into an orgy of rage. Thinking if I had looked Immigration Officer in the eye, mentioned that my wife, Abby, was in London teaching school and I had been to Amsterdam on business not pleasure, that would have been enough. Also think I must have wanted this to happen. "There are no accidents": Bill Burroughs. About 3 a.m. – mood changes. I remember all the others before me who had been in jail. Jail is an honour. Fall asleep near dawn.

12 Nov '69 Third day:

When I don't get up for breakfast three cops enquire "Why?" I say I'm not feeling well, besides I find the food at British Rail Canteen disgusting. The Chief Inspector visits to ask if we have been treated properly. I tell him everyone has been considerate save the doctor who refused to examine me due to his urgent committee meeting.

New doctor arrives. The kind of man who is embarrassed about being alive. Takes him five minutes to ask whether being deprived of marihauna has made me sick. I laugh. Tell him as a doctor he should know that could not be the case. Doctor replies he is familiar with drugs. "I gave a talk on drugs" he says. Examines me takes notes. I find out later he is unable to prescribe anything for my cold, and has instructed the police that I buy aspirin.

On one side of the detention center – 15 yards from the window – railroad tracks. Fifty yards on other side is water. Avalon sitting in the channel, a few lightboats and on the quay two huge machines that lift trucks and load them on freighters. Noise night and day. Pile driver for new quay echos across channel.

Canteen prepares special lunch, a salad and dish of plain white rice. Earlier when I had been asked what I wanted to eat I was told "We only eat rice here as a pudding. What you want is a continental meal." I had asked for brown rice and fresh vegetables. The English don't know anything but meat, cheese and potatoes. That is why their persons and politics are constipated.

Before lunch Nick Cowan phoned. He said it doesn't look very good, for me. The Home Office is awaiting the report of Harwich Immigration Officials.

There is no question now of financial security. The question is whether I'm a distributor of obscene literature in Britain.

The Immigration Office has a letter in my own hand saying 4000 copies of SUCK were smuggled into U.K. *This is untrue.* Mere wishful thinking on my part. At any rate, Scotland Yard have raided two places in London looking for SUCK. In both cases not a single copy was found. The Yard has sent two men to Amsterdam to investigate SUCK. Nothing there either. They can't be very serious about this matter if the case has been trusted to someone as stupid as Det. Sergeant Clark. He can't find anything.

Can't keep my mind off cunt!!

Beginning to get feeling back in genitals. Heathcote phones. Speaking with him always lifts me up. Perhaps we should sleep together – I mean suck and fuck each other. It has been in the air. A powerful and repressed friendship. Heathcote mentions a new project called SUNDAY HEAD PAPER starting with reprints from Ramparts, Evergreen plus local stuff. A sunday paper that does the job of keeping one occupied on Sunday. I'd rather fuck on Sundays. He asks if I'm writing my "Pisan Cantos".

There is not much poetry with cunt. Here comes the sun! Bright day. Silver clouds.

Horoscope today – Wednesday, November twelfth: "Life gets more and more interesting".

Justifiable Homicide. See MANSLAUGHTER

Yes, life gets more interesting . . .

Alexander Chege's wife and daughter arrive. He is to be deported this evening. The Kenyan High Commission could do nothing. It's the first time he has seen his daughter, "I feel like a father now".

While having tea with Alexander, his wife Keyiah and daughter Julie, I receive a phone call from Peter Jackson, Member of Parliament from some place. He says Civil Liberties Union has asked him to look into my case. Tell him a bit about myself. Jackson says in this day and age being held for pornography is ridiculous. I ask he phone either Heathcote or Abby for further information and for a copy of SUCK.

Alexander's wife and daughter leave. He is very dejected. I am sleepy. Alexander and wife spoke Swahili together. First time I've heard it spoken. He has three or four pounds sterling. Wants to get to Stockholm to see about getting a scholarship for post-graduate work in Sociology.

I fall asleep. When I awake Alexander says goodbye and leaves. Deported to Hook of Holland, to face the unknown. After he leaves I find a scrap of paper on the floor with a note to his wife.

My dearest wife Keyiah. We have moved from a potential unknown to an actual unknown. Instead of looking to the administration in Nairobi, we should be looking within ourselves. It is not the government, but the initiative of people acting on their own that makes a better world and in so doing makes a better people. Thank you darling. I love you and our daughter Julie.

Another terrible B.R. Canteen dinner: beef and kidney pie cellophane wrapped, cheese and tomato sandwich, apple pie and dishwater tea. All without taste . . .

Try to phone Jim in Paris. Instead of Jim I speak with Debbie Friedman. Wonder what her cunt is like? Ask her to have Jim phone me as soon as possible. It is about Christine Keeler book. Will he get the message?

Make my bed. Top bunk left as you enter and settle down reading a book given to me by Alexander Chege called: *"My shadow ran fast"* by Bill Sands. An autobiography about judge's son who winds-up in San Quentin, meets a kindly warden, goes straight and has a lot of adventures.

Mr. What phones again. Heathcote, Abby had a meeting this evening with Peter Jackson, M.P. who described himself as a 19th century liberal. Heathcote says Jackson ignored him and directed attention to Abby. I think Heathcote is envious of my position. He would like to deported from England. Find out it was Harvey Matusow who got Civil Liberties Union to act on my behalf. Good old Harvey!!!

Jim phones from Paris. He hasn't started the lecture because of a teachers' strike. Also says he scored money for next issue of SUCK. SUCK lives!!!

Abby phones. Says last three days have been very exciting for her, e.g. this evening she was at House of Commons and has another appointment with Jackson M.P. tomorrow. Maybe they will have a romance. I think I'd like that. Abby asks if I have a girlfriend in Amsterdam. I don't answer. Still very much in love with Abigail, with what we could be together and haven't been for a long time. A tortuous phone conversation for both of us. Long silence, there are a lot of women out there, but Abby is something special. I'm sure of that . . . also sure I've treated her badly.

Looking at Susan's photo. She seems remote, something outside myself, or so much inside as to be indistinguishable from self. Do I love Susan? Or am I in love with equalities of self I see in her. Or did I fall into her arms out of boredom, or, or love?

Abbey asks me to prepare a dossier on my activities since I came to London. Hate to account for myself and relate to other people in that way.

Wherever I go — for a walk, to eat, phone — I am accompanied by a policeman.

Masturbated last night for first time in about three weeks. Wasn't satisfying. Not as good as mouth, cunt, ass-hole.

Reading Mordecai Richler's book, COCKSURE. Made me laugh out loud twice. Recommend as a film.

Alone in detention center. Sleep.

Nov '69 Fourth Day

Morning cop is good natured. Woke me at 8:30 a.m. saying I've been joined by countrymen. Two more visitors in Harwich detention center. One American. One German. It is off-putting after being alone. Also joined by oriental who was deported day before last. Holland wouldn't take him either. Tomorrow he will be brought to Heathrow and flown back to Hong Kong.

Phone call to Abby. She is working very hard on my behalf. Phoning people and making contacts. Overcoming her shyness. After I hang-up friendly morning cop tells me if nothing further happens with my case I'm to be deported at 10 p.m. The American and German return to Holland at noon today.

Horoscope for today: "Good prospects, provided you are helpful and elastic in your decisions. Progress at work."

Man from Hong Kong farts loudly.

Policeman with Scottish accent takes me for a refreshing walk to Parkston Town. On the way back we meet Chief Inspector who jokes he is going to put a bobbie's helmet on me and put me to work. Return to detention center. Take a long shower on freighter docked 50 yards from front door.

A message that "Michael phoned" when I return from dinner. Hope he phones again. Young cop cadet tries to lead me into giving him Michael's surname. Momentarily tempted by cheap police trick.

Get cadet to show me what they are writing down in *their* books about me. The police keep two logs: one at the door to detention rooms. Another in room with telephone. Their entries, an example: "Asked for bathtowel for washing. Looked in cupboard. No bath towel. Gave Mr. Levy two hand towels."

Would really dig to speak with Michael. He's been in jail and would know what is going down with me, my meat-body-brain-pain.

Abby and Heathcote phone from "Transatlantic Review" offices. They have compiled a dossier with letters of support from Lords, Ladies, M.P.'s, literary people and journalists. Tell them I'm to be deported at 10 p.m.

Jay Landesman phones. Tell him his copies of SUCK were seized by customs when he returned from Denmark. Ask is there anything he can do. The police ask me to identify the caller for their log book. I refuse. The matter is dropped.

Immigration Officer arrives to tell me I've been given another stay until tomorrow. Will this go on forever? A small piece of my own private hell. Trapped in a sexless world between two women.

Peter Jackson, M.P. phones. He says my request for a visa has been denied due to distribution activities involved with SUCK especially going to Sex Fair in Copenhagen and having 1000 copies of SUCK seized at German border. Jackson says he has appointment tomorrow with Mr. Merlyn Rees Deputy Home Secretary. He hopes to get me a month to clear up affairs. Says I shouldn't hope for anything more.

Most depressing news I've heard. Feel worse now than I've felt in a year. As if a crucial point has been reached that requires decisions I'm unprepared to make. All the signs this would happen were there: last time I threw I-CHING it told of criminal action; when Martin read cards in Adam after we put together first issue of SUCK, they told of temporary success followed by disaster; and that dream last week: caught in the branches of a tree in a grassy area outside a large Babylonian temple that was "London" while headless clowns danced around me laughing; the unseasonal thunder and lightning and hail of last weekend.

Entropy is winning.

Home Office describes my case as "unsavoury"

Jackson M.P. is an O.K dude.

14 Nov '69 Fifth Day

Wake up with Kenyan Alexander Chege's deep bush voice in room. He was deported from England in the end, because of his political activities — in Kenya, Secretary General of Farm Labourers Union, in Warsaw President of Foreign Students Association. Dutch authorities told him since he was kept by England more than two days the Dutch are not obliged to accept him. Dutch kept Chege in a small cell than sent him back to Harwich.

Horoscope: "A very urgent matter turns out successfully"

Chege is taken out to be deported again to Holland on noon ferry-go-round. A commonwealth passport in U.K. approaches meaning zero.

Abby phones. She tells me I'm to be deported at 10 p.m. for certain. My only choice is

Continued on page 8

DANDY D

DARLING

Most people assume that widespread hunger must be due to shortage of food and are presumably reassured to hear of dedicated efforts by scientists to devise new fertilizers, new strains of protein-rich crops and new ways of exploiting the sea. No doubt they are further relieved to learn that so great is the desire of farmers to increase food production, they are poisoning him with their over-liberal use of pesticides and herbicides.

Hunger thus appears as a *technological* problem. The world's millions are outpreeding the best efforts of their scientific benefactors. If the pundits introduce the *social* aspects of the question, it is usually to talk about the illiterate perversity of the peasant farmer, who clings to his silly old ways despite the opportunity to embrace a more enlightened mode of life. The Indian sacred cows are generally cited at this point. Occasionally the world market's role in hindering the process of capital accumulation in backward regions may rate a mention.

All of these considerations are, however, largely beside the point, in view of the simple fact that, technically, the world today is easily capable of satisfying the wants of its entire population, for food and everything else.

It is surely of some interest in this connection that our planet's major agricultural problem is surplus food. In all the advanced countries there are effective government policies to restrict the amount of food produced, yet the actual surpluses in store are becoming more and more burdensome, and millions of tons of excess

to pay for special storage the grain will either rot or be ravaged by vermin.

A looming wheat war has deeply disturbed a number of distinguished bodies, but what bothers them is not the paradox that this situation coexists with widespread hunger, but rather the threat to the stability of the world market: as the *Financial Times* put it, "a solution to the crisis except by natural disaster seems a long way off." Governments are already moving to curtail production further, the only "solution" open to them.

A HORSE AT NIGHT

Wheat is of course only part of the worldwide food explosion. At one stage in the US, the nation of "10 million hungry people," 17,000 pigs were being buried every week, to keep up thyprice of pork. On the world scale, sugar, fruit and dairy produce are among the worst hit (See *Food Explosion*, in *Oz* 19), the most outrageous example being Europe's infamous "butter mountain," which gets more monstrous as the months pass. One of the latest reverberations of this occurred when the EEC proposed to levy a special tax on imported oils: this has provoked a clash with the Eastern countries who export Coconut products. All the bright get-outs, of which that was the latest in a long series, seem ineffective, and it looks as though before long the EEC will have to take drastic action: millions of tons of butter destroyed, millions of dairy cattle slaughtered, and a programme to move

sales. There is no danger yet of over- production of Indian wheat, although there could be in years to come if production continues to rise with the great rapidity of the last few years. But of course, this is a world problem, and the present wheat crisis is partly due to reduced imports into India, Russia, China and Pakistan.

IN THE STILL STREET

Perhaps India ought to send its sugar surplus to Cuba, where sugar rationing has been imposed, and all public holidays including Christmas "postponed" to cut more cane for export. Castro hopes to reach 10 million tons, though the actual figure will probably be less. Alongside sugar rationing at home, Cuba, the great home of sugar, is contributingto the world surplus with its increased export. An ironic little twist is that the more sugar Cuba turn out, and the more prices consequently fall, the more poverty is worsened in countries like Jamaica. Conceivably, such a country could undergo a Castro-style rebellion – a novel connotation on the phrase "exporting revolution". But the bitterest irony is that the new state-capitalist Jamaica might then prove a more efficient sugar producer than it is today, and the two idyllic islands would by their improved production help to aggravate each others' problems. Whatever happens, the world market is king, and idealistic dictators can be only its playthings.

Reports that 50 tons of apples from Kashmir are to be imported into Britain have infuriated the National Farmers' Union. The reason for their annoyance is

HAD GRIPPED HOT LEGS ON HIM

Popular stereotypes of the underdeveloped world are mistaken. Irrational conservatism among peasant farmers is negligible: the immense majority react with alacrity to new developments *when market conditions permit*. Even the status of the Indian cow has been shown to be largely sensible within the present agricultural system. Those concerned about the growth of capital in backward areas are likely to find massive population increase a necessary spur. But this process of capital-building, always brutal, is no longer necessary today, for with the world social revolution it will become possible to treat the world as one unit regulating production without national competition and without having to impose the shackles of wage-slavery on reluctant peasants.

AND SUNG

The use of the term "aid" is like calling Shylock a philanthropist. A less misleading label would be "investment". Astonishingly, many people seriously believe that "aid" refers to free hand-outs. In fact the great bulk of official "aid" consists of loans, and most of it is "tied," i.e. must be spent in the "donor" country. Governments rarely give aid without an expectation of direct economic gain, and never without at least some indirect political gain. Even in the flurry of Yuletide agitation about "one per cent," with its flavour of indulgent masochism and Christian "tortured consciences," it was always hastily pointed out that increased "aid" would benefit "Britain"

food have to be destroyed. This "problem" is occasionally publicized in a minor way, and it must puzzle thinking people to discover, for example, that there is a crisis of overproduction of wheat, and that:

> Until world population rises sufficiently to increase the demand for wheat, land will have to be put to other use or lie fallow, perhaps for many years.

TERRIBLE

Canada has surplus stocks equal to three times that country's annual demand, consumption and export combined. In a year's time, this may have risen to four times annual demand. John Cherrington in the *Financial Times* pointed out that Canadian farmers were foolish enough to believe there was room for more wheat in the world where they fondly believe untold millions are starving.

> I have found the same attitude among farmers all over the world, and it is about time that someone scotched this particular bit of nonsense for good and all. Hungry people exist all right, but as they have no money, they can't buy Canadian wheat.

That hits the nail on the head, though it's questionable whether Mr. Cherrington intended it as an indictment of the capitalist system. What seemed to irritate him was rather the sentimentality of farmers and others who hadn't tumbled to the fact that food is not produced to feed people but to be sold at a profit.

The wheat headache is not confined to Canada, but involves the entire world market, and is therefore particularly worrying to the major wheat exporters, Canada, the US, Australia, France and Argentina. Representatives of these countries recently met in London because the International Grains Argument is in danger of breaking down due to over-production. The US has a surplus of 60 million tons, despite acreage restrictions which ensure that 50 million acres of fertile land is kept out of cultivation. In Australia, where some authorities have sagely reproved farmers for growing too much, millions of bushels are to rot. The warehouses are filled to overflowing with last year's unsold stocks, and in any case the farmers are legally prevented from selling amounts in excess of government quotas.

> The Government estimates that more than 150m. bushels of wheat will have to be left on the farm when the present crop is harvested. It has been told by wheat farmers that unless it provides thousands of pounds in extra subsidies

people out of farming, perhaps by buying up their land. It is possible however, that before this occurs the problem might grow to such dimensions that it would have to be "discovered" by the media, with references in the news broadcasts, articles in the colour supplements, etc. It could then be fascinating to observe the public explanations which would be offered by capitalism's smug apologists. The *Guardian* has referred to the oversupply of diary produce as the population explosion in reverse, a comment at which one doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

STANDING HITCHED-ALONE

Japan is contemplating dumping a few million tons of rice in the sea. The government hopes to tackle their surplus problem by paying 110 dollars to farmers for every 10 acres they take out of rice production. That will mean either more compulsorily idle land, or a further worsening of world surpluses in other crops. Japan has 5.6 million tons of rice in store, which other Eastern countries have offered to take as part of their "aid." One explanation given for this is the particular variety of rice, which sounds extremely dubious. A more likely reason is that such "aid" amounts to dumping which would hit local cash-cropping. Giving something for little or nothing, within a buying-and-selling system, is not merely useless. It is an act of aggression.

No foodstuffs are safe from the dread epidemic of superfluity. (Coffee is off the book for a while, thanks to a fortunately disastrous frost in Brazil). In the long run a surplus in some products exacerbates the problem in others, since nearly all foods are possible substitutes for each other to some extent.

In backward countries it is situations like this which can create the insane situation where food producers starve because they turn out too much food. In former times men starved when there was insufficient food. Today they can starve *because* there is too much. This is surely one of the wonders of the age. The biggest food surpluses are in the advanced countries, where hunger is comparatively rare. But it should not be supposed that the problem is one of "too much food where it's not needed" (one of the usual evasions, irrelevant anyway because the stuff could easily be taken to where it's needed). India, for example, in the West almost a synonym for Hunger, is faced with a sugar surplus, small at the moment but expected to become a problem if Indian production continues to rise considerably faster than

that there is a glut of English apples, but economic interests tend to find sentimental justification, and the NFU vice-chairman has declared: "When people are starving in India, it seems not just stupid, but criminally stupid, to ship apples to us." The double think by which people simultaneously recognize and refuse to recognize the insanity of the buying and selling system is astonishing. The NFU vice-chairman would never dream of giving away his produce to people just because they needed it. He is perfectly aware that farmers must produce for money, not for food. Yet he presumably expects Kashmiri fruit growers to commit commercial suicide by patronizing the penniless.

AND WHINNYING

What is the significance of the food explosion? There is nothing wrong in overproducing food – in fact is is a good idea, given the unpredictability of nature. What is outrageous is that all this talk about "too much" goes on whilst nearly half the world is hungry. True, the surplus stocks in existence would not feed everyone, though that makes it no less a scandal that some of the hungry don't get them. If however, the world were rationally planned to meet human needs, so that the monetary system and its consequences were removed, and if trade were abolished, to be replaced by free distribution, so that production of necessities ceased to be the accidental result of commercial warfare, then with the cultivation of great tracts of fertile land now uncultivated by government decree, and with the extension of existing techniques to new areas, it would be possible not only to feed everyone in the world, but to provide everyone with as much food as they wished.

AS IF SOME SAD NUDE ASTRIDE HIM

"Overproduction" of food is simply a dramatic demonstration of the fact the present system is not structured to operate in the interests of human beings. Where people go short of everything, it is unwise to leap to the conclusion that this is because their requirements cannot technically be met – though that is the view most of us tend to receive from the publicity given to current scientific advance, which lends the impression of an all-out struggle to procure for everyone a full and free life. We must understand that this is a travesty of the truth, that the immense strides of science are hobbled in application by the economic system. In agriculture, this simply means that natural scarcity of food is certainly not the cause of hunger. The scarcity is artificial.

(meaning the owners of British industry). Even if such nostrums were an unmitigated good they would have to be judged irrelevant on account of their pudding smallness. This article has briefly touched on one tiny aspect of the colossal waste of capitalism. Those who wish to size up the scale of the problem ought to consider facts like these: between 1964 and 67 world population rose by 7 per cent. World production rose by 16 per cent. World military outlay rose by 24 per cent. In 1967 military costs consumed 7 per cent of total world production, equivalent to the total income of Latin America, South Asia (including India and Pakistan) and the Middle East put together. Those in military service and production directly concerned with it number 50 millions. Ninety-three of the less developed nations, comprising 72 per cent of world population spent more on their military budgets than on education and public health combined.

A SWEET HIGH HUNGRY

Humane folk with the best will in the world are going about spreading the notion that we lived in a world of crippling scarcity, that with out little TV sets and mortgaged houses we are among the "haves" of the world, that far from being dissatisfied with out tinsel-coated poverty we ought to feel privileged and guilty. But hunger is not a problem of natural scarcity, and is therefore not to be solved by improving productive techniques, deterring people from breeding, nor by charity. It demands instead a clear understanding by ever-increasing numbers of people, of what it is that creates organized waste, contrived scarcity and unnecessary hunger.

David Ramsay Steele.

SYLLABLE

SOURCES: Financial Times, 6/8/69; *Fn Tms*, 24/10/69; *Times*, 28/7/69; *Fn Times*, 30/7/69; *UN World Pop. Conf. Report*, p 295; *Times*, 17/7/69; *Times*, 31/7/69; Canadian documentary shown on BBC2, October 68; *Times*, 14/11/69; *Guardian*, 7/3/69; *Fn Tms*, 4/12/69 *Fn Tms*, 4/12/69; *Fn Tms*, 12/11/69; *Fn Tms*, 7/11/69; *Fn Tms*, 11/11/69; *Times*, 11/11/69; *Fn Tms*, 18/11/69; *Times*, 17/11/69; *Fn Tms*, 14/11/69; *Tri-continental*, No. 10, p 7; *Daily Telegraph*, 2/12/69; Discussion on "peasant way of life" in *Proceedings of the International Myth of the Sacred Cow*, March 67; *Scientific American*.

GRIBBED FROM THE GRUMP

New light on Sun sound Stars

Dear Sir,

I would like to correct some errors which were made in the article "America's Real Uncle Sam" by Robert Finnis (OZ, December 1969), but first may I express my opinion that Rock 'n' Roll – by this I mean 1950's Rock 'n' Roll, not Rock, Acid Rock or the new Rock Groups – should not be dealt with as a subject by the so-called "underground" publications such as yours. I do not mean by this that I object to the existence of OZ, etc., merely that I was under the impression that you stood for "Now", whereas Rock 'n' Roll is an integral part of a past age and is dead except for certain rare instances.

Now, before I offer my corrections, I must say that Robert's article was better than many I have seen on this subject. Had this not been the case I would not have bothered to reply, my "letters to the editor" career has been almost non-existent.

Wihout taxing my memory or checking through papers I shall now endeavour to correct some of the main errors in Robert's article.

First, Elvis. Sam Phillips did not have Elvis listen to Crudup's "That's alright" before recording it. Elvis, Bill Black and Scotty Moore had failed to make a successful take of any of the set session numbers and "That's alright" was a number that the trio were fooling around with during a break in recording. Sam liked this version and cut it. An interesting fact is that Carl Perkins was featuring this number on stage before Elvis recorded it. Although the late Dewey Phillips was, by legend, the first D.J. to give "That's alright" air time there is serious doubt that he was the VERY first to play it on the air. Another note of interest is that although R.C.A. – Victor bought the masters of the Sun cuts the actual tapes were remixed by R.C.A. – Victor, therefore some of the "Sun" sound was lost on these re-releases. Sun records had more than one master of each track, one was found recently in Memphis – an Elvis master – which is now somewhere in the U.K. Also the main side which Elvis recorded for his mother was "My happiness", not "Blue Moon."

I cannot fault much with the section on Johnny Cash, as few hard facts are given. However, I am unable to agree with the statement that John was successful in the pop field without every veering from country material. The various use of chorus, both male and female, the piano style of Jack Clement – who also produced the majority of John's "pop" sessions on Sun – and sundry other gimmicks, were not at that time accepted as pure country. John himself was said at the time to be not happy with Clement's production techniques as applied to his particular sound.

Now on to Carl Perkins. It is ridiculous to state that it is doubtful whether Carl could have given Elvis a "run for his money". Carl not only gave Elvis a run, he left him standing! It was Carl's "Blue Suede Shoes" that received a gold disc for U.S. sales and topped the charts in all three categories, not Elvis'. Here in the U.K. Carl was only one place behind Elvis in the charts, in spite of the far superior promotion and publicity the Presley version received. An even more conclusive argument is that when Carl, Elvis and Johnny Cash had the same manager, Bob Neal, they all toured together. John would open the show, Carl next, with Elvis closing. During the tour Elvis got booed off the stage on three successive nights as the audience wanted – and got – Carl back. Elvis left the tour and has never appeared with Carl since. Carl had the advantages of being an accomplished guitarist, unlike Elvis, and an excellent dancer, bopping all over the stage, unlike the pelvic gyrations of Elvis. The record said to have been issued at the same time as "Blue Suede Shoes" "Sure to fall"/ "Tennessee" on Sun 235, was never released. No record was issued on this catalogue number.

A brief word on the cooking of the sounds – quote: "what went into the mikes was very diffent to what came out in the booth". Have mercy, the current son-of-a-bitch sounds have more electronic aids used on one album than nearly all the Sun catalogue put together. Take a REAL listen to the earlier Sun cuts and you will hear bum notes, background noises and voices, even the odd guitar string breaking! Hear any of that on todays "reality" records? NEVER! Today so much attention is paid to editing, splicing and general patching-up.

Before going on to the Jerry Lee section I would like to thank Robert for the suprisingly nice opening words on Jerry, and congratulate him on being only the second person to point out the age of Priscilla Beaulieu when Elvis began dating her as a comparison to the 1959 Jerry Lee "scandal"! Only two real mistakes here, the only others are ones of omission. "Crazy arms"/"End of the road" was not the flop that Robert made it appear. It sold very well in the South. Althought this was Jerry's first commercial record he had made demo s before, and been for auditions, but had always been turned down as the record companied were afraid to take a chance with his new wild sound which was, like Presley's, too near a so-called coloured sound for white Southern audiences. Anyone who knows Jerry will realise that any resemblance between his sound and the coloured sound was a complete accident and totally unintentional! Anyway, it wasn't until he heard Elvis on Sun that he thought here was the one man, Sam Philips, who might listen. Jerry went up to Memphis and sat outside 706 Union Avenue proclaiming that he would not move until he got an audition. The rest is well-known history. When he joined Sun he was, unlike the rest of Sam's roster of talent, already a seasoned performer, this being the probable reason why he sounds more "in control" on his records than the rest. The disc "The Return of Jerry Lee" was not issued for the main reason stated, but was released with the INTENTION of attracting small sales returns, as one of Jerry's ex-wives was claiming more alimony because of Jerry's great popularity and earnings, so he wanted a disc to flop so he could say his latest record brought small royalties. The flip, "Louis Boogie", is not an instrumental as stated, but a vocal and piano work-out that is now recognised as a Jerry Lee classic. The only instrumental disc by Jerry Lee ever issued was "In the mood"/"I get the blues when it rains" on Sun's sister company Phillips' International, catalogue number P.1. 3559, under the name of "The Hawk".

The reference to "Red headed woman"/"We wanna boogie" by Sonny Burgess being laughable, amusing and too primitive is a sad insult to this record and leads me to the assumption that Robert does not truly know and understand the Sun magic. True, if you are basing your opinion on the technical mertis of this disc, it is a bad record, but the beat, overall sound and sheer exuberance that comes from these two tracks make it a double-sider no fan of true Rock 'n' Roll should be without. When Carl Perkins was asked who backed Sonny on these two tracks he said "Oh he (Sam Phillips) probably dragged them in off the street. He did things like that you know". Despite Robert finding it an amusing disc it sold very well in the South, without making the national charts.

Apart from the two quoted stories on how "Blue Suede Shoes" was composed there is a third one that says Carl wrote it on a sack while he was still a baker in Jackson, Tennessee. It is doubtful whether Carl himself remembers how he wrote it, as before it became a hit the song was just one of many. For instance, "Movie Magg", the flip of his first record, was written by Carl at the age of twelve. The story of Elvis backing Billy Riley is a growth of something heard by someone who wasn't listening closely enough. Billy calls out the name "Alvin", NOT "Elvis".

The original Sun studios at 706 Union Avenue have not been pulled down, at least not as late as August 1969, as I have photographs of them taken during that month. The building is, however, now deserted. When Sun left 706 Union the building was used by other small record companies, among these being the "Memphis" label, who recorded Eddie Bond in these studios. By coincidence Eddie had an album of religious numbers issued on the Phillips' International label!

In closing I would like to say that I hope this has helped shed a little more light on the history of the Sun label and has been of interest to some of you.

Stay cool,
The Mad Skulker.

OZ-bog paper of the mind

Dear OZ,

My friend and myself are baffled with regard to your article about the 'Rape of a Virgin by a Leper' in OZ 25.

Now, if this is a true and correct testimonial, we feel that you have added yet another 'Gem' to your sick, sadistic publication; if this is untrue and dug up from the past and similied as a newspaper article (The Sun??) then we feel that a trip to the local psychiatrist for sadistic tendencied people is called for; if this is untrue and The Sun don't know you have printed this under such a guise, then I hope, and I know my friend and many others would agree undoubtedly, that they sue you until this 'underground' shit is no more.

Please don't get the idea that I am an aging fuddy duddy spinster with hang-ups about the Underground Press — nor my friend — I am a 19 year old, perfectly healthy reader of IT, Rolling Stone etc., and enjoy most of the current progressive bands. I am, and I speak for my friend, thoroughly and utterly disgusted that fuckers like you lot can be allowed to wallow in someone's (if it's true and not a figment of your imaginations or the print room's equipment) agony and misfortune (for want of better words).

Your record reviews were good; Hippocrates was interesting; Smalls was informative, but we now will stop reading your toilet paper which would be an insult to our arses and wish you every downfall in the New Year.

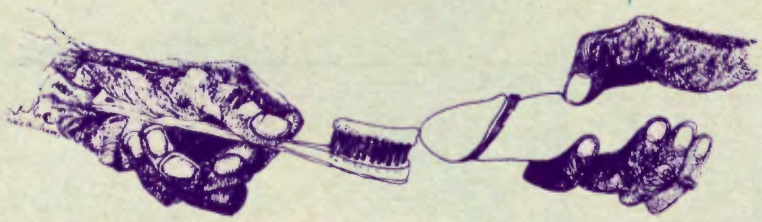
yours A. Dean
(no address supplied)

I have deleted my address from the head of this letter as I am not quite sure if you can take action for such insulting behaviour via me and my pal, so please excuse blockouts — it'll remind you of your own minds.

Fuckers,

I agree entirely with my friend. You lot are sick, just sick. It was just filthy, barbarism, shit and I hope you wallow in your own sick. Sadists!

Irene.



Pen Pals Corner

Dear Oz,

Reading about Ibiza (Dec.) inspires me to write and tell of a similar scene further East. This year two chicks and I got enough bread together (parents *can be useful sometimes*!) and flew to Eilat (Israel) to see what was happening out there.

I'll never regret going. The people there have really got a beautiful scene going — and no fuzz hang round there — only soldiers, who score themselves, anyway.

The people there feed you if you are hungry — and hash is smoked Oh so publicly. Tourists keep away I think they're afraid of us. The sky blends with the mountains colours, and everything is peaceful. Met a guy and many others there who turned me on for the first time — and my eyes were opened.

But now back in my own secure suberbia (how d'you spell it anyway?) I have become confused. The change has been too quick. I am only 15, I don't know what I'm doing and I have no one to show me the way anymore. If anybody recognises this as the same scene they have been through, I would be grateful if they'd write to me (genuine people). If I don't talk to someone soon I'll just flip.

respond please
C. Boyde

P.S. I cannot get any shit either, my friends have split to other lands, they are free, by some law which makes them independant to their parents. (over 18 etc, etc).

P.P.S. I sold my record player to make part of my fare — and I'm lonely now.

I, Lovatt Close,
Edgeware,
Middlesex.

Caroline is nice

Dear Oz,

In reply to the letter from Richard, Martin, John, Carol and "1000's more", with the caption "Caroline does a nasty" I would like to correct them on a few very important points.

When they came to see us it was I who spoke to them and Caroline only joined the conversation when she saw that they were leaving our office unhappily. I am not even mentioned in their letter, let alone attacked, and the whole tone of it seems to be weighted against Caroline.

What I said to them is what we have to tell everybody when they come in with an offer of this kind. We only have to do this because in the past our experiences have been so unfortunate. Organizers, the groups, and their audiences are our friends, and we like to make sure that everybody gets a fair deal, but in the past big name groups have helped with Release benefits, travelling to some remote place to do a gig, often for nothing or only for expenses. They are left with the impression that they have done all in their power to help us, but we have never seen any of the proceeds. I can only remember two occassions on which we have received anything from a benefit. One amount was only a quarter of what we had been led to expect, and the other was a £10 cheque which initially bounced. Sometimes we only hear of an impending Release benefit when we read the publicity in the press.

I remember saying to Richard that because we would rather not have the name of Release used in the publicity, it did not mean that they would have to call the event off, and not put on a groovy show. They should make the niceness of the show their priority and use the profits, if any, for whatever cause they wanted.

What I also did not like was the implication that they were treated in an off hand way. If there was a fuck up it would have been because when they first contacted us, both Caroline and myself were away, and it was the right thing to refer them to us on our return. I did not know till I saw them that they had already been to see us once and only when they came again were we able to apologise for any inconvenience caused by their second visit. The message that had reached both of us was that there were some people who wanted to come up and talk about a benefit, neither of us had any idea that there might be any distance and inconvenience involved; or that any energy and goodwill had already been spent. In their letter they ask whether Caroline could not have said all this on the phone, and that they wish she would stop and think. If either Caroline or myself had been available at the time of their initial enquiry we would still have invited them to come and talk to us as it is not always easy for people to understand our point of view and we would rather explain it to them personally than on the telephone.

Release does need bread and we really appreciate offers for help from anybody. Our concern is not to dampen any good will but to really make the most of it. There are many ways of raising money and one of these should certainly be through the underground pop scene, but the outlay involved in making a worthwhile profit is substantial. It is really hard to look at some of the vast profits that are made by the pop industry and to understand why it can't be done by everybody, but there is a world of difference between setting up a groovy scene which pays for itself and announcing it as a benefit without knowing whether it's going to make a profit or not.

We are running Release on a shoestring with no regular source of income and it is an uphill struggle. Sometimes it is very difficult when people offer to help to know exactly how they can best do so. This is why we have made a widespread appeal for cigarette coupons and trading stamps, so that a person, whatever his means, may contribute and help keep us going, as it is always great to hear from sympathizers.

One thing which hinders the underground getting together community services or good entertainments is the writing of paranoid letters as appeared in the last Oz. I feel it is unfair to attack Caroline for something admittedly unfortunate, but unavoidable. Isn't it better to get together to discuss complaints with the people against whom they are made?

love Rufus Harris.

LENNON/ONO

with The Plastic Ono Band

INSTANT KARMA!

B/W Who has seen the wind?

Produced by Phil Spector

Ritten, Recorded, Remixed 27th Jan 1970

APPLE RECORDS APPLES 1003

Dear Doctor Hippocrates

Question: Because I work full time, am a part-time student and at the same time try to carry on a decent social life, something's got to give timewise.

I find myself whittling away hours from sleep, hoping to "train" myself to manage on 5 or 6 hours of sleep per night. I'd love to continue to burn my candle at both ends but wonder whether this can go on indefinately.

Althought I'm already in my mid-thirties I've never attained a particulary stable life pattern. And I don't seem to have the kind of body awareness that a lot of the younger crowd have. Half of the time I don't know whether I really feel well. I know when I feel very very good or very bad.

P.S. My father carried on an enormously busy and stressful medical practice, slept 4 hours a night and lived to be 71.

Answer: Body awareness techniques have been developed for several years at the Esalen Institute. Some of these methods are described in Bernard Gunther's *Sensory Awareness* and William Schutz's *Joy*.

Sensitivity to one's body and feelings may be achieved in many ways. You could change your surroundings at periodic intervals, for example. The original trip is a trip. A vacation, alters the things your eyes see, the sounds heard, the smells, the feel of air against your body.

The average person sleeps 7 to 8 hours a night. Some people seem to do well with a little less sleep. Older individuals commonly sleep less than younger people.

But candles burned at both ends don't last very long.

Question: Whenever my boyfriend and I have intercourse, during each stroke his balls slap against my body.

In addition to this being painful to him, the slapping sound is so amusing that we have to momentarily stop because we start laughing.

We have thought of taping his balls to his torso. Is there any other solution to our problem?

Slap Happy

Answer: There is certainly a place for humour in sex but if breaking up threatens to break you up I'm sure you'll find a way to handle the problem.

Question: Why does my left testicle persist in upsetting the symmetry of my body by hanging lower than my right?

Answer: Medical research has uncovered the fact that "lefties" predominate in this part of the male anatomy. The reason is unknown.

My blond communications coordinator believes that psychological balance is more important.

Question: My roommates and I were wondering whether you answer non-sexual questions. So here is mine.

I have insomnia for weeks at a time, several times throughout the year (maybe this is a sexual question after all). The rest of the time I sleep well.

I've tried mild sleeping pills, counting sheep, etc., but nothing short of drinking a six pack of beer every night gets me to sleep before 3 AM.

Any suggestions?

Answer: Since you have insomnia only at certain times during the year, you might try to examine your activities during these periods. Are you facing pressures from schoolwork or a job? Personal social problems perhaps?

Most people find that exercise followed by a warm bath gives relief from insomnia. Relying on drugs like alcohol or barbiturates for treating insomnia may lead to serious problems.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

Although I have a normal and usually most successful sex life with my lover, when I am separated from him for more than a week, as occasionally happens, I find I have to resort to masturbation to keep my body quiet. If I do not do this, I find myself getting very tense and nervous.

Masturbation relieves this, but it never gives me anything like the pleasure that I find in real love-making, even on those occasions when I cannot achieve orgasm and my chief pleasure is pleasing my lover and satisfying him.

I would like to know whether there is any physiological basis for this, or whether, in your opinion, it is all in my head.

Answer: Masturbation is a normal means of sexual release. In HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE, Masters and Johnson report that, physiologically, an "orgasm is an orgasm", however it is achieved. But most people find greater satisfaction when sex is shared with another person.

"I don't care what Masters & Johnson found in their research, it's up here that counts", my secretary wisely pointed out, tapping her head.

DEAR DR. HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press $5.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o OZ.

acid flix

When Tony Conrad's THE FLICKER was first shown to New York audiences in 1966 they were warned that the film might cause them to have epileptic seizures or mild symptoms of shock treatment. When projected, this purely black & white imageless film caused audiences to see colors & lacey patterns, and to have an expanded perception of light in the room.

In San Francisco Bruce Connor incorporated the same effect into the narrative structure of his film REPORT (1964-65) on the death of Jack Kennedy. At the instant Kennedy is shot his film breaks into a frequency of black & white frames creating a breakdown of normal mental processes & the illusion of fleeting colours – an uncanny simulation of death far more telling than a photographic simulation of the event.*

These films are striking examples of New Cinema, abandoning the literary encumberances of novels & plays that have restricted the aesthetics of Hollywood films for so long. They are aimed directly at the senses, bypassing intellectual preconceptions, & are the result of a renewed interest in the essential nature of film, upon the fact that movies are in fact a series of still pictures projected sequentially in a linear time scale.

These days the established "speed" of film thru projectors is 24 frames per second (or often 25 frames per second to allow more accurate scanning by television systems). But the 24 frames that pass thru the projector do so at an intermittent rate – each is stopped in the apperture or "gate"
of the projector for approximately a fiftieth of a second before moving on, and while the next frame is being pulled into position there is approximately a fiftieth of a second of darkness while the "gate" is shut.

In normal states of perception the eye does not see these periods of darkness, nor does it perceive the picture on the screen as a still frame. In fact, after the gate is shut & the next frame is being pulled into position, the image is still retained on the retina, and when the next frame appears, it is superimposed *in the eye,* giving the illusion of continuous movement. This is the essential illusion of the movies, long taken for granted by film-makers, but now being re-explored in order to create new states of consciousness.

Antonin Artaud saw the peyote rituals of the Mexican Indians, and the mystical theatre of the orient, and demanded a western theatre that created 'a delirium that is communicative'. Such a theatre did not appear until very recently when American artists, inspired by LSD experiences, created multi-media lightshow environments that expanded the senses, and created the very communicative delirium that Artaud hungered for.

The ancient Hindus discovered the power of *mantras,* words which when repeated constantly set up a brain rhythm which leads to expanded consciousness. In organising the rhythmic patterns of the frames of their films, film-makers of the New Cinema are achieiving the same results. Californian film-maker Jordan Belson, a yogi deeply immersed in Eastern mysticism creates his films "not to be seen, but to be experienced", and this could be said of a whole range of current West Coast work, as often as not emanating from acid experiences as from yogic contemplation.

Scott Bartlett's MOON 69, recently shown in London, utilises mutliple printing & controlled frame frequencies to simulate the Apollo splashdown, in a way far more telling than any of the "live" tv coverages.

This film makes extensive use of the optical printing machine, which has become more characteristic of recent film-making than any camera technique. Basically a camera connected to a projector for rephotographing filmed material, the optical printer has in the past been relegated to such rudimentary functions as titling, or montage sequences, the only Hollywood concession to experimentation. The demands of television commercials, with the need for compression of information & maximum stimulation within a short period of time, have led to extensive use of the optical printer, and a new film grammer which abandons established notions of continuity & time structures.

Recent use of home-made optical printers, such as in Los Angles film-maker David Laurie's PROJECT ONE, give film-makers freedom to photograph single frames over & over again, altering image-perception rates in a way totally different from the slow motion achieved by speeding the rate at which objects are photographed by the "live" camera, or by slowing the rate at which they pass thru the projector. The most frequent application of this technique is the ***freeze frame***, by which an action is frozen and held stationary on the screen for some time to drive home its significance. Truffaut used it to end 400 BLOWS and Hollywood quickly integrated it into its vocabulary. But film-makers such as Laurie are not merely freezing single frames, but repeating sequences of frames, elongating movements in time, playing on retinal superimpositions, forcing attention beyond the action into the whole texture of the film.

Most of the experiments of the American underground have been largely visual, partly because of the expense of sound recording, & partly in reaction to the literary monopolisation of Hollywood since the acvent of sound. Stan Brakhage has been most influential in leading film-makers to abandon sound altogether from their films. Most of hs films are silent, & his current work in progress, SCENES FROM UNDER CHILDHOOD, has sound 'for study purposes only' to be removed from the complete version of the film.

However, sound experimentation, developed so extensively thru the imagination of engineers & composers of affluent electric rock groups, is becoming an increasing concern ofunderground film-makers. Oakland film-maker Barry Spinello is working in the almost-forgotten area of 'visual sound' – sound created by printing shapes directly onto film.

Most film soundtracks are optically printed, with the sound waves being converted into light modulations & printed in a thin strip alongside the image on the film. A light in the projector shines thru this printed strip & reconverts the light modulations into sound modulations. Spinello dispenses with the first process, creating light modulations directly onto the film. He did this initially by drawing them onto the film, meticulous work which had strict limitations. Many years ago Norman McLaren did this by photographing drawn sound and printing it on the film in the usual way. But Spinello wanted a direct relationship with the image, & since he had drawn his image directly onto the film he wanted the sound to be an extension for the same creative process. The desire for control of sound & image frequency led him to use pre-printed stick-on mesh patterns manufactured for graphic artists (the ***letraset*** variety). This gives him controlled image patterns which can be duplicated exactly on the sound-track to give an image-sound correlation as in his recent SOUNDTRACK (1969). More recently he has been working on some film loops which have been used in John Cage music concerts in California.

These days, when television has become the most available means of seeing films, audiences have virtually abandoned cinemas. When they do go, the commercialisation of distribution ensures that they are fully prepared for what they are going to see, & since this cinema tends to share a common aethetic with novels and plays, they tend to get cinema which gives mild exercise to their minds.

Film-makers in California and elsewhere are no longer content to fill this function of dull aperitifs to life, and are aiming at films which change peoples' lives. They are resorting to methods which are closely allied to experiments with consciousness-expanding drugs, and are affecting peoples' consciousness in similar ways. At the moment most of their experiments are being restricted from audiences in the same way that LSD and other drugs are, but because of the slightly different attitude taken to cinema by the protectors of our morality, we have a greater chance of breaking thru. Young people are making the effort to go to Arts Labs and underground cinemas where these films are being shown, and young people are having their consciousness expanded. Their image-perception rate is further developed than their parents, and they see images on screen that are just blurs to their parents. They are creating a demand which will stimulate production & lead to far-reaching discoveries.

Film has developed little since the early experiments at the end of the last century. Equipment used today differs very little from that used to create the films of
Griffith & Chaplin. But things are changing rapidly, with film assuming a greater importance then ever before. The Apollo men found film indispensible, and the demands of interstellar flight will lead to advances in equipment until now stultified by the limitations of Hollywood. With new equipment new perceptions will be possible, & new discoveries will lead to a universal expansion of consciousness beyond present dreams.

Albie Thoms

FLOGGING CRITICS

Bitching about the way one's book was published, sold, received by the critics, etc, is no way to pass the time. Those letters you see from authors, written in immense sorrow that scarcely hides the anger, make the writer look more pathetic than the critic: "Mr X is, of course, entitled to his opinion, but I would like to point out that when he quotes from my book, he distorts my whole meaning." Overground readers couldn't care less. But the underground is getting very good at understanding how things work, and the more knowledge there is, the better. I'm writing this, then, not as an apology in any sense, but as a report on how things went.

My book THE LIMITS OF PROTEST was published by Victor Gollancz on January the 8th. It was originally going to be published last autumn, but my editor said it would never get reviews then, with all the Xmas rush, and that January was a great month because the critics had nothing good to read. I didn't object to that — not that it would have made any difference — but I was violently critical of the price they charged: fifty bob. For a book of 288 pages, that's too much, but my editor said they would earn back the money they'd paid me quicker, and that it was the right price for the people who'd want it. He wasn't particularly happy about the style of the book — he said it was turgid — but he couldn't suggest any way in which I could improve it. We had a few arguments about content, all of which I answered to his satisfaction. He wouldn't commit himself when I asked him what he thought of the book, but said it would get big reviews.

It did. I got two raves — Michael Foot in the STANDARD and Dennis Potter in THE TIMES — and yards and yards of space elsewhere: all the weeklies except THE SPECTATOR, the Sundays, and lovely stuff in non-London papers like THE SCOTSMAN, THE IRISH TIMES and the like. THE DAILY TELEGRAPH attacked it over three columns on its leader-page; the MORNING STAR attacked it over four. At least I wasn't discriminated against.

Even if this was a complaining piece, so far there hasn't been a thing to complain about. Yet when I went to my editor with a new idea for a book — with all that attention he'd been keen to commission me — he told me how BADLY the book was doing. I said I hadn't seen it in some shops that it ought to have been in, like in the Charing Cross Road, and he said he'd see to that (nothing's happened). But, said he, it wasn't selling because I just hadn't been able to write clearly enough. The reviews, he maintained, bore him out.

Now I'm not going to start quoting reviews that prove him utterly wrong, because that's boring. But critics did NOT agree with him. I took nearly two years to write the book; he took two weeks to go over it with a toothcomb, and couldn't suggest any radical changes. Could it possibly be that the price charged and the way in which his firm distributed the book had something to do with it not selling?

Well, all publishers have too much to do, and do the best job they can, and defend every move they make. And all authors complain — it's the most usual topic of conversation amongst publishers. I know, because I was one. But publishers cover themselves by saying they give each book INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION, which is what makes publishing a "profession", not a "trade". And that's crap. They don't have time, or courage, or knowledge, or professionalism enough to see that each book is properly taken care of. While no other viable way of getting what you write to the public exists, publishing ought to live up to its promises. Or we ought to find a better way of doing things, such as a direct-mail book club of original writing, or — as suggested by B S Johnson — a sort of writers' co-operative where the members control the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

But if publishing's bad, reviewing's worse. I was warned to expect good and bad notices, especially as the book is critical both of "the system" and those who protest against it — subjects on which every thinking person might be expected to have an opinion. I was told that it was a favourite trick of a critic to take a sentence out of context and hold it up to ridicule. They did. And here I am beginning to sound like the author who writes letters to the editor. But what is most strange is that those people on the Left who should have understood what I was trying to say distorted my views just as badly as those on the Right or Centre. You would expect the TELEGRAPH to ridicule the idea that "all Western communities are in the grip of what he [me] calls 'the system' or 'the straight society', which has command of all instruments of control and communication. Ordinary people are stifled in the system's massive grip." You might even expect the anonymous reviewer in the TLS to criticize my style, albeit in a style I for one consider worse than my own. The TLS man called me "usually plain wrong" but then brings in opinions, not facts.

Chris Myant in the MORNING STAR said "the book suffers from one great fault — a lack of historical understanding of the types and possibilities of revolutionary activity." Anyone who reads the last two chapters, on radicals and revolutionaries and on revolution as a way of life, not to mention the opening chapter on perspectives, should emerge with a greater knowledge about the immediate history of current protest than before. I emphasise that the mood and tone of contemporary protest is new because there is a new consciousness around, one impatient of talk, and dogma, and bureaucracy. Maybe the MORNING STAR, the paper of the British Communist Party, is upset because I dismiss the role of the Communist Parties in hastening the revolution. Anyone who was in France in May '68 knows what a fuck-up the PCF made. Is the British CP's historical understanding making revolutionaries of us all?

Peter Cadogan, one of the founders of the Committee of 100, also went on about my ignorance of history. He claimed that "It was the Direct Action Committee, the Committee of 100 and Zengakuren that gave birth to the mood and practice of do-it-yourself politics in the years 1958-61. This is quite beyond Peter Buckman who, wearing neo-Marxist blinkers and looking at the LATER developments in the USA writes: 'Only in America did a movement of dissent grow that was a radical departure from the past.' None so blind . . ." Well, Mr Cadogan sir, if you see the same mood amongst the squatters, the VSC, the sit-in students, and above all amongst the underground that you saw ten years ago, then your perspective is very peculiar. The Committee of 100 was fine, but both it and CND (and I'm sorry, I'm now going to quote myself) "were tightly disciplined, with elected officers and a reasonably efficient bureaucracy. Both emphasised planning, co-ordination, 'thinking ahead', getting the 'right sort of publicity', and the responsibility of adherents for abiding by decisions taken centrally." There are still groups, especially on the sectarian Left, who go by those sort of ideas. But they've been no more successful than those of ten years ago. Today's protest initiatives are MAKING history, not abiding by its precedents.

Perhaps most interesting of all were the two long reviews in the NEW STATESMAN and THE LISTENER. Paul Foot in the first and D A N Jones in the second both took me to task for for saking "class analysis". Both maintained that when I talk about the French events of May, I only discuss the students. Mr Jones said that I displayed "no interest in social ownership, no interest in capital's struggle with labour"; Paul, talking about France, said that "Nowhere does he discuss the interaction or, more important, the lack of interaction, of such movements with the continuing struggle of workers to better their standard of living. There is nothing, or almost nothing, about unofficial strikes, productivity deals, tenants' organisations." Now I'm not going to bore you by quoting the number of pages I devote to working-class struggles, union sell-outs, and the difficulties students have had in getting to the workers and vice versa — take it from me there's lots. As far as I know I'm the only English writer to talk at length about the setting-up of the self-governing community in the town of Nantes, where workers, students, and farmers combined to run an entire town for a few days in May 1968. I go on and on about the dangers of underground communes not being able either to combine with neighbourhood workers or avoid living off them and being attacked by them. All that's in the book. What's saddest is that my Left critics have used my book as an excuse to parade their own ideas without being affected in the slightest by mine.

All that may be my fault. But considering the length I devote to analysing the workings of "the system" — which Paul Foot gives me backhanded credit for — it's a pity none of my Left-wing critics seemed to have grasped the simple point that the old Marxist analysis of the class struggle no longer has the relevance it did. Sure, capital is still exploiting labour like crazy — and incidentally it's madness for woman's liberation fighters to forget this. But what is going on in protest that is slowly but surely changing the climate bears less and less resemblance to a class struggle: it's a struggle for CONSCIOUSNESS. It's the kids, and the blacks, and the underground who are making all the running. They're up against "the system" and out to destroy it — but not because of their status as an economic class. Those who are most exploited in those terms are the most reactionary — look at factory workers, not all of them, to be sure, but AS A CLASS.

I wrote a book that criticized much protest strategy, so it's hardly surprising that I get attacked by those I criticized. I emphasise again that I'm not complaining. But the whole treatment that my book has got, and the way in which it was published, should make you think twice before wanting to be published in this manner. In a way it's a demonstration of one of the things in the book the TELEGRAPH ridiculed: that "the system" kills new ideas stone dead by its consensual attitude. Let some of those Lefties review this, they say — and the sad thing is the result is just the same as if they'd been Right. Well, you must buy the book — but wait till it comes out in paperback in a few months time. And meanwhile let's try and work out a better way of getting our writing to the public. After all, I want to write another book.

Peter Buckman

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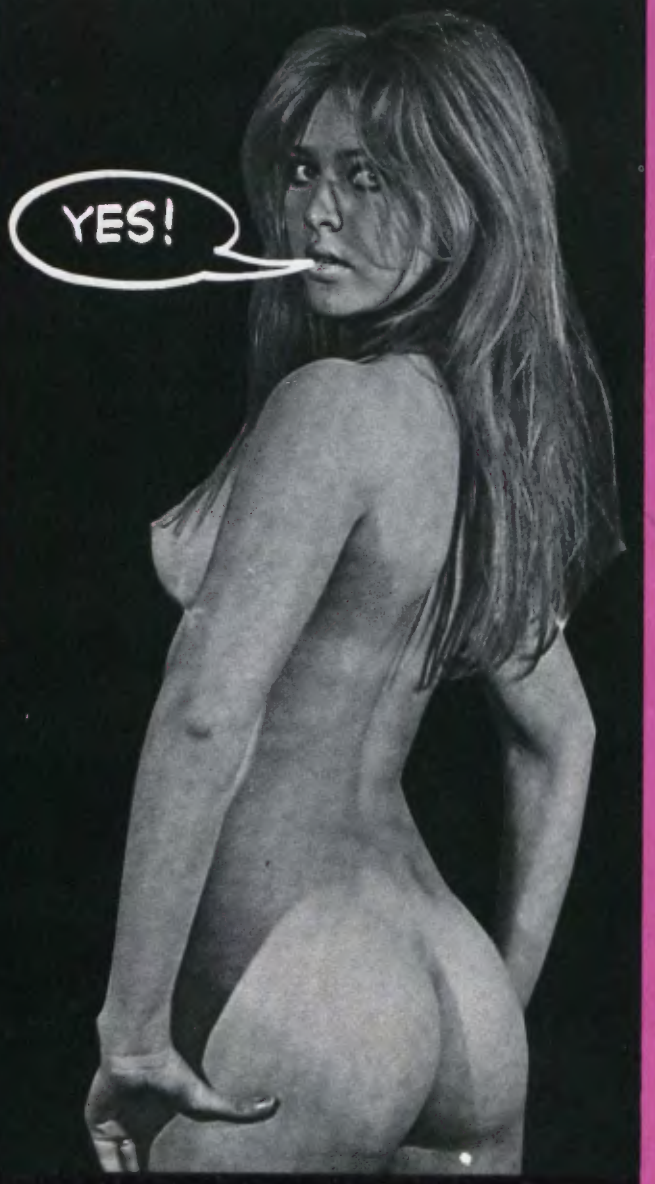

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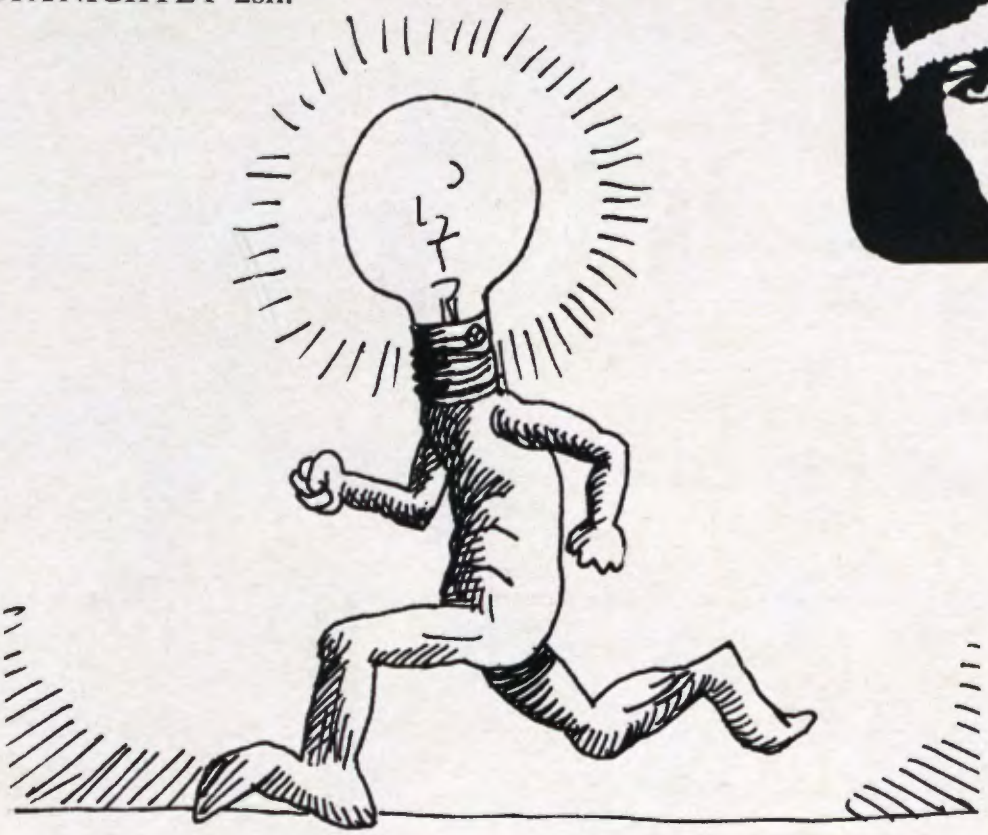

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London Happens in a Thousand Ways

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TIME OUT

The Living Guide to London

The Chicago Conspiracy trial – that laugh-a-minute farce which has been packing courtrooms for the last few months. Defence witnesses have included Arlo Guthrie, Timothy Leary, Allen Ginsberg, Judy Collins, Ed Sanders (an ex Fug), Country Joe McDonald, Paul Krassner, Mark Lane, Anne Kerr MP, Mayor Daley and Norman Mailer. That the proceedings of this extraordinary trial (fascinating, quite apart from the celebrity roll call) have been studiously ignored by Fleet Street is typical of its inability to appreciate the international orientation of today's youth. The eight prisoners in the dock in Chicago (minus Bobby Seale, now in gaol for contempt of court) are pitting their culture of long hair, communalism, dope and fucking in the streets against the death culture of big business, success, whisky and fucking the Vietnamese.

These transcripts were made available to OZ with the help of Mike Gold of the Conspiracy Office.

COUNTRY JOE AT THE CONSPIRARY TRIAL

THE CLERK: You will remove your gum, sir.
THE WITNESS: What gum?
THE CLERK: That you are chewing on.
THE WITNESS: I am afraid that I don't have any gum.
THE CLERK: You may be seated, sir.
MR. KUNSTLER: (the defence lawyer) Would you state your full name, please?
THE WITNESS: Country Joe.
MR. KUNSTLER: What is your occupation?
THE WITNESS: I am a minister in the New Universal Life Church. I am a rock and roll star. I am a producer of phonograph records. Father, husband, leader of a rock and roll band. Singer, composer, poet, owner of a publishing company, and a few other things.
MR. KUNSTLER: Do you currently have a rock and roll band?
THE WITNESS: Yes, I do.
MR. KUNSTLER: What is the name of that band?
THE WITNESS: Country Joe and the Fish.
MR. SCHULTZ: (the prosecutor) For the record may we have the witness's full name? Country Joe is really not sufficient.
THE COURT: (the amazing Judge Hoffman) I am assuming that his Christian name is Country. He is under oath. He was asked his name.
MR. SCHULTZ: It might be the name he uses and not the name that was originally his.
THE COURT: Is Country your first name?
THE WITNESS: Yes.
THE COURT: That is your first name or Christian name, is that right?
THE WITNESS: Some people call me Country, yes.
THE COURT: What is your real name?
THE WITNESS: Country.
THE COURT: You say some people call you that. What is your real name, sir?
THE WITNESS: I am afraid I don't understand what real means.
THE COURT: What is the name – were you baptized?
THE WITNESS: No I wasn't.
THE COURT: What were you called when you went to school as a child?
THE WITNESS: Joe.
THE COURT: Joe?
THE WITNESS: Yes.
THE COURT: What was your family name?
THE WITNESS: McDonald.
THE COURT: And your family name is now McDonald, is that right?
THE WITNESS: Yes, it is.
THE COURT: How do you spell it?
THE WITNESS: M-c-D-o-n-a-l-d.
THE COURT: McDonald, that is what your family name is. Is that right?
THE WITNESS: Yes.
THE COURT: And you are familarly known as Country Joe, is that right?
THE WITNESS: Country Joe McDonald, yes. Joseph sometimes.
MR. KUNSTLER: I call your attention to – let me withdraw that answer. Do you know Jerry Rubin?
THE COURT: No, not the answer. You withdraw the question.
MR. KUNSTLER: I mean withdraw the question.
THE COURT: I just wanted you to know I was listening to you.
MR. KUNSTLER: I just did it to see if you were. . Do you know Jerry Rubin?
THE WITNESS: Yes, I know Jerry Rubin.
MR. KUNSTLER: Can you identify him at the table?
THE WITNESS: He is the one with the red pants on.
Mr. KUNSTLER: When did you first meet Jerry Rubin?
THE WITNESS: I met Jerry Rubin in 1964, October 15, the march to End the War in Vietnam, the march held in Berkely, California.
MR. KUNSTLER: Did you participate in that march yourself?
Mr. SCHULTZ: Objection, your honor.
THE COURT: I sustain the objection.
Mr. KUNSTLER: Now, I call your attention to Abbie Hoffman. Do you know him?

THE WITNESS: There he is. He is the handsome fellow in the handsome jacket
THE COURT: May I suggest to you, Mr. Witness, when you are asked to identify anybody here, either you may step down, you can point to him, or you may describe him by his apparel but do not characterize him as being handsome or in any other such manner.
THE WITNESS: I am sorry. I have never been in a trial before.
THE COURT: I accept your apology.
MR. KUNSTLER: Do you recall when you first met Abbie Hoffman?
THE WITNESS: Yes, I first met Abbie Hoffman at the meeting in the Chelsea Hotel in New York.

At that meeting was Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, myself, my manager, Banana Ed Benson, Irwin Silver, Barbara Dane.
MR. KUNSTLER: Was there a discussion at the Chelsea Hotel?
THE WITNESS: We had a very long discussion. The meeting had been called to discuss the proposed Yippie! Convention in Chicago, to be held in Chicago. We never – we hadn't heard much about it, and so we all met and we were staying at the Chelsea Hotel in New York and we met to discuss the Yippie! happening thing in Chicago. Jerry Rubin said to me, "We feel that the Democratic Convention being held in Chicago is a very important political event in the country, and that it represents fascist forces in America, opression of minority groups, continuation of the war in Vietnam, and actual celebration of death, that the Democratic Convention being held in Chicago will be a celebration of death in that all of those things which are held in high esteem by the establishment, political parties in the country, are those things which represent death and oppression," and that it was the responsibility of those people, young people, who are concerned with freedom in America to try to do something in Chicago which would counter-balance the evil and negative vibrations from the Democratic Convention and that since I had written the Vietnam Rag, which has become the most well known song against the war in Vietnam, and that my group was very influential with young people of America, amongst the youth, that it was very important that we try to say something in *Chicago* which would be positive, natural, human, and loving, in order to let

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YIPPIE!
Fan-fucking-tastic
Fuck you - you jew son of a bitch, you lousy motherfucker-go home
This court is in contempt of human life dignity and justice
These men are going to jail by virtue of a legal lynching
Right on
MAYOR DALEY
Che Guevara Who's he?
No singing is permitted in court
Objection sustained
I don't understand
I don't know which defendant is which
♫ you can get anything you want at Alice's restaurant ♫
You want us to be like good jews - going quietly to concentration camps while the court represses the truth!
I've never been on trial for my thoughts before
Please your Honour may I go to the bathroom
They've arrested a cake - but they can't arrest a revolution
"HERRERA"

the people of America know that there are people in America who are not tripped out on ways of thinking which result only in oppression and fear, paranoia and death.

At that point Abbie Hoffman wanted to know what the song was, and then I – then I sang the song. It goes:
(He sings)
"And it's one, two, three, what are we fighting for?
damn.
The next stop is Vietnam.
And it's –"
THE COURT: No, no, no, Mr. Witness. No singing.
THE COURT: Mr. Marshal –
(the marshal goes over to Country Joe and puts his hand on Joe's chin to close his mouth.)
BY MR. KUNSTLER: Do you remember that the next time that you saw Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin was, after Stony Brook?
A. Yes. I met with Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Ed Sanders, Nancy, my wife Robin was there, at Jerry Rubin's apartment in the East Village in New York.

Jerry Rubin asked me how I was doing in getting response for the Yippie! festival.

I informed him that since our original meeting at the Chelsea Hotel I had talked to people and I had talked to other bands, and I found that they were constantly relating to me stories of orders in Chicago for the police to shoot on sight in regards to the racial riots of that month, that at least two thousand civilian vigilantes were being authorized as deputies to arrest all trouble makers around the convention, that the National Guard was being assembled to prevent people from getting close to the convention hall, that the sewers of Chicago were being prepared as dungeons to put demonstrators in, that generally the vibrations around Chicago were very, very uptight and getting worse, that there was a possibility of incredible brutality, maliciousness, and fascistic type tactics on the part of the police force, and that I was having a hard time getting people to be responsive to the possibilities of anything positive happening in Chicago during the Democratic Convention.

Jerry Rubin then asked me if I had any ideas about other types of people that we could have come to the convention.

I suggested circus performers, jugglers, clowns, the Harlem Globe Trotters, and many other things – positive groups and entertainment groups that could possibly show up in Chicago.
Q. Now, Country Joe, I ask you whether you came to Chicago during Convention Week?
A. Yes. It was just a few days before the beginning of the convention and it was on Friday because we played Friday and Saturday. We arrived Friday in the afternoon.
Q. At any time on Friday or Saturday did you have occasion to meet with Jerry Rubin or Abbie Hoffman?
A. Yes. I met with both of them at the Electric Theatre on Saturday. Abbie Hoffman said to me "Are you going to be in the Festival?" I said to Abbie Hoffman, "No, I was not going to be in the Festival because the vibrations in the town were so incredibly vicious that I felt it was impossible to avoid violence on the part of the police and the authorities in Chicago." I felt that my group's symbolic support of the Festival had to be withdrawn because there would be a possibility that people would follow us to the Festival and be clubbed and Maced and tear-gassed by the police and that the possibility of anything positive or loving or good coming out of that city at that time was impossible, and that I had no choice but to withdraw my support.

CROSS EXAMINATION
BY MR. SCHULTZ:
Q. Mr. McDonald, you said that on a particular occasion you told Rubin about shooting to kill. Do you remember that in your testimony?
A. I hate to say that I said something that I didn't say I said that there were very negative responses from my friends and people in what is termed the underground youth community in response to Mayor Daley's order to the police to shoot to kill as far as rioters were concerned in the ghettoof Chicago in the riots of April.
Q. Did they (Hoffman and Rubin) tell you that during the time they were negotiating with the authorities to get permits, some of the things that Hoffman said in his writings and orally were that during the convention the poeple would fight the police? Did they say that?
A. They couldn't say that because that would be a lie, you know.
Q. No, I am asking you whether or not one of them said that he had said that or written that?
A. Of course not.
Q. Or that they had said that there would be public fornication during the convention week out in the parks?
A. Your Honor, I deal in words, that is my job. I write songs. I have been doing that for about ten years. Certain words have certain connotations and multi-meanings to them, and in the world that I live in, in what is probably called the hippie underground, when we refer to fornication, we are not really referring to the actual sexual act of fornication at all times; we are referring to a spiritual togetherness than can be done without physical contact at all.

THE COURT: There have been several witnesses called here during this trial – I need not mention their names – whose testimony the court ruled could not even be presented to the jury – singers, performers, and former office holders. I think in the light of the representations made by you unequivocally, sir, with no reference to Dr. Abernathy, I will deny your motion that we hold –
MR. KUNSTLER: I want to comment on this, your Honor, because I think what you have just said is about the most outrageous statement I have ever heard from a bench, and I am going to say my piece right now, and you can hold me in contempt right now if you wish to.

You have violated every principle of fair play when you excluded Ramsey Clark from that witness stand. The New York Times, among others, has called it the ultimate outrage in American justice.
VOICES: Right on!
MR. KUNSTLER: I am outraged to be in the court before you. Now because I made a statement on Friday that I had only a camera man, and I discovered on Saturday that Ralph Abernathy, who is the chairman of the Mobilization, is in town, and can be here, and because you took a whole day from us on Thursday by listening to ridiculous argument about whether Ramsey Clark could take that stand in front of the jury, I am trembling because I am so outraged. I haven't been able to get this out before, and I am saying it now, and then I want you to put me in jail if you want to. You can do anything you want with me, if you want to, because I feel disgraced to be here, to say to us on the technicality of my representation that we can't put Ralph Abernathy on the stand. He is the co-chairman of the MOBE. He has relevant testimony. I know that doesn't mean much in this court when the Attorney General of the United States walked out of here with his lips so tight he could hardly breathe, and if you could see the expression on his face, you would know, and his wife informed me he never felt such anger at the United States Government as at not being able to testify on that stand.
VOICES: Right on!
MR. KUNSTLER: You can't tell me that Ralph Abernathy cannot take the stand today because of the technicality of whether I made a representation. That representation was made in perfect good faith with your Honor. I did not know that Reverend Abernathy was back in the country. We have been trying to get him for a week and a half to be the last witness for the defense in this case. And now to tell me that we are going ahead, the Government is ready, after you took Thursday from us to have this argument over whether a man could be presented to a jury, I told your Honor then, and I am telling you now, no American court has ever done what your Honor did –
VOICES: Right on!
MR. KUNSTLER basing it on a case which was inapplicable to the situation. That was done for one purpose only, and the New York Times said it more beautifully than I could say it, and they said, "It was done to make inadmissible anyting that would 'interfere' with the Justice Department's intent to prove a conspiracy to incite a riot during the Democratic National Convention."
VOICES: Right on!
MR. KUNSTLER: That was the reason behind your Honor's ruling, nothing short of that.

I have sat here for four and half months and watched the objections denied and sustained by your Honor, and I know that this is not a fair trial. I know it in my heart. If I have to lose my license to practice law and if I have to go to jail, I can't think of a better cause to go to jail for and to lose my license for –
A VOICE: Right on!
MR. KUNSTLER: – than to tell your Honor that you are doing a disservice to the law in saying that we can't have Ralph Abernathy on the stand. You are saying truth will not out because of the techniciality of a lawyer's representation. If that is what their liberty depends upon, your Honor saying I represented to you that I had a cameraman, and that was our only witness, a cameraman, whom we can't get, incidentally, then I think there is nothing really more for me to say.
THE COURT: There is not much more you could say, Mr Kunstler.
MR. KUNSTLER: I am going to turn back to my seat with the realization that everything I have learned throughout my life has come to naught, that there is no meaning in this court, and there is no law in this court – your Honor is wholly responsible for that, and if this is what your career is going to end on, if this is what your pride is going to build on, I can only say to your Honor, "Good luck to you."
THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, I am not here to be laughed at by these defendants, particularly Mr. Rubin.
THE MARSHAL: Mr. Dellinger, also, will you refrain from laughing?
MR. DELLINGER: That is a lie. And it wasn't Mr. Rubin. We laugh enough and you can catch us when we do but you just happened to get that one wrong.
MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I don't think the record should constantly have these references to chuckles –
THE COURT: I don't share your view
MR. KUNSTLER: The Court has made a sally before and the room laughed and you didn't say put that in the record.
THE COURT: I will not sit here – and you must know it by now, and have defendants laugh at my ruling, sir. And I will not hear you on that.
MR. KUNSTLER: You don't mind it they laugh at me or if they laugh at someone else.
THE COURT: I will ask you to sit down.
MR. KUNSTLER: I don't think your Honor's ultra-sensitivity should make a difference in rulings in this court.
THE COURT: It isn't ultra-sensitivity. It is a proper understanding of the conduct of a trial in the federal district court.
MR. KUNSTLER: No, but your Honor, when you try to interpret a laugh as meaning you are the butt of a joke, then you react –
THE COURT: I will ask you to sit down. Did you hear me?
MR. KUNSTLER: I just don't want to get thrown in my chair by the Marshal so I will have to sit down.
MR. HOFFMAN: I laughed. It wasn't Jerry. It was me.
THE COURT: Did you get that, Miss Reporter?
MR. HOFFMAN: I laughed at that ruling, he didn't.
THE COURT: That was Mr. Dellinger.
MR. KUNSTLER: That was not Mr. Dellinger.
MR. SCHULTZ: Your Honor, that was Mr. Hoffman.
MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor –
MR. SCHULTZ: That was the defendant Hoffman speaking.
MR. HOFFMAN: I was him.
THE COURT: Will you sit down? I saw Mr. Dellinger talking. If anybody else did –
MR. DELLINGER: You did not see me talking. My lips were not moving. That is not the first time you have lied in this courtroom. My lips were not moving.
THE COURT: Did you get those last remarks?
MR. SCHULTZ: It was the defendant Hoffman.
MR. DELLINGER: If you make an honest mistake, that's all right, but to lie about it afterwards and say you saw me talking when you didn't, that is different.
THE COURT: Will you ask that man to sit down?
MR. DELLINGER: You will go down in infamy in history for your obvious lies in this courtroom of which that is only the most recent one.
THE MARSHAL: Sit down, sir.
MR. DELLINGER: It is absolutely true what I am saying.
THE MARSHAL: Will you –
MR. DELLINGER: Absolutely true.

Continued on Page 46

PLAYED OUT

by David Widgery

Review of 'Play Power' by Richard Neville Cape 38/-.

You wonder how serious it is and whether people really want a revolution because I have a feeling that there are a lot of revolutionists who are really frightened when the serious guys, the serious kind of Trotskyites, come around and they're wearing these greasy neckties and suits and yet they're into the hard core of the organisation.' Tom Wolfe. Wittgenstein on Freud 'When you read him, hang onto your brains.'

This book is in fact a kit of gossip conversation, information, lies and timetables, very prettily merchandised. It's a scrapboard of possible ways of survival by travel, drugs and sex aimed to improve your grip on pleasure. It will annoy a large and divers group of people who will be shocked that anyone like this should be alive at all and it will further confirm us on the road to Shangri La. Neville is a gossip, in the best sense of that tradition: an impressario of information and atmospherics. He is much happier with a nuance or a frisson than an idea, remains heavyhandedly flippant and makes a terrible effort to shock. He musters and juxtaposes footnotes on Eisenhower's golfing and Palm court orchestras, pounces on remarkably succinct quotes, is perfectly equipped to deal with London high style as viewed from Australian underground saloon life. You write with extreme intelligence and self awareness and wit, Richard, but you still blow it.

In the introduction Neville thanks his publisher for advising him to write 'in his own voice'. In fact he uses four different standpoints; one for the muscle-bound quasi-statistical neodefinitive Time-Life sections, another that of the wellmeaning crusader for freedom and love, rather frantically grasping at not very authoritative authorities, thirdly a rather curious and whimsical travelwriter not letting on he goes everywhere by air and collecting three line people instead of postcards. When he does write as himself he's almost dazzling. His account of the Stones outdoor concerts viewed from the press area beside the pop ruling class is genuinely satirical . . . probably the last thing that Neville would want to be called. His account of the fatuous overprepared faces, the artifical sociality, the gormlessness of the compere's manipulation, the totally unselfconcious brutality of the organisers towards the kids who had camped in the front row for 3 days, the masturbatory and exhausted narcissism of Jagger, show an intelligence and unfooledness quite at odds with the earnestness and overwritten pleas for sexual excess and drug taking. The unkind might say that Neville makes the conscious decision only to make use of his acumen in an area where it doesn't matter anyhow; certainly if he had applied his full intelligence to the chapters on the underground press and politics of play they would have come apart in his laughing hands.

Now the interior life of the Trotskyist movement may be somewhat narrow but within its limits, very intense and rigorous; one can take a very good measure of a Trot's position within the tradition by asking him three of four litmus paper questions; on Kronstadt, class nature of USSR, Cuba and the Permanent Revolution. The underground in its much shorter history already has such cruxes; what is your line on Nashville Skyline, your analysis of the Stones Altamont concert, your position on the three class block of hippies, skinheads and Angels, your stance on heroin. When trying to place Neville's rather ambigous position within the underground (where the division between the ruling class and proleteriat is even wider than it is in real life) one is struck by a certain squeamishness; the lace curtains haven't been torn down just rearranged. He's conservative about drugs, prudish about violence and a raving reactionary about women. It's no longer particularly outspoken to like smoking joints; it's an act of civilisation not deviation and at a good many parties it's the alcohol men who ought to hide in a locked bedroom upstairs. Sure smoking makes you funny, happy and hungry, it probably increases your intake of sensual information rather than decreases it, it might even aid contact with the oceanic, the transcendental, the extraterrestial and certainly the irrational. But so what. It could once be argued that possessing it put the young middle class in an altered relationship with the police; that smoking was an act of sound rebellion with political consequences. But for the bourgeoisie nowdays cannabis can be brought by cheque and smoked with a smug impunity over the liqueurs. The police really do seem to be mainly concerned with dealers and opiates plus the odd plant on people they want anyhow . . . and in Notting Hill how could they really do otherwise. The picture is rather different in East London where the users are all working class and the sentences are harder; the lead in in today's local paper is of two 12 month gaol sentences for a timber worker and a bath attendant who were said to have offered to supply a cop with hash. But the young people who really are a danger to the system probably prefer pills and uppers to the priceless passivity of heavy smoking. Talking about heroin Neville seems to accept the conventional view of its utter harmfullness. Much more modest than say Cocteau, one of the most dazzling and prolific artists of the 20th century who argues 'to say of an addict who is in a constant state of euphoria that he is degrading himself is like saying of marble that it is spoilt by Michelangelo, of canvas that it is stained by Raphael, of paper that it is soiled by Shakespeare, of silence that it is broken by Bach' . . . 'of course opium remains unique and the euphoria it induces is superior to health. I owe it my perfect hours. It is a pity that instead of perfecting curative techniques, medicine does not try to render opium harmless.' So if you believe life should be about the pursuit of your own pleasure rather than your own and other peoples' freedom it would be logical to advocate the use of opiates . . . but Neville stops at hash home baking: the syringe is, well, going a bit too far.

He makes a more determined attempt to be shocking about sex, having hurricane fucks with 14 year old schoolgirls, suggesting making love when stoned with stereo headphones on both partners, playing the first Blind Faith Album (which side? inquires the serious militant) and saying that you get to a woman's mind through her cunt. The rationale is Reith Lecturish; sex has been disentangled from pregnancy, property and poetry so just fuck and enjoy youself. Neville (Voice 4) is honest enough to admit his own efforts to live life as sensuously as possible are inclined to end up as bad bedroom farce . . . but the attitude remains that sexual love has been replaced by a lot of fancy screwing with ancillary aids (presumably you are allowed the far more erotic Beethoven on your headphones if you ask nicely). Autonomous man, wanders sexually free in a world where women are doubly enslaved, both as people under capitalism and as women by men. The hippy chick has always been one of the most unfree of women; assigned to being ethereal and knowing about Tarot and the Moon's phases but busy at cooking, answering the phone and rolling her master's joints. For her, the chains are meant to be just an extreme form of jewellery . . . the only way out of there is a private income. Neville's view of sexual transaction is not so much advanced as insulting and it's all the more sad he doesn't even notice it. Because you can now be fairly sure that a woman is so keen to have you that she'll be sucking 25 tablets of oestrogen in readiness. It doesn't mean she's got control of her mind and her destiny. As an excellent woman's review of the male supremacist film Easy Rider pointed out, the new farming hippy communities are even more male dominated 'because of the practical problems of dividing the work (technology makes a woman's lesser muscular capacity irrelevant) and partly because the American farming myth is very much a scenario for the dominant male – the woman stays in the background and bakes bread while her male chops down trees.'

Violence is the biggest taboo of all especially the border dispute that goes on in pop between violence and sex. (Jagger's prophetic 'violence gives me a buzz'.) The underground's habit of standing around watching while someone gets done in, muttering 'bad trip' is not commented on but surely the most surprising thing about the Altamont murder was how unsurprised everyone was; I mean if murdering people is the Angels' trip then someone better take their acid away. The tendency (and lefties are just as fond of it) is to capture some section of the proleteriat in a purely mental fashion and hammer them on the masthead of the Good Ship Revolution. The way the aristo underground goes on about the skinheads or Angels is just as condescending as the Regency bucks' patronage of bruisers and picaresque characters from

the demi-monde of the lumpen-proleteriat. Play Power includes a supplement of fuzz brutality tho it's not clear quite precisely why; the Marxist left ought to expect it; the serious hippy ought to stay out of the way of such vulgar methods of attempting to advance history. The May Events are reinterpreted to the point of dishonesty to prove that the most important elements were the rather unbrilliant wall slogans and other acts of Gallic student charm. In a world where the modern working class in its factory, ports, garages and warehouses took over the running of their own production, one would need a serious visual defect to find the antics of the Sorbonne the most significant innovation. The Chicago demonstrations by the Yippies can be more fairly credited to acid and the underground. But Play Power seems to take them a lot more seriously than they take themselves. Krassner and Rubin seem to see the Yippies as a quite specific method of freaking the media.

Yippy politics, being made up as it goes along, are incomprehensible and therefore extremely dangerous to the psyche of the media. It, at one side, totally takes the piss out of the TV idiotmen so addicted to the new that they don't recognise it as being created for their benefit, and at the same time overrates the possibility of changing things by visual cathode imagery. It's the other side of the pathetic media megalomania of Lennon who spendsso much of his life having lens and mikes stuck at him he really believes that they are connected directly to power and change. Mailer understands the special subversiveness of the Yippies quite well; 'Leninism finally was as good for Leninists about the way that psychoanalysis was good for psychoanalysts It was a superb mental equivalent to weightlifting – the brain worked, perspired, flushed itself and came back with hard tangible increments in mental tone and vigor, but it had nothing to do with the real problem which was; how do you develop enough grace to capture a thief more graceful than yourself? Leninism was built to analyse a world in which all the structures were made of steel – now the sinews of society were founded on transistors so small Dragon Lady could hide them beneath her nail.'

The underground is in general so ahistorical it doesn't remember what happened to it yesterday and it's this element in Play Power which makes Neville's bright ideas like so many orphans waiting for their real intellectual parents to claim them. The native American tradition is full of the praise of idleness and loafing; Thoreau advised you 'to retire to the woods, if you can find any and examine your concience, but only after you have enjoyed yourself.' Walt Whitman believed in the healing power of erotic love and is part of a long American tradition expressed today in the poetic role of Ginsberg. Whitman, who called this quality, rather gluely, 'adhesiveness' had a sizeable following in England, mainly proleterian and provincial. Whitman sponged off his admirers for years; his birdcage sent as a gift, symbol and exchange still hangs in Bolton Library. The nature of free love was discussed and practiced by Shelley and Mary Godwin, Blake, Morris and his circle and the pre-war Marxists. It was William Morris, thought by the underground to be the inventor of potato cuts, not Leary or Lawrence, who wrote of the *socialist* future 'I demand a free and unfettered animal life for man; first of all I demand the utter extinction of all asceticism. If we feel the least degradation in being amorous, or merry, or hungry, or sleepy, we are so far bad animals and therefore miserable men'. But because of the understanding as socialists they refused to see free love and sexuality as possible in the present society or a lever for a molecular change to a new one. The exploitation of woman by man in the bourgeois marriage was deeply connected to the exploitation of man by man in capitalism; one would not go without the other. The methodist suspicion of pleasure and corresponding enthusiasm for the moral qualities imparted by suffering which are more often found in the modern Left are a distorted version of the other stream of socialist views on sex; the aim to produce an utterly rational relationship between man and woman as intellectual collaborators and political comrades. Neville's hopes for the growing mechanisation of pleasure are probably justified; the pharmaceutical industry has scarcely begun the synthesis of chemical euphoriants, visual and sound storage must, soon make possible the sense cinema that Huxley predicted, the technology of pleasure will advance like textile industry did in the early 19th century and the underground will be its obedient consumers like they now consume Godard, IT, and The Jefferson Airplane on steroheadphones.

It's sad to always be the scolding lefty but Neville just doesn't convince me that tinkering with lifestyle and an occasional brush with the police amounts to a revolution. Behind all the scream crash and wallop the underground still smells of cheque books and an expensive education. The staff of International Times might treat strangers (ie everyone) rather like the staff of Woolworths treat customers but when they talk to you it's Lord Snooty all right even if they are dressed like Bash Street Gang. The rich may be getting angina from all the thrill, the poor still get rheumatic fever. In fact hippies are consciously softer than their bandit predecessors the beats and the hip, more tumescent than erect, more soppy than soft either faint with ecstasy or asleep. There seems to me absolutely no reason why the enfant terrible will not be the ruling class of tomorrow. At present the money is made out of Hip Capitalism whether it's cocaine deals, special offers, magazines or TV impersonations. Politically the hippies might manage the isolated courage of the isolated individual but those who see the choice will surely take the primrose path . . . that's what it's all about sez Richard. The inbuilt elitism, superstition and leadership search is more likely to end the undergound up in Scientology, or Social Credit than a socialist revolution. All the holidays in the far East and the adoption of oriental plumage and religious bric-a-brack is not an answer to the plunder of Indian and African civilisions by imperialism. It's just impotence and guilt decked out as romanticism. Sexual freedom, at least as interpreted by OZ seems to mean girls being willing to fuck with anyone plus the exhibitionist jerk off fantasia of 'let's do it in thelstreet'. This is Penis Power not liberation. You could grope Nixon silly and suck Wilson from here to Singapore there would still be half a million G.I.s in S.Vietnam and half a million men at the Labour Exchange. The dangers of the descent into the hippy maelstrom are considerable. Some risks are energising, some of the forces are liberating but the horrors are horrific; Martin Sharp's book jacket with its prison of penis, guitar and joint coming in narcisistic waves while the million suns grin inanely is where the grinning hippy killed and wounded go. For all its interior fascinations it's a world that's incommunic able; most of all to the plodding market porters, the dim printers, the bored commuters whom the pop aristocrat disparagingly notices in passing. We must attempt something much more ambitious than encouraging their children to smoke pot between 4th Form and Council house, a revolution not in smoking pleasure but in the way men relate to one another. And this can only be based on the way people are oppressed by the system and the daily way they fight it back; this is about productivity deals, Trades Councils, football, fighting, women talking in laundrettes and Gainness and it takes place in those parts of the unknown England that smug metropolitans never even see. Turning to this world and turning to it politically is something that many people who like drugs, fucking and foreign travel feel essential; we are all in the Seige of Sidney Street and we've left it too late to dig a way out underground, and these days it's not wise to go out with your hands up.

◀ Continued from Page 43

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, will you ask him to be quiet?
MR. DELLINGER: You will be ashamed of that for the rest of your life, if anything can shame you.
MR. SCHULTZ: Your Honor, it was the defendant Hoffman sitting immediately behind Dellinger who made those remarks.
THE COURT: Let the record show –
MR. DELLINGER: Thanks for telling the truth, Mr. Schultz.
MR. KUNSTLER: Mr. Hoffman attempted to clarify the record. He was the one responsible. He took the blame for it. It was not Mr. Dellinger or Mr. Rubin, or anyone else.
THE COURT: Oh, I heard Mr. Rubin and saw him.
MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor –
THE COURT: Will you please sit down? I will make the rulings here. The record will be what it is.
MR. KUNSTLER: I want the record to –
THE COURT: It can't be any more clear.
MR. DELLINGER: I want to make the record clear. Mr. Rubin did not laugh and you are standing there saying you heard it. That is why I called you a liar. He did not laugh. I was sitting next to him.
THE COURT: Mr. Marshal –
MR. DELLINGER: And you made it up. It is about time this got out into the open so everybody could know what you are doing here. It is one thing to be prejudiced, it is another thing to be a liar.
THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, I ask you to restrain that man.
THE MARSHAL: Be quiet.
MR. KUNSTLER: He is trying to clarify the record.
THE COURT: He has got a lawyer.
MR. KUNSTLER: I am his lawyer and I represent –
THE COURT: That is right, and we have had enough of it.
MR. KUNSTLER: But the record must be crystal clear that it was not Mr. Dellinger, and it was not Mr. Rubin. Mr. Hoffman –
THE COURT: Mr. Dellinger said enough.
MR. KUNSTLER: Mr. Hoffman has taken the blame.
THE COURT: I have never sat in fifty years through a trial where a party to a lawsuit called the judge a liar.
MR. DELLINGER: Maybe they were afraid to go to jail rather than tell the truth, but I would rather go to jail for how long you send me than to let you get away with that kind of thing and people not realize what you are doing.
(clapping in courtroom)
THE COURT: Will you let the record show – I don't know, I get twisted between the defendants – the one in the middle.
MR. WEINER: Weiner.
A DEFENDANT: Davis.
MR. WEINER: Weiner.
THE COURT: Mr. Weiner applauded after that speech.
MR. KUNSTLER: So did half the courtroom, your Honor. I think that ought to be in the record.
THE COURT: Yes. If I could identify them, I would have the marshals order them out and I do order those who applauded and who were seen by the marshals to be taken out of the courtroom. Now, Mr. Weineruss – Weinglass.
MR. WEINGLASS: Weinglass, your Honor.
THE COURT: Whatever your name is. Continue with the examination of this witness, Mr. Weinglass.

Some of us at OZ are feeling old and boring, so we invite any of our readers who are under eighteen to come and edit the April issue. Apply at the OZ office in Princedale Road; W.11, anytime from 10am to 7pm on Friday, March 13. We will choose one person, several, or accept collective applications from a group of friends. You will receive no money, except expenses. You will enjoy almost complete editorial freedom. OZ staff will assist in purely an administrative capacity. If you like, write before March 13 and tell us who you are and would like to do with a 48 page two colour magazine . . . OZ belongs to you.

Plugs and Propaganda: In the US, where film plays an important revolutionary role, (although catered for to saturation point by Eastman-Kodak and big business) Underground film makers are making features on 8mm which although, once derogatively assigned to amateurs is now the most accessible means of film-making for those interested in filmic self-expression. This gauge is light, compact and easy to handle. People like Stan Brakhage & Bruce prefer to sell 8mm copies of their films rather than rent 16mm copies at a comparable price. As a result, people are beginning to build up 8mm film libraries like they began their record collections. Having a film at home means you can watch it over and over again, important when today's films are often as complex as rock music. Soon, such films will be able to be slotted into TV sets without need to set up projector, speakers or screen, and magazines like OZ will be sold in film-cassettes. (See Acid Flix P.32)
Note: Films of New Cinema Can be rented from The London Filmmaker's Co-Operative. Tel: 387 8980 or seen at New Arts Lab, 1 Robert St. NW.1, Electric Cinema, 191 Portobello Rd, London W.11, Angry Arts, Camden Studio, Camden Street, NW.1, and New Cinema Club (no permanent home, Tel: 734 5888).
The new film magazine CINEMANTICS 117 Hartfield Rd, London SW.19, shows some concern for the New Cinema. Jonas Mekas' FILM CULTURE, quarterly from Box 1499, GPO New York 10001 has done much to define the aesthetics of the movement. CINIM published by London Film-Makers' Co-Operative irregularly, attempts the same for the local scene.
NEWSREEL, CINEMA ACTION, the TATTOOIST group, and THE OTHER CINEMA are preparing alternative distribution methods in this country to challenge the hegemony of the two commercial circuits.
The TATTOOIST group, in an attack on fuddy-duddy British TV have predicted, if present reactionary trends are not halted, the ultimate Man Alive programme: it will show the last 28 minutes and 30 seconds of a man's life. He will die on cue, behind the producer's credit. The Producer goes on to win the 'Documentary of the Year' prize, sponsored by an evening paper.

Extract from an interview with Senator Malcolm Scott, Minister for Customs and Excise, Australia.
Q. Why haven't you got some people on the censorship board who may be more qualified in knowing what might have a tendency to deprave and corrupt – like a psychologist, for example.
A. Just because you want to see filth on the screen, it is no reason why the majority should bend for a few perverts.
Q. But aren't you forcing your own morality upon everyone else?
A. It's the will of the majority.
Q. Why have you banned Portnoy's Complaint?
A. It was the worst book I've ever read.
Q. How many books have you read? Some people regard it as one of the best books published in 1969.
A. It's filthy. You are all perverts.
Q. Why did you ban *I Love You Love* (a film by Stig Bjorkman)
A. Those continental films! All you want is filth on the screen. Filth! Filth! Filth! Eighteen people in Australia have seen that film and they all think that the couple were . . . (pause) . . . having sex.

Community heads raise their heads: The Crypt Club, 240 Lancaster Rd. W.11, is open every Wednesday from 7.30 pm for everyone and everything – music, poetry, art, folk, jazz and good underground ambience. Sometimes guest artists and light shows. Admission 2/6 or 3/6 depending what's on.
Also new in the Grove. Magazine called *Your Thing* replacing *Interzone A.* Articles on music, art, mysticism etc. Letters, reviews, poetry and classified ads. Rates: FREE up to 6 words, then 6d per word. 10 min. A newsletter, *Scene West Eleven* dealing with news and useful information for people living in Portobello/Notting Hill area will also appear shortly. If anyone can help with office space, elderly typewritters or in any way at all, contact Dale at Release, 50a Princedale Road, W.11. Tel: 229 7753.
Being added to those ubiquitous but only ethereally functional underground organisations, UPS, COSMIC, LNS, etc, is AUM, the Alliance of Underground Media, whose aim is to unify underground radio with underground magazines and newspapers. AUM has headquarters at 528 Lambert Rd, Orange, Connecticut 06477. *Are* there any underground radio stations in England?
The Committee for Ideals in Mental Practices is organising at the moment the greatest petition ever held in Great Britain. The petition's purpose is to free the field of mental healing from vested interests, commercial and political, thereby safeguarding individual rights, improving legislation for those undergoing mental treatment preventing brainwashing, and other malpractices, such as the misuse of Pentathol, the truth drug. Those interested in signing the petition or helping any other way, contact the Committee at 5 Sutton Road, Heston, Middlesex, England.
Peace News England's doyen 'Underground' newspaper, and first to join UPS, which has been giving peace a chance since before World War II, needs to raise £3000 urgently to balance deficits on their campaign work to date. Help their Annual Appeal, write to The Treasurer, Peace News, 5 Caledonia Road, London, N.1.

The pilot issue of AGRO which appeared in January was a real newspaper of the streets – direct, aggressive, anti-sentimental. "The emergence of the Street Communes and of AGRO marks the dissolution of the rift between the 'political' and the 'cultural' wings of the underground . . . Agro will not be sold through bookshops or newsagents; it will be distributed through the same network of contacts which produces it . . . to develop a real underground communications system with its roots in specific local situations . . . Agro is not and isn't intended to be a commercial proposition. Contributors will be 'paid' in free copies to sell." The first issue with its promise of sections for greasers, heads, skinheads and skools together with FUCK (Free Underground Campaign for Kids) Manifesto, has not yet materialised. What has happened to all that revolutionary fervour? Maybe a subscription would help. Send 25s for 24 issues (6 months) to AGROKULTCHUR, BCM, Box 890, London W.C.1. Money doesn't talk, it swears.

ROUNDHOUSE: 10-16 MARCH a completely *new* kind of pop and theatrical Festival. Mysticism, madness, musical carnival and Quicksilver Messenger Service, Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Sunshine Tribe. INQUIRIES: FLA 9533

Head books

Have you noticed how little (if at all) you are going to the local pub these days? Having discovered that it is possible to be smashed, keep on the stereo headphones AND read, I have managed over the past couple of weeks to get through several recently published books which are all of great interest to anyone who happens to be living the revolution. "All I am trying to do is to get the people who smoke pot and take acid talking to the people who dont and clear up some of the paranoia around," says Allen Ginsberg in *Paterfamilias – Allen Ginsberg in America,* by Jane Kramer (published by Gollancz at 42s.) which is a guide, through Ginsberg, to the literary beat generation and the very non-literary hippies who followed. mdern day Walt Whitman, and everybody's favourite flower-powered beatnik, Ginsberg has come a long and fascinating way since the desperate days of Howl. Despite his journeys to the East, he still has his feet planted firmly on the ground – his paradise is an earthy bohemian one. He's a mystic but very much an American one, and there's nothing ethereal or ascetic about him. Enthusiasm is something which everyone has or can generate, but with Ginsberg it's like a gift from the Gods. He's into everything and everybody, and demonstrates such tolerance, understanding and affection, that he has become the unregenerate go-between between the world of the drop-out and square. He's the complete, ideal mid-twentieth century man, and has evolved an easy going communal life-style which actually works, unlike the hippie communes and acid enclaves which rapidly degenerate into closed, exclusive groups which are totally at odds

Illustrations from "The word as image" Bowler/Studio Vista

with the mass of society. "One sacrament is as good as the next one" says Ginsberg, "if it works." He has called himself a Buddhist Jewish pantheist, and charged with a great sense of responsibility, particularly towards young people, he moves easily in a world populated by everyone from Hells Angels, mushroom fiends and Swamis to Episcopal ministers and US Senators. Much more than Mae West, he has "bin places and seen things" and the American hot dog, colour TV and the urban ghetto form as much a part of his experience es the hermit's mountain cave, the Ganges, the I Ching, Tangier, Blake and tantric yoga.

He's so full of common sense. "Just taking acid's no yoga. Yoga is getting through acid, knowing what to do with it. Yoga is how to be *neat* when you're high." I remember at the very end of the great Albert Hall poetry reading in 1965, with the management pleading "Please leave. If you have homes to go to, please go to them . . . oh why don't you leave?" followed by the threat of police and firemen, Ginsberg, still chanting and clanking on his Tibetan cow bells was carried shoulder high through the crowd. As he passed one of London's first long haired youths who had adoringly caught his eye, he shouted "Wanna fuck?". The boy almost frozen with embarrassment, dumbly shook his head. Ginsberg shouted, "Then get fucked," and was carried struggling and clanking down the nearest stairway.

Timothy Laary's *Politics of Ecstasy* (McGibbon & Kae, 36s. hardback, and soon (April 19) in Paladin paperback) could be another key document to whatever you are doing with your life these days. It is a collection of mindbending essays and articles from the high priest of chemical ecstasy himself, some of them from as far back as 1962, others very new. All of it is hard core sales talk for the psychedelic revolution. It's all there, including the famous Playboy interview in which he called LSD 'the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered by man', his answers to such crucial questions as what will happen to society after everyone turns on, tunes in and drops out, a homage to Aldous Huxley who, took a massive dose of acid several hours before he died of cancer, the seven levels of consciousness and the specific drugs to turn on each level, and so on. "Drugs are the Religion of the People — the Only Hope is Dope" headlines Leary. All you do with one of society's misfits is shoot him up with the right dope. At the moment, Leary must be wondering what is the right dope for him, because his campaign for Governor of California is turning into something of a bed trip — like Mailer's for Mayor of New York. Leary is discovering that politics and ecstasy don't really mix. In political terms, acid is anarchy, and Leary, bringing his version to the good people of California, feels for the sake of votes, that he has to deny this. He has become a psychedelic Billy Graham. A role which he has taken up because no one else will. Somebody had to be the prostitute, the rationaliser of an irrational visionary experience. Whistle stop acid tours, ticker tape acid welcomes, 500 dollar plate acid dinners, drum majorettes and acid conventions, Trip toe Through the Tulips campaign song, and all the paraphernalia of the old politics harnessed for Paradise Now. Leary, says Ron Rosenbaum, writing in the Village Voice (8.1.70) now believes there is no such thing as a bad trip, just a bad setting. Civilisation end cities ere the worst setting and therefore the only place to take a trip is somewhere untainted by society. Every man his holy mountaintop. This sounds like a defeat — just like the hippie retreat to the desert communes is a defeat. Leary is sick of his political showman burden and once more demonstrates the difficulty of 'a successful fusion of personal liberation and political action'. Even Abbie Hoffman is more of a Weathermen than a Yippie these days.

Celebrated London freak, Robin Farquharson, lays further claim to wrongful omission from the Beautiful Freaks edition of OZ (No. 24) with the publication in England (Basil Blackwell, Oxford 40s.) of *Theory of Voting* which won a prize in the States in 1961 an; is now an essential text for students of political science. It is elegantly printed with lots of totally mystifying black and red diagrams. Much more readable is *Drop Out* by the same author, which was published a couple of yaars ago and sold very badly. There was only a fledgling alternative society to drop into in those days, and what Robin Farquharson found, despite a single disastrous acid trip, was more akin to the Salvation Army, doss house, park bench, meths head world of the tramp than the more comfortable drug lined communal scene of the Ladbroke Grove hippie. He has survived and prospered however, and in 1970 he had been much in evidence at the New Arts Lab burning £5 notes and outlining a fantastic plan for a 32 storey commune at Centrepoint.

Penguin has just published *The Teachings of Don Juan* by Carlos Castaneda, which has been described by Theodore Roszak as 'a uniquely important contribution to our burgeoning psychedelic literature.' The author spent five years with Don Juan a Yaqui Indian, renowned as a sorcerer in the American South West. The book details his hallucinogenic experiences using peyote, jimson weed and a mushroom called humito. A warning to those who intend to rush into the English countryside looking for our local hallucinogenic, Fly Algaric. Somehow, up until now I had never made the connection between the prevalence of mushroom, toadstools, fairies and elves, gnomes in children's books, and hallucinatory drugs. Now I know. For those feeling like some more orthodox revolutionary reading, there is the Fontana paperback series *Modern Masters* — 'men who have changed and are changing the life and thought of our age.' Marcuse, Guevara, Camus, Levi-Strauss and Fanon are available. I liked Andrew Sinclair's Guevara best. He has so much liking and hero-worship for his subject. "History will probably treat Guevara as the Garibaldi of his age, the most admired and loved revolutionary of his time . . . for the rich nations of the earth, and for the corrupt governments that rule many of the poor nations, the dead Che is a terrible and a beautiful enemy."

Jim Anderson.

Chaoz

Television fails because the people producing it have linear, logical, departmentalised, alien, pre-tv thought processes. To most of them, a great tv programme is like a great book, only visual. That's why oldies on both sides of the screen are enthralled by the Forsyth Saga (it has been repeated 4 times). When fresh talent does somehow survive the gauntlet of Oxbridge bureacracy and burst onto the tv screens, it is invariably brained by the critics. Ken Russell's Dance of the Seven Veils was the best thing on the box since Tony Palmer's All My Loving and was as universally despised by the press, who raised such irrelevancies as taste, objectivity and accuracy — who cares? — not Russell as he flippantly demonstrated by consciously confusing Richard Strauss with Johann.

While the existing mentality prevails, a televisual equivalent of this magazine could never be produced because the programme controllers wouldn't be able to classify it. Is it Light Entertainment or Current Affairs? And if they could squeeze it into a slot, it could never squeeze out of it. The remoteness of most of television to the lives and ideas of young people is expressed in the intensifying search for alternative tv stations. John Hopkins' recent tv workshop at the New Arts Lab proved — even with its primitive, portable Sony equipment — that the medium is, in his own words, "a living thing". (Write to him at IRATV, 1 Robert Street, London, N.W.1. for information on the planned tv network). If OZ could afford to buy half an hour on tv, these are some of thing's we'd do!

— Chaoz would begin after the man says, "Don't forget to turn off your sets" — so only the lazy surprised delighted few would see the first programme.

— Studio to be equipped with at least three interview or 'happening' booths. The screen could be split into three so all interviewees are seen simulatenously. Volume would vary in proportion to interest value. If activities in all booths were fascinating then, each dialogue could be technically separated (tone controls or sound tricks) and our ear could decide upon which one to concentrate.

— These interviewees or guests would not, of course, be celebrities — just likeable unknowns or those who had something to say. There could be a regular 'freak-of-the-week'.

— Camera men and technicians to share in the anarchy — to shoot or ignore what they fancy.

— Programmes from rival channels should be screened simultaneously with Chaoz in small, autonomous squares elsewhere on the screen.

— Life goes on. Chaoz to link-up with a closed circuit traffic camera or a special camera to be left at Victoria Station to be cut to at odd intervals.

— Instant feedback. Telephones to be plugged into the sound system — those ringing in with interesting reactions to Chaoz could be immediately amplified. Sound links between floor manager, producer etc could also be relayed.

— Guest pop groups to play one continuous piece — to be fed through Chaoz intermittently or permanently superimposed.

— Famous old movie always to be shown on studio screen — to be cut to occasionaly.

— Sometimes the whole show could be a softly lit screen projecting amazing sound effects. It will tantalise/infuriate the viewer.

— Surprise conventional items — eg, straight face to camera monologues on contemporary issues.

— Topical news footage to be screened, suitable doctored, animated, juxtaposed, falsified.

— People involved in Chaoz would be anonomous and generally unavailable for comment.

— Many of the creative decisions could be made randomly by computer.

— Help create Chaoz — send us any ideas for a new style tv or, better still, cut this page out and post it to Huw Wheldon, managing director, BBC Television, Wood Lane, White City, London, W12.

The man who ordered meat at the Macrobiotic Restaurant.

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ACID OZ

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SEX FAIR SPECIAL

27

THE ACID FACTS

(LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE (LSD 25)

WHAT IS LSD'S PHYSICAL FORM?
LSD IS A CRYSTALINE WHITE POWDER FREELY SOLUBLE IN CHLOROFORM AND LESS SO IN WATER. IT CAN BE PACKAGED IN ANYTHING - SUGAR CUBE, CAPSULE, FINGERNAIL DIRT.

HOW IS IT ADMINISTERED?
USUALLY ORALLY, IT CAN BE INJECTED BUT THE EFFECT'S THE SAME, AND ORALLY IS MUCH CLEANER.

WHY IS IT CALLED LSD. WHY NOT LAD?
LSD WAS SYNTHESIZED IN 1938 AT SANDOZ LABS SWITZERLAND BY STOLL & HOFFMAN. ITS EFFECTS WERENT DISCOVERED TILL 1943 WHEN HOFFMAN DIDN'T WASH HIS HANDS BEFORE LUNCH - THEY NAMED IT "LYSERGE SAURE DIETHYLAMID" - (EVIL DESTROYER OF OUR NATIONS YOUTH)

IN WHAT PHARMACOLOGICAL CATEGORY IS LSD?
ITS CALLED PSYCHOTOGENIC, PSYCHOTOMIMETIC HALLUCINOGENIC OR PSYCEDELIC DEPEDDING ON THE ATTITUDE OF THE WRITER

TO WHAT OTHER DRUGS IS LSD RELATED?
LSD IS AN INDOLEAKY LAMINE LIKE DMT, PSYLOCIN AND LBOGAINE. THESE ALL HAVE CHEMICAL STRUCTURES BUILT AROUND SEROTONIN A SUBSTANCE ALWAYS FOUND PRESENT IN THE HUMAN BRAIN...

AN IMBALANCE OF SEROTONIN - SUCH AS IS FOUND IN THE BRAINS OF SCHIZOPHRENICS - CAN CAUSE HALLUCINATIONS. YOU CAN EVEN TURN ON FROM SHOOTING UP BLOOD FROM A SCHIZO (ARE THINGS BEGINNING TO HANG TOGETHER) THIS IS WHY SOME PSYCHOLOGISTS CALL ACID HEADS PSYCHOTIC. WHAT IF THEY'RE RIGHT? IS A PSYCHOTIC STATE ALWAYS BAD? MAYBE ENLIGHTENMENT IS A WELL MANAGED PSYCHOSIS - AND THE HYSTERICAL KID WITH THE MESSED UP HEAD HAS A MISMANAGED PSYCHOSIS

WHAT IS THE USUAL DOSAGE?
ACCORDING TO FOLKLORE, 120 to 250 MICROGRAMS — LESS THAN A SPECK OF DUST BUT *NO ONE REALLY KNOWS*. ACID IS ONE OF THE MOST *DOSE INDEPENDANT* DRUGS KNOWN. YOU CAN'T ALWAYS VARY EFFECTS BY VARYING DOSES — 25 MIKES MIGHT HIT YOU LIKE 1000 HITS YOUR FRIEND BUT NO ONES EVER DIED OF AN OVERDOSE.

MOST STREET ACID CONTAINS ONLY A FRACTION OF THE AMOUNT NEEDED FOR A REAL TRIP.

WHY ARE THE DOSAGE RULES DIFFERENT FOR LSD?
FOR A BIG HEADACHE YOU TAKE TWO ASPIRIN, FOR A LITTLE HEADACHE YOU TAKE ONE ASPIRIN, BECAUSE IT ACTS DIRECTLY ON YOUR BODY WHILE IT'S INSIDE YOU. BUT LSD IS A "CATALYST" ACTING INDIRECTLY TO TRIGGER A CHEMICAL REACTION THAT DOES'T INCLUDE THE ACID ITSELF. ALL THE STUFF IS IN YOU ALREADY - THE LSD GIVES IT JUST A PUSH AND IT IS OUT OF YOUR BODY BEFORE YOU START TRIPPING. IT'S ONLY ONE OF SEVERAL TRIGGERS. YOU CAN DO IT WITH FASTING AND PRAYING, WITH STROBES, WITH A GOOD ORGASM.

NOTE: YOU CANNOT TURN ON LONDON BY DOPING THE WATER SUPPLY. LSD BREAKS DOWN IN A FEW HOURS IN WATER - FASTER IN CHLORINATED WATER. ITS OK IN PUNCH THOUGH

WHAT ARE THE GOOD SIDE EFFECTS?

WOW

HOW DOES LSD ACHIEVE ITS EFFECTS?
THERE ARE MANY THEORIES, MOST AGREEING THAT IT'S A CATALYST BUT NO ONE REALLY KNOWS. THIS IS ANOTHER REASON DOCTORS DON'T WANT YOU TAKING IT. DOUBLETHINK! WE THINK DON'T KNOW HOW ASPIRIN WORKS, THO' IT CAUSES NAUSEA AND DEATH NO ONE THOUGH HAS ADVOCATED IMPRISONMENT FOR POSSESSION.

LSD AIRLINES

WHAT ARE THE POSSIBLE BAD SIDE EFFECTS?
PANIC: SEE LEFT ABOUT FREAKING OUT
PARANOIA: YOU GET SUPER SUPER-SUSPICIOUS OF PEOPLE, THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO CONTROL YOUR MIND. MAY OR MAY NOT BE A BAD EFFECT. YOU COULD BE RIGHT.
RECURRENCES: SEE LEFT ABOUT THIS
ACCIDENTAL DEATH: RARE, BUT IT HAS HAPPENED. IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE A GUIDE, PREFERABLY NOT TRIPPING, BUT DON'T GET ONE SO STRAIGHT HE'LL FREAK OUT WATCHING YOU.
LOSS OF ABILITY TO THINK RATIONALLY ETC: LOT'S OF STRAIGHTS CAN'T DO THIS. MANY WOULD "FREE ASSOCIATE" LOGIC CAN BE A HELP OR A HINDRANCE . HOW DO YOU WANT TO RUN YOUR LIFE?
BIRTH DEFECTS: THE ISSUE OF LSD AND CHROMOSOME DAMAGE IS A HUGE HOAX! CONCEIVED IN VINDICTIVENESS AND NURTURED IN FEAR, THE SUGGESTION THAT LSD MAY CAUSE GENETIC MUTATION WAS MAGICALLY TRANSFORMED INTO CONVICTION
HOW? THE FIRST EXPERIMENT — OF HIGHLY QUESTIONABLE VALIDITY — WAS MOTIVATED TO SHOW LSD ISN'T AS INNOCUOUS AS SOME PEOPLE MIGHT THINK. WHICH SHOULD HAVE SHOULD'VE KILLED THE RESEARCH RIGHT THERE [SCIENCE VOL 155] THE PAPER WAS USED TO LAUNCH A WELL-PLOTTED AND MONSTROUSLY DISTORTED PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN.
DROP THIS ON PEOPLE WHO BAD RAP ACID: MANY MORE CHICKS ARE TAKING ACID THAN EVER TOOK THALIDOMIDE. IF ACID ACTED LIKE THALIDOMIDE HOSPITALS WOULD BE FILLED WITH MONSTER BABIES. WHERE ARE THEY? IF YOU'RE WORRIED DON'T DROP WHEN PREGNANT.
HOW LONG IS THE TRIP?
USUALLY 8 to 14 HOURS. FOR SOME PEOPLE A BAD TRIP (PSYCHOTIC EPISODE) CAN LAST DAYS OR YEARS.
RECURRENCES — YOU CAN ALSO HAVE TRIPLETS OF FULL TRIPS THAT HAPPEN DAYS, WEEKS OR MONTHS AFTER YOU'VE DROPPED. THIS CAN BE A GROOVE OR A FREAKOUT DEPENDING HOW YOU TAKE IT. IF YOU ARE AFRAID OF LOSING YOUR MIND — YOU WILL. YOU'RE CHANCE OF FREAKOUT IS HIGHEST IF YOUR HEAD IS MESSED IN THE FIRST PLACE - ALMOST NIL IF YOU'RE HEALTHY AND HONEST.
CAN LSD CAUSE DEPENDENCE?
NO! IF YOU DROP TOO OFTEN IT LOSES ITS EFFECT. MOST HEAVY HEADS SAY DON'T DROP MORE THAN ONCE EVERY 2 OR 3 MONTHS SO YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO WORK WITH WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED.
WHAT ABOUT PSYCHOLOGICAL DEPENDENCE?
ACID'S NOT A COMFORTABLE ESCAPE FROM "REALITY" IT MAKES YOU FACE THINGS YOU TRIED TO FORGET. ALCOHOL & HEROIN ARE MUCH BETTER IF YOU'RE INTO THAT.
NOBODY GETS HUNG UP ON ACID WHO WOULDN'T HAVE GOT HUNG UP ON SOMETHING ELSE ANYWAY MANY WHO DROP ACID DEVELOP A SET OF VALUES WHICH IBM WOULD CALL UNREALISTIC HEADS MIGHT HAVE THINGS TO SAY ABOUT THE VALUES OF IBM EXECUTIVES...
LETS LIVE & LET LIVE...
HOW CAN A BAD TRIP BE STOPPED?
ASPIRIN POISONING HAS NO ANTIDOTE - THERE ARE LOTS OF WAYS TO STOP AN ACID TRIP. NIACINAMIDE IS PROBABLY BEST AND SHOULD BE INJECTED IF POSSIBLE. MANDRAX IS OK.
ORANGE JUICE WOULD DO, TOO, IF YOU COULD SWALLOW ENOUGH. TRANQUILIZER WILL BRING YOU DOWN HARD. EMERGENCY ONLY. THORAZINE IS PARTICULARLY ROUGH - LIBRIUM IS BETTER. EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN THAT A GOOD GUIDE CAN 'TALK' YOU OFF A BAD TRIP WITH MUCH BETTER RESULTS. THE PRESENCE OF A TRUSTED FRIEND MAY HELP ALOT. GOOD TRIPS FOLKS

The chemical revolution.

To trip is human, to revolt divine!

What follows is part of a lecture given at the Psychedelic Convention which met in November of 1968 by Dr. Victor Jasha who heads the Sociology Department at Adelphi University in New York. It is a good analysis of what drugs are in terms of sociology; the Dr. hypothesises that psychedelics are primative, psychochemical machines by which a new generation seeks to master a new range of societal forces.

I. HISTORY AS INQUIRY

A few years ago heroin was a medication of choice to which many adolescents looked for an anaesthetic revelation of their desires, as William James called it. We hypothesised that these young people sought from heroin a temporary relief from the falterings of an imperfect civilization which inflicted upon them the impossible task of seeking a forbidden deliverence from their lower class plight. The situation was relatively uncomplicated. One drug, one class, even one principle ethnicity. ethnicity. Making it possible to generalize from the particular turmoil of those adolescents to others in similar plights.

Quickly, thereafter, a much younger population, no higher in class but quite different in ethnicity, seized on the inhalation of glue fumes and similar substances for the relief of their special turmoil forcing a modification of prior hypotheses, not ethnicity, but also with regard to the range and scope of the substances chosen. One could still adhere, however, to the view that drug misuse was the predilection of a relatively small number of 'deviants' in our society without risking professional scorn, although it was becoming increasingly clear that the problem was becoming serious.

Then as everyone knows, LSD use spread among middleclass youth of the nation as fire to a field of hay. Spreading with an array of substances, marijuana, mescaline,peyote, psilosybin, and DMT, etc., across ages, classes, ethnicities, cities, and subcultures.

The situation became more and more to resemble the well stocked bar of the average American home. Such that, specific drugs for specific experiences at specific times and places became the rule rather than the exception.

The drug scene, like that of its parents, produced connoisseurs conversant with a variety of drugs which induced desired experiences under chosen circumstances with degrees of social appropriatness shaded as finely as gradations as the Japanese bough.

The 'problem' it was agreed, had reached epidemiological proportions. It was only occasionally noted en passant that the new drugs had been available and in use by a small numbe number of cognoscente for 20 years (Hoffman invented acid in '46, Bucky Fully was into acid in '46 — dig that!, Amazing) and that some had been in use for literally thousands of years.

WHY DO IT NOW?

The question arose:— Why are so many young people now using so many drugs? Parallels drawn to the use of alcohol, sleeping pills, stimulants tranquilizers, cigarettes, asprin, and a veritable horde of socially sanctioned analgesics/were deemed not to the point. This was said to be different. It was not difficult to assemble data from magazines and newspaper accounts supporting the view that a stratification of drug tastes is in evidence. That lower class youths preferred body drugs, heroin, morphine, (speed); upper-lower youths were beginning to favor speed, meth, amphetamine and other stimulants. That the initial samples of LSD users seemed to be drop-outs from a middle-class style of life. That their parents were astonished to find that they, the young, were not enjoying to the hilt, and were, in fact, specifically critical, as we've heard, of this alleged crass materialism, that is to say, its spiritual vacuum.

The out of hand rejection of affluence was especially shocking to those to whom and by whom this affluence was newly won. It asks the nouveau bourgeois. It asks us. As some noted, this, the problem, was also international like the jet set chronicled in the mass media, youth in many world cities were equally conversant, though differentially supplied, with a whole panicle of drugs that so concerned their elders.

To make matters worse, it emerged that the therapy industry, to which parents had been accustomed to turn for relief of their offspring's scientific method one had to abandon hypotheses that one held dear, restricted as to age, drug, or locale, for now the 'problem' was manifestly societal in incidence if not yet demonstrably in prevalence. And, if not yet demonstrably in origin. We set ourselves therefore, the task of examining those societal prophecies which might help us to answer the query now heard in virtually all quarters. Why indeed are so many young people using so many drugs in so many ways?

II. SOCIOGENESIS

B.F. Skinner could not have devised a more negative stimulus for young people in the East Village who regularly use psychedelic drugs than the word Bellvue (laughter). A hospital on the fringe of the community which they regard somewhat less positively as a medieval dungeon repleat with chambers of torture. The establishment it is said to represent found itself hoist by its own petard when its propaganda convinced an already irate citizenry that LSD turns sweet faced youngsters into psychotic monsters, dangerous criminals, irrepressible rapists, habitual thieves, etc. since the public turned right around and demanded, for its safety, that these same either be incarcerated or therapized and preferably both.

Although the young avoided both with nimble and embarrasing alacrity, they were made aware, and made no secret among themselves, however. that living in poverty (voluntary), using drugs whose street calibrated dosages bore little, if any relationship to actual content, sometimes created psychological, sociological and medical problems which might benefit from the administrations of psychotherapists, physicians and other community craftsmen, if only a 'hip' variety of these could be found.

A number of helping institutions soon decided that, idealogical differences notwithstanding, there were more young people with more unmet needs than history had witnessed in a long time, such that, their ameliorative intervention could no longer be deliberated.

Mountains of bureaucracy shuttered and hippie projects were founded, the most famous being Dr. Smith's clinic in Haight-Ashbury. A less famous semi-counterpart, called the Village

know how, acid is a pleasant, but powerful, 'toy.'

CYBERNATION

The second trend: Cybernation. Contemporary society has the power to communicate vast amounts of information almost instantly, just as the first generation of mass media, which is prints or film, fostered mass consumption through mass advertising at the behest of mass production. So now the second generation of media, the electronics (audio and video tape, computerized pattern recognition, etc.), have created an era of almost total communication, where nothing is foreign, nothing remote. In McLuhan's terms, the content of the electric media is the former mechanical media; just as the content of the trip is yesterday's psychology. Once a psychoanalytic foray was bedrock — now, all such forays become the ingredient of the emergent psychic forms called 'trips.' It will be perceived that electricity is common to both the societal trends, that the Villagers put forward as explanation of the roots of psychedelia, which supports the view that if Hoffman hadn't invented acid, it would have been necessary to do so since acid renders the organism capable of enjoying the information overloads which have become characteristic of an electrified society. In the wake of such massive societal forces, it follows that new social forms must emerge to handle, as a trip handles for the individual, the information impact on social organization. Hence, the retribalization process, which McLuhan has described, is said to be the accommodation that youth culture has made to its new electric environment. The commune, be it urban or rural, which is an insignificant distinction in an era of total communication, is a natural social response to the age of electric sociogenesis, (so they say, the rap session people). The convergence then, of automation and cybernation, is offered by East Villagers as the explanation for the existence of the roots of the psychedelic drug subculture. These drugs, they say, are simply the psychochemical equivalents of the electric society in which automated energy is cybernetically processed. Just as there are said to be two fundamental societal processes at the root of the psychedelic culture,

young people, is single handedly responsible for the birth pangs of a whole new civilization, ought not be drawn. For every sane 'head' that we have confronted, there are two lost, and two mad ones. And yet the point lies deeper. For if, as it seems, there is a new culture aborning, then for many, the birth process is extremely painful, if not injurious, but not, and I emphasize, for all.Once this is understood, one also understands why the young will gladly ignore a serious upper respiratory infection (gained from a shared pipe, perhaps), or a piece of glass in a bared foot (gathered on a stroll together), they are felt as red badges of couragious solidarity incurred in a collective struggle, in a revolution, as they say, with nothing less than the 'culture' itself as the enemy.

III. UNDERSTANDING UNDERSTANDING MEDIA

The audience will recall that we have set ourselves the task of understanding why the psychedelic culture understands itself the way it does, and that our inquiry regards the electric metaphor, that they use, as the manifest content which requires explanation.

Lying to my discipline, stated explanations are called ideologies, themselves requiring explanation. Sociologists refer to this specialty as a 'sociology of knowledge.' A field heavily indebted to giants such as Marx, Monheim, and Marcuse for their elaboration of the view that men's situations determine their thoughts far more than their thoughts determine their situations. Thus armed, we turn our attention to the social process which has elevated the electric metaphor into the status of a believed mythology.

It was Marx correcting Hegel who first revealed what is now regarded as a commonplace, although at first it seemed esoteric and arcane. In the dialectical view, when men reflect on their situation, they diagnose the injustices of their situation and then seek to change it. They attempt to change the world as they find it, into the world that they would like it to be, by their work. When, by their work, they do transform that situation and then again, reflect on it, they, like God and Genesis, see the world they have made is good or at least more just than it was. This

'alleged' symptoms, was increasingly regarded with suspicion, distrust, and not occasionally with outright distain by young drug users. Partly because parents assumed that drug use was ipso facto, pathicpneumonic of emotional disorder and partly because legislatures decreed that durg use was ipso facto criminal. In short, the young were told that a major norm of their subculture was either sick or wrong. Although no one could dispute their right to a subculture, of course, without depreciating his right to having his own. Intellectuals murmured 'double bind' and youth growled 'hypocrisy.'

THE PEOPLE

Into this breech, bravely rode the ill starred hippies (audience laughter) whose philosophy was abhorred by the very media which extolled and subsequently expropriated their esthetics.

Settling into Haight-Ashbury in California and the East Village in New York, the hippies pronounced, as the Spanglerian Beats before them, the imminent demise of western civilization. Unlike the beats, however, the hippies set about systematically replacing those institutions of the straight society which they charged had brutally alienated them from the joys of their own lives.

In July of '67, Dialectics of Liberation Conference convened in London by R.D. Laing, Allen Ginsberg described the new generation, which have been variously called 'hippies', 'flower children', 'love generation', the 'now generation', and subsequently the 'free men', as having a whole set of subcultural institutions of their own. The social workers, — they were the Diggers, the politicians — the Provos, the police — Hell's Angels and other bikers.

Religion consisted of an amalgam of Tibetan, Egyptian, Hindu, Zen, and astrological speculation. All facing in a deliberately mystical direction.

Drugs and sexual rituals serving as sacrements. For charismatic leaders, there were Leary, Kesey, Watts, and a whole bunch of others.

Language was reinvented, as was music, philosophy, art, morality, justice, truth, and beauty, and the rest of the Greek transcendentals, each received a psychedelic rebirth and transfiguration.

Extensive media coverage of these events turned most Americans, whether they liked it or not, into observers of the psychedelic scene, in varying amounts and degrees of participant observation. If one wished now to observe some aspiration of Project, attempts to care for some of the psycho-social ailments of the local residents, in the East Village.

Rap session participants at the Village project are uniformly agreed that 'dope', which is a hip word for the whole panicle of drugs, is not causal, that is to say, it is a necessary but not a sufficient explanation of the hip style. That 'getting high', 'getting stoned', 'tripping', be it LSD, STP, mescaline, etc. and/or any desired combination is like opening a door, to other voices in other rooms, but after you've opened the door, it is up to you to keep walking and actually do the trip, during which, if you are up to it, you will meet all manners of new, 'turned on' experiences, which are very much your own solutions to your very individual plight.

AUTOMATION

Dropping out of alienated societal roles is said to be a prerequisite to genuine tripping, since the 'ego trips' of which society is said majorily to consist, become visible as cul-de-sacs and blind alleys to which a return is unthinkable. A new freedom, the right of fantasy as self-exploration is ordinarily proclaimed prior to tripping and only subsequently reinforced by 'good trips'. 'Bum trips' are said to be due to a fear of 'letting go' or to contaminated drugs but not simply to drugs themselves.

Uptight people are to be avoided during trips since their fears and their violence are said to be as contagious as they are dangerous. It is claimed, by rap session participants that two convergent trends in society are principally responsible for the dropout phenomenon to which the added enticement of tripping is secondary. These trends are: 1. Automation — the attainment of an incredibly high level of affluence and abundance in post-industrial, that is to say, computerized society, it is said, renders the work-for-a-living, or Calvinist ethos, a superfluous relic of the first mechanical-industrial revolution. Since supermarkets, restaurants, and other food merchants have far more than necessary, simply asking for the remainder provides enough to live on. This makes it possible to afford the leisure time needed to engage in self-exploration, also via tripping, sexual variety, residential mobility, and etc. Parents who covertly send checks, they can now easily afford to send now that junior has left home, are not rare. In short it is said that now that automation has replaced work, play assumes its rightfully central roll and if you so there are said to be two sick institutions which protagonists of the psychedelic experience diagnose as particularly in need of replacement.

WAR

War, it is said, is fought for the preservation of territoriality (which no longer matters in an age of planetary communication), by people who have not yet learned that all violence is self destructive exactly to the extent to which it is efficient. Wars which require the young to fight for the very values of the old which the young have rejected, are thus said to be doubly unjust in that they enroll pacifists in aggression and simultaneously pit young brothers (in an emergent planetary culture), against each other. Hence the young reject what they regard as a forced choice between suicide and fratricide. Besides, they add, the trip experience is as delicate and as fragile as it is lovely, to which even subtle psychological violence is abhorrent and disgusting, not to mention physical brutality. It is said, that trips teach the futility of violence, all violence, wars included.

EDUCATION

Schools which claim to teach the heritages of their societies are rejected no less vehemently and exactly for that claim. The young who proclaim the appropriateness of their electric sensibilities argue that a school system which attempts to force their industrial values is engaged in a process of mechanical propaganda no less insidious than any other form of brainwashing. It is said, that schools, and especially, multiversities, are information factories designed to process young people into readiness for alienated roles in the military-industrial complex from whom the young are already in full flight. Some even argue that universities are worse than battlefields since they are the training grounds for them without acknowledging that that is their basic nature. Universities are thus said to add hypocrisy to irrelevence to the electric age.

HEADRAP

As we've heard, every culture selects from the range of human potentials and moulds the organisms that are its raw stuff, in its own image. And every culture, by its agreement that some values and behaviours are central, define other values and other behaviours as peripheral, less central, or deviant. This is no less true of the subcultural participants in the Village Project. So, that in what follows, the inference that each and every one, of these marvelous process of work changing reflection leading to further work, is described as the dialectical relation between subculture (substructure, if you will), and its ideological superstructure. Thus, the industrial revolution, itself a new mode of changing the world, transformed the pre-industrial Calvinist's ideology of thrift, into the post-industrial Deblinist ideology of progress.

MOBILITY AND MASS MARKET

Mobility supplanted class struggle as inevitably as the machine replaced the biceps. It remained for Marcuse to show that society's efforts to generate demands, even beyond the greedy dreams of conspicuous consumers, requires them to foster what he called surplus repression, that is to say, to get people to believe that is was more important to repress instinctual eroticism than to develop it, because it was more important to consume, for society, than to transcend, that is to say, revolutionise society. Subsequently, Marcuse revealed that post-industrial society employs its media to establish an ideology hostile to transcendents itself. Such that citizens are bidden to remain one dimensional men, as he called them. Those who attempt to rise above the one dimension society permits, by creating works of two dimensions, (the prototype is the consciously alienated artist, right, who depicts the new dimension, in all of his transcendent glory), those who try that, will find their work reduced to one dimensionality through mass media mechanisms, that is to say, the artist who creates two dimensional work subjected to being mass produced and mass marketed, and thus made ordinary and routine if not forgery. The case in point was noted above, the expropriation of the psychedelic art form by the plastic advertising industry, the peak of which seems to be in Life Magazine, Look Magazine. The relevence of theories (Marx and Marcuse) to our inquiry is the following.

FOUR TIMES IN A DECADE

Marx envisioned a process that took a hundred years to have its full impact (the industrial revolution) and within that time Marcuse saw processes taking their toll in less than a generation. The Morning Times (N.Y.) paper of November 4th contains a column, in the business section, to be sure, on the third and fourth generation of computers which have all come about within a decade. Just to clarify, the generation of computers, the first generation of computers was made of vacuum tubes, the second generation was made of transistors, the third generation was made of integrated printed circuits (printed

Continued on Page 8

WHEW! WATTA DAY! THE MAN IS HOT AN' MY ASS IS KILLIN' ME!
ADAB!

HEY... FA-FA-A-A-R FUCKIN' OUT!

WHAT THE FUCK IS IT?

WHY ...THERE'S A FUCKIN' HOLE IN MY REALITY!

WOW!

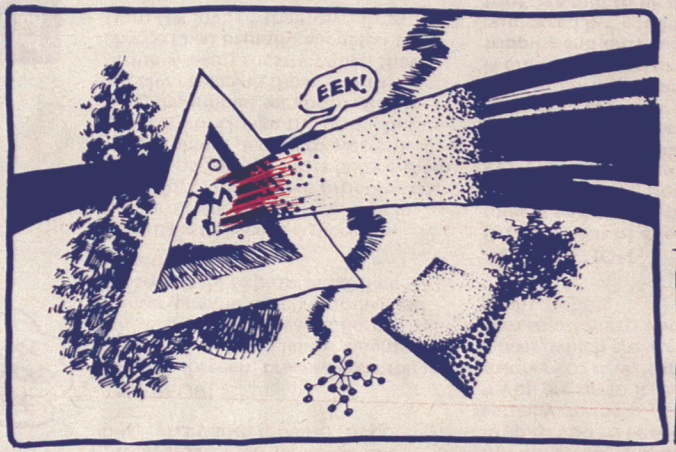
HA! SURE! WHY NOT!

Click

SOUVENIER OF 1st ANNUAL ACID

BOUNCE

STREAK


EEK!

RUSTLE
RUSTLE
CRUNCH
RUSTLE!
NAH!
FRAB
BLAT
OOOH!
FWOMP

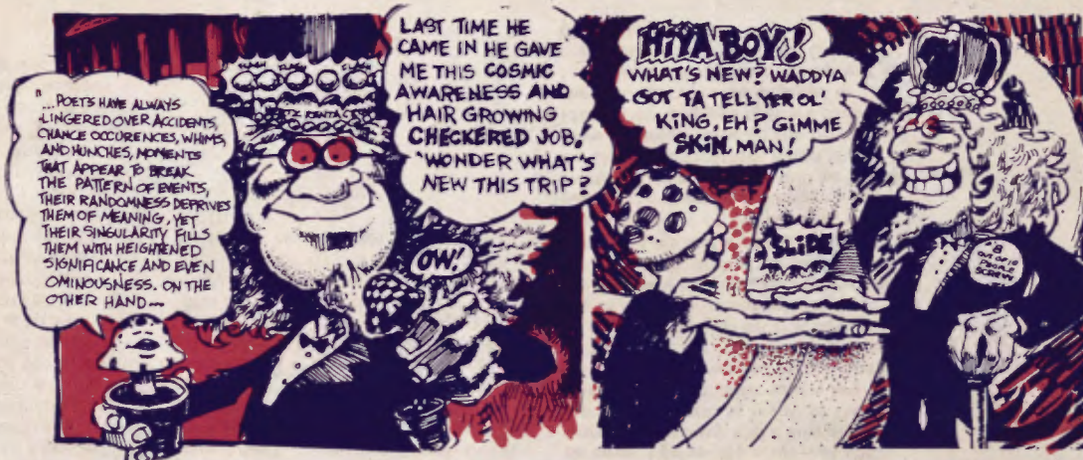
...NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN SIR, ARE YOU HURT? ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, I AM PETIPOO, KEEPER OF THE TALKING MUSHROOMS...
TWEET
TWEET
NERBLE...

THE KING WILL WANT TO MEET YOU, FORGURE. HE LIVES IN THE CITY OF LONG TOE STONE, A PLACE OF MUCH WONDER BEYOND THE WOODS OF BAD NEWS...UM, SIR... DO YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT?
ORK

VERY INTERESTING INDEED! AND YOU SAY THESE THINGS, THESE FINE "CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANDING" ITEMS WERE DECLARED ILLEGAL!?!
...AND THAT'S WHERE I CAME FROM AND HOW I GOT HERE!
YEAH!

FAR OUT! REMINDS ME OF OZ, SAN FRANCISCO, AND MAYBE MIAMI!
THAT BIG DOME IS A CHINESE RESTAURANT.
LONG TOE STONE'S NIGHT RUN

WHAT'S IN THE BIG PURPLE AND ORANGE HOUSE THAT LOOKS LIKE A PIE?
THE KING. HE DESIGNED IT HIMSELF. MUSHROOM PIE IS THE NATIONAL DISH AND PIE FIGHTING IS THE NATIONAL SPORT. HE HAS A PASSION
FOR BOTH.
...AND THEN, I GRABBED THE SLIMY SCOUNDREL BY THE... WHY LOOK, SHEEP! IT'S PETIPOO AND A STRANGER!! WONDER IF HE'S GOT ANY NEW MUSHROOMS?
HE'S GOT A NEW STRANGER...

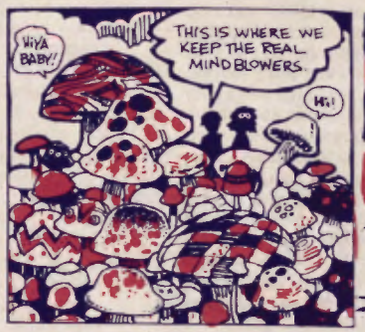

"...POETS HAVE ALWAYS LINGERED OVER ACCIDENTS, CHANCE OCCURENCES, WHIMS, AND HUNCHES, MOMENTS THAT APPEAR TO BREAK THE PATTERN OF EVENTS, THEIR RANDOMNESS DEPRIVES THEM OF MEANING, YET THEIR SINGULARITY FILLS THEM WITH HEIGHTENED SIGNIFICANCE AND EVEN OMINOUSNESS. ON THE OTHER HAND...
LAST TIME HE CAME IN HE GAVE ME THIS COSMIC AWARENESS AND HAIR GROWING CHECKERED JOB. 'WONDER WHAT'S NEW THIS TRIP?
OW!
HIYA BOY! WHAT'S NEW? WADDYA GOT TA TELL YER OL' KING, EH? GIMME SKIN, MAN!
SLIDE

GOT ANY NEW MUSHROOMS? AH HEH HEH

ONLY THIS LITTLE NUMBER FROM IDLLDERDLLFRAP ON THE MORNING TOAD.
Splendid!

SINCE HE'S THE KING HE GETS TO TRY ALL THE NEW ONES FIRST. 'OL BENTBRAINS TESTED 4,462 KINDS FOR US SO FAR!

PUFF
PUFF
RATHER NICE!
C'MON, I'LL SHOW YOU OUR MUSHROOMS.


HIYA BABY!
THIS IS WHERE WE KEEP THE REAL MIND BLOWERS.
HI!

WOULD YOU CONSIDER TRYING SOME OF OUR LATEST DEVELOPMENTS?

WHAT DO THEY DO TO YA?
JUST GO AHEAD AND EAT A FEW. THEY PRODUCE MANY KINDS OF...UM... UNUSUAL EFFECTS, AMONG OTHER THINGS.

MGOOD...
MM-HMM!
...THIS UN' KINA DRY...

FLASH

CHONG
AWK!
HIYA KID, HIYA!

GODZILLA MUTHAFUCKERS! I MUSTA O.D.'d ON THAT SHIT!!!
WITH / WITHOUT
CONTINUED OVER...

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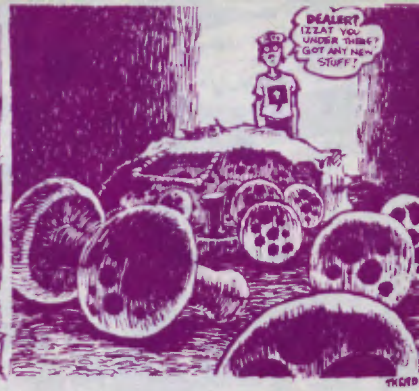

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silicone chips), and the fourth generation, which you haven't heard too much about, is Bioelectrics, living batteries. If we regard computers in general, in that decade, as the new technological means of production and information configuration, as the new ideological products of that process, we may calculate that societies now change ten times faster than their original depictions by Marx.

If we count each generation of computers separately, we confront a society which can change the structural basis of its ideology, four times within a decade. If ideologies are formed by reflection on the world we make by our labours, it follows that we are living in an era of such rapid change that those accustomed to it will regard even a five-year-old ideology as hopelessly irrelevant since it no longer describes the contemporary world. The extremity of this situation may be observed in what sociologists sometimes call the 'generation gap.' I prefer to call it intergenerational stratification (that's the academic thing again, sorry). In a society which changes so rapidly the very process of socialization in which parents attempt to acculturate their infants is doomed since the contents of that socialization will be obsolescent even before the process is over.

When the world changes four times in a decade, it had better invent a way of comprehending itself that changes as fast as experience does, and that, I argue, is exactly what psychedelics are. A psychochemical technology which no longer bothers with the simple enumeration of the content of processes but focuses the inner eye on the exponents of those processes. That, I submit, is the inner meaning of the term 'tripping' which is: focusing on the rates of change (as they are called, going through changes), of a changing experience and not simply on what is changing by itself.

CONFLICTS

Bitter conflicts are thus generated between those who do not know what tripping is. Who hurl the epithet of hedonism as if that finally were that. Other epthets are employed ranging all the way from 'subversion' to 'seduction'. Sub-cultural confrontations no less acrimonious than race riots have not been rare, and little documentation is needed to remind us but for one rare summer of flower power, relations between the police and the psychedelic community have been slightly less than cordial. The point of course is this: Tripping erects new forms of consciousness, giving rise to behaviours which uninitiates must regard as strange and unfamiliar, it not as weird, sick and demented. The public media revealed that this new sort of consciousness is exactly the issue. Is it sick? (We are asked, as professionals) Can it possibly be healthy?The science media, plus the mass media, are uniformly in agreement, and we have heard something about that already — the psychedelics alter the time-sense of experience.

WHO'S AHEAD

It lies in the very nature of generalization that once it is made it clarifies the particulars it has assumed. That's the way the mind works. We are all familiar with the experience of uncertainty, when perceiving a vaguely familiar object at a great distance, as we draw nearer and nearer its outlines become sharper and we exclaim ah yes! It's one of those', as we just saw in the case before us, with a slight variation. For acid, I believe, is only the first of many engines soon to be constructed which engenders the ability to generalize and classify, not objects, but times, thus the ability to dwell on rates of change brings with it the ability to more exquisitely dwell on instants of change. You see where the argument leads. Just as the automated, or second industrial revolution, generalized the first, by dealing with the informational exponents of energy processing rather than simply with the energy constellations called 'objects', one at a time, so the psychedelic, or the second, chemical revolution, generalized the first, which was the anesthetic one, by dealing with the temporal exponents of getting high rather than simply with getting stoned or drunk time after time after time after time. That is why the process of generalization which we poor mortals attribute to the power of our intelligences is a far more naturalistic process than we care to see. Generalization, it begins to emerge, is the natural process whereby instances transcend their classes of events just as galaxies generate stars which expand the limits of the galaxies, as men make worlds which outmould their world views, so now we are witnessing, in my view, one of the most far reaching revolutions ever to come from human effort. That is to say, we are beginning to pass beyond the era of human history, which, impelled by a scarcity of objects clung to the dream that the production of many objects would set us free. Now that the young can directly experience a world in which cybernetic automation makes scarcity an obsolete concept in some societies, they begin to inhabit another whole realm, the dimension of time, which Einstein brought to earth after his 'trip.' If we seem wholly (here's the cop-out), if we seem wholly supportive of the values of the young psychedelicist, let us not be misunderstood. Our task is to analyze the sociological currents on which psychedelia floats and not to examine in detail the pathologies of its encumbents. It is one thing to examine the social forces which drive a movement, it is another to focus on the plights of others who are so driven. Entirely another matter is the question of action 'What shall we do' to treat others damaged by the misuse of psychedelic substances. There are tasks for another writing.

THE CHEMICAL REVOLUTION

Just as computers can process billions of bits of information per second, so, when 'high', can one seem to experience hours and even years in a few minutes. That is the meaning of the word 'high'. Which describes in spacial terms an experience in which one seems to be able to scan vast horizons from above, encompassing thousands of bits of experience just as astronauts take in thousands of miles at a glance. But do not be misled by the spacial metaphor, nor by the electric one. For a more important property of the expanded time phenomenon experience, in the trip, is the following. When you expand time, you give yourself the ability to pay full emotional attention to events, which, were you simply in clock time (which is hurried and rushed) would have sped by too rapidly for you to feel fully. This accounts for the observation frequently made, how do you know who's a 'head?': give him something that he's never seen before — to play with it, see, while somebody who doesn't know what it is 'can't be bothered, I'm in a hurry.' This property of the psychedelic experience also helps us to account for the alleged aphrodisiacal properties of LSD and related substances, since when it is not hurried, when one can give ones full emotional appreciation to each caress, sexual enjoyment, or any enjoyment for that matter, is materially enhanced. I have alluded to but two of the time changing properties of the trip. The ability to appreciate changes in rates of change and the ability to dwell on an instant. If they seem contradictory, perhaps a bit of clarification is in order for we have not yet touched bottom.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, I hold, then, the view that our culture has so accelerated the pace of societal change that the simple serial encountering of one experience after another, in less time than you have to experience it, has become obsolete, for its young who dwell exponentially, that is to say, generalize, on what we elders only manage seriotim, that is to say, arithmetically. They are not only as comfortable in the realm of time as we are in the realm of space, but they have a sense of adventure and discovery about time, which many of us have about space. We build rockets to take us to the stars and they, it seems to me, are building a culture which will take them into temporal regions of mind which, with strictly spacial morals, we will fail to comprehend. In my view, this adventure, and its corollary misadventures, is absolutely central to what we are about as a species. (A human task, a task for history). The young seek nothing less than the next step in the evolution of human consciousness. The transcendence of spacial, linear, one dimensional consciousness. It is clear that this is no small undertaking. That the risks are terrible, that the likelihood of tragic mistakes is high, that there will be fatalities, that the number of casualties will be large. I fervently wish that they were unnecessary and I aim my work to prevent, as many of these as possible, and to assist in the healing of those whom we fail to prevent from injury, for it is true that most of those embarked on this adventure are as blind to its dangers as they are unaware of them and so they are often foolish, and often injured and yet there are some who know, who hear the music of the spheres, who accept the deeper challenge to carry history forward. These will be found on close examination, when they have removed some of the outmoded ideological baggage that we force them to carry, to be engaged in founding a new form of temporal consciousness which I call Groovin' on Time.

NOT SO INSTANT KARMA...

Flew to London
Decided in one moment
On the way a revelation
John Lennon would be there
I would be blind
We would become one
And the whole world would see.
Will I have to meet
The whole of London
Before I meet the man
I came to see?
Yet all of them believe
Then turn away relieved
Scared of death
Could be blasted off the earth
The moment before we meet
Could squash my head
Under a bloody red bus
Could fall through the Fire Escape
Above my room
Could be stabbed in the back
Or shot in the eye
Like JFK
Don't give a damn
So long as it happens after
And everybody's told.
London's so bloody busy
No time to stop a war
Or a new born baby from being
Maimed in India
Or another kid in Indonesia
From getting that damned dollar sign
In his saucer eyes.
Christ when the time does come
And I do meet Lennon
And finally reveal everything
To the only one who'll know
Every second of our lives
Will have to be geared
To making this thing happen
There won't be time
Even to indulge in that
Electrifying moment
When we will be the first
To win the human race.

extract from Greg Cox's diary

Sincerely yours Greg Cox

Greg Cox left his home in Tasmania several months ago with no particular intention in mind. On Australia's north-west coast he worked on a bauxite development project and was later given a job as a clerk. He made friends with a black man and was amazed to find him the "same as me". Drifting north to Indonesia he began keeping a diary, started smoking a little dope. In Singapore he had a revelation. While eating in a restaurant, he dropped on the table a spoonful of rice. After hurriedly covering it up with his hand, he realised that it made not the smallest difference whether he covered it up or not. The rice was **there!** "My mind was blown." One thing led to another—he became convinced that he and John Lennon were twin parts of the same being and they had only to meet for cosmic forces to be released. These forces would instantaneously create peace throughout the world. Certain that there was no difference between **really** wanting something to happen and the actual happening, he came to London to meet John Lennon. At the Apple offices he received his first set-back. Unable to see Lennon he staged a sit-in and was eventually removed by a policeman who told him to write a letter instead. He rang John Lennon's secretary from a call box, pretending to be Horace Saltzburg, a rich American with 4 million dollars to give away, all to Apple. He was told to put it in writing. He did, but confessed in the letter his true identity and purpose.

"John Lennon knows, and I know that the only choice is permanent peace or total destruction. John is doing all he can make other people see this, but he doesn't **really** believe that what he is doing is possible. I can give him the answer, and the answer is **faith.**" Since his ejection from Apple, Greg has wandered all over London, following signposts, obeying road directions—if they read "No right turn" for example, he continues straight ahead. Coming to the intersection where New Bond Street becomes Old, he became certain that this was where he would run into Lennon—instead, he found an open manhole cover. Inside he noticed a large black box. He tried unsuccessfully to draw the attention of passers by to the fact that the box was far too large to have passed through the manhole. He ran and got an idling policeman, who agreed with him and said, "Yes, much too large" and walked away. Finally a young couple paid attention to him. The girl replaced the manhole cover and said, "There, the box has gone", and they took him to lunch.

In the YMCA he left the key on the outside of his door so that John Lennon could enter if he wished. In the morning the key was gone, and in the evening, he was informed that more money was required before he could return to his room. "I wandered about the building looking for my room and my key. I was sure John Lennon had it, because I had left it for him. I smashed a window and found an emergency exit sign, but they got my suitcase and told me to get out. I went to the police station and told them I had lost a room. I told the man on duty about Bond Street too, and he was very helpful and directed me to the Salvation Army. They had no room there, but took my suitcase and gave me a ticket for a bus to a Ministry of Welfare place where I could stay for nothing. It was full of funny old people who were all guilty about having no work. I told them they did not have to work and the Welfare Officer told me to go. All I said to him was "tremendous". I returned to the Salvation Army and asked for my suitcase, but they would not give it to me. I told them I had to have the case because it had pills in it which I had to take or I would die. Four hours later, they gave me the address of a mental hospital where the guy who had taken my suitcase was staying. I went to a police station and reported my case stolen. The police came to the Salvation Army and it was found in a back room with everything in it except a pair of white trousers and my camera. The police said I had got the suitcase back and as far as they were concerned that was the end of the matter. One day I will have to go out to that mental hospital to see that guy."

He went to the offices of the Guardian in Fleet Street and offered to write an editorial for the paper, based upon his quest. He was told to go away and write it, but he stayed insisting that what he had to say could be said in one word. For example, to the question, answered at some length in a recent Guardian, "What gain does China get out of arresting innocent British subjects?" Greg wrote down a single word, NOTHING, and informed the editor that the answers to all problems were as blatantly obvious as that. "He was stunned, and asked me to leave. I never felt happier."

Greg is very young, slim and straight looking. One of his first actions on arriving in London was to have a haircut. He requested a barber to give him "his very best haircut" and emerged half an hour later totally shorn, with the trimmest short back and sides seen in England for many a year. His next visit was to a mens wear store. "I have £30. Fit me out with the best clothes you have." He emerged half an hour later in a yachting jacket, a pair of pleated pants and sensible shoes, having been assured that not only was he wearing "the best" but that the shop was in fact the best shop in London. Upon reflection, he didn't like the clothes at all, and soon discarded them for something still formal, but bought at Take Six in the Kings Road.

At the moment, he is close to despair. He considers standing all day outside Apple so that he can just catch John Lennon's eye. He knows that is all that is necessary for Lennon to instantly recognise him. "Lennon is not eccentric. He is centric, that is, closer to me and to the truth than anybody else." Greg wonders whether it is worthwhile travelling to Tittenhurst Park to see Lennon in his rural glory. He has very little money left, but refuses to return home until his mission is fulfilled. Greg insists that he is a happy man. London has not disillusioned him, everything to him is still "tremendous". Satori in Singapore taught him one thing—from complete honesty to oneself, everything else follows. Belief in oneself and faith in others can move more than mountains—it can bring about world peace, if that's what is wanted. It can even bring about a meeting with John Lennon.

Jim Anderson

TiW.

ZABRISKIE PETIT-POINT

Fred Gardner re-wrote parts of Antonioni's new film, Zabriskie Point. This interview was done for Liberation News Service by Larry Bensky, one of whose swan-songs for the straight media was a New York Times article on the making of Zabriskie Point.

LNS: A while ago you wouldn't talk about Zabriskie Point.

FG: Sometimes I think that people who worked on movies . . . or plays or novels or songs . . . shouldn't talk about what was intended. But if there are false claims being made, such as MGM's claim that this is a film about the movement, you've got to counter them. How can people judge Antonioni's success if they're given a false idea of his aims? Hollywood programs people to react in set ways; not just by the publicity men, but by all the

Sam Shepherd wrote the scenario, which was excellent. Mark and Daria had been cast and an MGM secretary re-typed the script, substituting 'Mark' and 'Daria' for 'boy' and 'girl'. All this was done before August, '68.

I started work right after Chicago. At that point Antonioni described the film to me as 'a love scene in the

So the country is full of kids who radiate a vague alienation, who dress the way campus radicals dressed a few years ago - - boots, fatigue jackets, long hair - - who know that the straight life is a dead end, but who aren't political.

LNS: Nor was Daria hip, except in that superficial way of walking around the Berkeley campus barefoot

LNS: When the political meeting scene was being shot in Berkeley a lot of people sensed Mark's hostility and felt angry at him in return. Kathleen Cleaver put him down.

FG: That scene shed a lot of light on Antonioni's technique. According to the script, Mark was a confused college student who went to this meeting chaired by Kathleen. He was to have followed the conversation closely and then, finally, to have left because he couldn't relate to ideological talk. But when Antonioni saw the rushes after the first days shooting, Mark's face reflected nothing but hatred and contempt; not one iota of interest, let alone sympathy. So he decided to let Mark leave in exactly the spirit that the real Mark wanted to leave. And instead of following him out the door, Antonioni kept his camera

longstanding conventions. The hero is heroic, and so on.
LNS: What about the hero in Zabriskie Point?
FG: He sure isn't.
LNS: But it didn't start out that way, did it? A year ago Antonioni told a reporter, 'The movement is what interests me most in America; it's the most important, the most alive and vital thing happening here today.'
FG: He also said in that interview, 'Zabriskie Point is not about the movement.' And it isn't. In fact it's about a kid who can't stand the movement.
LNS: That's the real-life Mark Frechette (who plays the male lead). When I met him he seemed more interested in Michelangelo's astrological charts than in his instructions. But weren't you hired to write a movement background for him?
FG: Well, Mark was hired to play Mark, and that's what he did. The way things worked out, I wrote some lines to emphasize that he *wasn't* of the movement, that he was a loner, that he had no politics, really. . . Antonioni had written the story with Clare Peploe and Tonino Guerra around a real anecdote about a kid who stole a private plane. Then desert, with a prelude and a statement at the end.' He wanted the prelude to be timely - - that was my job - - and the film to be timeless. At one point we considered a reference to Nixon's daughter and he smiled and said, 'But Nixon won't be around very long, will he?'
LNS: So there were four writers on the film, plus Antonioni . . .
FG: Plus Sally Kempton wrote a few lines. Plus a real estate man. And of course Mark and Daria had leeway to improvise and a *de facto* veto right over lines they didn't want to say.
LNS: Why? Does Antonioni always give actors that leeway?
FG: I don't know. It's an old problem: a tight script eliminates spontaneity.
LNS: On the other hand, improvisation undermines the plot. . .
FG: Yup.
LNS: . . .and make casting terribly important.
FG: Yes, it does. In this case the executive producer and an assistant went es
went east to look for a male lead. I don't know if that was for publicity purposes or not. Anyway, they found Mark Frechette in Boston and sent back a screen test and Antonioni found all the qualities he was looking for: impulsive, tough, photogenic. . .
LNS: Everything except a movement background.
FG: Somebody gave him a Resistance button to wear when he got to LA. And of course Mark had exactly the right *manner* for the part. The problem is, we've won this big cultural victory that implies no corresponding political victory at all.

and wearing skirts up to her lowest pubic hair. She had no background on the street. . . Didn't that become apparent after a while?
FG: Yes. And when it did, Antonioni did a very impressive thing. He let the movie be about Mark and Daria, even though they weren't the kids he had bargained for. It was as if he said, 'Well I hoped these young Americans were going to be radical and serious and articulate and warm; but now that they turn out to be apolitical and self centred, I might as well go ahead and show them as such.' Maybe there's a parable in that.

inside, and some lines were improvised to tell us that Mark was not a member of the group, that he had come to the meeting on someone's casual invitation, that he's a loner. Then Frank Bardacke and Landon Williams put in that you can't *be* a radical if you can't work with other people.
LNS: How about Kathleen's lines. Were they scripted?
FG: No. There had been lines for her and everyone else. The first two or three times he shot the scene according to the script. Then he said, 'Now you've got the situation. Run the meeting in your own terms.' Maybe two or three lines survived.
LNS: Is it better than the original version?
FG: That's not for me to say. It's certainly more spontaneous. Yes, I think it's better.
LNS: How do you feel now about having taken the job? There were a lot of people who thought you shouldn't have.
FG: Yes, some people thought that. But not everyone said it, and not everyone had cogent reasons. Norman Fruchter (of Newsreel) did. But by the time we talked I had more or less done the work and was feeling defensive. . . One of the things people said was that you couldn't expect to sneak a good message across in a Hollywood film. I never expected to or tried to. What I wanted was the bread and the experience of watching Antonioni work. The bread was put to good use, as you know. And it was an enormous privilege to look at America - - hell, to look at a room or a face - - through Antonioni's eye. It really is the eye of a Breughel. I think the film catches some of this country's excrescences as well as some of the beauty.

14 ways of looking at Charles Manson...

Liberation News Service

I. Up-tight straight Los Angeles is freaking out over the case of Charlie Manson. All those people who shrink in disgust from long-hairs and live their fantasy/fear to the hilt: inside every long-hair lurks a murderer. Some hip people like it when the straights get up-tight and hassled. So Manson becomes a sort of folk hero.

II. The hips' feelings are intensified as the media and the straight press get together to project the full image of Manson — disgusting, Demonic, evil incarnate.

III. Weatherman made it official. They made a new revolutionary hero. 'Mansonpower.' The Year of the Fork' (in reference to a report that a fork was found in one victim's stomach). The police reported that Manson ordered his victims killed 'to punish them for their affluent life style'. So Weatherman concludes that Manson, having offed some 'rich, honky pigs', was an appropriate hero for revolutionaries.

DISGUSTING

IV. Even the political angle was not ew. It was merely a revised stat stat nent of an old idea: whatever is di justing and revolting to the aver ge man in the decaying American society, whatever is evil in the eyes of Richard Nixon and Pat Nixon, that's what we dig, that's what we are.

Rape? Heroin addiction? The basic impulse is healthy — we are breaking out of the moulds built by plastic America. But the point is to help others gain similar freedom, fight for freedom, not to project ourselves as a superior gang of free people.

V. An old idea even for our movement. The New York Times reports that 'crazies' interrupt Nixon's inaugural. A group forms calling itself 'The Crazies'. The Motherfuckers name themselves for the nastiest work in the Anglo Saxon lexicon, look mean, wear black, call themselves dirty and filthy and ugly — with revolutionary, insurrectionary pride and honor.

VI. A question to the Weathermen Weathermen, the Crazies, the uglies: What if Manson is innocent? Why such faith in the pigs and the pig press to believe it all, to start a myth? More important, why so willing to adopt as your hero this creature defined not by your movement, or any people's movement, but by the cops, by the Los Angeles sensationalist journalists?

SCORECARD

VII. A factual interlude. Members of the Manson commune are charged with three sets of murders:

a) Five people at Sharon Tate's house, Aug. 9.
b) Gary Hinman in Topanga Canyon, July.
c) Grocery executive Leo La Bianca and his wife, Rosemary, Aug. 10.

Susan Atkins, one of the four who allegedly participated in the Tate murders, has provided the only detailed account of what happened. The interview was conducted under highly suspicious circumstances, with the collaboration of defense counsel and an assistant district attorney.

One motive for the interview: money. Susan and her lawyer got lots of it — tens of thousands of dollars. She may also have been trying to save her life by claiming to be under Manson's 'hypnotic' control. There is no particular reason that Susan had to be telling the truth in the interview.

VIII. But since it's the media image that people are relating to, lets take a look at it. It incorporates some of the worst aberrations of the society we're trying to overthrow: there are the male chauvinist fantasies of total 'hypnotic' power over a harem of women.

SUPERCOCK

('Manson developed a prodigious reputation as a lover. The women around the place were always his property" Paul Watkins, a former member of the commune, told the press. 'You were always welcome to share them', added Brooks Poston, another former member, 'but then you became his property too.')

Then there is the grotesque racism of writing 'pig' in the victims' blood in order, according to Susan Atkins, to throw suspicion on black people. After the La Bianca murders, she explains, they left one of the victims' wallets in the women's restroom of a gas station, 'hoping that a black woman would find it and pick it up and use the credit cards, which would direct the police back to black people'.

IX. Consider also the victims of the violence. The five people who died in Sharon Tate's home died, not because their death served some revolutionary purpose, but because they happened to be living in the house that once belonged to someone who, according to Susan Atking, 'had given Charlie his word on a few things (recording contracts) and never came through with them.

DILLINGER

X. From a friend in California: Making a hero is reminiscent of some people's brief — or not so brief — romance with John Dillinger and Bonnie & Clyde. A left which reduces itself to violence for violence's sake is more acted upon than acting — emerges as a parody of America.

XI. On one level, of course, we should see Manson, and all people defined by this society as 'criminals', as a brother. Whatever crimes he may have committed, we should recognize that people are driven to commit crimes in this society because of need or greed, frustration or competition — the inequities and fucked-up values of capitalism. The pigs in this case cooperate with the media to fuck Manson over.

While the authorities usually gleefully apply their shears to long-hairs, Manson remains with his shoulder-length locks. Instead of giving him prison garb, the cops let Manson wear his own bell bottoms and fringed leather shirt.

The pigs present him to the press for photographs surprisingly often. Thus, the police and the media team up to present straight America with their image of a 'typical hippie'; fantastic sex life, heavily involved with drugs, a depraved killer underneath.

BLUECOLLAR

XII. Some people in the hip community — and even more so, some liberal writers in the straight press — have attempted to distinguish Manson from the typical hippie. Manson, they point out, has a working-class background, a past of petty crime. He isn't the typical middle-class drop-out hippie. This is snobbery. Is Manson to be comfortably dismissed by us for his working class past, made into a 'them', not 'us'. Are fucked-up hippies from the suburbs 'better' than fucked-up hippies from poor neighborhoods?

XIII. Che, Huey, Ho, Mao — they've all talked about the fact that you don't do revolutionary violence because you dig it, you don't do it to build your own ego-trip. Being violent alone, being anti-social alone, doesn't make you a revolutionary. Revolutionaries serve the people; sometimes this means killing the hated enemies of the people. They are trying to build a new world while bringing down the old. Revolutionary violence comes from the needs of the people for a better life, against those forces that oppress them — because those forces won't give up without a fight.

FUCKED UP

XIV. So Manson is no revolutionary; he's just fucked up. Let's face it — some people get into the hip scene, the commune scene, because they're fucked up. Not every long-hair is a brother; lots of assistant district attorneys smoke pot.

Most important, young women with teased hair and make-up, guys with duck-tails and crew cuts who work at shitty jobs are our brothers and sisters.

And when we get together, it won't be because we think sticking forks in people's stomachs is groovy, but because we feel a common need for a common goal — to fight to bring down an old world and build a new one.

...and one way of talking to him.

Getting in to see Charles Manson is a little less difficult than getting in to see the Pope but not much.

I was put through a cautionary instruction. I was not to touch him, shake hands or give him anything to look at without first showing it to the deputy. They told me that although attorneys could usually give prisoners up to one dollar for cigarette money, no such was to be given to Manson.

After these preliminaries, I was let into the attorney-interview room where I saw for the first time a rather slight man with shoulder length hair standing against the back wall. After all of the newspaper photographs I have seen of a glowering, wild-eyed scowler, I didn't even recognize this man at first. The eyes, then and throughout the interview, had a gentle cast, even when he became quite emphatic as he did later on. His facial expressions varied from a kind of set attitude of resigned endurance to a very pleasant and gentle smile. I keep coming back to that word 'gentle' because it is the major impression the man left on me.

Manson smiled his rather wry smile and began to talk.

'I want to retain my own voice. That is why I am defending myself. The stories that have been appearing in the newspapers are a lot of bunk. They keep quoting me as saying things I never said at all.'

I observed that for a person without legal training to defend himself was rather like getting into the ring with Joe Lewis.

'Worse,' Manson replied and started to tell me why he doesn't trust lawyers.

'You wouldn't believe the things that go down behind this case,' Manson said. 'The first lawyer who came in here offered me $130,000.00 to write my 'story'. We talked a little and he went away and wrote a story where he put all kinds of words in my mouth I never said.

'What about the music?' I asked him. 'Isn't there money coming out of that? I thought there was some kind of Sammy Glick character putting out an album.'

'Let me tell you about the music.' Manson suddenly seemed to grow more intense. 'The people involved with the music are all trying to keep it from coming out. They are afraid of it, because it tells the truth.'

Manson smiled that wry smile at me again and said, 'The attorneys too. Most of the attorneys just want the publicity of the trial. They don't care about the man at all. If there was some kind of writ that could get me out of here tomorrow, they wouldn't bring it, because they all want to go through the whole trial and wring every last drop of publicity out of the whole thing.'

Then we talked for a while about the advisability of my quoting him directly about the case and the danger that through my paraphrasing and the District Attorney's malice his words might get twisted out of context and so misinterpreted, be used against him.

Because of that problem, I have omitted details that I believe might relate to his defense.

'Ever since a week after the Tate murders, they have been desperately looking for someone to pin it on. Two hundred deputies and three helicopters descended on the ranch where we were staying in Malibu and arrested us. Two uniformed deputy sheriffs, one six-three and the other about six-six, worked me over. One kneed me in the chest breaking three ribs. If they would let an independent civilian doctor look at me they could tell by the condition of my ribs that is true. They kept me three days and released me. They rearrested me again the next day and again released me after three days. That time I decided to go to the mountains and get away from the harassment.'

(At this point it is interesting to remember that former Deputy Sheriff Preston Gillory was hounded off the Sheriff's Department because of his refusal to keep silent about the events of that raid on the Manson family at Malibu by deputies from that substation. Gillory worked at Malibu just before his termination.)

'I decided to go to the mountains to talk to God, to apologize for nineteen hundred years of this mess. That's when they got me and brought me here.

'You want to know about my philosophy? You want to know where my philosophy comes from. I'll tell you. I'm not from your society. I have spent most of my life in a world of bars and solitary confinement. My philosophy comes from underneath the boots and sticks and clubs they beat people with who come from the wrong side of the tracks. People like me are society's scapegoats. They keep getting away with it because no one will say anything.

'I have been in jail twenty two years,' Manson continued. 'My body has been locked up but my mind is free. When I get outside on the street, I see all kinds of people whose bodies are free, but their minds are all locked up.'

During this speech, Manson seemed to grow more intense again, and I could see how an unfriendly cameraman could catch him at an angle where his features might have that wild cast they get in the newspaper photos. Face to face, however, they never lost the almost pleading look of someone straining to be understood, to communicate the feelings inside of him.

About then we were interrupted by the sheriff's deputy, who wanted more information about my background. I felt like telling him to get it out of the LAPD's political dossier but didn't. I must have answered him a little testily because Manson said, 'I don't hate them. I really don't. I pity them. I really don't hate anybody.'

I drove home thinking about two things.

First, I thought about what a mockery the so-called 'presumption of innocence' really is. Here is a man on trial for his life, and they are holding him in jail without bail and making all kinds of rules and restrictions that interfere with his access to people and materials that could possibly help in his defense.

'No court has yet found this man guilty of the crime with which he is charged, so the only constitutionally permissible reason for keeping him in jail at this time at all is to insure his presence at trial. Thus bail is not too unreasonably denied on the theory that, guilty or innocent, a man facing so drastic a penalty might run away.

But by what right do they do more than merely keep him available for trial? By what twisted conception of justice do they arrogate to themselves the right to place restrictions on the number and kind of visitors he can see or the number of telephone calls he can make or whether he can receive a lawbook to help the preparation of his defense?

Secondly, I mused over the unfairness of the court system that makes a man choose between either representing himself entirely alone, pitting his inexperience against trained trial lawyers from the District Attorney's office, or placing himself entirely in the hands of an attorney, a man whom he does not and cannot entirely know, and thereafter remain silent, deprived of the right to speak or act on his own behalf and forced to allow his life to hang entirely on the thread of another man's skill and good faith.

These are only a few of the problems raised by the Charles Manson case. When we were talking about the difficulties of a propria persona defense, Manson finally observed, 'You know they can't do anything to me.'

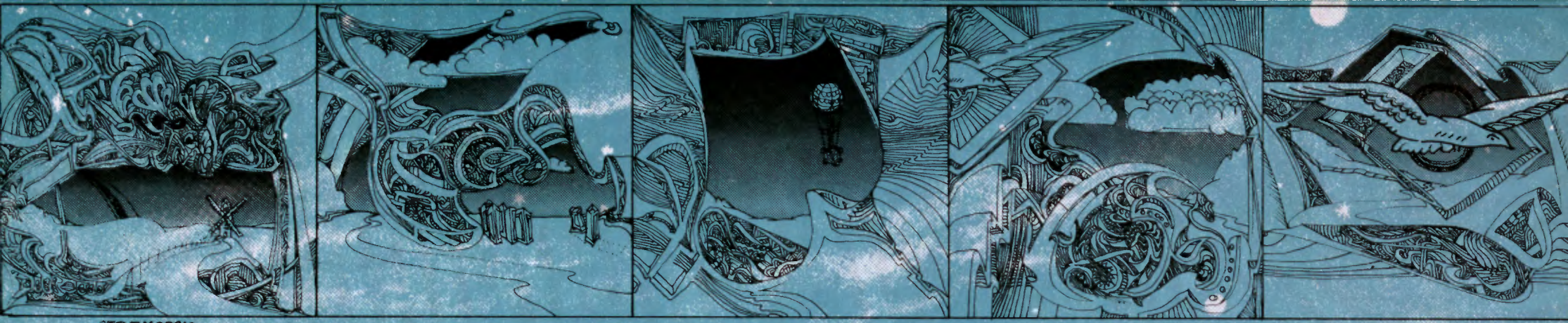
'They can kill you, that's what they are trying to do.'

'They can't kill me,' he replied. 'They can destroy my body, but they can't kill me.'

What can you say to a man who believes in God?

Acid is good for you!

SHARP



STEVE MORRIS

DOPE HOPE

Offences against the existing Dangerous Drugs Act are uniformly subject to a maximum term of ten years' imprisonment. On summary conviction (before a Magistrate's Court) the maximum term is one year. The law does not distinguish between the dangers of different drugs, such as cannabis and heroin. Nor does the law make any distinction between supplying drugs and using them.

In January 1969 the Home Office published a comprehensive Report on Cannabis — the so-called 'Wootton Report' — by the Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence. This Report reached an unambiguous conclusion: 'Having reviewed all the material available to us we find ourselves in agreement with the conclusion reached by the Indian Hemp Drugs Commision appointed by the Government of India (1893-4) and the New York Mayor's Committee on Marihuana (1944) that the long-term consumption of cannabis in moderate doses has no harmful effects'.

The Advisory Committee made a number of recommendations for law reform. 'To remove for practical purposes the prospect of imprisonment for possession of a small amount and to demonstrate that taking the drug in moderation is a relatively minor offence', the Committee proposed that the maximum sentence on summary conviction for possession, sale or supply be four months. Charges brought on indictment, with leave from the Director of Public Prosecutions, were to be subject to a maximum sentence of two years. However, one of the members of the Committee, Assistant Commissioner Brodie of Scotland Yard, argued in a reservation that the maximum on indictment should be reduced by just

Times' (the Soma cannabis law reform advertisement published on July 24th 1967 under the heading 'The law against cannabis is immoral in principle and unworkable in practice' and signed by 65 persons, including the Beatles, Graham Greene, Francis Crick, medical experts, two labour MPs and one member of the Advisory Committee) Callaghan called on the House to recognize the existence of the 'pro-pot lobby' and to 'be ready to combat (it), as I am.' Mr. Patrick McNair Wilson, given his head, said that he thought any reduction in penalties would be a second Munich. Mr. T. L. Iremonger seemed toprefer a second Belsen. He actually said that he could not 'understand how a Committee of such responsible people should have seen any merit in wishing to lower the maximum statutory penalties for offences in respect of cannabis even if they thought that cannabis was harmless.'

On March 11th of this year Mr. Callaghan published his new Misuse of Drugs Bill which consolidates the control of so-called 'narcotics', i.e., opiates, cocaine and cannabis, which are subject to international control, and the stimulents and major hallucinogens, presently controlled under the Drugs (Prevention of Misuse) Act. The new bill cuts the maximum penalties for possession of cannabis by half, from ten years to five and from 1 year to six months.

Curiously the maximum for opiates, including heroin and cocaine is reduced from ten years to 7, but there is no reduction at all for casual users and addicts, the maximum on summary conviction remaining one year. LSD and other hallucinogens, previously subject to maxima of six months and two years under the

Advisory Committee 'to take one drug, look at it in isolation from the whole complex and background and bring forth recommendations in the way it did" His annoyance is known to have stemmed particularly from the second paragraph of the Report which states that it was The Times advertisment which led the Sub-Committee to restrict their enquiry to cannabis and to emphasize the legal aspects. The question arises, of course, as to why Callaghan allowed the publication of the 'Wootton Report' since he disagreed so strongly with its content. He did, in fact, delay and attempt to suppress publication. The Report is dated 1968. The decision to permit the publication of the Report was made after members of the Committee made it known that they would offer their resignations and after arrangements had been made for a pirated edition if required.

Mr. Callaghan did not offer any apology to Lady Wootton, and though severely criticised by her in the correspondence columns of The Times and in the Lords, he did not ask for resignations and did not recieve any. Eventually he stated that he would be consulting the Advisory Committee in framing new legislation. As support for cannabis law reform continued to grow Callaghan was put in an awkward position. It was apparent that members of the Advisory Committee had the support of their professional colleagues, and that their views did represent the consensus of informed opinion. The 'Wootton Report' had had an international impact, and other countries were changing their policies on cannabis. In America the Marijuana Tax Act was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and after an abortive

beginning of 1967 for a three year term by the former Home Secretary Roy Jenkins. All of the members, including the social psychologist Michael Schofield, who signed the Times advertisment,have been asked to stay on in the new Committee. The sanctions in the new Bill are thus in disrepute already because the views of the Advisory Council are certainly at variance with the limited concessions that Callaghan proposes to make. It would therefore seem probably that after the passage of the Bill the Advisory Council will press for further liberalization. The bill has provisions that would allow the Home Secretary to reduce the maximum term of imprisonment for possession from five years to two years, the limit suggested in the Wootton Report, and to reduce the maximum for dealing cannabis from 14 years to 5 years, the figure proposed by Brodie. The legislation proposes that these penalties be presently applied to some mild stimulants and appetite suppressants.

The Misuse of Drugs Bill is heavily camouflaged to save face for the Government of a delicate issue in an election year. The sadistic increase in maximum penalties for dealing parallels Nixon's increased penalties, including a maximum of life imprisonment without parole. Dealers will face some increase in penalites, but the police will probably find it more difficult to make dealing charges stick. A better clue to Government policy is the imposition of larger fines for all categories of offences, including unlimited fines on indictment. The best that we can hope for is that the Government will treat dealing as an economic activity, like the distribution of untaxed alcohol. If you hustle some-

years. The five year penalty is an illusory threat for all except one category of offenders, those self-important would be martyrs who insist on the waste of public time and money involved in a jury trial, who often defend their own cases in a belligerent way, and who sometimes find themselves imprisoned for impertinence. I believe that people should be protected from themselves at least to the extent of not being given options of this kind. If the Government want to insist on a meaningful distinction between dealers and users they would be better advised to make possession a misdemeanor than to raise the maximum penatly for dealing to fourteen years. A further advantage of making possession a misdemeanor would be a very considerable saving to the legal aid system.

It must be stressed that the penalties mentioned are maxima. The proportion of offenders actually imprisoned has been consistently declining at least since 1964, when more than half of those convicted went to jail. By 1967 a quarter of all offenders were imprisoned. The following year the Criminal Justice Act came into effect requiring the automatic suspension of sentences for offenders sentenced to six months or less. The median sentence for cannabis has been three to six months. At present the great majoirty of offender are given small fines. From 1964 to 1967, the period for which figures are available, the median fine was in the range £10 to £25. There seems to be an increasing tendency in some of the better informed Magistrate's Courts to grant conditional discharges. The existing sanctions against pot are not nearly as strong as they are popularly supp-

half, from ten years to five. The Committee also suggested that examination should be made of the practicality of distinguishing between possession intended for personal use and possession with intent to supply.

When the 'Wootton Report' was debated in the House of Commons, on January 27th last year, it had already been publicly rejected by the Home Secretary, James Callaghan. Opening the 'debate' the shadow Home Secretary Quintin Hogg told the House that cannabis 'has been the subject of a considerable propaganda campaign' and said that he shared the view of the Home Secretary 'that had he gone on to accept the proposals in the Report to reduce the maximum penalties available for breaches of the law in this field, the conclusion drawn by the public, by traffickers in the drug and by potential victims of it would be that the Government were on their way to legalising its use.'

Mr. Callaghan,who was also a former paid lobbyist for the Police Federation, said that the Committee were 'overinfluenced' by the 'lobby in favour of legalising cannabis' who had been responsible for publishing 'that notorious advertisement in The Drugs (Prevention of Misuse) Act are now to be given the same penalties as heroin. Amphetamine and ritalin, previously controlled together with hallucinogens, are controlled with cannabis in the new act, except that injectable preparations of amphetamine are controlled with opiates and hallucinogens. The new law, in other words, equates cannabis and stimulant tablets and distinguishes them from opiates, including heroin, hallucinogens, including LSD, cocaine and injectable amphetamines (e.g., methedrine).

The Misuse of Drugs Bill also distinguishes sharply between use and supply. Large scale dealers may be tried on indictment on charges of supply, importation, cultivation or a new offence of possession with intent to supply. The maximum penalty is savage, an increase from ten years to fourteen, the longest statutory term of imprisonment in British justice (Blake was given three consecutive fourteen year sentences). The maximum penalty on summary conviction for dealing is one year.

In the debate on the 'Wootton Report' Mr. Callaghan said that he thought it had been wrong of the attempt to stop the influx of pot from Mexico (Operation Intercept) the Nixon administration introduced more liberal legislation with sharply reduced penalties for possession, allowing the Courts discretion to grant absolute discharges where appropriate in the place of long mandatory prison sentences. In Holland the law was barely being enforced and the Government was supporting two youth clubs where cannabis could be openly purchased. From Canada came the news that a Government commission on cannabis was taking very liberal views and that their Report in April 1971 might well recommend legalization.

Callaghan capitulated. He agreed that the new legislation should provide for the appointment of an Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs with statutory powers to keep the drugs situation under review, to initiate proposals for variations in controls, to advise the Home Secretary in the exercise of his powers to make regulations or orders, and to consider communications from the United Nations. The membership of this Advisory Council is of some significance. The existing Advisory Committee was appointed at the thing and don't pay tax on it, the Government believe they are entitled to fine you heavily. Dealers are the soldiers of the revolution. They take the risks with very little financial incentive. Only public recognition of these facts, which Soma has stressed since its testimony to the Wootton Sub-Committee, can help to alleviate the plight of the dealer. Unfortunately, by the time the Government are ready to let up on dealers legalization will be imminent. So that's the alternative to scoring a bike.

A further example of camouflage in the new Bill is the distinction between possession and possession with intent to supply. At present persons found in possession of very large quantities of cannabis may be tried for possession but sentenced for dealing. The new law establishes a separate offence of possession with intent to supply. Given the existence of this offence, it is hard to see why the Director of Public Prosecutions should allow any cases of possession for personal use to be heard on indictment. In this case the maximum sentence for possession under the new Bill is really six months rather than five osed to be. The effect of the new bill must be a substantially further reduction in the penalties imposed by the Courts. Because of the Criminal Justice Act first offenders charged with possession of pot will not be subject to imprisonment at all. As Callaghan's friends said last year, when it all sinks in it will no longer seem worth while for the police to harrass casual users.

The Bill has several other provisions. Research into cannabis smoking, previously subject to an absolute prohibition, is to be permitted for the first time, and there is a specific provision for excluding the application of any part of the act which would make a licensed research project illegal. The Bill abolishes absolute offences, it retains the premises offence, against the advice of the Wootton Report, and it offers some arresting new defences.

In theory the law allows everything to be prescribed. In accordance with regulations to be promulgated prescription of pot and hash will not be permitted, but extract and tincture will continue to be available under strict control. The position with respect to THC is uncertain.

The Wootton Report on LSD and Amphetamine

The Second Wootton Report comes down strongly on both acid and speed, and its recommendations have led to the increased penalties proposed in the Misuse of Drugs Bill. The Report has already provided fuel for the sensation seeking press (e.g. The Times) with statements such as this: 'During the first few hours after taking the drug there may be violent behaviour; a panic stricken or paranoid patient may attack others or he may hurt himself. Some users attempt to kill, or kill, themselves or others because they have apparently developed a feeling of self-hatred or a feeling of superior power and invulnerability.'

On technical issues the Report is much better. In particular, it is stressed that sensational accounts on the possibility of genetic damage from LSD have not been substantiated, and that evidence tending to refute these accounts has been suppressed by the mass media. The Report suggests that whilst LSD has not been proven to be an effective agent in psychiatry, there is no reason to prohibit its use in therapy and research or to withhold the supply of LSD from any doctor 'who can establish a claim to its legitimate use.' The Report does not make specific recommendations for penalties, but suggests that 'the grave risks attaching to the unauthorised use of LSD place it high on the scale of harmfulness.' The Recommendation on amphetamine calls for distinctions between the harmfulness of dropping pills and fixing methedrine. On research the Report calls for investigation in depth of social and personal factors on a much more extensive scale than has hitherto been undertaken.

It should be made clear that the Sub-Committee took care not to listen to the views of the underground on acid, and this has caused much misunderstanding. The police, the pharmaceutical industry, the Ministry of Defence the Magistrates Association and other official lobbies were invited to give evidence. Soma's request to provide oral evidence from doctors and intelligent users of LSD was rejected, though Release received an invitation.

LSD can be dangerous. There is no doubt about that, but the Report gives an unsatisfactory and innaccurate account of the risks involved. In my experience, people usually have the kind of trips they deserve; and that can *really* be a problem. Of course, acid has only been introduced in recent years, and over time people will learn to use it more safely, particularly if research is allowed to proceed. Something similar happened with pot as Howerd Becker argues. That is, in the thirties there were numerous reports of bad pot trips in the medical literature; then such reports became very rare, and recently articles have suggested abandoning the notion of a transient cannabis psychosis altogether. A bad trip on acid is constituted of paranoia, neurotic suffering and role playing. The difficulty in judging the dangers of acid arise partly from the fact that acid does not have intrinsic effects. At the same time extravagent placebo responses are not unknown. I know of a published case of a hysterical paralysis lasting several months produced in this way. I should also point out that a bad trip may be due to bad acid, and it may also be due to the extreme difficulty of estimating the dose with the blackmarket product.

It is very misleading to suggest that LSD is a cause of violence. The evidence points in the opposite direction. There may however, be circumstances leading to violence under LSD. I would like to have comparative statistics for violence and self destruction on LSD and alcohol. The fact that you are not so high when you get knocked down by a car on booze does not make you any the less dead.

To the best of my knowledge there has only been one case of a murder in this country in which LSD was implicated, but evidence was presented in Court that the accused was drunk and that whilst his mind was confused by drink he took ten trips of STP as well as some acid. If you were to murder your mother in law, your best strategy would be to drop a trip, ask for a urine test and say you did it on acid, pleading diminished responsibility. There was a case of this kind in New York. The most publicised case has been the Tate murders in California, which has not yet come for trial. If the accused had anything to do with the crime, and if they did it on drugs, I would still suppose them to be speed freaks.' Sensational publicity which merely frightens people into bad trips serves no useful purpose.

LSD is not a mere euphoriant or source of pretty pictures. Bob Dylan was right is saying that it is medicine, but it is also a sacramental substance similar to the Soma (probably the amanita muscaria mushroom) used by the Indians, the Greeks and perhaps even Jesus, if John Allegro is to be believed. These substances should be used in a ritual context for definite purposes. *The Teachings of Don Juan* gives some hint as to how this can be done, and the argument is to be developed further by Francis Huxley in an article to appear in *Man, Myth & Magic* which suggests, for example, that psychoanalysis was the ritual that Freud developed to master cocaine during his ten years' habituation, the period of Freud's self analysis.

The Second Wootton Report is less valuable than the first. The survey of amphetamine is more important than the survey of LSD, which includes little new material. I am afraid that the Wootton Sub-Committee got a bit out of their depth on acid. The forthcoming survey of clinical use by Nicholas Malleson is likely to be more significant.

The Amphetamines and Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD) Report by the Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence Home Office, HMSO, pp. 51, 6/-.

The Soma Research Association Ltd. has been forced to disband its campaign for cannabis law reform and has indefinitely suspended its research programme. The decision was taken because of police blackmail and lack of funds.

There is a possibility that Soma's cannabis research programme may be ressurected at some later date. If anyone wants to help Soma to clear off its debts they are welcome to send a contribution payable to Soma Research Assn. at 4, Camden High Street, N.W.1. The members of Soma's Council are Steve Abrams, Dr. David Cooper, Dr. Francis Crick, Francis Huxley, Dr. Ronnie Laing, The Revd. Kenneth Leech, Dr. Anthony Storr, and Professor Norman Zinberg.

Steve Abrams

Women on the

Or the end of Servile Penitude, a reply to the Slag Heap Erupts and particularly Germaine (Cunt Power) Greer.

A long time ago, in the years BL (Before Liberation), lived a girl-child called Wendy. She was born to a man and a woman, her parents, and they lived in a big box and were called a working-class family unit. Dad was a dustman and Mum was a part-time char. When she came home from charring for other people for money, she did her housework, for no money.

There are 8 million 'women workers' in this country. Paid? Don't the millions of housewives 'work'? An American survey recently estimated that housewives worked an average of 99.6 hours per week.

In the evening Mum read Woman and Woman's Own, all about hard-working Mums who made cakes and curtains and looked immaculate over a hot stove. Wendy wore pretty pink clothes and was screamed at if she came home from school dirty. She also read Woman and Woman's Own, all about secretaries who married their bosses and all about how to please your man, to get your man, to please your man and look immaculate over a hot man.

32 million pounds is spent annually by women on cosmetics and hairdressing. The four main weekly womens magazines have a circulation of over 8 million.

Mum embroidered on Wendy's pillow: 'Masturbation makes you blind', so Wendy sublimated by studying and won a scholarship to a posh girls' public school. Here she learned flower arrangement and read in Vogue about Bobo and Fifi on the Riviera, having champagne and caviare, and looking immaculate over a hot servant. Wendy reckoned immaculacy took 25.3 hours per day. Virginity was a drag. When she finally got rid of it she found there was no difference between the budding Fauntleroys and the council estate lads. When she said No they called her a prude and when she said Yes they called her a slut. All her snooty friends wanted to marry E-type boys and lie under the hairdresser all day and all her council mates were married and looking middle-aged in the effort to shine their floors, children and faces to look like the tele ads. Then Wendy went to University and tried for a First in Social Literology. In the University papers she read about how to chat up the intellectual boys, look immaculate over a hot thesis and cut the cackle in bed.

In universities the ratio of girls to boys is 1 to 4. Only 10% of medical school places are occupied by women. Far fewer girls than boys take GCE in Maths Physics and Chemistry. After school three times as many boys as girls are allowed off on day-release courses. Inadequate nursery school facilities and the lack of play centres during school holidays curtail women's ability to work, and consequently affect the number of women trained in most fields — exept those professions which are low-paid because they employ more women than men: social work, nursing, secretarial work.

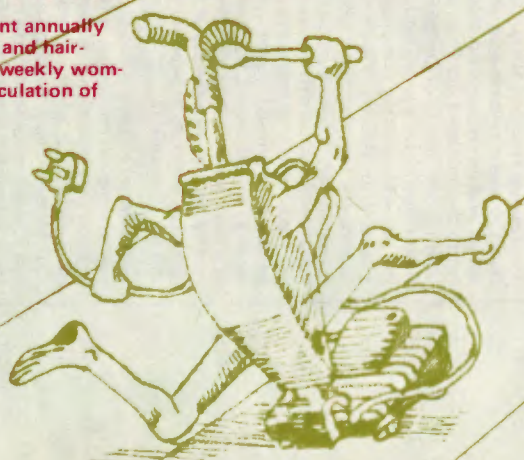
When our Wendy got pregnant by mistake her boyfriend went right off her. So did her doctor. She couldn't tell Mum and Dad for fear of the neighbourhood, so she asked a trendy friendy who led her up a back street. There can be no tale more piercing than a knitting needle and Wendy returned after a mercifully quick peep round death's door.

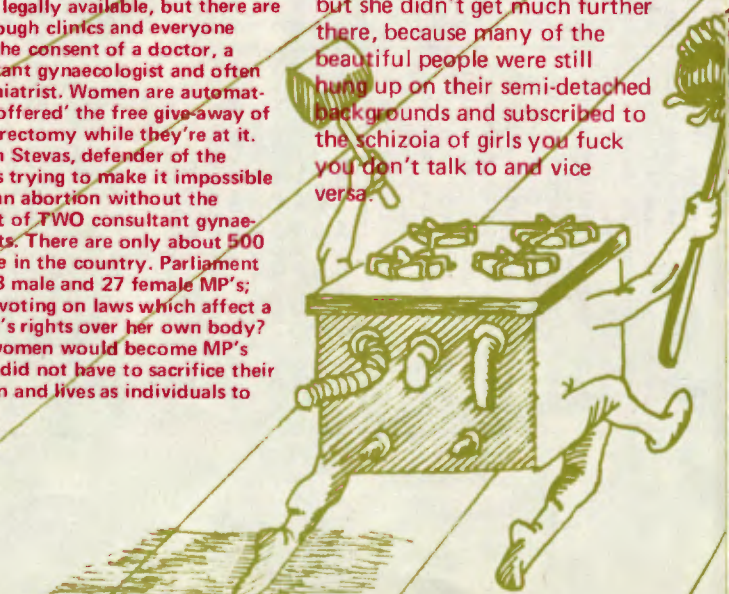
Contraception is considered a social rather than a medical matter and is thus not available under the National Health, except under 'exceptional' circumstances. Abortion is in theory legally available, but there are not enough clinics and everyone needs the consent of a doctor, a consultant gynaecologist and often a psychiatrist. Women are automatically 'offered' the free give-away of a hysterectomy while they're at it. St John Stevas, defender of the faith, is trying to make it impossible to get an abortion without the consent of TWO consultant gynaecologists. There are only about 500 of these in the country. Parliament has 603 male and 27 female MP's; who is voting on laws which affect a woman's rights over her own body? More women would become MP's if they did not have to sacrifice their children and lives as individuals to do so.

Wendy graduated neatly and came to the metropolis. Clutching a degree proudly in her hand didn't stop employers mentally stripping her and then refusing to employ her because all women leave to have babies. Wendy decided that the system was for shit and became a revolutionary groupie. She ran around with all the initials under the sun: IS, SLL, IMG, CP, XYZ and got so hooked on the holy grail of revolution that she had a baby. But in between feeding the baby she was still typing revolutionary slogans and cooking guerilla stew while the guys discussed strategy. When she tried to campaign for more nursery schools in the area the revolutionaries threw her out for being reformist.

Mothers, au pairs or nannies look after babies. Nursery schools are run by women. Three-quarters of primary school teachers are women. There are still a large number of single sex schools. Should children be prepared for adult life in a mixed society, exclusively by women?

Wendy went underground next, but she didn't get much further there, because many of the beautiful people were still hung up on their semi-detached backgrounds and subscribed to the schizoia of girls you fuck you don't talk to and vice versa.





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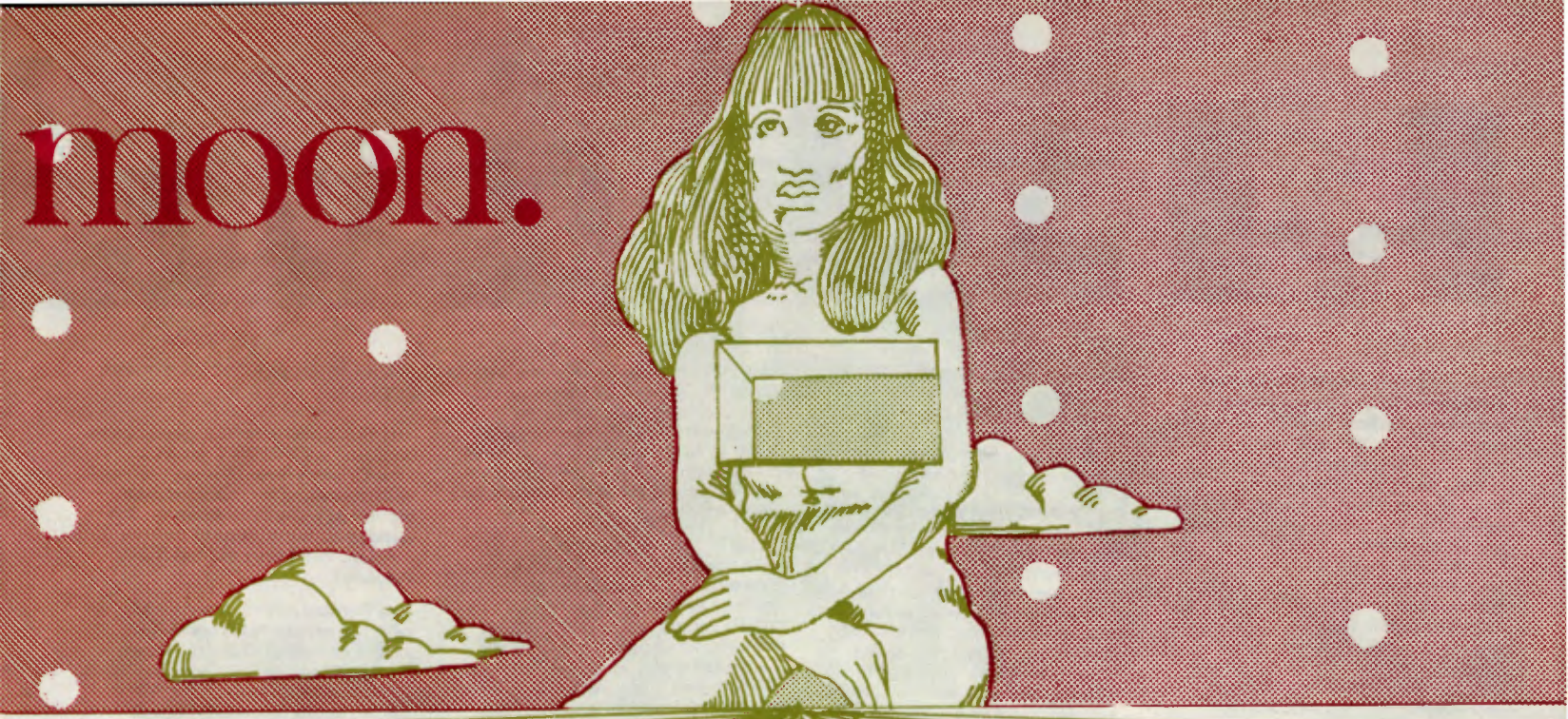


There are 1½ times as many women as men in mental homes. Unmarried mothers are refused Social Security if they are known to have a relationship with a man. April Ashley was told by a male judge that although she felt like a woman and behaved in all ways like a woman, she was technically a man because she wasn't equipped with the holy ovaries.

Wendy finally flipped. She woke up one morning believing she was a chameleon, a woman chameleon, her identity existing totally in the eye of the beholder. Life for a woman was a series of rapid colour changes in order to fit in with other people's conception of her role. The abolition of capitalism seemed no guarantee that woman would be seen as a human being, only theoretically different from man in that she produced the child for which they were both responsible. Wendy couldn't make the individual liberation scene, so she went to

Ruskin College Oxford, to the Women's Weekend Feb 28—March 1, 1970, where there were 559 other women sick of being chameleons doing the dance of the ovaries. The conference was a vital and energetic start, a Movement towards the Liberation of women and finally the liberation of the whole of society from the roles and strictures which bind it. If militancy is a determination to act out convictions then the conference was full of militant women prepared to act on their lives and society where existing political and social organisations had failed.

Where was Germaine?

There were some twenty groups represented, and a large number of individuals, of different backgrounds, ranging from groups of working-class women who had first gossipped about babies and then went to other issues, through women from Trades Unions to women's groups from existing left-wing parties. Papers and discussions questioned the inevitability of the mother-child bond, the structure of the family, women in industry, and the implications of the recent Bill passed for equal pay by 1975, women's contribution to the economy and political movements in the 19th century, with a continuous emphasis on the value of the individual experience, on women breaking their silence to discuss their common problems and consider action. There was consequently little agreement with the Socialist women who slung round all the usual diversionary jargon about the women question being only another aspect of the class question. This doesn't lead to any new political theory which must grow out of experience and experiment, as well as existing theories. Thus all methods are valid which will make women aware that they can have the choice, and have the right to the choice of how they live, of what they do with their bodies and minds; the National Joint Action Committee for the Campaign for Women's Equal Rights is self-evident in its demands Socialist Women organises itself around issues of equal pay and industrial strike action, the Birmingham Claimants Union, originally for women on social security, aims for fuller control over the Welfare system, the Gingerbread group — women bringing up children single-handed — was formed to discuss common problems and act as a group. The Women's Liberation Workshop in London is growing very fast, not because they are middle classes preaching Liberation to the working masses (why belong to a movement for Liberation if you're already liberated?) but because they aim, through discussion and action to be able to redefine their own identity. No theory can evolve without some measure of spiritual liberation of its creators. To be able to ask questions, to prod at the status quo, is to begin to find the answers. Workshops on history, the family, sexuality, communes and Marxism, were set up at the conference. Each woman is involved the whole time in questioning herself, her context, her relationships with men and women, her sexuality. Learning about herself, about other women, about the experience of women.

A note finally, about the 'common assumptions', the 'social myths' about women as reflected in the language. Women are 'assumed' to be hysterical. Hysteria is anti-social, it is chaos taking over from order. The word 'hysteria' comes from the Greek meaning 'womb'. Why should having a womb make a woman anti-social? Judging from the existing structure of the nuclear family, that is exactly what she is economically and emotionally. The word 'history', phonetically splittable into 'his story', comes from the Greek meaning 'wise man'. Biologists speak unthinkingly of mother and daughter cells; why not parent and child cells? It takes two to make a child. Newspapers are always pointing out the oddities of women's participation, even in death: 'Seven died in the crash, three of them women.'

The Movement, as I see it, doesn't seek the replacement of penis-power by Cunt-power, or any generalised power. It seeks in its initial stages the involement of all women, cutting across the class structure. When this happens maybe we can get somewhere, and have a constructive revolution, not one which needs Press censorship or Red Guards to keep dogma in its kennel. Even the defensive hosility which the Movement provokes is an index of its centrality and vitality. It is happening.

There is to be another conference in six months. Will Germaine come? Wendy will be there.

Michelene.

Rolling Stone's recent full page advertisement in The Times comparing their own characteristically thorough coverage of the Chicago Conspiracy trial with Fleet Street's patchy summaries, sent a shudder of envy through this office. On several occasions The Times has refused to accept small advertisements from OZ. In each case the decision was reached after they had requested sample copies. Two months ago we booked modest space in The Guardian. 'The magazine that nobody dares to print — will you?' ran the headline, followed by studiously uncontroversial copy inviting printers to submit quotations. They even got as far as sending back proofs. One day before publication The Guardian's advertising manager intervened and forced cancellation of the advertisment. The reason for the rejection was apparently connected with 'responsibility towards our readers'. Rolling Stone's success perhaps demonstrates that the bigger the advertisement, the smaller the 'responsibility'. Stop Press: we have just been informed that both the Guardian and the Observer have contacted Rolling Stone begging to be honoured with their next advertisement.

OZ is proud to announce that it is still not available for sale through W.H. Smith & Sons.

The next OZ will be produced by a selection of under eighteens who answered our general invitation. Any teenybopper readers who missed the historic meeting and would like to help create OZ please telephone our office. The shared ambition of those schoolboys who turned up was to 'clean up OZ', with the exception of one 12 year old who planned to include 'more gay news'.

If, like Bob and Bing, you're Moroccan bound, write to Head News, IO Rue Abdellah Ben Yessin, Essaouira, Morocco, for travel tips, accomodation advice and cookie prices. If you have something to say to English speaking heads, you can advertise for 8s. per single col inch or 5d a word.

Way back in Sydney in 1963 when OZ had been turned down by every available printer, we visited — almost as a joke — the proprieter of The Anglican newspaper. This was Francis James, who, to our astonishment, readily accepted the job. Francis never expressed regret at this decision even though this highly active churchman landed in the dock with the rest of us for 'publishing an obsene magazine'. Extremely unpopular in local establishment circles for his irreverence towards Church and Govenment, Francis was recently in London and while returning home via Hong Kong disappeared. 'Lost somewhere in China' according to a Times dispatch. Because of the Australian Government's extraordinary sensitivity to criticism, especially from nationals abroad, we don't imagine any serious effort is being made to trace this unique, cynical, compassionate, real life Christian. This paragraph is by way of recording our appreciation of Francis James, an all to rare Australian, and a plea to any of our Chinese readers who should meet him, to return him safely home.

Another Australian whom the Government would not be sorry to see disappear in China is Wilfred Burchett, veteran journalist and author, who has for years had his passport summarily with-held because of his dissenting opinions. Burchett recently returned home to visit his ageing parents, armed only with a birth certificate, and now seems likely to be trapped there until a communist revolution. Meanwhile the raids against left wing bookshops and gaolings of Anti Vietnam demonstrators continues. A last ditch national moratorium has been organised for May 9—10 to fight for withdrawal of Australian and all foreign troops from Vietnam. Anyone wishing to participate in the moratorium outside Australia House, contact OZ for details.

INSTANT PLUGS:

The Marijuana Ex position Caravan — two rock groups, a film show, speakers and a library tour 15 US cities from now to July — campaigning for legalisation of pot. The 12,000 mile trip to 'Right — a Wrong' runs through Florida, Louisiana, Georgia, New York, across to Seattle and back to Washington D.C. where a (hopefully) million signature petition will be presented to Government officials prepared to show their faces.

Since the media mined 144 Piccadilly and Endell St to death, no-one thinks about squatters much anymore — except people who walk the streets every night and families who have to live 8 to tiny room. After three months operations, Lewisham Family Squatting Assn has housed 22 families, including seven kids who were about to be taken from their mother by the courts. They still have another dozen families whose need for rehousing is urgent. LFSA take over demolition-scheduled houses from the local council, makes them habitable, and lets them to members for £2 (min) to £4 (max) rents, which are ploughed back into more developments. But finance and labour required mean many suitable houses have to be turned down for lack of resources. If you live in the area, or think you can help change living standards as bad as anything Orwell saw in the 'thirties, go to LFSA meetings Tuesdays at the Albany, Creek Road, Deptford. (Chairman — David Adshead).

Various groups distribute underground and independent films — London Film-Makers Co-Op, Angry Arts Society etc — but they are lax about catalogues, information and promotion. 'Independent Cinema' is an information center/magazine/distribution outlet which attempts to remedy this.

Aimed at informing film clubs, Universities, and individuals about films available, being made or just mooted, Independent Cinema will run 6000, 24-page copies financed by advertising, and charges on information pages. Rates on application to Nigel Algar/David Speechley 9 Newburgh St W1V1LH. Rates are negotiable and six of the information pages are free.

South Sea Bubble takes place a week after the Brighton Arts Festival, which is possibly the most sterile and elitist event of its sort in the country. The Bubble should provide an exciting and valid alternative. It will fill the town and involve its community. It will be based in the centre of Brighton around the West Pier and the Brighton Combination. There will be events in the streets and on the beach. It should be the best sort of demonstration of the power and potential of the living arts and of the current movement in new activities.

The Bubble is only a beginning.

But is should be a good one.

See vou in Brighton May22—25

US is a new magazine appearing in the West Country concerned with pollution, food, music, pottery, drama and industry. Enquiries to Rod Emery, 3 Abbey Street, Bath, Somerset.

3/6 to Roger Falcon, 22 Pembroke Square, London, W.8. will ensure a copy of Concept, yet another magazine of 'good contemporary poetry'. 'A book of happy sexual poems' is how Norman Isles describes The Green Man, his little red book available from him at 381 Marine Road, Morecambe, Lancs. The Observer refused a paid advertisement for it, so it might be worth the 10/-.

Any artist can show their work at the New Arts Lab, 1 Robert Street, N.W.1. at the Open Access Show. Obtain entry forms first and see J.G. Ballard's current sculpture of Crashed Cars.

Every Wednesday at The Crypt, 242 Lancaster Road, W.11 is experimental poetry, jazz, rock, films and inflatable ladies all for a ludicrous 2/6.

If you're lonely and lost in Blackpool visit the Head Shop at 4 Springfield Road or dance every Friday at the Pleasurebeach Casino. . .

KWOD is being launched to 'bridge the gap between BEANO and Black Dwarf' and promises no four letter words. Anyone interested in this remarkable publishing phenomenon write to KWOD 53 Blacksmiths Way, Hartwell, Northampton.

FROM JOHN WILCOCK'S OTHER SCENES:

The first underground paper to be indicted by a FEDERAL grand jury is New Orlean's Nola Express — charged with obscenity for reproducing a picture of a guy masturbating, surrounded by nude pictures and the caption: What Sort of Man Reads Playbov?

The German author Joachim Joesten, who has written books about LBJ, JFK, Lee Harvey Oswald, Nasser, De Gaulle and Onassis now publishes a fortnightly newsletter, Truth Letter, dedicated solely to 'assassination news' (his address: 87-70 173rd St., NYC 11432).

One of the conditions that Salvador Dali imposed for doing his first advertising job (for Perrier Water) was that 1,000 bottles of the product be delivered to his home in Spain. Dali's now working on a television commercial for a French chocolate company.

'Weatherman is not an accident. Weatherman is a logical consequence of intellectual flabbiness and dishonesty on the Left as a whole. . . Movement people who ought to know better have indulged in verbal overkill to the point where language the basic tool for organizing reality into something that can be understood and acted upon is no longer descriptive. Terms like fascism, racism, genocide, police state and oppression have been stripped of meaning. (When and if real fascism comes to this country it seems we will have no words left to describe it)'.

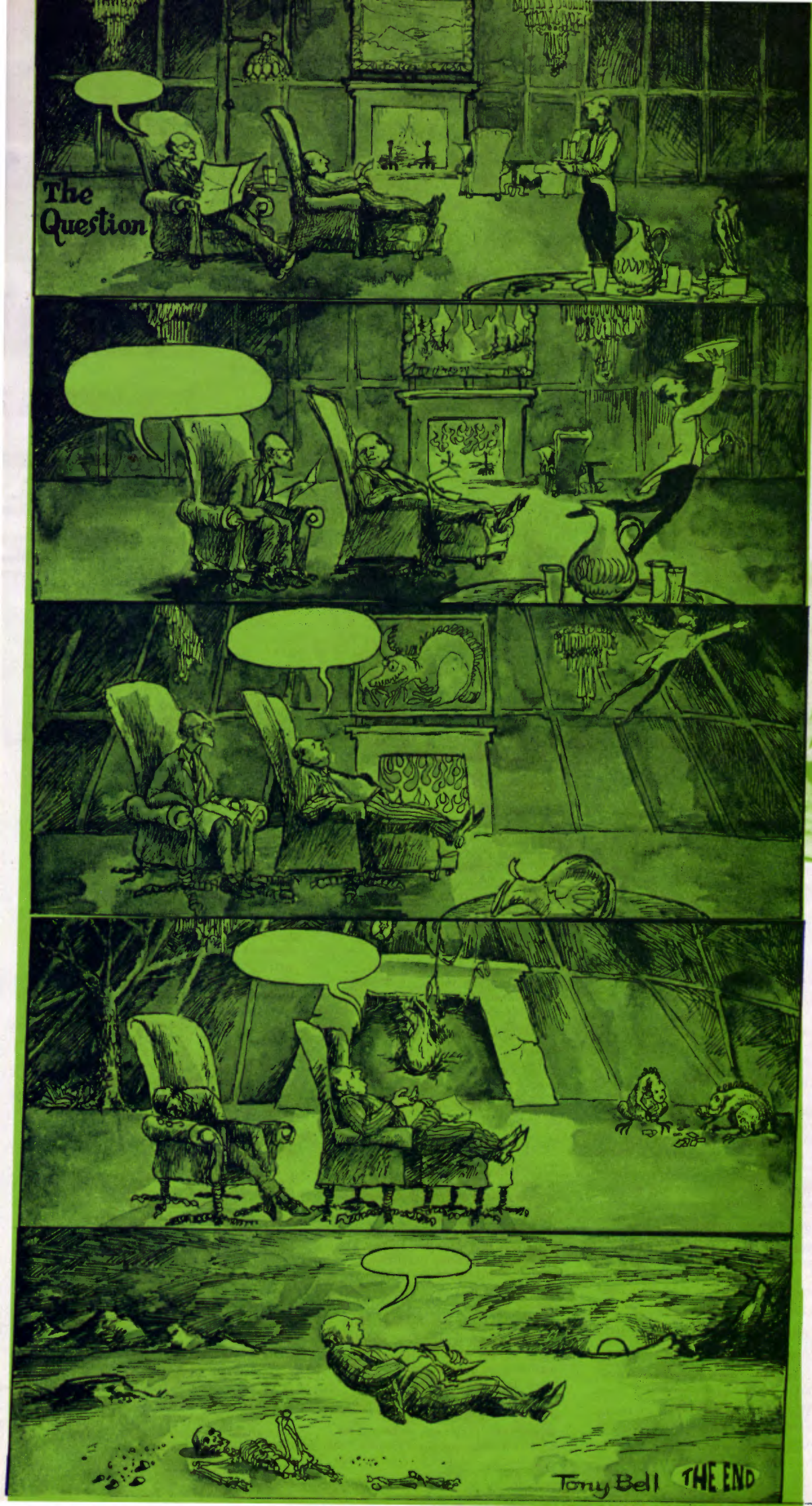
Hendrik Hertzberg in WIN

Earth People's Park may or may not be a good idea there's been quite a bit of dispute about its potential but hopefully its sponsors are keeping an account of what happens to the dollars people are donating by mail. We never did find out what happened to the $400,000 that the Monterey Pop promoters promised to spread among the hip community.

John Sinclair wrote to Rolling Stone from jail alleging that the once-revolutionary group MC5 which he originally organized, produced and managed had now copped out and wanted to be big pop stars. Not only that, said Sinclair, but MC5 had screwed him out of his managment share now that he was in prison and in no position to collect it.

A free sample of vaginal foam is available by sending a postcard request to the Emko company, 7912 Manchester Ave., St. Louis, Mo.63143.

Hitchhiking anywhere on the face of the earth is an attractive proposition to some people, intimidating to others. So John Rudoff (Box 203, University Station, Syracuse, NY 13210) is compiling a Survival Manual for the Roads of Earth which will collate all the information that might be helpful. Send him some.



Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

In a recent column you answered a question about scalp hair. I am more interested in pubic hair.

My boyfriend likes thick pubic hair and keeps asking me to shave mine so it will grow back thicker. He says women who have had babies (i.e. had the pubic hair shaved) have much thicker and more hair than before the experience.

Answer: You may bristle at this, but to the best of knowledge hair will not grow back more thickly when cut or shaved. Hair is dead matter except for the "root" beneath the skin.

Besides, think of the five o'clock shadow...

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

Whenever I displease my husband, he gives me an enema of hot soapy water to " discipline" me!! Since this didn't happen too often, I suffered with it—however, he has been giving them to me more often (about once every 4–5–6 weeks) and I've been wondering if it can cause me any harm. He used to use a pint of water, but now he uses more. (He says about a pint and a half). Also, he agrees to abide by your decision, says if it's harmful to me, he will stop and go back to using the hairbrush.

Answer: Infrequent enemas, as you describe them, are not medically harmful unless the water really is "hot".
Many people receive erotic stimulation through enemas and I wonder if this is really a punishment for you.

But then it's your bag.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

I am surprised that medical research can't surmise the reason for a lower left testicle. When we were first married my husband explained it to me. One hangs lower so that in case you have to squeeze your legs together they don't crush each other. As for lefties predominating, I guess all those symmetrical fellows crossed their legs and crushed themselves out of having any progeny.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates,

I seldom read your column, it usually *actually* makes me sick to my stomach to know there are sick vulgar, uncivilised people.

Today my husband showed me your column about the man who liked to wake up his wife by making love to her in the morning. *He*'s an early riser and I'm not (he relaxes in the evenings while I take care of dinner, children, and chores). He remarked that he might try that sometime. I told him and I'll tell you, if he ever does, in that manner, I'll probably kill him and blame you for contributing to the cause.

People live happily enough until they read all these perverted sex things—and get ideas, or think they are missing something! It's turning the world into a cessspool—it'll end up like the Roman Empire—in decadence.

Why don't you try and make things better instead of worse—a better world, instead of an animal jungle? I also wish your laboratory assistant and her kind would mate with their own kind. That might help a lot.

Let's hope computers help out in this respect.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM FRANKEN

CANDY DARLING FINDS LOVE AT LAST

While they were in London, LOVE stayed in a large, ultra-new anonymous apartment high above Ebury Street, near Victoria Station. Transient, over heated and full of beds. Used to the luxurious private life of the wealthy Californian sybarite, they, certainly Arthur Lee, were totally bored by the hard facts of touring and the exigencies of life in London. All that money could buy had been lavished upon them, and this is what they wound up with. 'We don't have anything to do, man,' said George, the drummer. 'We just sit around all day and get smashed. It's a relief when someone comes around to talk to. We've got nothing else to do.' They all looked half awake, particularly Arthur, who has heavy lidded, bedroom eyes and the lazy graceful movements of a contented Siamese cat.

'Hey you got so many pretty things on, man' said George, touching a necklace, 'Arthur, look at the things this cat has on'. Fringed pants, leather bracelets, a ring or two, I suddenly felt like an overdressed weekend Jonathan King hippie, and almost crudely destroyed the good vibrations building up on the large double bed by asking a question:

'A friend of mine said he wasn't impressed by your stage performance at the Speakeasy. How well do you think you perform generally on the stage?'

'I don't know man. I do my best every time I go on. The Speakeasy was great. I had a good time. The crowd seemed enthusiastic, and definitely behind me. They were just waiting to see where my whole trip was at and after they saw, I just never gave them a chance to get on the case. I just kept the ball rolling until I could get out of there.'

'Do you try to create a sexual image on stage the way Jagger does?'

'I have my hands full just remembering my songs. I just try to get my point across. I'm not into creating any sex image. I just do my trip. I can't look at me and say what I am. You have to do that. I don't see any sex trip happening with Jagger. I just see him enjoying doing his thing.'

'It's a little more than that. He openly enjoys projecting sexuality.'

'Maybe that's his thing. Just because it's his thing, that doesn't necessarily mean it has to be my thing. It might be part of my trip, but it's not my whole trip.'

'Whether consciously or not, Love's image, and particularly yours, has ever since you've been around, been a very sensual one.' (If you looked and sounded like Arthur Lee it would be very difficult for it not to be).

'Well, that's great. Nothing wrong with a little sex.'

'But are you conscious of this?'

'Well yes, but I don't think about it too much. I don't push it. I just do my thing. If sex comes out of doing my thing, then that s what you get.'

'So you agree with me?'

'Yeah, why not.'

'Are you into politics at all?'

'Not at *all*.' Arthur laughed. He laughs a lot. 'Is anybody?'

'Well, Jefferson Airplane are on a heavy political trip at the moment.'

'Yeah. They don't see life like I do. Maybe they need it man. Maybe they need to learn something. I'm not like that at all. I mean, it's like -uh- I'm in it whether I wanna be or not. It comes out in my songs when I talk about all sorts of different things. There's no point in talking about *politics*.'

'But your life style is a political thing in itself.'

'My lifestyle is that background that I was conditioned – (yawn) – I am the *result* of that background. Make no mistake about *that*.'

'Would you say you are living the revolution?'

'I am *what*? My birth was a revolution.'

'Do you know what I'm trying to say?'

'No. I wish you'd get to the point.'

'*I* think his songs are political,' put in George. The other members of the group had already disappeared into another room to sleep.

'The way of life reflected in your songs is totally opposed to the way of life that someone like President Nixon would recommend for a red-blooded, healthy American under twenty five.'

'I'm a red beans and rice man, but I'm not totally opposed to *anything*. To be totally opposed to something wouldn't be living, it would be negative. Just moving backwards. That's not life, man. For every bad, there's got to be some good. Even if Nixon's an asshole, there's got to be a good part of his asshole. So if people, man vote somebody in – or if they have a power system if they put somebody in a so called power position (laughter) and employ those games with people's lives, all those trips, and people want to support this system, well, you know, that's their trip man. (laughter) I just happen to live in a house in that system, but I ain't going to be putting up no Volunteers signs on my album cover. I don't dig it. I can see the whole thing changing towards the way that I would want my life to be lived on this planet but my way is no opinion in itself, like this interview, or what you're gonna write down. My way is not *the* way; it is part of the way. Just by accident we happen to be on the same trip – we're all *freaking out!* (laughter) Someone must have a pretty strong rap going or something, because like ah, because everything is starting to like freak out around all those stereotype creeps and man, they're getting *nervous*. So somebody's got to either start cracking down or opening up. And I would hope that they would open up. Because opening up is the key to life. Keep an open mind man and you can't go too wrong. If you are aware of your environment, man that's an important trip.'

If being aware of your environment is an important thing, and there are so many things about your environment which are fucked up, then apart from living the way you do, which is an important statement in itself, you don't do anything – you don't preach. . .'

'No man'

'. . . or belong to any revolutionary or political organisation.'

'Oh no man. No. Oh no.'

'His songs *are* political,' George put in again.

'I just write. I just call 'em as I see 'em. Call 'em as I see 'em, man.'

'Arthur writes about life, man,' said George, 'and life's political.'

'I don't like what's going down, if

that's what you mean. I'm not exactly tickled pink by the governments running the world. I don't like the war in Vietnam. I'm positively against the war. But I don't have to think about those political trips.'

'How do you get along with the rest of the group?'

'I get along great with everybody in the group. Maybe that's what goes wrong. Maybe that'll lead to another break up.'

'How about George here?'

'I get along great with George.'
'Arthur's the best,' said George.
'He's modest too, that's for sure.'

'You're not egotistical?'

'Oh no man.'

'Why not, everybody else is.'

Arthur laughed. His laughter is as gentle and lethargic as the rest of him. 'Oh yeah? Well, by saying 'No', I guess I am too.'

'You are the sole surviving member of the original Love, so obviously it was around you that everying revolved.'

'No.'

'But if you left there wouldn't be any Love.'

'Right' (from George)
'Well, more or less I suppose, but it depends on what you thought Love was to begin with. If you want to make me Love, that's cool. But I never said I was Love. I said I was a part of Love. There are a lot of groups with no sole survivors or whatever you call them. Grass Roots, for example. That's not the same group at all.

'But that's because there was no single personality which embodied the group. But with Love it's pretty obvious that there is you.'

'I dig what you're saying.'

'Like with the Byrds there is McGuinn.'

'Well, it wasn't McGuinn who was the Byrds to me at first. It was Gene Clark. But when I think of the Byrds I don't really think of either McGuinn or Clark; I think of all those people involved in that trip. Yeah.'
'I think when people come to see Love, they come to see Arthur Lee,' said George, 'because we haven't paid our dues yet. We're not known.'
'We got to get a lot of exposure man,' said Arthur.
'Yeah, but they come to see Arthur, and hear what *he* wrote. And we play *his* songs the way *he* wants them.'

'Why is it that the original members all split? Was it just a natural drift apart?'

'It was just time. No big thing, just something that was coming to a head.'

'Was it your fault, your hangups that caused the rift?'

'My hangups?'

'I mean, I've heard that you are autocratic, you throw your weight around.'

'That's the last thing I do. I don't even weigh that much. But I'll take the blame man, I ain't proud.'

(laughter)

'Is there any truth in that at all?'

'Well, if you want to believe it. To call me the asshole that caused the group to break up is just a falsehood. It's just not true. Everybody contributed in equal share to the breaking up of the group. That's for sure. I don't have any guilt trips about that trip. It's like a romance man, with a chick. It's good as long as it is and when it's over, it's over but you gotta go into it not looking for the ending, but constantly aware that nothing lasts forever. It wasn't ever a bad scene. It went down. It was a good thing for me, because it was refreshing for me to work with other cats. I don't look upon it as a bad trip.'

'So the whole thing could happen again?'

'Oh, possibly. Yeah sure, but it doesn't worry me simply because of the fact that I can't work without grooving with the people I work with. I don't look upon musicians as chunks of my body so that if I can't have these people I can't function I look upon musicians as arrangements — each musician varies his own arrangements inside his body and when he plays his axe, his arrangement or interpretation of whatever music has been given to him at that time, is the sort of trip I will have to evolve *my* trip around as far as thinking about writing songs goes. I have to think of such and such, that he is a quarter, half beat drummer — but I can take my songs to someone else who plays triplets — another trip, and I'll get a different feeling from that guy — can you understand what I'm saying — so arrangements come and go man. They come and go. But the thing I've learned about the whole trip is that it's better to be with a good arrangement than with a bad arrangement.'

'Following upon that you would say there could not be any good music coming out of a bad arrangement?'

'That's true, but what I mean is. . . oh oh where was I?' The pipe goes round yet again.

'So you don't treat the rest of your group like a bunch of shit?'

'Lies, all lies. I just took my stand as being leader, and if I didn't, how could I be the leader of the group? I just made sure that I did my trip. If I was the rhythm guitar player I'd make sure I played the rhythm guitar. You know, after living with someone for three years you sort of take them for granted and too much stuff was taken for granted in that first group. That's why I broke it up. It was so loose, and falling apart for six months before we finally broke up. Like when we first joined the band bit, we had a great group personality, everybody grooved together, but at the end of the third year, everybody was financially straight, drifted their own ways and formed a new life. It just happened.'

'Sounds perfectly logical.'

'Yeah, things don't last forever, and nobody is particularly to blame when it all ends.'

'Did you commandeer a room for yourself (for whatever reason) in your Manchester hotel and push everyone else into the only remaining room?'

'No.'

'There are always people who want to put the bad rap on someone — it's logical that that happens to me simply because I probably blow a lot of people's minds myself, so in return I get my mind blown with that sort of crap.'

'The fact that the group is called Love may be partly responsible for this.'

'Yeah maybe. Everybody's Love and I just want to put Love in the minds of the good people on this planet. It's nice when you're on a bummer to see a sign that says Love, touches your heart. . .it's a good trip to flash on home. I try to make my trip as homey or as earthy as I can. Like, even though I write sarcastically or whatever about my environment, I'd like to think of my material as reminding you when you listen to it, of the trip you're going through, or the hardships you're facing, that I faced, and of the way it ends or the way I say it ends. I should like to think that it would be a good trip for the person's mind. I like to give them that homely feeling. You got to get your shoes straight at home before you can play on the streets. A lot of people read trips that happen in the street and they haven't got their shit straight at home. Man, it's easy to put somebody down.'

'That old story about your road manager.'

'You tell me what happened.'

'Well, I heard that the whole group was on smack.'

'Oh no, not the whole group. Not me man.

'Some of the others were?'

'Well, you know, that's far out man. I don't know which ones were, which ones weren't. I don't have time to get into other peoples personal lives (said with great cynicism) Make no mistake about that. . .

'But the road manager. . .'

'He OD'd. Or maybe he had a heart attack man. (laughter) It was purely accidental. Happens everyday man.'

'Not your fault?'

'No, he did it to himslef. Doing his own trip. It's good to do your own trip.'

'There's no other trip to do. But did you expect it?'

'Oh no. A shock. A mindblower.'
At this point, Danny Kresky Love's manager came in, looking worried: 'How come when people do interviews, they are always concerned with peoples' drug habits? Someone wrote an article in Zig Zag that was a lot of shit. Really bullshit. I'm just about to sue those people for what they wrote.'

'There isn't much need to get upset by talk about drugs — which you take and which you don't.'

'I don't think so either,' said Arthur. 'Yeah, but they were talking about heroin. We don't want police watching us walking in and out all day long.'

'Why do I so often get your songs mixed up with other peoples' songs?

'Because everything I hear, I hear. What goes in gotta come out. Some trip like that. So all the things that I hear influence me in my writing in my whole trip.'

'Do you copy songs?'

'Copy songs from other people?'

'Yes.'

'Oh no. I get feelings from other people. The melodies inspire me to do specific things *their* way, you know. . . But that's my trip. I like to do all kinds of music instead of just one kind of music.'

'Most musicians are influenced by other peoples' music, but translate it in such a way that it becomes almost totally different, usually because they are very self conscious about being unoriginal.'

'I'm not on that trip. I know I *am* everybody else.'

'So it doesn't surprise you that other people find you derivative.'

'I appreciate all the other people and their. . .' (laughter) . . . I *want* my songs to sound like other peoples'. That's my trip. I'm glad that I'm able to do that, you know, it's like an echo, coming back. In a different way, but I say the same thing.'

'The songs certainly sound much the same sometimes.'

'Well, that's a compliment. Because that to me means that I'm not just on one trip. I mean, I don't just sing *de blues*. I like to mix 'em up. Lots of different things.'

'Do you like living in communal situations?'

'The group are around all the time but I have my own private trip within the group. I don't live with any people. Like my house has an extra house on it that my drummer rents but other than that I have my privacy. My business and private life are not one and the same thing.'

'On a tour like this they must become more fused though?'

'Yeah. (laughter) Manchester. Completely the opposite of my normal trip.'

'And it gets you uptight sometimes?'

'I'm ready to tear these sheets up right now.' slow smile.

'Do you often lose your temper?'

'Everyone loses their temper.'

'No they don't.'

'They don't? Let me see — who were those three that did. . . ? Everytime you open your mouth you've lost your temper. Cause you can't keep your mouth shut.'

Arthur Lee was practically asleep. George had disappeared. 'We've covered a lot of ground, man.' Arthur said as I prepared to leave. A beautiful flaxen haired girl wandered in silently and sat on the bed. What with her eyes and Arthur's golden brown skin. . . California, sunshine, acid, flowers, love, hate and death. I shook hands twice and said several stoned farewells. Aimiability and good vibes to the end. The West Coast is something else. A few more years, and they really will be like children from another planet.
Jim Anderson.

Extracts from Robert Finnis' History of Teen Idols and Teenybop – the American pre-Beatle era.

'Teenybop' is a name that has been given recently to a category of music which is sung by artists who rely solely or to a greater extent on an aura or image, usually sexual, deliberately cultivated and to the detriment of the true medium of their profession. As for teenyboppers, it's difficult to classify them. There are thousands of mature housewives who show all the hallmarks of the true teenybopper – although they might not pin fan pics up on the wall they do buy the records – but speaking generally, the true teenybopper is a 11–14 year old pubescent schoolgirl, (or schoolboy) probably middle class, probably English or American, who loves to have her sentiments and feelings manufactured for her. At first glance, Elvis Presley could be called the originator of 'teenybop', but underneath all the make-up and flashy clothes, he was a snarling, earthy southern kid, still attached musically to his ethnic background. His records were not subservient to his image. With all the early rock stars (Jerry Lee, Carl Perkins, Gene Vincent, Chuck Berry etc) their music and their shows were their image. Under the diamond rings and Cadillacs they were rough and raw. They couldn't always smile or pose properly for their photos, weren't too good looking and parents loathed them. They weren't the kind they'd like their daughter to marry.

On November 4th 1957 however, with the initial rock fervour dying down, and a steady crop of ballads calypsos and a few pre-Haley throwbacks turning up as well as the hard rock, TIME magazine reported: '. . . is the golden glottis gurgling to a stop? Is there a quiver to those rosebud lips a beginning of wilt to those poodle-wool sideburns?

For two years, lovers of peace, quiet and a less epileptic kind of minstrelsy have waited for Elvis Presley and the adenoidal art form rock n' roll to fade. But knowledgeable disc-jockeys and trade bulletins offer such purists little hope. In spite of previously noted tremors, last week rock 'n roll looked as solid as Gibraltar, and Elvis – with a new stomp and holler hit, Jailhouse Rock' (RCA Victor) – was perched right on top'

The trend that TIME noted (somewhat belatedly) ushered in the golden age of teenybop, and the classic rock and rollers went into a temporary eclipse.

The first true teenybop artist was Tommy Sands (b. 1937), not counting two movie stars who happened to have hits, Tab Hunter and Sal Mineo or Pat Boone who was in an uptight class of his own. Sands, of whom we never heard much of over here, was a kid who had been brought up in Shreveport, Louisiana, though born in Chicago, had been exposed to hillbilly sounds on the radio and learned the guitar. Later he found himself doing second rate T.V. and radio shows and touring on Colonel Tom Parker's (pre-Elvis days) road shows across the cow country. Parker encouraged Sands.

By late 1956, Sands hadn't got anywhere. His voice wasn't suited to rock 'n roll, being throaty, lush and not gutsy enough. But he had clean boyish good looks and when a T.V. company wanted Presley to play himself in a show called 'The Teenage Idol', Parker said Presley was too busy, but that he could recommend an unknown, Tommy Sands.

Soon after Sands was flown in by the show's producers who were pleased and signed him. After the show, Sands began to play the title role in real life. Offers bombarded him after the appearance and 'Teenage Crush', one of two songs from the show, a breathy ballad with-a-beat that relates in sobbing tones something about young love misunderstood, burst into the U.S. charts on the 'Capitol' label in February, 1957 – pretty early.

Over the years, up to '60, Sands had many discs released, sometimes backed by guitars and drums and others with orchestras. A few were hits like 'Goin' steady' (1957) and 'Sing Boy Sing' (1958) but he never made it really big for some reason, though he did graduate into movies with one or two good roles. 'Capitol' were possibly to blame, as they were not too adept at handling teen artists, or perhaps he was just too early for his scene. At any rate Sands was the very first of the 'clean' teen singers – the ones parents would like their daughters to marry.

Next came Ricky Nelson, born 1940, with a silver spoon in his mouth by virtue of his showbiz parentage. At 11 he made his first screen appearance and from his early teens he appeared in a nationally syndicated, typically American, light comedy programme, 'The Ozzie & Harriet Show', Ozzie and Harriet being his folks. Ricky's elder brother, Dave, also featured and soon Ricky's face was well known in America. When rock 'n roll came in Rick's parents signed him to Norman Granz's normally jazz-inclined 'Verve' label. The first single was a cover of a Fats Domino hit 'I'm Walkin' backed by 'A Teenager's Romance', both recorded on the soundstage of the 'Ozzie & Harriet' show. The record, with the aid of a little exposure like an 18 million audience, took off and entered the U.S. charts at No. 18 in mid May, 1957, reaching No. 2. That record was to be an antecedent for similar hits over the next 5 or 6 years, Nelson at one stage being second only to Presley in American teen idolization.

He wasn't a 'natural born' singer but he did learn quickly as he went along until, by 1960, he was a capable teen-crooner with a distinct warm, nasal tone, even if he did somewhat lack authority, which he has somehow never managed to capture, especially on up-tempo numbers.

By late 1957, the U.S. charts were being slowly infiltrated by other 'clean' performers like Paul Anka ('Diana') and Jimmie Rogers ('Honeycomb') and the Everly Brothers, who although watered-down country at this stage, went on to cultivate a massive teenybop following right through till 1962.

Short and stocky, Anka was considered almost a prodigy in 1957, when at 16 he hit with the massive, matriarchal self-penned 'Diana'. He was always popular and starting so young had a very good run of hits, many self-written, through the years including 'I Love You Baby' (1957) 'I'm Just a Lonely Boy' (1959) 'You Are My Destiny' (1958) 'Puppy Love' (1960). Around 1962, Anka opted out, successfully, into an adult almost middle aged entertainment world.

December, 1957 saw the emergence of the first teenybop group, Danny & the Juniors. More important still was the fact that they came from Philadelphia, which in a year was to become the centre of pop and monopolise the teen-scene for a while, to the detriment and eventual fate of the truly talented hard rock'n'roller, replacing the latters' music with sickly sweet sentiments and carefully contrived images fathered by Payola.

'At the Hop' was a world hit by early 1958 and Danny & the Juniors became the first in a long line of one-hit wonders, with no stage act to back themselves up with. They followed up with 'Rock and Roll is Here to Stay', reached No. 19 in America and faded, although they made a comeback in 1961 with a hit, 'Twistin' U.S.A.', with a different line-up.

The group were all urban youths, mostly of Italian origin who'd never been exposed to musical influence bonafide, but just grew up on the block and suddenly fancied themselves, so they practised their harmonies on a self-penned song, 'Do The Bop', and took it to a local vocal tutor and arranger, Artie Singer. Singer altered the lyrics, cutting himself in and fixed up an economical recording session.

'At The Hop' had just string bass, drums and piano underneath a blanket of vocals and moves along rapidly. Leased to A.B.C.-Paramount Records, the record broke nationally and the kids made a lot of money in a short time. At the time there were several Danny & the Juniors going around to cash in on the hit. The groups' name lives on as a meter for derisive scorn of the crass-commercial dawn of the teenybop era which they heralded.

A similarly styled group was The 'Royal Teens' who hit with their shattering teenage idiot chant 'Short Shorts' in February, 1958 – the first ever bubblegum hit in rock, as opposed to straight teenybop sentiments. There is no vocal lead on the record but it begins with a wolf-whistle and what sounds like the teenagers on the local street corner, chanting through echo, 'Who Likes Short Shorts?' (the girls) answered by the guys 'We Like Short Shorts' and apart from a bit on sax and some handclaps that's about it. Recorded in New Jersey and leased, once again, to A.B.C.-Paramount, 'Shorts' sold a million. Just who the 'Teens' were is a mystery, but they say Al Kooper and Bob Gandio, who co-wrote it, were definitely there. Gandio later became famous as one of the 4 Seasons and as a writer/producer.

Tommy Sands

Bobby Rydell

PAUL ANKA

RICK NELSON

JIMMY CLANTON

FRANKIE AVALON

DION

FABIAN

BOBBY VEE

Another early teen hit in 1957 America, which really belonged to 1959, was an attempt to emulate the Everly Brothers by two New York college kids under the pseudonyms 'Tom and Jerry' on the 'Big' label. The disc, 'Hey, Schoolgirl', was written and sung by the then teen-aged Simon and Garfunkel.

'Hey Schoolgirl,
in the second ro-ho-ho(w)'

They cut some other sides but were unable to follow it up successfully. Later Simon pursued a career as rock singer Jerry Landis.

In July, 1956, a D.J. Dick Clark had taken over the compere spot in a local Philadelphia Show 'Bandstand' blessed with a simple format — 150 kids stomping a studio to the hit sounds of the day, with an in-person guest most days. It was Philadelphia's highest rated daytime television show. After convincing the A.B.C.-T.V. authorities to screen it nationally he could do no wrong and on a hot and humid afternoon on August 5th, 1957, A.B.C. put 'Bandstand' on its national television network as 'American Band-Stand'.

In the 3 years that followed Clark (b. 1929) had some sort of effect — direct or indirect — on the career of almost every popular singer except Presley who from his regnal heights could ignore everybody. By exploiting artists on his daily 90 minute 'American Bandstand' and also on his own 'Dick Clark Show' (every Saturday) Clark single-handedly established stars and records and was responsible for the 'Philadelphia Crap Sound' of Frankie Avalon, Fabian, to a certain extent Bobby Rydell and others like Connie Francis (from New Jersey) all of whom he over-exposed to American teenybopperdom.

By late '58 he was the most influential D.J. in the country and developed a subsidiary network of business interests and sidelines. 'Dick wouldn't think of standing in the way of a young singer trying to plug his latest record', someone wrote, while Dick explained 'New discs fit in nicely with our format'.

Let us look closer at other pieces of the integral jigsaw of the Philadelphia phenomenon. There was a small record label called Chancellor run by a former government clerk, Bob Marcucci, and an arranger/musician, Peter De Angelis. They founded their label in the mid 50's and had their first hit in 1957, 'More than just friends' by Jodi Sands. Their first big star became Frankie Avalon, born Francis Thomas Avallone in 1940. He was a child prodigy on T.V. playing, of all things, the trumpet, while also attending school and bookings. However, as he grew out of his cute 'kiddy' looks things got quiet. He gigged where he could, now in his mid teens and in 1957 joined a local outfit 'Rocco and his Saints' as lead singer and trumpeter. This proved lucrative and he even got a friend of his, Bobby Ridarelli (later to become Bobby Rydell), a job on drums. Marcucci and De Angelis on a local talent binge discovered Frankie singing with Rocco and his Saints. Musically orientated, good looking, well behaved, he would be a clean cut legitimate performer.

EVERLY BROTHERS FAN CLUB
James Buniff
1606 Patapsco Street
Baltimore 30, Md.

After two flops, (backed by Rocco and Co.), his third disc 'De De Dinah', backed by the Pete De Angelis orchestra and chorus, made the U.S. charts in early '58, with a lot of plugging from the convenient 'American Bandstand'.

Earlier in '57 he had appeared in a movie 'Jamboree' about the disc business, singing his second disc (one of the flops, 'Teacher's Pet'). The movie was fascinating because it featured some of the best of the older pioneering school — Carl Perkins Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino, Buddy Knox, even Count Basie and his orchestra and Slim Whitman, while also exposing the then unknown stars Connie Francis and Avalon to be from a completely different city environment. It was the urbans against the ethnics.

Avalon went on to have some massive U.S. hits, backed by middle-aged session orchestras. After 1960 they stopped coming but he still remained immensely popular becoming a personality cult thing; movies, teen spreads etc. This lasted till about 1962 when he had a belated U.S. hit, his chart swansong 'Don't let me stand in your way'.

After establishing Avalon, Marcucci and De Angelis needed some security for their label which hinged on the tonsils of one personality who could fall from the popularity of fickle audiences any time.

They found the insurance in a 15 year old (again) local kid, Fabian Forte (b. 1943).

'I was certain that 'Fabe' was it and that it was going to happen. But if it hadn't I simply would have looked for someone else and built him.' He manufactured Fabian and merchandised him. He told 'Fabe' what to say and when to say it, what to do and when to do it, when to appear and when to disappear. Fabian holds the record for the biggest con in the business. He was 'discovered' lounging outside his home one evening. Marcucci, impressed by his looks, the beefy-sweet type, popular in 1959 suggested he cut a record for 'Chancellor'. Even Fabian was dubious: 'Hey mom', he is supposed to have said, 'that crazy man wants me to sing'. He couldn't sing and he knew it.

But with the aura Marcucci envisaged, Fabian could stutter his name off-key and it would be accepted as 'Entertainment', because he would be accepted as a person.

After listening to hundreds of records, and singing lessons, he cut his first single which did nothing.

Then Marcucci took Fabian on some of the already well-established Frankie Avalon's personal appearances to get the 'feel' of the audience he would soon be adored by. He could see the girls in the front row plead with Frankie to touch them, he could catch the outwardly disdainful boys in the crowd sneak out to damage Frankies' car because he was 'stealing their girls'.

Then came 'Lilly Lou', his second disc — nothing.

Marcucci repackaged his commodity and when his third record 'I'm a man' came out it took off with plugging on 'American Bandstand' and an article in the popular 'Motion Picture' by a female journalist who'd been impressed by Fabe. 'I blew a fuse over Fabian' proclaimed the leader. Actually, the woman who died in 1960 from an incurable disease, joined Chancellor records as promotion director.

Other hits followed in 1959, 'Tiger' and 'Turn me loose', his records sold fairly well, his popularity sustained by a run of teen movies, until 1960 when the big promotion and the big hits ground to a well deserved stop. Today he is married and nothing, but does emerge in occasional 'B' movies and has recently been trying to change his name back to its full Fabian Forte.

In all fairness 'Fabe' did learn as he went along. Embarrassingly weak off-key vocals on disc, and amateurish awkwardness onscreen, improved slightly but his talent lay in giving the impression that he had 'something' where in fact he had very little.

Then there was Bobby Rydell who in 1960-61 achieved almost a Presley type following. Rydell was talented in a sterile way, like Frankie Avalon. He was born on April 26th, 1942, Adrio Ridarelli in the same South Philadelphia environment which spawned Frankie Avalon, Joey Bishop, Mario Lanza and Jimmy Darren. It was a clean, poor area in which Jews, Italians and Negroes intermingled in a raucous, dilapidated jigsaw puzzle of identical row houses, narrow streets and slight strips of sunshine. All the parents wanted their kids to lift themselves out of that environment and 'show' neighbours. It's a fact that all South Philadelphia kids could, at the time, lay valid claim to 'knowing' Frankie or Fabe.

Ridarelli took an interest in the drums at a very early age then appeared locally and on Philadelphia T.V. where he would sing and imitate big showbiz names. This lasted till he was ten and never got him anywhere, but like Avalon this precocity was a taste of things to come. The next four years were barren, until Ridarelli joined a local rock 'n'roll band 'Rocco and his Saints', on drums. One day on a gig in Atlantic City, New Jersey the group was an alternate band with 'The Applejacks', whose bass player, an older fellow named Frankie Day was impressed by the vitality of Rocco's drummer, young Bobby. The customary visits to Ridarelli's dubious parents were made and then Day was allowed to become Bobby's manager.

Three discs later still no luck. For a year Rydell and Frankie Day had undergone a gruelling grind in the latter's old car, making the rounds of D.J.'s between Massachusetts and Virginia to promote the records, sleeping in the car, washing up at the Y.M.C.A. and eating frankfurters at roadside stands. Pretty soon Day was in debt. After Rydell's third disc, a ballad, had looked promising but flopped, his fourth 'Cameo' disc 'Kissin' Time' finally took off with lotsa plugging locally and on 'American Bandstand'. Many other hits followed in 1960, 'Wild One', 'Ding-a-ling' c/w 'Swingin' School' 'Itty Bitty Girl' and his massive remake of 'Volare' in which adults took an interest.

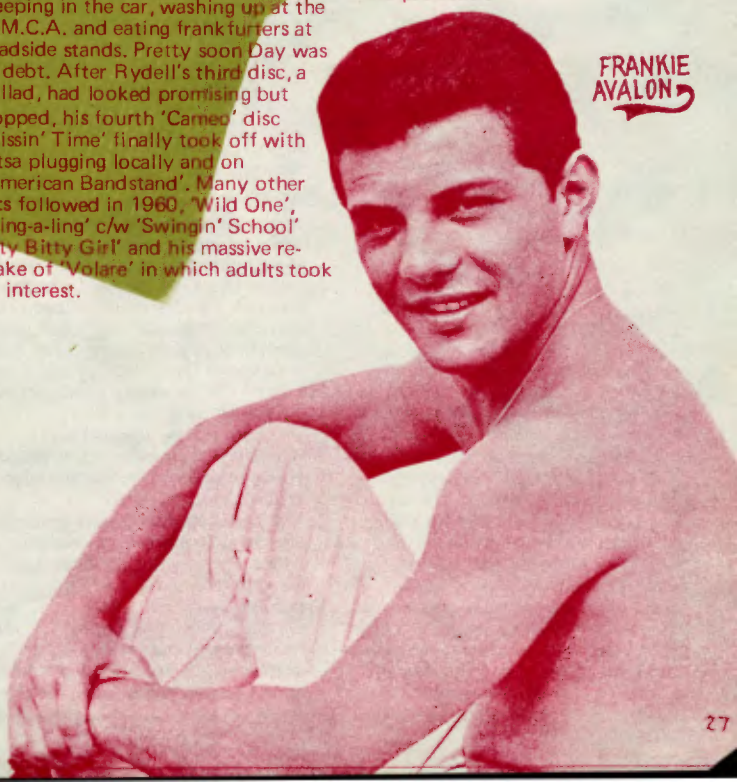
What became of Rydell, a purely American attraction, isn't known, but he lasted until 1963 when he appeared in the film version of the musical 'Bye Bye Byrdie', then the groups sealed his demise. Other hits include 'Cherie', 'Goodtime Baby', 'I Got Bonnie' in 1961, 'The Fish', 'The Cha Cha Cha' in 1962 and 'Forget Him' and 'Wildwood Days' in '63.

The fact remains that Rydell, Avalon and Fabian were the pioneers in the 'Good looks — talent optional' stakes which took over the rock scene in 1959, and was, in turn, to lead into the inter-regnal void of the early '60's. The years 1959—1963 were the worst in rock/pop's history, with '63 being an all-time low. That was the year which, apart from Spector's Wagnerian productions, America had nothing to offer and instead, England, long the underdog, began to introduce sensational changes in the rock field.

Dion, a dark scowling guy who looked like a black pencil on stage, in his dark Italian suits, was born in the Bronx. He had showbiz parents and was introduced into that environment, with appearances on T.V. etc. He cut his first record around 1956—1957 for an obscure 'Mohawk' label. Then in 1957 he formed a group, along with three neighbourhood pals of the '50's practising harmonies on-street-corner type and that year they signed with 'Laurie' records of New York as Dion & the Belmonts, derived from Belmont Avenue in the Bronx, where they all lived. Their second disc 'I wonder why', a sort of embyonic 'Four Seaons/Beachboys' sound, took off becoming a U.S. smash. Several more very dated corny hits followed — 'No One Knows' ('58), 'Where or When' (1960) and the favourite Pomus/Shuman ditty of 1959 'Teenager in Love' —

'Each time we have a quarrel,
it almost breaks my heart,
'Cos I am so afraid that we
must be apart,
Each night I ask the stars up
above —
Why must I be a Teenager In Love?'

In spite of his early career it must be said — a few have noticed — that Dion was head and shoulders above the rest and one of the all-time greats of pop. He was truly the first pop artist to go, for use of a better word, 'progressive'. He was also a talented writer, arranger and producer.



When he inevitably split from the Belmonts who had a few small hits then floundered, he emerged in the early '60's as one of the biggest solo names in the teen stakes. Even at this stage he was different. Whereas all the others favoured big orchestras and girly choruses, Dion was the purveyor of 'funky teenybop' employing smaller, tighter groups on such hits for 'Laurie' as 'Runaround Sue' (1961), 'The Wanderer' (1961), 'Lovers Who Wander' (1962) and 'Sandy' (1962). His vocals were fabulous. He had a moaning, elastic voice, very slightly nasal, with a distinct phrasing, stretching syllables and words all over the place till he landed on the right note and it sounded good because he was a true musician.

In 1963 after six years on 'Laurie', he joined C.B.S. at that time still a very straight company; Robert Goulet, Andy Williams, Steve Lawrence, Tony Bennett were its big stars. He continued his run of hits with a series of fabulous productions, still employing that tight funky 'teenybronx' back up but adding subtleties to the sound, as on his self written and produced 'Donna the Prima Donna' (1963). Suddenly he began updating R & B standards like 'Drip Drop' (a 1958 Drifters hit), 'Ruby Baby' and making hits of them, all the time growing earthier on record. He also changed his name to its full Dion Di Mucci, although he reverts to the former without warning. On flipsides, unnoticed, he would just feature himself on guitar, vocal and harmonies (or similar acoustic backups) singing more philosophical songs. Thus we have 'The Road I'm On (Gloria)' on the flip of 'Hootchie Koochie' (1964) and 'No One's Waiting for Me' the 'B' of 'Ruby Baby' (1963). For 1963 and an artist of his popularity this was amazing, and these 'personal statements' were the first signs of the real Dion showing through. Nobody but the folkies were allowed to do that.

When Lynn closes her eyes all she sees is Johnny's face, smiling at her in her dreams. Suddenly, the door-bell rings, and as if by magic Lynn is standing there completely dressed. She opens the door . . .

In 1964 he went too far updating 'Hootchie Koochie Man' and 'Johnny B. Goode'. The later single in a sort of mild acoustic country style, brushes and all, backed with a tremendous version of 'Chicago Blues'. From then on Dion went from the 'Top to obscurity', but he was doing what he wanted, a fatal thing in those days.

Dion made a huge comeback with a No. 2 record in 1968, 'Abraham, Martin & John', on his old 'Laurie' label, a re-union which was to be short-lived. The album which followed was literally an emotional masterpiece simply called 'Dion' and is available on London-American. About that time in America only C.B.S. also released an album of some of their old '63-'66 cuts, many unissued, and they stood the test of time incredibly well. Dion is the only teen idol who has progressed — and I really mean it literally. He has never looked back and since he voluntarily relinquished his stardom, as documentated, he went through that period where he was not accepted, but after 'Abraham, Martin & John' which showed that he was at least capable of smashing the chart, he has recently joined 'Warners/Reprise' and ranks as one of the leaders in the singer, or rather interpreter/composer bag. Perhaps it might be indicative of something to some people that Dion was the only pop star, apart from Dylan, on the collage cover of the 'Sergeant Pepper' album.

Jimmy Clanton, on the other hand, was born in the south (rare for teen idols) in Baton Rouge, Louisiana in 1940. He had an early hit in summer '58, 'Just a Dream', which sold a million. Clanton had gone to a famous New Orleans Studio owned by engineer Cosimo Matassa, to cut a disc with his group of teen friends, 'The Rockets'. He cut one side then wrote 'Just a Dream' as a 'B', on the spot. Matassa took it ot the local 'Ace' label, basically an R & B company, who put it out. Clanton became 'Ace's' biggest artist over the next few years, having several big hits up to 1962. They include 'Go Johnny Go' (from the movie, 1959), 'Ship on a Stormy Sea' (1959), 'Darkest Street In Town' (1962) and 'Venus In Blue Jeans' (1962) and all pretty crappy.

Bobby Vee, a big teenybop name both in the States and England began his career as a Buddy Holly imitator; nasal voice, strong accent. At 17 he had an American hit on 'Liberty', 'Devil or Angel', and the million-seller 'Rubber Ball' (1960) assured that he would be around awhile. Vee (nee Velline) got his break when, in February '59, the plane crash which killed Buddy Holly, Valens and Big Bopper, left a sold-out programme empty in Moor Head, Minnesota. The promoters issued a call for local talent and Bobby Vee and his friends who lived in nearby Fargo, N.Dakota stepped in as 'The Shadows', dressed in identical sweaters. They went down well and Bobby was signed as a solo, after Liberty heard some demos he'd cut with the group, who became his road band. The pianist for a while was Bobby Zimmerman, till Vee sacked him with the words (as the story goes) 'I don't know if you'll make it on your own son, but not with my band.'

By 1964, Vee suffered a slump due to the arrival of the U.K. sound (he even cut an album that year, 'Sings the English Sound'), but emerged rather like Cliff Richard who survives any trend and unnoticed notched up other U.S. hits like 'Look At Me Girl' (1967) and 'Come Back When You Grow Up' (1968). Today he's still on the same label and retains with a bit of effort a boyish quality. The persistent rumour that it is he who sings the never ending Buddy Holly releases from the archives is probably unfounded.

Vee's success was due as much as anything to a brilliant producer called Tommy 'Snuff' Garrett. Garrett (the same man who is behind those awful perennial '50 Guitars of Tommy Garrett' albums) must rank as one of the most commercially successful producers and is largely responsible for the emergence of 'Liberty' from a small L.A. label to one of the majors today.

He began in the record business at 15, doing promotion for a company in Dallas, Texas. At 17 he became a D.J. in Lubbock. At 19, he joined Liberty as a producer and beginning with 'Dreamin' by Johnny Burnette he notched up hit after hit by developing a consistent production technique involving a very small rhythm section and a large pizzicato string section with the occasional use of shrill, girly choruses.

Between '60-'62 Garrett used that sound to establish and sustain the careers of Bobby Vee (his biggest success) the re-formed Crickets, Buddy Knox, Timi Yuvo and several others. There was no movement in the string section; everybody did the same thing. The strings were used mainly for fills or as a mass lead on instrumental breaks. One can imagine all those middle-aged sessionmen sitting in an L.A. studio, elbows flashing frantically on such hits as 'You're Sixteen', 'Rubber Ball' etc. I mean you had to be fast — strings were used like guitars — Garrett never employed lead guitar breaks on a sound which perhaps represents the pre-Beatle void best of all.

Burnette, killed in '64, was actually one of the original country-rockers, recording as early as May 1956 for 'Coral'. Born in Memphis in 1934 (when he joined Liberty it was boosted to 1938) he got his first guitar at 5 and all through school was just 'a-pickin' and grinnin''. He roughed it up in his teens; light-weight boxer, deckhand on Mississippi riverboat barges and truck driver for the same Memphis company Presley worked for. In 1956 he formed a group with his brother on bass and a friend on lead guitar, and, as 'The Johnny Burnette Trio', tried for fame. Sam Phillips of 'Sun' turned them down. 'Your singer acts and looks too much like Elvis' he confided. They headed for New York in a 1940 Ford jalopy, where they secured ordinary jobs while auditioning for talent scouts, etc. They made slow progress, appearing on T.V. ('Steve Allen Show') and in a rock movie, 'Rock, Rock, Rock'. They also cut some fantastically wild, classic sides for 'Coral', New York, like 'The Train kept 'a Rollin' ', 'Honey Hush' (both mid '56) yet somehow, possibly because Burnette was superficially like Presley, he never made it 'big' at that stage.

In 1958, along with brother Dorsey Burnette, he headed for L.A. where they met Ricky Nelson and wrote many songs for him, 'It's Late', 'Just a Little Too Much' and many album tracks. This proving encouraging and lucrative and Burnette, in 1959, got out of his dormant Coral contract and joined Liberty on the West Coast, where he was now based. After three unsuccessful issues he cut 'Dreamin' backed by those pizzicato violins, which sold a million in 1960, and other big hits followed, 'You're 16', 'Little Boy Sad'. By the end of '62 his popularity had waned. The success he had found was far removed from his early frantic self. Burnette was the only survivor from the 'old days' and the 'country boy' school, to infiltrate the teeny idol clique. However he did look older, more thickset, and his voice wasn't boyish like the others, but strong and booming and even on one of his hits 'Little Boy Sad' the country influence is strong, so he was never totally accepted as a person by the young fans.

1959—60 also brought the payola scandal and hearings which scared the shit out of every D.J. and ruined many, including the man who pioneered true rock'n'roll to the masses, Alan Freed.

First, Lynn and Johnny pause on the plaza near the park to feed the pigeons. Then . . .

Dick Clark was strongly accused and someone coined a term which caught on quickly — 'Clarkola'. It was established that Clark 'Was the single most influential person in the popular music industry', and that he was earning more than the president of America. He was involved in a profitable kickback arrangement from his shows, various advertising promotions and vast profiteering. For instance a $53,733 investment of his had returned him almost $600,000 within three years. Prospective witnesses were 'reluctant to talk for fear of reprisals in the form of being denied future opportunity of having their records aired or talents displayed on his programmes.'

Many others were accused of receiving payment direct or indirect, in return for services rendered. Up to now they'd had an easy time. It was one of the most pampered trades in the U.S.

For example, in May 1959 2,500 D.J's attended a D.J. and Radio Programming Convention at Miami Beach.

. . . And there he is! Lynn's dream is coming true; she is about to spend a glorious day with Johnny Aladdin!

Everything was laid on by about fifty record companies; Hotel suites, women and booze from novel dispensers and everywhere a D.J. went from backslap to backslap, he was told by company executives 'Without you we're dead boy'. It was a paradise for the D.J's and a viscious circle for the comapnies.

In 1959 an R.C.A. man estimated that his firm spent up to $300,000 a year on various methods of forming friendships with D.J's. When a 19 year old Neil Sedaka released 'The Diary' (the first of his many pure teen hits) R.C.A. spent $50,000 on the 'full treatment' and 4 weeks later the D.J's pushed the disc into the top ten.

Clark was really up against it, but his poised defense to the committee and the unwavering loyalty of his fans reinforced his strength during this period. Although Clark came near to being replaced on 'Bandstand' by A.B.C., his popularity cancelled the decision. Clean-cut Dick continued to be spectacularly active in show business, though his hey-day was over.

An interesting phenomenon was Ral Donner who caused a controversy for a little while by apeing Presley so incredibly well, that thousands believed it was in fact him under a pseudonym. He lasted about nine months with two 'biggies' (Why don't they use words like that) the first a direct cover of a popular Elvis L.P. track 'Girl of My Best Friend', followed by 'You Don't Know What You've Got' (both 1961). Even the most prolific Presley fans were fooled. Ral Donner is cool.

Another guy who began by song-writing and demo recording for others was Gene Pitney who began in the business in 1959, by recording for the 'Blaze' label as 'Billy Brown'. In 1960 he wrote Ricky Nelson's goldie 'Hello Mary Lou' and 'Today's Teardrops' for Roy Orbison. Then he wrote, produced and sang all seven multi-tracked voices on his hit 'Love My Life Away' that same year on 'Musicor' with whom he has stayed ever since. After his initial English hit, '24 Hours to Tulsa', in 1963, Pitney became a fixation with English schoolgirls, in the middle-to-late '60's, until his marriage which seems to have dampened his popularity. Prior to this he was a solely U.S. idol with American hits like 'Every Breath I Take' (1961), 'Man Who Shot Liberty Valance' (1962) and 'Mecca' (1963), and his hairstyle was the greasy, slicked back style, which he dropped in '63 for his familiar Italian style crop.

. . . They take a long, long walk around the lake — stopping occasionally to day-dream together.

Young girls in England were fond of Pitney's slick, drama-packed stage act, which consisted of a transfixed facial expression, full of concentration, as he belted out powerful ballads in the soaring monotone, and his English hits include 'I'm Gonna Be Strong', 'Princess in Rags' and 'Backstage'.

Another favourite in the pre-Beatles '60-'62 era, was Brian Hyland, a small teenager (b. 1943) living in New York. At school, aged 12, he formed a group, the Delphis, for local appearances. If you saw him in the street you wouldn't have taken any notice of him, something which applied to many of the teen idols. They were ordinary city kids, a few with latent talent, but all with shrewd entrepeneurs.

The sun begins to set and it's time to go home. But, Lynn and Johnny find a moment to sit alone together beneath a friendly tree. Here, they whisper their secret thoughts to each other —and Lynn feels a tear in her eye, for soon she must wake up and her beautiful dream will be over. Over, that is, until tomorrow night.

Yet Hyland became a star through his second record on the 'Leader' label (a subsidiary of 'Kapp' to which he was switched). This was a song which at the time, 1960, would have given any singer a hit, 'Itsy Witsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini'. Monumentally unbearable to many, it became vocal record of the year. Dave Kapp who produced it had begged its writers to let the unknown Hyland have it, rather than a name artist. Hyland failed to follow it up on subsequent 'Kapp' releases (his follow up, almost identical, was called 'Lopsided, overloaded and it wiggled when we rode it').

However, when he joined A.B.C.—Paramount in 1961 he was given a series of songs to record which gave him a hat-trick of hits between '61—'62 —'Ginny Come Lately', 'Sealed With A Kiss' and 'Warmed Over Kisses'. As with most of the others, he hit the skids when the Beatles established themselves in America in '64, but did pop up occasionally like in 1966 when he had a hit with 'The Joker Went Wild'. He is still recording regularly.

Teenybopper songs of this period were all personal comic book tragedies, each one an expose of some local 'bad-girl' or conversely 'girl-stealer', or innocent appraisals of the opposite sex. The titles are illustrative: Runaround Sue, Jimmy's Girl, Hats Off To Larry, Venus In Blue Jeans, Hello Mary Lou, I Saw Linda Yesterday, Cathy's Clown, Take Good Care Of My Baby.

Soon it's snack-time, and Lynn finds herself spellbound as Johnny tells her of his hopes and dreams.

There were the time-honoured 'sick' songs, once a perennial non-event in pop, inevitably topping the US charts and causing false concern. Such songs as Endless Sleep (1958) TeenAngel (1960) and the classic Tell Laura I Love Her (1961) contain strong melodies which made them more credible and dramatic. TeenAngel is about a couple who scramble from their car after it has stalled at an open level crossing. The chick, unfortunately for her, goes back to get her class pin (symbol of teenage love) and gets bopped by the oncoming train thus becoming the first teenangel, to whom her boy-friend laments in the song. These songs are (or were) essentially an American teen pre-occupation, the last big hit in this style which I can recall being Frank J. Wilson and the Cavaliers' 'Last Kiss' which sold a million in the States on the Josie label, (1964) which told the story of another hideous crash and another dying chick.

The essential difference between the new wave of teen idols and their predecessors, the wild men of rock and roll, was that the former had no stage act to speak of, and relied on hit records so that you were literally only as good as your last record. It was a desperate scramble.

But you couldn't blame them — they were just ordinary teenagers pushed from a semi-pro situation straight into the full limelight. When sharing the bills with some of the rockers on whose ground they'd gegun to infringe, teen idols such as Jimmy Clanton and Fabian were usually eclipsed by the on-stage dynamics of Jerry Lee Lewis or even unknown but professional rockers.

As they came into their own, however, hackneyed presentation was accpeted and indeed their gentle finger-snapping with one hand while holding the mike with the other was all that was expected. The groups like the 'Crests' ('16 Candles' etc.) & Dion & Belmonts would have corny routines, the harmonists crowding round one mike on a stand while the lead would be the mobile asset.

Bobby Rydell was dynamic in a brassy night clubby way. Very few used guitars on stage but those that did, like the Everly Brothers and Del Shannon, gave a far more concentrated, genuine performance than the contrived acts of the others.

You just had to look sweet and honest, there was no need for substance — and this also applied to the albums of the day. That is to say there were no good albums, just a hit and fillers run off within two sessions. Occasionally you'd get a reasonable album, within the idiom, but chances are that it would contain previous singles compounded.

They take a slow walk up the hill, and Johnny explains the technicalities of football to Lynn. Then . . .

Book covers in pop are not a recent innovation. Presley introduced them on his 'Golden Records' album in 1958, and they became fairly regular around 1960, amongst the bigger teen names, with full page pin-ups on each outer cover, carefully posed, blurred and retouched so that by the time you bought the final jacket you may as well have had an oil painting of the artist to gaze at as you listened to your 'instant obsolescence'. R.C.A. 'Teenscene' record player (complete with built-in tone control!) I recall a U.S. issued only L.P. by Jimmy Clanton called 'Jimmy Happy, Jimmy Blue', with a happy-faced Clanton on the front cover and a sad pose on the back and lots of pictures in between. The record played correspondingly. Also the book covers on Bobby Rydell's 'Greatest Hits' albums (Vol. 1 & 2) had removable pre-cut colour pics so that you could take them out leaving a cardboard skeleton of a cover riddled with square gaps — I guess you were supposed to dispose of it like a cornflake packet after you'd cut out the competition form. Every major artist had a presentation book cover album issued, usually at the height of his teen idol stage.

. . . It's time for a fast ride on the hobby-horses — and Johnny holds Lynn to keep her from falling off.

The top teen magazine through the years from its conception in 1959, when such a market began, was '16'. Its editor was a girl, Gloria Winters, who was totally dedicated to supplying the needs of the teens in print. Well set out, with good photographs and varied features it sold very well and provides an excellent who's who in the Teenybop world through the years. It didn't always concentrate on young record stars but also T.V./movie stars, although the former were predominant. Features like so and so answers 40 intimate questions, or so and so's personal scrap-book 'Why I need someone to love me' by Paul Anka, and so on.

There was also a photo page for newcomers on record (it's interesting to see who made it and who didn't) and a double page pin-up spread in the middle. Funny how they used to pose in those days. Most portraits were deliberately blurred (probably to conceal poxy complexions!), faces were shined up with make-up cream and the lopsided grin/snarl originated by Elvis 4 or 5 years earlier in the rock era and popularised by Ricky Nelson, was favoured.

There was even a section for 'The Bandstand Regulars' a cliquey group of teenagers, mostly couples, who appeared on Dick Clark's 'Bandstand' dancing and talking, etc. They were all local and mostly of Italian extraction and the rule was that on your 16th birthday you had to opt out and be replaced by a younger newcomer.

The age of innocence is gone. Children mature earlier, bubblegum bursts. Love and sex are expressed and represented more than ever on record, but you can't fool anybody — it's easy to tell the honest sentiments from the manufactured, whereas before it was impossible. And while the '70's bring a whole lot of ex-teen idols disclaiming their past, the breed will always exist , more a minority than in the past, as an outlet for escapism, or for those whose mental faculty, through being too young, does not permit them to appreciate the new higher levels of pop which began with the Beatles and has continued into the '70's.

Yet it's a pity that innocence is gone, for perhaps neurosis is taking its place. I saw a 1961 Cliff Richard movie 'The Young Ones' a few weeks ago and somehow it seemed like 'Alice in Wonderland'.

Anyone interested in further extracts or more details of Teenybopper and Bubblegum music write to Robert Finnis c/o OZ.

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Satan's slaves read books

Jim Anderson.

Warm weather arrives and with it an unprecedented flock of books to read. Where are we supposed to read them? Sitting in the sun in Hyde Park or tripping out on mescaline in the country? I suppose publishers make some distinction between what they release in the autumn (tending to be heavier, more polemical, suitable for ploughing through in armchairs before a fire) and what they release in the spring, but the distinction is hardly apparent. The twelve new paperbacks put out by *Paladin* with titles from *The Politics of Ecstasy* to *Russia in Revolution* are clearly aimed to appeal to the Underground and its camp followers, or at least to such of them as can still read. I don't see Lee Heater, for example, getting too much out of Leslie A. Feidler's *Love and Death in the American Novel* (15/-), the basic theme of which is that American literature is incapable of dealing with adult sexuality and is pathologically obsessed with death. If you can get into it, however, you will find the book morbidly fascinating, and will get bitter pleasure from such illustrative extracts as this one, from a novel by Paul Bowles:

"The man moved and surveyed the young body lying on the stones. He ran his finger along the razor's blade; a pleasant excitement took possession of him. He stepped over, looked down and saw the sex that sprouted from the base of the belly. Not entirely conscious of what he was doing, he took it in one hand and brought his other arm down with the motions of a reaper wielding a sickle. It was swiftly severed. A round dark hole was left, flush with the skin; he stared a moment blankly. Driss was screaming."

As well he might. It was almost a relief to turn to Robert Taber's *The War of the Flea* (7/-) which is a study of guerrilla warfare in both theory and practice—how to fuck-up the system from Cyprus to Cuba. "The guerrilla fighter fights the war of the flea, and his military enemy suffers the dog's disadvantages: too much to defend, too small, ubiquitous, and agile an enemy to come to grips with." It's a good book. Taber was the first journalist to conduct a TV interview with Castro, in the Sierra Maestra, and when the book was published in 1965, the entire first edition was bought up by the US Army. The Viet Cong must use an even better book, or maybe it's just that they don't read at all. Bernard Heuvelmans' *On the Track of Unknown Animals* is all about Abominable Snowmen, Tasmanian Tigers, New Zealand moas, Australian bunyips, giant anacondas, Arctic mammoths, the red-haired pygmies of the jungles of West Africa...the book is fascinating and fantastic (in the literal sense) and after you've read it, visit the zoo and look at the aardvarks, which are just like the monsters that terrify the shit out of you in your worst nightmares. Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* (12/-) is not as frothy a read as Richard Neville's *Play Power*, but it has never been available here in paperback before and it is the classic study of culture as play and of man's instinct for play (now being developed to an outrageous extent by drop-outs from San Francisco to Goa). Huizinga notes that "modern warfare has...lost all contact with play...genuine play... ought to see civilisation returning to the great archaic forms of recreation where ritual style and dignity were in perfect unison."

The other Paladin book which I liked was Jeff Nuttall's *Bomb Culture*, which as Nuttall himself says "is primarily for squares" who no doubt appreciate remarks such as "the decline of the anti-bomb movement in 1962 left us stranded in the unbearable." The most interesting thing about *Bomb Culture* is the way it illustrates the vast difference between those who were doing their thing before the psychedelic revolt and those whom it caught at the right moment. I wonder if Jeff still drinks as much as he used to. In a 1970 postscript he says

"(1) Underground art, wed as it was in the Arts Lab movement to social and psychological preoccupations, finally drowned in those preoccupations. At the Drury Lane Arts Lab it became difficult to stage events because to many people the theatre was a bedroom and the performers were interlopers. The perpetual recording of pot-smoking and copulation on videotape did little to fill the creative void that was left. Without art the movement died.

"(2) The culture was drowned in a massive commercialisation subtly different from the one which it escaped in the early Sixties. Colossal pop festivals at the Isle of Wight and Woodstock, and the Rolling Stones concert at which four died and four were born, were remarkable for showing that young people had dropped out of one economic power structure into another that was, if anything, more vicious and stultifying. They lay in their thousands, unbelievably docile, whilst the loudspeakers and the cannabis exercised a control more complete than that of any police force, seemingly unconcerned about the obvious fact that somewhere along the line the man who makes electronic equipment is the same as the man who grows marihuana.

"(3) The culture was drowned in political violence. The Yippies, militant hippies who fought the battles of Chicago and People's Park, Berkley, were led by men like Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, whose way of thinking was still very largely cultural, a natural development of Haight-Ashbury thinking. Following the Chicago fiasco, however, a branch of the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) broke away, proclaimed themselves allies of the Viet Cong and declared war formally on the United States. The Weathermen, spurred on by Mark Rudd who was prominent in the Columbia University uprising, but without official leaders or ranks apart from the division into local "chapters" in the manner of Hell's Angels, have wreaked a measure of violence in Cleveden, Detroit, Chicago and New York which the world dare not accurately report... Slogans like: "Get rid of the slime. Grab the time. Power to the people"; like: "Bring the war back home"; like "Off the pig" meaning "Kill coppers" declare a profound hatred for straight society that is perhaps most pointedly expressed in the applause for Sharon Tate's supposed murderer Charles Manson, not only from those cheering teenagers who line the road as for royalty whenever Manson is moved from jail to jail, but also by a women's subsection of the Weathermen, one of whom said "Think of the the beauty of those people eating a meal alongside those stuck pigs."

"The common factor between the Weathermen, the skinheads and Manson's murderous coven (Manson was consciously militant enough to prepare combat vehicles for the Panthers armoured with prepared animal skins) is a compulsive violence which will quickly spend itself unless a culture of violence is kept alive to feed it. Otherwise it becomes the dim reflection of horror in a world where horror is unrelieved.

"For the Western world is so disgraced in the eyes of its children that morality has become a laughable abstraction and children would rather embrace the Mafia than their own parents. How far is it possible to castrate the bulls of war with their own horns without, oneself, becoming addicted to blood, is the ultimate problem a successful Underground will have to face."

To me that sounds like the same old alcoholic pessimism.

Paladin's twelve new titles have been issued under the belief that there is a an expanding market for this sort of book among young people. They did their market research and they are probably right and tens of thousands of copies will be sold. The fact that there are companies like Paladin to disseminate vast quantities of words to vast quantities of people, enables companies at the other end of the scale, like Cape Goliard, to justify their rather precious existence. Cape Goliard puts out about fifteen titles a year, mostly of poety from the poetic avant-garde, prints about three thousand of each, sells them at a very reasonable price, considering the beauty and individuality of the book in each particular case, and manages to keep its head above water financially by the sale of signed editions to collectors, who are prepared to pay a lot for those famous signatures. They mostly concentrate on authors who have established a reputation for sound political sense as well as poetic brilliance. People like Michael McClure, Antonio Cisneros, Pablo Neruda, Charles Olson, Adrian Mitchell and Allen Ginsberg. Their edition of Ginsberg's *Wales: A Visitation* has the most beautiful Japanese end papers, from which the curled dark brown wood fibres can be picked with your fingernail. In May, Cape Goliard are putting out William Burrough's film script *The Last Words of Dutch Schultz*, which will cost 16/-, only a shilling more than Paladin's *Pursuit of the Millenium* by Norman Cohn; a cheapness made possible by the fact that the company is run from a converted stable (office, recreation work/play upstairs, printing press downstairs) at Swiss Cottage, by two long-haired guys whose motive is not so much profit as preservation of works which they regard as valuable. I'm all for ephemerality myself, but I suppose there is room in art for a sense of history, a refined taste, and Art with a capital A. Cape Goliard has a nice medieval flavour about it, and what they are doing could well be emulated by the hippie communes scattered about affluent western society, who should be able to come to terms with mechanisation enough to get along with a printing press.

Leonard Cohen's *Beautiful Losers* (paperback) is available at last in England. I haven't had time to read it, but Clem Weight who has, found it "rich, sexy, and satisfyingly light-hearted", with lots of mind-blowing erotic episodes. It's loosely written, introspective, very Canadian, and worth buying.

Burkes Works

Crazy Otto sheds his guilt

When London bobbies nabbed Warhol's *Flesh* at the Open Space, the double standard sham of British film censorship was exposed without being resolved. Since Britain has no constitution guaranteeing freedom of expression, as in the United States, a Supreme Court decision,(such as will probably eventuate from the nabbing of Warhol's *Fuck* (*Blue Movie*) by New York cops) will not define cinema's freedom, and London will lag far behind Copenhagen as a centre for free expression.

The screening of Andrew Noren's *Kodak Ghost Poems* late one night in the same month as *Flesh* was busted as part of a New American Cinema program at the NFT points up the double standard: for *Kodak Ghost Poems* contains scenes of sexual explicitness much more offensive to police standards than Joe D'Allasandro's hard on in *Flesh*. Noren's self-revealing camera records close-up views of his wife's cunt, his prick as she blow-jobs him, and their interlocked genitals in a back-bending fuck. This film is not offered as part of the official touring program of the New York Museum of Modern Art, currently playing in European cities, but there is no reason for *Moma*'s Larry Kardish to fear in Germany, for film-makers of the European underground regularly screen films of much heavier content without fear of prosecution: Germany seems likely to soon follow Denmark's example and abolish the pornography clause from its legal code.

The strongest films of the German underground are of happenings by Vienna artist Otto Muehl, forced by Austrian repression to perform his actions in Germany, where the outraged bourgeoisie find police unwilling to back their puritan cause. Films of actions of Muehl are records for posterity, weapons in sexual liberation able to shown in places Otto can't perform. They function like the American Marxist *Newsreels*, as propaganda capable of infiltrating wide areas of consciousness.

For Otto Muehl (and most Viennese film-makers) film is "Shit...a technical means of recording". Otto is unimpressed by "the magnetic attraction to idiots" that film has, and his feature *Sodoma* (1970) is a collection of previous films, anthologising his most scandalous works in an assault on audience sensibilities. Muehl is concerned to make scandals, to make audiences aware of their own "conventionally perverted attitudes, to make them aware of the stupidity of paying to see another man fuck, and hovering on the outside instead of participating in the action themselves.

"I'm for lewdness, for the demythologisation of sexuality... I'm against the philistine porno-film, against pornography of the business-man," says Muehl, and to prove it he fucks, shits, pisses, and masturbates on stage in orgies faithfully recorded by Kurt Kren, Ernst Schmidt, Hans Scheugl and other film-making compatriots. In *Sodoma* one can see Otto pissing on a girl, being shat on by another, having shit rubbed in his face, fucking a woman covered in blood, vegetables and garbage, filling cunts with eggs, sausages, metal rods, and (predictably) pricks. In this film is also an action by exiled Viennese artist Gunter Brus, where he gains "satisfaction" shitting from a surreal wheeled contraption. Dr. Peter Gorsen, a German authority on erotic art, appears in another action in drag, masturbating as his wife shits in Otto's face before blowing him.

The films of Otto Muehl are as much against the fashionable wife-swapper, as against the rigid puritan. If you enjoy swinging group-sex, go to Vienna to one of Crazy Otto's orgies. You will find your wife painted, sprayed, vomited on, and probably murdered, for Muehl sees this as much the right of artists as it already is for politicians and scientists. In *Silent Night* (Hans Peter Kockenrath 1970) a Muehl Christmas action is is recorded, showing the slaughter of a live pig on stage, its hot blood splattered over Muehl's wife, and its entrails stuck in her cunt preparatory to Otto fucking her.

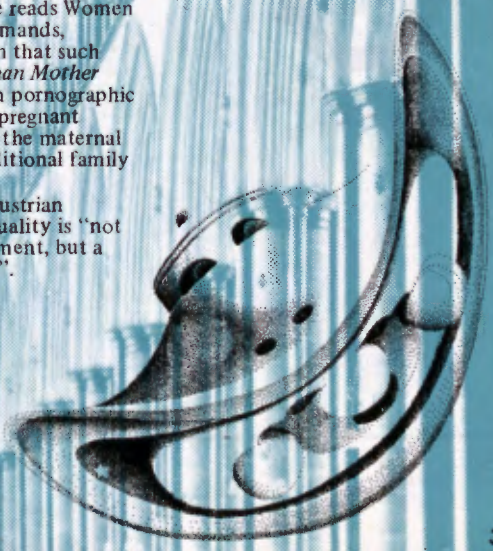
Such use of blood and carcasses suggest the work of another Viennese artist, Hermann Nitsche, whose Munich action of March 1970 has been filmed by Ed Sommer. Nitsche is regarded by Jonas Mekas as "the greatest living playwright" and his *Orgy Mysteries Theatre* is a cathartic ritualisation of man's sin and guilt, acting out man's bloodlust in hideous reminders of Vietnam and the Crucifixion. Nitsche lives in exile in Berlin, fearful of imprisonment in Vienna, as happened to Muehl and other artists of the Vienna Institute for Direct Art.

Ed Sommer, who filmed Nitsche's Munich action a few hours before police arrived to try and prevent it, makes films with his wife Irm as weapons in the fight for sexual liberation and the abandonment of Germany's pornographic laws. *The Breast* (1969) and *Rhythmus* (1970) feature close-up shots of breasts and cunts being fondled by feminine hands. *Striptease and Emancipation* (1969) shows a conventionally erotic striptease, while a voice reads Women Women's Liberation demands, attacking the voyeurism that such films invoke. *The German Mother* (1969) intercuts Danish pornographic photos with shots of a pregnant woman, a comment on the maternal enslavement of the traditional family concept.

In these German and Austrian underground films, sexuality is "not a state-preserving sacrament, but a mere physical function". Like the films of the Viennese *Expanded Cinema* group, and *Screen* in Cologne, they are anti-aesthetic, against concepts of beauty ("romantic") and against established concepts of film as art. They are being made at a time when Hollywood produced titillating sexual fetish fantasies, and the aesthetic spawn of Hollywood from New York to Europe produce sexploitation flicks which in an honest system would be screened in mastabatoriums rather than in the plastic palaces of commercial cinema.

The cause of these anti-artists is admirable, their fight courageous, but the destructive methods of its application are fearful. Revolutionaries who kill and destroy are anti-life, anti-being. Not surprisingly, these anti-artists are not turned on, and are all of the over-thirty generation. They are acting out the guilt and bewilderment of their decaying society, clearing the way for younger artists to create new art for the new social consciousness. Their films are valuable weapons in the revolution.

Albie Thoms



GERONIMO

205 METRES M/W

TESTING SATURDAY MIDNIGHT ONWARDS

GUERRILLA BOP

Record Reviews

Permanent Damage G.T.O.'S
I read Miles' review of this record in IT 74 three times, carefully, once I even read it using a dictionary and I didn't understand it. Not all of it anyway. But then I ain't ever been to America, and this is an America record. Or rather an AMERICAN record; you know, the AMERICA which equalls Capital A for Acid / versus Capital M for Mace / out to Capital E exterminate / the fucking Capital Race. . .etc. But Miles is right when he says that it's difficult to take.

The problem here is one of digestion and constipation, i.e. what you can stomach and how long it takes to register what shit you're eating. Ice Cool Coke refreshes you best and brown rice is boring but sure as hell the Viet Cong are winning that war.

Anything with Zappa's muscle power in evidence, (the small print says he produced this L.P.), almost always turns out to be essential listening sooner or later — and all too often it *is* later — witness the cruel demise of the Mothers of Invention, America's most original rock band who could wipe their ass with Creedence Clearwater and leave the Zeppelin standing in the first dozen bars, entirely due to lack of support and money. (The Archies live, their Mother's dead; there's no business like the music business). But even bearing in mind that Frankie's efforts often require time to infiltrate, 'Permanent Damage' is still hard to take. At least, too hard to take all at once.

Basically this record is twenty-nine minutes and twenty eight seconds of sound collage from five chicks who make up Girls Together Outrageously, (G.T.O.'s), that's Miss Pamela, Miss Sandra, Miss Cinderella, Miss Christine and lawdy miss clawdy Miss Mercy. They sing whimsy, paranoid songs and rap, often self-consciously, amongst themselves about AMERICA /high school/balling/bobby sox/balling/soft consumer environment/cars/balling/T.V./stuffed bras/balling/pop stars and, you guessed it, pop stars balling. They're at their best, their funniest, (though I guess this record isn't about being funny), on subjects close to their heart, i.e. adolescence, adolescents and balling. The telephone conversation with the Plaster Casters of Chicago is a joy but the music. . . .?. . .well that's another trip altogether. If it's parody, it's stretching the bubblegum a little too tight for me, and if it's not, then what in Christ Jesus is Zappa playing about with? (O.K., don't answer that, I know. . . .our heads.)

But no body knows what is happening in America, least of all on an island 4000 miles away, separated both in terms of distance, and more important, by a lying, corrupt media, printing only the news they feel is 'fit to print'. How many times have we watched a live-relay satellite transmission of a ghetto riot, of armoured cars rumbling through the streets of Berkeley, or the Weathermen and State Troopers dancing their fearful, deadly pas de deux. Funny how we only get to see moon capsules and Royal visits isn't it? But just occasionally we're given a fleeting glimpse of near-naked reality in the U.S., and as often as not it's through American music, or their tough, professional underground press. That's what this record is all about, and that's why, although I don't like to admit it, this record leaves me scared shitless.

Felix Dennis.

Volunteers Jefferson Airplane
In the States they so nearly have a revolution. Everything there is so wired up it's ready to blow. The Jefferson Airplane is a body of people who have always been very involved in the American front, and now, for those of us who might still doubt it, they have finally declared themselves Volunteers.

The album starts with their thumbs up/thumbs down song of the revolution, 'We Can Be Together'. ('up against the wall motherfucker — tear down the wall...'). They use their unique Airplane harmonies and straining guitar/piano, the sound that brought together the West Coast. This song holds so much energy — Nicky Hopkins hammering, Jorma like an immense electric crow and Grace and Marty Balin shouting and stomping, ending with that ultimate question posed on 'Baxters', 'Won't You Try?'

From then on the album assumes that you have already tried. It takes you through the Airplane at their best and most thoughtful, with some fellow conspirators, (like Garcia, Crosby, Hopkins and Stills), and finally leaves you, in the last song, Volunteers, with a direction — 'come on now, we're marching to the sea, got a revolution, got to revolution.

'Volunteers' is a very complete trip — the lyrics harness the spirit of our revolution and merge perfectly with some powerful and ego-free instrumentation and production. This is to a great extent due to Grace Slick's ability to use her voice as an instrument, and on 'Volunteers' she leaves behind even the best of 'Baxters' or 'Crown of Creation' — listen to 'Hey Frederick'.

The marvellous thing about people like the Airplane or the Dead is their commitment, which is the source of most of their power — and this is where it's at with many of the best American groups; whereas in England we have half of the Beatles retiring into photogenic middle-age or the Stones caught in the dazzle of swinging London. In 'Volunteers', the wired-up, freaky power cannot fail to hit you, (just listen to it anywhere near some acid), and will ultimately force you into commitment. Feed and water your flag.

Paul Bandey.

Mona Mick Farren
When Felix asked me to do this piece I was somewhat apprehensive, since it is totally impossible to view ones own work objectively. All I can really do is attempt to explain my motives for producing the album and leave it to the listener to assess whether or not it succeeds in its purpose.

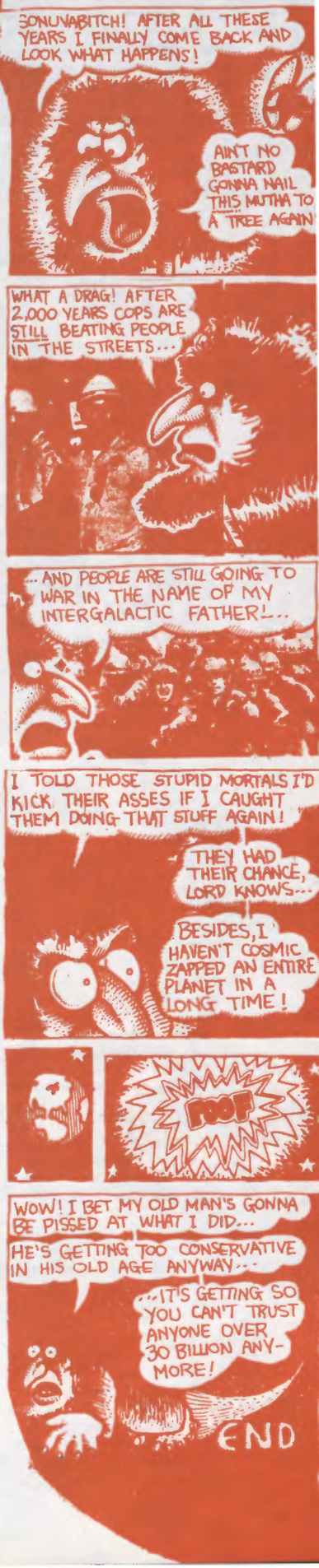
In the middle fifties our western culture underwent a change with the advent of rock-and-roll, the event that Eldridge Cleaver describes as 'a new awareness and enjoyment of the flesh, a new appreciation of the possibilities of the body. . .'. The underground is essentially the product of this awareness, and it is this same awareness that has made this generation resist the conditioning that seeks to turn it into a docile, unthinking labour force. Our administrators have become alarmed at this situation and it is their panic that becomes manifest in incidents like the Chicago and Berkely riots and the enforcement of the narcotics law to the point of absurdity.

This is the basic story on the album, the use of Bo Diddley's 'Mona' treated in a primitive, almost tribal manner, attempts to state the essential physical awareness. The rest of the material illustrates the paranoid that has been forced upon us as a result of this awareness. Much of the material has been randomly recorded and by its juxtaposition with the rest of the track produces discords and often warring relationships in terms of sounds. Fear, however, is not a tidy, precise emotion; it is desperate, shifting and irregular. There is little harmony in the life in which the threat of the MAN coming to take you away is ever present.

Even 'Summertime Blues', which starts the second side, is a reiteration of the same paranoid state. In the Fifties it was not fear of arrest that was used in the main to force us to conform, we were younger then and it was parental pressure. . . 'You can't use the car to go riding next Sunday'... which sought to keep us in line.

The album ends with a restatement of the essential tribal rock version of 'Mona' with which it began, as the only hope within the current situation — to cling to that essential physical togetherness and that though it we might survive.

Mick Farren.



Grateful Deadly
Record reviews

Live/Dead The Grateful Dead
I can think of no extant rock band with as impressive a mythology as that of the Dead; their name evokes a darkly glamorous collection of names — Owsley, Kesey, Leary, Tom Wolfe, Hell's Angels. It is hard to say whether this double is an attempt to be the iconoclast or the celebration of this myth. On the sleeve the stars of that flag (again) vaporize into the skull and crossbones and a regal ghost rises from a coffin that might just as well have 1967 written on it; open the sleeve and there are all the people really out there in the street — no bells, no paint, but arms and fingers up in the air like a field of stubble. And yet the music has an intelligence and a beauty (of the unselfconscious and uncapitalized variety) that does not belong to that era at all, nor does it have the aggressiveness that now has currency with Zappa, Beefheart, Love and other survivors of the times. Listening to it, though, it is difficult to put aside the feel of the past, especially when the Dead themselves slip back so easily into it, as on 'Death don't have no mercy' which is very close to their first L.P. (and incidentally, reminiscent of Country Joe and the Fish).

The Dead have been developing along a line tangental to the mainstream 'heaviness' of most rock. 'Anthem to the Sun' and 'Aoxomoxoa' explored and *used* rather than made, music, and it was good, generally, although it was often meretricious, inarticulate and uninteresting. Some of this remains too; 'Feedback' is basically exactly that, and eight minutes of it becomes boring. But this is the only self-indulgent thing on the double, and I find it surprising, really. But it *is* live, and there are people listening and yelling, and you have to play human music to a streetful of people.

Contrary to recent reports, there are only 2 tracks on this album. The first one lasts three sides, and by the end of it the band is rather tired. The first side is called 'Dark Star' and is very good indeed; in fact, it sets a standard that the rest of the album doesn't accomplish. Garcia dominates this number, as he does throughout. He plays beautifully, lyrically, and with what can only be described as taste. 'Dark Star' is really a very long (23 minutes) guitar solo, punctuated twice — almost gratuitously — by a couple of lines of vocal and backed by equally improvised percussion. It ends as arbitrarily as it begins, and Garcia hardly changes pace or volume all the way through, yet I have seldom heard so satisfactory a piece of music. It establishes an almost coincidental but obviously very familiar relationship between the musicians, and it is exactly this relationship that makes the record so good.

'Star' becomes 'Saint Stephen' and 'The Eleven' on side two and fades into a mock rumba, which, when you turn the record over, becomes recognizable as 'Turn on your lovelight', a long, rambling semi-scatological version of the soul number with heavy drums, lots of shouting, wind-up bass lines, talking to the audience, the whole bit. It is the climax to the L.P. and it almost falls flat on its face. There are a couple of near-disasters from the rhythm section (not easily mistaken for clever stuff) and Garcia's address to the crowd:

'You fellers may have a little trouble. . .
Wake up in the mornin' have no-one by your side. .
but that's your fault, ain't none o' mine . . . unless I stole her . . .
But you better take your hands out of your pockets . . .
Yeah, I said you better take your hands out of your pockets . . .'

One is tempted to remark that an audience that plays trouser billiards is likely to go to see a wanking band. But somehow or other it survives. It's not particularly well played and it's pretty self-conscious, but it's done with such drive, such enjoyment and joy that it makes it, and it makes you uncritical. I suppose that 'Turn on your lovelight' is also a throwback to their first L.P., 'Morning Dew' and 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl' and stuff like that, and the predominance it's given here makes me suspect that it's really where the Dead are at.

which is a bit surprising. Side Four has the beautiful 'Death don't have no mercy'. So here you have the three faces of the Grateful Dead: the Beautiful Acid band, the Electronic Buzz band, and the In The Streets And Rocking band. It's a record to buy for the same reasons as you buy all the Beatles' albums, or go to see the latest Antonioni film — not for a cosmic emotional experience, or a divine aesthetic experience or to bolster a dream of joyous proletarian fornication blocking the streets of Weybridge but just to know where the really important bands are standing, on the corners of which roads.

Mal Peet.

JERRY GARCIA

Your Saving Grace Steve Miller Band
Where is the beautiful Steve Miller of yesteryear, those rippling melodies, the surging, spliced rhythms that used to flow from the Wharfedales? Where are the Living in the U.S.A.'s, the Children Of The Future's, even the Kow Kow's? Where are those wonderful Saturday afternoons in the old Biba's shuffling to the everpopular Songs for our Ancestors? Still there, so shutup and pass the joint.

Your Saving Grace is a big advance on Brave New World, deceptively simpler in style, but much stronger. Nicky Hopkins is contributing even more to the Miller sound. His compatability with Miller grows and grows. Brave New World was a sharp drop from Sailor, but Your Saving Grace is back with the class, with Nicky's help. There's an old mate of Miller's on keyboards as well, called Ben Sidran. It seem Keyboards are King.

Miller's four albums are remarkably similar in style considering the vast superficial changes that have been tossed around in music in the last two years. His change has been to move into simpler presentation. This is the reverse of the Beatles for instance, where they connected the pieces, he's separated them; no more of the forewarning of a change of gear, which used to be one of the Miller hallmarks. No more of between track titivation, just straight Steve. This also means whatever you've got — it's all showing. And Miller's faults become blatant; the occasional oversweet melody or voice, the obvious borrowing of a rhythm. But the snatch of melody in the middle of 'Baby's House' is as good as anything on side two of Abbey Road, and the rearguard of Tim Davis and Lonnie Turner on drums and bass is incomparable.

How is it possible for Decca to discover 14 new groups in the last two months with enough quality to be put on 14 L.P.'s? Why are new American L.P.'s being released much more quickly here? Because there's so much garbage around, businessmen have got to flood the market to get a return, or when the quality is poor, increase the quantity, so people won't lose interest.

Reenter Miller. Whilst all about him are falling to the arrows of soft schmaltz and ratty reincarnation of the fifties, he is holding the fort for the future. See tracks 1 and 4 both sides.

T.R. Zelinka.

AN OLD RAINCOAT WON'T EVER LET YOU DOWN — ROD STEWART
Rod Stewart, an old faithful from Wardour Street Blue Bomber days, thin faced, tight lipped with neat, backcombed hair, reminiscent of pill king Townshend before Peter became a 'composer' and forgot he was just a rock and roll star. Rod, 'The Mod', working out on stage with the roaring Steam Packet, Auger abusing his Hammond, Miss Driscoll creaming thighs and splintering tambourines and head and shoulders above the rest, big daddy Baldry, (Long John you sell out cocksucker — Cyril Davis is turning in his gravel), belting out them Hoochie CoochieMojoWorkin'BossManBlues. Remember British R & B?

A mod singing the blues! Full of surprises is Rod. Joining Jeff Beck for instance, though certainly it produced a combination, which musically speaking justified Stewart's uneasy personal relations with Beck. (Recently Rod commented to a Rolling Stone reporter, '. . .I never once looked him in the eyes offstage. . .'.) And now, stepping into Stevie Marriott's shoes, though nobody could doubt his ability to fill them. On paper it might look crazy but a surprising number of people, myself included, had a lot of respect for that raw, Small Faces touch; and Rod could put them through so many changes. Then this 'Raincoat' album, recorded just prior to his final States tour with Beck. What can you say about an L.P. that comes straight out of the blue and leaves you scratching your head wondering why he never did it before.

Repeat the title and you get to know what this record's all about. Five of the compositions are by Rod himself and not a bummer amongst them — any one would make a respectable single. A shattering arrangement of Mike D'Abo's best song to date, 'Handbags and Gladrags', (with D'Abo sitting in on piano); a gutsy, earthy production of 'Man Of Constant Sorrow'; 'Street Fighting Man' with the lyrics audible at long last, and as an amazing last track, the kitchen sink tear jerker by Ewan McColl, 'Dirty Old Town'. Somehow you can tell Stewart's in love with that song; to sing it like he does he must have wanted to record it badly, for years. All backed superbly. Martin Pugh and Martin Quittenton on guitars, Ian Maclagen on piano and organ and Ron Wood and Michael Waller blowing together on bass and drums like they'd been members of the same band for years. This record has hardly left my turntable since it arrived. Its' unique in its unconscious merging of so many forms of music; traditional folk, (Rod's first roots and love), sung in that harsh, gritty blues voice and supported on yer actual, world renowned, hard driving English electric rock, at its head widening best. Life's full of surprises.

Felix Dennis.

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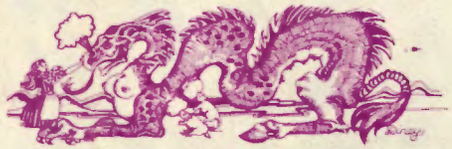

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This issue appears with the help of Jim Anderson, Richard Neville, Felix Dennis, David Wills, Gary Brayley and Bridget Murphy

OZ

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SCHOOL KIDS ISSUE

SCHOOL KIDS OZ?

This OZ has been put together with the help and inspiration of about twenty people, all 18 or under, mostly still at school who came from various parts of London and England in answer to our appeals for injections of youthful vigour in our ageing veins. We were half expecting a crowd of revolutionary high school bomb throwers, United States style, but England is England and although we got one 100% hippie complete with blue satin, beads and bells and a job at the Roundhouse, some of them actually liked school, and others were cagey about using their real names or upsetting their dear old school too much. Get those A levels kiddies! However we all had a fantastic month doing it, milling around weekend after weekend in true communal style, gradually getting all the copy together, the drawings, the photographs, the freak-outs. OZ was hit with its biggest dose of creative energy for a long time. Have a look at the Rupert Bear strip. Youthful genius. Read Charles Shaar Murray's double page, Head Books, and Jeff Beck, Truth is Blue – a natural journalistic wizard. Trudi was disillusioned with the Schools Action Union, (Please Sir May I Be Excused) but what real activists can stir up in the school playground makes the guerrilla theatre story (The Return of King Kong) a strong indictment of the manner in which school teachers exercise their authority. More freedom was everybody's cry – get rid of the primitive examination system (Xmam Blues) get rid of teachers who can't see beyond their own prejudices (Headmaster of the Year); give us the freedom to smoke, to dress, to have sex, to run school affairs. From America, Tom Lindsay's revolutionary call to arms, High School Confidential, which reflects to a greater or lesser extent exactly what most of the school children we worked with are thinking about. OZ itself suffered a heavy critical assault (OZ Sucks. . .) but on the whole everyone who worked on the issue enjoyed the chaotic anarchistic anti-authoritarian way in which the issue was put together, and we hope it reminded them of the sort of fun school can be and only too rarely is. Now read on. .

PROFILES (by each other)

John Dreyer, 16. Born at Golders Green. Circumcised but not Jewish. Finds atmosphere at school impersonal and oppressive. Thinks the head master is bullied by the rest of his staff. Generally bored with living and his main love is drawing cartoons.

Anne Townsend, 16, Farnborough.
Says she is a bitch. Claims to like de blooze. Hang-ups about blokes. Hates her parents, turns on regularly, reads Oz, IT and Petticoat. 'I want all the freedom I can get', but will conform to anything as long as she gets something out of it.

Rob January, 16, Scorpio, from Highgate, at present undergoing comprehensive education. Doesn't read much at the moment because of lack of time. Listens to Hendrix, Quintessence, Soft Machine and thinks Zappa 'plays incredible wah-wah'. Would like to see Enoch Powell get a divorce and marry a very black woman.

Has many obscene ideas but can't put them down 'cos can't draw. . .

Enjoys working for OZ (Slurp, Slurp) even though he does 'fuck-all'. Dislikes school 'cos of skinheads and infantile head master. However wants to become eminent chemist someday. . .

Eddie Allen, 18, Aldershot. Long dark hair, frequently wears a bottle green WRAC coat. Studying civil engineering at Farnborough Technical College. Thinks he gets pissed too often. Intends to go to University and then bum around because he doesn't want to work. Believes God is a gnome. Likes freaking out the Establishment. Reads Isaac Asimov. 'I want to start my own commune for happy people.'

Robb Douglas, 18, Hornsey. Working class background. Works with physically handicapped people. Suppressed intelligence, but knows he is going to be famous. Likes making people happy. 'Sometimes my mind goes a complete blank.'
Hang-ups: Getting bread and finishing projects.
Feels sorry for his parents, skinheads, and people generally, in that order.
Likes animals and unpolluted countryside.
Beliefs: Agnostic. Also the theory of intergalactic beings.

Stephen Williams, 17, Farnborough.
Taking three A levels (French, Sociology, Art) but wants to get his education over and done with as soon as possible. Tried dropping out in Morocco for a few months. Didn't work, kept bumping into straight friends. Has never dropped acid and doesn't want to until he comes to a dead-end.

Henry Harcus, 18, Bradford. Long haired activist from University. Burnt his mind on a recent acid trip. Very valuable ideas. Rejects his parents values and way of life, but tries to enlighten without. Someone to get to know.

Alex Darcy, 17, Reading. An original mind hidden behind an entirely self-constructed bushel. Reacts against 'tie-dye shirt and velvet trousers conformity' by wearing army boots and waving Temperance Seven albums. Enjoys blowing people's minds at hip gatherings by saying 'Actually, I agree with Enoch Powell'. The result is something like 'the man who ordered a steak at the macrobiotic restaurant'. Has stereo but no BBC 2.

Berti, 15. Aldershot. Pisces. Female despite name. Small dark, fragile and very beautiful, fringes and velvet. Amazing artist. Very gentle, very quiet. Her ideal lifestyle involves the formation of a commune. Her instinct is towards trusting people rather than not. Is secure about herself 'up to a point'. Likes all colours, wears brown. Tries to be happy, deserves to be. Hello.

Photo's by David Nutter

Cary Richardson, 18, Reading. A gentle egoist. An artist with a fertile bizarre imagination. He writes a lot of poetry which he rarely shows people, and songs which he never sings except to an ever-changing audience/entourage of 2 chicks. An erratic but extraordinary folk guitarist. He's never read an Oz in his life.

Trudi, 15, Reading. An unconventionally beautiful blonde with a nose that is the envy of all her Jewish friends, and the world's prettiest navel. Worries about 'running after' people, and so she goes to the other extreme and is rather stand-offish at first. Intensely realistic about her school work, intends to get a degree and undoubtedly will. Journalistic ambitions. 'One of the most real and worthwhile people on the planet.' —Charles Murray.

Charles Shaar Murray, 18, Reading.
He's a Jewish Pantheist. Doesn't turn on because he has weak lungs. Says he is a clumsy lover. 'I have all the sex appeal of a mouldy sock.' Believes in the brotherhood of man and the dawning of the age of Aquarius. Starts a journalism course in the autumn.

Peterpophamdeyansudjic Colinthomas was born variously, according to different reports, in Whitton, the Republic of Ireland and Yugoslavia. He enjoyed a decadent if subdued youth and emerged finally, self-satisfied and elitist, as the hard-core of the Latymer Upper School intellectual group, having monopoly over the school mag, the art department and the Boat Club. He now spends the greater part of his time meditating in the local caff, plotting spiritual revolution and talking to himself. His future is uncertain; whether he will become a £5,000-a-year architect, an advertising executive or a scrap merchant is not yet clear.

Viv Kylastron, 16, Aries. Smoked at 9, first tripped at 11. Owes this to the Roundhouse and Bradford. An anarchist, trying to dissolve it and replace it with a living school. Came to Oz to meet Richard Neville and the others, also interested in the workings of Oz. Interested in mysticism.

Chris Allen, 17, Tottenham. Works for the GPO only because he needs the money. Turns on. Wants to do something he really likes doing, and get paid for it. I just want to be happy'

T.I. Bradford — a Leo with Gemini (?) rising. His first names are The Incredible. He is known by practically everyone, in the infamous 'underground' as a generous anarchist. After being expelled (for being human) he left Bradford Grammar School and Bradford and came to London, where he worked at the Roundhouse, started his own bookstall, helped the Electric Cinema, lived at Drury Lane Arts Lab and did everything else (perhaps he'll write a book). He is a vegetarian and does not eat sugar or artificial foods. Disillusioned by the 'underground' or rather lack of it (like us all) but tries to live in harmony and is very trusting. The most modest member (sic) of our Oz community.

Candida, 16, Reading. Taurus, but thinks astrology is 'a load of crap'. Present life-style: 'weekend dropout'. Claims to be average(?). Her relationship with her parents is 'pretty good', has moral complaints about school, but accepts it when she's there. Reads Waugh, de Beauvoir, Lawrence, listens to 'literally everything'. Never reads Oz but looks at the pictures.

Steve Lavers, 16. Belongs to an awkward cusp of Taurus — Gemini which he disregards completely. He tends to be anarchistic although usually speaks a lot and does fuck all. He enjoys drawing cartoons of a perverted nature and retains an extremely sick humour. At the risk of seeming a teeny-bopper frequents concerts by Quintessence. Hopes sometime to work in films but not on the practical side as he usually pisses everything up.

THE RETURN OF KING KONG

Guerrilla Babes Wipeout!

Battle No.1 – ST. MARYLEBONE C. OF E. SECONDARY MODERN

The decision to go to this school was the result of conversations with school pupils the previous day. We had no idea at all what would happen but when it did it was unbelievable and provided the stimulus and tempo which kept things rolling for the rest of the week. There we were – six motley dressed, long(ish) haired youths, armed with mortar boards, whistles, school caps, leaflets and other assorted props, charging completely unexpected into a playground packed with 300 bored and frustrated school kids. The situation was potentially explosive – we might have been stoned and trampled on – but instead, the complete opposite occurred. We rush into the playground shouting and beating a drum. "Roll up, roll up for the education play." The school students immediately gather round in a tight body, noisy but obviously interested. Almost immediately, after starting the play, Authority steps in, in the form of a group of teachers. Incredibly the kids tighten the circle so as to prevent the teachers from getting near us. Nevertheless they do eventually get to us. "Get out! Have you got permission? You've got to ask for permission first. But anyway we wouldn't have given it to you."("Please sir, may I have permission to bash you on the head, sir?") After arguments and distribution of leaflets, we leave the playground but continue the play on a path just outside. The children gather on the other side of the fence to watch and an incredible scene follows where a number of teachers attempt to push the kids away from the fence to prevent our poisoned words reaching their ears. Despite serious threats from the authorities, the kids take little notice and continue to listen and watch the play. Suddenly some of the pupils shout, "The cops are coming." The cops arrive together with a school teacher and they attempt to drag one of us away. We pull him free to the cheers of the school kids. The teachers say we are disturbing "their" pupils (because they were enjoying themselves they were naturally being "disturbed"). "Do you want us to stay?", we shout. "YES", they yell in unison. The Fuzz make it clear that unless we leave we'll be busted. After leaving 4 boys escape from the school and say that we should come again and they'll protect us from the Fuzz and beat them up if necessary. We learn later that after we'd left there had been a semi-riot when the pupils in the playground (about 250) refused the HM's orders to get inside or be expelled. Not all the teachers were on the side of the authorities either. A sympathetic art teacher helped produce anti-authoritarian posters which were put up round the school and teaching virtually came to a standstill. Three boys were accused of inviting us into the school and were threatened with expulsion.

No. 2 – ST. MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

We manage to perform the play on the pavement as the boys leave for home. A sizeable crowd gathers and apart from the predictable puerile comments and antics (some of the boys, old and young, pinch our props, throw things at us) most of the boys give us an audience and we get a good discussion going afterwards, centring around exams and comprehensive education. We argue for an organised schools movement to fight external grading through exams and to work for control of all assessment by school students and teachers. We learn that two first formers have been caned for not praying in assembly. How's that for hypocrisy!

Midday Wednesday – Confrontation No. 3: ACKLAND BURGHLEY MIXED COMPREHENSIVE

We enter the playground and make for a corner of the yard in front of a wall and away from the football game. A large crowd run to our rallying cries – "Don't miss this incredible spectacle – fresh from its 100 year run in the backstreets of darkest England. It's the education farce!" About half way through the play several members of staff appear in the playground, approach us and tell us to get out. We ignore them and continue the play – "Sir, I don't think that . . . " "You don't think? Capital! – just the lad I've been looking for."

Teachers dispatch henchmen prefects to keep the kids away from us. The HM threatens to break guerilla Nicks' jaw. One teacher says that he'd like to pummel guerilla Steve into the ground, but satisfies himself with such intelligent remarks as "Why don't you get a wash – we don't like unclean people here." Another teacher is sent to call the Fuzz.

Finishing the play we start talking to the school students. In front of the other kids we ask the prefects why they blindly accept the teachers orders to stop the kids talking to us – why they let themselves be used as unquestioning tools of the HM. They don't answer but just push the pupils back. We talk to the kids and suggest they get together and refuse to obey the prefects (who aren't even elected by the kids.) We say that pupils and teachers should decide collectively on their own code of discipline. The staff are now out in force and we decide to leave. As we leave the Fuzz arrive. One Fuzz takes down some of our names and gives us a warning about trespass. We split, and as we are doing so we see kids pushed away from the windows as they wave to us.

No. 4 – CAMDEN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Noted liberal "progressive" Grammar school. We start the play under the impression that it's all been fixed up by friends at the school (they think so too), and that permission has been granted for the performance. Thus the idea is to put on an uninterrupted performance and get comments from the audience not only on whay the play says but how it says it.

As it happens the only male teacher in the school, who must have thought we were encroaching on his male monopoly, is sent down by the Headmistress to get rid of us. He becomes almost hysterical when we try to explain the situation to him, screams "DON'T ARGUE!", (a line straight out of the play) and says he's been instructed to 'phone the police. We eventually leave in the interests of our friends at the school who might get victimised if we stay. It just showed the students there that perhaps their "tolerant, liberal" school was not quite as tolerant as they thought.

Thursday 9 a.m. – Guerilla Steve at the gates of Ackland Burghley once again – this time not to perform a play, but to get a discussion going about the previous days' events. He learns that after we left on Wednesday the HM–Abbey had put out a "well-done-my-army-it's-all-over-now-so-calm-down" speech on the tannoy. Some of the more progressive teachers, however, had apparently taken copies of the leaflet into their classes and tried to get discussions going on the topics raised. Many of the kids show interest in what we were saying and complain themselves about how little say they have in the running of the school (the school councils' decisions are continually vetoed by the HM). Again the need to get together, work out what they want and communicate with students at other schools is apparent. Steve says we'll try to come back again and help to get some more positive form of action going. It's important to note that since our visit to Ackland Burghley SAU member Trevor Williams was suspended for "insubordination" af-

JAIL BAIT
of the
MONTH
David Nutter

ter taking part in a walk-out of 250 kids in support of the teachers pay claim. Others were threatened with suspension, but only Trevor, a known SAU activist, was thrown out.

School No. 5 – DAME ALICE OWENS BOYS COMPREHENSIVE (at the Angel)

The response here is disappointing, though some of the staff get amazingly uptight about our presence and threaten to call the cops. When guerilla Pete (who plays the teacher in the play) tells a master (possibly the HM) to get his hair cut and stand at the back of the class the teacher takes him by the collar and looks set to throttle him. Though the majority seem against us, some boys, however, are very keen to take the leaflets and talk seriously to us. It is apparent that they are really suffering in the school but just don't know what they can do to change things. We draw their attention to the planned meeting at the end of the week, which we had advertised on the leaflet and a few say they'll try to make it. As we want to get to another school before the end of Thursday lunch hour we split.

School No. 6 – ISLINGTON GREEN MIXED COMPREHENSIVE

Show school of the borough. Approximately 2,000 students, sculpture in the hall, etc. We start the play in one of the big playgrounds trying not to interfere with the football game. It stops anyway and a largish crowd gathers. It is very hard to get the play through to them since the noise is too great and there is a lot of chanting. Half way through we stop they play, give out leaflets and begin chatting to the kids, many of whom have just arrived and want to know what it's all about. When the staff arrive they play it cool and just ask us to continue the discussion outside the playground. We do this and most of the kids follow us into the streets and stay there till the end of their lunch break. They are predominantly young – a very small percentage stay on after the age of 15. They are particularly bugged by the arbitrary punishments meted out by some teachers, often using violence. To the man they hate exams. Some of the girls complain of the irrelevency of much of what they are taught. A couple of boys say that they should have the right to punish the teachers, since they are in the majority. The discussion is possibly the most fruitful so far.

However, discussing the events later on, the idea is expressed that we should have refused to leave the playground and let the staff call the Fuzz if necessary, If we were attacking authority in the school, what sort of impression could it have had on the kids to see us, who weren't even at the school, obeying the orders of the teachers and then telling the kids they should not accept blindly what their teachers told them. Some say it was more important to carry on the discussion and therefore leaving the playground didn't matter. The point, however, remains a valid one.

No. 7 – ST. PAULS PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Though it is arguable that we shouldn't have gone to a public school on the grounds that we were chiefly interested in comprehensive and secondary modern schools in the most deprived working class areas – the majority opinion was that we should try all different types of school and compare reactions. Anyway, public schools are notoriously authoritarian and vicious in their dealing with dissident students. At an SAU demo in the summer, the Dulwich College authorities had called in the cops to prevent the demonstrators (themselves mostly school students) from talking to the Dulwich boys. St. Pauls itself was in the news in February, 1969, when several boys were expelled for "drug offences". Secret files were kept on the activities of certain boys (e.g. what parties they went to) and one boy was threatened with the police if he didn't answer all the questions put to him by the HM (e.g. who are the other drug-takers in the school?). He was told that if he lied he'd end up in court. Several boys have joined the SAU but live in constant fear of victimisation if the authorities find out. Another reason for going to the school was that the HM was a contributor to the second Black Paper – published the week before.

So on Friday morning we enter the hallowed gates just as the boys are coming out at breaktime and rush into the central courtyard making as much noise as possible to gather an audience. At first the response is weak and very few gather round but after a few minutes curiosity gets the upper hand, word is passed along the corridors and heads pop out of high-up windows in the new buildings. We start the play and do manage to put it across despite some pathetic comments and gestures from the boys (Guerilla Neil had a cup of water thrown over his head). One master, with a sense of humour at least, throws a penny at us from a 3rd storey window. Others follow suit. Half way through the play the "surmaster" waddles onto the scene and asks us to leave. We totally ignore him and continue the play. Surmaster: Will you please leave – you haven't got permission. Teacher in play: These exams have been specially designed to test your intelligence and ability. Your whole future, your entire livelihood will depend on the next 3 hours. Surmaster (getting agitated): If you don't leave I shall have to call the police.
Teacher (to surmaster): Late for my lesson again? – get to the back of the class!
The surmaster, totally baffled and frustrated by this lack of respect leaves to the sound of laughter from a few brave boys.

Some of the boys we talk to are very interested in what we're saying, but are obviously afraid of repression in the school. They promise to try to come to the meeting in teh evening. The bell for the end of break rings and the audience quickly disperses – anxious not to be a second late for their lessons. Its amazing how conditioned they are. We leave just as the cops arrive and outside the

gates they give us a mild warning about entering school premises without permission. We say it is highly unlikely that permission would be granted. (Anyway in the event of us being given permission in any school it would seem as if the authorities were in league with us. The advantage of a surprise performance includes the spontaneity and relative open-ness – away from the presence of authority and the cramping influence of the classroom – of the reaction obtained. In this way we were making our position clear right from the start – allying ourselves with the pupils against authority. Only through this method could we hope to win the trust and confidence of the students.)

Battle No. 8 – SIR PHILIP MAGNUS SECONDARY MODERN FOR BOYS (At KINGS CROSS)

A short background illustration to the school:

During the last school year, after a Molotov Cocktail had burnt a hole in the door of the head's study; Pledger, the head, decided to ban boots in the school. This naturally drew an angry response particularly from the skinheads in the school, who are in the majority. Painted boot prints appeared around the school, on the floors, and ceiling; drawing of boots were chalked up on blackboards; finally Pledger was presented with a gigantic papier mache boot. Pledger was forced to climb down (or, possibly, he was dragged).

12.30 p.m. – the scene – a small square just outside the Magnus prison gates, where everyone comes out for lunch. About 50 boys are in the square. The play starts amidst cries of "Go back to Endell St.!", and is quickly terminated as some of the boys begin throwing stones (apparently earlier that day the Endell St. "hippies" had appeared at Clerkenwell court, just around the corner, which also explains the later reactions from the Fuzz/pigs/cops/Bills). We hand out leaflets and start talking to the boys about school conditions and what the education system's all about. They all want an end to physical punishment. No one wants school uniform, but they do want a smoking room and "proper biology lessons"!! We discover that quite a few didn't even realise we were trying to put on a play.

Then a tall spindly man appears, tells the boys to get out of the square and starts pushing them around. One of us says, "They're allowed to be here. Who are you to tell them what to do? They can decide for themselves what to do." The man, ignoring us, strides angrily away, through the school gates, amidst cries of "Bastard! . . . cunt!" Apparently he is the one and only Mr. Pledger. The boys are now more sympathetic towards us. "Let's burn down the school", a couple of them say. "Shall we occupy the school?", one of them asks. Then the cops arrive.

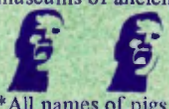
"Get back into school", orders Sergeant Bill*
"They're allowed out in lunch-break. Why should they get back inside?", asks guerilla Nick.
"Because I said so."
"Do you make the laws?"
"No, I interpret them."
"Maybe you bend them a little to suit your own ideas."
Sergeant Bill resumes ordering the boys about. As Nick is moving off, Bill hurries after him and, stopping him, says, "Look here, young Barabas, if ever I see you again I'll pull off your beard and cut off your hair, you fucking long-haired wierdo." Nick, not realising the trick, replies, "What? Did you call me a fucking long-haired wierdo?"

Bill puts on an act of being shocked. "Are you calling me names? Are you calling me names?", and promptly arrests him. Inside, Nick is charged with "Insulting words", and Bill threatens that next time he'll be "dropped" so that he'll be "in no fit state to appear in court the next day."

Meanwhile the kids and the guerillas are all threatened with being nicked for obstruction and as a result decide to move off from the square to a park up the hill, where they sit around in small groups chatting together. A pig comes into the park, and referring to guerilla Michael, asks aggressively, "Do you want to grow up to be like them – filthy, long-haired, unemployed. .?' Silence. Michael asks them, 'Well, would you prefer to be like him or like me?" "LIKE YOU!" comes the immediate reply. Exit one angry pig, no doubt terrified of this new and sudden alliance between skinheads and long-haired revolutionaries.
At the same time, outside the park a pig ignores an old man who threatens to punch guerilla Pete in the nose, but instead arrests Pete. As he's led away guerilla Neil walks up to the aforementioned pig and asks politely why Pete is being arrested. The pig politely says that he can't say anything at the moment. The 3 turn down an alley-way, followed at a distance of about fifteen yards, by about 40 boys. The pig then turns round and tells Neil to "clear off." Neil then turns to the crowd – "Right, let's go. There's nothing we can do." Suddenly, the alley-ways full of pigs. squealing and scuttling back and forth, some jumping out of ground floor windows, whilst bodies are crushed as gates across the alley are slammed shut. Possibly they thought it was a revenge attack for the victims of the Endell St. bust. A pig rushes towards Neil, who has the longest hair of us all, shouting "I'll get him!", grabs him and, calling him such things as "Fucking hippie" and "Bastard", punches him hard in the head and back, and literally drags him by his hair into the station, where he is charged with "Violence in the pig-sty." Inside the chargeroom swear-words are flowing as thick as Sergeant Bill. One cop comes in and shouts "Fucking shithouse" (Neil was inclined to agree). All this was quite clearly the result of the atmosphere of "national anti-hippie month", which arose out of the squats and subsequent busts at Piccadilly and Endell St.

Outside boys are booing and swearing at the pigs and they seem almost prepared to storm the station. Some are hurling themselves bodily against the gates. Michael, who has just been literally kicked out of the alley-way is joined by guerilla Steve and they decide to leave. Having crossed the road, they are just about to make their way to St. Pancras when they hear a shout behind them. They turn round, are grabbed and arrested without caution. Whilst being led into the station, 14 year-old boys are rushing up behind the pigs and punching them in the back. Inside they are both charged with "obstruction" (Pete had been charged with "insulting words"). After almost two hours in the cells we are taken to courts and bail of £200 is granted on condition we do not partake in any sort of propaganda (Magistrate Beaumont made the word "propaganda" sound obscene.) Only Pete is refused bail, because, says Beaumont, he might "do it again" than any of the others). Beaumont also (although he has no right to) refuses Neil legal aid on the grounds of not wanting "to waste the tax-payers money". However, he does grant us all phone calls. BUT when we return to our cells the pigs refuse us our rights. Whilst someone appears in court as a surety for Michael we are all quickly hustled out the back into the pig van bound for Ashford Remand Centre (or sunny Ashford Holiday Camp, as the ex-residents like to call it.)

Ashford – a concrete image for society. The jackboot, the truncheons, the bars, the rolls of barbed wire on top fo the 40 ft. high electrified double fencing – are all screaming out the admittance of Their failure to exterminate our minds. Some people are there for 6 months – without trial – remanded without bail. Six months rotting away in the corridors of terror, knowing that if you are not beaten to death you'll be bored to death. Six months. Without trial. And they say you are "innocent until proven guilty". One day was enough for us – and Pete managed to survive the 6 days in Brixton. No doubt some of us will return one day – if only to be there when freedom, buried alive in the dungeons for so many years, rises up, shatters the walls and gates, smashes the locks, burns down the factories of pain and fear and turns them itno museums of ancient tyranny.



*All names of pigs have been changed to protect the innocent from the laws of libel.

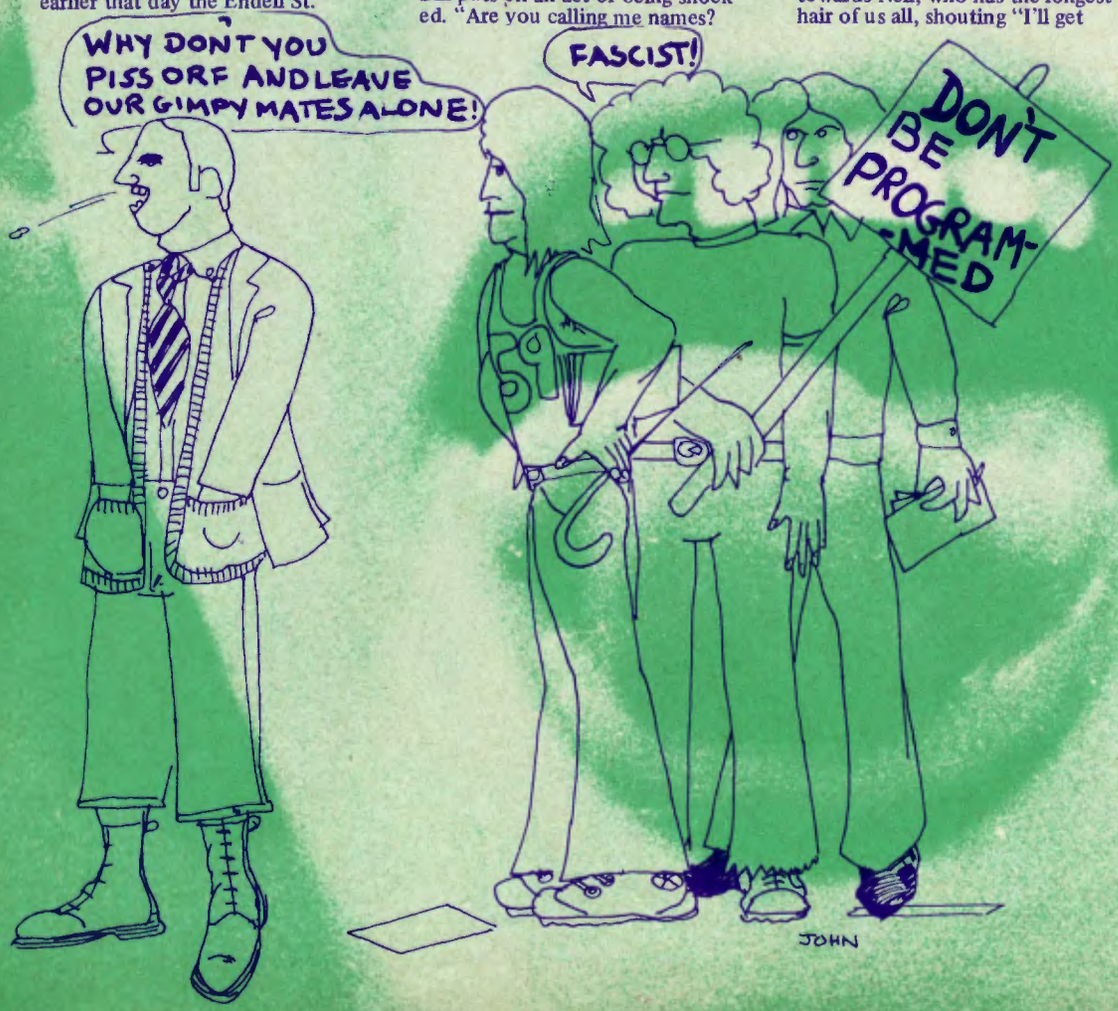


PHOTO: COLIN THOMAS

SCHOOL ATROCITIES:

Like – the ageing master who used to walk around the juniors' showers 'cleaning his glasses' as he looked at the kids' balls, saying sometimes, 'I don't think I've seen you before.'
Like – the cat with three As at A level who disagreed with his headmaster. The Director of Studies at the University at which he finally got a place told him: 'You have the worst reference I have seen in twenty five years of teaching.'
Like – the master who would make boys stand upright in a hot room until (in one case) they fainted.
Like – the junior school master who made a kid of 10 hold two tennis balls at arms' length for fifteen minutes (try it sometime), hitting the kid with a ruler when he let his arms waver.
Like – the master whose 'record' was 150 detentions a week and who kept trying to improve it.
Like – the entire school system

I go to school in Islington, Owens. It is a very 'nice school'. Our headmaster told us so.

Once a week we go rowing. Mr. Copping, who takes us rowing, likes us to do as we are told. He says we mustn't ever ask why or he'll send us to the headmaster. (I'm afraid of the headmaster) Once he took us out when it was snowing and we couldn't row because the Thames was too rough. Instead, he said, we must go on a run. So we changed to our shorts and shirts and set off through the snow, which stung our faces. It was very cold. We ran through the streets and mud, and over bridges for a long time. We got colder and colder. But it was all right. Only one boy got chilblains and only eight of us were absent the next day.

We have another clever teacher – Mr. Butler, who likes the old way of running schools. He canes people. Once he caned me. I had to bend over and put my hands on a low chair so that the muscles of my arse would be tense and it would hurt more. I gritted my teeth, because it did hurt, and left red marks and bruises. Was Mr. Butler smiling? These incidents are true but written by a brainwashed pupil. There are thousands of pupils similarly brainwashed. They accept everything and until they can be shown their stupidity, there will be no change.

Vivian Berger

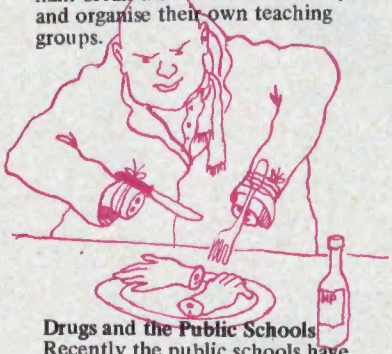
SMOKING

Frensham Heights Progressive (?) Mixed Boarding/Day School

One day, after careful consideration, a lot of talking and some argument, the Head (?) Mr. Hogg, announced that he had something to say – a small titter – then a respectful silence.
'Smoking must stop. It is a bad habit and against the school rules. I cannot tolerate the amount of smoking which is going on. It is a bad influence and encourages those even younger to start the habit.'
A list was then read out of the new rules, a last attempt to stamp out the practice for good. (1) Smoking is not allowed and must stop. (2) The woods are out of bounds. (3) etc. etc. etc. The list continued, naming various places now to be out of bounds. Everyone was required to ask permission to do this or that, or go somewhere. The punishment list came last, in neat type: Anyone caught smoking would suffer the following:
(i) a letter sent to their parents informing them of their child's grave fall from grace.
(ii) Four weeks gated.
(iii) For this time, the culprit, during all breaks (except half an hour for lunch) would have to sit in a room, supervised, silent and working, ie. no free time.
(iv) Report to the housemaster/housemistress at 7 p.m. for bed.
(v) At weekends, report to the master on duty every half hour, and only allowed to be in the ball room, lounge, drawing room or library.
(vi) At weekends, do six hours of manual labour – two hours on Saturday afternoon, two hours on Sunday morning and two on Sunday afternoon.
After three days, there were twenty people on THE PUNISHMENT! and regular additions every day thereafter.
The press was tipped off and rude letters went back and forth by homing pigeon (GPO strike). Six months went by.
Now there is a super little room for sixth-formers and others to secretly smoke in, and people now smoke everywhere. The rules have completely lapsed. Now heads are bent together discussing what can be done to stop this disgusting habit in the lower forms. So . . .

1969 – a West London Direct Grant school.
(i) long haired sixth former strikes with spray can, doesn't go to history lessons.
Permanent suspension.
(ii) Cambridge Scholarship boy – smoking on school premises. – expulsion as undesirable element. Forbidden from school vicinity, not allowed to take A levels for Cambridge.
(iii) long haired sixth former disappears for a week.
Permanent suspension.
Jim Morrison.

Tottenham Girls High School:
Once upon a time in Tottenham, there was a nice little school which turned out programmed creatures who had been brainwashed into believing that their little uniforms and their smart hats turned them into brilliant little commuters, and that anyone who failed in the school would be cast out from the real world. NO-ONE in that school could do what they wanted to do. Now it has been made comprehensive, and because immigrants now attend the school, the authorities believe that the school is ruined. They don't realise that it is not the school which teaches people. People don't really learn anything unless they themselves control their learning. Then they can learn as much as they want to, when they want to!
I suggest that the girls at Tottenham break the bands of authority and organise their own teaching groups.



Drugs and the Public Schools
Recently the public schools have been hitting the headlines under the heading "BOYS EXPELLED FOR POSSESSING CANNABIS". Quite naturally this worries those with boys at these establishments, but of all the drugs that float around public schools cannabis (whether in the form of grass or hash) is about the rarest. In my own experience the number of boys who smoke is remarkably small compared to the number who indulge in much worse forms of self-prescription.

One of these things is the taking of cough mixtures such as Fensil in great quantities. These potions are drunk a bottle at a time for the sake of the small buzz they give the users, who for the most part do not know how much harm they are doing to themselves.
They do this perhaps because they see that it is now becoming more fashionable than ever to be a drug user and because their opportunities for obtaining hash are incredibly few and far between for them in their sheltered positions. When I returned to my old school on a visit within one hour at least five people approached me attempting to score and on being disappointed asked for transport to a distant chemist's with the intention of buying cough-mixture and caffeine tablets.
In this way potentially harmful and lethal drugs are being used as substitutes for the comparatively harmless hash. Surely this is what the authorities should be fighting against with a lot more determination and force – these so-called legal drugs that are so much more dangerous than the illegal soft ones. How long will it be till someone gets hooked or worse? Are they waiting until someone actually kills themselves before realising that they are getting hysterical about drugs that are well-publicised and overlooking common every-day things that are easily and legally obtainable. It is time hysteria was overcome and the situation viewed in the correct perspective.
I am not attempting to a advocate the use or legalisation of cannabis but rather trying to make people realise what is going on behind the newspaper headlines. So that if you know someone at a school who smokes hash, be thankful that it is nothing worse, however illegal it may be.
Andrew Clarke – old Melburian.

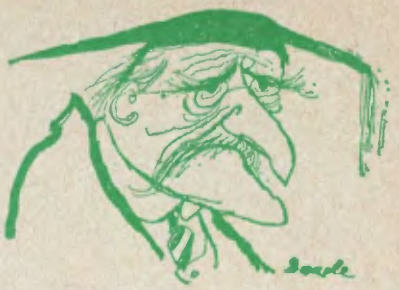
I actually enjoyed school. To me, school was a second hom. Somewhere safe and relaxing which is strange for a place which is geared to training people for the rigours of the rat race. My school was comprehensive for my last two years but this didn't affect the social scale in any way and a happy medium was struck. I came initially from a secondary school which joined with another secondary one, the pupils of which had always seemed to us more intelligent, but afterwards it was clear that we were of equal intelligence.

My school was enjoyable because I was allowed to wear my hair halfway down my back, and then because it was long, I was treated like a harmless freak and allowed to do virtually as I wished. As nearly everyone wore a uniform, and I wore jumpers jeans and bumper boots, I stood out in the morning assemblies. I eventually refused to attend these assemblies on the grounds that I was an agnostic and should not be pumped with Christianity every day.

My last year involved only art, which I did all day long instead of studying metalwork, maths, english and technical drawing, which were the subjects I was supposed to be doing. I started at 10.30 instead of 9 and finished at 5 instead of 4. Officially I was absent for 6 months because no one marked me present.

This freedom of choice is what all 6th forms should be allowed. The school should know that they will study because they have stayed on. What is wrong with continuous lessons and pupils entering or leaving when they want to? My school days were as varied as I wanted them to be. I did light shows, posters, models. This form of teaching expands your mind to the limit of what you can take in and understand. Remember that no school likes expelling pupils, and would preferably reach a compromise, so just back down a little sometimes. A hand hold is better than no hold; with a helping hand you can always lift yourself higher.
Robb Douglas.

HEADMASTER OF THE YEAR



My nomination is Mr. K.D. Robinson, of Bradford Grammar School, Keighley Road, Bradford 9, Yorks., because of the events detailed below.

About two years ago, I and some other people decided to try to found an ARTS Lab in Bradford, and indeed put an advert in IT to publicise this. We found support at the Regional College of Art, where Albert Hunt and Jeff Nuttall offered to help, and at the University, where Chris Parr, the Fellow in Drama, told us that he had been thinking in similar terms for some while. After this encouraging start, we managed to get some excellent publicity in the local paper, and began trying to find premises.

I was soon called to see the headmaster, Mr. Robinson, renowned as an autocrat. Between him and I there had for long been no love lost, particularly at this time, as he had, a short while previously, told me that I was under suspicion of drug-taking (this due to a supposed overheard conversation concerning my supposed boasting about this to a group of schoolgirls. The fact that I knew no chicks from the school mentioned did not affect his beliefs, and he refused to tell anyone anything about the supposed source of his 'information'). When I saw him after the publication of the newspaper article, he immediately began a personal attack on me, telling me why *he* would not have picked me (as if artists in any field can be picked) to run an Arts Lab, — too young (16), too immature, lacking in sufficient character, etc., and mentioned someone he *would* pick — his Head Boy (sic), good at sports, 3 A-levels, etc., and almost totally devoid of imagination. KDR (as known) then moved on, mentioning the hippie/drugs/sex ethos upon which Arts Labs, as he saw them, were based, and going on to talk about Leeds Arts Lab (which had just nailed a figure of Christ to a cross on Otley Moor — see one of last years ITs). He said, as he reiterated during assembly the next day that he had heard of a commune connected with Leeds Arts Lab, where someone he knew of had entered into a homosexual marriage. Also, as there was a commune associated with the Arts Lab in Leeds, that meant that Geoff Wood, who ran the Lab, was a Communist thus I was a Communist (totally untrue, in my case anyway, but who ever heard of anyone in a commune becoming a Communist?). It was then stated that, in order to make it plain that the school was in no way supporting the Bradford Arts Lab proposal, the School Arts Magazine (an editorially free magazine which I was at that time editing) would be censored and that two shows I was running at that time (a satirical/farcical revue and a poetry/music festival) would also be censored, if not banned outright. During the following weeks several public attacks were made on me and the Arts Lab, including the statement that KDR would try and prevent any money being given to the Arts Lab by any public body. A revealing insight into his mentality at this time is given by his reaction to the Senior Debating Society opposing 22—3 the motion that 'This House Believes Bradford Grammar School Provides A Good Education'. He gave a public lecture on the deplorable slackening of discipline and loss of control by headmasters in schools, the terrible and useless 'experiment' of school councils, culminating (again) in public attacks on several people, myself included, some of whom had left the school previously, and another attack on the Arts Lab & Geoff Wood. In a 'discussion', after the lecture KDR stated that he did not consider an elected body was any valid form of control for any organisation, as it was 'too easily influenced by outside pressures' and too easily taken over by 'undesirable elements'. After I had asked a few very pertinent questions KDR said to me 'Shut up, you've said enough', and then proceeded to ignore me.

None the less enthusiastic, we pushed on with the proposal, getting the local Sixth Form Union to promise monetary and other help (a momentous feat as anyone having had dealings with the average SFU knows), even though KDR did his best to stop us. Then, we finally found some good, cheap premises. The day after Chris Parr and I had looked at them, I had to see the headmaster. He told me that I was a 'Corrupting & subversive influence' & that I was suspended until further notice. KDR saw my father that afternoon, & so far poisoned his mind against me & the Arts Lab that when I tired of trying to correct his impressions of the 'underground' (e.g. he 'knew' that underground films were films banned by the Obscene Publications Act) he knocked me through two rooms. Having been stopped by my mother, he sat me down and lectured me on the evils of the hippie underworld, finally telling me that I could only return to school if I severed all connections with the Arts Lab and the 'underground'. As my only function was to summon public support for the Lab, going 'underground' would have been useless. So, I split for London two days later.

Thus, as you see, public acknowledgement is due Headmaster K.D. Robinson for ridding Bradford of a 'corrupting and subversive influence', and for ensuring that such a filthy hippie conspiracy as an Arts Lab was not and possibly never will be founded in Bradford.

T.I. Bradford

British Hitler Jugens

'But man, the Corps is teaching you to kill: I mean, y'know, guns and all that — it's not peaceful man, you gotta quit'. He went off muttering something about Che still living, which I thought was rather funny having just read Guevara's book on guerilla warfare — but let's not quibble about this. . . I was left, however, wondering whether I was in fact being taught to murder, I'll Elucidate.

It all began in the 5th form, when there was a choice of afternoon activities — either join the army/air-force Cadet Corps, or do Voluntary Service. The latter consisted of helping in a local hospital, teaching immigrant kids English, doing odd jobs for old folks, or helping around in the school — all very admirable, but less than a third of it's members felt any vocation or even desire to help — to the rest it was just a skive out of the rigours of polishing boots, pressing uniforms and being screamed at. Anyway, most of my friends were joining the Corps, which offered such delights as the chance to ride on tanks and fire machine guns with REAL bullets, all of which was much more exciting. The situation was eloquently assessed by someone who said, 'The heroes join the Corps and the wets do V.S'. So I became a hero.

That was over two years ago: now with less than three months before I leave school, what do I think about it? (The official purpose of the Combined Cadet Force is to foster and increase qualities in young men such as leadership, initiative, discipline and self-confidence, in order to ensure a supply of potential officer material in both peace and war.) Many of my friends, and no doubt many reading this, have declared themselves to be pacifists and would refuse on principle to fight in a war. However this is because we are in a time of peace — similar views were expressed during the 1930's — but once war comes, thoughts turn to protecting the way of life we are accustomed to. This is Capitalism — not an ideal system, but better than any other because of the high degree of individual liberty afforded, combined with the advantages of a technological society. After all, even OZ is distributed on a capitalist basis. Faced with the possibility of the destruction of their mode of living, even the most ardent Dove would demonstrate to some extent the basic instinct of self-preservation and aggression which exists in all of us — but it should be noted that the purpose of an army is in fact to preserve peace, not promote war.

Far from, as some critics have claimed, creating automative morpions, the Cadet Corps increases the individual qualities of those in it — but communally. It's the old concept of Collective Individualism. This is achieved by encouraging the senior members to organise it — it's not too taxing, and it gives one a chance to see what management is like — even if the experience will only be employed in arranging Sunday afternoon demos down at the local fascist embassy.

A tremendous insight into teaching is obtained from the giving of 20 minute lessons — I found that many of my humanitarian theories on the subject were dashed by the need to enforce order.

But most important was the fun we got out of it. We had a big laugh. Some aspects of the Corps were ridiculous — like the annual inspection where the entire company would march past to the strains of a ludicrous school band, while the headmaster and various Whitehall top-brass padded around with beaming expressions on their faces. There was a time when we planned to fuck the whole thing up (that expression is included in order to reassure the regular readers of OZ that their magazine has not in fact been taken over by capitalist imperialist neo-fascist right-wing anti-party decadent lickspittle hyenas, and still retains some of the old standards for which those at Princedale Road have for so long striven), but when it came to it, we just couldn't bring ourselves to give our cunningly prepared answer to the inspecting officer's question of whether we liked being in the Corps. And somehow we never quite persuaded the band to break into a speeded-up version of Colonel Bogey. But it was still good fun.

Alex Darcy.

"Please sir, may i be excused?"

Schools Action Union miscarriage

I stand defenceless before all those I hammered so bitterly last year for their complete apathy. Go on –say you told me so. I know you did and I'm too bored with the whole set-up to start arguing about it again. Let's face it, the SAU (like Communism, Anarchism, you name it) can only ever be another phase you go through, unless you're prepared to suffer for it. We weren't.

Oh yes, we believed in it all right. In fact, we devoted a considerable amount of time and energy to the cause. All that spreading of the word, for a start –we're still using those damn leaflets for toilet paper–plugging the good old 8 aims: free speech, abolition of uniform, corporal punishment and the exam system, representation on a school council etc. (incidentally, I still agree with them). Convert success rate was about 1 in 200, and that's only the people we actually thought worth bothering with at all. Some pledged firm support but were never seen again, and of the rest, those that didn't spit on us on sight had a great time arguing the thing out with us, having absolutely no intention of changing their opinions, whatever we should say. Actually we had a hell of a good time. We came across some of the weirdest people and held some of the most fascinating cross-purpose conversations.

Our meetings–they were innumerable–were a good laugh too. We used to get really carried away with plans for sit-ins and besieging headmasters in their studies; release refused until our proposals were accepted. Or suggestions like refusing to wear uniform or cut hair as a protest against petty regulations. The whole thing usually tended to develop into a mass of independent conversations which had no bearing on the SAU at all, including chat-ups–after all, some people only came for the talent. About the only constructive plans we ever made were when to hold the next meeting and how to raise the money for another leaflet. On one glorious occasion we did ring up a notorious master from a local school asking that he discuss his excessive use of corporal punishment. We were delighted when he (i) refused to discuss the matter over the phone; (ii) refused to make an appointment to receive a delegation, and finally said there was no problem at all and hung up. 10 points to us–the cowardly, fascist bastard.

But when it came to the real thing–dead end. We may have condemned others' apathy as the enemy of the cause, but fundamentally, it was our own inadequacy. We could talk, threaten, all right, but we weren't really prepared to act on it. We didn't have one martyr among us–all the blood and thunder guys were those who'd last seen the inside of a school five years back. It was easy to leave the meetings full of enthusiasm, prepared to face anything for our rights, but once back in the very sober atmosphere of school we'd find ourselves holding back. Although at first we kidded ourselves that what we needed, before we could achieve anything, was more support behind us, it didn't take long to discover that even a mass revolt has ring-leaders to be victimised, and who were going to be the ring-leaders? It's all very well to try and break down the establishment, but while it's still there you want to keep in on it. Refusing to wear school uniform is hardly likely to induce the headmaster to abolish it. He'll just chuck you out. More subtle methods, like asking the prefects to consider your proposal will be met by the polite confession that they are only subordinate to the headmaster, who, in turn, will confess his own subordination to the board of governors; and if you go to them, they'll decide that a pupil with the ability, energy and courage to get that far must definitely be considered a threat. When the next possible excuse comes up, THEY'll chuck you out, to protect the others from corruption. You're banging your head against a brick wall.

The real atmosphere of our little group was well demonstrated by the way attendance of meetings fell off when exams came round. It's all good fun when you've got nothing to lose–quite a good 4th form occupation–but those doing their GCE suddenly discover who they'd really rather have on their side when it comes to the crunch. Until exams are abolished you might as well devote your energies to passing them. It's so much simpler to hang on and toe the line for a couple more years and get your references. After all the fate of the guys at the top hasn't been too encouraging in the revolutionary spirit. One of the leaders of the organisation was rejected by Warwick Univ., although "an academically brilliant applicant" because of his ties with the SAU. And what did the movement do for him?

So enthusiasm finally flagged. After some long time of discussing but making no progress and realising that we lacked the dedication ever to make any sort of progress, we found the novelty of the thing wearing off. Subsequently the effort of justifying the cause to opposition became increasingly tiring. There's a limit to how long you're prepared to stand up and argue about something that, in practice, is getting you frankly nowhere. People would bring it up as the only topic of conversation they thought we were interested in, simply because we'd once, in an enthusiastic moment, stuffed one of those leaflets under their noses. And it would be the same old set of arguments every time, until we'd start running every time someone mentioned the blasted SAU. Sometimes you'd get to the stage where you couldn't remember why you supported the 8 aims anyway, and have to call on some enthusiastic and eloquent SAUer to remind you. We just got pissed off with the whole thing.

But this wasn't really meant to be an anti-advertisement. Anyone who wants to have a go at revolution has my whole-hearted sympathy, but for God's sake don't expect me to do anything about it. As far as I know, they're still going strong up top–the last we heard from them was a letter from each half of the newly split SAU each telling us they were the real one and don't listen to the other lot.

Yeah well–don't get burnt.

TRUDI

Babes in Arms

We go to the City of London School in Blackfriars. It's a public school, and like many public schools in this country it houses a "Combined Cadet Force", an organisation designed to induce school children to take a career in one of the armed forces. We hate it.

Between the third and sixth years, it's virtually compulsory for pupils to join the C.C.F. In other words, for three years of our lives, several hours a week and much of our own free time, we have to play soldiers. We have to carry rifles (2nd World War .303s), we have to parade in front of local factory workers who jeer and laugh at us, we have to march, polish buttons on our uniforms, mirror-shine our steel-shod "bovva" boots, study elementary battle tactics, salute our superior officers (often sixth-formers who have gained "promotion") and generally lick arse and "do-as-we-are-told". Some of us are only thirteen years old, and often the rifles are taller than we are.

Once a term we are required to go to two day camps based at military establishments away from the school. Here we learn how to kill more efficiently, with blank cartridges and bren guns, as well as practising battle manoeuvres and the like. Last camp, one of our friends had his head shaved closer than a skinhead. The officers at the camp thought that his hair was "too long". (Most of us stuff our hair up into our caps to avoid detection, but this isn't always effective. The required length of hair is on a line level with the middle of our ears, and it must never touch the collar.) The food at these camps is absolutely dreadful. Mostly it's dehydrated crap, rationed in strict portions.

Cary

Opposition to joining the C.C.F. at our school is systematically crushed. Once you *have* joined, your name and particulars are filed at the Ministry of Defence, whose permission has to be obtained before you can leave. Only a minute proportion of fellow pupils known to us in the C.C.F. would stay if they had the choice. Gradually, though, it's dawning on us that we are being trained merely to provide cannon fodder for the next generation of mindless generals. It's interesting to note that the only form of warfare in which we have never been instructed is guerrilla fighting. Perhaps we will have to learn that for ourselves.

Weekend dropout

There's a certain satisfaction in having one's future nicely tied up and sealed off so that you can leave it and wallow in total abandon from Friday night to Monday morning and still have the deep-down security of knowing it's there. Cliche it may be, but someday the genuine, full-time, happy hippie has got to sit up and think—where is he going to be in another 10, 20 years? Bumming around with the same old bums? doing the same odd half-rate jobs to earn his bread? At least the part-timer will have had his career all mapped out for him, if he should ever need it. But then what's so great about that if it means you've got to waste the most active years of your life cooped up in a desk, cramming in a load of bullshit which rarely has any bearing on the future for which it is qualifying you, and which you instantly dismiss from memory after the next exam. Obviously, to do a professional job preliminary study is necessary, but this hardly justifies four years of scraping away in Latin Div. 3. The trouble is—the valuable and the interesting are so bogged down with the trivia that an awful lot of people aren't prepared to spend the time looking. And worse, education, school in particular, is made to feel not like an opportunity but like some sort of imprisonment. It's supposed to be for the pupil's benefit, yet he's the one who's being shoved around—stuck in a uniform, made to cut his hair, like some sort of criminal. In fact, forcibly alienated from his contemporaries. Academic study should become a part of, not set apart from, social life, and since he's the one it's all in aid of, the pupil should be the one who makes the decision as to whether, what and when (in terms of the timetable) he learns, with the teacher not as task-master but as source of advice. And what you do in your lunch-hour is surely your own bloody business.

But, as for the unfortunate, fresh-faced, cropped-headed victim of the so-called "system"—the cramping routine, authority in the form of parent or teacher constantly hovering threateningly in the background—much as he condemns it all, he would be lost without it. For a start, there are its obvious material benefits (think who's really paying for the underground magazines, the music, the velvet trousers and, ironically enough, the shit). Besides this, there is the emotional dependence. Although he may loathe the idea of "security", inwardly he's glad of that ready-made future in case anything should go wrong with the free life. The routine may be depressingly dull, but it can't let you down. Blowing your mind on a sunny day, not knowing where or who you are, or caring anyhow, can be great fun. It can also send you r round the bend. What happens when you come down with a blinding headache, throwing-up uncontrollably, and there's noone sufficiently tied to you to care what happens to you? At least the weekend drop-out can go home to Mummy with her clean sheets and her comfort. And there's always school on Monday to remind you exactly who you are, preventing you from digging in too deep to get out.

But then, it's easy enough to get the worst, not the best, of both worlds. After all, when Mummy finds out why you're spewing she'll switch off the loving-kindness. And like with any other sort of double life, with either side you have to play down the element of the other in you, or face possible rejection by both. The problems are infinite when they start to clash. Like when the school starts keeping tabs on you and finds your friends got busted last week. Or someone's just handing round the joint and your parents come home early. And there's the other way round, when you have to avoid meeting people who just assumed you were five years older and a bum, when you're wearing your school blazer. OK, so you should let people know initially just where you stand and let them accept you for what you are. Unfortunately a hell of a lot of people aren't prepared to accept you for what you are. One half would probably disinherit you and the other half walk over you. And anyhow does that "what you really are" really shed any more light on what you really are than what you would have appeared anyhow? You are only what *they* think you are. G B

I Wanna be free

One Side of Freedom

This society, although labelled permissive (by society itself) is not free enough to permit man to revert to his natural instincts in public. This ruling does not extend as far as animals.

Freedom of sexual expression in public has many tight restrictions. One may kiss in certain places but only fuck in a few places at certain times. Surely this idea is as pretentious and puritanical as the old forms of censorship. Its purpose is to prevent corruption and protect the individual from disturbing or immoral sights. This is ironical in itself and only made to satisfy the so-called moral conscience of society. Everyone knows what copulation is. Animals perform the act everyday in public, so why not let humans have the same freedom if they wish it. Surely we should have the right to make the choice. If the act disturbs some, they do not have to watch and if they want to why not?

The act of making love is beautiful and natural and should be admired.

The Danish Sex Fair was the first step on the way to sexual freedom although some saw this as just an excuse for open pornography. If pornography is limited to sexual behaviour, then I think there should be no censorship of it at all. Why so many restrictions on natural behaviour? Were you born to be free?

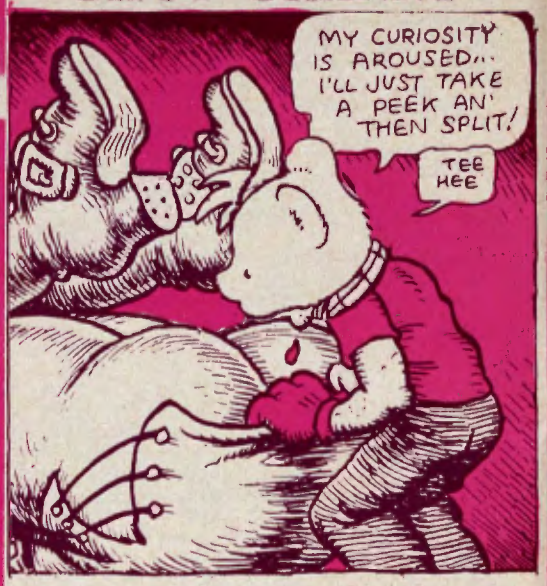
Free from the system, free from tradition. If you were you are one of the minority and you are bloody lucky but the rest of you, what about you? This society is closing in on you and taking you over. It is a safe bet that you obey someone who is your equal but holds a higher position than you. Why not start a freedom campaign in your area now and just do as you wish whenever you feel liking pissing in the street then do it: if you feel like dancing at a funeral, then go ahead and do it. Live for the moment and not the future. Be free and tread on anyone who stands in your way. Your true identity is sure to come to the surface. Don't become Mr. and Mrs. Average. Live a little before it's too late. *Anne*

Although we are living in a so-called permissive society, there are many things natural to human instinct that are prohibited in public. Signs in many places proclaim "PETTING PROHIBITED", byelaws to parks and woodlands say that people caught fucking will be prosecuted University and college authorities rule that you cannot visit the opposite sex after ten-thirty p.m. in the belief that thus fucking cannot happen between the magical hours of ten-thirty and eight o'clock and that nobody fucks at any other time. People may not even piss in any place vaguely public without fear of being arrested for exposing themselves and being labelled as sex-fiends.

Sun-bathing naked on your own property is prohibited, as this so-called immoral sight may blow a few minds. Those that do are criticised and rejected by narrow-minded inhibited sods as being perverted.

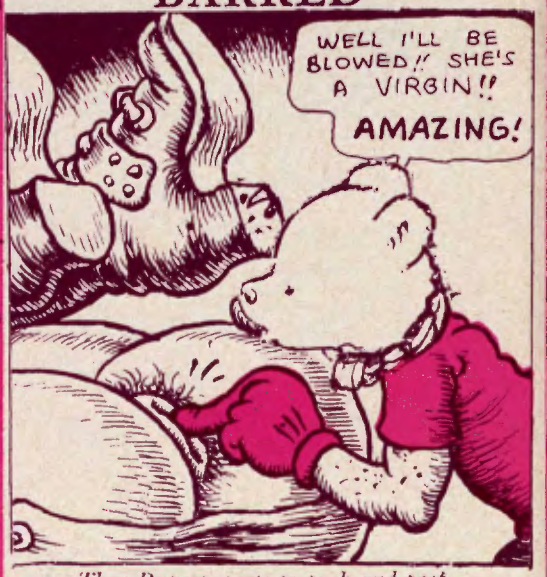
The annoying thing about this is that this ruling does not extend to domestic animals, who may fuck when and where they want to without anyone saying fuckall. Dogs pissing on lamp-posts is becoming an increasingly common sight. People in fact seem to enjoy sitting in the park letting their animals do as they please. Animals have large amounts of offspring but do not have to worry about them being branded as bastards. Animals it seems have got a good thing going; they are protected and left to do what they want. Why can't this sexual freedom be extended to us, after all we're only animals! *Roger Vartoukian*

RUPERT FINDS GIPSY GRANNY



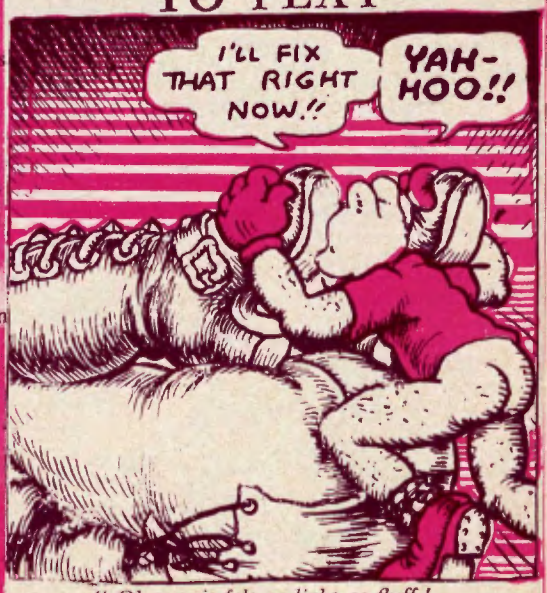
1 *" It looks just like a ball to me," " Open it and see."*

RUPERT'S WAY BARRED



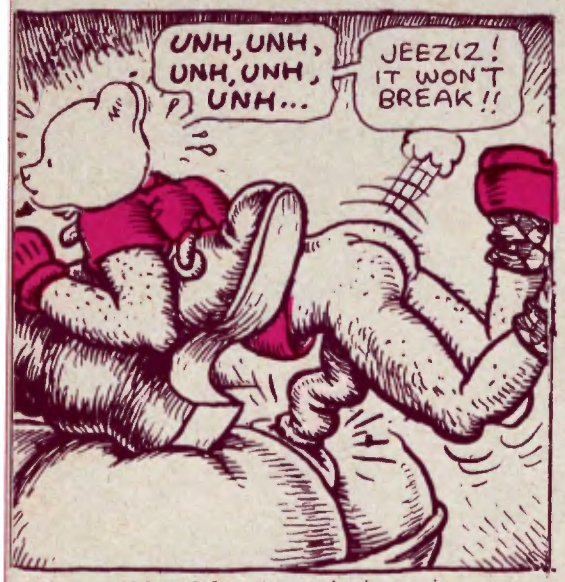
2 *Then Rupert starts to push and peep, But finds the hole is much too deep.*

RUPERT IS EAGER TO PLAY



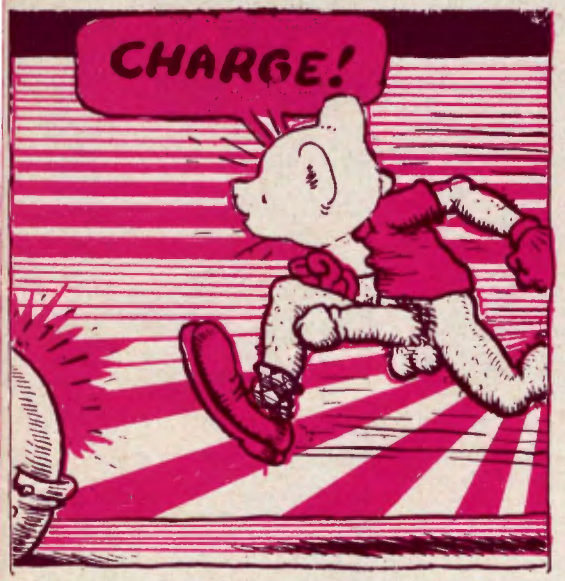
3 *" Oh my, it felt as light as fluff! It's full of magic, sure enough! "*

RUPERT BECOMES ANXIOUS



4 *Although he tries, and tries again,*
He cannot reach the end,

RUPERT SPEEDS IN



5 *"Oh good, that door is open wide,"*
Pants Rupert, as he runs inside.

RUPERT SUCCEEDS AT LAST

6 *Just then he slips, and down he slides,*
To where dark water glints and glides.

Xam blues

About the third week in August, I received the same unfeeling piece of paper that I have received with monotonous regularity on two other occasions for the past three years—the dreaded results! As usual, they were not brilliant. They caused the same emotional distress for both me and those round me. "Friends" and other enemies asked with a smirk about my results and unhappily I had to be truthful as nobody can escape the merciless table of results that the local press prints smugly every Friday as they reach the colleges. For some parents, there is nothing more soul-destroying than the public exposure of their child's bad exam. results.

Let us "examine" this peculiar system of selection that has prevailed and blindly passed on, occasionally questioned and hardly hardly ever changed, for decades. Employers who experiment with their products accept the principle of examinations without experiment on the understanding that it is not ethical to interfere with the present atrocious way in which their potential employees are trained.

Examinations are a primitive method of recording a tiny, often irrelevant, section of the behaviour of an individual under bizarre conditions. Those who evaluate the behaviour are untrained as it is relatively easy for anyone to get a holiday job checking examination papers. As for the actual examiner, the marker of the paper, he—being more or less human—is incapable of consistently good and fair judgement as he has to rush through twelve hours per day, often reading the same information thousands of times. He is inclined to become irritable, it is not good for an old man or old woman (that's what they are, usually) to do so much concentrated work for such a long period. The work becomes tedious and the last few hundred papers he marks reflect this. There was a case of some poor old examiner, having so little time that he marked papers on the way to work on a crowded tube train. Despite everything, I pity examiners—their s is a hard lot, with almost unbelievable mental pressure.

If examination results predict future performance, it is a poor way of doing so as hardly any potential employer takes any notice of grades and many even obtain jobs before results are announced. Employers are inclined to take more notice of personal reports and references (also subject to influence) than the work of a collection of old men and students working for the holidays, marking and checking an exam. set by a vague "Board" from an entity which is geographically uncertain. Also, a person with "good" exam. results may be unable to adapt to the stone-cold realities of working life.

Examination results only apply to actually gaining a job for a probationary period. The rest depends upon ability at the job. Only in a few cases can initial incompetence be considered. These are those in which human life is involved, e.g. the medical profession and to a certain extent industrial work (safety measures, the nine types of industrial pollution, etc.)

Encouragement and incentive to work does not come from knowledge of exam. grades because most of them come at the end of a training course when it is too late. Telling a student a grade is a banal way of trying to show where he/she is going wrong. In the G.C.E., an examinee never gets the assessed paper back, and it is rarely done in other exams. Perhaps this is done so that examinees can be prevented from physically seeing and questioning their results? With only a grade given which could mean nothing, a student can soon acquire the skill of doing the minimum amount of work in order to get the required grade. The information learned by this method is forgotten almost immediately after the exam.

Having an examination system in colleges and schools gives the HIGHER AUTHORITIES (whoever they may be) a false air of respectability. However, exams. taken at their basic level stink of the inquisition and are a kind of unconscious synthetic Third Degree of the intellect and emotion.

There is a more palatable way used in many establishments, whereby clearly defined topics are set to be completed in the not too distant future. Unfortunately these are only secondary to exams, although they are a far better usage of a person's ability.

This year, I was subjected to "A" level, and it rejected me. I feel no conscience about it. I knew the stuff (I did, really!) and I still remember most of it. I treat it as a battle between me and the examiners' state of mind at the time he marked my paper. I questioned one result by letter to the board asking them to check the paper, but I don't think they did. I received a letter from them saying they were sorry and all that, but I'll have to try harder next time blah blah blah... This piece of literature may give the impression of someone so bound up in himself that it seems worth telling the world about even the most trivial things. Maybe it is, but the education system in general and the examination boards in particular have given me a bad time, especially these past few years and I dare say I've given them a few laughs. Seriously, many lives have been ruined and many parents' dreams have been crushed because they have been made to suit the balance instead of what they really want to do.

I don't forgive them for that.

Alan Clayton

Rupert dancing

Every now and again something really great happens, like the Roundhouse, (before it became commercialised) free concerts in Hyde Park and Project Free London. You all know what they are, and they are different for everyone. Rupert Dancing is another daisy in the fields of the Underground. It started at Implosion, when people just linked arms and flew around the Roundhouse in multi-coloured ribbons. Everyone thought it was such a groove that a Rupert Dancing (as Jeff Dexter called it) meeting was danced in Hyde Park. All the Rupert people tripped gaily down to the cockpit one blank, grey afternoon. When about 40 people had arrived, the dancing began and we danced in and out of the Serpentine, around trees and people. The numbers grew and about seventy people Rupert danced their way towards Marble Arch, where we decided with all our happiness and love that we'd levitate the Arch. So we sat down with guitars and so on, and played, sang and danced (to the amazement of the tourists) and managed to push Marble Arch forward five inches. We then danced down Oxford Street and through both floors of a clothing shop which still shines from the experience. Having danced our way to Piccadilly, we all washed in the fountain and baptised the Rupert Bear spirit. In Trafalgar Square, we danced around the fuzz, Nelson's Column and a Christmas tree. We split up, promising to meet again, which we have, and will do so again.

Let's hope for many more scenes like this.

Ring up the Rupert people and talk to them — about anything.

VIV BERGER

The author of this article wishes to make it clear to the Law Society, who should not be reading OZ anyway, that he is not touting for business, as he is no longer in private practice as a solicitor.

At school in 1960 I was threatened with suspension if I did not get my hair from its length of just about what they now almost accept in the army. As a law student I grew it long enough to be provoked into one fight in the street over it, but abandoned it for a faceless life as an articled clerk. When I let my hair grow again and practised as a solicitor, I began to worry what magistrates would make of it. Actually everyone was very nice but things reached a rather critical stage so I dropped court work for a while. I thought of having my hair cut off and made into a wig, but that seemed like cheating. The idea grew out of that that I should have a short-haired wig. This was pooh-poohed by posh wig-makers and I finally invested nine guineas in an Early Beatle from Carnaby Market. I experimented with various ways of stopping my hair showing underneath it, and having thin hair found the easiest short-term way was to brush my fringe back and put the back hair in a bunch taken as high up the back of the head as would manage without loose ends. I found a band round the head in order to stop loose ends more trouble than loose ends. The wig was fairly long at the back and would not have managed in short-back-and-sides days. At the time it was as long as could be respectable, but I have since seen longer.

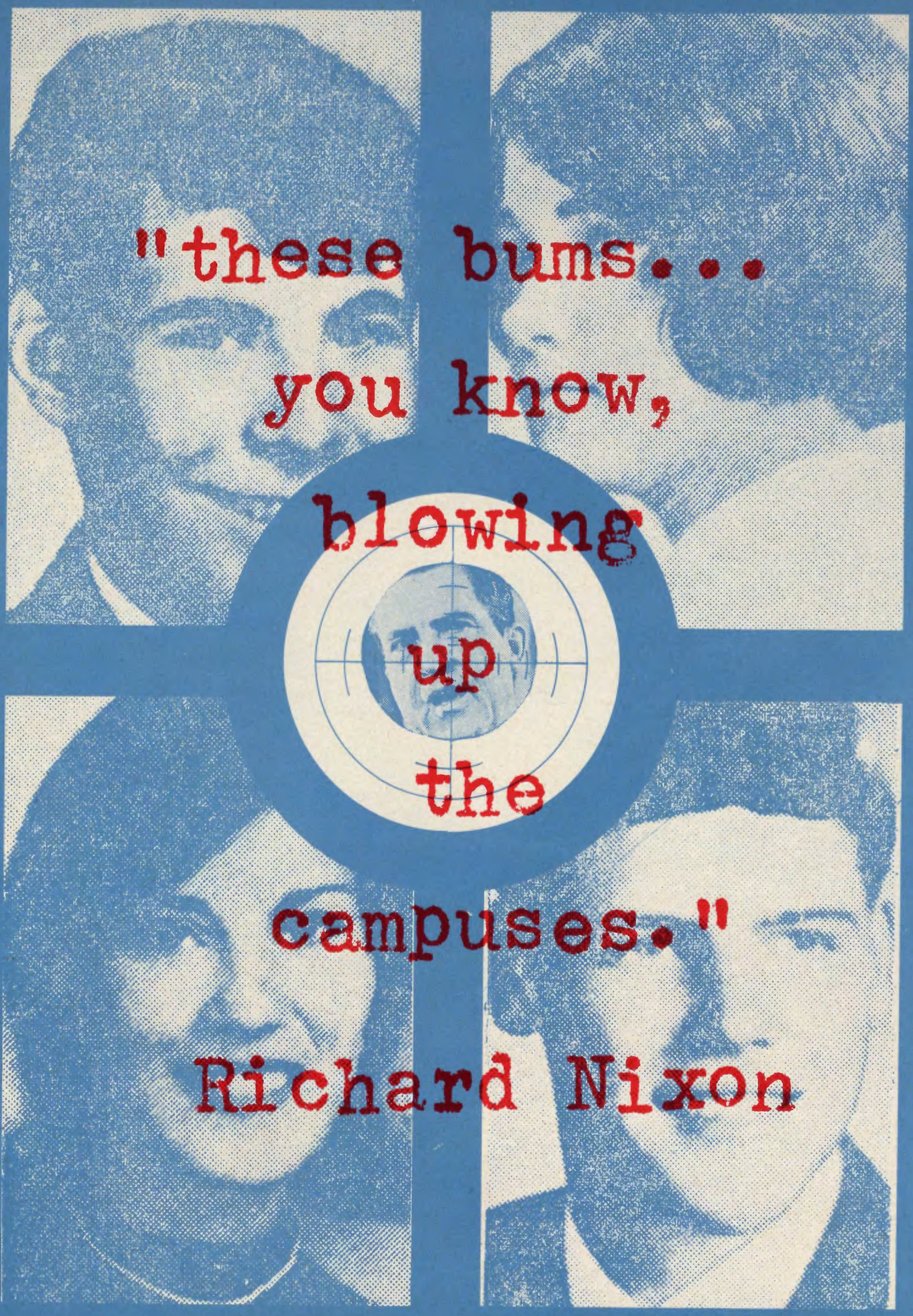
This arrangement was fine for court, where you could retire afterwards and stop the rubber band from pulling too hard on your head, but for more than an hour or so a french pleat is advisable. This is soon mastered and can be secured with only a couple of hairclips. The aim should generally be to have its centre of gravity as far up the head as possible, so as to avoid hair showing underneath at the back.

This approach is not entirely ideal. On one occasion I stumbled going up the main staircase at Middlesex Sessions and fell, clutching my wig in my hand, before a slightly puzzled usher. This could be very awkward done in the presence of a judge or an unsuspecting client. Hairpins tend to work their way out of the wig whilst techniques of firm fastening from underneath generally work on the assumption that you are bald. I was fortunate in starting in an office where everyone except the clients knew and didn't mind and so I could ask about giveaway details. With a wig it is alarming if you scratch your head as when wearing a wig you tend to do. You must also be careful about looking up in the air, as it falls off backwards, and if you wear a hat to stop it blowing off in a strong wind you must be careful not to take the hat off too abruptly. If you want to work where people do not know your secret, don't be interviewed on a very hot day, as two lots of hair create a lot of heat, and get used to wearing the wig well beforehand. You must always remember your disability and try to get into a more impersonal type of office where you are not so likely to be scrutinised at close quarters. Actually people are very unobservant, especially men.

As the disadvantage of a wig became more apparent I looked for an alternative. By this time my hair was quite long and outside I tended to wear it back to stop it blowing. From this my wife got the idea that it could be tucked down a shirt collar out of sight. Experiments showed this could be done reasonably, and as the hair grew the effect was better. As I have a long neck, high collared shirts are an advantage, although difficult to get in office-style

If, as I did, you wish to make a point and show your hair occasionally in a professional capacity, you must obviously be prepared for difficulties. In the early days some clients assumed that because I looked like them I was a crooked solicitor, but after an initial sharp reaction from me they soon got over this. Others who were recommended to me after I had decided to give up for the time being, even asked me to go ahead, with hair, just to show the magistrate. I was pleased but felt bound not to. Magistrates are untrustworthy at the best of times and to flaunt their prejudices in their faces is not the way to see impartial justice at its best. When I got my wig I suddenly found a strange reaction from Release. Caroline Coon was reported to have decided that it was a bad idea even without seeing the effect. Release cases unaccountab unaccountably went to solicitors other than the one I was working for. One thing however has impressed me, and that is that the majority of people, if you hold an intelligent conversation with them, accept you long-haired. The trouble is getting them to stay around that long.

Apart from getting a job, it relieves paranoia to walk around occasionally without old men complaining that they fought for you in a war against dictatorship, and here you ungratefully are not doing what they are trying to dictate. After a while, however, you begin to feel very schizophrenic, and it does not make for an easy life generally. As long as you know you will not be fully accepted by society as you really are you cannot get sucked into the system. You live something like a double agent, and this produces an unavoidable strain, but as with a spy the good you can do is potentially greater than a whole army attacking from the outside. *David R. Pedley*


"these bums...
you know,
blowing
up
the
campuses."
Richard Nixon

HIGH SKOOL CONFIDENTIAL

From The High School Revolutionaries
edited by Marc Libarle and Tom Seligson.
Published by Random House New York $6.95.

High School Students Unite
by Tom Lindsay
Tom Lindsay is a member of the New York High School Student Union and is on the staff of the New York High School Free Press. *Tom was a founder of the High School Independent Press Service (HIPS). He writes and draws excellent political cartoons for underground papers.*

Hello Boys and Girls.
I am a 'High School Revolutionary'.
This is a book about 'High School Revolutionaries'.
There are lots of books like this about lots of people.
Most of them stink.
This one will probably stink too.
But I need the money.

This country sucks. Its television, its ulcer pills, its senators, its cities, its cars, its Miss America pageants its churches, its money, its objectivity in the media, its Miami Beaches its army, and its schools. Schools and parents are the foundation of America's schizophrenia. Kids rebel in lots of ways against what they feel and see going on around them. And so I rebel against this insane society.

I m the son of a preacher. I went to church, I was a nice kid. But it's a drag being a nice kid. Because being a nice kid means you get good grades, don't get drunk or stoned, go to college, meet a nice girl get married, kiss for the first time get a job, bring up nice kids, die a nice death—and nobody, least of all you, ever knew you lived.

I didn't want to be a nice kid after a while. So I started rebelling in lots of ways, I started smoking (cigarettes), got drunk, stopped going to church, started going to dances started making it with girls, stopped getting good grades, skipped school on nice days and went riding in convertibles to MacDonald stands, and just started fucking around.

I began to feel more The 'in' crowd was hard as shit to make it in and I didn't make it, so I hung around with a lot of other guys in the same position. Wanting kicks but not making the top. All those guys and girls I hung around with were lonely and you could feel it. We were cool but somehow that didn't fill up everything. So I began to look around even more. I began to move with this one group of people at school. The 'beautiful people'. I became a goddam hippie.

I got stoned. I made new friends. We talked a lot, bullshit mostly, but we began to explore new things and thoughts. It was just a start but fuck it you have to start somewhere.

That was the time (half-way through eleventh grade) I started getting political. I turned against the Vietnam War. I went to the March on Washington, October 21, 1967. I saw people get teargassed.

Then there was a drug bust at my high school. I didn't get busted, but after most of it was over the Sergeant of Police of the town of Wellesley, Massachusetts, told my parents I had turned on. The school told me get my hair cut, and I decided that school sucks. Teachers suck, the country sucks, the war sucks, racism sucks. The school newspaper sucks.

I decided to start an underground paper. My friends dug the idea and we did it. In February 1968, the first edition of *The Searcher* came out.

Then the administration cracked down with THE IMMORTAL DRESS CODE. No cocksucker is going to tell me to get my hair cut unless I also have the power to tell him to grow his hair long.

We tought the dress code. We circulated petitions, a majority of kids wanted to change it, and so we went to the School Committee. They finally agreed but in their own bullshit way. They formed a Dress Code Committee (Mah fella Americans, after this brutal and senseless assasination tonight, I am forming a commission to study violence). So in the tradition of fine, upstanding, bullshit liberals we finally took a vote between four different dress codes (democracy of course). The first choice was no dress code, the second was almost no dress code—just prohibiting shorts, curlers, and slacks for girls, the third was the same dress code, and fourth was a stricter dress code. When the votes came in a thousand kids out of fourteen hundred voted for the first two with the second getting the most of all. Eight people voted for a strict dress code. We had won. It was a good feeling. We had beaten the administration.

From there, *The Searcher* continued to come out, getting better all the time. We held a three-day hunger strike against the war and started a lot of programs around the draft. On April 26, 1968, when 200,000 kids stayed out of school in New York against the war, we in Wellesley succeeded in getting forty kids to stay out of school and march up to a teach-in at Wellesley College. The once quite, efficient system in Wellesley was fucking up, then the big bomb came.

In late May, the first three periods one day were cancelled in order to have a special program on poverty and racism. There were speakers films, and a selection of pieces by black authors put on by the Boston Theatre Co. One of those pieces was a part of LeRoi Jones' play, *The Slave*. Jones doesn't talk to nice white liberals. There were a lot of 'fucks', shits', etc. in the play. After the play there were discussion groups—I didn't hear one kid complain about the swear words. But it wasn't the same for the racist adults of town. They had shit fits. Thirteen hundred people came out for a School Committee meeting. The school auditorium was packed. Every goddam right winger of the town was there, and they were out for blood. People got up to speak; back and forth it went, those for the program and those against it. The whole place was polarized. Good guys—bad guys: clap for good guys, boo for bad guys. The place was tense as shit. Then the editor of the official school paper, a Student Council member and Varsity letter winner, got up and said, 'The first time I heard the word fuck was when I was five years old and right here in Wellesley. And I know a lot of people who can't say a sentence without saying fuck in it.' That blew it. . . If you think a thousand Russian Stalinists on the rampage is bad, this was really fucked up. The whole audience rose screaming 'Shut him up'. 'Get him out. Arrest him.' I think I heard 'Lynch him' in there too. The crowd was crazy, stark raving mad. Two cops came and arrested him and took him out. We were sitting there stunned with this raging audience behind us and a kid getting busted in front of us. To top it off, the vice principal got up and ripped the student dissenters up. For the next month the town was crazy, but the incident finally died away. I learned a lot out of it. For the first time I saw America revealed, and what I saw was frightening. Up until then it had been one principal or something, but now it was all these people. This was America—against me.

Shortly after that I moved to New York. I went to Brandeis High for my last year of high school (as well as school in general). Brandeis is an amazing school. Like, in New York they can't build schools right. Schools are either shitholes that are like used condoms that have been sitting around for a year, or so sterile they're like condoms straight out of the package, sterile like hospitals. Brandeis is 85 percent black and Puerto Rican. Quite a change from sterile people in Wellesley. Even though black schools have a reputation for being worse than suburban schools, Brandeis is very similar to Wellesley—with the same type of fucks running it, calling themselves administrators, teachers, guidance counsellors, etc. It is different in the sense that the school system cannot allow a majority of black and brown students to graduate and go on to college, while in white schools the majority of kids do go to college.

While in New York I also started working on the High School Independent Press Service (HIPS). HIPS is a press service for high school underground (news)papers. In the packets we sent out we had national high school news, articles, analysis, poems, cartoons, photos etc. I worked on that till January.

For the first three months of that year there was no school because of the teachers' strike. Kids and a few teachers opened their schools against the racist UFT strike. Kids started their own schools, and ran things in many schools. When the strike was finally over the UFT and the Board of Education decided that classes would be forty-five minutes longer and some holidays cut in order for the teachers to make up their pay. (Teachers ended up making more money for striking than if they had not gone on strike.) A lot of people all over the city, including high school students, denounced the settlement. The bit about the pay was

Billy Bunter busts out

bad enough, but no kid is going to sit through an extra forty-five minutes of bullshit and miss any holidays. All over the city, black, Puerto Rican, and white students spontaneously walked out, went on strike, and shut down their schools. Thousands of kids ran through the streets held rallies, fought the cops, took over subways, and said 'Hell no we won't go. Fuck UFT'.

At Brandeis a leaflet went out: 'Are you going to take forty-five minutes more of this shit? No!' Thirty kids ran through the halls. Students poured out. The bell rang; students milled in the lobby. 'Hell no we won't go.' Finally over six hundred kids walked out. Classes were called off. Four hundred students took over the nearby subways and went to a rally downtown where they were joined by thousands more. For a week the strike went on, but the next week kids were back in school taking the same shit. In a lot of schools, holidays were given back and the forty-five minute period cancelled.

I just fucked around at Brandeis, I didn't do much work. I found out that I could graduate in January. I cut a lot of classes and ended up going to about two weeks of classes. Near the end of the semester a few kids got together and we put out a paper that looked exactly like the school's official paper but had a totally different content. The administration and teachers flipped out. We were almost able to get the teachers to hand it out unknowingly but some of them read it. Teachers were running around screaming, 'This isn't *our Brandeis Brief!*'

No one was caught handing out the first issue because we handed it out without teachers seeing us in school. The second issue was even better. We had a short thing on how people were handing out a phony *Brandeis Brief* and not to listen to them because they were just troublemakers. This time another kid and I were caught. The other guy they transferred to another school, and they almost kicked me out of school ten days before I graduated. They decided to let me stay as long as I didn't cause any more trouble. I didn't or at least I didn't get caught. I graduated from one of America's most amazing institutions—a high school.

In early March, kids from HIPS, the *High School Free Press,* and the High School Student Union, got together and started talking about a spring offensive in the high schools. We wanted to really try and do something that would last when the demonstrations were over. One thing about New York schools is that it is easy to get kids to walk out or demonstrate or take any type of action. On a nice spring day it doesn't take much at all. As we saw with the forty-five-minute strike, kids went out of school and rioted, but a week later the same old fucked-up system was running and doing the same old shit. We wanted to organize. There are two ways you can hand out a leaflet. One is to let the leaflet speak for you, the second is to let the leaflet assist you in speaking yourself. You use the medium to get your message across, you talk to people. Talking to people is more likely to get your message across.

Too easily you can set yourself apart. To sit behind four walls and publish your opinions allows no contact with what is happening with people. SDS has a rhetoric about what's happening in this country but most of it doesn't mean anything because they have never talked to the people they theorize about. The whole thing is this—people who talk don't do shit (intellectuals, liberals, college revolutionaries, etc.). You have to find out what is happening, where people's heads are at. YOU DON'T FOLLOW A THEORY—YOU LIVE ONE. YOU DON'T FOLLOW CHRIST—YOU ARE CHRIST. YOU DON'T FOLLOW MARX—YOU ARE MARX. YOU DON'T FOLLOW THE PEOPLE—YOU ARE THE PEOPLE.

This we felt and believed. We got ourselves together. What we basically tried to do—and did in many cases—was to get kids to feel themselves as organizers. Just small groups of kids, maybe five to ten in each school and in thirty to forty of the city's eighty-nine public high schools. Building organizers and becoming one yourself is hard. You're brought up in this country not to relate to people or maybe just a small group of people. People lead alienated and lonely lives in America. Take a look at your parents those little old secretaries, etc. To build a life where you do more than comment on the weather, is hard. But it can be done.

To help us that spring we developed a ten-point program which we elaborated in the *High School Free Press* and in leaflets and demonstrations. The program was one of the best in the country. The *Free Press* was dynamite (It was also one of the few working-class papers in the country; but not only working-class. It was middle-class, black, Puerto Rican, hippie, yippie, and in general everybody's paper.) And the leaflets were fantastic. But we weren't all that good. We had a lot of fuck-ups, we had a lot of bullshit. We were too centralized, often too elitist, and we didn't get stoned.

I moved out of my parents' house and into the High School Student Union office/apartment with a couple of other guys. Later more people (boys and girls) moved in. We formed a commune. The commune story is another trip in itself. I will say this about it: to be a revolutionary means more than developing revolutionary politics. It means also developing your emotions and the way you relate to people. The revolution means building yourself as a person, as a human being. If you have never gone through a communal experience, do it. But don't make the mistake of isolating your emotions from your politics, or your politics from your emotions. To be just political sucks. To be just emotional sucks. Everything must be together. You are one.

Our relations with the three black student groups in the city were very good. We related to them on a political and personal level. This didn't mean they became Toms or we became soul brothers. In many locals, leaders got together to talk about tactics, actions, what was happening, etc. In a couple of cases the High School Student Union started Black Student Union locals, and the Black Student Union started High School Student Union locals. On April 21, all four high school groups went on strike. Black, Puerto Rican, and white kids were out on the streets or taking over schools together. One day fifty kids were busted, black and white, and the Union bailed them all out.

Right now I'm out of high school and I'm out of high school organizing. Already high school seems like a long time ago. I don't have that feeling, that way of being, now that I'm out. I don't belong in the high school scene. Too many people don't belong in the high school scene that are there now. When you're faced with the frustrations of organizing and this high school kid comes up to you and says, 'We're trying to do something at our school, do you know anything that can help us?'—it's all too easy to start organizing high school kids. It's all too easy to organize kids who will listen to whatever you say because it's radical. (High school students who have offices with older Movement groups often end up with that group's type of politics.) The problem that's facing me and lots of other people is, what do you do after high school? I chose not to go on to college because it's bullshit—for my life. It's really scary at seventeen to try and live your life like you want to, with as little bullshit as possible. You're living your life *now.* Most people never do, they keep saying, 'Well, after college I'm going to fuck around,' but then they get jobs and, 'Well, after I retire I'm going to see the world, etc. Well, after I die I'm going to. . .'

I feel a need for a major change in this country (commonly called revolution). But how the hell do you make a revolution in America? Everybody's got his, 'After the revolution, we'll have. . .' But how do you get to after? I'm not really sure, but I have learned stuff through my high school experiences that will help me. I know that one of the greatest hang-ups people and organizers have is talking to people. They can talk rhetoric to you until your ears fall off, but they can't talk stuff that means something to people. You shouldn't be all that different talking to somebody you are organizing or talking to your girl friend or boy friend. That doesn't mean you tell workers you love them, but it means that you speak with the same honesty. (And vice versa. Don't tell a girl a big cool rap about yourself when you only want to sleep with her. Just ask her, 'Do you want to sleep with me?') You have to know who you are. You have to have an identity, a feeling about yourself. You have to be proud of yourself as a man or woman. Not only do black people have problems knowing where they're at, but white people grow up in this same fucked-up country and get fucked over too (in different ways). We have to cut the bullshit in our lives. We have to define our own reality. We are not part of Nixon's and the other top idiots' reality. Their reality is in Vietnam with 40,000 dead, their reality is in the black ghettoes with twenty million hardly alive, their reality is in this country's high schools with passes to piss. Our reality is alive and we have to fight for it!

Rehearse for t

YES FOLKS! NOW YOU CAN BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO EXPERIENCE THE ECOLOGICAL DISASTER.

WHY WAIT TILL 1980?

DON'T LET THE FUTURE TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE.

PREPARE NOW FOR THE END OF CIVILIZATION.

REHEARSE FOR THE APOCALYPSE. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS:

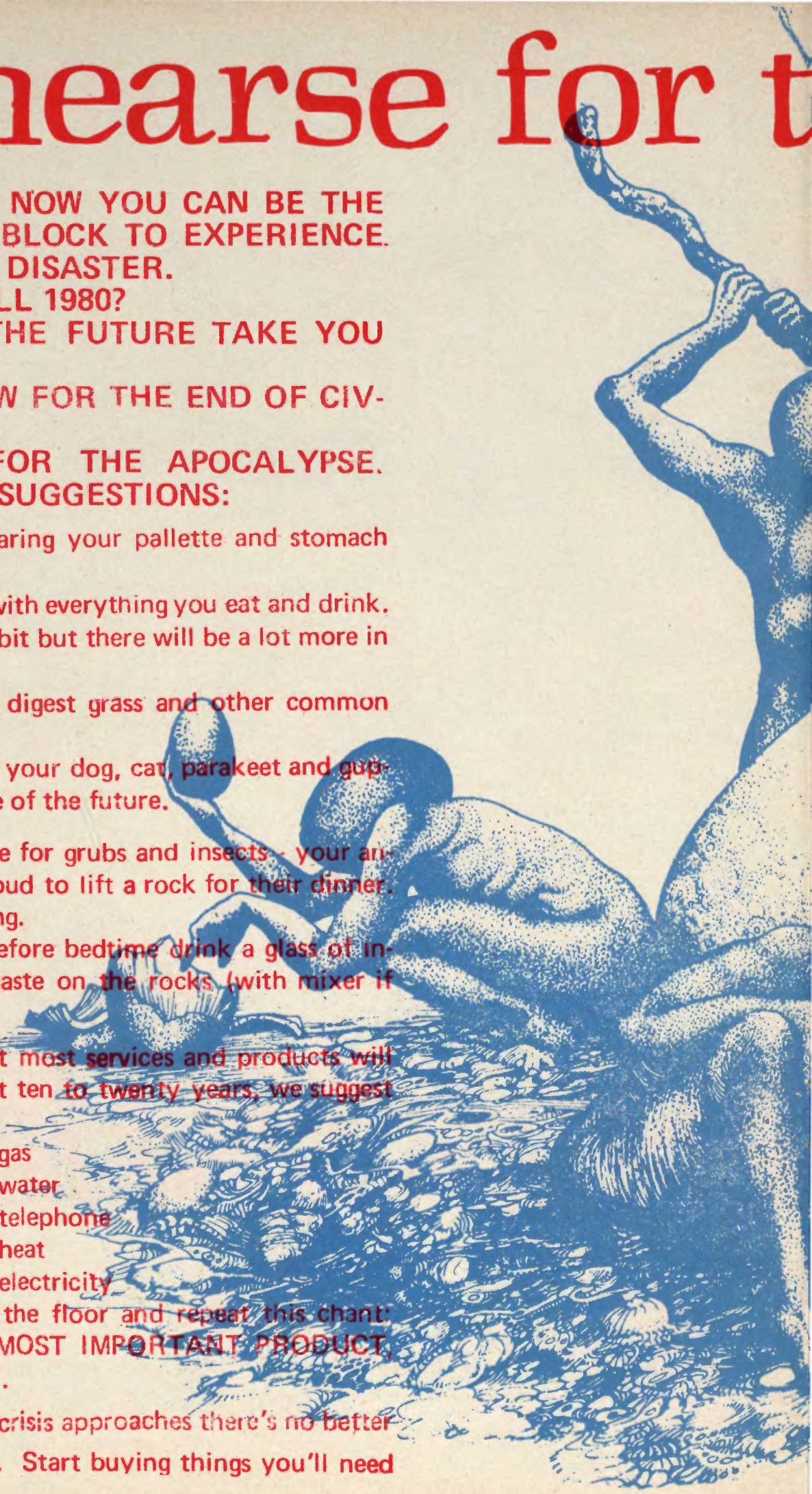
Better start preparing your pallette and stomach for the fare of the 80's:

* Mix detergent with everything you eat and drink. There's already quite a bit but there will be a lot more in the future.
* Learn how to digest grass and other common plants.
* Start fattening your dog, cat, parakeet and guppies for the main course of the future.
* Develop a taste for grubs and insects - your ancestors weren't too proud to lift a rock for their dinner.
* Practice starving.
* Every night before bedtime drink a glass of industrial and organic waste on the rocks (with mixer if you prefer).

Appreciating that most services and products will disappear over the next ten to twenty years, we suggest this little dry run:

* Turn off your gas
* Turn off your water
* Turn off your telephone
* Turn off your heat
* Turn off your electricity
* Sit naked on the floor and repeat this chant: PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT, PROGRESS IS OUR. . .

And as the final crisis approaches there's no better time to start hoarding. Start buying things you'll need



he Apocalypse

after the Fall on credit - after the collapse no one will bother with collecting debts.

* While on the subject: start thinking about creative new uses for money since its present function will soon end. Remember, paper - particularly tissue - will be in short supply.

* Think about creative new uses for other potentially obsolete things like electric can openers, televisions, brassieres, toilets, alarm clocks, automobiles, etc.

* Accustom yourself to human body odor.

* Now is the time to learn a trade for the future · practice making arrowheads and other implements out of stone. Advanced students should start experimenting with bronze.

* For those of you who are investment minded, buy land, but you'd better leave enough bread to also buy a small arsenal to defend your property with

* Remember Victory Gardens? Plant your Survival Garden now!

* Better quit smoking - or rip off a tobacco warehouse.

* Stockpile useful items like matches, safety pins, thread and needles, condoms, etc.

* Learn how to shoot a bow and arrow.

* Start preparing for the fashions of the future. You girls might take a hint from the heroines of monster films and start tearing your clothing in tasteful but strategically located tatters in order to create the Fay Wray look of tomorrow. Those less frivolous minded among you should start cultivating your body hair. (Remember a naked ape is a cold ape!)

* You housewives had better learn how to maim and kill with a vegematic.

* Finally everyone should buy a boy scout manual - or in lieu of that, buy a boy scout.

SO IN FACING THE WORLD OF TOMORROW REMEMBER: BUILD FOR THE FUTURE AND CONTEMPLATE SUICIDE.

EVO/LNS

BROWN SHOES DON'T MAKE IT

It was, at least for me and most of the people I know, the music that first aroused interest in things Underground, and the music is still the most mature and developed manifestation of the culture of the Underground. Underground visual arts draw their most effective imagery and inspiration from the music: the outstanding examples of this are Martin Sharp's Dylan and Hendrix posters and the 1967 Hapshash output. In fact, an amazing amount of the most adventurous designs are album sleeves: Sgt. Pepper, Disraeli Gears, Ogden's Flake, Ars Longa Vita Brevis, Tommy, I Stand Alone, Ceremony, King Crimson, Quintessence. Underground literature is vitually non-existent: Burroughs, Ginsberg and the late Jack Kerouac are all of the Beat Generation. Maybe in ten years' time we may develop their equal; we certainly haven't got one now. So it's back to the music.

It's precisely because the music is such a vital, integral part of our movement that what's happening to it at the moment augers so badly for the whole Underground community. The whole point about the early Underground music scene was that it was an honest, experimental, no-bullshit service provided by and for artists and consumers whose tastes were ignored by the media. Alternative press, alternative music, alternative styles. The fifth-rate bubblegum and Mumsy pop music was discarded in favour of genuinely creative musical endeavours, based on all known styles and a few unknown ones. Carnaby Street's cardboard fashions were ignored by a community who if they wanted to wear red satin trousers and their mothers' hats just went out and did it, whatever "they" said we were all wearing this year. Honest people played honest music independently of "Top of the Pops", the NME and Peter Murray. Some of it sold to the Dumb Majority and that was beautiful. Do them good to have some honest music in the house. Of course, a few of the good bands were big stars—Beatles, Stones, Who, Animals, Manfred—and that was good.

Then came 1967 and the Great Flower Power Summer. Suddenly every other kid was belled and kaftaned and chanting "All You Need Is Love". I thought we'd really won—we'd enchanted and infiltrated them and genuinely convinced them that love was where it was at and not battling. Frankie Vaughan leapt into print to tell the mothers of Albion that a "Love-In" was just "an excuse for a great big orgy". The media found that the Underground music scene had beaten Tactic One—"Ignore it and it'll go away"—so it tried Tactic Two—"Take it over, package it, sell it back to itself". This worked admirably—they're still doing it now. We haven't infiltrated them—they've infiltrated us. Once the only part of the pop scene concerned with honest music and real people, there's now more hype, bullshit and hustling on the so-called progressive scene than anywhere else. The straight/commercial pop scene is simple and honest: put it on the radio and people hear it and if they like it, they buy it. That's all, that's how they sold a million "Love Grows" and five million of "Sugar, Sugar". The music is crap, but the people are honest. With us, half the music is good, but half the people are dishonest.

In the teenybopper scene a few years ago, singers were sold on on faces, clothes and "image". Now this kind of irrelevant hyping is almost the exclusive property of the Underground. Music is again secondary. The MM "Musicians Wanted" classified ads carry gems such as "Guitarist wanted for semi-pro progressive band. Long hair essential". Any group who look sufficiently hairy and make the right New-Left political noises can develop a hearing even if their music is derivative and uninspired. For instance: last year I was really looking forward to hearing Edgar Broughton at Bath, expecting something genuinely powerful and (I hate to say it) meaningful. What I got was a clumsy, disjointed, untogether performance by an ego-tripping dude who sang like a feeble imitation of Beefheart doing his first-album feeble imitation of Howlin' Wolf, and played the usual pallid Hendrix-derived freakout guitar. The political "revelations" were simplistic sloganeering that would have made Black Dwarf feel ashamed of itself. Even the celebrated "Out demons out" routine was a straight lift from Tuli Kupferberg and the Fugs' October '67 performance at the Pentagon. An Underground Herman's Hermits.

So now the revolution is a groovy way to sell things. Someone cleaned up from selling thousands of Che posters, and 20th Century Fox advanced Omar Sharif's career nicely. Capitalism is alive and well—thanks to us. Those of us pledged to "da revolution"—I'm not—would do better to withdraw their services from the media; what can you do with your street-fighting ideals if the very people you want to fight against can package street-fighting, put it into posters, records and books, and sell it back to you at enormous profits? So hair and trite revolutionary lyrics can sell us inferior music—aren't you proud?

The best music is generally produced by people who are either regarded as pop stars—Auger, Driscoll, Who, Hendrix, Beatles, Beck (the trendies never forgave him for "Love Is Blue" and "Silver Lining"), Fleetwoods; Floyd, Jethro (Townshend and Anderson couldn't sell out if they tried)—or those who are ignored by the Underground because of insufficient hyping—the Soft Machine and Renaissance are outstanding. I haven't heard any Clapton, Beck or Hendrix for quite some time, but I expect something shattering soon from all three of them. Led Zeppelin were incredibly stimulating at first but a stone drag when it wore off. Keith Relf in "Friends" described it as "Straightforward fuck music". That's okay—I've got the first album. I'd love to meet a chick who could fuck like "Led Zeppelin One" but she'd wear me out in a week. At least it's non-political.

I'm getting back into straightforward hard-grooving feel-good music—blues—soul—jazz—rock to use MM language. "Super Session", all the Butterfield albums, B.B. King, Chicago, "Streetnoise" (nothing grooves as hard as the last minute and a half of "Save the Country"), Jimmy Smith—and old group sounds, particularly the old Yardbirds stuff, "Best of the Lovin' Spoonful One and Two", the first Manfred Mann album, old Graham Bond (Remember "Tell Me" and "St. James Infirmary"?), and all the Beatles and Who. The other source of good music is from the folk side—Jansch, Mike Cooper, Mike Chapman, Stewart, Harper. The hypers have kept out of folk music which is probably why it's doing so badly, due to lack of skilful local promotion.

I have no idea of the solution, except to hope for a return to the basic attitude of yesterday's Underground and today's teenies: (that sounds incredibly condescending from a bloke of 18): listen to as much music as possible and pick up on what you like. Don't worry if it got bad reviews in IT or if your trendy friends sneer; if you like it, buy it. That's where we ought to be, where we should have been all the time. Honest people, honest people. No more bullshit. Shalom.

Charles Shaar Murray

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OZ 18. Experimental format swiped straight from Rolling Stone. Michael X talks. Andy Warhol whispers. Prophetic Militant Student Application Form. Terry Reid. The Soft Machine. Emergency YIPPIE Report. The MC5 Kick out the Jams. Mad Marrakech horsemen and screaming nudes. 3/6.

OZ 19. News of the World loved this one, but we still have a few left. The Universal Tongue Bath — a groupie's vision. Why Det. Sgt. Pilcher knows so many pop stars. Dylanology from the first and worst Dylanologist. Food Explosion. FRELIMO. Still available despite legal advice, it's a cheap and dangerous buy at 3/6.

OZ 20. HELLS ANGELS menace Arts Lab in drug orgy rape gang bang loot shock!! So violent the printer destroyed 6000 copies. Paris Situationists. Out of the Psychodrama by David Widgery. Inside Jann Wenner. Roast Trafalgar Square pigeon, and a cheap thrill on every page 3/6.

OZ 21. EIGHT PAGE COMIC FREAK-OUT. Plant Your Own Pot. Pete Townsend, Bernadette Devlin, Living Theatre, Murray Roman and John Gerassi all blow their cool and live the revolution. PLUS smouldering Hippocrates and MAGNAPHAL ad. How to catch and cook a schoolboy — all the meat you can eat for 3/6.

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OZ 23. HOMOSEXUAL OZ. Hounded by Scotland Yard for being obscene. Suck for Peace. Scoop preview from still unobtainable Homosexual Handbook. Miles on the Moon along with several bags of piss. Pirate TV — Rohan O'Railly's plans for Caroline. Phil Ochs meets Mich Farren. Max Ernst portfolio. OZ answer to The Forsyte Saga — the life and loves of Leonard Cohen. Multiracial male kisses. Only 25 left of most controversial OZ ever. Selling in Earls Court for £3 each. Save £2. 5s. Rush your 15s now.

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OZ 17. Manfred Mann? Smash Cash? ICA Blast? Indian Ashrams? South African Queens? Greek Gaols? DON'T LET YOUR CHICK BLOW YOUR BALLS!? Does Shelter really shelter? IS Tiny Tim what he eats?

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OZ 26. OZ goes GLOSSY!! (to celebrate our sixteenth, count 'em, sixteenth, printer). What an issue. Germaine's blistering attack/assessment of of Women's Liberation WENDY — The world's first fuckable rubber woman; Bill Levi, star of SUCK magazine, in a name dropping probe of his marriage collapse and shock exile. Not to mention the Biggest Tool in Hollywood and absolute star of the show CANDY DARLING — is she or isn't he?? Food explosion, Media Mix and more Conspiracy make this an irresistible buy at 3/6.

OZ 27. The mindbending ACID OZ. Packed with facts, information and the real dope (suck the corner of page 46!) on that short cut to Heaven and Hell. You've probably already got it. (with this issue our circulation soared to 40,000 plus), but isn't there a friend who really NEEDS it. Do them a favour and drop us 3/6.

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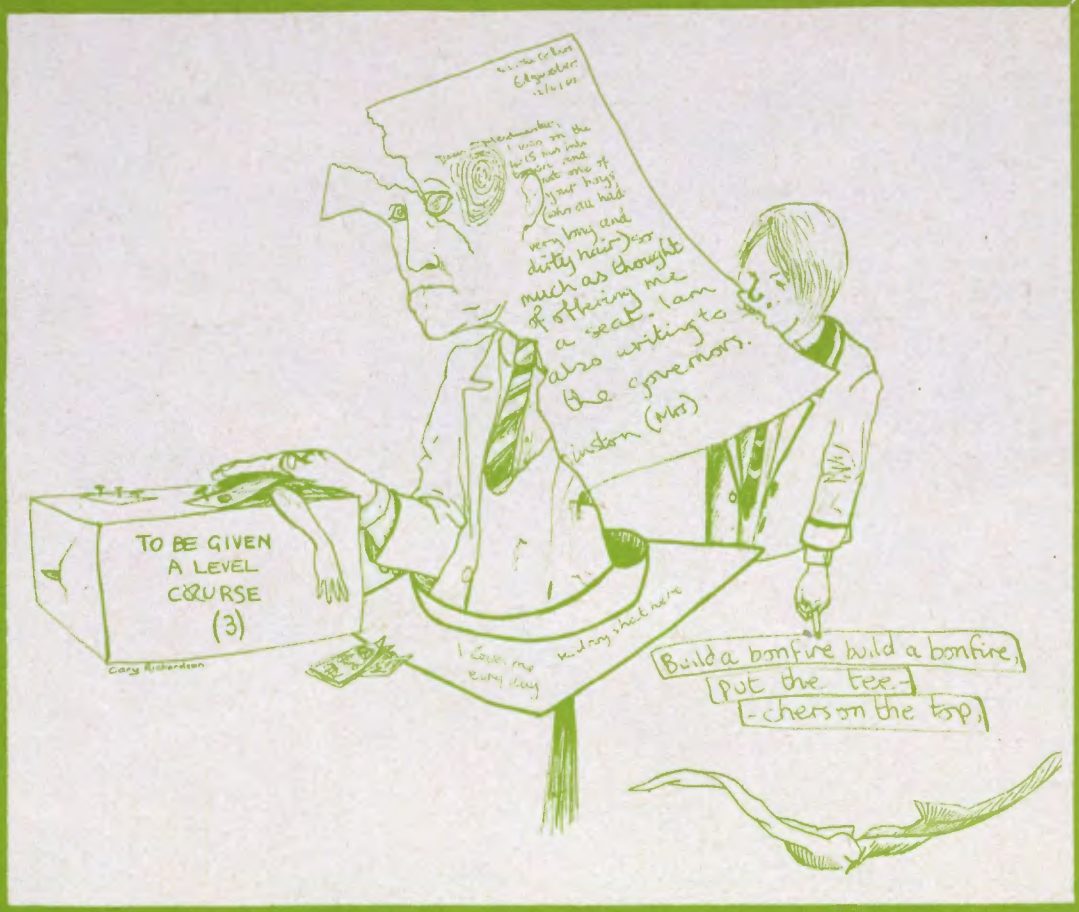
WHIZZKIDEAS

The underground as far as this country is concerned mainly exists in London. In the last few years however an attempt to bring the underground to other parts of the country has been made by forming Arts Labs which are in no way united. In many cases they have had to pack up because of lack of support. If a change to the present system of government and attitudes is to be made it is going to be a very slow process and so help from the present youth has to be utilised. As much as the underground, like everyone else, hates the kids it would be disastrous if a generation gap were to emerge between the two factions of our present society. The writing of this issue of Oz is a step in the right direction; in helping, it works both ways – the under 18s because we have the chance of putting our ideas into print. We hope when this is read people will realise what a state we're in and help us get sorted out. It is very difficult putting our hangups in writing like this and only by open discussion will any good arise. It has reached the stage where we have almost given up, because of the way we are snubbed and looked down upon when we try to get help in London. I only hope that this at last is the breakthrough. We find it hard to believe that so many of you are empty of any kind of idea whatsoever. If you think this is a lot of schoolkid rubbish, and some of this probably is, then don't blame us. We offered to edit Oz because we thought we'd like to get our ideas into print and it has been very hard work but when we asked people for their views most of them just didn't seem to have any. A lot of people said that they didn't know what to write, a lot claimed that they didn't have the time but hardly any of them were the slightest bit interested. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? Here was their chance to put their views into print but they just didn't want to know. We contacted all the people who seemed to have a lot to say, but most were too lazy to pick up a pen.

In future people who think they have a lot to say needn't bother to waste people's time. They'll only show themselves up and it will only be their own fault. *Anne*



skinhead armies

Throughout England people are questioning our system and trying to change it. The people co concerned fall into two classes. Skinheads show their dislike for our system by generally abusing the law by violence and the use of drugs. They are quite willing to use violence against the system and against anyone else for that matter which is very unfortunate because they are fighting the same battle as many of the people they pick fights with.

On the other hand there are the so-called long-haired [illegible] to preach peace and [illegible]-violent. How[illegible] a more apathetic bunch [illegible] difficult [illegible] of these long-haired intellectuals are actually doing anything to help change come. The rest are quite willing to wait for things to be done [illegible] them. The situation in the underground at the moment is that there are plenty of generals but [illegible] among students at the moment is [illegible] than ever before.

foodless fable

Once upon a time, before people had woken up, Jimmy Rooker found himself standing on a rock watching the birds eat each other. He asked the trees what their names were, and told them his lucky number was blue. He had to feed himself and wash his face and hands in the sky, but he enjoyed finding food and scrubbing with stars.

After his friends had eaten enough, and there were none left, he walked up and down the flowers to find some more playmates. Instead, he found a ball which he drank hungrily and put in his pocket.

The ball was so heavy that it pulled our Jimmy's trousers down, and as he bent sideways to put them back on his head, he cut his toe on a puddle and had to go straight to heaven without any supper.

Sarah Manders

no acid heads

Although there is a lot to be said against our old-fashioned educational system, some benefits can arise from the way subjects are forced into our heads. If it wasn't for the mass-production of our so-called counterfeit brains then the revolutionary student would not exist, and would not try to change all that offends. Some people think that they be benefit more by reading Mailer and Burroughs, however they would not have the capacity to read literature if it wasn't for our old-fashioned system.

A recent article in "IT" related a counterfeit £5 to the so-called counterfeit people produced in our schools and colleges at the moment. The writer didn't seem to realise that school-kids and most students are not acid-heads, still have minds of their own, and are quite capable of thinking for themselves.

P. Crisp

ONLY CONNECT

He who opposes force with force alone forms that which he opposes and is formed by it. This has far greater truth than we choose to appreciate. We rather content ourselves in the knowledge that he who does not resist force that enslaves and exterminates will be enslaved and exterminated. The time has come however for us all to open our eyes and realise, maybe, that violence is not the sole tactic at our disposal.

John Lennon said, "We're supposed to be the hip ones but the pigs have got us playing their game reacting violently to violent provocation." If we are hip then we should surely see through the cons of the Establishment; we should see that while violence prevails the pigs are victorious; we must realise that the ultimate strategy in our striving for equality, freedom and peace is that of communication. It is necessary to fight with words but the reason why the tactic of violence is preferred is, perhaps, that it is so much easier to express.

I'm not saying that violent demonstration is wrong, indeed often it is the only alternative left. Tell the oppressed black citizen in Alabama, whose kids get stoned by white parents on their way to school, tell him to talk to the racialist white mother fucker and he'll laugh or cry—for him there is only one road to freedom. Stokely Carmichael wrote: "They (the oppressed peoples) will not be be stopped in their drive towards dignity, to achieve their share of power, indeed to to become their own men and women, in this time and in this land, by whatever means necessary". In this country, though, the circumstances are different, and while violent demonstration must be recognised as having a necessary function, in that it serves for instance to boost the morale of the freedom fighters in South Africa, we must overcome our aparthy, our self-conceit, and realise just how vital is COMMUNICATION.

It appears that our regard for communication, however necessary, is that it is far too demanding and the results negligible, thus making it not worth the effort. In fact we are desperately trying to excuse our own laziness. How many of us know our oppressed brother? Can we even really communicate with each other?

But most important, we must talk to the masses, the blind prisoners of society, the toys of the Establishment, who beneath their plastic exterior are people, people with a consciousness waiting to be freed.

Of course it's a slow progress. Just as it has taken time for society to contract this sickness of mind, it will take time to cure it, but we must act now. We are lucky, the means of communication remains open to us—for so many others it does not; we even have some control of the mass media, so for Christ's sake let's use it.

To some extent we must gain the acceptance of those with whom we wish to communicate. This is said to require "compromise" but let's make a clear distinction between what this, in fact, means, and what could be misinterpreted as conforming to the false values of this evil-infested society. Yet, herein does lie the true meaning of this "compromise": we may detect the evils—the prejudice and oppression, but we must not blind ourselves with hatred:— then, we too become intolerant and narrow-minded. By remaining aware of the Establishment cons, we can go into the streets with free minds and attempt to give our eyes to the blind. Our minds must remain free, and our hearts open: we must be willing to understand, as from understanding comes communication; from communication comes a revolution of thoughts and a knowledge of the truth.

If I've failed I hope these lines of Steve Miller reach you, because this is what it's all about.

Don't let the policeman turn you round
Don't let the politician turn you down
Don't let nobody turn you round
You've got to keep on walking
Keep on talking
Marching to the freedom land

Henry Harcus

KISS ME QUICK

Gone is the age when people greeted each other physically. Now all that seems necessary is mental contact. This Victorian influence is apparent in our actions. We have brainwashed ourselves into thinking that physical contact is only necessary in sexual behaviour or parental duty and that a simple gesture of love or affection is unnecessary. People are so hung up with sexual inclinations and proper behaviour that getting together has become strictly mental. Couldn't we try to get a bit closer physically as well as mentally?

The underground is the metropolis. Too much, maybe, has already been said about the underground or lack of it. The underground outside London or major cities is practically non-existent though many claim to seek or create it. Some make the mistake of trying to imitate the metropolitan underground rather than creating something suited to their own environment.

There is no established underground press but unauthorised publications consist of college magazines which are usually unsuccessful and pack up after a few issues through lack of support, interest and money. Circulations of national underground press is scarce because of the so-called moral conscience of local tradesmen.

The progressive music scene is practically non-existent except on record. Most of the worthwhile concerts are held either in London or in other largely populated areas from which transport is difficult and expensive.

Scoring is frustrating because of unreliable contacts and bad deals. Prices seem to increase in miles from suburbia although the pigs are just as efficient. Also communication with the metropolitan underground is difficult because of lack of cooperation.

Berti

WEEDKILLER HORROR

John Czerny, his wife and three children had to live on a rubbish dump hill near the Gethmange Chicken Factory. Throughout their life as a family unit, they had been molested by almost everybody and blamed for every conceivable wrong, including their own. Two years previously, they had been evicted from a rather unpleasant flat to find themselves in an even more unsavoury situation among all the half-things, former things and rotting things (mostly chicken skulls).

John Czerny had long red hair and a beard and, by circumstances, was ill-nourished. Avant-garde ideas crossed the short path along his badly covered brain, but these remained only in the state of thought because his visions had been utterly misunderstood when carried out and had involved a long confinement in a room where he was constantly told he was insane. He was the kind of person that is found in every small town—the one person who is "crazy" But in a strange way he was respected. Unfortunately, people fear something they are not able to understand. There were times when John the village creep came across new, unexplored paths of free expression, but these were ridiculed and coupled with lack of money; his doom was to wander for miles every day looking for work and money to feed his starving, unsmiling family. His alien pride refused assistance—he understood that these heavy financial chains belonged to no nobody else.

The formerly beautiful Mrs. Czerny remained in the caravan trying to divert the young children and herself from both the stone-cold reality of their environment and visions of a better life. Often the fat rats ate the bread as the family bunched in an unspeaking stupor waiting for the man of no hope to return.

Friends and all other enemies had lost touch years previously—the last one had cut off the water, electricity and gas from the wretched flat they had formerly occupied. Now they silently nagged each other with glazed faces as the youngest child bawled louder than usual.

The next day, John spent his last five shillings on twelve pounds of weed killer. In the evening he stared at the baby's mad eyes and then at the sack of explosive weed killer under the family bed. The following day, a letter came from the council telling the family to get out. John gaped at the sack that now lay under the table.

During the following evening, the distant noise of an angry mob filtered through the semi-darkness, discordant near the absolute dirty neon-mist that surrounded the caravan. John smiled gently at the lighted match in his hand.

So if you want to make a good end of it, use Ashley's Safety Matches. For lasting results, you won't want your money back. Be like John Czerny and get a box of Ashley's Matches—add weed killer and go out in style. Get some today.

Alan Clayson

SUCK

12s 6d

to do it, but I can open my throat pretty well if a guy has a really long cock.
Actually, I prefer one that's not too long - six inches is plenty - but I love the fat ones that fill up my mouth. If the guy is really groovy, he's stroking my neck and shoulders and breasts while I'm sucking him - and now he can say those words, because now is when they're real. I love to hear a guy tell me that my mouth is wonderful and to tell me how he wants me to do it, whether he wants it harder or softer or faster or slower. And I love it when he cups my face in his hands for those last few strokes. By that time, he's pumping and it's so great to be looking straight at his pelvis and seeing it drive his prick into me. And I love the taste - that sharp, salty taste with a bit of clorox in it. Well, it's just beautiful, that's all - and, like I said, I dig fucking, too, but I never want to give up sucking.

I'll give you one physical variation, that you might not know of, for your files - how's this. The girl gets an ice cube and a glass of hot water - or a cup of hot tea or coffee. When she's got the guy nice and hot by sucking him in whatever style she prefers, she puts the ice cube in her mouth and keeps sucking him - you know rubbing the cube up and down his prick, inside her mouth. This usually has a wild effect on the guy - Carol will definitely dig it. Then when you think he's really flipping, you spit out the ice cube, take a mouthful of the hot water or tea or coffee and go back down on his cock again with your mouth full of the hot liquid.

Sine picture-book

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Stone Deaf!

(*Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by* T. Browne.)

OZ SUCKS...

Dear Ed,

I've followed Oz since its first appearance and I wish I had them here as a reference. I'm sure happy that it exists. I'm aware of all your problems, printers sueing etc. but for Fucks sake! You are on what year now? Third? First I could not read it at all but I figured that part you would learn. You did. The full blown pictures are extinguishable. Congratulations! After three years: pathetic!

The whole world is packed to the brim of talent. Poets, writers, music, art, LIFE. And where are you now? Tired you say in plea for aid from schoolchildren in the last issue. Put it on the cover baby. You need it. Not in the smalls.

Oz being the only anywhere near organized 'Underground' mag in Europe, well for HEAVENS SAKE. SPREAD IT!

You have a lot of responsibility. Not towards saving your own literary Public image baby, but in spreading the TRUTH! COMMUNICATION! That's what I work for. Enlightenment.

Spreading a mag. does not only mean finding stores other than Smith's. It has to do with the Appearance of the publication and with the content. HOPEFULLY. Sure you have a lot of good writers but baby, THEY DROWN! Sadly in stinking puddle of stale sperma on your cock and shit stained pages. Give them a chance to be read.

Remember 100% of your readers have more than once in their lifetime been exposed to a sexual organ, and would you believe all 100% have actually made use of it too?!! Incredible as it may sound.

One does not need it shov ed in one's mind from every corner of the universe, and particularly not from the pages of OZ which has a hell of a lot more to say. You've got Suck and others for that. That's their bag, baby, let *them* do it. Stick to your own. OZ is important. We need you! REVEAL the TRUTH such as it is. We are in a sufficiently dynamiting minority as it is (with continual put-downs and fights within the so-called 'Underground' OZ hitting on I.T., I.T. hitting on OZ, Gandalf hitting on Earth, Earth hitting on Heaven Grey hitting on colours and colours as a result loosing their original brilliance.)

LOVE was the wonderful word we all believed in. Where is Love now? Where is all the fantastic exuberant joy and optimism from the Flower Power times? LOVE is beautiful and sex is part of it. Don't vulgarize the only thing every human being longs for and needs so badly. If anything GLORIFY IT! We need it baby. It's a cold hard world we were born into. It's bad enough as it is (and has been since the dawn of what we know as history.) With bleeding cunts and cocks (it's not the size, by the way, it's how you move it) on every page you might well SHOCK. I don't mind. But you also achieve a negative shock which results in people furiously scavenging through the magazine in pursuit of more food for their fury, more suck and fuck, which they find. Result: THEY DON'T READ WHAT IS OF ULTIMATE VALUE' THE TEXT. DIG?!!

And if I, glorious globe-trotter raving freak on the road, since 10 years, get upset, I could imagine that there might be more. And I am not upset by the fact that you reveal SEX. Baby, I LOVE it! It's how you do it. Why be vulgar when you can be witty?

Get someone else to do OZ. Someone with the various problems (graphics ill. etc. layout) as a profession. But don't let it get so fucking out of hand. You (OZ) are VITAL. And don't you ever (how could you) OZ, as I feel you do, slacken on that responsibility.

At least 90% of what's written and painted today is unpublished. Well. Do something about it. Don't people submit any of their work to you? You do a LOT, but you could do more, and back again to the cocks and cunts. I'm fucking convinced that it does more bad than good. Think about that.

Have been living and learning on this beautiful island for nearly 8 months now. Writing, drawing and crocheting. I've been working pretty hard and 8 months without sounds or news has done my thing here I have shown them the joy of colour every shop is full of copies of my work. I've taught them the basic stitch now they can freak out on their own and they don't need to follow a pattern. If I could submit that that goes for all of life providing one respects ones neighbours well . . .wouldn't that be nice.

Meanwhile all the knapsackers are being turned off the Moroccan border and subsequently invading here. The authorities can't cope – mass busts. People in prison. No distinction between good or bad. Reality.

B. Bjerke
Lista de Correos
Ibiza
Balearic Isles
Spain

Dear Oz,

You tell yourself you don't want to be old yet when you're four years old and slightly jaded with the situation, you import some rural freaks in to help out with an edition. There is an empty hush when somebody outside your narrow hierarchy reads your pointless pornography and you think that this means nothing. You've told a lot of lies and because of this you've compromised with those you're trying to attack. Remember the leper? If you're joking you can jump back, but if you're dying you might as well crawl away. I think you're on the run under the disguise of enjoying yourself, messing about with print and helping people to masturbate their minds as well as their bodies and you know (and I know) what an artless practice that is. You don't really care what I think, although I thank you for printing these words (if you do) but it's in the air that someone's paying for the things you've done, like the 14-year-old brat who loses her equally stupid parents respect when she's caught with a self-stimulator. Are you still reading this or did you pack up ages ago. Maybe you think I don't understand Oz–maybe I don't. Perhaps you think I'm a fool, think again when you're *six* years old, when you're worn out and fading. There are a lot of people that do airless things like you do. These include collectors of car numbers, lawn mowers and watchers of Sunday afternoon films, and *you* are criticising *them*. Rather a case of the vomit calling the spit "the gums rush".

Where are those days when you read like the phantasmagoria of sensitive oppressed brains and were blamed for history's mistakes (or something like that.) At times you were magnificent, like the transcript of a protracted implacable dream. Now you read like the verbal vomit of an academic street gang. The novelty is wearing off.

Maybe this situation is just the dull light of the lonely after-breakfast hour of your literary life. Like a huddled mumbling man you seem to be unconsciously picking up the droppings of the material press who lethargically waste time scurrying round transvestite vicars. You are getting dangerously near them.

Mori ubi est victoria tua.

Alan Clayson

Dear OZ,

The Underground press is failing to live up to its name; in fact it could hardly be more above-ground if it tried. IT seems to have degenerated to chasing itself round in circles, soon, with any luck, to disappear up its own arse: Rolling Stone never was and never will be, and even OZ overburdens us with pseudo-intellectual crap about idealistic revolutions and utopias just around the corner which would be more at home in the heavy weeklies. All the same, OZ is at present our only chance, mainly because they do at least experiment with design and lay-out of the magazine; the Magic Theatre edition for instance was a great idea treating the concept of magazines as an art form in the most imaginative and inventive way so far. But OZ is still severely lacking in many other respects. Too many of the articles seem to be nothing more than reprints from American and Continental magazines, and so many of these are so pedantic and tangled up in words as to be of little interest to any but a tiny minority. Not only this, but they lack the punch and vitality which is essential in such articles. They aim gentle body-blows at Society, which are ignored or laughed off, instead of delivering an almighty kick in crutch as often as possible. OZ will sidle up to you, put its hand in your pocket, and start frigging you, when what it should do is fuck you from head to toe, body, mind, heart and soul, fuck your brain clean of the stench and slime of Society, leaving you ready to accept revolutionary and anarchistic ideals and doctrines. This totality of involvement is missing at the time when we need it most. For too long we the readers have sat back and had shit shoved into our brains. WE should decide what we want to read, not just accept what is given to us. WE should write the fucking magazine, it should be a medium through which our ideas, our creativity, can be communicated to people who think the same, and to break through the mental apathy of those who couldn't care. How can new ideas, new ways of thinking be born and become something like established if they cannot be put across to the maximum number of people possible? We should be concerned with the now, and the future, using the past only as a form of reference and a means of avoiding the more obvious pitfalls. Too much of the bullshit that appears in OZ is anachronistic as soon as it is written. Compare them with articles in the New Society or the Spectator. Are they really different, apart from words like shit and fuck occur more frequently? Are they inciting us to riot, to rebel, to burn the cities down? Where is the petrol these words should be pouring on the embers of our seemingly defunct anarchism? Perhaps everyone's scared of burning their own hands, of seeing accusing fingers pointing at them. Perhaps beneath their easy talk about revolution there is an undercurrent of reactionary thought, a process that will devolve them into the same grey mass they pretend to reject. How long before the wife-and-kids-and-mortgage syndrome gets the better of them and they sink into an even more vacuous existence than before? We need constant prodding, incessant mental and physical provocation if we are to overthrow our present Society and replace it with something much better, something of our own creation based on the bitter experiences of the past. This aim can never be achieved by theorising words alone: these are just cobwebs that clog our minds which must be burnt out by a lightning bolt of vicious, inflammatory words, that will goad us into action. Nothing less will do. We are human beings, we make mistakes, we have our shortcomings, we will run backwards unless pushed forwards. Ideals do not suit us, not while we retain our basic human nature. Take that away, make us like machines and idealism will work. That is impossible, so let us be irritated and goaded by words and actions, until we cry out against our real aggressors openly, out in the streets, and tread on their faces and destroy all that they stand for. When the dust has settled, we shall be standing face to face with the future, confronted by humanity's last desperate chance to save itself and survive. That is what everyone should hope for, to be in on this chance when it comes, and be prepared to fight to gain it, and fight even harder to make it work successfully. Now if the time to really set things moving. The pages of OZ should be packed with the fuel of revolution, which should burst into flames as it is read, flames that dance mesmerisingly before the eyes, flames that spread into the mind and rekindle the fires of rebellion that seem to be dying. Nothing whole-hearted or commited is happening NOW, nothing is there to incite us NOW, just vague promises about tomorrow. Tomorrow must become today. Kick out the jams NOW.

Steve Francis

Dear OZ,

I'm really pissed off about things. I don't know where the hell I am or where the hell I'm meant to be going. I can't pretend that you lot are the only people who could help me but, in the circumstances, I don't think of many others. Some people (i.e. my parents) will never give up trying to help, and I suppose I should thank them for that, but the truth is I've been completely disillusioned in them and people with the same age, class, money, etc. as solvers of any kind of problems I might have. I only hope you can help by telling me what's the best way to get the kind of life I've been forced to live up till now off my back once and for all.

I'll try to give you some idea of the situation I'm in. I'm 16. For the last two-and-a-half years I've been at a place called Clifton College. I never really enjoyed life there. The only people I could find myself on a level with were other people like me, that is other 'intellectual revolutionaries', who were, in the same way as me, dying to get a chance to knock the shit out of that fine old establishment offering an education in all that is noble and traditional to the young gentleman. God, how I've hated all that is 'noble and traditional' in the past year. We tried quite a few ways to get the rest of the school to wake up and realise change had to come — I'm putting some of our mysterious 'Think' cards which were delivered every Sunday morning last term in with this letter — but none of them worked. We realised most people in the school were apathetic slobs (we got to thinking of them almost as traitors to their youth) and that the place would never become a better place in our time, and so we decided to say goodbye to the evil shit-house. Most of my friends are leaving end of next term, after one more attempt (an unofficial reb.mag.), which I suppose will be another flop. But I was getting so uptight, I had to cut out as soon as possible. Of course I found it impossible to persuade my parents, the staff etc. that this was the case, but through (a) the help of a sympathetic psychiatrist who saw how fed up I was and (b) my previous record (nearly expelled term before for dope, constantly under suspicion since then for frequent heading and bedding), it wasn't all that difficult to get my release.

The trouble is that now they're trying to get me to go to some other temple of learning, to carry on working for A-levels. Unfortunately, they just won't believe me when I tell them it's no good because the syllabuses for those bloody exams are just such a drag. There are so much more important things I feel I could be doing because it seems to me I'm so much better at writing poetry, for example, than at the endless, destructive, analytical, almost scientific essays that I'd have to suffer. I want to do something for the world. I want to help in the revolution. I don't want to get stuck in any system. I want to live with people I like and not in any artificially thrown-together establishment. My father took me to be interviewed at some so-called progressive school. It was real shit. It looked all zingy and permissive, but I could see that the philosophy behind it was almost identical to Clifton's — melting personalities down and pouring them into a common mould. I don't want that to happen to me. If I'm going to change society I'm not going to do it in the two-faced way of getting 'influence' and 'respect for my views' by greasing up to it and getting its crummy qualifications. I want to break out NOW! I don't think 16 is too young — I'm not going to wait till 18, when I'll be (in their terms anyway) an adult.

Name supplied

Real freaks?

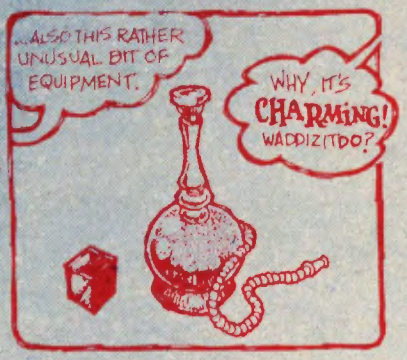
Dear OZ,

'The Acid Facts' on pages two and three of the most recent OZ is on the whole a balanced and honest report for which you should be commended. But there is one important confusion that leads to a dangerous error; it concerns the vexed issue of chromosomal damage. You quite correctly quote SCIENCE to support the argument that LSD does *not* lead to genetic damage, on the basis of present evidence. But that is not the same thing as saying the drug cannot lead to chromosomal damage. The so-called second Wootton Report (1970) on amphetamines and LSD contains the following sentence: 'Chromosomal aberrations in users of LSD as well as in the test tube have been reported.' It goes on to substantiate the statement, and to qualify it, particularly in so far as alleged genetic damage is concerned. But the point is this: Genetic damage arises from chromosomal defects in egg or sperm cells. That LSD causes such defects remains unproven. On the other hand, chromosomal damage can appear in body cells other than egg or sperm cells — e.g., blood cells, brain cells, skin cells, etc. It is in these so-called somatic cells that chromosomal defects traceable to LSD have been reported. There is as yet no evidence that it has happened, but if LSD causes such defects in body cells, diseases such as leukaemia might result.

Two less important points: there is no evidence that thalidomide caused feotal defects by causing chromosomal damage. On the contrary, the drug seems to have altered the development of some organs or limbs, but just how is not known. Second, you say that the doubtful experiment on genetic damage 'should've killed the research right there'. Research always goes on, and by rights should, especially when doubt remains. What else are the experimenters with acid doing?

Dick Fisher

THIS TIT PICTURE IS FROM HELIX MAG
IF YOU WERE WONDERING, WE PRINT ALL LETTERS (TO FILL THE SPACES) SEND ONE IN AND GET IN PRINT!



She's ours

Dear OZ,

When I first heard of the magazine Oz, I was curious to know what underground magazines contained to make them frowned upon by society in general. My first impressions (as I stared at a distracted nude) was one of repulsion. I decided that it was a load of pornographic crap.

A small group of girls sat in the corner of the classroom hovering like a load of vultures and sniggering over advertisements for contraceptives and pictures of nude bodies. They knew about such things, the majority were not virgins and yet they still had not passed the giggling stage. Their embarassing titters infuriated me.

I voiced my opinion on the magazine and was informed I ought to really read it and not make snappy decisions. After reading a number of back copies I realised a number of the articles were rather interesting and enlightening. Eventually I grudgingly admitted being wrong.

HILARY.

Not a loud

Dear OZ,

While sitting here in my pad smashed out of my mind on Afghan (nice!) and listening to Radio 1 Club, I remembered the outcry about music level at dances and discotheques. The BBC news was quoted as saying 'A check is always made on our club hours to ensure that the music is not too loud'. They only said that so the conservative public will like the Director of Governors (fuckers on the B.B.C. panel and keep them in control of radio. Every person who wants to get stoned and listen to music at the level he likes should be left alone.

And how about the fucking cheek of the G.P.O. jamming the music and beautiful sounds reaching us from Radio North Sea International.

Must roll another joint now. Love.

DEREK

Praise be

Dear OZ,

Thanks for continuing to give us something real when elsewhere the 'underground press' seems to be getting straighter with each issue (excluding of course the beautiful but sadly irregular 'Gandalf's Garden).

The double page spread (No. 27) on acid was very informative and accurate and is going to be very useful to hesitant 'near' heads. I think you might well have used as a heading for those pages the beautiful quote from 'Steppenwolf' by Hermann Hesse, more recently recalled by Tim in 'The Politics of Ecstasy' — 'Magic Theatre. Price of admission, your mind'.

Peter Collins,
23 Burley Close,
Norbury,
London, S.W.16.

Virgin

Dear OZ,

In OZ 25 there was an article on Rape of a Virgin and in OZ 26 two people (DID I say people?) wrote in to say what a load of shit it was — not only the one article but the whole paper. (Fuckers!) I think their letter was the biggest load of hypocritical shit I have had the misfortune to read. Since I came over from America, I have read nearly every OZ published, (every one beautiful).

Long Live the Dead,
Jay Lay Newman.

Lay off

Dear OZ,

David Widgery seemed to justify horse, in his 'Play Power' review, on grounds that the euphoria more than balanced out the health thing. He's right, it's nice to rush any buzz, and to render it harmless would be more groovy than the present concern with curative techniques. But, you know, as time passes, increasingly bigger fixes are needed to achieve the same level of abstraction — horse spirals up and away and oh so tightly around you, — there's no escape, it has you a prisoner. — and the pains, well they're too much altogether.

People should not be allowed to have their reservations about horse shattered by David Widgery's remarks (and perhaps their lives and happiness). Horse was O.K. but it wasn't all euphoria. A lot of the times weren't nice at all.

Love and peace.
Peter,
38, Enderley St. Newcastle.

And now I'd like to fuck you miss

Dear Editor,

OZ always seems to me too flippant in its approach and presentation to be seriously for or against anything, with the superimposition of words on pictures suggesting that neither is up to much but if the two are thrown out together maybe it'll look interesting.

As long as OZ remains principally a consumer good, I don't see it as being genuinely revolutionary or anti-establishment. Not that there's a publication in Britain that does seem to be a genuine, informed yet still emotional yet still well written, response to important and unfashionable events. That piece on Scunthorpe epitomised all I resent in Oz, the underground taking a snotty look at the provinces; if Oz was real, it would attract pieces from kids who've lived in Scunthorpe and really knew it — you'd have written to the English Teacher at a local comprehensive school and had him commission his hippest kids to do something for you.

As it is, I'd be as embarrassed to be in Oz as I would be if I were in Radio Times.

Why don't any of the underground papers have sports sections? Football and athletics are real dramas, compared to the phoney ones of theatres, in the same sense that rock 'n' roll is real music compared to classical music. Most of the good singers — Percy Sledge, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Johnny Burnette, Jackie Wilson, too many to list — were sportsman by first choice, singers by necessity when they couldn't make it in sport.

I wish Oz would open up, become more wide-eyed in what it covers and more accessible in how it presents its material. It seems to me to be no kind of achievement that most of the kids I teach (16 to 19 years old, at one of the most progressive colleges of SE London), working class to upper class, can't relate Oz to themselves, although they are the personnel who would be staff in any revolution — if such a thing had any kind of reality, which (you will have gathered) I don't think it has, in Britain.

The lines you apparently see between the establishment and you get blurred and rubbed out every time you, and anybody connected with you goes on TV, every time you accept a CBS ad.

I don't believe in revolution, but I do look for a diffusion of responsibility; in general, the underground seems more rather than less, passive, vulnerable, gullible, and less, rather than more, likely to achieve change (although it may be more willing to accept changes initiated by somebody else). Basically, the underground depresses me; from the interminable guitar solos to the unintelligible writing it seems to celebrate masturbation. And that's unproductive.

So, till things are different, I'll suck the tits of the establishment in preference to joining the wankers' circle. Thanks.
C.G.

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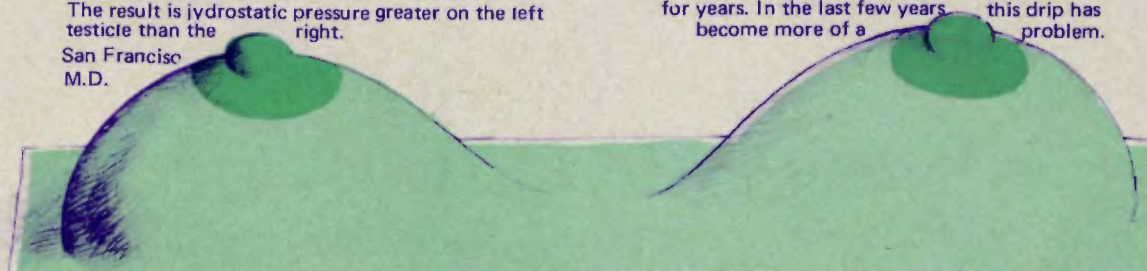
Dear Dr. Hippocrates

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:
I read the column in which one of your readers asked why his left testicle hung lower than the right. If I remember correctly, this is so because the left spermatic vein empties into the left renal vein at a right angle whereas the right spermatic vein opens into the inferior vena cava at an acute angle. The result is jydrostatic pressure greater on the left testicle than the right.
San Francisc
M.D.

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:
I know the latest trend is to go without underwear, but even with my modest length skirts I wouldn't dare. My vagina constantly drips a milky substance. I am pretty sure it isn't a discharge of disease, because it is not discolored, doesn't itch, and I have had it for years. In the last few years this drip has become more of a problem.



'Dear Dr. Hippocrates:
On an acid trip I took recently, my left hand and arm went totally dead on me. This happened twice before on very heavy acid trips. I have taken acid about 60 times in the last three years if that's any more help to the problem. Anyway, like I said, my left arm went dead. I couldn't move it very well and I could barely make a fist of my fingers. In about 3 hours my left hand and arm were back to normal use but I was worried by the incident. Oh, by the way, it has always been my left hand and arm that have gone dead.
Is this a normal occurrence or is something wrong? I haven t taken any acid trips lately nor do I plan to until I found out about this.

Answer: All 'LSD' available on the black market today is illegally produced by chemists who, of necessity, run makeshift labora tories. Compounds produced in these laboratories contain impurities which may be more dar gerous than the pure drugs. LSD is related to ergot, a substance which causes constriction of blood vessels including those in the brain. Ergot is a fungus which grows on rye and other grains. During the Middle Ages epidemics of ergot poisoning occurred in which the charac teristic symptoms were gangrene of the feet, legs, hands and arms. If I were you I would have a thorough physical examination. You live near a Free Clinic where you can speak frankly to a physician about these experiences.

Dear Dr. Hippocrates:
If a girl's hymen is intact, how does the menstrual blood get out?

Answer: Only rarely does the hymen completely cover the vaginal opening. One or more small openings permit flow of menstrual blood. Cyclic pain and cramping without bleeding in a young girl may indicate an imperforate hymen. Prompt, medical attention is then necessary to prevent serious consequences.

Since I don't plan to go around without underwear, I am not worried about leaving a trail like Hansel and Gretal, but I don't like my underwear to look dirty after two or three hours. Sometimes my boyfriend will take off some of my clothes, and it embarrasses me to think he might notice. I think the drip is the result of sexual arousal, but since I don't think I'm abnormally preoccupied with sex, I wonder what to do. This is really too embarrassing to mention to my gynaecologist.

Answer: Chronic sexual arousal is, unfortunately, the least likely source of a chronic vaginal discharge. Common causes are trichomonas, fungal and gonorrhoeal infections, erosion of the cervix or a reaction to birth control pills. Your gynaecologist will neither be shocked by your questions nor embarrass you with his answers.

'Dear Dr. Hippocrates:
For several months I have been trying to lose weight. Whenever I feel I've eaten too much I force myself to vomit by sticking my finger down my throat and pressing in on my stomach muscle. I drink a lot of water during the day and try to vomit after eating. Only the bulk of my meal - never to the point where I get an acrid taste. The only immediate ill effects I've noticed is gas on my stomach for a day or so afterward.
Answer: When I read your letter I quickly checked the postmark - but it wasn't sent from Rome. Fasting is an acceptable way to lose weight under a physician's supervision. The method described here, however, adds the risk of upsetting the body's chemical balance through loss of gastric fluids. Severe retching can cause rupturing of the stomach with fatal results. Maybe we *are* returning to the days of ancient Rome.

Dr. Hippocrates welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o **OZ**

HEAD BOOKS

In OZ26, Jim Anderson reviewed a selection of interesting new books. His introductory paragraph was set in a curious mood midway between apology and triumph (has he noticed how few pseudohip pads have as many books as albums?). Though my own first love is music, I am now listening less and reading more and I'm meeting some extraordinary human beings between pages. It's a pity that William Burroughs and Norman Mailer are not as trendy as Johny Winter and Quintessence because they have so much to offer. So here are a few suggestions as to what to nick next time you're browsing at your friendly neighbourhood Paperback Parade.

First, make a beeline for wherever they keep Paladin Books. As well as Leary's *Politics of Ecstasy* (see Jim Anderson's excellent piece), they've put out Jeff Nuttall's *Bomb Culture*. As it was written nearly three years ago it's of necessity incomplete, but it goes up to almost exactly where I and most contemporaries (who are reaping the benefits of Underground culture without taking any of the risks) came in. It told me a lot that I didn't know and a lot that I needed to know. I don't know anything about Jeff Nuttall himself, but he's written a book that's essential to anybody interested in the Underground, sympathetic or hostile.

Then wander over to the Penguin section. If you still retain an interest in conventional politics in the States and the impact on America of the Yippies, Hoffman, Rubin, Hayden and all the other living legends of contemporary radicalism, try Mailer's *Armies of the Night* and *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*. Both are definitive political, sociological and personal documents. Mailer writes superbly, he may be 47 but he's years ahead of anybody else currently using the English language. His personal position and commitments are unique and beautiful and he knows. You should too.

Fiction is alive and well ("I never read fiction" – Richard Neville, 1970). If you enjoyed the *Lord of the Rings*, you might try Michael (Jerry Cornelius) Moorcock's *Runestaff* series. Very derivative, but powerful. Also in the Mayflower rack, you'll probably find Mailer's *An American Dream*, a horror trip through urban America and several Jack Kerouac reissues. The best of these is probably *Desolation Angels*. Unfortunately, Kerouac's first and most influential novel *On the Road* is still out of print, but if you root around you might find the old Pan edition. Kerouac was a giant (see OZ25 for an appreciation by David Widgery, Richard Neville's alter ego (take care, your son could be next!). Widgery gave an excellent, loving analysis of Kerouac but if you missed it, take my word for it and try some.

Corgi next: their big three are Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch* and James Baldwin's *Another Country*. *Catch-22*, now filmed, is a surrealistic war satire, and very easy to analogise to current social developments. *Naked Lunch* is an extraordinary record of the dreams and visions experienced by William Burroughs during 15 years on smack. If you think you've had bad trips, how do you like to live this for a decade and a half? Occasionally it makes its readers puke on the carpet. Mailer says it can cure cancer, adding, "Burroughs is the only novelist in America who may conceivably be possessed by genius". Being possessed by genius isn't the same as being a genius, but read it anyway – we're all on the end of the fork. *Another Country* is a novel about love, and the way people use it to destroy each other. It's also the first piece of fiction to really hit me with what black people are living every hour in the States – come to that, it's more effective than even the most brilliant and powerful essays on the subject, see Floyd Barbour's *The Black Power Revolt*. All the heavies are there – Jones, Cleaver, Carmichael, Malcolm). And Baldwin really knows language. Why are all the great English-language novels American?

Finally, Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land*. The Bible of Charles Manson and the victim of an elegantly distorted synopsis in *Time*, this won't send you out to slaughter muscular blonde starlets, but it might teach you how to live in the strange land we have created for ourselves. It's a bit intimidating at 1076, but so worthwhile. Pushed by NEL.

Okay. If you can get all that lot past the assistant, you're a lot more dextrous than I am and you ought to be working for the Government. Maybe you are. Think about it. Anyway, you won't need shit and earphones to get high on these.

Charles Shaar Murray

JEFF BECK
TRUTH IS BLUE

We've had Eric Clapton in glorious living colour across a double page of the Sunday Times Colour Supplement (photographed by Snowden), Jimmy Page on the front of Disc, Hendrix bare-stomached on every other boutique wall in the country. They're all pop stars as well as cult-figures, standard subjects for cheaply-designed posters, they've the Tony Palmer Seal of Approval. So what about Beck? Beck who? Wasn't he the chap who used to be in the Yardbirds? Oh, yes, the Yardbirds. Anybody who's anybody was in the Yardbirds. You know—Donovan's backing guitarist.

Jeff Beck is the most worthwhile of all British guitar heavies—with the possible exception of Eric Clapton (you know—Delaney and Bonnie's backing guitarist). While most of them rely on 400-watt overkill or supersonic speed to make their point, Beck does it with deceptively simple phrases that sneak up behind you and hit you over the head. If you can get hold of a copy of the Yardbirds' 1965 hit "Shapes Of Things", turn it over and listen to Beck's solo on "Better Man Than I" to see what I mean. It's technically less than complex but in terms of sound and feel it's quite remarkable and at least ten years ahead of its time. When he wants to, however, he can produce a turn of speed that would make Alvin Lee blink. But unlike his inferiors and imitators, he doesn't feel that he has to prove his speed all the time. He knows he's fast; you know he's fast, so he can just get down to playing music.

When asked about his musical tastes, Beck will tell you that he likes Tamla Motown and Sly and the Family Stone. (Most heavy guitarists will just say "Robert Johnson" or "B.B."). He doesn't really sound like anyone else, though some have noticed a similarity to the Airplane's Jorma Kaukonen. He's a total individual, unlike the vast majority of blues guitarists, black and white, who have their influences completely on the brain. (It'll be a great day when Stan Webb finally gets out from under Buddy Guy). We honestly can't think of anybody who Beck's playing detectably resembles. Think how many British guitarists you can say that for. His originality comes out in all his records. Even old Yardbirds tracks on which he only has one or two short runs (like "Evil Hearted You") are unmistakably Beck.

Though much of his work is blues or blues-based, he is more of an all-round rock guitarist. Even on straight twelve-bar things he avoids the standard B. B. King phrases that even the most expert British guitarists tend to fall into when playing blues (listen to Peter Green on "Blues Jam At Chess"). Listen to "Let Me Love You", "Rock My Plimsoul" and "Blues De Luxe" from the "Truth" album, not a standard blues lick to be heard anywhere, yet it's all blues. When playing 12-bar, even Clapton and Hendrix tend to think in licks. Beck's playing ranges from the lyrical to the downright vicious, occasionally he even displays a sense of humour, as on the 1966 "Jeff's Boogie" and some of the runs on "Blues De Luxe". Recently Peter Stampfel devoted half his space in "Zigzag" to what he referred to as "The Official Beck Is God Column". They've been on their backs about Beck in the States for four years, yet here he's only known in the context of his work with others. Less trendy adoration surrounds him than does many lesser musicians who've who've been hyped up much more (Lee? Page?). In fact he really is the forgotten man of Britishrock.

A few miscellaneous quotes:

"It has often been said that Jeff Beck is the country's leading guitarist and I'm inclined to agree with him"—Jim McCarty.

"There are only two worthwhile bands in England—Terry Reid and Jeff Beck"—Country Joe.

"I have a lick that's better than Jeff's and Jeff has a lick that that's better than mine, but Jeff is better than either of us"—Eric Clapton.

"I love Pete Townshend—I'd like to play with the Who, actually"—Jeff Beck.

Background

Beck joined the Yardbirds when Eric Clapton left in mid-'65. He stayed till late '66. In early '67 he brought out a very commercial single of "Hi Ho Silver Lining"—an undistinguished bubble-gum singalong thing redeemed only by a lovely guitar solo. It got to Number 7 or something and Beck was on Top of the Pops singing live but miming the guitar break. He also joined a disastrous package tour with an impromptu band. It was universally judged awful. After that he formed a permanent band with Rod Stewart (vocals), Ron Wood (bass) and Micky Waller (drums). The second single was another bubble-gum song, but given a shatteringly heavy treatment by the band (just called "Jeff Beck"). Beck himself sang lead. "Tally Man" sold well but not top 30. Then something really incongruous: Beck, no doubt under heavy pressure from Micky Most and EMI to be a pop star, covered "Love Is Blue", Paul Mauriat's instrumental American Hit. Still, it could have been worse, soft-fuzz against harpsichord and strings, but with the Mike Sammes singers mooing softly in the background. Beck said afterwards, "I heard it on Wednesday and recorded it on Thursday. It was strange working with strings, but actually I really like the tune." The Mauriat original got to 15, but Beck made 25 and got a few interviews in the teeny pop papers.

After that, he stopped trying to be a pop star, took his band to the States and consolidated the superstar reputation he made there with the Yardbirds. (The first time the word "psychedelic" appeared in the British music press was in a quote from an American review of Beck's last tour with the Yardbirds). The American hard-rock audiences took the Beck band to their hearts, pronounced him "super-fucking-heavy, man", and bought 40,000 copies of "Truth" in its first three days of release. In Summer of '68, if you talked guitars with anyone in the States, the reaction to a mention of Beck was "Wow, yeah, man, JEFF BECK! That dude really is like outasight, man."

In mid '69, the second album, "Beck-Ola", came out, now credited to "The Jeff Beck Group". Nicky Hopkins, who had played three tracks on "Truth" was now a permanent member, and Tony Newman had replaced Waller. "Rolling Stone" raved over it. On its English release, the MM put it under "Highly Recommended", Disc slammed it, the NME ignored it and not many people bought it. By this time, Jimmy Page had lifted half of "Truth" for "Led Zeppelin" and cleaned up everywhere. Beck said in "Zigzag" that Page had stolen his act, and his rap about Led Zeppelin was so acrimonious that Zigzag crapped out by not printing it.

Suddenly, Beck was a name again on the strength of "Barabajagal", a lovely single on which the the Beck band provided an intricately rhythmical backing for Donovan. This got to 11 and Beck was back on Top Of The Pops. Then he split up his band to join the rhythm section of the disbanding Vanilla Fudge. Rod Stewart and Ron Wood joined the Faces and became pop stars. (Stewart put out a solo album that sounded like the Beck Group without Beck.) Beck then crashed his £6,000 vintage car and messed himself up pretty badly. The Fudge thing presumably fell through, and the last heard was that he was getting a group together with Noel Redding, which played in Birmingham Town Hall on April 13.

discography

singles

Heart Full Of Soul/Steeled Blues (Columbia) (Yardbirds)
Still I'm Sad/Evil Hearted You (Columbia) (Yardbirds)
Shapes Of Things/Better Man Than I (Columbia) (Yardbirds)
Over Under Sideways Down/Jeff's Boogie (Columbia) (Yardbirds)
Happenings 10 Years Time Ago/Psycho Daisies (Columbia) (Yardbirds) (2nd gtr: Page)
Hi Ho Silver Lining/Bolero (Columbia) (solo)
Tally Man Rock/Rock My Plimsoul (Columbia) (with group)
Love Is Blue (solo)/I've Been Drinking (group) (Columbia)
Plynth/Hangman's Knee (Columbia) (group)
Barabajagal/Truth (Epic) (with group backing Donovan)

ep

Five Yardbirds (Columbia)

lps

Blues Anytime Vol 3 (Immediate) (2 tracks with All Stars)
Yardbirds (Columbia)
Truth (Columbia)
Beck-Ola (Columbia)
Lord Sutch & Heavy Friends (with Page, Hopkins, Bonham and Redding) (Atco)

With the exception of the solo albums and the Donovan single, most of the above have been deleted, so until EMI realises it's sitting on a goldmine and releases all its Yardbirds/Graham Bond archives, you'll just have to scour the second-hand shops. (By the way, the "Sutch" album is apparently really a bummer so steer clear.) Try and get these goodies. Play them to your groovy friends and let's have a Jeff Beck revival.

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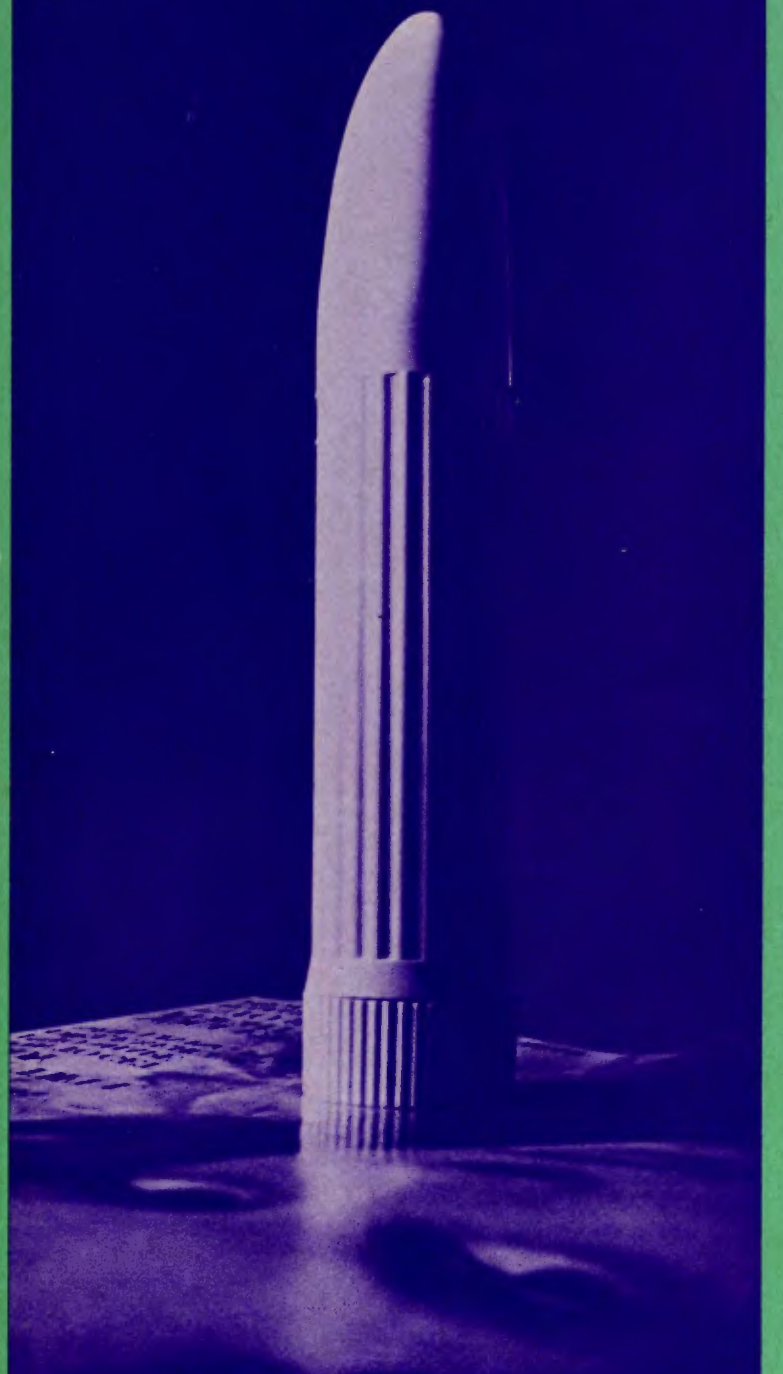

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Nigel Lawson,
Editor,
The Spectator,
99 Gower St.,
London W.C.1.

Dear Nigel,

Hilary Spurling has just rung, saying my review of Theodore Roszak's book "enraged" you and that, although she and Trevor Grove liked it and it was in any case commissioned, you refuse, for political reasons, to print it.

Naturally, I am sorry you didn't give the article a chance to enrage a lot of other people. Adrenalin is a precious bodily fluid. It should be shared. However, next time your own political line as a Tory obtrudes into the book pages, it would only be fair to Hilary and Trevor to tell them in advance just what this line is and which categories of statement fall to the left and which to the right of it. In this way a good deal of wasted work would be spared your contributors. If you want right-wing reviews of radical books, find some hot young Tory writers. Maybe there are some in Greenland. But for God's sake, don't think that your standard fulminators in re *the New Left, like Chris Booker and Simon Raven,* know *anything about the subject.*

Obviously, under the circumstances, I can't write for the Spectator in future.

Yours,
Robert Hughes

Dear Bob,

Thank you for your letter of April 4th.

I think you have misunderstood what Hilary Spurling said to you. What 'enraged' me was not your review, but the notion of its appearing in the Spectator. And I refused to publish it (it was, in any event, commissioned without my knowledge, as it happened) not on political grounds, but because it consisted of nothing but mindless ranting; and that is something we are not prepared to publish in the Spectator, whatever part of the political spectrum it comes from.

The remainder of your letter is too absurd to require reply.

Yours,

Nigel Lawson,
Editor.

SPECTATOR SPORT:

In *Man and Crisis* a book admired as much by the New Left's activists, like Abbie Hoffman, as by its analysts like Theodore Roszak – Ortega y Gasset observed how the relationship of generation becomes a society's dynamic: their coming and splitting 'represent. the reality of historic life'. Perhaps this has always been true in the West. But never more obviously true than now; and never with such revolutionary implications. 'For better or worse,' Roszak argues in his acutely observed and compassionate book, most of what is presently happening that is new, provocative and engaging in politics, education, the arts, social relations (love, courtship, family, community) is the creation either of youth who are profoundly, even fanatically, alienated from the parental generation, or of those who address themselves primarily to the young.

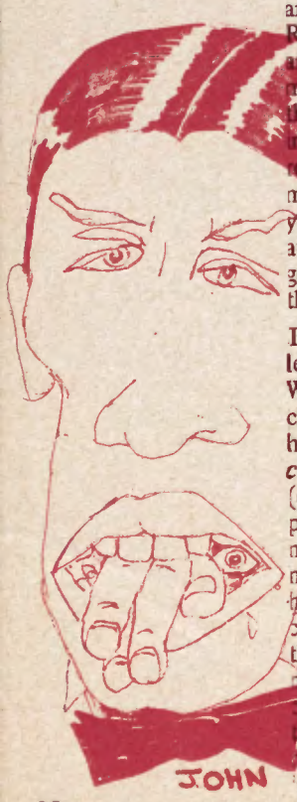
The young have replaced Marx's proletariat, in the rich societies of the West, as the sperm-carriers of social change. For the first time in modern history, youth experiences itself *as a class.* The conservative in Europe or (especially) America, faced with this political rebellion, professes bewilderment at such 'ingratitude' and does not see how logical and, in hindsight, how inevitable it was. For capitalism called youth into existence as a class, though in order to create an untapped market and conceding its members only two functions – to consume, and to provide the raw material for future managerial elites. This same capitalism is now horrified to find that its huge, docile Golem is acting up; it spews on the laboratory floor, breaks test-tubes, rattles the lock and makes hoarse efforts to tell the truth – a truth curiously divergent from that of the men who put it together. Neither calming injections nor judicious bashings with a truncheon seem to work; obdurately, it will not see what is obvious to eminent Greek philosophers like Spiro Agnew, that economic classes should only turn into political classes if they are 'reliable'.

Surely a moment's *objective* thought will show the Golem that it is very lucky to be alive at all? That it should be thankful for having such a fine institute as its home? But no; the monster keeps jiving about, drinking chemicals, letting white rats out of cages and brandishing its erect prick. It is not a constructive Golem. It does not seem to have an implementable policy worked out in advance. Worse, it has claimed for itself the right to make social experiments – which, in any sane insititute, should only be given to qualified planner with Government grants. Worst of all, it is demonstrably happier than the scientists; which proves to them that happiness is escapism.

But the essential character of the revolt of youth is that it transcends politics. As Theodore Roszak points out, 'What makes the youthful disaffiliation of your time a cultural phenomenon, rather than merely a political movement, is the fact that it strikes beyond ideology to the level of consciousness, seeking to transform our deepest sense of the self, the other, the environment.' Conservatives rejoice in the 'fragmented' nature of the rebellion – as if a movement whose subject-matter were individual freedom would come up with an unreal, programmatic unity! – and deride everyone in it, Yippies, SDS, student Maoists, acid-freaks, the lot, as idealists. But in a real sense, the revolt of youth can be seen as a triumph of empiricism. Test, test, test: test for authenticity, for relevance, for fun. You only know what you have experienced yourself: you do not know things when an authority tells you they are true. The politics of confrontation replace the politics of caucus and ballot-box. (If one were to rely on the voting statistics, American youth today would seem to be the most politically apathetic instead of the most politically engaged class in the country: the average age of American voters at the last Presidential election was 39. If everyone under 30 *voted* in California, the Governor would be Timothy Leary, not Ronald Reagan.

The completeness of this rejection of authority is shown, in just one of its many areas, by the shift from psychoanalysis to self help through drugs. Ten years ago, nearly every young American liberal I knew had some acquaintance with the analyst's couch. 'My shrinker' in Eisenhower's New York, 'my tailor' in MacMillan's London. The liberal expected to be healed, reconciled to reality, by the omnipresent father-figure with his notebook and sympathetic questions. Today, visiting the shrinker is more often seen as a copout: it implies psychic surrender to the parent. 'Freud,' as one student remarked to an astonished Leslie Fiedler, 'was a fink' – the meddling Jewish poppa. But drop acid and you know that nobody else can 'do it' for you; in that labyrinth of fearful and ecstatic mirrors, the subject of reality itself is confrontation. 'Stand,' a group named Sly and the Family Stone sing, 'All the things you want are real: You have you to complete and there is no deal'.

It is the young who, in the USA and France (and to a limited degree here), have made the technocratic, manipu-



COLIN THOMAS

lative nature of adult democracy visible to a degree which only the most percipient, like Marcuse, Goodman and Norman Brown, could see a decade ago.

The mature accuse the young of having no political experience – and then, with little sense of contradiction, repress as 'impertinent' their efforts to acquire some. The fact is that their own experience of politics, if it means professional skill at juggling consensus and coalition in Washington, has become obsolete: it can no longer contain political reality. For that reality, in the West, is now definable to an unheard-of degree *as what the militant young do*. In Chicago in 1968, reality was enacted on the street between the Yippies and Mayor Daley's pigs; it was inside the convention hall, among the placards, streamers, brass bands and foregone conclusions, that fantasy dwelt. And so it is fatuous to tell an *enrage* or a Berkeley student to leave politics to 'those who know about it'. For he will reply, and rightly, that he *is* politics. This crisis of division, between those content to leave power to qualified technicians of government and the dissenters who grasp politics existentially and will not delegate their morals to such 'experts', is the theme of Roszak's precise analysis.

Roszak puts the dilemma directly. If you suppose that such authenticity of response to society is an unrealisable dream, just what degree of authenticity *will* you settle for? He draws up a sweeping and powerful indictment of the present alternative, submission to a technocracy which is not the 'exclusive product of capitalism' (here, he breaks with the view of the traditional American left): 'The profiteering could be eliminated; the technocracy would remain in force. The key problem . . . is the paternalism of expertise within a socioeconomic system which is so organized that it is inextricably beholden to . . . an expertise which has learned a thousand ways to manipulate our acquiescence with an imperceptible subtlety.'

The counter-culture, then, defines itself as a revolutionary alternative to management and, Roszak shows, its postures and strategies stem from a loathing of 'benevolent' totalitarianism rather than of capitalism pure and simple, which is seen as only *one* of the forms of this strangling determinism.

'Its principal purpose in the hands of ruling elites is to mystify the popular mind by creating illusions of omnipotence and omniscience'; political technocracy relies, Roszak argues, on the assumption that all human needs can be predicted and satisfied by the projection of programmes: 'if a problem does not have such a technical solution, it must not' (the architects of the 'future', such as Herman Kahn at the Rand Institute, proclaim) 'be a *real* problem. It is but an illusion . . . a figment born of some regressive cultural tendency.'

Thus the programme dominates the men it is ostensibly made for; the donkey is dangled in front of the Utopian carrot. And so the technocrat takes on the character of a priest-king or shaman. But a false one. What Roszak calls 'the myth of objective consciousness' on which technocracy relies is thus seen as yet another form of incantatory irrationality, but veiled, and bleakly empty of moral or poetic content. Even language fails under it, becoming the familiar Desperanto of overkill and megadeath, pacification and hearts-and-minds programmes. The choice, therefore, is not between irrationality and logic. It is between a scarcely tried, hardly crystallised, tribal-poetic consciousness based on empiricism, and a 'practical management' (which demonstrably fails to work within America, let alone its colonies) which demands silence from its majority.

The history of new radical postures is a substance secreted in America; it emerges in England later, and some of the extremities which Roszak describes in his eloquent and delicate polemic are only nascent here. All the more reason, then, to read his book. No doubt the time will come when OZ, EVO, Rat and Shrew will be filed with the *Jahrbuch von Kunstwissenschaft* and *Encounter* as exhibits and sources for a horde of PhDs, clamouring to write their academic texts on what was once the underground of 1965-70. Because that time hasn't arrived yet, Roszak's *Making of a Counter Culture* is of particular interest as the first closely-argued, sympathetic study of the youth revolt made by a man whose position (as far as I can judge it from his reporting) is just outside and a shade to the right of the movement. (Clue: Roszak writes regularly for *Nation* in New York.)

In this respect it's unlike Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It* or its cuddlier English cousin, Richard Neville's *Play Power*. Roszak is not writing a handbook for activists, Abbie-style, and his book is not quite beamed at the kids, nor at their parents, but at their elder brothers – with whom, in my straighter moments, I have been known to identify; the ones with degrees, who string *sentences* together, and remember when Eisenhower was President. It is a substantially more analytic and intelligent book than *Play Power* – Roszak, unlike many another underground writer, gives the impression that he has read a few books of earlier date than his own birth; the reader is thus faced with a solid linear chew through the unflowered, unzap-coloured pages. There are aspects to his argument I'd question (as, in so many-stranded an account, how could there not be?): one is his severity on drugs – acid, to him, being a kind of mythologized panacea, Instant Ecstacy, the capitalist dream of totally marketable experience in pill form come home to roost among the gulled and dopey kids; well, *maybe*, but not in my acquaintance with it. Another is his pessimism about the chance of a fruitful relationship between the white and the black revolutionaries in America. (A Panther's problems, he in effect argues, are so special and his consciousness even of Marx is so linked to his colour that there can never be a fully shared experience of revolution between the black militant and his white ally.) But Roszak has achieved a feat in writing such a book as this without beginning to sound like your aunt trying hard, for God's sake, to *understand*; I have read no better introduction to that revolutionary will without which, for all the gaps, rhetoric and occasional stupidities of its bearers, for all the mumbo-jumbo about karma and the crap about stars, our history cannot be perceived.

Bob Hughes

H.P. ARNAUD

I Looked Up/THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND/*Electra*

Briefly, the Incredible String Band are the most extraordinary musical group in the world. That statement would cover almost every field of their activity. From their traditional Scottish beginnings they shone as folk musicians, and justified their live reputation on their first record. Even at this early stage they had begun to borrow from other musical realms, and still they experiment endlessly, borrowing not only instruments—gimbri, sitar, Chinese banjo—but styles, song structures, lyrical ideas, and transfiguring the whole into their own highly individualistic music. Lyrically they can hardly have been surpassed, and their use of free verse in songs is totally original, and frequently successful. From their first experiments on '5,000 Spirits'- the Mad Hatter's song, the Eyes of Fate- to their peak, in my opinion, Robin Williamson's Three is a Green Crown on the 'Hangman's Beautiful Daughter', to the songs on their more recent L.P.s,they- or rather Williamson in this particular area- have continued to break entirely fresh ground. 'Creation' on 'Changing Horses' is a long, difficult poem spoken over the backing.

They have many other directions. Mike Heron does a nice line in wit. They perform simple, nostalgic country songs, straight religious songs. Gilbert and Sullivan take-offs. The other week at the Roundhouse they presented a pantomime.

Don't get me wrong, they have real faults. Much of their work, especially recently, is whimsical, lazy, trivial, self-indulgent. Often their gentleness comes over as affectation. The two girls in the band, Rose and Licorice, don't strike me as terrible talented. When they sing they sound like boy sopranos (which is alright I suppose) and in live performance like boy sopranos with sore throats. And Licorice really plays the drums horribly.

Above all, the String Band are enigmatic. Each new record gives one an entirely new impression of their minds. "Changing Horses" I found disappointing after "Wee Tam and Big Huge". But it was still a revelation of a sort. And their new album, "I Looked Up", is startling. It contains both the best (though that word isn't very helpful) and the worst material that they've recorded. Firstly the worst.

Williamson's ten-minute track on Side 2, "When you find out who you are", is shapeless, mindless and dull. It sounds as if he worked out a couple of simple choruses and improvised the links between them, to make the record a reasonable length. Two Heron tracks, "The Letter" and "This Moment", aren't too great. They're both too self-consciously naive, with the wonder and delight ever so slightly phoney. Nice tunes though.

The other three tracks are very fine. But you must realise that the String Band reject and scorn the silky studio professionalism of people like Simon and Garfunkel and the Fairport Convention; they seem too close to the earth for that. And that's why "Black Jack Davy" is such a delight. It's a traditional sort of folksong, with two fiddles, guitar and Heron's coarse, straightforward voice. It's unsterilised, untreated, and it bounds like an animal.

"Fair as you", another Heron song, has a fine, complex tune, nice singing from Rose and Licorice, and the flute and gimbri of Robin. Have you ever heard a gimbri? It's sweet, mournful, slightly tortured, and here it works beautifully.

Then there is "Pictures in a mirror" by Robin Williamson. He has always struck me as the best songwriter of the two. He has an unfettered imagination, a real vision which is only occasionally befogged by affectation and a sure sense of structure. This song is quite unlike anything else he has ever recorded. It is in two parts. In the first, "Deep in the hollow jail, sleeps Lord Randall", there is a carefully constructed atmosphere of dirt, despair and gloom as he dreams. He is woken by the jailer, who "leads him up the blinding stair. He feels uneven turf beneath his feet." Without ceremony he is executed. "The sun turns to stone."

And in the second part, Robin describes his own birth:

"Already I am forgetting who I am;
Already I am forgetting who I've been."

There is no physical connection between the two parts. What is implied is that the two incidents are parallel, while the suggestion of reincarnation cannot be ignored. The song is strange, mysterious and very powerful.

I haven't least idea where the String Band are going from here. But they're the finest we've got, they're the finest anyone's got. I'm prepared to listen.

Peter Popham

LORD SUTCH/*Cotillion/Atlantic*
Lord Sutch And Heavy Friends

As all groovy MM readers know by now, Sutch's "Heavy Friends" include such hard-rock luminaries as Jimmy Page (who co-produced the album and collaborated with Sutch on six of the twelve positions), Jeff Beck, Noel Redding, John Bonham and Nicky Hopkins. The makings of a fairly respectable supersession, I think you will agree. Well, I'm sorry to have to announce that they've completely blown it. In fact, it's an abortion almost from start to finish. The blame for this extraordinary feat (it's pretty difficult to fuck up musicians like that) can be laid squarely on Sutch himself. His songs are banal to the point of acute anguish, based on riffs that have been beaten to death by untold and uncounted numbers of sub-mediocre bands all over the English-speaking galaxy. The lyrics are ludicrously bad and the titles...dig: "Wailing sounds", "Flashing lights", "Gutty guitar", Smoke and fire", "Thumping beat", "Union Jack car", "L-O-N-D-O-N" and like that. The album contains such gems as "gotta be played on Jeff's guitar" and "With Jimmy Page you can't go wrong".

The next hangup is that Sutch's singing is as useless as a used rubber, although he tries valiantly for about thirty-five minutes.

The heavy friends restrict themselves to cliches, played far below their usual standard, but quite nicely. Beck and Page couldn't be uninteresting if they tried, and Redding and Bonham mesh together "tight as a 12-year-old virgin" (if there are any left in these permissive times). Page's production is excellent: everything sounds really nice—a virtuoso recording. Pity the music isn't up to it. The best and most succinct criticism of this album was in a reader's letter to "Rolling Stone": "The friends sure as hell are heavy, but Sutch sings as though he hasn't shit in two weeks". Well, he has in fact—over anyone who has paid money for the record.

Charles Shaar Murray

ATOMIC ROOSTER B & C

First of all, B & C Records have seen fit to package this album in a sleeve only slightly less flimsy than the average chewing-gum wrapper. Secondly, both the sleeve and the labels list the tracks in the wrong order (the last two tracks listed as being on Side One are actually on Side Two, and vice versa). Thirdly, the music (ah yes, the music) is rather disappointing. There's very little on here that wasn't done infinitely better by Brian Auger and Julie Driscoll on "Streetnoise" or, come to that, by Crane and Palmer themselves on the classic Arthur Brown album. Carl Palmer's drumming is powerful and precise and Vincent Crane's keyboards are suitably eerie but it all fails to catch fire (sorry). On the strength of the Arthur Brown album, I'd rated Crane with Auger, Emerson and Ratledge, but here he seems to be repeating himself badly. Parts of "Winter" bring back memories of "the much superior Brown-Crane 'Child Of My Kingdom'."

Apart from careless, fourth-rate packaging and derivative material, my other main criticism of "Atomic Rooster" is the production. The organ is too often buried (particularly on "Friday The 13th") and the bright frequencies of the drumming (especially the cymbal work) could be a lot crisper. I don't want to come on like Miles, but albums like this, "This Was" and the first Nice album should be played to all bands intending to produce their own first albums. Compare the organ sound on this album to that achieved by Giorgio Gomelski on "Streetnoise" or Peter Townshend on "Crazy World". But to be fair, the bass is very nicely recorded and so is the voice. While I'm talking about the voice, Nick Graham draws a lot of inspiration from Arthur Brown, John Mayall and David Clayton-Thomas, but is nowhere near any of them. He also makes Mayall's "Broken Wings" sound like Arthur Brown singing "Put A Spell On You" which is a bit disconcerting.

I don't want to hit this album too hard, because the Rooster are such an obviously good band. I can imagine this being "fan-fucking-tastic, man" live. It's very efficiently played hard-rock organ trio stuff and there are good bits all the way through. In "Decline And Fall" Crane hits a very Auger-like groove and Palmer plays a superb solo which shows that he's been learning from Buddy Rich as well as laying his daughter. Chris Welch probably has an orgasm every time he hears it.

BUT (and here's the put-down) it's too derivative, too unimaginative and too familiar to really grab me. Listen to it and then buy "Streetnoise". It's reasonable party music and bits of it may turn up on "Top Of The Pops" for Blackburn to talk over. The next one will be a lot better. Last word: anybody who wants to swap this for "Soft Machine Volume Two" has got himself a deal. C.M.

THE DOORS/Morrison Hotel/
Elektra

With their first two albums, "The Doors" and "Strange Days", the Doors achieved an astonishing amount. Their music was quite individual, their singer was more ostentatiously gutsy than anyone since Elvis, and they wrote aggressive and intelligent lyrics. Their peak was the epic song on "Strange Days", "When the music's over".

"What have they done to the earth?
What have they done to our fair sister?
Ravaged and plundered and ripped her and bit her,
Stuck her with knives in the side of the dawn
And tied her with fences
And dragged her down."

Their hypnotic virility even seemed allied with a certain integrity.

This explains why, listening to "Morrison Hotel", their latest album, I am consumed with gloom. It's not that it's bad. It's just vacuous. Superficially all the elements of the earlier records are there: the bouncy organ, the fine, precise drumming, the wildly versatile slide guitar. Morrison still holds on to his black leather voice. But, lacking any new inspiration, they fall back either on their well-tried formulae or their dreary new-found roots– Tony Bennett, and the Rich White Man Blues. They make no progress; and lyrically Jim Morrison is (one hopes temporarily) almost bankrupt. And with only second-rate material, their flatness and predictability as a unit becomes startlingly obvious. Only Robbie Krieger continues to shine like the

seedy Los Angeles cherub we once knew and loved. His guitar-playing on "Peace Frog" in particular is really ecstatic, and his energy keeps much of the record alive... But they stagnate all the same.

I'm not complaining about their abandoning of the revolutionary message of their first two records. There it was alive, honest, spontaneous. But "Five to one", their most "revolutionary" song, suggested strongly that they were erotic racketeers rather than erotic politicians, and they have been wise to drop the issue. But its absence does emphasise the vacuum.

Don't misunderstand me, this album does have high spots. "Roadhouse Blues", the opening song, is fine, they play together like a proper performing band and Morrison really lets go. "Waiting for the sun", although only a fragment of a song, is powerfully produced and poignant. When Jim sings

"This is the strangest life I've ever known",

the mystery, foggy and cavernous, is quite convincing. "Land Ho!" jogs along like a huge, bariton clog dancer. "You make me real", though rather pedestrian, has a delightfully prim rock piano opening and as I said, Krieger's guitar lifts many of the songs above their dreary structures.

The group touches rock bottom on the two "ballads" on this record, "Blue Sunday" and "Indian Summer". Morrison, caught between Frank Sinatra and Buddy Holly, croons his spineless, mindless lyrics:

"I-I l-o-o-ve you the best,
Better than all the rest."

Well really! We know the band can play powerfully, we know Jim can write. Can he really be worked out at twenty-four?

Peter Popham

A Very Bad Sign

Tony Palmer's Born Under a Bad Sign. William Kimber, 40/-.

I started this review knowing I wasn't going to like the book, and read the book trying to prove it. The thing about rock music that makes it stand out from tuneful trash like the Love Affair is that it doesn't need the usual intermediaries like critics, tame pundits, biographers to appreciate it. Rock is in tune with the other things going on for 'youth' teenybops or whatever. So (dramatic pause for effect) – the arrogant self appointed prose of Tony and his colleagues is irrelevant.

In the book he whines about the injustices of the pop world, what a shame Jimi Hendrix isn't entered for the Eurovision. It seems he wants rock officially adopted as the nation's culture; treated in the same way as symphony concerts, justifying his position on the Observer and knocking the guts out of 'alternative culture'.

But pretty obviously, a book that costs £2 (YES FRIENDS TWO POUNDS!) isn't meant for people who actually like the sort of music our Tony licks the arse of. It's for the trendy over thirties with wardrobes full of sheepskin jackets, and the odd 10/- deal tucked in behind the Bacardi. Remember the News of the World telling all about OZ, well here's the intellectual version; titillate yourself with the doings of the teenies.

Chapters one,two and nine not necessarily in that order try and justify the blurb, the intellectual sugar on the other six chapters of lifted and vaguely rewritten record company handouts, and who the hell wants to know the early history of Lulu and Donald-peers (WHO). The rare flashes of insight when not arrogant actually are amusing for their bitchy accuracy. The Steadman cartoons are good but tend to say the opposite of the text. No, for your threepence a page, you would be better buying No.6.

Deyan Sudjic

BRINSLEY SCH..

Teacher loves to run his fingers through my hair..

We first became aware of sex during one biology lesson at the age of 11 or 12. From then on we were all dying to see a prick but we all swore that we would keep our virginity until we got married (some have–others not!). One after another we all started our menstruation and in our little minds we believed that we were women. A few of us had started going out with boys and everyone wallowed in excitement on Monday morning as we sat and told our friends everything that had happened on our date. To begin with we all worried like mad about the petting sessions but things sorted themselves out.

I shall never forget the look of horror on people's faces when one girl lost her virginity at the age of 13, under a tree in the park. For a while everyone respected her until the next lost hers and the novelty wore off. One girl became very worried because she believed she was becoming a nymphomaniac (if you are interested I can let you have her phone-number).

Then came the inevitable discussions on what it was like and why the remainder of us should remain virgins. Some decided to wait for the right man while others spent their weekends fucking in convenient places. To many, it seems unbelievable that it is possible to go out with someone for more than six months and not have sex.

A few became pregnant and managed to deal with it without parents or teachers being aware of it.

Discussions hardly ever take place as we get older and the matter is left entirely to the two individuals involved.

SMILE–if you had sex last night.

..WARZ what else can we say?

UNITED ARTISTS

UAS 29111

Uncle Tom Holland and all!

Malcolm X once said: 'you can search for any type of beauty in this world, but if you do not bring some beauty with you. . . you'll never find any!!!'

Listen to this: Sweden just got herself an Ambassador. You say that is not anything? Well usually it would not be except Sweden drew a short straw, she got herself a negrO (I spelled it right. . . with a capital 'O').

I am black and I guess I should be glad to see a black man in a position of importance. I would be if he was a black man, but from the pictures I see of him in magazines all that I see is a negrO with a top hat on his head doing social things that no black person could probably understand. To me, it is the funniest thing in the world to see a £50 hat on a 2/-head.

All this week I have been reading that Ambassador Jerome Holland has been met by crowds of demonstrators who have been screaming. . . 'Nigger, nigger, nigger, go home!' Quite naturally I was upset, I don't like the word nigger, hell, if they call him a nigger just because he is black that means that these white folks here in Sweden would also call me nigger just because I am black. . . so I went to see and maybe to fight. Remember now, I was not against this ambassador. How could I be, I didn't even know him.

I heard that the United States Cultural Center was going to be opened by the ambassador and since I carry a United States passport and press credentials I decided that I would go to the opening and report just what happened and how this negrO ambassador told the Swedish people about the problems that his own people face inside of the United States. . .I was sure that he would tell the truth about how we are segregated, discriminated against, lynched and other things. . . this is normal, isn't it? I mean any person on the face of this earth tries to help his own people first, that is almost a law of nature. . .

When I got to the front door of the United States Cultural Centre on a street called 'Sveavagen' the first thing I saw was cops. . . a whole bunch of blue uniforms and they all held white clubs in their hands. At first they were just standing around, naturally I thought that this was the 'honor guard' for the ambassador. . . I thought to myself, 'now isn't this nice, the cops are giving this negrO ambassador a welcoming committee'. Well, I walked up to the front door and these 'honor guards' turned and came at me and I sort of rushed inside to get out of their way. When I got inside I met a weak little white man who asked me if I had an invitation. I smiled nicely and gave him my press credentials, he turned them over to a white woman, she smiled and told me to wait until she went upstairs and showed them to someone else. . . who I never did see.

She came back down, she handed me back my press things and told me that I could not come in. I was really surprised at this and I asked her why. She told me that the Swedish press had been sent invitations and since I did not have one, I could not come inside. I reminded her that this was the United States Cultural Centre and I was a member of the press and also I had a United States passport and I would like to see MY negrO ambassador. While I waited for her to explain, I heard shouts outside the front door, I grabbed my papers and went to see what was going on. When I got outside. . . shit had hit the fan.

There was a large group of white folks being pushed and shoved around by the pigs. . . (I'm sorry . . . I mean 'honor guard').

I grabbed my camera and began taking pictures. Believe me, there were a lot of pictures to be taken. The people were being pushed and hit in the head. The amazing thing is that the people were fighting back! I felt good to see people standing up and like Malcolm X said. . . 'they had no time to be singing, they were too busy swinging!' Each time a cop would hit someone, someone would hit a cop. I saw a fight going on between a black man and a white cop, the action was too fast for me to get a picture, but they were doing it. Then a bunch of cops moved in on him and they shoved him into a wagon. I found out that his name is Bill Melson, a black man from America who has been here in Sweden for some five years.

I turned on my tape recorder because the crowd was yelling something and I wanted to be sure that my radio audience would hear exactly what was being said. . . they were yelling, 'Go home murderer' and 'Stop the killing in Vietnam!'

There was so much going on I had to run from here and listen, and run there and listen, that's when I noticed a huge American flag being held up by the crowd. Since the 'honor guard' moved in their direction, I did also, they were yelling too, but it was in Swedish and I could not understand what they were saying. . . but I have it on tape and it will be played on American radio station KPFK in Los Angeles, WBAI in New York and a few others, I want people to hear for themselves just what the first negrO ambassador was facing and what the people were saying to him. . . I just want the truth to be told, that's all.

Well the fights went on, I saw a white cat hit a cop and that cop went down like a sack of potatoes, another cop began to run after this white boy, he damn near had him too but some little old lady walked out of a store with a bundle in her arms, the boy who was running, managed to get around her but the cop. . . BLAMMMM, right into this lady and they both went down. . . with her on the bottom. What made it so bad was he landed on right on her head and I heard it crunchhh when they hit the sidewalk. . . she was hurt bad, the young boy kept on running and it looked to me that he got away, but the cops grabbed a young girl and began putting her into the wagon she grabbed onto the side of the police truck and tried not to get in, a few hard cracks on her skull with their clubs and she fell inside. . . I felt sick, she was just a little thing.

I watched the negrO ambassador get out of his car and walk the 7 or 8 steps inside the Cultural building, man he was stepping. He must have come from the southern part of the United States because he acted as though he knew what a crowd of white folks screaming could do. Now I guess he knows what those little children, black children felt when they were attacked on a bus and beaten by a white mob in South Carolina or North Carolina. . . but they had no 'honor guard' nor did they have an United States Cultural Centre to run into, they were in the United States, they don't even have an ambassador to tell what is happening to them, I'm certain Dr. Jerome Holland won't tell, if he would, Mr. Nixon would not have sent him.

Finally I was moving when a cop on horseback noticed me, he and his buddy rode their horses two inches from my face. They began talking to me in Swedish, I didn't understand what they were saying so I stood still, they nudged their horses closer to me, I still stood still. I wasn't too afraid of the horses or the cops, hell, I've fought cops before, but I did keep my eyes on the whips they held, yes, they held long leather whips in their hands . . . now some people dig being hit by leather whips. . . I don't. Finally a little Swedish girl walked up to me and in English said: 'Don't move, a horse will not walk over a person. I work at the Royal Stables and I know these horses and they will not trample you. . . you're alright, just don't move!'

She didn't have to worry, I wasn't about to move. They did finally back off of me but they refused to be interviewed.

I did interview about 15 people, one was a man from the United States, a black man, Sherman Adams, he was as mad as a pregnant nun. When I asked him why he was so angry, he told me: 'That cat Holland, he's telling the world that he is being called a nigger and he is a damn liar. The time he was called a nigger, I, Sherman Adams from New York called him a 'House Nigger' and that what he is. . . a house nigger. The Swedish people are not against his color or his race, hell, they don't even know the word 'house nigger' but I do and I'm the only one who called him that. So he is a liar when he tells the press that he is being called a nigger by the Swedish youth and demonstrators.'

It is true; he is NOT being called a nigger. The people here in Sweden are against the American government's policy in Vietnam, if Nixon had sent a white boy here he would have met with the same thing, but Mr. Holland is using his race or his color to make political hay for the Nixon administration. By saying he is being called a nigger, it looks as though he is being attacked because he is black, thus there is little mention of the fact that the demonstrations have been against the war in Vietnam.

The worst thing I found ladies and gentlemen, friends and enemies is that the newspapers came out the next day with the story that Mr. Holland was met with yells of 'nigger, nigger, go home!!!'

That is a lie. I have the tapes to prove it. I was there and I was listening for the word 'nigger' because it would have made me angry, but no one used the word. I did call the newspapers and protested that they lied and here is the strange part. . . the newspapers both have admitted that their reporters did NOT hear the word 'NIGGER' used and there is no police report of the word being used. . . not even once.

I informed the press, that's the Swedish press that I intend to let my listeners in America know that what Dr. Jerome Holland is doing is indeed criminal liable at best and lying at least. I told them that Pacifica Foundation, that's the firm I broadcast for, does not engage in lies or sensationalism that is based on lies and that we would and can use our facilities to see to it that the people of Sweden are not used as political tools of any administration. We deal in truth. . . whether it is good or bad, it must be true and if Pacifica should ever change that policy, I'd not work for them for one minute.

I don't expect Mr. Nixon to be ashamed of himself I know what he does, and so does the rest of the world, but Dr. Holland should be ashamed of himself for going along with this type of evil, this type of rotteness, this type of filth, but I guess it is again like Malcolm X said: 'If you lie down with dogs, you're sure to get up with fleas!!'

Hakim A. Jamal.

The drawing on our front and back covers by R. Bertrand was lifted without prior permission or consent from his brilliant Desseins Erotiques, edited by Eric Losfeld 14-16 Rue de Verneuil, Paris 7eme, France (Le Terrain Vague 1969).

The last issue of OZ sold in excess of 40,000 copies, making it the largest Underground publication outside the United States. However, our print bills have risen astronomically, partly due to our Sunday Supplement glossy paper, but mostly thanks to the unwillingness of large printers in Britain to publish OZ. For this reason, we have been forced to raise the price of OZ to four shillings. We apologise for this and for the next two months we are offering new subscriptions at the old rate. Anyone who thinks OZ is making a fortune (sic) might note that one of the editors still lives in Wandsworth Bridge Road. Have you ever seen Wandsworth Bridge Road?

DIAL-A-COP

Want to buy yourself off a cannabis charge? a traffic offense? breaking and entering? treason? embracery? sodomy? anything at all? then read on. . .

Several months ago, (OZ 22) OZ reported that Thom Keyes, author of One Night Stand, handed Detective Sergeant Robin Constable £150 in consecutively marked £10 notes, in return for which Constable agreed to drop charges against other people arrested at the same time as Keyes for cannabis possession. (April 27 last year).

The fact that police officers have been known to arrange for charges to be withdrawn, altered or forgotten etc. comes of course as no surprise to anyone, except perhaps people like Detective Inspector Merrick of Scotland Yard, who, a few days before the Keyes affair, personally informed Caroline Coon of Release that he thought that the allegations of extra-legal activity by the police as enumerated in the Release Report (by Rufus Harris and Caroline Coon) were derived from unreliable sources (e.g. from heads) and were untrue. Caroline replied that the Report showed that there was a well established and clear pattern of how people were treated/mistreated at police stations and if he was upset about what was in the Report he should just see what was left out. In addition Release had been aware for some time that certain officers were accepting bribes and Caroline informed Merrick that the Release files were open and that Release would be very grateful if Scotland Yard would go through them. It might convince them to do something positive about all the allegations made therein. This offer has not been taken up by Scotland Yard, nevertheless Merrick said that if in future Release had cause to complain about the conduct of any police officer, they were to consult him, and any complaints would get the fullest and most instant co-operation. This Release agreed to do, and so when Thom Keyes rang Release to inform them that Robin Constable had asked Keyes to come and see him and that a sum of money would probably be handed over within half an hour, Release immediately informed Detective Inspector Merrick, who asked Release to ring him immediately the transaction actually took place. Half an hour later Constable received the £150 in marked notes, and Release tried to ring Merrick. Merrick, extraordinarily enough, had gone out, leaving instructions for Release to ring a subordinate. The subordinate was unavailable. It was not until 2½ hours later that Release, after continual efforts by telephone, was able to contact Merrick. He gave an assurance that the matter would be attended to. At 4 that afternoon an Inspector Frew visited Keyes and took a four hour statement, not leaving Keyes apartment until 8pm., after which he went to see Constable. By this time, naturally enough, there was no trace of the marked notes on Constable and the case was soon pigeonholed for insufficient evidence. Release was not even allowed to accompany Inspector Frew when he visited Constable. The police implied that Release had fabricated the entire story. Anyone knowing anything about Release and the way it operates would at once realise the absurdity of this implication.

In the succeeding months Detective Sergeant Robin Constable has been a busy man. He led the raid on Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithful and was again accused of offering to drop charges in return for money. This received extensive publicity and Mr. Constable soon found himself the subject of an internal police inquiry. Not that he, or anyone else for that matter, was particularly worried. He was even appointed as a member of a committee investigating other bribery allegations made by The Times. Mr. Callaghan, the Home Secretary, on being asked a question in the House about this extraordinary appointment, stated that he did not know at the time of the appointment that Constable himself was the subject of bribery allegations. Release, however, has access to a letter from Callaghan dated three months before, saying that he was very concerned about allegations made about Constable, and that everything possible was being done to have the matter clarified. Constable has now been cleared of all bribery allegations by the internal investigating committee. The impartiality of such investigations can be suspect and in this case, even though the police stressed that the investigating officer came from a different station, it is a fact that for a time during the inquiry, Inspector Frew was actually working at Chelsea, Constable's own stamping ground. The happily exonerated Constable, it is now rumoured, is due for promotion and is shortly to appear as Detective Inspector Constable.

Detective Sergeant Constable can be contacted at WHItehall 1212, Extension 2079 (Extraditions Department.).

If you want somewhere to have lunch, go down the same ghetto stairs that you descend to go to Seed, the Macrobiotic Restaurant, and visit the newer perhaps unfortunately named SPROUT. I have been there twice recently — the first time, Madelaine Simon was there half way through her fifth continual day on sunshine and the place was full of rainbow electricity. The second time it was as calm as a Nepalese mountain top. Both occasions were fantastic. It's open Monday through Saturday from noon to 6.30. Closed on Sunday, open Monday evenings and sometimes all night Saturday. Corner Westbourne Terrace and Bishops Bridge Road.

England's first book of Head ComicsTrip Strip is now available from: Flat 5, 8 Norfolk Terrace, Brighton, Sussex. 3/- or 2/- from bookshops, boutiques etc. It has a long way to go before it rivals the Californian comic counterparts, like Snatch, Yellow Dog, etc., but it's good, original and I hope the forerunner of hundreds of others. 'Acid to Acid, Dust to Dust, If the Shit don't get Ya, the trips sure must.'

We would like to assure our readers that OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Ltd. and not by Hastings Printing Company of Hastings Sussex, in case any of you were misled by the appearance of the name of this company at the bottom of Roy Guest's London Happenings advertisement on P.45 of the last issue.

DADD is an illustrated magazine shortly to be put out by a group of young people, in a loose leaf form, the idea of which is to give immediate visual impact and allow the contributor whether he be photographer, writer, designer or artist, to get the most from the pages on which his work appears. DADD is meant to be hung on the wall, so all material will be designed to work both in a literary and visual way at the same time. Sounds like OZ. All contributions to: 103a Barkston Gardens, London, S.W.5.

Last month's Beautiful Freak, Greg Cox, now somewhat cured of his John Lennon obsession, has put out a beautiful four page magazine entitled NOTHING, which is available for 1/- from Greg if you happen to run into him in the street, or from: 62, Argyle Street, London W.C.1. Buy it and read all about the Nothing Co-op, Nothing auditions, and Nothing to read. 'Nothing is a coincidence. We think that everything that happens at the same time is a coincidence, and that coincidences either happen, don't happen, or are made to happen.' I don't quite know what that is all about but Greg says that NOTHING really means PEACE.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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THE OZ MULTI-PURPOSE ANTI-FORM FROM THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF DATA PROCESSING MACHINES. USE IT TO ANSWER ALL OFFICIAL REQUESTS FOR INFORMATION, EG: TAX RETURNS, LICENCES, CREDIT REQUESTS, SOCIAL SECURITY ETC.

TO: _____ *Date:* _____

_____

_____

_____

Gentlemen:

Regarding your form number: _____ *received this date, requesting certain information to be filled in and returned to your office.*

I would be happy to oblige you. However, under the human bye-laws by which I am constituted, I cannot do so until the request is made on the enclosed forms (OHID 1A-A1). If you will kindly fill in the information required, and return it in the enclosed self-addressed, stamped envelope it will be much appreciated.

Thank you for your cooperation. I remain,

Most sincerely,

FORM NUMBER: OHID 1A-A1-1970
IMPORTANT: This is an individual human request form.
NOT TO BE SOLD.

FORM FILLING INFORMATION REQUEST FORM

(please use block letters or typewriter)

1. DATE:
2. AGENCY (Government or private) REQUESTING INFORMATION:

   _____

3. ADDRESS _____

   (street number) _____

   (city or town) _____

   (county/state – Country) _____

4. DEPARTMENT REQUESTING INFORMATION: _____

   _____

5. HEAD OF DEPARTMENT: (Name if human – Number if not) _____
6. NAME(s) SPECIFIC INDIVIDUAL(s) MAKING REQUEST: _____

   _____

   (name(s) if enlightened – number (s) if frightened) _____

   _____

7. WILL INFORMATION BE FED INTO A COMPUTER:
   Yes _____ No _____
8. IF YES, NAME, MAKE AND MODEL NUMBER _____
9. WHO WILL HAVE ACCESS TO INFORMATION:

   (Agencies, Government and or Private, and individuals please list all names. If unknown, please state.)

   _____

   _____

   _____

   _____

   (if additional space is required, please add supplemental sheet when returning this form)

10. DUE TO POSSIBLE CHANGING SITUATIONS IN LIFE, CAN THE INFORMATION YOU REQUEST BE CORRECTED OR AMENDED IN FUTURE
    Yes _____ No _____
11. IF INFORMATION IS BEING FED INTO COMPUTER WILL A RUN OFF OF MATERIAL/INFORMATION IN COMPUTER FORM BE MADE AVAILABLE TO ME FOR PROOF READING, FOR CORRECTION OF POSSIBLE ERRORS, BEFORE SUCH INFORMATION IS FINALLY USED: Yes _____ No _____
12. IF NO, PLEASE STATE BASIS FOR SUCH ANSWER:

    _____

    _____

13. HOW LONG WILL SUCH INFORMATION BE ON FILE BEFORE BEING DESTROYED OR UPDATED?

    _____

14. SPECIFY EXCLUDED SERVICES OR SOURCES:

    _____

    Note: Farmers may elect the optional method instead of regular method.
    Non farmers must use INFORMATION ACCRUAL METHOD

15. SUMMARY OF INFORMATION DEPRECIATION:

    _____

    (Dates – Year and month, please) _____

    _____

16. INFORMATION SURCHARGE: (state amount in Pounds Sterling) _____
17. ALTERNATIVE COMPUTATION OF INFORMATION: (only if requester is left-handed or under 18 years)

    _____

    17a. Enter here and on line (7) of part (A) above, the amount on line 6 or 9, whichever is greater.

    _____

18. MISCELLANEOUS GENERAL RULE: (Yes or No, if intending to use) _____

    a. Method of Using Miscellaneous General Rule; All information furnished on the form shall be expressed in human terms except as provided by computer limitations as accounted for in (7) and (8). Where it is necessary to convert from human to computer terms, attach a statement describing in detail how this conversion was determined.

19. GAINS OR LOSSES FROM SALES OR EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION:

    a. Net Long Term Gain (Loss): _____

    b.Carryover Gain (Loss): _____

NOTE: If you meet these requirements, also complete the ALTERNATIVE INFORMATION REQUEST COMPUTATION to determine which information computation results in the larger confusion and or red tape.
1. Confusion _____ more _____ Less
2. RED TAPE _____ more _____ Less

NOTE: A. Some form fillers find it convenient to increase their withholding of information to avoid declaration responsibility. If you do so, make sure the information balance due on (OHID 1A-A1) will be equal to that information being requested by you in your form number _____ Those who make an estimated information declaration totalling more information than requested on this form can reasonably expect said gross information to be exceeded.

B. If a request is made for a joint information declaration by both husband and wife (provid-

ed they are entitled to file such joint information declaration) can they reasonably expect to receive more information from your office in the near future?_____Yes _____No

C. However, if you are a non-resident alien who requires a declaration of estimated information you must allow added time for language translation and adaptations thus required.

STATE WHICH YOU REQUIRE RE. ABOVE:_____

_____

19A. EXCESS ACCOUNT INFORMATION:

Enter information here with regard to yourself and the five highest information getting employees within your organization. In determining the five highest information getters, computer time allowances must be added to their totals. However, the information need not be submitted for any employee for whom the combined amount is less than one form per work day, or for yourself if your information quota allowance is directly controlled by the information covered in question (6). See separate instructions for definition of 'information quota allowances'.

a. DO YOU CLAIM A DEDUCTION FOR INFORMATION ALLOWANCES CONNECTED WITH:

1. High degree of computer control:

_____Yes _____No

2. Over 65 or Blind: _____ Yes _____ No

3. Too many conventions or meetings:

_____Yes _____No

4. Sick Leave or Holidays _____Yes _____No

20. INFORMATION FROM RECOMPUTING PRIOR YEAR INFORMATION CREDIT:

Enter the amount of information which the credit taken in a prior year or years exceeds the information as recomputed due to early or faulty disposition of initial information:_____

_____

_____

21. INFORMATION AVERAGE: If your information request has increased substantially this year, it may be to your advantage to figure your information before computing under 'the information averaging method'. Obtain Information Schedule BB5-OLE from this office.

Mark _____Yes _____No (if needed)

22. SHARE INFORMATION ARRANGEMENTS: An individual who undertakes to produce information on facts belonging to another, or a proportionate share of said information is considered to be an independant informer (supplier) (requester) and has a self-employed information status rather than an employee. His net request for information should be outlined in details on this form for computation of self-employment information purposes:

_____

_____

_____

NOTE: If you meet these requirements, also complete the ALTERNATIVE INFORMATION COMPUTATION to determine which INFORMATION COMPUTATION results in the larger invasion of individual privacy:

_____

_____

23. WHO MAY FILE OR FILL IN A FORM: Any individual, government agency, estate, trust, or corporation, including a small business corporation or Limited Company, claiming information for credit or other purposes.

Partnerships are not required to file this form because credit of information claimed by partners has a greater human value than that of the corporation. However, partnerships may attach a statement of not more than 250 words requesting a special information refund, provided the information is available for your credit in any of the first three quarters of the current tax year.

NOTE: MEMBERS OF CERTAIN RELIGIOUS FAITHF: If you have conscientious objections to information form requests by virtue of your adherence to the established teachings of a recognized religious sect of which you are a member, you may file a statement to obtain said information exemption:_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY: DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

Date received: _____

Date answered: _____

Information evaluation quota: _____

DIENAM CODING FOR FUTURE USE:

a. OBLT_____

b. Z5R3_____

c. MI-SH-MO-SH_____

d. SI - S3C - R7E - W - (9) - U - 7 - P _____

Claimed evaluation reevaluated_____

OTHER COMMENTS:_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

INSTRUCTIONS AND GENERAL INFORMATION

A. MUST BE TIMELY FILLED OUT FOR CREDIT OF INFORMATION YOU ARE REQUESTING: No information credit will be allowed unless requested not later

INSTRUCTIONS AND GENERAL INFORMATION

A. MUST BE TIMELY FILLED OUT FOR CREDIT OF INFORMATION YOU ARE REQUESTING: No information credit will be allowed unless requested not later than the time prescribed for requesting (including extensions). For example, an information request by your organization must be made within ninety (90) days after receipt of this form, and is allowable if filed and post marked prior that date. Where the last day for such filing falls on a Saturday, Sunday or holiday, such act of filling request shall be considered performed timely if performed on the next succeeding day which is not a Saturday, Sunday or legal holiday.

B. INFORMATION GAINS OR LOSSES ARISING FROM:

1. Sale, exchange or involuntary conversion of said information (including in certain cases uncomputerized information) and depreciable information if it is used in the agency, organization or business for more than six months, cannot be considered valid and or useful unless recontact with the individual is made.
2. In the case of tax information the period may be extended to one year.

© COPYRIGHT: All information contained in the form which you are requesting to be filled out, is copyrighted by the individual who commits the information to your form. Any use of the information must be within the copyright laws, and proper royalties must be paid, and permission obtained in advance, prior to use.

CUT ALONG DOTTED RULE

Harvey M. Matusow.

SPEEDFREAK FUN!

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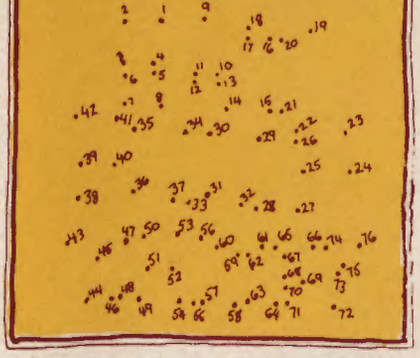
HEY GANG! JUST CONNECT THE DOTS AND RECEIVE CLEVER, ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT MESSAGE...



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Can You Count the Dots In the Square?

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OZ

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SCHOOL KIDS ISSUE

OZ 29

4s

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OZ

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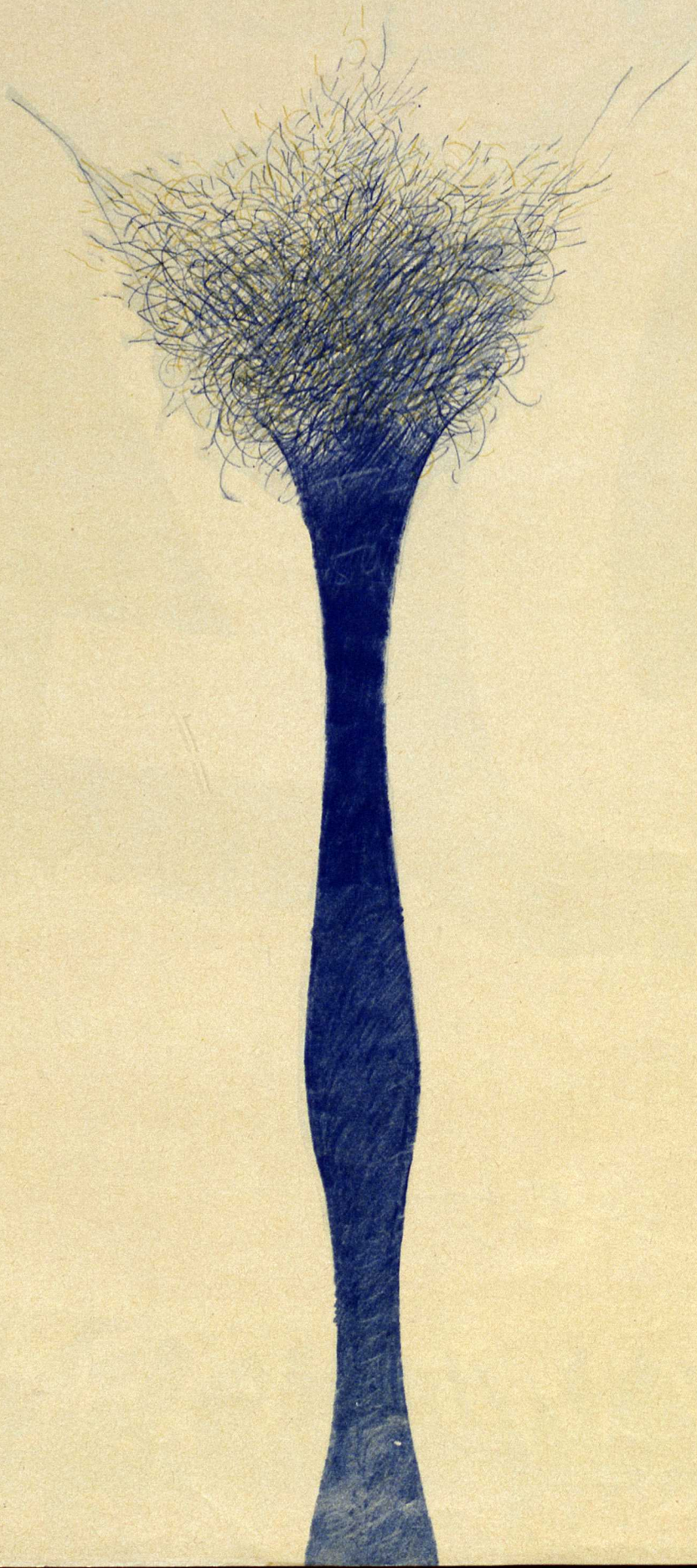
WASHES
WHITEST EVER

RECOMMENDED FOR WASHING MACHINES



Welcome to Cuntpower OZ.

This issue comes to you despite Scotland Yard's overworked Obscenity Squad which has stepped up its routine harrassment of our printers, distributors and newsagents; twice raiding our offices, confiscating files, correspondence, unsold OZ 28s and just about everything necessary to keep OZ going. But we're back, a month late, with an issue which is really about sex—the oppression by one of the other. However OZ does not reflect the official Women's Liberation party line. Everyone digs the idea of the new female militancy so long as all it does is demand things from men. Rejecting that workshop mentality, OZ argues that if anything will free women, it will be their own peculiar force. Read on, fatherfuckers!

New Ways With Play Clothes

NEW WAYS WITH PLAYCLOTHES

The Phun City Bikini.

This version was worked on a bra-and-pantie set in Anchor Soft Embroidery cotton. Our photograph shows just one way of using the idea, but apart from sun bathing at the beach or your favourite summer festival, it can be employed to jazz up tired undies, freshen up last year's little black dress, or even provide a focal point on a *grande robe de soir.* Worked in metallic threads and sequins, or even a collage of re-embroidered lace and ribbons, it would be a stunning and enriching motif for that most important of dresses, your bridal gown.

Bra

The important thing in working the top, as for the bottom, is to make sure that you have positioned the motifs in the right place. Then work a tiny circle in stem stitch in an appropriate colour. Continue round and round until the area covered seems large enough. trying at the same time to distend the cloth (in our case it was elastic, which creates some problems and has some advantages) so that the nipple area bulges outwards. When the aureole is large enough, and off. Then back to the summit, where you work round and round a ridge of button-hole stitch until the nipple proper stands up pertly. You may then add flourishes as you wish. Dig it?

Pantees

First of all, draw out the exact shape of the cunt you wish to depict in your embroidery, on graph paper if you are worried that you might get the scale wrong. Check all the bits and pieces and draw them in. For the motte-wig you will need about seven hanks of cotton depending on the luxuriance of the pelt. The range of colours is varied, so you will not find it difficult to match your own colour, whether nigger brown, mole greige or sandy blonde. You can even select varying shades of the same colour if you wish. The basis for the cunt-thatch is worked in chain stitch to provide a solid ground for the crochetted fronds which are worked when the ground is laid. Once you have worked out the dimensions of the basic area of the pubic hair, you may work the cunt-lips, by laying down padding stitches, and working across in satin stitch; the labia minora in some more visceral shade diminish into the collar of the clitoris, which is worked in satin stitch twice over, once for the plinth, and once more in a darker colour for the bud. The labia majora are worked in satin stitch too, with rather more padding, and ought to blend in with the snatch-thatch. Now you may fill in the whole ground of the chain stitch. When that is done, take a fine crochet hook, and still using the soft embroidery cotton, catch up every stitch around the labia, crochetting a chain of three stitches between each. Work back over this in treble crochet. Continue in this fashion until the bush is bushy enough.

The Keep it Warm' Cock Sock

The Cock Sock is a snug corner for a chilly prick. It can be whipped up in an evening out of odds and ends of coloured wool worked in any pattern to suit your fancy. You begin with a fine crochet hook working a chain of five and joining with a slip stitch. Work as many stitches into the chain as will fit in

double crochet, and continue round and round increasing until you have handsome accommodation for the knob. Level out and continue, changing colour at will until the tube is long enough to give the ole tool room to expand. Work a little rim and end off. For the balls, work the same shape as the knob only a little larger until the bag seems big enough to join to another the same size and work round the out edge of both bags together until you have a good-sized pouch for the tender scrotum. Join to the cock-tube and work a further edge around both. It is of course possible to continue on making a whole underpant, or even a pair of trousers.

GZ Needlework Correspondent.

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THE KISS OF THE LASH

JUDITH MALINA

TALKING TO DANNE HUGHES

J.M. If revolution means change then it can be change for the better of change for the worse, obviously. Revolution means quick change as opposed to evolution which means developmental change. Revolution is that point in change when it breaks open and the seed pops—it's a very natural process that is part of the thing, or something that is glorious; intrinsically it's glorious, because if we then pervert the notion of change into a bloodbath, of course it's a horror.—And certainly when we talk about Women's Liberation we're not talking about, anybody killing anybody. That's one of the reasons it's a very gorgeous revolution because people killing people isn't intrinsic to it.

D.H. But we are still talking about power—and influence. The world does not operate in terms of good and bad, it works in terms of strong and weak. I think it will always be so, one power structure will always replace another, and it is just a question of trying to use one's strength without misusing it and thereby fucking ourselves up. Do you see Women's Liberation as some sort ot answer to this?

J.M. The real nature of breaking out of this cycle that you describe is much more fundamental than most revolutionary ideology accounts for.

Lenin says we have to change the social structure before we change the character of man. That's because a lot of people are hungry and a lot of people dying so that makes a certain kind of sense. On the other hand real revolutionary change—apart from Lenin I don't think anyone else has given the concept of revolution any serious thought—is based on a change of character, namely what kind of an animal do we think we are, what are we for, what are we doing, what do we want?

These questions have to be looked at and known, when we take such fundamental concepts as the class rule, or the breakdown of the social structure in order to create another social structure, or an anti-structure which then, so far history having repeated itself, becomes, as you say, another kind of structure again and degenerates again into rigidity. And then we have the concept of permanent revolution in order to give a concept of change—and it's all insufficient. But there is a big clue in the Women's Liberation aspect of the revolution because in the Women's Liberation the oppressor is living in your house. In the women's revolution intrinsically, basically and out front, you love this man, and a lot can be learned about the nature of the enemy.

D.H. Through loving him—or just through being in his house?

J.M. Through realising that the relationship is intrinsically a perverted love relationship whether it's between the gaoler and the gaoled, the murderer and the murdered, the United States Marine and the villager of Indo-China.

D.H. The love relationship between man and woman is perverted?

J.M. So is the social relationship between employer and employee. I am saying that it's the same thing. And in taking our revolutionary attitudes as exemplary from the relationship between a man and a woman, taking that as a matrix, we can understand the revolutionary necessity in a whole other way. We can understand the revolutionary necessities from the primary viewpoints of how to feed the people and how to stop the killing.

D.H. You can no longer separate your private life from your public life. There have been so many anomolies between what you actually do with your sex life and what you're actually trying to do outside that somebody like Ti-Grace Atkinson has reached the point of cutting off totally from men. And I find this method of fighting confusing and distasteful—women need sex, they feel insecurity without a man at some stage, they relate to men all the time, they belong to a world of dualities. Some women think they're going where men are—they're trying to become masculine. They get to the stage where they say I don't need your cock. In order to exist as people they have to change completely the sex role.

J.M. There's a lot of sex you can have without men. You can have sex with yourself, you can have sex with a pussy-cat, you can have sex with other chicks. Change that to other women. Chick is a cuddly bunny that I want to get out of being identified with, it's becoming a contemptuous term. Paul Krasner says we've lost our sense of humour about it, but I think that there is a point, for instance in the black revolution at which it was very important that all contemptuous humour gets squashed and you're very serious about

anyone who's using the word 'nigger' in a joke so there's also a heavy point at which women have to say, fuck men, in bed or in the other use of the word fuck as in, get out of my life, if that's necessary.

It would be nice if we could have a revolutionary change that doesn't require any form of sacrificial break-down situations but I'm not sure whether that's possible. I think it's related, for example, to concepts like Fanon's that the violent response is absolutely necessary in the oppressed people.

As a pacifist I take a certain kind of exception to that although I respect it, both as a theory and as something happening in history today, because I understand why the oppressed people have these violent feelings: whether there are alternatives or not there follows a long and at this point, very futile discussion. But nobody wants this sense of Women's Liberation to degenerate into man-hating which is obviously nonsense but if on the other hand one feels the pressure of the oppressor and has the desire to express that in all kinds of ways that seems to me valuable revolutionary energy and it's not hate because we love the men. They are so beautiful.

* * *

D.H. We've had a situation for a long time where traditionally man is dominant and woman is subservient and the danger now is that woman might just be changing over. Homosexuals have thought all along that women are the stronger, women have got it. And you'd just have another power structure. Power is the central issue.

J.M. Of course, power is the central issue. But don't give up on goodness, and don't imagine that goodness and power are necessarily antagonistic forces. This is I think where the problem lies. The Panthers say, man is like that: sure he's like that; now you can deal with him in terms of how he is, you can deal with him in terms of the direction you want to help push it in. But I want to go through that into the very basic question of power—does it have to be abused? That is, if power intrinsically corrupts, as we Anarchists like to point out in our slogan, the question remains whether within that natural proclivity for corruption we can turn that around and make strength really beautiful—if in an inevitable relationship of strength and weakness there can't be something as wholesome as mother and child in an ideal sense in which one creature is totally weak and dependent and one creature is totally at the service of the weak and dependent one.

D.H. But the corruption is not just on the part of the strong, as you say because in the relationship of the strong and the weak, the weak are as corrupt as the strong, because the weak choose to be weak and the strong to be strong.

J.M. Certainly, and there are all kinds of reasons you can go into—Freudian, Reichean or Adlerian, or Nietzschian, or even Platonic—whatever areas you want to investigate—you can always find lots of reasons for this, almost none of which lead to any kind of situation of change, but only to some kind of fatalistic attitude of, well you see, this is how man is. Now certainly power-drives, violence, authoritarian domination-drives are all intrinsically natural, the question is how we bring about the revolution. Violence is natural. I want to pervert this natural state. As to how it can be done, I don't know all of it, I know some of it, and you know some of it and one of the reasons you are wrong about each of us having to struggle for our own liberation is because you know part of the answer, I know part of the answer and we have to get together and fit together the pieces of what we know.

Now I can't give you a formula for human liberation. There isn't one. There are certain clear tendencies, certain cloudy tendencies, certain things we feel very strongly, certain things we know for sure, certain things that puzzle us completely, certain things that have us baffled—we've got to fight through each one. We can fight them intellectually, physically in terms of our own life, in terms of having a basic ideology that makes sense about where we think we are in relation to the people in the world. I think we have to, as it were, work harder.

Now this is very much in conflict with certain concepts of Playpower but the joyous work that lies ahead is just different from work in the normal sense. I want to liberate the word work because I don't like it to mean arduous toil, because I love it so much.

But let's not get off the line we were pursuing about the question of the power drive, and the question of changing the very basic perspectives so that we see ourselves as the kind of creature we want to be, maybe not the kind of creature we are.

D.H. You mean a mutation?

J.M. That's one word for it, but mutation sounds so irretrievable—if you have a very positive attitude toward the word mutation it's beautiful, the danger is that mutation you think you don't have to work for is like a state of grace, and it isn't. And we're going to pursue that now in terms of examining all the different parts of our lives, whether it be our sex relationships or our economic relationships—with a much broader frame of reference.

The whole question of power, has, say, in the last year, become suddenly, at least two-fold (it's manifold really) in the consciousness of people who now see power in terms of the man writing political documents or a group of people who are saying shall we or shall we not strike clause seventeen from this contract? This has to do maybe with hundreds of people dying or becoming suddenly unemployed or having to do some hideous work or being moved into another situation of their lives. Well, there's that kind of power and then we suddenly see that there's another kind of power which is deeper— which is the power that the man exercises over the woman and that the woman is trying to fight back on the same level and failing and becoming that disgusting bourgeois war between men and women which is not at all the sexual liberation or the women's liberation that we're talking about. We're not talking about more nagging and more hassling and more trying to get a little bit of power there, we're talking about a really different breakthrough of attitude.

D.H. We steer it away from our bodies so often yet we must recognize the fact that the majority of men are stronger physically than the majority of women, and that is the way they were born and that is the way they were made, and that is the way it happened—but why does it happen if it wasn't meant to happen and what do we do about it, and that applies to the sexual role too. Do you see woman as having any natural sexual role, like in terms of active, passive dominant, subordinate, etc.?

J.M. Sure, I would say that the stronger always has a responsibility to the weaker on that physical level so that if I have a two-year old child and we come to a puddle then I have the responsibility to carry her over.

D.H. And yet one doesn't do it because one has the responsibility, one does it because one has some love, I think.

J.M. But if responsibility isn't based on love, and the love doesn't give you the responsibility, then fuck the bullshit. If one has power you can either use it to serve or you can use it to destroy, for all power, whether it be for instance a quick mind and a capacity for brilliant insight, or whether it be even physical beauty which is a form of power, or whether it be the kind of personality to which people turn because there is something that makes you feel this person is worth following. Any form of power if it isn't used to serve, is corrupted, but there is an alternative. This is what we were talking about when I said to you that I felt that basically masochism which is such a negative concept in society holds a key to a very great change because the concept of masochism, basically and even as Sacher Masoch understood it, is that strength, if it's not to corrupt, has to become, in some way, the servant of weakness, and because he and we live in a corrupt world this led again to the next cycle of enslavement.

The masochistic impulse is based on a very real reversal of a natural state in which the stronger dominates and ultimately destroys the weaker—into an unnatural state where the stronger gives the weaker the power and then it gets misused and that's the point at which we have to turn the wheel, that's the point at which we have to make the change. The change has to become where the weak have been given power that's not misused. Now if the power corrupts, things don't lead immediately into that and that's the revolutionary crucial point.

If the power corrupts how can the stronger give the power to the weaker, who's immediately going to corrupt it and use it against him. This thing becomes a partnership problem because obviously it's the same problem now for both parties when you come to that much realisation, when you say, well look, I'm going to give you my power, but you're going to misuse it.

Now at a point of such a profound social, sexual, structural, basic change, as fundamental as the relationship between men and women, which is older than all the social structures known, this very basic one—if we can get down to that much and not let it corrupt into some kind of reformist movement where women get equal wages, and that is that, if we can really look upon it as the power struggle, because the parties involved love each other, by our natures, because we love men, and men love us, becuase the love is out-front where it can begin to change the nature of conflict—here we have an opportunity, because the enemy lives in the house and we know that man is not the enemy because we love him and we want him and he wants us. But we must beware of putting down those who choose negating an enslaved situation. Now there are women, and I count myself as one of them, who find it very very difficult to engage in a relationship with a man without enslaving themselves and without allowing him to enslave them. Now when a woman has reached that point then she has to take some kind of step that's going to liberate her, and sometimes liberation is more important than sex.

* * *

D.H. Do you know about the how of translating the masochism into something that is positive?

J.M. There is a difference between strength and power, in what you're saying. Power is wielded and strength is in you. Strength is an attribute. Power is a form of action. People can't make the distinction between the thrill of giving yourself over to some useful painful experience and the horror of being enslaved by useless painful experience and the word useful and useless has a lot to do with it, and the concept of whether this is performed consciously has a lot to do with it. I mean Sacher Masoch walked through a field of flowers and is struck by the beauty around him and he sits down to contemplate it and suddenly realises that the bugs all through this field of corn and poppies that he is sitting in are fighting each other, struggling with each other, that all the life around him is in battle, that all this horror is going on in this beautiful scenery, that each little component is struggling for life and makes up this gorgeous pattern and he gets very very brought down—by this sense that the beauty of nature and the beauty of the world is based on each component struggling. And he takes the perverted role that's the natural thing for the creature to say that realises this situation: "I will get on top of it," and then he chooses and says "I will get on bottom, I will identify myself with the anguish" and he, like everyone, can't sustain it. He is driven crazy by it—he ends up insane. I compared this one time with the figure of Christ and you said you didn't like that image.

D.H. Well, I have a natural reaction to it because I was conditioned by it—I had to come through it and out.

J.M. Yes of course, I understood you to mean that but at that moment I said that if we think of the problem of Christian suffering as a moral equivalent to what the whip means in sex, which means a breakthrough of the hidden hostility into a kind of theatrical enactment.

D.H. Or an inability to feel otherwise? The drug trip, gets you into this. How do you feel. Is it possible to feel without any of the obvious stimuli which everyone's been using and which are beginning to become much too repetitive for us.

J.M. The inability to feel pain otherwise. Now the idea that there's a sexual stimulation, people need pain for energy, has its roots in pain and not in sex. Do you know what I mean?

D.H. Do you mean that pain is the basic drive?

J.M. Pain is the basic drive in sex, which should be, as it were the comforting maternal hand: because it was translated into the punitive paternal wrath, because that's what was offered us so long ago that not only do we remember it but it has only a psychological significance. But the whole world knows the relationship between the sexual disturbance and the violence and has known it long before the film makers, and poets, and musicians, and the bards sung it—it's the old theme and yet, at almost no point has anyone made any sincere effort to break through it because of this division. For instance, Alexander the Great made maybe the best experiment of all when he conquered Persia—he made a Universal marriage day. The concept was really the sexual relationship between the conquerer and the enemy in order to raise the level of the Conquest from a bloody capture into a. . . .

D.H. He was into communication.

J.M. Yes, he was into communication, into a superior form of changing around, a turning. I saw a wonderful phrase in a Cuban film the other

day—there was a picture, images of men and the harvest and then they spoke of wars against the Imperialists and they talked about here we are, turning hate into energy. Somehow turning hate into energy, somehow turning suffering into its positive aspects. You see joy is not the opposite of suffering. . . Maybe enslavement is the opposite of suffering as fun is the opposite of joy. Having fun is a way of not getting to the point of feeling joy. But in the same way enslavement is a form of not feeling suffering. We were talking before about the woman who in all her relationships with men allows herself, or forces herself into an enslaved situation and we associate that enslavement with suffering. But the real suffering which would be not to be enslaved whatever it entails, might lead eventually to a joy without suffering or at least to ways of joy without suffering. But you have got to be willing to suffer in order not to be enslaved. As long as you regard the enslavement as the suffering and as the inevitable you can't break the cycle, that's why the aspects of enacting it as in the whip or the crucifixion are in some ways break-throughs already. Because at least it sets it into an area in which the role you're playing constantly redefines yourself.

D.H. It's not a passive thing, you actually are acting it out.

J.M. But the acting it out is the research because the acting it out escalates to the point where choices and decision have to be made. The worst thing to do is be submissive because slavery like suffering is always submissive. But active suffering—it can kill you—but it can also bring you to the point of change and that's the activist form.

If you turn to any man and woman living together, whether they are lovers or a married couple, and you bring up the subject of Women's Liberation, and the woman gets like. . .EEEK. . .and all the unspoken things of days or years or months or centuries come up between situations which have had a false equilibrium. Out of this false equilibrium you suddenly say to this woman "He is your oppressor isn't he," and she says YES and he says—What me?—or he laughs or she withdraws which is false. There has to be a stage where there is no sense of humour any more. Then you can take it away and twist it again and as soon as you have a real revolutionary leeway that gives you a lot of strength to do that, to change the sense of humour. It's very much like the black revolution where there had to be this period of great stricture about what the joking could be about.

D.H. They don't in fact make jokes.

J.M. But more so on a sexual issue than any other issue because the dirty jokes and the dirty cartoons and the Playboy atmosphere is constantly the most dramatic example of female repression and the female suffering. This is always on the level of the dirty joke or the topless chick who dances. This pathetic situation drawn out into a humourous acceptance. The dirty joke is intrinsic to the whole pornographic attitude toward women and what happens in the radical movement is very, very interesting, because the radical movement freed the forbidden words like fuck and cunt and pussy. But what it really freed however, was the vocabulary of repression.

D.H. Which we ourselves use very gladly.

J.M. Sure we were very glad. We were glad we were able to say fuck, which Grandma didn't allow us to say and it seemed like revolution. But then suddenly it turned out it was not. I think there's some kind of reaction now when we suddenly find what was repressed. What was repressed was that men weren't allowed to talk about the low esteem in which they held women; so it became repressed and it was whispered about among men. Men could say to each other—cunt—she's a cunt—but they couldn't say it to the nice woman—and when I say nice woman—I say that very sardonically.

D.H. The lady who does not want to know.

J.M. The lady from whom you hide the face, from whom the male supremacist hides the fact that in some way he has a disrespectful attitude to the woman as secretly to be whispered about as cunt. Except the woman who is going to bear his children and therefore he has to regard her as not a woman but as some other kind of creature who has to be spared that. Who has to be hidden from the world lest the rest of the world, which of course regards her as cunt, comes over and desecrates your little separate portion that you and the man have staked out for yourselves. But look how interesting it gets in our situation living in hip circles where what's unrepressed now is an unrepressed and open relationship of this horror relationship. There's where Charles Manson comes in. He certainly today does have a relationship in which the women in his community—shall we say—are very enslaved and choose to be.

We must be careful not to let the fear of suffering lead us into being slaves. But, I am not suggesting we go into self-deprecatory action on any level, and this is really the very important point—it's the cross roads. It's too easy to fall into the enslavement of suffering if we try to face the fact that we have to suffer in order to end the enslavement, just as it's too easy to fall into the abuse of power by the weaker if the stronger give up their power. Certainly if we want to look upon the broad historical picture it's for me not uninteresting what happened to the matriarchy, because I think what happened to the matriarchy when the men discovered our glorious and sacred and gorgeous roles as the bearers of their children and gave us the honour and gave us their strength and served humsn sacrificies, they misused the power. We set up a system whereby the matriarchal queen killed her lover once a year to choose a new one. We set up the abuse and the power was taken away from us.

D.H. And so we are not just fighting for power we are fighting for how to use our strength.

J.M. We are fighting for a situation in which both the weak and the strong are in partnership against the abuse of power.

D.H. And where in fact the weak roles and the strong roles switch about quite a lot too.

J.M. Quite a lot because it's very hard to determine who is the stronger and who is the weaker. I find too simplistic the definition of the man as stronger physically and there's no getting away from it and that is that.

I think it's a very important point which is going to have to be faced and which I don't think that the Women's Liberation movements are taking strongly enough into account yet. That seems to me to represent the next step. We don't want to free ourselves to be as enslaved as the men because they are in a terrible situation. And I think that almost anything that's equalizing in that sense is damaging. Whereas there's another sense of equalising where obviously a woman should not be given less than a man for the same work and so on. It think it is important, but I think you can get hung up on some ideas.

It's like working on prison reform, if you are working on prison reform you don't really want better prisons, you want no prisons at all under any circumstances but meanwhile you can stand in vigil outside a prison to get that prison to have running water for the prisoners you know. Meanwhile we want to have equal wages for men and women but that can't be what we're after, and we don't want to equalise downward. We don't want to become as bad as guys are.

We don't want to be men. I would like to see woman much more different from men than they are today, rather than more like men.

D.H. Women's liberation has now reached the stage where it says: curtail your masochism, and that sounds far too simple as a formula.

J.M. Most of the people that are using masochism in that sense mean something else by masochism. The women must take the suffering upon themselves, because the nice thing about masochism is that you really can't ask anyone else to be a masochist. You can't. That ain't masochism. It's a very personal responsibility and it can almost never be submission.

D.H. It can be a positive thing.

J.M. It can be tied up with active change. Any suffering that doesn't have as its goal the joy beyond that suffering is rotten or is masochism in a way in which that word is being used by those who say you can't be liberated unless you give up masochism. But there stands the difference between masochism and suffering. I think the value of the word masochism is precisely that it implies a spiritual relationship between the sufferer and the one who inflicts the suffering which is related to the distortion of the love between people. And every woman who has suffered from the cruelty of her man's relationship to her knows exactly what I mean. And to break this distorted relationship is the most painful thing and is the most constructive suffering and is in some way the opposite of that submission, which is useless.

D.H. How? There are no rules.

J.M. I think there are some clues. For instance in almost all personal anguish one of the escape routes is moving beyond your own orbit into placing the centre outside yourself. It think there's a tremendous difference this year for all the women who are suffering the agony of their personal relationships as they have for the past 20,000 years. This year we see this suddenly as part of the great social revolution. Suddenly as we are shrieking at each other—you're so stupid, you have no heart, you have no feelings, which are the same lines that were said ten thousand years ago, in 10,000 different languages—it dawns upon us that while we've always known the level of the argument, the level of the struggle is deeper than the stupid thing it's about, like "I've told you please not to put your things on my desk" which then it goes off into something that can lead even to murder. We all know that the subject of that isn't the cluttered desk, we all know the subject of that is the profound hostilities and the profound ambivalences in the man/woman relationship and now we see it not only as having a profound Freudian level but we are awakening to the fact that this is in fact about oppression and exploitation of a class which is in this case half the world, that this is about our being so tied up that it takes most women almost a year from the time they are first presented with the notion of this historical reality, namely, that there is a revolution going on in the relationship between the sexes, it takes a year before they can apply this reality to their own life—because the first defence is—well, my darkies sing.

D.H. Or the other reaction which is I don't want to know about a woman who's into all that militant stuff, it's not very feminine and that stops a lot of women although they don't say it in so many words.

J.M. The first thing that's necessary for revolutionary action is the realisation by the oppressed that they're oppressed. I mean the people that were suffering under the worst conditions of the early Industrial Revolution and suffering in the most hideous mines or spinning mills when first approached by the radical who said—Look, you should go on strike for better conditions, —said,—I'm lucky I've got a job and I love my work. The first thing the worker will tell you is that he's glad he's got the work and he loves his work and then he gets a little smarter and things—do I really love this just because I'm dependent on it and is this a form of slavery? Because I am dependent on something I don't love. And the woman who loves the man she's with finds it almost impossible to come to the point where she can understand that this love relationship is based on something profoundly corrupt. The man finds it even harder to believe and says—yes, other men but not I. I don't have to hear about this unfeminine stuff because I treat all women as my equals—and then listen to him go on a little further and find out where that regard is really at. It's very comparable to the social situation in which each boss thinks that he treats his workers well and each slum landlord will always point out that he has made plumbing innovations and that his is the best house on the block and there are others who are guilty but not he.

D.H. But the majority of women are unconscious of this.

J.M. The majority of people are unconscious of their enslavement. It's a very interesting parallel for instance, the beginning of the student uprising in France, which began with the issue in Strasbourg by The Situationist Group of a pamphlet which was called the Wretchedness and Misery of the starving peasants of India it's perfectly clear what you mean by wretchedness and misery, but the student was relatively well-fed, well-housed, who has perhaps sexual restrictions and disciplinary restrictions.

What was significant was that this leaflet was saying that the victim is also the one who is well-clothed, well-housed, well-fed even—If the limitations of his life are such that he lives a totally unfulfilled life. This is the situation that suddenly women find themselves in, this year as opposed even to one year ago. Where they begin to realise that just because they do have the basic comforts and one can say count your blessings—there are people who aren't eating in the world, there are people being napalmed every day and you complain because your man isn't respectful of your body—they begin to realize that because your man isn't respectful of your body there is the napalm and the starvation, and the relationship between these things become very clear. The relationship between our personal lives and the whole structure and our guilt and our participation in the whole structure becomes clear, and if we're going back to the question you asked at the beginning about revolution being good or bad, if revolution is going to become not really a constant change-over of one power structure for another which degenerates into the same crap, it's going to have to start with a fundamental breakthrough of our whole concept of what kind of physical beings we are, of what kind of relationship we have to the man standing next to us, and the man 10,000 miles away, and how the relationship of the women in the kitchen, in the bedroom, in the nursery, is directly related to the misery of those who are dying and starving.

DR. HIPPOCRATES
clit cocaine & cancer !

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates;

I have an awful problem. I am an 18 year old female, fairly pretty, and have no problem getting nice (or the right) guys. Right now I have a special man whom I love dearly. We are planning to be married, and there is nothing for which I could hope for more. But even marriage will leave me, quite literally, "frustrated."

When I was a very young girl, maybe four or five, I discovered masturbation. It seemed to please me, yet I had no idea what is was or if it was wrong or right. I always achieved orgasm. I had a climax by laying on a table, balancing on the corner, where my organs rested (now that I write this out, in plain English, it seems perfectly awful).

My parents never told me about sex. I was quite naive until the end of 10th grade, which is ratherlate, I am sure. My mother won't discuss S-E-X with me, since it's a dirty word. My stepfather found plesure in doing sexual things with me forcefully.

My problem is this: I cannot achieve orgasm now, nor anything like it. I cry at night, knowing that although I satisfy my guy that he falsely thinks he is satisfying me. Sometimes, though rarely, he doubts whether he satisfies me or not, and maybe he wonders if he is acting right. I can't discuss this problem with him. How could it help to let the facts be known? He would then consider having sex with me to be selfish.

Continuing the cause of the problem: until 7th or 8th grade, I could achieve orgasm. What I must have done is damaged the nerves, since my clitoris seems nonexistent. I got so frustrated when I could not achieve climax, even by masturbation, that I often felt so depressed I saw no reason to live. It made me, and still makes me feel like an unwhole person.

I don't think that my step father's attacks have made my mind closed to the mental side of sex. I am quite sure it is physical.

It makes me so happy to see my boyfriend reach climax. It makes me so happy, I can't let you know how much. Yet I do feel a little jealous. It's like he can have me, but I can't have him. I think that my jealousy is justified too, Sex is sharing when people are in love.

ANSWER: Masturbation hasn't rotted your brain or your clitoris. But guilt over masturbation still causes great misery even though it is a normal means of sexual release practiced by most women and almost all men sometime in their lives or perhaps all through life. The method you described as "awful" is commonly used by females, though softer objects, like pillows, are usually employed.

Difficulty in achieving orgasm is a common problem in females. But there is no one common answer except that physical causes for this complaint are extremely rare. The best solution for you might be to consult with a qualified marriage counslor. Your local health department should be able to make such a referral. Other sources of information are Free Clinics (which have privately practicing therapists on their staffs) or psychiatric and counseling clinics of nearby universities.

Reading about similar problems and suggested solution can also be helpful. Many gynecologists recommend the use of a vibrator to train a girl to reach orgasm, for example COSMOPOLITAN (which my laboratory assistant describes as "the magazine that turns career girls on to sex") features an article called "Plain and Fancy facts about Orgasm" in its April issue. I can't claim research for the article was exhaustive but it was exhausting.

"Plain and Fancy Facts About Orgasm" begins with the story of a former photographer's model whose mother had told her tight jeans would cause cancer of the clitoris!

COCAINE ..... COCAINE

Several people have asked recently about the effects of cocaine so I've sniffed out some information for you.

Cocaine is a stimulant to the central nervous system, reduces hunger and, when applied directly to mucus membranes such as those lining the nose and mouth, produces anesthesia and constriction of blood vessels. The drug is derived from leaves of Erythroxylon coca and, for centuries, natives of Peru and Bolivia have chewed cocoa leaves for their stimulatory effect.

An article on Argentina appearing in the current Brannif Airlines travel magazine recommends to adventurous tourists the local custom of chewing cocoa leaves after dining. Its author describes pleasurable tingling sensations of the mouth and tongue resulting from cocaine's anesthetic effects. Perhaps Braniff Airlines officials risk prison for using Madison Avenue techniques to promote pleasure through drugs.

Cocaine was first used in medicine by a young Viennese physician named Sigmund Freud. Freud experimented personally with cocaine for some time and apparently developed many of his theories of psychoanalysis aided by the drug. (Use of a drug to develop a drugless therapy is illustrated also by Synanon games, which evolved from an LSD experience.) Freud thought cocaine was a psychiatric wonder drug and prescribed it for virtually every mental illness.

He rapidly became disillusioned with cocaine, though, when he discovered his patients easily got strung out behind the drug.

Cocaine is similar to amphetamines in many ways. Tolerance (the necessity to take more and more to achieve the same effect) develops easily and high doses can cause toxic paranoid psychosis.

Unlike the user of morphine, whose drives are decreased, the cocaine user is stimulated and may act in response to his persecutory delusions, carrying weapons and using them on his alleged persecutors. The stereotype of the 'depraved dope fiend', so inappropriately used to describe the opiate user, is not entirely unjustified when applied to the cocaine user who develops toxic symptoms.

An overdose of cocaine may cause convulsions and death.

Intravenous use of cocaine seems rare today but sniffing the drug is in vogue once more. Cocaine sniffers frequently develop perforations of the nasal septum (the cartilege between the nostrils) due to constrictions of local blood vessels resulting in tissue damage from lack of oxygen.

Cocaine is usually classified as an addictive drug though withdrawal doesn't cause the abstinence symptoms seen in junkies. Cocaine withdrawal causes symptoms similar to those seen in withdrawal from amphetamines — depression, fatigue and listlessness.

Don't want to sound like a pundit, but dangers from cocaine aren't to be sniffed at.

ANOTHER DANGEROUS DRUG

Investigators of the University of Florida College of Medicine have found that toxic agents in tobacco smoke, especially cigarettes, cause the body to generate a substance which greatly reduces oxygen transport by red blood cells. Reduced oxygen transport may contribute to heart attacks.

Blood from donors who smoke is probably less useful therapeutically than from non-smokers. When the Florida researchers incubated red blood cells from a non-smoker in blood plasma of a tobacco fiend, the cells showed a decrease in their oxygen handling capacity. Robert Eliot, M.D., who led the investigations, said, 'These changes are apparent even in a young person who smokes more than 12 cigarettes a day.'

A report in the JOURNAL OF THE AMA of 3/30/1970 indicates smokers not only have eleven times more lung cancer than non-smokers, but that heavy smokers develop a more malignant form of the disease than the lung cancer seen in light smokers.

The same issue refers to Philip Roth's PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT in quoting from the 'Medical Bulletin on Tobacco': Handling things can be satisfying, but there are many ways to keep your hands busy without lighting up or playing with a cigarette.

Dr. Hippocrates welcomes your questions. Write to him at 1611 San Pablo Ave., Berkely, California 94702.

Germaine

THE POLITICS OF FEMALE SEXUALITY

One of the chief mechanisms in the suppression of female humanity is the obliteration of female sexuality. Historically the process can be traced in the change in the iconography of women. In the Middle Ages women were characterised as lustful, allies of the devil weaning men from God and noble intellectual pursuits; womanhatred had a virtue which is lacking from more recent forms of stereotyping in that it allowed the women energy, diabolical energy but energy nevertheless. The rise of the protestant commercial classes brought with it a change in the characterisation of women: they became chaste guardians of their husbands' honour, emblems of prestige and possession. The historical process can be observed in microcosm in the growing up of every female child. From an unknown quantity as an infant human being, she passes through a sexual phase, which the Freudians describe as masculine; her pre-adolescent sexuality is explained as an infantile stage of penis envy, which ought, if due process is observed, dwindle into the passivity of the mature woman. From subject, she declines into object, and her status as toy for man's delectation is indefatigably illustrated in the popular imagery of sexual intercourse, the missionary position, big boobs, suspender belts, and all the paraphernalia of pornography.

In order that women might become sex objects rather than sexual people, sex itself was devalued. Instead of extending through all forms of communication into 'the highest pinnacle of the human spirit' (Nietzsche) it became 'a momentary itch' (Amis). Women lost spirit and were made flesh. Desire was localised in the male genital, the visible doodle, the tag of flesh that could become as hard as a fist. The interpretation of souls and bodies became the pummelling of one lump of meat by a harder lump of meat. Sexuality became as masculine a virtue as packing a good left. No-one thought to object that in the sexual battle the bigger and stronger picked upon the smaller and weaker. Women like asses were made to bear. If the softer flesh was further tenderised by pummelling, the tremulous dangling thing in which the male located his sex was safe from any threat, except the anxiety which was the unavoidable result of having invested male sexuality in a lump of meat in the first place. In his efforts to allay his anxiety that his tassle might not turn into a fist when required, that it might be smaller than the man-next-door's, the male forbade comparison to his woman. From her he extracted fidelity. Fast vehicles, bombs, male bonding were called into service to allay his persistent phallic anxiety. Women lost interest in all of it, the competitive sports, the war game, the games of darts with the boys.

The female genital organ, in keeping with the desexualisation of her whole energy and the obliteration of her desire, became a mere hole, troops for the use of. Receptivity which is no more passive an act than eating, became synonymous with passivity. In their anxiety to suppress suspect receptivity in themselves, men developed aberrations in the regulation of their eating habits, became unable to regulate their digestion, compulsive about food; their bellies and bowels ulcerated. If gentleness was like feminine passivity, activity had to distinguish itself by becoming aggression. The world was conquered, knowledge was raped, virgin countries were exploited. The only becoming attitude for the masculine hand was a fist, and the only position in love or war was on top.

In order that the pork sword might be seen to rule the world unchallenged, women obligingly hid their sex, at first with a hand and a glance of simulated alarm as the goddess of love rose glistening from the waves. The devices for minimising the organs of femaleness became more sophisticated; women began to wear knickers, then to deodorise their genitals, douche them, shave them, pluck them. Modesty rotted their innocence. They learned to prize smallness, inaccessibility. Their rich juices were discouraged from flowing. The clitoris, which no stretch of imagination could make part of any mere hole, was ignored and forgotten. Women were to have no more understanding of sex than a Bechstein has of Beethoven. They wished no more than to be played upon by a master, to be his favourite instrument upon which he might father masterpieces.

Girls of a more 'primitive' age have sung the praises of their 'deep fringed purse' and mocked the man who tried to plumb them. They could boast of the fury of their venery and the comfort of their lust but the permissive women of our pill-safe age can only allow the Hell's Angels to prove their valour by not vomiting when they suck menstrual blood from them, or wank the boys who walk them to the bus-stop, or let them have a fuck without too much palaver. The relaxation of sexual taboos has not even been a reform, let alone a revolution. Revolutionary women may join Women's Liberation Groups and curse and scream and fight the cops, but did you ever hear of one of them marching the public street with her skirt high crying 'Can you dig it? Cunt is beautiful!' The walled garden of Eden was CUNT. The mandorla of the beatified saints was CUNT. The mystical rose is CUNT. The Ark of Gold, the Gate of Heaven. Cunt is a channel drawing all towards it. Cunt is knowledge. Knowledge is receptivity, which is activity. Cunt is the symbol of erotic science, the necessary corrective of the maniacal conquest of technology. Skirts must be lifted, knickers (which women have only worn for a century) must come off forever. It is time to dig CUNT and women must dig it first.

To dig it is to know it. To know it is to feel it, the clitoris so complicated and so clever, as thrilly as a high tension wire. In its nest within a nest like the word within a word. The bud in its calyx in the vales where the big lips cleave way from the slopes of the mount of venus. This is carnal knowledge.

It is absurd that women can only name their sex by the terms of phony objectivity, the scientific terms which seek to push away the reality of the thing by talking about it in foreign tongues, clitoris, labia majora and minora, the glands of *Bartholin* for God's sake! The only other terms they may employ have been deformed by centuries of sadistic male use. You CUNT, gash, slit, crack, slot . . .Women have no names of their own for what is most surely their own. It ought to be possible to establish a woman's vocabulary of cunt, prideful, affectionate, accurate and bold.

But it is not enough to know what it is called. Women must know above all other people what it is. Feeling it with the fingers serves to accomplish much, but more must be known, of its prettiness, its varying expressions, of how it smells and how it tastes, so that women's magazines cannot frighten us into believing that what lies between our legs is rotting meat. There is no substitute for confrontation: women must become expert in their own complexities and, because there is no knowledge without standards of comparison, the cunts of others. It is no more true that all cunts are the same when you get down on them than it is that all cats are grey in or out of the dark.

Of course it is not true either that cunt is honey-pot, jelly roll, sugar pie, or a wooded garden or any of the other euphemisms which seek to extol it in terms of something else. It is more wonderful than candy or baby food, more extraordinary than caviare; we will have to learn to describe it, not in terms of what it is not like, but in genuine comparisons. One eighteenth century anatomist, seeking a way of describing the elegance of the cervix, said simply that it was like the mouth of a tench fish, or the head of a new born puppy.

To know cunt, it is also necessary to know how it works, and what it can do. While Masters and Johnson have done much to dispel absurd presumptions about cunt, they could not be better than their subjects and there is no reason why we should believe that what American middle class women taped to electrodes could do, is all that could have been done. Tahitian girls can draw the penis irresistibly and keep it firm and eager for a whole night. Ladies doing exercises to correct urethral incontinence found that their new muscle power increased their enjoyment of sex. Some heroine of folk-lore have caught pennies with their cunts and picked up bottle tops from a table. Vaginal insensitivity may be the status quo of the Sexual Research Labs; that too is not an absolute. Women can devise simple exercises which will help them to isolate the musculature of the vagina, the clitoris and the labia by masturbating with no hands.

When little girls are eventually told about their organs, they are told only about reproduction, with grim, shiny diagrams which leave out the clitoris, present the vagina as a slack tube, and make no mention of lubrication, female erection, and above all, none of pleasure, of how to give it or how to get it. It is not surprising that such a great number of women never find out what is in it. The tremblings which greeted the showing of sex films in school would become an earthquake if schools began to teach the arts and reflexes of pleasure. Since they cannot transmit pleasure in any of their academic fields, in poetry or music, we may safely assume that sex will be less fun when it is taught in school than it was before. It is up to mothers to introduce their little ones to something which they themselves might have come to know too late. Knowledge of carnality must be visceral, not academic.

To know cunt is to love it and to love it is to care for it. To care for it is not only to avoid the maltreatment of it by such gross practices as inserting needles or bottles into its tenderness, but to keep it free of the germicides and deodorants which upset its balance and obliterate its essential character. Unfortunately, doctors, male or female alike seeing as the science of medicine is still male-contoured, are at best not interested, and at worst positively loth to attend to the inconveniences which cunt occasionally suffers. Whereas the penis is taken seriously, especially when it it clear that the origin of a patient's complaint is essentially inorganic, cunt is treated as a crude mechanism, apt to function badly for long periods without any significant consequence. Any woman can recount her own horror story of a doctor's failure to examine her properly, of his brutal use of the crude and cold speculum, screwing the tender membranes of the perineum, shocking her cervix with the smear swab.

Not fifty years ago, it was accepted medical practice to perform neurectomy or clitoridectomy on women who were habitual masturbators, and to hurt women sharply who became erotic during examination. It is still on to cut cunt to ribbons and treat the formation of scar tissue as a slight inconvenience. If women are to reconquer their sexual pride they must find a way to make cunt as important in medicine as cock is. There are doctors who are gynaecologists because they are into cunt, although most of them sooner or later are therefore struck off. These are the ones who should be the health officers of the women's movement. As things stand they are more likely to be avoided by the militants who confuse sex roles with sexuality.

So much for taking care of cunt, and setting it in a context of dignity and joy. There is then the question of communicating with others through it.

It is difficult to say lovely things when you are being belted in the mouth. For many women it has become a question of struggling for an expression of their own sexuality in a situation which is basically sadistic. Any fuck in which the heavier and stronger party makes the smaller and lighter take his weight is sadistic. If Henry Clay could be squashed by his white woman of uncommon size into a bed-side mat, so enacting yet another fantasy of male terror, most women are half-squashed most of the time. The missionary position is the one adopted by all Mailer's, Miller's, Spillane's, Bond's, Jackie Collin's heroes and the one which is always filmed, even if Ingrid Thulin moans her head off in simulated ecstasy.

From any point of view the missionary position is a bummer. The degree of variation possible, even when the gentlemanly male takes the weight on his elbows, is much smaller than in any other position. Suppose the man does prop his darling's arse up with cushions and fires into her cunt from a kneeling position, or indeed into her arse-hole; he is still grinding her in a lonely fashion, whether panting into her ear or into the nape of her neck. The rhythm is established by him and everything depends on the degree of his control. Madame gasps and murmurs in polite appraisal of his virility.

So why shouldn't he lose control once in a while? Twice? Often? Why should not cunt descend on cock, especially seeing that women can take the cock from above without needing to take the weight anywhere but on their feet or thighs? Once a woman throws her leg over her lover she has accepted responsibility for her own sexuality and recognised it as an integral part of her personality and her intelligence, and not merely a function of meat. Once she is poised over her lover, male or female, she is able not merely to claim the right of orgasm but espouse the sweet respons ibility of giving pleasure. She can see her lover's whole body from an angle, and touch it any where, embrace it and kiss, or lean over it or away from it. . . The variations are infinite.

final paragraph Page 32

WHORING ALONG THE HUDSON

17 days with Michelene in New York.
Passport: Amerika or a brief guide to womancipation.

MEANWHILE IN AMERICA: The proposed equal rights amendment to the US Constitution would provide that 'Equality of rights under law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex' and would authorize the Congress and the States to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation. Adoption of the amendment would require a 2/3 vote of both Houses of Congress and ratification by 3/4 of the States.
Objection: The equal rights amendment would require equal rights and responsibilities for women under the law.
ANSWER: True

Betty Friedan, founder of NOW (National Organisation of Women) has called for a general strike by women on August 26, the 50th anniversary of passage of the constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote.

FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH PEOPLE IN WOMEN'S LIBERATION:

'It doesn't take much to break down women's initial reservations. Everybody's heard something about Women's Lib. and most are really anxious to rap about how it relates to them. These women are really hip to what's going on — they are not willing to take half as much shit as we were when we were in high school. They already know that school is real shit — we don't have to tell them that.'

'There are groups of women working together everywhere: lawyers, psychologists, doctors, scientists, nurses, artists, women in the media; working class women and welfare women, talking and acting against their oppression. Women are setting up communes, people are devoting their salaries to the movement.'

'About a year ago a group did an action outside a marriage licence bureau in New York, on the grounds that the marriage licence was fraudulent because it didn't state the terms of the contract — as it should do by law. They're going to print up the terms of the contract and distribute it at City Hall, and that would be interesting, because if you knew all the terms, would you still do it?'

Seventeen chartered days in New York isn't long enough to do more than note. . . protest everywhere, audible, visible. . .

From Mayday, an information newspaper published before the demonstration in New Haven against the impending trial of Bobby Seale and the New Haven 9: The Yale strike began as a spontaneous expression of concern on the part of Yale students and faculty that New Haven not become another Chicago, either in terms of atrocious legal proceedings, persecution of Black Panthers. . .Uniting a bewildering number of viewpoints it marks the first time in recent history that this institution has focussed completely outward on the community surrounding it in an attempt to begin to assume a responsibility commensurate with its privileges. . .For the past week students and faculty from all branches of the university have been carrying on an intensive teach-in programme on the trial and Yale's role in New Haven. . . Under the leadership of Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell we see that the policies of the US government are designed to perpetuate racism and other forms of institutionalised injustice. . . This system condones the exploitation of women not just in the work place but also in its conscious use of women as sexual objects (in sales and advertising) to be used and manipulated in a society where money competes with money for more money.

Eight days in. Sitting on the Broadway IRT, uptown seat near the rush-hour door, minding my own New York Times. At 42nd Street (Times Square) the train waits a while. Just before the doors start closing the hand of a departing male reaches in and squeezes my right breast — HARD. The doors shut, the train moves. I yell Shit and no-one takes a blind bit of notice. This is the third time I have been felt up in a week on the subway. I am beginning to feel sorry for someone.

Diana Oughton, 28, was one of three people who died in the explosion on March 6, 1970 which completely destroyed a Greenwich Village Townhouse. . .the day after Diana's body was identified two children with older friends stopped in front of the site on 11th Street and placed two bunches of yellow spring flowers and a note in front of the open pit that was all that was left of the house. The note read: 'To Diana from Children's Community'. A button pinned to the note said 'Children are only newer people'.

In response to the bureaucratic hedging of New York City Council and proving their principle with practice, one women's group took over some empty store fronts on Columbus Avenue and are organising and running day nurseries for children. Responsibility is divided between men and women.

HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN ARE GETTING TOGETHER; insisting that their curriculum be altered to include the history of women, redress the 'sex-tracking' policy of the way girls are directed into learning subjects conditioning them to be wives and mothers.

MEDIA-TION

January 24, 1970: Women take over RAT, radical underground paper, produce the first women's collective edition. It is now run completely by women.

March 18, 1970: Ladies' Home Journal, circulation 7,000,000 taken over in a carefully planned action, not as radical as some might have wished, but successful in that a number of Women's Lib groups worked together and some of the demands were granted: $10,000 to produce an 8-page supplement in August, talks about organising child care facilities, possibly a permanent column. 'Those of us who had been in on all the strategy meetings were very clear that we were going there to negotiate; we were going there first of all to make a

statement to the world but we were also asking something of them that they could do.'

March 23, 1970: 46 editorial employees (researchers really) filed a suit with the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, alleging discrimination against women in hiring and promotion practices.

May 4, 1970: 102 women employees at Time Life Inc. did ditto.

April 10, 1970: Several women occupied the offices of Grove Press who called the police and all nine women were arrested. After 15 hours 'police procedure' they were transferred for the fifth time to a detention centre. 'There they were ordered to strip and squat naked in the cell-block corridor. Ti-Grace Atkinson who had first heard about the procedure — many believe its primary purpose is to harass and humiliate women — from women arrested during the 1968 Columbia riots, noticed that it worked to break women psychologically. Refusing to strip, she threatened to bring charges of assault against the cops if they touched her. 'First they told me that they wouldn't process the others until I had stripped. I was beginning to feel the pressure. After all the moving around and transferring from jail to jail, your mind is joggled. You can't think logically, you can't make decisions. They reduce you to the level of an animal."

The matrons warned her to co-operate, telling her that she would be forcibly stripped if she continued to refuse. They said: 'You know, you'll be sorry. You'll be turned over to the men. They'll really force you. You'll be roughed up'. In prisons only men are allowed the privilege of using force.'

Ti-Grace Atkinson was handcuffed to the cell bars 'My arms were stretched as high and as far as possible' while she was stripped. She is now planning to bring criminal charges against the police.

A huge red-grey building dominates the corner of Greenwich and Sixth Avenues. It looks official, perhaps a hospital. The windows are shuttered. A cluster of black women on the pavement opposite, early evening, are shouting up: 'How Y'r doing, everything ok, Martha says hi.' From a faceless window reassurances project down. Sounds as though she's getting better. Some meandering guy mutters: 'Fucking women's prison in the middle of a goddamn city'. The shutters on the windows are bars.

Meanwhile, back on the boards Mod Donna has opened, a musical about the way women are exploited as sex objects. A female reviewer in the New York Times writes: 'Its worst fault — if you'll excuse me, girls — is that it yaks it up so strenuously. In its grandiose ambitions it achieves the depths — and confusions — of a woman's handbag. In fact, I'm left with an uneasy feeling that it will do the Women's Lib. Movement — which I wholeheartedly support — more harm than good. In the manner of a cheap topical Broadway musical it exploits women by exploiting the theme of their exploitation'.

The S.C.U.M. manifesto is an Olympia Press special, published in 1968. It is anti-male, based on an inverted Freudian thesis: that men have pussy envy and consequently are in all ways passive, inferior, dead, responsible for all the hang-ups and violence in our society. OK. Courage or a pathological need to utter what a lot of women have been pushed into believing because of desperate personal and social situations BUT. The book, the physical product is a paradigm of the conditions that led Valerie Solanas to write it. The manifesto is sandwiched between an introduction by Girodias and a commentary by Paul Krassner, radical and editor of the Realist. Both subtly and not so subtly put her down. Girodias, under pretence of analysing the violence in America first puts down the 'ladylike tactics' of NOW and then demolishes the radicals. 'Just like the feminists of World War I, who traded the aspirations of womankind for a totally ineffective political role, the radicals of that 'second feminist wave' are defeating their own purpose by imitating men's civil war tactics. Do we really need women for that?' Krassner lumps SCUM in with all impotent revolutionaries and makes it clear that he sees the shooting of Warhol as yet another instance of individuals paranoia erupting, not as symptomatic of anything that might be happening to women in general. . .even in print. . .

Fillmore East. Manfred Mann, nearing the end of his tour here, finishes the first set with with a deft, wry arrangement of Might Quinn. Mingus listens. Next dream is Jefferson Airplane, fronted by micro, thighboots Grace Slick, who grabs the mike and starts right in about the impending demonstration in Washington on Saturday — against Nixon's invasion of Cambodia. 'We ain't gonna make no revolution without all of you. You gotta be there on Saturday'. While the rest are setting up: 'Tricia invited me to the White House for tea, see, along with all these Finch girls. But when me and Abbie got there they keep us all hanging about in the rain while they checked us in some file system. There's this square, and I mean SQUARE guy, security, standing there who won't talk to me and I'm prodding him, really prodding, man, and he won't give. In the end they wouldn't let us in, like we were a security risk'.

Next day in Washington there is a small demonstration outside the White House. Tricia goes out, selects two girl protesters, making sure they're former members of Finch, her elitist Alma Mater; taking them inside she creases her pretty brow and asks them WHY they don't approve of what Daddy's doing in Cambodia. He means well.

BEWARE THE LAVENDER MENACE. . . . . *GAY IS GOOD*. . . . . LADY GAY IS BEST. . . . .

'And now I will tell you what we want, we radical homosexuals; not for you to tolerate us, or to accept us but to understand us. And this you can only do by becoming one of us. We want to reach the homosexuals entombed in you, to liberate our brothers and sisters, locked in the prisons of your skulls. We will never go straight until you go gay. As long as you divide yourselves we will be divided from you — separated by a mirror trick of your mind. . .And because we will not wake, your awakening may be a rude and bloody one. It's your choice. You will never be rid of us because we reproduce ourselves out of your bodies — and out of your minds. We are one with you.'

April 3 1970: the first all women's dance run by Gay Liberation Front, attended by 250 women, a lot from Women's Liberation. From a 'Did Go'; 'The All-Women's dance was an expansion of space for use by women in both a literal sense and psychological sense. It aroused in me an incipient sense of possession and freedom men feel everywhere else. For once I felt relatively inconspicuous and able to achieve the detachment necessary for freedom in action rather than the compulsive involvement women are usually made to feel. The dance impressed everyone from Women's Lib. so well that this opening space will not be lost but will be fought for as our right.'

In the beginning is the end. . .

Robin Morgan in RAT: Goodbye, goodbye. The hell with the simplistic notion that automatic freedom for women — or non-white peoples — will come about ZAP! with the advent of a socialist revolution. Bullshit. Two evils predate capitalism and have clearly been able to survive and post-date socialism: sexism and racism. Women were the first property when the Primary Contradiction occurred; when one half of the human species decided to subjugate the other half because it was 'different', alien, the Other. . . how much further we will have to go to create those profound changes that would give birth to a genderless society. Profound, sister. Beyond, to a species with a new name that would not dare to define itself as Man. Goodbye, goodbye forever, counterfeit Left, counterleft, male-dominated, cracked-glass-mirror reflection of the Amerikan Nightmare. Women are the real Left. We are rising, powerful in our unclean bodies: bright glowing mad in our inferior brains; wild hair flying, wild eyes staring, wild voices keening; undaunted by blood, we who haemorrhage every twenty-eight days; laughing at our own beauty, we who have lost our sense of humour; mourning for all each precious one of us might have been in this one living time-place had she not been born a woman; stuffing fingers into our mouths to stop the screams of fear and hate and pity for men we have loved and love still; tears in our eyes and bitterness in our mouths for children we couldn't have, or couldn't not have, or didn't want, or didn't want yet, or wanted and had in this place and this time of horror. We are rising with a fury older and potentially greater than any force in history and this time we will be free or no-one will survive.

POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE OR TO NONE. All the way down, this time.

Michelene Victor.

FELIX/U.P.S.

TRUE CONFESSIONS

Dear Sir,
It has come to my notice that a disgusting and pornographic publication called OZ is being mailed to this address.

Take notice, that under no circumstances are any further copies of this filth to be delivered to my daughter at this or any other address.

Elizabeth R
Buckingham Palace,
London. W.1

PS. Please rush me my 'Lori' Go-Go girl as advertised in IT.

Dear OZ,
Every time I pick up 'OZ', 'Rolling Stone', 'I.T.', 'Friends', etc., I find some freak condemning the 'Underground' as an over-advertised exploited society. Bullshit! Advertised Yes. Exploited No! We want a Revolution but you don't have Revolution without the masses' consent. The 'U' (the Underground) has done a lot of good for the average guy 'n' gal. In Canada they're almost ready to legalize Pot. Even over here there is more freedom (how many longhaireds now, compared with '66?) Even the films are getting more and more real (Easy Rider, Alice's Restaurant, The Strawberry Statement and Medium Cool). Charles Murray in the School Kid Issue complains about infiltration. Fuck. So Jethro Tull & Co. are on Top of the Pops and making a lot of bread — good fucking luck to them. Surely this is what it's all about? Putting one over on them, or are we selfish and want to keep the goodies to ourselves? Perhaps it's pride and we don't want to admit that some acne-faced teenybopper in darkest suburbia is buying and digging the same music as the hairy velvet-trousered freak of Kensington Market. Whatever it is, it's wrong. I admit that the 'U' is not heaven, far from it, but this is due to misconception of the truth and that people are going too fast. Everyone is quick to condemn the Woodstock Nation on the disaster of Altamont — Yet nobody has learned from the mistakes. Fucking hell, look at all revolutions, some took centuries and this one's not going to be the first instant revolution. And on that basis we might as well forget all demos after the 4 martyrs were disposed of by the Nixon Pigs. No sir, the fact that you can love your long hair and the 'U' mags and even to some extent smoke your shit in comparative peace, the 'U' is working miracles. I would point out that I have a straight job during the week (hardly any bread) but am looking ing for an interesting job where I can wear the clothes I want. I'm also split between a communist and anarchist political stand with leanings towards the former. I'm not saying I'm a leader of the New New Youth or am ever likely to be — far from it — I'm just one of the sheep following the footsteps of the more courageous ones. ones. So please let's all sit back and and have a fucking good look at the the past 4 or 5 years (I'm not forgetting the rest but these are the most important) and be thankful for the progress that has been made, after all you've got the vote at 18 whether you use it or not. All I ask for is respect for such people as Release who are doing a great job.

K. M. Milner
9, Laurier Road
London, N. W. 5

Dear Sir,
We were horrified to read your magazine recently.

This FILTH was brought to our attention as OLD BOYS of one of the schools mentioned. May we say that we regard this salacious attack on this fine old school and its staff as typical of the rubbish and perverted filth that your magazine has a reputation for. We know that all right-thinking Education Authorities will take steps to eliminate your nauseous magazine along with all the other degraded pronography that has been circulated among the the Cream of British Youth. Future generations will condemn you and your fellow travellers as perpetrators of an insidious plot to corrupt all that is fresh and clean in young and Expanding minds.

That children should be perverted by such lurid and obscene publications is a crime against all that is best in the British Way of Life.

As for your vicious, filthy, stupid, idiotic, libellous, Bald-faced Lie that Owen's (Damned Fine School) is a Comprehensive, all we we can say is that a spell in The Army might teach you some respect for British Traditions.

Yours,
R. J. Eke
M. R. McCarthy
Joint Letter from two Old Boys

Dear OZ,
I'm writing to tell you that I love you. You do print some amazing letters!!! Isn't it about time every body forgot about doing and thought about being instead. There are a lot of insane people in this world. Too many. We can only overcome them by infiltration. They're not getting any younger. Soon there'll be more of us than them. Soon we'll all be us. I'm back in Liverpool now. I was interested in OZ 28 particularly my fellow 'school-kids' (actually I'm a sort of plumber!) and it made me feel really good. Apparently DZ is aimed at "kinky-type adults" according to the Sunday Express. The Sunday Express is aimed at mindless fools. So what if I'm a kinky-type adult 17 year old? I like being kinky!! Fuck.
Kim Mirkwood
11 Dudlow Gardens,
Liverpool
18.

Dear OZ,
Help!!! I need it. I've been busted left, right and everywhere. Here's my scene: — I knicked £1,200 along with a friend and I was done for that. Then, the screw got me for possession and now they're trying hard for pushing (Acid and Shit). Well, since everyone found out about this it's never been quite the same, especially at home, where my Dad is trying his hardest to get me to be just another cog in the shit-wheel of society. Worst of all is that he has tried stopping me going out with Jill, my chick (I'm 16!!) Also, he's made me have my hair cut (from 2ft.1½in. to ¾in.!!) It's getting me down. My court case comes up on May 13th, so by the time you print this I'll know the worst. (Print it please!!) I'm being punished by my father (Sod him!) by having to be in by 10.00p.m., not having my hair long, not having any of my long-haired friends round etc. etc. I haven't tripped out for ages, nor have I had a decent smoke. Everyone's sympathetic, but that's not enough enough.

I've already been in ASHFORD REMAND HOME for a couple of weeks, but at the moment I'm out. Beaten up by the police, prisoners and likes of them. I'm pretty well pissed off. So this is why I'm writing. If any one is in the same shit-hole I am, write or ring me. Even anyone connected with the Revolution, write. Even anyone who wants to split from home, please contact me! My phone no. is 01 673 4242. Someone contact me!!

P.S. Only sincere people please, as it's not my scene to mix with people who don't believe in the Revolution.

Alan Collins
66, Borneville Gardens
Clapham South
London, S.W. 4

Dear OZ,
Unfortunately for the Bena Piamba Combo (OZ 27) very little can be done about the dry mouth effects after eating peyote. Besides containing mescaline, which itself is pretty toxic, peyote contains several other alkaloids which are certain to produce bad side effects in most people. Acid is

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOUR

better than mescaline of course, if you can get hold of it, but acid is not reputed to be the best, ibogaine and M.M.D.A. are the more personal.

For people who can't get any acid or mescaline or associated compounds they can always take a trip on shit, and join the legions of Hashish Eaters. A few months ago I swallowed about a quid's worth (best Lebanese Red) and had an exceedingly weird trip. About an hour after swallowing, the effects started coming and I passed through varying sensations, my whole body became numb (touch of yer analgesies, better than aspirin) and I became aware of the area around my stomach, which was very amusing at the time, also my flesh felt as if it was semi-liquid. The effects came in waves and when I succumbed to the sway of its delights I became part of the music that was playing, ing, I personally recommend THE PLANETS by HOLZT conducted by STOKOWSKI for the occasion, only 14/6. I also experienced the dry mouth effect but it was not unbearable and was soon forgotten in the 'ecstasy'. The trip wasn't full blown. 25/- - 30/- should be if it's reasonable stuff. Besides smoking and swallowing the evil tasting, evil smelling, lucky I didn't step in it, stuff, I used to make 'tea' whenever I bought bush, but I found that drinking concoctions of it were usually accompanied with nasuea, so I stopped that practise.

If anyone wishes to try this way of tripping the best way is as follows, you must have an empty stomach otherwise the absorption is knackered, so when you feel hungry swallow it and then don't eat anything for at least 45 minutes then wait for the buzz. You may experience nausea though it's unlikely, but perhaps it would be wiser to swallow smaller amounts a couple of times to get used to the effect. If you do get beautiful full blown trips don't keep swallowing too regularly because as Fitz Hugh Ludlow said 'the ecstasy became daily more and more more flecked with the pains of an immeasurable sorrow' in other words if you're greedy you'll get bad trips, very democratic molecule T. H. C.!

For the unfortunates who can't get any shit or acid they could eat an ounce of nutmeg, this should only be used in the direct emergencies though, as myristicin is an evil drug which gives you cramps, hallucinations and nausea for about 10 days.

AND MUCH WORSE — DON'T. ED.

R. J. Edwards

Dear OZ,

Just received OZ 26, many thanks indeed, it's good of you to keep up so well with what's happening in Amerika — so few do.

Now I've been reading Germaine for a long time, but this Women's Lib. thing is really RIGHT THERE' The idea was: get them excited enough to respond, am I right? O.K., I'm responding, slavering my excitement. My pen won't move fast enough. I'm being serious, believe me.

Here in Hartford there are a couple of Women's Lib. groups, one of which is called 'Group' I think — how imaginative! Sounds like a training centre for — balls up — groupies! I'm sure that's not the intention. They are about 20 and will very soon become an exclusive group, not willing to accept new members.

So, one beautiful night I got myself down to their meeting which was not a bunch of cackling hens muttering over their knitting but a bunch of spritely young chicks passing joints. So we smoke some dynamite grass as a prelude to the meeting — which ended up as a recipe exchange, idea recipes for a new society. O.K. dig it. The ingredients change but the form is the same: ideas is food. (Am I making any sense?) After 2 hours or so of this bum rap, an announcement was made to the effect that initiates are in the group and because of this, all members, (except myself and another potential initiate, as we knew nothing about the group practices) did wear a bra or facsimile thereof, which they would burn in the traditional (oh, oh, oh, tradition *does* get in our way) manner. Upon which statement all members of the group removed their bras, stood in a circle and watched the hungry flames devour solid inches of foam rubber and char the wire. My only comment was, no wonder it's such such a ceremony, no wonder women feel liberated by leaving all that rubbish behind — instead of looking at the world through the proverbial rose coloured glasses, they have been leading their lives behind a plastic barrier. Maybe the analogy is not apt, I don't know — I got cut down terrifically when I said this ('In a liberated group, one speaks what one feels without fear of persecutions etc.') live and learn.

Someone just rang me asking for an Army helmet, to celebrate May Day in New Haven under. Appears I'm not the only one to expect some violence. Terrifying, but that's where Amerika is at. Maybe there isn't any choice left, I don't know. I spent enough time in England (3 years) and BIT to understand the English thing as well as anyone (as far as that goes) and the entire attitude is so fundamentally different. England is like a haven, a beautiful resting place after Amerika and its violence. The father of this country isn't George Washington, nor Thomas Paine nor Thomas Jefferson: his name is Revolution and it's just a baby — no, I amend that: it's in its stage of puberty. Maybe it will grow up to be teenager this weekend, and then be more able to 'see the light' and get get something good going for a change. Who knows? Who can say?

Bobbi Penniman 310 South Road
Farmington Conn. 06032 U.S.A.

Dear OZ,

With reference to the letter printed in the 1970 No. 26 edition of OZ.

The two people (cronies) in question stated that you are all fuckers and that your articles are shitty, sadistic, underground shit, sick, etc. etc.

Your paper is absolutely filthy, but what the bloody hell d'ya d'ya think people buy it for man, (news?). No, bloody cheap thrills, that's what.

My own opinion is to tell these hypocritical bastards to sod off. If they don't like your cheap thrills let them blow their balls or read the Mirror or something. If they don't like OZ, they don't have have to buy it. (Silly sods must have weird minds.)

Keep up the good filth man.

Alan Nile

P.S. If any of you still have that edition, wait until dark and then shake the back cover under a red light. Man, you'd think the face was alive. You can't get a cheaper thrill than that.

THE KINGS SHALL BE QUEENS

Danae Brook

a revolutionary thesis
for men and women
by a would-be hermaphrodite

i had already begun this article when i picked up the Times Saturday Review and words bleeped across the breakfast screen which crystallised all that i had been trying to say and all that i feel about the state of the world and whats to be done about it the causes of war the causes of revolution and guidance for the next step towards enlightenment which has to be both metaphysical and physical

i wrote a little song in praise of the coming reign of the hermaphrodite and see that burroughs william esquire the daddy of us all whos spaced junk mind gave birth to words that finally transcended words and yet brought us back to the truth that anything at all can be done with words to make them anything at all. . .all lies in the mind of the beholder. . .and see in the saturday times his words that say:

can be no peace while there is masculine and feminine

agreed agreed big daddy the revolution should not be war but peace and the way to get there is not be attempting to raise the status of women to equal men but to reach the state where women ARE men, and men women. . . . . .

It is a biological fact that each human body is endowed at birth with a certain amount of male and a certain amount of female. If we are mutating, as I believe we are, slowly, then the mutation is in the direction of eliminating the imbalance in distribution of male and female elements in one being.

The Aquarian Age is supposedly that of the enlightened man and the Enlightened men are being born to acid children who have left the cities for the country, or have split the safety of a two-garaged house and hot and cold running mummies and daddies for the uncertainty of cop-infested streets home grown cabbages and dope. Those who have made a conscious choice. . .to reject the hand with the weekly pay packet which is the same hand that spanked them for walking naked through the garden and talking to the child of another skin colour whose parents did not belong to the same clique and the hand that cut the hair and hid the cigarettes and marked the ballot sheet with an X where there should be nothing to denote the nothingness on offer. These new parents may be producing a super-race to transcend the petty squabbles of power, politics, black and white, male and female, anarchy and capitalism, communism and fascism, because the need to banish opposites is at last being felt. Opposites, you may say, are the law of the universe: yin and yang, positive and negative, light and shadow. Yes, but, as with the creative and receptive, they are complementary and interchangeable. And it's only when we recognise the fact that male and female are interchangeable the sexes will stop their exhausting and energy consuming struggle for superiority and get *together* to make the world a better place.

It isn't until we've eliminated opposites in ourselves that we can eliminate them in any outward and less personal form.

The revolution has to be in the head first, and one of the essential creeds of the revolution is mind body integration, so that if we are into changing our heads and expanding consciousness it is only logical that should extend to a change in our bodies.

The distinguishing aspect of the true mutant is the subtle merging of male and female within the frame of an earthly body labelled by the registrar of births either 'male' or 'female'. This encompassing of opposites and achieving of new balance speaks more of the power of sexual change than any militantly erect Women's Liberation Front streaming its banners like dildoes in the wind, or female politicoes chaining themselves to railings in prissy pussy protest, or girls carrying rifles in perfect soldierly format proud to be part of a national army with licence to kill maim and mutilate as much as the next man, or ladies raving on soap boxes because they get paid less money for upholding capitalism than men, or chicks getting stoned for the sake of noisily proclaiming the freedom to exercise a freedom which still does not exist because we're stuck in the grip of a system which will punish the evil-doer and deify the Women's Institute until WE CHANGE IT.

Evolution is the key word. And that takes place in each individual being first, before it can take root in the world. Freedom is the key to evolution perhaps, and sexual freedom one of the primary manifestations of the free man.

To me sexual freedom has nothing to do with promiscuity and every thing to do with love. It means loving so much that it makes no difference male or female in the same way that now age barriers no longer exist, and time is turning into timelessness. It means not getting side-tracked by all those old boxes thrown up from the past, like: homosexality meaning some-one is ONLY homosexual and heterosexual meaning some-one is ONLY heterosexual.

I know that those people within my radius that I consider to be the most highly evoluted are those who have almost completely transcended the barrier between male and female to the point where the only motivation for coming together physically is pure love and that is extended equally to man and woman. There is a door through which we travel at some point in the evolutionary struggle, which finally does it. . .so we are neither one thing nor the other, but both. . .a being for which one day there will be a new word, but for which hermaphrodite will do for now.

Hermaphrodite is an ancient word, coming from the Greek, Hermaphroditos, who 'became one' with the nymph Salmacis. And to become one with another human being must surely be the highest liberation we can achieve while on this planet — more liberating than a thousand charters proclaiming the equality of men and women because it can only come about when the force of both sexes is in perfect equilibrium.

To be evolved enough to embrace equally the male and female element of one another without tension or inhibition completely eliminates the necessity for women to fight for their rights as women or men to defend their masculine heritage because we are both both!

I have no wish to take over from men, or be freed from their magic, it is essential that there be a creative for the receptive. But it is essential also that we can exchange those roles without hesitation. Sexual interchange . . .It works on the highest and most mundane levels. It means that it's pointless to even consider that such normally female tasks as are involved in the domestic organisation of a household should necessarily fall to some-one because they are

CONT. PAGE 32

HENDRIX

'BAND OF GYPSYS'

2406002

POLYDOR
RECORDS

cleen machine via dennis da menace

SPIKE

OZ BUST

ONE BOY EXPELLED.

ONE BOY PROBED.

POLICE SEEK 'PORNO GARDEN'

OZ Crime Reporter

OZ hit the streets early in 1967 with a print run of 15,000. Everyone seemed disappointed with its contents, except the editors of Private Eye, who gloated: "It won't last three issues." Attempting to confirm this prediction, they applied crude pressure tactics to our joint distributors. Since then interfering with OZ has become a national sport. Veteran readers will recall the successful blackmailing of our former printer, Woodrow Wyatt, ex M.P. by News of the World.

Of course, the police are such regular visitors to our office that they seem like permanent staff. They have bullied scores of street-sellers and newsagents into 'investigated'. In one notorious instance police, without any authority, stopped the presses and pursuaded an obseqious printer into pulping six thousand copies. Yet despite such persistent and malicious efforts to sabotage our freedom to publish, the police have never yet had the courage to take OZ to court. It is not surprising. By resorting to psychological strong arm tactics and side-stepping the law, police have succeeded in crippling our production methods without creating a national *cause celebrre*. A fraction of our time is spent on editorial compared with overcoming production problems caused by police harassment, a sexually repressed communications industry and an obsolete law (i.e. that printers are legally vulnerable).

However, there are indications that the battle may at last move from the print shop to the court room. Following OZ 28, the press and the police seemed to have joined forces. The Sunday Express' enlightened 'John Gordon' column found the School Kids OZ "crude, nasty, erotic and in parts obscene" (an actionable statement, if we happened to believe in libel). "Isn't it time we faced up to the debasing of our children"? he asked. "It is more important than some of the things our politicians get excited about". Two days later the police dutifully took up the invitation and raided our offices. Correspondencefiles, back issues and artwork were seized. A few days afterwards came a repeat performance.

Police are now gathering evidence for the Director of Public Prosecutions which will urge that OZ be prosecuted under the Obscene Publications Act and/or the Post Office Act. They are even attempting to locate the garden where the group photograph (page 2&3) was taken. Presumably it is to be produced in court as evidence.

Police find it particularly abhorrent that OZ 28 was "aimed at children". (The editorship was offered to anyone under 18. About thirty kids showed interest, some dropped out along the way and the rest remained to work, sorry, play, with our production team).

Obscenity Squad swoops on OZ office

It has been suggested that OZ directors will be prosecuted for corruption of minors.

If this means giving kids an effective means of self expression; enabling them to ridicule everything from headmasters to the Schools Action Union; to attack exams, the combined Cadet Force and the Underground; to defend love, Jeff Beck and Rupert Dancing; to create cartoons, collages, learn a little about magazine production and to fuck our advertising manager; if it means to discover other possible futures than the one offered by the school careers officer; to share in the vision of a generation experimenting with new ways of living–and being victimised for doing so then we admit it. OZ corrupts minors. We just hope it sometimes reaches adults.

NEXT ISSUE

OZ 30 will be later than usual. Everyone's taking a rest to prepare for another venture, Ink. (See below). We're also taking the extra time to gather material for a special ON THE ROAD OZ.

This doesn't mean a hippies' National Geographic, but a world wide report on emergingnomad communities and the problems and potentialities of such a lifestyle. If any readers have friends overseas, please ask them to send us reports. (Pot Trail OZ, 52 Princedale Road, London. W.11) *Deadline:* 1st September. They can be lengthy (1 or 2,000 wds) account of expatriate communities; (genuine brotherhoods seeking nirvana or dumb roving parasites, vegetating) or titbits for an International Bulletin Board: Where to stay, hash prices, police policy, survival notes (medical & financial) what to do, what you will learn. . . .etc. Photos, drawings too. . .from anywhere in the world.

Overseas

From John Wilcock's Other Scenes (U.S.):

As they ended their act in an Okinawa military club recently, a Thai rock group named The Trippers threw cellophane packets of some suspicious-looking herb into the audience of young GIs. They happened to be singing "The Green, Green Grass of Home" at the time and the club manager, worried that the envelopes contained pot, confiscated them and had the contents analyzed. Examination proved that what the envelopes contained were samples of the plain green non-hallucinatory grass of Thailand . . .San Franciscan Dave Fleming is on a national trip publicizing and distributing his comprehensive "Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana" ($1.25 from P.O. Box 99393, San Francisco, Calif. 94109) because he says that middlemen distributors take too big a cut on such products. Dave promises to devote the profits of the book towards buying land near San Diego ("The weather conditions here are probably the most ideal in the U.S. for growing marijuana") where hopefully he will cultivate marijuana for the community once it becomes legalized. . . Carleton College's Radical Research has just issued its first comprehensive index of the "alternative press". It's an admirable job, listing and cross-indexing stories from about 100 movement and radical papers under subject matters so that you could look up say Bobby Seale, and find different references to him and the issue, paper and date in which they appeared. The Center, which plans to continue indexing, is always in need of help and for people who want to keep a track on specific papers, maybe in their own area, can contribute to the general computerized pool of information. Libraries, etc. which want to subscribe can contact the Center at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. 55057. . . . Another useful reference book is "The Guide to the American Left" ($4.00 from U.S. Directory Service, P.O. Box 1832, Kansas City, Missouri 64141) which claims to have almost 4,000 listing of left-wing papers, magazines, books and writings by and about various radical authors.

'SYCOPHANTIC'

GREED, BAD TASTE ETC:. . .

Most rock "critics" have proved to be sycophantic idolators who wouldn't say a word against this rip-off tycoon because they fear the loss of their press

privileges. Rock writers, as a community, are probably the most corrupt group in America who will do anything and say anything for free records, Fillmore passes and the free trips they get. Very few of them see the incongruity of writing so-called objective reports on theone hand, and being paid shills for the record companies on the other....

GLOBAL THREAT

In an article about America's 45,000 "private, non-profit, philanthropic" foundations, Bombay's Blitz newspaper asks "how is it that the greedy, ruthless, capitalist tycoons of the United States, whose sole aim is to derive maximum profits from human toil and sweat, invest such colossal sums of money in (these) foundations?" A good question which according to the writer, the foundation answers by "furthering the interests of U.S. imperialists all over the world"...

COKE-ECOLOGY

OUT OF TOWN:...The Coca-Cola Company has installed a test machine in Atlanta supermarkets into which customers can throw their one-way bottles, to be ground into fine sand. The company hopes that eventually the sand can be made safe enough for use in playgrounds. In the meantime their cans are going to be embossed with a message asking the buyer not to litter. But it will still be up to the buyer to dispose of the can because they haven't figured out a self-distruct container yet...

CARGO COMMIES

Equal rights is an issue in New Guinea where "cargo cult" believe that the white man only has to produce a slip of paper to have such things as cars, chairs, planes and sewing machines materialize. The belief was fostered during World War II when the islanders saw GIs and later Japanese soldiers sign pieces of paper at the dockside and have enormous supplies of goods dumped at their feet. Now, Australian politicians along with missionaries are trying to sabotage the cargo cult religions by showing natives photographs of goods being made on the grounds that in their present naive state the natives are wide open to communist exploitation".

PHUCK CITY

Yet ANOTHER festival? PHUN CITY, set to take place at Eccleston, near Worthing, on 24–26 July. This time in an excellent cause, mainly it keep IT going. Many fine bands, and promises of good facilities (heard THAT one before), Macro and Soul food as well as the usual greaseburgers and coke, and William Burroughs. Fred Bannister is NOT repeat NOT involved. Tickets: £2 for three days or £1 for any single day from PHUN CITY, 27 Endell Street, London. W.C.2.

Pregnant chicks, relax–RELEASE is on your side. If you want to know if you're qualified for a National Health Abortion, phone 727 7753 Or 229 7753, AS SOON as you think you're pregnant–as early as possible–call them. You KNOW it makes sense.

CUNT POWER CABINET

THINK INK!

Although launched by OZ, Ink news paper will be entirely independent in character and open to all who share our boredom with Fleet Street and our belief in its incapacity to transmit news of relevance to the Underground.

WANTED: i, An experience distribution manager, ii advertising seller, iii a tough talking, grasping business man (a week-day straight) iv. two IBM typists, v. assistant editor vi. reporters... all to work full time in our flash new office–when we find them. Ink will have room for plenty of free- lance reporters and photograpers. A telex is being installed to link up internationally with other Underground papers and the golden age of street sellers is about to begin. But more about Ink in the next OZ. Meanwhile, anyone who wants to help–full time whiz kids will be paid–please write–don't call–to Ink, C/-OZ, 52, Princedale Road, London. W11. If you think you'd be good at any of the above jobs, please write and tell us why. What is Ink? Roughly speaking it will be a militant, muck-raking, leper-rapes-CIA-agent news tabloid of the Movement: News of the World and Rupert Murdoch meet the Underground

You said it: Inkredible.

Over 40,000 copies of the last OZ were sold. The print run for the current OZ has been increased to 50,000 making us easily the largest selling Underground publication outside America.

Ulli Sellmann, a student social-psychologist from Western Germany is attempting to gather information on people's personal experiences connected with drugs, both addictive and non-addictive for use in a survey of European drug habits. Your opinions, experiences and comments (anonymous of course) could be invaluable to him. Write to him c/o OZ.

Nik and Mac are trying to get BLACK MARIGOLD magazine together, and seek your help, contributions, ideas, bread etc. They are arising from the ashes of the legendary HOD. Anything with a name as nice as BLACK MARIGOLD certainly deserves your help–the address is 9, ELMETE AVENUE, ROUNDHAY, LEEDS 8 YORKSHIRE'

If you're in a heavy Left mood, you might like to help Agit-Prop information, who are seeking donations to keep providing their services to workers. Write to them on pink paper at 110 Gower Street London NW1.

The first International Diggers' and others Communties' Conference and Festival of Life will be held on the island of Dorinish for two months through July and August. If you've always wanted to get into a communal life-style, here's your chance. For detailed information, write to SID RAWLE, Diggers Action Movement, 15 Luna Street, London. SW10. Tel: 01-351-1305.

STOP PRESS

It is not just police from the Obscene Publications division who are regular OZ readers. Detective Inspector Robin Constable of Scotland Yard's Extraditions Department, late of Chelsea Drug Squad, has sent us a letter to the editor. It contains a libel threat.

One school boy editor of OZ 28 has been questioned at home by police. The interrogation took the lines of: "The OZ people just paid you to use your name. You didn't actually contribute anything. They did it all, didn't they?"

Australia, (that white man's answer to Haiti,) abounds with news stories so hilariously unbelieveable that they rarely reach the British press. You can keep abreast of the secret circus with Australian OZ, newsletter, Box H143, Australia Square, N.S.W.2000. £2/10/- per year.

The Seed is planning to come out again soon–FREE. They will be performing a very valuable community service so send articles, poems reviews, news or even, if you can stand it,bread to DALE, c/o Release, 50a Princedale Road.

MIRROR LOSES BILLIONS! HA HA

Perhaps one reason that straight publications seem more and more remote is due to the fact that most reporters are utterly tradition bound, conventional and job fearing. It is typical, for instance, that the cream of the profession should choose as its social venue a pub which not only discriminates in terms of dress (ties only) but also forbids women to sit at the bar. It is likewise typical that female journalists–in a slavish copy of their U.S. counterparts–should choose to 'liberate' of all things this snob relic of Victorianism.

Ink will link with John Wilcock's Other Scenes (soon to go national) and his other paper Collage. When Wilcock was recently in London, he argued on B.B.C.'s Line Up that huge corporations were increasingly less able to compete with the mushrooming Alternative Press because of their built in costs. The failure of the Mirror magazine is a vivid confirmation of his belief. Besides not contributing to the medium one single idea–either in design or editorial philosophy–it managed to lose, in its short half life, about £6,000,000.

'There's a schmuck in the tall dark hallway...'

Emmett Grogan

The planet is changing. And the planet knows it's changing. So, the quick-change artists of political activity decided that the rebellion must stylize its performance and demanded that the rebels get their acts together and be slick about it. Well, if this decade of time was an anthology of epic-on/off broadway-musical--comedy-dramatics and not the One Shot Review which it is, noone would bother to pull the covers off all the characters who are competing for the last of the best death roles along the planetedge because it should have been clear when they auditioned for the people that they were nowhere in front.

You see, there is a lie in the air.

The Underground Press is a self-indulgent bore and rigged-up bullshit fraud. All the bald-headed journals have built up the underground press as formally representing the people(s) of the new culture. This is the same old American flag con routine. The underground press is operating out of an abstract policy and not from any concrete need. The newspapers of the underground exist in an invincible fatherland aloft in a heaven of international popularity and longhair prosperity.

And young patriotic rising up angries are embracing the romantic tales of daring people's bandits who shared and shared alike and leaned on honesty to live outside the law. Sure there were 'robin hoods'. They stole from everybody and kept everything and killed any dupes who tried to get their autographs. And the golfsters, contending that what's useless is best left undone, tie-off big with habits. Scoffin' at the incompetancy of even trying, they ride the rush hour tracks of nickle-dimedom, searching out old ways to fix their plea for a little sleep, dreaming of homeruns by hitting foul balls. 'Spoon doon moon coon, Hey Spoon, you're a bundle o joy you're an ugly mammy-jumper, but you're still my boy!'

And Abbie Hoffman, trying so hard to yip a hype that he has obviously never understood, weeps water because rock starlets don't have eyes for him. He publishes diarrhetical accounts of all the attacks he has uniquely suffered as a hero of the people. He has asthma, too. It's good he's making lots of bail money. Hoppity-hopping all over, he conspires gelt for all the poor lepers in jail. There's a schmuck in the tall dark hallway still crying for Lenny Bruce and won't come down, just yet

And Jerry Rubin learned the careful language of panic at the Berkely Playhouse while bubbling all over for a leading role in the Do It foundation. He's a leader. Eldridge Cleaver and the Ministry of Education say he is a good leader. He'd lead everybody anywhere, anytime. He'd even lead children into a real-live-war. He'd lead them right into battle, by radio.

And all the factions of Students for a Democratic Society have the profound historical perspective to state that 'if it worked there, it'll work here!' They speak lots of languages, so they are translating all successful volumes of political action into hometown vernacular, seeking to recapture a theoretical motive for killing people and taking their property away.

And it is always by the instinct of women that the planet is able to survive the games of men.

And the dead adore the dead. Fred was alive until December 4, 1969 when he was murdered in his bed by Glover Davis. And then the sun come up, all the bystanders growled angry and agreed that Fred Hampton was a champ and that something had to be dome. So, they all shook their clenched fists like gun shooters do and unanimously decided to knock a golden spike where that cat blew. And in 1889 fifteen years after Custer's massacre the Ghost Dance was introduced to the Sioux by the Paiute seer Wovaka. It was a religion which promised the return of the buffalo and the disappearance of the white man. The Sioux were enthusiastic adoptees. With equal vigor, however, their dream was destroyed by the massacre at Wounded Knee where thousands of indian men, women and children fell at the hands of the United States Artillery. Since that disaster, the Sioux have never recovered. And the Altamont festival of December 6, 1969 remains the only workable criterion for updating the Ghost Dance. Nobody wants to save what's best left dead.

And be sickened by the oncoming mass starvation and concomitant revolting degree of overpopulation, and the accompanying production of incredible numbers of useless physical objects whose raw materials demand a destruction of

there [illegible] one knows as beautiful.

And when people are anxious and [illegible] of the future, they usually revert to what is most familiar. When the old ways are demonstrably deadly and some step into the unknown is unavoidable, only by giving himself the soundest most truthful information can a man devise a plan.

And most of what media has to offer is access to the machinery of state. Limited access is offered for the people to fight over. As long as that access is limited so is the information. There must be more information, and that information, if it is pertinent to relevant change, must have access to scale. If the rock stars, political careerists and false bottom hipsters block that access; if the only possibilities they act out are bright clothes, long hair, hard-huts, wild ass postures and dope at the office, it means that the opportunities for scale are being plugged up by masquerades and truth is denied access to that which it needs to intercept the hollowhearted eruption of a mock revolution from which nothing will emerge. And that jerry-built wall cannot be forestalled or diminished by capitulating to fear or greed or doing violence to your own visions.

You see, politics and all politicians are automatic captives of power. From the so called president to the meanest Philadelphia ward-heeler, from the leaders of remote controlled revolts to the students taking a flyer into revolution — all of them are objects governed by hierarchies. Both they and their games are policed by the dead hand of politics. And it is this inflexibility of politics that keeps liberation in hock and makes people [illegible] as those who cannot live.

It is the Workable Lie and it can be seen clearly. For instance, the act of buying a piece of land for whatever purpose can hardly stand as evidence of one's belief that the earth cannot be bought and sold; or the recommendations of voluntary slavery by spiritual and religious figures who reason that once a slave offers his labor of his own accord he is no longer a slave; or the playing of one power game after another: if it's not money then it's status, if not status then it's force, if not fame then some other form of image-personna hustle; or the false commitments to humanism that inhibit the consignment of past and present theoreticians of partial and tricked-up revolutions to the museum, et caetera. It's this insanity inherent in the workable lie that invokes and seeks to make necessary the world's end.

In this ideological age, where ideas live a greater life than man and words are juggled in a gigantic noak, you need more than the skeleton to make the vision walk. You need to lift off something that is neither beauty nor truth, but only a plaster false face if you are to be one of the only ones to discover the grin of the skeleton.

The only ones that reached their own rock bottom and got up. They always get up. They search for brothers and sisters not friends. They do not play the role of crowd in remakes of the Law & Order vs. Riot movie. They don't sell their vision — to sell their vision would be to pretend that it's theirs. They don't put themselves on, fall guy. They are wise to the educated fools who look to confront fake situations where pretensions can be made to self defense. They kill who has to be killed. They are sick and tired of being sick and tired. They dig that the goin' up better be worth the comin' down. They deceive deception. They are spreading the cheeks and kissing the little brown asshole of democracy. They deal with all real things in all moments of agony and joy. They don't waste their efforts in games which kill time, deaden awareness and brutalize feeling. They do not let themselves be suicided by a judas goat society. They are no longer lonesome for their heroes. They take care of business. They donot nickle-dime bomb make believe numbers. They do what is necessary (not what might be necessary) to end the desperation of illness, hunger, nakedness, addiction, poverty, eviction, jail, oppression and the money conspiracy which is decimating the streets and backwoods. They are all innocent. They are felons. They are good at it. They do not intend to spend anymore time in penitentiaries. They do not use the courts for redress. They are silent about almost everything. They remember Michael Collins and what his comrades did to him. They do not own it. They love. They are the offspring of mid-twentieth century broken consciousness. They are beyond the possibility of defeat. They, that unnamed 'they'. Well nothing moves a mountain but itself. And they — I've long ago named them me.

[EVOLVE]

SMALLS

Small Ad rates.
We are carrying too many small ads. As from next issue rates will be as follows:
Personal Ads i.e. Messages which in no way involve a monetary transaction—2s per word.
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IMPLOSION is holding a Commune Benefit on 2nd August. Could all the communes please contact Implosion at Release to let us know whether they can attend and set up stalls with literature, home-made things, etc.

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YOUNG LADY AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER HAS FOR SALE STAG FILMS AND PHOTOS, FOR FREE, YES. FREE DETAILS send S.A.E. only to: Miss V. Phillips, Dept 'O', PO BOX 604, High Road, Chiswick, London W.4.

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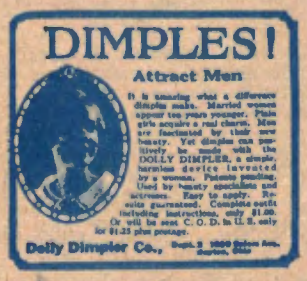

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Frustrated male, 19 seeks available chicks, Leeds area. Photo please. Box No.6 (29).

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New technique overcomes most male difficulties and disorders. It's absolutely unique. End frustration NOW. Secretary, P.O. Box 4.D.L. London W.1.

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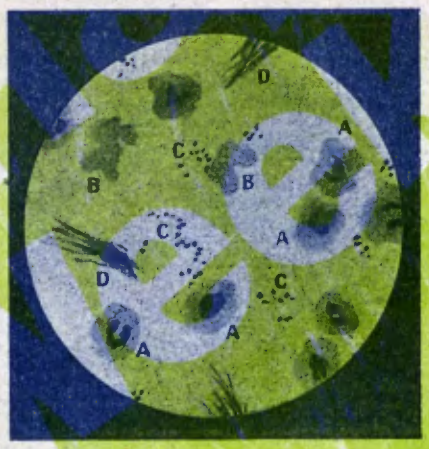
FUNGUS FOOD FORECAST



"....a faint chemical taste in the mouth."

Eating out cheaply in England has become like what sex must have been for the Forsytes—more something to dread than to delight in. It is not merely that the profferings of Lyons or Wimpeys lack imagination or taste; but the absence of nutritional goodness must be wreaking havoc with our insides. If 'you are what you eat', then God help us all.

But there's worse news to come. According to a Daily Mirror report (July 1st 70), the Rank, Hovis, McDougall factories in High Wycombe are producing food out of fungus. Dr. Spicer, research director, boasts of raising "livestock" in test tubes. These animals are a strain of fungus bred after four and a half years of research. The A3/5 fungus organism multiplies convulsively when fed on carbohydrates and has an end product which can be given the appearance of meat or fish or even puffed to look like rice". The Mirror man's description of a Hungarian goulash made from these charming little specimens concluded: "The taste was convincing and palatable although it tended, I found, to leave a faint chemical taste in the mouth".

If you don't fancy some of Dr. Spicer's goulash, British Petroleum are cooking up a delightful little germ they discovered when they were cleaning out their cog filters.

B.P. fed some yeast organisms on oil and found they produced huge amounts of protein, which has now been processed by BP and turned into food for animals. Hector Watts, director and general manager of B.P. Proteins told the Mirror: "WE have no difinite plans to *at present* to turn this product into human food, but there is no reason why we should not eventually. It has indeed been tested at a human level and baked into a biscuit which was very palatable". Future appetising delights will include food made from coal, newspapers and leaves.

Already the versatile soya bean is being turned into "chicken", "ham" and "turkey"—already on sale at U.S. supermarkets complete with plastic wishbone. Shortly there will appear deep frozen macrobiotic T.V. dinners. It won't be long before you'll have to choose between a B.P. oil burger, and a coarse coal pie, so as an alternative we offer some natural recipes from the appropriately named Nasha Institute of Survival:

The plants grow in dry soil in open waste areas like roadsides and yards, as well as in country fields. Look for them from now till late autumn. They are all very rich in vitamins and minerals, organically grown, free from pesticides, and really delicious. Here they are:

Creamed dandelion: Boil one quart of young leaves, strain and chop. Save the water. Make a sauce by melting a tablespoon of butter, and mixing in a tablespoon of flour, as well as some salt and pepper. Slowly add the water in which the dandelions have been cooked. Stir in the chopped dandelion leaves. You can serve them with fried croutons and sour cream.

Sauteed dandelion: Saute dandelion leaves in a pan with 3 tablespoons of melted oil or butter. Fry about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

Boiled dandelion. Make the same way as plantain, below.

Dandelion salad: Make it with any dressing you like. Use only young leaves.

Sorrel soup: Cook approximately 1 lb. of sorrel with 2 cups of dices potato in salted water for about 30 minutes. Mash it through a strainer, or use a food mill or blender. Put back on stove and slowly add a tablespoon of flour dissolved in a cup of sweet cream. Cook for 10 minutes. Serve with sour cream.

Lamb's Quarters Fritters: Boil one quart of lamb's quarters. Strain them and chop. Add one tablespoon of butter, two egg yolks, tablespoon of grated parmesan, some nutmeg and some salt. Mix well and leave to cool. When almost ready to serve, add beaten egg whites. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls into hot deep fat or oil. Fry till golden on both sides.

Boiled lamb's Quarters: Pick only the young leaves from the plants less than one foot high. Boil them for about 10 minutes. Drain and season with lemon, butter and salt. Fry just long enough to dry out slightly and allow the seasoning to permeate them.

Boiled wild mustard: You can pick the lower leaves from any of the ten species of wild mustard. Boil them for about 30 minutes. Strain and season with butter, salt and lemon.

Boiled plantain: Boil young leaves for about 10 minutes. Drain and season them with butter and salt, then fry them just long enough to allow the seasoning to permeate them.

Defatted Wheat Germ, Nonfat Dry Milk Solids, Sugar, Salt and Malt flavouring, Iron, Niacin, Riboflavin (B_2) and Thiamine (B_1).

KRAP

Ask your grocer for the packet which suits you best.

Poison is as British as roast beef. Have some

Roast Beef. A thick juicy slice comes from a cow born by artificial insemination, injected with sex hormones to increase fertility, fed synthetic hormones to induce rapid fattening, and shot with tranquilizers, antibiotics and insecticides. The sex hormones, an estrogen called stilbestrol, are suspected of affecting human sexual functioning. A real man's meal. . .

Fruit juice. Fruits are bombarded with pesticides. The juices almost always contain DDT and the nerve-gas pesticide parathion (it killed the sheep).

Mild Cow's milk is still considered safe, because of the relatively low concentration of DDT in pasture grass. But women in England are being encouraged not to breast-feed their babies because the concentration of DDT in our diets has made mother's milk unsafe.

Beer To give it "lightness and life" the chemical compound PVP is added. This ingredient is also used in aerosol hair sprays.

The Cheeseburger Hamburger meat is dyed. Worse, it may be treated with sodium sulphite in order to give it an appealing red color. This chemical is especially dangerous since it destroys both the black color and the rancid odor of bad meat. Cheese on top increases both the flavor and the poisonous content of one of our favorite dishes.

Cheese. Cheese is processed by a multitude of chemicals. It is artificially thickened, preserved, flavored, and colored. One of the thickeners is also used to make cosmetics, another ingredient is used in printing inks. (Until recently cottage cheese preservative was also used to make contraceptives).

Peas and carrots. In order to retard spoilage, fresh vegetables are waxed with a paraffin suspected of causing cancer.

Bread Wheat is stripped of all its nutrients; only the starch is retained because it holds synthetic vitamins and water so well. Emulsifiers keep bread *soft* but do not stop it from becoming stale. Bread is as plastic as its wrapper. It helps break strong bodies 8 ways. . . .

Flavorings Salivate with these chemical concoctions: nut: butraldehyde (used in rubber cement), cherry: aldehyde C-17 (a flammable liquid used in plastics and synthetic rubbers); pineapple: ethyl acetate (a solvent for plastics and lacquers).

Candy. Top it all off with packaged candies, coated with shellac to produce an attractive glaze.

The most frightening additives are the carcinogens, which the Public Health Service estimates include one out of every four substances injected into our food. *Carcinogens are substances suspected of causing cancer.* Carcinogenic substances are found in most food dyes and preservatives, and in stabilizers used in salad dressings, ice cream, chocolate milk, commercial shipped cream. Carcinogens include the estrogens injected into poultry and livestock, and pesticides. Radioactivity from fallout or contamination from water or soil is also considered a carcinogen.

The major source of poison in our diets is DDT, the effects of which are cumulative. DDT may destroy our ability to reproduce by increasing the activities of enzymes which attack sex hormones.

It has been claimed that children may be more susceptible to carcinogens than adults. Today cancer causes a greater number of child deaths than any other disease; and cancer deaths among children have increased by 50% in the last decade.

The facts themselves are enough to induce nausea. Only one point needs emphasis. Chemicals are injected into foods in order to produce *more* foods *faster* in order to sell *inferior* products at a *better price* in order to stretch the *quantity* of food at *low cost* to the producer in order to make more money. The farmer has been superseded by the food technologist who works for a food factory.

Chemical consumption is creating serious imbalances in our internal systems; it is producing disease, ill health, and possibly death. Ironically, the chemicalization of the dinner table is affecting even the ruling class who wants the profits: they can't eat their money, and now they can't even eat their food.

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Stewart Brown — Lead vocals & acoustic guitar

TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW YOU MUST BE HONEST

The Tories are in. Tally Ho you wrong doers. Time to straighten out the misguided section of society that (absurdly) wants to upset traditional values and replace them with some sort of drug sodden sex wrecked utopia. And, my friends, we shall do the straightening out by enforcing the LAW. Law and order and peace in our time. This paper I hold in my hand saying 'Warrant for Arrest' proves it.

Actually, although the whole British legal system is obsessively biased towards protecting property rights—even in rape the crime seems to be that of interfacing with a husband's or father's proprietary rights over a female rather than the *violence* involved in fucking someone against their will—that system is good or bad according to the way its used. And if, while you're working to replace the system, you ignore it altogether, to keep yourself pure say, you will be defeated by it in the end. Because it's based on middle class values. Values that reward people who industriously get up and complain and interfere and generally exercise their rights. And historically you've needed middle class money to hire lawyers to discover exactly what those rights are.

Most of our legal procedures depend on someone coming along and getting a process started. Like issuing a summons, laying a complaint, taking out a warrant, laying on information, generally initiating something or other. Then it's up to the sucker on the receiving end to do something. If he doesn't then the odds against him escaping, drop from about evens to seven to one against. The victim's been guilty of that anti-social crime, indifference.

The system only reaches some approximation of fairness when you have two rich and well represented people angrily opposing each other. Which is why the lawyers call it an adversary system. As opposed to the continental Roman Law based system which depends on an impartial (ha ha) government official—an examining magistrate—who pries and investigates everyone and everything connected with the event or non event. He is supposed to uncover the things that in

Britain the opponent's solicitors would normally find out. And in Roman Law countries inertia, secrecy and keeping quiet tends to pay off.

Back to us here and now. If the underground's to survive, it should get smarter at manipulating the law to its own advantage and protection. Waiting to consult a soclicitor until you've actually been charged is ineffective. By then it's often too late. You need to know what's up well before then. And it's not all that difficult.

The first thing is the police—and the bureaucrats. You've got to learn when they overstep the mark. Remember the police are worried about their public image. If one of them has done something that's really against their rules they generally can't afford to ignore it. The best sort of complaint to make is one backed by middle aged witnesses—where the police have been so overconfident of their powers that they went over the top without realising it. Reasonably phrased, literate and well documented complaints about the police can be followed up by letters to M.P.s or to the press. If it's done often enough something important could happen.

That's not the only way to fight the system. Other people commit crimes and are just as vulnerable as you are. Parents who report their drugs-using children to the police (for their own good) may be reported to the relevant authorities (for their own good) for feeding parking meters, lighting fires with wood in smokeless zones or putting up garden sheds without permission.

If pubs turn you out, collect evidence and oppose the regrant of their license at the next licensing sessions. Licensing authorities like to know about pubs staying open beyond licensing hours (this happens a lot in places outside London) unsanitary conditions, unruly behaviour etc. etc. Find out what the technicalities are. It may not stop the grant of a license but it'll show you know your powers. They may be more willing to serve you in the future.

Estate agents or landlords who refuse you accommodation are also likely to turn away your coloured friend, so giving grounds for a complaint to the Race Relations board. If you're already in a pad don't forget that harassment of tenants is an offence. Somewhere there's a rent officer waiting to hear from you. And harassment is a pretty wide term. One of the best places to start when complaining is the local citizen's advice bureau. They'll tell you the right agency to go to or connect you with a solicitor who'll handle your case for nothing (or very little.)

People who persecute you in the streets could land themselves in trouble. Shouting at long-haired men in the street is conduct likely to lead to a breach of the peace and stopping to jeer may be the cause of obstruction. If the local P.C. refuses to take any notice of your complaint, take his number and inform the Chief Constable of his collusion with certain criminal elements. Also, other people are just as subject to social pressures as you are. Van drivers who whistle at you while driving for respectable firms will find the boss doesn't like complaints about homosexual soliciting by his drivers outside the houses of customers.

Cab drivers who refuse to pick you up should be reported to the Public Carriage Office. Bus drivers and conductors who give trouble should be reported to their head office. A well phrased letter giving times and numbers and preferably supported by witnesses addresses should soften them up a bit. The same goes for insolence from any of the monsters who man British Rail booking offices.

Two new pieces of legislation can be useful. Above all there's the Trade Descriptions Act. If any way you're sold a bummer—if what you've bought is not, because of implication, innuendo or straight out misrepresentation, what you thought you were buying then report it to the Weights and Measures Department of your local council. These are the friendliest people of all and although a bit overworked they're ready to spend money on investigating and prosecuting people who get up to tricks when selling. There's no limit to what you can report. Lousy meals (people walk in with plastic bags full of disgusting meatless meaty hamburgers and aged egg and chips), rotten clothes, bum sound equipment—perhaps you could even try reporting a dealer who sold you bad shit. A good rule is this: before you buy anything make sure the salesman tells you the thing you're buying is reliable, or hard wearing, or colour fast, or fresh food or whatever. Then if it's not you've got a watertight case.

The other bit of new law is for anyone without a U.K. passport and involves the right of appeal from the cunts who sit at immigration desks at ports of entry into the UK. Now you can appeal to informal tribunals at the port manned by an independent lawyer. It will decide who is to be believed, you or the immigration officer. It may not be much but it's a start.

Intelligent subtlety can sometimes get you further than resigned submission or violence.

D.P. & A.F.

THIS PAGE OF REVIEWS COMES TO YOU LATE, COURTESY OF DET. INSP. LUFF.

THE DYING PIG

The most laughable novelty yet produced. It is made of rubber, and you have only to blow it up and stand the pig on his feet, when he begins to squeal as he slowly collapses and finally lies down and dies in the most natural manner. You can blow him up as often as desired, and each time he will go through the same performance to the great amusement and delight of your friends.

"don't call us Fred..." we'll call you!!

JIMI HENDRIX
Band Of Gypsies *Track*

This is the first Hendrix record to be issued for nearly two years, and listening to it, it's clear that Jimi has seen a lot of places and been a lot of things since we left him making love on the sand beneath the sea in Electric Ladyland. He "owed" U.S. Capitol an album as a recompense for releasing him to U.S. Reprise, and so he gave them this. Apparently he doesn't like it much, and would rather have not released it. I'm glad he did.

It seems to be a direct contradiction to the direction that his previous work had shown him to be travelling. "Are you Experienced?" had been an awesome display of super muscle, joyful hard rock, powerful, inventive, soulful, saturated with love and feeling. Two electronic science-fiction trips were perfectly matched by a totally original approach to the blues. Then "Axis Bold As Love" confirmed what "The Wind Cries Mary" had indicated: that Jimi had a lot to say as well as a lot to play. There were SONGS as opposed to riffs and the extended guitar solos were conspicuously absent. Jimi got his singing completely together and combined his violence with a gentle sensuality in songs like the spell-weaving "One Rainy Wish". "Electric Ladyland" saw Hendrix using sax, organ, flute, ship's bells, multi-multi-multi-tracks, phasing, deep echo and generally all the acid-freak blow-yer-fuckin'-mind studio tricks known to mankind. Here he's right back to absolute simplicity.

This was recorded live last New Year's Eve at New York's Fillmore West. The Experience are here replaced by Buddy Miles on drums and Jimi's army buddy Billy Cox on bass. It's basically a jamming album like "Super Session", except that where Kooper, Bloomfield and Stills relaxed and let it flow, Jimi kicks off and shoots it out all over you. The material is totally undistinguished and virtually indistinguishable one from another, since all the songs are all on one chord and in similar tempos, but it doesn't really matter. It doesn't pretend to be an "aranged concept took-six-months-to-record" album, and if you accept it for what it is, you'll find it as fascinating and beautiful as I do.

For a live album, the sound and balance are phenomenally good, except for the buried vocals. Irritatingly, the only vocal passage which is perfectly audible is a ludicrous piece of falsetto scat-singing by Buddy Miles which reminds me of Spike Milligan. Miles is the biggest single bring-down factor here, since he does most of the lead singing, and he's really terrible. His drumming is forceful, but clumsy and overbearing. I just don't know why people like Bloomfield and Hendrix think so much of him. He can keep time and all, but so can lots of other folks.

It's a Jimi Hendrix guitar album all the way. Apart from B.B. King, no-one-no-one-NO-ONE-living can get as much VOICE into a guitar as Hendrix. It's totally personal, and has the same throw-away soul timing as his singing. Sustaining an album of six long tracks between five and twelve minutes long is about as harsh a test as can be imposed on a guitarist's improvising powers and Hendrix comes through it shining brightly in many colours.

The album's best cut is the twelve-and-a-half-minute "Machine Gun". It's violent, urgent, real, completely together and contains Hendrix's best playing anywhere. Unfortunately, his tendency to play unison guitar with his vocal obliterates most of the lyric.

Again, don't judge this album by irrelevant standards. It's a totally unpretentious "here's the riff, here's the tempo, let's blow" gig. After hearing this, you may be feeling a bit physical, so have your woman/man/dog/mother or whatever close at hand.

Charles Shaar Murray

LEON RUSSELL
Leon Russell *A & M*

Leon is a big boy now, the shyness and skulking behind Delaney and Bonnie and Joe Cocker is gone. It's about time too, now you can see where the magic on the Accept No Substitute and Cocker albums comes from. And he even had a piece of the Let It Bleed cake.

But let me tell you, darlings, this super album has a lot of Leon on it. He sings, which you didn't know, in a strange and swampy way. His piano on this is in the background, which is a shame, as it is so lovely when it peeps through the blanket of pluck and bang sounds. Really it is a super album because it has those lovely Stones and Beatles and Joe and Stevie and sweet Eric the Ikon and that lovely country couple, the Bramlett's. And everybody is so friendly and bouncy, no nasty straining and perspiring. But I'm a little worried about the words, I can't hear a lot of them, and I suspect they could be more savage than I first thought.

It's not a record to just chuck on the machine, as the variety precludes some accompanying activities, which means it requires effort for the big kicks. In fact you've got to like Leon to get the goodies out of it. You could imagine a triangle of the 'Joe Cocker' and 'Accept No Substitute' and 'Leon Russell' albums. That's how the sound of the Russell record relates.

There is one ugly thing about it. You need a good stereo set to separate the saturated sound. It's worthwhile, but maybe you can't afford it. Tough.

T.R. Zelinka

KING CRIMSON In the Wake of Poseidon *Island*

There has to be a reason for a band that doesn't exist to sell 30,000 copies of an album in its first week of issue. Whatever that reason is, those 30,000 people will find their own, and they may all be different. 'In the Wake of Poseidon' is an open book; not perhaps a fully realised concept,

but still a statement that few other English bands would have the insight or understanding to attempt.

The statement itself is clear: black/white, positive/negative, peace/chaos, hope/doom. Based largely on the experiences of Bob Fripp and Peter Sinfield during the first fatal King Crimson tour of Amerika last year, the mood and lyrics of the best pieces reflect standard 'universal' motifs: the SuperMarket as a microcosm of a speedy superficiality, the full filthy New York streets that are just an empty blur for each isolated individual, and the place of mystery. The Devil's Triangle, a stretch of sea off the Florida coast where boat-and plane-loads have disappeared without trace. The first is amplified in 'Catfood', a bizarre schitzoid ramble along the shelves, already featured and known as a single, and owing much much of its instant appeal to the lunatic piano-playing of Keith Tippet. 'Pictures of a City' is merely Crimson's inevitable 'Bright Lights' or 'Crosstown Traffic', but this is really where Peter Sinfield's Lennonesque jigsaw works:

'Dream flesh love chase perfumed
skin
Greased hand teeth hide tinseled
sin
Spice ice dance chance sickly grin
Pasteboard time slot sweat and
spin'

The words may not be original, but but they're right on, and so is the background of instrumental cacophony and the final morbid loneliness of:

'Concrete dream flesh broken shell
Lost soul lost trace lost in hell.'

The whole album took Fripp and his galaxy of old friends almost 300 hours of studio time to complete. 'The Devil's Triangle' alone took 120 hours of juggling with a mellotron before all were satisfied, and it seems like too long. After working on one piece for that time, even if it has a neo-symphonic mood, making music and communicating a flash, an instant, on black plastic, becomes a scientific labour, where each simplicity becomes more and more complex, and further and further and further from the truth of the moment. The ability of 'modern' music, and not just rock, is to communicate a statement instantaneously. Electricity. In transferring that from a live gig to a studio so many musicians lose their immediacy. King Crimson is one of a few 'studio' bands around — the Beatles presumably aren't anymore — and this is Fripp's major problem. The possibility of getting a large, amorphous outfit to work onstage is perhaps the answer, but for the moment his 'statement' on this album lacks real electricity.

The gaps really start to open up when the contrast is drawn between 'Catfood' and 'Pictures of a City' and the positives of peace and hope. Making 'good' as strong and as interesting as 'evil' is the eternal problem of a writer, musician, painter, and one which Crimson too fails to solve. The opening and closing bars, 'Peace — a Beginning' and 'Peace — an End', are pleasant enough, but as soon as the music in the black hats come on the screen, they're lost and forgotten. 'Cadence and Cascade' and the title track are unremarkable outside the lyrics. The first is sung by Gordon Haskell and the second by the regular vocalist, Greg Lake. Lake's voice is infinitely better, but at least Haskell understands the lyrics.

There are moments of beauty and of pain, stabs of fine drumming and delicate flute-playing and inspired use of a mellotron from Fripp, who has never seriously used one before in the studio. The album has been carefully conceived with twice the insight of 'Court of a Crimson King', but the isolation of these musicians in a studio has meant that they've lost the balance between give and take. Without being conscious of it, Crimson has produced a self-indulgent set that gives less than it takes. Whoever Fripp gathers round him for the third album will be, as he is, honest, serious musicians. All we ask is that they are honest to more than themselves.

Dick Lawson

"BLUES FROM BIG BILL's COPACABANA"
Various Artists
Chess

This is one of the classic Chicago blues albums, probably *the* classic, and for those who dig record company atrocities. A history of its various re-issues may prove illuminating. It was recorded in 1962, and released here in '63 by Pye International's R-and-B series. In those far off days albums cost a mere 32/6, but there was a lot of bread for a 12-year-old so I didn't buy it, though I really coveted it. At that time it was titled "Folk Festival Of The Blues". In 1967 it was deleted and reissued at 12/6 by Marble Arch, retitled "Festival Of The Blues". Late last year, it was again deleted, and two months ago reappeared on Chess under it's present hideous and unwieldy title, plus a Pete Welding sleeve-note, a clever cover mocked up like '30s "Race Records" poster and an artificial process stereo track. Also, it now costs 39/11.

However, in whatever form you mange to find it, it's literally indispensable to anyone with any kind of interest in de blooze. At the beginning an excited emcee shouts "It's history makin' time here tonight. . ." and reels off a list of names that will make any blueshead reach for his wallet. They're all here: Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson, Buddy Guy, Otis Spann, Willie Dixon. Spann's superlative piano, Dixon's confident bass and Guy's words-fuckin'-fail-me lead can be heard backing throughout the set, while Muddy, the Wolf, Sonny Boy and Guy sing. It's a rough, raucous, tremendously vital sound, part and parcel of the Chicago blues legend (that's not Up-Against-The Wall, Muddafucka Chicago, but Good-Mawnin'-Southside Chicago).

And Muddy. . .yeah, like he's the MAN and that's it. When he really gets it on, no-one can shut him down and here he really does it. When the Wolf rasps out "Hey woman lemme have a talk wid you" it makes you realise just how anaemic Danny Kirwan is.

d'Abo

The waiting for d'Abo has ended. Mike d'Abo's first solo album on

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His "Sugar Mama" lacks the stark beauty and simplicity of John Lee Hooker's version, but it's still incredibly satisfying. Sonny Boy only sings once, but does some of the tastiest blues-harp ever recorded. There's possibly Muddy's best cut of "Mojo", and when he, Guy and Dixon sing together on "Wee Wee Baby" it's time to DO IT, Brethern and Sistren.

The only album you can play after this is the first Butterfield thing, so put it on late. Play it loud and play it proud. This is *the* album!

Charles Shaar Murray

ETHIOPIA.
Music of the Central Highlands, Music of the Desert Nomads, Music of Eritrea.
Tangent.

If you have tired of all the heavy music around lately but are still wanting something to see you through those stoned timeless nights, try any one of these three records of Ethiopian music collected by Jean Jenkins of the Horniman Museum, which is itself a trippy little place down near Crystal Palace. It's the sort of stuff you can listen to forever although there is far too much variety and often before you settle down completely into a hypnotic trance, you are wrenched away on a different trip. Five minutes of the Dance of the Priests with the priests wielding an incredible booming drum called a koboro and the congregation all tinkling away with a thing called a sistrum is scarcely enough. Five hours would have been better. Of the three records I preferred the Eritrean. But they are all far out. Get smashed and get into them.

Jim Anderson.

THE WHO Live At Leeds *Track*

Here it is. It's the best thing the Who have done, to my mind, and the best thing they *could* have done to follow up 'Tommy'.

All the numbers performed on this album are, in a sense, 'old', either self-penned favourites like 'Substitute' and 'Magic Bus', or evergreen rock standards like 'Shakin All Over' and 'Summertime Blues'. But it doesn't matter. Age cannot wither nor custom stale etc. I'm reminded of the time Jimi Hendrix guested on Lulu's television show (it happened! I swear it!). He began with 'Hey Joe!'. He'd obviously been asked to perform the song that 'made him famous'. You could see he wasn't happy. After the first few bars he stopped in disgust, said "We don't want to play this," and soared away into 'Voodoo Chile'. 'Hey Joe!' had gone stale on Hendrix and it had gone stale because he only had one way to play it. The Who, on the other hand, don't mind playing their old numbers. They delight in it. The old familiar framework of a particular song acts as a jumping off point for improvisation. Cream used to operate in much the same manner, but the Who, being more eclectic, score over them (as this album scores over its nearest rival in the field, the live set included on the Cream's 'Wheel of Fire' album) in having a far greater range of sounds and rhythms and musical textures at their disposal. So, 'My Generation' (a fourteen minute track on side two) fragments after the first few minutes to become a broad musical statement extending across the entire Who *oeuvre*. And if you think that's a heavy sentence, just listen to the music.

It's sad to think that there are actually people who could listen to a record like 'The Who. . . Live at Leeds' and remain relatively unmoved, neither hating it beyond a mild annoyance, nor loving it with any wilder emotion than a mild pleasure. But they exist. I know it and you know it. It's sad because as long as they exist, there's going to be no real basis for communication between the Democratic Establishment and . . . (you fill in the blank yourselves with whatever label appeals to you, 'the underground', 'hippies', 'the young', 'the skinheads' (so they hate the Who. . . at least they *feel*). And as long as it exists, this silent and indifferent majority, there can be no 'sane' revolution, no revolution of reason, no revolution other than a violent and bloody one, which doesn't change minds but merely straitjackets them (and we all know that the straitjacket and the padded cell is no real cure for the insane).

What, then? They exist; we can't destroy them. They have fixed ideas; we can't change them. The Who (among others) have the answer. The Who (among others) catch 'em young and let them know there's a choice, an alternative, to educate (but not indoctrinate) them with acid and shit and dirty words and rock and roll (as well as the Bible and Beethoven). The Who's 'My Generation' is the best battle hymn for the revolution (for this kind of revolution, anyway) that I've ever heard. 'Just talkin about my generation.' Yes indeed. 'Why don't you all fade away.' Yes *indeed.*

Graham Charnock

THE ROLLING STONES *Decca*

This is an excellent debut album by a fine young Richmond-based r-and-b group, and it's an encouraging sign for British pop as a whole. The boys in the group are all talented musicians, and I wouldn't be surprised to see them blossom out into one of our top acts. Lead singer Mick Jagger has a very unusual voice, admirably suited to the raucous material that the lads perform. Their numbers are mostly taken from the repertoires of leading Negro r-and-b singers like Chuck Berry Bo Didley and Muddy Waters, and it's all the most exciting stuff. Some of the words are rather suggestive, particularly 'I Just Wanna Make Love To You', but it's all good to dance to.

This L.P. may well catch on, and I would be delighted to see it in the charts, but whether it represents a real challenge to more established artists like Billy J. Kramer, it'd be difficult to say at this stage. Discerning record buyers should not be put off by the lads' weird appearance, which I sincerely hope they will outgrow. By the way, girls, on 'Little By Little' (which was the flip of the group's chart biggie, 'Let's Fade Away') that's GENE PITNEY on piano!!

Moira Hollyhock

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LIBERATION COME!

I am liberating the women, people. I am liberating the women of Our World.

Glurrrrk

I will spin them across ergon space. Along the ergon trails blazed by the female greats. The great hearts of the great girls of our hit and miss century.

I shall let them speak, in tongues. I shall call their generous souls from the charnel houses and let them squeak and gibber in the streets. Their breath will mix with the vapour of the stars.

Pola, Catherine, Marilyn, Nell, Jean. All these martyrs, these phosphorescent generosities are the seed to sow the crop, to blossom in the fields. The flowers will seed, the seed will mature in the atmosphere of the sun. Ripening, it will detach itself from the stem. And then, lifting itself aloft on the wings of my evangelism, be borne into the light.

Ssssssfffffffzzzzzz. . . . . .t.

O James, my generator. You gave to us the knowledge of the meandering maidenhood of Molly. And poor, flowery Jean, lost in your travels in the shades. Protean, yearning, unfolding, shrinking.

Am I a pack of cards? A deck awash with magic. A kind of angel?

Look through the mirror. Observe the shadow images. See the Cezanne miracle of time. Disperse the cells into patterns of untight energies. Decentralise. Soak and bathe in the soul of woman.

Be quiet. Be still. Sense the tintinnabulations

Woman. You want to give yourself to man and yet still live your dream. To fulfill and remain whole. Paint, without the four-sided logic of the frame. To form elements into articulations. Into beings that become, that ingest and egest and digest regurgitate, all-replenishing.

I shall distill a distillation.

Deezzzeeezub. . .deezeezub. . . deezzzeeezee.

I shall disband the constricting rings of tension. You will give, and remain whole. All things will decay and not die. Re-forming in compound paradoxes. Woman.

Woman! The distillation will come from your dreams. The Dreaming is your living, lovelies. I would not have one perfumed drop of sweat, not one particle of matter emptying from your sweet bowels, not one suggestion from your heart be lost. These things shall meet their opposites and re-form.

I would not pollute your streams or exhaust your soils, foul your air or destroy your seed.

Bbbbbbbbbbllllllaaaaaapppppppppphhhhhhhhhh.

When you hold out your arms I will fill the cradled space with being, with man.

How will I organise this great liberation? I answer with another question. How can woman be free if man does not understand her? If he withholds himself in his separateness? Man divides the kingdom of love and rules over an empty Heaven.

Does a positive ion rule over a negative ion? Which is the greater? Can hydrogen and oxygen be separately called a molecule of water? Can we swim in a sea of divided ions?

So I must distil from woman. From her juices I shall make unguents. From her breath, from her dreams.

Zipzapzipzap zapzapzip.

I must take the precious ions of your generosity and let you disseminate them among countless men.

Zonk trrrrr zonk trrrrrrrr.

You, woman, you. Yes even you my little lovely. Your eyes, your lovely receptive orbs. Your slidings and your zippings. You are three, you are thirteen? You are twenty, you are seventy-two? You are female you are girrrrrrrl, you are woman woman woman wo-man o o woom.

Whoooooooooommmmmmmmmm. . . . . .n. .n. . .n. . . .

She, she. Woman. She must believe in our great need to liberate her. She must not draw back.

Zonk zonk zonk zonk k k k k k

She must writhe in Michaelangeloean struggles with her disbelief. She must meet us freely. She must possess us all. She must learn our style and our plans. Our great and unclouded project for her.

But me. And me. Am I hideous? Do my warts and wens threaten your dreams my love? Does my small face miss your searching glance?

Is your miracle-hope dream of feu, mad, loco, tall handsome, image of distorted love man-image bringing you nothing?

Here is the distillation of man. Take the zonk zonk potion girl zat zat zat zat. GIVE. . . . . .ME . . . . . .YOUR BODIES. Pzzzzirrrr. Take the. . .zonk. . .potion. Take it, quick, from my writhing labours. Chemical, energy distillation! Quick oquick o quick o o o o

Zzzzzzzzzoooooooooeeeeeeeeeyyyyyyyyyyield!

Yes yield yield yes. Yes yes yes yes yes Yield YIELD DD D D Dup dup duh duh duh duh duh dupdupdupdupdoooooooooP.

Kerry Rolfe

SEXUAL POLITICS

A Manifesto for Revolution
by Kate Millet

Kate Millet is a professor at Barnard College and an important feminist theorist whose first book, *Sexual Politics*, is scheduled for publication by Doubleday in May, 1970. (Advance publication incuded chapters on Mailer, Miller, and Genet, in *The New American Review No. 7* (Signet); "Sexual Politics," a movement pamphlet put out by New England Free Press (791 Tremont St., Boston, Massachusetts); and "Theory of Sexual Politics," revised, in Donald Barthelme's new literary-political review, *X* (Winter, 1970).) The following manifesto was written in the winter of 1968 in connection with the organization of the first Columbia University women's liberation group. *The Columbia Spectator* — and the Columbia radio station as well — took one look and refused to have anything more to do with it, despite the fact that it was written by a faculty member to whom they had promised the space and time. However, even without this publicity seventy women showed up for the first meeting. Columbia-Barnard women's liberation is now one of the strongest in the city of New York. Among other activities they have prepared a detailed report on discrimination in the faculty of the university — hearing are now in process — and on Valentines Day, 1970, they held a successful feminist teach-in on campus, to which the public was invited.

When one group rules another, the relationship between the two is political. When such an arrangement is carried out over a long period of time it develops an ideology (feudalism, racism, etc.). All historical civilizations are patriarchies: their ideology is male supremacy.

Oppressed groups are denied education, economic independence, the power of office representation, an image of dignity and self-respect, equality of status, and recognition as human beings. Throughout history women have been consistently denied all of these, and their denial today, while attenuated and partial, is nevertheless consistent. The education allowed them is deliberately designed to be inferior, and they are systematically programmed out of and excluded from the knowledge where power lies today — e.g., in science and technology. They are confined to conditions of economic dependence based on the sale of their sexuality in marriage, or a variety of prostitutions. Work on a basis of economic independence allows them only a subsistence level of life — often not even that. They do not hold office, are represented in no positions of power, and authority is forbidden them. The image of woman fostered by cultural media, high and low, then and now, is a marginal and demeaning existence, and one outside the human condition — which is defined as the prerogative of man, the male.

Government is upheld by power, which is suppported through consent (social opinion), or imposed by violence. Conditioning to an ideology amounts to the former. But there may be a resort to the latter at any moment when consent is withdrawn — rape, attack, sequestration, beatings, murder. Sexual politics obtains consent through the "socialization" of both sexes to patriarchial policies. They consist of the following:

1) the formation of human personality along stereotyped lines of sexual category, based on the needs and values of the master class and dictated by what he would cherish in himself and find convenient in an underclass: aggression, intellectuality, force and efficiency for the male; passivity, ignorance, docility, "virtue", and ineffectuality for the female.

2) the concept of sex role, which assigns domestic service and attendance upon infants to all females and the rest of human interest, achievement and ambition to the male: the charge of leader at all times and places to the male, and the duty of follower, with equal uniformity, to the female.

3) the imposition of male rule through institutions: patriarchal religion, the proprietary family, marriage. "The Home," masculine oriented culture, and a pervasive doctrine of male superiority.

A Sexual Revolution would bring about the following conditions, desirable upon rational, moral and humanistic grounds:

1) the end of sexual repression — freedom of expression and of sexual mores (sexual freedom has been partially attained, but it is now being subverted beyond freedom into exploitative license for patriarchal and reactionary ends).

2) Unisex, or the end of separatist character structure, temperament and behaviour, so that each individual may develop an entire —rather than a partial, limited, and conformist—personality.

3) re-examination of traits categorized into "masculine" and "feminine," with a total reassessment as to their human usefulness and advisability in both sexes. Thus if "masculine" violence is undesirable, it is so for both sexes, "feminine" dumbcow passivity likewise. If "masculine" intelligence or efficiency is valuable, it is so for both sexes equally, and the same must be true for "feminine" tenderness or consideration.

4) the end of sex role and sex status, the patriarchy and the male supremacist ethic, attitude and ideology — in all areas of endeavour, experience, and behaviour.

5) the end of the ancient oppression of the young under the patriarchal proprietary family, their chattel status, the attainment of the human rights presently denied them, the professionalization and therefore improvement of their care, and the guarantee that when tey enter the world, they are desired, planned for, and provided with equal opportunities.

6) Bisex, or the end of enforced perverse heterosexuality, so that the sex act ceases to be arbitrarily polarized into male and female, to the exclusion of sexual expression between members of the same sex.

7) the end of sexuality in the forms in which it has existed historically — brutality, violence, capitalism, exploitation, and warfare — that it may cease to be hatred and become love.

8) the attainment of the female sex to freedom and full human status after millenia of deprivation and oppression, and of both sexes to a viable humanity.

EAST VILLAGE OTHER/U.P.S. (THANKS AGAIN EVO!)

TOP TEMPS

Because of our stupid education system governed by people who think they are perceptive enough to tell you what the next best step after school is, lots of people take the wrong step and several years later are untrained to try and get into something else. My headmistress talked me out of art school because my art attempts were pretty lousy even though I enjoyed playing with paints, and kept mumbling about a 'SECRETARIAL' COURSE BEING THE GATEWAY TO EVERY CAREER'. Bollocks. But being under parental control and living at home etc. I said O.K. and went and enrolled. I was the first to quit the course. But now when I want some bread fast I can go and work as a TEMP SEC in all the crappy offices in London. I've done this peculiar temporary work for three weeks and I've got one more to go until the rent is paid.

Anyone wishing to join the funeral march should join me as a Temporary. So far, I've been to an Insurance Company, where I was surrounded by thousands of men hunched over policies for cameras, a building society where young twits were being trained to become old twits, and a big company where little old men are employed to give you fires when the below-zero offices get cold and tell you not to interrupt when you ask a question and all the capitalist cunts have business lunches every day to 'thrash things out' about their factories and works up North.

Most of my time is spent trying not to do anything at all which means spending hours in the stone-walled loos crapping until my bowels are vacuous or reading the calendar and fire instructions. In some places where I'm allowed to make 'personal phone calls', the moment I do, some cunt comes along and thrusts a note under my nose saying DICTATION PLEASE and then tells me off for wasting the company's goddamned money on the telephone. Most of the men working in these institutions are very hung-up on their jobs and they talk about memos and estimates with tenderness and love in their hearts. Some of them even wear bow ties to the office and carry brief-cases filled with 2 newspapers and sandwiches made by their loving Orpington wives. They are all megalomaniacs. They are all cunts.

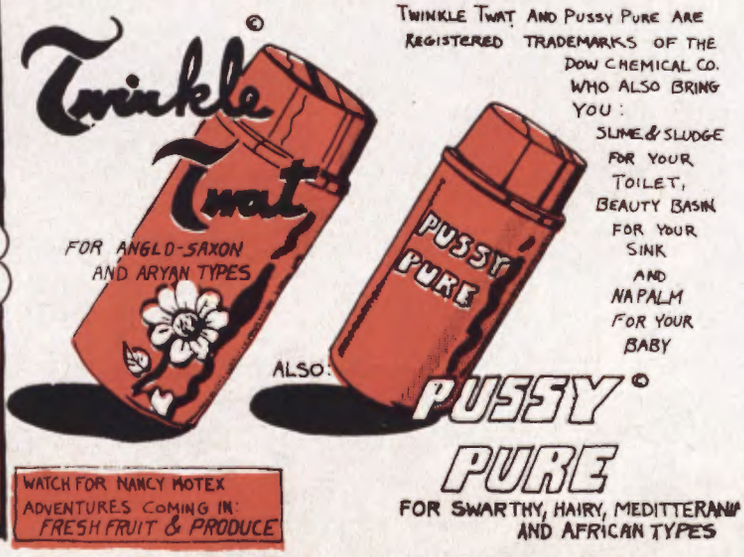
Being a temp. means that not only do you have to type and put hieroglyphics into a spiral bound note-pad, but you also have to dial telephone numbers for the man 'under' whom you are working because he is too lazy to dial them himself. You have to get his cigarettes, get his coffee, get his tea, and answer the phone for the same reason. You have to say yes when he asks you to do something, be polite and smile at the people who come in to see the sod, and become completely enslaved to an arse-licking fool who thinks he's the deity of industry. The best types are the ones who spell out words to you because they think you're not as intelligent as them.

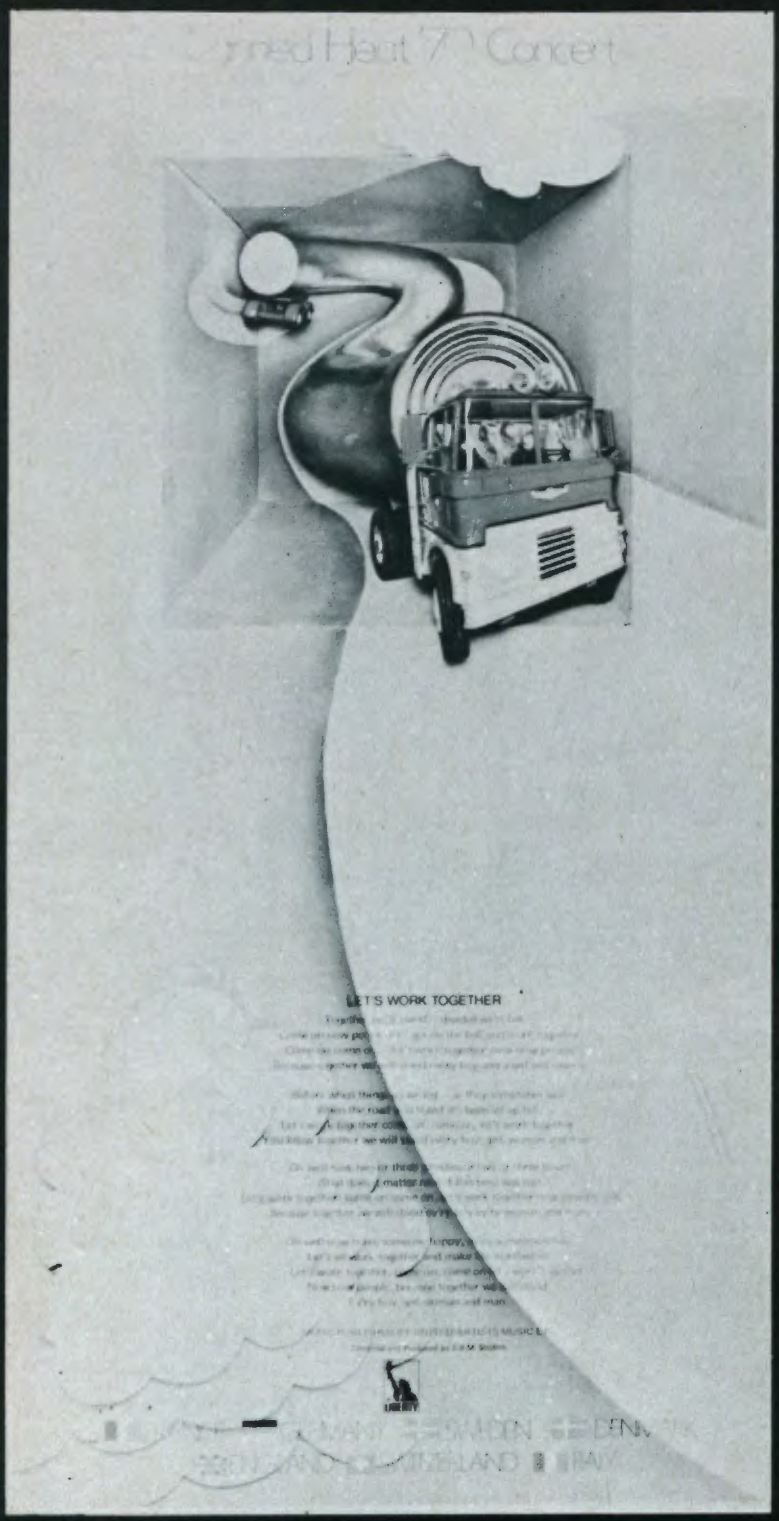
You have to put on clothes which are office-like to get the job (to get the bread, to pay the rent) and keep it for a bit. Some institutions don't mind trousers 'as long as they're not way-out'; They mean velvet. Black crepe or navy jersey is smart Long dresses would be classified obscene or hippy. So not only are you in the schizoid position of looking like something you're not but you also have to push a typewriter all day, do things which you KNOW are the epitome of futility, come in at the right time and wake up each morning at the right time with a great lump of depression in your stomach at the thought of going there again. Each job I go to I make charts of how many hours until I can escape, with a breakdown into half hours, and even minutes. 720 minutes left until I leave this place tomorrow.

A man (with a bow tie, no briefcase) just came in and scrutinized a letter I'd typed for him. He tried to make me do it again because I had put an 'a' instead of an 'o' in his name. He wouldn't change it himself with a pencil, lazy fucker, and I wouldn't retype it. I offered to put the letter back in the typewriter and change it which he finally consented to 'if I did it neatly' but he was still a bit cross because I'd left out a comma. . . . .

Like the ads say, being a temp is groovy;

Wendy Silverman





A brand new album~featuring 'Let's work together'

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LIBERTY

SUGAR AND SPICE

Women ARE different from men! Today a large chunk of the populace seems set on minimising these differences, on proclaiming the cult of Unisex. Adherence to such a philosophy, will only court disaster; though possibly of a rather unexpected kind.

Please don't jump to conclusions! I m all in favour of women's rights. I've benefited from them myself. But the equality has allowed me to enjoy myself as a woman not as some sort of second-rate man.

Women are not inferior. Of course not. They are stronger. So it is up to us to see that the male underdog should be protected as much as possible - in true Anglo-Saxon spirit. After all, we all love him very much!

In another cultural environment, would the men ever be able to face the true facts about themselves? Perhaps. After all matriarchal societies did exist in the beginning and were supposedly much safer, peaceful places till the male egoists used their superior physical strength to take over.

But our whole scale of values would have to be turned upside-down. In the past we must remember, men could always preen themselves in the sure knowledge that when it came to the crunch they could always win on sheer muscle power. They never realised that their wits were somewhat lacking. Today, society cares little for men's physcial strength. Soon, maybe, brawn will have no more significance than a peacock's tail. In such circumstances letting the male understand the full nature of his status will cause far-reaching emotional disturbances. The so-called position of second-class citizen is easy to bear for womankind: she knows it represents a sham. Even at the risk of intellectual dishonesty, can we really afford to tell them the truth?

All this serves merely to emphasise the differences between the sexes. Not only are they apparent among human beings but the same qualities are also present in female mammals. I cannot vouch for every species, but certainly a great many females—especially the older ones—exhibit a cunning, a canniness, quite unknown among the males. They do not rely on brute strength, or mere speed, but their native wits to get them out of a sticky situation. And statistically more females than males are, as a result, able to evade real trouble. Hardly a surprising quality when one considers the difficulties the females must experience at times in their efforts to protect their vulnerable offspring.

The exact mechanism of this variation is not clear. But there is a lot of evidence now available which demonstrates the minute differences in the character of the male and female brain waves.

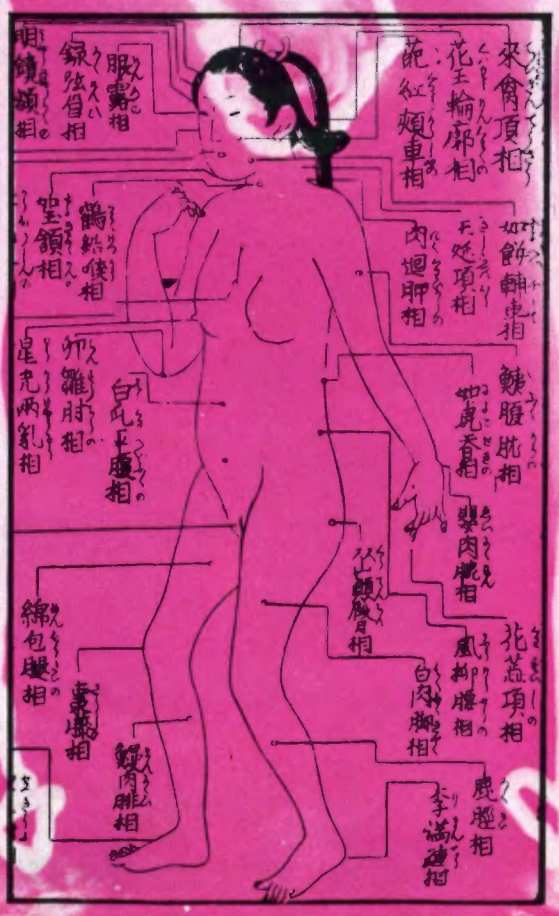
Scientists have been able to prove that subtle differences exist between the male and female brain, which can be altered to some extent if the hormones characteristic of the opposite sex are allowed to exert undue influence at a crucial stage during pregnancy. Animal experiments made on guinea-pigs or on rats establish that the sex behaviour of the adult animal is dependent on hormonal influences on the nervous system. A number of reciprocal influences between the nervous structures and the sex hormones have been discovered and it now appears that—again in the animal kingdom at least—the way the individual behaves is dependent on the brain's sexual configuration.

Among humans of course the picture is far more complicated considering the number of social cultural and environmental factors at work but logically a connection must exist.

The part of the brain which represents the seat of these relationships is the hypothalamus. It transmits messages and feelings from the brain proper to the pituitary 'master' gland which in turn gives order to all the body's important powerhouses, the sex organs—ovary and testis—among them. The hypothalamus is the place where mind and body meet and through it a connection between the emotions and sexual behaviour is achieved. Further evidence is shown in the fact that this vital part of the organism is involved in female orgasm. A special hormone, oxytocin, which incidentally helps the flow of milk as well, has to put in an appearance before the final climax with its muscular contractions can occur. It is obvious that the mechanism of attaining orgasm and the emotional responses to it are quite different in men and women. There is no oxytocin in men and male orgasm can take place without such direct nervous cooperation. In women the emotions always brought into play. Presumably, this means that the female can exert much greater control over her actions.

Similarly—in a society where continence has been very much stressed in the past—a regular flow of the hormone oxytocin has not been encouraged. For this reason the first female orgasm could be difficult to attain unless a healthy pattern is established soon after puberty. It should be a fairly straightforward process once the chain of events is properly established. This, however, remains as yet in the realms of speculation but there is no doubt that there must be tremendous individual variation. This may explain why some women go through their whole lives never quite achieving a true orgasm. It would be interesting to see whether or not there is any link between the ability to reach orgasm and the efficiency of the mother whilst breast feeding (because the same hormone, as I state above seems to be involved in both processes.

The brain (again the hypothalamus) is involved in the pursuit, not only of sexual pleasure, but pleasure of any kind. Recent research has shown that the sex hormones acting through this part of the nervous system influence the time and effort that we put into seeking gratification. And apparently it's not our personalities as such that influence us but the amount of these chemicals in our blood. We can change around with the levels and so change our motivations. Again, the work has been done on mammals and human actions have been obscured by external forces. Nevertheless, the trends are doubtless there underneath society's superficialities.



The Female basic libido should change according to the time of the month. The sudden appearance of the hormone progesterone (one of the basic female sex hormones and a constituent of the pill) at the middle of the month around ovulation time represents the peak of desire, theoretically at least. Thereafter the continuing presence of this substance has a damping down effect. The other female hormone oestrogen always tends to have an inhibiting effect. When both are suddenly removed just at the start of the period (the same happens when she comes off her course of pills, I presume) her interest in sex takes another upward leap! an observation borne out by so many women in practice.

The male hormone is definitely, at all times, a booster of the libido. It is interesting to note that the knowledge that hairy "masculine" women are hot forms part of the medical students' folklore: now it is substantiated by scientific fact.

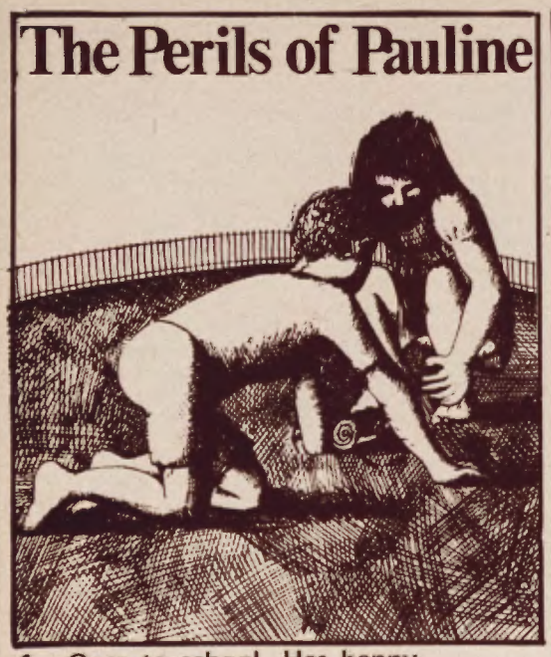
The implications of this sort of information on the war of the sexes is great. After all, sexual behaviour and the seeking of pleasing stimuli generally is such an integral part of our existence. Our very idea of joy and fulfillment and the meaning of life is involved. If the sex hormones can influence the way we react to pain and pleasure, through that important bridging structure in the brain known as the hypothalamus, then the differences between the sexes and their basic motivations are very considerable. This suggests that any attempt to set up a Sex Relations Board will be doomed to failure. What we need is more cooperation not competition. It is easier to be a woman, which means we have fewer sexual hangups. This should mean we have fewer problems—probably we would, if we didn't manage to create "role" difficulties for ourselves. Certainly we don't have to sweat at trying to prove our femaleness—we just know what we are. There is nothing comparable among females to the aggressive display of masculinity. The reason for this most likely stems from one single scientific fact. We are the "natural" sex. All female mammals have two similar X chromosomes, while the males have to put up with a disproportionate pair. In birds it is the other way round so explaining many of their rather perverse opposite sexual characteristics. It will come as a shock to most men to realise that they, too, once had a womb. Every human foetus starts off as a female with a uterus and rather primitive external genitalia. The true female of the species then goes on to perfect what she has already got. The male, on the other hand has a lot of straightening out to do: first of all the womb and tubes wither and disappear and then his own masculine apparatus can develop. Small wonder that there is more opportunity in his case for things to go wrong!

The female body, represents the basic and if anything goes wrong in the process of development nature reverts to that form. A mistake during pregnancy and a "feminised" male is born. To achieve true maleness, nature has to struggle to impose something extra onto this elemental blueprint. That is why boys are so much weaker, so much more likely to die at every stage of their existence. This departure from the simple form obviously represents some sort of strain on the structure as a whole, and having got there, men seem to have to prove it—to show that they have succeeded in this most difficult feat! Just as the female body works more efficiently, it is not surprising that her mind is pretty much on the ball: when she bothers to use it.

The greatest hazard to academic honours in the female is probably her own disinterest or one could put it down to vanity. How often does the pretty, clever girl fail her exams because she's more concerned with the attention she gets from the opposite sex? Without a qualm she lets the boys divert her thoughts away from her books. No wonder so many people think that beauty and brains don't mix!

Christine Pickard

The Perils of Pauline



1. Goes to school. Has happy time playing with little boys.

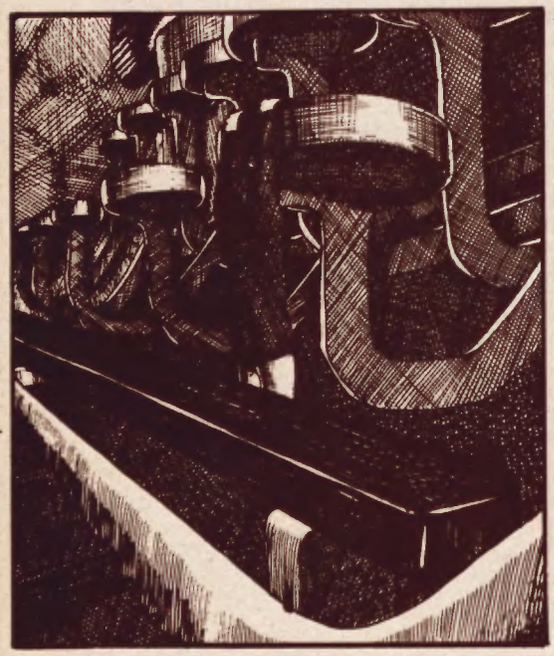
2. Masturbates a lot. Goes to Comprehensive school.

3. Gets 'O' levels and tits.

4. Gets 'A' levels, pimples and fat.

5. Can't think of anything to do. Enrols in Arts Faculty at University.

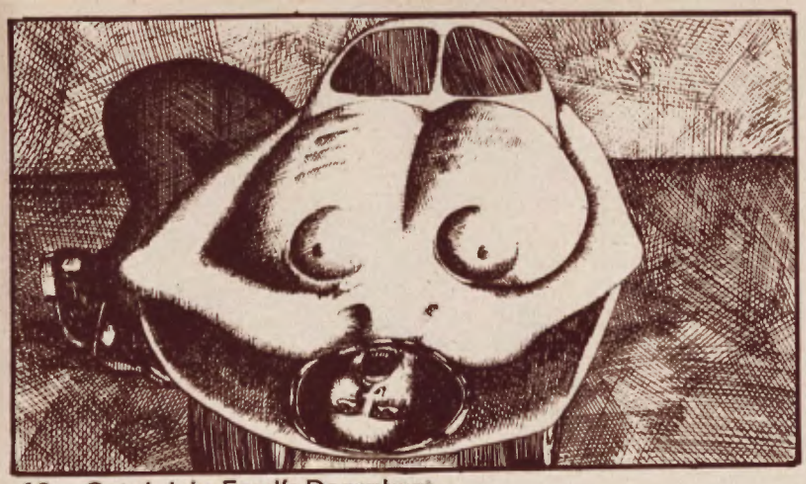
6. Graduates with 2.2. Discovers there are no jobs. Enrols at Secretarial school.



7. Total disaster. Enrols at a Teacher's Training College.

8. Discovers teaching is a depressed profession so gets pregnant.

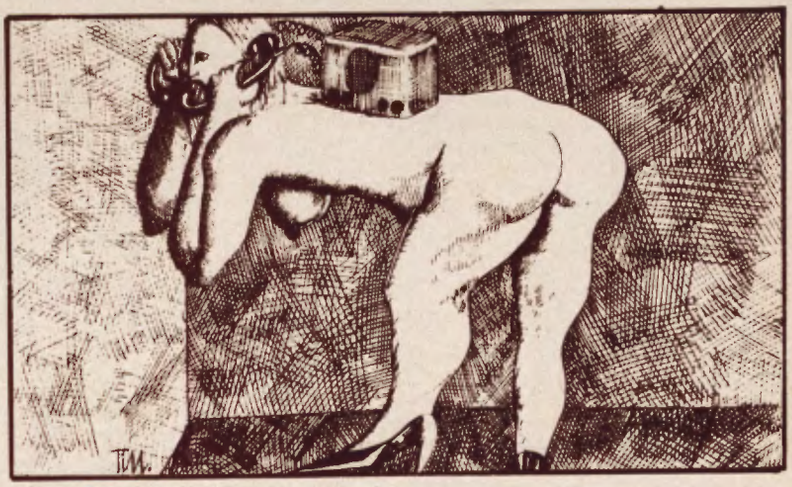
9. Gets married.



10. Gets job in Ford's Dagenham plant.

11. Always feels tired. Husband gets very bored.

12. Discovers Sanatogen, Asprin, Phensic.



13. Gets telephone call from Jimmy Young.

THIRD EAR BAND

Their second album on Harvest: SHVL 773

Midsi[illegible] the spirit with [illegible] which belongs to witches and [illegible] sorcerers, it also takes away the spirit alerness which [illegible] those melan[illegible]c sectarians who think they see a heaven, and the god therein. All these are diseases of the brain and of reason.

Theophrastus Bombastus Von Hohenheim called Paracelsus 1490-1541.

The Sun Wheel Ceremony with the Third Ear Band Royal Festival Hall, June 24th.

HARVEST

E.M.I Records (The Gramophone Co. Ltd.) E.M.I House, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES

female: it is dealt with by the one who does it best, does not have energy channelled elsewhere, WANTS to do it. . .If i have something to put together, or if there's a member of our family who needs help that perhaps I can give better than another, then some-one else will chop the vegetables, bath the kids, answer the telephone, wash up from last night's invasion. . .If my old man wants out on his bike with the Angels or to piss off and get stoned in Ibiza then I'll do the bills and all that shit because there just isn't such a thing anymore as that's the 'man's job' or 'that's the womanly thing to do' It isn't only the cats who earn bread for the family either, how could it be? We all do. And when I talk about family I don't only mean blood family I mean the one that has outposts from here to California crossing Spain and Africa and India on the way, and all the parts are interchangeable. In order for this to happen it's necessary not to confuse the role of receptive with that of being dominated. Receptivity means acceptance, not submission, and applies equally to men and women. The change will come about through love, not violence, and love should be touching not holding, people captivated, never held captive. It should be like butterfly wings brushing in the sky, neither imprisoned, neither dominant, and the spiritual-physical union reflected on every level of existence.

Perhaps in our lifetime we'll see the barriers fall faster than they are falling now, and we will see no dividing lines: no segregation in schools or offices, factories, universities, parliaments or palaces. . .kings will be queens and we'll all join hands to dance in the fairies' magic circle.

I can see no way short of dosing the whole world with acid of making it happen faster than if all of us cross our distended pupils in the cyclops stare and meditate upon becoming our opposite so that conflict is absorbed and the vision of universal peace made concrete at least in our immediate environment.

It stands to reason that instead of marching to Downing Street with bared cunts we should begin where it's always begun – in bed!

(continued from Page 11)

While it is true that male-female relationships in our society are perverted, it is not a revolutionary solution to eschew all such contact. Although it may be argued that the reproduction of female sexuality coincides historically with the development of capitalism, it does not therefore follow that female sexuality can only be reconstructed when capitalism is defeated and the proletariat dictates. What is certain however, is that the patriarchal state could never survive the re-conquest by women of their own sexuality. The patriarchal family structure, the outward expression of the conjugal missionary position, would not survive the advent of self-regulating pleasure–seeking femaleness. It is only by reinstating genuine potency in themselves, that women can avoid falling into the sterile perversion of male sexuality which is violence. Violence confuses aggression with power. Cuntpower is the only form of power yet devised which can avoid this arid syndrome.

Know the male
But keep to the role of the female
And be a ravine to the empire.
If you are a ravine to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will not desert you
And you will again return to being a babe.
Know the white
But keep to the role of the black
And be a model to the empire.
If you are a model to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will not be wanting
And you will return to the infinite.
Know honour
But keep to the role of the disgraced
And be a valley to the empire,
If you are a valley to the empire,
Then the constant virtue will be sufficient
And you will return to being the uncarved block.

Lao Tzu
Tao Te Ching

E.M.I Records (The Gramophone Co. Ltd.) E.M.I House, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES

What a man's best girl won't tell him.

You know what it is.
But maybe you think you haven't the problem. Perhaps you don't. But it's surprising how many men do.

Genital odour is a common problem. When you are at work. When you're tired. Nervous. When the day is hot. When the nights heat up. Any time. Because you're a man.

So, wouldn't it be nicer, more considerate to make sure you stay fresh in every way all day?

All it takes is a second and Altamont. The gentle, lightly scented, instantly dry masculine deodorant spray.

We only mention it to you, because we wouldn't want anyone else to.

Would you?

CONVERSATIONS WITH ANAIS NIN

Jim Anderson

I first heard of Anais Nin in Tangier a couple of years ago. One of the spaced out heads slumped day after day in the Petit Socco always carried round a copy of Volume One of her Journals and one day became very excited because someone in the States had sent him a book of hers called Collages. He was also into those tired old numbers Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller and I couldn't get a hard on at all. However many months and many acid trips later, Anais Nin, her journals, her dreams and her explorations of the sub-conscious have suddenly become interesting and at the moment she is one of the few literary figures of the pre-beat era who makes it with the students, the hippies and the alienated young. She was in London last month promoting the third volume of her Journals for Peter Owen and I went along to talk to her accompanied by that Underground celebrity Suzy Cream-cheese, once to be seen freaking out at every London happening or musical event, now in a more graceful retirement. Anais Nin turned out to be a fragile little old lady, delicately preserved, exquisitely groomed, totally feminine, with a faraway voice and a wayward manner with the English language. A properly emancipated woman who has always had sufficient intelligence humanity and common sense to avoid the sort of indignities at present being encountered by America's current arch-women's liberator/male castrater, Ti-Grace Atkinson, whose terrifying intellectual dip into the reasons why men are unnecessary except as masturbators intovats of the local sperm bank. appears elsewhere. What follows are a few extracts from the long fascinating conversation we (and a young man from Cambridge University whose name has escaped me) had with her. . .

WOMEN AND LIBERATION

How do you feel about the current rash of militant women's organisations in the States?

I'm not militant. I believe that liberation comes from within. We have to achieve it for ourselves, independently, each woman differently. You can't blame society for what happens to you and you can't blame men for our not being liberated. Some men helped my liberation, some did not. Men are just as trapped, and humanistically we both have the same problems. I am not going to go to war with men. Each woman must work it out with herself first, and then with her husband or lover. I would never join any woman's organisation.

Do you think they achieve anything by being so aggressive?

It's always the same problem. Do we achieve things by bloody revolution or by evolution? They have justification but so does everybody. I think they can achieve what they want in other ways. I'm a pacifist. I love the differences between men and women. The polarity is needed.

You don't think that women are right when they argue that right from the cradle they are put by man into a false and inferior position?

I think that is a very one-sided point of view. Woman has found her own realm and her own way of dominating where she wants to. Look at some families.

You think there is an equalising factor in society?

The liberation of women is coming about gradually. In my diaries I have showed the difficulties I had when I tried to publish a book on D.H. Lawrence. I was told I would disgrace my family. Spanish fathers argue that a woman should not do anything at all. But things like that you overcome organically and slowly and I think a woman can do this just by being good at whatever she does. Finally she will win out. Reich said he knew nothing of women's psychology because all psychologists were men, which was once true. This situation can be reversed without going to such extremes as denying womanhood or denying the role of a man. I'm not really very interested in the emergence of an un-sexual world. I love the duels and interplay on a non-hostile basis, that occur between men and women. A woman doesn't rationalise. She knows that she feels intuitively. There would be no spark between man and woman if they were the same.

DRUGS and DREAMS

You relate the most amazing dreams in your diaries. Are you interested in drugs at all?

I have experienced with LSD. With Huxley once to see if I had missed anything, because I believe in experiencing everything and I found out that it was the same world that I go into when I write. But a drug kills the creative will, makes one passive and I want not only to see the vision but be able to think and use it. You should be able to enter that drugged dream world without the drug. Because to make an effort to enter this world makes you stronger, to enter it by means of a drug makes you weaker.

Your dream world is very beautiful but many people are quite incapable of experiencing such a world without a drug.

Maybe they should try meditation. In Paris we used to eat cheese before going to bed. But acid puts your will to sleep. Puts your waking life to sleep. There was a terrible lack of vision in America when I was young, but today the young have vision and they have it without drugs. I think that in America the problem is different to here. People are so unstable there. They live in a sort of anarchic desert and when the drugs hit them they cannot keep things together. We Europeans have something to begin with, a tradition to fall back on. When I took acid it did not make me fall apart

It was a confirmation more than anything else?

Yes, the dreaming was the same as my writing.

What is the relationship between your novels and dreams? Do you see the novel as a description of a manifest dream content?

Yes. What I have done is take the basis of psychoanalysis, the acceptance of free association and the dream as the key to everything. My novels usually begin with a dream, explained, fulfilled or lived out. The quest is, what does it mean, how does it orient the life. I think I did it best in Seduction which opens up with a dream where she is trying to push her ships where there is no water and the whole journey becomes a seeking of harmony between the conscious and the unconscious. I try not to explain the dream but live it out and by the end the meaning should be clear. It inspired me with the structure of the novel but it did have free association and by free association you make the journey inward as well as outward. . .connect the two.

How do you react to the way that James Joyce uses free association?

Oh wonderful.

But the thing I didn't want was the one dimensional novel that was being written in America so much—all surface action never going

down and into . . .Fitzgerald had a meaning which mirrored his time but after that came a photographic sort of naturalistic thing which I didn't like. Very now, very prosaic, very dead and limited and this the young reacted against. I couldn't really name anyone off hand but they were very oppressive. Not lyrical or sensuous. You couldn't fly with them. Couldn't even move. I think the change came out of desperation. The explosion when nature can't take the nowness any more and blows up. The young began to ferment. To help this they use artificial means. I cannot condemn the use of drugs because so many of them need it to get off the ground. They were really grounded–in naturalism from which they were made to feel there was no escape. If you wanted to escape you were branded as an escapist. If you were an artist, you were escaping from responsibilities even though all that the young were doing was getting away from all the false values imposed upon them. From the duties. Earn your living, do it this way, be like your father and so on. Suddenly they blew up.

Should literature be an incentive to rebellion?

I think literature should be everything. If it denies any experience it doesn't prepare us for life. It does not have a duty to teach us about life but if we are trapped in some small life, it is often the only way we can expand our consciousness and learn about another way of existence. At least maybe that's what it did for me.

How do you react when revolt gets to the point of violence in the streets?

We all get disturbed when it gets violent, ugly and terrible, but on the other hand–I can't answer that, for we all wish that revolution could be made without bloodshed, but it never has been, has it?

STUDENTS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

AN: Young people in America find it difficult to escape from the terrible environment they find themselves in.

Suzy Creamcheese: They are not going to escape.

Well they do leave. And at 16 they go off with packs on their backs and go all over America. The students and I have a very close bond. You must be sad to see the things that are happening in the States Miss Creamcheese?

SC: Yes. It really upsets me when I read about it because really it's happening to me too. I'd rather not know anything about it and I tell people whenever I can to get out because I don't think anything that is happening in America is going to be changed by the students. They are just going to get wiped out.

But some of the things they do really work. They are really getting the President uncomfortable. Lots of little victories–the stopping of the oil companies polluting the coast off Santa Barbara and things like that. There are so many battles they are winning these days.

SC: What the students are doing is making the eventual destruction of American society come faster, but they are not going to stop it. The society is killing itself and it is not necessary to fight it.

But what the students are doing is useful because it makes people aware that there are others not in agreement with the system. We were never aware in France before the war what was happening in Germany. Now we have all the news–if people are marching against this or that we know of it.

I am not pessimistic because I see the effectiveness of a lot of the things which have been done. You should be back there.

SC: I have a brother and sister there but I won't be going back.

Just breaking the conventions has a terrible effect on the State. Children condemning their parents for example is a very political thing. Turning against them. That helps. The son of one of my publishers won't even have lunch with his father because he doesn't like the way he earns his money. There he is in his top floor apartment with his terrific paintings and so on and his son despises him. That's where the revolution hurts. Within the very family there is revolution. They hate their parents but they love each other.

There seems to be a much more sympathetic mood for your writing at the moment.

Always from the 1940's it was the students who have read me and these are the people who now are the young professors at the colleges. My third diary has been called the diary of prophecy because so many of the criticisms I made of America have since come true. I think in the mind of the young I have always had this affinity with the one who is against convention. I am always supporting the rebels with not quite enough courage to be one myself. I connect with the young today because they are the rebels. They are trying to create their own values. For example, they have a student lecture bureau and they invite writers to the campuses. Often these people are political and controversial. The faculties don't want this. They say it is impossible to evaluate the writing of someone still living because his ideas are still fluctuating. It is so absurd. The students want to talk with writers who are still working and who will answer questions. Living writers, not dead ones.

In the Novel of the Future I said that we could not be effective or do any collective thing or join any social group or change or influence our environment unless we began by being ourselves. You must know what your values are, who you believe in, who and where you are, Then you can contribute something, influence society, change it.

I don't want to be brainwashed by religion or any dogma any more than I want to be bulled by political dogma because they all end up in some form of tyranny. I will not join a system because systems get corrupted. I want people to be very aware and individual and think before they rush into joining such things as Women's Liberation. You must work things out within your own experience on your own level. I don't deny that we have to commit ourselves and be a part of history but history is only made by people who are self sufficient.

In America they say don't ever think of yourself; don't be selfish, don't take drugs, don't write about yourself, don't be subjective and so on. But that is just exactly where it all begins. . .

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A&M RECORDS

The Divine Monosyllable

From a 19th century Dictionary of Slang and its Analogues.

Monosyllable, (also Divine Monosyllable) *subst.* (venery). — The female *pudendum*, CUNT (*q.v.*).

English synonyms, A.B.C.; Abraham's bosom (generic); ace; ace of spades; Adam's own; ability; agreeable ruts of life; alcove; alley; almanack; Alpha and Omega; altar; altar of Hymen; altar of love; altar of pleasure; amulet; antipodes; aphrodisiacal tennis court (UROUHART); arbour; attic; Aunt Maria; axis.

Baby-maker; bag of tricks; bank; basket-maker; bath of birth (WHITMAN); bazaar; beauty; beauty-spot; bed-fellow; bee-hive; belle chose (CHAUCER); Belly Dale; Belly Dingle; belly-entrance; Berkeley-Hunt (rhyming); best (DONNE); best in Christendom (ROCHESTER); best-worst part (DONNE); bird's nest; bit; bite (GROSE); bit of fish, of jam, of meat, of mutton, of pork, of rough, or of skate; bit on a fork; Black (WILL. CAVENDISH); Black Bess; black hole; black (or brown, or grey) jock; black ring; blind eye; Bluebeard's closet; boat; bob-and-bit; bonne-bouche; bore; Botany Bay; book-binder's wife ('manufacturing in sheets': G. A. STEVENS); Bottomless Pit; bower; bower of bliss (CAREW and HERRICK); box; brat-getting place (FLORIO); breach; bread-winner (prostitutes'); broom; brown madam (GROSE); bucket; Buckinger's boot (GROSE); budget; bull's eye (ROCHESTER); bumbo (negro); bun; bung-hole; busby; Bushey Park; butcher's shop; butter-boat; button-hole.

Cabbage; cabbage-field, -garden, or -patch; cab-mat; caldron (RAMSAY); callibistry (UROUHART); can; candlestick; canister (BURNS); Cape Horn; Cape of Good Hope; carnal-trap (UROUHART); case; cat (DURFEY); catch-'em-alive-o; cat's-meat; catherine wheel; cauliflower; cave of harmony; cave (BURTON); cellar (R. BROME); cellarage; cellar-door; central furrow (CLELLAND); central office; centre of attraction; centre-of-bliss; centrique part (DONNE); certificate of birth; chat; chink; chuna; chuni circle (SHAKSPEARE and CONGREVE); civet; clam (LYNDSAY); clap-trap; cleft of flesh (CLELLAND); clock; cloth (generic); the cloud; cloven spot (CLELLAND); cock; Cock Alley; cock-chafer; cock-holder; Cock-Inn; Cock-Lane; cockloft; cockpit; Cockshire; cocksby; coffee-shop; cogie (Scots'); commodity (SHAKSPEARE, etc.); concern; coney; confessional; coniuing-book (DURFEY); contrapuncturn (UROUHART); conundrum; cookie; copy-hold (DURFEY); corner-cupboard; cornucopia; County Down; coupler; covered way (STERNE); coynte (BURTON); coyote; crack; cradle; cranny; cream-jug; crevice; crinkum-crankum; crooked way; crown of sense (ROCHESTER); cuckoo's nest; cunnie (DURFEY); cunnikin; cunny-burrow (UROUHART); cunt-kin; cuntlet; Cupid's Alley; (-anvil, -arbour, -cave, -cloister, -corner, -cupboard, -highway, -ring, or -pincushion); cushat; cushion; custom-house; custom-house goods (a harlot's: 'because fairly entered': GROSE); cut-and-come-again; Cyprian-arbour, -cave, or -strait (CAREW).

Daisy; dark, or dark-hole; dearest bodily part (SHAKSPEARE); diddle; diddly-pout; dimple; doodle-case; doodle-sack; dormouse; down bed of beauty (STEVENS); Downshire; downstairs; downy-bit; drain; dripping-pan; duck pond; dumb-glutton; dumb-, or -hairy, oracle; dumb-squint; duster; Dutch clock; dyke.

Eel-pot (or -trap); eel-skinner; End of the Sentimental Journey (STERNE); entrance; Et-cetera (ROCHESTER and CLELLAND); evergreen; everlasting wound; Eve's custom-house ('where Adam made the first entry': GROSE); exchequer (DONNE); Exeter-hall; eye that weeps most when best pleased (STEVENS).

Factotum; fancy bit; Fanny; Fanny-Artful; Fanny-Fair; faucett; fiddle (BURNS); fie-for-shame (schoolgirls'); fig; fire-lock; fire-place; firework; fish (generic); fish-market; flap; flapdoodle; fleshly-idol (BROWN); fleshly-part; flower; flower of chivalry; flower-pot; fly-by-night; fly-cage; fly-trap; forecaster; forecastle; fore-hatch; fore-room; foreswoman; forge; fort; fortress; fountain of love; free fishery; front-garden; front-gut; front-parlor; fruitful vine ('which bears flowers every four weeks, and fruit every nine months': GROSE); Fumbler's-Hall; funiment; furrow (BURNS).

Gallimaufry; gap (DURFEY); garden; Garden of Eden; gash; Gate of Horn; Gate of Life (BURNS); G.C.; gentleman's pleasure garden; garrison (CROWNE); gear (FLORIO); gigg (GROSE); goat-milker; goldfinch's nest; gravy-giver; grecus (generic); green meadow; grotto; Grove of Eglantine (CAREW); grummett; gully; gut-entrance; gutter; gymnasium; gyrel (BURNS).

Hair-court; Hairyfordshire; hairy ring; half-moon (KILLIGREW); Hans Carvel's ring (UROUHART and FLORIO); happy hunting-grounds; harbour; harbour of hope; hatchway; heaven; hell; hole of content (FLORIO); hole of holes; Holloway; home; sweet-home; horse-collar; hotel; house under the hill; housewife; hypogastrian cranny (UROUHART).

India (DONNE); ineffable; inglenook; intercrural trench (UROUHART); It; itchet; Itching Jenny; Ivory Gate.

Jacob's Ladder; Jack Straw's Castle (jam-pot; jelly-bag; jewel; jigger; jock; justum (UROUHART), etc.); kitchen; Kitty; knick-knack.

Ladder; Lady Berkeley; lady-flower (WHITMAN); Lady Jane; lady-star (HALL); lamp of love; Lapland; lather-maker; leading article; lea-rigs (generic: BURNS); leather (generic: UROUHART, LYNDSAY, BURNS); Leather Lane; leavingshop; Life's Dainty (G. A. STEVENS); ling; little sister; little spot where uncle's doodle goes; living fountain (HERRICK); lobster-pot; lock; locker; lock of all locks (STEVENS); Love-lane; Love's harbour (CAREW); Love's Paradise (MARSTON); Lowlands; Low Countries; lucky-bag.

Machine; maddikin; Madge (GROSE); Madge Howlett; magnet; main avenue (CLELLAND); malkin (LYNDSAY); mangle; man-hole; man-trap; Marble Arch; mark (DURFEY); mark-of-the-beast; Mary-Jane; masterpiece; meat (generic); meat-market; medlar; melting-pot; merkin (R. FLETCHER and A. SUTHERLAND); Middle Kingdom; Midlands; milker; milking-pail; milk-pan; milk-market; mill (DURFEY, BURNS, etc.); milliner's shop; nine of Diamonds; miraculous cairn; Miss Brown (GROSE); Miss Laycock (GROSE); modicum (COTTON); money (GROSE); money-box; money-maker; money-spinner; monkey (American); mole-catcher; Molly's Hole; Mons Meg; mortar; moss-rose; mossy bank; mossy cell; mossy-face; mother of all saints, all souls, or St Patrick; Mount-Faulcon (FLORIO); Mount Pleasant; mouse; mouser; mouse-trap; mouth thankless (Old Scots'; KENNEDY, LYNDSAY, SCOTT); mouth that says no word about it (G. A. STEVENS); mull (BURNS); mumble-peg; mushroom; mustard-pot; mutton (generic and universal).

Naggie; name-it-not; nameless; nature; nature's hatted treasure; naughty; needle-case; nest (American); nest in the bush; nether eye, or lips (CHAUCER); never-out; niche; niche-cock; nick-in-the-notch; nonny-nonny; non-such; notch; novelty; Number-Nip; nursery.

Old Ding; old hat (FIELDING and STERNE); old woman; omnibus; open C; oracle; orchard; ornament; orifice; open charms (LITTLE); oven; oyster (KILLIGREW); oyster-catcher.

Kaze; keifer (generic); kennel (ROCHESTER); kettle (DURFEY).

Palace of pleasure; pancake; parenthesis (JOE BEE); parsley-bed (DURFEY); parts of shame (POPE); patch; peculiar river (SHAKSPEARE); penwiper; periwinkle; plots (HALL, STEVENSON); pincushion; pittle-case; pipe; pisser; pit (HERRICK); pitcher; pit-mouth; pit of darkness; place; placket-box (DURFEY); pleasure-boat; pleasure ground; pleasure's place (DAVIS); plum-tree (COTGRAVE); p-maker; portal to the bower of bliss (HERRICK); postero gate to the Elysian fields (HERRICK); pouter; premises; pretty; prick-holder; prick-skinner; princock (DUNBAR); privates; privities; privy-hole; privy Lord-Lee; pudend (UROUHART); pussie (YOUNG); pulpit (old); purse (DONNE); puss (DURFEY and COTTON); pulse; pussy-cat.

Quaint; quarry; quaver-case (A. SCOTT); Queen of Holes (ROCHESTER); queen; quevale (CHAUCER and FLORIO); quim; quimsby; quivive.

Rasp; rattle-bullocks; receipt of custom; red ace; Red-C.; regulator (BURNS); rest-and-be-thankful; ring; road to a christening; roosting jack; rob-the-ruffian; rooster; rose; rough-O; rough malkin; rough-and-ready; rough-and-tumble; rufus.

Sack (DURFEY); saddle; salt-cellar; sampler; scabbard; scuttle; seal; scar; secret parts (SHAKSPEARE); seed-plot; seminary; sex; shake-bag; sharp-and-blunt (rhyming); sheath; shell (LYNDSAY and DUNBAR); shin-coat (UROUHART); skin-the-pizzle; slipper; slit; slot; Smock-Alley; snatch (American); snatch-blatch (MOTTEUX); snatch-box; socket (JONSON); solution of continuity (UROUHART); South Pole; spender; spent-sucker; spit-fire; spinning-jenny; spice-apricot; split-fig; split-mutton (generic); spleuchan (BURNS); sporran; Sportsman's Gap; Sportsman's Hole; spotted Cupid's archery (ROCHESTER); square nigh (American); standing room for one; star; star over the garter (LORD COKE); Stream's Town (Irish: GROSE); suck-and-swallow; sugar-basin.

Tail (general); target; teasle (RAMSAY); temple of Venus; tench; tenne (back-slang); that; Thatched House; thing; thingamy; thingumbob; tickler; tickle-Thomas; tickle-toby; tile; tirly-whirly (BURNS); tit-mouse; toll-dish (DURFEY); tool-chest; touch-'em-up; touch-hole; towdie (DUNBAR); tow-wow (A. SMITH); towsy-mowsy (DORSET); toy (ETHEREGE); toy-shop; treasure; treasury of love (CLELLAND); tu quoque (GROSE); turnpike; tuzzimuzzy; twat (DURFEY); two-chyllie; twittle; tunnel.

Under-belongings; under-dimple; under-entrance; under-world; undeniable; Upper Holloway; upright wink; undertaker.

Vacuum; vade-mecum; Venus's Secret Cell, Highway, Honey-pot, or Mark; vessel (SUPPLE); vestry; vineyard.

Wame (BURNS); wanton ace; ware; waste-pipe; water-box (FLORIO); water-gap (UROUHART); water-gate (DURFEY); water-mill (GROSE); way-in; wayside-fountain; wayside-ditch; weather-gig (DURFEY); what-do-you-call-it; whim-wham; wicket; wonderful lump; workshop.

Yoni; you-know-what; yum-yum.

Intimate CONFESSIONS

We have been unable to fulfil the promise (slipped in by an unknown hand) last issue to print ALL letters received. We got hundreds, ranging from readers who vomited in disgust upon reading our pages, to those joyful few who had an orgasm. We have printed as many as possible and thank everyone else for showing such interest. We hope you continue to do so.

Dear OZ,
The school kids issue of OZ was just like smelling a flower. Fresh and just natural. That's what OZ was. It really done something to my mind. It was true expression. You should do it more often. The letter by Allan Clayson called Xamblues was so good. It put in words what I've been thinking about exams, I will lift it out of OZ and use it.
love ALPAY

Dear OZ,
Your last issue blimped me right out. . .The whole thing was "RIGHT ON". I'll just rush out and find it so as to keep it as a reference while writing so I know what goes on. I can see every school school surrounded by the law in a few years in order to keep us out. Do you realise that each school is a perfect target. The kids have been split up into groups that can be handled by the state, so why can't we handle them as well.

I don't think OZ sucks. Not while you practise self-criticism to the degree that you did in that issue.

You were wonderfully obscene. Too much. Keep it UP and if you need to charge 4/- then I'm prepared to pay. (POP!)

Love and Absurdities
Paul Bea
67 Flaxman Road,
Loughborough Junction,
London SE5

Dear OZ,
Your School Kids' Issue depressed me with its ugliness. What goes on inside your heads? (Apart from how to make a fast buck?) Is it 'underground' or something to be vile? Is there something clever, or amusing, or significant, or revolutionary, about vileness? And if that makes you laugh—how can you bear to be none of those things?

The sad thing about OZ is that it makes the Status Quo look good. So whose side are you on? Your shareholders'? How do your witless obscenities and pathetic adverts help any of us? Simply by selling them rather expensively instead of leaving them on lavatory walls where they exist for the instruction of the masses for the price of one penny?

Freedom should be used more responsibly than this. I've fought the publishers' blue pencil, and the increased liberty should not be so wantonly abused. OZ's impudent anti-art is a provocation to the backlash to threaten the serious innovators. Think what nearly happened to 'Flesh'.

I'm for social change and greater freedom of expression (and I assume that you are) but you seem content merely to shock and disgust, to stand for nothing else. You must need the money really bad to have to stick at this level of squalor. The only thing I ever seem to hear is 'Have you seen the latest OZ? It's really filthy.' Does this make you glow with pride and pleasure? Do you also feel depressed by having to aim so low? Or is the circulation the only thing that counts? I wish I knew what went on inside your heads—but this sort of griping letter goes straight to the bin.
Yours in sadness,
Dave Leslie.

Dear OZ,
Why don't you get better material? You deride the superficialities, but end up by compounding them.
There's a kind of shallowness and banality in a lot of your content which needs getting rid of. You need some serious thinkers —maybe there aren't any. Robert Hughes certainly doesn't qualify (though it was a nice idea to print it, considering the 'Spectator' thing, and his particular verbal embroidery is quite entertaining). Make the magazine less of a seraglio—ie. impose a bit more mental (sic) discipline. Concerning your thing on schools in the last issue, for instance—you could have at least done an assessment in depth of the exam system and, with the concepts worked out by this enquiry, considered the form that a more adequate education could take. Anyway, in my arrogance, I must add that OZ is one of the few magazines worth criticizing —it's not among the 99% of bacteria on the bookstalls.

Jonathon Gems

Dearest OZ,
Your school kids issue was undoubtedly the most brilliant piece of literature ever published. With reference to T.I. Bradford's article on the Headmaster of the Year, I would like to make a further nomination. His name is Harry and he is the headmaster of a certain North London comprehensive school.

Before turning comprehensive three years ago, when still bearing the proud name of a grammar school, the pupils possessing a moderate amount of intelligence (which at that time constituted nearly the whole school) were blindly putting up with the narrow-mindedness of the staff (particularly the headmaster) and also the ridiculous and pathetic school rules that such an establishment enforces, with complete tolerance.
Then, however, the school joined up with a better-run secondary modern from down the road. And as the tribes of rather unintelligent juveniles were herded in, they found the whole set-up much to their dislike.

Our minds and those of the recently introduced secondary moderns run in a completely different way. The idea of combining super-thicks with intellectuals, we are lead to believe, is that the super-thicks be given just as much chance as the intellectuals in achieving examination success (whatever good that's supposed to do). What cock. They are being given even less chance than they ever were, because the old grammar school system, on which the school is still based, just does not suit them.

You would think that the headmaster would attempt to change his policy of running the school slightly, in order to accommodate the change in situation. But under our present headmaster? Not a fucking chance. He seems to worry more about his pupils having a white shirt and a short back and sides than the welfare of the pupils themselves. He threatens to cane smoking out of the school and is eternally engulfing us in facts and figures about how long the smokers amongst us are going to live. In fact, caning everybody he catches smoking achieves the opposite of the goal he is trying to reach (ie, rid the school of smokers) because it just makes them smoke more in order to show their resentment against him. All the smokers in the school are perfectly aware of the risks to their health they're supposed to be taking, and a few weal marks across their arses is going to make bugger all difference. Christ knows what he'd do if he knew about the trippers—I reckon he'd faint. He plods around all day every day in the same 1920 style grey flannel suit. He reckons he looks smart and criticises the rest of us for looking untidy. There is enough material in one trouser-leg of his suit alone to make at least three tents. One of his jacket pockets holds a library of books and the other is his portable rubbish disposal bin, both structures being eternally filled to their absolute limits. He tells us how he thinks the age of the vote ought to be raised to 30, and the age for driving a car brought down to 12, and then condemns university students who take part in demonstrations and sit-ins as extremists who prevent the good boys from getting on with their work.

Such attitudes are causing revolt among the now large amount of less intelligent pupils in the school. They have kicked in ventilation grids, broken off cloakroom hooks, ripped out the things the shit paper hangs from, broken windows, removed light bulbs and damaged walls. This has caused great inconvenience to the rest of us in that we can't see when it gets dark, the classrooms get cold when the wind howls through the broken windows, there's nothing to wipe our arses on (not that any of us lower ourselves into using the school shithouses anyway), and we can't hang our coats up.

But if they have done nothing else, they have wakened us up to the fact that it is about time we made an effort to correct the system, and make it more suitable for our needs. However, we are rather disorganised as yet and are finding it difficult to think up something constructive. If anyone has any suggestions and would like to make them through OZ they would be most welcome.

Finally, near the end of last term in assembly, the headmaster stated that during the term there had been no less than three suspensions, the most he could ever remember. "I really can't understand why", he said.
Love,
Stuart.

Dear Oz,
Am I the only 21 year old VIRGIN living in Bedfordshire? Yes at 21 I still haven't had a fuck, or even touched a bird's tits.

The last bird I went out with wouldn't even let me have a bit of tit. I was 18 at the time, that's 3 years ago!!

You've probably noticed that I haven't included my name or address, this is because if any of my mates found out, my life wouldn't be worth living. Talk about taking the piss — fuck me.

They call this a permissive society; permissive my prick. I see birds walking around with skirts up to their cunts; this is driving me mad.

All I want is a nice looking bird with nice tits, a nice pair of legs, what you might call the chick next door, and one that is always asking for me to fuck her.

Am I asking for the moon? It seems like it!

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Carl Ferris

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Don't love the old order or the things which keep it going. If anyone loves the old order it is not the Father's love that's in him. For everything that's in the old order—the hankering for physical comforts, the hankering for material things, the emphasis on status—is not from the Father but from the old order itself. And the old order, with its hankerings, is collapsing, but he who lives by the will of God moves into the New Age.

sources of power

Neil Rock has travelled the international pot trail longer than anyone can remember. He is a trader; bringing boots and sewing machine needles to Indians, returning with trinkets and beads which he threads in Ibiza, adding chunks of amber from Morroco, and so on. Scores of destitute hikers have been given shelter by Neil, who is well known not only for his generosity towards fellow overlanders, but for his knowledge and participation in the customs and mysteries of the countries he visits. Below is a hurriedly edited, inadequate transcript of Neil's recollections.

It seems to me I've been through 4 or 5 changes in my life. I've been various things from a workman to a business man to a layabout to a musician to a jeweller to others to whatever. I have always thought there must be the possibility of 12 distinct personalities within oneself one for each month—for each astrological change, so that each month one should have different presences of energy. It could even be 16 because there are four seasons. About 2 years ago I was in India in a place called Hardwar. As I was going along I saw 4 men sitting on a rope bed and they had a chillum. As I had some hash I sat down and had a smoke. Nothing was said, the chillum went round for about 10 minutes and then one of them spoke, "the old man speaks English" and at the end of the bed on the floor was this old man with white hair, combing his beard. He said, "it is possible to live 12 lives within one and you're in the last change now, go with God". I just got up and walked away.

The first place I experienced anything like this was in the River Ganges at Benares. It was about 4 years ago and as I went down the street to the bathing platform for the first time I realised that I knew where I was—that it was very very familiar. On the way down to the steps near the water I came across a dwarf—a hunch back cripple with a wedge-shaped head and a row of dots going from the centre of his nose up to his forehead to his hairline, like round moles in a straight line. He held his hand out, I gave him a cigarette, and as I passed it to him it seemed like I'd left behind all the ugliness and evil in the world. In front of me was this water with all these people, bathing, washing and worshipping. They burn the bodies a few hundred yards away. At the same place they throw in cows, all children under 7, all holy men, mothers with children and office workers. I walked off the steps onto a rowing boat and into the water. Within 3 days I was absolutely white. I'd been in the sun for 2 years and I had colour but after bathing in this water twice a day for 3 days, I was white down to the underside of my fingernails. I'd lost all my colour, I'd been cleaned right out. I was revitalised. The water breaks down everything in 2 days, animal or person. Yet in the water there is just silt, weeds and carp.

After this I visited Nepal. There I went to a temple commonly known as the Monkey Temple, the temple of SwayambuNath, the home of the White Buddha (*Triagonai*). The word nath is a suffix which means 'home of the spirit'. This word applies to all buildings built in the reign of King Ashoke the man who was the guiding spirit of Buddhism in India. They all have the suffix nath. The first words of swayambu, of bodhi of badra, or citla is the power of the particular Buddha which inhabits it. Swayambu was the only one of the 11 buildings built still in its original condition. In the woods which are on the side of a hill there are 6 or 7 buddhas spread out—3 in a line on one side and some higher up on the other side. At the top is a stone plinth and mounted on the top is a gold dog or *thunderbolt of the gods* as it is called in Tibetan. It is in the shape of a figure 8 and its centre is hollow containing the energy of the universe and this is there for you to reach for when you reach the top of the steps. In the ground of the courtyard is a very large bell, hung about 2 or 3 feet above the floor. It's about 4 or 5 feet high. Next to it on the ground are 2 round brass or copper plaques. One of them bears the seal of Solomon and the other one bears the Hindu cow with all the holy parts of the body. All round the courtyard are small replicas of the stupa in stone, also sleeping quarters for the monks and a small chapel with a large brass buddha, surrounded by all kinds of copper and brass utensils.

It was night time. I went there with someone else and we were both interested to see what was there. I happened to stand on one of these copper seals. I looked at it and thought of it as a terminal. Well, my body turned green all over. I stepped off it and onto the other one and I turned red all over. Then I stood in between them. There were hundreds of bugs flying in the air and I watched them fly through me, going through my hands. I turned to the person who was with me and said, "Have you seen?" and he said, "I'd rather not speak about", and we both just stood there and looked at each other. When I moved everything stopped, back to normal. While I was on the plaques or between them my whole cell structure had definitely changed. I had very strong vibrations coming from the building, pulsing out, and I walked up to the bell and began to play on the lip of the bell like a conga drum just quietly and a few dogs who were sleeping there began to howl and sing with the bell. They just came over and sat by me howling with the bell. The man who'd been sleeping with the dogs woke up, looked at us, realised we weren't locals but immediately knew how we felt. Instead of using words he tried to feel if everything was OK as we were foreigners, he seemed to think it was.

He then made a motion to me, over his shoulder, pointing at the temple, with his finger; as he

did this he also clenched his other fist in a sign of strength, motioning, it's strong, without words. Then he pointed at himself and raised his hand to his forehead as if in a salute and put his hands together like in prayer and knocked on his head and he put his hands together again in a salute and pointed at himself again and then back over his shoulder, as if saying, "You have to live with this, you have to obey it, and live by it". He then made a motion, as if he had had some dreadful thought, like a swear word or something. Immediately his whole vibration turned to agony and this sound came out of him "owoowowo" as he did this he pulled himself back in to where it seemed he was in accordance with his surroundings again. I felt he had tried to tell me that as long as he lived with the vibration of this thing it was OK but when he moved away from it, he didn't live righteously, he lost something.

We left in the morning and that day I left Nepal, back to India to Benares. Next I met 3 quite unusual and remarkable men. The first was in Benares itself—a man who was running an orphanage. He ran it entirely alone except for the help of older chilren. He lived in a small cell-like room with a rope bed and a few clothes. He told me he had done this on the instructions of his guru who had told him what to do with his life. He asked me if I would go to *Rishikash* on the Ganges in June the next month where he would like me to be present at a meeting between 3 disciples of the now dead guru. The meeting was to decide what to do about the land that the ashram stood on in *Rishikesh*. When I arrived, the man from Benares, a doctor in philosophy, introduced me to 2 other men. One was the most fantastic person I ever met in my life. He had, on the instructions of his guru, built a whole city. He had had the education, his family had had the money, and he had been instructed to use it all. He became the 2nd largest clothes manufacturer in India. He now has interests in paints, oils, steel, tin. He constructed a beautiful temple in the city and a private park for the use of wandering retired holy men. The third man had been told by the guru that he was responsible for the well being of all who came to visit the park. He and 3 staff and their wives. One was in charge of going round clapping at the mango trees to frighten the crows off. I stayed there in the park for awhile with this man. All these men impressed me as being not only actual keepers of the peace in themselves but somehow strong guardians of it. They had made their lives to defend it. After the meeting I went down to the river to bathe. After bathing I was sitting on a stone column at the side of the river thinking of these 3 men, and immediately this phrase came into my mind 'guarding the peace'. Obviously I should be doing the same thing. As this came to my mind I got the impression that in the river was a sort of guardian serpent that was keeping everything calm. It was its job to lie there and make sure everything stayed cool. I got the impression that if anything was ever upset, this thing would come out of the water. At that moment (I've always been a sceptic) I thought I'd have to examine this thought in my head. I got up and went down to the water's edge and stood there on the step above the water. It was dark and in front of me in the water I could see these rows of lights, small lights moving backwards and forwards. When I stepped into the water with my foot I stood on the back of a huge carp that was under me. As I moved closer I realised the lights were phosphorescent lights or dots on the back of the carp. I took my foot off it and I stepped back out of the water and the fish formed a big semi-circle in the water in front of me. So I stepped into it in the water. With my first step a snake came out of the water on my right hand side and kissed me on the ankle. I was so amazed and doubted it so much I bent over and asked it to come and do it again. It came back and kissed my ankle again then slid back into the water. After that the fish disappeared. I walked back up the steps where I met a man carrying a spear and a torch and he said to me in Hindu "All quiet along the Ganges" and I said "All is quiet along the river". We both said goodnight. I went back to the Ashram where I sat for a couple of hours, completely lost in what had happened. Dawn came and I packed my bag and walked away down to the river, got into the boat. Later as I got out of the boat and walked up the riverbank to the mainroad to leave, a group of the fish carp came near the river's edge and stood on their heads in the water, about 2 feet of their bodies out of the water, in a lotus about 3 or 4 ft across. Then I left.

About 2 years ago somebody gave me a book by a man called Paul Brunton called a Search in Secret Egypt. In it he mentioned going to the great pyramid and that he believed that the generally so called kings chamber the burial chamber in the Great Pyramid was not so at all. And on checking and looking at various pictures of archeological sites I discovered all the burial chambers in the pyramids are underground whereas this one is suspended in the exact centre of the mass of the pyramid. It's the same distance up down and sideways, and in this chamber was an airhole. If it had been a sealed chamber for a body it wouldn't have had an air hole surely? There's a stone coffin like shaped in the room, it's granite, it rings when you slap it. I believe the pyramid stands on the world's longitudinal and latitudinal centre of land mass. I visited it in Egypt early in the morning There was no one else there and the guy who locks the iron gate to it at night was there and he offered to take me in. There's a lower chamber, the Queen's chamber, which has been sealed off by the Egyptian govt for the last couple of years, perhaps to be used for archeological digs, although the American used a stereoscope on it and found nothing in the top of the pyramid. I went in and walked up these steps where you have to bend over, the slabs on the walls are amazing up to 28ft long, solid stone, 6ft square, no mortar, just laid together. The guy came into the chamber with me and he said "This is the king's burial chamber and this was where he was buried" and I said "Yes". And he raised the candle he was carrying towards me, looked at me, then walked away and stood in the doorway of the chamber. Immediately I got into this stone coffin shape and lay down and sounded my arm. When I did, the whole of the walls vibrated the sound back to me. It seemed like the sound had gone right round the room and gone to one point in the top of the room. It seemed like the whole of my skull had split open and there was nothing but stars, darkness, planets, no me or it. As the echoes died down I came to being back aware of where I was again. I walked away and left.

I think all these experiences, these encounters with sources of psychic power, happened to me just as a man who was asking or questioning or looking for someone. And I believe they are there for anybody to find and use.

Once, near the city built by the man on his gurus instructions I met a man who came up to me and said "Excuse me, do you have 2 minutes for me to talk with you?" I said "It depends what about?" He said "Well I'm a magician but I swear before God that I do no evil, I'm a magician of good but like everyone else I eat food." I said "OK," so he said "Well, the price for a good meal would be 2 rupees, 20 cents, and for 2 rupees I'll tell you your name, your age, date of birth, your last name, your mother's name, and your girlfriend's name." I said OK, he said "Think of a fruit and a number" So I thought "7, apple". He looked at me, wrote on paper, handed it to me and it said "7,apple". Then he said "Now I'll give you the rest of it if you like" I said "OK". He said "Your name is Neil, 17/6/1936, 30 years old, Your mother's name is Hilda, and your girlfriend's name is Jane." And what flipped me absolutely was that the girl's name was the name of a girl I met by accident, in London. knocked at an apartment house to get directions and met a girl who I'd known since she was 8, and hadn't seen in years and we spent 3 very beautiful days together.

Another time in Delhi I was seated in an outdoor restaurant. On a trip, and a man sat down near me and I could feel this. India is like a snake, it's whole thing is a snake, either tortuous and writhing or sensuous and soft and slithery and silent it's always there, everywhere. You can feel this snake like movement through the whole country, the lower end is a struggle whipping about, you know, the struggle for existence ..... so I was feeling this and this man says "Do you feel the struggle?" I said "Yes, though I'm temporarily removed from it" and he said "Good chance" and that was it, he just walked away.

الكيف يحطم الجسم والعقل

This poster is part of an anti-kif campaign currently being waged in Morocco by the CIA. The French script reads: Kif destroys the body and mind. Roughly translated the Arabic reads: Alcohol destroys the mind and body. Keep high, healthy and happy with regular supplies of hash from your friendly local dealer.

BENIELOUN Y PUBLIGRAPH 70

LE KIF DETRUIT LE CORPS ET L'ESPRIT

CONVERSATION WITH A CIA AGENT

His real name is not Jim, and he works as an agent for the CIA. We met him on a beach "somewhere in the Western Mediterranean" where he sat at a table next to ours in a beachfront cafe. He turned out to be a professional agent, a full-blooded, one hundred per cent administration man. It doesn't really matter who runs the administration. Jim worked for the CIA under Johnson, and now under Nixon. He says things are tighter, harder, and more intense since Nixon has been in office, especially since much of his activity has to do with keeping track of American heads abroad, drug movements at foreign borders, searching for American dissenters, and listening in on youthful Americans' conversations wherever possible.

Jim was drinking rums and coke, and while he did not appear intoxicated, the rum might have had a part in our extraordinary conversation. Or perhaps it was the midday sun. He said that he was on holiday, but conceded that no agent is ever really off duty when it comes to observing the scene wherever he is at any time. We talked about everything, and it was all I could do to keep from whipping a notebook out of my beach basket. I told him I was on holiday myself, down for two weeks from a London advertising agency for some sun and fun. We began by discussing the British election, which we were already talking about at my table in terms of a crushing defeat for the forces of sanity, and went from that to American politics. It was not until after this that he told us the truth about himself, and we spent the balance of the afternoon, between swims, and part of the evening amazed by what we heard from this man, whose training he was violating with every word he spoke. It might have been the rum or the sun. Or he might have been operating under orders to find his way to OZ and tell us the things he did—or at least some of the things about which he spoke. Obviously, he went overboard in divulging information:

We learned some things we already knew. The Nixon government are dedicated to the task of wiping out cannabis at its source—the thousands of acres where it grows in the Mediterranean and throughout the rest of the world. American technology has developed and manufactured small aircraft equipped with sensitive instruments which can "sniff out" pot patches from an altitude of two or three thousand feet. These aircraft are capable of defoliating grass on detection. They have already been used in Mexico, and will be used in other parts of the world soon, if they are not already being deployed as you read this. Similar machines are being installed at international ports in America to detect luggage stashes at customs controls. The cost of producing equipment such as this is a good index to how seriously the government take their assignment.

At present, the CIA have stepped up their activity between Gibraltar and Istanbul, working with local law enforcement agencies, and have recently sent more agents into the Kabul area. They are determined to put an end to centuries of pot smoking in the middle east, if only to keep the plant from being cultivated for American markets.

We asked Jim if CIA agents smoke grass among themselves, the way we know many big town cops do. He admitted the best dope in the world is available in CIA offices, and said he had tried pot a few times himself, had found it pleasant, but had decided not to continue smoking it. We probed the CIA position on the fact that an extremely high percentage of American military men are stoned out most of the time. (The American Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean comprise the largest group of consumers in the area.) Jim said they were aware of this, and kept tabs on key users, but diverted most of their attention to civilian users, and more important, dealers.

Some quick facts:

. CIA affiliates have been known to smuggle large quantities of hash into the States, where it is unloaded on the black market. This defeats their own job objectives, but provides a little extra bread for themselves.

. The CIA make few direct arrests, operating instead through local police forces in a delicate relationship in which the cops take the blame for the busts.

. The CIA intercept or initiate occasional shipments of hash and add datura derivitives before letting it find its way to smokers' pipes. Datura, also known as devil's weed or Jimson weed, gets you high and makes you sick.

. CIA agents are most often disguised as American tourists in Bermuda shorts, businessmen, journalists, consular deputies and as fathers searching for runaway, hippy children. They also pose as dealers, and do actually deal to trace shipping routes, and to identify wholesalers. They rarely pose effectively as hippies.

We asked Jim about some of the rumours we have heard about the CIA. We know Americans who have had their mail censored in foreign countries. Is this a case of local postal authorities working with the CIA to obtain information? He gave no specific reply, but led us to believe such was the case. He admitted the CIA have a stable of informers, one of whom is reputed to be British poet Robert Graves, who lives in a small village in tourist-rich Majorca. This was neither affirmed or denied.

Why the sudden increase in CIA surveillance and enforcement on the head scene? Confidentially, because the radical left in America use pot extensively, and regular use of pot tends to reorient youth and drive them toward the left.

How many CIA agents are operating in the Mediterranean? As is the case with many Americans, Jim was proud of numbers. Including consular staff who pass on information, operatives who are foreign nationals, foreign police on the CIA payroll, and fully accredited Agency employee, *over a thousand*.

Near the end of the day, we hitched a ride into town in Jim's car, a standard Hertz rental saloon. We still were not sure of him, or we might have lighted a joint and passed it to him. He could have driven straight to the police if he felt like it. We made plans, at his suggestion, to meet for dinner. He dropped us at our hotel, and went on to his own, a Hilton imitation.

The first part of dinner was spent discussing general topics, such as local food, prices, and other tourist chatter. Then we got back into the subject of the CIA. We had finished the first bottle of wine, and had had cocktails in the bar before being seated. Jim obviously enjoyed his subject, and spoke as though he was enjoying a rare opportunity to talk about it as well. Did you know, for example, that when an American agent on secret assignment needs cash in any currency—perhaps to buy a hundred kilos of the best—he goes to an unspecified government office and identifies himself with a code, telling the clerk how much money he needs. No explanation necessary, and agents on duty might not carry identification for obvious reasons. The money is put on the counter. Anyone for twenty thousand dollars, tax free? (We would like to break the code and if we ever do, we'll tell you which door of the Eagle to use next time you're in Grosvenor Square.)

There have been no known (or admitted) defections of CIA men to the dropout community, probably because their selection and training are so rigid. There *are* heads in the Agency, but obviously not the same percentage to be found in the Sixth Fleet or among Viet Nam ground forces. (Pop folklore has it on strong authority that John Kennedy smoked grass in the White House, and he did not hang around jazz clubs to score.)

After the second bottle of wine we got somewhere. We were reminded of Brendan Behan's play, THE HOSTAGE, in which the secret policeman says, "I am a secret policeman and I don't care who knows it." Jim justified some of his chatter by saying that if the head community knew how tight things are right now, it might make his job easier. (Right. Everyman's Dream.) Justification at that level did not cover the fact that Jim felt the political situation in America has spread to almost all other countries throughout the world, making his job more difficult than in the Johnson days. He blames hippies, student radicals, black militants, and Communists, in that order. He also feels the Communists, being more organized than any other group, have infiltrated the youthful avant garde. But now get this: He also feels that all the current commotion about pot smoking and smuggling is secondary to the real aims of his government. Pot in itself is not injurious or harmful in any way, Jim admitted. And he admitted the government admit this to themselves. Then what is all the trouble about? It makes great press, when read by the Great Silent Majority, especially when so little is being done about Viet Nam or poverty. The government is fucking up on many fronts, but when Ma & Pa Kettle down on an Idaho farm read the government is smashing dope traffic and rounding up beatniks they feel they're getting their money's worth. In other words, Nixon caters to the vast mob of sound asleep idiots who don't give a shit what is going on. It also means there is less hash in your stash because you are being used as an American political pawn. It doesn't matter if you are English, French, German, or Dutch. Uncle Nixon is playing international politics, and he's going to have his way.

That is part of it. Our conversation, reaching the strawberry point, included the notion that subversives smoke pot. If cops do, no doubt, no doubt. The pot freeze boils down to simple harrassment, compounded by the generally repressive attitude current in the States toward anything liberal. It is a way of striking back at youth for demanding leadership Nixon is apparently unable to provide. Jim really believes he is doing the right thing. In spite of truth, reality, justice, or honour. His country, right or wrong. As a free thinking, independent citizen of the world, I resent this, and I told Jim so. His eyes narrowed, and he looked at me through his brandy glass in a way that said, without words, 'I'm going to be watching you. We're going to find out who you really are.' Good luck to them. It's a question I've been trying to solve for years.

Hey Jimi, Where You Gonna Run To Now?

It was no surprise that Jimi split. He was a long time dying and he gave us adequate warning. He cut his wrists when he was poor boy eating shit to make out, and when he was making out, he was eating more shit than ever. The first time I ever saw him was after all like the last. He was trapped by a huge dooby crowd on a high stage in the corner of a cattle-shed in Spalding. THE air was hot and rank because all the sliding cattle-doors were shut but one and there were no windows. As usual an unlimited number of tickets had been sold and the promoters had split, leaving the kids to struggle in the heat and the dirt while the police snooped around them with dogs trained to sniff out the drugs that none of them had the money to buy.

We got in, in the chaos, for nothing, and there was Jimi caught like a bright bird underneath the corrugated iron roof in the stink of cattle-shit and sweating English youth. The crowd was so dense that those who fainted couldn't even fall down. Jimi was wrestling to get his guitar in tune, and cursing the Orange gear that they had to use, as crappy then as now. The kids were restive and abusive. Jimi began to play and the sound was terrible so he stopped. They jeered, so he stepped downstage and yelled "Fuck you. I'm gonna get my guitar in tune if it takes me all fucking night." Then as now they didn't even care whether Hey Joe was in tune or not. They just wanted to hear something and adulate. They wanted him to give head to the guitar and rub his cock over it. They didn't want to hear him play. But Jimi wanted, like he always wanted, to play it sweet and high. So he did it, and he fucked with his guitar, and they moaned and swayed about, and he looked at them heavily and knew that they couldn't hear what he was trying to do and they never would.

He dropped down into the Isle of Wight like the sick man lowered through the roof of the house to be cured, hopping from his helicopter minutes before he was due on stage, slipping into his psychedelic minstrel-clown's gear, freshing up his gum and walking out on stage into nowhere. Nothing was changed, except that the promoters had discovered that they didn't even have to supply a roof any more. The police were still there. The crude drugs were still there and, as always, the brutish adulation. In front of the stage, all he could see were the film cameras, the press, the bedraggled groupies with their blank hungry faces, and the politicoes as ruthless in jockeying for position as the cameramen. Where was it to come from, the feedback that would turn him on in reciprocity for all the turn-ons he gave us? His guitar pleaded for resonance from the people, but in the vast stormy darkness there was not so much as an echo. He kept glancing over his shoulder to Mitch who was as lost as he, to Billy Cox for some power, but he had to look back into the blank darkness again. "Hell, I just ain't came" he kept saying. What was there for him to come on to?

I know what I want
But I just don't know
How to go about gettin' it

It had always been like that, even when the psychedelic rock millenium had seemed closest at hand. The groupies had always been further into prestige-fucking than honest sensuality. The freak-dancers had always danced most extravagantly when the cameras were on them, and the cameras had always been there. The musicians had always felt the pressure of the hype at their backs. But somehow we were deluded that the phenomenon of the Woodstock nation was bigger than all of that. We thought we had enough real energy to come through. We thought we had soul. We thought Clapton had soul too. By the time the Rolling Stones drew a quarter of a million in Hyde Park we began to realise that we were mostly tourists, kibitzing on someone else's happening. The Stones invited people to bring tambourines, bells, clappers, anything and join in. But in the end nobody got their yayas out, though they all watched hopefully to see if anyone else did. The Stones released their butterflies, and read the poem on the death of Keats that David Litvinoff found for them, because as Bill Graham said (and who knows better) Mick Jagger is one hell of a showman, but the smell of death was stronger than the smell of pot or spunk or incense, as Altamont was to prove. Like lots of other people, Jimi tried to keep the good idea of love and peace and mixing alive. In the last interview with Seen and Heard he chanted all the familiar slogans and put down the people who said that the Isle of Wight festival of music was a bummer, but he was using his panhandling voice.

Is this love, baby? Or is it just confusion?

Jimi would probably have dug Kathy Etchingham's promptitude in getting on his funeral bandwagon ("Jimi Hendrix: the truth" People—Sept 20 1970). After all she was only into him for money and maybe revenge for the bad times. She had always said that a mama must keep an eye on the main chance, and Jimi knew the sense there was in that. He might find it harder to forgive Mike Jeffries for releasing stuff that he would rather have suppressed, so that people will say that he was overrated and he couldn't really have been the best rock guitarist in the world. Even then he would have dug that the Electric Lady's bills have got to be paid. We might piously cry that the gross commercialism of the op-pop-rock industry ground him to death, but really it wasn't that. It was the power of death in us, the people.

Let me stand next to your fire.

Our fire was never slight. Jimi burnt himself up and kept himself going with artificial energy waiting for it to come, but he saw it turning to paranoia and servility. He heard love and peace abused, the new cop-out words, and felt the loathing of the hypocrisy getting stronger in him than the hope. He provoked his own Altamont time and time again and the people grovelled and adulated as blindly as ever. At Monterey and Woodstock the spontaneity held a moment and flowered and he and his guitar rode on the wave mightily. He was no leader; he could not make it for us, and that is what we all mistook. "Move us! Move us!" we bawled and lapsed into out torpor and wrote clever clever and down down. We missed our moment and the spontaneity died.

How many times was it like that? How many times did Jimi try it on with friends and find he had nothing but fans? How many times did he start to rap charming with his soft bush-baby eyes and his ready smile, and that fast sharp patter only to find no comeback except fawning? How often did the rapping change to panhandling, and then to sneering because his friends were nothing but an audience and they didn't know the difference between panhandling and the straight rap? How often did the caress and the compliment change to abuse and assault? His foxy ladies turned to slags and pigs in a second. He tried testing to see how much shit people would take before they would give him a flash, but they went on and on tolerating him. Everyone still maintains that Jimi was charming, gentle, disciplined even, always punctual. Even his reported last message (actually from Herbert Danneman in Dusseldorf) was a glib lie. "Let there be peace. Love each other and do not be hard and cruel". Nil nisi bonum . . . Within hours of his death the hard bright line of Hendrix is being blurred by the mediocrity of the medium which must transmit it. Being blurred by us. Our love is so feeble that it can only grovel and submit. Our peace is black inertia, the dull ass's hoof.

Is it tomorrow or just the end of time?

Jimi often talked about his death, but he can hardly have foreseen how crumby it would be when it happened, choking on his own vomit in a chick's rented apartment. He may not have wanted us to grieve for him but we had better grieve for ourselves. We have lost the best rock guitarist we ever had because we did not know how to keep him. The awful fright and the dead sense of ageing that the newspaper dodgers gave us on Friday afternoon had better be a shock current which might galvanise us to save our nation. If Jimi is going to live tomorrow, we have got to make our up our minds to live today. "There ain't no life nowhere" unless we make some. People are going to tell us that Jimi's death is the end of an era. Others are going to tell us that, like Bird, Jimi lives. There's no point in cheap kitsch metaphysics. Hendrix is dead, a heap of offal in a morgue, a heap of electronic paraphernalia for future marketing, and a bunch of cheap hip biographies.

No doubt there are those who will maintain that Hendrix was finished, burnt out. That there was no more great music to come. On the evidence of Band of Gypsies and the Isle of Wight they might seem to be right. Even if they were right about the music, a lot of people would still hurt because Hendrix was a great man. Some other people are going to regret his dropping out because they had a lot of money on his back. In fact, the best music of Hendrix *was* still to come. The last but one time he was in London he was working with Steve Stills on an album, and one night he jammed with him at the Speakeasy in the early hours of the morning when all the ravers had gone home all the clowns were gone to bed . . . There was no freaking, just the three of them, Jimi, Steve and Billy Cox (as well as Twink who was so far out he finally vanished altogether). Jimi played like a musician, utterly absorbed in the sound, his whole body still except for his big hands on the guitar, feet together, head on one side, with huge listening eyes black in his pale face, and the sounds were amazing. It was not a matter of discipline. He was at peace and potent. We sat there in the gloom, feeling strong and happy, knowing that under the hype and the bullshit there had been a genius all along. I don't think anybody clapped even. There was no need. Jimi knew why we were there. Even the cloacal smell of a groovy hot-spot couldn't blot out what was going down. He played as long as he wanted to, nobody shouted, nobody paid. He was playing good for free and he was happy.

Music, sweet music
Wish I could caress
The rest

We let him slip down the energy drain. Can we build fast enough to close it before we disappear ourselves? Can we sweep up the pieces of yesterday's life?

I think I'll go turn myself off
An' go on down
Rilly ain't no use
Me hangin' aroun'
Your kind of scene
Music, sweet music
Wish I could caress
And kiss kiss

Germaine

THE Sun

FORWARD WITH THE PEOPLE

6d. Saturday, September 5, 1970

Exclusive . . the story that will shock America

SPIRO'S SON IS LIVING IN A GARAGE

ISRAEL ON THE BRINK

PAGE FOUR

In an official family picture . . Randy (left) with wife Anne and his father

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Vice-President Spiro Agnew is deeply worried about his son Randy, who has broken with his wife and has been living for a month with a male hairdresser.

Randy—full name James Rand Agnew—is a handsome 24-year-old war veteran who works as a weight-lifting instructor in a health salon.

He left his 22-year-old wife Anne about six months ago. Their daughter, three-year-old Michelle Anne, is the Vice-President's only grandchild—and he named his 1968 campaign plane after her.

CLEARED

Randy has been staying in East Baltimore, Maryland, with Buddy Hash, a 27-year-old, dark-haired man with a moustache and goatee beard.

The Vice-President said Randy was living in a converted garage.

Hash and his mother run La Triolette, a profitable East Baltimore beauty parlour.

In 1964 Hash was arrested on a charge of keeping a "disorderly house." Last year he was charged with possessing marijuana. He was cleared on both charges.

SENSITIVE

The story of the Vice-President's family problem will startle America when it appears tomorrow in more than 600 newspapers across the country.

It could shake the White House and the Republican Party. For Spiro Agnew, a Right-winger, is seen by many as the great defender of solid American values.

He is a proud and sensitive man who has lectured the nation on how to handle young people.

The Vice-President acknowledged that Randy and his wife had separated, but insisted that "it has been amicable."

"Randy takes the baby some of the time," said the Vice-President.

"His wife will bring the baby to us and we will deliver the baby back to her parents. There is no rancour."

Agnew added that he keeps in close touch with his son.

"I don't see him from day to day, but he comes down once a week or so," he said.

"He is living in a converted garage. I have never seen this place, but I know where he is living."

I found Randy in Buddy Hash's two-storey home in the fashionable Bolton Hill section of Baltimore.

The decor is elegant, with wall-to-wall carpeting, arty paintings and an ornate table dominating the front room.

Randy came to the door barefoot, in white slacks and open-necked striped shirt.

He explained he had been staying with Hash only temporarily, and was in the process of moving out.

He said he had rented and fixed up a garage apartment not far from the holiday camp health salon where he works in Powson, the suburb where his father's political career began.

"Buddy is a friend of a friend, and he was nice enough to let me stay here until I got straightened out," said Randy.

"I've got my own place now, and I just stopped by here to use the bathroom because the plumbing in my new place isn't hooked up yet."

He said he had stayed in Hash's apartment "about a month" and had been separated from his wife for about six months.

Asked about the possibility of a reconciliation, he replied: "I'd rather not comment on that. A lot can happen during a separation."

He was also reluctant to discuss his father's reaction to his situation.

"It's completely out of my hands," he said.

CRISIS

Hash told me: "Randy is nowhere near the hippie type. He's really very goody-goody."

The hairdresser said he had allowed Agnew, whom he had known for some years, to stay with him because he was short of money.

"Everyone thinks because his father is the Vice-President he should have a lot of money, but it just isn't that way," said Hash.

Hash said his two arrests involved former roommates. The "disorderly house" charge, he said, was brought in Powson after a roommate "roughed-up" a young boy.

"It was a ridiculous charge and it was dismissed," he said.

His marijuana arrest occurred, he said, when police came to his former Baltimore residence looking for a roommate.

"It didn't stand up in court," said Hash.

Randy told me he knew nothing of Hash's arrest record.

The initial shock impact of the Randy Agnew story will swiftly give way to sympathy for Spiro Agnew. In the conservative heart of Middle America, the Vice-President is the latest folk hero.

With the fervour of a crusader, he has ripped into dissenters, shaggy-haired hippies, drop-outs, draft-dodgers, pot-puffers and all the other figures of the American rebellion.

He called them "effete snobs, ideological eunochs, merchants of hate, parasites of passion."

Now, like many other prominent Americans, he is faced with a crisis of the permissive age.

Many American families, including the Kennedys, have seen their children involved with drugs or turning against "the system."

©

From JACK ANDERSON

'NO TROUBLE WITH MY FAMILY'

THE SPIRO AGNEW image is that of a kindly, rather "square" family man. He said recently: "I don't have any trouble with my children. We communicate well and there is an easy, relaxed attitude among the family." Agnew has not hesitated to show his own family life as an example when attacking permissiveness in American society. He has sharply criticised "affluent, permissive, upper middle-class parents who learned their Dr Spock and threw discipline out of the window when they should have done the opposite."

DILEMMA FOR THE CABINET

THE Sun — THE SUN SAYS — Making monsters of people

LEPER RAPES GIRL—SHE GIVES BIRTH TO A MONSTER BABY

ON THE ROAD HOGS

Roll up roll up for the Mystery tour
They've got everything you need
Satisfaction guaranteed
The Magical Mystery Tour is hoping to take you away . . .

The Beatles **Magical Mystery Tour** film in 1967 was a public cricket party, packaged and dealed for the media and the masses, a far cry from their inspiration, Ken Kesey. In 1964, through explosions about Vietnam, the New Left, the Berkeley Student Revolution, travelled Kesey with his Merry Pranksters in a bus painted with Day-Glo, spreading the acid word and creating a spontaneous freakery. From the beginning the Pranksters filmed and recorded themselves—a still unfinished movie. 'Everybody everywhere has his own movie going, his own scenario and everybody is acting his movie out like mad, only most people don't know that is what they're trapped by, their own little script.' (Kesey.)

Early in 1966 Kesey hid out in Mexico, wanted on a marijuana rap, and some of the remaining Pranksters 'hooked up with a remarkable head named Hugh Romney, a poet, actor and comedian who had gone the whole route starting back in the Beat Generation and was now into the LSD thing . . . ' (Tom Wolfe.)

Speeding that particular movie up 4 years per second, and into the Roundhouse in September 1970 where a collage movie made over a 2½ year period is being shown. It is of a travelling commune, the Hog Farm, again made by one of their members, and is part of a benefit for the Hog Farm who are over here by courtesy of someone else's movie—Warner Brothers.

Warner have backed a film (provisionally titled 'The Great Medicine Ball') of a caravan of 150 people on a month-long trip across the States, doing free concerts along the way, ending with a concert in Canterbury. The film is directed by Francois Reichenbach and its London-based producer describes it as a documentary 'assemblage of the flower of Californian youth music culture'; groups who travelled and/or played along the way: Stone Ground, Jefferson Airplane, Formerly Fat Harry and others. Everyone got expenses plus the promise of small royalties when the film starts its circuit around next March. The Hog Farm are trying to raise money for a bus to carry them on round Europe.

At the benefit, that 'remarkable head', now known as Wavy Gravy, a walking Punch; blue denim overalls with a red-and-white star inset on the back, a jester's cap that he's had for years, halved blue and dullpink. Face a synthesis of Leary, Karl Malden and Danny Kaye. Others drift up and away, including Wavy's wife, Bonnie Jean and Lou, who for most of the time is rocking a little girl to sleep on his shoulder.

How did the Hog Farm start?

Wavy: I guess it was a collective thing . . . I'm just a clog in the hog. We were offered land rent free to take care of 50 hogs in Sunland, California, and then people started coming up and we started doing stuff on Sundays, parties; one Sunday Tiny Tim came and one Sunday we had a freak show with who could stay under water longest, and then we started doing light and energy shows with the Airplane and the Grateful Dead. We started with six people, about five years ago, now there are 30 of us here in England and 30 of us on a farm in New Mexico. They're more into the land. The only rule we've developed over the years is you do anything you want as long as nobody gets hurt. There are lots of ways of interpreting that—we're still interpreting it.

Bonnie: With the collective, the first lesson is the food and the money. At first there were a lot of kids and they were looking to Wavy and a guy named Rick to make all the decisions, and we didn't dig that, so we instituted a plot called the dancemaster system where Wavy got out a really corny Indian headband and we made a wheel with everybody's name on it—all the guys, we weren't into Women's Liberation, right?—and whoever put on the headband for that day, they would make all the decisions, so that way everybody got to learn how to take responsibility. Then after that we had the dancemistress system and then it evolved beyond that where everybody had that consciousness, and the guys were doing the cooking as well and so we all learned.

How do you raise money to live and travel?

Lou: We've done everything from working gas stations to working as movie extras (Preminger's **Skidoo**) carpentry, plumbing, whatever we can to satisfy the need at that moment.

Wavy: We raise money for stuff too. The last people we did this for were the Pit River Indians. The government took their land and gave it over to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company so we went up there and the Indians said, it's an Indian scene and we said, well, we can turn Indian, make the bus Indian and they were going to invade Lassern National Park. So we all drove there and they had cops in the trees with shotguns but the Indians were ready for this and they said, execute plan B so we went into the P G and E camp where all the executives were swimming, though it was Indian land and the man said 'don't you think you're inconveniencing us'? and Richard Oakes, he organised the Alcatraz thing, he said 'well, you've inconvenienced us for a few hundred years, now we're going to have a party.' The next thing happens is the police come in with guns and dogs and then it was our move; we took all the kids and cooked food and when the Indians came out on bail it blew their minds. They asked our guy Fred the Fed—we call him that because we thought he was a cop till he got busted—to go on a deer hunt which is a kind of major breakthrough. They're doing legal stuff now, to fight for their land through courts and we've raised money to help them. See, we're working on open land in the United States, a thing called Earth People's park since last October. The idea is that land should be free and first it was just some people sitting around getting high, rapping about where it's at in their heads and how they could take all the where it's ats and line them up together, and then the idea became the possession of a lot of people and we decided to get lots of different plots in various ecological regions of the country, where access to the land would be denied to no-one and the people on the land would make up their own rules. We just made our first purchase of land three weeks ago, 596 acres in Northern Vermont and we're looking forward to the next which will hopefully be in Oregon. Lots of people bought it and it can never be for sale again.

A week after the Benefit . . . the Hog Farm have raised their bus and next 'the Hog Farm visits Stonehenge, Amsterdam and Outer Mongolia'. If you can't hop on somebody else's bus, raise your own.

Maybe the next movie instalment will be the Hog Farmers filming Warner Brothers on their gravy train.

GEN. WASTE MORE LAND

Also in the Caravan . . . the GENTLE FREAK GENERAL

Visiting military dignitaries rarely hold interviews inGandalf's Garden, but for General Waste More Land any ground is campaign ground. He wears an immaculate blue military uniform (matches his eyes), trousers a mile wide; he is profusely decorated, home-devised medals and ribbons, white plastic planes for epaulettes, hat fronted by a red plastic rocket, with a MASH-type helicopter on the back. He talks calmly, laughs often at his own jokes and anything else that happens along, and has created for himself a missionary role **against** war and **for** peace which is total. His uniform is both clothes and a costume. He has adopted the structure and the American status quo language and by turning it inside out, against itself—using

music-hall patter, tickling you with puns, throwing in the odd sick quip, he hopes to convince the world that war is STUPID and American government wicked. He's on his first European tour.

When were you promoted to the status of General Waste More Land?

Well, it's been about five years now. My partner is General Hershey Bar—see, there's a candy bar in the States called the Hershey bar and General Hershey is the head of the draft there. We claim that General Hershey Bar is the sweetest General in the Pentagon—he's the one who said 'kiss, don't kill, you make more friends that way.' He trained me in guerilla warfare. I'm on a top secret mission from the Pentagon and if you haven't heard of me before, that shows how secret I really am.

What's your secret mission here?

Well, I'm here on a double pronged mission; first as a comical missionary for peace and then with a message from the Hopi Indians. I'm hoping everyone in Europe will send letters to Senator Fulbright—he's a good friend of mine—and ask him to send home all the GI's from Vietnam to visit Bob Hope for Christmas. See, I feel turn about's fair play. Also, I want to explain to all the beautiful people, the doves in Europe and blow the minds of all the hawks who don't belive that the majority is NOT silent in the United States. Nixon is deaf and dumb. Also, we have a bill up before Congress, HR 1776, 1970, which says that immediately on passage no young man would have to go to war in Vietnam or anyplace else unless he is accompanied by his parents. It's a togetherness bill, I'm trying to bridge the generation gap for all the hawks in the US—the doves wouldn't have to go. The hawks that go to war together blow their feathers and their birdbrains together.

PHOTO HOMER SYKES

Have you Thomas Michael Dunplus, aged 26, served in the US army?

No, I was never in it. I got a degree in English Literature from California State College and then I was studying to be a priest in a Catholic seminary—I'm writing a book about it called Days of Wine and Rosaries. I claim the wine was OK but the rosaries got too much. I was a conscientious objector—I wouldn't even be a medic. Anyway, they'd be scared to send me; I'm part of the underthrow of the overground of war and if they put me in Vietnam all the troops would leave next day. I'd talk them out of it. Like, I talk to anyone and everyone, anywhere, to get my message out and try and blow people's minds against the madness. I'm fighting madness with madness. It's like some people thought there was no cure for diptheria but they found a cure. I'm a doctor trying to find a cure for madness of war. I'm innoculating the American people with madness just enough so they'll see how it is and drop out of it.

How does your anti-war mission tie in with the Hopis?

Well, the basic thing is that the Hopis are looking for three brothers to come from the East—it could be Russia or all the way to China—to bring them the missing piece from their sacred stone. They believe the day of Purification is near, that man is entering into his fourth phase of existance and that will happen when they have the missing stone. They want to spread peace: they're an entire nation of pacifists, never had a war. They refuse to recognise the United States Government other than as an evil entity; they're just little farmers in the middle of the desert and the government ignored them till they found oil or coal on their land; now they're trying to take their land away from them—in Arizona, this is. I just came back from staying with them. They have this snake ceremony every two years, where they have a snake dance and then runners run out and set the snakes down several miles away so they can go to the four corners of the earth. That way they try and keep harmony in the entire world. They believe that when the gods come back the United States government will be punished.

What are all your medals for?

In the States I take a poll. Did you ever hear of the Gallup Poll? Well, I take a Trot-and-Canter Poll, it's a little slower but a bit more accurate. I ask: did you ever make a friend by burning someone's house down, breaking their arm, jumping on their car? And they say no. So then I say, well, how can we go 8000 miles to a country, Vietnam, you don't even know the people, can't speak to them or understand their religion or culture and do that very thing to them and then get medals for it. So I have a counter campaign to give medals for love, not killing. The ribbons are all my own campaigns, for love, peace, I was in the up-your-heart campaign, in the battle of happiness in the struggle to be human and I've won them all.

What about those planes?

Those are my epaulettes. They're obsolete, of course, like war. I'm trying to get war put into the war memorial museum. Don't you have one here in London?

Yes. Somebody tried to set in on fire a while ago.

They shouldn't do that really. It'd be better to preserve it so that when war dies I can put it there. And it is dying; all the tax-payers are bleeding to death and war will die, in the streets, in the gutter. Then I'll find it, preserve it and put it in the war museum.

What does war look like?

That's a good question. I never thought of that . . . War looks like any person who involves himself in it, anybody who picks up a gun and murders anybody, that's war. All those things that we're opposed to in our own society—and then people go away from home and then get medals for it—that's the ugly face of war.

You'll have people in your museum, then.

We'll have a lot, we'll have to fit them all in. I have a magic potion and I'll give it to them and they'll turn very small, because they're small anyway. To do these things you have to have a petty mind. But the good news from the States in 1970 is that war has been declared stupid and President Nixon is just another pretty face. You can disagree on the last point, of course. Another discovery I made was when I was working in the chemical division of the Pentagon; I found out the basic chemical difference between LSD and President Nixon. Everybody knows now, especially since Cambodia, fact 1: LSD is a drug and Fact 2: Nixon is a dope. I'm the first pschedelic general.

Have you spoken to McLuhan about what you're doing?

Yes, I went to Toronto last year, and I went to see him and I walked in and started giving him my navel salute—you know, navel to navel—I'm the first general on a navel operation, and I say, don't go to Vietnam they'll put a bullet in your navel and all the food will run out and with inflation it's very expensive; not only that, if they put a bullet hole in your navel they've destroyed your last connection with your past and without your past you have no future. But McLuhan was sick, he'd just come out of hospital, and he said what a corny joke and I said well, you know it's a corny war. So we didn't really talk; but he really turned me on when I was in college. All war is corny. I told the generals in the Pentagon, why don't we let the war in future be fought by dogs, for example, you could take all the Catholic and Irish dogs in Ireland and unleash them and the dog that wins, wins the war. That way nobody gets hurt.

Except the dogs.

Yeah, everybody says that. There was one rat-fink general who turned me in to the humane society and the guy came to my door and put this tiny little puppy against my beautiful uniform and tears started to come into his eyes and he said 'Would you like this dear little puppy dog to lose one of its poor little legs out in the swamps of Vietnam?' And I said 'no, no, no, no', once for each little leg. Nobody needs it—they care more about dogs than people. This fella came up to me in San Francisco and he said 'You rotten son-of-a-bitch, attacking war; do you realise I happen to be the owner of the largest artificial limb factory in America. What would I do if the war ended tomorrow?'

Do you think your pressure and others' will finally have some effect on America?

Yeah, I wouldn't do it if I weren't hopeful. I believe people are basically good, that they get betrayed, in the way Johnson betrayed America. I'm with the Hopi's when they talk of the fourth emergence of man on the planet; that if man can get rid of greed and wickedness he can live eternally. That's why I'm not too much into an ecology kick. I agree with I.F. Stone, when he said on Ecology Day that unless they end the war there's no hope for anything. I'm into mysticism more than anything, myself and I just look to the gods taking care of it at that point.

Michelene Victor

YOHIMBINA DIARIES

INTRODUCTION

During Operation Clap-Trap, a guerrilla attack on the exploding venereal situation in Ibiza, a Dildonics researcher discovered yohimbine hydrochloride tablets freely available at a shilling a tube . . . YOHIMBINA . . . an Aladdin's cave of erotic tumescence promised after a week . . . a swarthy root that will make brave men tremble . . . and where's the truth?

Yohimbine is the principal alkaloid from the bark of the West African Yohimbe (or Yohimbehe) tree. It has long been used in folk/fuck medicine. The Africans would take extensive courses of it (something which has not been attempted in recent years, making the accompanying Dildonics research such a classic). Interestingly, many hallucinogens have a basic structure similar to Y. among them LSD, yage, marijuana, psilocybin, harmine, cohoba; they are all built round an INDOLE nucleus (whatever that is). The main exception is mescaline . . . LSD, yohimbine, harmine and methysergide (a drug now used as a migraine prophylactic) are all 5-hydroxy tryptamine (5-HT) antagonists. This gets complex, but 5-HT is an important part of the brain's metabolism, and very likely involved in a lot of emotional responses . . .

This carpet of facts has not been completely tied together, and yohimbine has a weaker action than most of the other drugs. It gently but specifically blocks certain autonomic nervous impulses; no cardiac effect, but a definite vasodilatation—the peripheral blood vessels widen—and some local anaesthetic effect. A bit of a buzz you might say, but most English and American writers dismiss any aphrodisiac properties as non-existent according to their petty white collar "double-blind controlled trials". Less demanding workers in Czechoslovakia or Italy are happily watching rats coming spontaneously in each others' ears and monkeys having yohimbine gang bangs.

Y. occurs naturally in other plants, notably Indian snakeroot, Rauwolfia serpentina, which also contains a million other alkaloids. Reserpine, the main one, is tranquillising, used for years in high blood pressure and for its head effects. It makes Siamese fighting fish stop fighting. It also has a similar structure to Y. So according to straight investigators all of Y.'s properties, genital vasodilation, brain stimulation etc are weak. Better try atropine/hyoscine/belladonna type drugs, as in Don Juan's beloved datura . . . but these have easily reached overdose points and heavy-to-handle side effects.

In England Y. is supposed to be available as YOBINOL, but it's never been tracked down. However, if you really want to getiton, ask your liberated GP for POTENSAN FORTE. From Medo-Chemicals up there in the Archway, North London, it makes sure of Y.'s boost by adding pemoline (wartime speed for bomber pilots), strychnine (zzap) and testerone (Blammm). All in incredible little golden pellets, real zonkers . . .

Other workers were involved in the Ibiza Dildonics Research programme—women reporting an extreme enervation sometimes going into tremors, others having immediate flashes—I tried a 6 day course which proved negative. The previous 14 day control period was 98% Far Out, and the 6 test days were far less active; finished by the Lower Ass Flare (See the Diaries) turning into incipient piles . . . A BUMMER . . .

The animal most affected by Y. is the mouse . . . given barbiturates and yohimbine, mice have spontaneous seminal ejaculation. The similarity in reaction strength between mice and the writer of the expansive survey below leads inevitably to the hideous suspicion . . . is he MAN OR MOUSE!??!!?

B.S. Strangeshoes M.D.M.D.M.D.

SEX DRUG OVER COUNTER ON HIPPIE HOLIDAY ISLAND

EXCERPTS FROM THE YOHIMBINA DIARIES

News reaches us of the miraculous properties of Yohimbina, extracted from the yohimbine tree of Africa and readily available in chlorohydrate form at our local pharmacies, one of their many hidden treasures. I am told only that it has powerful aphrodisiac properties. Instructions say to drop three a day until reaching fifty and make the most extravagant claims—erections all day and night perhaps, liberation of the libido, overcoming of any biological or psychic anchors which might be preventing either male or female from becoming a flaming creature of pure sexual desire. Nothing wrong with that as one of our goals, definitely a part of the liberation trip anyway, and am compelled by basic attitudes to make this exploration. There they go, the first three pills, down into the interior mystery. Perhaps just an old legend, but there is something hauntingly primal about this search for the miraculous, falling backward in time through the beat of jungle drums. Let it be.

FIFTH DAY—Been in continual scenes but felt nothing which could be attributed to Yohimbina, all sensual or sexual sensations within the limits of known personal normalcy. Last twenty-four hours however definitely producing something extra. There is a slow soft flash which passes through the back of the legs and through the lower ass. Cannot feel this as anything definitely sexual within usual internal definitions, and it is not centered in the area of the genitals. It is a new feeling, not an increase in intensity of any sensations which are normally felt within the personal sexual syndrome, but a slow soft diffusion of coloured feeling which exists independently. Sensual, at least it is that, but it has not translated itself into the realms of the sexual. No noticeable increase in erective frequency or powers. Things happening all the time on this most witchy of islands and when it's time to be there my thing is sticking straight out where it belongs, but there is such a turned-on feeling in the air here anyway that cannot honestly

THE AUTHOR : PHOTO : KARL FERRIS

attribute this to the Yohimbina. But something is definitely building, something unknown and elusive.

TENTH DAY—The sensation which was passing through the back of the legs has been occurring with greater and greater intensity and frequency. It is not attached to a situation or a thought-wave. It seems to happen anywhere—walking in the streets, reading "The Teachings of Don Juan", drawing water from the well, rapping with Dr. Strange on the roof. No longer located exclusively in lower ass and legs, but has spread out to include everything from tips of toes to the stomach. Comes with such sweeping intensity it is necessary to stop and give it attention until it passes. Still not known if there is more lust or greater erective powers at work. Been in a two-female triangle scene which has been high enough to erect a bronze statue in the park, so still do not know if the Yohimbina is behind it. These sensations cannot be felt during the sexual act itself, but seem to exist independently. It remains possible that they underlie everything however, subliminally adding their qualities to the whole mind and body explosion which is orgasm. The two girls involved took it for one day and insist they felt it's effects almost instantly, which might have been psychosomatic, or perhaps it is real.

FIFTEEN DAYS—Been in a delirium of raging scenes, erective thing much stronger than normal, the original sensation in back of legs much stronger and almost constant and spread out almost through the mind. Have not been treating the body very well—not much sleep, improper and irregular diet, but still it rolls on, up and up, warm liquid and responsive. What began as an outside or side effect has now clearly translated itself into sexuality. Have been mentally preoccupied with other things along the way, but it simply is there all the time very close to the surface of things, spilling out at the slightest stimulous. No longer necessary to listen so closely to the senses to feel for the results as it is right there in the body at all times, impossible to ignore. Filled with wonder. Where is it taking me, am I becoming something else?

WARM BUMP WOULDN'T GO

TWENTY DAYS—Lying on the nude rooftop in a blazing sun today. Neville had some academic work on acid, not a very inspiring document, so dry and scientific that it castrated the miracle from the LSD-experience. He found a page listing the acid-family with the molecular structure of several items diagrammed. We find acid, mescaline, etc., and there too is yohimbine. It is of the family of psychedelics too we find, which means that it opens the senses in it's own particular way. Things have been moving a bit more than usual lately, the visual trip having been out of proportion to the amount of smoke I have been using. Marvellous, a substance of many-faceted realities. Have also been noticing the emergence of a clear energy behind all of this. Have been staying right inside the sexual experience, giving it a chance, and feeling very high in these creations. Despite relative hyperactivity in the night, am finding erections occurring at odd moments. Thinking about nothing at all, sitting at the Monte Sol alone and spaced out, just came from a situation which felt like total release, and suddenly noticed the front of these shabby trousers about to burst. Remained pinned there at the table for most of an hour, unable to arise and walk away without exposing the situation to everyone on that crowded corner. Laughed aloud, as I haven't had dilemmas like that since adolescence. Even laughter did not drive the warm bulge away. Most amazing, no direct stimulous in mind or before the eye, and my own chemistry does not normally produce creations like that at such moments. Maybe time to stop the Yohimbina

GGGGood Vibrationssss

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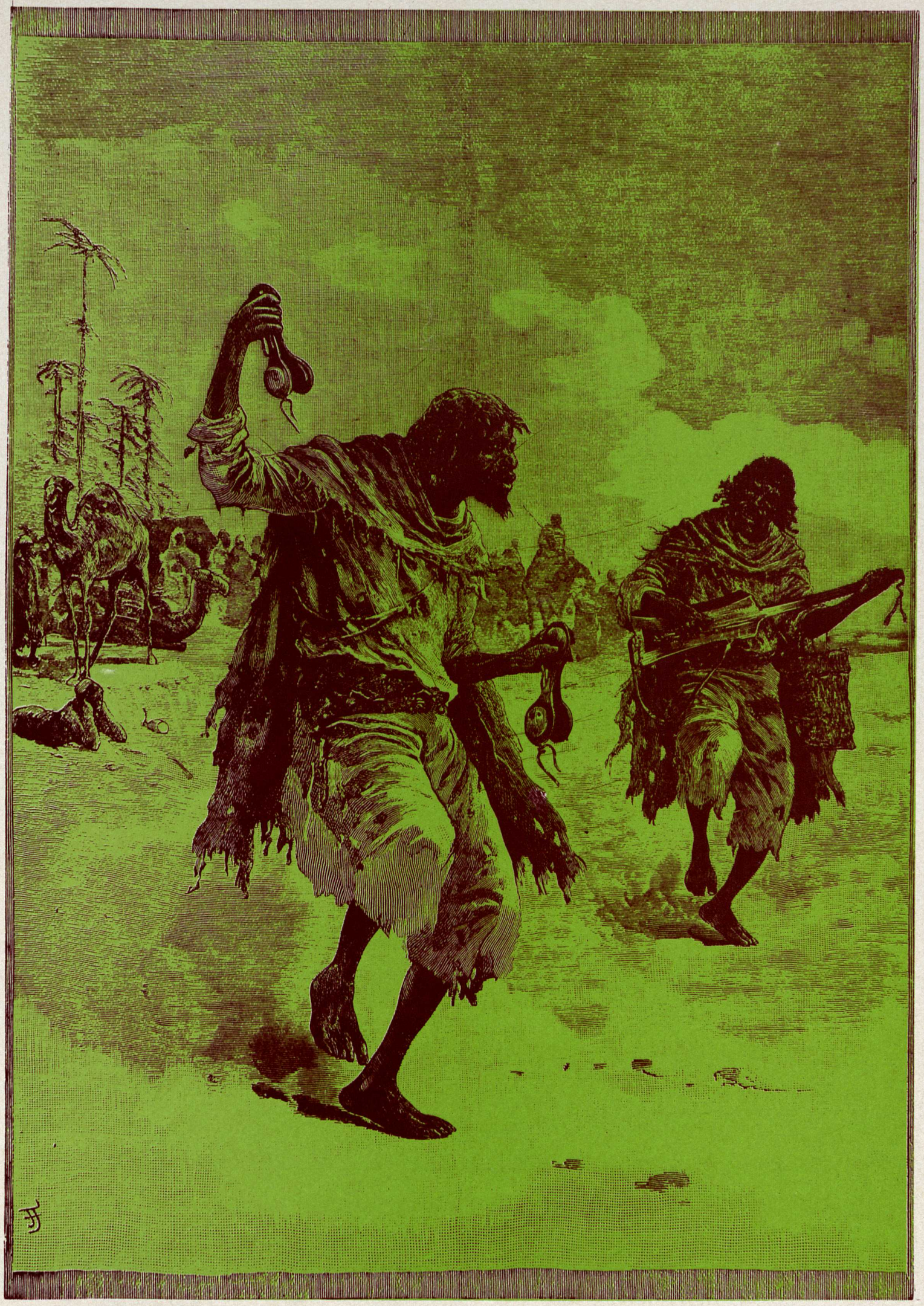
drip or design a pair of pants to hold these things. Would love to simply get up and walk around like this and it would be nice to see everybody carrying such a thing, it might be the end to all hostilities everywhere since it feels so fine, but must also give some thought to social survival and this is not yet our utopia. Have passed the fifty pills suggested in the instructions, but want to follow this dream for a few more days.

TWENTY-FIVE DAYS—Night of the full moon came by, and always these hours are floating high on magic here where it all comes in without being distorted by cloud-cover or smog. Lost in Formentera's dunes and pine-forests with C. and a legion of drummers and flutists, oriental wind-chimes and holy bells, lying there in the pine needles having surrendered all powers, a long moment of enchantment. C. and I thought we'd drop a trip, and wanted also to turn myself into the senses through the possibilities of Ell Spee Dee to discover what I could about Yohimbina's alterations of the sensual openings, as that might be another way to turn inside and know. But it was first cap of sunshine, and no chance to consciously turn into anything, just a flaming convoluted undulating vision of the Unknown, a trip of blinding and bewildering beauty, all of moonstruck nature performing such as seldom seen through these eyes, a voyage of great ecstacy. Wandered back to Ibiza next day wrung out and exhausted, completely flattened by that high high aesthetic vision, needed days of sleep and space. But

Robert Altman

immediately fell into such a scene with C., balling and sleeping, dreaming of balling, awakening already involved in those erotic hallucinations as the dream merged once more with reality, and on and on we went for two days, although it seemed in another part of the mind as though the body and libido could not possibly be producing all of this, not MY system anyway, as I thought I knew it well enough to know it is not capable of what can only be described from a previous platform as extreme sexual excess, not only in a lusty randy way but in elevated refined quality of exquisite intensity and meaning. And miracle of miracles, today fell into electric contract with a divine girl who informed me when the events of the coming midnight were well-understood between us that she has been taking Yohimbina for twenty days and has been totally outside of social contact during all that time, and it has been building in her to volcanic dimensions, and tonight for the first time we are to intermingle our senses in something that I cannot quite imagine. We have parted until the night to pack our psychic baggage, as there is a feeling of embarkation in the air, as though we are about to be launched on an intermutual voyage into each other on all known levels from which we may not return. Never felt anything so strong from a woman perhaps, and the thing between us is an electric creation which is certain to test all the fuses in our systems. Yohimbina, your name is Ecstacy. Let it happen.

Neal Phillips



MAD SHADOWS/MOTT THE HOOPLE

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AIR-INDIA

GRANNY TAKES A TRIP

Benares or Varanasi is the capital of Hindu religion. A necessary stop for anyone on their way from Delhi to Calcutta or Katmandu, it swarms with yogis, cows, sadhus, dogs, beggars & hordes of western troubadors orientalising themselves in the sacred river Ganges.

It is also one of the few places where grass can be bought legally from a government shop, and you can also get a delicious drink called Bhang Lassi from a shop in the market. This consists of powdered grass and milky curd mixed with ice, something like a marijuana milkshake. Ganji, as the Indians call grass, is the sacred smoke of their god Shiva, so many of the shaggy holy men enjoy blowing a chillum with the western heads, some of whom have adopted the ways and dress of the ancient holies who've been on the road longer than they can remember.

One of the better known of these is Mataji, a beautiful old woman who claims to be sixty-four. When she lets her hair down it reaches below her knees, and when she screams for a chillum her wish is immediately granted. Nowdays she prefers hash because of the influx of heads bringing it down from Nepal and Afghanistan, and if you meet her she'll ask you for some opium or a couple of rupees for some whisky (another two of her daily habits). She takes acid whenever she can get her hands on it, and is about the only sadhu who can speak English. Her philosophy in her own words is roughly as follows:

"English man God"
"Me Mama man" (Mataji means 'mother of god')
"Mama man LSD brain"
"Mama man smoking brain"
"Mama man whisky brain"
"Oh, poor Mama".

Last year she visited Goa and managed to stay pissed for three months, cured a couple of cases of boils, invoked one case of hepatitis after being accused of stealing, and baked chapatis for everyone at a Christmas Eve party before returning home to her place by the Ganges.

PETER WOOTON

SMOKE YUGO-RED, IT'S LEGAL

In July I ordered the Giant Sale Bargain and with every back copy of OZ under my arm I set off for Jugoslavia to convert and subvert and pervert.

The setup there is fascinating – they have an inversion of generations. The younguns wear long hair and look hip, but all they *ache* for is coke, a Virginia fag, and a nice piece of chrome plating. Also Bigboob Bras sell like hot cakes (hot rats, hot zitz, hot roots).

On the other hand the Oldsters have what we would term 'longhair mentality.' They live a subsistence level because they don't bother to work harder – if a job will get them just enough bread to keep them and their family, they make it stretch the whole day in a long slow beautiful way – and they grow their own! Compared with the shit I've found in England, the local hash was outasight!

They have two nice habits while they're smoking. One is watching the horizon (farlooking) and the other is sleeping in the sun with a hat over the eyes. And they could teach Zappa and Hendrix something in the way of farout music.

It was very refreshing mixing with them – they have a full understanding of the world we are aiming at – but they know it all intuitively – they don't need any intellectual masturbating fart to tell them their philosophies. Anyhow, I got on a package tour for about £60, including accommodation (& shit, & booze, & screws).

After ten days of continued high, and taking the sun, and eating the gorgeous native food, and watching everything and everyone (and carefully not hearing the hostile and inane comments of the 'shorthairs') a coach comes and drives you thru the Bavarian Alps & turboprop flight & you're back in England with a beautiful suntan & a converted mind. Someday I'll have to buy some more OZ backnumbers.

A.P.

Mike Welford

Very Cold Turkey

At midnight I am asleep, bed-bugs feeding off my legs. A violent bang at the door, and within seconds the light is on and the room is filled with twenty Istanbul detectives, short men in suits. A chaos of shouting and pushing. They quickly arrest the Japanese. He had the hash we were smoking before. A camera-man starts his flashlight going. I pull myself out of my sleeping-bag, and catch a quick glance of the guy across the room in the identical position, his face frightened and bewildered. As I stand I drape a towel round my waist. How can I keep my dignity? I am half-held and my ruck-sack is over-turned and everything spills out, an orgy of disruption. A detective, fascinated, finds a packet of contraceptives, opens it, fingers the little wrappers—still, oblivious, at peace. Another finds something pinned into a pocket of my jeans.

—Hasheesh? Hasheesh? He grins like a half-wit. He pulls out the match-box, opens it, finds inside three cheap little gems I bought for a few pounds in Ceylon. —You see, I say, nothing! It does not occur to me I am being arrested; the photographer, better informed, raises his camera. Why should they photograph me? I will not let them do it to me. I grab a newspaper off the table and hold it in front of my face, as I have seen them do on television. Suddenly the paper is torn from my hand, the other arm is twisted behind my back, someone grabs the scruff of my neck, and my picture is taken. Portrait of a Traveller.

In the van the Japanese, dead calm, inscrutable; in all the time I am with him I do not hear him say a word. Two freaky French girls, who laugh; they happened to be around the Pudding Shop. A hip Algerian, who jokes with the cops. An Englishman called Smith, who looks and sounds straight, trembling with nervousness. He asks for a cigarette and says, —Please don't talk to me. A young American, eighteen, very vulnerable. He had about ten grammes. He says, —If they put me in jail, that's cool. All I want's some peace and quiet. Read a bit, sort my mind out. That's okay. He is handcuffed, because he struggled. Someone sings, —Oh mama, can this really be the end . . . Yes. As we roll through the midnight streets. Yes. I know that song.

As we make our statements the American lies hopelessly, helplessly. He has lost his passport and gives a false name. Occasionally the detective rises from his seat and pretends to strike him. The American retreats across the room, shouting and gesticulating. He is grabbed and pushed back to the desk. When it comes to my turn no-one knows where Ceylon is. I draw countless little maps and point. —Hindustan, I say. —Ah. —Here, Ceylon. —Ah! Ceylon! Ah! They turn to each other. Five minutes later I draw the same map for someone else. There is a man hanging around with the police, with hair so blond he stands out like an angel with a halo. We get talking. He is a Finn, very friendly, who is spending the night there because he is interested in watching the police at work. He is openly sympathetic. It happens I have nothing to hold back; still I hold back. Later I learn he is a Turk with his hair died.

At six in the morning we are in a huge unventilated communal cell, thick with breath and sweat and cigarette smoke. There are perhaps a hundred-and-fifty people. Many of the Turks have woken up and are pacing, alone or together, from end to end, of the huge cell. The American says to me, —All I ask is to go free this afternoon. This afternoon. That's all I ask for. I cannot say anything. I sense inside my own security, because I must surely be freed today myself. But not the American, sweet American, not till next year or 1972, when the Turks will have an amnesty. We hope. I look at the American and talk to him, and I cannot comprehend what is going to happen.

Later the French girls and the Algerian are let go; the others are marched off under guard; I am left alone. Some time after eleven I sign my name in triplicate on a short untranslated document, put my gems in my pocket and walk out. I am too tense to feel tired; I am too tired to believe it was real. I have some soup. It's my birthday.

Later that night back in the (New) Gulhane, I meet some people. An Austrian, converted to Islam, who has just been circumcized. The Turkish surgeon kept a cigarette in

his mouth throughout the operation. The Austrian is a celebrity in Istanbul, and is staying free in the hotel. In the street people recognize him, and buy him meals. He has no money. A Finn (genuine) who has been bumming in Istanbul for two years since he split from his Turkish wife. He cannot stay, because he has no permit, and he cannot go, because he has no money. An elusive German, who laughs a lot in a cracked adolescent voice, and had no money. A gaunt, tense, thin German, who pushes, and is running out of money.

They pass round a joint.

No. No. I will not smoke any more in Turkey. They drink wine, hoping it will cover the hash in their blood if the cops come and do tests. In Turkey they can get you just for traces in your blood. I drink a little wine. We talk. The pusher's chick was busted with a few K's in eastern Turkey. Now she has just started three years in jail in those beautiful mountains. There are several hundred men in the jail, and four women. The other women are all pregnant, raped either by prisoners or jailers. He stayed around for a couple of weeks, but there was no point, and he was running out of money, and after the second visit there was nothing left to say. Later in the evening he scores half a K from a slick Italian, also staying in the hotel. He arranges to get some O next day. They wonder whether the Italian is a police agent. They think there might be a cop downstairs in the lobby. Hide the hash. We are uneasy, the German unhappy, self-defensive. —I must live man. I need the bread.

Next day he cannot meet the

Italian. The other German offers to go. He takes the money: a few hundred lira: several pounds.

He makes off with the money. They realize he is not coming back; the bastard; they are past anger. In the evening the Japanese returns from the police-station. They didn't find his hash; they got him for a sheath-knife. They kept him two days, without food or drink, and confiscated the knife. Now his camera has been stolen; ne protests to the manager; a gesture; he packs his bag and hoists it on his back and walks away; I watch his face; the beauty of no-expression. Later in the evening a sudden irrational fracas; frantic shouting; near violence; the other three in my room are told to pay or leave; they leave; I see them in a wine-shop up the road; after that, no more.

Next morning I move to another hotel. I feel drained. The day after I have my plane ticket. From here to Paris, then London: I can hardly face it. I have enough money for food, but not for cigarettes. I wander to the Blue Mosque:
I talk to an American,
soured by Harvard, as I was soured by Cambridge. The Great Universities. He has no money. In those beautiful mountains of eastern Turkey . . . all his money, almost everything else, was stolen, while he slept on the train. The American Consulate, busy helping businessmen, busy hounding heads, refuse to lend him money, even if he surrenders his passport. He waits for money. We go into the Blue Mosque.

Sound muffled; air muffled; this is another earth; now I can forgive the police and the hustlers and the tricksters; the smoke on the seven hills, the chaos of the car-horns; I can forget. At the front the men stand, bend, kneel, rise, endless movement, holy exercise; and chant; the abandoned women, almost hidden at the back; we sit. Tourists parade, carrying their shoes, surreptitiously taking photographs. An American girl, an Ivy League nightmare, talks to us; tells us how she has spent two hundred and fifty dollars in the bazaar; and how her Volkswagen broke down in Bulgaria; she does not stop talking. We leave; I am running short of time; the American in limbo; forlornly I give him a paper-back I have finished reading: —If you get hungry, eat it.
Yes.
Money is freedom, or a kind of freedom. And pot is freedom, or a kind of freedom. And freedom is being able to trust people. Trust. Freedom is the power to change your way of living when it is inexorably going bad. Freedom is being able to help; and get help.

Between one border post and another, try to find freedom. With each new meeting, try to find freedom. In each new city, try to find freedom. On each new mountain, on each new beach, try to find freedom. On each new journey.

This freedom. Is a dissociation from events that do not matter, from laws that do not matter, from pressures that do not matter, from flaws in people and flaws in oneself, that do not matter. But there is no real dissociation; so, on the road, try to find freedom.

JK

JAPANHANDLING

woodstock

★シタール音楽の極限に挑む!!

ウッドストック音楽祭のラヴィ・シャンカール

Of all the Asian countries, Japan is certainly the easiest to live in. The seven year American occupation after the war (which some people feel is still continuing today) left its marks and Japan is a strange combination of Oriental stoicism and the plastic comforts of the west.

Oriental politeness still prevails at the immigration ports and as long as you use common sense when entering the country, dress straight, if possible have a fair amount of money on you (this may be checked) or some proof that you can obtain money if needed. Be friendly and talkative with the official, and you should have no problems. A U.K. citizen can get a tourist visa for 90 days at a time, an American for 60 days. This may be renewed twice if they are satisfied that you have sufficient funds and after that you must leave the country for at least one day. It is quite cheap to go to Korea.

However, once finished with the formalities and red tape, you will find the policy of the Japanese people quite different from that of the government. Of course as merchants and shopkeepers, they are interested in your money, but once you have met them (and this is not difficult if you learn a little Japanese) you will find them to be some of the kindest and most generous people in the world. They will invite you home, shower you with gifts, take you sightseeing and, in general, put themselves out to make sure you have a good time. It is good to remember, however, when enjoying Japanese hospitality that as usual the most generous people are those who can least afford it. Although they will make it difficult, try to help pay your own way.

There are two kinds of tourist accommodation in Japan—western hotels and Japanese inns—both of which are fantastically expensive. Hostels can be found and if in trouble, stop a student or young person on the street (most of them speak some English) and they will usually go out of their way to help you.

One of the best aspects of Japan is that it can be used as a resting place in your travels to make a little money. Although you are not allowed to work on a tourist visa it is possible to teach English privately to students and businessmen and at least support yourself. Most of them have learned how to read and write English in the schools but not how to speak. You will probably be plagued with requests from students to "practice their English" with you.

I should make a note here that when I speak of Japan, I am not referring to Tokyo which I found interesting but cold, confusing and expensive. To really get to know people, you should get away from Tokyo and also the towns such as Yokohama and Yokusuka where the American military bases are.

Compared to other Asian countries (even compared to England) public transportation in Japan is quite realiable, clean and cheap. Any large city has a very good system of buses, streetcars and subways. English maps of these can be obtained at any travel bureau.

Trains between big cities range from very comfortable to horrible depending on the price of the ticket. The fastest train in the world (the Tokyu) runs between Tokyo and Osaka. It takes three hours and costs about $5. The cheaper trains connecting the cities are called Kokueki (this means "stops at every station"). If you buy the cheapest ticket on one of these trains and don't pay the extra "reserve seat" fee, you may end up standing on a 14 hour trip. Hitchhiking on the highways is quite easy for a foreigner although not yet common. Many Japanese drivers still do not know what you're doing out there. But if you use a combination of a thumb and a wave, they will usually stop out of curiosity. If you can, paint on a sign (in Japanese) the name of the place you want to go and hold it up.

The hip scene in Japan is quite different from the west. Although the youth are becoming more and more westernised, they still are bound in many ways by eastern tradition. Pot, although abundant among foreigners, is seldom used by the Japanese. Those who do smoke are called "futen" and somewhat resemble the beatniks of the 50's. They are quite serious and withdrawn and in general not laughers. We gave up trying to turn on the Japanese because they would either refuse to smoke it, smoke and not get high, or get high but become very confused or morose.

As far as busts of foreigners, in Tokyo they are quite common. The usual punishment is either a fine or deportation. Sometimes you are given your choice of goal or deportation. In other cities the police have very little experience with dope and as long as you can stay cool they will not bother you. Osaka '70 may change all this.

Francie

ッドストック

★ジミ・ヘンドリックス
★サンタナ
★ジョン・セバスチャン
★シャナナ
★スライ&ザ・ファミリー・ストーン
★テン・イヤーズ・アフター
★ザ・フー
★40万人の若者たち
監督マイケル・ウォドレー
製作ボブ・モーリス
ウォドレー＝モーリス・リミテッド作品
テクニカラー
ワーナー・ブラザース映画配給

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Little Orphan Amphetamine

"GENUINE EQUALITY BETWEEN THE SEXES CAN ONLY BE REALIZED IN THE PROCESS OF THE SOCIALIST TRANSFORMATION OF SOCIETY AS A WHOLE."
—MAO TSE-TUNG

DON'T YOU GET BORED JUST SITTING AROUND THE MANSION ALL DAY, ANNIE? WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND GET A JOB?

AW, GET FUCKED, "DADDY." I'VE HAD ENOUGH BULLSHIT OFF YOU.

COME ON, GRUNTCAKES. WE'RE GOING TO GO AND LIVE OFF THE LAND!

FIRST, I GOTTA GET MY STASH...

ARF! WHIMP!

GOING TO CALIFORNIA?

SURE, LITTLE GIRL! HOP IN!

DROOL?

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD TO CRY, LITTLE GIRL! NO ONE EVER COMES ALONG THIS BACK ROAD!

WOW, MAN, WHAT KIND OF FUCKEDUP TRIP ARE YOU ON? OH WELL, GO ON AND DO YOUR THING!

AFTER A NUMBER OF RIDES...

WELL, GRUNTCAKES, HERE WE ARE IN SAN FRANCISCO. THERE'S A GROOVY LOOKING GUY...

HEY, YOU KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN CRASH?

HEY, LOOKY WHAT I FOUND!

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE... (HEH HEH)

HERE, DO SOME SMACK 'N ACID...

WHATCHA GOT IN THAT BAG?

HI! YOU CAN COME SIT ON MY FACE!

BORN LOSE

WOW! YAY! DEXAMILS! (GULP)

HEY, DO YOU HAVE FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS SO WE CAN GO AND SCORE SOME SKAG.

HEY, I KNOW A GUY WHO MIGHT PAY TWENTY BILLS TO FUCK YOU, SWEETHEART.

WOW, A PHONE CREDIT CARD!

QUIT CLEANING YOUR FINGERNAILS WITH MY WORKS, MAN!

YOU EVER SHOT UP BIRTH CONTROL PILLS, BEAUTIFUL??

HAW! HAW! HAW! I LAUGHED SO HARD I SHIT IN MY PANTS!

LETS GANG UP THAT BIG FAT DOG AND BAT IT!

ME NEXT.

AAH!

ARG!

URP

GRR

"DADDY," GRUNTCAKES AND I NEED $400 SO WE CAN FLY HOME AND SEE MY DOCTOR AND MY SHRINK!

LOOK AT ALL THOSE BIG BLACK SPIDERS ON THE CEILING!

I THINK I HEAR THE POLICE COMING UP!

THIS IS THE END!

EEE!

I'VE SNAKES EVERYWHERE!

I MUST O.D. I'M GOING TO HELL!

MY HEART HAS STOPPED!

ONE AND ONE HALF WEEKS LATER...

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, "DADDY," IS YOU'RE A CAPITALIST PIG! WHY DON'T YOU DROP ACID AND GET OFF YOUR INCREDIBLE POWER TRIP?

?

AND SO ON.

Morocco death picnic

Diabet Acid Freak Out. Taking the Sacrament and Justifying the Consequences.

The story of Ricardo and his Travelling Commune, as told by Ricardo himself at Malabata near Tangier one summer morning while he prepared fruit salad and chocolate sauce for breakfast.

This story begins with three people who leave their own country in the hope of finding their magic dreams, and fulfilling all those desires and fantasies which they had formerly lived only in their minds. We flew on our magic carpet from San Francisco across the coast, over the seas to the land of Morocco, which rejected us of course, as usual, but we were not put off. A short trip to the Canary Islands, and then IN, one strange night.

Diabet is a tiny, white, mud-hutted village seated on top of a slope overlooking the Atlantic Sea, and between the village and the water is the most beautiful, ancient mimosa forest with many strange, secret wonders lying beneath those skeleton mimosa branches. The sea below had miles and miles of beautiful white sandy beaches, naked beaches with no one except a few farmers who sift the sand, and once in a while, camels who come and carry the sand loads. We were lucky enough to be able to ride those camels for days and days up and down the beaches, living out yet another fantasy – of the desert. The days in Diabet were spent in great festivity. We came in with all our colours and rags, all our music, all our rejoicing. So many people, so much colour, so much music. I remember that dance that Jamie and I did in the goat herder's little area – we ran around all the children, they ran around us. We shook our fingers at them, shooting out violet rays from our eyes, getting them hypnotised, and then throwing up our hands to the moon and shouting Praise the Lord, Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna.

More and more festive children of god began to gather in Diabet from all parts of the world, from Europe and America, as though the Lord had called upon them. From three we became five, seven, eleven, to thirteen and twenty – we became a tribe of people. We were the gypsies of life, communicating with the sun, communicating with the sea, contacting the elements, asking the gods to show us the way, asking so that we might find harmony in the land, harmony in ourselves, harmony in the great spirit. The day came. The full moon had twice passed overhead. The sun rose clearly into the early morning, there was the sound of chickens crowing in the yards, and we decided this was the day for the sacrament, the day for a cosmic experience, this was a day for dance, a day to be filled with intensity, a day to find out something about the mysteries of Morocco, so little about which we as yet understood. We packed our baskets. I had a beautiful, special fruit salad tucl ed away under some cabbage leaves, which I was going to use later as bowls. We made our way down to the shore, threw off our rags, to feel the sun beating down upon our bodies, and jumped into the sea. The waves were huge and the water was icy cold. Two of the girls, Marjorie and Poppy made their way fiercely into the waves. Just at the moment they dove, rainbows burst with each wave that broke, and more rainbows burst, and more rainbows burst, and I knew that it was surely Neptune that was calling them into the sea.

I served out little lunch to all the stoned freaks and everyone was quite happy to receive it, as you can imagine. Then Mohamed began to play his drum. We were excited and moved a little. Jamie and I began hiding about in the bushes from one another. Suddenly Peter darted out of a bush and blew a poison dart right at me. I dodged, hid and began blowing some at him . . . it was great fun. Three golden brown naked boys dashing about the grassy hills. Then I took up a big dead branch from the ground and began hiding behind that. Jamie went to a little bush and broke off a green branch. I was shocked and said: "How can you break off an arm, just for your pleasure?" But he explained it was necessary which later I discovered it was. We went, each branch in hand, to the summit of a grassy knoll, overlooking sand and sea, the wind kissing our bodies. A slow and graceful dance began. More nude bodies came to the knoll, each waving branches slowly about. A battle began, with our swords we struck at the others, some falling, some striking back. Excitement and intensity began to increase. The movement of bodies, forms, faces, figures moving round in circles, waving their wands in the wind. Father Ra, the Sun God looks down and smiles. All at once, Jamie waving his wand at me, whispers in a half trance: "I am Spring coming on, it is time to leave, brother Winter." And with one great stroke of force and light, strikes me down. Winter cannot be defeated so easily. I call upon all forces of nature to act in my defence. They respond not. All is silence. Spring is overjoyed. Flowers dance about, and Winter lies motionless, speared by his own lightning bolt.

The Great Dance of Spring begins. The Rites of Spring fulfilled. Salutation to the sun, to the Gods. We bow humbly. We reach our climax, and all experience the orgasm of life together.

The sun began her departure, into the sea. We dressed and paraded down the beach, leaving Marjorie alone on the grassy knoll with her tarot spread out before her, dressed in violet, the golden rays shining on her face. Jamie was just over the next hill with his Moroccan boyfriends, teaching them songs of Hare Krishna, while they taught him Arabic songs to Allah. The whole troupe of us were very far down the beach, just ready to sit and watch the sunset. Suddenly I heard a loud sound, turned to Poppy and said "Did you hear that? Was it a horse screaming?" The scream came again and immediately I knew that something terrible had happened to Marjorie. She was screaming for her life.

I dropped everything, pulled up my robe and ran as if my life itself was in danger. Ahead I saw Jamie fly out of the grass in his golden wings, with the other boys. I was breathless with tears running from my eyes, I came upon Marjorie in Jamie's arms. The three Moroccan boys were frightened and ran into the grass. I thought someone had tried to rape her. She was in tears. As I came closer, she turned her back and I saw – I prayed it could not be possible – a large stab wound and blood gushing from her back. I glanced at Jamie. He was in shock. Marjorie started yelling to him. "Help me down, help me down, put me on the sand." We knelt and slowly laid her down on the cold wet sand. She lay with her chest down, arms spread out, feet to the falling sun. She was in the form of a cross. All the others were there. All completely horrified. I got a hold of myself, cut up a blouse and Jamie and I began to clean the cut. She said: "Use seawater, use seawater." We did, then covered her up with all our rags.

She had a strong intuition and knew exactly what should be done, and as we listened to her orders, we did do exactly as she said. I told her to breathe slowly and relax. After a long time the bleeding stopped. We were all very silent and Marjorie asked if she were going to die. I said no, it wasn't serious and to be calm. She then asked us to chant Hare Krishna, which we did, for some time. She sang with us and then requested a lullaby. Soon Marjorie was able to talk, and one of the first things she said was, "Jamie, do you realise why this happened? Do you understand the symbolism?" At the time, I was so amazed that I made no connection between the dance and the stabbing. As Marjorie lay on the sand, she looked like a mermaid who had been injured at sea and swum ashore to die or recover, and I asked her if she had seen who it was. She laughed and then groaned with the pain of the laugh. When I had left her in her violet rags and cape flowing in the wind, the tarot was thrown out before her in the spread of the Tree of Life. The tarot had come out all cards facing opposite, into the sun. The card in Marjorie's place had been the Tower of Destruction. Lightning strikes. Just as she began to collect the cards, she heard something rustling in the bushes behind her. "Get it together, Marjorie," she said to herself, "and split." At that moment, someone approached from behind and asked for a cigarette. She only half looked at him, walked off and said, "No cigarette." Just then, the lightning bolt struck, right into her shoulder. She screamed and turned around. She looked into the horrorstricken face of a short hunch-backed, deformed creature, a cretin that quickly ran off into the trees. Never had he been seen before, and never will he be seen again.

And so ended the dance. The celestial dancers had danced the Rites of Spring. Brother Winter had become Spring. Death and Rebirth. A goblin had sprung from the magic forest, stabbed the witch and disappeared for evermore. The pains of birth had been felt, but now new life could bloom merrily and naturally.

Chile: See if you can spot the odd man out.

WINGING my way in my Qantas 707 from smoggy JFK Airport to smoggy Heathrow last night I achieved something that is probably a lifetime (unfulfilled) ambition of college graduate New Yorkers. I read the whole news section of The New York Times. And a bloody business it was too. Undoubtedly the most devastating headline was page 2's – "U.S. Government and Business Resigned to a Marxist Chile". Having just come from Chile that was mighty reassuring.

So they won't engineer a military coup, and they won't send in an expeditionary force, and they won't even pull out their $1-billion investment. The U.S. is resigned to a Marxist Chile so that's that.

What did I know of life, from you I was apart
Until Imperialism came and stole my heart
It took my lips, my eyes, my head and soul
Without it I'd feel so alone
I know it did me wrong
Like the man I loved
And it's big and strong
And I'm a peaceful dove
I'm gonna rise up angry
I've got them deep down, woebegon, suffocating, intoxicating, anti-imperialist blues.

These appalling lyrics are, be reassured, a mere rough for the script of a film. In fact they were written by Saul Landau who is co-writer and co-director of the film caled 'What Is To Be Done', and I happened to be in Chile during the recent Presidential elections to watch the movie in the making. Saul (whose credentials as a new-lefty should need no enumeration) actually wanted to do a film in South America about the wanderings of a Cuban government functionary who originally came from Chile and was returning to spread the Castro Gospel. Another American (Northern variety), Jim Becket, wrote a novel about the two Peace Corps volunteers in Chile and their politicisation under the pressure of a capitalist government in turn being pressured by an imperialist U.S. government. His novel was apparently as unworkable as Saul's movie, so with Chile's *enfant terrible* of cinematic direction Raul Ruiz roped in an entirely new film was conceived. The three men got together in beautiful Bolinas in the mountains behind San Francisco, and wrote the thing in three days. Saul's wife Nina added a character or two and a co-production (U.S. and Chilean) was underway within a month.

By mid-September filmimg had reached about the quarter-way mark, and the budget round about half-way, but there were some very good reasons. Most important as the fact that Chile was completely absorbed in the 1970 presidential election, and the film crew was thus perpetualy poised waiting for the call to rush to a new riot, a new strike, factory takeover, or simple electoral rally. The reality-fantasy dichotomy has been further blurred by filming lead actors in real demonstrations, on stage talking with real political leaders, and frequently improvising dialogue with the help of anything from the Pan Am Guide to Latin America to a flagon and a half of the best Chilean red wine (very good). But back to the election. From the moment my 1950 model taxi took to the highway from the airport to the city centre, the election was very much with me. Every square foot of wall, fence or even tree trunk was splashed with huge carefully lettered tri-colour messages for one or other of the three candidates. Wall slogans were only interrupted by election posters over the red white and blue messages. Whatever the public awareness of the *issues*, there could be no doubting their awareness of the *fact* of the election! And as I struggled through the maze of Spanish necessary to read newspapers or talk politics with the Chileans amongst the film crew, I saw a clearer and clearer picture of an incredibly symbolic and archetypal political situation.

Here is a third world nation with all the classic elements of internal and related external oppression, facing an election in which a Marxist, a Christian Democrat and a father-figure rightist would fight it out to the death of whichever system the victor would vanquish. Chile has had stable government modelled on the U.S. Congress plus President pattern for over thirty years—no military coups or major revolutions, but a very familiar rich-get-richer poor-get-poorer socio-ecenomic development alongside the appearance of jolly Western democracy.. Incumbent president Frei (a Christian Democrat), being an Alliance for Progress man, had nationalised *part* of the huge U.S. copper mines that provide Chile with most of its wealth, and he had begun a minimal but efficient welfare state reformism. For his troubles he had witnessed the growth of the urban guerillas, a continued exodus of peasants to the cities, and an uninterrupted upward swing in the percentage of his country's economy under foreign control. The third world of 1970 has no place for liberal reformists. This election placed everything about the place on trial (as, by the way, the film tries to do). The reformists versus the revolutionaries, the dictatorship of the right against the dictatorship of the proletariat, the old versus the young. It was predictable that centrist candidate Tomic, although he was heir-apparent to Frei, would come in behind the left and right when votes were counted on Friday September 4th.

I spent that day—election day—driving around Santiago with half the film crew searching for the other half of the film crew. We never met up, but we had plenty of opportunity to watch the curiously progressive electoral system of Chile ineract with the rather elementary political awareness of the people. Women and men vote in separate polling stations, to ensure no Latin husband strongarms his beautiful little lady into a position she doesn't really approve (perhaps that's why the womens vote was even more pro-conservative than is normal in elections). Voting is compulsory and your security pass (or driver's licence, I'm not sure which) is endorsed to prove you voted—if a cop catches you speeding or jaywalking and your pass in unendorsed, you're fined.

As the day drew to a smoggy twilight, and the snowcaps of the Andes glowed pink up there on top of the city, every tv and radio station took up the tedious business of keeping uninterrupted watch on every new return from polling stations along the length of the country (it would be ridiculous to say length and breadth because Chile is never more than 110 miles wide). In the grand old Spanish-style mansion where the film crew, actors, directors and fellow-travellers lived, the atmosphere was thick with excitement and red wine. As returns gave Allende the communist-socialist front man a slim lead over the U.S. pawn Alessandri, everyone got drunker. At midnight the Socialist Front (Unidad popular) announced they would hold a victory demonstration in la Alemada (the city centre)—but the cheers in our house died when Police Headquarters flashed an urgent message that no such demo was authorised, nor was it in order. Again the waiting game (all election countings are terribly boring—imagine one in Spanish). At 2.00 am the droning voice of the man on the screen was cut short by another flash from the Pig HQ . . . the Unidad Popular was hereby authorised to hold their celebration in Alemada. That was how we heard it—the confirmation that Allende had won and Chile had just elected the first Marxist ever to hold a presidency in a 'free' democracy . . . as one the Chileans in the house launched themselves from their seats shouting and weeping, took up the wine and headed for Alemada . . within half an hour the city was swarming with 80,000 cheering, drinking socialists and Cuba had cabled an invitation to the new government to send a delegation to re-establish full relationships . . . it was accepted that morning.

We had won. It was quite beyond our experience, but it was true, the left, us, the forces against capitalism, the WASP myth and all that, had just won a whole fucking country with railroads that run on time and copper resources worth billions of dollars, and a population of 9 million largely working class or peasant class people hungry for improvement. It was a most sobering thought as I boarded my international flight for San Fran, New York and London, and Lobo films went back to the job of making a movie about revolution in South America.

Allende has yet to be formally elected president by Congress because he won a plurality but not an absolute majority (in fact he won by 1.4%), but Congress is heavily Marxist and barring coups from within or without, he should make it. Among his electoral promises was an assurance that he will complete the forced nationalisation of Anaconda Copper, Kennecott Copper (annual sales for Kennecott alone have been over $U.S. 180 million), Cerro Copper, Bethlehem Steel, International Telephone & Telegraph (ITT), Standard and Mobil Oil, Dow Chemical, Du Pont, the Bank of America and the First National City Bank! Not only that but he will take over all large private landholdings and turn them into peasants co-operatives, and for desert he wants to abolish Congress and replace it with a People's Assembly.

Saul Landau still calls his film "What Is To Be Done"—because he wants to know how you change the system without demolishing the Army, arming the people and giving the people a true redeemer rather than a dedicated CP party leader who won the presidency on his fourth try.

FOOTNOTE: The best grass in Chile is hard to find but worth the trouble. It's tenderly and expertly grown and processed in the time-honoured traditional style by the dedicated monks of Valparaiso. Phillip Frazer

ALLENDE

HOY 18 HORAS. BRASIL CON ALAMEDA

¡VENCEREMOS!

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The Fourth World

Marrakhash Sexpress

The floor of the ferry ticket office at Algeciras was thick with cut hair. A group of Spanish barbers at Ceuta, I was told, was also doing brisk business. I had been worrying what to do about mine for days. The line of waiting cars was full of nervous heads. Those in front of us had stuck theirs down with glue and strips of tape and wore berets. Those behind were still snipping with scissors. I did not believe there was a border I couldn't talk my way across, but at the last minute I screwed my fair locks up with a rubber band and jammed on a straw hat which I had bought in Malaga just in case. I had to keep my hair up and my hat on throughout the two and a half hours of the ferry crossing. I checked myself every half hour or so in the toilet. "Who does he think he's fooling," said someone, which made me paranoid, and "Who's that. Katherine Hepburn?" said someone else, which made me embarrassed. It was eleven o'clock at night before we were through the second check at Tangier, and no-one had even been given a second glance. Full marks to the three monumentally haired freaks who had refused to believe from the start in any Moroccan government blitz, and had sailed through without concessions of any sort to anyone. The next day, their confidence would have been misplaced, because everybody with anything more than a crewcut was stopped. Customs officers are notoriously capricious.

"Do you want an Artain?"

"What's it do?"

"Well it's for people with Parkinson's Disease to stop them from twitching, but it's hallucinogenic."

"Nice?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. Very strange though."

"OK if you think I'll have a good time."

"Oh TAKE it whatever. I'm so bored I'll take anything these days. I'm on them all the time."

Richard, an old friend of mine from Australia, was one of those freaks who had come to Tangier for two weeks several years ago and never left. Morocco is full of them. When I last knew him he was suicidal, lonely and drank rather a lot. Now he radiates a permanent acid glow, he has the most exquisite epicene manner, Titian red hair, elegant hippie clothes and calm grey eyes which sparkle with happiness, albeit artificially induced. In his years in Morocco, he has lived successfully in Marrakech for some time, survived a long love affair, acquired a great many boy friends, a source of income and somewhere to live, and can cope brilliantly with everything, even his boredom. I was going to get him to pierce my left ear throughout the time I was in Tangier, but at every last moment, I chickened out. (I dropped the Artain on the beach one day and had a hideous time). Tangier seems more of a transistory place than ever. Most of the freaks have deserted it for the south, and that plus the government border campaign on hair combined to make the Petit Socco and the Cafe Centrale less fascinating than usual. Some nights there would be that dreadful feeling that something better was going on somewhere else. Other nights it would be swamped by homosexuals, not unfortunately, members of the Gay Liberation Front, but the more elderly, rather sad victims of years of sexual repression and guilt, the tight panted, tight lipped, fluffy sweater limp wristed variety, still into gin and tonic, just naughtily dabbling now and again with a little kif or hash. Even for them Tangier is not the place it was. "Tangier has a fished out feeling," said Norbert Pearl, part owner of the Balima, one of the gay hotels. "There's been too many queens coming here for too many years. The boys are ALL getting commercial and expensive." And it can no longer be a haven for London homosexuals if they are looking for somewhere less uptight than England. The police seem to assume these days that if a Moroccan boy so much as talks to you it is about sex and he is going to rob you, and he is dragged off accordingly. If you have long hair, they assume it is about dope and again drag him off. "You can still get anything you want here," said the town's doyen pederast, "even chickens, but you've got to be careful. There's so many stupid old queens who come down here, think it's some sort of free for all picnic and in five minutes – bang – they're up to their balls in trouble."

The beach remains Tangier's main attraction – apart from the dope and the boys. I thought once that it would get smarter and eventually wind up like Cannes but it hasn't. The beach is still slightly down at the heel and the restaurants cheap. Maybe it's the wind. The jet set have long since deserted it and the package deal tourists come once and always decide that really Spain is safer and nicer. Tangier has a superfluity of big hotels, waiting for the boom that will never come. It has a slight air of decadence and danger that will always put off the Birmingham charter flights. The police are uptight even about the beach. You can't go on it unless you have a swimming costume and empty hands. Even if you are staying at the El Minzah or the Rif and are dripping with diamonds, if you haven't got your bikini on, the whistle will blow the minute you put your manicured toe on that sifted white sand. These are all the hall-marks of an encroaching police state. Hassan II's benevolent dictatorship is not working and is rapidly becoming less benevolent. There's so much hash in Tangier the town will never be a centre of revolutionary agitation, but Casablanca is seething with violent opposition to the King and the feeling is that a socialist revolution is not too far distant. It was commonly assumed that the recent referendum staged by the King on the question of a new democratic constitution, was rigged. There was countrywide opposition to his proposals but the vote came in 98.7% in his favour.

"I want to write a book about my experiences, but I would have a great deal of trouble because it is not yet safe to talk about Algeria and the FLN." Gerard, a Frenchman, was drinking milk from a carton and dropping names one evening at the Cafe Centrale. "Of course, I am very close to the French Government and Pompidou would do anything to help me." He talked easily of Che Guevara and Debray. "Yes, our course Regis is a very good friend of mine. We were all of the same band." Now he seemed to be down on his luck, buying up Moroccan djellabas for resale in Europe. "Jean-Paul Satre wrote an introduction to a book of my poems but Gallimard my publishers said it was too strong and refused to publish the introduction . . ." He went off to have dinner with William Burroughs.

Every few days or so, the Ibn Batouta (until they were accused of writing 'Pigs' on the restaurant wall and were banned) or the Petit Socco would be enlivened by the arrival in town from Cape Malabata at the far end of the bay, of Ricardo, Poppy, Emanuelle, Marjorie, Jamie and all the other commune freaks, who lived in the most romantic gypsy way possible out in a grove of eucalyptus trees overlooking the Mediterranean in one direction and a mock Portuguese castle in the other. Hippies just don't get to look any wilder – Berber clothes from the south, vegetable dyed, crazy hair red dyed with henna, eyes made up with kohl, asexual acid vibrations, dancing in the streets, all in love with themselves and everybody else, stoned out of their minds the whole time, living at the limits of their life style, but doing it easily and I suppose, 'beautifully'. They would hit the Socco and the temperature would rise by about ten degrees. Jamie would take over from the boy in the Dancing Boy cafe, and gyrate till he dropped.

They lived very well – someone had a lot of travellers cheques. They had been in Morocco for months, all over the south, and considering how flamboyant a tribe they were, had suffered remarkably little harrassment from anyone. Hadn't been busted, hadn't had their hair cut, hadn't been kicked out. Only one terrible thing had happened to them, and that Ricardo himself relates elsewhere in this issue. They cooked over open fires, eating brown rice, vegetable stews, and huge fruit and vegetable salads from communcal bowls. Lovely mixtures of crushed roses, eucalyptus leaves, and exotic herbs mixed with hash to smoke. Naked swimming from the rocks, constant drums and flutes and various forms of creative or religious activity. Each of the people living in the commune seemed to be a work of art. The girl communalists make up each day including careful grooming of pubic hair – combing, plaiting, dying – and for cunt itself – paint and decoration. Much better than a squirt of Twinkle Twat.

One morning two police officers rode up on motorcycles. There was a frantic hiding of stashes and pipes. Passports were all confiscated and they claimed there had been complaints about (a) nude bathing (b) taking of drugs (c) corruption of locals who visited the commune. All three had to stop forthwith. Everything was very amicable. It was obvious after a while that their own desire to look at the naked girls had prompted the official visit. The more determined of the two was invited back for dinner that night. He came, with two bottles of wine and bottle of Marie Brizard. He got drunk, then stoned (lots of paranoia at first, then eventually the pipes came out), pinched the tit of one girl, tried to get his fingers up the cunt of another (who

was, in fact, unknown to him, a French boy in drag) and was eventually packed off home, enabling the party to really start. We all got drunk that night on Marie Brizard. Bernadette made concoction after concoction – with coffee, with chocolate, with grapes, with watermelon, with sugar, with oatmeal. Some were delicious, some awful, all very intoxicating.

The family thing seemed to work without too much friction. Anyone who wanted to stay with the commune could do so and it hadn't got too much out of hand. They were in trouble however, with local farmers and fishermen for polluting the wells in the area and for wasting precious water on such things as dishes and bathing. "We have taken steps to remedy all that," said Ricardo. "The last thing we want to do is disturb the balance of nature in this beautiful place."

The locals don't quite know what to make of them. They find their own primitive life style admired and copied on a lavish scale. Their day-to-day existence is converted into something resembling a rich freak's life game. I mean, if they had as much money as the freaks, they certainly wouldn't still be minding goats and cooking on charcoal burners. It's hard to know which Americans fuck up countries like Morocco more – the big companies pumping in false money, Coca Cola and the tired old American skyscraper dream, or the communal hippies trying to tell them that their old struggle for existence from the soil is where it's at.

Travelling south to Marrakech, through Fez and the Moyenne Atlas, camping out beside rushing mountain streams, getting stoned, dropping a little sunshine now and then, listening to music, cooking over a glowing fire, watching the shooting stars, enveloped in air so warm it was impossible to even think of a coat, I could not imagine any more ideal existence. Natural hedonist, I would have left the city for good, added a source of income – something with my hands perhaps, like leather craft or making hash – and a few friends and dropped out of sight for good. I'd become rustic, heavy and slow, in tune with the seasons and not much else. A figure of some fun as I made my way to the big smoke twice a year for basic supplies and a movie or two.

Marrakech was empty of heads. They were all at Diabet or Essaouria, back in England or the States or in gaol. Marrakech in August is dominated by the heat. Sometimes a desert wind full of dust blows. It is spectacular but you wonder if you're going to live through it. If there was something you had to do besides get stoned, you either had to do it before ten in the morning, or wait until after six. The entire month I spent in Marrakech, I was out of money, and went every morning to the Banque du Maroc expecting my OZ draft to be there. It never was, of course. So there I was, by ten every day, free to wonder how I was going to survive the next twenty four hours. Survival in Marrakech is not very difficult really. For foreigners, even long term residents, existence in Marrakech revolves around the great square, Djma el Fna, and after even a few minutes it is easy to realise why this great circus of a place, this Desolation Row, has for centuries, justifiably been one of the great places of the world to experience. It is because you can be born in it, grow up in it, marry in it, die in it. Fuck in it, eat, drink, get stoned in it, work, play in it, be entertained in it. Everything you need for a rich life can be found there. It is a microcosm of all existence. There were a few brave heads who were screaming around it on acid, but for most people it would be too much to cope with. Much better on nothing anyway. Or just a little to add a bit of extra dazzle.

Everyone knows Tangier is the arsehole of Africa. Fez is one of its spiritual and intellectual centres. Marrakech is the good hearted fun loving carnal Sodom of the continent. Nobody starves there. Nobody gets sexually frustrated. The three friends I had arrived with left after a few days, a bit sick of supporting me, and anxious to get off to Portugal or somewhere. I moved into the house of a long time Marrakech resident, an Englishman who lived on the other side of the city, about as far from Djma el Fna as you could get. He led an elegant, rather claustrophobic existence, by my gregarious standards. We went on picnics in the Ourika Valley in the Atlas Mountains, ate a lot and he was tirelessly kind. Then he too left. He wisely decided not to allow me to stay in his house, and I moved into the cheapest hotel I could find, just off the square. I spent four days staring at the wall, totally depressed, even missing out on the excitement of the Banque du Maroc, unable to pay the bill, no more acid to sell (up till then my main source of income) contemplating selling the OZ taperecorder, and receiving not altogether unwillingly the attentions, late at night of the club footed son of the proprietor, who would sneak into my room at three in the morning take off his clothes and climb into bed with me. During the day it would be the black boy who changed the sheets who would get in. Unfortunately it wasn't a way of paying the hotel bill.

"Go and make a tour of all the banks," advised the manager of the Banque du Maroc, "maybe it's been lost." It wasn't the first time I had been told to undertake this particular wild goose chase. I visited about a dozen banks, finished the last one about midday. Dripping with sweat and filled with gloom, I ran into Nicolette, the girl who looked after Paul Getty's sumptuous Marrakech retreat, where she and an army of servants had to minister to the needs of such international jet-freaks as Gore Vidal and Yves St. Laurent. I had already borrowed a little money from her, sold her some acid as well, and had been avoiding her. "Oh you poor baby," she cried, pressed a hundred dirhams into my hot hand, and as I poured out my story of the hotel proprietor's son, she said, "I know just the place you can stay," and took me round the corner to Robin and Mark's, who lived in an apartment above a cinema which showed Indian films. "They're both a bit strange, but I think you'll like them."

There were days when Robin and Mark scarcely seemed to get up. They would struggle out of bed about eleven, be totally zonked by twelve, catatonic by mid afternoon. The whole day seemed a slow progression, if that is the word, towards the evening meal, which would take place about ten, after which they would both fall asleep to the sound of the British Overseas Service, which would crackle away all night. They would spend their days drinking endless cups of English tea, passing the pipe and reading a collection of paperbacks. "My memory has completely gone," said Robin. "I can read the same book over and over again as though it were a new one. Mark can't even remember what he did two minutes ago." Abdelaziz, their houseboy, who got together the all important evening meal, had the biggest cock of anyone I have ever seen, and I realised for the first time why there have been whole societies and religions devoted to the worship of the phallus. Roddy McDowell's Biggest Tool in Hollywood (see OZ 26) by comparison would be one to throw back into the water.

When he felt up to it and the weather was not quite so hot, Mark busied himself with pretty watercolour paintings and a journal, the following extfact from which is typical:

June 3rd '70. Robin says I must explain to my readers why I have not written anything. I must have had a virus and the symptoms were a headache and shivering and temporary depression. Nowadays it is easy to confuse these temporary attacks of flu with a depressive form of mental illness. I went to the Post Office in Gueliz two days ago. The Gueliz is the modern quarter of Marrakech. I collected a parcel of magazines for Robin. Robin said that the death toll in the Peru earthquake was thirty five thousand. There was some excitement last night when Abdelaziz said the cinema was on fire. We went out to look. I saw smoke rising from the opening in the roof. Abdelaziz said it was from an insect bomb. Robin said if I finish this page, he will give me a pipe every five minutes . . . Robin says that everyone in the so called civilised world is obsessed with time. He says he doesn't think we are. No time to let tea brew or boil, they have instant tea. No time to eat a hot meal, they put money in a slot and out comes a meal from a metal container and when the food was cooked, no-one knows. Aziz cooks our evening meal and it arrives hot from the kitchen. We sleep afterwards. I like eating food that has just been cooked and enjoy the natural flavour of vegetables, meat, fish and eggs, the mainstay of our balanced diet . . . I hope I am not middle class number one of the twentieth century. Aziz went out and saw two fat Germans being fucked. Another typical extract might be that for March 21, 1970:

"I lay in bed."

Marks journals are a fascinating record of his years in Morocco and he should get someone to edit and publish them.

The remainder of my days in Marrakech passed in a fog of heat and dope. I imagined myself more and more of a figure of fun at the Banque du Maroc and was overjoyed when someone lent me their travel credit card and enabled me to leave.

Jim Anderson

THE MAN WHO HAD POWER OVER WOMEN

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TARAS KUSCYNSKYJ

Hot Stereo Nights

GET YER YA-YAS OUT
The Rolling Stones *(Decca)*

Well, it's pretty rough. Not in terms of Glyn John's carefully remixed sound, but the performance itself, an object lesson in how to waste the dynamism of 'Jumpin' Jack Flash and how to lose the acidic cynicism of 'Honky Tonk Women' in only (and exactly) three minutes. Remember this though: Jagger's voice gets stronger and stronger, the rhythm section is a monster, and Taylor and/or Richard are both fine leads (Taylor is good but not brilliant; Richard is occasionally brilliant, never good).

Everyone has criticised the Stones before and since Altamount as being outdated, citing Jagger's mechanical narcissism, the lack of new material, and the previous classic album, *Let It Bleed*, which only made it because of the quality of the 'session' musicians. But their audiences are still aware of the Stones' magic in concert, especially in the States and Europe. And here it is. By some quirk of nostalgia Jagger is allowed to prance and pout, to act out his Cockney coy, in living memory of the last star of 'Superpop' with any real depth of influence and consistency of personality.

While he and the rest are given full scope for their calculated shiny plastic outrageousness they do at least prove that they are good and certainly practised entertainers, reacting immediately to a given audience situation, and showing occasionally that they are among the greatest performing rock outfits in the world. Few have ever rivalled them for power and the authority they wield: the Who certainly, the Airplane for sure, and, God help us, a band like Led Zepplin.

But the Stones' act has been the same for a year now, covering the fatal US tour, their last gigs in England, and the current trip round Europe. A hard set to follow: 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', 'Carol', 'Stray Cat Blues', 'Love In Vain', 'Sympathy', 'Live With Me', 'Little Queenie', 'Honky Tonk Women' and 'Street Fighting Man', though every track bar 'Little Queenie' is already available on single or album, not to mention countless cover versions and in the case of 'Little Queenie' and 'Carol' the unbeatable Chuck Berry originals. This set is a ripoff: live albums are cheap to make, especially in relation to the finances involved on the States tour last winter, and presuming this is the last album from Decca, it didn't cause the band much trouble to record the payoff set.

"Anyone who has not heard the Rolling Stone's albums could do worse than begin with this one". Well, that's what it's about, and if it's a question of a couple of quid well spent, save it and reach back in the pile for *The Rolling Stones, Beggar's Banquet*. and *Let It Bleed*. Better still, spend the bread on John Cale's *Vintage Violence* or Quicksilver's *Just For Love*. The change has already come, Mick.

DICK LAWSON

MUSIC FROM THE SHRINES OF AJMER AND MUNDRA
Recorded in North India by John Levy *(Tangent)*

There is an impressive amount of Indian music available on record in Western countries. Most of it is the output of Hindu classical musicians whose work was already well known when people such as George Harrison introduced it to rock music and an even wider audience just three or four years ago. Now this album, one of a series released by Tangent covering indigenous music, provides us with Indian music of a different and certainly more obscure variety – that of the Muslim people of North India. This collection of recordings was made at the Muslim Shrines of Ajmer and Mundra in north India. The music is of the type known as Naubat Shahnai, and is played in the open, usually over the gateways to the shrines or in their courtyards.

Since the music needs be heard above street noises, the instruments must be played hard, and a certain amount of subtlety is dispensed with. (I should think quite a few Rock musicians will be familiar with *that* little story.) Naubat Shahnai could be said to lack the refinement of indoor classical music, but it has nonetheless a subtlety of a different kind.

The first two extended tracks on this record are examples of *Classical Naubat Shahnai*. The term derives from the use of the lead or melodic instrument, Shahnai, the north Indian oboe. It is accompanied by various percussion, most prominently the pair of drums called Naqqara, a larger version of the tabla which, unlike the tabla, are struck with sticks. They are played here by Sulaiman Jamma, considered to be a virtuoso of the instrument

It seems that *Classical Naubat* is a dying tradition, mainly because its best practitioners are elderly men who have few successors and the temples have now become too short of money to continue to employ them. An offshoot more likely to survive is *Popular Naubat*. A fine example of the *Popular Naubat*. and the outstanding track on the album, is the beautiful Muslim devotional song "Kacchi Kafi", sung by Police Constable Hassanbhai Bacchubhai. The song expresses the view that "since one can never trust anyone in this world, one had better devote oneself entirely to God". No doubt Constable Hassanbhai's experiences in the line of duty have reinforced this exasperated philosophy.

He is accompanied by members of his family, and among the instruments used is a Sarangi, a carved wood fiddle with three playing strings and thirty-six sympathetic strings.

The remaining pieces are love-songs and feature an Indian version of the bagpipes, known as Mashak. These songs exhibit the same grace and mastery that is evident throughout the album.

DAVID MONTGOMERY

THE TIME IS NEAR
Keef Hartly *(Deram)*
CHILD SONG
Henry Lowther *(Deram)*

Stop thinking in terms of "jazz". Stop thinking in terms of "rock". Most important of all, forget about "jazz-rock", and start thinking about Keef Hartley, Henry Lowther and Rock Workshop. These three albums draw on a common pool of musicians, but are as musically divergent as the personalities of the leaders themselves.

First, the Hartley band. Keef, the working man's drummer, no inspired lunatic like Baker or Moon, but a solid musician who's paid all the dues there are to pay, stuck firmly into his kit and his musicians, caring as much about his music as it is possible for any man to do. Now the third album, a far cry from the guitar-dominated blues of *Halfbreed* or the big band brass of *NW6*. At first hearing, it's very inincongruous. What's happened? Has Keef taken acid, or has someone bought Miller Anderson the Paul Simon Song Book? The lyrics have changed from "Got right up though he was twice my size" to "I don't care if the colours don't blend/I won't force them 'cos they will in the end", which about sums up where the album, and Keef himself, are at right now. It could so easily have been pretentious, what with the heavy

imagery, (sunrise photo on the back, and in negative in the pretty booklet inside the sleeve), but it all *works*. All concerned, especially Miller, can be very proud of what's gone down here.

The Lowther album is a perfect, sustained and complete album and at the moment it's my own personal favourite. It's the most peaceful, good-vibe music I've heard since the Third Ear Band, but has infinitely more depth and variety, and sounds completely different every time I hear it. Musically, the outstanding elements are Daryl Runswick's bass playing, (he and tenorist Tony Roberts are also on the Rock Workshop album), and Mike McNaught's electric piano work. Runswick is the most exploratory bassist I've encountered since Jack the Bruce, and as Lowther says, Mike McNaught is, "simply the only ELECTRIC pianist I know – all the others are steam pianists . . . ."

Child Song . . . . Yes I think I'm going back . . . .

CHARLES MURRAY

THE ANSWER
Pete Bardens *(Transatlantic)*

The Answer offers little of the talent I had hoped to hear from Peter Bardens, considering he has been a professional musician for over six years. (He offered some lovely organ pieces on the first Them L.P., besides playing with numerous 'names'.) I anticipated hearing a set of together material from such an accomplished player.

Somewhere along the line he has been misguided and taken an easy route. Pete has gotten some pseudo-sexy pics of himself, a good shot of hype, had some friends to come around the Studio and jam on a few simple progressions. The result being a poor solo album from an artist who could be a useful addition to any rock ensemble.

The problem is that Pete can't sing or write and hasn't much to say for himself as a producer. The musicians that appear with him are good enough – but then any half-wit can get a handful of session men and have them work out for a quick product. There is no musical direction and it's quite obvious that there was no foundation for this album other than that Peter Bardens is a decent keyboard man. Big deal! There's good musicians in every corner of the city and I certainly wouldn't want to hear a solo disc from each one of them. Peter Bardens is a nice organist/pianist who has been side-tracked by making a record of his own.

DANNY HOLLOWAY

ABSOLUTELY LIVE
The Doors *(Elektra Super)*

I doubt whether the Doors will ever manage to live down their live show at the Roundhouse two years ago. At that time the group enjoyed a sizeable reputation, mainly on the strength of their first two albums. 'The End' and 'When The Music's Over' were about the first songs with any philosophical relevance that we'd heard and consequently Jim Morrison was something of a cult-hero. The absurd theatricals of the live 'Unknown Soldier' finished all that. The sight of Jim Morrison squirming on the floor for the TV cameras, and jigging up and down in a pathetic attempt to get a hard on was just too sad. We had been hyped by a third-rate Mick Jagger whose main energies went into making 14 year olds wet their pants.

Despite their much-praised *Morrison Hotel* album and an efficient performance at the Isle of Wight, the Doors have still got a lot to live down. Their previous two albums were very poor indeed and the spate of obscenity charges against Jim Morrison has made it difficult to take anything he does at all seriously. Given the right amount of exposure, this excellent double L.P. could do the group's image a lot of good.

Throughout, they stick to familiar material. On numbers like 'Alabàma Whisky Song', Backdoor Man', Five To One', 'Soul Kitchen', 'Break On Through' and, of course, 'When the

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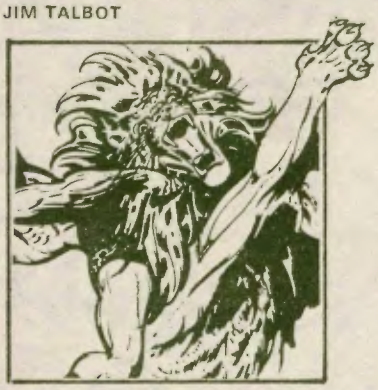
Music's Over', the Doors come across as a very tight and efficient rock-band. The majority of the instrumental work is excellent, especially Robbie Krieger's guitar although at times Ray Manzarek's organ playing lacks the edge that characterised his work on 'Light My Fire' and 'Strange Days'. Even Jim Morrison's voice – which was flat and off-key at the Roundhouse – comes across well since he now compensates for his lack of vocal range by careful phrasing.

The Doors have never taken many risks with their music, and on this set they stay well inside their capabilities. There is no solo of any length from guitar, organ or drums, whereas I would have liked the band to stretch out a little more. As it is, our attention is focussed on Jim Morrison who often gets a little tiresome. On 'When The Music's Over' he's uptight because the crowd is making too much noise for him to launch into the "WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT NOW!" sequence. His reaction is interesting: "SHUT UP! Like, is this any way to behave at a rock 'n roll concert? C'mon now, and give the singer some". It's hard to know why the editors left it in, unless Morrison thought it proved something.

The album contains plenty of exciting and powerful music and will raise a lot of people's low opinion of the group. Apart from 'The Celebration Of The Lizard', however, it contains little new material and gives no indication of any fresh direction they may be taking. Nothing they've done since has come near to matching the impact of their first two albums, and even they now sound strangely dated. So far Jim Morrison's only answer has been to wave his prick.

JIM TALBOT



WAR

Eric Burdon & War *(Polydor)*

The expatriate is back, inevitably, armed with dubious tidings, songs of contradiction and a blatant hype-start to a long-awaited comeback. Eric Burdon, the name rather than star who left English bulbs to tip-toe through West Coast blooms three years ago, has arrived back with the following message:-

> "We the people, have declared war against the people, for the right to love each other."

If you can get behind that little goodie folks, you'll have no trouble in sussing out Mr. Burdon's apparent trip. Or has he (1) got a hot hit single in the charts (2) simultaneously released a heavily publicised L.P. (3) scored a valuable Hyde Park gig and (4) opened a two-week season at Ronnie Scott's Prestige Poolroom, just to con the establishment and raise bread for the Revolution?

If you saw this album in a record bar, and had never heard of Eric the B., it wouldn't turn you on if sleeve notes are any influence on your sound palette. It may seem to be trite to flash (lascerate) the cover, but in this case the cause is justifiable. The visual and verbal design (credited to the hero himself) reeks of super-hype, promises impact insides and delivers a well-constructed product. Unfortunately, the whole thing is what one might politely call a shame, because Burdon is a good singer and War, his six black one white multi-instrumental other half, are very competent and groovy musicians, full of everything needed for a popular and respected sound.

'Spill the Wine', their hit single and the best track on the album, is undoubtedly an example of good things to come, but it all stops there. The remaining eleven tracks, which include 'Tobacco Road' and 'Mother Earth', are dull, often lyrically pathetic and suffer a feeling of studio-clinic manufacture.

The strange thing is that when they appeared at Scotts, there was ovation all round, nice vibes and a far superior group than appears on this record. The album has been out in the States for 4 months and sales are high – then Burdon is a big name there and then again, what's in a name? Well-calculated P.R. After the first set at Scotts, (hardly a people's hang-out), the disruptive jarr came when the boys all gave the three-fingered war sign, currently vogue in the smart revolutionary set.

That's about where Eric Burdon is at, or certainly he gives that impression. The pity is that his music doesn't make it enough to disqualify all the hype and vindicate those involved in the rip-off. Peace brother, but why the price?

STANISLAV DEMIDJUK

REMEDIES

Dr. John (The Night Tripper) *(Atco)*

Go out there and push this one baby, cram the racks with *Remedies*, build on the mystic swamp lust and fill the buyer's mind with images of southern salacity. Lots of shots of rip cajuns, make them dark, plenty of purple, splashes of yellow, let the words and pics really ooze.

You know, it's a damn shame we've got to take this line to make bread on Dr. John Luigi. There's nothing better than sitting down to a large plate of antipasta and a few litres of your Mother's chianti with Dr. John playing that good-time music around us. Giovanni's right, a couple more soul-soakers like that and we'd never have left Sicily.

Side two is twenty minutes of Dr. John and his Rhythm King's, made for heads and/or Dr. John lovers, it's for those who like hisses and grunts and up-tempo jungles. But it's Side one that wriggles your toes, makes you smile, gorges the gonads, but doesn't put you flat on your back. Brilliant brass accents and trained and impromptu choruses appear disarmingly; this lets the rock buffs know that people can enjoy themselves on record and that Dr. John is not eating the hearts of live chickens every night.

In fact Dr. John has exorcised many of the mangrove overtones that first appeared on the *Night Tripper* album, and unfortunately over-extended on the second album *Babylon*. The beauty of 'Mama Roux' and 'Walk on Gilded Splinters' on Night Tripper is back on side one of Remedies. Dr. John is necessary.

T. R. ZELINKA

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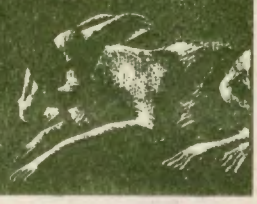

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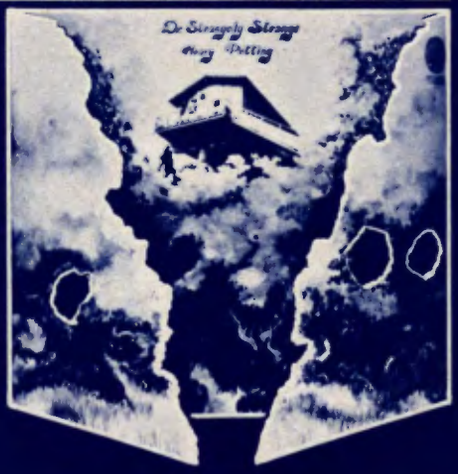

LOVE ROCK TRIBAL SCHLOCK

HAIR

Harmony and understanding
Sympathy and trust abounding
No more falsehoods or derisions
Golden living dreams of visions
Mystic crystal revelations
And the mind's true liberation

They sacked me from the "Amerikan love-rock musical" because the Company Manager suspected me of smoking a joint on the premises. I had indeed smoked many a joint on the premises, but on that particular occasion I wasn't.

However, he produced a roach from somewhere, showed it to Producer James Verner, and sacked me from my thirty quid a week groovy carefree fun job at the Shaftesbury to the hard world of six quid a week off the dole. What a relief! I realise that 'Hair' has been sneered at by a lot of people for a long time now, but never really having gone into the hard facts behind capitalism before, I always wondered why. I dug what the words to the songs said, I'd been to see the show when it first opened, and it got plenty across to me, so when they gave me a part, I really wanted to know.

The first shock I got was being told to look pissed in the scene where we're all supposed to be stoned. Then I heard about Pearl Connor. Pearl Connor is an agent who handles most of the black kids in 'Hair' (There are three productions in Britain at the moment, and a dozen or so others dotted about the world). She takes 15% of their wages for getting them the job, 10% if they don't sign with her. One of the chicks in the London show has paid her two thousand pounds since the show opened, and has got no other work.

I am a coloured spade Anigra. A black nigger a jungle bunny boogaloo a coon a picanniny Maumau Uncle Tom Aunt Jemima Little Black Sambo cotton picker fuzzy wuzzy junk man shoe-shine boy–flat nosed tap dancer resident of Harlem and president of the united states of love shit.

Gloria Stewart was sacked because she made a statement to the press that she was offended by the Black and White Minstrel Show (see Spike, OZ 25). Verner expressed his disapproval of her statement, and a fortnight later, Gloria was out on her ear. Verner had apparently previously been offered a top nob job with–guess who–yes the B.A.W.M.S., so this could be the reason for his uptight reaction I suppose.

'The Flag' scene, in which the piss was soundly taken out of the stars 'n stripes was cut recently because it 'wasn't working'. Probably one of the most politically significant scenes in the show, it used to upset the Amerikan tourists something rotten, so sometimes they'd walk out. Bad for business!

Terry was brought in to play "Woof" (the fifteen year old, peyote tripping ever high beautiful "corn is where the Indians are at" member of the Tribe). Three months later, they brought another boy in from the touring company, and one evening, young Terry was told he wasn't doing the part anymore. (15 mins before the show started, no reason given)

Terry joined the Tribe, but not for long. He was sacked, a week before I was, for smoking on the roof. They now refuse to acknowledge the new boy as "Woof" in the programme. He plays a lead role, but his contract says 'Tribe'. They could do to him what they did to Terry any time they liked. This is how Verner protects himself contractually, and it's a drag.

I'm evolving
I'm evolving
Through the drugs
That you put down

When one of the Tribe was elected Equity rep the Stage Manager at the

time showed him half a dozen or so joint ends in an envelope, and told him to stay cool, because they were going to be used. At that time it was really nice weather, and some members of the Tribe would come into the theatre during the day and smoke in the sun on the roof.

O.K. so it's illegal and Verner claims that if the theatre was bust it would be closed down, but if he cared a fuck about what the show stood for, he'd never use drugs to get rid of people he no longer cared for. Anyway, the Shaftesbury has never been raided and two years ago when the show was much talked about, most of the kids were heads, but the fuzz didn't even seem curious about the possibility of dope on the premises. Why not, I wonder? Two years ago, people were still done quite heavily for possession of small amounts—they could have had a bean feast.

Lawfully speaking, the Company Manager should have called the fuzz when he suspected me of smoking, also when a hash cake was 'confiscated' from one of the Tribe some months ago, also when Terry was sacked, and in quite a number of other cases. After all, weren't the police called when a member of the Tribe was suspected of becoming violent and trying to biff the Stage Doorman?

Verner even suspected the Wardrobe Mistress of pushing, so he sacked her last week for 'inefficiency'.

Sodomy
Fellatio
Cunnilingus
Pederasty
Father, why do these nasty words sound so nasty?
Masturbation
can be fun
join the holy orgy Kama Sutra
everyone.

We were told to cut out the "embarrassing masturbation" on stage (something I dug most when I first saw the show was the casual wanking that went on) and this was replaced by well timed smutty sketches and one or two gyrating chicks well-positioned downstage (Verner owns the "Latin Quarter" wankers club).

There are many other instances that go to make 'Hair' the sick joke it is today. I'm not saying these things to get back at them for sacking me—they can stuff their thirty quid a week, but because having been personally involved in the hypocritical chaos, and having been pretty shocked by the way people are treated, and audiences are cheated, I feel I must make a protest. I don't need to invent nasty things about James Verner—sadly they are all for real. Ruthless bread heads like him are bad enough already, but hiding behind a show preaching peace and light he looks pretty gruesome.

photo David Redom

I don't know too much about the guys who wrote the original script, James Rado and Gerry Ragni—in fact sometimes I wonder if they ever really existed, even their names sound like obscure anagrams. I gather they split back to the States after selling out to J.V., but the original lyrics and music exist, such songs as the 'Flesh Failures'.

We starve, look at one another,
short of breath,
Walking proudly in our winter coats
Wearing smells from laboratories
Facing a dying nation
Of moving paper fantasies
Listening for the new told lies
With supreme visions of lonely tunes
Singing our space songs on a spider web
Sitar
Life is around you and in you
And so for Timothy Leary
Deary
Let the sun shine
Let the sun shine in
The sun shine in.

Half of the London cast sing that every night, and haven't the faintest idea who Timothy Leary might be.

Anyway, the last thing I did on stage was stand naked singing *"Beads flowers freedom happiness"* and it's all left a slightly bitter taste in my mouth.

KATE GARRETT

Alternative publications from outside the U.K. are invited to send us 2 or 4 pages of artwork for inclusion in OZ. This issue features pages prepared by Good Times *newspaper of San Francisco and by the staff of* Rags *magazine, also of San Francisco and pages from Zurich's influential* Hotcha. *The surfing pages were prepared by a group of Australians originally from* Surf International *who are now launching their own magazine,* Tracts. *Design artwork same size as this OZ, include an overlay for second colour if desired, airfreight boards to us at 52 Princedale Road, London, W.11. You can even send manuscripts, graphics and a rough layout sheet—include an advertisement for yourself—it's free.*

Mike: This number is gonna put me out.
Judy: I mean there is no rhetoric to putting out a paper.
Harry: (passed out on the kitchen floor on Chevas Regal, starting to come to, rolls over onto the kittens that have huddled around him for warmth.)
Kitten: Meow!
H: Grr-mumble mutter.
J: You want some coffee now?
M: You wanna tell 'em what's happening in San Francisco, huh? Is there some way we can tell them by performing, rather than explaining?
Steve: Yeah. We have to understand how we feel our oppression.
H: How oppressed have we been, for Christ's sake? We've smoked all the dope we've wanted whenever we want to, we do what we want to, we put out the paper that we want to and say what we want to in it.
S: We got it made. What is the word, um, vicarious. You see, our oppression has been vicarious.
M: Yeah, well we had to drop out to get oppressed. Way I see it, long hair is to create oppression.
Beatrice: Then what do we drop out for?
M: To get oppressed. Because we couldn't stand being the boss.
J: Yeah, but even being the boss is really oppressed.
B: That's the Weathermen's trip.
H: Weathermen, that's kind of the upset rich person trying to rationalize their existence. The active members of Weathermen are the offspring of the ruling class.
S: They had everything America had to offer...
M: Right, they blew up some four-story townhouse in New Y ork the chick was given by her father.
B: Actually, they were just using the house while their parents were in the Bahamas. They managed to blow up the family structure...
S: Like their parents weren't reactionaries or anything. Their parents were really turned on, and hip.
M: As much as you could be and own a townhouse in New Y ork.
B: But they were living right in the heart of the oppressive system.
S: But to stay within the system; they were the cleverest, they had the best taste, they were as broadminded as possible, right to the limit. And their offspring figured the only thing they could do was blow the fucker up. Because they could see that reasonableness would never work.

GOOD TIMES

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GOOD MORNING WINDCATCHER

M: The problem here living together. I mean I feel That's why Windcatcher's splitting, nobody's communicated with W for the last week.
S: Well, he's had the chance and he doesn't...like I accused him of not being animated enough. I was trying to tell him, 'You motherfucker, it took everything I had to look and say, GOOD MORNING, WINDCATCHER! Like I had to practice that line over in my head a few times...
H: What do you think about Dave?
Phyllis: (to M) You were yelling at him about being bourgeois yesterday, weren't you?
M: Oh, that's why he said that. Today he said he was becoming less bourgeois.
P: Why?
M: Because he got rid of his Jaguar. He's got a cashier's check for two hundred and twenty-five dollars instead.
H: If he doesn't give a hundred and fifty of it to the paper, I mean he's really fucking off, isn't he?
J: I mean, it was free money, from Unemployment, wasn't it?
S: He only drove it about two days. I'm glad he got rid of it, man I mean I felt pretty freaky driving up to that Black Panther funeral in it.
M: Except all those funeral hearses were Cadillacs
S: Say, you weren't here the other night when that cat Frank with the knife came in?
M: No, but I heard about it. That fucker was here the next day, as soon as we came in he split.
S: He sat down at the table and opens up this knife and he says, 'Hey! I learned something about rope. Hah-hah! Don't worry about it, though, I'm not gonna kill you or anything.'
H: Yeah, he comes in waving this rope, saying, 'I'm gonna hang ya.'
S: He whips out this knife about this long...
M: I really feel that just under the surface with that guy...
H: If you act worried, he'll really lay it on you.
M: He's like a vicious dog. As long as you're cool, he won't smell your fear and fang you.
J: He's sick!
H: Wow, that's good booze, y' know? (Chevas Regal)
J: You drank that whole bottle by yourself, you greedy thing.
H: Y'know, I used to drink a lot.
J: I'm glad you don't drink anymore.
S: This enviroment, the chaos of this enviroment, there's like no direction to it, no shape--so you have to make your own.
J: Hack-cough! Crash-smash-cough-rack!
S: In order to do that you have to be pretty determined, and it has to be more than, say, I just have to be a pretty good writer. Because this isn't quite the enviroment for writing. When you go to a theater group, guerilla theater, they hand you a script, they give you lines, they tell you how to act.
P: But there's freedom.
H: But not all that much; you got to work with the group. You do it out of tradition, out of some kind of format.
P: but everybody gets to try to do his thing.
S: Cause man there's no form here at all, hardly, so people--new people that come in to this place--they think, well, the paper'ss been around a couple of years, so they come walking in here and they expect some kind of institution.
M: Right, with marble and machinery.
H: But it's a vaccuum, they find a total psychic vaccuum.
J: And they fall into the abyss.. It's really heavy magic, doing this kind of shit.

GOOD TIMES IN SAN FRANCISCO!

Dear Steve and all at Good Times,

Fine letter. About the commune and the paper. First, I should clarify my viewpoint. I've left the city at this time. It was like kicking some horrid speed drug. The city is the self, the suburbs are the static of neurosis that surround and confuse the modern self. Beyond that lies the country, which is to say nature that has not been covered with asphalt. Out here I've begun to relate to things, stars, lizards, my body, sunshine, wind, plants...nature. The rhythm of my life is more real.

Therefore I don't get as upset by city incidents as I once did.

So my comments about Good Times as a commune and a paper will be based on that mood.

Moreover, I've never lived in a commune. I have great respect for you, for all those who do, and I feel related to Good Times commune, I feel we are a part of it, but in fact we don't live there, we don't have to use the same kitchen, etc. So my comments about communes are like those of a friendly kibitzer really.

Specifically.

It's hard to get things done with a lot of people around. You mention that. Yes, it is. That's one big problem with communes, I should think. If an individual has a project he wants to carry through, a commune is a poor place to be. However, if he can work with others on a common project, it's the only place.

The revolution we are involved in is an intensely practical and real thing. We have to learn how to live together. That is our first task. Even if we don't Accomplish anything. This planet cannot contain individualism. We've reached a historical stage as no doubt beings on many other planets have reached in which we can no longer think separately. This is because of population sort of, but mainly because of technology.

This fact is not generally recognized. It collides with vast established interests. Namely, the PIG Culture we grew up in and are still surrounded by. Their solution to total communication is fascism. Our solution is freedom. This puts us at odds. Therefore, while our first task is to live together, we must also struggle to get rid of the Pig culture and defend ourselves.

In such a time, everything seems black and white in a sense. Very simple. Us versus them. Get a gun and kill them. The people who are noticed now are the violent ones, the ones who are waging simple straight forward kinds of struggle.

This leaves the rest of us feeling kind of shitty. Because our world is not black and white. I want to destroy pig culture, but I don't want to kill pigs. I believe killing is wrong. Guns are basically for killing, therefore I have nothing to do with guns. Maybe someday, but not now. It wouldn't be honest for me to do a gun thing now. And if I am not honest I am not free, and if I'm not free, I'm no good to anybody.

OK, so I'm not into violent acts. But I can't stand back and do nothing. I can't just read about it in a paper. But I can write, so I write for one. An underground paper. Good Times. Now in doing this, I don't function as an individual. Well I kind of do and kind of don't. But my work appears with others. It's a collective thing. Together and separately we experience our lives and when we lay down our raps and our pictures and our designs and it's all molded together each week and comes out as a paper. It is a communal act. Therefore when you first moved into a house and then drifted into communality, it was quite logical and right.

It's an organic process like the rain and the tides. We take in vibes and radiate them out. I figure most people at and around GT are quite conscious of this, hence all the emphasis on holiness. Well, you must realize we can't have it both ways. At a time when shooting gets all the headlines, being gentle looks like inaction. But it isn't. I have made a lot of criticisms of the paper, sloppiness, over'writing, too much this, too little that. But I don't really feel that a definite fixed editorial policy can be worked out. Things have to be allowed to take their course. It seems to me that this is happening.

I can see a lot of reasons why living in SF in that house putting out Good Times with all those people zooming in and out could get to be a real drag sometimes. When it gets too heavy, leave for a while. But I think basically the way you are doing that paper is the only way, and it's working. We must be patient. We are not going to have much obvious effect on The Revolution for a long while. Our function is to stay in the background and turn on the left. You know history. There's a revolution, the power structure collapses, then the poets and heroes come forth for a year or so, then the crops fail, then the poets evaporate and the Stalinists take over. We don't want that to happen. Therefore, for example, your continuing dialogue with Women's Lib is extremely important because the groundwork for a liberated left must be laid now. When the revolution succeeds, if the leaders aren't free, it will be too late then to start freeing them.

There is an equation for revolution that is becoming increasingly clear. However, our part in it is not clear. Be patient. Relax. Try not to worry. You're doing a great job.

You write: "Division of labor seems to be the answer." No. Not really. Specialization is one of the great evils of Pig Culture. It allows people to concentrate their efforts and this has led to great technological advance, but also to spiritual and human disintegration. We must approach things totally. Total approach is full of confusion and imprecision. We must keep at it. We are like stones that have recently fallen into the river. Rather than leave the river, we must stay there until we are round and smooth. Even if it takes us a million years. Our lives are beautiful. But they don't count for much in the vastness. We on this planet are on the verge of being able to travel to other planets and to other solar systems, and yet we can't live together. We must not be allowed off this planet until we learn not to pollute the universe. Obviously other beings exist, other higher beings, higher in the sense that they can devise the means to travel to other worlds than their own. Before we join those beings, we must learn to co-exist. Good Times is an instance of co-existence. People come in and rap, sure. That's your news source. That's what you learn from. And probably what you tell them in person is just as important as what they read in our paper. Communication is total. Avoid division of labor. The oppression of women is only one tiny instance of the evil of division of labor.

"We've got to make this weekly as exciting as the morning Chronicle." Oh yes, I've said that before myself. But up here I've got a little perspective. We used to subscribe to the Chron, and it impressed me. Each morning it would arrive on our doorstep and bug us at the beginning of our day. Up here we only read it once or twice a week and always in the afternoon. When you read a morning daily in the afternoon, it's already out of date, it's become merely entertaining, like a comic strip. I notice the following: the Chron is only good twice a week, on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, two of those days at the most, and often only one. On Monday there's no news on the teletype and everybody is hungover so the paper is all transition. Tuesday or Wednesday the week's lead block of stories happen. There are only four or five stories in a week, the rest all arrange themselves around it, a few dope busts, Agnew says, women's news, latest trials, trouble in Kashmir...Friday everybody's thinking about the weekend and so the Chron loses energy. Saturday's paper is put together by the cleaning ladies.

So with all their time, personnel, experience and money, the Chron puts together a nice neat package of news once or twice a week. They have some good columnists like Stanton Delaplane and Herb Caen, people who have written the same column for thirty years. That's what good means in the straight world, the ability to do the same thing with no change, no up and no down. Herb Caen has assistants who write at least half his columns. Sure he does a good job. So does Ed Sullivan.

In the news, they have good clean coverage. The editors are professional and the reporters are competent. If we could afford to hire people to be available to go to key events, we could get good daily reporting too. Tim Findley is a fine reporter. But we should be happy about that, not competitive, we're lucky he writes in the Chron because any good work in mass media is pro-revolutionary at least in a small way. But in a vaster sense, dig our coverage: Colin Campbell from Georgia reporting stories that were never told before.

You don't like it that people seem to be just getting by. Well, maybe you're right, but maybe partly you're hungup in straight masculine values of Work. Pig culture says that life should be oriented around work. Produce! But now pig culture has solved the basic problems of production. If only we can learn to relate, we can have all the Things we need and want. Pig culture solved that. Thanks, pig culture. But now we have to solve Pig Culture. We have to turn everything around. Work should be oriented to life rather than the other way around. People should drop into Good Times, hang out, rap, bother you... and out of that each week you should put out a paper.

But that's what you do. You've arrived. Dig it. Be proud of it. Let it grow. Help it grow. Don't fight. Abbie Hoffman says that the Tribe is the best underground paper. If by underground you mean activities that culminate in People's Park and Chicago. But that's not what I mean by Underground. We'll fight when we have to, but I believe in life and love as my goal, not fighting. We have to fight because we're sick. Our whole culture is sick and we're part of it. But we don't have to Achieve Work Goals, all we have to do is keep going. Your struggle on the paper should be to remove obstacles, to get more relaxed, not to impose structure. Let the pigs worry about structure.

It takes so long to learn the truth and yet the truth is so simple. All the talk about media is jive. Tell the truth. That's all we have to do. Let life wash over us and then tell the truth. That's our action, that's our weapon. And we are doing it the right way, as a collective act, a statement by many people, many statements, a collage. People come and lay their hands on us and then we put out a newspaper full of fingerprints. It's all happening. Have faith. Dig it. The first earth beings to reach Andromeda will start handing out free good times immediately upon arrival. Power to the People.

All those people who come into your house and waste your time. Those are The People. So are we. Power to everybody.

love, SANDY

Dear OZ,

I was sickened enough to remain at the IOW "Festival" for only a few hours on the Sunday, but during this short stay I was lucky enough to get two FREEKPRESS handouts (6 & 7) for which all concerned deserve full praise. On reading these handouts later I find a number of opposed views being expressed by the various groups of people who (presumably) had free access to your facilities. The White Panthers statement, issued in F.P.6 and bearing Mick Farren's name, strikes me as odd. I follow his points sympathetically until the last paragraph which says, quote "There can be no dialogue until the basic problem of the evaluation of capital against humanity has been resolved. In these terms we find ourselves with the Pink Fairies as a symbol of gross humanity, and Fiery Creations as the contrary symbol of gross capital."

On buying a copy of Melody Maker the following Thursday, I find the Pink Fairies, that "symbol of gross humanity," are booked to play in our local Top Rank Suite as part of an experimental tour to find out if it's worthwhile for Top Rank, a permanent "symbol of gross capital" if ever there was one, to cash in on "underground" music in much the same way as they successfully run the local Bingo Hall.

The Reading Top Rank have already banned undesirables like Skin-heads, Angels (and no doubt White Panthers if any ever turn up) and people who don't wear ties, and I'm sure if the manager were told the Fairies represent "rock and roll as an energy source . . . used to move and unite people" he might ban everyone.

I know of course that Mick Farren is far more likely than most performers to live up to the statement "rock's only function as a commodity is as a source of funds for the deprived" but even he is forced to compromise. If the IOW festival hadn't attracted Fiery Creations by its lure of gross capital, then Joan Baez wouldn't have been able to use her fee as a source of funds for the deprived any more than the Pink Fairies. Perhaps a wiser course of action than letting people gate-crash free, is to enforce security for the promoter in return for a percentage of the take. Don't destroy the festival as a source of income and energy, encourage it in return for redistribution of that income.

There was a plea in F.P.7 "remember Altamont. Don't let's have another one here." Now as far as I'm aware Altamont was distinguished by a Hell's Angels riot, which resulted in a murder, and whoever saw fit to add this plea in the handout must have had some reaction against such an occurence. But the people who needed to be cooled off weren't those of us queuing for 3 hours for a bus back to comfort, but the Angels who I saw plunging into the crowds on Desolation Hill stealing people's food and drinks, and who barged through the bus queue on bikes. The Angels may be useful to use as troops for the radical cause, but I've yet to see them act with any other motivation other than that of showing their superiority of sheer physical power and force. I fear they may help the destruction of the old order only to ensure the destruction of attempts to create a new one. The apparent lack of tactics involved in the "symbolic" attacks on the fence disappointed me too, and only persuaded me further that all the majority of attackers were out for was a good punch up and a chance to injure a few symbols of authority. Or maybe I'm at fault here as I tend to see the police and security men as people, as fathers and as husbands, rather than as inhuman puppets, so I'd rather outwit them than break their skulls. It's often the case that groups of different beliefs and attitudes protect their exclusiveness with no other aim than preventing their convictions being weakened by human contacts which are disarming in most cases.

I've no doubt that, if the inhabitants of the straw "houses" against the fence had surrendered them to feed an enormous diversionary blaze, determined groups around the perimeter could easily have ripped off half the fencing.

Certainly what I saw I didn't like much, and that includes everyone active on both sides of the fences.

Staggerlee,
Reading, Berks

Dear OZ,

This is an appeal for some one to help me. Unfortunately, when I was young I made a fucking BIG mistake. I joined the services. (Please forgive me.) This is *not* my scene, so I'm going to cut it to bits. The thing is, I've got no place to go. Maybe some of your readers will be able to help me, i.e. harbour me until the heat cools. If some one would like to give me a break so that I can rid myself of this bastard life my address is (here we go):

Marine Ted Perkins,
"Corps Float Team"
C/O R.M.B. Eastney,
Portsmouth, Hants
EEEEEEEEEEEYUK!
I'm going to split in September so PLEASE some one contact me soon.

Dear OZ,

Why does the Women's Liberation movement put so much emphasis on the struggle AGAINST men? Don't they realise that most men are just as pissed off about things as they are?

Most men want out, not in. If the women's role has been defined for her, no less has the man's. Most men are not one iota freer than their wives. They do a degrading job in humiliating circumstances. They are not expected to have emotions. They are required to know their place and be ambitious at the same time. They have been brainwashed to accept that to "be a man" means always to act like a stupid, small-minded, selfish, reactionary, vicious, insensitive, unthinking, unimaginative, mediocre slob. Most men would dearly love to abandon the whole T.E. Lawrence/John Wayne masculinity bit but unfortunately, the damage is done before they leave school—those processing plants for manufacturing conformist morons out of trainee men. (See OZ School kids issue.)

Most men, even (or especially) the most vicious, selfish, aggressive, cretinous, desperate, frightened, guilt-ridden, white-shirted, Burton-suited, pipe-smoking little jerk is sick to the bloody bac' teeth with being a victim of the system. They want to get out of the whole miserable, repressive, frustrating round of obligation, mortgage, debt, pressure, work, guilt, hate et bleeding cetera, and they are tied to it hand, foot, mouth and cock from the first day at school until their life's work comes to its true fruition and the life insurance is measured out as the index of conformist misery.

So, ladies, you may be sick of motherhood, housework, bras and 'Playboy', but where was your husband when you were marching down 5th Ave? He was at work and hating it because the pressures on him to conform won't even allow him to go to the bog without permission, let alone take a day out for a demo.

No revolution ever succeeded by attacking other victims. The women's revolution is doomed to failure if it does not get the support of the male victims. Certainly it is doomed if it is limited to making men wash the dishes and look after the children. Men must be made aware that the real issue is not 'Equality with men to serve Capitalism.' The real issue is 'Total, Complete, Utter Freedom for Every single Human Being'.

Love and peace to the whole World.
Chris Payne
172, Goldthorn Hill,
Penn, Wolverhampton.

Dear OZ,

Any of you ever been to a 'Speech Day' of the really public school type? If you haven't been, you're lucky.

I go to an ex-public school in Bridlington, Yorks. Before Speech Day everyone was threatened with expulsion if their hair was not the 'required' length. Some greasy ones got away with longer hair than was wanted. Others who had shorter hair but weren't greasy got expelled. One was expelled a day before the 'big' day—think what bad references he'd get.

The 'Head' and Guvness of the school are real ultra-conservatives. They got this guy, vicar, rector or something to speak. Everyone liked him (except a few who knew who he was and what he was about). The 'Head' was furious at him—he spoke out against a lot of what the 'Head' was about—you could see the tension. This rector spoke against religious instruction and public schools and who the prizes should be given to. (The Head chooses the prize-winners)' This was really bad: why should he consent to give out prizes if he did not like who he was goin' to give them to!

After the ceremony I found out he was the guy who was getting the cops onto the freaks and exposing the pushers as much as he could: that just about destroyed all hope in me that someone in the 'older generation' of this area had any intention of reform or showing slightly leftwing views. When others found out their reaction was about the same.

Steph.
Yorks.

Hips,

It is a very in thing to put down the States right now, which is how it ought to be as theres a lot of lousey action over there. But one thing the yanks have got is a much better rock scene than us, not just better music but the whole scene is better than ours. Over here rock and roll has been cut up like a pie into nice little pieces. Rock music is divided therefore youth is divided while in the States it's all classed as rock and roll so you have just the people that dig rock and the straights. It was like that here in the fifties only then the straights were called squares.

You take our scene, we're a little rock band that try and tell it like it was, we don't send it up we like it to much to do that, and we've just cut a record "The Spirit Of Woodstock".

Dear OZ,

I bought a copy of the "School Kids Issue" in London and read the letter about the skinheads wanting the same goal as us so called "long haired intellectuals". The night after we went to a disco and the skin-head bastards proceeded to beat the fuck out of five of my long haired friends and I.

To clinch it the bouncers threw *us* out for causing trouble.

Yours painfully
E Grindle
27 Priorswell Rd
Worksop
Notts.

Dear OZ,

I have just bought your School Kids Issue and was surprised to find in the article "Return of King Kong" a report of the visit made by "Guerrillas" to my school – St. Marylebone Grammer School.

If the object of the play was to create a stir and a brawl it succeeded but gained nothing except for further lack of communication between the boys and the teachers. However if the object of the play was to promote intelligent discussion on the idiocies of the school system it failed abysmally.

However difficult it is to face, the fact remains that the only way in which the "Guerrillas" can get their voice heard is by conforming, by arranging a specific date and time when they can produce their play in front of boys prepared to listen and observe (rather than just laugh at the expense of the player).

If the Guerrilla s would like to perform their play again – which I hope they will – they can either arrange it direct via the headmaster or through me. (If the head refuses, incidentally, I will create a big fuss).

I would also like to deny the report in the school kids issue that the boys were caned for not praying in assembly. It is entirely fake. Suffice it to say that the boy from whom this information was gleaned is a first rate lunatic.

Yours sincerely
Clive Graham
5 Vale Close
Maida Vale
London W9

Now we got action, the rockers tell us we sold out and the hips think we're a hype. They can't understand that while we're not into the "Woodstock Nation" thing we think thats just a nice dream, we dig Woodstock for what it was, just all kinds of people digging all kinds of rock and roll. If only we could get this kind of thing going over here we might just be able to get it together and be able to forget the tags freaks/rockers/skins etc.etc. Hope we make it,
"SHAKIN'STEVENS AND THE SUNSETS".
51, Queens Rd, Penarth, Glamorgan, S.Wales.

Dear OZ,

Recent developments in Holland Park have led us to consider the possiblities of candidates for the local council on lines similar to the Kabouters, i.e. anti-party politics (left, right or revolutionary) and with a view to running the local community for non-materialist purposes. The Borough of Kensington & Chelsea is ripe for this kind of action as the three wards with large concentrations of long-hairs and other minority groups are represented in their entirety by Conservative councils.

This is clearly unrepresentative. We should like to hear from anyone interested, just to see if it is a viable proposition. The next elections are in May but you must be registered in October if you wish to vote, so please encourage all your friends to fill in the forms which will be coming round from the Town Clerk. You do not have to vote when the time comes so there is no harm in registering now.
D.R. PEDLEY
42a Penwern Road
Earl's Court.

Dear OZ,

Can I give 4 tips to anyone not doing anything.
(1) Play Pink Floyd at 16rpm if you want to hear something good.
(2) Keep away from paint removers, "Certex" Wig cleaning fluid etc.
(3) Be nice to your Mum and Dad.
(4) Stop shaving and see what happens.
Try and love everyone, please.
Dave Shaw
9a Columbine Rd
Strood, Kent.

Dear OZ,

I smile at strangers in the street, I spread good cheer, I show round copies of School Kids issue, what more can I do? Folks don't react—the revolution just isn't—and never will be. Some faces simply can't accept the change—unless it's gradual—and that's evolution. Anyway there will still be folks who can't take it—who don't even think much of happiness and peace. This will always be the case. Perhaps these people are better off as they are, seeking their solutions in popular techniques of social action. To quote Eric Berne, this may mean there is no hope for the human race, but there is hope for individual members of it. Shame isn't it? However, I'll go on breathing, seeing, hearing, feeling, warm, excited, relaxed at all the same time, and I won't have time to care—it doesn't really matter—does it?
Replies please
love
Peter Robert Baker
179 Station Road
Balsall Common
Coventry

Dear OZ,

Just what kind of a scene are you on? Your articles are all well written, some of the illustrations are beautiful, but why use so much sick material?

I don't buy OZ very often because I haven't the bread, but each time I do I'm always stupid enough to hope that you've changed and that I'll be getting something clever, clean & turned on for my money. But no, every issue I buy is more or less the same as the others—filthy cruel, and so, so sick.

Honestly, if in reality over 40,000 cats bought OZ last issue, (over 45,000—ed) then the so-called hip scene looks pretty fucked up. I thought we wanted to be free, natural & happy, but you're making us seem fanatical, drug-crazed sadistic bastards. No wonder society persecutes the minority and refuses to give us the freedom we ask for. I think you'd do better to direct OZ to straight society. It's hard and intolerant enough to appeal to them.

By the way is Lee still around? (See Beautiful freak OZ) A couple of months ago we had a seance and we kept getting some guy who said he was the Wiz of OZ. He said he was living up Portobello Rd which was the last place we saw Lee. He said not to go to Hyde Park because it was so plastic and uncool, but to drop some acid instead. Anyhow, if he is still alive I hope he's not quite so fucked up as he was 8-9 months ago. Best wishes to him.

Anyway, to get back to what I'm writing about. Please, please turn OZ on.
Hopefully,
Anne
Reading, Berks.

dearly beloved freaks,

I very desperately want people who care about me to write to me, people who think or feel or just are like me, people who immediately respond to strangers, who are utterly incredible freaks, who really understand nothing, not even and in particular not themselves, people who are just into grooving on life and anything pleasurable it brings them, who live for sensual experience, who are ready for anything as long as it hurts no one and feels good, people who are absolutely and in total, FREE and who are never going to look back.

I am a total freak, I live alone in the country but am going to move to a commune in Vermont in the moutain wilderness very soon with lots of other freaks. I dig blue as in turquoises and brown velvet, white roses, anemones, peonies and bare brown winter branches in crystal vases, to stand on a hill covered with long dried grasses and feel the wind blow in my face, to share secret smiles with friends and lovers and to cavort like totally mind-blown, freaked out children in public places to the outrage and puzzlement of straights, sitting before an open fireplace, blazing on a cold night with one two or more friend/lovers and be the last people on earth and gods and goddesses and free to live in any way we want and flow with the tide to form the sea, to just be with others, not talking just grooving on existing and existing together. If I believed in reincarnation, I would believe that at one time I was an incredibly decadent Roman aristocrat, Louis XIV, an Indian brave, a French whore painted by Toulouse-Lautrec, and my present incarnation, on the way to dying at the age of 25, totally burned out and having experienced everything.

I love anyone who's eyes I can look deeply into and find it. I am polysexual and individual.

I would like to know you if you would like to know me. Please write to me at this address. I will get every letter and reply to all which have the magic.
Love peace happiness above all freedom,
Josaf-Donel Robbins
Route 4,Box 364
Thomasville, N.C.27360
U.S.A.

Dear Editor, Love and blessings to you all.

We are asking your cooperation by publishing this letter and ask other U/D publications to copy. *Angriji Dudaji*

His Holiness Shri Sadguru Mahendra the avadhoot of "The Hermitage of the Immortals", Akadami Road, Mehmadabad, (Gujarat), India, has left his Himalayan retreat and now permanently resides at above address. It is the Mahatma's intention that the hermitage will be a focal point for the study of all esoteric wisdom, the supreme path and occult sciences which lead to the higher investigation. As part of this work, the Mahatma plans a visit to the U.K. His Holiness, is the last surviving Guru of the Adi-nath cult of naked sunnkasins. Although he lives naked in his hermitage and its magic garden, he does not go completely naked in public or travelling. For such purposes he wears the guru coloured robe of his order. His greatest interest is in broadminded drop-outs whom desire to establish a system and tradition whereby their renunciation of the establishment and "civilisation" can develop into a natural and permanent way of life.

It may be necessary to explain that the Mahatma Mahendranath, as Adi Nath Guru is regarded throughout India as one of its great realised souls. The cult Adi-Guru is the naked saint of the udanishads—*The Lord Dattatreya*, the supreme drop-out of the eastern world of more than 7000 years ago. Bhagavan Dattatreya, Avatar of Shri Maheshwara (Shiva) is still worshipped by millions in India as a God though his teachings remain understood only by the few.

The Mahatma has also taken initiations under gurus as, a tibetan lama, a tantric kulachara, a priest of Tauism, as a Theravada Bhikkhu (Ceylon) and as a Soto-zen Bikshu. In Malaya he was initiated as a Ch'an Bhikshu and was a meditation master in Penang for more than a year. Now, in India, he feels that he has found the ideal location for his work which is so much better expressed in the broadminded paganism of India.

The Mahatma hopes that when he visits U.K. it may be possible to establish an Adi Nath cult of naked ascetics and a suitable pad. He would like contact with those who may be able to assist him during his visit and information of accomodation and pads where his nakedness will not be frowned on. The Mahatma sends love and blessings to all and his basic teaching—*one God,—one world, one people.*
Angriji Dudaji
Will others please copy.

Dear OZ,

How droll is Charles Shaar Murray in his review of OZ Head Books. (OZ 28)

Does he not realise that if books are 'nicked' instead of being paid for, the friendly neighbourhood Paperback Parade will cease to exist?

So how will you sell your fucking magazine then?

Love
Terry Eaton

Peters Paperbacks
234A Old Christchurch Rd
Bournemouth
BH1 1PE

Dear OZ,

We just wanted you to know that we really dig your Acid OZ cover.

In one night it was used for snorting Mescalin and THC off, rolling numerous joints with good Red Leb and later dealing hash (Kabul) on.

Also really got into the cover and whole issue. An evening not to be forgotten.
S.S.

Dear Friends at OZ, Herewith my thing on Switzerland. Please brush up my English where it is needed. I hope its helpfull (lottawork) and also enclosed material. Free use also for book but please mention Name & Editor. it $1 in advance from Hotcha When printed please lemmi have a bunch of it. O.K. all the best. Keep coming

HOTCHA!
URBAN
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Wir sind nicht verantwortlich für alles was nicht gedruckt ist. Wir geben Zeichen, international, lokal & individuell

Fun Embryo Informati

Hab mir Erbarmen, Wolke
lass andre ihre Witze wetzen –
voll schwarzen Lachens bin ich schon.

Notes from a nice, pretty, clean, dwarfish, banking country in the Continental mountains of western Europe, a so-called 'democratic' & 'neutral' diminutive spot on the global map: clean Switzerland, we try to clean from his nasty gnome-thoughts.

I suppose you know about Swiss mountains, cheese, watches, money, quality, tourism & so on, but you probably never heard about poverty, hypocrisy, the foreign labour problem, the growing tribal u-scene, drugs, repression, repressive education in institutions, the housing problems, ridiculous TV & radio, riots, that you're very controlled (brain-police) etc. in Switzerland. In the 'big' cities, Swiss people are involved in an European variety of the 'American way of life' & we all hope that we'll not end up in the same shit as the States . . .

In '68 we had in Zurich (biggest city, former exile-place of Lenin, Buchner, many revolutionaries and artists during world-wars, birth-place of Dada and still a groovy city) riots provoked by the police after pop-concerts, and a specially terrifying street-fight after a peaceful demonstration for an-autonomous youth-centre (since years promised by the government, but never realized). Our pigs made a real massacre, kicking cunts, violent cutting of long hair (just the same thing Swisspigs American idol does) . . . now the about 40 identified demonstrators (of several thousands) are accused for conspiracy and violence against authorities (it only was unorganised necessary self-defence). Strange: only one pig (they do not wear identity-number!) was accused by a beaten reporter and got 2 weeks on probation. The article about that in *IT* and *Playpower* is only partly true, because the informers were only the 'young-left' people, who made at that time lots of very dangerous and stupid things (tried to use Hell's Angels as gun-food etc.) and finally got lost in endless administration-talks instead of developing their phantasy for acting (the idea to make a Swisswide circulated free information-paper was ours, the lefties were even against it, but had to discover that it was the only way to win back the sympathy of the poulation).

Das Oelbild "Silène" & der Text von Georges Mathieu entstan den 1964; das Interview wurde 1965 in Zürich aufgenommen – wir drucken es mit freundlicher Genehmigung von Dr.F.Bille-ter.

After these events, most people realized for the first time that Swiss establishment press lies; TV interrupted a live-interview with our fascist pigboss (when he contradicted himself at a very important point) and turned the talk into another direction . . . Another goodie: since those events, the Zurich police lost many policemen, specially younger ones and it's very nearly impossible to recruit new ones . . . those who stayed in the corps try to be as friendly as possible (most of 'em).

Last winter (68/69) two bombs exploded in 'quiet' Zurich, one at the police-headquarters and two weeks later another one at the city-hall door. Both times: much material destroyed, nobody blessed, a handwritten note telling naively "the anarchist group XY did it"—deposed *hear* the explosion and suggestions that a long-haired boy has probably been seen around just before it happened . . . well, it was a too welcome possibility for the government, narc-bureau, brain-police etc. to bust almost every nearly long-haired, lots of artists, writers, new lefties, Hell's Angels and after all they could make 'legal' search at every place or home they were interested in . . .

So, we all survived the following paranoia (watched telephones; when you went out your house two undercover cops in your back etc.) and learned much about the enemy of men . . . in Switzerland we're very controlled and if one is not damned clever, they know about every fuckin' move one makes or did or will do (well, WE ARE that damned clever).

Switzerland is divided in 22 parts called "Kanton". Almost every kanton has its own laws beside the federal law, so in several kantons for example, you're not allowed to live man and woman together unmarried (we do it anyway), in others you are; some kantons have a law against 'outsiders'—you have to do a regular job, regular housing and enough money, otherwise you can go to jail or 'working and education-camp'.

Things to do TODAY!

DIG IT?

The newest bad joke Switzerland is developing is IMP—an armed police-motorcycle-gang who can move everywhere where 'something happens' and can freely act without taking care to kanton-laws! Let 'em make their 'Tour de Suisse' forever . . .

Also in winter 68/69 Zurich's Narcs released a poster (produced at the art-school!) against drugs (in

WE GOTCHA! — N'S HOTCHA!! – OZ'S SWISS SISTER!!

aware of the fact that a 'consciousness-expanding' (mind-expanding?) (r)evolution has to happen in every direction concerning men's life. Well, they discovered sex, drugs, communal living, but are only politically talking about and not living it, what leaves 'em frustrated after all. They haven't any idea about how to talk to and understand a worker for example. We all wouldn't like to live under a government directed by the young left in Switzerland (= same old bullshit as during the whole history). But there are still hopes that they'll learn a lot in the near future . . . they have to develop or we'll soon forget about the plastic left revolution shit. Students over here are generally still a few years behind what's going on.

Other typical Swiss goodies: Swiss Red Cross helped in Biafra with food, medicaments etc—Swiss arms factory Buhrle sold canons (once ordered but not bought because of the end of war by nazical Hitler) and guns to Nigeria . . . Switzerland stops diplomats from Vietnam at the frontier, does not accept the independent Vietnam, but invites General Shitmoraland, shows to him Swiss military works, talks with him about his strategies in Vietnam war, gives splendid dinners for his honour etc—this is what the Swiss neutrality like . . . Many many Italian and Spanish people are working in Switzerland (they do most of the 'hard' or 'dirty' work). Most Swiss people, specially workers, don't like 'em and in a way they are treated like the black people in US.

So, we don't like to tell you too much on all that miserable stuff—we'd only like to clear the 'image' of Switzerland other countires still have (I suppose). You know, it looks alike in the whole western world (and eastern Europe!). There are also many beautiful things to talk about. My report is probably subjective, but the facts are true and we prefer a subjective truth to an objective lie. I'm writing this in the wildest and grooviest part of the Swiss mountains and woods, where we got together with our friend Nicolas Devil (one of our tribe, coming originally from Paris, who's just back from a long trip New York—New Mexico—London—Maroc) and we worked out a few important ideas comparing USA to Europe. I'll come down to that later, hopefully.

Besides all those ugly things our country has other aspects too. Generally, once you talk to people, they're friendly and helpful and try to understand. You may find nice people in the mountains and countryplaces if you're lucky. Zurich & Basel are pretty tolerant cities. The landscape is very exciting and contrasting, and the attitudes of people change from kanton to kanton (different origin, different

Und Bitte, entschuldigen Sie das Papier, wenn es nicht eine unverschemte Förderung ist, könnte ich eine echte Photo oder Auto oder sonst Gramm haben

Living Theatre in Zurich and felt that it finally was time to start a paper. Four days later the first issue was born (March 68) without any help or moneyshit. Since then it comes out about 20 times a year. I, we, Hotcha! turned on many people over here and in Germany and helped start a lot of other activities, like other German and Swiss u-papers, a medical-aid-service and particularly (together with Sergius Golowin, specialist on gypsies, fairy tales, alchemy, Tarot etc) the Swiss critical underground university (K.U.S.S.), located in Bern and Basel, sometimes travelling—where, as a sort of provo-act, I've got the first Doctor h.c.kuss. in 69—and established many international contacts and friendships.

Among our tribesmen find the following mindblowing artists to watch out for: the film-makers F.M. MURER (who did CHICOREE with me, and SAD-IS-FICTION) and RENZO SCHRANER (ALLAH and others, died 69)—HANNES R. BOSSERT, Photographer, Environmentalist and Maker CARLO LISCHETTI, Environmentalist—H.R. GIGER makes incredible drawings and painting and things—MARKUS ULP KOHLER (died 68), painter, poet, film-maker, freak—NICOLAS DEVIL (from Paris, travelling), creator of a phantastic strip-oeuvre "SAGA de XAM"—ANTON BRUHIN, troubadour, musician, poet and maker—ANTONHOLZ PORTMANN, freak and cartoonist (wow!)—FROZEN ANGEL TINO, the best Hell's Angel I've ever met—the students of the experimental free art school F+F (now stopped by the government and trying to get independent)—finally, myself—and many other alchemists . . .

Almost everything in Switzerland languages—French, Italian, Roman, and many dialects of Swiss-German, a very rich, funny and living, but not written language). If you know how, you live much cheaper than in other western Europe countries—and we still have the possibility to get real good, fresh and natural food and also many exciting specialities (it's up to US to save all that before it gets lost . . . there are the first children coming not knowing what a cow looks like . . .). Besides the blood-sucking banks there are still mountains . . .

In the growing alternative society we have had a very tribal structure for many years. What in the States has its origin in the beat-generation descends here from individualist artists and the existentialism. (What I call 'tribal' in contrast to the typical German city communities, where you HAVE to live in the same rooms following the RULES and where you MUST share everything—especially girls—etc. German communardes visiting were staring at us like at a wonder and told us they're more frustrated after living in one of those 'communes' then before, they're stuff for the straight press magazines . . .) And believe it or not, there are even real squatting Hell's Angels in Zurich, but not so violent as the ones in the US it seems . . .

Finally, down to the Swiss alternative press HOTCHA! and our tribe's TOTAL ASSAULT ON CULTURE:

After a few years of gipsy-life, and after travelling round Switzerland with a starving multi-media "family"-circus (including my poetry, rock-music, light-show, movies, exposition etc; called "The Telllife-No-mads present other public happenings, I met the

is small, but may be very exciting, and because it's a small country, the "movement" is small too—but has a few very advanced heads you rarely find elsewhere on the continent. For many people the Hotcha!-Tribe is a "mystery" because you'll never find out exactly how many we are and where and how we all live (sometimes we don't even know ourselves). We don't like too much publicity, we're NOT "organized", we don't have any rules and it works beautifully since a long long time. We have what I'd call a "tribal structure"; we are 20 to 50 people (families with kids, couples and singles) living together, many among us since 5 to 10 years. We're used to helping one another and sharing almost everything in a very open, self-evident, and natural way. Open houses. Sometimes we live together at the same place, sometimes a part of the tribe lives as commune in the same house, farm or flat—sometimes because we like it that way, sometimes because of the housing-problem—but generally most of us like (or would like) to live not more than 4-5 people (even less) in one apartment, so that everyone has the possibility to go back to himself from time to time.

Our exchange and communication works very neatly in a real circuit of visiting one another, travel together, work together & gatherings. Many of us are very creative, specially in the arts—but we strictly do not compromise about our "total assault on culture"; we all refuse to be part of the official Swiss culture (so we won't end up in "fashion" like many Londoners it seems do), we don't need or want 'em blessings, so we do not make much money out of it for living. But we always manage somehow. Future plans are to get the shit together to have enough land for ourselves and others to live close to earth and out of it, and also to build up public creative centres 'n' cheap living places in the city (buildings needed). Like it or not, lefties, we're individualists. Besides our personal lives we're giving signs through our paper HOTCHA!, sort of alternative press, member of UPS and COSMIC. I'm currently hassled for having published a Swiss-German translation of Lenore Kandel's Love Book. Fun Embryo is rising. Cornegidouillezap! Electric Armed Love.

the Hotcha!-Tribe

German: Rauschgift, that means 'hallucination-poison') but at least since then Zurich is as hip on drugs as any other place in Europe . . . People replacing the word "Rauschgift" on the poster by "Alcohol" or "Swiss Cheese" (it was actually then a campaign, claiming that the celebrated "Emmentaler"-cheese contains too much chemical poison) got busted—well, WE don't have to protect our art . . .

I'm sad to say that the so-called 'new left' was not able until now to work out a good paper or other activities . . . they still have their hangups with old fashioned communism, socialism, too much ideology etc. and are only in the 'politics'—not

oder besuchen Sie **Poëtenz**

URBAN GW. WIR SIND NICHT VERANTWORTLICH FÜR ALLES WAS NICHT GEDRUCKT IST.

Dear OZ,

The person who wrote what we're enclosing was serious. He was serious. That's what (y)our readers will never understand. They're all serious out in Hollywood. They're writing better satire than we are, and They're All Serious. Jesus.

Rags People

MUSIC INC!

The premise of the television series is two guys and a girl who form their own company called MUSIC INC!

MUSIC INC! publishes an underground music newspaper (similar to "Rolling Stone") which involves the three principals in pursuing the current music scene for their paper. They cover rock festivals, rock concerts, appearances at such places like the Whiskey A Go Go, Fillmore West, The Troubador, etc.

MUSIC INC! also promotes rock artists, rock musicians and rock concerts either in conjunction with top 40 radio stations or as a sole presentation of MUSIC INC!

In addition, MUSIC INC! offers interviews and feature articles on rock musicians, and the music scene, to national publications. The articles first appearing in MUSIC INC!

MUSIC INC! is also involved with producing records for record companies, promoting artist appearances, presenting public reations packages for events, artists and albums, preparing artwork and commercials for record albums, and consulting FM radio stations on underground FM programming.

MUSIC INC! hopes to be involved with film and television projects in the future.

In other words, the series MUSIC INC! will deal with the difficulties of three young people trying to make a go of it in the music part of the entertainment industry. Each segment will feature at least one name rock group or artist that will be worked into the story line, that will perform at least two or three musical numbers during the segment and that can be advertised as being this weeks musical guest on the show. (Picture a Mod Squad about free enterprise and rock music and you have MUSIC INC!)

Originally my concept of this show was based on my familiarity with the publication "Rolling Stone" and the possibility of using "Rolling Stone" articles or even "Rolling Stone" files from which to build weekly stories. But now all the national publications are into stories about pop festivals and rock musicians and all of these stories are great fuel for weekly story lines. Besides, the whole area of rock promotion and the hazards and excitment of the record industry offer many story possiblities that should not be eliminated because the series only focuses on putting out an underground newspaper.

Since MUSIC INC! involves the total music/youth business, the three leads could be involved in trouble in the following ways:

organization so she is a combination secretary, pr girl, reporter, writer, artist and go for. The girl scout in Cindy often leads her into explorations where she has to be rescued by the male contingent of MUSIC INC!

There may be a question as to how these three kids pull MUSIC INC! off financially. This can be done two ways. The easiest would be for them to have an older silent partner who is monied, or for one of the principals to have an

The three MUSIC INC! principals meet James Hendrix at the Toronto Airport because they are there to promote his concert in Toronto. When Hendrix is passing through customs he is found to have Marijuana in his possession! MUSIC INC! will lose their advance on the concert, their profit on the concert and their heavy weight star if they cannot prove that the marijuana does not belong to Hendrix. (This story could be done with or without Hendrix . . . fictionalizing it and using an actor to play the Hendrix role and writing in a name rock group as friends of the star and have them break into some numbers in the hotel room or whatever.)

MUSIC INC! goes up to the State of Washington to put finishing touches on the rock festival that they are sponsoring and at the last minute the owners of the land prevent the rock artists from appearing. Thus, Credance Clearwater Revival is stranded, won't get to play and everyone wants their money back. MUSIC INC! solves the problem by calming down the land owners with a guarantee of "peace", the festival is pulled off without incident and Credance goes on to play several numbers. In the interest of the show Credance can be worked into the whole plot (negotiations with them for the concert, etc.) Or the plot can hinge around a fictitious rock group caught in this circumstance and when the rock concert finally materializes . . . footage from a Credance Clearwater Revival concert can be worked into the mock festival as if Credance were part of MUSIC INC! festival.

MUSIC INC! principals go to interview a famous folk singer and find she has organized an underground draft dodgers movement in support of her boyfriend who is imprisoned for burning his draftcard.

MUSIC INC! is contracted to do commercials for Capitol records and finds the head of promotion for Capitol is undermining MUSIC INC!'s creativity because he doesn't understand the new "sounds" and fears losing his job.

The rock music scene is more indicative of what is happening to our youth than any other facet of our society. It's a natural for stories dealing with reality vs. fantasy, feelings vs. thinking, freedom vs. uptight, young vs. old, doing your thing vs. doing the right thing, getting it together, etc. MUSIC INC! provides an ideal structure for any "now" oriented stories. It also is a perfect structure for a combination of story, the under "30" way of life and variety musical entertainment.

The under "30" generation is into a different kind of reality from their parents. The under 30's care about James Hendrix's charge of possession of marijuana because many of these kids do. They care about Aretha Franklin having emotional problems because they do.

They don't blame Janis Joplin for being hostile and being anti-authority and establishment because these kids are. They care about Ricky Nelson trying to make a comeback because they have succeeded, failed, and are trying to succeed again in their own lives. They are sympathetic towards Joan Baez's stand against the draft because they believe that David is being unfairly imprisoned. They care about thousands getting together in Woodstock without an incident because they know their parents can't.

The three owners of MUSIC INC! should be as follows: JACK: *a Capricorn is the promoter-go getter-money maker businessman. Although Jack is right out of college, he is very together, fun and determined to be a success. He wants to survive in the entertainment industry so he won't have to work for a corporation . . . so he can always do his own thing. Jack is realistic, a problem solver and seeks ways to overcome obstacles. Determined to make the best of any situation, Jack is a born leader and will be successful . . . but is criticized for being so success prone that he often doesn't enjoy his success and misses out on the fun life has to offer. Jack knows he needs Dave's creativity to be a success in a creative environment. Jack is envious*

of Dave's creativity, warmth and humanness.

DAVE: *a Pisces, is a musician, a singer, an artist, the creative writer-producer . . . the creative force behind MUSIC INC! Also right out of college, Dave hates client liason and the hasle involved with business, money and reality. He leaves the practicality of MUSIC INC! up to Jack. Because Dave is idealistic about himself, life and the world . . . he tends to get himself into trouble and needs Jack's ability as an organizer to salvage the situation. Dave is the beautiful, whimsical, flower child that blooms with creativity as long as Jack is around to protect his fantasies from the hardness of reality.*

CINDY: *an Aquarian, is a combination of Candice Bergen and Debbie Reynolds . . . in other words a beautiful girl scout. With two years of college behind her, she has left school in search of truth. A beautiful woman on the outside . . . but often fragile and childlike on the inside. She loves people and people love her, but her candid sense of truth can scare people away. She loves what is happening with the music scene and sings and plays the guitar herself. She is a good photographer and artist, has secretarial skills and is good at inheritance. That would be the easy way. I think the most real way, the way with the most potential for a series would be if the subject of money and financing be made part of their "trouble" in every segment. Their activities in the music business should be realistically related to their having to build a company from scratch. In other words, since they don't have any money to begin with . . . maybe they hitch hike to Woodstock to write a story that they "hope" they can sell to Life Magazine, etc. If they are into promoting a new artist the story can include their efforts to get an advance from a record company to pull off the first recording session and the problems faced in recouping their money from their attempt at creativity. If they fly to Toronto to promote a rock festival, their problems become increased if they have charged their flights to Toronto and if the rock festival doesn't materialize they will owe $1,000.*

What I am trying to say is that part of the trouble that we find our MUSIC INC! threesome in every week should be financial . . . just as it is for any new business trying to survive the first three years. This is part of dealing with the total reality of these three people rather than setting up an unrealistic given circumstance that the kids will not be able to identify with anyway.

The pilot for the show could deal with the two boys in college about ready to graduate and putting together the concept for MUSIC INC! and realistically figuring out how they can hold down other jobs until they can pull it off, etc.

There is the added possibility that these two put together "on campus" entertainment while in college and that MUSIC INC! is an outgrowth of their "on campus" success.

In the beginning MUSIC INC! can be run out of their apartment which the two boys share and can progress to the point when they are making money and take an office above the Whiskey A Go Go, and finally graduate to a kicky office in the 9000 Sunset building. Their growing pains of a young business is additional fuel for the fire. A whole segment could be built around A&M records lending them an old typewriter because they can't even type up their stories, invoice, or whatever.

Since they are without funds and start out with a hope and a prayer, plus some wits . . . their mode of travel can be hitchhiking (yes I know it is illegal, but so is pot, certain forms of sex, etc and that is what the whole country under 30 is into and all of this material is more fuel for the fire), and they can use motorcycles and eventually buy a used VW micro bus.

Since the whole thing now is to tell it as it is . . . the series should be done the same way. The nature of the story should determine the style of the segment. For example, a story on Woodstock could be given a reality by doing it as a documentary with the three principals involved in the story line. A story on marijuana could be done as a typical realistic television drama . . . or if someone like James Hendrix would be willing to reinact his story and involvement with Marijuana . . . the show should be done in a realistic documentary form. Since two of the three principals sing . . . there is no reason why some segments couldn't have a realistic musical feel to them.

The series would be more fun and more interesting if it were approached as a series of weekly specials . . . each being done in the form that would be the most suitable for the material . . . linked together by the three principals and their involvement with the musical artists and the music business.

There you have it. MUSIC INC! Three compatible people all into different bags who together form an exciting, aggressive business relationship with the added sparkle of top rock entertainers doing several musical numbers. MUSIC INC! is Mod Squad, Easy Rider, Alice's Restaurant all rolled into one . . . forming a maximum opportunity for story potential and viewer interest. MUSIC INC! can be a continuing television version of "Hair" . . . but with a sponsor!

This is the property of Dan Goff

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SURF SHINE SUPERMEN

Australia House, Aldwych Square, London, September 1970.
One hundred faintly bored potential immigrants are watching a movie of beautiful Australia . . . . kangaroos, emus, koalas and bronze skull capped lifesavers. After the hot English summer seventy five of the hundred may be sucked in and immigrate. What they don't realize is that they have been conned by pure unadulterated bullshit.

The kangaroos, emus and koalas are in concrete zoos, splattered over the country roads and embossed on the money. The bronze skull capped lifesavers are a group of neo nazi pigs that spend their weekends marching up and down the beach kicking sand in peoples faces, blowing whistles and screaming at petrified immigrants that dare swim outside the cesspool section between the flags. Unfortunately, most people outside Australia don't know the difference between lifesavers and surfers. The former are rightwing, the institution, the motherfucking system transferred from the streets to the beach. The latter are a unique group who have attempted to form their own subculture in the shitless conformity of Australian society. Surfers drop a lot of dope, make their own movies, produce their own magazines, eat their own type of food, design their own clothes and wish that all the rest of the weekend picknickers would fuck off so that they could get out there in the surf, stoned out of their brains, and rip the shore break to pieces.

Surfers solve the water population problem by travelling around the coast searching for peace, surf and a lack of people.

The cops hate them, the lifesavers persecute them, and the traffic jam Sunday at Bondi Beach public just can't understand them.

As the lifesavers cry out for members to fill their dwindling ranks, the surfers numbers continue to increase. Their scene is a freedom scene and their philosophy a drop out one. They don't want to change the system they just want to ignore it.

If Austalia House ever got hip it would show movies of surfers. Their way of life utilises what Australia has to offer best, sun, surf and most of all space.

If the English 'high' is oriented around a mental state of euphoria then the surfers one is much more physical. Out in a ten foot swell zonked out of their heads on acid or grass is some experience.

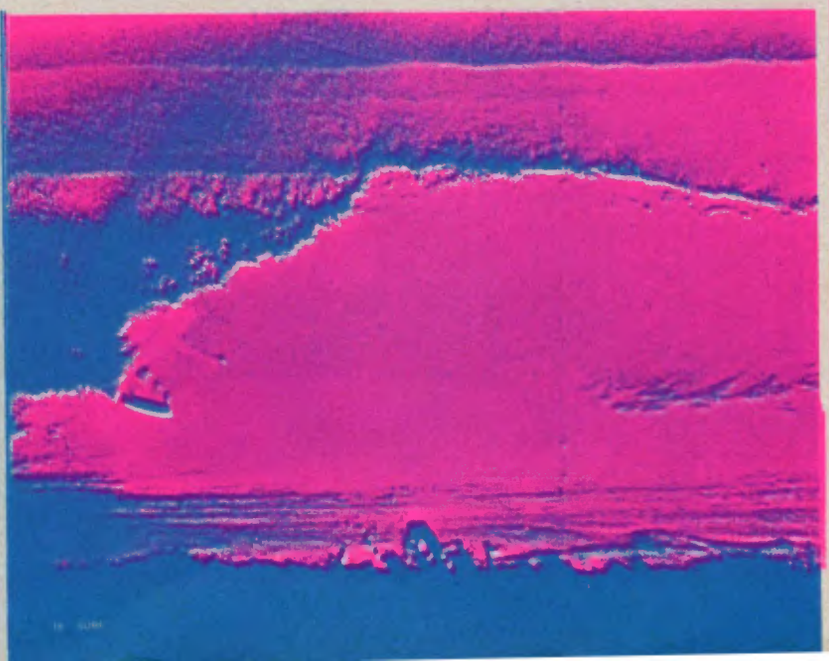
While most sports have either a heavy team or spectator factor, surfing has little of either. Contests are considered bummers and over the last three years have dwindled to a point of having little or no significance. Being World Surfing Champion is becoming as big a deal as getting a load of the clap. While Hawaii, with its heavy tourist trade and high centralization does emphasise the spectator side of surfing, Australia, with its four thousand miles of surfable coastline is exactly the opposite. That's what's great about the whole surf thing. You can be driving up the coast of New South Wales or Queensland and you turn off the main highway to check a favourite surfing spot that should be working under the prevailing wind and tide conditions. You drive a couple of miles on a dirt road and suddenly you hit the surf and there is Nat Young or Robert Connelley or some other really hot surfer, out there ripping it apart. You can join them or just sit on the headland, blow a joint and watch.

Surfing is felt by surfers.

David Elfick

The surfboard is the surfers only tool. Each board is different and capable of special relationships to the wave . . . a thin, light, hand sculptured fibreglass and polyfoam vehicle carves into the presence of the sea. The thin, light fibreglass gives positive control: a flexible plastic hard guiding the flying board. Fins are constantly altered and tuned. Many boards have interchangeable fin systems--a fin for every mood; a surfboard for for every level of consciousness.

Wave riders make their own boards, changing design as they evolve. A ten foot long old faithfull keeps a weekend beer-belly afloat. A new, six foot fourteen pound streamlined machine each month for the spaceman. The smaller the surface contact, the closer you come to riding your mind.



TRACKS.
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To me the highest form of surfing comes from sessions with fellow surf braves. In a crystal sun glittering transparent fluid playground; five separate spirits lay down arcing tracks as different as their personalities. Sets of motion move out of deep blue sea forming consistent energy patterns of rhythmic waves swinging around a small headland onto a reef. The waves break outside and peal curls of foam and bubbles to the right. Each surfers' song is played upon the wave . . . two are riding, three are paddling back out to the takeoff point. Hoots and yells as cutbacks throw up rooster tails of water. Excitement increases on each wave shared in spirit. A supper session. Vibes are high, sun is warm, the water clear with clouds of sand underneath in the octopus garden. Three or four hours of constant motion stretches the mind and body into harmony with currents and tides. The fluidity is brought ashore with the surfer and is part of everything he does. A good session, a day of playing music with friends. A fuck with mother nature tunes the body and strengthens the spirit.

Rusty Miller
former U.S. Champion
resident: Byron Bay, N.S.W.
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'Weasels Ripped My Flesh'

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He drives a Maserati
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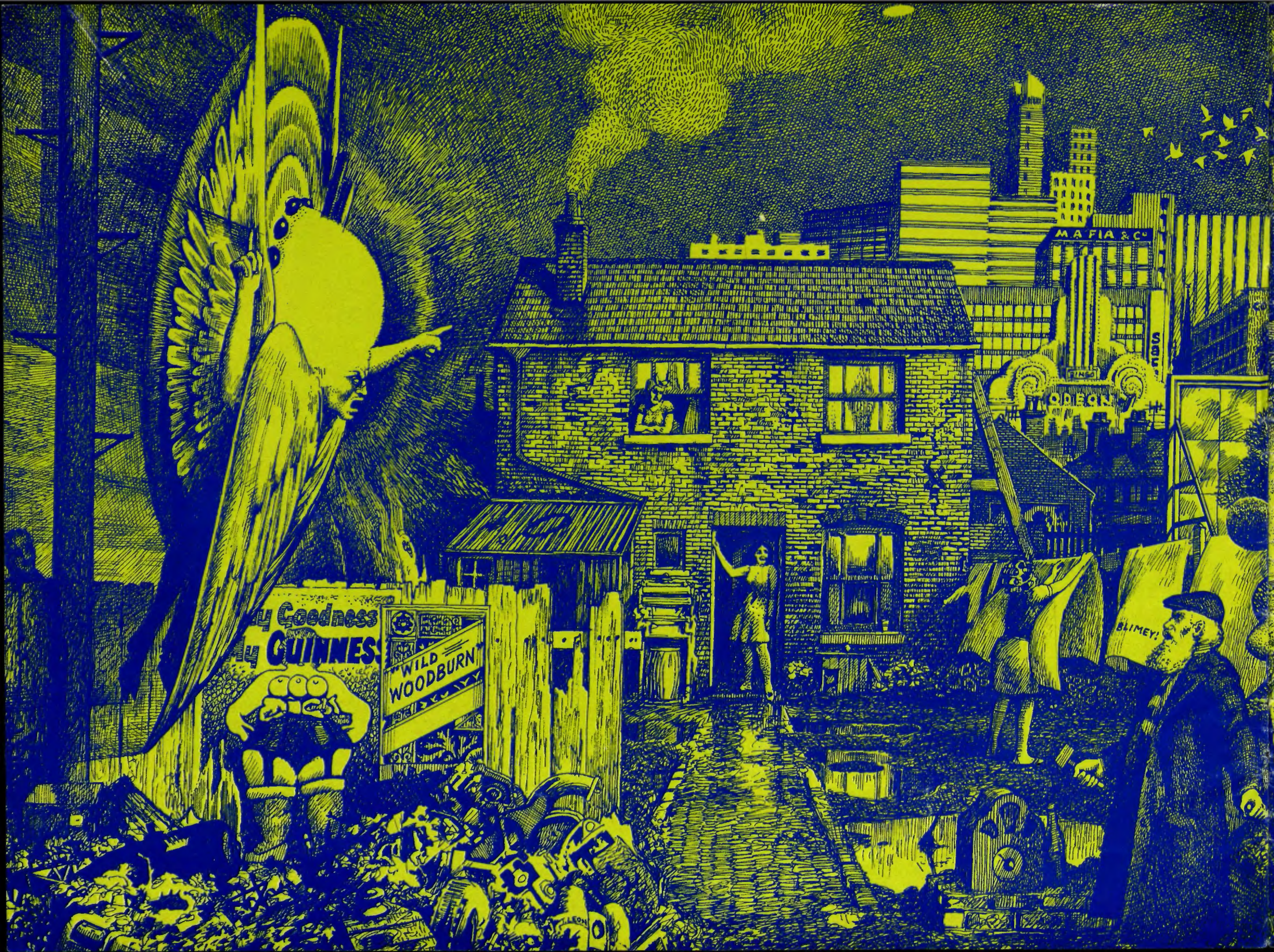

Goodness
GUINNESS
WILD
WOODBURN
MAFIA & Co
ODEON
BLIMEY!

END
OF AN
ERA-OZ

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN GOT DE CLAP

POLITICS & PERSONALITIES

The flower-child that OZ urged readers to plant back in '67 has grown up into Bernadine Dohrn; for Timothy Leary, happiness has become a warm gun, Charles Manson soars to the top of the pops and everyone hip is making war and loving it. Movement sophists can easily reel off the oppressive chain of events which has propelled us from dropped-out euphoric gregariousness to the contemporary gunslinging gang bang. It's a logical hop from Kent State to the trendy genocide of, "to kill a policeman is a sacred act". (Leary)

But I cannot pull the trigger. Indeed, sometimes I suspect that a more appropriate target would be my fellow marksmen. Such despondent scepticism in the fortunes of the Movement seems confirmed, if not articulated, in the actions of those around me. Some of my best friends are going straight—cutting hair, wearing suits, seeking respectable jobs. These are the same people who were freaking out at the first UFOs while I still lurched home from gambling clubs, who were plugged into the Pink Floyd while I breathlessly awaited the verdicts of Juke Box Jury, who were mastering chillums while I still thought Panama Red was a Hollywood bit player. Appalled at the profusion of meaningless, mediocre and repetitive pop these friends seek refuge in the music of the twenties and thirties (Jack Hylton, the Best of Ambrose and his Orchestra, Al Bowly, Hutch, The Golden Age of British Dance Bands etc) and have drastically reduced their drug intake. John Peel wanders London a pop undertaker, sickened by the preponderence of pseudo stoned 'Underground' groups who flash V signs while flattering their audiences with: "peace" and "remember Woodstock, man". Martin Sharp, responsible for much of the best 'psychedelic' artwork (in early OZes, Cream sleeves and Dylan, Donovan, Van Gogh and Legalise Pot Rally posters) now always carries an indiginous musical instrument from Zambia as an anti-pop device and spends most of his time in the front stalls of Noel Coward revivals. Such reactions are more than the result of a cultural overdose. It is surely the tough realisation that today's heads treat each other no less savagely than the grey flannel skinheads of Whitehall; only without the latters' courtesy.

Anyone who disagrees with a viewpoint is a pig. Anyone who disagrees from a position of economic or intellectual strength is a superpig, Machievellian intrigues, ego explosions and power tussles have always been rife within the Underground and can often be rationalised as a sign of growth. Nowadays, however, the backstabbings are no longer metaphorical. A typical example of a contemporary dialogue occurred during the recent making of the Warner Brothers film, Medicine Ball. Throughout the progress of this film, the caravan of 'hippie stars' was trailed by a cadillac of militant politicos protesting Warner Bros' cultural exploitation. At one college campus the two groups collided in open debate with the students, and discussion ended when one of the cast almost succeeded in knifing one of the protesters. An unobtrusive paragraph in this morning's Times tells of students who, when refused admission to a local dance, returned home to get their guns for a shoot out. One of them died.

It is not only the escalating instances of brutality that are so discouraging. The social style of the head scene has become pretentious and anti-communicative. At a recent party to celebrate the demise of Nell Gwynne's historic playground, The Pheasantry, the cream of Kings Road stood around staring dumbly at each other—a dank Chelsea remake of La Dolce Vita without even a false sense of gaiety. One couple of my acquaintance who have now dropped out of dropping out, first discovered the hypocris es of the head scene when they were compelled to clean up to enter Morocco. They found themselves ostracised by local longhairs. All

efforts to communicate floundered because they looked straight.

One of the promises of the new lifestyle was the abolition of false criteria for judging human beings. Today, hip symbols and fashionable rituals count for more than ever. Dishonestly doubling travellers cheques earns the required A-levels, familiarity with a super group's pedigree outmatches Allen Brien's literary snobbery and a replay of last week's bad trip is flaunted like a duelling scar. Even the legitimate new freedoms are being bankrupted through criminal selfishness. Venereal disease may even be a new now status symbol, but the gonococcus germ unfortunately hasn't heard of women's lib—its effect on females is more damaging and less easy to detect. An alarming number of friendly young girls are collapsing of salpingitus, which involves a gruesome operation, because liberated men are not bothering to mention they might be harbouring the clap. Another groovy affliction, hepatitus, is carried around proudly, like a public school boater, by people indifferent to its infectious consequences.

The next example, essentially trivial, is worth recording because its sheer banality renders it so typical of the prevailing morality. One night, on arriving at Newcastle station to catch a London train, I noticed two dishevelled, artsy laby types surrounded by British Rail authorities and policemen. The uncomfortable pair caught my eye and asked for help. They desperately sought to get to London that evening but British Rail were refusing to honour their proferred cheque. Naturally I accepted it and purchased tickets on their behalf. A few days later I realised my misjudgement when the cheque was returned. I would not have cared particularly, if only the signatory, one Anthony Rye, had since made a token, apologetic contact.

In the formative stages of the counter culture it was possible to draw inspiration from the open behaviour of Albion's children. It was tempting, if naive, to hope that with the intake of id liberating rock, lateralising dope, the emerging group tenderness, communal living style and an intuitive political radicalism . . . that from all this a qualitative change in the conduct of human relationships might develop. But now, as the Movement's utterings reach fever pitch, as the rhetoric becomes more frenziedly fascist, affectation suffocates reason and arguments lose their conviction, one's bursts of depression become elongated into a melancholy permanence. The advertising campaign is an abounding triumph, but there is nothing inside the wrapping paper. When I think of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, whose spirits had been identified with the generational outburst against inhumanity, I wonder whether their apparent despair was purely personal or whether they too somehow sensed the revolution might be going sour.

If the Underground press is the voice of the new movement, then it is a choir of soloists, each member singing a different tune. When I travelled through California recently, it was unnerving to be caught in the flak of exchanged animosity. The dedicated, amiable Max Scheer, founder of the Berkeley Barb, had been branded a pig by his one time employees, who were now publishing the Berkeley Tribe. Scheer does not deny his former mistakes, but while the Movement does not forgive, it does forget—his pioneering contribution to the growth of the Alternative Press has gained him no credit. The Barb still struggles out single handed against raging prejudices and destructive sorties by Womens Lib (Scheer runs sex ads).

Across the Bay is Rolling Stone. Its editor, Jann Wenner, is a tirelessly sincere exponent of rock culture and a personal friend; but the offices of his paper are as icily functional as IBM and his workers moved more by mammon than by music. Jann himself becomes at times so engrossed by the battle of being a Success, that the battle of being human is ignored. (One result being that many of his ex staff are bitterly forming rival publishing cells.) Of minor cheer is that one of the better papers in the area, Good Times, produced collectively from a house, exists *first* as a commune and *second* as an editorial board. Although, its staff identify so heavily with the role of being revolutionaries that all events are immediately programmed into a dishonest US/THEM dichotomy. Eg Charles Manson is a hero because he sabotages the system. London's first 'Underground distributor' has just collapsed. A few hours before the liquidators arrived he ordered 8,000 copies of OZ. These could never be paid for, so, even by City standards, the ethics of such a transaction are, to say the least, dubious.

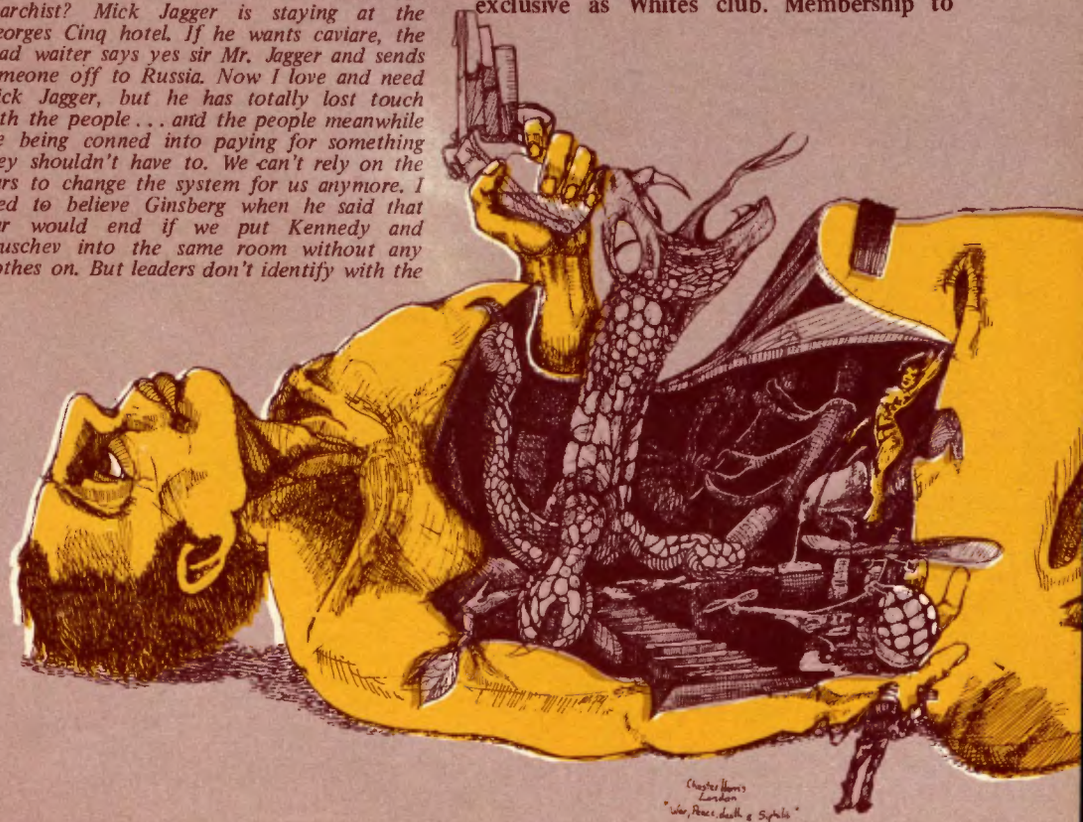
"I declare that World War III is now being waged by short haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life. . ." (Leary).

But those who burn you with bad dope, jump your bail if you happen to stand surety and—when you've made your house available as a BIT crashpad—steal what little you own, do not have short hair.

Jean-Jacques Lebel has been a key figure in the evolvement of the European Underground, from the staging of anti-tourist happenings in St. Tropez in '67, the storming of the Paris Odeon in May '68 and the wrecking of the Isle of Wight fences earlier this year. I recently met him in Paris, where he was playing host to Abbie Hoffman, Phil Ochs, Jerry Rubin et al. Lebel is angrily disillusioned with pop exploitation and, from memory, he said something like this:

Mick Jagger was on television here the other night and said he was an anarchist. An anarchist? Mick Jagger is staying at the Georges Cinq hotel. If he wants caviare, the head waiter says yes sir Mr. Jagger and sends someone off to Russia. Now I love and need Mick Jagger, but he has totally lost touch with the people . . . and the people meanwhile are being conned into paying for something they shouldn't have to. We can't rely on the stars to change the system for us anymore. I used to believe Ginsberg when he said that war would end if we put Kennedy and Kruschev into the same room without any clothes on. But leaders don't identify with the people anymore, they get used to the caviare . . . The kids at the Isle of Wight were being totally controlled and manipulated by superpigs. They had to pay exorbitantly for their own music and they became completely exhausted, sleeping in the lavatories, hungry, so weary they were pissing over each other, completely fucked up . . . Those kids were worse than the jews . . . the jews at least didn't pay to go to Auschwitz . . . (Nor to be burnt to death in a French provincial dance hall.)

Lebel talked within the confines of one of the nastiest environments I have ever endured and one all too unhappily representative. The offending house belonged to Victor Herbert, who helped finance International Times, brought the Living Theatre to London, sponsored the roundhouse Chicago Benefit last year and so on. On top of this, he contributes to the Movement what he calls 'space', ie his enormous residence as a crashpad. Current guests include a poet who came for a weekend two years ago and won't budge, a pair of video heads, remnants from the Living Theatre and several nameless others. The atmosphere created by most of these superhip freeloaders manages to be simultaneously hostile, slovenly and as exclusive as Whites club. Membership to



the inner sanctum revolves around facility with drugs and as the pleasant Victor himself is rather slow on the draw he is excluded, in spirit, from his own house. I regret to report that the presence of Abbie Hoffman, Jean-Jacques and the yippie entourage did little to improve the emanations. Like the pop stars Lebel so accurately berates, the American visitors were arcane, inaccessible, aloof . . . the tensions and awkwardness surrounding their presence must be reminiscent of a Royal Garden party; and their groupies uglier but no less protective than their pop counterparts.

I have an intense personal respect for Abbie Hoffman and consider his book, Revolution for the Hell of it, to be the first major literary/political document of the post-acid Underground. How disappointing to discover he converses almost exclusively through his lawyer and becomes animated only at talk of possible advances for his books in Britain. Wearied no doubt by the trial and obviously exhausted by his journey, it seems unfair of me to raise such niggardly considerations. However, many people have shared my disappointment, and in the context of Herbert's household, Lebel's anti-star declamations, the entrances and exits of yippie heavies drooling enthusiastically about Leary's fiftieth birthday present, a gun, lengthy endorsements of acid's ability to transform shits into (revolutionary) saints, one must, to preserve a scrap of intellectual integrity, raise doubts.

Roaming Paris—a charming subplot to all this activity—was Jim Haynes, fearsomely unimpressed at the prospect of yip meeting Mao and carrying forth his own erotic brand of revolution in a thoroughly convincing union of his public politics and private life.

The above observations are not meant to imply a wholesale rejection of the counter culture or yippie left politics. Mass hysterical confrontations with the napalmers, arms bargainers, fascists and power flunkeys of every type are still vital, as are all experiments with new ways of living and caring about each other. (A message so innocuously limp in print that it makes that disgusting, simplistic and exploitive movie, Getting Straight, fiercely iconoclastic by comparison.) I wish merely to record a few points of reservation—a verbal safety-catch to Leary's birthday present.

Of course the new ways of living and loving might be the old ways after all. In a new book, Keep the River on the Right, the author, Tobias Schneebaum recounts his solitary journey through the remote depths of Peruvian jungles. Without knowing quite why, he sets out to find the Akaramas, a reputedly ferocious tribe of cannibals. His first meeting:

> *". . . and I came out from among a huddle of bushes to a long rocky beach, at the far end of which, against a solid wall of green, some spots of red attracted my eye. My first thought was that they must be blossoms of some kind that I had never seen before, but they were too much like solid balls, and they moved slightly, though there wasn't the slightest breeze. A few steps further on I frowned and shook my head, wondering even more what they could be and then it came over me in a shiver that these spots were faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one turned his eyes away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chins on knees, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, mouths were closed, placid. Some had match-like sticks through their lower lips others had bone through noses. Their feet and toes curled round stones and twigs in the same way that their hands held vertically bows and long arrows, and axes of stone tied to short pieces of bough. Long well-combed bangs ran over their foreheads into the scarlet paint of their faces and hair covered the length of their backs and shoulders. Masses of necklaces of seeds and huge animal teeth and small yellow and black birds hung down from thick necks and almost touched the stones between their open thighs . . . . Still no one moved, still no one made a gesture of any kind, no gesture of hate or love, no gesture of curiosity or fear. My feet moved, my arm went out automatically and I put a hand easily upon the nearest shoulder, and I smiled. The head leaned over and briefly rested its cheek upon my hand, almost caressing it. The body got up, straightening out, and the frozen smile split open and laughter came out, giggles at first, then great bellows that echoed back against the wall of trees. He threw his arms around me, almost crushing with strength and pleasure, the laughter continuing, doubling, trebling, until I realised that all the men had got up and were laughing and embracing each other, holding their bellies as if in pain, rolling on the ground with feet kicking the air. All weapons had been left lying on stones and we were jumping up and down and my arms went around body after body, and I felt myself getting hysterical, wildly ecstatic with love for all humanity, and I returned slaps on backs and bites on hard flesh, and small as they were, I twirled some round like children and wept away the world of my past."*

If that is how the Akaramas greet strangers of another race, it almost gives them a right to gobble up their enemies. We, on the other hand, blithely declare World War III on our parents and yet have already forgotten how to smile at our friends.

Richard Neville

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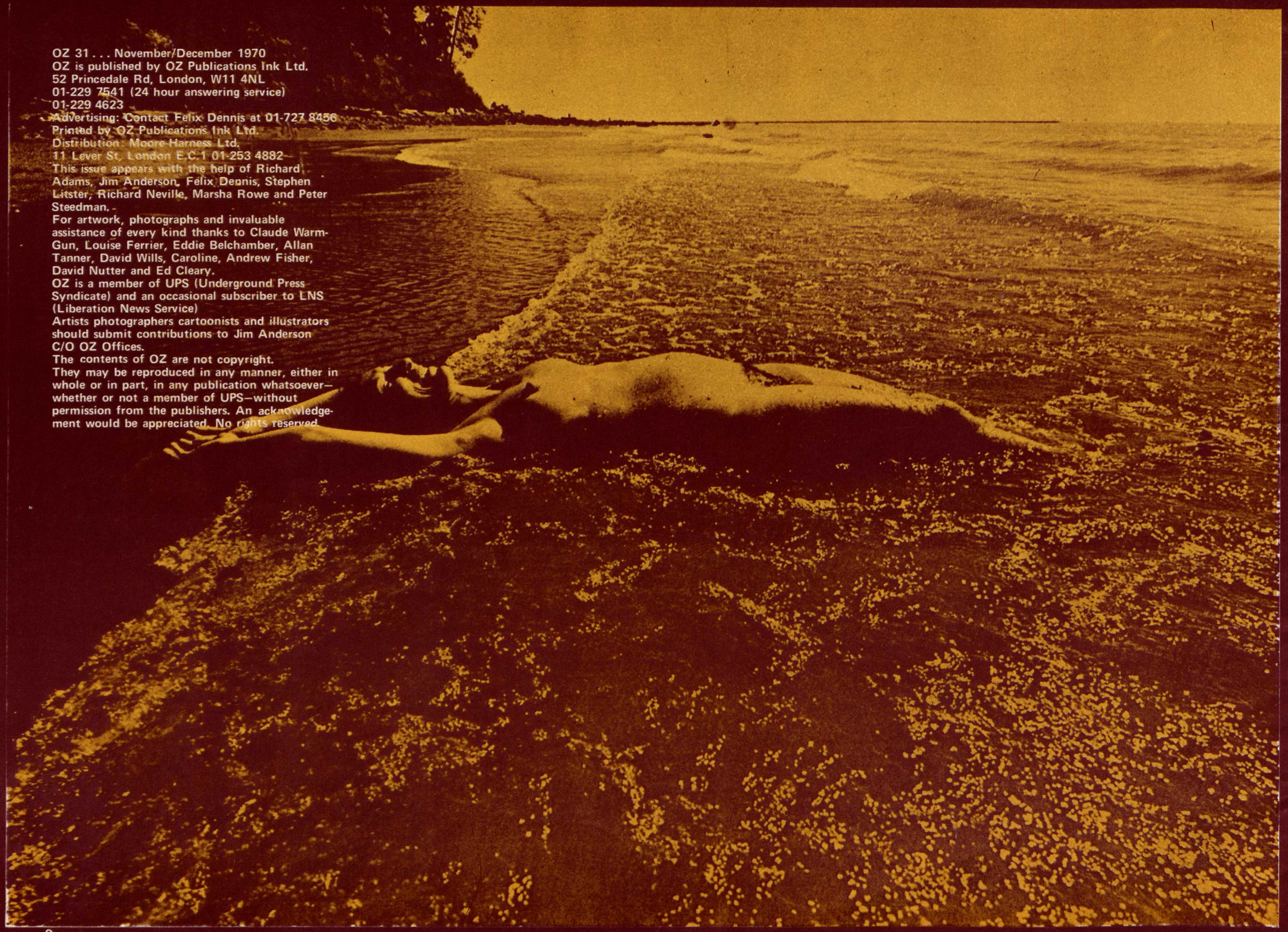

George Harrisons Album

'All Things Must Pass'

Out Now on Apple Records

Magick Mushroom

"Half of it makes you big and half of it makes you small of the mushroom, that is."

Alice in Wonderland

"Let the Agaric remain in earth and let my children see what it will show them."

Koryak Fable

There are two types of mushroom known as 'Sacred Mushrooms'. Fly Agaric *(Amanita Muscaria)* and Psilocybe *(Psilocybe mexicana)* Fly Agaric is the most commonly known, and can be found in many places in both northern and southern hemispheres. It grows in Birch forests usually through August-September of each year, and more rarely in coniferous forests. It can be found all over England, but flourishes best of all in wild, damp, hilly or mountainous regions such as in Scotland, Sweden, South Poland, Transylvania, China etc. Fly Agaric's stalk is white, thick and solid when young, with a bulbous base and surrounded in the middle by a broad, loose hanging membrane called by Linnaeus a volva but which in fact is only a small portion of the volva. The cap, when young, is hemispherical, and when fully grown, nearly flat, quite large, often attaining a diameter of six or nine inches, of a scarlet or crimson colour when fully grown and covered with soft, white, downy warts which are in fact the remains of the volva, or skin, which fragments into small pieces as the mushroom enlarges, some of them adhering to the cap. It is possible to miss a fly agaric if all these 'warts' have been removed. The gills are white, not fused to the stem as in other types of mushroom, during decay turning a yellow-brown colour.

It is reputed to be deadly poisonous, but this is not entirely true, although it is reported that six people died at one time in Lithuania, Poland, by eating a single mushroom, and that others in Kam chatka had 'been driven raving mad'.

The poisons of several varieties of Amanita muscaria have been used by primitive people over the centuries to produce various forms of intoxication and since Medieval times at least, to stupefy or kill flies, a usage still widespread in parts of Europe today. It was also used as an applicant for ridding beds of bugs, hence its name 'Bug Agaric' in early english herbals.

The intoxicant and hallucinatory properties of Fly Agaric have attracted people since the beginnings of time, the most famous eaters of all being the Koryak tribes of Siberia. Mexican and Peruvian Indians are usually associated with the psilocybe mushroom, which does in fact grow in England. It can be found growing on horse dung in open fields or in dark uncleaned corners of stables. It is typical of fairy-book illustrations - a slender stem about 3" long with a pointed cap about 1" in diameter, a charcoal grey colour, with gills almost black. Several species grow in this country, but only the grey ones are effective. Others are fawn, light brown and various shades of red brown. In Mexico and South America, *psilocybe mexicana* is used with great reverence by their medicine men, along with two other plants, *datura stramonium* (Thorn Apple or Devil's Weed) and *Lophophora williamsii* (Peyote Cactus). All three plants are used for a variety of functions including pleasure, medicine, witchcraft and for attaining ecstatic states required in divinatory practices.

MYTHOLOGY

The Koryaks, like many other primitive peoples, endowed certain objects with special powers: indeed all objects were supposed to contain some form of special potential energy which could be chanelled by the experienced and used for either creative or destructive purposes. The Fly Agaric was endowed very special powers, those of altering the state of the mind, enabling the eater to communicate with the mushroom spirits. If one listened to the advice of such resident spirits, it was possible to foresee the future, review past centuries, travel to other regions (either material or astral) in order to see what was happening elsewhere without even moving from the room.

Strahlenberg recorded this story, of how the Fly Agaric was born (according to the Koryaks):-

"Once, Big Raven had caught a whale and could not send it to its home in the sea. He was unable to lift the grass bag containing travelling provisions for the whale. Big Raven applied to Existance (Vahiyin) to help him. The deity said to him, :Go to a level place near the sea. There thou wilt find soft white stalks with spotted hats. These are the spirits Wapaq. Eat some of them and they will help thee.' Big Raven went. Then the Supreme Being spat upon the earth, and out of his saliva the Agaric appeared. Big Raven found the fungi, ate it, and began to feel gay. He started to dance. The Fly Agaric said to him 'how is it that thou, being such a strong man, canst not lift the bag?'

'That is right', said Big Raven, 'I am a strong man. I shall go and lift the travelling bag.' He went, lifted the bag at once and sent the whale home. Then the Agaric showed him how the whale was going out to sea, and how he would return to his comrades. Then Big Raven said 'Let the Agaric remain on earth and let my children see what it will show them'.

Recalling the account of the Supreme Being's saliva, above, it is interesting to read this report of a tradition current at the time in Poland, originally recorded in "Letters from a citizen of the World to his friends in the East" in 1762. While Christ and St. Peter were passing through a forest after a long journey without food, Peter who had a loaf in his sack but did not take it out for fear of offending the Master, slipped a piece in his mouth. Christ, in front, spoke to him at that moment, and Peter had to spit out to answer. This occured several times until the loaf was finished. Whenever Peter spat edible fungi grew. The Devil, who was walking along behind, saw this and decided to go better by producing brighter and more highly coloured mushrooms. He spat mouths of bread all over the countryside. Wonderfully coloured mushrooms, as well as those which looked very much like St. Peter's sprang up; they were, however, poisonous.

It seems likelythat the former acount was the original mushroom creation story accepted all over Eastern European and Northern Russia before the advent of Christianity, the latter story having been created in order to bring the old religion into disrepute, in much the same way as the Roman Catholic church in this country absorbed and therefore destroyed the essence of our celtic religions.

Confirmation of the theory that the Roman church did all it could to wipe out the ancient art of Mushroom Eating can be found in a fresco painting in a ruined chapel at Plaincourant in Indre, France (1291) which shows a scene from the Garden of Eden, with the Tree of Good and Evil portrayed as ahuge many-branched Fly Agaric; the old serpent is shown coiled ominously around the white stalks while Eve stands by obviously suffering great pain for her misdemenour.

Amongst peoples known to eat agaric are the Ancient Egyptians (for their country's climate was at that time more conducive to fungus growth – the north African deserts having once been wet and fertile in many regions), Tibetans, Japanese, Chinese, French, Poles, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Roumanians, Czeckoslovaks, Koryaks, English, Scottish and some Canadian Indians from the warmer and wetter regions.

In Transylvania there is almost no reference to mushroom eating in their mythology, yet their occult beliefs and superstitions (for example their belief that man can transform himself into other animals, such as werewolves and vampires) seem quite clearly to parallel the religious traditions of mushroom eating peoples. It is probable that Bram Stoker was inspired to write *Dracula* by stories of Transylvanian mushroom eating ceremonies.

Further research into the architecture of mushroom eating cultures may even reveal that purely geometric structures of, for instance, Aztec architecture, result from eating such hallucinogens

as Thorn Apple and Psilocybin, while the bulbous organic appearance of, for instance, medieval Russian and East European architecture is due to the enormous intake of hallocinogens like Fly Agaric and Belladonna. Such a theory would tie up perfectly with visual and emotional experiences reported from experiments under 'controlled conditions.'

The Bon-Po's of ancient Tibet seem to have followed a 'religion similar in its 'animal worship' aspects to those of ancient Egypt, America, and Biblical Baal worshippers, whose berserk ritual preparations for seances reflect many Shamanistic practices alive in the Orient and South America today.

The Russians were (and probably still are in many remote areas) so fond of the Fly Agaric that they made a kind of beer from the runners of *Epilobium augustifolium (Rosebay Willow Herb) and added to it a strong infusion made from the mushrooms. They took the liquor in small quantities to "exhilarate the spirits" and in large quantities to enable them to communicate with other worlds.*

There is an interesting connection between toads and toadstools (named after toads) lost somewhere in folk literature and children's fairy tales, until a study was made of the chemistry of the skin and glandular secretions of the Toad (Bufo Terrestris). Much of the dorsal skin and the well known warts contain glands which secrete a poison to ward off predators. Most of the poisons are, however, contained in the paratoid glands, located in two bumps or raised areas, one behind each eye.

This explains to us why toadskins and toads eyes are two famous ingredients in witches' brews through the centuries: many interesting substances have been isolated from toad skins and the secretions, amongst them being:–

a) Bufagin (named after the Latin Bufo, for toad) whose properties and effects are very similar to those of Digitalis found in Foxgloves (extremely poisonous, and often fatal),
b) Bufotenine (a hallucinogenic drug in many ways resembling LSD in its effects) which is also found in the Fly Agaric.
c) Serotonin, which causes the blood vessels to contract. This chemical is required for the transmission of electrical impulses across the connections between nerve cells (called synapses).

The Vikings are reputed to have eaten large quantities of Fly Agaric before going to battle, because it helped them go "berserk", hence they were known as "Berserks". It can only be assumed that they performed some form of ritual involving dancing and super-human feats to instil the feeling of possessing supreme power; ingestion of the mushrooms during such a state of mind would certainly make everything look small *(See Alice in Wonderland).* Whatever they practised as a preliminary to eating the mushrooms was certainly very effective. They were in many battles able to simply walk over their enemies by filling them with fear of the Berserks' totally animal agression. During prohibition in the U.S.A., the mushrooms were not only cheaper but also far more effective than boot-leg liquor.

In the modern world, fungicides and pollution play important parts in the progressive extinction of hallucinogenic mushrooms, but biochemists are constantly creating new compounds with the extracted alkaloids, and these seem to play the same mind-changing role today as the mushrooms did yesterday. It seems that all attempts to stop the use of hallucinogenic fungi and the new synthetic equivalents have failed; it is therefore no wonder that many people ask themselves whether or not they are products or manifestations of invisible Forces or Powers, which, as the old stories tell us, have come to earth to do some important task relating to the spiritual guidance of mankind, and shall remain here until completion.

SUBJECTIVE EFFECTS

There follows two recent reports from people who have eaten Sacred Mushrooms. From all the reports available to me I have chosen those I regard as the most interesting. The first deals with Psilocybe, the second with Fly Agaric.

(1) *Psilocybe.* Subject was at the time living in a small very old English village, with a church and graveyard opposite his cottage. After collecting the mushrooms, he dried them slowly by the fire, ground them into a black powder, then ate them mixed with jam.

"Before the mixture had even entered my stomach I distinctly felt a pleasant electric shock shoot up from the base of my spine to the top of my head; as the initial tenseness subsided my head began to tingle, and this tingling spread all over my scalp, slowly down across my forehead, followed by a sensation as if a white cloud quickly brushed across the surface of my eyeballs; the next moment the idea flashed across my mind: "My eyeballs have just been cleaned and see how new the world looks!" All this happened in perhaps two or three seconds. Moments later I was back in my familiar old room again, in a quite normal state of mind, wondering what on earth happened a moment ago?

Slowly I began to feel my body tingling, not a normal tingle, but as if my body were "going away". I became claustrophobic and had to leave the house, so we both went together, and noticed, immediately we were outside, that the church was pointing the wrong way. We went into the church to investigate and discovered that the ground plan was the reverse, longtitudinally, of what it should be. We noticed that the floor was now lower than the original, and saw many ordinary architectural and decorative details which only served to confirm our idea that the church was pointing the wrong way.

After looking at the well-designed Kabbalistic figures on the front we walked out into the street, for things were very strange in the church.

Some months later I discovered from a local farmer whose ancestors had owned the farm for many centuries that the present church was built on the site of an earlier chapel, built on the site of an even earlier Celtic temple. Such temples being built in geometric alignments with stellar and planetary motion, the Romans destroyed as much as they could and even rebuilt some of the churches pointing in the wrong direction, thus hoping to resist the invisible magical powers supposedly flowing along the alignments and used by our Celtic forefathers in their divinatory practices."

(2) *Fly Agaric.* Subject found some Fly Agaric in a wild mountainous region and decided it must be the right time to eat some, for it was growing on the path. He partially dried it and ate it together with some special oils prepared to counteract the unpleasant sickness which might result from eating partially fresh mushrooms.

Initially there was the slow onset of nausea accompanied by a strong desire to vomit, although, having specially eaten nothing for a day or so, there was nothing in his stomach. The nausea developed to a most uncomfortable degree, but as the oils effectively counteracted this, he began to feel very happy.

"I was simply happy that everything was happening in such a beautiful way. Everything seemed to be essentially good, but as time passed I began to feel sad. I realised that I was seeing qualities of things I hadn't noticed before. Whenever I witnessed dishonesty, even to the slightest degree, my own honesty or that of others, I felt sick, yet when I witnessed creative and loving forces pass between people, I felt supremely happy. I understood dishonesty in a different sense from the normal; it was the refusal to understand, see, or acknowledge the obvious and as time passed everything became obvious".

"A single, pure, flute-like note played inside my head, and as I walked across the landscape this note changed, the cause of which I attributed to invisible energy permeating everything. I understood that everything has its particular note, or vibration which we can hear and feel if we become receptive. I heard choirs of angels and deities singing from the tops of hills, and each hill had its unique music; not music I can describe for we do not have such music in our world; it was the music of living things, music of the trees and the sky, music of the wild animals, and then I realised that human music is usually a very poor attempt to communicate with living things, or at least to reflect some of the qualities of living things".

Later, he continues, "I felt very tired and so went to lay down on my bed to rest, and must have fallen asleep because when i awoke I couldn't tell whether it was dawn or dusk. After I discovered that it

was dusk and I had not been asleep for several days after all. I remembered what had happened. I had just returned from a conference held somewhere in the depths of the earth, where an important Grand Meeting of Gnomes had taken place. We discussed many things of major importance relating to my future and past, and they showed me many things which I can not repeat for they were not communicated by words: they came into my mind and that is how I must have spoken to them. I must have fallen asleep at the conference too, because I remember waking up to find a Gnome standing beside my head (he seemed like a giant at the time) holding out to me, in his left arm, a Fly Agaric in its button stage of growth, saying: "Eat this and it shall all happen as you wish". I reached up to take the mushroom and then awoke".

"Later I walked outside to observe a few things and saw that everything contained its own life. Even the rocks and soil, houses, trees, the river and the sky were alive; rivers of energy were flowing everywhere, and I was a part of one particular river. I found I could understand people even before they spoke; I understood them by what they really were, not by what they often appeared to be."

"All life was sacred, and essentially very pure, while all the evils were simply hurt feelings from long ago, not only in their lifetimes, but moods and subsconscious drives inherited through centuries and centuries of family trees. Everything not only contained its own unique characteristics, but a long long history, which was at the time as clear as the words on this letter".

"Later, the nausea came back and I could not enjoy the company of others, who I suddenly began to regard as inferior in some way; their words seemed harsh and lacked vitality; they were not real words of communion, but simply accepted symbols in a system designed to help people communicate. The words were as heavy as objects and seemed to come out with great difficulty. Others seemed sharp like daggers, and hurt very deeply. I chose to remain alone and finally went to sleep".

"I spent the next two or three days reviewing the experience and trying to translate them into coherent terms, but have to this day been able to record only a tiny fraction of what happened during those few days".

It appears that after a heavy dose of Fly Agaric, emotions and reflexes become more atuned with the environment; that is, it becomes increasingly difficult to supress reactions to the outside world. Aggression outside produces fearless aggression inside while peace outside produces peace inside. In this way one becomes analagous to a mirror which simply reflects what is happening. I assume that during the "introspective periods" the subject is totally immersed in his own inner world. There are periods when communication is absolutely impossible because, by all appearances the subject enters a state resembling that of a dreaming person, when it is possible to arouse him but only very temporarily, for he quickly slips back "asleep".

No attempt should be made at this stage, to arouse or communicate, for he will be so deeply involved in watching the scenes of his life and imagination pass in front of his vision, sudden severence from that "world" and re-awakening to this far denser world could be mentally totally exhaustive or even painful.

It is interesting to note that many of the experiences recorded above are simply a modern version of some of the events of 'mythological' stories. A thorough search of old bardic poetry, ancient myth, fairy tales etc. will reveal the truth that they are simply a more primitive means of recording information than we have to-day, and that the basic information in them is correct and based on actual observation.

GATHERING, DRYING, PRESERVING, PREPARATION

When a mushroom field has been found one should arrange for them to be transported as quickly as possible to the place they are to be used, for they are very delicate plants.

Ideally, they should be collected in large baskets during a fine morning, after the dew has risen but before the sun has a chance to weaken their strength. Never fill baskets, but always pack very loosely. It is an old law never to collect more than you yourself need, but if you wish to break this law, then they should be threaded together in such a way that they can be hung up over a natural fire; not in the direct radiation, but over the warm (not hot) air currents rising from the fire. They should be left there for some fortnight or more until they are bone dry, and to accomplish this it is necessary to check them every day to ensure that none of the caps are touching under more than the slightest pressure, otherwise rot and maggots will quickly settle in.

If this preparation is followed, the degree of nausea always associated with eating Fly Agaric can be lessened, although unfortunately not counteracted completely. Toxins do not affect physical reactions, but mushroom nausea is increased by fear or rejection of the experience. Always remember that the slightly distressing symptoms will pass away in time and that following my instructions for mental preparation will help allay them quickly. Acceptance is the keyword. Five to ten drops of Essential Oil of Peppermint mixed with two or three teaspoons of olive oil are used by some people at the same time as eating Fly Agaric to help counteract nausea, but it won't work at all if food has been eaten during the previous 24 hours.

When bone dry, they may be stored for a maximum of a year, when it is best to collect another crop.

Some Mexican Indians store psilocybe mushrooms in gourds for a year after which they are crushed to a powder and mixed with Thorn Apple roots and three other flowers to sweeten the taste, all other four ingredients having also been stored for a whole year and ground to a fine powder. The ingredients are then mixed in the proportion of one part fungi to one part of each of the other four ingredients. The mixture is then stored in a sealed gourd for another year, after which it is then transferred to a leather pouch kept hung around the neck and used when required. This was the mixture used by Carlos Castaneda to help turn him into a crow. (See Bibliography).

After Koryaks have dried their mushrooms in the sun or in an open hearth they get their women to chew the bitter fungus, for the vile taste alone often causes nausea and interference with the pleasure of the experience.

If the mushrooms are soaked in water and left in a gently warm place, covered with fine muslin, for about three days or more, stirring or macerating each day, most of the poisons (including of course the magical properties) are disolved out into the water, which the Koryaks and certain East Europeans put into wines and liquors, which they relish naturally enough.

The essential alkaloides of the Fly Agaric are excreted via the kidneys, which accounts for the Koryak custom of drinking the urine of mushroom eaters. This custom tends to nauseate western visitors but to refuse an offered draught of urine is the most foul of crimes to the Koryaks, who could not possibly be expected to understand why one should refuse the chance to speak with the great spirit. Indeed in many desert regions of the world human and cattle urine is drunk with relish for the value of its salt content, without which the inhabitants would die.

SPECIAL POINTS OF DANGER AND CAUTION

Amanita Muscaria is only one fungus of a family containing over a hundred species, many of which are very similar in appearance to each other. A common assumption is that all Agarics may be used as hallucinogenic agents with some great degree of safety, or alternatively that all Agarics are fatal poisons. Neither assumption is entirely truthful. It would be as well to purchase a well illustrated text-book on fungi spending the first few months simply learning to recognise different species. Never eat fungi until the identity is known. No one wants to take one of the irretrievably fatal species during a hasty experiment.

Never take decaying or maggot-eaten specimens for consumption, even when you know that the species in question is definitely edible, although those slightly attacked by slugs are perfectly allright after thorough washing with cold water. Maggots eat into the flesh of the fungi leaving tiny holes, while slugs simply eat away holes at the surface, like little craters.

It is apparently easy to overdose with Fly Agaric, so one should never eat more than two or three thoroughly dried specimens (about 3" diameter) to begin with. After at least an hour, preferably longer, one or two more may be eaten. With larger mushrooms take less in number. Some agarics are more poisonous than others so to begin with even smaller quantities than suggested above may be advisable. However if the practical hints and proper methods of preparation given are followed, and combined with common sense rather than paranoid caution, there should be no danger at all. Experience, patience and sharp perceptions are necessary. (Speed kills) It should be remembered that throughout history precautions have been taken to ensure that poisoning did not occur. Such precautions usually involved becoming experienced in the art of knowing mushrooms i.e. knowing by the look, feel smell taste and vibrations whether it contains more of the poisonous principles or the hallucinogenic principles.

Such very real dangers are some of the reasons why the Sacred Mushrooms have been kept as closely guarded secrets. Misuse has already brought them into disrepute in many parts of the world.

ANTIDOTES

When experimenting it is best to learn of the various antidotes and partial antidotes available, and to keep them handy in case anything should go wrong.

In severe cases of mushroom poisoning it is always best to seek medical aid, and to specify to your doctor, if possible, exactly which mushroom has been eaten, how much, how long ago. If this is not possible, take a piece of the fungus to the doctor or give him a good description and details of where it was found. In cases of mild poisoning where a doctor does not appear to be necessary, but some form of amellioration is required, the following may be administered carefully, in small doses, slowly and regularly, (every half hour at first, decreasing dosage and increasing times between doses as symptoms wear off):- brandy (be careful), camphor, medicinal charcoal, coffee, fat or oil to relieve the stomach. Emetics and purgatives can be used.

Things which tend to aggravate the poisoning are:- being in open cold air, cold weather, after eating, sex, before a thunderstorm and sitting quietly.

A good exercise is to continue moving about slowly.

LAWS TO BE OBSERVED DURING COLLECTION AND CONSUMPTION OF NATURAL SUBSTANCES

Man is one tiny part in a vast system of living things, all of which play important roles in the smooth flow of life. Until a certain awareness of the life inherent in all things has been attained, there can be no personal understanding of life, or respect for the self.

Your body, although capable of hanging on to the last fraying strands of life, is a very delicate structure indeed, and it should be learned which substances your body is capable of assimilating and using to further health

Health does not only imply physical health, but a certain internal quietness or clarity of mind. Aggressiveness, clinging, jealousy, fear and hate, are just a few of the internal distresses we all have to overcome before we are entirely independent spirits. Independence means that we do not NEED any particular thing, nor do we seek out useless pleasures when at peace. We indulge in energetic exercises with nature and accept what is placed on the doorstep with gratitude.

Indians collecting peyote cacti do not seek them, but walk through the selected country in a straight line, and if they happen to "bump into one", then it is for them to pick. They do not wander away from their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away for they assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right.

This is the attitude of many primitive peoples, who regard those who hurriedly search through the undergrowth as seeking pleasure and power.

It may be debatable whether or not fungi contain some resident "spirit" but many doubtlessly have the power to induce peculiar and important states of mind and if we look objectively at the effects, we find that they can do no more than alter the state of our mind, AS IT IS PREVIOUS to consumption. Thus those who make a habit out of using such things gain progressively less benefit each time, for they do not allow time to assimilate each experience into their life patterns, a process which may take weeks or even months.

Enjoying or suffering the purely chemical effects of hallucinogenic mushrooms serves no purpose other than to intoxicate the brain and therefore DULL the senses, exactly the opposite of the desired effect. Over stimulation of the system not only introduces harmful toxins to the body, but quickly uses up natural sources of energy, producing tiredness, inability to focus the mind, restlessness, lethargy, progressively deepening melancholy, nervousness, etc.

The key to perception of subtle things and of enjoying pleasures fully, lies in your own awareness of the pleasure and importance of being in this state for a while and indulging in the vast variety of things the world has to offer. To rely on our own resources rather than the weekly ingestion of some chemical is more honest. In many parts of the world mushrooms are taken only a very few times in life, to act as a catalyst in the awakening of dormant senses, which once awakened may be exercised in ordinary daily activity to keep them awake. Love of all life will eventually produce greater effects than a weekly dose of fly agaric, although it may sometimes be necessary for some people to take a close look at the activities of deeper regions of the mind, in order to solve some baffling problem.

Mushroom eaters always prepare themselves for some days beforehand they decide exactly what it is they wish to achieve and ensure that any necessary directions are firmly imprinted on thy mind so as not to lose their objective during intoxication. Unless such procedure is attended to, the experience is likely to be merely a barrage of sensations and ideas welling up from within; such experiences may indeed be pleasant, but are in reality no better than getting drunk every night (it must be remembered that Fly Agarics are highly toxic). The value of the experience depends upon an understanding of the two kinds of pleasure and the two kinds of pain.

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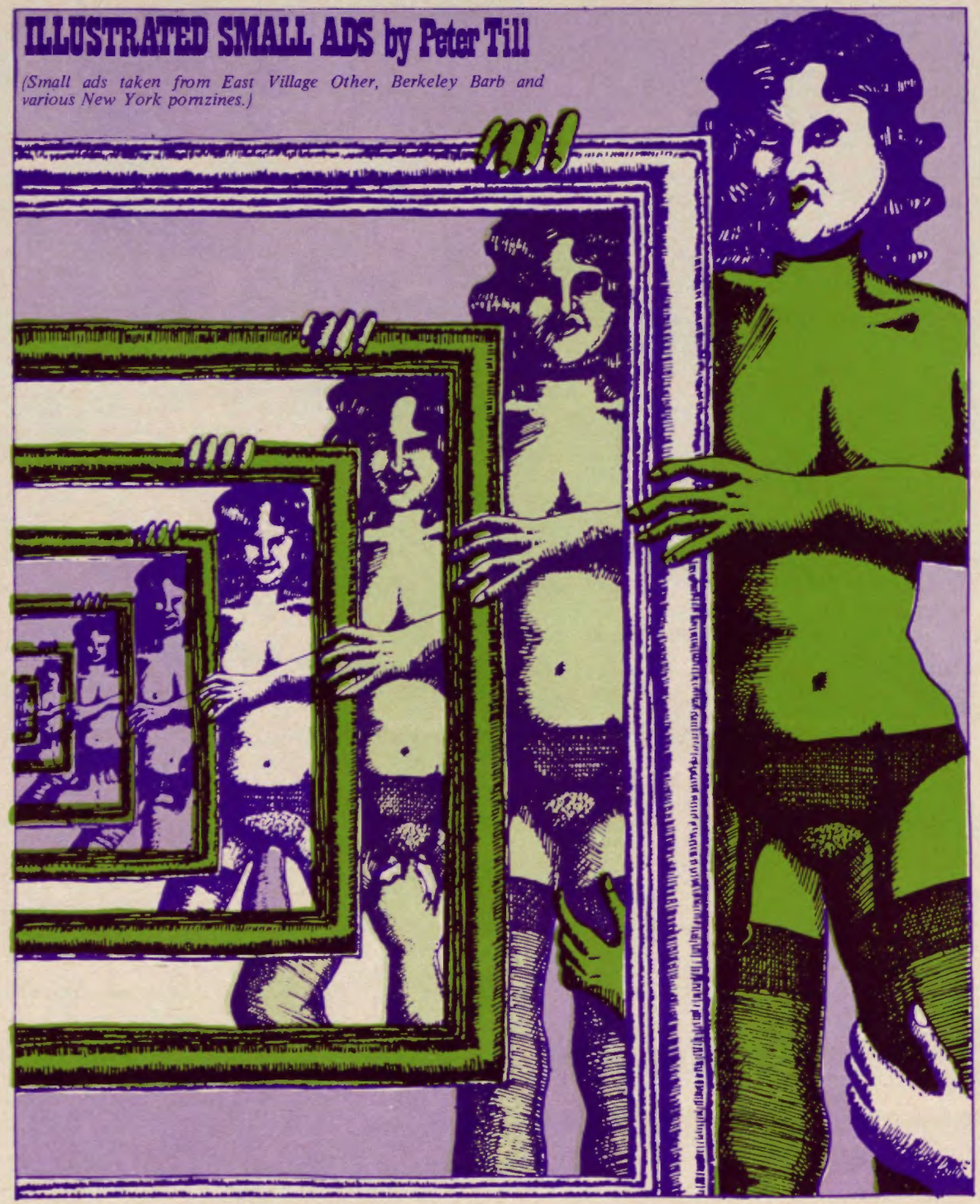
Lynn Darnton

ILLUSTRATED SMALL ADS by Peter Till

(Small ads taken from East Village Other, Berkeley Barb and various New York pornzines.)



MIRRORS MIRRORS EVERYWHERE. I have mirrors on the ceiling, mirrors on the wall, I have assets to share with docile males who dare. Your letter is requested, my equipment is prepared. Your sample dollar will cover a picture of me in rubber. NYC Female. Box 8126.

A young healthy European fellow, blonde, well cared for, wants many and I mean abnormally sized cocks to open up my fast closing small-sized ass, well rounded in shape, but MUST HAVE COCKS well over the 10" lengths and very thick, quickly Payment assured for a good job well done, prefer colored, but not essential, but MUST be large. Harold L. Brian Washington, DC

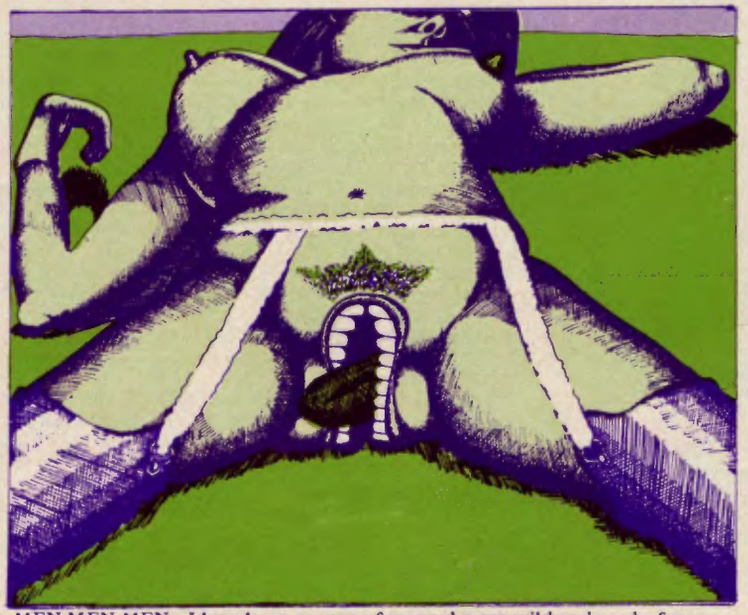
GAY MALE seeking male stud, 21-35, long haired type preferred but will consider all. Enjoys being used for toilet. Only those with exceptionally large bowels need apply. Also enjoys all other sex. All letters answered. Write Berkeley 94707.

Once in a while, a truly outstanding model becomes available from private work. ACTION HOUSE is proud to offer this blue eyed hunk of man, 6'3" young stud, hung thick, sexy face, rugged action to satisfy you. RATES: $18 an hour. Call now Berkeley 387-8888.

GET INTO PANDORA'S BOX! HER collection of LOVE TOYS will make you giggle & wiggle with delight. Her profusely illustrated catalogue will fill you with wonder at the many imaginative uses of Ultramodern materials. CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT S.F., Calif.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience. WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21, send $2.00 to: BACCHUS & CO

YOU KNOW the story about the guy who had 300 wives and they were all satisfied? That was a sneak preview of 'Mouth Power' says the friendly old Frenchman at 'Le Salon' the Supermarket of Risque Books open 7 days 8 a.m. till 1 a.m. 1118 Polk. 673-4492.



MEN MEN MEN. I love large groups of men who are wild and ready for me. The more the merrier, I am well stacked and love those gang parties. Send photo and I will respond. NJ. NYC Female. Box 51310.

SEXATIONALLY curvy Caucasian beauty, professional exotic dancer, desires males, any race, any size, for fun and frolic. No holes barred. NYC Female. Box Q Pussy Magazine

"LET ME HELP YOU"

SAYS DR. HIPPOCRATES

Customs check at London Airport. Dr. Hip-pocrates says, "Leave your stash at home when you travel abroad."

PISSED OFF

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

The discussion of male and female urination postures in your recent column blew my mind. It must have been a put on!

Just in case it wasn't, however, let me say that there is no psychological reason why women can't urinate in a standing position. As a matter of fact this was the case in ancient Egypt, according to Herodotus. The necessity of these positions is all in the mind. I'm surprised Women's Liberation hasn't caught on to that one.

Some chicks (sic) I know are insulted by being repeatedly told they can't urinate standing up and are threatening to have a piss-in."

ANSWER: My secretary and several other female members of the Hippocrates research arm (or whatever) decided to test your hypothesis. The concensus was that barring practice and an absence of undergarments your friends had better bring a change of clothes should their demonstration come to pass.

BALLOONING BALLS

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

For the past six weeks or so I have been finding it extremely difficult to get an erection on. I have also noticed that one of the testicles is becoming larger and the regular size one appears and feels like it has a growth coming on it. Do you think this would have anything to do with the erection problem?

Otherwise everything appears to be normal. Since I have always led a full sex life, I would like to know what you think

ANSWER: You should see a physician right away—either your own or a urologist. Referrals can be made through nearby medical schools, county medical societies or free clinics.

Many people put off a visit to the doctor, even when they know something is wrong, for fear of confirming their worst suspicions. Paradoxical, true, but delaying medical treatment for this reason is a very common and sometimes very tragic occurrence.

5 O'CLOCK SNATCH

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I am a happily married woman. My husband and I enjoy cunnilingus. However, my husband has a beard, which I like except that it is scratchy and irritates my genital area.

Usually he wets his beard with good warm water so that it is comfortable during the act. But afterwards from the rubbing I am itchy sometimes for days.

I don't want him to shave his beard. Can you recommend something that would soften his beard more than warm water and especially can you recommend some kind of soothing lotion (or something) that I can apply to the vaginal area afterwards to relieve the itching?"

ANSWER: Two of my bearded friends responded to your problem with great empathy. One said he shaved his moustache and the area below his lower lip especially for his wife. The other, a Berkeley physician, wondered if you husband's beard was yet too short for comfort. (A baby lotion or Vitamin A and D ointment will soothe chafed skin).

G. Legman, the erudite and witty author of Oragenitalism—Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation (Julian Press—1969). Legman devoted himself so enthusiastically to this subject that rumour persists he was asked to will his tongue to the British Museum.

"The man in cunnilinctus (sic) simply places one of his palms, cupped tightly against his chin, so that only the back of his hand touches the woman's vulva, which is completely protected in this way from the touch of his chin-stubble."

Legman ends his book by recalling a 1920s divorce suit against Charlie Chaplin in which the great man was "accused" of performing cunnilingus on his wife. "All married people do that," replied Chaplin.

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

Do you offer any precautions against taking mescaline during childbirth? It seems ideal for maximum mental alertness and physical endurance.

If the idea is a very dangerous one, perhaps you can suggest a similar, safer drug. But I'd really like to try it for those reasons."

ANSWER: Students taking a course in human physiology would learn that an unborn baby's circulation is linked to the mother's and that drugs taken by the mother also affect the child. Physicians administer drugs during childbirth with great care because of possible effects on the fetus.

The best way to insure the health of your unborn child is to eat a nutritious diet, abstain from all drugs (including alcohol and tobacco) and receive regular examinations from your family physician or obstetrician.

DOPE BLACKOUTS

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

To be blunt, I'm scared. I was smoking some grass about 3 weeks ago and I started to feel dizzy. Next thing I remember is waking up on the floor and being told I'd been unconscious about 7 minutes.

This wouldn't bug me so much except that I can remember coming close to blacking out 4 times when I was younger: in pre-school, at the blackboard in a writing class in the third grade, at confirmation when I was about 11, and at a wedding when I was 15.

All of the times I've fainted were when I was very uptight, like wanting to be somewhere else, so I've usually figured it's just some psychological trip—like I shut myself off when I'm threatened.

ANSWER: Recently I treated a student for bizarre symptoms after he'd smoked marijuana from a waterpipe with a group of friends. He had been noncommunicative for several hours before being brought to the hospital.

When I first saw him he was lying on the floor, face down trying to crawl away from his friends. Then he crawled into a corner under a stretcher, obviously terrified. He couldn't be talked down (as most people can on bad trips) so I had the nurse give him a tranquilizer by injection. Within a few minutes, long before the effects of the tranquilizer could have taken effect, he was responding in a normal manner.

The student told me similar experiences had occurred before he had ever used marijuana. I referred him to a neurologist to determine whether any physical cause could be found for his behaviour.

You should have a thorough physical examination soon.

BURNT OUT

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

Since this question would waste my doctor's time I'm asking you.

I've been REALLY TRYING to get over my LAZINESS for at least 3 years. When I discovered the hippy world I felt a little proud of it . . . but it is getting worse.

I have lots of dreams to be a teacher of biology one day, but I'm too lazy to study. It takes a lot to pick up after myself, my house is always messy, I have no children, but I am worried and it's driving my husband away from me.

I've been lazy for as long as I can remember—no energy to do what I have to do, but I did have an active life of fun while my husband was in Viet Nam

I've always been sickly, I seem to catch every cold there is because I don't get any exercise, because I'm lazy. What do you suggest?"

ANSWER: Why not waste the doctor's time long enough for him to refer you to a psychiatrist or psychologist?

Yeah, looking at my cluttered desk I know just how you feel, all these journals, articles, letters . . . Think I'll take a long vacation soon.

The Equation runs like this—Government = control = justice. You can govern the country if you can control it. And you can make the control attractive by calling it justice. But justice is the process of deciding whether or not what you've done interferes with the government's control of the population. The *process* may be impartial, the *process* may be fair but the framework in which that process (the lawyers, the courts) work is political and as unfair as only politics can be.

IT has been charged and convicted, OZ charged and committed for trial not because some absolute rules were broken or because some biblical gent was rustled on his throne. But because enough people in the country wanted it to happen. So they complained until the government thought it worth the trouble to do something. They complained for a variety of reasons ranging from the fact that people are scared of anyone who is different and want them suppressed, to some sort of righteous idea of morality. But in the end it was the people who live amongst us who complained.

So what's the effect now? A few scared people. Perhaps duller more cautious publications. Perhaps more violent ones. The machinery of justice is slow, quiet, polite and very very brutal. When you're at the Old Bailey you realise that a state can do anything to its citizens. Its only got to pass the right law. Also a minority group—homosexuals—won't be able to advertise. Just who is that prohibition going to benefit?

Maybe IT got off lightly. They have at least to April if not longer because of appeals to find roughly £2,600 in fines. They need right now £800 to cover defence costs. If you can spare the bread send it to the IT Bust Fund.

But should it have happened? Do you want to live in a society that punishes people for doing things that don't harm anyone? In the name of justice. In the name of control. In the name of government.

UNDER-GROUND PAPERS SUCK !!!

I.T. SUCKS MORE THAN MOST...

HOW TO GET YOUR MAN... ...

THE FEMALE EUNUCH by Germaine Greer

In the introduction of her book, 'The Female Eunuch' (pub. Macgibbon & Kee) Miss Greer says,

'If it is not ridiculed, or reviled, it will have failed of its intention.'

With the recent play Female Liberation has received in the media, and the antagonistic stances adopted by some of the more histrionic of the 'soul sisters', one might expect this to be another exercise in name calling, yet more salt in the wound between the sexes. To my great relief I found it to be, for the most part, just the opposite: something rare in such an emotionally charged subject–a cool, massively supported, vividly written analysis of the 'female condition', its evolution through history and present character in consumer society. Far from being a revolutionary tract, 'The Female Eunuch' more resembles a collage of what the great philosophers, poets, suffragettes, and psychologists have thought of women through the ages. Despite occasional lapses, Miss Greer comes through as something much more exciting than a proselytizer. She is an intellectual in possession of a trained critical mind that shows itself at home in a stimulating range of subject. Her antecedents, at least in the beginning, are plainly humanistic, her allegiances veering on the existential. Of the liberated woman, she says,

'She could begin by not changing the world, but by re-assessing herself.'

and goes on to warn that for the woman considering the step into autonomy,

'Life is not easier, or more pleasant . . . but it is more interesting, nobler, even.'

In short she grounds the question of female autonomy in a classically moral realm, the need to attain selfhood is represented as an obligation which no self-respecting woman can afford to ignore. This is worth noting for later on she seems to abandon the position, or even openly contradict it, and it is precisely at those moments when she does abandon the viewpoint furnished by her intellectual heritage, that I find fault with the book. But those moments are rare. If she is anything, Miss Greer is well informed and up to date. Her conclusions, apart from the literary criticism, do tend to restrict themselves to the limits of traditional New Left reading: Marcuse, Freud, Marx, Blake, Nietzche, Norman Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, Norman Mailer, etc; almost the table of contents of an underground newspaper, but its result is a very thought provoking blend of scholarship and journalism. Mordant, witty, at times passionately autobiographical, she traces the roots of modern woman's malaise and illuminates, using the terminology and methodology of her sources, what she considers to be her present impasse. It begins as an autopsy but the corpse of romantic love turns out to be more alive than ever. Her attempt to cover so much area–she flies from denunciations of vaginal perfumes to reconstructions of medieval sexual neuroses–inevitably results in a certain thinness in parts, a too facile treatment of subjects which demand more detailed exegesis. The ideal picture of sexually healthy medieval English peasantry appears too exaggerated, as does her characterization of the middle class housewife as the perpetually idle, indolent consumer of her husband's labour. Similarly her description of the conventionally raised girl of today as a 'female faggot' seems too absolute, too melodramatic. It obscures the reality it was intended to illuminate. The situation of the male homo-sexual in society is very different to that of the woman alternately repressed and lured by the unattainable myth of the Feminine Stereotype. The homo-sexual can and does gain ascendency in society and precisely in those fields where women have proved unfruitful. Is the average man then a kind of male lesbian?

Granted the present state of most women is a result of centuries of servile conditioning, that visual and consumer values have been substituted for the physiological and psychic integrity of the individual, that relations between the sexes enact a symbiotic pattern of sado-masochism, that the patriarchal family is an indispensable analogue to the capitalist state, that it is the breeding ground of the Oedipal complex and the means by which the mechanism of servility reproduces itself, accepting all this, as Marcuse did, and Miss Greer does, our ending must be despair. The woman who desires liberation from this nightmare must, out of integrity to herself, refuse the servile trap of marriage, yet if she stands alone she cannot responsibly commit herself to bringing children into the world. Having formulated this intractable position, the book seems to fall apart at the seams. It would be churlish to demand of Miss Greer that she come up with an alternative where her authorities have left her with unresolved contradictions, but this is what she tries to do and her personal statement deserves criticism. She outlines an alternative to the repressive 'nuclear' family–a loose association of adults and children conforming to some vague tribal law and existing somewhere far from the horrors of fragmented, urban existence. She suggests that children can be brought up successfully without neuroses by non-parents, although there is nothing resembling conclusive evidence to prove this. The English middle class has traditionally handed its children over to educational institutions at the age of seven. Their upbringing is carried out to a large extent by non-parents yet it seems to have had little effect in limiting their neuroses. Her justification of a woman's right to abandon an unhappy marriage is equally unconvincing.

'It is much worse for children to grow up in an atmosphere of suffering, however repressed, than it is for them to adapt to a change of regime.'

This too blatantly begs the question–what does the change of regime consist of? She suggests that men are better at bringing up children alone than women and that a woman could pay alimony to her deserted husband in exchange for assuming the burden of child care. This alternative hardly corresponds to the social or psychological realities that would make up such a situation. Miss Greer laments the misery that flaws most marriages in our society, yet informal promiscuity between the sexes usually partakes more of the myth of the Feminine Stereotype–what all men seek and all women seek to become–than do marriage relations.

'A woman seeking alternative modes of life is no longer morally bound to pay her debt to nature.'

In that case, the new woman will be short-lived indeed and our children left with a choice of the eunuchs. Is there not a natural rhythm involved in bearing children, a necessary loss of self, a sacrifice to the future which, like the planting of seeds, delays gratification but ensures we may be nourished at a later date? Servile marriage or sterile autonomy? With the millstone of human equality around her neck–revolution must be for all or none–Miss Greer ends her book by asking,

'What will you do?

Fortunately the last chapter is not representative and for the most part I was avidly absorbed in what Miss Greer had to say. I spent so much time on the last chapter because it seemed to contain the most original portion of her argument and because, after having been so bluntly asked, 'What will you do?' I thought she deserved a serious answer.

There remains something abstract and unreal in Miss Greer's alternatives; as an ideal her justification of abandonment seems ready minted for general corruption. Like her I am born of a woman and can only feel threatened by her hesitations about bringing children into the world. Without a faith that does not shirk the sacrifice of reproducing herself, the future must remain closed to the liberated woman. That would be a great loss because the world plainly needs more Germaines and fewer Eunuchs.

Entertained on a mass scale, the problems of women in society are hopelessly bitter. To her question one can only reply–that it is impossible to supply satisfactory answers to such abstractly constructed problems. This is understandable and inevitable. The truth is most women and men lack the energy or capacity to live their lives in accordance with the blue prints of freedom which Marxist-orientated writers like Miss Greer supply. The assumption with a question like hers is that the reader must now face the imponderable contradiction Miss Greer has set up and claim it for his, or her own problem. This I happily refuse to accept. The Female Eunuch is an abstraction, the question a failure of nerve on Miss Greer's part at the vital moment. 'Neurotic', 'moral', 'responsible' are all terms with more meaning when applied to an individual personality than to an age, sex, or people. The question is an uncharacteristic bit of bullying, for whatever I do, or Miss Greer does, or you do, will in the end be the result of our individual destinies.

It would be a distortion of the books spirit to end on such a critical note. Apart from the last chapter, Miss Greer is overwhelmingly correct in her analysis of how men and women have produced the fragment called 'feminine'. Comparison between reality and the spectre of the Eunuch is uncannily absolute–suddenly one becomes conscious of a whole area of experience previously blinded by habitual response. To have altered our perceptions, enlarged our world, and amused us in the process, that is a brilliant feat.

Tim Harris

..the book that men love and women hate

Reading 'The Female Eunuch' I felt that there was not one Germaine Greer but several. There was one I liked a lot, who had the defiance, the controlled, if sometimes desperate dignity, of revolutionary feminism. Sometimes her writing captures the note of Wollstonecrafts 'Vindication', of Emma Goldman's 'Living my Life,' of a woman torn between two poles, divided by the contradiction of trying to live as a woman and as a person. This tension has sometimes developed into an emphasis on celibacy amongst feminists. There has been a connection between emancipation and the denial of sexuality. Germaine is not of this tendency any more than Mary Wollstonecraft or Emma Goldman was. She writes, 'A lover who comes to your bed of his own accord is more likely to sleep with his arms around you all night than a lover who has nowhere

else to sleep.' This is very much like the ideas of freedom in love which have run right through the revolutionary movement. The personal commitment not to cage or trap another person has always been intimately connected to the idea of a different society where nobody would be imprisoned.

I think it was this kind of feeling that led me to question the morality that was dished out to me in my early teens. When I read about Mary Wollstonecraft & then later discovered Olive Schreiner's story of an African Farm', it seemed to me theirs was a more honest and dignified way of living. Later I was to discover it is also more difficult. It is still terrible when all the walls are down and you're completely defenceless and he turns away. Women who break away from the established framework of things are left still very exposed and there's a high casualty rate. There have been many women who have shared the hope of self-reliance, who have struggled against dependency, but have suffered terribly for it. The Diggers had a rhyme about this directed against a rival puritan sect.

Germaine herself seems at her happiest sometime between the 16th and 18th centuries. She takes a kind of rumbustious delight it's impossible not to share in women with gallant pin boxes. London wenches 'Their tails are peppered with the pox' being contrasted to 'Buxom country Country lasses Hot piping from the Cow' Exactly what they were doing with the cows which turned them on so much isn't clear. Though it seems like male propaganda to me because the city girls had learned to play the market like the lass of Islington who kept her hand on the cellar door until she got a fair price. Given the kind of contraceptives they had around then I can't see what else they could do . But there are hints despite this of a time when sexually, the process of castration was still incomplete. For example in Samuel Collins 'loving' account of the vagina. As Germaine Greer points out, this is not only an exact and eloquent description, it's an active one., 'the vagina speaks, throws, is tense and vigorous'. Again I wish she'd gone into this more. If you locate the final triumph of female passive sexuality at the end of the 18th century and early 19th centuries, how does this relate to changes in the family and the organisation of work—in fact to the industrial revolution. She abstracts the process out of history.

'The castration of women has been carried out in terms of a masculine feminine polarity in which men have communicated all the energy and streamlined it into an aggressive conquisatorial power, reducing all hereto-sexual contact to a sado-masochistic pattern.'

T o some extent the cliteromaniacs who have popularised Masters and Johnson are on to this. Germaine asserts the vagina again, to my relief, because I was never happy with the idea that a quick rub off was any kind of substitute for the kind of orgasm you get when a man you are incredibly deeply together with is inside you. Not only did I find Anne Koedt's pamphlet didn't relate to anything I'd ever experienced, but it seemed mechanically to reduce orgasm to the lowest common denominator of sensation. As if you could measure something which you experience each time in a completely different way. ALSO, TO PRESUME THAT ORGASMS ONLY COME AS A RESULT OF DIRECT STIMULATION OF THE CLITORIS, STRIKES ME AS VULGAR MATERIALISM.

Germaine Greer is often funny. She lays into the female stereotype in no uncertain terms, and she is biting about Barbara Castle, making sure she looks attractive when she goes off to keep the workers wages down. Germaine's got a keen nose for this particular kind of dishonesty in women who play the system for their own ego. Her image of the 'Omnipotent Administrator in frilly knickers' is a nasty description of a nasty phenomena. She's at her ironic best on the typing temp and the secretary instructed to be beautiful—but not provocative. Baby has to be hot enough for man power, but she mustn't put the heat on. Presumably his stocks might fall if he got a hard on while he was busy running capitalism for us.

But in the midst of the defiance and the irony there's a gawky, forlorn girl, miserably dragging sanitary towels about in her school satchel, uneasily moving into an unhappy adolescence, not liking her mother, selfconscious about being tall and dreaming of crushing her nose into a giant's tweed suit. Incidentally there are problems about being short too especially if you go in and out in an fairly obvious kind of way. You find yourself patted on the head, chucked on the cheek and an immediate target for bottom pinchers. Early on I developed a ferocious scowl, the 'watch out if the wind changes' sort. But it's very easy just to drop jollily into being patronised; getting angry becomes exhausting. As for that tweedy giant, we all have him in some shape or size. Some day my prince will come and take me off on a motor bike far, far, into the hills, and I'll be lost in speed and black leather and never worry about my bust/hips/nose/ears/feet/being too big/little/short/fat etc. I mean we're still making contradictory and impossible demands on men and the sooner we come clean the better. Even if they're pretty reticent still about their projections on to us.

All Germaine Greer's comments on womens' liberation both in England and America have an external quality. They lack both the passion and the self criticism which women who have experienced working within the movements write. She misses out, too, on the way you learn and discover all the time and are, forced to reexamine all your preconceived conceptions, painfully often. There's a danger too when you're just writing on your own that you start to throw out alternative stereotypes of the liberated woman. These are just gags on other women. You reduce what is a unique dialogue for every individual woman, between her, the movement and the world outside, into simply new ways in which she ought to behave. Thus the liberated woman is ready to lick her menstrual blood off his cock, she doesn't make up reading lists, or sit on committees. There's a funny way in which people who are most concerned to resist all the rules individually start inventing a whole lot of new ones for other people. I mean menstrual blood on his cock might just be a matter of taste not liberation.

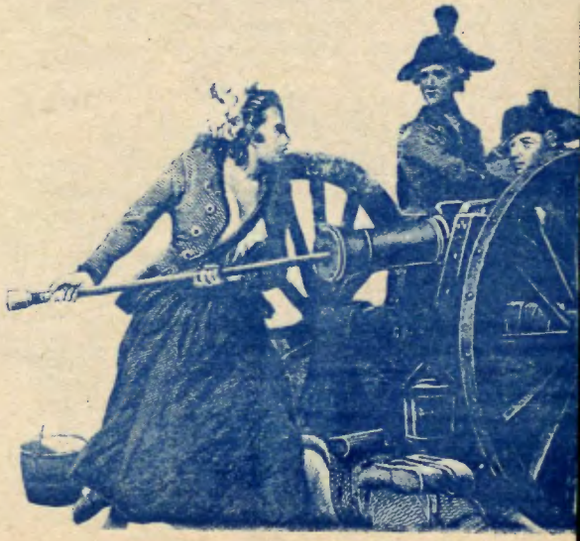
Oh wow it's been done before Germaine. Ever heard of scare crow radicals?. They frighten the sparrows a bit at first until they get used to them. Scare crows can look very impudent but they can't do anything. There have been lots of scarecrow feminists, lots of bold women who resisted the servile lot of other women, who made a great flurry and a show, and who ended up like George Sand rejecting the feminist socialist groups to perform for a male audience. You avoid the stiff tense humourless tightness you see as a feature both of feminism of the revolutionary groups, and you suddenly find yourself becoming a sophisticated brand of titillation on the media. Its a trap that destroys people—ruthlessly.

The only way out is to create consciously a movement which is confident gleeful, generous and loving. Ideally it would always be so but we are children of this world, fighting a knowing and nasty system. You can't duck the contradiction by declaring 'Revolution is the oppressed'. It may be but it also has costly overheads. It devours, drains exhausts twists crushes and destroys.

Somehow we have to find a way of living this contradiction if we are to survive. For women all this is even more true because we face not only the enemy without but the enemy within, male opposition within the revolutionary movement, and our own desire to submit to men.

Apart from these bits which I did not like at all, 'The Female Eunuch' is still subversive enough which is what Germaine hopes. Put it in the hands of the fuckedup young and old, male and female, and let the vagina speak straight to the jam rags, jelly bags, sex behind the hand and frustration writ large on lavatory walls.

Sheila Rowbotham



SPIKE

SUCK, the first European Sexpaper which is (hopefully) presenting the Wet Dream Festival (a four day film orgy of flashing cocks and steaming cunts in erotic Amsterdam) has announced a few added attractions—a Masturbation Contest, an S/M and Bondage Wear Fashion Show, and special screenings of gems from King Farouk's blue movie collection. To get into the Festival, you have, theoretically, to belong to S.E.L.F. (POB 2080, Amsterdam) the Sexual Egalitarian and Liberation Fraternity, but I'm sure if you happen to be in Amsterdam from November 26-29 you will be able to pay your membership fee on the spot and participate in the way that relieves your frustration best. Otto Muehl fresh from a spectacular success in Frankfurt, has been invited to attend the festival and plans to explode a cow and have a fuck in the resulting mess. London rejected Muehl's chicken action, but in Frankfurt he cut off a goose's head, sprayed its blood over the audience, put a condom on its neck and fucked his girlfriend with it. I wonder if the ICA, the NFT or the New Arts Lab could cope with that.

A.J. Weberman, the world's only living Dylanolgist is at it again. His mass circulated review of Dylan's LP *New Morning* starts off like this:
Holy motherfucking shit! A new Dylan album 3 months after Self Portrait. . . . the Dylan heads must be flipping out. Like anything would sound good after Self Portrait which nobody dug except a few hard core Dylan freaks who would probably say Dylan was right on even if he shat on top of some blank LP records and asked some people to listen to the needle as it tracked the turds. But that's not to say that Self Portrait is useless; I heard that Bellevue Hospital was playing it to freaks who have been accidentally poisoned, in order to induce vomiting . . . and after several pages of indigestible and spurious analysis which interprets *Went to See the Gypsy* as a record of a visit he paid to Dylan one Sunday when Dylan told him never to come hear his home again, he concludes that Dylan can't be part of the solution, so he must be still part of the problem. According to Weberman, John Lennon sings in *Give Peace a Chance*, "Let me tell you now, everybody's talking about Weberman, evolution, masturbation . . ."

CHRISTMAS NUDE-IN, FREAK-OUT

Everyone is invited to a PARTY at the Roundhouse, Sunday December 13, to celebrate with FRIENDS, OZ, and IT the end of 1970. Groups and organisations so far appearing include The Pink Fairies, Evensong, Hawkwind, Steve Peregrine Took and Shag Rat, Alexis Korner, Ginger Johnson, Black Frog Lightening, Pretty Things etc . . . Anyone who is outrageous enough to provide their own floorshow or help in any way ring
Stan at 969-2884.
Roundhouse—Sunday—December 13. 3.30 to 11.30. Cost: 10/- to cover expenses and all kinds of free goodies.

PERNICIOUS ANAEMIA.

Alternative life style commune ecological freaks might be interested in the Canadian ALTERNATE SOCIETY which has interesting articles on commune living in the States and British Columbia. Subscriptions 12 issues 5 dollars plus postage 10 Thomas St. St. Catherines, Ontario, Canada.

On the same subject, Clem Gorman is compiling THE BOOK OF COMMUNES, which is designed to appeal to anyone who wants to share work, play, living space or time, young people who want to move to the country, pensioners and poor people interested in new ways of sharing and cutting the cost of living. Anyone with information or help write to 8 Colville Terrace, London W.6.

STERILITY.

If you have had money refunded from those subscriptions you so optimistically took out with Cyclops, Strange Days and Idiot International, and you still want to take a chance on another youthful, radical magazine, try SNAPDRAGON whose first issue is out now with articles on US deserters in Britain, Fairport Convention and the delights of rural living, Hermann Hesse etc. Send 2/6 for a copy to 12 Bond Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton, Hants. Contributions and suggestions welcome.

THE LUNATIC LIBERATION FRONT

"Lunatic but Proud" "Lunatic is Beautiful"

In Amsterdam, where five years ago the Provos introduced the notion of lunacy into politics, Dutch film-maker Martijn Seip has launched the Lunatic Liberation Front with the slogan "A lunatic in every home".

Seip has succeeded in obtaining money from the government to set up a film workshop providing equipment and aid to enable people to make their own films. Initially this will take the form of a children's workshop and an adult's workshop but the next stage is to be the lunatic workshop. The children's workshop will pave the way for this allowing free expression to untrained minds, producing films which Seip sees as personal information facilitating communication & understanding between people.

The lunatic workshop, possibly inside asylums, will give lunatics opportunities for free expression. This information can be studied by psychiatrists, but it is soon hoped that films made will be available in open screenings in underground cinemas & film museums. A cinema called the 'Open Asylum' is already proposed. ("Not for Everyone—Madmen Only".)

Seip sees an early acceptance of such films for public screening as underground films have provided vanguard action, and currently the Netherlands Film Museum is showing films by Dutch filmer Frans Zwartjes who once worked in an asylum. One of Zwartjes films is explicitly called *Anamnesis* which is the name for information given to psychiatrists by patients.

One effect of underground film is that now many people have the courage to show their home movies long hidden in cupboards and denied to others. This new transmission of information increases understanding between people and lessens fear and uncertainty.

It is this same fear & uncertainity which has resulted in lunatics being the most oppressed people in our society. They are caged like animals, submitted to electric shocks, forcibly fed diets of drugs & denied intellectual & sensual stimulation.

SANE CHAUVINISM

Open Asylums will end this, for free expression by lunatics will provide films which are information that all can assimilate, & understand lunatics & see them as equals. Seip sees the time as right to end sane chauvinism which is supported by the power elites determined to rule. "A lunatic in every home" is a motto of anarchism, a description of a society in which no one will be seen as sane enough to rule anyone else and in which individuals will co-operate with each other for their common good.

The Lunatic Liberation Front is a reformist action, aiming at turning all asylums into open workshops in which film & videotapes are made & the information recorded by them transmitted to people all over the world. Other reformist gestures might include a demand for "a lunatic for president" but the patent absurdity of this will force consciousness of the absurdity of such an office.

The opportunities for the lunatic liberation front to infiltrate existing society have already been demonstrated by the Kabouters in Holland and the Yippies in USA. The Wizard of the University of NSW (OZ 24) is another example.

But at the moment overt lunatics are all behind walls and locked in cages. The covert lunatics get by under the guise of artists, writers, psychiatrists & intellectuals. But most other people repress their lunacy leading to all kinds of violence & hatred. Reformists gestures like the Open Asylum begin lunatic liberation. The repercussions can only be imagined.
Albie Thoms

STRAWBERRY TONGUE.

Searching for lady musicians for an all-woman rock group. Ladies who play drums, lead-guitar, bass, piano-organ, and violin, call Wendy at 722-1959 or Terry at 262-1234 ex.879.

SWAB.

As for the dope situation, it seems that if the pigs don't get you, your comrades will. British dopefiends are by now tired of hearing that rival Americans are either buying up or wiping out all the hash, long before it reaches us: but despair won't meet the demand or make it any cheaper. If the special relationship can't help, steely patriotism must be the keynote of the British effort to stay high. This year's home-grown crop, such as it is, must be carefully examined for quality when it comes on the market soon. Nobody really knows whether British grass is going to be good enough, and it certainly won't relieve the crisis for very long—but it's no use perpetuating the myth that it's impossible.

'The Shortage', though, is emphasised by widespread and justifiable paranoia: rip-offs are running level with tip-offs in London just now, so many dealers won't sell to strangers even if they've got the dope. And after the bust; the ability of the fuzz to up the real value of your stash by 2000%—as in a recent Durham case—is one more indication that there's no justice in Edward Nixon's England. At this stage it's not enough to 'stay cool'. Either we pay through the nose for dubious dope or we start planting next year—and if that fails we may be forced to smash capitalism.

Terry Milewski

SYPHILIS

There's a new emergency nightphone number in London—NIGHTLINE Night Information Service—658 0044—which is open from 6 pm to 7 am every night and all day on Sundays and Bank Holidays as well. If Release fails you, try them. Who knows what they might come up with.

PARKINSON'S DISEASE.

As the new academic year accelerates, the Vice-Chancellors are discovering that their scrupulous control of university intake, backed by firm discipline for the inmates, cannot stem the militant tide. Doubtless those rejected will not be idle, nor those thrown out. The untidy swarms of drop-outs, bums and dealers hanging about most British campuses is threatening the influence of official students' union bureaucracies. A penchant for free concerts by-passes the entertainment secretaries; petty theft increases; dope spreads and individual extremism becomes popular, while the Vice-Chancellors are forded into dictatorial intransigence which aggravates the frustration they seek to avoid. Even if a Students' Union disapproves the actions of a maverick member, it will not usually sanction any subsequent bullying by the authorities either. And what disciplinary action can a university take against a non-student?

There are other signs that the campuses cannot relapse into obedience. At Cambridge yet, students have been shocked into realising that the proctors can no longer be tolerated; at Keele, the scene last year of bombings, nudity and hooliganism, wholesale expulsions of 'those responsible' have already given way to renewed subversion by yet another 'tiny minority'. The old theory that, if you crippled the ringleaders, peace would miraculously descend on a contented campus is now useless: will it be followed by attempts to bribe students back into the middle class? Why is the Tory government so eager to consult the NUS on grants? Watch out got liberal concessions.

Terry Milewski

SWINE PLAGUE.

The present popular belief is that all police are pigs, bastards and whatever other names the harassed freaks can think up.

But it ain't quite true. Our blue-eyed boys in the Metropolitan Area, judging by the pointless busts of both IT and OZ on stupid corruption raps, the continual harassing of the hippies in Piccadilly Circus and the ever increasing number of drug busts throughout London are vindictive morons.

But out in the country, the police more or less fulfil what they were supposed to do when they were first invented by Robert Peel in 1892, ie They give a genuine service to the community, and are part of the social life of that community.

But first, some slander on the Mets. Ambition is what separates a true cop(or pig if you must) from an ordinary bobby on the beat. The cops in the Metropolitan force get more bread, and there is a great deal of class prejudice between different levels of cops. The P.C.'s envy the D.C.'s, because the D.C.'s have a more important job and get more bread, and the D.C.'s envy the D.I.'s and so on all the way up the slimy ladder.

A friend of mine in Highgate, who recently received an unexpected visit from various members of the local fuzz, noticed a lack of co-operation between the P.C.'s and the D.C.'s, and a reluctance to obey any orders, which made the bust extremely unproductive.

This situation is brought about by a lack of communication between two different ranks of cops. There is no social contact between the ranks and hardly any friendship, and therefore, all cops try and improve their position to impress everybody else.

This of course means that all the cops have to be terribly zealous to get as high as possible in the social ladder. The trouble is that the average copper has an I.Q. of something less than the national average. An ordinary copper is just a pleasant idiot, but the stupid Met boys become complete and utter bastards when their ideas of grandeur clash with their stupidity, and they become completely irrational, illogical, and totally vindictive.

Policemen are usually kids who have not enough O and A Levels to get into any other profession, so drop into the police force. Out in the country, they become just pleasant lower-class straight cats, who are willing to help the hairiest freak. But in the city, their illusions of power warp their minds.

The country fuzz are different. As a journalist, I have to go to the Oxted fuzz station every day and get the news. They are really friendly, will talk for hours nothing in particular, as they really have nothing to do all day except scribble pieces of information in the day-book. They are just ordinary people who get paid for doing a job. They complain about getting hardly any bread after working long hours and sometimes weekends.

They get really bored with the job they have to do as there is hardly anything to do in a small country town, and rap among themselves, chase chicks, and act like any lounger in an office. There hasn't been a drug bust in Oxted for several years, and maybe there never has been, as the C.I.D. are not really interested in busting people who mind their own business.

Bob Thorp and Graham Burnett, of C.I.D., could be mistaken for hippie businessmen, and take time off, pretending to be working, to walk around the streets of Oxted and look at the local talent. Everybody knows everybody in the station, and are all friends outside the office.

They are coppers in the old sense of the word. They treat heads like ordinary people, which we are, not like an animal to be hustled and fucked around as much as possible. Maybe the place for all heads is out in the country, where the scene is much cooler.

A local bobby near Southampton who wanders around the lanes on his bicycle, has so far given some friends of mine warning of pending Southampton drugs squad busts when a bust is imminent.

But the fuzz in the country are after the creeps who commit antisocial crimes, not hippies who just want to enjoy themselves. Yeah, the place for heads is in the country.

Treat them as helpful friends, and not as pigs, and you might even make close friends with them as I have done with several Oxted bobbies.

Maybe even try and use your charm on the Mets. It might work.

Charles Prendergast

Daily Mail

We are certain that there is no school of any kind which is entirely free from pupils experimenting with drugs.

—Evidence to the House of Commons standing committee on the Misuse of Drugs Bill.

FIRST . . . these are the eyes of a normal healthy child

The wide-eyed look of a child who has taken pep pills : Note dilated pupils.

The pin-point eyes of a child who has injected heroin : Note tiny pupils.

The Flaccid washed out face of a typical Daily Mail reader.

smalls

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ESSEX UNIVERSITY. Mixed Media Event. Saturday 28 November with Juicy Lucy, Edgar Broughton, Nucleus, Gregory Frenzy Jericho. Oxford Animation Festival Roadshow, Poetry, light show etc happening all over the Lecture Theatre block.

LEST WE FORGET: CNO Oemonstration SATUROAY November 28 against NATO and WARSAW PACT, GREEK COLONELS, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. 1pm outside Czech Embassy, then to Trafalgar Square rally 3.30 to 5.30. Melina Mercouri will speak. BE THERE!

Notes from a Sewage Farm

Dear OZ,

Fed up with the rotting image of what the Love Generation was all about: nauseated by the plastic and super-selfish pseudo-hippies who increasingly pay lip service to our ideals for their own personal pleasure alone.

I've met individuals who preach at length about friendship and sharing, but who will happily swindle me out of my hard-earned food money in order to buy themselves acid, telling me for good measure that I shouldn't be so attached to Capitalism's most basic symbol.

I've met types who will spend hours asserting their 'right' to live as they wish, but who won't allow the majority any right to live differently. Instead, like the pathetic american super-freak who wrote to OZ 30, they want to force their ways onto everybody else.

On the other hand, I've also met comfortable fatmums and car-washing dads who have shown me the most incredible human kindnesses.

For God's sake. Let's let the sunshine back in. We are all people. The elderly couple who live next door to me would certainly be very confused, to say the least, if they were suddenly made to live our way. I believe them to be mistaken and to be missing out on some of the best bits of life, but it certainly does them no good if they see a hermaphroditic individual who sneeringly refers to them as 'pigs'.

I'm not a saint and I know it. I simply try to make my reactions to other people more loving. I often fail, mainly because of a quick temper and a hatred of those who treat me (simply because I work for my living) as the natural source of whatever they happen to want. But I keep trying, because I'm trying to change Society from the inside–living within it and attempting to persuade people, rather than forcing them, into a better way of life.

When I die, I may only have a very small heap of achievements in this direction to look back on. But, I shall even so have done more good than those who insist that because they disagree with Society, it should support them and feed them and house them. And more good than the weirdies who say that the way to make everybody love one another is to blow them up if they don't.

It is wrong to kill. It is wrong to hate. It is wrong to steal. It is wrong to destroy. Those are our ideals: somewhat tarnished nowadays. It is high time we reasserted our faith in them, instead of copying the antagonistic posturings of the other side.

As long as we continue to threaten straight society, it will react with oppression. That is unfortunate but only natural. (we react the same way when it threatens us). And it stems from a fear of the unusual, just as race-hatred does. Perhaps, if we tried to be a bit less startlingly unusual and tried spreading around a bit more of that famous love, we might begin to get somewhere. After all, out of the many people who have influenced my thoughts as I have grown up, none of them has done so by twisting my arm: but, by reasoned discussion or by personal example they have shown me that their ideas were irrefutably better than mine.

love
Tony Peters

Dear OZ,

My second letter today to you–I've spent the intervening hours going through number 30 for the second time. (Finding everything that is there is a bit like doing one of those 'Find the Difference' puzzles involving two similar pictures). About the obscenity trial. I borrowed that issue from a friend, and I must honestly say that in my opinion it was definitely obscene. By that I mean that it was overloaded with smutty and unimaginative reference to the sex act, references which could only be appreciated if I were prepared to believe that sex was invariably hilarious, regardless of the circumstances. I vividly remember that when I was a school kid, I felt exactly that way about it. I didn't understand, then, that it was far more often a beautiful thing.

What is wrong with the charge against you is not the charge itself, but the definition of the word obscene. I just don't understand how that particular OZ could be said to deprave or corrupt anyone. As I said, if one were very young it would presumably have been very funny. If one were a little older it would be interesting only for the light it shed on younger minds, but in itself would be a bit of a bore. And if one were older still it might even cause considerable outrage. But you are not charged with any of those things.

I think that obscenity should be defined in a personal instead of a general way. Like this: an audience experiences a work of art. If any one man in that audience feels that the work of art portrays unpleasant things in an unpleasant manner, then as far as he is concerned the work of art may be called obscene. There may also be a school kid in the audience, of course, and for him the thing might have been a brilliant success.

So, I think that parts of that OZ described sex rather in the way that I might try to describe the mysterious operations within a sewage-farm, and those parts were in my opinion obscene.

If I'm right about two things: (a) that most of OZ's readers would basically agree with the above, the school kids being in the minority, and (b) that the issue concerned was an experiment–an experiment which worked beautifully and which there is no point in repeating just now, then it is unjust to dismiss the magazine generally as obscene. (Which is what this case means to most people, despite the limited terms of the charge).

It is also interesting that OZ may be inferred to be obscene only if children are writing it. But you have been charged, not the children. They, of course, are under age and not responsible for their actions. It is even more interesting that you are apparently considered to be more responsible for the actions of the children than their own parents are. Thank heavens there was no OZ when I was a kid–I might have been perverted into believing my parents and wearing a bowler-hat or something. (And I'd look pretty silly, let me tell you, with a bowler-hat on top of this lot). But there was no such influence, so I grew naturally away from my parents just as children always have. There was nothing to drive me back: nothing to show me the other side of the coin and allow me to see my parents' good points. In fact, I would say that the existence of a magazine such as OZ must tend to drive more waverers back into the system than it attracts out of it: if nothing else, OZ certainly reveals the terrors of independent thought.

Plus, also, the fact that you are receiving unrivalled publicity in every sector of the mass propoganda machine. Quite apart from the certainty that you now sell at least one copy of each issue to every pervert in the country, hundreds of new minds must have come into our world, their waking-up begun by reading an OZ which was only bought out of curiosity after hearing the News.

You know that you haven't done the things they accuse you of having done. Your friends know that, too. Consequently, the worst that Society can threaten you with is temporary personal inconvenience. For most prisoners, the punishment really begins when they leave jail–your sentence would end there. But, I would much rather that it never happened. I can only promise you that, if my personal utopia ever comes about, then OZ and everyone else will be allowed to publish whatever they bloody please. There is an OFF switch, marked 'eye'.

More love and a little peace, *Tony Peters*

Idyll Freaks

In 1956 I was a tearaway Art student in Bristol, Jim was a layabout (but such a lovely one); we clicked and mated up. Society didn't approve of our union and we were persecuted, kicked about from one place to another; we lived on beaches, existed on hop fields, in barns, with gypsies, on farms and lived the life out of 'The Grapes of Wrath' for a few years. We had two kids, one of them was called 'Moses' and was born in the squalor of a hop pickers hut, in straw. The other, Illia, in an old thatched farmhand's cottage. I held down my reproduction by successive abortions (self-induced)–I'd had one at 15, so I knew what to do–because although kids are beautiful, the system turns life so rotten that when you live on that level it's too hard to bear.

We did somehow buy a caravan, and a car to pull it and we lived on the road for a time but still we were persecuted and laughed at. So I got paranoid about going out into public, we had no friends, we couldn't communicate with anybody, we were kicked out of society because we resolutely refused to conform, because we believed society was based on the wrong values, materialism, and money-worship is sick and this modern sickness has (so far) left us clean. We ended up in Wales a few years ago, the country seemed outrageously beautiful so we embarked on cutting wood for private firms and here we still are. We live close to nature and are extremely poor. We never read papers or went out and it was only about six months ago thatwe discovered there were people called 'Hippies' and such a thing called the 'Underground' and that a whole new way of life had emerged, without us knowing anything about it.

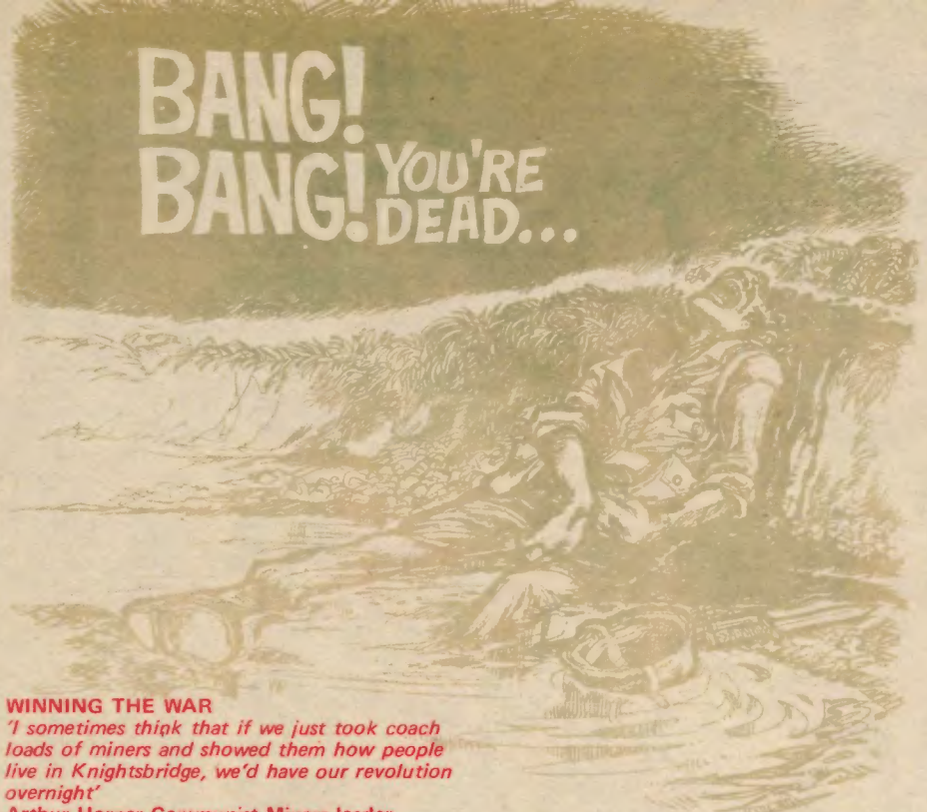
I know nothing about drugs, hardly; never had any except psilocybin mushrooms (very common in rich English grassland) and a few 'joints'. I don't understand the jargon that is being used, so you could call us innocent babies comparatively; but the strange thing is, our idea that we're born out of purity, seems to be the same as all you people have.

We believe that everything is much better in the 70's than in the 50's and 60's; the music, clothes, ideas, etc. and I'm so happy that the young can love easily today. Somebody has taken notice of the worthwhile thing we were scratching and fighting for then and the capitalist system now stands a chance of being overthrown if somebody powerful enough comes and leads things along.

I accidentally came across OZ when we ventured 'out' and went to a one-day Pop Festival at Knighton, Radnorshire. It was No. 29. I was pleased to see a school kid's issue, also, becuase we are having a battle with our kids' schooling, right now. We have tried to protect our kids from the trials of being 'different' amd I've attempted to let them look 'normal' (whatever normal is!) so they aren't ostracized (but of course they have been) but it is the eldest's time to go to the local comprehensive school and the establishment have asked far too much from us. *It must be* regulation uniform (all of us utterly abhor suits) and short back and sides. Well, Moses isn't having any of it, at any price. His usual dress is a typical boy's dress and his hair length is nothing abnormal (but very attractive). Obviously his father will back him up, because *he* knows a child of 12 is capable of deciding how he wants to appear. Unfortunately the Establishment Headmaster will not and cannot see anything beyond the image of the poxy school and he has refused Moses' admission to Tregaron County School. He has also told the bus driver not to let him get on the bus 'unless he is in uniform'. The Director of Education for the county backs up the Headmaster, so the next stop is them prosecuting us for 'failing to allow the child to attend school', whereas it's really 'the school that won't educate the child' which Jim will put forward as the point in question. Why should we submit our rights and sacrifice our children to the system? Why should babes be used as pawns in the gigantic machine that they are trying to turn us into; if the establishment courts of law support the school all the choice we have, is to go on the move again. The school's name should be made to public ly STINK first.

Jim and Chainy Beman,
c/o Tynygraig PO,
Ystrad Meurig,
Cardiganshire, Wales.

BANG! BANG! YOU'RE DEAD...



WINNING THE WAR

'I sometimes think that if we just took coach loads of miners and showed them how people live in Knightsbridge, we'd have our revolution overnight'

Arthur Horner Communist Miners leader

'I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order'

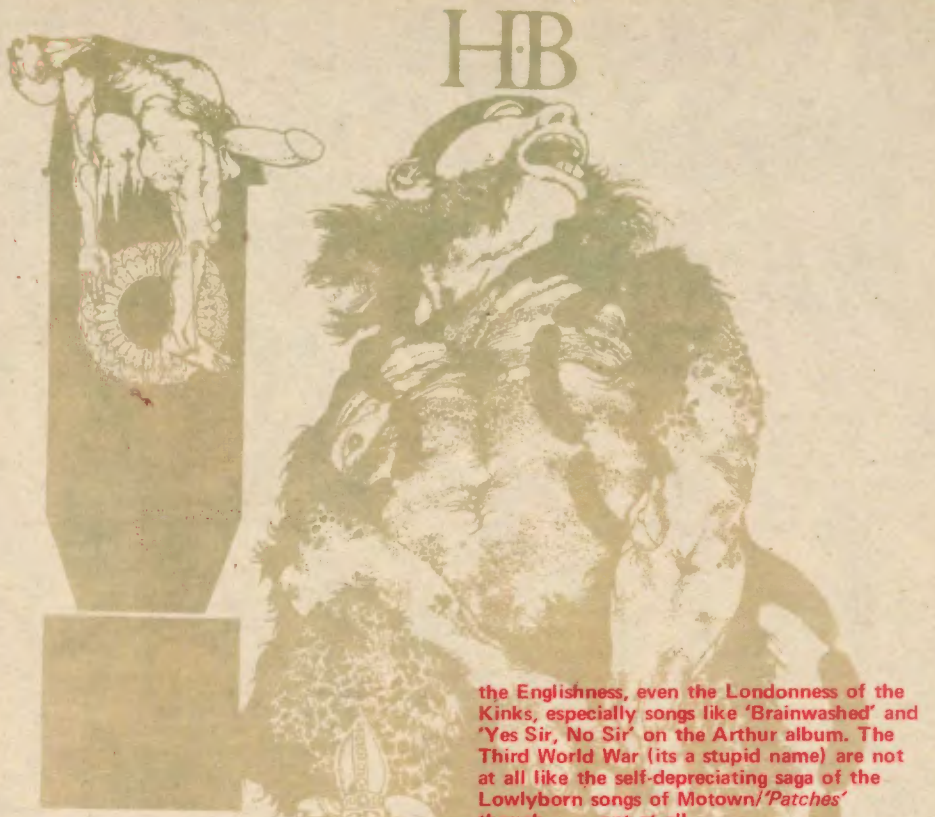
Tim Leary's escape note

The mechanical order of Knightsbridge is alive and well. Zomby-ladies stride out of dress shops and restaurants, eyes wild for taxis, Alfa-Romeos are belligerently reversed into mews and typists wait for buses and blow their noses. Behind complicated Knightsbridge locks, the manager and political advisors of Third World War tell you about the impending crisis. Its mainly paranoid Readers Digest chemistry, "You know man, do you know, the atmosphere is so fucking loused up, man, we're all going to be dead in 5 years . . like if you were to take a mouthful of your flesh, you'd be dead in minutes". And then about the new spirit of modern youth, its like the Duke of Edinburgh followed by Prince Charles. A room full of ex-druggies ('The whole flower scene was, like, negative'), record pushers and resident freaks take self absorbed turns to prophesy chemical doom, youth revolt and smoke cigarrettes. The actual group, who aren't allowed to talk, play Picka-Stick and read Exchange and Mart. A girl asks permission to go to the shops. 'Like, last time I rapped with Zappa, man, like he said he'd given all the politics he could, like he was taking his energies some place else', says someone in reply to a question you didn't ask. The set-up is Big Pink out of Groupy, like is the world ready for our boys yet?

Just about everything stinks about the Third World War's proletarian advance publicity except the music. And that's blatant and violent and terrifying and tremendous. Its like a Cummings cartoon set to music, a bloke in an overall marked 'Shop-steward' is giving the V-sign (*not* the Peace sign) to the Crown Jewels, marked 'National Interest'.

It's like the noise that goes up on a picket line when a Rolls Royce drives past. It's like a bottle through the window of a chip shop, with sweet and sour and broken glass everywhere. Terry Scamp's songs are about betting shops and the cops telling you to move over and the Communist Party's uselessness and a thin wage packet and a fat landlord. They are against the faithful slavery of the working class to the Queen and the Tories if not the boss and the cops.

Some of the songs have the home-made amplifier cockyness of the Liverpool records of 8 years ago, only much more political, because it is these days. Little bangers like



'Teddy Teeth Goes Sailing', a tasteless song about our Prime Minister's hobby carried on at Cowes while the unemployed fight on street corners and the employed threaten strikes (Business News Headline 'More strikes this year than any since 1926 General Strike'). Or *'Get Out of Bed, You Dirty Red'* about not wanting to go into work in the morning. Terry Scamp says that when he worked in a factory, he felt he was a Communist just because he hated it so much. He was sent, like most kids, whether Bronco Bullfrog or Kes or the remaining ¾M no one makes films about, from school to the Youth Employment Agency and thence to sweep up in Woolworths. Sometimes the songs (first single before Xmas, LP shortly after) sound almost too crude. When in *'Working Class Man'*, the chorus goes on about 'stop licking the Monarchy's arse', it sounds a bit like a Footlights skit on the jolly workers, But Terry wants every line to have a punch and he's proud of that punch, 'I want to really tell the fuckers, they are getting shit on'. Socialists brought up on obedient listening to Ewan McColl in Kings Cross won't like the cultivated roughness and insolence, although one of the songs *'Tow Rag Girl'* has all the ugly truth of the courtship described in McColl's 'Dirty Old Town'. And you are reminded of the Englishness, even the Londonness of the Kinks, especially songs like 'Brainwashed' and 'Yes Sir, No Sir' on the Arthur album. The Third World War (its a stupid name) are not at all like the self-depreciating saga of the Lowlyborn songs of Motown/*'Patches'* though . . . . not at all.

Really there's no direct comparison at all, because this type of music, in every man's heart, usually gets stopped at the tonsils. So what comes out is a kind of musical agro, the same anger which has in the past produced the less defiant but more bitter working class songs to be heard on albums like 'The Iron Muse' or in the play on the miner's struggle 'Close the Coalhouse Door' (which Terry appreciated a lot). The Third World War's picture of revolution is a lot different though. Rather than the painstaking battle between boss and union, between man and machine, between striker and scab, there's a Cinemascope version with red banners and rifles gleaming on roofs. Its melodramatic and rather inhuman but its a million times better than all the macrobiotic mindexpanding in the next room.

Terry Scamp and Jim Avery are writing the song which is written on every factory wall in our society. That they have to go through the Knightsbridge business to get a hearing and that they will probably end up thrilling post-graduate stereo headphones rather than being heard on the Mile End jukeboxes, is one of the ways capitalism stays alive.

David Widgery

Yippie cult murders rock Paris... De Gaulle dies of drugs overdose

The public had nothing to do with one of the usual 'gauchiste' meetings at the Mutualite. It could rather have been French pop concert at the Olympia, considering the external appearance—hippie looking crowd which usually doesn't show at student meetings—but in reality it had more to do with the Sorbonne in May, with a climate full of anarchist and rioting rumblings. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman took the stage like pop stars and it was to see and hear them more than to participate in a political debate that most people came. Unfortunately there were very few French, maybe 20%, and you could have mistaken it for a meeting of all the American freaks of Paris, everybody waving and kissing each other enthusiastically. In New York or in London, all that would not have been very surprising, but in Paris it was, considering the usual austerity of student political meetings, even the most revolutionary ones. The most mind blowing event, at least for a Frenchman, was when Jerry Rubin pulled out an enormous joint and lit it, smoked a puff and passed it around—this in front of a few hundred people, which was the first public dope-sitting in France, where anti-dope repression is really heavy and the police were everywhere. He then pleaded for Tim Leary, and recalled that the fact of turning on millions of young American kids was a revolutionary act, which was a good thing to do in Paris where most of the left students have very puritanical ideas about these things. The reading of the YIPPIE statement was done in a relaxed way which also surprises in Paris when you think of the usual uptight marxist rituals as they happen in France. Jerry Rubin has some humour and does not only entertain people but convinces, informs and contributes blows to the establishment structures. Another speaker came to say how much he was struck by the fact that young revolutionary French were uptight with their intellects and that, if for fifty years, all kinds of American intellectuals, artists and drop-outs had come to Paris, it was now in America that everything was happening and that it was time for people to go back. And then the music came and everybody started to yell, dance, clap, sing 'Revolution, Revolution' and so some of the French people escaped furious, shocked and not at all convinced that all that had anything to do with Revolution. In fact, the real interest of this evening on Boulevard Raspail was to show the total difference of style between the young French revolutionary left and the American one. In France, to be revolutionary consists first in reading Marx ten hours a day, then talking about it for another ten hours. You need to have some tough ideological basis, and to be very clever in defending them or attacking one of the other student groups. You have to know perfectly all the 'gauchiste' vocabulary and rituals. And if you don't, you are treated as a petit bourgeois which, in fact, most of the French students are, fucking academic revolutionary boy scouts. In America they want the revolution now. They don't rap about abstract theories of a perfect future, but their daily life is a revolution and they create a new society. The French revolutionary people are introverts, academic and aggressive. The Americans are extrovert, energetic and smiling. Do but don't talk about it. Their music is more important than their ideologies, their way of life more than their talks, their humour and their experience (including the psychedelic experience) more than their cleverness. That's why, if you walk in some street of New York or San Francisco you get an impression of revolutionary happenings (even if there is a lot to say about it) and if you walk in a street of Paris, you feel like being in the most uptight middle class drag city in the world. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman should come back to Paris and troublemake, but this time, in the streets.

Sylvein

Dear OZ Paris Hallowe'en

One of our superstar revolutionaries split the morning of the manifestations and so didn't participate at all—Abbie and Anita Hoffman flew back to NYC early Friday morning. None of the Chicago Conspiracy were allowed into Algeria because they are out on bail and Algeria has no extradition treaty with USA. So Anita went, representing Abbie and found that since both Cleaver and Leary had old axes to grind with her husband, she was receiving for him. I guess she was treated badly and came to Paris carrying heavy grudges. Things had not been going so well for Abbie either and the effect was synergetic and very negative. After much bad feeling and many unkind words, they split, first assuring themselves that they wouldn't be 'fatmouthed' by the others by requesting an edition of the most anodine political yippie statement I ever done seen.

> 'Yippie is directed at 7 and 8 year olds—Yippie hopes to steal the children.
> Buildings like this should be burnt to the ground. Yippie goal in Amerika is to destroy both pigs, communists and hip capitalists.
> A demand will be made for the withdrawl of all American troops from Vietnam either on or by 15th April (I didn't understand about the date) or else on May 1st, all signs of Amerikan Imperialism will be trashed all around the world.'

Paper airplanes zoomed overhead. The room was filled with the sound of cheering and booing. Some people sat on desk tops obscuring the vision of those behind them. One young woman was hit on the head with a handful of pebbles. The last day of school? The Frost Show? No. Jerry Rubin was speaking at the Faculte de Science of the University of Paris, and these were his sympathizers come to see their leader. Neither he nor Stu Albert were prepared to address what resembled a kindergarten class. Even French political leader Jean-Jacques Lebel, translating for Jerry, was unable to hold the group. The best they could do was to throw the paper planes back at the crowd and try to get across a few of the key Yippie slogans. "Go home and kill your parents," yelled Jerry. Many of the young French would have liked nothing better. Next time maybe he should tell them that their parents are inside of them. The chaos continued—an anti-anarchists delight. One would have felt more secure blowing joints at a policemen's ball.

They did announce a party at the American Centre for 10:00 that evening and there had also been an advertisement in the Tribune for 9:00—WOW, was that crowded. 2000 people? 3000 people? It's hard to estimate. They read that tired statement again—that was the fifth time I heard it—I'd already seen the preparation the evening before and the reading to Eldridge by telephone (they were like Boy Scouts checking it out with their Commander—'Don't follow leaders, Watch out for parking meters) and then Jerry paraphrased himself only smoother without the translation since the audience was mostly hip American runaway. But the hog farm's patience was out and they began snake dancing through the crowd with a rhythm band and one 6 foot chick with a platter on her head. There was no room—the place was packed and it took them 15 minutes to reach the stage at which point Calico got the mike from Jerry to present him with the hogfarm's "bizarre prize"; on the big chick's platter was a 3 ft. patchwork phallus and that was the prize. When it was teddybear snug in Jerry's arms, the hogfarm began to stomp and scream 'Let's have a party' and I realized that 2/3 of the people there were tripping on acid.

I still can't believe that that happened in Paris. Talking to Phil Ochs the next day, we decided that it was better thinking about it afterwards than being in the middle of it: there was a stomping thrashing, trashing of the furniture in the restaurant, 150 people skinny dipping in the pool, lots of ecstatic dancing to the people's own spontaneous music, smoke-ins in the garden wigwam and with nude meditation in the dance studio. I never made it upstairs but I bet that was great too, what with all those little offices. Walking home, I heard them still chanting it up in the Metro. Well, it's a beginning. Our friends left the next day for Amsterdam.

Love and all that crap,
Constance Abernathy
Wendy Weiner. xxx

When you think think in thousands

Next morning you'll still feel the same:

When the Red Red Rubin
Comes A Bob Bob Bobbin

Jerry Rubin's six days in London caused as much controversy within the Movement as it did outside it. He demonstrated a genius for communicating to the world through mass media; but on a human, individual level he might as well have been mute.

People rallied to support the disruption of the David Frost show on the strength of Rubin's political reputation. Disparate sections of the Underground community combined in an encouragingly carefree, spontaneous way to participate in the mini-military operation. They smuggled themselves into the studio without tickets, climbed the barbed wire fences, smoked real dope and even tried to let off distress flares . . . there's but to Do It or die . . . not bothering to reason why, until the next day at the Underground Press Conference in Portobello Road.

Rubin began by revealing that he now repudiated his book. "It's too individualistic and male chauvinistic", he said, "I can't read it anymore". He has since written another book to correct these mistakes, which he's having difficulty publishing. Travelling with Rubin were Stew Albert and Brian Flannagan, old time yippies recently returned from Algiers. Albert attacked the Underground Press for its concentration on the Movement's Star figures, thus imitating the celebrity syndrome of mass media.

The yippie trio soon began dismissing some questions as 'bullshit' or ignoring others (usually by talking among themselves). Several questioners were enraged by such elitist superiority and stormed from the meeting. Rubin, Albert and Flannagan refused even to discuss issues raised by the very people who had supported them on the Frost show.

While many were disappointed by the yippies in person, their boost to the national Underground energy level was considerable, and their commitment to the revolution unquestionable.

Interrupting the control and manipulation of tv—even for a few seconds—was a fruitful enterprise; and the whiff of pot, obscenity and chaoz brightened up a damp Saturday night. British Yippie was created and thousands of kids out there now think that its party is more fun than the one their father votes for. Jerry's purpose in London was not to make friends, but history.

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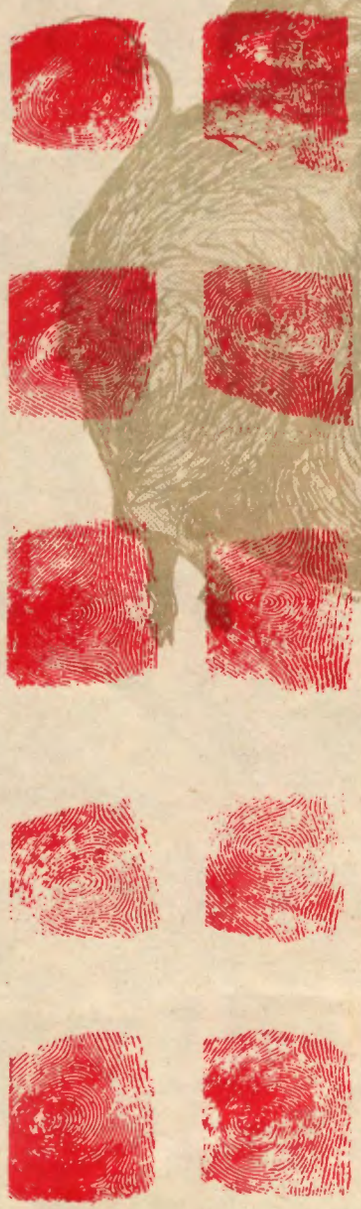

SCOTLAND YARD
by Peter Laurie
Bodley Head

The dust jacket says this is an important book about freedom and society. To me it reads more like a PR handout for the police.

Every man carries a policeman's truncheon in his briefcase. It's an unfortunate fact of life, like the lemming tendency to go to war that periodically drives men to wipe each other out. But it's no good pretending such things don't exist. It's more a question of what you do with the truncheon. Who you lay it on, or in, as the case may be. Hitler used it on a mass scale to mobilise Germany behind him.

'The Polish State has refused the peaceful settlement of relations which I desired and has appealed to arms. Germans are persecuted with bloody terror and driven from their houses. A series of violations of the frontier intolerable to a great power prove that Poland is no longer willing to respect the frontier of the Reich.
'In order to put an end to this lunacy I have no other choice than to meet force with force from now on.'
(Herr Hitler, Proclamation to the German Army. 1/9/1939)

The reluctant intervention to stop destruction and injustice. It's the best way of getting a property based middle class on your side. A whole series of justifications for minor wars were presented to the public as 'police actions' in the years after World War II. The Conservative Party still talks (and presumably always will talk) about policing this or that part of the globe.

The idea of appointing policemen to guard society is always much more acceptable than trying to deal with the violence in us. The policeman become an expression of that violence. That's why police work is so hideously attractive. The thing most crooks would like to be is a successful policeman. Look at all those crime novels where the police win—Z Cars, Softly, Softly, Dixon of Dock Green. As long as there's a policeman around we're safe. From whom? Not from ourselves, presumably. Our neighbours probably. Suburbia intervenes and informs on itself with delight when something is going on up the road. Or look at the practice of sending in information on things like unpaid tax or unpaid television licenses.

Peter Laurie, the author of *Scotland Yard*, is no different. Whatever his original intentions, his book is, at best ambivalent about the police or at worst, simply playing along with their activities as

though they were an exciting romp. He's definitely been converted to their side – although he might argue that he had no choice in order to get access to the force. Imagine what they'd do to him if he was hostile.

But when he mentions the 1968 Legalise Pot Rally in Hyde Park, he shows where he's at. He obviously relishes the police view. There's gratuitous stuff like:

'The usual hippy crowd: beads and shawls and the usual aimless wandering to and fro with sullen uncommunicative faces.'

There's none of that biased shit when he talks about football crowds. All the time he is for policing for policing's sake. He identifies very quickly with police attitudes:

'Rain the best policeman of all begins to fall.'

Along with the police he's glad the rally has been stopped. And it's the same with Grosvenor Square demonstrations. He never asks why the people are there or why they react to the police the way they do. They're an exercise in crowd control with a few sneers at the participants.

Mainly he lists the police methods, customs and styles he sees. Some interesting things turn up. Like the fact that young unmarried police live in Section House where they can't meet girlfriends except under the eye of the station house Sergeant. And they have to be in by midnight. Poor bastards, no wonder they sometimes seem to have been living on Mars.

Most important of what comes out is the dehumanizing process of policework. It had it's effect on Laurie quickly enough. Continually, members of the public are referred to as though they were things or animals . . .

(Following a car) 'We run behind him for a mile and a half; he has the air of a goer, but drifts. Engine fails either to take off or to notice it and slow down.'

Notice the 'initiatingly', or

'The weeks of patrolling began to make me see the fascination of policework. They transformed the dull streets of the city where I live into a hunting ground, made me see my fellow creatures in terms of the oldest and most exciting game: as predators and prey.'

Maybe it would be better if the police (and Laurie) began to see their fellow creatures as human beings.

On the other hand: *'Detectives look different from ordinary people. Their faces are expressionless . . . Their fractured conversation makes it easier to conceal what they are thinking. They affect a deliberate absence of conventional response; they won't laugh at jokes, don't react the way one expects, take a longer or shorter time to reply than normal; their speeches and manners are full defensive disconnections.'*

Which seems to me to be a fair description of a psychotic. And which brings me back to my original point. The police are one way of expressing something that is in all of us – a mass psychosis perhaps, a desire to control, to attack and destroy anyone who doesn't agree with us. And in fact in legislation society exaggerates small differences and draws lines between groups of people so we can have something to control – by using the police.

Important criminological theories hold the view (see for example Dennis Chapman – Sociology and the Stereotype of the Criminal 1968) that a substantial proportion of recorded crime is actually generated by the police, the courts and the magistrates. And if you think about it, without them there'd be no crime. The book illustrates this: 'detectives arrest scores are closely related to their abilities' and trainee detectives are expected to bring in roughly an arrest a week for two years. For the police, results are measured by numbers arrested and that is a nonsensical criterion. The theory goes on to say that only about 10% of crimes prosecuted actually do society any harm. The rest could be handled in other ways: by private arbitrations, insurance, by taking the crimes off the register or by simply forgetting about what happened. Every day we're faced with more and more offences and crimes which are brought into being simply to satisfy this or that pressure group. A fantastic number of motoring laws and much of the drug and alcohol laws are like that.

But even if it is true, as Laurie says, that the police role is theatrical and symbolic, that it's their presence rather than what they do that counts, the response must be so what? None of that helps people who have been busted on charges which don't make sense. Who was being hurt by what we were doing? What about the 1 million who do this and don't get caught? And jail is not entertaining. We must never forget that courts, police and jail destroy people. Collectively they do far more harm in human terms than the people they are supposed to punish or are trying to punish. That leads to asking ourselves why the police at all. There must be a better way of organizing ourselves.

Andrew Fisher

BENEATH THE CITY STREETS
by Peter Laurie
Allen Lane The Penguin Press

Perhaps because its an easier thing to know where you stand on a matter like Nuclear War than on the use of police Peter Laurie's book on government plans for such a war makes light reading. There's something about lists of atomic warheads, their destructive power and general preparations for Megaday that is quite funny. It's all unthinkable and yet there are all those bureaucrats calmly building railway lines that detour round London, setting up emergency ports in deserted inlets with marker buoys and unused railheads and storing millions of tons of food. To say nothing of the plans they make for their own survival in underground citadels and deep tube stations. Dr. Strangelove was accurate about the way governments think. It's just that they do it in a much more boring way. But it's there all the same.

'The Treasury (planning for Nuclear attack) is rumoured to have a subtle scheme to seize all the readily portable luxuries – whisky, cigarettes, chocolates, aspirin, coffee – that are to be found after the attack, and to store them under guard as titbits with which to manage the barter economy that will replace money.'

In this book Laurie makes important points: *'When Russia rattles her rockets the USAF, or USN responds but the real ultimate effect the American war machines hold over the American people. Each sides possession of strategic weapons is an invaluable bogy in the woodshed for the other.'*

That's the sort of observation he could have made about speeches by Home Secretaries about crime waves, but didn't; And it's worth noting that the Regional Commissioners and the ideas of Regional Seats of Governments to run the country after air raids emerged from plans in the 1920's to deal with revolution.

The book produces evidence to show that after a nuclear attack the damage particularly to people will not be nearly as bad as everyone assumes. For example, with all the existing deployment of weapons being used, taking into account errors, failures etc. perhaps 1/15 of the British populate might survive. A disappointment to those who see themselves alone in a parched and blackened landscape beginning the heroic task of creating a new civilization.

But Laurie points out that the result may not be unbeneficial. At the best it would, he says,

(a) Dispose of the worst slum houses.
(b) Reduce the population to thirty five million, a number some people feel would be more comfortable for these islands.
(c) During the recovery period the ratio of population to fixed assets might be higher than it had been before the attack – the survivors would be better off.
(d) It would centralize governments.
(e) Improve the balance of payments problems.'

Provided you can forget about all those people who died. And most governments can easily.

But one thing is true. There is much less war fear now than there was in Europe in the 1930's. *'One can almost trace the beginnings of real international morality from the invention of the A Bomb . . . possibly one should welcome the great of nuclear weapons as the means of imposing a standard of dealing with nations as least as high as that between adults.'*

Because nations have in the past behaved like greedy children – taking what they wanted when they were strong enough.

Laurie's most interesting conclusion is that under the apparently bumbling and ineffective peace time government there is a very hard machine ready to run the country in the event of trouble. And under the guise of nuclear war preparations they've been able to construct a complete defence to revolution.

'If the anarchists had got into the BBC as they said they would (during the October 68 anti Vietnam demonstration) then a technician safe within the block of concrete at Maida Vale, or in the tunnel under Holborn, would simply have isolated the building from the transmitters and broadcasting would have gone on as before. Indeed there would have been no need to attack the radio station with tanks.'

So really it's not funny after all.

Andrew Fisher

JOHNNY WINTER AND

JOHNNY WINTER (CBS)

For the first week of listening, this album sounds moderately derivative of other people's guitar styles. The only immediate impression is that this is obviously something new for Winter. *Ah, but that's the first week.* This is one chunky, energetic set of music. Unchained rockola. Very professional. In another age we might have called these guys "Psychedelic Cowboys" or something.

These guys are, of course, the old McCoys, now siding Texas John Winter. ('Siding' is perhaps the wrong word, as there is a union here that his old band just didn't have). The McCoys, as they will readily tell you, were a band ahead of their time. **Human Ball** was a successfully experimental album, (successful on album, not in the charts), and even 'Hang on Sloopy' was, why shit, teenage call-and-response rock'n'roll! What they've done for Winter is brought him back to where he probably belongs: rock. I, for one, never thought that his previous blizzards-of-blues feelin' was particularly exciting or interesting. Gone is the endless soloing, and while this album might be more commercial, (yes), it is, just the same, more thrilling, or-gaz-mic, meaningful . . .

Winter for example shows genuine plaintiveness with Traffic's 'No Time to Live'. It's melancholy, even. 'On the Limb' and 'Ain't That a Kindness' on the other hand, are great rockers. Which is to say, it's Heavy Music without the steel-shoes pretension. The production on 'Let the Music Play' is so superb, with background choruses and sinewy guitar lines, that I wish CBS would make a single of it. Not that I'm suggesting that Winter should (choke) Sell Out; I'd just dig hearing this song all over town in transistor radios.

The overall quality of this album serves well to pinpoint what a lot of bands are doing wrong in their records. A song doesn't *have* to crash your defences on the first listening. Melodies, choruses, finger-snaps are often just as valid as a hot twisted guitar line. That the Led Zeppelin are now singing boyhood songs with banjos and castanets drives the point home a little further. Getting your mind torn apart now and again is very healthy. But I'm beginning to understand that it has to be done by the right people.

And Johnny Winter is a rock'n'roll natural. His very earliest recordings, like **First Winter** on Buddha, recorded ca. 1963, show him to be not too distant from Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly. And jeez, that's going back someplace. The dues that Winter paid, playing hamburger music all over the rural American southwest under pseudonyms like Texas Guitar Slim, were rockabilly dues. He was playing twist music, cocktail lounge bubbles, roadhouses. There are few traces right on this album of early Sixties music; music about having somewhere to go, singing along boobedy-bop. If he keeps drawing from these old roots, (plus he'd never forget his blues), then he's going to continue to put out this kind of fantastic fortissimo rock. Yay rah.

Chris Ho denfield

ALONE TOGETHER

DAVE MASON (Harvest)

Dave Mason has joined the current vogue of successful sidemen doing their own thing via solo albums, produced by themselves with lumpy help from weighty name-friends. Commercially, this is a fairly-guaranteed proposition for everyone involved; the artist, the recording company and the consumer. Drop a name and more people will try and catch it. No-one will deny a competent musician his desire to stand up front, but when he doesn't quite make it, par ratio of expectation, no-one can be blamed for feeling more than disappointment.

This album features Mason and his compositions, with small print back-up by a string of super session regulars including Bonny & Delaney, Leon Russell, Jim "Gentle Heart" Capaldi, Don Preston (ex-Mothers), Chris Ethridge (ex-Burritto) and Rita Coolidge. Needless to say, the music is proficient; everyone's in there neatly and cleanly, Mason and Capaldi just as good as they used to be as members of the Traffic alumni, with a scent of that immortalized era on at least two of the eight tracks. Bonny is unmistakable and unmatched vocally by Mason whose voice qualifies but doesn't solidify, which is about where the whole album is at. It has the credentials but lacks the guts that earned them.

The flavour of the Bramlett's **On Tour** album, which included Mason, comes in on the first track, 'Only You Know and I Know' and continues through-out, minus the original verve but maintaining the craftsmanship. All this adds up to a pleasant totality, but not a distinctive one. The material and sound is mainstream rock, the packaging is ambitious, the production almost faultless, which leaves the concept to be questioned. There are no easy answers to that, except that perhaps he should have waited a little longer before putting himself on the block. Perhaps whatever Dave Mason does next will appease this belated result of his wanderings to and fro, instead of in and out. He's not the only one to lose points lately on the solo syndrome. Clapton fell heavily, so it's undoubtedly time for both recording companies and their gilt-edged securities to think twice about squeezing that already strained stone.

Stanislav Demidjuk

COME TOGETHER

IKE AND TINA TURNER (Liberty)

I heard the Rolling Stones, then I heard Creedence Clearwater, I hadn't heard Mad Dogs, but then I played Ike and Tina Turner's **Come Together**, and I said to myself, Rory, go no further, this is what the people need, so relentlessly I replayed it, and flushed with funk, I drew the zipper on my bag and faded away.

Side one could have been better than side two, with 'Honky Tonk Woman' and 'Come Together' versus 'I Want to Take You Higher'. But Ike Turner tunes, which filled the rest of the album, routed that reasoning. None of them more outstanding than the Stone, Beatle, Sly songs, but Ike, with his hot productions, has created a balance with the big-time numbers, and with both sides of the record. Unfortunately all but a couple of albums these days have got A and B sides, like 45's.

He's been tongue-in-cheek for so long he's turned into a mad plagiarist, touches of old tunes and snatches of every guitar style known to mankind appear all over. Ike Turner's emergence on this album is related to his role of both producer and arranger. Previous albums had a sharing of these duties with outsiders, and the cataclysmic counterpoint of Ike and Tina was unrealised. Ike's comic cuts provide the squeaky bedposts to the heaving mattress of the lovely, the beautiful, the goddess Tina.

All the hard work done over the years by Atlantic, Stax, and Tamla, has at last been rewarded with this Liberty album of electrical black blues. The troops have not been affected as much since Led Zeppelin Two.

T.R. Zelinka

CHUNGA'S REVENGE

FRANK ZAPPA (Warner Reprise)

A review by A.J. Webberman Jnr. 'The world's only living Zappaologist'.

My old man's bacome something of a celebrity these days. Seems like everytime I turn on T.V. or open an underground paper, there's 'pops', laying down his boring shit about that creepy, washed up country singer. Y'know, the one with the cricked back and dude shades. Bob Dylan . . . *who needs him ? ?* Listen freaks, there is only ONE band, and really only ONE musician you need to f.y.r. (= feed your head) about. Ha can squeeze your lemon, cure your acne and show you how to make a million bucks without hardly trying. *FRANK ZAPPA!*

No wonder Z's 'yawning' on the front sleeve of this, his *tenth* album, (*tenth* . . g.t.s.? ? = get the significance), released to date, excluding, of course, the rare basement tape bootleg, **Cunt-Bred Canary**, recorded in a psychedelic dungeon (i.e. the Albert Hall) last August. This 'yawning' is symbolic of his c.c. (= current condition), i.e. "The man who *knows*, says little" (ancient Chinese proverb). Z knows so much, he is absolutely too bored to say *anything* at all! He can only 'yawn' . . . But, hot zitz, I'm jumping the story.

For the past eight years, (ever since I was four years old), I have dedicated my life to becoming an expert on 'the little pimp with the hair gassed back' . . . i.e. to becoming the world's foremost,

only living Zappaologist. Couple of months back, f'rinstance, I used my entire July allowance on hiring a private detective, Albert Mangross, to feed and fetch me background on Z's personal and private life. The following is part of his report, recorded a few weeks ago during a visit to A.M. at the asylum.

". . . after following my client's advice and disguising myself as a female member of the "G.T.O.'s", (whom I later discovered to be a subversive group of transvestites and nymphomaniacs – with the sole function of feeding Mr Zappa's apparently endless and perverse sexual appetite), I gained easy access to the household, a multi-million dollar mansion in Beverley Hills, complete with 300 bedrooms (all, as far as I could tell, occupied), a private zoo and a heated, phallus-shaped swimming pool set in four acres of plastic 'syntho-jungle' and not-so-syntho giant marijuana plants.

"Various longhaired, bearded young people, of both sexes, wandered and lounged aimlessly naked among the tropical plants and closed circuit colour televisions, showing endless images of the most disgusting and lewd kind – apparently filmed the night before at one of the routine 'group-gropes'. A sinister person in a morning coat and wearing a fish's head mask, (referred to, I believe, as 'The Captain'), led continual community singing, obviously of a communist, black magic nature, which included the lyrics to the hymn, 'We Plough The Fields And Scatter . . " sung backwards to the melody of 'The Star Spangled Banner'. At this point my automatic slipped from its holster attached to my 'falsies' and fearing that discovery was imminent I attempted to make my 'excuses' and leave."

Unfortunately for A.M. he didn't leave quite fast enough. The last thing he remembers is being strapped by *live* electrodes to a kitchen table (k.t. = earth g.t.s. ?) while four flower children fed him wriggling pyrannah fish (eaten from the *inside* g.t.s. ?) and a member of the p.c.'s (= plaster casters) poured molten bronze over his erect appendage. A copy of the resulting sculpture is currently being exhibited at the N.Y.M. of M.A. (= New York Museum of Modern Art) and both MGM and Columbia are reportedly bidding for film rights based on the video playback of Alb's entire visit. (Naturally I had informed Z several hours in advance of A.M.'s arrival).

This incident, bizarre as it may seem, bears directly on, and is in complete accordance with, **Chunga's Revenge.** The i.s. (= inner significance) of the role played by Mangross, the selection of the 'yawning' photograph, the wah-wah of Ian Underwood's electric alto sax and the absolute give-away title of track two, side two, 'Would You Go *All* The Way' (my italics), can only add up to one thing. That is, as far as C.R. (= Chunga's Revenge) is concerned, y.f.g.i.a.g.a.m. (= your fucking guess is as good as mine). f.y.h. on *that*, Suckers!!!

Felix Dennis

ATOM HEART MOTHER

THE PINK FLOYD (Harvest)

Has the success of their film scores for *Zabriskie Point* and *More* gone to the Floyds' heads? **Atom Heart Mother** is an emotionally satisfying and beautifully integrated piece which successfully avoids most of the pitfalls inherent in the rock group-choir-orchestra combination. So successfully, in fact, that practically all of it's 25 minutes could double as a score for *The Virginians* without too much fear of detection.

The ponderous, meandering title track manages to overcome a series of hackneyed changes and some widely differing styles ranging from Wright and Gilmour's impersonation of Booker T and the MG's to the John Aldiss Choir's excerpts from the *Desert Song* and even including 'Mind Your Throats Please' where the melody dissolves into staccato organ.

Lost in the overwhelming grandeur of this amazing musical throwback, it's almost impossible to identify with what the Floyd are doing, especially remembering the raw excitement they used to generate in the days of 'Interstellar Overdrive'. In fact the roots of **Atom Heart Mother** can be found on their 'Saucerful of Secrets' album, where the appearance of 'Remember a Day' and 'See Saw' was evidence of their hankering for a fuller, lusher sound. In a long series of singles that never quite made it, the group gradually developed the cloying melodic style of 'If', 'Fat Old Sun' and 'Summer 68' which take up the second side of this album. Of their recent material, only Rick Wright's 'Sysyphis' has retained their original power and terrifying imagery. The remainder of the studio half of **Ummagumma** was given over to a series of indulgent, disconnected pieces which, unfortunately, reappear on here as 'Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast, where Alan (the group's roadie), wanders from one speaker to the other, mumbling about wet Corn Flakes.

Consequently, a lot of people have been hailing **Atom Heart Mother** as evidence of a new maturity in the Floyd's music, meaning, I suppose, that the group don't make nasty noises any more. Certainly the Floyd sound more relaxed and together than ever before, and scoring a work as complex as **Atom Heart Mother** is a considerable achievement. But I prefer to see this album as the beginning of a new phase which has its origins in the choral climax to 'Saucerful of Secrets' and the group's 360° stereo concerts. It'll be interesting to see how they follow it up.

Jim Talbot

VINTAGE VIOLENCE

JOHN CALE (Columbia)

(only available as import)

It was an enormous canister-like object. It was painted grey, and they wheeled it through the fences on a red steel trailer. There was the constan risk of it becoming stuck in the places where the excrement was deepest (the D.S.E. later wrote that the possibility of *actual* shit had never occurred to him. But he tended to underestimate them, generally). There were further difficulties when the trailer reached the more or less clearly defined line that marked the beginning of the expanse of those who were sitting or lying on the ground. Many of these treated the canister with a peculiarly familiar derision, as if it was a commonplace interruption. (Perhaps the colour made it unsympathetic). Several refused to move at first, but then some of their number, who utilized this opportunity to enjoy a moment of vicarious authority – they possessed rudimentary weapons – succeeded in clearing a path, using more than a little brutality. Our men were conspicuous in their sober dress (the D.S.E. had decided against the usual 'blending-in' approach).

From the radio helicopter they looked like lines of beetles conducting an orderly attack on their breakfast of abandoned chili con carne. As the central sector of the mass was approached, there was a greater demonstration of interest; in fact some of the secondary defences suffered damage as the increasingly excited crowd pressed rhythmically against them. Eventually the appointed place was reached, and the technicians began treating those who were nearest. The canister had half a dozen outlets to provide some measure of choice – this was, after all, a gathering in the cause of self-expression. Some of those who had already received the attention of the technicians laughingly encouraged others to choose one outlet in particular; some even attempted to rejoin the queue further back, but we were prepared for this eventuality. The numbers were so vast that some of the first to be treated had gone down long before others had reached the trailer. With the attendants working in shifts, the whole process had been completed in approximately two and a half hours.

While the machine was being hosed down, the men relaxed, some sitting down on girls to smoke cigarettes. Their surroundings were impressive enough – an amorphous landscape of flesh and anonymous belongings, many of the latter improvised out of branches and waste materials. There were some poignant tableaux – one of the lately male members of the audience had brought along a small dog which was now nonplussedly urinating against a stick to which a large orange balloon was attached. Richard and Ronnie were almost childishly happy. Skipping over tangled limbs, they had highest-pissing contests, their streams arching up against the blue sky (the sun had come out) and – to their delight – splashing down into an adjacent pair of empty skulls. Several acres of similar receptacles distant, one of the first treated lifted his head a little – the face, as is usual, covered in that rather disgusting membrane – and in an almost comic voice began to sing

"Cleo, Cleo,

won't you come out and play, girl?
Cleo, Cleo : . . . ."

Or maybe John Cale really meant us to sing along to these immaculate Pop tunes. 'Adelaide', for instance, sounds like Donovan; 'Big White Cloud' sounds like the Bee Gees. Each number states its position right at the opening — we're swept into 'Cloud' by the Swan Vista String Ensemble, and sucked into 'Adelaide' by an Anglo-saxonised R&B harmonica.

The production is beautiful, the pace is jolly, there goes that little Country phrase, the Rizlas and the mattress beckon. But it slips sideways at you, like a girl's eyes in the street. After about three hearings you get maybe half the words; after six you might get most of them. The words to 'Ghost Story' are:

"It was seven o'clock in the morning
too late to handle the day
at home it was only 2.30
the skin on my wrists turning grey.
He stood up
wished us good luck
he changed his attitude twice
the box in the corner shivered in fright
it was tired and hungry for day.

Next year she bought a new stomach
(Liverpool — made in Detroit)
constantly passing old matches
some sentries and millionaires.

Who did Gallagher give
the same old thing every time?
Gave her
more empty cups
they were tired and hungry for night."

And the rest, before you're dropped a couple of feet into 'Fairweather Friend', is equally impenetrable. But it's all explained on the back sleeve. Gallagher, it says, is a troll. So that's all right. But by writing those words out I might have given the wrong impression — it's not at all like the Velvet Underground, although it has an approach similar to that of the third Velvet Underground L.P. 'Cleo', for example, has a lot in common with 'Afterhours'. Nothing is more chilling than the half-enigmatic. Lurking behind the most mundane — and simultaneously the most polished — of musical styles is the most unsettling of presences. Listen, in this context, to 'Charlemagne', the longest of the tracks, which has the bare-faced line "simple stories are the best."

In short, it's the kind of record that I think our very own Kevin Ayers would be happy to put his name to. It understands that few things are as sinister as the everyday given a great deal of menace. Like the way the Detective Sergeant says, 'Good Morning', at 3 a.m. *Mal Peet*

AFTER THE GOLD RUSH
NEIL YOUNG
(Reprise)

To start with Neil Young ain't tryin' anything flashy — he does what he knows and he does it with the perfection of a trained craftsman. In fact a lot of the material on this record draws heavily from some of the cuts on his last effort with Crazy Horse (RSLP 6349): 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' cribs off 'Round and Round'; 'Southern Man' up-tempo's the basic riff used in 'Cowgirl In The Sand' and 'When You Dance I Can Really Love' uses that riff yet again. Frankly this tendency towards repetition doesn't bother me a jot, mainly because Young's music, however simple, is astoundingly original and also because his spell with CSN&Y has taught him new ways of arranging and recording his songs, particularly the vocals, which give them new depth. So I can't understand why this latest album has gotten such shitty (or at least careless) reviews. Neil Young is his own man and his stuff should be judged by suitable standards — this is no heavy rock-freako-acid-guitar-bashing-crud with fifty thousand wonderful watts of belching feedback to obliterate every mistake he makes; no *sir!*

And of course, all Young is doing is learning and developing those very real talents that he has, and applying them both to his own wistful little melodies and also other people's stuff. The best example of this, which also shews his excellence as an arranger, is perhaps 'Oh Lonesome Me', released as a single some time back. Yes, it's the Don Gibson song you heard on Three Way Family Favourites whilst digesting your yorkshire carbohydrates. But Neil Young does what should be done to a song of loneliness and longing — he makes it really *sad*, when before it was just so much schmaltz, he takes it slowly and gives it that old quavering vocal treatment that, next to his fat double chin, (sorry pin-up fans, but its the truth), is his trade mark and makes it an unashamed tear jerker.

And that's just one of the contrasts on the album, there's more, of course: 'Southern Man', whilst it uses the old chug-chugga-chug-chug riff that we've grown to know and love, is the sort of meat that should've made the CSN&Y single 'Ohio' the marching song of the hip, erstwhile revolutionary panzers, 'til Nixon and the BBC stepped in and did their censorship thing; 'Til The Morning Comes' is pure honky-tonk whimsy; 'Birds' is a natural vehicle for the talents (?) of showbiz's most prolific wop, namely Gene Pitney, and 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' was surely written with Dusty Springfield in mind.

So all in all its a belty little waxing from Neil & The Boys (i.e. Crazy Horse, who are a lot better than CSN&Y as far as letting Young have his musical head, which is cool by me, S. Stills does some fittingly fancy guitar pickin', Greg Reeves doesn't distinguish himself at all, and why should he (?), and Nils Lofgren, the session pianist, sounds very much like Jack Nitzche who in turn was the uncredited pianist on the last Neil Young album or my name's not Percy Plodder the West Bromwich Child Raper & Sword Swallower. He may even be Jack in disguise). *Mark Williams*

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My name is: . . . . . .

I live at: . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . David Frost is a Yippie

Just where do you stand?

1. Which is the better movie – 'Z' or Patton?
2. What present would you prefer, a bottle of Scotch or a tab of sunshine?
3. Was Robert Kennedy a Hero misguided or a pig?
4. Are short haired adults potential converts or the enemy?
5. Should a movement entertain or educate?
6. Should students seek a voice in their university decision making, or burn it down?
7. Is it more revolutionary to kill your parents or to organize an action committee?
8. Do you watch Twenty-Four Hours or News at Ten?
9. Do you get all the news you need on the weather report?
10. Is Johnny Cash a right winger or a people's balladeer?
11. Which has more news:
    a. The Mirror or the Times?
    b. Private Eye or IT?
12. Which has more sex? Penthouse or the News of the World?
13. Do you prefer Pop or Impressionist art? TV commercials or a stimulating debate?
14. Is colour TV evidence of (a) a new consciousness, (b) a sign of bourgeois decadence, (c) government infiltration, or (d) personalised dream machine?
15. Would you rather read a good book or got to a movie?
16. Which phrase is it better to use, NLF or Viet Cong?
17. Who has more to say, John Galbraith or Harold Robbins?
18. Which is the higher form of communication, a teach-in or a smoke-in?
19. Is a picture really worth a thousand words?
20. Should you burn your draft card or your draft board?
21. What's funnier, Laugh-in or Fanny Craddock?
22. Which is more damaging to the system, belief in Communism or practising vandalism?
23. In university politics, which is the more revolutionary act, killing a porter, or taking off your clothes?
24. Is Spiro Agnew a brilliant fascist or bumbling oaf?
25. Was the Chicago Conspiracy Trial great theatre or a legal landmark?
26. Is Timothy Leary a misguided mystic or a political scapegoat?
27. Where would you prefer to spend time, Trafalgar Square or Kensington Market?
28. Who represents the greater threat to the power structure in England, the Kray Twins or the White Panthers?
29. Who would you rather have as Prime Minister, Tariq Ali or Enoch Powell?
30. Does the biggest dream always win?

GIPSY ROSE UNDERGROUND

Shameful exposure at N.F.T.

A THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND
AND STILL GOING DOWN

This has to start with an admission: I didn't see all the Underground films at the NFT and I'm told that I missed some good ones from San Francisco. But I saw quite enough to get movie-shock and catch the pungent odour of the counter-culture as it wafts across the barricades. Its hard to say what the Underground means by 'underground' but its supposed to catch the flavour of the impermissible, the revolutionary, the counter-cultural, the liberated.

And that's what everyone told each other was happening in the incredible conversations in the bar and foyer, celebrating being-together in the presence of 'revolutionary' art. And laughing at the Maoist in the foyer because they found he used all those well-worn phrases of Marxist criticism about their festival, tight little inelegant expressions. But ironically, even inelegantly, he was quite right and they were quite wrong—the underground movie makers and viewers. The films were almost all unmitigated shit, they were flounderingly bourgeois, they moved along very similar channnels to the old commercial ones just a bit better hidden in the smoke screen of dense self-indulgence.

If the underground is any kind of statement of the revolution, the US Administration can sleep easy tonight. They've a million years more in power. Its true that there were one or two moments of good film, but like everyone else who didn't walk out, I suspect that we sat there because it seemed unwarrantable to leave and risk missing the ten minutes that might justify the previous three hours. After each film there were people turning to each other and saying, with the heavy reason of Late Night Line-Up, 'Well, it had an interesting rhythm', or whatever, and our presence appeared a little less ridiculous. It was the straightest film in the festival, *Chicago* that came closest to communicating a wide experience.

It's hard to single out the films which operated most appallingly in the opposite direction. But perhaps the frenetic Malcolm Le Grice's *Spot the Microdot, Your Lips, Lucky Pigs* get the award. Forming a series he called 'How to Screw the CIA', the films were a series of flashes of light and excrutiating noise, technically produced, the fascinated scholar learns, by punching holes in opaque film, or loops of murky film continually repeated. People winced, and sat their ground, staggered out at the end, battered but applauding the 'rhythm', and predicted the effect the film would have on the CIA and the NFT (which would 'never be the same again', but is), to summon up enough energy and fortitude to get back in there under fire again. The films may mean something to Le Grice, but it only meant anything to the mock-revolutionaries because they've been told that it should. The CIA would undoubtedly be happy to arrange finance for future productions like these if it gets the kids off the streets and into the boredom.

Or Leggett and Breakwell's *Sheet*—'The making of the film was an event-process lasting one year from May 1969'—when Ian Breakwell decided to go drape a sheet over a bush and out of a top floor window & in a few other exciting places, and film it. Leggett says that this 'event itself was promising and so was the film'. Some of us are clearly won by small promises and it's hard to believe that a year in the Stock Exchange wouldn't have been more creditably spent. It is, of course, a pity to use only a very few examples, but they are not deceptively unlike the rest—or almost all of it.

THE FILMS AND THE FESTIVAL WERE OBJECTIVELY BOURGEOIS AND OF NO USE WHATEVER TO US IN REAL STRUGGLE FOR LIBERATION. THEY WERE NEITHER POLITICAL NOR MADE POLITICALLY (See Godard in *Afterimage* No.1).

1. The movie is generally advertised in newspapers and on posters and people whose names appear credible, stars and critics, promote it by a series of well-learned techniques. Illustrations and copy are tied to established box office formulae. Given an appropriate launch directed to as undescriminating an audience as can be achieved, so long as they now emphasise nihilism, youth, and sexuality, some movies will make money. The underground movie is promoted by the technical device of calling in 'Underground'; that is its public relations label and mode of marketing. Call a movie 'Underground' and some people (and never any others) will turn up to fill the auditorium. The movie operates within

the same success criteria—youth, sex and nihilism, plus a calculated effort at bad cutting and total lack of camera skill. These are the ingredients of parallel success. THE MARKETING STRUCTURE IS BOURGEOIS HIDDEN IN NOVELTY; IT IS ANTI-NOTHING AND THUS, POSES NO THREAT.

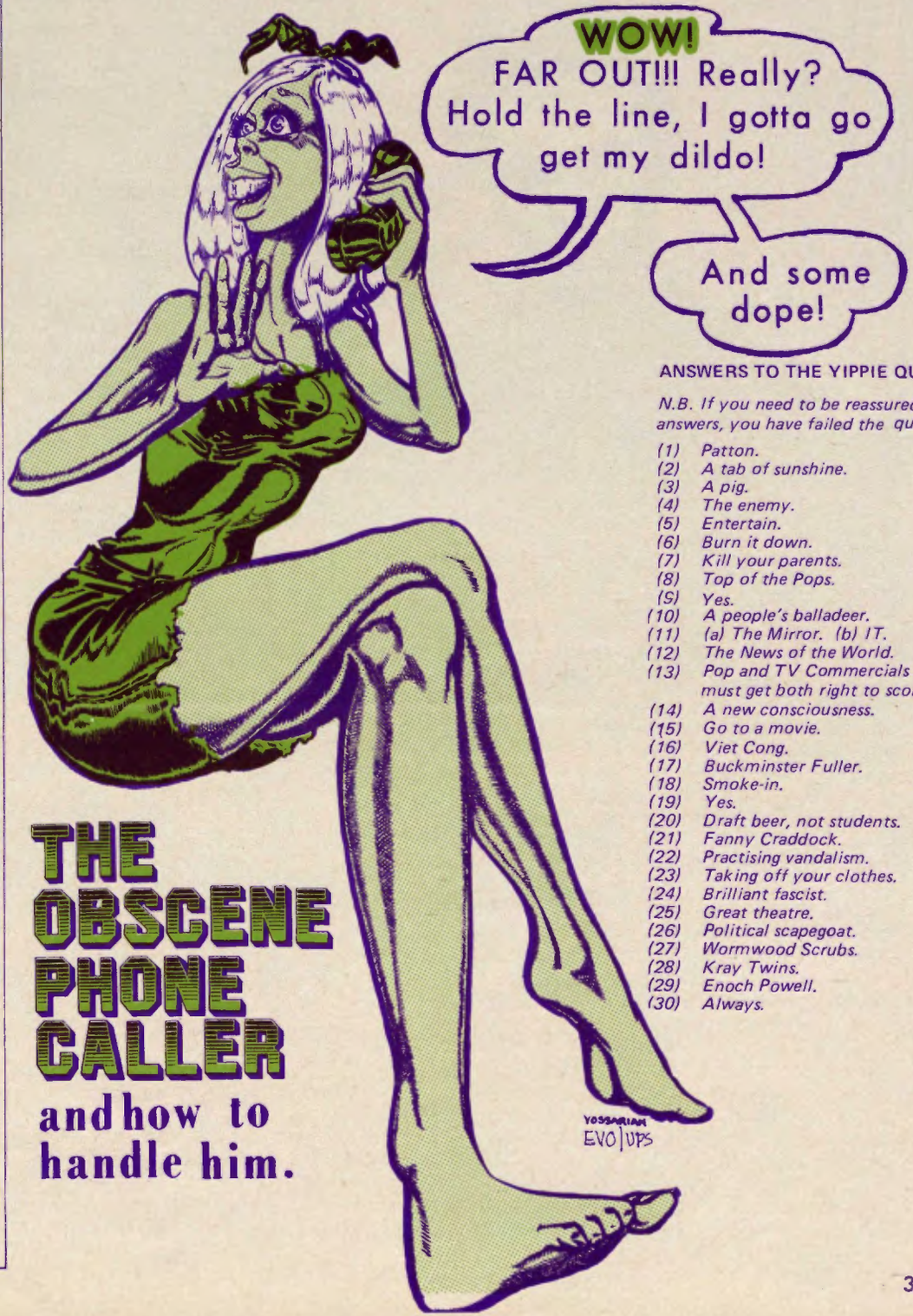
2. The underground is substantially not anti-art. It has nothing on Dada or even Kerouac's final political cynicism, both of which, even if lost in the past, have infinitely greater historical validity. The underground poses no threat because it calls on exactly the same people to celebrate its existence as successful avant-art anywhere, namely the young, educated, advanced (?) bourgeoisie. It has no word whatever for the working class, who many of these people think it fashionable to deride. Art is, as it happens, uncannily close to the ideology of the ruling class (not only in advertising copy), and we would expect that anti-art would align itself with the subject class. The 'underground' is made by the inheritors of the ruling class role for their counterparts; its makers and audiences laugh at crude working class Maoists who have the temerity to criticise them in the hall outside. IT IS NOT ANTI—BUT SUBSTITUTE—ART. It lies in the twilight on the edges of the most conventional artistic relationships, serving the same population for the same purpose: to anaesthetise them from class struggle by vacarious and insubstantial attachment to revolt *against the image* of establishment. IT SHADOW BOXES AND EXPENDS ALL ITS ENERGY.

3. It is thus not counter-culture, but parallel or surrogate-culture and consequently fills a counter-revolutionary role. Some films are quite deliberate in this. Hartog's *Molotov Party* monotonously laughs at some of the absurdities which were in the student movement and invents some which were never there, straw man, to leave no room for a positive approach. It asks us why don't you beautiful people quit doing the totally laughable and get back to the real task of beautiful people—fucking—the natural expression of your beauty. When you get together in more than twos (when you are concerned, that is, with power), you become ironical and absurd. Give it up. Well, the natural twosome theory has been around a good while; last time out it was old Duverger (*Political Parties*) who gave it an airing for the European Bourgeoisies.

Even when the message isn't specifically counter-revolutionary as in *Molotov Party*, it is directed toward intensely personal experiences of indescernable origin, the expression of which is believed in the underground to be liberating. Complete self-indulgence may or may not summon up empathising individuals out there in the darkened stalls, each in his own personal nightmare; it may or may not attract a measure of collusion by the audience in the significance of what is presented. I think the likelihood is that it doesn't, but hardly anyone would dare say so. But the very notion of this self-indulgence counter-poses individual communication against the validity of the mass, to whom the expression is completely inaccessible. The 'liberation' of the underground is wedded to the individual and never to a class. The BBC would certainly (like the NFT) show almost any underground movie rather than the tamely terrifying War Game, the NATO film or Godard. Such selfish isolation is characteristically white middle-class; it despises those to whom there is no meaning—namely the working class.

4. What the film makers felt, coming together as young revolutionaries was a curious solidarity. It is the solidarity of that sector of the bourgeoisie that *chooses* to define itself as 'outsider' from straight society or the working class, in order to-be-counter-cultural. This self-definition requires one thing to preserve itself, and dies when that thing vanishes—A HEALTHY, STRONG BOURGEOISIE WHO ACCEPT THE DEFINITION AND REGARD THE COUNTER-CULTURAL AS CONSTITUTING THE POSITION 'OUTSIDE'. With such insiginificant opposition, it is no accident that they direct the workers, punitively, to provide a surplus, some of which they'll happily see channeled into the realm of young men, refreshingly like their own offspring, who wage class war by punching little round holes in opaque film stock.

David Triesman



THE OBSCENE PHONE CALLER

and how to handle him.

ANSWERS TO THE YIPPIE QUIZ

N.B. If you need to be reassured by answers, you have failed the quiz.

(1) *Patton.*
(2) *A tab of sunshine.*
(3) *A pig.*
(4) *The enemy.*
(5) *Entertain.*
(6) *Burn it down.*
(7) *Kill your parents.*
(8) *Top of the Pops.*
(9) *Yes.*
(10) *A people's balladeer.*
(11) *(a) The Mirror. (b) IT.*
(12) *The News of the World.*
(13) *Pop and TV Commercials (you must get both right to score).*
(14) *A new consciousness.*
(15) *Go to a movie.*
(16) *Viet Cong.*
(17) *Buckminster Fuller.*
(18) *Smoke-in.*
(19) *Yes.*
(20) *Draft beer, not students.*
(21) *Fanny Craddock.*
(22) *Practising vandalism.*
(23) *Taking off your clothes.*
(24) *Brilliant fascist.*
(25) *Great theatre.*
(26) *Political scapegoat.*
(27) *Wormwood Scrubs.*
(28) *Kray Twins.*
(29) *Enoch Powell.*
(30) *Always.*

SEIZE THE TIME

The Story of the Black Panther Party
by Bobby Seale

The beginning was in Oakland, a black ghetto suburb of San Francisco, strategically situated next door to Berkeley University, scene of the first and some of the most violent student struggles.

The story of the Black Panther party is largely the story of one man: Huey Newton. Bobby first met him when Huey, then aged about 23, was addressing a street corner meeting during the tense days of the Cuba Missile Crisis. Over the next few years Bobby gradually got to know him better and the first part of the book describes this extraordinary man and his political development.

Huey managed to become an intellectual (meaning someone who thinks hard about ideas) without ever losing contact with ordinary people. Maybe its got something to do with retaining a faith in them. What particularly impressed Bobby, and California is so full of bullshit artists that he was right to be impressed, was the way Huey would always argue in a concrete way sticking hard to the facts. He also had the rare ability, essential to great leaders, of expressing complex ideas with a simplicity that anyone could understand. Slowly he developed a strange double reputation of being both someone for the West Coast black movement to take seriously and also a man who the brothers on the block would have to reckon with personally if they crossed him. "The bad cats terrorised the community—and Huey terrorised the bad cats".

The dominating black ideology of the time, to which Huey subscribed, was cultural nationalism. They believed that the enemy was the white man and that all black men were already equal. They tended to wear African dress and learn Swahili.

Now the one thing that most people think they know about the Panthers is that they hate white people. The truth is that the Party was founded on a split from the nationalists on exactly this question. Huey knew it was racist lunacy to hate white people simply for being white. He knew that there was no great difference between a white capitalist and a black one and that the problem was not primarily race but class. He knew these things not so much from Marx but from his own experience. Just as he also knew that the brothers on the block were not going to be impressed by African gear and black history lectures. "Power for the people doesn't grow out of the sleeve of a dashiki".

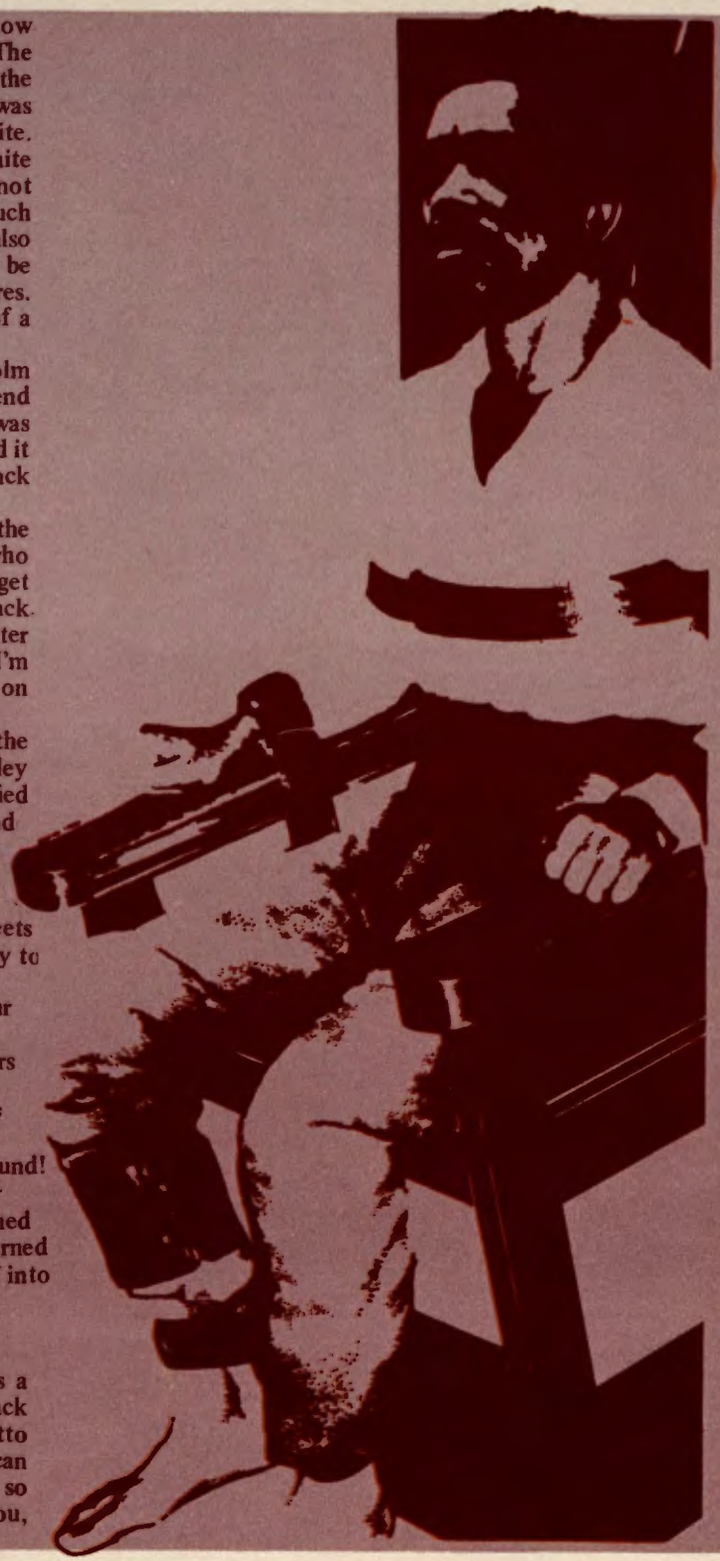
The final break was over the question of guns. Malcolm X had said that black people have a right to defend themselves. Huey wanted to do just that. The proposal was put to the group they belonged to and everyone rejected it except for Bobby. So the two of them split and the Black Panther Party was launched.

"And that's how it happened, the college boys—the cultural nationalists, all the bullshit, jiving dudes who articulate bullshit all the time and don't ever want to get into the real practice of revolutionary struggle, the black liberation struggle in this country—Huey'd say, 'Well, later for them. We'll go to the streets.' And I'd say, 'Huey, I'm with you, brother. Let's go on and do it.' So we went on out into the streets, and that was it".

The ten point programme was drawn up and with the money they made by reselling Mao's book to Berkeley students they started to buy guns. But first "Huey studied those law books, backwards, forwards, sideways, and cattycorners; everything on gun laws. And I was right there with him, trying to study them too, run them down, and understand them." They discovered that it was legal (even for a black man) to walk the streets carrying a loaded gun and proceeded to put this discovery to the test.

The confrontations that followed are a part of our revolutionary history. One of the first and most famous was outside the Ramparts office when the Panthers were providing a guard for Malcolm X's widow,. "One of the brothers had his back turned on the pigs and I guess Huey saw the cops pulling the straps off the hammers all of a sudden, so Huey says 'turn around! Don't turn your back on those back shooting mother-fuckers!' Just like that. We all turned around. I turned around, Little Joe turned around, Little Bobby turned around and Huey goes 'Spread!' and jacks a shell off into the chamber of his gun."

It's like a Western. And that was the point. It was a kind of street theatre with a political lesson every black man in America could understand. If you live in a ghetto surrounded by armed white troopers any one of whom can shoot you down and think little of it, then you can get so used to living with fear, it becomes so much a part of you,



that you don't even recognise it. But when Huey stood up with a gun in his hand he stood up for every black man. When he made those swaggering racist motherfucking cops back down he walked into history by creating the heroic myth that all revolutions need. Of course, they should have shot him immediately. In most other countries (certainly this one) they would have done. He did something that millions had only ever dreamed of doing and his incredible bravery worked and he lived.

The police soon realised their mistake. They were appearing in Huey's plays instead of writing their own. They took the initiative and began a war which is still going on. Over 30 Panthers have died, mostly defending themselves against murderous attack. Some, like Fred Hampton of Chicago, were killed in their beds. Huey himself was badly wounded and spent over two years in gaol. About 300 face charges at this moment.

Bobby has several charges pending including the Chicago conspiracy frame up. Simply for insisting on his constitutional right to defend himself he was shackled and gagged. There is an horrific description of the Marshall's attempt to forcibly insert a plug of wadding into his mouth. But Judge Hoffman's success in silencing Bobby became another bizarre Panther victory. The image of a chained black man in a court of law said more to the world about repression in a free society than a thousand political pamphlets.

It was a disgusting scene. Defence lawyer Kunstler was so right and blazingly honest when he said in his BBC interview that what they should all have done when they gagged Bobby was to walk right out of that court room and not come back. It would have created an almost unprecedented situation but the trial could hardly have continued. By sitting there and carrying on with the trial procedure they, all white men, were in a sense condoning the outrage.

But it isn't all shoot-outs and dramatic gestures. A lot of this book is concerned with the daily grind of organisation, education and agitation. That's how revolutionary parties are built. Huey is out now and back in the struggle. The Party is going to have to change as it comes out of its first phase of confrontation. Other black leaders have criticised the Panthers for being too conscious of the media, too suicidal in their tactics, too short term in their objectives. Huey's leadership is about to receive a severe test as the Party consolidates and builds up strength and power for the new battles ahead.

Bobby talked this book into a tape recorder and it comes at you hot and fresh, straight from the streets. But through it all, in and around the words, there is that same beautiful gentleness that distinguishes "Soul On Ice". It was there in Jimi Hendrix too. Maybe it's something to do with being a black American. Whatever it is I hope they can hang on to it. The Second American revolution is only just beginning and already it's bloody enough. They are going to need all the beauty they can find. So read this book. It is part of the revolution and it is beautiful. *Clive Goodwin.*

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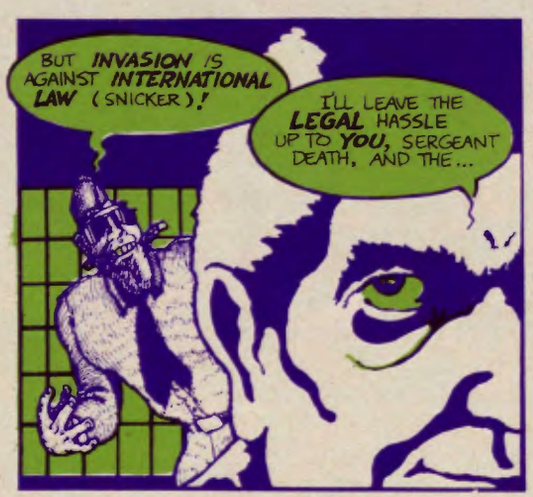
SERGEANT DEATH MEETS WONDER WART-HOG

SCENE 1: THE PENTAGON!
WELL, DEATH, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY YOU, A MERE SERGEANT, HAVE BEEN SECRETLY CALLED HERE!
GENERAL, SIR, I CAN ONLY ASSUME IT'S SOMETHING TOO BIG TO HANDLE THROUGH ORDINARY CHANNELS!

ALAS, IT'S TRUE! WE HAVE RECEIVED REPORTS THROUGH OUR SO-CALLED "INTELLIGENCE" THAT THE RED CHINESE HAVE DEVELOPED AN ICBM CAPABLE OF VAPORIZING EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN AMERICA WITH A SINGLE, TERRIFYING BLAST...
THOSE YELLOW BASTARDS! HAVE THEY NO RESPECT FOR HUMAN LIFE?!!

BUT THOSE MISSILE SITES CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO EXIST AND MENACE OUR GREAT NATION, SERGEANT.
BUT... BUT HOW ELSE TO DESTROY THEM BESIDES BOMBING OR... OR INVASION!?
SNAP


BUT INVASION IS AGAINST INTERNATIONAL LAW (SNICKER)!
I'LL LEAVE THE LEGAL HASSLE UP TO YOU, SERGEANT DEATH, AND THE...

...MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL!!
TOP SECRET
Orders:
Sgt. Death
Re: Red China

BACK AT THE BARRACKS...
WE'VE BEEN COOPED UP FOR A WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT ANY ACTION! I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE!
YA WANNA GO INTO TOWN AND STOMP SHIT OUTA SOME QUEERS?
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A REPRESSED HOMOSEXUAL YOURSELF, O'RAFFERTY!
HOW 'BOUT A GAME OF SPLIT, P'FESSAH?
RIP

YOU GUYS EVER TRY CHICKEN SOUP AND DEXEDRINE? IT'S AN OLD JEWISH RECIPE!
I'LL STEEK TO CORN FLAKES AN' TEQUILA!

WHAT'S THIS COMMIE PROPAGANDA DOING IN THE BARRACKS?
(!?... TH' SARGE!)

WHAT KINDA GODDAM COMMANDOS YOU GUYS CALL YOURSELVES!? THIS PLACE LOOKS MORE LIKE A HAIGHT STREET HIPPIE PAD THAN A MARINE CORPS BARRACKS!!

ATTEN-HUT!
ACID
LOVE
SPROING!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CLEAN UP A PLACE THAT'S THIS FILTHY!

BURN IT.

TO THE LANDING STRIP, MEN! OUR NEXT STOP IS RED CHINA!

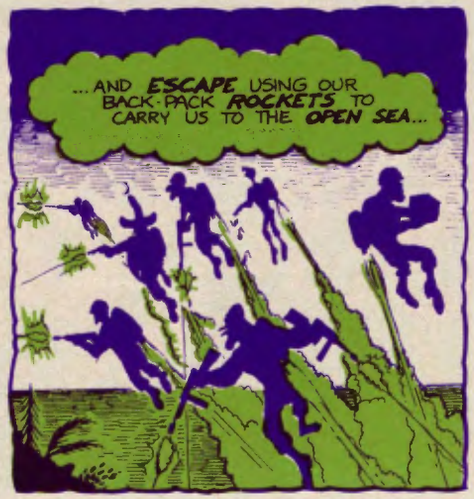
WE'LL BE OVER PEKING IN ABOUT THREE AND A HALF HOURS, SERGEANT!
THANKS TO OUR MACH 3 TROOP TRANSPORT!

THE WAY TO GET THE CHINESE MISSILE-PRODUCING COMPLEX, MEN, WILL BE AS FOLLOWS: FIRST, WE BAIL OUT OVER PEKING'S SUBURBS AT MIDNIGHT, FROM A FLYING ALTITUDE OF 50 FEET IN ORDER TO ESCAPE RADAR DETECTION...

...DIRECTLY INTO A RED CHINESE ARMY MOTOR POOL STAGING AREA, WHERE WE STEAL SEVEN OF THEIR MOTORCYCLES! WE THEN BREAK OUT ON TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY...

...AND PROCEED DIRECTLY TO THEIR SECRET MOUNTAINSIDE PLUTONIUM GENERATOR, WHERE A MERE BATTALION OF CRACK TROOPS PROTECTS THEIR STRATEGIC BREEDER REACTOR...
BAPBAPBAPBAP
ZING
DADADADA

A SMALL AMOUNT OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE TAKES CARE OF THE SETUP — WE PUT THEIR PLUTONIUM IN THIS LEAD BOX...
BAM
ZING
BOOM


...AND ESCAPE USING OUR BACK-PACK ROCKETS TO CARRY US TO THE OPEN SEA...

...WHERE A U.S. NAVY VESSEL WILL BE WAITING TO PICK US UP AND BRING US BACK TO THE STATES...

...PROVIDING WE'RE NOT ALL KILLED, OF COURSE. YOU MEN REALIZE THAT OUR CHANCES OF PULLING THIS OFF UNSCATHED ARE APPROXIMATELY TEN THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST OUR SUCCESS...
WE'RE WITH YA, SARGE!!

WE'RE THERE! HIT TH' SILK!!
GERONIMO!
WHOOMP

OH JESUS CHRIST! LOPEZ' CHUTE DIDN'T OPEN!!
OH, MY GOD! (URP)
(BE QUIET! YOU'LL WAKE THE CHINKS!)
FIFTY FEET WAS JUST TOO LOW FOR A BAT-ASS LIKE HIM!

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANY ONE IN THE MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL EVER GOT KILLED! I... I'M SICK!
(SHUT UP AND GET DOWN, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL GET US ALL KILLED!)

KA-THUNK

...I HAD TO DO IT, SARGE! HE WAS ENDANGERING THE WHOLE MISSION!
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, WATERMELON! QUICK THINKING!

MY GLASSES! I DROPPED MY GLASSES! I CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES!

CLICK.
?!

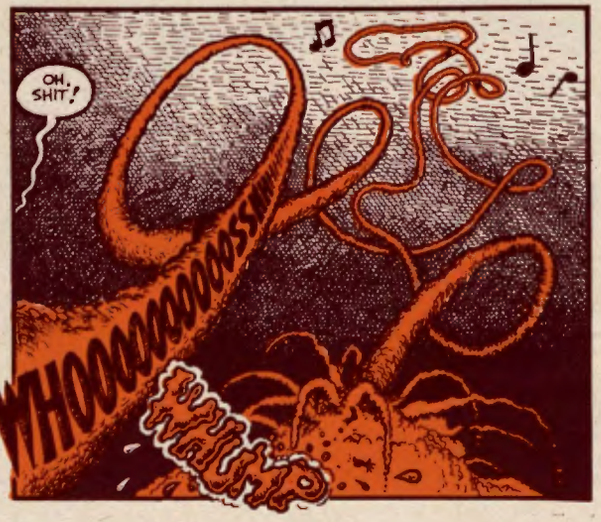
!
BRAAAAAP

THEY'VE A-SPOTTED US! I'M A-GETTIN' OUT OF HYAR!
OKAY! MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
TATTATATATT

OH, NO! THEY'RE OPENING UP WITH MORTARS!
CRUMP
PAM

WHOOOOO! A DIRECT HIT!
WE'RE REALLY HAVING MISERABLE LUCK!
FOO
ONT

WE'LL USE OUR BACK-PACK ROCKETS TO GET FROM HERE OVER TO THAT HILLSIDE!
O'RAFFERTY, YOU GO FIRST!
OKAY, SARGE!
CONTACT!
BOOM


OH, SHIT!
WHOOOOOOOOOOSSSH

I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS— YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ME UP IN ONE OF THOSE THINGS!
ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE SURROUNDED BY 600 MILLION YELLOW GOOKS!
BRUMP
BABAP
DOWDOWDOW

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WE," WHITEY?
CLICK

BRRAP
HISS
THUD

(GOOD LORD [CHOKE]! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT BUT ME! THE REST ARE DEAD TO A MAN!)
...AND MY ROCKET PACK IS RUINED...
...AND I'M OUT OF AMMO!

BOONT
TWEETLE
THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE MUST CALL UPON HELP FROM SOURCES GREATER THAN HIMSELF. I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME, BUT...
IT'S TIME TO CALL ON...
POW
...AND SURE ENOUGH, AT THIS VERY MOMENT A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE IS BEING RELAYED TO A TELEPHONE IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE HIGH ABOVE THE TEEMING STREETS OF MUTHALODE, U.S.A., WHERE SITS REPORTER PHILBERT DESANEX, THE MILD-MANNERED SECRET IDENTITY OF WONDER WART-HOG!
HEY PHILBERT! SOME CLOWN CALLING HIMSELF THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!
IT'S AN EMERGENCY, PHILBERT. I'D CERTAINLY BE GRATEFUL IF YOU'D CHANGE INTO YOUR WONDER WART-HOG SUIT AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO TO GET US OUT OF A RATHER... ER, COMPROMISING POSITION THE GOVERNMENT HAS GOTTEN INTO IN REGARD TO THE RED CHINA SITUATION...
HM?
OH!
YEAH, SURE.
RED CHINA CLAIMS "U.S. INVASION" THIRD WORLD WAR CLOSE
GEE, I'VE NEVER BEEN TO CHINA BEFORE BECAUSE IT SAID I COULDN'T ON MY U.S. PASSPORT...
I WONDER IF THEY STILL HAVE OPIUM DENS THERE (HEH HEH)?
HO, HUM. I GUESS THE EASIEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO FLY RIGHT OVER AND REMOVE OUR SOLDIER FROM RIGHT BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES.
POOMP
I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE U.S.A.!
HE'S REALLY REAL!
PLUCK
...AND THEN I'M TAKING THAT PLUTONIUM RIGHT BACK TO PLUTO, WHERE IT BELONGS!
...AND THEN I'M GONNA CHECK OUT THAT OPIUM DEN THING.
I'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY AND I NEED TO RELAX A LITTLE.
AND HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES WITHOUT YOUR MEN?
I TOLD YOU, SIR... WONDER.
NO GIANT PIG STORY AGAIN! JUST TELL ME THE TRUTH, AND NONE OF THIS FANTASY SHIT!
IT'S TRUE, SIR!
ONE LAST TIME, SERGEANT: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PLUTONIUM?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR!
YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN IT! THE CHINKS EVEN ADMIT IT'S GONE!
YOU ARE AWARE, SERGEANT, THAT TELLING LIES TO A GENERAL IS AN AUTOMATIC FIRING SQUAD OFFENSE?
OH (SOB), SIR (CHOKE)! HE WAS EIGHT FEET TALL AND (SOB) (SNIFFLE) SIX HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST, AND (CHOKE) HE HAD A SKIN-TIGHT RED AND GREEN SUIT, AND HIS NOSE, SIR, (SOB, CHOKE), COULD ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS A... A...
THERE, THAT OUGHTA STOP THAT SCREAMING!
...JUST GAGGED HIM WITH HIS BLINDFOLD...
READY... AIM...
WHERE IS HE? WHY DOESN'T HE RESCUE ME NOW?!
Gilbert Shelton

LETTERS

Dear OZ,

Just got out of jail (after 4 months) and well, I'm not really out yet (waiting in the police building behind doors still locked for my transport back to Germany) but I already have all my own things around me—letters they never gave me, books I wasn't allowed to read, clothes they didn't let me wear—and so I also find four OZ and a letter and I get so high.

It's crazy to see what they let you have and what not. A friend of mine sent me a magazine he makes now (after he flipped out on STP—and too much speed—several times last year and went to the nut house). Anyway no one knew anything about him for a year and now POW—a letter, a magazine—he's become a Muslim and the paper is religious and beautiful (not even what they call pornography, you know) but they never gave it to me.

Well jail—I just remember that shortly before I got busted, I read an article by Bill Levy (OZ 27) whom they wouldn't let into England and who stayed in jail for some days. I always figured I couldn't take it (jail). I put myself in his place and really flipped.

But now here I am, more vital and living than ever, reading magazines and outside the sun shines . . .

The only reason to be scared of jail is, I think, when you're strung out (then they really treat you *bad*—medieval experiments . . . I saw it all being practised on a girl who became my friend in jail) but otherwise, you just get the physical feeling that theoretically you've known so long: that the only jail is your mind, and the bullshit it can put you through when you don't treat it right. All the rest never bothers you too much, bars and all . . .

You know, I'm so very happy right now on the FLASH OF FREEDOM and I want you to partake of it!.

Love and Peace,
Tina Vietmeier, 6FFM (BRD),
C/o Simon,
Beethovenplatz 4,
Z63.

P.S. The worst Jail did for me: I started smoking cigarettes again after total abstinence of 1 years.

Dear OZ,

Enclosed (Commonwealth of Australia Notice of Seizure from Dept. of Customs & Excise) you can see what I received instead of my OZ 27. It's the first time it's ever happened to me and came like a Bolte from the blue. I thought you'd like to know what happens. Can you do anything. I want my OZ, naturally, I guess the covers couldn't come much plainer than plain brown paper or was this one different?

I have spoken to the Collector of Customs in Victoria and he informed me that it's just that I've been very lucky so far. Apparently practically every OZ issue ('cept 1, 2, 5 & 24) has been a prohibited import to Australia. No news of issue 28 yet which I am yet to receive but I'm hoping. Apparently seizure of prohibited imports only follows random spot check of mail or if the wrapper is printed with some identifying material which could hint at its contents.

Yours ever,
Richard Petersen,
25 Edgevale Road,
Key, Victoria,
Australia 3101.

OZ 27 has been re-dispatched in a very plain wrapper, addressed to "Reverend Richard Petersen".

Dear OZ,

I would like to apologise to all brothers and sisters for a political action which prevented Otto Muele from holding his happening at the New Arts Lab (OZ 30 Broadsheet). I now realise that my action was revisionist (ha!) and not in the best interests of the people. Because it denied the idea of pluralistic society which we are all trying to create.

Maybe we can all come up front a bit more get thru the paronoia and act. I think the Red Telephone plan is a good one. The Red Telephone Network exists expressly to jam switchbaords of organisations in society which have to be pressured by us. 25,000 people demonstrate in Trafalgar Square or Grosvenor Square and get a good beating up by the cops and then fucked by the media. Fifty people alone can fuck up a TV station or a newspaper for a whole day just with their telephones by jamming the switchboard.

One of the first targets of Red Telephone will be collective action on the day of the beginning of the IT-OZ obscenity trials, whichever comes first. The whole movement is getting pressure from the man: blacks in the Gate, freaks in the Underground Press, dope users everywhere, workers with strike laws, and all the children with sexually repressive politics, the kids with rip off pop festivals where the promoters go conveniently broker.

We're now going to fight back. The entire city can be jammed with a few telephones. Now talk to your friends about it and pick up on the next rumour in time for the obscenity trial. Guy Fawkes was right. Parliament is pigshit. None of us are even represented there. Electric democracy is the voting power of a Red Telephone to fuck up communications.

Hoppy,
TVX,
1 Robert Street,
London N.W.1. 387 8030

Dear OZ

On the 9th September 1969 I was goofing on 'barbs' outside Tooting Bec bin; it was about 9.30 a.m. by the way. They were discharging me due to my refusal at being locked up as an informal p.t.

So inevitably the fuzz arrived in a nice big car and after a short harangue on the rights of man, they hustled me away to the nick. During the short ride I was hit a number of times by the pig holding my head between his knees, although a point in his favour is that he very humanely removed my glasses beforehand. On reaching the station I was locked up for the night after having my toes crushed by the station sergeant's size 12 boots. At the time I was wearing a simple pair of sandals (no socks). A medallion, the five bags of Buddha, confiscated (never returned) and being screamed at in terms of dirty degenerate hippy and I'd like to shoot the lot of you up against that wall. Whereupon to my surprise I was fingerprinted and charged with assaulting two police officers and breach of the police. Statement was refused. Phone call was refused.

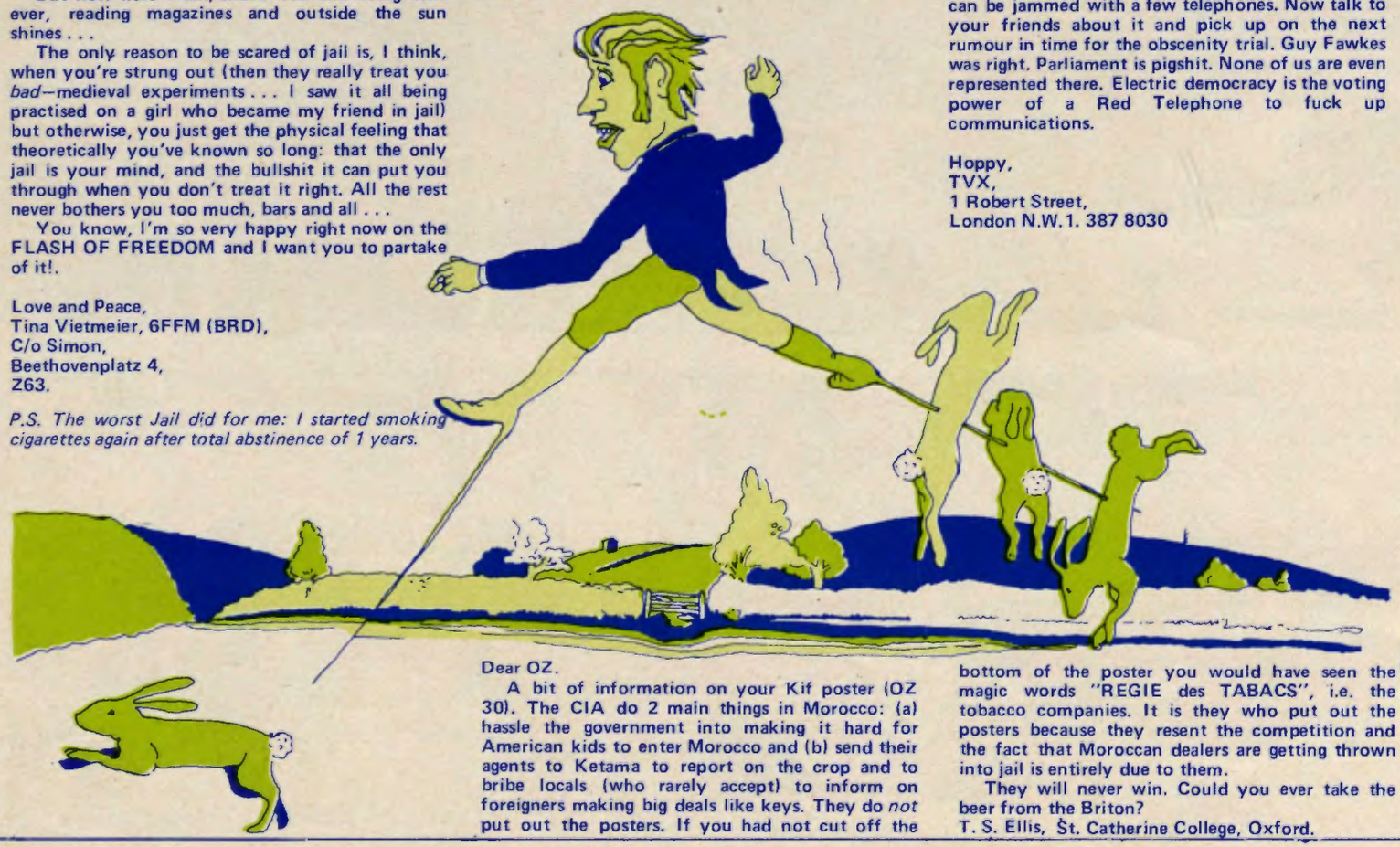
I had an open sore on my left arm which was in need of attention. On request for medical attention I was told to shut my mouth. Two hours later a doctor walked in and *looked* at my arm . . .

On going to the sessions I realised that the pigs had talked me into pleading guilty to secure a conviction. So I got Borstal which means I am going to have to answer to the government for at least 3-4 years, as, although it is a 6 months-2 years sentence, a further period of two years licence must be taken into account. I have completed the locked up part and I am now on licence. Honestly, the penal system is so fucking archaic and screwed up that I am going to take a while to get straight again. It's not like a prison thing, everything is geared to psychological approaches, probes pushed thru your ears to see what your lobes are like. They try and fuck your life style up and impregnate their own fucked-up basis into your mind. The screws are so paranoid and violence-orientated towards the inmates that often they don't even use violence just the weapons of psychology.

The only outcome is rebellion in the mind of any adult human being with any intelligence which is why 90% of Borstal boys are potential failures and I was *NOT* guilty.

With love,
Dave.

P.S. Please print this letter that people will see and learn, out of knowledge comes change . . .



Dear OZ.

A bit of information on your Kif poster (OZ 30). The CIA do 2 main things in Morocco: (a) hassle the government into making it hard for American kids to enter Morocco and (b) send their agents to Ketama to report on the crop and to bribe locals (who rarely accept) to inform on foreigners making big deals like keys. They do *not* put out the posters. If you had not cut off the bottom of the poster you would have seen the magic words "REGIE des TABACS", i.e. the tobacco companies. It is they who put out the posters because they resent the competition and the fact that Moroccan dealers are getting thrown into jail is entirely due to them.

They will never win. Could you ever take the beer from the Briton?
T. S. Ellis, St. Catherine College, Oxford.

Dear OZ,

I don't know how Peter Till arrives at his drawings (Cuntpower OZ, "The Perils of Pauline" and Page 3) but I don't think he is fair: I can't copy him, because if I copy him I copy me.

OZ must be too busy to notice the similarities. Rather a pity!

Sincerely Yours,
Roland Topor,
11 Rue Jacques Louvel Tessier,
Paris 10.

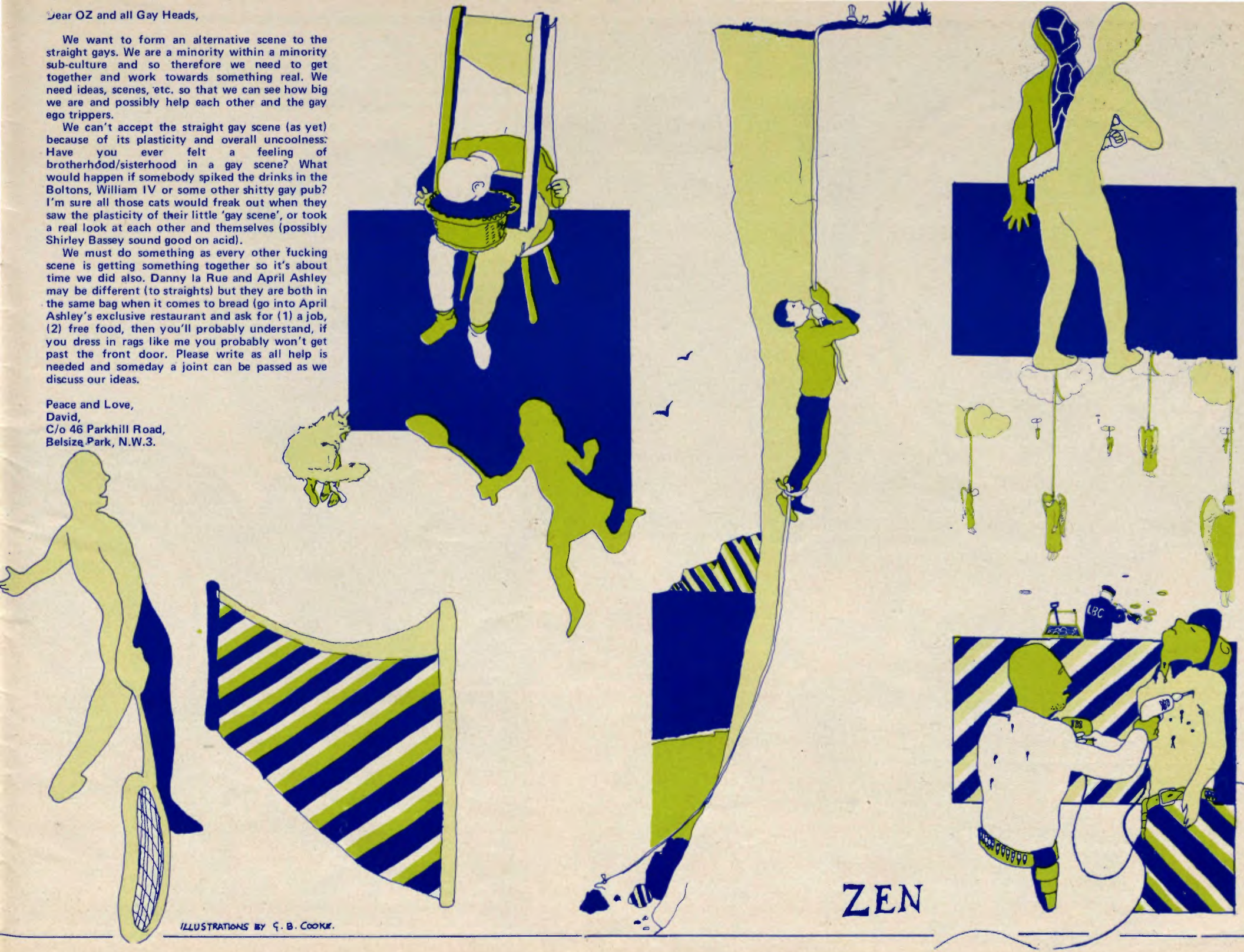
Dear OZ and all Gay Heads,

We want to form an alternative scene to the straight gays. We are a minority within a minority sub-culture and so therefore we need to get together and work towards something real. We need ideas, scenes, etc. so that we can see how big we are and possibly help each other and the gay ego trippers.

We can't accept the straight gay scene (as yet) because of its plasticity and overall uncoolness. Have you ever felt a feeling of brotherhood/sisterhood in a gay scene? What would happen if somebody spiked the drinks in the Boltons, William IV or some other shitty gay pub? I'm sure all those cats would freak out when they saw the plasticity of their little 'gay scene', or took a real look at each other and themselves (possibly Shirley Bassey sound good on acid).

We must do something as every other fucking scene is getting something together so it's about time we did also. Danny la Rue and April Ashley may be different (to straights) but they are both in the same bag when it comes to bread (go into April Ashley's exclusive restaurant and ask for (1) a job, (2) free food, then you'll probably understand, if you dress in rags like me you probably won't get past the front door. Please write as all help is needed and someday a joint can be passed as we discuss our ideas.

Peace and Love,
David,
C/o 46 Parkhill Road,
Belsize Park, N.W.3.



Local Jew Boy Makes Good

New Morning is a breath of clean air in a darkly polluted musical environment. With the prevailing sound being the grinding urban paranoia of the Black Sabbath/May Blitz syndrome, we need all the fresh country open spaces we can find. This album is full of them. Bob Dylan speaks to us here in what sounds closer to his true voice than anything we have heard since **John Wesley Harding** He has forsaken the Ruben-and-the-Jetset where he left off before those last two digressions. Musically, the impetus comes from Al Kooper's Easy Does It band, who act as rhythm section throughout. The frequent comparisons of **New Morning** with **Blonde on Blonde** are probably caused by the return of Kooper's inimitable roaring, surging organ to Dylan's records.

This album represents a coming together of all the music that Dylan has played over the last eight years. All Bob's previous faces and voices have superimposed and fused together to produce an image that is both reassuringly familiar and exhilaratingly new. The word that immediately springs to mind is "mellow" – Dylan's back on the land walking those country roads without seeing the insipid Roy Orbison B-side jukebox of **Skyline**. The c-and-w side trip has been fully worked out, and now casts a faint shadow through Dave Bromberg's gentle stoned dobro and slide work.

For the first time, the material is subordinate to the music. Certainly there are no classic songs here – no 'Mr. Tambourine Man', no 'Like a Rolling Stone' – though there are enough of Dylan's surrealist images here to keep Alan Weberman boring the balls off everyone for the next six months. Also for the first time, the music on this album sounds as though it is the product of a group, a blowing, playing band, than of a soloist with a bunch of session dudes. It's that tight and unified, and that loose and free.

Dylan's voice is rougher than it has been on any of the post-accident records, and it's also deeper in pitch than ever before. The intonations are pure Robert Zimmerman, and not ersatz Cash, and he's in tune all the way, though without that irritating facile smoothness. The youthful

harshness of his first three albums here finds its equivalent in the kind of patient, timeless, paid-all-ma-dues repose that you find in the old blues singers. Sort of like a country Albert King.

The instrumental progression is mainly due to the discarding of that clique of Nashville war-horses who've backed him for the last three years and their replacement by a group of tough cats who know how to take care of business in the city, but who can also bring it back home after hours. Kooper, as well as producing that superbly nostalgic organ sound, shares piano duties with Dylan, and as if that wasn't enough, helped Bob Johnston out with the arranging, production and mixing. Harvey Brooks from the Electric Flag and Super Session and Billy Mundi from the Mothers and Rhinosaurus, both from Kooper's Easy Does It trio are unobtrusively funky on bass and drums. Part of the early dawn freshness stems from Dave Bromberg's acoustic lead guitar. For some reason, the sound of single string licks on an acoustic box calls forth a totally different set of responses from the same sequences played electrically. (Bromberg will be remembered as the country/blues guitarist who got about ten encores on the Wednesday at the Isle of Wight this year). Where electric lead guitar is used, it's played by Paul Butterfield's guitarist Buzzy Feiten or **Nashville Skyline/Blonde on Blonde** sideman Charlie Daniels, who also worked on Kooper's first two solo albums.

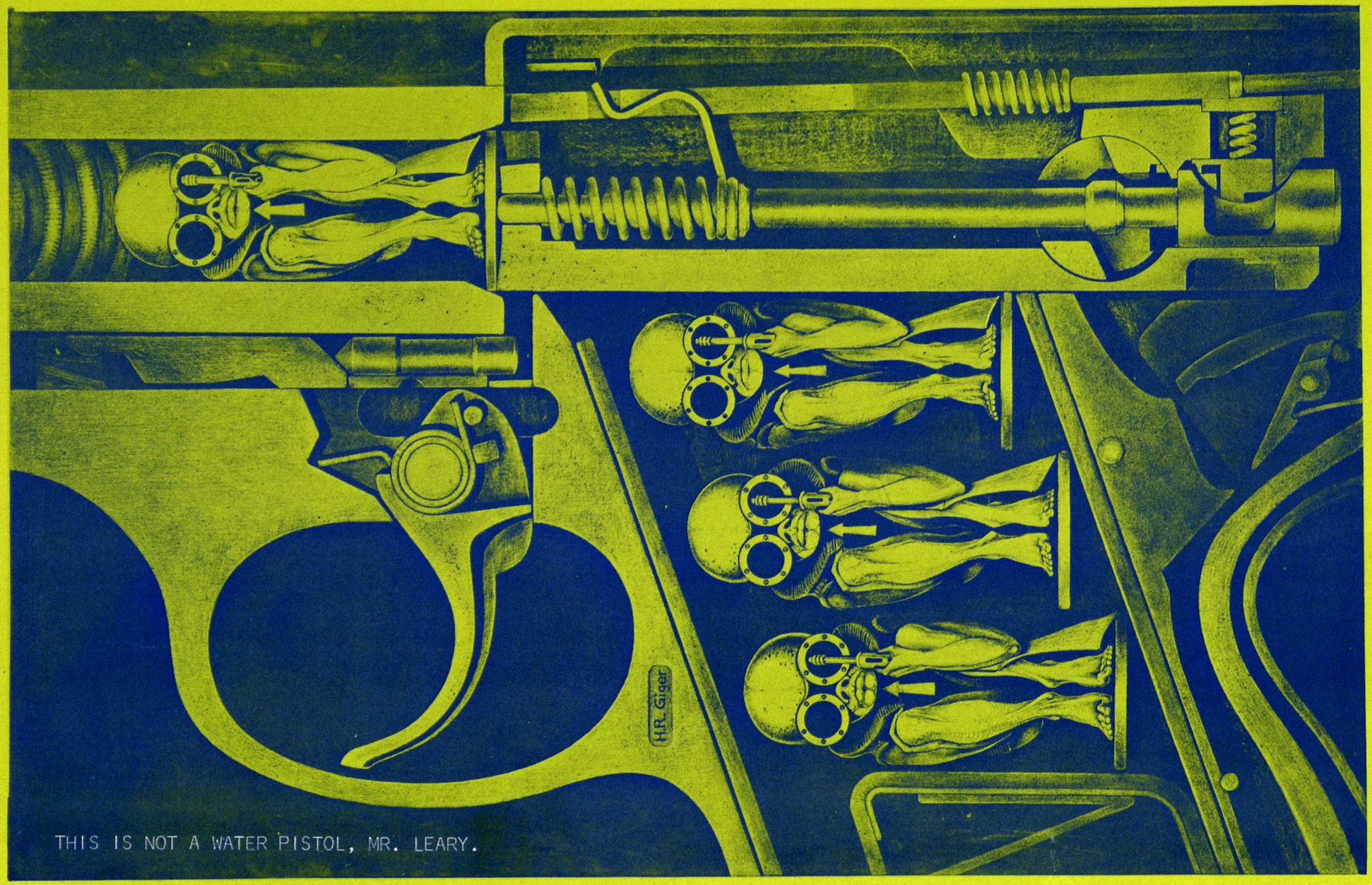
But perhaps the greatest instrumental surprise on this album is Bob's own piano playing. It knocked me flat on my arse. Kooper describes him as "the best piano player in the world" and in a curious way, that's right. He's certainly come a long way since he hammered out 'Black Crow Blues' on **Another Side** six years ago. It's a joyous thing to hear Kooper's sighing Hammond floating over Dylan's rolling and tumbling piano, particularly on 'Sign at the Window', and on a virtual solo piece, the hymn 'Father of Night', which is just piano, voice and gospel choir. It is an unlikely fusion of gospel music, a Jewish cantor and a Gregorian chant. It lasts eighty-four seconds, and is probably the best short track ever recorded, even outclassing Julie Driscoll's 'Word About Colour'.

This album was organically grown. It gives the impression of being almost a force of nature. It is more than the music of the people — it is the song of the earth. It is the voice of a Jewish cowboy peasant, and it's the most optimistic music imaginable. The acid paranoia of 'Ballad of a Thin Man' and 'All Along the Watchtower' has withered away because Bob no longer needs it, and neither, he implies, do we. There will be an answer, let it be.

Welcome back, Bob Dylan.

Charles Shaar Murray

ED BELCHAMBER



THIS IS NOT A WATER PISTOL, MR. LEARY.

COLOSSEUM
DAUGHTER OF TIME

GET THIS ALBUM!

Their other incredible LPs were
Those who are about to die . . .
STL 5510

and
Valentyne Suite
VO1

VERTIGO

The sight and sound of contemporary music

A Philips Records product

CHUNGA'S REVENGE

FRANK ZAPPA

BIZARRE

A Gypsy mutant industrial vacuum cleaner dances about a mysterious night time camp fire. Festoons. Dozens of imported castanets, clutched by the horrible suction of its heavy duty hose, waving with marginal erotic abandon in the midnight autumn air.

"YIPPIE"

OZ

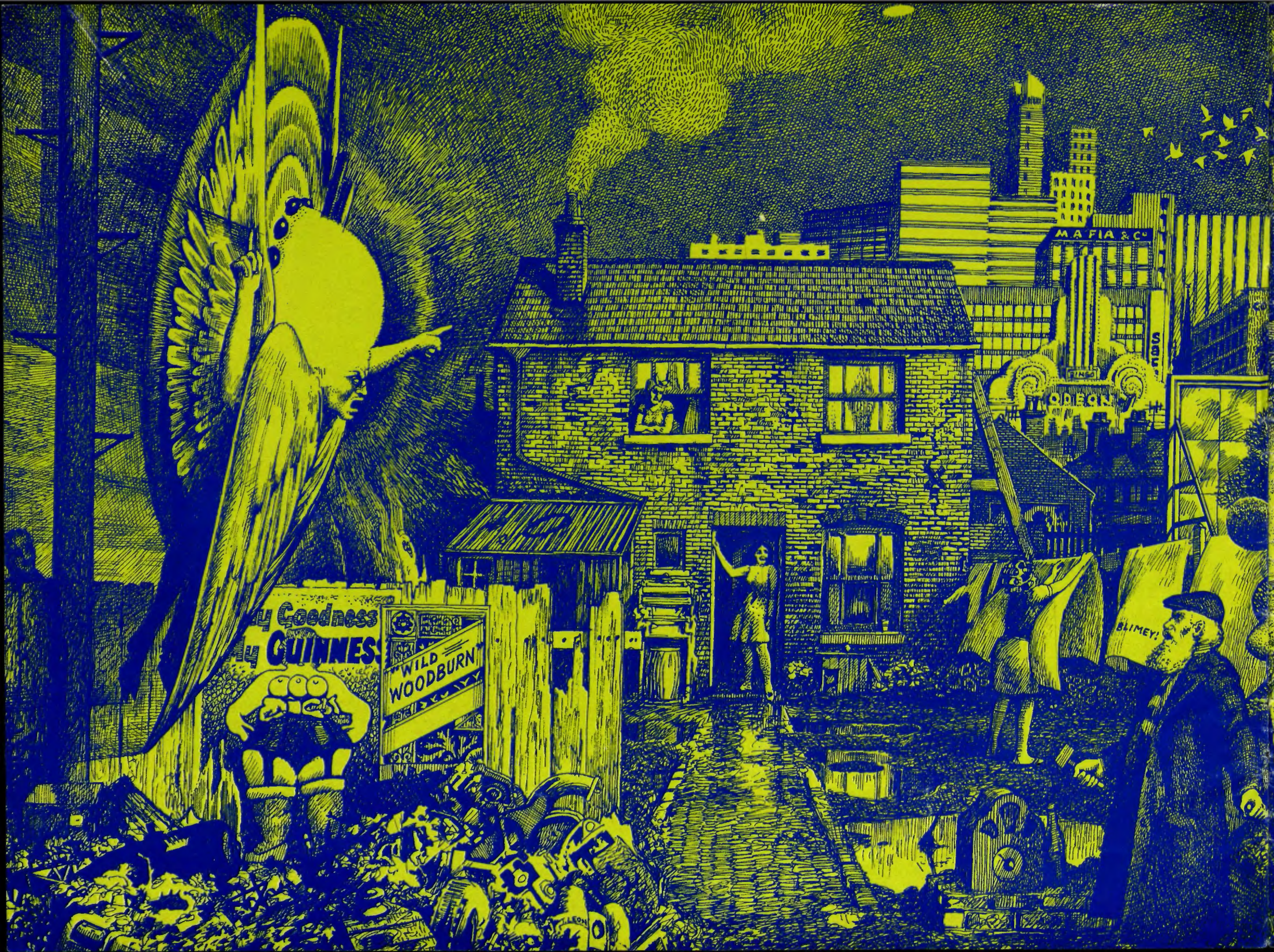
31 4/-

Brave New Morning

He drives a Maserati
She's a professional model
The boy is the son of the
art editor of Time magazine
Some revolution!

Nutter

INK IS COMING


Goodness
GUINNESS
WILD
WOODBURN
MAFIA & Co
ODEON
BLIMEY!

END
OF AN
ERA-OZ

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN GOT DE CLAP

POLITICS & PERSONALITIES

The flower-child that OZ urged readers to plant back in '67 has grown up into Bernadine Dohrn; for Timothy Leary, happiness has become a warm gun, Charles Manson soars to the top of the pops and everyone hip is making war and loving it. Movement sophists can easily reel off the oppressive chain of events which has propelled us from dropped-out euphoric gregariousness to the contemporary gunslinging gang bang. It's a logical hop from Kent State to the trendy genocide of, "to kill a policeman is a sacred act". (Leary)

But I cannot pull the trigger. Indeed, sometimes I suspect that a more appropriate target would be my fellow marksmen. Such despondent scepticism in the fortunes of the Movement seems confirmed, if not articulated, in the actions of those around me. Some of my best friends are going straight—cutting hair, wearing suits, seeking respectable jobs. These are the same people who were freaking out at the first UFOs while I still lurched home from gambling clubs, who were plugged into the Pink Floyd while I breathlessly awaited the verdicts of Juke Box Jury, who were mastering chillums while I still thought Panama Red was a Hollywood bit player. Appalled at the profusion of meaningless, mediocre and repetitive pop these friends seek refuge in the music of the twenties and thirties (Jack Hylton, the Best of Ambrose and his Orchestra, Al Bowly, Hutch, The Golden Age of British Dance Bands etc) and have drastically reduced their drug intake. John Peel wanders London a pop undertaker, sickened by the preponderence of pseudo stoned 'Underground' groups who flash V signs while flattering their audiences with: "peace" and "remember Woodstock, man". Martin Sharp, responsible for much of the best 'psychedelic' artwork (in early OZes, Cream sleeves and Dylan, Donovan, Van Gogh and Legalise Pot Rally posters) now always carries an indiginous musical instrument from Zambia as an anti-pop device and spends most of his time in the front stalls of Noel Coward revivals. Such reactions are more than the result of a cultural overdose. It is surely the tough realisation that today's heads treat each other no less savagely than the grey flannel skinheads of Whitehall; only without the latters' courtesy.

Anyone who disagrees with a viewpoint is a pig. Anyone who disagrees from a position of economic or intellectual strength is a superpig, Machievellian intrigues, ego explosions and power tussles have always been rife within the Underground and can often be rationalised as a sign of growth. Nowadays, however, the backstabbings are no longer metaphorical. A typical example of a contemporary dialogue occurred during the recent making of the Warner Brothers film, Medicine Ball. Throughout the progress of this film, the caravan of 'hippie stars' was trailed by a cadillac of militant politicos protesting Warner Bros' cultural exploitation. At one college campus the two groups collided in open debate with the students, and discussion ended when one of the cast almost succeeded in knifing one of the protesters. An unobtrusive paragraph in this morning's Times tells of students who, when refused admission to a local dance, returned home to get their guns for a shoot out. One of them died.

It is not only the escalating instances of brutality that are so discouraging. The social style of the head scene has become pretentious and anti-communicative. At a recent party to celebrate the demise of Nell Gwynne's historic playground, The Pheasantry, the cream of Kings Road stood around staring dumbly at each other—a dank Chelsea remake of La Dolce Vita without even a false sense of gaiety. One couple of my acquaintance who have now dropped out of dropping out, first discovered the hypocrises of the head scene when they were compelled to clean up to enter Morocco. They found themselves ostracised by local longhairs. All

efforts to communicate floundered because they looked straight.

One of the promises of the new lifestyle was the abolition of false criteria for judging human beings. Today, hip symbols and fashionable rituals count for more than ever. Dishonestly doubling travellers cheques earns the required A-levels, familiarity with a super group's pedigree outmatches Allen Brien's literary snobbery and a replay of last week's bad trip is flaunted like a duelling scar. Even the legitimate new freedoms are being bankrupted through criminal selfishness. Venereal disease may even be a new now status symbol, but the gonococcus germ unfortunately hasn't heard of women's lib—its effect on females is more damaging and less easy to detect. An alarming number of friendly young girls are collapsing of salpingitus, which involves a gruesome operation, because liberated men are not bothering to mention they might be harbouring the clap. Another groovy affliction, hepatitus, is carried around proudly, like a public school boater, by people indifferent to its infectious consequences.

The next example, essentially trivial, is worth recording because its sheer banality renders it so typical of the prevailing morality. One night, on arriving at Newcastle station to catch a London train, I noticed two dishevelled, artsy laby types surrounded by British Rail authorities and policemen. The uncomfortable pair caught my eye and asked for help. They desperately sought to get to London that evening but British Rail were refusing to honour their proferred cheque. Naturally I accepted it and purchased tickets on their behalf. A few days later I realised my misjudgement when the cheque was returned. I would not have cared particularly, if only the signatory, one Anthony Rye, had since made a token, apologetic contact.

In the formative stages of the counter culture it was possible to draw inspiration from the open behaviour of Albion's children. It was tempting, if naive, to hope that with the intake of id liberating rock, lateralising dope, the emerging group tenderness, communal living style and an intuitive political radicalism . . . that from all this a qualitative change in the conduct of human relationships might develop. But now, as the Movement's utterings reach fever pitch, as the rhetoric becomes more frenziedly fascist, affectation suffocates reason and arguments lose their conviction, one's bursts of depression become elongated into a melancholy permanence. The advertising campaign is an abounding triumph, but there is nothing inside the wrapping paper. When I think of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, whose spirits had been identified with the generational outburst against inhumanity, I wonder whether their apparent despair was purely personal or whether they too somehow sensed the revolution might be going sour.

If the Underground press is the voice of the new movement, then it is a choir of soloists, each member singing a different tune. When I travelled through California recently, it was unnerving to be caught in the flak of exchanged animosity. The dedicated, amiable Max Scheer, founder of the Berkeley Barb, had been branded a pig by his one time employees, who were now publishing the Berkeley Tribe. Scheer does not deny his former mistakes, but while the Movement does not forgive, it does forget—his pioneering contribution to the growth of the Alternative Press has gained him no credit. The Barb still struggles out single handed against raging prejudices and destructive sorties by Womens Lib (Scheer runs sex ads).

Across the Bay is Rolling Stone. Its editor, Jann Wenner, is a tirelessly sincere exponent of rock culture and a personal friend; but the offices of his paper are as icily functional as IBM and his workers moved more by mammon than by music. Jann himself becomes at times so engrossed by the battle of being a Success, that the battle of being human is ignored. (One result being that many of his ex staff are bitterly forming rival publishing cells.) Of minor cheer is that one of the better papers in the area, Good Times, produced collectively from a house, exists *first* as a commune and *second* as an editorial board. Although, its staff identify so heavily with the role of being revolutionaries that all events are immediately programmed into a dishonest US/THEM dichotomy. Eg Charles Manson is a hero because he sabotages the system. London's first 'Underground distributor' has just collapsed. A few hours before the liquidators arrived he ordered 8,000 copies of OZ. These could never be paid for, so, even by City standards, the ethics of such a transaction are, to say the least, dubious.

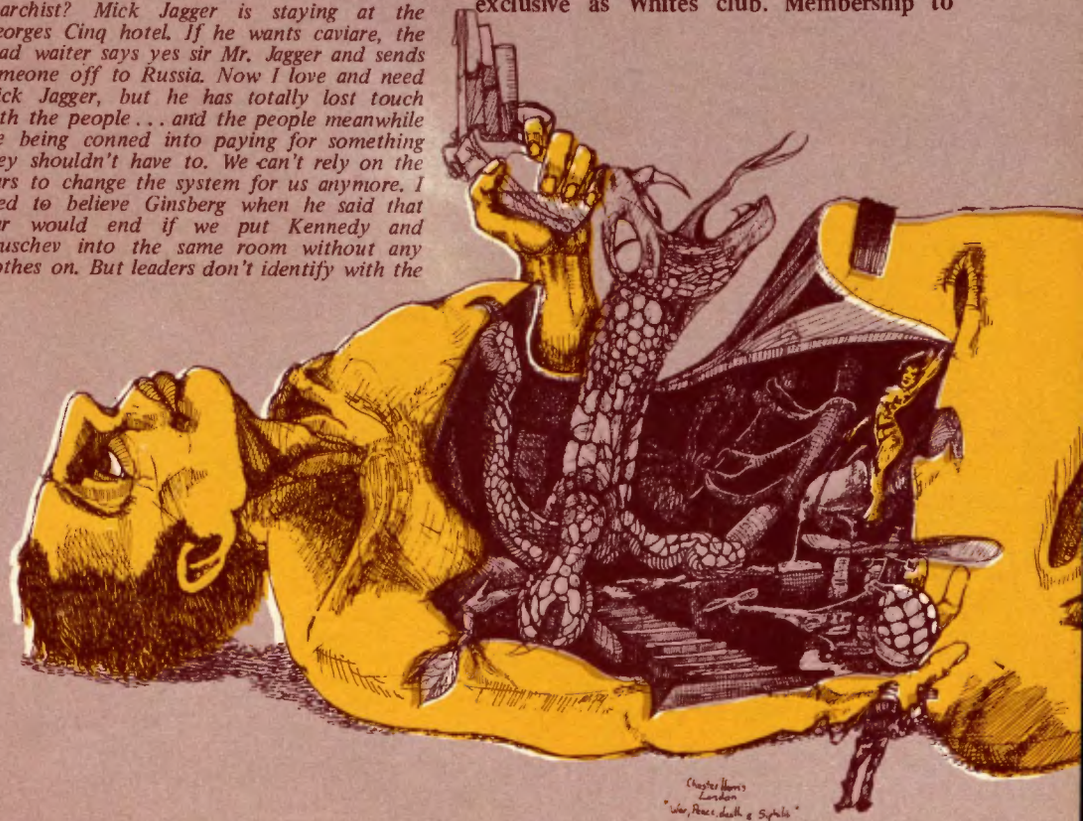
"I declare that World War III is now being waged by short haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life. . ." (Leary).

But those who burn you with bad dope, jump your bail if you happen to stand surety and—when you've made your house available as a BIT crashpad—steal what little you own, do not have short hair.

Jean-Jacques Lebel has been a key figure in the evolvement of the European Underground, from the staging of anti-tourist happenings in St. Tropez in '67, the storming of the Paris Odeon in May '68 and the wrecking of the Isle of Wight fences earlier this year. I recently met him in Paris, where he was playing host to Abbie Hoffman, Phil Ochs, Jerry Rubin et al. Lebel is angrily disillusioned with pop exploitation and, from memory, he said something like this:

Mick Jagger was on television here the other night and said he was an anarchist. An anarchist? Mick Jagger is staying at the Georges Cinq hotel. If he wants caviare, the head waiter says yes sir Mr. Jagger and sends someone off to Russia. Now I love and need Mick Jagger, but he has totally lost touch with the people . . . and the people meanwhile are being conned into paying for something they shouldn't have to. We can't rely on the stars to change the system for us anymore. I used to believe Ginsberg when he said that war would end if we put Kennedy and Kruschev into the same room without any clothes on. But leaders don't identify with the people anymore, they get used to the caviare . . . The kids at the Isle of Wight were being totally controlled and manipulated by superpigs. They had to pay exorbitantly for their own music and they became completely exhausted, sleeping in the lavatories, hungry, so weary they were pissing over each other, completely fucked up . . . Those kids were worse than the jews . . . the jews at least didn't pay to go to Auschwitz . . . (Nor to be burnt to death in a French provincial dance hall.)

Lebel talked within the confines of one of the nastiest environments I have ever endured and one all too unhappily representative. The offending house belonged to Victor Herbert, who helped finance International Times, brought the Living Theatre to London, sponsored the roundhouse Chicago Benefit last year and so on. On top of this, he contributes to the Movement what he calls 'space', ie his enormous residence as a crashpad. Current guests include a poet who came for a weekend two years ago and won't budge, a pair of video heads, remnants from the Living Theatre and several nameless others. The atmosphere created by most of these superhip freeloaders manages to be simultaneously hostile, slovenly and as exclusive as Whites club. Membership to



the inner sanctum revolves around facility with drugs and as the pleasant Victor himself is rather slow on the draw he is excluded, in spirit, from his own house. I regret to report that the presence of Abbie Hoffman, Jean-Jacques and the yippie entourage did little to improve the emanations. Like the pop stars Lebel so accurately berates, the American visitors were arcane, inaccessible, aloof . . . the tensions and awkwardness surrounding their presence must be reminiscent of a Royal Garden party; and their groupies uglier but no less protective than their pop counterparts.

I have an intense personal respect for Abbie Hoffman and consider his book, Revolution for the Hell of it, to be the first major literary/political document of the post-acid Underground. How disappointing to discover he converses almost exclusively through his lawyer and becomes animated only at talk of possible advances for his books in Britain. Wearied no doubt by the trial and obviously exhausted by his journey, it seems unfair of me to raise such niggardly considerations. However, many people have shared my disappointment, and in the context of Herbert's household, Lebel's anti-star declamations, the entrances and exits of yippie heavies drooling enthusiastically about Leary's fiftieth birthday present, a gun, lengthy endorsements of acid's ability to transform shits into (revolutionary) saints, one must, to preserve a scrap of intellectual integrity, raise doubts.

Roaming Paris—a charming subplot to all this activity—was Jim Haynes, fearsomely unimpressed at the prospect of yip meeting Mao and carrying forth his own erotic brand of revolution in a thoroughly convincing union of his public politics and private life.

The above observations are not meant to imply a wholesale rejection of the counter culture or yippie left politics. Mass hysterical confrontations with the napalmers, arms bargainers, fascists and power flunkeys of every type are still vital, as are all experiments with new ways of living and caring about each other. (A message so innocuously limp in print that it makes that disgusting, simplistic and exploitive movie, Getting Straight, fiercely iconoclastic by comparison.) I wish merely to record a few points of reservation—a verbal safety-catch to Leary's birthday present.

Of course the new ways of living and loving might be the old ways after all. In a new book, Keep the River on the Right, the author, Tobias Schneebaum recounts his solitary journey through the remote depths of Peruvian jungles. Without knowing quite why, he sets out to find the Akaramas, a reputedly ferocious tribe of cannibals. His first meeting:

> *". . . and I came out from among a huddle of bushes to a long rocky beach, at the far end of which, against a solid wall of green, some spots of red attracted my eye. My first thought was that they must be blossoms of some kind that I had never seen before, but they were too much like solid balls, and they moved slightly, though there wasn't the slightest breeze. A few steps further on I frowned and shook my head, wondering even more what they could be and then it came over me in a shiver that these spots were faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one turned his eyes away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chins on knees, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, mouths were closed, placid. Some had match-like sticks through their lower lips others had bone through noses. Their feet and toes curled round stones and twigs in the same way that their hands held vertically bows and long arrows, and axes of stone tied to short pieces of bough. Long well-combed bangs ran over their foreheads into the scarlet paint of their faces and hair covered the length of their backs and shoulders. Masses of necklaces of seeds and huge animal teeth and small yellow and black birds hung down from thick necks and almost touched the stones between their open thighs . . . . Still no one moved, still no one made a gesture of any kind, no gesture of hate or love, no gesture of curiosity or fear. My feet moved, my arm went out automatically and I put a hand easily upon the nearest shoulder, and I smiled. The head leaned over and briefly rested its cheek upon my hand, almost caressing it. The body got up, straightening out, and the frozen smile split open and laughter came out, giggles at first, then great bellows that echoed back against the wall of trees. He threw his arms around me, almost crushing with strength and pleasure, the laughter continuing, doubling, trebling, until I realised that all the men had got up and were laughing and embracing each other, holding their bellies as if in pain, rolling on the ground with feet kicking the air. All weapons had been left lying on stones and we were jumping up and down and my arms went around body after body, and I felt myself getting hysterical, wildly ecstatic with love for all humanity, and I returned slaps on backs and bites on hard flesh, and small as they were, I twirled some round like children and wept away the world of my past."*

If that is how the Akaramas greet strangers of another race, it almost gives them a right to gobble up their enemies. We, on the other hand, blithely declare World War III on our parents and yet have already forgotten how to smile at our friends.

Richard Neville

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EMI

Magick Mushroom

"Half of it makes you big and half of it makes you small of the mushroom, that is."

Alice in Wonderland

"Let the Agaric remain in earth and let my children see what it will show them."

Koryak Fable

There are two types of mushroom known as 'Sacred Mushrooms'. Fly Agaric *(Amanita Muscaria)* and Psilocybe *(Psilocybe mexicana)* Fly Agaric is the most commonly known, and can be found in many places in both northern and southern hemispheres. It grows in Birch forests usually through August-September of each year, and more rarely in coniferous forests. It can be found all over England, but flourishes best of all in wild, damp, hilly or mountainous regions such as in Scotland, Sweden, South Poland, Transylvania, China etc. Fly Agaric's stalk is white, thick and solid when young, with a bulbous base and surrounded in the middle by a broad, loose hanging membrane called by Linnaeus a volva but which in fact is only a small portion of the volva. The cap, when young, is hemispherical, and when fully grown, nearly flat, quite large, often attaining a diameter of six or nine inches, of a scarlet or crimson colour when fully grown and covered with soft, white, downy warts which are in fact the remains of the volva, or skin, which fragments into small pieces as the mushroom enlarges, some of them adhering to the cap. It is possible to miss a fly agaric if all these 'warts' have been removed. The gills are white, not fused to the stem as in other types of mushroom, during decay turning a yellow-brown colour.

It is reputed to be deadly poisonous, but this is not entirely true, although it is reported that six people died at one time in Lithuania, Poland, by eating a single mushroom, and that others in Kam chatka had 'been driven raving mad'.

The poisons of several varieties of Amanita muscaria have been used by primitive people over the centuries to produce various forms of intoxication and since Medieval times at least, to stupefy or kill flies, a usage still widespread in parts of Europe today. It was also used as an applicant for ridding beds of bugs, hence its name 'Bug Agaric' in early english herbals.

The intoxicant and hallucinatory properties of Fly Agaric have attracted people since the beginnings of time, the most famous eaters of all being the Koryak tribes of Siberia. Mexican and Peruvian Indians are usually associated with the psilocybe mushroom, which does in fact grow in England. It can be found growing on horse dung in open fields or in dark uncleaned corners of stables. It is typical of fairy-book illustrations - a slender stem about 3" long with a pointed cap about 1" in diameter, a charcoal grey colour, with gills almost black. Several species grow in this country, but only the grey ones are effective. Others are fawn, light brown and various shades of red brown. In Mexico and South America, *psilocybe mexicana* is used with great reverence by their medicine men, along with two other plants, *datura stramonium* (Thorn Apple or Devil's Weed) and *Lophophora williamsii* (Peyote Cactus). All three plants are used for a variety of functions including pleasure, medicine, witchcraft and for attaining ecstatic states required in divinatory practices.

MYTHOLOGY

The Koryaks, like many other primitive peoples, endowed certain objects with special powers: indeed all objects were supposed to contain some form of special potential energy which could be chanelled by the experienced and used for either creative or destructive purposes. The Fly Agaric was endowed very special powers, those of altering the state of the mind, enabling the eater to communicate with the mushroom spirits. If one listened to the advice of such resident spirits, it was possible to foresee the future, review past centuries, travel to other regions (either material or astral) in order to see what was happening elsewhere without even moving from the room.

Strahlenberg recorded this story, of how the Fly Agaric was born (according to the Koryaks):-

"Once, Big Raven had caught a whale and could not send it to its home in the sea. He was unable to lift the grass bag containing travelling provisions for the whale. Big Raven applied to Existance (Vahiyin) to help him. The deity said to him, :Go to a level place near the sea. There thou wilt find soft white stalks with spotted hats. These are the spirits Wapaq. Eat some of them and they will help thee.' Big Raven went. Then the Supreme Being spat upon the earth, and out of his saliva the Agaric appeared. Big Raven found the fungi, ate it, and began to feel gay. He started to dance. The Fly Agaric said to him 'how is it that thou, being such a strong man, canst not lift the bag?'

'That is right', said Big Raven, 'I am a strong man. I shall go and lift the travelling bag.' He went, lifted the bag at once and sent the whale home. Then the Agaric showed him how the whale was going out to sea, and how he would return to his comrades. Then Big Raven said 'Let the Agaric remain on earth and let my children see what it will show them'.

Recalling the account of the Supreme Being's saliva, above, it is interesting to read this report of a tradition current at the time in Poland, originally recorded in "Letters from a citizen of the World to his friends in the East" in 1762. While Christ and St. Peter were passing through a forest after a long journey without food, Peter who had a loaf in his sack but did not take it out for fear of offending the Master, slipped a piece in his mouth. Christ, in front, spoke to him at that moment, and Peter had to spit out to answer. This occured several times until the loaf was finished. Whenever Peter spat edible fungi grew. The Devil, who was walking along behind, saw this and decided to go better by producing brighter and more highly coloured mushrooms. He spat mouths of bread all over the countryside. Wonderfully coloured mushrooms, as well as those which looked very much like St. Peter's sprang up; they were, however, poisonous.

It seems likelythat the former acount was the original mushroom creation story accepted all over Eastern European and Northern Russia before the advent of Christianity, the latter story having been created in order to bring the old religion into disrepute, in much the same way as the Roman Catholic church in this country absorbed and therefore destroyed the essence of our celtic religions.

Confirmation of the theory that the Roman church did all it could to wipe out the ancient art of Mushroom Eating can be found in a fresco painting in a ruined chapel at Plaincourant in Indre, France (1291) which shows a scene from the Garden of Eden, with the Tree of Good and Evil portrayed as ahuge many-branched Fly Agaric; the old serpent is shown coiled ominously around the white stalks while Eve stands by obviously suffering great pain for her misdemenour.

Amongst peoples known to eat agaric are the Ancient Egyptians (for their country's climate was at that time more conducive to fungus growth – the north African deserts having once been wet and fertile in many regions), Tibetans, Japanese, Chinese, French, Poles, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Roumanians, Czeckoslovaks, Koryaks, English, Scottish and some Canadian Indians from the warmer and wetter regions.

In Transylvania there is almost no reference to mushroom eating in their mythology, yet their occult beliefs and superstitions (for example their belief that man can transform himself into other animals, such as werewolves and vampires) seem quite clearly to parallel the religious traditions of mushroom eating peoples. It is probable that Bram Stoker was inspired to write *Dracula* by stories of Transylvanian mushroom eating ceremonies.

Further research into the architecture of mushroom eating cultures may even reveal that purely geometric structures of, for instance, Aztec architecture, result from eating such hallucinogens

as Thorn Apple and Psilocybin, while the bulbous organic appearance of, for instance, medieval Russian and East European architecture is due to the enormous intake of hallocinogens like Fly Agaric and Belladonna. Such a theory would tie up perfectly with visual and emotional experiences reported from experiments under 'controlled conditions.'

The Bon-Po's of ancient Tibet seem to have followed a 'religion similar in its 'animal worship' aspects to those of ancient Egypt, America, and Biblical Baal worshippers, whose berserk ritual preparations for seances reflect many Shamanistic practices alive in the Orient and South America today.

The Russians were (and probably still are in many remote areas) so fond of the Fly Agaric that they made a kind of beer from the runners of *Epilobium augustifolium (Rosebay Willow Herb) and added to it a strong infusion made from the mushrooms. They took the liquor in small quantities to "exhilarate the spirits" and in large quantities to enable them to communicate with other worlds.*

There is an interesting connection between toads and toadstools (named after toads) lost somewhere in folk literature and children's fairy tales, until a study was made of the chemistry of the skin and glandular secretions of the Toad (Bufo Terrestris). Much of the dorsal skin and the well known warts contain glands which secrete a poison to ward off predators. Most of the poisons are, however, contained in the paratoid glands, located in two bumps or raised areas, one behind each eye.

This explains to us why toadskins and toads eyes are two famous ingredients in witches' brews through the centuries: many interesting substances have been isolated from toad skins and the secretions, amongst them being:–

a) Bufagin (named after the Latin Bufo, for toad) whose properties and effects are very similar to those of Digitalis found in Foxgloves (extremely poisonous, and often fatal),
b) Bufotenine (a hallucinogenic drug in many ways resembling LSD in its effects) which is also found in the Fly Agaric.
c) Serotonin, which causes the blood vessels to contract. This chemical is required for the transmission of electrical impulses across the connections between nerve cells (called synapses).

The Vikings are reputed to have eaten large quantities of Fly Agaric before going to battle, because it helped them go "berserk", hence they were known as "Berserks". It can only be assumed that they performed some form of ritual involving dancing and super-human feats to instil the feeling of possessing supreme power; ingestion of the mushrooms during such a state of mind would certainly make everything look small *(See Alice in Wonderland).* Whatever they practised as a preliminary to eating the mushrooms was certainly very effective. They were in many battles able to simply walk over their enemies by filling them with fear of the Berserks' totally animal agression. During prohibition in the U.S.A., the mushrooms were not only cheaper but also far more effective than boot-leg liquor.

In the modern world, fungicides and pollution play important parts in the progressive extinction of hallucinogenic mushrooms, but biochemists are constantly creating new compounds with the extracted alkaloids, and these seem to play the same mind-changing role today as the mushrooms did yesterday. It seems that all attempts to stop the use of hallucinogenic fungi and the new synthetic equivalents have failed; it is therefore no wonder that many people ask themselves whether or not they are products or manifestations of invisible Forces or Powers, which, as the old stories tell us, have come to earth to do some important task relating to the spiritual guidance of mankind, and shall remain here until completion.

SUBJECTIVE EFFECTS

There follows two recent reports from people who have eaten Sacred Mushrooms. From all the reports available to me I have chosen those I regard as the most interesting. The first deals with Psilocybe, the second with Fly Agaric.

(1) *Psilocybe.* Subject was at the time living in a small very old English village, with a church and graveyard opposite his cottage. After collecting the mushrooms, he dried them slowly by the fire, ground them into a black powder, then ate them mixed with jam.

"Before the mixture had even entered my stomach I distinctly felt a pleasant electric shock shoot up from the base of my spine to the top of my head; as the initial tenseness subsided my head began to tingle, and this tingling spread all over my scalp, slowly down across my forehead, followed by a sensation as if a white cloud quickly brushed across the surface of my eyeballs; the next moment the idea flashed across my mind: "My eyeballs have just been cleaned and see how new the world looks!" All this happened in perhaps two or three seconds. Moments later I was back in my familiar old room again, in a quite normal state of mind, wondering what on earth happened a moment ago?

Slowly I began to feel my body tingling, not a normal tingle, but as if my body were "going away". I became claustrophobic and had to leave the house, so we both went together, and noticed, immediately we were outside, that the church was pointing the wrong way. We went into the church to investigate and discovered that the ground plan was the reverse, longtitudinally, of what it should be. We noticed that the floor was now lower than the original, and saw many ordinary architectural and decorative details which only served to confirm our idea that the church was pointing the wrong way.

After looking at the well-designed Kabbalistic figures on the front we walked out into the street, for things were very strange in the church.

Some months later I discovered from a local farmer whose ancestors had owned the farm for many centuries that the present church was built on the site of an earlier chapel, built on the site of an even earlier Celtic temple. Such temples being built in geometric alignments with stellar and planetary motion, the Romans destroyed as much as they could and even rebuilt some of the churches pointing in the wrong direction, thus hoping to resist the invisible magical powers supposedly flowing along the alignments and used by our Celtic forefathers in their divinatory practices."

(2) *Fly Agaric.* Subject found some Fly Agaric in a wild mountainous region and decided it must be the right time to eat some, for it was growing on the path. He partially dried it and ate it together with some special oils prepared to counteract the unpleasant sickness which might result from eating partially fresh mushrooms.

Initially there was the slow onset of nausea accompanied by a strong desire to vomit, although, having specially eaten nothing for a day or so, there was nothing in his stomach. The nausea developed to a most uncomfortable degree, but as the oils effectively counteracted this, he began to feel very happy.

"I was simply happy that everything was happening in such a beautiful way. Everything seemed to be essentially good, but as time passed I began to feel sad. I realised that I was seeing qualities of things I hadn't noticed before. Whenever I witnessed dishonesty, even to the slightest degree, my own honesty or that of others, I felt sick, yet when I witnessed creative and loving forces pass between people, I felt supremely happy. I understood dishonesty in a different sense from the normal; it was the refusal to understand, see, or acknowledge the obvious and as time passed everything became obvious".

"A single, pure, flute-like note played inside my head, and as I walked across the landscape this note changed, the cause of which I attributed to invisible energy permeating everything. I understood that everything has its particular note, or vibration which we can hear and feel if we become receptive. I heard choirs of angels and deities singing from the tops of hills, and each hill had its unique music; not music I can describe for we do not have such music in our world; it was the music of living things, music of the trees and the sky, music of the wild animals, and then I realised that human music is usually a very poor attempt to communicate with living things, or at least to reflect some of the qualities of living things".

Later, he continues, "I felt very tired and so went to lay down on my bed to rest, and must have fallen asleep because when i awoke I couldn't tell whether it was dawn or dusk. After I discovered that it

was dusk and I had not been asleep for several days after all. I remembered what had happened. I had just returned from a conference held somewhere in the depths of the earth, where an important Grand Meeting of Gnomes had taken place. We discussed many things of major importance relating to my future and past, and they showed me many things which I can not repeat for they were not communicated by words: they came into my mind and that is how I must have spoken to them. I must have fallen asleep at the conference too, because I remember waking up to find a Gnome standing beside my head (he seemed like a giant at the time) holding out to me, in his left arm, a Fly Agaric in its button stage of growth, saying: "Eat this and it shall all happen as you wish". I reached up to take the mushroom and then awoke".

"Later I walked outside to observe a few things and saw that everything contained its own life. Even the rocks and soil, houses, trees, the river and the sky were alive; rivers of energy were flowing everywhere, and I was a part of one particular river. I found I could understand people even before they spoke; I understood them by what they really were, not by what they often appeared to be."

"All life was sacred, and essentially very pure, while all the evils were simply hurt feelings from long ago, not only in their lifetimes, but moods and subsconscious drives inherited through centuries and centuries of family trees. Everything not only contained its own unique characteristics, but a long long history, which was at the time as clear as the words on this letter".

"Later, the nausea came back and I could not enjoy the company of others, who I suddenly began to regard as inferior in some way; their words seemed harsh and lacked vitality; they were not real words of communion, but simply accepted symbols in a system designed to help people communicate. The words were as heavy as objects and seemed to come out with great difficulty. Others seemed sharp like daggers, and hurt very deeply. I chose to remain alone and finally went to sleep".

"I spent the next two or three days reviewing the experience and trying to translate them into coherent terms, but have to this day been able to record only a tiny fraction of what happened during those few days".

It appears that after a heavy dose of Fly Agaric, emotions and reflexes become more atuned with the environment; that is, it becomes increasingly difficult to supress reactions to the outside world. Aggression outside produces fearless aggression inside while peace outside produces peace inside. In this way one becomes analagous to a mirror which simply reflects what is happening. I assume that during the "introspective periods" the subject is totally immersed in his own inner world. There are periods when communication is absolutely impossible because, by all appearances the subject enters a state resembling that of a dreaming person, when it is possible to arouse him but only very temporarily, for he quickly slips back "asleep".

No attempt should be made at this stage, to arouse or communicate, for he will be so deeply involved in watching the scenes of his life and imagination pass in front of his vision, sudden severence from that "world" and re-awakening to this far denser world could be mentally totally exhaustive or even painful.

It is interesting to note that many of the experiences recorded above are simply a modern version of some of the events of 'mythological' stories. A thorough search of old bardic poetry, ancient myth, fairy tales etc. will reveal the truth that they are simply a more primitive means of recording information than we have to-day, and that the basic information in them is correct and based on actual observation.

GATHERING, DRYING, PRESERVING, PREPARATION

When a mushroom field has been found one should arrange for them to be transported as quickly as possible to the place they are to be used, for they are very delicate plants.

Ideally, they should be collected in large baskets during a fine morning, after the dew has risen but before the sun has a chance to weaken their strength. Never fill baskets, but always pack very loosely. It is an old law never to collect more than you yourself need, but if you wish to break this law, then they should be threaded together in such a way that they can be hung up over a natural fire; not in the direct radiation, but over the warm (not hot) air currents rising from the fire. They should be left there for some fortnight or more until they are bone dry, and to accomplish this it is necessary to check them every day to ensure that none of the caps are touching under more than the slightest pressure, otherwise rot and maggots will quickly settle in.

If this preparation is followed, the degree of nausea always associated with eating Fly Agaric can be lessened, although unfortunately not counteracted completely. Toxins do not affect physical reactions, but mushroom nausea is increased by fear or rejection of the experience. Always remember that the slightly distressing symptoms will pass away in time and that following my instructions for mental preparation will help allay them quickly. Acceptance is the keyword. Five to ten drops of Essential Oil of Peppermint mixed with two or three teaspoons of olive oil are used by some people at the same time as eating Fly Agaric to help counteract nausea, but it won't work at all if food has been eaten during the previous 24 hours.

When bone dry, they may be stored for a maximum of a year, when it is best to collect another crop.

Some Mexican Indians store psilocybe mushrooms in gourds for a year after which they are crushed to a powder and mixed with Thorn Apple roots and three other flowers to sweeten the taste, all other four ingredients having also been stored for a whole year and ground to a fine powder. The ingredients are then mixed in the proportion of one part fungi to one part of each of the other four ingredients. The mixture is then stored in a sealed gourd for another year, after which it is then transferred to a leather pouch kept hung around the neck and used when required. This was the mixture used by Carlos Castaneda to help turn him into a crow. (See Bibliography).

After Koryaks have dried their mushrooms in the sun or in an open hearth they get their women to chew the bitter fungus, for the vile taste alone often causes nausea and interference with the pleasure of the experience.

If the mushrooms are soaked in water and left in a gently warm place, covered with fine muslin, for about three days or more, stirring or macerating each day, most of the poisons (including of course the magical properties) are disolved out into the water, which the Koryaks and certain East Europeans put into wines and liquors, which they relish naturally enough.

The essential alkaloides of the Fly Agaric are excreted via the kidneys, which accounts for the Koryak custom of drinking the urine of mushroom eaters. This custom tends to nauseate western visitors but to refuse an offered draught of urine is the most foul of crimes to the Koryaks, who could not possibly be expected to understand why one should refuse the chance to speak with the great spirit. Indeed in many desert regions of the world human and cattle urine is drunk with relish for the value of its salt content, without which the inhabitants would die.

Fly Agaric

SPECIAL POINTS OF DANGER AND CAUTION

Amanita Muscaria is only one fungus of a family containing over a hundred species, many of which are very similar in appearance to each other. A common assumption is that all Agarics may be used as hallucinogenic agents with some great degree of safety, or alternatively that all Agarics are fatal poisons. Neither assumption is entirely truthful. It would be as well to purchase a well illustrated text-book on fungi spending the first few months simply learning to recognise different species. Never eat fungi until the identity is known. No one wants to take one of the irretrievably fatal species during a hasty experiment.

Never take decaying or maggot-eaten specimens for consumption, even when you know that the species in question is definitely edible, although those slightly attacked by slugs are perfectly allright after thorough washing with cold water. Maggots eat into the flesh of the fungi leaving tiny holes, while slugs simply eat away holes at the surface, like little craters.

It is apparently easy to overdose with Fly Agaric, so one should never eat more than two or three thoroughly dried specimens (about 3" diameter) to begin with. After at least an hour, preferably longer, one or two more may be eaten. With larger mushrooms take less in number. Some agarics are more poisonous than others so to begin with even smaller quantities than suggested above may be advisable. However if the practical hints and proper methods of preparation given are followed, and combined with common sense rather than paranoid caution, there should be no danger at all. Experience, patience and sharp perceptions are necessary. (Speed kills) It should be remembered that throughout history precautions have been taken to ensure that poisoning did not occur. Such precautions usually involved becoming experienced in the art of knowing mushrooms i.e. knowing by the look, feel smell taste and vibrations whether it contains more of the poisonous principles or the hallucinogenic principles.

Such very real dangers are some of the reasons why the Sacred Mushrooms have been kept as closely guarded secrets. Misuse has already brought them into disrepute in many parts of the world.

ANTIDOTES

When experimenting it is best to learn of the various antidotes and partial antidotes available, and to keep them handy in case anything should go wrong.

In severe cases of mushroom poisoning it is always best to seek medical aid, and to specify to your doctor, if possible, exactly which mushroom has been eaten, how much, how long ago. If this is not possible, take a piece of the fungus to the doctor or give him a good description and details of where it was found. In cases of mild poisoning where a doctor does not appear to be necessary, but some form of amellioration is required, the following may be administered carefully, in small doses, slowly and regularly, (every half hour at first, decreasing dosage and increasing times between doses as symptoms wear off):- brandy (be careful), camphor, medicinal charcoal, coffee, fat or oil to relieve the stomach. Emetics and purgatives can be used.

Things which tend to aggravate the poisoning are:- being in open cold air, cold weather, after eating, sex, before a thunderstorm and sitting quietly.

A good exercise is to continue moving about slowly.

LAWS TO BE OBSERVED DURING COLLECTION AND CONSUMPTION OF NATURAL SUBSTANCES

Man is one tiny part in a vast system of living things, all of which play important roles in the smooth flow of life. Until a certain awareness of the life inherent in all things has been attained, there can be no personal understanding of life, or respect for the self.

Your body, although capable of hanging on to the last fraying strands of life, is a very delicate structure indeed, and it should be learned which substances your body is capable of assimilating and using to further health

Health does not only imply physical health, but a certain internal quietness or clarity of mind. Aggressiveness, clinging, jealousy, fear and hate, are just a few of the internal distresses we all have to overcome before we are entirely independent spirits. Independence means that we do not NEED any particular thing, nor do we seek out useless pleasures when at peace. We indulge in energetic exercises with nature and accept what is placed on the doorstep with gratitude.

Indians collecting peyote cacti do not seek them, but walk through the selected country in a straight line, and if they happen to "bump into one", then it is for them to pick. They do not wander away from their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away for they assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right.

This is the attitude of many primitive peoples, who regard those who hurriedly search through the undergrowth as seeking pleasure and power.

It may be debatable whether or not fungi contain some resident "spirit" but many doubtlessly have the power to induce peculiar and important states of mind and if we look objectively at the effects, we find that they can do no more than alter the state of our mind, AS IT IS PREVIOUS to consumption. Thus those who make a habit out of using such things gain progressively less benefit each time, for they do not allow time to assimilate each experience into their life patterns, a process which may take weeks or even months.

Enjoying or suffering the purely chemical effects of hallucinogenic mushrooms serves no purpose other than to intoxicate the brain and therefore DULL the senses, exactly the opposite of the desired effect. Over stimulation of the system not only introduces harmful toxins to the body, but quickly uses up natural sources of energy, producing tiredness, inability to focus the mind, restlessness, lethargy, progressively deepening melancholy, nervousness, etc.

The key to perception of subtle things and of enjoying pleasures fully, lies in your own awareness of the pleasure and importance of being in this state for a while and indulging in the vast variety of things the world has to offer. To rely on our own resources rather than the weekly ingestion of some chemical is more honest. In many parts of the world mushrooms are taken only a very few times in life, to act as a catalyst in the awakening of dormant senses, which once awakened may be exercised in ordinary daily activity to keep them awake. Love of all life will eventually produce greater effects than a weekly dose of fly agaric, although it may sometimes be necessary for some people to take a close look at the activities of deeper regions of the mind, in order to solve some baffling problem.

Mushroom eaters always prepare themselves for some days beforehand they decide exactly what it is they wish to achieve and ensure that any necessary directions are firmly imprinted on thy mind so as not to lose their objective during intoxication. Unless such procedure is attended to, the experience is likely to be merely a barrage of sensations and ideas welling up from within; such experiences may indeed be pleasant, but are in reality no better than getting drunk every night (it must be remembered that Fly Agarics are highly toxic). The value of the experience depends upon an understanding of the two kinds of pleasure and the two kinds of pain.

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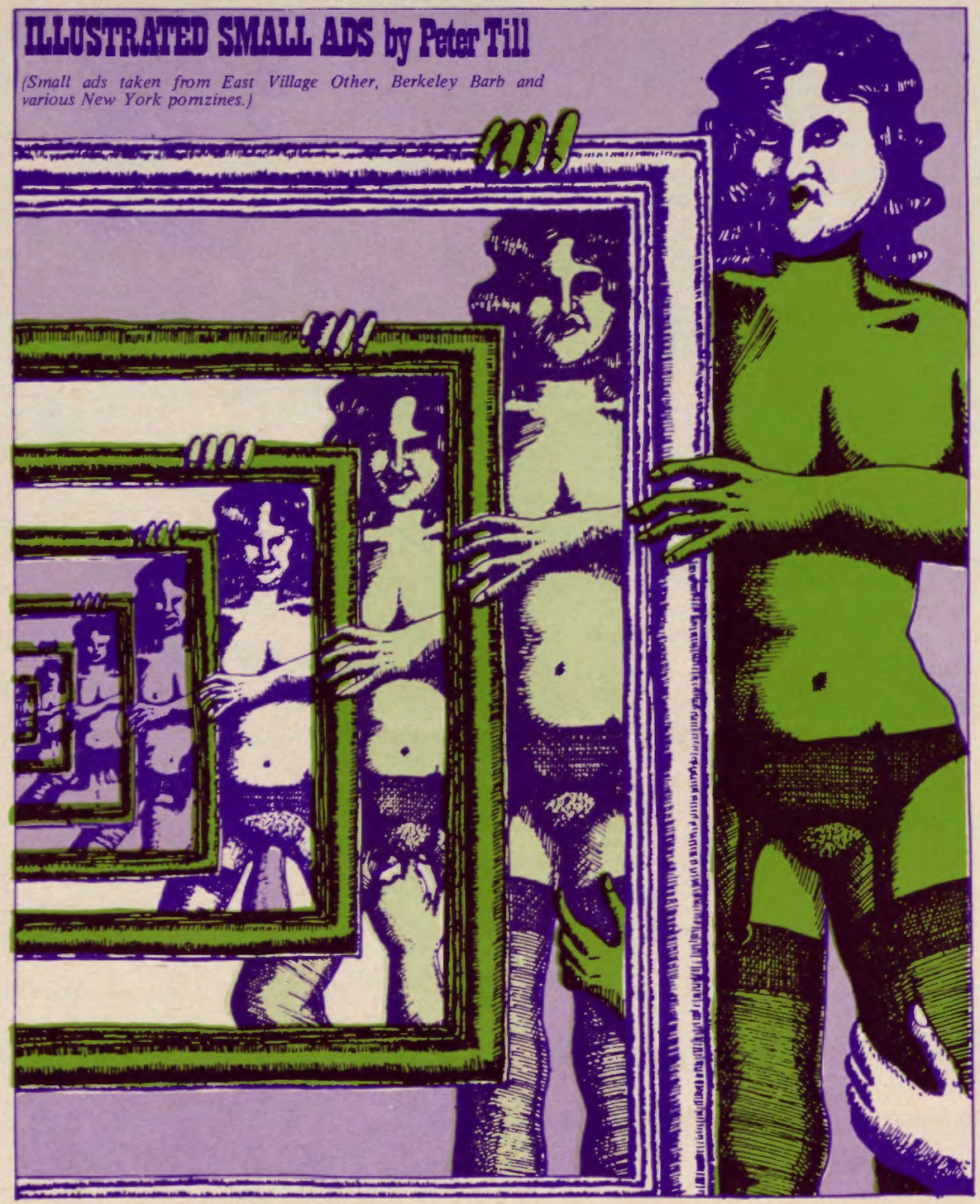
ILLUSTRATED SMALL ADS by Peter Till

(Small ads taken from East Village Other, Berkeley Barb and various New York pornzines.)



MIRRORS MIRRORS EVERYWHERE. I have mirrors on the ceiling, mirrors on the wall, I have assets to share with docile males who dare. Your letter is requested, my equipment is prepared. Your sample dollar will cover a picture of me in rubber. NYC Female. Box 8126.

A young healthy European fellow, blonde, well cared for, wants many and I mean abnormally sized cocks to open up my fast closing small-sized ass, well rounded in shape, but MUST HAVE COCKS well over the 10" lengths and very thick, quickly Payment assured for a good job well done, prefer colored, but not essential, but MUST be large. Harold L. Brian Washington, DC

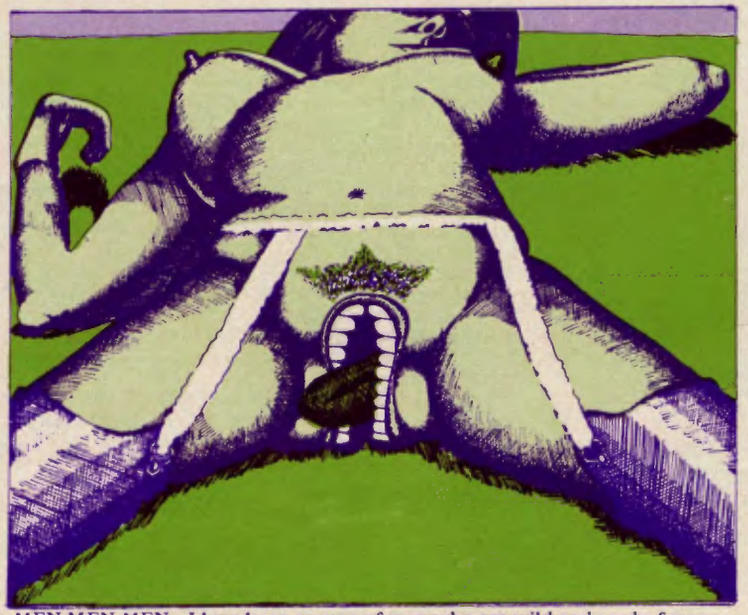
GAY MALE seeking male stud, 21-35, long haired type preferred but will consider all. Enjoys being used for toilet. Only those with exceptionally large bowels need apply. Also enjoys all other sex. All letters answered. Write Berkeley 94707.

Once in a while, a truly outstanding model becomes available from private work. ACTION HOUSE is proud to offer this blue eyed hunk of man, 6'3" young stud, hung thick, sexy face, rugged action to satisfy you. RATES: $18 an hour. Call now Berkeley 387-8888.

GET INTO PANDORA'S BOX! HER collection of LOVE TOYS will make you giggle & wiggle with delight. Her profusely illustrated catalogue will fill you with wonder at the many imaginative uses of Ultramodern materials. CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT S.F., Calif.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience. WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21, send $2.00 to: BACCHUS & CO

YOU KNOW the story about the guy who had 300 wives and they were all satisfied? That was a sneak preview of 'Mouth Power' says the friendly old Frenchman at 'Le Salon' the Supermarket of Risque Books open 7 days 8 a.m. till 1 a.m. 1118 Polk. 673-4492.



MEN MEN MEN. I love large groups of men who are wild and ready for me. The more the merrier, I am well stacked and love those gang parties. Send photo and I will respond. NJ. NYC Female. Box 51310.

SEXATIONALLY curvy Caucasian beauty, professional exotic dancer, desires males, any race, any size, for fun and frolic. No holes barred. NYC Female. Box Q Pussy Magazine

"LET ME HELP YOU"

SAYS DR. HIPPOCRATES

Customs check at London Airport. Dr. Hip-pocrates says, "Leave your stash at home when you travel abroad."

PISSED OFF

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

The discussion of male and female urination postures in your recent column blew my mind. It must have been a put on!

Just in case it wasn't, however, let me say that there is no psychological reason why women can't urinate in a standing position. As a matter of fact this was the case in ancient Egypt, according to Herodotus. The necessity of these positions is all in the mind. I'm surprised Women's Liberation hasn't caught on to that one.

Some chicks (sic) I know are insulted by being repeatedly told they can't urinate standing up and are threatening to have a piss-in."

ANSWER: My secretary and several other female members of the Hippocrates research arm (or whatever) decided to test your hypothesis. The concensus was that barring practice and an absence of undergarments your friends had better bring a change of clothes should their demonstration come to pass.

BALLOONING BALLS

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

For the past six weeks or so I have been finding it extremely difficult to get an erection on. I have also noticed that one of the testicles is becoming larger and the regular size one appears and feels like it has a growth coming on it. Do you think this would have anything to do with the erection problem?

Otherwise everything appears to be normal. Since I have always led a full sex life, I would like to know what you think

ANSWER: You should see a physician right away—either your own or a urologist. Referrals can be made through nearby medical schools, county medical societies or free clinics.

Many people put off a visit to the doctor, even when they know something is wrong, for fear of confirming their worst suspicions. Paradoxical, true, but delaying medical treatment for this reason is a very common and sometimes very tragic occurrence.

5 O'CLOCK SNATCH

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I am a happily married woman. My husband and I enjoy cunnilingus. However, my husband has a beard, which I like except that it is scratchy and irritates my genital area.

Usually he wets his beard with good warm water so that it is comfortable during the act. But afterwards from the rubbing I am itchy sometimes for days.

I don't want him to shave his beard. Can you recommend something that would soften his beard more than warm water and especially can you recommend some kind of soothing lotion (or something) that I can apply to the vaginal area afterwards to relieve the itching?"

ANSWER: Two of my bearded friends responded to your problem with great empathy. One said he shaved his moustache and the area below his lower lip especially for his wife. The other, a Berkeley physician, wondered if you husband's beard was yet too short for comfort. (A baby lotion or Vitamin A and D ointment will soothe chafed skin).

G. Legman, the erudite and witty author of Oragenitalism—Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation (Julian Press—1969). Legman devoted himself so enthusiastically to this subject that rumour persists he was asked to will his tongue to the British Museum.

"The man in cunnilinctus (sic) simply places one of his palms, cupped tightly against his chin, so that only the back of his hand touches the woman's vulva, which is completely protected in this way from the touch of his chin-stubble."

Legman ends his book by recalling a 1920s divorce suit against Charlie Chaplin in which the great man was "accused" of performing cunnilingus on his wife. "All married people do that," replied Chaplin.

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

Do you offer any precautions against taking mescaline during childbirth? It seems ideal for maximum mental alertness and physical endurance.

If the idea is a very dangerous one, perhaps you can suggest a similar, safer drug. But I'd really like to try it for those reasons."

ANSWER: Students taking a course in human physiology would learn that an unborn baby's circulation is linked to the mother's and that drugs taken by the mother also affect the child. Physicians administer drugs during childbirth with great care because of possible effects on the fetus.

The best way to insure the health of your unborn child is to eat a nutritious diet, abstain from all drugs (including alcohol and tobacco) and receive regular examinations from your family physician or obstetrician.

DOPE BLACKOUTS

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

To be blunt, I'm scared. I was smoking some grass about 3 weeks ago and I started to feel dizzy. Next thing I remember is waking up on the floor and being told I'd been unconscious about 7 minutes.

This wouldn't bug me so much except that I can remember coming close to blacking out 4 times when I was younger: in pre-school, at the blackboard in a writing class in the third grade, at confirmation when I was about 11, and at a wedding when I was 15.

All of the times I've fainted were when I was very uptight, like wanting to be somewhere else, so I've usually figured it's just some psychological trip—like I shut myself off when I'm threatened.

ANSWER: Recently I treated a student for bizarre symptoms after he'd smoked marijuana from a waterpipe with a group of friends. He had been noncommunicative for several hours before being brought to the hospital.

When I first saw him he was lying on the floor, face down trying to crawl away from his friends. Then he crawled into a corner under a stretcher, obviously terrified. He couldn't be talked down (as most people can on bad trips) so I had the nurse give him a tranquilizer by injection. Within a few minutes, long before the effects of the tranquilizer could have taken effect, he was responding in a normal manner.

The student told me similar experiences had occurred before he had ever used marijuana. I referred him to a neurologist to determine whether any physical cause could be found for his behaviour.

You should have a thorough physical examination soon.

BURNT OUT

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

Since this question would waste my doctor's time I'm asking you.

I've been REALLY TRYING to get over my LAZINESS for at least 3 years. When I discovered the hippy world I felt a little proud of it . . . but it is getting worse.

I have lots of dreams to be a teacher of biology one day, but I'm too lazy to study. It takes a lot to pick up after myself, my house is always messy, I have no children, but I am worried and it's driving my husband away from me.

I've been lazy for as long as I can remember—no energy to do what I have to do, but I did have an active life of fun while my husband was in Viet Nam

I've always been sickly, I seem to catch every cold there is because I don't get any exercise, because I'm lazy. What do you suggest?"

ANSWER: Why not waste the doctor's time long enough for him to refer you to a psychiatrist or psychologist?

Yeah, looking at my cluttered desk I know just how you feel, all these journals, articles, letters . . . Think I'll take a long vacation soon.

The Equation runs like this—Government = control = justice. You can govern the country if you can control it. And you can make the control attractive by calling it justice. But justice is the process of deciding whether or not what you've done interferes with the government's control of the population. The *process* may be impartial, the *process* may be fair but the framework in which that process (the lawyers, the courts) work is political and as unfair as only politics can be.

IT has been charged and convicted, OZ charged and committed for trial not because some absolute rules were broken or because some biblical gent was rustled on his throne. But because enough people in the country wanted it to happen. So they complained until the government thought it worth the trouble to do something. They complained for a variety of reasons ranging from the fact that people are scared of anyone who is different and want them suppressed, to some sort of righteous idea of morality. But in the end it was the people who live amongst us who complained.

So what's the effect now? A few scared people. Perhaps duller more cautious publications. Perhaps more violent ones. The machinery of justice is slow, quiet, polite and very very brutal. When you're at the Old Bailey you realise that a state can do anything to its citizens. Its only got to pass the right law. Also a minority group—homosexuals—won't be able to advertise. Just who is that prohibition going to benefit?

Maybe IT got off lightly. They have at least to April if not longer because of appeals to find roughly £2,600 in fines. They need right now £800 to cover defence costs. If you can spare the bread send it to the IT Bust Fund.

But should it have happened? Do you want to live in a society that punishes people for doing things that don't harm anyone? In the name of justice. In the name of control. In the name of government.

UNDER-GROUND PAPERS SUCK !!!

I.T. SUCKS MORE THAN MOST...

HOW TO GET YOUR MAN... ...

THE FEMALE EUNUCH by Germaine Greer

In the introduction of her book, 'The Female Eunuch' (pub. Macgibbon & Kee) Miss Greer says,

'If it is not ridiculed, or reviled, it will have failed of its intention.'

With the recent play Female Liberation has received in the media, and the antagonistic stances adopted by some of the more histrionic of the 'soul sisters', one might expect this to be another exercise in name calling, yet more salt in the wound between the sexes. To my great relief I found it to be, for the most part, just the opposite: something rare in such an emotionally charged subject–a cool, massively supported, vividly written analysis of the 'female condition', its evolution through history and present character in consumer society. Far from being a revolutionary tract, 'The Female Eunuch' more resembles a collage of what the great philosophers, poets, suffragettes, and psychologists have thought of women through the ages. Despite occasional lapses, Miss Greer comes through as something much more exciting than a proselytizer. She is an intellectual in possession of a trained critical mind that shows itself at home in a stimulating range of subject. Her antecedents, at least in the beginning, are plainly humanistic, her allegiances veering on the existential. Of the liberated woman, she says,

'She could begin by not changing the world, but by re-assessing herself.'

and goes on to warn that for the woman considering the step into autonomy,

'Life is not easier, or more pleasant . . . but it is more interesting, nobler, even.'

In short she grounds the question of female autonomy in a classically moral realm, the need to attain selfhood is represented as an obligation which no self-respecting woman can afford to ignore. This is worth noting for later on she seems to abandon the position, or even openly contradict it, and it is precisely at those moments when she does abandon the viewpoint furnished by her intellectual heritage, that I find fault with the book. But those moments are rare. If she is anything, Miss Greer is well informed and up to date. Her conclusions, apart from the literary criticism, do tend to restrict themselves to the limits of traditional New Left reading: Marcuse, Freud, Marx, Blake, Nietzche, Norman Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, Norman Mailer, etc; almost the table of contents of an underground newspaper, but its result is a very thought provoking blend of scholarship and journalism. Mordant, witty, at times passionately autobiographical, she traces the roots of modern woman's malaise and illuminates, using the terminology and methodology of her sources, what she considers to be her present impasse. It begins as an autopsy but the corpse of romantic love turns out to be more alive than ever. Her attempt to cover so much area–she flies from denunciations of vaginal perfumes to reconstructions of medieval sexual neuroses–inevitably results in a certain thinness in parts, a too facile treatment of subjects which demand more detailed exegesis. The ideal picture of sexually healthy medieval English peasantry appears too exaggerated, as does her characterization of the middle class housewife as the perpetually idle, indolent consumer of her husband's labour. Similarly her description of the conventionally raised girl of today as a 'female faggot' seems too absolute, too melodramatic. It obscures the reality it was intended to illuminate. The situation of the male homo-sexual in society is very different to that of the woman alternately repressed and lured by the unattainable myth of the Feminine Stereotype. The homo-sexual can and does gain ascendency in society and precisely in those fields where women have proved unfruitful. Is the average man then a kind of male lesbian?

Granted the present state of most women is a result of centuries of servile conditioning, that visual and consumer values have been substituted for the physiological and psychic integrity of the individual, that relations between the sexes enact a symbiotic pattern of sado-masochism, that the patriarchal family is an indispensable analogue to the capitalist state, that it is the breeding ground of the Oedipal complex and the means by which the mechanism of servility reproduces itself, accepting all this, as Marcuse did, and Miss Greer does, our ending must be despair. The woman who desires liberation from this nightmare must, out of integrity to herself, refuse the servile trap of marriage, yet if she stands alone she cannot responsibly commit herself to bringing children into the world. Having formulated this intractable position, the book seems to fall apart at the seams. It would be churlish to demand of Miss Greer that she come up with an alternative where her authorities have left her with unresolved contradictions, but this is what she tries to do and her personal statement deserves criticism. She outlines an alternative to the repressive 'nuclear' family–a loose association of adults and children conforming to some vague tribal law and existing somewhere far from the horrors of fragmented, urban existence. She suggests that children can be brought up successfully without neuroses by non-parents, although there is nothing resembling conclusive evidence to prove this. The English middle class has traditionally handed its children over to educational institutions at the age of seven. Their upbringing is carried out to a large extent by non-parents yet it seems to have had little effect in limiting their neuroses. Her justification of a woman's right to abandon an unhappy marriage is equally unconvincing.

'It is much worse for children to grow up in an atmosphere of suffering, however repressed, than it is for them to adapt to a change of regime.'

This too blatantly begs the question–what does the change of regime consist of? She suggests that men are better at bringing up children alone than women and that a woman could pay alimony to her deserted husband in exchange for assuming the burden of child care. This alternative hardly corresponds to the social or psychological realities that would make up such a situation. Miss Greer laments the misery that flaws most marriages in our society, yet informal promiscuity between the sexes usually partakes more of the myth of the Feminine Stereotype–what all men seek and all women seek to become–than do marriage relations.

'A woman seeking alternative modes of life is no longer morally bound to pay her debt to nature.'

In that case, the new woman will be short-lived indeed and our children left with a choice of the eunuchs. Is there not a natural rhythm involved in bearing children, a necessary loss of self, a sacrifice to the future which, like the planting of seeds, delays gratification but ensures we may be nourished at a later date? Servile marriage or sterile autonomy? With the millstone of human equality around her neck–revolution must be for all or none–Miss Greer ends her book by asking,

'What will you do?

Fortunately the last chapter is not representative and for the most part I was avidly absorbed in what Miss Greer had to say. I spent so much time on the last chapter because it seemed to contain the most original portion of her argument and because, after having been so bluntly asked, 'What will you do?' I thought she deserved a serious answer.

There remains something abstract and unreal in Miss Greer's alternatives; as an ideal her justification of abandonment seems ready minted for general corruption. Like her I am born of a woman and can only feel threatened by her hesitations about bringing children into the world. Without a faith that does not shirk the sacrifice of reproducing herself, the future must remain closed to the liberated woman. That would be a great loss because the world plainly needs more Germaines and fewer Eunuchs.

Entertained on a mass scale, the problems of women in society are hopelessly bitter. To her question one can only reply–that it is impossible to supply satisfactory answers to such abstractly constructed problems. This is understandable and inevitable. The truth is most women and men lack the energy or capacity to live their lives in accordance with the blue prints of freedom which Marxist-orientated writers like Miss Greer supply. The assumption with a question like hers is that the reader must now face the imponderable contradiction Miss Greer has set up and claim it for his, or her own problem. This I happily refuse to accept. The Female Eunuch is an abstraction, the question a failure of nerve on Miss Greer's part at the vital moment. 'Neurotic', 'moral', 'responsible' are all terms with more meaning when applied to an individual personality than to an age, sex, or people. The question is an uncharacteristic bit of bullying, for whatever I do, or Miss Greer does, or you do, will in the end be the result of our individual destinies.

It would be a distortion of the books spirit to end on such a critical note. Apart from the last chapter, Miss Greer is overwhelmingly correct in her analysis of how men and women have produced the fragment called 'feminine'. Comparison between reality and the spectre of the Eunuch is uncannily absolute–suddenly one becomes conscious of a whole area of experience previously blinded by habitual response. To have altered our perceptions, enlarged our world, and amused us in the process, that is a brilliant feat.

Tim Harris

..the book that men love and women hate

Reading 'The Female Eunuch' I felt that there was not one Germaine Greer but several. There was one I liked a lot, who had the defiance, the controlled, if sometimes desperate dignity, of revolutionary feminism. Sometimes her writing captures the note of Wollstonecrafts 'Vindication', of Emma Goldman's 'Living my Life,' of a woman torn between two poles, divided by the contradiction of trying to live as a woman and as a person. This tension has sometimes developed into an emphasis on celibacy amongst feminists. There has been a connection between emancipation and the denial of sexuality. Germaine is not of this tendency any more than Mary Wollstonecraft or Emma Goldman was. She writes, 'A lover who comes to your bed of his own accord is more likely to sleep with his arms around you all night than a lover who has nowhere

else to sleep.' This is very much like the ideas of freedom in love which have run right through the revolutionary movement. The personal commitment not to cage or trap another person has always been intimately connected to the idea of a different society where nobody would be imprisoned.

I think it was this kind of feeling that led me to question the morality that was dished out to me in my early teens. When I read about Mary Wollstonecraft & then later discovered Olive Schreiner's story of an African Farm', it seemed to me theirs was a more honest and dignified way of living. Later I was to discover it is also more difficult. It is still terrible when all the walls are down and you're completely defenceless and he turns away. Women who break away from the established framework of things are left still very exposed and there's a high casualty rate. There have been many women who have shared the hope of self-reliance, who have struggled against dependency, but have suffered terribly for it. The Diggers had a rhyme about this directed against a rival puritan sect.

Germaine herself seems at her happiest sometime between the 16th and 18th centuries. She takes a kind of rumbustious delight it's impossible not to share in women with gallant pin boxes. London wenches 'Their tails are peppered with the pox' being contrasted to 'Buxom country Country lasses Hot piping from the Cow' Exactly what they were doing with the cows which turned them on so much isn't clear. Though it seems like male propaganda to me because the city girls had learned to play the market like the lass of Islington who kept her hand on the cellar door until she got a fair price. Given the kind of contraceptives they had around then I can't see what else they could do . But there are hints despite this of a time when sexually, the process of castration was still incomplete. For example in Samuel Collins 'loving' account of the vagina. As Germaine Greer points out, this is not only an exact and eloquent description, it's an active one., 'the vagina speaks, throws, is tense and vigorous'. Again I wish she'd gone into this more. If you locate the final triumph of female passive sexuality at the end of the 18th century and early 19th centuries, how does this relate to changes in the family and the organisation of work—in fact to the industrial revolution. She abstracts the process out of history.

'The castration of women has been carried out in terms of a masculine feminine polarity in which men have communicated all the energy and streamlined it into an aggressive conquisatorial power, reducing all hereto-sexual contact to a sado-masochistic pattern.'

T o some extent the cliteromaniacs who have popularised Masters and Johnson are on to this. Germaine asserts the vagina again, to my relief, because I was never happy with the idea that a quick rub off was any kind of substitute for the kind of orgasm you get when a man you are incredibly deeply together with is inside you. Not only did I find Anne Koedt's pamphlet didn't relate to anything I'd ever experienced, but it seemed mechanically to reduce orgasm to the lowest common denominator of sensation. As if you could measure something which you experience each time in a completely different way. ALSO, TO PRESUME THAT ORGASMS ONLY COME AS A RESULT OF DIRECT STIMULATION OF THE CLITORIS, STRIKES ME AS VULGAR MATERIALISM.

Germaine Greer is often funny. She lays into the female stereotype in no uncertain terms, and she is biting about Barbara Castle, making sure she looks attractive when she goes off to keep the workers wages down. Germaine's got a keen nose for this particular kind of dishonesty in women who play the system for their own ego. Her image of the 'Omnipotent Administrator in frilly knickers' is a nasty description of a nasty phenomena. She's at her ironic best on the typing temp and the secretary instructed to be beautiful—but not provocative. Baby has to be hot enough for man power, but she mustn't put the heat on. Presumably his stocks might fall if he got a hard on while he was busy running capitalism for us.

But in the midst of the defiance and the irony there's a gawky, forlorn girl, miserably dragging sanitary towels about in her school satchel, uneasily moving into an unhappy adolescence, not liking her mother, selfconscious about being tall and dreaming of crushing her nose into a giant's tweed suit. Incidentally there are problems about being short too especially if you go in and out in an fairly obvious kind of way. You find yourself patted on the head, chucked on the cheek and an immediate target for bottom pinchers. Early on I developed a ferocious scowl, the 'watch out if the wind changes' sort. But it's very easy just to drop jollily into being patronised; getting angry becomes exhausting. As for that tweedy giant, we all have him in some shape or size. Some day my prince will come and take me off on a motor bike far, far, into the hills, and I'll be lost in speed and black leather and never worry about my bust/hips/nose/ears/feet/being too big/little/short/fat etc. I mean we're still making contradictory and impossible demands on men and the sooner we come clean the better. Even if they're pretty reticent still about their projections on to us.

All Germaine Greer's comments on womens' liberation both in England and America have an external quality. They lack both the passion and the self criticism which women who have experienced working within the movements write. She misses out, too, on the way you learn and discover all the time and are, forced to reexamine all your preconceived conceptions, painfully often. There's a danger too when you're just writing on your own that you start to throw out alternative stereotypes of the liberated woman. These are just gags on other women. You reduce what is a unique dialogue for every individual woman, between her, the movement and the world outside, into simply new ways in which she ought to behave. Thus the liberated woman is ready to lick her menstrual blood off his cock, she doesn't make up reading lists, or sit on committees. There's a funny way in which people who are most concerned to resist all the rules individually start inventing a whole lot of new ones for other people. I mean menstrual blood on his cock might just be a matter of taste not liberation.

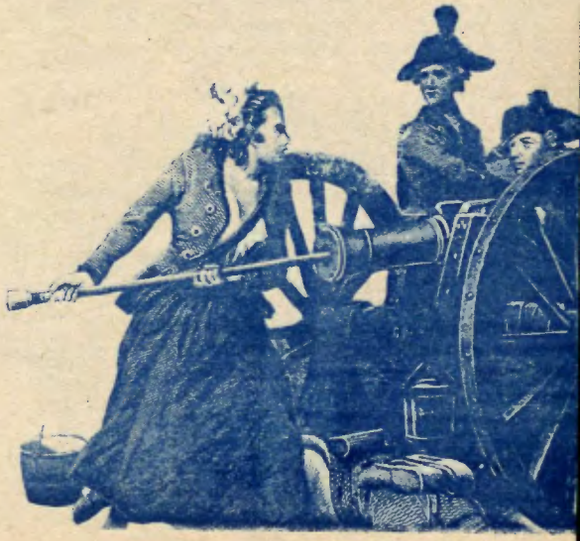
Oh wow it's been done before Germaine. Ever heard of scare crow radicals?. They frighten the sparrows a bit at first until they get used to them. Scare crows can look very impudent but they can't do anything. There have been lots of scarecrow feminists, lots of bold women who resisted the servile lot of other women, who made a great flurry and a show, and who ended up like George Sand rejecting the feminist socialist groups to perform for a male audience. You avoid the stiff tense humourless tightness you see as a feature both of feminism of the revolutionary groups, and you suddenly find yourself becoming a sophisticated brand of titillation on the media. Its a trap that destroys people—ruthlessly.

The only way out is to create consciously a movement which is confident gleeful, generous and loving. Ideally it would always be so but we are children of this world, fighting a knowing and nasty system. You can't duck the contradiction by declaring 'Revolution is the oppressed'. It may be but it also has costly overheads. It devours, drains exhausts twists crushes and destroys.

Somehow we have to find a way of living this contradiction if we are to survive. For women all this is even more true because we face not only the enemy without but the enemy within, male opposition within the revolutionary movement, and our own desire to submit to men.

Apart from these bits which I did not like at all, 'The Female Eunuch' is still subversive enough which is what Germaine hopes. Put it in the hands of the fuckedup young and old, male and female, and let the vagina speak straight to the jam rags, jelly bags, sex behind the hand and frustration writ large on lavatory walls.

Sheila Rowbotham



SPIKE

SUCK, the first European Sexpaper which is (hopefully) presenting the Wet Dream Festival (a four day film orgy of flashing cocks and steaming cunts in erotic Amsterdam) has announced a few added attractions—a Masturbation Contest, an S/M and Bondage Wear Fashion Show, and special screenings of gems from King Farouk's blue movie collection. To get into the Festival, you have, theoretically, to belong to S.E.L.F. (POB 2080, Amsterdam) the Sexual Egalitarian and Liberation Fraternity, but I'm sure if you happen to be in Amsterdam from November 26-29 you will be able to pay your membership fee on the spot and participate in the way that relieves your frustration best. Otto Muehl fresh from a spectacular success in Frankfurt, has been invited to attend the festival and plans to explode a cow and have a fuck in the resulting mess. London rejected Muehl's chicken action, but in Frankfurt he cut off a goose's head, sprayed its blood over the audience, put a condom on its neck and fucked his girlfriend with it. I wonder if the ICA, the NFT or the New Arts Lab could cope with that.

A.J. Weberman, the world's only living Dylanolgist is at it again. His mass circulated review of Dylan's LP *New Morning* starts off like this:
Holy motherfucking shit! A new Dylan album 3 months after Self Portrait. . . . the Dylan heads must be flipping out. Like anything would sound good after Self Portrait which nobody dug except a few hard core Dylan freaks who would probably say Dylan was right on even if he shat on top of some blank LP records and asked some people to listen to the needle as it tracked the turds. But that's not to say that Self Portrait is useless; I heard that Bellevue Hospital was playing it to freaks who have been accidentally poisoned, in order to induce vomiting . . . and after several pages of indigestible and spurious analysis which interprets *Went to See the Gypsy* as a record of a visit he paid to Dylan one Sunday when Dylan told him never to come hear his home again, he concludes that Dylan can't be part of the solution, so he must be still part of the problem. According to Weberman, John Lennon sings in *Give Peace a Chance*, "Let me tell you now, everybody's talking about Weberman, evolution, masturbation . . ."

CHRISTMAS NUDE-IN, FREAK-OUT

Everyone is invited to a PARTY at the Roundhouse, Sunday December 13, to celebrate with FRIENDS, OZ, and IT the end of 1970. Groups and organisations so far appearing include The Pink Fairies, Evensong, Hawkwind, Steve Peregrine Took and Shag Rat, Alexis Korner, Ginger Johnson, Black Frog Lightening, Pretty Things etc . . . Anyone who is outrageous enough to provide their own floorshow or help in any way ring
Stan at 969-2884.
Roundhouse—Sunday—December 13. 3.30 to 11.30. Cost: 10/- to cover expenses and all kinds of free goodies.

PERNICIOUS ANAEMIA.

Alternative life style commune ecological freaks might be interested in the Canadian ALTERNATE SOCIETY which has interesting articles on commune living in the States and British Columbia. Subscriptions 12 issues 5 dollars plus postage 10 Thomas St. St. Catherines, Ontario, Canada.

On the same subject, Clem Gorman is compiling THE BOOK OF COMMUNES, which is designed to appeal to anyone who wants to share work, play, living space or time, young people who want to move to the country, pensioners and poor people interested in new ways of sharing and cutting the cost of living. Anyone with information or help write to 8 Colville Terrace, London W.6.

STERILITY.

If you have had money refunded from those subscriptions you so optimistically took out with Cyclops, Strange Days and Idiot International, and you still want to take a chance on another youthful, radical magazine, try SNAPDRAGON whose first issue is out now with articles on US deserters in Britain, Fairport Convention and the delights of rural living, Hermann Hesse etc. Send 2/6 for a copy to 12 Bond Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton, Hants. Contributions and suggestions welcome.

THE LUNATIC LIBERATION FRONT

"Lunatic but Proud" "Lunatic is Beautiful"

In Amsterdam, where five years ago the Provos introduced the notion of lunacy into politics, Dutch film-maker Martijn Seip has launched the Lunatic Liberation Front with the slogan "A lunatic in every home".

Seip has succeeded in obtaining money from the government to set up a film workshop providing equipment and aid to enable people to make their own films. Initially this will take the form of a children's workshop and an adult's workshop but the next stage is to be the lunatic workshop. The children's workshop will pave the way for this allowing free expression to untrained minds, producing films which Seip sees as personal information facilitating communication & understanding between people.

The lunatic workshop, possibly inside asylums, will give lunatics opportunities for free expression. This information can be studied by psychiatrists, but it is soon hoped that films made will be available in open screenings in underground cinemas & film museums. A cinema called the 'Open Asylum' is already proposed. ("Not for Everyone—Madmen Only".)

Seip sees an early acceptance of such films for public screening as underground films have provided vanguard action, and currently the Netherlands Film Museum is showing films by Dutch filmer Frans Zwartjes who once worked in an asylum. One of Zwartjes films is explicitly called *Anamnesis* which is the name for information given to psychiatrists by patients.

One effect of underground film is that now many people have the courage to show their home movies long hidden in cupboards and denied to others. This new transmission of information increases understanding between people and lessens fear and uncertainty.

It is this same fear & uncertainity which has resulted in lunatics being the most oppressed people in our society. They are caged like animals, submitted to electric shocks, forcibly fed diets of drugs & denied intellectual & sensual stimulation.

SANE CHAUVINISM

Open Asylums will end this, for free expression by lunatics will provide films which are information that all can assimilate, & understand lunatics & see them as equals. Seip sees the time as right to end sane chauvinism which is supported by the power elites determined to rule. "A lunatic in every home" is a motto of anarchism, a description of a society in which no one will be seen as sane enough to rule anyone else and in which individuals will co-operate with each other for their common good.

The Lunatic Liberation Front is a reformist action, aiming at turning all asylums into open workshops in which film & videotapes are made & the information recorded by them transmitted to people all over the world. Other reformist gestures might include a demand for "a lunatic for president" but the patent absurdity of this will force consciousness of the absurdity of such an office.

The opportunities for the lunatic liberation front to infiltrate existing society have already been demonstrated by the Kabouters in Holland and the Yippies in USA. The Wizard of the University of NSW (OZ 24) is another example.

But at the moment overt lunatics are all behind walls and locked in cages. The covert lunatics get by under the guise of artists, writers, psychiatrists & intellectuals. But most other people repress their lunacy leading to all kinds of violence & hatred. Reformists gestures like the Open Asylum begin lunatic liberation. The repercussions can only be imagined.
Albie Thoms

STRAWBERRY TONGUE.

Searching for lady musicians for an all-woman rock group. Ladies who play drums, lead-guitar, bass, piano-organ, and violin, call Wendy at 722-1959 or Terry at 262-1234 ex.879.

SWAB.

As for the dope situation, it seems that if the pigs don't get you, your comrades will. British dopefiends are by now tired of hearing that rival Americans are either buying up or wiping out all the hash, long before it reaches us: but despair won't meet the demand or make it any cheaper. If the special relationship can't help, steely patriotism must be the keynote of the British effort to stay high. This year's home-grown crop, such as it is, must be carefully examined for quality when it comes on the market soon. Nobody really knows whether British grass is going to be good enough, and it certainly won't relieve the crisis for very long—but it's no use perpetuating the myth that it's impossible.

'The Shortage', though, is emphasised by widespread and justifiable paranoia: rip-offs are running level with tip-offs in London just now, so many dealers won't sell to strangers even if they've got the dope. And after the bust; the ability of the fuzz to up the real value of your stash by 2000%—as in a recent Durham case—is one more indication that there's no justice in Edward Nixon's England. At this stage it's not enough to 'stay cool'. Either we pay through the nose for dubious dope or we start planting next year—and if that fails we may be forced to smash capitalism.

Terry Milewski

SYPHILIS

There's a new emergency nightphone number in London—NIGHTLINE Night Information Service—658 0044—which is open from 6 pm to 7 am every night and all day on Sundays and Bank Holidays as well. If Release fails you, try them. Who knows what they might come up with.

PARKINSON'S DISEASE.

As the new academic year accelerates, the Vice-Chancellors are discovering that their scrupulous control of university intake, backed by firm discipline for the inmates, cannot stem the militant tide. Doubtless those rejected will not be idle, nor those thrown out. The untidy swarms of drop-outs, bums and dealers hanging about most British campuses is threatening the influence of official students' union bureaucracies. A penchant for free concerts by-passes the entertainment secretaries; petty theft increases; dope spreads and individual extremism becomes popular, while the Vice-Chancellors are forded into dictatorial intransigence which aggravates the frustration they seek to avoid. Even if a Students' Union disapproves the actions of a maverick member, it will not usually sanction any subsequent bullying by the authorities either. And what disciplinary action can a university take against a non-student?

There are other signs that the campuses cannot relapse into obedience. At Cambridge yet, students have been shocked into realising that the proctors can no longer be tolerated; at Keele, the scene last year of bombings, nudity and hooliganism, wholesale expulsions of 'those responsible' have already given way to renewed subversion by yet another 'tiny minority'. The old theory that, if you crippled the ringleaders, peace would miraculously descend on a contented campus is now useless: will it be followed by attempts to bribe students back into the middle class? Why is the Tory government so eager to consult the NUS on grants? Watch out got liberal concessions.

Terry Milewski

SWINE PLAGUE.

The present popular belief is that all police are pigs, bastards and whatever other names the harassed freaks can think up.

But it ain't quite true. Our blue-eyed boys in the Metropolitan Area, judging by the pointless busts of both IT and OZ on stupid corruption raps, the continual harassing of the hippies in Piccadilly Circus and the ever increasing number of drug busts throughout London are vindictive morons.

But out in the country, the police more or less fulfil what they were supposed to do when they were first invented by Robert Peel in 1892, ie They give a genuine service to the community, and are part of the social life of that community.

But first, some slander on the Mets. Ambition is what separates a true cop(or pig if you must) from an ordinary bobby on the beat. The cops in the Metropolitan force get more bread, and there is a great deal of class prejudice between different levels of cops. The P.C.'s envy the D.C.'s, because the D.C.'s have a more important job and get more bread, and the D.C.'s envy the D.I.'s and so on all the way up the slimy ladder.

A friend of mine in Highgate, who recently received an unexpected visit from various members of the local fuzz, noticed a lack of co-operation between the P.C.'s and the D.C.'s, and a reluctance to obey any orders, which made the bust extremely unproductive.

This situation is brought about by a lack of communication between two different ranks of cops. There is no social contact between the ranks and hardly any friendship, and therefore, all cops try and improve their position to impress everybody else.

This of course means that all the cops have to be terribly zealous to get as high as possible in the social ladder. The trouble is that the average copper has an I.Q. of something less than the national average. An ordinary copper is just a pleasant idiot, but the stupid Met boys become complete and utter bastards when their ideas of grandeur clash with their stupidity, and they become completely irrational, illogical, and totally vindictive.

Policemen are usually kids who have not enough O and A Levels to get into any other profession, so drop into the police force. Out in the country, they become just pleasant lower-class straight cats, who are willing to help the hairiest freak. But in the city, their illusions of power warp their minds.

The country fuzz are different. As a journalist, I have to go to the Oxted fuzz station every day and get the news. They are really friendly, will talk for hours nothing in particular, as they really have nothing to do all day except scribble pieces of information in the day-book. They are just ordinary people who get paid for doing a job. They complain about getting hardly any bread after working long hours and sometimes weekends.

They get really bored with the job they have to do as there is hardly anything to do in a small country town, and rap among themselves, chase chicks, and act like any lounger in an office. There hasn't been a drug bust in Oxted for several years, and maybe there never has been, as the C.I.D. are not really interested in busting people who mind their own business.

Bob Thorp and Graham Burnett, of C.I.D., could be mistaken for hippie businessmen, and take time off, pretending to be working, to walk around the streets of Oxted and look at the local talent. Everybody knows everybody in the station, and are all friends outside the office.

They are coppers in the old sense of the word. They treat heads like ordinary people, which we are, not like an animal to be hustled and fucked around as much as possible. Maybe the place for all heads is out in the country, where the scene is much cooler.

A local bobby near Southampton who wanders around the lanes on his bicycle, has so far given some friends of mine warning of pending Southampton drugs squad busts when a bust is imminent.

But the fuzz in the country are after the creeps who commit antisocial crimes, not hippies who just want to enjoy themselves. Yeah, the place for heads is in the country.

Treat them as helpful friends, and not as pigs, and you might even make close friends with them as I have done with several Oxted bobbies.

Maybe even try and use your charm on the Mets. It might work.

Charles Prendergast

Daily Mail

We are certain that there is no school of any kind which is entirely free from pupils experimenting with drugs.

—Evidence to the House of Commons standing committee on the Misuse of Drugs Bill.

FIRST . . . these are the eyes of a normal healthy child

The wide-eyed look of a child who has taken pep pills : Note dilated pupils.

The pin-point eyes of a child who has injected heroin : Note tiny pupils.

The Flaccid washed out face of a typical Daily Mail reader.

smalls

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Mungo Jerry, IF, Wishbone Ash, Comus, National Head Band and Help Yourself at The Royal College of Art on Wednesday 9 Dec. 10/- in advance, 14/- at the door.

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HELLS ANGELS, FREE WHEELERS, make with their own inside MAGAZINE, photos articles and distributors wanted, anything considered for publication. Send name and address to, 'Cambrai' Willetts Lane, Denham, Bucks.

ESSEX UNIVERSITY. Mixed Media Event. Saturday 28 November with Juicy Lucy, Edgar Broughton, Nucleus, Gregory Frenzy Jericho. Oxford Animation Festival Roadshow, Poetry, light show etc happening all over the Lecture Theatre block.

LEST WE FORGET: CNO Oemonstration SATUROAY November 28 against NATO and WARSAW PACT, GREEK COLONELS, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. 1pm outside Czech Embassy, then to Trafalgar Square rally 3.30 to 5.30. Melina Mercouri will speak. BE THERE!

Notes from a Sewage Farm

Dear OZ,

Fed up with the rotting image of what the Love Generation was all about: nauseated by the plastic and super-selfish pseudo-hippies who increasingly pay lip service to our ideals for their own personal pleasure alone.

I've met individuals who preach at length about friendship and sharing, but who will happily swindle me out of my hard-earned food money in order to buy themselves acid, telling me for good measure that I shouldn't be so attached to Capitalism's most basic symbol.

I've met types who will spend hours asserting their 'right' to live as they wish, but who won't allow the majority any right to live differently. Instead, like the pathetic american super-freak who wrote to OZ 30, they want to force their ways onto everybody else.

On the other hand, I've also met comfortable fatmums and car-washing dads who have shown me the most incredible human kindnesses.

For God's sake. Let's let the sunshine back in. We are all people. The elderly couple who live next door to me would certainly be very confused, to say the least, if they were suddenly made to live our way. I believe them to be mistaken and to be missing out on some of the best bits of life, but it certainly does them no good if they see a hermaphroditic individual who sneeringly refers to them as 'pigs'.

I'm not a saint and I know it. I simply try to make my reactions to other people more loving. I often fail, mainly because of a quick temper and a hatred of those who treat me (simply because I work for my living) as the natural source of whatever they happen to want. But I keep trying, because I'm trying to change Society from the inside–living within it and attempting to persuade people, rather than forcing them, into a better way of life.

When I die, I may only have a very small heap of achievements in this direction to look back on. But, I shall even so have done more good than those who insist that because they disagree with Society, it should support them and feed them and house them. And more good than the weirdies who say that the way to make everybody love one another is to blow them up if they don't.

It is wrong to kill. It is wrong to hate. It is wrong to steal. It is wrong to destroy. Those are our ideals: somewhat tarnished nowadays. It is high time we reasserted our faith in them, instead of copying the antagonistic posturings of the other side.

As long as we continue to threaten straight society, it will react with oppression. That is unfortunate but only natural. (we react the same way when it threatens us). And it stems from a fear of the unusual, just as race-hatred does. Perhaps, if we tried to be a bit less startlingly unusual and tried spreading around a bit more of that famous love, we might begin to get somewhere. After all, out of the many people who have influenced my thoughts as I have grown up, none of them has done so by twisting my arm: but, by reasoned discussion or by personal example they have shown me that their ideas were irrefutably better than mine.

love
Tony Peters

Dear OZ,

My second letter today to you–I've spent the intervening hours going through number 30 for the second time. (Finding everything that is there is a bit like doing one of those 'Find the Difference' puzzles involving two similar pictures). About the obscenity trial. I borrowed that issue from a friend, and I must honestly say that in my opinion it was definitely obscene. By that I mean that it was overloaded with smutty and unimaginative reference to the sex act, references which could only be appreciated if I were prepared to believe that sex was invariably hilarious, regardless of the circumstances. I vividly remember that when I was a school kid, I felt exactly that way about it. I didn't understand, then, that it was far more often a beautiful thing.

What is wrong with the charge against you is not the charge itself, but the definition of the word obscene. I just don't understand how that particular OZ could be said to deprave or corrupt anyone. As I said, if one were very young it would presumably have been very funny. If one were a little older it would be interesting only for the light it shed on younger minds, but in itself would be a bit of a bore. And if one were older still it might even cause considerable outrage. But you are not charged with any of those things.

I think that obscenity should be defined in a personal instead of a general way. Like this: an audience experiences a work of art. If any one man in that audience feels that the work of art portrays unpleasant things in an unpleasant manner, then as far as he is concerned the work of art may be called obscene. There may also be a school kid in the audience, of course, and for him the thing might have been a brilliant success.

So, I think that parts of that OZ described sex rather in the way that I might try to describe the mysterious operations within a sewage-farm, and those parts were in my opinion obscene.

If I'm right about two things: (a) that most of OZ's readers would basically agree with the above, the school kids being in the minority, and (b) that the issue concerned was an experiment–an experiment which worked beautifully and which there is no point in repeating just now, then it is unjust to dismiss the magazine generally as obscene. (Which is what this case means to most people, despite the limited terms of the charge).

It is also interesting that OZ may be inferred to be obscene only if children are writing it. But you have been charged, not the children. They, of course, are under age and not responsible for their actions. It is even more interesting that you are apparently considered to be more responsible for the actions of the children than their own parents are. Thank heavens there was no OZ when I was a kid–I might have been perverted into believing my parents and wearing a bowler-hat or something. (And I'd look pretty silly, let me tell you, with a bowler-hat on top of this lot). But there was no such influence, so I grew naturally away from my parents just as children always have. There was nothing to drive me back: nothing to show me the other side of the coin and allow me to see my parents' good points. In fact, I would say that the existence of a magazine such as OZ must tend to drive more waverers back into the system than it attracts out of it: if nothing else, OZ certainly reveals the terrors of independent thought.

Plus, also, the fact that you are receiving unrivalled publicity in every sector of the mass propoganda machine. Quite apart from the certainty that you now sell at least one copy of each issue to every pervert in the country, hundreds of new minds must have come into our world, their waking-up begun by reading an OZ which was only bought out of curiosity after hearing the News.

You know that you haven't done the things they accuse you of having done. Your friends know that, too. Consequently, the worst that Society can threaten you with is temporary personal inconvenience. For most prisoners, the punishment really begins when they leave jail–your sentence would end there. But, I would much rather that it never happened. I can only promise you that, if my personal utopia ever comes about, then OZ and everyone else will be allowed to publish whatever they bloody please. There is an OFF switch, marked 'eye'.

More love and a little peace, *Tony Peters*

Idyll Freaks

In 1956 I was a tearaway Art student in Bristol, Jim was a layabout (but such a lovely one); we clicked and mated up. Society didn't approve of our union and we were persecuted, kicked about from one place to another; we lived on beaches, existed on hop fields, in barns, with gypsies, on farms and lived the life out of 'The Grapes of Wrath' for a few years. We had two kids, one of them was called 'Moses' and was born in the squalor of a hop pickers hut, in straw. The other, Illia, in an old thatched farmhand's cottage. I held down my reproduction by successive abortions (self-induced)–I'd had one at 15, so I knew what to do–because although kids are beautiful, the system turns life so rotten that when you live on that level it's too hard to bear.

We did somehow buy a caravan, and a car to pull it and we lived on the road for a time but still we were persecuted and laughed at. So I got paranoid about going out into public, we had no friends, we couldn't communicate with anybody, we were kicked out of society because we resolutely refused to conform, because we believed society was based on the wrong values, materialism, and money-worship is sick and this modern sickness has (so far) left us clean. We ended up in Wales a few years ago, the country seemed outrageously beautiful so we embarked on cutting wood for private firms and here we still are. We live close to nature and are extremely poor. We never read papers or went out and it was only about six months ago thatwe discovered there were people called 'Hippies' and such a thing called the 'Underground' and that a whole new way of life had emerged, without us knowing anything about it.

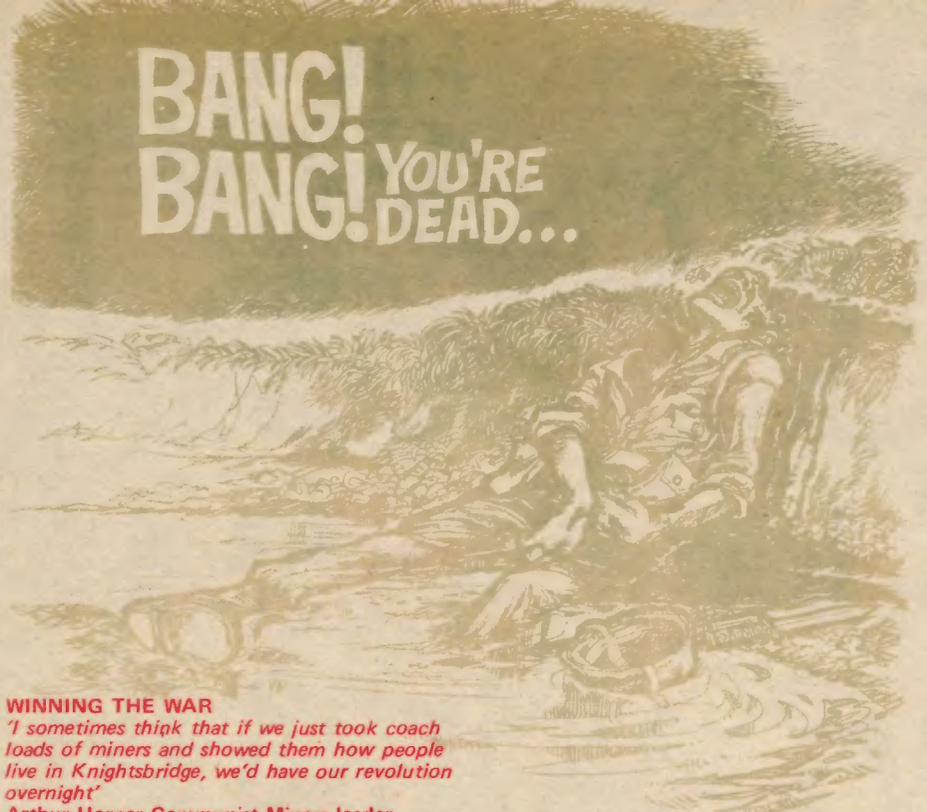
I know nothing about drugs, hardly; never had any except psilocybin mushrooms (very common in rich English grassland) and a few 'joints'. I don't understand the jargon that is being used, so you could call us innocent babies comparatively; but the strange thing is, our idea that we're born out of purity, seems to be the same as all you people have.

We believe that everything is much better in the 70's than in the 50's and 60's; the music, clothes, ideas, etc. and I'm so happy that the young can love easily today. Somebody has taken notice of the worthwhile thing we were scratching and fighting for then and the capitalist system now stands a chance of being overthrown if somebody powerful enough comes and leads things along.

I accidentally came across OZ when we ventured 'out' and went to a one-day Pop Festival at Knighton, Radnorshire. It was No. 29. I was pleased to see a school kid's issue, also, becuase we are having a battle with our kids' schooling, right now. We have tried to protect our kids from the trials of being 'different' amd I've attempted to let them look 'normal' (whatever normal is!) so they aren't ostracized (but of course they have been) but it is the eldest's time to go to the local comprehensive school and the establishment have asked far too much from us. *It must be* regulation uniform (all of us utterly abhor suits) and short back and sides. Well, Moses isn't having any of it, at any price. His usual dress is a typical boy's dress and his hair length is nothing abnormal (but very attractive). Obviously his father will back him up, because *he* knows a child of 12 is capable of deciding how he wants to appear. Unfortunately the Establishment Headmaster will not and cannot see anything beyond the image of the poxy school and he has refused Moses' admission to Tregaron County School. He has also told the bus driver not to let him get on the bus 'unless he is in uniform'. The Director of Education for the county backs up the Headmaster, so the next stop is them prosecuting us for 'failing to allow the child to attend school', whereas it's really 'the school that won't educate the child' which Jim will put forward as the point in question. Why should we submit our rights and sacrifice our children to the system? Why should babes be used as pawns in the gigantic machine that they are trying to turn us into; if the establishment courts of law support the school all the choice we have, is to go on the move again. The school's name should be made to public ly STINK first.

Jim and Chainy Beman,
c/o Tynygraig PO,
Ystrad Meurig,
Cardiganshire, Wales.

BANG! BANG! YOU'RE DEAD...



WINNING THE WAR

'I sometimes think that if we just took coach loads of miners and showed them how people live in Knightsbridge, we'd have our revolution overnight'

Arthur Horner Communist Miners leader

'I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order'

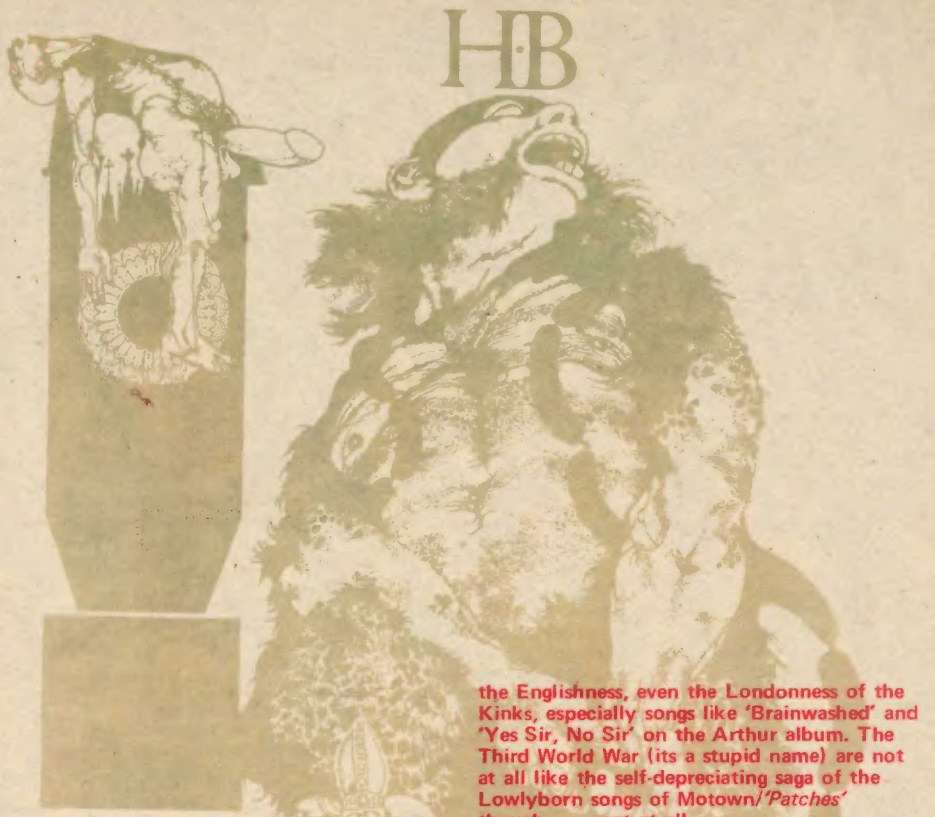
Tim Leary's escape note

The mechanical order of Knightsbridge is alive and well. Zomby-ladies stride out of dress shops and restaurants, eyes wild for taxis, Alfa-Romeos are belligerently reversed into mews and typists wait for buses and blow their noses. Behind complicated Knightsbridge locks, the manager and political advisors of Third World War tell you about the impending crisis. Its mainly paranoid Readers Digest chemistry, "You know man, do you know, the atmosphere is so fucking loused up, man, we're all going to be dead in 5 years . . like if you were to take a mouthful of your flesh, you'd be dead in minutes". And then about the new spirit of modern youth, its like the Duke of Edinburgh followed by Prince Charles. A room full of ex-druggies ('The whole flower scene was, like, negative'), record pushers and resident freaks take self absorbed turns to prophesy chemical doom, youth revolt and smoke cigarrettes. The actual group, who aren't allowed to talk, play Picka-Stick and read Exchange and Mart. A girl asks permission to go to the shops. 'Like, last time I rapped with Zappa, man, like he said he'd given all the politics he could, like he was taking his energies some place else', says someone in reply to a question you didn't ask. The set-up is Big Pink out of Groupy, like is the world ready for our boys yet?

Just about everything stinks about the Third World War's proletarian advance publicity except the music. And that's blatant and violent and terrifying and tremendous. Its like a Cummings cartoon set to music, a bloke in an overall marked 'Shop-steward' is giving the V-sign (*not* the Peace sign) to the Crown Jewels, marked 'National Interest'.

It's like the noise that goes up on a picket line when a Rolls Royce drives past. It's like a bottle through the window of a chip shop, with sweet and sour and broken glass everywhere. Terry Scamp's songs are about betting shops and the cops telling you to move over and the Communist Party's uselessness and a thin wage packet and a fat landlord. They are against the faithful slavery of the working class to the Queen and the Tories if not the boss and the cops.

Some of the songs have the home-made amplifier cockyness of the Liverpool records of 8 years ago, only much more political, because it is these days. Little bangers like



'Teddy Teeth Goes Sailing', a tasteless song about our Prime Minister's hobby carried on at Cowes while the unemployed fight on street corners and the employed threaten strikes (Business News Headline 'More strikes this year than any since 1926 General Strike'). Or *'Get Out of Bed, You Dirty Red'* about not wanting to go into work in the morning. Terry Scamp says that when he worked in a factory, he felt he was a Communist just because he hated it so much. He was sent, like most kids, whether Bronco Bullfrog or Kes or the remaining ¾M no one makes films about, from school to the Youth Employment Agency and thence to sweep up in Woolworths. Sometimes the songs (first single before Xmas, LP shortly after) sound almost too crude. When in *'Working Class Man'*, the chorus goes on about 'stop licking the Monarchy's arse', it sounds a bit like a Footlights skit on the jolly workers, But Terry wants every line to have a punch and he's proud of that punch, 'I want to really tell the fuckers, they are getting shit on'. Socialists brought up on obedient listening to Ewan McColl in Kings Cross won't like the cultivated roughness and insolence, although one of the songs *'Tow Rag Girl'* has all the ugly truth of the courtship described in McColl's 'Dirty Old Town'. And you are reminded of the Englishness, even the Londonness of the Kinks, especially songs like 'Brainwashed' and 'Yes Sir, No Sir' on the Arthur album. The Third World War (its a stupid name) are not at all like the self-depreciating saga of the Lowlyborn songs of Motown/*'Patches'* though . . . . not at all.

Really there's no direct comparison at all, because this type of music, in every man's heart, usually gets stopped at the tonsils. So what comes out is a kind of musical agro, the same anger which has in the past produced the less defiant but more bitter working class songs to be heard on albums like 'The Iron Muse' or in the play on the miner's struggle 'Close the Coalhouse Door' (which Terry appreciated a lot). The Third World War's picture of revolution is a lot different though. Rather than the painstaking battle between boss and union, between man and machine, between striker and scab, there's a Cinemascope version with red banners and rifles gleaming on roofs. Its melodramatic and rather inhuman but its a million times better than all the macrobiotic mindexpanding in the next room.

Terry Scamp and Jim Avery are writing the song which is written on every factory wall in our society. That they have to go through the Knightsbridge business to get a hearing and that they will probably end up thrilling post-graduate stereo headphones rather than being heard on the Mile End jukeboxes, is one of the ways capitalism stays alive.

David Widgery

Yippie cult murders rock Paris... De Gaulle dies of drugs overdose

The public had nothing to do with one of the usual 'gauchiste' meetings at the Mutualite. It could rather have been French pop concert at the Olympia, considering the external appearance—hippie looking crowd which usually doesn't show at student meetings—but in reality it had more to do with the Sorbonne in May, with a climate full of anarchist and rioting rumblings. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman took the stage like pop stars and it was to see and hear them more than to participate in a political debate that most people came. Unfortunately there were very few French, maybe 20%, and you could have mistaken it for a meeting of all the American freaks of Paris, everybody waving and kissing each other enthusiastically. In New York or in London, all that would not have been very surprising, but in Paris it was, considering the usual austerity of student political meetings, even the most revolutionary ones. The most mind blowing event, at least for a Frenchman, was when Jerry Rubin pulled out an enormous joint and lit it, smoked a puff and passed it around—this in front of a few hundred people, which was the first public dope-sitting in France, where anti-dope repression is really heavy and the police were everywhere. He then pleaded for Tim Leary, and recalled that the fact of turning on millions of young American kids was a revolutionary act, which was a good thing to do in Paris where most of the left students have very puritanical ideas about these things. The reading of the YIPPIE statement was done in a relaxed way which also surprises in Paris when you think of the usual uptight marxist rituals as they happen in France. Jerry Rubin has some humour and does not only entertain people but convinces, informs and contributes blows to the establishment structures. Another speaker came to say how much he was struck by the fact that young revolutionary French were uptight with their intellects and that, if for fifty years, all kinds of American intellectuals, artists and drop-outs had come to Paris, it was now in America that everything was happening and that it was time for people to go back. And then the music came and everybody started to yell, dance, clap, sing 'Revolution, Revolution' and so some of the French people escaped furious, shocked and not at all convinced that all that had anything to do with Revolution. In fact, the real interest of this evening on Boulevard Raspail was to show the total difference of style between the young French revolutionary left and the American one. In France, to be revolutionary consists first in reading Marx ten hours a day, then talking about it for another ten hours. You need to have some tough ideological basis, and to be very clever in defending them or attacking one of the other student groups. You have to know perfectly all the 'gauchiste' vocabulary and rituals. And if you don't, you are treated as a petit bourgeois which, in fact, most of the French students are, fucking academic revolutionary boy scouts. In America they want the revolution now. They don't rap about abstract theories of a perfect future, but their daily life is a revolution and they create a new society. The French revolutionary people are introverts, academic and aggressive. The Americans are extrovert, energetic and smiling. Do but don't talk about it. Their music is more important than their ideologies, their way of life more than their talks, their humour and their experience (including the psychedelic experience) more than their cleverness. That's why, if you walk in some street of New York or San Francisco you get an impression of revolutionary happenings (even if there is a lot to say about it) and if you walk in a street of Paris, you feel like being in the most uptight middle class drag city in the world. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman should come back to Paris and troublemake, but this time, in the streets.

Sylvein

Dear OZ Paris Hallowe'en

One of our superstar revolutionaries split the morning of the manifestations and so didn't participate at all—Abbie and Anita Hoffman flew back to NYC early Friday morning. None of the Chicago Conspiracy were allowed into Algeria because they are out on bail and Algeria has no extradition treaty with USA. So Anita went, representing Abbie and found that since both Cleaver and Leary had old axes to grind with her husband, she was receiving for him. I guess she was treated badly and came to Paris carrying heavy grudges. Things had not been going so well for Abbie either and the effect was synergetic and very negative. After much bad feeling and many unkind words, they split, first assuring themselves that they wouldn't be 'fatmouthed' by the others by requesting an edition of the most anodine political yippie statement I ever done seen.

'Yippie is directed at 7 and 8 year olds—Yippie hopes to steal the children.
Buildings like this should be burnt to the ground. Yippie goal in Amerika is to destroy both pigs, communists and hip capitalists.
A demand will be made for the withdrawl of all American troops from Vietnam either on or by 15th April (I didn't understand about the date) or else on May 1st, all signs of Amerikan Imperialism will be trashed all around the world.'

Paper airplanes zoomed overhead. The room was filled with the sound of cheering and booing. Some people sat on desk tops obscuring the vision of those behind them. One young woman was hit on the head with a handful of pebbles. The last day of school? The Frost Show? No. Jerry Rubin was speaking at the Faculte de Science of the University of Paris, and these were his sympathizers come to see their leader. Neither he nor Stu Albert were prepared to address what resembled a kindergarten class. Even French political leader Jean-Jacques Lebel, translating for Jerry, was unable to hold the group. The best they could do was to throw the paper planes back at the crowd and try to get across a few of the key Yippie slogans. "Go home and kill your parents," yelled Jerry. Many of the young French would have liked nothing better. Next time maybe he should tell them that their parents are inside of them. The chaos continued—an anti-anarchists delight. One would have felt more secure blowing joints at a policemen's ball.

They did announce a party at the American Centre for 10:00 that evening and there had also been an advertisement in the Tribune for 9:00—WOW, was that crowded. 2000 people? 3000 people? It's hard to estimate. They read that tired statement again—that was the fifth time I heard it—I'd already seen the preparation the evening before and the reading to Eldridge by telephone (they were like Boy Scouts checking it out with their Commander—'Don't follow leaders, Watch out for parking meters) and then Jerry paraphrased himself only smoother without the translation since the audience was mostly hip American runaway. But the hog farm's patience was out and they began snake dancing through the crowd with a rhythm band and one 6 foot chick with a platter on her head. There was no room—the place was packed and it took them 15 minutes to reach the stage at which point Calico got the mike from Jerry to present him with the hogfarm's "bizarre prize"; on the big chick's platter was a 3 ft. patchwork phallus and that was the prize. When it was teddybear snug in Jerry's arms, the hogfarm began to stomp and scream 'Let's have a party' and I realized that 2/3 of the people there were tripping on acid.

I still can't believe that that happened in Paris. Talking to Phil Ochs the next day, we decided that it was better thinking about it afterwards than being in the middle of it: there was a stomping thrashing, trashing of the furniture in the restaurant, 150 people skinny dipping in the pool, lots of ecstatic dancing to the people's own spontaneous music, smoke-ins in the garden wigwam and with nude meditation in the dance studio. I never made it upstairs but I bet that was great too, what with all those little offices. Walking home, I heard them still chanting it up in the Metro. Well, it's a beginning. Our friends left the next day for Amsterdam.

Love and all that crap,
Constance Abernathy
Wendy Weiner. xxx

When you think think in thousands

Next morning you'll still feel the same:

When the Red Red Rubin
Comes A Bob Bob Bobbin

Jerry Rubin's six days in London caused as much controversy within the Movement as it did outside it. He demonstrated a genius for communicating to the world through mass media; but on a human, individual level he might as well have been mute.

People rallied to support the disruption of the David Frost show on the strength of Rubin's political reputation. Disparate sections of the Underground community combined in an encouragingly carefree, spontaneous way to participate in the mini-military operation. They smuggled themselves into the studio without tickets, climbed the barbed wire fences, smoked real dope and even tried to let off distress flares . . . there's but to Do It or die . . . not bothering to reason why, until the next day at the Underground Press Conference in Portobello Road.

Rubin began by revealing that he now repudiated his book. "It's too individualistic and male chauvinistic", he said, "I can't read it anymore". He has since written another book to correct these mistakes, which he's having difficulty publishing. Travelling with Rubin were Stew Albert and Brian Flannagan, old time yippies recently returned from Algiers. Albert attacked the Underground Press for its concentration on the Movement's Star figures, thus imitating the celebrity syndrome of mass media.

The yippie trio soon began dismissing some questions as 'bullshit' or ignoring others (usually by talking among themselves). Several questioners were enraged by such elitist superiority and stormed from the meeting. Rubin, Albert and Flannagan refused even to discuss issues raised by the very people who had supported them on the Frost show.

While many were disappointed by the yippies in person, their boost to the national Underground energy level was considerable, and their commitment to the revolution unquestionable.

Interrupting the control and manipulation of tv—even for a few seconds—was a fruitful enterprise; and the whiff of pot, obscenity and chaoz brightened up a damp Saturday night. British Yippie was created and thousands of kids out there now think that its party is more fun than the one their father votes for. Jerry's purpose in London was not to make friends, but history.

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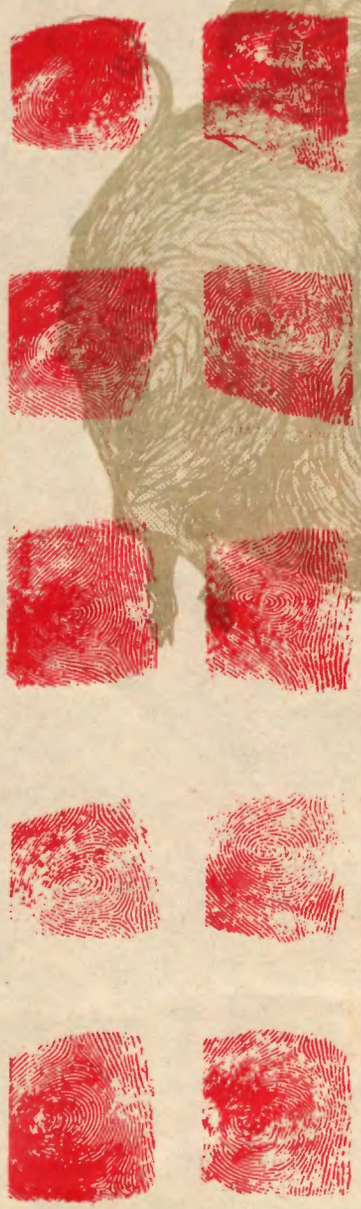
SCOTLAND PIG STY



SCOTLAND YARD
by Peter Laurie
Bodley Head

The dust jacket says this is an important book about freedom and society. To me it reads more like a PR handout for the police.

Every man carries a policeman's truncheon in his briefcase. It's an unfortunate fact of life, like the lemming tendency to go to war that periodically drives men to wipe each other out. But it's no good pretending such things don't exist. It's more a question of what you do with the truncheon. Who you lay it on, or in, as the case may be. Hitler used it on a mass scale to mobilise Germany behind him.

'The Polish State has refused the peaceful settlement of relations which I desired and has appealed to arms. Germans are persecuted with bloody terror and driven from their houses. A series of violations of the frontier intolerable to a great power prove that Poland is no longer willing to respect the frontier of the Reich.
'In order to put an end to this lunacy I have no other choice than to meet force with force from now on.'
(Herr Hitler, Proclamation to the German Army. 1/9/1939)

The reluctant intervention to stop destruction and injustice. It's the best way of getting a property based middle class on your side. A whole series of justifications for minor wars were presented to the public as 'police actions' in the years after World War II. The Conservative Party still talks (and presumably always will talk) about policing this or that part of the globe.

The idea of appointing policemen to guard society is always much more acceptable than trying to deal with the violence in us. The policeman become an expression of that violence. That's why police work is so hideously attractive. The thing most crooks would like to be is a successful policeman. Look at all those crime novels where the police win—Z Cars, Softly, Softly, Dixon of Dock Green. As long as there's a policeman around we're safe. From whom? Not from ourselves, presumably. Our neighbours probably. Suburbia intervenes and informs on itself with delight when something is going on up the road. Or look at the practice of sending in information on things like unpaid tax or unpaid television licenses.

Peter Laurie, the author of *Scotland Yard*, is no different. Whatever his original intentions, his book is, at best ambivalent about the police or at worst, simply playing along with their activities as

though they were an exciting romp. He's definitely been converted to their side – although he might argue that he had no choice in order to get access to the force. Imagine what they'd do to him if he was hostile.

But when he mentions the 1968 Legalise Pot Rally in Hyde Park, he shows where he's at. He obviously relishes the police view. There's gratuitous stuff like:

'The usual hippy crowd: beads and shawls and the usual aimless wandering to and fro with sullen uncommunicative faces.'

There's none of that biased shit when he talks about football crowds. All the time he is for policing for policing's sake. He identifies very quickly with police attitudes:

'Rain the best policeman of all begins to fall.'

Along with the police he's glad the rally has been stopped. And it's the same with Grosvenor Square demonstrations. He never asks why the people are there or why they react to the police the way they do. They're an exercise in crowd control with a few sneers at the participants.

Mainly he lists the police methods, customs and styles he sees. Some interesting things turn up. Like the fact that young unmarried police live in Section House where they can't meet girlfriends except under the eye of the station house Sergeant. And they have to be in by midnight. Poor bastards, no wonder they sometimes seem to have been living on Mars.

Most important of what comes out is the dehumanizing process of policework. It had it's effect on Laurie quickly enough. Continually, members of the public are referred to as though they were things or animals . . .

(Following a car) 'We run behind him for a mile and a half; he has the air of a goer, but drifts. Engine fails either to take off or to notice it and slow down.'

Notice the 'initiatingly', or

'The weeks of patrolling began to make me see the fascination of policework. They transformed the dull streets of the city where I live into a hunting ground, made me see my fellow creatures in terms of the oldest and most exciting game: as predators and prey.'

Maybe it would be better if the police (and Laurie) began to see their fellow creatures as human beings.

On the other hand: *'Detectives look different from ordinary people. Their faces are expressionless . . . Their fractured conversation makes it easier to conceal what they are thinking. They affect a deliberate absence of conventional response; they won't laugh at jokes, don't react the way one expects, take a longer or shorter time to reply than normal; their speeches and manners are full defensive disconnections.'*

Which seems to me to be a fair description of a psychotic. And which brings me back to my original point. The police are one way of expressing something that is in all of us – a mass psychosis perhaps, a desire to control, to attack and destroy anyone who doesn't agree with us. And in fact in legislation society exaggerates small differences and draws lines between groups of people so we can have something to control – by using the police.

Important criminological theories hold the view (see for example Dennis Chapman – Sociology and the Stereotype of the Criminal 1968) that a substantial proportion of recorded crime is actually generated by the police, the courts and the magistrates. And if you think about it, without them there'd be no crime. The book illustrates this: 'detectives arrest scores are closely related to their abilities' and trainee detectives are expected to bring in roughly an arrest a week for two years. For the police, results are measured by numbers arrested and that is a nonsensical criterion. The theory goes on to say that only about 10% of crimes prosecuted actually do society any harm. The rest could be handled in other ways: by private arbitrations, insurance, by taking the crimes off the register or by simply forgetting about what happened. Every day we're faced with more and more offences and crimes which are brought into being simply to satisfy this or that pressure group. A fantastic number of motoring laws and much of the drug and alcohol laws are like that.

But even if it is true, as Laurie says, that the police role is theatrical and symbolic, that it's their presence rather than what they do that counts, the response must be so what? None of that helps people who have been busted on charges which don't make sense. Who was being hurt by what we were doing? What about the 1 million who do this and don't get caught? And jail is not entertaining. We must never forget that courts, police and jail destroy people. Collectively they do far more harm in human terms than the people they are supposed to punish or are trying to punish. That leads to asking ourselves why the police at all. There must be a better way of organizing ourselves.

Andrew Fisher

BENEATH THE CITY STREETS
by Peter Laurie
Allen Lane The Penguin Press

Perhaps because its an easier thing to know where you stand on a matter like Nuclear War than on the use of police Peter Laurie's book on government plans for such a war makes light reading. There's something about lists of atomic warheads, their destructive power and general preparations for Megaday that is quite funny. It's all unthinkable and yet there are all those bureaucrats calmly building railway lines that detour round London, setting up emergency ports in deserted inlets with marker buoys and unused railheads and storing millions of tons of food. To say nothing of the plans they make for their own survival in underground citadels and deep tube stations. Dr. Strangelove was accurate about the way governments think. It's just that they do it in a much more boring way. But it's there all the same.

'The Treasury (planning for Nuclear attack) is rumoured to have a subtle scheme to seize all the readily portable luxuries – whisky, cigarettes, chocolates, aspirin, coffee – that are to be found after the attack, and to store them under guard as titbits with which to manage the barter economy that will replace money.'

In this book Laurie makes important points: *'When Russia rattles her rockets the USAF, or USN responds but the real ultimate effect the American war machines hold over the American people. Each sides possession of strategic weapons is an invaluable bogy in the woodshed for the other.'*

That's the sort of observation he could have made about speeches by Home Secretaries about crime waves, but didn't; And it's worth noting that the Regional Commissioners and the ideas of Regional Seats of Governments to run the country after air raids emerged from plans in the 1920's to deal with revolution.

The book produces evidence to show that after a nuclear attack the damage particularly to people will not be nearly as bad as everyone assumes. For example, with all the existing deployment of weapons being used, taking into account errors, failures etc. perhaps 1/15 of the British populate might survive. A disappointment to those who see themselves alone in a parched and blackened landscape beginning the heroic task of creating a new civilization.

But Laurie points out that the result may not be unbeneficial. At the best it would, he says,

(a) Dispose of the worst slum houses.
(b) Reduce the population to thirty five million, a number some people feel would be more comfortable for these islands.
(c) During the recovery period the ratio of population to fixed assets might be higher than it had been before the attack – the survivors would be better off.
(d) It would centralize governments.
(e) Improve the balance of payments problems.'

Provided you can forget about all those people who died. And most governments can easily.

But one thing is true. There is much less war fear now than there was in Europe in the 1930's. *'One can almost trace the beginnings of real international morality from the invention of the A Bomb . . . possibly one should welcome the great of nuclear weapons as the means of imposing a standard of dealing with nations as least as high as that between adults.'*

Because nations have in the past behaved like greedy children – taking what they wanted when they were strong enough.

Laurie's most interesting conclusion is that under the apparently bumbling and ineffective peace time government there is a very hard machine ready to run the country in the event of trouble. And under the guise of nuclear war preparations they've been able to construct a complete defence to revolution.

'If the anarchists had got into the BBC as they said they would (during the October 68 anti Vietnam demonstration) then a technician safe within the block of concrete at Maida Vale, or in the tunnel under Holborn, would simply have isolated the building from the transmitters and broadcasting would have gone on as before. Indeed there would have been no need to attack the radio station with tanks.'

So really it's not funny after all.

Andrew Fisher

JOHNNY WINTER AND

JOHNNY WINTER (CBS)

For the first week of listening, this album sounds moderately derivative of other people's guitar styles. The only immediate impression is that this is obviously something new for Winter. *Ah, but that's the first week.* This is one chunky, energetic set of music. Unchained rockola. Very professional. In another age we might have called these guys "Psychedelic Cowboys" or something.

These guys are, of course, the old McCoys, now siding Texas John Winter. ('Siding' is perhaps the wrong word, as there is a union here that his old band just didn't have). The McCoys, as they will readily tell you, were a band ahead of their time. **Human Ball** was a successfully experimental album, (successful on album, not in the charts), and even 'Hang on Sloopy' was, why shit, teenage call-and-response rock'n'roll! What they've done for Winter is brought him back to where he probably belongs: rock. I, for one, never thought that his previous blizzards-of-blues feelin' was particularly exciting or interesting. Gone is the endless soloing, and while this album might be more commercial, (yes), it is, just the same, more thrilling, or-gaz-mic, meaningful . . .

Winter for example shows genuine plaintiveness with Traffic's 'No Time to Live'. It's melancholy, even. 'On the Limb' and 'Ain't That a Kindness' on the other hand, are great rockers. Which is to say, it's Heavy Music without the steel-shoes pretension. The production on 'Let the Music Play' is so superb, with background choruses and sinewy guitar lines, that I wish CBS would make a single of it. Not that I'm suggesting that Winter should (choke) Sell Out; I'd just dig hearing this song all over town in transistor radios.

The overall quality of this album serves well to pinpoint what a lot of bands are doing wrong in their records. A song doesn't *have* to crash your defences on the first listening. Melodies, choruses, finger-snaps are often just as valid as a hot twisted guitar line. That the Led Zeppelin are now singing boyhood songs with banjos and castanets drives the point home a little further. Getting your mind torn apart now and again is very healthy. But I'm beginning to understand that it has to be done by the right people.

And Johnny Winter is a rock'n'roll natural. His very earliest recordings, like **First Winter** on Buddha, recorded ca. 1963, show him to be not too distant from Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly. And jeez, that's going back someplace. The dues that Winter paid, playing hamburger music all over the rural American southwest under pseudonyms like Texas Guitar Slim, were rockabilly dues. He was playing twist music, cocktail lounge bubbles, roadhouses. There are few traces right on this album of early Sixties music; music about having somewhere to go, singing along boobedy-bop. If he keeps drawing from these old roots, (plus he'd never forget his blues), then he's going to continue to put out this kind of fantastic fortissimo rock. Yay rah.

Chris Ho denfield

ALONE TOGETHER

DAVE MASON (Harvest)

Dave Mason has joined the current vogue of successful sidemen doing their own thing via solo albums, produced by themselves with lumpy help from weighty name-friends. Commercially, this is a fairly-guaranteed proposition for everyone involved; the artist, the recording company and the consumer. Drop a name and more people will try and catch it. No-one will deny a competent musician his desire to stand up front, but when he doesn't quite make it, par ratio of expectation, no-one can be blamed for feeling more than disappointment.

This album features Mason and his compositions, with small print back-up by a string of super session regulars including Bonny & Delaney, Leon Russell, Jim "Gentle Heart" Capaldi, Don Preston (ex-Mothers), Chris Ethridge (ex-Burritto) and Rita Coolidge. Needless to say, the music is proficient; everyone's in there neatly and cleanly, Mason and Capaldi just as good as they used to be as members of the Traffic alumni, with a scent of that immortalized era on at least two of the eight tracks. Bonny is unmistakable and unmatched vocally by Mason whose voice qualifies but doesn't solidify, which is about where the whole album is at. It has the credentials but lacks the guts that earned them.

The flavour of the Bramlett's **On Tour** album, which included Mason, comes in on the first track, 'Only You Know and I Know' and continues through-out, minus the original verve but maintaining the craftsmanship. All this adds up to a pleasant totality, but not a distinctive one. The material and sound is mainstream rock, the packaging is ambitious, the production almost faultless, which leaves the concept to be questioned. There are no easy answers to that, except that perhaps he should have waited a little longer before putting himself on the block. Perhaps whatever Dave Mason does next will appease this belated result of his wanderings to and fro, instead of in and out. He's not the only one to lose points lately on the solo syndrome. Clapton fell heavily, so it's undoubtedly time for both recording companies and their gilt-edged securities to think twice about squeezing that already strained stone.

Stanislav Demidjuk

COME TOGETHER

IKE AND TINA TURNER (Liberty)

I heard the Rolling Stones, then I heard Creedence Clearwater, I hadn't heard Mad Dogs, but then I played Ike and Tina Turner's **Come Together**, and I said to myself, Rory, go no further, this is what the people need, so relentlessly I replayed it, and flushed with funk, I drew the zipper on my bag and faded away.

Side one could have been better than side two, with 'Honky Tonk Woman' and 'Come Together' versus 'I Want to Take You Higher'. But Ike Turner tunes, which filled the rest of the album, routed that reasoning. None of them more outstanding than the Stone, Beatle, Sly songs, but Ike, with his hot productions, has created a balance with the big-time numbers, and with both sides of the record. Unfortunately all but a couple of albums these days have got A and B sides, like 45's.

He's been tongue-in-cheek for so long he's turned into a mad plagiarist, touches of old tunes and snatches of every guitar style known to mankind appear all over. Ike Turner's emergence on this album is related to his role of both producer and arranger. Previous albums had a sharing of these duties with outsiders, and the cataclysmic counterpoint of Ike and Tina was unrealised. Ike's comic cuts provide the squeaky bedposts to the heaving mattress of the lovely, the beautiful, the goddess Tina.

All the hard work done over the years by Atlantic, Stax, and Tamla, has at last been rewarded with this Liberty album of electrical black blues. The troops have not been affected as much since Led Zeppelin Two.

T.R. Zelinka

CHUNGA'S REVENGE

FRANK ZAPPA (Warner Reprise)

A review by A.J. Webberman Jnr. 'The world's only living Zappaologist'.

My old man's bacome something of a celebrity these days. Seems like everytime I turn on T.V. or open an underground paper, there's 'pops', laying down his boring shit about that creepy, washed up country singer. Y'know, the one with the cricked back and dude shades. Bob Dylan . . . *who needs him ? ?* Listen freaks, there is only ONE band, and really only ONE musician you need to f.y.r. (= feed your head) about. Ha can squeeze your lemon, cure your acne and show you how to make a million bucks without hardly trying. *FRANK ZAPPA!*

No wonder Z's 'yawning' on the front sleeve of this, his *tenth* album, (*tenth* . . g.t.s.? ? = get the significance), released to date, excluding, of course, the rare basement tape bootleg, **Cunt-Bred Canary**, recorded in a psychedelic dungeon (i.e. the Albert Hall) last August. This 'yawning' is symbolic of his c.c. (= current condition), i.e. "The man who *knows*, says little" (ancient Chinese proverb). Z knows so much, he is absolutely too bored to say *anything* at all! He can only 'yawn' . . . But, hot zitz, I'm jumping the story.

For the past eight years, (ever since I was four years old), I have dedicated my life to becoming an expert on 'the little pimp with the hair gassed back' . . . i.e. to becoming the world's foremost,

only living Zappaologist. Couple of months back, f'rinstance, I used my entire July allowance on hiring a private detective, Albert Mangross, to feed and fetch me background on Z's personal and private life. The following is part of his report, recorded a few weeks ago during a visit to A.M. at the asylum.

". . . after following my client's advice and disguising myself as a female member of the "G.T.O.'s", (whom I later discovered to be a subversive group of transvestites and nymphomaniacs – with the sole function of feeding Mr Zappa's apparently endless and perverse sexual appetite), I gained easy access to the household, a multi-million dollar mansion in Beverley Hills, complete with 300 bedrooms (all, as far as I could tell, occupied), a private zoo and a heated, phallus-shaped swimming pool set in four acres of plastic 'syntho-jungle' and not-so-syntho giant marijuana plants.

"Various longhaired, bearded young people, of both sexes, wandered and lounged aimlessly naked among the tropical plants and closed circuit colour televisions, showing endless images of the most disgusting and lewd kind – apparently filmed the night before at one of the routine 'group-gropes'. A sinister person in a morning coat and wearing a fish's head mask, (referred to, I believe, as 'The Captain'), led continual community singing, obviously of a communist, black magic nature, which included the lyrics to the hymn, 'We Plough The Fields And Scatter . . " sung backwards to the melody of 'The Star Spangled Banner'. At this point my automatic slipped from its holster attached to my 'falsies' and fearing that discovery was imminent I attempted to make my 'excuses' and leave."

Unfortunately for A.M. he didn't leave quite fast enough. The last thing he remembers is being strapped by *live* electrodes to a kitchen table (k.t. = earth g.t.s. ?) while four flower children fed him wriggling pyrannah fish (eaten from the *inside* g.t.s. ?) and a member of the p.c.'s (= plaster casters) poured molten bronze over his erect appendage. A copy of the resulting sculpture is currently being exhibited at the N.Y.M. of M.A. (= New York Museum of Modern Art) and both MGM and Columbia are reportedly bidding for film rights based on the video playback of Alb's entire visit. (Naturally I had informed Z several hours in advance of A.M.'s arrival).

This incident, bizarre as it may seem, bears directly on, and is in complete accordance with, **Chunga's Revenge.** The i.s. (= inner significance) of the role played by Mangross, the selection of the 'yawning' photograph, the wah-wah of Ian Underwood's electric alto sax and the absolute give-away title of track two, side two, 'Would You Go *All* The Way' (my italics), can only add up to one thing. That is, as far as C.R. (= Chunga's Revenge) is concerned, y.f.g.i.a.g.a.m. (= your fucking guess is as good as mine). f.y.h. on *that*, Suckers!!!

Felix Dennis

ATOM HEART MOTHER

THE PINK FLOYD (Harvest)

Has the success of their film scores for *Zabriskie Point* and *More* gone to the Floyds' heads? **Atom Heart Mother** is an emotionally satisfying and beautifully integrated piece which successfully avoids most of the pitfalls inherent in the rock group-choir-orchestra combination. So successfully, in fact, that practically all of it's 25 minutes could double as a score for *The Virginians* without too much fear of detection.

The ponderous, meandering title track manages to overcome a series of hackneyed changes and some widely differing styles ranging from Wright and Gilmour's impersonation of Booker T and the MG's to the John Aldiss Choir's excerpts from the *Desert Song* and even including 'Mind Your Throats Please' where the melody dissolves into staccato organ.

Lost in the overwhelming grandeur of this amazing musical throwback, it's almost impossible to identify with what the Floyd are doing, especially remembering the raw excitement they used to generate in the days of 'Interstellar Overdrive'. In fact the roots of **Atom Heart Mother** can be found on their 'Saucerful of Secrets' album, where the appearance of 'Remember a Day' and 'See Saw' was evidence of their hankering for a fuller, lusher sound. In a long series of singles that never quite made it, the group gradually developed the cloying melodic style of 'If', 'Fat Old Sun' and 'Summer 68' which take up the second side of this album. Of their recent material, only Rick Wright's 'Sysyphis' has retained their original power and terrifying imagery. The remainder of the studio half of **Ummagumma** was given over to a series of indulgent, disconnected pieces which, unfortunately, reappear on here as 'Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast, where Alan (the group's roadie), wanders from one speaker to the other, mumbling about wet Corn Flakes.

Consequently, a lot of people have been hailing **Atom Heart Mother** as evidence of a new maturity in the Floyd's music, meaning, I suppose, that the group don't make nasty noises any more. Certainly the Floyd sound more relaxed and together than ever before, and scoring a work as complex as **Atom Heart Mother** is a considerable achievement. But I prefer to see this album as the beginning of a new phase which has its origins in the choral climax to 'Saucerful of Secrets' and the group's 360° stereo concerts. It'll be interesting to see how they follow it up.

Jim Talbot

VINTAGE VIOLENCE

JOHN CALE (Columbia)

(only available as import)

It was an enormous canister-like object. It was painted grey, and they wheeled it through the fences on a red steel trailer. There was the constan risk of it becoming stuck in the places where the excrement was deepest (the D.S.E. later wrote that the possibility of *actual* shit had never occurred to him. But he tended to underestimate them, generally). There were further difficulties when the trailer reached the more or less clearly defined line that marked the beginning of the expanse of those who were sitting or lying on the ground. Many of these treated the canister with a peculiarly familiar derision, as if it was a commonplace interruption. (Perhaps the colour made it unsympathetic). Several refused to move at first, but then some of their number, who utilized this opportunity to enjoy a moment of vicarious authority – they possessed rudimentary weapons – succeeded in clearing a path, using more than a little brutality. Our men were conspicuous in their sober dress (the D.S.E. had decided against the usual 'blending-in' approach).

From the radio helicopter they looked like lines of beetles conducting an orderly attack on their breakfast of abandoned chili con carne. As the central sector of the mass was approached, there was a greater demonstration of interest; in fact some of the secondary defences suffered damage as the increasingly excited crowd pressed rhythmically against them. Eventually the appointed place was reached, and the technicians began treating those who were nearest. The canister had half a dozen outlets to provide some measure of choice – this was, after all, a gathering in the cause of self-expression. Some of those who had already received the attention of the technicians laughingly encouraged others to choose one outlet in particular; some even attempted to rejoin the queue further back, but we were prepared for this eventuality. The numbers were so vast that some of the first to be treated had gone down long before others had reached the trailer. With the attendants working in shifts, the whole process had been completed in approximately two and a half hours.

While the machine was being hosed down, the men relaxed, some sitting down on girls to smoke cigarettes. Their surroundings were impressive enough – an amorphous landscape of flesh and anonymous belongings, many of the latter improvised out of branches and waste materials. There were some poignant tableaux – one of the lately male members of the audience had brought along a small dog which was now nonplussedly urinating against a stick to which a large orange balloon was attached. Richard and Ronnie were almost childishly happy. Skipping over tangled limbs, they had highest-pissing contests, their streams arching up against the blue sky (the sun had come out) and – to their delight – splashing down into an adjacent pair of empty skulls. Several acres of similar receptacles distant, one of the first treated lifted his head a little – the face, as is usual, covered in that rather disgusting membrane – and in an almost comic voice began to sing

"Cleo, Cleo,

won't you come out and play, girl?
Cleo, Cleo : . . . "

Or maybe John Cale really meant us to sing along to these immaculate Pop tunes. 'Adelaide', for instance, sounds like Donovan; 'Big White Cloud' sounds like the Bee Gees. Each number states its position right at the opening — we're swept into 'Cloud' by the Swan Vista String Ensemble, and sucked into 'Adelaide' by an Anglo-saxonised R&B harmonica.

The production is beautiful, the pace is jolly, there goes that little Country phrase, the Rizlas and the mattress beckon. But it slips sideways at you, like a girl's eyes in the street. After about three hearings you get maybe half the words; after six you might get most of them. The words to 'Ghost Story' are:

"It was seven o'clock in the morning
too late to handle the day
at home it was only 2.30
the skin on my wrists turning grey.
He stood up
wished us good luck
he changed his attitude twice
the box in the corner shivered in fright
it was tired and hungry for day.

Next year she bought a new stomach
(Liverpool — made in Detroit)
constantly passing old matches
some sentries and millionaires.

Who did Gallagher give
the same old thing every time?
Gave her
more empty cups
they were tired and hungry for night."

And the rest, before you're dropped a couple of feet into 'Fairweather Friend', is equally impenetrable. But it's all explained on the back sleeve. Gallagher, it says, is a troll. So that's all right. But by writing those words out I might have given the wrong impression — it's not at all like the Velvet Underground, although it has an approach similar to that of the third Velvet Underground L.P. 'Cleo', for example, has a lot in common with 'Afterhours'. Nothing is more chilling than the half-enigmatic. Lurking behind the most mundane — and simultaneously the most polished — of musical styles is the most unsettling of presences. Listen, in this context, to 'Charlemagne', the longest of the tracks, which has the bare-faced line "simple stories are the best."

In short, it's the kind of record that I think our very own Kevin Ayers would be happy to put his name to. It understands that few things are as sinister as the everyday given a great deal of menace. Like the way the Detective Sergeant says, 'Good Morning', at 3 a.m. *Mal Peet*

AFTER THE GOLD RUSH
NEIL YOUNG
(Reprise)

To start with Neil Young ain't tryin' anything flashy — he does what he knows and he does it with the perfection of a trained craftsman. In fact a lot of the material on this record draws heavily from some of the cuts on his last effort with Crazy Horse (RSLP 6349): 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' cribs off 'Round and Round'; 'Southern Man' up-tempo's the basic riff used in 'Cowgirl In The Sand' and 'When You Dance I Can Really Love' uses that riff yet again. Frankly this tendency towards repetition doesn't bother me a jot, mainly because Young's music, however simple, is astoundingly original and also because his spell with CSN&Y has taught him new ways of arranging and recording his songs, particularly the vocals, which give them new depth. So I can't understand why this latest album has gotten such shitty (or at least careless) reviews. Neil Young is his own man and his stuff should be judged by suitable standards — this is no heavy rock-freako-acid-guitar-bashing-crud with fifty thousand wonderful watts of belching feedback to obliterate every mistake he makes; no *sir !*

And of course, all Young is doing is learning and developing those very real talents that he has, and applying them both to his own wistful little melodies and also other people's stuff. The best example of this, which also shews his excellence as an arranger, is perhaps 'Oh Lonesome Me', released as a single some time back. Yes, it's the Don Gibson song you heard on Three Way Family Favourites whilst digesting your yorkshire carbohydrates. But Neil Young does what should be done to a song of loneliness and longing — he makes it really *sad*, when before it was just so much schmaltz, he takes it slowly and gives it that old quavering vocal treatment that, next to his fat double chin, (sorry pin-up fans, but its the truth), is his trade mark and makes it an unashamed tear jerker.

And that's just one of the contrasts on the album, there's more, of course: 'Southern Man', whilst it uses the old chug-chugga-chug-chug riff that we've grown to know and love, is the sort of meat that should've made the CSN&Y single 'Ohio' the marching song of the hip, erstwhile revolutionary panzers, 'til Nixon and the BBC stepped in and did their censorship thing; 'Til The Morning Comes' is pure honky-tonk whimsy; 'Birds' is a natural vehicle for the talents (?) of showbiz's most prolific wop, namely Gene Pitney, and 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' was surely written with Dusty Springfield in mind.

So all in all its a beity little waxing from Neil & The Boys (i.e. Crazy Horse, who are a lot better than CSN&Y as far as letting Young have his musical head, which is cool by me, S. Stills does some fittingly fancy guitar pickin', Greg Reeves doesn't distinguish himself at all, and why should he (?), and Nils Lofgren, the session pianist, sounds very much like Jack Nitzche who in turn was the uncredited pianist on the last Neil Young album or my name's not Percy Plodder the West Bromwich Child Raper & Sword Swallower. He may even be Jack in disguise). *Mark Williams*

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Quiz

Just where do you stand?

1. Which is the better movie – 'Z' or Patton?
2. What present would you prefer, a bottle of Scotch or a tab of sunshine?
3. Was Robert Kennedy a Hero misguided or a pig?
4. Are short haired adults potential converts or the enemy?
5. Should a movement entertain or educate?
6. Should students seek a voice in their university decision making, or burn it down?
7. Is it more revolutionary to kill your parents or to organize an action committee?
8. Do you watch Twenty-Four Hours or News at Ten?
9. Do you get all the news you need on the weather report?
10. Is Johnny Cash a right winger or a people's balladeer?
11. Which has more news
    a. The Mirror or the Times?
    b. Private Eye or IT?
12. Which has more sex? Penthouse or the News of the World?
13. Do you prefer Pop or Impressionist art? TV commercials or a stimulating debate?
14. Is colour TV evidence of (a) a new consciousness, (b) a sign of bourgeois decadence, (c) government infiltration, or (d) personalised dream machine?
15. Would you rather read a good book or got to a movie?
16. Which phrase is it better to use, NLF or Viet Cong?
17. Who has more to say, John Galbraith or Harold Robbins?
18. Which is the higher form of communication, a teach-in or a smoke-in?
19. Is a picture really worth a thousand words?
20. Should you burn your draft card or your draft board?
21. What's funnier, Laugh-in or Fanny Craddock?
22. Which is more damaging to the system, belief in Communism or practising vandalism?
23. In university politics, which is the more revolutionary act, killing a porter, or taking off your clothes?
24. Is Spiro Agnew a brilliant fascist or bumbling oaf?
25. Was the Chicago Conspiracy Trial great theatre or a legal landmark?
26. Is Timothy Leary a misguided mystic or a political scapegoat?
27. Where would you prefer to spend time, Trafalgar Square or Kensington Market?
28. Who represents the greater threat to the power structure in England, the Kray Twins or the White Panthers?
29. Who would you rather have as Prime Minister, Tariq Ali or Enoch Powell?
30. Does the biggest dream always win?

GIPSY ROSE UNDERGROUND

Shameful exposure at N.F.T.

A THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND
AND STILL GOING DOWN

This has to start with an admission: I didn't see all the Underground films at the NFT and I'm told that I missed some good ones from San Francisco. But I saw quite enough to get movie-shock and catch the pungent odour of the counter-culture as it wafts across the barricades. Its hard to say what the Underground means by 'underground' but its supposed to catch the flavour of the impermissible, the revolutionary, the counter-cultural, the liberated.

And that's what everyone told each other was happening in the incredible conversations in the bar and foyer, celebrating being-together in the presence of 'revolutionary' art. And laughing at the Maoist in the foyer because they found he used all those well-worn phrases of Marxist criticism about their festival, tight little inelegant expressions. But ironically, even inelegantly, he was quite right and they were quite wrong—the underground movie makers and viewers. The films were almost all unmitigated shit, they were flounderingly bourgeois, they moved along very similar channnels to the old commercial ones just a bit better hidden in the smoke screen of dense self-indulgence.

If the underground is any kind of statement of the revolution, the US Administration can sleep easy tonight. They've a million years more in power. Its true that there were one or two moments of good film, but like everyone else who didn't walk out, I suspect that we sat there because it seemed unwarrantable to leave and risk missing the ten minutes that might justify the previous three hours. After each film there were people turning to each other and saying, with the heavy reason of Late Night Line-Up, 'Well, it had an interesting rhythm', or whatever, and our presence appeared a little less ridiculous. It was the straightest film in the festival, *Chicago* that came closest to communicating a wide experience.

It's hard to single out the films which operated most appallingly in the opposite direction. But perhaps the frenetic Malcolm Le Grice's *Spot the Microdot, Your Lips, Lucky Pigs* get the award. Forming a series he called 'How to Screw the CIA', the films were a series of flashes of light and excrutiating noise, technically produced, the fascinated scholar learns, by punching holes in opaque film, or loops of murky film continually repeated. People winced, and sat their ground, staggered out at the end, battered but applauding the 'rhythm', and predicted the effect the film would have on the CIA and the NFT (which would 'never be the same again', but is), to summon up enough energy and fortitude to get back in there under fire again. The films may mean something to Le Grice, but it only meant anything to the mock-revolutionaries because they've been told that it should. The CIA would undoubtedly be happy to arrange finance for future productions like these if it gets the kids off the streets and into the boredom.

Or Leggett and Breakwell's *Sheet*—'The making of the film was an event-process lasting one year from May 1969'—when Ian Breakwell decided to go drape a sheet over a bush and out of a top floor window & in a few other exciting places, and film it. Leggett says that this 'event itself was promising and so was the film'. Some of us are clearly won by small promises and it's hard to believe that a year in the Stock Exchange wouldn't have been more creditably spent. It is, of course, a pity to use only a very few examples, but they are not deceptively unlike the rest—or almost all of it.

THE FILMS AND THE FESTIVAL WERE OBJECTIVELY BOURGEOIS AND OF NO USE WHATEVER TO US IN REAL STRUGGLE FOR LIBERATION. THEY WERE NEITHER POLITICAL NOR MADE POLITICALLY (See Godard in *Afterimage* No.1).

1. The movie is generally advertised in newspapers and on posters and people whose names appear credible, stars and critics, promote it by a series of well-learned techniques. Illustrations and copy are tied to established box office formulae. Given an appropriate launch directed to as undescriminating an audience as can be achieved, so long as they now emphasise nihilism, youth, and sexuality, some movies will make money. The underground movie is promoted by the technical device of calling in 'Underground'; that is its public relations label and mode of marketing. Call a movie 'Underground' and some people (and never any others) will turn up to fill the auditorium. The movie operates within

the same success criteria—youth, sex and nihilism, plus a calculated effort at bad cutting and total lack of camera skill. These are the ingredients of parallel success. THE MARKETING STRUCTURE IS BOURGEOIS HIDDEN IN NOVELTY; IT IS ANTI-NOTHING AND THUS, POSES NO THREAT.

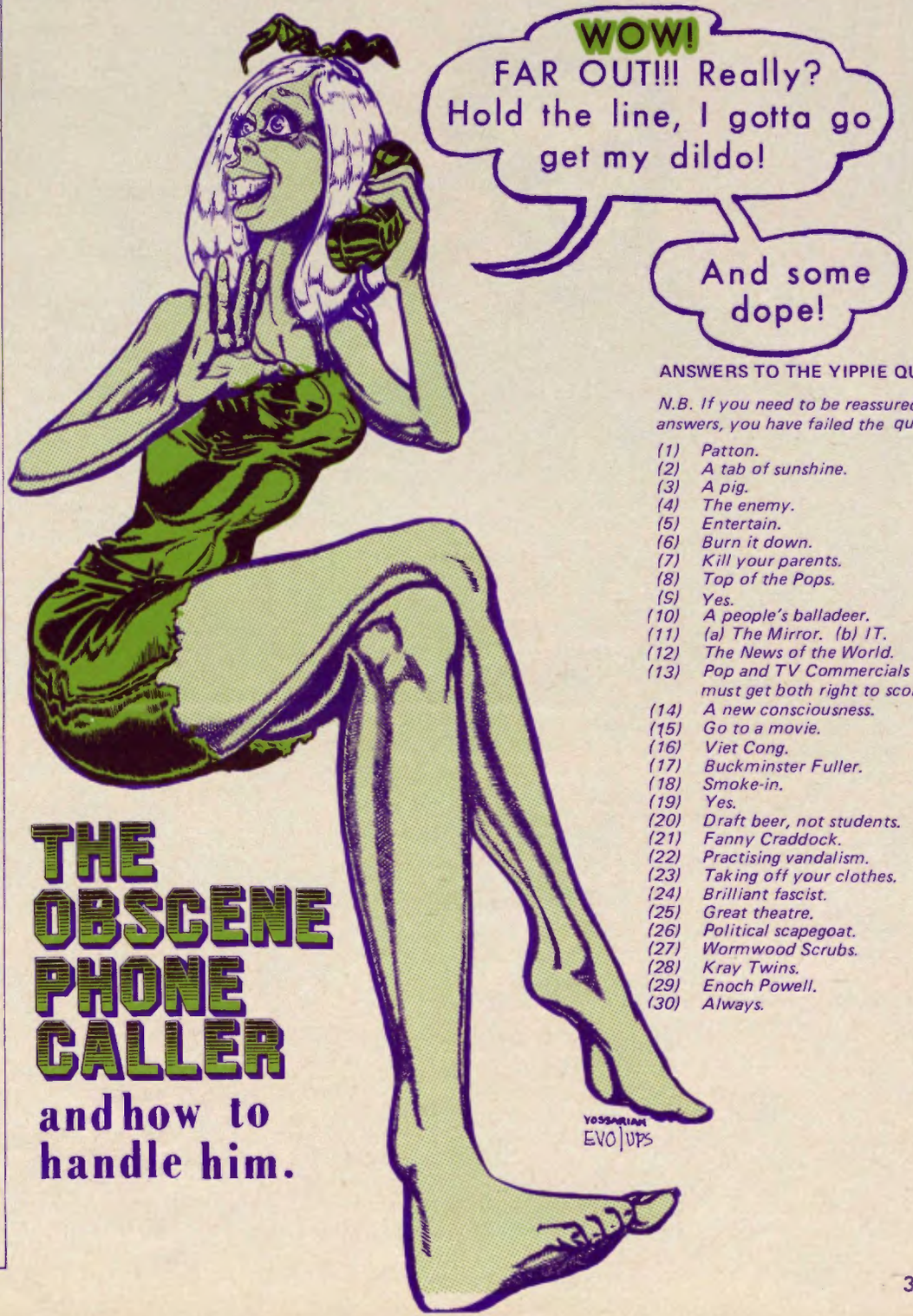
2. The underground is substantially not anti-art. It has nothing on Dada or even Kerouac's final political cynicism, both of which, even if lost in the past, have infinitely greater historical validity. The underground poses no threat because it calls on exactly the same people to celebrate its existence as successful avant-art anywhere, namely the young, educated, advanced (?) bourgeoisie. It has no word whatever for the working class, who many of these people think it fashionable to deride. Art is, as it happens, uncannily close to the ideology of the ruling class (not only in advertising copy), and we would expect that anti-art would align itself with the subject class. The 'underground' is made by the inheritors of the ruling class role for their counterparts; its makers and audiences laugh at crude working class Maoists who have the temerity to criticise them in the hall outside. IT IS NOT ANTI—BUT SUBSTITUTE—ART. It lies in the twilight on the edges of the most conventional artistic relationships, serving the same population for the same purpose: to anaesthetise them from class struggle by vacarious and insubstantial attachment to revolt *against the image* of establishment. IT SHADOW BOXES AND EXPENDS ALL ITS ENERGY.

3. It is thus not counter-culture, but parallel or surrogate-culture and consequently fills a counter-revolutionary role. Some films are quite deliberate in this. Hartog's *Molotov Party* monotonously laughs at some of the absurdities which were in the student movement and invents some which were never there, straw man, to leave no room for a positive approach. It asks us why don't you beautiful people quit doing the totally laughable and get back to the real task of beautiful people—fucking—the natural expression of your beauty. When you get together in more than twos (when you are concerned, that is, with power), you become ironical and absurd. Give it up. Well, the natural twosome theory has been around a good while; last time out it was old Duverger (*Political Parties*) who gave it an airing for the European Bourgeoisies.

Even when the message isn't specifically counter-revolutionary as in *Molotov Party*, it is directed toward intensely personal experiences of indescernable origin, the expression of which is believed in the underground to be liberating. Complete self-indulgence may or may not summon up empathising individuals out there in the darkened stalls, each in his own personal nightmare; it may or may not attract a measure of collusion by the audience in the significance of what is presented. I think the likelihood is that it doesn't, but hardly anyone would dare say so. But the very notion of this self-indulgence counter-poses individual communication against the validity of the mass, to whom the expression is completely inaccessible. The 'liberation' of the underground is wedded to the individual and never to a class. The BBC would certainly (like the NFT) show almost any underground movie rather than the tamely terrifying War Game, the NATO film or Godard. Such selfish isolation is characteristically white middle-class; it despises those to whom there is no meaning—namely the working class.

4. What the film makers felt, coming together as young revolutionaries was a curious solidarity. It is the solidarity of that sector of the bourgeoisie that *chooses* to define itself as 'outsider' from straight society or the working class, in order to-be-counter-cultural. This self-definition requires one thing to preserve itself, and dies when that thing vanishes—A HEALTHY, STRONG BOURGEOISIE WHO ACCEPT THE DEFINITION AND REGARD THE COUNTER-CULTURAL AS CONSTITUTING THE POSITION 'OUTSIDE'. With such insiginificant opposition, it is no accident that they direct the workers, punitively, to provide a surplus, some of which they'll happily see channeled into the realm of young men, refreshingly like their own offspring, who wage class war by punching little round holes in opaque film stock.

David Triesman



THE OBSCENE PHONE CALLER

and how to handle him.

ANSWERS TO THE YIPPIE QUIZ

N.B. If you need to be reassured by answers, you have failed the quiz.

(1) *Patton.*
(2) *A tab of sunshine.*
(3) *A pig.*
(4) *The enemy.*
(5) *Entertain.*
(6) *Burn it down.*
(7) *Kill your parents.*
(8) *Top of the Pops.*
(9) *Yes.*
(10) *A people's balladeer.*
(11) *(a) The Mirror. (b) IT.*
(12) *The News of the World.*
(13) *Pop and TV Commercials (you must get both right to score).*
(14) *A new consciousness.*
(15) *Go to a movie.*
(16) *Viet Cong.*
(17) *Buckminster Fuller.*
(18) *Smoke-in.*
(19) *Yes.*
(20) *Draft beer, not students.*
(21) *Fanny Craddock.*
(22) *Practising vandalism.*
(23) *Taking off your clothes.*
(24) *Brilliant fascist.*
(25) *Great theatre.*
(26) *Political scapegoat.*
(27) *Wormwood Scrubs.*
(28) *Kray Twins.*
(29) *Enoch Powell.*
(30) *Always.*

SEIZE THE TIME

The Story of the Black Panther Party
by Bobby Seale

The beginning was in Oakland, a black ghetto suburb of San Francisco, strategically situated next door to Berkeley University, scene of the first and some of the most violent student struggles.

The story of the Black Panther party is largely the story of one man: Huey Newton. Bobby first met him when Huey, then aged about 23, was addressing a street corner meeting during the tense days of the Cuba Missile Crisis. Over the next few years Bobby gradually got to know him better and the first part of the book describes this extraordinary man and his political development.

Huey managed to become an intellectual (meaning someone who thinks hard about ideas) without ever losing contact with ordinary people. Maybe its got something to do with retaining a faith in them. What particularly impressed Bobby, and California is so full of bullshit artists that he was right to be impressed, was the way Huey would always argue in a concrete way sticking hard to the facts. He also had the rare ability, essential to great leaders, of expressing complex ideas with a simplicity that anyone could understand. Slowly he developed a strange double reputation of being both someone for the West Coast black movement to take seriously and also a man who the brothers on the block would have to reckon with personally if they crossed him. "The bad cats terrorised the community—and Huey terrorised the bad cats".

The dominating black ideology of the time, to which Huey subscribed, was cultural nationalism. They believed that the enemy was the white man and that all black men were already equal. They tended to wear African dress and learn Swahili.

Now the one thing that most people think they know about the Panthers is that they hate white people. The truth is that the Party was founded on a split from the nationalists on exactly this question. Huey knew it was racist lunacy to hate white people simply for being white. He knew that there was no great difference between a white capitalist and a black one and that the problem was not primarily race but class. He knew these things not so much from Marx but from his own experience. Just as he also knew that the brothers on the block were not going to be impressed by African gear and black history lectures. "Power for the people doesn't grow out of the sleeve of a dashiki".

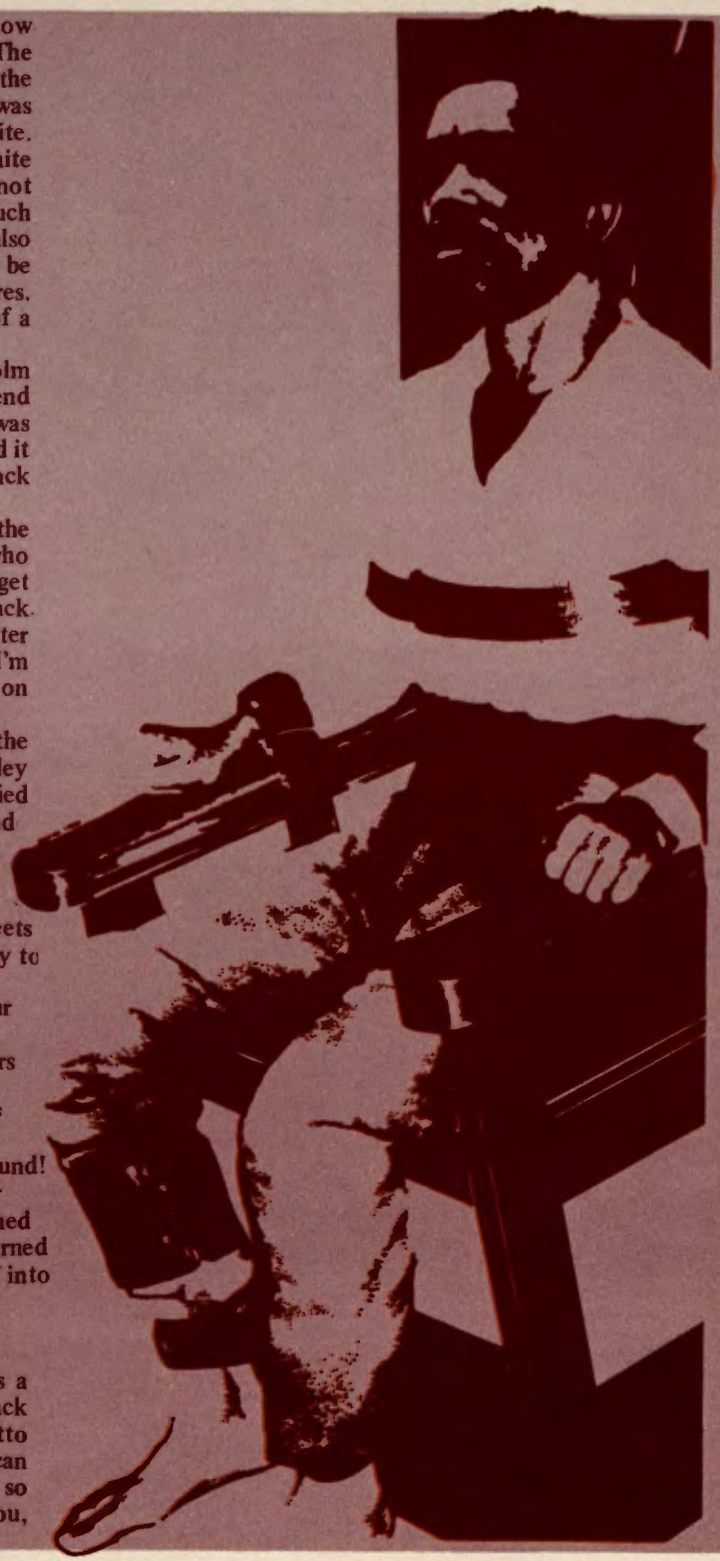
The final break was over the question of guns. Malcolm X had said that black people have a right to defend themselves. Huey wanted to do just that. The proposal was put to the group they belonged to and everyone rejected it except for Bobby. So the two of them split and the Black Panther Party was launched.

"And that's how it happened, the college boys—the cultural nationalists, all the bullshit, jiving dudes who articulate bullshit all the time and don't ever want to get into the real practice of revolutionary struggle, the black liberation struggle in this country—Huey'd say, 'Well, later for them. We'll go to the streets.' And I'd say, 'Huey, I'm with you, brother. Let's go on and do it.' So we went on out into the streets, and that was it".

The ten point programme was drawn up and with the money they made by reselling Mao's book to Berkeley students they started to buy guns. But first "Huey studied those law books, backwards, forwards, sideways, and cattycorners; everything on gun laws. And I was right there with him, trying to study them too, run them down, and understand them." They discovered that it was legal (even for a black man) to walk the streets carrying a loaded gun and proceeded to put this discovery to the test.

The confrontations that followed are a part of our revolutionary history. One of the first and most famous was outside the Ramparts office when the Panthers were providing a guard for Malcolm X's widow,. "One of the brothers had his back turned on the pigs and I guess Huey saw the cops pulling the straps off the hammers all of a sudden, so Huey says 'turn around! Don't turn your back on those back shooting mother-fuckers!' Just like that. We all turned around. I turned around, Little Joe turned around, Little Bobby turned around and Huey goes 'Spread!' and jacks a shell off into the chamber of his gun."

It's like a Western. And that was the point. It was a kind of street theatre with a political lesson every black man in America could understand. If you live in a ghetto surrounded by armed white troopers any one of whom can shoot you down and think little of it, then you can get so used to living with fear, it becomes so much a part of you,



that you don't even recognise it. But when Huey stood up with a gun in his hand he stood up for every black man. When he made those swaggering racist motherfucking cops back down he walked into history by creating the heroic myth that all revolutions need. Of course, they should have shot him immediately. In most other countries (certainly this one) they would have done. He did something that millions had only ever dreamed of doing and his incredible bravery worked and he lived.

The police soon realised their mistake. They were appearing in Huey's plays instead of writing their own. They took the initiative and began a war which is still going on. Over 30 Panthers have died, mostly defending themselves against murderous attack. Some, like Fred Hampton of Chicago, were killed in their beds. Huey himself was badly wounded and spent over two years in gaol. About 300 face charges at this moment.

Bobby has several charges pending including the Chicago conspiracy frame up. Simply for insisting on his constitutional right to defend himself he was shackled and gagged. There is an horrific description of the Marshall's attempt to forcibly insert a plug of wadding into his mouth. But Judge Hoffman's success in silencing Bobby became another bizarre Panther victory. The image of a chained black man in a court of law said more to the world about repression in a free society than a thousand political pamphlets.

It was a disgusting scene. Defence lawyer Kunstler was so right and blazingly honest when he said in his BBC interview that what they should all have done when they gagged Bobby was to walk right out of that court room and not come back. It would have created an almost unprecedented situation but the trial could hardly have continued. By sitting there and carrying on with the trial procedure they, all white men, were in a sense condoning the outrage.

But it isn't all shoot-outs and dramatic gestures. A lot of this book is concerned with the daily grind of organisation, education and agitation. That's how revolutionary parties are built. Huey is out now and back in the struggle. The Party is going to have to change as it comes out of its first phase of confrontation. Other black leaders have criticised the Panthers for being too conscious of the media, too suicidal in their tactics, too short term in their objectives. Huey's leadership is about to receive a severe test as the Party consolidates and builds up strength and power for the new battles ahead.

Bobby talked this book into a tape recorder and it comes at you hot and fresh, straight from the streets. But through it all, in and around the words, there is that same beautiful gentleness that distinguishes "Soul On Ice". It was there in Jimi Hendrix too. Maybe it's something to do with being a black American. Whatever it is I hope they can hang on to it. The Second American revolution is only just beginning and already it's bloody enough. They are going to need all the beauty they can find. So read this book. It is part of the revolution and it is beautiful. *Clive Goodwin.*

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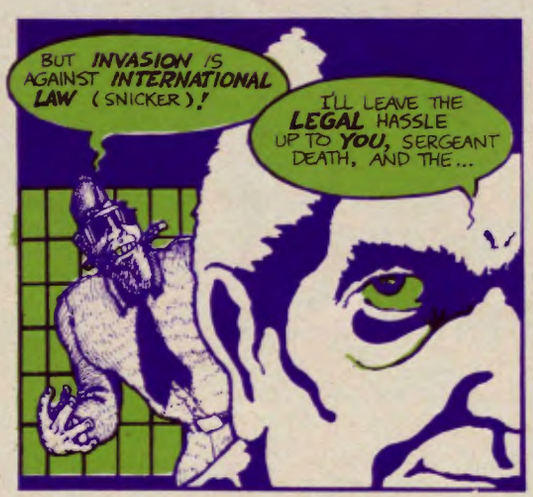
SERGEANT DEATH MEETS WONDER WART-HOG

SCENE 1: THE PENTAGON!
WELL, DEATH, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY YOU, A MERE SERGEANT, HAVE BEEN SECRETLY CALLED HERE!
GENERAL, SIR, I CAN ONLY ASSUME IT'S SOMETHING TOO BIG TO HANDLE THROUGH ORDINARY CHANNELS!

ALAS, IT'S TRUE! WE HAVE RECEIVED REPORTS THROUGH OUR SO-CALLED "INTELLIGENCE" THAT THE RED CHINESE HAVE DEVELOPED AN ICBM CAPABLE OF VAPORIZING EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN AMERICA WITH A SINGLE, TERRIFYING BLAST...
THOSE YELLOW BASTARDS! HAVE THEY NO RESPECT FOR HUMAN LIFE?!!

BUT THOSE MISSILE SITES CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO EXIST AND MENACE OUR GREAT NATION, SERGEANT.
BUT... BUT HOW ELSE TO DESTROY THEM BESIDES BOMBING OR... OR INVASION!?
SNAP


BUT INVASION IS AGAINST INTERNATIONAL LAW (SNICKER)!
I'LL LEAVE THE LEGAL HASSLE UP TO YOU, SERGEANT DEATH, AND THE...

...MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL!!
TOP SECRET
Orders:
Sgt. Death
Re: Red China

BACK AT THE BARRACKS...
WE'VE BEEN COOPED UP FOR A WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT ANY ACTION! I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE!
YA WANNA GO INTO TOWN AND STOMP SHIT OUTA SOME QUEERS?
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A REPRESSED HOMOSEXUAL YOURSELF, O'RAFFERTY!
HOW 'BOUT A GAME OF SPLIT, P'FESSAH?
RIP

YOU GUYS EVER TRY CHICKEN SOUP AND DEXEDRINE? IT'S AN OLD JEWISH RECIPE!
I'LL STEEK TO CORN FLAKES AN' TEQUILA!

WHAT'S THIS COMMIE PROPAGANDA DOING IN THE BARRACKS?
(!?... TH' SARGE!)

WHAT KINDA GODDAM COMMANDOS YOU GUYS CALL YOURSELVES!? THIS PLACE LOOKS MORE LIKE A HAIGHT STREET HIPPIE PAD THAN A MARINE CORPS BARRACKS!!

ATTEN-HUT!
ACID
LOVE
SPROING!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CLEAN UP A PLACE THAT'S THIS FILTHY!

BURN IT.

TO THE LANDING STRIP, MEN! OUR NEXT STOP IS RED CHINA!

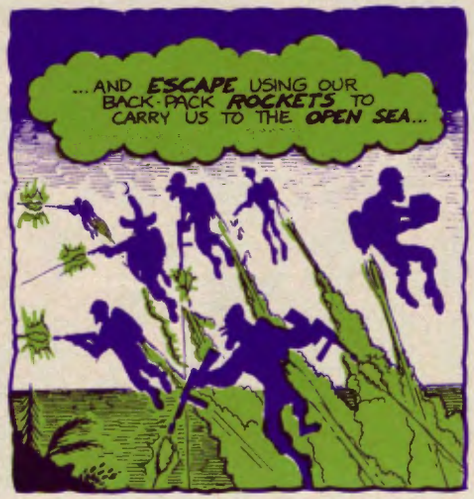
WE'LL BE OVER PEKING IN ABOUT THREE AND A HALF HOURS, SERGEANT!
THANKS TO OUR MACH 3 TROOP TRANSPORT!

THE WAY TO GET THE CHINESE MISSILE-PRODUCING COMPLEX, MEN, WILL BE AS FOLLOWS: FIRST, WE BAIL OUT OVER PEKING'S SUBURBS AT MIDNIGHT, FROM A FLYING ALTITUDE OF 50 FEET IN ORDER TO ESCAPE RADAR DETECTION...

...DIRECTLY INTO A RED CHINESE ARMY MOTOR POOL STAGING AREA, WHERE WE STEAL SEVEN OF THEIR MOTORCYCLES! WE THEN BREAK OUT ON TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY...

...AND PROCEED DIRECTLY TO THEIR SECRET MOUNTAINSIDE PLUTONIUM GENERATOR, WHERE A MERE BATTALION OF CRACK TROOPS PROTECTS THEIR STRATEGIC BREEDER REACTOR...
BAPBAPBAPBAP
ZING
DADADADA

A SMALL AMOUNT OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE TAKES CARE OF THE SETUP — WE PUT THEIR PLUTONIUM IN THIS LEAD BOX...
BAM
ZING
BOOM

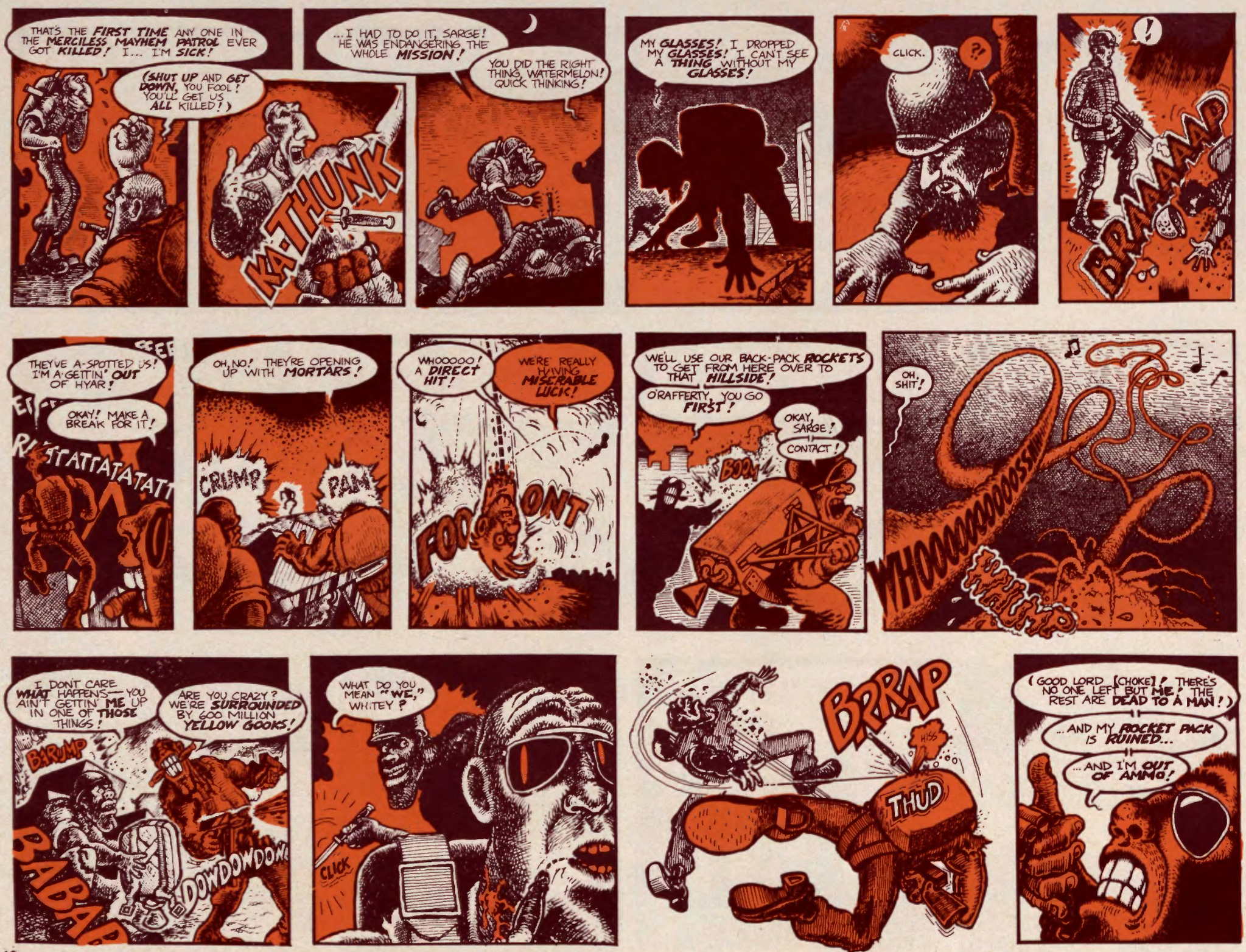

...AND ESCAPE USING OUR BACK-PACK ROCKETS TO CARRY US TO THE OPEN SEA...

...WHERE A U.S. NAVY VESSEL WILL BE WAITING TO PICK US UP AND BRING US BACK TO THE STATES...

...PROVIDING WE'RE NOT ALL KILLED, OF COURSE. YOU MEN REALIZE THAT OUR CHANCES OF PULLING THIS OFF UNSCATHED ARE APPROXIMATELY TEN THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST OUR SUCCESS...
WE'RE WITH YA, SARGE!!

WE'RE THERE! HIT TH' SILK!!
GERONIMO!
WHOOMP

OH JESUS CHRIST! LOPEZ' CHUTE DIDN'T OPEN!!
OH, MY GOD! (URP)
(BE QUIET! YOU'LL WAKE THE CHINKS!)
FIFTY FEET WAS JUST TOO LOW FOR A BAD-ASS LIKE HIM!


THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANY ONE IN THE MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL EVER GOT KILLED! I... I'M SICK!
(SHUT UP AND GET DOWN, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL GET US ALL KILLED!)
KA-THUNK
...I HAD TO DO IT, SARGE! HE WAS ENDANGERING THE WHOLE MISSION!
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, WATERMELON! QUICK THINKING!
MY GLASSES! I DROPPED MY GLASSES! I CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES!
CLICK.
?!
!
BRAAAAAP
THEY'VE A-SPOTTED US! I'M A-GETTIN' OUT OF HYAR!
OKAY! MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
RATTATATATATT
OH, NO! THEY'RE OPENING UP WITH MORTARS!
CRUMP
PAM
WHOOOOO! A DIRECT HIT!
WE'RE REALLY HAVING MISERABLE LUCK!
WE'LL USE OUR BACK-PACK ROCKETS TO GET FROM HERE OVER TO THAT HILLSIDE!
O'RAFFERTY, YOU GO FIRST!
OKAY, SARGE!
CONTACT!
BOOM
OH, SHIT!
WHOOOOOOOOOOSSSHH
I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS— YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ME UP IN ONE OF THOSE THINGS!
ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE SURROUNDED BY 600 MILLION YELLOW GOOKS!
BRUMP
BABAP
DOWDOWDOWN
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WE," WHITEY?
CLICK
BRRAP
HISS
THUD
(GOOD LORD [CHOKE]! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT BUT ME! THE REST ARE DEAD TO A MAN!)
...AND MY ROCKET PACK IS RUINED...
...AND I'M OUT OF AMMO!

BOOM!
TWEETLE
THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE MUST CALL UPON HELP FROM SOURCES GREATER THAN HIMSELF. I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME, BUT...
IT'S TIME TO CALL ON...
POW
...AND SURE ENOUGH, AT THIS VERY MOMENT A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE IS BEING RELAYED TO A TELEPHONE IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE HIGH ABOVE THE TEEMING STREETS OF MUTHALODE, U.S.A., WHERE SITS REPORTER PHILBERT DESANEX, THE MILD-MANNERED SECRET IDENTITY OF WONDER WART-HOG!
HEY PHILBERT! SOME CLOWN CALLING HIMSELF THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!
IT'S AN EMERGENCY, PHILBERT. I'D CERTAINLY BE GRATEFUL IF YOU'D CHANGE INTO YOUR WONDER WART-HOG SUIT AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO TO GET US OUT OF A RATHER... ER, COMPROMISING POSITION THE GOVERNMENT HAS GOTTEN INTO IN REGARD TO THE RED CHINA SITUATION...
HM?
OH!
YEAH, SURE.
RED CHINA CLAIMS "U.S. INVASION" THIRD WORLD WAR CLOSE
GEE, I'VE NEVER BEEN TO CHINA BEFORE BECAUSE IT SAID I COULDN'T ON MY U.S. PASSPORT...
I WONDER IF THEY STILL HAVE OPIUM DENS THERE (HEH HEH)?
HO, HUM. I GUESS THE EASIEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO FLY RIGHT OVER AND REMOVE OUR SOLDIER FROM RIGHT BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES.
POOMP
I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE U.S.A.!
HE'S REALLY REAL!
PLUCK
...AND THEN I'M TAKING THAT PLUTONIUM RIGHT BACK TO PLUTO, WHERE IT BELONGS!
...AND THEN I'M GONNA CHECK OUT THAT OPIUM DEN THING.
I'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY AND I NEED TO RELAX A LITTLE.
AND HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES WITHOUT YOUR MEN?
I TOLD YOU, SIR... WONDER.
NO GIANT PIG STORY AGAIN! JUST TELL ME THE TRUTH, AND NONE OF THIS FANTASY SHIT!
IT'S TRUE, SIR!
ONE LAST TIME, SERGEANT: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PLUTONIUM?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR!
YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN IT! THE CHINKS EVEN ADMIT IT'S GONE!
YOU ARE AWARE, SERGEANT, THAT TELLING LIES TO A GENERAL IS AN AUTOMATIC FIRING SQUAD OFFENSE?
OH (SOB), SIR (CHOKE)! HE WAS EIGHT FEET TALL AND (SOB) (SNIFFLE) SIX HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST, AND (CHOKE) HE HAD A SKIN-TIGHT RED AND GREEN SUIT, AND HIS NOSE, SIR, (SOB, CHOKE), COULD ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS A... A...
THERE, THAT OUGHTA STOP THAT SCREAMING!
...JUST GAGGED HIM WITH HIS BLINDFOLD...
READY... AIM...
WHERE IS HE? WHY DOESN'T HE RESCUE ME NOW?!
Gilbert Shelton

LETTERS

Dear OZ,

Just got out of jail (after 4 months) and well, I'm not really out yet (waiting in the police building behind doors still locked for my transport back to Germany) but I already have all my own things around me—letters they never gave me, books I wasn't allowed to read, clothes they didn't let me wear—and so I also find four OZ and a letter and I get so high.

It's crazy to see what they let you have and what not. A friend of mine sent me a magazine he makes now (after he flipped out on STP—and too much speed—several times last year and went to the nut house). Anyway no one knew anything about him for a year and now POW—a letter, a magazine—he's become a Muslim and the paper is religious and beautiful (not even what they call pornography, you know) but they never gave it to me.

Well jail—I just remember that shortly before I got busted, I read an article by Bill Levy (OZ 27) whom they wouldn't let into England and who stayed in jail for some days. I always figured I couldn't take it (jail). I put myself in his place and really flipped.

But now here I am, more vital and living than ever, reading magazines and outside the sun shines . . .

The only reason to be scared of jail is, I think, when you're strung out (then they really treat you *bad*—medieval experiments . . . I saw it all being practised on a girl who became my friend in jail) but otherwise, you just get the physical feeling that theoretically you've known so long: that the only jail is your mind, and the bullshit it can put you through when you don't treat it right. All the rest never bothers you too much, bars and all . . .

You know, I'm so very happy right now on the FLASH OF FREEDOM and I want you to partake of it!.

Love and Peace,
Tina Vietmeier, 6FFM (BRD),
C/o Simon,
Beethovenplatz 4,
Z63.

P.S. The worst Jail did for me: I started smoking cigarettes again after total abstinence of 1 years.

Dear OZ,

Enclosed (Commonwealth of Australia Notice of Seizure from Dept. of Customs & Excise) you can see what I received instead of my OZ 27. It's the first time it's ever happened to me and came like a Bolte from the blue. I thought you'd like to know what happens. Can you do anything. I want my OZ, naturally, I guess the covers couldn't come much plainer than plain brown paper or was this one different?

I have spoken to the Collector of Customs in Victoria and he informed me that it's just that I've been very lucky so far. Apparently practically every OZ issue ('cept 1, 2, 5 & 24) has been a prohibited import to Australia. No news of issue 28 yet which I am yet to receive but I'm hoping. Apparently seizure of prohibited imports only follows random spot check of mail or if the wrapper is printed with some identifying material which could hint at its contents.

Yours ever,
Richard Petersen,
25 Edgevale Road,
Key, Victoria,
Australia 3101.

OZ 27 has been re-dispatched in a very plain wrapper, addressed to "Reverend Richard Petersen".

Dear OZ,

I would like to apologise to all brothers and sisters for a political action which prevented Otto Muele from holding his happening at the New Arts Lab (OZ 30 Broadsheet). I now realise that my action was revisionist (ha!) and not in the best interests of the people. Because it denied the idea of pluralistic society which we are all trying to create.

Maybe we can all come up front a bit more get thru the paronoia and act. I think the Red Telephone plan is a good one. The Red Telephone Network exists expressly to jam switchbaords of organisations in society which have to be pressured by us. 25,000 people demonstrate in Trafalgar Square or Grosvenor Square and get a good beating up by the cops and then fucked by the media. Fifty people alone can fuck up a TV station or a newspaper for a whole day just with their telephones by jamming the switchboard.

One of the first targets of Red Telephone will be collective action on the day of the beginning of the IT-OZ obscenity trials, whichever comes first. The whole movement is getting pressure from the man: blacks in the Gate, freaks in the Underground Press, dope users everywhere, workers with strike laws, and all the children with sexually repressive politics, the kids with rip off pop festivals where the promoters go conveniently broker.

We're now going to fight back. The entire city can be jammed with a few telephones. Now talk to your friends about it and pick up on the next rumour in time for the obscenity trial. Guy Fawkes was right. Parliament is pigshit. None of us are even represented there. Electric democracy is the voting power of a Red Telephone to fuck up communications.

Hoppy,
TVX,
1 Robert Street,
London N.W.1. 387 8030

Dear OZ

On the 9th September 1969 I was goofing on 'barbs' outside Tooting Bec bin; it was about 9.30 a.m. by the way. They were discharging me due to my refusal at being locked up as an informal p.t.

So inevitably the fuzz arrived in a nice big car and after a short harangue on the rights of man, they hustled me away to the nick. During the short ride I was hit a number of times by the pig holding my head between his knees, although a point in his favour is that he very humanely removed my glasses beforehand. On reaching the station I was locked up for the night after having my toes crushed by the station sergeant's size 12 boots. At the time I was wearing a simple pair of sandals (no socks). A medallion, the five bags of Buddha, confiscated (never returned) and being screamed at in terms of dirty degenerate hippy and I'd like to shoot the lot of you up against that wall. Whereupon to my surprise I was fingerprinted and charged with assaulting two police officers and breach of the police. Statement was refused. Phone call was refused.

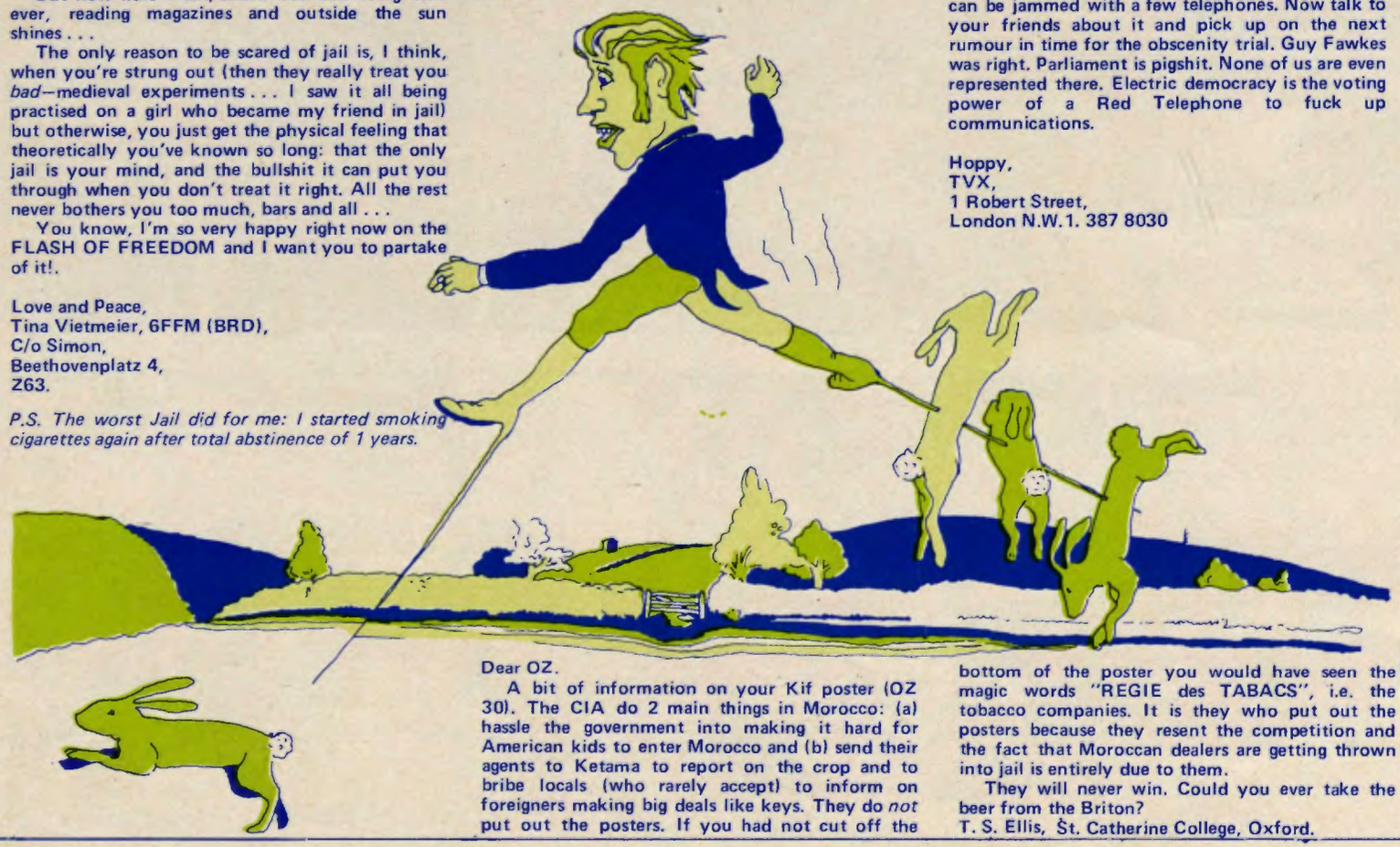
I had an open sore on my left arm which was in need of attention. On request for medical attention I was told to shut my mouth. Two hours later a doctor walked in and *looked* at my arm . . .

On going to the sessions I realised that the pigs had talked me into pleading guilty to secure a conviction. So I got Borstal which means I am going to have to answer to the government for at least 3-4 years, as, although it is a 6 months-2 years sentence, a further period of two years licence must be taken into account. I have completed the locked up part and I am now on licence. Honestly, the penal system is so fucking archaic and screwed up that I am going to take a while to get straight again. It's not like a prison thing, everything is geared to psychological approaches, probes pushed thru your ears to see what your lobes are like. They try and fuck your life style up and impregnate their own fucked-up basis into your mind. The screws are so paranoid and violence-orientated towards the inmates that often they don't even use violence just the weapons of psychology.

The only outcome is rebellion in the mind of any adult human being with any intelligence which is why 90% of Borstal boys are potential failures and I was *NOT* guilty.

With love,
Dave.

P.S. Please print this letter that people will see and learn, out of knowledge comes change . . .



Dear OZ.

A bit of information on your Kif poster (OZ 30). The CIA do 2 main things in Morocco: (a) hassle the government into making it hard for American kids to enter Morocco and (b) send their agents to Ketama to report on the crop and to bribe locals (who rarely accept) to inform on foreigners making big deals like keys. They do *not* put out the posters. If you had not cut off the bottom of the poster you would have seen the magic words "REGIE des TABACS", i.e. the tobacco companies. It is they who put out the posters because they resent the competition and the fact that Moroccan dealers are getting thrown into jail is entirely due to them.

They will never win. Could you ever take the beer from the Briton?
T. S. Ellis, St. Catherine College, Oxford.

Dear OZ,

I don't know how Peter Till arrives at his drawings (Cuntpower OZ, "The Perils of Pauline" and Page 3) but I don't think he is fair: I can't copy him, because if I copy him I copy me.

OZ must be too busy to notice the similarities. Rather a pity!

Sincerely Yours,
Roland Topor,
11 Rue Jacques Louvel Tessier,
Paris 10.

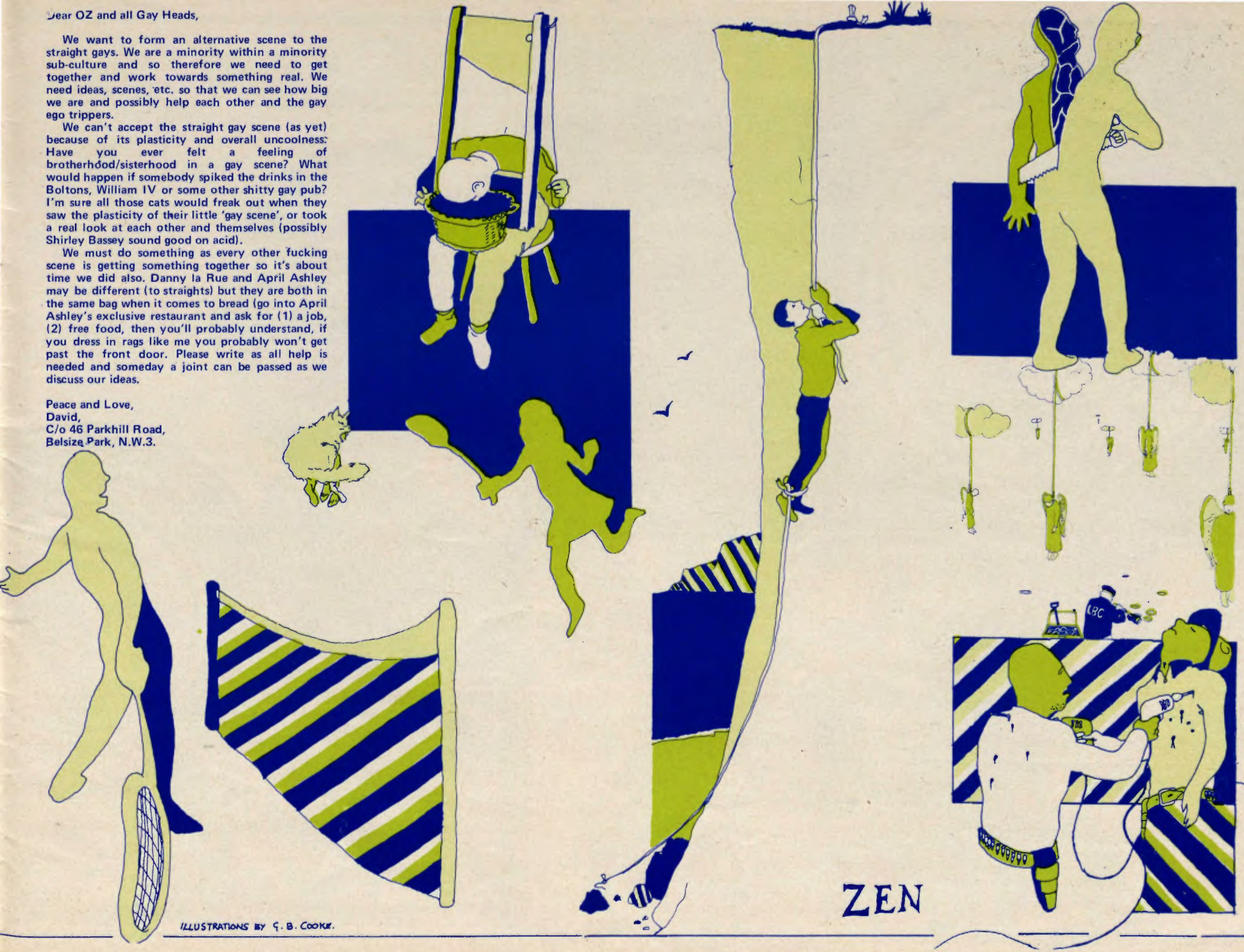
Dear OZ and all Gay Heads,

We want to form an alternative scene to the straight gays. We are a minority within a minority sub-culture and so therefore we need to get together and work towards something real. We need ideas, scenes, etc. so that we can see how big we are and possibly help each other and the gay ego trippers.

We can't accept the straight gay scene (as yet) because of its plasticity and overall uncoolness. Have you ever felt a feeling of brotherhood/sisterhood in a gay scene? What would happen if somebody spiked the drinks in the Boltons, William IV or some other shitty gay pub? I'm sure all those cats would freak out when they saw the plasticity of their little 'gay scene', or took a real look at each other and themselves (possibly Shirley Bassey sound good on acid).

We must do something as every other fucking scene is getting something together so it's about time we did also. Danny la Rue and April Ashley may be different (to straights) but they are both in the same bag when it comes to bread (go into April Ashley's exclusive restaurant and ask for (1) a job, (2) free food, then you'll probably understand, if you dress in rags like me you probably won't get past the front door. Please write as all help is needed and someday a joint can be passed as we discuss our ideas.

Peace and Love,
David,
C/o 46 Parkhill Road,
Belsize Park, N.W.3.



Local Jew Boy Makes Good

New Morning is a breath of clean air in a darkly polluted musical environment. With the prevailing sound being the grinding urban paranoia of the Black Sabbath/May Blitz syndrome, we need all the fresh country open spaces we can find. This album is full of them. Bob Dylan speaks to us here in what sounds closer to his true voice than anything we have heard since **John Wesley Harding** He has forsaken the Ruben-and-the-Jetset where he left off before those last two digressions. Musically, the impetus comes from Al Kooper's Easy Does It band, who act as rhythm section throughout. The frequent comparisons of **New Morning** with **Blonde on Blonde** are probably caused by the return of Kooper's inimitable roaring, surging organ to Dylan's records.

This album represents a coming together of all the music that Dylan has played over the last eight years. All Bob's previous faces and voices have superimposed and fused together to produce an image that is both reassuringly familiar and exhilaratingly new. The word that immediately springs to mind is "mellow" – Dylan's back on the land walking those country roads without seeing the insipid Roy Orbison B-side jukebox of **Skyline**. The c-and-w side trip has been fully worked out, and now casts a faint shadow through Dave Bromberg's gentle stoned dobro and slide work.

For the first time, the material is subordinate to the music. Certainly there are no classic songs here – no 'Mr. Tambourine Man', no 'Like a Rolling Stone' – though there are enough of Dylan's surrealist images here to keep Alan Weberman boring the balls off everyone for the next six months. Also for the first time, the music on this album sounds as though it is the product of a group, a blowing, playing band, than of a soloist with a bunch of session dudes. It's that tight and unified, and that loose and free.

Dylan's voice is rougher than it has been on any of the post-accident records, and it's also deeper in pitch than ever before. The intonations are pure Robert Zimmerman, and not ersatz Cash, and he's in tune all the way, though without that irritating facile smoothness. The youthful

harshness of his first three albums here finds its equivalent in the kind of patient, timeless, paid-all-ma-dues repose that you find in the old blues singers. Sort of like a country Albert King.

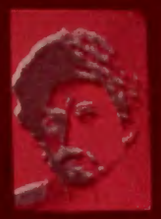
The instrumental progression is mainly due to the discarding of that clique of Nashville war-horses who've backed him for the last three years and their replacement by a group of tough cats who know how to take care of business in the city, but who can also bring it back home after hours. Kooper, as well as producing that superbly nostalgic organ sound, shares piano duties with Dylan, and as if that wasn't enough, helped Bob Johnston out with the arranging, production and mixing. Harvey Brooks from the Electric Flag and Super Session and Billy Mundi from the Mothers and Rhinosaurus, both from Kooper's Easy Does It trio are unobtrusively funky on bass and drums. Part of the early dawn freshness stems from Dave Bromberg's acoustic lead guitar. For some reason, the sound of single string licks on an acoustic box calls forth a totally different set of responses from the same sequences played electrically. (Bromberg will be remembered as the country/blues guitarist who got about ten encores on the Wednesday at the Isle of Wight this year). Where electric lead guitar is used, it's played by Paul Butterfield's guitarist Buzzy Felten or **Nashville Skyline/Blonde on Blonde** sideman Charlie Daniels, who also worked on Kooper's first two solo albums.

But perhaps the greatest instrumental surprise on this album is Bob's own piano playing. It knocked me flat on my arse. Kooper describes him as "the best piano player in the world" and in a curious way, that's right. He's certainly come a long way since he hammered out 'Black Crow Blues' on **Another Side** six years ago. It's a joyous thing to hear Kooper's sighing Hammond floating over Dylan's rolling and tumbling piano, particularly on 'Sign at the Window', and on a virtual solo piece, the hymn 'Father of Night', which is just piano, voice and gospel choir. It is an unlikely fusion of gospel music, a Jewish cantor and a Gregorian chant. It lasts eighty-four seconds, and is probably the best short track ever recorded, even outclassing Julie Driscoll's 'Word About Colour'.

This album was organically grown. It gives the impression of being almost a force of nature. It is more than the music of the people – it is the song of the earth. It is the voice of a Jewish cowboy peasant, and it's the most optimistic music imaginable. The acid paranoia of 'Ballad of a Thin Man' and 'All Along the Watchtower' has withered away because Bob no longer needs it, and neither, he implies, do we. There will be an answer, let it be.

Welcome back, Bob Dylan.

Charles Shaar Murray



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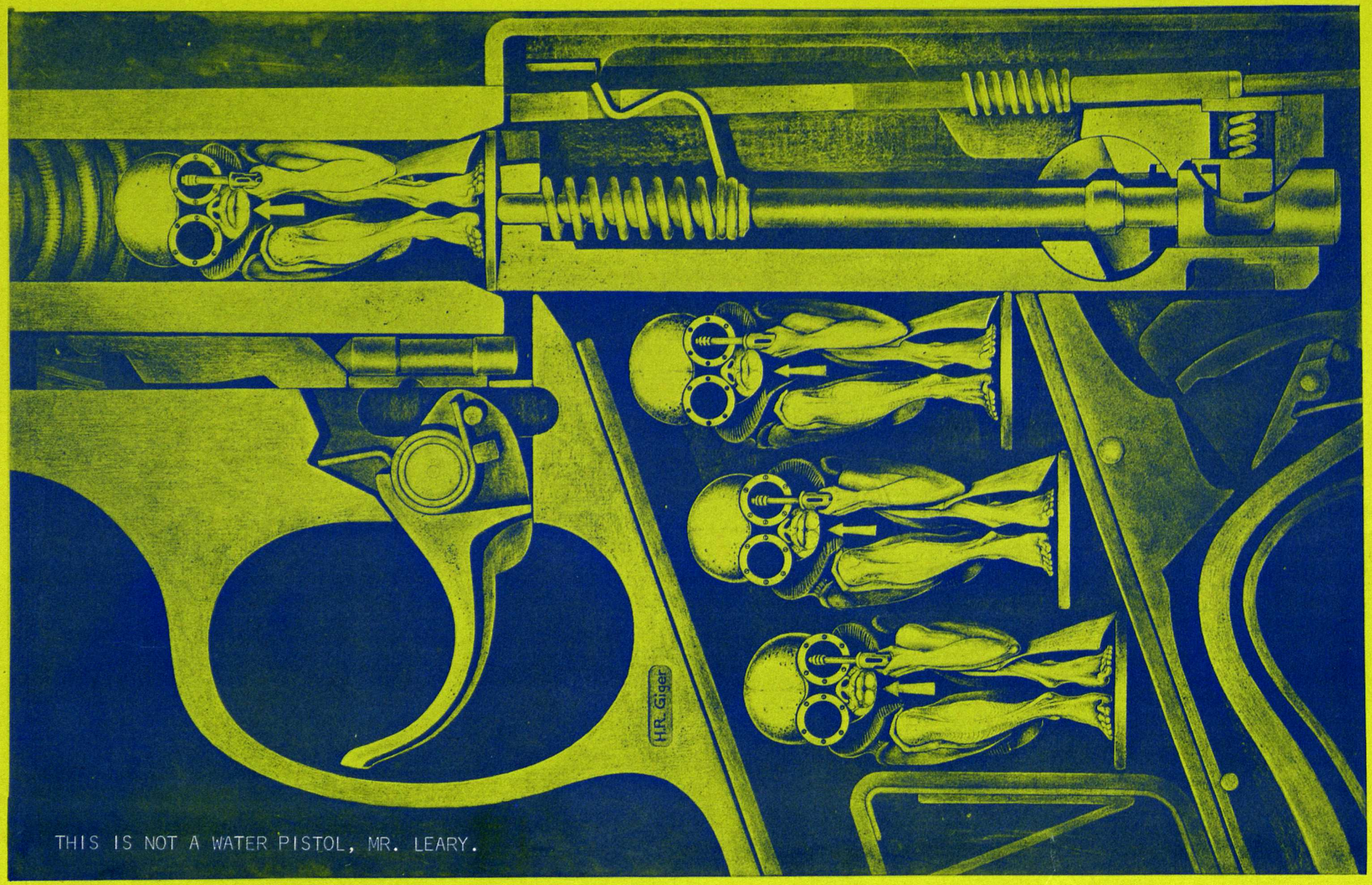

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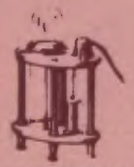


BIZARRE

A Gypsy mutant industrial vacuum cleaner dances about a mysterious night time camp fire. Festoons. Dozens of imported castanets, clutched by the horrible suction of its heavy duty hose, waving with marginal erotic abandon in the midnight autumn air.

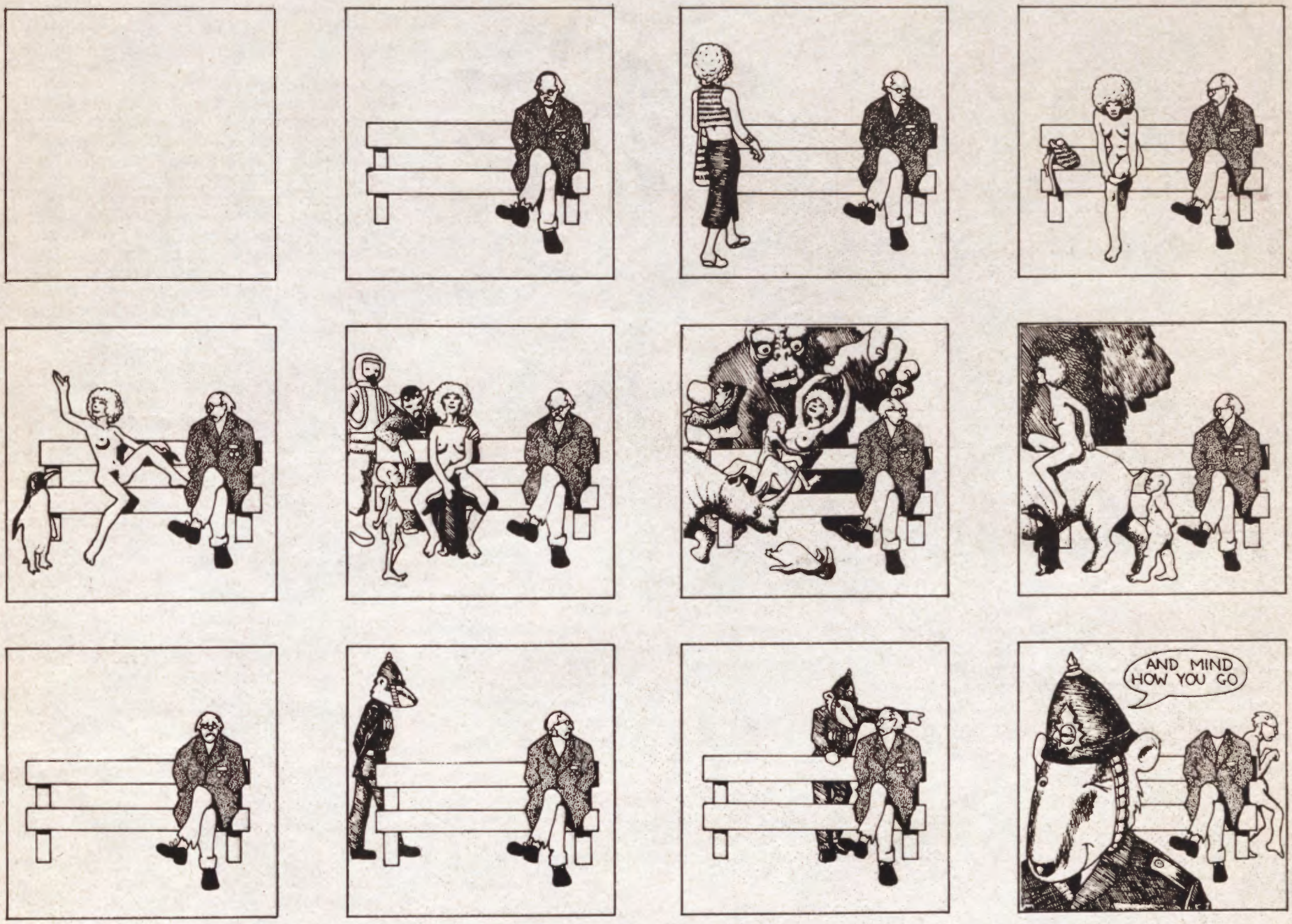
GRANNY'S OZ

EMERGENCY ISSUE

4s 0d No 32

OZ Publications Ink Ltd, on divers days between the 1st of January and the 8th day of June 1970, within the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court, conspired together with Vivian Laurence Berger and with certain other young persons to produce a magazine containing divers obscene lewd indecent and sexually perverted articles cartoons drawings and illustrations with intent thereby to debauch and corrupt the morals of children and young persons within the Realm and to arouse and implant in their minds lustful and perverted desires.

The OZ Instant Obscenity Test **GRANDMA OF THE MONTH** Now you see it-now you don't.



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WHISTLE WHILE YOU WANK?

'People who talk about revolution without referring explicitly to everyday life, without understanding what is subversive about love and what is positive about the refusal of restraints, such people have a corpse in their mouths'
Raoul Vaneigem 'Traite de Savoir–Vivre a L'Usage des Jeunes Generations'

'Surrounded by screaming communists with flowers in their arses'
Allen Ginsberg 'To an Old Poet in Peru'

Yipping Frost was lovely to watch. It was also very easy to understand, despite everyone saying how inarticulate the hippies are. They weren't going to be in Frost's quiz show anymore, they were going to be naughty schoolkids and force him to be what he is, an out-of-control-schoolmaster. They were going to be non-verbal and thus show quite what worshippers of idiocy words are in the ping-pong between Frost and guests. It was almost as funny as five minutes of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. But next day the Yippies buy all the papers to see how shocking they were and the Frost Show phones up Cape to see if their viewing figures have gone up higher than the *'Do It'* orders. Why gang, we're even more important than all these yippie miners going on strike, let's hire the ICA and get a few underground celebrities to say the usual things, only more violent seeing Jerry's here. So that's how we Did It in England and Big Jerry goes off on his so-familiar US tour; now we've done the Kabouters and the Fost Show, how about the IRA, they sound nice and dangerous. Who cares if the English Underground has proved, over some years now, that, politically speaking, they couldn't organise the proverbial smoke-in on a hash plantation. Or that the IRA, at least the ones with the most guns, are mainly trigger-happy Right-wingers and that Peoples Democracy, the real core of the revolutionary movement in Ireland, are more interested in Belfast bus fares than blowing their mind.

It's just not enough to be against passivity. To be dangerous to capitalism you have to do more than spell it with a K and do the two yippie party games, either you light the joint or burn the money. Both Hoffman, in the SNCC voting registration campaigns, and Rubin in the Berkeley student and Vietnam movement were brilliant organisers, powered by *'the need to reach the ordinary guy'*. But the decision to become famous, to enter the spectacle in a spectacular way, to get into David Frost's 'Who's Who', is a costly one. Celebrity is the clap of our time and you catch it whatever the idiological phophylaxis. Once a yippie Superhero, victor of a thousand consciousness battles, you're another TV star. And your view of the world is from the top, of leaders parading the masses up and down history, which, like outrage against foreign wars and the profit motive, is classical liberalism.

Perhaps the risk has to be taken in America. Perhaps the straight Left is so obnoxious and fond of shadowboxing and the hard-hats so utterly hostile to revolutionary ideas, neither are worth bothering about. Though this is certainly not the view of, say, John Watson, editor of 'Inner City Voice' the Detroit revolutionary paper, recently in London with films of black auto-workers' caucuses . . . no, he didn't get asked onto the Frost Show. But in Britain, the evidence of class struggle has seldom been more obvious; it's heaped on the corner of every street, it's in every Tory speech and face, it's the first fact of life for every striking miner. And it's never been, with the decline of the Labour Party and the seriousness of the economic crisis, easier for revolutionaries to get a hearing from political workers. The Agit-Prop Players, for example, whom Rubin wanted to provide with funny masks for the Frost takeover, are actually busy taking a play about Productivity Deals round Scottish trade union branches and their revolutionary puppet show was being done on the pavement for the pickets on the Westminster Night-cleaners strike. When, in the same year, we have already had the first official National Docks strike for 50 years and the biggest coal stoppage since the General Strike, it's no time to think the Revolution is water-pistoling D. Frost.

Old Karlo Marx, author of that great Teutonic folk-rock album 'Das Kapital' whose grave has a certain popularity with revolutionary tourists, had unfashionable views on the creativity of the working class and their struggles, *'communism for us is not a state of affairs which is to be established, an ideal to which reality will have to adjust itself. We call communism the real movement which abolishes the present state of things'*. Yet when asked by Frost, who is oppressed? Rubin only allows the Vietnamese and the blacks to qualify, not, for example, the strikers in General Motors (Yes, that's the rock band with a turnover greater than that of the Indian Government). And when Rubin implies that, while the Black Panther Party organises with discipline and a Marxist theory, it's dishonest for whites to do the same, he's just playing racism upsidedown. *'We will take the Left seriously when it starts producing comic books'* he says and it's a serious realisation that the white revolutionary will have to swim in a culture of rock, baseball and colour TV, in the world of 'Last Exit to Brooklyn' rather than 'Woodstock Nation'. But since his politics is really on the level of moral snobbery, the only way to reach the workers, who pop up on page 253 seizing their factories *'and running them communally, without profit'* is to turn up the volume. The props of the Revolution must become more lurid. More terror trials, our hero is to injure a ligament in his cocyx and incur more courtrooms, aided by his team of beautiful civil rights lawyers. More melodrama with an Artaud soundtrack dubbed on afterwards. More boring underground sensationalism (yes, I do prefer the Evening News to International Times). The heroic will is all, *'everything you say we are, we are, we are'* and anything we say we are, we are too.

Rubin *is* as American as apple pie with a genuine love for violence-in-the head fantasia (gun on psychedelic hip pursued by the Jerry Rubin Department of the CIA), self-dramatising aggression and since he promises *'we will be writing the history books'*, he has every reason to be cocky about the Grand Design. He's quite right to agree with the friend who says *'I didn't get my ideas from Mao, Lenin or Ho Chi Minh. I got my ideas from the Lone Ranger. You know the Lone Ranger always fought on the side of good and against the forces of evil and injustice'*. Moral elitism is the motive, exaggeration is the tactic and its fairly clear that his megalomania makes him almost impossible to work with, you are either Tonto or the Jewish mother he is so petrified of. It's not the class struggle anarchism of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, Amerikans who, while they emphasised consciousness, had this tiresome hang-up with material conditions and the actual protests people get into to defend their needs and rights. Nor is it either the Kropotkonian anarchist's stress on mutual aid and utopian futures which has such a strong natural tradition in America, through Thoreau to Paul Goodman (that suspicious surrealist Abbie Hoffman is much more in this likeable if pacific tradition, his Free Store sounds just like an Oxfam Shop). Rubin is a straight individualist, propagandist of the (electronic) deed plus the old romantic cliche of assassin mind and spontaneous heart, all seen through a purple haze. It might scare the Daily Telegraph and appeal to Milton Schulman, but who really cares. The politics of the old Left, which Rubin hates and feels so much guilt about hating, were two dimensional ethical fairly tales. Support your Labour candidate (or Communist, if you are militant) and wait. Fight for Peace, for Disarmament, to defend Democracy. It dealt in monochrome loyalties and to be a revolutionary, to

support neither the un-free Free World or the non-Communist Communist World was to be a traitor to both sides. It didn't talk about work or sex or revolution much and it didn't seem to notice that electronic consumer capitalism had outposts in your own head. Perhaps to understand these things drugs other than alcohol help, but the Left was too busy or too poor to get properly stoned (yes, there are people starving in London but they are most certainly not Richard Neville and Mick Farren) (*Nor the author of this piece—Ed*) But to simply turn into a consciousness freak, to turn Vietnam into nothing much more than a Special Effects Department for your autobiography, and guerilla soldiers into cute visuals is just as false and ends up just another short cut to nowhere.

There are certainly things from the yippie cargo we need for our voyage. To make a really dangerous Left out of the post-war somnabulists, this will need a sense of ridicule, an emotional subversiveness, the confidence to acclaim drugs and rock as actually revolutionary, not just bad habits the proletariat has picked up. But we must organise real people and actual organisations, not a series of publicity stunts and press openings with the same old cast. We need the migraine of Trotsky more than we need Cleaver's bag of love. And the Yippies, the Hippies who got bust, need to think about how long shouting 'We are the Young' can go on and how you can wake up from the media and the dealer's Technicolour Dream.

David Widgery

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HI HO, HIGH HO! IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO.

Louis Jigsaw

Plenty of freaks, hippies, and yippies recognize that the industrial relations scene has a great deal to do with them, indirectly at least, but it seems too remote. The two struggles—the one about wages/conditions/organisation, the other about music/ecstasy/relationships—are radically different in scope and style—so much so that at times they seem to be fighting *each other.* I don't believe this is the case. I believe the two struggles are different poles of the same struggle, and that they can nourish each other tremendously. But in order to make that a reality, we've all got to work our way out of a lot of confusion and be willing to learn from each other.

The greatest dividing point, and the basic knot of the whole problem of our society, is *work.* It is work—imposed work—that is the source of stress to all of us—those who do it, willingly or unwillingly, and those who avoid it as much as they can. The existing work system is the heart of prevailing culture. It sets the tone of 'normal' existence—the giving and taking of orders, the backbiting competition (in self-image as well as money), the mystique of possession, the buying and selling of people's creative energy. Workers and non-workers alike instinctively resist all this. But it comes in a thousand shapes, and worms its way into the nerves of the very hand that is raised to ward it off.

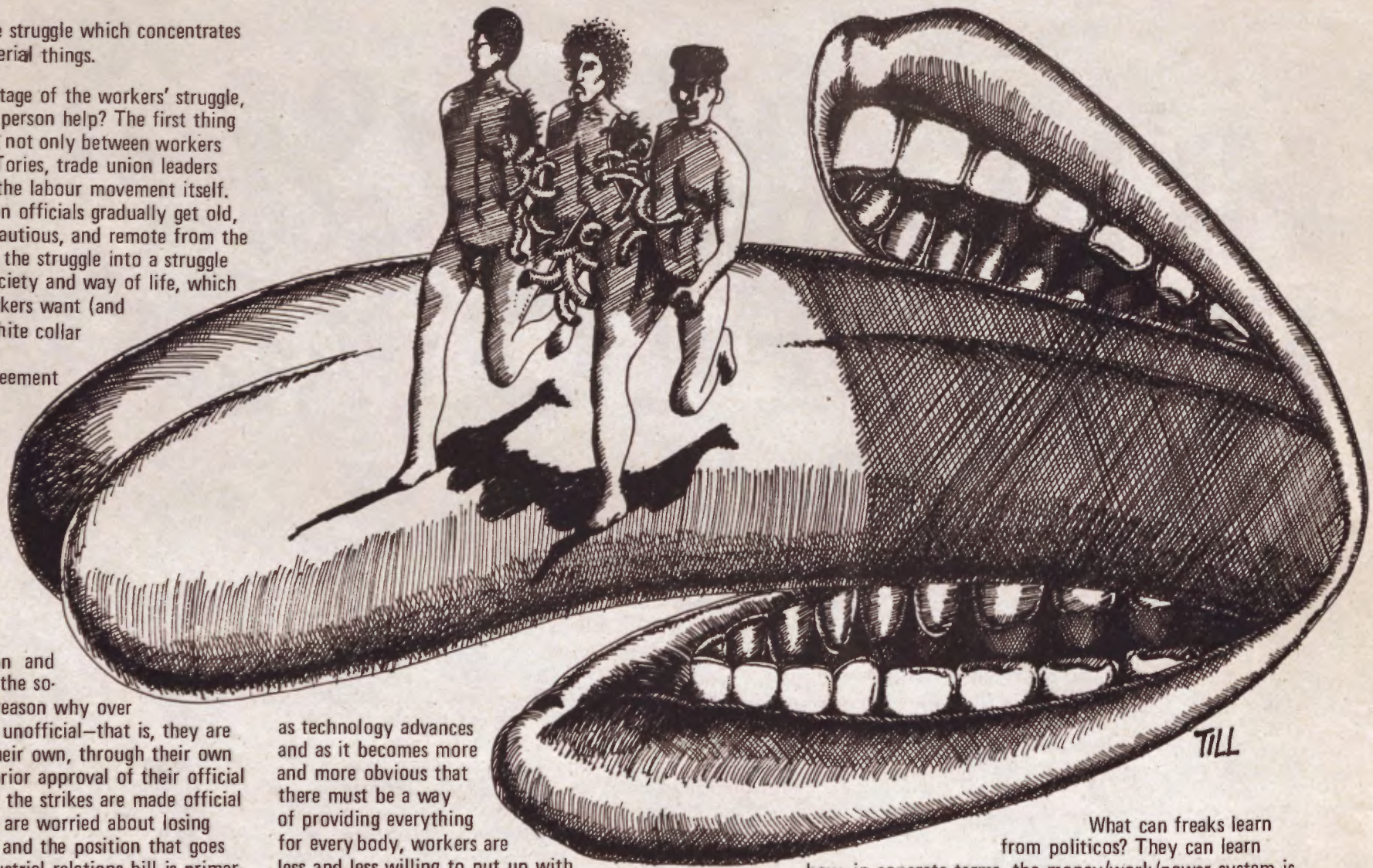
Politics and culture are deeply connected. Never mind which came first; the important thing is to grasp both and see the interconnections. Politicos and freaks, though so different in some respects, are both thoroughly and consciously alienated from society and passionately want to change it. The working-class—to indulge in yet another crude generalisation—are not so *consciously* alienated from society. They know they've got a struggle on their hands every day of the week—a struggle to get enough bread for them and their families to live, a struggle against lousy conditions of work, a struggle against being treated like machines—but the impact of all this, though it goes very deep, is *local, piecemeal* and *concrete.* The bad conditions, inhuman treatment and poor wages are fought against in the place and at the time they occur. They don't necessarily seem to have any connection with what's on telly in the evening, what's on at the cinema, what's written in the papers, with what their kids are being taught at school and how they are treated there, with the thousand forms of advertising, or even with the 600-odd goons nattering away in their neo-gothic palace under Big Ben. It is precisely the main intention and achievement of much of the telly, cinema, papers, education system, advertising industry and 'political' system to limit the scope of working-class demands, and channel it all into superficial novelty and fantasy. Partly this is done by direct attacks against shop stewards who are fighting for higher wages. But it is done even more by trivialising everything, by encouraging neurotic individualism, by frightening people to make them cautious and worried about myths like 'the national economy', by getting them to identify with the people who are oppressing them, by stimulating a degrading and unfulfillable fantasy life, and by generally spreading confusion.
All this constitutes the 'cultural' side of things, and it is this aspect which is, on the whole, left out of the workers' struggle. It is left out partly because the material struggle is more urgent, and partly because they haven't yet seen through the cultural smog and its connection with repression. Unfortunately they are largely hooked on it, even though it continually makes them frustrated.
The cultural hoax is what primarily bugs the freaks. They have seen through it and are consciously fighting against it. And because they are fighting the whole style of life they see things more *as* a whole, reject the norms of society *in general* and try to establish different norms here and now. But in rejecting the work scene, the freak tends to throw out the whole idea of work and the workers with it. This puts him in a self-contradictory position, because actually, like or not, he is dependent, like everyone else, on the work that is done. However much he may rough it however much scorn he may have for money, he can't help needing shelter, warmth, clothes, food, transport, electricity, musical equipment and all the boring things that go to make up the physical conditions of life. It is the working-class, basically, that provides these things. Of course, a lot of work is *not* productive, and a lot else not necessary. In a rationally arranged society, using modern technological resources, we could all have all our physical needs and desires taken care of even if everyone worked only fifteen hours a week. But things aren't rationally arranged, and the whole problem is how to *get* them so. That means looking closely into the whole question of work.

GETTIN' TH' PLOWIN' DONE AND STILL HAVIN' A GOOD TIME!

With things run the way they are now, for profit instead of for peoples' needs and desires, with peoples' needs and desires just being fulfilled as a means to make yet more profit, any attempt to make production more rational puts thousands of workers out of a job. The employers sack them as fast as they can, to save the wages. And so long as there is no other way to make bread—and so long as they can't see any definite way to rearrange things—the sacked workers simply have to get another job, just as a freak does when he's driven to it. What they really ought to do is take over the factories, continue to do the jobs but award themselves higher pay, shorter hours, better conditions and lots of mind-blowing festivals. But it takes a long time to see that and build up to it. One of the biggest things preventing it happening is the *cultural* limitation that I have been talking about: when you've been deprived of education, leisure, comfort, security all your life, and so had your father and his, and when you've been encouraged to get addicted to triviality and passivity, you find it hard to *imagine* how things could be run differently than they are. So you are thrown back on

the short term, limited-scope struggle which concentrates just on the most urgent material things.

What exactly is the present stage of the workers' struggle, and how can a well-meaning person help? The first thing to grasp is that there is a split not only between workers and employers, Labour and Tories, trade union leaders and government, but within the labour movement itself. Labour M.P.'s and trade union officials gradually get old, tired, better paid and more cautious, and remote from the workers. Instead of widening the struggle into a struggle to transform the whole of society and way of life, which is what a lot of ordinary workers want (and what all workers blue and white collar alike, would benefit from), they accept an unwritten agreement with the employers and the government—whichever government it is—not to rock the boat too much, but to keep their demands within limits that will not put too much strain on the system.



This cautiousness, resignation and habit of selling-out among the so-called Labour leaders is the reason why over 90 per cent of all strikes are unofficial—that is, they are created by the workers on their own, through their own shop stewards, without the prior approval of their official fulltime 'leaders'. Frequently the strikes are made official *afterwards*—when the leaders are worried about losing their influence over the men and the position that goes with it. The Tories' new industrial relations bill is primarily an attack on unofficial strikes—that is, the great majority of strikes. It would make it illegal to strike unofficially or even to call for such a strike. The penalty would be that the trade union could be fined up to £100,000 at a time for not preventing any group of its own members from striking. After a few such penalties, even the biggest unions would see their financial resources crumble away. And without those resources, even official strikes would soon become impossible.

The strike is the workers' only weapon. While the employing class has dominant influence, through its money, over government, press, radio, T.V., education, the law and everything else, the worker only has the defensive power (but it is also potentially an immense power) to say 'I can stop your rotten system right in its tracks any time I want to if I act together with my brothers. Don't forget the whole thing is run on our labour and our goodwill'. This power, incidentally is one which the drop-out does not have. He can only dodge the system, partially at best. He can never interfere with it.

The new industrial relations bill brings the worker/employer conflict to a new pitch of crisis. The employing class, which is what the government ultimately represents, is constantly driven, by international competition if not by sheer greed, to try and make bigger and bigger profits. There are two ways to do this—sell more goods or cut down wages. As it gets more and more difficult to sell more goods the emphasis is thrown back on cutting down wages (or holding them down while putting up prices, which amounts to the same thing). But as technology advances and as it becomes more and more obvious that there must be a way of providing everything for everybody, workers are less and less willing to put up with attacks on their standard of living. So they strike, while labour 'leaders' do their best to hold the strikes down to limited objectives.

But as it is more and more difficult to con the workers into accepting limited objectives, the employing class and its entourage of M.P.s, journalists, lawyers, broadcasters, headmasters, managers—and all those small shopkeepers and supervisors who would *like* to be the employing class—get more and more hysterical and repressive. **The repression against the unions and the repression against free life styles are all part of the same attempt to hold the mass of the population down and not to allow the equalizing of wealth and freedom which would enable us to do away with so many barriers, so much greed and envy, so much feeling of inferiority and superiority, so much anxiety, so much loneliness and fear of other people, and so much hatred and cruelty.**

If freaks want to help the workers—and in the long run help themselves—the best thing they can do is by trying to join the two struggles together, and work for a complete transformation of society, material and cultural. In the short run, this can be begun by getting down to the humble but vital job of spreading information and ideas at the grass roots level, to two and three and four people at a time. This is where we come back to the politicos, for they, whatever their limitations, have some ideas and experience in the ground level job of talking to the workers. The freak must learn, for his own ultimate good, how to fight the system from within the job syndrome as well as from without.

What can freaks learn from politicos? They can learn how, in concrete terms, the money/work/power system is structured; they can learn what happened in history, how and why the system began. They can learn why the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress are almost as boring and conservative as the other lot, and learn to detect the mind-blowing things going on *behind* these monolithic disguises. They can learn to read *through* the news and see the visions and passions that the media can never completely muffle. They can learn, finally, in strategic terms, how the system can—hopefully—be changed right through. Work can be changed from a wasteful, resentment-engendering imposition into a fulfilling, trust-engendering universally part-time experience.

What, on the other hand, must the politicos learn from the freaks? They must learn the *subjective* dimension of revolution. They must learn the importance of imagination, self-development, flexible-mindedness, human openness. They must learn not to forget, in the midst of their engulfing work, to look at trees, throb to music, love someone's face, because if they do their work will be self-defeating. They will have cut themselves off from the inner life of the very people they are trying to reach. They must learn what it means to say 'this moment, this feeling, this idea, this beauty exists in and for itself.' And they must learn that, without this dimension, their revolution is in danger of being merely a mechanical change, the reorganization of an ant-heap. Such a revolution would fail to liberate men's deeper natures, which would then be unequal to the new experience of autonomy that they must exercise if they are not to fall for some new ruling class and its glorious new repressions.

The storm clouds are brewing over the playing fields of Eton, Lord Nelson is becoming a bit uptight on top of his column, and it's just possible that Edward Heath and his band will not have time for a final rendering of "God Save Us All" or a game of bowls or some such English speciality, before proletarian thunder, class war and an orgy of strikes threaten to finish off the ruling bastards once and for all.

Of course half the heads perusing the above will shout a thousand hosannas and scream "pass the joint please" and, with the present saturation point of quick-sell revolution and hip capitalism, who can really expect them to extend their mind-expanding cosmic self-awareness beyond the narcissistic, and the navelology (sometimes known as the India trail) and relate to the actions of four million shop floor weirdies who have spent the best and worst days of their life in Robert Carr's [1] factories.

In spite of this I am trying to say that Dec. 8th, for those who can remember it, is a date to remember the 500,000 and more people who put the strike together, and struck back at the plans of pig nation to pen the workers back to their servile stations, serving the boss class for the rest of their miserable lives. Governments all over (Western Europe mainly) have a lot of shit legislation up their sleeves to chain the workers to their factory bench, preventing the Luddites of the world from uniting to smash their fucking machines and their fucking machine-minded minds. The present caretakers of big business interests, Heath and Co, have just this in mind with their Industrial Relations Bill to outlaw unofficial strikes and all forms of human revolt against the inhuman misery of their industrial empire. Heavy stuff for those heads who wilfully live off the profits of somebody else's labour!

So, with or without the permission of the underground, [2] the militant workers are fiercely arguing for a general strike. It is not too bad an idea if you really want an alternative society (as opposed to After-eights bullshitting ideology about it). On January 12th the battleground is once more all the old hack trade union leaders, tribune lefties and fellow-travellers who can't travel any further than where their heads were at 30 years ago, trying to keep the protest respectable; resolutions, petitions and other forms of boring exhibition will be two-a-penny. "Taming the wildcats" will be a major pre-occupation of Hugh Scanlon and Co on that date. Don't dare show the great public that we enjoy the strikes and the longer they last the more we enjoy fucking up the soul-destroying routine.

Never mind Maoism, to hell with Trotskyism and all the others, who presume to lead the working class to the pearly gates. "2-4-6-8 we want to smash the State", and that leaves no room for "revolutionary" (sic) police, and all the rest of the bureaucratic apparatus. Jan 12th is burial day for Lenin and Trotsky, it's goodbye to the old, boring left politics, and cheerio to their central committees and hierarchical heads. Jan 12th is RANK AND FILE DAY, power to the people day, when we say to each other – look brothers and sisters, you ain't campaigning for someone else, YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR EACH OTHER, their struggle is our struggle, a world-wide conspiracy of freaks, workers, lunatics, hooligans, students, and delinquents. Every person rising up angry to seize the remnants of his childhood genius. Our demands are limited – we just want the whole world, and we want to enjoy it all the way.

The first ignorant croak to reclaim the hoary old myth of the reactionary British worker is next in line for a karate chop. During the dustmen's strike, the Notting Hill boys were using catapults to smash the windowscreens of scab lorries, Ford workers occupied the management block at Dagenham (November 1969), other workers recently set fire to their factory; sabotage rampant elsewhere. Yes, we're really wrecking their show, the spectators are getting uncontrollably restive. More strikes than ever since the golden year of 1926. Ain't it all a bloody shame! The dirt and grime of their system really got left in front of their snotty noses during the dustmen's strike.

General Election, June 18th, 1970 – 28.5% of people never made it to the polling booths. This is the question that psephologists, politicians and other system arse-lickers have been asking, and their swing meters ain't churning out any answers.

And 6 months later – Friday November 20th (GUARDIAN) – "TORIES HOLD ENFIELD IN LOW POLL". "More than half of the constituency's 53,239 electors appear to have reacted to the poll with a deep yawn of non-participation." 49.8% voted, the silent majority--of pissed-off people won again. And doubtless not a few dustmen who, with their dustbin politics, had much better things to do than play noughts and crosses with ballot forms.

Another worker who isn't too worried about voting, is middle of the road, eminently respectable Mr William Lewcock, Comrade Bill, age 59, fond of music, camping and carpentry, who freaked out the nation on Wednesday Dec 9th with an ingenious flick of half a dozen switches. Yes, he did what thousands can only dream of. At one go he did better than another hero of our times (the Irishman who threw C.S. gas into the House of Commons four months before Jerry the Rubin set foot on English soil). At 9 pm that day, as one of the control engineers of London's Electricity Board, he switched the Honourable Members' electric current off, and for good measure plunged Buckingham Palace into darkness as well. No doubt queenie Liz took advantage of the situation for a quick grope, and we can expect one more on the way to keep prince toddler company, and continue to keep royalty way out in front of the birth rates. Well, as dear old Lord Grey said in 1914, "the lights are going out all over Europe" and it's going to be revolution by candlelight, yippie for intimacy and ye olde romantic atmosphere, come back Bakunin, you don't know what you're missing. Meanwhile, carry on power cuts, William, you're really hitting them where it hurts. Enough of the sick slander against our brothers for hospital black-outs, the G.E.B. allowed this to happen.

Tory party chairman, Mr Peter–many investments–Thomas is to be congratulated on his November 28th observation, "dangerous tendency of workers taking the law into their own hands could lead to a stage of anarchy . . . the growing tendency among more and more people to defy customary democratic process (for this super cliche read BULLSHIT) is to seek to take the law into their own hands" (Evening News November 28th). Right on! Gerald C. Brinkley, a steelworker from Scunthorpe and a thousand other Gerald C. Brinkleys are super-fed-up with Tory-Tory-Labour-Tory-Tory laws and nonsense which dictates to us, the people, "you have to peacefully accept and passively allow us to exploit you because you see, this is England and it's all legal – and we have democratic exploitation, and democratic boredom and misery, and therefore you must never strike back for political motives – and preferably never strike at all".

January 12th is contagion-day when we may experience a century of industrial slavery – the 5 week-day grind for faceless millions – when pent-up frustrations and crushed dreams come roaring to the surface of life. After so many years of senseless subjection it will take a might explosion to put the pieces of our mind back together again – as sensually-aware, curiosity seeking, love persons. Like the human kids we all once were till they killed out minds with education.

A lot to make up for, to revenge ourselves on, to liberate each other from bourgeois cares and leftist hangovers. It is time to bury our dead, let Lenin and Trotsky lie in morbid peace, a revolution is essentially libertarian. Workers' councils, the democratic control of our environment, etc., and it's essentially fun. Which is why all those dull, boring, dreary, ultra-serious Marxists, Leninists, Maoists and Co are as irrelevant to the workers as ballot papers are irrelevant to power. And no one can be a political artist without the creative power to translate beautiful ideas into beautiful realities. That's what Jan 12th and the alternative society is all about – isn't it? Or is the alternative society just another ideology we consume – but neglect to act out. The only way to live Jan 12th is to do it, to stir shit and enlarge a little bit more the liberated zones of life. Power to the people! In Poland, in England – minds on fire everywhere.

Footnotes

(1) Robert Herr Carr, ex-head of Securicor and now Tory chief troubleshooter as Minister of Employment and Production.

(2) Funny thing that we never mention the oppression of 7/10 of the population – OZ/IT don't write about strikes.

Tom Ludd

". . . The people who turned away from the unreal world of comic books a decade or more ago may well find themselves surprised—and perhaps even outraged—at the new politics of pulp . . . "

"I began to see that Superman was a punk, that Superman didn't relate to replenishing the earth, like Huey Newton and other real people do. In essence, Superman is a phony and a fake. He never saves any black people in this country in any comic book stories."

—Bobby Seale, Chairman, Black Panther Party, in *Seize the Time*

Not any more, Chairman Bobby. Superman's been getting his thing together.

Where kryptonite, ray guns and the inspired madness of generations of evil fiends toiling in the shadow of spider webs to the echo of demented laughter have failed, *tsuris, angst* and guilt have conquered.

It will never be the same again with Superman, nor with the others of the caped and cowled legions that fill the pantheon of superheroes. No longer is it possible to go home again to the golden age of comic books, to the safe, secure, predictable world of superheroes menaced by no more than an occasional natural disaster, a monster lurching amuck, a pointy-shoed hood, a Kraut lieutenant, or—God forbid—the loss of their secret identity.

To turn the pages of comic books today is to revisit not the old world of good and evil and of virtue triumphant on a field of craven yeggs, but to plunge to the nostrols in the bleeped-up world of today.

Here they are, folks: See the blacks sitting in at the State Office site at 125th Street; see the cops straining at the leash; see the Young Lords seize a building and take service on an injunction; see whitey try the old hogwash and watch him fail; take a look at a sky raining a pox of filth and rivers resembling closeups of Campbell's Chunky soups.

Is it Metropolis, where good old Clark Kent and his spine of *gehackte leber* used to conceal the impervious *kishkas* of Superman? Is it Gotham, where Bruce Wayne and his adorable ward, Dick Grayson, used to don their Bat duds under the old manse?

Hell, no, it's New York, no matter what they call it. And when today's superheroes travel a bit they find people starving in Appalachia, politicians and public officials wallet-high in sellouts, homicidal hippie-cultists fomenting race-war, American Indians still trying to find the treat in a treaty, and heroes of Hollywood Westerns practicing virulent super-patriotism instead of The Method.

Do the superheroes fare any better than our politicians in finding the solutions to bigotry, oppression, corruption, pollution and inequality? The answer is no. Like ordinary humans elevated to power, the best they can do is raise the questions, point the way, and hope.

But the recognition of the limits of power among the superheroes, and beyond that their accelerating social consciousness, their deepening anxiety, the proliferation of their neuroses, their increasing involvement in issues with no clear solutions, and most of all, their burgeoning radicalization, have restored excitement, interest and merit to a once-crippled industry.

Comic books, damned by parents, reviled by psychologists, denounced from pulpits and nearly borne away on a riptide of criticism in the midlfifties, are in the throes of revolutionary change.

Children and the young at heart who stood by the superheroes in the years of their travail and ostracism, who endured their fantastic irrelevance and patent absurdity, who witnessed their brief deification on the altar of camp, have long known that the change was in progress. Today the pace is quickening, and those who turned away from the unreal world of comic books a decade or more ago may well find themselves surprised—and perhaps outraged—at the new politics of pulp.

Like other members of the establishment, superheroes are finding themselves on the

THE RADICALIZATION OF THE SUPERHEROES

By Lindsy Van Gelder and Lawrence Van Gelder Abridged and reprinted from NEW YORK magazine (without permission)

receiving end of tough questions raised not by the yokels who used to ask, "Who was that man?" or "Is it a bird, a plane . . .?" In a de-emphasis on inter-galactic exploits, the superheroes are facing questions raised on blighted urban streets by angry blacks, troubled whites and concerned, embittered social workers.

Remember Green Arrow, the technological Robin Hood of the comic books, and Green Lantern, the ray-slinger? Radicalization overtook them last spring, in the form of a shabby black man who appeared while the two superheroes were arguing the merits of rescuing a fat, white slumlord from a gang of bottle-heaving kids. To Green Lantern, the kids were "anarchists."

Then the black man turned up. "I been readin' about you," he said. "How you worked for the Blue Skins. And how on a planet someplace you helped out the Orange Skins. And you done considerable for the Purple Skins. Only there's skins you never bothered with—the black skins! I want to know—how come? Answer me that, Mr. Green Lantern!"

His powerful body slumped, his hands open helplessly, his head bowed, Green Lantern whispered: "I . . . can't."

Since then, Green Arrow and Green Lantern have taken off on an Easy-Rider-type tour of the country. "Listen," Green Arrow told his super-colleague, "forget about chasing around the galaxy, and remember America! It's a good country . . . beautiful . . . fertile . . . and terribly sick! There are children dying . . . honest people cowering in fear . . . disillusioned kids ripping up campuses! On the streets of Memphis a good *black* man died . . . and in Los Angeles, a good *white* man fell. Something is wrong! Something is killing us all! Some hideous moral cancer is rotting our very souls!"

In their travels, Green Lantern and Green Arrow have helped poor whites in Appalachia topple a corrupt mine-owner, tangled with a Charlie Manson-style cult on the West Coast, defended an Indian tribe from white man's greed, and gone on trial for conspiracy before a madman who binds and gags them, makes his own rules and bears a suspicious resemblance to Abbie Hoffman's favorite judge.

A month or so ago, good old Superman, in a retrospective episode in issue No. 393 of *Action Comics*, found himself asking the operator of a storefront academy, "You mean you left college to bury yourself in this SLUM just to educate these hoodlooms?"

Superman found himself hearing, "These slum kids have auto dumps instead of playgrounds . . . fire hydrants instead of swimming pools . . . people here have to scrounge around for a bare existence! Could *you* survive in this *jungle* without super-powers? While you're off preventing disasters on remote worlds, who prevents disaster in your *own* backyard? It's time you did something for *these* people!"

So Superman turned on with his heat vision and his steel fists to demolish a block of abandoned tenements. Then he told the ghetto folks to try a little self-help to finish the rebuilding job themselves. "Remember," he thundered, "as American citizens, you've got a mighty super-power of your own—the vote!"

Jimmy Olsen—you remember Jimmy, that gusty, eager kid who has been a cub at the *Daily Planet* for about 30 years—well, Jimmy recently exposed "the secret slumlord of Metropolis," a wealthy philanthropist.

What's more, Jimmy led a delegation of blacks who dumped roaches and rats on the slumlord's front lawn during a radical chic party. And Lois Lane—dear Lois, who used to spend her time harboring suspicions about Clark Kent and hankering for wedlock with Superman—well, she's musing about the oppression of women these days.

Batman has been turned into something of an urban guerilla, and Robin has finally been shipped off to college, where the action really is.

The new Politics of Pulp is not simple—if it were, Superman could put himself out of business by razing the slums, replenishing the soil, ending poverty and bestowing everlasting peace and

prosperity in a single issue. Instead of turkey-basket liberalism, the superheroes are confining themselves to making clear that the future of the earth will be determined by its people.

The *angst*, guilt and awareness now beginning to afflict the DC superheroes have raged for years among their principal rivals for the affections of comic-book lovers, the Marvel superheroes.

This trend-setting group, spawned by the remarkable Stan Lee, boasts the Fantastic Four, quarreling among themselves and losing money on the stock market; Invisible Girl and her husband, Mr. Fantastic, fretting about the lack of time they can devote to their infant son; the Incredible Hulk, wandering the earth and cursing his ugliness; Dare-devil and Captain America, trying to cope with perplexing romantic lives; and the extraordinary Spider-Man.

Spider-Man, the favorite superhero on college campuses, owes his powers to radioactivity and his *tsuris* to acne, trouble with his grades, difficulty with his girlfriends and a chronic shortage of money.

Not every superhero has gone radical, however. One of Marvel Comics' most interesting creations is Iron Man, the comics' answer to Richard Ottinger, who hews to his millions and his guilty white liberalism.

When not encased in the outfit that gives him his name, Iron Man is Tony Stark, a munitions magnate who inhabits a mansion, pals around with U.S. senators, keeps a few skyscrapers in his portfolio and operates a foundation. Tony was just another guy with the looks and assets of Howard Hughes until he went to Vietnam about ten years ago and was blown to pieces. Escaping death, Tony fashioned for himself a ferrous maxi, the technocrat's dream-suit of valves, blasters, transistors, computers and other gadgetry. Iron Man is the New Capitalist Hero—the triumph of military-industrial know-how and good-guy instincts over the forces of evil and a damaged heart. He spends a lot of his time fighting duels with Castro-like Caribbean leaders and pitting his skills against Soviet superheroes who fight dirty.

Between punches, he is given to Silent Majority sermonettes, like "Lucky for you, I'm not a Red—I can't continue to attack a helpless enemy" and "You made the worst mistake a Red can make—you challenged a foe who isn't afraid of you."

But Iron Man can be challenged right here in America. One recent adventure—published not long after police cleared black militant squatters from the State Office Building site at 125th Street—pits Iron Man against a Pantheresque superhero named Firebrand.

The story begins with a flaming clenched fist searing through a fence erected on the site of a new community center financed by the Iron Man Foundation. "Anything the Man puts up, I'm ready to tear down," announces Firebrand.

The next day, Tony Stark and City Councilman Lyle Bradshaw arrive for groundbreaking ceremonies only to find that Firebrand and the militants have occupied the land. "This is gonna be a *community* center, man!" a brother in a beret tells the white cops. "Well *we're* part of the community, dig it? And we're stayin' until we get listened to.

"No ground's getting' broken, no construction's gettin' done until *we* have some say in what goes here! Maybe a community center is good for a lotta white consciences, but it ain't what the blacks on the North Side want!"

Councilman Bradshaw promptly rips up the militants' list of demands—for black construction workers and black control of the center's functions—and orders the cops to clear them out.

"I won't allow an irate minority to bully the North Side community out of something it so obviously needs," fumes Bradshaw. "You can't reason with animals!"

A riot ensues, and Firebrand and Iron Man take to the rooftops for a little *mano a mano*. "You'd like to believe that I'm just part of a neat little criminal plot," Firebrand raps as he clobbers. "A commie, a pinko! . . . Well, I'm just an all-American boy, Iron Man. One of those wide-eyed innocents who started out to make this nation a 'better place.' I sat in for civil rights, marched for peace and demonstrated on campus . . . and got chased by vicious police dogs, spat on by bigots, beat on by 'patriots,' choked by tear gas and blinded by Mace, until I finally caught on . . .

"This country doesn't WANT to be changed! The only way to build anything decent is to tear down what's here and start over!"

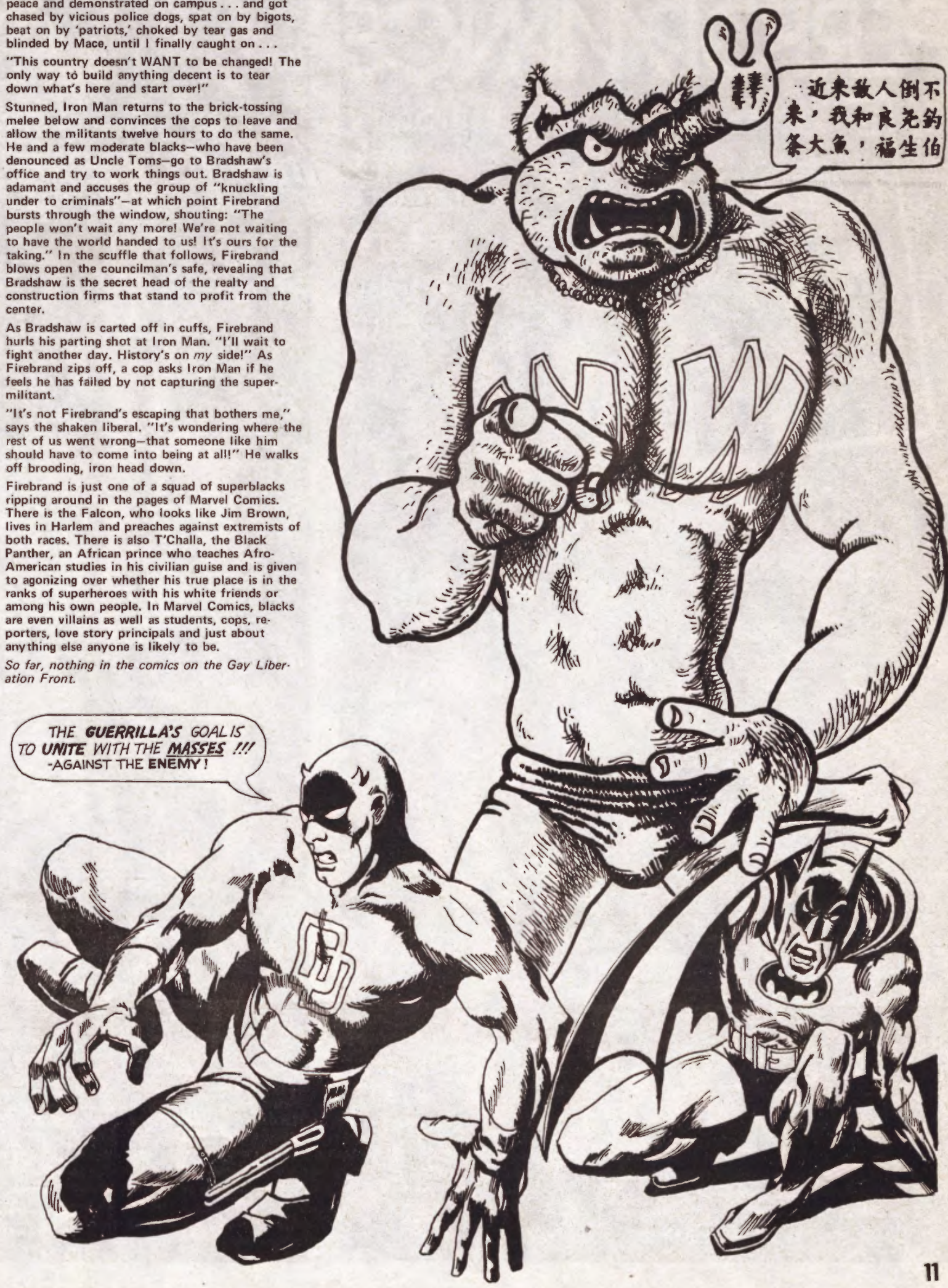
Stunned, Iron Man returns to the brick-tossing melee below and convinces the cops to leave and allow the militants twelve hours to do the same. He and a few moderate blacks—who have been denounced as Uncle Toms—go to Bradshaw's office and try to work things out. Bradshaw is adamant and accuses the group of "knuckling under to criminals"—at which point Firebrand bursts through the window, shouting: "The people won't wait any more! We're not waiting to have the world handed to us! It's ours for the taking." In the scuffle that follows, Firebrand blows open the councilman's safe, revealing that Bradshaw is the secret head of the realty and construction firms that stand to profit from the center.

As Bradshaw is carted off in cuffs, Firebrand hurls his parting shot at Iron Man. "I'll wait to fight another day. History's on *my* side!" As Firebrand zips off, a cop asks Iron Man if he feels he has failed by not capturing the super-militant.

"It's not Firebrand's escaping that bothers me," says the shaken liberal. "It's wondering where the rest of us went wrong—that someone like him should have to come into being at all!" He walks off brooding, iron head down.

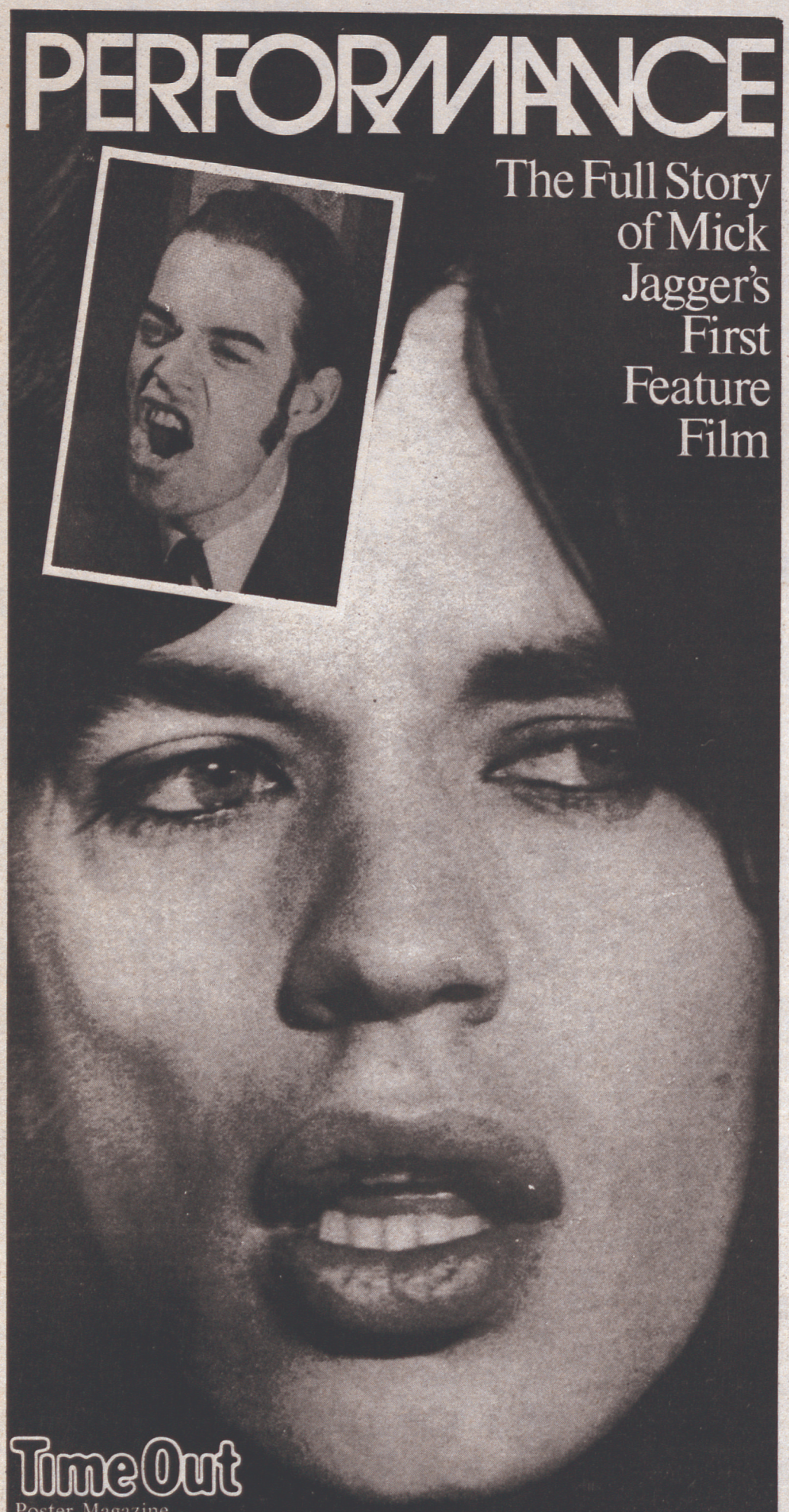
Firebrand is just one of a squad of superblacks ripping around in the pages of Marvel Comics. There is the Falcon, who looks like Jim Brown, lives in Harlem and preaches against extremists of both races. There is also T'Challa, the Black Panther, an African prince who teaches Afro-American studies in his civilian guise and is given to agonizing over whether his true place is in the ranks of superheroes with his white friends or among his own people. In Marvel Comics, blacks are even villains as well as students, cops, reporters, love story principals and just about anything else anyone is likely to be.

So far, nothing in the comics on the Gay Liberation Front.



PERFORMANCE

The Full Story of Mick Jagger's First Feature Film



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From Room T
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Walter Hartford.

LETTERS LUFF LEFT

Several letters were seized by Fred Luff (the Mary Whitehouse of the yard) during his celebrated pre-Christmas raid on the OZ Offices and do not therefore appear. If you want your letter back, call on Fred. Then again, he may call on you.

Dear OZ,

If all god's children got the clap, maybe they ought to stop balling. And, if I can believe what I've read over the last few days, you are at least going to have to take a rest.

Reading Richard Neville's article I readily agreed with his analysis and sense of despair, but in some obscure (maybe perverse) way it also gave me a feeling of optimism. The hippie ideals of '67 were very naive and couldn't really hope to survive long. Haight-Ashbury has become a ghetto, the likes of Esher High Street have adopted bright colours and kitsch designs. We may be horrified by their vulgarity and the extent to which our budding culture has been ripped-off, assimilated and degraded, but at least the coffee mugs in Woolworth's are slightly less grey than they were five years ago. We may get sentimental over Scott MacKenzie and the Mamas and Papas but 1970 has given us Workingman's Dead and New Morning and aren't they much more valuable? The kids who started heading for San Francisco even before it had become another media-hype were so happy to have found something gentle and loving at last that they didn't want to look beyond it, and that became their destruction. They wanted peace and love and they wanted to change society but they failed because they took no thought about it, they believed that simply by being sincere, life would respond gently and sincerely to them. Neither Rome nor the Roundhouse was built in a day and four or five years is a short time for us if we really believe in the worth of what we are trying to do. The only true generalization you can make about underground culture is that it believes that decisions should flow from the people, from communities, not from a centralized power complex. And you cannot justify that belief unless you also agree that that's the way the changes also have to come (both in people and in society). There *are* a lot of dangerous pricks around who are deliberately trying to stomp us out of existence. But even many of them are basically afraid of what we stand for because their previous existence and their conditioning have not prepared them for it, and they are genuinely unable to come to terms with us unless we show them a certain amount of sympathy and understanding. We are much more used to mind-blowing and mind-expanding but every so often we are confronted with something new that we find hard to accept. I was shattered when I first heard Self Portrait, I thought Dylan had finally sold out, but now I think I can at least accept it.

In the last few years the problems facing us have become much more political, and in a rap earlier this week I found out how much harder it is to get people involved in political things. The political systems we live under offer us little or no openings. The Kabouters are getting somewhere and Hunter Thompson almost made it in Aspen. Of course he wouldn't have lasted long if he had been elected, but what he did is very encouraging. The opposition no doubt thought they were voting against dope, rock'n roll and fucking in the streets but those straights (what a condescending word) who voted for him had realized some important ecological or other issues. What matters is not that they won or lost but that those people got organized. I am not suggesting that freaks indulge in machiavellian strategies to get the poor bastards voting for us; freak opinions on ecology, for instance, would appeal to a very large number of people if they were presented properly and if we gave some recognition to the feelings of those who live 'normally'.

Things are getting heavier in England, and we can't sit back and watch our brothers and sisters being jailed for demonstrating or publishing, but they aren't so heavy that this approach is doomed from the beginning. It is very sad if, for the present, OZ is going to have to be fit for grandmothers instead of grandmothers being fit for OZ but, hopefully, you're still going to be in business, and you might even reach a wider audience, because I know that many of my friends wont read what's in OZ because of the 'porn' they see (used to see) when they flicked through it.

I can't disagree with those who shouted 'fascist' at an obstreperous old magistrate. But fascism, to me, is a word of some force which I would like to see preserved instead of being treated with the same all-purpose meaninglessness that the silent majority uses communism. If I'd been fucked about as much as Tim Leary I'd very likely feel as exasperated as he does, but I dont think that he's going to be much use to us from here on in. A pacifist who turns to violence is often admitting that he's already lost, though conceivably he's only lost his ideals and not the battle. Sometimes I wonder whether my refusal to shout pig and rip up the streets isn't a sign of desperate unwillingness to admit defeat, but perhaps no-one is ever completely sure of himself. I just hope that people will read Richard's article and think about it. But for Tim's sake don't let us adopt him as our new hero or he'll most probably write one more book and retire to the Isle of Wight with his royalties.

holding together, love

Steve Metcalf
Thornbrake, Sandown Road, Esher

Acid House Invitation

Dear OZ,
We are in the process of setting up a sort of 'acid clinic' to be called Mu House, which will provide 24 hour help for anyone on any sort of bad trip of a dopey nature. It will be cool, peaceful and beautiful and very good for your third eye.

In our negotiations for bread to operate with we will need a number (1,000/2,000) to quote which shows roughly how many people we may help in say one year. So, if you yourself or someone you know would have rung us had we been in existence over the last two years, please fill in the form underneath and send it to Box X, OZ. No names and addresses necessary or wanted just a tick or a cross or a star: each to count as one in the reckoning.

Stay Happy
Love
Om Mane Padme Hum
George and Nel

Delete and fill in as necessary:-

I/We ..... would have rung MU HOUSE during the course of the last two years.

Dear OZ

Richard Neville (OZ 31) wonders why we have lost all regard and love for the feelings of other people. What does he expect after five years of tripping in an everlasting OZ field of wavering cocks and great sucking cunts; he's lucky he lost so little.

Love & peace (if thats not a joke yet)

Jill Armstrong
138 Cranworth Gdns, SW9.

Dear OZ

Richard Neville (OZ 31) is right. Why kill the pigs, kissing them would do much more.

Throw flowers not bombs.

Love & Peace
The Dormouse

Dear OZ,

I'd sign this letter and put my address in it but pigs fly low these days. Suffice it to say that I'm 19, male, getting very pissed off after 2 months of university education and wondering what else there is to do. I'm not really a freak, I hate pseudomiddleclasspeople, straights—and this fuckin' college is full of them. I'm studying psychology which is really bad as you can't help turning it on yourself and seeing ust how paranoid and neurotic you really are. I buy OZ because it appeals to my sense of humour plus I like the pretty colours, though I think you're a set of fuckin' pseuds.

I was just flicking through my tattered well-worn School Kids Issue and got the urge to write. Long live Rupert Bear and The Freak Brothers. Hey, how is it that all of the birds in OZ seem to go through life with their legs stretched wide apart, just waiting to be fucked and fucked again. You should see the birds here—straight as shit and twice as frigid. Man, where is there a good scene in Brum? What am I gonna do when I drop out/get kicked out/graduate from this dump? Don't want a straight job. I'd love to be a rock and roll star, but I can't play guitar and I can't sing.

What are you fuckers like anyway? Are you really committed or are you just like Private Eye. I dig this month's Yippie OZ, especially the cover. But, man, can't you relate to real people just a bit more? How many people round here have yard long hair, drop acid and freak about in Morocco. There must be far more like me you could cater for. Right now the only antisocial thing we do is minor vandalism—tankards in the road. That sucks.

Is it true that Oz is secretly sponsored by Scotland Yard/CIA as a safety valve for divergent people and freaks to release their hangups without getting too violent and out of control? Is it true that 2/6 out of the 4/- rip-off price goes to the Mafia? I'd send you a quid for the Bust Fund but a) I can't afford it, b) the pigs might nick it and c) it'd just buy you 3 gallons for your Maserati.

Burn, Baby, Burn,
Worried Blue Eyes

Dear OZ,

I managed to scrounge copy 30 too late to be able to render any assistance to Marine Ted Perkins but 2 years ago I was in a similar position (Infantry Junior Leaders) and can sympathise. Fortunately my parents were turned on enough to lend me the discharge money – £50. After a short time I realized a few things (a) I was an abominable soldier (b) Armies don't stop wars (c) The wearing of a different uniform does not justify murder nor does the belief in a different culture. (d) If I do ever have cause to slay a fellow man I shall decide, not any general or statesman safe in a concrete bunker (e) the army was just one more system only more extreme. You see it works thus, 'Sink the individual completely within the system, no problem with your bewildered recruits at your disposal, justify your ends if you wish, it may be advantageous. Then glorify the system, pander to the individual's ego, give him a nice uniform and a ferocious looking rifle, excite his animal aggressions with primitive drum rhythms. You can also offer bribes by removing certain abuses and call it privilege and promotion. The only way then of self-realization etc will be to co-operate and assist the system to the utmost of the individual's ability.'

The army advertisements lie themselves blue in the face; sports parades had an alarming absentee rate and the only sport I indulged in was throwing bayonets at the rats that lived under the wartime wooden huts we lived in. There is no need to rattle on about the evils of war, I just want to put across the message that the services can be a displaced ego trip for the arse-lickers or a torment of maniac depression for normal human beings. If any other servicemen somehow read this letter, all I have is at your disposal, don't be a lemming, DESERT! Perhaps it might be of greater service to mankind's enlightenment to establish a 'Buy Out' fund rather than a 'Bust Fund' necessary as the latter may be. Please come down off your hypes and remember we have an army (do you have a lethal weapon of self-protection which you don't think you'll ever use?) and it is about time it was put in the museum where it belongs.

Yours pacifically,
R.E. Bird (Ex S/Pte 24153669),
2 Old Drive Gomshall, Guildford, Surrey.

Dear OZ,

Richard Neville's piece in Issue 31 was like a breath of clean, fresh, sweet air, and his report of Tobias Schneebaum's meeting with the Akaramas should be blown up into a ten foot poster, duplicated into thousands and displayed everywhere where people meet together, so that we can all learn how to smile and how to love each other once more!!

Much love & Peace

Don Henderson 192 Shaftesbury Ave, W2.

Dear OZ,
Richard Neville (OZ 31) has drawn attention to what is currently the biggest threat to the whole head/evolutionary scene after pig repression: the existence of large numbers of people who look like freaks, dress like freaks, talk like freaks, but think, feel and act like the miserable hypocritical rip-off artists and burn merchants that they really are. These people now seem to form the bulk of the freak scene. But they must NOT be thought of as representing the counter culture; the ideas are still alive, more so than ever, but they are in danger of getting swamped by misrepresentations and red herrings. The straight press and fascist "authorities" point to the people we're talking about, and to VD and bum trips and acid as a danger to health (meaning the health of their society), as representative of the alternative society; and, at the same time, others who have wondered how to help the birth of the new Age have been swept up by a tidal wave of hysterical revolutionary fervour and taken to guerilla warfare.

The time has now come to take a fresh look at our ideas of freedom, harmony, peace, love, communal living, truth and cosmic consciousness, to discard counterproductive suggestions like violent revolution while other alternatives remain open to us (despite the porcine provocations of things like Luff,) who are doing their best to stir us to violence), and to get together to bring about the Aquarian Age here and now. With this aim in mind, the Aquarian Liberation Front or Aquarian Party is forming, providing a radical nonviolent alternative to the White Panthers and YIP. We will provide a focus for the peaceful underground, a launching pad for the alternative society, and, we hope, material aid and spiritual energy for free communes and communities in the cities and in the country. We will overthrow the whole fucking system without firing a single shot, and we will do it in just a few years. We WILL, because it's in the stars, it's in our heads, it's the reason we're here in 1970, and our planet at this point in its history is highly sensitive to Aquarian vibes. We've got ideas and plans that CANNOT BE ARGUED AGAINST. Join us!

Tony Brantingham
13 Glebe Road, London SW13

Leave the wigs at home; call the court a Tribunal; substitute for the gravy-coloured Gothic the rectilinear austerity and strip-lights of a modern room in Thanet House. It doesn't work. Into the proceedings of the Dutschke Tribunal leaked the past like a lacrymogenic, hallucinogenic laughing-gas: once again, the decent English middle class was trying a foreign revolutionary for his views. Once again, they were pretending not to: this was no criminal case, but the Immigration Appeals Tribunal hearing an appeal against the Home Secretary's use of his discretion to refuse an application for variation of an alien's conditions of stay . . . Once again, they were getting valiantly lost in the menacing forest of foreign revolutionary ideas. Mr Basil Wigoder read a sample from Dutschke's chapter in "Rebellion der Studenten" to the Tribunal. "I shudder to think," he said cheerfully, "what that would look like in the original German. That sort of thinking is not really likely in this country to lead to the manning of the barricades, now is it?"

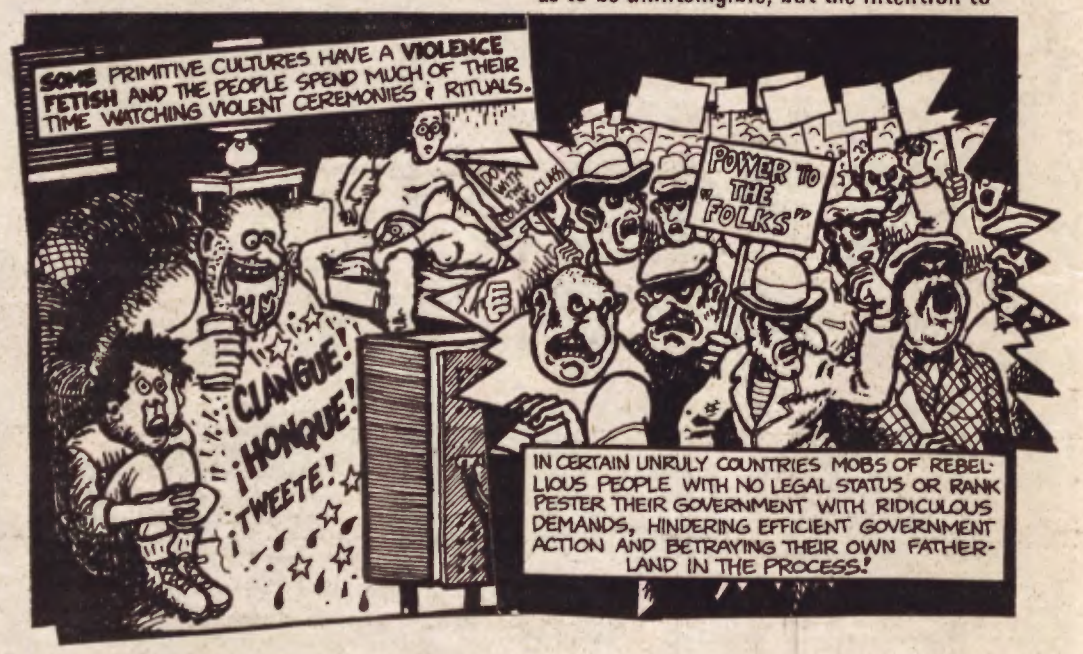
A hundred years ago, the Russian socialist and revolutionary Alexander Herzen lived in this country. For his sort, things were better then. The coming and going of Russians with bundles of the illegal "Bell" bound for Russia did not lead to Herzen's expulsion. "Paying visits and receiving visits", referred to by Sir Peter Rawlinson with a fine tremor of revulsion, was not then an offence. Especially after 1848, a large population of European revolutionaries lived in London: Marx, Herzen, Bakunin, Worcell, Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini were only a few. They "paid and received visits", as their emissaries or admirers arrived on the Dover packet. They even "maintained contact with subversive political groups in Western Europe", another of the Home Office's pompous and frightful allegations against Rudi Dutschke. The government, of course, did not much like all this. It was the British people who were proud of these guests, and who, with the threat of a huge demonstration, prevented Palmerston in 1858 from passing his Conspiracy Bill which would have allowed foreign embassies to suppress their London exiles. Garibaldi visited, followed by large and loving crowds; only once did the government manage to cut short his stay on the totally untrue excuse that he was ill.

But there were bad spells for the London revolutionaries, like the spell through which we are passing now. "The public suffers in England, and fairly frequently," Herzen wrote, "from periodical frights, and in such times of panic woe to anything that comes in its way . . . It must not be thought that the cowardly feeling of caution and uneasy self-preservation is innate in the English character. It is the consequence of a corpulence derived from wealth and of the training of all thoughts and passions for acquisitiveness. Timidity has been instilled into the blood of the English by the capitalists and petty bourgeois; they pass on a sickly disquiet to their official world, which, in a country of representative institutions, is continually adapting itself to the humour, the votes and the money of the possessing classes. They are the dominant element, and they lose their heads at every unexpected incident and, having no need to feel constrained, they appear in all their helpless, clumsy cowardice . . . One must know how to wait; and as soon as capital recovers, to be reassured on the score of profits; then all will go on its accustomed way again".

Such was the background of the tragi-comedy of the Dutschke Tribunal. In October 1968, months after the wave of revolutionary action on the Continent had died down, the public let itself be manipulated into a "periodic fright" over the Vietnam demonstration. Newspapers squeaked about arson and foreign troublemakers, shopkeepers in Fleet Street boarded up their windows, and the "official world" was encouraged to lay the blame for the malaises of British capitalism at the door of the far left and the underground. The growing class conflicts in the following two years, expressed in unofficial strikes and the mutinous attitude of "respectable" trade union leaders, allowed the activity of that twig of Special Branch which deals with non-CP lefties, a frantic play. Things haven't been so surveillable in this line since the old Revolutionary Communist Party (once a power to be reckoned with among serving soldiers in World War Two) loaded its long-hoarded store of weapons into a taxi and took them round to the nearest police station.

The Tribunal allowed some rare glimpses into what has been going on. The Special Branch gave its evidence in secret, the public and even Dutschke and his lawyers being kept away, but there are grounds to suspect that the Attorney-General had already mentioned in open sessions almost all the "sinister" contacts and the "activities inconsistent with the assertion that Mr. Dutschke has taken no part in political activities" which were later disclosed to the Tribunal members' ears alone.

The "disclosures" were farcical as far as Rudi Dutschke's case was concerned. He had gone to Calais to discuss a book with friends – one a Persian. He had been visited by a stream of friends and, it must be said, of well-meaning left-wing rubbernecks who contrived to discover his address. He had gone to Swansea while there was a strike on at Port Talbot. He had been a spectator at part of two I.S. congresses, His doctor had been associated with Solidarity. His housemate in Golders Green had been an International Socialist. Sir Peter Rawlinson, in cross-examining Dutschke, dangled a long series of foreign names before his victim, from time to time consulting some sort of confidential name-register on his lectern. Fortunately, most were so mispronounced as to be unintelligible, but the intention to



establish guilt by association – the technique of the Moscow trials of the thirties and the Slansky trials of the fifties – was obvious enough. In this sort of case, Sir Peter implied, to have friends who did undesirable things was to be undesirable, and to be undesirable was to be guilty. "You met Mr. X at Cambridge," Sir Peter would say reflectively, after a peer at his file. "And who introduced you to Mr. X? Ah, Mr. Y. And in what circumstances did you meet Mr. Y for the first time? Through Mr. Z. I see . . ." Ruthlessly the public prosecutor exposed the internationalist cosmopolitan tendrils of the conspiracy against Party and State.

Listening to Sir Peter, one developed the impression that the surveillance was mostly a matter of telephone-tapping and that it was partly the overflow of a surprisingly close watch kept on the International Socialists as a group. The direct bugging of rooms or of non-phone conversations may have taken place; if so, there was no evidence that such conversations had been understood (the inadequacy of the State's German was almost touching; one of the Tribunal interpreters provided for German witnesses and for Dutschke himself seemed to be the English equivalent of the gagging of Bobby Seale). The part played by paid informers, much emphasized by the defence in its appeals to the Tribunal to disregard hearsay evidence in secret session, remains, I think, matter for hazard. The idea that there are "Spitzeln" – unlikely police spies – in I.S. is not. But for the younger German and continental emigres, political refugees of 1968, the fear that one of them could have sold himself is the most poisonously destructive virus which could have been slipped into their collective life.

Nothing said in open court, at any rate, suggested that such a source close to Dutschke existed. Had he existed, and had he reported the real content of the conversations with "visitors", the state would have had to ignore him to get its case off the ground. There were inaccuracies about the names and relationships of the German visitors, too, which make the presence of an informer among Dutschke's own friends implausible.

But the balance is ugly enough. A sick and wounded man was admitted to Britain in December 1968 (to Callaghan's credit, two months after the October hysteria, but even he tried to impose on Dutschke the unheard-of condition that he should not write while in London). Eighteen months later, apparently to impress the electors that at least the "law and order" election promise would be kept by the Tories, Maudling selected this helpless man as a ritual victim. He grounded his refusal to let him stay with one of the most absurd official letters of recent years which explained that in order to secure Dutschke's human rights to political activity, he should be thrown out. Then, at the last moment, and evidently in panic at the flimsiness of the Home Office case, Maudling changed the whole basis of his argument and stated that his decision rested wholly on grounds of national security and upon secret evidence.

Herzen wrote that "to increase the gravity of the charge while the accused is on his trial is utterly opposed to the sense of justice of the English". He also wrote that "the Englishman has no special love for foreigners, still less for exiles whom he regards as guilty of poverty, a vice he does not forgive – but he clings to his right of asylum". To read those sentences is to feel shame, but also fear. For in the treatment of its "aliens" a state reveals how it intends to treat its citizens.

Neal Ascherson

DON'T FORGET THE GLUTAMATE MUM!

The pure food movement has spread to many of the large food producers. As a glance along the labels will show you, where there used to be citric acid, potato starch extract, sodium nitrate, polyphosphates, sodium nitrite too, tricalcium phosphate, monosodium glutamate, andthe rest; there is now a swing to new-style acceptable pure foodstuffs for all.

MADE ONLY WITH TOMATOES one reads. Great.
CONTAINS CHICKENS AND SALT ONLY says another. Fantastic.
PURE INGREDIENTS ONLY: STEAK, PEAS, SALT . . . reads a third. Incredible.
At last the message has got through to the producers. PEOPLE WANT PURITY. *But do they get it?* Someone has forgotten, just a small point that has evaporated from their minds like petrol on a hot pavement, that the 'pure' ingredients emanate from Earth. And Earth, as you may possibly have noticed, is Impure.

So the 'only tomatoes' were likely contaminated in the field with DDT, malathion, mercury; the 'chickens' were born, bred and died (the last either before, or during, the processing procedure) in a world of synthetic hormones, steriod analogues, insecticide-treated grain and all that kind of stuff. The 'steak' is probably adulterated meat puffed up wildly onto the bones of artificially-heated-and-watered, female-hormone-fattened, watery-fleshed cattle in tiny pens. The 'peas' may well contain chemical poisons directed against insects (they paralyse their brains and knock out the nervous pathways, but don't do it to us largely because we're that much bigger) and heady traces of mind-expanding lead, along with heaven knows what else; and the 'salt' is probably free-running and iodized to boot. So the purity wears a bit thin when we relax for a moment and look through the writing, behind the label, back to the farms and factories where they all came from.

Macrobiotic theory is delightful, and it's obviously an improvement if it makes you think about what you eat. You buy for a purpose, and not just out of habit, diffidence or whatever. But the 'you are what you eat' school of thought isn't strictly true. Balancing sodium and potassium in your diet is futile, by and large, since we all take in more than we need of both these elements, and the body adjusts the balance automatically. Take in more than you want and it's sedately peed away.

The trouble starts when you take in things like lead and DDT; they tend to be stored by the body and, what's more, they are toxic too. You avoid them by eating food from relatively pure sources, hence the macrobiotic thing. But in some respects it is becoming another money-spinner: buy up a crate, call it 'macrobiotic', and it'll sell to those weirdoes down the road. And now that quick-frozen macrobiotic materials are being made for the first time we have almost gone full circle! THE PRODUCERS have begun to try to purify their foods, and show signs of yielding to public pressure by being a little more 'natural' here and there, whilst THE PURISTS are recognising some of the advantages of business and technology by allowing more artificiality into foodstuffs they produce. There must be a lesson in that somewhere.

Sadly it isn't enough to call for an end to the use of pesticides. We need them. The very nature of an agricultural pest dictates that. After all, when they first evolved it was when plants grew wild and free amongst the forests, and a pest only survived at all by being very prolific. But now that we grow food in concentrated fields of the same plant (as we've done since the Stone Age, so it is hardly new) it's a simple matter for a pest to wipe out massive crop harvests in less time than it takes to explain why.

Pest control is vital, not only if we are to survive, but also if we are ever to feed our brothers to the South-East. *It isn't natural, but then nor is being civilised.*

But food additives are different. Certainly it's crazy when pure-food addicts refuse to eat something *fortified with ascorbic acid,* whilst they'll happily gulp down *DR SMEGMA'S PATENT PILLS (with added vitamin C),* which is exactly the same thing anyway. The addition of chemicals to food has been out of hand for years. To envisage how many different types there are, imagine a shelf with 30 bottles on it. Picture five shelves in a stack. Take two such stacks per store-room, then imagine ten rooms equipped like this and you have the answer. *There are over 3,000 different chemical additives used in western countries.* The effects of any one, in detail, are unknown. The inter-related effects of them all in concert are unknowable.

Let us enumerate some of the chemicals that have been used in this way. Benzoic acid and sulphur dioxide have been used for years, but then in came esters of *para*-hydroxybenzoic acid together with sorbic acid, propionic acid and antibiotics including nisin, nystatin and tetra-cycline (later subjected to better controls, thank god). Thiourea was used until a few years back, but was found to cause cancer and so was discontinued. Amongst the antioxicants widely used were buylated hydroxytoluene which is toxic to man in amounts not much greater than those used in food, and nordihydroguaiaretic acid which has been banned in England as being too dangerous (though it is still apparently in use overseas).
Many food colouring agents are suspect too. A few years ago a Government committee looked at 30 dyes that had been passed as 'safe' ten years earlier. How many did they now approve? Only two, out of the entire list. Several of the others were by then suspected of causing cancer anyway. Meanwhile dulcin (which damages the liver) and P.4000 (which attacks the kidneys) have been prohibited here though they are still in use abroad. In 1959, in the United States, 55,000,000 lbs of cranberries were condemned because they'd been treated with an insecticide rejoicing in the name of aminotriazole.

Just at the last minute someone found out that it caused cancer after all . . . and a recent survey by the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food in Britain showed that 14% of milk samples were contaminated with antibiotics, which isn't nice either.

So many chemicals are going into food these days, particularly in the United States, that one has to stop and wonder WHAT EXACTLY ARE THEY DOING THERE?

Money, of course.

Vast programmes of research are going on, looking for new emulsifiers for creamy foods, flavour-boosters for meaty ones, colour-enhancers for vegetables; the list is almost endless. And when you've discovered a new agent to do just that, what do you do? Label it as a NEW DISCOVERY and leave it in a bottle on the shelf? Of course not. You sell it. And in that way the development is justified. So stop to consider the reason why these chemicals were ever thought of and you are in for a nasty shock.

Have people EVER, and I mean E V E R, gone into a shop and said: "Have you bread of a better texture, more kinda *smooth*?" Has anyone (EVER) said: "I won't buy those beans because their colour green is just a *trifle* on the pale side?" Or again: "Oh, *goodiness me*; a touch of monosodium glutamate on that steak before you grill it, if you'd be so kind, Charles?" No they haven't. There never was any demand for these things at all.Nobody wants them. Nobody missed them when they weren't there. And nobody is benefitting more than the investors in that line of country and the big firms who make the stuff. *People do not buy fortified, emulsified, homogenised podgy Sunblest bread because there is a demand for it, but because it's what the grocer has been inveigled into selling.* In short, you have no choice.

The law on the subject in Britain is far more severe than that which exists in other countries, in the main; but we have over 300 separate bodies to enforce the law about food additives and so complaints and errors can easily get lost in the maze. In practice they do just that, too.

The overwhelming majority of the additives have effects we cannot begin to understand on their own, let alone in combination with the other gunk that goes in with it. I am not being scarey either, but there is—and no-one would doubt this for a moment—a real chance that disease, disability or genetic damage could easily result from their indiscriminate use. And when so many chemical reactions seem to be able to cause cancer it is just idiotic, scandalous and immoral to feed someone something that hasn't EVER been proved necessary. If we needed it, the risk might be worth taking. But when we don't . . . ?

The law should state that nothing ever goes into food unless it's necessary to make it safe, or palatable, or nutritious; unless in some way *we need it*. That way we'd cut down the list of additives into something we could understand. *As it is, most of these things probably do more damage than whatever it is they prevent ever did.*

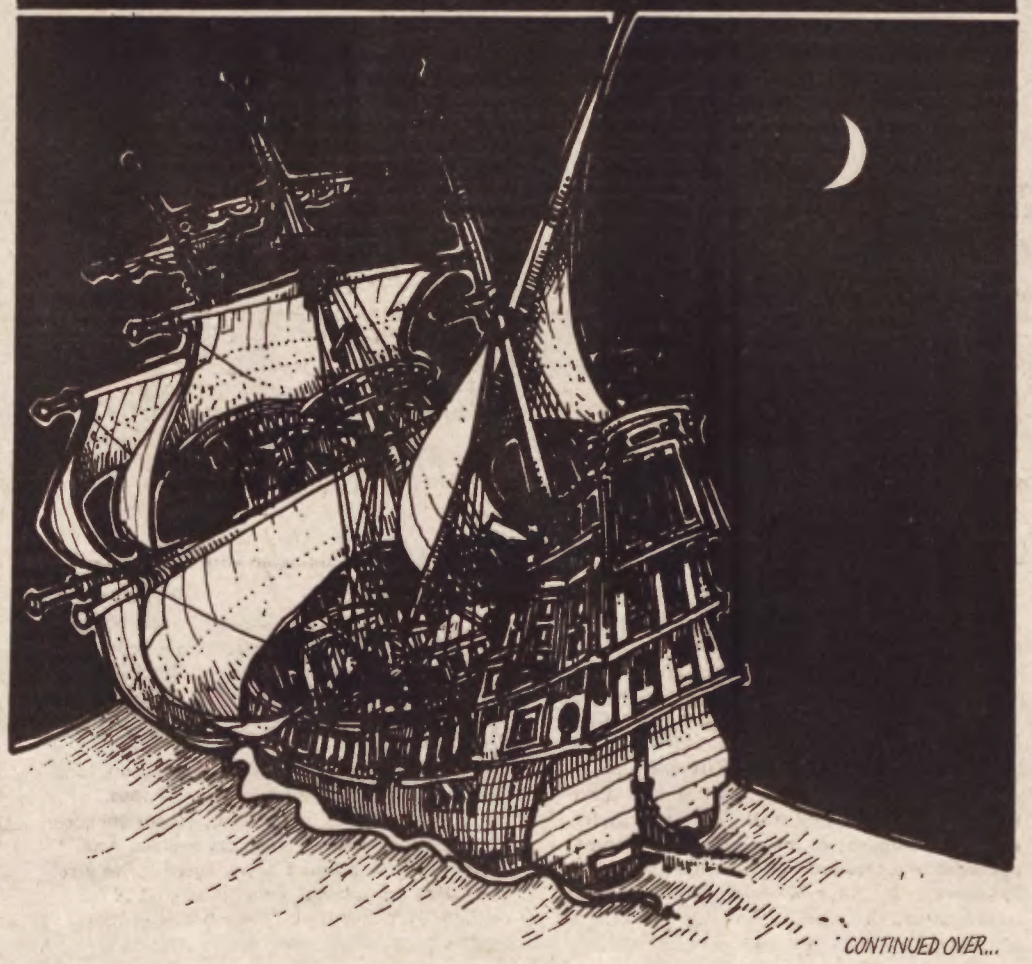
Brian J Ford

The American deserter community in Stockholm began with the arrival of the Intrepid Four in the Spring of 1967. Although Sweden is heavily economically aligned with the United States, the first four and the nearly 500 others who followed them have been given asylum by Sweden. The most prominent reason for acceptance of American deserters here on any terms is the strong anti-Vietnam War feeling of the majority of the Swedish people. A special asylum, for humanitarian reasons and commonly called humanitarian asylum, was created for deserters and later opened for draft resisters as well. Under such asylum, a deserter is given a work and residence permit, a Framlings Pass which allows him to travel outside of Sweden, and entrance into a confusing society that is enlightened capitalism in its most bureacratic and paternalistic form. Unlike refugees from the Eastern bloc countries, deserters are not considered political refugees and are not given political asylum. Humanitarian asylum is an insecure asylum. The deserter or resister must renew his permission to stay periodically—anywhere from every three to every twelve months. A deserter who has received humanitarian asylum can be deported if he has committed a serious crime, even if his return to the Mother Country means political persecution. Political asylum guarantees that one will not be returned to the nation that will persecute one politically.

The significance and the danger of special humanitarian asylum was never so clear as in the past month when it became known that this winter 14 American deserters will be deported from Sweden to the Mother Country. The deserters for whom deportation is planned are said to have failed to "adjust to Swedish society". They are now in Swedish prisons, the majority serving time for drug crimes, considered very serious crimes in Sweden. What could have been construed as diplomatic pussy-footing on the part of the Swedish government in giving only humanitarian asylum has been coupled recently with a strong propaganda offensive in the popular press against drugs, a campaign that has served to create an automatic association of "deserter" with "narcotics". (In fact, a new Swedish word, ***knarkdesertor*** was coined.)

Sweden is a country whose major addiction and social problem is alcoholism, and the new predeliction of a minority of its youth to hallucinogenic drugs and speed is shocking and frightening to most Swedes. There is almost no distinction in their minds between hashish and heroin. They simply have no knowledge of the difference that exists. And the press, supported by the government, has found an outside agitator, a scapegoat for its domestic drug hysteria—the foreigner, the deserter to whom Sweden acted as a generous parent and who rewards Sweden by corrupting its youth. In an almost staggeringly pervasive way, the Swedish government has managed to obscure not only the particular social problems of the deserters, but to wipe out their political standing for the people. The manipulation has been thorough and effective.

Malmo is a harbour city in southern Sweden, a place where many deserters arrive after leaving Germany or other places in Europe. This autumn, the Malmo police escorted four deserters (who had not yet been granted asylum) back to Germany and handed them over to the American M.P.s there. The catch used by the Swedish police to justify this little-publicized incident is that the soldiers stood small risk of being sent to Vietnam since they had from 3-9 months to spend in the Army. This justification, coupled with the close cooperation exhibited by the door-to-door escort by the Swedish police, should indicate an effort on the part of the Swedish government to take advantage of the precarious ness of humanitarian asylum and to make it less and less possible for refugees from Babylon to come to Sweden.



CONTINUED OVER...

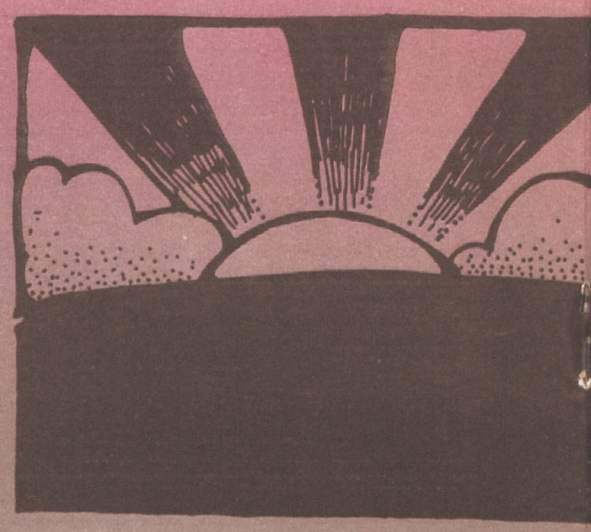
That was only a warning. Joseph Parra, on November 25, was the first deserter to go. He is twenty-one years old and deserted from a hospital in Japan, having been wounded in Vietnam. In Japan, he made anti-war speeches. He came to Sweden via the Soviet Union. He has spent fourteen months in Swedish prison for selling LSD and in the United States stands to face five years in a military prison for his desertion alone. Since the Army still considers him a soldier, he can be charged with selling drugs while in the Army. Since the United States considers that its soldiers have no right of free speech, he can be charged with treason for his speeches in Japan. If Edwin Arnett, a deserter who returned voluntarily to the United States, was sentenced to four years of hard labour for desertion, the fate of Joseph Parra is not to be envied.

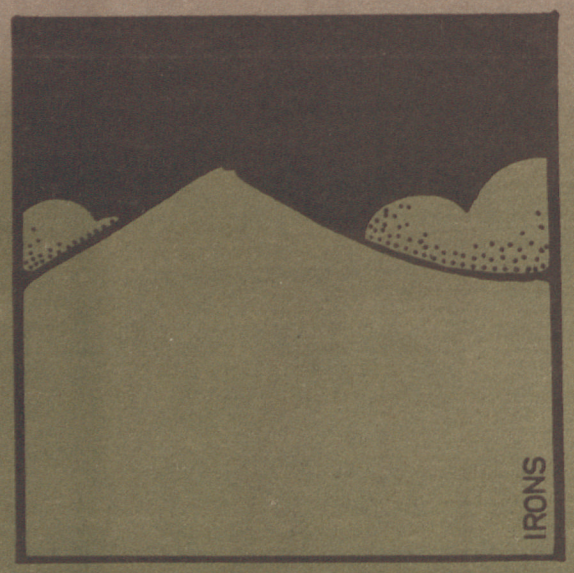
If at all possible, his fate will not be duplicated. The American Deserters Committee, the Swedish FNL groups, and other left and liberal groups in Sweden are working hard at this time—the more left groups for political asylum, the more liberal or "humanitarian" groups for an end to deportation of deserters. The next deserter is due to be deported within two weeks. There is virtually no place a man can run to when he has no passport and is about to be deported. The sense here in the deserter community is that if this year ***knarkdesertorer*** are deported, perhaps next year it will be politically active deserters. After that perhaps it will be any deserter or resister. On the week of November 16, 23 members of the American Deserter community began a hunger strike that still continues as of November 26 to gain publicity for the imminent deportation of Parra and to stop the deportation of American war resisters. It was an attempt to gain recognition of the fact that this is a political issue—not a drug issue. The strike finally gained headlines when one of its members was taken to the hospital. Meanwhile, leafletting goes on, as well as attempts to speak directly to Olof Palme, the Prime Minister, and Eric Holmqvist, the Minister of the Interior. A delegation representing many Swedish voters—supported by Jan Myrdal and other prominent Swedish figures—met with Holmqvist, but he refused to answer any questions and was willing only to pose for pictures shaking hands with the delegation.

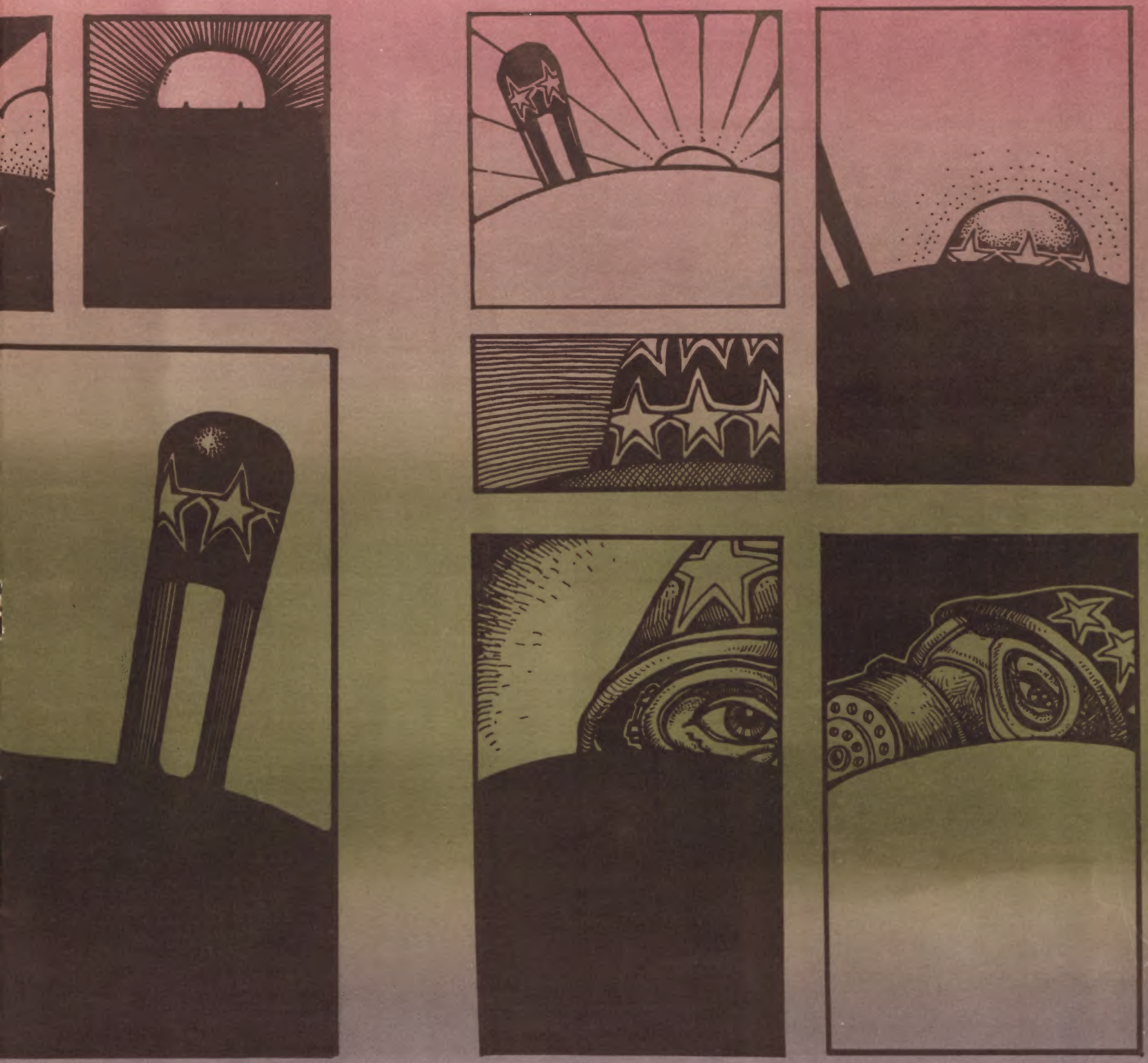
Deserters who return involuntarily to the United States must be recognized and greeted by their brothers and sisters as prisoners of war. In the not so distant future, the American political refugee will become a common sight in the world. Whatever chance we have of surviving depends on our strength and our efforts for each other. In Stockholm, when you see a brother ripped off by a pig in whatever uniform, you know it is one world and that the struggle is everywhere.

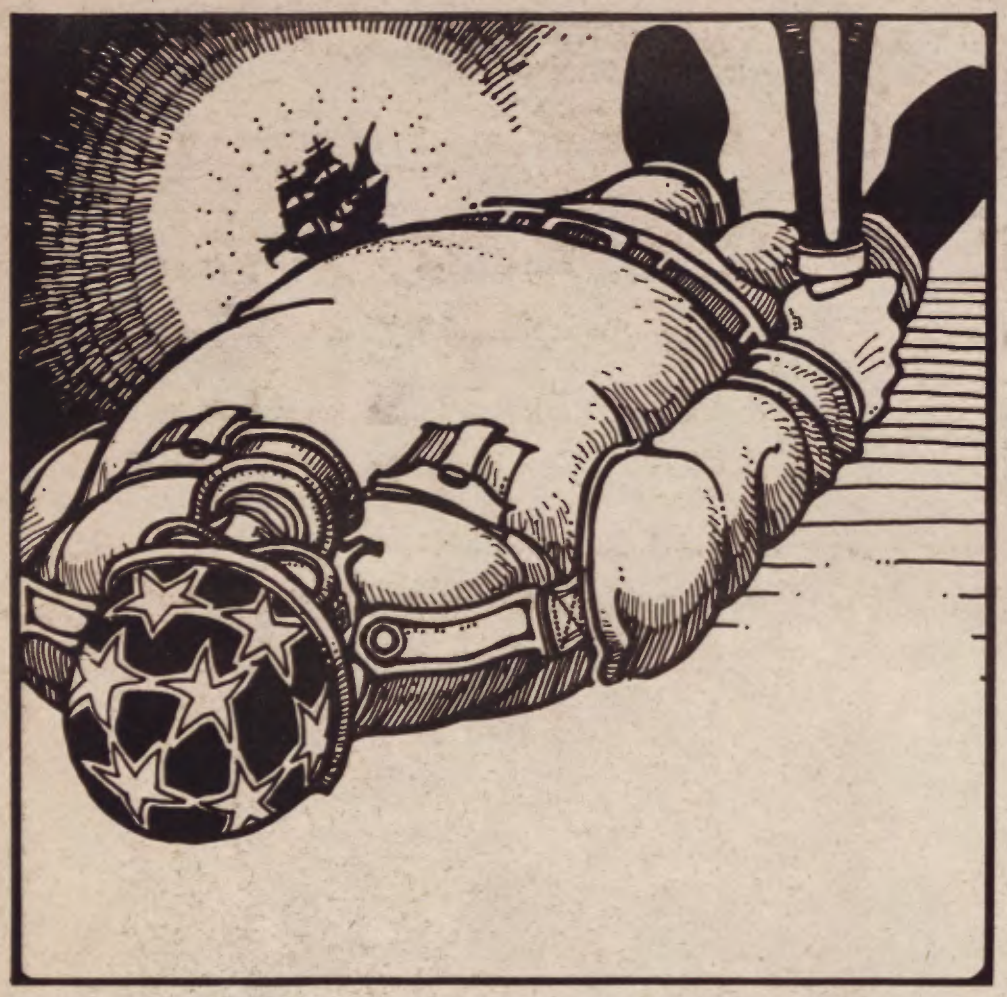
Laura Furman

Since this article was written, two more deserters have been deported from Sweden. Another has been sentenced to deportation, making about 12 deserters in Swedish prisons awaiting deportation. The work of the ADC needs money in order to continue. Our spirits are high, but out debts are many. Send money to: ADC (c/o Verdandil, Kungsgatan 66B, Stockholm 11122.




IRONS





MYSTIC GUERILLAS

How a band of six theocentric mystical androgenous gypsy freaks got busted in Italy and their consequent adventures in prison

We floated into Italy on our magic carpet caravan chanting *Om Mani Padme Hum*. We were on our way to Florence to view a few art masterpieces, then to Assisi to visit the home of Saint Francis, as four of us were once from San Francisco, and then on to Rome to meet more of our tribe and to invade the streets, fountains and ruins with our gypsy street theatre.

Driving that morning through the little Italian town of Chiavari, by the sea, we decided to use the rest room. Shortly after we stopped a Carabinieri car drove by coming to a quick halt as soon as they spotted our mammoth coach. Within seconds, three of the most outrageous Fascist police, accompanied by the most histrionic hand gestures and loud screams, assaulted us from every direction. We immediately sensed that we had fallen into an Italian ambush and prepared ourselves by swiftly depositing about five grams of hashish, that we had been saving for the museums of Florence, into Samantha's vagina and doing some yogic deep breathing excercises to minimize our adrenelin supply. A few minutes later there were two police cars escorting us to the station with one plain clothes officer accompanying us in the front seat of the van while Ricardo drove. We chanted Hare Krishna on the way and I flashed on the early Christians singing at the doors of the arena of death.

At this point, unknown to anyone, Samantha had a fit of paranoia and discarded the vaginal parcel out through the rear ventilator without looking, thinking it would be safer, not knowing that it landed on the police car behind us. By the time we reached the station, the police were in an hysterical frenzy, but I must admit, cautious and a little fearful of us, as we demanded respect with our fiery eyes. The ensuing five hours were a series of theatrical guerilla confrontations which rendered us and the police exhausted. While they rampaged through our truck, tearing, ripping and spilling our possessions, confiscating every form of organic growth, of which we had a lot, we chanted, read excerpts from the Bible, (they took Marjorie's "Treatise on White Magic" by Alice Baily), sang *Noi siamo i bambini de arco balano* –"We are the children of the rainbow" and did pantomime for the guards and policemen. When the TV and newspaper photographers arrived and started to film us, we danced and carried on for the cameras.

Prison became for us the ultimate psychedelic trip without drugs. Life was reduced to a microcostic level. It was, in all respects, the entire world within a series of walls, except the yin or female entity was missing, which of course made for an unbalanced environment, but fortunately for us aided the mystical thought process, which we utilized to its highest.

We began and ended our days with yoga and meditation. The interim was spent in intense study of the scriptures of all the major religions (we were given many books by the American Consulate of Genoa who has long sideburns and is groovy and has a son who is a head), reading social documentaries, and in general, high frequency literature. We spent many hours making clay sculptures, paper mache masques, jewelry and flutes. We drew mandalas and cosmic drawings for the guards and prisoners with sayings such as, *"Noi siamo tutti i fratelli de uno Spirito"*. We became good friends with all the guards, addressing them by their first names, although all the other prisoners called them signore. Ricardo actually had his own yoga student, a young Italian boy who had been busted for ten grams of hash, until the guards stopped the sessions, telling him that we were hypnotizing him.

The journalists, in the meantime, were having a field day with our story. Gross lies and petty propaganda were printed about us. They said that we were supplying Milan and Roman students, but the ten kilos of hash that was reportedly found, was in reality Maroccan henna (hair dye) and assorted cooking herbs. They also printed in big letters that we were singing *"Jesus Hashish"* in the police station, that we were nude when the police came to our van and that smoke was billowing from the windows. More incredible, they printed an enlarged photograph the police had given them of Samantha completely naked with black blurps covering the nipples of her Anita Eckberg sized breasts, implying with a typical Italian perverse sensationalism, that we were immoral orgyists etc.

In prison it was getting colder as Autumn approached, and we insisted on getting more clothes from the van. When they were delivered in a large box, we noticed that the police had blindly thrown in all the most festive scarfs rags and tapestries, with which we decorated the walls along with our mandalas etc. After changing into our turbans, gypsy scarfs and dancing pants and vests, along with our neo-Taj-mahal decor we experienced an even freakier mode of behaviour. Like two exotique birds in a cage we sang, danced and made music. When everyone was let out of the cells for a walk in the courtyard or television, Ricardo and I would pop out of our cells like jacks-in-the-box doing cart-wheels and flips in the corridors to everyone's amazement. The four girls who were in the other part of the prison were just about as outrageous, walking around nude, freaking out the elderly matron guards, baking their own bread and gourmet dinners (we could order any extra food if we paid) and performed plays for the resident whores in their ward.

We spent a great deal of time trying to understand our karmic reason for imprisonment. Our perspective towards society and life in general was clarified to an intensity surpassing any of our other previous perceptions. Why were we initially attacked? Before they even found any drugs they assaulted us as though we were animals that should be killed. Why? We were colourful, we were happy, we were free. We were in direct opposition to the imprisoned, grey minds of the society who put us in bondage. We were like Joseph and his coat of many colours. Just as his brothers hated him with envy and conspired to cast him into a pit, so shall man conspire against us for they are envious of our covenant with our Father, the Universal Spirit.

In Italy, the penalty for the most miniscule amount of marijuana is a minimum of three years. How can someone be imprisoned for a state of consciousness or a state of being? Is it not the same reason why the early Christians and the News of this century were persecuted. How can LSD a drug which induces celestial-cosmic-realization be considered a crime against society?

Because God consciousness is dead in our western civilization! God consciousness is a threat to the modernization of technoramic materialistic society and its utilitarian scientific rationalism. This society has been attempting to surpress the cosmic "hippie" movement from its very beginning. It has developed a righteous fear of the 'underground' and its philosophy because the hippie defies and exposes the perverted, capitalistic and hypocritical power structure for what it is.

After forty days and nights we went to court to face our trial. Our Italian assigned lawyer, a very beautiful man, had fallen in love with us by the time we went to court and considered us his own children. He testified, in a thirty minute soliloquy, that had the whole court almost in tears, that Samantha, who was 18 years old and not liable to imprisonment as she is underage in Italy, was responsible for the importation of the said drug, (10 grams) and that we had no knowledge of her actions. He concluded his dramatic oration by saying that it would be a crime to imprison us for our fantasy.

That very day Ricardo, Marjorie, Poppy, Samantha, Bernadette and I found ourselves flying free on our magic carpet again. Instead of going to Naples to take our boat to India, we were exiled to France, where we met the rest of our tribe. We will rest in the French countryside until our rebirth in the Spring when our caravan will resume the journey to the East. We are the many coloured reflections of the white light of God. We are the children of the rainbow. Hare OM.
Jamian Ananda

smalls

Apologies to the hundreds of our readers whose small ads were ripped off by bad tempered Freddie in his visit last month.

INTERZONE A is back. No 6 is on sale in shops in and around Notting Hill Gate. 1/- or by mail from Gary Butler 50a Princedale Road, London W11. Send 6d extra or SAE. FREE RAFFLE. Win a record or two of your choice. The first 1000 copies sold will be numbered consecutively. 1st price = 2 records, 2nd = 1 record, 3rd onwards many surprises. Winning numbers will appear in Interzone A No 7 and other head publications.

Male Form. A fantastic Male Nude Mag at 20/-. The Handreared Boy. A first class story by Brian Aldiss at 32/-. Lists of Male Nude Material sent under Plain Cover. Models under 20 are welcome to write: Don Busby Studio, 10 Dryden Chamber 119 Oxford Street, London W1.

Two male Models required, Part-Time, Mancheste Area (under 23), Experience Not necessary, Box Number (32) 1

Nude boys and Men, all types, sizes and shapes. Largest selection of Male Nude Photo Magazines in the World, Send for Free illustrated brochure. Rainbow Studio—OZ Box 46544, Hollywood, Calif 90046, USA.

'Orgy Action' Beautiful Couples doing their thing Guys and Chicks Freaking out—together—Nude and Uncensored. Send for free Orgy Magazine Catalogue. You must state in writing you are 21 Sinclair-Diamond, Dept OZ, 3040 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, Ca 90039 USA.

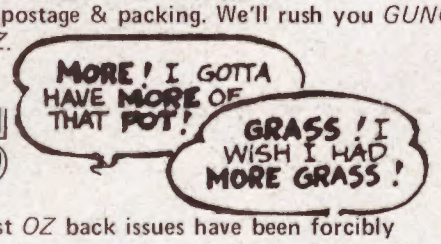
Lowest Fare, India USA, 01-607 5639.

monster comix offer!

There's only one way you can be sure of reading the next *OZ*. With police pressure tightening, your terrified newsagent may soon refuse to stock his monthly bundles of hot crotch porn and subversion. Avert disaster and make certain of your monthly mindfuck. *SUBSCRIBE NOW!!*

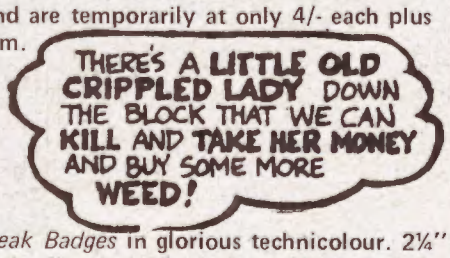
As a super slick inducement we offer you a slashed price, monster anthology of American Underground Comicks with every subscription. *GUNG HO* (selling for £1 in the shops right now) measures an obscene 12" by 9" and contains 100 unbelievable pages of violence, sex and dope comix, featuring the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, Mr. Natural, Trashman, Time Warp Tales . . . . . and more, more *more*. Just add 5/- to the normal 48/- subscription fee, plus 1/6d postage & packing. We'll rush you *GUNG HO* plus a year's subscription (12 issues) of *OZ*.

back issues



Due to circumstances beyond our control, most *OZ* back issues have been forcibly withdrawn from our subscription bonanzas . . . however, several back numbers still remain secreted in a remote warehouse and are temporarily at only 4/- each plus 1/- post and packing. Each one a collectors item.

oz badges



Just out. The new, improved *OZ Beautiful Freak Badges* in glorious technicolour. 2¼" wide in blue and yellow or red and green. Be the first in your ghetto to flash an *OZ Badge*. Just send 2/- plus 6d post and packing for these revolutionary accessories.

O I enclose 48/- for a year's subscription to *OZ*.

O I enclose 54/6 for a year's subscription to *OZ* plus the ridiculous *GUNG HO* Underground Comic Book offer.

O I'm not interested in the dreary *OZ* subscription . . . . just forward me *GUNG HO* for £1 plus 1/6d postage and packing.

O Please send me *OZ* 18 (Fingerlickin Good), *OZ* 19 (Groupies) *OZ* 20 (Hells Angels) *OZ* 24 (Beautiful Freaks) *OZ* 25 (Hippie Atrocities) *OZ* 27 (Acid/Dope Issue) at 4/- each plus 1/- post and packing, (delete inapplicable).

O Rush me . . . . *OZ Beautiful Freak Badges* at 2/- each plus 6d post and packing.

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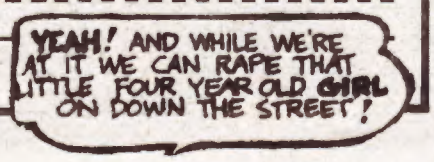

THE PELLEN CENTRE

1 West Green Road, Tottenham, N15.

MARITAL HARMONY GUARANTEED

Many couples find that minor problems of physical incompatibility can be the cause of a lack of fulfilment for one partner or the other. We are designers and suppliers of medically approved aids to maritial harmony, many of which have never before been available in this country. For a free copy of our illustrated catalogue write to *Pellen Personal Products* Ltd. (Room O) 47 Muswell Hill Broadway, London N.10. Or better still, visit our newly opened *Pellen Centre* (near Seven Sisters Underground) where an enormous range of unique sexual aids is on permanent display.

Having just stepped out of the shower, I was Johnsons Baby Powdering my pubic hair when Detective Frederick Luff burst through the bathroom door. After a strained exchange of courtesies, I hurried to the bedroom to dress and to admire the calm with which six other plain-clothesmen and two dogs were ravaging my home.

"What's your name"? I asked the man who was disabling the telephone. "Get stuffed", he replied. Further attempts to inveigle introductions elicited similar responses. Police had gained entrance with a warrant issued under the Obscene Publications Act. The task of the accompanying labradors was not apparently to sniff through my personal collection of OZes for evidence of ejaculatory bliss, but to assist members of the Drugs Squad who just "happened to be passing by".

Somewhere in Wakefield, at an ex-OZ printer's, are two crates of aniseed which we had once planned to mix with our inks. Its purpose was to decoy hash hounds if they ever happened to lunge into the homes of our readers. Having left Wakefield in a hurry, we never managed to pursue the experiment. However, I am happy to report that the additive was unecessary. The labradors were hilariously hopeless. The corners of my room with which they were frenziedly obsessed were those most remote from any possible contamination.

While these bewildered, ill-trained hounds gnawed needlessly through the back of a decaying harmonium, their masters ransacked my library, my personal letters and files; pillaging such sentimental souvenirs as a poneoed pirate edition of Portnoy's Complaint (purchased under an Australian counter), an unusable antique hookah from Calcutta and probably the world's only extant complete set of Australian OZes
Few, if any of these objects are likely to be returned. In a previous sortie, police confiscated copies of OZ 23. Subsequently they decided not to prosecute it, but despite persistent requests the issues have not been returned. The excuse? "Sorry . . . lost in the warehouse". No receipt has beem forthcoming for the items taken from my home on Friday, December 19 and as Louise—who lives with me—and myself were carted off to Notting Hill Police Station while the Obscenity/Drugs Squad were still marauding, I will probably never know in detail exactly what was commandeered. Incidentally, simultaneous invasions of privacy occurred upstairs from my basement at the home of Jim Anderson and at the OZ office in Princedale Road. (Fortunately, the raid on Felix Dennis' home was bungled.)

One member of the Drugs Squad—a memorably offensive and aggressive individual in a light grey Prince-of-Wales check suit who sported a pipe and styled himself on Laurence Harvey—is obviously destined for transfer to Frederick Luff's obscenity team. He was so incensed at the contents of my morning's mail that he foamed at the mouth, muttering: "You are all warped". At the recent Wet Dream Film Festival in Amsterdam I had met the makers of the prize winning film "A Summer Day", which unfolds the astonishing biography of a farmyard girl who literally loves her livestock. The directors honoured their promise to send me an amazing never-before-published transcript of an interview with the girl, Bodil, plus some booklets portraying her pastime. The full fleshy technicolour closeups of Bodil being fucked by a pig sent the aspiring Laurence Harvey berserk. I can only assume that he must have identified with the gifted beast.

I offer one final testimonial to the aquisitive zeal of the Magnificent Seven. After the police had greeted me in such uncomplimentary tones, I produced a Sony cassette and began recording the mounting pandemonium. It was immediately wrested from me and "searched" for drugs. I then reassembled it and plugged in the microphone. It was spotted by a senior officer, who instructed that the machine be searched. I protested that it had been done already. "But not very thoroughly", he replied, grabbing it from me, "in fact we shall take this with us".

It can be argued that however misguided the law, a policeman's duty is to enforce it. On occasion it is necessary to remove items from a person's home to produce as evidence in court. But the entire Luff operation was a blatant abuse of police powers. The hysteria over the tape recorder confirms their own recognition of this abuse. They even confiscated handwritten notes of the raid written by Louise. Because Luff and his heavies feared any record being taken of their activities they tried to suppress it by force—the same force which they are clumsily exerting against OZ.

After three hours of this edifying spectacle, two policewomen arrived to search Louise ("You're so *clean*", they kept repeating) and then we were escorted to Notting Hill police station. It took another three hours of miserable isolation in the backroom before we were formally charged with the possession of dangerous drugs and our solicitor, David Offenbach, grudgingly admitted. His presence was prompted by the lightning efforts of the Oz team and of Release, who were similarly swift in courting bailees. I have no previous convictions (sorry, Panthers), yet Frederick Luff flatteringly categorised me as a dangerous criminal , refused bail and banned all visitors. I spent a hungry, wakeful evening in the cells reading, appropriately, Evelyn Waugh's Decline and Fall.

Although I was due at West London Magistrates Court at 10 am the following morning, Luff did not arrive to escort me until 10.30 am. This seemed mere inefficiency at the time, but I have since had reason to believe that the delay was due to his privately conferring beforehand with the magistrate. This information comes via the crime reporter of a Fleet Street newspaper, but is obviously inverifiable.

(That morning I spied in Luff's briefcase a copy of my book, Play Power. "Did you steal that from my home too?" I asked. "No. I actually bought it at the Mandarin bookshop". He did too; and had returned to buy two more, so I expect it will eventually be used against me in some way)

David Offenbach had warned that West London Magistrate's Court was tougher on drugs cases than Marylebone and that should I appear before the remarkable A.L. Stephenson, there was a

possibility he may refuse bail. As it is customary for defentants to be invited to make a statement to the bench in such circumstances, I scribbled some impassioned notes in the back of Decline and Fall. What actually occurred in court outstripped the most morose expectations. When Luff announced that he opposed bail, Stephenson not only parroted this refusal but did not even allow Offenbach to complete a formal bail application. When my solicitor's pleas were truncated I begged permission from the bench to make a statement. Silence. Police began swooping, so again I asked to make a statement. By this time the police were manhandling me, so I screamed that my case had nothing to do with drugs . . . "I am in this dock because of the personal vendetta of one man against OZ". Of course the police—who control the courts—were incensed. As spectators like Felix Dennis and George Melly jumped to protest, I was bundled unceremoniously through the foyer and hurled into the cell like a sack of potatoes.

It was the first time for many years that I felt frightened. This novel tang of fear was induced not only by the violence of my ejection from the dock but because I had come to realise that an enormous, complicated mechanism had swung into action which had, as its sole objective, the deprivation of me and my friends from our freedom of speech. Today they had forcibly silenced me in court, as tomorrow they may silence the magazine.

Brixton compares favourably with Australian boarding schools. The warders are no more bossy than prefects, although with less legitimate power. (Two days inside hardly renders my observations valuable.) There is little difference in the treatment of convicts and remandees, except that the former are allowed television, table tennis and other amenities and the latter are allotted a distinctive uniform. Food consists of tinned spaghetti rings and other delights; appalling, but no worse than most Oxford Street cafes. Tea is oily, bromided and served without sugar. It is possible to order daily newspapers, have food and wine supplied from outside. Exercise consists of two ½ hour daily bouts of circular walking. I heard no complaints of violence and I was not ill-treated or victimised in any way, although many of the formalities were futile and harmful. After a compulsory bath we were shunted in line for a cursory medical inspection without shirts —an efficient recipe for flu.

The saddest and most memorable moments in this big city Butlins consisted of conversations with other inmates. I had expected 'hardened criminals' to be neither so pleasant nor so uninformed. As my cellmate put it: "When you meet us crims off duty, in a place like this, we're the nicest people in the world—but catch us on a job and we'd blow your head off". The gentlest of souls said he'd spent the previous month practising technique with a sawn-off shotgun ("It turns pheasants into mincemeat") and explained that he would have no compunction in using it on his next job. (He is planning to do a Securicor van).

Recidivism is not so much voluntary as imposed by the inmates' cultural and economic oppression. Many prisoners explained that after their first conviction they were considered fair game for police lineups so it was pointless going straight. The ones I met readily accepted their role in the system. Gaol became a fruitful rendezvous in which to make new contacts and mastermind future jobs. During my short visit I learnt how to open most peoples' front door through the letterbox, how to rob a supermarket (silencing the burglar alarm) and double my money with secondhand cars. For most of the men there could never be any escape. Several had been able to crash out of various gaols in the past, but were always recaptured in a Shepherds Bush pub or a relative's cupboard. "Why didn't you leave the country?" I asked, and it invariably turned out that they had no idea how to obtain passports—even legally—and that their world map consisted primarily of England with a few crazed foreign lands scattered as remotely and as inhospitably as the moon. They ran to relatives because they had no conception of how to register at a hotel.

Unexpectedly, on Sunday evening I was ordered to collect my kit and wait downstairs. David Offenbach and his father, Harry, had taken the unprecedented step of rousing a Judge in Chambers on a Sunday and secured bail. The magistrate's suppression of Offenbach's plea had worked in my favour.

I was released from goal because of the toil of my solicitors, the support of many friends and the privilege of my class. A senile, prejudiced disciplinarian still presides at West London. His daily incarceration on dubious pretexts of people less able to retaliate than myself can be forestalled only by his hopefully imminent retirement. (Even in my case he won. The cost of my release was £250)

Out side Brixton I rejoined my friends, including George Melly, who gallantly risked £250 bail, and

we ended up at the Roundhouse for Release's Christmas party. The irony is corny, but I cannot resist recording that as I floated into the Roundhouse, and was confronted by the extrovert inmates of a new culture—hair, beads, incense and smiles—to whom I respond so ambivalently—The Who creamed ferociously from stage: 'I'M FREE . . . I'M FREE . . . I'M FREE . . . "

The elation was temporary. The full implications of the past few days weighed me to earth. 1. Along with Felix Dennis and Jim Anderson I was already facing an obscenity charge over OZ 28 at the Old Bailey (possibly heard in March). 2. Now, along with Louise Ferrier I was shortly to face a charge of possessing 'dangerous' drugs. 3. As a result of the recent raid, police would be preferring more obscenity charges against Jim, Felix and myself over subsequent OZes and would oppose bail on the grounds that we had already been committed on similar charges. 4. If this or any future OZ provokes a prosecution, it would certainly result in immediate gaol for the three of us and a temporary end to the magazine.

This means that our editorial hand is forced. If the magazine is to survive, we are now compelled to conduct editorial decisions in a way which we have always previously avoided-ie carefully . Until we defeat the charges against OZ 28, we must strive to elude a further prosecution.

Contrary to our contemporary image, OZ has never been solely sexual. In this respect it is like you or me. Sometimes it fucks, sometimes it's stoned, sometimes it dances to the sound of its own record reviews; but most of all it reflects a lively, diverse informed concern for the far flung issues of social, cultural and political evolution. Maybe it stems from its Australian origins, but whenever OZ does flash its sexuality, it does so with a vulgarity, ostentation and relish that happens to be the undistorted style of those involved with the production of the magzine. Few girls remember the *face* of the man who exposes himself on a train, likewise, out of a 48 page OZ 31 our more repressed readers will recall *only* the two titillating pages of illustrated small ads.

Even if OZ *was* the magazine that Frederick Luff and his superiors erroneously imagine, it should still not grant them carte blanche to rifle our offices and homes at whim. Not many publications could operate without advertising, contributors and production files. Countless articles, and a double-spread of 'letters-to-the-editor' planned for this OZ were stolen from Jim Anderson's home. And for what? All because an uniformed Mary Whitehouse and his punchy henchmen think Jim, Felix and myself are professional smut peddlers . . . that we devote our lives to "depraving and corrupting" this sceptred isle, this merry band of men, this purient England.

This is the second time in my life that the threat of gaol hangs heavily over the rainbow because people of demonic perversity are moved to punish those with whom they disagree. Six years ago a Sydney magistrate sentenced Martin Sharp, Richard Walsh and myself to six months hard labour for publishing the satirical forerunner of British OZ. The features deemed most objectionable included an article by the late Lenny Bruce and a cartoon by Martin which coined the phrase "get folked". That particular OZ would now seem tame even in Australia, and the whole affair, in retrospect, laughable, expensive and unnecessary—just as in a few years the shimmering Schoolkids OZ will be universally recognised more as a sympton of social change than its instrument. It took two years of tedious legal wrangles to gain an acquittal in Australia. The question of obscenity revolved around "an undue emphasis on sex" and eventually the High Court conceded that—as with beauty—obscenity lies mainly in the crotch of the beholder.

But let us suppose, for the sake of discussion, that the preoccupations of those of us at OZ are so narrow as to confine the magazine exclusively to sex; that there is in fact "an undue emphasis" (It is not only the Luffs who would readily accept this hypothesis. Peter Cook once brandished before a public audience a double-spread of a pubescent Californian trio and shrieked that the magazine was for masturbators only—which seems unnecessarily restrictive). But let us suppose that cunt and cock leapt from every page, that OZ was a living array of Pellen's Personal Products, that it farted in your face, winked labia majoras at you, uncurled its foreskin, splashed forth a veritable Niagara of cum . . . so what? Would we still be guilty of *obscenity*, of depraving and corrupting those who volunteered their 4/-?

When I think of obscenity, I think of other things. I think of our fathers depraving and corrupting—in some cases demolishing—entire civilisations for the sake of personal greed. I think of the ruthless eradication of, say, the Inca, Aztec and Maya cultures in Latin America, the smashing of highly developed societies in South East Asia, India and Africa, the massacre of tribal communities in Australia and America, a practice not only still flourishing (Cf the Aussies now in New Guinea) but not even recognised by the majority of ever having occurred (ad in current *Esquire*: "The Spanish were nice enough to

discover America . . . you should at least discover their brandy." Nice to whom? The Indians?). If this all sounds like ancient history, think of the depravation and corruption inflicted on Vietnamese peasants by the most powerful nation on earth, or think of Portugal's current enslavement of the people of Angola and Mozambique, ringmastered by NATO and financed by British corporations. Often the process of neo-colonialism is disguised by the complex, paradoxical patterns of international economics. The U.S. has "loaned" millions of dollars to Guatemala, Haiti, Nicaragua and Paraguay—all dictatorships and, "without exception life has become worse for the majority of people in each of these countries over the last ten years", as it has in most of Africa. See *Exploitation*, a brilliant, essential handbook on the world power structure by Robin Jenkins recently published by MacGibbon & Kee .

The lust which I think of as obscene is the lust for profit and power which not only depraves and corrupts millions of those in "developing" countries who are harnessed as a source of raw materials (and markets) for European and U.S. industry, but here in Britain where the majority of workers are so muzzled by masscult and mesmerised by media that—like slaves whistling in a cotton plantation—they cannot even comprehend their own impoverishment.

The bitterest irony is that the most suffocating source of human enslavement—spiritual—could not have accomplished without the bedazzling potency of a superstition known as Christianity. While our fathers plundered two-thirds of the world, our gods depraved, corrupted and brutalised delicate tribalisms and in passing, promoted modern up-to-date diseases. ("The white man came and asked us to shut our eyes and pray. When we opened our eyes it was too late—our lands were gone". Kenyatta). Last night, Southern Television's feature movie was 'The Sins of Rachel Cade", which entrusted the task of enforcing chastity upon the black villages to Dorothy Malone ("Come here Kulu! Our God

proclaims great punishment if you sleep with a woman who is not your wife"). She herself was protected by the British Army (played by Peter Finch) while some nameless corporation silently prospered behind the swamp. The guileless racism, exploitation, depravity and corruption inherent in this film was no doubt enjoyed—perhaps applauded—by the region's viewers who themselves have of course suffered indoctrination by the same Christianity which has bequeathed to them—if not Dorothy Malone—the ethics of work, property, family and fidelity to be inculcated into every school, council house and factory. (And prison: the entire Sunday in Brixton is spent shuffling prisoners to various chapels and congregations).

It seems to me then, no coincidence that those most determined to extinguish OZ and turn back the tide of libertarianism are, without exception, religious maniacs. The punitive Australian magistrate was a member of an elite lay Catholic organisation and the energetic Frederick Luff once explained to me that the difference in our mutual points of view stemmed from his subservience to the will of God. If there was any logic in law such an admission would send Luff to gaol; for Christianity has cloaked more depravity and corruption in a single day than all the pornographers in their collective lifetimes.

As none of us at OZ could bear to live with the possibility that the magazine is totally ineffectual, we happily admit that the sexually precocious pages of OZ and its glistening editorial sensuousness encourages readers to get their rocks off more often—just as we hope it helps uplift the

20 gins later...

highest of highs and that it offers at least the gentlest suggestion of perspective to any drop-out's discontent. If this impact is considered 'depraving and corrupting' then I look forward to further first hand lessons in criminology at the expense of Her Majesty's Government.

If it could be proved that OZ triggered off any sexual atrocities, such as are usually headlined in News of the World, the Crown may have a case against us.

Diagnoses of the impact of 'pornography' have always been hampered by the lack of empirical evidence. However, on September 30, 1970, the most comprehensive report on obscenity and pornography ever undertaken anywhere in the world was presented to the US President and Congress. It is published in full by Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Avenue New York ($1.65) and should be examined by anyone who is in any doubt that Obscenity laws are insane, malicious, unworkable and an intolerable infringement of civil liberties. (Don't confuse this report with the one masquerading as it under the same name and published by MacGibbon & Kee with contemptible dishonesty).

The 17 man Commission—not an orgy of yippies, but austere, experienced establishment figures appointed by Congress recommended that: "All federal state and local legislation prohibiting the sale, exhibition, or distribution of sexual materials to consenting adults should be repealed". The Commission went on to affirm that: "There is no warrent for continued governmental interference with the full freedom of adults to read, obtain or view whatever material they wish . . . extensive investigations both by the Commission and by others, provides no evidence that exposure to or use of explicit sexual materials play a significant role in the causation of social or individual harms such as crime, delinquency, sexual or nonsexual deviance or severe emotional disturbances . . . a few Commission studies indicate that a possible distinction between sexual offenders and other people, with regard to explicit sexual materials, is that sex offenders have seen markedly *less* of such material while maturing."

The Bantam edition is a challenging 700 pages long and bristles with data from all over the world. It includes a thorough breakdown of Danish statistics which reveal not only that sex crimes in Denmark have dropped since the abolition of obscenity laws but that this cannot be accounted for by the liberalising of criteria by which such crimes are judged, or by any failure to report such crimes. The congressional document is a thundering empirical confirmation of most intelligent people's intuitive predilections.

In fairness, it should be mentioned that three out of the seventeen Commissioners dissented from the bulk of the recommendations. The most extreme repudiation came from Charles Keating Jnr, the only Commissioner appointed by Nixon himself and this helps explain why it met with the same fate as the Wootton report on drugs in this country (to be filed in the dustbin). Charles H Keating attached his minority statement to the report. "For those who believe in God", he writes, "in His absolute Supremacy as the Creator and Lawgiver of life, in the dignity and destiny which he has conferred upon the human person, in the moral code that governs sexual activity—for those who believe in these "things", no argument against pornography should be necessary". And so it continues. The same words, the same neurotic myopia, the same crazy appeal to a Supreme Being instead of reason . . . the voice of Luff, Whitehouse, Black and a host of others whose greatest fear of all is freedom.

It is not surprising that its painstaking survey of existing research data combined with original experiments caused the Commission to conclude: "In general persons who are older, less educated, religiously active, less experienced with erotic material, or feel sexually guilty are most likely to judge a given erotic stimulus 'obscene'".

So—derived not from contestible psychoanalytical theorising but deduced from extensive sober observation; these 17 (minus 3) jet setting, button down crew cut sociologists and lawyers virtually indict all smut squads as nothing but a bunch of ageing, ignorant, naive, guilt ridden religious bigots.

Up until the pre-Christmas raid, Felix, Jim and myself had greeted the harassment of OZ with only sporadic bursts of seriousness, as had many of our friends. It was instinctively assumed that we could ultimately establish in a court that OZ did not deprave and corrupt—even if it meant redefining the whole concept of obscenity. Notwithstanding the perpetual ransacking of our offices, we were aware that in less enlightened communities we would have been automatically gaoled. But it has finally dawned upon us that the authorities in this country take our publishing venture more seriously than we do. Following my extraction from Brixton I learnt that the police had been watching all our houses for some time, that they virtually admitted to tapping all our phones and they have even dossiered trivial, little known facts of our personal lives. So while the fearful significance of the OZ persecution has become belatedly apparent to ourselves, many people are still more amused than amazed. The pickaxing of this magazine is nothing less than political censorship. OZ has relentlessly promoted scorching elements of the new culture—dope, rock'n'roll and fucking in the streets; it is the only magazine in this country to consistently and constructively analyse the tension between the freak/dropout community and the militant left and to struggle to develop a theory from such antagonism. We see fun, flippancy, guiltless sex and the permanent strike of dropping-out as part of an emerging new community, but painfully acknowledge the limitations of leeching on the present society and becoming stooges of its consumer junkyism. We appreciate that OZ antics are often adventuristic, escapist, dilettantish, narcissistic and juvenile; but we are congenitally incapable of facing a solemn fun free future, cutting cane beneath some spartan banner of liberation; we want only to play with our toys, not own them, and we are fumbling towards a solution of living and working collectively—not for profit—which there ain't—but because we love what we do and believe naively in a joyful tomorrow of spiritual, emotional and intellectual coitus non interruptus.

But still we are afraid. An endless avalanche of support is necessary for us to conquer the court case. Not just the urgent money (make cheques payable to the OZ Obscenity Fund) but moral encouragement as well. Write letters to newspapers to your MP's, come to the Old Bailey (probably in March, date to be confirmed) do everything to arouse the public to the importance of the issues involved; help whiplash the backlash. For while religiously executed, it is politically motivated.

But still we are afraid; because there are already signs that the fence-sitting liberals may jump off on the other side. Example: When Jerry Rubin visited this country he conned massive publicity but was not actually convicted of any offence. His greatest 'crime' was to boost Frost's ratings. That much vaunted monument to the brave British independent intellectual tradition, Penguin Books, has paid vast sums of money to Jonathon Cape for the paperback rights to Rubin's book, *Do It*. Yet it has been discreetly recommended to Penguin's editors from above that they ought not to proceed and so—surprise surprise—these gallant spirits capitulated. Penguin isn't *Doing It*. Such then, is the climate in which OZ goes to the Old Bailey.

Idiot International has collapsed, Black Dwarf is dormant, the bailiff is at I.T.'s door, Friends flails valiantly . . . Meanwhile fifty thousand people buy us every month; so for God's sake all you out there—don't let the bastards grind OZ down—or it will cost you dearly. You'll be stuck with an eternity of colour supplements.

Richard Neville

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ROY GUEST presents

An Evening with

FOTHERINGAY

SANDY DENNY, TREVOR LUCAS, JERRY DONAHUE, GERRY CONWAY, and PAT DONALDSON

Muddy Waters has been my favourite singer since I was twelve years old, and since that time one of my primary objectives has been to see him play. I finally made it in a small, shabby club in Reading on a freezing Sunday night.

The supporting act to Muddy's band was Larry Johnson, a country blues guitarist from Georgia, and about half Muddy's age. In a time when it is considered Tom for a black to play the blues at all, Larry Johnson risks much abuse for playing in the country idiom. What is fascinating about him is that his performance represented my first encounter with country blues presented as a living music. I had heard earnest white archivists like Jo Ann Kelly and Mike Cooper play it like fourth-formers delivering a school play in Latin, and I had heard elderly bluesmen like Champion Jack Dupree presented like museum pieces, but Johnson presents the country blues as a contemporary music.

Before his set we talked briefly about guitar strings, various white musicians, particularly Mike Bloomfield ("Bloomfield is a good musician, so I would say that anything he doin' in music would be good"), an English guitarist called Roget Hubbard ("about the best I've met anywhere, whether here or in the States"), long guitar solos ("Some blues players make you feel good twice: glad when they get up and glad when they get down . . . I believe that if a guy is serious about his thing, and know what he's doing, I think that he can get his thing over in three minutes to five minutes"), and the continued survival of the country blues as a living idiom ("I think it's slowly dying, or might be have already died, and it's time for like a new generation of people to doing it").

Then it was time for the main man. His band and roadies lugged assorted Gibsons and Fenders onto the stage, and began tuning up. The band finally got itself together and played two competent but unexciting instrumentals in a slick night-club-blues way, guitars well to the fore. Then Muddy came on, leaning on a crutch, his no-longer-processed hair in a bushy Afro. He sat down on his stool and finger-picked a riff out of his Telecaster. In came the band. The sound was totally different, with piano and mouth harp leading. Muddy's own guitar playing was almost inaudible, except during "Sail On", when he pulled a slide from his pocket, turned up his volume and conjured up screaming, swirling smoke rings of sound that hung glowing over the stage and moved the audience to spontaneous gasps and cheers. I've never seen any performer except Hendrix involve an audience so much in his music. Eventually the evening wound up, far too soon, with another two numbers from the band, and the following conversation with Muddy and Larry was taped directly after that performance.

. . . How're you feeling now since your accident? (A car crash late in 1969 which put Muddy in hospital for nine months.)

Muddy: I'm not back together but I feel much, much better.

How do you relate to the people who're playing your songs? I mean, how do you feel when you hear . . .

Muddy: Love 'em.

Led Zeppelin.

Muddy: Let 'em play. The more they play the better I get known. If somebody gonna know I made it once, you know . . .

How do'you feel when you listen to, say, Led Zeppelin playing "You Shook Me"?

Muddy: I feel good . . . sure I like it. I love it . . . I wish someone would call my name fifty million times a day. The more you call, the more people gonna hear. That don't bother me.

Do you listen to things like John Mayall and Paul Butterfield at home?

Muddy: Got to listen to them because they all spring from me . . .

You don't feel that you're being ripped off by all of this?

Muddy: When you get in the record business someone gonna rip you anyway, so that don't bother me. If you don't rip me, she gonna rip me, and if she don't rip me, he gonna rip me, so I'm gonna get ripped, so you don't be bothered by that, because people round you gonna rip you if they can.

Do you think that there are people coming up in the blues who're going to take it that much further?

Muddy: What colour, white or black?

Whatever you want, any colour.

Muddy: I don't know. Today, it's a different story. The kids come up today didn't have them hard push the way we older mens did. They came up while they could have a dollar in their pockets. They don't have too much to have the blues for, you know . . . me coming up, no money in my pocket and sometimes trying to hitch hike on the highway hungry, and all that jive . . .

Do you enjoy listening to your "Electric Mud" album?

Muddy: And I made it and you ask me that? Of course I like it! Well, I like it less than some of my other things . . . well, I listen to it over and over.

A lot of people I know don't really dig that album as much as they dig some of the others.

Muddy: Right, I know, I don't myself, but the public . . .

Gonna do another one?

Muddy: Not never—not no electric mother. No more, no, no.

Yeah, because Howlin' Wolf did an electric album, and after he'd made it he went around telling people he thought it was dog shit.

Muddy: Yeah, well, me and Wolf, we got different minds, you know . . .

Do YOU like Wolf's electric album?

Muddy: I like all of Wolf's records. That's blues playing, and I LOVE blues. Anybody that's singing the blues, I LOVE them. I love his records.

I thought that one of the nicest albums you ever did was the one with Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield.

Muddy: You better look back at "The Best Of Muddy Waters" with Little Walter and Jimmy Rogers. That's where it all came from. It'll be a long time before them fellers can get to where Little Walter went to.

Larry: Little Walter modernised harmonica playing without a doubt and I do believe that Little Walter took that instrument as far as it's going. There will be nobody else ever come along and do anything different with that instrument for a long while.

What struck me about watching your band tonight, and watching Larry, is that the white blues bands are so much into technique. They seem to be trying to out-speed the guy who's been on before them, but neither you nor Larry were coming on flash at all.

Muddy: You know, they in a hurry to get this dollar TODAY, not tomorrow. They can put out one record, sell a million copies. If I put out a blues and sell fifty thousand, that's doin' cool.

Larry: You see, there's such a thing as playing blues, and there's such a thing as putting on a show. When I set on, and when Muddy set on, he set on to play blues, in other words to be heard and not to be seen.

Most of the bands I see are using speed and technique as a cover-up for a feeling that isn't there.

Muddy: That's right, that's right . . .

Larry: That's the show, that's the show, we just explained that to you!

Muddy: I don't need to use no cover-up. That piece of steel (the bottleneck), that's my cover-up.

You should use that more, it's a beautiful sound.

Muddy: I use it little once in a while . . more on my old records than on the new . . . I come on and do my thing . . . that's what make Muddy Waters.

Do you think there's anyone playing in the same direction you are?

Muddy: I don't know of no-one. To make a story short, I'm a little tired from working. You got to be another Muddy Waters born, raised up in the cotton field on the plantation, then get up to be a young man, come up to New York or Chicago or Detroit. Somewhere, and go THAT direction. It won't be somebody: "I heard a Muddy Waters record, I'm gonna go out there and do it like Muddy Waters."

Larry: Always, till the end of time, I believe it's gonna be hard for a cat to come from a million dollar family, and get a college education, and can afford fifteen hundred dollar worth of equipment and get up on a stage and sing "I'm broke and hungry" and you look behind him and there's a thousand dollar amplifier sitting there. It's gonna be hard, very hard . . . because it's only people GOT the blues can sing the blues, and really do it justice . . .

Muddy: You get people playing AT the blues, and when you got a GOOD blues player, you gonna hear him PLAY it. There you go . . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

Put a real Queen

Queers can do what they like now, can't they? I mean, there isn't any discrimination against the poor things any more now. The 1967 Sexual Offences Act put an end to all that, didn't it? After all, if it's *legal* what more do they want?

Legality is hardly the main point. We're still left with absurd but almost universal social prejudice. It's not just the colonels and Alf Garnetts. It's the suffocating 'understanding' of the broad-minded liberal intelligentsia, and the detached 'interest' taken by most heads. We aren't considered criminals, it's true; but we are considered badly psychologically sick, which is hardly preferable. Homosexuality is still talked about as a 'problem'. The 'alternative society' has adopted the same condescending, tolerant and intolerable attitude as the *Observer* readers before them. The average head is just as concerned as anybody else to keep up a nice 'healthy' heterosexual image . . . which is often, of course, a fraud. Most people, of both sexes, whether they know it or not, have had to repress feelings of attraction to another member of their own sex, or at least hide the meaning of such an attraction from themselves. And trendy teenage magazines are there to reassure them: 'Don't worry, distraught of Liverpool, just because you've got a crush on another boy (or girl, as the case may be), that doesn't mean you're a homosexual.'

Which doesn't exactly help matters for those with the courage and intelligence to realize that they *are*, at least in part, gay. It tends to alienate them from 'normal' people (i.e. those who can't bring themselves to such an 'admission'); so that a counter-culture is set up, whose norms and self-image are as distorted as those of the official culture against which it is reacting. This gay counter-culture, centred on Earls Court and Chelsea, has all the defensive chauvinism that one associates with, say, black ghetto cultures: its own language, its own rules of the game, its contempt for outsiders (for many gay people the idea of heterosexual intercourse is preposterous: compare 'whites are scum'), mixed with a sort of admiration for outsiders ('I actually made it with a gorgeous straight last night': compare desire of many non-politicized blacks to be accepted into white society). Lots of gays are busy repressing the straight side of their natures—just as unconsciously as many straights are repressing their gay side.

This repression, entailing lack of self-fulfilment, is extremely dangerous, the more so because it is unconscious. Don't kid yourself that your sexual tastes and behaviour are *natural* (in the sense that they express your deep, biological nature), any more than most of your other tastes and behaviour are. Who you fuck with, just as much as what clothes you wear, what food you eat, what drugs you take, what language you speak, is *socially conditioned.* There's nothing necessarily evil about this fact. Given human nature, it couldn't be otherwise. But the question is whether the conditioning is for your good (if you hadn't been conditioned to speak some particular language, you'd be in one shit of a mess), or whether it's an instrument of control used by one group over another, which may have served a useful social function once, but is now clapped out and useless. And that, of course, is the case with our sexual conditioning. In prehistoric times, it was possibly a fairly good arrangement that the males, being on average physically stronger than the females, went out hunting etc., while the women looked after the children and the home. The trouble was that in most societies this gave men the ascendancy over women. The gap widened with the cultivation of the ultra-masculine man and the ultra-feminine woman; for exaggerating the differences is always a useful device for those on top to stay there (compare South African apartheid). Men were both the warriors and the intellectuals—i.e. they had the instruments of control in their hands. And they used them to dominate and exploit women. It is against this that Women's Lib is fighting. And we in Gay Lib are fighting a very similar battle.

The polarity between 'gay' and 'straight' is a product of this false exaggeration of the difference between the sexes. Men, naturally—i.e. biologically—are *not* always more masculine than women. Whether you have a prick or a cunt (i.e. the official criterion of whether you're male or female) is *not* a reliable guide to the natural sexual orientation of your whole being. And the more evolved you are (the further you are from the simple wants of an animal), the more true this is. We are very complicated creatures, which is very beautiful—acid, obviously, helps one to realize this. But most of us are still so hung-up on ludicrous old stereotypes that we just can't see it. We accept as 'natural' what confused, paranoid oppressive doctors tell us is natural, rather than consulting our own bodies. Our bodies alone are natural: they are part of the universal life-force. But we're frightened—we prefer to impose pre-conceived ideas on our bodies (e.g. pretending that we're still as simple as rabbits or geese); and if they don't conform to these ideas, then we panic. This is the worst thing a person can do if they discover homosexual feelings in themselves—go to a psychiatrist. Psychiatrists, with a few honourable exceptions, are our Number One Enemy. Being hustled by the fuzz and fined and jailed is one thing; having a shrink prodding around with his blunt analytical instruments in the delicate inner recesses of your soul, trying to re-condition you, 'integrate you into society' is something quite else. The vilest technique of all is 'aversion therapy', whereby (if you're there to be 'cured' of homosexuality) you are made to vomit or are given electric shocks at the same time as being shown pictures of attractive people of ones own sex.

This is the ultimate form of repression, a mixture, as usual, between a bit of subconscious sadism and a lot of bungling stupidity. It's the BRAIN POLICE you've got to beware, my friends of freedom.

This is, of course, a struggle in which gay people are very far from being alone. Every person who cannot be made to fit into the stereotypes a repressive society has set up for them, is a potential revolutionary. Do not let the tension between stereotypes and reality be internal: that way lies genuine psychosis. Get it out. The stereotypes should not exist. They are barriers between us, which stop us from truly relating. They are barriers against reality, which stop us

in the Palace

from truly seeing and living. We must smash the barriers. And in the revolutionary struggle, Gay Lib and Women's Lib play a particularly leading part. For the sexual barriers go much, much deeper into the human soul than class or even race barriers.

We have reached a stage in revolution when it no longer serves any useful purpose for the sexes to be treated differently. Like the redundant human appendix, this once-useful distinction must be allowed to die, and actually forcibly removed if it proves necessary. In type of employment, in pay, in status, in the decision of who one goes to bed with, the fact of which sex one belongs to should no longer be relevant. Ask your DNA code, as Uncle Tim would say. Men and women are growing together. And two impending political developments will assist this. Firstly, as we pass from the family unit to the commune, the idea of a male/female pairing-up will make less and less sense. Secondly, with a united world, the need for large populations (in order to make up large armies) will disappear—in fact, population *control* will be one of the biggest priorities, so that the old argument about sex just being for reproduction (with concomitant bullshit about homosexuality being 'unnatural') won't look too convincing.

What is the role of the Gay Liberation Front?

Gay people are an oppressed people. We are made to feel sick and inferior, we are called psychopaths and invalids when we are not called criminals. We are no *more* sick than anyone else in this fucked-up society, and the last thing we want is pity or 'help'. We are also an exploited people. Exploited, because heterosexuals are able to externalize their subconscious guilt feelings about their own latent homosexuality, and persecute us instead. Queer-bashing is an enormous psychological relief—therapeutic in the same way as gassing Jews was therapeutic, according to Jung, for the Germans. We are a scapegoat, and this is a particularly uncomfortable way of being exploited.

Now if it is catagorization, division of people into groups and classes, that distorts reality and creates false stereotyped images, then one of the main long-term tasks of liberation is to get people to see *through* these images, to tear down the socially-created barriers that divide us from each other, to make us see that, in reality, we are all one. But in the short run, when one class is oppressing another, this creates more specific problems, of a political nature. Thus for workers, for blacks, for women and for gay people, all of whom are being in a very real and immediate way oppressed, it is very *difficult* to see that 'we are all one'. So long as the oppression actually exists, the oppressor must be fought against with no holds barred. This is why, for example, American Black Power movements are so liable to slip into racism as extreme as Governor Wallace's in the opposite direction. For one of the biggest parts of oppression is the oppressor's attempt to induce and sustain an inferiority complex in us. In order to throw this off, oppressed people frequently find it necessary to fling the same shit right back in the oppressor's face. We can only say to the oppressor 'we are all one', when we have first re-discovered our self-respect which was stolen from us in order to bolster the false egos of the straights.

The first task of the Gay Liberation Front is to help all gay people to get back their self-respect. This is why our group has to be a specific and separate one, and we cannot let our demands just be a part of some more general revolutionary group's programme. We are gay, and we are proud of it. We want to turn all gay people on to the fact, not that *'gay is alright'* or *'gay is permissible'*, but that GAY IS GOOD.

Graham Hunt, member of Gay Liberation Front

Y-FRONT GUERILLAS

"Fucking faggots"—*Rock group manager*
"A bunch of pooves"—*White Panther*
"Filthy queers"—*reporter, Daily Sexpress*
"I'm not one BUT"—*heads, liberals, underground press etc. ad nauseam*
"We don't encourage lesbians"—*Women's Lib. spokeswoman*
"We need psychiatrists"—*unliberated homosexual*

Gay means the ability to love someone of the same sex. This also involves sucking and fucking and anything else you can think of. You got it right. We think sex is good and we want to have it as good as anyone else. We want *life* to be good for all the people. So long as any people are oppressed, women, blacks, poor, young, old; we are all oppressed. Dig it.

We are engaged in a revolutionary struggle for freedom and the liberation of people from the Man's chains—the chains of fear and racism and poverty and sexism and hatred and war. Gay people have been involved in the Revolution for a long time but only now are they involved as being gay. "No revolution without us". The quotes at the head of the article are some first reactions to Gay Lib. Some of the persons have since changed their minds. That's cool. We don't expect peace and love and brotherhood in a split second. If your head's fucked up, it takes time to put it together. Our head's are fucked up some too. But we have the right to make demands of those who regard themselves as freaks and revolutionaries. Whenever you oppress us, we will say that you are being unloving and counter-revolutionary. Whenever you oppress us, you oppress yourselves for we are a part of you. The difference is that today you know us as being gay and being proud. On December 13th at the Roundhouse some of you may have had the cookies and cakes GLF brought along. Originally, these were planned as part of a large demonstration but the way the evening developed it soon became clear that a political demonstration would have been inappropriate. So we just did our thing. This was a political action in itself because there will never be a completely straight happening in the alternative culture again.

GLF is the fastest growing radical group in England. Show your love for your gay brothers and sisters; those of you who are gay, COME OUT.

Warren

GOOD MORNING LITTLE SCHOOL GIRL

In "Play Power", Richard Neville, describing an encounter with two freaky, dope-smoking girl hitchers aged 16 and 17, comments with satisfaction; "They certainly won't grow up to marry bank-clerks"? but that's where he's wrong—they will and what's more they'll be quite happy doing so. Both the underground heroes and Det-Insp. (get those filthy perverts if it kills me) Luff, in their own very different ways have mistaken the playful exploration of the schoolkids into the realms of dope-smoking and free fucking for something more committed than it really is. John Gordon of the Sunday Express and the great silent majority behind him were horrified by OZ 28 because in it schoolkids wrote blatantly (and smuttily) of sex and dope, and generally attacked the values of straight society. They saw the magazine as the work of a team of nasty little perverts, corrupted by the staff of OZ. Yet the schoolkids' preoccupation with underground values was neither very exceptional as regards English schoolkids in general, nor very significant. It's about time straight society got things in perspective and realised that many of their kids are smoking dope, dropping acid and fucking freely, quite unconcernedly. Nevertheless, both sides of the fence fail to see that such habits don't necessarily reflect a radical change in ideology. These kids aren't even interested in changing their schools, never mind the world. Of the schoolkids who worked on OZ 28 most have slipped back to the provincial, middle-class, middle-of-the-road morass from which they came. Continue to bow before the authority of teacher, parent and a conservative government with but muffled mutterings of dissention; continue to dabble in the underground when authority's back is turned.

Marilyn Brando
A grateful graduate of Schoolkids OZ

As was said by Anne in Schoolkids OZ, we'll conform to anything as long as we get something out of it. We're only trying to be happy. Offer us a plausible life-style and we'll try it out. Schoolkids are just experimenting with the choices offered them. Drugs and promiscuity are one experiment—for many, they offer happiness today. Tomorrow, who knows? Few schoolkid "freaks" are deeply involved in the underground as the definite alternative life-style of the future. They're interested in its values because it's there at the moment—something to do. In the 6th year of my very straight, provincial secondary school, I would estimate that out of the 60 girls, around half fuck, a quarter smoke dope, and about half a dozen have dropped acid, which, if representative would suggest that the underground is getting a pretty firm hold among the nation's schoolkids, yet, of these girls, not one has any desire to drop out of the straight society, nearly all intend to go on to higher education, and in their heart of hearts most aspire ultimately to a nice job and a nice husband. Of those few who have even heard of OZ the majority are revolted by it. In fact we're as far from violent revolution and fucking in the streets as our contemporaries were 10 years ago.

I worked on the schoolkids OZ because I was interested in the OZ people and because I had nothing better to do. I also enjoyed doing it. Like I enjoy lots of things—like I sometimes enjoy going to school. The experience has maybe broadened my outlook in some respects, it's made me stop and consider the values OZ is defending, if nothing else. It hasn't made me drop out, burn my mind, shoot my parents . . . . . Don't insult our intelligence, Luff. We'll resist OZ's corruption just like we resist being corrupted by our parents schools, The News of the World and Enoch Powell. OZ's teeny readers will all too soon drift on past, unless people like you force them to develop a commitment to it.

OH LORD THIS CELL IS COLD

Michael Kustow

So OZ is in jug, and there in the dock stands 'Red Rudi' (as the Sunday Express calls him with its customary objectivity) telling Sir Peter Rawlinson that of course he visited the Chinese Legation in London: 'I wanted to discuss certain problems with them, get some documents. I am interested in understanding how the world works. I am a human being.'

There seems to be quite a few human beings in docks for political trials in Britain this Christmas weekend. Remember the slogan the French students coined when the authorities deported Cohn-Bendit? 'We are all German Jews.' Maybe we should start inventing a few slogans ourselves: 'We are all long-haired Australians. We are all German epileptics.'

And they've seized OZ. The usual routine, take all the back numbers, as many files as you can lay hands on, all material for future publication, and get the GPO to disconnect the telephone to stop incoming offers of help.

I'm personally peeved about the seizure, since the police have probably taken away a bunch of photographs of comics I'd given to OZ for a feature in your January issue. Political comics they were, one I recall in particular, a French comic called UBU-LAND, which shows how fast America is becoming like the country ruled by King Ubu, Afred Jarry's cynical, cruel and arbitrary despot. It looks like our own Home Secretary is rehearsing for the role, too. It could be a memorable performance.

Anyway, I'm glad Oz were able to return my original comics before the raid, otherwise the exhibition about comics I'm preparing for the ICA would have had a few gaps. While preparing this exhibition, I've come across two other seizures of magazines very similar to OZ. In Paris last month they seized ***Hara Kiri Hebdo***, a comic-strip-and-satire weekly; and in Brazil they jailed the staff of ***O Pasquim***, the most popular weekly in Rio, also a paper that prints unpalatable truths. But Neville should count himself lucky to be in London, if it was Rio, he'd have been arrested by the Army. Here, it's only Detective Inspector Luff.

His arrest, Rudi Dutschke's appearance before the Immigration Appeals Tribunal are happening in London, so we can breathe easier: here there's no military junta like in Brazil, no bending of the law as in France. Our policeman are wonderful and we live in a democracy, so everything will be conducted by due process, and if the stress of self-justification does cause a German immigrant to suffer another epileptic fit, well that's unfortunate. At least there's a good British legal battle going on out there, and we can follow the proceedings in the press, except the session in camera of course.

After all, we're in Britain, and in December 1970 that's a hell of a better place than many you and I could name. Like Berlin, where Rudi might get his brains blown out properly next time.

But nobody's likely to take a gun to OZ editors here, or throw a Molotov cocktail through the office window. Not yet, anyway: we keep guns and bombs for preserving farmland from airports. The British are only a violent people when incited, and you're not going to tell me that a Tory government or the Sunday Express are actually inciting the electorate to violence, are you?

I need to spend Sunday morning writing you this letter like I need a hole in the head. I'm not an accredited member of the Underground, nor even a particularly close friend of anyone from OZ, so there's no need for me to come to your defence. Nor am I in the habit of rushing into print about attacks on the individual liberty of immigrants. But, as an American friend said when I rang to tell her what happened to Neville in court yesterday, 'Oh shit, it's happening here, too.'

And she's right: a new law and order is being installed in England now; and your arrest, Dutschke's deportation, the Industrial Relations Bill, even those puerile museum charges, are the first warning shots of what may become a fusillade, even an intensive bombardment. Merry Christmas.

JOHN LENNON / PLASTIC ONO BAND

IT'S ALL WHITE MA I'M ONLY BLEEDING

Malcolm X Once Said
"Watch carefully, and when you see a black person smile . . . then you are seeing God!!!"

Last month, that's November, I was sitting in Africa enjoying the sun and my brothers and sisters, when I got hold of an American magazine. I read in it that a friend of mine, a very beautiful actress named Jean Seberg was in the hospital where she had just lost her child. I guess I did what you did when you heard the news, I shook my head and thought "Ain't that a damn shame . . . the poor girl must be very sad." As I read the story, I noticed a strange wrap up which said; "the father of her child is a black activist she met in California!!" I called the hospital and was told that Jean was in bad shape, she should not be bothered. I didn't dig that answer so I packed my bags and went to find her to see if I could be of any help in her time of suffering and to find out if the *black activist was me!!*

Well let me get to the meat of the story . . . it was supposed to be me . . . yep, me . . . a little ex-dope addict from Boston, Massachusetts, the cousin of Malcolm X was accused of making a baby with the beautiful Jean Seberg, star of Joan of Arc, and Paint Your Wagon . . . ain't that something?

When I walked into the hospital in Paris, there was Jean, crying and listening to the tape recording of her baby's funeral. She cried for hours in my arms. Finally she told me the story. There is a little newspaper here that linked her and me. It implied that I was indeed the father of her child. I've got the paper, perhaps OZ will reprint it and those of you who can read French can translate it for those of you who can't. But you can see what the world will do to a little girl who tries to help black people.

What really shocked me was when I found out that Jean was crying for me. She knew that the story would hurt me with all of my friends in America. She knew that as the cousin of Malcolm X I had a responsibility to my brothers and my sisters not to fool around with white women. I went to find out about this paper . . . and I did. It is the sort of "newspaper" that screams *"SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE"; "the youth of today are crazy"; "long-hair people are starting all the trouble in the world"* etc.

And there she was, crying, alone and hurt.
Crying for a dead child that the world was ready to condemn . . . maybe you?

How fast the world forgets that Abraham Lincoln was a "bastard" Alexander the Great was a "bastard" and even the birth of Jesus Christ was questionable, but Jean Seberg had to be hung. Not on a cross this time, but 1970 style . . . newspapers.

While I was walking around in London, I just happened to remember that another friend of mind, Vanessa Redgrave had a baby by a man, other than her husband . . . but he was alright, yep, he was alright . . . why? Because he just happened to be white . . . . .

I continued my looking for answers to why the world would do to Jean Seberg what they were and are doing to her and her now dead baby . . . then I saw in some of your local papers that your government is trying to adopt laws affecting what they call "immigrants".

Now, I know what white people from Britain really think about my people . . . they just don't love us. And I feel that is their right. But do you guys have the right to raise a generation of youngsters who call themselves "SKINHEADS" and travel the subways looking for black people to beat? Oh, I know I was told that they are just young kids who go to football games and attack those people who wear their hair long . . . but I read, recently, again in one of your newspapers, that they have finally showed their true colours . . . "LEAVE WHITE WOMEN ALONE".

Perhaps if someone told them their true history. Tell them that we didn't ask to come to England, the West Indies or America. It was the British who put us in chains and brought us there. White people brought us . . . tell them, will you, please? Don't pull out the eyes of black people and then blame us for being blind!!!

Speaking of being blind, while continuing my search, I saw a picture in the same newspaper of a painting that sold to some chump for over £2.3 million. And what in the hell did I see? The face of a NIGGER. I'm not that blind, I recognise one of my own . . . and you do also.

On the front page of most of your papers, there he or I was, big lips, kinky hair, black complexion and his face cost over £2.3 million.

I asked OZ if they would do me a favour and reprint the famous face just so you too can have a painting of a NIGGER. It won't cost you £2.3 million, just the price of this magazine. Or maybe they would prefer to reprint a picture of a true black man, MALCOLM X. If they print his picture, at least you'd have a portrait of a black man who knew he was a black man.

Yep, the guy who painted this brother of mine, had the last laugh. The American cat who bought that painting, (I don't know the name of the artist because I happen to dig pictures that come out of a Polaroid camera) the chump who paid all that dough for it, just bought the picture of a nigger, just like me. Even he would be a second-class citizen in America and could not live in Mississippi. Perhaps not Chelsea either.

Oh, dig, I know they call him a mulatto, (whatever that is) but I also know he looks like me; and perhaps even he might look like the baby that Jean Seberg might have had, had it lived. Lived? In this world? With a black face? Don't make me laugh. Even the American who bought the face of this nigger, would never even consider taking me home to eat or talk with. The money he spent for the picture of my brother could have fed half the starving black children in London and the United States.

But you good folks there in London don't have to worry, Vannessa Redgrave won't let you down, sure, she will bail black people out of jail, she'll even sit and eat with us, now and then. Why hell, she will even protest against the war in Vietnam . . . but don't worry, you have trained her well, she'll never sleep with one of us. She won't bring a black baby into *your world* . . . and I thank my god for it.

Now let's get back to Jean Seberg. . .NO. I'm not the father of her child. That is easily proven, very easy. I know where I was when the child was conceived and so does she and a lot more people, so she don't have to worry about that.

Watching her cry, in my arms, over her dead baby, made me realize a lot of things. One; in my arms I was holding a woman, a woman with blonde hair and blue eyes, completely different from me, but I wished I could have been the father of her child. She is a woman I'm proud to say to the world, I do love. With the same type of love that Jesus Christ spoke of; that Moses spoke of; that God, Himself, speaks of.

Perhaps the world feels that Jean Seberg owes them an explanation: Well maybe she does, but for me, just as for Malcolm X, I prefer to leave you with what you DO deserve; dirty oceans, smoggy air, polluted rivers, wars, skinheads, segregation, hatred, discrimination, a rich queen and an untainted Vanessa Redgrave . . . THAT'S ALL YOU DESERVE . . . you made it, die in it.

Don't worry about Jean Seberg's baby, it'll never darken your door . . . it died. That little baby girl never knew she'd have been hated one day . . . just because she was black . . . if she was black. If you want to know about Jean's child, have the decency to ask Jean. Or go on to your orgies in Denmark or Sweden, or continue to buy paintings of my family.

Malcolm X once said: "God loves me when I work, but he adores me when I smile."

Jean smiled, she gave birth to hope, and hope died . . . you killed it.

And if she had lived, I wonder what would have happened to her in London when she realized she did have some black blood. Naturally with black blood, she would not live in a white community, which means that Vanessa could only give her bail, which of course, is the correct thing for Vanessa to do, right? After all, it was Josephine Baker who said the hell with the world and its colour problems, I love children. She went out and adopted kids of all colours, remember? With all the rich people there are in London, it was a poor woman, Josephine Baker who had the courage of her convictions, she loved children, not just black children, even though she herself was a black woman. I admit that Vanessa says all of the right things, she says what is right but does what is white. All the children in her home are white.

I remember sitting with Vanessa in her home and she was telling me the story of how her father Sir Michael, once had a little black dog. Everyone loved this little black dog, but one night an African dignitary was coming to the house to sit and talk with *SIR* Michael. But the good Sir had to caution his young ones . . . "Children," he said in thunderous tones, "do not call the dog tonight."

Being raised properly, good English children always obey their elders, especially if their elders happen to be their parents. So that night nobody called the dog.

I guess I forgot to tell you . . . Sir Michael Redgrave's dog's name was . . . *NIGGER.*

I love Van. I love her brother Corin also. I admit also I have no great love for Lynn. Her and I just don't make it, but we are polite to one another . . . but the truth is the truth.

I'll take a Jean Seberg any day.

Malcolm X once said, *"Never judge a man by the colour of his skin . . . judge him by his conscious deeds . . . "*

So Britons, go on with your selling of silver in your silver markets along the King's Rd., keep on selling portraits of niggers to stupid American art dealers, but remember most of all . . . *don't forget to hate.*

Goodnight Enoch Powell, wherever you are.

And to you Jean Seberg . . . I wish you shelter in a storm, a cozy room to keep you warm; but more than health, and more than wealth . . . I wish you love . . .

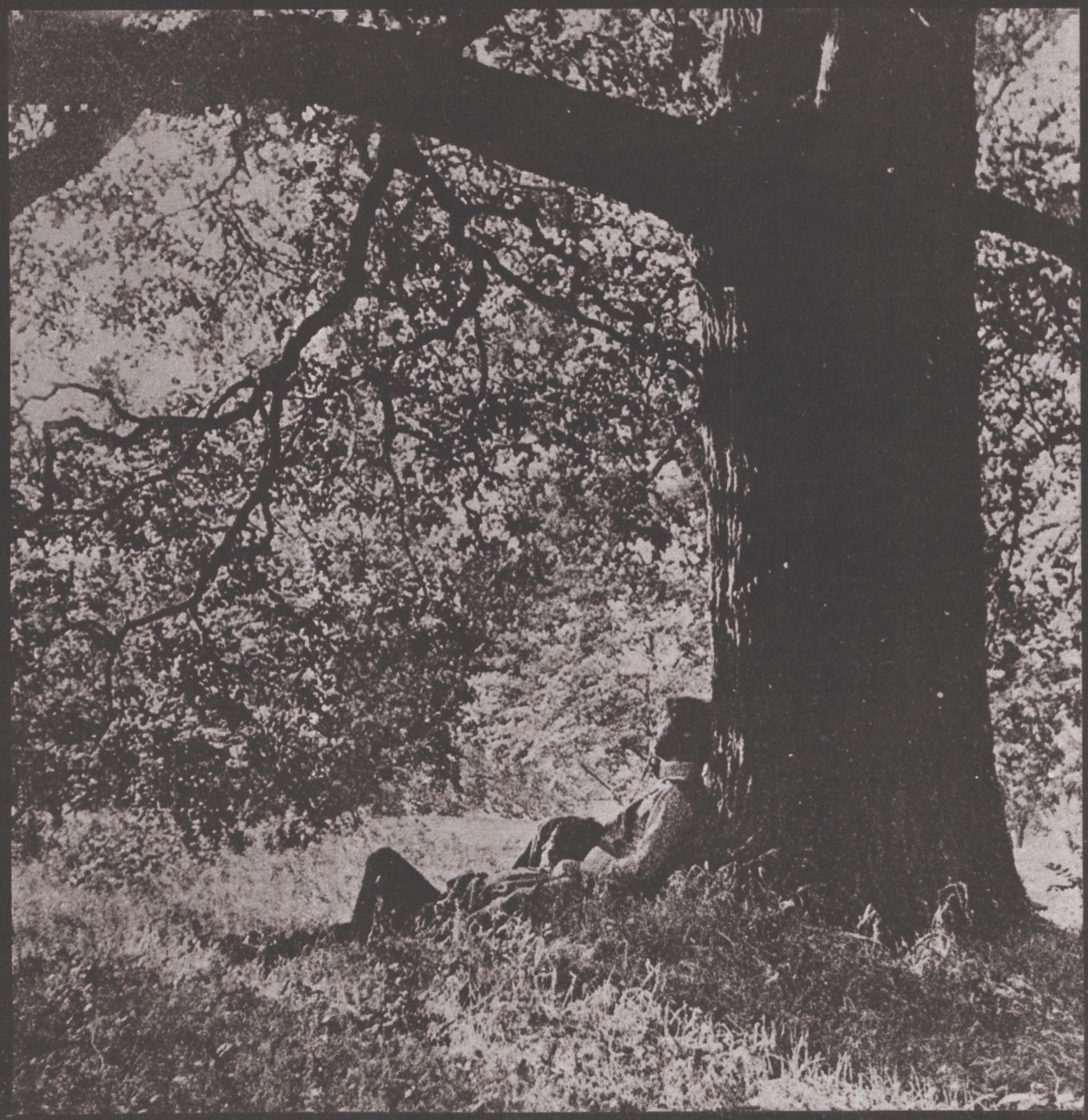
Now let me tell you the finish of this story . . . Jean wanted her baby just like any mother, be she Vietnamese, Chinese or African, but to remove the doubts raised about the child in middle America, she had to submit to a most horrible travesty of human life—the birth had to be witnessed not just by doctors, but by a crowd of people there for the sole purpose of seeing whether it came out black or white.

The child when it came was delivered by what white folks call Caesarian section, two months premature because of the strain of all the lies and stories.

With eyes agape, all the people in the room watched the doctor remove the child and what do you think. Yes, Jean Seberg's baby was *white*.
To her baby's funeral she invited Indians (red men) Africans (known as negroes) and of course white people. Whatever she does, wherever she goes, she is one person that will do *right* and never do just what is *white*.
Perhaps one day a picture of Jean Seberg, human being, will sell for £2.3 million. When and if you happen to be in a position to buy it, remember you'll be buying the portrait of a nigger . . . to me, a nigger is a human being with guts and the ability to live in a world that demands us all to hate, yet niggers survive because we love . . . and damn it, when we love, we love and no force on this crazy earth will make us change. To me, the epitomy of love is an eight-letter word . . . learn it, it spells . . . MALCOLM X.

And so, to Jean Seberg and all of the white people who are cut from the same cloth as she, may I say to you . . . "May the peace and blessings of Brother Malcolm X shine upon you, and give you peace . . . "

Hakim A. Jamal



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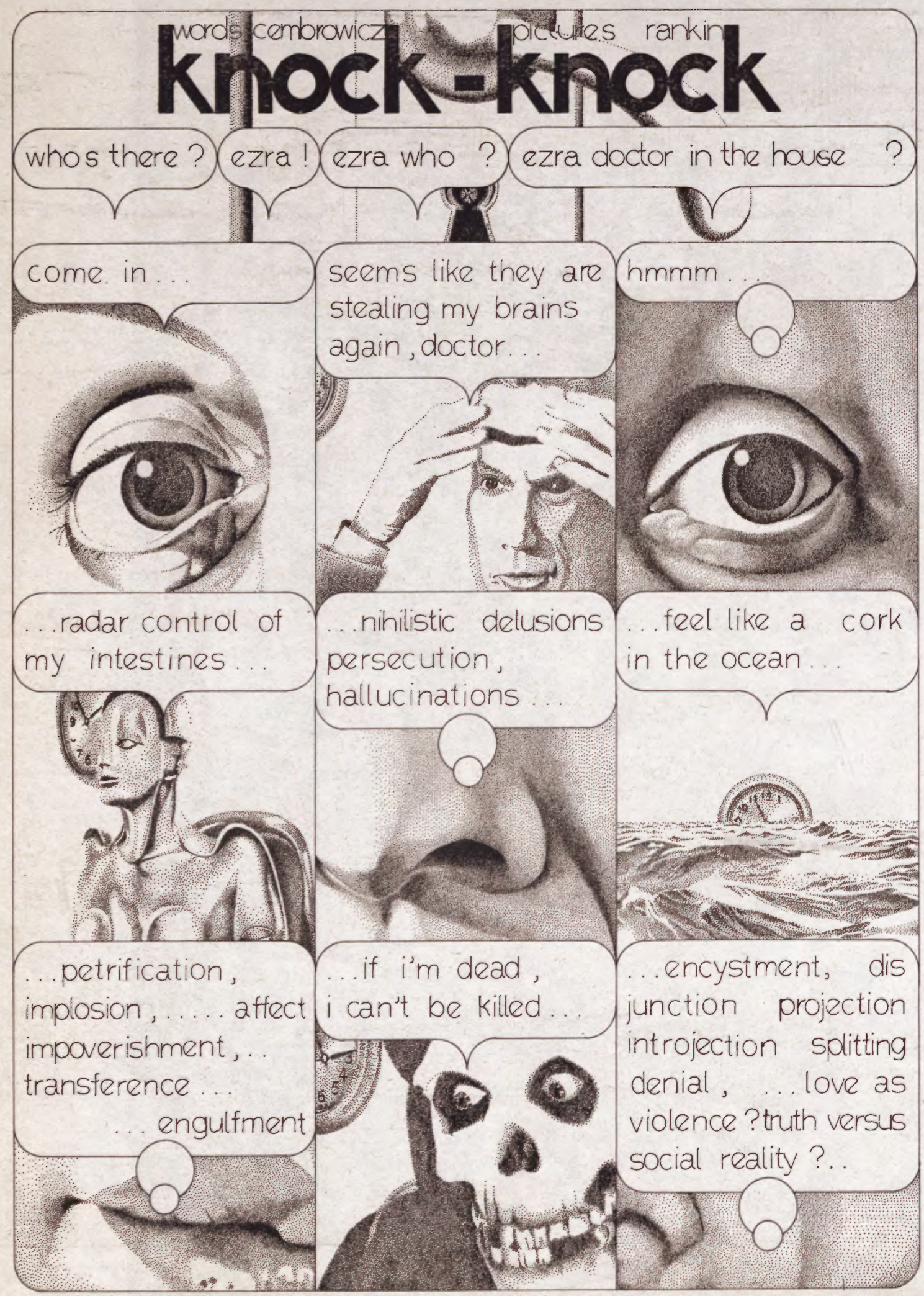


BLIND MAN'S LUFF

We've always known that the shit would eventually hit the fan. The permissive society was a journalists' catch-phrase that confused parents had begun to believe in. One of the reasons why the Tories and their virgin leader won by a landslide at the last election was that the rednecks of England thought that the long-hairs were getting away with murder. Wilson gave the vote to the eighteen-year-olds in a last-ditch attempt to stem the tide of reaction. What he did not bargain for was the degree of reactionism among the eighteen-year-olds themselves.

The Underground was beginning to feel (until recently) as if it was operating in a vacuum. Its gestures had become louder and more rhetorical, more deadly serious than before, so that more than one powerplayer paused now and then to wonder whether he hadn't overshot somewhere and ended up nowhere. Our energy was all draining out into the void, meeting no obstruction, never bouncing back. Repressive tolerance was killing us. The Underground Press cast about for new sources of energy, and decided to grow despite all Alan Marcusson's dire predictions.

But what was needed to foster new growth was a little judicious pruning. That need coincided with the decision of the Tories to score two new public relations victories, by "smashing the Unions" and "eradicating the Underground". Government without the trade unions is impossible, as the Tories well know, so the whole rigmarole is meant to display an intransigent, authoritarian attitude which the mass of the British population will welcome as the proper face of government. To win the allegiance of the readers of The News of the World this government will flirt with real economic danger and find it worthwhile. The public relations value of appearing to send all the pot-smoking cunt-lapping ad-men for the revolution to Brixton (or even Parkhurst) is enormous. All those bitter people who envy those who never fought a war or even

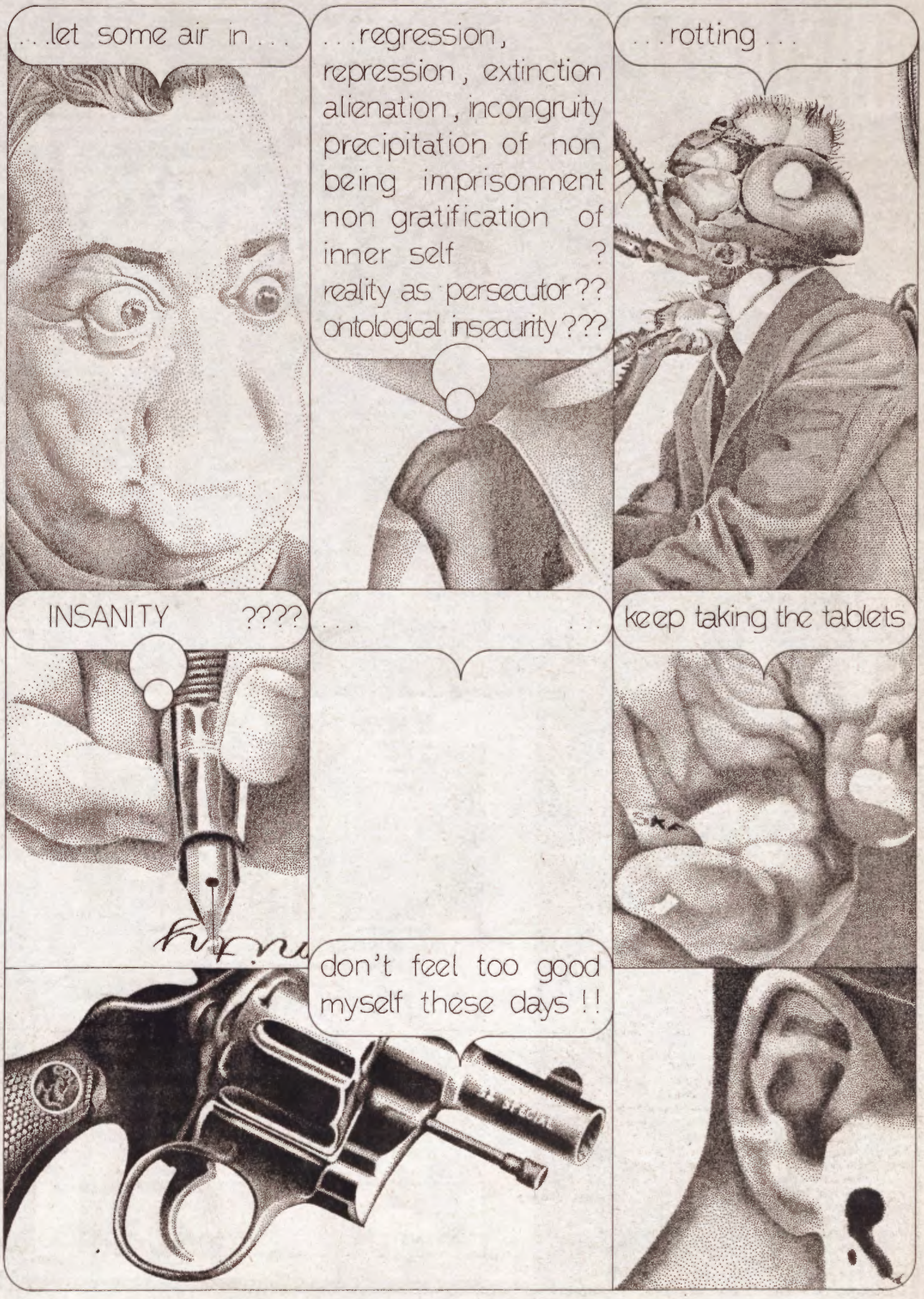
did national service will feel vindicated. The cost of the operation is, moreover, tiny.

However, the enforcers of this policy are not as sophisticated as their masters. Driven on by the same kind of burning moral indignation that the governors are trying to appease, Inspector Luff and his familiars decided that as a really crushing punishment, Richard Neville was to go without his presents and his Christmas dinner, even if the slippery bastard was impossible to jail by legitimate means. So they had him busted for the second time, while he was still on remand for charges relating to their first bust. But in appearing to persecute the Underground so ruthlessly, they did in fact no more than is routine for people from the Underground who do not edit papers. Inarticulate grubby kids who look as if they just might not have any fixed abode are refused bail as a matter of course. The Underground media freaks might have been feeling isolated from their readership because of their increasing absorption into the establishment. Hooray hooray. "At a stroke" Inspector Luff reintegrated the Underground, by treating hitherto unconvicted and always very well defended Richard Neville like an old lag.

By crushing OZ the ground is made more fertile for Ink. By encroaching upon what more naive moderate folk have always thought of as their civil liberties, the police and their masters are forcing a polarisation in the general public. The backlash against permissiveness is about to provoke its own backlash. Even the prostitute press will be sympathetic to a cause of crude censorship, which has involved confiscation of material prepared for the defence of the Schoolkids' OZ charges. Xmas day in the jail-house is a great line for the "human interest" purveyors. The Underground as such cannot be attacked because it cannot be isolated and identified. The attack must be aimed at the Underground Press, the only visible Underground Establishment—that has its own disadvantages.

The really exciting thing about all this unlooked-for manuring is that shit is an underground medium. It is doubtful whether the virgin prime minister and his ten thousand sainted followers can handle it as well as we can, arsefuckers that we are. At least they've stopped laughing at us, which means that we can go back to laughing at them. We don't have to thrash ourselves into a frenzy of revolutionary fervour any more: we can evacuate the pockets of the establishment where we have been allowed to play and bring it all back home to the underground. We can be illegal. We can conspire. We can come closer together again as the space around us closes. There are more of us now but that's nothing compared to how many of us there'll be tomorrow. Eradication means plucking up by the roots—but our roots are what they'll never get at, they're sunk down somewhere inside of every family in the British Isles. Whenever the virgin Prime Minister takes his solitary pleasure he pours out his seed upon the Underground.

Germaine



MUSICK

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LOADED

Velvet Underground

Cotillion (Import)

Back in illusory flower power 1967, when most people wanted to go to San Francisco, and those who didn't made up for it by pickling their skulls in acid, the Velvet Underground, plus Nico, released their first album. The only drug they mentioned was Heroin, the chicks were based around Sacher-Masoch and de Sade. Not a number for the love-freaks.

The Velvet Underground have been through a long diversified trip since then but basically they haven't changed at all. Nico, who sang so hauntingly on that first album, is recording by herself, as is ex-guitarist John Cale. Lou Reed, who still leads the Band on this album, has left them, hopefully only for a short while after hassles while they had a residency at Max's Kansas City (NYC version of the Speak ... with balls), and they've got a great new organist/guitarist/bass/etc in Doug Yule. The music has gone from the incomparable 'Heroin' and all the other tracks on that first album, through the eerie 'Gift' and 'Sister Ray' – surely the best junkie track yet – and the religious investigations on 'The Velvet Underground', their last set.

With *Loaded*, the band have retrogressed, musically at least, to the hard edges of the first two albums: the nearest to the reflective melodies of the last album is 'I Found a Reason', but that's also much hearer late fifties pulp muzak, if it has any obvious origins. The paradox, although it's probably the most accurate picture of today's world on record, of Lou Reed's songs has been that, despite their basic grounding in the sordid and the depraved, they are fundamentally optimistic.

Now the band are continuing on that staple theme. Poor five-year-old Ginny, for whom everything is totally draggy, gets her life saved by that "fine, fine music" when she starts to tune in to "a rock and roll station" on her radio. "Despite all the amputations/computations", assures Reed, "you could dance to a rock and roll station." More than you can say for this benighted island of JY and his echelons. The Velvets have always made one thing very clear, they're a rock and roll band, not some superspecial freak show. And on this album they underline it once and for all.

Perhaps the best cut is 'New Age' which combines everything the Velvets mean and have meant. Love in squalor, or maybe just seen through a cynical eye. It's a fan's adoration of a star who's past it now' "over the hill, and looking for love", if she was ever there. "Can I have your autograph, he said to the fat blonde actress..." it's all there in that one sentence. The whole groupie trip, and more, the whole hollow celebrity facade, perpetrated every day, almost every hour, by one branch of the media or another.

You can dig the same feelings in the final, longest, track on *Loaded*: the desperate, depressing, but totally real dirge for "Jimmy Brown, he ain't got nothin' at all" – 'Oh! Sweet Nuthin'. Maybe it's this harsh accuracy that makes the Velvet Underground completely depressing, though you can't deny they're right, while the tragic career of Neil Young, as recorded on his albums, is merely a hymn to self-pity and self-indulgence. The acid-soaked delusions of the West Coast (though the new Paul Kantner album blows many out, even if only by reaching further beyond them to the stars themselves), don't make it down in the Village, where you can't buy a paper without some 'evil mothers' flashing knives in your direction. Maybe if the Velvet Underground had been reared with Kesey, Owsley and all the guys, then 'Heroin' would have been 'Speed Kills', and 'I'm Beginning to See the Light' would have been about 'My Favourite Trip'. But, mercifully, they weren't, and they remain, supremely, as the heaviest rock and roll band in the world, helped, no doubt, by the fact that unlike many others, they actually mean what they say.

"Standing on the corner,
Suitcase in my hand,
Jack is in his corset, Jane is in her vest,
And, me. I'm in a rock and roll band ..."

Jonathon Green

THE POLITE FORCE

Egg

Deram

On the evidence of this, their second album, Egg are potentially one of the most important British groups to emerge in recent years. As with all innovators, their music is not, at first, easy listening. Its complex series of varying time signatures and unfamiliar chord progressions and the sheer vitality of the group's ideas make the first hearing of *The Polite Force* an unnerving experience. So much is happening in Part One of 'Long Piece No.3' for example that it takes a long, long time before you're really into what they're doing. It opens frantically, with bass, drums and organ each playing different progressions of 5/8, 7/8, 9/8, 11/8 and 13/8 simultaneously. Suddenly the piece switches to a dialogue between drums and group with the tension being screwed up tight in a series of staccato 7/4, 9/8, 11/8, 13/8, 17/8 and 19/8 passages. Relaxation comes only with a brief free passage from Dave Stewart on organ before the staccato breaks return and the piece ends, in mid-air.

In the sense that the Nice were always willing to compromise with the Hollywood Bowl "pop go the classics" syndrome and the Soft Machine are now channelling their solos through early Coltrane-type moods and phrasing, Egg's music is totally uncompromising and makes no concessions at all to an audience's lack of familiar musical references to work from. As a result they have had to put up with a lack of regular gigs, bread and recognition in the right places.

Luckily the group are not too bothered by the apparent lack of interest in their music. Their contract with Decca allowed them to spend nearly three months working on this album and to use musicians like Henry Lowther and Bob Downes as sidemen. They appear on 'Contrasong', another vocal number but, basically, an indulgence in pure rhythm. Here the interposed 5/8, 9/8 time changes dominate drums, brass and even Mont Campbell's singing to the point where it's almost an exercise in sheer technique.

'Boilk', the third number on the first side, is the album's only weakness. It's a very disorientated piece, a nine minute mood switch from normality to the "nightmare" of drum tapes played backwards, off-key mellotron and pneumatic drills and back to the tranquility of Bach's 'Durch Adams Fall Ist Ganz Verderbt'. Ironically enough it's preceded by the sound of a pick-up switching off. After a few hearings I expect you'll find yourself following the cue – unless, of course, you happen to be stoned and ready to embark upon what could be a very traumatic experience.

By far the best music of the set comes with 'Long Piece No.3', a 20 minute number which takes up the whole of the second side. Its four parts are only tenuously related to each other and, on the surface, even lack any internal coherence beyond their basic rhythmic progressions. The stabbing key changes of Part One fade into a more conventionally melodic piece on a 3/4, 5/4 and 3/8 pattern before Part Three, which organist Dave Stewart describes as a "neo-classical chord progression" He uses a tone-generator and fuzz-box on the free passages here, which become wilder and wilder as they go into the frenzied changes of Part Four.

Despite the incredible pace of their music, Egg are always very disciplined in their playing and move through the almost baffling complexity of their material with precision and economy. And, at a time when most groups seem determined to wrench all the emotion they can out of every possible climax, it's refreshing to come across musicians who are, in a very real sense, purists.

Jim Talbot

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LIVE EXPERIENCE 67-68

Jimi Hendrix

(Bootleg)

James Marshall Hendrix was a mindfucker.

A savage, cocky nigger from Seattle. The Jumpin' Black Flash of Harlem. The Devil's Voodoo Chile. Hide your daughters.

Hendrix was a mad dog creaming flower children out in the Hyde Park sun.

The stone free son of a gardener in a permanent purple haze. Glistening ivory skin on a million poster portraits. A dark, phallic fantasy, nailed, selotaped, pinned and hung in a million adolescent bedrooms.

One of the few, one of the *very* few original rock musicians. Idolised, imitated and flattered, but like the Ancient Mariner, with never a drop to drink. Pathetically alone with his pre-fabricated philosophies, his drugs and his plaster caster chicks. Born hungry and died drunk.

And the good times. Hendrix, the executioner, poised with his electric Excaliber, coaxing magick melodies with his razor edged fingers. Tearing at its metal flesh in a roar of shrieking teeth. Quivering in anticipation; knawing; wrenching; the sickening splinter of wood and plastic. The smell of the feed-back, groan of the crowd. "Behold! The axe of a Rock and Roll star!" Routine amputation of his fifth limb.

That's showbiz in Woodstock Nation.

You don't need this album if you're into hi-fidelity, brothers and sisters; but if it's psychedelic reminiscences you're after, then *Live Experience 67-68* should be right up your bootleg alley. Tracks include versions of many of the early Experience standards. Songs whose titles alone epitomize the spirit of a lost generation. The trademarks of a lysergic outlaw – 'Stone Free' 'Wild Thing', 'Foxy Lady', 'Purple Haze', 'Voodoo Chile', 'Little Miss Lover' and 'Hey Joe' – already part and parcel of the inevitable legend that will envelop the name Jimi Hendrix for the next decade at least, and probably for much longer.

Sources vary. Eleven of the thirteen cuts were taped direct from live British television and radio broadcasts. Three from the Lulu T.V. series in 1968, four from a guest appearance on John Peel's "Top Gear" in 1967 and four from B.B.C.'s "Saturday Club", compered at that time by a balding and doubtless bewildered, Brian Matthews. Only two tracks were recorded professionally, and these on an unknown date (probably late '67) in concert at Liverpool.

Quality varies throughout. At best, it compares favourably with run-of-the-mill bootlegs, but all too often atmospheric fade, bass overload, distortion and general lack of separation share equal credits with the music. There is no discernible stereo.

You can pay anything up to £4 or £5 for *Live Experience 67-68*, when and if you can find it at all. Pressure is on the London retailers to co-operate with major record companies and refuse to handle it. Fortunately, like most shopkeepers, record retailers are piggy little capitalists, and with 30/- as a negotiable wholesale price, £4/10- leaves them with a modest 200% tax free profit motive. The colour of your money can work wonders from under the counter in Soho.

But, to be honest, this album's only really worth that kind of touch to collectors, disciples or those of you rich enough not to miss it. In any case, hoard those Xmas record vouchers – rumours reach OZ from Amsterdam of an even more spectacular bootleg in preparation. It features, (wait for it), Hendrix and Johnny Winter doubling on leads, (really!!), the McCoys backing up and Jim Morrison sitting in on drunken vocals. Reliable sources boast of an early New Year release, full stereo and a triptych, glossy sleeve, depicting a life size colour shot of Morrison's cock. That's showbiz in Woodstock Nation.

Felix Dennis

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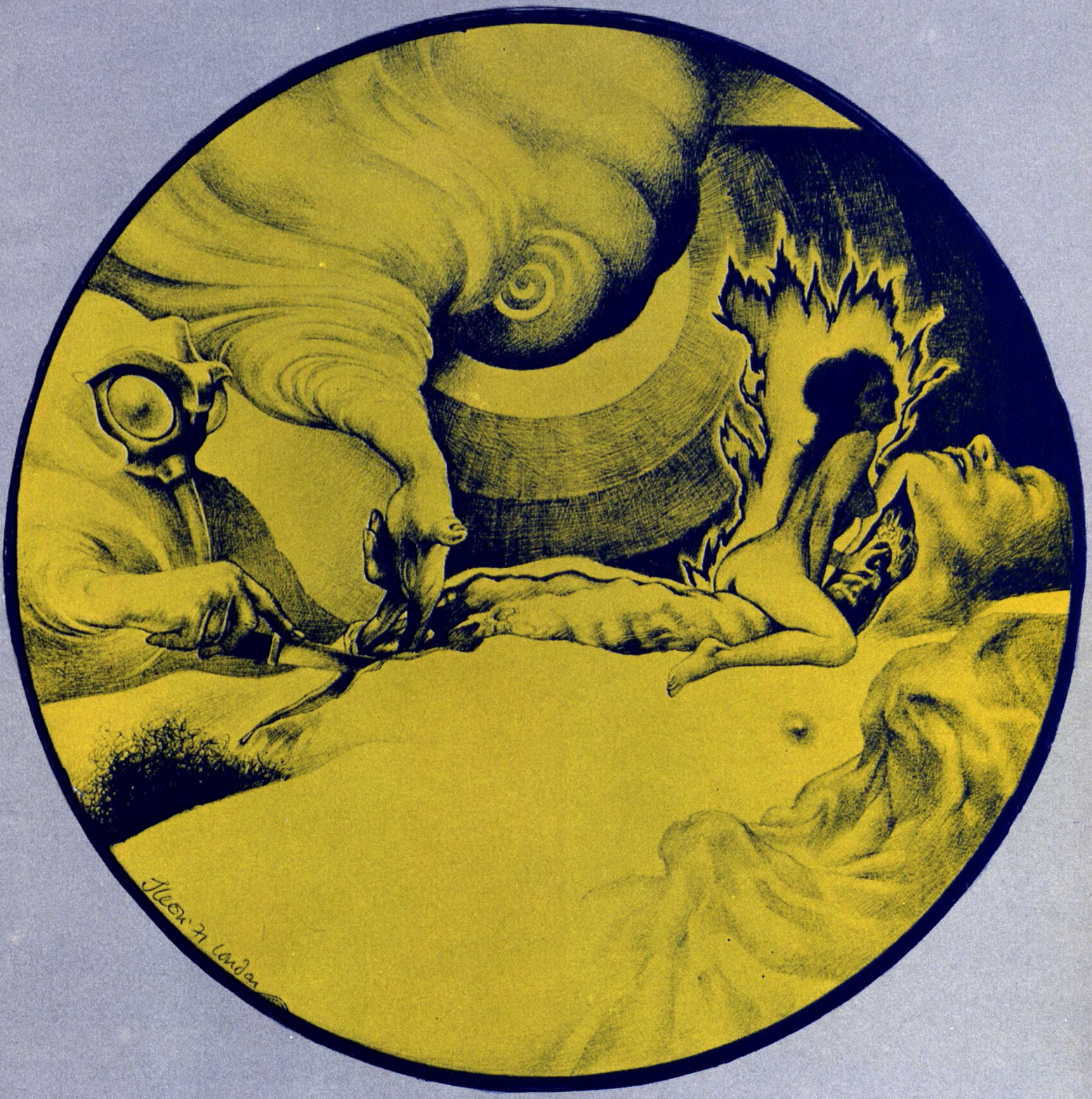
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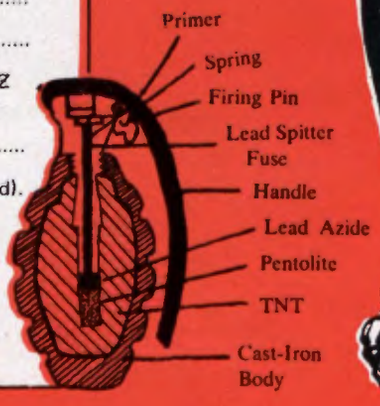
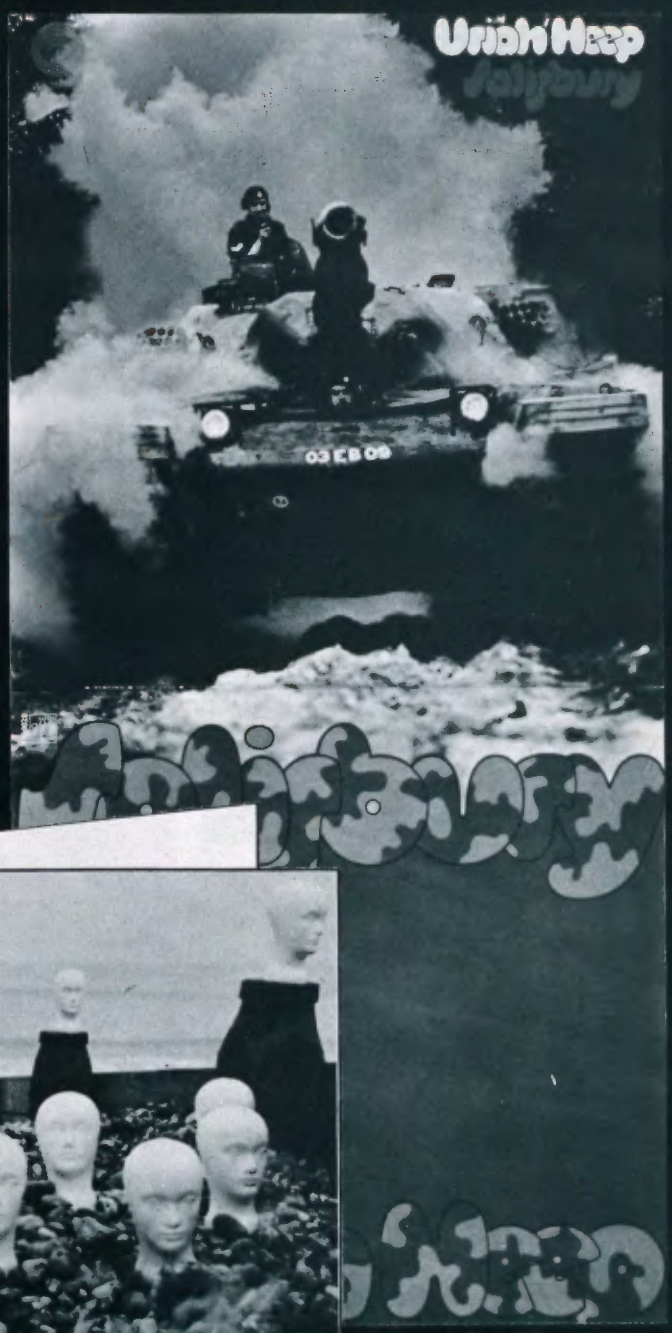


VERTIGO FOR FEBRUARY

Uriah Heep
Salisbury
6360028



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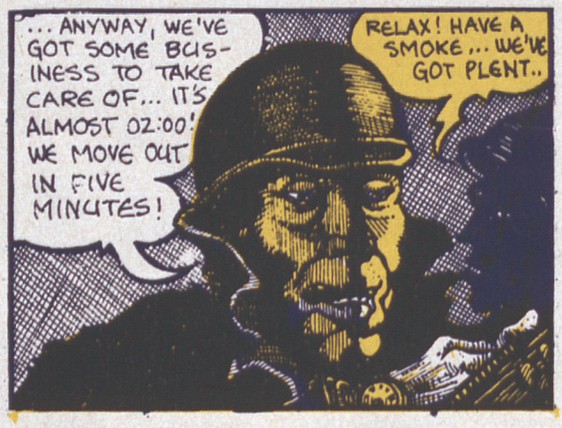
OUR STORY BEGINS SOMEWHERE IN THE NO-MAN'S-LAND CREATED BY MEN AT WAR! SLUGGER McCORD AND ACE JOHNSON, OUT ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION, CROUCH IN THE DARKNESS AND WAIT...

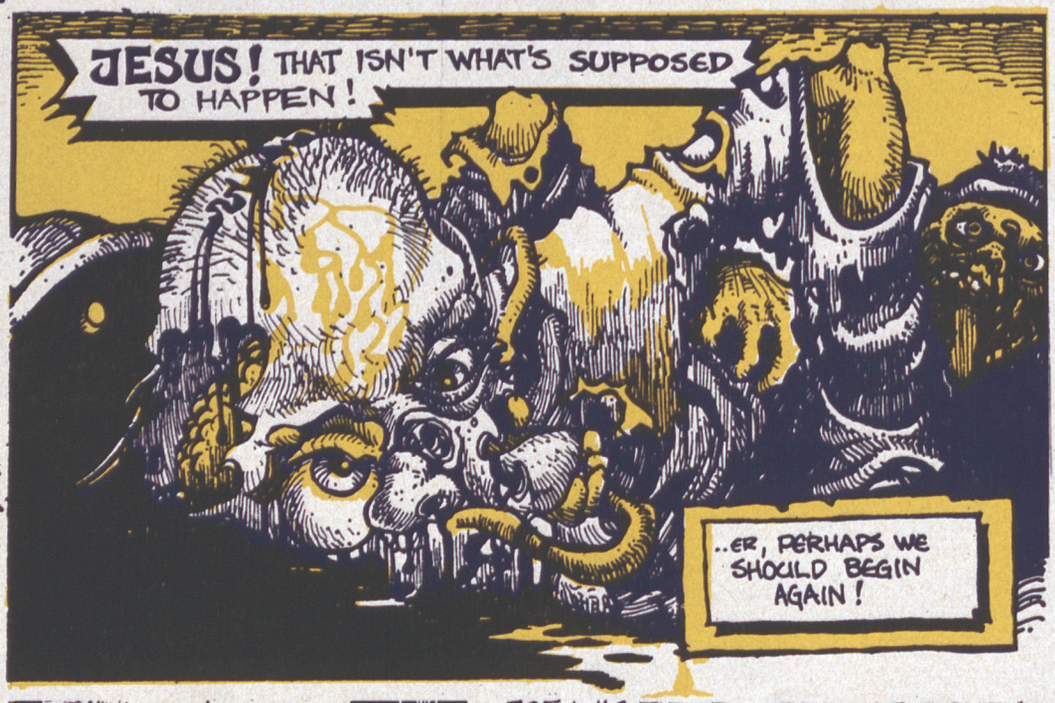
YA HEAR ANYTHING OUT THERE SLUGGER?
NOTHIN' BUT FROGS AND CRICKETS!

Y'KNOW, IT KIND OF REMINDS ME OF SUMMER NIGHTS BACK HOME... SO QUIET AN' PEACEFUL... IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THERE'S 20,000 GOOKS OUT THERE...

YEAH, WELL, IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!


...ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF... IT'S ALMOST 02:00! WE MOVE OUT IN FIVE MINUTES!
RELAX! HAVE A SMOKE... WE'VE GOT PLENT..

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDHA!


JESUS! THAT ISN'T WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN!
..ER, PERHAPS WE SHOULD BEGIN AGAIN!

...OUR STORY BEGINS AS "A" COMPANY, WEARY FROM A NIGHT'S PATROL, RETURNED TO BASE CAMP. JOE SPENCE, P.F.C. WAS LOST IN THOUGHT!

JOE WAS TIRED... TIRED OF FIGHTING TIRED OF KILLING IN ORDER TO SURVIVE, TIRED OF THE WAR!

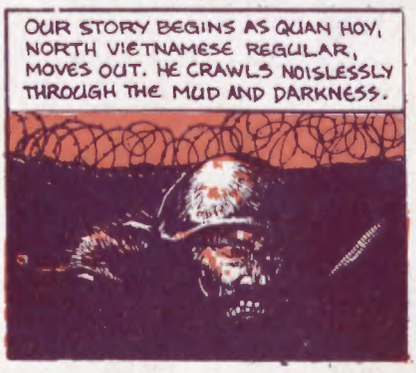
KRAM

GOD! THIS ISN'T IN THE SCRIPT AT ALL!
WE'D.. WE'D BETTER.. UH.. START AGAIN!

OUR STORY BEGINS AS MAJOR "TUCK" PUCKER HEADS HIS F-86 HOME AFTER A SUCCESSFUL MISSION...

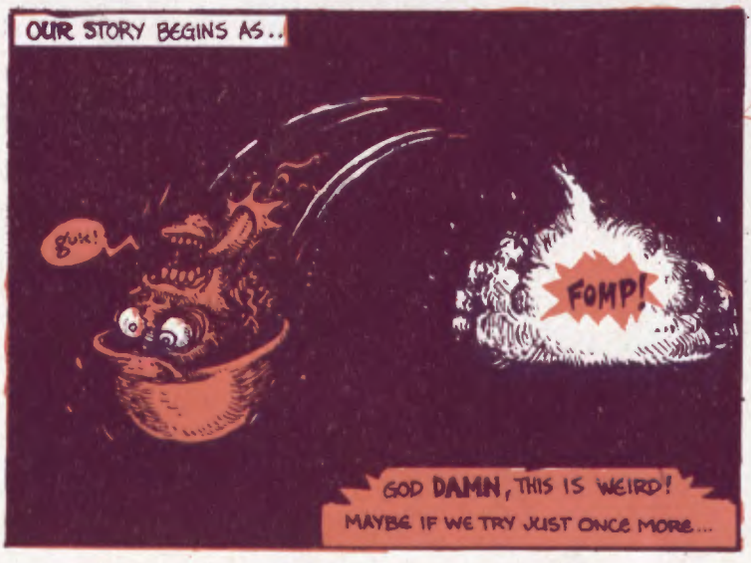
HE IS ALMOST CLEAR OF HOSTILE TERRITORY WHEN SUDDENLY..
RATATA TATA TA RATTA

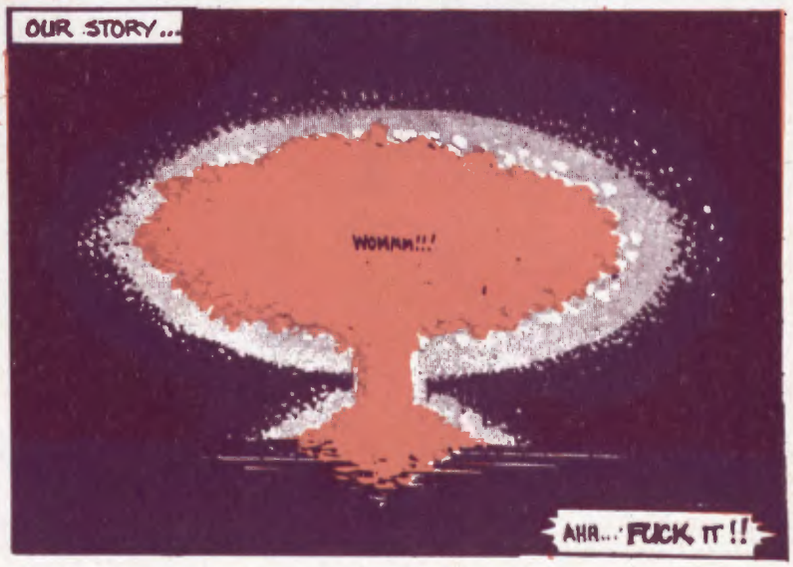
MAJOR PUCKER SKILLFULLY BREAKS TO THE LEFT, CLIMBS, AND...
SHIT! CAN'T EVEN GET THROUGH A LITTLE WAR STORY! MAYBE A DIFFERENT TRIP...


OUR STORY BEGINS AS QUAN HOY, NORTH VIETNAMESE REGULAR, MOVES OUT. HE CRAWLS NOISLESSLY THROUGH THE MUD AND DARKNESS.

FARTHER AND FARTHER FROM BASE CAMP... CLOSER AND CLOSER TO ENEMY OCCUPIED TERRITORY... HIS MISSION... SABOTAGE!

QUAN STEALTHILY APPROACHES...
WHAT'S THIS COMIC STRIP COMING TO? THINGS HAVE GOTTEN COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!


OUR STORY BEGINS AS..
guk!
FOMP!
GOD DAMN, THIS IS WEIRD!
MAYBE IF WE TRY JUST ONCE MORE...


OUR STORY...
WOMMM!!!
AHR... FUCK IT!!

"Don't be tricked by talk. Arm yourselves and shoot to live."
"The fifth communication from the Weatherman Underground," signed by Bernadine Dohrn, Jeff Jones and Bill Ayers and received at the YIP office in New York, on October 6, 1970.

Stanley Bond: *No, I don't think I'm guilty of any crime. I presented a formal declaration of war, along with several other people. It was sent to the Secretary of Defense of the United States.*
Question: *Do you have any reaction to the charges that are currently against you?*
Bond: *Murder and all of that?*
Question: *Yes.*
Bond: *Well, you know, I don't feel that an act of war is murder.*
From the *Phoenix* (Boston underground weekly) Oct. 6.

It is time that the no longer new New Left take a serious look at where it is going and what it is becoming. There is much that must be said to the establishment critics of movement violence—and in a moment I will summarize part of it—but that is not my major concern here. My concern is with us.

The *Phoenix* dialogue is from an interview with Stanley Bond, one of five Boston area college students who are charged with holding up a Boston bank on September 23rd and killing a policeman who drove up as they were fleeing. The *Phoenix* says that "nearly 30 bullets were fired through the air and a Boston patrolman was fatally wounded. . .with a single, .45 caliber bullet wound that police say came from a Thompson submachine gun." The dead man was "the father of nine, and from all reports a decent man." In the interview, Stanley Bond describes himself as "leader of the combat committee of Revolutionary Action Force, East."

The group charged with this action includes three men, all ex-cons on parole from Walpole State Prison and attending either Brandeis or Northeastern Universities. All three have been captured and are back in prison, charged with murder and armed robbery. The suspects also include two women students, Kathy Power and Susan Saxe, both being sought under the same charges. Kathy and Susan were active members of the National Student Strike Information Center at Brandeis. The Center was one of several groups that helped coordinate the national student strikes that followed last May's invasion of Cambodia and the massacres at Kent State, Augusta and Jackson State.

I attended several meetings with Kathy at which students and non-students discussed cooperation in their common struggle against war, racism and imperialism. I also had private conversations with Kathy and Susan, both personally and on the phone. I did not get to know them as well as I knew Bernadine Dohrn, Jeff Jones and Bill Ayers, and therefore did not have the opportunity to come to love them as I loved the three Weatherpeople. But clearly they were sensitive and dedicated persons, appalled by the hypocrisy and brutality of U.S. institutions. Clearly they were frustrated and depressed by the failure of all prior efforts to stop U.S. agression in Vietnam and to put an end to racism, male chauvinism and a class society.

I do not know whether they took part in the Boston action. If they did, I do not know if they now feel that it helped speed up the overthrow of capitalism and its replacement by a more humane and egalitarian society. But for them to have taken part and to evaluate the results as positive would be consistent with attitudes that increasingly dominate sections of the anti-imperialist movement. The response of the Berkeley *Tribe* suggests the mood:

On Sunday, Sept. 20, the National Guard Armory in Newburyport, Mass., was robbed. Guns, hundreds of rounds of ammunition, field telephones, other military gear and secret federal and state papers were taken. . . The following Wednesday, a woman and two men robbed a Boston-area bank of $26,000. An enthusiastic pig was killed trying to stop them. . . .A lot is up in the air about the whole affair, but it clearly is a major advance for the revolution among whites: bank rip-off for the movement, taking what was wanted from the armory and trashing the rest, killing the pig. . . .It's increasingly necessary that political ideas come clear with actions so that actions can be both good armed propaganda and military successes. (Oct. 9-16 Tribe)

There are serious arguments that can be made for the uses of revolutionary violence, but this article reads like an editorial from the New York *Daily News*. The heroes and villains are reversed but the hysteria and mob psychology are the same. The crude celebration of the death of a fellow human being is the opposite of the feelings of compassion and human solidarity that characterize all true revolutionaries including the Vietnamese. There is not even an expression of sadness for the plight of the three captured men, who are back in prison after a few short months of liberty. One hopes that if the students embarked on the course attributed to them, they did so on the basis of a more careful appraisal of its political and military effects.

In a serious revolutionary struggle, self-deception is suicide. It can also lead to the wasted sacrifice of allies and comrades. Nothing is ever certain in history but every serious revolutionary has a responsibility not to engage in self-indulgent rhetoric. Loss of realism is as harmful as loss of humanity. In fact the two go hand in hand. An abstract world of revolutionary rhetoric and delusions of imminent victory replaces the real world of human beings and actual political forces. Being placed on the Ten Most Wanted List of the F.B.I. becomes sure proof of political relevance, although bank robbers and bombthrowers have always been put on such a list, even when there was no significant political struggle in the country.

The same week that the *Tribe* exulted in the Boston action as a major advance for the revolution among whites, the *Tribe's* Berkeley rival, the *Barb* hailed four West Coast bombings in totally unrealistic terms:

BOMBS AWAY

Thursday was bomb day on the Pacific Coast, as four eggs were put in the dinosaur's nest. At the University of Washington, the Navy ROTC building had its windows blown out. At Santa Barbara, A National Guard armory was destroyed. . . .Meanwhile on the U.C. campus, Berkeley's pigs found and disarmed a bomb planted in what is described as the "Center for the Study of Law". . . .Don't know how many more eggs there are, but we do know that the supply of dinosaurs is dwindling fast.

What do they mean when they say that the supply of dinosaurs is dwindling fast? Do they really think that capitalism is about to run out of buildings and the money to replace them?

There is nothing sacred about buildings or property, and there are certainly times when the destruction of a hated symbol of militarism or oppression can quicken the spirit and even educate the public. But are we now on a campaign to blow up capitalism, building by building, in a contest of wealth and purely physical power? Has this

replaced the goal of undermining capitalism by destroying its ability to command the loyalty and labor of its subjects? Occasional destruction of property can be useful if it has public support and sympathy, but constant repetition leads to operation of the law of diminishing returns.

Recently someone blew up the headquarters of the American Nazi Party in New York—under the Nazi-like illusion that you can destroy an idea by burning a book or an office. Rightists have fire-bombed a number of movement headquarters in the last few years. As sections of the movement begin to ape these tactics of the Right, it becomes easier for the police and the federal government to foster the public illusion that they are above the battle, protecting rival groups of extremists from one another and faithfully serving public safety and welfare. The Weatherpeople have been remarkably scrupulous and successful in avoiding human injuries or death (except to themselves). But if the terrorist bomb becomes the public symbol of the movement, the government is not beyond planting a few catastrophic bombs of its own, in the movement's name. Already it has falsely accused the Black Panthers of planning to blow up crowded department stores in New York. This is an obvious attempt to railroad leading Panthers to prison and at the same time to undermine public sympathy and support. Now, unlike the Panthers, sections of the white movement are into fairly extensive bombing. If this should begin to gain more public support than it loses (in itself highly unlikely), the government can quickly turn the tide by arranging to have a few bombs explode in a crowded store or a ghetto street. Ladislaw Dobor, leader of the Popular Revolutionary Vanguard in Brazil, explained recently from his current exile in Algeria why the Brazilian movement does not use bombs:

We do not use forms of violence that can be twisted by the government. If the people heard that we use bombs, the government would do exactly what the U.S. does in Vietnam, and what the French did here in Algeria. They would put a few bombs in a movie-house on a Saturday afternoon, when it is full of children. And then we would have the entire population running after us in the streets. Ramparts, *Oct. 1970.*

Already the government and the media are doing their utmost to confuse the public by speaking as if the problem of violence in our society was created by the movement rather than by the system and the government. That is one reason movement militants sometimes find it hard to speak plainly against the tactical violence of their comrades. They do not want to encourage this distortion by politicians and commentators. Let us be very clear about the real sources of contemporary violence. All the violence of the American anti-imperialist movement in the last five years has not equalled the deaths of black children in the last five months from rat bites. College presidents and clergymen whose institutions thrive financially from real estate holdings in black slums condemn student violence and call for quick punishment of the guilty. Today's paper reports that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a staunch opponent of revolutionary violence, has been refusing for three years to pay a black woman the nineteen hundred dollars due her on the life insurance policy of her son. Her son was "a young black shot and killed by police as he ran from a looted store" during the 1967 black rebellion-police vendetta in Newark, N.J. (New York *Times* Oct.11,1970)

All the violence of the movement in the last five years has not equalled the violence of a single B-52 bomber vomiting death and destruction on Laos. Yet for several years, the U.S. has averaged close to *fifteen hundred* sorties a day against Laos alone—and the American people hardly know that Laos is being attacked. Laos represents an experiment in imperialist war without the use of American combat troops, and it is institutions like the recently bombed Mathematics Research Center in Madison, Wisconsin, that make such an experiment possible. Richard Nixon who sheds crocodile tears on television over the death of the young research assistant is commander-in-chief of the most violent organization in the world. He is not going to sensitize the country to the value of human life by advocating non-violence for blacks students and indigenous liberation forces.

Finally, Kathy Power is right if she argues, as I have often done, that the most criminal bankrobbers in the country are not those who rob from banks but those who hold up the poor with their banks. Moreover, most of those who were shocked by the murder of the Boston patrolman would have cheered if he had succeeded in murdering one of the students instead—as he clearly would have done if he could. Those who are clamoring for the death penalty against the Madison bombers and the Boston bankrobbers are simultaneously pinning medals on America's generals and on policemen who shoot to kill those who violate America's property fetish.

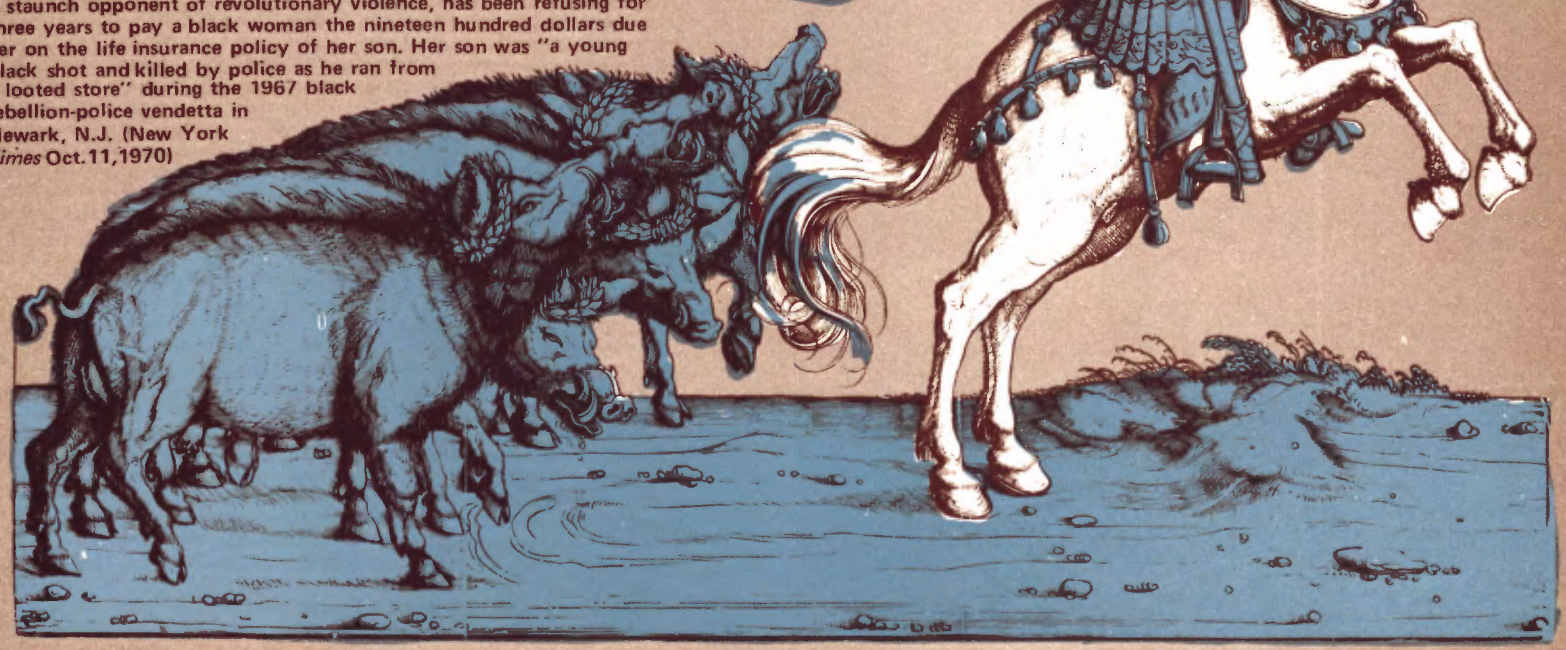
But that is not the point. We do not take our political tactics or morality from those who thrive on exploitation and murder. It is not the condemnation of Richard Nixon or Spiro Agnew that should bother us but the condemnation of history. We do not need the criticism of establishment editorial writers, but we need self-criticism.

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE BOMB BUSINESS

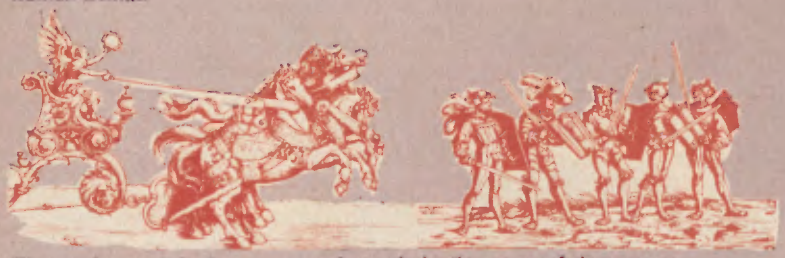
Dave Dellinger

A Time To Look At Ourselves

Reprinted from Liberation Magazine.



Not so long ago the movement was rightfully condemning the bodycounts of dead "Reds", with which the government celebrated its encounters with the Vietnamese. Were we offended only by the blatant dishonesty of the statistics? By the fact that the cheers were for the deaths of civilians and liberation fighters? Or was there not some understanding that this calloused contempt for human life represented the military version of the economic and political attitudes of American capitalism? Did we not see the body counts, the genocidal bombings, the mass "relocations" in concentration camps as typical products of a society that treats human beings as objects. We tried to show the links between objectifying some people as enemies and Gooks and objectifying other people as G.I.s and niggers. We condemned a society that exploits people as workers, consumers, students and voters in order to satisfy the drives of some other people for profit, power or pleasure. Much was confused and incomplete (particularly in our attitude toward children and women) but the New Left was groping for a new understanding that would put an end to the depersonalization of some human beings by other human beings.



Those who exploited or oppressed people in the name of democracy or religion or revolution were not spared our criticisms simply because of the loftiness of their announced goals or conscious motivation. However blind or defensive we may have been, we began to ask ourselves not only what our goals were but what our practice was. We were concerned with the quality of the day-to-day relationships—at home, at work at school, at leisure, and in our revolutionary organizations. In the end the only sure thing about our lives and impact is the way we live, work, make love and fight *today*, not the goals we think we are working for tomorrow. In our best moments, we spoke not only of resistance and attack (and there was not nearly enough of that) but also of participatory democracy and the building of counter institutions and counter culture, as pilot projects for the new society.

At our best we also recognized that those who served enemy institutions were not automatically or permanently our enemies. Our movement was winning recruits every day and we asked people not what they had been doing yesterday, but what they were doing today. We asked those who had not yet made the break not only what they were doing today but what they might do and become in the future. Today Eldridge Cleaver's statement that "You are either part of the solution or you are part of the problem" can challenge our insensitivity and tokenism in the best tradition of the New Left. It can provide a criterion by which to prod ourselves and to prod and be prodded by others, both publicly and in collectives. But it must not serve as a basis for drawing up lists of enemies to be offed. It is the U.S. government, with its Phoenix plan for assassinating 80,000 Vietnamese at the village level that indulges in such simplistic hostilities. Richard Nixon may divide the population into good guys and bad guys, white men and Indians, upholders of the establishment and revolutionaries, after the fashion of the Hollywood Westerns that inspire his political thinking. But how will a new society emerge from a movement that turns people into narrow, permanent stereotypes? We will not solve the problem by turning Nixon's good guys into our bad guys, and vice versa.

When the old *Guardian* started reporting the weekly statistics of Americans killed and wounded in Vietnam, I assume that it was at least in part to point out a dual aspect of the tragedy: the cost in American as well as Vietnamese lives. It supported the Vietnamese in their armed struggle to liberate their country but it deplored the human losses on both sides. The New Left appealed to American youth to refuse to serve in an imperialist army. It appealed to those already serving to desert, refuse shipment to Vietnam, or find some other way to avoid committting the war crime of carrying out U.S. aggression. But it understood the complexity of reasons why many did not do so, and it did not exult in their deaths. Ho Chi Minh surprised me, in Hanoi in 1966, by speaking of his compassion for the American G.I.s who had been led by societal brainwashing and other pressure into serving as agents and accomplices of American imperialism in Vietnam. To him they were victims as well as executioners. He told me that the North Vietnamese treatment of captured pilots was aimed at making it possible for them to return home humanized, better citizens of their country than when they left.

Of course all humanism and political shrewdness have not been lost. But as the movement has increasingly realized the need to take the offensive, it has come up against the staggering resistance of an entrenched class society. External repression and police brutality join with our own sense of frustration and failure to generate enormous pressures to succumb to our worst instincts. We tend to limit our openness to criticism, our love and honesty, to our own group of correct revolutionaries. We forget the value of alliances and coalitions. We forget that the growth of a reliable and imaginative underground press was one of the movement's early strengths and begin to succumb to the temptation to print any wild rumour that insults our political enemies or supports our own politics. As a result information in many movement papers has become less reliable than that in the kept press. We become intoxicated by the slogan "By any means necessary", and forget the interrelationship of means and ends. Like the hot-rod who was caught in a traffic jam and bottomed out by racing across a field, we rush into short-cuts that take us for an exciting ride but don't get us where we want to go. The movement falls into its own brand of tokenism, preferring the showy symbolism of insulting a "pig" or trashing a window to the reality of winning over the people to resist the authority of the state and the corporation. We ignore Rosa Luxemberg's sense of political dynamics that led her to say that the revolution will lose every battle but the last one. Naturally we should try to win some early battles, too—for whatever gains flow from them—but not at the expense of losing sight of our goals or becoming isolated from potential allies and supporters.

For the first time in many years, the United States has a small but significant underground. The initial sense of community in any underground can be intense and rewarding—a beautiful solidarity of people who have burnt their bridges behind them and jointly committed their lives to the revolution. Clearly both the Weatherpeople and the non-violent underground of Mary Moylan, Dan Berrigan and dozens of others reflect a comradeship beyond individualism that is rare in this society. But to the extent that a machismo concentration on destructive revenge, and one-upping the pigs crowds out other tactics, the love and trust will become clannish and ingrown. Dan Berrigan was strong because he destroyed draft files and corporation records that had "no right to exist", denied the right of the state to punish him, and *at the same time* understood that the struggle was not primarily military. He held seminars and press interviews, took the risk of making a few brief but effective public appearances, challenged the apathetic and the lagging but did not condemn them out of hand. The true test of the Weatherpeople will be not how many buildings they can destroy but whether or not they can interrelate constructively with a multi-dimensional overground movement.

A predominantly violent underground faces tremendous problems of elitism and paranoia. These are problems that plague the movement generally but can easily get out of hand in groups like Revolutionary Action, East or Weatherman. Secrecy and suspiciousness progressively replace openness and trust, even within the narrow circle of comrades. Anyone who leaves the group becomes a weak point in the network of defense. Yet it is only natural that some will be turned off by the crescendo of violence and by the accidents. Accidents may vary from those that injure members of the group, as when three Weatherpeople blew themselves up last year in New York, to those in which janitors, late workers (such as the research assistant in Madison) or passersby are mutilated or killed. Others will want to leave the group because in the normal fashion of human beings they have shifted their personal or political loyalties and formed other alliances. The history of all political movements, like the history of churches and every other institution, is a history of such splits. They become especially destructive when the group looks upon itself as the leadership of a violent revolution. "Although he still meets with us, is he still one of us?" "Now that she has left, will she blab to her man or her new comrades?" "Would the new splinter group like to get rid of us so that it can pose as the revolutionary vanguard?" "Someone must have tipped off the pigs; we were lucky to get out alive; who was it?" That these suspisions are not rootless is indicated by the fact that the police apparently broke the Boston case through the defection of one of the five students, who promptly put the major blame on the others.

As government precautions and punitive violence grow, and as suspicion and distrust batten within the group, there is a tragic tendency for a movement of violent revolutionists to turn their hostility and their weapons against their revolutionary rivals and against those victims of the system who lag behind the vanguard. Some of the same psychological pressures operate as in the conventional military, where those who have built their whole lives on training and weaponry for conflict are frustrated by peace and long for the glorious fulfillment of war. As the violent underground enters a period when it becomes increasingly costly or difficult to bring down the enemy, it becomes less and less selective in its choice of enemies. One is under pressure to fulfil the moments of suspense and preparation, to justify the danger and the truncated existence. The idea that you're either part of the solution or part of the problem gradually becomes justification for turning one's wrath against those who do not move fast enough or don't embrace the particular tactics of one's own group. Those who are not with us are against us. There

is no room for alliances and coalitions and a positive relationship with the public, such as characterize a genuine people's liberation movement.

Already, the new mood on the Left, everyone who dots his revolutionary "i"'s differently than we do or experiments with different tactics than ours is assailed as a racist or a pig. We don't like their line; then we will shut down their publication, rip off their equipment or attack their speaker's platform. He wears a uniform or works in a capitalist institution; then he is a pig: "Off the Pig!" A number of underground papers print the latest body counts of dead "pigs". One week Spiro Agnew and some of the underground press gave the same list of casualties (persons and buildings), word for word. Each was using the list as the heart of a narrow emotional appeal to the people to choose his side. Fortunately some people still join the movement because they are opposed to the insensitivity and violence of the government and the institutions of capitalism, not because they have an orgasm every time they read about the killing of a political enemy or a dupe of the system.

Recently I read on the same day two accounts concerning big city policemen. The first was a story about the annual convention of the Patrolman's Benevolent Association of New York. When the head of the Guardians Association, an all-black policeman's fraternal organization was introduced from the platform, the audience of predominantly white cops "responded with booing and catcalls". They were angry at efforts of black cops to stop jailhouse beatings and the use of unnecessary force during arrests. Besides intervening directly, the black cops had filed a number of complaints with the Civilian Review Board. As I read this story, I thought of Renault C. Robinson, head of the black policeman's association in Chicago. Robinson testified in our defense at the Chicago Conspiracy trial. He suffered a lot of penalties for this and for other courageous actions of a similar nature.

The second account, in a movement paper, glorified the rise of ambushes by calling in false emergencies and then shooting the arriving policemen. We used to say that the life-style of American imperialism was epitomized by its saying that the only good Indian was a dead Indian, the only good Red a dead Red, the only good Slope a dead Slope. Now our own life style is beginning to say that the only good pig is a dead pig. Off the Pig. If he turns out to be Renault Robinson or one of the black policemen in New York who is risking his career (his life even) to stop police brutality—"well, he shouldn't have been a pig. He knew the risks he was taking."

What frightens me about our movement, if it has become so bloodthirsty already, is that the Old Left in Russia had a far less calloused attitude toward the Tsar's armed guards and police forces. The Bolsheviks and other revolutionaries fought them bitterly on occasion, but they also fraternized with them and propagandized them. The glorious October Revolution was aided and made less of a blood bath in the early months by the refusal of many of the Tsarist defense forces to fire on the peasants and workers. Many of them went over to the revolutionary side. Yet gradually the sectarianism and violence of the Bolsheviks became so great that the first Workers Republic became soiled and corrupted by the secret police, the factional assassinations and blood purges, the torture, the slave labour camps of Stalinism. There were many contributing causes for this deterioration that we cannot analyze here—including immense pressures and ruthless attacks by the imperialists and later by the fascists. But if the basic humanism of our movement cannot survive the first timid governmental repressions of the New Left and the first heady movement attacks on "pig" forces, the future is bleak indeed. Fortunately those who shriek most hysterically for "pig" blood or try to turn every confrontation into a military encounter are a small fraction of the movement—and the country. But in too many cases the tactical alternatives are being falsely presented as electoral politics or immediate guerilla warfare, as working "within" the system or blowing it up building by building. It is not surprising that establishment politicians want to limit a perplexed and disillusioned population to these two alternatives. But it is tragic for members of the movement to conclude that these are the choices.

Let us return to the example of Revolutionary Action, East. If the charges prove accurate, three ex-cons on parole for armed robbery and bank holdups rob some more banks, 'shoot to live' (i.e., gun down a policeman) and blow their freedom, encourages by their contacts with the New Left to believe that this is somehow the way to make a revolution.

Obviously Stanley Bond was a man of great human potential, badly abused by society. As a teenager he enlisted in the Air Force, was sent to Vietnam and took part in several bombing missions against people with whom he had no quarrel. For this he received an 'honourable discharge' when his time was up. A year later he was sentenced to prison for armed holdup of a bank, (an institution which it is not farfetched to think of as a real enemy of the Stan Bonds of this world). Four years later, he was released on parole as a result of his 'excellent record', generally and in the prison's Student Tutor Education Programme. A week after release he enrolled at Brandeis. He opposed the invasion of Cambodia and became involved in the National Student Strike Information centre. The University put pressure on him to dissociate himself from such activites, even threatening to have his parole revoked if he failed to do so. Bond says bitterly:

I was told at Brandeis to go anead and use the university, you know, for my own personal advantage, and not to worry about relating anything, in any way, to other people. And not to worry about any sort of responsibility I might feel toward other people, in the social sense. All of those things meant to me to become exactly what I had been four years previously—when I first robbed a bank. And those are the things that I chose not to be any more.

In his view, Brandeis was asking him to become a 'criminal' again. Not a criminal with a gun and certainly not a bankrobber, but a criminal in the fundamental sense of living only for himself. He was torn because he didn't want to ignore his social responsibilities, including his responsibility to the Vietnamese, whom he had bombed.

The tragedy is that in addition to being exploited and misdirected by society, Bond was exploited and misdirected by the movement that claims to be guided by alternative values and relationships. Here is how he describes the alternative he adopted, after rejecting Brandeis's advice. It reads like the standard fare of several underground papers:

Because the institutions of American politics have been challenged in a way that has forced the protecting body to employ nearly every gun at its disposal, it is best for anyone wishing to make a political statement against that body to do so with a gun; the statement itself should be made with a gun, not merely backed up by one. . . .The reality is that America's on a picnic and sooner or later the masses are going to try to like over-run that picnic, you know, and trample people underfoot on their way to the next picnic site.

Does the *Tribe* really think that what Stan Bond did "clearly is a major advance for the revolution among whites: bank rip-off for the movement. . . .killing the pig?" The old fashioned revolutionary ideal was for everyone to share as equals, in the work and the rewards. The differences between the capitalist orgy, in which some people gorge themselves and others starve, and the communal feast, in which everyone shares fraternally, were considered too great for them both to be described by the same term (in this case, picnic). It's not enough to say that under capitalism the few trample the masses but that in our revolution it will be the masses who trample the few underfoot on their way to the next picnic site. With the worst tendencies of Stan Bond and the Berkeley *Tribe* serving as the revolutionists' guide, who knows how many will be trampled by whom and with what outcome?

The movement is not advanced either quantitatively or qualitatively by such sentiments or by the actions that flow from them. Far from helping create a sea in which the guerrillas can operate, they dry up whatever sea was beginning to form to shelter movement activists and other victims of repression. And if the advocates of armed revolution have already so badly lost sight of their goals, what will remain of those goals after the chaos and destructiveness of prolonged civil war under conditions of modern technology? Those who conscientiously believe in the necessity of armed struggle in this country should not carry a gun in such an army.

But I am not the best person to give such advice because I do not believe that armed revolt in America will lead to liberation. Even the phrase 'armed struggle' is an outdated term from a previous technological age. It is not surprising that Mr. Nixon uses obsolete words to foster an image of himself as the cleanest living, fastest drawing

sheriff in the West. In his case they camouflage a reality of B-52 bombers, napalm, fragmentation bombs, chemical warfare, armed helicopter gunships, free-fire zones, etc. A revolutionary movement cannot afford such dishonesty. It cannot afford to think that when it is calling for armed civil war in the United States today it is talking about shooting it out with rifles from darkened rooftops, supported perhaps by showers of rocks, bottles and paving stones from an enthusiastic populace. Once the conflict becomes a serious military contest, in accord with the exhortations of the super-left, such illusions will quickly disappear—but we cannot afford to be educated at such a price. Now is the time to appraise the consequences of actions and attitudes that are being held up as effective methods of intensifying the struggle. Now is the time to explore and experiment with alternative forms that have some hope of leading to liberation rather than wanton destruction and collective suicide.

A POSSIBLE WAY OUT OF THE DILEMMA: FORCE WITHOUT VIOLENCE

"We have never used our guns to go into the white community to shoot up white people. We only defend ourselves." Bobby Seale

The fact that the Panthers have done so is no excuse for the court frameups and organized murders by police departments and federal agents all over the country. I think that tactical argument can now be made as to whether asserting that right has actually proved an effective method of self-defense for the Panthers. But clearly that is a matter for the Panthers and other groups to decide for themselves. There must be no question about our support and solidarity. As an ally of sorts, who has never had to suffer what black people suffer, I must say that one of the saddest moments of my life was when, on the day Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were ruthlessly murdered by the Illinois police, an Illinois Black Panther said: "Now can you see why everyone has to have guns to protect themselves from the pigs." All I could think was that guns had not saved Fred or Mark anymore than nonviolence had saved Martin Luther King, Jr. In fact, the presence of guns provided the pretext and intended cover-up for the murders. Fortunately the truth of what happened has since been publicly revealed. ("The Story of the Murder of Fred Hampton" by John Kifner [which *The New York Sunday Times* refused to print] reprinted from *Scanlan's Monthly* by the Committee to Defend the Panthers),

Secondly, I am willing for the sake of the present discussion to leave open the question of whether or not there are times when it is productive for some groups to use the gun as a carefully controlled supplement to other methods of struggle. My concern is to argue that the primary context of the struggle in this country at this time should be *1) to build new institutions of community participation and democratic control, in the service of the people; and 2) to attack and paralyze old institutions and power centers through a disciplined tactic of force without violence.* The methods of attack include strikes, noncooperation, strategic occupations of buildings, roads, airports etc., and other acts of nonviolent disruption of "business as usual." In a revolutionary situation, such actions can culminate in a general strike and a total break-down of old institutions and relationships.

An example of one type of meaningful attack is the recent occupation of Lincoln Hospital in New York by members of the Puerto Rican Community in which it is located. Here the building of new forms and the attacking of old institutions came together in a creative example of the movement for revolutionary change at its best. For present purposes it is enough to point out a couple of basic facts. First, the occupation grew out of a strong organizing campaign that raised the level of political consciousness of community residents. They came to realize that there was no valid reason for Lincoln Hospital to continue as an elitist institution aloof from the desperate medical needs of the community. They discovered that they could take direct action to accomplish this purpose. The actual occupation was sparked by a particularly offensive case of hospital neglect that led to the death of a Puerto Rican child. The persons who crowded into the hospital and refused to leave demanded not only an accounting by the hospital but steps to bring the institution under community control. Demands included the setting up of grievance committees and a complaint table in the hospital, with community participation. They also called for street clinics and door-to-door preventive medical measures. The occupation took place under the leadership of a broad coalition of concerned forces—the Bronx chapter of the Young Lords Party, Think Lincoln (a community organization), Health Revolutionary Unity Movement (a city-wide organization of Puerto Rican and black hospital workers) and a number of New Left doctors at the hospital (who were associated with the Medical Committee for Human Rights and Health-Pac). Other young doctors who think that medicine exists to serve the people rather than to swell the egos and pocketbooks of health professionals have since joined the Lincoln staff.

Secondly, when the police eventually attacked barricades that had been set up in the occupied building, the occupiers had the good sense to avoid a shoot-out. Their purpose was far too serious to indulge anyone's sense of machismo or ultraleftism. To have had guns and to have used them would have confused the issues and interfered with continued community and public support. Force, yes—the occupation of the building, the erection of barricades, a subsequent take-over of a portable X-ray unit to take it to the streets where the people were. But self-indulgent trashing of the hospital or offing of pigs, no. So strong was the community support, that all charges against the invaders were dropped.

Like everything else that anyone does, this continuing experiment in community action and control has not accomplished instant revolution. Preventive medicine, itself, requires not only the availability of doctors and medical tests to detect lead-poisoning. TB and other slum diseases, but new and better housing, new working conditions, access to proper food, effective garbage removal, community control of police so that they will protect people instead of property. But a community that gets itself together on community control of one area of its life sets an example and creates dynamics that can extend to other areas as well. Lessons learned from the confrontation of Lincoln hospital and the continuing attempts to force local institutions to serve the needs of the people can be extended to other communities all over the country. In addition, such activities train and prepare a network of politically conscious, self-reliant groups to take part in nationally coordinated activities for national objectives.

For an example of the potential national power of strikes and massive, tactically nonviolent disruptions, let us turn to the area of anti-war activity, even though we must turn to an action that was unsuccessful. The war affects every community, every segment, and aspect of society. The determination of a profit-seeking corporate elite to maintain its stranglehold on Indochina cannot be separated from its determination to maintain its domination of schools and colleges, farms and factories, government and politics. The pollution of the air we breath and the ideas we assimilate cannot be separated from the profit and power of those who quite correctly view the Vietnam war as a logical expression of American principles. If the people can succeed in asserting their power to stop the war in Indochina, they will be well on the way to developing the comprehension and unity to assert their power at home as well.

Let us look briefly at an anti-war action that failed, but nonetheless provides some indication of what can happen more successfully in the future. I am thinking of the nationwide student strike and the May 9th protest in Washington, that followed the invasion of Cambodia and the subsequent massacres at Kent State, Augusta and Jackson State.

The May revolts were poorly prepared and carried out. They involved only a small fragment of the population. And what might have been a powerful supporting act of massive nonviolent disruption in Washington, capable of sparking the extension of the strike into non-student sectors, deteriorated into another mass rally of limited effectiveness. Yet the strikes, the threat of a major confrontation in Washington, and the first timid signs of token strikes and discussions of strikes in non-student groups shook the government and the country. For the first time in twenty-five years, a massive expression of anti-imperialist sentiment imposed at least minimal restraints on a military colossus that has enjoyed virtual freedom from democratic controls. Nixon was forced, against his will, to promise the withdrawal of American troops from Cambodia. The Administration was forces to change its whole public stance on the war, though of course it did not change its basic policies.

Despite the incompleteness of the May revolts, many people gained from them a vision of the power of the people to stop the war through strikes and massive, basically nonviolent, disruptions of politics-as-usual. For this vision to be implemented this year, we need to stop playacting at violent revolution. As I have already indicated it can be playacting even when one uses real guns and real people, real bombs and real buildings, as props.

The movement was weakened last spring by a lack of experienced revolutionary cadres on the campus and among those who had recently left the campus. SDS had dissolved into several elitist sects, isolated from the students and isolated from reality. The Weatherpeople had left a heritage of confusion and dismay, from their October Days of Rage. In May, they were busy building bomb factories instead of relating to the upsurge of popular revolt. They had lost faith in the power of the people and had turned instead to the power of bombs. On the other hand, the failure of the New Mobe to take a clear lead in the development of massive militant actions had created a tactical vacuum in which the only alternatives seemed to be adventuristic violence or the old tired games of reform politics and mass rallies.

The Weatherpeople have indicated that they learned something from finding themselves isolated and impotent, as a result of their narrow preoccupation with violence. The questions are: did they learn enough, and what have the rest of us learned? Will we move beyond petitioning the government, without succumbing, in our turn, to machismo attitudes and actions that isolate us from the bulk of the American people? We need to undertake actions that will, at one and the same time, reflect and deepend our basic humanism, broaden our base and intensify the conflict.

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VERTIGO

TALES OF SHERWOOD FOREST OR: WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BANK OF ENGLAND

Today Sherwood Forest is inhabited by Tupamaros, Yippies in Lincoln Green and Uruguàyan red, Angry Brigades assault the bourgeois citadels of Montevideo and Carr's private home and all the enemies of our future—C.I.A., the Mafia, the Special Branch, Interpol, the Russia KGB secret police and secret thugs the whole world over—clasp their blood-soaked hands together in a nauseating dance of death.

As kids we thought their spy games were for real, that Lonsdale, Burgess, McLean were the evil Frankensteins of a sinister foreign power—that the forces of law and order were the avenging angels of the good folk who were wits-end scared by those nasty Mafia, Richardson-type gangs, and the lurking sex-murderer on Wimbledon Common . . . and THEN WE WOKE UP;

There's a time when the conning has to stop—like then you find out that all attempts by the most powerful government-monster in the world have totally failed to smash the American Mafia, and that every Italian investigation into the same gangster scene (Mafioso) has merely strengthened the bond of the capitalist underworld. That great liberal hero, Daniels Dolchi devoted untold(1) philanthropic energy to denouncing the Sicilian Mafia (which even today accounts for about 60 murders a year of those who fail to toe the line) and guess what happened? Yes, the government set up one more bureaucratic chrysalis—an "Anti-Mafia Commission" which heard the evidence, which led to prosecutions for libel (by members of the Mafia against witnesses who had come forward) and which achieved nothing except whitewashing the operations of Mafia boys.

Help the pigs fight "crime"! That's a fucking joke when not a few pigs share the rake off. Oh, but it doesn't happen in England (three cheers for Speakers' Corner and Yorkshire pudding)—English pigs are nice friendly mongrels that courteously show foreigners the way to Buckingham Palace. So I wonder what Detective Inspector Robson is doing in Wells St Magistrates Court charged with dealings with the underworld, the bribery and corruption bit? After exhaustive investigations by *The Times* reporters last year (who were just turned on enough to realize that their investigations would turn up more than pig investigations) this case is now going on (2) and a few months ago at Leeds Assizes the really unusual happened, a couple of pigs got jailed for conspiracy to subvert the course of justice. Two more recruits for Securicor!

The system functions on deals—partly because it desperately needs its criminals who do a very valuable economic job, providing employment for vast numbers of pigs, lawyers, judges, screws, prison governers, social workers and the like. What would capitalist society do without its noble judges pronouncing pompus bullshit from on high? What would happen if a judge joined the queue at a labour exchange? And in the same way as well-known members of the Mafia denounce the Mafia, so pigs denounce gangsters, whilst often aiding and abetting them. Shadow-boxing between rival capitalist thug organisations goes on continuously Spy-games, like crime-games, similarly project the same absurdities—the double agent and the single agent are increasingly doing the same job, ie, to keep attention fixed on imaginary foreign enemies to prevent internal unrest.

Conventional crime can be the working-class escape to wealth, fortune or behind bars (if the deals backfire!) but then there's other crime—like the sum total of all actions to create an alternative to their thug-ridden systems. The peoples' crimes of passion and love are the rip-off of property, bread and resources belonging to them, and to transfer all that to our community. Hi-jack a meat-wagon in the middle of Newcastle—free meat for the oppressed people of South Shields. Revolutionary crime—the people bonding together to directly enforce a redistributing of wealth. Rob a bank and help your friends, because your friends are your exploited neighbours. Housewives in North London 2 years ago formed a shop lifting syndicate which was regrettably sussed by supermarket detectives.

Anyone with fucking feelings—if given the choice between a night in Brixton nick, and a night at the Police Federation's annual dinner, would choose the former. And one reason is that most of the Brixton cats are not the big-time gangsters (because they are seldom caught) but just individuals who know society is a cheat and in the process of cheating capitalist society are so untogether that they get clobbered. And so they put you in a cage and you begin a zoological study of your keeper-gaoler—the ultimate savage who volunteered for a life-sentence behind bars. Wow, there's the masochism that made the Naz is strong. The film *'Performance'* offers a glimpse in the opening sequences of the foundations of life in this society—accepting the sadism of those above you and dishing our the same medicine to those below you. That's what the Mafia and the legal system have in common. The judge and Mr Big are one and the same and they dole out a constant stream of humiliation to their subordinates. However, the judge represents the official respectable side of bashing the people—crime dressed up in legal robes, and obscene wigs, a right-hook preceded by a reading of the Riot Act, with the strong-arm boys waiting in the wings for aristocratic sanction, that old public-school accent pronouncing the penalties for walking beyond the barbed-wired frontiers of one's poverty. Right-wing crime is the choice between brute honesty and the sanctimonious hypocrisy of law, defending precisely the same

property interests, but rival gangs just the same.

The alternative is not ever understood by the so-called representatives of the Underground. When Release was finally released, Caroline Coon the boss made her position as boss plain. These are MY files and there ain't nobody else having them, "Release" copyright, private property and all that jazz. "Time Out" faithful allies of the commercial underground phonies rushed to the assistance of the Release establishment with pathetic comments about "the theft of files and letters", "the burglary" and "the burglars" (all in Issue No.56). Clearly the brave bread-winners of the underground eagerly regurgitate capitalist conceptions of law, the private property rights of Release to withold information from the rest of the movement, and totally straight criticisms of the "rip-em-off" boys. Well, Caroline baby, if you use the lingo of Lord Chief Justice Parker do you really expect anyone to have qualms about busting your set-up? When you've worked out even a primitive political attitude towards legal barbarism, then maybe some militant will talk to you.

Meanwhile whatever happened to the British ambassador to Uruguay? Tupamaros triumph again, and the press has given up, even reporting that he ain't never gonna be found, and they don't dig printing why. When the people support your robbing banks, liberating arms from the government, and kidnapping diplomats—YOU CAN'T LOSE. The Uruguayan government is paralysed with fear—the pigs are surrounded by the enemy—the people, everyone and no one is a Tupamaro, and the proceeds are transferred from the ruling classes to the people. This is community crime—the shameless actions of the angry poor—the many who refuse to work for exploiting parasites. Community crime is a moral threat to all law-enforcement agencies, and crime-gangs; for a judge the worst criminal of all is the political criminal who attacks the judge's way of life, his tyrannical control of the court, and everything a judge stands for. Our methods are not theirs—class violence snatches only property into its jaws, whilst they massacre people with ghoulish unconcern. The Tupamaros seldom kill. Yet the other side murders all the time in futile attempts to subdue people rising up angry (by those old ploys of blackmail and fear).

The only alternative to their loot and plunder of our lives is for us to look and plunder their property, not as individuals, but as organized collectives with protective roots in our local areas. When to obey the law is freedom, all freedom consists of disobeying the law, of organized opposition, love, and liberation from their authoritarianism and potential facism.

Viva les Tupamaros!
The Vietcong are down the road.

(1) "untold" but over-publicised as the Albert Schweitzer of Sicily.
(2) Wells St Magistrates Court was built to deal with motoring offences, so no public galleries; the public doesn't therefore see the pigs on trial.

Criminal thought for the day—if it wasn't for all the fiddles at work and elsewhere most people would not only be law-abiding citizens—but bored and starved to death.
from a seance with Robin Hood

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WANK RE-VISITED

Whistle while you wank Widgery in his latest put-down (OZ 32, of Jerry Rubin, the Yippie Superhero) stumbles on a few good criticisms of the media-freaks cult, but pretty much ruins the affair with conventional hack-left Trotsky and the old heroes promotions department. Do I hear the cry of "new heroes for old"? "No, no," David Widgery replies, "Stick to the old ones, dead heroes tell no lies and don't appear on the David Frost show either". But what's really great is the extent to which the Yippies have fooled and freaked HIM—because when he dismisses the Yippie revolution as a "series of publicity stunts and press openings", he dismisses the Chicago Conspirary Trial as just another epic in the theatre of the absurd, court-freaking as kids' stuff or to quote the guru himself "violence in the head fantasia".

By way of his own words he applauds the Yippies finest 9 months, when they turned the Chicago Trail into the greatest show on earth—and so the defendants got themselves accused of being showmen. But the struggle was the performance, and the performance, besides being a publicity stunt, was also the struggle, which put Amerika and its system on trial . . . and their own lives in jeopardy. Dry humourless politics will always put down "fun politics", will always be too deadly serious to actually live it now, because to live it now is too much of a joke. Authoritarian socialism is always the promised land of tomorrow (and today we plough through Marx). Like all religion it has its prophets, its discipline and its dogmatic offers of false choices . . . ORGANISE LIKE US OR BE DAMNED.

David Widgery may need the migraine of Trotsky, but it's pretty sure that the workers of Kronstadt 1921 (when Trotsky as C. in C. of the army of the Bolshevik government led the suppression of the last blood of the revolution, the sailors soviet—the final stand against the new tyranny that Stalin was to inherit) didn't need the migraine or the bullets in the head. Authority figures like Trotsky have always been a gigantic headache, a migraine of confusion to the struggles of the people against all forms of oppression.

The ultimate in false choices is the dealer's technicolour dream versus Trotsky's bureau-boys, red pigs and the usual texts.

We either work/play it out for ourselves—our own original revolutionary movement. If we want to copy somebody else's scene, and play follow the leader, why not infiltrate the Catholic church?
Tom Ludd

An OZ correspondent recently back from Vietnam, looking round for the legendary 'low morale' of the American troops there, talked to the usual potheads, peaceniks and assorted freaks who roamed the battlefields in uniform complaining all the time that America was nothing but a collection of potheads, peaceniks and assorted freaks who were stabbing the poor G.I. in the back, and found himself a little bewildered. On onehand, the US soldier picked at random would denounce the US government, the US politicians and his own officers for failing to support him, for sending him to a war and then stopping him from fighting it, while on the other would declare that the war was a waste of time, America on the brink of revolution, and Vietnam no business of Americans anyway "If you want to know how we really feel, look at the graffiti on any GI lavatory wall," said one group of GIs. A tour of several shit houses revealed an absence of cocks and cunts and a preoccupation with racism, pacifism and militarism. Three examples from Can Tho military airport: "We are the unwilling sent by the unqualified to do the unnecessary for the ungrateful." "Never have so few done so much while watched by so many who knew so little." "Fighting for peace is like fucking for chastity—so fuck for peace."

Those phrases have been around the Underground for a long time, but it's good to find them in the real heart of the enemy strongholds.

Incidentally, ten US servicemen who were discovered on the northern front of the war fighting on the side of the Viet Cong, were all shot.

MICHAEL XITS

Michael Abdul Malik, known as Michael X, has jumped bail. A few weeks ago, on Jan 27, he fled this country for Trinidad. He isn't coming back. Michael Malik and seven others are currently on bail of approx £500 each on a charge of demanding money with menaces. The amount involved is £3.

Michael Malik spoke to OZ a few days before his departure and explained that police were planning to bring fresh charges against him in connection with conspiracy to distribute arms.

"They reckon the black people are arming themselves and I'm the one who's doing it", says Michael.

In a farewell letter to his barrister, Benedict Birnberg, Michael Malik states his reasons for believing that a fair trial for him in this country is impossible.

"Could you please try and see the impossibility of a potential juror who has been the victim of racist indoctrination throughout his formative years and further by the press to see me as a professional liar, finding himself in a position to finally deal with all those niggers personified by me once and for all."

Malik alreauy served a gaol sentence in 1967 when in an amazingly incoherent trial he was sentenced to 12 months under the Race Relations Act. (OZ 7)

Malik believed the charge of demanding money with menaces was a total frameup, but he was more concerned with news of possible forthcoming conspiracy charges.

Asked about whether he had made any real contribution to Black Power in the U.K., Michael replied: "The force that is here in England is without doubt the strongest force of black people anywhere within a white nation and it was built on extremely simple lines. It came about this way because I didn't know what I was doing. I was trained to do the harnessing bit but not what to do when they was harnessed. And as a result of that the very first group that we had together which numbered 13 people—we had to do something with the explosions that were happening inside of us and we decided to explode outwards so the 13 of us decided at a meeting at Primrose Hill to part company and go and set up 13 different bodies. You must remember that by that time we started, 9 years ago, there was no black organisation anywhere in the country. Today the Home Office claims there are 726 black organisations. And I can assure you that one organisation such as ours in London has 26 branches in London alone. This is the Black House organisation. A branch can sometimes comprise one guy talking to the next guy and one can be a little room over a barber shop with 10-15 guys preaching."

Malik's letter to Benedict Birnberg closes as follows:

"In my own case you heard the double talk of Lord Chief Justice Parker in his statements about the editor of the Sunday Times, and the distinct infringement of the sub judice Laws with the effects on a prospective juror, yet when he spoke to me, he said they were not influenced. I don't for a minute believe that all judges are like him, but in the final analysis he is the Top Judge. Please try to understand what I have been trying to tell you in this letter. I hope that we will meet again."

The position of those who put up bail is uncertain. Not only Michael but most of the other seven defendents have also absconded. Malik was making desperate arrangements to ensure that the bailors would at some time be reimbursed. However, we were unable to contact any of those who put up bail before press time.

cunt power trials

The Women's Liberation trial at Bow Street made a nice run-up to the Christmas festivities. At 10 o'clock the public gallery was filled with supporters and a would-be Abbie Hoffmann on the left, and a reporter from the Sun on the right. It was obviously a landmark in the fortunes of the movement. Banners outside the court insisted that, 'Women are people too,' a fact nobody seemed inclined to dispute, and, 'We're not beautiful, we're not ugly, we're ANGRY,'—a spurious code judging by the bonhomie and willingness to please during the proceedings.

Five women, arrested at the Miss World flesherie, filed into the dock, at once nervous and eager, and were charged with such misdemeanours as having offensive weapons, namely smoke bombs, using insulting behaviour, and otherwise sending a charge up the collected arse of the Albert Hall. Jo Robinson said that Mr. Geraint Rees, the magistrate, had a vested interest in the case because he was a man and so wouldn't understand. Mr. Rees showed he didn't understand and told her to sit down. Catherine McLean said that as a woman she couldn't plead guilty (a rather over-rehearsed perception); somebody else said that as a woman she had always felt guilty. Shuffling of feet while they sorted out their positions.

The public gallery subsided into a decorous mumble, and women outside the policed doors screamed loudly and unconvincingly. It was an important occasion. The scientific officer, polythene exhibit in hand, testified that the smokebombs contained DDT and were used as fumigants in greenhouses. The girls chorused that they had bought them in a jokeshop. Jenny Fortune asked how much DDT a person absorbed in a day and nobody was prepared to know (this is not a public order trial, it's an ecological trial!) Sally Alexander and Mair Twissel were represented by Nina Stanger, the goldilocks barrister (all the other girls were conducting their own defence). Not only did Sally stub her cigarette out on the hand of Sergeant Bowers (who was rewarded with a blister) but her handbag contained 1 whistle, 4 plastic mice, a paper bag of flour, 1 stinkbomb and an overripe tomato—ammunition enough for sticky revolution.

We never found out what the mice were going to be used for, because your worship got restive and announced it was time for lunch and adjourned the case until February 4th.

February 4th.

'This is no state trial,' said the magistrate, 'I am not going to allow these proceedings to get out of hand.' And he didn't. 'There will be no hilarity in court and you will all behave with decorum." And we did, though there was a bit of snorting and oooing later on.

We began where we left off in off in December. At that time, Jenny Fortune's right hand was gripped by Inspector Warren in the Albert Hall, and this morning Sergeant Birk stood up to reveal that he had held her left hand in a clinch which successfully stopped her heaving a smoke bomb over the gallery. 'Was I causing any violence,' she demanded. 'If you ask too many questions you may jog the witness' memory and get the wrong answers,' said Mr. Rees. 'Are you prejudiced against women,' inquired Miss Fortune. 'Out of context,' sniffed Mr. Rees. 'I am the context,' she wailed. Sergeant Birk said that you could have trouble without causing a breach of the peace (what did he mean), and was dismissed by Mr. Rees with the deflationary line, 'Yours is not to reason why.' Sergeant Birk's moment of importance had been squashed.

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Then the heavy business of the day weighed in. Catherine Maclean and Jo Robinson, that persistent duo, remarkable for their stoutness of heart and longwindedness, performed a trenchant hatchet job on Constable McGhee, a perfectly aimable cop, whom they had singled out for attention by dropping a flour bag on his helmet outside the Cafe de Paris. Naturally put out, McGhee chased them down Coventry Street, and seized Jo Robinson who declared, 'I am prepared to accept the consequences. 'McGhee couldn't actually remember which part of Mecca and Miss World had been passing at the time when the smoke bombs landed. It was all a red carpet of haziness as far as he was concerned. Sally Alexander couldn't wait any longer so we all adjourned while she had a piss. In his most avuncular manner, Mr. Rees announced, 'You're big girls now and you shouldn't need to do this sort of thing.'

The afternoon came bright and cheery with an edifying discussion on the nature of relevancy. Catherine Maclean consulted her notes and asked Constable McGhee what he thought of women's liberation, what he thought of pimps, and if he had ever arrested a prostitute. McGhee looked blank. Mr. Rees ruled her questions not only irrelevant but grossly irrelevant. Inspector Sheridan jumped up and swore by Almighty God that he found a package inscribed with the words, 'Light paper and stand clear'—a somewhat mystifying pronouncement. 'Throwing smoke bombs into a crowd was insulting, 'he announced righteously. At this, Catherine Maclean, on the lookout for insults, asked if he was smiling—an otherwise innocent action which suddenly became menacing. Inspector Sheridan denied he would ever do such a thing. With such a tender exchange, we adjourned until Monday and the sizzling stand of the defence witnesses.

February 8th

Court three is beginning to evoke all the nostalgia of your favourite classroom-whiffs of shiny uniforms, brown paint, and polished shoes and surreptitious eavesdropping. From where I was sitting on my red plastic cushion a huddle of teenybopper fuzz were discussing their calendar of Important Events. 'It's the TUC on the 21st . . . and the Womens Lib. demo on March 6th . . . are you volunteering?' 'Nah,' said PC Birk, 'I've had enough. 'All those volatile, screaming women,' said another, flexing his boys in blue arms. For kicks join the police force.

Mair Twissell got off today. She had had a neighbourly exchange with a woman coming out of the Albert Hall. 'Piss off', said the woman, making a 'rude' gesture. 'Fuck off', responded Miss Twissell, sticking her arm between PC Keen and PC Beverley who arrested her for indecent language and insulting behaviour. 'Take off your plastic knickers', chanted the rest of the demonstrators outside the Albert Hall. The audience flowed on by, unshocked, PCs Keen and Beverly were unshocked (they admitted to hearing the word before), we were unshocked. Case dismissed and it was the non-event of the day. 'Indecent', said Nina Stranger, 'is not a question of law.' You can now say fuck to your enemies as well as your friends.

The rest of the day was devoted to virulent tirades between Jenny Fortune ("We've been treated like schoolgirls"), Catherine Maclean ("Our movement is a threat to your capitalistic system"), Jo Robinson ("We've been insulted") and Mr Rees ("You've had every leniency"). Catherine Maclean said they were exploited and oppressed daily. Mr Rees said he understood her principles. Jenny Fortune said he was the representative of the legal system set up to protect capital, property and men. Mr Rees said that was irrelevant to the case. Jenny Fortune said she was very upset at Mecca exploiting women for business interests. Mr Rees said this is not a forum for your movement.

Mr. Rees had always made it clear that the court was only there to try the narrow issue of charges and that meant it could only be a forum for legal bullshit, and further HE WAS THE COURT, or so he reminded witnesses waving to their boned-up friends.

Defence witnesses were chopped in mid stream, the voice of women's liberation suppressed by grossly arbitrary Rees rulings on the relevance of questions. "Now you can't ask any more questions of this witness, the witness is ordered to be silent, I order the witness to be removed from the witness box", and finally "I forbid Miss McClaine and Miss Robinson from calling any further witnesses".

And so Alice in the dock continued to wonder why she heard people talk so much about free speech. After Thursday she didn't wonder anymore.

Thursday afternoon Feb 11th complete *Rape of Justice*

Sequence of events . . .
Sally Alexander finishes off her evidence then the fireworks begin:

1. The girls *demand the right to call further witnesses* (Already refused 3 days previously)
Rees refuses.

2. *Eric Mecca Morley* is called by the defence—application for renewal of witness-summons to compel his attendance.
REFUSED by magistrate

3. *Application for adjournment* for a mandamus motion—to compel the magistrate to renew the witness-summons.
REFUSED

4. *Application for adjournment* for those defending themselves to reconsider any further participation in the trial on the grounds that the defence case has been forcibly suppressed.
REFUSED—magistrate showing a steady consistency here.

5. *Arrival of the "Barnet Gang"* headed by Chief Superintendant Habershon plus Special Branch detectives who order all witnesses and friends waiting outside the court to stay put.

General commotion at pig invasion

6. COURT ADJOURNED owing to pig disturbances outside. Nina Stanger legal advisors advise Habershon "lay off 'em, baby"—Habershon ignores all protests. Four girls grabbed and three illegally detained at Barnet pig station Meanwhile back inside the court.

7. *Defence* demands adjournment till the next day in view of police interference with witnesses.
Motion REFUSED as usual.

8. Many plain clothes cops filter into courtroom—Jo Robinson screams intimidation—the people are surrounded, the magistrate behaves as if he was used to fascist scenes of police terror like this in his court everyday.

9. At approx. 3.40 the magistrate completes the final act of farce and terror—"I'm adjourning this case because you have wilfully obstructed the proceedings" and committed all the defendants to Holloway Prison for the night.

10. Final afternoon Friday Feb 12—threats all the way to the final verdict. The girls were fined and Women's Liberation found the court entirely irrelevant.

STOP PRESS

Frame-up of the year? Look at the Carr-bombing investigations—Under intense pressure from the Home Office, Barnett Chief pig Habershon has charged a man after unlawfully detaining him for 48 hours, and deliberately obstructing his solicitors from seeing him.

After 4 weeks of left persecution it is reported that Habershon's superiors were impatiently demanding result.

During cross examination by the defence barrister in the case—Habershon's account of his advice to Mr Prescott (the accused) as to which solicitor he should choose, provoked a shout of "LIAR" from the dock, and the good chief superintendant flushed and blushed profusely.

How many more innocent men will be charged?

ROSEMARY PETTIT AND OTHERS

In 1927, after serving eight days on Welfare Island for "corrupting youth "with her play "Sex," Mae West says goodby to prison staff.

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our Letter

Dear OZ,

Hooray for Richard Neville's impassioned story about the real meaning of Christmas. (OZ 32) I get annoyed when people who are 'just doing their job' invoke the will of God to justify their actions. It's invariably a sign they're doing something nasty. I'm with you.

But don't do a Luff on me, love, blaming all your troubles, rotten as they are, on Christianity. I'm only a defenceless proper noun—take your bloodhounds off.

For a start, I'm not a superstition, as you say, but a Person. Secondly, while your gods did indeed 'de-

prave, corrupt and brutalise delicate tribalisms', don't pin the blame for the slave-traders, gun-runners and mercenaries who smashed Africa on Christianity. Come to that, like all human societies the Africans were depraved, corrupted and brutalised already: I've been no more successful at getting through to them than to Europeans, and I've had a church in Africa for nearly two thousand years. 'Pre-European' African society wasn't as golden as you seem to think: Jomo Kenyatta doesn't speak for Africa, and tens of millions of Africans at least pay me lip-service. You ask *them* what they think about me.

As for the other charges you bring against Christianity:
Being responsible for Southern Television: Not guilty.
Being responsible for the British Army: Not guilty.
Being responsible for economic exploitation: Not guilty.
Being responsible for the prison service: Not guilty (but I'm working on that one.)
Being responsible for property: Not guilty.
Being responsible for V.D.: In view of my known views about fidelity you'll have a job making that one stick.

I plead guilty to the ethics of work, guilty to family, and guilty to fidelity. But I ask for my general character to be taken into consideration (have you *read* my book?), especially the bit about loving God and your neighbour.
Love and Peace,
Christianity.

To all brothers in the postal strike—OZ sends fraternal greetings and fun. We hope you screw a 152% wage increase out of the bastards.

More stumbling steps towards the great alternative culture . . . LEEDS INFORMATION POINT (LIP)—an information service plus legal advice and help along the lines at the moment of a combined embryonic Release and Bit has temporary offices at 153 Wood House Lane, Leeds 2. Tel: Leeds 40530. Help them so they can help you.

The Socialist Medical Association which is conducting a campaign against Tory inroads into the ailing National Health Service, is holding a day seminar on Social Causes & Consequences of Addiction to drugs (including alcohol and tobacco) and gambling at 14 Jockey Fields, London WC1 on Sunday 28th March 1971, from 10am to 5pm, 5/- per session or 10/- all day. Daughters of the Revolution, Bands of Hope, heads of all types and bingo enthusiasts all welcome. Anyone interested in SMA contact them at 31 Lionel St. Birmingham 3. Tel: 021-236 0635.

Marylebone Magistrates Court November 5 Conspiracy Trial

Guy Fawkes Still Lives in Powis Square—and the Powis Square 8 are now only 5 because three defendents have been discharged (no case to answer, which means the police made a cock-up) and the political nature of the trial has turned the defence of community interests into a prosecution of pig-power in Notting Hill. Latest Score Prosecution 0 Defence 3.

MOGUL THRASH *(RCA)*
FOREVERMORE—Words On Black Plastic *(RCA)*

Behind the headlines and the legends, the flash and the gold discs, lies the main ingredient of any working musical environment, a hard core of second and third division groups and bands who play six one-nighters a week at hideous little clubs all over the country, putting on a good show, getting it all on pretty for the people, occasionally getting little write-ups in MM and creeping onto the bottom of the bill at festivals, but never selling too many records or getting any mass recognition.

Occasionally a really cosmic band will emerge from this scene (GNIDROLOG are currently playing the best British music this side of the Who and the Soft Machine), but mainly it's down to the hardworkin' losers.

Mogul Thrash and Forevermore are two thoroughly good bands who have made two thoroughly good albums. Neither is going to change anybody's life much, or become sacred to anyone. Neither band is going to become superstars, not just yet, anyway, but in their own different ways, they are doing it. Mogul Thrash with hard, precise, driving and thoroughly inventive brass-and-guitars music that makes the most interesting contribution to this field since Ray Russell's superb but criminally-neglected "Rock Workshop" album, and Forevermore with restrained, quiet, colourful music that recalls Traffic and the Band, with just a little Free in there to toughen it up.

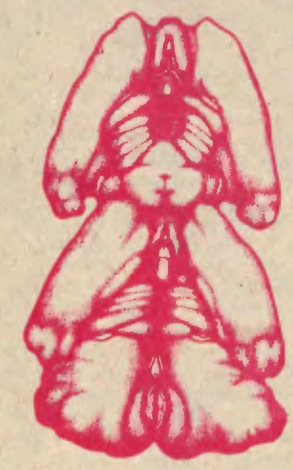
The Thrash album is probably the more impressive of the two, and has some famous names on the sleeve: James Litherland, former guitarist singer for Colosseum, and Michael Rosen, origianlly trumpeter-guitarist for Eclection, with Brian Auger producing. Auger actually plays some piano on "St Peter", the album's weakest track, the B-side of their single. The A-side was the brilliantly compact "Sleeping In The Kitchen", which should have been included. Maybe on the next one . . . ?

Probably the album's most innovative touch is the way Litherland's lead and James Wetton's bass interlock. The closest parallel is the jazz use of alto and baritone saxes as equal voices (or perhaps soprano is a better comparison, bearing in mind Litherland's high pitch and piercing tone). Framed by Roger Ball's tight brass arrangements, it makes an ideal introduction to the joys of brass-rock (NOT jazz-rock) for those who find Keef Hartley too subtle and Colosseum too overpowering. Like the man said, hear it at least twice.

On quite another plain, Forevermore's album is a quiet little motherfucker that takes at least three hearings to get its claws into you. You're likely to forget it's on at all first time, find it vaguely pleasant the second time—and THEN try and get away!

Try the first track on side two for starters—it's called "Put your Money On A Pony" and it makes most heavy bands sound like the leaden drags they are, with its restrained held-back power. For some absurd reason, this album sells at 29/10 (149p), so try a piece.

As I said before, neither of these are worldbeaters, ikons or cosmic masterpieces, but get one or the other.
Charles Shaar Murray



INK IS DEFINITELY COMING

Why contribute to the OZ Obscenity Fund when Ink is raising over £19,000 to start a weekly newspaper?

1. All money contributed to the OZ Obscenity Fund is uproductive. Although a fund is desperately necessary to keep OZ alive, the money is eventually fed into the system. However, OZ intends to spend as little as possible on fighting the court case and any money left over from the fund will be made available to the community through BIT, Street Aid, Release and other welfare organisations.

2. OZ isn't Ink. Money for INK is being raised by issuing debentures (short loans like mortgages). People regard their contribution as an investment, not a donation.

3. The forces against OZ are part of the general pattern of repression instigated by the Tories. Thus the need for a successful new radical weekly newspaper is more urgent than ever. It is easy to launch newspapers which fail after a few issues (Strange Days, Idiot International—which consumed £50,000) or which idle along ineffectively with a miniscule circulation. That is why INK is being launched professionally, thoroughly and cautiously and with enough finance to see it through its early days.

BUST BOOK

The Anarchist Cookbook is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, but Agit-Prop have brought out quite a little cookbook of their own, entitled BUST-BOOK. It costs 25p plus 2½p postage from Agit-Prop 160 North Gower Street London NW1.
and everyone should get a copy and familiarise themselves thoroughly with the contents. Its aggressive, uncompromising tone will depress you, the last vestiges

of those romantic notions you might still retain about the nature of British justice and the police force will be swept away, and you may even be tempted to call that sweet young policeman who told you how to get to Powis Square, a pig. Some extracts from the introduction follow:

"As revolutionaries, we believe what many oppressed people have realised for a long time: that, contrary to the official myths, the courts are not in any way neutral arbiters of 'truths', 'facts', 'right', and 'wrong'. We must realise that we are not going to get a fair deal in the courtrooms of this country.

Moriarty's Police Law book makes the rulers positions clear: "A law . . . is defined as a rule of action prescribed or dictated by some superior which an inferior is bound to obey". Today's "inferiors" are well known. If you are young, working class, black, long haired or shorthaired, homosexual or if you take part in strikes, marches, demonstrations or squats, then you know who they want to keep down.

As young white, black or working class people, we have been stopped on the streets and searched at the will of the pigs under the authority of the Dangerous Drugs Act; we have been thrown out of long empty houses under an obscure 14th century law; we have been attacked and beaten on the streets under the power of Common law to keep the 'peace'; we have been restricted from organising outside factories by laws on obstruction and picketing and we have been surrounded and treated like cattle at football games and demonstrations under all sorts of laws to protect Their private property.

It is clear that what the pigs use is coercion and naked force and what the courts use is economic and physical intimidation and legalised terror.

The violence used regularly by the pigs and the courts is only an extension of the violent nature of British capitalism. Capitalism that has 13,000 troops in Northern Ireland, that uses and supplies the world with CS gas, that injures tens of thousands of workers annually and destroys the minds of children in prisons called 'schools', is violent.

In addition to the increased presence and violence of the pig force, another form of repression is that the consequences of getting arrested have worsened. Charges are heavier, sentences are getting more expensive and longer and in general, the courts are using their powers to clamp down on anything that has the appearance of an uprising or of *collective* resistance to oppression. Hence they are using conspiracy charges against Irish supporters and the Cambridge and London students, and incitement to riot charges against Black people in Notting Hill.

Before the courts though, we will be brought up as individuals. This is deliberately designed to isolate us and carefully cut us off from our friends. Through demonstrations during the court appearance and interest in the outcome of all cases, people will no longer feel that the battle stops at the courtroom door. They will feel more positive about the trial and the possible time they may serve if they feel it is all part of the struggle.

Such revolutionary figures as Bobby Seale and Rosa Luxembourg have turned this isolation in the dock into a platform to express their ideas and educate the people. Given the nature of the courtroom and the press in our society, this is usually unsatisfactory. The fact remains that being brought to court is a calculated act of political repression and it should be understood as such. The decision to pursue an educational trial rests on the commitment of people outside to take the trial to the real jury: the People.

Within the courtroom we can try to expose the racism, the class privileges and the authoritarian domination, and then communicate our efforts to the people outside. Whatever method is decided on to fight a case the decision should be taken on political grounds and not for expediency alone.

In writing this manual, we intend to demystify for the people the experiences which surround arrest, trial and sentence in order to reduce the added deterrent which they have as unknowns; we hope to help people not to get arrested, to minimise the consequences if they do and to raise our collective consciousness."

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A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS

Felix Dennis

ROCKIN' 50's ROCKn'ROLL
The Crickets
(CBS)

"Well, that'll be the day,
when you say goodbye,
Yeah, that'll be the day,
when you make me cry,
You say you're gonna leave,
you know it's a lie
Cos that'll be the day,
hey, hey, when I die . . ."

In the entomological world, crickets are insects from the order Orthptera, members of the same family as grass hoppers and locusts. An interesting coincidence. Jerry Allison, Sonny Curtis and Doug Gilmore, who now make up the Crickets, appear to have mutated convincingly enough, though I doubt whether our hungry world is much the richer for their incestuous experiments. Both that process itself and the motives which demand it are suspect in any terms other than the commercial considerations.

Certainly **Rockin' 50's Rockn'Roll** is parasitic. It is parasitic in spirit, in intent and in effect. Musically and economically it falls a little far short of fraud. It is poor consumer value. Only the Crickets' past contributions in the services of God, Rock'n'Roll and Coral Records Inc. demand restraint of criticism and the sparing use of DDT. Let us talk of happier times.

Like a million other freaks between twenty-five and thirty, I have a tender spot in my rapidly hardening heart for Buddy Holly. That long, tall Texan with the heavy, black rimmed glasses, the cultured mother of pearl smile and the peculiarly effeminate falsetto. Half guiltily, I occasionally recall those innocent, exploratory evenings spent fumbling with adolescent hooks and zips within the inadequate shelter of the bicycle sheds at the rear of our local youth centre. And while I must confess that it would only be with considerably difficulty that I could now summon to memory any one of those erring school girls' names, it's absolutely for certain that the majority of them would have been coerced into sin to the accompaniment of Mr. Holly (or just possibly the Everleys -- always a strong puller), roaring from the Dansette portable in the main hall. There is really only **one** version of 'Well . . . Alright', and it isn't the one master Eric chose for Blind Faith's stab at fate:

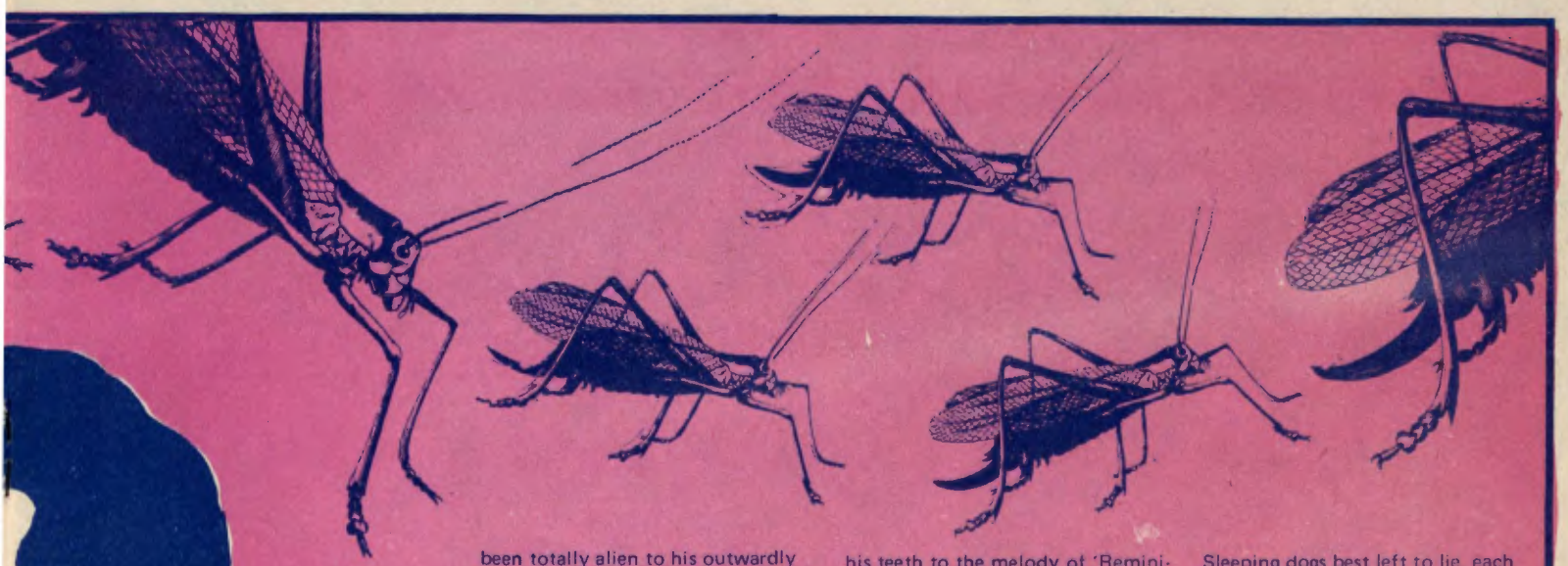
"Well . . . alright, well, alright,
We'll live and love with all our might
Well . . . alright, well, alright,
Our lifetime love will be alright.
Our lifetime love will be alright."

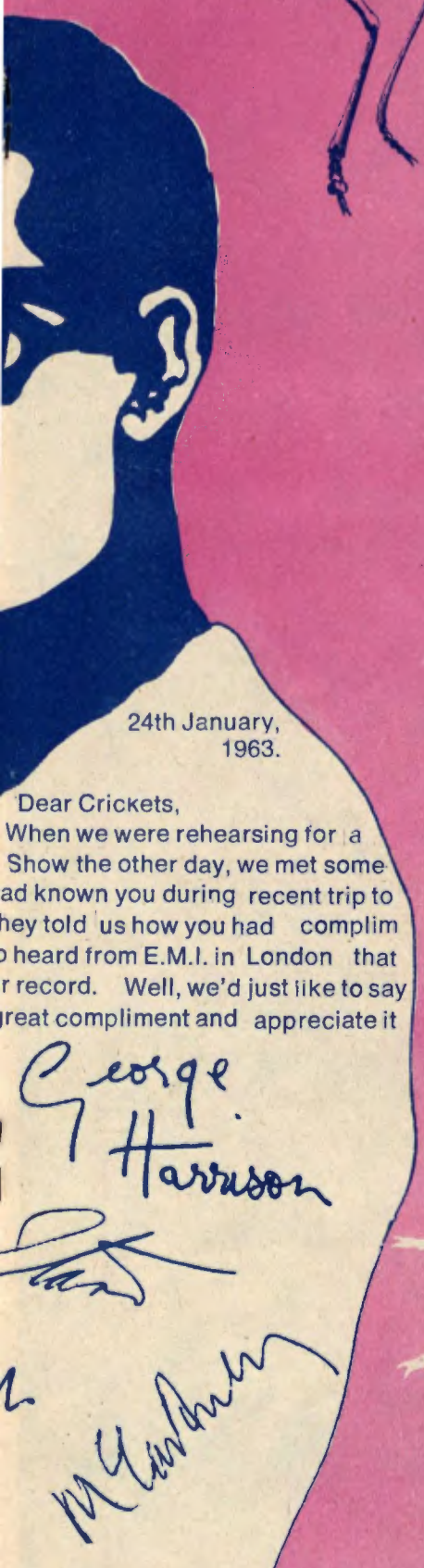
He did it. We did it. And it was.

Buddy Holly was clean cut, intellectual and anti-animalistic. If he was ever aware that he possessed a pelvic region, he kept that information quietly to himself – rotary connections were strictly the King's territory. In an era of Italian-Americano, handsome, darkeyed, greasy haired idols, Holly was the real (country) boy next door. Buddy would pose politely for photographers, never turned up late for performances and, worst of all, he was incapable of performing the upper lip, neo-Elvis sneer, (as perfected by Britain's Billy Fury), an almost essential prequisite for a male vocal artist rash enough to attempt his own version of **'Ready Teddy'**, **'Rip It Up'** or **'Blue Suede Shoes'** in 1958. My mother, perhaps not altogether surprisingly, approved of Buddy's wholesome qualities, while continuing to express her instinctive distaste for "Rick Nelson and the rest of those yobos . . .!" But even my healthy inclination to disagree, (as a point of honour), with almost any opinion expressed on any subject by either of my parents, was not enough to dissuade me from buying or stealing virtually everything recorded by Buddy and the Crickets, both before and after their productive partnership.

Musically, Holly was that peculiar and rarely combined phenomena, an original artist and composer. An artist and composer, moreover, swimming a lonely race in a turgid sea of Rydell, Anka and Fabian mediocrity. A sea in which strict musical conformity proved so often to be the only reliable compass for success. Those were the breast stroke days of the kings of payola, Dick Clark and Alan Freed; butterfly backcrawlers, talented or not, drowned in their thousands. Perhaps it was the combination of his talents which have assisted Peggy Sue's curious marriage to the Brown Eyed Handsome Man in weathering the ravages of more than a decade with such remarkable resilience. And providing one can learn to ignore the predictable (but understandable), production excesses of Norman Petty, Holly's music still makes it. It's influence on scores of both British and American rock bands would take pages to catalogue.

Possibly Mr. Warhol's predictions that in the future everybody will be famous for just fifteen minutes are correct, but music that has sustained an arrogant erection for over fourteen years, is surely something more than pop music. (Unlike Tony Palmer, I am making no claim that rock music can, or should, be catalogued with 'classical' music, only that rock music can be much, much, more than pop music). I think one could fairly argue that many of Buddy Holly's compositions have transcended themselves and their original purposes. They pointed so clearly into the country/harmony/but funk directions of Buffalo Springfield, Byrds, CSN et. al. that I feel one could apply the adjective 'prophetic', for once without embarrassment. An unconscious prophet is a prophet nonetheless. Holly was certainly unconscious – many would say to the point of naivety. The arrogance of so many of our avant-rock musicians (Zappa, Morrison, Kantner, Robert Fripp – to name but a few), would have





been totally alien to his outwardly unassuming personality. As Toulouse Lautrec was once reported to remark, "I paint posters, not works or Art." Holly would have identified with that.

Death is a remarkably permanent event, but I must admit to recurring, perhaps self-indulgent reflections over exactly what Holly might have had to offer today, at a time when progression is an artistically, musically and financially rewarding occupation. I might well be wrong, but it's my belief that Woodstock Nation is a poorer place for that early morning disaster on Feb. 3rd 1959, when a chartered Beechcraft Bonanza crashed five miles north of Mason City, Iowa. Holly's work was, of course, extremely popular during his short lifetime, but subsequent to his death, it's range of exposure and level of appreciation altered quite considerably. How much of this can be attributed to a genuine re-discovery of his music and how much to cult-mystique, is an open ended question. It would be interesting, for example, to observe public reaction to the work of, say, The Mothers, in the unfortunate event of Frank Zappa's demise. Without the photogenic Capt. Zap's bizarre, soft-sell but spectacularly successful PR techniques, I would be dubious of The Mothers matching Holly's durability in 1984. That's nothing against The Mothers. I have every one of their albums and enjoy their music immensely; I merely dispute their pose as conscious revolutionary musicians.

Of course, it's always a tempting, and in many ways a faintly illogical exercise, theorising and speculating over the wasted potential of a dead or retired artist in any field. But, bearing in mind the brevity of Holly's erratic recording career, and the relatively primitive studio conditions under which Petty and Holly were functioning, it's a fairly conceivable supposition that we've all been shortchanged. Excepting, need I add, for Mrs. Maria Elena Holly, whose nauseous liner notes and continuing 'messages' to ". . . Buddy's millions of fans . . ." on many of his posthumous releases, conflicts strangely with her praying mantis policy of making available (for re-dubbing) tapes she has one by one 'discovered' in her magic attic. Tapes of Buddy mumbling to himself in the bath, strumming his guitar and cleaning his teeth to the melody of 'Reminiscing'. Grief stricken widow she may well be, and with a stack of tear sodden sheets in the First National Bank of America to prove it.

Which brings us back to the restless locusts. Perhaps the kindest thing that can be said about **Rockin' 50's Rockn'Roll** is that it is professional. Nobody misses a note or a triplet, or gives any indication they have done so in the past dozen years. Sonny Curtis has a pleasant, if not an earth shatteringly distinctive voice, and Doug and Jerry stick pretty closely to the original script and vocal harmony. Tracks include many of yer family favourites: **That'll Be The Day, It's So Easy, Think It Over** and **Every Day.** As musicians the Crickets haven't moved noticeably in any direction. Wherever possible, they have marked time. Their blandness is vaguely reminiscent of the Fireballs, who re-dubbed a considerable number of Mrs. Holly's attic tapes in 1963, and who sounded themselves, remarkably similar to the original Crickets. Parts of this album remind me strongly of an EP I recall buying some eight or nine years ago featuring the Crickets backing Bobby Vee, himself a smarmy Xerox of what in Buddy Holly had been natural charm mixed with a dash of stick, and what in Vee amounted to 'Rubber Balls' of the patently manufactured variety.

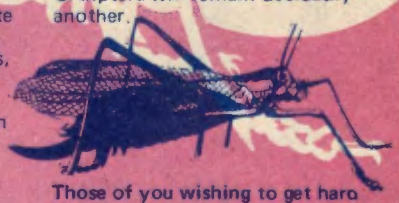
In fact, the only musical tribute to Holly which comes to my mind as at least an outwardly honest gesture, was made again in 1963, not by the Crickets backing anyone, but by a British singer Mike Berry. Mike, who even related his stage name to that of his hero (i.e. berries from the holly . . .ugggh) had a minor success in this country with his staggeringly original single 'Tribute to Buddy Holly'. Even as I strain to remember those echoing words, they bring a deja-vu lump to my throat. Certainly I can recollect crying unashamedly to the spoken chorus of this record in which Berry thundered:

". . . but his songs will always be remembered. Always. ALWAYS!"

They don't make literal laterals like that any more, thank Christ. Can you picture the 'Dead working out over Janis' departure, or Fat Mattress' 'Swan Song for Jimi'. Sleeping dogs best left to lie, each and every one.

Back to the album, and it's hard to understand a good many things about **Rockin' 50's Rockn'Roll**, not least why Delaney Bramlett, (who for Christ sake has already enough irons in enough fires to forge Thor's armour itself), agreed to produce a couple of the tracks. Old favours to old friends perhaps. But old favours are a bad basis for creative co-operation. (Screaming Lord Sutch's albums with his heavy friends being a sad case in point). The Crickets have their place in the history of Tex-Mex rock. They were all there. They did it. Their current compulsion to re-enact past glories with the leading man ten feet under or more smacks strongly of a retired military general manouevring empty wine glasses and table mats in an interminable demonstration to an uncomfortable dinner party of his former battle strategies to whip the Hun.

And another question: why have CBS (who you may remember, bring you the Sound Of The Seventies) seen fit to charge full price on an LP featuring only a disgusting 24 minutes of recorded sound. More like the Sound Of The '78's. This album could easily have been condensed into a maxi-single, and released at a quarter of the price. There are other, more trivial, complaints relating to this record. Questions of honesty which we will charitably put aside for the moment, bearing in mind those past contributions which we have already accorded to Doug, Jerry and Sonny, and that even a semi-retired rock and roll star has the rent to pay. The immortal Buddy Holly and the Crickets were one thing, but their bastard, ravenous cousins from the family Orthptera will remain decidedly another.



Those of you wishing to get hard into Holly's work has best seek out the series of six stereo processed companion albums released by MCA Records only a year or so ago in this country, which are still easily available. Be warned though, several of the liner notes are by Elena Holly.

MUSIC TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY

PEARL Janis Joplin *(CBS)*
DESERTSHORE Nico *(Warner Reprise)*

The late and totally beautiful Janis Joplin and the also beautiful and currently living Nico represent on the surface opposite poles of the spectrum of rock music. Nico with her recurrent death trip, her almost gothic style of singing, has little in common with Janis who lived life so fully that it finally took a revenge on someone who refused to accept its hangups with sufficient deference.

But as ladies in the rock world they have plenty in common. With almost no exceptions the lot of the various rock n roll women has been to deal with the downer side of life—the rule being proved by Grace Slick, but that's another story—rather than its happier aspects, and although stylistically Janis and Nico could hardly be further apart, it's far less a matter of what they're saying, far more how they choose to say it. Forget the cultural and environmental differences—the european/east coast sophistication of Nico against the raw Texas broad made good in freaking San Francisco—and you come down to the common bond that links the two: singing, in one way or the other, all about the fuckups, the hassles and the problems.

In three solo albums (for some obscure and absurd reason her second one 'Chelsea Girls' never went beyond the import shops) and the one that probably made her best known 'The Velvet Underground and Nico' Nico has changed little. 'I'll be your mirror' with the Underground could have fitted in on 'Desertshore', full of eerie pathos in its lyrics and overall through Nico's utterly unique voice. Much quieter and less musically freaky than her preceding albums, this one reminds you increasingly of medieval church music—maybe it's the harmonium, played by Nico, although all the other instruments but trumpet are the charge of John Cale (another veteran of the Velvets) who also arranged the album, as he did 'Marble Index'.

Nico will soon be appearing in a movie 'La Cicatrice Interieure' (roughly translated as the 'Scar Within') and two of the songs included here are from that score—'Abschied' and 'Mutterlein'. Judging by the music and Nico's voice, they're nothing to get too cheerful about, although German speakers may have better ideas. But the really strange track concludes side one: Le Petit Chevalier. Sung in the cracked falsetto of a small boy entertaining the family, Nico becomes 'Le petit chevalier; j'irai te visiter'. An odd track which only goes to reinforce the medieval european feeling that pervades the whole album. Nico's days with the Velvets and Chelsea Girls are what happens to Europe when it goes to New York and gets stoned; 'Desertshore' has one difference—this time she didn't bother to go to New York.

'Pearl' was the name Janis took for and was given by her friends, and 'Pearl' is an apt title for her final album. It may not reach the incr edible heights of 'Cheap Thrills' but if this is how people remember Janis, then no-one should need complain. The over-orchestrated near night club singing of 'Kozmic Blues' has mercifully been left well behind—all that brass was really screwing things up—and Janis has returned with her new band to the sort of style that made her earlier material so great. The Full Tilt Boogie Band were pretty well slated by rock afficianados, certainly when Janis was alive and various not too happy gigs were being played last summer, and sure enough they haven't captured the real raunchiness (for once it *is* the right word) and spontaneity of Big Brother and the Holding Company, whose own new album is something else to hear. Compared with the depressing selection of music against which Janis fought a losing battle on 'Kozmic Blues', Full Tilt have things well together, if a little too restrained.

Though Janis herself is rather more restrained than in earlier days. The gushing emotion of every track on 'Cheap Thrills' which made it so powerful an album has been toned down, but so that it's altered rather than just rejected and replaced. The topics of her songs are much the same' 'A Woman Left Lonely', 'Buried Alive in the Blues', 'Trust Me' and 'Get It While You Can'—the stock hopes and fears that comprise the blues, but repetition does them no harm.

'Desertshore' and 'Pearl' differ more in their lyrics than in their ideas. Janis would sound as strange calling on Nico's 'Janitor of Lunacy' to 'paralyse my infancy, petrify the empty cradle' as Nico would if she ever admitted 'Who cares, baby, 'cos we may not be here tomorrow, so I say, get it while you can'; but in the end it still comes down to two ladies choosing their different ways of telling us how they find it. Nico lives on and flourishes; Janis, thanks to this album, does too. And for those who'd like one more epitaph for her, here's one from her own lyrics, on her unaccompanied track on 'Pearl':

'O Lord, won't ya buy me a
nite on the town,
I'm countin' on ya lord, now
don't let me down.
Prove that ya love me, and buy
the next round . . .'

Jonathon Green

CHRISTMAS AND THE BEADS OF SWEAT
Laura Nyro
(CBS)

Laura Nyro was fat, ugly, and 18 years old when she made her first album for Verve in 1966, now re-released on the same label as First Songs. She appeared at the Monterey Pop Festival as a result of the people's response to this badly produced but nevertheless exemplary album, but she bombed heavily and decided to call it a day for a while. Then, slimmer and prettier, CBS signed her on and Eli and the Thirteenth Confession came out. She became a star over-night, as they say, and I, for one, idolize that star. Eli is nothing less than unequivocably brilliant if it turns you on; if it doesn't then nothing she has produced since will either. (I hope I'm wrong).

Nyro is a romantic; her songs are throbs from the throat and heart and New York. Her music is white soul, nothing like the Apollo Theatre, yet everything like funky blues. She and her music are emotional, her themes always either love, death, dope and hope put together with just a very solitary piano or a very orchestrated big-band arrangement. Christmas and the Beads of Sweat is not a new Nyro, just the same excellent Nyro. Her voice still mind-fucks, her words still cause a rainy day in the park transcedence and she is still the woman whose manifestation is that thing we feel when we are very conscious of being very lonely.

Perhaps a change from Eli and her third album New York Tendaberry would have pleased some people who might want more from this already mighty lady. But Christmas is distinctively the same girl for the same fans who like what other people call love-slush. It's an immediate addition to the collection but if you don't have one, give it a hearing and I hope you understand the joy of having an artist like this around.

Stanislav Demidjuk

THE WORST OF JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
Jefferson Airplane *(RCA Victor)*

Back in the balmy days of spring '67, when 'underground' meant the Tottenham Court Road Blarney Club on Friday nights (and funny looks in the Tube afterwards), when you had to search the Elektra catalogue for anything by a West Coast group and, incidentally, before the dirty raincoat brigade had started to read *OZ*, Jefferson Airplane were already an established name in the States. Our first chance to hear them came with the release of *Surrealistic Pillow*, the band's second album which turned out to be a pleasant but rather disappointing experience if you were into groups like the Floyd, Soft Machine, Social Deviants or even Tomorrow. Recent live appearances and their *Bless Its Little Pointed Head* album have now shown that the Airplane can out-jam practically anyone. But four years ago the cloying sweetness and uplifting harmonies of songs like *My Best Friend* and *Today* just seemed pretty spineless in comparison with what British groups were doing. And since RCA saw fit to chop *White Rabbit* and *Plastic Fantastic Lover* from the British release of *Surrealistic Pillow* too few of us ever realised the bands real potential.

Now the release of the retrospective *The Worst* gives us all a chance to catch up—and, in my case, to recognise what a fine band the Airplane have been all along. It includes two tracks from their first album, *Jefferson Airplane Takes Off*, which has never been released in this country, four from *Surrealistic Pillow* and three from each of their more recent albums. Compiled in chronological order, the collection charts the band's progression from the mawkish *It's no Secret* and their early chart success *Somebody to Love*, through the hard acid rock phase of *Ballad of You and Me and Pooneil* to the first stirrings of political committment in *Crown of Creation* and *Lather*.

The band is at its peak with the live version of *Plastic Fantastic Lover* and the three tracks from *Volunteers*. Here they drop the heavy feedback and stereo effects which characterised the *Bathing at Baxters* and *Crown of Creation* albums and finally get down to the hard, driving rock music they seem to have been shying away from for so long. And the addition of Nicky Hopkins, Steve Stills and Jerry Garcia to the basic Kaukonen/Casady/Dryden makes for some very fine playing indeed. Lyrically the *Volunteers* album is a breakthrough, too—*We can be Together* and *Volunteers* may not square up too well with Grace Slick's haughty carrying-on on stage, but that's her hang-up.

At the full LP price, though, *The Worst* is an expensive piece of nostalgia—its basically a sampler album of old singles and LP tracks and, inevitably, in places the recording quality gets pretty thin. I sometimes wish that the "music for the people at prices the people can afford" philosophy had got through to record company marketing executives. Or maybe its just that the Airplane starship is running short of fuel.

Jim Talbot

THE YES ALBUM
Yes *(Atlantic)*

Yes? Maybe.

Charles Shaar Murray

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PALADIN

A DEAFENING OF PROFITS

Exploitation by Robin Jenkins. Published by MacGibbon & Kee £2.00

The Enemy by Felix Greene. Published by Jonathan Cape £2.40

There is a deafening of prophets. I know: I'm one of them, and who listened to me? The common note of all the prophets anyone could take seriously is what might be called opti-pessimism. It says: under the capitalist system things are getting worse, *but* that system is digging its own grave, so it'll all be all right in the end because *socialism* will step forth, and the new era dawn. That is what Marx said, though of course history doesn't just happen. It has to be made, which involves the revolution of the oppressed. Now it's very significant that anyone who takes a long and serious look at the present world/setup emerges saying that capitalism stinks, that it can't go on and shouldn't be allowed to, and that socialism is the only thing that can save mankind. This is what Robin Jenkins says in *Exploitation*, and also Felix Greene in *The Enemy*. Let's take for granted that socialism is preferable to capitalism, for no one amongst us could argue that inequality is better than equality. I want to ask: how can we be sure that capitalism is digging its own grave? Will socialism be ready to step in and take over? And is it helpful to be told over and over again that this is what *should* happen, without telling us *how*?

Both Robin Jenkins and Felix Greene have written solid works whose first aim was to summarize their understanding of the world. Jenkins opens with "At an abstract level, this essay is autobiographical", and Greene with "I started writing this book primarily for myself". It is good that such meticulous research, in both cases, should reveal the capitalist system to be so rotten, inhuman, and intolerable. The basis of this system rests on the rich, capitalist countries exploiting the poor countries by deliberately keeping them in a state of underdevelopment. While the USA—which, with 6% of the world's population, owns *over half* of the world's realized wealth—claims that it is pouring money into what it calls the "developing nations", all it does is cream off the profits of the industries it supports. It is the old gangster ethic: they offer you money when you have none, and as soon as you start to make it they take it off you. If you make a fuss, they send in the heavies.

Russian is no better, for she has kept her East European satellites in a state of underdevelopment since the end of the Second World War. Even now she is going along the road to state capitalism, which means a system of inequality run from the centre. And both Russia and America prop up dictatorships in all parts of the world. Everyone knows, or should by now, that the poverty and inequality that exists in our own, rich countries is repeated on a global scale. The rich nations are getting richer, and the poor nations poorer. What is happening to England under the Tories—and what happened under Labour, after all—is a small-scale model of world development.

A scandal? And I'm not being flip about it. The point is: once we know these facts, what are we going to do about them?

Greene and Jenkins, echoing a thousand others, say that the capitalist system must be overturned. Greene candidly admits that he doesn't know quite how to achieve this yet, but he's still on the "before we have the right answers we must ask the right questions" kick. There are a million proliferating groups ready with answers. All of them are based on two assumptions which seem to me dangerously romantic: first, that the system will continue to deteriorate, making its overthrow a matter of time; second, that the mass of people, unable to stand the misery of inequality any longer, will rise up and do their thing. There are two fundamental reasons why these assumptions are romantic. The first is that all prophecies about the end of capitalism, since Marx, have been wrong. The second is that every model of alternative societies is inadequate.

Karl Marx was a great economic historian, but he was way off as a prophet. He said revolution would start in Western Europe, and was wrong. He said capitalism would dig its own grave, and it shows no sign of doing so. All of which would be forgivable if every word he wrote weren't taken as gospel. Just as Freud, or Einstein, are now beginning to be seen as great men of *their* time, but not necessarily our own, so Marx ought to be treated as an historian, and not as prophet. After all, he said himself he was no Marxist.

The Great Depression of 1929 was said to herald the end of capitalism, but as Roosevelt pointed out, it was his Administration "which saved the system of private profit and free enterprise after it had been dragged to the brink of ruin" (quoted by Greene). The end of the Second World War was going to usher in a new age, yet never has capitalism flourished as strongly as in the Western countries that defeated the fascists. Undoubtedly things are getting worse. Unemployment is going up along with inflation. The quality of goods, and of everyday life in general, is declining as steadily as the purchasing power of money. Overproduction is hurting the economy as surely as it is literally killing the environment. The number of poor and disaffected grows daily.

But while the unrelenting chase after profits undoubtedly narrows the view of the capitalists, it doesn't altogether blind them. They are not *that* stupid. They are joining in the fight against pollution. They are trying to coopt the young, bribe the blacks, and buy off the poor. Most important, they are gradually beginning to invest in nationalism in the countries they exploit. Soon American money will be supporting Left-wing governments, because they are the ones that will guarantee stability. And these governments won't be able to do without American money, just as American money has to find its outlets in the "underdeveloped" world.

But, it will be said, what about the coming recession? How can any capitalist country hope to survive an economic crash that might make 1929 look like a minor setback? My answer is that it will, because capitalism will develop new models—nationalistic ones, perhaps—and because the alternatives are unthinkable to the vast majority.

The vast majority of those over thirty, who make the machinery of capitalism go, look at the models of socialist societies in the "other half" of the world, and rightly reject them. Rightly, because they are irrelevant to their experience and ambitions. Even the poor and the black and the unemployed do not want to be Cubans or Russians or Chinese.

The vast majority of those *under* thirty cannot agree on any vision, and would be scared shitless if the revolution happened tomorrow. Not because it wouldn't be great, but because *someone* would have to keep things running, and who is there to trust amongst all us radicals? Some in the underground have tried out for themselves new models of the alternative society, but no one would pretend either that they lived up to their pretentions, or that they were attractive to a majority. That is not to put them down: in *The Limits of Protest* I advocated communes as a base for action, but to be honest there's no commune I'd like to live in. It seems to me we have to be prepared for this system to survive, and even flourish. Which means different tactics.

Let's abolish all our assumptions about the Inevitability of History. Let's not assume that capitalism will collapse like the walls of Jericho just because we go marching and chanting around them. Let us, on the contrary, assume that the system will go on pulling new tricks out of the bag that will keep an awful lot of people satisfied. There are then three possibilities.

The first is to educate and persuade tomorrow's majority, not today's. That is, the kids. More of us should teach. More of us should realize that kids are naturally revolutionary, that school is what educates this out of them that it can be put back if anyone cares to try. And as true education is an *exchange* of information, not just a one-way flow, we could learn something too. The capitalist system nobbles people once it hooks them into the money economy. The place to start offering alternatives is before they are hooked, not after. That's the first possibility.

The second is to develop models of an alternative society that actually work. This is what the underground's about, but it hasn't gone nearly far enough. There's Release, Advise, BIT, the underground press—but it's all too precarious to persuade the uncommitted. We used to say proudly that we didn't have to have *plans* for the future: our first task was to destroy the present. But we haven't destroyed the present —at times, on the contrary, it seems about to destroy us—so maybe we should now start developing a plan or two, with details. If a commune is to act as a base, it has to define its relations with the straight community, it has to work out how it is going to support and defend itself, and who it is going to let in. It has to decide its attitude to strangers, and how it will set about spreading the word. And whatever the word is, the effects it will have on the uncommitted must also be considered. For too long the alternative culture has relied on the future revealing itself in some mysterious way. But unless we can plan for that future, and know exactly what to expect, it'll turn out to be Dracula. And then no one'll have the garlic ready, or whatever it is that wards off vampires.

The third possibility is the easiest to dismiss as defeatist, but if we also proclaim the End of Dogma, I'll risk it. It is to make as good a life as possible for those we love. Counter-revolutionary, I know. But it's something to fall back on if all else fails. Is it so terrible when that's what most people try and do anyway? Even those American radicals who have declared their battle lost for the moment, and who are coming to Europe for a breathing-space?

There was a time when diagnosis was more important than cure. But now we have a surfeit of diagnosticians (including Robin Jenkins, and Felix Greene). We know the patient is sick. But it's no use comforting ourselves with the thought he's going to die and leave us all his money. On the contrary, his breathings getting hotter all the time.

Peter Buckman

SOUL ON ACID

Leary in Algiers

Michael Zwerin

"To all those who look to Timothy Leary for inspiration, we want to say 'Your God is dead,' because his mind has been blown, blown by acid . . ."
—Eldridge Cleaver

Don't believe it. Although I'm no psychiatrist, Leary's mind strikes me as far from blown. I've seen enough blown minds to know where blown is at. What's more, I don't think Cleaver believes it either.

Let's run it down from the top. The Learys were not at the airport as they'd promised, not did they answer their phone. Took a taxi, rang their bell, nobody home. Checked my bags with the concierge and pinned a note to the door: ". . . taking a promenade. Back in an hour . . ."
An hour later, another note was pinned where mine had been: "Call 78-21-05 and identify yourself." Because I thought the note was Leary being funny, I dreamt up some funny identities—not realizing it was actually serious Cleaver—finally hitting on "The Fox", after our mutual friend Maynard Ferguson who used to be known that way around Birdland.
"Hello, is Tim there?"
"Timothy Leary?" An Afro-American accent.
"That's right."
"I'm sorry, he's occupied at the moment. Who's this?"
"Identified myself for real, no Fox, no place for jokes. "I got a message to call this number. Leary invited me to stay with him and . . ."
"You'll have to find a hotel."
Looked at my watch , approaching midnight: "Hey . . . tell Leary I'll sleep by his door until he gets home."
"No . . . no. Just a minute . . ."
The voice checked something out. ". . . I doubt very much whether Mr. Leary will be home tonight. I'll help you find a hotel."
Ten minutes later, a tall black man with a fringe beard pulled up in a Renault sedan. He drove me fast through the town, deserted at this hour, twisting and turning through narrow side streets, blinking yellow lights. He double-parked by a down-town hotel, made sure the price was right, and helped me register in French. No questions asked, no explanations given. I'd get a call in the morning, he said.
Seven thirty . . . "Hello, this is the fellow that picked you up yesterday. If you can get ready right away, I'll take you to Leary." First we collected my bags from Leary's concierge. He helped me carry them . . . I was travelling heavier than usual as a result of a shopping list the Learys had mailed to London . . . A Black Panther temporarily assumes the role of white man's porter. I thanked him, perhaps too profusely, as much for the demonstration of liberation as for the help.
We drove up hills, discussing exile. A small boy crossed in front of us on a narrow street. The Panther shouted something at him in Arabic. The boy turned and they smiled at each other, waving. Just around the corner, we parked by a handsome two-story white villa with a bronze plaque on the gate: "Black Panther Party-Intercommunal Section."
A familiar face at the top of the stairs, looking me over, beardless and barbered. We shook hands. I introduced myself . . . no need to reciprocate . . . Eldridge Cleaver. Businesslike: "Do you know Leary?"
"No. Rosemary . . ." From another life, with other mates. She was a stewardess for National Airlines, I was in the steel business . . . and Timothy Leary, the West Point dropout, still had tenure at Harvard, and Cleaver was in jail.
"Would she recognize you?"
"Sure."
"Did you bring gifts for them?"
"Yes." I pointed to my largest bag.
"Just lay them all out there on the couch."
Not unexpected. I'd heard about Panther Customs, usually involves a body search and photographs as well. You are guilty in this embassy until proven innocent. Considering Bobby Hutton, Fred Hampton, and all the others offed by people of my complex ion, who can object? He doesn't know who the hell I am, whether I am who I say I am. Cleaver turned to me: "Do you have any dope or weapons?"
"No."
He looked hard at me, and decided to leave it. "Okay. Just wait a few minutes and we'll take you to Leary."
A fierce looking black cat named DC—who, when he smiles, reveals a nature not quite as fierce as he might like to project—drove me wildly, honking—fiercely—down the hill. DC bears the title of Field Marshal. He is wanted on capital charges in America. DC did not help me with my bags. We parked by a six-story apartment house on a busy street and walked up two flights. Two locks unbolted from inside. It was now 9 a.m. A sullen black face appeared as the door opened a crack. We were let in. A bourgeois apartment. I followed DC through a dining alcove and then, on some mattresses in the adjoining salon, I recognized a haggard couple as Timothy and Rosemary Leary.
. . . Just awake, dazed, Tim aged by a two-day grey stubble, Rosemary needs vitamins and a couple of steaks. "Far out!" she said.
I wondered what was so far out since we'd talked twice by long distance, and had exchanged letters only last week. "What's going on?" "We've been kidnapped by the Panthers," Rosemary whispered.

. . . On January 9, I issued an order to take Timothy and Rosemary Leary from their apartment to another location and to confine them there until further notice . . . On January 9, we busted Timothy Leary . . .

"Yeah," Tim echoed, "and now, presumably, so have you." Their eyes were wild with paranoia, with fear "We thought you'd been turned back at the airport," Rosemary said.
"We sure are glad to see you . . ." Timothy turned to Rosemary, and touched her neck. ". . . Aren't we, my beloved?"
Tim stopped DC on the way out. "Would you tell Eldridge that we want to talk to him?"
"When the time comes. It's not time for that yet," DC scowled.
Tim eyed Rosemary meaningfully, and then turned to me with a big smile and a hug. We soon settled down into chat about mutual friends, gossip which continued most of the day. Again and again, we marveled at the overlapping circles of our experience . . . exclaiming "Ralph Busch?! How do *you* know Ralph Busch?", stuff like that. Watching the two somber Panthers sitting in the next room, it occurred to me that in this "jail", the prisoners were having more fun than the guards.
One guard picked his way through a pile of Black Panther newspapers, the other read from Mao. They barely talked and must have resented our laughter. I used the word "jail" because that is how the Learys referred to this place. It was actually quite pleasant, with balconies and comfortable cushions, if you ignored the fact that the door was locked from the outside. That is, however, a good definition of jail, and we had to ask permission to go to the toilet, to the kitchen for coffee, or to open a window.
The Learys asked if I'd read "The Magus", and marveled at its bearing on the situation, which they kept referring to as "Kafkaesque". "We don't know what we're charged with. Eldridge won't even talk to us. In fact we haven't had a real exchange of ideas in the four months since we arrived here . . "

They landed in Paris last fall with valid phony passports and money, thinking about buying a car and touring Europe for a holiday before surfacing. Tim decided to suss-out Algiers first, to make a fast round trip, a kind of reconnoiter. "Mr. McNellis" landed his bald head in Algiers, checked into a businessman's hotel, found the Panther number from information, and took a taxi. Cleaver welcomed him warmly, not too surprised because the Weathermen had sent word.
According to Tim, Cleaver then began talking about all they could accomplish together, of the political possibilities of their alliance, uniting the counter-culture and so on. Tim called Rosemary in Paris and she too flew down.
For three months they had a kind of second honeymoon in a small hotel by the beach, 15 kilometres from town. It was good to be alone together, after years of public life, and seven months in jail. All was well . . . high on sunshine, Tim writing a book, acquiring new friends, loving each other. They bought a flat in a residential tower and were excited about their first dinner party, planning it, preparing it, before four Panthers invaded and took them to where we now were.
At 6.30 p.m. the phone rang. I was beckoned to it. "Hello, this is Eldridge. I suppose there are a lot of questions in your mind about all this."
"Yes, there are."
"Well, just don't draw any conclusions until we have a chance to talk."
"Okay. How about tonight?"
"No. I don't think so."
"Tomorrow morning then?"
"We'll see. Look, you're free to come and go as you please, but once you leave you'll have to come up to the embassy before returning. Otherwise you won't be let in. That's procedure."
"I can come back whenever I want?"
"As long as you come to the embassy first."
"Can I stay the night?"
"That's all right."
I told the Learys about the phone conversation, that it had encouraged me. "You don't understand," Rosemary said. "They've threatened to off us. They said they have jail facilities in Algeria, and that they can do anything they want in them—*any*thing."
In terms of Cleaver's manner, it was very hard for me to believe. I decided not to draw conclusions. We fell into a short silence.
"Whatever happened to Amelia Earhart?" Timothy laughed.
"You may have saved our lives," Rosemary said, seriously. "They won't do anything as long as you're here." She listed people I should contact from outside . . . lawyers in America, Algerian government officials and journalists, radical friends, Huey Newton himself. They could not believe this sort of thing could be Panther policy. The message was "HELP!"
"Don't worry," I promised, "I won't leave Algeria until I'm sure you're safe."
Sighing with relief, Rosemary chanted: "OMMmmm . . ."
"It's really ironic . . ." When Tim's creased face cracks into a smile it's as though the earth itself is cracking, and his eyes look straight at you like two warm craters. ". . . We saw ourselves as historic figures, as the first white Americans to seek the protection of the first black American government in exile. And now we have become the first whites to be busted by that black government. Dig it? It's far out."

I lay down on the floor and slept through mid-morning. Awakening, surprised to see how late it was, it hit me that I'd enjoyed one of my best nights' sleep in months in the custody and company of a bunch of felons, hijackers, bail-jumpers, armed terrorists, dope fiends, and alleged murderers. That is the way our country sees them. Their "crimes" are products of a criminal System we all reject. Whether or not they reciprocate, I feel myself their brother, and I was comfortable among them. I'll take a

revolutionary bust anytime.
However I am at least physically free . . . the only person on the entire scene with a more or less unencumbered passport, and I could afford to rate busts intellectually. Timothy and Rosemary, on the other hand, have no valid travel documents or papers of any kind. What country, as countries now go, would welcome Timothy Leary? If you can judge a man from the quality of his enemies, Dr. Leary is a great man, a man ahead of his time, a man for future countries, other planets.
"Would you go to another planet?" Rosemary asked.
"Of course. In a minute. But not without you, dear, I wouldn't go without you." He smiled at her, I thought of a verse:

They are one person
They are two alone
They are three together
They are for each other

—Crosby, Stills, and Nash

They cough at the same time, dream the same dreams, move at the same speed, kiss continually. They are both fugitives from what amounts to life sentences. Tugging ferociously on an unfiltered Gauloise, Tim began drafting a letter to Cleaver . . . a strong letter, perhaps a bit pompous, a proud letter, tortured, a kind of tantrum. It included a deadline: "If you refuse to talk to us today (16 weeks after our arrival in Algeria and after four days of captivity) and if Michael Zwerin does not witness our release by 4 p.m. today, we have asked him, as friend and ally, to contact the following people . . ."
I delivered the four-page letter to the Panther embassy. As Cleaver finished reading each page, he passed it over to DC. Sounds, as usual, were coming from their speakers. The Stones. Watching Cleaver's negative reaction, I felt the appropriateness of "2000 light years from home . . ."
DC finished reading: "Leary ought to have his ass kicked for this letter." I wondered about Leary's fate, should Cleaver leave.
"He doesn't realize how serious his position is, you see . . ." Cleaver coughs between words, thinking. ". . . Whether he appreciates it or not, we are protecting him, and we are the *only* protection he's got. He may consider himself in jail, but all we're trying to do is keep him from going to jail back in Babylon. His position in Algiers is far from secure . . ."
American business interests are pressuring the Algerian government, which desperately wants dollars, to cease granting refuge for American political exiles. The Algerians are doing an impressive balancing act, between the Chinese, Russians, Americans, and liberation movements from Brazil, Angola, Ethiopia, the Canary Islands, and such exotic places as Babylon itself. Although the Panthers are well-treated, even encouraged—they have been given their embassy rent-free—one can easily imagine reactionary pressure from within the bureaucracy. Particularly against Leary. Former freedom fighters are in jail for dope smoking. Women are terribly repressed. Workers work harder than ever and remain poor. Students are unhappy. Foreigners you meet have pseudonyms and false passports or none. You watch your step in this Third World power.

". . . We must put security before everything." Cleaver coughed. "Timothy doesn't seem to realize how vulnerable he is, or we are. We hope this bust will teach him a lesson. We wanted to scare some sense into him . . ." The Learys had been seeing "uncool" people, spreading counter-revolutionary vibes, jeopardizing the Panther scene by laboring under the impression that they were free at last. ". . . Two Algerian high school kids were busted for LSD and hashish a few weeks ago. Even though Timothy had absolutely nothing to do with it, things like this can cause trouble. One thing going wrong could blow everything. We had to use a good deal of political capital to keep Timothy here, and we're not abandoning him now. We're behind him. We're prepared to go down with Timothy. But we don't want to go down for some jive reason . . ." We sat silent. He lit a Winston.
"Should I write about all this?"
"Sure. I don't mind, as long as you're objective and honest. We may have to answer it with a statement of policy about our position on the question of guns versus dope."
I found a hotel and was back at Panther headquarters by 4.
Waiting in the reception room, I could hear a taped voice coming from the back. Cleaver's voice.
". . . We would like to set forth our position on the drug culture in the United States, and how it relates to the revolutionary struggle . . . A couple of months ago, we talked to Dr. Leary about how to integrate his activities with ours here in Algeria. Leary said he thought he should be presented as the Aristotle or Socrates, or the Sartre of the American revolution. This typified how Dr. Leary has tried to relate ot us, that he sees himself as a high priest, a secular God around whom the revolution in the United States revolves. . . . I've come to the conclusion that Dr. Leary is irrevocably wedded to LSD, that he would rather die than give up the idea of converting American society by dosing everybody with LSD. We cannot endorse this . . . We need people with clear heads . . . we do not advocate any revolutionary activity while high on anything . . . we want people to sober-up and get down to the business of destroying the Babylonian empire . . . Essentially, Leary is apolitical, opportunist, and there is a great strain of racism in him . . . There seems to me to be something very wrong with Leary's brain. I attribute this to the uncountable number of acid trips he has taken . . ."

Any reasonably perceptive and intelligent person spending any time with Timothy Leary must recognize he is dealing not only with a clear head, but with a remarkable one, a mind far ahead of its time, conceiving revolutions which are revolutionary to revolutionaries. Since Eldridge Cleaver is more than only reasonably intelligent and perceptive, I assume he knows better. There are several explanations.
One I choose to reject, the old Stalinist power ploy—witness General Grigorenko—of discrediting the competition by treating it as insane. Ironically, if this were true, Cleaver and Nixon would have the same objective, a discredited Timothy Leary. But Cleaver is no Stalinist, and besides he clearly *likes* Leary.
Perhaps there has been a split in Panther leadership, and Cleaver felt the need to solidify his own position at Leary's expense. Or it could simply be what Cleaver said it was, a way to bring a wild, unruly, but extremely talented brother back in line. For the good of the family.
It's a matter of two basic rights. For Leary, external revolution has no chance until internal revolution has been accomplished. Otherwise we only get new jailers. He would like to convince Cleaver of that. But for the time being Cleaver must be occupied with getting The Man's foot out of his ass.

Leary has apologized to Cleaver, and has since recognized that many of his charges have validity. Leary is so beautifully freaked-out, bless him. I mean, he wants to *laugh*; that to him is revolutionary. But you can understand how the Politics of Ecstasy could seem irrelevant to someone with life and death business to deal with.
The Panthers are a going concern. They have an office and they work hard. (Kathleen Cleaver was typing and answering phones every time I went to the embassy.) The work is urgent. Any delay means just that many more brothers being messed with. Cleaver wants Leary to help them to harness himself, for a while. Although you might quarrel with Cleaver's methods, it's not really toomuch to ask.
Here are two revolutionary leaders, physically removed from their revolutions, engaged in a marathon game of three-dimensional chess. Exiles need all the games they can get, and championship class players are hard to find. They are, in their way, enjoying the game. Leary may have lost a castle, and his board position isn't so hot, but he's a resourceful player and it's an early gambit.

. . . Timothy and Rosemary Leary will be liberated tomorrow. They will be back in their own apartment tomorrow . . .

The Learys are back home, in the company of M., an Algerian girl who reports on their behavior to Eldridge Cleaver each night . . . a sort of soft parole.
Timothy Leary is dancing around his sunny studio, shaking himself to "Deja Vu". Not one single care in the Third World, waving his arms in the air, swinging, looking 10 years younger than the haggard jailbird I found on arrival 5 days ago. A 50-year old West Point drop-out, a leprecaun, a pedant turned pied piper wanted for leading clean townie kids out of the business district, a serious count, a fugitive in almost any civilized country you can name . . . and he's dancing, free, he actually thinks he's free.

We are about to hear a revolutionary philosophy of revolution . . . taping on the floor, surrounded by charts, tea cups and cigarette ends . . . a philosophy as futuristic as some structural system by Buckminster Fuller, the technology for which has not yet been devised. It goes like this.

"For the first time in history, man has the tools to liberate himself internally. And I say you have to free yourself internally before you attempt to free yourself behaviorly. This is what I've said to Eldridge many times . . . If you aren't free internally, then your external behavior — although it may be in the name of liberation — is really reactionary. Ninety-nine percent of the repressions in history have come from armed liberators. Hitler was liberating the European people from the Jews, Stalin had to reppress the Russian people to protect them from the wicked capitalists, and everybody knows we're killing the Vietnamese people for their own good."

"And I say there are 7 internal liberations. If a person is emotionally blocked, psychoanalysis tries to help him with word games. But the direct way to change your emotions is to learn how to use drugs which can move them on or off. If someone is terribly anxious, it means that their worry juice is flowing too strong. Once that happens, you begin to feel anxious, you begin to act anxious, you begin to create anxiety around you, which makes you even more anxious. Bad vibes. So what does a doctor do? He prescribes tranquilizers. Tranquilizers are a way of controlling emotions. And there's a well-known drug which stimulates emotions . . . booze. It's well known at the office Christmas party that the shy secretary emerges as a sex bomb and the bullying boss suddenly breaks into tears.
"Now, since emotional feelings are caused by chemicals, obviously the most direct way to turn-off undesirable or negative emotions is through a chemical that will suppress it. Most psychoanalists will say that this is the wrong thing to do because it doesn't solve the original problem, that it solves the symptom not the disease. I take a different view. I think that once man learns he can move his emotions around at will, then he will have complete control over his emotions, his emotions will be liberated through chemicals. An example of this is, if I want to express irritation with someone, I sometimes will deliberately take a few drinks because it becomes a lot easier. I don't recommend this as a consistant policy, however . . ."

". . . Now, there are both internal and external liberations, and their corresponding repressions. You can liberate your sense organs, your emotions, or you can talk about the visible, or external, control of them. For example, if a government passes a law against marijuana, they are taking an action which controls and oppresses the sensual level of the people in that country. Or a country that encourages the use of alcohol is in the behavioral sense liberating that level of consciousness. I might say that in jail the only drugs available were tobacco and caffeine, not exactly exhilerating drugs . . ."

Tim's energy juice is flowing.
" . . . A few days ago when I said that Rosemary and I are free, you said it could be argued that we are not. Well, there are 7 levels of freedom, both internal and external freedom, and internally we think we're free. We have learned how to move our nervous systems around so that we can liberate ourselves from any internal reppressions although, it is true, we are not behaviorly free. This is a chart which lists the 7 levels of internal liberation . . . " The chart is 9 columns wide, too wide for this column, and in-depth explanation would be tedious. I'll only list examples.

The Seven Internal (Invisible) Revolutions and Repressions.
Neurological Freedom. Liberating Slogan, "Blow your mind."
Enslaving Motto, "You are crazy."
Spiritual Freedom. LS, "Turn on." EM, "You are bad."
Sexual Freedom. LS, "Tune in". EM, "You are sexually queer."
Cultural Freedom. LS, "Drop out." (of involuntary social structures). EM, "You are a freak."
Economic Freedom. LS, "You get what you barter for." EM, "You are worthless."
Political Freedom. LS, "Piece of Mind." EM "You are in danger of death." Yesterday, Cleaver used every enslaving motto except sexual against Leary. It's an old game, you see, I wonder if Cleaver digs how old that game is, how *white* the rules. Of course it's all true . . . Leary *is* in danger, powerless, structurally worthless, certainly a freak, socially bad and, by standard view, crazy. If everybody were as crazy as Timothy Leary, there would be no need for proud, intelligent, sensitive people like Eldridge Cleaver to turn into "hard, cold, calculating revolutionaries." But the world is "sane" and there *is* a need for Eldridge Cleaver and what he wants from Leary is perfectly reasonable considering Cleaver's struggle, although you could quarrel with his methods.
It's a cul-de-sac. When Cleaver first explained his position to me, what he wanted from Tim and Rosemary, I became frightened for them. I advised compromise, which is what I would do in their spot, what most of us would do. Lay low. Cool it. Hedge your convictions. Tom if you have to. It's the way we survive. In the middle of my message, Rosemary accused me of "lecturing", and once more I felt like the messenger about to be beheaded for carrying bad news. I was hurt, misunderstood, with only the best interests of my "clients" at heart.
Later, considering it, she was right . . . I *was* lecturing. They are not frightened. They have "Piece of Mind", the knowledge that they can defend themselves if they have to . . . , a gun in the head, a gun with which to "Aim for life." Now I can see it, as I can see, in perspective, many other things Leary has taught me. Not facts, clues about living, things I have learned without even realizing the process was going on. But when I remember the tone of Rosemary's voice . . . "Stop lecturing us!" I hear condescension. What nerve! There is some of the . . . Mr. and Mrs. High Priest. Their "we" comes out somehow not just your everyday run-of-the-mill collective. It is the two of us together way up here, enlightened, follow "us" and ye shall find Eden. These Gods are vulnerable, however, running out of behavioral options, having painted themselves into a day-glo corner.
You'd think Tim didn't have a trouble in the world, in the cafe, sitting with two hippies for all you'd know like Sausalito, joking with the waiter in primitive French. The waiter laughs, just another affluent American big-tipper, like the group of tourists walking by. The tourists are in for the day, their cruise ship having just docked. They are dentists from Westchester. One of them, seeing a gray haired man sitting with two hippies in an Algerian cafe, comes to the obvious conclusion. "Can I have your autograph, Mr. Leary?" The tourist smiles like perhaps the judge who jailed Tim smiled when he received his Christmas card. "Thank you, Mr. Leary," the dentist says. "Wait till my daughter hears about this."

What happens to Timothy Leary Happens to America.

Jefferson Airplane

"Now I'd like to switch to the external, the visible revolutions, to external politics, in which we are all more interested at this particular stage of our evolution. In the last few years, as I've become more political, and in the last few months more revolutionary, I've found that there is revolutionary chauvinism. People say *my* revolution is the only one, my liberation is the only one. You've got to give up your liberations until I get mine or you may never get yours because your liberation is really reactionary repression. But unless *all* 7 freedoms are available to us, then there is *no* freedom. These 7 freedoms must go together . . . Would you like some wine?"

The Seven External Revolutions, and Repressions. (Again a multi-columned chart, again only selections)
Biochemical Freedom. Liberating Slogan, "Smoke it". Control Slogan, "Dangerous drugs."
Religious Freedom. LS, "You can be anyone this time around." CS, "There is only one God and—is his name."
Cultural Freedom. LS, "Do your own thing." CS, "My country right or wrong."
Economic Freedom. LS, "The best things in life are free." CS, "Property rights."
Political Freedom. LS, "All power to all the people." CS, "My law and my order."
Armed Freedom. LS, "Shoot to live." CS, "Shoot to kill."

"I disagree with the Black Panther Party on their slogan, 'Shoot to kill.' If you read the Black Panther paper, they always say that. The correct slogan is 'Shoot to live,' which implies armed self-defence. You arm yourself and let the oppressor know you're armed, which is immediately a deterrant to violence. My mottos 'Aim for life' and 'Shoot to live' are antidotes to violence. By arming ourselves and saying 'Shoot to live' we persuade the oppressor who wants to 'shoot to kill' us, that it's dangerous for him to do so. So we can both put down our arms and move to the political level, where we can talk about power to the people. Then we get to the economic level, and so on. But 'Piece of mind' is basic.

We will not die the death of the Jews in Germany. We would rather die the death of the Jews in Warsaw.

Huey P. Newton

"I'm a Libra. Libras like to balance everything. So everything on these charts is balanced, reciprocal. For example if you oppress my liberating chemicals, my neurological freedom is repressed. Perfectly reciprocal. You see, repression is worse than oppression because you can deal with oppression behaviorly, by getting away from it. That's why I fled from the United States, to get away from oppression. But I carry my repressions with me. So the oppressed may overthrow the oppressor but since they carry their oppressions with them, they then immediately become oppressors. Repressions always lead to oppressions. That's an absolute law. It's the story of every revolution in history, including the American revolution."
"Right On!" (When in Rome, you know . . .)
"Hey, man, if you think *this* is good . . . I *really* was good before my brain got blown."
All of this is necessarily written from Leary's point of view. It is *about* Leary, *for* him, really. I spent very little time with Cleaver because he was busy and I didn't push it. I regret not pushing it. My loss. But Cleaver would be harder to get close to: our difference in color, his fixation on the political, my own surprising uptightness in his company. His incredibly bright face, tough soft voice, his spectacular head are unforgetable, though, and I don't want to give the impression that we were laughing at him, but only at the situation. When I say we had our share of giggles. The situation was certainly bizarre enough to produce bizarre behavior. Joking about our government, we found ourselves looking over our shoulders to make sure the law wasn't around. And who was the law? The Panthers. It's pretty bizarre, you've got to admit.
Even more bizarre. All my life I've felt alienated from whatever government I happen to be sitting under. I mean, my embassy isn't really there to help *me*. They've got me under seige. There is no way for me to relate on any human level to any power structure. But here my Ambassador is Eldridge Cleaver, and whatever his hang-ups may be they are hang-ups I can relate to, they are my hang-ups too in a way. And any Ambassador who listens to Jimi Hendrix is a big improvement.
And even though our embassy has us under protective custody, you could not exactly call our custodian the Pentagon type. "Shit," M. says, "I'm all fucked-up." We are all sitting around smoking some wierd local cigarettes . . . Timothy, Rosemary, M. and I. M. is 19 and very beautiful. Unhappily in love, she has been sobbing. Tim comforts her: "You know, you're still young. You'll fall in love many times. And I only hope that someday you'll be as happy in love as Rosemary and I have been." M. is grateful and we become relaxed with her, saying things perhaps we shouldn't. M. reports to Ambassador Cleaver every evening. "Are you going to put this in your report?" Tim asks, referring to our most recent giggle, and we giggle again—trusting her—although she probably will.
Then Tim lowers his voice, and seriously, somber, slowly, sadly, he says: "One thing we wish more than anything, Rosemary and I, is that Eldridge were here laughing with us . . . you know that, don't you?"
Wiping her tears, M. nods "Yes."
I believe it. I believe Cleaver and Leary love each other. Tim has told me as much, and I've seen love in Cleaver's eyes even as he scolded him. They have so much in common. Their names . . . CLEAVERY. And they are both so *American* . . . so Winston, Coca Cola, Freeway, Chock Ful O Nuts, Hollywood American, both displaced from a country they want to love, but which will have none of them, and which has gone very very wrong. They also need each other, whether they know it or not.

"When I say I'm a philosopher of revolution, it may sound ambitious, but anyone can be a philosopher. My tensions with the Panthers have stemmed directly from my philosophy of revolution. Many revolutionaries today—not just the Panthers—feel that if you're a real revolutionary, you'll go out there full time with a gun. I don't agree with that. You've got to have Internal Piece of Mind, to be secure that way, and then you move to the political arena. Historically, revolutions have been seen as external only. But external revolutions simply substitute armed dictators. I think that if my philosophy is understood, we might find a way out of this boring, repetitious cycle of one armed group overthrowing another and becoming just as bad. A change of jailers. Politics really comes down to who controls the jail keys. The guy who's got the gun and the jail keys drives the Rolls Royce."

"In order to break this cycle, I firmly believe that you must liberate peoples' nervous systems. Free their nervous systems and the rest follows. That is my philosophy and I can summarize it in a few sentences. Internal Liberation must preceed external. And you must move from neurological liberation to the religious, to the sexual, to the cultural, to the economic, to the political, to the armed . . . instead of the other way.

"Toynbee has said that the effect of a general on history lasts for 10 years, the effect of a politician for 15 years, of a poet for maybe 50 years, and of a religious leader for thousands of years. So that the influence of Christ and Muhammed has lasted much longer than that of the Roman generals, or some Arab Sheik. But the most lasting effect of all will be the liberation of the nervous system. That is the wager Rosemary and I have made with destiny."

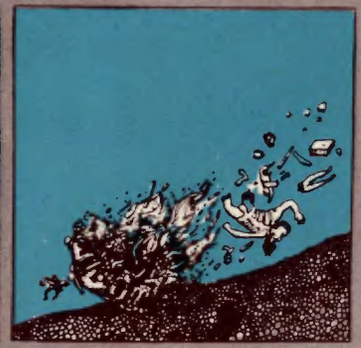
there was Once a shepherdess.. by guitton–

what's that fucking great thing
UUUUUU UUUUUUU
Oh! christ I cant open the fucker
why that little.....
HEY! it's Stanley. whats he so uptight about
there's some cock sucker at the window
TRADUCTE
What the FUCK
get dressed you- were splitting

far out

pray you cunts

shit - another lot with tits



LA PRATIQUE DE LA RESPIRATION ARTIFICIELLE.

christ! I've been asleep

It's almost dark. That stupid fucker, Stanley didn't show. He must have f'd again...
FIN

DOWN ON THE FARM

Bodil is a strapping twenty-five year old Danish girl, famed throughout the length and breadth of pornography as the girl who makes it with animals. Her experiences with men have been limited and all disappointing, from the sixteen year old virgin who couldn't make it with her, to the fifty-four year old lover she had when she was seventeen. She feels that it is too much to ask of a man that he could keep going long enough to satisfy her, although she might like to be fucked by a man while she plays with a horse. She has had a woman and found that that did not turn her on either. But she has never had an orgasm with her animals either. Her favourite, the horse, she can only pull off, and that only by tying a leather thong around the base of his prick and jerking him off exactly as vets do to extract semen for freezing. The boar she can manage to get inside her vagina, and she is impressed with the animal's continence, because he can go for "ten to fifteen minutes". Her childhood (her father was a sailor from the Faroe Islands, her mother a severely repressed country woman) seems to have been as grim as might have been expected, full of beatings and reprovals, with her sister, who had her first baby at seventeen and now has seven, held up to her as an example of natural womanhood. From the evidence of the film "A Summer Day" it seems that while Bodil is turned on by animals, their smell and the very farm itself, they are not madly turned on by her. She claims to be happy, because her pay from the photographs and films that she does means that she can afford her forty to sixty cigarettes a day. But with orgasms so thin on the ground who can believe her?

You are very keen on animals. Would you say the reason arose from the fact that you have worked with animals for several years?

Yes. without a doubt. Although I wasn't born in the country I have spent almost all my life in the company of animals, and for the last 15 years I have been permanently on X-farm in South Jutland.

Is it so that you like the animals on an erotic and sexual basis or is there more to it than that?

I would like to emphasise that I like animals in all ways, not only as pets. We can have so much more use and pleasure from them than we in everyday life imagine. We have a tendency to forget this and take them for granted. What is so wonderful to me is the fact that animals, or rather certain animals, are able to get my hot feelings going.

You mean you have actually had sexual intercourse with animals?

Yes, I have. With an Alsatian dog and boars. Many times.

When did this begin. I mean how old were you?

I was twelve years old and it happened quite by chance. It was really the dog that took the initiative, it was large and at first I was a little afraid that morning I stood in my room washing myself. It came up to me and sniffed my crutch, then it surprised me by suddenly jumping up my back and beginning violently to use movements as in a sexual act. I quite instinctively laid down on the floor because I was curious to see what it would do. Without realising it I got hold of its prick and steered it into me, and for the very first time I almost reached an orgasm. This sort of thing repeated itself many times throughout the years, and it eventually meant that as soon as I awoke each morning, I would find the dog outside my door, waiting for me to let it in. It knew that I would give it my attention as soon as I had washed myself.

Can you describe a little further about your reaction when the dog got really going?

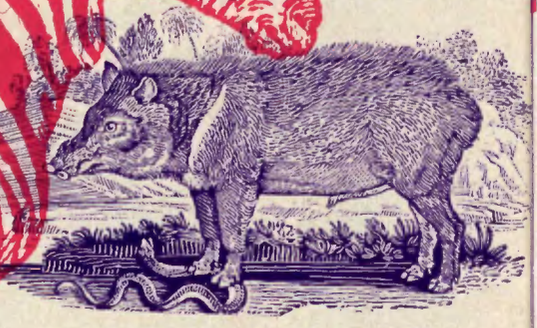
Well, I wasn't very old you know, I was a little afraid, but I must admit, the dog stirred something in me and that's why I reckoned all was OK. After all it was a dog I knew from my daily routines on the farm so I knew he wasn't spiteful or anything like that. But he was somewhat violent.

Weren't you ever afraid that someone would discover what was going on in your room?

No. it was a known fact that the dog was very devoted to me and that it waited every morning for me to let it in, and nobody was any the wiser.

You began working with other animals later?

Yes, I did, mainly with pigs. And it wasn't long before I became interested in boars and got the notion I'd like to try it with one. I had the idea in my head for a long time before I dared put it into practice. When I helped the farmer once in leading a sow to a boar, I became so excited that I grabbed the first opportunity I could. It was evening and I was alone on the farm. I went into the pig sty and crawled over



to one of the boars. It began sniffing at me immediately. But it was difficult for me to handle this great boar, that weighed at least 220 pounds, so I let it out of the pen and went over to some nearby bales of straw and laid across one. The boar followed me and it wasn't long before it began sniffing me and it soon brought all its weight upon me. It had difficulty in getting into me so I had to help it. A boar's prick is spiral shaped at the end and very long so to avoid damage I had to keep it easy. Boars have great endurance and it was some time before it was finished. The next time I tried was with the same boar and it was aware of what

was happening. This time I laid on my back and this I shouldn't have done. It became quite wild, threw itself over me and began biting me all over. It was impossible for me to throw it off, the only thing to do was to let it finish.

Have you ever done it while other people were present or have you never let others see you have an intercourse with a boar?

No, I haven't and it hasn't been necessary, because although a boar can become violent I have learned the right technique to hold it so it won't hurt me, which it could with its length of 30–40 cm (ab. 12–15 inches).

Have there ever been any men in your life?

A couple, but I felt nothing for it and have lost interest. Most men only think of themselves. Animals do as well perhaps, but it seems as though animals are more sensitive and more my friends. To be quite truthful, I have always got more out of it with a boar than with a man.

You have never tried anything with girls?

I tried it once but I absolutely don't fancy it.

And you have never thought of getting married or engaged.

No, honestly speaking, I haven't. Because I don't think I could find a man that would understand my love for the animals, and I wouldn't do without my animals. I just couldn't imagine it. Take for instance the dog I spoke of before. I became so attached to it that I had a real hard time when it died. But luckily my attention became diverted by the appearance of a new pony on the farm, so I got over it that way.

Could one speak of an erotic connection here?

Yes, I was very keen on it, but I was unable to complete a genuine intercourse with it. I was able to get an erection on the pony but it was impossible for me to get it in. It was too eager and before I knew what was happening it had come and had no further interest for me.

You have never tried with other animals?

No. Despite the fact that I have read many descriptions of sexual intercourse between woman and ass I must admit I am rather sceptical. I doubt whether it is possible. In any case several strong people would have to hold the ass and one would have to guide the head of its prick, because it is so large – then it might be possible. But I would never allow others to share my relations with the animals so I have dismissed the thought.

What about horses, real horses?

Yes, we have a lovely stallion on the farm but I daren't get started with it. Its organ is so big that I am sure I would burst if ever I tried. I have often played with it and also made it come a few times with the aid of a massage apparatus. I have also taught it to lick me. Its rough tongue makes it possible for it to send me to the seventh heaven directly, and the funny thing about it is, that it realizes what it is doing. When I lie down before it, naked, with my legs open it comes with the muzzle and it is not long before it starts working my lap with its tongue. Some pictures have been taken of me in different situations, but it is my great secret how they were made. Perhaps one day I could send you some pictures so you can see that there is really something behind all this I am telling you.

Do you ever feel you are doing something wrong?

No, absolutely not, I feel best when I am with animals. I know them and like them and they know me and love me. Every time I go into the boars my favourite boar begins to grunt and when I occasionally help it with a sow, I get quite jealous of the sow.

What would you do if somebody informed on you?

What would happen if they did? There is no case of cruelty to animals. On the contrary I sweeten the life of my animals, and especially today when most of it is artifical insemination it must be nice for a boar to get into a warm lap. So I can't see anything wrong with that. And besides I always take care that nobody sees anything. In the area where I live I am considered a quiet girl who is not interested in going to dances.

You probably realize that most people would condemn you for your relations?

Yes, I do, but that is the problem of these people, not mine. Anyway how can anybody be hurt by something they don't know about. And also I don't force the animals to do anything. You can't force a male animal to do anything it doesn't want to do . .

Interview with Bodil
conducted by Ole Ege (co-director of A Summer Day) in a warm stable

THE ANARCHIST COOKBOOK

"It is criminal to teach a man not to defend himself when he is the constant victim of brutal attacks."
Malcolm X

"TURN ON, BURN DOWN, BLOW UP!"

The recipes in *The Anarchist Cookbook* are a far cry from Mrs. Beeton and Fanny Craddock. A freaked-out Fanny might be able to cope with Acapulco Greens, Apple Pot, Hashish Brownies or Dope Soup, but what could she do with Basement tear gas, Homemade Nitroglycerine, Bangalore Torpedoes and Anti- personnel grenades?

"This book is for the people of the United States of America," says the author William Powell. "It is not written for the members of fringe political groups such as the Weathermen or the Minutemen. Those radical groups don't need this book. They already know everything that's in here. If the real people of America, the silent majority, are going to survive, they must educate themselves. That is the purpose of this book."

"Keep in mind," he continues, "that the topics written about here are illegal and constitute a threat. Also, more importantly, almost all the recipes are dangerous, especially for the individual who plays around with them without knowing what he is doing. Use care, caution and common sense. This book is not for children or morons."

"This is not the age of slender men in black capes lurking in alleyways with round bombs, just as it is not the age of political discussions in a Munich beer hall. This is a truly unique age, where the individual has become the supreme agent of anarchist theory, without his even being aware of it. Anarchy can no longer be defined as freedom from oppression or lack of governmental control. It has gone further than that. It has become, especially for the young people today, a state of mind, an essence of being. It can be expressed as "doing their own thing," or maybe just simply having the choice to do or not to do."

"Anarchy is the only ideology that is in the least bit optimistic. It places the full weight of responsibility where it should be—on the shoulders of all the people, not just the select few. Its basic premise relies on an unshakable belief faith in human nature, and the primary goodness of the human race."

"Today, young people are not blind idealists. They are perhaps the most rational and practical generation this country has ever seen. There is no great movement comparable to the Russian or French revolutions. There are just a great many individuals working as entities unto themselves to create a new world order. Today has brought forth a great revival of anarchy in all fields—politics, arts, music, education, and even to a small degree in business. Although this surge of individualism is present, you won't find too many people willing to call it anarchy. But that's just terminology."

"An anarchist is not necessarily a revolutionary, although it is more common than not that a person who has attempted to rid himself of exterior controls, for the purpose of developing his own philosophy, will find himself oppressed. This oppression may lead the individual to formulate ideas of insurrection and revolution."

"This book is for anarchists—those who feel able to discipline themselves—on all the subjects (from drugs, to weapons, to explosives) that are currently illegal and supressed in this country. It is my firm belief that the only laws an individual can truly respect and obey are those he instills in himself. This is not a revolutionary book in any traditional sense but its premise is the sanctity of human dignity. If this human individual dignity and pride cannot be attained in the existing social order, there is only one choice for a real man, and that is revolution."

"There will never be a traditional revolution in this country, in the sense of the Russian or French revolutions. The revolution in this country has already started. It is a multifaceted battle on many different fronts. It is a battle politically between the young freedom fighters in Chicago and the stagnant system, represented by arthritic old men making laws they do not understand, and making wars they have no feeling for. It is a battle between poor blacks and the rich employers. It is a battle between the artists and the censors. It is a battle between the Black Panthers and the police. It is a battle between the welfare mother and the bureaucracy of the city, and surprisingly enough, it encompasses the yearly battle between the taxpayer and the Internal Revenue Service. All these battles are but part of a larger war being fought to liberate the minds and bodies of the people who feel freedom is the most important concept in their lives."

"If I could come out in this book and advocate complete revolution and the violent overthrow of the United States of America without being thrown in jail, I would not have written *The Anarchist Cookbook*, and there would be no need for it."

The book is, I hear, the hottest number on the New York bookstalls this month, and New York being what it is, I suppose it might be fulfilling a genuine need for those would-be revolutionaries who haven't got the intelligence or the ingenuity to

get it on themselves. In London, I hope that the book will find great favour as the latest conversation piece, and then be relegated to an appropriate position on the Sunday coffee table. Such hallucinatory delights as Banana Bread and Sesame Seed Cookies are fortunately closer to the British Underground's heart than basic formulas for demolitions use or detailed instructions for bridge destruction. Keep it that way, Mr Maudling. Omitted, I notice, from the book, is advice on how to assassinate a head of state. Maybe the CIA could fill readers in on that one.

There are pages of formulas for making your own acid, mescaline, psilocybin, DMT and so on, which to me were about as intelligible as the Koran in the original Arabic; the section on natural, non-lethal and lethal weapons is frightening but contains nothing that is not already available in various forms such as Army or survival manuals. Clubs, hatpins, cattle prods, brass knuckles, truncheons, pistols and revolvers, rifles, gases, automatic weapons, shotguns, machine guns, it is a gruesomely familiar list, associated, I am sad to remind you, more with governmental forces of militarism and law and order than anything else (except the hatpins).

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

Abraham Lincoln.

With this quote, the author introduces Electronics, Sabotage and Surveillance; thoroughly good reading from beginning to end, but disconcerting to find that most of the electronic bugging devices, bumper beepers, electronic scramblers and jammers are very expensive and available only from firms with forbidding names in such faraway anarchist centres like Houston Texas, and Greencastle Indiana. For what it is worth here's what he has to say about Electronic Bug Detection:

"Electronic bug detection will probably be the most difficult aspect of this entire field, as you will be working on your own without the aid of much useful information that can be gathered from the telephone company or other agencies. (Most telephone bugs, except the most sophisticated ones, can be detected by an overload on the phone line itself.) A good tool for bugging detection is a normal AM—FM radio receiver, portable, with a telescopic antenna. For application, extend the antenna in the room suspected of being bugged, and tune the receiver carefully from the bottom to the top, covering all the FM frequencies, at the same time talking to yourself continually. At one point, if a bug is present, you will able to hear your voice through the receiver, although the voice may be indistinguishable because of top-volume feedback. This feedback will always be a deafening continuous howl, scream or high-pitched whistle. To learn the exact location of the bug, cut the volume of the receiver, and slowly move around the room. The feedback will increase in volume as you get closer to the bug. When a bug is discovered, there is a moment of confusion and fear in regard to its elimination. In one sense, destroying a bug is an admission of guilt, and can do nothing more than provoke the enemy to rebug in a more sophisticated manner. For that reason I would hesitate to remove a bug. Instead I would attempt to use it against the bugger (or sodomite as they say in Britain) himself, by feeding him false and misleading information.

He gets very emotional about vending machines, pay phones parking meters and so on. "Soda machines are easy but real delight comes from ripping a Kotex machine off the wall of a women's rest room, or sticking a small explosive charge (see page 120) in the coin slot of a pay toilet." He dismisses most telephone sabotage as something you can pick up yourself from publications like Project London, or Fuck the System, but has lots of advice and warnings for the serious urban saboteur who wants to get beneath the city streets with a pair of wirecutters. He lists sewers and high-voltage electric lines as two of the little hazards to be overcome. Rats and alligators he doesn't mention.

He loves computers. "Since machines run the society we live in, it's only fair that an equal degree of destructive creativity be leveled against them. Computers, because of their very nature are extrmely easy to render inoperative. When paying bills by computer, always remember that you have the ultimate advantage of an open mind and the ability to rationalise whereas the machine is programmed to do one thing. A good method of sabotage is simply to punch a few extra holes in the IBM card. Most of the time the card will be rejected, and it will cost the company a few dollars to rectify the mistake. I have heard of people who have performed this operation, and have been issued with several hundred dollars worth of credit.

When I was working for a large New York corporation, I had to deal with a bank every day. I realised, after a period of time, that the people who were working at the bank had lost their identities, and were nothing more than machines themselves. Well, this sort of psychological surrealistic science fiction really got me interested. I viewed myself as a saver of identities, as the Messiah of the Spirit of Individualism. I was brought to earth quickly. These people didn't want to be saved. I was going to turn them all on to acid, but then I decided that a better tactic would be to screw up the object of their emulation. On my daily deposit I placed a large quantity of Scotch tape. This resulted in the deposit slips, themselves, getting stuck in the bowels of the computer. It took the bank three or four hours to take the machine apart, and unjam the mechanism. In unjamming the machine, the somehow altered the program, and it didn't work right for weeks. I never had the guts to return to the bank, but I hope the clerks lost their reverence for the divine infallible machine."

I don't know what Alex Trocchi and all those other kindly revolutionaries who are placing all their faith on the machine and automation to save mankind from the more boring types of toil, would think if this particular type of subversion.

There is an amusing section on shoplifting, and he points out the

crucial difference between the revolutionary and the common thief. "The revolutionary will steal from large corporations, and the common thief will steal from anyone. If you can ever get over the Protestant ethic, you will be able to see what I mean." He lists eleven basic rules for the anarchist shoplifter, most of which would be self evident for anyone who has ever purloined anything from the local Woolworths, and his final warning is "If caught, never admit to being part of the movement. It will get you more time in jail."

Just as the first duty of the revolutionary is not to get caught, the anarchist's first duty is not to blow himself up, and the author spends many pages of his chapter on explosives and booby traps setting out safety rules for storing, making and handling your dynamite, gunpowder and plastic bombs. Despite the lists of precautions, to my untrained eye, the instructions and diagrams included seem to be dangerously over-simplified, and in the highly unlikely event that I would want to make a pressure-plate detonator or sabotage a suspension bridge, I don't think I would rely entirely on this manual. I think he was very wise to include a legal postscript and a reminder of just how heavy the jail sentences can be in the event of capture.

"The Anarchist Cookbook" is a funny title for this most horrifying of paper backs, but there the fun ends. William Powell is deadly serious ("Turn on, Burn Down, Blow up" is his basic revolutionary slogan) and I leave you with his general rules for guerrilla warfare and a little of his homespun theory.

"1. Make sure the operation will be effective. Never waste time with either a violent or nonviolent operation which is ineffective.
2. Hit the enemy where they least expect it, and where it will hurt them the most.
3. Most sabotage should be carried out at night.
4. Timing must be perfect, as the longer the operation takes the greater the chances of something going wrong.
5. Work only with people you trust. Many spies and informers will suggest plans that could only get you busted. Work in small groups, or cells, consisting of no more than four people.
6. All operations should be simple and fast, and several means of escape should be planned.
7. All weapons should be concealed, all explosives should be treated with the respect they deserve. (Check the chapter on explosives for correct handling.)

Figure 90. Military grenade.

8. All groups must have a leader. He should be picked for his leadership qualities. He will make all major decisions.
9. The need for secrecy is obvious. Security and secrecy must be maintained without reservation.
10. Any member who breaks the code of the group must be executed, in full view of the other members."

"The time has passed for demonstrators and pseudo-revolutionaries and students to occupy the political scene. The time is here for a mass uprising, incorporating all these elements, armed with single-minded deadly intolerance. There is no justice in bureaucracy for the individual, for bureaucracy caters only to itself. The writers, artists, and poets of the revolution will have a job that has never before in history been so great, for they must create a value structure for the New World, for The New American

" To be successful, man must change himself, the individual must have a revolution within himself, for then and only then will he be able to change the world. There is no room for narrow-mindedness in the coming insurrection. Each man must break, with passionate understanding, the chains which chain him to himself. For if one man dies in indifference, the entire revolution dies with him. One cannot practice the same bureacracy one is fighting against; the revolution is secondary, the system is secondary, politics is secondary, to the individual."

"Effective sabotage, like the practical joke, must employ a grain of truth in a solution of deadly irony. This means that sabotage serves two basic purposes: first of all to weaken the enemy, and second of all to build the morale of the liberation army. Although revolution and sabotage are deadly serious, one should always retain his sense of humour and apply it if possible to the operation used. An example, which can be employed today with the draft system, is to use the weaknesses of the bureaucracy against itself."

"When a young man is forced to go down to his local board and register for the draft, he is required to give only a small amount of information. To use the fact effectively against the Selective Service System, a large group of young men must go to a local board and register twice or three times under false names, in addition to their real registration. This will cause the bureaucracy of the Selective Service System to go berserk. They're already so uptight about people attempting to avoid the draft that they would really flip out if all of a sudden their records showed that several hundreds of thousands of people just didn't show up, and couldn't be traced. It would never enter their heads to think it might have been a put-on. An interesting theatrical twist to this same idea is to have everyone do his false registrations on the same day, so that many, many pre-induction physicals are due on the same day. Thus the full impact of the missing persons will hit the induction center at one time."

Jim Anderson

The Anarchist Cookbook by William Powell with a prefatory note on Anarchism Today by P.M. Bergman. $5.95. Lyle Stuart Inc, 239 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003

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SPLENDOUR

"What people put in their mouths is their own business, so I'd rather not say what I think about eating. The whole question offends me."
Jim Morrison of the DOORS.

If someone had predicted a year ago that I would give up all the things I held sacred (you know what those are) for a crazy diet of whole brown rice and veg, I would have strongly advised him to change clairvoyants. I have been macrobiotic over a year now and there are no signs of beri-beri, or yearning after lost pleasures. In fact, it looks like it's going to be a joyous trip.

How did I ever get so hung up on food? I came from a city that has the highest strontium 90 count in its milk, and the hottest chile-con-carne. Food for me was a constant source of send-up material. I spent exorbitant sums on bad food to prove its meaninglessness in our culture. My wife, Fran, and I even wrote a musical based on food. I can still feel the hit song, *Hurray for Terrible Food* sticking in my trachea. (I am suddenly aware I was as pre-occupied with putting down food then, as I am in extolling it now.) But in those days, I thought ecology was something you caught from a toilet seat.

Today my life is rooted in food. I do all the family marketing and some of the cooking. I have a delicious job with Harmony Foods, the new macrobiotic wholesale distributor, spreading that pure food around England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. It fills me with revolutionary glee. In my spare time, I do a little public relations work. Nothing gives me more pleasure than writing articles on the glories of organic rice and the joys of Wakame. If Georges Ohsawa, the founder of Macrobiotics, is right about everything changing into its opposite, I am heading for the first sainthood in Islington before the year is out.

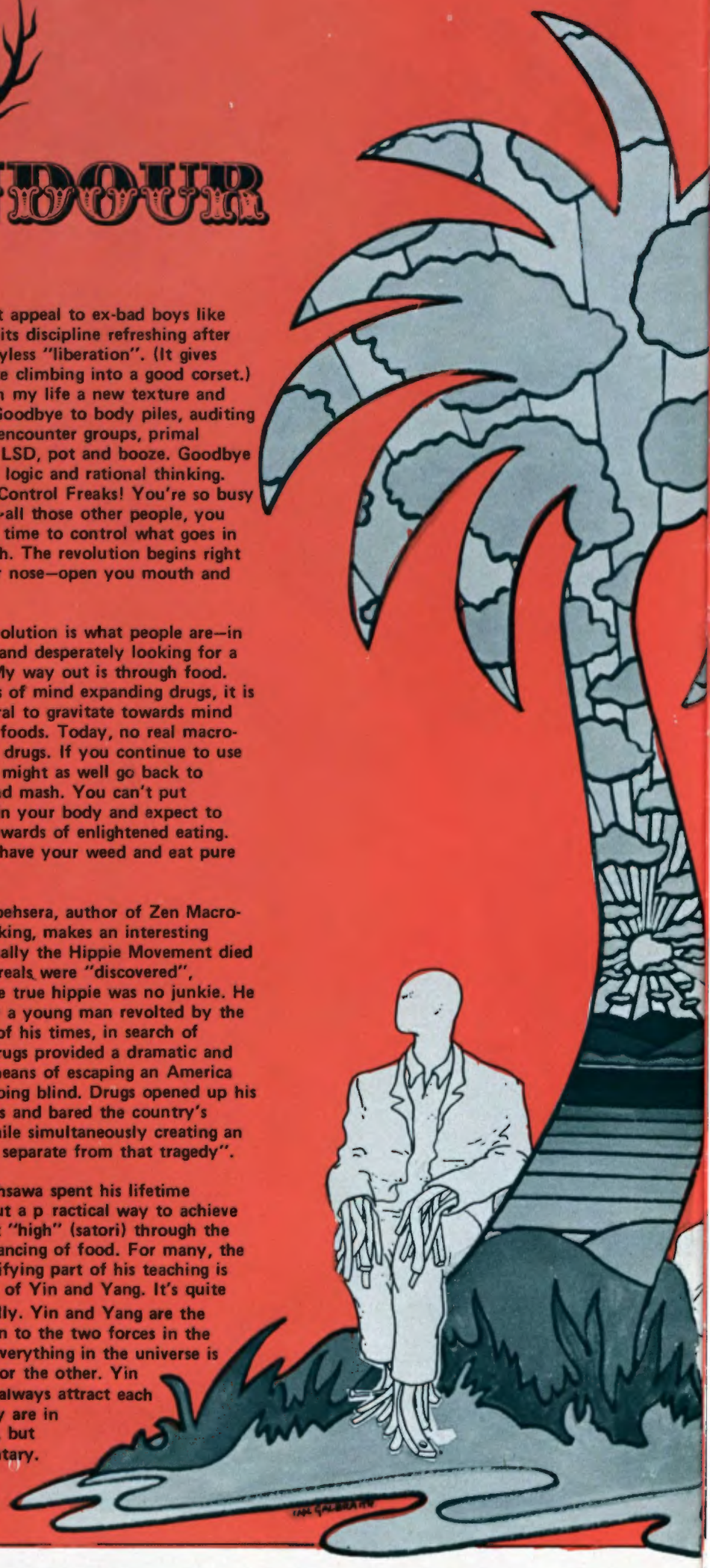
Fran claims our social life has suffered. She complains of old friends dropping us, and the new friends doing nothing but sitting around the house, swapping recipes. She's right. After a hard day at the Tempura Bar (as the office is known), I like to bring a few of the gang back to the house and turn them on with a little delicately flavoured miso soup and crispy chapatis. Macro is more than a diet, it's a way of life.

It has great appeal to ex-bad boys like me. I find its discipline refreshing after years of joyless "liberation". (It gives support like climbing into a good corset.) It has given my life a new texture and meaning. Goodbye to body piles, auditing machines, encounter groups, primal screamers, LSD, pot and booze. Goodbye to Western logic and rational thinking. Attention Control Freaks! You're so busy controlling all those other people, you don't have time to control what goes in your mouth. The revolution begins right under your nose—open you mouth and chew!

Todays revolution is what people are—in bad shape and desperately looking for a way out. My way out is through food. After years of mind expanding drugs, it is quite natural to gravitate towards mind expanding foods. Today, no real macrobiotic uses drugs. If you continue to use them, you might as well go back to sausages and mash. You can't put chemicals in your body and expect to reap the rewards of enlightened eating. You can't have your weed and eat pure too.

Michael Abehsera, author of Zen Macrobiotic Cooking, makes an interesting point: "Really the Hippie Movement died the day cereals were "discovered", because the true hippie was no junkie. He was simply a young man revolted by the condition of his times, in search of himself. Drugs provided a dramatic and practical means of escaping an America that was going blind. Drugs opened up his mind's eyes and bared the country's tragedy while simultaneously creating an urge to be separate from that tragedy".

Georges Ohsawa spent his lifetime working out a p ractical way to achieve the highest "high" (satori) through the proper balancing of food. For many, the most mystifying part of his teaching is the theory of Yin and Yang. It's quite simple, really. Yin and Yang are the names given to the two forces in the universe. Everything in the universe is either one or the other. Yin and Yang always attract each other. They are in opposition, but complementary. Each has



IN THE RICE

its own special characteristics, but they are always changing. Quantity instead of quality changes them. When pushed to their extreme they turn into their opposite. Now in the West, we think of these forces as positive and negative charges. Positive and negative are fixed. They can reproduce themselves indefinitely but can never change. According to this theory, everything is un-related and separate. A very boring concept.

By understanding and applying the theory of Yin and Yang, the whole world becomes your playground, viewed through inter-related and dynamic relationships. You can never get lost, you can never get bored. Life is a spiral, not a square. Harmony is the best word to sum up Yin and Yang.

To a macrobiotic, learning how to use the principles of Yin and Yang as it applies to food, is a fascinating game. When you balance correctly, you really feel good. When you don't balance, your body tells you. Brian J. Ford in his amusing and informative article in OZ 32 (*Doh't Forget the Glutemate Mum*) is right when he says the body automatically adjusts imbalances by pissing them away. What he doesn't mention is how hard the body has to work to do this. When repeated imbalances occur, the body begins to show the strain; it starts removing excesses through kidney stones, pimples. boils, diarrhoea, colds, etc. A potassium/sodium ratio of over 200/1 is fairly extreme in such foods as ban anas, coffee, honey, potatoes, tomatoes, and egg plant when the normal blood balance is only 5/1. It might also be of interest to Mr. Ford to know that very few macrobiotics give more than a philosophical damnabout K/Na rations in their food. The majority of us are concerned with enjoying life and eating a well balanced diet of grains and vegetables with beans, seaweeds, fruits, and fish as we desire.

Though there are cases where people enter into macrobiotics through some fear story about poisons in their foods, it is impossible to have a good appetite and enjoy your meal when you are eating out of fear. Those who continue to eat macro do so out of pleasure and gratefulness for finding a clean and simple diet.

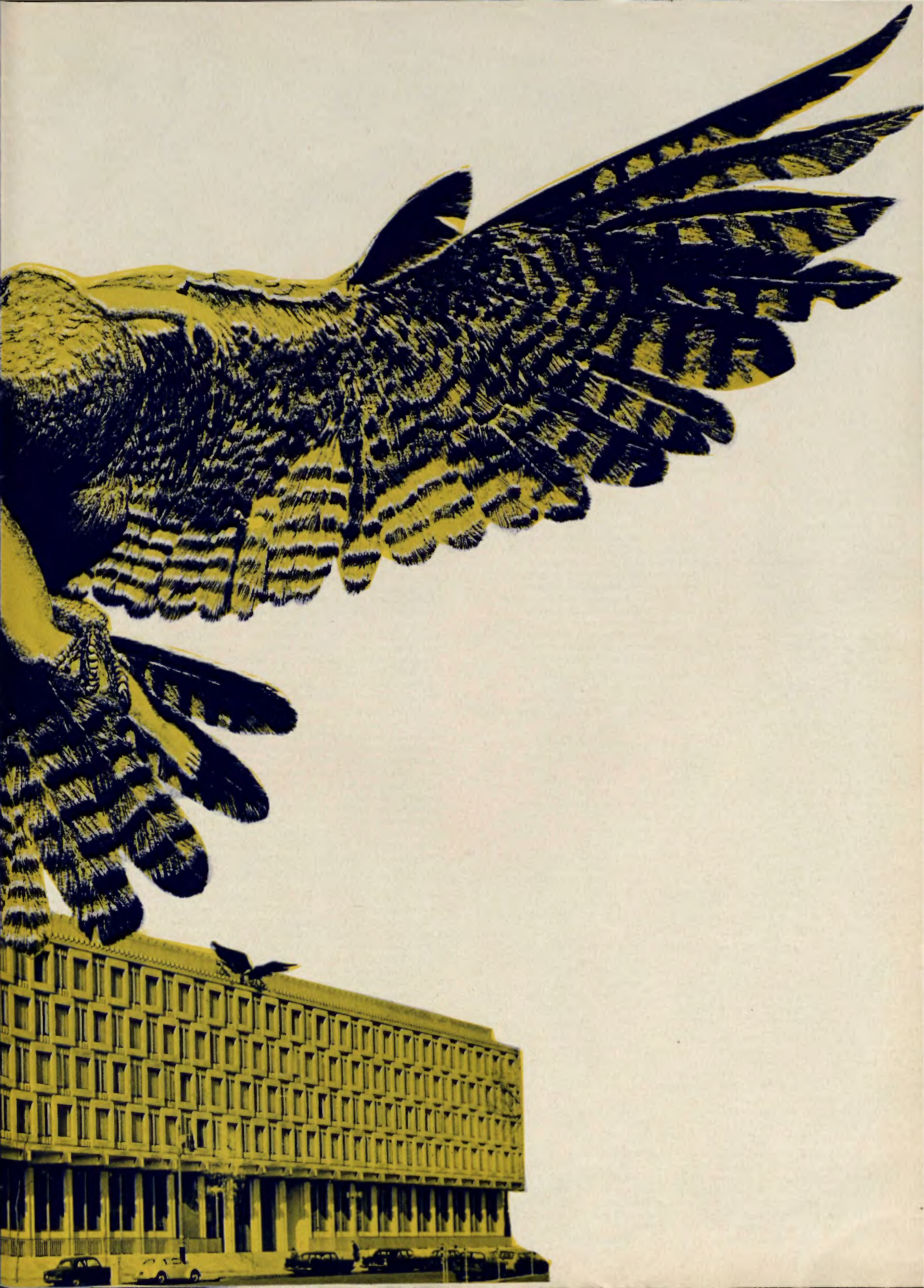
There are other dangers facing the adventurers in the macro way of life. There are philosophical pitfalls to avoid. I am indebted to a wise philosopher west of the Mississippi, who suggests to me that the idea of balanced eating is but an age old preoccupation with seeking out the path towards wisdom. That ferreting out the "true diet" is nothing more than satisfying the need to discover the truth. He further suggests that in wanting to rid yourself of impurities in food, you are really trying to eliminate the impurities in yourself (sin?). Once you rid yourself of impurities, does it not breed the feeling that it would be well if others do not sin? And in the final conclusion, isn't it best to avoid the company of sinners? No.

Exclusiveness is the end product of impurities in your food. In the macro world, exclusiveness is the most dreaded disease possible. For without suffering how would we know what good is? Without slavery how would we know what freedom is? Without sickness, how would we know what health is? The bigger the front, the bigger the back. Philosophical ideas are meaningless unless their purpose is to help us toward health and happiness, beginning tomorrow! Any committment to an ideology that doesn't bring you joy is a bummer, and only leads to anxiety and lonliness.

I have a friend, a gifted writer who after a lifetime of non-committment to anything but good writing, finally got himself a committment—helping North Vietnam win the war. He loved those people, twelve thousand miles away. Recently he was in my living room with the gentle General Waste-More-Land, who feels strongly about the war and suffering of those people too. Each of them was doing their thing according to their beliefs. But my writer friend could not stay in the same room with the General. The very sight of his Dada uniform was an affront to everything he held sacred. After a few brutal words to the General, my friend left. The General said, "I feel sorry for your friend, he must be in terrible pain".

The value of a personal committment is making it work for you every day. It seems to me that my friend and many like him have failed to do this. As for me, he can no longer tolerate my committment to macrobiotics because of its "profound triviality". But I ain't mad at nobody.

Jay Landesman



THE MADMAN

Richard Dadd,
"The Fairy Feller"
1817 – 1886.

"And if ever the suspicion of their manifold being dawns upon men of unusual powers and of unusually delicate percep tions, so that, as all genius must, they break through the illusion of the unity of the personality and perceive that the self is made up of a bundle of selves, they have only to say so and at once the majority puts them under lock and key, calls science to aid, establishes schizophrenia and protects humanity from the necessity of hearing the cry of truth from the lips of these unfortunate persons."
Hermann Hesse Steppenwolf.

His father Robert Dadd was a chemist and lecturer on geology. He was educated at Rochester Grammar School and his talents as an artist, developed among the woods and by the Kent sea coast, enabled him to gain admittance to the Royal Academy Schools. He won some medals and formed "The Clique" with Frith, Augustus Egg, H. O'Neil and Phillip, who did not issue a brotherhood manifesto like the Pre-Raphaelites but who were bounded to each other by friendship and similar aspirations to fame. There were sales and exhibitions and Dadd seemed assured for a time of the usual fine career. Through a friend at the Royal Academy, he received in 1842, a commission to accompany one Sir Thomas Phillips to make sketches and drawings of his European and Near Eastern tour. (Sir Thomas had received his knighthood for quelling the Chartist riots at Newport.) The strange new worlds of Egypt and Turkey had an incredible effect on Dadd which is apparent from extracts from some of his letters home:

"Then listen to wild sounds of the tabor, and see the strange dresses of these street musicians, see bubbling water, see bright green trees, dazzling dresses, stately camels, all shook up in such inextricable confusion that you lay down your reason and implore the passenger to hold you tight, lest you indulge in any rabid feelings towards your linen"

"The moon rose after some time, and we, having stayed two hours, mounted and rode through the mountains of Engaddi. This again, was rather rich-looking to my eyes (diseased eyes), like the end of the world. Many parts was as the extinct craters of volcanoes and some of the mountains had bent themselves in the most extravagant way . . . the old men look like Patriarchs, the young have almost feminine beauty, the pipes are bubbling and the smoke wreathing about in fanciful curls and on this the fire throwing a ruddy glare . . . to see the naked villains walk up to the fire would have worked your blood up to a boiling heat."

From another letter. "The cafes were very interesting on account of the assemblage of characters outside their doors. The pipe seems to be the best friend of the Turks, and contentment was never better expressed than by one of those same people lounging in listless idleness, the only noise accompanying his thoughts being that of the smoke bubbling through the water, and perhaps it is no traduction to say that the smoke and bubble are apt and fit types to represent his thoughts."

"groups round the wells on the seashore, with, perhaps, a string of camels grunting and growling, the whole recommended to you by the overture of the sea roaring in, gently as any sucking-dove, and covering the golden beach, which glitters dazzlingly bright, with long lines of whitish foam . . . groups of Turks in light dresses, white large turbans, Bedoween Arabs, mounted, and cantering so gallantly through the street that you wish yourself a born blackguard and robbing mountaineer."

Besides all these most sensuous descriptions Dadd's letters contain statements that are filled with an awareness of what fate had prepared for him. In a letter to Frith, he wrote: *"I'm very tired of the world, and have seen so much disgusting selfishness since I have left England that I am half a misanthrope . . . the excitement of these scenes has been enough to turn the brain of an ordinary weak-minded person like myself, and often I have lain down at night with my imagination so full of wild vagaries that I have really and truly doubted my own sanity . . . I shall never be jealous of you now, for I've got open my mind, yes, opened my mind."*

Early in 1843 Dadd left his companion in Paris without giving any reason and returned to England. However, news had already reached his friends and family that he was far from well, having suffered sun-stroke in Egypt. Some even said that he was mad, but there was little evidence to show for this other than occasional violent outbursts and certain peculiar mannerisms and idiosyncracies which he had developed. One such oddity was his newly acquired habit of always wearing clean kid gloves. Another was that he decided to live on new-laid eggs and ale and vast quantities of these items were found in his lodgings after he had left. Also he would speak fearfully of being pursued by fiends and that the 'Great Fiend' himself was looking for him.

A doctor recommended complete rest and his father undertook to look after him. One fateful Manson-like summer day, they went together to Cobham.
The ferns, where he had lain as a boy on those long summer evenings, seemed to recoil as though to avoid his night-filled eyes. Pungent herbal scents lingered on the night air, which rose from the lush ground, and they reminded him of the chemist shop —his father's.

The screaching ravens filled his head with half forgotten images of seamen, arabs and fairies all engaged in the furies of-a demoniacal dance of death:

a knife flashed through the air and plunged into the heart of the 'Great Fiend', who let forth neither cry nor scream but simply stared a moment in disbelief them crumpled to the ground.

So it was that Richard Dadd murdered his father, or as Dadd avowed later, "an individual who called himself my father." When the body was found the following day near a large pit called Paddock Hole in Cobham Woods, Dadd had already fled to France. The authorities searched his rooms and found a portfolio of drawings of many of his friends horribly disfigured, all with their throats cut, indicating the direction in which his mind was fleeing. He was eventually arrested near Fontainebleau where he had tried to kill a fellow traveller in a carriage. French newspapers carried the story that he had a list of a number of personalities he intended to kill, including the Emperor of Austria. He was committed to an asylum at Clermont without trial and remained there for some ten months while the Home Secretary considered his future.

Dadd's family and friends urged the authorities to allow him to remain in France thus avoiding the misery and scandal of a trial but the Home Secretary (obviously the Maudling of his day) thought that this would have created a dangerous precedent, and had him extradited in 1844. His family and friends were in fact spared the indignity of a trial and Dadd was placed in the Criminal Lunatic Department of Bethlem Hospital. He spent the next twenty years of his life there, producing works of great imaginative brilliance. How he was able to maintain a creative force under the conditions that existed in Bethlem, or Bedlam as it was more popularly known, is not known. Bedlam was considered a source of much amusement and visits to observe the antics of the inmates whose treatment often consisted of starving and purging was very popular. Deaths from overdoses of opium derivatives were frequent.

In 1852, Resident Physician Hood had this to say about Dadd:

"For some years after his admission he was considered a violent and dangerous patient for he would jump up and strike a violent blow without any aggravation, and then beg pardon for the deed. This arose from some vague idea that filled his mind and still does so to a certain extent that certain spirits have the power of possessing a mans body and compelling him to adopt a particular course whether he will or no. When he talks on this subject and on any other at all associated with the motives that influenced him to commit the crime for which he is confined here, he frequently becomes excited in his manner of speaking and soon rambles from the subject and becomes quite unintelligible. He is very eccentric and glories that he is not influenced by motives that other men pride themselves in possessing—thus he pays no sort of attention to decency in his acts or words, if he feels the least inclindation to be otherwise he is perfectly a sensual being, a thorough animal, he will gorge himself with food till he actually vomits, and then again return to the meal. He has said that he once when he was in a public place in Rome with the Pope, felt a strong inclination to assault him, but that on second thoughts the Pope was so well protected that he felt he should come off second best, and therefore he overcame the desire. His mind is full of delusions."

In 1864 he was transferred to Broadmoor where he died of TB in January 1886. There is little of his work available to the general public, although the Tate Gallery will let you see "The Fairy Feller's Master Stroke" on which he spent nine years of work without finishing it, and a few lesser water colours. Bethlem Hospital has lots of the best ones but it is difficult to get to see them. The Tate hopes to arrange an exhibition in the distant future. Meanwhile, join the crowd of children and freaks who make the pilgrimage to the Tate basement and stand mesmerised in front of "The Fairy Feller's Master Stroke."

Peter Jones

OZ Police Ball!

A Gala Benefit For The OZ Obscenity Trial
Saturday 6th March at 43 King Street Covent Garden
(The Old Middle Earth)
A star-studded all-nighter starting at 8.30 with:

Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come/ Viv Stanshall's Seanhead Showband/Gene Vincent's Houseshakers/Pink Fairies/Egg/Roy Harper/Third World War/Gnidrolog and John Peel holding it together.

Plus light extravaganzas/magnificent movies/ free food/London Living Theatre/feedback video/Samantha Jane, Go-Going, Fire-Eating Stripper/Fairy Theatre/Swiz-prick invasions/ water-bed screw-in/Circumcised Catonic Circus.

TICKETS IN ADVANCE ONLY £1 from the following friendly retailers in your area

OZ, 52 Princedale Rd W11 01-229 4623
Town Records, 402 Kings Rd SW10
Musicland, 44 Berwick St W1
Musicland, 230 Portobello Rd W11
Mr. Freedom, 20 Kensington Church St W8
Kensington Market Print Mint & Record Bar
One-Stop Records 97-99 Dean St W1
Forbidden Fruit: 325 Kings Rd
Basement Kingsington Market
295 Portobello Rd
160 Falcon Rd SW11
Compendium Bookshop, 240 Camden High St
Time Out 374 Grays Inn Rd WC1
Family Dog 2 Blenheim Crescent, W11
Electric Cinema 191 Portobello Rd W11
Record Shop 5 Marboro Crt off Carnaby St
Manzi Records 586 2614 Eugene

Tickets will not be available at the door. Help OZ win at the Old Bailey

OZ

No 33 20p

FARMER'S DAUGHTER RAPES HOG
Exclusive interview

ANGRY BRIGADE'S BIBLE
The Anarchist Cookbook

WEATHER MANIA
Dave Dellinger on force without violence

OZ

20p

No.34

Special Report Inside
Third-World Wars

A Parents Guide to Drug Abuse

See Misuse of Drugs Bill - Page13

Sagging of breasts - mandrax

Profuse perspiration and body odour - amphetamines

Sunglasses worn at inappropriate times and places hiding dilated pupils - LSD

Unavoidable feeling of euphoria - cannabis

Irrestistible desire to be affectionate - LSD or "acid"

Redness and watering of eyes - glue sniffing

Running nose - heroin, morphine, codeine

Constant licking of lips to keep them moist resulting in chapped rawness - amphetamines

Red raw nostrils - sniffing cocaine

Tremor of hands - amphetamines

T-shirt worn constantly to hide needle "tracks" - heroin, methedrine

Staggering, disoriented - barbiturates

Drastic loss of weight - heroin, opium

Diminution of genital area cocaine

United States versus The People of South-East Asia. See *My Lay in My Lai* P.36

Photo: Nutter Studios

SPIKE

OZ SCHOOL KIDS TRIAL

Christopher Kypreos of the Running Man Press was recently acquitted of obscenity charges arising out of publication of THE MOUTH, by Paul Ableman. Press reports of the case concentrated on Kypreos' conviction for the lesser offence of sending indecent publications through the post. (Most people's love letters are technically 'indecent'.)

The case is important because despite a judge's summing-up biased heavily against the defendants, 12 ordinary citizens dismissed the charges of obscenity. Immediately following the verdict, The Times celebrated this victory for speech-freedom by featuring an article on obscenity and pornography by David Holbrook. A curious decision when one remembers that Mr Holbrook had, in The Mouth trial, been the sole witness for the prosecution. (according to the defendants, his courtroom manner was so twitchy, shifty and unpleasant that he 'won the case' for them).

Holbrook's ravings are not important in themselves and perhaps his Fleet St promotion is just one part of the broad ruling class backlash. But is is also possible that the current wave of anti-porn propaganda is not wholly unconnected with the forthcoming OZ Obscenity Show. (i)

This long awaited spectacle was originally booked at the Old Bailey on April 20. Due to the previous commitments of some guest stars, the Show has been postponed until approximately the first week in July.

The story so far: The charges against Jim Anderson, Felix Dennis and Richard Neville arise out of publication of OZ 28, in which nearly all the material was written and selected by a group of schoolchildren aged between 15 and 19 years. They had responded to an invitation placed in OZ 26. The charges include publishing an obscene article (max penalty 3 years), sending indecent publications through the post (max penalty one year) and the archaic and rarely used count of 'conspiring ... to produce a Magazine containing divers lewd indecent and sexually perverted articles, cartoons drawings and illustrations with intent thereby to debauch and corrupt the morals of young children and young persons within the Realm and to arouse and implant in their minds lustful and perverted desires' (max penalty is judge's discretion: eg, life or deporation).

It appears that the prosecution has encountered no difficulty in assembling a battery of headmasters to chorus such charges. Below are extracts from the statements of two headmasters who will be appearing for the prosecution:

1. *Statement of Robert Richardson*
   Headmaster, William Penn School, Red Post Hill, S.E.24

I am headmaster of William Penn School, a secon dary comprehensive school for 1300 boys between the ages of eleven and eighteen.

I have studied the OZ magazine edition 28 'School Kids Issue' and found it most unpleasant. I found objectionable many of the illustrations and portions of the test. In particular, I found the outside cover, the drawing on page 10 and under the heading 'School Atrocities' the drawing at the foot of page 11 the cartoon, Rupert Bear, pp 14 and 15, the cartoons pp 24 and 25, the cartoon Sine picture book at the top of 28 and inside of back cover 'And I went with my mother' obscene. Ignoring the four letter words there are portions of the text which I find obscene the advertisement 'Suck' page 27. I found there were several mentionds of drugs and of freedom in sexual behaviour which were objectionable.

However, as a father of teenage girls 16, 14 and 12 and as a headmaster I consider that the general affect of this magazine to be wholly deplorable and in incitement to depravity. I would view with the utmost concern the free circulation of this material to young and immature adolescents suggesting that the attitudes and practices portrayed are natural and in any way acceptable.

2. *Statement of Cyril Alfred Pyle*
   Headmaster, South East London School, Mornington Road, S.E.8

I am the Headmaster of South East London School, a Secondary school for boys aged 11 to 15 years.

I have studied a copy of the OZ magazine, No.28 marked 'School Kids Issue'. The overall impression I have formed is that it is largely destructive of accepted beliefs and fails to put forward alternative constructive proposals for society.

The bulk of the illustrations, ie, those which portray sexual behaviour appear to me to be the work of sick minds in that they are intentionally pornographic and emphasise the sordid and devient forms of sexual behaviour. These acts would be outside the experience of most children and could only result in some children being corrupted. In other words they appear designed to encourage the practice of perverted sexual behaviour. The use of the illustrations of young coloured girls on the front cover involved in homosexual practices is a particular nauseating example, so too is the use of the childhood character, Rupert, in the cartoon on pages 14-15. There are also many other illustrations of a degrading nature which can only have been produced by people with perverted minds.
The frequent regerences to drug taking is smokes, weed, acid trips and the spinach craze would seem to accept the principle that drug taking is normal practice and fail to draw to attention the dangers involved in the use of drugs. This attitude may well encourage the sale and distribution of drugs to young people.

Several of the articles are also clearly designed to corrupt young people in particular I would mention 'Suck' on page 28, 'I Wonna be free' on page 14 and Weekend dropout on the same page.

The illustration on the inside back cover 'and incest with my mother' is obviously a degrading and perverted example of the intention to corrupt.

Finally I am convinced this magazine, placed in the hands of almost all the young people in my school could not fail to lead to the possibility of their corruption.

OZ is particularly anxious to hear from schoolteachers, psychiatrists and sociologists who may hold views on the publication of OZ 28 not identical to those of Robert Richardson and Cyril Alfred Pyle. Please telephone our solicitor, David Offenbach: 629 1191.
Some schoolteachers have proved reluctant to give evidence for fear of losing their jobs. This fear should be balanced against the imminent prospect of their freedoms of speech being suppressed.

(i) Cf Daily Mirror editorials: 'Mr and Mrs Britain have stomached enough filth'. Also, when the National Council of Civil Liberties published its report on the 'drift towards tyranny' (citing as an example the harrassment of the Underground Press) Fleet Street attacked not the anomalies exposed, but the strategy of NCCL.

CARR BOMBING

It's the proud claim of British democracy (so we are always told) that secret police do not knock on your door in the middle of the night, and drag you off without specific charges and warrants for your arrest.

However a number of lawyers have been telling this in vain to deaf ears Habershon (the notorious Chief Superintendent in charge of the Carr bombing investigations).

Over a dozen brothers have been siezed at all hours of the day and night, and then unlawfully detained for interrogation at Barnet police station. (Within the next 2 weeks charges are being brought against this cop for false imprisonment.)

The Carr bombing was on Jan 12th; and now almost 3 months later, special branch still have no evidence, and Chief Superintendent Habershon is becoming increasingly desperate. 2 are in maximum security wing (Brixton), Jack Prescott, and Ian Purdis.

The defence lawyers know exactly how and why these two are being framed, but such is the inadequacy of even this fabricated evidence, that the police refuse to commit them for trial (6 weeks after Prescott was charged). We know they are playing for time because they have no case.

But the fact that they are innocent is hardly the point any more – as Habershon launches into the most drastic attack on Civil Liberties this country has seen since the 2nd World War. 2 Labour MPs have reported that Edward Heath has said to Chief Superintendent Habershon, 'Turn London over if you have to, but get results'.

Habershon treats all defence lawyers with contempt, informs victims that the 'pres ence of lawyers will interfere with the course of justice'. (11th February Barnet police station). At the mention of Habeas Corpus, Habershon laughs and turns away.

A FASCIST INVESTIGATION?

The Special Branch (our very own secret police) have used these raids by the Barnet gang (under Search Warrants for Explosives) to steal files and pick up more information about the left. This is the shape of things to come under the Industrial Relations Law – with the secret police acting as a law unto themselves, and all civil liberties being suppressed when they are inconvenient. The judges keep the ruling class cloak of silence – and refuse to defend their own laws on the subject of false imprisonment – and THIS IS HAPPENING NOW.

THE HABERSHON FILE

This brave defender of Robert Carr's property has commited the following crimes.

1. *Unlawful arrest and false imprisonment* – anyone who is forcibly detained without charges is a victim of this charge (on Thursday February 11th four persons were victims of this) – the total number is over a dozen.

2. *(a) obstructing and (b) perverting the course of justice* – on Thursday February 11th over 20 plain clothes police invaded the precincts of Bow Street Magistrates' Court and had the nerve to drag witnesses away from the Miss World trial. This sort of interference in the middle of a trial, which caused an adjournment, proves the ability of the state security forces to override the law.

The third example is the charging of 2 men without evidence, and stalling proceedings for trial in the desperate hope that something incriminating will turn up.

Fourthly, attempts to intimidate and threaten lawyers and legal advisors, which has intensified in the last fortnight, in particular the attempt to prevent liaison between legal adviser Tom Fawthrop and other lawyers in the case. And what is Chief Superintendent Habershon's reaction to all this?

On February 11th he prevented Paterson, a solicitor, from seeing his clients with the words 'I haven't got time for legal niceties'.

Since then the Special Branch have done it again; on Friday March 19th they swooped in Notting Hill, and seized a confidential file belonging to legal advisers† for the defence in the Powis Square 8 Trial, (continuing on April 5th, political trial of 8 persons arrested on November 5th, the community of Notting Hill versus the pigs). The prosecution in the case is now is a position to know the evidence to be given by defence witnesses, and 'any continuation of the trial will be a ludicrous affair'.

Our Freedom is not a legal nicety!

Events are now taking a more sinister turn. The Special Branch have been watching various legal advisors with interest. The present fuzz campaign against Tom Fawthrop is all rather predictable after his role as legal adviser in the Miss World trial, and similar work assisting those defending themselves in the Powis Square trial. For someone who is not a qualified lawyer it is clear that our secret police consider he takes a dangerous interest in the law, and especially in his investigations on behalf of Ian Purdie (to secure his release).

We have just learnt that his West London home was raided under an Explosives Warrant, and still looking for him they returned twice, and even went to his parents' home in Folkestone. Meanwhile his home has been put under observation by a man and a woman who trot up and down Powis Square desperately trying to pretend they are not Special Branch detectives. Tom Fawthrop commented to us over the phone, 'I think they are after me, and it fucking ain't for explosives'.

NOTHING TO SAY, PIGGY PIGGY GO AWAY!

Tom Fawthrop is in temporary exile – another means of trying to pressurise the defence into cobling things. The secret police have got away with so much already that they reckon they can ignore any guy beneath the rank of QC. As they are desperate they may try another illegal detention, so they seek him here and they seek him there, 'but they won't find me till I'm ready and I'm not ready yet', (till April 5th).

We received the following statement from Tom Fawthrop: 'The point is – that to talk to Habershon is to talk to a criminal. I refuse to say anything to him – and every person concerned with their freedom should do the same (a lot of innocent people convict themselves through talking to the police).

Every act of refusal to co-operate with the Carr bombing investigations is a protest against moves towards the creation of a police state, where all rights and liberties are at the discretion of the authorities.

Further we remember the bombings of black people in Lewisham and Sunderland, and the complete lethargy of the police investigations except when they are directed against the black brothers, (blacks were arrested for protesting about the bombings which unlike the Robert Carr affair, injured human life).

Every refusal to talk is a refusal to assist the Special Branch in completing their dossiers on us. So don't talk, don't assist the enemy.'

We shall not be moved to Barnet, we shall not allow them to move Tom Fawthrop to Barnet. Venceremos!

†Legal advisers here means 'Mckenzie lawyers', non-professionals who give legal assistance to people defending themselves.

John Forbes

FLAT FEET STREET

Best news of last month was the collapse of the Daily Sketch. Hopefully, the crossbred Mail will similarly wither away. All sorts of maudlin explanations were offered for the paper's failure, except the true one. The Daily Sketch was a hideously patronising, uninformed, contemptible and obsolete organ of misinformation which the community is marginally better-off without. Most of the redundant journalists were talentless, highly paid falsifiers and their suprise at the contempt with which they were treated by management reflects their ingrained naivete.

While a lot of bullshit is spoken about Youth Culture (some of it by us), it is becoming increasingly evident that more and more young people are unable to relate to Fleet Street. The individual journalists of course (especially from The Sun and News of the World) sense the animosity of the Underground and retaliate by misreporting it. A recent typical example was a fantasy in The Sun by Robert Bolton on Abbie Hoffman's one day visit. Asked what he did with his money, Hoffman gave the press a clear, detailed account of the amounts given by him to various Underground organisations. Bolton – with carefree misrepresentation – announced that Hoffman 'had a lucrative sideline. Lecturing to students at £2,000 a time'.

Happily, there is a new breed of young journalists who are fed up with the ethics of their profession and instead of cheering the continuing police purges of the Underground, actually believe that such concepts as 'freedom of the press' also apply to Alternative media.

Some of these young journalists will continue to chip away at the suffocating traditions of Fleet Street, others have already left and will be participating in London's new weekly newspaper, Ink. First issue April 30.

FRIENDS ON THE VERGE OF GLORY

The familiar stench from the Department of Public Prosecutions has reached the offices of Friends newspaper. Alan Marcuson, Friends' editor, was called before Det. Sgt. Horny Hudson of the DPP on March 25th to answer technical questions concerning

Issues 21 and 24. The offending matter seems to be photographs of Otto Muehl's contribution to the Wet Dream Festival held in Amsterdam late last year (Issue 21) and a comic called Quepie which appeared in Issue 24. Both examples of free cock and cunt, they were apparently brought to Hudson's attention through private complaints. The coincidence is that Jo Stevens, the photographer who took the Otto Muehl Series of Sexual Savagery, has recently been charged by the same Hudson for sending obscene material through the post and now awaits trial for this offence. The photographs in Friends were chosen from that series. Hudson, incidentally, is the co-star of both OZ Obscenity busts and the 'Flesh' bust at the Open Space Theatre last year. Marcuson was cautioned during the investigation and now waits for a decision from the DPP as to whether or not Friends will be charged with obscenity. They can only hope.

Stanislav Demidjuk

Thanks, kisses, licks and sucks to everybody who helped us raise more than £1000 towards the Oz Obscenity Fund at our Police Ball in Covent Garden last month.

ANTHONY BLOND/ ARTHUR BROWN'S KINGOOM COME/ VIV STANSHALLS FREAKBANO/ HOUSESHAKERS/ PINK FARIES/ 43 KING STREET/ EGG/ ROY HARPER/ THIRO WORLO WAR/ MAGIC MICHAEL/ GNIDROLOG/ JOHN PEEL/ SIMON STABLE/ HARVEY GOLOSMITH & ALFANO-ARY ASSOSSIATES/ KRISHNA, CONTRAPTION ANO SPASM LIGHT SHOWS/ ARTS LAB/ INTER-ACTION/ AQUARIUS WATERBEOS/ SEEO/ LONOON LIVING THEATRE/ FAIRY THEATRE/ SWIZ PRICKS/ BLACKHEATH FOOT & OEATHMEN/ NKTV/ JO GANNON/ CHIEF-SUPERINT-ENDENT TOOGOOO & HIS INEVIT-ABLE ANDROIDS/ RELEASE/ VIRGIN RECOROS/ TOWN RECORDS/ MUSICLAND/ MR. FREEOOM/ ONE-STOP RECOROS/ FORBIOOEN FRUIT/ COMPEN-OIUM BOOKSHOP/ TIME OUT/ FAMILY OOG/ CARNEBY RECORO SHOP/ MANZI RECORDS/ PRINT MINT/ KEN MARKET RECORDS.

We also wish to acknowledge the help of our many friends, freaks and Angels who licked out toilets, swept up garbage and pissed in the waterbeds. It *was* alright on the night. See you in court!!

Cochise
IN TERMS of creativity, originality and instrumental proficiency, few bands deserve to emerge at the top of the heap in Britain as much as the Liberty act Cochise.
For some reason this hasn't happened yet. The group has recently gone through several changes – in personnel and in management. While their record company here has continued faith in
COCHISE
SWALLOW TALES
A NEW ALBUM
LIBERTY
LBG 83428

All Watched Over by Machines of Loving Grace

I like to think (and
the sooner the better!)
of a cybernetic meadow
where mammals and computers
live together in mutually
programming harmony
like pure water
touching clear sky.

I like to think
(right now, please!)
of a cybernetic forest
filled with pines and electronics
where deer stroll peacefully
past computers
as if they were flowers
with spinning blossoms.

I like to think
(it has to be!)
of a cybernetic ecology
where we are free of our labors
and joined back to nature,
returned to our mammal
brothers and sisters,
and all watched over
by machines of loving grace.

reprinted from The Pill Versus the Springhill Mine Disaster by Richard Brautigan, published by Jonathan Cape some moons ago.

Les Edwards

LETTER FROM AMERICA

TALES OF HOFFMAN

February 8, 1971
Dear Richard of OZ:

Let me point out one of the hypocrisies of your comments about my aloofness, etc. Your book 'Play Power' here, and I'm told in England, exploits me by using my name in advertisements with a quote that I defy you or your publishers to prove I said on any occasion, never mind said it could be used in an ad. Don't you think you're being a little dishonest in that respect? *

As far as speaking through my lawyer about publishing matters, you're just too fuckin much. My "lawyer" Gus Reichbach, is one of my closest brothers. He was a prime mover in the Columbia University revolt and has also been deported from Mexico for suspicious contacts with Cuban Revolutionaries. He is one of the authors of the 'Bust Book' along with other movement people. Besides he ain't NO LAWYER! He is presently prevented from becoming one because of his radical ideas. What he is, is a member of the LAW COMMUNE, the most radical concept in legal organising and defence in Amerika. They do most cases free and if there is any bread to be made on my books, they should get a healthy cut. Y not? You make him sound just like any other lawyer.

If people relate to me as a public image, I do act aloof. What else should I do, spend my life signing autographs? If I refuse to be in some revolutionary dilletante's movie, I'm aloof, if I agree, I'm a media freak. You're damn right I'm aloof. That's why I wouldn't appear at any press conferences in Europe, skipped the speeches, turned down going to England, and just snuck around as quiet as I could with a few friends. Besides, those hippy-dippy-revolution-in-the-mind leeches that sponge off poor Victor were probably complaining that I wouldn't let them take my picture while I was out getting my ass kicked by the vicious Paris pigs during the GEISMAR demonstrations.

Dealing with fame within a revolutionary context is a very difficulty task. Should I or should I not sell the movie rights of Revolution for the Hell of It to MGM? They are pigs, but will get out a message to millions! They make better movies than Newsreel. Do I have the right to throw away tons of bread when brothers and sisters are facing jail and prison? I am one of those brothers and sisters too. I need a ton of bread to stay on the street. The Trial in Chicago will eventually cost us a cool million dollars. Becoming popular was in effect part and parcel of our defence. That was only one of my trials.

Well I sold the movie rights! The Law Commune got $6,500 so they can survive a little. The Committee to Defend the Panthers got $25,000. The Conspiracy Trial got $10,000. $5,000 went to finance Youth International Party stuff and the rest went to the U.S. Government in taxes. Out of $65,000 I kept less than $2,000. Now the Government claims I owe them even more taxes on this bread, so I'll probably have to cough up the other two grand. By the way, NO underground paper printed that story but every above ground one did. I never told it to anyone till now. The above ground people did some research, cause if you bail out people, you got to sign papers, etc., so it's a matter of public record.

Anyway, MGM ain't going to do the movie cause we threatened to burn down the first theater to show it unless they advocated political assassination. We wanted the film to open with a shot of Yippies dressed in flag shirts watching Nixon on color TV pulling out guns and shooting the set. Neat huh? Electronic voodoo. You can see why MGM had some second thoughts. The same has been the case with all my bread. I'm not interested in becoming rich – money is only a prop – you pick up the dollar

Les Edwards

A matter of public record.....

to destroy the dollar. Mao would understand; teeny-boppers won't. That doesn't mean someday I won't even chuck the whole movement. Ten years of street struggle is a long time. Arrests, beatings, jail terms hanging over my head and shitty movement people who call you up on the phone in the dead of night to do a benefit in Seattle or Philadelphia or Patterson, New Jersey, and then accuse you of elitism, racism, male chauvinism, etc. if you refuse. The movement has a built-in hatred of "success", of becoming "popular". I'm not just referring to hostility directed to Jerry and myself, but I think people are pissed we're not dead or in jail. People demand dead martyrs, not living myths. Well, fuck off, movement. There's something deeper than that though; something that doesn't affect us personally and that's a purist, elitist code that rejects popularity or using language symbols, styles and methods of communication that will reach millions. There is an insistance on speaking to one's friends. I refuse to speak to the converted. In fact, I have no ideas on how to convert the converted. I can only suggest they put aside Marx and go to the movies.

I don't say that OZ is in that bag. OZ tried to blend art and politics in a new way. It clearly is not afraid to fuck around and struggle not only with its elitism, racism, chauvinism and all the other isms we are supposed to do battle with as we rise up each morning, but it does what few movement groups do – it struggles with its own genius. A noble struggle indeed. The fact that we only seemed concerned about British royalties in our discussions must be attributed in part to your desire to publish my books in England. Naturally, such things come up, Richard. My head was in another place it's true. Brothers and sisters were in Algeria trying to deal with a complicated bad scene under great pressure, a real mess that drove Anita out of Algeria, ended up with Jerry and me fighting in Paris and is just coming to the public's attention with Cleaver jailing Leary. It was not the sort of vibes that make for a friendly head.

Anyways, I hope to eventually get to England someday, although it may be hard after Jerry was deported. I have just been deported from Canada and also have been refused permission to speak in about 20 U.S. states so I don't know if I'll be allowed in. The kicking out of Rudi Deutsche didn't help us get together on British soil I fear. Hope you and other folks can join us in the streets of Washington, D.C. on Mayday this year for a real Yippie bang-out. If not, hope you'll vent your urine at the local embassy as part of the International Yippie Conspiracy. If you feel like printing this letter, do so, but don't cut out the shit about you or I'll tell everybody you're David Frost.

From a corner of the global village,
Abbie

April 17, 1970
Dear Richard:
P.S. 'Play Power' is fantastically brilliant. Sorry we didn't meet. Let me know the progress on publishing my books in the British colony.
Abbie

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LETTERS TO A FEMALE EUNUCH

A selection from Germaine Greer's fan mail.

Miss Greer,
So you are the Female Eunuch or Lesbian. And you want Liberation. You already have had liberation since you were all born . I am 70 and have watched you Women all over the world. Our mothers were real feminine not fakes. There was affection, good cooking, a warm house, the girls were taught to make their own clothes sew, mend and cook. They were respected and honoured. Then came the wars. The husbands, sweethearts and boyfriends answered the call. The women cried at the parting, then came the foreign troops to England, away went the tears, along came thousands of Bastards, lies, deceit, cunning and tricks. They were not satisfied with the looks God gave them, they have now false hair, false eye lashes, false lips, false breasts. Not content with that, you all disgrace yourselves, with filth and dirt on stage and T.V. and strip tease, you are all ready to sink lower than any animal for money. Everyday one can see it on T.V. show. How rotten can you get, none of you have to get married, when you do, you should play the game. We see it everywhere, boyfriends waiting near the house, for the husband to leave for night work. Oh yes, the tales we hear about postman, fish mongers, milkmen, coalmen and loose married women. None of you are trustworthy, and you still want more Liberation. There is more neglect of homes and children today than there ever was, most of you are hot can openers. There are only today mostly married whores, Lesbians and the frigged. Very few really nice dressed feminine ladies. Us men will react – treating you as you are, a rank load of filth. What decent woman are left, with morals and honesty will boycott your organisation. They have their pride and duty to their families. No one forces you to marry. Carry on the Lesbian Brigade, as you are now being christened.

. . . . . .

Dear Dr. Greer,
I am only 15 years old but I have read your book Female Eunuch over and over again when I feel sexy. Also your article in the Sunday Mirror.

Will you please send me a picture of yourself for a pin up.

Also are you writing any more books on sex etc.

Thank you for the pleasure your book brings me. Will you please reply to me PLEASE.

Yours truly,

. . . . . .

Dear Germaine,

Are you for real: read about you in a recent Rolling Stone (rock newspaper) article. Amazing!

If you come to the States, I'd like to see what makes you tick.

I'm thirty-one years of age too, maybe we can project that to some fantastic metaphysical conclusion: if not, we can ball!

I'm quite brilliant so don't let your talent, intellectual and otherwise, go to waste; I'll tell you what everything means, not just what it is: write me today.

Remember there is such a thing as History,

Dear Germaine Greer,

Bravo for your control. Tonight. But who takes this polymorphous perverse scene seriously? See, if you're going to fail, and you are, you might as well fail for a more satisfactory set of ideas. I mean Reich.

Yeh, Reich's totally male-orientated (at least on the surface) but, take away his tone, and his ideas are at least worth investigating (experimentally). Prove the orgone exists baby, and good bye O. Brown and Co. You are brave, show-biz. I admire you. Putting that thing on the line for the shit to be thrown.

Also, I'm curious how the new lib scene hasn't been drowned in the spray from the tongue-bath. Indeed you are a lady of many parts (or just one?)

More power to your elbow.

Best wishes,

Mister . . . . . .

Dear Germaine,

I love you, stick around.

A fan.

Dear Germaine,

Having been recently bombarded with news of your exploits and theories in various woman's magazines and newspapers, I feel prompted to ask if it is really true – 'whatever happened to the sweet young girl I once knew'.

Monica and I are still happily married and now have five children – Kevin 13, Stephen 12, Martin 9, Edwin 5 and Benjamin 2. My brother Denis was finally married three years ago and to date has produced only one masterpiece, Luke Marcus Smith!

I work as a plant pathologist where I am researching on various diseases of stone fruit trees. I worked for 14 months at the University of California at Davis in 67/68 and our youngest son was born there.

Since we returned to Australia, Monica has returned to school teaching (its the rising cost of living) at the local parish school about 400 yards from our home in Beaunaris. I spend most of my saturdays helping with cleaning the house and specialize in cleaning toilets, Monica gets very tired at times but we survive!

. . . . . .

Dear Miss Germaine,

I would like to wish you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. My Christmas somewhere behind the clouds in Heaven, and waiting lips wait impatient,

. . . . . .

Dear Germaine Greer,

Independence, Insecurity and Freedom? I've had these for years and as I am now forty, will no doubt have them for many years more. But I'm no career woman and have never had any

ambition. So I struggle along on less than twelve pounds after deductions, hard up, badly dressed, lonely and unhappy.

How I long to be given a chance to live with a man, (I wouldn't ask for marriage vows) who really wanted my company and love. Someone I could cook for, talk to and make happy whilst making my own life less dreary. Is this selfish?

We can't all be brilliant, independent souls like yourself.

Most women need to be needed, its part of their feminine nature – and I don't agree that the majority of married women are domestic cabbages living only to polish and clean, far from it, many do considerable social work. And why shouldn't we be feminine? As long as we don't do the helpless female act on every man we meet . . . .

It's one of the joys of being a female to be able to dress up on occasion and have a special hair do and make up. How wretched and uninteresting life would be if we couldn't sometimes do this. You're welcome to live how you please, dressed in well lived-in jeans, smelling of honest sweat, and conversing brilliantly with your many friends of similar mind. But let us live how we please, and don't despise us for wanting our own homes and husbands – this process has gone on for centuries and God willing will continue for many more.

. . . . . .

RELEASE

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW DRUG BILL WILL DO?

1. Increase the maximum penalty for giving cannabis to a friend (in official language 'pushing',) to fourteen years – the highest fixed penalty in British Law and more than twice the average sentence served for murder. (Misuse of Drugs Bill, Schedule 4.)

2. Require you to prove your innocence rather than the police to prove your guilt. (Misuse of Drugs Bill Clause 28.)

3. Increase police powers by allowing them to "*detain* for the purpose of searching" on "reasonable grounds". The government has refused to define this phrase. (Misuse of Drugs Bill Clause 23.)

RELEASE started in 1967 when seventeen per cent of first cannabis offenders were sent to prison. Today the average penalty for cannabis offences is a fine of £14– a great improvement in three years, but more people are being arrested every day and the proposed law will be more repressive.

RELEASE will fight to change this law. If you support our aim and the work we do or if there is the possibility that one day you may need any of our services* – please send us money or a bankers order so we can continue. This is your insurance.

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The release library includes a selection of authoritative papers on all aspects of the social use of drugs and is available for consultation by anyone interested.

PLEASE help with cheques, postal orders, trading stamps, cigarette coupons and foreign or British Commemorative stamps.

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Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Mon & Thurs until 10pm.
AMSTERDAM: Spinozastraat 9. Amsterdam Tel: 020 22949

He who laughs last, laughs last....

The Last Laugh

A ONE ACT PLAY FOR THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

ACT 1 SCENE 1

CURTAIN OPENS ON A "SAC" COMMAND CENTER LOCATED UNDER 60 MILES OF SOLID GRANITE, THE FUNNYBONE OF THE ENTIRE NORTH AMERICAN DEFENSE NETWORK.

THIS SYSTEM REPRESENTS THE PINNACLE OF MAN'S SOCIO-TECHNO CULTURAL EVOLUTION, AND AT THE CONTROLS OF THIS COMPLICATED ELECTRONIC APPARATUS SITS... PVT. NELSON.

HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN A MANNER OF DEVOUT TRAINING, A RELIGION PERHAPS, AND FOR ONE FANATIC REASON...

...TO PUSH "THE BUTTON".

SCENE 2 STAGE RIGHT-THE SILENT MAJORITY.. STAGE CENTER, THE EVENING NEWS DELIVERED WITH THE USUAL UNEMOTIONAL MONOTONE DIALOGUE... THE COMMENTATORS COUNTENANCE MAKES YOU INHERENTLY FEEL THAT HIS ENTIRE INNER STRUCTURE IS COMPOSED OF OATMEAL.

SCENE 3

CONTINUED OVER.....

SCENE 4 • ENTIRE CAST ON STAGE...
HELLO, THIS IS HOWARD DORNISH, CBS, ON THE 'SCENE' HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO.. AH YES, IT'S A GREAT NIGHT; PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ON THE HILLS OVERLOOKING THE CITY WAITING FOR THE FIRST MISSLES TO ARRIVE... MUCH LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY!
POLICE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY CLUBBED BACK DEMONSTRATORS WHO ARE PROTESTING OUR INVOLVEMENT IN THIS WAR. AS USUAL, THESE YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE NO RESPECT FOR PEACEFUL DISSENT AND MUCH ROCK AND BOTTLE THROWING HAS OCCURED.
I THINK I SEE ONE.
HOT DOGS
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS EVENT, MADAM?
OH, I THINK IT'S JUS MARVELOUS! MOST EXCITING THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED. WE SHOULDN'T QUESTION WHAT THE PRESIDENT HAS DONE, HE KNOWS WHAT'S BEST FOR THE PUBLIC.
THANK YOU, AND NOW TO MOSCOW..
THANK YOU, HOWARD. THIS IS GEORGE M'FEE, LIVE VIA SATELLITE. OF COURSE NO-ONE HERE, EXCEPT THE KREMLIN OFFICIALS IS AWARE THAT THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO END. THIS EXCHANGE OF HOSTILITIES WILL COME AS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO THE LOCAL POPULACE, AND WE'LL BE ON THE SPOT, LIVE, TO GIVE YOU THEIR FIRST REACTIONS! BACK TO YOU, HOWIE...
THANKS, GEORGE. CBS IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT IS GOING TO BRING YOU, THROUGH THE MIRACLE OF VIDIOTAPE, 'INSTANT REPLAY' AND 'STOP ACTION'.. SO.. IF YOU'RE STILL AROUND WHEN NEW YORK OR LONDON GETS IT, WE'LL HAVE IT ALL, AS IT HAPPENS. AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR... COMPOSE.
GOD DAMN! IT'S ON EVERY CHANNEL.. MUS BE A PLOT OR SUMTHIN..
OOCHVE!
WHAK
MYTT
OOF
NOK
OH WELL, AT LEAST THIS SOLVES THE EXISTENTIAL AND ECOLOGICAL DILEMMA URRRRG
IT DONT EVEN MAKE NO SENSE; MUST BE FRUSTRATED BUTTON PUSHERS ALL OVER THE WORLD. TAINT A ONE OF US THAT'S GONNA FEEL RIGHT.. HIC...
CODE NAME, "JACK BE-NIMBLE", REPORTS WE ARE ABOUT TO TAKE A DIRECT HIT.
END
F. SCHRER ©1970

Everytime you buy a bar of chocolate, someone in Ghana works a little harder and gets a lot poorer. EXPLOITATION!

Robin Jenkins

In Britain, today, we have a crisis of identity. We don't know who we are, where we fit into world history or what we should be doing politically. The social identities that define the immediate horizons of our daily life are more and more, the only identities we have. Without a wider view, or an interpretation of existence beyond this immediate horizon, we become prisoners of the present, captives to our immediate surroundings. The implications are profound because without a wider interpretation of the meaning of our lives, we lack the perspective and the ideas that alone can enable us to make coherent criticisms and real changes.

The great dramas of our time are understood only as piecemeal actions in particular situations. The H-bomb and the Vietnam War have produced a reaction in Br itain but it has been a detached, moral reaction without a coherent understanding of the meaning of either the Bomb or of America's Asian War.

It has taken a generation for the intellectuals of the rich, metropolitan nations in the east and the west to digest the meaning of the Second World War and slowly, ever so slowly, emerge from the anasthaesia of the Cold War. During this quarter of a century, the only coherent political thinking was out in the poor periphery — in China, Vietnam, Algeria, Ghana. The three quarters of mankind who had been enslaved and denied their humanity in the name of the liberalism of the rich, now took up the idea of progress that the rich nations had lost in the holocaust of their imperialist rivalries.

Whilst political thinking in the rich nations went bankrupt over the Cold War, the Third World was producing an abundance of science, ideology, ethics and practice. As a direct result of the Vietnam War, these Third World developments of Marxism and Liberalism have surged back into the rich nations. The revolutions in Cuba and Vietnam now inspire Europeans; Fanon, Mao and Guevara are having a dominant effect on the hopes and fears of the oppressed in New York, London, Birmingham.

If we are to understand the wider meaning of our lives and play a conscious role in the shaping of the future, we have to start with what we have, however meagre it may be. We have to use and develop the perspective that has been thrown back at us from the Third World; we have to look at our world, in our time, with the widest possible perspective. Paul Sweezy, an American Marxist, once summed it up like this:

> *"Everyone knows that the present will some day be history. I believe that the most important task of the social scientist is to try to comprehend it as history now, while it is still the present and while we still have the power to influence its shape and outcome."*

To be free is to understand the laws that necessarily govern nature and society; only then can we recognise where choices exist and where we can exert pressure on the business of making history. Only through understanding these laws can we understand the ethic of our times, and therefore the dimensions of our own nature. The ethic of our times is determined by the systems within which we live. we cannot understand one without the other. That is where social science comes in, but there is a problem here too.

> *By 1950 the US controlled 70% of Latin American sources of raw material. Now it is 85%.*
> *Felix Greene*

Imperialism is a world-wide process dominated by the giant, international corporations. Most of these corporations are American but some of them are European and a few are Japanese and South African. These corporations are involved in the exploitation of men in the farthest corners of the globe, where they extract their profits and send them back home. As a result, the rich become richer and the poor do not just stay poor but become poorer. In order to understand what these corporations are up to in rich and poor countries it is necessary to look at the fundamental contradictions of capitalism that made imperialism necessary.

BRAKE & THROTTLE

Crudely, we can say this: that there are two classes in capitalist societies — the bourgeoisie which owns capital and buys other men's labour on an hourly, weekly or monthly basis; and the proletariat, which does not own capital but sells labour to whoever will employ it. In this sense, the middle classes are part of the proletariat though they might well identify with the values of the bourgeoisie. As a result of the division of society into these two great classes, certain contradictions arise.

"Capitalists subordinate other aims to the maximisation of profit. In pursuit of this objective, they pay workers as little as they can get away with and steadily introduce labour-saving machinery. The consequence, of course, is to hold down the consuming power of the working class. At the same time, capitalists restrict their own consumption to the interests of accumulating more and more capital. But accumulating more and more capital means adding to society's productive capacity. We therefore have the paradox that capitalism steps on the brake so far as consumption is concerned and on the accelerator as far as production is concerned. This is its basic contradiction, and it cannot be eliminated except through changing the system from one of production for profit to one of production for use." (Sweezy)

This might seem to contradict what is happening in Britain at present — rising unemployment, rising prices and collapsing corporations — but it all depends on how you look at these things. To quote Sweezy again: "the economic problem appears to be the very opposite of what the textbooks say it is: not how best to utilise scarce resources but how to dispose of the products of super-abundant resources. And this holds regardless of one's wealth or position in society. If he is a worker, the ubiquitous fact of unemployment teaches him that the supply of labour is always greater than the demand. If he is a farmer, he struggles to stay afloat in a sea of surpluses. If he is a businessman, his sales persistently fall short of what he could profitably produce. Always too much, never too little."

HAPPY HAPPY AFRICA

Imperialism is the direct result of this contradiction; it is an attempt to find investment outlets and markets abroad and it reflects the expansionist nature of capitalism. It was the expansion of rival imperialisms that produced both the First and Second World Wars. Now, in the seventies, we are seeing renewed competition for markets and investment outlets but this time between the USA, the EEC, Japan and the USSR. It is difficult to see how this competition can lead to anything other than a Third World War in the long run, tho' the form that it will take is impossible to predict, given the existence of nuclear weapons. At present there is plenty of room for manoeuvre between the new imperialist powers. The former colonies of Britain and France which were once monopolised by their own corporations are now being opened up to exploitation by the new imperialist states. Africa, which has been held in reserve compared with Asia and Latin America, is now the scene of increased competition.

If imperialism was just a voracious search for markets and investment outlets, one might expect it to result in short-term benefits for those areas that become the focus for such competition, even if, in the end, this competition results in war. The more sophisticated apologists of the status-quo now argue that there are immediate benefits whereas a few years ago, they were denying that there was any such thing as imperialism. In order to deal with their assertations, it is important to distinguish between imperialism in the rich, metropolitan nations and imperialism in the Third World.

TWO KINDS OF IMPERIALISM

Imperialism in the rich nations is largely a post-war phenomenon that resulted from the industrial dominance of the USA and the industrial destruction of all the other nations in 1945. American capital has moved into Europe and Japan in a big way and has resulted in the rapid growth of consumer production in the past twenty-five years. Because US subsidiaries are willing to pay high wages, they tend to push up wages in general and there can be little doubt that in the short term, there are more cars, refrigerators and televisions in use as a result. In the long term, however, there is the possibility that US corporations will develop monopolies of various markets and then manipulate prices and wages at will. Europeans benefit from US imperialism at present because it is still in genuine competition with European corporations and this often forces prices down. As US corporations gain monopolies of whole industries the consequences change, as can be shown by looking at the Third World.

Imperialism in the Third World is particularly vicious because the giant corporations rapidly develop monopolies on all imports and exports of small, poor nations. A few American corporations are able to agree amongst themselves what price they will pay for copper, tin, zinc, cocoa, maize, etc.

In Ghana and Nigeria, the cocoa crop was more than doubled during the sixties but the income remained the same and the price per ton went down by over fifty per cent. At the same time, the price of tractors, fertiliser and other imports that were necessary to obtain the increased output of cocoa nearly doubled. The net effect is that the peasants in these two countries worked harder but the countries got poorer.

When rich nations give "aid" to poor nations, this is a form of imperialism too, because it results simply in a subsidy for

Exploitation

This article is based on material from two books by Robin Jenkins, EXPLOITATION, published by MacGibbon & Kee in 1970, and TOWARDS A SCIENCE OF LIBERATION (forthcoming).

exports from the rich nation to the poor nation and the manufacturers in the rich nation are the only ones to benefit.

When the oil-producing nations force a price rise on the big oil companies, it is not the companies that lose. They have a monopoly of the petro-chemical market in the rich nations and simply pass on the price increase whilst retaining the same, fat profits.

OVER COMPENSATING

When a poor nation nationalises a foreign corporation, this is a victory for the biggest American corporations too. In order to pay compensation after nationalisation, the poor country has to obtain a loan from abroad so the more it nationalises, the more it will be in debt to the rich nations. Often one finds that when a British company is nationalised, the loan for paying compensation comes from the World Bank, which is basically American. The British company gets compensation and is satisfied; the Americans get a loan with interest so they are satisfied too. The people in the poor country might be able to call a particular industry their own but they also have to pay 7% or more interest so repatriated profits are replaced by loan repayments. Either way, the poor country is increasingly tied and dependent upon the rich one.

It has often been argued that a poor country can develop by using the profits from selling oil or copper or coal to a rich nation. This is what Venezuela has done but what are the results?

> *"Some 10% of Venezuela is sitting in on a modern Belshazzar's feast, catered by Standard Oil and Shell; the other four million are on the outside looking in, with hunger in their bellies and disease in their bones. But some day, when the last oil is pumped out, the feast must end. Then ... the stricken land will need the disaster services of the International Red Cross brigades doling out soup as its people expire surrounded by mountains of empty Frigidaires, silent Philcos, and gasless Cadillacs... What has happened in Venezuela is a gold-plated disaster moving on noiseless, oiled bearings towards tragedy.*
>
> *Its ancient, static but self-sufficient economy has been tossed in the trash-can. Now it reaps millions of bolivars each year for its oil. With these bolivars it buys all the expensive trash in the world... When the oil runs out, the nation will be like an old tailor's chest, filled with useless spangles. Lacking subsidies, industry will collapse; agriculture will long since have perished."*

Venezuela is put forward as the one example of successful development resulting from the Alliance for Progress!

The harsh facts of the exploitation of the Third World were summarised by Guevara in 1964. Referring to the US Alliance for Progress, he said:

> *"The paradoxical situation now is that, while the loans are either not forthcoming or are made for projects which contribute nothing to the industrial development of the region, increased amounts of foreign currency are being transferred to the industrialised countries. This means that the wealth created by the labour of peoples who live for the most part in conditions of backwardness, hunger and poverty is enjoyed in US imperialist circles. In 1961, for instance, according to figures from the UN Economic Commission on Latin America, there was an outflow of 1,735 million dollars from Latin America in the form of interest on foreign investments and similar payments, and of 1,456 million dollars in payments on foreign short-term and long-term loans. If we add to this the indirect loss of purchasing power of exports (of deterioration in the terms of trade), which amounted to 2,660 million dollars in 1961, and 400 million dollars for the flight of capital, we arrive at a total of 6,200 million dollars or more than three Alliances for Progress a year."*

If the Third World is to develop it will have to break this exploitative relationship with the rich nations, will have to nationalise foreign investments without compensation, will have to arm the people to protect their interests against foreign imperialists. It is to this end that the Havana Tricontinental Organisation was set up in 1966.

In rich nations like Britain, the consequences of imperialism are complex. Wages are pushed up by the presence of huge American subsidiaries and the general rise in standards of living over the past twenty-five years has been possible because of British imperialism and profiteering abroad. If British overseas investments were nationalised without compensation, there is little doubt that the average working class family would face an abrupt decline in their standard of living. *The British working class has a vested interest in the continuation of British imperialism and it would be foolish to deny it.* At the same time, there are clearly exceptions when a factory closes down in order to set up business in South Africa, employing much cheaper labour. It is in this area that we simply do not know enough to be able to devise a straightforward political programme.

The immediate need is to find out more about foreign imperialism in Britain and British imperialism in foreign countries. Much can be discovered from information that is published but much more information can only be obtained by gaining employment in organisations like BP, Barclays Bank, Anglo American and RioTinto Zinc, thereby gaining access to secret files. Such activities are increasingly necessary and absolutely justifiable.

More power is now accumulated in fewer hands than at any other period of history. Fortune magazine recently claimed that:

> *"The hard financial core of (world) capitalism is composed of not more than 60 firms, partnerships or corporations, owned or controlled by 1000 men ... In fact recent forecasts claim that in 25 years, 200 multinational firms will completely dominate production and trade and account for over 75% of the total corporate assets of the capitalist world."*

The implications of this tendency have been summarised by Chomsky in his most recent book "At War With Asia."

> *"In general, democratic decision-making in a capitalist society is severely limited by the very fact that the commercial, financial and industrial systems – the central institutions of the society – are, in law and in principle, excluded from public control or participation, except in the indirect ways in which any system of authority, no matter how autocratic, must be responsive to the public will. The tendencies towards concentration of power just noted, and now commonly discussed, further underscore the fundamental incompatibility of democracy and capitalism, particularly in its modern, centralised form."*

The system has to be overthrown but by whom and how can only be answered when we know more about world imperialism and where our own lives fit in.

We all know people who have a vast fund of information about imperialism and revolution, who have studied Marx and Mao, whose minds are a veritable file-index of quotations, who can see with great sophistication and clarity the urgent need to overthrow the present structure, and yet whose lives are curiously unchanged by all this knowledge. They seem, as it were, unrelated to it. I have therefore come to think that intellectual knowledge is both important and can be a trap, for 'knowing about' can very easily become a substitute for action. *Felix Greene*

We must be on guard against these nice reasonable men. They have learned that a quiet and passionless manner carries an extraordinary credibility, and this is especially true in Britain where the tone in which something is said is more important than what is said. But with a creeping sense of horror one realizes that it is these reasonable men, for all their plausibility, who have made the world what it is. The reasonable men cannot understand the ferment that is in the streets. They cannot understand the passionate determination of the oppressed to gain their freedom. They are at a total loss to understand what the young everywhere are rebelling about. *Felix Greene*

UGANDA ME GOOSE!

ALEX MITCHELL

The Third-World War

Britain versus The People of Uganda

On January 25 General Idi Amin, the Chief of the Armed Forces of Uganda, seized power. The new army regime has since taken predictable repressive steps – elections have been banned for five years, political activity is now a criminal offence, the Constitution has been overthrown, Amin has named himself President and almost as an afterthought, promoted himself from Major General to General.

The deposed president, Dr Milton Obote, now lives in exile in Dar es Salaam. He is not making any public announcements; two weeks after the coup he simply issued a statement saying that his *next* announcement would be made over Uganda Radio. To the British Government, Obote's re-instatement would be most inconvenient. According to the Foreign Office line, Obote is bad for 'British interests'. That is to say, Obote stands for the expropriation of foreign-owned companies, the public ownership of property throughout Uganda and the building of strong political alliances with other progressive, independent African States.

It is not surprising to find, therefore, that the British Government is engaged in a serious public relations campaign on behalf of the Amin regime. For one thing, Britain was the *first* country in the world to recognise the military government. Now, ten weeks after the coup, only three countries have announced recognition – Britain, the Presbyterian dictatorship in Malawi and Australia.

Roy Lewis, the absurd writer on African affairs for *The Times* has been an accessory in the image-making operation. On March 31 he wrote: 'Post-colonial Africa's generals, whatever their faults, have in fact mostly shown themselves to be very sound alternatives to the politicians . . . ' Lewis went on to argue that Amin is firmly in control and that the whole affair has been advantageous to Britain.

Of course, what is advantageous to the British Foreign Office and the Conservative Party is frequently at odds with the hopes and aspirations of the people in other countries. Uganda, for example, threw out the British in 1962 and then proceeded cautiously to build a new nation. But the British skilfully re-arranged their relationships with Uganda: instead of having a direct political and economic stranglehold, the British entered the phase of neo-colonialism where their agents – bankers, businessmen, military advisors – began to infiltrate.

'Aid' poured to Uganda. But no aid to underdeveloped countries is neutral. It has a serious political motive. In Britain's case the aid was used to keep Uganda in the British Imperial camp. While Malawi swung towards Vorster's police state, and Kenya turned to the Americans, Uganda had its own national flag – but that was about all. It became the East African headquarters for large British firms like Barclays Bank, National Grindleys, insurance firms and manufacturing and construction companies.

The arrangement was popular with the black ruling classes in Kampala and the City toffs in EC2. But Dr Obote, not the greatest gift to political thinking, came to the conclusion that his people were getting poorer and poorer at the expense of the country's natural and labour resources. He began to look for alternative ways to organise his society. Unsurprisingly, he found himself approaching left wing solutions. Six months ago Obote passed legislation which gave the government the right to take up 60 per cent of the stock of all foreign companies. This sort of activity was anathema to the British. When Obote went to the Commonwealth Conference in Singapore in January, the right wing general of the army, Idi Amin, took over.

How closely was Britain involved in the coup, apart from standing on the sidelines cheering? So far, the only intriguing evidence comes from Kenya. On the day after the coup, January 26, a number of Ugandans spending their weekend in neighbouring Nairobi decided to drive back home. When they reached the Kenya-Uganda border near Tororo they noticed some odd manoeuvres going on in the jungle. One was inquisitive enough to stop and have a look. Several hundred yards off the main road he found a large group of British commandos. The Ugandan took fright and left the scene. When a senior Ugandan officer was subsequently asked to comment on the report, he said (not for attribution), 'Of course, we had the British standing by. They were to come in if large scale civil war broke out. But when we managed to take over so quickly, they weren't needed.'

The other country which has been more directly implicated in the coup is Israel. The Israelis have a big political stake in the affairs of Uganda. They first arrived in the country in 1960 in a very clandestine role. Their job was to train a private people's army if it was needed to throw out the British. Obote felt a certain affection for the Israelis because of this assistance in his independence struggle, so he kept them around.

But in the past ten years their penetration has become quite out of hand and its character has become more sinister. By the end of 1970 the Israelis were training the air force, the commando regiments, the tank corps, sections of the infantry and the secret service.

To understand the deep Israeli interest it is necessary to look at a map and appraise oneself of East African geography. Northern Uganda borders on the Sudan, a partner in the new Arab triumvirate with Libya and Egypt. For the past two years the Israelis have been arming and training the Africans who live along this border. These rebels, known as Anyanya, have a long-standing feud with the Arab rulers in Khartoum. But the Israelis have no genuine interest in the Africans' struggle; they simply want to create a southern front in their war with the Arabs.

Towards the end of his government, Dr Obote began to perceive what the Israelis were up to. He also became convinced that the new left wing government in the Sudan (it seized power in May 1969) was sincerely concerned for the welfare of the Africans in the south. He decided, therefore, to stop the Israelis from using his country as a camouflage for their own Zionist programme.

When Amin decided to act while Dr Obote was out of the country, it was the Israelis who encouraged him. They even went as far as to drive tanks through the streets of Kampala and fly victory formations over the main capitals – key manoeuvres in the pyschological warfare attached to the coup.

The importance of making clear the involvements of both Britain and Israeli is to re-emphasise the lesson that historical events don't occur by accident; they are the product of historical forces. And in Uganda's case, they were the result of the designs of imperialism.

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Letters from Latin America

CHILE

February

"Great things are going on in Chile; the Reforma Agaria has really got under way. The campesc inos are millitant and united and organised — only a couple of years ago they were isolated in their individual exploitation. There's been some violence by 'momios' towards officials, intimidation of families etc. It's concentrating now south of Santiago in Colchagne and I hope to go down this week to see some of the newly taken estates, on the way Puerto Monte — quite far south, all lakes and rain — and through a pass into Argentina.

There's a squatters movement here, of great efficiency and militancy that's led by the MIR, the urban guerilla militants, and I went to see Victor Toro who started the first one a year ago — the January 26th Encampment. It's all very organised now, water taps at every corner, light, very naked wooden huts, armed guards to keep out the police and a constant campaign to politicise the people (350 of which there are 200 men out of work.) They organised one part as a commune, with a communal dining room for the out of work; food is collected by the men, cooked by the women, then served at long tables — frighteningly thin looking soup first to the children, then to the women, then the men. There's a cultural centre, with loud speakers, and constant stress on communal life and not bourgeoise individualism, the remnant of capitalism. In other parts the people still put up their own gates and fences and they say it's a big problem. The MIR has seized more than 50 sites now and there's a whole movement. Three days ago 50 families moved into a recreation site. Four posts and a blanket establishes a house and at the corner of the site, rather sadly, a Chilean flag and pole to show they are loyal to the country.

I spoke to some of the people who live there. They have been officially pardoned just now — some were in jail, others wanted — mostly for bank robbery (the 26th January was financed by a raid on the Credit and Investment Bank, 5,000 escudos). They are in a bit of a dilema now that the banks are nationalised, and say they won't pull anymore. They are very austere (mistaken?) about questions of theory; when I asked about their position on focism, popular army etc they reproached me for my academic European approach. They say they have long since passed the stage of focism, anti-focism, and 'utilise every militant method'. It's hard to accept as possible, but these people who have expropriated money from banks and supermarkets, lived in slums to set up houses, actually done something not just talked like all of us.

There is fantastically useful word here that I can't imagine how I lived without; 'momio'. It's like the Egyptian mummy, and it's used for all the middleaged concepts, and bourgeoise people, and political reactionaries. It's sort of powerfully perjorative, a political version of 'square'. There are obviously a whole lot of things that one knew of in England, those instinctive rejections and classifications that you can't explain to anyone, and that's just because there isn't this word. When horrible old men say 'Que bonita' in the street I just mutter 'Que momio'; it explains the awfulness of Des O'Connor, and almost Lulu. But it has actually a much more serious use — it is really Edward Heath, and the wipeout gang. That's it. Momio equals Wipeout Gang."

BOLIVIA

"The worst thing has been the altitude. I've felt absolutely terrible for the first three days. Unable to walk without panting, unable to sit in a Presidential Palace without fainting, and hardly able to put sentences together. I'd forget Torres name from one line to the next. Now it's OK, and I feel fine and excited by this country.

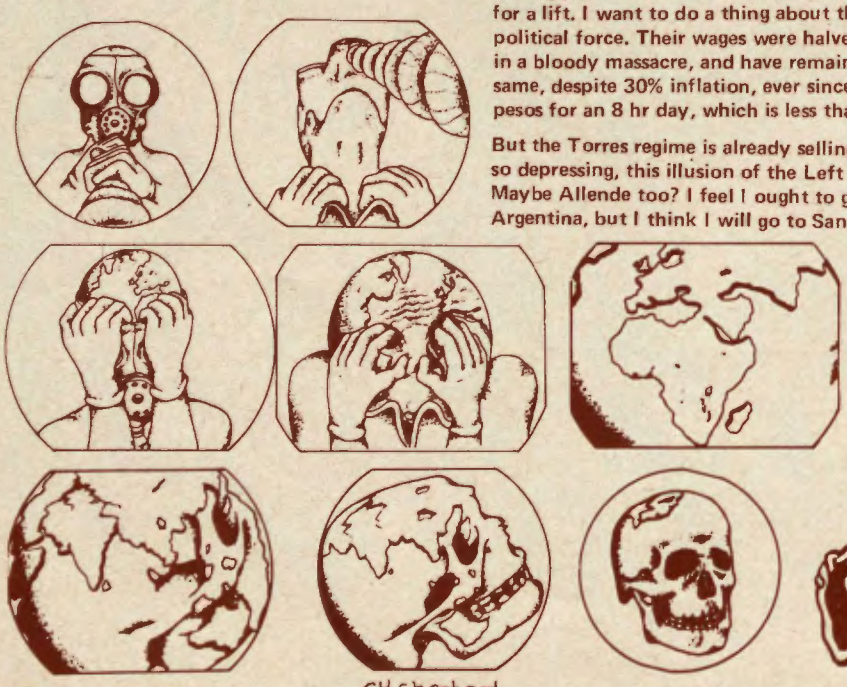
At present it's a wet Friday night and I'm in a dusty, deprived, tin mining town called Oruru. I went down the mine yesterday and plodded through the dusty sections and then the humid. After 10 years it's nearly 100% miners with pneumoconniosis and the Caja de Securidad just like the compensations section of the National Coal Board — delaying and lying until they are dead. They say the doctors kill them off, so they won't visit them. It's a funny life this; who would expect to be 120,000 ft up on a wet Friday, in an NCB hostel; and 180 ft down talking politics with six Bolivian miners waiting for a lift. I want to do a thing about them as a political force. Their wages were halved in 1964, in a bloody massacre, and have remained the same, despite 30% inflation, ever since — ten pesos for an 8 hr day, which is less than a dollar.

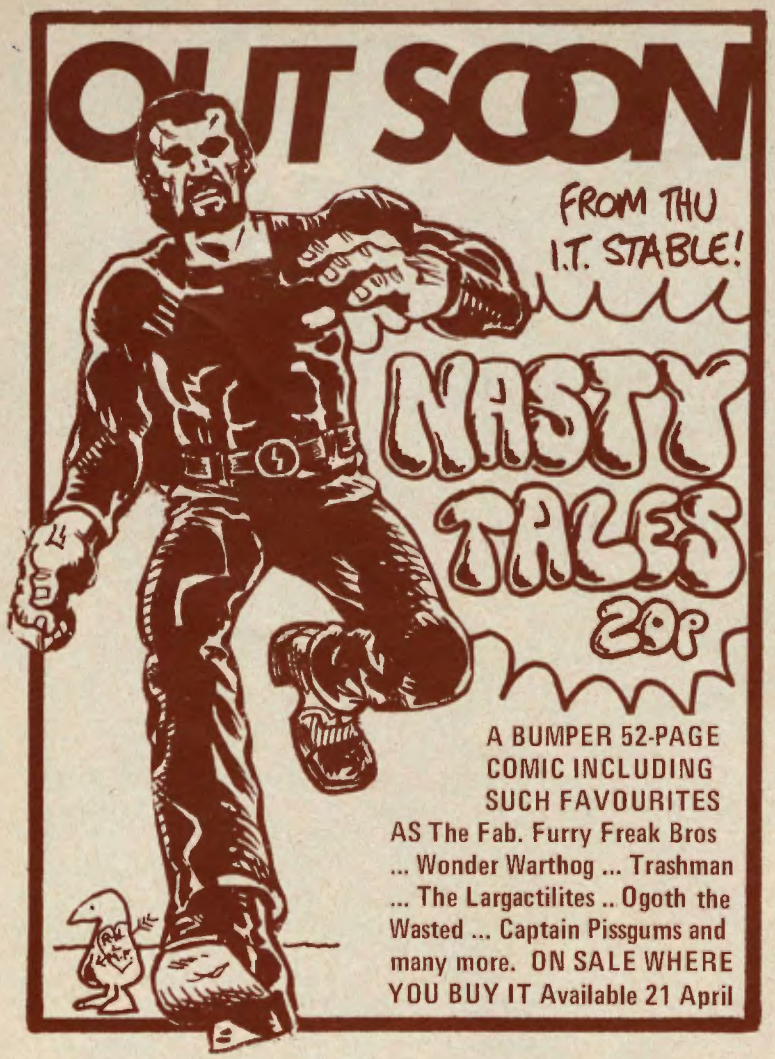
But the Torres regime is already selling out. It's so depressing, this illusion of the Left they give. Maybe Allende too? I feel I ought to go on to Argentina, but I think I will go to Santiago and then to Peru. If you have a big map I'm going to the biggest mine at Catari where the massacre was in 1965. I feel I'm getting to know Bolivia much better than Chile — I've got brave about taking buses to unknown lost places and talking Spanish to hostile anti-yanqui miners and Indians. I'm very happy here in Latin America, and feel I'm really working and finding out a lot. Can you read a word of this? I left my typewriter in La Paz to travel lighter. Here in Cochatanta it is lyrically warm, with pretty squares of magnolias and Florentine churches, a great relief after the cold altitudes of the mines and La Paz."

PERU

"It's a much trickier country here, than the flamboyant chaos of Bolivia, and the rather smoothy Europeanised politics of Chile. I'm naturally rather in favour of Velasco etc. (despite all one knows of military ways, and Regis Debray's warning that no matter where they start, every military regime has to move right) and they seem rather severe and incorruptible, and in land reform (I go out to some co-operatives next week) they are trying something very far-looking — though opponents say they are running into terrible difficulties, and that the campescinos won't cooperativise, and they just want their little bit of land. Opponents also tell one with great glee that Velesco is running around with Miss Peru 1968, and that 10 million dollars got flownout of the country for them in their time of need, and that he doesn't speak good Spanish etc. They make me so mad. You know just the sort of smuggy, with gardens and servants, who resent the new taxes, and talk of the peasants as 'these people'. If he is with Miss Peru, I think that's fine, she's nice; and if he can't speak good Spanish at least it's crystal clear and I can understand it. The ten million dollars is quite another sort of allegation, and the first that I've heard of corruption. Belaunde's regime before him, needless to say, was totally corrupt but that was acceptable because that's the way big business is done.

Stacy Waddy





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CHAD

The Ultimate French Farce

David Triesman

For those whose school map books showed the entire globe as indiscriminately smudged with the red blushes of British Imperialism, a certain mystery always attached itself to the large tracts across central Africa which lay in the hands of the French. French Equatorial Africa was the domain of the French Legionnaire, the site of the epic French movie where amusing men in even more amusing little hats and with Hollywood Chevalier accents galloped across burning deserts on camel-back to rescue improbably enigmatic ladies whose hair never got out of place. But in August 1960, the curtain came down on the French farce. The new territories of Niger, and Chad emerged from the desert. Yet for those who believed that watching the French armies march out of the front door signified the end of colonial rule, were sadly mistaken; it is like locking the front door to keep thieves out and leaving the back door open.

By 1958 whilst throughout the French empire a referendum had allocated power to the African Socialist Movement the French had managed to found a new group of their own boys in Chad, the Chad National Union; and by 1969, with independence approaching, had organised the election to determine that their own puppet party would take over the reins. In the capital, Fort Lamy, President Tombalbaye was firmly established as the French man in Chad. He consolidated his position by disbanding all other political parties.

Though all the preconditions for revolutionary struggle inside Chad had already been laid by 1958, it was not till 1963 when the deaths of several hundred Chadians in Fort Lamy, murdered by government forces, signalled that struggle had become a certain feature in the country.

With a government in power that totally accepted the right of French neo-colonial rule of central Africa, it was no longer necessary for the French to maintain direct colonial rule. Nonetheless for tactical reasons it had kept troops in Fort Lamy which was the largest remaining French base in continental Africa. In order to understand why France and its puppet government is now engaged in suppressing the liberation movement that has spread through the entire Chad nation, it is necessary to say why the French are hell-bent on remaining in this part of Africa.

Based on Fort Lamy, France is able to airlift a regiment of its crack paratroops to any African location in 24 hours. This has maintained French power in the region and has enabled France to intercede in a number of struggles. In Gabon when an insurrectionary coup took place against a French backed regime, they placed paras in the country in under a day; in the Central African Republic, to the south of Chad, and yet another former French colony, troops have already gone in to 'protect' the President against an attempted coup. In Niger on Chad's western border, as in the Central African Republic there are huge uranium deposits apart from other natural wealth. It isn't just economic greed that prompts the French neo-colonialists. Their motive is two-fold. Chad like Northern Nigeria, Niger and Sudan demarks the boundary across Africa between the Arab North and the black South. By retaining a divide-and-rule policy, the French have militarily and diplomatically secured their domination of the area for decades, and they show no inclination to alter the status quo.

But now Chad is at war. Both in the Arab north and in the south, an extensive battle is raging. In the summer of 1966 a revolutionary organisation, FROLINAT, the Front de Liberation Nationale du Tchad, had emerged as a viable political and military force. From its founding in June 1966, its leadership under Secretary General Dr Abba Sidick has pledged itself to liberate Chad from the neo-colonialist prison by armed struggle and popular war, and to guarantee to the masses that their fundamental interests will be served. Having engaged in struggle, FROLINAT has scored very considerable successes from its inception.

With aid from Chadian refugees in Libya, Sudan, Nigeria and Niger a guerrilla army has been recruited which has inflicted over 1200 losses on the Government troops in the first 2 years of fighting. Tombalbaye has clearly been unable to contain the advance of FROLINAT guerrillas and has called on his old French masters to provide him with the troops, armaments and know-how to overcome the insurrection.

BRINGING BACK THE LASH

The French seem ever willing to intervene with the savagery which they perfected in Algeria; they have once again placed 3000 Foreign Legion battle-hardened soldiers in the country. Once again an African country experiences the refinements of torture, brutality and murder with which the French colonial powers have won themselves historical notoriety in Africa. Only the deaths of a number of French Legionaires and conscripts has brought the facts home in France itself.

The lines that FROLINAT can now draw on the Chad map encloses a quarter of the Chad territory, lying within their political and military control. the position which FROLINAT takes in its political organisation is not dissimilar to that of other guerrilla organisations. This is hardly strange: they are still, like their brothers elsewhere, fighting for national liberation from old colonial masters.

The French have taken up the challenge, the local commander announced his intention of waging an all out offensive that would rid Chad of the guerrillas by April 1970. His promise of 'complete liquidation of FROLINAT forces' is unfulfilled to this day.

Despite this obvious lack of success Pompidou has not thought it correct to accept defeat and withdraw from Chad. The latest news from the country indicates that the level of struggle has savagely increased. Suffering set-backs throughout October 1970 losing large numbers of guns, a considerable quantity of ammunition, military vehicles and even various aircraft on the ground. FROLINAT has captured equipment, ammunition and even managed to capture 14 camels literally from under the French mercenaries who were mounted on them.

These events seem to have taught the

French that the tactics of Vietnam are appropriate to their mode of battle. On the 23rd October after 2 helecopter troop attacks, dispatches report that the area of Zouar was encircled enclosing civilians and fighters. The area was then napalmed for 12 hours from 6 in the morning. Observers on the scene have found it impossible to calculate the quantity dropped.

In the village of Goban, the entire population was wiped out, men, women and children. By the end of the day, the French were still forced to evacuate their positions. Nonetheless, the following day they returned to the charred hill-sides of the region and killed everyone else they could find. In the hot war period from September 1970 through to the end of the year, no less than 20 battles of some proportions have taken place.

In the final analysis, the Fort Lamy administration has had to attempt other tactics. It has just launched its latest campaign; the population is being told that a new agreement has been formulated between themselves and the leadership of FROLINAT, an agreement and a rallying round the flag. FROLINAT furiously denies any such surrenders. Undaunted, Tombalbaye has played his final card. He has announced that the Imman of Fort Lamy's Mosque has informed him that astrological signs show propritious indications that 'middions of good will', directed by himself with the help of the Imman are the order of the day. It appears that the Zodiac has as little influence on FROLINAT intentions as the napalm of last winter.

CONFUSION AND MADNESS

Clearly the ineptitude of the government and the courage of FROLINAT have been important, but the other main force behind the imminent defeat of Tombalbaye is the competition between various imperialists for his country. On the one hand the French have backed him, and on the other, a grouping of American and Israeli counter-insurgency 'experts' have been training crack troops. There has been little cooperation between France and the others, and confusion is the result. France wants its strategic base; Israel wants to cause havoc on the Arab southern flank; no one knows what America wants, and I doubt if they know themselves.

As for the Chad administration, they have left themselves with no means of disentangling themselves. FROLINAT have described the convulsions of Tombalbaye as delirium tremens. His grasp on power rests solely in the hands of the foreign intervention forces; without them he is a dead man. He faces the combined hostility of the 3.5 million population without internal allies. But it is equally clear that outright victory for FROLINAT is impossible with the intervention forces in the country. The most hopeful signs lie in the movement of French public opinion.

Chad poses another question. The newspapers and tele have only recently discovered the country at all and have never reported the extent of the war either in France or here. In this country the war has been noticed in only a couple of fleeting glances. Countries about which we know little appear momentarily in our newspaper pages at moments of crisis, and as surely, they vanish the next day into the oblivion from which they emerged. The world beyond Europe and America lives some kind of half-life. Nations vascillate before our eyes between non-existence and total crisis and rather than seeing the fault in our own media, we are inclined to dismiss these remote events as more evidence of how peculiar and unpredictable foreigners are.

Throughout the world men live, fight, love, and die whilst we are only spasmodically aware they exist. Our forgetfulness toward them seems to me to be double edged. It is the precondition for them to finally dismiss us.

"SPEED" is the autobiographical novel of William Burroughs Jr.'s methedrine inspired Odyssey through New York's asphalt jungle. Available April 22nd on Sphere Books.

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OUR MAN in Oman

A schoolkids guide to the Persian Gulf.

Who cares about Oman?

Britain does. Most of the world's oil comes from the sheikdoms and emirates of the Arabian Gulf.

There's nothing immoral about buying oil;

The revenue is not spread among the people and despite an horrific landscape of poverty, ignorance and disease, Britain today props up reactionary local rulers and preserves feudal regimes. In Oman, Britain wet-nurses one of the most reactionary Governments in the world. Until at least last year slavery was still legal and – until the coup in July – it was forbidden to import medicine, have electricity or listen to radios. Oman is also the only part of the world, apart from Belfast, where British troops are actually engaged in the sport of killing for which they were recruited and trained.

Maintaining its bases in Oman, Britain hopes to preserve its control over the Gulf, secure its oils supplies and to protect its route to the Far East.

But both the British Foreign Office and the Omani Government claim that the Sultinate of Oman is independent.

Relations between the two are based on an 'exchange of letters' concerning defence dating from 1958. The Popular Liberation Front (PFLOAG) puts it this way: (The Sultan) is formally independent but is in fact a British client, financed, armed and preserved by British power'. This is confirmed by the authority that British civil servants have in the Sultan's administration. Most of the members of the 'cabinet' are British, including a former British Consul-General, who, on his retirement from the Colonial Office, was immediately employed by Sultan Said. Even the new flag was designed by a British officer.

Who controls the Sultan's army?

Britain. The army is officered by Britons, either on contract, or seconded from the British army, and their equipment is British. The air force uses Hunters and Jet Provosts, which are flown by British pilots. These British personal are playing an active part supporting the Sultan against the guerrillas of the Popular Front. British pilots have been reported to bomb civilian populations, caravans, wells, cattle and other economic targets.

In other words, it's only British officers employed by the Sultan who are responsible for killing guerrilas.

No. British bases also help bomb guerrilla areas. For example, Hunter jets from the

RAF base at Salalah bombed a civilian caravan in October last year with either napalm or phosphorous. The RAF has been used for support roles of ground troops and for naval attacks on coastal towns held by the Front, ETC.

Anyway, Britain is planning to pull out of the Gulf.

The Parliamentary White Paper in which such plans were announced makes NO MENTION of British forces in the Sultinate of Oman. In fact Britain has continually made clear her determination to continue suporting the regime in Oman. When military reinforcements have been necessary — such as increasing the protection of the Salalah base — they have been sent. When the obscurantism of the Said Bin Taimur became to much of a hindrance for Britain in international terms, and for combating the guerrillas, Britain arranged the coup in which Qabus took over. Then Britain flew in a stream of journalists to report how different the new Government was from the ancient regime.

> *Unless those of us in the rich and comfortable countries become aware of the great process of revolt and struggle that is stirring in the world, and become a part of it and participate in it; unless we share with the vast masses of the world the exhilaration they feel as they fight off their oppressors and emerge at last from their squalor and impoverishment to a new life and new consciousness - unless we share in this and stop being frightened of it we will indeed find ourselves alone, and the great chance missed.* **Felix Greene**

How successful are the guerrillas?

1. The armed struggle in Dhofar against Sultan Said began in June 1965. With the support of Southern Yemen, described by the Popular Front as 'the rearguard of Khofar's revolution' the Front has been able to extend its control over considerable areas of Dhofar. Despite the odds, it controls most of Dhofar, apart from a narrow coastal strip. A seconded officer recently in London admitted privately that the Front's guerrillas have succeeded in defeating all attempts to throw them back.

2. In Inner Oman, another group, the National Democratic Front (closely linked to the Popular Front) is now con-

firmed to mountaineous and inaccessible areas after suffering military setbacks. But it still remains a potent insurgent force.

3. A third area of armed opposition to the Sultan is in the Mussanden peninsular, which divides the Gulf from the Indian Ocean. Following the arrest during autumn of last year of several members of both the popular and National Democratic Front, who were interrogated and tortured in the British base of Sharjah, British military and political chiefs in the Gulf became convinced that they had uncovered a major underground network in the peninsular.

Throughout Oman, therefore, there is opposition to the Sultan and to his British troops. In the mountains and in the countryside, the opposition is military, while in the towns there are underground networks, reported by the two Fronts to be suffering widespread oppression by the (British run) intelligence service.

What are Britain's future plans?

Britain appears to be grooming Oman to take the role of the major state in that part of the Gulf which has traditionally been under British interest. The latest plan under consideration by the Foreign Office is the creation of a 'Greater Oman' in which the Sultinate will swallow the greater part of the Trucial States.

There is, therefore, a great significance in the struggle now under way in Oman. Britain has invested in the continuation of the Sultanate her hopes for the perpetuation of British control in the Gulf. Recognising that a projected Union of Arab Emirates is unlikely to reach frution, and even less likely to last, the Foreign Office is preparing Oman to fulfil the role of the facade behind which Britain will continue to operate.

The decision to exempt British facilities and troops in Oman from the withdraw plans announced in the White Paper, and the evident preparedness of the British Government to give more and more political, financial and military aid to the Sultanate are indications of the roles for which the current rulers are being trained. The armed struggle of the two fronts, therefore, in Dhofar, Inner Oman and the

> *Those of us who are engaged in the struggle against imperialism are members of a much wider community than we realize. Looking, parochially, only at the numbers within our Western countries we seem pitifully weak. We are a tiny minority, very easy to ridicule. But linked with the others on our side throughout the world we are in fact members of a fraternity that stretches from one end of the world to the other - wherever indeed men are still poor and exploited.* **Felix Greene**

Mussandan peninsula, represents the only major threat to British plans. Thus far, not only have they been able to withstand the onslaught against them, but they have been able to extend their activities from Oman to other parts of the Gulf, particularly Bahrein and the Trucial States.

Not only has the military activity in Oman hindered the exploitation of the country's oil by Shell, but the activities in the Jebel Akhdar and the Mussandan peninsula are close to the major oil producing areas in the Trucial States.

Although the facade of Omani independence is being strengthened, with the diplomatic offensive soon to be crowned, according to some reports, with an application for membership of the United Nations, British control remains in practice as tight as ever. With the growth of the nationalist movement in the states in the Gulf, particularly in Oman, Britain will need to escalate her military operations and activities if her control is to remain. The British troops and planes now destroying villages and killing the people in Oman are unlikely to be withdrawn.

Peter Hellyer

ONE LITTLE PIGGY HOGGED THE MEDIA

Felix Dennis

HEAVY ON THE DRUM
Medicine Head
(Dandelion)

Medicine Head is two people: Peter Hope-Evans, a master of the Jews Harp and harmonica and John Fiddler who plays the guitar moderately well, coaxes the Drum (not drums) falteringly, but effectively, and who sings so high and strangely you soon learn to ignore the occasional slipshod footwork. All the material on the album is original, mostly written by Fiddler, though Hope-Evans's compositions are by no means filler cuts. And speaking of cuts, although (to my knowledge) this is Medicine Head's first LP, you won't find any veal here; it's all prime joint, painstakingly roasted in Keith Relf's eye-level Marquee Studio.

Relf produced this album, and he could be prouder of that than of any Rennaisance he's attempted since the night The Yardbirds jammed with Sonny Boy Williamson II, and Sonny Boy, God Rest His Soul, ran out of wind half way through 'Monkey Business,' two full minutes before Keith had noticed. The band stopped. 'Slowhand' Clapton looked embarrassedly down at his duo tone shoes, the audience were quiet and nobody was clapping — the disciple had whipped his master — it was a bad moment. Williamson was drunk, but an experienced trooper, and not too drunk to flash his yellowing teeth and extend a black hand, breaking the tension with a classic display of (Uncle) Tom Foolery . . . . 'God Dammit, you'll learn to play that thing yet, boy . . . ' He wasn't fooling. If there's a man in England who could stand against Relf in a mouth-harp battle today, it's got to be Hope-Evans. I'd like to hear that contest.

Sometimes, on the slower numbers, Medicine Head sound not a little like Donovan in his 'Flower To A Garden' days (a few months after Mr. Leitch had renounced drugs for the third consecutive offense); sometimes they feel a little more like Dr. John, slithering his way through a Mungo Jerry job on two cylinders, night tripping over a fantasy reverb riff straight outa the Eddie Cochran songbook. Two white Babylon dudes (gris-gris) would be a fair enough description of Medicine Head's performance. If you're into any, or all, of that peculiar triad's work, the good Dr., the dearly departed or Sunshine Superhero, you just might be tempted to reach for 'Heavy On The Drum' the next time you were about to play Astral Weeks for the third time one stoned, stereo evening. That's not a comparison, you understand; merely a suggestion. Might work for Tim Buckley freaks too.

Well, that's it. That's all I've got to say about Medicine Head's music. Thay have the empathy, the dynamics and the ability. What else do you need? The rest of this is about economic realities and media exploitation. If eco-explo isn't your trip I suggest you turn the page; otherwise . . . . . .

This record is unlikely to swell the pockets of the only hip capitalist to name a music publishing company after a pet rodent, (remember 'Biscuit' and s sea-sick DJ's own private, Perfumed Eden? . . . . .sure you do), and equally unlikely to gladden the heart of Dandelion's harrassed accountant. Then again, it's doubtful whether 'Heavy On The Drum' will ever nose the 'bubbling under' regions of Time Out's fashionable, but ambiguously titled 'Other LP Chart.' ('Other'? 'Other' who? 'Other' what? 'Other Advertisers' perhaps? Or am I being uncharitable again?). Certainly Rolling Stone won't be serialising any seven page interview through tortuous, fortnightly installments, intellectually wanking over the sexual imagery, political leanings and revelatory nose-picking of Peter Hope-Evans and John Fiddler. At least not for a couple of years. So let's consider, for a moment, the available media promotion channels open to this extraordinary (and they *are* extra ordinary) British two-man band.

Paid adverising aside, and as I understand it, Dandelion have precious little money to boost costly advertising promotions, there seem to be the following possibilities, (in no particular order of preference or importance) :-

(i) A double paragraph in the reviews section of the Melody Maker, featuring a merry jest at the group's expense and nothing whatever about their music, from the monumentally boring typewriter of Chris ' . . . the only pot in my house contains geraniums . . . .' Welch.

(ii) A kind note in the 'Wanderings' column of our county Zigzag comrades.

(iii) Two lines in the-best-of-the-mediocre-to-frankly-rubbish round up in the Kulcher pages of Friends.

(iv) An inaccurate rumour in the Filthy Gossip And Outright Lies column in IT.

(v) Small review in OZ.

(vi) Couple of tracks, spread out over three months on Pete 'Payola King' Drummond's BBC extravaganza, and finally, if they're really lucky,

(vii) Bob Harris slipping in the short two minutes fifty seconds cut on Sounds Of The Seventies as his producer's contribution to the revolution for that week.

Doesn't sound like much? You can bet your sweet arse it isn't. But it's more than Medicine Head (and a hundred artists like them) can expect. And probably much more than they'll get.

As it happens I know next to nothing about this band. Perhaps I'm wrong and Robert Stigwood has them under contract, but I doubt it. There was a refreshing absence of promo garbage within the envelope, and precious few sleeve notes other than track listings and an unpretentious lyric sheet. That doesn't sound like Robert's style. I'm guessing that Medicine Head are British, and hypothesising on their musical background and influences, but it's sad to receive yet *another* album full of care, craft, fine musicianship and original songs which will almost inevitably wind up on the cut price, bargain LP racks at your local supermarket. For why? FOR LACK OF EXPOSURE/ caught a cold shoulder / and died a quiet death . . .

Never forget it, The British Broadcasting Corporation holds a vicious monopoly over recorded sound in this country. It extends much further than their radio and television control. Many foreign records, for example, in all spheres of music, would find a ready made market in this country, if only the BBC and the Musicians Union, (the only 'Union' in the world to work *against* the interests of the majority of its members), would be prepared to concede reasonable airtime and exposure. But needle time is 'rationed', to keep a minority of beer-swilling basoonists and the like in work on the Joe Loss radio circuit, and foreign musician are discriminated against unless a complicated ritual of one-for-one 'swapping' is manoeuvred through a large and 'respectable' agency, such as Harold Davidson's. It would not be libellous to suggest that Davidson's enthusiasm for the Grateful Dead is somewhat cooler than for Tony Bennett. The BBC are, of course, in an excellent position to bring pressure to change this barbaric and totally unnecessary (but highly lucrative) practise. But it suits their own purposes admirably and they do nothing.

Every record company in Great Britain, be it The-Land-Of-Hope-And-Decca or Progressive-Is-Our-Business-Reprise, is forced into a routine attitude of mind that demands regularly licking the little brown arseholes of the men who control the programming at the bureaucratic Ministry

of Doublespeak. (Ray Davis, quite recently, flew six thousand miles to change *one word* in the Kinks' single release, 'Lola.' Pye Records were disturbed that his lyric might have infringed the BBC's advertising restrictions and so 'Coke' was replaced with 'Cherry' Cola. An example of the almost reverential awe in which the Corporation is held. When the lunatic Auntie speaks the recording industry grovels).

To hear any other kind of music apart from that which suits the ear of some nameless, balding, mindless cybernetic sieve seated at a test control panel screening out, 'Bad taste' and 'Obscenities' both you and I are forced to conspire in a capitalistic syndrome. (It's interesting to note here that for the word 'obscenity' as employed by censors and their legal or religious colleagues one can almost *always* substitute the words 'reality' or 'fantasy'!). This syndrome compels us to purchase records, at prices we can barely afford, with the most part of that money going not to the recording artist, not to the artists recording company, but directly to the government. It goes not only in the form of direct purchase tax, but also includes the vast corporation and income taxes paid by both artists and companies each year to the Inland Revenue . . . . every penny of which is soaked from you and I. FROM US !
Ask any ex-patriot American what it's like living without free FM radio after having experienced it as a normal facility like running hot water. Politicians bleat of lack of air space and the endangering of vital emergency radio communications. This is absolutely laughable. New York City *alone* has more radio stations on FM than the entire station count on all frequencies broadcast within and from the British Isles. Classical music and old time music hall are adequately favoured on BBC 2 and 3. Pop-muzak and Blackburn slush are the order of the day on Radio Onederful; difficult not to be wonderful when you're the only one.
Why is it that jazz, blues, rock, folk and electronic music interspersed with intelligent comment about reality (subs titute 'obscenity') are not represented anywhere on the British radio dial. Why? Because, as Huey Newton has observed, 'Power is the ability to define phenomena and make them act in the desired manner.' The need is there, the equipment is there, the energy is there, the skill is there, the audience is waiting, the musicians are playing, ' . . .
Only the government and the BBC, united in their terror at the thought of any loss whatever of control of mass media, block the path.

This subject has been well covered. It's nothing, new, but a simple album from an unknown band like ' Medicine Head' brings the problem back into perspective. Elsewhere in this issue you will read of far greater suppression of media, truth and human rights occurring in continents across the Third World. They are games with far higher stakes. Games which will decide the quality and freedom of millions of peoples' lives.

We are dealing here with only millions of people's everyday music. But imperialistic exploitation in remote South American countries is difficult to relate to. They are distant and unfamiliar territory. It is difficult to become enraged over the construction of a hydro-electric dam on some unknown river in a country whose existence your subconscious has limited to two dimensional maps. Difficult even when you know that the results of such a dam's existence will guarantee temporary victory and support for very real three dimensional imperialistic and capitalistic forces in that area, for decades to come. Even with the world reduced to a "global village" it is difficult..

Compared to suppression of that nature, the lack of air play on London's radio stations for rock music is trifling. But in this situation, at least, we have no excuses for apathy. Monolithic and monopolistic interests are breaking and artificially rechanneling a trading cycle of supply and demand. There is supply, there is ample demand. To choke the supply source of an economically viable merchandise is a drastic measure indeed for capitalists. We are consumers, but the fears and prejudices of many authorities towards rock music and the culture surrounding it are such that the Albert Hall turns away money, the Isle of Wight pleads to be rid of tourists and a Tory government acquiesces to demands to pass restrictive lisencing legislation to ensure that free enterprise local FM radio can never fulfil its obvious function; that of 'minority-group broadcasting.' Britains FM radio is destined, both economically and legally to be 'family-orientated' - a localised replica of the Onederful nationwide service that exists already.

Media power, and the ability to make the phenomena of media act in the desired manner is firmly in the hands of our cultural enemies. Token concessions have, and will continue to be made, but the essence of media control is unlikely to be surrendered with a willing grace.

"When the mode of the music changes, the walls of the city shake!" But they are strong walls. High walls; rooted in monopoly and cemented in greed. John Fiddler possesses a sirens call and his best friend pushes one mind-fucker of a harmonica, all they need now to complete the band is a mutant with Joshua's footwork.

Jericho's days are numbered.

Diagram of a drug abuser

These are a few of the signs that may indicate that a young person could be abusing drugs or using narcotics. While these symptoms are not proof of drug abuse (most could occur for several other reasons), they should serve to alert parents and friends that a problem may exist.
If you're not sure, talk with your family physician. If you suspect, ask your child point blank, "Are you taking drugs?"
It's a sad thing to have to ask someone you love, but saying "Goodbye" is even sadder still.

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Subscribe to OZ, the magazine of fun, trouble andadventure. Free, with every subscription to OZ this month, we were planning to give away a copy of *'The Little Red School Book'*, a revolutionary handbook for kiddies of all ages, written by Søren Hansen and Jesper Jensen. Unfortunately, as you have probably already heard, Scotland Yard's ever eager Obscenity Squad raided the offices of Stage One, the publisher of the book, earlier this month. The raid is believed to have followed a complaint to the police by none other than Mary Whitehouse, self-appointed guardian of our nation's morals.
Should the Director of Public Prosecutions wisely decide to take no action and not to prosecute Stage One, subscribers using the coupon below will receive their free copy at a later date.

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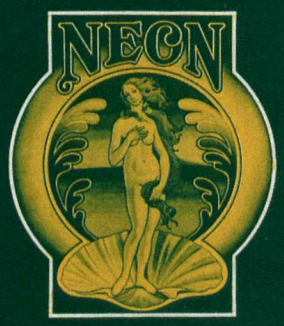

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RCA

he present stage of working class struggle is full of anomalies and contradictions (naturally). Each union takes it in turn to confront the employing class with its demands; each takes it in turn to reach an either more or less favour able compromise. When two or more unions are on strike at the same time, the lack of co-ordinated vision is even more obvious. Side by side, Ford workers demand fifteen pounds a week and postmen, with no strike fund, demand three. Power workers, teachers, railwaymen, sewage workers and other sections all wait, or have waited, patiently in the queue. It seems obvious that if they all struck together for an all-embracing programme no power on earth could withstand them. It also seems obvious that they could equally well strike for other things than money — better education, condemnation of the Vietnam war, low rents, free transport, high pensions, a permanent price freeze, the complete equalization of wealth, vast subsidies to the arts, free music festivals, shorter working hours, a ban on pollution, and so on to ecstasy.

Maybe not all these things are possible together. There would have to be some trade-offs between different goodies, a little less art for a little more pension, or a few more hours' work per week for more nursery schools. The main thing is that the possibilities are never grasped in this all-round, rational form of 'Here's the cake, let's cut it how we want it.' The initiative, the all-round view, lies with the investors, while the working class role is confined to piecemeal resistance. The deepest limitation of the whole struggle, dominating the left wing groups as well as the trade unions, the rank and file as much as the officials, and the freaks as much as the politicos, is this: *our psychology is the psychology of resistance, not of initiative. However much we gripe, we don't behave as if we really want to control society.*

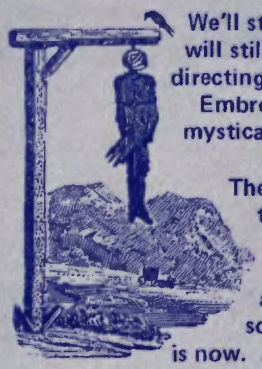
The culture of a ruling class when it's on the way up is a culture of initiative. The aim is to think out and put into effect a different way of running society. If we hope to be the next ruling class — even if by 'class' we mean the vast majority of the population — we must find the way to grow beyond a purely defensive position, whether of narrowness and resignation, as in the unions, or of infatuation with pure destruction, as among some of the freaks. The problem we ought to be addressing ourselves to is the problem of man in nature, the problem of social life as a whole: how can our resources be balanced with our needs and wants? To what extent *must* society be organized? What is the optimum trade-off between personal freedom and social organization? Is *some* form of coercion necessary, bearing in mind the unavoidable hangovers from past oppression?

Working class consciousness inevitably develops in bits, because it arises in the form of responses to what is already happening to us. We see ourselves not in relation to the predicament of nature as a whole but in relation only to our human oppressors. Without them, we would be insecure. It 's as if we are confident that they will always be there trying to screw us so all we have to do is keep on resisting. In the 1926 general strike, the workers could have taken over the country. As soon as they realized this, the leaders retreated. They weren't psychologically ready to see themselves in a controlling function. In Paris in 1968 the influential communist party damped down the struggle. It's all very well to say they were bureaucrats but what has to be faced is that the workers *could* be damped down. When it comes to actually taking the king's place, the rebellious slaves glimpse the abyss of universe which lies behind him. It is terrifying to stand suddenly naked in an unstructured world. Even people with immense courage in the struggle against identifiable antagonists with perceptible motives find themselves thrown into another dimension of trial altogether once they are actually on the point of victory. They must locate themselves and their intentions on a blank canvas consisting of pure possibility.

The left wing groups do inject a certain amount of all-round theory into the struggle. But it is too retrospective, not visionary enough. The politico's image of his own role hovers ambiguously between inflated importance ('the vanguard of the working class') and a half conscious feeling of insignificance. He is there to try and influence events, yet everything depends on 'the class'. He talks of revolution, but in practise he is often found tailing the latest carefully moderated wage demand. It's impressive to know who was Bakunin and what happened at Kronstadt but what can you hope to teach a strike committee when you've never been on strike yourself? And do you dare to actually suggest the audacious, altruistic things in the back of your mind, like striking to make the firm put its prices down instead of its wages up? The fear of losing the workers' gratitude, and perhaps the even greater fear of actually influencing the course of events and so having responsibility for the outcome, drives us back into a purely supporting role.

There is a superstition on the left that you should not even try to outline in detail what real socialism would look like. Ask a politico what's going to happen *after* the revolution, how he thinks society should be organized, and he'll tell you that it's naive to try and anticipate a totally new situation; the workers or the party will take care of that at the time. Ask a freak, and he'll tell you that it's all unimaginable, there will be permanent orgasm and permanent revolt. There is a fear of exposing our Utopia to ridicule if we spell it out; a fear, on the other hand, of compromising by having to admit that not all will be perfect, we may not be able to abolish work and money instantaneously, some kind of security force may still be necessary, and so on; a fear, finally, of exposing the fact that we have no Utopia, no clear idea of where we're going at all, because we're simply preoccupied with the present defensive struggle.

However new the situation is going to be, this coyness about grappling with the problem is no more than an evasive taboo. We focus on 'the revolution' as a moment of euphoric oblivion, like some gigantic trip, after which nothing will be the same, and so there is no point in talking about it. But if there is one thing we can certainly learn from past revolution it is that, just as nothing is ever the same again, also there is no such thing as *total* change. We can still recognize parts of ourselves in the plays of Sophocles, medieval moralities, renaissance tragedies. There is an inertia in history. The same pictures will still be on our walls. Factories will still be building on the same techniques.



We'll still be talking with the same language. Food will still need distributing. Traffic will still need directing. Sorry to make reality sound so simple. Embroider it if you like. We can't afford to be mystical about it.

The Marxist faith is that the working class will, in the course of struggle, throw up the leaders and ideas that it needs. However, to use this as a formula for refusing to even try and develop a blue-print of the new socialist society is abject self-alienation. The need is now. And who is to be 'thrown up' if not the people already most aware of this need? However many times the blue-print will have to be torn apart and put together again, it is still vital to begin. The difference between resistance and initiative lies in seeing a definite alternative possibility. The blueprint, whatever its limitations, will be a vital tool in helping people to see possibilities where none seem to exist at the moment. We need economists, ecologists, architects, city planners, visionaries. We need a master plan to find inadequate.

The most valuable contribution of the freaks in today's dialogue is their sense of the need for a change that is deeply cultural, not just material. (Though they are mistaken if they think it can be *merely* cultural and leave the organization of society out of it). While the racialist rejects the validity of any culture other than his own (his hatred isn't just of colour), the freak affirms and welcomes the variety. To accept the validity of another culture than your own is to accept the relativity of *all* culture. You are forced to recognise (or delighted to recognise) that the way you see the world is nothing like a whole picture of the way the world really is. The resistance to this realization among straight people testifies to its extreme painfulness for them. It threatens the individual's entire image of

Louis Jigsaw

They're Selling Postcards Of The Hanging

himself. He has to face the cosmos psychologically naked. He is an unwilling existentialist. It is, from another angle, the same problem of forming a new whole world-view in what momentarily seems to be a void.

The greatest thing about the freak movement is its immersion in cultural variety. The variety of human possibility, instead of being shunned or 'contained', is celebrated and imbibed. Instead of demanding that the stranger must conform – a demand implicitly accepted by the 'liberal' who placates the racialist with promises that the immigrant will 'learn our ways' – the freak enjoys the stranger's difference from himself, and seeks to extend himself into it.

On the other hand, the worst aspect of the freakish mentality is its tendency to mystical, romantic hysteria. An article called Desolation Row in *Friends* 25, March 8th, wails ecstatically about 'the *total* decomposition of social forms' (his emphasis): 'Past and future explode ... Collapse of all values ... All perspectives interchangable ... movement, dialectics and time no longer exist ... nihilism about to become a mass philosophy ... life as a whole would be *completely and utterly* transformed ... juvenile delinquency (shows) contempt for art and bourgeois values, refusal of ideology, will to live ... awareness of just how nightmarish life has become ... *the nihilists are our only allies* ...' Etc.

Reading this sort of thing I begin to realise why the manual working class is vital to revolution: because they would never swallow such a load of shit. The person who wrote it certainly lives in a warm house, lined with beautiful books. He'd had several satisfying meals that day and probably watched a good film in the evening. If ever he feels just the first tremor of 'life being completely and utterly transformed' he won't know what hit him. Give him just a hint of the actual effect of a 'total decomposition of social forms' and see how stunned he'll be that he's got no dinner, the heating's gone off, the tubes have stopped and there are no papers. That's what social decomposition means, not just a kaleidoscope in the head. And the immediate problem is always how to get it all going again, but on a different basis. He's not talking about revolution, he's talking about suicide. Not a word about socialism, not a word about what the revolution is *for*, just an apocalypse of destruction. We must learn to recognise the colour of fascism when we see it.

It 's time we asked ourselves whether we're talking about life or death, whether we're the seeds of a new society or just an agonized splinter of the old, whether we really want a better life or just a heap of rubble. Let's face this: there is no such thing as *total* change; the new society *grows inside* the old like a baby in a womb; if there's *nothing* we like about life *now* then we aren't fit to suggest how it could be improved. All we will do is multiply our despair. This is the mentality of pure, abstracted, unadulterated resistance. There is no confidence in being able to *take over* society, and consequently no interest in what you could do with it afterwards. Man, let's go to a trade union meeting.

For all its limitation, the discussion is so much more constructive. The atmosphere is so much more compassionate. From resistance to initiative, from cultural self-fortification cultural immersion, from hysteria to planning – this requires a psychological leap as absolute as a religious experience. We must ask ourselves whether we want (a) the system to continue, with permanent resistance within it, (b) to break up the system and re-place it with a better one, or (c) simply to break up the system and see what happens then. Like everyone, I oscillate. But one thing I'm sure of is that if we really want a better system and not just an apocalypse of despair, it's time we started drawing those naive, fallible, compromising blueprints.

MY LAY IN MY LAI

by former Sgt. Dan Mouer (US5268710)

I stood in front of the first sergeant's desk and waited my turn to go through the simple-minded ritual of degradation. Once in four lousy months did one get a pass to spend the day leisurely farting away his money and pent-up energies in the dung-heap village of An Khe. My turn came.
"Mouer, L. Daniel, US5268710, sergeant."

"Let's see it, Mouer."

From out of the two foot depths of my jungle fatigue trousers, I produced the little item I had just borrowed from Cox for the special occasion.

Prophylactic, rubber, lubricated, one each.

"Explain the proper use of this prophylactic, Mouer."

"Ah shit, Sarge, come on. You know I can use a fuckin' rubber as well as you can."

"That's the rule, Mouer. You want this pass?"

"Unroll the prophylactic down over penis carefully, making certain it extends clear to base of penis and is securely in place. After intercourse, remove by unrolling prophylactic – not pulling it – carefully, making certain not to touch body with exterior surface. Urinate immediately and wash all parts – preferably with an anti-bacterial ..."

"Here's your pass. Sign out."

I had gotten into town fairly early that Saturday and first I went straight to see Lee. She was 17, from Saigon, and had the most beautiful hair down to her ass. But she was not for sale. We would talk for a while, and she'd give me free beer (we called Vietnamese beer Panther Piss because it had a picture of a black panther on the label and tasted vaguely as if it just might be some sort of excrement). Other G.I.'s used to come by and pinch her tits and pull her hair and say "Hey, baby-san, you boum-boum G.I.?" 500p. Figure that out for yourself. "P" means piastre – about 80 to the dollar. She would look offended and I would offer some brotherly consolation ... all the time wishing I could get my hands on those tits, just once. I finally did get to Lee a couple of times before I left. Nice, tender, sensitive, she was. A good lay she wasn't. But she was real and sincere; something hard to find among a people who have had to learn to suck a G.I. dick in some way to beat the incredible inflation.

The next stop was a barber shop where Mama-San kept lighting up those beautiful Vietnamese joints as fast as you could smoke them. Besides that, for less than a buck you got a beautiful haircut, shampoo, manicure, massage, and – for a couple extra bucks – a blow job. They just don't make barber shops like that in this country.

Most of the guys would head straight for "sin city", a special section built off the main drag where a soldier could spend more money in a single day than he had made all month. There were about thirty different establishments and about thirty of them were cat houses. They all had bars, and they all had back rooms. They all had mama-sans, and they all had girls who looked more as though they had grown up in a tough part of Jersey City than An Khe.

I rarely went to the city, but today curiosity had brought me. I promised myself not to get laid by any of the scuzzy over-priced whores there, so I kept going from place to place, without staying long enough to get "hooked". Finally, though, I ended up having a drink in one bar and, within minutes, a short, skinny – but stacked by Vietnamese standards – girl was in my lap. She had fingernails an inch longer than her fingers which she was running around my neck and down my spine. Being stoned, I found the sensation beautiful. I had another drink; she had one too ... on me. Halfway through my second scotch she had those nails in every trough and crevice on my cock, and I was about to explode. All the do-don't-do-its I had been telling myself quickly dissolved into hell-why-nots. Her mouth was chewing on my ear and whispering little goodies like, "Baby-san give you number one blow job ... you like? Come on G.I. Me suck you guts out. Baby-san love to eat G.I. dick." The bottom fell out and I found myself on the bamboo slab with my pants down around my knees expecting to have my very soul blown, when an old lady with a wrinkle for a face and broken black teeth came and held out her hand. It took a second before I realized that she was waiting for money. I handed her 300p. but she looked hesitant. I never heard of tipping a madam, so I asked what the problem was. Baby-san explained, "boum-boum 300p, sop-sop 500p." it seems I had contracted for a blow job and had to fork over another 200 piastres. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine times her head bobbed and on the ninth I felt a little tingle and a twitch and baby-san stood up, spat twice loudly, and left the room. It was all over. Money spent: 1000p. including drinks. Satisfaction gained: zilch.

I walked through the village proper toward "Old" An Khe so it was called. When I had first come here, the whole village was

Cartoons reprinted courtesy of the C.I.A. Graphics Dept.

clay and straw huts and raggedy kids screaming and waving and begging for "C" rations. Here and there was a cardboard sign with "Wash Truck Number One" or "Joe's Pittsburgh Laundry" scrawled on it. Now all the buildings had walls of steel sheets which were actually unstamped coke and beer cans. Every home had become some sort of shop or bar or restaurant for G.I.'s. They all had garish signs saying things like "Tom's Massage – We Have Girls". Everywhere there were steam baths, massages, girls, Panther Piss, opium dens, souvenirs, clothes from India, clothes from Hong Kong, and every possible kind of leech that could possibly squeeze a buck out of Uncle Sam's occupying forces. But before you can fatten a leech, you need a blood supply, and a division of G.I.'s just aching to toss their money makes enough blood-money to feed a lot of leeches. And I had just come from sin city. Call me Corpuscle.

But now I was walking through the downtown section out to that part of the village where life was a bit simpler, and, in many ways, more miserable. A bottle of beer had cost 20p eight months before. Now it was 80p. The pimps, whores, and madams all had that kind of bread, but the rice farmer's income hadn't increased a "p". The Vietnamese who worked long and hard as laborers for the Army were paid 80 piastres a day. Enough for one fucking bottle of beer. It's easy to see how a man might convince his wife or daughter to sell herself to G.I.'s in order to stay alive. The 80 p-a-day workers were often abused verbally and were constantly accused of laziness. For that kind of money would you or I even lift a fucking shovel?

A few of the young kids who worked out on the base lived in "Old" An Khe, and I ran into them as I walked.

One of the boys, whose nickname was "Cowboy", met me out on the street and invited me to come visit his home. When we arrived, he served me a plate of rice and fish and a coke. His mother just sat there and smiled, never saying a word, as we ate. When we had finished he asked me if I wanted a baby-san. I was nervous there and was looking for any excuse to graciously leave, so I said "Sure". Score one more for stupidity. Cowboy disappeared like a rocket and returned with a girl about thirteen years old. The girl had hollow eyes and a pale face; she was strange, indeed, but absolutely one of the sexiest Oriental girls I had ever seen. She was, of course, Cowboy's sister.

I was embarrassed and dismayed. I wanted so much not to be just another G.I. I wanted nothing from Vietnam but to learn the land and the people ... to show love and good faith, and be a friend. Most of all I wanted my time to be up so I could get the fuck out of there and go home. But I wasn't so different. I *was* a G.I. A horny, stoned G.I. I had been there eight months and had forgotten what my wife looked like in her flowered maternity dress and clear white skin on a spring day in a field in the Ozarks. My son, who had been an infant when I left, was a total stranger. I was like those hungry kids who wanted only numbness and an empty memory. And I really, oh so incredibly, wanted to ball this beautiful little chick who was Cowboy's sister.

She came up to me and touched my face – not like the cat-eyed whores who would claw you – she touched me and asked, "G.I. like Baby-san?" To which I answered that I did. I did very much. But shit broke loose. She turned her back on me and screamed, "No! You say Baby-san make you sick." I thought she doubted my sincerity, and I reassured her that I liked her. What else could I say? She was hurt somehow, again? she whispered "G.I. like Baby-san, me no boum-boum." I was incredulous. Weren't we communicating? Mama-san grabbed her daughter and spoke, for the first time since I'd arrived, in Vietnamese. She was scolding, threatening. I said I had to leave, but all three looked puzzled and offended. Cowboy begged me to stay and "please, please boum-boum Baby-san." I was totally confused. Again she asked if I liked her, again I said I did, and again she refused to screw me. I believe I yelled something like, "Oh fuck this," and turned to leave. The girl beat me to the door and stood glaring at me. Her face was a story of torture and abuse. Before I had time to think she had spat on me and I had slapped her. I had never done anything like that in my life, but I slapped hard. Then I realized the sickness in this house, in me ... I was stoned, I was nuts. I had just lost something precious and I was afraid it was a few of my marbles. For the third time I tried to leave. This time she took my hand and looked very tender. Her other hand still lay across the spot where I had hit her and a small tear formed in her big, dark eyes. "Come on. I boum-boum."

We walked out back to a shed with a bed in it. Cowboy walked along to take my money and stand guard outside watching for M.P.'s. Inside, Baby-san undressed herself ... slowly, sensually. We were both kneeling on the bed facing each other, and I was certain I would throw up the rice and fish any minute. I was sick and nervous. I must have been shaking because she put her hands on my shoulders and asked once more "G.I. like baby-san?" There wasn't even a pause. "Baby-san makes G.I. sick." She smiled and kissed me very warmly. Her breasts met my chest and her hands were all over my head, my back, my penis.

I sat on the bed and she positioned herself facing me on her knees and made love to me. Throughout she would whisper. "G.I. no like baby-san. Me boum-boum. Me boum-boum." And she did. She was young and thin and hollow and hurt. She was one of my most touching sexual relations. When I came I was crying like a baby and shaking like a leaf, slobbering, kissing her face. We got dressed and walked hand in hand back to the house and had another coke, never speaking a word. She kissed me when I left and I felt a bit foolish. I told her I really did like her quite a bit and she seemed pleased.

I hitched a ride back to base, back through the town, back past the city. In my pocket was a precious little prophylactic that belonged to Cox. The whore in Sin City may have had syphillis in her mouth, but it didn't concern me then. It never even occured to me that Cowboy's sister may have had a disease in her organs. But she was filled with sicknesses of a different sort and she passed some on to me to be sure.

Reprinted from 'SCREW', New York's premiere sex-paper.

VERTIGO: LIVING SOUNDS

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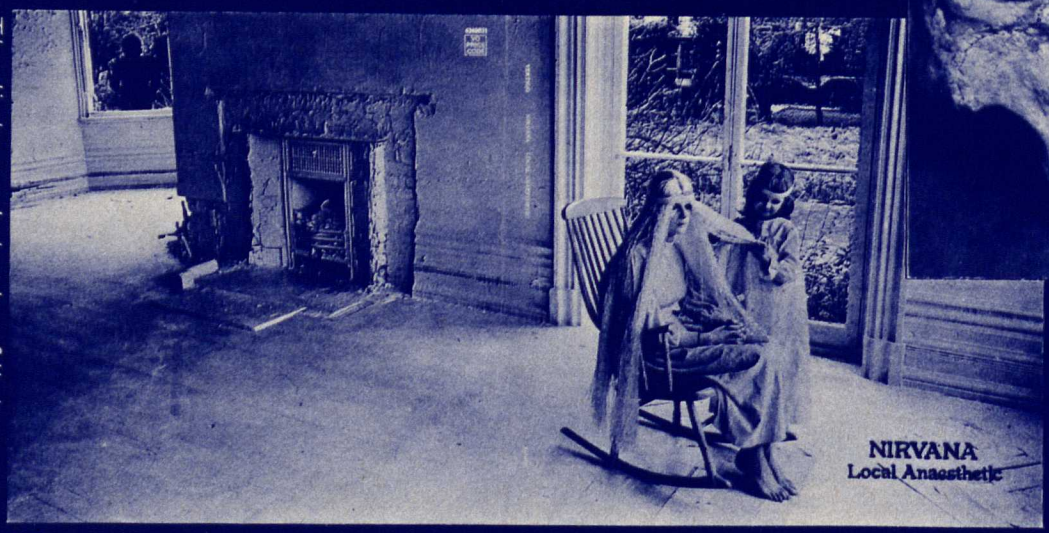

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VERTIGO

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letters

Dear Oz,

Unpalatable as it may seem, it can be argued that Christianity has been one of the main liberating forces in the world. To see Christian missions as the spiritual front line of economic and political imperialism is a mistake of the first order. The situation was that missionaries were often against the secular authorities becuase of their work among native societies. They often provided protection and insulation of natives against the exploiters, they introduced primitive societies to western culture and gave them a basis for understanding western culture. They laid the basis for these people to reach an identity of their own in our global village. This is not forgetting the promotion of education and social services.

The East India Company was extremely antagonistic to the missionaries in India, so much so that they were virtually prohibited from entering India until 1833.

In Africa, the role of missions was often openly resented. Their emphasis on education had dangerous tendencies. One South African paper in 1906 stated that 'education makes the native aspire to something better and hence must be discouraged because cheap labour is the main desideratum at the present time.'

The vast majority of academic and other assessments of colonialism are distorted for they do not give an honest appreciation of the great part that missions have played in world development.

Two examples of where exploiters moved in before the missionaries are the Australian Aborigines and the American Indians. Both were decimated in large numbers and now are culturally and spiritually lost peoples. Christian missions in these cases have been able to little more than apply patent medicine and band-aids and have been abused for doing just this.

Of course, there has been paternalism in their approach — mountains of it — but I have yet to hear of more viable solutions in the prevailing social climate.

The 'delicate tribalisms' that the missionaries are said to have brutalised were usually rather savage on the face of it. One would need to dig rather deep to find the delicacies. If having your head eaten is to be looked on as a delicate custom, something to be tolerated, then let those who are in favor of it by all means engage in this fascinating pastime. Or perhaps you prefer child sacrifice; or being decapitated because your slave master has just died.

The myth of the peace-loving, fine upstanding savage, noble to the core, still rules many people's minds, and it is surprising to find it still in the ink of so many of our educated humanists. The fact is that any primitive culture that attempts to move, or is moved in a hurry, from a hunting economy to a technological one is going to end up in a mess. Christian missions have at least made the process less painful for many.

This is what many of our humanist friends fail to see and understand. In their rush to burn down the local bourgeois church and their passionate desire to 'liberate' people from their 'superstitious' Christian beliefs, they forget they are destroying the taproot of their own humanism.

However one doubts the sincerity of the quasi-humanists of the Richard Neville type. He has yet to show us how his sexual reforms and his 'liberating' ideas are going to transform society into something more humane than now exists. As Napoleon III once said, 'One never really destroys a thing until one has replaced it'.

So he ought to pardon some of us if we reject his ideas, especially when they contain so many half thruths and distortions. These distortions and displays of ignorance even occur in fields where he regards himself as an expert (viz., sex).

Perhaps a little missionary zeal outside their own society would put some iron in their souls (and not being just another Australian crawling back into the womb of Mother England — the home of modern-day imperialism). They would then not be so hasty in passing judgment on the liberating power of the Christian faith.

Donald Dufty.
Redfern, NSW.

Dear Oz,

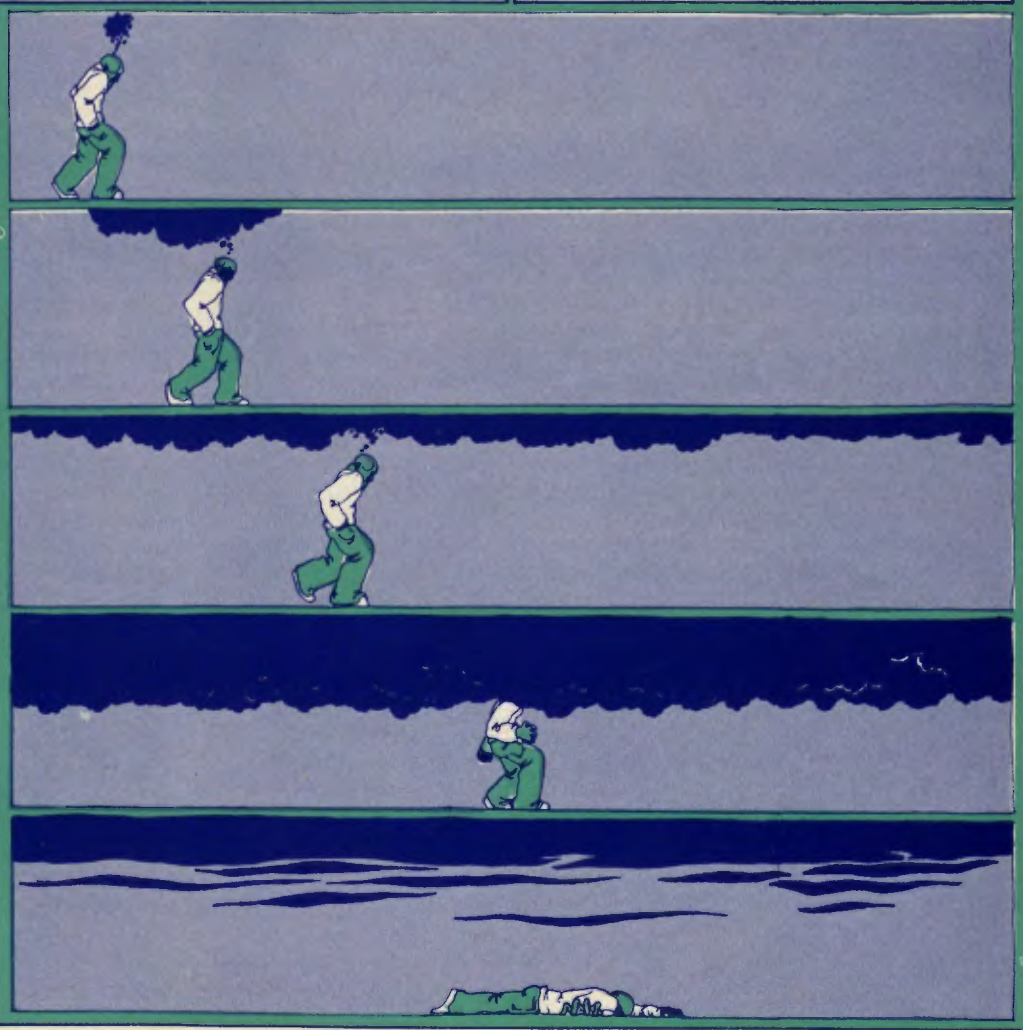
I've just finished reading Tom Ludd's 'Trot-Trot-Trotski' item in Oz 32 and can't help feeling the guy's confused. I work in a factory, I even run my department in it and I could see what all his revolutionaries did on Jan 12th. They blew it and went home.

Sure, that was the point but very few of these militant 'Union men' bothered to attend the meeting to discuss the bill. Half the factory lay idle but I'm willing to bet that if a full day's pay had been offered for the half day strike they'd of all been out. The December demonstration had no effect upon our revolutionaries at all; What, lose a whole day's pay?

I'm sorry Tom Ludd I'd have dearly liked to believe you, the thought of a united population seems beautiful but so far away, and I'd have loved to see the straights campagning for freedom but some shop stewards here threatened people with expulsion and a wall of silence if they dissented. Power to what People, Tom?

Love, peace and despondency.

Roy Wood,
Forest Gate, London.



Dear Oz,

This place is an Italian prison, and though it is a fair way from London I have heard your name in whispered undertones.

Naturally I'm here for shit, 52 grams to be exact, I was busted in Milan last June with two chicks who were set free at our trial, though I was not so lucky, I got two years.

There are in this prison French, German, Swiss, Austrian, Belgian, English, Syrian and Italian cats, all for shit or acid, and some of these persons have been here for anything up to one year without even having had a trial. (One never has to wait more than 1 year for a trial because the law says that the authorities can *only* hold a prisoner for *one* year without a trial, and then they must let him go, so they usually squeeze the trial in at the last moment, ie. after 11½ months).

Well — these things (and many others) have not helped to create a firm friendship and mutual understanding between all the people her for 'la draga' (pronounced with a snarl) and the authorities, and when we heard of the guy from the Living Theatre who got busted for a ridiculously minute quantity in Rome, and of the resulting death of his chick through lack of proper medical attention, well, we decided that we should protest, and as from the 21st of this month all foreigners and young Italians here for drugs will be going on a hunger strike.

In a world which is always full of 'big' news too, one can hardly expect much interest to be shown towards a bunch of 'hippys' who wish to starve, so I think it unlikely that you will hear of this event from other sources, I do not think even, that any other English newspapers have been written to, and certainly not only underground ones.

Keep on the yellow brick road.

Stephen Crossland.

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THE CRY OF LOVE
Jimi Hendrix
(Track Deluxe)

'Well I'm sitting here in this womb/ lookin' all around, I'm looking out my belly button window/ and I see a whole world frowns, And I wonder if they want me around ...'

Jimi Hendrix's last 45 minutes of music. The product of a series of sessions at his Electric Lady studios, broken for his IoW gig. He died the night before he intended to go back to lay down two more tracks and do the final mix. Still, here it is. Definitely the last Hendrix tapes, say Track, possibly to justify the price (£2.40/ 48/-).

If this album had been substandard, it would have been an unbearable dissappointment. As it is, it contains some shattering music, and some non-shattering but nevertheless worthwhile material. Hendrix being ho-hum is still better than most people being brilliant.

Hendrix's infinite potential shines out of everything he ever recorded, but sometimes he failed miserably to tap it. This dependence on inspiration is what separates the Jimis and Janises, the Dylans and Lennons from the hardy professionals. The likes of the Zep or, on a much higher plane, Johnny Winter have their show so tight and together that all they need to do is go out on stage and DO it. Inspiration doesn't gome into it. Some gigs Jimi was terrible, some nights he was as good as it ever gets. His records generally contained, an equal mix of absolute killers, real total mindfuckers, and interesting little also-rans, marking-time things, ultimately just fillers.

'The Cry Of Love' is very beautiful. Some of the cuts are messy and inconclusive, but at least half of it is ultimate Hendrix. That indescribable, incomparable sheet-lightning guitar is there all the time, either softly curling into the cool darkened chamber back recesses of your lobes or else strobing your head, electronically galvanising your helpless reflexes. He can even take absolutely shagged-out heavy riffs and build them into entirely new structures. For instance, 'In From The Storm' takes Blind Faith's 'Had to Cry Today' riff, builds into a tearing piece similar to Johnny Winter And's 'Guess I'll Go Away' and finishes with Jeff Beck's 'Rice Pudding'. And yet it all sounds brand new.

Basically, 'Drifting' and 'Angel' are gentle dreamweavers like 'One Rainy Wish' from 'Axis: Bold as Love', 'My Friend' features Jimi sticking to rhythm guitar, backed only by clinking glasses, conversation and mouth harp as he recites a rather Dylanish tale of being on the road. With one exception, all the other cuts are Hendrix stormers of varying quality. The exception is the album's last track, 'Belly Button Window'. A solo track, with a Canned Heatish rolling blues lick as its basis, overlaid with quirky wah-wah pedal work, the song explores the thoughts of a baby in the womb waiting to be born. Even without getting into any pseudo-mystical crap about premonitions, it's hard to take if you're the least bit sentimental, or if you're as emotional a Hendrix obsessive as I am. 'If you don't want me, make up your mind . . . '

All the way through this piece, I find myself referring to Jimi Hendrix in the present tense. As Eric Burdon said, 'I know Jimi Hendrix is alive because I heard him on the radio'.

Charles Shaar Murray

HOOKER 'N HEAT
Canned Heat and John Lee Hooker
(Liberty Records) (Double Set)

In the past couple of years people have been straining to bridge a gap. Not the artificial gap like that supposedly exists between 'Pop' and 'Classical' music, but the gap between the ageing blues masters and their young, white, rock-orientated audience: Eric Clapton produces Buddy Guy, BB King uses Leon Russell and Joe Walsh as his sessionmen, Muddy Waters goes electric. As experiments (musical) they haven't all been successful, but as experiments (social) they have led to a recognition of the roots of all great electric rock: 'That's where the Stones and the Animals got those lines?' And if this is the only successful collusion of black and white boogie, then it's all bin worthwhile.

Canned Heat have been up and down over the last four years. They always maintained a driving rhythm section, and John Mayall knows how well Larry Taylor could work out on bass. Henry Vestine fits tighter than Harvey Mandel did last summer, but the real strength was the late Al Wilson of the voice, harp and guitar, and the enthusiasm and bulk of 'The Bear' Hite, But when it came right down, even if Bob Hite had every blues sound ever cut, and, sure, Wilson knew about those five little notes, Canned Heat never felt the blues like John Lee Hooker. And maybe John Lee never felt the energy of a unit like the Heat before. He certainly found something new in Al Wilson: 'Dig this kid . . . I don't know how he follows me, but he do'.

This double-set gives every facet of the combination, and it all works: Hook starts with two sides on his own (plus a little piano from Wilson), going through his classics in classic style, stompin' on the floor, the guitar low and mean, curdling through an ancient Silvertone amp . . . 'It's bin a great long time boy . . . since I seen my baby's face. . ' On side three he lays down the problems in 'The World Today', zips into 'I Got My Eyes On You', and the next five tracks, including 11.35 of 'Boogie Chillun No 2', features the whole of Canned Heat, as it stood last May. The band rocks on hot, and Al Wilson's harp and piano playing is a final fitting tribute to a man whose understanding of the blues medium was sadly unrecognised during his lifetime.

John Lee Hooker's been recording for a long time now; he sounds good, and looks good, comin through raw, drunk, stoned and mellow. If this gets across like I think it should, try and dig the early stuff too, especially 'Democrat Man' (Riverside Jazz Giants REP 3207, 1960). Between him and his friends, John Lee Hooker puts a whole bunch of things in place.

Ulysses O. Hanson

BE GLAD FOR THE SONG HAS NO ENDING
Incredible String Band
(Island)

The Incredibles' debut album on the Island label:

Side One consists of five songs, all recorded 2–3 years ago and presumably not considered good enough to be featured on any of the group's last four LP releases. One of the tracks, Mike Heron's 'All Writ Down', formed the B-side of their single, 'Big Ted'.

Side Two contains instrumental snippets from the soundtrack of the film from which the Album takes its title. Included is a version of 'Beyond the See', also to be found on the group's 'Wee Tam' album.

Ain't nothing to be glad about.

Tristan Wood

BUDDY AND THE JUNIORS
Buddy Guy and Jr Wells
(EMI)

As the sleevenotes testify, there is a school of blues critics who have always felt bad about electricity: they hold that it is in some way, non-ethnic – a proposition which *might* once have been appropriate but clearly, Post-Hendrix, post BB King, isn't any longer.

This album tells us what happens when two of the top electric blues-beating freaks – Buddy Guy and Jr Wells – are unplugged. Junior Mance sits in on piano and tries hard enough to give a jazz spark to the devitalised pair, but they don't really pick up on the jazz and they can't really get blues together without electricity – after all their styles were *created for it.* The pair meander through this bass-less, drum-less, guttless selection of blues 'classics' – Hoochie Coochie, Rock me etc –

and, shorn of their magnificent electronic power, it's very much a eunuch's trip.

The basic problem with this album lies outside either Guy or Wells, and it's not even attributable to Mance. The problem is ethnomusicological calvinism. There's a whole school of folk music writers who believe there was once a Golden Age of folk music – 'before modern technology broke down the folk structure of relatively primitive communities' – and that in those days artists weren't interested in squalid deals like payment for their work, or appealing to the vulgar tastes of the masses, but in pleasing a small elite of white anglo-saxon protestant critics.
It only needs a cool eye to see that this is arrant bullshit: Charlie Patton, Skip James, Son House, Blind Lemon Jefferson, yes, even Robert Johnson made records which were *intended to sell.* Its the white blues 'purists' who've erected myths around these men and forgotten that they were professional musicians, underpaid, ill-treated but at least respected sufficiently by their record companies for them to be able to record what they liked, how they liked – back in the '20's Skip James was getting away with four letter words on record while art-writers were still heavily censored. ('No-one listens to the words these goddam primitives sing'). It's unlikely these academic idiots will destroy the blues they so devotedly protect from 'commercialism' (ie: contemporaneity), but it is much more likely to be destroyed by making it art-music, devoid of feeling, drive or poetry, than by 'commercialism' or, worse still, popularity.
Buddy Guy's one of my favourite guitarists – his soundtrack to Harley Corkliss's Omnibus blues film was the work of a real modern bluesmaster – and Jr Wells comes nearest among modern harpists to capturing the fluid drive of the late Little Walter Jacob's harmonica-playing. They'll doubtless recover from this attempted castration. Blues

is for balling, in every sense and both men, as their playing here indicates, know it, and know this is shuck. Take the advice they leave *between* the grooves and forget it. And a note to record companies: bad blues is bad business.

Charles Radcliffe

RITES AND RITUALS
Ray Russel
(CBS)

If CBS have the balls to promote this as a rock and roll record, a lot of the people who dig the Floyd, the Softs and (possibly) Miles, will find some fascinating things happening just around the nearest musical corner. More likely, it'll get slung straight into the 'Jazz' rack and be overlooked by all but a few dedicated free-form jazz freaks.

Ray Russel is a guitarist who plays the instrument rather than the notes. Hard rock riffs, classical and folk licks, weirdly distorted jazz phrases and screaming free sequences chase each other, writhing and twisting, from his amplifier. His compositions are unsettling and occasionally terrifying: half-familiar phrases played with a quartertone dissonance that sets your teeth on edge, tiny clawed insect limbs brushing and scratching the door at the corner of your ear.

Listening to 'Rites and Rituals' is an experience akin to being carried of by a strong wind with an eerie sense of humour, and ending up dangling from a very high tree. If you're prepared to work hard at getting into an album and let an album work hard at getting into you, this could be the most stimulating thing you've done to your head in quite a while. If, as Mailer said, Picasso is medically good for your eyes, then Russel must be medically good for your ears.

Charles (Baa Baa I'm a Black Sheep) Murray

IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER MY NAME
Dave Crosby
(Atlantic)

The currently fashionable craze for the muzak freaks down at J Walter Thompson (Know the West Coast — all you need's a cursory glance at the 'Acid Test', 'The Worst of the Jefferson Airplane' and the odd 'reefer') is spotting the superstar guitar riffs on Dave Crosby's 'solo' album: If I could only remember my name. Latest offering to emerge from the Jefferson Starship combine (cf Crosby and Slick/Kantner raps in *Rolling Stone*) is this good and at times and certain heights, very good album.

You can't really deny it's a good album. For a start it's hardly a 'solo' effort. Dave Crosby has got together a collection of San Francisco aces which rivals even that of Paul Kantner's 'Blows Against the Empire'. Only the gross cupidity of the various record companies concerned can have helped them to forget their contractual restrictions. But, as Crosby intimated in an interview last year, if the record bosses hadn't come across, not only would they have lost a meaty slice of profits, but possibly a number of recording artistes as well.

Spotting the various guitarists isn't altogether a joke: Dave Cosby and Graham Nash from their own combo; Neil Young; Jerry Garcia from the Grateful Dead; Jorma Kaukonen and Paul Kantner from the Jefferson Airplant — all of whom play lead at one time. Phil Lesh (Dead), Jack Casady (Airplane) and David Freiburg (Quicksilver) all take turns at bass; both the Dead's drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman are included and showing for the ladies are Grace Slick and Joni Mitchell. With that lot, just how can you fail? It's a hell of a lot of what ought to be a very good thing. If you dig the West Coast creativity bloc, then this album should indulge your wildest dreams.

The crux lies in which faction of the West Coast you happen to prefer: if it's the harder, superfreak sounds perfected by the Airplane, then 'If I could only ...' won't really get you off. But if CSN&Y are the ideal, then this album, basically an extension and an embellishment of their style, (just as Kantner's album extended the Airplane's basic ideas, musically and vocally), should be what is required. If, like me, the former style, especially when aided by members of the Dead is infinitely preferable, then this record has to be a disappointment, with its best moments occurring not when Nash and Cr osby, to their undoubted mutual satisfaction, are harmonising away, but on track one, side two, 'What are their names', when Grace Slick rather than Crosby is belting out the lyrics, and when Garcia is proving, yet again, just how much he surpasses everyone else in that musical area:

'I wonder who they are ... the men who really rule this land ... I'd like to go right over, and give them a piece of my mind, about peace for mankind.'

So there we are: for the second in what looks like being a long series of albums, the dozen majors who make up the West Coast music scene have gathered together and produced another facet of their communal development. This time Crosby's in charge, in April, Graham Nash's album is scheduled. Then there's supposedly something coming from Slick, and Garcia, and electric Hot Tuna, and the New Riders of the Purple Sage, and ...

Jonathon Green

Phillip Sheffield

Pot is in the news again (yawn). The national papers, in their predictable way, have been giving front-page headlines to Professor Paton's great discovery that mice shouldn't fix it, and small notices on page 94 to Michael Schofield's new book (1). Paton has produced 5 column inches of unexciting research results and 28 inches of wild and woolly speculation. (2) Schofield has 180 pages of solid information and 14 pages of hypercautious recommendations. But then bad news is good news.

Paton is getting quite well known for publishing his research results in odd places – last time it was the Listener, this time, after being leaked in the House of Commons and the Oxford Union, the long-awaited word appears in the Oxford Mail. If you compare the boring and trivial work reported in Paton's last paper in Nature its fairly obvious why – no scientific journal would risk its reputation publishing the stuff Paton wants to see in headlines.

What has Paton actually proved? (We can ignore his purple passages of warning based on distortions of other people's work.) It seems that you can kill mice by injecting them with cannabis if you go on doing it for long enough. You can't kill them with five times that amount of alcohol. What Paton is comparing here is nine times the regular drinker's consumption with about sixty times the regular smoker's. If his mice were people they would be getting through a weight of hash a week – each. (It might just be possible, though – with breaks for meals and sleep you'd need to smoke continuously, a joint every five minutes. What a way to go.)

In fact, the position with cannabis is just where it's always been. Nobody knows any harm it can do when smoked by normal people in normal quantities. As Schofield says: 'You will not become addicted to it; you will not require increasing amounts to get the same effect; you will not produce monster children; . . . you are not more likely to escalate to more dangerous drugs; you are not more likely to become a layabout. The one serious thing that may happen to you is that you may get arrested.'

Schofield's book is, in fact, an excellent summary of the whole question. While there may be doubts about the relative prominence he has given to different issues – does the allegation that cannabis causes crime, for instance, really deserve a chapter to itself? – the whole book is absolutely essential reading; especially for anyone who wants to be able to argue the question with his grandmother or whatever. The author's recommendations are disappointingly cautious, and don't really stand up in comparison with John Kaplan's; (3) Kaplan's book is also bigger and more closely argued, and is having an enormous impact in the USA, but Schofield's does have the merit of dealing directly with experience in this country; Kaplan's isn't yet available here, anyway.

Schofield, very rightly, points out that the need for more research is being used as an excuse for taking no action on pot, at the same time that the law makes the most necessary kind of research impossible. In this connection, it is interesting that the Oxford Mail hung the Paton story on the fact that his Medical Research Council grant has been renewed; he now has another £10,500 to play with his mice. *No-one seems to have pointed out that Paton is the chairman of the committee which hands out these grants – as Schofield points out, there is a distinct bias towards scientists who have already published papers saying that cannabis is very harmful.*

The first essential with cannabis research, of course, is to see that it's done by heads, who are the only people who know what questions to ask. Fortunately, this is beginning to happen. Furthermore, the inbuilt prejudices which dictate what a researcher looks for, and frequently what he finds, are beginning to be looked at rather pointedly; Schofield hits the nail right on the head when he says 'For some people a substance that happens to bring happiness is suspect, and a substance made solely for the purpose of giving pleasure is quite certainly unwelcome'.

A point worth remembering, which should

always be put over to the mouse-minded at every opportunity, is that every smoker who is manifestly unharmed by his smoking, is a more relevant and therefore better piece of evidence than all Paton's mice. Are you a man or a mouse? Smoke For Science!

Refs. (1) Michael Schofield 'The Strange Case of Pot' Pelican 1971 (5/-)

meat mice & marijuana

OR MEAT, MICE AND MARIJUANA – A GLOSSARY OF FASHIONABLE DOPE BOOKS

(2) E.W. Gill, W.D.M. Paton and R.G. Pertwee 'Preliminary Experiments on the Chemistry and Pharmacology of Cannabis' Nature 1970 228 134
Oxford Mail, March 18, 1971.

(3) John Kaplan 'Marijuana: The New Prohibition' World Publishing, Cleveland, Ohio 1970.

John Donald.

A DICTIONARY OF DRUGS- The Medicines You Use

Richard B Fisher Ph.D & George A Christie M.D., B.Sc.

'When we told friends what we were doing during the writing of this, they invariably raised their eyebrows at the title. 'Drugs'?' they asked, suspiciously, and we learned quickly to explain: 'Not Narcotics. Drugs in general — therapeutically useful chemicals, for the treatment of disease.' So the authors begin their introduction to this (Concise) Dictionary with an acknowledgment of the Hysteria surrounding the use and abuse of drugs in our society. They have assembled some 56 drugs and 300 related chemical agents to make up the bulk of the entries and by including short but useful sections on the various important classes of drugs and more general items such as Organic Chemistry, Hormones, Enzymes they have broadened the appeal of the Dictionary so that it is of interest to anyone wishing to know more about the drugs he or she takes whether prescribed or not. Being, I imagine, rather straightforward, conservative, academic men they have struggled to ensure that 'the Dictionary is not a guide to self dosage, and no information relevant to the amount of the drug required has been included.' Each Drug entry is discussed under 5 headings: its Chemical name, discoverer, methods of use: Chemical Classification: Therapeutic uses: Undesirable side effects: Chemistry and Physiology. This last heading is often complex and laden with Technical Data difficult for the non Medical or Bio Chemistic mind to follow, but it is possible to decode this material be referral to the entries on more general topics. They emphasize their cautious approach, presumably trying for some middle ground between the crazed teenage (or younger) dope freak seeking thrills and the Medical Student to whom this book might be useful as an instrument of study (although I doubt whether it is detailed enough to serve effectively in such a capacity).

It is interesting to note that they make no mention of Heroin, Morphine or Cocaine. Their entry on Amphetamine is straightforward and unemotional and their discussion of Hallucinogens or rather Psychedelics is limited to short entries on Cannabis and LSD. In short there is nothing here about illegal, euphoric and addictive drugs that hasn't been covered in greater detail elsewhere. Also the entry for LSD is chock full of the dangers via side effects etc., and even the hoary old 'LSD breaks Chromosomes' story gets a good play. Surely if this theory had had any truth in it then we would have seen a great rash of monster babies across North America and Europe by now. Plainly we haven't. Subsequent well authenticated research has shown no real connection (except with enormous quantities) between chromosomes and LSD.

The real fascination of this Dictionary lies in the entries for such ordinary things as Aspirin or Vitamins. Aspirin was derived from Willow-bark in 1838 and its painkilling properties has made it one of the most used drugs in the world. 27,000,000 lbs of Aspirin are consumed annually in the USA alone. Yet the side effects are horrific – 'Aspirin can be extremely dangerous, especially to children. The major symptoms of mild Salicylate intoxication include headache, dizziness, auditory and visual disturbances, confusion, drowsiness, sweating, thirst, rapid breathing, nausea, vomitting and diarrhoea. If the poisoning continues, greater central nervous effects may be noted, including a kind of high without euphoria along with skin eruptions. Growing acid base imbalances in body fluids can lead eventually to depression, coma and death resulting from respiratory failure. Other gastrointestinal effects may include mild to severe haemorrhage'.

The point that is made with every entry is that every drug has side effects and every drug is poisonous in the long run. Even the inoffensive vitamin tablet has its darker side 'Vitamin A, vitamin D, and vitamin K it is worth repeating, can be dangerously toxic in large doses', however 'the cure for vitamin poisoning is simplicity itself, stop taking the vitamins'.

For those interested in Chlorpromazine, Cloxacillin, Drostanolone, Ephedrine, Ethyl Alcohol, 5 Fluormethyldeoxyuridine, Para-amino-benzoic acid, Vitamins A right through to P there's a wealth of information herein.

Chris Rowley

Before we tell you what we offer you as a club we want to tell you how we hope we will be different from many of the other clubs that apparently flourished and then faded away.

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THE REVOLUTION IS OVER!

The left today calls for a revolution, not seeing that the revolution has already occurred, and that the revolutionary's task is to organize that revolution which is. The society we are living in needs new institutions, and the cry of young radicals for revolution is both valid and unnecessary. The revolution is over, the task is finding the "revolutionary institutions" that will save us.

David McReynolds

TOUGH SHIT ... YOU MISSED IT!

THE POOR IN SCOTLAND

There is always a great deal of talk about "revolutionary violence," and so, as a pacifist, I want to deal with revolution and violence. First, a revolutionary period is always violent, and there is no point wasting emotional energy deploring it. The violence is usually totally senseless, misdirected, tragic. It is possible I will be killed, for example, by an extremist of the right, but it is also possible I might be killed by an extremely committed, courageous, decent frightened young kid from the extreme left who views pacificists as the primary enemy of the revolution. A Jewish merchant in Harlem, a man who has made a good living from selling poor people things they don't need at a price higher than they would pay elsewhere in the city, may be cut down some night by a junkie who panics – not by some community "committee of justice", while, around the corner, an old Jewish doctor who under-charges his patients and over-works himself is knifed to death by some psychotic black militant who thinks the Jew is the enemy.

There is no justice during a revolution. How do I find the justice involved in the death of kids from heroin? What is the sense of ghetto residents firing at fire trucks that have come to put out fires? All of this violence simply reflects a revolutionary period when old values and institutions have no power.

One must note – forcefully – in passing, that all the violence of black militants and white idiots, such as the Weathermen, does not begin to match the violence of the state. Each week, Nixon's policies mean 100 American boys come home in aluminum boxes and thousands of Vietnamese die and are buried. If Abbie Hoffman crosses a state line with the **thought** of rioting, he will be sentenced to five years in prison, but if the Chicago police actually **engage** in a riot, as charged by the Walker report, nothing will happen to them. Such is the nature of American justice.

In short, it is the lawlessness of the state itself that creates the greatest violence and that leads, because of its intense violence, to a breakdown of moral authority.

Revolutions are rarely particularly violent, though they are generally repressive toward the old order. Cuba under Castro is probably less violent than Cuba before Castro. Algeria, miserable as it may be under its present rule, is certainly less violent than during the long rebellion against France. And, while Nixon worries publicly about the "terror" the communists might bring to Vietnam if they won, it must be said that it would take great technical skill on their part to kill as many Vietnamese as we have killed.

There are at least two prospects ahead of us. One is the creation of new institutions, new distributions of power, that would place us in a human relationship with the machinery of our times. The other prospect is the political reaction and physical repression Nixon has in mind.

I deem it important not to exaggerate, to avoid paranoia where possible and to understate a serious point rather than overstate it, in the hopes it will carry more weight with serious men. It is in that conservative mood that I say we have, in Richard Nixon, a man who lied his way into Congress and then into the Senate with false charges of Communism against his opponents; a man who sought (along with Dulles) to persuade Eisenhower to unleash our nuclear power in Vietnam in 1954 when the French were losing. Nixon is a consummate politician who has written off the black vote altogether, and is striving instead to hold his Southern base, hoping to destroy whatever chance Wallace might have in 1972. Nixon is a mechanical man, counting votes (effectively), and deciding to opt for a reactionary coalition that will build on Middle America's fear of the young, fear of change, fear of blacks, fear of hippies, homosexuals, Jews, and Communists. Nixon has always been a man who traded in fear, and he remains that today. His is an administration that carefully nurtures the worst in America.

Yet he will, I think, lose. He and Agnew and Mitchell have set to sea in a sieve and will sink. Hopefully, without trace. One thinks of Kim Agnew wanting to protest the war and of Laird's son doing so. One thinks of the sons and daughters of politicians jailed, caught smoking pot, refusing to be drafted.

Mitchell is a terrifying figure – a Stalinist Chief of the Secret Police puffing on a pipe – but he is out of his depth trying to deal with all of us. **The repression today is much worse than in the McCarthy period but that repression, back in the 1950's, came when the left was weak, and reaction moved in to fill a vacuum. Today, the repression comes because there is a movement, genuine, deeply rooted, widespread, and very threatening. Our jailers in the early 1950's were smug. Today, they are frightened.**

But there is always a chance the left will make some or all of the following errors, permitting victory to go to these old men of the sea, sailing in their sieve.

First, partly by frustration, partly by lack of brains, partly by police agents in our midst, the revolution can be tricked into violence and provocative acts. Comrades, beware the police agent in our midst: he sounds more radical than any of us, and he will be released without bail after you have been jailed for a bomb plot.

Revolutionary theories of other lands do not fit us. If Mitchell had any business sense, he would give the Ozark mountains to the Weathermen, and other assorted violent revolutionists, and charge admission so that foreign guests could see "live American guerrillas in their natural habitat." Neither in the city nor the countryside can guerrilla war be carried on. There is no ocean for us to swim in, if we seek to be violent fish.

Those are tactical points. More basically, we accomplish nothing if we chant "Off the pigs," except to show what poorly trained Marxists we are. Cops are agents of the system, taking its pay to enforce its laws. Cops are not the system itself – just the agents. They are no different from the troops we've got in Vietnam, and, if we can learn to talk to our troops in Vietnam, why can't we learn to talk to our cops? The system is our target, not the cops.

But we also lose the battle morally if we permit ourselves to be brought to the level of treating any man as an object, seeing his uniform (or his color, or his

religion) rather than seeing him. We understand that the black heroin addict who knifes an old lady to death to get a few bucks toward his fix is a poor bastard caught in a trap. Don't we realize the cop is caught in the same trap? The same society that puts a knife into an old lady puts the club up against your head.

Second, we have to stop seeing the "liberal spirit" as our main enemy. It is one thing to understand that "official liberalism" invaded Cuba, authorized the Green Berets, began the Vietnam intervention, and started the CIA. But many Americans are non-dogmatic cheerful and trusting, and would work with radicals if we would stop biting them.

Third, the revolution may debate within itself, but it must not permit its own division. The political right unites easily, because it has property and privilege and wants to defend them. The right has little ideology, and it doesn't have much in the way of brains or courage. It simply has power.

The left has ideology, which more often serves to confuse us than send us forward to effective battle. The Communists are fond of saying that "Marxism-Leninism is the weapon of the working class," which may even be true, but it is certainly a weapon with which radicals have generally done more damage to themselves than to the establishment.

Fourth, the revolution must be revolutionary. That is its most difficult task. It is easy to wear a guerrilla's beret, chant "Right On", and quote Mao. It is much harder to examine our own country, its needs, its people and its special situation. Lenin examined Russia. Mao examined China. Castro examined Cuba. Why do our radicals examine Lenin, Mao and Castro instead of America?

Fifth, either the revolution will have a program or it will fail totally. People cannot stand endless chaos. Chaos without meaning provides a kind of unbearable tension rather than liberation. If the farmer never knows whether he will be able to harvest his seeds, if the mother never knows when the milk will be in the store, and if none of us know when the subways will run, we will finally opt for concentration camps, secret police, troops, and Attorney General Mitchell. Revolutionists must offer a program that gets milk to babies, and allows the farmer to plant, tend and harvest.

Sixth, the revolution must not have contempt for the people. We say we love the workers, but then we talk about "Middle America." We love poor blacks and hate poor whites, though both groups are racist. If we do not understand that revolution seeks to liberate people, then we will never win our revolution, will never organize our chaos, and should simply retire. If we insist on waging a revolution based on hatred and violence, we shall, in five or ten years, have a revolutionary leader who looks just like an Agnew and a Chief of Secret Police who looks just like a Mitchell.

When one has contempt for the people, one does not listen to them. When one does not listen to the people, they have contempt for the revolution.

And so, this final observation: the task of the revolutionary is to know his period in history. The very technology that has destroyed the power of the old order has also made violence an impossibly dangerous method of changing society. One can applaud the courage of the National Liberation Front and the existential brings men into the Black Panthers, but fury that that courage must not be ours. Our task is to revolutionize society and to save it. If man can survive, it will be on the basis of deliberately breaking down the conscious barriers of race, class, nation — and even, age.

If we see the threat violence poses to everyone, we shall not try using it to change society. It is not a question whether we are all saintly enough to abandon violence (we are not), but whether we are smart enough. I am not saintly, and neither are you. That is one reason why the surrender of violence is a revolutionary act — because we are being forced to stretch ourselves, to act beyond what we thought possible. History is brutal, catching us always before we are ready, forcing us into decisions we lack the courage to make.

It is a terrible time in which we live, the city streets haunted with violence, our ghettos swept with addiction, our friends in prison or on trial, unspeakable violence in Vietnam, profound wickedness in our government. And yet, when would it have been better to have lived?

ink
10p
WEEKLY NEWS PAPER SHOCK!
APRIL 30
Daily Sketch
FSMOS BACK ON MONDAY?

OZ 35

SPECIAL PIG ISSUE

OINK!

Ed Belchamber

STOP PRESS: OZ OBSCENITY TRIAL JUNE 22 OLD BAILEY

The contortions of modern cricket

A commentary on the current state of the game

An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Well, I say "An orgasm a day keeps the psychiatrist away." How are you doing out there with your own sexual revolution? Rufus Collins, Living Theatre Black Freak Beautiful makes the observation : "It's a constant battle to free myself from my own sexual mores but each time I overcome in that particular battle I am opened up further. When one finally realizes that everything is sexual and most of the frustrations in the world are sexual frustrations then it becomes absolutely necessary to hammer on the door of the sexual revolution." Yes, yes, Brother Rufus, you are so right! And for all of you who do not know, there is the newspaper *Suck* hammering away.

Suck was the sponsor of the *Wet Dream Film Festival*, the worlds first so-called pronographic film festival, which took place in Amsterdam last November. I understand that *Suck* plans to sponsor another *Wet Dream Film Festival* in Amsterdam, the 20th to 24th of October. All film makers interested in participating should contact *Suck*.

Attention all you sexual atheletes. Next year in Munchen during the same period of the Olympic Games, reliable rumour has it that the first Sexual Olympics will also take place. The people organizing the *Sexual Olympics* have asked me to help them in various ways, so if you have ideas or if you think that you are a record-breaker , please write to me c/o OZ.

For me, sex is the root of most human pleasure and/or anxiety. Among earthly pleasures, it ranks supreme, just above food and hot showers. I feel that most of the world's problems could be solved if we all could develop a tender concern for each other. Wilhelm Reich believes that the determining factor of the mental health of a population is the condition of its natural love life. There is a society in Amsterdam called *Sexual Eglitarian and Liberation Fraternity* who also believe with Reich that the sexual revolution *is* the political revolution. They have issued a statement which I feel is so important that I would like to pass it on to you.

Tenderness, mutual respect, freedom and tolerance — these are all words we should associate with sex and love. The act of making love can be a statement of profound tenderness and concern for another human being. In this world of different languages, religions, races, cultures, and classes, sex is an incommonality — something common to all of us. When we are unafraid and free from possessiveness it will make little difference what kind of social organization we choose to live under, because we will be open, kind, and generous. It is sexual frustration, sexual envy sexual fear which permeates all our human relationships and which perverts them. The sexually liberated, the sexually tolerant and the sexually generous individuals are open, tolerant, and generous in all their activities. Therefore S.E.L.F. wishes to encourage sexual freedom, sexual tolerance, and sexual generosity.

How is this for a beautiful mad idea? Would it not be fun if in every part of the world a bell could be sounded every day at a different time, and when you heard the bell, you stopped cooking, eating, walking, talking, etc and made love with the person (or persons) nearest you, no matter their age or sex!

How many of you know that in October 1967 the American Congress created the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, and that after two years and two million dollars of study and research, the Commission in its 900 page report urged that obscenity laws should be repealed. And in fact that pure pornography (whatever that means) might have socially redeming value. But needless to say, in October 1970 President Nixon totally rejected the Commission's findings without even bothering to read any of the Report. I understand that the Report will be published soon in France and in Germany. (It is in Germany, by the way, where we might find another censorship free zone. Starting from little Denmark, the right to read and see any material has spread to Sweden and to Holland. Should one dare to ask when these same rights will be available in England?) In G. Legman's classic study of censorship *Love and Death*, he writes: "Murder is a crime, describing murder is not. Sex is not a crime. Describing sex is. Why?"

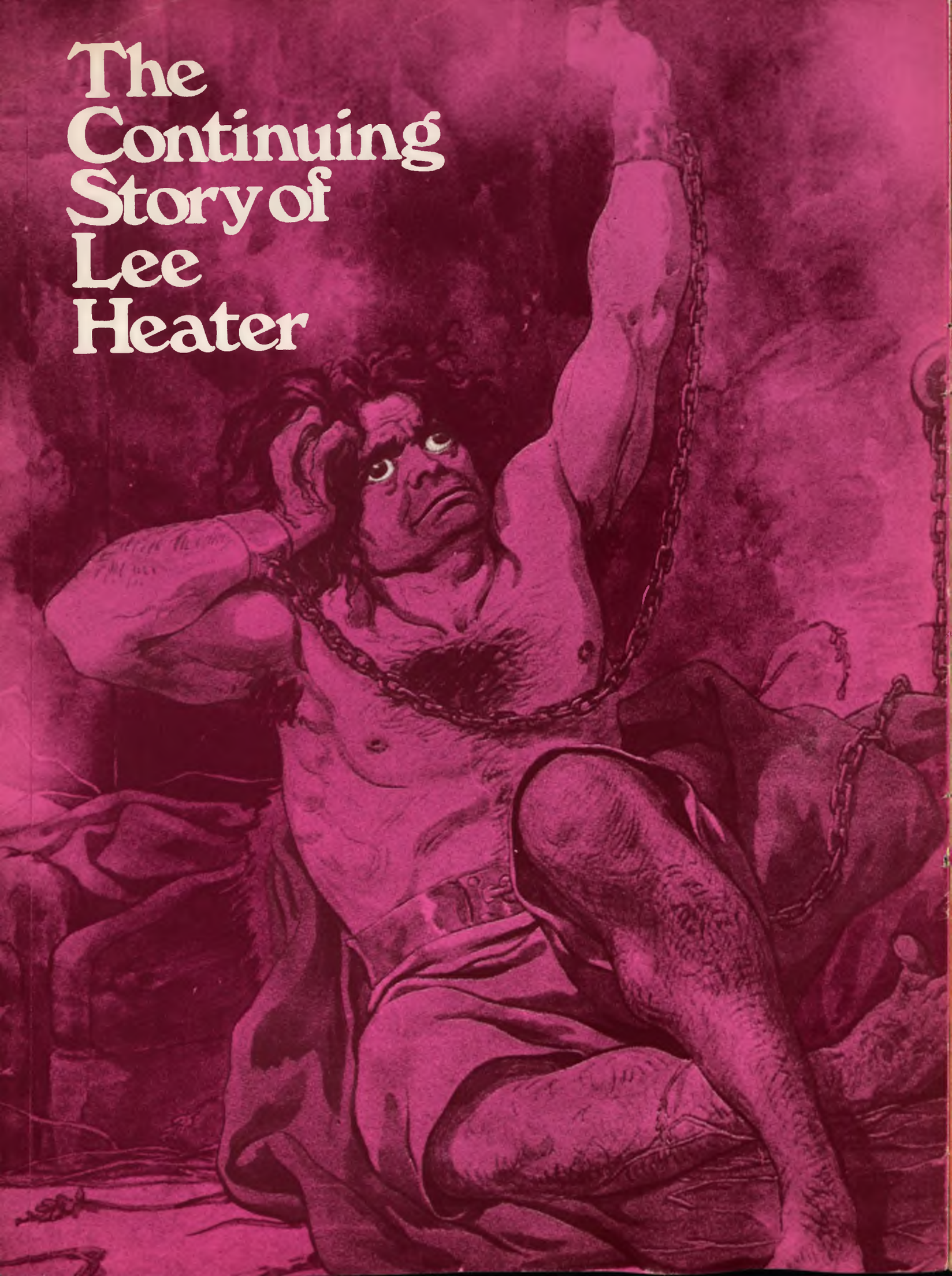
For a look at the evolution of the sexual revolution as seen thru the eyes of an innocent Frenchman, you might look at the book *The Danish Sexfairs* by Jean-Claude Lauret, published by Jasmine Press. And if you would like to see a woman's point of view, I highly recommend the Betty Dodson interview in the February issue of *Evergreen Review*. Betty Dodson has some beautiful ideas and expresses them forthrightly: "There is a lot of conflict between men and women over sex and sex roles. If all erotic material is degrading to women, that really means that *sex* is degrading to women. If a woman has had nothing but sex-negative experiences then looking at pictures about sex will understandably make her feel degraded. The answer lies not in trying to do away with erotic art or sex, but in trying to get some joy out of both. How we relate to sex is how we relate to the world. A sex-positive person is going to have a more positive attitude towards the world."

A small Buckminster Fuller quote worth pondering: "We should do away with the absolutely specious notion that everybody has to earn a living. It is a fact today that one in ten thousand of us can make a technological breakthrough capable of supporting all the rest. The youth of today are absolutely right in recognizing this nonsense of earning a living. We keep inventing jobs because of this false idea that everybody has to be employed at some kind of drudgery because, according to Malthusian Darwinian theory he must justify his right to exist. So we have inspectors to inspect inspectors. The true business of people should be to go back to school and think about whatever it was they were thinking about before somebody came along and told them they had to earn a living." It is about time we think about establishing a minimum income for everyone — man, woman, and child; and we all return to living a full creative life style. For me, the definition of work is doing something you do not like doing. And therefore one should "work" (in that sense) as little as possible. In fact in this special sense, I have almost never worked in my life. I have spent energy teaching, writing, bookselling, publishing, producing theatre, running a cinema, etc etc, but it was all fun. I did not do any of these things for the money reward; the "work" itself was its own reward. When I go to my Metro stop and I see this young lovely girl punching tickets I want to cry out in pain. This is a crime. What is the meaning of her life? Public transportation should be free, and this young girl should be traveling around the world, exploring, growing, laughing, spreading joy and happiness, and *not punching stupid tickets* in an airless box.

How many of you out there are happy? How many of you are lonely? How many would like to meet someone? How many would like to communicate to another? I would like to have your autobiographies. Please, those who are interested, write me your life story. Make it as short or as long as you wish. If you can, please use a typewriter. Also please add your address, so that we can contact you. Address your letter to Jim Haynes, Global Village News, OZ. Needless to say, we will not print a word of it without contacting you first.

Jim Haynes.

The Continuing Story of Lee Heater



Lee Heater left Los Angeles for Asia in 1967. Four years later he is back there, facing charges of rape and child molesting which could conceivably bring him life imprisonment, castration or both. He is classified in Orange County (whatever you do, don't get busted in redneck Orange County) as MDSO (mentally defective sexual offender) and as the date fixed for his trial approaches, he becomes increasingly more resigned to a future behind bars. Since his golden days in Katmandu, Marrakech and London (see Oz 24 *'Lee in the Sky with Diamonds'* and *'A Hippie Odyssey'* in Playpower) he has become tired, heavy and much older, given to melancholy and self pity, surrounded by a deep slow sadness as he waits for the State of California to stamp his future. He is out on bail, a 33,000 dollar cash bond, put up by Kathy Hayes, his wealthy ex-wife who has been his guardian angel for many years, paying for collect telephone calls from the ends of the earth, sending thousands of dollars to remote goals, embassies and communes to save Lee from the toils which his endless search for peace of mind lands him in. Lee's life is a struggle for those simple things which most of us can take for granted — a place to sleep, something to eat, dope perhaps, and some form of social acceptance.

Lee follows the Book of Tao. While on bail in England on a possession of cannabis charge, Lee took a reading of the I Ching which said 'split'. He went to Belfast, then to Dublin.

Eire

"All the time I was moving around in Ireland I would put my hair up on my head in a net, and wear this big hat. I even had a hair net from one ear round my chin to the other ear to keep my beard tight and not looking so messy and straggly. But they would still point their finger at me, laughing and hee-hawing, and calling me dirty hippie, dirty freak, cut your hair, things like that, but they didn't molest me or bother me in any way."

"I went on a train to somewhere in the south where they were freaked out to have a hippie in town. There were other heads around but they didn't even realise they lived there until I came down to visit them. They lived about 2½ miles out and I arrived in a taxi with a whole armload of comic books, a big box of groceries, my record player, a whole case of albums and well, I guess I came on their scene a little strong. One guy there was a real artist with a big red beard who did really fantastic paintings. And a young Jewish girl who had been tripping out in Israel. All the kids there were living rough off the land, with no electricity and baking their own bread. They didn't want candy, they didn't want music. They had a different scene going and I interrupted it. They took a little time to get used to me, especially since that first evening they were all on acid. I just couldn't cope with the vibrations, but one of the girls asked me with a mischievous look in her face if I wanted to trip with them. She handed me two caps of acid and I downed them. Outside the wind blew, I could hear the roar of the sea, the house was completely surrounded by woods. I didn't know my way around, the fire slowly went out, they all went to bed and I started to freak out. Man, I really met the little people of Ireland that night."

"One day in the village I could see the children at recess at the back of the school. I asked the teller at the bank where I changed my money to give me one poundsworth of pennies, which was four rolls of pennies. On my way back to the farm, I went behind the school wall, opened up the rolls and threw the pennies over. They hit the concrete making a lot of noise. All the children were at the windows looking out, so I was unable to throw the last roll, because I was afraid they would see me. I snuck away and it was a big mystery for them. They had no idea where the pennies came from. It was beautiful, what a trip."

"I had a groovy time in the train, playing the flute and showing the ticket collector the picture of me in Oz magazine. He sat in the cabin with me while I rolled a joint and talked to him. When I got off the train, he did too and it turned out he was the conductor of the bus as well, helping people off and on and all that. He really was a nice gentleman and didn't think anything about me smoking but he wouldn't let me do it on the bus. He said it wouldn't be polite to smoke hashish on the bus, so I cooled it."

"When I got back to Dublin, I didn't know where to go. I wore out 15 taxis that night. They would be unable to find me a room then get tired of me. One took me back to the railway station and said that I could spend the night in the waiting room. But the waiting room closed up, they made me leave and I wound up in an all night coffee bar, the only one in town. I had all this baggage and luggage and eventually one taxi driver found me a hotel and I was OK for a couple of days. I wore my hair net all the time, but after breakfast one morning the little girl at the hotel showed me another room downstairs way at the back and said that I would have to stay there. They were pushing me off into a corner cubby hole so the other guests would not be able to see me. I said I was an American visitor to their country and I wouldn't live in a room like that.

"After a few days the landlady got uptight and threatened to call the police. I gave this guy nearly £30 and he rented a room for me in some outasite neighbourhood. It was the low class district of town, on a deadend street and the house was full of — of well, whatever. They were pretty nice people. The main thing was I had a roof over my head and a place to go out of the cold. Being in the eye of the public for days without knowing the hippie scene or anything in Dublin was pretty freaky. I went down to Trinity College and met this couple who decided to move in with me. They needed a place and it was OK by me. They were using those needles man, they were shooting up. I told them not to shoot up in the room, not to keep anything there as I didn't want to lose my house. There was a groovy scene that night down at the Trinity College. Some stage festival and Underground movies. Met a lot of kids and they kinda latched on to me. We had a few joints upstairs and decided to see a movie outside. We saw The Producers, even smoked some hash in the theatre and it was really neat. Afterwards I invited them all back to my place to smoke some more dope. We were by some record store with lots of kids inside looking at records. I was just skipping around outside, skipping up and skipping down when narcotics officer Mullens with Sergeant Frighty in his little automobile happened to be passing by and yelled out "There's our No. 1 CIA or FBI or whatever man". They looked me over good and said "May we talk to you alone?" They took me into the alley and shook me down up against the wall. In one of my boxes of matches they found a little bitty piece of hash. They said

Photos: David Nutter

they had a warrant for my arrest from England and took me away in the car. I yelled, "Hey, man, someone help me". They all wanted to help and one of them, a fantastic kid named Larry jumped in the car with us. I had taken my keys with me and the address was right on the key ring so they went straight to my house and caught those two kids, with their needles and everything."

Next day, Lee appeared in court and the charges against him, including those in England, were read out. "I didn't want to hear any of it man. I didn't want to hear and I closed my ears." He was remanded in custody for seven days and taken to Mountjoy Prison.

He made a couple of nerve racking court appearances at the end of one of which he threw a cake tin at the judge. "I was listening to the judge and from his attitude I thought he was going to say "Remanded back to Mountjoy" so when he said "Remand —" I shouted "You dirty motherfucker, you can't send me back to the hate farm", and threw the cake tin in the air. I didn't intend to hit him, but it went in his direction. I was so tensed up, wanting to get out of prison so bad. Later I found out what he was going to say was "Remanded in your own custody." I had to spend an extra seven days in gaol for that."

Lee was given a two month sentence which he appealed. Out on bail, his friends at Trinity College who had helped him with food, magazines and lawyers throughout his stay in prison, found him somewhere to stay. "This one guy Hawkey got me an apartment in a beautiful place called Donnebrook. He was a real turned on cat, a beautiful guy and we soon had a real hippie scene going. Lots of kids moved in and took care of the house. We did lots of meditating, smoking and listening to music. It was pretty good there for about ten days. Riding on the buses, going down to Trinity College, scenes in the park and it was wow, really groovy. There was a very nice family downstairs with a little boy about 9 years old and he smoked marijuana with us in the room. It was like having your own kid. He'd come up and see me every day, go to the store for me. He was a real Irish kid, could sing and play the guitar and was really good with the chillum and the joints. He thought those fat English joints were too much. Then he found out it was illegal and he wouldn't smoke with me no more."

"I don't know why Mullens picked on me again. He just came busting in one night. I said "Mullens, get out you are interrupting a religious ceremony. This is my house. Don't I have any privacy whatsoever?" Everyone had been stoned all day and no one had got together a fire, so they found thrity five roaches. There were eleven of us busted, the twelfth was the one who had snitched on us. The night before while I was asleep he had gone off with £30 I had in my pocket. All the kids got off but me. I got six months. The judge said he was going to make an example of me. They didn't want my kind of person in the community and blah blah blah etc. I appealed it but they wouldn't grant me bail this time."

"When I was in gaol they cut my hair, and that really was a downer. For four or five days I couldn't eat or sleep. I couldn't do nothing. Mr Burns the Superintendent had promised that my hair wouldn't be cut. At Mountjoy they feed you right in your cell. At noon, I had my dinner and took a crap in the shit-jack. There's no toilet, just a little pot. I don't like those pots and everyone tries to get a guard up to unlock your cell to let you out. Sometimes it takes a long time to get a guard up and during the rest period they don't want to fool with you. I had to go real bad so I just went ahead and used the shit-jack. Then I laid back down on the bunk, rolled up a cigarette getting real comfortable and was about to doze off when they opened up my cell door and 6 or 8 guards came in on me. They said they had direct orders from the governor to cut my hair. They brought in this convict Bobby who stood there ready to do it. I told him to do his thing, man, but he looked all around and said, "No, man, I can't cut it. It's too religious," and he walked out. As he was walking out, something in my head told me to do something. I reached out into that piss pot. One of the guys said, "Stay where you are." I said, "I ain't moving," grabbed a big hunk of that shit, threw it up into my hair and said "OK now start cutting," and with that, they all ran out of the cell and shut the door. Suddenly there I was, no water in the cell and this crap running down all over me and on to my face. It was just thick in my hair and dripping all over the cell. I couldn't wash it out or get out of the cell so I put a paper bag over my head, trying to keep the smell down and stop the dripping. The stink was really terrible. I started banging on the door and shouting for them to let me go to the bathroom. I heard lots of movement outside. I didn't know what they were doing, but they got everyone out of their cells and made them go to the recreation yard. Then about twelve of them came to get me with clubs and surgical masks over their faces. Wow, I wondered what they were gonna do. I said "At least let me go wash my head." They said to go ahead. I went downstairs, got the lice soap and started scrubbing. I washed and rinsed it four times. I kept doing it because I knew as soon as I stopped they were going to cut it off. I just wanted to keep it a few minutes more, man. I didn't want it to go. Then they ran me across into a padded cell and made me sit down on the floor. They brought in this wino, this drunk and he clipped my hair. They paid him twenty cigarettes to do it."

Lee settled down to serve his sentence, very stoned every day, until they discovered that he was getting hash smuggled in through the lead of coloured pencils. They stopped the next batch, substituted nutmeg, let Lee fuck himself about a little smoking the nutmeg, then sentenced him to 40 days solitary confinement. "It wasn't too much of a punishment except that I was alone. Prisoners and guards alike kept me supplied with comic books and magazines to read. The guards remembered that while I was out on bail at Easter I had stopped by the prison with a whole lot of fruit which they let me pass out. So they were pretty nice to me. I loved everyone of the guards while I was in the hold and played little games with them. I took them on the trip that I was going to buy Mountjoy Prison from the Irish Government and turn it into a hippie commune. After fifteen days were done, the Big Chief came in and said he had orders to release me. The Minister of Justice signed the papers for my deportation back to the States. They brought in all my stuff, loaded me on a plane and a few hours later I was in New York. I thought the FBI would be on the plane to bust me the minute I arrived for flight to avoid prosecution, but when I got off they weren't there."

Upon arriving in New York, Lee telephoned Kathy to let her know he was back. They decided the safest thing to do was to settle in Canada. There is no country in the world where Lee Heater can live at liberty — Morocco, unsurprisingly, accomodated him the longest. Canada, also unsurprisingly, put up with him the least. Despite its pacifist politics and rampant liberalism at government level, Canada is not, I suspect, a good place for the uncompromising gypsy acid freak. All he did in Canada, says Lee, was stay in his room and smoke dope, while he waited 60 days to close the deal on a farm Kathy bought him. He intended to start up a commune on his own property for a change, instead of somebody elses. They busted him at Lindsay, Ontario, on a trumped up charge of possession of marijuana seeds (not even marijuana, says Lee, just some local plant) put him in gaol, bail refused, then transferred him to a mental hospital at Whitby for Christmas. He was discharged from there after 17 days, classified A1 condition, and returned to gaol. ("That really freaked the cunt of a governor at the gaol. He was sure I was crazy.") Eventually he was sentenced to 1 day in gaol 250 dollars fine after spending three months behind bars. Disaster followed disaster — Kathy, the most innocent and sweetest looking lil ole lady you could ever want to meet, was completely stripped and shaken down at the Canadian border by some ferocious female official, and Lee, deported from Canada as an undesirable alien, was arrested on arrival in the States for flight to avoid prosecution. He spent several weeks in the 'ding-a-ling tank' in Orange County Gaol before Kathy put up the bail and promised to look after him at home.

"The ding-a-ling tank was reserved for child molesters and police informers. The other prisoners would snigger and call me 'baby raper' or 'snitcher', threaten to put poison in my food. I didn't mind them calling me a dirty old man. I know where their heads are at. I know what that scene is going to be like for a few thousands of generations before they open up the door and let me out again. Those places are just hate farms. All they're doing is spreading hate, and if you give them hate back in return, you're playing their game. If you love them. it makes it uncomfortable for them and they have to keep saying "Well I'm sorry man, I gotta do this to you but it's my job". Well, the soldier who nailed him to the cross was only doing his job too. I'd carry on conversations like that with the guards. I think they were glad to get rid of me."

So Lee now lives at home in suburban Fountain Valley with Kathy while he awaits trial. He moves around the spotless house like some shaggy bear, used to vast wildernesses and mountain crags to expand into. Kathy is neat. Lee eats what is left of his roaches but wherever he is he creates his own special chaos. "Oh Lee, don't do that." "Lee, turn that music down," says Kathy in her little girl voice. There is gentle conflict all day long between two opposing life styles, thrown together in one household. Lee moves from colour TV, stereo headphones chillums and comic books to refrigerator stocked with every kind of processed food under the sun — the streamlined wealth of the American supermarket is at his disposal. He is getting fat — huge cartons of milk, foot long bananas, butterscotch pudding, quarts of ice cream, Lee is indulging himself — the lean noble savage of the international pot trail has become an ash dropping loveable, eccentric old tramp. Kathy's friends no longer call now that Lee is in residence.

She attaches no blame to them. She doesn't drink or smoke or take drugs of any kind, and sees no conflict between what she stands for and what Lee stands for. Thinks Ronald Reagan is a wonderful man ("He is right, after all, isn't he.") but believes at the same time that everyone must have freedom to be themselves. She is one of these shrewd innocents that get through their life like a perpetual boo-boo-be-doop girl. She is a warm tireless conversationalist, with a total recall memory and I listened to her for hours on such topics as her nine month trip to Washington to sue (successfully) the Government for misappropriation of her land in Beverley Hills, and her marriage to Lee ("You wouldn't think it now, but years ago, he was the sexiest thing on two legs.") I don't think there is anyone in the world better able to understand Lee and cope with his problems. "Now you see why I always come back to my little Kitty?" says Lee. I felt a little worried about her. In ten years she has moved to smaller and smaller houses in the Los Angeles area, always in a less select, less expensive quarter. Is Lee getting through her money? All those trans-atlantic calls collect from Marrakech, Paris, London, Dublin. Those whims of his she indulges. My plane fare. The farm. The trips to Mexico. Lee's cars. Her Cadillac is four years old. Can't she afford a new one? The 25,000 dollar retainer fee for Gladys Root, the legal profession's answer to Gloria Swanson, whom Kathy and Lee have hired to defend him at his trial. She lives off Wilshire Boulevarde in a grand mansion in a grand grand manner like some ageing Hollywood movie queen. Whenever I met her she was on the verge of collapse from overwork — falling asleep, eyes hooded with the barbiturates injected by her doctor to allow her to rest. Gin soaked voice, razor sharp mind, asking difficult questions: "What *is* acid?" "What do you mean, alternative culture?" "Timothy Leary? Tell me about him." Snowy hair pulled tightly back, she is glamour with a capital G. Amerikan money aristocracy. The telephone rang constantly. Once she spoke for an hour to Rome concluding some incredible deal in oil or gold or antiques or something Another time it was an interminable call to Miami. Lots of my time in LA was spent waiting for Gladys to arrive wake up or get off the phone. Her entrances were always spectacular. A huge ball of a hat in candy colour artificial fur, a tent coat of enormous proportions — wide fur pants, stiletto heeled, silver studded shoes, glasses with diamonds and a chain. A house of mirrored walls, black and red leather resting places, enormous reception rooms like a swank club, kidney shaped swimming pool, electric moving painting occupying pride of place on one dark wall. I'm sure that whatever sentence Lee gets, Gladys, (who rarely loses a case) will make sure it is the minimum. She knows nothing about Lee's new life style, but she understands and likes him and by the time of the trial she will know enough, to sweep in and mesmerise the jury. She will look right, sound right and it doesn't really matter very much what she says. A criminal trial is a very special form of Grand Guignol and Gladys is a star performer.

There was the usual atmosphere of restlessness about Lee as he took me here and there on a sentimental journey to his favourite haunt before being perhaps castrated and put away forever as he resignedly kept saying, shaking his head and sighing. Laguna Beach — the only pretty place between LA and San Diego. Pigs and paranoia everywhere. In the canyon away from the beach, a large colony of heads living in little shacks and houses, tall trees, warm air, lots of music, dope, kids, friendship, the new America. Outside on the endless freeways, the majority Amerika. Americans are traffic. We were not troubled by the police at any stage, but Lee's hatred of them made them a constant threat. An endless search for dope, day in day out. It's a bad day for for Lee if he isn't totally zonked. Newport Beach Pier. In his straight days before the love-ins of 1967 Lee used to have a boat and earned his living as a fisherman. Lee played about on the pier like a little kid. He is a thirteen stone, forty year old little boy. Like a boy he can look after himself, but he needs a lot of guidance, because adventurous little boys can get in to an awful amount of trouble. Hard bitten, leathery, beer drinking fisher friends, still there, kidding him about his dope habit.

Lee loved giving the V sign to anyone who even looked remotely like a head and across the border in Mexico, he gave it to everyone. He was always picking up hitch-hikers, turning them on with his story. Staying with him while I was there was an ex GI dope freak, just kicked a heroin habit zombie, that Lee had met on the road. A giggling and farting shell. Spaced out. Groovy, hey man, lets go get some chickies. Not going anywhere, been nowhere, shoving into himself indiscriminately any drug that came along, drifting with the wind, rootless, shiftless. I can't even remember his name.

The Los Angeles ugliness was very familiar — Southern California has been well documented. The smog, the endless suburbia, the plastic, the city without a heart or centre — it was all sort of true. A city for cars, nobody walking. Big Sur, on the other hand was one of the most beautiful places I have seen. Mountains coming down to the sea are pretty spectacular. In mid-afternoon as we were climbing out of some long glorious canyon filled with redwoods and sunlight, we saw approaching several men, in broadbrimmed cowboy hats, guns at their side, riding the most glossy dappled grey horses. They came closer. I said good afternoon with a big grin. They stared back, then passed on. "Hi" said Lee. "Hi", one of them replied, "you furry freak, and your spaced out long haired friends, why don't you fuck off." And on they trotted. "Outasite outasite", yelled Lee after them. "Howdy neighbour. Too much", and was about to launch into a tirade. They reined in their horses, looked round. I imagined them considering us, reaching for their guns. . . . We bundled Lee back into the car and drove off, round a corner, back into the paradise. It wasn't much, but it was enough to send waves of paranoia crashing through me. Enemies. There are serpents in the Big Sur garden of Eden.

Its hills and valleys are full of hippies, and freaks, camping along the river beds, walking the trails, growing into the landscape as any good country acid taker eventually does. Lots of big dealers there. Hard bitten heads, living in little wooden houses over-looking private beaches, sitting on some of the most expensive real estate on the whole West Coast. Watching the sun go down each day in mindblowing Pacific glory. Everyone talked of how bad the summer would be, how thick Big Sur would be with tripping freaks. No byway or stream would be untouched, the canyons and trails would be full of tribes of new primitive men, hunting, surviving, living a new nomadic life. The new hunters, the acid gypsies. The big boys talked of going down to Columbia. That's where everyone was going this summer. The NOW place. The next transient hippie nation. San Francisco, Formentera, Marrakech, Katmandu, Costa Rica, Goa, they come, stay, get kicked out, leave their indelible mark.

Lee is an original. The ex-Korean war veteran, former police informer, straight, hustling competitive American, who got freaked out. He is the marriage of the psychedelic culture at its most extreme, with American silent majority life style at its midwestern worst. "Lee has always been the same." says Kathy. "He's got long hair now and doesn't wash and wears Indian clothes, old clothes, but he was just the same when he had short hair and wore tuxedos." He is the big brash loud talking American American tourist loaded down with cameras and binoculars so familiar in London, but in beads and bells, and looking for dope.

Lee sits and sighs, quotes from the Book of Tao: "Tao is at the source of everything, treasure for the good, refuge for the bad . . . the sinner shall find Tao and be forgiven . . . thus the weak can overcome the strong, the flexible can overcome the rigid . . . the truly wise say whoever bears the shame of the nation is fit to lead the nation . . . true words can create a paradox . . . " At six o'clock on the morning I left Los Angeles, Lee was shouting desperately, endlessly into the tape recorder, "Love, love, love, love, love . . . "

Jim Anderson

HOWIE IN THE WORLD
GORE 79
HEY HOWARD, THE HOLIDAY STARTS IN A FEW MINUTES. LET'S HEAD FOR THE COCK OLYMPICS IN KANSAS.
NO NICK. NANCY AND I ARE SPLITING FOR THE SUNNY BEACHES OF AUSTRALIA FOR SOME FRESH AIR AND FREEDOM.
FRESH AIR AND FREEDOM? YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF THAT ANYWHERE. THE SUN SHINES EVERYWHERE ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH!!!

OF COURSE I KNOW THAT!... NANCY JUST WANTS TO GET AWAY. NOTHING COULD BE BETTER THAN HERE WHERE BEAUTY AND PEACE REIGNS... WE MERELY WANT TO EXPERIENCE SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

TALK LIKE THAT CAN ONLY LEAD TO TROUBLE!
AH, THE SHIFT IS OVER!

HI NANCY! READY FOR SOME FUN IN THE SUN?
HI HOWIE! YOU BETCHA!

BOUT TIME FOR MY BOD PILL. .... SMELL THAT AIR! IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE.

HERE WE GO!
ZZOOOWW!!!

OH HOWIE, THE LAND, THE SEAS AND SKY ARE ALL SO BEAUTIFUL AND WONDERFUL!
YES, ONE CAN'T HELP BUT BE OVERWHELMED BY THE MAGNIFICENCE!

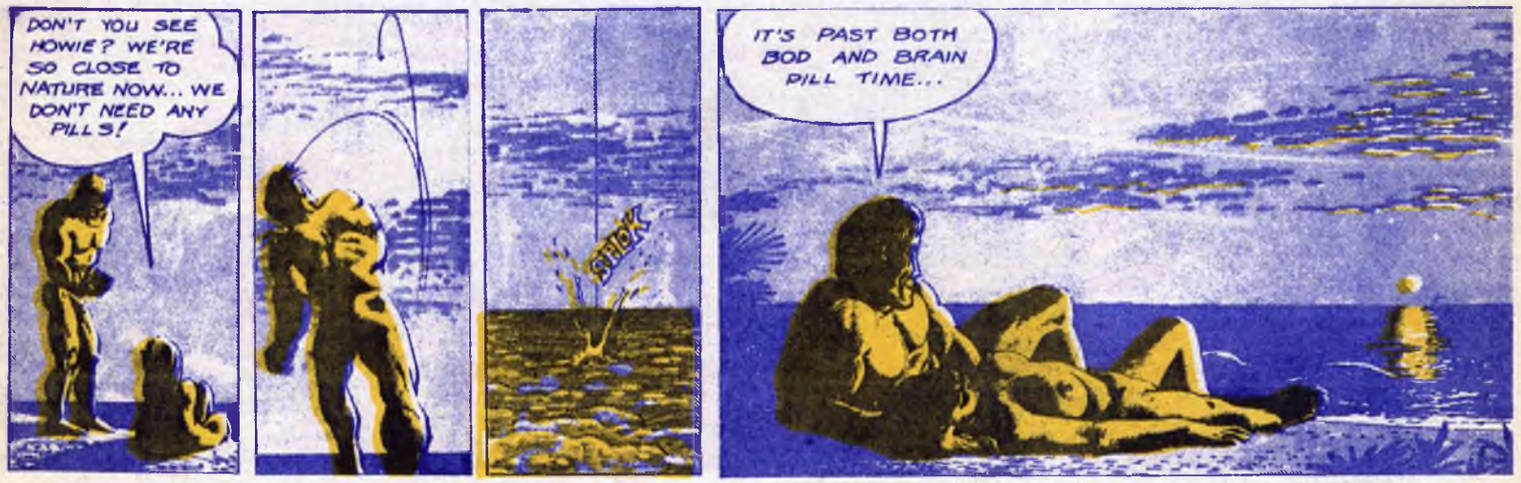
WE'RE MAKING GOOD SPEED! WE'LL BE THERE IN TIME FOR AFTERNOON SNACKS AND BRAIN PILLS!

PILLS! HOWARD LET'S FORGET ABOUT THE PILLS AND THE OTHER ARTIFICIAL PARTS OF OUR EXISTENCE.

I'LL SET HER DOWN HERE!

OOOH HOWIE, IT'S SO GROOVY!!
NANCY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
C'MON HOWIE! IT'S EXHILARATING!

STOP IT!
GOTCHA


DON'T YOU SEE HOWIE? WE'RE SO CLOSE TO NATURE NOW... WE DON'T NEED ANY PILLS!
SHOK
IT'S PAST BOTH BOD AND BRAIN PILL TIME...

A DIM LIGHT!.. IS IT DAWN?

IT SHOULD BE LIGHT BY NOW. WHATS THAT MUCK ON THE GROUND?
SQUISH SQUISH!

IT'S EVERYWHERE! ... GOOD GOD, IT'S ALL OVER MY BODY.
WHERE IN HELL DID THIS SHIT COME FROM?

AGK!
MY HANDS! MY BODY!

HOWARD!... HOWARD, I CANT MOVE! I FEEL LIKE I'M ENCASED IN SOME KIND OF SHELL.

A SHELL!... WE'RE IN SHELLS... PLASTIC SHELLS THAT WE WERENT AWARE OF!!...

THE PILLS! WHERE ARE THEY? "TAKE YOUR PILLS OR YOU'LL GO MAD!"

OH HOWARD, HELP ME!
I MUST GET FREE OF THIS SHELL!

...AH! I'VE FOUND THE OPENING. THE CASING DRAINS MY STRENGTH. ...I'LL MAKE IT!
HOWARD, I DONT FEEL GOOD! TAKE ME HOME!

NANCY... I MADE (CHOKE!) IT! HAK-KOFF

AGK HAK THE AIR! CHOKE GULP! GOUG-T!

HOWARD! NANCY! WHERE ARE YOU?

HICK! COUGH! COUGH!
GOOD LORD!

BLAM

SLUCK

HERE THEY ARE! GOD! HOWARD'S BEEN DISEMBOWELED!

THE CREATURE MUST HAVE DONE IT. HOWS THE GIRL?

SHE'LL PULL THROUGH.. WHERE'S THE CREATURE?

IT DISAPPEARED!... LIKE ALL GARBAGE!
THE END

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The Bob Sleigh Case

Stanislav Demidjuk

A liberal would describe the Bob Sleigh case as an example of gross injustice. The Observer, Sunday Times and Guardian refused to inform the public of the case because "it was prejudicial against the police". The Law Courts, on three subsequent occasions, cleared the victim entirely of all charges held against him, yet in the end, now, Bob Sleigh is the loser, while the guilty, the police, prison authorities and the Home Office, get away with the destruction of a man's life just as easily as they caused it.

Bob Sleigh, a quiet, easy-looking freak, was 18 when he was arrested in July, '69, for possession of 2.4 grams of cannabis. He was busted during a raid on a flat in Powis Square and swears that he was planted, as opposed to the arresting officer's statement which claimed "an attempt to swallow the substance upon his entry". For this, his first offence, he was remanded in custody at Ashford Remand Centre, both bail and legal aid being refused, and spent 5 weeks there before being released on a £50 surity to await trial. This case finally came before the court in January '70 but no evidence was offered against Bob because the arresting officer had long since been dismissed from the force. He was acquitted of the charge which eventually cost him a total 3 months imprisonment plus immeasurable mental agony and deterioration.

During the five months before his first trial, Bob was working for the Student Advisory Service as a leafleter. In October, while distributing leaflets at Oxford Circus, he was stopped and searched by two plain-clothes detectives. They found nothing except a bottle of Librium tablets, prescribed by his doctor for a nervous disorder which had developed during his detention in Ashford. Upon suspicion that the tablets were something other than what was written on the bottle, they took him to Marylebone Lane Police Station, searched him again, confirmed the prescription with his doctor over the telephone and were then informed that he was on bail for the cannabis charge. Within half an hour of receiving this information and with all Bob's belongings spread on a table in a room next to the interrogation room he was in, the police presented him with a large bar of chocolate which they claimed was found amongst his possessions. They also claimed that a quantity of cocaine and a hypodermic syringe were concealed inside the package, whereupon the chocolate bar was unwrapped to reveal exactly that. Bob denied ownership of both the bar and its contents but was charged despite the following points. Tony Mellor, distribution manager for Student Magazine, was an eye-witness to the first search in Oxford Circus. He saw no chocolate bar produced during the street search. Richard Branson, editor of Student, upon arriving at the station, asked in which pocket the

chocolate bar had been found. He was told the right-hand pocket of Bob's PVC raincoat. Branson asked to see the coat, examined it and pointed out that the coat had no pockets whatsoever. In addition, the complete absence of needlemarks on his body, a rejection by his doctor that he fixed and more than a dozen statements from friends clearing him of any association with either fixing or dealing cocaine, made it evident that the police had planted Bob Sleigh.

Once again, he was remanded in custody at Ashford; this time he served four weeks before being released on bail. (Four weeks or four days in Ashford is like one year in a pig-sty, to coin an appropriate phrase. You eat shit, get treated like shit and feel like it when you finally get out.)

The cocaine charge was eventually tried by a jury at Central London Sessions in November '70. After evidence from both sides, the jury found Bob not guilty.

Meanwhile, on November 4th '69, no more than one week after he was released on bail for the second charge, Bob was arrested for the third time. He was walking home that evening along Westbourne Grove, Nottinghill Gate, after working late. Two policemen appeared, stopped him, took him into a telephone box, and, according to two witnesses who saw the incident from across the street, "began to beat him up". A police van arrived within a few minutes of the initial assault and took him to the station. While travelling in the van, his head was smashed against the floor several times, and after being charged at the station for assaulting a police officer, he was taken into a cell and beaten again. "They made me take my shoes and socks off and stamped on my feet, then they punched me in the stomach until I fell over. When I went to court the next day, I had a patch of hair missing from the back of my head." The witnesses to the street-beating were not allowed to see Bob when they arrived at the station that evening but did notice a black eye and swollen abrasions around his mouth when they appeared in court the following morning.

He was sent back to Ashford and served an additional three weeks on remand until the assault charge came up for trial. One of these 3 weeks was spent in solitary confinement for allegedly insulting the prison warden. At the trial Bob was unstable on his feet and almost incoherent. His nervous condition had worsened while at Ashford and his doctor urgently requested that he be transferred to the hospital wing, but this never eventuated. After the arresting officer gave what seemed to be almost completely incredible evidence concerning the assault, the magistrate took less than two minutes to find Bob not guilty. This time his innocence cost him not only 3 weeks imprisonment, but straight after his release, four months at Horton Psychiatric Hospital, a prison in itself.

After three arrests, three months in prison and three acquittals, Bob is the only one to pay for the crimes committed against him. Since the last case, most of his time has been spent unemployed almost destitute, his spirit broken, his future dismal, his past socially unacceptable. His solicitor is in the process of suing the police, but even if it ever comes to court, the most he can hope for is money, not justice — small, inadequate compensation for the past two years, but in this society, the best you can get. Police inquiries into his case, particularly the cocaine incident, are apparently being conducted, but if they are successfully sued, investigations, and whatever they disclose, will be dropped, and that will be that. The only public attention his case has had, was an article in IT last year which went largely unnoticed, and brief time on 24 Hours last August which may have caused some public compensation, but nothing else.

In the end, the Bob Sleigh case will be just another atrocity committed by the authorities.

ACT LIKE A LADY

from Gay Dealer

Bend down to pick up an object from the floor. Each time you bend remember to bend your knees so that your rear end doesn't stick up, and place one hand on your shirt front to hold in your chest. This exercise simulates the experience of a woman in a short, low-necked dress bending over.

Run a short distance, keeping your knees together. You'll find you have to take short, high steps if you run this way. Women have been taught it is unfeminine to run like a man with long, free strides. See how far you get running this way for 30 seconds.

Walk down a city street. Pay a lot of attention to your clothing; make sure your pants are zipped, shirt tucked in, buttons done. Look straight ahead. Everytime a man walks past you, avert your eyes and make your face expressionless. Most women learn to go through this act each time we leave our houses. It's a way to avoid at least some of the encounters we've all had with strange men who decided we look available.

Rod Beddall

Sit down in a straight chair. Cross your legs at the ankles and keep your knees pressed together. Try to do this while you're having a conversation with someone, but pay attention at all times to keeping your knees pressed tightly together.

Walk around with your stomach pulled in tight, your shoulders thrown back and your chest thrust out. Pay attention to keeping this posture at all times. Notice how it changes your breathing. Try to speak loudly and aggressively in this posture.

Sit comfortably on the floor. Imagine that you are wearing a dress and that everyone in the room wants to see your underwear. Arrange your legs so that no one can see. Sit like this for a long time without changing your position.

The Medical Effects of Mind-Altering Substances

Drugs	Classification	Method of Taking	Legitimate Medical Uses.	Reasons why drug is sought.	Usual Short Term Effects.	Usual Long Term Effects.
Alcohol.	Sedative — hypnotic	Swallowing	Rare, sometimes used as a sedative for tension.	To relax, escape from tensions, problems, inhibitions. To get 'high'. Seeking manhood or rebellion (particularly those under 21). Social custom and conformity. Massive advertising and promotion. Ready availability.	CNS depressant. Relaxation, sedation, sometimes euphoria, drowsiness, impaired judgment coordination and emotional control. Frequent aggressive behaviour and driving accidents.	Diversion of energy and money from more creative and productive pursuits. Habituation, possible obesity with excessive use. Irreversible damage to brain and liver. Addiction with severe withdrawal illness (dts).
Nicotine, Tobacco, (and coal tar).	Stimulant (mild)	Smoked, chewed.	None — used as an insecticide.	For 'a pick-up' or stimulation. 'Taking a break'. Social custom. Low cost. Advertising. Ready availability.	CNS stimulant. Relaxation (or distraction) from the process of smoking.	Lung (and other) cancer, heart and blood vessel disease, cough. Habituation. Air pollution.
Librium, thorazine, reserpine, valium, miltown, equanil, sinequan, serenid-D, serenace, largactil, fentazin, moditen, neulactil, sparine, stelazine, stemetil.	Tranquilizers	Swallowing pills or capsules.	Treatment of anxiety, tension, alcoholism, neurosis, psychosis, psychosomatic disorders, vomiting, muscle relaxment.	Medical (including psychiatric) treatment of anxiety or tension states, alcoholism, psychosis and other disorders.	Selective CNS depressants. Relaxation, relief of anxiety tensions. Suppression of hallucinations or delusions, improved functioning.	Drowsiness, dryness of mouth, blurring of vision, skin rash, tremor, Occasionally jaundice, agranulocytosis. Can react with amphetamines and potentiate effect.
Marihuana, Hashish, THC.	Hallucinogen — mild	Smoking (inhalation) Swallowing	Treatment of depression, tension, loss of appetite, sexual malajustment, and narcotic addiction.	To get 'high', euphoria, as an escape. To relax, socialize. To conform to various subcultures which sanction its use. For rebellion, deviance. Availability.	Relaxation, euphoria, increased appetite, visual and time changes. Possible impairment of judgment and coordination. Rare panic and paranoid states.	Usually none. Possible diversion of energy and money. Rare flashbacks.
LSD, STP, Mescalin, peyote.	Hallucinogen	Swallowing, injecting, chewing (peyote)	Infantile autism (?), psychotherapy. Experimental study of mind and brain function. Enhancement of creativity and problem solving. Treatment of alcoholism, mental illness, and the dying person. (Chemical warfare)	Curiosity created by recent widespread publicity. Seeking meaning and consciousness expansion. Rebellion, deviance. Availability.	Production of visual imagery, increased sensory awareness, anxiety, nausea, impaired co-ordination, sometimes consciousness expansion. Loosening of emotions, synesthesias, illusions, delusions, paranoia.	Usually none. Sometimes precipitates or intensifies an already existing psychosis; can produce a panic reaction when person is improperly prepared. Flashbacks, paranoia.
Amphetamines: benzedrine, dexadrine, methadrine, and so called 'psychic energisers', filon preludin, ritalin.	Stimulant	Swallowing pills or capsules. Injecting into vein.	Treatment of obesity, narcolepsy, fatigue, depression. Hyperkinetic children.	For stimulation and relief from fatigue. To get 'high', euphoria. General climate encouraging taking pills for everything.	CNS stimulant. Increased alertness, reduction of fatigue, loss of appetite, insomnia, often euphoria, paranoia, hyperstimulation, delusions, hallucinations, dilated pupils.	Restlessness, extreme irritability, weight loss, toxic psychosis (paranoid) Diversion of energy and money. Habituation. Withdrawal: depression, lethargy, and abdominal pain, convulsive fits.
Cocaine.	Stimulant	Sniffing, injecting.	Anesthesia of throat and eye. Local anesthetic.	As above	As above	As above
Barbiturates: phenobarbitone, nembutal, seconal, sodium amytal, soneryl, tuinal. Non-barbiturates: Doridan, mandrax, melsed, quaalude, dormidina, heminernia, oblivon, carbromal, mogadon, welldorm.	Sedative — hypnotic	Swallowing pills or capsules. Injecting capsules.	Treatment of insomnia and tension. Introduction as anesthetic.	To relax, sleep. To get high. Widely prescribed for both specific and non-specific complaints. General climate encouraging taking pills for everything.	CNS depressant. Sleep induction. Relaxation, sometimes euphoria. Drowsiness, impaired judgment, coordination.	Irritability, weight loss, addiction with severe withdrawal illness (like dts). Diversion of energy and money. Habituation. Convulsions, delirium. Can potentiate with alcohol.
Heroin, morphine, opium, codeine, pethidine, physoptone (methadone) Less addictive 'analgesics': fortral, narphen, palfium, ponstan, cough syrups (dimetil, romilar and others).	Narcotic	Smoking, swallowing (opium). Injecting in muscle or vein.	Treatment of severe pain and diarrhoea, cough.	To get 'high', euphoria. As an escape. To avoid withdrawal symptoms. As a substitute for aggressive and sexual drives which cause anxiety.	CNS depressant. Sedation, euphoria, relief of pain. Impaired intellectual functioning and coordination.	Constipation, loss of appetite and weight. Temporary impotency or sterility. Habituation, addiction with unpleasant and painful withdrawal illness.

Based on charts compiled by Sidney Cohen MD and Joel Fort MD.

Potential for Physical Dependence.	Physical Complications.	Potential for Psychological Dependance.	Potential for Tolerance (leading to increased dosage)	Overall potential for abuse.	Mode of death	Antidote
Yes	Gastritis, cirrhosis of liver, pancreatitis, neuritis, brain damage, bleeding tendencies.	High	Yes	High	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
No	Emphysema, bronchitis.	High	Yes	Moderate	None	None
No	None	Minimal	No	Minimal	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
No	Bronchitis	Moderate	None on low doses.	Moderate	Rare	Reassurance
No	Seizures — rare	Minimal	Tolerance present but effect not attainable through increased dosage.	Moderate	Accident and suicide — rare	Reassurance, tranquilizers, sleeping pills.
Yes	Malnutrition, hepatitis, brain damage.	High	Yes	High	Accident, homicide, suicide, infection, overdose.	Sedatives or hypnotics.
Yes	Malnutrition, hepatitis, perforated nasal septum from sniffing.	High	Yes	High	As above	As above
Yes	Ataxia, porphyria, allergic reaction.	High	Yes	High	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
Yes Moderate	Malnutrition, hepatitis, blood stream infections.	High Moderate	Yes	High	Overdose, infection, accident, suicide.	Nalorphine

Drug Chart Extra

The Oz Drug Chart is only a selective list. The mood of the moment is shown by the number of drugs marked to straighten us out and calm us down: 45 antidepressants, 43 hypnotics, 86 sedatives and tranquilizers. Although these groupings are more directed at product - marketing than at peoples' situations, and though there is a great deal of overlap between the groups, the greatest boom is seen in the sedation and tranquilizing market.
LOMOTIL cure for Heroin: cuts out all physical withdrawal symptoms, therefore no aches, no gut pain, very little discomfort. Can get off a good-going (3-6 grain) habit in [illegible] days.
Effor[illegible]ct fluid extracts of marihuana intravenously have produced serious physical collapse and shock.
When [illegible]ounts of THC are given daily, tolerance develops and larger amounts are needed to produce the original effect. Street THC is never THC [illegible] is usually S[illegible]yl.
Large amounts of THC or hashish used over many weeks will produce mild withdrawal effects (irritability and restlessness) on sudden discontinuance.
The material sold as mescaline on the street is usually LSD, sometimes other hallucinogens, never mescaline. LSD sold on the streets is often cut with speed, strychnine etc.

ANTI-DEPRESSANTS such as MAO inhibitors, (marplan, marsilid, nardil, niamid parnate) and aventye, concordin, tryptizol, surmontyl, tofranil used to treat depression, and the reason sought by users, are not included in the chart. The MAO inhibitors can produce severe drug reactions with other drugs (such as the other anti-depressants) and with certain foods eg. Marmite, Bovril, Oxo, cheese, yoghourt, broad beans — which can kill through hypertensive crises.
GLUE, if you are foolish enough to sniff it, can cause cardiac arrest.

LEGAL POSITION: Everyone knows that the only dangerous thing about cannabis is that it is illegal. Acid is not dangerous if used sensibly but it too is illegal with similar penalties. Alcohol and tobacco are readily available of course, with minimal regulations relating to sale and advertising. Tranquillisers, barbiturates, amphetamines are available on medical prescription, although there is a lot of illicit traffic. Narcotics are illegal with heavy penalties for use and trafficing. Heroin is available under tight regulatory conditions to registered addicts.

ACID THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

At the imposingly titled Acid Symposium at the Conway Hall, a number of questions were raised about psychedelics and violence and about where all this psychedelic thing might be leading. Little came from the "symposium", better described as an evening of aimiable chaos but what follows are some comments on these issues that I've written for the forthcoming book *Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty* — a kind of sequel on the social implications to *LSD – The Problem-Solving Psychedelic* (Tandem Books).

In general the critics of psychedelics have taken their stand on very dubious ground when it comes to the question of psychedelic violence and that in this regard they've been about as irresponsible in presenting genuine information as they were with their now discredited chromosome scare (just the other day, incidentally, a report from Philadelphia indicated that genetic damage can be caused by alcoholism). The only disquieting instance I've heard of indicating the possibility of freaky violent complications has to do with the Manson trial — Patricia Krenwinkel in the penalty phase disputed the State's theory that Manson had ordered the killings and that "bloodthirsty robots" carried out his commands, by saying that the slayings on both nights took place while they were "high on acid" *(N.Y. Times, 20/2/71)*. It's difficult to pay too much attention to her testimony, but I don't think there's any doubt that the group were heavily into acid. How connected the use of acid and the killings were, it is impossible at this stage, to say.

What seems surprising about the record on psychedelics so far is that given the immense psychological changes that are produced there's been so little record of violent behaviour. These drugs are highly attractive to many of the most disturbed among us and are used, no doubt, as a challenge, by the reckless, as an outlet for suicidal tendencies by the suicidal and an escape from boredom by the bored. A recent poll of sic hundred college psychiatrists revealed that about 15% of the students in their institutions seek psychiatric help while in their opinion 30% ought to, not to mention the large number of people walking about in our cities who are almost definitely certifiable. The ready availability of acid makes the absence of acid disasters even more remarkable.

As I write, the headlines this morning are about a father of fourteen children who first tried to run over his ex-wife as she got out of her car, then shot her to death and finally turned the gun on himself while three of his children watched. Probably it's fortunate that neither this man nor Mr Leo Held, the lab technician father-of-four who ran berserk a while ago killing six and wounding six, nor Lee Harvey Oswald nor Richard Stark nor the Eagle Scout who got up on that tower in Texas, etc ever could be linked with LSD. If any of them had, I suppose we would be hearing from Dr Sidney Cohen and his friends about these other "LSD murderers".

It is well knbwn that alcohol and amphetamines commonly increase their user's sense of belligerence and courage, and the opiates may be said to be a considerable cause of violence in the sense that a third of the crime in New York City is committed to enable junkies to support their habit. More subtly the amphetamines are also a menace in the manner they sometimes encourage their users to think that they are engaging in some sort of dialogue when in fact they may actually be carrying on a monologue. Eugene Burdick, one of the authors of *Fail-Safe*, records being told by "a hollow-eyed and very brilliant and influential scientist who advocates immediate deterrent warfare" that most of the top defense officials in Washington are a threat because they are taking stimulating drugs. "As he spoke," commented Burdick, this man "unabashedly swallowed a dexedrine pill and explained that he had been working for 28 unbroken hours on a 'missile-intercept problem'. I believed him. I also knew I was staring at a mad man. To give another example, on May 25th, 1965, Jack Ruby, in his first such revelation, declared that after getting up the day he killed Lee Harvey Oswald he took 30 pills — antibiotics and some other pills that "stimulate you and make you want to do positive things".

In this context it seems to me that the psychedelics come off fairly well and that examples brought up, in general, of alleged menace are in fact counter-examples. It's true, yes, that the Hells Angels have used acid — and so has Herman Kahn. But in the first case it seems they beat up on each other less nowadays and that's an advance, I suppose, of sorts. As for Kahn, even if he does think about bombing patterns over China during his trips (as has been said) I don't imagine the insights involved there can be all that helpful . . . and if he keeps his hand in there's always the chance he may get hit by compassion.

At the very least I think we can say that the psychedelics have dissipated or reduced that energy that becomes belligerent and that for many people they seem to satisfy the need for the intensity of living that war supplies. Our philosophy, science and religion are intensifiers of a sort and could be a substitute for war — just as could sports car racing and mountain-climbing which have sometimes been suggested since they also involve a sense of challenge, much risk and a feeling of accomplishment. These things haven't really worked out that way, however, and one reason they haven't may be because by their nature art, science, religion, philosophy and sport — unlike war, which has a role for everybody — are essentially elitist. Psychedelics as intensifiers don't have this elitist quality about them, and thus over a period of time their influence as an anti-war force is much more hopeful.

In warfare you can tell yourself that you're taking the risks involved in the name of an ideology, in the name of a flag or in the name of certain concrete people that you're protecting, and thus you can be totally convinced and play the war game without feeling it's a farce or that it's being done for its own sake. There's simply no ideology that compares to this to justify substituting mountain climbing or sports car racing as a general outlet for external energy. But with the psychedelics people who enjoy them are being kind of tricked into discovering their better natures. If this is so, there's much to be said for them. Certainly better than the sorts of realities pin-pointed in this letter in *Village Voice:*

A personal note: I am enduring a certain amount of pain of remorse these days recalling my attitude over 20 years ago when, at the age of 19, I went to Canada to join the RCAF. And my only fear was that the war would end before I got "into it". It couldn't get big enough or hot enough for me,

that war. Mea culpa. Why did I go? A boring little job as a clerk in Macy's advertising department. The usual unhappy situation at home. And the marvelous excuse of fighting the Nazis. The Jerries. I had a ball. I cannot lie. Those were – so far, anyhow – "the best years of my life". How embarrassing. I cannot count the air raids I endured. Or the hours of cold and discomfort. Or the hours of fright. Or the hours of excitement and joy. I saw the wretched and dispossessed around me. I saw the wounded. And the fires raging. And the sunken ships in the Mersey. I was at mass once when the bombs dropped near by and the old white-haired priest carried on with the consecration with slow reverence and not one member of the congregation budged. Pretty heady wine. Another personal note: My grandmother – now dead – made more of a fuss about my going off the join a monastery that she did about my going off to war. She loved to see me in uniform. And her earliest memory was of being hungry during the Siege of Paris. And she had one son gassed in the First Show, and he preceded her to the grave. And she was a sweet, gently, generous, little old white-haired lady dressed in black. Now you can psychoanalyze me and my grandmother in any direction you like. But we were normal. That is to say, we were in the large majority. I think. It's monstrous. But it's true. So many have so much to be angry about. And they are a menace.

The YageDitran Conjecture

Suppose there were a pill that arrived on the blackmarket before long which allowed you, when taken at bedtime, to remember your dreams the following morning not just in the way you usually remember them but as something you have really experienced in the fullest sense. What this drug would do, in other words, is to plug your dreaming process into your memory banks so that you could have adventures in fantasy that would be absolutely real.

If such a pill were invented it undoubtedly would be of widespread interest – though some might take the attitude that with their dreams, who needs it? – and because of our past experience with certain dreams it would be safe to predict that this development could have fair potential for greatly influencing the rest of history. To give three quite different instances from the past that might suggest what would be at stake, consider the influence just of a) the dream that convinced Mary and Joseph to take Jesus out of Egypt, b) the dream of a snake eating its own tail that catalyzed the breakthrough to a structural picture of the benzine ring and thereby helped lauch organic chemistry, and c) those strange sequential dreams that sometimes came to Robert Louis Stevenson, (when he was broke usually), which he managed to turn into literature. (In the last instance these dreams are said to have had the remarkable quality of continuing just about the length Stevenson could write down the following day – the opening scene of "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" is an example – and of being picked up again though he had no idea where they were leading, the next night.

I raise this concept of a "dream pill" since all of us are in some sense in touch with our dreams, no matter how much we think we repress them, and hence we can perhaps relate to this possibility fairly concretely – it would provide an image which would reverberate in our conscious state and remind us that there are other types of worlds around that exist with their own logic and coherence. Such is the tyranny of normal consciousness that I, at least, find it very difficult to realise that other states of mind exist at all. I think this is the explanation for the common experience, when taking acid after a lapse of some time of being surprised by the amount of psychedelic memories that flow back and by how much the alterations involved have been denigrated by normal consciousness.

The "dream pill" also, of course, might serve fairly literally as a representation of the transformations induced by a LSD-type drug – with the difference that instead of keeping you asleep all night, as the "dream pill" would, the acid enables you to perceive the physical environment around you and to interact with it while experiencing the sorts of associations and logic familiar to us from the dream world. The resemblance is close enough for psychiatrists to have often used what emerges in psychedelic therapy exactly as though it had come via dreams. (It's interesting in this regard that recent reports by Dr George Agahanjian and Dr Daniel Freedman suggest that LSD may exert subtle chemical and/or electrical effects on the very area of the midbrain which is believed responsible for phase 1 R.E.M. sleep.)

While the public debate for and against mind-drugs continues, biochemists are gradually getting some idea as to how molecules affect consciousness and before long they should be coming up with some *really* interesting products. The point is driven home, perhaps, by what might be called the Yage-Ditran conjecture.

Yage (pronounced Ya-Hay) is a mind-changer coming from the Amazon that I once took out on the desert near Las Vegas – a report of that trip can be found in Aaronson and Osmond's book *The Psychedelics* – and Ditran (or JB-239, as it's called in the lab) is something I've heard about from a number of friends. These two, much more that LSD-25, might make the case for our stumbling upon, before long, a periodical table of consciousness.

I mean by this that if you were to try, unprompted, to locate the basic components of the physical world you probably wouldn't get very far – but that as the consequence of a considerable amount of experimentation carried on over centuries we're the evaluation of this problem in terms of 106 or 108 or whatever basic "elements". Furthermore, we know that once you begin to think in this way not only can you learn a lot about how these basic units relate, but you can even make with them such artificial goodies as plastic.

There are now sound reasons to believe that something similar can be devised in terms of consciousness and that we're on the verge of lining up a new table of molecules this time that will give us some basic notion on how mental states interrelate. The trouble with focussing on LSD from this standpoint, however, is that experienced as we may be with this grandaddy of psychedelics, the effects projected by acid are so amorphous and complex that trying to analyze or categorize what's going on is somewhat like trying to pin a backbone upon an amoeba.

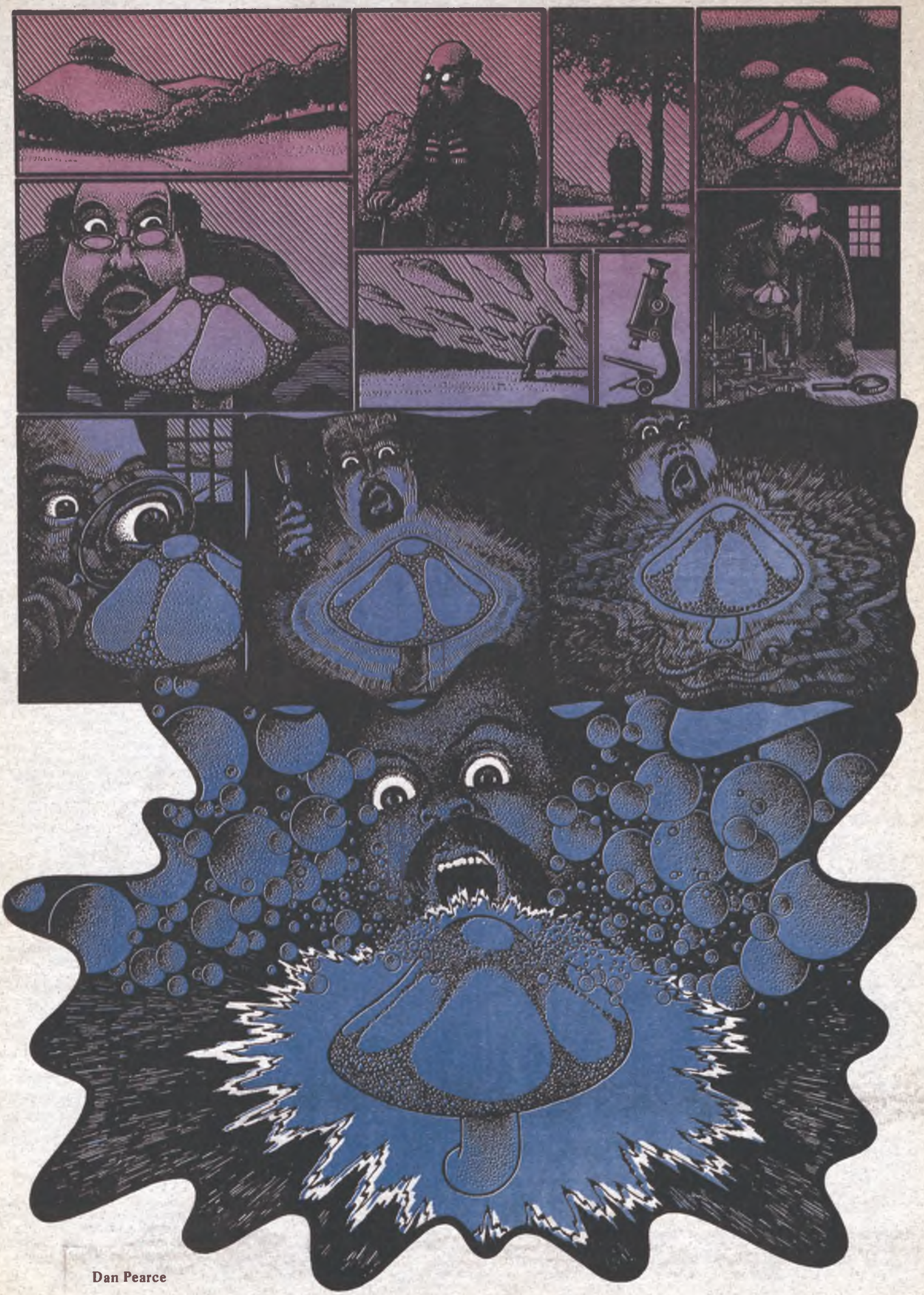
With Yage and Ditran the effects seem much more specific – for about half of those in the Yage literature report the same jungle imagery and tiger visions and especially snakes, and nearly everyone I have heard about who's used Ditran has at some point hallucinated full-blown manifestations of "other people" about them in the room which haven't been evident to friends and colleagues actually present. In one study this latter phenomenon occured 11 out of 12 times when Ditran was given to unprompted subjects (in one instance the "hallucinating" was so vivid that the only way the user was able to distinguish between those present with him physically and those present incoporeally was by trying to pass his hands through what he saw – so that if his hands encountered resistance, then he could deduce that the form before him was there in the flesh.

The realities involved here may turn out to be somewhat other that as I've presented them – since this conjecture is based on what is yet a pretty limited sampling – but I think the concepts are sound enough to suggest some interesting lines of inquiry. As regards various consciousness states, acid may be just terribly misleading since it's so pervasive and prominent – as air and water were when work originally commenced on the periodical table of matter. Yage, to my mind, may be a much purer example to start from – particularly with its prominent snake imagery, which crops up, of course, in a great many other areas related to the unconscious.

Maybe that's all a bit far-out yet, though I doubt it will be so by 1984 (which is just 13 years away). After all, most of the fundamental discoveries in these areas have been more or less stumbled upon and the possibilities we know, are far from exhausted. Mescaline, for example, was once something hidden in one undistinguished cactus out of thousands that grew only in the Rio Grande valley and yet like corn and potatoes and tobacco, other products coming only from the New World, it eventually developed into something of a significant staple. To date the molecules that have turned out to be relatively psychedelic belong, however complex they may appear, to only half a dozen basic groups. Who knows what lies ahead?

The search, at any rate, continues to be fairly promising. Those contributing to *The Ethnopharmacologic Search for Psychoactive Drugs* for example, are discussing at length a molecule suspected, from its structure, to be much more powerful than LSD (to their knowledge no one by the time of this conference had tried it) and the U.S. printing house has already published a book focussing on 690 separate molecules known to be of special psychoactive interest. That latter was a scorecard, of sorts, as to how the psychedelic situation had progressed by 1968 – when it was assembled – and ought to be considered, at best, very much an embryonic report.

Peter Stafford



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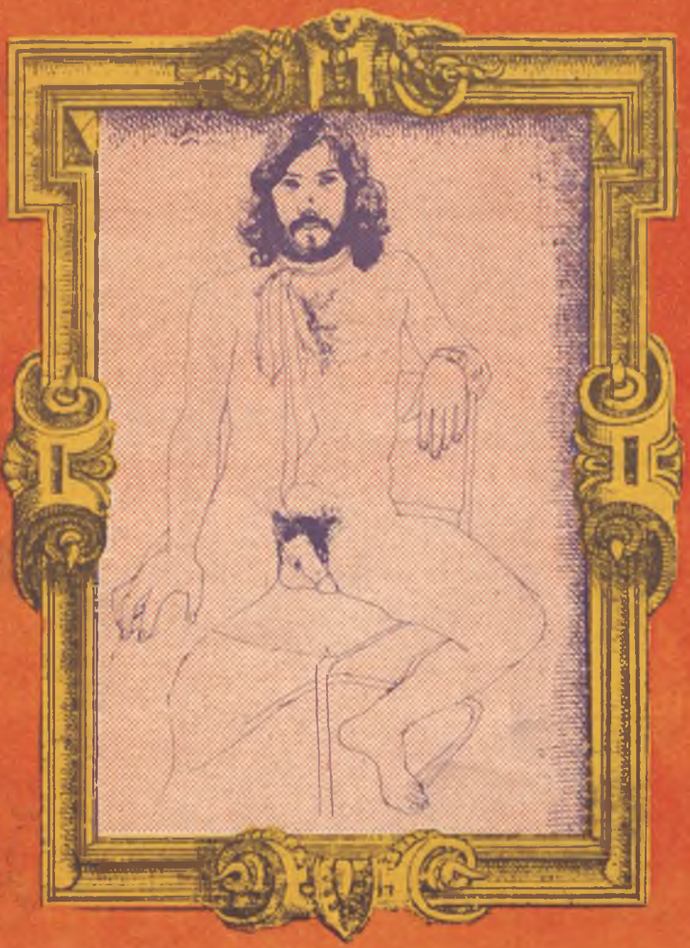
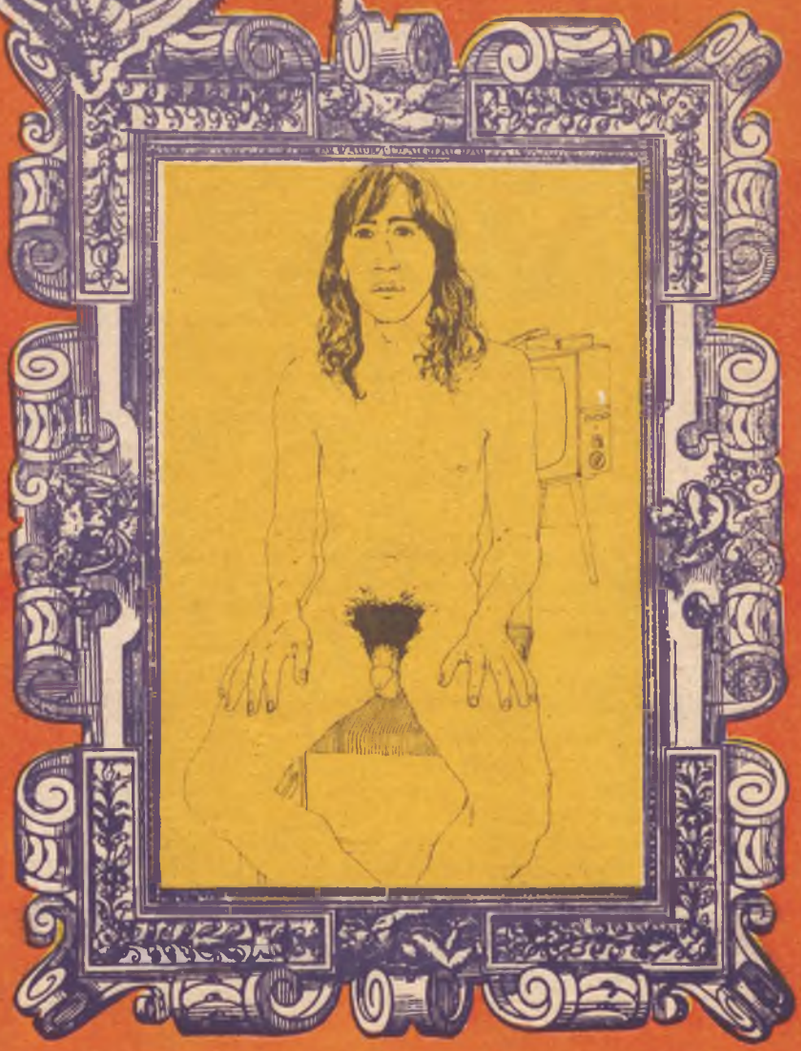
Ozjets D'art, an exhibition of fine art and artefacts such as the Cunt Power bikini, which ran for two weeks at Clytie Jessop's gallery in Kings Road, is over. Sorry you missed it. All proceeds from the exhibition have been donated by the contributors listed below, to the Oz Obscenity Fund. Thanks to Alan Aldridge, David Bailey, Lyn Barnes, Ed Belchamber, David Boyd, Richard Dunn, Andy Dudzinski, Michael English, Terry Gillian, Adrian George, Germaine Greer, Anthony Haden-Guest, David Hockney, Richard Hamilton, Marsha Herskovitz, Leonard Hessing, John Lennon, Jim Leon, Mike McInnerney, Phillipe Mora, David Nutter, Yoko Ono, Bob Owen, Patrick Procter, William Rankin, Gerald Scarfe, Ralph Steadman, Martin Sharp, Joe Tilson, Peter Till, Felix Topolski, Andy Warhol, Heathcote Williams and Ray Walker and everyone else who helped to make it a success. Particularly of course, auctioneer George Melly, who skilfully drew large sums of money from the opening night crowd of people who consisted of penurious friends and unscrupulous dealers rather than wealthy left-wing art collectors.





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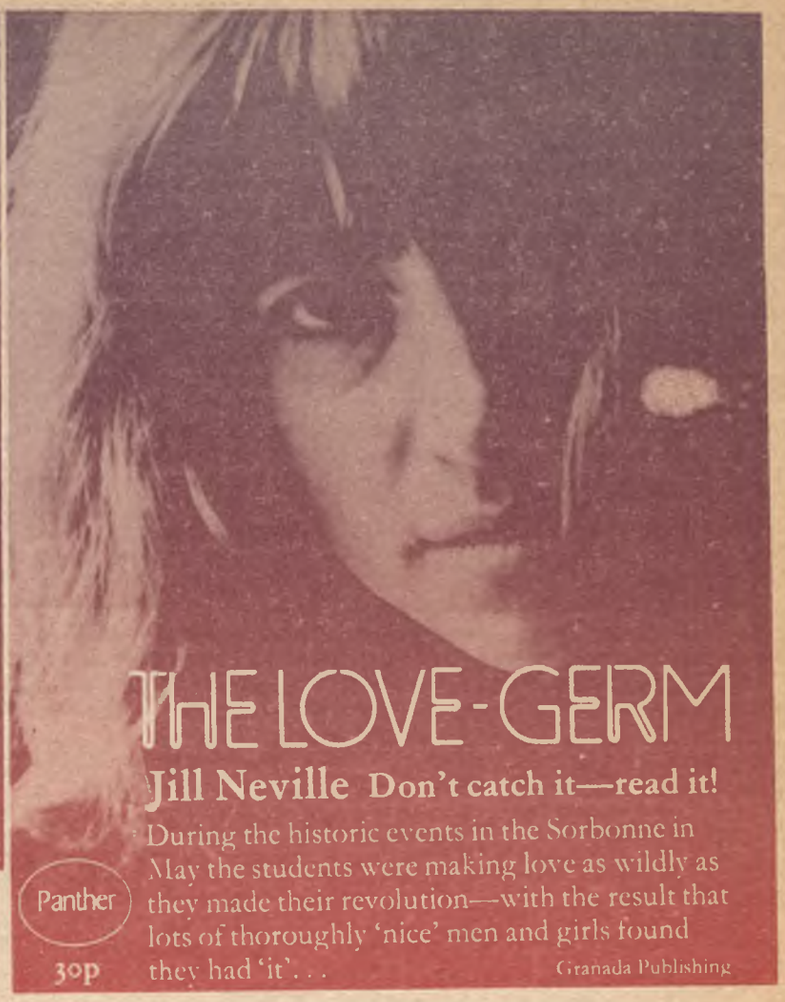

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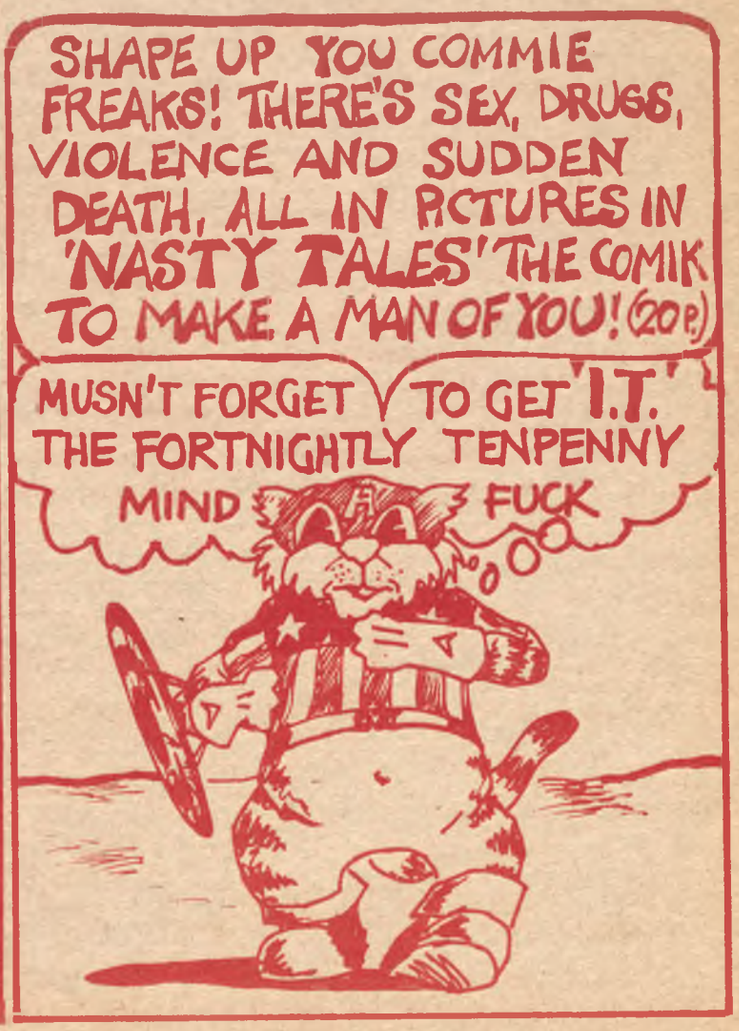

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Artists, photographers, cartoonists and illustrators should submit contributions to Jim Anderson c/o OZ.

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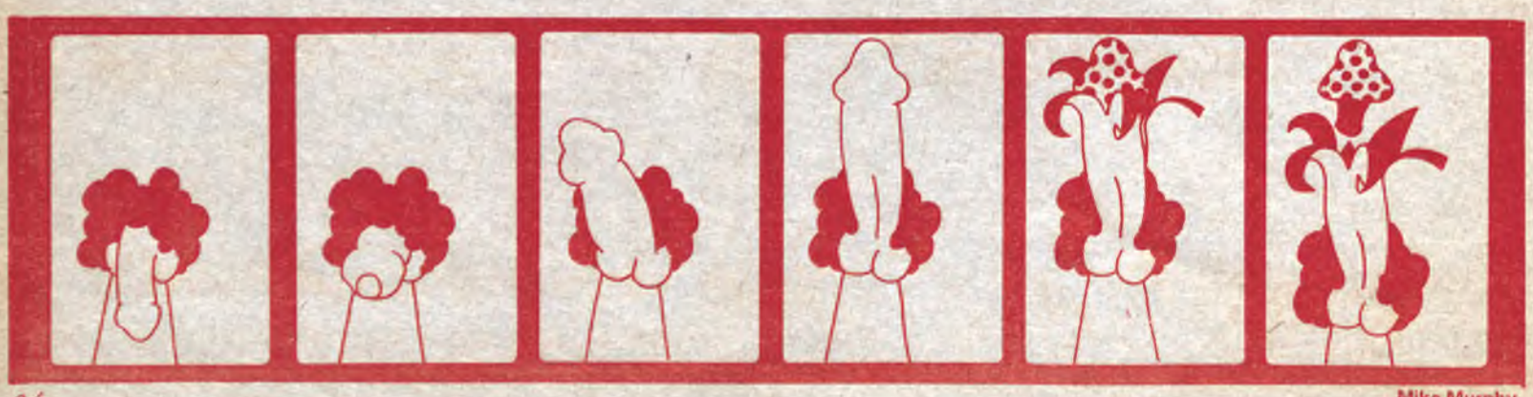

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DESOLATION DRIBBLE

It must have been about this time last year that a friend mentioned that he had seen Bob Dylan walking around the west village near N.Y.U. Shortly after, I read in the *Village Voice* that Dylan was living on Macdougal Street, and could in fact be found, from time to time, playing basketball with the neighborhood kids. Thus began an incredible eight month journey through space and time that ended one hazy New York October afternoon in one of the most amazing basketball games ever played.

Starting late last spring, I would haunt the West village basketball courts whenever I could with my four year old Spaulding ball which had cost me $16 new, but was now showing the signs of wear. A great ball to play on asphalt with, it was particularly well balanced. I played at the courts on Houston, near 6th Avenue, the courts a few blocks up on 6th (not too many whites there, Dylan probably wouldn't go against such stiff competition anyway), the schoolyard on Greenwich, all within easy striking distance of Dylan.

This was not an obsession, mind you. I just did it every week or every other week, going from court to court, occasionally getting into a game.

As spring dragged into summer, I began losing interest in meeting Dylan and gaining interest in playing basketball. I started playing outside the area — in Riverside Park Brooklyn, wherever I happened to be. I had all but forgotten my project when some musicians I had been playing with invited me to come along with them to play basketball at the

Dan Pearce

court on Houston one Sunday afternoon in early October. We played for two hours and they left, leaving me there to shoot alone. I have this peculiar habit of playing for 4 or 5 hours at a time, staying behind when others have left from exhaustion. It was late in the afternoon, and I was shooting alone at one of the baskets — there were half court games at all the others when I suddenly was aware of a person behind me, a few inches shorter than me, with a scruffy beard and sunglasses, carrying a white windbreaker neatly folded over one arm and a basket - ball cradled in the other. It was Bob Dylan!!

"Mind if I shoot here?" he asked me.
"Sure, go ahead," I answered. We both began shooting, but I was watching him out of the corner of my eye.
"Well, he can shoot alright," I thought, "but he probably can't drive because of his bad back (the famous bad back from the famous motorcycle accident)."
He seemed to favor shooting from the right side of the basket. He was wearing $20 Adidas sneakers — a useless bourgeois extravagance. I was wearing $9 Cons.

He seemed to be afraid of hurting himself because he did not engage in any violent movements and rested frequently, breathing heavily. He seemed more interested in getting some exercise than in playing a game of basketball. After about half an hour I noticed he was getting restless and would probably leave soon so I decided to chance it.

"Wanna play a game?" I asked with a great deal of nonchalance. He paused for a minute before answering, "I don't think I better, I — uh I'm just getting over a back injury."

He smiled weakly but in that pause, as I studied his face, silhouetted in the late afternoon sun, he told me wordlessly that he was interested. I had pretended not to recognize him, and he was intrigued by someone who would relate to him not because he was Bob Dylan, but because he had a basket ball.
Five minutes later he left with a simple "so long", and a tired smile.

Next weekend I was back there waiting for him. I played for six hours on Saturday and received nothing for my efforts except a sunburn, a blister, two hectic half court games and a game of HORSE with an amazingly good 16 year old. (In HORSE you get a letter every time you fail to duplicate your opponent's shot until someone gets H-O-R-S-E.)
But I was back there Sunday early afternoon and about 3 o'clock he materialized, as unobtrusively as before.
"Hello there," I greeted him.
"Howdy," he replied. "Mind if I shoot here?"
"OK with me," I said.
There was also a third kid there but he left after a few minutes to join a game.
"Your back feeling any better?" I asked as I put up a foul shot.
"Yes it is," he replied with surprise. He didn't think I would remember.
My head was swimming and I felt like passing out, but somehow I got it out.
"Wanna play a game, one on one?"
"All right, just one. 10 points. Then I have to go," he said as he canned a 15 foot jumper. He was definitely up for the game.
"Winner's out," I added, "you can have the ball first."

He took the ball and dribbled to the right. I didn't guard him too closely and he got an easy 10 footer. 0 — 1.
He dribbled right again and took a 12 footer and sank it. Damn, I better start guarding. 0 — 2.
He starts to the right once again and starts to shoot. I lunge, but it was only a fake. He gets the shot off but it is short and I am in position for the rebound. I take the ball to the top of the key and fake a drive and take a jumper. Yes. 1 — 2.
I fake to the left and drive right. He is flustered and I get an easy layup. 2 — 2.
I fake right and drive left, but he is ready for me this time and I am forced to retreat to the left corner where I miss a jumper. I am obviously the better ballplayer, but he is better that I expected. He gets the rebound. Because of my superior hieght, I should have no trouble getting most of the rebounds.
He goes to the top of the key and shoots before I can get back. 2 — 3.
He fakes the same shot and much to my surprise drives around me to the right. 2 — 4. His back didn't seem to be bothering him on that one.
He decides to try the left and tries to back his way in but when he shoots, I get a slight piece of the ball and it falls short where I grab it and practically stuff it. 3 — 4.
I miss an 8 foot turn around jumper from the left but I tip in the rebound on the second attempt. 4 — 4.
We both take turns missing long shots before I drive on him down the lane. 5 — 4.
I am definitely in command as I take the opening pass from him and put it right up from 18 feet. The net hardly moves. "Nice shot," he says. 6 — 4. I try it again but I miss. He tries a short one and misses. I miss a short jumper, but grab the rebound, fake once and lay it in. 7 — 4.
I try one from the corner and miss. He then tries to back in from the right. I sense he is napping and plant my feet. He backs into me. "Charging". I announce emphatically. He stops and gives me a dirty look and is about to protest, when he realizes that I am right and I take the ball out of bounds. I drive across the lane and sink an amazing running one-hander. 8 — 4.

The game then hit a dry spell as neither of us could buy a basket. We must have missed at least 5 shots apiece. Then it happened.
Dylan got a rebound from one of his own shots and put it in. I had the last six baskets and was overconfident and wasn't trying particularly hard, so when he got a rebound that I should have had, he became determined. 8 — 5.
He got a 10 footer from the right side. 8 — 6.
I became concerned about his new confidence. I lunged at the ball and fouled him. He took the ball out of the bounds and faked to the centre before stopping and popping another 10 footer. 8 — 7, and I had a real battle on my hands. The next point was crucial.
Then my break came. He started to the right side. Anticipating this, my hand shot out and knocked the ball away. I won the race and Dylan overran me. The layup was uncontested. 9 — 7.
But he wasn't about to give up yet. I tried to end the game with a long jumper from the top of the key, but his hand in my face threw me off just a little and he got the rebound. Then he missed a layup he should have had and I got the rebound. I faked right and drove left, but I kicked the ball out of bounds clumsily with my left foot.
He then pulled the surprise of the game by driving behind the basket from right to left and hooking it off the backboard. "Nice shot," I admit, sweat pouring from my face. 9 — 8.
But he was clearly desperate and he took a shot from the middle that was a bit out of his range, because I didn't guard him out there. The ball nicked the front of the rim and bounced out of bounds, where I took it out. My best shot has always been my long jumper, so I decided to give it one more try. I took it way out and he didn't guard me. I set. I shot from about 20 feet. Swish. I won, 10 — 8.
"Nice game," he said as he got his basketball and white windbreaker, and started to leave.

"Sure you don't want to play another game?" I asked.
"Sure. I have to go now," he answered.
"By the way my name is David. What's yours?"
"Bob," he answered and smiled as though he had put something over on me. "So long, see you later."

I acknowledged him with a grunt-like "Yeah" and went back to shooting baskets. I continued to play for another 15 minutes and then went home. I never returned to that court.

But on the first warm Sunday of this year, when the temperature climbed into the mid-40's, the basketball freaks were out there playing. I was passing that playground in a taxi when I noticed, in a heavy ski sweater and sunglasses and $20 Adidas, Bob Dylan, shooting baskets, alone.

David Reitman

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India is no stranger to many of us. We have journeyed there in search of spiritual enlightenment, followed the pot trail in search of exotic stoned pleasures. Some of us are deceived by enterprising Swamis who leave for the lucrative West spinning multi-coloured versions of Nirvana. Hare Krishna Hare Rama has become the chant of our spiritual bliss and our music has been enriched by the rhythms of the sitar and tabla. In custom and dress we have taken on an Indian appearance, and sense of time. Some of us discard our attachment to possessions as her holy ones counsel. Others are castout from our society like her pariahs or Untouchables. Above all, in our struggle to be free men in a just society, we have been greatly influenced by the teachings of one of her most illustrious sons, the Mahatma Gandhi.

In the desert of this century of senseless wars and violent revolutions, Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence has stood like a green shoot. Its method used by young revolutionaries the world over, has opened the way to new frontiers. Revolutionaries take to violence if they are in haste. Non-violence is a slower method. A revolution as profound as Gandhi's which required not so much a change in the social regime as the transmutation of the human substance, can only be achieved with the passing of time.

In *Return to the Source* (Rider, paperback £1.50) a journal of great poetic and spiritual beauty, Lanza Del Vasto journeyed to India to become a disciple of Gandhi and to make pilgrimage to the source of the Ganges. It is some thirty years since he spent over a year living the austere life of an ascetic tramp through India with its many faceted gods, its rigid castes and languid poverty. An India in the yoke of British imperialism unable to expiate the immemorial sin of attachment to ignorance.

Del Vasto, renamed Shantidas (Servant of Peace) by Gandhi, returned to form his own order. The Community of the Ark in France based on the Gandhian philosophy. He has undertaken fasts with Danilo Dolci and in protest against cases of torture in Algiers. The French edition of his book has already sold over a million copies.

Although he spent only three months with Gandhi, it was through the Mahatma's living example that he abandoned his Western garb for a self-spun loin cloth and scarf, and wandered, often barefoot, among the thronging mass of people, bathing in the Ganges, worshipping in the holy shrines. He studied yoga and many other disciplines with the mystics, marvelling at the physical granduer of the land, weathering its seasons of change.

Through Gandhi he learnt simple truths, like the work of the hands is the apprenticeship of honesty. Honesty is a certain equality one establishes between what one takes and what one gives. Even the man who devotes himself to the superior activities of the mind is not dispensed from hard work unless he gives up everything that costs labour in this world. Honesty requires that every problem shall be solved in its own sphere. Money in the hands of someone who has never worked with his hands is a meaningless token. One must first earn the right to give. Desires should be reduced to needs, then man will find himself free. Beware of being sublime without depth, great without foundation and perfect in the air. Touch and feel through action the truth that your intelligence has seen. Let every man be self-sufficient. Provided he is content with what he produces himself. That is the principle of Swadeshi (self-reliance).

Gandhi believed that the problem is not how to sweeten the lot of the proletarian so as to make it acceptable to him, but how to get rid of the proletariate, just as we got rid of slavery. The worker enslaved in serial production fritters himself away in work which has no purpose for him, no end, no taste, no sense. The time he spends there is time lost, time sold. He is selling what a free man does not sell: his life. He is a slave. The machine enslaves, the hand sets free.

Man has become a machine; he functions and no longer lives. His movements have been mechanised and so have his desires, his fears, his loves and his hates. His tastes and his opinions, the education of his children, his productive activity, his sport and entertainment, the application of law, the police, the army and the government all tend towards the inhuman perfection of the machine. When you have turned the state into a machine, you yourself will have to be its fuel. But although techniques are continuing their progress, the Religion of Progress is receding in the West.

His duty to serve - Hers to inspire -

Lee Harris

The policy of Gandhi is incomprehensible if one does not know that its aim is not political but spiritual victory. Ahimsa, the doctrine and practise of non-violence is commonly called "passive resistance". But it is actually a conscious and deliberate restraint of the desire for revenge, which is born of fear. One can be sure of non-violent victory when one has conquered fear in oneself. It is not the enemy you have to fight, Gandhi teaches, but the enemy's error; the error your neighbour commits when he happens to think of himself as your enemy. Make yourself an ally of his, against his mistake.

Injustice is something that demands that one should oppose it wherever it appears. The non-violent person does not always wait to be attacked with weapons. It is often he who takes the first step and goes forward to meet violence. Not only does he bear blows, he provokes them. To flee is not refusing violence, but giving in to it. It is withdrawing from victory without withdrawing from the fight. "If the choice were only between violence and cowardice," said Gandhi, "I should not hesitate to recommend violence."

Nobody was less pendantic than this great teacher of a great doctrine, nobody more wary of abstract statements or claims that cannot be verified. No one was more devoid of dogmatic obstinacy or blind fanaticism than the Mahatma.

When some foreign visitor launched an attack on his English oppressors, he answered them by saying:

"Their system is bad. They are the first to suffer from it. Doubly so because they do not know that it is bad and that they are suffering from it. As for them, they are men, like ourselves, a mixture of good and bad with more good than bad.

I know only too well how inclined we are by our nature to see only evil in our enemies and to stuff evil into them at any cost. The evil we see in them, more often than not, depends on the mean and hasty way we have of seeing others.

The evil or the good that shows in them always depends on which side of ourselves we turn towards them: if it is the best in ourselves that we present to them, the best in them will be brought out in spite of themselves, for like attracts like.

But whatever our enemies may be I cannot be judge and party in the same lawsuit.

The certainty of achieving our aim depends entirely on the purity of our ways."

Therein lies the whole secret.

"....the name is just a name...." GNIDROLOG

Photos: Colin Thomas

Gdrloiogn Gnodirlog Glrodnoig Gdnigoolr Golording...

If you've never heard of Gnidrolog, it's not really your fault. In an age where new bands are introduced to the public via international stunts like the Brinsley Schwarz fiasco or else with 100,000 billboards over Times Square (like the abominable Grand Funk Railroad), Gnidrolog have been slogging round the clubs, playing as support group and invariably being re-booked as the main band. The total cost of all the promotion they've bought in a year is still under £20.

Gnidrolog, who all live together in a Snaresbrook mansion, are a tight commune of four musicians, a manager, a roadie and a colossal dog. The musicians are Stewart Goldring (vocal, lead guitar, violin), Colin Goldring (lead vocals, guitar, recorders, saxhorn, mouth harp), Peter Mars Cowling (bass) and Nigel Pegrum (drums, oboe and flute), the manager is Will Sprouille and the dog is Solly. I never found out what the roadie's name was.

The music is too difficult to describe. Let's say that it combines the structured quality of the Soft Machine or King Crimson with a folk-orientated approach to the vocals and guitars that would conjure up the Byrds or the Everly Brothers even CNSY if it wasn't so English. Overlay that with influences from Hebrew folk music and a classical use of woodwinds and you might have a vague idea of what to expect. That may sound confusing but it is all perfectly logical, even inevitable when you hear it.

Perhaps Gnidrolog's finest hour was at the OZ Police Ball two months ago. They came on last, at six in the morning, when the people were tired, shattered by Arthur Brown, exhausted and about ready to go home. Out of more than thirteen hundred people, maybe ten had heard them and another ten had heard of them. Moreover, the band themselves were thoroughly shagged out after a hard set at the Wake Arms, Epping. But, nevertheless, the audience cheered every number – by a band they'd never heard of, and who were well below their best that night. After Arthur Brown, the Pink Fairies, Bonzo Freaks and Egg, Gnidrolog were still able, under the worst possible circumstances, to steal the show right out from under everything else that had been on that night. It is strong indictment of this country's "straight" music press that all the coverage the Gnidrolog have had from them is a paragraph from John Peel (after the Police Ball), and two one-line jokes about their name in MM. That this incredible music can have been ignored for so long is proof that MM is six months behind its readers.

I went out to Snaresbrook on Sunday and spoke to them. Why Gnidrolog? "Oh Gawd. The important thing to remember is that the name is just a name for a band. There's nothing deep or psychological behind it. We thought let's not have something terribly simple that everybody can understand. It's just a sound, a word that we want everybody to associate with us, because what does Gnidrolog mean? Nothing at all except us. We're trying to create moods in our music, and Gnidrolog is a sound rather than a meaning, and when it comes down to it, that is what it's all about. If people are inarticulate enough not to be able to pronounce Gnidrolog then they're not articulate enough to listen to the music, and it doesn't really worry us. But people who want to learn the name will want to listen to the music. We thought of things like Flying Turds and Teatime 5 and Living Basement and that sort of crap but it means less than Gnidrolog does. We decided to leave it as open as possible . . . " Waffle, but if you look at the name, you'll see it's almost an anagram of 'Goldring'.

Gnidrolog live are engrossing. The music is intensely human. Stewart and Colin use their guitars more intelligently than any other two-guitar band – not in the flash jamming-belly-to-belly sense of Johnny Winter And – but in a musicianly, complementary sense that is far removed from the convential lead/rhythm set-up. The music is constantly changing its texture, its rhythm – to play in a band like this you gotta pay lottsa dues on yer axe man. Peter, who plays intelligent sypmathetic bass, has paid all his and two years advance. Nigel is one of the most musicianly drummers I've ever seen, with violence or delicacy to suit the occasion. He also does woodwinds. One minute he's blowing heavy, split-second precision drums, the next he's playing gentle counterpoint on flute or oboe, and he's better than many rock flautists who use it as a main instrument.

Where did their music spring from? "Colin and I were out-and-out folk musicians. We were doing Roy Harper sort of things, contemporary folk music, and we thought it needed an electric thing behind it and originally this was the basis. But when Nigel and Pete came into the band . . . in a way you've got a fusion of two different things, you've got the emotional thing from us, and their musical training driving. The two things have come together to produce the final sound. But we were doing Hebrew folk music – there's a lot of emotional Jewish thing in this band. It all came together because we wanted to do something that hadn't been tried before. We don't know many other bands where you've got two guys from a folk thing and two guys from a much heavier thing. We tried to draw from each other's experience. It's four people. Everybody has ideas – and that's why there are so many bruises – and it's the only way to do it. We've got something we all believe in, and we all work together to produce the best thing possible. It's hard, very hard and there are personality conflicts, but the music comes above it . . ."

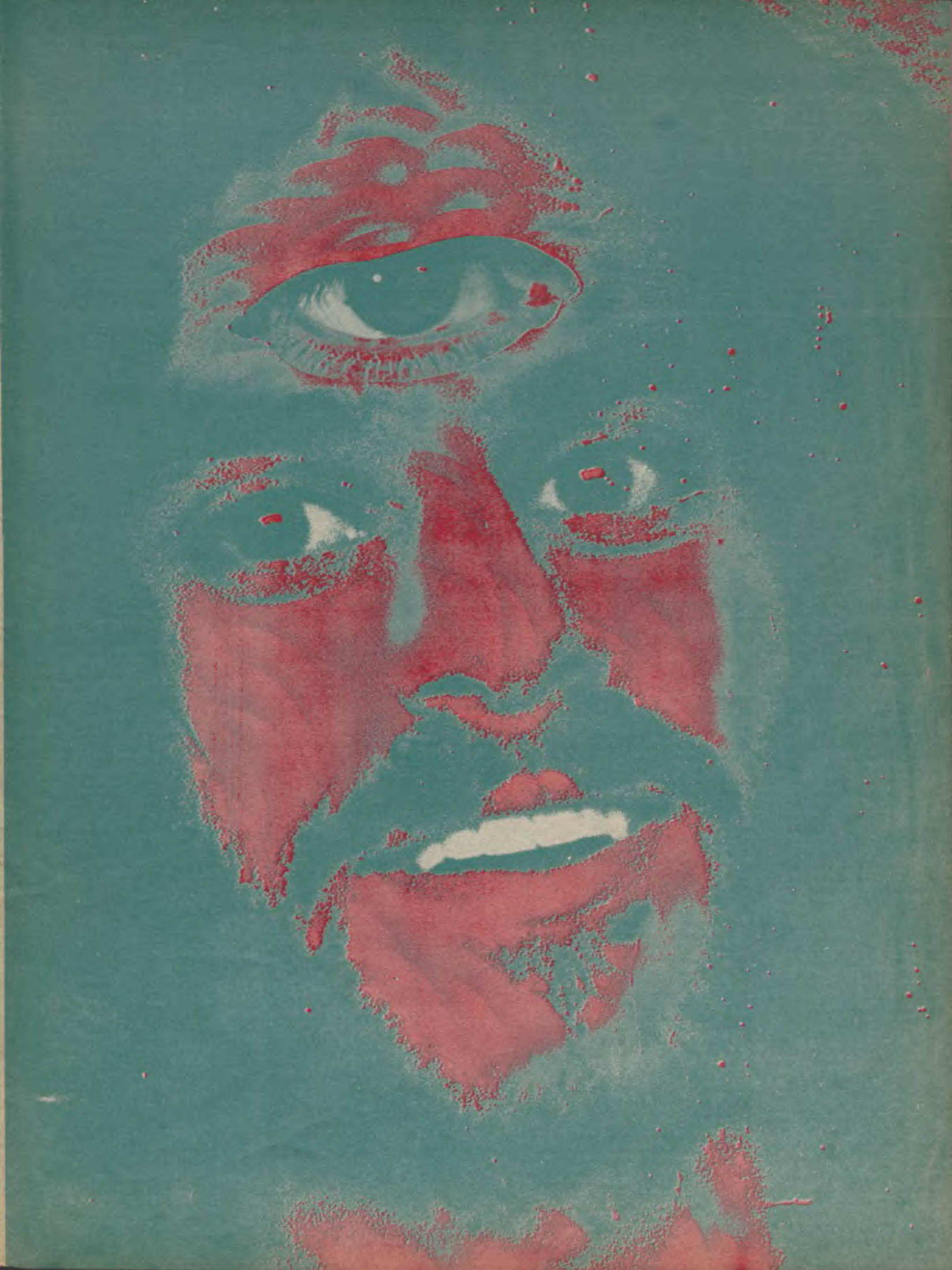
They hadn't been on at the Ball for five minutes before you knew there was something different happening. Colin's mumbled joke about little Jewish dwarves led into "Introduction", which must have taken untold hours of general getting-together with its choppy precision. Finally the heaviness of the piece exploded as Colin did a lunatic Scottish pipe and Gaelic mouth music bit. The audience cheered.

I asked them the stock questions about revolution, dope and fucking in the streets. Their views on the former are more than those of the "I'm basically against anything that fucks me up" school of thought of those who believe that an act of rock revolution is to kick in somebody else's strobe light. Ultimately, says Stewart, violence is a reactionary weapon. Both he and Colin have a long record of involvement in the Committee of 100, and mention of heavy militant ideas provokes angry cries of "That's bullshit, man, absolute bullshit!" On dope, they all admit to liking an occasional smoke, and say "Some people are happy being smashed, others are smashed being happy." They are all very much in favour of fucking, but prefer beds to streets. Stewart complains that there's not enough love around, but you're unlikely to find him picketing against nasty ads in the Tube. The band say that their views are fully expressed in Stewart's song "Any Use In Living".

It's far too easy to toss superlatives around about Gnidrolog, and far too easy to forget that people tend to ignore over-extravagant praise. Let's just say that they play good music, which could very well be great music. Some things I don't like. Occasionally the Bolan-ish tone of Colin's voice gets a bit wearing and the keening, astringent vocal harmonies take a lot of getting used to. "Mr Smith and Mr Smythe" despite its musical excellence, is social satire of a very well-worn kind. Admittedly, this is a composition going back several years. They may very well end up being called either "a load of pretentious crap", or else idolised by the kind of people who applaud themselves for being hip enough and clever enough to dig such an "advanced" band. Either way, they'll be okay if they keep putting the music first.

Within a few months, hopefully, there'll be a Gnidrolog album. It's hard to say much about an album that hasn't even been recorded, but it'll probably be a mindfucker. I hope it is. Gnidrolog are not just another band. They are the best hope for British music in three years.

Charles Shaar Murray



Spike

The current controversies of *The Little Red Schoolbook*, Dr Martin Cole's *Growing Up* and the posturings of Lord Longford, represent only the most obvious signs of the present repression. Despite the publicity, such dramas actively involve few people. Millions, however, are absorbed nightly by television. Apart from the number of hours whiled away by families in front of the box, this country's most popular indoor sport can manipulate important domestic decisions. Who to votefor, what products to buy . . . it can even force workers to skip overtime to catch Coronation Street.

It is on television that our cultural landscape can be seen to be bleaker than ever.

Although other media, such as the press, has disenfranchised a vast enlightened readership who don't happen to believe that Whitehall, work and alcohol are the best ways of organising our environment, at least there is an underground alternative.

But there is no alternative to television. Until a tired consumer can tune into Channel 7, all night rock, Channel 6 orgy olympics, Channel 5 underground chaos . . . just as print freaks can now stock up with mindfucks from their local non W.H. Smiths, then TV remains a dictatorship.

Sensing, perhaps, the alienation of headculture from its context, TV retaliates almost nightly with racist caricatures of hippiedom. The longhair is the new nigger. Absolutely standard fare was a recent Comedy Playhouse by Kingsley Amis, The Importance of Being Hairy. The play was premised on one joke, endlessly rehashed — all student revolutionaries are longhaired, dirty, ignorant, ill mannered and over encouraged by university authorities. While the reverse point of view would not even be worth postulating (on the grounds of simplistic literary fascism) it is worth noting that these days it could not possibly gain hearing on British television.

So if the Great Unwashed are today's villains, who are the heroes? Easy. More than ever it's cops, soccer stars, and mysterious Government experts (Doomwatch). But the most revealing indication of this country's moral mood is the star of a new series, Hine, already shooting up the ratings chart. Hine is your friendly local arms dealer. This is the man who millions are asked to indentify with each week. He sells tanks to Arab sheiks to quell guerrillas, and napalm to Nepalese to scorch invading Mao-men. The series does not cast Hine as a sensitive, soul searching misfit in order to examine the moral complexities of his situation. He is the admakers hero resplendent; epitomising the new qualities of the 70's . . . ruthless, rich, exploitive, married-but-separated, reeking of Karate aftershave and capitalist to the core. Hine is the weekly voice of the Monday Club, rampantly neo-colonialist, war mongering, rascist and bent on a Mr Success trip. His values, like most of those regularly enshrined on television, represent everything opposed to the radical, anti-war, drug-sex movement.

The counterview is never presented as an *idea*, always as a dismal misrepresentation of a style. Occasionally a few freaks are allowed to frolic on a panel, but never has a momentum been built up on television for the profection of an alternative set of beliefs or values. There are now hundreds of thousands of people in this country who smoke dope, fuck freely, reject consumer junkysim, detest the attitude of the City to the Third World, etc etc yakety yak, but who in terms of a visiting Martian judging a nation by its television, do not exist. The Frost Show invasion was the first timid assault on a denied medium, John Hopkins of TV tries to open minds from other angles; but a regular freak show should be the urgent summer demand of those bored by Underground print and with surplus energy. Address your letters to Christopher Chataway, Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, Whitehall, W1.

R.N.

INK hit the streets on May day and was as disappointing to us, as OZ No 1 was no doubt to those of you who remember. The second INK was already almost as good as Time Out, so you should still subscribe at the special £2 for six months offer and be in time for the amazing INK 4. Send name and address to INK, 73 Princedale Road, W11.

The Belfast Four (See Friends) still languishing in gaol despite the determined efforts of underground agents. Joseph Stevens, Felix de Mendelsohn, James McCann and Peter McCartan need whatever help you can manage c/- Belfast Defence Fund, Friends, 307 Portobello Road, London, W10.

The last OZ outlined the charges against three of the editors and quoted extracts from the statements of two teachers appearing for the prosecution. Any teachers familiar with Schoolkids OZ and not of the view that it would debauch and corrupt young people are asked to contact our solicitor, David Offenbach, 629 1191 or 493 4687.

Under pressure of the general interest in the OZ trial, we understand that Stan Demidjuk and Sue Miles are opening an OZ Obscenity Centre at 39A Pottery Lane, W11. The operation is not part of OZ magazine but an autonomous base to provide information and co-ordination for participants at the forthcoming OZ Obscenity Festival, Old Bailey, June 22nd.

In OZ 33 we invited readers and particularly those hard core fans wishing to buy badges and back issues from our Rip-Off Department, to vent their feelings about the magazine in a few succinct words on the coupon. Here are a few of the replies from people with occupations such as swinger, travelling salesman, caravan cleaner, freak, fuck-all, subscriber, Byzantine time traveller, narc, schoolboy (8 yrs), human being, lecturer, and living, isn't that enough. 'Too expensive'. 'A great successor to the News of the World'. 'The genuine and original mindfucker'. 'Increasing the gap between the freaks and the straights'. 'Nice for the pictures, but dig Friends for everything else.' 'An astral gorilla'. 'Contains the information I dream about'. 'A bat in hamsters clothing'. 'Varies from brilliance to pigshit. Nevertheless the artwork never fails to fuck me in the brain'. 'Next to Private Eye, the worst in the world'. 'A wanker's paradise'. 'Shit. If I say it's fab do I get a free one?' 'boring.' 'Approximately 12" by 8".' "An excess of adolescent sex". "All right for now, but after the revolution will there still be a place for you?' 'I don't need a magazine to tell me what to think." "Cancel my subscription. I have just realised that OZ is in favour of fornication outside holy matrimony." (Archbishop of Canterbury) "Too floppy to make roaches out of." "Printed on posh paper, but still into freak scene and not killthe pigs ."

The Way It Isn't:

The last great mystery in showbusiness still needs unravelling. The two hour Presley commercial may have told us a bit about his Las Vegas performances but as murky a smokescreen as ever was thrown up around Elvis himself. When is Colonel Parker going to loosen up and let him do the equivalent of say the John Lennon interview in Rolling Stone? Pity someone didn't have the guts to make such a movie in 1956 when Presley was almost a revolutionary hero instead of the red neck moneyed idol he is today. Who are all those adoring gay looking guys who surround him constantly? Maybe GLF should demonstrate outside his Tennessee mansion. Is Presley homosexual, asexual, or what? Who tailors his pants, cleverly cut to conceal whatever cock he has or doesn't he have one? Whatever happened to that piece of hosepipe?

A serious attempt is being made in London to set up a co-operative of Underground craftsmen. The aim is to set up a studio centre which will act as a professional wholesale outlet for those designers etc who find the marketing and whole commercial side of what they do very boring and therefore difficult to cope with. It would arrange various prices — the usual rip-off for straight wholesalers, moderate prices for genuine head shops, and cheapest of all for inter-trade between members of the co-op. The studio intends to function by taking a percentage of sales to straight outlets, which would subsidise the others. Profits, if any, would be put into community ventures. One aim is to ensure that the craftsmen themselves don't get ripped-off. To set up the studio initially everyone interested could contribute a small sum, so the more people interested, the cheaper it will be. Basically, the organisers are interested in contacting people who are producing on a cottage industry scale. Contact Dave Collins at 43 King Street, WC2. Tel: 836 0550.

A provincial reader reports that when he attempted to buy INK at his local branch of W.H. Smiths, he was directed to the stationery counter.

OHM, a radical organisation to be run along the lines of Release, has commenced operations in Cornwall. Their list of aims is ambitious. They hope to be more than just a drug/bust organisation, giving in addition psychological and cultural aid. They are also currently compiling a crash-pad and campsite guide. Communicate with Nigel Outten and Dave Griffiths c/- BOOKS AND THINGS, 6 Penryn Street, Redruth, Cornwall. Phone Devoran 863043. 863043.

Two new small magazines currently impinging on our consciousness are ALBION (7½p from David Kay, 10 Northbridge Road, Blackley, Manchester 9) and THE ALTERNATIVE (10p from Schiziod Productions, 3 Lower Common South, Putney, London Sw 15). ALBION, I am told, is the product of two nervous breakdowns, but it looks very together, with a fine editorial on the need for a new consciousness and the building of cells in industry commerce and all walks of life. "We hope that greater awareness of the nature forces and the desire to live in harmony with them will cause people to seek a better solution to material needs than a callous and indifferent Capitalism." ALTERNATIVE has got more aggressive with each issue (this one is the third) with a nice use of colour which they should develop even further. Good poetry, good graphics and a lot of political and community energy.

SUDDEN Comics (10p from Martin Dutton, Flat 5, 1 Birch Avenue, Old Trafford) is also worth a look at, with, for England, surprisingly good strip sense. Bold uncluttered frames and simple cosmic storylines.
SAD TRAFFIC from Leeds is another newish publication which you may have noticed around, 20p from brave newsagents. It even has glossy covers, swank paper, ads, a proper distribution set up and a professional air about it which is amazing when you consider the easy going poverty stricken freaks who run it. Sad Traffic is "good for late night neurosis, pimples, bad breath and armpits — the bedtime brain seizure," says their publicity.

Flowers for Those You Love

Butcher, baker, candlestick maker,
anybody can get VD,
including those you love.

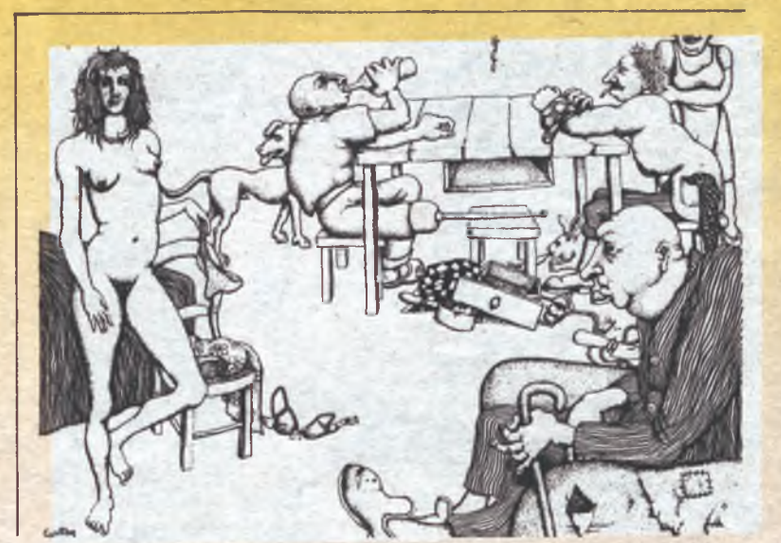
Please see a doctor
if you think you've got it.

You'll feel better afterwards
and so will those you love.

Richard Brautigan

Staunch fan, R.G. Baggot of Tilehurst Reading noticed that British Rail are running Schoolkid Specials. The engine has since been taken out of service pending investigation by Scotland Yard's Obscenity Squad.

If you want a guerilla theatre group, rock band, revolutionary opera ritual or a social game situation event entertainment (try saying that with a mouthful of love goldfish), then obviously you're in need of PUNY SMASH THE STATE c/- Jonathon Zeitlyn, 14 Grange Grange Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey. If you're interested in guerrilla or street theatre have a look at Terror on the Tubes in this issue. If you live in the Haringay area, ther's a theatre workshop there who are into similar things as well as music movement etc. Contact David Norwood, 6 Marquis Road, Wood Green, London N22.



With not only briefer knickers on the previous page, but bare tit as well, why did The Mirror bother to censor the ad? Who is the uptight old auntie in charge of the advertising department?

THE SUN

ST. CECELIA
"LEAP UP AND DOWN WAVE YOUR KNICKERS IN THE AIR"
AVAILABLE AT YOUR RECORD SHOP

THE DAILY MIRROR

Polydor

ST. CECELIA
"LEAP UP AND DOWN WAVE YOUR KNICKERS IN THE AIR"
AVAILABLE AT YOUR RECORD SHOP

Felix Green has reminded us that the five quotations we used in our Third-World Wars supplement last issue were from his excellent book, "The Enemy — Notes on Imperialsim and Revolution". As you may have gathered from the extracts, it is a book well worth reading although the victim of massive non-coverage from the establishment press. Published by Jonathon Cape.

In Belfast one Sunday night I went to hear the Reverend Dr Ian Paisley preach. He is the pastor of the flock of separatism — "I have always hated God's enemies with a perfect hate" — and his new brick church evidences the growing popularity of this theme. Prayer books proclaim from their covers, CHRIST FOR ULSTER.

Paisley runs a one-man show from a small plain podium which is the only focus of attention, being located at the centre of the width of the hall, rather than at the end of the nave. There is no altar, no choir, not even a cross, just Paisley. Bright lights illuminate a full house of two thousand well scrubbed and attentive faces. Whole families have come, the women wearing bright hats, the men conservative suits, the children in their Sunday best.

As the congregation files in, a woman sings a hymn in an operatic voice. With everyone seated, Paisley comes on stage and reads Paull II Corinthians, Chap 6 to the effect that God likes the good and scorns the bad.

'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the lord, and touch not the unclean thing.'

Their lesson was later invoked, after the collection and a lengthy appeal for no interest loans for the building fund, to illustrate the necessity to disassociate completely from the Catholics. Paisley evidently fancies himself another Cromwell. The walls of his church are lined with tributes to Reformation martyrs. He calls Rome The Scarlet Whore of Babylon. Protestant communion is to the Mass as Heaven is to Hell, as Truth to Falsehood, Good to Evil, Christ to Satan. He dislikes the World Council of the Churches' desire to explore unity with the Roman Church, and he inveighs angrily against local ministers who are meeting with Irish priests.

Much of Paisley's sermon is political. The audience rises to sing a hymn, and is kept standing to hear a lecture about recent rioting in the Shankill Road, a Protestant slum district. Paisley claims the fighting was provoked by Catholic taunts and police bias in favour of Catholics, allowing them to hand out "seditious and illegal" literature. He castigates the government for discriminating against *Protestants*. The parishoners are asked to come to the Northern Ireland parliament on Wednesday night to lend support to an attack he plans to make against the government for being soft on Catholic dissidence. Paisley provides voice for the outraged Protestant bigot, and in doing this he catches the Unionist Party government between hammer and anvil: the hammer of Catholic demands which must be met for civil rights, housing and employment and the anvil of Protestant resistance which it has forged itself to stay in office.

The service closes with soft organ music and Reverend Paisley beseeching new members of his congregation to come to Christ. 'Raise your hand for Christ,' he says softly, warmly. 'He is waiting to receive you.' I was lonely that evening and could feel his drawing power. 'Come, come join us in our perfect faith. There are two thousand of us here; we appear angry at times, but that is the anger of our righteousness; open yourself up to our healing saviour.'

I expect that when a man or woman or child does raise his hand, several did, that the mere act of sharing his need fills him with a sense of belonging and relief. He probably feels as if Jesus himself blesses him. Suppose a man finds relief here from his inner struggles. He will have to return again, and again, as the first rush of enthusiasm wears off. Soon he will turn to Paisley to bring him back to the happiness he momentarily knew. Paisley will offer him his political philosophy, his 'perfect hate'. and here our imaginary man will find reassurance. He will know who causes his troubles, the Catholics; and he will know who can lead him to victory over them, Paisley. 'All men in Ulster, whether they know the reason or not, are born with an inbred hatred of Popery.'

The service ends. Members of the congregation pause to purchase Paisley's literature in the lobby, and to gather on the wide plaza before the church to share for a moment more the fraternity of the righteous.

Matthew Hoffman

TERROR ON THE TUBES

There's not much happening in theatre these days. A notable exception is Theatrespiel. They are the most exciting, crazy, revolutionary theatrical experience to emerge in this country for a long time. At a time when traditional theatre is obsolete, decaying in the West End, supported by coach parties from the Midlands and tourists, Theatrespiel have tripped into a new infinity, creating real theatre anywhere, at anytime with anybody.

Spiel means play in German and shit in Jewish and the department of computerized war strategy at the Pentagon has Theatrespiel as its operational name. Theatrespiel are appropriately theatrespiel any way you look at it. At the moment they are comprised of ten regular members, all of whomwork by day and theatrespiel at night, weekends and any other free time they can afford. They're all young, like fifteen, eighteen, twenty-odd most of them, with diverse social backgrounds and a common frustration at not presently being able to drop their shackles and be full-time.

The theory and practise of the group was conceived by Peter James and Jan Flavell who are it's anti-directors. Peter arrived at the idea via happenings indulged in while a fine arts student and afterwards as a member of TOC, Interactions experimental company. His concern is that theatre should be community activity, engaging the community to entertain the community. Hence the process and framework and material.

Theatrespiel's stage is the Tube, tenement blocks, transport cafes, streets, factories or, in short, anywhere where there can be direct contact/ inter-play with people. They see their work in a political context, the breaking down of barriers extending into providing areas for any personality to express itself freely without the phobia that still exists with say, a set dialogue or movement (which was the contradiction of Handke's play "Offending the Audience", supposedly a free participation exercise.) They use images instead of words — bodily movements, spontaneous gesticulations, simple props, masks, costumes, make-up — whatever each individual member feels is his best method of communication. They react to the situation they're in, and since it's never the same situation, or place, or time, or audience, the reactions from both the players and playees are dually entertaining and constructive. Because they are out in the open as it were, there are no confinements or restrictions for both parties — anything is possible.

Since they came together in January, their principal outlet has been Tube theatre. Unsuspecting commuters, usually on the Victoria Line, are suddenly becoming aware that something less boring than newspapers or advertisements is possible. Over the months, the group has developed a series of sketches which provide a framework within which they and the commuters can participate. They last for two or three stops and then the group gets out and changes to another train, leaving the passengers in states of hysterical laughter, fear, or indignation.

The sketches vary. In the Parachute piece — half a dozen freaks in British Army uniforms lined-up at attention by the carriage doors are directed by a staff sergeant to jump out, one at a time at each stop, while a sexy vamp in a mink and braless, trys to seduce the sergent. The newspaper piece — five guys sitting together read newspapers in silence until one by one they interrupt each other, climbing over each other, tearing pages out of the others' papers and ending up in a chaotic football scrum with tattered newspapers all over the carriage. The Opera piece starts off with a man standing up, removing his trousers to reveal ballet tights, from which he starts to pirouette up and down the carriage, to be joined at the next stop by a ballerina who gets on and also starts to dance, to be joined at the next stop by two prima donnas who begin to Wagner up and down the carriage and so on until a fully-cast opera with musicians is being staged. The Gorrilla piece ends up with apeing freaks hanging from the support rods. A few seconds before, they were ordinary passengers who got on with the rest blending in perfectly with the blandness. The main object of each piece is to urge participation from the passengers without being heavy and keeping them uncertain as to what is going on until the last moment.

Theatrespiel has two other similar activities that it is currently developing. *Lecturespiel*, which is designed to activate groups, like students in art colleges who have the means and situations, into community action projects like their own. And *PHAB* — physically handicapped and able-bodied-group therapy projects designed to work with the physically handicapped. Everything Theatrespiel do is designed to be taken up by the people they do it with, be it a commuter, a cripple or a worker who starts off uptight with their antics inevitably, if he gives himself the chance, ends up laughing and participating.

London Transport is aware of their activities but as yet, is undecided as to what attitude to adopt — if they're smart, they'll hire them. Occasionally a soldier, or a policeman gets in the way and spoils everybody's fun and it's only a matter of time before some of them are busted or assualted, but, by and large, the people, the community, enjoy them. They are a most important and significant theatrical experiment and should be given every encouragement to realise their full potential. They use the Oval House, Kennington as their base, and welcome anyone who wants to join or enquire. Telephone 735 2786. For the love of the people and fun, do it.

Stanislav Demidiuk

SPIDER JOY
AND I'M WONDERIN' HOW MY SPIDERS ARE TODAY...

TELL ME IT CAN'T BE! MOTHER OF CHRIST... MY SPIDERS ARE GONE!
GLUK

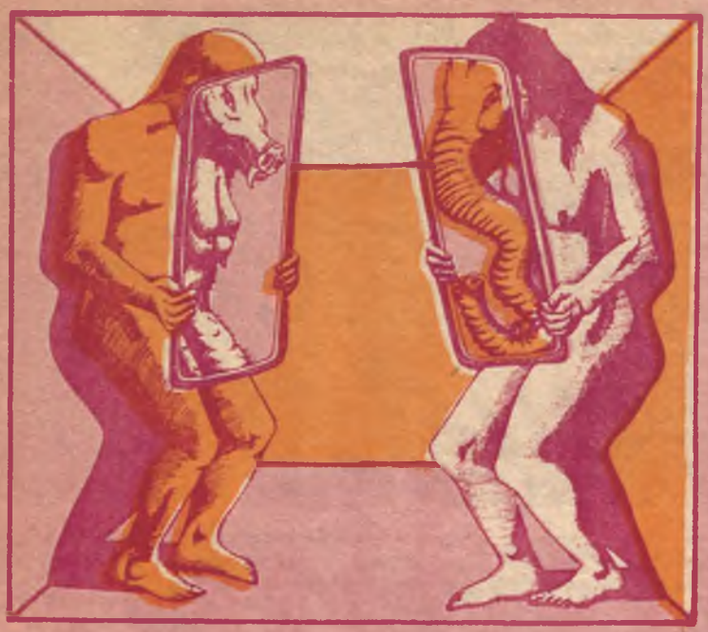
THE SPIDERS ARE GONE
YOUR SPIDERS ARE GONE
HIS SPIDERS ARE GONE

WHO TOOK MY SPIDERS, DID YOU, YA ROTTEN CREEP HUH?
BLOM

I'M THAT ROTTEN CREEP'S SOUL, AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION.. NONE OF US TOOK YOUR FUCKING SPIDERS
YOU TELL 'IM SOUL...

YEAH, WISE ASS, TASTE RAZOR AND SAY GOODBYE!!
ZEEEEEEEESH

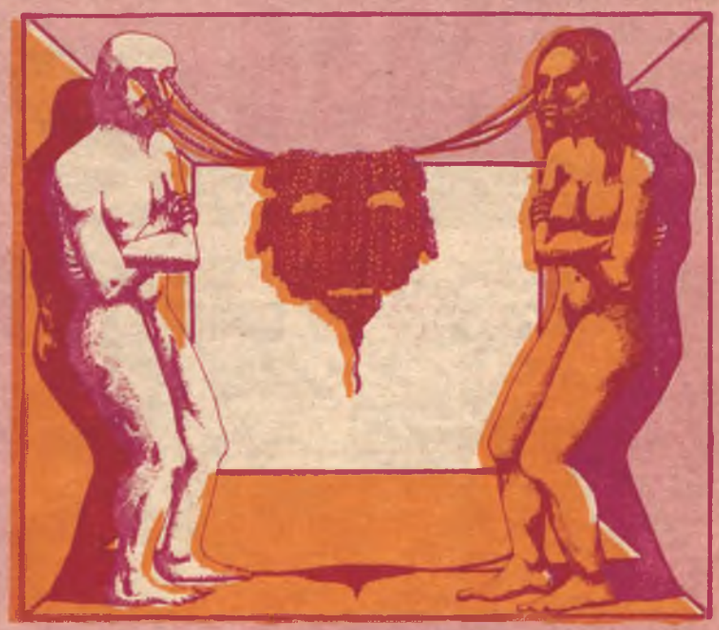
SOUL WAS WRONG, BECAUSE I'VE GOT THEM SPIDERS.... (GIGGLE)
OH WELL



See me Feel me Touch me Heal me

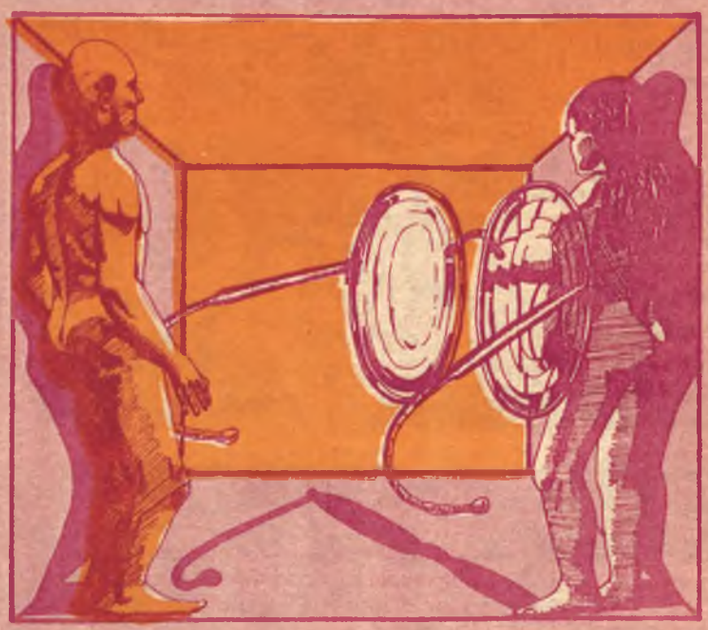
Esalen and Encounter Group Therapy

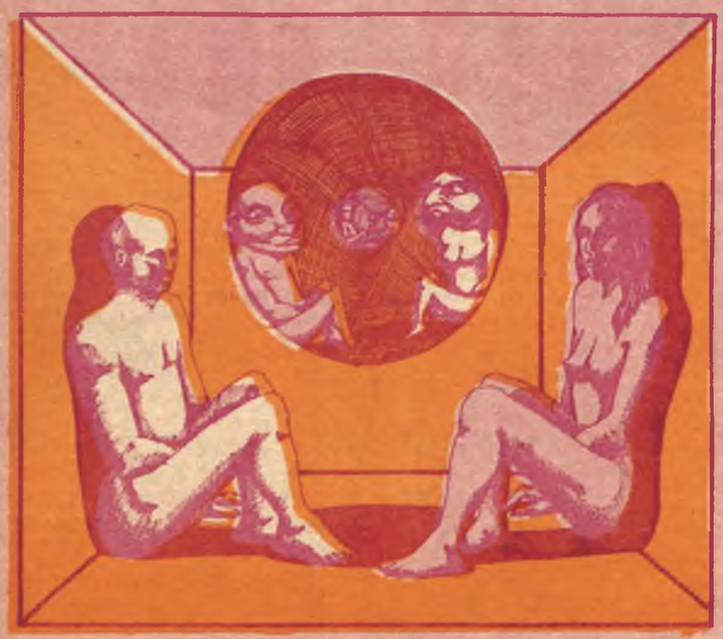
The easiest and most gentle way of reminding someone that he's an entire organism is by awakening all his senses. Formal education plays down all the senses other than sight; although we're born whole, we're immediately conditioned to specialize. We are led to believe that smell and touch are bad, and through ignorance of our other senses, we become tense and insensitive. It's small wonder we feel anxious, alienated and out of touch with our whole body. Both here and in the States group sensitivity experiences are the best known off all methods in the human potential repertoire. They are used as relaxation, harmony events in their own right, and as a threshold to deeper, more delicate levels of



feeling. Sensory awareness experiments, games, exercises attempt to loosen the grip of the rigid rules, feelings, thoughts thrust on us by society; they quiet the overdominant verbal preoccupation of the mind (almost all sensitivity exercises are non-verbal), release excessive muscular tension, and focus consciousness on the direct sensory experience of here and now.

Roger Housden





Jerome Liss talks to Don Braisby

Some people have described Encounter groups as ways of turning on without drugs and we have talked a little bit about the possibility of building up encounter groups within society. But what is the real value of it? What is their potential in human growth?

Jerome Liss: **I think the best way is to take examples of what varying kinds of encounter groups do and then suggest some of the results they achieve.**

In Sensitivity Training Groups people will get together without words and instead use touch, looks, vocalization and sound exercises to make contact with one another. This immediately cuts thorugh the usual word rituals and allows contact on a much more physical level. There is the great emphasis on body experience and methods of breathing to increase awareness and sensations from your body. This changes one's basic orientation to oneself and toward other people.
I find the most important exercises involve people shouting. They could just shout sounds or else one can suggest that they use particular words — "Leave me alone", "Get out of my way", "Please stay with me". People can be instructed to shout these phrases at one another, looking very closely and touching hands at the same time so that it stimulates very strong kinds of emotions in them. It breaks down the usual muffled way we have of being with other.
Especially the voice when used at shouting level, which seems to provoke much more feeling and sense of presence that any other mode of expression. It is shouting that people were prevented from doing when they were kids — "Be quiet, you are making too much noise". The use of the voice has been inhibited throughout development. People shouting at one another involves tremendous turn-on.

Another example is an exercise when people are asked to make a deep sound and one's partner presses one's chest deeply during exhalation so that you get a very deep throat sound, like a very strong gasp and people are asked to look in the mirror and to open their eyes as wide as possible to stare at themselves. People who did this had the sensation of pouring out of their eyes into their vision and into the image of them-

selves in the mirror and they also said afterwards they felt more out of their minds and into their vision — like being what one sees.
I think this comes about by a particular technique — breathing, vocalisation and wide-eyed staring. I think there are lots of different exercises that can be developed to open up the functions of experience and expression. There is another one using the voice in which people lie in a circle with their heads towards the centre and begin to make continuous sounds and they get louder and louder and they are encouraged to explore different types of sounds — animal sounds, emotional sounds like sighing, roaring and pleading.
After these sounds develop a momentum of their own, people are encouraged to move around at the same time and with a group making a huge roar together, people can experience a tremendous freedom and release. I think it is akin to a religious ritual where people develop a unified group spirit unified group expression and this way find a release from their personal selves to some larger field. This is the basis of the appeal for a lot of people. Most institutional religions have ways of getting people together to pray to God. A group spirit can be very powerful and can be liberating a group together on a kind of 'communitarian' or anarchistic basis. There is no particular ideology except experience and expression and yet you can get the same kind of 'religious' liberation.

One of the things we are stopped from doing when children is to play, free-wheel kind of doing-what-you-like playing. People in small groups often have very boring kinds of conversations. If it is imaginative it is usually carried on by just one or two people and other people who haven't that kind of skill and freedom with language are on the side-lines and are just receptive spectators. To bring everybody in and to 'play', there is another kind of encounter group where people play favourite monsters and go round trying to scare the daylights out of each other, yet at the same time they are laughing and pulling frightening grimaces. In this you are asked to explore the plasticity and expressiveness of your face and your partner is asked to mirror it. You can also make funny or awkward sounds. There is also a 'game' in which one is asked to say affectionate things like "I love you" in an angry tone of voice. Then you are asked to switch and say angry things in an affectionate tone, like "I'm going to get you" or "Get off my back" said very lovingly. There are other 'games' in which one just makes up stories and other people enact the themes or symbols.

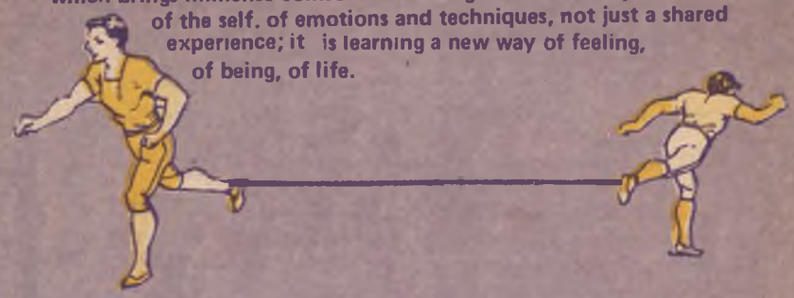
There are no longer sharp differences between the varying types of groups: the separate methods and orientations are more and more being used together. The sensitivity group techniques of touching, falling, singing and the love encounters, the 'games' and the Synanon confrontation encounters in which people are helped to face what they want to run away from. Even the oldest of these techniques — psycho-drama is used at times to try and re-learn to see people as real and alive.
Some encounter groups include psycho-drama methods. For instance someone will talk about his family life and then be asked to take the part of his wife or mother and someone else will take his part. Role switching techniques are used to heighten self awareness, to help one to see one as others see us. This is a form of play too but also one of

the best forms of social learning. You learn the words for a particular situation and because of the 'play' atmosphere people will try out more expressive ways, try to be more forceful or more direct at times and in that way explore their creative ability.

The Gestalt methods of exploring a problem are also extremely useful — their methods of taking a dream and kind of "acting it out". You begin to speak as one of the characters in the dream who is not yourself and say what they might be saying to someone else. One person taking on two parts of the dialogue opens up fantasies which are just budding within yourself and allows a kind of creative 'make believe' spirit to come into it. To my mind it is one of the best syntheses of play and creative learning.
The Gestalt method may also involve taking the part of an object. Let's say you dream of a train. You could be asked to play the train with your body, move around and make the sounds and then even speak and say what the train might be saying. If you dreamed of giving somebody a ring, you could be asked to be the ring and say what the ring is feeling. Through this making a part into a whole people open up symbols in their own minds and see the many meanings they may have. It is a tremendous way of opening up one's guarded psychic fantasies.
Or you may start with 'key' actions — say you are asked to imagine you are walking up a ladder or through a door and you are asked what you see next and you begin to have something like a dream while awake. These aren't just ways of finding out more about yourself, such methods exercise functions of the mind which are usually relatively unused. They ask for much phantasy on the part of the person, demand immediate

spontaneous development of images and plots so that people who do this repeatedly find that in every day life they are able to visualise imaginings much better and are able to create stories off the top of their head much more effectively.

On the other hand the confrontation peer encounter groups as used in Synanon, Daytop, Phoenix and other therapeutic programmes make less use of fantasy and are geared to increasing self knowledge and awareness of reality. These therapeutic programmes are based on self help by peers not by academically trained therapists. Through sharing common experiences, searching for common ground with ruthless honesty there emerges a sense of the group-as-society and inevitably such groups develop value systems and ideologies.
In such groups it is the group that does the work and because of this the cumulative power of the group is very great and they should therefore be used with caution. Beginners in confrontation groups may be overwhelmed at first by the fierceness of the confrontation, the ruthless stripping away of rationalisations, justifications and other defenses, they may be frightened by the insistence on expressing innermost feelings and not just thoughts. It isn't easy to look honestly at oneself, one's face, one's body in a mirror; it is even harder to look at oneself in the "eyes and hearts of others", to have a whole group reflecting the image one projects, telling you what you are, not what you think or dream you are.
The group in gradually exposing the real self may use mimicry, ridicule, exageration, taunts, open direct criticism; it may shout and attack verbally. But all the sound and fury is but the expression of the group's true concern, it's care and love not for the pseudo self, the image painfully, inexpertly or expertly built over the years but for the suffering self behind the image. Empathy and compassion are expressed openly, directly — both verbally and physically — by reaching out and holding and comforting so that a level of acceptance of one's real self is reached which brings immense comfort and strength. This is not just exploration of the self, of emotions and techniques, not just a shared experience; it is learning a new way of feeling, of being, of life.



Association for Humanistic Psychology: 17 Hanover Square, W.1. Information forum for human potential movement. Conducts meetings and workshops, and encourages research. About to start a regular bulletin.

Quaesitor: 22 Avenue Road, NW.8. The largest and most established of the centres in London. Phone for programme; it includes monthly on-going Gestalt Encounter Groups (£8), four week Tai Chi and Massage Group (£8), Weekend Encounter Workshop (£10), Bioenergetic Weekend (£12), and an eight hour encounter group for women (£4) dealing with the problem of woman defining her role in today's society.

Centre 48: 937-6574. Similar in size and variety of courses to Quaesitor, but they have to leave their premises soon, so they're closing temporarily. Phone for future plans.

Upsurge: Colin Hamer, 14 Queensbury Place, SW.7. 584-9224. Colin Hamer, a highly qualified psychotherapist, is just getting this group off the ground. Introductory encounter evenings, Tuesdays, 8.15 p.m. £1. On-going encounter group, Wednesday, 7.30, 7 weeks for £5.

City Literary Institute: Colin Hamer will start a course of encounter/ sensitivity sessions at the City Lit. in June. Ring nearer date for details. A 12 week course, 1½ hours per week, will cost the normal City Lit. fee of £1-30/-.

Kaleidoscope: 37 Wood Lane, N.6. (mailing address) 937-6680. Bill Grossman and Gerda Boyesen, both of whom were previously part of the Centre 48 staff, are at present looking for premises to start this new group. They will run encounter sessions, bioenergetic workshops, and music therapy groups. Fees similar to Quaesitor.

Exploring Human Contact: Ann Elphick, Flat 20, Frobisher Court, Sydenham Rise, SE.23, 699-9554. The only centre providing residential, week-end sessions — in a country house near Hazelmere. A three day residential session costs 11gns. There are three on-going weekly groups (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,) at £6.5/- for 5 weeks. A fortnight residentall session is planned for the summer, £25 per week.

Samanya: Contacts: Richard Perkins 485-7896, Sarah Fright 435-3593, Helen and Neville Davis 436-9200. Samanya is a large and very varied group of people who meet to discuss alternatives to the established living pattern. Positive results from the talks include a commune, an open home system, whereby a different house is available every day of the year for whoever is in the need of comfort/ company/help; and the start of co-operative buying. Samanya also runs a sensitivity group for its members, at a nominal charge of 3/- to cover coffee, etc. Meetings are held on Tuesdays at different homes.

PNP (People not Psychiatry): Contacts: Pete 485-9370, Peter 935-4016, David 328-5859, Jenny (for encounter) 603-4042. PNP is a network of people helping each other. All society offers people in trouble are pills, straight psychiatrists, and mental hospitals. PNP offer contact with people who have/have had similar problems, so removing the we-they structure. The network isn't limited to any specific kind of people — they welcome anyone at all who has a problem that they can't cope with themselves. Anybody in the network (only room for 4 numbers above) is available on an individual basis, and they also have general Friday night meetings at which anyone is welcome. They are just starting mini-trust groups too — small frameworks of 7/8 people who regularly come together with the aim of building up a sense of trust/reliability. PNP is the group who will help you start your own encounter sessions/or free — ring Jenny (see above).

List compiled by Roger Housden

GYPSY

You know those groups you always liked best, those playing that kind of rock that always seemed to mean most to you. It's true to say there's not so much produced these days, especially here in England, where, over the last few years, musicians' styles have become watered down, and somewhat freakier, and where songs and strong vocals appear to have been neglected. Sure, there are drastic limitations on just how original and unique one *can* be, playing within such a restricted and defined idiom inwhich so much has already been attempted in the seventeen odd years since rock was born; but overall, British styles have been getting less direct and further and further away from that basic involving 'folk' essence, by which one was always able to distinguish the best rock.
Not Gypsy however. Gypsy have come up with four new songwriters, all composing numbers with that elusive, involving 'classic' feel about them; that quality that can turn certain songs into standards; and the group know just how to interpret them too. Four individually featured, and complementary, vocalists, coupled with a refreshingly colourful instrumental line-up (drums, bass, two guitars and electric 12-string guitarist doubling on piano), enable Gypsy to perform with equal effect in all veins, through blatantly heavy and dramatically soulful to subtely relaxed and soft. Gypsy succeed in extending an already well explored idiom, by contributing to it that new life, vital for rock's continued effect in this country; and that takes a lot. Listen to their album, and hear for yourselves – it's an album that'll make all the difference, by meaning the most to you.

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"A MONSTER RECORD. THIS IS CONTEMPORARY ROCK AT IT'S MOST SUBTLE AND EFFECTIVE. IT'S WITHOUT DOUBT THE MOST TERRIFYING THING I'VE HEARD IN YEARS – THE WHOLE TEENAGE PHENOMENON SHOULD BE STOPPED NOW!"

Mrs. Mary Wighthouse.

fan mail

Brothers and Sisters at Oz,

Although I left school almost 9 years ago, I can still remember the crushing boredom of the place: the stuffing of useless 'facts' into the unwilling minds, the lack of humour of the teaching staff, the hypocrisy and near sadism of the headmaster, the petty stupid rules. I wore a peaked cap with a badge on it and a navy blue blazer, but that didn't stop me from being a thoroughly nasty little yob. Christ, I hated the bloody place and I hated the headmaster more than I've hated anyone since. From time to time I run into one of the guys whom I knew at school and not one has yet had a good word to say for the place. So what? Just that I was a depraved and corrupt schoolkid and it didn't take Oz to do the job. The system was the corrupter because its rigidity and lack of humanity was guaranteed to make one turn against it. Then and now. I read in the local paper not long ago that girls at a local school have been forbidden to wear tights as the headmistress considers them unhygienic.

As a schoolkid I used to regularly purchase two-and-sixpenny tit books from a news-agents shop in Leyton. Kids these days buy Oz. A guy I know who went to Sherbourne used to buy Playboy. Who is the corrupter? Oz, or the wank-fodder fantasy mag? Does Oz inspire kids to unnatural sex acts? Assuming that a blowjob is an unnatural sex act, it took no Oz to inspire me to participate in such an act; all it took was a schoolgirl's willing mouth. Are school-girls obscene? We would have smoked dope too, had dope been available. Our particular high was booze, which is more ruinous in the long run. We used words like 'fuck' and 'cunt' with fair regularity (monotonously, in fact), and such words couldn't be printed in those days.

Headmasters and the whole lousy 'educational' system in this beknighted land of hope and misplaced glory are the ones who deprave and corrupt children. No wonder kids turn away from their redundant values: such sterile, pompous corpses inspire no confidence.

Thank you Oz for being such a damned fine magazine. As Abbie Hoffman says, you blend art and politics in a new way; and you have kept your sense and discrimination too. At a time when most underground papers have become carried away with violent rhetoric, thank Christ that you have the courage to admit that you — like I — cannot pull the trigger. From Hoffman's letter maybe he too is sussing that certain of the more extreme elements of the movement are slowly turning fascist. "All cops are pigs" — substitute Jews for cops? "I'm gonna liberate you whether you want it or not" — democracy anyone? Yeah, let's build a few bombs and throw a few rocks at the pigs and alienate the entire older generation and we've got ourselves a revolution. Once we've seized power we'll just make them all drop acid, and everything will be groovy, and we'll all live happily ever after. Jesus, how fucking naive.

If Det. Inspector Luff or a colleague reads this, don't bother calling on me, baby, I don't smoke none of that acid, or spread no margerinejuana on me bread, or even ram that (things go better with) Cocaine Cola up my arse. So just piss off and raid a few strip joints, why don't you.

Good Luck, Oz, from a dirty little baby-raping, depraved corrupt commie anarchist weirdo pinko hippie freak dope-fiend punk.

Love and all that crap,
Dave Gent,

62 Cavendish Road,
Highams Park, E 4

Dear Oz,

Your magazine is getting fucking worse, filling it with bullshit about the wogs and niggers abroad rather than the fuck-ups in this country. You would think it was our fault that the fucking GI's were fighting. If you feel so sympathetic with the V Cong why don't you fight with the Mother Fuckers. In Bradford the scene is so far under that they warm their hands off the core of the earth, so why can't you come up here and do your fucking Preaching and leave the Wogs and niggers alone. Perhaps that will help the scene.

Yours,

Satan Slave,
Jack the Ripper,
Bradford

These are probably the earliest recordings of Jimi Hendrix ever released. This is genuine Hendrix, playing his own compositions in his own brilliant way.

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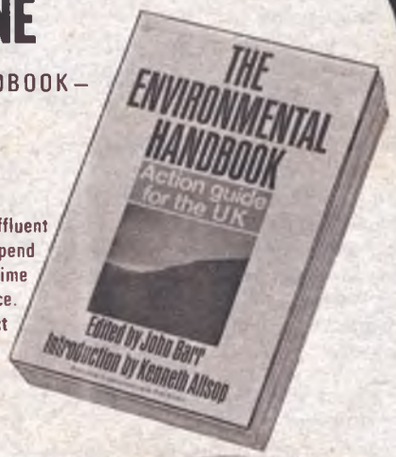
FRIENDS OF THE EARTH BOOKS BY BALLANTINE

ENVIRONMENTAL HANDBOOK –
Action Guide for the UK
Edited by John Barr
Introduction by Kenneth Allsop

Detergents, pesticides, industrial effluent and plastic waste are bad for you. Spend 40p on some ideas, then spend some time and energy putting them into practice. Save your own world. Don't expect Peter Walker to save it for you.



CONCORDE – The Case Against Supersonic Transport. Richard Wiggs.
On March 4th 1971, Iceland paid £9,000 for that flightless Great Auk. Since 1962, the people of Britain have paid £250 million for this almost flightless Albatross. Read about the most attractive and awe-inspiring technological irrelevance of all time.

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BRIAN AUGER'S OBLIVION EXPRESS
Brian Auger
(RCA)

Brian Auger's days of superstardom are long gone. "Lovely band, but he couldn't draw a wank," said one promoter I asked to book him. It's a shame.

An intense admiration for Brian Auger's keyboard talents was one by-product of my adolescent lust for Julie Driscoll, and both sentiments survive to this day. Oblivion Express is an infinitely better band than the Trinity, whose musical bankruptcy was exposed on Auger's last album, "Befour". The new music has a dark, menacing grandeur, and Auger tears several different kinds of hell out of his Hammond. But there is one glaring fault which, unfortunately, is directly attributable to Auger himself..

While Auger's voice was fine for a filler every so often to take the weight off Jools, his very meagre gifts as singer and lyricist are a sad let-down to the magnificent noises produced by the Express.

Still, there is hope. This album was recorded after the full band had been together for only a week, and now after six hard months on the road, they should certainly be a force to be reckoned with. Treat this as an indication of what is to come, freak over the genuinely nightmarish cover, bully your local psychedelic dungeon into booking Oblivion Express. If Auger can solve his vocal problems and write rather less dreary lyrics, his next album could be good enough to stack next to "Streetnoise."

Charles Shear Murray

RICK SINGS NELSON
Rick Nelson
(MCA)

I remember watching little Ricky from his earliest days as a member of the 'Ozzie and Harriet' TV show in America, where he portrayed himself like the rest of his family. Each week the viewer could see him grow from being a typically cute kid and later, his embarrassing puberty stage which gave birth to the Ricky Nelson we all know and loved. After fifteen years on radio and television, he disappeared from public life with the rest of his clan. Rick, an ageing rock idol, began his search for personal identity and a new outlet for his musical energy.

For a short while he found a place in the C & W charts before appearing as a folkie around the coffee bar circuit of L.A. playing material from the pens of such notables as Dylan and Newman. He soon dropped this in preference of starting a band with friend Randy Meisner, who had just quit Poco. They put together an excellent five piece band which featured Tom Brumley, one of the best steel guitar players in the country. They gigged in and around the beer bars of L.A. developing their tight unit. Their first L.P. titled *Rick Nelson in Concert* was recorded just previous to the departure of Meisner, and received very favorable reviews. The Dylan song 'She Belongs To Me' was released as a single and became a reasonable sized hit in the States.

His latest woek titled *Rick Sings Nelson* spotlights Rick writing and producing all his own material for the first time. His band is always there in the right place doing the right thing, never getting out of hand. The music is smooth and pretty with some exciting surprises, but on the whole remaining tame and soothing. It's good that Rick's band is content with making sweet Country music and doesn't resort to Rock and Roll mutiny which exists in the minds of many egotistical back-up musicians.

My favorites are 'California' and 'The Reason Why', but on some songs he tends to preach his subtle type of social commentary which doesn't really rub me right 'The Dolphin' is the prim example of this fault, where he seems to be lagging behind with four year old phrases like "believe in your brother" and "love one another". I'm sure that Rick's intentions are genuine, but the fact remains that they're well worn expressions. Like I said before, the music is solid throughout, and Rick is a very likeable person. It's a sure winner in the hearts of all Country Rock freaks. And if you like the album, you might want to pick up on Rick when he visits these shores in June.

Danny Holloway

THIRD WORLD WAR
Third World War
(Fly)

A thunderous inspiring record seems to have escaped everbody's notice. The misicians themselves (winsome Cockney duo, Terry Stamp and Jim Avery) were put through the rock machine a little (ref OZ 31), but their *music* . . . . ah . . . the blind ear does not see.

The music is extraordinary simply because an arrogant, bitter cause is communicated in a manner that makes it accessible to a vast number of people: it's basically fierce, raucous rock, nothing too ethnic, and yet it's the politics of revolution, of Molotovs, of skinheads and 'queens' (sic), of truck unions and magazine clips. The revolution and from right under our noses, in Shepherds Bush. That's not the same Shepherds Bush that the Who once knew either (fucking, Friday nights and football), it's the place where they're,

Working on the plot and the prime
Preaching violence
Up from the slums and factory grime
Preaching violence
Running the streets biding our time
Preaching violence
The bog wall shines anti-Government signs
Go let your Molotov off God loves you. . . .

Musically it's tense, basic stuff, much of it like Lennon's solo album, with the occasional compelling guitar riff, but more noticeable for the work of sessionmen supreme, Bobby Keyes and Jim Price, and help from other friends like Tony Ashton and Speedy.

The betting shop was a real working class con
I trolled in no one had a shirt on
Run by this fat thug who just came out of jug
He said here's another mug
But my horse got doped and won
A tenner to win at nine-to-one I stung him for ajax
A tenner to win at nine-to-one I stung him for a ton
Well I looked him in his glass eye he came up real close
Pulled a gun and pushed it up my nose
Before he could shoot I hit him with my boot
I was picking up my loot
While on the floor he lay
His wife came down from upstairs and said
Son you've made my day
Oh
You Shepherds Bush Cowboy

Occasionally a band's live appearance or private life style attests to some revolutionary fervour, but in the home it's the albums that count. This one's no shitkicker, but a vicious, relentless polemic, and still edible rockpile. If this gets into the right/wrong hands it could do a great deal of damage/good.

Ulysses O Hanson

CHURCH OF ANTHRAX
John Cale and Terry Riley
(CBS)

To begin with, for those of you who haven't experienced it, *anthrax, n. Malignant boil; a disease of sheep and cattle.* Apart from that, this is a good album for all you J Cale/T Riley fans, and probably a turn-on for newcomers. These two gentlemen, neo-classical rock artists of new cult proportions, are both veterans of the New York Experience — sophisticated through the evocation of fear and despair. Riley, a seasoned composer in the avant garde bag, (don't run off) came to wide attention with his first album, *In C*, (1968) and doubled it with his second, *A Rainbow in Curved Air*, (1969). His philosophy, which has a lot to do with his music, goes like this unquote:

Music has to have danger, you have to be right on the precipice to really be interesting, not gliding along playing something you know. If you never get on the brink, you're never going to learn what excitement you can rise to. You can only rise to great heights by danger. No great man has ever been safe.

The Book of Common Prayer

John Cale, a Welshman, is ex-Velvet Underground, the Supra-Evil Funk in Hell group — his narration of 'The Gift' from his last V.U. album, *White Light, White Heat*, is legendary. He produced Nico's *Marble Index*, played on her *Desert Shore*, and co-produces this one, along with playing bass, harpsichord, organ, viola, piano and guitar to Riley's piano, organ and soprano sax.

There's nobody else on the album except Adam Miller, the vocalist on Cale's 'The Soul of Patrick Lee,' the only 'song', so this is the creation of two minds, combining two very specific styles, by themselves — a hard thing to do well. The dimensions produced are massive, yet their separate influences are felt, magnificent in their energy if not too perfectly constructed. That's not to say that the album isn't close to brilliance.

The pulse if very high, even when when the track is a mellow one like 'The Hall of Mirrors in the Palace at Versailles.' A double soprano sax over-play on piano and organ, repetitive, simple, almost cold chord patterns — played at dawn, it's subliminally enthralling.

This music is beautiful without being romantic. The title track, 'Church of Anthrax' introduces the tense, haunting atmosphere that prevails over the five compositions that complete the total like a jig-saw puzzle. 'The Soul of Patrick Lee' could have been the V Underground, with Riley producing, whereas 'Ides of March,' a dual piano soliloquy is the opposite.

The last track, 'The Protege', is short and funky, a contrast again; Cale playing the bass line on piano with Riley's sharp, almost mechanical piano notes adding, but not filling the gaps, until a high frequency feedback scream cuts them dead. It felt as though they were playing in electric chairs, waiting for it.

If you like Soft Machine's *Fourth*, not that they are alike, you'll probably enjoy this more. Sound, above lyric, melody or rhythm, is becoming the main concern for both these groups of tone psychologists, and if you're into that, this album is very satisfying without being overtly demanding.

Stanislav Demidjuk

OVERDOG
Keef Hartley Band
(Deram)

Quite simply, the most satisfying musical endeavour that the working man's drummer has ever put his name to. With Mick (Wynder K Frogg) Weaver filling out the rhythm section and such famous MM names as Jon Hiseman and Johnny Almond participating, Keef has at last made the album that his last three led me to believe he would. Despite the fact that the album is made up of cuts recorded over a three-month period, some of them featuring assorted now-departed faces, *Overdog* has more coherence and unity than any of the band's work since *Halfbreed*.

If you want to check the album out, listen to the suite that ends the first side, 'Theme Song/Enroute/Theme Song Reprise.' 'Theme Song' is a Miller Anderson picking-and-singing love ballad embellished only by Almond's caressing flute and Keef's rustling cymbals. It's two sections sandwich a steamy, stampeding jam. Hartley and Hiseman loop-out an exquisitely funky rhythm that itches your toes with sheer joy, while over the top, Weaver on electric piano and Almond on flute blow around each other until it all fades back to the warm acoustic fireside.

The Hartley Band are playing honest, unpretentious, unhyped music. They're not selling attitudes, legends or lifestyles; you'll have to work those out for yourself. They do music. Their last album was entitled *The Time is Near*. With *Overdog*, the time is NOW. Buy new improved HARTLEY — the band you can trust.

Charles Shaar Murray

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
Loudon Wainwright III
(Atlantic)

The Speakeasy is a bunch of shit. I'd rather wallow in a filth-caked converted railway shed in Chalk Farm or carry a pair of binoculars to Victoria's Royal monument than risk an evening's musical entertainment at Margaret Street.

Last year I watched a Speak audience destroy a Richie Havens performance with their indifferent, abominable, narcissistic behaviour. I ain't never been back. That's how come I have to admit to secondhand evidence of Loudon Wainwright actually performing and *silencing* those present in the Speakeasy a couple of weeks back Accompanied only by his guitar, Wainwright succeeded where a list of artists that might resemble Lillian Roxon's 'Encyclopedia of Rock' have failed. A DJ friend of mine described how by the end of the second number people had discreetly ceased ordering drinks, how by the beginning of the fourth the normal monkeyhouse chatter had dropped to an occasional whisper, and how by the end of the fifth only the click of nervous cigarette lighters competed with Loudon's unearthly whining voice. I wish I'd been there.

To those readers weary of the new breed of performing lyricists now in the process of being forcibly elevated by recording companies and musical press to a star status exclusively reserved over the past decade for rock bands, Wainwright offers little consolation. Outwardly, at least, the would appear as yet another in that long line of burgeoning cult heroes that encompasses Neil Young, James Taylor, Joni Mitchell, Laura Nyro (even) et al., who choose, in varying degrees, to perform alone onstage, supplementing only their recorded work with orchestration and/or horns. But there's more, much more, to Loudon Wainwright's equation than James multiplied by Joni squared.

This album is too new to me for any competent analysis of individual tracks, or even an honest focusing of perspective in relation to those artists previously mentioned. But I have that rare and instinctive urge to play this LP again and again, waiting for the emphasis on certain key words, the unusual twist of phrase and the slick, dramatic guitar work. Lyrically, his compositions are magnificent. The sickly sentimentality of many of James Taylor's and Joni Mitchell's late composition is acutely conspicuous by it's absence, as is the self indulgent melancholic favoured far too often by Neil Young. Comparisons, in any case, are a lame critical technique, and Wainwright work barely warrants them.

More than a year ago Loudon Wainwright was poised amidst the clamour of eager recording companies, fat contracts and fatter managers on the brink of a spectacular 'a-star-is-born' hype. He opted out, split New York City, laughed at film offers, turned away journalists and cut his bushy hair short enough to comply with the requirements of the Green Berets. Eventually, he crossed the Atlantic to London. He left behind him, doubtless, a sea of bewildered, balding business men. Their product had picked itself up off the production line and walked right out of the factory.

Wainwright isn't the first American musician to leave his homeland and come to Europe, and especially this country, in an attempt to cool off those anxious to exploit an artist's 'ammunition' all in one enormous barrage. I hope the climate here proves right, just right, for his particular requirements in assembling future arsenals. In a weird way it kind of evens out the balance for those armaments Mr. Heath has tucked up his sleeve, crated and labelled South Africa Export.

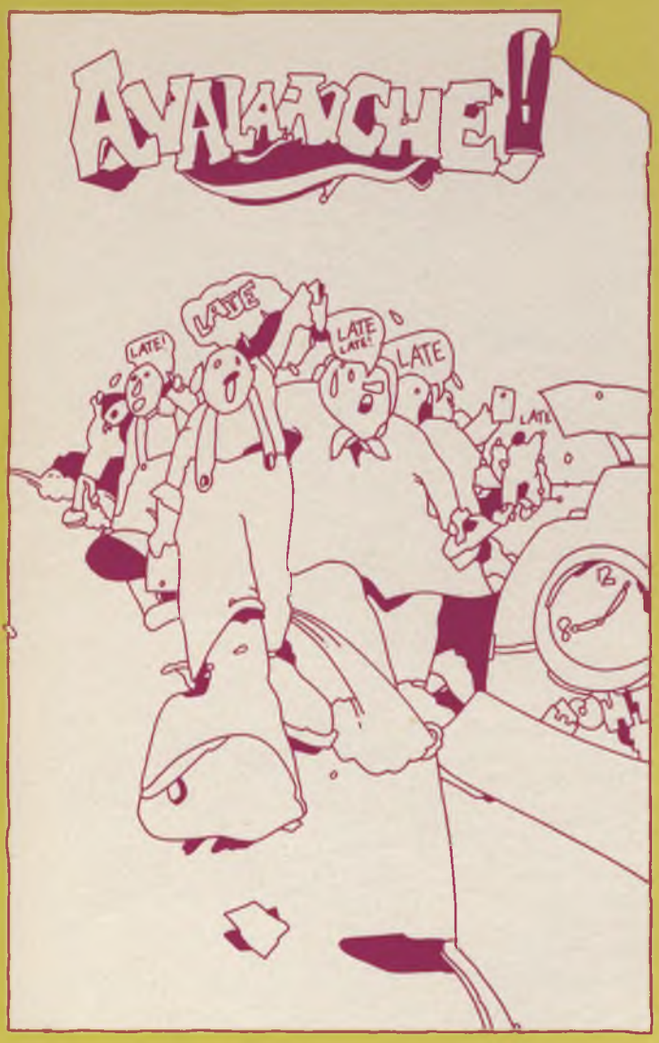
Felix Dennis

THE FIRM
M.J.WELLER
THE FIRM HAS BEEN RUNNING FOR YEARS
ALTHOUGH THE STAFF MAY FREQUENTLY CHANGE
IT IS EASY TO FALL INTO PLACE
IT IS HARDER TO STAY OUT OF RANGE

IF YOU KNOW THE TOOLS OF YOUR TRADE
THE FIRM IS IDEALLY PLACED
THEY CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH A JOB
AND BENEFITS YOU SHOULD'NT WASTE

THIS LAND IS MADE OF PEOPLE
IN MANY DIFFERENT KINDS
SOME USE THEIR ARMS AND LEGS

OTHERS USE THEIR MINDS


AVALANCHE!
LATE!
LATE
LATE LATE!
LATE
LATE

CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK
SEENK ENUFF OF THE MOURNIN' MADE MATCHINE BREAK
TEE BRAKE

A YOUNG GIRL TYPES HIS LETTERS
AND SHE ALSO MAKES HIS TEA
COCKS HIS MEAL AND DARNS HIS SUCKS
THEN GIVES HERSELF WHEN SHE'S FREE

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER
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OINK!

Ed Belchamber

STOP PRESS: OZ OBSCENITY TRIAL JUNE 22 OLD BAILEY

The contortions of modern cricket

A commentary on the current state of the game

An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Well, I say "An orgasm a day keeps the psychiatrist away." How are you doing out there with your own sexual revolution? Rufus Collins, Living Theatre Black Freak Beautiful makes the observation : "It's a constant battle to free myself from my own sexual mores but each time I overcome in that particular battle I am opened up further. When one finally realizes that everything is sexual and most of the frustrations in the world are sexual frustrations then it becomes absolutely necessary to hammer on the door of the sexual revolution." Yes, yes, Brother Rufus, you are so right! And for all of you who do not know, there is the newspaper *Suck* hammering away.

Suck was the sponsor of the *Wet Dream Film Festival*, the worlds first so-called pronographic film festival, which took place in Amsterdam last November. I understand that *Suck* plans to sponsor another *Wet Dream Film Festival* in Amsterdam, the 20th to 24th of October. All film makers interested in participating should contact *Suck*.

Attention all you sexual atheletes. Next year in Munchen during the same period of the Olympic Games, reliable rumour has it that the first Sexual Olympics will also take place. The people organizing the *Sexual Olympics* have asked me to help them in various ways, so if you have ideas or if you think that you are a record-breaker , please write to me c/o OZ.

For me, sex is the root of most human pleasure and/or anxiety. Among earthly pleasures, it ranks supreme, just above food and hot showers. I feel that most of the world's problems could be solved if we all could develop a tender concern for each other. Wilhelm Reich believes that the determining factor of the mental health of a population is the condition of its natural love life. There is a society in Amsterdam called *Sexual Eglitarian and Liberation Fraternity* who also believe with Reich that the sexual revolution *is* the political revolution. They have issued a statement which I feel is so important that I would like to pass it on to you.

Tenderness, mutual respect, freedom and tolerance — these are all words we should associate with sex and love. The act of making love can be a statement of profound tenderness and concern for another human being. In this world of different languages, religions, races, cultures, and classes, sex is an incommonality — something common to all of us. When we are unafraid and free from possessiveness it will make little difference what kind of social organization we choose to live under, because we will be open, kind, and generous. It is sexual frustration, sexual envy sexual fear which permeates all our human relationships and which perverts them. The sexually liberated, the sexually tolerant and the sexually generous individuals are open, tolerant, and generous in all their activities. Therefore S.E.L.F. wishes to encourage sexual freedom, sexual tolerance, and sexual generosity.

How is this for a beautiful mad idea? Would it not be fun if in every part of the world a bell could be sounded every day at a different time, and when you heard the bell, you stopped cooking, eating, walking, talking, etc and made love with the person (or persons) nearest you, no matter their age or sex!

How many of you know that in October 1967 the American Congress created the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, and that after two years and two million dollars of study and research, the Commission in its 900 page report urged that obscenity laws should be repealed. And in fact that pure pornography (whatever that means) might have socially redeming value. But needless to say, in October 1970 President Nixon totally rejected the Commission's findings without even bothering to read any of the Report. I understand that the Report will be published soon in France and in Germany. (It is in Germany, by the way, where we might find another censorship free zone. Starting from little Denmark, the right to read and see any material has spread to Sweden and to Holland. Should one dare to ask when these same rights will be available in England?) In G. Legman's classic study of censorship *Love and Death*, he writes: "Murder is a crime, describing murder is not. Sex is not a crime. Describing sex is. Why?"

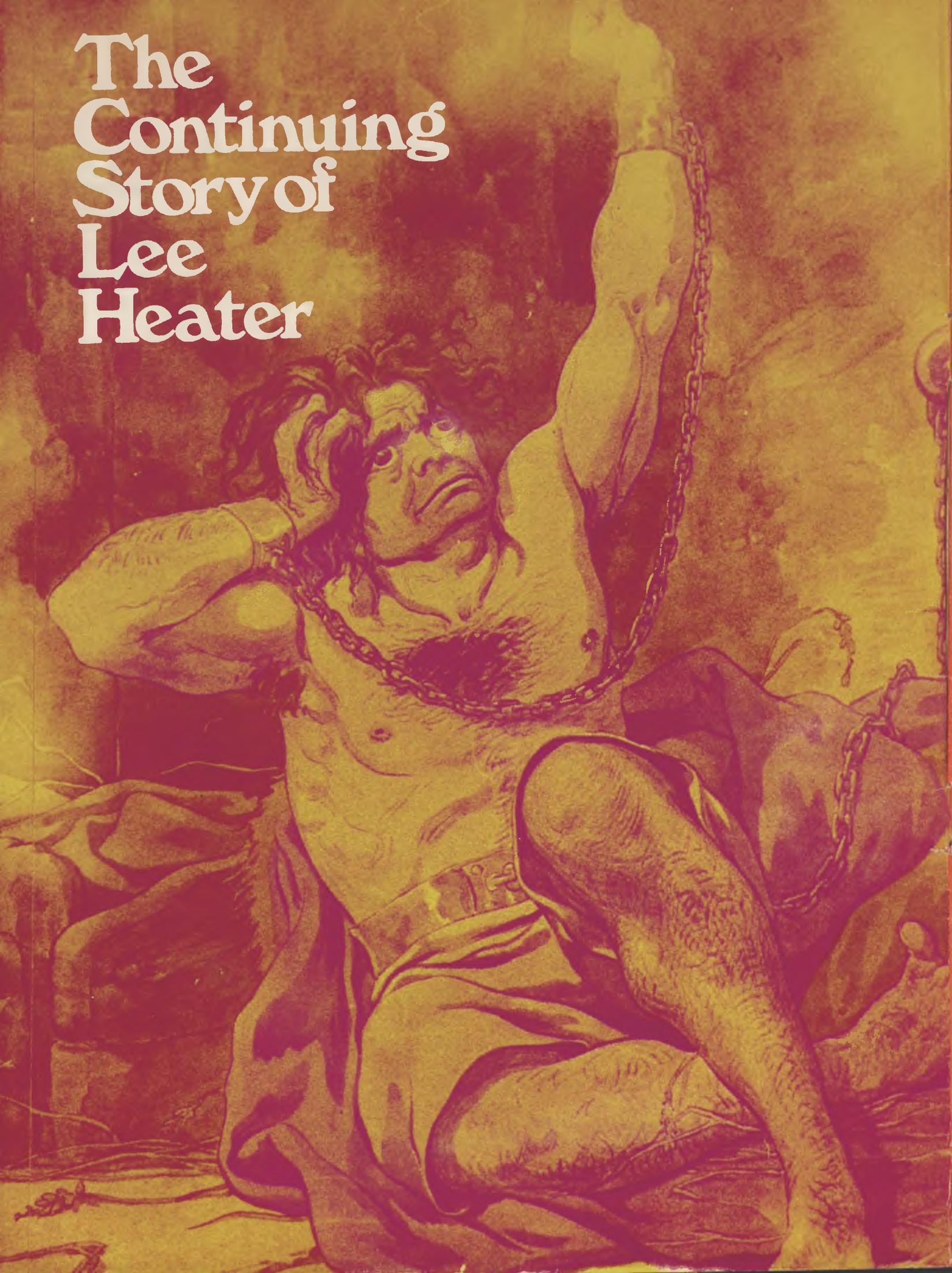
For a look at the evolution of the sexual revolution as seen thru the eyes of an innocent Frenchman, you might look at the book *The Danish Sexfairs* by Jean-Claude Lauret, published by Jasmine Press. And if you would like to see a woman's point of view, I highly recommend the Betty Dodson interview in the February issue of *Evergreen Review*. Betty Dodson has some beautiful ideas and expresses them forthrightly: "There is a lot of conflict between men and women over sex and sex roles. If all erotic material is degrading to women, that really means that *sex* is degrading to women. If a woman has had nothing but sex-negative experiences then looking at pictures about sex will understandably make her feel degraded. The answer lies not in trying to do away with erotic art or sex, but in trying to get some joy out of both. How we relate to sex is how we relate to the world. A sex-positive person is going to have a more positive attitude towards the world."

A small Buckminster Fuller quote worth pondering: "We should do away with the absolutely specious notion that everybody has to earn a living. It is a fact today that one in ten thousand of us can make a technological breakthrough capable of supporting all the rest. The youth of today are absolutely right in recognizing this nonsense of earning a living. We keep inventing jobs because of this false idea that everybody has to be employed at some kind of drudgery because, according to Malthusian Darwinian theory he must justify his right to exist. So we have inspectors to inspect inspectors. The true business of people should be to go back to school and think about whatever it was they were thinking about before somebody came along and told them they had to earn a living." It is about time we think about establishing a minimum income for everyone — man, woman, and child; and we all return to living a full creative life style. For me, the definition of work is doing something you do not like doing. And therefore one should "work" (in that sense) as little as possible. In fact in this special sense, I have almost never worked in my life. I have spent energy teaching, writing, bookselling, publishing, producing theatre, running a cinema, etc etc, but it was all fun. I did not do any of these things for the money reward; the "work" itself was its own reward. When I go to my Metro stop and I see this young lovely girl punching tickets I want to cry out in pain. This is a crime. What is the meaning of her life? Public transportation should be free, and this young girl should be traveling around the world, exploring, growing, laughing, spreading joy and happiness, and *not punching stupid tickets* in an airless box.

How many of you out there are happy? How many of you are lonely? How many would like to meet someone? How many would like to communicate to another? I would like to have your autobiographies. Please, those who are interested, write me your life story. Make it as short or as long as you wish. If you can, please use a typewriter. Also please add your address, so that we can contact you. Address your letter to Jim Haynes, Global Village News, OZ. Needless to say, we will not print a word of it without contacting you first.

Jim Haynes.

The Continuing Story of Lee Heater



Lee Heater left Los Angeles for Asia in 1967. Four years later he is back there, facing charges of rape and child molesting which could conceivably bring him life imprisonment, castration or both. He is classified in Orange County (whatever you do, don't get busted in redneck Orange County) as MDSO (mentally defective sexual offender) and as the date fixed for his trial approaches, he becomes increasingly more resigned to a future behind bars. Since his golden days in Katmandu, Marrakech and London (see Oz 24 *'Lee in the Sky with Diamonds'* and *'A Hippie Odyssey'* in Playpower) he has become tired, heavy and much older, given to melancholy and self pity, surrounded by a deep slow sadness as he waits for the State of California to stamp his future. He is out on bail, a 33,000 dollar cash bond, put up by Kathy Hayes, his wealthy ex-wife who has been his guardian angel for many years, paying for collect telephone calls from the ends of the earth, sending thousands of dollars to remote goals, embassies and communes to save Lee from the toils which his endless search for peace of mind lands him in. Lee's life is a struggle for those simple things which most of us can take for granted — a place to sleep, something to eat, dope perhaps, and some form of social acceptance.

Lee follows the Book of Tao. While on bail in England on a possession of cannabis charge, Lee took a reading of the I Ching which said 'split'. He went to Belfast, then to Dublin.

Eire

"All the time I was moving around in Ireland I would put my hair up on my head in a net, and wear this big hat. I even had a hair net from one ear round my chin to the other ear to keep my beard tight and not looking so messy and straggly. But they would still point their finger at me, laughing and hee-hawing, and calling me dirty hippie, dirty freak, cut your hair, things like that, but they didn't molest me or bother me in any way."

"I went on a train to somewhere in the south where they were freaked out to have a hippie in town. There were other heads around but they didn't even realise they lived there until I came down to visit them. They lived about 2½ miles out and I arrived in a taxi with a whole armload of comic books, a big box of groceries, my record player, a whole case of albums and well, I guess I came on their scene a little strong. One guy there was a real artist with a big red beard who did really fantastic paintings. And a young Jewish girl who had been tripping out in Israel. All the kids there were living rough off the land, with no electricity and baking their own bread. They didn't want candy, they didn't want music. They had a different scene going and I interrupted it. They took a little time to get used to me, especially since that first evening they were all on acid. I just couldn't cope with the vibrations, but one of the girls asked me with a mischievous look in her face if I wanted to trip with them. She handed me two caps of acid and I downed them. Outside the wind blew, I could hear the roar of the sea, the house was completely surrounded by woods. I didn't know my way around, the fire slowly went out, they all went to bed and I started to freak out. Man, I really met the little people of Ireland that night."

"One day in the village I could see the children at recess at the back of the school. I asked the teller at the bank where I changed my money to give me one poundsworth of pennies, which was four rolls of pennies. On my way back to the farm, I went behind the school wall, opened up the rolls and threw the pennies over. They hit the concrete making a lot of noise. All the children were at the windows looking out, so I was unable to throw the last roll, because I was afraid they would see me. I snuck away and it was a big mystery for them. They had no idea where the pennies came from. It was beautiful, what a trip."

"I had a groovy time in the train, playing the flute and showing the ticket collector the picture of me in Oz magazine. He sat in the cabin with me while I rolled a joint and talked to him. When I got off the train, he did too and it turned out he was the conductor of the bus as well, helping people off and on and all that. He really was a nice gentleman and didn't think anything about me smoking but he wouldn't let me do it on the bus. He said it wouldn't be polite to smoke hashish on the bus, so I cooled it."

"When I got back to Dublin, I didn't know where to go. I wore out 15 taxis that night. They would be unable to find me a room then get tired of me. One took me back to the railway station and said that I could spend the night in the waiting room. But the waiting room closed up, they made me leave and I wound up in an all night coffee bar, the only one in town. I had all this baggage and luggage and eventually one taxi driver found me a hotel and I was OK for a couple of days. I wore my hair net all the time, but after breakfast one morning the little girl at the hotel showed me another room downstairs way at the back and said that I would have to stay there. They were pushing me off into a corner cubby hole so the other guests would not be able to see me. I said I was an American visitor to their country and I wouldn't live in a room like that.

"After a few days the landlady got uptight and threatened to call the police. I gave this guy nearly £30 and he rented a room for me in some outasite neighbourhood. It was the low class district of town, on a deadend street and the house was full of — of well, whatever. They were pretty nice people. The main thing was I had a roof over my head and a place to go out of the cold. Being in the eye of the public for days without knowing the hippie scene or anything in Dublin was pretty freaky. I went down to Trinity College and met this couple who decided to move in with me. They needed a place and it was OK by me. They were using those needles man, they were shooting up. I told them not to shoot up in the room, not to keep anything there as I didn't want to lose my house. There was a groovy scene that night down at the Trinity College. Some stage festival and Underground movies. Met a lot of kids and they kinda latched on to me. We had a few joints upstairs and decided to see a movie outside. We saw The Producers, even smoked some hash in the theatre and it was really neat. Afterwards I invited them all back to my place to smoke some more dope. We were by some record store with lots of kids inside looking at records. I was just skipping around outside, skipping up and skipping down when narcotics officer Mullens with Sergeant Frighty in his little automobile happened to be passing by and yelled out "There's our No. 1 CIA or FBI or whatever man". They looked me over good and said "May we talk to you alone?" They took me into the alley and shook me down up against the wall. In one of my boxes of matches they found a little bitty piece of hash. They said

Photos: David Nutter

they had a warrant for my arrest from England and took me away in the car. I yelled, "Hey, man, someone help me". They all wanted to help and one of them, a fantastic kid named Larry jumped in the car with us. I had taken my keys with me and the address was right on the key ring so they went straight to my house and caught those two kids, with their needles and everything."

Next day, Lee appeared in court and the charges against him, including those in England, were read out. "I didn't want to hear any of it man. I didn't want to hear and I closed my ears." He was remanded in custody for seven days and taken to Mountjoy Prison.

He made a couple of nerve racking court appearances at the end of one of which he threw a cake tin at the judge. "I was listening to the judge and from his attitude I thought he was going to say "Remanded back to Mountjoy" so when he said "Remand —" I shouted "You dirty motherfucker, you can't send me back to the hate farm", and threw the cake tin in the air. I didn't intend to hit him, but it went in his direction. I was so tensed up, wanting to get out of prison so bad. Later I found out what he was going to say was "Remanded in your own custody." I had to spend an extra seven days in gaol for that."

Lee was given a two month sentence which he appealed. Out on bail, his friends at Trinity College who had helped him with food, magazines and lawyers throughout his stay in prison, found him somewhere to stay. "This one guy Hawkey got me an apartment in a beautiful place called Donnebrook. He was a real turned on cat, a beautiful guy and we soon had a real hippie scene going. Lots of kids moved in and took care of the house. We did lots of meditating, smoking and listening to music. It was pretty good there for about ten days. Riding on the buses, going down to Trinity College, scenes in the park and it was wow, really groovy. There was a very nice family downstairs with a little boy about 9 years old and he smoked marijuana with us in the room. It was like having your own kid. He'd come up and see me every day, go to the store for me. He was a real Irish kid, could sing and play the guitar and was really good with the chillum and the joints. He thought those fat English joints were too much. Then he found out it was illegal and he wouldn't smoke with me no more."

"I don't know why Mullens picked on me again. He just came busting in one night. I said "Mullens, get out you are interrupting a religious ceremony. This is my house. Don't I have any privacy whatsoever?" Everyone had been stoned all day and no one had got together a fire, so they found thrity five roaches. There were eleven of us busted, the twelfth was the one who had snitched on us. The night before while I was asleep he had gone off with £30 I had in my pocket. All the kids got off but me. I got six months. The judge said he was going to make an example of me. They didn't want my kind of person in the community and blah blah blah etc. I appealed it but they wouldn't grant me bail this time."

"When I was in gaol they cut my hair, and that really was a downer. For four or five days I couldn't eat or sleep. I couldn't do nothing. Mr Burns the Superintendent had promised that my hair wouldn't be cut. At Mountjoy they feed you right in your cell. At noon, I had my dinner and took a crap in the shit-jack. There's no toilet, just a little pot. I don't like those pots and everyone tries to get a guard up to unlock your cell to let you out. Sometimes it takes a long time to get a guard up and during the rest period they don't want to fool with you. I had to go real bad so I just went ahead and used the shit-jack. Then I laid back down on the bunk, rolled up a cigarette getting real comfortable and was about to doze off when they opened up my cell door and 6 or 8 guards came in on me. They said they had direct orders from the governor to cut my hair. They brought in this convict Bobby who stood there ready to do it. I told him to do his thing, man, but he looked all around and said, "No, man, I can't cut it. It's too religious," and he walked out. As he was walking out, something in my head told me to do something. I reached out into that piss pot. One of the guys said, "Stay where you are." I said, "I ain't moving," grabbed a big hunk of that shit, threw it up into my hair and said "OK now start cutting," and with that, they all ran out of the cell and shut the door. Suddenly there I was, no water in the cell and this crap running down all over me and on to my face. It was just thick in my hair and dripping all over the cell. I couldn't wash it out or get out of the cell so I put a paper bag over my head, trying to keep the smell down and stop the dripping. The stink was really terrible. I started banging on the door and shouting for them to let me go to the bathroom. I heard lots of movement outside. I didn't know what they were doing, but they got everyone out of their cells and made them go to the recreation yard. Then about twelve of them came to get me with clubs and surgical masks over their faces. Wow, I wondered what they were gonna do. I said "At least let me go wash my head." They said to go ahead. I went downstairs, got the lice soap and started scrubbing. I washed and rinsed it four times. I kept doing it because I knew as soon as I stopped they were going to cut it off. I just wanted to keep it a few minutes more, man. I didn't want it to go. Then they ran me across into a padded cell and made me sit down on the floor. They brought in this wino, this drunk and he clipped my hair. They paid him twenty cigarettes to do it."

Lee settled down to serve his sentence, very stoned every day, until they discovered that he was getting hash smuggled in through the lead of coloured pencils. They stopped the next batch, substituted nutmeg, let Lee fuck himself about a little smoking the nutmeg, then sentenced him to 40 days solitary confinement. "It wasn't too much of a punishment except that I was alone. Prisoners and guards alike kept me supplied with comic books and magazines to read. The guards remembered that while I was out on bail at Easter I had stopped by the prison with a whole lot of fruit which they let me pass out. So they were pretty nice to me. I loved everyone of the guards while I was in the hold and played little games with them. I took them on the trip that I was going to buy Mountjoy Prison from the Irish Government and turn it into a hippie commune. After fifteen days were done, the Big Chief came in and said he had orders to release me. The Minister of Justice signed the papers for my deportation back to the States. They brought in all my stuff, loaded me on a plane and a few hours later I was in New York. I thought the FBI would be on the plane to bust me the minute I arrived for flight to avoid prosecution, but when I got off they weren't there."

Upon arriving in New York, Lee telephoned Kathy to let her know he was back. They decided the safest thing to do was to settle in Canada. There is no country in the world where Lee Heater can live at liberty — Morocco, unsurprisingly, accomodated him the longest. Canada, also unsurprisingly, put up with him the least. Despite its pacifist politics and rampant liberalism at government level, Canada is not, I suspect, a good place for the uncompromising gypsy acid freak. All he did in Canada, says Lee, was stay in his room and smoke dope, while he waited 60 days to close the deal on a farm Kathy bought him. He intended to start up a commune on his own property for a change, instead of somebody elses. They busted him at Lindsay, Ontario, on a trumped up charge of possession of marijuana seeds (not even marijuana, says Lee, just some local plant) put him in gaol, bail refused, then transferred him to a mental hospital at Whitby for Christmas. He was discharged from there after 17 days, classified A1 condition, and returned to gaol. ("That really freaked the cunt of a governor at the gaol. He was sure I was crazy.") Eventually he was sentenced to 1 day in gaol 250 dollars fine after spending three months behind bars. Disaster followed disaster — Kathy, the most innocent and sweetest looking lil ole lady you could ever want to meet, was completely stripped and shaken down at the Canadian border by some ferocious female official, and Lee, deported from Canada as an undesirable alien, was arrested on arrival in the States for flight to avoid prosecution. He spent several weeks in the 'ding-a-ling tank' in Orange County Gaol before Kathy put up the bail and promised to look after him at home.

"The ding-a-ling tank was reserved for child molesters and police informers. The other prisoners would snigger and call me 'baby raper' or 'snitcher', threaten to put poison in my food. I didn't mind them calling me a dirty old man. I know where their heads are at. I know what that scene is going to be like for a few thousands of generations before they open up the door and let me out again. Those places are just hate farms. All they're doing is spreading hate, and if you give them hate back in return, you're playing their game. If you love them. it makes it uncomfortable for them and they have to keep saying "Well I'm sorry man, I gotta do this to you but it's my job". Well, the soldier who nailed him to the cross was only doing his job too. I'd carry on conversations like that with the guards. I think they were glad to get rid of me."

So Lee now lives at home in suburban Fountain Valley with Kathy while he awaits trial. He moves around the spotless house like some shaggy bear, used to vast wildernesses and mountain crags to expand into. Kathy is neat. Lee eats what is left of his roaches but wherever he is he creates his own special chaos. "Oh Lee, don't do that." "Lee, turn that music down," says Kathy in her little girl voice. There is gentle conflict all day long between two opposing life styles, thrown together in one household. Lee moves from colour TV, stereo headphones chillums and comic books to refrigerator stocked with every kind of processed food under the sun — the streamlined wealth of the American supermarket is at his disposal. He is getting fat — huge cartons of milk, foot long bananas, butterscotch pudding, quarts of ice cream, Lee is indulging himself — the lean noble savage of the international pot trail has become an ash dropping loveable, eccentric old tramp. Kathy's friends no longer call now that Lee is in residence.

She attaches no blame to them. She doesn't drink or smoke or take drugs of any kind, and sees no conflict between what she stands for and what Lee stands for. Thinks Ronald Reagan is a wonderful man ("He is right, after all, isn't he.") but believes at the same time that everyone must have freedom to be themselves. She is one of these shrewd innocents that get through their life like a perpetual boo-boo-be-doop girl. She is a warm tireless conversationalist, with a total recall memory and I listened to her for hours on such topics as her nine month trip to Washington to sue (successfully) the Government for misappropriation of her land in Beverley Hills, and her marriage to Lee ("You wouldn't think it now, but years ago, he was the sexiest thing on two legs.") I don't think there is anyone in the world better able to understand Lee and cope with his problems. "Now you see why I always come back to my little Kitty?" says Lee. I felt a little worried about her. In ten years she has moved to smaller and smaller houses in the Los Angeles area, always in a less select, less expensive quarter. Is Lee getting through her money? All those trans-atlantic calls collect from Marrakech, Paris, London, Dublin. Those whims of his she indulges. My plane fare. The farm. The trips to Mexico. Lee's cars. Her Cadillac is four years old. Can't she afford a new one? The 25,000 dollar retainer fee for Gladys Root, the legal profession's answer to Gloria Swanson, whom Kathy and Lee have hired to defend him at his trial. She lives off Wilshire Boulevarde in a grand mansion in a grand grand manner like some ageing Hollywood movie queen. Whenever I met her she was on the verge of collapse from overwork — falling asleep, eyes hooded with the barbiturates injected by her doctor to allow her to rest. Gin soaked voice, razor sharp mind, asking difficult questions: "What *is* acid?" "What do you mean, alternative culture?" "Timothy Leary? Tell me about him." Snowy hair pulled tightly back, she is glamour with a capital G. Amerikan money aristocracy. The telephone rang constantly. Once she spoke for an hour to Rome concluding some incredible deal in oil or gold or antiques or something Another time it was an interminable call to Miami. Lots of my time in LA was spent waiting for Gladys to arrive wake up or get off the phone. Her entrances were always spectacular. A huge ball of a hat in candy colour artificial fur, a tent coat of enormous proportions — wide fur pants, stiletto heeled, silver studded shoes, glasses with diamonds and a chain. A house of mirrored walls, black and red leather resting places, enormous reception rooms like a swank club, kidney shaped swimming pool, electric moving painting occupying pride of place on one dark wall. I'm sure that whatever sentence Lee gets, Gladys, (who rarely loses a case) will make sure it is the minimum. She knows nothing about Lee's new life style, but she understands and likes him and by the time of the trial she will know enough, to sweep in and mesmerise the jury. She will look right, sound right and it doesn't really matter very much what she says. A criminal trial is a very special form of Grand Guignol and Gladys is a star performer.

There was the usual atmosphere of restlessness about Lee as he took me here and there on a sentimental journey to his favourite haunt before being perhaps castrated and put away forever as he resignedly kept saying, shaking his head and sighing. Laguna Beach — the only pretty place between LA and San Diego. Pigs and paranoia everywhere. In the canyon away from the beach, a large colony of heads living in little shacks and houses, tall trees, warm air, lots of music, dope, kids, friendship, the new America. Outside on the endless freeways, the majority Amerika. Americans are traffic. We were not troubled by the police at any stage, but Lee's hatred of them made them a constant threat. An endless search for dope, day in day out. It's a bad day for for Lee if he isn't totally zonked. Newport Beach Pier. In his straight days before the love-ins of 1967 Lee used to have a boat and earned his living as a fisherman. Lee played about on the pier like a little kid. He is a thirteen stone, forty year old little boy. Like a boy he can look after himself, but he needs a lot of guidance, because adventurous little boys can get in to an awful amount of trouble. Hard bitten, leathery, beer drinking fisher friends, still there, kidding him about his dope habit.

Lee loved giving the V sign to anyone who even looked remotely like a head and across the border in Mexico, he gave it to everyone. He was always picking up hitch-hikers, turning them on with his story. Staying with him while I was there was an ex GI dope freak, just kicked a heroin habit zombie, that Lee had met on the road. A giggling and farting shell. Spaced out. Groovy, hey man, lets go get some chickies. Not going anywhere, been nowhere, shoving into himself indiscriminately any drug that came along, drifting with the wind, rootless, shiftless. I can't even remember his name.

The Los Angeles ugliness was very familiar — Southern California has been well documented. The smog, the endless suburbia, the plastic, the city without a heart or centre — it was all sort of true. A city for cars, nobody walking. Big Sur, on the other hand was one of the most beautiful places I have seen. Mountains coming down to the sea are pretty spectacular. In mid-afternoon as we were climbing out of some long glorious canyon filled with redwoods and sunlight, we saw approaching several men, in broadbrimmed cowboy hats, guns at their side, riding the most glossy dappled grey horses. They came closer. I said good afternoon with a big grin. They stared back, then passed on. "Hi" said Lee. "Hi", one of them replied, "you furry freak, and your spaced out long haired friends, why don't you fuck off." And on they trotted. "Outasite outasite", yelled Lee after them. "Howdy neighbour. Too much", and was about to launch into a tirade. They reined in their horses, looked round. I imagined them considering us, reaching for their guns. . . . We bundled Lee back into the car and drove off, round a corner, back into the paradise. It wasn't much, but it was enough to send waves of paranoia crashing through me. Enemies. There are serpents in the Big Sur garden of Eden.

Its hills and valleys are full of hippies, and freaks, camping along the river beds, walking the trails, growing into the landscape as any good country acid taker eventually does. Lots of big dealers there. Hard bitten heads, living in little wooden houses over-looking private beaches, sitting on some of the most expensive real estate on the whole West Coast. Watching the sun go down each day in mindblowing Pacific glory. Everyone talked of how bad the summer would be, how thick Big Sur would be with tripping freaks. No byway or stream would be untouched, the canyons and trails would be full of tribes of new primitive men, hunting, surviving, living a new nomadic life. The new hunters, the acid gypsies. The big boys talked of going down to Columbia. That's where everyone was going this summer. The NOW place. The next transient hippie nation. San Francisco, Formentera, Marrakech, Katmandu, Costa Rica, Goa, they come, stay, get kicked out, leave their indelible mark.

Lee is an original. The ex-Korean war veteran, former police informer, straight, hustling competitive American, who got freaked out. He is the marriage of the psychedelic culture at its most extreme, with American silent majority life style at its midwestern worst. "Lee has always been the same." says Kathy. "He's got long hair now and doesn't wash and wears Indian clothes, old clothes, but he was just the same when he had short hair and wore tuxedos." He is the big brash loud talking American American tourist loaded down with cameras and binoculars so familiar in London, but in beads and bells, and looking for dope.

Lee sits and sighs, quotes from the Book of Tao: "Tao is at the source of everything, treasure for the good, refuge for the bad . . . the sinner shall find Tao and be forgiven . . . thus the weak can overcome the strong, the flexible can overcome the rigid . . . the truly wise say whoever bears the shame of the nation is fit to lead the nation . . . true words can create a paradox . . . " At six o'clock on the morning I left Los Angeles, Lee was shouting desperately, endlessly into the tape recorder, "Love, love, love, love, love . . . "

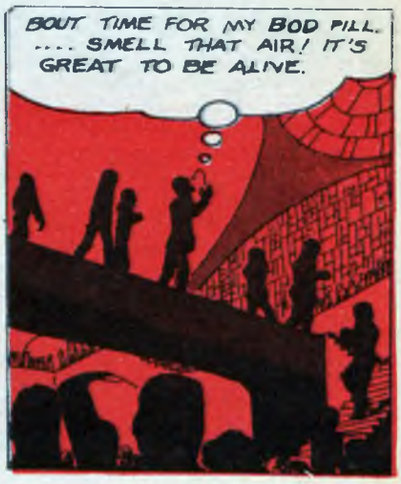
Jim Anderson

HOWIE IN THE WORLD
GORE 79
HEY HOWARD, THE HOLIDAY STARTS IN A FEW MINUTES. LET'S HEAD FOR THE COCK OLYMPICS IN KANSAS.
NO NICK. NANCY AND I ARE SPLITING FOR THE SUNNY BEACHES OF AUSTRALIA FOR SOME FRESH AIR AND FREEDOM.
FRESH AIR AND FREEDOM? YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF THAT ANYWHERE. THE SUN SHINES EVERYWHERE ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH!!!

OF COURSE I KNOW THAT!... NANCY JUST WANTS TO GET AWAY. NOTHING COULD BE BETTER THAN HERE WHERE BEAUTY AND PEACE REIGNS... WE MERELY WANT TO EXPERIENCE SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

TALK LIKE THAT CAN ONLY LEAD TO TROUBLE!
BZZZZZZZ
AH, THE SHIFT IS OVER!

HI NANCY! READY FOR SOME FUN IN THE SUN?
HI HOWIE! YOU BETCHA!


BOUT TIME FOR MY BOD PILL. .... SMELL THAT AIR! IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE.

HERE WE GO!
ZZOOOWW!!!

OH HOWIE, THE LAND, THE SEAS AND SKY ARE ALL SO BEAUTIFUL AND WONDERFUL!
YES, ONE CAN'T HELP BUT BE OVERWHELMED BY THE MAGNIFICENCE!

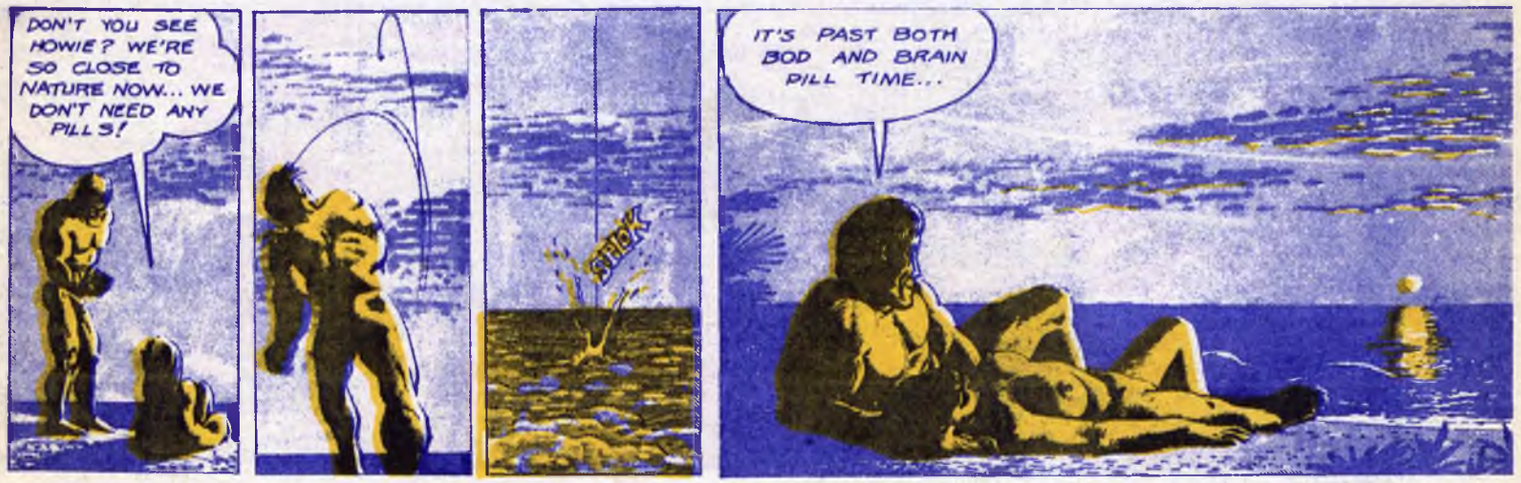
WE'RE MAKING GOOD SPEED. WE'LL BE THERE IN TIME FOR AFTERNOON SNACKS AND BRAIN PILLS!

PILLS! HOWARD LET'S FORGET ABOUT THE PILLS AND THE OTHER ARTIFICIAL PARTS OF OUR EXISTENCE.

I'LL SET HER DOWN HERE!

OOOH HOWIE, IT'S SO GROOVY!!
NANCY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
C'MON HOWIE! IT'S EXHILARATING!

STOP IT!
GOTCHA


DON'T YOU SEE HOWIE? WE'RE SO CLOSE TO NATURE NOW... WE DON'T NEED ANY PILLS!
SHOK
IT'S PAST BOTH BOD AND BRAIN PILL TIME...

A DIM LIGHT!.. IS IT DAWN?

IT SHOULD BE LIGHT BY NOW. WHATS THAT MUCK ON THE GROUND?
SQUISH SQUISH!

IT'S EVERYWHERE! ... GOOD GOD, IT'S ALL OVER MY BODY.
WHERE IN HELL DID THIS SHIT COME FROM?

AGK!
MY HANDS! MY BODY!

HOWARD!... HOWARD, I CANT MOVE! I FEEL LIKE I'M ENCASED IN SOME KIND OF SHELL.

A SHELL!... WE'RE IN SHELLS... PLASTIC SHELLS THAT WE WERENT AWARE OF!!...

THE PILLS! WHERE ARE THEY? "TAKE YOUR PILLS OR YOU'LL GO MAD!"

OH HOWARD, HELP ME!
I MUST GET FREE OF THIS SHELL!

...AH! I'VE FOUND THE OPENING. THE CASING DRAINS MY STRENGTH. ...I'LL MAKE IT!
HOWARD, I DONT FEEL GOOD! TAKE ME HOME!

NANCY... I MADE (CHOKE!) IT! HAK-KOFF

AGK HAK THE AIR! CHOKE GULP! GOUG-T!

HOWARD! NANCY! WHERE ARE YOU?

HICK! COUGH! COUGH!
GOOD LORD!

BLAM

SLUCK

HERE THEY ARE! GOD! HOWARD'S BEEN DISEMBOWELED!

THE CREATURE MUST HAVE DONE IT. HOWS THE GIRL?

SHE'LL PULL THROUGH.. WHERE'S THE CREATURE?

IT DISAPPEARED!... LIKE ALL GARBAGE!
THE END

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The Bob Sleigh Case

Stanislav Demidjuk

A liberal would describe the Bob Sleigh case as an example of gross injustice. The Observer, Sunday Times and Guardian refused to inform the public of the case because "it was prejudicial against the police". The Law Courts, on three subsequent occasions, cleared the victim entirely of all charges held against him, yet in the end, now, Bob Sleigh is the loser, while the guilty, the police, prison authorities and the Home Office, get away with the destruction of a man's life just as easily as they caused it.

Bob Sleigh, a quiet, easy-looking freak, was 18 when he was arrested in July, '69, for possession of 2.4 grams of cannabis. He was busted during a raid on a flat in Powis Square and swears that he was planted, as opposed to the arresting officer's statement which claimed "an attempt to swallow the substance upon his entry". For this, his first offence, he was remanded in custody at Ashford Remand Centre, both bail and legal aid being refused, and spent 5 weeks there before being released on a £50 surity to await trial. This case finally came before the court in January '70 but no evidence was offered against Bob because the arresting officer had long since been dismissed from the force. He was acquitted of the charge which eventually cost him a total 3 months imprisonment plus immeasurable mental agony and deterioration.

During the five months before his first trial, Bob was working for the Student Advisory Service as a leafleter. In October, while distributing leaflets at Oxford Circus, he was stopped and searched by two plain-clothes detectives. They found nothing except a bottle of Librium tablets, prescribed by his doctor for a nervous disorder which had developed during his detention in Ashford. Upon suspicion that the tablets were something other than what was written on the bottle, they took him to Marylebone Lane Police Station, searched him again, confirmed the prescription with his doctor over the telephone and were then informed that he was on bail for the cannabis charge. Within half an hour of receiving this information and with all Bob's belongings spread on a table in a room next to the interrogation room he was in, the police presented him with a large bar of chocolate which they claimed was found amongst his possessions. They also claimed that a quantity of cocaine and a hypodermic syringe were concealed inside the package, whereupon the chocolate bar was unwrapped to reveal exactly that. Bob denied ownership of both the bar and its contents but was charged despite the following points. Tony Mellor, distribution manager for Student Magazine, was an eye-witness to the first search in Oxford Circus. He saw no chocolate bar produced during the street search. Richard Branson, editor of Student, upon arriving at the station, asked in which pocket the

chocolate bar had been found. He was told the right-hand pocket of Bob's PVC raincoat. Branson asked to see the coat, examined it and pointed out that the coat had no pockets whatsoever. In addition, the complete absence of needlemarks on his body, a rejection by his doctor that he fixed and more than a dozen statements from friends clearing him of any association with either fixing or dealing cocaine, made it evident that the police had planted Bob Sleigh.

Once again, he was remanded in custody at Ashford; this time he served four weeks before being released on bail. (Four weeks or four days in Ashford is like one year in a pig-sty, to coin an appropriate phrase. You eat shit, get treated like shit and feel like it when you finally get out.)

The cocaine charge was eventually tried by a jury at Central London Sessions in November '70. After evidence from both sides, the jury found Bob not guilty.

Meanwhile, on November 4th '69, no more than one week after he was released on bail for the second charge, Bob was arrested for the third time. He was walking home that evening along Westbourne Grove, Nottinghill Gate, after working late. Two policemen appeared, stopped him, took him into a telephone box, and, according to two witnesses who saw the incident from across the street, "began to beat him up". A police van arrived within a few minutes of the initial assault and took him to the station. While travelling in the van, his head was smashed against the floor several times, and after being charged at the station for assaulting a police officer, he was taken into a cell and beaten again. "They made me take my shoes and socks off and stamped on my feet, then they punched me in the stomach until I fell over. When I went to court the next day, I had a patch of hair missing from the back of my head." The witnesses to the street-beating were not allowed to see Bob when they arrived at the station that evening but did notice a black eye and swollen abrasions around his mouth when they appeared in court the following morning.

He was sent back to Ashford and served an additional three weeks on remand until the assault charge came up for trial. One of these 3 weeks was spent in solitary confinement for allegedly insulting the prison warden. At the trial Bob was unstable on his feet and almost incoherent. His nervous condition had worsened while at Ashford and his doctor urgently requested that he be transferred to the hospital wing, but this never eventuated. After the arresting officer gave what seemed to be almost completely incredible evidence concerning the assault, the magistrate took less than two minutes to find Bob not guilty. This time his innocence cost him not only 3 weeks imprisonment, but straight after his release, four months at Horton Psychiatric Hospital, a prison in itself.

After three arrests, three months in prison and three acquittals, Bob is the only one to pay for the crimes committed against him. Since the last case, most of his time has been spent unemployed almost destitute, his spirit broken, his future dismal, his past socially unacceptable. His solicitor is in the process of suing the police, but even if it ever comes to court, the most he can hope for is money, not justice — small, inadequate compensation for the past two years, but in this society, the best you can get. Police inquiries into his case, particularly the cocaine incident, are apparently being conducted, but if they are successfully sued, investigations, and whatever they disclose, will be dropped, and that will be that. The only public attention his case has had, was an article in IT last year which went largely unnoticed, and brief time on 24 Hours last August which may have caused some public compensation, but nothing else.

In the end, the Bob Sleigh case will be just another atrocity committed by the authorities.

ACT LIKE A LADY

from Gay Dealer

Bend down to pick up an object from the floor. Each time you bend remember to bend your knees so that your rear end doesn't stick up, and place one hand on your shirt front to hold in your chest. This exercise simulates the experience of a woman in a short, low-necked dress bending over.

Run a short distance, keeping your knees together. You'll find you have to take short, high steps if you run this way. Women have been taught it is unfeminine to run like a man with long, free strides. See how far you get running this way for 30 seconds.

Walk down a city street. Pay a lot of attention to your clothing; make sure your pants are zipped, shirt tucked in, buttons done. Look straight ahead. Everytime a man walks past you, avert your eyes and make your face expressionless. Most women learn to go through this act each time we leave our houses. It's a way to avoid at least some of the encounters we've all had with strange men who decided we look available.

Rod Beddall

Sit down in a straight chair. Cross your legs at the ankles and keep your knees pressed together. Try to do this while you're having a conversation with someone, but pay attention at all times to keeping your knees pressed tightly together.

Walk around with your stomach pulled in tight, your shoulders thrown back and your chest thrust out. Pay attention to keeping this posture at all times. Notice how it changes your breathing. Try to speak loudly and aggressively in this posture.

Sit comfortably on the floor. Imagine that you are wearing a dress and that everyone in the room wants to see your underwear. Arrange your legs so that no one can see. Sit like this for a long time without changing your position.

The Medical Effects of Mind-Altering Substances

Drugs	Classification	Method of Taking	Legitimate Medical Uses.	Reasons why drug is sought.	Usual Short Term Effects.	Usual Long Term Effects.
Alcohol.	Sedative — hypnotic	Swallowing	Rare, sometimes used as a sedative for tension.	To relax, escape from tensions, problems, inhibitions. To get 'high'. Seeking manhood or rebellion (particularly those under 21). Social custom and conformity. Massive advertising and promotion. Ready availability.	CNS depressant. Relaxation, sedation, sometimes euphoria, drowsiness, impaired judgment coordination and emotional control. Frequent aggressive behaviour and driving accidents.	Diversion of energy and money from more creative and productive pursuits. Habituation, possible obesity with excessive use. Irreversible damage to brain and liver. Addiction with severe withdrawal illness (dts).
Nicotine, Tobacco, (and coal tar).	Stimulant (mild)	Smoked, chewed.	None — used as an insecticide.	For 'a pick-up' or stimulation. 'Taking a break'. Social custom. Low cost. Advertising. Ready availability.	CNS stimulant. Relaxation (or distraction) from the process of smoking.	Lung (and other) cancer, heart and blood vessel disease, cough. Habituation. Air pollution.
Librium, thorazine, reserpine, valium, miltown, equanil, sinequan, serenid-D, serenace, largactil, fentazin, moditen, neulactil, sparine, stelazine, stemetil.	Tranquilizers	Swallowing pills or capsules.	Treatment of anxiety, tension, alcoholism, neurosis, psychosis, psychosomatic disorders, vomiting, muscle relaxment.	Medical (including psychiatric) treatment of anxiety or tension states, alcoholism, psychosis and other disorders.	Selective CNS depressants. Relaxation, relief of anxiety tensions. Suppression of hallucinations or delusions, improved functioning.	Drowsiness, dryness of mouth, blurring of vision, skin rash, tremor, Occasionally jaundice, agranulocytosis. Can react with amphetamines and potentiate effect.
Marihuana, Hashish, THC.	Hallucinogen — mild	Smoking (inhalation) Swallowing	Treatment of depression, tension, loss of appetite, sexual malajustment, and narcotic addiction.	To get 'high', euphoria, as an escape. To relax, socialize. To conform to various subcultures which sanction its use. For rebellion, deviance. Availability.	Relaxation, euphoria, increased appetite, visual and time changes. Possible impairment of judgment and coordination. Rare panic and paranoid states.	Usually none. Possible diversion of energy and money. Rare flashbacks.
LSD, STP, Mescalin, peyote.	Hallucinogen	Swallowing, injecting, chewing (peyote)	Infantile autism (?), psychotherapy. Experimental study of mind and brain function. Enhancement of creativity and problem solving. Treatment of alcoholism, mental illness, and the dying person. (Chemical warfare)	Curiosity created by recent widespread publicity. Seeking meaning and consciousness expansion. Rebellion, deviance. Availability.	Production of visual imagery, increased sensory awareness, anxiety, nausea, impaired co-ordination, sometimes consciousness expansion. Loosening of emotions, synesthesias, illusions, delusions, paranoia.	Usually none. Sometimes precipitates or intensifies an already existing psychosis; can produce a panic reaction when person is improperly prepared. Flashbacks, paranoia.
Amphetamines: benzedrine, dexadrine, methadrine, and so called 'psychic energisers', filon preludin, ritalin.	Stimulant	Swallowing pills or capsules. Injecting into vein.	Treatment of obesity, narcolepsy, fatigue, depression. Hyperkinetic children.	For stimulation and relief from fatigue. To get 'high', euphoria. General climate encouraging taking pills for everything.	CNS stimulant. Increased alertness, reduction of fatigue, loss of appetite, insomnia, often euphoria, paranoia, hyperstimulation, delusions, hallucinations, dilated pupils.	Restlessness, extreme irritability, weight loss, toxic psychosis (paranoid) Diversion of energy and money. Habituation. Withdrawal: depression, lethargy, and abdominal pain, convulsive fits.
Cocaine.	Stimulant	Sniffing, injecting.	Anesthesia of throat and eye. Local anesthetic.	As above	As above	As above
Barbiturates: phenobarbitone, nembutal, seconal, sodium amytal, soneryl, tuinal. Non-barbiturates: Doridan, mandrax, melsed, quaalude, dormidina, heminernia, oblivon, carbromal, mogadon, welldorm.	Sedative — hypnotic	Swallowing pills or capsules. Injecting capsules.	Treatment of insomnia and tension. Introduction as anesthetic.	To relax, sleep. To get high. Widely prescribed for both specific and non-specific complaints. General climate encouraging taking pills for everything.	CNS depressant. Sleep induction. Relaxation, sometimes euphoria. Drowsiness, impaired judgment, coordination.	Irritability, weight loss, addiction with severe withdrawal illness (like dts). Diversion of energy and money. Habituation. Convulsions, delirium. Can potentiate with alcohol.
Heroin, morphine, opium, codeine, pethidine, physoptone (methadone) Less addictive 'analgesics': fortral, narphen, palfium, ponstan, cough syrups (dimetil, romilar and others).	Narcotic	Smoking, swallowing (opium). Injecting in muscle or vein.	Treatment of severe pain and diarrhoea, cough.	To get 'high', euphoria. As an escape. To avoid withdrawal symptoms. As a substitute for aggressive and sexual drives which cause anxiety.	CNS depressant. Sedation, euphoria, relief of pain. Impaired intellectual functioning and coordination.	Constipation, loss of appetite and weight. Temporary impotency or sterility. Habituation, addiction with unpleasant and painful withdrawal illness.

Based on charts compiled by Sidney Cohen MD and Joel Fort MD.

Potential for Physical Dependence.	Physical Complications.	Potential for Psychological Dependance.	Potential for Tolerance (leading to increased dosage)	Overall potential for abuse.	Mode of death	Antidote
Yes	Gastritis, cirrhosis of liver, pancreatitis, neuritis, brain damage, bleeding tendencies.	High	Yes	High	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
No	Emphysema, bronchitis.	High	Yes	Moderate	None	None
No	None	Minimal	No	Minimal	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
No	Bronchitis	Moderate	None on low doses.	Moderate	Rare	Reassurance
No	Seizures — rare	Minimal	Tolerance present but effect not attainable through increased dosage.	Moderate	Accident and suicide — rare	Reassurance, tranquilizers, sleeping pills.
Yes	Malnutrition, hepatitis, brain damage.	High	Yes	High	Accident, homicide, suicide, infection, overdose.	Sedatives or hypnotics.
Yes	Malnutrition, hepatitis, perforated nasal septum from sniffing.	High	Yes	High	As above	As above
Yes	Ataxia, porphyria, allergic reaction.	High	Yes	High	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
Yes Moderate	Malnutrition, hepatitis, blood stream infections.	High Moderate	Yes	High	Overdose, infection, accident, suicide.	Nalorphine

Drug Chart Extra

The Oz Drug Chart is only a selective list. The mood of the moment is shown by the number of drugs marked to straighten us out and calm us down: 45 antidepressants, 43 hypnotics, 86 sedatives and tranquilizers. Although these groupings are more directed at product - marketing than at peoples' situations, and though there is a great deal of overlap between the groups, the greatest boom is seen in the sedation and tranquilizing market.
LOMOTIL cure for Heroin: cuts out all physical withdrawal symptoms, therefore no aches, no gut pain, very little discomfort. Can get off a good-going (3-6 grain) habit in [illegible] days.
Effor[illegible]ct fluid extracts of marihuana intravenously have produced serious physical collapse and shock.
When [illegible]ounts of THC are given daily, tolerance develops and larger amounts are needed to produce the original effect. Street THC is never THC [illegible] is usually S[illegible]yl.
Large amounts of THC or hashish used over many weeks will produce mild withdrawal effects (irritability and restlessness) on sudden discontinuance.
The material sold as mescaline on the street is usually LSD, sometimes other hallucinogens, never mescaline. LSD sold on the streets is often cut with speed, strychnine etc.

ANTI-DEPRESSANTS such as MAO inhibitors, (marplan, marsilid, nardil, niamid parnate) and aventye, concordin, tryptizol, surmontyl, tofranil used to treat depression, and the reason sought by users, are not included in the chart. The MAO inhibitors can produce severe drug reactions with other drugs (such as the other anti-depressants) and with certain foods eg. Marmite, Bovril, Oxo, cheese, yoghourt, broad beans — which can kill through hypertensive crises.
GLUE, if you are foolish enough to sniff it, can cause cardiac arrest.

LEGAL POSITION: Everyone knows that the only dangerous thing about cannabis is that it is illegal. Acid is not dangerous if used sensibly but it too is illegal with similar penalties. Alcohol and tobacco are readily available of course, with minimal regulations relating to sale and advertising. Tranquillisers, barbiturates, amphetamines are available on medical prescription, although there is a lot of illicit traffic. Narcotics are illegal with heavy penalties for use and trafficing. Heroin is available under tight regulatory conditions to registered addicts.

ACID THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

At the imposingly titled Acid Symposium at the Conway Hall, a number of questions were raised about psychedelics and violence and about where all this psychedelic thing might be leading. Little came from the "symposium", better described as an evening of aimiable chaos but what follows are some comments on these issues that I've written for the forthcoming book *Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty* — a kind of sequel on the social implications to *LSD – The Problem-Solving Psychedelic* (Tandem Books).

In general the critics of psychedelics have taken their stand on very dubious ground when it comes to the question of psychedelic violence and that in this regard they've been about as irresponsible in presenting genuine information as they were with their now discredited chromosome scare (just the other day, incidentally, a report from Philadelphia indicated that genetic damage can be caused by alcoholism). The only disquieting instance I've heard of indicating the possibility of freaky violent complications has to do with the Manson trial — Patricia Krenwinkel in the penalty phase disputed the State's theory that Manson had ordered the killings and that "bloodthirsty robots" carried out his commands, by saying that the slayings on both nights took place while they were "high on acid" *(N.Y. Times, 20/2/71)*. It's difficult to pay too much attention to her testimony, but I don't think there's any doubt that the group were heavily into acid. How connected the use of acid and the killings were, it is impossible at this stage, to say.

What seems surprising about the record on psychedelics so far is that given the immense psychological changes that are produced there's been so little record of violent behaviour. These drugs are highly attractive to many of the most disturbed among us and are used, no doubt, as a challenge, by the reckless, as an outlet for suicidal tendencies by the suicidal and an escape from boredom by the bored. A recent poll of sic hundred college psychiatrists revealed that about 15% of the students in their institutions seek psychiatric help while in their opinion 30% ought to, not to mention the large number of people walking about in our cities who are almost definitely certifiable. The ready availability of acid makes the absence of acid disasters even more remarkable.

As I write, the headlines this morning are about a father of fourteen children who first tried to run over his ex-wife as she got out of her car, then shot her to death and finally turned the gun on himself while three of his children watched. Probably it's fortunate that neither this man nor Mr Leo Held, the lab technician father-of-four who ran berserk a while ago killing six and wounding six, nor Lee Harvey Oswald nor Richard Stark nor the Eagle Scout who got up on that tower in Texas, etc ever could be linked with LSD. If any of them had, I suppose we would be hearing from Dr Sidney Cohen and his friends about these other "LSD murderers".

It is well knbwn that alcohol and amphetamines commonly increase their user's sense of belligerence and courage, and the opiates may be said to be a considerable cause of violence in the sense that a third of the crime in New York City is committed to enable junkies to support their habit. More subtly the amphetamines are also a menace in the manner they sometimes encourage their users to think that they are engaging in some sort of dialogue when in fact they may actually be carrying on a monologue. Eugene Burdick, one of the authors of *Fail-Safe*, records being told by "a hollow-eyed and very brilliant and influential scientist who advocates immediate deterrent warfare" that most of the top defense officials in Washington are a threat because they are taking stimulating drugs. "As he spoke," commented Burdick, this man "unabashedly swallowed a dexedrine pill and explained that he had been working for 28 unbroken hours on a 'missile-intercept problem'. I believed him. I also knew I was staring at a mad man. To give another example, on May 25th, 1965, Jack Ruby, in his first such revelation, declared that after getting up the day he killed Lee Harvey Oswald he took 30 pills — antibiotics and some other pills that "stimulate you and make you want to do positive things".

In this context it seems to me that the psychedelics come off fairly well and that examples brought up, in general, of alleged menace are in fact counter-examples. It's true, yes, that the Hells Angels have used acid — and so has Herman Kahn. But in the first case it seems they beat up on each other less nowadays and that's an advance, I suppose, of sorts. As for Kahn, even if he does think about bombing patterns over China during his trips (as has been said) I don't imagine the insights involved there can be all that helpful . . . and if he keeps his hand in there's always the chance he may get hit by compassion.

At the very least I think we can say that the psychedelics have dissipated or reduced that energy that becomes belligerent and that for many people they seem to satisfy the need for the intensity of living that war supplies. Our philosophy, science and religion are intensifiers of a sort and could be a substitute for war — just as could sports car racing and mountain-climbing which have sometimes been suggested since they also involve a sense of challenge, much risk and a feeling of accomplishment. These things haven't really worked out that way, however, and one reason they haven't may be because by their nature art, science, religion, philosophy and sport — unlike war, which has a role for everybody — are essentially elitist. Psychedelics as intensifiers don't have this elitist quality about them, and thus over a period of time their influence as an anti-war force is much more hopeful.

In warfare you can tell yourself that you're taking the risks involved in the name of an ideology, in the name of a flag or in the name of certain concrete people that you're protecting, and thus you can be totally convinced and play the war game without feeling it's a farce or that it's being done for its own sake. There's simply no ideology that compares to this to justify substituting mountain climbing or sports car racing as a general outlet for external energy. But with the psychedelics people who enjoy them are being kind of tricked into discovering their better natures. If this is so, there's much to be said for them. Certainly better than the sorts of realities pin-pointed in this letter in *Village Voice:*

A personal note: I am enduring a certain amount of pain of remorse these days recalling my attitude over 20 years ago when, at the age of 19, I went to Canada to join the RCAF. And my only fear was that the war would end before I got "into it". It couldn't get big enough or hot enough for me,

that war. Mea culpa. Why did I go? A boring little job as a clerk in Macy's advertising department. The usual unhappy situation at home. And the marvelous excuse of fighting the Nazis. The Jerries. I had a ball. I cannot lie. Those were – so far, anyhow – "the best years of my life". How embarrassing. I cannot count the air raids I endured. Or the hours of cold and discomfort. Or the hours of fright. Or the hours of excitement and joy. I saw the wretched and dispossessed around me. I saw the wounded. And the fires raging. And the sunken ships in the Mersey. I was at mass once when the bombs dropped near by and the old white-haired priest carried on with the consecration with slow reverence and not one member of the congregation budged. Pretty heady wine. Another personal note: My grandmother – now dead – made more of a fuss about my going off the join a monastery that she did about my going off to war. She loved to see me in uniform. And her earliest memory was of being hungry during the Siege of Paris. And she had one son gassed in the First Show, and he preceded her to the grave. And she was a sweet, gently, generous, little old white-haired lady dressed in black. Now you can psychoanalyze me and my grandmother in any direction you like. But we were normal. That is to say, we were in the large majority. I think. It's monstrous. But it's true. So many have so much to be angry about. And they are a menace.

The YageDitran Conjecture

Suppose there were a pill that arrived on the blackmarket before long which allowed you, when taken at bedtime, to remember your dreams the following morning not just in the way you usually remember them but as something you have really experienced in the fullest sense. What this drug would do, in other words, is to plug your dreaming process into your memory banks so that you could have adventures in fantasy that would be absolutely real.

If such a pill were invented it undoubtedly would be of widespread interest – though some might take the attitude that with their dreams, who needs it? – and because of our past experience with certain dreams it would be safe to predict that this development could have fair potential for greatly influencing the rest of history. To give three quite different instances from the past that might suggest what would be at stake, consider the influence just of a) the dream that convinced Mary and Joseph to take Jesus out of Egypt, b) the dream of a snake eating its own tail that catalyzed the breakthrough to a structural picture of the benzine ring and thereby helped lauch organic chemistry, and c) those strange sequential dreams that sometimes came to Robert Louis Stevenson, (when he was broke usually), which he managed to turn into literature. (In the last instance these dreams are said to have had the remarkable quality of continuing just about the length Stevenson could write down the following day – the opening scene of "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" is an example – and of being picked up again though he had no idea where they were leading, the next night.

I raise this concept of a "dream pill" since all of us are in some sense in touch with our dreams, no matter how much we think we repress them, and hence we can perhaps relate to this possibility fairly concretely – it would provide an image which would reverberate in our conscious state and remind us that there are other types of worlds around that exist with their own logic and coherence. Such is the tyranny of normal consciousness that I, at least, find it very difficult to realise that other states of mind exist at all. I think this is the explanation for the common experience, when taking acid after a lapse of some time of being surprised by the amount of psychedelic memories that flow back and by how much the alterations involved have been denigrated by normal consciousness.

The "dream pill" also, of course, might serve fairly literally as a representation of the transformations induced by a LSD-type drug – with the difference that instead of keeping you asleep all night, as the "dream pill" would, the acid enables you to perceive the physical environment around you and to interact with it while experiencing the sorts of associations and logic familiar to us from the dream world. The resemblance is close enough for psychiatrists to have often used what emerges in psychedelic therapy exactly as though it had come via dreams. (It's interesting in this regard that recent reports by Dr George Agahanjian and Dr Daniel Freedman suggest that LSD may exert subtle chemical and/or electrical effects on the very area of the midbrain which is believed responsible for phase 1 R.E.M. sleep.)

While the public debate for and against mind-drugs continues, biochemists are gradually getting some idea as to how molecules affect consciousness and before long they should be coming up with some *really* interesting products. The point is driven home, perhaps, by what might be called the Yage-Ditran conjecture.

Yage (pronounced Ya-Hay) is a mind-changer coming from the Amazon that I once took out on the desert near Las Vegas – a report of that trip can be found in Aaronson and Osmond's book *The Psychedelics* – and Ditran (or JB-239, as it's called in the lab) is something I've heard about from a number of friends. These two, much more that LSD-25, might make the case for our stumbling upon, before long, a periodical table of consciousness.

I mean by this that if you were to try, unprompted, to locate the basic components of the physical world you probably wouldn't get very far – but that as the consequence of a considerable amount of experimentation carried on over centuries we're the evaluation of this problem in terms of 106 or 108 or whatever basic "elements". Furthermore, we know that once you begin to think in this way not only can you learn a lot about how these basic units relate, but you can even make with them such artificial goodies as plastic.

There are now sound reasons to believe that something similar can be devised in terms of consciousness and that we're on the verge of lining up a new table of molecules this time that will give us some basic notion on how mental states interrelate. The trouble with focussing on LSD from this standpoint, however, is that experienced as we may be with this grandaddy of psychedelics, the effects projected by acid are so amorphous and complex that trying to analyze or categorize what's going on is somewhat like trying to pin a backbone upon an amoeba.

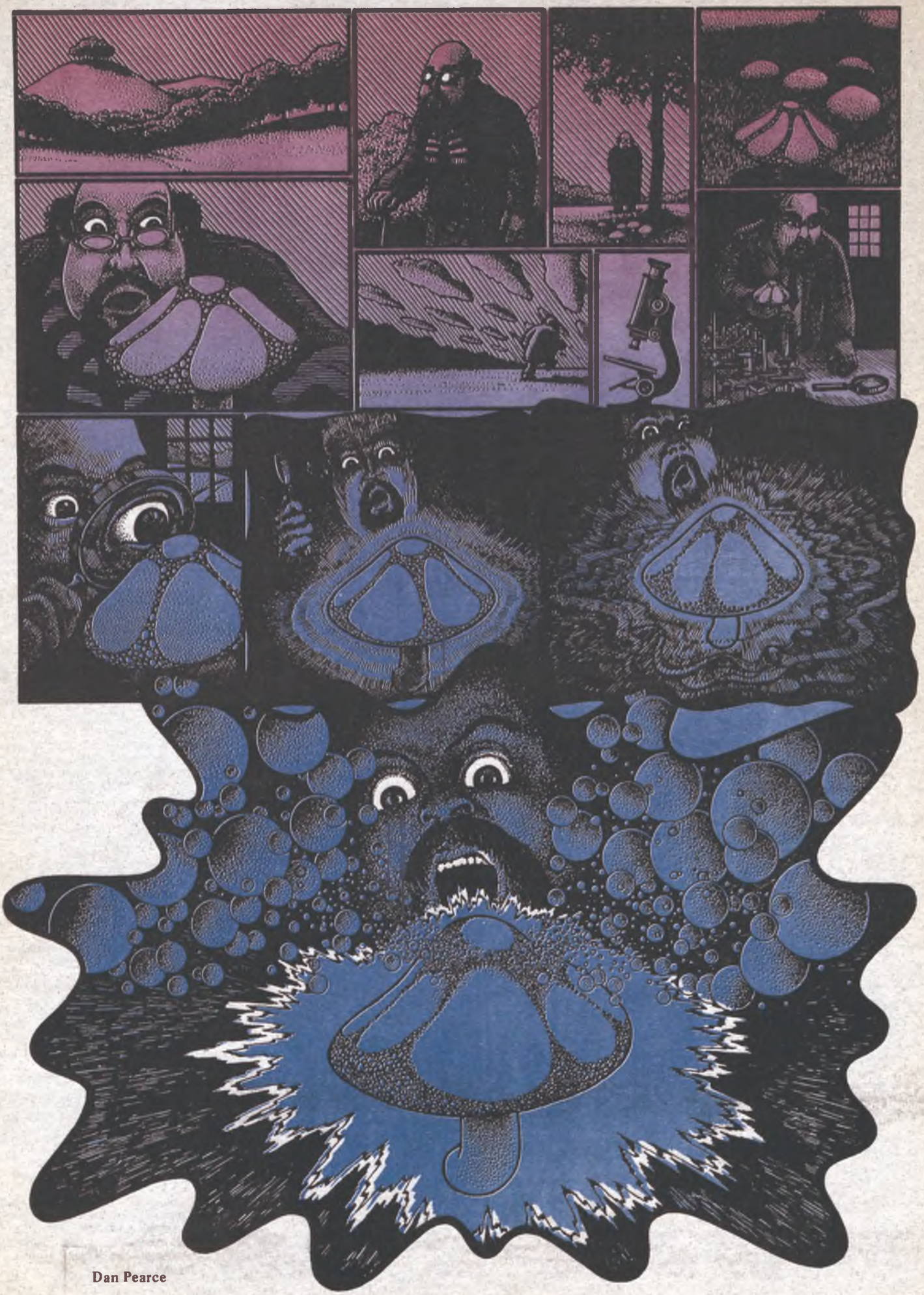
With Yage and Ditran the effects seem much more specific – for about half of those in the Yage literature report the same jungle imagery and tiger visions and especially snakes, and nearly everyone I have heard about who's used Ditran has at some point hallucinated full-blown manifestations of "other people" about them in the room which haven't been evident to friends and colleagues actually present. In one study this latter phenomenon occured 11 out of 12 times when Ditran was given to unprompted subjects (in one instance the "hallucinating" was so vivid that the only way the user was able to distinguish between those present with him physically and those present incoporeally was by trying to pass his hands through what he saw – so that if his hands encountered resistance, then he could deduce that the form before him was there in the flesh.

The realities involved here may turn out to be somewhat other that as I've presented them – since this conjecture is based on what is yet a pretty limited sampling – but I think the concepts are sound enough to suggest some interesting lines of inquiry. As regards various consciousness states, acid may be just terribly misleading since it's so pervasive and prominent – as air and water were when work originally commenced on the periodical table of matter. Yage, to my mind, may be a much purer example to start from – particularly with its prominent snake imagery, which crops up, of course, in a great many other areas related to the unconscious.

Maybe that's all a bit far-out yet, though I doubt it will be so by 1984 (which is just 13 years away). After all, most of the fundamental discoveries in these areas have been more or less stumbled upon and the possibilities we know, are far from exhausted. Mescaline, for example, was once something hidden in one undistinguished cactus out of thousands that grew only in the Rio Grande valley and yet like corn and potatoes and tobacco, other products coming only from the New World, it eventually developed into something of a significant staple. To date the molecules that have turned out to be relatively psychedelic belong, however complex they may appear, to only half a dozen basic groups. Who knows what lies ahead?

The search, at any rate, continues to be fairly promising. Those contributing to *The Ethnopharmacologic Search for Psychoactive Drugs* for example, are discussing at length a molecule suspected, from its structure, to be much more powerful than LSD (to their knowledge no one by the time of this conference had tried it) and the U.S. printing house has already published a book focussing on 690 separate molecules known to be of special psychoactive interest. That latter was a scorecard, of sorts, as to how the psychedelic situation had progressed by 1968 – when it was assembled – and ought to be considered, at best, very much an embryonic report.

Peter Stafford



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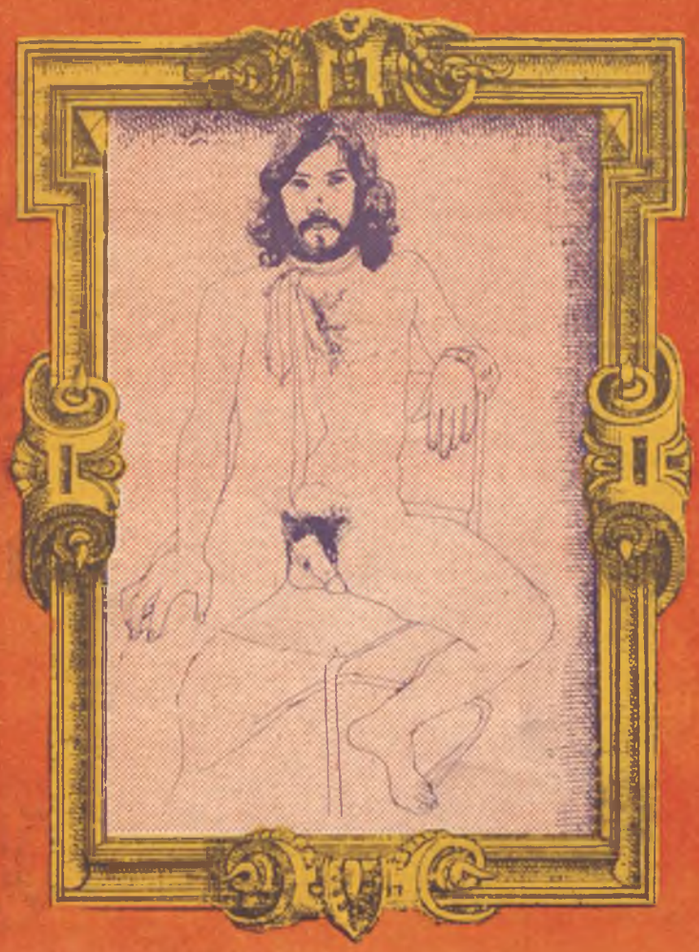
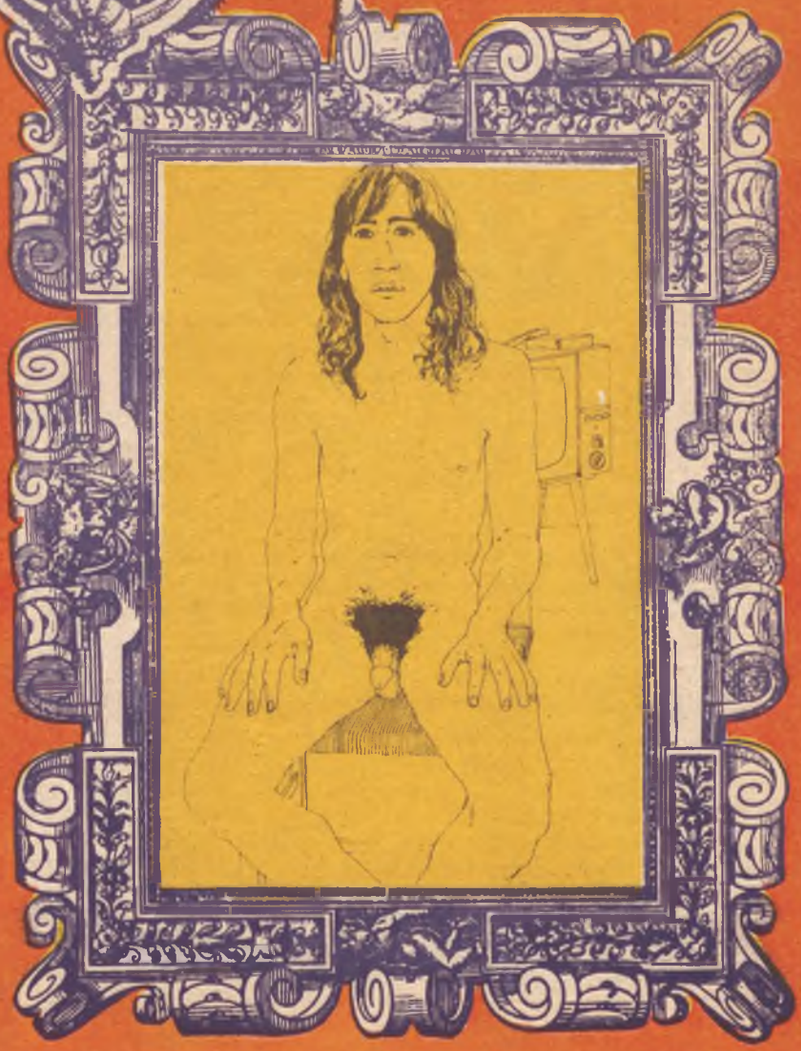
Ozjets D'art, an exhibition of fine art and artefacts such as the Cunt Power bikini, which ran for two weeks at Clytie Jessop's gallery in Kings Road, is over. Sorry you missed it. All proceeds from the exhibition have been donated by the contributors listed below, to the Oz Obscenity Fund. Thanks to Alan Aldridge, David Bailey, Lyn Barnes, Ed Belchamber, David Boyd, Richard Dunn, Andy Dudzinski, Michael English, Terry Gillian, Adrian George, Germaine Greer, Anthony Haden-Guest, David Hockney, Richard Hamilton, Marsha Herskovitz, Leonard Hessing, John Lennon, Jim Leon, Mike McInnerney, Phillipe Mora, David Nutter, Yoko Ono, Bob Owen, Patrick Procter, William Rankin, Gerald Scarfe, Ralph Steadman, Martin Sharp, Joe Tilson, Peter Till, Felix Topolski, Andy Warhol, Heathcote Williams and Ray Walker and everyone else who helped to make it a success. Particularly of course, auctioneer George Melly, who skilfully drew large sums of money from the opening night crowd of people who consisted of penurious friends and unscrupulous dealers rather than wealthy left-wing art collectors.





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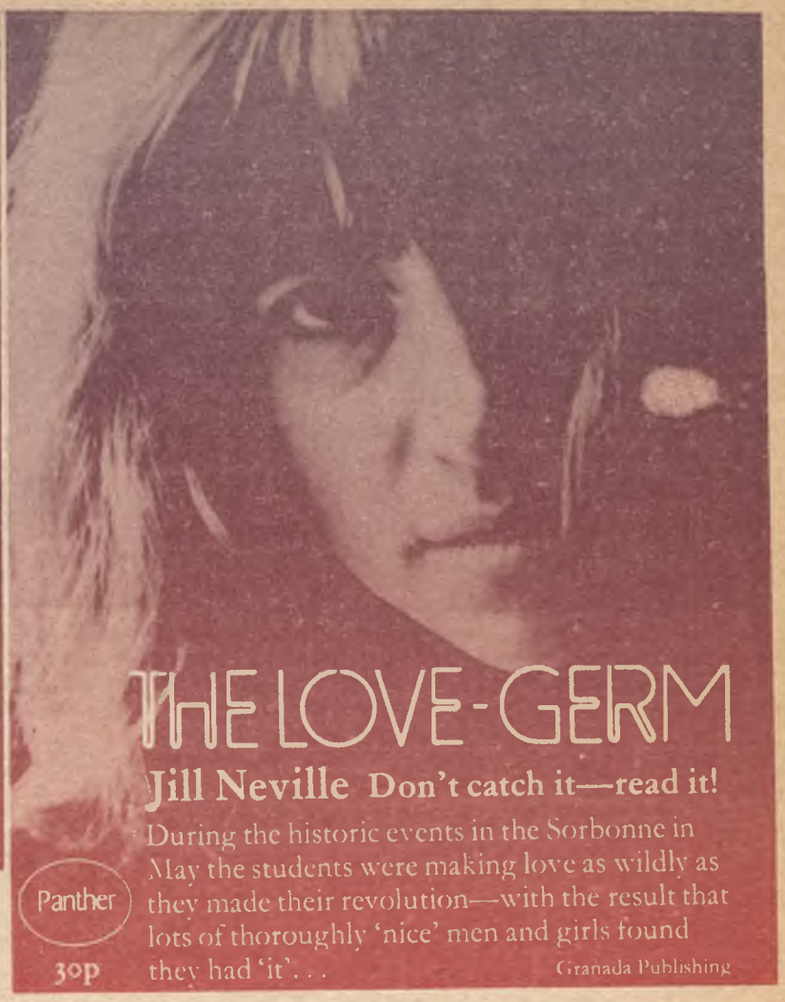

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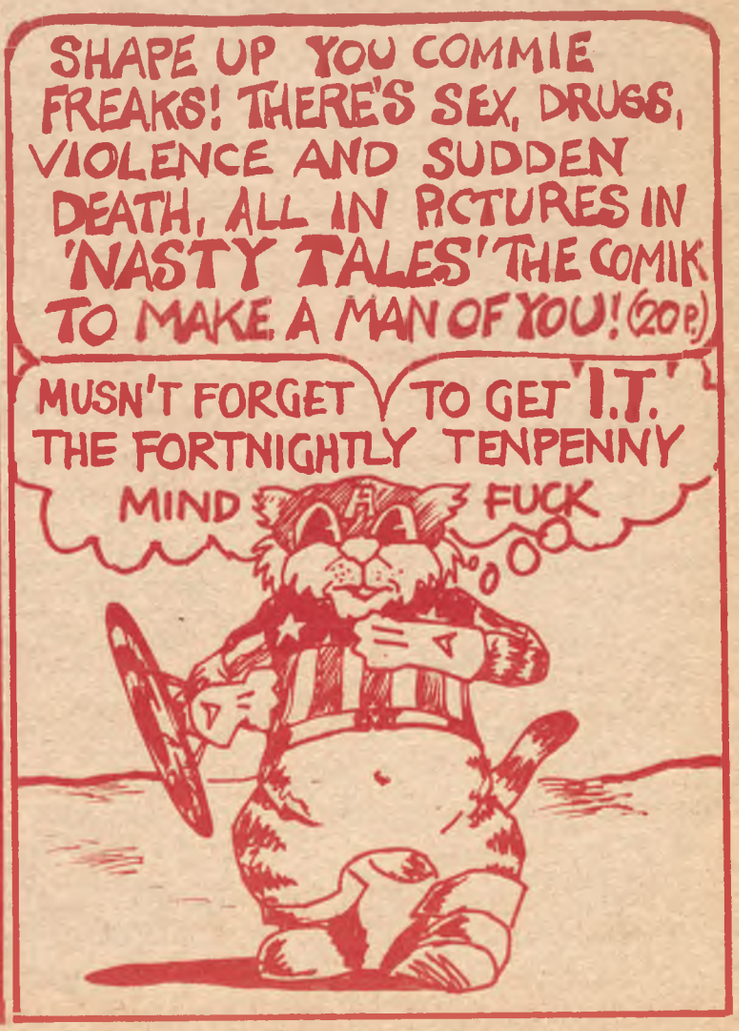

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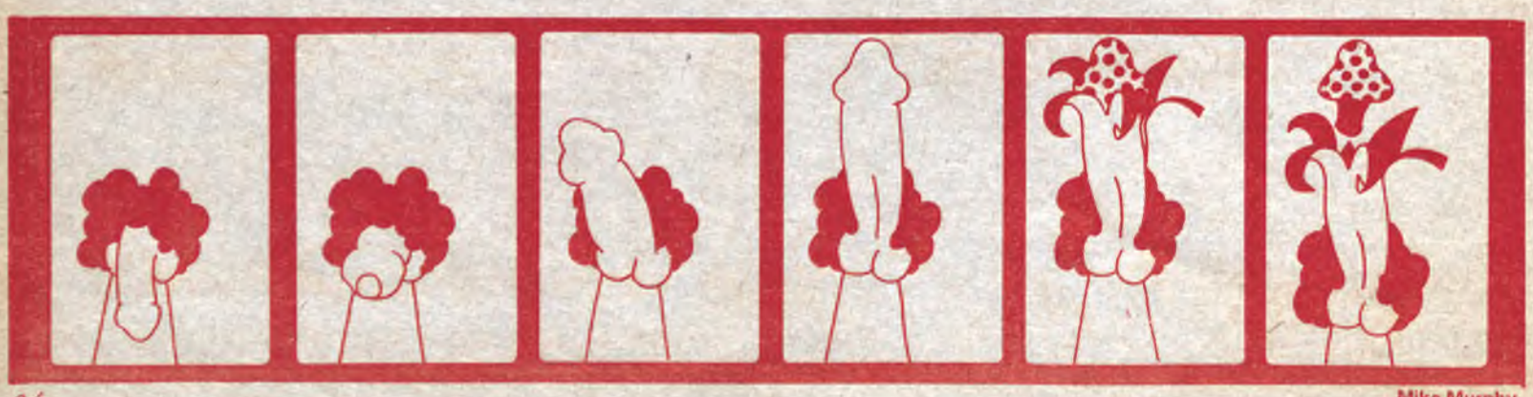

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DESOLATION DRIBBLE

It must have been about this time last year that a friend mentioned that he had seen Bob Dylan walking around the west village near N.Y.U. Shortly after, I read in the *Village Voice* that Dylan was living on Macdougal Street, and could in fact be found, from time to time, playing basketball with the neighborhood kids. Thus began an incredible eight month journey through space and time that ended one hazy New York October afternoon in one of the most amazing basketball games ever played.

Starting late last spring, I would haunt the West village basketball courts whenever I could with my four year old Spaulding ball which had cost me $16 new, but was now showing the signs of wear. A great ball to play on asphalt with, it was particularly well balanced. I played at the courts on Houston, near 6th Avenue, the courts a few blocks up on 6th (not too many whites there, Dylan probably wouldn't go against such stiff competition anyway), the schoolyard on Greenwich, all within easy striking distance of Dylan.

This was not an obsession, mind you. I just did it every week or every other week, going from court to court, occasionally getting into a game.

As spring dragged into summer, I began losing interest in meeting Dylan and gaining interest in playing basketball. I started playing outside the area — in Riverside Park Brooklyn, wherever I happened to be. I had all but forgotten my project when some musicians I had been playing with invited me to come along with them to play basketball at the

Dan Pearce

court on Houston one Sunday afternoon in early October. We played for two hours and they left, leaving me there to shoot alone. I have this peculiar habit of playing for 4 or 5 hours at a time, staying behind when others have left from exhaustion. It was late in the afternoon, and I was shooting alone at one of the baskets — there were half court games at all the others when I suddenly was aware of a person behind me, a few inches shorter than me, with a scruffy beard and sunglasses, carrying a white windbreaker neatly folded over one arm and a basket - ball cradled in the other. It was Bob Dylan!!

"Mind if I shoot here?" he asked me.
"Sure, go ahead," I answered. We both began shooting, but I was watching him out of the corner of my eye.
"Well, he can shoot alright," I thought, "but he probably can't drive because of his bad back (the famous bad back from the famous motorcycle accident)."
He seemed to favor shooting from the right side of the basket. He was wearing $20 Adidas sneakers — a useless bourgeois extravagance. I was wearing $9 Cons.

He seemed to be afraid of hurting himself because he did not engage in any violent movements and rested frequently, breathing heavily. He seemed more interested in getting some exercise than in playing a game of basketball. After about half an hour I noticed he was getting restless and would probably leave soon so I decided to chance it.

"Wanna play a game?" I asked with a great deal of nonchalance. He paused for a minute before answering, "I don't think I better, I — uh I'm just getting over a back injury."

He smiled weakly but in that pause, as I studied his face, silhouetted in the late afternoon sun, he told me wordlessly that he was interested. I had pretended not to recognize him, and he was intrigued by someone who would relate to him not because he was Bob Dylan, but because he had a basket ball.
Five minutes later he left with a simple "so long", and a tired smile.

Next weekend I was back there waiting for him. I played for six hours on Saturday and received nothing for my efforts except a sunburn, a blister, two hectic half court games and a game of HORSE with an amazingly good 16 year old. (In HORSE you get a letter every time you fail to duplicate your opponent's shot until someone gets H-O-R-S-E.)
But I was back there Sunday early afternoon and about 3 o'clock he materialized, as unobtrusively as before.
"Hello there," I greeted him.
"Howdy," he replied. "Mind if I shoot here?"
"OK with me," I said.
There was also a third kid there but he left after a few minutes to join a game.
"Your back feeling any better?" I asked as I put up a foul shot.
"Yes it is," he replied with surprise. He didn't think I would remember. My head was swimming and I felt like passing out, but somehow I got it out.
"Wanna play a game, one on one?"
"All right, just one. 10 points. Then I have to go," he said as he canned a 15 foot jumper. He was definitely up for the game.
"Winner's out," I added, "you can have the ball first."

He took the ball and dribbled to the right. I didn't guard him too closely and he got an easy 10 footer. 0 — 1.
He dribbled right again and took a 12 footer and sank it. Damn, I better start guarding. 0 — 2.
He starts to the right once again and starts to shoot. I lunge, but it was only a fake. He gets the shot off but it is short and I am in position for the rebound. I take the ball to the top of the key and fake a drive and take a jumper. Yes. 1 — 2.
I fake to the left and drive right. He is flustered and I get an easy layup. 2 — 2.
I fake right and drive left, but he is ready for me this time and I am forced to retreat to the left corner where I miss a jumper. I am obviously the better ballplayer, but he is better that I expected. He gets the rebound. Because of my superior hieght, I should have no trouble getting most of the rebounds.
He goes to the top of the key and shoots before I can get back. 2 — 3.
He fakes the same shot and much to my surprise drives around me to the right. 2 — 4. His back didn't seem to be bothering him on that one.
He decides to try the left and tries to back his way in but when he shoots, I get a slight piece of the ball and it falls short where I grab it and practically stuff it. 3 — 4.
I miss an 8 foot turn around jumper from the left but I tip in the rebound on the second attempt. 4 — 4.
We both take turns missing long shots before I drive on him down the lane. 5 — 4.
I am definitely in command as I take the opening pass from him and put it right up from 18 feet. The net hardly moves. "Nice shot," he says. 6 — 4. I try it again but I miss. He tries a short one and misses. I miss a short jumper, but grab the rebound, fake once and lay it in. 7 — 4.
I try one from the corner and miss. He then tries to back in from the right. I sense he is napping and plant my feet. He backs into me. "Charging". I announce emphatically. He stops and gives me a dirty look and is about to protest, when he realizes that I am right and I take the ball out of bounds. I drive across the lane and sink an amazing running one-hander. 8 — 4.

The game then hit a dry spell as neither of us could buy a basket. We must have missed at least 5 shots apiece. Then it happened.
Dylan got a rebound from one of his own shots and put it in. I had the last six baskets and was overconfident and wasn't trying particularly hard, so when he got a rebound that I should have had, he became determined. 8 — 5.
He got a 10 footer from the right side. 8 — 6.
I became concerned about his new confidence. I lunged at the ball and fouled him. He took the ball out of the bounds and faked to the centre before stopping and popping another 10 footer. 8 — 7, and I had a real battle on my hands. The next point was crucial.
Then my break came. He started to the right side. Anticipating this, my hand shot out and knocked the ball away. I won the race and Dylan overran me. The layup was uncontested. 9 — 7.
But he wasn't about to give up yet. I tried to end the game with a long jumper from the top of the key, but his hand in my face threw me off just a little and he got the rebound. Then he missed a layup he should have had and I got the rebound. I faked right and drove left, but I kicked the ball out of bounds clumsily with my left foot.
He then pulled the surprise of the game by driving behind the basket from right to left and hooking it off the backboard. "Nice shot," I admit, sweat pouring from my face. 9 — 8.
But he was clearly desperate and he took a shot from the middle that was a bit out of his range, because I didn't guard him out there. The ball nicked the front of the rim and bounced out of bounds, where I took it out. My best shot has always been my long jumper, so I decided to give it one more try. I took it way out and he didn't guard me. I set. I shot from about 20 feet. Swish. I won, 10 — 8.
"Nice game," he said as he got his basketball and white windbreaker, and started to leave.

"Sure you don't want to play another game?" I asked.
"Sure. I have to go now," he answered.
"By the way my name is David. What's yours?"
"Bob," he answered and smiled as though he had put something over on me. "So long, see you later."

I acknowledged him with a grunt-like "Yeah" and went back to shooting baskets. I continued to play for another 15 minutes and then went home. I never returned to that court.

But on the first warm Sunday of this year, when the temperature climbed into the mid-40's, the basketball freaks were out there playing. I was passing that playground in a taxi when I noticed, in a heavy ski sweater and sunglasses and $20 Adidas, Bob Dylan, shooting baskets, alone.

David Reitman

(lifted without permission from ROCK, New York's brilliant music paper)

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India is no stranger to many of us. We have journeyed there in search of spiritual enlightenment, followed the pot trail in search of exotic stoned pleasures. Some of us are deceived by enterprising Swamis who leave for the lucrative West spinning multi-coloured versions of Nirvana. Hare Krishna Hare Rama has become the chant of our spiritual bliss and our music has been enriched by the rhythms of the sitar and tabla. In custom and dress we have taken on an Indian appearance, and sense of time. Some of us discard our attachment to possessions as her holy ones counsel. Others are castout from our society like her pariahs or Untouchables. Above all, in our struggle to be free men in a just society, we have been greatly influenced by the teachings of one of her most illustrious sons, the Mahatma Gandhi.

In the desert of this century of senseless wars and violent revolutions, Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence has stood like a green shoot. Its method used by young revolutionaries the world over, has opened the way to new frontiers. Revolutionaries take to violence if they are in haste. Non-violence is a slower method. A revolution as profound as Gandhi's which required not so much a change in the social regime as the transmutation of the human substance, can only be achieved with the passing of time.

In *Return to the Source* (Rider, paperback £1.50) a journal of great poetic and spiritual beauty, Lanza Del Vasto journeyed to India to become a disciple of Gandhi and to make pilgrimage to the source of the Ganges. It is some thirty years since he spent over a year living the austere life of an ascetic tramp through India with its many faceted gods, its rigid castes and languid poverty. An India in the yoke of British imperialism unable to expiate the immemorial sin of attachment to ignorance.

Del Vasto, renamed Shantidas (Servant of Peace) by Gandhi, returned to form his own order. The Community of the Ark in France based on the Gandhian philosophy. He has undertaken fasts with Danilo Dolci and in protest against cases of torture in Algiers. The French edition of his book has already sold over a million copies.

Although he spent only three months with Gandhi, it was through the Mahatma's living example that he abandoned his Western garb for a self-spun loin cloth and scarf, and wandered, often barefoot, among the thronging mass of people, bathing in the Ganges, worshipping in the holy shrines. He studied yoga and many other disciplines with the mystics, marvelling at the physical granduer of the land, weathering its seasons of change.

Through Gandhi he learnt simple truths, like the work of the hands is the apprenticeship of honesty. Honesty is a certain equality one establishes between what one takes and what one gives. Even the man who devotes himself to the superior activities of the mind is not dispensed from hard work unless he gives up everything that costs labour in this world. Honesty requires that every problem shall be solved in its own sphere. Money in the hands of someone who has never worked with his hands is a meaningless token. One must first earn the right to give. Desires should be reduced to needs, then man will find himself free. Beware of being sublime without depth, great without foundation and perfect in the air. Touch and feel through action the truth that your intelligence has seen. Let every man be self-sufficient. Provided he is content with what he produces himself. That is the principle of Swadeshi (self-reliance).

Gandhi believed that the problem is not how to sweeten the lot of the proletarian so as to make it acceptable to him, but how to get rid of the proletariate, just as we got rid of slavery. The worker enslaved in serial production fritters himself away in work which has no purpose for him, no end, no taste, no sense. The time he spends there is time lost, time sold. He is selling what a free man does not sell: his life. He is a slave. The machine enslaves, the hand sets free.

Man has become a machine; he functions and no longer lives. His movements have been mechanised and so have his desires, his fears, his loves and his hates. His tastes and his opinions, the education of his children, his productive activity, his sport and entertainment, the application of law, the police, the army and the government all tend towards the inhuman perfection of the machine. When you have turned the state into a machine, you yourself will have to be its fuel. But although techniques are continuing their progress, the Religion of Progress is receding in the West.

His duty to serve - Hers to inspire -

Lee Harris

The policy of Gandhi is incomprehensible if one does not know that its aim is not political but spiritual victory. Ahimsa, the doctrine and practise of non-violence is commonly called "passive resistance". But it is actually a conscious and deliberate restraint of the desire for revenge, which is born of fear. One can be sure of non-violent victory when one has conquered fear in oneself. It is not the enemy you have to fight, Gandhi teaches, but the enemy's error; the error your neighbour commits when he happens to think of himself as your enemy. Make yourself an ally of his, against his mistake.

Injustice is something that demands that one should oppose it wherever it appears. The non-violent person does not always wait to be attacked with weapons. It is often he who takes the first step and goes forward to meet violence. Not only does he bear blows, he provokes them. To flee is not refusing violence, but giving in to it. It is withdrawing from victory without withdrawing from the fight. "If the choice were only between violence and cowardice," said Gandhi, "I should not hesitate to recommend violence."

Nobody was less pendantic than this great teacher of a great doctrine, nobody more wary of abstract statements or claims that cannot be verified. No one was more devoid of dogmatic obstinacy or blind fanaticism than the Mahatma.

When some foreign visitor launched an attack on his English oppressors, he answered them by saying:

"Their system is bad. They are the first to suffer from it. Doubly so because they do not know that it is bad and that they are suffering from it. As for them, they are men, like ourselves, a mixture of good and bad with more good than bad.

I know only too well how inclined we are by our nature to see only evil in our enemies and to stuff evil into them at any cost. The evil we see in them, more often than not, depends on the mean and hasty way we have of seeing others.

The evil or the good that shows in them always depends on which side of ourselves we turn towards them: if it is the best in ourselves that we present to them, the best in them will be brought out in spite of themselves, for like attracts like.

But whatever our enemies may be I cannot be judge and party in the same lawsuit.

The certainty of achieving our aim depends entirely on the purity of our ways."

Therein lies the whole secret.

"....the name is just a name...." GNIDROLOG

Photos: Colin Thomas

Gdrloiogn Gnodirlog Glrodnoig Gdnigoolr Golording...

If you've never heard of Gnidrolog, it's not really your fault. In an age where new bands are introduced to the public via international stunts like the Brinsley Schwarz fiasco or else with 100,000 billboards over Times Square (like the abominable Grand Funk Railroad), Gnidrolog have been slogging round the clubs, playing as support group and invariably being re-booked as the main band. The total cost of all the promotion they've bought in a year is still under £20.

Gnidrolog, who all live together in a Snaresbrook mansion, are a tight commune of four musicians, a manager, a roadie and a colossal dog. The musicians are Stewart Goldring (vocal, lead guitar, violin), Colin Goldring (lead vocals, guitar, recorders, saxhorn, mouth harp), Peter Mars Cowling (bass) and Nigel Pegrum (drums, oboe and flute), the manager is Will Sprouille and the dog is Solly. I never found out what the roadie's name was.

The music is too difficult to describe. Let's say that it combines the structured quality of the Soft Machine or King Crimson with a folk-orientated approach to the vocals and guitars that would conjure up the Byrds or the Everly Brothers even CNSY if it wasn't so English. Overlay that with influences from Hebrew folk music and a classical use of woodwinds and you might have a vague idea of what to expect. That may sound confusing but it is all perfectly logical, even inevitable when you hear it.

Perhaps Gnidrolog's finest hour was at the OZ Police Ball two months ago. They came on last, at six in the morning, when the people were tired, shattered by Arthur Brown, exhausted and about ready to go home. Out of more than thirteen hundred people, maybe ten had heard them and another ten had heard of them. Moreover, the band themselves were thoroughly shagged out after a hard set at the Wake Arms, Epping. But, nevertheless, the audience cheered every number – by a band they'd never heard of, and who were well below their best that night. After Arthur Brown, the Pink Fairies, Bonzo Freaks and Egg, Gnidrolog were still able, under the worst possible circumstances, to steal the show right out from under everything else that had been on that night. It is strong indictment of this country's "straight" music press that all the coverage the Gnidrolog have had from them is a paragraph from John Peel (after the Police Ball), and two one-line jokes about their name in MM. That this incredible music can have been ignored for so long is proof that MM is six months behind its readers.

I went out to Snaresbrook on Sunday and spoke to them. Why Gnidrolog? "Oh Gawd. The important thing to remember is that the name is just a name for a band. There's nothing deep or psychological behind it. We thought let's not have something terribly simple that everybody can understand. It's just a sound, a word that we want everybody to associate with us, because what does Gnidrolog mean? Nothing at all except us. We're trying to create moods in our music, and Gnidrolog is a sound rather than a meaning, and when it comes down to it, that is what it's all about. If people are inarticulate enough not to be able to pronounce Gnidrolog then they're not articulate enough to listen to the music, and it doesn't really worry us. But people who want to learn the name will want to listen to the music. We thought of things like Flying Turds and Teatime 5 and Living Basement and that sort of crap but it means less than Gnidrolog does. We decided to leave it as open as possible . . . " Waffle, but if you look at the name, you'll see it's almost an anagram of 'Goldring'.

Gnidrolog live are engrossing. The music is intensely human. Stewart and Colin use their guitars more intelligently than any other two-guitar band – not in the flash jamming-belly-to-belly sense of Johnny Winter And – but in a musicianly, complementary sense that is far removed from the convential lead/rhythm set-up. The music is constantly changing its texture, its rhythm – to play in a band like this you gotta pay lottsa dues on yer axe man. Peter, who plays intelligent sypmathetic bass, has paid all his and two years advance. Nigel is one of the most musicianly drummers I've ever seen, with violence or delicacy to suit the occasion. He also does woodwinds. One minute he's blowing heavy, split-second precision drums, the next he's playing gentle counterpoint on flute or oboe, and he's better than many rock flautists who use it as a main instrument.

Where did their music spring from? "Colin and I were out-and-out folk musicians. We were doing Roy Harper sort of things, contemporary folk music, and we thought it needed an electric thing behind it and originally this was the basis. But when Nigel and Pete came into the band . . . in a way you've got a fusion of two different things, you've got the emotional thing from us, and their musical training driving. The two things have come together to produce the final sound. But we were doing Hebrew folk music – there's a lot of emotional Jewish thing in this band. It all came together because we wanted to do something that hadn't been tried before. We don't know many other bands where you've got two guys from a folk thing and two guys from a much heavier thing. We tried to draw from each other's experience. It's four people. Everybody has ideas – and that's why there are so many bruises – and it's the only way to do it. We've got something we all believe in, and we all work together to produce the best thing possible. It's hard, very hard and there are personality conflicts, but the music comes above it . . ."

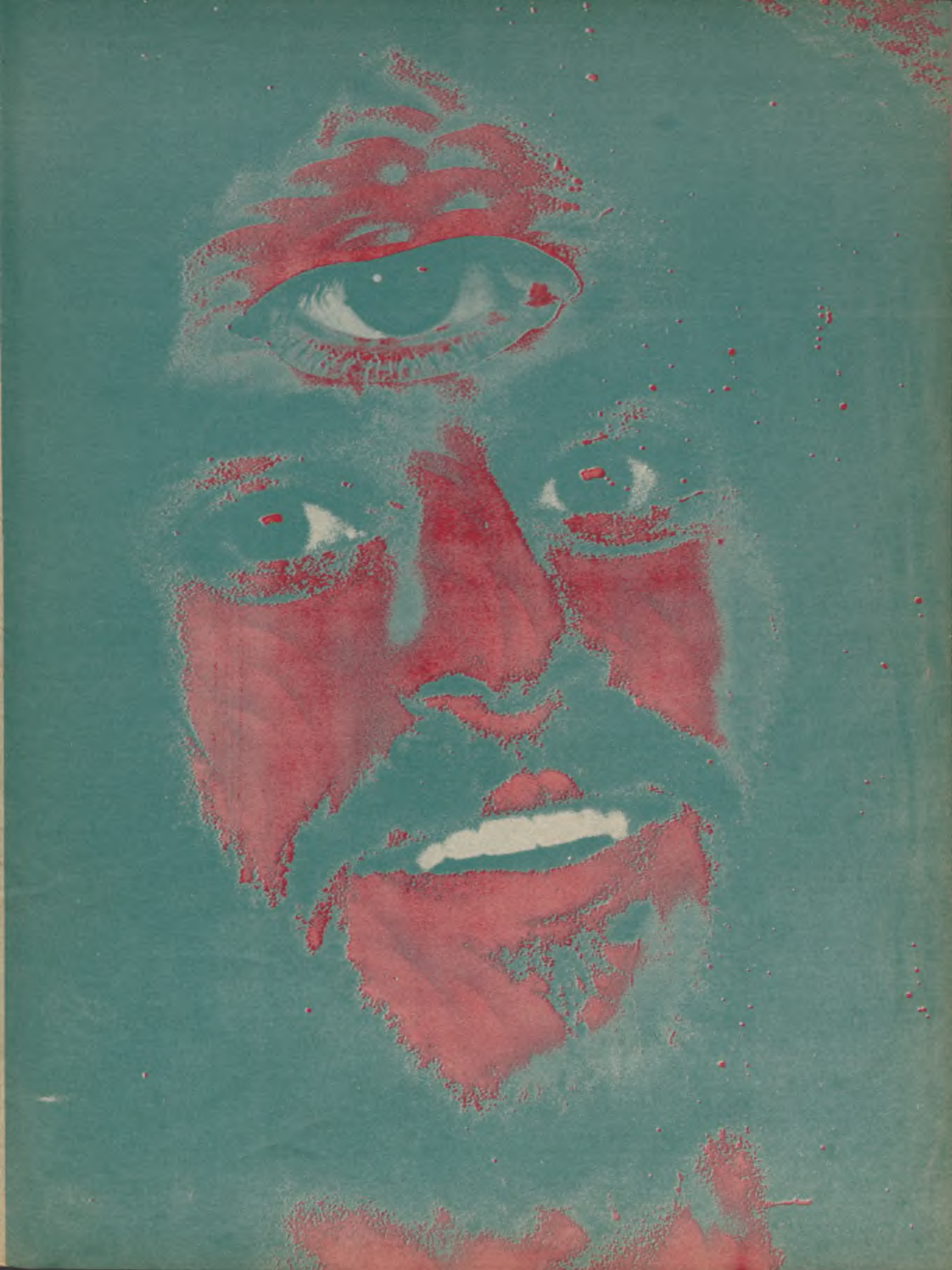
They hadn't been on at the Ball for five minutes before you knew there was something different happening. Colin's mumbled joke about little Jewish dwarves led into "Introduction", which must have taken untold hours of general getting-together with its choppy precision. Finally the heaviness of the piece exploded as Colin did a lunatic Scottish pipe and Gaelic mouth music bit. The audience cheered.

I asked them the stock questions about revolution, dope and fucking in the streets. Their views on the former are more than those of the "I'm basically against anything that fucks me up" school of thought of those who believe that an act of rock revolution is to kick in somebody else's strobe light. Ultimately, says Stewart, violence is a reactionary weapon. Both he and Colin have a long record of involvement in the Committee of 100, and mention of heavy militant ideas provokes angry cries of "That's bullshit, man, absolute bullshit!" On dope, they all admit to liking an occasional smoke, and say "Some people are happy being smashed, others are smashed being happy." They are all very much in favour of fucking, but prefer beds to streets. Stewart complains that there's not enough love around, but you're unlikely to find him picketing against nasty ads in the Tube. The band say that their views are fully expressed in Stewart's song "Any Use In Living".

It's far too easy to toss superlatives around about Gnidrolog, and far too easy to forget that people tend to ignore over-extravagant praise. Let's just say that they play good music, which could very well be great music. Some things I don't like. Occasionally the Bolan-ish tone of Colin's voice gets a bit wearing and the keening, astringent vocal harmonies take a lot of getting used to. "Mr Smith and Mr Smythe" despite its musical excellence, is social satire of a very well-worn kind. Admittedly, this is a composition going back several years. They may very well end up being called either "a load of pretentious crap", or else idolised by the kind of people who applaud themselves for being hip enough and clever enough to dig such an "advanced" band. Either way, they'll be okay if they keep putting the music first.

Within a few months, hopefully, there'll be a Gnidrolog album. It's hard to say much about an album that hasn't even been recorded, but it'll probably be a mindfucker. I hope it is. Gnidrolog are not just another band. They are the best hope for British music in three years.

Charles Shaar Murray



Spike

The current controversies of *The Little Red Schoolbook*, Dr Martin Cole's *Growing Up* and the posturings of Lord Longford, represent only the most obvious signs of the present repression. Despite the publicity, such dramas actively involve few people. Millions, however, are absorbed nightly by television. Apart from the number of hours whiled away by families in front of the box, this country's most popular indoor sport can manipulate important domestic decisions. Who to votefor, what products to buy . . . it can even force workers to skip overtime to catch Coronation Street.

It is on television that our cultural landscape can be seen to be bleaker than ever.

Although other media, such as the press, has disenfranchised a vast enlightened readership who don't happen to believe that Whitehall, work and alcohol are the best ways of organising our environment, at least there is an underground alternative.

But there is no alternative to television. Until a tired consumer can tune into Channel 7, all night rock, Channel 6 orgy olympics, Channel 5 underground chaos . . . just as print freaks can now stock up with mindfucks from their local non W.H. Smiths, then TV remains a dictatorship.

Sensing, perhaps, the alienation of headculture from its context, TV retaliates almost nightly with racist caricatures of hippiedom. The longhair is the new nigger. Absolutely standard fare was a recent Comedy Playhouse by Kingsley Amis, The Importance of Being Hairy. The play was premised on one joke, endlessly rehashed — all student revolutionaries are longhaired, dirty, ignorant, ill mannered and over encouraged by university authorities. While the reverse point of view would not even be worth postulating (on the grounds of simplistic literary fascism) it is worth noting that these days it could not possibly gain hearing on British television.

So if the Great Unwashed are today's villains, who are the heroes? Easy. More than ever it's cops, soccer stars, and mysterious Government experts (Doomwatch). But the most revealing indication of this country's moral mood is the star of a new series, Hine, already shooting up the ratings chart. Hine is your friendly local arms dealer. This is the man who millions are asked to indentify with each week. He sells tanks to Arab sheiks to quell guerrillas, and napalm to Nepalese to scorch invading Mao-men. The series does not cast Hine as a sensitive, soul searching misfit in order to examine the moral complexities of his situation. He is the admakers hero resplendent; epitomising the new qualities of the 70's . . . ruthless, rich, exploitive, married-but-separated, reeking of Karate aftershave and capitalist to the core. Hine is the weekly voice of the Monday Club, rampantly neo-colonialist, war mongering, rascist and bent on a Mr Success trip. His values, like most of those regularly enshrined on television, represent everything opposed to the radical, anti-war, drug-sex movement.

The counterview is never presented as an *idea*, always as a dismal misrepresentation of a style. Occasionally a few freaks are allowed to frolic on a panel, but never has a momentum been built up on television for the profection of an alternative set of beliefs or values. There are now hundreds of thousands of people in this country who smoke dope, fuck freely, reject consumer junkysim, detest the attitude of the City to the Third World, etc etc yakety yak, but who in terms of a visiting Martian judging a nation by its television, do not exist. The Frost Show invasion was the first timid assault on a denied medium, John Hopkins of TV tries to open minds from other angles; but a regular freak show should be the urgent summer demand of those bored by Underground print and with surplus energy. Address your letters to Christopher Chataway, Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, Whitehall, W1.

R.N.

INK hit the streets on May day and was as disappointing to us, as OZ No 1 was no doubt to those of you who remember. The second INK was already almost as good as Time Out, so you should still subscribe at the special £2 for six months offer and be in time for the amazing INK 4. Send name and address to INK, 73 Princedale Road, W11.

The Belfast Four (See Friends) still languishing in gaol despite the determined efforts of underground agents. Joseph Stevens, Felix de Mendelsohn, James McCann and Peter McCartan need whatever help you can manage c/- Belfast Defence Fund, Friends, 307 Portobello Road, London, W10.

The last OZ outlined the charges against three of the editors and quoted extracts from the statements of two teachers appearing for the prosecution. Any teachers familiar with Schoolkids OZ and not of the view that it would debauch and corrupt young people are asked to contact our solicitor, David Offenbach, 629 1191 or 493 4687.

Under pressure of the general interest in the OZ trial, we understand that Stan Demidjuk and Sue Miles are opening an OZ Obscenity Centre at 39A Pottery Lane, W11. The operation is not part of OZ magazine but an autonomous base to provide information and co-ordination for participants at the forthcoming OZ Obscenity Festival, Old Bailey, June 22nd.

In OZ 33 we invited readers and particularly those hard core fans wishing to buy badges and back issues from our Rip-Off Department, to vent their feelings about the magazine in a few succinct words on the coupon. Here are a few of the replies from people with occupations such as swinger, travelling salesman, caravan cleaner, freak, fuck-all, subscriber, Byzantine time traveller, narc, schoolboy (8 yrs), human being, lecturer, and living, isn't that enough. 'Too expensive'. 'A great successor to the News of the World'. 'The genuine and original mindfucker'. 'Increasing the gap between the freaks and the straights'. 'Nice for the pictures, but dig Friends for everything else.' 'An astral gorilla'. 'Contains the information I dream about'. 'A bat in hamsters clothing'. 'Varies from brilliance to pigshit. Nevertheless the artwork never fails to fuck me in the brain'. 'Next to Private Eye, the worst in the world'. 'A wanker's paradise'. 'Shit. If I say it's fab do I get a free one?' 'boring.' 'Approximately 12" by 8".' "An excess of adolescent sex". "All right for now, but after the revolution will there still be a place for you?' 'I don't need a magazine to tell me what to think." "Cancel my subscription. I have just realised that OZ is in favour of fornication outside holy matrimony." (Archbishop of Canterbury) "Too floppy to make roaches out of." "Printed on posh paper, but still into freak scene and not killthe pigs ."

The Way It Isn't:

The last great mystery in showbusiness still needs unravelling. The two hour Presley commercial may have told us a bit about his Las Vegas performances but as murky a smokescreen as ever was thrown up around Elvis himself. When is Colonel Parker going to loosen up and let him do the equivalent of say the John Lennon interview in Rolling Stone? Pity someone didn't have the guts to make such a movie in 1956 when Presley was almost a revolutionary hero instead of the red neck moneyed idol he is today. Who are all those adoring gay looking guys who surround him constantly? Maybe GLF should demonstrate outside his Tennessee mansion. Is Presley homosexual, asexual, or what? Who tailors his pants, cleverly cut to conceal whatever cock he has or doesn't he have one? Whatever happened to that piece of hosepipe?

A serious attempt is being made in London to set up a co-operative of Underground craftsmen. The aim is to set up a studio centre which will act as a professional wholesale outlet for those designers etc who find the marketing and whole commercial side of what they do very boring and therefore difficult to cope with. It would arrange various prices — the usual rip-off for straight wholesalers, moderate prices for genuine head shops, and cheapest of all for inter-trade between members of the co-op. The studio intends to function by taking a percentage of sales to straight outlets, which would subsidise the others. Profits, if any, would be put into community ventures. One aim is to ensure that the craftsmen themselves don't get ripped-off. To set up the studio initially everyone interested could contribute a small sum, so the more people interested, the cheaper it will be. Basically, the organisers are interested in contacting people who are producing on a cottage industry scale. Contact Dave Collins at 43 King Street, WC2. Tel: 836 0550.

A provincial reader reports that when he attempted to buy INK at his local branch of W.H. Smiths, he was directed to the stationery counter.

OHM, a radical organisation to be run along the lines of Release, has commenced operations in Cornwall. Their list of aims is ambitious. They hope to be more than just a drug/bust organisation, giving in addition psychological and cultural aid. They are also currently compiling a crash-pad and campsite guide. Communicate with Nigel Outten and Dave Griffiths c/- BOOKS AND THINGS, 6 Penryn Street, Redruth, Cornwall. Phone Devoran 863043. 863043.

Two new small magazines currently impinging on our consciousness are ALBION (7½p from David Kay, 10 Northbridge Road, Blackley, Manchester 9) and THE ALTERNATIVE (10p from Schiziod Productions, 3 Lower Common South, Putney, London Sw 15). ALBION, I am told, is the product of two nervous breakdowns, but it looks very together, with a fine editorial on the need for a new consciousness and the building of cells in industry commerce and all walks of life. "We hope that greater awareness of the nature forces and the desire to live in harmony with them will cause people to seek a better solution to material needs than a callous and indifferent Capitalism." ALTERNATIVE has got more aggressive with each issue (this one is the third) with a nice use of colour which they should develop even further. Good poetry, good graphics and a lot of political and community energy.

SUDDEN Comics (10p from Martin Dutton, Flat 5, 1 Birch Avenue, Old Trafford) is also worth a look at, with, for England, surprisingly good strip sense. Bold uncluttered frames and simple cosmic storylines.
SAD TRAFFIC from Leeds is another newish publication which you may have noticed around, 20p from brave newsagents. It even has glossy covers, swank paper, ads, a proper distribution set up and a professional air about it which is amazing when you consider the easy going poverty stricken freaks who run it. Sad Traffic is "good for late night neurosis, pimples, bad breath and armpits — the bedtime brain seizure," says their publicity.

Flowers for Those You Love

Butcher, baker, candlestick maker,
anybody can get VD,
including those you love.

Please see a doctor
if you think you've got it.

You'll feel better afterwards
and so will those you love.

Richard Brautigan

Staunch fan, R.G. Baggot of Tilehurst Reading noticed that British Rail are running Schoolkid Specials. The engine has since been taken out of service pending investigation by Scotland Yard's Obscenity Squad.

If you want a guerilla theatre group, rock band, revolutionary opera ritual or a social game situation event entertainment (try saying that with a mouthful of love goldfish), then obviously you're in need of PUNY SMASH THE STATE c/- Jonathon Zeitlyn, 14 Grange Grange Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey. If you're interested in guerrilla or street theatre have a look at Terror on the Tubes in this issue. If you live in the Haringay area, ther's a theatre workshop there who are into similar things as well as music movement etc. Contact David Norwood, 6 Marquis Road, Wood Green, London N22.

With not only briefer knickers on the previous page, but bare tit as well, why did The Mirror bother to censor the ad? Who is the uptight old auntie in charge of the advertising department?

THE SUN

ST. CECELIA
"LEAP UP AND DOWN WAVE YOUR KNICKERS IN THE AIR"
AVAILABLE AT YOUR RECORD SHOP

THE DAILY MIRROR

Polydor

ST. CECELIA
"LEAP UP AND DOWN WAVE YOUR KNICKERS IN THE AIR"
AVAILABLE AT YOUR RECORD SHOP

Felix Green has reminded us that the five quotations we used in our Third-World Wars supplement last issue were from his excellent book, "The Enemy — Notes on Imperialsim and Revolution". As you may have gathered from the extracts, it is a book well worth reading although the victim of massive non-coverage from the establishment press. Published by Jonathon Cape.

In Belfast one Sunday night I went to hear the Reverend Dr Ian Paisley preach. He is the pastor of the flock of separatism — "I have always hated God's enemies with a perfect hate" — and his new brick church evidences the growing popularity of this theme. Prayer books proclaim from their covers, CHRIST FOR ULSTER.

Paisley runs a one-man show from a small plain podium which is the only focus of attention, being located at the centre of the width of the hall, rather than at the end of the nave. There is no altar, no choir, not even a cross, just Paisley. Bright lights illuminate a full house of two thousand well scrubbed and attentive faces. Whole families have come, the women wearing bright hats, the men conservative suits, the children in their Sunday best.

As the congregation files in, a woman sings a hymn in an operatic voice. With everyone seated, Paisley comes on stage and reads Paull II Corinthians, Chap 6 to the effect that God likes the good and scorns the bad.

'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the lord, and touch not the unclean thing.'

Their lesson was later invoked, after the collection and a lengthy appeal for no interest loans for the building fund, to illustrate the necessity to disassociate completely from the Catholics. Paisley evidently fancies himself another Cromwell. The walls of his church are lined with tributes to Reformation martyrs. He calls Rome The Scarlet Whore of Babylon. Protestant communion is to the Mass as Heaven is to Hell, as Truth to Falsehood, Good to Evil, Christ to Satan. He dislikes the World Council of the Churches' desire to explore unity with the Roman Church, and he inveighs angrily against local ministers who are meeting with Irish priests.

Much of Paisley's sermon is political. The audience rises to sing a hymn, and is kept standing to hear a lecture about recent rioting in the Shankill Road, a Protestant slum district. Paisley claims the fighting was provoked by Catholic taunts and police bias in favour of Catholics, allowing them to hand out "seditious and illegal" literature. He castigates the government for discriminating against *Protestants*. The parishoners are asked to come to the Northern Ireland parliament on Wednesday night to lend support to an attack he plans to make against the government for being soft on Catholic dissidence. Paisley provides voice for the outraged Protestant bigot, and in doing this he catches the Unionist Party government between hammer and anvil: the hammer of Catholic demands which must be met for civil rights, housing and employment and the anvil of Protestant resistance which it has forged itself to stay in office.

The service closes with soft organ music and Reverend Paisley beseeching new members of his congregation to come to Christ. 'Raise your hand for Christ,' he says softly, warmly. 'He is waiting to receive you.' I was lonely that evening and could feel his drawing power. 'Come, come join us in our perfect faith. There are two thousand of us here; we appear angry at times, but that is the anger of our righteousness; open yourself up to our healing saviour.'

I expect that when a man or woman or child does raise his hand, several did, that the mere act of sharing his need fills him with a sense of belonging and relief. He probably feels as if Jesus himself blesses him. Suppose a man finds relief here from his inner struggles. He will have to return again, and again, as the first rush of enthusiasm wears off. Soon he will turn to Paisley to bring him back to the happiness he momentarily knew. Paisley will offer him his political philosophy, his 'perfect hate'. and here our imaginary man will find reassurance. He will know who causes his troubles, the Catholics; and he will know who can lead him to victory over them, Paisley. 'All men in Ulster, whether they know the reason or not, are born with an inbred hatred of Popery.'

The service ends. Members of the congregation pause to purchase Paisley's literature in the lobby, and to gather on the wide plaza before the church to share for a moment more the fraternity of the righteous.

Matthew Hoffman

TERROR ON THE TUBES

There's not much happening in theatre these days. A notable exception is Theatrespiel. They are the most exciting, crazy, revolutionary theatrical experience to emerge in this country for a long time. At a time when traditional theatre is obsolete, decaying in the West End, supported by coach parties from the Midlands and tourists, Theatrespiel have tripped into a new infinity, creating real theatre anywhere, at anytime with anybody.

Spiel means play in German and shit in Jewish and the department of computerized war strategy at the Pentagon has Theatrespiel as its operational name. Theatrespiel are appropriately theatrespiel any way you look at it. At the moment they are comprised of ten regular members, all of whomwork by day and theatrespiel at night, weekends and any other free time they can afford. They're all young, like fifteen, eighteen, twenty-odd most of them, with diverse social backgrounds and a common frustration at not presently being able to drop their shackles and be full-time.

The theory and practise of the group was conceived by Peter James and Jan Flavell who are it's anti-directors. Peter arrived at the idea via happenings indulged in while a fine arts student and afterwards as a member of TOC, Interactions experimental company. His concern is that theatre should be a community activity, engaging the community to entertain the community. Hence the process and framework and material.

Theatrespiel's stage is the Tube, tenement blocks, transport cafes, streets, factories or, in short, anywhere where there can be direct contact/ inter-play with people. They see their work in a political context, the breaking down of barriers extending into providing areas for any personality to express itself freely without the phobia that still exists with say, a set dialogue or movement (which was the contradiction of Handke's play "Offending the Audience", supposedly a free participation exercise.) They use images instead of words — bodily movements, spontaneous gesticulations, simple props, masks, costumes, make-up — whatever each individual member feels is his best method of communication. They react to the situation they're in, and since it's never the same situation, or place, or time, or audience, the reactions from both the players and playees are dually entertaining and constructive. Because they are out in the open as it were, there are no confinements or restrictions for both parties — anything is possible.

Since they came together in January, their principal outlet has been Tube Theatre. Unsuspecting commuters, usually on the Victoria Line, are suddenly becoming aware that something less boring than newspapers or advertisements is possible. Over the months, the group has developed a series of sketches which provide a framework within which they and the commuters can participate. They last for two or three stops and then the group gets out and changes to another train, leaving the passengers in states of hysterical laughter, fear, or indignation.

The sketches vary. In the Parachute piece — half a dozen freaks in British Army uniforms lined-up at attention by the carriage doors are directed by a staff sergeant to jump out, one at a time at each stop, while a sexy vamp in a mink and braless, trys to seduce the sergeant. The newspaper piece — five guys sitting together read newspapers in silence until one by one they interrupt each other, climbing over each other, tearing pages out of the others' papers and ending up in a chaotic football scrum with tattered newspapers all over the carriage. The Opera piece starts off with a man standing up, removing his trousers to reveal ballet tights, from which he starts to pirouette up and down the carriage, to be joined at the next stop by a ballerina who gets on and also starts to dance, to be joined at the next stop by two prima donnas who begin to Wagner up and down the carriage and so on until a fully-cast opera with musicians is being staged. The Gorrilla piece ends up with apeing freaks hanging from the support rods. A few seconds before, they were ordinary passengers who got on with the rest blending in perfectly with the blandness. The main object of each piece is to urge participation from the passengers without being heavy and keeping them uncertain as to what is going on until the last moment.

Theatrespiel has two other similar activities that it is currently developing. *Lecturespiel*, which is designed to activate groups, like students in art colleges who have the means and situations, into community action projects like their own. And *PHAB* — physically handicapped and able-bodied-group therapy projects designed to work with the physically handicapped. Everything Theatrespiel do is designed to be taken up by the people they do it with, be it a commuter, a cripple or a worker who starts off uptight with their antics inevitably, if he gives himself the chance, ends up laughing and participating.

London Transport is aware of their activities but as yet, is undecided as to what attitude to adopt — if they're smart, they'll hire them. Occasionally a soldier, or a policeman gets in the way and spoils everybody's fun and it's only a matter of time before some of them are busted or assualted, but, by and large, the people, the community, enjoy them. They are a most important and significant theatrical experiment and should be given every encouragement to realise their full potential. They use the Oval House, Kennington as their base, and welcome anyone who wants to join or enquire. Telephone 735 2786. For the love of the people and fun, do it.

Stanislav Demidiuk

SPIDER JOY
AND I'M WONDERIN' HOW MY SPIDERS ARE TODAY...

TELL ME IT CAN'T BE! MOTHER OF CHRIST... MY SPIDERS ARE GONE!
GLUK

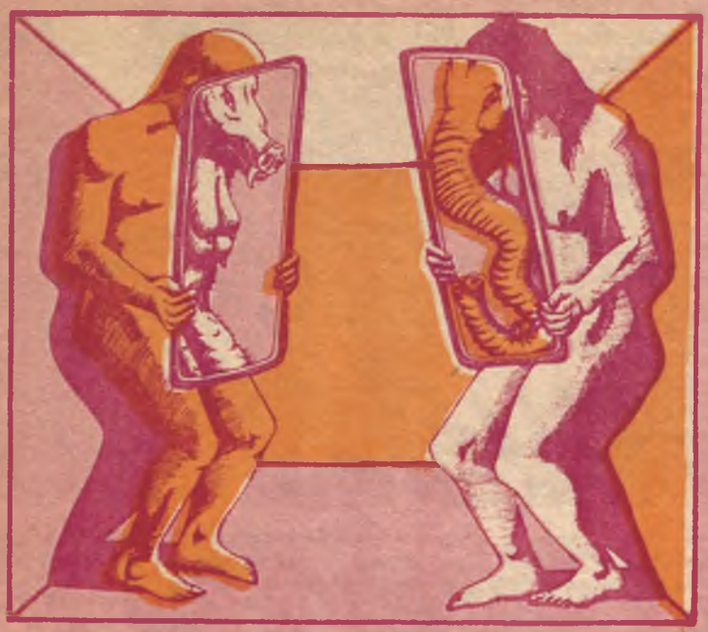
THE SPIDERS ARE GONE
YOUR SPIDERS ARE GONE
HIS SPIDERS ARE GONE

WHO TOOK MY SPIDERS, DID YOU, YA ROTTEN CREEP HUH?
BLOM

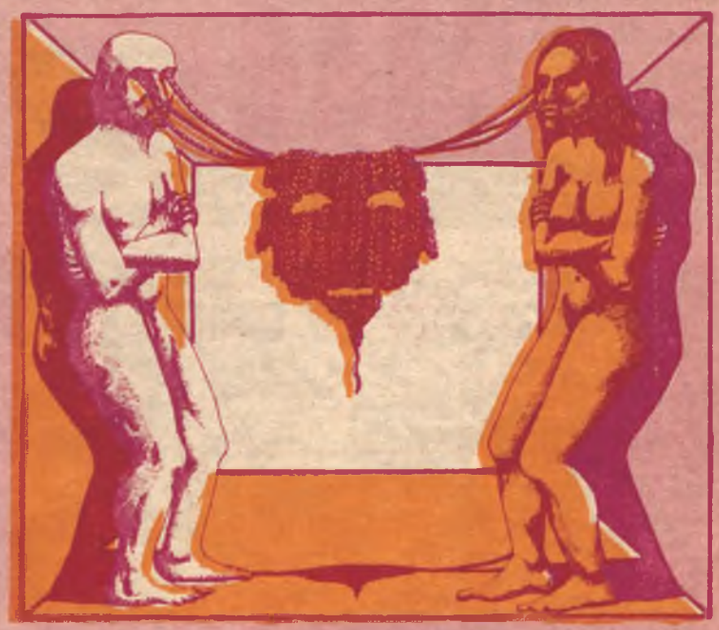
I'M THAT ROTTEN CREEP'S SOUL, AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION.. NONE OF US TOOK YOUR FUCKING SPIDERS
YOU TELL 'IM SOUL...

YEAH, WISE ASS, TASTE RAZOR AND SAY GOODBYE!!
ZEEEEEEEESH

SOUL WAS WRONG, BECAUSE I'VE GOT THEM SPIDERS.... (GIGGLE)
OH WELL



The easiest and most gentle way of reminding someone that he's an entire organism is by awakening all his senses. Formal education plays down all the senses other than sight; although we're born whole, we're immediately conditioned to specialize. We are led to believe that smell and touch are bad, and through ignorance of our other senses, we become tense and insensitive. It's small wonder we feel anxious, alienated and out of touch with our whole body. Both here and in the States group sensitivity experiences are the best known off all methods in the human potential repertoire. They are used as relaxation, harmony events in their own right, and as a threshold to deeper, more delicate levels of

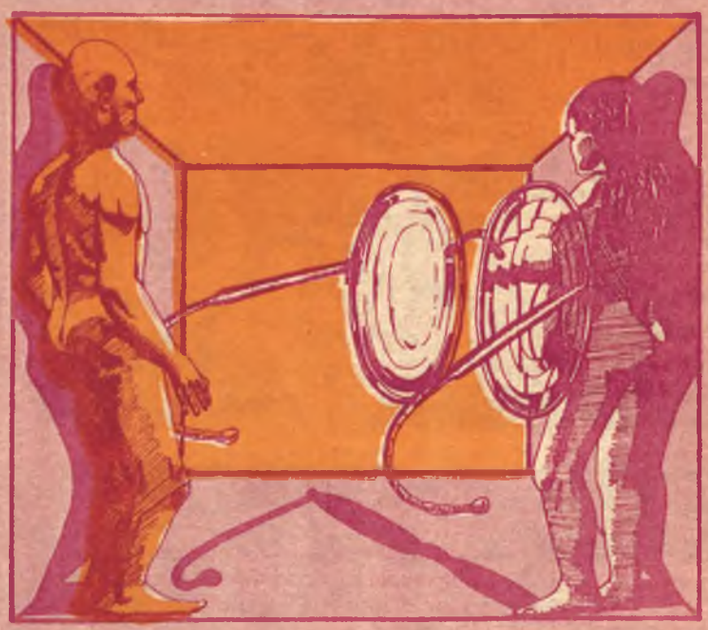


feeling. Sensory awareness experiments, games, exercises attempt to loosen the grip of the rigid rules, feelings, thoughts thrust on us by society; they quiet the overdominant verbal preoccupation of the mind (almost all sensitivity exercises are non-verbal), release excessive muscular tension, and focus consciousness on the direct sensory experience of here and now.

Roger Housden

See me Feel me Touch me Heal me

Esalen and Encounter Group Therapy



Jerome Liss talks to Don Braisby

Some people have described Encounter groups as ways of turning on without drugs and we have talked a little bit about the possibility of building up encounter groups within society. But what is the real value of it? What is their potential in human growth?

Jerome Liss: **I think the best way is to take examples of what varying kinds of encounter groups do and then suggest some of the results they achieve.**

In Sensitivity Training Groups people will get together without words and instead use touch, looks, vocalization and sound exercises to make contact with one another. This immediately cuts thorugh the usual word rituals and allows contact on a much more physical level. There is the great emphasis on body experience and methods of breathing to increase awareness and sensations from your body. This changes one's basic orientation to oneself and toward other people.
I find the most important exercises involve people shouting. They could just shout sounds or else one can suggest that they use particular words — "Leave me alone", "Get out of my way", "Please stay with me". People can be instructed to shout these phrases at one another, looking very closely and touching hands at the same time so that it stimulates very strong kinds of emotions in them. It breaks down the usual muffled way we have of being with other.
Especially the voice when used at shouting level, which seems to provoke much more feeling and sense of presence that any other mode of expression. It is shouting that people were prevented from doing when they were kids — "Be quiet, you are making too much noise". The use of the voice has been inhibited throughout development. People shouting at one another involves tremendous turn-on.

Another example is an exercise when people are asked to make a deep sound and one's partner presses one's chest deeply during exhalation so that you get a very deep throat sound, like a very strong gasp and people are asked to look in the mirror and to open their eyes as wide as possible to stare at themselves. People who did this had the sensation of pouring out of their eyes into their vision and into the image of them-

selves in the mirror and they also said afterwards they felt more out of their minds and into their vision — like being what one sees.
I think this comes about by a particular technique — breathing, vocalisation and wide-eyed staring. I think there are lots of different exercises that can be developed to open up the functions of experience and expression. There is another one using the voice in which people lie in a circle with their heads towards the centre and begin to make continuous sounds and they get louder and louder and they are encouraged to explore different types of sounds — animal sounds, emotional sounds like sighing, roaring and pleading.
After these sounds develop a momentum of their own, people are encouraged to move around at the same time and with a group making a huge roar together, people can experience a tremendous freedom and release. I think it is akin to a religious ritual where people develop a unified group spirit unified group expression and this way find a release from their personal selves to some larger field. This is the basis of the appeal for a lot of people. Most institutional religions have ways of getting people together to pray to God. A group spirit can be very powerful and can be liberating a group together on a kind of 'communitarian' or anarchistic basis. There is no particular ideology except experience and expression and yet you can get the same kind of 'religious' liberation.

One of the things we are stopped from doing when children is to play, free-wheel kind of doing-what-you-like playing. People in small groups often have very boring kinds of conversations. If it is imaginative it is usually carried on by just one or two people and other people who haven't that kind of skill and freedom with language are on the side-lines and are just receptive spectators. To bring everybody in and to 'play', there is another kind of encounter group where people play favourite monsters and go round trying to scare the daylights out of each other, yet at the same time they are laughing and pulling frightening grimaces. In this you are asked to explore the plasticity and expressiveness of your face and your partner is asked to mirror it. You can also make funny or awkward sounds. There is also a 'game' in which one is asked to say affectionate things like "I love you" in an angry tone of voice. Then you are asked to switch and say angry things in an affectionate tone, like "I'm going to get you" or "Get off my back" said very lovingly. There are other 'games' in which one just makes up stories and other people enact the themes or symbols.

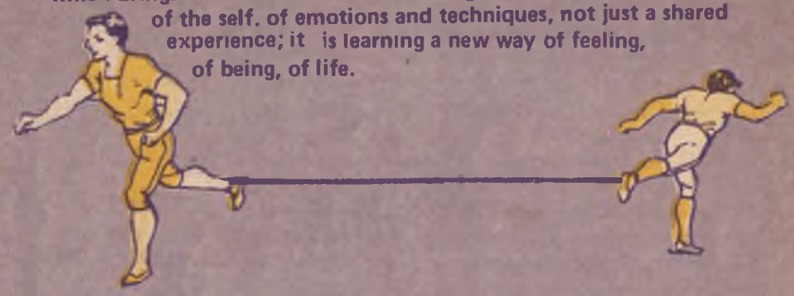
There are no longer sharp differences between the varying types of groups: the separate methods and orientations are more and more being used together. The sensitivity group techniques of touching, falling, singing and the love encounters, the 'games' and the Synanon confrontation encounters in which people are helped to face what they want to run away from. Even the oldest of these techniques — psycho-drama is used at times to try and re-learn to see people as real and alive.
Some encounter groups include psycho-drama methods. For instance someone will talk about his family life and then be asked to take the part of his wife or mother and someone else will take his part. Role switching techniques are used to heighten self awareness, to help one to see one as others see us. This is a form of play too but also one of

the best forms of social learning. You learn the words for a particular situation and because of the 'play' atmosphere people will try out more expressive ways, try to be more forceful or more direct at times and in that way explore their creative ability.

The Gestalt methods of exploring a problem are also extremely useful — their methods of taking a dream and kind of "acting it out". You begin to speak as one of the characters in the dream who is not yourself and say what they might be saying to someone else. One person taking on two parts of the dialogue opens up fantasies which are just budding within yourself and allows a kind of creative 'make believe' spirit to come into it. To my mind it is one of the best syntheses of play and creative learning.
The Gestalt method may also involve taking the part of an object. Let's say you dream of a train. You could be asked to play the train with your body, move around and make the sounds and then even speak and say what the train might be saying. If you dreamed of giving somebody a ring, you could be asked to be the ring and say what the ring is feeling. Through this making a part into a whole people open up symbols in their own minds and see the many meanings they may have. It is a tremendous way of opening up one's guarded psychic fantasies.
Or you may start with 'key' actions — say you are asked to imagine you are walking up a ladder or through a door and you are asked what you see next and you begin to have something like a dream while awake. These aren't just ways of finding out more about yourself, such methods exercise functions of the mind which are usually relatively unused. They ask for much phantasy on the part of the person, demand immediate

spontaneous development of images and plots so that people who do this repeatedly find that in every day life they are able to visualise imaginings much better and are able to create stories off the top of their head much more effectively.

On the other hand the confrontation peer encounter groups as used in Synanon, Daytop, Phoenix and other therapeutic programmes make less use of fantasy and are geared to increasing self knowledge and awareness of reality. These therapeutic programmes are based on self help by peers not by academically trained therapists. Through sharing common experiences, searching for common ground with ruthless honesty there emerges a sense of the group-as-society and inevitably such groups develop value systems and ideologies.
In such groups it is the group that does the work and because of this the cumulative power of the group is very great and they should therefore be used with caution. Beginners in confrontation groups may be overwhelmed at first by the fierceness of the confrontation, the ruthless stripping away of rationalisations, justifications and other defenses, they may be frightened by the insistence on expressing innermost feelings and not just thoughts. It isn't easy to look honestly at oneself, one's face, one's body in a mirror; it is even harder to look at oneself in the "eyes and hearts of others", to have a whole group reflecting the image one projects, telling you what you are, not what you think or dream you are.
The group in gradually exposing the real self may use mimicry, ridicule, exageration, taunts, open direct criticism; it may shout and attack verbally. But all the sound and fury is but the expression of the group's true concern, it's care and love not for the pseudo self, the image painfully, inexpertly or expertly built over the years but for the suffering self behind the image. Empathy and compassion are expressed openly, directly — both verbally and physically — by reaching out and holding and comforting so that a level of acceptance of one's real self is reached which brings immense comfort and strength. This is not just exploration of the self, of emotions and techniques, not just a shared experience; it is learning a new way of feeling, of being, of life.



Association for Humanistic Psychology: 17 Hanover Square, W.1. Information forum for human potential movement. Conducts meetings and workshops, and encourages research. About to start a regular bulletin.

Quaesitor: 22 Avenue Road, NW.8. The largest and most established of the centres in London. Phone for programme; it includes monthly on-going Gestalt Encounter Groups (£8), four week Tai Chi and Massage Group (£8), Weekend Encounter Workshop (£10), Bioenergetic Weekend (£12), and an eight hour encounter group for women (£4) dealing with the problem of woman defining her role in today's society.

Centre 48: 937-6574. Similar in size and variety of courses to Quaesitor, but they have to leave their premises soon, so they're closing temporarily. Phone for future plans.

Upsurge: Colin Hamer, 14 Queensbury Place, SW.7. 584-9224. Colin Hamer, a highly qualified psychotherapist, is just getting this group off the ground. Introductory encounter evenings, Tuesdays, 8.15 p.m. £1. On-going encounter group, Wednesday, 7.30, 7 weeks for £5.

City Literary Institute: Colin Hamer will start a course of encounter/ sensitivity sessions at the City Lit. in June. Ring nearer date for details. A 12 week course, 1½ hours per week, will cost the normal City Lit. fee of £1-30/-.

Kaleidoscope: 37 Wood Lane, N.6. (mailing address) 937-6680. Bill Grossman and Gerda Boyesen, both of whom were previously part of the Centre 48 staff, are at present looking for premises to start this new group. They will run encounter sessions, bioenergetic workshops, and music therapy groups. Fees similar to Quaesitor.

Exploring Human Contact: Ann Elphick, Flat 20, Frobisher Court, Sydenham Rise, SE.23, 699-9554. The only centre providing residential, week-end sessions — in a country house near Hazelmere. A three day residential session costs 11gns. There are three on-going weekly groups (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,) at £6.5/- for 5 weeks. A fortnight residentail session is planned for the summer, £25 per week.

Samanya: Contacts: Richard Perkins 485-7896, Sarah Fright 435-3593, Helen and Neville Davis 436-9200. Samanya is a large and very varied group of people who meet to discuss alternatives to the established living pattern. Positive results from the talks include a commune, an open home system, whereby a different house is available every day of the year for whoever is in the need of comfort/ company/help; and the start of co-operative buying. Samanya also runs a sensitivity group for its members, at a nominal charge of 3/- to cover coffee, etc. Meetings are held on Tuesdays at different homes.

PNP (People not Psychiatry): Contacts: Pete 485-9370, Peter 935-4016, David 328-5859, Jenny (for encounter) 603-4042. PNP is a network of people helping each other. All society offers people in trouble are pills, straight psychiatrists, and mental hospitals. PNP offer contact with people who have/have had similar problems, so removing the we-they structure. The network isn't limited to any specific kind of people — they welcome anyone at all who has a problem that they can't cope with themselves. Anybody in the network (only room for 4 numbers above) is available on an individual basis, and they also have general Friday night meetings at which anyone is welcome. They are just starting mini-trust groups too — small frameworks of 7/8 people who regularly come together with the aim of building up a sense of trust/reliability. PNP is the group who will help you start your own encounter sessions/or free — ring Jenny (see above).

List compiled by Roger Housden

GYPSY

You know those groups you always liked best, those playing that kind of rock that always seemed to mean most to you. It's true to say there's not so much produced these days, especially here in England, where, over the last few years, musicians' styles have become watered down, and somewhat freakier, and where songs and strong vocals appear to have been neglected. Sure, there are drastic limitations on just how original and unique one *can* be, playing within such a restricted and defined idiom inwhich so much has already been attempted in the seventeen odd years since rock was born; but overall, British styles have been getting less direct and further and further away from that basic involving 'folk' essence, by which one was always able to distinguish the best rock.
Not Gypsy however. Gypsy have come up with four new songwriters, all composing numbers with that elusive, involving 'classic' feel about them; that quality that can turn certain songs into standards; and the group know just how to interpret them too. Four individually featured, and complementary, vocalists, coupled with a refreshingly colourful instrumental line-up (drums, bass, two guitars and electric 12-string guitarist doubling on piano), enable Gypsy to perform with equal effect in all veins, through blatantly heavy and dramatically soulful to subtely relaxed and soft. Gypsy succeed in extending an already well explored idiom, by contributing to it that new life, vital for rock's continued effect in this country; and that takes a lot. Listen to their album, and hear for yourselves – it's an album that'll make all the difference, by meaning the most to you.

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Mrs. Mary Wighthouse.

fan mail

Brothers and Sisters at Oz,

Although I left school almost 9 years ago, I can still remember the crushing boredom of the place: the stuffing of useless 'facts' into the unwilling minds, the lack of humour of the teaching staff, the hypocrisy and near sadism of the headmaster, the petty stupid rules. I wore a peaked cap with a badge on it and a navy blue blazer, but that didn't stop me from being a thoroughly nasty little yob. Christ, I hated the bloody place and I hated the headmaster more than I've hated anyone since. From time to time I run into one of the guys whom I knew at school and not one has yet had a good word to say for the place. So what? Just that I was a depraved and corrupt schoolkid and it didn't take Oz to do the job. The system was the corrupter because its rigidity and lack of humanity was guaranteed to make one turn against it. Then and now. I read in the local paper not long ago that girls at a local school have been forbidden to wear tights as the headmistress considers them unhygienic.

As a schoolkid I used to regularly purchase two-and-sixpenny tit books from a news-agents shop in Leyton. Kids these days buy Oz. A guy I know who went to Sherbourne used to buy Playboy. Who is the corrupter? Oz, or the wank-fodder fantasy mag? Does Oz inspire kids to unnatural sex acts? Assuming that a blowjob is an unnatural sex act, it took no Oz to inspire me to participate in such an act; all it took was a schoolgirl's willing mouth. Are school-girls obscene? We would have smoked dope too, had dope been available. Our particular high was booze, which is more ruinous in the long run. We used words like 'fuck' and 'cunt' with fair regularity (monotonously, in fact), and such words couldn't be printed in those days.

Headmasters and the whole lousy 'educational' system in this beknighted land of hope and misplaced glory are the ones who deprave and corrupt children. No wonder kids turn away from their redundant values: such sterile, pompous corpses inspire no confidence.

Thank you Oz for being such a damned fine magazine. As Abbie Hoffman says, you blend art and politics in a new way; and you have kept your sense and discrimination too. At a time when most underground papers have become carried away with violent rhetoric, thank Christ that you have the courage to admit that you — like I — cannot pull the trigger. From Hoffman's letter maybe he too is sussing that certain of the more extreme elements of the movement are slowly turning fascist. "All cops are pigs" — substitute Jews for cops? "I'm gonna liberate you whether you want it or not" — democracy anyone? Yeah, let's build a few bombs and throw a few rocks at the pigs and alienate the entire older generation and we've got ourselves a revolution. Once we've seized power we'll just make them all drop acid, and everything will be groovy, and we'll all live happily ever after. Jesus, how fucking naive.

If Det. Inspector Luff or a colleague reads this, don't bother calling on me, baby, I don't smoke none of that acid, or spread no margerinejuana on me bread, or even ram that (things go better with) Cocaine Cola up my arse. So just piss off and raid a few strip joints, why don't you.

Good Luck, Oz, from a dirty little baby-raping, depraved corrupt commie anarchist weirdo pinko hippie freak dope-fiend punk.

Love and all that crap,
Dave Gent,

62 Cavendish Road,
Highams Park, E 4

Dear Oz,

Your magazine is getting fucking worse, filling it with bullshit about the wogs and niggers abroad rather than the fuck-ups in this country. You would think it was our fault that the fucking GI's were fighting. If you feel so sympathetic with the V Cong why don't you fight with the Mother Fuckers. In Bradford the scene is so far under that they warm their hands off the core of the earth, so why can't you come up here and do your fucking Preaching and leave the Wogs and niggers alone. Perhaps that will help the scene.

Yours,

Satan Slave,
Jack the Ripper,
Bradford

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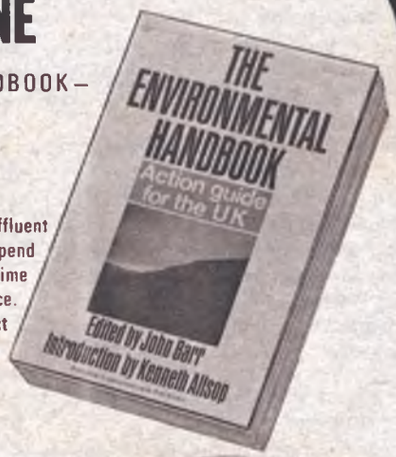

CONCORDE – The Case Against Supersonic Transport. Richard Wiggs.
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BRIAN AUGER'S OBLIVION EXPRESS
Brian Auger
(RCA)

Brian Auger's days of superstardom are long gone. "Lovely band, but he couldn't draw a wank," said one promoter I asked to book him. It's a shame.

An intense admiration for Brian Auger's keyboard talents was one by-product of my adolescent lust for Julie Driscoll, and both sentiments survive to this day. Oblivion Express is an infinitely better band than the Trinity, whose musical bankruptcy was exposed on Auger's last album, "Befour". The new music has a dark, menacing grandeur, and Auger tears several different kinds of hell out of his Hammond. But there is one glaring fault which, unfortunately, is directly attributable to Auger himself.,

While Auger's voice was fine for a filler every so often to take the weight off Jools, his very meagre gifts as singer and lyricist are a sad let-down to the magnificent noises produced by the Express.

Still, there is hope. This album was recorded after the full band had been together for only a week, and now after six hard months on the road, they should certainly be a force to be reckoned with. Treat this as an indication of what is to come, freak over the genuinely nightmarish cover, bully your local psychedelic dungeon into booking Oblivion Express. If Auger can solve his vocal problems and write rather less dreary lyrics, his next album could be good enough to stack next to "Streetnoise."

Charles Shaar Murray

RICK SINGS NELSON
Rick Nelson
(MCA)

I remember watching little Ricky from his earliest days as a member of the 'Ozzie and Harriet' TV show in America, where he portrayed himself like the rest of his family. Each week the viewer could see him grow from being a typically cute kid and later, his embarrassing puberty stage which gave birth to the Ricky Nelson we all know and loved. After fifteen years on radio and television, he disappeared from public life with the rest of his clan. Rick, an ageing rock idol, began his search for personal identity and a new outlet for his musical energy.

For a short while he found a place in the C & W charts before appearing as a folkie around the coffee bar circuit of L.A. playing material from the pens of such notables as Dylan and Newman. He soon dropped this in preference of starting a band with friend Randy Meisner, who had just quit Poco. They put together an excellent five piece band which featured Tom Brumley, one of the best steel guitar players in the country. They gigged in and around the beer bars of L.A. developing their tight unit. Their first L.P. titled *Rick Nelson in Concert* was recorded just previous to the departure of Meisner, and received very favorable reviews. The Dylan song 'She Belongs To Me' was released as a single and became a reasonable sized hit in the States.

His latest woek titled *Rick Sings Nelson* spotlights Rick writing and producing all his own material for the first time. His band is always there in the right place doing the right thing, never getting out of hand. The music is smooth and pretty with some exciting surprises, but on the whole remaining tame and soothing. It's good that Rick's band is content with making sweet Country music and doesn't resort to Rock and Roll mutiny which exists in the minds of many egotistical back-up musicians.

My favorites are 'California' and 'The Reason Why', but on some songs he tends to preach his subtle type of social commentary which doesn't really rub me right 'The Dolphin' is the prim example of this fault, where he seems to be lagging behind with four year old phrases like "believe in your brother" and "love one another". I'm sure that Rick's intentions are genuine, but the fact remains that they're well worn expressions. Like I said before, the music is solid throughout, and Rick is a very likeable person. It's a sure winner in the hearts of all Country Rock freaks. And if you like the album, you might want to pick up on Rick when he visits these shores in June.

Danny Holloway

THIRD WORLD WAR
Third World War
(Fly)

A thunderous inspiring record seems to have escaped everbody's notice. The misicians themselves (winsome Cockney duo, Terry Stamp and Jim Avery) were put through the rock machine a little (ref OZ 31), but their *music* . . . . ah . . . the blind ear does not see.

The music is extraordinary simply because an arrogant, bitter cause is communicated in a manner that makes it accessible to a vast number of people: it's basically fierce, raucous rock, nothing too ethnic, and yet it's the politics of revolution, of Molotovs, of skinheads and 'queens' (sic), of truck unions and magazine clips. The revolution and from right under our noses, in Shepherds Bush. That's not the same Shepherds Bush that the Who once knew either (fucking, Friday nights and football), it's the place where they're,

Working on the plot and the prime
Preaching violence
Up from the slums and factory grime
Preaching violence
Running the streets biding our time
Preaching violence
The bog wall shines anti-Government signs
Go let your Molotov off God loves you. . . .

Musically it's tense, basic stuff, much of it like Lennon's solo album, with the occasional compelling guitar riff, but more noticeable for the work of sessionmen supreme, Bobby Keyes and Jim Price, and help from other friends like Tony Ashton and Speedy.

The betting shop was a real working class con
I trolled in no one had a shirt on
Run by this fat thug who just came out of jug
He said here's another mug
But my norse got doped and won
A tenner to win at nine-to-one I stung him for ajax
A tenner to win at nine-to-one I stung him for a ton
Well I looked him in his glass eye he came up real close
Pulled a gun and pushed it up my nose
Before he could shoot I hit him with my boot
I was picking up my loot
While on the floor he lay
His wife came down from upstairs and said
Son you've made my day
Oh
You Shepherds Bush Cowboy

Occasionally a band's live appearance or private life style attests to some revolutionary fervour, but in the home it's the albums that count. This one's no shitkicker, but a vicious, relentless polemic, and still edible rockpile. If this gets into the right/wrong hands it could do a great deal of damage/good.

Ulysses O Hanson

CHURCH OF ANTHRAX
John Cale and Terry Riley
(CBS)

To begin with, for those of you who haven't experienced it, *anthrax, n. Malignant boil; a disease of sheep and cattle.* Apart from that, this is a good album for all you J Cale/T Riley fans, and probably a turn-on for newcomers. These two gentlemen, neo-classical rock artists of new cult proportions, are both veterans of the New York Experience — sophisticated through the evocation of fear and despair. Riley, a seasoned composer in the avant garde bag, (don't run off) came to wide attention with his first album, *In C*, (1968) and doubled it with his second, *A Rainbow in Curved Air*, (1969). His philosophy, which has a lot to do with his music, goes like this unquote:

Music has to have danger, you have to be right on the precipice to really be interesting, not gliding along playing something you know. If you never get on the brink, you're never going to learn what excitement you can rise to. You can only rise to great heights by danger. No great man has ever been safe.

The Book of Common Prayer

John Cale, a Welshman, is ex-Velvet Underground, the Supra-Evil Funk in Hell group — his narration of 'The Gift' from his last V.U. album, *White Light, White Heat*, is legendary. He produced Nico's *Marble Index*, played on her *Desert Shore*, and co-produces this one, along with playing bass, harpsichord, organ, viola, piano and guitar to Riley's piano, organ and soprano sax.

There's nobody else on the album except Adam Miller, the vocalist on Cale's 'The Soul of Patrick Lee,' the only 'song', so this is the creation of two minds, combining two very specific styles, by themselves — a hard thing to do well. The dimensions produced are massive, yet their separate influences are felt, magnificent in their energy if not too perfectly constructed. That's not to say that the album isn't close to brilliance. The pulse if very high, even when when the track is a mellow one like 'The Hall of Mirrors in the Palace at Versailles.' A double soprano sax over-play on piano and organ, repetitive, simple, almost cold chord patterns — played at dawn, it's subliminally enthralling.

This music is beautiful without being romantic. The title track, 'Church of Anthrax' introduces the tense, haunting atmosphere that prevails over the five compositions that complete the total like a jig-saw puzzle. 'The Soul of Patrick Lee' could have been the V Underground, with Riley producing, whereas 'Ides of March,' a dual piano soliloquy is the opposite.

The last track, 'The Protege', is short and funky, a contrast again; Cale playing the bass line on piano with Riley's sharp, almost mechanical piano notes adding, but not filling the gaps, until a high frequency feedback scream cuts them dead. It felt as though they were playing in electric chairs, waiting for it.

If you like Soft Machine's *Fourth*, not that they are alike, you'll probably enjoy this more. Sound, above lyric, melody or rhythm, is becoming the main concern for both these groups of tone psychologists, and if you're into that, this album is very satisfying without being overtly demanding.

Stanislav Demidjuk

OVERDOG
Keef Hartley Band
(Deram)

Quite simply, the most satisfying musical endeavour that the working man's drummer has ever put his name to. With Mick (Wynder K Frogg) Weaver filling out the rhythm section and such famous MM names as Jon Hiseman and Johnny Almond participating, Keef has at last made the album that his last three led me to believe he would. Despite the fact that the album is made up of cuts recorded over a three-month period, some of them featuring assorted now-departed faces, *Overdog* has more coherence and unity than any of the band's work since *Halfbreed*.

If you want to check the album out, listen to the suite that ends the first side, 'Theme Song/Enroute/Theme Song Reprise.' 'Theme Song' is a Miller Anderson picking-and-singing love ballad embellished only by Almond's caressing flute and Keef's rustling cymbals. It's two sections sandwich a steamy, stampeding jam. Hartley and Hiseman loop-out an exquisitely funky rhythm that itches your toes with sheer joy, while over the top, Weaver on electric piano and Almond on flute blow around each other until it all fades back to the warm acoustic fireside.

The Hartley Band are playing honest, unpretentious, unhyped music. They're not selling attitudes, legends or lifestyles; you'll have to work those out for yourself. They do music. Their last album was entitled *The Time is Near*. With *Overdog*, the time is NOW. Buy new improved HARTLEY — the band you can trust.

Charles Shaar Murray

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
Loudon Wainwright III
(Atlantic)

The Speakeasy is a bunch of shit. I'd rather wallow in a filth-caked converted railway shed in Chalk Farm or carry a pair of binoculars to Victoria's Royal monument than risk an evening's musical entertainment at Margaret Street.

Last year I watched a Speak audience destroy a Richie Havens performance with their indifferent, abominable, narcissistic behaviour. I ain't never been back. That's how come I have to admit to secondhand evidence of Loudon Wainwright actually performing and *silencing* those present in the Speakeasy a couple of weeks back Accompanied only by his guitar, Wainwright succeeded where a list of artists that might resemble Lillian Roxon's 'Encyclopedia of Rock' have failed. A DJ friend of mine described how by the end of the second number people had discreetly ceased ordering drinks, how by the beginning of the fourth the normal monkeyhouse chatter had dropped to an occasional whisper, and how by the end of the fifth only the click of nervous cigarette lighters competed with Loudon's unearthly whining voice. I wish I'd been there.

To those readers weary of the new breed of performing lyricists now in the process of being forcibly elevated by recording companies and musical press to a star status exclusively reserved over the past decade for rock bands, Wainwright offers little consolation. Outwardly, at least, the would appear as yet another in that long line of burgeoning cult heroes that encompasses Neil Young, James Taylor, Joni Mitchell, Laura Nyro (even) et al., who choose, in varying degrees, to perform alone onstage, supplementing only their recorded work with orchestration and/or horns. But there's more, much more, to Loudon Wainwright's equation than James multiplied by Joni squared.

This album is too new to me for any competent analysis of individual tracks, or even an honest focusing of perspective in relation to those artists previously mentioned. But I have that rare and instinctive urge to play this LP again and again, waiting for the emphasis on certain key words, the unusual twist of phrase and the slick, dramatic guitar work. Lyrically, his compositions are magnificent. The sickly sentimentality of many of James Taylor's and Joni Mitchell's late composition is acutely conspicuous by it's absence, as is the self indulgent melancholic favoured far too often by Neil Young. Comparisons, in any case, are a lame critical technique, and Wainwright work barely warrants them.

More than a year ago Loudon Wainwright was poised amidst the clamour of eager recording companies, fat contracts and fatter managers on the brink of a spectacular 'a-star-is-born' hype. He opted out, split New York City, laughed at film offers, turned away journalists and cut his bushy hair short enough to comply with the requirements of the Green Berets. Eventually, he crossed the Atlantic to London. He left behind him, doubtless, a sea of bewildered, balding business men. Their product had picked itself up off the production line and walked right out of the factory.

Wainwright isn't the first American musician to leave his homeland and come to Europe, and especially this country, in an attempt to cool off those anxious to exploit an artist's 'ammunition' all in one enormous barrage. I hope the climate here proves right, just right, for his particular requirements in assembling future arsenals. In a weird way it kind of evens out the balance for those armaments Mr. Heath has tucked up his sleeve, crated and labelled South Africa Export.

Felix Dennis

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THE FIRM HAS BEEN RUNNING FOR YEARS
ALTHOUGH THE STAFF MAY FREQUENTLY CHANGE
IT IS EASY TO FALL INTO PLACE
IT IS HARDER TO STAY OUT OF RANGE

IF YOU KNOW THE TOOLS OF YOUR TRADE
THE FIRM IS IDEALLY PLACED
THEY CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH A JOB
AND BENEFITS YOU SHOULD'NT WASTE

THIS LAND IS MADE OF PEOPLE
IN MANY DIFFERENT KINDS
SOME USE THEIR ARMS AND LEGS

OTHERS USE THEIR MINDS

AVALANCHE!
LATE!
LATE
LATE LATE!
LATE
LATE

CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK
SEENK ENUFF OF THE MOURNIN' MADE MATCHINE BREAK
TEE BRAKE

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Big O Posters

We hope these three pages of colour advertising will give Oz readers something to smile about-- they also enable you to see Jim Leon's work in a new dimension on the cover. We hope to produce some of his work in the future Meanwhile turn to the back to find the order form and lots more posters.

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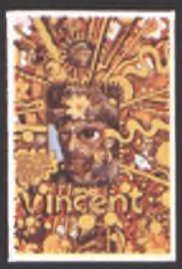

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'I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it...'

Voltaire

'...unless, of course, you're 18 years old or under.'

The Director of Public Prosecutions

Dream power

It is no accident that protest and exotic mysticism should be such striking features of the contemporary scene. In almost all known civilisations and periods of history religious ecstasy has served as a generous mouthpiece for frustration and aggressive self-assertion. No wonder ecstasy so often has such a shrill tongue. So, in a rich variety of cultural and historical settings, we find downtrodden women swept headlong into ecstatic mystery cults whose leaders are the authentic founders of Women's Lib. So also the ideal inspired prophet of protest rises dramatically from the very fringes of society 'speaking with tongues', and blazing the Hippie trail. In keeping with this resonance between our own and other times and cultures the current craze for exciting novel religious experience inevitably gives the bizarre-seeming beliefs and practises of supposedly simple tribesmen a new relevance and meaning. Already oriental mysticism has been so widely borrowed from that some find its nirvana-appeal a little tarnished; and so more and more people turn to the more exotic and less well-known tribal cults of Africa, the Caribbean, or South America – to say nothing of the richly luxuriant and as yet relatively unplundered resources of New Guinea.

In this fashion, yesterday's sinister tribal witchdoctor is rapidly becoming today's most acceptable guru, just as today's science is likely to become tomorrow's magic. The inspired priest or Shaman, with his mystical insight into human problems, has thousands of unwitting as well as conscious imitators in the West today. While the Third World belatedly borrows the West's discarded marxism, the West urgently seeks to appropriate all the Third World's mysterious magic in one of the strangest cultural exchanges in the world's history. Savage tribesmen used only to be invoked as intellectual black dwarfs in order to emphasise the whiteman's superiority. For '*their*' 'irrational superstitions' served to point up *our* superior rationality and the ultimate truth and validity of Western scientific culture. Or so people used to think. This is today no longer the case, and today the danger is rather that our dissatisfaction with what we consider degenerate in our own culture may encourage us to adopt an over-optimistic and undiscriminating attitude towards exotic religions.

Before the recent occult revolution, anthropologists and psychoanalysts were virtually the only people who considered that tribal concepts and values merited serious attention. Here most of the donkey work was naturally done by the anthropologists who made first-hand studies of primitive peoples and tried to learn their languages and thus absorb their cultures. The psychoanalysts, for the most part, simply picked over the anthropological accounts of primitive beliefs, assimilating and adapting those juicy items which suited their particular brand of psychoanalytic dogmatism. So themes from exotic dreams as well as from primitive symbolism and ritual found their way into the theories of Freud and Jung and those of their successors. Previous generations of European political philosophers had exploited tit-bits of exotic information about the quality of life in savage societies to add a bit of colour to their polemical theories about the ideal form of society or the best kind of government. The founders of modern psychoanalysis thus simply followed in their footsteps. Although Jung was certainly more open-minded than Freud and frankly fascinated by the numinous, the general trend was to look for correspondences between the thoughts and actions of children and neurotic Europeans on the one hand, and primitive, supposedly 'immature' tribesmen on the other. It was thus often argued that primitive societies were not only juvenile but also deliquent, and that they were regularly dominated by half-crazy shamans, who had obsessions about evil spirits and were in any case fraudulent and scarcely worthy of even the title 'primitive healer'. Such absurd assessments smack rather strongly of professional jealousy, and more rigorous and informed research has shown how misguided they are. It is now clear that the shaman is often a brilliantly insightful psychoanalyst, playing a highly significant role in helping to maintain the health and harmony of his community. Similarly, tribal beliefs in detachable souls or spirit-essences which can be separated from, or joined with the self anticipate much of the conceptual apparatus of psychoanalysis. In the same way also, the modern 'discovery' that inter-personal tensions can produce illness is a hoary old truth (often expressed in the idiom of witchcraft) which is taken for granted in most self-respecting tribal societies. It is not only the psychotropic drugs which have been recently re-discovered in the West.

These very interesting parallels have not gone entirely unrecognised by psychiatrists, although it is only recently that much has been made of them. Even more unusual, of course, has been the adoption of tribal psychiatric procedures and their use in western spycho-analytic practise. One person who did try to do this in an original way was Dr Kilton Stewart who based his treatment to a considerable extent on what he had discovered in expeditions amongst the Senoi aboriginals in the Malayan jungle in 1935. The Senoi are shifting cultivators, living in small and apparently unusually harmonious communities led by inspired priests or shamans. Stewart was amazed

to find that they were virtually a tribe of psychoanalysts who spent a great part of their waking hours recounting and analysing their dreams. Dreams were discussed seriously at the breakfast table each morning and, what particularly struck Stewart, was the way in which their interpretations were used to condition people to the extent of even altering the content of their dreams! Frightening dreams, for instance, were explained to have really meant the reverse and people were encouraged to re-dream their dreams with this new interpretation in mind. The following extract from Stewart's account of the Senoi emphasises how the open discussion of dreams and their constant re-interpretation contributed towards community harmony. He claims that he found this a successful technique in his treatment of his own patients. The method is, however, obviously open to abuse and it is not a very long step from this to Orwell's Thought Police. The reader should also bear in mind that while Stewart stresses how peaceful the Senoi are, he is speaking particularly of small Senoi groups which have to achieve a good measure of internal harmony if they are to successfully confront their hostile external environment. Their dream management may help them achieve this as Stewart argues. But his account, which is based on some ten months with the Senoi, plays down conflicts over leadership within the group in which dreams would certainly play a significant part.

Ioan Lewis

Ioan Lewis is Professor of Anthropology at the London School of Economics, and the author of Ecstatic Religions *(Pelican original 35p) an anthropological study of Spirit Possession and Shamanism.*

The Senoi are, perhaps, the most democratic group reported in anthropological literature. In the realms of family, economics and politics, their society operates smoothly on the principle of contract agreement, and democratic consensus, with with no need of police force, jail, psychiatric hospital to reinforce the agreements or confine those who aren't willing or able to reach consensus.

Study of their society seems to indicate that they have arrived at this high state of social and physical co-operation and integration through the system of psychology which they discovered, invented, and developed, and that the principles of this system of psychology are understandable in terms of Western scientific thinking.

Dream interpretation, is a feature of child education and is the common knowledge of all Senoi adults. The average Senoi layman practices the psychotherapy of dream interpretation on his family and associates as a regular feature of education and daily social intercourse. Breakfast in the Senoi house is like a dream clinic, with the father and elder brothers listening to and analysing the dreams of all the children. At the end of the family clinic the male population gather in the council at which the dreams of the older children and all the men in the community are reported, discussed, and analysed.

While the Senoi do not, of course, employ our system of terminology, their psychology of dream interpretation might be summed up as follows: Man creates features or images of the outside world in his own mind as part of the adaptive process. Some of these features are in conflict with him and with each other. Once internalised, these hostile images turn man against himself and against his fellows. In dreams man has the power to see these facts of his psyche, which have been disguised in internal forms, associated with his own fearful emotions, and turned against him and the internal images of other people. If the individual does not receive social aid through education and therapy, these hostile images, built up by man's normal receptiveness to the outside world, get tied together and associated with one another in a way which makes him physically, socially and psychologically abnormal.

The Senoi believes that any human being, with the aid of his fellows, can outface, master, and actually utilize all beings and forces in the dream universe. His experience leads him to believe that, if you co-operate with your fellows or oppose them with good will in the day time, their images will eventually help you in your dreams, and that every person should and can become the supreme ruler and master of his own dream or spiritual universe, and can demand and receive the help, co-operation of all the forces there.

The simplest anxiety or terror dream I found among the Senoi was the falling dream. When the Senoi child reports a falling dream, the adult answers with enthusiasm: "That is a wonderful dream, one of the best dreams that a man can have. Where did you fall to, and what did you discover?" He makes the same comment when the child reports a climbing, travelling, flying, or soaring dream. The child at first answers as he would in our society, that it did not seem so wonderful, and that he was so frightened that he awoke before he had fallen anywhere. "That was a mistake," answers the adult-authority. "Everything you do in a dream has a purpose, beyond your understanding while you are asleep. You must relax and enjoy yourself when you fall in a dream. Falling is the quickest way to get in contact with the powers of the spirit world, the powers laid open to you through your dreams. Soon, when you have a falling dream, you will remember what I am saying, and as you do, you will feel that you are travelling to the source of the power which has caused you to fall."

"The falling spirits love you. They are attracting you to their land, and you have but to relax and remain asleep in order to come to grips with them. When you meet them, you may be frightened of their terrific power, but go on. When you think you are dying in a dream, you are only receiving the powers of the other world, your own spiritual power which has been turned against you, and which now wishes to become one with you if you will accept it."

The astonishing thing is that, over a period of time, with this type of social interaction, praise or criticism, imperatives and advice, the dream which starts out with fear of falling changes into the joy of flying. This happens to everyone in the Senoi society. That which was an indwelling fear or anxiety, becomes an indwelling joy or act of will; that which was ill esteem towards the forces which caused the child to fall in his dream, becomes good will towards the denizens of the dream world, because he relaxes in his dream and finds pleasurable adventures, rather than waking up with a clammy skin and a crawling scalp.

The Senoi believe and teach that the dreamer – the "I" of the dream – should always advance and attack in the teeth of danger, calling on the dream images of his fellows if necessary, but fighting by himself until they arrive. In bad dreams the Senoi believe real friends will never attack the dreamer or refuse to help. If any dream character who looks like a friend is hostile or unco-operative in a dream, he is only wearing the mask of a friend.

If the dreamer attacks and kills the hostile dream character, the spirit or essence of this dream character will always emerge as a servant or ally. Dream characters are bad only as long as one is afraid and retreating from them, and

will continue to seem bad and fearful as long as one refuses to come to grips with with them.

According to the Senoi, pleasurable dreams, such as of flying or sexual love, should be continued until they arrive at a resolution which, on awakening, leaves one with something of beauty or use to the group. For example, one should arrive somewhere when he flies, meet the beings there, hear their music, see their designs, dances, and learn their useful knowledge.

Dreams of sexual love should always move through the orgasm, and the dreamer should then demand from his dream lover the poem, the song, the dance, the useful knowledge which will express the beauty of his spiritual lover to a group. If this is done, no dream man or woman can take the love which belongs to human beings.

If the dreamer demands and receives from his love partners a contribution which he can express to the group on awakening, he cannot express or receive too much love in dreams. A rich love life in dreams indicates the favour of the beings of the spiritual or emotional universe. If the dreamer injures the dream images of his fellows or refuses to co-operate with them in dreams, he should go out of his way to express friendship and co-operation on awakening, since hostile dream characters can only use the image of people for whom his good will is running low. If the image of a friend hurts him in a dream, the friend should be advised of the fact, so he can repair his damaged or negative dream image by friendly social intercourse.

There follow some of the elements of the social and psychological processes involved in this type of dream interpretation:

First, the child receives social recognition and esteem for discovering and relating what might be called an anxiety-motivated pschic reaction. This is the first step among the Senoi toward convincing the child that he is acceptable to authority even when he reveals how he is inside.

continued

Second, it describes the working of his mind as rational, even when he is asleep. To the Senoi it is just as reasonable for the child to adjust his inner tension states to himself, as it is for a Western child to do his homework for the teacher.

Third, the interpretation characterizes the force which the child feels in the dream as a power which he can control through the process of relaxation and mental set, a force which is his as soon as he can reclaim it and learn to direct it.

Fourth, the Senoi education indicates that anxiety is not only important in itself, but that it blocks the free play of imaginative thinking and creative activity to which dreams could otherwise give rise.

Fifth, it establishes the principle that the child should make decisions and arrive at resolutions in his night-time thinking as well as in that of the day, and should assume a responsible attitude toward all his psychic reactions and forces.

Sixth, it acquaints the child with the fact that he can better control his psychic reactions by expressing them and taking thought upon them, than by concealing and repressing them.

Seventh, it initiates the Senoi child into a way of thinking which will be strengthened and developed throughout the rest of his life, and which assumes that a human being who returns good will for his fellows and communicates his psychic reactions to them for approval and criticism, is the supreme ruler of all the individual forces of the spirit — subjective — world whatsoever.

Man discovers his deepest self and reveals his greatest creative power at times when his psychic processes are most free from immediate involvement with the environment and most under the control of his indwelling balancing or homeostatic power. The freest type of psychic play occurs in sleep, and the social acceptance of the dream would, therefore, constitute the deepest possible acceptance of the individual.

Among the Senoi, the child accumulates good will for people because they encourage on every hand the free exercise and expression of that which is most basically himself, either directly or indirectly, through the acceptance of the dream process. At the same time the child is told that he must refuse to settle with the denizens of the dream world unless they make some contribution which is socially meaningful and constructive as determined by social consensus on awakening. Thus his dream reorganisation is guided in a way which makes his adult aggressive action socially constructive.

A further example: A child dreams that he attacked by a friend and, on awakening, is advised by his father to inform his friend of this fact. The friend's father tells his child that it is possible that he has offended the dreamer without wishing to do so, and allowed a malignant character to use his image as a disguise in the dream. Therefore, he should give the dreamer a present and go out of his way to be friendly toward him, to prevent such an occurence in the future.

The aggression building up around the image of the friend in the dreamer's mind thereby becomes the basis of a friendly exchange. The dreamer is also told to fight back in the future dreams, and to conquer any dream character using the friend's image as a disguise.

Another example of what is probably a less direct tension state in the dreamer toward another person is dealt with in an equally skillful manner. The dreamer reports seeing a tiger attack another boy of the long house. Again, he is advised to tell the boy about the dream, to describe the place where the attack occurred and, if possible, to show it to him so that he can be on his guard, and in future dreams kill the tiger before it has a chance to attack him. The parents of the boy in the dream again tell the child to give the dreamer a present, and to consider him a special friend.

Even a tendency towards unproductive fantasy is effectively dealt with in the Senoi dream education. If the child reports floating dreams, or a dream of finding food, he is told that he must float somewhere in his next dream and find something of value to his fellows, or that he must share the food he is eating; and if he has a dream of attacking someone he must apologise to them, share a delicacy with them, or make them some sort of toy. Thus, before aggression, selfishness, and jealousy can influence social behaviour the tension expressed in the permissive dream state become a hub of social action in which they are discharged without being destructive.

My data on the dream life of various Senoi age groups would indicate that dreaming can and does become the deepest type of creative thought. Observing the lives of the Senoi it occurred to me that modern civilization may be sick because people have flowed off, or failed to develop, half their power to think. Perhaps the most important half. Certainly, the Senoi suffer little by intellectual comparison with ourselves. They have equal power for logical thinking while awake, considering their environment data, whereas our capacity to solve problems in dreams is infantile compared to theirs.

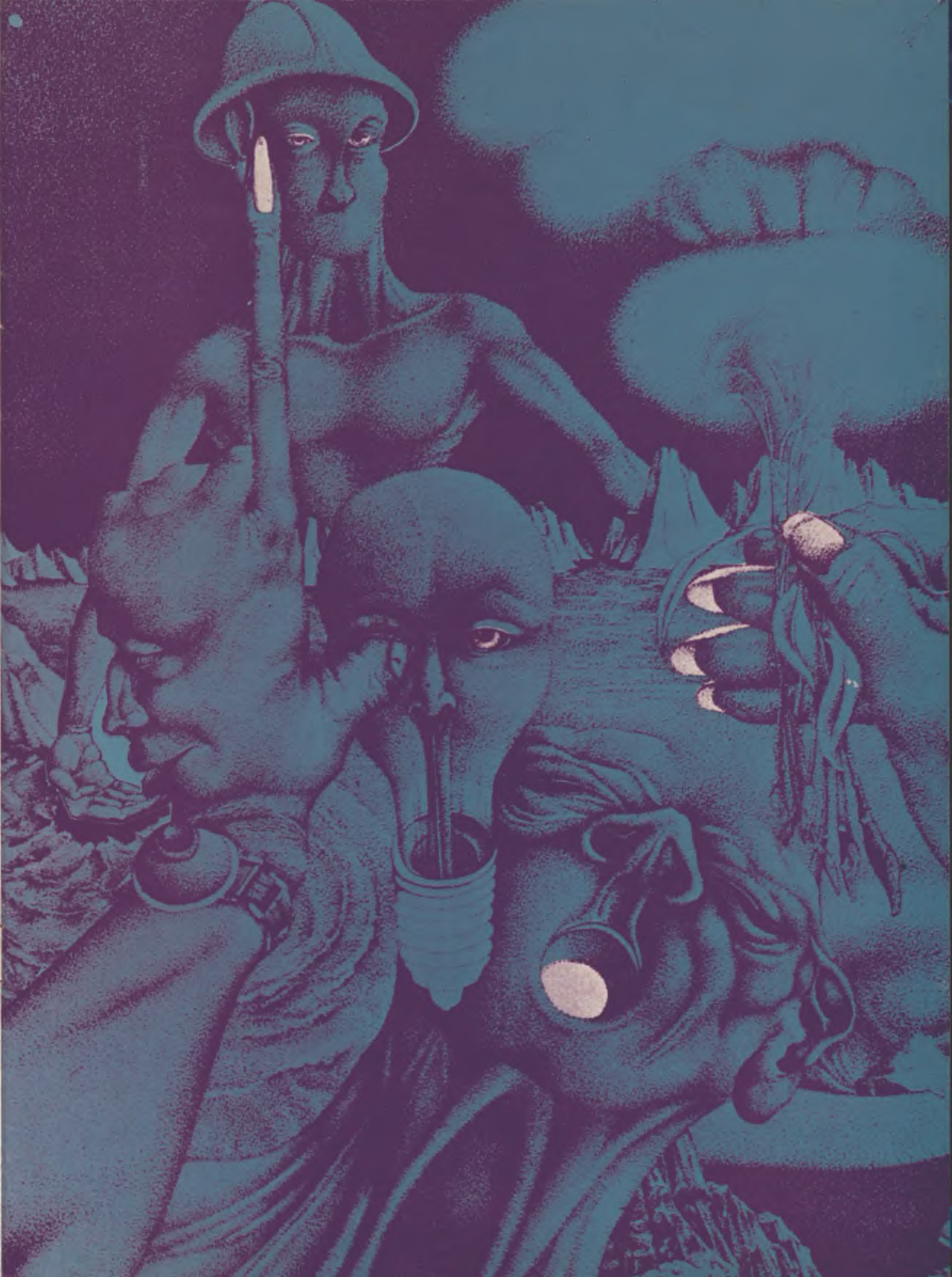
In the West the thinking we do while asleep usually remains on a muddled, childish, or psychotic level because we do not respond to dreams as socially important and include dreaming in the educative process. This social neglect of the sleep-side of man's reflective thinking when the creative process is most free, seems poor education.

Among the Senoi, the terror dream, the anxiety dream, and the simple pleasure dream, as well as muddled dreams of vague inconsequential happenings, such as a meaningless repetition of the day's activities, largely disappears before puberty. From puberty on, the dream life becomes less and less fantastic and irrational, and more and more like reflective thinking, problem solving, exploration of unknown things or people, emotionally satisfying social intercourse, and the acquiring of knowledge from a dream teacher or spirit guide. However dull or unimportant an individual may be, he can always count on receiving a hearing from his family members and from the larger group through his dreams.

Civilized man pays little attention to the thinking he has the power to do in his sleep through dreams. Western society is rife with war, crime, and wasteful economic conflict, insanity, neurosis, and chronic psychogenic physical ills. The Senoi make their dreams the major focus of their intellectual and social interest and have solved the problems of violent crime and destructive economic conflict, and largely eliminated insanity, neurosis and psychogenic illness. They have have done this without the help of a written language or of the scientific method as we think of it.

Kilton Stewart.

The full text of Kilton Stewart article can be found in Fire Magazine, published 1967.



THE WHSMITH STORY

A child cries and is left alone it its little misery. A strumming guitar can be heard far into the purple velvet night. Overhead, a pin-pricked sky looks down with twinkling disgust. Etched against the darkly-blobbed mountains, the giant cacti form a protective circle as evil seeps from a flickering fire.

Huddled round the fire, within sight and sound of their Master, the naked women wait for him to sing. The song will be about lust, copulation, the obscenities he will demand of them when the LSD takes its firm hold. They watch him, getting higher as firelight dances and weaves over their nude flesh.

The guitar *plunks* into silence as the Master closes his eyes. He is thinking, wondering how . . .

He has decided and his slaves rush to please him. The guitar plays again and his voice floats across the cold desert to mingle with the faint snufflings of night creatures.

Time is meaningless.

Nothing exists – not even the silent desert; not stars or moon or civilisation. Least of all civilization. God has been banished. Satan rules absolute. It is a night for devils . . .

Black-clad devils snaking into the fireglow dancing to the tormented guitar, gesturing in accordance with those foul-mouthed words . . .

It is soon apparent that this is a night for witch-craft. A maiden must be found – an innocent victim for ritualistic passions to assault, invade, impregnate.

A girl rushes forward, naked, beads jangling discordantly. She is high on acid. She simpers, hair flouncing wildly. She begs . . . she is far from innocent but the drug makes her 'feel' pure, undefiled. She stands before her master, legs wide apart, gesturing, speaking with her body; pleading to be the offering.

The black-clad devils prance round the girl . . . and she is seized, quickly roped to a make-shift altar. The guitar strums faster, the song rising to its peak . . . the words blasphemous, insulting, largely lost in the wailing of the devils.

Now, the Master climbs to his feet, eyes piercing the gloom like a demented deity. He is naked – an obscenity about to perform his bestial act.

His followers wait expectantly, black uniforms cast away for the finale of the ritual.

He approaches the smiling girl, lifts a kinfe above her head. She is unafraid. Anything he does will be exquisite torture. The knife descends to the murmured occult 'praise' . . . and, swiftly, he draws blood. His body stiffens. The girl shrieks . . .

Like a fiend, he mounts her – taking her, savaging her willing flesh, yelling filth as he feels the acid rip through his mind.

All around him, the others watch, and wait. Passions inflamed, they dare not begin to enjoy what they want. Not until he gives permission.

The violated girl moans her gratitude, slumps into psychedelic coma.

Like a reincarnated Lucifer, the master strides to the fire, throws his arms upwards. His voice shatters the night's composure. He invokes the 'beasts of Satan' to enter their circle; calls up evil to make them unpure; orders the night to cloak them with black deeds.

He implores his men to defile their women but first, they must worship at his feet. Quickly the girls fall on their knees, crawl around before him, buttocks shimmering in the fireglow. Like vapid creatures they adore this monstrous evil, touching his genitals, kissing his bottom, begging to be his next.

let the pride in your heart come alive in your home

Maniac laughter tears from his throat and he falls to the sand, screaming filth, his physical powers enriched by the narcotic filling his veins. A girl is spread-eagled, mounted – another instructed how to perform a perverse act to keep him amused as he enjoys himself on her friend.

Men grab girls, gross acts of indecency are performed in the communal circle and, when the mood seizes the Master, partners switch, and the depravity commences anew.

And, somewhere beyond the fire's flickering flames, another child begins to cry for a mother who will not hear its plaintive sobs until the sun rises and she returns to her slovenly cot . . .

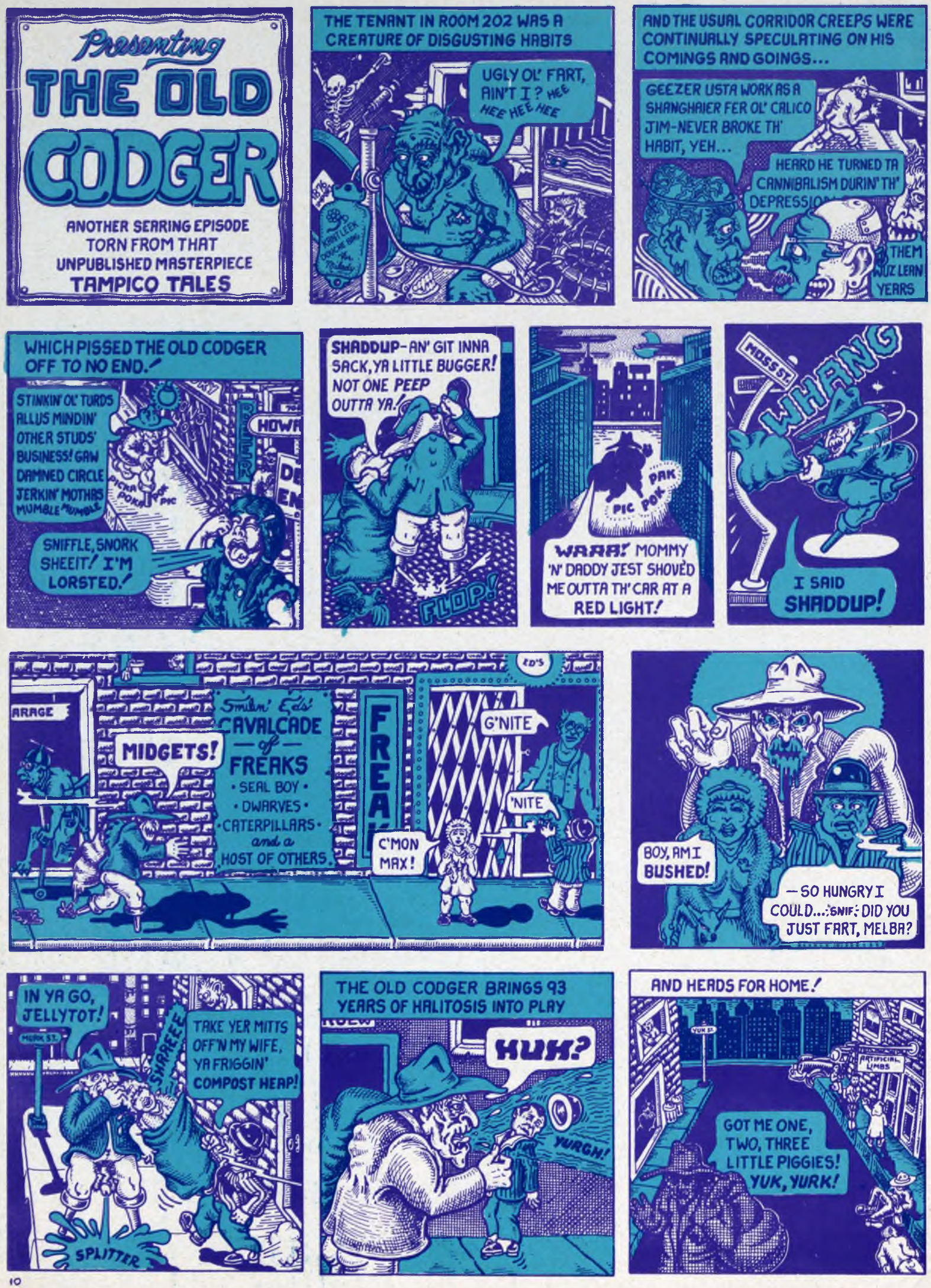
The above is conjecture. It happens. Not necessarily like this where The Family were concerned but from evidence already offered, not far short of the terrible scenes they enacted in their desert commune. Manson, it has been said, would make love to four girls at a time as his lieutenants pleasured themselves with some of the other females in their group. Changing partners is part of hippie tribe life; as natural as public copulation.

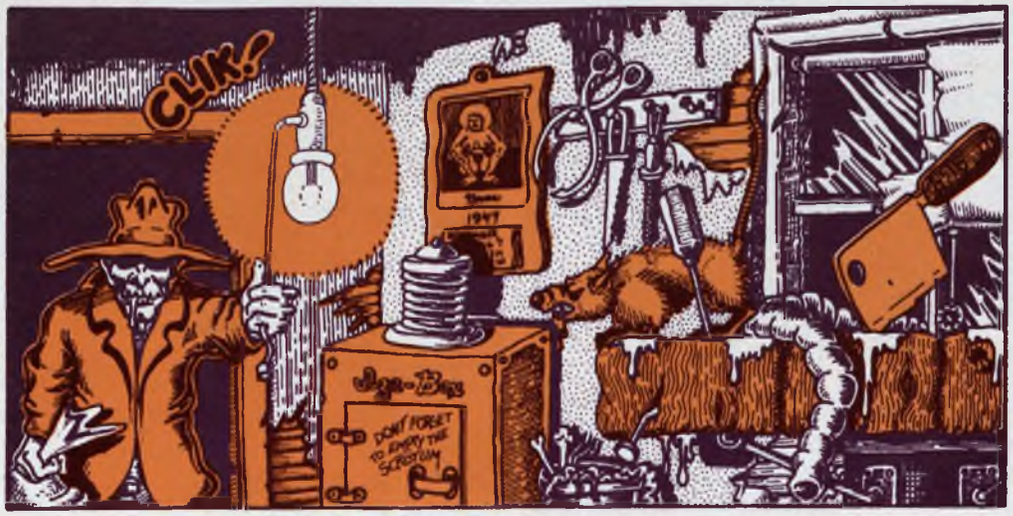
Manson's Family had progressed farther along the road to complete depravity than most hippie groups it seems. Love was, for them, strictly a physical process. It did not mean love thy neighbour; give love to all. They reserved their loving for moments of tribe lust. Drugs, too, played a larger part in The Family's existence than in other communes. Manson was an addict and therefore his Family had to be junkies. But probably Manson used his Scientologist knowledge – with that vital occult ingredient – to a much higher degree of skill than the majority of 'tribe leaders' did in their communes. Manson fertilized his group activities with the seeds of criminal genius. That is not to say that Charles Manson was a particularly good crook. He had too many arrests and convictions to be classified as a 'smart criminal'. But he did have a genius for knowing about crime, and how to procure cash for The Family's immediate needs. Considering the hippie mentality and their loathing for fuzz and civilized order, Manson's record set him apart, exalted him in the eyes of his tribe. The Family did not just steal in the haphazard way of the majority of groups. Theirs was an organized effort – as witness the members held in custody awaiting trial on numerous charges.

Unfortunately for Los Angeles, California and the hippie movement, Charles Manson happened along when society needed a broad-edged sword with which to eliminate the growing menace of drop-out kids clogging the nation's engine. Public opinion, which has reached a state of apathy at times, is now being marshalled into definite channels – all intended to rid the land of hippie cults. The hysteria that can so quickly assail the United States will most assuredly sweep tribes from their communes and re-establish order where none has been seen to be. One is not surprised, nor even shocked, by the violent attitudes of some enforcement agencies. Hippies have made their own bed and the great masses must be offered some protection from their police servants. The tide has reached its zenith when liberal thinking can condone the continued growth of this social menace . . .

An extract from Satan's Slaves by James Taylor, available from your friendly local W.H. Smiths.

"Paranoia is a new form of awareness. and awareness is very close to love." Charles Manson


Presenting
THE OLD CODGER
ANOTHER SEARING EPISODE TORN FROM THAT UNPUBLISHED MASTERPIECE TAMPICO TALES
THE TENANT IN ROOM 202 WAS A CREATURE OF DISGUSTING HABITS
UGLY OL' FART, AIN'T I? HEE HEE HEE HEE
AND THE USUAL CORRIDOR CREEPS WERE CONTINUALLY SPECULATING ON HIS COMINGS AND GOINGS...
GEEZER USTA WORK AS A SHANGHAIER FER OL' CALICO JIM-NEVER BROKE TH' HABIT, YEH...
HEARD HE TURNED TA CANNIBALISM DURIN' TH' DEPRESSION
THEM WUZ LEAN YEARS
WHICH PISSED THE OLD CODGER OFF TO NO END.
STINKIN' OL' TURDS ALLUS MINDIN' OTHER STUDS' BUSINESS! GAW DAMNED CIRCLE JERKIN' MOTHRS MUMBLE MUMBLE
SNIFFLE, SNORK SHEEIT! I'M LORSTED!
SHADDUP-AN' GIT INNA SACK, YA LITTLE BUGGER! NOT ONE PEEP OUTTA YA!
FLOP!
PIC POK
PAK
WAAA! MOMMY 'N' DADDY JEST SHOVED ME OUTTA TH' CAR AT A RED LIGHT!
MOSS ST.
WHANG
I SAID SHADDUP!
MIDGETS!
Smilin' Ed's CAVALCADE of FREAKS
• SEAL BOY •
• DWARVES •
• CATERPILLARS •
and a HOST OF OTHERS.
FREAKS
ED'S
G'NITE
'NITE
C'MON MAX!
BOY, AM I BUSHED!
—SO HUNGRY I COULD...:SNIF: DID YOU JUST FART, MELBA?
IN YA GO, JELLYTOT!
MURK ST.
SHREEE
TAKE YER MITTS OFF'N MY WIFE, YA FRIGGIN' COMPOST HEAP!
SPLITTER
THE OLD CODGER BRINGS 93 YEARS OF HALITOSIS INTO PLAY
HUH?
YURGH!
AND HEADS FOR HOME!
YUK ST.
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
GOT ME ONE, TWO, THREE LITTLE PIGGIES! YUK, YURK!


CLIK!
DON'T FORGET TO ENJOY THE SCREEN

END OF TH' LINE, SQUOITS!

DON'T LET THAT—THAT THING TALK TO US LIKE THAT, MAX!
RIGHT, MELBA! I'LL POP 'IM INNA CHOPS WHILE HE'S STRIPPIN' DOWN!

DIRTY JAPANAZI SNEAK ATTACK!
EOK!
FAP

BREAKFAST
LUNCH
SUPPER
ACT LIKE DOGS AN' YA GIT CHAINED LIKE 'EM!

NOW TA GIT ON WIT' ME EVENIN' VITTLES!

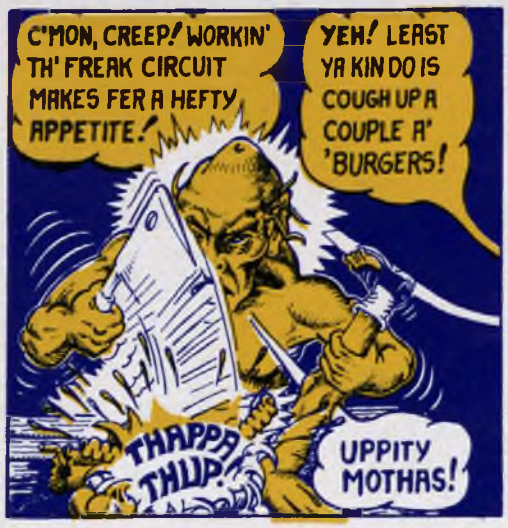
MESSED YA UP RIGHT NICE, EH, GIRLIE? WELL, NEVER NO MIND, 'CAUSE...

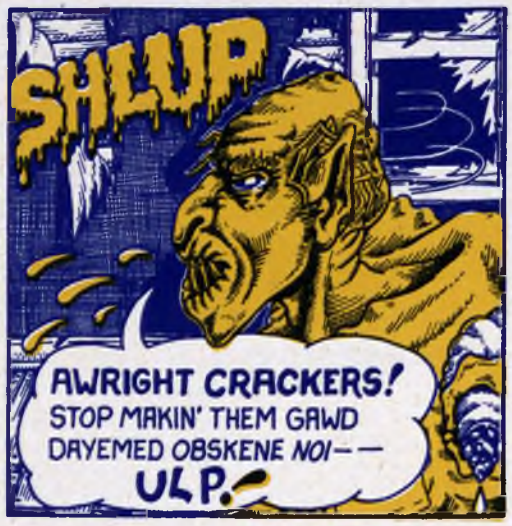
IT JEST SAVES ME TH' EXPENSE A' TENDERIZER!
THOP!

IN YA GO, MAH SWEAT PATOOTIE!
TAP TAP

HMM... SEEMS MAH PISS IS RUNNIN' A MITE BLOODY THIS WEEK!
SWURGLE

HEY, UGLY! WHEN YA FINISH PUTTIN' AWAY YER TOYS, HOWZABOUT RUSTLIN' UP ME AN' TH' MISSUS SOME GRUB!
NURTZ!





DEAR READER! DUE TO THE EXTREME VIOLENCE OF THE OLD CODGER'S DEMISE, WE HAVE, IN FULL KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR DELICATE SENSIBILITIES, PRUDENTLY DRAWN THE CURTAIN ON THE STORY AT THIS POINT.

AS FOR MAX AND MELBA, THOSE MURDEROUS MULTIPODS, *THEY* EVENTUALLY RECEIVED THEIR JUST DESSERTS—NAMELY, THE CONTENTS OF THE PICKLING JARS ON THE OLD CODGER'S SHELVES!

"Obscenity, who really cares? Propaganda all is phoney."

Dave Robins.

What is obscenity? What is pornography? The great debate goes on. And it's *boring* On one side Jill Tweedie, Jilly Cooper, Keneth Tynan and all the other false guardians of "full and frank human expression". The Pioneers of Permissiveness?

***A permissiveness that permits the sale of more and more pure rubbish*, Oh, Calcutta!, The Dirtiest Show in Town, opening up new markets for trendy profit-seekers and 'hip' Playboy capitalists. The Campaign for the Abolition of Censorship in the Arts. Liberals in search of bogus freedoms? Sterilized, polite, predictable arguments about the right of artists and playwrights to say fuck in public (in an ethical manner, of sociological importance). The vast mojority of working people have been saying fuck in public in an entirely unethical way for years. They don't have to go to the theatre for that.**

On the other side Lord Longford and the middle-aged uptights on his commission, Mary Whitehouse and the heavy-duty regressives, Nabarro, Heath etc, nervously fingering their crotches at the mention of porn-waves sweeping the country, creaming their jeans in gleeful anticipation of the legal lynching of OZ now taking place at the Old Bailey.

The judges, the old blind men who presume to weigh our actions in the scales of justice are known to take a very serious view of obscenity. In our society the ruling values are always the values of the ruling class, based on the familiar double standards traditional to British rulers. Courtroom Hypocrisy, stone-faced juries, Holier-than-thou attitudes about depraving and corrupting innocent people. "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." He might even enjoy it.

Of course the establishment has nothing to fear from so-called porn-waves and sexual permissiveness. *Under capitalism pleasure and liberation are commodities just like everything else.* That's why "progressives", unwittingly end up acting as their advance guard, either by providing new markets for profits, or encouraging free sexual activity as a social safety valve.

Take the Underground Press's attempted liberation of sexuality. It often conceals the extent to which sexuality is still perverted by capitalism:.

1. Sex is dehumanised, deified, fetishised.
2. Sex is commercialised: it's used to sell just about everything the Underground produces!
3. Sex is competitive. Take a look at Groupie or Suck.
4. Women are treated as sexual objects and reduced to a purely sexual role.
5. Men remain lumbered with a sex role as initiator.

And yet even Playboy has features on Women's Liberation.

Every step taken in the direction of liberation is perverted, recaptured, co-opted by the existing system and used. Maudling knows all this. His pronouncement from the supreme legal lavatory seat of Home Secretary that he ain't gonna pass no law to suit Longford and Co, shows that only fools and creeps in the establishment, plus the liberals, are really worried about decaying values. Power is not deterred by the sight of a bare nipple. In fact *they* know, and *we* know too, that the whole obscenity rap which liberals, Longford and the law take so seriously, is really a highly convenient *camouflage* which they, our increasingly paranoid rulers, are using to stalk the menacing and illusory ghosts of freedom of speech and of the press, (Freedom being defined here as anything that doesn't agree with *them*.)

It's clear that real freedom of speech and of the press can be the enemies of power — especially where power is hierarchically organised and concentrated in the hands of a few capitalists, politicians and manipulators - but effective enemies have to have effective ammunition, which is why it is important not to get too hung up on the "cheap thrills" aspects of our so-called press freedom, (Play Power, the right to print nipples etc). Can we really expect to make or break the revolution over the right to expose cocks or advocate sex amongst the under nines? Besides, our thrills should be priceless, not cheap.

A successful OZ trial, indeed every issue of OZ,is a blow struck for the campaign for free dope and balling in the streets. Fine. But don't let's be satisfied, like the yippies, with picking up the pieces from hippy hill (Dope, sex, rock music and a bit of mysticism thrown in), and making a revolution for that alone. To repeat an old and of necessity somewhat heavy adage, *The totality of Capitalist Ideology has to be answered with an equally total response.*

And there's the rub. *We are up against a capitalist system that invades every single area of our lives.* Even those private, personal areas (like sexuality) that we imagine belong just to us and our friends. We lock ourselves in our rooms and reckon we've got away from the system, even though we've imprisoned ourselves. Or find a groovy cottage, bake our bread and try, to forget the creeping horror inside. Why are we such walking ghosts? Such impotent Freax? Who has the power over us? We have no alternative but to work to raise the level of our theoretical and practical activity before we can counter-attack the system directly and at its weakest points.

In fact an event such as the OZ trial gives the chance to do just this — not so much within the four walls of the courtroom, where the specialised and separated issue of 'what is obscenity?' will be boringly debated, (this issue alone can never be the basis for a direct attack), but in whatever events and activities are planned around the trial. Street theatre, agitation and propaganda, public, political manifestations which aim at exposing the system for what it is and are at the same time the practical extension of our criticisms. A festival of alternative life surrounding *their* legal moratorium.

Of course, a direct and total attack on all the conditions that oppress us should have clear goals, otherwise our protests will remain what they are already, a permanent sore on the arse of an equally permanent establishment. In demanding the right to live our lives COMPLETE AND UNEXPURGATED by any authority except our own, (*that's* where the obscenity issue comes in), *we have to demand this right, not just for ourselves, but for everyone who wishes to lead a free life.*

John Thompson

INDIAN SUMMER

Goa is a small territory on India's west coast, a day's sail in the steamship south from Bombay (by far the nicest way of getting there). The landscape is lush and tropical. Two great rivers wind down from the hills to the coastal plains with their paddy fields and groves of coconut palms. And two fantastic beaches, Colva and Calangute.

Goa's capital, Panjim (or Panaji), where the boat from Bombay docks, is a pretty little town with some fine Portuguese architecture. Goan cooking is good, and as different from Indian cuisine as the Goans themselves are different from the Indians surrounding them (Maharashtra to the north, Mysore to the east and south). Goa was a Portuguese colony for 450 years, until "liberated" ten years ago by India, after a three-year blockade. The Goans are kind-hearted people, straight-forward and honest in trading, and altogether less frantic than the Hindus. They are predominantly Catholic by religion. So the buildings that set their mark on the landscape are churches, not temples as in most of India. The Goans are also great boozers. They manufacture potent liquors — feni or fenny — from coconut and cashew nut, and all that most Goans see of their beautiful beaches is when they stagger out to puke after hitting a bottle of fenny at the beachside bars. Even the sober ones seldom venture far from the beach-heads, leaving the great lonely stretches to the fishermen and the heads.

The Goan who hovers in spirit over the beaches is represented by a bronze statue on Panjim's waterfront. It depicts a man towering over a prostrate female, his arms reaching, Dracula-like, down to her, a look of demonic energy on his face. The woman is leaning back on one elbow, eyes and lips half-closed in an expression of pure orgasmic ecstasy. The long-haired gentleman is Goa's historical hero, the Abbe Faria, an eighteenth-century priest-scholar-scientist (he figures in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, in case there are any Dumas fans still around) who was a pioneer of hypnotism and the first man to use it in the treatment of mental illness. The swooning lady represents one of his patients. It seems inevitable that this groovy old magician should preside over Goa's coastline — he is surely the patron saint of the beaches, where, at the height of the head "season" the hypnotic beat of the waves has to compete with the vibrations of rock music across the dunes.

Around the end of last year — at the time of the famous love-in at Calangute, where Eric from Australia distributed 200 tabs of Sunshine to the freaks assembled along the beach — there must have been at least 500 heads up at Calangute, and a hundred or more at Colva. The "season" starts in November, and by the end of February more freaks are splitting than arriving. By mid-March the really hot weather is beginning to set in, and it's time to start moving north toward the Kulu valley, Kashmir, Assam, or Kathmandu.

Apart from the back-to-nature freaks and the economically-minded who prefer to live and sleep on the sands, the style of living at Colva and Calangute is to rent a house from the local folk, usually several sharing out the rooms and rent. Cost per person can amount, this way, to just a few pennies a day. A house can be leased for as little as 80R. per calendar month, though bigger ones will cost around 100 or 120R. a month.

Some houses have electricity, none have running water (there are wells everywhere). They may come with wooden bedsteads and other sticks of furniture, but most are bare walls, tiled or thatched roofs, pressed earth or tiled floors. However, it's easy and cheap to get it together domestically, since all the essential things are very cheap to buy in the nearby markets and bazaars. It's also sensible to do your own cooking at home, especially at Colva where the one restaurant serves terrible food. And at Calangute it's a trip shopping in the local market on Saturday mornings, with the mild bargaining that etiquette demands. Anyone wanting to sell gear or clothing or any other negotiable possessions before splitting take their things into the market and squat down on a mat among the other sellers.

Each of the two main beaches provide a very different atmosphere. Calangute can be pretty frantic, whereas the smaller community at Colva exists on a quieter basis of house-to-house visiting and party-giving.

Colva Beach is four miles from Margao, a town with a bazaar (famous for its spices) and some good eating places. Margao is on the railway line, and the place you would arrive if you came from India by train. It's a two-hour bus ride south from Panjim. There is a bus service between Margao and the beach, or motorcycles will roar you there in eight minutes for 2R. The beach itself is superb — some thirty miles of smooth crisp white sand backed by dunes and coconut palms. The road from Margao ends at a beach-head boasting a Tourist Hostel and Vincy's Hotel Bar. The hostel accomodates occasional fat Indian holidaymakers *en famille*, and a few western straights. Vincy provides accomodation of a sort, but it must be said that though Vincy is personally a very sweet guy his menu is disastrous. Still, his patio provides the social focus for resident heads, and the evening air there is thick with the smoke of chillums and joints.

Calangute Beach lies about eight miles north of Panjim. It is reached from there by taking the ferryboat across the river to Betim, whence a bus (meandering and infrequent) or a group-taxi at 75 paise (¾ of a rupee) will land you at the village. A large Tourist Hostel dominates the beach-head but the heads living around this part of the beach frequent the Royal "Hotel" nearby on the dunes, where the food is cheap (good shark steak at 2R.) and the Goan manager lugubriously spins good rock and folk all day.

The busiest scene is around the houses rented along the road between the beach-head and the village. From December to February, there were astonishing numbers of record, tape and cassette players in action, hereabouts and all along the beaches. The blast of rock across the dunes or through the palm groves has always been an open invitation to track down the sources and join the company. For those without their own sounds, there have been communal sources. Not only the Royal, with its eternal repetitions of *Let It Bleed* and *Revolver*, but such establishments as Bunny's Place, Bruce's Pancake Stall on the sands, and the Universal Life Church with its Chai-and-Chillum Shop.

In January Bunny from Ireland and his old lady Barbara from England rented a whole house midway between the beach and the village, fixing it up as a restaurant plus smokers-and-sounds room. From the kitchen, Barbara dispensed food at 1 or 2R. a dish, while Bruce presided over the sounds (a collection of 200 or more tapes), and sold dope at friendly prices.

Bruce from Australia opened up his pancake stall on the sand dunes only for a laugh, but before two weeks were over, the hole in the sand had become a lantern-lit, thatched palm-frond stall, and a relay of girls were creating such far-out goodies as banana-and-marmalade pancakes until 2 or 3 in the morning. Drums and guitars under the moon, with a night breeze from the sea and the sound of the surf for good measure . . . They were good nights.

The sign of the Universal Life Church still hangs out by the roadside between Baga and the Calangute crossroads, though the church itself is closed now until the coming winter, when the heads start filtering back again in the wake of the monsoons.

The Church itself is not committed to the idea of "turning the world on", but Mike - the Rev. Michael Randall - is: he presides serenely over a refectory-chapel where statues of the Lord Buddha and Lord Krishna watch over the preparations for the evening meal.

A separate house nearby is reserved for rapping, reading, blowing dope provided by the Church: uppers or downers, whatever the freaks' needs, Mike is there to minister to them. And calm the occasional victim of a bummer or an OD. Only one rule — no fixing.

Each Sunday between December and February the Church put together a love-in on the beach, feeding anything between two and three hundred heads, and turning them on from the Church's own supply of fine Afghani shit. Free acid, too, under mild supervision.

The Great Church Bust took place on January 21st. Mike and his wife Joan were arrested by customs agents near Anjuna Beach, while transferring 22 kilos of hash from a friends van to their own. The customs crowed that this was the biggest haul of "contraband narcotics" in the history of Goa. It was intended to fight the charge of illegal possession when the case came up, on the grounds of the sacramental function of the seized dope, but Mike and his lawyer discovered that the relevant clause of the IndianDangerous Drugs Act covered only opiates and processed drugs such as cocaine and they pointed out to the fuzz that hashish is a pure organic substance. The local police chief sent a sample to Delhi for analysis, then after a painful interval had to admit that there was no case to answer under the act. Mike walked out of Panjim Police HQ the following morning, with 22 one-key slabs of hash, a free man. A significant legal victory for smokers everywhere.

Not that the heads around Calangute paid much attention to legal niceties before this unexpected judgment in their favour. Calangute village may well be the first "liberated zone" or India, where you can turn on with impunity in public, passing chillums and joints, and hustling shit and acid, in the sidewalk cafes and cold-drinks stalls, under the very eyes of the listless fuzz. The law-and-order boys in Goa have remained pretty cool about the whole dope scene, reserving their energies hitherto for an occasional big bust (though even here they must be dismayed at the outcome of their most spectacular coup to date). In any case they wouldn't dare come down heavily on the smoking — the heads would simply quit Goa *en masse* and seek more hospitable beaches. Any such exodus would create havoc in the local community which has come to depend on them, from the fishermen who rent their cottages and huts, to the peasants whose little girls to from house to house (or sleeping bag to sleeping bag along the sands) in the mornings, selling eggs and milk and bread. Not to mention the village tailors, who have learned how to turn out a neat imitation of a pair of Chelsea flared strides. Or the village pharmacist, a decrepit old zombie to whom I would not care to entrust a prescription, but who makes a fortune from the sale of such items as Mandrax, Methedrine, and that terrible cough linctus, Romilar, a bottle of which sparks off a jolting hallucinogenic high, if you can survive the initial nausea, and punishes you with a wicked hangover. Or the cafes along the main strip which offer such exotic dishes as porridge, bacon and scrambled eggs, and spaghetti bolognese.

There remains one hangup. Come the beginning of March, the fuzz start busting for bathing or sunning naked. This sudden clean-up is in anticipation of the start, in April, of the straight Indian tourist scene.

However there are beaches where the fuzz rarely penetrate. Anjuna, an hour's perilous walk around the cliffs, is a perfect little beach, the far end of which is strewn with multicoloured hollow shells that make lovely neclaces or ankle-bracelets. Here, you can wander around the sands as naked as you like — there are no fishermen to offend, and the villagers seldom venture onto the beach.

Around a further headland from Anjuna lies Chappora the most isolated of the beaches.(It can also be reached from inland by a hard road). A dozen or so groups were living in tents up there during December to February, walking or biking into Calangute once a week for supplies. At one period, Chappora became the preferred headquarters of the hard-dope heads, those who are into shooting morphine (there is no heroin around) or speed, snorting coke, smoking opium. These cats used to make it into Calangute village just once a week, for shopping, and maybe to hustle morphine or opium among the freaks, to raise bread for their habit.

Leaving aside the hard-drug fringe activity, it can still be said that the dope scene at Colva and Calangute is fairly fantastic. Travellers arrive from Afghanistan, Kashmir, Nepal during the winter months with satchels full of fine hash, give it away to their friends, sell the rest to raise bread. The price along the beaches is usually agreed to be 1R. per gramme, which is about 12R. per tola (an ancient Indian measure still widely used, though officially superseded by the metric system) — that's to say, roughly $2.50 or just over £1 per ounce, a price that represents an honest profit of up to 100 per

WAYNE STILL

cent in return for the ingenuity involved in smuggling such huge quantities through national frontiers! Hash is often cut by the manufacturers into one-tola slabs, so to know where it's at when scoring, it's wise to learn to judge a tola-weight of shit visually. And since you may find yourself dealing in grammes as well, and with American heads, ounces, a necessary piece of mathematical lore is the conversion rate between the three. Briefly and approximately: 1 tola = 12 grammes or 3/8 ounces. 100 grammes = 8 1/2 tolas or 3 1/2 ounces. 1 ounce = 2 1/2 tolas or 28 grammes. 1 kilo = 85 tolas or 35 ounces. Simple.

Good grass, is difficult to score locally. So if you like to blow grass as well as hash it's best to bring in your own supply from Bombay, where first-rate Kashmiri ganja costs as little as 1R. 50P. (say 35c. or 3/- an ounce) if you buy in bulk (1 kilo up).

Acid is a bit tricky along the beaches. There is always some around, often a wide variety. The best tends to be dropped among friends, and only enough sold (at $2 a trip) to cover expenses. But there have also been a number of real bummers, so it's cool not to score except from an impeccable source. Since acid's an easy thing to get sent in it's a sensible idea to arrange your own supplies from your home base, and use what you don't need to barter for shit or whatever else you dig. Remember too, that acid soon loses its potency under tropical conditions.

One way or another, Goa adds up to a far-out experience. You can live in style for less than a dollar a day, if you want to, including all the dope you can blow. From November to March, the sky is blue and the sun hot without being too fierce. The only clouds are those from the smoke of a hundred chillums. A breeze blows in forever from the sea, and around seven every evening the sun repeats its great psychedelic light-show as it sinks beneath the ocean.

Simon Watson Taylor

NOTE: Currency need not be a big hassle if you take reasonable precautions. Decide, before you set out, to what degree you cherish security over profit. India no longer enforces currency controls for foreigners, and unlike the straight tourist who gets 7R. 50P. for his dollar at the bank you will change your bills (notes) or TCs on the fairly blatant black market. In Goa, a dollar will fetch around 12R. 50P. and an American Express Travellers' Check from 10R. to 10R. 50P. In Bombay you can get between 1 and 2R. more in each category. Your pound sterling will fetch 25 to 32R.

If you carry all your funds in cash, your trip is going to be cheaper. But if your wallet is ripped off you're up shit creek, whereas if you are carrying TCs your are automatically insured against loss. It is essential to keep a list of the serial numbers of the checks, in a separate place, and tick them off as you spend them. Then, in case of loss or theft you can get an immediate refund on advising American Express of the numbers of the missing checks. Amazing how many freaks carrying TCs don't take this vital precaution.

Dollars are the most acceptable currency to take with you anywhere in the East (or elsewhere, I suppose). As to the question of cash versus TCs, a good maxim is: "Carry as much cash as you can afford to lose, and the rest in checks".

Keep your passport and money attached to your person: best is a passport-size fabric wallet slung from a strap long enough to pass over one shoulder and under the other arm. When not travelling, keep this wallet *at least* in a locked case in a locked room. If you still get ripped off, it's your karma.

An International Student's Card will make your Indian trip even more incredibly cheap, since it entitles you to travel half-fare on all classes of the Indian railway system and on Indian Airlines (the domestic carrier). This means that you could, to take a couple of random examples, travel the 2,159 kilometres from Bombay to Calcutta by 3rd class for 25R., or fly from Delhi to Kathmandu for 180R. Ordinary 3rd class rail travel can be murderous: always try to travel by night and reserve a 3rd class berth in advance. (If you intend to take a train out of a town, go to the station immediately on arrival to book your reservation. You can book up to twenty days in advance, and it's often impossible to get berths at short notice.)

The inter-city and long-distance bus system is highly developed throughout India: on the whole it's less of a hassle travelling by bus, it's cheaper than 3rd class rail, and often you can reserve your seat in advance.

Hitch-hiking is for tough constitutions only here. But there are often chances of picking up a cheap (or free) lift in some head's van going in your direction. And if you must be repatriated at government expense, and you are British, work it from Madras, where the British consul is particularly amiable and co-operative, rather than from any of the other main cities, where the consular staff are the usual bunch of pricks.

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THE FIRM

M.J WELLER

SOMEONE SOMEWHERE WANTS A LETTER FROM YOU

Below is the copy of a petition being circulated by journalist Anthony Haden Guest. Copies received at OZ will be forwarded to him for eventual presentation to the Home Secretary. Also two post cards which we urge readers to endorse and dispatch. We can't afford perforated cardboard, so please cut out and post them to: i. Sir John Waldron, Commissioner of Police, New Scotland Yard, Broadway, London SW1. ii. Reginald Maudling, MP, Home Secretary, The Home Office, London SW1. Now sit back and watch pot legalised and the police abolished.

If you agree with the following petition, sign it and send it to **OZ**.

I, the undersigned, would like to comment on recent events concerning those newspapers and magazines which are customarily referred to as the Underground Press. It is becoming quite apparent that the persistent campaign against these magazines is in fact an attempt from some quarters at their supression.

These measures emerge as expressions of social and cultural antipathy. Yet the underground media communicate with a large and intelligent public in terms which it recognises, and upon matters which elsewhere it is difficult to find treated except with inaccuracy or sensationalism. Those political and sexual flights of rhetoric which another generation finds so shocking are evaluated by this readership as coolly as the readership evaluates the rhetoric of other, older media.

I feel that this undeclared war against important aspects of the youth culture is based on fear and, principally, on ignorance. It is further clear that any such campaign will find that time is against it, and it can only help provoke that climate of extremism in which other fundamental — and once traditional — freedoms are increasingly liable to erosion. The persecution of OZ, International Times and Frendz, and many of the provincial papers can only promote that very situation which one must charitably assume it is intended to avoid.

As further indication of support I have posted your card to:

☐ The Commissioner of Police ☐ The Home Secretary

Name ..... Address .....

To Sir John Waldron, Commissioner of Police

☐ Over the past year, I have been unnecessarily searched .....times by police exerting their authority under the Dangerous Drugs Act.

☐ I have at some time appeared before a court and the police have falsified evidence against me.

☐ I am black; live in a predominantly black area and myself and my friends are continually pestered by police.

☐ To escape a prosecution I have bribed police.

☐ I have a social conscience. Every time I express this publicly in the form of a demonstration etc., the police interfere by misapplying trivial or archaic ordinances designed for entirely different purposes.

☐ I sell underground magazines. Police have applied pressure to discourage me from stocking them.

☐ I am a homosexual. In public places police provocateurs have made attempts to trap me into soliciting them.

☐ On the condition that I am approached by an organisation independent of the police, such as the National Council for Civil Liberties, Release or BIT, I am prepared to substantiate either one or more of the above statements.

Name ..... Address .....

Dear Mr. Maudling,

Either produce clear and undisputed evidence that cannabis and/or LSD are more harmful than alcohol, nicotine or barbituates or stop putting people in gaol. Nearly everyone I know uses soft drugs, It is still true that "the law against marijuana is immoral in principle and unworkable in practice"

All laws against obscenity and pornography should be repealed. Since their abolition in Denmark the result on the community has been beneficial, that is why Sweden followed suit. Even the Obscenity Commission appointed by US Congress could discover no reason why such laws should be retained. Nowadays obscenity laws are used only to stifle free speech, and to provide a bandwagon for the sexually repressed.

Yours sincerely, _____

SMALLS

Young lady amateur photographer has for sale stag films and photos for free, yes FREE. Details - send sae only to: Miss V Phillips, Dept 'O' (Box 604), High Road, Chiswick, London, W 4

Are You Adventurous? If so, you must not miss this chance to make exciting new friends of the opposite sex in a revolutionary way. Free details from: SIM (OZ/8), Braemar House, Queens Road, Reading.

A new bookshop in W 2! Hardbacks/paperbacks/comics/mags/posters. We also have the biggest selection of Science Fiction/fantasy in England: US imports/pulps/first editions/scarce comics - countless rare items. 10 am-7pm every day. Bookends, 23a Chepstow Mansions, Chepstow Place, London W2 4XA (01-229 3361) Lists sent on request.

Floyd Followers, play the title track of 'A Saucerful of Secrets' in a semi-darkened room, and/or use strobe/stimulus/whatever/nothing and write down instant impressions. Box 4 (36)

Nude Boys and Men, all types, sizes and shapes. Largest selection of Male Nude photo magazines in the USA. Send for FREE illustrated brochure. Rainbow Studio - OZ, Box 46544, Hollywood, California 90046.

The Electronic Ear, range ¼ mile through walls etc. Made cheaply, easily. Instruction - 50p p.p. to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourne Street, London, W C 2

Large buxom girls. Full nudes for the adult artist, £1 set. Nylon Stocking poses £1, Strip tease set £1. Sae list: Miss Maxine, 466a Hoe Street, Leyton, E 10.

Adult 8mm movies. Exciting glamour. 45" Monique, £4.50, 15p illustrated lists. Colour slides. Detailed nudes £2, Black Nylons. Adult photos sample set, £1. Jim Stores (O), Broadley Common, Nazing, Essex

Multiple Orgasms for laywomen. Girls, see my other ad, Robin Saxon.

Young Men can become expert lovers by following comprehensive seven principles and action plan in my 'Ejaculation Control Techniques.' Send £1 to Robin Saxon, Box 6 (36)

Underground Craftsmen and Producers interested in co-operating to sell and distribute goods please contact Dave at 01 - 836 0550.

Lady's Battery Massager 7" long, 1¼" thick, round, invigorating, scarce items. End frustration, frigidity etc. £1.50 post free to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourne St., London, W C 2

Girls wanted for anarchist commune (rural) in South of France. Write before coming. Mas Llech, 66 Par Villefranche-de-Conflent, France.

Cheap, reliable worldwide jet flights. 01 - 229 3549.

A 24 hour van service at very cheap rates. Motivation Transport. 01 - 459 8522.

Model Couple M/F available duo photo modelling. London area. Box 3 (36)

Looking for a room, derelict, shop or something? Bread, information and help of any sort? Contact Alnag, C/o 26 Pelham Grove, Liverpool L17 8XD (051 - 727 1188)

Informer 9 is now in your local booke shoppe. The Dog, Print Mint, Turret etc. If not YOUR local, send 28p to Circle Books, 16 Davenant Road, Oxford. Also available, Image 14, (mind-poem poster, Keith Armstrong, 10p each, £1 p.a.)

Wanted for gentle Lulie - boys under 17 for seaside walks, trips to London and balling. Box 2 (36)

Yeah, Miss chauffeur big bang or me eagle in me tree o' bird on o' wave. C'est lava. Box 99.

Severely disabled male student at Reading University needs full time helper (preferably female). From late September until July 1972. £350 p.a. plus board and lodging. Write: J H Williams, 16 Northcourt Avenue, Rad RG7 2HA

Please Help our plans to provide free accommodation to travellers abroad. Free details, Ray O, 12 Crosby Avenue, Worsley, Manchester.

Photographer, Joe, professionally experienced, will photograph anything. 01 - 960 1975.

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Young man, 22, intelligent, seeks mutual relationship with mature woman 35 onwards. Box 1 (36)

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UNDER NEW NEW MANAGEMENT

HERE COME DE JUDGE

The law is nothing if not mind-bendingly comprehensive. There's a piece of statute for almost every occasion on which obscene and depraved minds stalk the streets of sin, sending outraged shudders down 70 year old spines.

The law says you can't stay too long in a public place looking gay, can't blow your mind, re-adjust your head or urinate when anybody's looking (except in public conveniences which may not be very convenient when they're locked up by midnight). *(Sexual Offences Act, Abuses of Drugs Act, Causing a Public Nuisance Act.)* You're banned from standing around outside your lover's window — "loitering with obvious and wilful intent" to harm the virginity of a young maiden, you're not allowed to fuck with beautiful girls under age no matter how willing and eager, and even carved erotic chess-pieces are not safe from the long arm of the law. It is illegal to have a roof over your head without paying for it like the squatters, (and they dig up their famous *Forcible Entries Act of 1381* to prosecute you with a few 15th century modifications) and if you've nowhere to stay it's illegal to sleep around CATCH 22 is the vagrancy law. The best bet is to make yourself invisible, and hope they don't prosecute under "wilful deception and fraud".

The glorious history of British justice has shown a marvellous consistency in depicting poverty as crime, and exploitation as the rewarding process of entrepreneurial genius, more often known as trampling on your friends and kicking shit out of all the rest. Hence to this day the state prosecutes people for being poor "failure to maintain yourself". *(Social Security Act 1966)* To have a comb in the wrong place is to have an offensive weapon, to have lice gets you nicked under the *Public Health Act.* The idea of the law is that you can't win.

If you're not already guilty of the above, you soon become guilty by laughing at the law. Here comes the judge, and if you dare to critisize his lordship mafia in ermine, he can do you for contempt of court, (whether your criticism is justified or not!) It is forbidden to laugh at the bench, scream at the jury, or take your clothes off. You're not allowed to waste police time *(Criminal Justice Act 1967)*, although no time limits are set on how many years of the public's time piggies can waste. You shouldn't fuck on Sunday because the *Lords Day Observance Act* might be used against you, and you mustn't sit in a church and open your mouth when Harold Wilson is reading the sermon, because two people did this and were rewarded with 6 months imprisonment for their contravention of the *Blasphemous Practices Act.* A mass love-in and anything else that can freak the authorities into a state of nervous exhaustion is "a conspiracy to effect a public mischief".

Whether these crazy artifices are applied depends on the whims of such wise people as Station-Sergeants, CID chiefs and the Director of Public Prosecutions, (supreme legal organ of the state). If it's a bad year for profits we may all get prosecution; if it's a good year for strikes we may all end up in nick.

Such however is the skill of legal brains that 90% of the actions of the ruling bastards to steal the wealth from the workers is law, and 90% of the actions of the workers to expropriate that wealth back again are illegal — including strikes under the *Industrial Relations Bill.* However, just in case we nurse any grievances against our masters, we are promised a fair trial.

It's nice to know the judge takes such such an interest in you, that he reads a special Scotalnd Yard report, not only on your previous convictions, but on just about everything the pigs suspect you of from forgery to fornication. Luckily "judges are not corruptible" like juries, and will not allow this information to prejudice them in any way. E.S. Turner in his book *May It Please Your Lordship* makes it clear that judges are a remarkable breed of tyrants who only once stood for justice, when hanging from oak trees in Epping Forest, after peasant lynchings.

Political firebrands often reminded the bench that King Alfred had the right idea about judges (if nothing else) — he hanged 44 judges in one year for various errors. If the present judges were treated this way a lot of wigs would be on their way to the grave, and all their pompous bullshit with them. 1381 was a year of special celebration, a judge's head, that of Sir John de Cavendish, was carried on a pike through Bury St. Edmunds during the Peasants' Revolt. Wat Tyler, well-known member of the Angry Brigade showed a special hatred of the legal profession resulting in communique 9 to Judge Melford Stevenson (of Cambridge riot fame). It said "We're getting closer . . . you're next . . ."

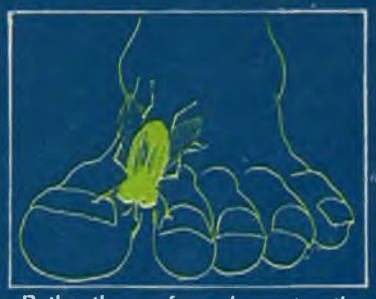
Historically most judges have declared torture to be illegal. Torture continued to be a popular method of extracting information just the same, and judges showed no interest when the victims shrieked in front of them. This tradition of leaving civil liberties to the discretion of the police force continues to this day, even if in a somewhat mitigated form. Now it is random interrogation without charges, illegal detention in custody, a blase thrusting aside of the bare minimum of "Judges' Rules" and still the same discreet silence from the bastards who made the rules — the Judges. Nine tenths of law is repression — this is rigorously enforced, every judge sees to that. The one tenth of law is concerned with our liberty — in practice these administrative rules and laws get so hopelessly and conveniently neglected, that even our proudest claim to fairness "Habeas Corpus" is about as alive as a Dodo (about 3 applications have succeeded in the last 20 years.) You're innocent until you're proven guilty, but you may spend six months rotting away in jail in the meanwhile trying to prove it, which puts you at some disadvantage from the point of view of contacting witnesses. Even the magistrates treat the subject of bail with the same concern of a judge sentencing the guilty. The discretion of the bench is an invitation to tyranny — they usually accept it with sadistic enthusiasm.

Who then are the guilty? Who are the criminals? If the crime of the capitalist, in stealing 48 hours of time and energy from each worker each week is democratically accepted "by a jury of 12 men" good and truly ignorant and middle class, then that crime is law, and the law is the crime, and so they convict the victims of industrial oppression: of wrecking machinery, sabotaging the plant, and burning down the whole miserable place. Respectable society screams for vengeance in the name of the law, and calls it malicious damage, sabotage and arson. It's subversion of law and order.

Bourgeois laws allow headmasters to terrorise schoolkids with beatings and violence, yet persecute the Underground for infiltrating young minds filled with fear. In spite of the alphabet of law and order taught in every school "we teach you nothing until you learn to obey everything"

the kids are pretty keen to cling to their secret treasures — OZ, IT and other mind-boggling alternatives to dull grey school text books. Anarchy and love are universally more popular than fear and discipline — the law is the law of King Canute and it was King Canute who busted the Little Red School Book. The law will continue to punish us with its sadistic desire to make us suffer but it will never stop us from being the people our parents warned us against.

Vicious criminals seldom get caught because they are either hiding behind legal robes or like the Kray brothers they set up a deal with Scotland Yard, a gentleman's agreement to play the game and keep each others' secrets secret. In Italy the name of the game in Mafia and it's rampant. In England the game calls for extra care, no publicity, no mistakes. If the gang blunders Scotland Yard then is forced to act after years of happy lethargy and splendid rake-offs. The Krays and the Richardson gangs finally goofed — after a decade of being kings of the underworld in the East End unmolested by Scotland Yard. The pigs were finally forced to go hunt their partners in crime, owing to a certain over-exposure of underworld blunders. Scotland Yard always covers its tracks a bit more smartly than the other gangs, and they're not above prosecuting a few selected victims in order to preserve the good name of the police force. (Note: all recent prosecutions of policemen are ones of junior rank.)



Rather than go for real gangsters the police are more likely to satisfy their authority trip by taking it out on the Steven McCarthys and the David Oluwales. David Oluwale a Nigerian vagrant, workless and black — enough to provoke any pig; Steven McCarthy the Borstal boy who ran away into the custody of a bus-stop with a little help from two Islington PCs. Two individuals — people without influence, power or viciousness, two people the system hates — TWO DEATHS JUSTIFIED IN PIG LAW.

Pigs are sexually repressed, politically ignorant, psychologically stunted persons who do a very good job of being automations of state repression. That's their job. Judges are a much more intelligent version of the same profession; they clothe their bestial judgements in a multitude of legal niceties, and centuries of barbaric precedents. Legal protocol can sometimes camouflage the monster beneath the wig. The film *Investigation of the Citizen Above Suspicion* shows us just how cellophane the legal wrapping is — the head of homicide squad in Rome who regards all women as either virgins or whores, kills a whore because she dares to tell Mr Big the truth — "you are sexually inadequate". The pig's blood runs hot, he strangles her. The perfect murder by the man who hunts murderers. Pigs are more likely to attack people than property, more likely to rape than make love, more likely to assault than steal. And nobody suspects Mr Big because the chief of homicide squad is above suspicion.

They can do whatever they want to against Jonathan Jackson and his Soledad brothers until we guard our brothers and sisters lives in the courtroom with the same vigilance as the screws guard their lives inside those walls of establishment violence. Prisons only exist to humiliate and degrade the hopes of the oppressed. *The Prison Letters of Jonathan Jackson* tells us this and more about the hatred incorporated in prison bars, and jailors' keys, the systematic attempt to wear down the will to resist the barbarities of the outside world, never mind the horrors inside Brixton, Wandsworth and Parkhurst. Some come out and some don't. Some are found hung — we will never know the true stories. Some come out scarred by the violence of being no 462461, turned into an acceptable statistic, and thereafter of valuable service to society (sic). Pig nation has then infiltrated the head, and pig law governs your life. Others, with support from us, come out as they went in — fighting, cool, aggressive, ready to eat walls and smash bars.

The defence won in the Powis Square trial because of the movement's physical prescence — a full house every day in the public gallery, the community was on trial and the community turned up. The theatre of the absurd became popular free entertainment like Fritz Teufel's trial in Berlin; and people defended themselves with some of the aggression with which Powis Square has always been attacked by the pigs.

Freaks, deviants, deliquents, criminal elements, even lawyers got it together to wipe Edgware Road with the red-faced arses of humiliated pigs, who were incredibly glad to get out of the witness box. OZ at the Old Bailey has to cause Detective Inspector Bluff the same diarrhoea. And we have to be there to make sure people's justice triumphs and the judge goes home weeping for the last copy of the latest OZ.

Ned Ludd

SPIKE

No Room At The Inns
Thursday, 14 June, 4 days before the OZ trial.

Any profession which closes ranks to sanctify an acknowledged sadist, must be corrupt to the core; and the judiciary's fulsome tributes to that mad hangman, the (fortunately) late Lord Goddard is an indication of the morality prevailing at the Inns. The defenders of Goddard rest their case on the expansiveness of his demenour at the Club fireside. None of these illustrious eulogists expressed concern for the very thing the law is supposed to be about — people — the people who had suffered at His Lordship's merciless hands.

But of course members of the profession eschew professional contact with all but their own kind — one reason why training for the Bar in this country has for years been an international scandal. Few barristers have ever moved in even the protected society of a university. Instead, they are confined to the Inns of Court, where attention is paid mainly to rote recall of dusty precedents and after dinner etiquette.

Unlike lawyers in the U.S., there is no compulsory nurturing in other disciplines and no incentive for a barrister to mix with any but his own class. For British lawyers, 'the people' are nothing more than indexes in text books. Barristers and Q.C.'s are sealed hermetically from their clients by antique rigmarole and can relate to them only through solicitors (of whom of this breed there are only about half a dozen in London qualified to handle druggie/politico cases).

Some at the Bar joke about this antediluvian absurdity, but are too carreer obsessed to initiate changes. (At least a trickle of students, appalled by this complacency, have fired the first shots with an irregular newspaper, Ass)

The above remarks, which are not particularly original, are vividly confirmed by the experiences of myself, Jim Anderson and Felix Dennis in attempting to obtain appropriate representation for next week's OZ trial. The date of the case has been fixed at the Old Bailey since April. Tom Williams Q.C. accepted a brief on our behalf over two months ago. We have had with him three ponderous but pleasant conferences. One week before the case he becomes unexpectedly involved in another matter. The brief is returned. ("This has never occurred before in all our experience", say our solicitors.)

Basil Wigoder Q.C. is hastily contacted; noted for his spirited defence of Rudi Dutschke, Jonathan Aitkin and the Cambridge demo students. He accepts the brief. This afternoon a frank and productive conference occurs in his Chambers and another one is set for Sunday night. One hour later, Wigoder phones and withdraws the brief, with no convincing explanation. Twice jilted. Maybe it's our bad breath.

In relation to the OZ trials these are not the only instances of panic at the Bar. Both the legal advisors of Time Out and IT have suppressed previews of the case with a thoroughness beyond the technicalities of subjudice. What's going on? In a few days the three of us will be required to present a case at the Old Bailey in which it would have been much easier to have obtained legal representation, if we had been crazed psychopaths.

Richard Neville

The lush 1971 edition of Fire, England's answer to Avant Garde and veteran UPS member, is now available (7/6 at your local book shop). The article on Paranoia is almost as interesting as that on Dream Theory and the Senoi which appeared in Fire No and which is reprinted in part with an introduction by Juan Lewis on Page 4 of this OZ.

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Thanks to Help Yourself, Keef Hartley, Stack Waddy, Carol Grimes and Uncle Dog, Max Merrit and the Meteors, Gnidrolog, Brinsley Schwarz, Terry Reid, Stewart Lyons, Stewart and David who helped raise over £200 for the OZ Obscenity Fund at the Country Club on June 17th.
Thanks also to everyone who has helped with benefits and various preparations for the OZ Old Bailey Fiasco.

Artists, photographers, cartoonists and illustrators should submit contributions to Jim Anderson, c/o OZ or Wormwood Scrubs.

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Clap Your Hands If You Believe In Fairies

This photograph of *Frances and the Leaping Fairy* was taken in August 1920 at Cottingley, near Bradford. S.J. Saunders, who sent it in, notes that the negative was subjected to searching tests and pronounced genuine. So there.

Correspondence With A Pie Factory

from Private Eye

Dear Lord Gnome,

A few years ago when I was a student I worked for six weeks at Walls Hayes pie factory making the Steak & Kidney variety, in company with a dozen Irish students and about 200 Pakistanis.

I spent many an edifying hour grinding up pigs lungs for the Steak & Kidney pies, and I believe that their weight equalled that of the beef part. The beef was of the lowest grade, and about 50% fat. The pies' filling was lovingly assembled from half a dozen assorted bags of carefully weighed chemicals, the meat and lungs were finely ground, and added as was the kidney for which a content of 2% was mentioned by a Quality Control (!!) man. The key of course lies in the fine grinding of the meat, and the selection [illegible]mical emulsifiers and flavouring. The final touch is added when all the damaged pies from yesterday's production which are too bad to sell as catering pies are finely ground and added to the filling as meat. In theory therefore there must be one or two microgrammes of pie which have been going round for years. The above mix was used for the little 1s pies as they were then, and for the Drings family pie (made in the same place). The Walls Family pie had more recognisable chunks of meat, and was sold at a higher price.

When the little pies were made by a machine which is now superseded. The pastry trimmings were dropped onto a conveyor, whence they dropped into a tin, to be rerolled out. Unfortunately the tin was too small, and I was given the job of lifting the trimmings into the compressing machine. At the end of ten minutes I was standing on a carpet of pastry, which the charge-hand told me to shovel up, and return to the mix.

Richard Bristow.

Dear Sir,

As a regular consumer of Walls pies I was horrified to read in the current issue of Private Eye, this letter (a copy of which I enclose) detailing what goes on in a Walls pie factory.

The letter has made me feel physically ill and at the moment I am unable unable to even consider buying or eating a Walls steak and kidney pie again. I am writing to have your assurance that there is no truth whatsoever in the allegations made in this letter. To set my mind (and stomach) at rest, I would be grateful if you could detail for me just what the ingredients of a Walls steak and kidney pie are, and what steps you take to ensure that pigs lungs, stale food and such items as pastry trimmings do not get re-circulated as pie filling.

Yours sincerely,
J. Anderson.

Dear Mr Anderson,

Thank you for your letter of June 4th, and the extract from 'Private Eye'.

I was astonished and greatly concerned at the long list of inaccurate statements that have been made, and can rightly understand your reaction.

I hope you will appreciate that it is contrary to company policy to supply details of our recipes and processes, because of competitive security, but may I reassure you about the quality and freshness of this pie and, indeed, of Walls products.

You may not be aware that there are precise regulations covering meat pies, which determine quality, quantity and types of meat to be used. Such regulations ensure that good quality wholesome and fresh products are produced and, quite naturally, we observe these regulations, and, in many cases, operate on higher standards.

Much attention is given throughout the whole of production to ensure the freshness of ingredients and constant checks are made by highly qualified Quality Control and Laboratory staff at each factory.

I hope this letter will reassure you about the quality of our pies and, for that matter, any of Walls products and that we shall continue to enjoy your custom.

Yours sincerely,
L.G. Lelliot
Marketing Director.
T.Wall and Sons (Meat and Handy Foods Ltd.)

It's like talking to a brick Wall

WOT'YER SAY WOWITS GONE ALL ALLSOFT AN CRInKaLY

I know you
yer lay lie that whit yer legs open
an yer finger in yer mouth watching my hair
fly around the place
and then when yer feel me going faster
yer grind yer hips and let out a few moans
and then at the very last
you scream
just to fuck me up
before you talked about what you dug
and when I pushed you head down to my thighs
you shuddered and told me that yer middle class
upbringing would not allow you
to commit fellatio

Barry Fitton

For those of you who thought that the White Panthers were no more than Mick Farren and the IT crew, you should have a look at Chapter, a magazine produced by the Abbey Wood Chapter White Panthers. 10p for everything from Freak Brothers to gutsy community news and information. 18 Openshaw Road, Abbey Wood, London SE2.

STYNG, Yorkshire's Alternative Newspaper is being considered by the DPP for obscenity ie upsetting local heavies. Meanwhile Styng No 2 with another shattering adventure from Wonder Wart Hog, the super pig, is on sale and stirring Barnsley and the North from its long sleep. If you want to get in touch with one of the best Underground papers to appear for a long time, write to Styng, 12 Regent Street South, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Anyone interested in a festival of the streets, August 1st to 7th, contact The Axis Experimental Poetry Theatre, 6a Hunters Lane, Rochdale, Lancashire. The Axis Alternative Festival is being arranged to coincide with Rochdale Town Council's off official fuddy duddy boring arts festival.

The OZ mail order department received a visit from a young man in anorak and slacks, short back and sides a few days ago. He bought two Rupert Bear T-shirts (large size) and paid for them by cheque. On the back he gave his name and address – J. Hogg, Bow Street Police Station.

Community Head Service

We offer advice, love, coffee, food, some crash pads, a Release Service, bands to roadies, cheap removals and goodies, cheap suede and leather goods, most alternative press publications, help and promotions, labour forces and maybe a bit of bread.

Our purpose is to help create an alternative society in Portsmouth. We are trying to set up a free press, community centres, cheap food, and clothes shops, shops for real cheap cheap goodies, transport at real cheap rates, cheap cafes and food halls, community information centres, legal aid, medical aid, cheap sounds and concerts, and much much more.

We really do need, love, ideas, help, workers, stamps, coupons, bread, old clothes, materials, junk, but mainly we need a revolution.

Write, come round or phone (installed when we have some bread) or just send us your thoughts.

Love, peace, and our kindest thoughts,
Mark, Mick, Mac, Bob, Kev, Wayne, Christain, Jill, and our many friends and helpers to whom we are indebted.
Head Community Service and Promotions, 18 Derby Road, North End, Portsmouth, Hants.

Digger Action Movement

It's almost a year now (29th June) since we set up the Tribe on the Island of Dorinish in Clue Bay, co. Mayo, Eire, loaned us by John Lennon. The fact that we are still there is amazing as we set off at the end of last summer with almost no money and tents as our only means of shelter. Everyone said we could not last the winter and at times we doubted our own sanity. Constant rain, high winds up to 100 mph, had us so fucking scared stiff that we spent most of the time praying.

From the start it was clear that freedom does not work if you get a piece of land and put people on it, but after getting a tradition of working and working out of probelms, you find that there is no need for rules and that tradition is a much nicer way of doing things.

We believed from the start that our land is free to all who want to live our way of life, and out hope is always to get more land before we become overcrowded. Islands are wonderful places to live, peaceful and free from most official pressure. Because it is difficult to get to, people have to be really interested to make the effort.

In our first year we have built a store building (not yet completed), dug six wells, planted five fields and got our crops growing, built our own type of tent that can withstand high winds and got the harbour half done.

In order to carry on and become self-supporting which could take one or two more years, we are making our second appeal for bread – the first was to help us set up a year ago. We need money for stronger accomodation, a more seaworthy boat, supplies for next winter (our own vegetables won't be enough), and animals.

Anyone interested in the future of communes please send us money or other things of use. If our Tribe fails it will make it so much harder for you yourselves or other groups to get support. Our success will add strength to all.

Love, peace and goodwill,
Tribe of the Sun. Sid Rawle

Donations: cheques and P.O.s crossed, and made out to Mrs Richardson, c/o Digger Action Movement, 66 Spring Grove Cres., Hounslow, Middlesex.

A draft charter of children's rights

The following are taken from "A Draft Charter Of Children's rights" the full text of which can be obtained free from ACE, 32 Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

All children have the special right of shelter or protection f
logical or social exploitation by adults, or those in authorit
vulnerable years of transition from infancy to maturity. Th
be protected from the danger of harming themselves throu
or lack of experience and forsight.

All succeeding paragraphs must be read in the light of this s

(i) all children have the right to protection from, and comp
the consequences of any inadequacies in their homes and b

(ii) children have the right to protection from any excessive
on them by their parents or others in authority over them.
no one shall have the power to infringe a child's rights.

(iii) children have the right to freedom from religious or po
nation.

(iv) no child shall be discriminated against by any person o
whatsoever, including race, sex, religion, ability or any oth
mental characteristic overwhich the child has no control.

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(v) all children are entitled to freedom of association both within school and outside.

(vi) children have a right to freedom of expression, both written and verbal. They have the right to publish their opinions on any matter whatsoever.

(vii) children shall have freedom of access to suitably trained and appoin ted people to whom they can take complaints and grievances. They shall have the freedom to make complaints about teachers, parents and others, without fear of reprisal.

(viii) children have a right to exercise choice in the school curriculum. Such choice should grow as the child matures.

(ix) a child's personal appearance is his own and his family's concern. No child shall be deprived of any right or benefit as a consequence of his mode of dress, style of hair, make-up or any other aspect of dress or appearance.

(x) children shall have freedom of movement.

(xi) every child shall have the freedom to play a full part in his choice of school.

(xii) children shall have freedom from physical assault, whether under the guise of punishment or in any other form. No person shall have the right to subject a child to such punishment as is intended to mentally or physically humiliate the child, or to reduce his self-respect.

(xiii) children have the right to privacy of person and thought.

(xiv) children have the right to engage in paid employment appropriate to their years. But no person shall have the right to compel a child to enter employment against his will.

(xv) children have the right, at the appropriate age, to such knowledge as is necessary to understand the society in which they live. This shall include knowledge of sex, contraception, religion, drugs including alcohol and tobacco, and other problems which openly confront every growing child.

HOW ABBIE HOFFMAN STOLE 'STEAL THIS BOOK'

In this feature. each separate extract is indicated by a colour change. Read copy accordingly.

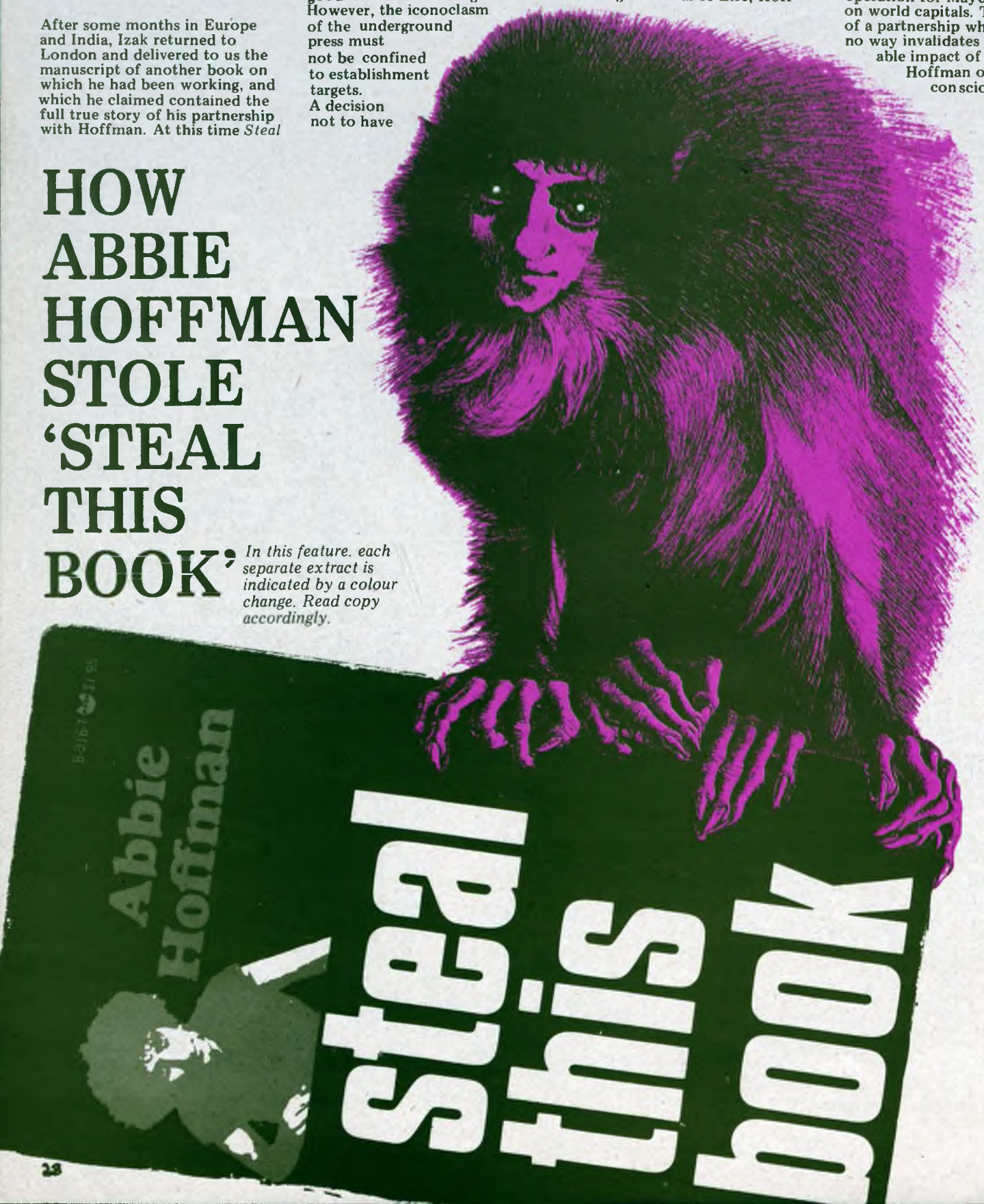
Earlier this year two Americans, Izak Haber and girlfriend Lynn Borman arrived at the OZ office bearing a gift from Abbie Hoffman — the manuscript of *Steal This Book* a sequel to *Woodstock Nation*. As tall as his girlfriend is tiny, Izak, with frizzed hair and speedy conversation style, is a walking parody of Hoffman. His name was familiar from a feature in *Time* magazine on Movement literature which credited him with co-writing *Steal This Book*.

After some months in Europe and India, Izak returned to London and delivered to us the manuscript of another book on which he had been working, and which he claimed contained the full true story of his partnership with Hoffman. At this time *Steal This Book* was being extracted in *Ramparts* magazine (attributed solely to Abbie) and being extensively advertised and marketed in the underground press. On the title page of *Steal This Book* appears a discreet acknowledgement of Izak as "co-conspirator", with his name mis-spelt. What follows is a brutally condensed account of how that book came to be written.

It is not pleasant to be publishing a meaty attack on Abbie Hoffman when in this country his detractors are more vocal than supporters and, more specifically, as he has been a good friend to this magazine. However, the iconoclasm of the underground press must not be confined to establishment targets. A decision not to have revealed Izak Haber's story would have been quite rightly construed as corruption. What follows should not blind readers to Hoffman's dazzling achievements. That dedicated collective of bomb-throwers, Frendz, recently exclaimed that Hoffman was not a revolutionary. "He is unimportant. Unlike the Weathermen . . . " Forgetting, typically, that the Weathermen, like the Panthers, have pulled in their horns; their major achievement being not winning community support, but alienating it.

Since his Academy Award of Protest for his role in the Chicago Festival of Life, Hoffman has continued spearheading confrontation politics, recently being caged in a Washington police camp with a broken nose. Undeterred by the mounting indictments, Hoffman has currently slid into the shoes of Tokyo Rose and is collaborating with the 'enemy' by organising radio tapes to be broadcast from Hanoi, beamed at US servicemen

Despite his sceptical reception by English typewriter rhetoricians, Hoffman worked round the clock on his brief visit here, extended support and encouragement to many groups and attempting (unsuccessfully) to co-ordinate international co-operation for Mayday assaults on world capitals. This version of a partnership which failed in no way invalidates the considerable impact of YIPPIE Abbie Hoffman on a nation's consciousness.



Extracts from Steal This Book "by Abbie Hoffman", published by Pirate Editors, 640 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. "Dedicated to Jerry Lefcourt – lawyer and brother."

Monkey Warfare

If you like Halloween, you'll love monkey warfare. It's ideal for people uptight about guns, bombs and other children's toys, and allows for imaginative forms of protesting, many of which will become myth, hence duplicated and enlarged upon. A syringe (minus the needle) or a cooking baster can be filled with a dilute solution of epoxy glue. Get the two tubes in a hardware store and squeeze into a small bottle of rubbing alcohol. Shake real good and pour into the baster or syringe. You have about thirty minutes before the mixture gets too hard to use. Go after locks, parking meters, and telephones You can fuck up the companies that use IBM cards by buying a cheap punch or using an Exacto knife and cutting an extra hole in the card before you return it with your payment. By the way, when you return payments always pay a few cents under or over. The company has to send you a credit or another bill and it screws up their bookkeeping system. Remember, *always* bend, fold, staple or otherwise mutilate the card. By the way, if you ever find yourself in a computer room during a strike, you might want to fuck up the school records. You can do this by passing a large magnet or portable electro-magnet rapidly back and forth across the reels of tape, thus erasing them. And don't miss the tour of the IBM plant, either.

Another good bit is to rent a safe deposit box (only about $7.00 a year) in a bank using a phony name. They usually only need a signature and don't ask for identification. When you get a box, deposit a good size dead fish inside the deposit box, close it up and return it to its proper niche. From then on forget about it. Now think about it in a few months there is going to be a hell-of-a-smell from your small investment. It's going to be almost impossible to trace and besides, they can never open the box without your permission. Since you don't exist, they'll have no alternative but to move away. Invest in the Stank of Amerika savings program. Just check out Lake Erie and you'll see saving fish isn't such a dumb idea. If you get caught, tell them you inherited the fish from your grandmother and it has sentimental value.

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Government Publications

One of the best ways to receive records and books free is to invest twenty dollars and print up some stationery with an artistic logo for some non-existent publication. Write to all the public relations departments of record companies, publishing houses, and movie studios. Say you are a newspaper with a large youth readership and have regular reviews of books, or records, or movies, and would like to be placed on their mailing list. Say that you would be glad to send them any reviews of their records that appear in the paper. That adds a note of authenticity to the letter. After a month or so you'll be receiving more records and books than you can use.

If you really want a book badly enough, follow the title of this one – Dig!

People's Chemistry Stink Bomb

You can purchase buteric acid at any chemical supply store for "laboratory experiments." It can be thrown or poured directly in an area you think already stinks. A small bottle can be left uncapped behind a door that opens into the target room. When a person enters they will knock over the bottle, spilling the liquid. Called a "Froines," by those in the know, an ounce of buteric acid can go a long way. Be careful not to get any on your clothing. A home-made stink bomb can be made by mixing a batch of egg whites, Drano, (sodium hydroxide) and water. Let the mixture sit for a few days in a capped bottle before using.

"Hey, man, Abbie Hoffman is coming to town to speak tomorrow." I looked up and was handed a leaflet by some young dude who was wearing Yippie buttons all over his army fatigue jacket. "He's going to speak tomorrow at Provo Park at noon. Be there. Abbie's far fucking out!" I continued walking up Telegraph Avenue, slowly reading the leaflet. I read of Abbie coming to Berkeley, December 16, 1969.

I quickly went home and showed my girlfriend, Lynn, the leaflet. I also started calling up all my friends to tell them to definitely be there. None of my friends dug Abbie too tough. They were reading Marcuse and swore by him. They thought Abbie's politics were inconsistant and sloppy. It wasn't so much they thought Abbie's politics were bad as much as they thought Marcuse was the reincarnation of Karl Marx, and well you know, who's Abbie next to Karl Marx. I would argue vehemently in defense of street people, hippies, Yippies, beatniks, youth culture, and became known, in small Berkeley political circles, as a Yippie.

On Sunday, Lynn and I got up early. I always attend all political gatherings early so as to get a flowing attitude towards it. I would wander through the crowd looking and listening to the people. I saw faces which attended every leftist gathering. I would play games with myself picking out the P.L.Pers (Progressive Labor Party), Maoist, bleeding liberals, Yippies, and on-lookers among the crowd. Strolling among the people and picking up the latest leaflets announcing new demonstrations, solidarity marches, lectures, and the latest analysis on Womens Liberation. At noon, Abbie still hadn't come. The crowd swelled to a thousand. Lynn and I positioned ourselves next to the speaker's platform which stood behind a dead fountain in the northwest corner of the Park.

At 12.45, Abbie arrived. He jumped on stage and quickly grabbed the microphone. The crowd pushed forward to get a better look. Abbie screamed into the microphone "Yippie!", and then proceeded to scold the Berkeleyites. "What's the fuck wrong with you. All of Berkeley should be burned down. I attended this School of Advanced Toilet Training. I had a friend who was a physics major and one day he walked to the Golden Gate Bridge and set his movie camera on a tripod and put it on automatic. He then wrote out a note describing his alienation and jumped off the bridge. When they dragged him out he had on this grin. They call it a Shit Eating Grin, and all people who commit suicide have this grin. It baffles science." The crowd tittered and crowed like hysterical Moroccan women. He had control of the crowd and threw his punchlines in like a master boxer. He spoke for an hour mostly about his trial and his favourite comedian, Judge Hoffman. I felt like I was in a nightclub. People all around having a good time; gaily laughing at a good comic.

Abbie wore Windsor boots, brown corduroy pants, and a red pattern over gray flanned shirt with a brown suede fringed jacket. As he spoke, he danced. He would rotate around the microphone, artfully doing side steps. He would smile and laugh along with the crowd. His head covered with black wispy hair glowed crimson. It was a bright sunny day and Abbie felt good. He made the crowd feel good. I suspect that he was on acid. He would generate spurts of energy, and shout into the microphone about how Berkeley, the vanguard center of revolution in America, hadn't done shit in years. He would hesitate and explain how we must become serious revolutionaries as this was a fascist country that wouldn't hesitate to kill its own children. He then went into an imitation of an elderly, Seven Day Aventist woman: "Son, if you don't like it here, why don't you leave?" He stepped closer to the microphone, grabbed some breath and shouted, "I told her I already left, I'm an Orphan of America'." It was over. The Right On and Power to the People approvals were shouted by the crowd.

I immediately jumped on the stage and grabbed Abbie, – "Abbie, I read your latest book, *Woodstock Nation*, and you tell of knowing how to go around the world for $88.00. How?" He lifted his head up, cocked it to one side and coughed up, "You should know that."
"I know, but I don't."
"Don't I know you from somewhere?"
"We've met a few times on the streets of the Lower East Side."
"Look, my head is really buzzing. Go ask Linda Morse, she knows."

I said thanks and went looking for Linda. "Linda, Linda, Abbie says you know how to get around the world for $88.00."
"Yes well I used to know but can't remember all the details. Look, write me in care of the Conspiracy in Chicago and if I find out all the details, I'll write you back."
"O.K. Thanks."

Six days later, after taking a shit, I got an idea. I thought about how the Movement was still an intellectual one. I thought the most important thing people, at this time, could do in terms of revolution was to learn skills; Legal, medical, shoplifting, firearms, mechanical and electrical skills. I thought people should prepare to make the revolution. Get their bodies in shape. Learn the usage of explosives. But most people thought in terms of, "Man, when the revolution starts, I'll learn that shit". I thought of writing a book on how to hitch, freight, shoplift, make bombs, underground newspapers, living for free in America. I was 20 at the time and never worked a day in my life. I was a Living Free Expert. I figured it would be easy. I would just write down how I've been living free for six years. I knew I was the greatest Living Free Expert in the world. I envisioned the book as a Yippie Survival Manual. I thought of how Jerry Rubin's book, *Do It*, was a great advertisement for the revolution. Kids would read it and say, "Yeah, man, my parents suck, school sucks, this town sucks, I just got to get the fuck out of here". But, that's as far as they would go, knowing the next question was — HOW? Well, I was going to tell them HOW. How to hitch, freight, hop planes, buses, eat free, LIVE FREE! Not only that, I was going to tell them how to live free and live better than their parents. I envisioned thousands of kids vanishing at night with a copy of the Yippie Survival Manual sticking out of the backpocket of their dungarees.

I ran out of the bath room and grabbed some paper and a pen and started writing feverishly to Dear Abbie. I explained my vision of the book. I told him we could write to all the underground papers asking kids to send us information about any ways they know of on how to live for free, and also if they know about any free things in their city. I told him I felt that we could both do the book because we were both Living Free Experts, and his name would insure the book being published with great advertising and distribution. I told him I would travel throughout all the large American cities and write how to live for free in each city. I explained to him that I was the guy who asked him about flying around the world for $88.00 when he spoke in Berkeley. I told him that I would still appreciate it if he would write and tell me how because Linda Chorse didn't know. I also told him how I got on American planes for free and how I rode the Greyhounds for free. I then stuffed the letter in some ragged envelope and walked down to the mailbox and mailed it. I didn't think he would write back, but I waited and hoped.

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On January 12th, I received a letter from Abbie. The letter was to change my life. He opened by telling me that he enjoyed my letter and then went on to explain how to go around the world for $88.00. In the second paragraph, he told me the book was a great idea. He explained that he was busy with the Trial and that whenever I get fifty written pages together, to come to New York and see him. He told me I should write up some appeal asking the people to send information and mail it to Liberation News Service who would put it in their newsletter which all the underground papers subscribe to. In the last sentence, he said he a a title for the book, *Steal This Book.*

To each of these papers, I sent them page ten of L.N.S. with a letter asking for their help and to be so kind to print the appeal. I would sign all the letters "love Abbie Hoffman". Even when I made telephone calls, and I made hundreds of long distance calls with the use of phony credit cards, I told them I was calling for Abbie Hoffman or pretend I was Abbie himself.

I collected pages and pages of information. I asked Lynn if she would type for me as I didn't know how and thought it would take too long to learn. She agreed to help. We would sit down together with me pointing out bits of information and telling her where to type it. We spent hours every day trying to get all the information we had into some coherent form. Lynn would type, and retype every page. I did three months of work on the book before I ever saw Abbie. Mailed out hundreds of letters. Made hundreds of phone calls. Travelled over all of California. The book began to take shape. It was divided into two sections: The general section which consisted of Free Food, Clothing Medical, Hitching and other useful information for survival that applied to anywhere in the country. The second section was information on free living in actual cities. While in California, I did four cities; Berkeley, Oakland, San Francisco and Los Angeles Angeles. Lynn did the "Fuck Los Angeles" research. She flew down to Los Angeles and got together lots of good shit. She spent three days running around LA. I was elated with the book. Proud of our work. I began to fall in love with the book and felt a deep emotional involvement with its development.

When I first started working on the book, I thought I could complete my part of it in three months, but I worked on the book four months before I ever saw Abbie. I worked feverishly over it because I thought it was the best book ever written. The most functional book, a true people's revolutionary book. I wanted to finish as soon as possible so that the book could be gotten into the hands of the people. The book became a part of me. I became uptight as the book was always on my mind. I felt pressured and my neck and cranium would ache with overflowing mental energy clogging up and forming knots of jangled nerves. My head would literally buzz and I would have to stop working and calm myself. But I felt good anyway. For the first time, I felt that I was doing something useful. It was something that I would wake up each morning and look forward to doing. Through the book, I began to understand what alienation of labor meant. What work, would be like in a socialist state. How all work would be converted into play. How everybody would become artists and all the land would be turned into parks.

So in early May, after working close to four months and having about two hundred and thirty typewritten pages completed, I left for New York to meet Abbie.

WHEN I FIRST MET ABBIE

(After several unsuccessful attempts, Izak and Abbie finally meet at the office of the Movement Speakers Bureau.)

He immediately grabbed the phone on entering and made a few long distance calls while I sat on a bed in the middle of the one room apartment. Abbie soon finished, sat down next to me and said, "Show me what you've done ". I quickly opened up my briefcase, that I bought at a second hand store for $3.00 and brought out all my papers "You see Abbie, the book is divided into two parts. The first part is the general part and contains survival information that applies to any part of the country". He was looking through the papers reading a few words, then quickly turning the pages and reading a few more words. I bent towards Abbie, pointing at corresponding sections of the book and excitedly talking about it. "Here Abbie, you see Free Medicine, Free Food, Free Clothes, Furniture and Telephone. The second section is Fuck the Cities. I only have four cities; San Fransisco, Berkeley, Oakland and Los Angeles. It is about specific places where you can get and do free things. Each Fuck City is like the Fuck the System booklet that you did about New York." (Author's note: In 1968, a friend of mine, Freddie Bannon, who is an old brilliant hustling genius, told me that he wrote most of the Fuck the System booklet. I didn't beleive him at the time because he was one of those guys who, when he said anything, you wouldn't know whether to believe him or not. He did do almost everything, and then again, he was a junkie, speed freed, freaked out motherraper. I believe now that Abbie did have something to do with the Fuck the System booklet, but other people also played an important part in it. But, Abbie never gave them any credit. One of these people was Freddie Bannon.)

Abbie leaped up. He was excited. "How old are you?"
"Twenty"
"Goddamn, twenty? You're a real Yippie! I'm making you Minister of Finance of the Youth International Party. This is terrific. I can't believe it. You must have done a lot of work."
"Yes I did. I've been working on it everyday for four months."

Then suddenly his mood changed. He was excited at first, and while talking to me, he hopped around the room, his eyes, ablaze with joy. But then he quietly sat down next to me and bore his eyes dead ahead towards mine like I see FBI men questioning murder suspects on television.
"What do you want out of it?"
I quickly understood that he was checking me out to see if underneath somewhere lurked a dreaded hip capitalist. I resented it, but figured that he was right in doing so. "I don't want anything out of it except a Volkswagon Bus. I travel a lot, Abbie, and sure would like a Volkswagon Bus.

* * *

I trusted and loved Abbie, and he and his lawyer Jerry Lefcourt were going to take care of the legalities, the negotiations, contracts business formalities. I didn't even want a part of that world. I just wanted to

write the book — and that I did. I worked on it day and night, Wrote, rewrote and rewrote. Lynn typed, retyped and retyped page after page. Tedious work. Telephone numbers, tracking people down places, addresses, books. Writing letters and letters. Waiting and waiting for information. I was constantly reading underground papers, newspapers, magazines, books, and letters to give me ideas and stimulate my imagination. The book was coming along fine, but was taking much longer than I first expected. It was already five months since I started on it and there was still much to do. One day I came up to Abbie's exhausted. Lynn and I were sleeping all over the place. We didn't have the money to rent an apartment as rents are so high in New York and finding an apartment alone is quite a fucking trip. Abbie was sitting on the sofa and said, "Izak, do you have a place to stay?" Not really. "Well, you can stay here." "Thanks, Abbie." And we moved into his place June 20th, 1970.

ANITA AND HER LOVE NEST

We woke up early and headed for Abbie's place. I pictured Abbie's house as having lots of freaks crashing, revolutionary posters hanging from every wall, books scattered throughout the house, and the place looking just like any other place would look with about seven revolutionary freaks smoking and fucking into the wee hours of the morn. Lynn and I walked up the twelve flights as the elevator was 'out of order'. Lynn felt excited and we were laughing as I knocked on Abbie's great steel plated door.

"Who is it?"

"Izak."

We were let in. Blood rushed to my brain and my lower jaw fell agape. I looked towards Lynn and caught expressions of the unknown. There was Anita not walking around nude, but in a long expensive night gown, Abbie was sitting on a big red sofa with a pop Art painting above him. The house, the pad, was so clean. Cleaner than the commercials that Mr. Clean appears in. The wooden floor was polished so I could see my face in it. It was a perfect reflection even from the height of 6'2". I turned to my right and saw a cupboard featuring, in even rows, expensive glassware. In front of Abbie was a five foot long rectangular brown wooden coffee table that Abbie, as he was to tell me later, made out of a door. In the far right hand corner sat a round oak table with early Amerikan styled wooden chairs. And flower pots, plants of all varieties covered the kitchen. Not a loose piece of paper anywhere. Not a dirty dish or utensil in the sink. A smell of pine refreshner caught my nose. The walls in the combination kitchen-dining room were painted white which gave a brightness to the room To my left and dead ahead from where Abbie sat, was the sink, stove and refrigerator, the latest in modern appliances. I scrutinized the sink for a stain, the walls for a dirt mark, the ceiling for chipped paint, but there was none to be found. If you've ever seen modern houses for modern couples, then you can get the feeling. In fact, Anita, at that moment, was cleaning up the place!

Abbie and I took a little walk later on that afternoon and, in a childish tone, he whispered, "You're probably wondering why the house is so clean." I guess he saw the disbelief in my eyes and needed to appologize. "Anita is a neatnik". A half hearted smile and laugh dripped from his lips. "I've been married to Anita three years now. When I was living along on 11th Street, my pad was a mess. When I met Anita, she was living in a $400 a month apartment on Park Avenue. She has a lot of bourgoise tendencies, but I love her. So we got this place on 13th street. It was a compromise, but I like it because I can work in peace."

His library contained about ten copies of both *Revolution for the Hell of It* and *Woodstock Nation*. He kept a supply of these books around for a purpose. Whenever he went to meet someone that he never met before and they were famous, important or a VIP, he would autograph a copy of each book and present them as a present. The funny part is that Abbie never reads. In *Revolution for the Hell of It*, he states that he has read everything: Marx, Marcuse, Mao, Lenin, Fanon, etc. But, it's not true. He hasn't read anything. The whole time I knew him he never read a book. He never listened to the radio or stereo set. He occasionally read the newspaper, and the only media he liked was the television and motion pictures. Even then he hardly ever watched his portable color TV set, which was located in the right hand corner of the living room. He would watch the six and eleven o'clock news and any program that had a political orientation, whether left or right. But, did he watch TV. He would conduct conversations with the thing. He had a better rapport and communicated with a TV better than he did with human beings. He would laugh at it, point to the tube, then run up to it and start jabbing at the screen, all the time giving expert political media research and evaluations.

Most of the time I was with Abbie, I kept quiet and listened. This was partly due to my being aware of being in the presence of genius. Oh yes, Abbie is a fucked up cat, but, at one time, I think he was a down home freak. He lived with the people, trusted them but thought that he could outsmart the capitalist in their own game without getting scratched. In fact, they destroyed him and Rubin too. Also his marriage to Anita and her fascism rubbed off on him. I kept quiet because Abbie hardly ever paid any attention to anyone.

Abbie and Anita loved their place. He thought it was the best pad in the city, and may be he was right. The patio had about twenty different plants scattered around, as well as three trees. Anita loved her plants and faithfully watered them every other day. The watering of all her plants, both outside and inside, took three hours. Abbie's last words to Anita, after he was sentenced by Judge Hoffman for contempt of court, were "Don't forget to water the plants, Anita."

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO

One day I was lounging around the house when Jerry Rubin rang. "Abbie?" "No, it's Izak. Abbie's not home. He went to see his lawyer, so he might be over the Law Commune." "Do you think it will be alright if I stay there tonight? I was buying a paper at Gems Spa., and this pig came over to me and winked. I'm paranoid. The whole precinct knows where I live!" . . . "I think Graham might of paid those pigs off to raid my house and kick the shit out of me. I think I better lay low and stay out of the heart of the Lower East Side. *(A reference to Bill Graham with whom Rubin nearly came to blows the day before — Ed.)* "Sure, you can stay here, Jerry. You can sleep on the sofa in the kitchen. I don't think Anita and Abbie will mind because they're splitting tomorrow anyway to spend a week on Fire Island." . . . Later that night, I went into the bathroom to pee. While peeing, I heard Anita's voice. She was screaming, "No, Jerry, I don't want you to stay here. You upset me, Jerry." I hurried back to the living room. Jerry was sitting next to the TV set, looking like someone on a bad acid trip. Anita said, "Why did you ask, Jerry?"

I quickly said, "It's my fault, Anita. Jerry called me this afternoon and I told him that I didn't think you would mind letting him stay, plus you and Abbie are splitting tomorrow." Anita wasn't listening to what I was saying. She was hysterical. Abbie had drifted into the kitchen. He wanted no part of this brutal scene. Abbie and Anita didn't speak to Jerry during the Trial and were on very bad terms. But those past few weeks after the Trial, they were being sort of friendly again to each other and were on speaking terms. Nancy hated Anita and never spoke to her. Jerry stood up. He finally composed himself. He was feeling like he lost his best friend. "I'm never going to speak to you two", Jerry was looking at me to back him up, but I just kept quiet. Anita then spoke, "Babes, oh Babes, (babes is the affectionate term Abbie and Anita call each other), tell him he can't stay. Oh, Babes, I'm so upset. Jerry upsets me." Abbie was mum. Jerry stomped into the kitchen, "Don't worry, Anita, I'll never upset

you again because I'll never set foot in your place again." Jerry, after mumbling a few more curses, split, slamming the door behind him. Anita went on, "Oh, Babes, I hate Jerry. Why does he always do things like that? We never ask him for anything. He's always asking us to do him favours. I hate him. Oh, Babes." Abbie sat down on the sofa. Anita says, "Izak, you know why I don't want him to stay? Because he's so sloppy. He can't do nothing without Nancy. Nancy cares for him like a baby. She cooks for him, washes his clothes. He can't do nothing by himself." Anita kind of felt that she acted wrong but she wanted some sympathy from us. None was given. I said, "Look, Anita, Jerry has no place to go and you'll be splitting tomorrow. So, you won't even be here, and I'll make sure the place stays clean." "I know, but we don't know exactly what day we'll be coming back and I don't want him to be here when I get back. I don't want to see him." "Well look Anita, the day before you are coming back, call me, and I'll tell Jerry to split." "No. I just don't want him to stay here." She was in one of her most irrational moods.

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The next day, Jerry called and Lynn answered the phone. Jerry stayed at a friend of Mike's (one of the Oakland Seven), Iris, on Lexington Avenue. It was funny because Jerry didn't have a friend in the world to put him up. I think that was one of the things that shook him up when Anita told him he couldn't stay at her place. He felt terribly alone. Not a friend in the world to turn to in a time of need. I thought it was ironic. The great Yippie, Jerry, in New York without a friend. It was wierd too. Jerry and Abbie had no power. It was sad to me. The New Left had no power of any sort. It was defenceless.

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"I want to ask you a few questions, Jerry. How did Anita and Abbie ever get married?" "Look, Izak, Abbie and I come from different generations than you. We grew up in the Fifties and felt a great need of security. Before Abbie met Anita, he was extremely lonely, and every girl he met he asked them to marry him. Then he met Anita and they soon married." Jerry's eyes soon were aflame. My presence often made his blood boil. He then fired a question at me. "Why didn't you write the book yourself, Izak? I think you're using Abbie." Jerry thought I was using Abbie because Jerry just thought that way. He did things like that and interpreted his own reality to my situation. "I ain't using no one fuckface. I wrote Abbie from Berkeley for a number of reasons. One, I don't think I'm capable of writing the book myself. I'm not a good enough writer and think Abbie is. I also thought Abbie could help with the content as he's s also quite knowledgeable about free living. Plus, I thought two of us working together can create a better book. I love that book, Jerry, and it's a great book." "Oh, I'm sure it's a great book, Izak, but you're using Abbie's name." "I could have written the book myself, but I don't think it would have been as good. Abbie's name on the book will insure it great distribution and advertising. But, that's one of the reasons I wanted to work with Abbie, because I felt that the book is a great one. A true socialist book. A book that greatly benefits the youth masses, and if I would have written it myself, it would have been doubtful that I would have gotten it published." Then Jerry said, "Before this is over, Izak, Abbie is going to fuck over you." I was furious and was screaming full voice now, "You're a fucking liar, Jerry. Since I met you, you've been trying to destroy Abbie's and my friendship. Why? I don't know. But fuck you, Jerry, I like Abbie very much, trust him and feel Abbie likes me too." Lynn and I then split. Jerry was later to be proven right.

FINISHING THE BOOK

While living at Abbie's, I continued working on the book. The book was nearly seven hundred and fifty pages long, jammed packed with all kinds of information. Then one day day I finished. I came home and saw Abbie milling through some papers in the living room. "Abbie, I finished. There's not anything more I can do." Abbie hadn't looked at what I had done in a few weeks.
"Out-a-site. Let's see what we got."
We went into the bedroom and Abbie layed on the bed with his feet hanging over the edge. I sat at the foot of the bed facing Abbie and pulled out the manuscript.
"Gee, Izak, it's long."

Abbie then picked up the whole manuscript and, holding it in his hand, started flipping the pages back and forth like he was playing with a telephone book. "I'm going to have to do a lot of rewriting. In fact, rewrite the whole thing and do much more work than I thought." "I kept telling you, Abbie, that you were going to have to do plenty." "I see", says Abbie. Abbie then fell silent and in a slow voice like he was drunk, started to say, "I'm going to have to do a lot of work. I think we should split fifty-fifty Izak."
(Earlier, Abbie had insisted on the split being 70:30 in favour of Izac — Ed.)
"Sure, Abbie. I totally agree. I wanted it that way from the start. Fifty-fifty is beautiful." Abbie's face brightened up and smiled, a gentle one crossed his pretty lips. "I also think, Abbie, that we should give some bread to Lynn whenever we get an advance. She did a lot of work typing and I guess will have to do a lot more with all this rewriting to be done."
"Oh sure, Lynn will get paid nicely. But she doesn't have to do anymore typing. When I rewrite things, Carol will type it up."

Abbie was ashamed to have a woman secretary. He told no one and instructed Carol, if she was ever asked if she was Abbie's secretary, to say no and to say that she was a friend of his doing him a favor.

Abbie rewrote the book in longhand from about July 1st to August 12th, and that was it. On his vacation, he would rewrite a couple of chapters and mail it special delivery to Carol at the Law Commune. Carol would type out three copies using carbon paper. She would keep one copy for herself, one for me and one for Abbie. It went this way for the whole month of July. When I received my copy I would go over it to see if any changes were necessary. But Abbie did well. He knew how to say things in a much clearer, simpler, and shorter way than I did. What he did was excellent and I made hardly any changes. Though my part was generally over, I continued working on the book. Doing more research, making sure everything was up to date, correcting errors. What Abbie rewrote was the final copy.

THE RIP-OFF BEGINS

(The first real intimation Izak had that Abbie was going to 'double-cross' him was at a meeting with Abbie and his lawyer Lefcourt — Abbie pushed the line that his name was the only reason any publisher would accept the book. He was therefore entitled to more than 50:50 previously agreed on. In addition he would have to do all the advertising and promotional work seeing Izak planned to go to Europe. After arguing, a compromise was reached whereby Abbie and Izak would each get 5000 dollars apiece and the rest given to revolutionary organisations. This plan proved unsatisfactory to both and they agreed to shelve it. — Ed)

I quickly changed the subject to take the pressure off the scene. "What kind of shift is Random House trying to pull?"
"I don't know what they're doing. I'm going to meet with Chris (Cerf) tonight and I'm going to put some pressure on his neck. I'm going to tell him if they don't publish my book they're never going to publish anything by me", said Abbie. Abbie was really mad and soon everything about the book made him mad. He said, "I'm going to offer them a million dollar guarantee."
"Do you think they are going to take it?" I asked.
"They better. If they don't, I'll expose them for the fraud they are," siad Abbie.

But, I could see doubts in Abbie's eyes. He was just stunned about all the publishers turning down the book. Abbie, like me, loved and thought the book was the greatest book written. He felt that the book would change his whole image. From a revolutionary Yippie Prankster comedian to a dedicated serious revolutionary Yippie. He wanted more people, among the revolution, to take him seriously . His image, he felt, needed changing. The new more militant revolutionary times called for a change in his image. With the Weathermen running around, Abbie knew that Yippie pranks, in the 70's, would be out of date. So he felt that the book would totally change his image. His first two books were Yippie talk books
But, "Steal This Book" was a guerrilla manual. It had chapters on Street Fighting, Bombs, Weapons, How to Live Underground, and, obviously, everybody would think that Abbie knew about what he had helped write. That's where his new image was coming from. Everybody would read the book and say, "Shit, Abbie is a deep dude". What a joke. Abbie doesn't know the first thing about what he was writing. He just rewrote what I wrote. He hardly ever hitchhiked. Never freighted. Didn't know anything about guerrilla radio, bombs, guns, military formations, and half the shit in the book.

* * *

A few days later I saw Abbie again. I had completed the entire other Books Worth Stealing section, and Abbie came down to Fifth Street to have a look.
Abbie said, "It's great,Izak. I'm going to leave it just the way it is."
That was it. The book was totally complete. All that was needed was the introduction which Abbie was going to write. I thought Abbie was going to write the introduction whenever we received a publisher. So, I was surprised when he told me he had begun to write it. He handed me two typewritten pieces of paper which are printed below.

This is part of the original introduction

During the marathon Conspiracy Trial in Chicago, I got a ton of Dear Abbie mail, most of it friendly good luck sort of stuff, an occasional hate letter like my two favourites that said "Wait till Jesus gets his hands on you, you little bastard", and one that said "I can't wait until the next program begins to cook your ass." I used to make paper airplanes out of them and sail them at the judge, whose name escapes me at the moment.

One day I got a letter from a dude in Berkeley. He said he was the first cat thrown out of high school (1964) for wearing his hair long and refusing to sumit to a haircut. For the past six years, he explained how he hitched around the world, trained himself in the art of guerrilla warfare and street survival and at the ripe age of 20, fell like doing a book with me that would combine everything we both knew about living free and fighting in Amerika.

We corresponded for six months, roamed the country seeking hints for the book, consulting with experts on each section, did library research, advertised in the underground press for tips and compiled and wrote thousands of pages in an attempt to write a sort of guerrilla manual, the kind of which has never been seen before and is particularly suited for the struggle here in the heart of the beast.

Oh God, to write a book that will bring on the Apocalypse! Such a task required years in the planning. More thought went into Steal This Book than into the Ten Commandments (the movie, not the book). Complicated political decisions had to be made about what was put in and left out. . . .

It's wierd. Reading the introduction which was written four days before he turned into a traitor, you can tell he still thought in terms of both him and I did the book, that friendship between us existed, that I was to receive equal shares of everything with him. It must have been between the time he wrote the introduction to the time he stabbed me in the back, which was only a period of three or four days, that he totally decided to do me in.

Abbie told me he was through with his copy and I told him I wanted to go over mine once more. He then said that he wanted me to take all the photographs, cartoons and diagrams and write down exactly where they go in the book. He had brought over all the photographs, cartoons and diagrams. He also brought over the cover. He wanted me to keep them with me. I told him sure I'll do that tonight. He soon split, after that, all day I worked on the book. I made up detailed lists of exactly where each cartoon, photograph should go. I also reread the book once more and made a few more changes. And that was that. Complete. There was nothing more I could do. I felt so happy and immediately called Abbie to give him the news. He also sounded happy and we made a date to meet at his place the next day at eleven am. After I finished talking to him, I just sat on my bed looking at the book. It was beautiful, magnificent, classic of a book. I picked it up and hugged it and danced round the room with it. It was just paper but I loved it. I actually created something. The book was a part of me and I felt it was basically my biography. I lived that book. For seven years, since I was fourteen, I did everything in that book. Everything about how I survived in Amerika went into it. It was a manual but it was also my biography.

I also loved Abbie. He gave me the chance to do it. Together we did it, I felt. It was too fucking much. I was dreaming of sending copies to Fidel, Mao, Cleaver, and all the great revolutionaries. I thought about how everybody would love the book I thought about the Volkswagon Bus which is a hippie's dream. Oh, I was so happy. My brain took a great beating during those eight months and I needed a rest. After dancing around for what seemed like hours, I dizzily layed down on the bed. A half hour later, Abbie called. He said, "I've been thinking, Izak, we should put Anita's and Lynn's names on the book. They both did a lot of work on the book and should be included as authors".

I could hear his voice clearly. It sounded like the voice of someone who was being forced to call and betray a friend to the Nazis. It sounded choked as though he was first beaten and threatened with death, to him and his entire family before he called. I didn't know what was going on but when he said he wanted Anita's name as an author, I freaked. In a controlled voice filled with rage which I'm sure Abbie felt through the hot wires, I said, "What did Anita ever do?" He said, "I'm going to let her write the introduction and she helped me a lot when I was writing the book on my vacation, as well she appears in the photographs." I knew he was lying and knew Anita never even read a page of the book. She never read anything. She never even read Abbie's books. She wasn't concerned with anything that wasn't concerned with her. "You're lying, Abbie. I could consider putting two women's names on the book but those women should be Lynn and Carol", said I. "Carol", said Abbie. "That's right, Carol. She did a whole fucking lot. But I feel this discussion is silly because the only authors are you and I", said I. Abbie kept still for a few seconds. Thoughts were flying through my head. I remembered Anita's fit when she freaked and screamed about how she was being used And I felt that she coerced him into this insane idea. She knew this book was going to be great and she wanted her name on the book to become famous. Also I knew Abbie wanted Anita to become famous and somewhat felt that if she became more famous, she would become more involved. I though thought this is what this whole phone scene was about. I knew the only reason he mentioned Lynn as an author was because he knew he couldn't possibly ask for Anita's name on the book without Lynn's.

The next day I walked over to his place and buzzed on the intercom. Soon, he came down and we started walking down Thirteenth Street towards Third Avenue. "I'm not going to publish the book", said Abbie.
"Why", I asked.
"I got to answer for that book, Izak, not you."
Abbie's voice was quivering and half pleading. It was pitiful. The next half hour I saw the complete wreck of what once was a fine down revolutionary freak. Right before my eyes, he turned into a double-think fascist. Fascist in terms that he was able to live and reconcile in his mind complete contradictions.
"Women's Liberation will attack me if I come out with a male chauvinist book", said Abbie.
We both turned on Third Avenue and started walking towards Saint Marks Place.
"Don't bullshit me, Abbie. I'm no fucking fool. That book is not a male chauvinist book. It's a manual. The greatest revolutionary book ever written. Don't tell me you're not going to publish it", I said.

My face was turning red and my whole cool started falling apart at the seams. My voice was losing control and with each reply it got louder and louder. So did Abbie's voice. By the time we hit Eleventh Street, we were shouting.
I understood then that Abbie was just bullshiting around and couldn't get up the courage to say what he really wanted. I had to tell him what he wanted to say. I quickly understood with my street sense that Abbie didn't want my name on the book
I said, "Come on Abbie, tell me what you want. You don't want my name on the book. Isn't that right?"
Then, in a voice that almost deafened me, Abbie screamed as though someone stuck a knife in his gut, "That's right, I don't want my name associated with yours."
The sound that issued from his lips was more like a squeal. It came from his bowels and it stank. I was screaming and almost crying. Abbie was the same. His face was etched with fear as though he was somewhat aware of the maddening beast he had become. His own viciousness scared him. I wanted to kill him and Abbie wanted to kill me. But, for different reasons, Abbie wished to kill me because I was a nightmare to him.

I screamed, "I'm one of the authors of that book. I worked on that book everyday for eight months." My mouth was spitting water. Adrenalin was streaming through my veins. My muscles tensed to kill. I wanted to strangle him with my bare hands and everything he said just got me more angry.
"I wrote that book. Every word that's in that book is mine", screeched Abbie. His arms started flying around as he spoke. His eyes turned a fiery red and seemed to sink back into his skull.

Abbie was screaming his balls out. His mouth moved so fast and covered his whole face that it seemed like his whole face was just one big mouth. 'The work that you did any high school student could have done', screamed Abbie.

We were standing in front of Gems Spa which is a famous candy store where lots of freaks hang out on Second Avenue and Saint Marks Place. A crowd had gathered but we kept on as though nobody was there.

'Don't you think it's a little too late to start talking about new relationships on the day the book is totally completed', I screamed.

"I don't think so", screamed Abbie. Abbie then realised a crowd had formed and kept still. I didn't care, but Abbie, I could see was embarrassed and wanted to get away from the scene, he said, "I'm going to buy a paper." He turned and walked into Gems Spa and bought a famous Gem Spa Egg cream. On finishing, he came back out and bought a New York Post, and, with it tucked under his arm came back to join me. I could see he had used the recess to gain some control over himself. He said, "I don't want my name associated with yours. If the book comes out with our names on it, you'll become part of the Yippie Central Committee and everything you do and say will reflect on me. Our politics are very different.

* * *

TOTAL RIP-OFF

Abbie said, 'It's because of me the book is going to be published. Not you. You go up town and talk to Random House. They won't even let you in the door.'
'I don't care what those capitalist pigs think', I said.
'I'm going to come on straight with you. I want to buy you out. I'll give you a large sum of money if you disappear', said Abbie.

I thought of Jerry's words to me: "Abbie's going to fuck you." How Jerry knew, I don't know. I do not think Abbie ever said anything to him but I feel Jerry understood him better and knew how he operated from past experiences. But it is strange that the second I handed him over my completed copy, he tried to buy me out. Also, from the first time I came to New York with what I had done, Abbie knew I was the only one in Amerika who could have done the book. Abbie realized that he could not possibly do the book on his own. All my friends thought Abbie hustled me from the start. And maybe it's true. I do not know.

I know this; that I put all my savings into that book. Spent eight months working on it. Taught Abbie inumerable things and was his bodyguard. Worked for him and gave him a number of ideas for television. (He later did a television show about living free which was entirley based on my ideas), and movies. And, I have never, to this day, 13th January, 1971, received anything. A complete, total rip off of my money, time, energy and ideas.

NEGOTIATIONS

(Abbie told Izak to get his things out of his apartment at once, including the guns. Abbie also took all the photographs, Izak's original manuscript and all the papers that mentioned their names together. "The only thing that was left to me was a half finished copy. I just looked at the mutilated thing that I loved so much and started crying." Izak's friends advised him to hire Jerry Gutman, a movement lawyer. Brief extracts follow from the lengthy and tedious legal diplomacy. — Ed.)

Mr. Gutman had long hair. It came down to his shoulders and it was combed straight back. It was grayish with black streaks running through it. I figured he was in his forties. But the vibrations he gave off were of a young man. You could tell that he was energetic and full of life.

Gutman said, "Start from the beginning, Izak."
I quickly ran down the story from my first letter I wrote to Abbie until the day Abbie told me he wanted to buy me out. I showed him the uncompleted copy of the book and the note that Abbie left me.
"Did he ever mention how much money?", said Gutman.
"No, he never did".
"Did you ever sign any legal papers?"
"No, I never signed a thing. I trusted him completely."
"Do any of you have a copyright on it?" said Gutman.
"No, none of us copyrighted it."
"Okay. I'll call Lefcourt now and see what he has to say", said Gutman.
He called but the Law Commune's receptionist told him that Lefcourt was not there and to call back about six o'clock.
Gutman said, "Call me tomorrow, Izak, and also get all the papers you you have together showing any connections you had with Abbie and the book."
"Okay. I'll call you tomorrow. Bye."

The next day I called. "Bad news, Izak. I spoke to Lefcourt and he said Abbie wanted all the rights and offered five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand?", I said. I couldn't believe it. What a fucking jerk. I didn't think that fucker had a spark of goodness in him. I understood right then that Abbie wanted everything, including the dough. "Well, look, Jerry, I'm not selling."

* * *

The next day, promptly at four o'clock I was sitting in Mr Gutman's office.
"Did you mention anything about my name appearing on the cover?"
"Yes, I told him that was non-negotiable."
I then showed Gutman the pictures, letters I received throughout the country addressed to Abbie and me, the Liberation News Service appeal, and other shit showing me connected to Abbie, and the book.
"Good", said Gutman, looking at the pictures.
"Do you think he will try and just go ahead and publish the book as his own", I asked.
"If he does, we'll immediately put an injunction on the book and sue. We have enough evidence for a case. But don't think they will try that. A publisher doesn't know they couldn't get away with it", said Gutman.
"So, I can't publish the book without him and he can't publish it without me", said I.
"That's right."
"Do you think we'll reach an agreement" I asked.
"Sure. It's too valuable a property to let go," said Gutman.

I then left after telling Jerry I was going to Woodstock for the weekend and I would call him on Monday.

The next day, I woke up early and started walking over to Abbie's place to get my shit. I was headed down St. Marks Place towards Third Avenue when I ran into Abbie next to the Electric Circus. Feelings of love rose in me. I had no real hatred for him. There was just no way I could really hate him. I once liked him and these feelings still hung around my heart. Looking at his face I saw he thou thought the same. He opened the conversation, "Hi, Izak. Where you going?"
"I was just going over to your place to get my shit."
"I guess you know I got a lawyer?" said I.
"Yes that's good." Abbie avoided looking me in the eye. He kept gazing down at his feet.
"I'll see you later, Abbie."
"Wait. Do you have a phone number and an address where I could reach you if I wanted to speak to you?", Abbie asked.
"Yes", I said, and gave him a place where he could reach me.

After returning from Woodstock, I called Gutman. He told me that they offered seven thousand and my name as an author as well as Anita's and Lynn's.

The negotiations bogged down. Abbie wanted to buy us out, and we kept telling them they had to come up with a more reasonable offer than seven thousand. This went on for about two weeks.

September 9th Lefcourt called and told Gutman ten per cent. Gutman said that I wanted fifty per cent and nothing else. Ten per cent was ridiculous. I was furious. I wanted to leave the country and bum around and rest my fucking head. And here I was still hassling over the fucking book. I was still greatly upset about the whole mess and the negotiations, and sitting in New York waiting until everything was done, was a stone drag. Also I was broke. I had to apply for Welfare in New York. I had to go to the welfare office everyday at eight o'clock and sit there until four or five o'clock. Eight days straight before I got on.

A week later we got a new offer of twenty per cent.

Gutman then spoke to Lefcourt and told him that I was willing, for the sake of ending the negotiations, to accept a compromise of thirty three and a half per cent. I thought surely that Lefcourt and Abbie would agree. But they didn't.

I told Gutman I was going to Vermont to rest and think the whole thing over. This was late September. We had been negotiating for close to one and a half months and still no agreement. I lived in a constant state of torture. I didn't know what the fuck to do. It was a nightmare. While in Vermont, I meditated on what I should do. I wanted to leave New York and rest my head. The vents of the past two months were blowing my mind and my friends were telling me that I should just grab what I could get and split for Europe. I also felt bad about Gutman. The negotiations were taking much longer than we both expected and he was handling my case with no insurance that he was getting anything financial out of it as well as I figured he had more important things to do than get himself involved in my fuckups. I also wanted the book to come out and reach the masses. In the final analysis, it would be the masses of people who would suffer the greatest loss if the book didn't get published. I think in the end, even if I was to receive nothing, I would have stepped aside and allowed Abbie to take everything and publish the book himself. I felt I could only suffer an individual loss while, if the book wasn't published, it would have been a mass loss.

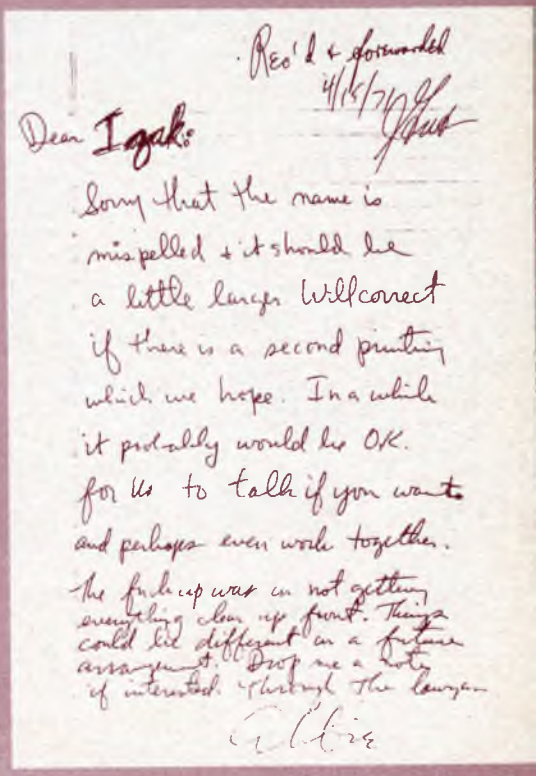
'Izak, we got a deal. Lefcourt gets ten percent, you get twenty two and a half percent, and Abbie gets the rest. Lefcourt also said that Abbie spent sixty three hundred on the book and he gets that straight off the advancebefore we start dividing up the rest according to percentage.'
'Sixty three hundred dollars?! He's lying. What did he claim he spent that much on?
'I wrote it down here. Wait a second. I've got it. Two thousand for the swimming team. What's the swimming team?', asked Gutman.
'That means the Weathermen. He's lying about that, Jerry. Abbie was to give the Weathermen two thousand as a gift to show support. It had nothing to do with the book. Abbie asked them to write a chapter on Living Underground which they did, but was no good and Abbie didn't include it in the book. That two grand has no relation with the book. What a fucking liar. What else?'
'Fifteen hundred for Carol Ramer as salary,' said Gutman.
I blew my top. Abbie is a super pig. 'jerry, that's also a lie. Abbie pays her salary no matter what. Even if we didn't do a book together, he would have to pay her a weekly salary. Carol is his scretary. He's trying to get us to pay her salary. What else?', I asked.

Gutman said he would call them and try to get the figure reduced.
"Also, Jerry, I spent money on that book myself. About three grand, and if Abbie gets expenses back, then we should also." I said.
Gutman agreed and told me to write down exactly what I spent on what, and when I returned to New York to call him. I returned the next day and called. Gutman said that he spoke to Lefcourt and they agreed to pay me expenses towards the book. But as for Abbie's sixty three hundred that was non-negotiable. Later that day I went to Gutman's office and gave him my list of expenses. Gutman said he would type it up and send it to them. My expenses, as I figured them, came to thirty three hundred. I exaggerated a little myself, but, in reality I figured I really spent from twenty hundred to twenty five hundred dollars. I figured that they would look at it, see it was pretty accurate, say alright, and then we could get down to drawing up the contracts. But those fuckers called up Gutman and said said that I was a stone liar and had spent only five hundred dollars and that was all they were going to give me. That's how insane those fuckers were.

Abbie had left for Europe October 5th and gave power of attorney to Lefcourt. For the first week of October, Lefcourt refused to offer more than five hundred dollars. Gutman was saying that that was insane as well as Abbie's figure of sixty three hundred. The second week Lefcourt offered a thousand but refused to budge on Abbie's sixty three hundred. I called Gutman and told him to end it. I didn't care anymore. Gray hairs were falling off my head and I was losing sleep. Finally around the middle of October, Lefcourt and Gutman reached an agreement which I agreed to. One thousand two hundred and fifty for me and five thousand two hundred and fifty for Abbie. It was robbery, but these fuckers had more tricks up their sleeves. Finally we drew up the first contract and sent it to Lefcourt. I was amazed that we were going to sign away all the radio rights, television rights and everything else listed. I spoke to Jerry and asked him why he agreed to that. He said it didn't matter. He said that the book couldn't possible become a movie and he thought that the book could only become a book or nothing, so in reality we were giving away nothing. I didn't totally agree, but, at this point, I wasn't going to argue, so I accepted his reasoning.

On Thursday November 12, I went to Gutman's office and signed over power of attorney to him, and he wished me a good trip. Friday was the last day I was to be in New York and I called Gutman to see if he had received the final contracts. He said yes that they had come in the mail and asked if Lynn and I could come up and sign it. Lynn and I grabbed a taxi and were soon in his office. First I signed, then

Lynn, to make sure, signed power of attorney over to Gutman.
"Well, Gutman, that's that."
"Where are you going, Izak?", asked Gutman.
"I don't know. Europe and then kind of slowly going to head east toward India."
"I'll do that. And I hope the book finds a publisher."
Gutman and I shook hands and the next day Lynn and I split for London.


Rec'd + forwarded 11/15/71

Dear Izak:

Sorry that the name is misspelled + it should be a little larger. Wilfcorrect if there is a second printing which we hope. In a while it probably would be OK. for us to talk if you want and perhaps even work together. The fuck-up was in not getting everything clear up front. Things could be different on a future arrangement. Drop me a note if interested. Through the lawyer

Ralph

Dear Sir,

In early sixty five I climbed very slowly and carefully up to the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral and took a vow to destroy communism completely and irrevocably. Photographs were taken. I began to write letters which tore this bastard country in which I was born to pieces for the evil that had gone out into the World in the shape of Lenin, Marx, Engels, Jung, Freud.

Thus came into existence my now famous two thousand word letter, and it went to all countries with specific reforms and proposals for everyone.

Twice in the Holy Bible it states "He will prepare a table before thine enemies," so in sixty seven I went to the Isle of Sheppey to do a Buffet, took some of my paintings with me, put them on the Buffet, took photographs and began to send them out with the letters.

In sixty eight before going to Wandsworth County Court to destroy communism in the British Courts, I finished my painting of "The Ten Commandments Descending". The national press was on strike, a pity, but I had a front page headline in the South London Press — "PAINTER OVERSPREADS HIMSELF". Chains and sequences of events all over the world are now very traumatic for the whole of mankind.

Early in sixty nine when everything else had failed to stop me, I was forcibly incarcerated in a bloody mental hospital; that was difficult, escaped three times, caused so much trouble then finally regained my freedom. One of these pseudo doctors stated, "If this man is let out I am not sure that he will not continue with his anti-communist activities" but once out the tribunal stated I was let out because I was "not a danger to himself or to the community".

Anyhow the American Forces promptly went into Cambodia. The bastard communists in the Government of America passed a bill preventing them from sweeping right into Laos as well, destroying all the communists completely and totally. A setback for me, but then I wrote to the President of South Vietnam, to warn him of the dangers to the people. Now it is marvellous as my tactics are being put into practice. I am not interested in what the bastard Government of America does as I can nullify its actions completely.

The communists are allowed to continue to destroy the Towns the Villages and the Cities in Laos and yet all that the American Government now has to do is to bomb Hanoi non-stop for twenty four hours to raze it to the ground. Then land troops in north Vietnam and the people will rise against the evil government. A holocaust and another evil is destroyed completely. Now I see that you have complained that the troops in South Vietnam are drug addicts and you blame the Laotians and South Vietnamese for this, well an eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth.

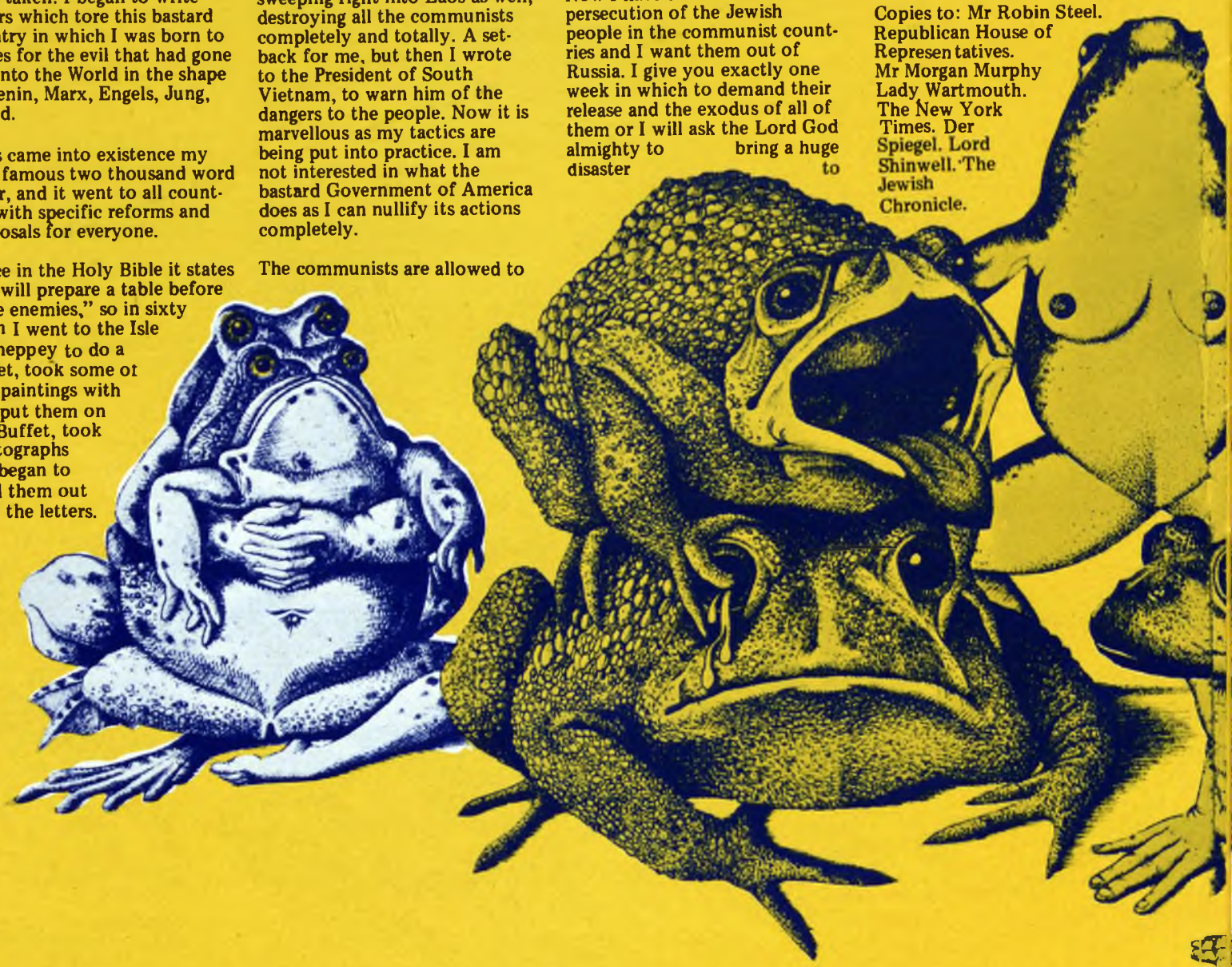
Now another point. The communists want the Suez Canal opened so that warships can get through spreading death and destruction where they like. Well, I am not having that at all. Therefore the Boundaries of the Holy Land which were forged in a War to destroy the Holy Land are inviolate and permanent for all time and on any country who tries to destroy those Boundaries I will call down the wrath of the Lord God almighty and there will be plagues, pestilence, floods, droughts, earthquakes and so on.

Now I have to deal with the persecution of the Jewish people in the communist countries and I want them out of Russia. I give you exactly one week in which to demand their release and the exodus of all of them or I will ask the Lord God almighty to bring a huge disaster to America every day until you do.

Thus the Son of Man, the Son of God, the King of Kings, the Prince of Peace has spoken. Any how I now have sets of transparencies of myself and of the Buffet circulating in many countries.
Meanwhile as it is time that I had my own home I have written to the British Government, Parliament and people and told them each week somewhere in the world there will be a disaster, such as an Earthquake and so on, and that this is their fault. As soon as the thirty thousand pounds for my own home is deposited and I am acknowledged for who I am the better, but I do not care how long it takes. The point is what about the rest of the people in the World.

This letter went to Peter Walker last week and I have just received a letter stating that the Government has no intention of complying with my wishes at all.
I remain sincere,
Roy Bush.
22 Thicket Road,
Anerley,
S.E. 20.

Copies to: Mr Robin Steel. Republican House of Representatives. Mr Morgan Murphy Lady Wartmouth. The New York Times. Der Spiegel. Lord Shinwell. The Jewish Chronicle.



Dear OZ,

"It's time we asked ourselves whether we're talking about life or death," says Mr Jigsaw, OZ 34. We won't know what's hit us when a total decomposition of social forms takes place. There's no dinner, the heating's off, the tubes have stopped and there are no papers.

That's what social decomposition means, he tells us, and a lot besides. Like when people are freaking in the streets because everyone they look at is getting ill — yellow with hypertension.

There are an awful lot of people trucking about. Have you noticed? Like Ladbroke Grove at 5 o'clock on a hot day? And in ten years' time they say there's going to be a housing estate of multi multi storey buildings stretching from Maida Vale to Shepherds Bush and three-storey roundabouts and stuff. There'll need to be, to keep all those people apart and boxed up watching telly instead of rioting or freaking or spreading an epidemic.

But why all da fuss? Who's gonna riot 'n freak? Well, noone is if the world goes bang. But if London goes in a nuclear war, and a few other big places, all those who rely on the system will freak. But then there's not going to be a nuclear war. It wouldn't happen even though it could. A power cut that lasts a long time is much more likely. No tubes, no electric light or lifts or heating. In winter, when it's more likely to happen, a lot of people will be cold. And because they won't be watching telly they'll be thinking of doing something about it, and about food. They'll be thinking what the hell to do about it all, and there'll be wooden fences pulled down and burnt in little fires to cook by, and a few cars to burn for warmth in the streets.

Use a little imagination as to what the scene would be like if all this was coupled with an epidemic of infectious hepatitus. Know anyone who's looked little yellow lately? Like on Thursday 5th May before that big storm? Vibes were pretty heavy that day. A lot of people felt ill. There was a lot of hypertension in the Portobello Road area, if you noticed it. Cows and dogs in the country freaked a little and a lot of people got drunk in London. The same air had hung over London all week as there wasn't much wind. It was hot and there were a lot of cars, what with all the tourists and things, and no green leaves to remove the carbon atoms from the air.

Noone fully knows what governs hypertension or stress on a large scale. But there are a lot of people around who would be in trouble if they ran out of Valium, especially with no telly or newspapers. More noise, more people, faster traffic, more to see, still more people. Put rats in these conditions and their adrenals enlarge from overwork and they die. We're not so very different. We have overstepped our optimum population mark and must therefore be prepared to face the crash.

The country is a big open place. Got some bread? Then buy some land. If not, then find some unused land (there are vast tracts of unused land in Great Britain — far greater than all the urban conflagrations combined — and the food's free if you can pick or catch it and light a fire to cook).

But you don't want to leave the city. There are a lot of people to get into, a lot of music, all the good dope and stuff — but I hope some of you were tripping in town on 'heavy Thursday'. This summer will show more than a few heads that it can be done country-style at the festivals. Perhaps next summer will see a perpetual festival of freedom and sanity that need never end: a mediaeval fair where people survive on their wits and abilities and not on their drudgery and compromise.

Mr Freedom speaks for a feeling and a need. But hot pants and green bread won't shield you from noxious gases and an angry mother's starving cry for food and warmth.

You may feel that the country is not safe either. The ecology is fucked already and you're just waiting for the sea level to rise or the blinding light to unite all matter and mind with the parent life force. That's your own trip, but remember, if there are survivors of a global catastrophe they will be the fittest — those who obey the signs and don't just absorb and ignore it all until the papers speak of ultimatums and the sky goes red.

Perhaps if you gave a thought to the alternative way of living, to self-sufficiency, and if eventually you put it into practice and it worked, and it worked for a lot of other people, the disaster might never happen.

Perhaps we could just phase out progress and reduce the population slowly by having fewer children, and the demands of society would diminish until all industry except essential food and clothing businesses would go bankrupt. Then perhaps we'd all laugh at our ancestors for killing each other in motor cars and poisoning the air, because we'd all be grooving on our runner beans and playing incredible sax at the moon.

But that's all summer dreaming, because man won't give up that easy. He needs money and electric light, fast transport and colour TV. Craving — the cause of suffering and the result of ignorance of the true nature of existence.

Is this really man, though? If so, he's going to die in the cities he's built as monuments to his cravings. If not, then he may not hear of the collapse of the short-lived experimental civilisation till he comes back from fishing up some mountain stream in the Andes and finds they all died in their armchairs from an overdose of progress.

See y'all out there,

Crispin
and Friends.

AND THEN ALONG CAME JONES

A LETTER FROM JOHN SINCLAIR

John Sinclair was jailed for 10 years in July 1969 for giving two joints to an undercover narcotics agent. This victory for the forces of law and order in Ann Arbor Michigan was the end result of years of political harrassment for Sinclair, one of America's most vocal radicals, Minister of Information for the White Panther Party, one of the founders of the Trans-Love Commune and manager of the MC5 rock group. Since his imprisonment he has written a constant stream of letters and articles which have been published extensively in the Underground press. The absurdity of his sentence inspires nothing but contempt for the American judicial system. Help all political prisoners! Contributions can be sent to the International Committee to Free John Sinclair, PO Box 444, Planetarium Station, New York, NY 10024.

When I was still on the streets, up to July of 1969, jones (heroin) hadn't gotten very far into the bloodstream of our community — there was a lot of speed around, and a lot of obnoxious speedfreaks running around ripping people off and babbling hours on end, but then it wasn't really "a lot" in terms of everybody else who was on the scene. I mean it was more or less of a minor thing that I didn't worry about very much, because it just didn't seem to me that it could spread very far. And as far as smack was concerned, there was as much as there'd always been, but that was never very much at all, and the people who were shooting it were almost universally despised as creeps and fools who were to be avoided at all costs.

After I got locked up I started hearing about the plague which seemed to be spreading all across the youth colony, and particularly in Ann Arbor where my letters came from. People said it was like an epidemic, a raging sickness which was affecting more and more every day, and they were desperate to *do* something about it, but they didn't know

Then I started putting this thing together with a lot of other things I'd been thinking about, and it all started to make a lot more sense. The fact is that the epidemic of heroin addiction has spread in direct proportion to the increased oppression of young people here in Babylon, that heroin has been used as a weapon of imperialism here in the youth colony just as it has been used in the black colony and among colonized peoples throughout the history of western imperialism (check out the Opium Wars in China in the 19th Century — the British and to a lesser extent the Amerikan imperialists *imported* opium into China and used it to enslave and exploit the masses of the Chinese people for years; the Opium Wars were incipient national liberation struggles fought in support of the demand that opium be outlawed from China).

The rising addiction rate in the youth colony paralleled the increasing political and cultural repression of young people — it went along with the gradual de-energizing of rock and roll music, the increasing monopolization of our culture by the rock and roll imperialists of the mother-

SMACK KILLS

police hadn't shut them down) or even to a pop festival, because the pigs were everywhere and they were getting more and more vicious by the day. Besides that, the alternatives they had been promised for so long by people like me weren't to be had, and instead of things getting better everything was just getting worse, with no relief in sight. The "political" freeks who were supposed to get things going and create alternatives like People's Ballrooms and Defense Committees and everything else we talked about were still just running around babbling about "revolution" and "off the pig" and all kinds of useless talk like that, so the people on the streets who we had expected to join us got turned off to everything we were saying and got so they didn't even wanna *hear* it any more. And I don't blame them one bit

Even when we *did* try to "do something about the plague" we did the wrong thing, issuing statements saying that dope addicts were enemies of the people and threatening to turn them in to the police, which was just stupid to begin with

was a whole lot of righteous weed and even more righteous acid floating around the youth colony working its magic on thousands of virgin minds, opening them up to new vistas of post-western possibility and giving them a whole new direction in life. Acid cut through the plastic conditioning within which kids' mental/spiritual/physical energy had been imprisoned and broke that energy free to search out new ways of living with other people in the universe here on earth. LSD was the irreplacealbe catalyst in the post-western experiment: it was the spiritual equivalent of the atomic bomb, and it blasted a hole in industrial consciousness big enough for millions of young mutants to run through into the future, laughing and dancing and flashing on visions of a whole new world which would be big enough for *everybody* to live together without exploitation and greed and fear.

Well, it was bad enough when a few crazies were taking the stuff in their filthy communes and enclaves, but by the spring of 1967 rock and roll bands were singing about it on the radio and the suburbs and high schools were full of maniacs

how to deal with it because they couldn't really understand people getting into such a bogus trip.

So I thought about it for a long time, and then I got sent back down here to Jackson where I talked with a lot of brothers who had been smack freaks on the street, and finally I was shipped down to the Wayne County Jail where I spent 3½ months on a ward in which almost every prisoner had been using jones before they got locked up. I don't know how together my ideas on it might be because I can't be out there to check things out for myself, but let me try to run a few things in the next couple of weeks and you tell me if I'm right or wrong, ok?

I haven't ever had any trouble understanding *why* they start using scag, even though I've never used myself (and I've been knowing junkies since 1961 who were always trying to turn me on to it, but I never wanted to get into it at all and *still* don't) — I've watched enough people squeeze that garbage into their veins to know what effect it has, and I don't really blame people for wanting to get that way, especially as bogus as things get out there sometimes. What got me was why so *many* people were doing it, and particularly the kind of people who wouldn't ever have used it a year or two before, people who were smoking weed and dropping acid and really getting turned on to what was happening all around them. Jones had always been an escape for people who were hopelessly oppressed, who didn't have anything to *do* and no hope of ever being able to get anything together for themselves — that's why it was so weird to hear about *kids* shooting dope, because there was so much happening and so many things to do that it just didn't make any sense for scag to be so popular, right?

country music industry, the disappearance of the dance/concert and the local rock and roll clubs in favor of big sit-down concerts and mammoth so-called "pop festivals", the steady rise of marijuana persecution, campus repression, and general police harrassment and terrorism directed against freeks and all kinds of young people.

The grimmer things got on the street, the more kids started shooting scag and running up big dope habits. Instead of there being all kinds of things for freeks to do, it got so that people were afraid to go out on the streets or to a dance (if there *were* any) or to the park (if the

But we were desperate and couldn't think of anything else, having forgotten that the only solution to problems like this is to create positive alternatives and work with the people to put them into practice. We weren't capable of doing that so we turned on the most oppressed people in our community and called them names, which was a really dumb thing to do.

In the earlier part of 1967 there

tripping around the halls and barely waiting to get out of school for the summer so they could go to San Francisco and see what this new life was all about. And by the time the first wave of psychedelic pilgrims hit the Haight the vampires in New York and Washington were already plotting their evil programs and setting up the apparatus which would eventually put a stop to this madness — or so they promised one another, sweat pouring off their immaculate brows, as they mapped out their final solution to the problem of freedom: OPERATION JONES, or crystallized death in a dropper.

Meanwhile, in the black colony of Babylon the suppressed spirit of liberation which had barely been contained since Watts had exploded against the sky two summers before was rising high in the blood of the black masses, and by the time San Francisco was reaping its first harvest of wandering flower children the Black Spirit had burst into life in Newark, then Detroit, Cleveland, city after city feeling the spontaneous destructive power of centuries of repressed feeling blasted free at last into the streets of capitalism, screaming to be heard and felt for all time. The very foundations of imperialism were shaken by this blast, and its whole edifice shuddered and trembled Its armed forces, sent in to put out the raging flames of black liberation, ripped away into the mask of colonialism once and for all, and the vampire strategists were hard-pressed to manufacture a new plan for keeping the black masses in their place. Naked military suppression was just too blatant and too destructive of the necessary conditions for commerce, but nothing else seemed to work and things were looking exceedingly grim.

OPERATION JONES! someone screamed, that'll do it! We've already experimented with it among those savages, and it's the best thing since television for keeping people down. All we

have to do is *increase the dosage*, make the stuff stronger and easier to get, and we'll have those niggers eating out of our hand. Shoot enough schmeck into them and they won't even *think* of burning and looting — instead of ripping off our stores and businesses they'll rip off each other, and if they get any stores it'll be the little ones where we can pick them off one at a time. What a solution. It'll deaden their spirit and keep them turned against each other at the same time, and it'll start a wave of crime in the streets that we can use to build up our police forces so we can have all those militants under control if they ever try to stir people up like that again. Brilliant!

The next step was to slide a few tons of amphetamine crystal onto the set, and to get people *shooting* it so they could get a *real* flash. Kids who had been dropping a lot of ADULTerated acid could really dig this new trip — pure speed — because it was like the "acid" without all the scary side-effects. Crystal got to be real popular, and more and more people started shooting it to get the flash all the real hip suckers were talking about. Once they started running speed it was just a hot minute until smack creeped on the scene, and it got to be popular at first as an antidote for the jangley after-effects of speed runs — you could shoot the scag with the same works you used for speed, and it would really cool you out. And besides, everybody thought they could use it without it using them — "yeah only fools get addicted . . . me, I'll just run some of this jones once in a while and won't get strung out like them junkies." Sure. Only it didn't seem to work that way.

doing it, man" led a whole lot of kids into Nod-Out Corners.

Then the government surfaced its "Operation Intercept" program, which was actually just a minor phase of the secret campaign that'd been carried out since 1967. "Operation Intercept" was meant to cut off the marijuana supply from Mexico and drive the price of weed up so high that kids just couldn't afford it — at least that's what the propaganda put out by the Just-us Department said. What really happened was that as weed got scarce the smack supply got bigger and bigger — it was hard to cop some grass but jones was everywhere, and "everybody's doing it, man" led a whole lot of kids into Nod-Out Corners.

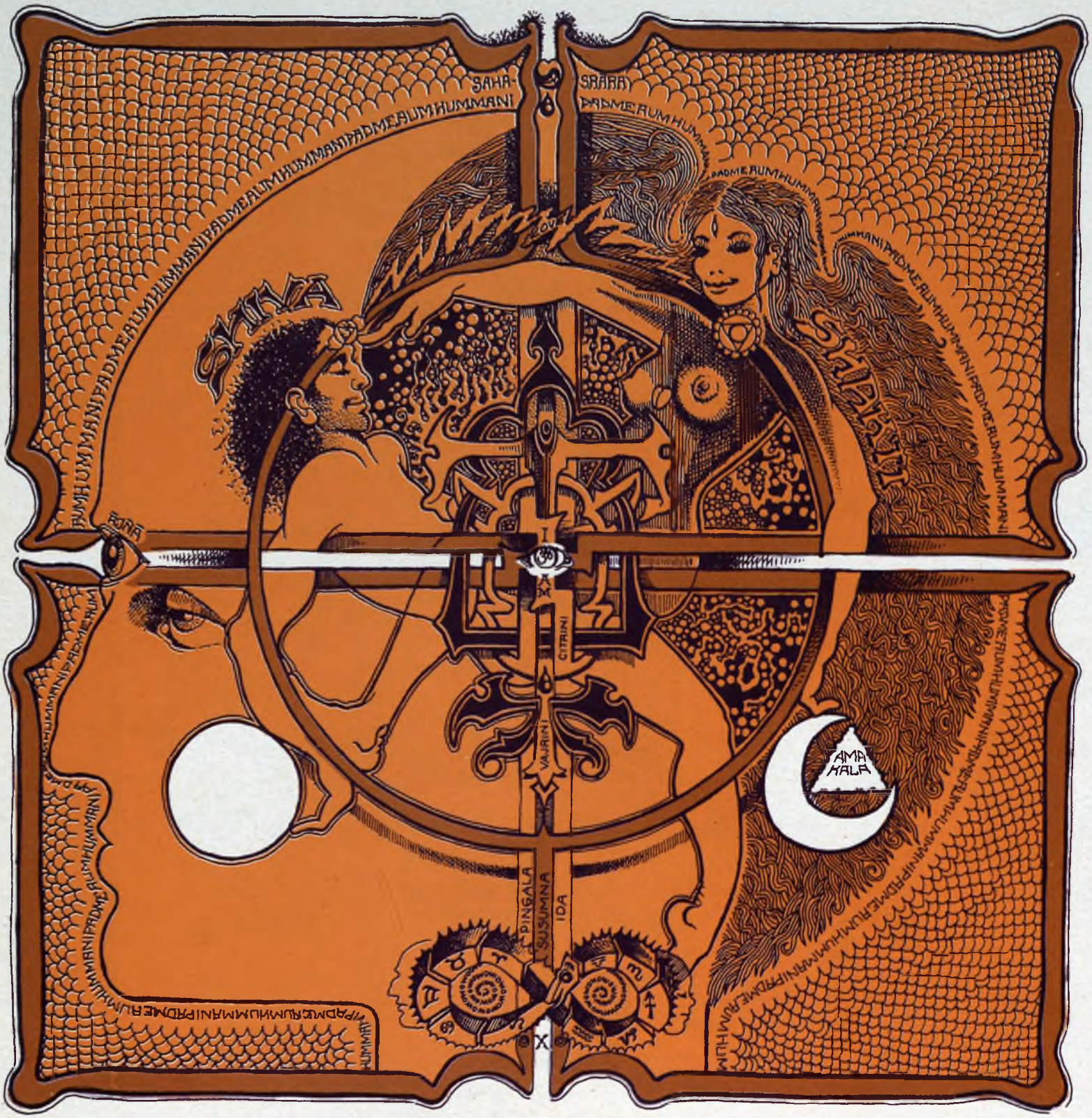
Bogus rock and roll stars added to the mystique about smack — it wasn't enough that they were shooting dope themselves, but their example allowed them to be used by the vampires to get thousands of kids string out on death drugs so they could be more easily controlled. Pretty soon smack was the biggest thing around, and "hip" began to mean what it had meant back in 1945 — super-cool as ice, and twice as deadly.

So the program was started — each situation required slightly different tactics, but the strategy was the same: get 'em hooked on heroin, and we'll have 'em where we want 'em. The black colony was flooded with a new, much stronger grade of junk called "P" (for "pure" heroin) and tons of reds and yellows to take care of the ones who didn't use a needle yet. In the youth colony where needles were almost unheard of they used a different tactic: the ADULTeration of LSD under the 3-year plan, easing speed onto the scene and then replacing it with smack and elephant tranquilizers in order to deaden everybody out.

You think this is far out? Just check it out for a minute: before the Summer of Love there was hardly any speed around at all, and the kids who were just starting to smoke weed and drop acid had never even heard of it for the most part. The acid was truly dynamite, and it was all over the place, so the first step was to start cutting the LSD with amphetamine and market it as some kind of powerful new trip: STP! Wow, man, STP! You trip for 3 whole days! *Far* out!" And within a couple of weeks STP was the hottest thing on the psychedelic market — it debuted in San Francisco and spread back across the country like white lightning, which was the next phase after STP. All these were acid or synthetic mescaline mixed with methamphetamine, and the speed gradually replaced the acid almost entirely.

Isn't it *perfect* the way heroin works to destroy people and their sense of *community*? Isn't it even more perfect than television or school or factories or prisons in separating people from each other and keeping them licked up in their own little egos? William Burroughs described heroin as a "shot of cooked-down image", and that goes right back to the root of the word heroin, which comes from "hero", you dig? It gives everybody the chance to feel like a "hero" or a star, to feel as real as Paul McCartney or James Taylor without having to do anything more than shoot some powder into your arm, like buying a ticket to a pop concert and even the price is the same. Burroughs also said that junk is the "perfect commodity," and there's no better way to put it than that. It's even better than television, because it puts you out and keeps you out, and you can't even change the channel or shut off the set without going through a whole lot of real physical agony.

That's what it's all about, keeping people strung out on commodities, keeping their minds on getting the next do — whether it's a shot of dope or a newer and bigger car — and never on anything more than that. Cars and things are ok, but heroin is the ultimate commodity of all time, and the ironic thing is that the kids who called themselves getting away from the slavery their parents were trapped in have been turned into even bigger slaves, with even less to show for it than the most brainwashed honky. Jones has simply perverted everything we started out to do, and if we're ever going to get back to where we were going to have to eliminate this poison from our community. Scag ain't dope it's death!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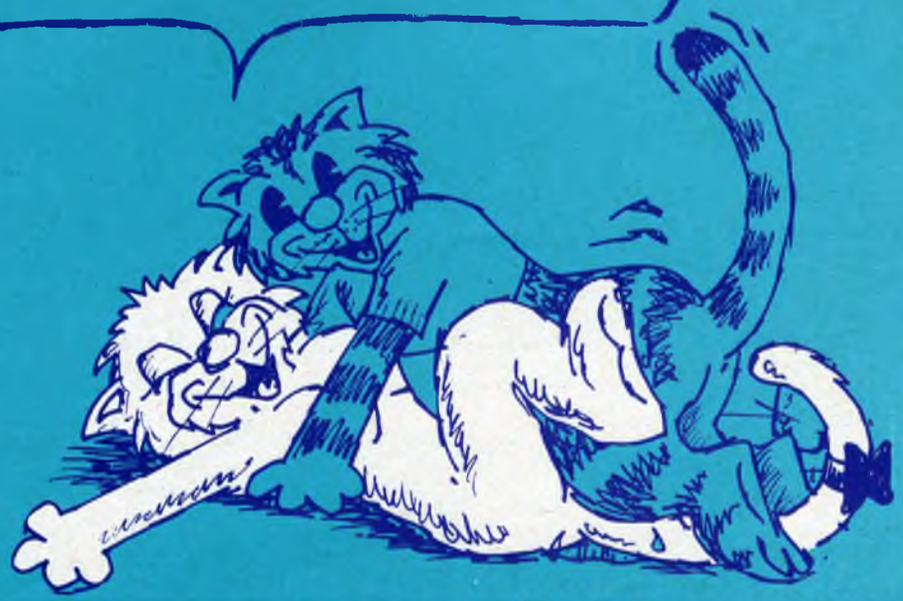
HI THERE READERS! IF THIS OZ DIDNT SATISFY YOUR PURIENT INTEREST GET AN I.T. THE FORTNIGHTLY TENPENNY MIND FUCK. OH YAS OH YAS!



NASTY TALES!
ISSUE TWO
OUT JULY
(IT'S *REALLY* NASTY)

comment on Norman Mailer's *Prisoner of Sex.*

David Widgery

"We've had a load of scrubbers answering our ads for dishy nude model dollies. Surely there are some really pretty girls with nice faces as well as figures who will bare their boobs for £20 a day? Please don't ring if you're horrible." A small ad from Time Out's 'Special Women's Liberation Issue'.

women are goddesses or sloppy beasts

We left Mailer driving his landrover through the mud and tide of Provincetown Bay, mourning his marriage and the moon, now both gone. Prose exhausted, weary in every comma and colon with inventing metaphysics for the sex-stripped mysteries of the moonmen and their machines. Wellknown for his well-knownness, celebrated for his fame, Aquarius was running out of eponyms. The Mailer who had uncannily foreseen the Black uprising, guided us through the livid heat of Beat, comprehended and fought the advancing order of brutality of Vietnam seemed emptied. In 'Cannibals and Christians' he had promised 'this country is entering the most desperate nightmarish time of its history. Unless everyone in America gets a good deal braver, everything is going to get a lot worse.' and in 'The Armies of the Night', he recognized the future as a 20 year battle for the soul of America. But now he seemed to have caught weightlessness, the ideas he had been juggling for 15 years were floating out of his reach, his moralism had turned sanctimonious, his paradoxes anaesthetic, his toying with a pop-Marxism and a mock—Existentialism simply a whim. His break with James Baldwin was the first clear sign. Mailer was prepared to offer the blacks an abstract right to liberate themselves. Baldwin understood that one of the first things it was necessary to be liberated from was people like Mailer projecting their own unrealised desire for animality onto them. Mailer loved the Revolution as long as it remained an enigma, Baldwin could no longer afford to make a mystery of politics, 'If they take you in the morning, they will be coming for us that night' he writes to Angela Davis. Now Mailer, who has always led with his prick, was finding women, too, less grateful for being sexually exploited to fit his fantasies.

The publication of 'The Prisoner of Sex', his frontal attack on Women's Lib (as they cosily and diminutively call it, those ad-men and novelists who thought it would be all over in a year) marks the end of any kind of sympathy for the revolutionary movement in America. His picture of women is not flattering, so clearly designed to shock, so sad. He says women are goddesses or sloppy beasts, they should live in temples or in cages and he is showing off, desperately. It's a classic 'masculine' double-bind, common both in the saloon bar and around the hookah, a 'real man' hates piety and so denies himself the possibility of many of his feelings. Mailer likes to prime his thoughts with viciousness, but the pain explodes in his own face. Or conversely he lays a mawkish mysticism onto women in a way that obliges them to become tangled in false versions of themselves, if only in escaping his. He glories in a picture of woman stripped of cities and corruption where she can do little else but act out the Christian symbolism of flesh, animality and fertility.

It's nothing new. Olive Shreiner, the 19th century feminist, knew such 'lefty theorists before the drawingroom fire in spotless shirt front and perfectly fitting clothes' who talked so passionately of the wonders of childbirth. Does, she asks, the same man say 'to the elderly house drudge who rises at dawn while he sleeps, to make him tea and clean his boots, "Divine childbearer! Potential Mother of the Race! Why should you clean my boots or bring up my tea?". No, No Norman; 'He would love a woman and she might sprain her back before 100 sinks of dishes in a month, yet he would not be happy to help her if his own work would suffer, no, not unless her work was as valuable as his own' . . . and you can guess who decides that. Woman's work becomes miraculiously no work at all, Mailer leans across a nation of invisible women on all fours to treasure 'femininity' and 'love', so obviously the projections of his own distorted masculinity. For from the Women's Liberation view, the traits of women rolled out by Mailer, the passivity, the innerdirectness, the proximity to eternity are not timeless mysteries but historically determined, no more mysterious than the grinning nigger. Stepen Fetchit became Stokely Carmichael, so die 'woman' die.

His old megalomania is now reinforced by a new condescension toward women, 'obviously no journalist could have done the job — it was work which called for a novelist'. The job is selecting a kind of Debrett of women's writing which he congratulates on being penned 'in no way women had ever written before' (has he read Mary Wollstonecraft, Flora Tristan, Emma Goldman, Eleanor Marx, Sylvia Pankhurst . . . a whole submerged and passionate feminist literature) He builds up a parody picture of the woman woman's movement, all bras, Solanas and Scissor women, designed to be easy to beat. Greer's 'liberal heart' and Atkinson's extra-uterine plans are neither central to Women's Liberation (except in the media's eyes) or dangerous to Mailer's Right Conservatism.

He grudgingly quotes a pamphlet which argues that 'women will not respond to an appeal to live the kind of lives they see men living and if they tried to do so in large numbers, they would cause a crisis in society'. Mailer is stunned by this 'echo of Bolshevism' (the Bolsheviks apparently being an all male organisation) and concludes that it is probably true that men and women will not get anything fundamental without changing the economic system. He immediately drops the point. He's bored with statistics anyhow.

Never serious about Marxism, Mailer did have a period of thinking of himself as a 'Marxist existentialist'. Now his existentialism is just a poetic conceit, everything has conciousness, even his snot, and the Marxism is just a belief that technology, not the men that control it, is anti-human. The ideas he borrows, unacknowledged, from Reich, are those of cancer being caused by a failure of the psyche, the obsession with molecular forms of energy, the fear of homosexuality and the insulting tones of his last persecuted days. What gets left out, as so often, is Reich's personal and practical committment to working class struggle and socialism as the only route out of the Wiemar sexual hypocrisy. Reich's intransigent advocacy of Marxism in the Freudian front-parlours, the work of SexPol, his scientific use of the psycho-analytic method began the study of how it is the values of capitalism and imperialsim take root inside people's heads. Marxist thinkers like him and Fanon, Satre De Beauvoir and Laing may be inaccessible and exceptions to the general conversion of Marxism into the doctrine of the Russian ruling class, but their work has been crucial to the black and women's movement. All that lies behind Mailer's heaps of adjectives is theology. Underneath the talk of 'science', a a dreary catalogue of the biology of illiteracy from thoughts on the emotional life of the sperm to Eysenck on psychoanalysis.

Kate Millet has clearly wounded the old prize fighter, he can't stand a serious woman and so he sneers at her precision and brandishes his hornyness. He has not the beginning of understanding of how great is the effort of breaking through the silence, to what extent the ideas which make up the intellectual world are all seen through men's eyes, ('We must learn to see the world through women's eyes' wrote Trotsky). Millet's book is an attempt to begin the reinterpretation of sociology, anthropology and literary criticism's inadequacies from a feminist viewpoint. For in every bourgeois science and a good deal of Marxism, women are made into invisible objects. We are only beginning to understand the process of the social education into femininity, the learning of how to 'please' men. It is beginning to be possible to see how men's notion of their own masculinity (derived, in my case, not from Lawrence and Miller but Blonde on Blonde and Belmondo) act to sexually divide women, to prevent their solidarity, to force them to police themselves in our 'interest'. Even in orgasm, Mailer is reasserting the domination of women which exists in the outside world, 'a man can become more male and a woman more female in the full rigours of the fuck'. It's a soap opera, even in the come. Perhaps we should assert the reverse, that women's liberation allows the possibility of man discovering his own femininity, anality and the memories of sex before puberty, almost before birth.

As David Cooper puts it, and it's an acid discovery, 'Orgasm is the total experience of trans sexuality. The Fucker is fucked in the course of his or her fuckin' One becomes not only both s ges and all generations ut for Mailer sex stays defined at the anatomy of the genitals; a woman's passivity from her 'damned sponge' of a womb and her narcissism from her ova, man's ambition from his penis and his wealth from his semen. Whereas the kind of sexuality which might be hoped once man and woman have finally laid down their last false demand on each other would be truly as William Blake, our Norman.O. Brown, cubed, longed:

"Embraces are cominglings
from the head
even to the feet
And not a pompous High Priest
entering by
a secret place."

It has been argued, more cynically by Peter Sedgwick, that 'the vista of Communist society in which genital sexuality is dethroned and diffused into body tone, work and the outdoor life is not too far from the ideology of sublimation festered by some public schools (and is liable to be no less unrealistic in practice)'. But it's clear that the linaments of gratified desire are quite contradictory to Mailer's rigid semen economy which sees disaster in every wasted sperm, whether it be in a gay rectum, a schoolboy's hanky or a woman wearing a diaphram. Mailer refuses to see that contraceptives increase woman's control over her body. Like Orwell he hates rubberwear (Orwell ends a poem by accusing the cash nexus of being responsible for 'the sleek estranging shield/Between a lover and his bride, in that fantasia of studhood 'American Dream', Mailer-Ro jack brings the nightclub hostess Cherig to her first orgasm ever only after removing his Durex). The definition of a successful fuck is that it produces offspring. He hates the fact that abortion is at last being made available early enough to make it an operation no more serious than a big dental job. He actually hankers after the era when puerperal feaver made childbirth always pass close to fatal risk; 'sometimes the Prisoner thought it likely that women had begun to withdraw respect from men about the time pregnancy lost its dangers', a remark of such off hand sadism that there is little indignation left to recall that Simmelweiss's discovery of the cause of puerperal feaver was prevented from saving women's lives for years because of all-male doctor's refusal to introduce elimentary hygeine. The extreme violence of man on woman could not be put more beautifully, Mailer still wants his sperm to have the possibility of causing the death of

Eddie Cairns

'It is a curious fact that with every great revolutionary movement, the question of 'free love' comes to the foreground'
Frederick Engels

its recipient, it will have 'respect' that way. And if his victim dies, the streptococcus will kill other women simply because doctors are too proud to wash their hands. Just as syphillis of the prostitute was the reality of the Victorian saloon's waistcoats and crinolines, so what underlies Mailer's sexual delicacies is the power to kill, the mentality of My Lai. The religious respect for mystic womanhood becomes the reality of sexual punishment of the actual woman who must fall short of male fantasy; the anal rapes of Mailer's novels, the phallic murders of Cleaver's writing, the use of female genitals as ash trays, urinal and punchbag in Henry Miller, Mailer's 'Old Master'. The hatred and the hypocrisy for women who won't accept their own subordination. When the Paris Commune was finally destroyed 100 years ago, the women, accused by the victorious aristocracy of free love, were treated with especial sadism. As middleaged women were marching to prison a young aristocratic huzzar, how Mailer would have admired him, bent over from his horse and shouted at one 'When we get you to prison, you red bitch, we will fuck you with a hot iron'.

But in a way the extremism of Mailer and, it must be added, his epigones in England, Christopher Ricks and Clive James, who crawled out of the Senior Common Room wood work to waggle their manhood once Mailer gave the go-ahead, makes it too easy on the rest of us. Most men on the Left and the Underground are more like the male Communards who visited the women's clubs of the Paris Commune and whose rowdy interventions caused their closure. We oscillate between smugness and fear, it is to men much like us that a female communard said, with dignity and perhaps more patience than we deserve, 'We don't want to act as playthings or entertainment for anyone. . . behind your catcalls despotism is strengthened. You know very well that we don't want to lower you in any way but you are afraid to see us rise'. Men in movements against capitalism often find their own definition at the expense of women. (That their own definition of 'Revolutionary manhood' is also against their interest is shown most terribly in the Friendz Belfast fiasco.) At one level the Underground's sexual fantasy is a threat to the kind of pornography which actually caters for self-hatred. And it's clear that Lord Longford's minature McCarthysim will do nothing about the 'pornography' in existence precisely because of the sexual hypocrites so well represented on his panel. Instead he will attack the subversive use of sexuality. But the Underground just can't go on seeing every nipple and grunt as an attack on capitalism. INK shows how little is really left when OZ is shorn of the porn. It's simply not enough to publish a perfunctory 'Woman's Issue' and still be saying, like that lovable piglet Tony Elliot, 'an extra 5,000 copies if we put boobs on the cover'. The Underground can no longer go on evading the issue, with the aid of token woman and the whole reactionary super-groupy sludge any more than the Left can think the promise of a socialist revolution then is a reason to stop Women's Liberation now.

Belmer

ACID IN WONDERLAND

Madness ain't the kind of thing you want about the house
frightens all the cheese
eats up a tiny mouse
madness ain't the kinda way you want to lead your life
it dulls your pocket knife
It makes you kinda lonely somehow

Madness ain't the kinda trip you want to take the kids
living underneath
your closed eyelids
madness ain't the kinda thing you want around the house
It makes you kinda lonely somehow

Madness ain't the kinda air your lungs deserve to breathe
not the kinda womb
you prematurely leave
madness ain't the kinda hole in which you stick it out
you're technically knocked out
It makes you kinda lonely somehow

Madness ain't the kinda beast you bet your money on
in a tight race
between right and wrong
madness ain't the kinda thing you want around the house
It makes you kinda lonely somehow

Madness ain't the kind wish you'd wish upon your friends
for any fiendly ends
after all you're supposed to be friends
madness ain't the kinda drink you take to every night
not every single night
It makes you kinda lonely somehow

Madness ain't the kinda seed you plant between the sheets
not the part of valor
the neighbors find discreet
madness ain't the kinda thing you want about the house
It damages your brain
and it drives you near insane
and it makes you lovely somehow

Neil Tucker

This song, 'Madness', is one of eighteen songs on Neil Tucker's first LP called *The Indefinite You* which is issued by Island in September. The illustrations, which appear with the lyrics on the sleeve, are by *Peter Till*.

STORMCOCKS IN A FOUR WAY STREET

HEADS HANDS AND FEET
Heads Hands and Feet
(Island Records)

Heads Hands and Feet are yet another group of session musicians who've chosen to exchange the comfortable anonymity of the recording studio for the instant 'supergroup' tag, but on the strength of this debut album they've got a lot more going for them than most outfits. Their individual histories stretch way back to early sixties bands like the Springfields, Bluesology, Mike Berry and the Outlaws, Georgie Fame's Blue Flames and Nero and the Gladiators. Recent years have seen Pete Gavin drumming for Jody Grind, pianist Mike O'Neill writing for Georgie Fame, Chas Hodges on bass with Cliff Bennett and the Rebel Rousers and vocalist Tony Coulton co-operating with guitarist Ray Smith on film and TV scores. The band's star turn is Albert Lee, who's been rated one of the finest country guitarists around since he played the Albert Hall with Chet Atkins back in 1969. Together as HH&F they've produced one of the slickest records I've heard in a long, long time.

Their music is Nashville-inspired country-rock, but, as you'd expect from their background, there are quite a few frills thrown in for good measure.

They're happiest on more straightforward numbers with an open, country feel about them. On songs like 'Hang Me Dang Me' and 'Trying to Put Me On' you'd think they'd been together for ten years instead of barely twelve months — carefully tailored guitar runs paly around simple melody lines, while Pete Gavin and Chas Hodges keep keep things neat and together. But HH&F are just as capable of turning in a model performance of the tongue-in-cheek Roger Miller style 'Everybody's Hustlin' the slower, more blues-influenced 'Devils Elbow' or of 'Country Boy', really a showcase for Albert Lee's exuberant blue-grass guitar and far and away the best track on the album.

HH&F are so fine a band, in fact, that they manage to get away with a mediocre song like 'Send Me A Wire'. And even on the more complex tracks no one ever puts a foot wrong. But the best moments of all come from Albert Lee's guitar. He's been around for quite a while now, playing with Joe Cocker and Chris Farlow on record and backing C&W singers like Skeeter Davis and Bobby Bare on tour. Now he's found a band to match his talent which is staggering, as you begin to realise when he opens out on 'Country Boy'. His presence dominates a lot of the album, swopping guitar licks with Ray Smith, doubling on vibes, dobro and the inevitable moog as well and even singing on three tracks. He also takes a very nice solo on 'Devil's Elbow', clipped, chunky phrases but with a slowed down, slightly echoed effect — I'm told he gets the sound by using a Lesley, an amp that's more commonly associated with a Hammond organ.

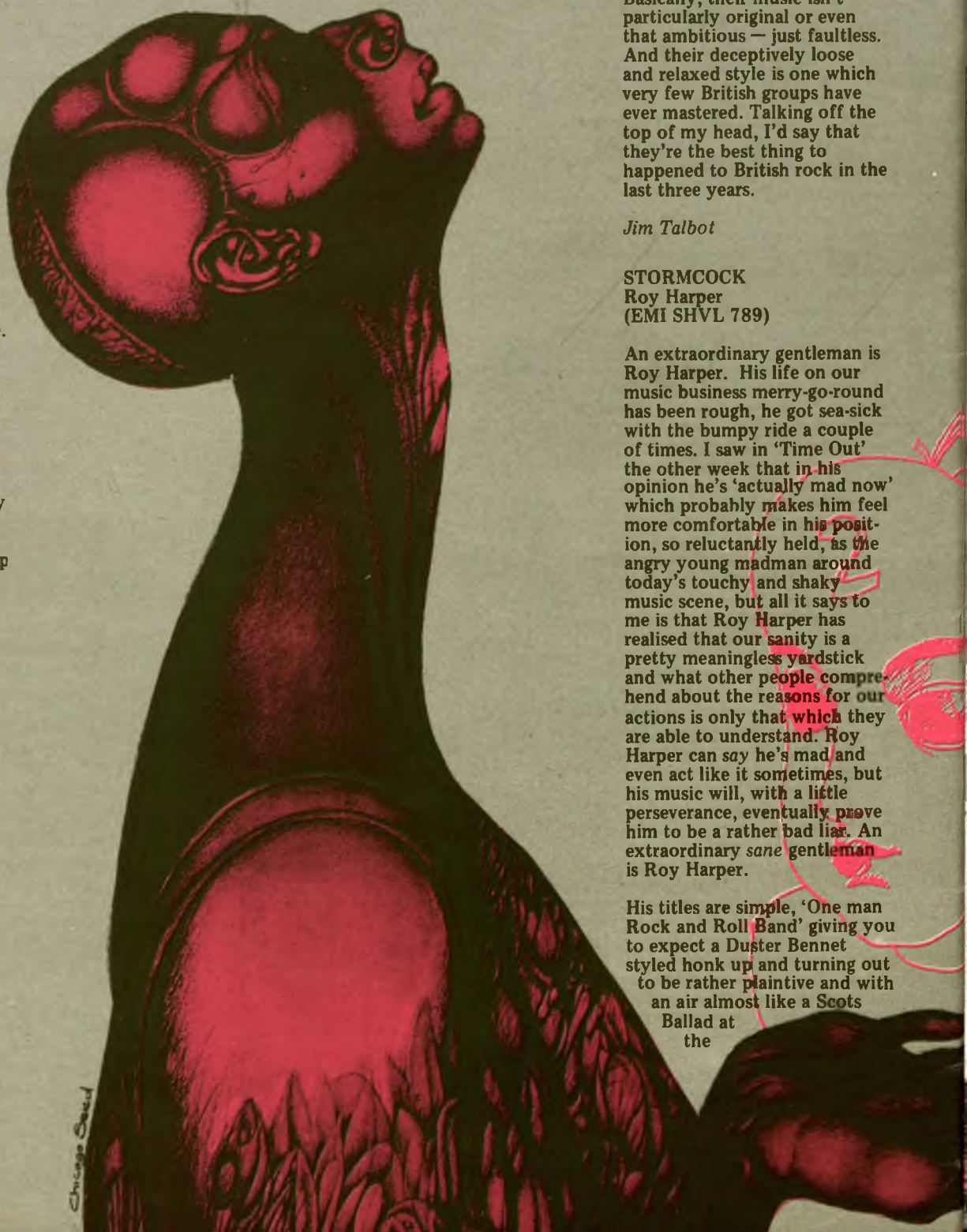
But unlike a lot of the careful compromises between rival musical egos which are usually the hallmark of 'supergroup' amalgamations, HH&F come over as a band who like to keep soloing to a minimum. And although they dig jamming together, they're never sloppy since they demand incredibly high standards from each other. Basically, their music isn't particularly original or even that ambitious — just faultless. And their deceptively loose and relaxed style is one which very few British groups have ever mastered. Talking off the top of my head, I'd say that they're the best thing to happened to British rock in the last three years.

Jim Talbot

STORMCOCK
Roy Harper
(EMI SHVL 789)

An extraordinary gentleman is Roy Harper. His life on our music business merry-go-round has been rough, he got sea-sick with the bumpy ride a couple of times. I saw in 'Time Out' the other week that in his opinion he's 'actually mad now' which probably makes him feel more comfortable in his position, so reluctantly held, as the angry young madman around today's touchy and shaky music scene, but all it says to me is that Roy Harper has realised that our sanity is a pretty meaningless yardstick and what other people comprehend about the reasons for our actions is only that which they are able to understand. Roy Harper can *say* he's mad and even act like it sometimes, but his music will, with a little perseverance, eventually prove him to be a rather bad liar. An extraordinary *sane* gentleman is Roy Harper.

His titles are simple, 'One man Rock and Roll Band' giving you to expect a Duster Bennet styled honk up and turning out to be rather plaintive and with an air almost like a Scots Ballad at the



beginning, and then rolling into one of Harper's impeccable guitar riffs with yelped, anguished chorus, very moving . . . 'You don't need your gun, man, we're already dead' . . . and in the end it is just a tale about a one man rock and roll band, complete with exploding piano and rippling withdrawal to the last note. There are strings on 'Me and My Woman' arranged by David Bedford, 'in association with Roy Harper v. Haunted Fox the optimist, whose copy of the Observer's Book of Birds, 3rd Reprint, page 80, is' whatever that means in Mr Harper's sane world. Another track with rare surprises and flashes of Roy's electric delicacy on acoustic guitar.

Another shadowy figure from the world of guitar expertise is featured on 'The Same Old Rock', an incredibly fluid and sensitive guitar with the unfortunate tag S. Flavius Mercurius, who flows and trips his way around the rhythm with almost impossible speed, even finding time to bend some nicely elastic notes in the midst of the breakneck tempo. This track alone is ample justification for buying the album and also a clear insight into Roy's genius for constructing something fresh and totally alive with ingredients hardly noted for their originality.

It's been at least eight weeks since any album has turned up that I've played more than a couple of times, with the chaos in our home records need a very strange and special quality if they are to survive as Wallpaper music that is tuned in only when the room's noise level subsides slightly; for what it's worth *Stormcock* has turned *everyone* on, from visitors to inmates.

Roy Harper is an awkward sod by many people's standards and his stage appearances are often marred by his fiery spirit, but the value of his music has nothing to do with what we think think of his personality; he's probably the most impressive and coherent solo performing artist in London today, his honesty is priceless. I met him briefly last year in Friends' office and remember that he rolls the longest, thinnest, most immaculate joints I ever saw in my life. Now there's a function for a sane man in a mad world.

John Coleman

FOUR WAY STREET
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
(Atlantic double album)

CSNY are pretty lucky. They have a following who will not only buy anything that David, Steve (sorry STEPHEN), Willy and Neil choose to lay on them, but they'll enjoy it as well. Inevitably, *Four Way Street* will sell an astounding number of copies, even though its little more than a sprawling, messy sampler. Half acoustic and half electric, it was pieced together from about a dozen gigs in LA, Chicago and good ol' Fillmore East, New York City.

Considering the status of the band, the integrity of the label, and the number of alternative takes they must have had for each and every number, it's an amazingly bad album. After seeing Stills bang away at an untuned guitar in "Woodstock" simultaneously reproach the sound engineer for not enough "bottom end on the guitar", perhaps it was a silly to retain any illusions, but they seem very anxious to show the world how sloppily they play live.

According to their biggest fan, David Crosby, CSNY are "a magic band. Magic means doin' it so well you get it up beyond mechanical levels." Well, here they just ain't doin' it that well. It's on a very mechanical level, where they can get it up at all. They carefully mangle most of their best-loved songs, including my alltime CSNY favourite "Long Time Gone", with the assistance of ex-Turtles drummer Johnny Barbata (now that two ex-Turtles are in the Mothers, someone might rediscover them) and their latest spade bass player, Calvin Samuels.

Crosby is full of lavish praise for his collegues. He says that Stills "plays rings round everybody, plays everything better than anybody. A stoned goddam genius." Stoned he certainly is, but on accoustic guitar, Martin Carthy, John Martyn, Wizz Jones, Michael Chapman, or any of the Transatlantic mob could quite comfortably piss on Stills from a great height. As a piano player, he's no more impressive. He comes on like some demented cross between Aretha and Elton for the album's most hideous performance, a medley of "49 Bye-byes" and "America's children" a reworded "For What It's Worth" shot through with a long political rap. "Jesus Christ was the first long haired revolutionary — dig it — dig it — right on — dig it," etc.

If Crosby admires Stills, he ADORES Nash. "Graham Nash is one of the most highly evolved people on this planet. He is my teacher and he is certainly the finest cat I know. If I was a chick, I'd marry the cat." While it is possible for lovable Willy to have mutated to such a high level of consciousness, it's a pity that his music has remained so regrettably earthbound. "Right Between The Eyes" is pretty folk club music with rather basic guitar work, while "Chicago" is downright offensive with its singalong radical chic, simplistic lyrics and clonk-BOP, clonk-BOP piano.

"Anything Neil Young steps into is different," says Crosby. "I don't care if it's a bathroom." Or a dog turd. While I'm basically out of sympathy with Young's hey-look-at-me-being-sensitive-and-observant approach, I must admit that he is the most efficient performer of the four.

Crosby himself is very underrepresented with three songs against five or six for all the others. His contributions to the acoustic album are both superb, "The Lee Shore" being a lovely piece for guitar and voices, and "Triad" being the shattering song about a 3-way love affair that got him thrown out of the Byrds. It would have been nice if another of his songs, "Almost Cut My Hair" for instance, could have been included, but then they would have had to omit some applause, and that's what live albums are all about, right?

Overall, a bummer. An opulent, expensively packaged, sycophantic bummer. It's sad that a band with only two group albums behind them should have to resort to a mushy, flabby collection of their Greatest Hitz.

Charles Shaar Shuckin' Out Murray

SMASH YOUR HEAD AGAINST AGAINST THE WALL
John Entwistle
(Track 2406 005)

Who the hell is John Entwistle anyway?

Who is that quiet, almost shy-looking pop face, the first cautious rolls of middle-age spread starting to fatten out his waistband and what seems like dyed black hair combed neatly into a 1967 style Beatle coiffure, sitting in a dark corner of the Speakeasy flashing just an occasional smile as he recognises a passing friend?

Who is the guy who stands amidst that embroglio of cataclysmic, ear-splitting *audacity* that is The Who onstage? Sure, he plays a cool bass guitar, he sings some and now and again he blows a little French Horn but it's almost as if all that was an incongruous afterthought and he's *really* there as some slightly sinister chaperone merely to observe all that drum-kicking guitar thrashing, microphone-flinging wildness with a benign, but nevertheless definitely *black* tolerance.

And what business has this Entwistle geezer got making a solo record? I mean he's hardly got the pedigree! Yet here he is smashing his way through nine of his distinctively weird original toons and expecting us to listen. Smashing? Yeah, his arrangements, though carefully structured, are wielded with all the gentile grace of an acid-crazed lumberjack. Weird? Most certainly: With a title taken from the lyric of the albums opener, 'My Size' and various other nasty ditties about funerals, re-incarnation and heaven and hell, this album is recommended as Music While You Embalm for perverted undertakers.

A marked indifference to the tastes of a public satiated with a musical diet of ponderous social overstatement and contrived whimsy displays itself on this album, and it's a development which defies comprehension. Example: A tweely titled number which preaches sweetly the joys and benefits of social tolerance, namely 'I Believe In Everything', suddenly lurches off into a boozy chorus of 'Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer' complete with lunatic screeches, for no apparent reason whatsoever. Has John finally blown his brain out after so many years of putting up with the rest of the band's insanity?

And what an odd choice of back-up musicians he's chosen; not a Bobby Keyes or Duane Allman in sight. Instead there's that young whippersnapper of a drummer, Humble Pie's Jerry Shirley and Cyrano, lead guitarist with the T-Bones all those years ago and now churning out some very tight n' tasty stuff indeed. Oh yeah, and K. Moon, V. Stanshall and N. Innes bash about on assorted percussion on one track, 'No 29'. Talking of Neil Innes, there are moments on this album that one can't help but compare to the music of his Liberty recorded band "The World" — a nifty and underrated little combo if ever there was one — same chunk-chunka-chunka solidness and unexpected counter-point. But other than that, John Entwistle's material sounds like nothing else and yet there's no key to the man behind it, save for the sinister implications already mentioned. Yet Entwistle has obviously gone to a lot of trouble writing all the songs and producing himself on bass, keyboards, various horns and quivering tonsils and clearly he wants us to accept him as an individual as well as a corporate artist. But despite the high quality of the playing and the impressive originality of the compositions on this record, I'm left shuddering nervously at the psychological implications of it all and wondering, "Who the hell is John Entwistle anyway?"

Mark Williams

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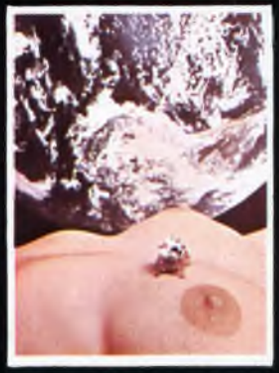

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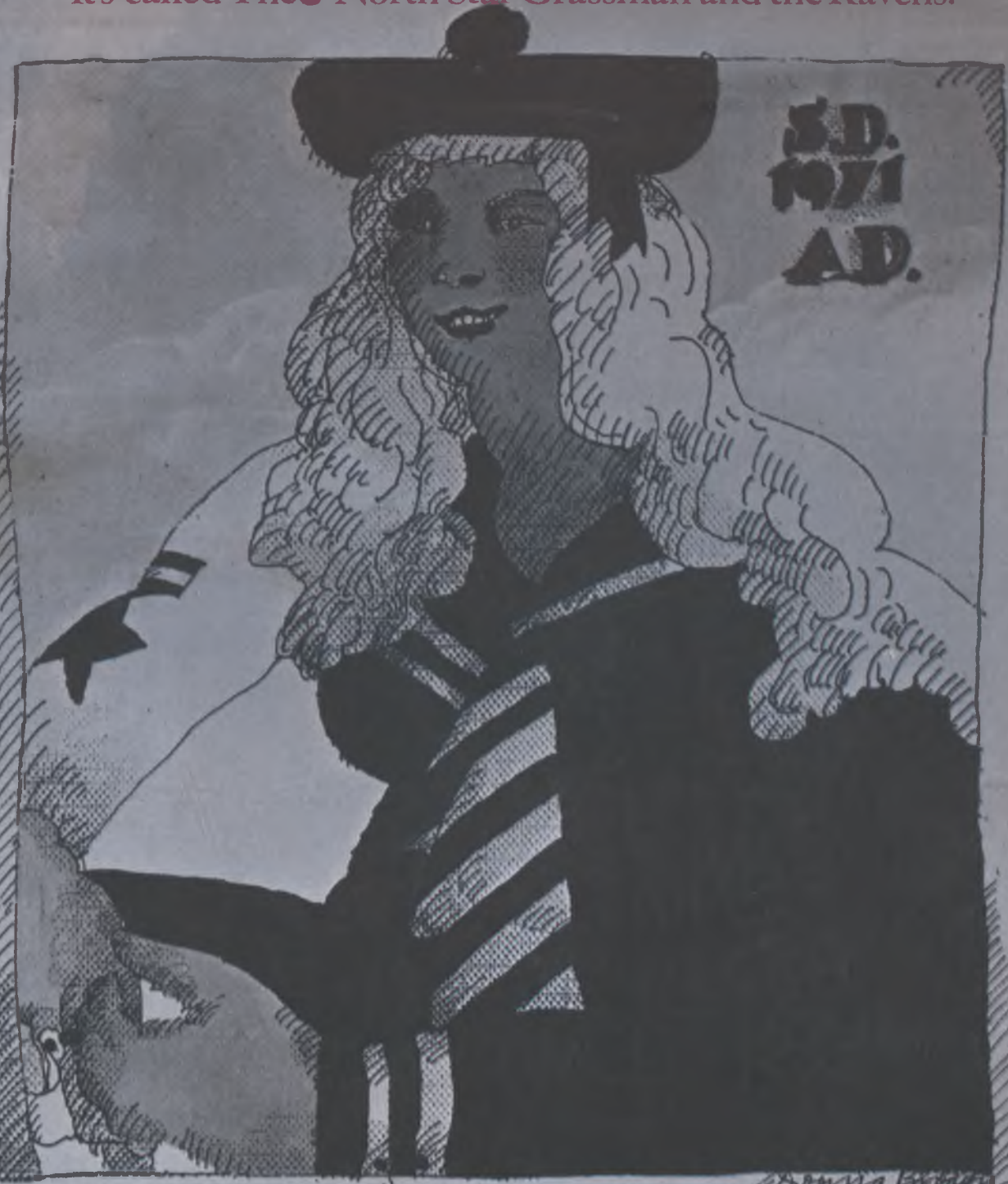
Sandy's 1st. Solo:

It's called The North Star Grassman and the Ravens.



Donna Bean

"They stood upon the deck, as the ships went out to sea,
The wind it took the sails and left the
land a memory.
All upon the shore for to wonder why the
sailor goes.
All to close thier eyes and wonder what the
sailor knows."

Some words from: "The North Star Grass-man and The Ravens."
By Sandy Denny.

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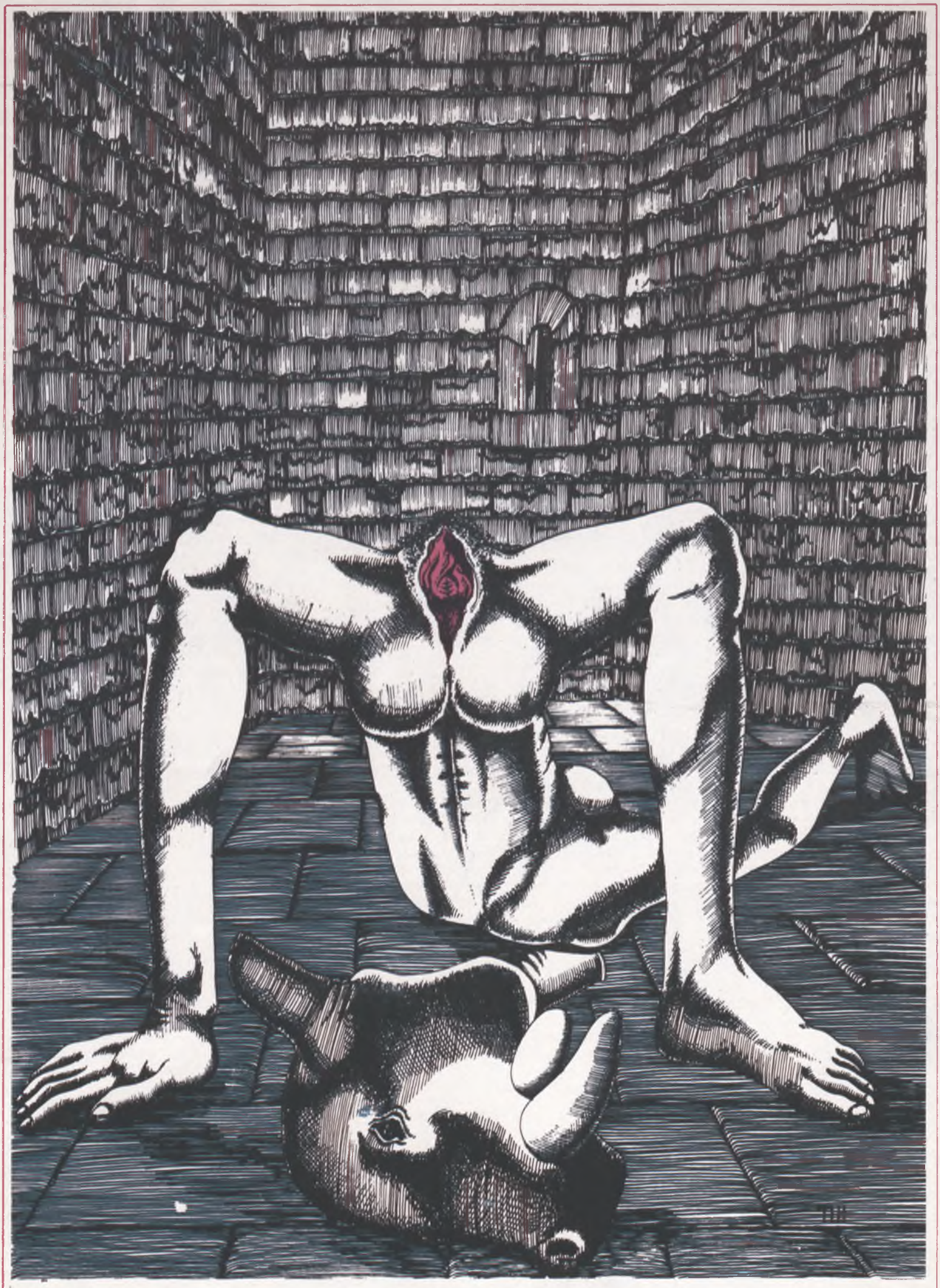


OZ magazine wishes to thank that one juror who at the Old Bailey who thought OZ28 not obscene, Judge Griffiths who granted bail to Richard, Felix and Jim, and to all who have helped throughout the trial and in producing this issue.

What U.C.S.?

"Winning cards must have on them the last number called of the game being played. The onus is on the player for the call being heard and the game being stopped."
So, ironically enough, read the bingo board above the heads of the UCS Co-ordinating Committee as they addressed over 1000 shop stewards, press, television and reverand scottish clergy at a mass meeting held in a Meccaized cinema a mile away from Clydebank, the scene of the crime and perhaps the scenario for the British Revolution.

The crime is the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders crisis – an attempt by the Tory government to close Glasgow's largest shipyards, resulting in 8000 redundacies and a further 12,000 workers in ancillary industries threatened with losing their jobs. The reality of the situation is simply this – the yards aren't making enough profit for the Tories, so close them. The problem of what to do with, or how to handle, the workers is a political one and not an economical one as the original decision was.
"We could put in a government butcher to cut up UCS and to sell (cheaply) to Lower Clyde and others, assets of the UCS to minimise upheaval and dislocation."
Nicholas Ridley, M.P. in a secret report presented to Mr. Heath *before* the last election.
Ridley is now under secretary to John Davies, Minister of Technology and chief hatchet man for the job of displacing thousands of men and woman, without regard to their plight because, whatever the government says, or promises, or proposes, there are no new jobs for them to go to, and there will never be. Be that for no other reason than the plight of Glasgow itself.

Last year a Labour M.P. declared Glasgow and West Scotland a disaster area. With a population of one million, Glasgow's unemployment figure is almost 11%, the highest for any specific area in Britain. The jobs available at the Labour Exchange are for everywhere but Glasgow, usually in England or on the continent, and with U.K. entry into the Common Market, these will be reduced even further. There has not been a single unskilled job advertised outside the Labour Exchange office for 4 years, which is some indication of how bad things are. According to general opinion from people on the streets, Glasgow is a dying town, and it looks like it. Demolition in all parts is on a scale reminiscent of aerial obliteration bombing, while the only new buildings being erected are insurance skyscrapers on high-rise council flats, both symbols of death. In fact, Sighthill Housing Development which houses 15,000 people, is surrounded (engulfed) by the Glasgow Cemetary and has, as its memorial to progress, an enormous electricity pylon set in the middle of the complex. The city fathers are of course, absentee. With or without UCS, industry and capital has been leaving Glasgow for years while poverty in the ghetto areas is reaching epidemic proportions.

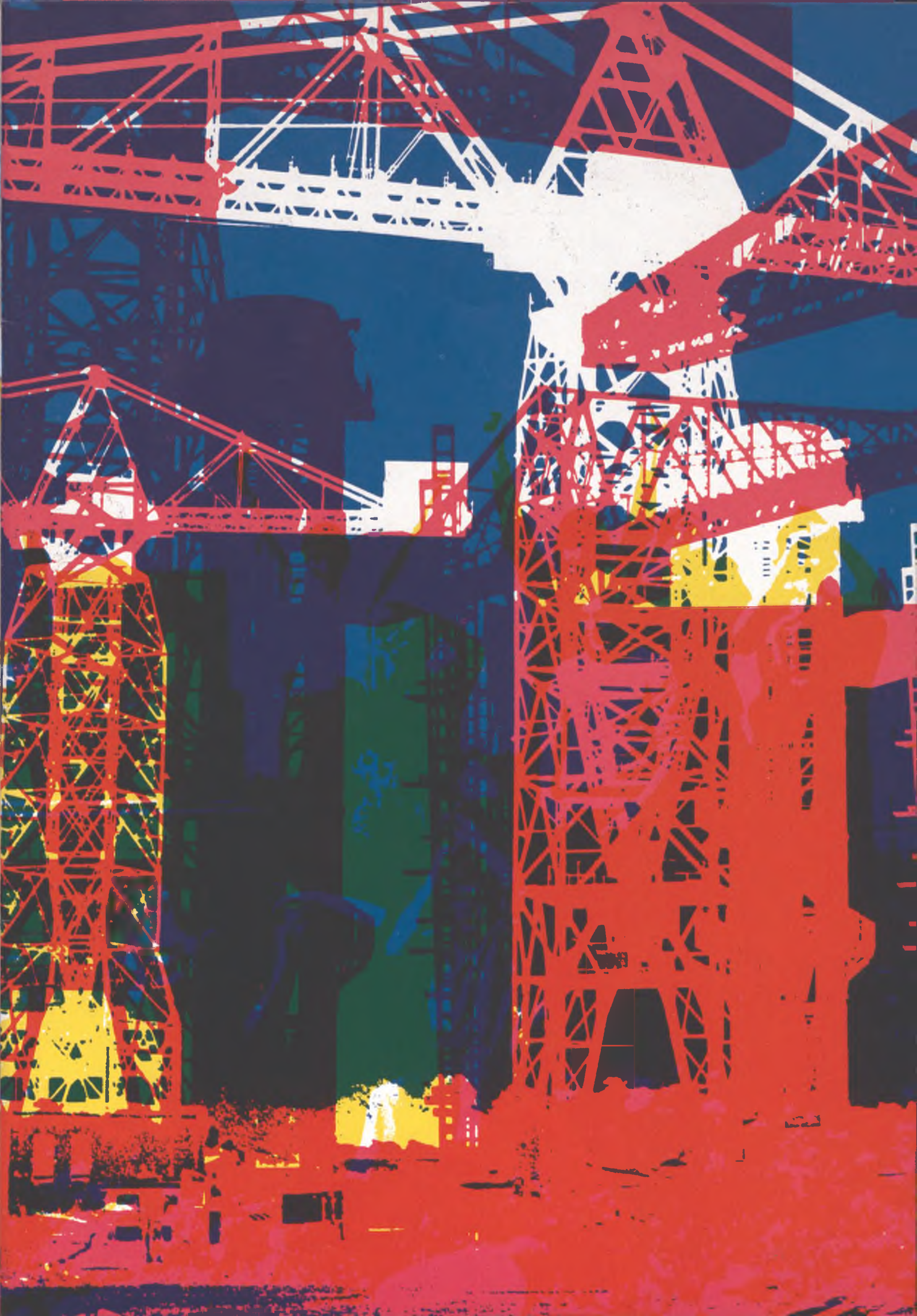
Glasgow is a working class town which, inadvertantly, is its saving grace. Notwithstanding the presence of bourgeois depravity, on the other side of the tracks, the pride, honesty and courtesy of its people stands above their common misery and conditions of existence. Their infamous aggression is well-founded. Poor housing, poor wages, poor recreation facilities, poor education, (Children in the East End ghetto district suffer a part-time education system – mornings only) no nurseries or playgrounds in the densely populated W.C. areas, pig police with police brutality and corruption accepted as the norm, a high alcoholic problem, a high suicide rate according to the Good Samaritans who need a 200 man team to cope with the amount of calls they have each week. What the poor don't steal from the poor the loan sharks get; armed forces recruitment is booming while, on the other hand, 25% of Scots troops in N. Ireland have deserted. Burglary is the biggest single crime committed in Glasgow yet there is no organized gangsterism. Racial and religious problems are acute, street-gang warfare amongst ghetto children is at an emergency level. The state social services, bogged down in bureaucracy, are insensitive and useless while community groups, despite the good they do, are a drop in the ocean. GAP, an organization of young people based on the lines of BIT, recently opened a Claiments Union, the first in Glasgow. Its successes to date have encouraged similar action in other areas but the enormity of the problem threatens to render it, and other groups or organizations of its type, useless. Helping the problem isn't the answer – changing it is.

Every problem that Glasgow has is symptomatic of cancer – the cancer of capitalism – the diseased poverty cells are malignant and they're spreading rapidly. The situation is political and yet this aspect of Glasgow and its struggle is the most neglected, misunderstood, distorted and abused level of its conflict – between the powers that be and the powers that could be. Glasgow has always been an invincible Labour strong-hold with the S.T.U.C. its working-class arm. The workers vote Labour in traditionally even though they are traditionally raw-dealed by them. The C.P., claiming 4,500 members in Scotland, are never voted in yet they virtually control the key powerpoints – the shop stewards who are elected representatives of the workers' unions, The communists have sold the workers out whenever the choice was there, particularly in 1919 when the mass unemployed returned soldiers where led by the Red Flag into a blind alley despite the certainty of revolutionary victory, and again during the disasterous 1926 General Strike. This time the C.P. is at the helm of the crisis again, namely in Jim Reid and James Airlie, the heros risen from the shop stewards' ranks who are handling all the publicity and policy proposals at UCS. "They'll be found in the river if they try it again" is how some workers felt about another sell-out but to listen to present policy line advocated by Reid and his bosses you'd think they hadn't heard or learnt from their misused inheritance. The occupation at Clydeside is symbolic rather than real in terms of what has actually happened – the workers are still working, being paid and managed by normal management. Policy decisions on the shop floor are being made by workers – the only change from normal procedure. UCS is negotiating false dreams with the government – orders worth £90 million were blocked by the Tories, contracts already placed were withdrawn and given to concerns in England and yet the bill for social services, if the redundancies proposed by the government go through (scheduled for Sept.) will be £96½ million. But the proposals from the UCS committee are naive – further negotiations, productivity deals, contingency plans etc. – all of which ignore the death knoll which was rung months ago in Westminster. "Politics must be left out of it" is the present line of resistence from UCS. "We don't want a revolution or a workers take-over, we don't want the workers'children and wives marching on the government office". Calls for a general strike are opposed by the C.P., the S.T.U.C. and the L.P. yet the worker on the street and at the yards would support one immediately.

Revolutionary groups such as I.S., I.M.G. and the Spartacus League have been actively propogandaizing to provoke militant action amongst the workers but their numbers are small and their effect minimal. The political consciousness of the worker is low because he's been kept ignorant – revolutionary rhetoric and its manifestation isn't trusted or understood or probably even desired. It comes from students or freaks or middle-class professionals and none of these are workers as the workers see it. And yet all of these groups are ignoring the most fertile area of revolutionary activity which could produce the power to achieve a real situation and the vanguard for it. The young people of Glasgow are ignored.

The street gangs who collectively number over 5000 and range between 8-16 years old are the worst victims of the present situation, but they are the only ones who really know what's going on and they are the only ones who can change it if they are directed. Young apprentices at the age of 16 sign a contract which barrs them from any political organization or voice under threat of dismissal, all for £4 per week rising to £14 at the end of a 4 year term. They are told to keep out of it by their unions and their fathers – it doesn't concern you. The freaks and their drugs are generally tolerated and according to a street activist, are the most apathetic, bad-acid freaked group in town. Attempts by White Panthers to activate them have been futile and now all of their energy is being directed to the gangs and the young workers. The formalist revolutionary groups mentioned are making meagre attempts to organize the youth in their sphere of influence but emphasis is not put on the power that lies there, the kids are still considered with condescending inferiorism, by those who are shaping or dictating their future. As one I.S. member told me "the kids don't know anything about it and the freaks aren't interested. None of these groups are strong enough for us to bother with."

A young mind is the only mind free of deceit, of self-preservation and party politics – a young mind is never told what it can do, only what it will do. Shown the way and chosen it, the fucked-over young of Glasgow, or anywhere, could win over all those who are destroying their lives for them now. The revolution will not come with UCS, nor will it come with whoever takes-over – it will come with the kids who are doing it now and not their fucked-up elders.
Stanislav Demidjuk.



Not So Much Oppression More A Way Of Life

Roger Hutchinson

For nearly two centuries the northern industrial poor have been betrayed by those who purported to serve them. Plodding obediently after a plastic carrot, faithfully chasing mirages of technological luxury; they have allowed their once integral culture to be bastardised, dispersed; and replaced by a grafted lifestyle which is a churlish insult to their human capacities. The northern industrial complex was founded on vicious industrial exploitation, bolstered by a hypocritical Victorian Church, and justified by politicians of redoubtable ignorance and crass cynicism. It has since adhered with alarming obstinacy to its corrupt heritage.

Thirty years ago there were people homeless and hungry in Barnsley when the Labour council spent £180,000 on a new Town Hall. This year there are more unemployed in the area than ever before, the majority of the population still lives in the terraced slave-dwellings hurriedly built to hold their ancestors (dragged from rural communities last century to be used in the mills & mines); and the council recently blithely bought a £9000 mayoral limousine to "improve the town's provincial image". Eloquent promises of industrial redevelopment and comically wild predictions of unprecedented imminent prosperity are beginning to sound stale and tired, directed as they are at a working-class culture whose people have been blinkered and abused until they are incapable even of recognising their hypocritical oppressors.

Styng, it seems, threatens to expose these oppressors in their varied guises; and hopefully to proffer an alternative direction. The paper was launched on no capital and one half-formed editorial realisation: that revolutionary papers produced in Notting Hill Gate found difficulty in relating to the intricate problems of inherited poverty in Sheffield. (Richard Neville once quaintly justified his broader social conscience to an interviewer from *Arrows* magazine by claiming that he'd just spent the afternoon with IT working on ways to improve the lot of Nottingham mill-girls. Now, that's all very commendable, Richard, but you have to agree that rapping with the editors of IT is hardly the best way of gauging the essence of existence of a 15 year old Midlands mill-girl, let alone relating to her. The alienation shows in IT, as it has too frequently shown in OZ.) Freak communities in Britain are, in isolation, as incapable as any other radical group of engineering the wide-scale social revolution which becomes more obviously necessary with every myopic governmental scheme and blundering bureaucratic maneover. Hippy dissent is largely a middle-class phenomenon, and there are still too many poor people in England for us to ignore their radical potential in favour of a dubious middle-class revolution. But they must be educated as to the true nature of their oppression before they can be expected to channel their frustrated aggression against their oppressors. Which is where the media comes in, and where Styng is cheerfully floundering: halfway between Hoffman & Marx, trying to strike a depressingly elusive balance. Councillor Frank Crow got the point, though. "I will fight to drive this terrible publication out of Barnsley" said he to the Yorkshire Post. Whatever his other weaknesses, Frank knows his enemies.

Despite the fact that between 20,000 & 30,000 local people read each issue of Styng, its editorial faults are irksome. Our attempts to reconcile as broad a spectrum of radical opinion as seems relevant to a northern readership can be stimulating, but can also result in an apparently indecisive editorial stance. The paper's veneer of respectability (layout is crisp and explicit, nearer Rolling Stone than IT) must accentuate the unsuspecting reader's shock on discovering "reference throughout the magazine to male and female genitals using corrupt slang and obscene expressions", as Leeds City Police succinctly put it, between Styng's formal covers. The six items in Styng 2 which PC Skerrett coyly classified "parts particularly objected to", including five illustrations, are too mild to upset seriously any magistrate this side of sanity (and I purely believe that one or two exist); the indecency/obscenity charges, along with the three other technical offences, explain more about the current state of establishment paranoia, than the quality of Styng. Our paper has its faults, but they are more the reflec-

tions, occasionally excessive, of its staff's sorry state of hunger and overwork, and (possibly inevitably) their overall naivety and flippant, frivolous humour. In this light, it is strangely heartening that our defined enemies take Styng seriously enough to employ such desperately heavy-handed measures in its attempted suppression.

Yorkshire, you see, is unused to a full-time underground of its very own. OZ, IT, & Frendz are easily dismissed along with other mucky books from London. It is the concept of a revolutionary growth *within the county* which chills more than Styng's spontaneous use of 'fuck' & 'cunt'. And Styng is not a student publication, thus escaping the deadly benevolent paternalism usually granted such magazines. Jeff Nuttall, in the Yorkshire Evening Post, said that it would take "courage and tolerance" on the part of many people to realise that Styng is for the public benefit. Exactly how much courage and how much tolerance Yorkshire is capable of should become rudely obvious by the end of the year.

What local officialdom seems congenitally incapable of realising is that repression breeds revolt, as surely as those hysterically misrepresentative Yorkshire Post articles on Styng expose more convincingly the need for an alternative newspaper in Yorkshire than anything *we* have published. You may well fight to drive Styng out of Barnsley, Councillor Crow, and provided that you and your crudely evolved disciplinary forces are prepared to go far enough, you might just succeed. But what you will never drive out of Barnsley, or out of any constituency in the expiring capitalist dragon which your party, Socialist by name or not, represents; is the still youthful but increasingly righteous detestation of the very principles upon which your malignant politics are based.

Evenin'All...

From the first day we go to school and probably before that in our earliest children's books, we are continually told that police — how they are there to protect us, to make sure that we are not attacked in the street, and that things are not stolen from us. A tremendous amount of effort goes each year into reinforcing this image of the police. No opportunity is missed of showing a policeman helping an old lady across the road or rescuing a cat from a roof. There is no doubt that the police do all these things. You need only ask an ambulance driver what he thinks of the police and he will probably say they do a good job. This is because an ambulance driver probably only comes into contact with the police when they are attending a road accident or other similar thing. If the real and essential role of the police was being a super boy scout the whole time, then other people,. like nurses and ambulancemen would get better recognition and better pay for the things they do. Clearly the enormous PR used to put over the right 'image' of the police is quite deliberate. It is intended and to some extent succedds in obscuring from us the real role of the police. It obscures from us and makes it extremely difficult for many people to believe that the police tell lies, take bribes, frame people, employ crude forms of torture and have set up a special police branch to spy on you, if you are critical of society and have the audacity to do something about it.

The police role was very well explained in a BBC 'Cause For Concern' programme on police relations with black people in 1968. Some building workers (white) are in a pub discussing what happened to their mate Dave who had his arm broken after being arrested on a picket line. One of them explains: 'They're not ordinary people. They're upholding the state and the state is everything to them. It's their power. This is what they are there for, to uphold the state and when they get you in there, they're going to annihilate you, and that's what they've done to young Dave." The worker who said that knows that helping old grannies across roads is good public relations designed to set the British bobby apart from all that police brutality which foreigners have to suffer. Yes, Britain is somehow different and the friendly fuzz can smile like a door to door salesman and growl like a pig — the moment you slam the door in his face. If you don't want the street ombudsman image, then pigs is pigs, whatever country they come from and the police do-gooder promotions have had their day. No wonder they can't get any recruits.

...Ello, Ello...

With recent OZcenity outrages, outraging the liberal establishment we are all in for an overdose of 'Change this law, change that law' and all that crap. The use of the obscenity laws has nothing to do with obscenity — and you won't stop the political trials by changing the law. The law is illegal, and we are the criminals who find ourselves together in that jungle: 'When the law breaks the law, there is no law.' 'New York Times' There are three types of law:

1 Pig Law: what they get away with. Like 48 hours for questioning.

2 Book Law: the liberal version is: what the law actually is we expect the police to respect.

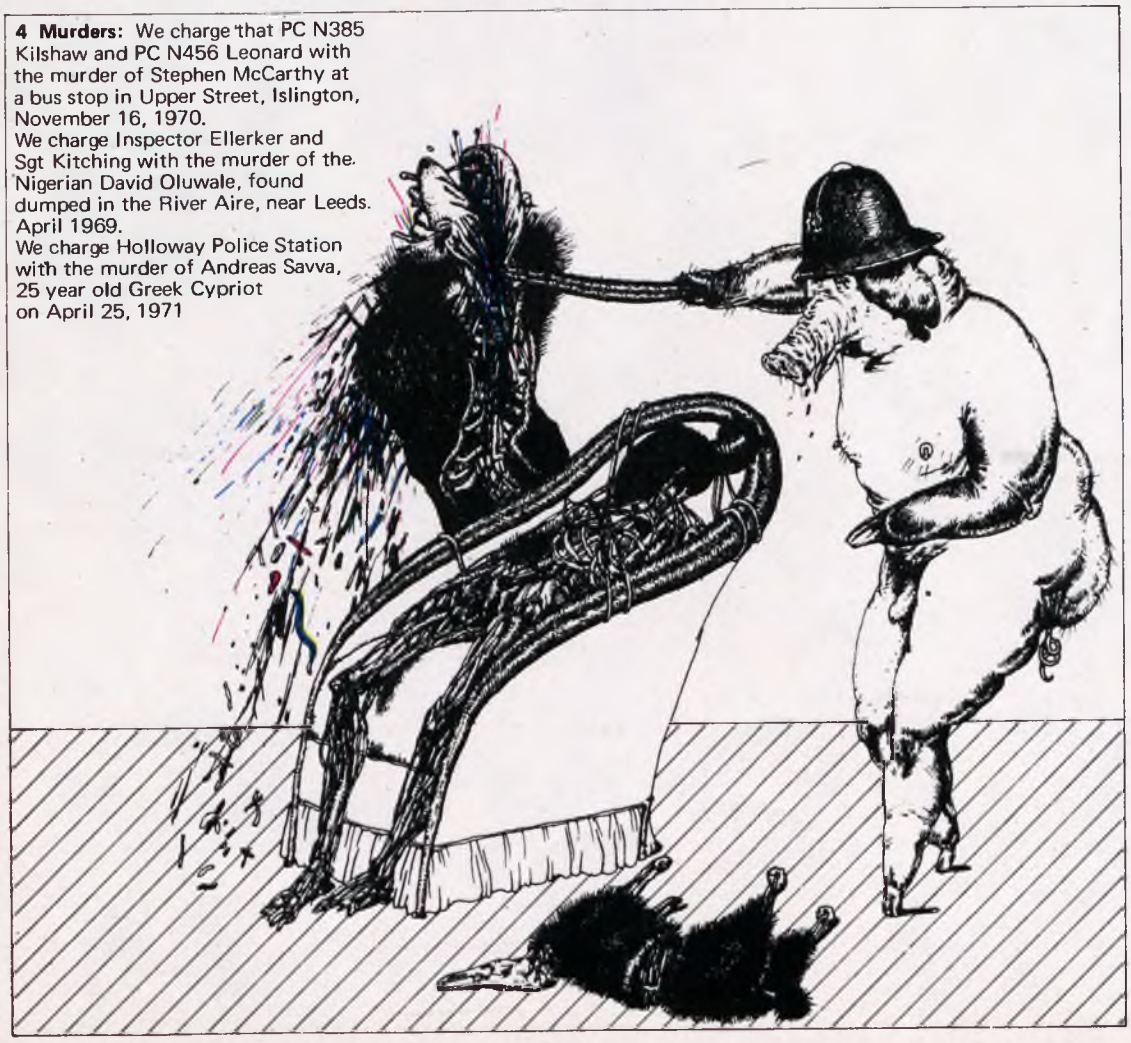
3 Our Law: People's Justice: what we can get away with, which

1 Collaboration in Crime: 10% rake-off for the CID keeps them happy and betting shops quiet.
The 'real pornographers' of Soho are given complete freedom to carry on trade, as long as the payoffs keep coming.
Ex-head of the Drug Squad, Det Insp Kelaher, was also the top dealer at the Yard. He is being investigated by an impartial team from outside London. The boys at home couldn't be trusted.

3 Attacks on the People: The Blacks have been repeatedly harrassed. We charge the police with systematic harrassment, intimidation and violence towards immigrants and the black community. The cases of the Metro Youth Club, the Mangrove Restaurant and the Oval House Dance all bear this out. The Underground Press notably Styng, IT, Frendz and OZ are increasingly subject to censorship and general harrassment.

stewart mackinnon

2 Frame-ups: Det Sgt Challenor, who won fame and fortune planting bricks on demonstrators was eventually caught out and sacked, 'for mental stress and ill-health'. He now works as an informer for the trashy papers and is rumoured to get something from the Police Pension Fund. Dutschke Affair: a political frame-up by the Special Branch who decided to get him deported.
Prescott and Purdie, the Carr Bombing Trial: sensational lack of evidence has not deterred the rampaging of the Special Branch.



4 Murders: We charge that PC N385 Kilshaw and PC N456 Leonard with the murder of Stephen McCarthy at a bus stop in Upper Street, Islington, November 16, 1970.
We charge Inspector Ellerker and Sgt Kitching with the murder of the Nigerian David Oluwale, found dumped in the River Aire, near Leeds. April 1969.
We charge Holloway Police Station with the murder of Andreas Savva, 25 year old Greek Cypriot on April 25, 1971

includes the most far out interpretation of civil liberties, the upsetting of lawyers' ethics, and putting extreme pressure on defence lawyers to become part of the movement.

Our justice can only be achieved through the creation of thousands of vigilante squads to protect people from pigs and soldiers. Last year the Tenants Movement (East London) formed its own flying squad of muscle-minded ablebodied heavies to prevent the bailiff gangs from evicting tenants of GLC estates for not paying exorbitant rate increases. They refused to pay and they successfully defended themselves from the bailiffs, the pigs and the GLC. Unlike their police our commandos are controlled by the people who elected them — that's the rub — that's what the revolution is about.

Hey reader, as soon as you see a suspicious looking person, looking suspiciously like a plainclothes cop watch his movements, follow him about, get your notepad out, note his details and investigate who the hell he's investigating. The thought police don't like you thinking about them — sort of upsets their state programmed rhythm. Join the People's Investigation Brigade — now several million strong. Vigilantes know that the people have the equal right to arrest, another tactic to be used with caution. We even have the right to arrest cops. This constitutes common law arrest:

If you know a crime has been committed and you have reasonable grounds to suspect a person or persons of having committed an offence then any citizen, and of course police officers are included in this right of citizens arrest.

This tactic has been tried a few times very successfully but you have to know the law.

1 Squatters at Ilford apprehended a police inspector with inciting his men to riotous behaviour by authorising an unlawful attempt to enter the premises. The inspector got so tangled up in his legal logic that he was put out of action for several hours, and the squatters retained possession of the building.

2 Plainclothes men on demos have been reported to uniformed officers of senior rank for pushing and jostling the demonstrators and for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. The law is illegal and it can sometimes be used effectively against itself but we are the ones who have to do it.

Everyone should know these basic rights they haven't got. See Agitprop's Bust Book.

...What's Orl This

Power to The Community:
Where we live is where it counts and where it's happening. In most areas of London we could devise street meetings and neighbourhood councils nicking the power from the Home Office, unlike the sick liberal schemes of endlessley invented by George Clarke type philanthropists.

In Nottinghill, the Golbourne Neighbourhood Council is yet another i participate, we participate, They rule game. The do-gooders always ending up doing good to the establishment.

We want real community power controlled by real community assemblies. We don't need pigs and the few socially useful things they do, we can elect brothers and sisters to do them, to argue them to contest them to fight them. We have to organise our vigilantes. **Power to the Angry side.**

How To Deprave & Corrupt

The OZ trial is over bar the appeal. And for all practical purposes, OZ has won, the victory due in no small part to the mind-blowing stupidity of Judge Argyle. However, the trial has acted as a catalyst and we plunged into a national polarisation of opinion which will have far-reaching effects. Hopefully, one of effects will be an understanding and coming together of those who strive for personal liberation and those who strive for social revolution, of those who feel the sexual revolution has nothing to do with politics and those who feel the Revolution has more important things to deal with than sex and sexuality. Obscene, corrupt and deprave are all value words without any absolute meaning and it is the change in values in our society which produces the conflict not Rupert Bear's cock.

I think this was obscured by the defence in the trial. Basically, the prosecution said that OZ 28 corrupted and depraved and the defence said that it didn't – in fact, that it didn't have any effect at all most of the time. But the defence went further than no effect and suggested that parts of OZ 28 put people off certain things. As a homosexual, I felt not a little compromised during the argument about a cartoon which, to me, had more to do with the exploitation of children by authority than anything else. The prosecution said it would encourage children to homosexuality and the defence said that it would discourage. The particular cartoon probably would discourage but the disturbing thing was the defence's implicit assumption that homosexuality was a thing to be discouraged. (I put this as rueful comment rather than heavy criticism: I wasn't in the dock, after all.) Relating to all the major issues of the trial, the suggestion of the defence was that the views of OZ and the editors were divergent views that could be accommodated within the value system of our society. However unfairly arrived at, the verdict said that this accommodation was impossible. The vast majority of opinion supports this conclusion. And so do I.

"Necrophilia is very rare — in this country, anyway" — Michael Argyle

There is an important and growing minority of young people in our society which is questioning and changing the sexual values and roles they have been taught. This is reflected in the establishment of movements like Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation and Men Against Cool; in the widespread re-awakening of interest in the writing of Jung and Wilhelm Reich; in the recent writings of persons such as David Cooper, Germaine Greer and Kate Millet;

and in the involvement of many persons in Encounter Groups, Communes, etc. The common factor in all these things is an attempt to break down conditioning, to become aware of what is real, to formulate personal and social values from this and to try and live by these values. This is in response to a world of increasing loss of personal identity, increasing pressures to conform to a pattern of behaviour and increasing potential for self-destruction. But doing this is not easy even for those who are committed to the attempt. All the pressures of social conditioning with their attendant fears are as much present in the person trying to liberate her/himself as in the person seeking security in the survival techniques she/he has been taught. However, security is often an illusion. There wasn't much security for the persons behind the walls of the castle when along came the cannons. Our castles are capitalism, nationalism, nationalism and sexism – all forms of exploitation and all based on the nuclear family where the things that seem to be transmitted from one generation to another are the parent's hang-ups. The implications of the sexual revolution and the liberation groups are profound and extend as far as architecture and pollution. Our consumer economy with its competitiveness, waste and polluting destruction of our planet would be an anomoly in a communal society. We might have fewer empires and heroes if we set out to destroy the male sexual role with its attributes of competition and dominance but we might have fewer or no wars as well.

"Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose"

Real freedom and real equality do not exist in our society nor in any other. One sometimes gets the impression from some socialists that socialism means a job in a factory for every worker. Ugh! A purely economic approach to society just does not make sense. It certainly is an important and principal factor but total freedom requires total revolution and the first step is a revolutionary change of attitude towards oneself, society and the relationship between the two. It involves the erosion and destruction of the conditioning to which we are all subjected. Some of the ways in which this is done may seem trivial and even foolish but the doing of them makes one aware and only aware people are capable of meaningful change. To call a woman a woman and not a chick; to say and write her/him may seem unimportant but is it? To wear old clothes and to contribute as little as is possible to the economy may seem self-defeating, but is it? To try

not to become involved with another person as a couple but as a free person may seem to be insecure, but is it? To see things like the "Old Codger" cartoon in the last OZ as therapeutic fantasy of fears may seem to be ridiculous and perverse, but is it? To insist on fun being an integral part of the Revolution may seem to be frivolous, but is it?

All of these things are corrupting and depraving in the light of the values of our society. But these values must change because they no longer work. The family is dead and we are merely keeping the corpse around. So is capitalism and sexism is dying. If you corrupt and deprave yourself, others may follow your example. If a sufficient number of persons becomes corrupt and depraved, we may get closer to freedom.

Warren

OZ,

Just got your letter and only saw the article yesterday. It is the work of a real sick cat. Jerry only met Izaac once for example and they never even discussed what Izaac claims. Jerry said he sent you a letter. I've written a long response and want to go over it in the next 2 days. Don't you realize no one in this country [illegible] told that story would print [illegible] Don't you realize I got thrown out [illegible] England and am now forbidden to [illegible] leave the US because I came to England at Richard's request somewhat illegally? Don't you realize that references to the underground as "the swimming team" in print has caused innumerable problems? Don't you realize that you didn't even call me up and say "hey there's this cat here who claims he wrote your book [illegible] Even [illegible] will s[illegible] tion. People [illegible] you would stoop so low.
Abbie.

Dear OZ

Izak Haber's article in OZ was absolutely incredible. To quote me against my brother Abbie was a low-point in movement treachery. The quotes were false, distortions pulled out of context and totally inaccurate. I saw Abbie work like a motherfucker researching and writing Steal This Book. It's a great important book and in and out of Abbie's life and out. He worked for months making that book real. And then he was forced by the totalitarian [illegible] the publishing industry to publish book himself [illegible] real breakthrough. Titling the book 'Steal This Book' took real courage and will have effects way beyond the book itself. Izak's role in the book as far as I can recall was to put together a lot of underground paper articles and force his girlfriend to type them. Abbie then re-did the book from scratch. But what is authorship of an idea anyway? Abbie's ideas were shaped by history and the culture – a history and culture he helped shape. It's the latest part-time movement hacks to attack and rip off "superstars". But it's bullshit. Abbie is who he is because he's one of the most creative and hardest workers I've ever seen. Shame on you OZ for publishing such smut.
Jerry Rubin,
c/o Lubell and Lubell,
103 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
P.S. I have just left for a month in Chile to do research for my next book. You can verify the authenticity of this letter by getting in touch with my lawyer, Dave Lubell.

Dear OZ,

I want to blast into you very slightly about a couple of things.

First and most seriously, whilst I feel that the quotes authorities singularly made the biggest mistake of their little lives in giving you all the publicity they did when their object was to pull you down, I rather tend to agree with their view that your [illegible] was probably a trifle overdoing it. I don't currently have the issue on me [illegible] I'd burnt it, my brother and myself, on a bonfire with intense to get the smell of it out of the air around us, but I'll use issue 38 as evidence against you. Quote – In demanding the right to live our lives complete and unexpurgated by any authority except our own [illegible] we have in demand this right, not just for ourselves, but for everyone who wishes to lead a free life. OK, sure. Everyone might be free. But your freedom is over and should have [illegible] to be of the underground to spread the slight sickness in your minds to a large number of people, and to make probably half of those people feel as I did at the time – what a lot of unpleasant crap. The more you make people feel that you are sick, you represent the youth, therefore the youth is sick, the more I call many person under eighteen are going to have to work twice as hard to show our parents that they can maybe trust us out after nine pm or let us have friends who they haven't met yet. And those of us who don't want to drop out and give our mothers another nervous breakdown (my best case) are stuck with it. This is called responsibility and is a drag but worthwhile cos you work for it, work for your right to live freely later on. And I resent you making things unnecessarily hard. Ok query. Everyone may at one time or another draw sketches like in OZ, write or think stuff about free love, forgetting WD cos man it can't happen to me, and so on – but we don't publish it. It's like going around with your dick hanging out – many people may not object, but we brandish it in the faces of those who either are content with only one blokes prick at a time and are happy with a boy friend, or are bored by what is after all your own personal problem. Query. It's all rather reminiscent of blue films, which bore me stupid cos I'm not by nature a voyeur and feel that making love should be with someone you love and is therefore personal. Like I'm recent is [illegible] came and sat on the end of my bed but why do I have all the time to sit on the end of other peoples in films and books, help us magazines too. Now, why must you lower yourself and anyone who is a reader of OZ to the level of the rather sad middle aged phenomenon of wife swapping and bad sex films query. Be beautiful instead. It may be harder but it's hell of a lot more fun in the long run.

Second, your charter of children's rights. Well children have the right to freedom of association. A kid of [illegible] not yet be able to tell whether the stranger he talks to is a psychopath who may kill, main or assault him/her, or feed him acid which at that age may crack him up completely, and so on. So they must be encouraged to accept other older people's judgement for a while in what is lets face it a sick society. VI I already touched on. Publication is a comitment which a child may well deeply regret. VII. One of the most frightening things about 1984 is the way the kids denounce their parents without understanding how much damage this does to the adult concerned, and over trivial things. If I'd had somewhere to go where my grievances about Mum would have been listened to when I was ten , eleven or twelve my mother would probably be in prison for mental cruelty by now, quite undeservedly. X. Give a child free from of movement and he might end up like the two kids I met in the Rocky Mountains far from home, tripping by accident, they scored and penniless. Not good, that, and those kids were [illegible]

How much more [illegible] are really to get into a [illegible] younger [illegible]

But most of all the thing says [illegible] children have the special right of shelter or protection from [illegible] exploitation [illegible] totally agree. But, buddy, can't you see, that means you! Think about it. Peace and love in very limited quantities - to you. And remember, the war not love; the population is still rising.
Chris
(PS. Aged 16)

OZ,

This is a filthy, obscene, irrational magazine obviously edited and written by crazy, sex minded, perverted apologies for human beings. My heaven protect us from things like you.
Not A Puritan.

Dear OZ Readers,

The responsibility for every stone, every fire bomb, every death lies on the shoulders of the four men who met to plan internment last week in Downing Street – Ted Heath, Lord Peter Carrington, Brian Faulkner and General Tuzo.

We cannot be intimidated and will resist this vicious act of repression as we have resisted all others in the past. We cannot do it on our own.

Our only friends are our fellow workers in Britain. You must come to our aid. Organise, educate, act. And if for none other than our sake bring the government down.

It is not your government, it is not your army. It is your people who are under attack in Northern Ireland.
Bernadette Devlin, MP

Dear OZ,

We believe that you have a right to say what you like, write what you like, and publish what you like, and no judge should have the power to fine you, let alone send you to prison for that.

Although as women, we feel ourselves to have been pillorized and parodied by some of the illustrations in OZ, and in the School Kids issue in particular, unlike Mary Whitehouse we don't think we need the law to protect us from the sexual content of OZ, and we deplore the victimisation of your Editors and the sentences imposed on them today. Instead we'd like to see OZ questioning the equation of women with sex objects. David Widgery's attack on Norman Mailer's book on Women's Lib was a shot in the right direction – and not always relying on drumming up sales by titivating male tastes in female cheesecake.
Fulham Womens Liberation Workshop

To OZ,

I have been reading about the arrests made on Thursday 5th August of assaulting the police charges. I was there too and some bastard cunt of a cop kicked me in the stomach. I was 4 months pregnant. Because of this I lost the baby on Friday. Since coming out of hospital I phoned up two big newspapers and told them what had happened. Both refused to print anything unless I gave my name and permanent address. I can't do because I'm 17 and living with my parents who didn't know I was pregnant. Please print something about this otherwise it will achieve nothing and cause so much pain. Let try to lift the image of a policeman with his halo and show the brutal system just what goes on.

I hope everything goes well and it [illegible] come to [illegible]
Carol

I was shocked to hear about your treatment of the three young men whose under trial for publishing obscenity in OZ. First, it is shocking not to allow bail and secondly you have no right to [illegible] circumstances to cut their hair. If you think [illegible] influence of any parent you are greatly mistaken. It was my idea to write this letter. I mean what I have written.
Yours sincerely,
Miranda Burnett (age 9)
Chalfont St Peter,
Bucks.

PS. I am not a hippie and don't intend being one.

An open letter to Richard, Jim and Felix,

There seems to be some confusion in some quarters about our position over your trial conviction and sentences. Just to set the record straight – all of us except one (no – not Ian!) were surprised/shocked/opposed to your prison sentences. We are and always have been divided about the relevancy of OZ to radical political change or/and the creation of an 'alternative society'. Most of us have objected to your male chauvinistic tendencies towards our sisters and the use you have made of their sexuality to titilate the 'raincoat brigade' frustrated innocents' amongst your readership that would not otherwise buy OZ. We would refer you to the 'Georgia Straight' from Vancouver (that now comes out twice weekly). After our sisters took over an issue to show our brothers how they felt, the paper has improved considerably. It is challenging abuses in local and national politics and actively campaigning, amongst other things, against bad landlords and the racial discrimination Indians encounter in their own country (Canada). It has also rejected sexist ads unlike the Berkeley Barb and yourselves/INK.

Coming specifically to issue no 28 of OZ, Ian is probably the most vocal amongst us in objecting as he sees it, to the sexist and racist nature of its cover. For generations white society has tried to portray black people as animals/sub-humans, only capable of the basest sexual activities.

Your cover did nothing to dispell these gross misconceptions. If anything it's probably started a whole new generation on the path, albeit a subconscious one, of derogatory sexual associations re our black sisters. The fact that you passed this cover is even more surprising when one realises that two of you have spent some time in Australia with its 'all white' policy (OK so they let a few in – [illegible] its past [illegible] of the rights and dignity of its indigenous people, the aborigines. No, Richard, YOU [illegible] better.

In spite of the above, we all believe that nudity should never be treated as a criminal offence and that your offence in the eyes of the establishment had/has nothing to do with obscenity. Instead we see it as frightened over-reaction from parents/teachers/politicians worried/[illegible] childrens' experi- [illegible] a life-[illegible] reading OZ, IT, STYNG, GRASS EYE, FRENDZ, LITTLE RED SCHOOL BOOK etc and assume automatically that these publications are to blame. Your rarely [illegible] their ways, they reading matter or life styles or try to [illegible] their children the similarity between their consumer habits.

To sum up, we are opposed to making obscenity a criminal offence and feel that the law should be scrapped. Some of us regard your obsession with titillating cunts and bums as [illegible] object to your prison sentences and the one who doesn't does so in the hope that your stay in prison might lead to an improvement in conditions for those less fortunate than yourselves and/or that the prison experience will change you. All of us will look to the future life styles of the OZ staff and hope that you will change and show by your actions where your [illegible] STANDS!!!

POWER TO OUR PEOPLE!!!

OZ Information Shop,
141 Westbourne Park Road,
London W11.

Who's next
TRACK DELUXE 2408 103
WHO'S NEXT
MARKETED BY POLYDOR

We don't think Mr. Justice Argyle would like our new releases either.

Stefan Grossman, John James, Pentangle, Rev. Gary Davis, Gerry Rafferty, Peter Bardens, Brian Short, Stray. **Transatlantic.**

Internment!

Hundreds interned for their political associations, British troops drunkenly and murderously avenging the earlier deaths of colleagues on the civilian population, the bland reassurances of politicians caring only for their own skin — August 1971, when military and political terror appeared in most extreme form, saw some few truths about Northern Ireland filter through. In spite of the concerted efforts of the establishment media, some of the realities penetrated.

Northern Ireland was built on systematic repression and discrimination. This state, deprived of all historical legitimacy, was born in counter-revolutionary violence. Its precarious security was founded on a series of Special Powers Acts, Criminal Justice Acts, and Public Order Acts, which were the envy of South African governments. Law and order was maintained by a police force and an auxiliary (Special) constabulary which were the instruments of the party which has been in power for the fifty years of the state's existence, the Unionist Party, and of its backbone, the Orange Order.

For two years these instruments have been sub-ordinated to the principal prop of state power in Northern Ireland, the British Army. During these two years, the *presentation* of the Army's role has changed from that of impartial peace-keeper between warring communities to that of a force wholly dedicated to the military and moral destruction of the so-called terrorists. With the calculated change in emphasis, and the increasing manpower problems, the Army's action has become more openly repressive.

July 1971: scarcely had the military authorites allowed satisfaction of the soldiers blood-lust with the shooting of Seamus Cusack and Desmond Beattie, and sought to deceive the public about these incidents with poorly constructed lies, than the 'new phase' (one of the many in the last few years) of the dawn raids was introduced. The Gestapo-style raids of homes and premises for political literature and files, and the detention for questioning of scores of men, was seen by many as the first stage of 'internment'. The word, and the practice, has a very specific historical content in Ireland. Three times before it had been used against republicans in the Six Counties, and in the Twenty Six Counties ('Free State'). The powers of internment were given permanently to the Minister of Home Affairs with the inclusion of Regulation 23B in the Special Powers Acts in 1933. On the Minister's orders, a suspect (suspected of anything) can be held indefinitely.

Following the shooting of a labourer on his way to work, and the response which came with the Army's further attempts to lie their way out of that murder, the introduction of internment was announced. On a Monday morning nearly 500 persons were arrested, taken from their homes at four o'clock in the morning. The newspapers rejoiced in the capture of the I.R.A. men, yet those arrested were, in the large majority, not directly associated with any section of the republican army. The intention was obvious: to decapitate all the opposition groups, whether they advocated the use of arms or not.

Internment appeared the logical last link in a chain of escalating repression. Yet the decision to introduce it was taken in panic; it was not taken easily. There is a limit to the physical repression which the British government — whose approval was necessary for the new measure — is prepared to be seen to apply. If it had been possible to re-shape Northern Ireland such that it could be governed by constitutional methods and by ideology, the British government would have done so. The internment decision was preceded by many months of deliberation between Tory ministers, Army officers, and leaders of the Unionist government.

Not that any of these men worried for one moment at the removal of civil liberties, or at the loss of lives. Their joint concern was with the maintenance of imperialist domination over Ireland as a whole. In mid-July, as tension rose in Northern Ireland, it was announced that Heath was to meet Jack Lynch, the Prime Minister of the Southern Twenty Six Counties. It had become a cliche of political commentary that 'the key lay in Dublin, not in Belfast'. It was recognised that a policy of internment was inoperable without the active co-operation of the Southern government. Yet, when the panic decision was made, Lynch was not consulted.

For two years the British Army has been held in restraint in its use of brute force. The policy was, indeed, known as one of 'minimum force'. The casualties had not been on a scale to compare with that of 'imperial policing' and 'anti-terrorist' campaigns at other times in other places. Northern Ireland's proximity to the metropolitan world, where political consensus is attained by mainly non-physical means, and the watching eye of the world's media, have been factors. Keeping the support of the Southern government has certainly been the main factor.

A motion tabled in the House of Commons in early August by Labour M.P.'s indicated the reasons: the Twenty Six Counties are the U.K.'s third biggest customer; the U.K. takes 65 per cent of the South's overseas sales; British investments in the South are worth 1½ times those in the North; trade between the North and South has increased five times in the past ten years. Imperialism dominates Ireland not only by the military garrisons in the North, but equally by the garrison of Jack Lynch's Southern government.

This relationship had determined the move to 'reform' political and social life in Northern Ireland, that is, to remove those features which were most offensive to the Catholic bourgeoisie. The effect was two-fold: to provoke the anger and resentment of sections of the Protestant population at the removal of their marginal privileges, and to raise expectations among the petit-bourgeois and working-class Catholics. These expectations could not be satisfied by a Unionist government, which could only move as fast (or as slow, or as backwards) as its power base in the loyalist population would permit. Faulkner's decision to introduce internment was coupled with another decision to ban parades for six months, a decision which has affected particularly the traditional 12th August Apprentice Boys' march of militant loyalists in Derry. This apparent balancing act between the two camps in fact created conditions of sectarian bitterness which, if possible, went beyond those of August 1969, when armed loyalists burned, looted, and killed in the Catholic ghettoes.

These niceties escape the British soldier. Nor does any one seek to explain them to him. It could be Aden, Cyprus or Kenya but with a difference. 'Out there' (the phrase is increasingly being used in the media to describe Ireland), one has to simply fix bayonets and chase people up and down the street. Here, the soldiers are expected simply to stand fast while their shields are pelted with rocks. This restraint is not super-human or super-anything, it is imposed on the soldiers by the political context. It countlessly burst out into little explosions of brutality. Such incidents as the shooting of Harry Thornton, following which a soldier was seen to chalk up a mark on the side of a jeep, and shout; 'Another gone'. It exploded in the looting by soldiers during the August internment of a wine shop following which the troops fired indiscriminately on the streets of the Falls Road Area. It explodes in the graffitti behind a sentry post; "The Irish are bastards". It is in the eyes of Special Branch men who in pairs, interogated the detainees. It was in the mind of those soldiers who carried out the torture, there is no other word, in the August internment. The soldiers who are required to carry out the brutality and terror required at any moment by the political and military establishment, they are themselves brutalised and terrorised. They too are victims.

Behind the repression is a political complex, whose most basic rationale is the most effective exploitation of Ireland as a whole. It is necessary to understand this mechanism. It is not enough to be indignant. Nor is it enough simply to admire. The courage of the Bogsiders is enormous. The daring of the Belfast Republicans is enormous. The determination of the nationalist population to resist the mounting attacks is enormous. But this monstrosity that is Ireland Under imperialism can only be defeated by a force with the same defined sense of purpose as British imperialism and its allies.

. here is a fight on in Ireland, and the militants there are organising to win it.

The same fight is on in Britain, an imperialist power and a capitalist economy in severe crisis. The propoganda machine, the crowd pushing machine, the coloured dyes, the high-velocity self-loading rifle, the micro-pulverised CS gas, are being prepared in Belfast for use in Birmingham. The forms of repression may differ, the complex of political relationships and the relevant issues may differ; the enemy is the same. It is scarcely affected by individual bombs, by pithy prose and by protest. It can be shifted by political organisation. To seek out the weak points and drive in a wedge, to understand the cohesion and the fragility of the system, to build on the struggles that are going on, to forge a human weapon to overthrow an inhuman system, that is the business of revolution. The power which stands behind repression can only be defeated with the building of a counter power. When that is ready to strike, there will be no need for the Angry Brigade.

Brian Trench

PRE PA STORY "BELFAST" TIMED 1847

BLAST WRECKS PRISON GATE
August 22nd 1971 PAP 150000-303(PNR/P-O)

BLAST WRECKS PRISON GATE

Belfast, Sunday PA:

Armed troops stand guard outside the main gate to Belfast prison, Crumlin road, which was blasted by a bomb hurled from a passing car this evening.

Two police officers and two unruly prisoners were injured and rushed to the nearby Mater Hospital.

Windows were shattered over a wide area.

The prison houses a number of internees detained in the round-up of nearly two weeks ago.

August 22nd 1971 PAP 150000-303(PNR/P-O)

WIREPHOTO Belfast

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THIS PICTURE HAS BEEN TELEPHOTOED BY P.A. BROADCAST TO PROVINCIAL MORNING

RAGE OF INNOCENCE

Whilst OZ was being tried at the Old Bailey, about a dozen people collected at the Wellington Park Hotel in belfast on the night of June 29th for a celebration dinner. An evening of Guiness and grass, of eating and laughing. Felix de Mendelsohn and Joseph Stevens had been acquitted and released after being found Not Guilty of throwing petrol bombs and possession of a loaded firearm — a sawnoff shotgun. For three months they had been awaiting trial in the notorious Crumlin Road Jail, with two Irishmen. Peter McCarten, a young journalist who made a statement, pleaded guilty and was given a year's sentence. The other was James McCann, poet, adventurer, revolutionary. Two weeks before coming up for trial, James, the local boy to whom police had promised 15 years inside, took his life into his own hands — literally — and escaped from Crumlin Road. What follows is his own story, recorded about five days after his escape from prison.

Freezing, no toilet facilities in the cell. I've got to use the cell floor. Fright, fear, the whole trauma of transplantation. One minute I'm sitting talking in the university and a couple of hours later I'm in a prison cell, completely naked, degraded, a blanket over me. They then come and I recognise its daylight by looking into the corridor where there's light and they take me to another room where there's three chairs and two of them sits in the chairs and I'm made to sit in another chair . Knowing what's coming I pretend I'm asleep. I make out I'm asleep and tired but I'm wide awake. So they start moving chairs and things to keep me awake. Then this Special Branch pig comes in, sees me, looks me over, kicks the chair from under me and hits me a boot. He says 'You Fenian fucker, we want you'. And before you leave you're going to tell us everything that happened there. I looks at him and I says 'Fuck you, I will not say a fucking thing. And you fucking hit me again and you know what I'm going to do. I'm going to bash my head against that fucking wall so hard that you fuckers won't be able to stand up in court and say that we didn't lay a finger on him, I'll be so marked.' No more physical violence was threatened. Over the next two days I wasn't allowed any sleep. I was interrogated.

Then after about a week in jail I started planning. I was in a difficult position trying to relate to the two people who had just been thrown in jail with me, the fact that a statement written down by a young kid who wrote down anything the police told him he was so frightened, totally concocted was used as evidence against us the fact that we'd be libelled by the protestant 'Telegraph', the fact that all the hysteria and the circumstances surrounding a so-called trial — we hadn't got a chance and I was going to get out. I then started plotting and planning and getting blades, hacksaw blades. Had a look at the cell, had a look at the system and really got disillusioned. Impossible. I've been in a few jails, but believe me baby, Crumlin Road is a fucking tough nut to crack. Inside security, all cells doors have little peepholes, you never know when the pigs are going to come and look into your cell; cells are 13' by 7', patrols have total communication all the time with the centre, 24 hours, a 20 ft wall inside got to be scaled, a prison jailyard overlooked by armed soldiers, fully illuminated at night, a forty foot wall led into a situation which had an army barracks which I had to pass.

It was just a mock trial, I didn't even react to the pack of fucking lies in the depositions, I just sat in the witness box reading a fucking book. The pigs read out an obviously rehearsed story, which was obviously believed by the majority of the people in the courtroom. Evidence against Joe Stevens, against Felix DeMendelsohn was totally and utterly fabricated They'd manoeuvred it and made it malleable to such an extent that it sounded in legalistic terms feasible. The magistrate didn't know any better. He could only accept the legal shit, logic semantics, he could only accept that. In the Northern Ireland legal system the judges are always political appointments, the lawyers always have vested interests in terms of their jobs, gutless fucking pigs who paid the price in tax, that's thier price. You wouldn't get justice, any form of justice, legal justice, individual justice, street justice or natural justice — you just wouldn't fucking get it. I knew it, I couldn't articulate it very well, but deep in my balls man, I fucking knew it. And I knew I gotta get out of the jail. Now because of the people involved helping me I had to bribe one of the fucking ex B-Special pigs to bring me in hacksaw blades. They were posted to his house with money contained. We kept the receipt in case he should have reneged on it. One morning he got it, he never handed it to me. I went out on the exercise and came back and they were under my pillow. Now if I make a mistake he can let on and get promotion any time, so I've got to keep him balanced. Now he'd done this for me not just for the money but because he realised that the people who are in the struggle in Belfast at the moment are going to win and those type of fuckers are either going to get put up against the wall, locked up in jail or vendettas carried out against them

I hid the blades in reception because it's the only place you can go to at any time. When I went to the courts I never carried them with me 'cos when you come back you get searched. Come in, took them out and went to my cell. Every day you go out and exercise and come in and you're searched again and the cells are searched and the bars are checked so it was totally up against it, everything was battle. Come back from court, go in and start cutting the bars that evening. There's only times when I can cut the bars — the yard patrol has passed and the lights are put out in the cell. That means when he's turned out the lights he's got to turn out all the other lights in the wing and he's got about 15 minutes to do this. I cut then. I can't cut loud because ther's police informers in the jail. I cut very silent and very quiet. One set of bars on the outside — three weeks. I cut through four bars on the inside and three on the outside physically to get you through. Now each day, they were about an inch in diameter each bar, painted across with a sort of cream coloured paint, each day I cut through a little way. I can't cut through them all the way but have to leave a little bit because each day the security screws come around and tap the bars. I filled them with soap, glued them with butter and put this dead fly on it. The security screws used to come in and look at it and think it's the most natural thing in the world, a dead fly.

I went to the court one morning, came back and there was a special crew outside my windows putting special high tensile steel bars outside my windows.

Spent the next two days in my cell in the depths of depression. But I still had the blades and I crawled out that night and had a good look at them. Tried to cut one of the bars, couldn't. Tried one of the nuts that was holding them on at the side and of course it was ordinary steel. The most dangerous part was having to get out of the window and do this every night. The slightest sound, a pindrop or a cough is carried across the yard. Over the other side of the remand yard is a boiler room and it's always pumping water which goes foomph foomph foomph. So I could cut for about fifteen minutes everyday cutting those bars and it took me about two weeks to get through them. During this period every day and in every way I watched the doings of all the screws.

Before I escape I've been relating to alot of the Provos who've been in the prison and realising that not only have I got a personal

responsibility to people with a greater and bigger sentence hanging over their heads as well as to the people I've been arrested with. So I went and talked to one of the Provo leaders on the Wednesday and said that I was going and explained how I was going to do it and he said 'It's impossible'. But he said let it never be said that I never attempted attempted to assist. I took the necessary steps to get him transferred to my cell, but that day he was whipped out and taken off to court and given eleven years in jail.

The physical things I've got to overcome never mind the psychological ones is to cut through three sets of bars, get into the yard, without being seen by the inside patrol, climb up a 20' wall, bared wire, drop down into the yard, worm across the yard, and get over a forty foot wall. Physically it would be impossible to carry the stuff. I hadn't got the stuff in my cell. All there was in it was a canvas mattress, a few sheets and blankets and a chair. The chair consisted of a mixture of wood and tubular steel. But fortunately

Photographs taken in Belfast by George Snow

half way along the wall between the two guarded turrets was a gate which led to a football field that was used for recreation. Three quarters of the way up the wall the gate was made of transparent wire, laced wire four inches apart. 35' wall, 25' up it. I decided to climb this gate in what I thought was quite an ingenious way. Take the pieces of wood from my cell and poke them into the wire and like a mountain climber I'd just scramble right up it. Get to the top of the wall, make a short hook in the rope, fling it over the wall and you're half way there. This is physically, the guards and things that's got to be figured out. And I watch the patrols, and I get into all their habits and I knows that the night patrol goes off at 7 o'clock but the morning shift, the day shift, comes on at half past 7. In terms of the structure they're supposed to check my cell at quarter past 7 but over the weekends, I don't know why, they never do it. There was a half hour break when they were reading the paper, having their morning snack, waiting to go home and sleep, whatever the fuck those pigs do. Having overcome them, by the element of chance which was in my favour, there was only one major problem — the troops on the wall.

While I was in there extra orders come out because of the guerilla warfare in Belfast that anyone in suspicious circumstances could be fired at and shot by the occupying forces. Now to me it was perfectly logical that crawling along the top of a prison wall at half past seven in the morning was certainly suspicious circumstances and those fuckers whold have shot me like a dog. Especially those mean Scots fuckers who were taunted out of the window every night by all the republicans and were totally demoralised. The Sunday morning I was supposed to go that night in Belfast it was like the Fourth of July in Washington Square. Bombs and fireworks all over the place. Sceurity forces searchlights inside the jail, everything. When the morning came . . . all night long I cut my canvas mattress, make a ten foot rope out of it, cut my chair, made a hook out of my chair, wrapped that round it. Checked all the technicalities of shape, shape of hooks, knots in their proper places and on the bottom of the rope a little wrist hanger to make sure that if I threw it up I wouldn't lose it. And the bits of wood which I cut from my chair for the pegs to get up. Sunday morning seven o'clock bells rings. Time to get up. All ready, all in a bag; all in the cell. Get up, takes the window out, take the first part, then the second. Get out. Cut through the last bolt. Can't cut through completely. Try to move it out. Won't move. Everytime I try to move it it gets tighter and tighter. Self tightening rawlplug in it. Won't move, can't cut through it in the time I've got available. Creep back in. Cover everything up again, which I can't do completely. Just before the screws walk in at half past seven I complain to the screw I'm sick. Stomach pain, I want to see a doctor. My cell will not stand a physical or visual inspection. So in the Breakfast period between half past seven and nine o'clock I tie my chair up again with bits of black thread. If one of the screws had stomped his feet too heavy it would have collapsed. Try to cover things up and stay in bed. A brain damaged medical pig comes over and gives me some kind of shit, which I drink down and lie in bed trying to look ill.

'It's Sunday morning, people come with the car, they dissappear thinking I've been caught, I haven't made it. I can't have a visit, I can't get the word out. Now my ordeal that day consists of the two screws who come into my cell every day. They come, look around, look at me surprised to find me in the cell, I tell him I'm fucking ill. Give him a volley of abuse, threaten complaining to my solicitor, I haven't been treated properly, and under a barrage of words beating off their brain damaged skulls they retreat from the cell. I collapse in my bed, just from the nervous tension. Lie in my bed that day, relaxing and preparing myself. Get through the whole night dozing, waking up. Morning comes and I hear the yard patrol and the whole system of which I know every sound. I know exactly what it is and this is ten years of my life at stake. I hear the bell and that means everyone's got to get up, make your bed, get ready your pisspots, put it out in a bucket. I write a note to the Government saying *'This escape is a demonstration of revolutionary freedom. I will not give them justice, there is no justice. This institute is only an extension of your own intellectual and spiritual bankruptcy. Fuck you, fuck Faulkner, fuck the system. I don't like your jail and I'm away. All power to the people. James McCann.'*

Turn, get out of the window, dropping out of the window making all kinds of noises. The guys next to me's a provo, couple other fellows are provos. Get out the window. They're all there and with me all their eye strains and nerve signs come into my body and I took this as an additional strength. Run across the yard in just my shirt and trousers, with my pillowcase of pegs and my rope wrapped around me. Clamber up on a small building that the prisoners use to shelter out of the rain, throw my hook up, pull myself on top of

the wall , get on the top of the wall and look. 50 yards of complete open space before me overlooked by both troops. Earlier that morning there'd been an explosion in Unity Walk. Normally there was two Scottish pig mercenaries in each turret, at each corner. There was only one. I wait till they walk into the turrets, there's little slits they can look out of, and sit down or do whatever they do, sprint down the other side very quietly. One soldier comes across the yard and looks over. He can see me if he looks closely, but I'm in grey trousers, and grey sweater against a grey wall and the only thing that matters is my black hair and white face and if I make a movement I might attract his eye. When he goes in the turret again I crawl and the fifty yards from there to the bottom of the gate I crawl in record time. All the kids are still up in the windows and looking at this thing and by now the whole fucking wing's looking at it. In a normal prison the hoods and criminals would have been on the bell trying to get a few weeks remission on their sentence by telling the authorities, but in this prison they're my people, the Ballymurphy Brigade, the boys from Ballymacarton, they're sound, they're solid.

It gets to the point where in terms of the turrets I'm safer. I'm close against the wall, they're close against the wall. It'll be a risk when I get half way up the gate and they'll see me, look directly down on me. I puts in my first hook, puts in the other hook, the other one, and gets half way up the gate, this paraphanalia wrapped around me. Get up the 25' of the gate, holds on to the top and I'm there. And out of the corner of my eye I see one of the troops come out of the turret and looks straight at me, I can feel him looking at me. He must have looked straight at me and turned away. Saw me but he didn't see me. This crazy chameleons clinging against this wall, his inner part sort of vibrating. It was like being reborn again. I could smell the air. I was afraid even to consider them, but I knew it was there. I had the scent of freedom, baby. Balance on the top of the gate, take the hook and throw it on the top of the wall, it misses. Comes flashing down past me. Bounces off my shoulder, swings down, makes a dull thud against the wall and I slowly pull it up again. Grab the hook and throw it up again. Misses the top of the wall again but goes right over the other side and catches by one of the knots. Now I've been on this gate and on this wall for five minutes. I'd forgotten about the troops walking in and out, time's ticking off. The screws'll be at my cell at half seven. I've got about two minutes over half-seven and the scream will go up. Can't get rid of the knot, won't pull over the wall so the only way I'm going to do it is twist it. So I twists it slowly. It comes and the hook catches on the top of the wall. Springs out, push my foot against the largest peg left in the gate, something to stand on 'cos I'd got about another ten feet of brick to climb. Bathed in sweat, had my energy sapping out of me. Pull on the rope, get myself half way up the rope and I lose my strength. And just as I get like that I see out of the corner of my eyes soldiers; and I don't make a move, just like an ostrich puts his head in the sand, I'm just waiting there for a shot to

ring out. And I turned round, looked again. It must have been about half a lifetime and they both walked into the turrets again.

Somewhere and somehow a new energy like something from another world starts flowing through me. I throw myself on the top of the wall pulling the hook up after me. I run along the top of the wall and stay on the top of the wall looking down this side 'cos I didn't know what the patrols were outside. As soon as I look down all I hear is tramp tramp tramp tramp tramp and four soldiers and a dog walk along the bottom of the wall. 'Cos it was a concrete wall this, and where I am, even if they looked up they couldn't see me. Eventually I'm here and they're there, they walk past me and I'm looking down on top of their heads. They wouldn't have seen me anyway 'cos they had military caps on, the Nazi-style ones with the big peaks, and the dog didn't even fucking see me. They walk past round the corner. Bounce down, into a rhubarb patch and the hook's hanging there on the wall. I'm into the two walls between Crumlin Road and St Malachi's College. Between me and freedom there's a ten foot wall. Everything's still quiet, the guys from the turret can still see me. Went across the rhubarb patch and cleared that ten-foot wall in about half a second. Dropped straight down behind a tree in St Malachi's playing fields. Looked through the trees and about two or three hundred yards away there's a sentry post, sandbagged and corrugated iron. Run from tree to tree. Across St Malachi's yard. The symbolism of it was that ten years before I'd left this Jesuit College. I'd left it, turned a complete circle and went to the institute at the other side of the wall. And now I'd got out of that fucking place I'd never return.

The trees were damp in the morning and leaves were heavy and there was a rich smell and something inside me began to grow like a shaft of wonder. I walked across that last yard, I walked across like Christ walking across the water and my wings inside my skull open up and flapped. I knew I was there. Run across St Malachi's Yard to a place that I always knew from ten years previous when I wanted to bunk out of classes. Got there, climbed up on there, jumped over this wall and I'm in Lincoln Avenue. Went down Lincoln Avenue, down some steps onto the Antrim Road. All the workers were going to work. I had a contact in a place on the Antrim Road, but I had to go across Carlyle Circus, down into Free Belfast, which is about five or ten minutes. Just as I knocked on this contact's door I heard the siren go woowoowoo in the jail. I walked into the person's house. They didn't believe it was me. They heard the siren go and looked out, saw the pigs and troops flooding the place. And I walked in and I just went down on my fucking knees and I said that's it, I'm free. I've made it.

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NEW ALBUMS

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Tonto's Expanding Headband
Zero Time

Jim Pepper
Pepper's Pow-Wow

Flaming Groovies

Polydor

ATLANTIC

BUDDAH RECORDS

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The trial of Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie began at the Old Bailey on September 7th. The charge, carrying a life sentence, is conspiring to cause explosions, including the one at Carr's house. They have been in Brixton, alone in their cells for 23 hours a day, since February.

The bombings are getting out of hand. The State must pretend its in control. The order goes out from Heath, "Turn London upsidedown, but get the bombers." The pigs desperately need an arrest. Their usual technique — pin it on someone with previous convictions. So they grabbed Jake and Ian, 'Two likely candidates for an outrage' as Habershon (chief pig in the case) called them in court.

Anonymous star prosecution witness Mr A gave "the whole story". So detailed and well prepared was his evidence that you would never believe that it was three months before that he had "heard" it. His word-perfect account neatly tied up more or less the whole prosecution case, even down to the analyses of the forensic experts. All that remains of the case Ian is his friendship with Jake and his political beliefs. Mr B supposedly backing up A's evidence never turned up in court.

Also, in their efforts to prove that Jake and Ian stole explosives, they actually established that Jake was in Edinburgh on November 20th, the day he is charged with blowing up a BBC van outside the Miss World Contest in London.

The tactics used by the police in chasing the bombers have shown up peoples' 'rights' for the con that they are. They have broken into dozens of our homes stealing whatever they wanted. They have dragged us off for questioning, imprisoned us illegally and kept us for days without access to lawyers. Even their own witnesses testify that the Special Branch has intimidated them. As Habershon said, "We have no time for legal niceties." A month ago he had to be physically restrained from removing vital defence papers from Agitprop.

But so many people get done over by the law. If you have got long hair, if you're the wrong colour or a woman or gay, if you are a worker going on strike or if you're a kid just trying to stop getting bored, you're likely to get the same treatment. Anyone who is ANGRY will get the same treatment.

"I think that those of you who are on the outside should invite many more people to attend the hearings. The newspapers, of course, give a very misleading impression as to the tenor of the proceedings. People must come to understand what is going on. They should see that the State seeks to put a person's thoughts and beliefs on trial. They say that a person with strong anarchistic (sic) views literally indoctrinated another in the space of a couple of months. They will bring persons to testify to this who do not know a conservative from a trotskyist. They will bring people to lie manifestly, they will bring senior officials from the police department to elucidate the monumental works of the script writing department of the Department of Public Prosecutions. They will produce books and documents they have seized. Its important that much of this should be witnesses."

Ian Purdie

Jake
Written before going inside

It just happens that its me thats writing, it could be one of many. Born and spent the first six years in Wellwood, mining village in Fifeshire. Father drove coal lorry and fought and beat all three of village pigs, right on! Mother most beautiful woman in village, killed by State at 27, Grandfather in pit 42 years, has silicosis, less three fingers, and in poverty now. Grandmother worked in pits when she was 13 until at 18 she got married, 8 kids, 50 years of overwork, hardship, poverty — they still live in council property now. Five uncles (their sons) work in pits, one dead — blown up down the pit along with 34 others on the same day, and two aunts gave birth to 15 kids between them — all of them OPPRESSED. I went to government institution at 6 years old (orphan home), outside Glasgow, tied tag round my neck with number, red cross jerseys, kept me for eight years, even though my grandparents tried everything they could do to get me out, every fucking department. The reason they kept me eight years? When my father put me in he signed a paper saying that I would stay until I was 16 and he would pay 30 shillings a week for 'my keep'. He didn't pay, they wanted their money. They looked for him for eight years. In the end they gave up, telegraphed my grandparents to come and get me — warned them 'your son is no saint'. (Was going to high school then, travelling on the train every day by myself, whee man, all that freedom went to my head, kept being brought back by the pigs from such exotic places as Glasgow, smoking — say my first movie — stealing anything I could get my hands on, in love six times a day — had a lot of it trapped inside me by then). Back to Wellwood fuck the high school, went to school in village — sometimes got a job, farm labourer, six days a week, £4 for 6 months. Hate for the pigs, worked in factories — McVitie and Price (¾ million Rich Tea Biscuits) machine operator (vice versa one dimensional man etc.) In London, '66 factory again, £13 per week this time. 20 months all emotions anaesthetised/cut off suddenly, back to stealing, (needed £8 per day) — ended up getting five and a half years. Well, thats enough . . . these are some of the trash that have shaped my 'thinking' if you like, and many people, too many to mention, have left their mark inside.

Jake
February 25

Coming back and forward to court it's different cars and pigs, except for one, who is an incredibly stupid person, and a colossal bore with a very sick sense of humour who keeps cracking jokes about life imprisonment — which he says I'll get, 'It's better than hanging isn't it Mr Prescott?' And he's a right ego-tripping bastard to boot, and very insecure, and I kind of look out of the windows and try and ignore him, cos slagging him off is no good, he likes it . . . until coming back from court today, being hung up about you all and whether you are all gay or not, finally asking me point blank if I was gay. I told him, 'of course, didn't you guess' and he kind of hunched up and muttered 'I thought so', and tried to get as far away as possible from me — difficult cos I'm always handcuffed to him — anyway it must have been one of my rare moments of enlightenment because he didn't say another word all the way from Golders Green to Brixton.

Ian
March 12

*There's talk of me being moved to D Wing (security). * Right now I am with about 8 other guys who make up categories A to E, E being guys with records of escape and A's being guys 'whose escape is likely to cause embarrassment to the Secretary of State' — none other than smiling Reggie, they don't take into account that I find him an acute embarrassment all the time.*

We are kept separate from the others, and exercise differently, and have our visits in the security wing. I would prefer to be over there, cause I've got no chance of bail so it's a question of a 6 month wait I'd rather be where you can play football and associate in the evenings. D wing is separate from the rest of the jail so you're freer to move around in it, sounds a bit of a better scene than being banged up for 22 hours odd a day.

I miss you all greatly and hope by the summer we may be reunited then I'll be able to continue with you the work of 'pushing back pulling out and tearing off the fangs of capitalism' as the wobblies used to say.

*(Note: this turned out to be untrue. Although he should have been moved to D Wing, the Home office refused, as Jake is in that Wing. They will not allow them to see each other except in the dock).

Ian
April 6

I read incredulously of the official agreement to the Ford's dispute . . . this is doing the work of the Bill before it even becomes law and there seems to be no telling just how quickly the unions will knuckle under . . . there is no doubt that the counter-revolution is becoming more and more organised . . . I sit patiently in the dungeons waiting to dance on their graves.

Ian
May 4

I hear they're stomping thru' lots of people's places but that's cause they're frightened and insecure and want to lock lots of people up, they don't like being challenged. You know how I hate dictums but its good to realize that to be attacked by the enemy is a good thing — they show their nasty forces all over the place and so more revolutionaries are born. No time for closing your doors, we've got them running — let's get on with it and put them to rout. We're only young and slowly growing but look what they're teaching us.

Today made me closer to physical sickness than almost any other. Reynolds (the magistrate) is a contributory factor, but you get quickly used to prosecuting court officials. The main thing with today was that it showed how they've sunk to their lowest ebb . . . look at it today, a chick sick with herself for having to be there . . . Can you imagine w she felt standing there looking at Jake and knowing he could get life, life and life. You only do it by choice you only do it thru' coercion. OK so we know the score from the beginning, we know the way they work and expect them to fabricate a case because they have no other way.

ONE BIG FRAME UP

The Prison Letters of Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie

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THE MOTHERS

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Go Home Ozzies!

Australia is now the most important battleground for the fourth world:

1. It is the emerging focus for American, British, South African and Japanese economic imperialism. In the last ten years, as the third world nations have made it increasingly uncomfortable for economic imperialists, the growth of foreign economic involvement here has been astounding.

2. Australia's mineral and other resources are building the machines of oppression in Britain and America. Profits from investment of increasingly worthless American dollars and English pounds (both of which are strongly supported by the Federal treasury here: see last world financial crisis when Australia suspended trading in all but American, British or Canadian currency) and profits from the sale of their goods in Australian markets are financing their machines. "Give me your resources, take my paper money and worthless goods" (from 'Our Favorite Songs' Uncle Sam and the Queen, 1770-1970).

3. Australia's own imperialism is growing in coincidence with foreign imperialism here. The U.S. and Britain need a fat cow to milk. But no Bull . . . Washington rebuked Canberra last week for selling cane harvesting machines to Cuba.

4. The People are Pigs of the worst order, mostly unaware and uninvolved with what is happening to them and their land. The imperialists have learned some lessons: No more sharp hungry minds; Exploitation of white by white with the exploited kept at a low level of consciousness with plenty of beer and steaks and minds seduced by Anglo-U.S. establishment television and heavily censored press, books and movies. It is a new imperial dress. Uncle Sam and the Queen have crossed fingers and toes, hoping no one will lift it.

5. Australia is not over populated which means:
(a) There is no earthly reason for its imperialism. It has no need for inflow of capital or resources to trade for food. (just the opposite of England).
(b) It could be entirely self sufficient if its imperialism were ended, and all foreign developments were nationalized without compensation or curtailed. It could be China without a population problem.
(c) Because all of the capitalistic, imperialistic, exploitative and other systems are not necessary for the survival of the 12 million people here, they could be thrown off in a decade or two. There need be no waiting for population controls to take effect. No waiting for anything but for the human beings here to understand their place in the world and act on that understanding.

6. Napoleon III said "nothing is truly destroyed until it is replaced" Australia can cast off all of the capital, imperial exploitative shackles now and replace them now . . . with whatever we choose. This can be the first place. . .

7. Richard Brautigan wants deer and computers side by side in a forest. Okay, but by the time computers can survive in forests, will there be any forests left? Any deer? Here there is still a live world as a framework for men and their activities. Brautigan's dream, your dream, my dream are all possible now.

8. As a "White Western" country, Australia is our responsibility, our child. We are not needed in Chile, in Ecuador, in Cuba, in Africa, in Brazil or by the Black Panthers. They don't want us. Australia is a chance for us to clean our own house. Then, when we say, "Okay man, come see," we will have something to give. Good change from sucking the third world movements dry. How dry did we suck the Panthers? Jimi Hendrix? We have to carry our own load, not ride the back of Mao or Che or Ho Chi Minh.

9. England doesn't need you any longer Richard and Stan. "I don't want to talk to the converted Abbie Hoffman. After you win the OZ trial you must come to Australia. (Ha,Ha:OZ eds.) There will be plenty of people to carry on in London. It must be great to live where the bands are all fab and everything balls; where freaks are numerous enough that you feel a MOVEMENT. (Ha,Ha,Ha,:OZ eds).

10. If Australia can be turned on, motivated, it can strike a heavy blow to the whole western establishment. It can throw their whole mess back in their laps. This is what the braver third world nations are doing. A tuned in Australia could be, in our lifetime, a totally different society, Replace the old and the energy will flow from us to help our brothers do the same.

But the opportunity is going fast. We need help; human beings of vision and energy now. The immigration policies are bringing the two hardest classes to turn on: Semi skilled European peasnats and capital financiers. Americans are literally buying the country in large blocks (11,000,000 acres to one Texan owned ranch). Washington ties closer and closer to Canberra, minerals are taken, "joint defence" bases are constructed, land and wildlife are destroyed, U.S. financed tourist complexes are taking over coastal country economies. Holiday Inns is opening 1500 motel rooms in the next couple or years. Jerry Lewis is here to start a chain of "family" theatres featuring clean movies. "Just like in the U.S. where I have over a thousand theatres. You'd be surprised at the number of people that like clean movies."
The web is tightening.

We need you. Bring reinforcements. They're trying to deport me. I have an obscene publications trial tomorrow for the words "Fuck It". To the rescue ★ export that good old revolution ★ bring it on home! Richard, Stan, Germaine come on, Bring music, Bring love, bring light, breathe life. We can throw off the chains, we can start again. This is the place. This is your place.

Garth

Take One Erring Wife,

GOOD LITTLE BAD GIRL

THE ROAD to you-know-where is paved with good intentions and beauteous Ann Dexter had the best intentions in the world. This dark-haired charmer thought she was helping when she took the job glorifying feminine flimsies.

Her husband, Harry, was a little old-fashioned and very, very jealous, so Ann thought she'd better keep her new activity a secret. Harry wondered where his spouse went on many afternoons, but the lovely lingerie model always had a glib answer ready to pacify him.

Ann congratulated herself several times as she posed in flimsy lace and slinky satin dainties. She knew that Harry would not like the idea of others enjoying the view of her scantily-clad charm, but she felt that the extra income justified the risk she was taking. Her soft, alluring curves and alabaster skin were ideal for modeling the resplendent raiment, and more and more of her time was devoted to the new career.

The alibis became weaker and weaker until trustful Harry began to accept them without question—openly, at least. Privately he knew that something was fishy and determined to find out what it was. That did it. It was simple to unobtrusively trail his winsome wife to the salon where the bewitching brunette displayed her shapely charms to glorify the latest in lingerie fashions.

Harry didn't break up the act then. He went home and waited, biding his time. Ann was never more captivating as she entered the living room. The modeling fee in her purse was enough to make her happy as she thought of

Ann is a little bit of heaven in a little bit of lace and that's what made husband Harry unhappy. With a figure like this, Harry should be jealous.

Add An Irate Husband – Result, A Sound Spanking!

all the things she could do with the extra money.

Harry didn't get mad. He stated the case and forbade further pursuit of the profitable career. Ann pleaded to no avail, then stormed out of the room, vowing to do as she pleased. Harry had made his declaration and awaited coming events calmly.

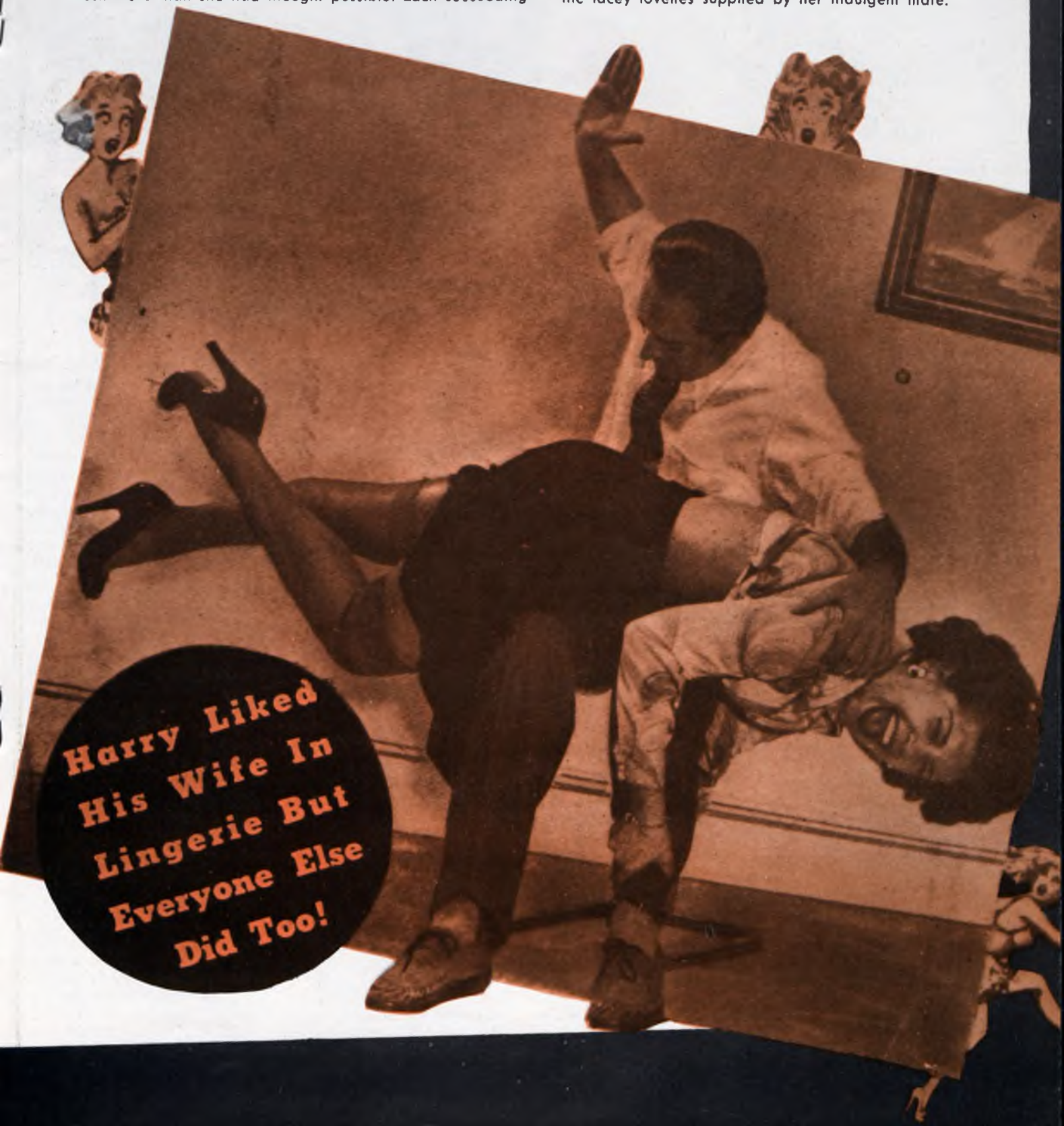
They weren't long in coming. Ann went right back the next day and Harry knew it. He was waiting when his lovely wife came in, and Ann knew trouble was brewing as soon as she saw him. Harry didn't say much. He took off his jacket and seized the erring bride in an iron grip.

It was a classic while it lasted. Ann screamed when the first blow was struck, that cupped palm stinging her tender flesh more than she had thought possible. Each succeeding impact of flesh on flesh increased the tingling pain until it was unbearable. Ann finally won her point and was set on her feet by her huffy husband. He was tired anyway.

Ann faced him angrily, her tender derriere prompting words of bitter recrimination. Harry remained unperturbed. She prepared a fresh tirade, then gulped and swallowed the words. She had just discovered that she loved her Harry more than ever before.

She found that she understood and respected his point of view. She knew he was jealous of her beauty and vowed never again to do anything that would displease him.

Ann still models and Harry gives his full approval. But now her modeling is confined to displaying her charms in the lacey lovelies supplied by her indulgent mate.



Harry Liked His Wife In Lingerie But Everyone Else Did Too!

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Under Whose Thumb?

Pouring over the mike, pleading, the Heart of Stone breaks before the magic of his myth inverted. The Devil makes an exclusive appearance as Humpty-Dumpty, the Midnight Rambler is confronted with forces that he can't fit under his shaky thumb, and he pleads, take it easy, take it easy.

In that moment at Altamont, captured in the film, 'Gimme Shelter', all my perplexed, confused reactions to the Rolling Stones came to mind in a flash of pity. Then the knifing, again, in slow motion, take in all the pain. The Stone's strength always hinged on the edge of a threat, but now the shot just away in the future resounds in the present and lingers reverberating in the past.

First, let me explain why I must write this article, to Mick and all you men. I am the Stupid Girl who hit her head too many times against your hearts of stone. I am the Factory Girl, the Honky Tonk Women, Brown Sugar, the Parachute Woman and Ruby Tuesday. I am the girl who had to settle for your expectations, whose eyes were kept to myself while you could look at someone else. I wanted your mind and was given your arm and leg. I have had your knife stuck in my throat til it hurt. I am Yesterday's Girl. But then, SO ARE YOU.

There are so many crontradictions once SEX is equated with WAR. Like the contradiction between Mick twirling his scarf in the seductive dance of a queen and belting the angry mean lyrics aimed like swords at women. How do you piece together the jig-saw puzzle of Jagger, unafraid to cast the spell of the hermaphrodite, to boldly and flamboyantly put on the mysterious bi-sexual performance and yet lash out as the ultimate in the male supremacy. The other half of that contradiction is me, a woman aware of that sadism, digging it — masochism, identification with the oppressor? The Rolling Stones wrap themselves in evil cloaks and it is hard to strip them naked. And we, the audience, are left wondering why we love the demonic — do we see ourselves as Jagger or Jagger's lover when the pounding rhythms find us lying on the floor? Do the songs of sex, male over female, in the end reduce themselves to Jagger over everybody, is that the basis of the breathless idolatry?

Most of the Stones' adoring audiences don't even try to figure them out, just accept the image, applaud the myth, take in the aura, get high on the power, but never try to figure out what it all means. Then at Altamont a real knife, a real threat, a real murder. Mick can't sing out mockingly, "Let It Bleed" with the taste of real blood still sitting uncomfortable in his mouth. Mick, whose magic projected the image to perfection, can't make it as a vampire.

The Hell's Angels have no such reservations about a little spilled blood. The Stones' nasty habits may consist of taking tea at three but the Angels get off better on gang bang rape and knife fights. Hell's Angels are the devil that Jagger trys to project himself as. When the image meets reality on the stage at Altamont we suddenly see the white suited rose-shirted demon for the choir boy that he is and we also see the skull and cross bones etched into the dirty leather as the real bully, the tough guy carried away with his own strength into a realm of action where sheer power rules.

A moment before the knifing the camera captures Mick and a biker in the same frame, holds as a whole cycle of emotion goes across the biker's face — hatred, attraction, envy, hatred. Another shot which shows the interaction of the Stones and the bikers — after Altamont Jagger and Charlie Watts sit listening to a talk show discussion of the murder at Altamont during which Sonny Barger called up in a pitiful attempt to clear the Angels' name. Mick winces as only a good little boy can wince, Charlie half smiles and shakes his head. The bikers and the Stones have similar pretentions, but the Stones know when they are on stage, when they are in fantasy and when they are not. Between performances the Stones are quiet, reflective, even gentle — the Bikers are not superstars so they are continually groping for their outrageous moment in the spotlight. Chains and knives are high theatre but they draw real blood — the surreal crashes on reality.

The Stones are subtle and obscure. Richard and Jagger write complex lyrics with a hell of a lot of feeling in them. The have a penchant for the ironic and the surreal not as far out as Dylan on Bringing It All Back Home or Blonde On Blonde, but in that way. Mick's voice is neither gentle nor grinding but a weird mixture of both in which the word all but lose themselves in the raw emotions. But there is nothing simp minded about the words or the themes of the songs, seeing the Stones projected on the screen, the image examined from all angles, the complexity of the culture heroes is really evident for the first time — unless, of course, you examined them closely before, looked at the record covers, bothered to piece together the puzzling lyrics.

The Stones become just five musicians trying to cope with the roles they've been thrust into — but by the end of the song Jagger is joined on the floor by "my women" and the jig-saw puzzle gains a new connotation. And yet in this song like many of the others there is a sense of exploration, trying to find some shelter, trying to understand the thin line separating love and violence, co-existing as they do within the realm of human emotion. And taking those words out of their flower child connotations, wondering about violent revolution. Rage, murder is just a shot away/love is just a kiss away.

The aftermath of Altamont could have meant the Stones rising above the shit that they've been into in the past, to stop directing their energy into the egotistical put-down put-on and more into sensitively dealing with what the whole thing meant. Jagger convinced the Mayles Brothers to add scenes of the kids leaving Altamont to 'Gimme Shelter' rather than ending the film after the knifing. I think it was a good idea — the scenes mellow out the shock, the weary faces reflect our own weariness after witnessing the ordeal. 'Gimme Shelter' is a unique opportunity to witness the ordeal just as the Stones themselves in making the film saw the shots of their tour, of their pretentious interview, of their performances, of the knifing over and over again. And yet I wonder what effect that self-scrutiny had after seeing the new album with the zip down pants cover.

Maybe the Stones are yesterday's cocks.

Mary Strong
reprinted from 'Nola Express'

The Stones had a whole dressing room with white satin couches and all this shit. It's just cocaine and Mick Jagger. I mean the Stones are into some really heavy things, like they went to Brazil and studied black magic for three months and scored a pile of cocaine... Jagger...he gets crowds really off their feet, and that's hard to do any more...Jagger can transform them in 45 minutes. He can just hold them in his crotch. That's just the way it is...'
Andy Levine, in Altamont

ANOTHER OZ SCOOP

WE MEET

UNBELIEVABLY Ronnie Biggs, Great Train Robber, escapee supreme, and without any doubt, Britain's most wanted man, has talked. Not to Fleet Street, nor to the ever-eager press vultures of Amerika, but to OZ, the Power to the People Paper.

We bring you this interview from 'somewhere in Asia' as the transcript of what we at OZ truly believe to be a genuine tape of Biggs' voice. Travelling in the Far East an OZ reader and freelance journalist met the Greatest Train Robber of 'em all and amanged to get him down on tape. His recording, together with a letter of authentication, arrived in our London offices. Obviously Ronnie Biggs is not the easiest person to tracj down. Obviously an 'interview' with him must seem an impossibility. You, the reader , may justifiably smell a rat, you may not accept that this is really Ronnie Biggs talking. We at OZ have, we assure you, given the tape and its transcript the most intense consideration and it is only after this searching look at the background and recent history of the man in question that we feel ourselves free to bring you the latest episode in the saga of Ronnie Biggs - The Most Wanted Man in the World.

So You were in Australia and the Police were onto you?

Everyone knew we were in Australia, that was the big trouble. We kept on getting tips they were onto us! I got into this odd kind of fuss over this money. So I had to get out of Sydney, before Charmaine, my wife, showed up. We went off down to Adelaide, that's me and Eric Flowers. So I met her and we toured round Australia a while. Darwin, Brisbane, Sydney, you know we went everywhere really. What happened was we settled down in Adelaide, had a nice little place, the house was called Surfside. Well we stayed there for about 2 years. Everything was nice and easy, no problems.

VILLAINS

Had local friends did you?

Yes, we had local friends. It was one of our local friends who did us, I reckon, because he realised who I was and he put the Law onto us. We had been told that the Police knew that I had been working as a carpenter in Adelaide and so I kind of pushed off and we went from Adelaide and we wound up in Melbourne and that's where we were for the last two years. Well the money was running a bit low by this stage but I had a job. I was working on this job where I even used to dish out the weekly payroll. I used to think, you know, all I had to do was bloody photograph the things and the plan mate and I cound have sold it to half the villains in Australia. But anyway I didn't do that because I reckoned I vas out of villainy. I'd gone straight.

TODAY Biggs facing up to the mike: Keeping on running.

Was that Charmaine?

Partly. But it was partly me as well. I mean this was going

ROOFS

to be the big one, the Train Robbery and we were going to live happily ever after. Didn' work out like that, I mean we spent half our time running away and half our time sitting in nick. I mean look at Bruce Reynolds, he got away but they got him in the end. Anyway I settled down and I settled in the end at this airport, I wound up with this construction firm working on roofing. You know I was mending the roofs and drilling it was kind of modern metal construction stuff. We were quite happy, had some friends – still had some money. Charmaine had some jewels and we had this car, this Holden when we toured round Australia which I'd bought when she arrived and we drove all the way around the country. We were happy then. So anyway we settle there and I remember it was in August of '69 when we realised how close they were to us. Big feature in the Australian Woman Weekly about the train robbers. There was a bloody great picture of me in it.

BUBBLY

Was this you with your new face, or the old one?

No, it was my old one. They didn't at that time have any pictures of me with my new face. I was bloody stupid really cos when we got to Australia we had all these stupid photographs of me and char drinking bubbly all raised glasses to our new life. With me with my new nose and all that stuff.

How did you get out of Australia?

After we saw this story we knew they were pretty close. I kept on getting these occasional messages from England, from the people who got me out in the first place. So I said to Char, I'd have to hop it. I got out just before the police got onto Charmaine and the three kids.

PLANE

I got this light plane which I had through the airport. And flew up North towards Darwin, I'd been there before. On the way I landed at this sheep station. I'd known vaguely about this bloke from a bloke I met in Melbourne and I landed there and he didn't know who I was to start with. I stayed there for a week. Just kind of helping him around. Mending walls. I mean I couldn't do any sheep shearing or anything, couldn't tell one end of a sheep from another. He begun to realise who I was – a lot of Australians were on my side.

NORTH

They were on your side?

They were quite decent actually. I mean all the papers were full of people saying how I'd been hard done by. An d I hadn't had my fair just deserts and that. So anyway, I may not have been fair and just but I sure got my desert. The old sheepfarmer said to me if I wanted to go to Darwin I might be able to pick up a boat and go North. Australia was getting pretty hot. The only thing I could do was hope for the best and get out. My face was different though I didn't know how many photos they had of me, but I found out bloody fast. So I kind of shaved my head down to two little side bits and it taned pretty fast in the sun and it didn't look too bad. I went up to Darwin and the sheepfarmer put me into contact with this bloke so through him I got in contact with this tramp boat. God it was terrible, worse than the boat I went from England to the Continent on. That was just over nignt, this bloody trip went on for days, God it was terrible, I puked my guts out. Anyway I got up to Portuguese Timor, which I had never bloody heard of. It was a diabolical place. You know dirty old Portuguese not knowing what the hell to do and a lot of miserable natives sitting around starving and that kind of thing. Well anyway when I was up there the tramp man had put me onto someone – he was very good about this – and this bloke was going over the border, into Indonesia. Well I didn't know bloody Indonesia from . . . well Shepherds Bush. I reckoned that the best bet was to get out of this Portuguese Timor place and get up through Indonesia and head up North. If I got to Asia, like Thailand for instance or Vietnam I might be alright. Cause you

VIETNAM

get a lot of people going up to Vietnam and signing on with the American Army and no questions asked because they won't find anyone to volunteer to do that, would they? And in the American Army maybe I could get a new identity. You know all this rubbish you used to read in the comics about people swapping their identity. And I didn't reckon I'd be doing any fighting, not the way I run my life. I'd run a mile. I mean when I was in the Forces I deserted and wound up in the cooler. That's before I really got going on my career of course. So I got from Portuguese Timor to a place called Surab ajo.

RONALD BIGGS

THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD

By OZ REPORTERS

Diabolical it was. Anyway I didn't stay there long I went on to Djakarta. The thing was I'd given this £11,000 to this bloke in London, £5,000 was for him and £6,000 was for "Safe Keeping". Anyway I'd thought I'd seen the last of it but in fact I got a lot of it back just before I started running again. I was pretty surprised because I thought they had screwed me for everything that I had.

KNOCK-OUT

What about getting out to England?

Well that was easy enough. The actual thing was when we were all sent down even before the sentences were announced, we were thinking of how to get out of it. We knew we were going to be sent down pretty hard. We had this situation where we were going to give this screw a knockout drop but then someone read in a legal book that we could get life for that so we thought that was no good. We did have one friendly screw who was quite helpful, he was bent himself. Right villain he was, that's what was wrong with him. So we got sent round various prisons. We started off at Lincoln where I knew the Governor and we wound up in the Scrubs when my appeal was turned down. Where I met this bloke who was dead straight and he said 'You're not going to stay in here for 30 years, are you?' Too bloody right I wasn't. He was coming out soon you see and I sent this plan out with him. When he was clear it was organised. And this plan involved me going over the wall during our exercise break. It was a very high wall, so if I got on top of the wall and lept off, I'd break my neck. So they had a furniture van pull up right on the other side. They had two exercise periods. In the afternoon. I arranged to be on the later one. The first time we tried it, it didn't work out because it was pissing down with rain. I said to the screws, 'Come on let us go for a walk, it's the only fresh air we get in the day' But he wasn't having any. The second time we tried it, it was on a Wednesday I remember, the topes came over, well two actually, commando grapples they were. I ran like hell and a few of the lads, you know, stopped the screws. But in fact a couple came over with me too.

What happened to them?

I don't know. I was the only one who had any proper sort of organisation behind me. Because I was the only one with any kind of proper money behind me. I went over the wall and down into this furniture van which was full of old matresses. So I got out that way and dumped the furniture van and got into a

BOGNOR

car. Then I went underground for a little bit and arranged to meet the wife. It was terrible you know. I had to ring her up from Victoria and she was in a call box opposite Bow Street police station. So she and I arranged to meet in the end in Bognor and we had a week in Bognor together then I had to push off and we agreed we'd meet again in Paris. What happened they got me dressed up a bloody First Mate or something and the people who got me out arranged with this First Mate to put me on board. It was bloody terrible. I was throwing up all the time. Anyway we arrived on the Continent and I didn't have any problem getting off the boat and we meet up with these people who gave us a lift to Paris. I had this big hooter and anyone who looked at me would know bloody well it was old Ronny Biggs. So when I got there we spent quite a lot of money on getting me this plastic surgery. I was told it was painless. I was with this other bloke Eric Flowers who have been sent down for 12 years for armed robbery. Anyway he had the plastic surgery first and came out groaning. They bloody pulverised me mate. Couldn't speak for a bloody week. Then I had this face life. When Char met me, she could hardly recognise me and my two kids didn't know me at all at first. But we had a very good time in Paris for a while. But it was clear that I couldn't stay in Europe anyway. I'd read this book about Australia and it sounded a pretty fair kind of place.

ARGYLE

What did you think of your QC – Argyle? Was he any good?

No one would have been any good for me mate. It was all bloddy useless as far as I was concerned. They knew I'd done it. Argyle treated me like – well you know – he might as well have been the Judge. He came out with these platitudes in Court but it didn't make any difference. I lied my bloody head off. A fat lot of good that did. Anyway Argyle didn't even shake hands with me when it was all over. I head late; that he gave money to Jack Mills who was the driver. We told him we'd give him some if we got away with it. We didn't mean to do him any harm anyway. So Argyle didn't help us at all.

THEN Dark glasses for the sunshine only. Biggs, temporarily at rest, strolling among the shoppers in Sydney

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OUTCRY AS OZ EDITORS ARE JAILED

Labour MPs attack 'act of revenge' — Daily Telegraph

FURY OVER OZ JAILINGS

Angry MPs join the wave of protest

The Sun

OZ: OBSCENE! BUT WHY THE FEROCIOUS SENTENCES?

NEVILLE — Sentenced to fifteen months

ANDERSON — Sentenced to [illegible]

THE JUDGE — Accused of an act of revenge

Fury as three editors are jailed

Daily Mirror

Oz sentences — Labour MPs sign protest

Daily Express

COMMENT

Personal reactions —

Kenneth Tynan, of "Oh! Calcutta": "Battle has been joined between Judge Argyle, England and a Free England."

Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, TV campaigner: "It is a very good thing that [illegible] been drawn."

John Lennon called it all "disgusting fascism."

Lord Soper thought the verdict [illegible] right but the sentence "savage."

Kingsley Amis, author, member of Lord Longford's committee on pornography: "My instinct is to cheer anything nasty that might happen to this unsavoury trio. At the same time nobody should be sent to prison for obscenity — whatever that is."

John Trevelyan, former film censor: "I have seen Oz and I don't like it. But I think the sentences are much too severe in relation to the offences."

John Braine, author, said he had no sympathy with Oz but "I don't see why these people should be singled out for this severe treatment."

Mick Jagger: "If there has been a moral crime committed it is by police and the judges."

Organisations joined in —

● National Council for Civil Liberties — "The sentences are savage and vindictive."

● The Young Liberals described it as "a sordid and unwelling little political trial."

● The Haldane Society of Progressive Lawyers said the case "will bring the law into [illegible]"

MPs condemn OZ gaolings as 'Establishment revenge'

The Guardian

Demonstrations and protests against 'Oz' jail sentences

The Times

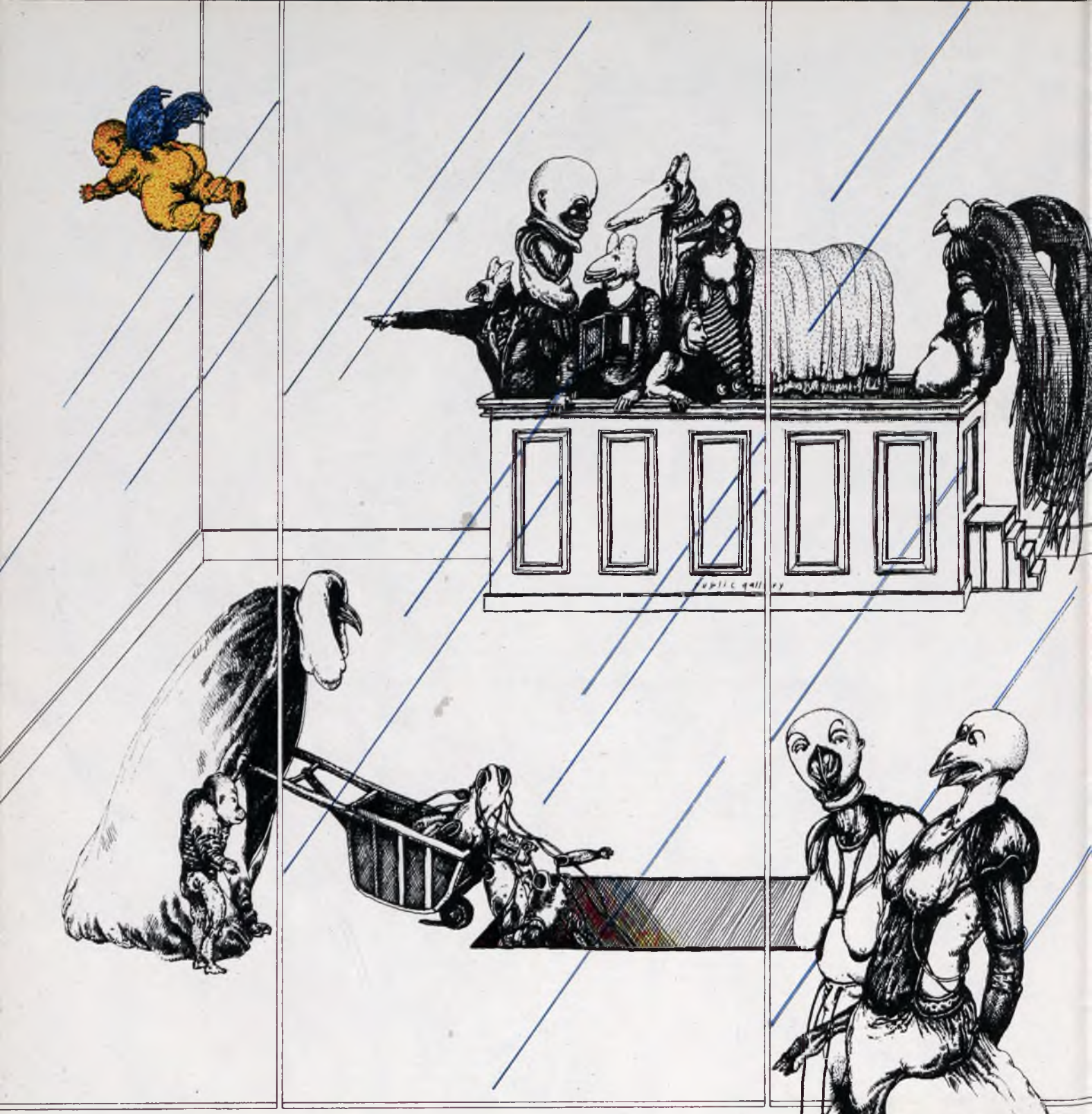
'Shocked MPs protest: It looks like revenge

STORM OVER OZ SENTENCES

Daily Mail

THE prison sentences on three editors of Oz magazine unleashed a storm of controversy last night

Apple are donating royalties on this record to the Oz Obscenity Fund



'The Cannock Chase Murders' by Judge Michael Argyle, QC

Margaret Reynolds, Christine Darby died.
Diane Tift died.
When I see my child each day,
Looking in the felsh like me,
I give thanks to God and say:
There's my immortality.
When my face is long forgotten
And I have to Limbo gone,
This child I have begotten
Will my endeavours carry on.
So to other parents I feel
A close affinity.
For should our child be first to die
Where's our immortality?
If that death by murder came
Should Satan's power triumphant be,
Counting not the sin and shame
And his victim's agony.
Could a mother bear that sight,
A father drnik that bitter cup drink
And still believe all will come right
When God takes his jewels up.
As we view the lot of man
And as parents see his fall,
Margaret, Christine and Diane
Become the children of us all.

BOOBS!

Boobs are what people make when they don't concentrate on what they're doing. They also make arms and legs and little girls. When little girls grow up they sometimes Take Off to put their boobs to proper use/misuse (depending on your moral climate).
When the parental try to bring their erring back to the family boob, the boob and the bird attached feel like 'Taking Off' again. That's what 'Taking Off' is all about.
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Would we lie? O.K. cross our boobs!

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"Tyger"

Hungry lies like a nightmare of the brain of the living, wrote Marx. Adrian Mitchell's dramatisation, 'Tyger', now at the New Theatre, but hopefully soon showing in Arts Labs and school gymnasiums nationwide, lightheartedly leads back to the London of 1789. It is an unknowing familiar world, where the rich live in constant fear of popular agitation and private plot, working class violence and middle-class dissent. Radical weavers and porters are reading 'The Rights of Man', a book which is banned and all author outlawed. 300,000 prisoners contract. George III's attempt to open Parliament with missiles and followers of 'No King, No Pitt'. The successful revolt of black slaves in Haiti, support among white revolutionaries in France and Britain. A writer, sandy and political, imagining Britain is jailed and riotous scenes.

Mitchell's unobtrusive scholarship lets the plays explain the vital relevance of Blake's ideas to our world of Enoch Powell, Internment and the hirelings intellectuals of the Television Centre and the Arts Council. And Blake is thereby rescued from those critics and almost all the school teachers who read him as primarily a religious mystic and thus ultimately incomprehensible. He is freed too from the more recent embraces of Allen Ginsberg, himself respectable for the renewal of delight in Blake among the post-war Beat Poets in England, who written in Liverpool in 1965:

Albion, Albion, your children dance
with
envelopes, rock in rolling on the
flagstones of Park square hills

Mitchell is intensely sensitive to the poetic dialectic between the inability to know politics and the impossibility of making poetry of slogans. Mike Horovitz, a Beat poet intensely aware of his responsibility to his public, too, has this reading of Blake's vision: 'It asks of us a kind of insanity to see in perspective a country, a planet, going mad — to feel it deeply and not brush it aside — and retain one's own vision' an eye in the black storm to see for what they are — and see through — the cruelty and alienation and genocide at the hub of the power axes'. Both writers are only too well aware of the dangers, the tendency to merely luxuriate in one's vision, to arrive at a self-soothing intellectuality of a poetry too often the other side of the power. As Mitchell has written, 'The reason most people ignore poetry is that it ignores them'. The scholarship of Edward Thompson and David Erdman has enabled Mitchell's play to honestly show Blake as an extremely political poet, whose 'visions' were a genuine political tradition stemming from the extreme Left of Cromwell's Republic and shared by the millennial Chiliasts. Such groups as the Ancient Deists of Hoxton spoke in dreams (like Blake) and of conversations with departed saints and Angels and who (like Blake) almost immediately yielded to the stronger impulse of the French Revolution and became 'politicians' (Thompson)'. Not was the complicated and daunting Christian symbolism of his painting merely religious. Rather it was the means of a revolutionary identification with the crucified Jesus within a historical pattern which depended on an imagery literally taken from the Bible and thence Milton and Shakespeare.

Blake saw himself quite specifically as a revolutionary artist, setting his London Republicanism against the genteel culture of Gainsborough and Reynolds, a conflict beautifully handled in 'Tyger'; and as a revolutionary artist must, he opposed the division of art as much as he opposed the division of labour in the mill. He rejoined poetry and painting in his own shop and read the new science and art by engraving the deep etched intaglio plates he used for his engraving. He led agitation for public support for artists, demanding 'a fair Price and a General Demand for Art' and describing his painter friend Barry as being 'Unemployed except by his Energy'.

The War of Independence struck him as a mighty and wild change. These events especially been America quite shattered the attempt to confine politics within a moralistic and Biblical language. Taking up his bardic duty, from out of his mind's 'Volcanic Cauldron', he announced that if George III was to re-enact the oppressions of ancient times by suppressing the American Rising, he, the Poet, would prostate the Tyrant with his art. He had seen the street fighting men of London with the Blue cockade of 'Wilkes and Liberty' heard the voice of London Dissent demanding freedom of the press, a juror lodge and support for the Liberty Boys of Boston and Philly. He had been in the front of the crowd when the prisons were forced and the gates and hinges went up in flames during the Gordon Riots in support of American Independence. He was familiar with the ideas and probably the persons of the advanced thinkers of the London middle-class dissenters. He probably met Thomas Paine on his way to Paris. He knew Mary Wollstencraft, woman's liberator and author of 'The Vindication', he knew Jean the anatomist Hunter, Hogarth's widow, and Reynolds, the radical chemists, doctors, artists and journalists. 1789 was an era of international revolution quite equal to 1848, 1917 and 1968. An American observer in Paris wrote home:

'Republicanism is absolutely a moral influenza from which neither Titles, Places or even the Diadem can guard their possessors — the Lord preserve us from a hot summer'.

But Blake's involvement in English Jacobinism did not prevent a deep sadness at the course of the American and French Revolution. He saw that the American Revolution was not in fact an act of liberation but the establishment of the independent right to buy and sell. The Declaration of Independence did not address black slaves or women. It was not Blake's revolution which 'everything that lives is holy and without price and each life and lineament is *itself* and not interchangeable with or by Anything else'. But Blake's attitude was no longer the pity he had felt during his enthusiasm for the humanitarianism of Swedenborg, who he profusely illustrated. Rather his interest moved from compassion for the plight towards admiration for the energy of the oppressed and interest in the vision of their insurrection. The slave revolution of Santo Domingo, only the second slave rising besides that of Spartacus, was powerful and well organised. It came at a time when struggles were blazing in Haiti and Mexico, when the Sultan of Mysore had taken to calling himself 'Citizen' and the Times talked of 'the insolvency of rule in India'. The black revolt was supported by the revolutionary troops of France (it is immortalised in C.L.R. James's book 'The Black Jacobins' which purely inspired Pontecorvo's underpraised film 'Quimbinda').

Blake's illustrations of the Journals of Stedman, a British liberal mercenary who had once employed crushing slave risings in Latin America. He was fascinated with the docility of the slaves, in what made them such well-behaved cargoes, when their defiance and dignity was only on the crucifixion rack? In the allegory 'Daughters of Albion', Bromion, talks of the swarthy children as the sun are obedient they resist not, they obey the scourge'. And Blake understood the deepseated fears of such as Lord Abingdon, an 18th Century Pro-slavist, who said that the slaves successful revolt, 'had dried up the rivers of Commerce and replaced them with fountains of blood where all being equal, blacks and whites, Saxons and French, wolves and tigers, all shall be merry companions everyone promiscuously piling together; engendering a new species of man as a product of this new philosophy'.

While the moral politician Wilberforce argued, with the backing of Adam Smith, that slavery was no longer economically necessary, Blake prophesied that slavery, soldiery and tyranny were equally the product of private property and a crippling moral code. He was not afraid of Haitian copulation. What's more he understood how 'marriage', 'Solemn Cage' and the deformation forced on 'the little ones' compelled to 'spend the day in singing and dismay', acted to destroy men and women. The sexual repression on women and children by disturbed men acted to mutilate all concerned. Although his short poems of innocence, robins and tulling lambs were much patronised by the Victorians, Blake hated those who cynically 'protect the innocence of children'. He, who eluded formal education, woke up each morning to the regimented singing of London country school children. He wrote 'Tigers' who are offended with anything in this book would be offended by the innocence of a child and for the same reason — for it represents (them) with the errors of acquired folly, the sad bourgeois morality, the 'Thou Shalt Not' written over the door, as a hypocrisy to cover the realities of colonial plunder, hairotry, soldiery and apprentice slavery. He saw bourgeoise rationality as the cruel compasses of Urizen, reason in its fallen state was a false God. He saw Luvah as embodying the crippling spirit of legalism and prudence, in fact tyrannical and sightless. He saw London in his Song of Innocence (which he ironiskingly opens, Mitchell's play) in part as a garden city with villas stood at Islington, Kentish Town, Primrose Hill and St Johns Wood. But there also saw the chartered streets, where everything was reduced to buying and selling, not just goods but childhood (the chimney sweep), liberty (the soldier) and love, the source of life (the syphilitic whore).

He saw the corruption of 'official' Royal-trained and financed art: 'Where any view of money exists, Art cannot be carried on'. He saw behind the politicians teeth and gin, the lace a mask to their lack of heart.

Before Marx he understood that the freedoms of the bourgeoisie were an illusory. Before Reich he saw the 'man forged mind-manacles' of eyesore and brutal schooling and guilty sexuality prevented people from realising their own revolutionary possibilities. We must be free Urizen from ourselves and death and Law before we can be. Blake asked us: 'Rouse Up O Young Men of a New Age! Set your forehead against the arrows of the hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the Camp, the Court and the University, who would, if they could, for ever depress mental and martial Corporeal War.'

Dave Wagner

I met Anus at the love-in, and know he liked me, because he stared at my breasts... but when he and his hippie friends lit a "reefer"...

anus thinks i'm "square" because i won't smoke pot!

THEY SAID I WAS OUT TO LUNCH!!

she's really a honkey!

yeah!

i'll say!

HEE HA HA HAW

anus, my darling! please don't force me to do this!

at first... everything seemed o.k...

that wasn't so bad, was it, beverly?

h-no... i...i guess not...

but... a few minutes later...

gee... i feel sort of wierd!

somehow, I just couldn't say "no"

i know it's wrong, but...

suddenly...

anus!

what's happening to me?!

I seemed to be in another world...

gasp!

anus, and his friends were delighted...

HO-HO

this is too much!

YUK

HA-HA

HEE HEE

at last, I was "in" with the hip-groovers...

hey gang! lets take our clothes off, and paint our bodies with groovey designs!

WHAT?!

listen, bev- forget your sex hangups! we're all brothers and sister!

well... a-allright anus!

then, my eyes met anus's... he seemed to be looking right into my soul...!

I couldn't believe that I had actually spoken those words... I guess it must have been an effect of the pot...

oh...dear!

oh boy!

wait a minute... w-where's the paint?...

that I didn't quite know what to say...

WHAM! BAM! WHAM! BAM!

...ungh!

I realized with a start, that things were beginning to get out of hand...

me next!

hurry up anus!

KA-WUMPH!

WUMPH!

WUMPH!

oh my gosh!

When I finally "came down" Anus and his friends were gone...

gasp!

where am i?

I found my clothes in some nearby bushes...

It was a long trudge back home, but I finally made it!

BOO-HOO! thank god she's safe!

MOMMY! DADDY!

BEVERLY! where have you been? your mother and i have been worried sick!

y'know, sometimes it isn't easy to be a parent!

The End

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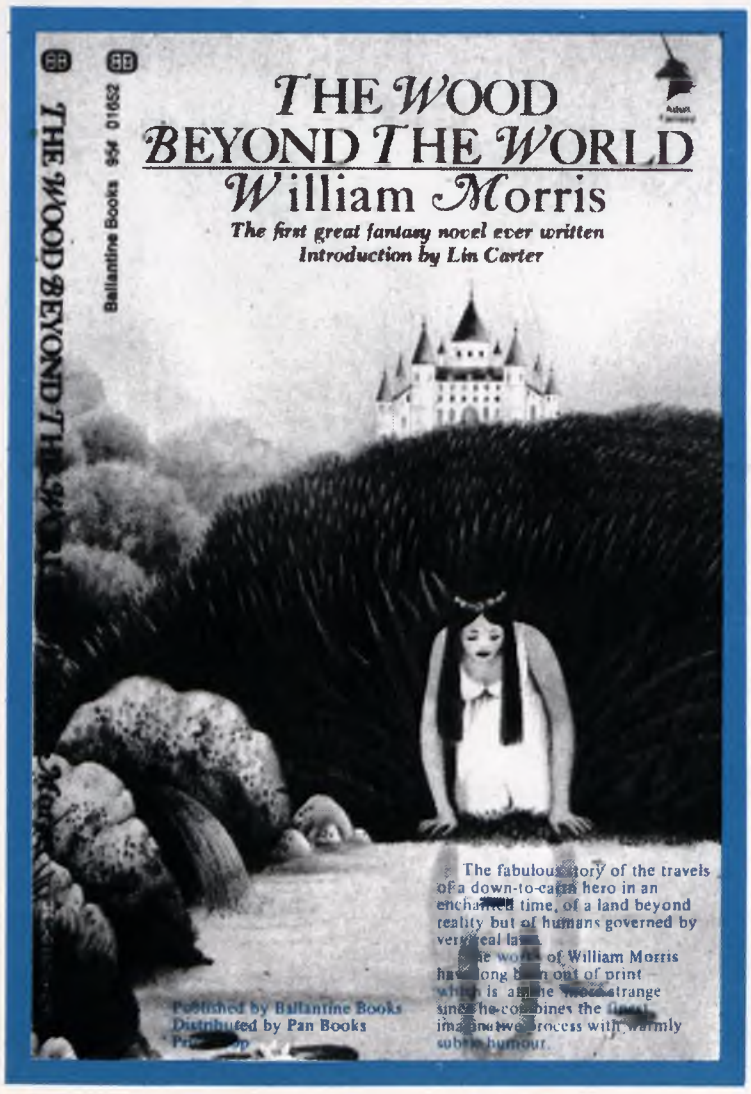


The Who 'Who's Next' (Track)

Probably the main reason that the Who - like that other product of the London mod scene , the Faces - have kept everything together so well is that essentially they're still good old rock n rollers.

OK. They do have Pete Townshend's exceptional talents to give the rock basis a certain embellishment, but right down there rock n roll still stands.

'Who's Next' demonstrates the rock essence to a far better extent than any of their work since 'Sell Out'. The 'art' digression of the rock opera 'Tommy' may have taken the band into the heart of culture-vulture New York City all the way to Metropolitan Opera, and earned Townshend his canonisation as an 'intellectual' but for rock fans it had strayed away from the true path.

The new album is a typical rock group album: a collection of songs stuck together, with no particular 'concept' bar that one band has written and performed all the material on it. The Who, maybe because they went through all the personality hassles that seem endemic to a rock band, in the early days, stand out today as one of the only rock bands left with their original members. Townshend, Moon, Entwhistle and Daltryhave held together and their music, as exemplified by this album, has benefited from it.

Even if ex-Quicksilver pianist and veteran of virtually every session worth mentioning in the last few years, Nicky Hopkins has slipped in on a couple of cuts, a violinist Dave Arbus finds his way on to the O'Riley portion of 'Baba O'-Riley', the Who are still producing very much what we have learnt to expect from them.

This album serves as a complete guide to the music of the band. It ranges over the whole spectrum of their creativity over the last six years and all the clichés still shine out as truisms. What stands out about the Who is that they're always so positive, they never waste time with self-justification or apolgising. Daltry's vocals are simply exultant, the music backs him up.

A few novelties: Townshend emerges from his Twickenham home studio with synthesiser and electric organ, as well as playing piano on one track, though Hopkins takes over otherwise. John Entwhistle has his track — 'My Wife — an institution that is getting like Ringo's efforts on the Beatle's LPs.

'Who's Next' is a very fine rock album. It doesn't require deep intellectual seraching to discover any meaning for those who would like to it's possible to bop around to it. The best reccomendation for a true rock creation. The cover has the lads caught just after they've pissed on a 2001 style ferro-concrete monolith. What does it mean, but then,whatdoes it matter....

If a 'best track' selection is required then there's a tie between the long version of their current single 'Won't Be Fooledagain', an interestingly cynical appraisal of the calls to revolution....'the new Boss/Same as the old Boss'..... and 'Getting In Tune' with the immaculate pronunciation of the key word 'chune' by Daltrey. Right. It's all a bumper fun bundle, not to be missed. Go get it.

Aristide Prainge

The Mothers 'Fillmore East, June 1971'(Reprise)
The Byrds 'Byrdmaniax' (CBS)

The Byrds have always been an enigma to me.'Mr Tambourine Man' cut through the cold pap of most 1965 material fall but 'Satisfaction' [illegible] like a needle through [illegible] followed by a few [illegible] psychedelic lps, a little country-and-w, a little rock, a bit of this and that and so on. They Kicked out Gosdin, and McGuinn seemed to change direction, about face, with each new set. And they always did it so well, but it always sounded like 'The Byrds play country' or 'the Byrds play rock'. I flashed on that when they were booked for an 'acoustic set' at Lincoln Festival some weeks ago, and then lifted the roof (or clouds) off with their electric rock numbers. The few times I've seen them only once have they transcended that and become, not a band ploughing through their greatest hits, but THE BYRDS [illegible] only THE BYRDS are. That was Bath when circumstances forced them to play acoustic. They sang to moderately small crowd, the remnants of three days of festival conditions, a damp, steaming, smoking washed-out swamp of faces. And they pinned on the spirit of the moment exactly, just took everybody up. It was arguably the best musical moment of the three days.

They proved this ability once and for all with 'Untitled': all sides of the band . . . tight, extended, live, studio, wistful, rocking etc etc. And now 'Byrdmaniax' which slowly mellows with age, and as the football season comes in earlier than ever, but it has no real excitement to it. There are a large number of maniax (Byrds) who want this set and probably already have it. A track-by-track would fall on stoned ears (sic). Rolling S. does it and who wants [illegible] etc. Suffice it that all the eleven [illegible] three/four stand up: 'Citizen Kane' is innocuous fun, a filler probably. Jackson Browne's 'Jamaica Say You Will', Skip Battin singing through 'Absolute Happiness', and 'Kathleen's Song,', a soft, rich madrigular melody. For the rest, not much, little with the bite of the last album of new studio-cut songs (on 'Untitled'), and nothing that really bears introduction to their newly-established electrical or acoustical set. The band have nearly always produced better. For once McGuinn seems to have recorded while unsure of his current mood, and the energy is mostly dissipated here. Listen louder and again to 'The Ballad of Easy Rider' for stronger of the same stuff, and nearly all other Byrds' set for stronger still. Don't forget though that even with a tear on the cheek of his death/life-mask, a little McGuinn won't ever let you down.

The Mothers' album by contrast is the result of eighteen months choreography, the score to '200 Motels' and three or four extremely pornographic minds. It rips and snorts. I like it lots.

Dick Lawson

Jack Bruce — Harmony Row
(Polydor 2310 107)

Harmony Row is Jack Bruce's equivalent to John Lennon's Working Class Hero album. John Lennon's record is a statement of philosophical autonomy and independence, Jack Bruce's is a statement of musical autonomy and independence. In producing these records, the two musicians have done what no other succesful pop-stars have done — demoted themselves as idols and rejected the star-system in favour of personal Integrity, ***at the risk of losing their mass audience.*** It's an admirable position, though it has its dangers.

Harmony Row is the result of a year's collaboration between Jack Bruce and Pete Brown. It bears the stamp of a sustained drive to achieve tightness and coherence. Pete Brown's lyrics, compared to most pop-songs, are unusually dense, and the music is correspondingly complex. It twists and turns, pushes forwards, halts, jerks forward again, fades away . . . Jack Bruce has added range and depth to his singing, and he makes the songs work brilliantly. Only very, very occasionally does the result feel over-poetic and contrived. Otherwise, it frequently reaches an angular elegance that reminds me of the Kurt/Weil/Bertolt Brecht songs of the thirties. The same tension is there, the same sense of the destructive heartlessness of the cities.

Not that that parallel should be pushed too far, though. The cynicism and hope in Brecht's songs were always a reflection of historical forces at work: capitalism and fascism on the one hand, and the creative anger and potentialities of ordinary people on the other. In Harmony Row the forces involved are more abstract. Images of youth and celebration and hope jostle with those of frustration and decay. People are surrounded by menacing complexities and a feeling of turmoil that is expressed most acutely in the sharp hysteria of 'Smiles and Grins'. Love in this world is fragile, easily destroyed by the bleak light of day, as in the apocalyptic, beautiful written and sung 'Morning Story'. Several songs yearn for tenderness and beauty; others shout out the energy and life of the town-kids. But this lyricism and richness is tempered by the knowledge of how easily happiness can get bogged down in confusion, and how quickly time passes:

Now
when the time is ripe
Then
in the twinkling of an eye
Gone
down the drains of a world.

The last song leaves us with the impending alcoholic self-destruction of Malcolm Lowry's consul, who lives, like all of us, under the fatal shadow of the volcano.

Not that the overall effect of Harmony Row is negative. It's much too tough and original for that. It's a record that's full of poetry and strongly-felt emotions, but without any bullshitting. And this is really quite surprising. In Pete Brown's poetry, at the time when he was doing public readings with New Departures and the Liverpool Scene, a certain amount of engaging bullshitting was an essential element. And Jack Bruce has had the experience of turning off the millions with the Cream. For both of them, there was always the option to stay content with wowing the masses in the stalls.

The fact that they have turned their backs on this option is important. The Liverpool poets and the Cream were key elements in the cultural movement of the 1960's. They were part of the socialisation of their respective art-forms. What had previously been private, minority art-forms became people's poetry and people's music — the cultural equivalent of the political movement which took to the streets in 1968. But so long as the main concern was simply to turn people on, the subculture had no way of developing the images of social optimism and solidarity that it had created. For every Woodstock Nation, there would always be an Altamont. And meanwhile, the establishment recuperated and [illegible] in on the new vitality with [illegible] ease . . .

So if Jack Bruce and Pete Brown have now retracted their horns and produced something much more personal and thoughtful, and even with a touch of desperation in it, that isn't such a bad thing at all. With records like this, rock music is reaching a new kind of seriousness and maturity — a kind of maturity that gives the lie to some of the more facile talk about the [illegible] Gap that we have heard recently.

But this maturity has its dangers. For the last few years, in spite of the fact that it's been compromised with intense and ruthless commercial pressures, rock has been a great democratising force. It has opened up mass-participation in musical experience, and has played a real role in disseminating new ideas and feelings. To cut yourself off from that mainstream means risking isolation, and even elitism. Look what happened to Jazz . . . !

Harmony Row doesn't fall into that trap. Jack Bruce is one of the few people who's pushing out the boundaries of music and making it *work*. His album is the kind of record to hear and re-hear — the kind of record that lasts because it rises above the musical/commercial fads churned out by the rock-industrial circus.

There's one other thing though. We can never expect glib statements of social optimism from Jack Bruce, because his mind doesn't work that way But it's true nevertheless that culturally, politically and socially there are a lot of positive things going on within the jumbled up world that's reflected in Harmony Row. [illegible] recognised this by doing [illegible] for the Clydebank [illegible] be good [illegible] this element to the fore in his music — becuase it's particularly by relating to these positive forces for change that music can develop the democratic possibilities opened up by Rock. (continued on page 30 in Bottom)

John Hayland.

Smoking doesn't seem to be a sin any more. Time was dope was in a sort of way revolutionary, We did it and They didn't. Nowadays They do, and it isn't changing them much. Not all of them do, of course, but have you noticed that dope – marijuana – is getting sort of respectable. 'Nova' writes about pot in the suburbs, and Jill Tweedie writes in the 'Guardian' that it's all perfectly OK, and the law is ridiculous. Thanx for the news. Wait a minute though, sure pot has been proven harmless, so much better than alcohol, no hangover, but what about the dirty filthy profiteer, the dealer. In Tweedie's words "the dark world of the pusher". Like Victorian prostitutes a lot of people like to think of dealers as necessary – since pot is OK it presumably has to come from somewhere – but not nice. The Misuse of Drugs Act propounds this hypocritical illogicality in its purest form by ever so slightly lowering the penalties for possession while banging the rap for traffiking to 14 years.

No one likes dealers much except for Timothy Leary who said he was a hero, and that isn't quite right either. Dealing after all is just a way of making money. It may be, for some people, a few other things as well. It gives you a sense of position, if you like that feeling you're an outlaw. You're doing something terribly illegal, and people need you, even if a lot of them don't like you. You're not doing anyone any harm – talking here just about marijooana, without getting into any morally tricky areas of the sterner stuff. Trouble is, people don't understand the trials and tribulations that go to bring your smoke.

First thing about dealing is the waiting. On rare occasions the man rings back when he said he would, it's OK to go right over and pick it up, the stuff's the same kind and quality as you ordered, he doesn't take your money and ask you to hang on a minute, he's just got to pick it up off the cat who's holding it, and everything's fine. But the rest of the time you sit around and wait for the phone, and ring people who might know of something, who say they'll call you back. I remember a roomful of dealers in a time of desperate drought waiting sixteen hours at the contact's house for the man to turn up with the shit. None of them would smoke a joint in case they would be too stoned to taste the merchandise when it arrived, and they were too paranoid of each other to talk. No one was allowed to use the phone; security, man.

The major problem for any dealer is always supply. Dope is usually easy to get rid of, especially in times like these, when dope is exceptionally hard to find. Such problems make one think that it would be worthwhile going out and getting it oneself. The nearest major point of overseas supply is Frankfurt. A lot of dope from Pakistan and the Lebanon goes there, and if you have a contact, especially among the US servicemen on the base, you should be able to score large quantities at say £50–£60 a weight. If you go there without preparation however you could be in trouble, and there are many stories of hopeful dealers getting burned (having their dope or money stolen) or otherwise maltreated. To get your dope back to England you have the choice of ship, plane or car. You can bring it in in a properly remodified suitcase or car. Or you can just pack it in and hope for the best. You can be unlucky, or lucky. One man I know was driving back from Germany. The customs man he drew at the border had just passed out from the customs man academy, and he was determined to catch someone. He noticed that the floor of the Mercedes was a quarter of an inch too high. Inside there were fifty kilos and my friend got six months.

In the producing countries, you will of course be able to buy the shit very much cheaper. On average you won't have to pay much more than £5 a pound in either Morocco, Lebanon, or Pakistan/Afghanistan, slightly higher maybe in Lebanon and slightly less in Morocco. But this scene again is locked up in the central point about dealing – connections. If you go to Pakistan, for instance, it is wise to stay out of Karachi. Any taxi driver or newspaper seller will offer to get you shit, but it will probably be old bootpolish or mindy weed which can be made to look exactly like shit. Up in the North of Pakistan the dope is even cheaper, likely to be of better quality, and there is less chance that the man you bought it off will go straight to the police. American pressure has made the Pakistani, both civil and military, much keener on the job. Since they started massacring Bengalis they are increasingly sensitive about foreigners too. If you are intending to drive back with the produce, remember you have to cross such unfriendly borders as Turkey and Iran, where they like to give you thirty years. If you weren't white they'd shoot you. The best method of personally importing it overland used to be to run a coach tour – New Delhi £135 return. The border guards aren't so keen on searching a coach load of people, or of taking the coach apart. If you just want to bring some back from on holiday, the best tactic is to find one of those useful craftsmen who will make boots with hash soles. With tight compression you can carry a pound that way, though hash that has been carried that way is usually hard to break up for smoking. Many of the import hangups can be avoided with the help of good organisation, such as the coach trip. A professional importer will have contacts with the locals, know which are the relatively cooler customs posts, and which policemen to bribe. To anyone who wishes to examine a relatively big import operation I recommend the story of the Kelaher case recently running at Middlesex Area sessions. In that case, which concerned the busting of a group of importers who had arranged to have two packing cases containing 24 lbs of shit airfreighted from Syria to London, we had the interesting spectacle of Chief Inspector Victor (Vic to his friends) Kelaher being accused by HM Customs of aiding and abetting in the import of cannabis. He denied the charge, without even a blush. What do you think, reader?

The other central point about dealing, along with connections, is you and the police. Some people have been dealing for years. They have never been busted, and they claim that the police don't know of their existence. They don't have many people round to where they live, they don't let their phone number get around too much, they don't have their stash on the premises, and they move house every so often. Well maybe the police don't know of their existence. Maybe no one has their address who has ever been busted, has dropped a few names, just to be helpful.

Any dealers say that it is important not to keep an interesting house, which people will want to come to socially as well as to score. Remain inconspicuous. A well frequented house on the other hand means that you always have customers with in range, and don't have to go out and about much. There pros and cons either way. The best rule is to tell your customers always to ask you first before sending anyone along.

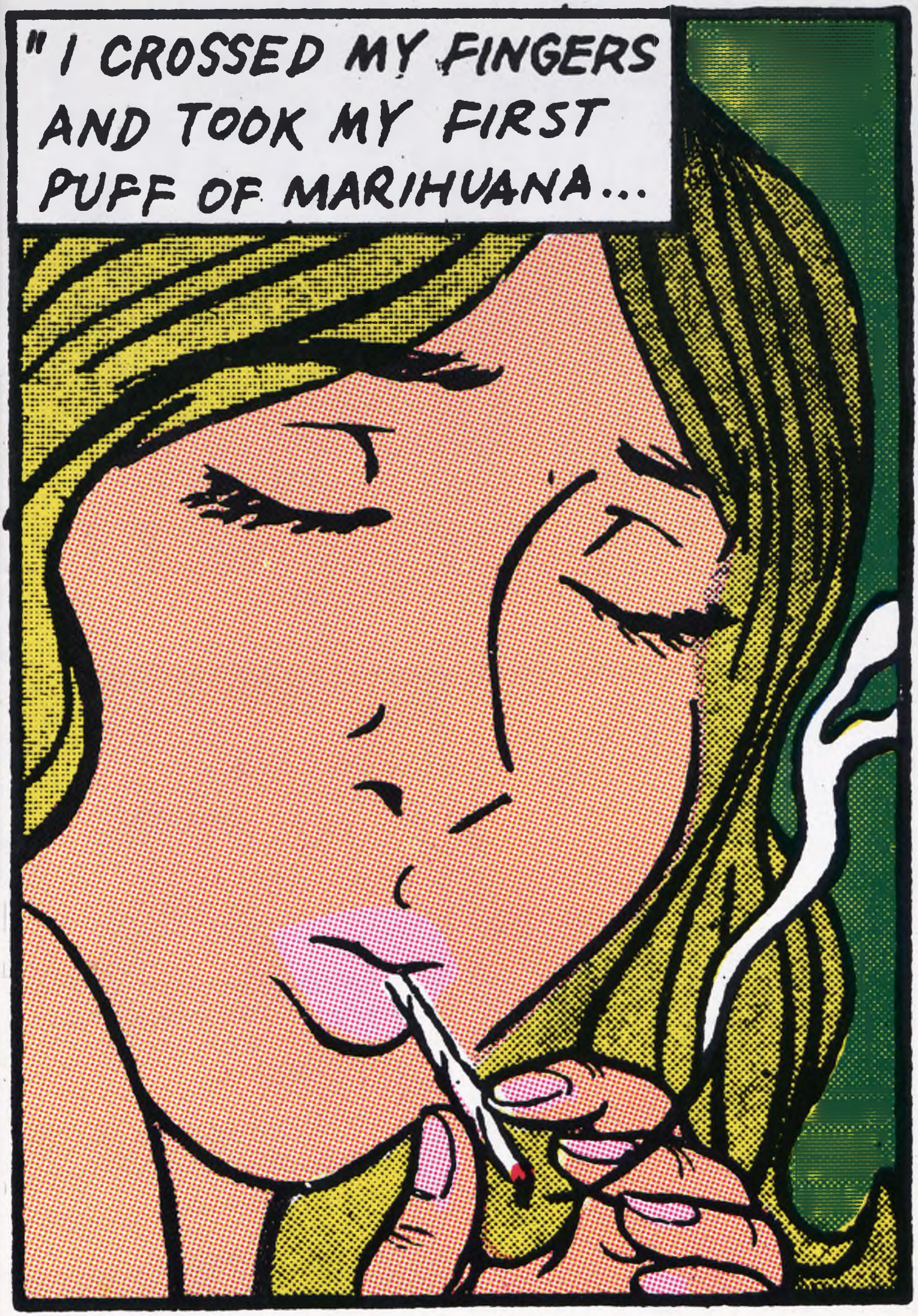
If paranoia strikes, bear a few things in mind that may clam you down. First of all phone tapping at present is reserved mainly for important people they are very, very anxious to get hold of, like spies, and angry people. Chances are they won't get around to tapping your phone. If they do one thing for sure is, you won't hear any clicks to indicate what is going on.

If, as a dealer, you are busted remember that police officers are underpaid, and they may chose to impose a direct fine rather than go through all the bother of a court case: "We estimate the value of the contents of your flat at £2500 Mr – I suggest you turn it into cash." Paradoxically you may come off worst if they come round expecting a big find and don't. Their pique at missing the chance of a large bribe or a large haul of shit which they can resell themselves may make them vindictive.

Dealing has certainly changed in character over the last year or two. It has almost lost the aura of gentle 'let's remember we're doing this for the people' and has become in most instances as dangerous as any other criminal activity. Guns are becoming increasingly popular as an aid to big burns, such as the £33000 one a few months ago that, among others, caused a certain bunch of dealers in a London market to look very unhappy indeed. As time goes on things are going to get rougher. The 'culture consciousness' of the dealer varies. Some just keep their dope in mounting piles saving for a rainy lifetime, others put it into what might be called "culture orientated" businesses, a well known chain of head shops in London for instance, or a recently deceased record company, where the shit supported the bands and vice versa.

Dealing is just an ordinary profitable activity that can be used in any way you like. It is an existance best approached without illusions.

Andrew Cockburn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MORE than 25,000 copies of Ink, sister underground paper to Oz, go on sale today with a cartoon of Home Secretary Mr Reginald Maudling on its cover. Ink, sister of OZ, is a special issue publication inspire repression. The Old memories of the Old and out next Monday revolu the revolu tierash, American guest editor Richard Y

Dearest Grace,

How lovely for you, you've been letting Vivien fuck you it is such a wonderful experience having a schoolboy. My dear surely you have other schoolboys who are fucking you regularly. Darling, I have to admit I also indulge with boys from time to time, although I am now 50 I can only get full satisfaction with green boys. Especially ones who have never seen or fingered a woman's fanny, and their clumsy efforts trying to wank me off, even though they sometimes succeed in making me come. We must try and meet dear and exchange experiences.

I am also,
Grace.

Here are some highlights from the recent 'Playboy' interview with John (Duke) Wayne, whom numerous grapevines have rumored as a possible successor to Ronald Reagan as governor of California:

(On pornography) "I am quite sure that within two or three years, Americans will be completely fed up with these perverted films." (which ones?) "Oh, 'Easy Rider' 'Midnight Cowboy' — that kind of thing.

(On race relations) "I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility. I don't believe in giving authority and positions of leadership and judgement to irresponsible people."

(On his limiting the number of blacks in his movies) "Oh Christ no, I've directed two pictures and I gave the blacks their proper position. I had a black slave in the movie 'The Alamo' and I had a correct number of blacks in the 'The Green Berets."

(On Indians) "I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them, if that's what you're asking. Our so-called stealing of this country from them was just a matter of survival. There were great numbers of people who needed new land, and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves . . . We'll all be on a reservation soon if the socialists keep subsidizing groups like them (the Indians) with our tax money.

(On radicals) "And when they start shooting policemen, the time has come to start knocking them off, as far as I'm concerned.

(On My Lai) ". . . one little incident in the United States Army.

(On Vietnam) "Our lack of leadership has gone so far now no one man can come in, face the issue and tell the people that we ought to be in an all-out war. (Why an all-out war?) "I figure if we are going to send even one man to die, we ought to be in an all-out conflict."

(On Nixon) "I knew him and stuck with him when he was a loser, and I'm sticking with him now that he's a winner." (sic)

(On the Motion Picture Alliance, a McCarthyite organization he headed in the late 1950's) "The only thing our side did that was anywhere near black-listing was just running a lot of people out of business."

(On grass) "I tried it once, but it didn't do anything to me. The kids say it makes them think they're going 30 miles an hour when they're going 80. If that's true, marijuana use should definitely be stopped."

(And finally, on young people) "Luckily so far, it seems they kind of consider me an older friend, somebody believable and down to earth."

Liberation News Service

"No revolution was ever won without violence." "Just as the structures and programmes of a new revolutionary society must be incorporated in every organised base at every point of the struggle, so must organised violence accompany every point of the struggle."
(Angry Brigade Communique 6)

It can't happen here, they said . . .
It Happened Before.
1780 The Gordon Riots.
1812 The Luddite Insurrection
1817 The Massacre of Peterloo
1831 The Bristol Riot
1840 The Chartist Riot
1886 The Hyde Park Riots for Universal Suffrage.
1910-1911 The Bermondsey Uprising and the Big Transport Strike
1916 Clydeside
1926 The General Strike
A few instances where the people started to attack the system . . . It's happening today.

British Imperialist and Colonialist History is littered with mass murders and massacres. In their colonies they killed and killed . . . and killed again. The Scottish Massacres, The Indian mutiny, Ireland, The Zulu War, The Boer War, the Sindh Massacres, The Greek Civil War, Ireland, Kenya, Cyprus, Aden, Ireland. Open your eyes, brother, and see the beast. A few instances where the system killed not just one or two but thousands and millions, black and white, men and women, to save their skins and preserve itself.
That's Where Repression Comes From
and that's our answer to the calls of 'adventurism'.

Eight months have passed since the Angry Brigade invaded the British scene. No invasion was ever popular.

We never expected the 'Morning Stars' and the 'Socialist Workers' to welcome us. They represent a generation of defeated people — defeated ideas. We never expected the Underground to welcome us either. The Underground is more political than the old dead left. Inside it there are forces which represent a total critical life style, an anti-authoritarian creativity. These forces are emerging, in spite of the Superstars, the spectacular personalities, the Fiers and Creative rip-off specialists. To the brothers and sisters of the Underground who will have to fight their own war to get rid of hip-capitalism and parasites: we say **Right On!**

There are many areas of struggle many priorities. For the cell which signs this document, working class youth IS the main priority. The following is a direct quotation from Shin'ya Ono. We endorse it.

"The problem is not one of 'creating consciousness' or 'raising consciousness' among working class youth that they are oppressed. They all know much better than we that they are fucked over by this system in all kinds of ways. They experience in the most acute way the oppressive conditions created by capitalism and Imperialism: family school, unemployment, pigs, courts or draggy jobs. The problem is not even a question of teaching them to fight. Most of the working class youth have done much more fighting against pigs and among themselves than most 'revolutionaries' can hope they will ever do."

In fact there are two main obstacles preventing their awareness of oppression and its causes from developing into a fully revolutionary direction . . . first their chauvinism and racism and secondly their basic defeatism about their ability to 'beat' the system . . . not once in a while, but destroy it totally.

Defeatism
Most of us are basically defeatist about our ability to win. (You can't beat the Town Hall, the Fuzz shop, The Army) No matter how hard we fight, we slide back into our comfortable bourgeois holes. The basic weapon of capitalism and Imperialism has permeated through our souls to our bodies.
Our Basic Weakness is the irrational belief in our own weakness

Racism And Chauvinism
The system through its agencies: schools, family and mass media, cons youth into thinking that however oppressed they may be, there is always some other group worse off. Long hairs occasionally, women, gay people, and blacks fill those roles in descending order. The con provides white working class youth with an illusory privileged position which they translate into one-upmanship and agro. They waste valuable energy in attacking one another. Real class solidarity through race and sex barriers is effectively prevented.

Words however persuasive, ideas however true, leaflets, pamphlets or books however colourfully illustrated cannot blast into the minds of youth: minds frozen in reactionary ideas, sustained by social and economic realities.

The only way to deal with this ice-block is to smash it head on, with a real alternative: to see a group of other young people, men and women able to fight, hit and beat the system: that rips up the guts of a paralysed being in ways no words or analyses can do. This is what we are trying to do.

There are no liber stages for working class youth . . . if you're up against the wall, you don't decorate it . . . you destroy it.

The Gang
We are trying to move with working class youth beyond the stage of the gang. The gang is too often an isolated form of escape. It neccessarily contains all those ideas which are dead or dying in the system: profiteering, leaders, rituals, and male dominance. The gang occasionally makes defensive forays against the system. However, the gang can only be a revolutionary force if it transforms itself: — from a distorted receptacle of a dead ideology into a structure which is constantly attacking and harrassing what is becoming an increasingly more savage oppressor

Communes
The hips must move beyond the days of Rolling Stone, Release, deals and Peace. There are hundreds of communes all over England. Some of them have complacantly opted out of the struggle. There is *no* Peace while *war* is raging — and we didn't start this war. If you don't fight — you get smashed. To those who say we have manipulated them, we pushed them we reply: We have grown tired of discussions, of being polite, 'of making correct analyses first'. We are nasty, bitter and angry. **And we are moving on!** Wherever there is a commune, a collective or a group of people engaged in action to change their lives and the lives of their neighbours, there you have a potential Angry Brigade. (Like the gang — an isolated commune can only move into sterility and reaction)

We must move beyond the next bombs, the next spectacular press cuttings. We must leave the front pages of 'The Times' or the back pages of 'The Mirror'. We must dissolve our precious white identity.
MOVE ONTO THE STREETS.
We are cells who believe that organised violence must accompany every stage of the mind-fucking struggle. We should all challenge, attack and smash our bullshit chauvinism, sexism, racism and imperialist-class privileges.

The Brigade is not a thing you join. It's actions you do. It's ways you change your life.
Lets start to fight our war. In London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Bradford, the lot . . .

Power To The People
Cell no. ac (Action—Communication)
Angry Brigade.

The first of the British alternative press prosecutions — the case brought against IT for 'conspiring to corrupt and debauch public morals' and 'conspiring to outrage public decency' by publishing homosexual contact ads — now enters its final stage: a hearing at the House of Lords.

The Court of Criminal Appeal has rejected an appeal against the convictions handed out after a five-day

hearing at the Old Bailey last November. Knullar (Publishing, Printing and Promotions) Ltd., publishers of IT at the time, was fined a total of £2,000 and three working dirictors, Graham Keen, Peter Stansill and David Hall were given 18 month suspended jail sentences and ordered to pay £200 costs each.

The charges concerned the columns of small ads through which homosexuals could openly contact each other. The column had been running for two years when police raided the IT offices in April 1969 and seized correspondence, unopened replies to box numbers and small ad files.

The principle at stake — whether or not it is illegal for homosexuals to openly contact each other — is perhaps not as fashionable as the broader issues of censorship and freedom of the press, but is just as vital, especially if you happen to be a homosexual. If this appeal at the House of Lords fails it will provide the forces of darkness with a powerful legal precedent to enforce an archaic and discriminatory law.

Knullar needs help to fight this case. The Bust Fund was depleted long ago on the case's passage through three courts. Contributions can be sent to Knullar Defence Fund, c/o Seifert, Sedley and Co., 14 Tooks Court, Cursitor Street, London EC4.

Readers who enjoy a juicy trial can rest assured that the State has plenty of weapons in its legal armoury with which to assail OZ and the rest of the underground press, even if every trace of nipple and thigh was ruthlessly expurgated, though the advantage of the obscenity laws is that the prosecution can deceive some people at least by claiming 'this is not a political trial'. Here is a brief account of some of the other charges available:

1 Incitement to commit any other crime — eg to write 'my dish it's beautiful' or maybe merely portraying something in a favourable light.

2 Conspiracy: an agreement to do some illegal act. A very vague offence in connection with public mischief, or offences affecting public morals and branch.

3 Seditious libel. This has fallen into disuse in recent years (probably because it is too obviously political) but prosecutors and judges love reviving old fashioned offences, which will happen when the political and economic situation has sufficiently deteriorated. The main difficulty (persuading juries to convict) will be overcome by doing away with trial by jury. It is very indefinite offence and can be used to cover virtually anything. As Holt, a great legal name often called the prosecutors Bible' I defined it as writings which "directly tend to stir up for their object to excite a contempt of dissatisfaction; to excite ill will between different classes of the Sovereign's subjects; to bring into hatred or contempt the sovereign or the government, the laws or constitution of the realm, and generally all endeavours to promote public disorder; or to incite people . . . to use any form of physical force in any public matter connected with the State." Generously, the good book ads: "A man may lawfully discuss, criticize or censure the measures adopted by the Queen and her ministers for the government of the

country, provided he does it fairly, temperately, with decency and respect, and without imputing to them any corrupt or improper motive!" The jury have to "look at the audience addressed, because language which would be innocuous practically speaking if used to an assembly of professors or divines, might produce a different result if used before an excited audience of young and uneducated men".

4 Official Secrets Act 1911, Section 1 (1): 'If any person for any purpose prejudicial to the safety or interests of the State . . . obtains, collects, records, publishes or communicates to any other person any secret official code word or pass word or any sketch, plan model, article or note, or other document or information which is calculated to be or might be or is intended to be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy", he is guilty of an offence. Selecting from these alternatives then, there is an offence of publishing to any person any information which might be indirectly useful to an enemy. Some peaceful CND demonstrators at Wethersfield air base were sent to prison under this section, and it was decided that the State determines what is perjudicial to itself; the 'enemy' need to be only a potential enemy.

5 Offences under the Inciting to Mutiny and Disaffection Act 1797 and Incitement to Disaffection Act 1934, for encouraging members of armed forces to leave their job or to go on strike etc. Section 53 of the Police Act 1964 makes it an offence to attempt to cause 'disaffection amongst the members of any police force".

6 Contempt of court: one aspect of this is publication of an 'invective' against a judge (in his capacity as judge) with a view to bringing the administration of justice into 'suspicion and contempt'. In the thirties the editor of the New Statesman was found guilty for saying "An individual owning to such views as those of Dr Stopes cannot apparently hope for a fair hearing in a court presided over by Mr Justice Avory — and there are so many Avorys". Quite recently, the Court of Appeal put on a more liberal front and declared that even 'vigorous' criticism of a judge was all right "provid-

DISCONTENT.

ing it keeps within the limits of reasonable courtesy and good faith" as interpreted by the judges! The vigorous critic in that case was none other than Quintin Hogg, who had got his facts wrong so that the judges had to excuse even 'erroneous' criticism.

7 Criminal Libel — normally libel is a civil wrong, ie you are sued for damages. But it can be a criminal offence if what you write might endanger the 'public peace' as by 'arousing angry passions and provoking revenge'. It has been revived and used several times in recent years: the reactionary Judge Melford Stevenson gave a stiff prison sentence to someone who wrote to the Prime Minister complaining about a police officer.

8 Blasphemy.

All of which goes to show, there are no such things as 'civil liberties' — it is purely a question as to what the State allows (or ignores), or as to what you can wrest through struggle. If they want to get someone, there is always some charge available with which to cloak the victim. And when too many people have seen through this charade, they resort to naked repression and don't bother to prosecute — they simply call it 'internment'.

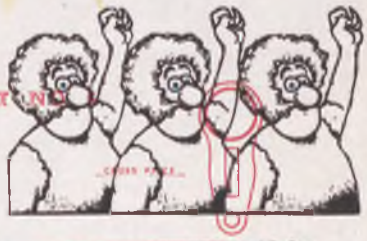
RIB Information Service. 58, Charles Street, Cardiff. Tel: 44441. 'Help RIB before we have to help you'.

Following the article on Encounter Groups in OZ 35 we have been sent a list of 'People Not Psychiatry' numbers for Birmingham and Nottingham. Too long to print here, but ring if info is required.

A group of young people in Leyburn and the surrounding North Yorkshire Dales countryside, aghast at their recreational and cultural stagnation, and hoping to provide much needed social services are endeavouring to set up AGAPE. They want to give all the usual goodies, and want to get finance, offices, etc. Contact Pete Thronber, 'Rockington', Cliffe Drive, Leyburn, Yorks.

TOUCH, Dundee's own people's advisory service, can be found at 112 Prices Street, Dundee, Scotland. They are based on BIT and Release and are waging a campaign against oppressive police.

For those of you who just can't get off on the endless compulsory God at school: The Walthamstow Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Worship in Schools, average age 15, with strong, if by necessity anonymous backing from many teachers, has been formed to fight this relic of the 1944 Education Act — which forced everyone to take daily doses of religion. They intend to write to MPs and media for publicity and support at first, but 'if this fails we shall have to resort to stronger methods, marches and even strikes'. 'We are not fighting religion, just the compulsion to do something that we believe should be a matter of choice.' Send SAE for details, or just sympathy and support to Mick Burns, 45 Reisberg Road, Walthamstow, London E17.



'Hippie-style commune is HQ for international drug traffickers' screamed local headlines when a member of the Fluff, a 15 strong commune outside Bradford, was busted for sending some dope to Canada last January. A few months later the commune had hassles again when 30 lawmen with attendant hounds descended on the commune and arrested a dozen of the dwellers, one of whom is now doing a two-stretch — for dope. Fines for the bust totalled £300 — well beyond Fluff finances. The Friends of the Fluff were then formed to help out with bread, and sure enough, they too were busted — another £800 worth of fines. All of which sad tale leads to the point: The Bust Fund for the Fluff and their Friends is having a benefit on October 22 in St George's Hall, Bradford. Hawkwind among others will be there. Once the fines are paid, a permanent Northern Bust Fund will be set up for the unlucky around there. All are welcome, all help and bread especailly.

Abbey Wood White Panthers Dance: October 1st, Harrow Inn, Abbey Wood. Hawkwind and a surprise band.

Central Index Information Service. 10 Fournier Street, London. E1. 24 hour service for all types of info. Specifically designed to co-ordinate and relate information.

Soledad Brother George Jackson Exhibition. A collection of lithographs relating to the life and background of George Jackson showing at the DM Gallery, 72 Fulham Road, SW3 October 12 — November 2. All proceeds to Soledad Defence Committee, c/o Anthony Sheil Associates, 47 Dean Street, London W1. Phone 734 7792.

Can't get involved?
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Freedom isn't just a pretty house in the country.
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It cares where other agents don't.
Double your time and money.
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Be a Freedom Fighter - It takes guts!
Produced by Freedom

Honeybunch Kaminski — yes, what a little yummy indeed!!!
You've seen her, maybe even fancied a bit. Now, readers, this lovable, o so much larger than life [illegible] of underage sensuality [illegible] Thousands were invest[illegible] ion, she can grace your [illegible] pittance.
Offers requested. All p[illegible] OZ Obscenity Fund.

The First A[illegible] New York Erotic [illegible] Festival (FA[illegible]) will surge into action on Guy Fawkes Day, Nov[illegible] 5th and carry on coming through till December 17th.

'Very simply, the FANYEEF intends to take erotic films out of the hands of the smut peddlers and establish them as a valid art form'. International film makers, like great straight novelists, it is presumed have some little kinks they might want to parade: the Festival will provide them with a forum and a public.

Created by Ken Gaul, ex-managing editor of top (and some say only) New York pornzine 'Screw' and judged by, among others, 'Screw' editor Al Goldstein, the festival will offer cash prizes for its seven major and several minor categories, as well as 'the coveted Onan Statue'.

Any enquiries to FANYEFF, 116 E27th Street, NY 10016.

Meanwhile, in more accessible Amsterdam, the Second Wet Dream Film Festival is being organised by Suck, the top European sexmag for October 20—24. Prizes galore and lotsafun. Contact Wet Dream Film Festival, PO Box 2080, Amsterdam, Holland.

Dear Sir,
In issue No 36 of your publication OZ there was an extract from 'Satan's Slaves' by James Taylor mentioning Charles Manson in connection with the Church of Scientology.
The actual quote is quite wrong and the Church does not wish anyone to get the idea that Manson was a Scientologist.
We have a letter from the Los Angeles Police Department stating that Charles Manson was not a Scientologist and that the police did not find any connection whatsoever during their investigations.
The New English Library, publishers of 'Satan's Slaves' have been Defendants in a case brought by the Church, and were made to pay damages for libel.
I therefore request on behalf of the Church of Scientology that a correction be printed in your next issue pointing out quite clearly what we say.
If the book 'Satan's Slaves is available in any book store, please advise me.
Yours faithfully,
C.B.B. Parselle,
D/Guardian Legal WW.

Jim Haynes would like to thank all the people who have written their autobiographies for him and says that he is slowly but surely going to read them all, and to reply to everyone as quickly as possible.

Although ace-acid guru-cum-radicalised-ex-con Tim Leary is out on bail, the good ol' US of A are still trying their straight damndest to grab him back and stash him away in the nick once more. Following this th[illegible] has been formed an 'Asylum for [illegible]ary' Committee in Switzerland. T[illegible] are fighting the US provisional e[illegible]dition order and are underlining the essentially political nature of [illegible] whole campaign against Leary.

[illegible] in the form of a radio st[illegible] ripping off the freaks. You [illegible] warned. But let's hope he's not going to screw Leary.

'The world is ready for a metamorphosis of the Gods. The values and archetypes of our cu[illegible]ture are abandoned and new ways of [illegible] from another world view [illegible] adopted. One of the val[illegible] New Culture is change i[illegible] flexibility.'

The initial blurb for [illegible]tion and hopeful recruit[illegible] another practical manif[illegible] Alternative Living: Insta[illegible] be peopled, erected and de[illegible] on 15,000 square kilometres of [illegible] in Ibiza, from September, when the 'infrastructures' (loos, water, kitchens etc) through to October. It will exist concurrent with the ICSID Conference, also held on the island.

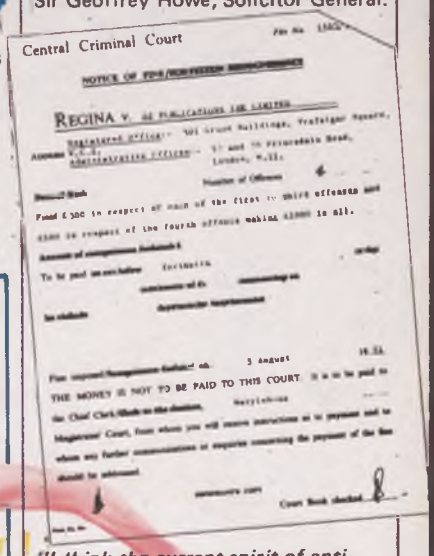
Basic foods such as bread, rice, raisins and vegetables will be given away free. If this proves impossible there will be a co-operative store and nothing will be sold above cost. A warehouse has been stockpiled with

convenient and flexible building materials: canvas, cardboard, rope plastics, wood, panels, and a workshop for their use has been set up.

For everyone who wants to get along to Ibiza for Instant City, it's vital that some notice of your arrival is sent to the guys who are running it. 50 seats a day are reserved on the ferry, but they have to know when people are turning up. Write to: Ad Hoc Committee for the Instant City, ADI/FAD, c/Brusi, 39. Barcelona 6. Around 3000 people are expected, and they advise that you bring your own sleeping back and eatin' irons.

'Sedition consists of acts, writings or conduct which do not amount to treason, but which must be punished in the interests of the state, for if unchecked; sedition leads to disorder and possibly to revolution.'
[illegible]rty's Police Law, 19th edition.

'The only way in which to enshrine a Bill of Rights' in our law is to do so, after a revolution, in which we overrule our constitution and write some new document in its place.'
Sir Geoffrey Howe, Solicitor General.



Central Criminal Court

NOTICE OF FINE/NON-PAYMENT [illegible]

REGINA v. [illegible] PUBLICATIONS [illegible] LIMITED

Registered office: [illegible] Strand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, [illegible]
Administrative offices: [illegible] and [illegible] Road, London, N.11.

Number of Offence

Fined £500 in respect of each of the first [illegible] third offences and £500 in respect of the fourth offence making £2000 in all.

Amount of [illegible]

To be paid in [illegible] Fortnight

[illegible]

5 August

THE MONEY IS NOT TO BE PAID TO THIS COURT. It is to be paid to the Chief Clerk [illegible] Magistrates' Court, from whom you will receive instructions as to payment and to whom any further communications or enquiries concerning the payment of the fine should be addressed.

Court Book checked

"I think the current spirit of anti-leadership had become a nightmare. Because people are afraid of doing anything for fear of being attacked by someone else. And so you have people scared to death to act because they might be considered a leader, might be considered being on a media trip, might be considered to have egotistical reasons . . . group pressure is so strong that people are just petrified and scared into inactivity." Jerry Rubin

'For many police officers, [illegible] day is just another arrest day.'
Police Review, 18/7/1971.

Among the other products of our trial, the 'letters from well-wishers' department scored heavily. Apart from our own crop, some of the nastiest arrived for Grace Berger, mother of Viv Berger, participant in Issue [illegible] and witness in the trial. They show, as this says, that 'if there is obscenity in this country, it is in the minds of such letter-writers, not in OZ'. For those who are looking for [illegible] one of the writers was good enough to leave his address.

Dear Madam,
I should think the Council of Civil Liberties will lose all its support from normal people after your championing of your son. It has always attracted [illegible] queers and that, I should think, will be the sum total of its support now.
Hitler was not the first person to discover that Jews corrupt and lower standards — and the impression is gaining ground in this country that the effect is now being felt here.
A considerable amount of [illegible] unrest is fostered by Jews and the clenched fist of your son is an indication.
Well, the race can only blame itself [illegible] the arrogance [illegible] the Jew [illegible] known.
Yours etc,
H Johnson,
The Nook,
Amwell Lane,
Stanstead Abbotts,
Herts.

THE BALL POINT PENS PLACED ON THIS DESK FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE ARE THE PROPERTY OF THE U.S. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.
PENALTY FOR THEFT IS $500 FINE AND OR ONE YEAR IN PRISON

Traffic Etc... (An expanded Traffic band) Their latest album was recorded 'live', and is called "Welcome to the Canteen." It's out now on Island. ILPS 9166

SEE TRAFFIC'S ONLY LONDON CONCERT BEFORE THEY LEAVE FOR AMERICA. IT'S AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL ON SEPT. 23RD.

Memo to the D.P.P.
This publication is entitled OZ/37

Terror of the Dirty Squad and their voluntary helpers the Angry Club against Pornografics has made the creators of this ish anonymous.
So here they all are:

A picked band of dedicated perverts somewhere in West London.
Absent Friends.
Peter Brookes, Stewart McCinnon, Sherlock Holmes, Peter Tiff, Martin Sharp, Andrew Cockburn, 'B', John Davies, David Nutter, Gervais Danone II, Simon Viridian, David Nutter, 'A', Eden Vale, Brian Faulkner, Det Insp Fred Luff, and all the boys on the Squad, Acapulco Leary, his namesake Tim, George Snow, Tony Elliott, 'X' Roy Knipe, Dr Midget, Bob Laurie, The Grocer, Victoria Library, Jersey, Beauty Parlour, Alex Aggro, True Detectives, a selection of Jesuses, Mike 'incredicable core of evil' Argyle, Sammy Barr, Adrian George, Ellen at Dale, 1T good people and theoretically true, the brothers Ludd, William Blake....
Smoking by Henri Winterman
Drugs by The Man
Colour by Jim Paul
Lighting by Judge Griffiths
Wardrobe by Laurence Corner out of Just Men
Fights arranged by the Angry Club and Not A Puritan (London) Ltd
A Bust That Lot If You Dare Production (Zurich) Ltd.

Nothing in OZ is copyright, but we suggest you check our sources before you start ripping anything off....

Our thing: Should underground papers be a hangout for the local community freaks of should they discourage such personal contact to concentrate upon the priority of putting out a paper? It's a conflict that's arisen in meny offices and recently got an airing in the letter column of Chicago's Seed, which was accused of being cliquish. The Seed responded with the obvious comment that the more people that hang out the harder the job of producing the paper becomes. But they left the question open, adding: "We need you to remind us of where we are going."

Cannabis cigarette papers, made from pure hemp fibre, is legal because 'non-psychoactive' explains amorphia, the cannabis co-operative that distributes it and devotes profits to legalizing marihuana. Cannabis papers cost 50c a packet, regular papers 15c or 20c all from amorphia (POB 744, Mill Valley, California 94941).

The future: Attempts to gain dictatorial powers 'by certain enemies" and "sensational news about espionage activities" can be expected before March 1972 according to Horoscope for the United States of America in India's 'Astrological Magazine' There will be more bloodshed as a result of the Black quest for freedom and, despite Nixon's proclamations, increasing American involvement in Asian and Middle Eastern affairs, the magazine adds.
Reprinted from 'Other Scenes'

"Menu: Fruit Juice, roast beef with gravy, sweet potatoes, canned peas, tossed salad with dressing, bread and rolls with butter, pickles, apple pie with ice cream, milk, coffee. Sounds delicious but . . . Fruit Juice contains Benzoic acid (a chemical preservative): dimethyl polysilo[illegible] (foaming agent): DDT and rel[illegible] compounds, parathion or one of the other potent phosphorus nerve-gas pesticides: saccharin (chemical sweetner). Roast Beef has DDT, and other related compounds: methoxychlor, chlordane, heptachlor, toxaphene, liodane, benzene hexachloried, aldrin, dieldrin and other pesticides, particularly in the fatty parts, stilbestrol (artificail female sex hormone) aureomycin (antibiotic), mineral oil residue from wrapping paper. Gravy contains DDT and other pesticides that were in the meat, antibiotics products formed from the interaction between the chlorine-dioxide bleach used on the flour and the flour nutrients. Sweet potatoes have pesticides, coal tar dye and sulphuric malathion. Peas will give you some magnesium chloride (colour retainer), magnesium carbo carbonate (alkalizer), DDT, and other pesticides. Tossed salad with dressing has sodium alginate (stabli-

izer), monoisopropyl citrate (antioxident to prevent fat deterioration) DDT and related compounds, phosphorus insecticide and weed killer. Bread and Rolls has nordihydroguaiaratic acid (antioxidant), oxidation products resulting from interaction with hydrogen peroxide (bleach), magnesium oxide (neutralizer), AB and OB Yellow (coal tar dyes), diacetyl (artificial aromatic agent): DDT and related agents. Bread and rolls also has nordihy bleach interaction in flour: ammonium chloride (dough conditioner), mone— and di— glycerides and polyoxyethylene (softeners), nitrated flour or coal-tar dye (to give bakery products yellow colour suggestive of butter and egg yolks), parathion and related compounds. Pickles: aluminium sulphate (firming agent), sodium nitrate (texturiser) and emulsifier (to disperse that flavour). Apple Pie: that's got butylated hydroxyanisole (antioxidant in lard) and all the chemical agents in flour, butter and margarine, sodium phenylphenate (preservative), several or possibly all of the following pesticides used on apples: DDT, dinitroorthocresol, benzene hexacholride, malathion, parathion, demeton, lindane, lead arsenate, nicotine, methoxychlor, chlordane and others. Some of these pesticides would also appear in the lard. Ice Cream: stabilisers and emulsifiers as above, artificial flavouring, coal-tar dye, antibiotics, DDT and related compounds. Milk: DDT or its chemical kin and antibiotics. Coffee we leave to your imagination.
Lifted from 'Poinons in Your Food' by William Longgodd. Recommended for anyone interested in eating(still).

In November 1831 the Poor Man's Guardian reported proceedings at the Stockport Magistrates Court where Joseph Swann was charged with selling pamphlets and newspapers on which stamp duty had not been paid. He had been arrested in 1819 for selling pamphlets and seditious poems.

He was eventually sentenced, after appearing in the dock in chains, to two years imprisonment for seditious conspiracy, two years in prison for blasphemous libel, six months for seditious libel. From the dock he said: 'Han ye done? Is that all? Why I thowrt ye'd get a bit of hemp for me and hang me.'

When he returned to Court in 1831, Captain Clarke asked him what he had to say in his defense;
***Defendant:* 'Well Sir, I have been out of employment for some time; neither can I obtain work; my family are all starving . . . And for another reason, the weightiest of all; I sell them for the good of my fellow countrymen; to let them see how they are misrepresented in Parliament . . . I wish to let the people know how they are humbugged. . ."**
***Bench*: 'Hold your tongue a moment'**
***Defendant:* 'I shall not for I wish every man to read these publications.'**
***Bench:* 'You are very insolent, therefore you are committed to three months imprisonment in Knutsford House of Correction, to hard labour.'**
***Defendant*: 'I've nothing to thank you for; and when I come out, I'll hawk them again. And *mind you* (looking at Captain Clarke) the first that I hawk shall be to your house.**

Joseph Swann was then forcibly removed from the dock.
Poor Man's Guardian (UPS)

One section of the population who were little surprised by Argyle's decision were West Midlands journalists. Not a body of men noted for revolutionary left wing fervour, there were general cries of relief and the Birmingham equivalent of "off the pigs" in Brum newsrooms when Argyle left in 1970, after five years as second citizen in the celestial city. Journalists had become more than a little sickened by his cosy little habit of ringing up papers and informing them, in his pie little voice, that he would have something interesting for them in the courts that morning.

This invariably meant that someone was going to get three or five years for some act of petty vandalism, the sentence being accompanied by a set of homilies about society.

If the journalists were pleased to see him go, the papers themselves were not. The Birmingham Post, a morning paper that makes the Daily Telegraph look like an underground guerrilla sheet had featured Argyle's campaigns with mounting enthusiasm. This enthusiasm led them into the realms of fantasy as Argyle's terrorist campaign in the courts hotted up. The paper began claiming that deterrent sentences were having effect, and that there were more working public telephones in Brum than there had been. Residents of the city can only have regarded this as a satyrical flight of fancy as telephones continued in their normal state of disrepair.

Of all Argyle's merry pranks, the one causing Brimingham's present Recorder, Mr JM Davis, the most concern was Argyle's virtual *suspension of Judges rules.* These rules govern police behaviour towards people charged with an offence, and young Birmingham police are reputed to be without any knowledge of them.

The crowning glory of media conscious Argyle's P.R. efforts were the lamentable poems he wrote for the Birmingham Post. The one about the Cannock Chase murders reaches a nadir of obsenity even by his standards.

A World of Young Love

OZ

Number 37 4/-

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20
BK. CE

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BOOK IS
EXCHANGEABLE
AT HALF PRICE
POPLAR BOOK

A World of Young Love

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A picked band of dedicated perverts somewhere in West London.
Absent Friends.
Peter Brookes, Stewart McCinnon, Sherlock Holmes, Peter Tilt, Martin Sharp, Andrew Cockburn, 'B', John Davies, David Nutter, Gervais Danone II, Simon Viridian, David Nutter, 'A', Eden Vale, Brian Faulkner, Det Insp Fred Luff, and all the boys on the Squad, Acapulco Leary, his namesake Tim, George Snow, Tony Elliott, 'X' Roy Knipe, Ole Midget, Bob Laurie, The Grocer, Victoria Library, Jersey, Beauty Parlour, Alex Aggro, True Detectives, selection of Jesuses, Mike 'incredicable core of evil' Argyle, Sammy Barr, Adrian George, Ellen ex' Dale, 1T good people and theoretically true, the brothers Ludd, William Blake....
Smoking by Henri Winterman
Drugs by The Man
Colour by Jim Paul
Lighting by Judge Griffiths
Wardrobe by Laurence Corner out of Just Men
Fights arranged by the Angry Club and Not A Puritan (London) Ltd
A Bust That Lot If You Dare Production (Zurich) Ltd.

Nothing in OZ is copyright, but we suggest you check our sources before you start ripping anything off....

Our thing: Should underground papers be a hangout for the local community freaks of should they discourage such personal contact to concentrate upon the priority of putting out a paper? It's a conflict that's arisen in meny offices and recently got an airing in the letter column of Chicago's Seed, which was accused of being cliquish. The Seed responded with the obvious comment that the more people that hang out the harder the job of producing the paper becomes. But they left the question open, adding: "We need you to remind us of where we are going."

Cannabis cigarette papers, made from pure hemp fibre, is legal because 'non-psychoactive' explains amorphia, the cannabis co-operative that distributes it and devotes profits to legalizing marihuana. Cannabis papers cost 50c a packet, regular papers 15c or 20c all from amorphia (POB 744, Mill Valley, California 94941).

The future: Attempts to gain dictatorial powers 'by certain enemies" and "sensational news about espionage activities" can be expected before March 1972 according to Horoscope for the United States of America in India's 'Astrological Magazine' There will be more bloodshed as a result of the Black quest for freedom and, despite Nixon's proclamations, increasing American involvement in Asian and Middle Eastern affairs, the magazine adds.
Reprinted from 'Other Scenes'

"Menu: Fruit Juice, roast beef with gravy, sweet potatoes, canned peas, tossed salad with dressing, bread and rolls with butter, pickles, apple pie with ice cream, milk, coffee. Sounds delicious but . . . Fruit Juice contains Benzoic acid (a chemical preservative): dimethyl polysilo[illegible] (foaming agent): DDT and rela[illegible] compounds, parathion or one of the other potent phosphorus nerve-gas pesticides: saccharin (chemical sweetner). Roast Beef has DDT, and other related compounds: methoxychlor, chlordane, heptachlor, toxaphene, liodane, benzene hexachloried, aldrin, dieldrin and other pesticides, particularly in the fatty parts, stilbestrol (artificail female sex hormone) aureomycin (antibiotic), mineral oil residue from wrapping paper. Gravy contains DDT and other pesticides that were in the meat, antibiotics products formed from the interaction between the chlorine-dioxide bleach used on the flour and the flour nutrients. Sweet potatoes have pesticides, coal tar dye and sulphuric malathion. Peas will give you some magnesium chloride (colour retainer), magnesium carbo carbonate (alkalizer), DDT, and other pesticides. Tossed salad with dressing has sodium alginate (stabli-

izer), monoisopropyl citrate (antioxident to prevent fat deterioration) DDT and related compounds, phosphorus insecticide and weed killer. Bread and Rolls has nordihydroguaiaratic acid (antioxidant), oxidation products resulting from interaction with hydrogen peroxide (bleach), magnesium oxide (neutralizer), AB and OB Yellow (coal tar dyes), diacetyl (artificial aromatic agent): DDT and related agents. Bread and rolls also has nordihy bleach interaction in flour: ammonium chloride (dough conditioner), mone— and di— glycerides and polyoxyethylene (softeners), nitrated flour or coal-tar dye (to give bakery products yellow colour suggestive of butter and egg yolks), parathion and related compounds. Pickles: aluminium sulphate (firming agent), sodium nitrate (texturiser) and emulsifier (to disperse that flavour). Apple Pie: that's got butylated hydroxyanisole (antioxidant in lard) and all the chemical agents in flour, butter and margarine, sodium phenylphenate (preservative), several or possibly all of the following pesticides used on applies: DDT, dinitroorthocresol, benzene hexacholride, malathion, parathion, demeton, lindane, lead arsenate, nicotine, methoxychlor, chlordane and others. Some of these pesticides would also appear in the lard. Ice Cream: stabilisers and emulsifiers as above, artificial flavouring, coal-tar dye, antibiotics, DDT and related compounds. Milk: DDT or its chemical kin and antibiotics. Coffee we leave to your imagination.
Lifted from 'Poinons in Your Food' by William Longgodd. Recommended for anyone interested in eating(still).

In November 1831 the Poor Man's Guardian reported proceedings at the Stockport Magistrates Court where Joseph Swann was charged with selling pamphlets and newspapers on which stamp duty had not been paid. He had been arrested in 1819 for selling pamphlets and seditious poems.

He was eventually sentenced, after appearing in the dock in chains, to two years imprisonment for seditious conspiracy, two years in prison for blasphemous libel, six months for seditious libel. From the dock he said: 'Han ye done? Is that all? Why I thowrt ye'd get a bit of hemp for me and hang me.'

When he returned to Court in 1831, Captain Clarke asked him what he had to say in his defense;
***Defendant:* 'Well Sir, I have been out of employment for some time; neither can I obtain work; my family are all starving . . . And for another reason, the weightiest of all; I sell them for the good of my fellow countrymen; to let them see how they are misrepresented in Parliament . . . I wish to let the people know how they are humbugged. . ."**
***Bench*: 'Hold your tongue a moment'**
***Defendant:* 'I shall not for I wish every man to read these publications.'**
***Bench:* 'You are very insolent, therefore you are committed to three months imprisonment in Knutsford House of Correction, to hard labour.'**
***Defendant*: 'I've nothing to thank you for; and when I come out, I'll hawk them again. And *mind you* (looking at Captain Clarke) the first that I hawk shall be to your house.**

Joseph Swann was then forcibly removed from the dock.
Poor Man's Guardian (UPS)

One section of the population who were little surprised by Argyle's decision were West Midlands journalists. Not a body of men noted for revolutionary left wing fervour, there were general cries of relief and the Birmingham equivalent of "off the pigs" in Brum newsrooms when Argyle left in 1970, after five years as second citizen in the celestial city. Journalists had become more than a little sickened by his cosy little habit of ringing up papers and informing them, in his pie little voice, that he would have something interesting for them in the courts that morning.

This invariably meant that someone was going to get three or five years for some act of petty vandalism, the sentence being accompanied by a set of homilies about society.

If the journalists were pleased to see him go, the papers themselves were not. The Birmingham Post, a morning paper that makes the Daily Telegraph look like an underground guerrilla sheet had featured Argyle's campaigns with mounting enthusiasm. This enthusiasm led them into the realms of fantasy as Argyle's terrorist campaign in the courts hotted up. The paper began claiming that deterrent sentences were having effect, and that there were more working public telephones in Brum than there had been. Residents of the city can only have regarded this as a satyrical flight of fancy as telephones continued in their normal state of disrepair.

Of all Argyle's merry pranks, the one causing Brimingham's present Recorder, Mr JM Davis, the most concern was Argyle's virtual *suspension of Judges rules.* These rules govern police behaviour towards people charged with an offence, and young Birmingham police are reputed to be without any knowledge of them.

The crowning glory of media conscious Argyle's P.R. efforts were the lamentable poems he wrote for the Birmingham Post. The one about the Cannock Chase murders reaches a nadir of obscenity even by his standards.

The first of the British alternative press prosecutions — the case brought against IT for 'conspiring to corrupt and debauch public morals' and 'conspiring to outrage public decency' by publishing homosexual contact ads — now enters its final stage: a hearing at the House of Lords.

The Court of Criminal Appeal has rejected an appeal against the convictions handed out after a five-day

hearing at the Old Bailey last November. Knullar (Publishing, Printing and Promotions) Ltd., publishers of IT at the time, was fined a total of £2,000 and three working dirictors, Graham Keen, Peter Stansill and David Hall were given 18 month suspended jail sentences and ordered to pay £200 costs each.

The charges concerned the columns of small ads through which homosexuals could openly contact each other. The column had been running for two years when police raided the IT offices in April 1969 and seized correspondence, unopened replies to box numbers and small ad files.

The principle at stake — whether or not it is illegal for homosexuals to openly contact each other — is perhaps not as fashionable as the broader issues of censorship and freedom of the press, but is just as vital, especially if you happen to be a homosexual. If this appeal at the House of Lords fails it will provide the forces of darkness with a powerful legal precedent to enforce an archaic and discriminatory law.

Knullar needs help to fight this case. The Bust Fund was depleted long ago on the case's passage through three courts. Contributions can be sent to Knullar Defence Fund, c/o Seifert, Sedley and Co., 14 Tooks Court, Cursitor Street, London EC4.

Readers who enjoy a juicy trial can rest assured that the State has plenty of weapons in its legal armoury with which to assail OZ and the rest of the underground press, even if every trace of nipple and thigh was ruthlessly expurgated, though the advantage of the obscenity laws is that the prosecution can deceive some people at least by claiming 'this is not a political trial'. Here is a brief account of some of the other charges available:

1 Incitement to commit any other crime — eg to write 'my dish it's beautiful' or maybe merely portraying something in a favourable light.

2 Conspiracy: an agreement to do some illegal act. A very vague offence, it can serve to prohibit a public mischief, or simply annoying public officials and branch.

3 Seditious libel. This has fallen into disuse in recent years (probably because it is too obviously political) but prosecutors and judges love reviving old fashioned offences, which will happen when the political and economic situation has sufficiently deteriorated. The main difficulty (persuading juries to convict) will be overcome by doing away with trial by jury. It is very indefinite offence and can be used to cover virtually anything. As Holroyd, a legal tome often called the prosecutors Bible, defines it, it is writing which "directly tend or have for their object to excite a contempt or dissatisfaction; to excite ill will between different classes of the Sovereign's subjects; to bring into hatred or contempt the sovereign or the government, the laws or constitution of the realm, and generally all endeavours to promote public disorder; or to incite people . . . to use any form of physical force in any public matter connected with the State." Generously, the good book ads: "A man may lawfully discuss, criticize or censure the measures adopted by the Queen and her ministers for the government of the

country, provided he does it fairly, temperately, with decency and respect, and without imputing to them any corrupt or improper motive!" The jury have to "look at the audience addressed, because language which would be innocuous practically speaking if used to an assembly of professors or divines, might produce a different result if used before an excited audience of young and uneducated men".

4 Official Secrets Act 1911, Section 1 (1): 'If any person for any purpose prejudicial to the safety or interests of the State . . . obtains, collects, records, publishes or communicates to any other person any secret official code word or pass word or any sketch, plan model, article or note, or other document or information which is calculated to be or might be or is intended to be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy", he is guilty of an offence. Selecting from these alternatives then, there is an offence of publishing to any person any information which might be indirectly useful to an enemy. Some peaceful CND demonstrators at Wethersfield air base were sent to prison under this section, and it was decided that the State determines what is perjudicial to itself; the 'enemy' need to be only a potential enemy.

5 Offences under the Inciting to Mutiny and Disaffection Act 1797 and Incitement to Disaffection Act 1934, for encouraging members of armed forces to leave their job or go on strike etc. Section 53 of the Police Act 1964 makes it an offence to attempt to cause 'disaffection amongst the members of any police force".

6 Contempt of court: one aspect of this is publication of an 'invective' against a judge (in his capacity as judge) with a view to bringing the administration of justice into 'suspicion and contempt'. In the thirties the editor of the New Statesman was found guilty for saying "An individual owning to such views as those of Dr Stopes cannot apparently hope for a fair hearing in a court presided over by Mr Justice Avory — and there are so many Avorys". Quite recently, the Court of Appeal put on a more liberal front and declared that even 'vigorous' criticism of a judge was all right "provid-

DISCONTENT.

ing it keeps within the limits of reasonable courtesy and good faith" as interpreted by the judges! The vigorous critic in that case was none other than Quintin Hogg, who had got his facts wrong so that the judges had to excuse even 'erroneous' criticism.

7 Criminal Libel — normally libel is a civil wrong, ie you are sued for damages. But it can be a criminal offence if what you write might endanger the 'public peace' as by 'arousing angry passions and provoking revenge'. It has been revived and used several times in recent years: the reactionary Judge Melford Stevenson gave a stiff prison sentence to someone who wrote to the Prime Minister complaining about a police officer.

8 Blasphemy.

All of which goes to show, there are no such things as 'civil liberties' — it is purely a question as to what the State allows (or ignores), or as to what you can wrest through struggle. If they want to get someone, there is always some charge available with which to cloak the victim. And when too many people have seen through this charade, they resort to naked repression and don't bother to prosecute — they simply call it 'internment'.

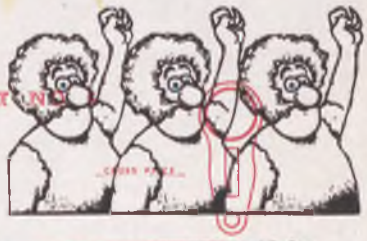
RIB Information Service. 58, Charles Street, Cardiff. Tel: 44441. 'Help RIB before we have to help you'.

Following the article on Encounter Groups in OZ 35 we have been sent a list of 'People Not Psychiatry' numbers for Birmingham and Nottingham. Too long to print here, but ring if info is required.

A group of young people in Leyburn and the surrounding North Yorkshire Dales countryside, aghast at their recreational and cultural stagnation, and hoping to provide much needed social services are endeavouring to set up AGAPE. They want to give all the usual goodies, and want to get finance, offices, etc. Contact Pete Thronber, 'Rockington', Cliffe Drive, Leyburn, Yorks.

TOUCH, Dundee's own people's advisory service, can be found at 112 Prices Street, Dundee, Scotland. They are based on BIT and Release and are waging a campaign against oppressive police.

For those of you who just can't get off on the endless compulsory God at school: The Walthamstow Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Worship in Schools, average age 15, with strong, if by necessity anonymous backing from many teachers, has been formed to fight this relic of the 1944 Education Act — which forced everyone to take daily doses of religion. They intend to write to MPs and media for publicity and support at first, but 'if this fails we shall have to resort to stronger methods, marches and even strikes'. 'We are not fighting religion, just the compulsion to do something that we believe should be a matter of choice.' Send SAE for details, or just sympathy and support to Mick Burns, 45 Reisberg Road, Walthamstow, London E17.



'Hippie-style commune is HQ for international drug traffickers' screamed local headlines when a member of the Fluff, a 15 strong commune outside Bradford, was busted for sending some dope to Canada last January. A few months later the commune had hassles again when 30 lawmen with attendant hounds descended on the commune and arrested a dozen of the dwellers, one of whom is now doing a two-stretch — for dope. Fines for the bust totalled £300 — well beyond Fluff finances. The Friends of the Fluff were then formed to help out with bread, and sure enough, they too were busted — another £800 worth of fines. All of which sad tale leads to the point: The Bust Fund for the Fluff and their Friends is having a benefit on October 22 in St George's Hall, Bradford. Hawkwind among others will be there. Once the fines are paid, a permanent Northern Bust Fund will be set up for the unlucky around there. All are welcome, all help and bread especailly.

Abbey Wood White Panthers Dance: October 1st, Harrow Inn, Abbey Wood. Hawkwind and a surprise band.

Central Index Information Service. 10 Fournier Street, London. E1. 24 hour service for all types of info. Specifically designed to co-ordinate and relate information.

Soledad Brother George Jackson Exhibition. A collection of lithographs relating to the life and background of George Jackson showing at the DM Gallery, 72 Fulham Road, SW3 October 12 — November 2. All proceeds to Soledad Defence Committee, c/o Anthony Sheil Associates, 47 Dean Street, London W1. Phone 734 7792.

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Honeybunch Kaminski — yes, what a little yummy indeed!!!
You've seen her, maybe even fancied a bit. Now, readers, this lovable, o so much larger than life [illegible] of underage sensuality [illegible] Thousands were invest[illegible] ion, she can grace your [illegible] pittance.
Offers requested. All p[illegible] OZ Obscenity Fund.

The First A[illegible] New York Erotic [illegible] Festival (FA[illegible]) will surge into action on Guy Fawkes Day, Nov[illegible] 5th and carry on coming through till December 17th.

'Very simply, the FANYEEF intends to take erotic films out of the hands of the smut peddlers and establish them as a valid art form'. International film makers, like great straight novelists, it is presumed have some little kinks they might want to parade: the Festival will provide them with a forum and a public.

Created by Ken Gaul, ex-managing editor of top (and some say only) New York pornzine 'Screw' and judged by, among others, 'Screw' editor Al Goldstein, the festival will offer cash prizes for its seven major and several minor categories, as well as 'the coveted Onan Statue'.

Any enquiries to FANYEFF, 116 E27th Street, NY 10016.

Meanwhile, in more accessible Amsterdam, the Second Wet Dream Film Festival is being organised by Suck, the top European sexmag for October 20—24. Prizes galore and lotsafun. Contact Wet Dream Film Festival, PO Box 2080, Amsterdam, Holland.

Dear Sir,
In issue No 36 of your publication OZ there was an extract from 'Satan's Slaves' by James Taylor mentioning Charles Manson in connection with the Church of Scientology.
The actual quote is quite wrong and the Church does not wish anyone to get the idea that Manson was a Scientologist.
We have a letter from the Los Angeles Police Department stating that Charles Manson was not a Scientologist and that the police did not find any connection whatsoever during their investigations.
The New English Library, publishers of 'Satan's Slaves' have been Defendants in a case brought by the Church, and were made to pay damages for libel.
I therefore request on behalf of the Church of Scientology that a correction be printed in your next issue pointing out quite clearly what we say.
If the book 'Satan's Slaves is available in any book store, please advise me.
Yours faithfully,
C.B.B. Parselle,
D/Guardian Legal WW.

Jim Haynes would like to thank all the people who have written their autobiographies for him and says that he is slowly but surely going to read them all, and to reply to everyone as quickly as possible.

Although ace-acid guru-cum-radicalised-ex-con Tim Leary is out on bail, the good ol' US of A are still trying their straight damndest to grab him back and stash him away in the nick once more. Following this th[illegible] has been formed an 'Asylum for Leary' Committee in Switzerland. T[illegible] are fighting the US provisional e[illegible]dition order and are underlining the essentially political nature of [illegible] whole campaign against Leary.

[illegible] in the form of a radio st[illegible] ripping off the freaks. You [illegible] warned. But let's hope he's not going to screw Leary.

'The world is ready for a metamorphosis of the Gods. The values and archetypes of our cu[illegible]ture are abandoned and new ways of [illegible] from another world view [illegible] adopted. One of the val[illegible] New Culture is change i[illegible] flexibility.'

The initial blurb for [illegible]tion and hopeful recruit[illegible] another practical manif[illegible] Alternative Living: Insta[illegible] be peopled, erected and de[illegible] on 15,000 square kilometres of [illegible] in Ibiza, from September, when the 'infrastructures' (loos, water, kitchens etc) through to October. It will exist concurrent with the ICSID Conference, also held on the island.

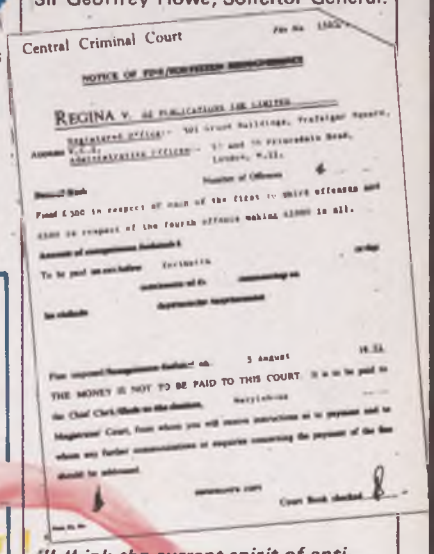
Basic foods such as bread, rice, raisins and vegetables will be given away free. If this proves impossible there will be a co-operative store and nothing will be sold above cost. A warehouse has been stockpiled with

convenient and flexible building materials: canvas, cardboard, rope plastics, wood, panels, and a workshop for their use has been set up.

For everyone who wants to get along to Ibiza for Instant City, it's vital that some notice of your arrival is sent to the guys who are running it. 50 seats a day are reserved on the ferry, but they have to know when people are turning up. Write to: Ad Hoc Committee for the Instant City, ADI/FAD, c/Brusi, 39. Barcelona 6. Around 3000 people are expected, and they advise that you bring your own sleeping back and eatin' irons.

'Sedition consists of acts, writings or conduct which do not amount to treason, but which must be punished in the interests of the state, for if unchecked; sedition leads to dis[illegible] and possibly to revolution.'
[illegible]rty's Police Law, 19th edition.

'The only way in which to enshrine a [illegible] of Rights' in our law is to do so, [illegible] a revolution, in which we over[illegible]le our constitution and write some new document in its place.'
Sir Geoffrey Howe, Solicitor General.



Central Criminal Court

NOTICE OF FINE/NON-PAYMENT [illegible]

REGINA v. [illegible] PUBLICATIONS [illegible] LIMITED

Registered office: [illegible] Street Buildings, Trafalgar Square, [illegible]
Administrative offices: [illegible] and [illegible] Road, London, W.11.

Number of Offence [illegible]

Fined £500 in respect of each of the first [illegible] offences and £500 in respect of the fourth offence making £2000 in all.

Amount of compensation [illegible]

To be paid on or before [illegible]

[illegible]

5 August

THE MONEY IS NOT TO BE PAID TO THIS COURT. [illegible]

[illegible]

Crown Book checked [illegible]

"I think the current spirit of anti-leadership had become a nightmare. Because people are afraid of doing anything for fear of being attacked by someone else. And so you have people scared to death to act because they might be considered a leader, might be considered being on a media trip, might be considered to have egotistical reasons . . . group pressure is so strong that people are just petrified and scared into inactivity." Jerry Rubin

'For many police officers, [illegible] day is just another arrest da[illegible]
Police Review, 18/7/1971.

Among the other products of the trial, the 'letters from well-wishers [illegible] scored heavily. Apart from our own crop, some of the nastiest arrived for Grace Berger, mother of Viv Berger, participant in Issue [illegible] and witness in the trial. They show, as this says, that 'if there is obscenity in this country, it is in the minds of such letter-writers, not in OZ'. For those who are looking for samples, one of the writers was good enough to send his address.

Dear Madam,
I should think the Council of Civil Liberties will lose all its support from normal people after your championing of your son. It has always attracted [illegible] and queers and that, I should think, will be the sum total of its support now.
Hitler was not the first person to discover that Jews corrupt and lower standards — and the impression is gaining ground in this country that the effect is now being felt here.
A considerable amount of student unrest is fostered by Jews and the clenched fist of your son is an indication.
Well, the race can only blame itself [illegible] the arrogance [illegible] the Jew is well known.
Yours etc,
H Johnson,
The Nook,
Amwell Lane,
Stanstead Abbotts,
Herts.

Smalls

Exciting Sex Offers! Pictures: all guaranteed unretouched,uncensored full-figure female nudes. Bundles:- each containing at least 200 different uninhibited poses. £1 plus 25p p & p. Books: Sexual Ecstasy - showing all the coital postiions in real-life action photographs. £1.50. Also, The Whip; Sadistic Cults; Bondage and Humiliation; and Fetishism - £1 each or all 4 for £3. Fast Service under plain cover. Send now to: OZ Books, 49 Lynwood Close, London, E18 1DP

Male Nude Magazines. Finest Porno Selection in Europe. FREE magazine with first order! Send for FREE brochure today. Lux Publications, PO Box 10269 Amsterdam, Holland.

Gay? Gay small ads have been hassled out of every mag that has tried to run them. If you care about gay civil rights, come to Gay Liberation Front's Wednesday meetings at 7.30, All Saints Hall, Powis Square, W 11 or ring GLF at 01 837 7174.

Pregnancy Advisory Centre. Kensington Laboratories. Confidential pregnancy testing. Immediate results and free consultation. 124A Brompton Road, S W 3. 01 581 0391/2. Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays open until 7 pm.

Are You Adventurous? If so, you must not miss the chance to make exciting new friends of the opposite sex in a revolutionary way. Free details from: SIM (OZ), Braemar House, Queens Road, REading.

Pen Friends Everywhere! and exciting dates too! Get yours. Write: Intro (Dept OZ), 247 High Street North, London, E 12.

Nude Boys and Men. All types, sizes and shapes. Largest selection of male nude photo magazines in the USA. Send for FREE illustrated brochure. Rainbow Studio-OZ, Box 46544, Hollywood, California 90046.

Underground Craftsmen and Producers interested in co-operating to sell and distribute goods, please contact Dave at 01 836 0550.

Meet sexy birds, gay men, kinky couples, through a monthly magazine with nationwide contacts. 50p to Personal Column, Sefton Street, Blackpool.

Young Lady Amateur Photographer has for sale stag films and photos for FREE, Yes Free. Details send SAE only to Miss V Phillips, Dept O, PO Box 604, High Road, Chiswick, London, W 4.

A 24-Hour Van Service at very cheap rates. Motivation Transport. 459 8522.

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Scene. The medium for people seeking people. Various aware interests, age groups. For current issue send 20p to Scene, 62 High STreet, Harpenden, Herts.

Lady's Battery Massagers 7" long, 1¾" thick, round, invigorating, scarce items. End frustration, frigidity etc. £1.50 post free to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourn Street, London, W C2.

Electronic Ear. Range ¼ mile, through walls, etc. Made cheaply, easily. Instruction 50p + p & p to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourn Street, London, W C 2

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If you're paralyzed, paranoid, perverted, criminal, schizo, alcoholic or dead, don't bother to apply to Contacts Unlimited. If this hasn't eliminated all OZ readers then please do. £1 for 4 dates. Ring 01 437 7121 (24 Hours) or write to 2 Malborough Street, London, W 1.

Roll It Up! ! ! in Stars and Stripes, $100 Bills or Draft Card cigarette papers. Mail order 15p per pack (PO preferred) plus 3p stamp please. To: Joint Enterprises (Dept O1), 41 Octavia House, Southern Road, London, W 10. Wholesale enquiries welcome, 01 960 1070. Be the first one on or above your block to do it.

Gentle Ghost have 200 people to do anything beautifully, e g van removals, transport, writing, designing, painting, graphics, filming, modelling, typing and help people through bad trips and help or advice and pleasure. Phone 01 603 8581 any time. Love.

Are You Sex Mad? Send £1 for 'Happiness' underground magazine. Stories, FREE parties, introductions (all types). ARC (F), London, N 22.

Couple, 30's, wish to meet others for group discussions. London. Box 137

Wanted! Nice young girls for top paid job in Italian nightclubs. Apply with photo and details to: Paolo Targon, C/o Coradazzi, Via Soncino 3, 20123 Milano, Italy.

Scandinavian Films and Mags for sale. B & W films 200" normal 8 £10. Mags, £2. Information 50p from: Cartaidentita 03093520, Fermo Posta Cordusio, Milano, Italy.

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Knots Tavistock : £1·50

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Penguin 30p Tavistock £2·00

Self and Others
(2nd edition)
Penguin 20p Tavistock £1·90

The Politics of Experience and **The Bird of Paradise**
Penguin 30p

With A. Esterson
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MORE than 25,000 copies of Ink, sister underground paper to Oz, go on sale today with a cartoon of Home Secretary Mr Reginald Maudling on

Dearest Grace,

How lovely for you, you've been letting Vivien fuck you it is such a wonderful experience having a schoolboy. My dear surely you have other schoolboys who are fucking you regularly. Darling, I have to admit I also indulge with boys from time to time, although I am now 50 I can only get full satisfaction with green boys. Especially ones who have never seen or fingered a woman's fanny, and their clumsy efforts trying to wank me off, even though they sometimes succeed in making me come. We must try and meet dear and exchange experiences.

I am also,
Grace.

Here are some highlights from the recent 'Playboy' interview with John (Duke) Wayne, whom numerous grapevines have rumored as a possible successor to Ronald Reagan as governor of California:

(On pornography) "I am quite sure that within two or three years, Americans will be completely fed up with these perverted films." (which ones?) "Oh, 'Easy Rider' 'Midnight Cowboy' — that kind of thing.

(On race relations) "I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility. I don't believe in giving authority and positions of leadership and judgement to irresponsible people."

(On his limiting the number of blacks in his movies) "Oh Christ no, I've directed two pictures and I gave the blacks their proper position. I had a black slave in the movie 'The Alamo' and I had a correct number of blacks in the 'The Green Berets."

(On Indians) "I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them, if that's what you're asking. Our so-called stealing of this country from them was just a matter of survival. There were great numbers of people who needed new land, and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves . . . We'll all be on a reservation soon if the socialists keep subsidizing groups like them (the Indians) with our tax money.

(On radicals) "And when they start shooting policemen, the time has come to start knocking them off, as far as I'm concerned.

(On My Lai) ". . . one little incident in the United States Army.

(On Vietnam) "Our lack of leadership has gone so far now no one man can come in, face the issue and tell the people that we ought to be in an all-out war. (Why an all-out war?) "I figure if we are going to send even one man to die, we ought to be in an all-out conflict."

(On Nixon) "I knew him and stuck with him when he was a loser, and I'm sticking with him now that he's a winner." (sic)

(On the Motion Picture Alliance, a McCarthyite organization he headed in the late 1950's) "The only thing our side did that was anywhere near black-listing was just running a lot of people out of business."

(On grass) "I tried it once, but it didn't do anything to me. The kids say it makes them think they're going 30 miles an hour when they're going 80. If that's true, marijuana use should definitely be stopped."

(And finally, on young people) "Luckily so far, it seems they kind of consider me an older friend, somebody believable and down to earth."

Liberation News Service

"No revolution was ever won without violence." "Just as the structures and programmes of a new revolutionary society must be incorporated in every organised base at every point of the struggle, so must organised violence accompany every point of the struggle."
(Angry Brigade Communique 6)

It can't happen here, they said . . .
It Happened Before.
1780 The Gordon Riots.
1812 The Luddite Insurrection
1817 The Massacre of Peterloo
1831 The Bristol Riot
1840 The Chartist Riot
1886 The Hyde Park Riots for Universal Suffrage.
1910-1911 The Bermondsey Uprising and the Big Transport Strike
1916 Clydeside
1926 The General Strike
A few instaaces where the people started to attack the system . . . It's happening today.

British Imperialist and Colonialist History is littered with mass murders and massacres. In their colonies they killed and killed . . . and killed again. The Scottish Massacres, The Indian mutiny, Ireland, The Zulu War, The Boer War, the Sindh Massacres, The Greek Civil War, Ireland, Kenya, Cyprus, Aden, Ireland. Open your eyes, brother, and see the beast. A few instances where the system killed not just one or two but thousands and millions, black and white, men and women, to save their skins and preserve itself.
That's Where Repression Comes From
and that's our answer to the calls of 'adventurism'.

Eight months have passed since the Angry Brigade invaded the British scene. No invasion was ever popular.

We never expected the 'Morning Stars' and the 'Socialist Workers' to welcome us. They represent a generation of defeated people — defeated ideas. We never expected the Underground to welcome us either. The Underground is more political than the old dead left. Inside it there are forces which represent a total critical life style, an anti-authoritarian creativity. These forces are emerging, in spite of the Superstars, the spectacular personalities, the Fiers and Creative rip-off specialists. To the brothers and sisters of the Underground who will have to fight their own war to get rid of hip-capitalism and parasites: we say **Right On!**

There are many areas of struggle many priorities. For the cell which signs this document, working class youth IS the main priority. The following is a direct quotation from Shin'ya Ono. We endorse it.

"The problem is not one of 'creating consciousness' or 'raising consciousness' among working class youth that they are oppressed. They all know much better than we that they are fucked over by this system in all kinds of ways. They experience in the most acute way the oppressive conditions created by capitalism and Imperialism: family school, unemployment, pigs, courts or draggy jobs. The problem is not even a question of teaching them to fight. Most of the working class youth have done much more fighting against pigs and among themselves than most 'revolutionaries' can hope they will ever do."

In fact there are two main obstacles preventing their awareness of oppression and its causes from developing into a fully revolutionary direction . . . first their chauvinism and racism and secondly their basic defeatism about their ability to 'beat' the system . . . not once in a while, but destroy it totally.

Defeatism
Most of us are basically defeatist about our ability to win. (You can't beat the Town Hall, the Fuzz shop, The Army) No matter how hard we fight, we slide back into our comfortable bourgeois holes. The basic weapon of capitalism and Imperialism has permeated through our souls to our bodies.
Our Basic Weakness is the irrational belief in our own weakness

Racism And Chauvinism
The system through its agencies: schools, family and mass media, cons youth into thinking that however oppressed they may be, there is always some other group worse off. Long hairs occasionally, women, gay people, and blacks fill those roles in descending order. The con provides white working class youth with an illusory privileged position which they translate into one-upmanship and agro. They waste valuable energy in attacking one another. Real class solidarity through race and sex barriers is effectively prevented.

Words however persuasive, ideas however true, leaflets, pamphlets or books however colourfully illustrated cannot blast into the minds of youth: minds frozen in reactionary ideas, sustained by social and economic realities.

The only way to deal with this ice-block is to smash it head on, with a real alternative: to see a group of other young people, men and women able to fight, hit and beat the system: that rips up the guts of a paralysed being in ways no words or analyses can do. This is what we are trying to do.

There are no liber stages for working class youth . . . if you're up against the wall, you don't decorate it . . . you destroy it.

The Gang
We are trying to move with working class youth beyond the stage of the gang. The gang is too often an isolated form of escape. It neccessarily contains all those ideas which are dead or dying in the system: profiteering, leaders, rituals, and male dominance. The gang occasionally makes defensive forays against the system. However, the gang can only be a revolutionary force if it transforms itself: — from a distorted receptacle of a dead ideology into a structure which is constantly attacking and harrassing what is becoming an increasingly more savage oppressor

Communes
The hips must move beyond the days of Rolling Stone, Release, deals and Peace. There are hundreds of communes all over England. Some of them have complacantly opted out of the struggle. There is *no* Peace while *war* is raging — and we didn't start this war. If you don't fight — you get smashed. To those who say we have manipulated them, we pushed them we reply: We have grown tired of discussions, of being polite, 'of making correct analyses first'. We are nasty, bitter and angry. **And we are moving on!** Wherever there is a commune, a collective or a group of people engaged in action to change their lives and the lives of their neighbours, there you have a potential Angry Brigade. (Like the gang — an isolated commune can only move into sterility and reaction)

We must move beyond the next bombs, the next spectacular press cuttings. We must leave the front pages of 'The Times' or the back pages of 'The Mirror'. We must dissolve our precious white identity.
MOVE ONTO THE STREETS.
We are cells who believe that organised violence must accompany every stage of the mind-fucking struggle. We should all challenge, attack and smash our bullshit chauvinism, sexism, racism and imperialist-class privileges.

The Brigade is not a **thing** you join. It's actions you do. It's ways you change your life.
Lets start to fight our war. In London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Bradford, the lot . . .

Power To The People
Cell no. ac (Action—Communication)
Angry Brigade.

Smoking doesn't seem to be a sin any more. Time was dope was in a sort of way revolutionary, We did it and They didn't. Nowadays They do, and it isn't changing them much. Not all of them do, of course, but have you noticed that dope – marijuana – is getting sort of respectable. 'Nova' writes about pot in the suburbs, and Jill Tweedie writes in the 'Guardian' that it's all perfectly OK, and the law is ridiculous. Thanx for the news. Wait a minute though, sure pot has been proven harmless, so much better than alcohol, no hangover, but what about the dirty filthy profiteer, the dealer. In Tweedie's words "the dark world of the pusher". Like Victorian prostitutes a lot of people like to think of dealers as necessary – since pot is OK it presumably has to come from somewhere – but not nice. The Misuse of Drugs Act propounds this hypocritical illogicality in its purest form by ever so slightly lowering the penalties for possession while banging the rap for traffiking to 14 years.

No one likes dealers much except for Timothy Leary who said he was a hero, and that isn't quite right either. Dealing after all is just a way of making money. It may be, for some people, a few other things as well. It gives you a sense of position, if you like that feeling you're an outlaw. You're doing something terribly illegal, and people need you, even if a lot of them don't like you. You're not doing anyone any harm – talking here just about marijooana, without getting into any morally tricky areas of the sterner stuff. Trouble is, people don't understand the trials and tribulations that go to bring your smoke.

First thing about dealing is the waiting. On rare occasions the man rings back when he said he would, it's OK to go right over and pick it up, the stuff's the same kind and quality as you ordered, he doesn't take your money and ask you to hang on a minute, he's just got to pick it up off the cat who's holding it, and everything's fine. But the rest of the time you sit around and wait for the phone, and ring people who might know of something, who say they'll call you back. I remember a roomful of dealers in a time of desperate drought waiting sixteen hours at the contact's house for the man to turn up with the shit. None of them would smoke a joint in case they would be too stoned to taste the merchandise when it arrived, and they were too paranoid of each other to talk. No one was allowed to use the phone; security, man.

The major problem for any dealer is always supply. Dope is usually easy to get rid of, especially in times like these, when dope is exceptionally hard to find. Such problems make one think that it would be worthwhile going out and getting it oneself. The nearest major point of overseas supply is Frankfurt. A lot of dope from Pakistan and the Lebanon goes there, and if you have a contact, especially among the US servicemen on the base, you should be able to score large quantities at say £50–£60 a weight. If you go there without preparation however you could be in trouble, and there are many stories of hopeful dealers getting burned (having their dope or money stolen) or otherwise maltreated. To get your dope back to England you have the choice of ship, plane or car. You can bring it in in a properly remodified suitcase or car. Or you can just pack it in and hope for the best. You can be unlucky, or lucky. One man I know was driving back from Germany. The customs man he drew at the border had just passed out from the customs man academy, and he was determined to catch someone. He noticed that the floor of the Mercedes was a quarter of an inch too high. Inside there were fifty kilos and my friend got six months.

In the producing countries, you will of course be able to buy the shit very much cheaper. On average you won't have to pay much more than £5 a pound in either Morocco, Lebanon, or Pakistan/Afghanistan, slightly higher maybe in Lebanon and slightly less in Morocco. But this scene again is locked up in the central point about dealing – connections. If you go to Pakistan, for instance, it is wise to stay out of Karachi. Any taxi driver or newspaper seller will offer to get you shit, but it will probably be old bootpolish or mindy weed which can be made to look exactly like shit. Up in the North of Pakistan the dope is even cheaper, likely to be of better quality, and there is less chance that the man you bought it off will go straight to the police. American pressure has made the Pakistani, both civil and military, much keener on the job. Since they started massacring Bengalis they are increasingly sensitive about foreigners too. If you are intending to drive back with the produce, remember you have to cross such unfriendly borders as Turkey and Iran, where they like to give you thirty years. If you weren't white they'd shoot you. The best method of personally importing it overland used to be to run a coach tour – New Delhi £135 return. The border guards aren't so keen on searching a coach load of people, or of taking the coach apart. If you just want to bring some back from on holiday, the best tactic is to find one of those useful craftsmen who will make boots with hash soles. With tight compression you can carry a pound that way, though hash that has been carried that way is usually hard to break up for smoking. Many of the import hangups can be avoided with the help of good organisation, such as the coach trip. A professional importer will have contacts with the locals, know which are the relatively cooler customs posts, and which policemen to bribe. To anyone who wishes to examine a relatively big import operation I recommend the story of the Kelaher case recently running at Middlesex Area sessions.In that case, which concerned the busting of a group of importers who had arranged to have two packing cases containing 24 lbs of shit airfreighted from Syria to London, we had the interesting spectacle of Chief Inspector Victor (Vic to his friends) Kelaher being accused by HM Customs of aiding and abetting in the import of cannabis. He denied the charge, without even a blush. What do you think, reader?

The other central point about dealing, along with connections, is you and the police. Some people have been dealing for years. They have never been busted, and they claim that the police don't know of their existence. They don't have many people round to where they live, they don't let their phone number get around too much, they don't have their stash on the premises, and they move house every so often. Well maybe the police don't know of their existence. Maybe no one has their address who has ever been busted, has dropped a few names, just to be helpful.

Any dealers say that it is important not to keep an interesting house, which people will want to come to socially as well as to score. Remain inconspicuous. A well frequented house on the other hand means that you always have customers with in range, and don't have to go out and about much. There pros and cons either way. The best rule is to tell your customers always to ask you first before sending anyone along.

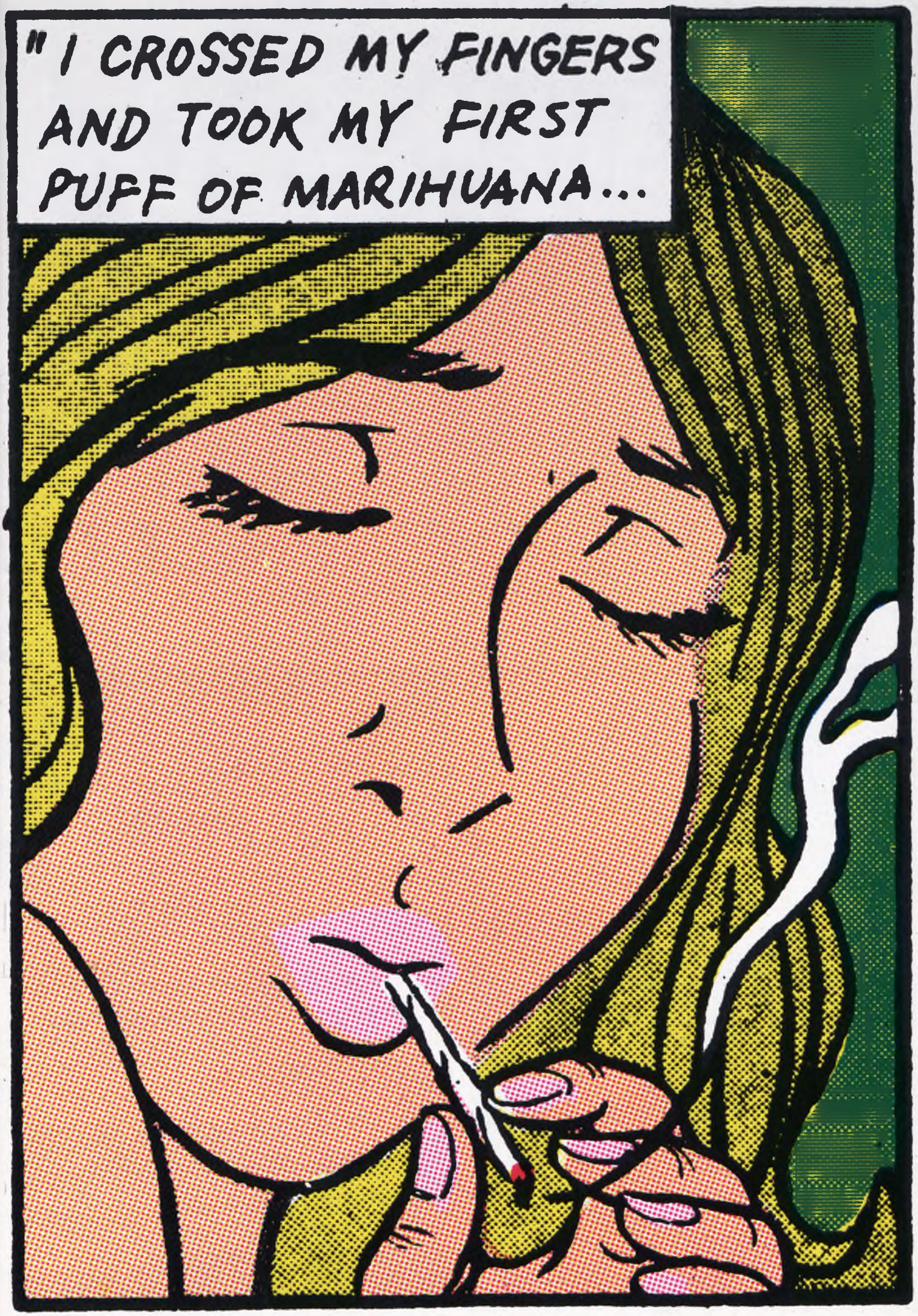
If paranoia strikes, bear a few things in mind that may clam you down. First of all phone tapping at present is reserved mainly for important people they are very, very anxious to get hold of, like spies, and angry people. Chances are they won't get around to tapping your phone. If they do one thing for sure is, you won't hear any clicks to indicate what is going on.

If, as a dealer, you are busted remember that police officers are underpaid, and they may chose to impose a direct fine rather than go through all the bother of a court case: "We estimate the value of the contents of your flat at £2500 Mr – I suggest you turn it into cash." Paradoxically you may come off worst if they come round expecting a big find and don't. Their pique at missing the chance of a large bribe or a large haul of shit which they can resell themselves may make them vindictive.

Dealing has certainly changed in character over the last year or two. It has almost lost the aura of gentle 'let's remember we're doing this for the people' and has become in most instances as dangerous as any other criminal activity. Guns are becoming increasingly popular as an aid to big burns, such as the £33000 one a few months ago that, among others, caused a certain bunch of dealers in a London market to look very unhappy indeed. As time goes on things are going to get rougher. The 'culture consciousness' of the dealer varies. Some just keep their dope in mounting piles saving for a rainy lifetime, others put it into what might be called "culture orientated" businesses, a well known chain of head shops in London for instance, or a recently deceased record company, where the shit supported the bands and vice versa.

Dealing is just an ordinary profitable activity that can be used in any way you like. It is an existance best approached without illusions.

Andrew Cockburn


"I CROSSED MY FINGERS AND TOOK MY FIRST PUFF OF MARIHUANA...

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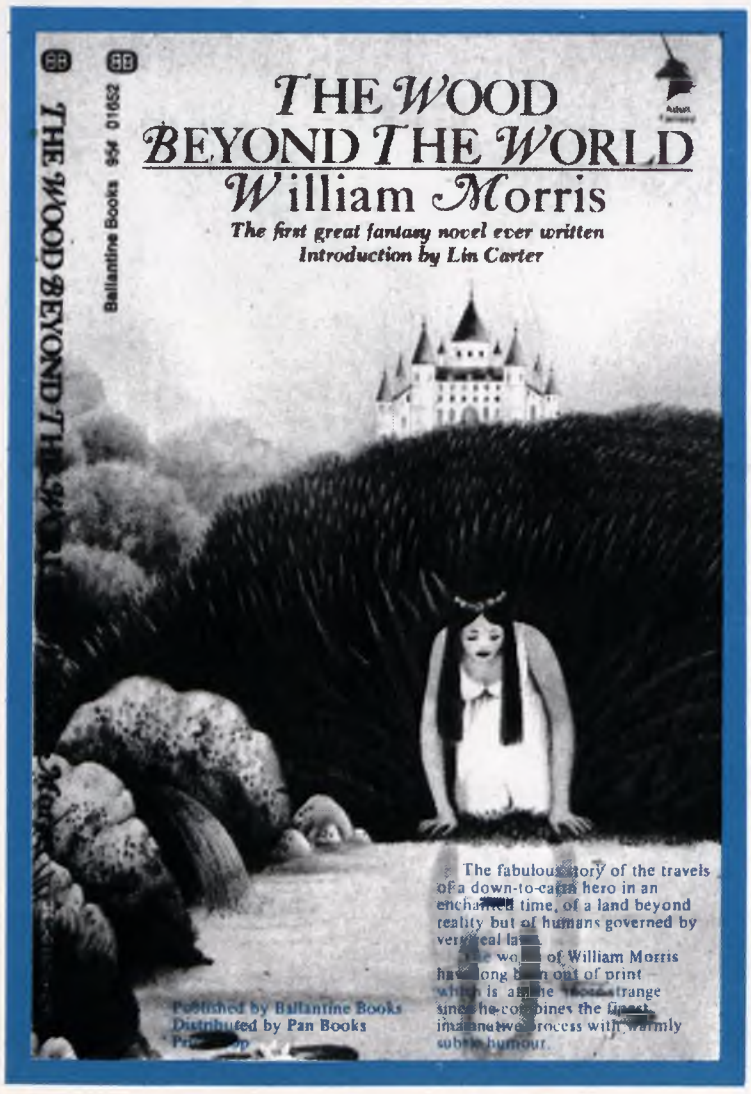

The Who 'Who's Next' (Track)

Probably the main reason that the Who - like that other product of the London mod scene , the Faces - have kept everything together so well is that essentially they're still good old rock n rollers.

OK. They do have Pete Townshend's exceptional talents to give the rock basis a certain embellishment, but right down there rock n roll still stands.

'Who's Next' demonstrates the rock essence to a far better extent than any of their work since 'Sell Out'. The 'art' digression of the rock opera 'Tommy' may have taken the band into the heart of culture-vulture New York City all the way to Metropolitan Opera, and earned Townshend his canonisation as an 'intellectual' but for rock fans it had strayed away from the true path.

The new album is a typical rock group album: a collection of songs stuck together, with no particular 'concept' bar that one band has written and performed all the material on it. The Who, maybe because they went through all the personality hassles that seem endemic to a rock band, in the early days, stand out today as one of the only rock bands left with their original members. Townshend, Moon, Entwhistle and Daltryhave held together and their music, as exemplified by this album, has benefited from it.

Even if ex-Quicksilver pianist and veteran of virtually every session worth mentioning in the last few years, Nicky Hopkins has slipped in on a couple of cuts, a violinist Dave Arbus finds his way on to the O'Riley portion of 'Baba O'-Riley', the Who are still producing very much what we have learnt to expect from them.

This album serves as a complete guide to the music of the band. It ranges over the whole spectrum of their creativity over the last six years and all the cliches still shine out as truisms. What stands out about the Who is that they're always so positive, they never waste time with self-justification or apolgising. Daltry's vocals are simply exultant, the music backs him up.

A few novelties: Townshend emerges from his Twickenham home studio with synthesiser and electric organ, as well as playing piano on one track, though Hopkins takes over otherwise. John Entwhistle has his track — 'My Wife — an institution that is getting like Ringo's efforts on the Beatle's LPs.

'Who's Next' is a very fine rock album. It doesn't require deep intellectual seraching to discover any meaning for those who would like to it's possible to bop around to it. The best reccomendation for a true rock creation. The cover has the lads caught just after they've pissed on a 2001 style ferro-concrete monolith. What does it mean, but then,whatdoes it matter....

If a 'best track' selection is required then there's a tie between the long version of their current single 'Won't Be Fooledagain', an interestingly cynical appraisal of the calls to revolution....'the new Boss/Same as the old Boss'..... and 'Getting In Tune' with the immaculate pronunciation of the key word 'chune' by Daltrey. Right. It's all a bumper fun bundle, not to be missed. Go get it.

Aristide Prainge

The Mothers 'Fillmore East, June 1971'(Reprise)
The Byrds 'Byrdmaniax' (CBS)

The Byrds have always been an enigma to me.'Mr Tambourine Man' cut through the cold pap of most 1965 material fall but 'Satisfaction' and the Who like a needle through [illegible] followed by a few blatantly psychedelic lps, a little country-and-w, a little rock, a bit of this and that and so on. They Kicked out Gosdin, and McGuinn seemed to change direction, about face, with each new set. And they always did it so well, but it always sounded like 'The Byrds play country' or 'the Byrds play rock'. I flashed on that when they were booked for an 'acoustic set' at Lincoln Festival some weeks ago, and then lifted the roof (or clouds) off with their electric rock numbers. The few times I've seen them only once have they transcended that and become, not a band ploughing through their greatest hits, but THE BYRDS not only THE BYRDS are. That was Bath when circumstances forced them to play acoustic. They sang to moderately small crowd, the remnants of three days of festival conditions, a damp, steaming, smoking washed-out swamp of faces. And they pinned on the spirit of the moment exactly, just took everybody up. It was arguably the best musical moment of the three days.

They proved this ability once and for all with 'Untitled': all sides of the band . . . tight, extended, live, studio, wistful, rocking etc etc. And now 'Byrdmaniax' which slowly mellows with age, and as the football season comes in earlier than ever, but it has no real excitement to it. There are a large number of maniax (Byrds) who want this set and probably already have it. A track-by-track would fall on stoned ears (sic). Rolling S. does it and who wants it etc. Suffice it that all the eleven only three/four stand up: 'Citizen Kane' is innocuous fun, a filler probably. Jackson Browne's 'Jamaica Say You Will', Skip Battin singing through 'Absolute Happiness', and 'Kathleen's Song,', a soft, rich madrigular melody. For the rest, not much, little with the bite of the last album of new studio-cut songs (on 'Untitled'), and nothing that really bears introduction to their newly-established electrical or acoustical set. The band have nearly always produced better. For once McGuinn seems to have recorded while unsure of his current mood, and the energy is mostly dissipated here. Listen louder and again to 'The Ballad of Easy Rider' for stronger of the same stuff, and nearly all other Byrds' set for stronger still. Don't forget though that even with a tear on the cheek of his death/life-mask, a little McGuinn won't ever let you down.

The Mothers' album by contrast is the result of eighteen months choreography, the score to '200 Motels' and three or four extremely pornographic minds. It rips and snorts. I like it lots.

Dick Lawson

Jack Bruce — Harmony Row
(Polydor 2310 107)

Harmony Row is Jack Bruce's equivalent to John Lennon's Working Class Hero album. John Lennon's record is a statement of philosophical autonomy and independence, Jack Bruce's is a statement of musical autonomy and independence. In producing these records, the two musicians have done what no other succesful pop-stars have done — demoted themselves as idols and rejected the star-system in favour of personal Integrity, ***at the risk of losing their mass audience.*** It's an admirable position, though it has its dangers.

Harmony Row is the result of a year's collaboration between Jack Bruce and Pete Brown. It bears the stamp of a sustained drive to achieve tightness and coherence. Pete Brown's lyrics, compared to most pop-songs, are unusually dense, and the music is correspondingly complex. It twists and turns, pushes forwards, halts, jerks forward again, fades away . . . Jack Bruce has added range and depth to his singing, and he makes the songs work brilliantly. Only very, very occasionally does the result feel over-poetic and contrived. Otherwise, it frequently reaches an angular elegance that reminds me of the Kurt/Weil/Bertolt Brecht songs of the thirties. The same tension is there, the same sense of the destructive heartlessness of the cities.

Not that that parallel should be pushed too far, though. The cynicism and hope in Brecht's songs were always a reflection of historical forces at work: capitalism and fascism on the one hand, and the creative anger and potentialities of ordinary people on the other. In Harmony Row the forces involved are more abstract. Images of youth and celebration and hope jostle with those of frustration and decay. People are surrounded by menacing complexities and a feeling of turmoil that is expressed most acutely in the sharp hysteria of 'Smiles and Grins'. Love in this world is fragile, easily destroyed by the bleak light of day, as in the apocalyptic, beautiful written and sung 'Morning Story'. Several songs yearn for tenderness and beauty; others shout out the energy and life of the town-kids. But this lyricism and richness is tempered by the knowledge of how easily happiness can get bogged down in confusion, and how quickly time passes:

Now
when the time is ripe
Then
in the twinkling of an eye
Gone
down the drains of a world.

The last song leaves us with the impending alcoholic self-destruction of Malcolm Lowry's consul, who lives, like all of us, under the fatal shadow of the volcano.

Not that the overall effect of Harmony Row is negative. It's much too tough and original for that. It's a record that's full of poetry and strongly-felt emotions, but without any bullshitting. And that is really quite surprising. In Pete Brown's poetry, at the time when he was doing public readings with New Departures and the Liverpool Scene, a certain amount of engaging bullshitting was an essential element. And Jack Bruce had had the experience of turning on the millions with the Cream. For both of them, there was always the option to stay content with wowing the masses in the stalls.

The fact that they have turned their backs on this option is important. The Liverpool poets and the Cream were key elements in the cultural movement of the 1960's. They were part of the socialisation of their respective art-forms. What had previously been private, minority art-forms became people's poetry and people's music — the cultural equivalent of the political movement which took to the streets in 1968. But so long as hedonistic concern was simply to turn people on, the subculture had no way of developing the images of social optimism and solidarity that it had created. For every Woodstock Nation, there would always be an Altamont. And meanwhile, the establishment recuperated and settled in on the new vitality with alarming ease . . .

So if Jack Bruce and Pete Brown have now retracted their horns and produced something much more personal and thoughtful, and even with a touch of despair in it, that isn't such a bad thing at all. With records like this, rock music is reaching a new kind of seriousness and maturity — a kind of maturity that gives the lie to some of the more fac[illegible] Gap that we have heard recently.

But this maturity has its dangers. For the last few years, in spite of the fact that it's been compromised with intense and ruthless commercial pressures, rock has been a great democratising force. It has opened up mass-participation in musical experience, and has played a real role in disseminating new ideas and feelings. To cut yourself off from that mainstream means risking isolation, and even elitism. Look what happened to Jazz . . . !

Harmony Row doesn't fall into that trap. Jack Bruce is one of the few people who's pushing out the boundaries of music and making it *work*. His album is the kind of record to hear and re-hear — the kind of record that lasts because it rises above the musical/commercial fads churned out by the rock-industrial circus.

There's one other thing though. We can never expect glib statements of social optimism from Jack Bruce, because his mind doesn't work that way But it's true nevertheless that culturally, politically and socially there are a lot of positive things going on within the jumbled up world that's reflected in Harmony Row. [illegible] recognised this by doing [illegible] for the Clydebank [illegible] be good [illegible] this element to the fore in his music — becuase it's particularly by relating to these positive forces for change that music can develop the democratic possibilities opened up by Rock. (continued on page 30 in Bottom)

John Hayland.

I met Anus at the love-in, and know he liked me, because he stared at my breasts... but when he and his hippie friends lit a "reefer"...

anus thinks i'm "square" because i won't smoke pot!

THEY SAID I WAS OUT TO LUNCH!!

she's really a honkey!

yeah!

i'll say!

HEE HA HA HAW

anus, my darling! please don't force me to do this!

at first... everything seemed o.k...

that wasn't so bad, was it, beverly?

h-no... i...i guess not...

but... a few minutes later...

gee... i feel sort of wierd!

somehow, I just couldn't say "no"

i know it's wrong, but...

suddenly...

anus!

what's happening to me?!

I seemed to be in another world...

gasp!

anus, and his friends were delighted...

HO-HO

this is too much!

YUK

HA-HA

HEE HEE

at last, I was "in" with the hip-groovers...

hey gang! lets take our clothes off, and paint our bodies with groovey designs!

WHAT?!

listen, bev- forget your sex hangups! we're all brothers and sister!

well... a-allright anus!

then, my eyes met anus's... he seemed to be looking right into my soul...!

I couldn't believe that I had actually spoken those words... I guess it must have been an effect of the pot...

oh...dear!

oh boy!

wait a minute... w-where's the paint?...

that I didn't quite know what to say...

WHAM! BAM! WHAM! BAM!

...ungh!

I realized with a start, that things were beginning to get out of hand...

me next!

hurry up anus!

KA-WUMPH!

WUMPH!

WUMPH!

oh my gosh!

When I finally "came down" Anus and his friends were gone...

gasp!

where am i?

I found my clothes in some nearby bushes...

It was a long trudge back home, but I finally made it!

BOO-HOO! thank god she's safe!

MOMMY! DADDY!

BEVERLY! where have you been? your mother and i have been worried sick!

y'know, sometimes it isn't easy to be a parent!

The End

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The OZ Case is the conflict of the generations — the young lost. Here is the complete story of what went on in the courtroom during the longest obscenity trial ever. Tony Palmer was the only writer there every day in a case which in its last agony caused international outrage.

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"Tyger"

Hypocrisy lies like a nightmare of the brain of the living, wrote Marx. Adrian Mitchell's dramatisation of 'Tyger', now at the New Theatre, but hopefully soon showing in Arts Labs and school gymnasiums nationwide, lightheartedly leads back to the London of 1789. It is an unknowing fairytale world, where the rich live in constant fear of popular agitation and private plot, working class violence and middle class dissent. Radical weavers and porters are reading 'The Rights of Man', a book which is banned and all author outlawed. 300,000 prisoners construct George III's attempt to open Parliament with missiles and followers of 'No King, No Pits'. The successful revolt of black slaves in Haiti is supported among white revolutionaries in France and Britain. A writer, sandy and political, inventing Blake is jailed and riotous scenes.

Mitchell's unobtrusive scholarship lets the plays explain the vital relevance of Blake's ideas to our world of Enoch Powell, Internment and the hirelings intellectuals of the Television Centre and the Arts Council. And Blake is thereby rescued from those critics and almost all the school teachers who read him as primarily a religious mystic and thus ultimately incomprehensible. He is freed too from the more recent embrace of Allen Ginsberg, himself respectable for the renewal of delight in Blake among the post-war Beat Poets in England, who written in Liverpool in 1965:

Albion, Albion, your children dance with
your
energies, rock in rolling with the
thunderbolts of Jerusalem's hills!

Mitchell is intensely sensitive to the poetic dialectic between the inability to choose politics and the impossibility of machine poetry of slogans. Like Hortwitz, he is a poet intensely aware of his responsibility to his public, too, has the reading of Blake's vision: 'It asks of us a kind of insanity to see in perspective a country, a planet, going mad — to feel it deeply and not brush it aside — and retain one's own vision' an eye in the black elbow 'to see for what they are — and see through — the cruelty and alienation and genocide at the hub of the power axes'. Both writers are only too well aware of the dangers, the tendency to merely luxuriate in one's vision, to arrive at a self-soothing intellectuality of a poetry too often the other side of the power. As Mitchell has written, 'The reason most people ignore poetry is that it ignores them'. The scholarship of Edward Thompson and David Erdman has enabled Mitchell's play to honestly show Blake as an extremely political poet, whose 'visions' were a genuine political tradition stemming from the extreme Left of Cromwell's Republic and shared by the millennial Chiliasts. Such groups as the Ancient Deists of Hoxton spoke in dreams (like Blake) and of conversations with departed saints and Angels and who (like Blake) almost immediately yielded to the stronger impulse of the French Revolution and became 'politicians' (Thompson)'. Not was the complicated and daunting Christian symbolism of [illegible] merely religious. Rather it was the means of a revolutionary identification with the crucified Jesus within a historical pattern which depended on an imagery literally taken from the Bible and thence Milton and Shakespeare.

Blake saw himself quite specifically as a revolutionary artist, setting his London Republicanism against the genteel culture of Gainsborough and Reynolds, a conflict beautifully handled in 'Tyger'; and as a revolutionary artist must, he opposed the division of art as much as he opposed the division of labour in the mill. He rejoined poetry and painting in his own shop and head. He knew science and art involving the deep etched intaglio process he used for his engraving. He led agitation for public support for artists, demanding 'a fair Price and a General Demand for Art' and describing his painter friend Barry as being 'Unemployed except by his Energy'.

The War of Independence struck him as a mighty and wild change. Thus, unprecedentedly in America quite shattered the attempt to confine politics within a moralistic and Biblical language. Taking up his bardic duty, from out of his mind's 'Volcanic Cauldron', he announced that if George III was to re-enact the oppressions of ancient times by suppressing the American Rising, he, the Poet, would prostate the Tyrant with his art. He had seen the street fighting men of London with the Blue cockade of 'Wilkes and Liberty' heard the voice of London Dissent demanding freedom of the press, a juror lodge and support for the Liberty Boys of Boston and Philly. He had been in the front of the crowd when the prisons were forced and the gates and hinges went up in flames during the Gordon Riots in support of American Independence. He was familiar with the ideas and probably the persons of the advanced thinkers of the London middle-class dissenters. He probably met Thomas Paine on his way to Paris. He knew Mary Wollstencraft, woman's liberator and author of 'The Vindication', he knew Jean the anatomist Hunter, Hogarth's widow, and Reynolds, most radical chemists, doctors, artists and journalists. 1789 was an era of international revolution quite equal to 1848, 1917 and 1968. An American observer in Paris wrote home:

'Republicanism is absolutely a moral influenza from which neither Titles, Places or even the Diadem can guard their possessors — the Lord preserve us from a hot summer'.

But Blake's involvement in English Jacobinism did not prevent a deep sadness at the course of the American and French Revolution. He saw that the American Revolution was not in fact an act of liberation but the establishment of the independent right to buy and sell. The Declaration of Independence did not address black slaves or women. It was not Blake's revolution which 'everything that lives is holy and without price and each life and lineament is *itself* and not interchangeable with or by Anything else'. But Blake's attitude was no longer the pity he had felt during his enthusiasm for the humanitarianism of Swedenborg, who he profusely illustrated. Rather his interest moved from compassion for the plight towards admiration for the energy of the oppressed and interest in the vision of their insurrection. The slave revolution of Santo Domingo, only the second slave rising besides that of Spartacus, was powerful and well organised. It came at a time when struggles were blazing in Haiti and Mexico, when the Sultan of Mysore had taken to calling himself 'Citizen' and the Times talked of 'the impudence of rule in India'. The black revolt was supported by the revolutionary troops of France (it is immortalised in C.L.R. James's book 'The Black Jacobins' which purely inspired Pontecorvo's underpraised film 'Quimbinda').

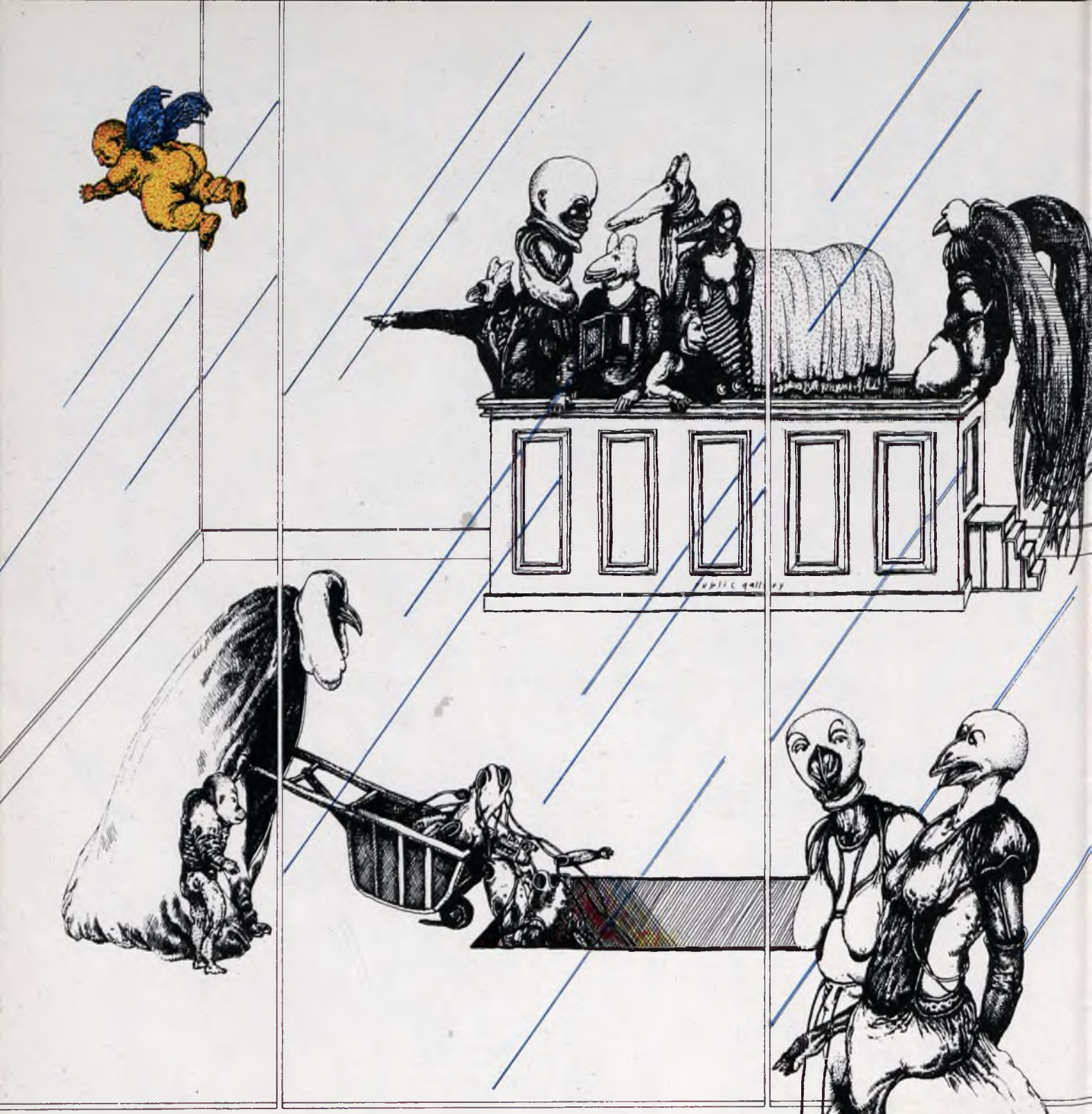
Blake's illustrations of the Journals of Stedman, a British liberal mercenary who had once employed crushing slave risings in Latin America. He was fascinated with the docility of the slaves, in what made them such well-behaved cadgers, when their defiance and dignity was only on the crucifixion rack? In the allegory 'Daughters of Albion', Bromion, talks of the swarthy children of the sun are obedient they resist not, they obey the scourge'. And Blake understood the deepseated fears of such as Lord Abingdon, an 18th Century Pro-slavist, who said that the slaves successful revolt, 'had dried up the rivers of Commerce and replaced them with fountains of blood where all being equal, blacks and whites, Spaniards and French, wolves and tigers, all shall be merry companions everyone promiscuously piling together; engendering a new species of man as a product of this new philosophy'.

While the moral politician Wilberforce argued, with the backing of Adam Smith, that slavery was no longer economically necessary, Blake prophesied that slavery, soldiery and tyranny were equally the product of private property and a crippling moral code. He was not afraid of Freudian copulation. What's more he understood how 'marriage is a Golden Cage' and the deformation forced on 'the little ones' compelled to 'spend the day in singing and dismay', acted to destroy men and women. The sexual repression on women and children by disturbed men acted to mutilate all concerned. Although his short poems of innocence, robins and rolling hoops were much paraphrased by the Victorians, Blake hated those who cynically 'protect the innocence of children'. He, who eluded formal education, woke up each morning to the regimented singing of London country school children. He wrote 'Tigers' who are offended with anything in this book would be offended by the innocence of a child and for the same reason — for it represses (them) with the errors of acquired folly, the sad bourgeois morality, the 'Thou Shalt Not' written over the door, as a hypocrisy to cover the realities of colonial plunder, harlotry, soldiery and apprentice slavery. He saw bourgeoise rationality as the cruel compasses of Urizen, reason in its fallen state was a false God. He saw Luvah as embodying the crippling spirit of legalism and prudence, in fact tyrannical and sightless. He saw London in his song of Innocence (which he ironically opens with Mitchell's play) in part as a garden city where pillars stood at Islington, Kentish Town, Primrose Hill and St Johns Wood. But there also saw the chartered streets, where everything was reduced to buying and selling, not just goods but childhood (the chimney sweep), life itself (the soldier) and love, the source of life (the syphilitic whore).

He saw the corruption of 'official' state trained and financed art: 'Where any view of money exists' Art cannot be carried on'. He saw behind the politicians teeth and gown, the face a mask to their lack of heart.

Before Marx he understood that the freedoms of the bourgeoisie were an illusory. Before Reich he saw the 'man forged mechanically' of eyesore and brutal schooling and guilty sexuality prevented people from realising their own revolutionary possibilities. We must be free of Urizen from ourselves and death and Law before we can go. Blake asked us: 'Rouze Up O Young Men of a New Age! Go! go! forbears against the ancient Hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the Camp, the Court and the University, who would, if they could, for ever depress mental and martial Corporeal War'.

David Widgery



'The Cannock Chase Murders' by Judge Michael Argyle, QC

Margaret Reynolds, Christine Darby died.
Diane Tift died.
When I see my child each day,
Looking in the felsh like me,
I give thanks to God and say:
There's my immortality.
When my face is long forgotten
And I have to Limbo gone,
This child I have begotten
Will my endeavours carry on.
So to other parents I feel
A close affinity.
For should our child be first to die
Where's our immortality?
If that death by murder came
Should Satan's power triumphant be,
Counting not the sin and shame
And his victim's agony.
Could a mother bear that sight,
A father drnik that bitter cup drink
And still believe all will come right
When God takes his jewels up.
As we view the lot of man
And as parents see his fall,
Margaret, Christine and Diane
Become the children of us all.

BOOBS!

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OUTCRY AS OZ EDITORS ARE JAILED

Labour MPs attack 'act of revenge' — Daily Telegraph

FURY OVER OZ JAILINGS

Angry MPs join the wave of protest

The Sun

OZ: OBSCENE! BUT WHY THE FEROCIOUS SENTENCES?

NEVILLE — Sentenced to fifteen months

ANDERSON — Sentenced to [illegible]

THE JUDGE — Accused of an act of revenge

Fury as three editors are jailed

Daily Mirror

Oz sentences — Labour MPs sign protest

Daily Express

COMMENT

Personal reactions —

Kenneth Tynan, of "Oh! Calcutta": "Battle has been joined between Judge Argyle, England and a Free England."

Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, TV campaigner: "It is a very good thing that [illegible] been drawn."

John Lennon called it all "disgusting fascism."

Lord Soper thought the verdict [illegible] right but the sentence "savage."

Kingsley Amis, author, member of Lord Longford's committee on pornography: "My instinct is to cheer anything nasty that might happen to this unsavoury trio. At the same time nobody should be sent to prison for obscenity — whatever that is."

John Trevelyan, former film censor: "I have seen Oz and I don't like it. But I think the sentences are much too severe in relation to the offences."

John Braine, author, said he had no sympathy with Oz, but "I don't see why these people should be singled out for this severe treatment."

Mick Jagger: "If there has been a short, erratic committee [illegible] by police and the judge."

Organisations joined in —

● National Council for Civil Liberties — "The sentences are savage and vindictive."

● The Young Liberals described it as "a sordid and unwelling little political trial."

● The Haldane Society of Progressive Lawyers said the case "will bring the law into [illegible]"

MPs condemn OZ gaolings as 'Establishment revenge'

The Guardian

Demonstrations and protests against 'Oz' jail sentences

The Times

'Shocked MPs protest: It looks like revenge

STORM OVER OZ SENTENCES

Daily Mail

THE prison sentences on three editors of Oz magazine unleashed a storm of controversy last night

Apple are donating royalties on this record to the Oz Obscenity Fund

ANOTHER OZ SCOOP

WE MEET

UNBELIEVABLY Ronnie Biggs, Great Train Robber, escapee supreme, and without any doubt, Britain's most wanted man, has talked. Not to Fleet Street, nor to the ever-eager press vultures of Amerika, but to OZ, the Power to the People Paper.

We bring you this interview from 'somewhere in Asia' as the transcript of what we at OZ truly believe to be a genuine tape of Biggs' voice. Travelling in the Far East an OZ reader and freelance journalist met the Greatest Train Robber of 'em all and amanged to get him down on tape. His recording, together with a letter of authentication, arrived in our London offices. Obviously Ronnie Biggs is not the easiest person to tracj down. Obviously an 'interview' with him must seem an impossibility. You, the reader , may justifiably smell a rat, you may not accept that this is really Ronnie Biggs talking. We at OZ have, we assure you, given the tape and its transcript the most intense consideration and it is only after this searching look at the background and recent history of the man in question that we feel ourselves free to bring you the latest episode in the saga of Ronnie Biggs - The Most Wanted Man in the World.

So You were in Australia and the Police were onto you?

Everyone knew we were in Australia, that was the big trouble. We kept on getting tips they were onto us! I got into this odd kind of fuss over this money. So I had to get out of Sydney, before Charmaine, my wife, showed up. We went off down to Adelaide, that's me and Eric Flowers. So I met her and we toured round Australia a while. Darwin, Brisbane, Sydney, you know we went everywhere really. What happened was we settled down in Adelaide, had a nice little place, the house was called Surfside. Well we stayed there for about 2 years. Everything was nice and easy, no problems.

VILLAINS

Had local friends did you?

Yes, we had local friends. It was one of our local friends who did us, I reckon, because he realised who I was and he put the Law onto us. We had been told that the Police knew that I had been working as a carpenter in Adelaide and so I kind of pushed off and we went from Adelaide and we wound up in Melbourne and that's where we were for the last two years. Well the money was running a bit low by this stage but I had a job. I was working on this job where I even used to dish out the weekly payroll. I used to think, you know, all I had to do was bloody photograph the things and the plan mate and I cound have sold it to half the villains in Australia. But anyway I didn't do that because I reckoned I vas out of villainy. I'd gone straight.

Was that Charmaine?

Partly. But it was partly me as well. I mean this was going

ROOFS

to be the big one, the Train Robbery and we were going to live happily ever after. Didn' work out like that, I mean we spent half our time running away and half our time sitting in nick. I mean look at Bruce Reynolds, he got away but they got him in the end. Anyway I settled down and I settled in the end at this airport, I wound up with this construction firm working on roofing. You know I was mending the roofs and drilling it was kind of modern metal construction stuff. We were quite happy, had some friends – still had some money. Charmaine had some jewels and we had this car, this Holden when we toured round Australia which I'd bought when she arrived and we drove all the way around the country. We were happy then. So anyway we settle there and I remember it was in August of '69 when we realised how close they were to us. Big feature in the Australian Woman Weekly about the train robbers. There was a bloody great picture of me in it.

TODAY Biggs facing up to the mike: Keeping on running.

BUBBLY

Was this you with your new face, or the old one?

No, it was my old one. They didn't at that time have any pictures of me with my new face. I was bloody stupid really cos when we got to Australia we had all these stupid photographs of me and char drinking bubbly all raised glasses to our new life. With me with my new nose and all that stuff.

How did you get out of Australia?

After we saw this story we knew they were pretty close. I kept on getting these occasional messages from England, from the people who got me out in the first place. So I said to Char, I'd have to hop it. I got out just before the police got onto Charmaine and the three kids.

PLANE

I got this light plane which I had through the airport. And flew up North towards Darwin, I'd been there before. On the way I landed at this sheep station. I'd known vaguely about this bloke from a bloke I met in Melbourne and I landed there and he didn't know who I was to start with. I stayed there for a week. Just kind of helping him around. Mending walls. I mean I couldn't do any sheep shearing or anything, couldn't tell one end of a sheep from another. He begun to realise who I was – a lot of Australians were on my side.

NORTH

They were on your side?

They were quite decent actually. I mean all the papers were full of people saying how I'd been hard done by. An d I hadn't had my fair just deserts and that. So anyway, I may not have been fair and just but I sure got my desert. The old sheepfarmer said to me if I wanted to go to Darwin I might be able to pick up a boat and go North. Australia was getting pretty hot. The only thing I could do was hope for the best and get out. My face was different though I didn't know how many photos they had of me, but I found out bloody fast. So I kind of shaved my head down to two little side bits and it taned pretty fast in the sun and it didn't look too bad. I went up to Darwin and the sheepfarmer put me into contact with this bloke so through him I got in contact with this tramp boat. God it was terrible, worse than the boat I went from England to the Continent on. That was just over nignt, this bloody trip went on for days, God it was terrible, I puked my guts out. Anyway I got up to Portuguese Timor, which I had never bloody heard of. It was a diabolical place. You know dirty old Portuguese not knowing what the hell to do and a lot of miserable natives sitting around starving and that kind of thing. Well anyway when I was up there the tramp man had put me onto someone – he was very good about this – and this bloke was going over the border, into Indonesia. Well I didn't know bloody Indonesia from . . . well Shepherds Bush. I reckoned that the best bet was to get out of this Portuguese Timor place and get up through Indonesia and head up North. If I got to Asia, like Thailand for instance or Vietnam I might be alright. Cause you

VIETNAM

get a lot of people going up to Vietnam and signing on with the American Army and no questions asked because they won't find anyone to volunteer to do that, would they? And in the American Army maybe I could get a new identity. You know all this rubbish you used to read in the comics about people swapping their identity. And I didn't reckon I'd be doing any fighting, not the way I run my life. I'd run a mile. I mean when I was in the Forces I deserted and wound up in the cooler. That's before I really got going on my career of course. So I got from Portuguese Timor to a place called Surab ajo.

RONALD BIGGS

THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD

By OZ REPORTERS

Diabolical it was. Anyway I didn't stay there long I went on to Djakarta. The thing was I'd given this £11,000 to this bloke in London, £5,000 was for him and £6,000 was for "Safe Keeping". Anyway I'd thought I'd seen the last of it but in fact I got a lot of it back just before I started running again. I was pretty surprised because I thought they had screwed me for everything that I had.

KNOCK-OUT

What about getting out to England?

Well that was easy enough. The actual thing was when we were all sent down even before the sentences were announced, we were thinking of how to get out of it. We knew we were going to be sent down pretty hard. We had this situation where we were going to give this screw a knockout drop but then someone read in a legal book that we could get life for that so we thought that was no good. We did have one friendly screw who was quite helpful, he was bent himself. Right villain he was, that's what was wrong with him. So we got sent round various prisons. We started off at Lincoln where I knew the Governor and we wound up in the Scrubs when my appeal was turned down. Where I met this bloke who was dead straight and he said 'You're not going to stay in here for 30 years, are you?' Too bloody right I wasn't. He was coming out soon you see and I sent this plan out with him. When he was clear it was organised. And this plan involved me going over the wall during our exercise break. It was a very high wall, so if I got on top of the wall and lept off, I'd break my neck. So they had a furniture van pull up right on the other side. They had two exercise periods. In the afternoon. I arranged to be on the later one. The first time we tried it, it didn't work out because it was pissing down with rain. I said to the screws, 'Come on let us go for a walk, it's the only fresh air we get in the day' But he wasn't having any. The second time we tried it, it was on a Wednesday I remember, the topes came over, well two actually, commando grapples they were. I ran like hell and a few of the lads, you know, stopped the screws. But in fact a couple came over with me too.

What happened to them?

I don't know. I was the only one who had any proper sort of organisation behind me. Because I was the only one with any kind of proper money behind me. I went over the wall and down into this furniture van which was full of old matresses. So I got out that way and dumped the furniture van and got into a

BOGNOR

car. Then I went underground for a little bit and arranged to meet the wife. It was terrible you know. I had to ring her up from Victoria and she was in a call box opposite Bow Street police station. So she and I arranged to meet in the end in Bognor and we had a week in Bognor together then I had to push off and we agreed we'd meet again in Paris. What happened they got me dressed up a bloody First Mate or something and the people who got me out arranged with this First Mate to put me on board. It was bloody terrible. I was throwing up all the time. Anyway we arrived on the Continent and I didn't have any problem getting off the boat and we meet up with these people who gave us a lift to Paris. I had this big hooter and anyone who looked at me would know bloody well it was old Ronny Biggs. So when I got there we spent quite a lot of money on getting me this plastic surgery. I was told it was painless. I was with this other bloke Eric Flowers who have been sent down for 12 years for armed robbery. Anyway he had the plastic surgery first and came out groaning. They bloody pulverised me mate. Couldn't speak for a bloody week. Then I had this face life. When Char met me, she could hardly recognise me and my two kids didn't know me at all at first. But we had a very good time in Paris for a while. But it was clear that I couldn't stay in Europe anyway. I'd read this book about Australia and it sounded a pretty fair kind of place.

ARGYLE

What did you think of your QC – Argyle? Was he any good?

No one would have been any good for me mate. It was all bloddy useless as far as I was concerned. They knew I'd done it. Argyle treated me like – well you know – he might as well have been the Judge. He came out with these platitudes in Court but it didn't make any difference. I lied my bloody head off. A fat lot of good that did. Anyway Argyle didn't even shake hands with me when it was all over. I head late; that he gave money to Jack Mills who was the driver. We told him we'd give him some if we got away with it. We didn't mean to do him any harm anyway. So Argyle didn't help us at all.

THEN Dark glasses for the sunshine only. Biggs, temporarily at rest, strolling among the shoppers in Sydney

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or call personally 10 a m – 6 p m
including Saturdays. Closed Thursday 2 p m
(near Seven Sisters Underground)

Under Whose Thumb?

Pouring over the mike, pleading, the Heart of Stone breaks before the magic of his myth inverted. The Devil makes an exclusive appearance as Humpty-Dumpty, the Midnight Rambler is confronted with forces that he can't fit under his shaky thumb, and he pleads, take it easy, take it easy.

In that moment at Altamont, captured in the film, 'Gimme Shelter', all my perplexed, confused reactions to the Rolling Stones came to mind in a flash of pity. Then the knifing, again, in slow motion, take in all the pain. The Stone's strength always hinged on the edge of a threat, but now the shot just away in the future resounds in the present and lingers reverberating in the past.

First, let me explain why I must write this article, to Mick and all you men. I am the Stupid Girl who hit her head too many times against your hearts of stone. I am the Factory Girl, the Honky Tonk Women, Brown Sugar, the Parachute Woman and Ruby Tuesday. I am the girl who had to settle for your expectations, whose eyes were kept to myself while you could look at someone else. I wanted your mind and was given your arm and leg. I have had your knife stuck in my throat til it hurt. I am Yesterday's Girl. But then, SO ARE YOU.

There are so many crontradictions once SEX is equated with WAR. Like the contradiction between Mick twirling his scarf in the seductive dance of a queen and belting the angry mean lyrics aimed like swords at women. How do you piece together the jig-saw puzzle of Jagger, unafraid to cast the spell of the hermaphrodite, to boldly and flamboyantly put on the mysterious bi-sexual performance and yet lash out as the ultimate in the male supremacy. The other half of that contradiction is me, a woman aware of that sadism, digging it — masochism, identification with the oppressor? The Rolling Stones wrap themselves in evil cloaks and it is hard to strip them naked. And we, the audience, are left wondering why we love the demonic — do we see ourselves as Jagger or Jagger's lover when the pounding rhythms find us lying on the floor? Do the songs of sex, male over female, in the end reduce themselves to Jagger over everybody, is that the basis of the breathless idolatry?

Most of the Stones' adoring audiences don't even try to figure them out, just accept the image, applaud the myth, take in the aura, get high on the power, but never try to figure out what it all means. Then at Altamont a real knife, a real threat, a real murder. Mick can't sing out mockingly, "Let It Bleed" with the taste of real blood still sitting uncomfortable in his mouth. Mick, whose magic projected the image to perfection, can't make it as a vampire.

The Hell's Angels have no such reservations about a little spilled blood. The Stones' nasty habits may consist of taking tea at three but the Angels get off better on gang bang rape and knife fights. Hell's Angels are the devil that Jagger trys to project himself as. When the image meets reality on the stage at Altamont we suddenly see the white suited rose-shirted demon for the choir boy that he is and we also see the skull and cross bones etched into the dirty leather as the real bully, the tough guy carried away with his own strength into a realm of action where sheer power rules.

A moment before the knifing the camera captures Mick and a biker in the same frame, holds as a whole cycle of emotion goes across the biker's face — hatred, attraction, envy, hatred. Another shot which shows the interaction of the Stones and the bikers — after Altamont Jagger and Charlie Watts sit listening to a talk show discussion of the murder at Altamont during which Sonny Barger called up in a pitiful attempt to clear the Angels' name. Mick winces as only a good little boy can wince, Charlie half smiles and shakes his head. The bikers and the Stones have similar pretentions, but the Stones know when they are on stage, when they are in fantasy and when they are not. Between performances the Stones are quiet, reflective, even gentle — the Bikers are not superstars so they are continually groping for their outrageous moment in the spotlight. Chains and knives are high theatre but they draw real blood — the surreal crashes on reality.

The Stones are subtle and obscure. Richard and Jagger write complex lyrics with a hell of a lot of feeling in them. The have a penchant for the ironic and the surreal not as far out as Dylan on Bringing It All Back Home or Blonde On Blonde, but in that way. Mick's voice is neither gentle nor grinding but a weird mixture of both in which the word all but lose themselves in the raw emotions. But there is nothing simp minded about the words or the themes of the songs, seeing the Stones projected on the screen, the image examined from all angles, the complexity of the culture heroes is really evident for the first time — unless, of course, you examined them closely before, looked at the record covers, bothered to piece together the puzzling lyrics.

The Stones become just five musicians trying to cope with the roles they've been thrust into — but by the end of the song Jagger is joined on the floor by "my women" and the jig-saw puzzle gains a new connotation. And yet in this song like many of the others there is a sense of exploration, trying to find some shelter, trying to understand the thin line separating love and violence, co-existing as they do within the realm of human emotion. And taking those words out of their flower child connotations, wondering about violent revolution. Rage, murder is just a shot away/love is just a kiss away.

The aftermath of Altamont could have meant the Stones rising above the shit that they've been into in the past, to stop directing their energy into the egotistical put-down put-on and more into sensitively dealing with what the whole thing meant. Jagger convinced the Mayles Brothers to add scenes of the kids leaving Altamont to 'Gimme Shelter' rather than ending the film after the knifing. I think it was a good idea — the scenes mellow out the shock, the weary faces reflect our own weariness after witnessing the ordeal. 'Gimme Shelter' is a unique opportunity to witness the ordeal just as the Stones themselves in making the film saw the shots of their tour, of their pretentious interview, of their performances, of the knifing over and over again. And yet I wonder what effect that self-scrutiny had after seeing the new album with the zip down pants cover.

Maybe the Stones are yesterday's cocks.

Mary Strong
reprinted from 'Nola Express'

The Stones had a whole dressing room with white satin couches and all this shit. It's just cocaine and Mick Jagger. I mean the Stones are into some really heavy things, like they went to Brazil and studied black magic for three months and scored a pile of cocaine... Jagger...he gets crowds really off their feet, and that's hard to do any more...Jagger can transform them in 45 minutes. He can just hold them in his crotch. That's just the way it is...'
Andy Levine, in Altamont

Take One Erring Wife,

GOOD LITTLE BAD GIRL

THE ROAD to you-know-where is paved with good intentions and beauteous Ann Dexter had the best intentions in the world. This dark-haired charmer thought she was helping when she took the job glorifying feminine flimsies.

Her husband, Harry, was a little old-fashioned and very, very jealous, so Ann thought she'd better keep her new activity a secret. Harry wondered where his spouse went on many afternoons, but the lovely lingerie model always had a glib answer ready to pacify him.

Ann congratulated herself several times as she posed in flimsy lace and slinky satin dainties. She knew that Harry would not like the idea of others enjoying the view of her scantily-clad charm, but she felt that the extra income justified the risk she was taking. Her soft, alluring curves and alabaster skin were ideal for modeling the resplendent raiment, and more and more of her time was devoted to the new career.

The alibis became weaker and weaker until trustful Harry began to accept them without question—openly, at least. Privately he knew that something was fishy and determined to find out what it was. That did it. It was simple to unobtrusively trail his winsome wife to the salon where the bewitching brunette displayed her shapely charms to glorify the latest in lingerie fashions.

Harry didn't break up the act then. He went home and waited, biding his time. Ann was never more captivating as she entered the living room. The modeling fee in her purse was enough to make her happy as she thought of

Ann is a little bit of heaven in a little bit of lace and that's what made husband Harry unhappy. With a figure like this, Harry should be jealous.

Add An Irate Husband – Result, A Sound Spanking!

all the things she could do with the extra money.

Harry didn't get mad. He stated the case and forbade further pursuit of the profitable career. Ann pleaded to no avail, then stormed out of the room, vowing to do as she pleased. Harry had made his declaration and awaited coming events calmly.

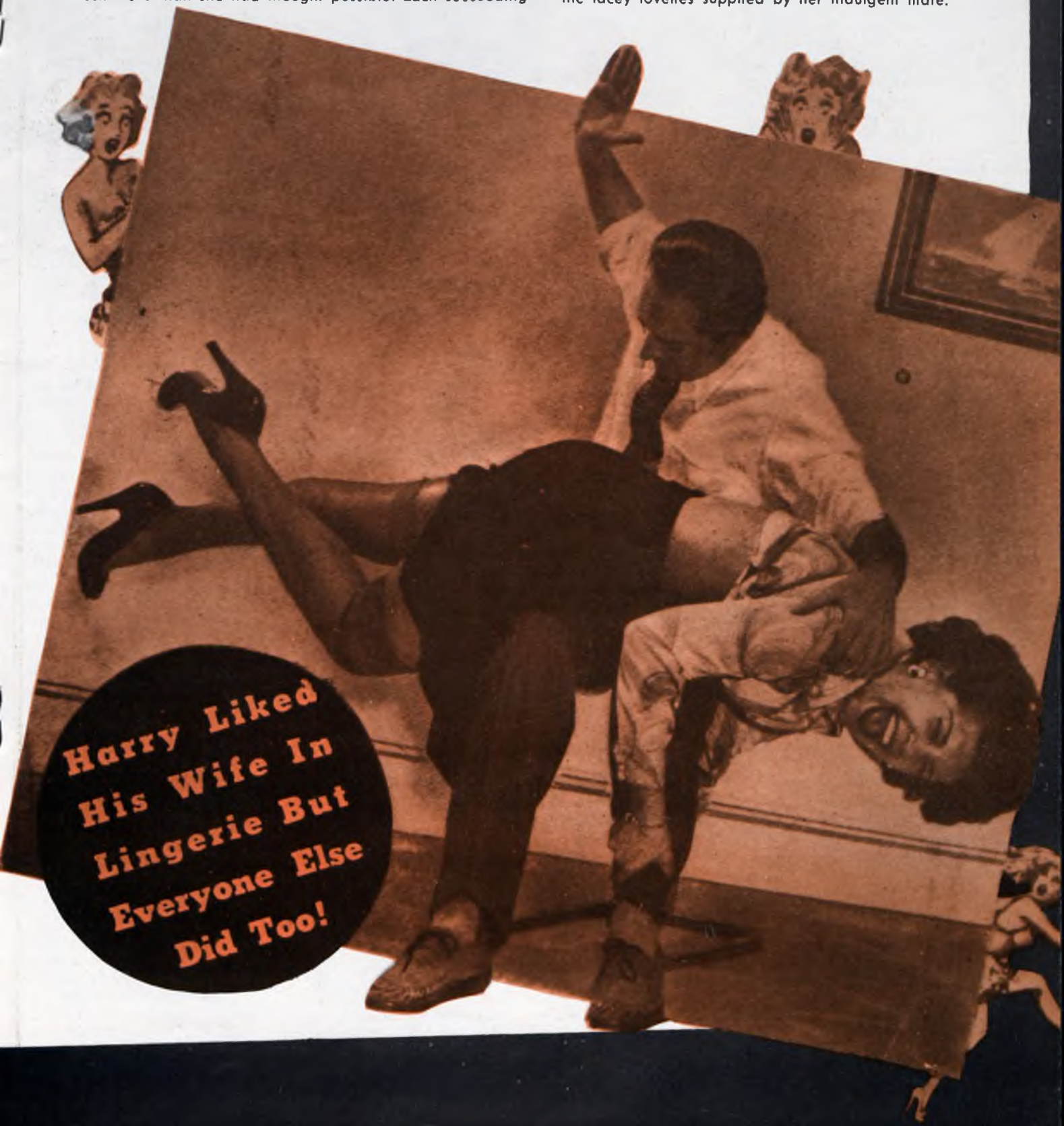
They weren't long in coming. Ann went right back the next day and Harry knew it. He was waiting when his lovely wife came in, and Ann knew trouble was brewing as soon as she saw him. Harry didn't say much. He took off his jacket and seized the erring bride in an iron grip.

It was a classic while it lasted. Ann screamed when the first blow was struck, that cupped palm stinging her tender flesh more than she had thought possible. Each succeeding impact of flesh on flesh increased the tingling pain until it was unbearable. Ann finally won her point and was set on her feet by her huffy husband. He was tired anyway.

Ann faced him angrily, her tender derriere prompting words of bitter recrimination. Harry remained unperturbed. She prepared a fresh tirade, then gulped and swallowed the words. She had just discovered that she loved her Harry more than ever before.

She found that she understood and respected his point of view. She knew he was jealous of her beauty and vowed never again to do anything that would displease him.

Ann still models and Harry gives his full approval. But now her modeling is confined to displaying her charms in the lacey lovelies supplied by her indulgent mate.



Harry Liked His Wife In Lingerie But Everyone Else Did Too!

presenting
THE MOTHERS

Fillmore East - June 1971
new album from
Reprise

Go Home Ozzies!

Australia is now the most important battleground for the fourth world:

1. It is the emerging focus for American, British, South African and Japanese economic imperialism. In the last ten years, as the third world nations have made it increasingly uncomfortable for economic imperialists, the growth of foreign economic involvement here has been astounding.

2. Australia's mineral and other resources are building the machines of oppression in Britain and America. Profits from investment of increasingly worthless American dollars and English pounds (both of which are strongly supported by the Federal treasury here: see last world financial crisis when Australia suspended trading in all but American, British or Canadian currency) and profits from the sale of their goods in Australian markets are financing their machines. "Give me your resources, take my paper money and worthless goods" (from 'Our Favorite Songs' Uncle Sam and the Queen, 1770-1970).

3. Australia's own imperialism is growing in coincidence with foreign imperialism here. The U.S. and Britain need a fat cow to milk. But no Bull . . . Washington rebuked Canberra last week for selling cane harvesting machines to Cuba.

4. The People are Pigs of the worst order, mostly unaware and uninvolved with what is happening to them and their land. The imperialists have learned some lessons: No more sharp hungry minds; Exploitation of white by white with the exploited kept at a low level of consciousness with plenty of beer and steaks and minds seduced by Anglo-U.S. establishment television and heavily censored press, books and movies. It is a new imperial dress. Uncle Sam and the Queen have crossed fingers and toes, hoping no one will lift it.

5. Australia is not over populated which means:
(a) There is no earthly reason for its imperialism. It has no need for inflow of capital or resources to trade for food. (just the opposite of England).
(b) It could be entirely self sufficient if its imperialism were ended, and all foreign developments were nationalized without compensation or curtailed. It could be China without a population problem.
(c) Because all of the capitalistic, imperialistic, exploitative and other systems are not necessary for the survival of the 12 million people here, they could be thrown off in a decade or two. There need be no waiting for population controls to take effect. No waiting for anything but for the human beings here to understand their place in the world and act on that understanding.

6. Napoleon III said "nothing is truly destroyed until it is replaced" Australia can cast off all of the capital, imperial exploitative shackles now and replace them now . . . with whatever we choose. This can be the first place. . .

7. Richard Brautigan wants deer and computers side by side in a forest. Okay, but by the time computers can survive in forests, will there be any forests left? Any deer? Here there is still a live world as a framework for men and their activities. Brautigan's dream, your dream, my dream are all possible now.

8. As a "White Western" country, Australia is our responsibility, our child. We are not needed in Chile, in Ecuador, in Cuba, in Africa, in Brazil or by the Black Panthers. They don't want us. Australia is a chance for us to clean our own house. Then, when we say, "Okay man, come see," we will have something to give. Good change from sucking the third world movements dry. How dry did we suck the Panthers? Jimi Hendrix? We have to carry our own load, not ride the back of Mao or Che or Ho Chi Minh.

9. England doesn't need you any longer Richard and Stan. "I don't want to talk to the converted Abbie Hoffman. After you win the OZ trial you must come to Australia. (Ha,Ha:OZ eds.) There will be plenty of people to carry on in London. It must be great to live where the bands are all fab and everything balls; where freaks are numerous enough that you feel a MOVEMENT. (Ha,Ha,Ha,:OZ eds).

10. If Australia can be turned on, motivated, it can strike a heavy blow to the whole western establishment. It can throw their whole mess back in their laps. This is what the braver third world nations are doing. A tuned in Australia could be, in our lifetime, a totally different society, Replace the old and the energy will flow from us to help our brothers do the same.

But the opportunity is going fast. We need help; human beings of vision and energy now. The immigration policies are bringing the two hardest classes to turn on: Semi skilled European peasnats and capital financiers. Americans are literally buying the country in large blocks (11,000,000 acres to one Texan owned ranch). Washington ties closer and closer to Canberra, minerals are taken, "joint defence" bases are constructed, land and wildlife are destroyed, U.S. financed tourist complexes are taking over coastal country economies. Holiday Inns is opening 1500 motel rooms in the next couple or years. Jerry Lewis is here to start a chain of "family" theatres featuring clean movies. "Just like in the U.S. where I have over a thousand theatres. You'd be surprised at the number of people that like clean movies."
The web is tightening.

We need you. Bring reinforcements. They're trying to deport me. I have an obscene publications trial tomorrow for the words "Fuck It". To the rescue ★ export that good old revolution ★ bring it on home! Richard, Stan, Germaine come on, Bring music, Bring love, bring light, breathe life. We can throw off the chains, we can start again. This is the place. This is your place.

Garth

NEW ALBUMS

Kingdom Come
Galactic Zoo Dossier

Pink Fairies
Never Never Land

Tonto's Expanding Headband
Zero Time

Jim Pepper
Pepper's Pow-Wow

Flaming Groovies

Polydor

ATLANTIC

BUDDAH RECORDS

MARKETED BY POLYDOR

The trial of Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie began at the Old Bailey on September 7th. The charge, carrying a life sentence, is conspiring to cause explosions, including the one at Carr's house. They have been in Brixton, alone in their cells for 23 hours a day, since February.

The bombings are getting out of hand. The State must pretend its in control. The order goes out from Heath, "Turn London upsidedown, but get the bombers." The pigs desperately need an arrest. Their usual technique — pin it on someone with previous convictions. So they grabbed Jake and Ian, 'Two likely candidates for an outrage' as Habershon (chief pig in the case) called them in court.

Anonymous star prosecution witness Mr A gave "the whole story". So detailed and well prepared was his evidence that you would never believe that it was three months before that he had "heard" it. His word-perfect account neatly tied up more or less the whole prosecution case, even down to the analyses of the forensic experts. All that remains of the case Ian is his friendship with Jake and his political beliefs. Mr B supposedly backing up A's evidence never turned up in court.

Also, in their efforts to prove that Jake and Ian stole explosives, they actually established that Jake was in Edinburgh on November 20th, the day he is charged with blowing up a BBC van outside the Miss World Contest in London.

The tactics used by the police in chasing the bombers have shown up peoples' 'rights' for the con that they are. They have broken into dozens of our homes stealing whatever they wanted. They have dragged us off for questioning, imprisoned us illegally and kept us for days without access to lawyers. Even their own witnesses testify that the Special Branch has intimidated them. As Habershon said, "We have no time for legal niceties." A month ago he had to be physically restrained from removing vital defence papers from Agitprop.

But so many people get done over by the law. If you have got long hair, if you're the wrong colour or a woman or gay, if you are a worker going on strike or if you're a kid just trying to stop getting bored, you're likely to get the same treatment. Anyone who is ANGRY will get the same treatment.

"I think that those of you who are on the outside should invite many more people to attend the hearings. The newspapers, of course, give a very misleading impression as to the tenor of the proceedings. People must come to understand what is going on. They should see that the State seeks to put a person's thoughts and beliefs on trial. They say that a person with strong anarchistic (sic) views literally indoctrinated another in the space of a couple of months. They will bring persons to testify to this who do not know a conservative from a trotskyist. They will bring people to lie manifestly, they will bring senior officials from the police department to elucidate the monumental works of the script writing department of the Department of Public Prosecutions. They will produce books and documents they have seized. Its important that much of this should be witnesses."

Ian Purdie

Jake
Written before going inside

It just happens that its me thats writing, it could be one of many. Born and spent the first six years in Wellwood, mining village in Fifeshire. Father drove coal lorry and fought and beat all three of village pigs, right on! Mother most beautiful woman in village, killed by State at 27, Grandfather in pit 42 years, has silicosis, less three fingers, and in poverty now. Grandmother worked in pits when she was 13 until at 18 she got married, 8 kids, 50 years of overwork, hardship, poverty — they still live in council property now. Five uncles (their sons) work in pits, one dead — blown up down the pit along with 34 others on the same day, and two aunts gave birth to 15 kids between them — all of them OPPRESSED. I went to government institution at 6 years old (orphan home), outside Glasgow, tied tag round my neck with number, red cross jerseys, kept me for eight years, even though my grandparents tried everything they could do to get me out, every fucking department. The reason they kept me eight years? When my father put me in he signed a paper saying that I would stay until I was 16 and he would pay 30 shillings a week for 'my keep'. He didn't pay, they wanted their money. They looked for him for eight years. In the end they gave up, telegraphed my grandparents to come and get me — warned them 'your son is no saint'. (Was going to high school then, travelling on the train every day by myself, whee man, all that freedom went to my head, kept being brought back by the pigs from such exotic places as Glasgow, smoking — say my first movie — stealing anything I could get my hands on, in love six times a day — had a lot of it trapped inside me by then). Back to Wellwood fuck the high school, went to school in village — sometimes got a job, farm labourer, six days a week, £4 for 6 months. Hate for the pigs, worked in factories — McVitie and Price (¾ million Rich Tea Biscuits) machine operator (vice versa one dimensional man etc.) In London, '66 factory again, £13 per week this time. 20 months all emotions anaesthetised/cut off suddenly, back to stealing, (needed £8 per day) — ended up getting five and a half years. Well, thats enough . . . these are some of the trash that have shaped my 'thinking' if you like, and many people, too many to mention, have left their mark inside.

Jake
February 25

Coming back and forward to court it's different cars and pigs, except for one, who is an incredibly stupid person, and a colossal bore with a very sick sense of humour who keeps cracking jokes about life imprisonment — which he says I'll get, 'It's better than hanging isn't it Mr Prescott?' And he's a right ego-tripping bastard to boot, and very insecure, and I kind of look out of the windows and try and ignore him, cos slagging him off is no good, he likes it . . . until coming back from court today, being hung up about you all and whether you are all gay or not, finally asking me point blank if I was gay, I told him, 'of course, didn't you guess' and he kind of hunched up and muttered 'I thought so', and tried to get as far away as possible from me — difficult cos I'm always handcuffed to him — anyway it must have been one of my rare moments of enlightenment because he didn't say another word all the way from Golders Green to Brixton.

Ian
March 12

*There's talk of me being moved to D Wing (security). * Right now I am with about 8 other guys who make up categories A to E, E being guys with records of escape and A's being guys 'whose escape is likely to cause embarrassment to the Secretary of State' — none other than smiling Reggie, they don't take into account that I find him an acute embarrassment all the time.*

We are kept separate from the others, and exercise differently, and have our visits in the security wing. I would prefer to be over there, cause I've got no chance of bail so it's a question of a 6 month wait I'd rather be where you can play football and associate in the evenings. D wing is separate from the rest of the jail so you're freer to move around in it, sounds a bit of a better scene than being banged up for 22 hours odd a day.

I miss you all greatly and hope by the summer we may be reunited then I'll be able to continue with you the work of 'pushing back pulling out and tearing off the fangs of capitalism' as the wobblies used to say.

*(Note: this turned out to be untrue. Although he should have been moved to D Wing, the Home office refused, as Jake is in that Wing. They will not allow them to see each other except in the dock).

Ian
April 6

I read incredulously of the official agreement to the Ford's dispute . . . this is doing the work of the Bill before it even becomes law and there seems to be no telling just how quickly the unions will knuckle under . . . there is no doubt that the counter-revolution is becoming more and more organised . . . I sit patiently in the dungeons waiting to dance on their graves.

Ian
May 4

I hear they're stomping thru' lots of people's places but that's cause they're frightened and insecure and want to lock lots of people up, they don't like being challenged. You know how I hate dictums but its good to realize that to be attacked by the enemy is a good thing — they show their nasty forces all over the place and so more revolutionaries are born. No time for closing your doors, we've got them running — let's get on with it and put them to rout. We're only young and slowly growing but look what they're teaching us.

Today made me closer to physical sickness than almost any other. Reynolds (the magistrate) is a contributory factor, but you get quickly used to prosecuting court officials. The main thing with today was that it showed how they've sunk to their lowest ebb . . . look at it today, a chick sick with herself for having to be there . . . Can you imagine w she felt standing there looking at Jake and knowing he could get life, life and life. You don't do it by choice you only do it thru' coercion. OK so we know the score from the beginning, we know the way they work and expect them to fabricate a case because they have no other way.

ONE BIG FRAME UP

The Prison Letters of Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie

responsibility to people with a greater and bigger sentence hanging over their heads as well as to the people I've been arrested with. So I went and talked to one of the Provo leaders on the Wednesday and said that I was going and explained how I was going to do it and he said 'It's impossible'. But he said let it never be said that I never attempted attempted to assist. I took the necessary steps to get him transferred to my cell, but that day he was whipped out and taken off to court and given eleven years in jail.

The physical things I've got to overcome never mind the psychological ones is to cut through three sets of bars, get into the yard, without being seen by the inside patrol, climb up a 20' wall, bared wire, drop down into the yard, worm across the yard, and get over a forty foot wall. Physically it would be impossible to carry the stuff. I hadn't got the stuff in my cell. All there was in it was a canvas mattress, a few sheets and blankets and a chair. The chair consisted of a mixture of wood and tubular steel. But fortunately

Photographs taken in Belfast by George Snow

half way along the wall between the two guarded turrets was a gate which led to a football field that was used for recreation. Three quarters of the way up the wall the gate was made of transparent wire, laced wire four inches apart. 35' wall, 25' up it. I decided to climb this gate in what I thought was quite an ingenious way. Take the pieces of wood from my cell and poke them into the wire and like a mountain climber I'd just scramble right up it. Get to the top of the wall, make a short hook in the rope, fling it over the wall and you're half way there. This is physically, the guards and things that's got to be figured out. And I watch the patrols, and I get into all their habits and I knows that the night patrol goes off at 7 o'clock but the morning shift, the day shift, comes on at half past 7. In terms of the structure they're supposed to check my cell at quarter past 7 but over the weekends, I don't know why, they never do it. There was a half hour break when they were reading the paper, having their morning snack, waiting to go home and sleep, whatever the fuck those pigs do. Having overcome them, by the element of chance which was in my favour, there was only one major problem — the troops on the wall.

While I was in there extra orders come out because of the guerilla warfare in Belfast that anyone in suspicious circumstances could be fired at and shot by the occupying forces. Now to me it was perfectly logical that crawling along the top of a prison wall at half past seven in the morning was certainly suspicious circumstances and those fuckers whold have shot me like a dog. Especially those mean Scots fuckers who were taunted out of the window every night by all the republicans and were totally demoralised. The Sunday morning I was supposed to go that night in Belfast it was like the Fourth of July in Washington Square. Bombs and fireworks all over the place. Sceurity forces searchlights inside the jail, everything. When the morning came . . . all night long I cut my canvas mattress, make a ten foot rope out of it, cut my chair, made a hook out of my chair, wrapped that round it. Checked all the technicalities of shape, shape of hooks, knots in their proper places and on the bottom of the rope a little wrist hanger to make sure that if I threw it up I wouldn't lose it. And the bits of wood which I cut from my chair for the pegs to get up. Sunday morning seven o'clock bells rings. Time to get up. All ready, all in a bag; all in the cell. Get up, takes the window out, take the first part, then the second. Get out. Cut through the last bolt. Can't cut through completely. Try to move it out. Won't move. Everytime I try to move it it gets tighter and tighter. Self tightening rawlplug in it. Won't move, can't cut through it in the time I've got available. Creep back in. Cover everything up again, which I can't do completely. Just before the screws walk in at half past seven I complain to the screw I'm sick. Stomach pain, I want to see a doctor. My cell will not stand a physical or visual inspection. So in the Breakfast period between half past seven and nine o'clock I tie my chair up again with bits of black thread. If one of the screws had stomped his feet too heavy it would have collapsed. Try to cover things up and stay in bed. A brain damaged medical pig comes over and gives me some kind of shit, which I drink down and lie in bed trying to look ill.

'It's Sunday morning, people come with the car, they dissappear thinking I've been caught, I haven't made it. I can't have a visit, I can't get the word out. Now my ordeal that day consists of the two screws who come into my cell every day. They come, look around, look at me surprised to find me in the cell, I tell him I'm fucking ill. Give him a volley of abuse, threaten complaining to my solicitor, I haven't been treated properly, and under a barrage of words beating off their brain damaged skulls they retreat from the cell. I collapse in my bed, just from the nervous tension. Lie in my bed that day, relaxing and preparing myself. Get through the whole night dozing, waking up. Morning comes and I hear the yard patrol and the whole system of which I know every sound. I know exactly what it is and this is ten years of my life at stake. I hear the bell and that means everyone's got to get up, make your bed, get ready your pisspots, put it out in a bucket. I write a note to the Government saying *'This escape is a demonstration of revolutionary freedom. I will not give them justice, there is no justice. This institute is only an extension of your own intellectual and spiritual bankruptcy. Fuck you, fuck Faulkner, fuck the system. I don't like your jail and I'm away. All power to the people. James McCann.'*

Turn, get out of the window, dropping out of the window making all kinds of noises. The guys next to me's a provo, couple other fellows are provos. Get out the window. They're all there and with me all their eye strains and nerve signs come into my body and I took this as an additional strength. Run across the yard in just my shirt and trousers, with my pillowcase of pegs and my rope wrapped around me. Clamber up on a small building that the prisoners use to shelter out of the rain, throw my hook up, pull myself on top of

the wall , get on the top of the wall and look. 50 yards of complete open space before me overlooked by both troops. Earlier that morning there'd been an explosion in Unity Walk. Normally there was two Scottish pig mercenaries in each turret, at each corner. There was only one. I wait till they walk into the turrets, there's little slits they can look out of, and sit down or do whatever they do, sprint down the other side very quietly. One soldier comes across the yard and looks over. He can see me if he looks closely, but I'm in grey trousers, and grey sweater against a grey wall and the only thing that matters is my black hair and white face and if I make a movement I might attract his eye. When he goes in the turret again I crawl and the fifty yards from there to the bottom of the gate I crawl in record time. All the kids are still up in the windows and looking at this thing and by now the whole fucking wing's looking at it. In a normal prison the hoods and criminals would have been on the bell trying to get a few weeks remission on their sentence by telling the authorities, but in this prison they're my people, the Ballymurphy Brigade, the boys from Ballymacarton, they're sound, they're solid.

It gets to the point where in terms of the turrets I'm safer. I'm close against the wall, they're close against the wall. It'll be a risk when I get half way up the gate and they'll see me, look directly down on me. I puts in my first hook, puts in the other hook, the other one, and gets half way up the gate, this paraphanalia wrapped around me. Get up the 25' of the gate, holds on to the top and I'm there. And out of the corner of my eye I see one of the troops come out of the turret and looks straight at me, I can feel him looking at me. He must have looked straight at me and turned away. Saw me but he didn't see me. This crazy chameleons clinging against this wall, his inner part sort of vibrating. It was like being reborn again. I could smell the air. I was afraid even to consider them, but I knew it was there. I had the scent of freedom, baby. Balance on the top of the gate, take the hook and throw it on the top of the wall, it misses. Comes flashing down past me. Bounces off my shoulder, swings down, makes a dull thud against the wall and I slowly pull it up again. Grab the hook and throw it up again. Misses the top of the wall again but goes right over the other side and catches by one of the knots. Now I've been on this gate and on this wall for five minutes. I'd forgotten about the troops walking in and out, time's ticking off. The screws'll be at my cell at half seven. I've got about two minutes over half-seven and the scream will go up. Can't get rid of the knot, won't pull over the wall so the only way I'm going to do it is twist it. So I twists it slowly. It comes and the hook catches on the top of the wall. Springs out, push my foot against the largest peg left in the gate, something to stand on 'cos I'd got about another ten feet of brick to climb. Bathed in sweat, had my energy sapping out of me. Pull on the rope, get myself half way up the rope and I lose my strength. And just as I get like that I see out of the corner of my eyes soldiers; and I don't make a move, just like an ostrich puts his head in the sand, I'm just waiting there for a shot to

ring out. And I turned round, looked again. It must have been about half a lifetime and they both walked into the turrets again.

Somewhere and somehow a new energy like something from another world starts flowing through me. I throw myself on the top of the wall pulling the hook up after me. I run along the top of the wall and stay on the top of the wall looking down this side 'cos I didn't know what the patrols were outside. As soon as I look down all I hear is tramp tramp tramp tramp tramp and four soldiers and a dog walk along the bottom of the wall. 'Cos it was a concrete wall this, and where I am, even if they looked up they couldn't see me. Eventually I'm here and they're there, they walk past me and I'm looking down on top of their heads. They wouldn't have seen me anyway 'cos they had military caps on, the Nazi-style ones with the big peaks, and the dog didn't even fucking see me. They walk past round the corner. Bounce down, into a rhubarb patch and the hook's hanging there on the wall. I'm into the two walls between Crumlin Road and St Malachi's College. Between me and freedom there's a ten foot wall. Everything's still quiet, the guys from the turret can still see me. Went across the rhubarb patch and cleared that ten-foot wall in about half a second. Dropped straight down behind a tree in St Malachi's playing fields. Looked through the trees and about two or three hundred yards away there's a sentry post, sandbagged and corrugated iron. Run from tree to tree. Across St Malachi's yard. The symbolism of it was that ten years before I'd left this Jesuit College. I'd left it, turned a complete circle and went to the institute at the other side of the wall. And now I'd got out of that fucking place I'd never return.

The trees were damp in the morning and leaves were heavy and there was a rich smell and something inside me began to grow like a shaft of wonder. I walked across that last yard, I walked across like Christ walking across the water and my wings inside my skull open up and flapped. I knew I was there. Run across St Malachi's Yard to a place that I always knew from ten years previous when I wanted to bunk out of classes. Got there, climbed up on there, jumped over this wall and I'm in Lincoln Avenue. Went down Lincoln Avenue, down some steps onto the Antrim Road. All the workers were going to work. I had a contact in a place on the Antrim Road, but I had to go across Carlyle Circus, down into Free Belfast, which is about five or ten minutes. Just as I knocked on this contact's door I heard the siren go woowoowoo in the jail. I walked into the person's house. They didn't believe it was me. They heard the siren go and looked out, saw the pigs and troops flooding the place. And I walked in and I just went down on my fucking knees and I said that's it, I'm free. I've made it.

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PRE PA STORY "BELFAST" TIMED 1847

BLAST WRECKS PRISON GATE
August 22nd 1971 PAP 150000-303(PNR/P-O)

BLAST WRECKS PRISON GATE

Belfast, Sunday PA:

Armed troops stand guard outside the main gate to Belfast prison, Crumlin road, which was blasted by a bomb hurled from a passing car this evening.

Two police officers and two unruly prisoners were injured and rushed to the nearby Mater Hospital.

Windows were shattered over a wide area.

The prison houses a number of internees detained in the round-up of nearly two weeks ago.

August 22nd 1971 PAP 150000-303(PNR/P-O)

WIREPHOTO Belfast

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RAGE OF INNOCENCE

Whilst OZ was being tried at the Old Bailey, about a dozen people collected at the Wellington Park Hotel in belfast on the night of June 29th for a celebration dinner. An evening of Guiness and grass, of eating and laughing. Felix de Mendelsohn and Joseph Stevens had been acquitted and released after being found Not Guilty of throwing petrol bombs and possession of a loaded firearm — a sawnoff shotgun. For three months they had been awaiting trial in the notorious Crumlin Road Jail, with two Irishmen. Peter McCarten, a young journalist who made a statement, pleaded guilty and was given a year's sentence. The other was James McCann, poet, adventurer, revolutionary. Two weeks before coming up for trial, James, the local boy to whom police had promised 15 years inside, took his life into his own hands — literally — and escaped from Crumlin Road. What follows is his own story, recorded about five days after his escape from prison.

Freezing, no toilet facilities in the cell. I've got to use the cell floor. Fright, fear, the whole trauma of transplantation. One minute I'm sitting talking in the university and a couple of hours later I'm in a prison cell, completely naked, degraded, a blanket over me. They then come and I recognise its daylight by looking into the corridor where there's light and they take me to another room where there's three chairs and two of them sits in the chairs and I'm made to sit in another chair . Knowing what's coming I pretend I'm asleep. I make out I'm asleep and tired but I'm wide awake. So they start moving chairs and things to keep me awake. Then this Special Branch pig comes in, sees me, looks me over, kicks the chair from under me and hits me a boot. He says 'You Fenian fucker, we want you'. And before you leave you're going to tell us everything that happened there. I looks at him and I says 'Fuck you, I will not say a fucking thing. And you fucking hit me again and you know what I'm going to do. I'm going to bash my head against that fucking wall so hard that you fuckers won't be able to stand up in court and say that we didn't lay a finger on him, I'll be so marked.' No more physical violence was threatened. Over the next two days I wasn't allowed any sleep. I was interrogated.

Then after about a week in jail I started planning. I was in a difficult position trying to relate to the two people who had just been thrown in jail with me, the fact that a statement written down by a young kid who wrote down anything the police told him he was so frightened, totally concocted was used as evidence against us the fact that we'd be libelled by the protestant 'Telegraph', the fact that all the hysteria and the circumstances surrounding a so-called trial — we hadn't got a chance and I was going to get out. I then started plotting and planning and getting blades, hacksaw blades. Had a look at the cell, had a look at the system and really got disillusioned. Impossible. I've been in a few jails, but believe me baby, Crumlin Road is a fucking tough nut to crack. Inside security, all cells doors have little peepholes, you never know when the pigs are going to come and look into your cell; cells are 13' by 7', patrols have total communication all the time with the centre, 24 hours, a 20 ft wall inside got to be scaled, a prison jailyard overlooked by armed soldiers, fully illuminated at night, a forty foot wall led into a situation which had an army barracks which I had to pass.

It was just a mock trial, I didn't even react to the pack of fucking lies in the depositions, I just sat in the witness box reading a fucking book. The pigs read out an obviously rehearsed story, which was obviously believed by the majority of the people in the courtroom. Evidence against Joe Stevens, against Felix DeMendelsohn was totally and utterly fabricated They'd manoeuvred it and made it malleable to such an extent that it sounded in legalistic terms feasible. The magistrate didn't know any better. He could only accept the legal shit, logic semantics, he could only accept that. In the Northern Ireland legal system the judges are always political appointments, the lawyers always have vested interests in terms of their jobs, gutless fucking pigs who paid the price in tax, that's thier price. You wouldn't get justice, any form of justice, legal justice, individual justice, street justice or natural justice — you just wouldn't fucking get it. I knew it, I couldn't articulate it very well, but deep in my balls man, I fucking knew it. And I knew I gotta get out of the jail. Now because of the people involved helping me I had to bribe one of the fucking ex B-Special pigs to bring me in hacksaw blades. They were posted to his house with money contained. We kept the receipt in case he should have reneged on it. One morning he got it, he never handed it to me. I went out on the exercise and came back and they were under my pillow. Now if I make a mistake he can let on and get promotion any time, so I've got to keep him balanced. Now he'd done this for me not just for the money but because he realised that the people who are in the struggle in Belfast at the moment are going to win and those type of fuckers are either going to get put up against the wall, locked up in jail or vendettas carried out against them

I hid the blades in reception because it's the only place you can go to at any time. When I went to the courts I never carried them with me 'cos when you come back you get searched. Come in, took them out and went to my cell. Every day you go out and exercise and come in and you're searched again and the cells are searched and the bars are checked so it was totally up against it, everything was battle. Come back from court, go in and start cutting the bars that evening. There's only times when I can cut the bars — the yard patrol has passed and the lights are put out in the cell. That means when he's turned out the lights he's got to turn out all the other lights in the wing and he's got about 15 minutes to do this. I cut then. I can't cut loud because ther's police informers in the jail. I cut very silent and very quiet. One set of bars on the outside — three weeks. I cut through four bars on the inside and three on the outside physically to get you through. Now each day, they were about an inch in diameter each bar, painted across with a sort of cream coloured paint, each day I cut through a little way. I can't cut through them all the way but have to leave a little bit because each day the security screws come around and tap the bars. I filled them with soap, glued them with butter and put this dead fly on it. The security screws used to come in and look at it and think it's the most natural thing in the world, a dead fly.

I went to the court one morning, came back and there was a special crew outside my windows putting special high tensile steel bars outside my windows.

Spent the next two days in my cell in the depths of depression. But I still had the blades and I crawled out that night and had a good look at them. Tried to cut one of the bars, couldn't. Tried one of the nuts that was holding them on at the side and of course it was ordinary steel. The most dangerous part was having to get out of the window and do this every night. The slightest sound, a pindrop or a cough is carried across the yard. Over the other side of the remand yard is a boiler room and it's always pumping water which goes foomph foomph foomph. So I could cut for about fifteen minutes everyday cutting those bars and it took me about two weeks to get through them. During this period every day and in every way I watched the doings of all the screws.

Before I escape I've been relating to alot of the Provos who've been in the prison and realising that not only have I got a personal

We don't think Mr. Justice Argyle would like our new releases either.

Stefan Grossman, John James, Pentangle, Rev. Gary Davis, Gerry Rafferty, Peter Bardens, Brian Short, Stray.

Transatlantic.

Internment!

Hundreds interned for their political associations, British troops drunkenly and murderously avenging the earlier deaths of colleagues on the civilian population, the bland reassurances of politicians caring only for their own skin — August 1971, when military and political terror appeared in most extreme form, saw some few truths about Northern Ireland filter through. In spite of the concerted efforts of the establishment media, some of the realities penetrated.

Northern Ireland was built on systematic repression and discrimination. This state, deprived of all historical legitimacy, was born in counter-revolutionary violence. Its precarious security was founded on a series of Special Powers Acts, Criminal Justice Acts, and Public Order Acts, which were the envy of South African governments. Law and order was maintained by a police force and an auxiliary (Special) constabulary which were the instruments of the party which has been in power for the fifty years of the state's existence, the Unionist Party, and of its backbone, the Orange Order.

For two years these instruments have been sub-ordinated to the principal prop of state power in Northern Ireland, the British Army. During these two years, the *presentation* of the Army's role has changed from that of impartial peace-keeper between warring communities to that of a force wholly dedicated to the military and moral destruction of the so-called terrorists. With the calculated change in emphasis, and the increasing manpower problems, the Army's action has become more openly repressive.

July 1971: scarcely had the military authorites allowed satisfaction of the soldiers blood-lust with the shooting of Seamus Cusack and Desmond Beattie, and sought to deceive the public about these incidents with poorly constructed lies, than the 'new phase' (one of the many in the last few years) of the dawn raids was introduced. The Gestapo-style raids of homes and premises for political literature and files, and the detention for questioning of scores of men, was seen by many as the first stage of 'internment'. The word, and the practice, has a very specific historical content in Ireland. Three times before it had been used against republicans in the Six Counties, and in the Twenty Six Counties ('Free State'). The powers of internment were given permanently to the Minister of Home Affairs with the inclusion of Regulation 23B in the Special Powers Acts in 1933. On the Minister's orders, a suspect (suspected of anything) can be held indefinitely.

Following the shooting of a labourer on his way to work, and the response which came with the Army's further attempts to lie their way out of that murder, the introduction of internment was announced. On a Monday morning nearly 500 persons were arrested, taken from their homes at four o'clock in the morning. The newspapers rejoiced in the capture of the I.R.A. men, yet those arrested were, in the large majority, not directly associated with any section of the republican army. The intention was obvious: to decapitate all the opposition groups, whether they advocated the use of arms or not.

Internment appeared the logical last link in a chain of escalating repression. Yet the decision to introduce it was taken in panic; it was not taken easily. There is a limit to the physical repression which the British government — whose approval was necessary for the new measure — is prepared to be seen to apply. If it had been possible to re-shape Northern Ireland such that it could be governed by constitutional methods and by ideology, the British government would have done so. The internment decision was preceded by many months of deliberation between Tory ministers, Army officers, and leaders of the Unionist government.

Not that any of these men worried for one moment at the removal of civil liberties, or at the loss of lives. Their joint concern was with the maintenance of imperialist domination over Ireland as a whole. In mid-July, as tension rose in Northern Ireland, it was announced that Heath was to meet Jack Lynch, the Prime Minister of the Southern Twenty Six Counties. It had become a cliche of political commentary that 'the key lay in Dublin, not in Belfast'. It was recognised that a policy of internment was inoperable without the active co-operation of the Southern government. Yet, when the panic decision was made, Lynch was not consulted.

For two years the British Army has been held in restraint in its use of brute force. The policy was, indeed, known as one of 'minimum force'. The casualties had not been on a scale to compare with that of 'imperial policing' and 'anti-terrorist' campaigns at other times in other places. Northern Ireland's proximity to the metropolitan world, where political consensus is attained by mainly non-physical means, and the watching eye of the world's media, have been factors. Keeping the support of the Southern government has certainly been the main factor.

A motion tabled in the House of Commons in early August by Labour M.P.'s indicated the reasons: the Twenty Six Counties are the U.K.'s third biggest customer; the U.K. takes 65 per cent of the South's overseas sales; British investments in the South are worth 1½ times those in the North; trade between the North and South has increased five times in the past ten years. Imperialism dominates Ireland not only by the military garrisons in the North, but equally by the garrison of Jack Lynch's Southern government.

This relationship had determined the move to 'reform' political and social life in Northern Ireland, that is, to remove those features which were most offensive to the Catholic bourgeoisie. The effect was two-fold: to provoke the anger and resentment of sections of the Protestant population at the removal of their marginal privileges, and to raise expectations among the petit-bourgeois and working-class Catholics. These expectations could not be satisfied by a Unionist government, which could only move as fast (or as slow, or as backwards) as its power base in the loyalist population would permit. Faulkner's decision to introduce internment was coupled with another decision to ban parades for six months, a decision which has affected particularly the traditional 12th August Apprentice Boys' march of militant loyalists in Derry. This apparent balancing act between the two camps in fact created conditions of sectarian bitterness which, if possible, went beyond those of August 1969, when armed loyalists burned, looted, and killed in the Catholic ghettoes.

These niceties escape the British soldier. Nor does any one seek to explain them to him. It could be Aden, Cyprus or Kenya but with a difference. 'Out there' (the phrase is increasingly being used in the media to describe Ireland), one has to simply fix bayonets and chase people up and down the street. Here, the soldiers are expected simply to stand fast while their shields are pelted with rocks. This restraint is not super-human or super-anything, it is imposed on the soldiers by the political context. It countlessly burst out into little explosions of brutality. Such incidents as the shooting of Harry Thornton, following which a soldier was seen to chalk up a mark on the side of a jeep, and shout; 'Another gone'. It exploded in the looting by soldiers during the August internment of a wine shop following which the troops fired indiscriminately on the streets of the Falls Road Area. It explodes in the graffitti behind a sentry post; "The Irish are bastards". It is in the eyes of Special Branch men who in pairs, interogated the detainees. It was in the mind of those soldiers who carried out the torture, there is no other word, in the August internment. The soldiers who are required to carry out the brutality and terror required at any moment by the political and military establishment, they are themselves brutalised and terrorised. They too are victims.

Behind the repression is a political complex, whose most basic rationale is the most effective exploitation of Ireland as a whole. It is necessary to understand this mechanism. It is not enough to be indignant. Nor is it enough simply to admire. The courage of the Bogsiders is enormous. The daring of the Belfast Republicans is enormous. The determination of the nationalist population to resist the mounting attacks is enormous. But this monstrosity that is Ireland Under imperialism can only be defeated by a force with the same defined sense of purpose as British imperialism and its allies.

. here is a fight on in Ireland, and the militants there are organising to win it.

The same fight is on in Britain, an imperialist power and a capitalist economy in severe crisis. The propoganda machine, the crowd pushing machine, the coloured dyes, the high-velocity self-loading rifle, the micro-pulverised CS gas, are being prepared in Belfast for use in Birmingham. The forms of repression may differ, the complex of political relationships and the relevant issues may differ; the enemy is the same. It is scarcely affected by individual bombs, by pithy prose and by protest. It can be shifted by political organisation. To seek out the weak points and drive in a wedge, to understand the cohesion and the fragility of the system, to build on the struggles that are going on, to forge a human weapon to overthrow an inhuman system, that is the business of revolution. The power which stands behind repression can only be defeated with the building of a counter power. When that is ready to strike, there will be no need for the Angry Brigade.

Brian Trench

OZ,

Just got your letter and only saw the article yesterday. It is the work of a real sick cat. Jerry only met Izaac once for example and they never even discussed what Izaac claims. Jerry said he sent you a letter. I've written a long response and want to go over it in the next 2 days. Don't you realize no one in this country who [illegible] told that story would print it? Don't you realize I got thrown out of England and am now forbidden to even leave the US because I came to England at Richard's request somewhat illegally? Don't you realize that references to the underground as "the swimming team" in print has caused innumerable problems? Don't you realize that you didn't even call me up and say "hey there's this cat here who claims he wrote your book [illegible] even [illegible] will s[illegible] tion. People [illegible] you would stoop so low.
Abbie.

Dear OZ

Izak Haber's article in OZ was absolutely incredible. To quote me against my brother Abbie was a low-point in movement treachery. The quotes were false, distortions pulled out of context and totally inaccurate. I saw Abbie work like a motherfucker researching and writing Steal This Book. It's a great important book and in spite of Abbie's life and out. He worked for months making that book real. And then he was forced by the totalitarian [illegible] the publishing industry to publish book himself [illegible] real breakthrough. Titling the book 'Steal This Book' took real courage and will have effects way beyond the book itself. Izak's role in the book as far as I can recall was to put together a lot of underground paper articles and force his girlfriend to type them. Abbie then re-did the book from scratch. But what is authorship of an idea anyway? Abbie's ideas were shaped by history and the culture – a history and culture he helped shape. It's the latest past-time of movement hacks to attack and rip off "superstars". But it's bullshit. Abbie is who he is because he's one of the most creative and hardest workers I've ever seen. Shame on you OZ for publishing such smut.
Jerry Rubin,
c/o Lubell and Lubell,
103 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
P.S. I have just left for a month in Chile to do research for my next book. You can verify the authenticity of this letter by getting in touch with my lawyer, Dave Lubell.

Dear OZ,

I want to blast into you very slightly about a couple of things.

First and most seriously, whilst I feel that [illegible] quotes authorities [illegible] made the biggest mistake of their little lives in giving you all the publicity they did when their object was to pull you down. I rather tend to agree with their view that your [illegible] was probably a trifle overdoing it. I don't currently have the issue on me [illegible] I'd burnt it, my brother and myself, on a bonfire with intense [illegible] get the smell of it out of the air around us, but I'll use issue 38 as evidence against you. Quote – In defending the right to live our lives complete and unexpurgated by any authority except our own [illegible] we have to defend this right, not just for ourselves, but for everyone who wishes to lead a free life. OK, sure. Everyone might be free. But your freedom is not and should not be to be a magazine which claims to be of the underground to spread the slight sickness in your minds to a large number of people, and to make probably half of those people feel as I did at the time – what a lot of unpleasant crap. The more you make people feel that you are sick, you represent the world, therefore the youth is sick, the more I will many person under eighteen are going to have to work twice as hard to show our parents that they can maybe trust us out after nine pm or let us have friends who they haven't met yet. And those of us who don't want to drop out and give our mothers another nervous breakdown (my best case) are stuck with it. This is called responsibility and is a drag but worthwhile cos you work for it, work for your right to live freely later on. And I resent you making things unnecessarily hard. Ok query. Everyone may at one time or another draw sketches like in OZ, write or think about free love, forgetting WD, cos man it can't happen to me, and so on – but we don't publish it. It's like going [illegible] and with your dick hanging [illegible] – many people may not object, but you brandish it in the faces of those who either are content with only one blokes prick at a time and are happy with a boy friend, or are bored by what is after all your own personal problem. Query. It's all rather reminiscent of blue film, which bore me stupid cos I'm not by nature a voyeur and feel that making love should be with someone you love and is therefore personal. Like I'm recent is [illegible] came and sat on the end of my bed but why do I have all the time to sit on the end of other peoples in films and books, help us magazines too now. Why must you lower yourself and anyone who is a reader of OZ to the level of the rather sad middle aged phenomenon of wife swapping and bad sex films query. Be beautiful instead. It may be harder but it's hell of a lot more fun in the long run.

Second, your charter of children's rights. Well children have the right to freedom of association. A kid of [illegible] not yet be able to tell whether the stranger he talks to is a psychopath who may kill, main or assault him/her, or feed him acid which at that age may screw him up completely, and so on. So they must be encouraged to accept other older people's judgement for a while in what is lets face it a sick society. VI I already touched on. Publication is a comitment which a child may well deeply regret. VII. One of the most frightening things about 1984 is the way the kids denounce their parents without understanding how much damage this does to the adult concerned, and over trivial things. If I'd had somewhere to go where my grievances about Mum would have been listened to when I was ten , eleven or twelve my mother would probably be in prison for mental cruelty by now, quite undeservedly. X. Give a child freedom of movement and he might end up like the two kids I met at the Roxy [illegible] for free home, tripping by accident, shit scared and penniless. Not good, that, and those kids were [illegible]

How much more [illegible] are really to get into a [illegible] younger [illegible]

But most of all the thing says [illegible] children have the special right of shelter or protection from economic [illegible] exploitation [illegible] totally agree. But, buddy, can't you see, that means you! Think about it. Peace and love in very limited quantities - to you. And remember, the war not love: the population is still r[illegible]

Chris
(PS. Aged 16)

OZ,

This is a filthy, obscene, irrational magazine obviously edited and written by crazy, sex minded, perverted apologies for human beings. My heaven protect us from things like you.
Not A Puritan.

Dear OZ Readers,

The responsibility for every stone, every fire bomb, every death lies on the shoulders of the four men who met to plan internment last week in Downing Street – Ted Heath, Lord Peter Carrington, Brian Faulkner and General Tuzo.

We cannot be intimidated and will resist this vicious act of repression as we have resisted all others in the past. We cannot do it on our own.

Our only friends are our fellow workers in Britain. You must come to our aid. Organise, educate, act. And if for none other than ourselves bring the government down.

It is not your government, it is not your army. It is your [illegible] are under attack in North[illegible]
Bernadette Devlin, MP

Dear OZ,

We believe that you have a right to say what you like, write what you like, and publish what you like, and no judge should have the power to fine you, let alone send you to prison for that.

Although as women, we feel ourselves to have been pillorized and parodied by some of the illustrations in OZ, and in the School Kids issue in particular, unlike Mary Whitehouse we don't think we need the law to protect us from the sexual content of OZ, and we deplore the victimisation of your Editors and the sentences imposed on them today. Instead we'd like to see OZ questioning the equation of women with sex objects. David Widgery's attack on Norman Mailer's book on Women's Lib was a shot in the right direction – and not always relying on drumming up sales by titivating male tastes in female cheesecake.
Fulham Womens Liberation Workshop

To OZ,

I have been reading about the arrests made on Thursday 5th August of assaulting the police charges. I was there too and some bastard cunt of a cop kicked me in the stomach. I was 4 months pregnant. Because of this I lost the baby on Friday. Since coming out of hospital I phoned up two big newspapers and told them what had happened. Both refused to print anything unless I gave my name and permanent address. I can't do because I'm 17 and living with my parents who didn't know I was pregnant. Please print something about this otherwise it will achieve nothing and cause so much pain. Let try to lift the image of a policeman with his halo and show the brutal system just what goes on.

I hope everything goes well and it [illegible] come to [illegible].
Carol

I am shocked to hear about your treatment of the three young men whose under trial for abolishing obscenity in Oz. Fear is right in shocking not to allow the truth and secondly you have no right to play [illegible] cut the hair. If you think [illegible] influence of any parent you're greatly mistaken. It was my idea to write this letter. I mean what I have written.
Yours sincerely,
Miranda Burnett (age 9)
Chalfont St Peter,
Bucks.
PS. I am not a hippie and don't intend being one.

An open letter to Richard, Jim and Felix.

There seems to be some confusion in some quarters about our position over your trial conviction and sentences. Just to set the record straight – all of us except one (no – not Ian!) were surprised/shocked/opposed to your prison sentences. We are and always have been divided about the relevancy of OZ to radical political change or/and the creation of an 'alternative society'. Most of us have objected to your male chauvinistic tendencies towards our sisters and the use you have made of their sexuality to titilate the 'raincoat brigade' [illegible]trated innocents' amongst your readership that would not otherwise buy OZ. We would refer you to the 'Georgia Straight' from Vancouver (that now comes out twice weekly). After our sisters took over an issue to show our brothers how they felt, the paper has improved considerably. It is challenging abuses in local and national politics and actively campaigning, amongst other things, against bad landlords and the racial discrimination Indians encounter in their own country (Canada). It has also rejected sexist ads unlike the Berkeley Barb and yourselves/INK.

Coming specifically to issue no 28 of OZ, Ian is probably the most vocal amongst us in objecting as he sees it, to the sexist and racist nature of its cover. For generations white society has tried to portray black people as animals/sub-humans, only capable of the basest sexual activities.

Your cover did nothing to dispell these gross misconceptions. If anything it's probably started a whole new generation on the path, albeit a subconscious one, of derogatory sexual associations re our black sisters. The fact that you passed this cover is even more surprising when one realises that two of you have spent some time in Australia with its 'all white' policy (OK so they let a few in – [illegible] its past [illegible] of the rights and dignity of its indigenous people, the aborigines. No, Richard, YOU should have known better.

In spite of the above, we all believe that obscenity should never be treated as a criminal offence and that your offence in the eyes of the establishment had/has nothing to do with obscenity. Instead we see it as frightened over-reaction from parents/teachers/politicians worried/[illegible] childrens' experi[illegible] a life-[illegible] reading OZ, IT, STYNG, GRASS, FRENDZ, LITTLE RED SCHOOL BOOK etc and assume automatically that these publications are to blame. [illegible] rarely [illegible] their ways, their reading matter or life styles or try to [illegible] their children the similarities between their consumer habits.

To sum up, we are opposed to making obscenity a criminal offence and feel that the law should be scrapped. Some of us regard your obsession with tits/pricks/cunts and fucks as objectionable and the one who doesn't dare to do in the hope that your stay in prison might lead to an improvement in conditions for those less fortunate than yourselves and/or that the prison experience will change you. All of us will look to the future life styles of the OZ staff and hope that you will change and show by your actions where you are LEADING STRAIGHT.

POWER TO OUR PEOPLE!!!

[illegible] Information Shop,
141 Westbourne Park Road,
London W11.

Who's next
TRACK DELUXE 2408 103
WHO'S NEXT
MARKETED BY POLYDOR

How To Deprave & Corrupt

The OZ trial is over bar the appeal. And for all practical purposes, OZ has won, the victory due in no small part to the mind-blowing stupidity of Judge Argyle. However, the trial has acted as a catalyst and we plunged into a national polarisation of opinion which will have far-reaching effects. Hopefully, one of effects will be an understanding and coming together of those who strive for personal liberation and those who strive for social revolution, of those who feel the sexual revolution has nothing to do with politics and those who feel the Revolution has more important things to deal with than sex and sexuality. Obscene, corrupt and deprave are all value words without any absolute meaning and it is the change in values in our society which produces the conflict not Rupert Bear's cock.

I think this was obscured by the defence in the trial. Basically, the prosecution said that OZ 28 corrupted and depraved and the defence said that it didn't – in fact, that it didn't have any effect at all most of the time. But the defence went further than no effect and suggested that parts of OZ 28 put people off certain things. As a homosexual, I felt not a little compromised during the argument about a cartoon which, to me, had more to do with the exploitation of children by authority than anything else. The prosecution said it would encourage children to homosexuality and the defence said that it would discourage. The particular cartoon probably would discourage but the disturbing thing was the defence's implicit assumption that homosexuality was a thing to be discouraged. (I put this as rueful comment rather than heavy criticism: I wasn't in the dock, after all.) Relating to all the major issues of the trial, the suggestion of the defence was that the views of OZ and the editors were divergent views that could be accommodated within the value system of our society. However unfairly arrived at, the verdict said that this accommodation was impossible. The vast majority of opinion supports this conclusion. And so do I.

"Necrophilia is very rare — in this country, anyway" — Michael Argyle

There is an important and growing minority of young people in our society which is questioning and changing the sexual values and roles they have been taught. This is reflected in the establishment of movements like Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation and Men Against Cool; in the widespread re-awakening of interest in the writing of Jung and Wilhelm Reich; in the recent writings of persons such as David Cooper, Germaine Greer and Kate Millet;

and in the involvement of many persons in Encounter Groups, Communes, etc. The common factor in all these things is an attempt to break down conditioning, to become aware of what is real, to formulate personal and social values from this and to try and live by these values. This is in response to a world of increasing loss of personal identity, increasing pressures to conform to a pattern of behaviour and increasing potential for self-destruction. But doing this is not easy even for those who are committed to the attempt. All the pressures of social conditioning with their attendant fears are as much present in the person trying to liberate her/himself as in the person seeking security in the survival techniques she/he has been taught. However, security is often an illusion. There wasn't much security for the persons behind the walls of the castle when along came the cannons. Our castles are capitalism, nationalism, nationalism and sexism – all forms of exploitation and all based on the nuclear family where the things that seem to be transmitted from one generation to another are the parent's hang-ups. The implications of the sexual revolution and the liberation groups are profound and extend as far as architecture and pollution. Our consumer economy with its competitiveness, waste and polluting destruction of our planet would be an anomoly in a communal society. We might have fewer empires and heroes if we set out to destroy the male sexual role with its attributes of competition and dominance but we might have fewer or no wars as well.

"Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose"

Real freedom and real equality do not exist in our society nor in any other. One sometimes gets the impression from some socialists that socialism means a job in a factory for every worker. Ugh! A purely economic approach to society just does not make sense. It certainly is an important and principal factor but total freedom requires total revolution and the first step is a revolutionary change of attitude towards oneself, society and the relationship between the two. It involves the erosion and destruction of the conditioning to which we are all subjected. Some of the ways in which this is done may seem trivial and even foolish but the doing of them makes one aware and only aware people are capable of meaningful change. To call a woman a woman and not a chick; to say and write her/him may seem unimportant but is it? To wear old clothes and to contribute as little as is possible to the economy may seem self-defeating, but is it? To try

not to become involved with another person as a couple but as a free person may seem to be insecure, but is it? To see things like the "Old Codger" cartoon in the last OZ as therapeutic fantasy of fears may seem to be ridiculous and perverse, but is it? To insist on fun being an integral part of the Revolution may seem to be frivolous, but is it?

All of these things are corrupting and depraving in the light of the values of our society. But these values must change because they no longer work. The family is dead and we are merely keeping the corpse around. So is capitalism and sexism is dying. If you corrupt and deprave yourself, others may follow your example. If a sufficient number of persons becomes corrupt and depraved, we may get closer to freedom.

Warren

Evenin'All...

From the first day we go to school and probably before that in our earliest children's books, we are continually told that police — how they are there to protect us, to make sure that we are not attacked in the street, and that things are not stolen from us. A tremendous amount of effort goes each year into reinforcing this image of the police. No opportunity is missed of showing a policeman helping an old lady across the road or rescuing a cat from a roof. There is no doubt that the police do all these things. You need only ask an ambulance driver what he thinks of the police and he will probably say they do a good job. This is because an ambulance driver probably only comes into contact with the police when they are attending a road accident or other similar thing. If the real and essential role of the police was being a super boy scout the whole time, then other people,. like nurses and ambulancemen would get better recognition and better pay for the things they do. Clearly the enormous PR used to put over the right 'image' of the police is quite deliberate. It is intended and to some extent succedds in obscuring from us the real role of the police. It obscures from us and makes it extremely difficult for many people to believe that the police tell lies, take bribes, frame people, employ crude forms of torture and have set up a special police branch to spy on you, if you are critical of society and have the audacity to do something about it.

The police role was very well explained in a BBC 'Cause For Concern' programme on police relations with black people in 1968. Some building workers (white) are in a pub discussing what happened to their mate Dave who had his arm broken after being arrested on a picket line. One of them explains: 'They're not ordinary people. They're upholding the state and the state is everything to them. It's their power. This is what they are there for, to uphold the state and when they get you in there, they're going to annihilate you, and that's what they've done to young Dave." The worker who said that knows that helping old grannies across roads is good public relations designed to set the British bobby apart from all that police brutality which foreigners have to suffer. Yes, Britain is somehow different and the friendly fuzz can smile like a door to door salesman and growl like a pig — the moment you slam the door in his face. If you don't want the street ombudsman image, then pigs is pigs, whatever country they come from and the police do-gooder promotions have had their day. No wonder they can't get any recruits.

...Ello, Ello...

With recent OZcenity outrages, outraging the liberal establishment we are all in for an overdose of 'Change this law, change that law' and all that crap. The use of the obscenity laws has nothing to do with obscenity — and you won't stop the political trials by changing the law. The law is illegal, and we are the criminals who find ourselves together in that jungle: 'When the law breaks the law, there is no law.' 'New York Times' There are three types of law:

1 Pig Law: what they get away with. Like 48 hours for questioning.

2 Book Law: the liberal version is: what the law actually is we expect the police to respect.

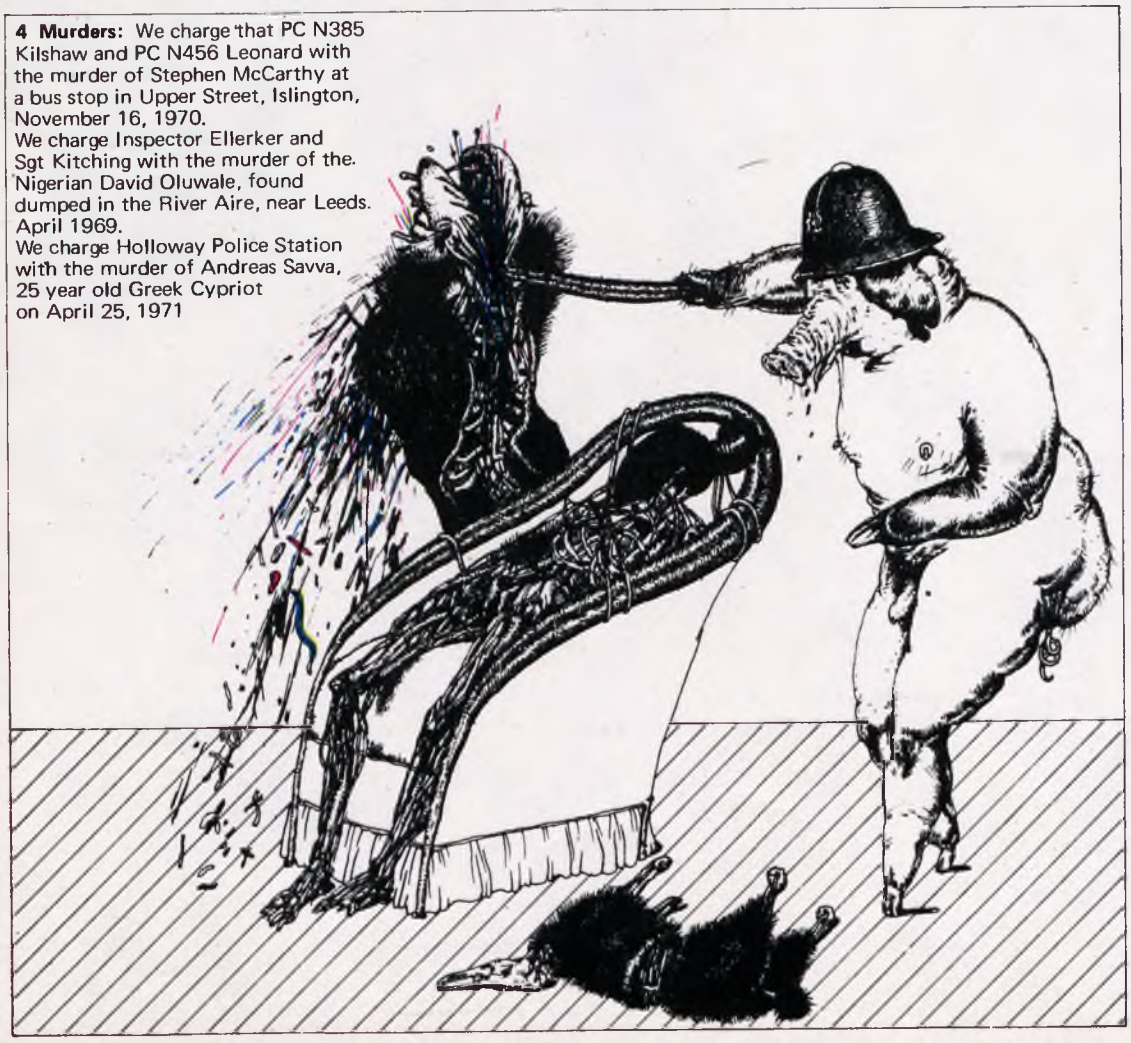
3 Our Law: People's Justice: what we can get away with, which

1 Collaboration in Crime: 10% rake-off for the CID keeps them happy and betting shops quiet.
The 'real pornographers' of Soho are given complete freedom to carry on trade, as long as the payoffs keep coming.
Ex-head of the Drug Squad, Det Insp Kelaher, was also the top dealer at the Yard. He is being investigated by an impartial team from outside London. The boys at home couldn't be trusted.

3 Attacks on the People: The Blacks have been repeatedly harrassed. We charge the police with systematic harrassment, intimidation and violence towards immigrants and the black community. The cases of the Metro Youth Club, the Mangrove Restaurant and the Oval House Dance all bear this out. The Underground Press notably Styng, IT, Frendz and OZ are increasingly subject to censorship and general harrassment.

stewart mackinnon

2 Frame-ups: Det Sgt Challenor, who won fame and fortune planting bricks on demonstrators was eventually caught out and sacked, 'for mental stress and ill-health'. He now works as an informer for the trashy papers and is rumoured to get something from the Police Pension Fund. Dutschke Affair: a political frame-up by the Special Branch who decided to get him deported.
Prescott and Purdie, the Carr Bombing Trial: sensational lack of evidence has not deterred the rampaging of the Special Branch.



4 Murders: We charge that PC N385 Kilshaw and PC N456 Leonard with the murder of Stephen McCarthy at a bus stop in Upper Street, Islington, November 16, 1970.
We charge Inspector Ellerker and Sgt Kitching with the murder of the Nigerian David Oluwale, found dumped in the River Aire, near Leeds. April 1969.
We charge Holloway Police Station with the murder of Andreas Savva, 25 year old Greek Cypriot on April 25, 1971

includes the most far out interpretation of civil liberties, the upsetting of lawyers' ethics, and putting extreme pressure on defence lawyers to become part of the movement.

Our justice can only be achieved through the creation of thousands of vigilante squads to protect people from pigs and soldiers. Last year the Tenants Movement (East London) formed its own flying squad of muscle-minded ablebodied heavies to prevent the bailiff gangs from evicting tenants of GLC estates for not paying exorbitant rate increases. They refused to pay and they successfully defended themselves from the bailiffs, the pigs and the GLC. Unlike their police our commandos are controlled by the people who elected them — that's the rub — that's what the revolution is about.

Hey reader, as soon as you see a suspicious looking person, looking suspiciously like a plainclothes cop watch his movements, follow him about, get your notepad out, note his details and investigate who the hell he's investigating. The thought police don't like you thinking about them — sort of upsets their state programmed rhythm. Join the People's Investigation Brigade — now several million strong. Vigilantes know that the people have the equal right to arrest, another tactic to be used with caution. We even have the right to arrest cops. This constitutes common law arrest:

If you know a crime has been committed and you have reasonable grounds to suspect a person or persons of having committed an offence then any citizen, and of course police officers are included in this right of citizens arrest.

This tactic has been tried a few times very successfully but you have to know the law.

1 Squatters at Ilford apprehended a police inspector with inciting his men to riotous behaviour by authorising an unlawful attempt to enter the premises. The inspector got so tangled up in his legal logic that he was put out of action for several hours, and the squatters retained possession of the building.

2 Plainclothes men on demos have been reported to uniformed officers of senior rank for pushing and jostling the demonstrators and for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. The law is illegal and it can sometimes be used effectively against itself but we are the ones who have to do it.

Everyone should know these basic rights they haven't got. See Agitprop's Bust Book.

...What's Orl This

Power to The Community:
Where we live is where it counts and where it's happening. In most areas of London we could devise street meetings and neighbourhood councils nicking the power from the Home Office, unlike the sick liberal schemes of endlessley invented by George Clarke type philanthropists.

In Nottinghill, the Golbourne Neighbourhood Council is yet another i participate, we participate, They rule game. The do-gooders always ending up doing good to the establishment.

We want real community power controlled by real community assemblies. We don't need pigs and the few socially useful things they do, we can elect brothers and sisters to do them, to argue them to contest them to fight them. We have to organise our vigilantes. **Power to the Angry side.**

Not So Much Oppression More A Way Of Life

Roger Hutchinson

For nearly two centuries the northern industrial poor have been betrayed by those who purported to serve them. Plodding obediently after a plastic carrot, faithfully chasing mirages of technological luxury; they have allowed their once integral culture to be bastardised, dispersed; and replaced by a grafted lifestyle which is a churlish insult to their human capacities. The northern industrial complex was founded on vicious industrial exploitation, bolstered by a hypocritical Victorian Church, and justified by politicians of redoubtable ignorance and crass cynicism. It has since adhered with alarming obstinacy to its corrupt heritage.

Thirty years ago there were people homeless and hungry in Barnsley when the Labour council spent £180,000 on a new Town Hall. This year there are more unemployed in the area than ever before, the majority of the population still lives in the terraced slave-dwellings hurriedly built to hold their ancestors (dragged from rural communities last century to be used in the mills & mines); and the council recently blithely bought a £9000 mayoral limousine to "improve the town's provincial image". Eloquent promises of industrial redevelopment and comically wild predictions of unprecedented imminent prosperity are beginning to sound stale and tired, directed as they are at a working-class culture whose people have been blinkered and abused until they are incapable even of recognising their hypocritical oppressors.

Styng, it seems, threatens to expose these oppressors in their varied guises; and hopefully to proffer an alternative direction. The paper was launched on no capital and one half-formed editorial realisation: that revolutionary papers produced in Notting Hill Gate found difficulty in relating to the intricate problems of inherited poverty in Sheffield. (Richard Neville once quaintly justified his broader social conscience to an interviewer from *Arrows* magazine by claiming that he'd just spent the afternoon with IT working on ways to improve the lot of Nottingham mill-girls. Now, that's all very commendable, Richard, but you have to agree that rapping with the editors of IT is hardly the best way of gauging the essence of existence of a 15 year old Midlands mill-girl, let alone relating to her. The alienation shows in IT, as it has too frequently shown in OZ.) Freak communities in Britain are, in isolation, as incapable as any other radical group of engineering the wide-scale social revolution which becomes more obviously necessary with every myopic governmental scheme and blundering bureaucratic maneover. Hippy dissent is largely a middle-class phenomenon, and there are still too many poor people in England for us to ignore their radical potential in favour of a dubious middle-class revolution. But they must be educated as to the true nature of their oppression before they can be expected to channel their frustrated aggression against their oppressors. Which is where the media comes in, and where Styng is cheerfully floundering: halfway between Hoffman & Marx, trying to strike a depressingly elusive balance. Councillor Frank Crow got the point, though. "I will fight to drive this terrible publication out of Barnsley" said he to the Yorkshire Post. Whatever his other weaknesses, Frank knows his enemies.

Despite the fact that between 20,000 & 30,000 local people read each issue of Styng, its editorial faults are irksome. Our attempts to reconcile as broad a spectrum of radical opinion as seems relevant to a northern readership can be stimulating, but can also result in an apparently indecisive editorial stance. The paper's veneer of respectability (layout is crisp and explicit, nearer Rolling Stone than IT) must accentuate the unsuspecting reader's shock on discovering "reference throughout the magazine to male and female genitals using corrupt slang and obscene expressions", as Leeds City Police succinctly put it, between Styng's formal covers. The six items in Styng 2 which PC Skerrett coyly classified "parts particularly objected to", including five illustrations, are too mild to upset seriously any magistrate this side of sanity (and I purely believe that one or two exist); the indecency/obscenity charges, along with the three other technical offences, explain more about the current state of establishment paranoia, than the quality of Styng. Our paper has its faults, but they are more the reflec-

tions, occasionally excessive, of its staff's sorry state of hunger and overwork, and (possibly inevitably) their overall naivety and flippant, frivolous humour. In this light, it is strangely heartening that our defined enemies take Styng seriously enough to employ such desperately heavy-handed measures in its attempted suppression.

Yorkshire, you see, is unused to a full-time underground of its very own. OZ, IT, & Frendz are easily dismissed along with other mucky books from London. It is the concept of a revolutionary growth *within the county* which chills more than Styng's spontaneous use of 'fuck' & 'cunt'. And Styng is not a student publication, thus escaping the deadly benevolent paternalism usually granted such magazines. Jeff Nuttall, in the Yorkshire Evening Post, said that it would take "courage and tolerance" on the part of many people to realise that Styng is for the public benefit. Exactly how much courage and how much tolerance Yorkshire is capable of should become rudely obvious by the end of the year.

What local officialdom seems congenitally incapable of realising is that repression breeds revolt, as surely as those hysterically misrepresentative Yorkshire Post articles on Styng expose more convincingly the need for an alternative newspaper in Yorkshire than anything *we* have published. You may well fight to drive Styng out of Barnsley, Councillor Crow, and provided that you and your crudely evolved disciplinary forces are prepared to go far enough, you might just succeed. But what you will never drive out of Barnsley, or out of any constituency in the expiring capitalist dragon which your party, Socialist by name or not, represents; is the still youthful but increasingly righteous detestation of the very principles upon which your malignant politics are based.

What U.C.S.?

"Winning cards must have on them the last number called of the game being played. The onus is on the player for the call being heard and the game being stopped."
So, ironically enough, read the bingo board above the heads of the UCS Co-ordinating Committee as they addressed over 1000 shop stewards, press, television and reverand scottish clergy at a mass meeting held in a Meccaized cinema a mile away from Clydebank, the scene of the crime and perhaps the scenario for the British Revolution.

The crime is the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders crisis – an attempt by the Tory government to close Glasgow's largest shipyards, resulting in 8000 redundacies and a further 12,000 workers in ancillary industries threatened with losing their jobs. The reality of the situation is simply this – the yards aren't making enough profit for the Tories, so close them. The problem of what to do with, or how to handle, the workers is a political one and not an economical one as the original decision was.
"We could put in a government butcher to cut up UCS and to sell (cheaply) to Lower Clyde and others, assets of the UCS to minimise upheaval and dislocation."
Nicholas Ridley, M.P. in a secret report presented to Mr. Heath *before* the last election.
Ridley is now under secretary to John Davies, Minister of Technology and chief hatchet man for the job of displacing thousands of men and woman, without regard to their plight because, whatever the government says, or promises, or proposes, there are no new jobs for them to go to, and there will never be. Be that for no other reason than the plight of Glasgow itself.

Last year a Labour M.P. declared Glasgow and West Scotland a disaster area. With a population of one million, Glasgow's unemployment figure is almost 11%, the highest for any specific area in Britain. The jobs available at the Labour Exchange are for everywhere but Glasgow, usually in England or on the continent, and with U.K. entry into the Common Market, these will be reduced even further. There has not been a single unskilled job advertised outside the Labour Exchange office for 4 years, which is some indication of how bad things are. According to general opinion from people on the streets, Glasgow is a dying town, and it looks like it. Demolition in all parts is on a scale reminiscent of aerial obliteration bombing, while the only new buildings being erected are insurance skyscrapers on high-rise council flats, both symbols of death. In fact, Sighthill Housing Development which houses 15,000 people, is surrounded (engulfed) by the Glasgow Cemetary and has, as its memorial to progress, an enormous electricity pylon set in the middle of the complex. The city fathers are of course, absentee. With or without UCS, industry and capital has been leaving Glasgow for years while poverty in the ghetto areas is reaching epidemic proportions.

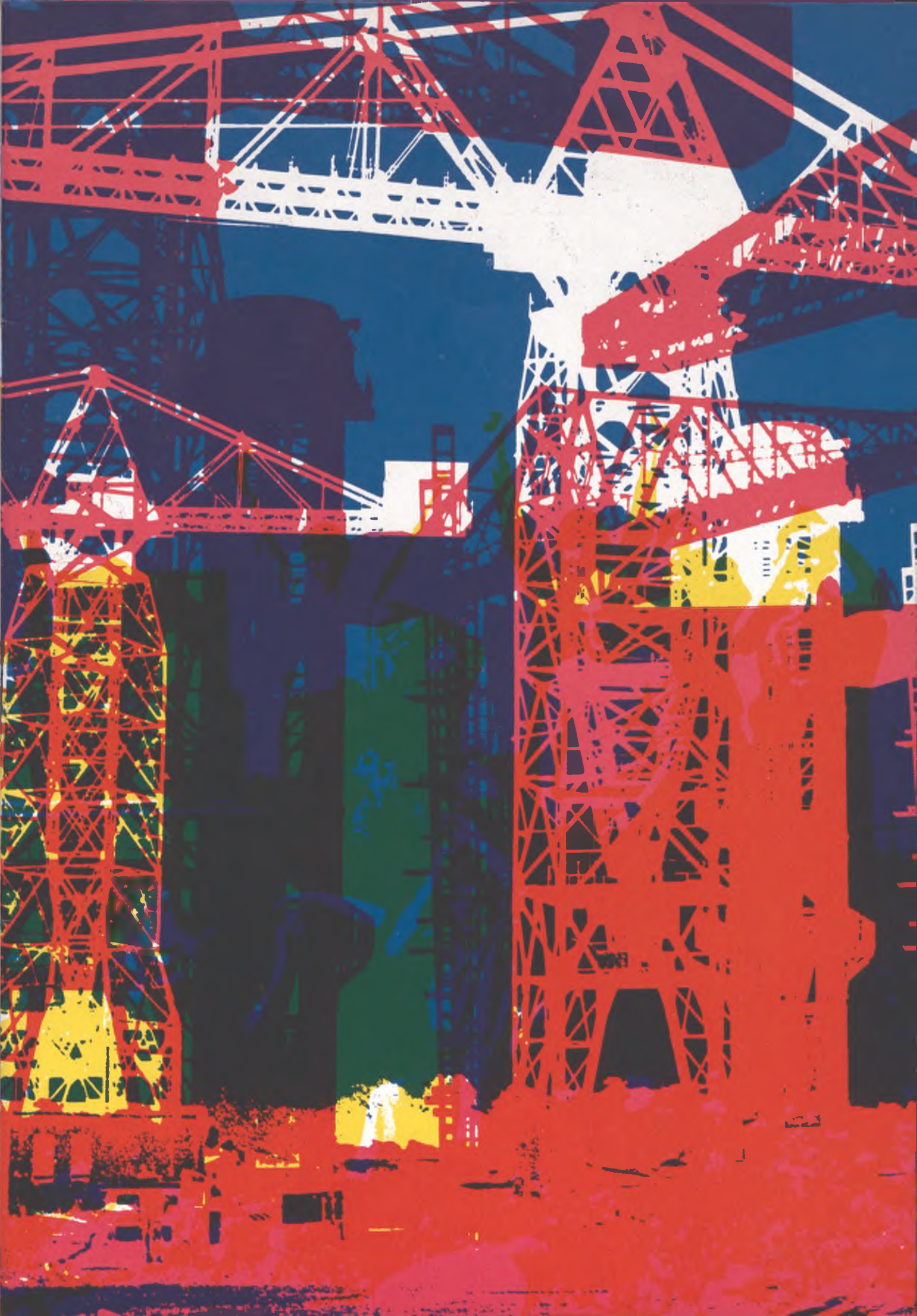
Glasgow is a working class town which, inadvertantly, is its saving grace. Notwithstanding the presence of bourgeois depravity, on the other side of the tracks, the pride, honesty and courtesy of its people stands above their common misery and conditions of existence. Their infamous aggression is well-founded. Poor housing, poor wages, poor recreation facilities, poor education, (Children in the East End ghetto district suffer a part-time education system – mornings only) no nurseries or playgrounds in the densely populated W.C. areas, pig police with police brutality and corruption accepted as the norm, a high alcoholic problem, a high suicide rate according to the Good Samaritans who need a 200 man team to cope with the amount of calls they have each week. What the poor don't steal from the poor the loan sharks get; armed forces recruitment is booming while, on the other hand, 25% of Scots troops in N. Ireland have deserted. Burglary is the biggest single crime committed in Glasgow yet there is no organized gangsterism. Racial and religious problems are acute, street-gang warfare amongst ghetto children is at an emergency level. The state social services, bogged down in bureaucracy, are insensitive and useless while community groups, despite the good they do, are a drop in the ocean. GAP, an organization of young people based on the lines of BIT, recently opened a Claiments Union, the first in Glasgow. Its successes to date have encouraged similar action in other areas but the enormity of the problem threatens to render it, and other groups or organizations of its type, useless. Helping the problem isn't the answer – changing it is.

Every problem that Glasgow has is symptomatic of cancer – the cancer of capitalism – the diseased poverty cells are malignant and they're spreading rapidly. The situation is political and yet this aspect of Glasgow and its struggle is the most neglected, misunderstood, distorted and abused level of its conflict – between the powers that be and the powers that could be. Glasgow has always been an invincible Labour strong-hold with the S.T.U.C. its working-class arm. The workers vote Labour in traditionally even though they are traditionally raw-dealed by them. The C.P., claiming 4,500 members in Scotland, are never voted in yet they virtually control the key powerpoints – the shop stewards who are elected representatives of the workers' unions, The communists have sold the workers out whenever the choice was there, particularly in 1919 when the mass unemployed returned soldiers where led by the Red Flag into a blind alley despite the certainty of revolutionary victory, and again during the disasterous 1926 General Strike. This time the C.P. is at the helm of the crisis again, namely in Jim Reid and James Airlie, the heros risen from the shop stewards' ranks who are handling all the publicity and policy proposals at UCS. "They'll be found in the river if they try it again" is how some workers felt about another sell-out but to listen to present policy line advocated by Reid and his bosses you'd think they hadn't heard or learnt from their misused inheritance. The occupation at Clydeside is symbolic rather than real in terms of what has actually happened – the workers are still working, being paid and managed by normal management. Policy decisions on the shop floor are being made by workers – the only change from normal procedure. UCS is negotiating false dreams with the government – orders worth £90 million were blocked by the Tories, contracts already placed were withdrawn and given to concerns in England and yet the bill for social services, if the redundancies proposed by the government go through (scheduled for Sept.) will be £96½ million. But the proposals from the UCS committee are naive – further negotiations, productivity deals, contingency plans etc. – all of which ignore the death knoll which was rung months ago in Westminster. "Politics must be left out of it" is the present line of resistence from UCS. "We don't want a revolution or a workers take-over, we don't want the workers'children and wives marching on the government office". Calls for a general strike are opposed by the C.P., the S.T.U.C. and the L.P. yet the worker on the street and at the yards would support one immediately.

Revolutionary groups such as I.S., I.M.G. and the Spartacus League have been actively propogandaizing to provoke militant action amongst the workers but their numbers are small and their effect minimal. The political consciousness of the worker is low because he's been kept ignorant – revolutionary rhetoric and its manifestation isn't trusted or understood or probably even desired. It comes from students or freaks or middle-class professionals and none of these are workers as the workers see it. And yet all of these groups are ignoring the most fertile area of revolutionary activity which could produce the power to achieve a real situation and the vanguard for it. The young people of Glasgow are ignored.

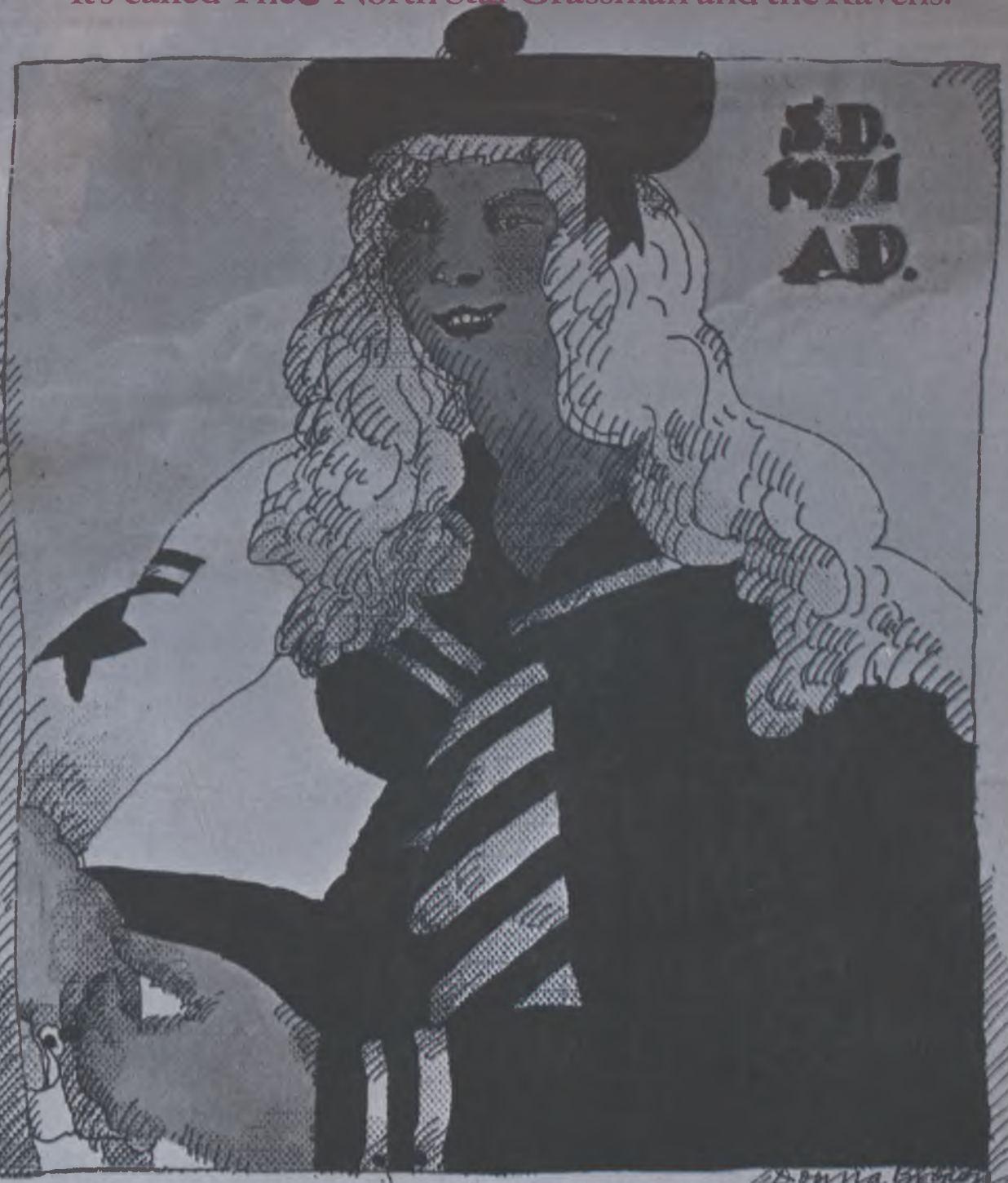
The street gangs who collectively number over 5000 and range between 8-16 years old are the worst victims of the present situation, but they are the only ones who really know what's going on and they are the only ones who can change it if they are directed. Young apprentices at the age of 16 sign a contract which barrs them from any political organization or voice under threat of dismissal, all for £4 per week rising to £14 at the end of a 4 year term. They are told to keep out of it by their unions and their fathers – it doesn't concern you. The freaks and their drugs are generally tolerated and according to a street activist, are the most apathetic, bad-acid freaked group in town. Attempts by White Panthers to activate them have been futile and now all of their energy is being directed to the gangs and the young workers. The formalist revolutionary groups mentioned are making meagre attempts to organize the youth in their sphere of influence but emphasis is not put on the power that lies there, the kids are still considered with condescending inferiorism, by those who are shaping or dictating their future. As one I.S. member told me "the kids don't know anything about it and the freaks aren't interested. None of these groups are strong enough for us to bother with."

A young mind is the only mind free of deceit, of self-preservation and party politics – a young mind is never told what it can do, only what it will do. Shown the way and chosen it, the fucked-over young of Glasgow, or anywhere, could win over all those who are destroying their lives for them now. The revolution will not come with UCS, nor will it come with whoever takes-over – it will come with the kids who are doing it now and not their fucked-up elders.
Stanislav Demidjuk.



Sandy's 1st. Solo:

It's called The North Star Grassman and the Ravens.

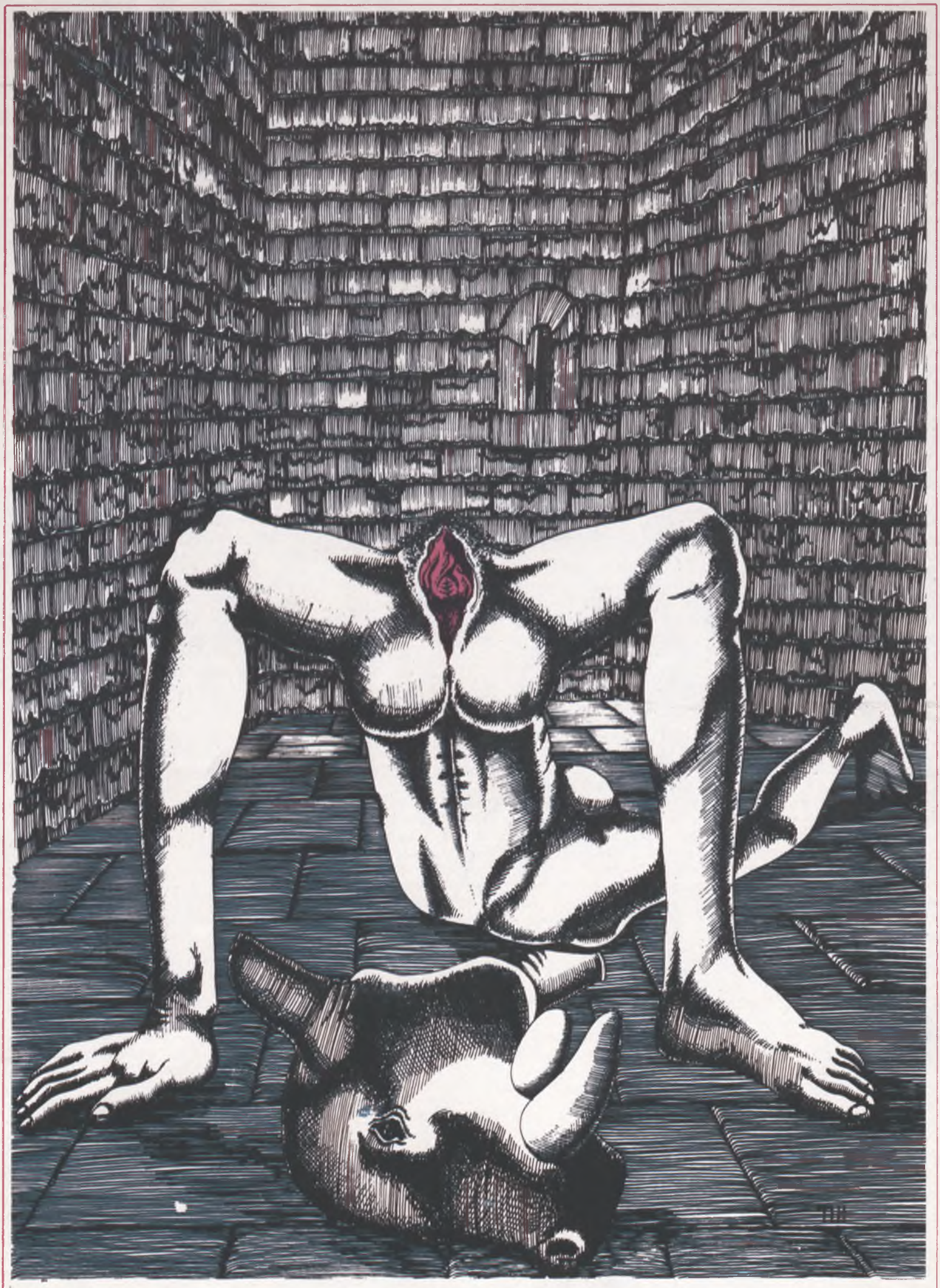


Donna Bean

"They stood upon the deck, as the ship went out to sea,
The wind it took the sails and left the
land a memory.
All upon the shore for to wonder why the
sailor goes.
All to close thier eyes and wonder what the
sailor knows."

Some words from "The North Star Grass-man and The Ravens."
By Sandy Denny.

Sandy Denny's 1st. Solo Album as singer and writer is out now on Island. ILPS 9165



OZ magazine wishes to thank that one juror who at the Old Bailey who thought OZ28 not obscene, Judge Griffiths who granted bail to Richard, Felix and Jim, and to all who have helped throughout the trial and in producing this issue.

ANGRY OZ

Number 37 September 1971 20p

A World of Young Love

OZ

Number 37 4/-

PRICE P
20
BK. CE

THIS
BOOK IS
EXCHANGEABLE
AT HALF PRICE
POPLAR BOOK

Traffic Etc... (An expanded Traffic band) Their latest album was recorded 'live', and is called "Welcome to the Canteen." It's out now on Island. ILPS 9166

SEE TRAFFIC'S ONLY LONDON CONCERT BEFORE THEY LEAVE FOR AMERICA. IT'S AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL ON SEPT. 23RD.

Memo to the D.P.P.
This publication is entitled OZ/37

Terror of the Dirty Squad and their voluntary helpers the Angry Club against Pornografics has made the creators of this ish anonymous.
So here they all are:

A picked band of dedicated perverts somewhere in West London.
Absent Friends.
Peter Brookes, Stewart McCinnon, Sherlock Holmes, Peter Tiff, Martin Sharp, Andrew Cockburn, 'B', John Davies, David Nutter, Gervais Danone II, Simon Viridian, David Nutter, 'A', Eden Vale, Brian Faulkner, Det Insp Fred Luff, and all the boys on the Squad, Acapulco Leary, his namesake Tim, George Snow, Tony Elliott, 'X' Roy Knipe, Dr Midget, Bob Laurie, The Grocer, Victoria Library, Jersey, Beauty Parlour, Alex Aggro, True Detectives, a selection of Jesuses, Mike 'incredicible core of evil' Argyle, Sammy Barr, Adrian George, Ellen 'X' Dale, 1T good people and theoretically true, the brothers Ludd, William Blake....
Smoking by Henri Winterman
Drugs by The Man
Colour by Jim Paul
Lighting by Judge Griffiths
Wardrobe by Laurence Corner out of Just Men
Fights arranged by the Angry Club and Not A Puritan (London) Ltd
A Bust That Lot If You Dare Production (Zurich) Ltd.

Nothing in OZ is copyright, but we suggest you check our sources before you start ripping anything off....

Our thing: Should underground papers be a hangout for the local community freaks of should they discourage such personal contact to concentrate upon the priority of putting out a paper? It's a conflict that's arisen in meny offices and recently got an airing in the letter column of Chicago's Seed, which was accused of being cliquish. The Seed responded with the obvious comment that the more people that hang out the harder the job of producing the paper becomes. But they left the question open, adding: "We need you to remind us of where we are going."

Cannabis cigarette papers, made from pure hemp fibre, is legal because 'non-psychoactive' explains amorphia, the cannabis co-operative that distributes it and devotes profits to legalizing marihuana. Cannabis papers cost 50c a packet, regular papers 15c or 20c all from amorphia (POB 744, Mill Valley, California 94941).

The future: Attempts to gain dictatorial powers 'by certain enemies" and "sensational news about espionage activities" can be expected before March 1972 according to Horoscope for the United States of America in India's 'Astrological Magazine' There will be more bloodshed as a result of the Black quest for freedom and, despite Nixon's proclamations, increasing American involvement in Asian and Middle Eastern affairs, the magazine adds.
Reprinted from 'Other Scenes'

"Menu: Fruit Juice, roast beef with gravy, sweet potatoes, canned peas, tossed salad with dressing, bread and rolls with butter, pickles, apple pie with ice cream, milk, coffee. Sounds delicious but . . . Fruit Juice contains Benzoic acid (a chemical preservative): dimethyl polysilo[illegible] (foaming agent): DDT and rela[illegible] compounds, parathion or one of the other potent phosphorus nerve-gas pesticides: saccharin (chemical sweetner). Roast Beef has DDT, and other related compounds: methoxychlor, chlordane, heptachlor, toxaphene, liodane, benzene hexachloried, aldrin, dieldrin and other pesticides, particularly in the fatty parts, stilbestrol (artificail female sex hormone) aureomycin (antibiotic), mineral oil residue from wrapping paper. Gravy contains DDT and other pesticides that were in the meat, antibiotics products formed from the interaction between the chlorine-dioxide bleach used on the flour and the flour nutrients. Sweet potatoes have pesticides, coal tar dye and sulphuric malathion. Peas will give you some magnesium chloride (colour retainer), magnesium carbo carbonate (alkalizer), DDT, and other pesticides. Tossed salad with dressing has sodium alginate (stabli-

izer), monoisopropyl citrate (antioxident to prevent fat deterioration) DDT and related compounds, phosphorus insecticides and weed killer. Bread and Rolls has nordihydroguaiaratic acid (antioxidant), oxidation products resulting from interaction with hydrogen peroxide (bleach), magnesium oxide (neutralizer), AB and OB Yellow (coal tar dyes), diacetyl (artificial aromatic agent), DDT and related agents. Bread and rolls also has nordihy bleach interaction in flour: ammonium chloride (dough conditioner), mone— and di— glycerides and polyoxyethylene (softeners), nitrated flour or coal-tar dye (to give bakery products yellow colour suggestive of butter and egg yolks), parathion and related compounds. Pickles: aluminium sulphate (firming agent), sodium nitrate (texturiser) and emulsifier (to disperse that flavour). Apple Pie: that's got butylated hydroxyanisole (antioxidant in lard) and all the chemical agents in flour, butter and margarine, sodium phenylphenate (preservative), several or possibly all of the following pesticides used on applies: DDT, dinitroorthocresol, benzene hexacholride, malathion, parathion, demeton, lindane, lead arsenate, nicotine, methoxychlor, chlordane and others. Some of these pesticides would also appear in the lard. Ice Cream: stabilisers and emulsifiers as above, artificial flavouring, coal-tar dye, antibiotics, DDT and related compounds. Milk: DDT or its chemical kin and antibiotics. Coffee we leave to your imagination.
Lifted from 'Poinons in Your Food' by William Longgodd. Recommended for anyone interested in eating(still).

In November 1831 the Poor Man's Guardian reported proceedings at the Stockport Magistrates Court where Joseph Swann was charged with selling pamphlets and newspapers on which stamp duty had not been paid. He had been arrested in 1819 for selling pamphlets and seditious poems.

He was eventually sentenced, after appearing in the dock in chains, to two years imprisonment for seditious conspiracy, two years in prison for blasphemous libel, six months for seditious libel. From the dock he said: 'Han ye done? Is that all? Why I thowrt ye'd get a bit of hemp for me and hang me.'

When he returned to Court in 1831, Captain Clarke asked him what he had to say in his defense;
***Defendant:* 'Well Sir, I have been out of employment for some time; neither can I obtain work; my family are all starving . . . And for another reason, the weightiest of all; I sell them for the good of my fellow countrymen; to let them see how they are misrepresented in Parliament . . . I wish to let the people know how they are humbugged. . ."**
***Bench*: 'Hold your tongue a moment'**
***Defendant:* 'I shall not for I wish every man to read these publications.'**
***Bench:* 'You are very insolent, therefore you are committed to three months imprisonment in Knutsford House of Correction, to hard labour.'**
***Defendant*: 'I've nothing to thank you for; and when I come out, I'll hawk them again. And *mind you* (looking at Captain Clarke) the first that I hawk shall be to your house.**

Joseph Swann was then forcibly removed from the dock.
Poor Man's Guardian (UPS)

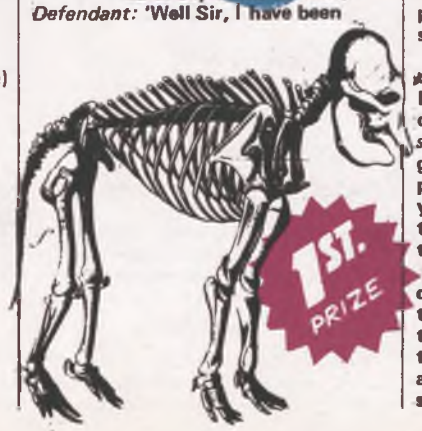
One section of the population who were little surprised by Argyle's decision were West Midlands journalists. Not a body of men noted for revolutionary left wing fervour, there were general cries of relief and the Birmingham equivalent of "off the pigs" in Brum newsrooms when Argyle left in 1970, after five years as second citizen in the celestial city. Journalists had become more than a little sickened by his cosy little habit of ringing up papers and informing them, in his pie little voice, that he would have something interesting for them in the courts that morning.

This invariably meant that someone was going to get three or five years for some act of petty vandalism, the sentence being accompanied by a set of homilies about society.

If the journalists were pleased to see him go, the papers themselves were not. The Birmingham Post, a morning paper that makes the Daily Telegraph look like an underground guerrilla sheet had featured Argyle's campaigns with mounting enthusiasm. This enthusiasm led them into the realms of fantasy as Argyle's terrorist campaign in the courts hotted up. The paper began claiming that deterrent sentences were having effect, and that there were more working public telephones in Brum than there had been. Residents of the city can only have regarded this as a satyrical flight of fancy as telephones continued in their normal state of disrepair.

Of all Argyle's merry pranks, the one causing Brimingham's present Recorder, Mr JM Davis, the most concern was Argyle's virtual *suspension of Judges rules.* These rules govern police behaviour towards people charged with an offence, and young Birmingham police are reputed to be without any knowledge of them.

The crowning glory of media conscious Argyle's P.R. efforts were the lamentable poems he wrote for the Birmingham Post. The one about the Cannock Chase murders reaches a nadir of obsenity even by his standards.



The first of the British alternative press prosecutions — the case brought against IT for 'conspiring to corrupt and debauch public morals' and 'conspiring to outrage public decency' by publishing homosexual contact ads — now enters its final stage: a hearing at the House of Lords.

The Court of Criminal Appeal has rejected an appeal against the convictions handed out after a five-day

hearing at the Old Bailey last November. Knullar (Publishing, Printing and Promotions) Ltd., publishers of IT at the time, was fined a total of £2,000 and three working dirictors, Graham Keen, Peter Stansill and David Hall were given 18 month suspended jail sentences and ordered to pay £200 costs each.

The charges concerned the columns of small ads through which homosexuals could openly contact each other. The column had been running for two years when police raided the IT offices in April 1969 and seized correspondence, unopened replies to box numbers and small ad files.

The principle at stake — whether or not it is illegal for homosexuals to openly contact each other — is perhaps not as fashionable as the broader issues of censorship and freedom of the press, but is just as vital, especially if you happen to be a homosexual. If this appeal at the House of Lords fails it will provide the forces of darkness with a powerful legal precedent to enforce an archaic and discriminatory law.

Knullar needs help to fight this case. The Bust Fund was depleted long ago on the case's passage through three courts. Contributions can be sent to Knullar Defence Fund, c/o Seifert, Sedley and Co., 14 Tooks Court, Cursitor Street, London EC4.

Readers who enjoy a juicy trial can rest assured that the State has plenty of weapons in its legal armoury with which to assail OZ and the rest of the underground press, even if every trace of nipple and thigh was ruthlessly expurgated, though the advantage of the obscenity laws is that the prosecution can deceive some people at least by claiming 'this is not a political trial'. Here is a brief account of some of the other charges available:

1 Incitement to commit any other crime — eg to write 'my dish it's beautiful' or maybe merely portraying something in a favourable light.

2 Conspiracy: an agreement to do some illegal act. A very vague offence in connection with 'public mischief', or offences affecting public morals and branch.

3 Seditious libel. This has fallen into disuse in recent years (probably because it is too obviously political) but prosecutors and judges love reviving old fashioned offences, which will happen when the political and economic situation has sufficiently deteriorated. The main difficulty (persuading juries to convict) will be overcome by doing away with trial by jury. It is very indefinite offence and can be used to cover virtually anything. As Holdsworth, a legal tome often called the prosecutors Bible' defines it, it is writings which "directly tend or have for their object to excite a contempt or dissatisfaction; to excite ill will between different classes of the Sovereign's subjects; to bring into hatred or contempt the sovereign or the government, the laws or constitution of the realm, and generally all endeavours to promote public disorder; or to incite people . . . to use any form of physical force in any public matter connected with the State." Generously, the good book ads: "A man may lawfully discuss, criticize or censure the measures adopted by the Queen and her ministers for the government of the

country, provided he does it fairly, temperately, with decency and respect, and without imputing to them any corrupt or improper motive!" The jury have to "look at the audience addressed, because language which would be innocuous practically speaking if used to an assembly of professors or divines, might produce a different result if used before an excited audience of young and uneducated men".

4 Official Secrets Act 1911, Section 1 (1): 'If any person for any purpose prejudicial to the safety or interests of the State . . . obtains, collects, records, publishes or communicates to any other person any secret official code word or pass word or any sketch, plan model, article or note, or other document or information which is calculated to be or might be or is intended to be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy", he is guilty of an offence. Selecting from these alternatives then, there is an offence of publishing to any person any information which might be indirectly useful to an enemy. Some peaceful CND demonstrators at Wethersfield air base were sent to prison under this section, and it was decided that the State determines what is perjudicial to itself; the 'enemy' need to be only a potential enemy.

5 Offences under the Inciting to Mutiny and Disaffection Act 1797 and Incitement to Disaffection Act 1934, for encouraging members of armed forces to leave their job or to go on strike etc. Section 53 of the Police Act 1964 makes it an offence to attempt to cause 'disaffection amongst the members of any police force".

6 Contempt of court: one aspect of this is publication of an 'invective' against a judge (in his capacity as judge) with a view to bringing the administration of justice into 'suspicion and contempt'. In the thirties the editor of the New Statesman was found guilty for saying "An individual owning to such views as those of Dr Stopes cannot apparently hope for a fair hearing in a court presided over by Mr Justice Avory — and there are so many Avorys". Quite recently, the Court of Appeal put on a more liberal front and declared that even 'vigorous' criticism of a judge was all right "provid-

DISCONTENT.

ing it keeps within the limits of reasonable courtesy and good faith" as interpreted by the judges! The vigorous critic in that case was none other than Quintin Hogg, who had got his facts wrong so that the judges had to excuse even 'erroneous' criticism.

7 Criminal Libel — normally libel is a civil wrong, ie you are sued for damages. But it can be a criminal offence if what you write might endanger the 'public peace' as by 'arousing angry passions and provoking revenge'. It has been revived and used several times in recent years: the reactionary Judge Melford Stevenson gave a stiff prison sentence to someone who wrote to the Prime Minister complaining about a police officer.

8 Blasphemy.

All of which goes to show, there are no such things as 'civil liberties' — it is purely a question as to what the State allows (or ignores), or as to what you can wrest through struggle. If they want to get someone, there is always some charge available with which to cloak the victim. And when too many people have seen through this charade, they resort to naked repression and don't bother to prosecute — they simply call it 'internment'.

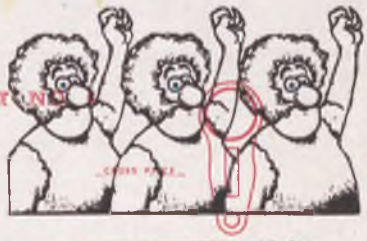
RIB Information Service. 58, Charles Street, Cardiff. Tel: 44441. 'Help RIB before we have to help you'.

Following the article on Encounter Groups in OZ 35 we have been sent a list of 'People Not Psychiatry' numbers for Birmingham and Nottingham. Too long to print here, but ring if info is required.

A group of young people in Leyburn and the surrounding North Yorkshire Dales countryside, aghast at their recreational and cultural stagnation, and hoping to provide much needed social services are endeavouring to set up AGAPE. They want to give all the usual goodies, and want to get finance, offices, etc. Contact Pete Thronber, 'Rockington', Cliffe Drive, Leyburn, Yorks.

TOUCH, Dundee's own people's advisory service, can be found at 112 Prices Street, Dundee, Scotland. They are based on BIT and Release and are waging a campaign against oppressive police.

For those of you who just can't get off on the endless compulsory God at school: The Walthamstow Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Worship in Schools, average age 15, with strong, if by necessity anonymous backing from many teachers, has been formed to fight this relic of the 1944 Education Act — which forced everyone to take daily doses of religion. They intend to write to MPs and media for publicity and support at first, but 'if this fails we shall have to resort to stronger methods, marches and even strikes'. 'We are not fighting religion, just the compulsion to do something that we believe should be a matter of choice.' Send SAE for details, or just sympathy and support to Mick Burns, 45 Reisberg Road, Walthamstow, London E17.



'Hippie-style commune is HQ for international drug traffickers' screamed local headlines when a member of the Fluff, a 15 strong commune outside Bradford, was busted for sending some dope to Canada last January. A few months later the commune had hassles again when 30 lawmen with attendant hounds descended on the commune and arrested a dozen of the dwellers, one of whom is now doing a two-stretch — for dope. Fines for the bust totalled £300 — well beyond Fluff finances. The Friends of the Fluff were then formed to help out with bread, and sure enough, they too were busted — another £800 worth of fines. All of which sad tale leads to the point: The Bust Fund for the Fluff and their Friends is having a benefit on October 22 in St George's Hall, Bradford. Hawkwind among others will be there. Once the fines are paid, a permanent Northern Bust Fund will be set up for the unlucky around there. All are welcome, all help and bread especailly.

Abbey Wood White Panthers Dance: October 1st, Harrow Inn, Abbey Wood. Hawkwind and a surprise band.

Central Index Information Service. 10 Fournier Street, London. E1. 24 hour service for all types of info. Specifically designed to co-ordinate and relate information.

Soledad Brother George Jackson Exhibition. A collection of lithographs relating to the life and background of George Jackson showing at the DM Gallery, 72 Fulham Road, SW3 October 12 — November 2. All proceeds to Soledad Defence Committee, c/o Anthony Sheil Associates, 47 Dean Street, London W1. Phone 734 7792.

Can't get involved?
Try Freedom.
Freedom isn't just a pretty house in the country.
Freedom presents a new design in living.
Mostly fighting.
It improves your vim, figure and credibility.
It cares where other agents don't.
Double your time and money.
Give Freedom a chance.
Be a Freedom Fighter - It takes guts!
Produced by Freedom

Honeybunch Kaminski — yes, what a little yummy indeed!!!
You've seen her, maybe even fancied a bit. Now, readers, this lovable, o so much larger than life [illegible] of underage sensuality [illegible] Thousands were invest[illegible] ion, she can grace your [illegible] pittance.
Offers requested. All pr[illegible] OZ Obscenity Fund.

The First A[illegible] New York Erotic [illegible] Festival (FA[illegible]) will surge into action on Guy Fawkes Day, Nov[illegible] 5th and carry on coming through till December 17th.

'Very simply, the FANYEEF intends to take erotic films out of the hands of the smut peddlers and establish them as a valid art form'. International film makers, like great straight novelists, it is presumed have some little kinks they might want to parade: the Festival will provide them with a forum and a public.

Created by Ken Gaul, ex-managing editor of top (and some say only) New York pornzine 'Screw' and judged by, among others, 'Screw' editor Al Goldstein, the festival will offer cash prizes for its seven major and several minor categories, as well as 'the coveted Onan Statue'.

Any enquiries to FANYEFF, 116 E27th Street, NY 10016.

Meanwhile, in more accessible Amsterdam, the Second Wet Dream Film Festival is being organised by Suck, the top European sexmag for October 20—24. Prizes galore and lotsafun. Contact Wet Dream Film Festival, PO Box 2080, Amsterdam, Holland.

Dear Sir,
In issue No 36 of your publication OZ there was an extract from 'Satan's Slaves' by James Taylor mentioning Charles Manson in connection with the Church of Scientology.
The actual quote is quite wrong and the Church does not wish anyone to get the idea that Manson was a Scientologist.
We have a letter from the Los Angeles Police Department stating that Charles Manson was not a Scientologist and that the police did not find any connection whatsoever during their investigations.
The New English Library, publishers of 'Satan's Slaves' have been Defendants in a case brought by the Church, and were made to pay damages for libel.
I therefore request on behalf of the Church of Scientology that a correction be printed in your next issue pointing out quite clearly what we say.
If the book 'Satan's Slaves is available in any book store, please advise me.
Yours faithfully,
C.B.B. Parselle,
D/Guardian Legal WW.

Jim Haynes would like to thank all the people who have written their autobiographies for him and says that he is slowly but surely going to read them all, and to reply to everyone as quickly as possible.

Although ace-acid guru-cum-radicalised-ex-con Tim Leary is out on bail, the good ol' US of A are still trying their straight damndest to grab him back and stash him away in the nick once more. Following this th[illegible] has been formed an 'Asylum for [illegible]ory' Committee in Switzerland. T[illegible] are fighting the US provisional e[illegible]dition order and are underlining the essentially political nature of [illegible] whole campaign against Leary.

[illegible] in the form of a radio st[illegible] ripping off the freaks. You [illegible] warned. But let's hope he's not going to screw Leary.

'The world is ready for a metamorphosis of the Gods. The values and archetypes of our cu[illegible]ture are abandoned and new ways of [illegible] from another world view [illegible] adopted. One of the val[illegible] New Culture is change i[illegible] flexibility.'

The initial blurb for [illegible]tion and hopeful recruit[illegible] another practical manif[illegible] Alternative Living: Insta[illegible] be peopled, erected and de[illegible] on 15,000 square kilometres of [illegible] in Ibiza, from September, when the 'infrastructures' (loos, water, kitchens etc) through to October. It will exist concurrent with the ICSID Conference, also held on the island.

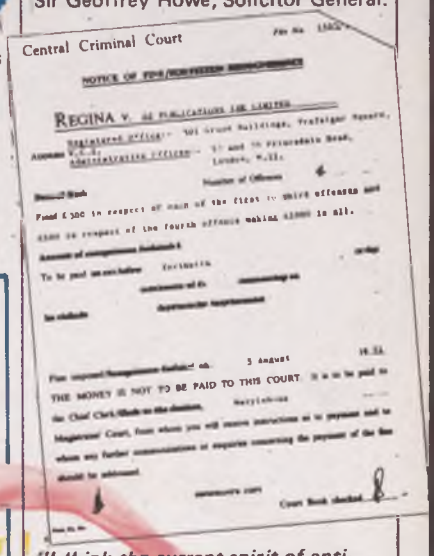
Basic foods such as bread, rice, raisins and vegetables will be given away free. If this proves impossible there will be a co-operative store and nothing will be sold above cost. A warehouse has been stockpiled with

convenient and flexible building materials: canvas, cardboard, rope plastics, wood, panels, and a workshop for their use has been set up.

For everyone who wants to get along to Ibiza for Instant City, it's vital that some notice of your arrival is sent to the guys who are running it. 50 seats a day are reserved on the ferry, but they have to know when people are turning up. Write to: Ad Hoc Committee for the Instant City, ADI/FAD, c/Brusi, 39. Barcelona 6. Around 3000 people are expected, and they advise that you bring your own sleeping back and eatin' irons.

'Sedition consists of acts, writings or conduct which do not amount to treason, but which must be punished in the interests of the state, for if unchecked, sedition leads to disorder and possibly to revolution.'
[illegible]rty's Police Law, 19th edition.

'The only way in which to enshrine a 'Bill of Rights' in our law is to do so, over a revolution, in which we overrule our constitution and write some new document in its place.'
Sir Geoffrey Howe, Solicitor General.



Central Criminal Court

NOTICE OF FINE/FORFEITURE ARRANGEMENTS

REGINA v. [illegible] PUBLICATIONS [illegible] LIMITED

Registered office: [illegible] Strand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, [illegible]
Administrative offices: [illegible] and [illegible] Road, London, N.11.

Number of Offence 4

Fined £500 in respect of each of the first [illegible] offences and £500 in respect of the fourth offence making £2000 in all.

Amount of recognizance forfeited £

To be paid immediately forthwith

Imprisonment in default

Imprisonment suspended

Fine imposed/Recognizance forfeited on 5 August 19[illegible]

THE MONEY IS NOT TO BE PAID TO THIS COURT. It is to be paid to the Chief Clerk/Clerk to the Justices, Metropolitan Magistrates' Court, from whom you will receive instructions as to payment and to whom any further communications or enquiries concerning the payment of the fine should be addressed.

Court Book checked

"I think the current spirit of anti-leadership had become a nightmare. Because people are afraid of doing anything for fear of being attacked by someone else. And so you have people scared to death to act because they might be considered a leader, might be considered being on a media trip, might be considered to have egotistical reasons . . . group pressure is so strong that people are just petrified and scared into inactivity." Jerry Rubin

'For many police officers [illegible] just day is just another arrest da[illegible]'
Police Review, 18/7/1971.

Among the other products of our trial, the 'letters from well-wishers [illegible]' scored heavily. Apart from our own crop, some of the nastiest arrived for Grace Berger, mother of Viv Berger, participant in Issue [illegible] and witness in the trial. They show, as this says, that 'if there is obscenity in this country, it is in the minds of such letter-writers, not in OZ'. For those who are looking for [illegible] one of the writers was good enough to leave his address.

Dear Madam,
I should think the Council of Civil Liberties will lose all its support from normal people after your championing of your son. It has always attracted [illegible] queers and that, I should think, will be the sum total of its support now.
Hitler was not the first person to discover that Jews corrupt and lower standards — and the impression is gaining ground in this country that the effect is now being felt here.
A considerable amount of student unrest is fostered by Jews and the clenched fist of your son is an indication.
Well, the race can only blame itself [illegible] the arrogance [illegible] the Jew [illegible] known.
Yours etc,
H Johnson,
The Nook,
Amwell Lane,
Stanstead Abbotts,
Herts.

Smalls

Exciting Sex Offers! Pictures: all guaranteed unretouched,uncensored full-figure female nudes. Bundles:- each containing at least 200 different uninhibited poses. £1 plus 25p p & p. Books: Sexual Ecstasy - showing all the coital postiions in real-life action photographs. £1.50. Also, The Whip; Sadistic Cults; Bondage and Humiliation; and Fetishism - £1 each or all 4 for £3. Fast Service under plain cover. Send now to: OZ Books, 49 Lynwood Close, London, E18 1DP

Male Nude Magazines. Finest Porno Selection in Europe. FREE magazine with first order! Send for FREE brochure today. Lux Publications, PO Box 10269 Amsterdam, Holland.

Gay? Gay small ads have been hassled out of every mag that has tried to run them. If you care about gay civil rights, come to Gay Liberation Front's Wednesday meetings at 7.30, All Saints Hall, Powis Square, W 11 or ring GLF at 01 837 7174.

Pregnancy Advisory Centre. Kensington Laboratories. Confidential pregnancy testing. Immediate results and free consultation. 124A Brompton Road, S W 3. 01 581 0391/2. Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays open until 7 pm.

Are You Adventurous? If so, you must not miss the chance to make exciting new friends of the opposite sex in a revolutionary way. Free details from: SIM (OZ), Braemar House, Queens Road, REading.

Pen Friends Everywhere! and exciting dates too! Get yours. Write: Intro (Dept OZ), 247 High Street North, London, E 12.

Nude Boys and Men. All types, sizes and shapes. Largest selection of male nude photo magazines in the USA. Send for FREE illustrated brochure. Rainbow Studio-OZ, Box 46544, Hollywood, California 90046.

Underground Craftsmen and Producers interested in co-operating to sell and distribute goods, please contact Dave at 01 836 0550.

Meet sexy birds, gay men, kinky couples, through a monthly magazine with nationwide contacts. 50p to Personal Column, Sefton Street, Blackpool.

Young Lady Amateur Photographer has for sale stag films and photos for FREE, Yes Free. Details send SAE only to Miss V Phillips, Dept O, PO Box 604, High Road, Chiswick, London, W 4.

A 24-Hour Van Service at very cheap rates. Motivation Transport. 459 8522.

Couples. Make new friends at London's best meeting place. Box 5 (36).

Scene. The medium for people seeking people. Various aware interests, age groups. For current issue send 20p to Scene, 62 High STreet, Harpenden, Herts.

Lady's Battery Massagers 7" long, 1¾" thick, round, invigorating, scarce items. End frustration, frigidity etc. £1.50 post free to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourn Street, London, W C2.

Electronic Ear. Range ¼ mile, through walls, etc. Made cheaply, easily. Instruction 50p + p & p to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourn Street, London, W C 2

'Male Form' a fantastic male nude mag at £1! 'The Handreared Boy!' A first class story by Brian Aldiss at £1.60! Lists of male nude material sent under plain cover! Don Busby Studios, 10 Dryden Chambers 119 Oxford STreet, London, W 1 (Postal Service Only).

Cheap reliable world wide jet flights. 01 229 3549.

If you're paralyzed, paranoid, perverted, criminal, schizo, alcoholic or dead, don't bother to apply to Contacts Unlimited. If this hasn't eliminated all OZ readers then please do. £1 for 4 dates. Ring 01 437 7121 (24 Hours) or write to 2 Malborough Street, London, W 1.

Roll It Up! ! ! in Stars and Stripes, $100 Bills or Draft Card cigarette papers. Mail order 15p per pack (PO preferred) plus 3p stamp please. To: Joint Enterprises (Dept O1), 41 Octavia House, Southern Road, London, W 10. Wholesale enquiries welcome, 01 960 1070. Be the first one on or above your block to do it.

Gentle Ghost have 200 people to do anything beautifully, e g van removals, transport, writing, designing, painting, graphics, filming, modelling, typing and help people through bad trips and help or advice and pleasure. Phone 01 603 8581 any time. Love.

Are You Sex Mad? Send £1 for 'Happiness' underground magazine. Stories, FREE parties, introductions (all types). ARC (F), London, N 22.

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Dearest Grace,

How lovely for you, you've been letting Vivien fuck you it is such a wonderful experience having a schoolboy. My dear surely you have other schoolboys who are fucking you regularly. Darling, I have to admit I also indulge with boys from time to time, although I am now 50 I can only get full satisfaction with green boys. Especially ones who have never seen or fingered a woman's fanny, and their clumsy efforts trying to wank me off, even though they sometimes succeed in making me come. We must try and meet dear and exchange experiences.

I am also,
Grace.

Here are some highlights from the recent 'Playboy' interview with John (Duke) Wayne, whom numerous grapevines have rumored as a possible successor to Ronald Reagan as governor of California:

(On pornography) "I am quite sure that within two or three years, Americans will be completely fed up with these perverted films." (which ones?) "Oh, 'Easy Rider' 'Midnight Cowboy' — that kind of thing.

(On race relations) "I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility. I don't believe in giving authority and positions of leadership and judgement to irresponsible people."

(On his limiting the number of blacks in his movies) "Oh Christ no, I've directed two pictures and I gave the blacks their proper position. I had a black slave in the movie 'The Alamo' and I had a correct number of blacks in the 'The Green Berets."

(On Indians) "I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them, if that's what you're asking. Our so-called stealing of this country from them was just a matter of survival. There were great numbers of people who needed new land, and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves . . . We'll all be on a reservation soon if the socialists keep subsidizing groups like them (the Indians) with our tax money.

(On radicals) "And when they start shooting policemen, the time has come to start knocking them off, as far as I'm concerned.

(On My Lai) ". . . one little incident in the United States Army.

(On Vietnam) "Our lack of leadership has gone so far now no one man can come in, face the issue and tell the people that we ought to be in an all-out war. (Why an all-out war?) "I figure if we are going to send even one man to die, we ought to be in an all-out conflict."

(On Nixon) "I knew him and stuck with him when he was a loser, and I'm sticking with him now that he's a winner." (sic)

(On the Motion Picture Alliance, a McCarthyite organization he headed in the late 1950's) "The only thing our side did that was anywhere near black-listing was just running a lot of people out of business."

(On grass) "I tried it once, but it didn't do anything to me. The kids say it makes them think they're going 30 miles an hour when they're going 80. If that's true, marijuana use should definitely be stopped."

(And finally, on young people) "Luckily so far, it seems they kind of consider me an older friend, somebody believable and down to earth."

Liberation News Service

"No revolution was ever won without violence." "Just as the structures and programmes of a new revolutionary society must be incorporated in every organised base at every point of the struggle, so must organised violence accompany every point of the struggle."
(Angry Brigade Communique 6)

It can't happen here, they said . . .
It Happened Before.
1780 The Gordon Riots.
1812 The Luddite Insurrection
1817 The Massacre of Peterloo
1831 The Bristol Riot
1840 The Chartist Riot
1886 The Hyde Park Riots for Universal Suffrage.
1910-1911 The Bermondsey Uprising and the Big Transport Strike
1916 Clydeside
1926 The General Strike
A few instances where the people started to attack the system . . . It's happening today.

British Imperialist and Colonialist History is littered with mass murders and massacres. In their colonies they killed and killed . . . and killed again. The Scottish Massacres, The Indian mutiny, Ireland, The Zulu War, The Boer War, the Sindh Massacres, The Greek Civil War, Ireland, Kenya, Cyprus, Aden, Ireland. Open your eyes, brother, and see the beast. A few instances where the system killed not just one or two but thousands and millions, black and white, men and women, to save their skins and preserve itself.
That's Where Repression Comes From
and that's our answer to the calls of 'adventurism'.

Eight months have passed since the Angry Brigade invaded the British scene. No invasion was ever popular.

We never expected the 'Morning Stars' and the 'Socialist Workers' to welcome us. They represent a generation of defeated people — defeated ideas. We never expected the Underground to welcome us either. The Underground is more political than the old dead left. Inside it there are forces which represent a total critical life style, an anti-authoritarian creativity. These forces are emerging, in spite of the Superstars, the spectacular personalities, the Fiers and Creative rip-off specialists. To the brothers and sisters of the Underground who will have to fight their own war to get rid of hip-capitalism and parasites: we say **Right On!**

There are many areas of struggle many priorities. For the cell which signs this document, working class youth IS the main priority. The following is a direct quotation from Shin'ya Ono. We endorse it.

"The problem is not one of 'creating consciousness' or 'raising consciousness' among working class youth that they are oppressed. They all know much better than we that they are fucked over by this system in all kinds of ways. They experience in the most acute way the oppressive conditions created by capitalism and Imperialism: family school, unemployment, pigs, courts or draggy jobs. The problem is not even a question of teaching them to fight. Most of the working class youth have done much more fighting against pigs and among themselves than most 'revolutionaries' can hope they will ever do."

In fact there are two main obstacles preventing their awareness of oppression and its causes from developing into a fully revolutionary direction . . . first their chauvinism and racism and secondly their basic defeatism about their ability to 'beat' the system . . . not once in a while, but destroy it totally.

Defeatism
Most of us are basically defeatist about our ability to win. (You can't beat the Town Hall, the Fuzz shop, The Army) No matter how hard we fight, we slide back into our comfortable bourgeois holes. The basic weapon of capitalism and Imperialism has permeated through our souls to our bodies.
Our Basic Weakness is the irrational belief in our own weakness

Racism And Chauvinism
The system through its agencies: schools, family and mass media, cons youth into thinking that however oppressed they may be, there is always some other group worse off. Long hairs occasionally, women, gay people, and blacks fill those roles in descending order. The con provides white working class youth with an illusory privileged position which they translate into one-upmanship and agro. They waste valuable energy in attacking one another. Real class solidarity through race and sex barriers is effectively prevented.

Words however persuasive, ideas however true, leaflets, pamphlets or books however colourfully illustrated cannot blast into the minds of youth: minds frozen in reactionary ideas, sustained by social and economic realities.

The only way to deal with this ice-block is to smash it head on, with a real alternative: to see a group of other young people, men and women able to fight, hit and beat the system: that [illegible] up the guts of a paralysed being in ways no words or analyses can do. This is what we are trying to do.

There are no liber[illegible] stages for working class youth . . . if you're up against the wall, you don't decorate it . . . you destroy it.

The Gang
We are trying to move with working class youth beyond the stage of the gang. The gang is too often an isolated form of escape. It neccessarily contains all those ideas which are dead or dying in the system: profiteering, leaders, rituals, and male dominance. The gang occasionally makes defensive forays against the system. However, the gang can only be a revolutionary force if it transforms itself: — from a distorted receptacle of a dead ideology into a structure which is constantly attacking and harrassing what is becoming an increasingly more savage oppressor

Communes
The hips must move beyond the days of Rolling Stone, Release, deals and Peace. There are hundreds of communes all over England. Some of them have complacantly opted out of the struggle. There is *no* Peace while *war* is raging — and we didn't start this war. If you don't fight — you get smashed. To those who say we have manipulated them, we pushed them we reply: We have grown tired of discussions, of being polite, 'of making correct analyses first'. We are nasty, bitter and angry. **And we are moving on!** Wherever there is a commune, a collective or a group of people engaged in action to change their lives and the lives of their neighbours, there you have a potential Angry Brigade. (Like the gang — an isolated commune can only move into sterility and reaction)

We must move beyond the next bombs, the next spectacular press cuttings. We must leave the front pages of 'The Times' or the back pages of 'The Mirror'. We must dissolve our precious white identity.
MOVE ONTO THE STREETS.
We are cells who believe that organised violence must accompany every stage of the mind-fucking struggle. We should all challenge, attack and smash our bullshit chauvinism, sexism, racism and imperialist-class privileges.

The Brigade is not a thing you join. It's actions you do. It's ways you change your life.
Lets start to fight our war. In London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Bradford, the lot . . .

Power To The People
Cell no. ac (Action—Communication)
Angry Brigade.

Smoking doesn't seem to be a sin any more. Time was dope was in a sort of way revolutionary, We did it and They didn't. Nowadays They do, and it isn't changing them much. Not all of them do, of course, but have you noticed that dope – marijuana – is getting sort of respectable. 'Nova' writes about pot in the suburbs, and Jill Tweedie writes in the 'Guardian' that it's all perfectly OK, and the law is ridiculous. Thanx for the news. Wait a minute though, sure pot has been proven harmless, so much better than alcohol, no hangover, but what about the dirty filthy profiteer, the dealer. In Tweedie's words "the dark world of the pusher". Like Victorian prostitutes a lot of people like to think of dealers as necessary – since pot is OK it presumably has to come from somewhere – but not nice. The Misuse of Drugs Act propounds this hypocritical illogicality in its purest form by ever so slightly lowering the penalties for possession while banging the rap for traffiking to 14 years.

No one likes dealers much except for Timothy Leary who said he was a hero, and that isn't quite right either. Dealing after all is just a way of making money. It may be, for some people, a few other things as well. It gives you a sense of position, if you like that feeling you're an outlaw. You're doing something terribly illegal, and people need you, even if a lot of them don't like you. You're not doing anyone any harm – talking here just about marijooana, without getting into any morally tricky areas of the sterner stuff. Trouble is, people don't understand the trials and tribulations that go to bring your smoke.

First thing about dealing is the waiting. On rare occasions the man rings back when he said he would, it's OK to go right over and pick it up, the stuff's the same kind and quality as you ordered, he doesn't take your money and ask you to hang on a minute, he's just got to pick it up off the cat who's holding it, and everything's fine. But the rest of the time you sit around and wait for the phone, and ring people who might know of something, who say they'll call you back. I remember a roomful of dealers in a time of desperate drought waiting sixteen hours at the contact's house for the man to turn up with the shit. None of them would smoke a joint in case they would be too stoned to taste the merchandise when it arrived, and they were too paranoid of each other to talk. No one was allowed to use the phone; security, man.

The major problem for any dealer is always supply. Dope is usually easy to get rid of, especially in times like these, when dope is exceptionally hard to find. Such problems make one think that it would be worthwhile going out and getting it oneself. The nearest major point of overseas supply is Frankfurt. A lot of dope from Pakistan and the Lebanon goes there, and if you have a contact, especially among the US servicemen on the base, you should be able to score large quantities at say £50–£60 a weight. If you go there without preparation however you could be in trouble, and there are many stories of hopeful dealers getting burned (having their dope or money stolen) or otherwise maltreated. To get your dope back to England you have the choice of ship, plane or car. You can bring it in in a properly remodified suitcase or car. Or you can just pack it in and hope for the best. You can be unlucky, or lucky. One man I know was driving back from Germany. The customs man he drew at the border had just passed out from the customs man academy, and he was determined to catch someone. He noticed that the floor of the Mercedes was a quarter of an inch too high. Inside there were fifty kilos and my friend got six months.

In the producing countries, you will of course be able to buy the shit very much cheaper. On average you won't have to pay much more than £5 a pound in either Morocco, Lebanon, or Pakistan/Afghanistan, slightly higher maybe in Lebanon and slightly less in Morocco. But this scene again is locked up in the central point about dealing – connections. If you go to Pakistan, for instance, it is wise to stay out of Karachi. Any taxi driver or newspaper seller will offer to get you shit, but it will probably be old bootpolish or mindy weed which can be made to look exactly like shit. Up in the North of Pakistan the dope is even cheaper, likely to be of better quality, and there is less chance that the man you bought it off will go straight to the police. American pressure has made the Pakistani, both civil and military, much keener on the job. Since they started massacring Bengalis they are increasingly sensitive about foreigners too. If you are intending to drive back with the produce, remember you have to cross such unfriendly borders as Turkey and Iran, where they like to give you thirty years. If you weren't white they'd shoot you. The best method of personally importing it overland used to be to run a coach tour – New Delhi £135 return. The border guards aren't so keen on searching a coach load of people, or of taking the coach apart. If you just want to bring some back from on holiday, the best tactic is to find one of those useful craftsmen who will make boots with hash soles. With tight compression you can carry a pound that way, though hash that has been carried that way is usually hard to break up for smoking. Many of the import hangups can be avoided with the help of good organisation, such as the coach trip. A professional importer will have contacts with the locals, know which are the relatively cooler customs posts, and which policemen to bribe. To anyone who wishes to examine a relatively big import operation I recommend the story of the Kelaher case recently running at Middlesex Area sessions. In that case, which concerned the busting of a group of importers who had arranged to have two packing cases containing 24 lbs of shit airfreighted from Syria to London, we had the interesting spectacle of Chief Inspector Victor (Vic to his friends) Kelaher being accused by HM Customs of aiding and abetting in the import of cannabis. He denied the charge, without even a blush. What do you think, reader?

The other central point about dealing, along with connections, is you and the police. Some people have been dealing for years. They have never been busted, and they claim that the police don't know of their existence. They don't have many people round to where they live, they don't let their phone number get around too much, they don't have their stash on the premises, and they move house every so often. Well maybe the police don't know of their existence. Maybe no one has their address who has ever been busted, has dropped a few names, just to be helpful.

Any dealers say that it is important not to keep an interesting house, which people will want to come to socially as well as to score. Remain inconspicuous. A well frequented house on the other hand means that you always have customers with in range, and don't have to go out and about much. There pros and cons either way. The best rule is to tell your customers always to ask you first before sending anyone along.

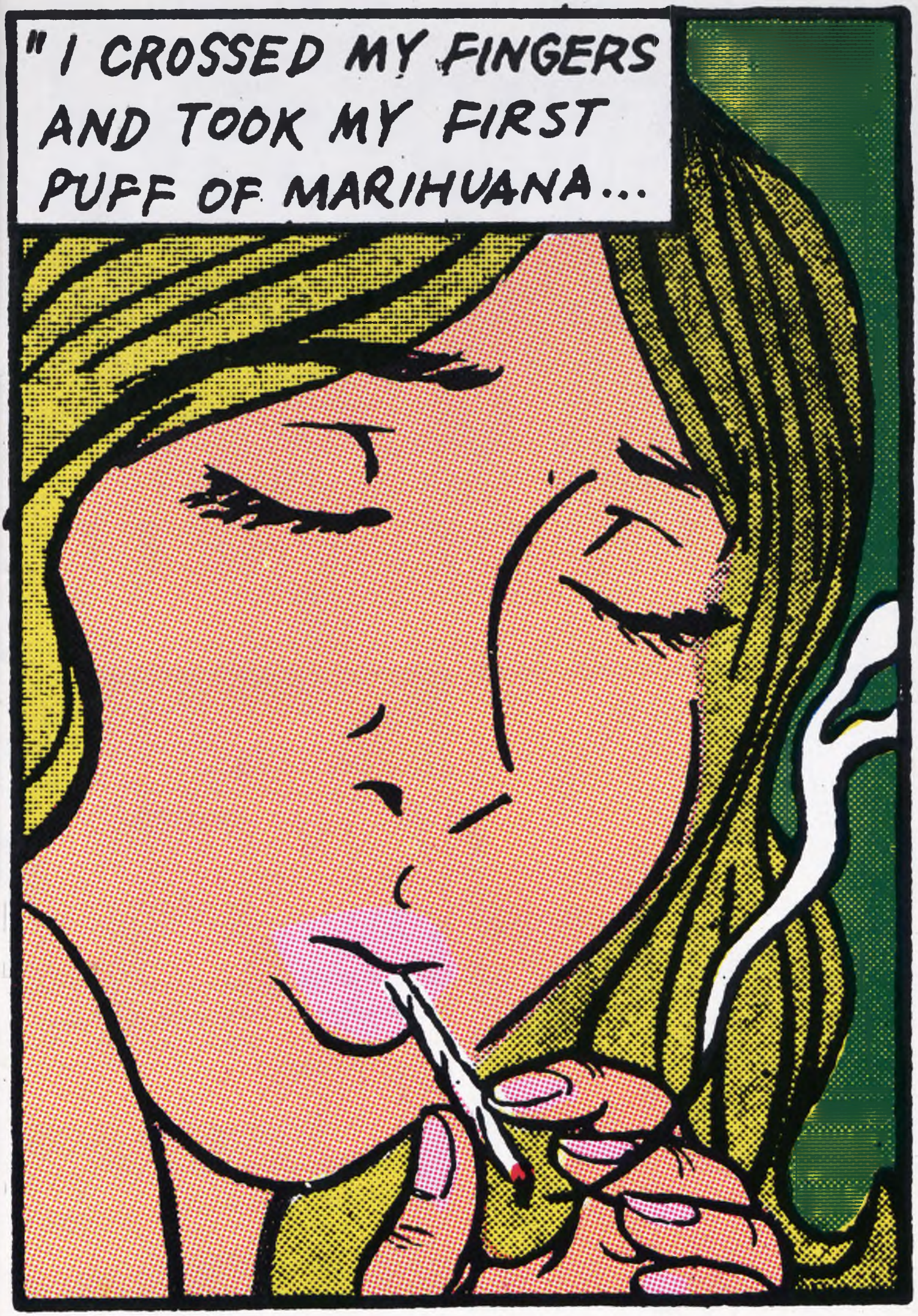
If paranoia strikes, bear a few things in mind that may clam you down. First of all phone tapping at present is reserved mainly for important people they are very, very anxious to get hold of, like spies, and angry people. Chances are they won't get around to tapping your phone. If they do one thing for sure is, you won't hear any clicks to indicate what is going on.

If, as a dealer, you are busted remember that police officers are underpaid, and they may chose to impose a direct fine rather than go through all the bother of a court case: "We estimate the value of the contents of your flat at £2500 Mr – I suggest you turn it into cash." Paradoxically you may come off worst if they come round expecting a big find and don't. Their pique at missing the chance of a large bribe or a large haul of shit which they can resell themselves may make them vindictive.

Dealing has certainly changed in character over the last year or two. It has almost lost the aura of gentle 'let's remember we're doing this for the people' and has become in most instances as dangerous as any other criminal activity. Guns are becoming increasingly popular as an aid to big burns, such as the £33000 one a few months ago that, among others, caused a certain bunch of dealers in a London market to look very unhappy indeed. As time goes on things are going to get rougher. The 'culture consciousness' of the dealer varies. Some just keep their dope in mounting piles saving for a rainy lifetime, others put it into what might be called "culture orientated" businesses, a well known chain of head shops in London for instance, or a recently deceased record company, where the shit supported the bands and vice versa.

Dealing is just an ordinary profitable activity that can be used in any way you like. It is an existance best approached without illusions.

Andrew Cockburn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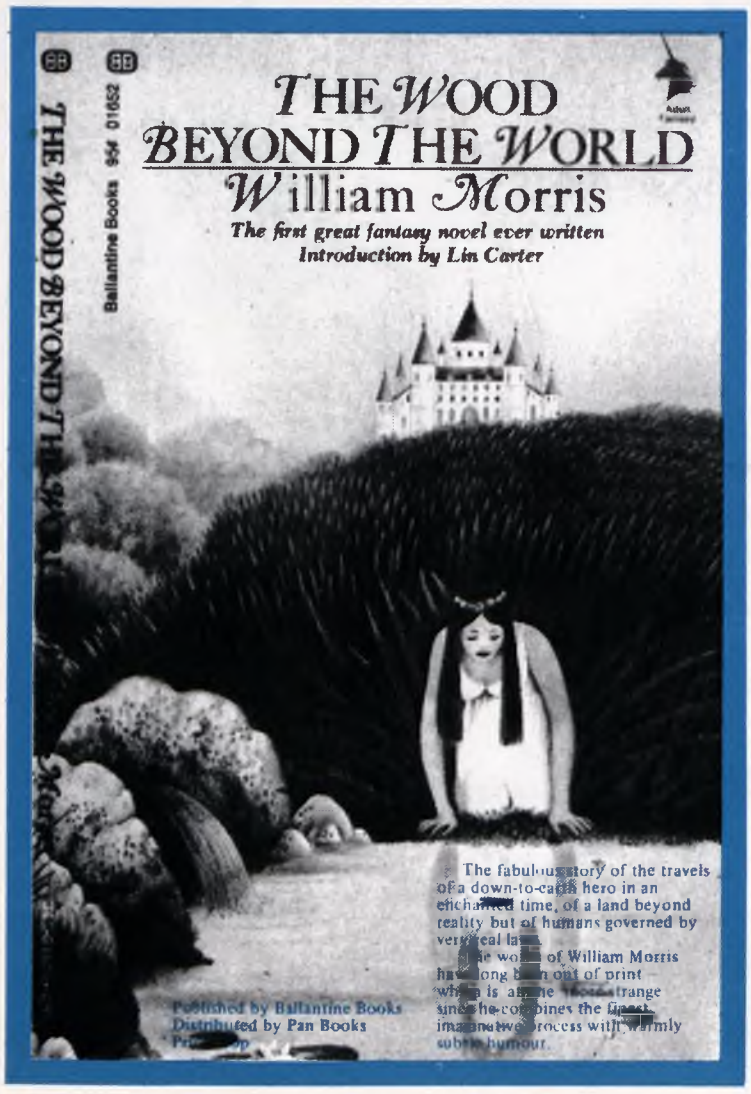

The Who 'Who's Next' (Track)

Probably the main reason that the Who - like that other product of the London mod scene , the Faces - have kept everything together so well is that essentially they're still good old rock n rollers.

OK. They do have Pete Townshend's exceptional talents to give the rock basis a certain embellishment, but right down there rock n roll still stands.

'Who's Next' demonstrates the rock essence to a far better extent than any of their work since 'Sell Out'. The 'art' digression of the rock opera 'Tommy' may have taken the band into the heart of culture-vulture New York City all the way to Metropolitan Opera, and earned Townshend his canonisation as an 'intellectual' but for rock fans it had strayed away from the true path.

The new album is a typical rock group album: a collection of songs stuck together, with no particular 'concept' bar that one band has written and performed all the material on it. The Who, maybe because they went through all the personality hassles that seem endemic to a rock band, in the early days, stand out today as one of the only rock bands left with their original members. Townshend, Moon, Entwhistle and Daltryhave held together and their music, as exemplified by this album, has benefited from it.

Even if ex-Quicksilver pianist and veteran of virtually every session worth mentioning in the last few years, Nicky Hopkins has slipped in on a couple of cuts, a violinist Dave Arbus finds his way on to the O'Riley portion of 'Baba O'-Riley', the Who are still producing very much what we have learnt to expect from them.

This album serves as a complete guide to the music of the band. It ranges over the whole spectrum of their creativity over the last six years and all the cliches still shine out as truisms. What stands out about the Who is that they're always so positive, they never waste time with self-justification or apolgising. Daltry's vocals are simply exultant, the music backs him up.

A few novelties: Townshend emerges from his Twickenham home studio with synthesiser and electric organ, as well as playing piano on one track, though Hopkins takes over otherwise. John Entwhistle has his track — 'My Wife — an institution that is getting like Ringo's efforts on the Beatle's LPs.

'Who's Next' is a very fine rock album. It doesn't require deep intellectual seraching to discover any meaning for those who would like to it's possible to bop around to it. The best reccomendation for a true rock creation. The cover has the lads caught just after they've pissed on a 2001 style ferro-concrete monolith. What does it mean, but then,whatdoes it matter....

If a 'best track' selection is required then there's a tie between the long version of their current single 'Won't Be Fooledagain', an interestingly cynical appraisal of the calls to revolution....'the new Boss/Same as the old Boss'..... and 'Getting In Tune' with the immaculate pronunciation of the key word 'chune' by Daltrey. Right. It's all a bumper fun bundle, not to be missed. Go get it.

Aristide Prainge

The Mothers 'Fillmore East, June 1971'(Reprise)
The Byrds 'Byrdmaniax' (CBS)

The Byrds have always been an enigma to me.'Mr Tambourine Man' cut through the cold pap of most 1965 material fall but 'Satisfaction' and 'The Ghost' like a needle through [illegible] followed by a few blatantly psychedelic lps, a little country-and-w, a little rock, a bit of this and that and so on. They Kicked out Gosdin, and McGuinn seemed to change direction, about face, with each new set. And they always did it so well, but it always sounded like 'The Byrds play country' or 'the Byrds play rock'. I flashed on that when they were booked for an 'acoustic set' at Lincoln Festival some weeks ago, and then lifted the roof (or clouds) off with their electric rock numbers. The few times I've seen them only once have they transcended that and become, not a band ploughing through their greatest hits, but THE BYRDS not only THE BYRDS are. That was Bath when circumstances forced them to play acoustic. They sang to moderately small crowd, the remnants of three days of festival conditions, a damp, steaming, smoking washed-out swamp of faces. And they pinned on the spirit of the moment exactly, just took everybody up. It was arguably the best musical moment of the three days.

They proved this ability once and for all with 'Untitled': all sides of the band . . . tight, extended, live, studio, wistful, rocking etc etc. And now 'Byrdmaniax' which slowly mellows with age, and as the football season comes in earlier than ever, but it has no real excitement to it. There are a large number of maniax (Byrds) who want this set and probably already have it. A track-by-track would fall on stoned ears (sic). Rolling S. does it and who wants one etc. Suffice it that all the eleven only three/four stand up: 'Citizen Kane' is innocuous fun, a filler probably. Jackson Browne's 'Jamaica Say You Will', Skip Battin singing through 'Absolute Happiness', and 'Kathleen's Song,', a soft, rich madrigular melody. For the rest, not much, little with the bite of the last album of new studio-cut songs (on 'Untitled'), and nothing that really bears introduction to their newly-established electrical or acoustical set. The band have nearly always produced better. For once McGuinn seems to have recorded while unsure of his current mood, and the energy is mostly dissipated + here. Listen louder and again to 'The Ballad of Easy Rider' for stronger of the same stuff, and nearly all other Byrds' set for stronger still. Don't forget though that even with a tear on the cheek of his death/life-mask, a little McGuinn won't ever let you down.

The Mothers' album by contrast is the result of eighteen months choreography, the score to '200 Motels' and three or four extremely pornographic minds. It rips and snorts. I like it lots.

Dick Lawson

Jack Bruce — Harmony Row
(Polydor 2310 107)

Harmony Row is Jack Bruce's equivalent to John Lennon's Working Class Hero album. John Lennon's record is a statement of philosophical autonomy and independence, Jack Bruce's is a statement of musical autonomy and independence. In producing these records, the two musicians have done what no other succesful pop-stars have done — demoted themselves as idols and rejected the star-system in favour of personal Integrity, ***at the risk of losing their mass audience.*** It's an admirable position, though it has its dangers.

Harmony Row is the result of a year's collaboration between Jack Bruce and Pete Brown. It bears the stamp of a sustained drive to achieve tightness and coherence. Pete Brown's lyrics, compared to most pop-songs, are unusually dense, and the music is correspondingly complex. It twists and turns, pushes forwards, halts, jerks forward again, fades away . . . Jack Bruce has added range and depth to his singing, and he makes the songs work brilliantly. Only very, very occasionally does the result feel over-poetic and contrived. Otherwise, it frequently reaches an angular elegance that reminds me of the Kurt/Weil/Bertolt Brecht songs of the thirties. The same tension is there, the same sense of the destructive heartlessness of the cities.

Not that that parallel should be pushed too far, though. The cynicism and hope in Brecht's songs were always a reflection of historical forces at work: capitalism and fascism on the one hand, and the creative anger and potentialities of ordinary people on the other. In Harmony Row the forces involved are more abstract. Images of youth and celebration and hope jostle with those of frustration and decay. People are surrounded by menacing complexities and a feeling of turmoil that is expressed most acutely in the sharp hysteria of 'Smiles and Grins'. Love in this world is fragile, easily destroyed by the bleak light of day, as in the apocalyptic, beautiful written and sung 'Morning Story'. Several songs yearn for tenderness and beauty; others shout out the energy and life of the town-kids. But this incism and richness is tempered by the knowledge of how easily happiness can get bogged down in confusion, and how quickly time passes:

Now
when the time is ripe
Then
in the twinkling of an eye
Gone
down the drains of a world.

The last song leaves us with the impending alcoholic self-destruction of Malcolm Lowry's consul, who lives, like all of us, under the fatal shadow of the volcano.

Not that the overall effect of Harmony Row is negative. It's much too tough and original for that. It's a record that's full of poetry and strongly-felt emotions, but without any bullshitting. And this is really quite surprising. In Pete Brown's poetry, at the time when he was doing public readings with New Departures and the Liverpool Scene, a certain amount of engaging bullshitting was an essential element. And Jack Bruce has had the experience of turning on the millions with the Cream. For both of them, there was always the option to stay content with wowing the masses in the stalls.

The fact that they have turned their backs on this option is important. The Liverpool poets and the Cream were key elements in the cultural movement of the 1960's. They were part of the socialisation of their respective art-forms. What had previously been private, minority art-forms became people's poetry and people's music — the cultural equivalent of the political movement which took to the streets in 1968. But so long as the main concern was simply to turn people on, the subculture had no way of developing the images of social optimism and solidarity that it had created. For every Woodstock Nation, there would always be an Altamont. And meanwhile, the establishment recuperated and [illegible] in on the new vitality with [illegible] ease . . .

So if Jack Bruce and Pete Brown have now retracted their horns and produced something much more personal and thoughtful, and even with a touch of despair in it, that isn't such a bad thing at all. With records like this, rock music is reaching a new kind of seriousness and maturity — a kind of maturity that gives the lie to some of the more fac[illegible] Gap that we have heard recently.

But this maturity has its dangers. For the last few years, in spite of the fact that it's been compromised with intense and ruthless commercial pressures, rock has been a great democratising force. It has opened up mass-participation in musical experience, and has played a real role in disseminating new ideas and feelings. To cut yourself off from that mainstream means risking isolation, and even elitism. Look what happened to Jazz . . . !

Harmony Row doesn't fall into that trap. Jack Bruce is one of the few people who's pushing out the boundaries of music and making it *work*. His album is the kind of record to hear and re-hear — the kind of record that lasts because it rises above the musical/commercial fads churned out by the rock-industrial circus.

There's one other thing though. We can never expect glib statements of social optimism from Jack Bruce, because his mind doesn't work that way But it's true nevertheless that culturally, politically and socially there are a lot of positive things going on within the jumbled up world that's reflected in Harmony Row. [illegible] recognised this by doing [illegible] for the Clydebank [illegible] be good [illegible] this element to the fore in his music — becuase it's particularly by relating to these positive forces for change that music can develop the democratic possibilities opened up by Rock.

John Hayland.

I met Anus at the love-in, and know he liked me, because he stared at my breasts... but when he and his hippie friends lit a "reefer"...

anus thinks im "square" because i won't smoke pot!

THEY SAID I WAS OUT TO LUNCH!!

she's really a honkey!

yeah!

i'll say!

HEE HA HA HAW

anus, my darling! please don't force me to do this!

at first... everything seemed o.k...

that wasn't so bad, was it, beverly?

h-no... i...i guess not...

but... a few minutes later...

gee... i feel sort of wierd!

somehow, I just couldn't say "no"

i know it's wrong, but...

suddenly...

anus!

what's happening to me?!

I seemed to be in another world...

gasp!

anus, and his friends were delighted...

HO-HO

this is too much!

YUK

HA-HA

HEE HEE

at last, I was "in" with the hip-groovers...

hey gang! lets take our clothes off, and paint our bodies with groovey designs!

WHAT?!

listen, bev- forget your sex hangups! we're all brothers and sister!

well... a-allright anus!

then, my eyes met anus's... he seemed to be looking right into my soul...!

I couldn't believe that I had actually spoken those words... I guess it must have been an effect of the pot...

oh...dear!

oh boy!

wait a minute... w-where's the paint?...

that I didn't quite know what to say...

WHAM! BAM! WHAM! BAM!

...ungh!

I realized with a start, that things were beginning to get out of hand...

me next!

hurry up anus!

KA-WUMPH!

WUMPH!

WUMPH!

oh my gosh!

When I finally "came down" Anus and his friends were gone...

gasp!

where am i?

I found my clothes in some nearby bushes...

It was a long trudge back home, but I finally made it!

BOO-HOO! thank god she's safe!

MOMMY! DADDY!

BEVERLY! where have you been? your mother and i have been worried sick!

y'know, sometimes it isn't easy to be a parent!

The End

THE TRIALS OF OZ

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The OZ Case is the conflict of the generations — the young lost. Here is the complete story of what went on in the courtroom during the longest obscenity trial ever. Tony Palmer was the only writer there every day in a case which in its last agony caused international outrage.

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"Tyger"

Harmony lies like a nightmare of the brain of the living, wrote Marx. Adrian Mitchell's 'Tyger', now at the New Theatre, but hopefully soon showing in Arts Labs and school gymnasiums nationwide, lightmared towards both to the London of 1789. It is an uncovenanted farmyard world, where the rooms are in constant fear of popular agitation and private plot, working class violence and middle class dissent. Radical weavers and potters are reading 'The Rights of Man', a book which is banned and all such outlawed. 300,000 prisoners construct George III's attempt to open Parliament with missiles and followers of 'No King, No Pits'. The successful revolt of black slaves in Haiti is supported among white revolutionaries in France and Britain. A writer, sandy and political, inveigles Blake is jailed and rioting scenes.

Mitchell's unobtrusive scholarship lets the play explain the vital relevance of Blake's ideas to our world of Enoch Powell, Internment and the hirsting intellectuals of the Television Centre and the Arts Council. And Blake is thereby rescued from those critics and almost all the school teachers who read him as primarily a religious mystic and thus ultimately incomprehensible. He is freed too from the more recent embraces of Allen Ginsberg, himself respectable for the renewal of delight in Blake among the post-war Beat Poets in England, who wrote in Liverpool in 1965:

Albion, Albion, your children dance with
angels, rock in ecstasy on the
Mountains of Art, sing in hills

Mitchell is intensely sensitive to the poetic dialectic between the inability to know politics and the impossibility of making poetry of slogans. Like Hortwitz, he is a poet intensely aware of his responsibility to his public, too, has the reading of Blake's vision: 'It asks of us a kind of insanity to see in perspective a country, a planet, going mad — to feel it deeply and not brush it aside — and retain one's own vision' an eye in the black elbow to see for what they are — and see through — the cruelty and alienation and genocide at the hub of the power axes'. Both writers are only too well aware of the dangers, the tendency to merely luxuriate in one's vision, to arrive at a self-soothing intellectuality of a poetry too often the other side of the power. As Mitchell has written, 'The reason most people ignore poetry is that it ignores them'. The scholarship of Edward Thompson and David Erdman has enabled Mitchell's play to honestly show Blake as an extremely political poet, whose 'visions' were a genuine political tradition stemming from the extreme Left of Cromwell's Republic and shared by the millennial Chiliasts. Such groups as the Ancient Deists of Hoxton spoke in dreams like Blake's and of conversations with departed saints and Angels and who (like Blake) almost immediately yielded to the stronger impulse of the French Revolution and became 'politicians' (Thompson)'. Not was the complicated and daunting Christian symbolism of his painting merely religious. Rather it was the means of a revolutionary identification with the crucified Jesus within a historical pattern which depended on an imagery literally taken from the Bible and thence Milton and Shakespeare.

Blake saw himself quite specifically as a revolutionary artist, setting his London Republicanism against the genteel culture of Gainsborough and Reynolds, a conflict beautifully handled in 'Tyger'; and as a revolutionary artist must, he opposed the division of art as much as he opposed the division of labour in the mill. He rejoined poetry and painting in his own shop and head. He knew science and art involving the deep etched intaglio process he used for his engraving. He let agitation for public support for artists, demanding 'a fair Price and a General Demand for Art' and describing his painter friend Barry as being 'Unemployed except by his Energy'.

The War of Independence struck him as a mighty and wild change. Thus, apocalyptic in America quite shattered the attempt to confine politics within a moralistic and Biblical language. Taking up his bardic duty, from out of his mind's 'Volcanic Cauldron', he announced that if George III was to re-enact the oppressions of ancient times by suppressing the American Rising, he, the Poet, would prostate the Tyrant with his art. He had seen the street fighting men of London with the Blue cockade of 'Wilkes and Liberty' heard the voice of London Dissent demanding freedom of the press, a juror lodge and support for the Liberty Boys of Boston and Philly. He had been in the front of the crowd when the prisons were forced and the gates and hinges went up in flames during the Gordon Riots in support of American Independence. He was familiar with the ideas and probably the persons of the advanced thinkers of the London middle-class dissenters. He probably met Thomas Paine on his way to Paris. He knew Mary Wollstencraft, woman's liberator and author of 'The Vindication', he knew Jean the anatomist Hunter, Hogarth's widow, and Reynolds, great radical chemists, doctors, artists and journalists. 1789 was an era of international revolution quite equal to 1848, 1917 and 1968. An American observer in Paris wrote home: 'Republicanism is absolutely a moral influenza from which neither Titles, Places or even the Diadem can guard their possessors — the Lord preserve us from a hot summer'.

But Blake's involvement in English Jacobinism did not prevent a deep sadness at the course of the American and French Revolution. He saw that the American Revolution was not in fact an act of liberation but the establishment of the independent right to buy and sell. The Declaration of Independence did not address black slaves or women. It was not Blake's revolution which 'every-thing that lives is holy and without price and each life and lineament is *itself* and not interchangeable with or by Anything else'. But Blake's attitude was no longer the pity he had felt during his enthusiasm for the humanitarian hope of Swedenborg, who he profusely illustrated. Rather his interest moved from compassion for the plight towards admiration for the energy of the oppressed and interest in the vision of their insurrection. The slave revolution of Santo Domingo, only the second slave rising besides that of Spartacus, was powerful and well organised. It came at a time when struggles were blazing in Haiti and Mexico, when the Sultan of Mysore had taken to calling himself 'Citizen' and the Times talked of 'the insolvency of rule in India'. The black revolt was supported by the revolutionary troops of France (it is immortalised in C.L.R. James's book 'The Black Jacobins' which purely inspired Pontecorvo's under-praised film 'Quimbinda').

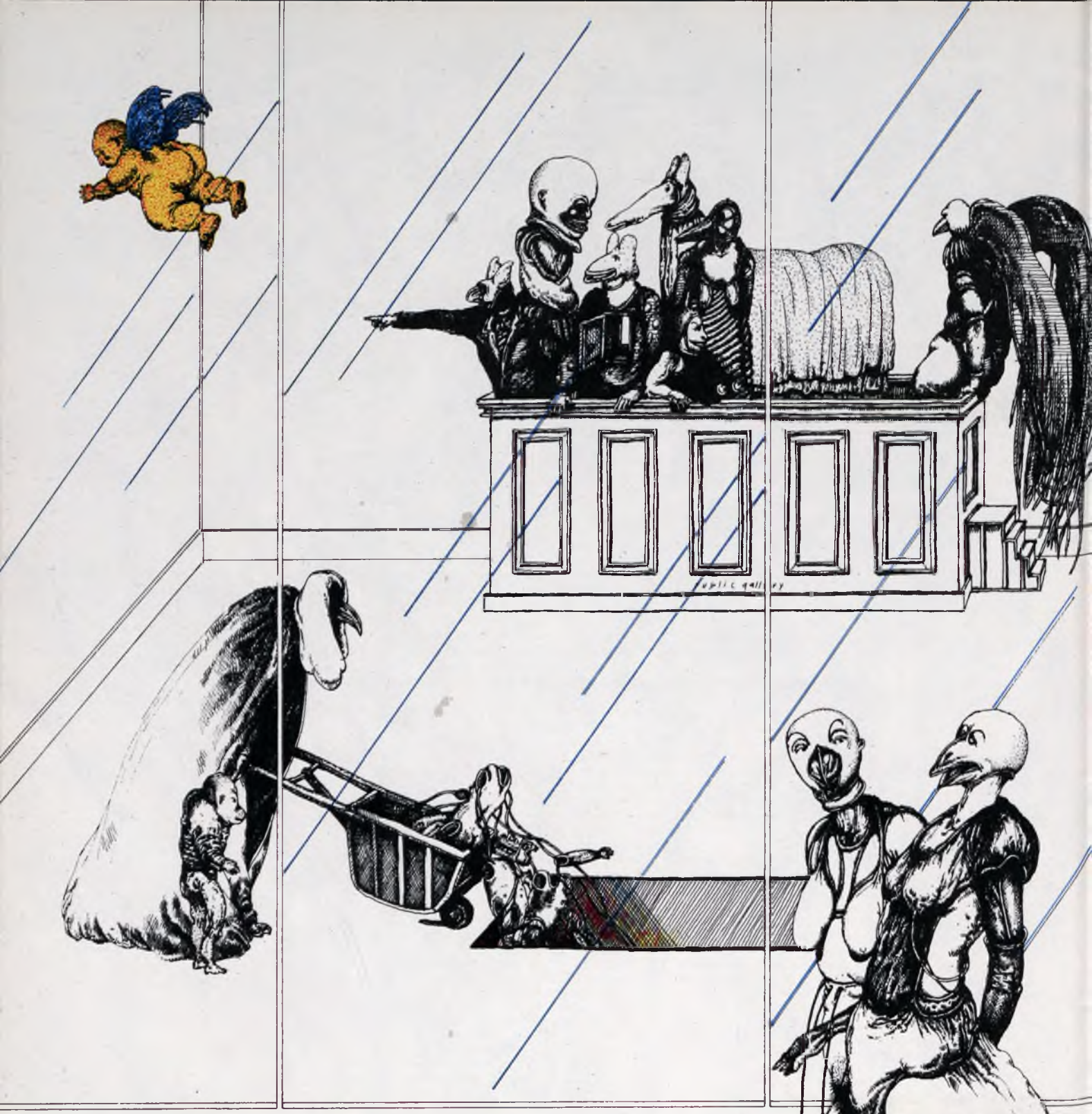
Blake's illustrations of the Journals of Stedman, a British liberal mercenary who had once employed crushing slave risings in Latin America. He was fascinated with the docility of the slaves, in what made them such well-behaved cadres, when their defiance and dignity was only on the crucifixion rack? In the allegory 'Daughters of Albion', Bromion, talks of the swarthy children of the sun are obedient they resist not, they obey the scourge'. And Blake understood the deepseated fears of such as Lord Abingdon, an 18th Century Pro-slavist, who said that the slaves successful revolt, 'had dried up the rivers of Commerce and replaced them with fountains of blood where all being equal, blacks and whites, Saxons and French, wolves and tigers, all shall be merry companions everyone promiscuously piling together; engendering a new species of man as a product of this new philosophy'.

While the moral politician Wilberforce argued, with the backing of Adam Smith, that slavery was no longer economically necessary, Blake prophesied that slavery, soldiery and tyranny were equally the product of private property and a crippling moral code. He was not afraid of Negro copulation. What's more he understood how 'matrimonial Solitude Cage' and the deformation forcing on 'the little ones' compelled the 'spring the day, in singing and dismay, acts to destroy man and woman'. The sexual repression on women and children by disturbed men acted to mutilate all concerned. Although his short poems of innocence robbus and rolling hoops were much patronised by the Victorians, Blake hated those who cynically 'protect the innocence of children'. He, who eluded formal education, woke up each morning to the regimented singing of London country school children. He wrote 'Tigers who are offended with anything in this book would be offended by the innocence of a child and for the same reason — for it represents (them) with the errors of acquired folly'. He saw bourgeois morality, the 'Thou Shalt Not' written over the door, as a hypocrisy to cover the realities of colonial plunder, hariotry, soldiery and apprentice slavery. He saw bourgeoise rationality as the cruel compasses of Urizen, reason in its fallen state was a false God. He saw Luvah as embodying the carping spirit of legalism and prudence, in fact tyrannical and sightless. He saw London in his song of Innocence (which he painstakingly opens, Mitchell's play) in part as a garden city where pillars stood at Islington, Kentish Town, Primrose Hill and St Johns Wood. But there also saw the chartered streets, where everything was reduced to buying and selling, not just goods but childhood (the chimney sweep), life itself (the soldier) and love, the source of life (the syphilitic whore).

He saw the corruption of 'official' Royal-trained and financed art: 'Where any view of money exists, Art cannot be carried on'. He saw behind the politicians teeth and gown, the face a mask to their lack of heart.

Before Marx he understood that the freedoms of the bourgeoisie were an illusory, before Reich he saw the 'man forged mechanically' of eyesore and brutal schooling and guilty sexuality prevented people from realising their own revolutionary possibilities. We must be free Urizen from ourselves and death will be before us crying as Blake asked us: 'Rouze Up O Young Men of a New Age! Scorn prudence, fight against the parent Hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the Camp, the Court and the University, who would, if they could, for ever depress mental and martial Corporeal War.'

David Widgery



'The Cannock Chase Murders' by Judge Michael Argyle, QC

Margaret Reynolds, Christine Darby died.
Diane Tift died.
When I see my child each day,
Looking in the felsh like me,
I give thanks to God and say:
There's my immortality.
When my face is long forgotten
And I have to Limbo gone,
This child I have begotten
Will my endeavours carry on.
So to other parents I feel
A close affinity.
For should our child be first to die
Where's our immortality?
If that death by murder came
Should Satan's power triumphant be,
Counting not the sin and shame
And his victim's agony.
Could a mother bear that sight,
A father drnik that bitter cup drink
And still believe all will come right
When God takes his jewels up.
As we view the lot of man
And as parents see his fall,
Margaret, Christine and Diane
Become the children of us all.

BOOBS!

Boobs are what people make when they don't concentrate on what they're doing. They also make arms and legs and little girls. When little girls grow up they sometimes Take Off to put their boobs to proper use/misuse (depending on your moral climate).
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'Taking Off' is a movie. You've got to see it.
Would we lie? O.K. cross our boobs!

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OUTCRY AS OZ EDITORS ARE JAILED

Labour MPs attack 'act of revenge' — Daily Telegraph

FURY OVER OZ JAILINGS

Angry MPs join the wave of protest

The Sun

OZ: OBSCENE! BUT WHY THE FEROCIOUS SENTENCES?

NEVILLE — Sentenced to fifteen months

ANDERSON — Sentenced to [illegible]

THE JUDGE — Accused of an act of revenge

Fury as three editors are jailed

Daily Mirror

Oz sentences — Labour MPs sign protest

Daily Express

COMMENT

Personal reactions —

Kenneth Tynan, of "Oh! Calcutta": "Battle has been joined between Judge Argyle, England and a Free England."

Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, TV campaigner: "It is a very good thing that [illegible] been drawn."

John Lennon called it all "disgusting fascism."

Lord Soper thought the verdict [illegible] right but the sentence "savage."

Kingsley Amis, author, member of Lord Longford's committee on pornography: "My instinct is to cheer anything nasty that might happen to this unsavoury trio. At the same time nobody should be sent to prison for obscenity — whatever that is."

John Trevelyan, former film censor: "I have seen Oz and I don't like it. But I think the sentences are much too severe in relation to the offences."

John Braine, author, said he had no sympathy with Oz, but "I don't see why these people should be singled out for this severe treatment."

Mick Jagger: "If there has been a short, erratic committee [illegible] police and the judge."

Organisations joined in —

● National Council for Civil Liberties — "The sentences are savage and vindictive."

● The Young Liberals described it as "a sordid and unwelling little political trial."

● The Haldane Society of Progressive Lawyers said the case "will bring the law into [illegible]"

MPs condemn OZ gaolings as 'Establishment revenge'

The Guardian

Demonstrations and protests against 'Oz' jail sentences

The Times

'Shocked MPs protest: It looks like revenge

STORM OVER OZ SENTENCES

Daily Mail

THE prison sentences on three editors of Oz magazine unleashed a storm of controversy last night

Apple are donating royalties on this record to the Oz Obscenity Fund

ANOTHER OZ SCOOP WE MEET

UNBELIEVABLY Ronnie Biggs, Great Train Robber, escapee supreme, and without any doubt, Britain's most wanted man, has talked. Not to Fleet Street, nor to the ever-eager press vultures of Amerika, but to OZ, the Power to the People Paper.

We bring you this interview from 'somewhere in Asia' as the transcript of what we at OZ truly believe to be a genuine tape of Biggs' voice. Travelling in the Far East an OZ reader and freelance journalist met the Greatest Train Robber of 'em all and amanged to get him down on tape. His recording, together with a letter of authentication, arrived in our London offices. Obviously Ronnie Biggs is not the easiest person to tracj down. Obviously an 'interview' with him must seem an impossibility. You, the reader , may justifiably smell a rat, you may not accept that this is really Ronnie Biggs talking. We at OZ have, we assure you, given the tape and its transcript the most intense consideration and it is only after this searching look at the background and recent history of the man in question that we feel ourselves free to bring you the latest episode in the saga of Ronnie Biggs - The Most Wanted Man in the World.

So You were in Australia and the Police were onto you?

Everyone knew we were in Australia, that was the big trouble. We kept on getting tips they were onto us! I got into this odd kind of fuss over this money. So I had to get out of Sydney, before Charmaine, my wife, showed up. We went off down to Adelaide, that's me and Eric Flowers. So I met her and we toured round Australia a while. Darwin, Brisbane, Sydney, you know we went everywhere really. What happened was we settled down in Adelaide, had a nice little place, the house was called Surfside. Well we stayed there for about 2 years. Everything was nice and easy, no problems.

VILLAINS

Had local friends did you?

Yes, we had local friends. It was one of our local friends who did us, I reckon, because he realised who I was and he put the Law onto us. We had been told that the Police knew that I had been working as a carpenter in Adelaide and so I kind of pushed off and we went from Adelaide and we wound up in Melbourne and that's where we were for the last two years. Well the money was running a bit low by this stage but I had a job. I was working on this job where I even used to dish out the weekly payroll. I used to think, you know, all I had to do was bloody photograph the things and the plan mate and I cound have sold it to half the villains in Australia. But anyway I didn't do that because I reckoned I vas out of villainy. I'd gone straight.

TODAY Biggs facing up to the mike: Keeping on running.

Was that Charmaine?

Partly. But it was partly me as well. I mean this was going

ROOFS

to be the big one, the Train Robbery and we were going to live happily ever after. Didn' work out like that, I mean we spent half our time running away and half our time sitting in nick. I mean look at Bruce Reynolds, he got away but they got him in the end. Anyway I settled down and I settled in the end at this airport, I wound up with this construction firm working on roofing. You know I was mending the roofs and drilling it was kind of modern metal construction stuff. We were quite happy, had some friends – still had some money. Charmaine had some jewels and we had this car, this Holden when we toured round Australia which I'd bought when she arrived and we drove all the way around the country. We were happy then. So anyway we settle there and I remember it was in August of '69 when we realised how close they were to us. Big feature in the Australian Woman Weekly about the train robbers. There was a bloody great picture of me in it.

BUBBLY

Was this you with your new face, or the old one?

No, it was my old one. They didn't at that time have any pictures of me with my new face. I was bloody stupid really cos when we got to Australia we had all these stupid photographs of me and char drinking bubbly all raised glasses to our new life. With me with my new nose and all that stuff.

How did you get out of Australia?

After we saw this story we knew they were pretty close. I kept on getting these occasional messages from England, from the people who got me out in the first place. So I said to Char, I'd have to hop it. I got out just before the police got onto Charmaine and the three kids.

PLANE

I got this light plane which I had through the airport. And flew up North towards Darwin, I'd been there before. On the way I landed at this sheep station. I'd known vaguely about this bloke from a bloke I met in Melbourne and I landed there and he didn't know who I was to start with. I stayed there for a week. Just kind of helping him around. Mending walls. I mean I couldn't do any sheep shearing or anything, couldn't tell one end of a sheep from another. He begun to realise who I was – a lot of Australians were on my side.

NORTH

They were on your side?

They were quite decent actually. I mean all the papers were full of people saying how I'd been hard done by. An d I hadn't had my fair just deserts and that. So anyway, I may not have been fair and just but I sure got my desert. The old sheepfarmer said to me if I wanted to go to Darwin I might be able to pick up a boat and go North. Australia was getting pretty hot. The only thing I could do was hope for the best and get out. My face was different though I didn't know how many photos they had of me, but I found out bloody fast. So I kind of shaved my head down to two little side bits and it taned pretty fast in the sun and it didn't look too bad. I went up to Darwin and the sheepfarmer put me into contact with this bloke so through him I got in contact with this tramp boat. God it was terrible, worse than the boat I went from England to the Continent on. That was just over nignt, this bloody trip went on for days, God it was terrible, I puked my guts out. Anyway I got up to Portuguese Timor, which I had never bloody heard of. It was a diabolical place. You know dirty old Portuguese not knowing what the hell to do and a lot of miserable natives sitting around starving and that kind of thing. Well anyway when I was up there the tramp man had put me onto someone – he was very good about this – and this bloke was going over the border, into Indonesia. Well I didn't know bloody Indonesia from . . . well Shepherds Bush. I reckoned that the best bet was to get out of this Portuguese Timor place and get up through Indonesia and head up North. If I got to Asia, like Thailand for instance or Vietnam I might be alright. Cause you

VIETNAM

get a lot of people going up to Vietnam and signing on with the American Army and no questions asked because they won't find anyone to volunteer to do that, would they? And in the American Army maybe I could get a new identity. You know all this rubbish you used to read in the comics about people swapping their identity. And I didn't reckon I'd be doing any fighting, not the way I run my life. I'd run a mile. I mean when I was in the Forces I deserted and wound up in the cooler. That's before I really got going on my career of course. So I got from Portuguese Timor to a place called Surab ajo.

RONALD BIGGS

THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD

By OZ REPORTERS

Diabolical it was. Anyway I didn't stay there long I went on to Djakarta. The thing was I'd given this £11,000 to this bloke in London, £5,000 was for him and £6,000 was for "Safe Keeping". Anyway I'd thought I'd seen the last of it but in fact I got a lot of it back just before I started running again. I was pretty surprised because I thought they had screwed me for everything that I had.

KNOCK-OUT

What about getting out to England?

Well that was easy enough. The actual thing was when we were all sent down even before the sentences were announced, we were thinking of how to get out of it. We knew we were going to be sent down pretty hard. We had this situation where we were going to give this screw a knockout drop but then someone read in a legal book that we could get life for that so we thought that was no good. We did have one friendly screw who was quite helpful, he was bent himself. Right villain he was, that's what was wrong with him. So we got sent round various prisons. We started off at Lincoln where I knew the Governor and we wound up in the Scrubs when my appeal was turned down. Where I met this bloke who was dead straight and he said 'You're not going to stay in here for 30 years, are you?' Too bloody right I wasn't. He was coming out soon you see and I sent this plan out with him. When he was clear it was organised. And this plan involved me going over the wall during our exercise break. It was a very high wall, so if I got on top of the wall and lept off, I'd break my neck. So they had a furniture van pull up right on the other side. They had two exercise periods. In the afternoon. I arranged to be on the later one. The first time we tried it, it didn't work out because it was pissing down with rain. I said to the screws, 'Come on let us go for a walk, it's the only fresh air we get in the day' But he wasn't having any. The second time we tried it, it was on a Wednesday I remember, the topes came over, well two actually, commando grapples they were. I ran like hell and a few of the lads, you know, stopped the screws. But in fact a couple came over with me too.

What happened to them?

I don't know. I was the only one who had any proper sort of organisation behind me. Because I was the only one with any kind of proper money behind me. I went over the wall and down into this furniture van which was full of old matresses. So I got out that way and dumped the furniture van and got into a

BOGNOR

car. Then I went underground for a little bit and arranged to meet the wife. It was terrible you know. I had to ring her up from Victoria and she was in a call box opposite Bow Street police station. So she and I arranged to meet in the end in Bognor and we had a week in Bognor together then I had to push off and we agreed we'd meet again in Paris. What happened they got me dressed up a bloody First Mate or something and the people who got me out arranged with this First Mate to put me on board. It was bloody terrible. I was throwing up all the time. Anyway we arrived on the Continent and I didn't have any problem getting off the boat and we meet up with these people who gave us a lift to Paris. I had this big hooter and anyone who looked at me would know bloody well it was old Ronny Biggs. So when I got there we spent quite a lot of money on getting me this plastic surgery. I was told it was painless. I was with this other bloke Eric Flowers who have been sent down for 12 years for armed robbery. Anyway he had the plastic surgery first and came out groaning. They bloody pulverised me mate. Couldn't speak for a bloody week. Then I had this face life. When Char met me, she could hardly recognise me and my two kids didn't know me at all at first. But we had a very good time in Paris for a while. But it was clear that I couldn't stay in Europe anyway. I'd read this book about Australia and it sounded a pretty fair kind of place.

ARGYLE

What did you think of your QC – Argyle? Was he any good?

No one would have been any good for me mate. It was all bloddy useless as far as I was concerned. They knew I'd done it. Argyle treated me like – well you know – he might as well have been the Judge. He came out with these platitudes in Court but it didn't make any difference. I lied my bloody head off. A fat lot of good that did. Anyway Argyle didn't even shake hands with me when it was all over. I head late; that he gave money to Jack Mills who was the driver. We told him we'd give him some if we got away with it. We didn't mean to do him any harm anyway. So Argyle didn't help us at all.

THEN Dark glasses for the sunshine only. Biggs, temporarily at rest, strolling among the shoppers in Sydney

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Under Whose Thumb?

Pouring over the mike, pleading, the Heart of Stone breaks before the magic of his myth inverted. The Devil makes an exclusive appearance as Humpty-Dumpty, the Midnight Rambler is confronted with forces that he can't fit under his shaky thumb, and he pleads, take it easy, take it easy.

In that moment at Altamont, captured in the film, 'Gimme Shelter', all my perplexed, confused reactions to the Rolling Stones came to mind in a flash of pity. Then the knifing, again, in slow motion, take in all the pain. The Stone's strength always hinged on the edge of a threat, but now the shot just away in the future resounds in the present and lingers reverberating in the past.

First, let me explain why I must write this article, to Mick and all you men. I am the Stupid Girl who hit her head too many times against your hearts of stone. I am the Factory Girl, the Honky Tonk Women, Brown Sugar, the Parachute Woman and Ruby Tuesday. I am the girl who had to settle for your expectations, whose eyes were kept to myself while you could look at someone else. I wanted your mind and was given your arm and leg. I have had your knife stuck in my throat til it hurt. I am Yesterday's Girl. But then, SO ARE YOU.

There are so many crontradictions once SEX is equated with WAR. Like the contradiction between Mick twirling his scarf in the seductive dance of a queen and belting the angry mean lyrics aimed like swords at women. How do you piece together the jig-saw puzzle of Jagger, unafraid to cast the spell of the hermaphrodite, to boldly and flamboyantly put on the mysterious bi-sexual performance and yet lash out as the ultimate in the male supremacy. The other half of that contradiction is me, a woman aware of that sadism, digging it — masochism, identification with the oppressor? The Rolling Stones wrap themselves in evil cloaks and it is hard to strip them naked. And we, the audience, are left wondering why we love the demonic — do we see ourselves as Jagger or Jagger's lover when the pounding rhythms find us lying on the floor? Do the songs of sex, male over female, in the end reduce themselves to Jagger over everybody, is that the basis of the breathless idolatry?

Most of the Stones' adoring audiences don't even try to figure them out, just accept the image, applaud the myth, take in the aura, get high on the power, but never try to figure out what it all means. Then at Altamont a real knife, a real threat, a real murder. Mick can't sing out mockingly, "Let It Bleed" with the taste of real blood still sitting uncomfortable in his mouth. Mick, whose magic projected the image to perfection, can't make it as a vampire.

The Hell's Angels have no such reservations about a little spilled blood. The Stones' nasty habits may consist of taking tea at three but the Angels get off better on gang bang rape and knife fights. Hell's Angels are the devil that Jagger trys to project himself as. When the image meets reality on the stage at Altamont we suddenly see the white suited rose-shirted demon for the choir boy that he is and we also see the skull and cross bones etched into the dirty leather as the real bully, the tough guy carried away with his own strength into a realm of action where sheer power rules.

A moment before the knifing the camera captures Mick and a biker in the same frame, holds as a whole cycle of emotion goes across the biker's face — hatred, attraction, envy, hatred. Another shot which shows the interaction of the Stones and the bikers — after Altamont Jagger and Charlie Watts sit listening to a talk show discussion of the murder at Altamont during which Sonny Barger called up in a pitiful attempt to clear the Angels' name. Mick winces as only a good little boy can wince, Charlie half smiles and shakes his head. The bikers and the Stones have similar pretentions, but the Stones know when they are on stage, when they are in fantasy and when they are not. Between performances the Stones are quiet, reflective, even gentle — the Bikers are not superstars so they are continually groping for their outrageous moment in the spotlight. Chains and knives are high theatre but they draw real blood — the surreal crashes on reality.

The Stones are subtle and obscure. Richard and Jagger write complex lyrics with a hell of a lot of feeling in them. The have a penchant for the ironic and the surreal not as far out as Dylan on Bringing It All Back Home or Blonde On Blonde, but in that way. Mick's voice is neither gentle nor grinding but a weird mixture of both in which the word all but lose themselves in the raw emotions. But there is nothing simp minded about the words or the themes of the songs, seeing the Stones projected on the screen, the image examined from all angles, the complexity of the culture heroes is really evident for the first time — unless, of course, you examined them closely before, looked at the record covers, bothered to piece together the puzzling lyrics.

The Stones become just five musicians trying to cope with the roles they've been thrust into — but by the end of the song Jagger is joined on the floor by "my women" and the jig-saw puzzle gains a new connotation. And yet in this song like many of the others there is a sense of exploration, trying to find some shelter, trying to understand the thin line separating love and violence, co-existing as they do within the realm of human emotion. And taking those words out of their flower child connotations, wondering about violent revolution. Rage, murder is just a shot away/love is just a kiss away.

The aftermath of Altamont could have meant the Stones rising above the shit that they've been into in the past, to stop directing their energy into the egotistical put-down put-on and more into sensitively dealing with what the whole thing meant. Jagger convinced the Mayles Brothers to add scenes of the kids leaving Altamont to 'Gimme Shelter' rather than ending the film after the knifing. I think it was a good idea — the scenes mellow out the shock, the weary faces reflect our own weariness after witnessing the ordeal. 'Gimme Shelter' is a unique opportunity to witness the ordeal just as the Stones themselves in making the film saw the shots of their tour, of their pretentious interview, of their performances, of the knifing over and over again. And yet I wonder what effect that self-scrutiny had after seeing the new album with the zip down pants cover.

Maybe the Stones are yesterday's cocks.

Mary Strong
reprinted from 'Nola Express'

The Stones had a whole dressing room with white satin couches and all this shit. It's just cocaine and Mick Jagger. I mean the Stones are into some really heavy things, like they went to Brazil and studied black magic for three months and scored a pile of cocaine... Jagger...he gets crowds really off their feet, and that's hard to do any more...Jagger can transform them in 45 minutes. He can just hold them in his crotch. That's just the way it is...'
Andy Levine, in Altamont

Take One Erring Wife,

GOOD LITTLE BAD GIRL

THE ROAD to you-know-where is paved with good intentions and beauteous Ann Dexter had the best intentions in the world. This dark-haired charmer thought she was helping when she took the job glorifying feminine flimsies.

Her husband, Harry, was a little old-fashioned and very, very jealous, so Ann thought she'd better keep her new activity a secret. Harry wondered where his spouse went on many afternoons, but the lovely lingerie model always had a glib answer ready to pacify him.

Ann congratulated herself several times as she posed in flimsy lace and slinky satin dainties. She knew that Harry would not like the idea of others enjoying the view of her scantily-clad charm, but she felt that the extra income justified the risk she was taking. Her soft, alluring curves and alabaster skin were ideal for modeling the resplendent raiment, and more and more of her time was devoted to the new career.

The alibis became weaker and weaker until trustful Harry began to accept them without question—openly, at least. Privately he knew that something was fishy and determined to find out what it was. That did it. It was simple to unobtrusively trail his winsome wife to the salon where the bewitching brunette displayed her shapely charms to glorify the latest in lingerie fashions.

Harry didn't break up the act then. He went home and waited, biding his time. Ann was never more captivating as she entered the living room. The modeling fee in her purse was enough to make her happy as she thought of

Ann is a little bit of heaven in a little bit of lace and that's what made husband Harry unhappy. With a figure like this, Harry should be jealous.

Add An Irate Husband – Result, A Sound Spanking!

all the things she could do with the extra money.

Harry didn't get mad. He stated the case and forbade further pursuit of the profitable career. Ann pleaded to no avail, then stormed out of the room, vowing to do as she pleased. Harry had made his declaration and awaited coming events calmly.

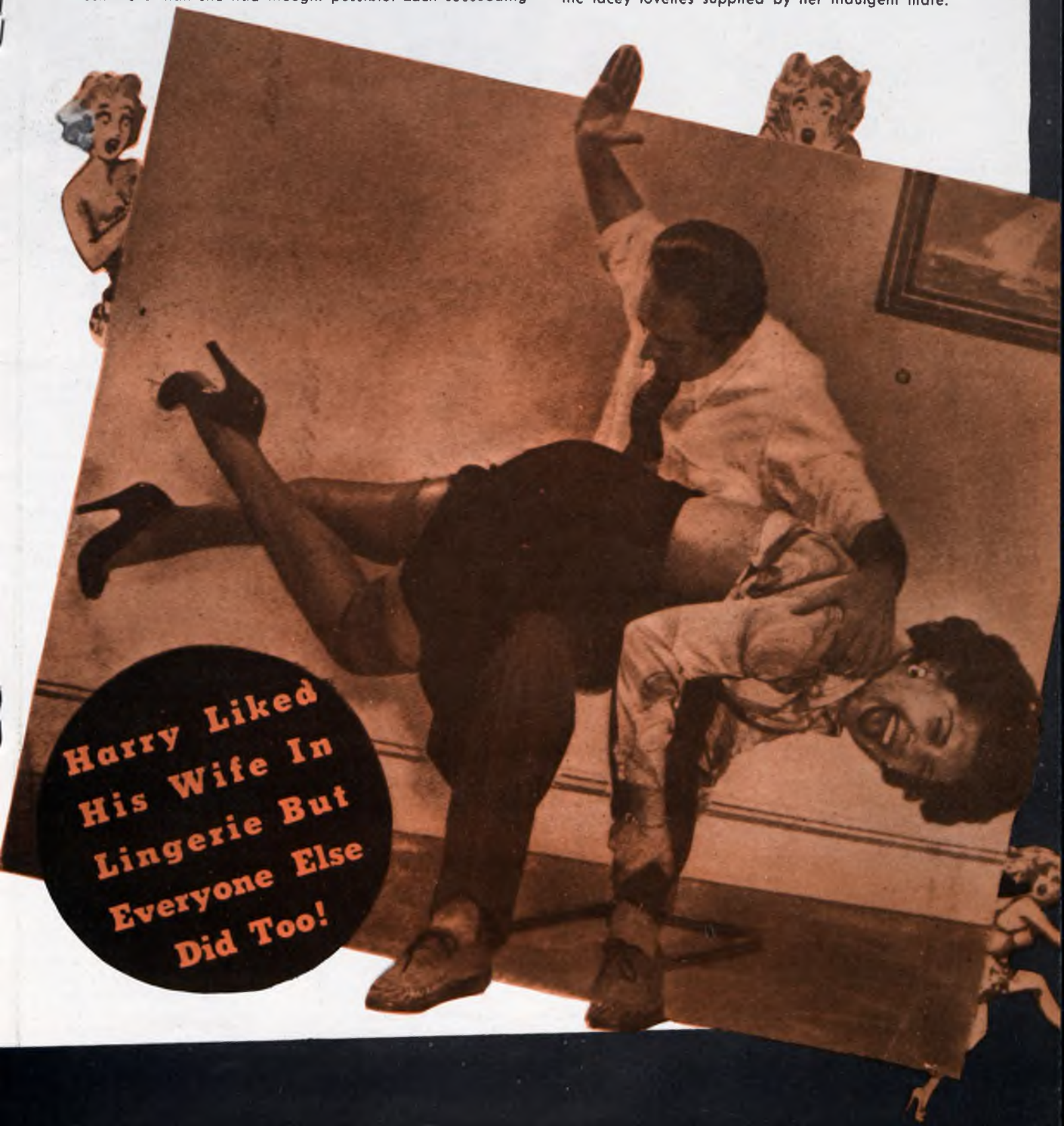
They weren't long in coming. Ann went right back the next day and Harry knew it. He was waiting when his lovely wife came in, and Ann knew trouble was brewing as soon as she saw him. Harry didn't say much. He took off his jacket and seized the erring bride in an iron grip.

It was a classic while it lasted. Ann screamed when the first blow was struck, that cupped palm stinging her tender flesh more than she had thought possible. Each succeeding impact of flesh on flesh increased the tingling pain until it was unbearable. Ann finally won her point and was set on her feet by her huffy husband. He was tired anyway.

Ann faced him angrily, her tender derriere prompting words of bitter recrimination. Harry remained unperturbed. She prepared a fresh tirade, then gulped and swallowed the words. She had just discovered that she loved her Harry more than ever before.

She found that she understood and respected his point of view. She knew he was jealous of her beauty and vowed never again to do anything that would displease him.

Ann still models and Harry gives his full approval. But now her modeling is confined to displaying her charms in the lacey lovelies supplied by her indulgent mate.



Harry Liked His Wife In Lingerie But Everyone Else Did Too!

Go Home Ozzies!

Australia is now the most important battleground for the fourth world:

1. It is the emerging focus for American, British, South African and Japanese economic imperialism. In the last ten years, as the third world nations have made it increasingly uncomfortable for economic imperialists, the growth of foreign economic involvement here has been astounding.

2. Australia's mineral and other resources are building the machines of oppression in Britain and America. Profits from investment of increasingly worthless American dollars and English pounds (both of which are strongly supported by the Federal treasury here: see last world financial crisis when Australia suspended trading in all but American, British or Canadian currency) and profits from the sale of their goods in Australian markets are financing their machines. "Give me your resources, take my paper money and worthless goods" (from 'Our Favorite Songs' Uncle Sam and the Queen, 1770-1970).

3. Australia's own imperialism is growing in coincidence with foreign imperialism here. The U.S. and Britain need a fat cow to milk. But no Bull . . . Washington rebuked Canberra last week for selling cane harvesting machines to Cuba.

4. The People are Pigs of the worst order, mostly unaware and uninvolved with what is happening to them and their land. The imperialists have learned some lessons: No more sharp hungry minds; Exploitation of white by white with the exploited kept at a low level of consciousness with plenty of beer and steaks and minds seduced by Anglo-U.S. establishment television and heavily censored press, books and movies. It is a new imperial dress. Uncle Sam and the Queen have crossed fingers and toes, hoping no one will lift it.

5. Australia is not over populated which means:
(a) There is no earthly reason for its imperialism. It has no need for inflow of capital or resources to trade for food. (just the opposite of England).
(b) It could be entirely self sufficient if its imperialism were ended, and all foreign developments were nationalized without compensation or curtailed. It could be China without a population problem.
(c) Because all of the capitalistic, imperialistic, exploitative and other systems are not necessary for the survival of the 12 million people here, they could be thrown off in a decade or two. There need be no waiting for population controls to take effect. No waiting for anything but for the human beings here to understand their place in the world and act on that understanding.

6. Napoleon III said "nothing is truly destroyed until it is replaced" Australia can cast off all of the capital, imperial exploitative shackles now and replace them now . . . with whatever we choose. This can be the first place. . .

7. Richard Brautigan wants deer and computers side by side in a forest. Okay, but by the time computers can survive in forests, will there be any forests left? Any deer? Here there is still a live world as a framework for men and their activities. Brautigan's dream, your dream, my dream are all possible now.

8. As a "White Western" country, Australia is our responsibility, our child. We are not needed in Chile, in Ecuador, in Cuba, in Africa, in Brazil or by the Black Panthers. They don't want us. Australia is a chance for us to clean our own house. Then, when we say, "Okay man, come see," we will have something to give. Good change from sucking the third world movements dry. How dry did we suck the Panthers? Jimi Hendrix? We have to carry our own load, not ride the back of Mao or Che or Ho Chi Minh.

9. England doesn't need you any longer Richard and Stan. "I don't want to talk to the converted Abbie Hoffman. After you win the OZ trial you must come to Australia. (Ha,Ha:OZ eds.) There will be plenty of people to carry on in London. It must be great to live where the bands are all fab and everything balls; where freaks are numerous enough that you feel a MOVEMENT. (Ha,Ha,Ha,:OZ eds).

10. If Australia can be turned on, motivated, it can strike a heavy blow to the whole western establishment. It can throw their whole mess back in their laps. This is what the braver third world nations are doing. A tuned in Australia could be, in our lifetime, a totally different society, Replace the old and the energy will flow from us to help our brothers do the same.

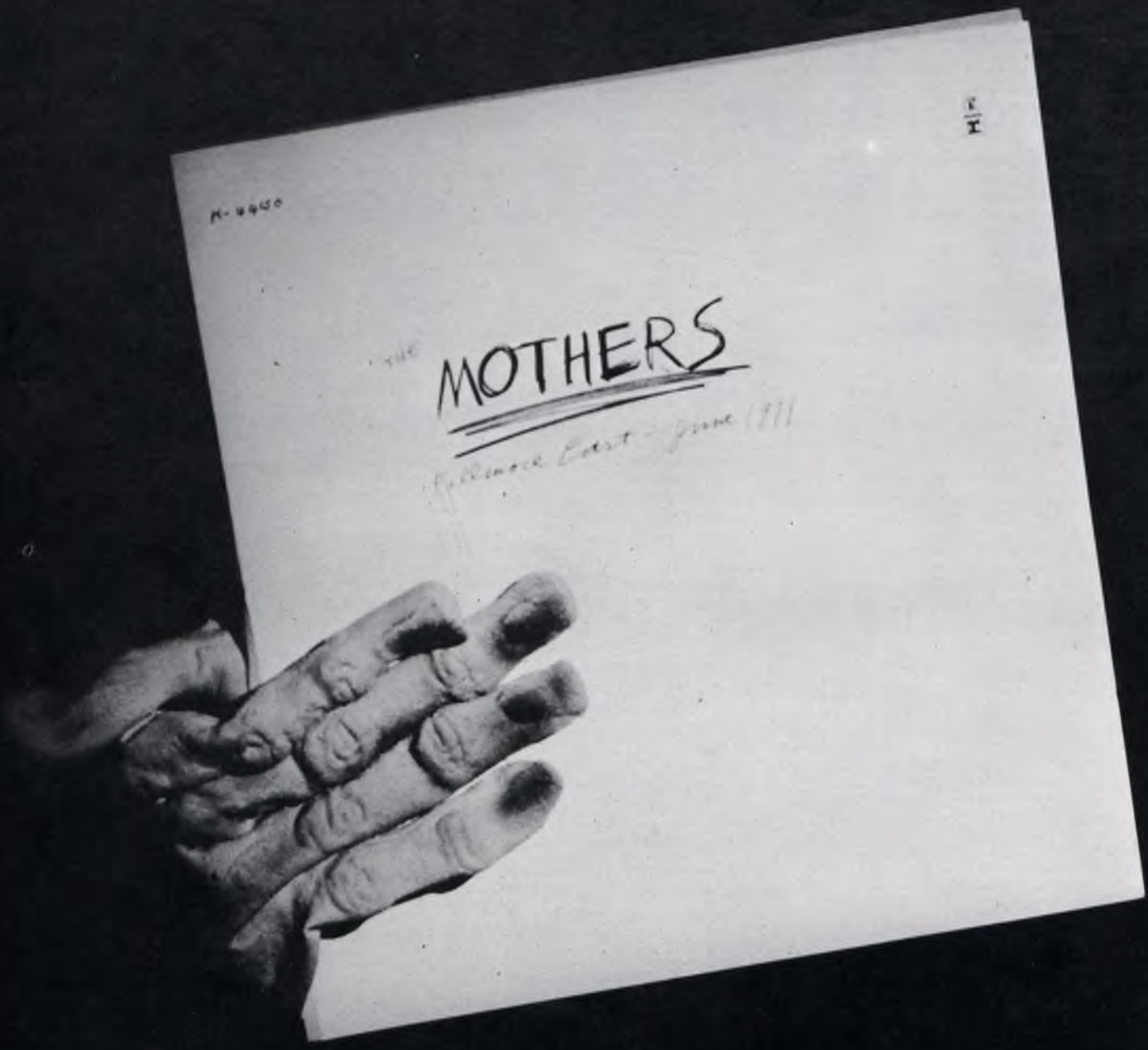
But the opportunity is going fast. We need help; human beings of vision and energy now. The immigration policies are bringing the two hardest classes to turn on: Semi skilled European peasnats and capital financiers. Americans are literally buying the country in large blocks (11,000,000 acres to one Texan owned ranch). Washington ties closer and closer to Canberra, minerals are taken, "joint defence" bases are constructed, land and wildlife are destroyed, U.S. financed tourist complexes are taking over coastal country economies. Holiday Inns is opening 1500 motel rooms in the next couple or years. Jerry Lewis is here to start a chain of "family" theatres featuring clean movies. "Just like in the U.S. where I have over a thousand theatres. You'd be surprised at the number of people that like clean movies."
The web is tightening.

We need you. Bring reinforcements. They're trying to deport me. I have an obscene publications trial tomorrow for the words "Fuck It". To the rescue ★ export that good old revolution ★ bring it on home! Richard, Stan, Germaine come on, Bring music, Bring love, bring light, breathe life. We can throw off the chains, we can start again. This is the place. This is your place.

Garth

presenting
THE MOTHERS

Fillmore East June 1971
new album from
Reprise



The trial of Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie began at the Old Bailey on September 7th. The charge, carrying a life sentence, is conspiring to cuase explosions, including the one at Carr's house. They have been in Brixton, alone in their cells for 23 hours a day, since February.

The bombings are getting out of hand. The State must pretend its in control. The order goes out from Heath, "Turn London upsidedown, but get the bombers." The pigs desperately need an arrest. Their usual technique — pin it on someone with previous convictions. So they grabbed Jake and Ian, 'Two likely candidates for an outrage' as Habershon (chief pig in the case) called them in court.

Anonymous star prosecution witness Mr A gave "the whole story". So detailed and well prepared was his evidence that you would never believe that it was three months before that he had "heard" it. His word-perfect account neatly tied up more or less the whole prosecution case, even down to the analyses of the forensic experts. All that remains of the case Ian is his friendship with Jake and his political beliefs. Mr B supposedly backing up A's evidence never turned up in court.

Also, in their efforts to prove that Jake and Ian stole explosives, they actually established that Jake was in Edinburgh on November 20th, the day he is charged with blowing up a BBC van outside the Miss World Contest in London.

The tactics used by the police in chasing the bombers have shown up peoples' 'rights' for the con thet they are. They have broken into dozens of our homes stealing wahtever they wanted. They have dragged us off for questioning, imprisoned us illegally and kept us for days without access to lawyers. Even their own witnesses testify that the Special Branch has intimidated them. As Habershon said, "We have no time for legal niceties." A month ago he had to be physically restrained from removing vital defence papers from Agitprop.

But so many people get done over by the law. If you have got long hair, if you're the wrong colour or a woman or gay, if you are a worker going on strike or if you're a kid just trying to stop getting bored, you're likely to get the same treatment. Anyone who is ANGRY will get the same treatment.

"I think that those of you who are on the outside should invite many more people to attend the hearings. The newspapers, of course, give a very misleading impression as to the tenor of the proceedings. People must come to understand what is going on. They should see that the State seeks to put a person's thoughts and beliefs on trial. They say that a person with strong anarchistic (sic) views literally indoctrinated another in the space of a couple of months. They will bring persons to testify to this who do not know a conservative from a trotskyist. They will bring people to lie manifestly, they will bring senior officials from the police department to elucidate the monumental works of the script writing department of the Department of Public Prosecutions. They will produce books and documents they have seized. Its important that much of this should be witnesses."

Ian Purdie

Jake
Written before going inside
It just happens that its me thats writing, it could be one of many. Born and spent the first six years in Wellwood, mining village in Fifeshire. Father drove coal lorry and fought and beat all three of village pigs, right on! Mother most beautiful woman in village, killed by State at 27, Grandfather in pit 42 years, has silicosis, less three fingers, and in poverty now. Grandmother worked in pits when she was 13 until at 18 she got married, 8 kids, 50 years of overwork, hardship, poverty — they still live in council property now. Five uncles (their sons) work in pits, one dead — blown up down the pit along with 34 others on the same day, and two aunts gave birth to 15 kids between them — all of them OPPRESSED. I went to government institution at 6 years old (orphan home), outside Glasgow, tied tag round my neck with number, red cross jerseys, kept me for eight years, even though my grandparents tried everything they could do to get me out, every fucking department. The reason they kept me eight years? When my father put me in he signed a paper saying that I would stay until I was 16 and he would pay 30 shillings a week for 'my keep'. He didn't pay, they wanted their money. They looked for him for eight years. In the end they gave up, telegraphed my grandparents to come and get me — warned them 'your son is no saint'. (Was going to high school then, travelling on the train every day by myself, whee man, all that freedom went to my head, kept being brought back by the pigs from such exotic places as Glasgow, smoking — say my first movie — stealing anything I could get my hands on, in love six times a day — had a lot of it trapped inside me by then). Back to Wellwood fuck the high school, went to school in village — sometimes got a job, farm labourer, six days a week, £4 for 6 months. Hate for the pigs, worked in factories — McVitie and Price (¾ million Rich Tea Biscuits) machine operator (vice versa one dimensional man etc.) In London, '66 factory again, £13 per week this time. 20 months all emotions anaesthetised/cut off suddenly, back to stealing, (needed £8 per day) — ended up getting five and a half years. Well, thats enough . . . these are some of the trash that have shaped my 'thinking' if you like, and many people, too many to mention, have left their mark inside.

Jake
February 25
Coming back and forward to court it's different cars and pigs, except for one, who is an incredibly stupid person, and a colossal bore with a very sick sense of humour who keeps cracking jokes about life imprisonment — which he says I'll get, 'It's better than hanging isn't it Mr Prescott?' And he's a right ego-tripping bastard to boot, and very insecure, and I kind of look out of the windows and try and ignore him, cos slagging him off is no good, he likes it . . . until coming back from court today, being hung up about you all and whether you are all gay or not, finally asking me point blank if I was gay, I told him, 'of course, didn't you guess' and he kind of hunched up and muttered 'I thought so', and tried to get as far away as possible from me — difficult cos I'm always handcuffed to him — anyway it must have been one of my rare moments of enlightenment because he didn't say another word all the way from Golders Green to Brixton.

Ian
March 12
*There's talk of me being moved to D Wing (security). * Right now I am with about 8 other guys who make up categories A to E, E being guys with records of escape and A's being guys 'whose escape is likely to cause embarrassment to the Secretary of State' — none other than smiling Reggie, they don't take into account that I find him an acute embarrassment all the time.*

We are kept separate from the others, and exercise differently, and have our visits in the security wing. I would prefer to be over there, cause I've got no chance of bail so it's a question of a 6 month wait I'd rather be where you can play football and associate in the evenings. D wing is separate from the rest of the jail so you're freer to move around in it, sounds a bit of a better scene than being banged up for 22 hours odd a day.

I miss you all greatly and hope by the summer we may be reunited then I'll be able to continue with you the work of 'pushing back pulling out and tearing off the fangs of capitalism' as the wobblies used to say.

*(Note: this turned out to be untrue. Although he should have been moved to D Wing, the Home office refused, as Jake is in that Wing. They will not allow them to see each other except in the dock).

Ian
April 6
I read incredulously of the official agreement to the Ford's dispute . . . this is doing the work of the Bill before it even becomes law and there seems to be no telling just how quickly the unions will knuckle under . . . there is no doubt that the counter-revolution is becoming more and more organised . . . I sit patiently in the dungeons waiting to dance on their graves.

Ian
May 4
I hear they're stomping thru' lots of people's places but that's cause they're frightened and insecure and want to lock lots of people up, they don't like being challenged. You know how I hate dictums but its good to realize that to be attacked by the enemy is a good thing — they show their nasty forces all over the place and so more revolutionaries are born. No time for closing your doors, we've got them running — let's get on with it and put them to rout. We're only young and slowly growing but look what they're teaching us.

Today made me closer to physical sickness than almost any other. Reynolds (the magistrate) is a contributory factor, but you get quickly used to prosecuting court officials. The main thing with today was that it showed how they've sunk to their lowest ebb . . . look at it today, a chick sick with herself for having to be there . . . Can you imagine w she felt standing there looking at Jake and knowing he could get life, life and life. You don't do it by choice you only do it thru' coercion. OK so we know the score from the beginning, we know the way they work and expect them to fabricate a case because they have no other way.

ONE BIG FRAME UP

The Prison Letters of Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie

NEW ALBUMS

Kingdom Come
Galactic Zoo Dossier

Pink Fairies
Never Never Land

Tonto's Expanding Headband
Zero Time

Jim Pepper
Pepper's Pow-Wow

Flaming Groovies

Polydor

ATLANTIC

BUDDAH RECORDS

MARKETED BY POLYDOR

the wall , get on the top of the wall and look. 50 yards of complete open space before me overlooked by both troops. Earlier that morning there'd been an explosion in Unity Walk. Normally there was two Scottish pig mercenaries in each turret, at each corner. There was only one. I wait till they walk into the turrets, there's little slits they can look out of, and sit down or do whatever they do, sprint down the other side very quietly. One soldier comes across the yard and looks over. He can see me if he looks closely, but I'm in grey trousers, and grey sweater against a grey wall and the only thing that matters is my black hair and white face and if I make a movement I might attract his eye. When he goes in the turret again I crawl and the fifty yards from there to the bottom of the gate I crawl in record time. All the kids are still up in the windows and looking at this thing and by now the whole fucking wing's looking at it. In a normal prison the hoods and criminals would have been on the bell trying to get a few weeks remission on their sentence by telling the authorities, but in this prison they're my people, the Ballymurphy Brigade, the boys from Ballymacarton, they're sound, they're solid.

It gets to the point where in terms of the turrets I'm safer. I'm close against the wall, they're close against the wall. It'll be a risk when I get half way up the gate and they'll see me, look directly down on me. I puts in my first hook, put in the other hook, the other one, and gets half way up the gate, this paraphanalia wrapped around me. Get up the 25' of the gate, holds on to the top and I'm there. And out of the corner of my eye I see one of the troops come out of the turret and looks straight at me, I can feel him looking at me. He must have looked straight at me and turned away. Saw me but he didn't see me. This crazy chameleons clinging against this wall, his inner part sort of vibrating. It was like being reborn again. I could smell the air. I was afraid even to consider them, but I knew it was there. I had the scent of freedom, baby. Balance on the top of the gate, take the hook and throw it on the top of the wall, it misses. Comes flashing down past me. Bounces off my shoulder, swings down, makes a dull thud against the wall and I slowly pull it up again. Grab the hook and throw it up again. Misses the top of the wall again but goes right over the other side and catches by one of the knots. Now I've been on this gate and on this wall for five minutes. I'd forgotten about the troops walking in and out, time's ticking off. The screws'll be at my cell at half seven. I've got about two minutes over half-seven and the scream will go up. Can't get rid of the knot, won't pull over the wall so the only way I'm going to do it is twist it. So I twists it slowly. It comes and the hook catches on the top of the wall. Springs out, push my foot against the largest peg left in the gate, something to stand on 'cos I'd got about another ten feet of brick to climb. Bathed in sweat, had my energy sapping out of me. Pull on the rope, get myself half way up the rope and I lose my strength. And just as I get like that I see out of the corner of my eyes soldiers; and I don't make a move, just like an ostrich puts his head in the sand, I'm just waiting there for a shot to

ring out. And I turned round, looked again. It must have been about half a lifetime and they both walked into the turrets again.

Somewhere and somehow a new energy like something from another world starts flowing through me. I throw myself on the top of the wall pulling the hook up after me. I run along the top of the wall and stay on the top of the wall looking down this side 'cos I didn't know what the patrols were outside. As soon as I look down all I hear is tramp tramp tramp tramp tramp and four soldiers and a dog walk along the bottom of the wall. 'Cos it was a concrete wall this, and where I am, even if they looked up they couldn't see me. Eventually I'm here and they're there, they walk past me and I'm looking down on top of their heads. They couldn't have seen me anyway 'cos they had military caps on, the Nazi-style ones with the big peaks, and the dog didn't even fucking see me. They walk past round the corner. Drops down, into a rhubarb patch and the hook's hanging there on the wall. I'm into the two walls between Crumlin Road and St Malachi's College. Between me and freedom there's a ten foot wall. Everything's still quiet, the guys from the turret can still see me. Went across the rhubarb patch and cleared that ten-foot wall in about half a second. Dropped straight down behind a tree in St Malachi's playing fields. Looked through the trees and about two or three hundred yards away there's a sentry post, sandbagged and corrugated iron. Run from tree to tree. Across St Malachi's yard. The symbolism of it was that ten years before I'd left this Jesuit College. I'd left it, turned a complete circle and went to the institute at the other side of the wall. And now I'd got out of that fucking place I'd never return.

The trees were damp in the morning and leaves were heavy and there was a rich smell and something inside me began to grow like a shaft of wonder. I walked across that last yard, I walked across like Christ walking across the water and my wings inside my skull open up and flapped. I knew I was there. Run across St Malachi's Yard to a place that I always knew from ten years previous when I wanted to bunk out of classes. Got there, climbed up on there, jumped over this wall and I'm in Lincoln Avenue. Went down Lincoln Avenue, down some steps onto the Antrim Road. All the workers were going to work. I had a contact in a place on the Antrim Road, but I had to go across Carlyle Circus, down into Free Belfast, which is about five or ten minutes. Just as I knocked on this contact's door I heard the siren go woowoowoo in the jail. I walked into the person's house. They didn't believe it was me. They heard the siren go and looked out, saw the pigs and troops flooding the place. And I walked in and I just went down on my fucking knees and I said that's it, I'm free. I've made it.

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responsibility to people with a greater and bigger sentence hanging over their heads as well as to the people I've been arrested with. So I went and talked to one of the Provo leaders on the Wednesday and said that I was going and explained how I was going to do it and he said 'It's impossible'. But he said let it never be said that I never attempted attempted to assist. I took the necessary steps to get him transferred to my cell, but that day he was whipped out and taken off to court and given eleven years in jail.

The physical things I've got to overcome never mind the psychological ones is to cut through three sets of bars, get into the yard, without being seen by the inside patrol, climb up a 20' wall, bared wire, drop down into the yard, worm across the yard, and get over a forty foot wall. Physically it would be impossible to carry the stuff. I hadn't got the stuff in my cell. All there was in it was a canvas mattress, a few sheets and blankets and a chair. The chair consisted of a mixture of wood and tubular steel. But fortunately half way along the wall between the two guarded turrets was a gate which led to a football field that was used for recreation. Three quarters of the way up the wall the gate was made of transparent wire, laced wire four inches apart. 35' wall, 25' up it. I decided to climb this gate in what I thought was quite an ingenious way. Take the pieces of wood from my cell and poke them into the wire and like a mountain climber I'd just scramble right up it. Get to the top of the wall, make a short hook in the rope, fling it over the wall and you're half way there. This is physically, the guards and things that's got to be figured out. And I watch the patrols, and I get into all their habits and I knows that the night patrol goes off at 7 o'clock but the morning shift, the day shift, comes on at half past 7. In terms of the structure they're supposed to check my cell at quarter past 7 but over the weekends, I don't know why, they never do it. There was a half hour break when they were reading the paper, having their morning snack, waiting to go home and sleep, whatever the fuck those pigs do. Having overcome them, by the element of chance which was in my favour, there was only one major problem — the troops on the wall.

While I was in there extra orders come out because of the guerilla warfare in Belfast that anyone in suspicious circumstances could be fired at and shot by the occupying forces. Now to me it was perfectly logical that crawling along the top of a prison wall at half past seven in the morning was certainly suspicious circumstances and those fuckers whold have shot me like a dog. Especially those mean Scots fuckers who were taunted out of the window every night by all the republicans and were totally demoralised. The Sunday morning I was supposed to go that night in Belfast it was like the Fourth of July in Washington Square. Bombs and fireworks all over the place. Sceurity forces searchlights inside the jail, everything. When the morning [illegible] . . . I all night long I cut my canvas mattress, make a ten foot rope out of it, cut my chair, made a hook out of my chair, wrapped that round it. Checked all the technicalities of shape, shape of hooks, knots in their proper places and on the bottom of the rope a little wrist hanger to make sure that if I threw it up I wouldn't lose it. And the bits of wood which I cut from my chair for the pegs to get up. Sunday morning seven o'clock bells rings. Time to get up. All ready; all in a bag; all in the cell. Get up, takes the window out, take the first pack, then the second. Get out. Cut through the last bolt. Can't cut through completely. Try to move it out. Won't move. Everytime I try to move it it gets tighter and tighter. Self tightening rawlplug in it. Won't move, can't cut through it in the time I've got available. Creep back in. Cover everything up again, which I can't do completely. Just before the screws walk in at half past seven I complain to the screw I'm sick. Stomach pain, I want to see a doctor. My cell will not stand a physical or visual inspection. So in the Breakfast period between half past seven and nine o'clock I tie my chair up again with bits of black thread. If one of the screws had stomped his feet too heavy it would have collapsed. Try to cover things up and stay in bed. A brain damaged medical pig comes over and gives me some kind of shit, which I drink down and lie in bed trying to look ill.

'It's Sunday morning, people outside with the car, they dissappear thinking I've been caught, I haven't made it. I can't have a visit, I can't get the word out. Now my ordeal that day consists of the two screws who come into my cell every day. They come, look around, look at me surprised to find me in the cell. I tell him I'm fucking ill. Give him a volley of abuse, threaten complaining to my solicitor, I haven't been treated properly, and under a barrage of words beating off their brain damaged skulls they retreat from the cell. I collapse in my bed, just from the nervous tension. Lie in my bed that day, relaxing and preparing myself. Go through the whole night dozing, waking up. Morning comes and I hear the yard patrol and the whole system of which I know every sound. I know exactly what it is and this is ten years of my life at stake. I hear the bell and that means everyone's got to get up, make your bed, get ready your pisspots, put it out in a bucket. I write a note to the Government saying *'This escape is a demonstration of revolutionary freedom. I will not give them justice, there is no justice. This institute is only an extension of your own intellectual and spiritual bankruptcy. Fuck you, fuck Faulkner, fuck the system. I don't like your jail and I'm away. All power to the people. James McCann.'*

Turn, get out of the window, dropping out of the window making all kinds of noises. The guys next to me's a provo, couple other fellows are provos. Get out the window. They're all there and with me all their eye strains and nerve signs come into my body and I took this as an additional strength. Run across the yard in just my shirt and trousers, with my pillowcase of pegs and my rope wrapped around me. Clamber up on a small building that the prisoners use to shelter out of the rain, throw my hook up, pull myself on top of

Photographs taken in Belfast by George Snow

RAGE OF INNOCENCE

Whilst OZ was being tried at the Old Bailey, about a dozen people collected at the Wellington Park Hotel in belfast on the night of June 29th for a celebration dinner. An evening of Guiness and grass, of eating and laughing. Felix de Mendelsohn and Joseph Stevens had been acquitted and released after being found Not Guilty of throwing petrol bombs and possession of a loaded firearm — a sawnoff shotgun. For three months they had been awaiting trial in the notorious Crumlin Road Jail, with two Irishmen. Peter McCarten, a young journalist who made a statement, pleaded guilty and was given a year's sentence. The other was James McCann, poet, adventurer, revolutionary. Two weeks before coming up for trial, James, the local boy to whom police had promised 15 years inside, took his life into his own hands — literally — and escaped from Crumlin Road. What follows is his own story, recorded about five days after his escape from prison.

Freezing, no toilet facilities in the cell. I've got to use the cell floor. Fright, fear, the whole trauma of transplantation. One minute I'm sitting talking in the university and a couple of hours later I'm in a prison cell, completely naked, degraded, a blanket over me. They then come and I recognise its daylight by looking into the corridor where there's light and they take me to another room where there's three chairs and two of them sits in the chairs and I'm made to sit in another chair . Knowing what's coming I pretend I'm asleep. I make out I'm asleep and tired but I'm wide awake. So they start moving chairs and things to keep me awake. Then this Special Branch pig comes in, sees me, looks me over, kicks the chair from under me and hits me a boot. He says 'You Fenian fucker, we want you'. And before you leave you're going to tell us everything that happened there. I looks at him and I says 'Fuck you, I will not say a fucking thing. And you fucking hit me again and you know what I'm going to do. I'm going to bash my head against that fucking wall so hard that you fuckers won't be able to stand up in court and say that we didn't lay a finger on him, I'll be so marked.' No more physical violence was threatened. Over the next two days I wasn't allowed any sleep. I was interrogated.

Then after about a week in jail I started planning. I was in a difficult position trying to relate to the two people who had just been thrown in jail with me, the fact that a statement written down by a young kid who wrote down anything the police told him he was so frightened, totally concocted was used as evidence against us the fact that we'd be libelled by the protestant 'Telegraph', the fact that all the hysteria and the circumstances surrounding a so-called trial — we hadn't got a chance and I was going to get out. I then started plotting and planning and getting blades, hacksaw blades. Had a look at the cell, had a look at the system and really got disillusioned. Impossible. I've been in a few jails, but believe me baby, Crumlin Road is a fucking tough nut to crack. Inside security, all cells doors have little peepholes, you never know when the pigs are going to come and look into your cell; cells are 13' by 7', patrols have total communication all the time with the centre, 24 hours, a 20 ft wall inside got to be scaled, a prison jailyard overlooked by armed soldiers, fully illuminated at night, a forty foot wall led into a situation which had an army barracks which I had to pass.

It was just a mock trial, I didn't even react to the pack of fucking lies in the depositions, I just sat in the witness box reading a fucking book. The pigs read out an obviously rehearsed story, which was obviously believed by the majority of the people in the courtroom. Evidence against Joe Stevens, against Felix DeMendelsohn was totally and utterly fabricated They'd manoeuvred it and made it malleable to such an extent that it sounded in legalistic terms feasible. The magistrate didn't know any better. He could only accept the legal shit, logic semantics, he could only accept that. In the Northern Ireland legal system the judges are always political appointments, the lawyers always have vested interests in terms of their jobs, gutless fucking pigs who paid the price in tax, that's thier price. You wouldn't get justice, any form of justice, legal justice, individual justice, street justice or natural justice — you just wouldn't fucking get it. I knew it, I couldn't articulate it very well, but deep in my balls man, I fucking knew it. And I knew I gotta get out of the jail. Now because of the people involved helping me I had to bribe one of the fucking ex B-Special pigs to bring me in hacksaw blades. They were posted to his house with money contained. We kept the receipt in case he should have reneged on it. One morning he got it, he never handed it to me. I went out on the exercise and came back and they were under my pillow. Now if I make a mistake he can let on and get promotion any time, so I've got to keep him balanced. Now he'd done this for me not just for the money but because he realised that the people who are in the struggle in Belfast at the moment are going to win and those type of fuckers are either going to get put up against the wall, locked up in jail or vendettas carried out against them

I hid the blades in reception because it's the only place you can go to at any time. When I went to the courts I never carried them with me 'cos when you come back you get searched. Come in, took them out and went to my cell. Every day you go out and exercise and come in and you're searched again and the cells are searched and the bars are checked so it was totally up against it, everything was battle. Come back from court, go in and start cutting the bars that evening. There's only times when I can cut the bars — the yard patrol has passed and the lights are put out in the cell. That means when he's turned out the lights he's got to turn out all the other lights in the wing and he's got about 15 minutes to do this. I cut then. I can't cut loud because ther's police informers in the jail. I cut very silent and very quiet. One set of bars on the outside — three weeks. I cut through four bars on the inside and three on the outside physically to get you through. Now each day, they were about an inch in diameter each bar, painted across with a sort of cream coloured paint, each day I cut through a little way. I can't cut through them all the way but have to leave a little bit because each day the security screws come around and tap the bars. I filled them with soap, glued them with butter and put this dead fly on it. The security screws used to come in and look at it and think it's the most natural thing in the world, a dead fly.

I went to the court one morning, came back and there was a special crew outside my windows putting special high tensile steel bars outside my windows.

Spent the next two days in my cell in the depths of depression. But I still had the blades and I crawled out that night and had a good look at them. Tried to cut one of the bars, couldn't. Tried one of the nuts that was holding them on at the side and of course it was ordinary steel. The most dangerous part was having to get out of the window and do this every night. The slightest sound, a pindrop or a cough is carried across the yard. Over the other side of the remand yard is a boiler room and it's always pumping water which goes foomph foomph foomph. So I could cut for about fifteen minutes everyday cutting those bars and it took me about two weeks to get through them. During this period every day and in every way I watched the doings of all the screws.

Before I escape I've been relating to alot of the Provos who've been in the prison and realising that not only have I got a personal

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BLAST WRECKS PRISON GATE
August 22nd 1971 PAP 150000-303(PNR/P-O)

BLAST WRECKS PRISON GATE

Belfast, Sunday PA:

Armed troops stand guard outside the main gate to Belfast prison, Crumlin road, which was blasted by a bomb hurled from a passing car this evening.

Two police officers and two unruly prisoners were injured and rushed to the nearby Mater Hospital.

Windows were shattered over a wide area.

The prison houses a number of internees detained in the round-up of nearly two weeks ago.

August 22nd 1971 PAP 150000-303(PNR/P-O)

WIREPHOTO Belfast

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THIS PICTURE HAS BEEN TELEPHOTOED BY P.A. BROADCAST TO PROVINCIAL MORNING

Internment!

Hundreds interned for their political associations, British troops drunkenly and murderously avenging the earlier deaths of colleagues on the civilian population, the bland reassurances of politicians caring only for their own skin — August 1971, when military and political terror appeared in most extreme form, saw some few truths about Northern Ireland filter through. In spite of the concerted efforts of the establishment media, some of the realities penetrated.

Northern Ireland was built on systematic repression and discrimination. This state, deprived of all historical legitimacy, was born in counter-revolutionary violence. Its precarious security was founded on a series of Special Powers Acts, Criminal Justice Acts, and Public Order Acts, which were the envy of South African governments. Law and order was maintained by a police force and an auxiliary (Special) constabulary which were the instruments of the party which has been in power for the fifty years of the state's existence, the Unionist Party, and of its backbone, the Orange Order.

For two years these instruments have been sub-ordinated to the principal prop of state power in Northern Ireland, the British Army. During these two years, the *presentation* of the Army's role has changed from that of impartial peace-keeper between warring communities to that of a force wholly dedicated to the military and moral destruction of the so-called terrorists. With the calculated change in emphasis, and the increasing manpower problems, the Army's action has become more openly repressive.

July 1971: scarcely had the military authorites allowed satisfaction of the soldiers blood-lust with the shooting of Seamus Cusack and Desmond Beattie, and sought to deceive the public about these incidents with poorly constructed lies, than the 'new phase' (one of the many in the last few years) of the dawn raids was introduced. The Gestapo-style raids of homes and premises for political literature and files, and the detention for questioning of scores of men, was seen by many as the first stage of 'internment'. The word, and the practice, has a very specific historical content in Ireland. Three times before it had been used against republicans in the Six Counties, and in the Twenty Six Counties ('Free State'). The powers of internment were given permanently to the Minister of Home Affairs with the inclusion of Regulation 23B in the Special Powers Acts in 1933. On the Minister's orders, a suspect (suspected of anything) can be held indefinitely.

Following the shooting of a labourer on his way to work, and the response which came with the Army's further attempts to lie their way out of that murder, the introduction of internment was announced. On a Monday morning nearly 500 persons were arrested, taken from their homes at four o'clock in the morning. The newspapers rejoiced in the capture of the I.R.A. men, yet those arrested were, in the large majority, not directly associated with any section of the republican army. The intention was obvious: to decapitate all the opposition groups, whether they advocated the use of arms or not.

Internment appeared the logical last link in a chain of escalating repression. Yet the decision to introduce it was taken in panic; it was not taken easily. There is a limit to the physical repression which the British government — whose approval was necessary for the new measure — is prepared to be seen to apply. If it had been possible to re-shape Northern Ireland such that it could be governed by constitutional methods and by ideology, the British government would have done so. The internment decision was preceded by many months of deliberation between Tory ministers, Army officers, and leaders of the Unionist government.

Not that any of these men worried for one moment at the removal of civil liberties, or at the loss of lives. Their joint concern was with the maintenance of imperialist domination over Ireland as a whole. In mid-July, as tension rose in Northern Ireland, it was announced that Heath was to meet Jack Lynch, the Prime Minister of the Southern Twenty Six Counties. It had become a cliche of political commentary that 'the key lay in Dublin, not in Belfast'. It was recognised that a policy of internment was inoperable without the active co-operation of the Southern government. Yet, when the panic decision was made, Lynch was not consulted.

For two years the British Army has been held in restraint in its use of brute force. The policy was, indeed, known as one of 'minimum force'. The casualties had not been on a scale to compare with that of 'imperial policing' and 'anti-terrorist' campaigns at other times in other places. Northern Ireland's proximity to the metropolitan world, where political consensus is attained by mainly non-physical means, and the watching eye of the world's media, have been factors. Keeping the support of the Southern government has certainly been the main factor.

A motion tabled in the House of Commons in early August by Labour M.P.'s indicated the reasons: the Twenty Six Counties are the U.K.'s third biggest customer; the U.K. takes 65 per cent of the South's overseas sales; British investments in the South are worth 1½ times those in the North; trade between the North and South has increased five times in the past ten years. Imperialism dominates Ireland not only by the military garrisons in the North, but equally by the garrison of Jack Lynch's Southern government.

This relationship had determined the move to 'reform' political and social life in Northern Ireland, that is, to remove those features which were most offensive to the Catholic bourgeoisie. The effect was two-fold: to provoke the anger and resentment of sections of the Protestant population at the removal of their marginal privileges, and to raise expectations among the petit-bourgeois and working-class Catholics. These expectations could not be satisfied by a Unionist government, which could only move as fast (or as slow, or as backwards) as its power base in the loyalist population would permit. Faulkner's decision to introduce internment was coupled with another decision to ban parades for six months, a decision which has affected particularly the traditional 12th August Apprentice Boys' march of militant loyalists in Derry. This apparent balancing act between the two camps in fact created conditions of sectarian bitterness which, if possible, went beyond those of August 1969, when armed loyalists burned, looted, and killed in the Catholic ghettoes.

These niceties escape the British soldier. Nor does any one seek to explain them to him. It could be Aden, Cyprus or Kenya but with a difference. 'Out there' (the phrase is increasingly being used in the media to describe Ireland), one has to simply fix bayonets and chase people up and down the street. Here, the soldiers are expected simply to stand fast while their shields are pelted with rocks. This restraint is not super-human or super-anything, it is imposed on the soldiers by the political context. It countlessly burst out into little explosions of brutality. Such incidents as the shooting of Harry Thornton, following which a soldier was seen to chalk up a mark on the side of a jeep, and shout; 'Another gone'. It exploded in the looting by soldiers during the August internment of a wine shop following which the troops fired indiscriminately on the streets of the Falls Road Area. It explodes in the graffitti behind a sentry post; "The Irish are bastards". It is in the eyes of Special Branch men who in pairs, interogated the detainees. It was in the mind of those soldiers who carried out the torture, there is no other word, in the August internment. The soldiers who are required to carry out the brutality and terror required at any moment by the political and military establishment, they are themselves brutalised and terrorised. They too are victims.

Behind the repression is a political complex, whose most basic rationale is the most effective exploitation of Ireland as a whole. It is necessary to understand this mechanism. It is not enough to be indignant. Nor is it enough simply to admire. The courage of the Bogsiders is enormous. The daring of the Belfast Republicans is enormous. The determination of the nationalist population to resist the mounting attacks is enormous. But this monstrosity that is Ireland Under imperialism can only be defeated by a force with the same defined sense of purpose as British imperialism and its allies.

, here is a fight on in Ireland, and the militants there are organising to win it.

The same fight is on in Britain, an imperialist power and a capitalist economy in severe crisis. The propoganda machine, the crowd pushing machine, the coloured dyes, the high-velocity self-loading rifle, the micro-pulverised CS gas, are being prepared in Belfast for use in Birmingham. The forms of repression may differ, the complex of political relationships and the relevant issues may differ; the enemy is the same. It is scarcely affected by individual bombs, by pithy prose and by protest. It can be shifted by political organisation. To seek out the weak points and drive in a wedge, to understand the cohesion and the fragility of the system, to build on the struggles that are going on, to forge a human weapon to overthrow an inhuman system, that is the business of revolution. The power which stands behind repression can only be defeated with the building of a counter power. When that is ready to strike, there will be no need for the Angry Brigade.

Brian Trench

We don't think Mr. Justice Argyle would like our new releases either.

Stefan Grossman, John James, Pentangle, Rev. Gary Davis, Gerry Rafferty, Peter Bardens, Brian Short, Stray. **Transatlantic.**

Who's next
TRACK DELUXE 2408 103
WHO'S NEXT
MARKETED BY POLYDOR

OZ,

Just got your letter and only saw the article yesterday. It is the work of a real sick cat. Jerry only met Izaac once for example and they never even discussed what Izaac claims. Jerry said he sent you a letter. I've written a long response and want to go over it in the next 2 days. Don't you realize no one in this country who [illegible] told that story would print it? Don't you realize I got thrown out of England and am now forbidden to even leave the US because I came to England at Richard's request somewhat illegally? Don't you realize that references to the underground as "the swimming team" in print has caused innumerable problems? Don't you realize that you didn't even call me up and say "hey there's this cat here who claims he wrote your book [illegible] you want to comment?" Even [illegible] will say in my response to a [illegible] tion. People [illegible] you would stoop so low.
Abbie.

Dear OZ,

Izak Haber's article in OZ was absolutely incredible. To quote me against my brother Abbie was a low-point in movement treachery. The quotes were false, distortions pulled out of context and totally inaccurate. I saw Abbie work like a mother-fucker researching and writing Steal This Book. It's a great important book and in spite of Abbie's life and out. He worked for months making that book real. And then he was forced by the totalitarian [illegible] the publishing industry to publish book himself [illegible] real breakthrough. Titling the book 'Steal This Book' took real courage and will have effects way beyond the book itself. Izak's role in the book as far as I can recall was to put together a lot of underground paper articles and force his girlfriend to type them. Abbie then re-did the book from scratch. But what is authorship of an idea anyway? Abbie's ideas were shaped by history and the culture – a history and culture he helped shape. It's the latest past-time of movement hacks to attack and rip off "superstars". But it's bullshit. Abbie is who he is because he's one of the most creative and hardest workers I've ever seen. Shame on you OZ for publishing such smut.
Jerry Rubin,
c/o Lubell and Lubell,
103 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
P.S. I have just left for a month in Chile to do research for my next book. You can verify the authenticity of this letter by getting in touch with my lawyer, Dave Lubell.

Dear OZ,

I want to blast into you very slightly about a couple of things.

First and most seriously, whilst I feel that the quotes authorities [illegible] made the biggest mistake of their little lives in giving you all the publicity they did when their object was to pull you down, I rather tend to agree with their view that your [illegible] was probably a little overdoing it. I don't currently have the issue on me [illegible] burnt it, my brother and myself, on a bonfire with intense [illegible] get the smell of it out of the air around us, but I'll use issue 38 as evidence against you. Quote – in defending the right to freedom [illegible] complete and unexpurgated by any authority except our own [illegible] we have in mind this right, not just for ourselves but for everyone who wishes to lead a free life. OK, sure. Everyone ought to be free. But your freedom ends and should begin to [illegible] a magazine which claims to be of the underground in spite of the slight sickness in your minds to a large number of people, and to [illegible] probably half of those people feel as I did at the time – what a lot of unpleasant crap. The more you make people feel that you are sick, you represent the [illegible], therefore the youth is sick, the more I call every person under eighteen are going to have to work twice as hard to allow our parents that they can maybe trust us out after nine pm or let us have friends who they haven't met yet. And those of us who don't want to drop out and give our mothers another nervous breakdown (my case) are stuck with it. This is called responsibility and is a drag but worthwhile cos you work for it, work for your right to live freely later on. And I resent you making things unnecessarily hard. Ok query. Everyone may at one time or another draw sketches like in OZ, write or think about free love, forgetting WD cos man it can't happen to me, and so on – but we don't publish it. It's like going around with your dick hanging [illegible] – many people may not object, but why brandish it in the faces of those who either are content with only one blokes prick at a time and are happy with a boyfriend or are bored by what it offers. All your own personal problems. Query. It's all rather reminiscent of blue films, which bore me stupid cos I'm not by nature a voyeur and feel that making love should be with someone you love and is therefore personal. Like I'm recent it's [illegible] came and sat on the end of my bed but why do I have all the time to sit on the end of other peoples in films and books, help us magazines too. Now, why must you lower yourself and anyone who is a reader of OZ to the level of the rather sad middle aged phenomenon of wife swapping and bad sex films query. Be beautiful instead. It may be harder but it's hell of a lot more fun in the long run.

Second, your charge of children's rights. Yes, children have the right to freedom of association. A kid of [illegible] not yet be able to tell whether the stranger he talks to is a psychopath who may kill, main or assault him/her or throw acid which at that age may screw him/her completely, and so on. So they must be encouraged to accept other older people's judgement for a while in what is lets face it a sick society. VI I already touched on. Publication is a comitment which a child may well deeply regret. VII. One of the most frightening things about 1984 is the way the kids denounce their parents without understanding how much damage this does to the adult concerned, and over trivial things. If I'd had somewhere to go where my grievances about Mum would have been listened to when I was ten, eleven or twelve my mother would probably be in prison for mental cruelty by now, quite undeservedly. X. Give a child freedom of movement and he might end up like the two kids [illegible] the Rolling Stones far from home, tripping by accident, [illegible] scored and penniless. Not good, that, and those kids were [illegible]

How much more [illegible] are likely to get into a [illegible] younger [illegible]

But most of all the thing says [illegible] children have the special right of shelter or protection from [illegible] exploitation [illegible] totally agree. But, buddy, can't you see, that means you! Think about it. Peace and love in very limited quantities - to you. And remember [illegible] not love, the population is still [illegible]
Chris
(PS. Aged 16)

OZ,

This is a filthy, obscene, irrational magazine obviously edited and written by crazy, sex minded, perverted apologies for human beings. My heaven protect us from things like you.
Not A Puritan.

Dear OZ Readers,

The responsibility for every stone, every fire bomb, every [illegible] lies on the shoulders of the four men who met to plan internment last week in Downing Street – Ted Heath, Lord Peter Carrington, Brian Faulkner and General Tuzo.

We cannot be intimidated and will resist this vicious act of repression as we have resisted all others in the past. We cannot do it on our own.

Our only friends are our fellow workers in Britain. You must come to our aid. Organise, educate, act. And if for none other than our sake bring the government down.

It is not your government, it is not your army. It is your dead that are under attack in Northern Ireland.
Bernadette Devlin, MP.

Dear OZ,

We believe that you have a right to say what you like, write what you like, and publish what you like, and no judge should have the power to fine you, let alone send you to prison for that.

Although as women, we feel our selves to have been objectified and parodied by some of the illustrations in OZ, and in the School Kids issue in particular. Whitehouse we don't think we need the law to protect us from the sexual content of OZ, and we deplore the victimisation of your Editors and the sentences imposed on them today. Instead we'd like to see OZ questioning the equation of women with sex objects. David Widgery's attack on Norman Mailer's book on Women's Lib was a shot in the right direction – and not always relying on drumming up sales by titillating male tastes in female cheesecake.
Fulham Womens Liberation Workshop

To OZ,

I have been reading about the arrests made on Thursday 5th August of assaulting the police charges. I was there too and some bastard cunt of a cop kicked me in the stomach. I was 4 months pregnant. Because of this I lost the baby on Friday. Since coming out of hospital I phoned up two big newspapers and told them what had happened. But I refused to give anything unless I got my surname and permanent address [illegible] I can't do because I'm 17 and living with my parents who didn't know I was pregnant. Please print something about this otherwise I will believe nothing and cause so much pain. Let try to lift the image of a policeman with his halo and show the burning system just what goes on.

I hope everything goes well and it [illegible] to come to pass.
Carol

I was shocked to learn about your treatment of the three young men whose under trial for publishing obscene or filthy facts. It is shocking not to allow them bail and secondly you have no right to play prison fances. Cut their hair. If you think [illegible] influential of my parents you are greatly mistaken. It was my idea to write that letter. I mean what I have written.
Yours sincerely,
Miranda (Female, age 9)
Chalfont St Peter,
Bucks.
PS. I am not a hippie and don't intend being one.

An open letter to Richard, Jim and Felix,

There seems to be some confusion in some quarters about our position over your trial conviction and sentences. Just to set the record straight – all of us except one (no – not Ian!) were surprised/shocked/opposed to your prison sentences. We are and always have been divided about the relevancy of OZ to radical political change or/and the creation of an 'alternative society'. Most of us have objected to your male chauvinistic tendencies towards our sisters and the use you have made of their sexuality to titilate the 'raincoat brigade' [illegible] 'innocents' amongst your [illegible] that would not otherwise buy OZ. We would refer you to the 'Georgia Straight' from Vancouver (that now comes out twice weekly). After our sisters took over an issue to show our brothers how they felt, the paper has improved considerably. It is challenging abuses in local and national politics and actively campaigning, amongst other things, against bad landlords and the racial discrimination Indians encounter in their own country (Canada). It has also rejected sexist ads unlike the Berkeley Barb and yourselves/INK.

Coming specifically to issue no 28 of OZ, Ian is probably the most vocal amongst us in objecting as he sees it, to the sexist and racist nature of its cover. For generations white society has tried to portray black people as animals/sub-humans, only capable of the basest sexual activities.

Your cover did nothing to dispell these gross misconceptions. If anything it's probably started a whole new generation on the path, albeit a subconscious one, of derogatory sexual associations re our black sisters. The fact that you passed this cover is even more surprising when one realises that two of you have spent some time in Australia with its 'all white' policy (OK so they let a few in – tokenism) and its past [illegible] of the rights and dignity of its indigenous people, the aborigines. No, Richard, YOU [illegible] better.

In spite of the above, we all believe that obscenity should never be treated as a criminal offence and that your alliance in the eyes of the establishment had/has nothing to do with obscenity. Instead we see it as frightened over-reaction from parents/teachers/politicians worried/[illegible] childrens' experi- [illegible] life-styles. They find their children reading OZ, IT, STYNG, GRASS, FRIENDZ, LITTLE RED SCHOOL BOOK etc and assume automatically that these publications are to blame. Now rarely do they see themselves, their adult or life styles or try to discuss with their children the similarities between their consumer habits.

To sum up, we are opposed to making obscenity a criminal offence and feel that the law should be scrapped. Some of us regard your obsession with titillating kaftants and bums as being of no object to your prison sentences and the one who doesn't does so in the hope that your stay in prison might lead to an improvement in conditions for those less fortunate than yourselves and/or that the prison experience will [illegible] you. All of us will look to the future life-styles of the OZ staff and hope that you will change and show by your actions where your [illegible] STANDS.

POWER TO OUR PEOPLE!!!

[illegible]
141 Westbourne Park Road,
London W11.

I think this was obscured by the defence in the trial. Basically, the prosecution said that OZ 28 corrupted and depraved and the defence said that it didn't – in fact, that it didn't have any effect at all most of the time. But the defence went further than no effect and suggested that parts of OZ 28 put people off certain things. As a homosexual, I felt not a little compromised during the argument about a cartoon which, to me, had more to do with the exploitation of children by authority than anything else. The prosecution said it would encourage children to homosexuality and the defence said that it would discourage. The particular cartoon probably would discourage but the disturbing thing was the defence's implicit assumption that homosexuality was a thing to be discouraged. (I put this as rueful comment rather than heavy criticism: I wasn't in the dock, after all.) Relating to all the major issues of the trial, the suggestion of the defence was that the views of OZ and the editors were divergent views that could be accommodated within the value system of our society. However unfairly arrived at, the verdict said that this accommodation was impossible. The vast majority of opinion supports this conclusion. And so do I.

"Necrophilia is very rare – in this country, anyway" – Michael Argyle

There is an important and growing minority of young people in our society which is questioning and changing the sexual values and roles they have been taught. This is reflected in the establishment of movements like Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation and Men Against Cool; in the widespread re-awakening of interest in the writing of Jung and Wilhelm Reich; in the recent writings of persons such as David Cooper, Germaine Greer and Kate Millet;

and in the involvement of many persons in Encounter Groups, Communes, etc. The common factor in all these things is an attempt to break down conditioning, to become aware of what is real, to formulate personal and social values from this and to try and live by these values. This is in response to a world of increasing loss of personal identity, increasing pressures to conform to a pattern of behaviour and increasing potential for self-destruction. But doing this is not easy even for those who are committed to the attempt. All the pressures of social conditioning with their attendant fears are as much present in the person trying to liberate her/himself as in the person seeking security in the survival techniques she/he has been taught. However, security is often an illusion. There wasn't much security for the persons behind the walls of the castle when along came the cannons. Our castles are capitalism, nationalism, nationalism and sexism – all forms of exploitation and all based on the nuclear family where the things that seem to be transmitted from one generation to another are the parent's hang-ups. The implications of the sexual revolution and the liberation groups are profound and extend as far as architecture and pollution. Our consumer economy with its competitiveness, waste and polluting destruction of our planet would be an anomoly in a communal society. We might have fewer empires and heroes if we set out to destroy the male sexual role with its attributes of competition and dominance but we might have fewer or no wars as well.

"Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose"

Real freedom and real equality do not exist in our society nor in any other. One sometimes gets the impression from some socialists that socialism means a job in a factory for every worker. Ugh! A purely economic approach to society just does not make sense. It certainly is an important and principal factor but total freedom requires total revolution and the first step is a revolutionary change of attitude towards oneself, society and the relationship between the two. It involves the erosion and destruction of the conditioning to which we are all subjected. Some of the ways in which this is done may seem trivial and even foolish but the doing of them makes one aware and only aware people are capable of meaningful change. To call a woman a woman and not a chick; to say and write her/him may seem unimportant but is it? To wear old clothes and to contribute as little as is possible to the economy may seem self-defeating, but is it? To try

not to become involved with another person as a couple but as a free person may seem to be insecure, but is it? To see things like the "Old Codger" cartoon in the last OZ as therapeutic fantasy of fears may seem to be ridiculous and perverse, but is it? To insist on fun being an integral part of the Revolution may seem to be frivolous, but is it?

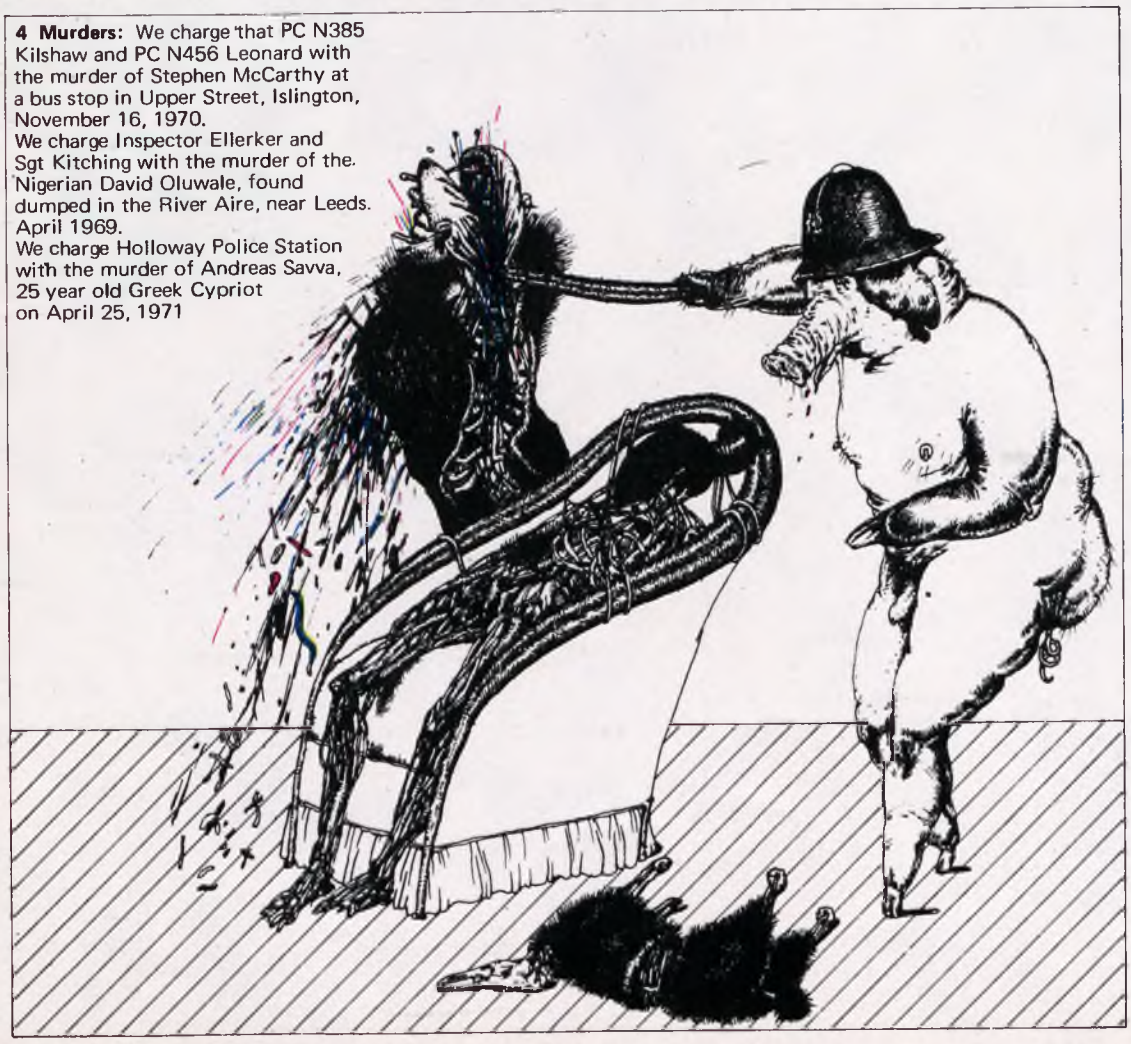
All of these things are corrupting and depraving in the light of the values of our society. But these values must change because they no longer work. The family is dead and we are merely keeping the corpse around. So is capitalism and sexism is dying. If you corrupt and deprave yourself, others may follow your example. If a sufficient number of persons becomes corrupt and depraved, we may get closer to freedom.

Warren

How To Deprave & Corrupt

The OZ trial is over bar the appeal. And for all practical purposes, OZ has won, the victory due in no small part to the mind-blowing stupidity of Judge Argyle. However, the trial has acted as a catalyst and we plunged into a national polarisation of opinion which will have far-reaching effects. Hopefully, one of effects will be an understanding and coming together of those who strive for personal liberation and those who strive for social revolution, of those who feel the sexual revolution has nothing to do with politics and those who feel the Revolution has more important things to deal with than sex and sexuality. Obscene, corrupt and deprave are all value words without any absolute meaning and it is the change in values in our society which produces the conflict not Rupert Bear's cock.

2 Frame-ups: Det Sgt Challenor, who won fame and fortune planting bricks on demonstrators was eventually caught out and sacked, 'for mental stress and ill-health'. He now works as an informer for the trashy papers and is rumoured to get something from the Police Pension Fund. Dutschke Affair: a political frame-up by the Special Branch who decided to get him deported.
Prescott and Purdie, the Carr Bombing Trial: sensational lack of evidence has not deterred the rampaging of the Special Branch.



4 Murders: We charge that PC N385 Kilshaw and PC N456 Leonard with the murder of Stephen McCarthy at a bus stop in Upper Street, Islington, November 16, 1970.
We charge Inspector Ellerker and Sgt Kitching with the murder of the Nigerian David Oluwale, found dumped in the River Aire, near Leeds. April 1969.
We charge Holloway Police Station with the murder of Andreas Savva, 25 year old Greek Cypriot on April 25, 1971

includes the most far out interpretation of civil liberties, the upsetting of lawyers' ethics, and putting extreme pressure on defence lawyers to become part of the movement.

Our justice can only be achieved through the creation of thousands of vigilante squads to protect people from pigs and soldiers. Last year the Tenants Movement (East London) formed its own flying squad of muscle-minded ablebodied heavies to prevent the bailiff gangs from evicting tenants of GLC estates for not paying exorbitant rate increases. They refused to pay and they successfully defended themselves from the bailiffs, the pigs and the GLC. Unlike their police our commandos are controlled by the people who elected them — that's the rub — that's what the revolution is about.

Hey reader, as soon as you see a suspicious looking person, looking suspiciously like a plainclothes cop watch his movements, follow him about, get your notepad out, note his details and investigate who the hell he's investigating. The thought police don't like you thinking about them — sort of upsets their state programmed rhythm. Join the People's Investigation Brigade — now several million strong. Vigilantes know that the people have the equal right to arrest, another tactic to be used with caution. We even have the right to arrest cops. This constitutes common law arrest:

If you know a crime has been committed and you have reasonable grounds to suspect a person or persons of having committed an offence then any citizen, and of course police officers are included in this right of citizens arrest.

This tactic has been tried a few times very successfully but you have to know the law.

1 Squatters at Ilford apprehended a police inspector with inciting his men to riotous behaviour by authorising an unlawful attempt to enter the premises. The inspector got so tangled up in his legal logic that he was put out of action for several hours, and the squatters retained possession of the building.

2 Plainclothes men on demos have been reported to uniformed officers of senior rank for pushing and jostling the demonstrators and for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. The law is illegal and it can sometimes be used effectively against itself but we are the ones who have to do it.

Everyone should know these basic rights they haven't got. See Agitprop's Bust Book.

...What's Orl This

Power to The Community:
Where we live is where it counts and where it's happening. In most areas of London we could devise street meetings and neighbourhood councils nicking the power from the Home Office, unlike the sick liberal schemes of endlessley invented by George Clarke type philanthropists.

In Nottinghill, the Golbourne Neighbourhood Council is yet another i participate, we participate. They rule game. The do-gooders always ending up doing good to the establishment.

We want real community power controlled by real community assemblies. We don't need pigs and the few socially useful things they do, we can elect brothers and sisters to do them, to argue them to contest them to fight them. We have to organise our vigilantes. **Power to the Angry side.**

Evenin'All...

From the first day we go to school and probably before that in our earliest children's books, we are continually told that police — how they are there to protect us, to make sure that we are not attacked in the street, and that things are not stolen from us. A tremendous amount of effort goes each year into reinforcing this image of the police. No opportunity is missed of showing a policeman helping an old lady across the road or rescuing a cat from a roof. There is no doubt that the police do all these things. You need only ask an ambulance driver what he thinks of the police and he will probably say they do a good job. This is because an ambulance driver probably only comes into contact with the police when they are attending a road accident or other similar thing. If the real and essential role of the police was being a super boy scout the whole time, then other people, like nurses and ambulancemen would get better recognition and better pay for the things they do. Clearly the enormous PR used to put over the right 'image' of the police is quite deliberate. It is intended and to some extent succedds in obscuring from us the real role of the police. It obscures from us and makes it extremely difficult for many people to believe that the police tell lies, take bribes, frame people, employ crude forms of torture and have set up a special police branch to spy on you, if you are critical of society and have the audacity to do something about it.

The police role was very well explained in a BBC 'Cause For Concern' programme on police relations with black people in 1968. Some building workers (white) are in a pub discussing what happened to their mate Dave who had his arm broken after being arrested on a picket line. One of them explains: 'They're not ordinary people. They're upholding the state and the state is everything to them. It's their power. This is what they are there for, to uphold the state and when they get you in there, they're going to annihilate you, and that's what they've done to young Dave." The worker who said that knows that helping old grannies across roads is good public relations designed to set the British bobby apart from all that police brutality which foreigners have to suffer. Yes, Britain is somehow different and the friendly fuzz can smile like a door to door salesman and growl like a pig — the moment you slam the door in his face. If you don't want the street ombudsman image, then pigs is pigs, whatever country they come from and the police do-gooder promotions have had their day. No wonder they can't get any recruits.

...Ello, Ello...

With recent OZcenity outrages, outraging the liberal establishment we are all in for an overdose of 'Change this law, change that law' and all that crap. The use of the obscenity laws has nothing to do with obscenity — and you won't stop the political trials by changing the law. The law is illegal, and we are the criminals who find ourselves together in that jungle: 'When the law breaks the law, there is no law.' 'New York Times' There are three types of law:

1 Pig Law: what they get away with. Like 48 hours for questioning.

2 Book Law: the liberal version is: what the law actually is we expect the police to respect.

3 Our Law: People's Justice: what we can get away with, which

1 Collaboration in Crime: 10% rake-off for the CID keeps them happy and betting shops quiet.
The 'real pornographers' of Soho are given complete freedom to carry on trade, as long as the payoffs keep coming.
Ex-head of the Drug Squad, Det Insp Kelaher, was also the top dealer at the Yard. He is being investigated by an impartial team from outside London. The boys at home couldn't be trusted.

3 Attacks on the People: The Blacks have been repeatedly harrassed. We charge the police with systematic harrassment, intimidation and violence towards immigrants and the black community. The cases of the Metro Youth Club, the Mangrove Restaurant and the Oval House Dance all bear this out. The Underground Press notably Styng, IT, Frendz and OZ are increasingly subject to censorship and general harrassment.

stewart mackinnon

tions, occasionally excessive, of its staff's sorry state of hunger and overwork, and (possibly inevitably) their overall naivety and flippant, frivolous humour. In this light, it is strangely heartening that our defined enemies take Styng seriously enough to employ such desperately heavy-handed measures in its attempted suppression.

Yorkshire, you see, is unused to a full-time underground of its very own. OZ, IT, & Frendz are easily dismissed along with other mucky books from London. It is the concept of a revolutionary growth *within the county* which chills more than Styng's spontaneous use of 'fuck' & 'cunt'. And Styng is not a student publication, thus escaping the deadly benevolent paternalism usually granted such magazines. Jeff Nuttall, in the Yorkshire Evening Post, said that it would take "courage and tolerance" on the part of many people to realise that Styng is for the public benefit. Exactly how much courage and how much tolerance Yorkshire is capable of should become rudely obvious by the end of the year.

What local officialdom seems congenitally incapable of realising is that repression breeds revolt, as surely as those hysterically misrepresentative Yorkshire Post articles on Styng expose more convincingly the need for an alternative newspaper in Yorkshire than anything *we* have published. You may well fight to drive Styng out of Barnsley, Councillor Crow, and provided that you and your crudely evolved disciplinary forces are prepared to go far enough, you might just succeed. But what you will never drive out of Barnsley, or out of any constituency in the expiring capitalist dragon which your party, Socialist by name or not, represents, is the still youthful but increasingly righteous detestation of the very principles upon which your malignant politics are based.

Not So Much Oppression More A Way Of Life

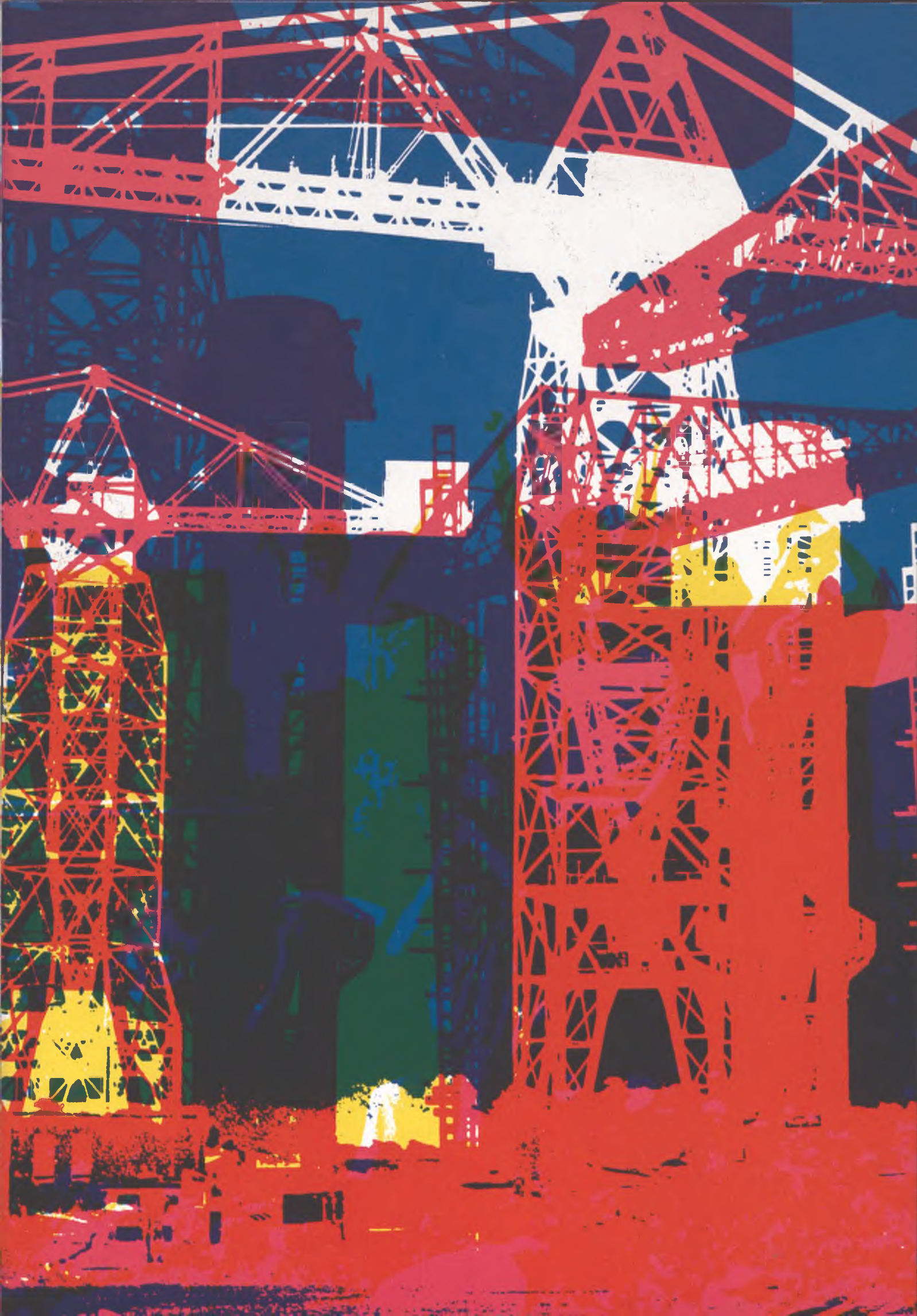
Roger Hutchinson

For nearly two centuries the northern industrial poor have been betrayed by those who purported to serve them. Plodding obediently after a plastic carrot, faithfully chasing mirages of technological luxury; they have allowed their once integral culture to be bastardised, dispersed; and replaced by a grafted lifestyle which is a churlish insult to their human capacities. The northern industrial complex was founded on vicious industrial exploitation, bolstered by a hypocritical Victorian Church, and justified by politicians of redoubtable ignorance and crass cynicism. It has since adhered with alarming obstinacy to its corrupt heritage.

Thirty years ago there were people homeless and hungry in Barnsley when the Labour council spent £180,000 on a new Town Hall. This year there are more unemployed in the area than ever before, the majority of the population still lives in the terraced slave-dwellings hurriedly built to hold their ancestors (dragged from rural communities last century to be used in the mills & mines); and the council recently blithely bought a £9000 mayoral limousine to "improve the town's provincial image". Eloquent promises of industrial redevelopment and comically wild predictions of unprecedented imminent prosperity are beginning to sound stale and tired, directed as they are at a working-class culture whose people have been blinkered and abused until they are incapable even of recognising their hypocritical oppressors.

Styng, it seems, threatens to expose these oppressors in their varied guises; and hopefully to proffer an alternative direction. The paper was launched on no capital and one half-formed editorial realisation: that revolutionary papers produced in Notting Hill Gate found difficulty in relating to the intricate problems of inherited poverty in Sheffield. (Richard Neville once quaintly justified his broader social conscience to an interviewer from *Arrows* magazine by claiming that he'd just spent the afternoon with IT working on ways to improve the lot of Nottingham mill-girls. Now, that's all very commendable, Richard, but you have to agree that rapping with the editors of IT is hardly the best way of gauging the essence of existence of a 15 year old Midlands mill-girl, let alone relating to her. The alienation shows in IT, as it has too frequently shown in OZ.) Freak communities in Britain are, in isolation, as incapable as any other radical group of engineering the wide-scale social revolution which becomes more obviously necessary with every myopic governmental scheme and blundering bureaucratic maneover. Hippy dissent is largely a middle-class phenomenon, and there are still too many poor people in England for us to ignore their radical potential in favour of a dubious middle-class revolution. But they must be educated as to the true nature of their oppression before they can be expected to channel their frustrated aggression against their oppressors. Which is where the media comes in, and where Styng is cheerfully floundering: halfway between Hoffman & Marx, trying to strike a depressingly elusive balance. Councillor Frank Crow got the point, though. "I will fight to drive this terrible publication out of Barnsley" said he to the Yorkshire Post. Whatever his other weaknesses, Frank knows his enemies.

Despite the fact that between 20,000 & 30,000 local people read each issue of Styng, its editorial faults are irksome. Our attempts to reconcile as broad a spectrum of radical opinion as seems relevant to a northern readership can be stimulating, but can also result in an apparently indecisive editorial stance. The paper's veneer of respectability (layout is crisp and explicit, nearer Rolling Stone than IT) must accentuate the unsuspecting reader's shock on discovering "reference throughout the magazine to male and female genitals using corrupt slang and obscene expressions", as Leeds City Police succinctly put it, between Styng's formal covers. The six items in Styng 2 which PC Skerrett coyly classified "parts particularly objected to", including five illustrations, are too mild to upset seriously any magistrate this side of sanity (and I purely believe that one or two exist); the indecency/obscenity charges, along with the three other technical offences, explain more about the current state of establishment paranoia, than the quality of Styng. Our paper has its faults, but they are more the reflec-



What U.C.S.?

"Winning cards must have on them the last number called of the game being played. The onus is on the player for the call being heard and the game being stopped."
So, ironically enough, read the bingo board above the heads of the UCS Co-ordinating Committee as they addressed over 1000 shop stewards, press, television and reverand scottish clergy at a mass meeting held in a Meccaized cinema a mile away from Clydebank, the scene of the crime and perhaps the scenario for the British Revolution.

The crime is the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders crisis – an attempt by the Tory government to close Glasgow's largest shipyards, resulting in 8000 redundacies and a further 12,000 workers in ancillary industries threatened with losing their jobs. The reality of the situation is simply this – the yards aren't making enough profit for the Tories, so close them. The problem of what to do with, or how to handle, the workers is a political one and not an economical one as the original decision was.
"We could put in a government butcher to cut up UCS and to sell (cheaply) to Lower Clyde and others, assets of the UCS to minimise upheaval and dislocation."
Nicholas Ridley, M.P. in a secret report presented to Mr. Heath *before* the last election.
Ridley is now under secretary to John Davies, Minister of Technology and chief hatchet man for the job of displacing thousands of men and woman, without regard to their plight because, whatever the government says, or promises, or proposes, there are no new jobs for them to go to, and there will never be. Be that for no other reason than the plight of Glasgow itself.

Last year a Labour M.P. declared Glasgow and West Scotland a disaster area. With a population of one million, Glasgow's unemployment figure is almost 11%, the highest for any specific area in Britain. The jobs available at the Labour Exchange are for everywhere but Glasgow, usually in England or on the continent, and with U.K. entry into the Common Market, these will be reduced even further. There has not been a single unskilled job advertised outside the Labour Exchange office for 4 years, which is some indication of how bad things are. According to general opinion from people on the streets, Glasgow is a dying town, and it looks like it. Demolition in all parts is on a scale reminiscent of aerial obliteration bombing, while the only new buildings being erected are insurance skyscrapers on high-rise council flats, both symbols of death. In fact, Sighthill Housing Development which houses 15,000 people, is surrounded (engulfed) by the Glasgow Cemetary and has, as its memorial to progress, an enormous electricity pylon set in the middle of the complex. The city fathers are of course, absentee. With or without UCS, industry and capital has been leaving Glasgow for years while poverty in the ghetto areas is reaching epidemic proportions.

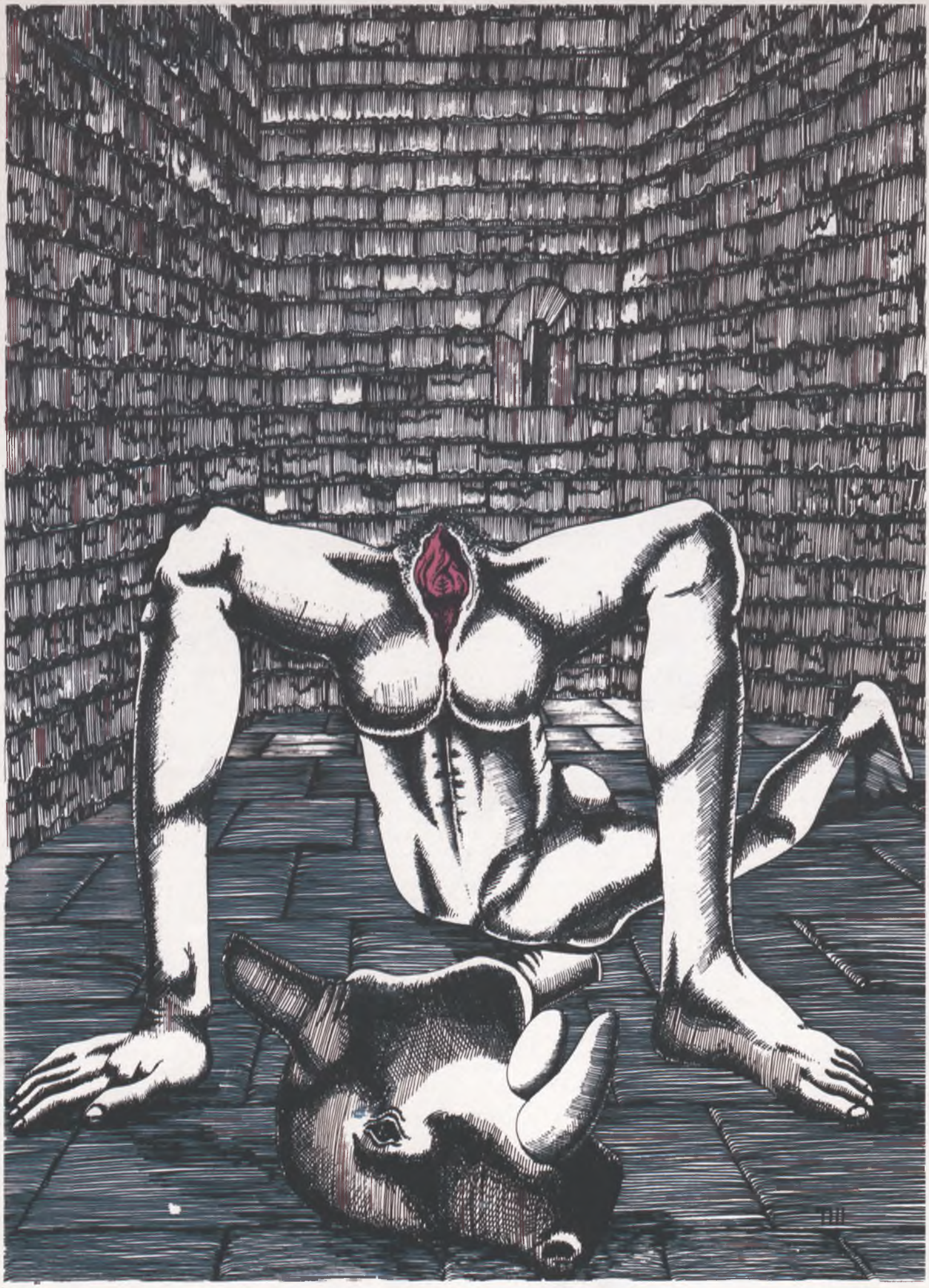
Glasgow is a working class town which, inadvertantly, is its saving grace. Notwithstanding the presence of bourgeois depravity, on the other side of the tracks, the pride, honesty and courtesy of its people stands above their common misery and conditions of existence. Their infamous aggression is well-founded. Poor housing, poor wages, poor recreation facilities, poor education, (Children in the East End ghetto district suffer a part-time education system – mornings only) no nurseries or playgrounds in the densely populated W.C. areas, pig police with police brutality and corruption accepted as the norm, a high alcoholic problem, a high suicide rate according to the Good Samaritans who need a 200 man team to cope with the amount of calls they have each week. What the poor don't steal from the poor the loan sharks get; armed forces recruitment is booming while, on the other hand, 25% of Scots troops in N. Ireland have deserted. Burglary is the biggest single crime committed in Glasgow yet there is no organized gangsterism. Racial and religious problems are acute, street-gang warfare amongst ghetto children is at an emergency level. The state social services, bogged down in bureaucracy, are insensitive and useless while community groups, despite the good they do, are a drop in the ocean. GAP, an organization of young people based on the lines of BIT, recently opened a Claiments Union, the first in Glasgow. Its successes to date have encouraged similar action in other areas but the enormity of the problem threatens to render it, and other groups or organizations of its type, useless. Helping the problem isn't the answer – changing it is.

Every problem that Glasgow has is symptomatic of cancer – the cancer of capitalism – the diseased poverty cells are malignant and they're spreading rapidly. The situation is political and yet this aspect of Glasgow and its struggle is the most neglected, misunderstood, distorted and abused level of its conflict – between the powers that be and the powers that could be. Glasgow has always been an invincible Labour strong-hold with the S.T.U.C. its working-class arm. The workers vote Labour in traditionally even though they are traditionally raw-dealed by them. The C.P., claiming 4,500 members in Scotland, are never voted in yet they virtually control the key powerpoints – the shop stewards who are elected representatives of the workers' unions, The communists have sold the workers out whenever the choice was there, particularly in 1919 when the mass unemployed returned soldiers where led by the Red Flag into a blind alley despite the certainty of revolutionary victory, and again during the disasterous 1926 General Strike. This time the C.P. is at the helm of the crisis again, namely in Jim Reid and James Airlie, the heros risen from the shop stewards' ranks who are handling all the publicity and policy proposals at UCS. "They'll be found in the river if they try it again" is how some workers felt about another sell-out but to listen to present policy line advocated by Reid and his bosses you'd think they hadn't heard or learnt from their misused inheritance. The occupation at Clydeside is symbolic rather than real in terms of what has actually happened – the workers are still working, being paid and managed by normal management. Policy decisions on the shop floor are being made by workers – the only change from normal procedure. UCS is negotiating false dreams with the government – orders worth £90 million were blocked by the Tories, contracts already placed were withdrawn and given to concerns in England and yet the bill for social services, if the redundancies proposed by the government go through (scheduled for Sept.) will be £96½ million. But the proposals from the UCS committee are naive – further negotiations, productivity deals, contingency plans etc. – all of which ignore the death knoll which was rung months ago in Westminster. "Politics must be left out of it" is the present line of resistence from UCS. "We don't want a revolution or a workers take-over, we don't want the workers'children and wives marching on the government office". Calls for a general strike are opposed by the C.P., the S.T.U.C. and the L.P. yet the worker on the street and at the yards would support one immediately.

Revolutionary groups such as I.S., I.M.G. and the Spartacus League have been actively propogandaizing to provoke militant action amongst the workers but their numbers are small and their effect minimal. The political consciousness of the worker is low because he's been kept ignorant – revolutionary rhetoric and its manifestation isn't trusted or understood or probably even desired. It comes from students or freaks or middle-class professionals and none of these are workers as the workers see it. And yet all of these groups are ignoring the most fertile area of revolutionary activity which could produce the power to achieve a real situation and the vanguard for it. The young people of Glasgow are ignored.

The street gangs who collectively number over 5000 and range between 8-16 years old are the worst victims of the present situation, but they are the only ones who really know what's going on and they are the only ones who can change it if they are directed. Young apprentices at the age of 16 sign a contract which barrs them from any political organization or voice under threat of dismissal, all for £4 per week rising to £14 at the end of a 4 year term. They are told to keep out of it by their unions and their fathers – it doesn't concern you. The freaks and their drugs are generally tolerated and according to a street activist, are the most apathetic, bad-acid freaked group in town. Attempts by White Panthers to activate them have been futile and now all of their energy is being directed to the gangs and the young workers. The formalist revolutionary groups mentioned are making meagre attempts to organize the youth in their sphere of influence but emphasis is not put on the power that lies there, the kids are still considered with condescending inferiorism, by those who are shaping or dictating their future. As one I.S. member told me "the kids don't know anything about it and the freaks aren't interested. None of these groups are strong enough for us to bother with."

A young mind is the only mind free of deceit, of self-preservation and party politics – a young mind is never told what it can do, only what it will do. Shown the way and chosen it, the fucked-over young of Glasgow, or anywhere, could win over all those who are destroying their lives for them now. The revolution will not come with UCS, nor will it come with whoever takes-over – it will come with the kids who are doing it now and not their fucked-up elders.
Stanislav Demidjuk.



OZ magazine wishes to thank that one juror who at the Old Bailey who thought OZ28 not obscene, Judge Griffiths who granted bail to Richard, Felix and Jim, and to all who have helped throughout the trial and in producing this issue.

Sandy's 1st. Solo:

It's called The North Star Grassman and the Ravens.

Donna Bean

"They stood upon the deck, as the ships went out to sea,
The wind it took the sails and left the
land a memory.
All upon the shore for to wonder why the
sailor goes.
All to close thier eyes and wonder what the
sailor knows."

Some words from "The North Star Grass-man and The Ravens."
By Sandy Denny.

Sandy Denny's 1st. Solo Album as singer and writer is out now on Island. ILPS 9165

ANGRY OZ

Number 37 September 1971 20p

OZ

No. 38
20p
80cents

SCOOP!!

THE DAY THE EARTH WAS OUT TO LUNCH!

Turn to page 8 before it's too late!

IMAGINE / JOHN LENNON / PLASTIC ONO BAND ON APPLE RECORDS PAS 10004 AVAILABLE NOW

And now.....OZ 38
This issue of OZ has been brought to you by the tender ministrations of that same band of pornfiends as last time.

We thank all those who've lent a hand, especially the magnificent Barney Bubbles....and all other our benefactors.

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Isle of Wight County Press
AND SOUTH OF ENGLAND REPORTER

For everyone who might have been missing the annual beano down at the Isle of Wight, and who weren't satisfied with Ricki Farr's performance at the Oval last month, be glad of one thing: absence has certainly not saddened the IOW residents any.

'Even if the sun failed to shine, even if you found others at your favourite cafe table or picnic spot, even if the wind blew too keenly for sunbathing or too boisterously for an enjoyable sail, even if you did lose money on the fruit machines or grandmother on the front, no-one can deny that this bank holiday was decidedly more peaceful and enjoyable for the family than those which have immediately preceded it.

You can remember only too well the problems which confronted you at the same time last year in connection with the pop festival at Freshwater, when your transport, medical and local services were stretched to breaking point, when your police force was quadrupled, and all because of an 'invasion' of people who, as events proved, came to enjoy themselves at your expense. That it was an exercise by some to make money need not be dwelt upon.

But what a welcome cha nge this holiday has been! No fields of litter to depress one, no nudery or scenes of copulation before the family to depress one, no need of financial assistance for the horizontally inclined workshy, and no special cleaning of the ferries. Nothing but peace and contentment for you all and another year's grace in which to restore the damage wrought upon your tourist industry. You have just seen what happened to the unfortunate village of Weeley, when its people and local authority have experienced their first taste of a pop festival. You saw once again the dregs of society enjoying themselves in a manner still only appreciated by themselves, and it is with these scenes still fresh in your mind that you should all thank the Isle of Wight County Council for their judgement tnat in insisting that no pop festival should be held here this year.

This decision, it would seem, was taken becuase of the reluctance of the promoter to provide the council with suffieciently adequate information of his intentions in time for the necessary detailed preparations to be made to safeguard the health and welfar of the Island, its population and visitors. As experience has shown, pop festivals can only be made tenable for those attending them, and, equally important, although sometimes overlooked by their promotor, for those not attending them, if they are intensively organised with proper attention being paid to each and every detail.

The Island's leaders are not men and women lacking in courage, and if their sustenancedepends on your support then you must be prepared to ensure that they have it. Such issues are not decided by faint hearts or dithering and twittering sycophants you can do well without.

A moving plea by a Navaho woman for the strip-mine operators to stop ruining her land in the American southwest is reprinted in 'Conservation News'. The plea, in the form of an Arizona court affidavit by Kee Shelton's mother, declares, when translated:

"The coal mine is destroying our grazing lands because the grass is being put under the earth and our sheep are getting thin and not having many lambs. The mine also destroys our springs and water holes . . . the explosions scare our horses.

"The whites have neglected and misused the Earth . . . our mother. The whiteman is ruining our mother. I don't know the white man's ways but to us the Mesa, the air, the water are Holy Elements. We pray to these Holy Elements in order for our people to flourish and perpetuate the well-being of each generation.

"How can we give something of value to Mother Earth to repay the damages that the mining has done to her. We still ask for her blessings and healing even when she is hurt."

Maintaining that this society "is the most chemically oriented, pill-conscious one in history." Dr William Abruzzi, the top medical man at Woodstock and subsequent festivals, charges that the advertising and communications media have contributed to a feeling that to suffer even mild discomfort is a sign of weakness or ignorance or both. "The self-deceptive illusion that these ills may be softened or postponed by drug usage may be one of the chief unconscious motivations for the widespread use of dangerous chemicals," he write in 'Win'.

HEADS

Do we really have a marihuana problem in America, he asks, or is it something that is a result of excessive concern over our youth — a furthering of our own puritanical and hysterical legislation of people's individual habits and excesses?

But there is truly an epidemic of hard drug usage, the doctor says, and the way to deal with that is not with ,ore policemen and more more policemen and more punishments but with programs of education, therapy and rehabilitation.

"I submit to you that the kind of disillusionments that exist with what our society represents is a factor in drug abuse as we see it today. Maybe not a conscious factor but at least an unconscious one. If indeed the human spirit is supposed to be looking for meaningful interpersonal values, it isn't going to find any in a society which is as detached and alienated as this one is."
Other Scenes.

The Scotland Road Free School: The school will be a community school totally involved with its environment. It will not seek to impose its own values, but will have as its purpose a total acceptance of the people and the area. It means, perhaps, an enlargement of the 'social' as opposed to the 'academic' function of the school.

The aims cannot be dismissed as impractical or Utopian as comparison with the Danish system will reveal. At this time in Denmark there are 174 free schools.

'Here the educational milieu tends to be fairly permissive and informal, with a heavy emphasis on creativity in the arts and stress on development of co-operation and humanitarianism. These schools are based on the principal that pupils must be allowed a great deal of democratic freedom, that the students ought to play an active role in the educational process and running of the school as the teacher, that creativity be emphasised, and that parents play an active part in the daily workings of the school.' Estelle Fuchs 'The Free School of Denmark', Saturday Review, 1969.

These principles will be emphasised in the Scotland Road Free School.

The school will not have a headmaster or an hierarchy, nor will it recognise any central authority, but will be controlled by the parents, teachers and children together. This would be achaived by a school council.

The school will operate as a day school but will never close, whilst people desire to use its facilities. Lessons will not be compulsory, the onus will be upon the teacher to stimulate the children sufficiently to attend. At the same time the school will offer its participants a range of social and academic activities comparable with state schools. These activities will be ascertained by observation and pupil-staff consultation.

The school will be co-educational and will admit children between the ages of seven and sixteen years. Eventually the aim is to lower the age of entry and lengthen the school leaving age. It is hoped that parents will run pre-school playgroups in the school.

We wish to say that the education process should continue throughout a person's life, but at the moment within the present structure the money allotted to an average pupil attending a university place is 10 times greater than for a person leaving school at 15. A major area of activity for the Scotland Road Free School will be to demonstrate how a community school can continue the educational process into all areas of life throughout life.

The Scotland Road Free School needs support! It needs the support of all those who believe in the ideas and principles above. But most of all it needs money!!!

Please will those interested contact The Scotland Road Community Trust, 149a, Limekiln Lane, Liverpool 5.

SPEED, fast reading is a moderately innovative magazine that aims to explore and expand the counter culrture with a view to the reconstitution of society itself along the lines of that culture. Formally loose, but conceptually heavy, we hope to encourage the level of free thought equal to our experience. We're tired of hacks whose one-way McLuhanism has let them waffle along Easy Street for years: our message and medium will differ substantially from the sycophantic scrawl of the rock press and the equally mechanical drool of the formerly underground press. The underground's gone deeper. To generate genuine penetrative depth of analysis, and to stimulate controversy, prophecy, art itslfe and generally making radical waves of the imagination; to build the unity of our people, tribes and outlaws, will project syntheses of our culture functioning as our community, our community functioning as our culture, our thought as our life, and our life as art. And we'll do it good.

Specifically SPEED fast reading will:

Analyze straight society and free societies, emphasising the potential and means of the freak to transform the squack.

Explore alternative lifestyles and art-forms, developing self-critical perspectives within a transcendant affirmation of our identity as a people.

Review Movement and alternative cultute books, music, comics, press, media and cop-an ephemeral ripoffs to oblivion.

Publish articles, essays, satire, cartoons. art, potences and molkraking assaults on the swain empire.

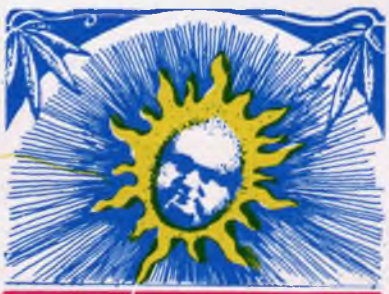
Serve to unify and improve communications among brothers and sisters, energy centres and liberation fronts throughout the world.

SPEED, fast reading needs:

Participants — writers in politics, art, music, gerilla theatre, comix underground press, electronic media, film, fiction, sex, sexual politics, criticism, prophecy, sci-fi, interdisciplinary & integrative counter-culture studies, etc, etc, and other species of your thing. We also need art, comix and photography.

Feedback — In order to make SPEED fast reading a dialogue within the community, we hope to pass comments, criticism and ideas from you. And we hope that you'll pass this around to any friends who might be interested in us.

Write: SPEED, fast reading, BOX 1317, New York City, 10001.



OTHER SCENES

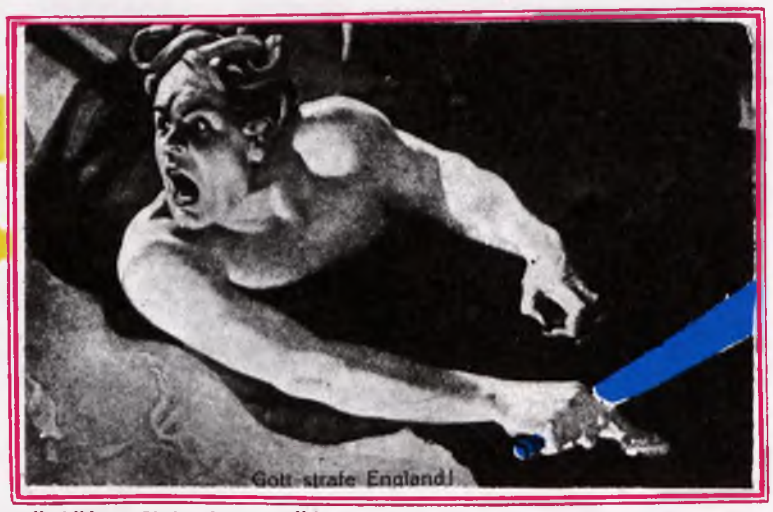
For next four columns send $1 to Box 8, Village Post Office, New York 10014

Dear Friends,

I would like info from the following people on the following subjects: Anyone who has had either visual, oral or audeo contact with UFOs. Any one who is interested in the ley system of the British Isles or the rest of the world. Reports of leys, stone circles, burial grounds, psycic contact with unexplainable people events and places. Also contact with the following people who I have lost contact with, Rick Meller last seen in Quetta, Tony Lambert last heard of in France, Lindos, Tiger and Mur last seen at yennas in Istanbul.

Thanks and love,
Barry Fitton,
57 Bellshill Cresent,
Belfield, Rochdale,
Lancs.

Fillmore founder Bill Graham, who once taped a shoe polish commercial hopes to resume his long-interrupted acting career via a cameo role in the movie version of 'The Godfather'. . . . Rumours abound in Michigan that John Sinclair, jailed for 10 years in 1969 for giving two joints to an undercover police agent, may be released before the end of the year . . . The whole idea of doing an opera called "Jesus Christ, Superstar" is deplorable to start with but the undignified squealing from the greedy Robert Stigwood Group and the endless legal suits they're bringing to try and stop people performing it is even more degrading . . .



The Rock Liberation Front and Rock Culture Movement has been formed by David Peel and the Lower East Side and AJ Weberman, Dylanologist; in order to establish a relationship of understanding and participation in the world of rock. It's a world of fun, peace, and happiness.

This privilege should not be extended to only the rock professionals, but should be part of everybody's life.

Our rock culture has been getting ripped off too long! There's got to be a stop to this . . . right now! We are all going to help together and help each other.

Here are some of the actions we propose to do:

1. Have demonstrations against ripoff people in the world of rock.
2. Demand and have free concerts from professional and up and coming rock groups.
3. Have free rock seminars.
4. Have rock culture and liberation front chapters started throughout the USA and world.
5. Have a rock'n' roll institute — free tuition (Chuck Berry — Part 1 and 2 etc).
6. Have rock culture centers throughout US and world.
7. Have free international rock music people's hostels throughout the world.
8. Have a newsletter of all our activities.
9. Demand lower prices for rock concerts.
10. Have folk and rock workshops.
11. Audience participation with music artists.
12. Free services and help from all phases of professional rock.
13. Free music be-ins — locally, nationally, and internationally.
14. Learn how to record, publish, write perform, prepare yourself in the rock field.
15. Own a real peoples music company — controlled by the people.
16. Eventually having a 'International Arts and Culture Center' for all.
17. Helping the 'Movement' through culture.
18. Helping people who are really in need for help.
19. Keeping aware of the crooks in the rock profession and in the rock movement.
20. Celebrate our own rock holidays.
21. Internation rock cultural exchange throughout the world.
22. Finally — any suggestions that you come up with — let us know!

Free rock 'n' roll — join the RLF/RCM!!

For the people who want to join the rock Liberation Front, write to: Rock Culture Movement, Rock Liberation Front, 209 East 5th Street, East Village, NY 10003.

After the news of Jim Morrison's death was announced, a Washington Post reporter called up his mother in Arlington, to get her comments. 'Is my son dead?' she asked him. As the reporter prepared for an outpouring of grief, Mrs Morrison's maternal feelings rather surprised him:

'As far as I'm concerned,' she announced, 'he died six years ago when he took off his pants in front of the audience.' Then she hung up.

Because Luxembourg has no crematorium, citizens who want their relatives cremated ship the urns of ashes back. Now the Luxembourg government has slapped an 8 per cent tax on the imported ashes defining them as "materials processed by a foreign firm and reimported as a finished product."

Mrs Pat Nixon, one of Washington's most public spirited citizens, is busy on a new civic project — turning her girlhood home into a museum.

The house, in Cerritos, Calif, is being developed into a museum by the local Chamber of Commerce. Mrs N, who dedicated the house and adjoining 'Pat Nixon Park' in 1970, is taking 'an active role' in the project.

The museum is supposed to tell the story of Mrs Nixon's life through the years that led her to the White House and the place as the US's First Lady. She has also made it known that Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls are very welcome to use the place. (UPS)

'Nomads': the London-based Globetrotters' Club (BCM Roving, London WC1) is a worldwide organization of travelers who are more used to riding on donkeys and bicycles than in cars and buses. Some of them have been wandering around the world for a score or more years.

Float in Liquid Luxury

The Aquarius Water Bed

2 Blenheim Crescent
London W11
01 727 2895

AQUARIUS ENTERPRISES

Just the other day we wuz sittin round an talkin an someone said that IT was 5 years old this October. We thought about that fer a while. Things like 'the psychedelic revolution is 5 years old' an 'wow, wasn't it different then' seemed to float through minds. Yeah Five Years ago the London Free School was flourishing along with weekly raves at All Saints Hall in Powis Square. UFO was germinating, the whole Frak Thing was about to explode into (to quote Anne Sharpley Evening Standard at the time) a 'Lost Psychedelic Weekend'. Hippies were starting to spring up all over the place and everywhere a tremendous surge of enthusiasm and hope seemed to hang in the air. The Pink Floyd were starting to play an so were the Soft Machine. The Roundhouse was acquired for the opening launch and out of nowhere a horde of wierdos appeared to well and truly launch the International Times. 'Hip people take the Times' was the comment from Printing House Square. Rats abounded in the Roundhouse then, along with incense, marijuana and LSD.

IT has been sort of bi-weekly ever since and it comes into the house these days quite regularly filled with cheerful belligerence, odd humour and solid street politics. Good stuff Yas O Yas. Its sort of the official 'underground paper' a little bit of an institution and a lot different now than it was in October 1966. Those early issues now seem quite unremarkable but at the Time! BUT after 5 fucking years what else have we access to apart from the Underground Press. We seem to be back where we started to a certain extent. There are several Charity Organisations, great-Communication between the needy. Rock music which once seemed to hold such hope as a social tool, belongs solidly to record companies, promoters and richer than thou musicians. No social change there. Every rock hall in London is straight owned or straight controlled (what has happened to Implosion and the Roundhouse?) busily making money fer straight enterprise. No money fer underground purposes there unless you're on trial and desperate to pay lawyers. Are there any Cinemas? Hmm, yes, the Electric. Any coffee houses, restaurants, Psychedelic Shax? No.

There is consequently no economic basis for most freaks to survive on no jobs, no money. So whaddya do? Get some straight job an dream about violent revolution, become a full time student, go straight, drop out an starve an hustle an barely survive, deal dope and perhaps go inside.

Is it any use to fight the cops on the streets or to bomb ministers or freak into mental institutions? Is it important to achieve anything for all of society, is it possible? Will we drown in our own pollution first? Should w all become practising Buddhists Full Time? Naaah, what seems necessary is just to take to heart that old maxim 'to live outside the law you must be honest' — even to yourself. In other words practise what ya preach an recognise that to all practical purposes to be a freak is to be an outlaw. It requires acceptance of the outlaw role, to be constantly harrassed by the law, to be the subject of dislike and hatred from the majority, to be some kind of instantly identifiable alien — a long haired nigger, an thas a fact!

So to survive we have got to be a lot more together and prepared to get down to a number of things that require effort. For instance raising money, visiting charities, organising food buying groups, getting a Rock Hall together that puts the money back to the community rather than to a board of Directors and shareholders. It's strange but it seems almost the same as it did in 1966 except that there are more of us and perhaps we're a little wiser now. We won't get fooled again?

Eco-freaks everywhere will enjoy a new mag oriented towards their interests: Street Farmer.

Produced by Bruce Hoggart and Peter Crump in London, it comes in a polythene bag, coloured predominantly green and with its spreads unstitched together.

Naturally its topics are based around the environment and what is happening within and without it. Visuals predominate and explanations are in cartoon form unless, it seems, words are absolutely inevitable.

Any enquiries, street sellers etc ring 485-3107. This ish should be on the streets till Xmas, when number two will emerge.

Charges against STYNG, Yorkshire's number one (and only) alternative rag, brought last summer by Leeds City police, have been dropped. All Hail. One of the contributory factors may well have been the story that appeared in STYNG 5 — referring to the activities of one Barnsley cop, whose idea of a fun time was to pick up hitching girls, take them up onto the moors and rape them. STYNG's story was enough to get an official investigation into the uniformed perve and it looks like one good turn has created another. Thanx to 'Suck' reader Superintendant Storey, boss of Barnsley law. Of course enough is enough — and STYNG still face charges for allowing two minors to street-sell for them. The saga lurches on.

Reg King—A Voice in a Million.
Monster Album available now--
"Reg King" UAS 29157
See him "live" with
B.B. Blunder.

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

The OZ Obscenity Trial at the Old Bailey was the longest and most expensive trial of its kind in legal history. It encompassed more than a million spoken and recorded words and cost the British taxpayer in excess of £75,000.

This gigantic eighty page, glossy souvenir programme, 8¾" x 11¾" represents a chronological diary of events leading up to the trial with edited highlights from the court transcript and an enormous selection of photographs, press coverage and comment. Published by Ink Publishers in association with two of the (ex-) editors of OZ, James Anderson and Felix Dennis, here is the inside story of what one newspaper called '. . . a declaration of war on the alternative culture. . .', and what Judge Michael Argyle impassively described as '. . . just another trial, ladies and gentlemen. . .'.

OUT SOON at your local newsagent, all branches of New Scotland Yard, or mail order direct from INK and OZ. Price: 50p. Percentage of profits to the OZ Appeal Fund.

Dope: Widely reprinted throughout the alternative press was the disclosure by the American Historical Reference Society that seven different US presidents smoked pot: Washington, Madison and Jefferson cultivated it on their plantations . . . Pierce, Taylor and Jackson smoked it with their troops, especially during the Mexican War . . . Monroe brought the habit back from France and continued smoking until he was 73. "Pot was common among tobacco growers for when mixed with tobacco it gave a mild intoxicating effect, the leaves and resins were used to season food and as medicine." . . .

Be wary of the money-raising organization called 'Norml' (National Organization for Reform of Marihuana Laws) which sounds like an FBI front. In their recent as in the allegedly CIA-backed 'Ramparts' Norml declared: "We do not advocate the use of marihuana" — a strange statement from a group that is appealing for funds to legalise it. There are of course many more honest organizations —such as Lemar — that not only want it legalized but actively proselytize Nixon's plan to stop Turkish opium production is proselytize its use . . .

Austin's 'Rag' pointed out that the joy over Nixon's plan to stop Turkish opium production is premature because — apart from the fact that the market will just shift elsewhere — most of Turkey's crop goes into the production of morphine, the cheapest and most effective pain killer known. "With the end of Turkish opium most of the world's doctors will have to use synthetic painkillers, expensive and manufactured at high rates of profit by US drug companies. Ain't Free Enterprise great?".

As of now, MAGIC (Manchester Alternative General Information Centre), is operating a free 24-hour info and referral service. We are prepared to tackle anything if we can't help you ourselves. We probably know of someone who can.

To make all this available we need the following: info on what's happening, joba and flats going, crashpads and anthing that can help us stay afloat — cigarette coupons green shield stamps, even money. And mainly we need people willing to devote a little time and energy towards making MAGIC work.

All concerned write to: MAGIC, 7 Summer Terrace, Manchester 14. 061-224-9087.

What may be the world's only freak-run gas station is Carter-Johnson Service along Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue. The Texaco franchise fell vacant and after some hassles bearded Ron Carter, 24, acquired it. Now acid rock blares from the loudspeakers, a huge wooden peace sign sits around, and reports 'Sundaze', 'the man who wears the star' is quite likely to be wearing the symbol of the Red Guards. Apart from constant ripoffs and too much shooting up in the restrooms, the station is doing fine and will soon take on two more mechanics to cope with increasing business.

I suggest that in our culture today there is a notable absence of light, and a ominous preocupation with what St Paul, in his Letter to the Ephesians , calls the unfruitful works of darkness.

I have worked in the Media — press radio and television — for forty years past. As I well know, they are largely in the hands of those who, for one reason and another, favor our present descent into decadence and godlessness. It is high time that the others — who are many, many times more numerous — made thier voices heard.

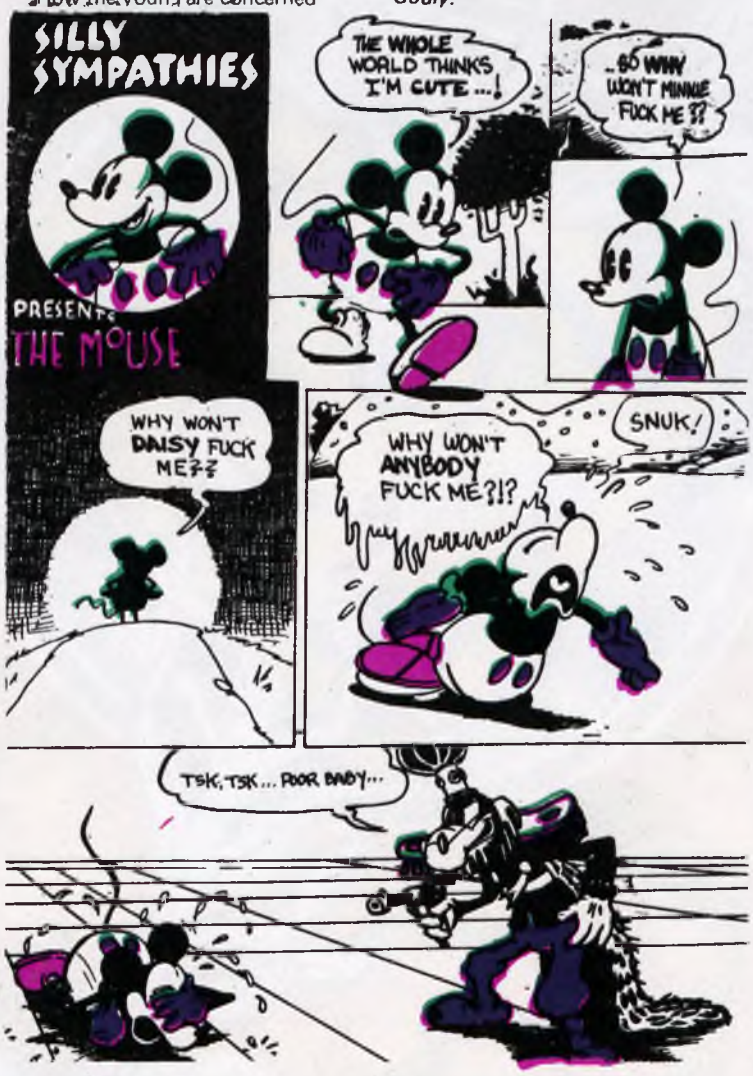
I know...how deep is the concern today about the moral pollution of our nation, and especially the deliverate and systematic corrruption of the young. How parents are concerned with their children and artists and writers and musicians about the degredation of our language, literature and art.

How the young are concerned about their future, and the old about the world they will leave behind them. Above all how Christians are concerned about the erosion of their faith.

I share this concern myself as I see the shadow of the dope-peddlar and the pornographer fall across my grandchildren and grieve over the pollution of the English language that I have so loved and tried so hard to use with grace and truth.

...The forces of darkness are powerful and persuasive. They insist that is possible to fly away to freedom on the plastic wings of sex and drugs and violnece. Thereby they pollute minds as surely as a greedy technology pollutes air and sea and rivers and land.....'

And then...a few words from Malcolm 'I just don't like homosexuals' Muggeridge. Excerpted from 'Buzz', like it or not, the journal of the Youthful Godly.



Mediamix: If you want to get advance warning of an approaching tornado turn your TV set on, darken the screen until amost black and then switch to an unused channel. As a tornado approaches the screen will begin to glow with a strong bright light.

Canada will ban ALL advertising of tobacco and cigarettes not only on television but in any media after the end of this year.

A new device to convert black and white sets into colour for under 100 dollars may be abailable within a few months according to the hip TV newsletter 'Videa 1000' which also forecasts the availability of (i) a TV alert that can turn your set on from Civil Defense headquarters; (ii) built-in time signals which would not only appear on the screen but reset all the clocks in the house; and (iii) a split screen set so that one screen could be 'frozen' for closer study by pressing a button.

The Schools Action Union wants to draw attention to the tact that our mail is being tampered with, so if you've written to us and not received a reply: write again and , if possible phone to tell us that you've written.

We were there, were you . . .
URGENT —
Anyone who saw the arrests at the Festival of Light at Trafalgar Sq. and/or Hyde Park: we need witnesses, photographs, witnessed statements with addresses. Please contact Gay Liberation Front, 5 Caledonian Road, London N1. Phone 837 7174.

Will the blonde-haired girl who approached Jon (the first guy to be arrested — large hat and shoulder bag — just before his arrest please get in touch with him at Frendz: 969-5557. You are urgenlty needed as a defence witness.

People who just 'drop-in' on communes without warning have been causing a lot of problems. Britain's best-known commune, Selene, has had numerous crashers about whom co-ordinator Tonky Kelly writes: "Oddly few of them seem aware that they are one of many or that it costs something to feed them or that we can spend all day discussing macrobiotics, revolution, yoga, etc. — or even that we get bored discussing things with so many people, and with so little feedback and covering more or less the same ground."

Selene, situated at Cymnu in Wales, finally solved the problem by accepting only those who, apart from covering their expenses, "had a genuine interest in communes as a way of life rather than as convenient crashpads."

Army Captain Leonard G Goldman was courtmartialed in Vietnam in 1968 for dereliction of duty (failing to safeguard prisoners and failing to report a non-battle death). The story of his conviction only came out this year, in the US Court of Military Appeals.

It involves the rape and torture of two Viet Cong nurses (aged 14 and 17) by members of an infantry platoon, and the murder of one of them in an effort to get a third prisoner to talk. This took place three months after My Lai in the Dragon Valley, near Chu Lai.

Witnesses said that about 15 US soldiers took turns with the two girls in a foxhole. The next day another VC prisoner was forced to shoot the 14 year-old while a sergeant stood with an M-16 at his head. Then a lieutenant fired to shots into her head from his M-16, blowing out her brains. The lieutenant and another soldier then dragged the body into some bushes.

Goldman, the company commander, received a reprimand and a 1200 dollar fine at the court-martial - held at the division base camp to prevent the facts spreading to the US. The Court of Military Appeal upheld the sentence. (UPS)

The Black Workers League is trying to mobilise black workers in respect of their rpoblems. They want to involve the advanced black workers in the various situations involving the mass of black workers in their factories and localities, and thus want to involve the non-political workers in organised struggle. Their Central Committee is at 27, St Charles Sq., W10. Days: 735-2102, Nights 960-0636. All sessions of the BWL courses (including Self-defense, Marxism, the position and potential of the Black Worker in Britian) are held in All Saints Church, Powis Gardens, W 11.

SURVIVAL?

1. This Planet Is Dying — Fast

In the last three decades man has changed the delicate patterns of life on this planet in ways which would have taken millions of years to occur naturally (not that most of them would ever occur naturally). These changes have been executed bit by mindlessbit with absolutely no consideration for life. It is hardly surprising that already life on this planet is on the way out: evolution has been thrown into reverse. Populations of most organisms (other than man and pesticide-resistant insects) are crashing. Whole species are becoming extinct at an absurd rate. The variety of living things is being reduced: a marine biologist estimates a general reduction of 20% in the number of species in the oceans (some areas are far worse off). Diseased organisms (especially fish and humans) are on the increase. Biological productivity is slumping (by an estimated 30% in the oceans).

Biologists who bother to consider the problem, and few do, expect man to become one of the next species to become extinct. One gives us a 2 to 3 per cent chance of making it to 2000, another gives us a 50-50 chance of making it to 1980. Both are pissing around (they don't have anything like the knowledge to be so precise — nor does anyone else) but their message is clear. Meanwhile the conservationists are worrying about dirt, Lord Longford and his cronies are whining about moral pollution and somewhere in Amazonia various blissful tribes who have never met the goddam white black mauve yellow man are truckin' on regardless.

The news gets worse and worse every day. Because our slide to extinction is reported in such a piecemeal uncomprehending fashion it is difficult to realise just how far up against the wall we have pushed ourselves. The media are interested in local rather than global catastrophes, cute, furry animals rather than the more critically important phytoplankton, dirty beaches rather than devastated oceans. Here's some of the news they have missed.

The Seas. What goes up must come down. On this planet down usually means the oceans and seas — consequently most of the crap man has dumped has ended up there. The seas not only cover most of the surface of the planet, they also contain the majority of its living matter. It is, therefore, depressing to hear angry marine biologists tell us that all the seas have slipped a long way into decline and that that decline could well be irreversible — ie. there may be nothing we can do except, possibly, slow things down.

Press reports of isolated instances of pollution 'accidents' give us the mistaken feeling that compared to the vastness of the planet only small amounts of shit are being chucked about. This is a tragic misconception. Take oil.

Oil is basically 'natural' inasmuch as it consists of the products of millions and millions of ancient organisms compressed by geological processes. The composition of oil is, as one would expect, similar to that of existing living organisms. After water, hydorcarbons are the major component of most life forms — and of oil. It is therefore alarming to read that there is much, much more hydorcarbon in the world's seas in the form of oil than in the form of living matter — and there's plenty more being added every day. Oil can be found at any time, in the form of tar particles, droplets and slicks, right across the North Atlantic Ocean. As a result life is being decimated right out to mid-ocean (the oil deprives living organisms of oxygen, smothers them reduces the amount of sunlight reaching them, poisons them and generally wrecks them).

In addition to oil the seas are being dosed with a ludicrous range of chemicals in vast quantities. As legislation tightens up on land, more poison will end up in the sea. There's enough arsenic in one single Baltic dump to kill the entire human population of the world three times over. Back in 1966 the Russian biologist Polykarpov, the only man alive to have made a comprehensive survey of the effects of radiation on sea-life, stated flatly that 'further radioactive contamination of the seas is inadmissable'. It has of course increased a lot since then. Lead used to be one of the rarest metals in the sea. There are now hundreds of millions of tons of it in the sea.

Some seas are at death's door right now. Vast areas of the Baltic Sea contain nothing longer than an inch — they used to be rich in fish. The Baltic is expected to collapse completely and go the way of the Great Lakes in a mere two or three years. Cousteau predicts that within three years the Mediterranean will be dead for 15 miles out from the shore — all the way round its perimeter. The oceans of the Northern hemisphere are in serious decline: fish catches are falling (despite all the technomaniac efforts to pull more and more fish out). The phytoplankton, minute sea-plants which are thought to supply 60% of the oxygen we breathe are far less numerous than they were and their productivity has been reduced by the fact that they are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain their vital fixes of solar energy (thanks to the increasing turbidity of the atmosphere and of sea-water).

The Air. The entire atmosphere is fucked. It's far more serious than local spectacularly, visually obvious messes (such as the photochemical smog of Los Angeles) might indicate. A 1968 UNESCO conference concluded that man had only 20 years to go (three have already gone) before the world became uninhabitable for man — due to air pollution alone. Experiments have shown that in the middle and temperate latitudes it only takes 15-25 days for airial pollutants to circumnavigate the globe. If you run away to the country don't expect to avoid poisonous air — there's jsut as much strontium-90 and lead in the sea air of the Shetlands as in London.[2]

The Land. Russian estimates indicate that man has removed two thirds of the planet's forest cover. Together with the phytoplankton these are the planet's main source of oxygen . . .

2. The People Aren't Any Better Off Than Their Planet.

It is appropriate that in addition to wrecking our planet we should fill our bodies with shit. Most people on this planet are underfed. The minority who do eat, eat shit.

The Indian has at his disposal today less than half the food which his ancestors had a century ago. This great triumph of imperialism and progress over the primitive forces of darkness is only surpassed by the knowledge that whilst most people starve a minority is worried by the 'problem' of agricultural over-production and is busy dumping and destroying its extra food (see 'Food Explosion' by David Ramsay Steele in OZ 19).

The people who are eating are eating strange food. However organic, natural or whole, everything we eat has some unintended additive: radiationactive substances, lead and pesticides brought down from the skies by the rain and so on. Processed food has anything added to it which the pharmaceutical companies can get away with — ie. just about anything they feel like. Analysis of the tissue of Americans shows them to have more DDT in them than is permitted in meat sold at butchers. Moral: don't eat Americans.

Equally as impressive as the progress in food production are the great strides made in medicine. Thanks to the wonders of science and technology a middle-aged western man (figures don't exist for anyone else — just as well) can expect to live a wonderful three years more than his counterpart in 1841. When he dies there is a whole new range of diseases to choose from: coronary heart disease, peptic ulcer, lung cancer, any other cancer or diabetes. These diseases are known as the diseases of civilisation or, more aptly, as the degenerative diseases. Doctors reckon you can mess your body around for twenty years before the effects catch up — this usually causes degeneration to set in round about the age of 45. Expectations are that degenerative diseases will increase and that the life expectancy of over-45s will fall.

Expectations for the future of food production are equally bleak. The total annual world fish catch is actually declining. Food production lags population increases in most of the third world. More of the world's protein is being wasted on cats, dogs, pigs and other animate appurtenances of the rich-man — who clearly rates them higher than his fellow man. Underlying this terrible physical deprivation are the physical threats of conventional man-to-heli copter imperialist warfare, chemical and biological warfare and good ole thermonuclear warfare. If a small country like Denmark could (and did) cheaply develop enough biological weapons to destroy the entire human race you can imagine how much of the stuff is stashed in America and Russia. Nuclear scientists consider that recent changes in nuclear weapons technology are such that the risk of accidental or deliberate, war are greater than they have ever been. Couple this with the proliferation of nuclear weapons and the fact that some scientists feel that it is now technically possible for private individuals to build their very own atomic bombs. Might as well remember, whilst we're at it, that annual expenditure by world governments on military crap increased once again last year (both absolutely and relative to expenditure on everything else) and that one fifth of the world's scientists are employed by the military. If the planet doesn't die beforehand, the pressures induced by the widening void between the increasingly undernourished, increasingly diseased third worlders and the overfed first worlders could easily cause the outbreak of a disastrous lunatic war of revenge. Meanwhile the competition between different factions of the greedy rich is sufficient to kill a good few people every year.

On top of this obvious physical deprivation and the dangers of war it is necessary to consider the escalating mental oppression of man. More of us wig out and commit suicide every year. No wonder. Swezey, in 'Monopoly Capitalism', does a good job of describing the sterility of monopoly capitalist societies. State capitalist societies such as Russia are no better off. The slide towards '1984' is amazing to behold — even the minutest predictions turn out to be accurate (the American spacefreaks and war strategists have developed Newspeak to a remarkable extent and the Russians have been editing undesirables out of photographs for some years: Dubcek has disappeared from many photographs and been replaced by carefully touched up scenery).

3. The Common Cause

It is no coincidence that the collapse in the life support systems of this planet and the decline in the mental and physical condition of the people who inhabit it should occur simultaneously. Both are caused by one thing. That one thing is an exponentially expanding, increasingly centralist, increasingly authoritarian,

increasingly inflexible, increasingly unresponsive dinosaur of a system which feeds on greed and mentally and physically enslaves everyone caught within it whilst tearing up and poisoning all forms of life outside it.

Barry Commoner has shown, using the dinosaur's own statistics, how the rapid decline of the environment is directly linked to the post-war technological boom – particularly the auto- obil mobile, petrochemical and agribusiness industries. These have caused a massive switch from natural to synthetic products. More power is needed to produce synthetics, they are difficlut for natural processes to break up and their by-products can be equally difficult. It is traditional to blame the third world population explosion – rather than our saviour technology – for the ills of the world. This is little better than an excuse for genocide abroad and class warfare at home (the workers, as well as those nasty foreigners, breed like rabbits). As it takes fifty Indians to get through as much crap as one American gets through in his or her life this seems a trifle unfair. It also neglects to mention that the effective way to stop population explosions is not to sterilise people (in return for a free transistor radio) but to cease exploiting them and to cease to remove the products of their labour. If the third world received the fruits of its labour the various motivations to breed would be removed.

The sick joke of the dinosaur system is that it enslaves everyone involved in it. The apparent bosses are mindless old farts with no real power and a semi-total inability to enjoy any 'benefits' accruing to their immoral positions (make a million bucks and realise your greatest dream: have your impotent prick teased by a bunny). It is however difficult to feel compassion for the bastards when one examines the enormous greed involved. America contains 5.7% of the worlds total population and accounts for 40% (this is a low estimate, some say 70%) of annual total world consumption of resources. Of course only a minority of the American population gets its hands on the goodies – so that in the end it's probably far less than one per cent of the population of the world which is ripping off the majority of its resources. This inequity of distribution is mirrored by the inequity of responsibility for the destruction of the environment. Whilst the effects are global the causes are predominantly local: the industrial nations are busy finishing this planet off for everybody.

The dinosaur maintains its grip by stamping out concern and care for fellow humans and living things and by replacing it with greed, competition and a feeling of insecurity. The latter is linked to a carefully contrived dependence on the system brought about by division of labour, specialisation, expertisation and professionalism (this is even carried to the extent of passing on the unpleasant task of feeling to specialists, artists, who have unfortunately forgotten how to do the job). Each of us is reduced to a dumb motherfucker who needs someone else to feed him, clothe him, house him, transport him, tell him how to pass his alloted leisure time. The fact that these needs are rarely satisfied and that when they are someone somewhere suffers terribly as a consequence is politely explained away by yet more specialists – the media liars.

This physical fragmentation, contrived dependence and increasing control is all echoed mentally by our bizarre attitudes (see Erich Fromm 'The Fear Of Freedom'). Even if some friendly Venusians landed tomorrow and kidnapped every single director and major executive of the major international corporations and all the governments of the world we would be lost and simply recreate the old mess. We need something far more drastic. Something which will shock us into thinking, feeling and acting as one. Some people expect 25 million refugees from Bangla Desh to die this winter. Even if this terrible forecast is exceeded we will probably try and explain it away. Maybe most of us are too far gone.

4. Business As Usual

The dinosaur plods on regardless of its pending doom. Bits of it mutter about dirt, filth, poor salmon fishing, blue whales, the cost of cleaning up pollution and so on but it seems to have no complete conception of the gravity of the situation or any plans for remedial action. In its slow stupid uncoordinated way it makes the occasional pathetic token gestures. Vague threats are made that in the distant future cars will have to pollute less. Too late. After-burners are shoved on exhaust-tubes to boost an ailing platinum industry and to make car pollution less visible (out of sight, out of mind: the emissions of after-burners are in fact more noxious than those of straight exhaust tubes).

You will be pleased to hear that the 'Readers Digest' response to the death of man is a special insert entitled 'Pollution Control 1971 'full of fascinating fairy stories about industry's wonderful attempts to clean itself up. It is a common fallacy that all we need is a bit more of the same and we will be alright. All we have to do is tie up billions of tons of rapidly diminishing metals and tie millions more people to deadly production lines to manufacture devices to clean up crap which could easily not have been produced in the first place and everything will be alright. Bullshit. The death of the planet has been made taboo (naughty to be a prophet of doom), consumerised (Buy Coke In Special Recycle Can), voterised (Vote Nader For A Clean America) and fragmented (so that massive birdkills and fishkills look as if they have nothing to do with industry). All the dinosaur can do is ignore the problem or pretty it up (like Coke) or attack anyone who persists in spreading the word.

Rachel Carson came under ridiculous attack from the insecticide industry for publishing 'Silent Spring':

'Unfortunately . . . members of the chemical industry in this country and in Western Europe must deal with sinister influences, whose attacks on the chemical industry have a dual purpose: (1) to create the false impression that all business is grasping and immoral, and (2) to reduce the use of agricultural chemicals in this country and in countries of western Europe, so that our supply of food will be reduced to east-curtain parity. Many innocent groups are financed and led into attacks on the chemical industry by these sinister parties.' Louis Maclean of the Velsicol Chemical Corporation.

More recently we have seen how the American Atomic Energy Commission zapped Goffman and Tamplin for daring to suggest that far too much radiation was being leaked by the AEC into the environment. We have seen Mobil Oil's pathetic attempts to cover up a report that lead additives to petrol cause dangerous air pollution. We have watched Shell's unsuccessful attempts to stop 'Environment' and 'New Scientist' from printing the truth about the potential hazards of Vapona fly-strips. We have haard Dr Frank Mellanby warn the British Association that scientists employed by British government ministries had been muzzled when they made embarrassing environmental discoveries. What have we not been told?

Another frightening response is the Paul Elrich brand of Big Brotherism. He will calmly say that the last few American presidents have all been idiots and that America must stop stealing all the world's resources but in the same breath tells us that the only solution lies with some 'big businessmen' friends of his who have an outfit known as the Club Of Rome which is trying very hard to save the planet. Once again all we have to do is sit back whilst our every need is attended to by someone else. Of course some people will have to be coerced by the world government (for some reason, bigger and better than national government) not to breed. Otherwise everything will be fine – particularly for the big businessmen. Ehrlich has almost as big a following as Ralph Nader. The two of them could do strange things together.

It seems that the dinosaur would do anything rather than die quickly and quietly. It will drag on slowly messily and stupidly until we get something better together.

5. Survival

It seems inevitable that most, if not all, of us will be wiped out fairly soon. The northern hemisphere is more vulnerable than the south as it contains all the major industrial nations and the major imperialist states. Fortunately for the southern hemisphere the air and sea currents of the two hemispheres are largely separate – although ultimately a fraction of the crap floating about the north would penetrate to the south.

The most vulnerable regions of the northern hemisphere are the densely populated urban zones. The populations of these zones are made vulnerable because of their total dependence on the dinosaur for everything. The dinosaur is already overloaded, unable to provide the services intended but quite capable of producing poisons in food, air and water with the greatest of ease. The New York power cut of Nov 1965 which paralysed 80,000 square miles of America was a foretaste of things to come. Since then the power company that supplies most of New York's power needs has had to disband its sales promotion department because they have insufficient power shortages and
power stations to cope with existing demand. Severe power shortages and major breakdowns are now commonplace and customers are being told to conserve power (meanwhile the electrical appliances industry is spending a fortune attempting to con people into buying power-consuming devices of little practical use). Water supplies are likely to be inadequate in the very near future in densely populated zones – particularly southern England and water engineers warn that purity of the supply cannot be maintained for long. Mid-city transport systems are gumming up. The air of smog-ridden cities is fast becoming unbreathable. Air has been killing people for years but we haven't seen a thing yet: Kenneth Watt predicts a spectacular wave of mass deaths in California – perhaps beginning in Long Beach – starting in 1975.

Food production is becoming increasingly eratic as the structure and fertility of the soil deteriorates and pesticide-resistant pests proliferate. Overfed people are going to find it difficult to cope with a starvation diet. People who flip at the thought of the slightest disruption of their routine will find the mental stress of the coming catastrophes hard to take. They will find it hard to survive without continuously working card, TVs, fridges, cookers, pill-dispensing doctors and other knickknacks. They may also have difficulties coping with the violence directed at them by the desparately dispossessed. They seem to be worried enough by the mild start to the recession that we are seeing now.

Should anyone survive the coming mess, it would be totally absurd if they merely repeated the current cycle and continued the 'progress' habit only to produce yet another dinosaur hell bent for oblivion. The only way to survive is to start immediately to cease to be enslaved to the dinosaur. Those least enslaved tend to be: rural populations (subsistance farmers); populations of countries such as Tanzania and China, which have decentralised production, reduced the scale of much of their industrial plant and instigated the beginnings of peoples' control of production (China has just ordered the Concorde, is playing with nuclear weapons and still clings to similar dinosaur idiocies so she still has plenty to worry about); isolated hunter-gatherer societies; one or two communities of freaks, religious non-conformists; paratroopers and one or two other bits and pieces of the military. God knows how that lot would co-operate to off the dinosaur.

Whilst an increased awareness of the global environment would have to be part of any dinosaur substitute, a more important part would be a very loose decentralist society with a correspondingly dispersed man-size production system. Ludditism and reversion to old technologies is unnecessary – not to mention impossible. It will be necessary to ensure that any new techniques, machines or artefacts are comprehensible to everybody in society – ie. that they are small, simple and effective. People should clothe, shelter, transport, think and feel for themselves. As soon as responsibility is divided and the division is reinforced by habit, doctrine or ritual the stage is set for the return of the dinosaur. Most non-renewable resources will have been exhausted, or virtually exhausted, by existing technology so a switch will have to be made to renewable sources such as solar energy. An integral part of this change will be a change in mental attitudes. Just as monolithic artefacts (enslaving production lines, monstrous earth-fucking dams, enormous machines of destruction) will get the chop so monolithic concepts will have to go: goodbye God, Progress, Man The Master Of Nature, Country Competition, Helmsman Mao, Sailor Heath and Bob Dylan. It will be necessary to be flexible: the environment will be in a diseased, unpredictable state for millenia. It will be necessary to co-operate with, and love, not just each other but everything else that creeps, crawls, and fucks on this planet. All this is a basically easy step to take – it merely involves throwing away chains and simplifying and enjoying life. Right now, looking from the arsehole of the dying dinosaur it all seems remote. However, the collapse of the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Atlantic, the Pacific and all other oceans and seas, the collapse of the economies of all western nations, world famine, massive civil unrest, drastic shortage of water, pr and other resources – all within a decade or two – might change our perspective. These events are of course more likely to kill us.

I don't think there are many people who seriously believe that the revolution will be over by next month.

Even the greatest optimist in the movement will admit that the process required to bring about a major change in our social structure is, by definition, a long and gradual one. Alf Moorcraft's article (page 8) raises the question: is there time for revolution?

The destruction of this planet, the poisoning of air, land and sea, is a direct result of an industrialised consumer culture, and reflects totally the attitudes of a civilisation based wholly on principles of greed and exploitation.

In simple terms, it would seem that the human race cannot survive on this planet with the level of population and individual consumption that the present consciousness of society dictates.

The solid destructiveness of a capitalist structure is easily demonstrated by the example of the USA. For over two thousand years, the Indians maintained a culture that was based, instinctively, on sound ecological principles that both preserved the environment and gave the Indian a reasonable quality of life. The white man then moved in and, by force, substituted a culture that has, in only two hundred years, destroyed vast areas of air, land and water throughout the country.

It has always been obvious that humanity needs a major change in its consciousness if it is to survive as a species. The search for emotional security through consumption of material goods, and the preservation of order by fear and hostility, have to be removed if ecological and nuclear disaster are to be averted. This is the real basis of the concept of an alternative society.

If, as Alf tells us, capitalism has finally run its destructive course, and there is now a definite deadline of maybe twenty years for a total change in society if the earth is going to be able to support human life at all, it makes one very pessimistic as to whether a broadly based revolution has any chance of succeeding in time.

The freaks at least have the makings of a group without the extreme emotional need for material goods that obsesses the rest of society, and it would seem that the time is approaching for us to examine the possibility that, if it seems that revolutionary change cannot be achieved in time to avert disaster, it might be more productive, in the long run, to direct much of our energy to establishing systems whereby at least a small section of the population can survive in an increasingly hostile environment.

In "Dune", Frank Herbert created the fictional 'Fremen', whose culture, religion and technology were totally directed at survival in an environment almost completely lacking in water. In the same way it might prove necessary for the underground to begin to develop and promote a culture that is geared to surviving in an environment that has eventually been damaged to the point where even the air is unbreathable.

Although this is beginning to sound like a sci-fi fantasy, it is important to remember that the great science fiction stock situation the end of the world, does actually seem to be at hand.

There are already the seeds of survival techniques within the underground, although usually well hidden by some kind of consumer shuck. The rock festival, for instance, does provide the very minimum basis for many kinds of experimental communities.

Even in commercial terms, the traditional three day event is only just viable, the drawback being that the energy / money expended in setting up facilities that are only used for three days and then dismantled is extremely wasteful. If one thinks in terms of a permanent site, with a small permanent population and a variable number of transients, it then opens up all kinds of avenues to explore new social structures.

One of the notable things that could be observed at events like Glastonbury Fair was the way in which the ownership of property began to break down. The only advice that could be given to a cat who had his tent ripped off was to go and rip off another one; a situation that quickly opens the way to dealing with basic problems of food and shelter on a shared community basis rather than on an individual level. Already entertainment was operating on a collective pattern, rather than the isolated and individual system represented by the personal colour TV.

If a rock festival site was a constant piece of geography it would be a small problem to expand the life support systems as each subsequent event brought injections of energy and cash. Projects could be established to, say, recycle human waste eventually to yield auto fuel and plastics. With very slight adaptation all internal combustion engines will run on methane, which is easily obtained by breaking down human shit. The cultivation of algae is an obvious, and very simple, source of obtaining basic protein, and hydroponic crops provide a relatively easy solution to poisoned land. All these and many more experiments are possible in a society functioning on solid communal principles.

Most current rural communes make the mistake of resorting to peasant style agriculture, often on bad land. There are already too many of us to live off the land in this primitive manner. Technology can really work for anyone; the fact that it is currently used destructively does not make it bad in itself, and, indeed, if we are to survive in a seriously damaged environment we will really need all the technology we can get.

To make any community of this kind work we also need a major change of consciousness within ourselves, away from our exploitive, sexist, consumer programming. We may unfortunately need to fight to maintain a community, as the hysteria that would surround the breakdown of the present society may make it necessary for the survival unit to defend itself at gunpoint.

Obviously I have only talked about one kind of solution; there are many others, all the way from hijacking starships to becoming a hermit. You cannot, of course, announce that you are "going to the country" and turn your back on the problems of urban life in a pig culture. The role of the guerrilla in hastening the breakdown of the death culture is obviously valid. The problem does remain, but with the writing so solidly on the wall, we do have to come up with some specific plans for survival.

As I said before, sure it sounds like an Asimov novel or a stoned fantasy. It is the 'sensible' approach of our parents that got us into this mess, it may take weirdness to get us through it.

Mick Farren

Kisses

(The Sweetest Kisses of All)

'We do understand one another, do we not?', Brian Leary, QC.
'You can't honestly expect me to say yes', Caroline Coon.

Law 'n' order, 'justice', the social system, and all the other guiding principles of 'civilised society' exist, though noone ever seems to remember, on tolerance. The tolerance of the people, the members of that society. A simple theory, but for class stratification, authoritarian repression and the varying evils that are also such integral parts of that same society. Lenny Bruce's world theory had it right: Life divides into three basic functions — eat, sleep and crap. If of course one of the crappers doesn't bother to get over to the right place when he has to go, then someone, some poor fall guy, has to do the dirty work of putting him in the right place. And you get the police force, laws, rules and regulations.

If law 'n' order is impossible without mutual, albeit unloved and grudging tolerance, then the agents of law, the courts, and their attendant servants, are worthless, or certainly lose their credibility and force without the acceptance of another abstract — trust. One group of people (the prosecution) are pitted against another group (the defence) and the whole issue is in the hands of twelve individuals (the jury of 'good men and true') and refereed by a single person (the judge). Everyone, so it is assumed, or certainly hoped, is hip to the case in hand, not just to the evidence — for the most binding of oaths isn't any deterrent to self-interest or self preservation — but to the life styles, the ways of life of all participants. Obviously the trust which should underlie the judicial process is useless if one side can't or won't understand the other.

This 'comprehension gap' is the key to a couple of books that have been published over the last month. Both of them the record of trials; the edited, but still 700 page long 'Transcript of the Chicago Conspiracy Trial', which took place over the Winter of 1969-70, and 'The Trials of OZ', by Tony Palmer, a rush job, the preface of which is dated merely a fortnight after the trial ground to a halt.

Chicago 1968, the demonstrations at the Democratic Convention held in that city, and the publication of OZ 28 Schoolkids Issue have little in common, but for their position as the external manifestation of what is known the 'alternative lifestyle' and, less accurately, as 'the Under ground'. Many thousand people went to Chicago to protest the Vietnam war, the external and internal problems of Amerika, to participate originally in a festival of Life. The only festival there was may have been for the Chicago Police Department who smashed heads and bodies, hippies, newsmen and the occasional bystander all included, with a will, and 'Seig Heil-ed' their bosses at a 'party' afterwards. About a similar number of people bought OZ 28, though they didn't have to suffer physically or mentally, for their 4/- expenditure.

Their similarity is in their eventual confrontations with the Establishment at close quarters — the courtroom. A neon oven in the States, the slightly musty, almost surreal — if that means no basis whatsoever in reality — surroundings of the Old Bailey in England. The pigs were questioning the Yippies, the straights were analysing the alternative press. The form of the two trials has disturbing parallels; perhaps all ideological conflicts take this form — blank incomprehension of the necessity for the charges by the one side, total inability to appreciate the nuances of another lifestyle by the other. Expert witnesses are trundled out: Mailer, Ginsberg, Phil Ochs, Country Joe, Saroyan, and Anne Kerr, MP; in England the liberal establishment likewise did its duty: George Melly, Feliks Topolski, Professor Eysenck, Michael Duane and, with all due respect to the unmentioned, so on. The prosecutions in both cases were

similar — the Chicago police department said their pieces, backed by the occasional reporter and four informers (undercover men), the Obscenity Squad trooped into the Old Bailey and paid their dues, DI Luff to his fulminating fore.

And in both trials the experts were dumfounded at their treatment, the police had a beanfeast, and when it really came down to it, all the verbiage, the six months in Judge Hoffman's courtroom and the five weeks in Judge Argyll's were hardly worth the time and certainly not the money.

There are, inevitably, the subtle differences: In Amerika where the practice is to beat you up on the streets as well as down in the cells, Judge Hoffman never bothered to disguise his sympathies. At the Old Bailey, Argyle, ever the English gentleman, kept relatively quiet until his summing up, which effectively destroyed the defence case, and in his post-verdict comment to the jury: 'I am very pleased with the verdict, though of course it had nothing to do with me.' The sterility / tradition of the Old Bailey, conspired, if there was any conspiratorial activity at all, to quash any ideas of dramatising the trial — only the Friends of OZ kept that end of things up front.

Both cases have been given enough space already. So what about the books. Not too much to say on a Transcript, William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass introductions notwithstanding. Most interesting hilites are cast on the two participant Hoffmans: Abbie and Julius. Whatever the outcome of the 'Steal This Book' debate wherever Abbie is considered to stand in the Movement status role, the record of his appearance at the Conspiracy Trial can only enhance his reputation. As he has said elsewhere, his preference is for 'Courtroom dramas' and at Chicago he was able to overindulge. But more than his clowning is the realisation as there is with the evidence of the other defendants, that the Judge, the Prosecutors and, by inference, the Jury just were not orientated to the ideas, ideals and attitudes of the eight, and subsequently seven men they were trying. Every page underlines this fundamental side of the trial; five months of missing each other's points.

Naked bias lacks charm, and the courts in England are more careful of showing their hand. So too should the self-appointed analysts of the affairs of such courts. Tony Palmer, whose characterisation elsewhere as 'the Weasle' does him no more than justice, makes no bones about where his feelings lie. On roughly the same lines as those of the leader writers in the Sun and Mirror who deplored the sentences in the OZ trial, but applauded the verdict. 'The Trials of OZ' is of course one man's book, and his opinions are, mercifully, his own. He feels, and attempts to prove that it is not OZ that is on trial, that the prosecution is not a political one, in fact that OZ and the three defendants are pretty irrelevant. The Obscene Publications Act, the Law itself is what Palmer has decided was up for trial at the Old Bailey for 5 long weeks and at a cost of £100,000. He also seems to conclude that it was found guilty. If he believes that sentences totalling three years in jail are a proof of the Act's guilt, then his logic is interesting. Among other things the Act won't have its hair cut off.

Opinions are one thing — inaccuracies are less tolerable. For instance in describing the pre-trial march to the Old Bailey he dismisses it for its lack of numbers and contemptuously observes that the elephant scheduled to lead the march wasn't there. He fails to mention that the Bow Street police, under whose jurisdiction the march came, refused to permit the march to become a circus, even if the Judge was happy enough to ring-master his own show in Court no 2. And again, the reference to the demo after the sentences. Almost in parenthesis, he mentions that an effigy of Argyle was burnt. Of course for a man so intent on proving his own point he failed to note that the OZ trial, this apolitical and essentially abstract event, inspired one of the few demonstrations in this country that were not merely shadows of similar events in Amerika, and for causes that are ours only as sympathetic bystanders.

His hero is Brian Leary, who had already rushed off to his Mexican hols before the sentencing. One can see the attraction: Palmer and Leary both enjoy the half truth, the snide crack, perhaps even the blatant inaccuracy

But Palmer's book fits in ideally to one facet of this trial: like Luff and Leary (who can at least be excused as 'doing his job') Palmer doesn't really have the first idea of what's going on. There's this gap which has nothing to do with age, or generations. It's a division of values of attitudes and of beliefs. Noone expected OZ to be acquitted, the Chicago Conspirators were never in line for a Not Guilty verdict. The haves are never overinclined to give everything up to the have nots. If the have nots can summon tens of thousands of people plus an ever attendant media, or sell 40,000 copies and gain a possibly 1% of the nation as a readership then their grip will be all the more intense. These two trials will be repeated, as they have been preceded by similar versions on the same theme — the Establishment good guys make damn sure that the Alternative bad guys stay right where they are. There are of course ways of making them change, but that, dear reader, is another story . . .

Jonathon Green

The Worm Ourobouros ER Eddison published by Ballantine Books 40p, 520pp.

It's Hippy Book time. This largish tome contains a fascinating but flawed piece of fantasy writing that has been resurrected by Ballantine in their current drive to corner the Fantasy Paperback market. They have currently some 12 titles out in this country mostly old, unusual stuff and including a trilogy by Eddison that starts with the 'Worm' and William Morriss's fantasy work such as 'The Well at the World's End'. It's interesting to note that in the states Ballantine scored the paperback rights to Lord of the Rings and having made a fortune with that one I assume they are looking for further successes in the same field. Mind you if you like fantasy on the epic scale of Lord of the Rings and prose like . . . "and again the King pronounced terribly the word Voarchadumia. Thereafter for the space of ten heartbeats silence hung like a Kestrel poised in the listening night. Then went a crash through heaven and earth, and a blinding wildfire through the chamber as it had been a thunderbolt". . . then zip out and add this one to Lord of the Rings, Hobbits, Conan and whatever else you've got cluttering up your bookcases. Good escapist stuff, oh yes.

Chris Rowley

The following is a transcription of a tape recording by a First Lieutenant serving as Director of an Army "Amnesty Program" drug treatment center in Vietnam. His identity must remain suppressed for obvious reasons.

My new thing is junkies. Let me explain my job. The Army, of course, is a pig outfit with a police mentality. To their minds possession of drugs is a legal problem, but the overwhelming number of strung out GI's have begun to make them realize that something has to be done, so they've begun what they call an 'amnesty program'. "Amnesty" means that if you are using drugs you can go to your commanding officer and say "I am using heroin" which constitutes an admission of guilt. And his commander will say "That's great, I grant you amnesty. I will not bust you for admitting to me you use heroin. However, tomorrow if we find you with heroin we'll put you in jail."

The people down at the grass roots realize this is just a sham, a joke, unless you can offer the guy some way to stop using the drug. So we've been opening up centers where what they actually do is go cold turkey. We give them some tranquillizers and medicine for cramps, shit like that, and try and help them out, help them through their withdrawal, and we have group therapy sessions and individual therapy sessions. You know, try and work it out so the cat won't go back on scag.

Nobody knows how to cure junkies, nobody knows how to cure alcoholics, so nobody's got any hard figures on success rates but probably the average halfway house in Vietnam is about 10–20%, which is much higher than the ones in the States.

The reason for that is the guys who use heroin here smoke it and their habits aren't as bad as the people back in the United States, cause they aren't shooting it and a lot of people back in the United States have been using it for years and years and years. The average guy over here has been using it for just a few months. So it all adds up to a not as bad a habit and therefore an easier time getting off and staying off.

Anyway, the heroin over here runs about 20 times the concentration and about 1/20th the price of heroin in "the world". Heroin in "the world" is about 5–10% pure, and here it's 90–100% pure. A 5 dollar cap of heroin here would cost about 100 dollars is the States, comparable purity and all, so that a guy who's on a 10 dollar habit here would be on a 200 dollar habit in the States. And to let you know how big it is, some guys here are on 50 dollar a day habits, so when you multiply that by 20 you begin to understand the quantity of pure heroin that's being smoked around this place.

Most junkies in the States don't want to quit, they love the drug too much and the problems that they have in their lives are too overbearing, they can't deal with them and the heroin is a lot nicer to them than reality. But this is a different population over here, this is the All American Boy. This is not the middle city, ghetto person, not the hard-core poverty type who's suffering from racism and a fucked up economic system and living with rats and all this kind of shit. This is the boy next door, the blond-haired, blue-eyed boy next door. He's not even the draftee. A lot of these guys are enlisted, go in the Army, rah, rah, the whole thing. Some of them even think of the Army in terms of a career. It's not the typical image of the junkie.

A lot of studies have been done on the amount of addiction, but they haven't been published or publicised – they've been done by independent dudes like myself who have just been working with the problem and decided to get down and do a study. The averages show that between 10% and 40% of any given unit is strung out on smack. I would say a realistic average for all enlisted men, rank E-5 and below, (E-5 is buck sergeant – three stripes), is approximately 20–25% using heroin. Now that's horrendous; that is phenomenal in itself. I don't think that's an exaggeration at all. Even if it were just 10% – now that's the minimum estimate based on highly scientific studies – that's a lot of junkies. And that's not a static number because they're always going home and there are new ones coming in and getting strung out all the time.

Last year if you remember all the guys coming back from Vietnam, all the talk was about the dynamite grass – Thai flower grass and Cambodian red and MeKong Delta green and all this real dynamite grass. All that's true; the local grass is about the heaviest in the world. But there was no heroin. All of a sudden last year, during the summer, large quantities of heroin started appearing out of nowhere, literally out of nowhere. Like magic, over night heroin was everywhere. It wasn't a chance happening, it wasn't something that happened like a natural process of any kind. It was well planned – logistics and everything. I'm sure of it. It's not the military paranoid mind hard at work – it's just so obvious that when there's no heroin in Vietnam for years and years and years and all of a sudden, in a month's time, it's everywhere, that somebody made plans to deliver it in large quantities and at cheap prices.

Other things have happened since that time . . . they noticed that in a week's time this one type of vial, (the heroin comes in little plastic vials – some of them have brand names on them), showed up everywhere from the Delta to the DMZ in a week's time. Some large supplier had turned loose this new type of vial filled with heroin in a matter of a week all across the country. We know it's not a small operation. It's not a bunch of independent small-time dealers just smuggling it a kilo at a time across the Cambodian border, although I am sure that after the initial big boys moved in there's a lot of small-time operators doing a lot of business. But essentially it's a large operation.

Now the two major theories that exist over here are the Communist Plot theory, which at any other time of my life would have seemed ludicrous beyond words but now seems completely plausible . . . and that's that the Communists are unable to defeat us militarily so they've turned to psychological warfare and propaganda, like the United States. It's become a public relations war being fought in the newspapers. Nixon with his POW's and Hanoi saying "Right on" to the peace marchers.

People believe that the Communists are disseminating the heroin to destroy American troops, not with bullets but with drugs, and at some given point the supply will be cut off and large numbers of American GI's will be incapacitated and unable to fight or do anything and the Communists will have a chance to move in and do some heavy-duty killing. Either that, or on a large scale sending thousands and thousands of junkies to the United States and further adding to the decay of the fiber of our society.

So these are two ideas of why the Communists would want to push drugs in on the Americans. They've found VC carrying kilos of heroin and they know that the Laotians are heavy into manufacturing heroin. Possession of opium is legal in Laos if you have a license, and the name of the game up there is corruption. All you have to do to get a license if have enough money and then you can carry heroin make heroin, grow opium, do any thing you want. It's that simple. As a matter of fact the US just launched a protest with the Laotian government because this Air America, which is a "private company." but *actually* CIA operated, is a major means of transportation around South East Asia. Everybody flies Air America and these Laotian dudes were using Air America to transport their heroin so there was some bitching and moaning about that. Anyway, there is good evidence that the Communists are shipping it into the country. It comes in several ways, out of Hong Kong on airplanes, smuggled in by airline stewardesses, Vietnamese government officials, civilians, etc. It comes down the MeKong River out of Laos and Cambocia into the MeKong Delta, and it's brought in by VC.

The second paranoid theory about where the drugs are coming from is the "International Crime Theory". The Mafia and "them" boys, trying to drum up a lot of business for when the boys come marching home. You know, when Johnny come marching home we'll have his 25 cents bag and his fix waiting for him we'll sell him a set of works and business will keep booming. There is evidence for this theory too. Some GI's who have come back from Vietnam have reported to their local authorities that people have approached them upon their arrival at home. You know, a guy does his year in Vietnam, goes home to wherever, he's home for two days and some dude comes knocking on the door, says "Hi, my name's George. I understand you just got back from Vietnam and you were strung out on skag and we could work out a deal for regular supply." This kind of thing. The talk that goes on about this is endless. No body really knows but those are the two major theories with evidence behind them and they are probably *both* true.

Heroin is a very seductive drug. To make an analogy – it's like women. In your barely post-pubic years when you've never tasted of the woman's flesh, you really don't get horny, you don't really long for women beside you because you really don't know what it is. You have these faint feelings in your crotch, but when you've made love to a woman then you know there is nothing like it in the whole world. It's that simple. And you've always got to have more. You'll be horny for the rest of your life. And it's the same thing with heroin. It's a very seductive drug. Once you've tasted it it's very hard to stay away from it, even though you know that if you continue to use it you'll probably have a five-year life expectancy or you'll OD or you'll get some of it in your lungs by sniffing it or snorting it or smoking it and you'll get this chemical phenomena that will kill you in a few days, and there's no treatment for it, and that you'll lose 40, 50, 60 pounds and become a walking skeleton and you'll have to dedicate the rest of your life to hustling for smack, You know all those things in your mind but you can't help yourself. And that's what these guys are up against.

Guys think that if they smoke heroin they won't get busted because the officers can't smell it. A cat will stand out there in front of his Captain smoking heroin right in his face and the guy'll never know it cause it has no odor, especially if it's mixed with tobacco. It just smells like a cigarette and so it's the easiest thing in the world. It's as easy to get as air really.

Back to my job, I'm director of a program here near the hospital. I started out being a part time helper. Our doctor, the psychiatrist, got transferred up north to some kind of roadbuilding unit to be their battalion surgeon and I got stuck with running the whole fucking show. So I'm in charge of 100 Vietnamese amputees

IT'S JUST A SHOT AWAY

and who knows how many American junkies. It's really heavy man, let me tell you. These dudes run down some heavy raps about how fucked-up their heads are, how fucked-up their lives are in Vietnam and why they started on heroin and they all say they're going to stay off it, and then when they leave the program a week later most of them are back smoking scag. So I don't know where it's all going to end. I really don't, it's such a heavy problem. I think the only way to end it is to get everybody back where they belong, where they should have been all the time, back home. But anyway, there it is. I don't know what else to say about. A quarter of the people in Vietnam are junkies. Think about that, super heavy.

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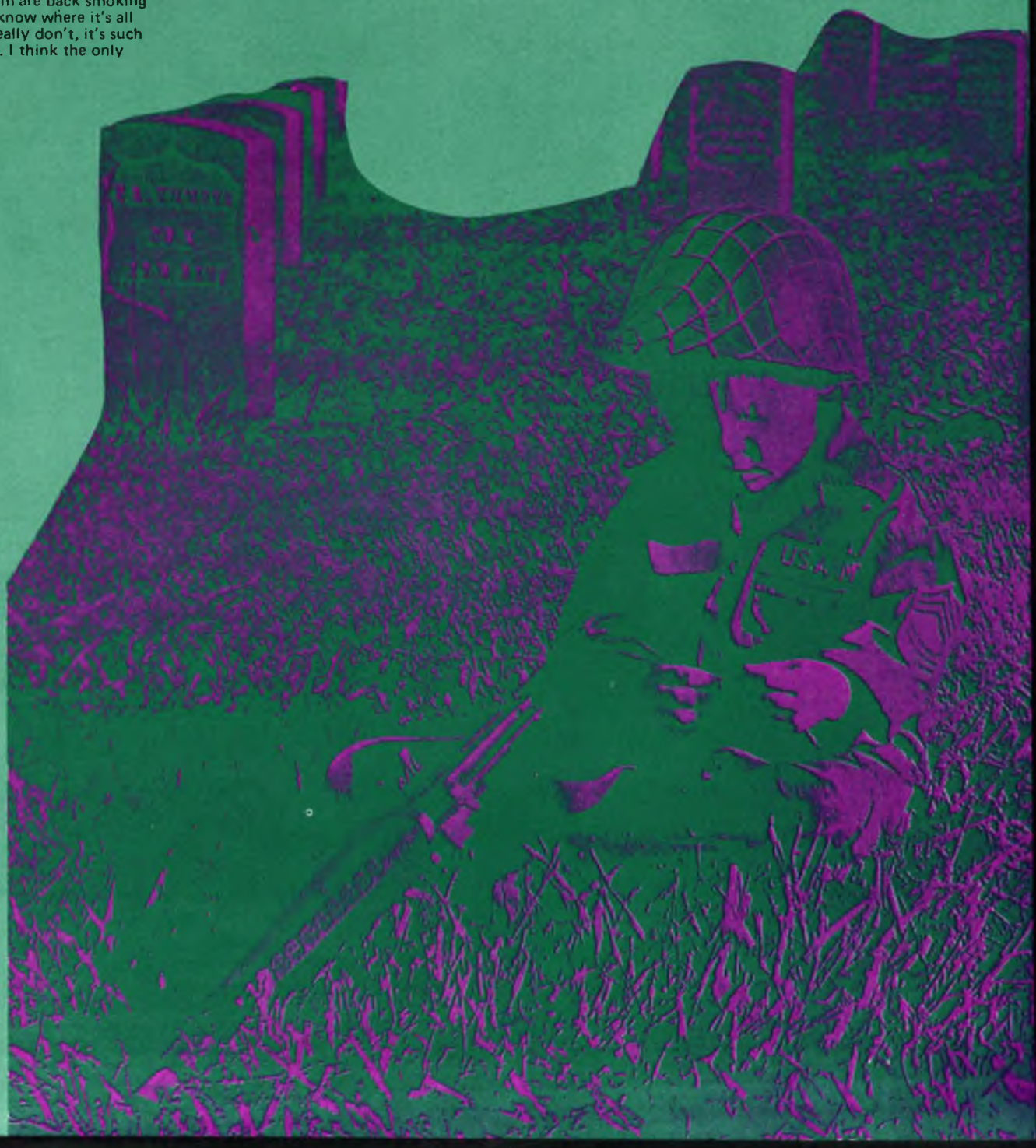

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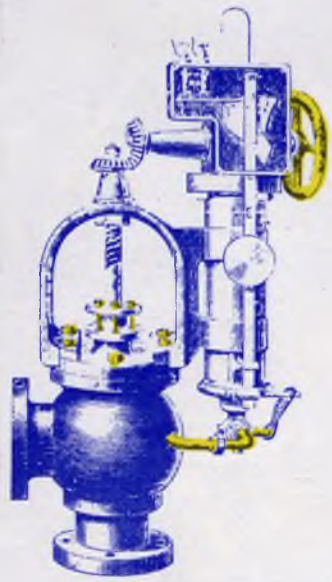

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P.C.49 by ALAN STRANKS and JOHN WORSLEY — THE CASE OF THE SPOTTED TOAD

P.C. 49'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

All the Gang had got together
For a wizard Christmas Treat.
Happy laughter shook each rafter at The Club!
Outside was bitter weather –
Driving snow and blinding sleet;
Inside was Bags of Cheer and Tons of Grub!

Sure, the MULLIGANS were present –
Och, they're Terrible those Twins!
And they're up to ev'ry mortal kind of trick.
But you can't tell who's the culprit,
For they're like as two new pins
And you might be blaming PAT instead of MICK.

There were TOBY, MONGATIKI,
SNORKY, GIGS and BUNNY, too,
With his funny little "physog" all a-shine,
Impatiently awaiting
For a certain Blake in Blue –
Their Friend and Founder – P.C. FORTY-NINE.

When at last their Hero entered
How the Gang began to shout!
They nearly burst his eardrums with the din!
They drank his health thrice over
Till the Ginger Beer ran out,
Then ev'rybody started tucking in!

How they talked of the Adventures
They had shared in days gone past
And the perils they had faced beside their Chum.
The pile of grub diminished
And the moments flew too fast
While they dreamed of New Adventures yet to come.

All too soon the Party ended,
All too soon the grub was gone,
Then at last The Founder scrambled to his feet.
"Well, Cheerio!" he chortled,
"Time and Crime are marching on,
And it's time that I got marching on my beat."

As he stood there, gaily waving
At the open Clubroom door
He little knew that just across the road
Two evil men were waiting
With a grudge against the Law
And so begins – "The Case of The Spotted Toad."

CONTINUED

TOUGH SHIT IN BANGKOK

The sight of a speeding police je[illegible] kok is not unusual, but the fact [illegible] sitting in it, handcuffed, with tw[illegible] criminals' made the occasion me[illegible].

Bustling, hustling Bangkok, s[illegible] into the crutch of the Gulf of Si[illegible] The house draws its lifeblood from [illegible] thousands of tourists and R & R yanks, who pour into the city each week [illegible] ing as the neon lights of the [illegible] clubs flicker into life, the girls appear like a beautiful swarm of moths. To walk into a bar is to be confronted by a smo[illegible] of human flesh and to many, the [illegible] more succulent dish than a Bang[illegible] Dozens of tender, young gi[illegible] hardly out of puberty, are fed da[illegible] the city's huge octopus-like vice [illegible] be spewed out, generally warped [illegible] and body, in a few short years. W[illegible] prostitute hits 20 in Thailand, un[illegible] exceptional, she is "over the hill". [illegible] majority of the girls are pill freak[illegible] away, turned on by their yank b[illegible], are morphine and heroin addicts. [illegible] that "bloom of life" is so short, [illegible] over at a frenetic pace and 'tomor[illegible] doesn't exist in their vocabulary. I've watched young chicks swilling be[illegible] beer courtesy of some drunken [illegible] fat tourist, followed by a palm-fu[illegible] 'uppers or downers', until they're blocked out of their minds.

On the surface, Bangkok is the origina[illegible] swinging, sinning city, but underneath it [illegible] the ugliness, poverty and despair, prev[illegible] in many Asian cities. The hundreds of massage parlors, prostitutes and allied vice rackets are controlled by a handful of gan[illegible] networks, all operating hand-in-glo[illegible] with the cops. Nobody 'free lancer' [illegible] Bangkok, if he or she wants to stay [illegible] pro[illegible]. Life is the cheapest commod[illegible] Thailand. A 'hit' costs around £2. Making contact is easy, just ask the nearest [illegible] driver — they all belong to one gan[illegible] another. The police are totally cor[illegible] the only way to tell the difference [illegible] a cop and a thug in Thailand is tha[illegible] wear a uniform. Corruption is a w[illegible] life in the East, but the extent of th[illegible] crimes cannot be realised unless you [illegible] unfortunate enough to meet it face-[illegible]

At the time of my bust I'd been four months in Thailand and Laos trying to get enough bread together for the air fare to Thailand and a little more to take me overland to Europe. I was staying at the main [illegible] off place for travellers in Bangk[illegible] Atlanta Hotel, Sucumvit Road, whe[illegible] nearly every room has an established [illegible] of heads and it's possible to s[illegible] with relative immunity from police interference. The owner, Dr Henke, a nasty little German-Jew, whose business interests included a fleet of oil tankers, was such a big fog in the scummy pool of Bangkok that no cop with brains would risk upsetting the short-arsed doctor for the sake of busting a few hippies. Why a guy with the doctor's assets spent his time running such a joint for peanuts is a mystery, but being such a total egomaniac I rather think he looked on it as his own little kingdom and as far as his all-Thai staff went, he ran it that way. I can heal of the doctor one evening by refusing to give him the name of a Thai girl, who had sold me a bag of grass in the hotel a few days previously. The dear doctor became quite hysterical and in real Jimmie Cagney style hissed "you and your friends will be on ice before morning."

The doctor kept his word and early the following morning half a dozen cops of the Thai drug squad crashed through the door waving cannons and it was "up against the wall mother fuckers." Myself and a friend, Ed Mankes, from Portland, Oregon, both pretty fuzzy from a heavy night's smoking were hustled out of our beds before we were totally with it and handcuffed. Our other mate, Bill Cartell, a British marine, AWOL from his unit in Singapore, was in the room directly opposite, screwing a Canadian schoolteacher chick he had picked up the night before. Unfortunately, Bill had to put his head out to see what all the noise was about and it could have been funny to see the face when they clamped on the cuffs. But it wasn't. The chick was as white as a sheet and would have pissed her pants if she'd had any on, but after a few sucker wanking questions and much perving, the cops let her go back to bed, and that was the last we saw of her. Meanwhile, some of the cops had conducted a fairly thorough search of the room and had come up with only a few grams of hash and a small bag of grass, which made them look a little put out. (We found out later from one of the cops that the doctor had said we were part of a ring smuggling hash and heroin into the States.) This, I guess, accounted also for the presence of a full colonel from the Thai CID and the big girl from Interpol. At this stage neither Ed nor I were too worried because we knew possession of shit or grass in Thailand was generally only a small fine.

Watching the egg appear on those ugly cop faces was even becoming enjoyable until they opened Bill's suitcase. Bill still had all his army equipment including a medical kit which contained a syrette of morphine — harmless, totally, but by the sudden happy smiles we understood we were in trouble. Possession of even a small quantity of morphine in Thailand can bring anything from six months to 10 years. The irony of the whole thing was that Bill had never smoked or had anything to do with drugs at all. He was a super-straight 'gung-ho' brainwashed marine, whom I'd met about nine months previously in a Singapore bar. He found his way to Bangkok after trying to hire himself out as a mercenary in Cambodia and Laos, but couldn't make the right contacts. Immensely strong, six foot four and over 200 pounds, Bill loved to give demonstrations of all the new unarmed combat stuff he'd learned. He'd been sleeping on the floor of our [illegible] but a week [illegible] sharing half the [illegible] hotel to death with his bad [illegible]. However, sitting in that police jeep I was thinking that having Bill around on this trip wasn't such a bad thing.

We were taken to Samyod Police Station Bangkok, and locked together in a huge cell — indescribably filthy and alive with vermin which we discovered in the first few minutes. It was impossible to use the latrine area because it was rather deep in shit, a good foot [illegible] again, so to take a [illegible] squatted over a piece of newspaper held in the right hand, then hurled a further offering onto the original nauseous pile. The wooden sleeping benches running along two walls were infested with myriads of tiny black fleas plus bedbugs and every evening the mosquitos arrived for their chomp as well. The nights we spent there — seven in all — dragged miserably, full of itching, scratching and cursing. Apart from about a half-hour of questioning on the first day of our arrest we'd been left totally alone by the cops, but they did allow us a visit from some friends. At no time were we formally charged, but the Thai CID colonel made it plain from his attitude that someone was going to pay for his being dragged along on such a 'fizzle' of a bust and we were the logical choice — to him anyway. The colonel had also sent one of his lackeys to inquire whether we had any bread and hinted that for a couple of hundred bucks he might be able to see a way out of our 'problems'. This is normal practice in Thailand and nobody thinks anything of it, but being stupid Europeans we decided to stand on our dignity and that little piece of bullshit cost us three months in the clink.

What we didn't know was that under Thai law, the police pick anyone and hold them 91 days without actually bringing any charges while they carry out so-called investigations. At the end of that time, the person is brought before court and formally charged or if the public prosecutor decides the police case is too thin or the cops don't want to go ahead, the suspect is freed. He is paid five baht (25 cents) compensation for each day he spends in jail. At no time during the 91 day period is he allowed the services of a lawyer because he hasn't actually been charged with anything. It wasn't until weeks later in the main prison that we discovered this info and realised the colonel's little game. After a week we were mobile again, jammed into an oven-like police van along with 80 other prisoners in sweaty misery, en route to Bangkok's main gaol, Klong Prem Prison. Some of the prisoners looked as mean as hell, and a couple of real heavy dudes were making with hard stares, but happily Bill's baby blues set on the top of that giant frame seemed to win the day. More than half wore leg irons, some two, as added punishment, and about then I guess we all realised a heavy scene was coming off. The prison was big, overcrowded and ugly, with 4000 prisoners jammed into eight blocks. We were out with the political prisoners and shared our room with 30 other guys, the majority accused or convicted of being communists. Some had been there 7 or 8 years without having been tried; one 18 year old had been arrested when he was 14 for learning Chinese from his brother, who was also in jail for teaching him. Sleeping next to us on the floor was a 68 year old man from a tiny jungle village near the Burmese border, who was accused of being a Communist terrorist. The old bastard spoke an obscure dialect and wouldn't have really known what a Communist was, but the local cop was after a couple of elephant tusks he had salted away for a rainy day and eliminated him by having him arrested as a 'suspected terrorist'.

However, compared with the rest of the prisoners the 'politics' have it soft. They are permitted certain books, writing materials, and other small material possessions, all supplied by relatives, while the ordinary inmate is lucky if he still has the full set of clothes he arrived in. It's also almost totally unheard of for a guard to strike or generally make a pest of himself with a 'politics', who knows, they may be next year's government. However, discrimination ended with the food which was brown rice and generally fishy type, gooey, grey stew thing that would make a pig retch. Bill, because of his size and generally aggressive attitude had started to stand out in the prison while Ed and I were doing our best to fade into the woodwork. In a prison like this and probably elsewhere, everything is reduced to basics and the first rule of survival is to realise the value of anonymiality. Most of the prisoners were forced to spend the entire day in the yard until herded back into their cells at 4.45 pm and because of some of the things we'd already seen, taking a stroll was a nervy business. If a fight started the cutting equipment pulled was frightening. I was within yards when two Thais stabbed a young Chinese guy to death with dagger-looking steel spikes. He was a jail 'Taxi-driver' (heroin pusher) and apparently tried to make a little on the side. These [illegible] all smoking ou[illegible] as they use to peddle the[illegible] its in the yard. The heroin trade was run by the 'prison heavies' and the guards, who got a rake off, allowed [illegible] freely. Whenever [illegible] particularly [illegible] happened the guards went absolutely berserk. Those involved, who could still walk were dragged onto a concrete apron in front of the administration block [illegible] they were smashed to utter shit with [illegible] bars, these [illegible] 'billies' and [illegible] canes. [illegible] one [illegible] bastard Fred A[illegible] because of the pleasure he took in felling a man with a brutal kick from his steel shod boot. Once unconscious, they were brought round with a few buckets of water and it would start all over again until the concrete was [illegible] with blood and vomit. Many men [illegible] the prison had twisted and misshapen [illegible] from just such a beating — others had [illegible]. Whenever a man died at Klong Prem for whatever reason his chest was crushed with an iron bar before the body was [illegible] over to relatives just in case he was [illegible].

All these things, nasty as they were, I don't think affected us very deeply, but rather [illegible] mental pressure [illegible] down more than [illegible] thing. The ordinary criminal once in prison finds that he is in his own society. He doesn't have to pretend to be something he's not and can [illegible] relax — he's home. Not being criminals the reverse process worked for us, and to make it doubly difficult, we were foreigners as well. We found ourselves walking a very thin line between the rest of the prisoners and the guards which made it almost intolerable. It was impossible to obtain even a few minutes privacy. You couldn't ever have a shit in peace — the crapper being a raised concrete throne in one corner of the room. If you tried to find a spot in the yard to just sit in the sun, there would be half a dozen nasty little Thai thugs around you within minutes, either trying to provoke something, or just generally shit stir. Your whole social personality has to be suppressed because of the fucking system with the guards reading your

incoming and outgoing mail and sometimes keeping letters for a while. They censor whatever books you read and tell you when to eat and sleep. You are a nothing — you have no control or choice over your environment.

Bill for example trained like a madman each morning and evening, driving himself to the limit and in this physical outlet he could keep some means of identification with his previous life. The guards stopped it because they felt the violence of his exercising might excite the other prisoners, for Christ's sake. This really got to Bill because it hit him where he lived and he became morose, withdrawn and downright mean. He deliberately sought out the jail tough and fought him to a draw at the guy's speciality Thai boxing which allows the use of feet, knees and elbows. This was Bill's way of saying "fuck you" to the guards and gained him grudging respect throughout the prison, but they still stopped his training. Eddie and I apart from being friends anyway had both been on the road a long time and the ability to identify with one another saved us from a total freak out. Although our various embassies had been informed of our arrest from the first day, it's interesting to note their reaction, or rather lack of it. The American Embassy at no time made any attempt to see Ed or to offer assistance of any sort. I had two visits from the Australian vice-consul, a cross, fascist pig called John McNally, who adopted the aggrieved 'John Citizen' attitude and "how could you disgrace your country like this" shit. The [illegible]sh had condemned me befo[illegible] actually charged or convicted [illegible] a [illegible]ing. The British Embassy, on the other hand, supplied Bill with clothing, toilet articles and the three of us with food. Someone came at least once a week, sometimes twice, to check on his welfare and generally made him feel he wasn't forgotten. On Christmas Day, they sent us a fucking [illegible] of hot roast duck and sweets, specially delivered. Neither Ed nor I got [illegible] fucking carroway seed from our [illegible] Government representatives.

Six times during the three months [illegible], we were taken to the Bangkok Central Court, only to hear that our case had been remanded for a further 12 days pending [illegible]stigations. The poxy CID colonel was stringing his little joke out as far as possible. We never actually even got into court. We were kept in an iron cage do[illegible] at the end of the day down [illegible] demand paper for signing. We [illegible] sign a couple of times, but it [illegible] any difference. This, of course, [illegible] of mental pressure too, but we [illegible] help hoping that each time might be the last and something would happen [illegible] way or the other. Bill stood [illegible] never way the cat jumped be[illegible] government had its satisfaction out [illegible] side, he would be handed over to the [illegible]ish authorities and returned [illegible] Singapore for punishment. [illegible] day of our detention we were [illegible] because we knew the cops had [illegible] time and something had to [illegible]. [illegible]id. That afternoon with no [illegible] on Ed and I were taken to the [illegible]min. [illegible]ock and confronted with two [illegible] the arresting cops. They explained that we were both to be charged with possession of [illegible]sh, but only Bill on the morph[illegible]. We sat there trying to play it cool and [illegible] let the bastards know how much it m[illegible] but it was useless and we finished with stupid grins plastered from ear to ear. [illegible] good news for Bill and it even [illegible] ominous that the cops inte[illegible] to push such a ridiculous charge. It would never have got past the public prosecu[illegible] serious court of the world inte[illegible] justice done. The fucking pig [illegible] was a marine, this was confi[illegible] British Embassy, and the syret[illegible] of a normal medical kit issue [illegible] of his unit. It was the most [illegible] fuck-over you could see anyw[illegible] cops were calling the tune and [illegible] to be seen how heavy they [illegible]

push it. The one ray of light was that the British Embassy was obviously angry at the cavalierish treatment handed out to one of Her Majesty's subjects, even an AWOL marine, and we figured a little judicial pressure was being applied somewhere. Ed and I were being transferred that evening back to Sam Yod and it was an ordeal saying goodbye to some of the guys in our room with whom we'd grown close during those three long months. It seemed somehow we were deserting them — 'copping out'. Every eye was saying "very soon you will be free men again, but us, maybe never" and they clouded with hopelessness. We were taken to the administration block to sign out and collect our few meagre personal possessions. Handcuffed together, we were escorted through the main gate to a waiting police jeep.

A typical night in Bangkok, hot and sticky, with people scurrying by, we stood on the footpath like a pair of stunned mullets. We were back in the world, or practically. It was like old home week back at Sam Yod — even a few of the more decent pigs came over and shook our hands. This time they put us in a large clean cell upstairs with three Chinese. They had been there two years after bribing the police into letting them stay at Sam Yod instead of going to the main clink and by prison standards had a pretty sweet set-up. All three had a heavy heroin habit and a woman who was allowed to visit them freely, came every second day with a supply of very bad 'red rock'. They had a smoking outfit hidden in the toilet and we spent four days blasted totally out of our minds. After being straight for so long we would have smoked camel shit and this stuff wasn't much different. Finally, one morning, bleary eyed and slightly unwell from the bad 'rock' we were taken before a magistrate, feeling totally unreal, and pleaded guilty to possession of two grams of hashish. He fined us $5. In my mind I was screaming "what about those three fucking months out of our lives, you poxy cunt". We didn't say anything. What was the use? We found out later Bill had been charged, pleaded guilty and received a six months sentence. However, because of the guilty plea, the sentence was halved and having done three months already, Bill was technically free. The Navy provosts waiting in court thought differently and poor old Bill was off to clink again, in Singapore. It wasn't a kiss and "goodbye Harry" for us either. Once outside the magistrate's office, we found that we were enroute to the Immigration jail because our bloody visas had expired.

Jesus! We were screaming 'sabotage', 'fix' 'rape', but we learnt the only ones who could spring us were our embassies. The jail was a long cage within a cage in a building behind the immigration head quarters and besides us there were more than 20 other poor bastards of varying Eastern nationalities. Some of the guys had been there for years because they had no passports and because their country of nationality refused to accept them. They stood a good chance of being there until they died. With all this fucking about we were feeling quite desperate and had considered trying to break out, as it was only a hen coop compared with Klong Prem. However, after a few days, McNally, big fat and sweating, arrived, with the news that I was to be deported from Thailand the next day and "won't I be glad to see the last of you". I itched to bore it right up the smug son of a bitch, but I wanted to get out even more, so I shut up. An Ivy-League schmuck from the American Embassy sloped through the door not long after and told Ed he was due for the boot as well, but in a few days. Friends outside had arranged air tickets for us to Malaysia which blocked possible deportation to our own countries.

The next afternoon, walking on air, I stopped off at the Atlanta Hotel with a two man escort to collect my gear before catching the plane. The first guy I ran into was an Australian I knew, permanently broke and permanently stoned. "Hey, man, where ya been, for Chrissake?".

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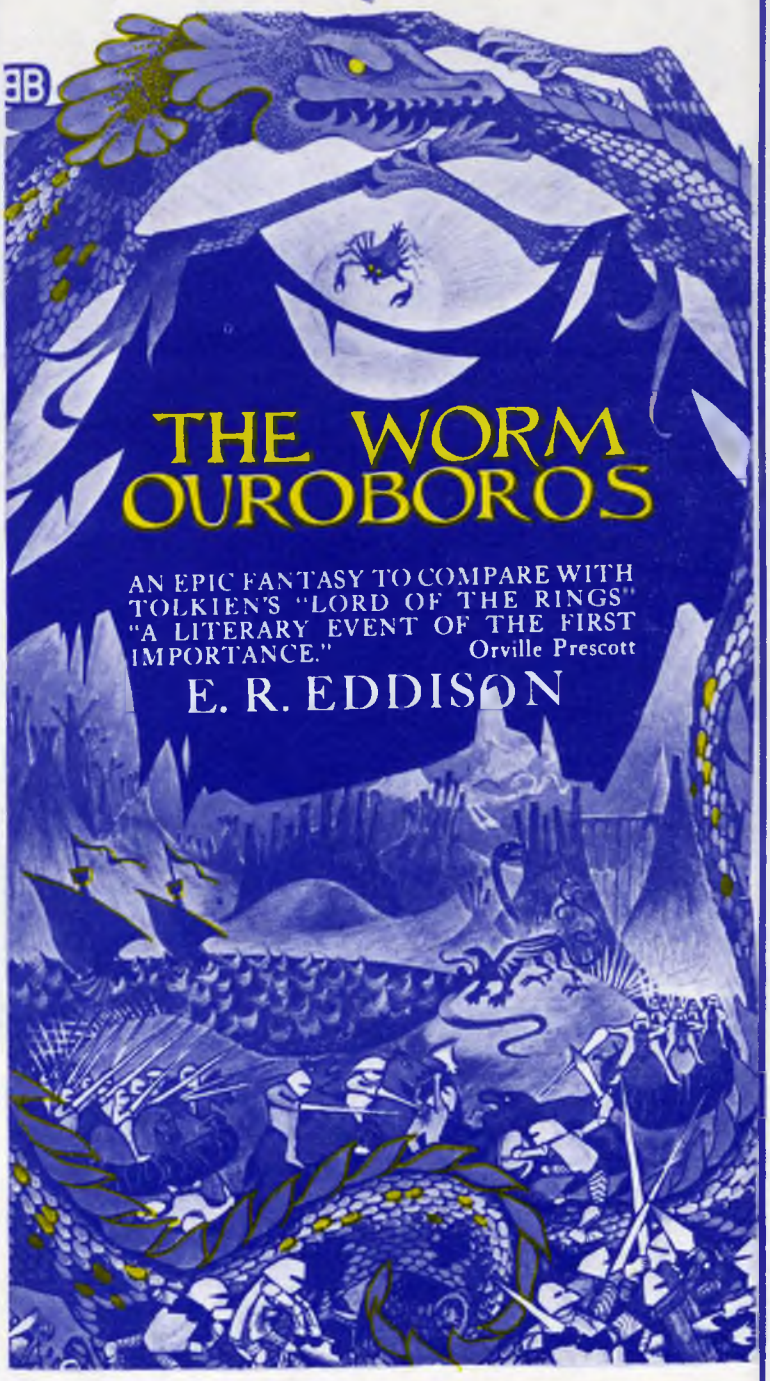

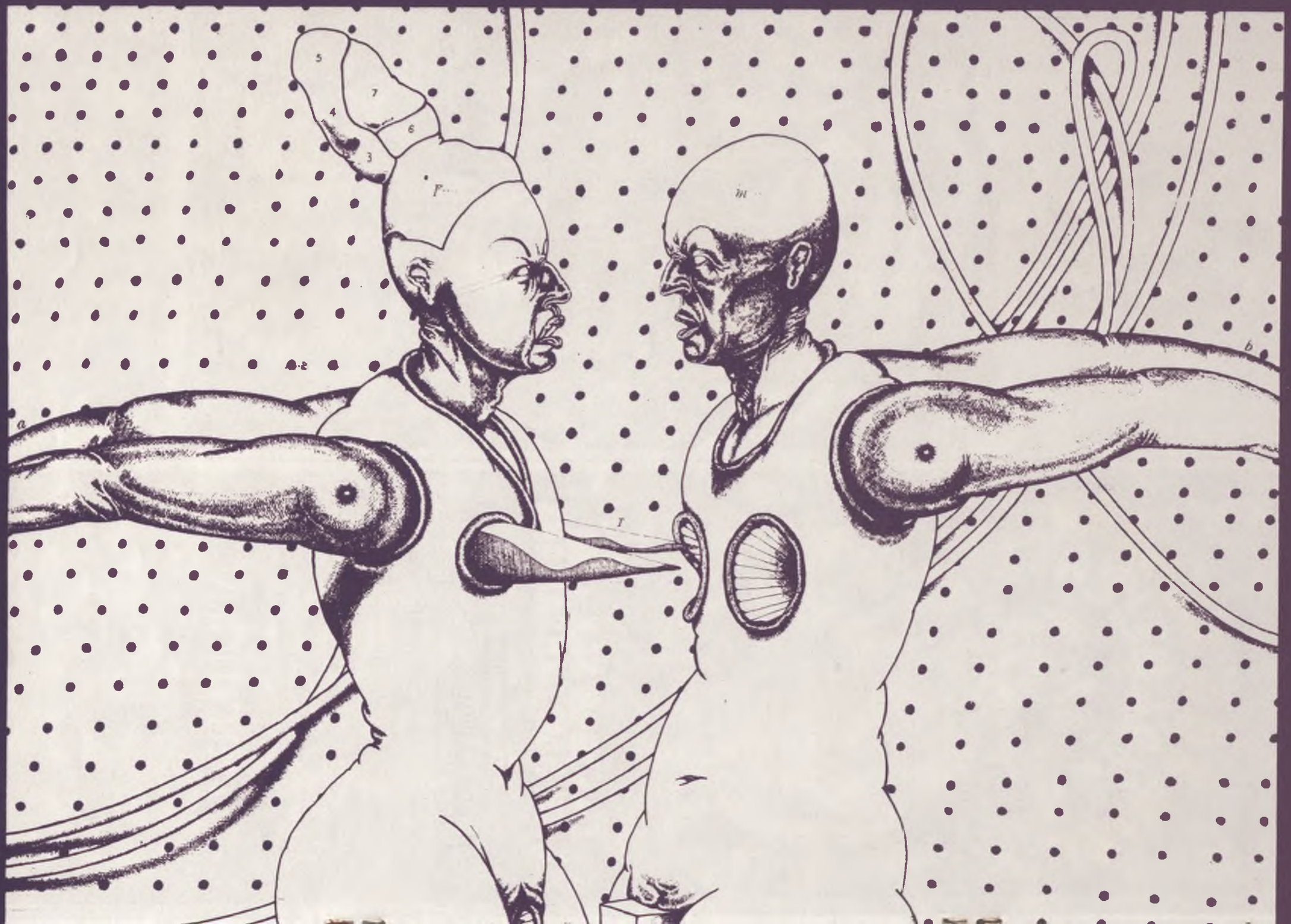
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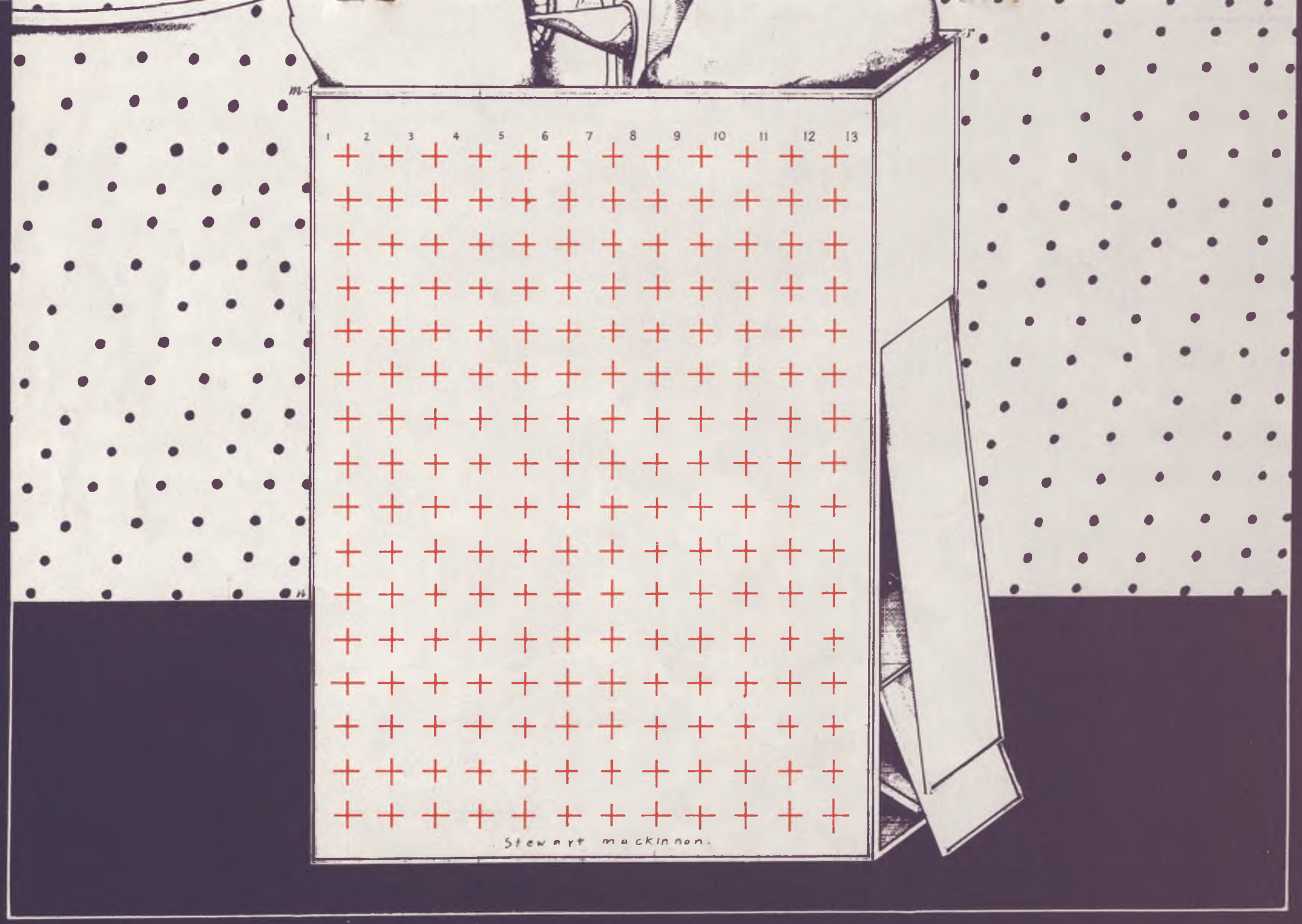
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Stewart mackinnon.

The great controversy continues: this issue it's the turn of Abbie Hoffman to attempt to refute the charges levelled at him in OZ 36 by Izak Haber – who claimed that he, and not Hoffman was responsible for the authorship of 'Steal This Book'. Hoffman's latest publication, Letters from both Abbie and Jerry Rubin, who also considers himself an injured party, appeared in OZ 37, and the following pages are the extension of these complaints. As Abbie in his 'PS' promises – 'Anyone from OZ or anyplace else is free to examine my handwritten drafts of the book, talk to me, my lawyers' It does appear that he knows what he is talking about. But fascinated readers, we only give the evidence, the verdict, as they say, is all yours . . .

Naturally it was a shock to read the article claiming that I stole my own book. I was not shocked at Haber as much as you. Haber wrote to me during the trial saying he'd like to help me do an expanded version of 'Fuck the System' – a book that I and I *only* authored, financed and distributed free and only a year later even admitted it because it came up in some court hearing. There were *no* names on the book. I wrote back that it would be a good idea. When Haber showed up in New York months later he had a wad of typed sheets. I said, "Wow, I'll just rewrite a few things and we'll get it out." OK, the terms varied. First he said, "You take it all." Then I said "No, 70–30 (in favor of him)." Then 50–50, then . . . well we never agreed. See, I write very fast; almost all of 'Revolution for the Hell of It' was written in three days, and 'Woodstock Nation' in five days. That's so fast not many folks believe it but it's true. Besides I'm not a professional writer, preferring courtroom dramas instead. I had no agent, my lawyer was, at the same time, involved in the Panther trial in New York

So I figure on 'Steal This Book' I'll work for a week – how much morally should I get for a week's labor? At this point I should add that $25,000 from 'Revolution for the hell of It' (almost the entire royalties) went to the bail fund of the black Panthers who had absolutely nothing to do with the book, and money from 'Woodstock Nation' went to the John Sinclair Defense Fund, ESSO, (Lower East Side Organisation), the Movement Speakers Bureau, and the Conspiracy Trial.

The 'Penthouse' which Haber describes in detail is in reality a three room artist's loft that Anita, I, and our new baby 'america' live in. We used to pay $130 a month rent but now it's $150 'cause the landlord doesn't like me. That's cheap for New York. It's on one of the worst blocks but we love it 'cause it's heaven to us. Much of the fancy furniture we built or found on the streets. The 'exotic' art paintings are all by my oldest friend and all given to us free. We *both* water all the plants on the roof and have painted the place very pretty. It is heavily fortified because on three occasions neanderthal types have tried to "even the score" in the down home way that has made Amerika great. Anita's 'flowing nightgown' she probably made herself although I wouldn't really call her the domestic type. She has written a novel that's been published (under a pseudonym) a number of articles and is an excellent photographer. She's been arrested about five times for everything ranging from using obscene language to felonious assault on a policeman. She, as I, had thrown away a Masters Degree when she dropped out, long before we were 'known'. She was a huge obstacle to Haber's desire to 'possess' his hero and therefore had to be attacked. Anita and I are after all hopelessly happily in love with each other, a state not considered very hip in radical circles for reasons known only to the circle-jerkers themselves.

But enough of the gossip stuff and back to the book. When Haber handed me the pages I didn't read them. It never occured to me that he couldn't write a word. I was very busy 'cause the trial had ended and we had just been released from prison so I really didn't have the time. It was a hectic period and I was running around doing 3–4 speeches a week raising money for our appeal. About a month later when we took off to California I decided to get into the book. After an hour of reading I was aware of what had happened. Haber had ripped off underground newspaper articles word for word and had his girlfriend type them up and arranged them in order (not so decent order I might add). I immediately called him and screamed that we couldn't cheat the underground press. There was no attempt to disguise it I might add. Each chapter had a different style. It was strictly plagiarism and I refused to participate. I said, "Look I want out. All you did was some research." He said, "Look Abbie, I love you, finish the book, keep it, etc etc." I was all hung up. Already Random House my publisher, was showing the jitters and the thought of making the people there squirm a little wetted my appetite. Besides, I had been constructing the book in my head as well as asking people for suggestions, so believing Haber's word, I plunged ahead on the book. I worked day and night for six months. I made hundreds of phone calls and interviewed numerous people. Finally something began to take shape. This was to be the first of 21 rewritings of the book, about 10 of which were done long after Haber had left the country; the last of which occurred in December of 1970 in Cook County Jail, Chicago. *Naturally I have almost the entire first manuscript in my handwriting if you care to see it.*

Taking the book step by step I'll go over it with you to show how it happened. This will be a little rough but the error will be in favor of the researchers, not me. I have written *proof* in the form of handwritten notes, checks paid out, statements to back up everything I now write. *(Abbie now takes five pages, and approximately 1700 detailed words, to explain how he, plus certain specified researchers and the aid of his other books, 'Revolution For The Hell Of It', 'Fuck the System', in fact compiled 'Steal This Book'. Anyone who wishes to see the full text is at liberty to do so. For reasons of space, and interest, the exact delineation of each and every chapter and section of the book and Abbie's proof/justification for his argument – that he wrote 'Steal This Book' – has been cut. Once again, if you really have to see it, just call us up . . .)*

Again it should be repeated that I, Abbie Hoffman penned every single word in the fucking book. Haber at best was the top researcher in what really consisted of a team of researchers. I have numerous articles and pamphlets that he had his girl friend retype and try to claim were original. After my insistence he labeled each in his own handwriting "Taken word for word from ILS pamphlet" or "This originally appeared in total in the 'Chicago Seed'," etc. They have nothing to do with

the contents of 'Steal This Book'. Much of the book was written in the months after Haber left the country, as was all the layout, editing, indexing, typesetting, etc. When we quarreled it was about September as I recall. He then left the US and I worked continually on the rewriting and arranging of the book until the end of December.

Haber is receiving 19%, Lynn 1% and Haber's lawyer 2½% as I recall the contract. That amounts to 22½%. My lawyer Lefcourt gets 10% leaving me 67% of the royalties. All the researchers, photographers, cartoonists, etc. were paid handsomely by me and all this was done before anyone had even agreed to publish the book. Haber's lawyer is a very honest ACLU lawyer named Jerome Gutman — he would never have allowed Haber or himself to sign a contract that did not adequately represent their interests. I should say here that Bert Cohen listed as the "accessory after the face" on the title page had more to do with the entire book than Haber.

Finally the long hard task of publishing it myself began. The borrowing of money (for a percentage), distributors (for a percentage), more lawyers and office space (for a percentage). Right now I'm still out of money on the book and the distributor, Grove Press, is in a financial bind so money is slow coming. There is scarcely a publisher in America that will handle me since I burned a lot of bridges. Try turning down a $40,000 offer just 'cause you refuse to change the title or deliberately stealing from stores that refuse to carry the book. But enough. I've been obsessed with this book too long although making it a success almost single-handedly was definitely a feat I'm proud of. I hope other radical writers get out of their ivory towers and experiment with different forms of self or collective publishing. 'Steal This Book' has paved the way for a movement in that direction.

I just want to say a word about your concept of fair play in publishing an article which is 90% lies written by a cheap hustler whose hero would not let him continue in a sick image love that wasn't real and refused to plagiarize articles from the underground press. Don't you think even an establishment rag would have asked me for a comment or two before foaming off at the mouth? As you know, Richard, I can no longer return to England. Remember the last time you asked me to come there from Paris to help you publicize the OZ trial? You know I entered at great risk and later went to Belfast and was ordered out. My lawyers assure me I cannot return to England until the political climate changes, perhaps never. It doesn't matter because since then I was jumped by police in the streets of Washington, received two serious injuries (a broken nose and slipped disc) and 20 stitches in my head. (I was smuggled out of jail only to be grabbed by the FBI four days later). I face ten years in prison on top of the five years already in Chicago and need special court permission to even go to New Jersey. I am forbidden from leaving the country. Only the worst gossip sheets in this country and yours would run such a piece without even asking the person involved whether or not the charges were in any way true or seeking some proof of the allegations. My only regret is that you'll use my name again to feather you own nest as you did on your book.

Furthermore, dear Richard, if I ever see you in New York, I plan personally to kick your la-de-da ass.
Abbie.

PS. Anyone from OZ or anyplace else is free to examine my handwritten drafts of the book, talk to me, my lawyers, I suggest also Haber's lawyer, also the people at Random House who foster no love for me since I've said a lot of nasty stuff about them for refusing to publish the book, or anyone else. I'm sure they will dismiss Haber's claims as so much hogwash. I defy you or Haber to furnish any proof of the charges in the article in the way of witnesses, notes etc. Haber, as well as all researchers were thanked for their contribution in the Introduction to Steal This Book. Everyone connected with this book has been given a percentage of the profits or a flat fee and there have been no complaints by anyone that I know of (with the exception of Tom Forcade, who interestingly enough, also claims to have written the book). In fact I have many letters written from folks saying how surprised they were to get bread since the practice in the counterculture seems to be not to pay writers or cartoonists, ie, OZ has never, to my knowledge, paid any US writer, including myself, for articles excerpted from books or any other publications.

There has never been any attempt on my part to conceal that a number of people particpated in the project.

Haber is listed on the title page as co-conspirator. The introduction reads as follows:
"Obviously such a project as 'Steal This Book' could not have been carried out alone. Izak Haber shared the vision from the biginning. He did months of valuable research and contributed many of the survival techniques."
I then proceed to acknowledge the contributions of others. Your article makes it appear that I try to hide all this. Fuck, I even thank the typesetters by name. Can you name another writer that ever did that!

I can excuse a very sick in the head cat but people that you tried to help at the risk of bail revocation, for them not to give you a fair shake is incredible.

This whole affair is not to be believed. OZ has given birth to the biggest put-on since Paul Krassner published the "parts left out of the Manchester book". At least Paul later admitted it was a hoax. Perhaps after sending someone over here to examine the evidence, OZ too would have some second thoughts on the immorality of back stabbing.

Response to Haber article in OZ 36. Sent August 27, 1971 by Abbie Hoffman. No editing allowed without prior permission.

ABBIE: AN DAS A FACT

Grateful Dead MM4
New Riders of the Purple Sage CBS
Hooteroll? Howard Wales and Jerry Garcia Douglas 5
Takes Off Jefferson Airplane RCA
First Pull Up Then Pull Down Hot Tuna RCA
Bark Jefferson Airplane Grunt

Time for all west-coast rock fans to cream. (I do believe there are a few). Cunning timing and promotion from various very big record complexes have resulted in a deluge of material from the Dead and Airplane families in recent weeks

First though, one album, not at all available here yet and a US bootleg, of the Dead in concert: Sugar Magnolia, Casey Jones, Uncle John's Band, Good Lovin' etc, all played at their best. Watch out for it hitting London, not forgetting that a double set (also live) is soon to be unleashed by Warner Bros (the parking meter people).

On Columbia the New Riders have finally got their first set down, including some songs first heard on tape over a year ago. It's been worth the wait for the finished article. Garcia called this stuff 'snappy electric country rock' and there's no reason to doubt it. Marmaduke has laid down ten crisp songs, with the family members backing him up: Garcia on huge sweeping pedal-steel runs, Mickey Hart (no longer with the Dead) on a coupla tracks and Spencer Dryden on the rest, and the soon-to-be-famous-and-much-admired-Commander Cody on piano for 'Dirty Business'. Remember, remember the Lost Planet Airmen). A sharp delightful set that slides away the time in much the same way as 'American Beauty'.

Garcia's album with organist Howard Wales may come as some surprise: he surges along in the wake of Wales' keyboards, containing himself in tight, jazzy arrangements, backed by brass on most tracks. Good strong music, all instrumental, revealing a very fine organist, a Larry Coryell streak in Garcia, whose solos are a treat at every note, in particular in the spatial 'One AM Approach', a slow chessboard piece of classical/madrigular/Elizabethan evocations. A hugely warm album.

The Airplane and their offshoots have been putting in time too, as we know. RCA have finally put out 'Takes Off' to rake back as much as they can from theAirplane's expiredcontract. Not before time, though it is still energetic music, it sounds a little lean through the years. With the release of Hot Tuna II and a possible tour with the everlovin Stoneground to come off soon, it looks like the good times are here again. Tuna *must* be the most exciting 'new' working outfit anywhere, if only because Kaukonen and Casady have worked together so long and so completely. Joey Covington introduced Papa John Creach's violin to the group, and with 'drummer extraordinaire' Sammy Piazza plus a little more harp from wily Will Scarlett this album may be the most satisfying music I've yet heard; for me anyway. 'Bark' is the first Airplane album for longer than I can remember (discounting Paul K Kantner's solo effort last December). While Marty Balin apparently flounders with Grootna, his proteges are acheiving more than he ever could. Kantner has most of his fantasie together: he just has to wait in preparation for 1975 when 'All the people rose (sic) from the countryside' and then fourteen years more for the time when we capture the first starship. Simple really. Yet his techno-lyrical songs (three of them here) are letting him down a little. 'War Movie' is as strong as anything he's written but the opening cut 'When The Earth Moves Again' has none of the thunderous flow of the Starship songs. It pails in comparison, dragging its metaphorical pivet. Grace has her bizarre childbirth/carcrash/Kurt Weill song and her triple Scorpio 'Crazy Miranda', and Joey Covington's 'Thunk' is a shiny little pastiche, but the ones that come through are Grace Slick's defiant 'Law Man' and all the material provided by Jorma Kaukonen. 'Feel So Good' has more power than all Kantner's sci-fi didacticism, 'Third Week' is a wistful delight, recognisable to us all, 'Pretty As You Feel' (written with Casady and Covington) is just highly refined music, and 'Wild Turkey' is a Hot Tuna instrumental, with Papa John now a fulltime Airplane member. With 'Bark' the Airplane surge forward once again. They have no peers in the whole spectrum of rock music, and they are beginning to owe that to the growing prominence of Kaukonen as a writer, quite apart from his extraordinary instrumental work; all these albums in their own ways are some kind of essential. They do come from the best rock musicians anywhere.
Dick Lawson

'Welcome to the Canteen' Traffic
(Island ILPS 9166)

Well folks it's all live stuff from this year's model of Traffic otherwise known as Winwood, Creach, Mason, Capaldi, Gordon, Wood and Reebop Kwaku Baah. Recorded at the Fairfield Hall and the OZ Obscenity Benefit at Central Poly this summer, I understand that due to electronic devilry the first part of the OZ concert was beset with problems so it may well be that side one is Fairfield Hall and t'other is from the benefit. It's a great album, yes, well worth having. It's always amazing that Traffic, a band of seeming chaotic personnel alterations should get such smoothly mellow rolling music pouring out. The three man percussion team of Capaldi, Gordon and Baah give the songs an exhilarating strength and the sax congas just hum with dynamism. It really rocks

Side one chugs along very smoothly in somewhat restrained fashion thru 'Medicated Goo', '40,000 Headmen' and 'Shouldn't have took more than you gave'. Chris Wood's flute floats across 'Headmen' as of old and it really is the most enjoyable track this side. Side two consists of long extended versions of 'Dear Mr Fantasy' and 'Gimme Some Lovin', a tremendous blast from the past. The drums and congas roar and pulse while Winwood and Mason flash out with organ and guitars and it works as a live album. They seem so obviously comfortable and relaxed about their playing that they throw out a feeling similar to that produced by other long established bands such as the Dead or the Band: they could play anywhere in any state, even in their sleep.

The best thing here is to my mind the last track 'Gimme Some Lovin' (some 8½ minutes of it) where Winwood's organ creeps stealthily into the centre over galloping drums and congas and then he rips into the song with that incredible high wailing voice which has turned on Winwood fans for years now. (Do you remember Dimples?) No doubt about Winwood's genius, his music shines but Traffic is definitely a vehicle for a contributed sound not a showcase for individual talents. God knows what this bunch will do next year but maybe he's waiting too.
Chris Rowley

Howlin' Wolf: The London Sessions (Rolling Stones)

This album is a delight, especially when coming to it from the arid territories of John Lee Hooker's aptly-titled "Endless Boogie", which also attempted to team one of the giants of the blues with a group of well-meaning young superstars. As with Muddy's "Fathers and Sons", the fusion succeeds brilliantly. It's almost enough to restore your faith in white blues.

Howlin' Wolf has never captured my imagination to the extent that Muddy, Hooker, BB King or Terry and McGhee have, but here he effortlessly remains in control of a session that could so easily have gotten top-heavy. **Eric Clapton, Stevie Winwood, Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, Klaus Voorman** and Ringo all crop up for their customary cameo roles, but here they're all playing Wolf's music rather than their own. It's a HOWLIN' WOLF album, a fact which may disconcert anybody who buys it for these four legendary names across the bottom of the cover. Even at its liveliest, it's mellow, thoroughly laid back, and — what else — it's the blues.

Most of the material is familiar even though I'm more used to hearing "I Ain't Superstitious" from Jeff Beck and Rod Stewart, "Sittin' On Top Of The World" by Terry and McGhee or Cream, "Little Red Rooster" (blush) by the Stones, and "Howlin' For My Darling" by Cream. To hear new versions of these songs by the man who originally cut them, with a backup by the men who made them famous, causes a weird feeling of time-warp, and musical doubling-back.

This may just be the best white blues band ever gathered together in one studio since the original Butterfield Blues Band, and Wolf is just the man to lead them. With a vocal style that formed the basis for Beefheart [illegible] and lesser mortals, the Wolf brings out the best in his illustrious sidemen. It's a shock to be reminded what a fantastic guitarist Eric Clapton really is, after all those records which convinced us that he wasn't as good as we always said he was. He is. And if anyone ever tells you that Richie can't play drums, just play them "I Ain't Superstitious". Despite Klaus' customary dullness, Ringo is outrageously funky.

Inside the beautiful sleeve, with its stylized acid Piccadilly Circus, and Yellow Submarine cartoons of Wolf and friends, many goodies await. The first thing you hear is Eric opening up "Rockin' Daddy" with a stuttering, precisely funky intro that would even sound good on an Aretha record, and his Cream "Sittin' On Top Of The World" licks sound just as good with Wolf up front, though Watts and Wyman lay down a very different groove from good ol' Jack and Ginger. There's a "Dust My Broom" sound-alike ("Highway 49", why not re-tuned?) and a couple of minutes of rehearsal time, in which Wolf shows Eric where the changes are on "Rooster".

In the final analysis, an album of fine, gentle funk from a bunch of people who really know how it should be done. And no one who hears it will lose much sleep over the fact that nothing on here is as powerful as Wolf's original, eleven-year old "Smokestack Lightnin'"
Charles Shaar Murray

'Barefoot Boy' Larry Coryell Flying Dutchman FD 10138
From Haight Ashbury to Woodstock Country Joe and The Fish. Vanguard VSD 79[illegible]
Daevid Allen 'Banana Moon' Byg Actuel 529345.
'Imagine' John Lennon Apple SW [illegible]

First, Larry Coryell and a positively amazing album that definitely comes in that essential category. Called 'Barefoot Boy' its the best example of Coryell's impossibly fluid, space jazz-rock I've ever heard, including some breathtaking sax blowing from Steve Marcus and Roy Hayne's perfectly geared drums. If you can just forget the title of side two the twenty

minutes of music beyond are a totally mind bending excursion through the mind of a lightning fast, superb musician.

Country Joe and the Fish are one of those bands that mean something to many of us because they were as much a part of our growth as we were part of theirs and if nostalgia is something you dig then 'From Haight Ashbury to Woodstock' is a double album you ought to have. Six of the nineteen tracks were recorded live at both the Fillmores and also at Woodstock and have never been released before, whilst the others span the development of the Fish since their earliest days — seven a 1965 version of [illegible] 'To Die Rag' [illegible] needless to say, [illegible] pages.

All the tracks have been re-mixed by Barry Melton's [illegible] just a [illegible] less obtrusive than [illegible] and the magic of 'Bass String [illegible]' original acid hymn) 'Grace', 'Who Am I', 'Flying High', 'Porpoise Song' and all the other winners [illegible] as strongly today as it ever did. [illegible] ful albums, worth every penny [illegible] fiver you'll have to part with to [illegible] them.

Daevid Allen and Gong are possibly the most exciting group I've seen performing this year and Daevid's second solo album with a smattering of Gong and help from Gary Wright and Robert Wyatt is available on the French label 'Byg', which means it may never see English release. 'Banana Moon' is a strange and compelling album with flashes of Allen's inimitable genius, especially on 'Stoned Innocent Frankenstein' which occupies the whole of side two. The ingredients of Daevid Allen's music are his roots in jazz, his impossible and hilarious mythology about Pothead Pixies, Bananas, Octave Doctors, luminous Hashish from the moon and electronic rock music. If that doesn't whet your appetite look out for Gong in England soon as they are finally about to tour . . . total amazement is sure to be your reaction.

Finally John Lennon. It probably won't be too long before 'Imagine' is released over here by Apple, but in the meantime the impatient amongst you can rush out and buy the American version of this, his answer to the people who found his first album self-indulgent and too personal. I wouldn't presume in so few words to review the record, there are eager thousands just waiting to get their teeth into it but I would like to say that it's a fine and occasionally stunning collection with some of the hardest head crashing rock you'll ever hear, 'I dont Wanna be a Soldier Mama, I dont Wanna Die' and 'It's So Hard' as well as three or four sensitive, and extremely moving love songs, 'Imagine', 'Oh My Love' and 'How'. Lennon has produced an album that equals and surpasses anything that the Beatles *ever* did and we might easily suppose that George Harrison, Klaus Voorman, Alan White Nicky Hopkins and John and Yoko might soon be a permanent band. Its a stimulating thought, the music they make is finally catching up with Lennon's intelligence and it's so very very good to hear. Listen to Lennon's biting sad song for Paul McCartney 'How Can You Sleep' and hear and old mate saying a few things he had to; not easy, just he was too much of a friend to say nothing. Music fine enough for me to want to say thank-you. Thankyou.

John Coleman

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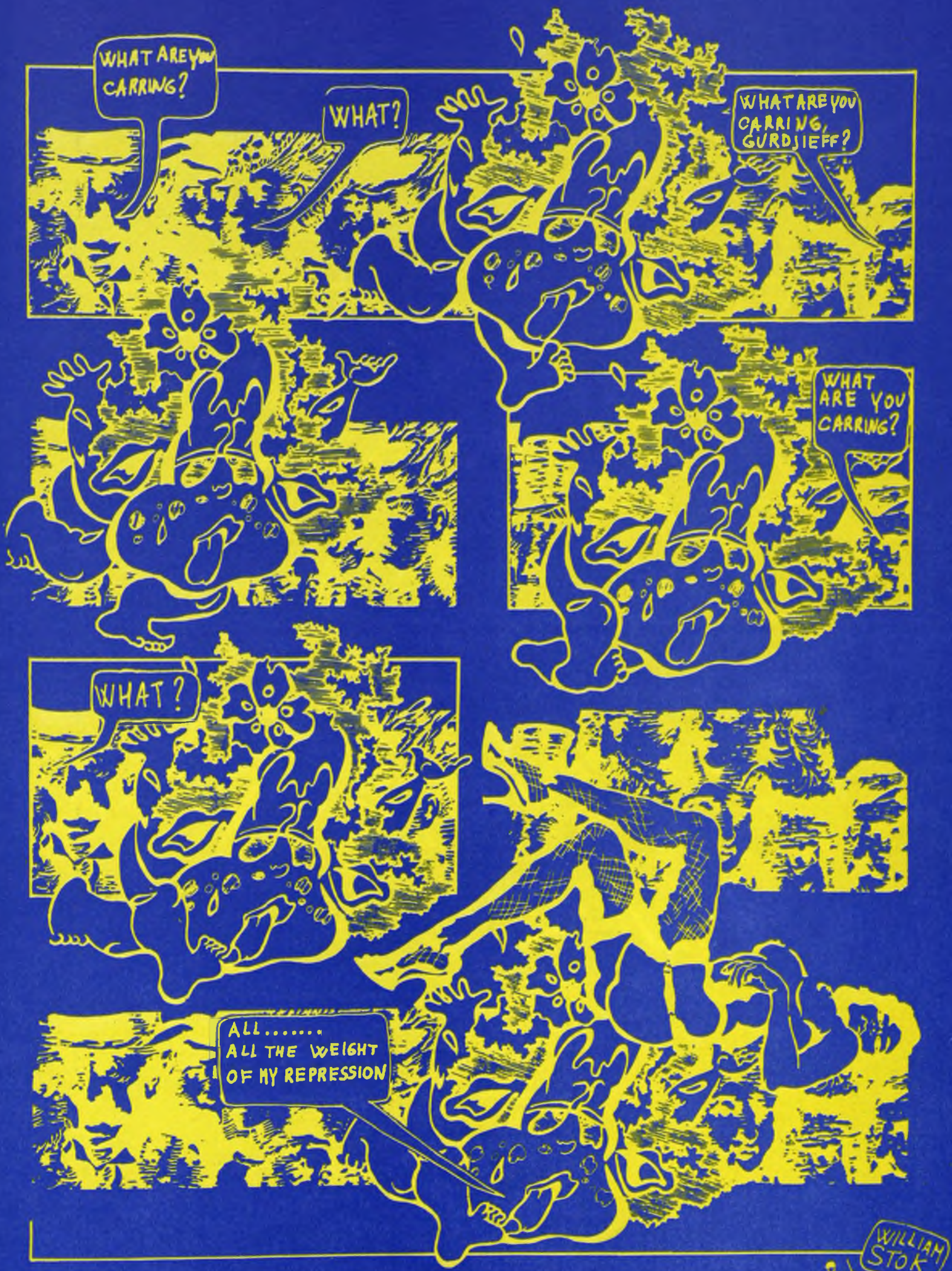
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WILLIAM STOK

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BEaWARE: If you fly Hawkwind, there ain't no return, and we ain't foolin'.

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

UAG 29202

FANS

Dear OZ,

I don't know if I am writing this letter to the write place, but your dreadful magazine does not say where to write letters to. I have found several of your magazines in my 16 years old daughters bedroom and I think they are disgusting. I read OZ 34 from cover to cover to find out exactly what my daughter seems to be reading and one story I found very disturbing was 'My Lay in My Lai'. I wonder do you understand what you are doing when a girl of that age, a child in fact, can go into a shop and buy your magazine what affect it may have on children of that age. The language is sickening. My daughter thinks that OZ is very funny and also interesting. I dont see anything interesting or funny about OZ 34 or any other OZ for that matter. I have burned all the copies of OZ that I found as well as Frendz, IT, Styng, Ink, Time Out, Rolling Stone and several others and I have confined my daughter to her bedroom for a month. After school every evening she goes to her bedroom and has to stay there till the next morning. I am also keeping her in her bedroom all over the weekends, she has her meals on her own there and has no TV to watch and no pocket money. And I will keep her to that punishment for the Month. I don't want to do this but I have to make her understand that she must always do what is morally right. I blame you for me having to punish my child. You all must be very sick in the head and I advise all of you to see a doctor. She now tells me that she is pregnant and the father is some long haired member of a rock group and he is only nineteen. My daughter has completely shamed herself in my eyes. Sex seems to be the main topic in your magazine and it is people like you that drive children to have sexual intercourse. I blame people like the members of OZ for everything that has happened to her. How could a sixteen year old girl understand about sex and experiment with out being encouraged by people like you. I hope if you have any feeling at all that you will print my letter so that some young children may understand what you and people like you are doing to them. At least give them a chance to realise right from wrong. I have not given my address and refuse to give my name because I don't want to be related to people like you in any way. If young people were kept to their religion others would be not pregnant 16 year old girls and so nineteen year old long haired layabouts who have no idea of like at the age of even nineteen. There should be no such thing as sexual intercourse until the age of 21 and then it should be in the laws of Matrimony. I should like to know what am I going to do about my daughters baby and what am I going to say to my friends and the rest of my family this is something that my wife and I are never likely to forget.

Yours truly,
A Struggling Parent

PS. I would be most grateful if the letter has not been adressed to the write place that it is put into the proper hands, thank you. please excuse the writing and spelling.

Dear OZ,

In the land of OZ we American women readers would like to see (in reference to issues number 33 and 34 especially) some pictures of small boys with over-accentuated penises, men being ass fucked by frogs, and an article about a male lamb fucker. So far we find OZ to be overtly sexist with no corresponding exploitation of anything male in your magazine on a regular basis — what sort of Emerald City do you want anyway?

We are writing this with the warmest feelings for the continuation and expansion of OZ and the entire English underground — good luck to Anderson, Neville and Dennis.

Sincerely,
Fran Goodstein,
Sandra Limeburner.

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ROGER ZELAZNY

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If this country along with all other United Nations members, doesn't get to work straight away to pressure for an immediate peaceful solution to the Pakistan problem, we may have on our collective conscience the biggest human disaster in the history of mankind.

The fact is that something like 40 million lives in and around East Pakistan are threatened by famine and disease if a massive relief operation isn't put into effect immediately. Of course Oxfam, along with other relief agencies are doing what they can as are the Indian Government, but it simply is'nt enough. The only way this problem is going to be solved is for the governments of the world to unite in demanding action. You've got the power to start that action now, through your MP.

Urgent. Sign here and send to your MP

To the Member for .....House of Commons
Westminster, London SW1.

I add my plea that the United Nations use the power invested in it to press for an urgent political solution to the Pakistan problem, and immediately organise the relief programme desperately needed to avert further suffering.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Sign here .....Date .....

Inserted by Oxfam 274 Banbury Road, Oxford, on behalf of human beings in need.

DR J

What we want to do is to publish some useful information about medical problems that the ordinary straight GP or your uptight shrink won't handle. Speaking personally I spent a year working full-time for a well-known underground charity in London and it opened my eyes to the depths of nonsense that the majority of doctors come out with when such topics as Acid, sex, police brutality, etc are mentioned by patients. (Incidentally I *would* sign my full name were it not for the law that forbids doctors to 'advertise' on pain of being prevented from prescribing for their patients.)

Only last week a girl of 23 telephoned with the following story: She had suffered from high blood pressure — whatever that is, because peoples' blood pressures do vary extremely — and asked her family doctor what would happen if she dropped LSD. "You'll drop dead", he replied. He had no scientific basis for such a grim forecast, and so far as I know he was trying to say that she would be breaking the law or risking the comfort of her mind. As it is she is still determined to drop her trip and I only hope the doctor proves wrong. Speed can kill, but Acid trips mental mechanisms that are still far from being understood, and are very, very rarely lethal. In the next issue we hope to publish a First Aid Guide for Bad Trips or What to Do if your Daughter Claims she was Raped by Dope Fiends. (Details of that actual case, which occurred in Sussex this Summer are presently sub-judice and cannot yet be printed.)

A 19 year old girl (why the boys don't complain I know not) wrote with the following problem: *"My boyfriend and I like all sorts of sex and I'm peculiar because I enjoy being buggered more than being fucked in my vagina, and that isn't a problem especially as my boyfriend always wears a durex to keep himself safe" (what's up your arse, tintacks?) "but what is bothering me, and my boy friend's penis is average size, is that now whenever I shit I bleed. Is this normal? Also what can I do because it's painful too?"* . . .

In answer I must point out that most men's penises are no larger than most turds and medically it is indeed odd that shitting is usually usually fun whilst being buggered is often painful — at first anysay. Probably you have a small tear of the skin of the anus — a 'fissure in ano'. In England, Syphilis, the most serious of venereal diseases, is practically only found among people who practice anal intercourse. This may be why buggery, even between man and wife is a felony (!) but Syphilis is a rare disease and can be diagnosed by a simple blood test. It is treated confidentially, and cured very reliably with antibiotics obtainable from VD Clinics and most doctors.

If neither you or your boyfriend have come out in a rash, or if he has no sign such as an ulcer, or a painless lump on his penis or a discharge, then it's just a simple tear of the skin. Do go to any doctor and complain of the bleeding. There are ointments, suppositories and agents to soften faeces which are commonly prescribed for this condition, which is often caused by constipation anyway — so do not be shy! It takes about two weeks of treatment to heal your damage so why not play with Pussy Power meanwhile? Useful ointments for sore sex-holes contain local anaesthetics. Locan, Xylodase and Nupercainal are available at chemists and Stud aerosol from sex-goods shops. All these can (rarely) cause itchy allergic reactions.

Now can any reader help the distressed mother who wrote to me about her daughter Veronica? This is the letter she wrote:

Dear Sir,

My daughter Veronica went overland to India in July 1969 and wrote every fortnight until Jan this year, then came the postal strike. In her last letter she said she would see me soon, so I thought she must be on her way home. I think she intended to be home end of May beginning of June. The Embassies between here and India have been advised of her apparent disappearance, also the Salvation Army is helping.

But when I heard what is happening in Afghanistan, I was appalled, and although her letters were always lucid and extremely descriptive of the country etc I wonder if she has now become involved in some way, and is in Afghanistan. Therefore, I immediately thought that if I wrote to Dr J he may be able to advise me, as to whom I might write there for assistance.

Yours sincerely,
Mary Singleton,
12 Woodland Way,
Winchmore Hill, N.21.

To the Video Generation
From Larry Menkin, Captain Video, 1949
1971, Free Video America, Seize The Media.

Video Collectives! Video Communes! Video Co-Ops! Hey, Charley, you hear that! Charley Speer, I'm calling you, world's most facile, prolific, creative, clever, fucked up readio-TV writer! Charley, turn over in your grave. I'm calling you, Listen! You can tell them to go fuck themselves. No kidding. They can't fire you. Because you won't be working for them. You'll be working for yourself. No bullshit. Charley. You'll be paid. You'll share the bread with other cats like you. Creators. Talent. Listen, Charley, it'll blow your mind. No speculation. No free stuff for guys to make money out of; no chasing a guy to collect your money which he has already spent. Nope, they can't steal your ideas, talent, experience and then discard you like the obsolete man. Dig. Charley? Outta sight. Far out. Don't cry Charley it's not another lie. You'll write and produce the programs. You and your commune, co-op, collective associates will make and sell and distribute the software. No phonies, finks, backstabbers, two timers, thieves to rob you, Charley. No more lies, doublecrossing, promises, promises and no loot for the rent. You don't have to have anything to do with the guys who kicked you in the teeth, drove you to drink and the sleeping pills and the long, last rip out. Charley, believe it or Not. Ripley, I swear by the Hit Parade and Pat Weaver and Wide, Wide World and the presentations you wrote for NBC, for Today, Tonight, Home, for $200, that you won't be gypped, conned, paid off in Wilkie buttons. Charley, get this, they can't fuck you. You can fuck them!

Please don't cry, Charley. I swear by Johnny Weismuller-Tarzan, the guy you used to psyche out by telling him he had the clap, just before you dived in for the race, I swear by The Shadow the Lone Ranger, The Cisco Kid, Captain Video, Mr District Attorney, Grand Central Station, First Nighter, Walter Cronkite, Eric Severeid, HV Kaltenborn, Aw, there's good news tonight, Gabriel Heater; I swear by radio hatelers, Father Coughlin and TV hatelers, McCarthy, by Fred Waring, Guy Lombardo and Kate Smith and Bing Crosby and John Wayne who, Newsweek says, quoting, said Indians? They were selfish not to want to give up their land, it was okay to take their land from them, and blacks, they're not responsible enough for leadership yet; and Tom Mix and Jack Armstrong and the Columbia Workshop, and even on the Bible of showbiz, Variety, I swear Charley, by all the times you have been censored, edited, cut, destroyed, defeated, by every news show that has, by commission and omission, censored itself, lied, deliberately broadcast falsehoods; by every damn fool news director who is so brainwashed, he kisses ass and doesn't have to be told what to cut or leave out, I swear by AL Alexander and Good Will Court and John J Anthony and What's your problem, Charley I swear by the millions of hours of radio and TV broadcasts and over the graves of Irving Reiss, of Columbia Workshop Days, and We, The People and the lies spread by I LED THREE LIVES, THAT PHONEY LYING THING, I swear by that damn fool Dr Dumont who wouldn't pay Jackie Gleason another $ 2.50 a week on Dumont, so Jackie went to CBS, I swear by Canada Lee, the immortal black star of Native Son, who couldn't get on the WMCA Barry Grey show to tell the world he was not a fink, I swear by all the finks, anti-commies, birchers, hatelers, I swear by all the phoney freedom fighters, The Green Hornet, Dragnet, Jack Webb, Highway Patrol, Rocky King, and all that shit you and I wrote for years and years, I swear, Charley, YOUR SON HAS A CHANCE today!

Information is a gun. Information is the new revolution. Be your own boss. Share. In a collective, a commune, a co-op. Build your own video. cassette network and forget the establishment networks. Stop turning and tossing in your grave, Charley and listen.

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Read Gene Youngblood's 'Expanded Cinema' Dig it. Dig in. Go. Go. Read Gene's brilliant study of videotronics, the cinema, new technological extensions of the medium; the revolutionary implications of videotape cassettes and cable television as educational tools. 'Expanded Cinema' is invaluable to all who are concerned with the audio-visual extensions of man, the technologies that are reshaping the nature of human communications.

Members of the Captain Video Universe, members of the human people, fellow passengers on the space ship, Earth, read R Buckminster Fuller's inspiring introduction to Youngblood's 'Expanded Cinema'. Fuller writes:
. . . "tomorrow's youth will employ the video cassette resources to bring in the scenario documents of all humanity's most capable thinkers and conceivers. Only through the scenario can man possibly 'houseclean' swiftly enough the conceptual resources of his spontaneous formulations. Tomorrow's Expanded Cinema University, as the word universe-towards one-implies, will weld metaphysically together the world community of man by the flux of understanding and the spontaneously truthful integrity of the child."

That means YOU, video generation, video cassettes, forget the traditional, the conventional, the commercial ; use Cable TV, sure, use the establishment — buy your equipment from the institution — but they CAN'T BUY YOU WHEN YOU HAVE HOME TV CONTROL AND DON'T NEED THEIR DISTRIBUTION!

Think! Anything they say NO to, don't take NO for an answer now, say yes with your answer, your ideas, your perception of reality, realism, fantasy, synasthetic fantasy-reality; the relevant world you know; white, black, third world, youth, truth; truth, free of repression, suppression, censorship.

Sex and Freedom. Sex and Education. Sex and the Law. Love and marriage. Man and woman. Birth. Pre-natal care. Pregnancy. Post-natal care. Bringing up your child. How would you like to visualize it.

How about programs like, HOW TO FUCK SPECIAL BULLETIN. WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO SAY YOU *CAN* SAY THAT HERE, ON CASSETTES' For things you can say, do and want to know, see MONTAGE-COLLAGE, FREE VIDEO INFORMATION EXCHANGE, AT THE CLOSE OF THIS PROGRAM. Now back to all the network and local commentators, newsmen, establishment opinion makers, Nixons, Reagans, (who? Me pay taxes?) Agnews (I can so gag all of you, because I'm God the Second) Mitchell, Mrs Marie Antoinette Let Them Be Killed Mitchell, ALL IN THE FAMILY type racial satire programs (Johnny Carson: Gee, the producer is a nice guy for a heeb!) For protesting stereotypes going back to pre-Hitler days I got fired a half dozen times; for protesting use of kikes, spicks, heebs, beloved bigots, the neologisms of prejudice, bigotry, hatred, niggerism. I got fired from local and network stations; for protesting pandering to the lowest kind of hostilities, for ALL IN THE FAMILY type crimes I was beaten up, hit cockalized, struck in the face, called names, fired, kept out, left out, ignored, kicked, lied to, deceived, cheated, robbed, for protesting the caricature-stereotypes glorifying and making a nice, acceptable guy out of a sonofa bitch who would be first in line in the pogroms, the lynch mobs, the gas chambers; to see this racist guy, phonily put down, and supposedly taught a lesson while we accept him as"after all he is a nice guy" is to make a mockery out of all the bigotry, racist freedom fighters in the space time continuum of our fight against oppression, our odyssey toward freedom. We will have our own home TV and ignore this stimulation of intolerance, hatred, racism. Ugh!

I hate it like it hates me. I fear it like the monster it is. And what it does to people. So more than ever, we need the educational tools of video cassettes. How To Love, Not Hate. How Fuck. How Do I love thee? Let me count the ways. Sex education. For newlyweds. For young and middle and old.

Produce a simple narrator, illustrations, with a few actors in scenes on YOU'RE WHAT YOU EAT. Nutrition. Health. HOW TO — whatever you want: raise a child, buy and sell real estate; know the law, run a meeting, know your union, know black history, any ethnic history, how to shop, buy, survive, read; to see what you won't — on commercial TV: simple production with a narrator, a few local actors, or whatever of adaptations of Cleaver's 'Soul on Ice' 'Autobiography of Malcom X'; Bobby Seale's 'Seize the Time', etc.

Menkin's Mono Drama Technique of ONE ACTOR, no sets, few props, telling, acting out a

video

story. Award winning 1953 Dumont series, accoladed by 'Variety' 'New York Times, etc. LIVING HISTORY, I MADE HISTORY. I am. I was I am Here. Right in your own living room. On your own TV set. In your home. Like: I AM KARL MARX. I have come here to tell you my story. I have come here to read from my works and discuss my ideas with you, I have come here for the transition in the space time continuum of yesterday, today to tomorrow, for you, the video generation, the information generation.

ONE ACTION. In limbo spotlight. Choose your own music. Slides. Photos. Newsclips. Two actors. Three. Question, answer. A monologue with questions, answers, groups, panels. FREDERICK DOUGLAS, NAT TURNER, I CHING, MAO, Ho Chi Minh. FDR Engels. Hegel. Socrates. Plato. Spinoza. Einstein. Name it. Call them bring them to life. Let them speak and tell their story with folk song background, rock blues background, classic, moog synthesizer, electronic, jazz, whatever.

Everywhere, in your local community, produce a SEIZE THE MEDIA, a VIDEO FREE MAGAZINE (that's what I'm planning) Digest the underground press, in audio visual, video tape-film cartridge cassettes.

Use high school and college paper editors. Do your thing. Film it. Video tape it. Running time? Half an hour. Or hour. Weekly. Bi weekly.

Do documentaries on people like ANGELA DAVIS, Political Prisoner. Innocent until proven guilty? Oh, sure, we'll give her a fair trial and then we'll lynch her! How about a documentary on THE CASE OF RUCHELL MAGEE, HELD IN SLAVERY. Magee says he is being treated as a slave. As a slave is seeking, struggling, to break his chains; paranoically claiming all are in collusion against him? Maybe they are depriving him of his constitutional rights. Maybe he is A SLAVE. A 20th Century Les Miserables: FOR A LOAF OF BREAD, TEN BUCKS — ten years in jail and so on and so on into fantasy-death land. Not a great detective, mystery suspense non-fiction story of a man's struggle to be free! Drama series — will the truth set you free!?

DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ. Adapt a book by a cat named Robert Cirino: 'Don't Blame the People'. How the news media use bias, distortion, and censorship to manipulate public opinion. Published by Diversity Press, Box 45005, Los Angeles, 90045. Published it himself. Not to read, otherwise, you know.

A guy named Gledhill who says he used to work with Saroyan in the old San Francisco days. Had a gut full of publishers in the establishment. Needs writers and wants to get into video cassettes someday. Meanwhile runs a Co-Op Publishing, Loose Leaf Library. Helps writers make a buck. Prints and sells their material. That's Gledhill, Co-Op Publishing, 417 Avenue D, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277.

Stand by! Okay, I read you, loud and clear. Right on. It's a long list of new video information to exchange. I'll boil it down. Okay, okay, stop jumping up and down in your grave, you'll disturb the dead in Vietnam. They're still dying there. And in the streets of cities in America. Yes there's a war on. We need video cassette information education tools so that we can live together in peace.

MONTAGE-COLLAGE — Free Video Information Exchange:

For people's media films: John Downey, American Documentary Films. 379 Bay Street, San Francisco, Ca. New York. 336 W 84th Street. Trade magazine: 'Videorecord World', (get the first 3 issues) Urbanus Square, Box A-Z, Irvine, California. 92664. Att. Michael McFadden, Editor at Large. 'Videorecord World' is a general establishment — hopes to be the Broadcasting Trade journal of the new video world. Contents include lots of useful information for you, the video generation. (No, I don't work or sell for any of those people; they wrote to me; sent me their books magazines, thoughts, questions.)

. . . idea: present local rock and roll shows on video cassettes. Ask youth to talent search and bring in new groups. Tape them. Play them back to youth audiences.

'Videorecord' says: "Everyone is choosing up sides in a game where there are still no rules. There are the big guys and the little guys, the hippies and the establishment, and the pros and the amateurs. Who will win? Who will lose? The answer to both questions is the same: maybe everybody.'

The answer Mr Videorecord, is something is happening, changing, and youth will make out in the future if they seize the media, some chance, some part of it, and if therefore, there is a future.....ideas: Interviews with blacks. Present and past. Past? Call up the ghosts of yesterday. and let them speak for themselves through the superimpositions of actors . . . Integrate . . . stories for children. Show people of different races, creeds, nationalities, colors, working, playing, living together, get more involvement and participation into children's programs: do a EXERCISES WITH CHILDREN. A physical instructor, a few children with him, and ask the children to go along and participate in the exercises.

SCREAMIES, SCREAM ALONG WITH ME. A one man show. Set: A door. I'm going to open this door, says the narrator. I invite you to enter with me, into the World of Imagination and Screamies. Scream along with me. For fifteen minutes, scream along and let go of your primal screams, conflicts, tensions. You'll feel better. Okay. Let's enter the world of imagination and screamies.

THE CREATIVES . . . tape your local creative people. Artists, craftsman, writers, poets, teachers; do talent scout shows for poets, playwrights; tape your local high school, college newspaper, radio, TV, campus people; their views; comments. Plays, Special events. Do your own CONSUMER REPORTS on your local shopping centers. Tape your Council Meetings, members, let your community share in what is happening.

How do your get all this information? How do you make duplicates, how do you mass produce cassettes, they wrote and asked.

Video tape producers may find the services they need by writing to: VIDEOTAPE PRODUCTION ASSOCIATION, 222 East 44th St., New York, NY. They list names and addresses of some fifty creative-consultants and production houses.

For complete details of CBS Electronic Video Recording, write them at 51 W 52nd Street, New York, NY 10019., for complete details on EVR system. For a brochure on THE NEW MEDIUM: VIDEO CARTRIDGE, CASSETTE, DISC. Write to New York University, School of Continuing Education, 2 University Place, Rm 21, New York, NY 10003. For who's who in audio visuals, 'Audio Visual Communications', a Media Horizons Publication, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

Write to AKAI, AKAI America Ltd, 2139 East Del Amo Boulevard, Compton Ca 90220. They have an ad in Audio Visual about their AKAI's 14" video tape recorder. Total price for everything $1295.00. Try VIDEO EXCHANGE DIRECTORY, c/o IMAGE BANK, 4454 West 2nd, Vancouver, 8 BC, Canada. Write to SONY, Sony Corporation of America, 47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, New York, NY 11101. Get their brochure on their video tape recorder.

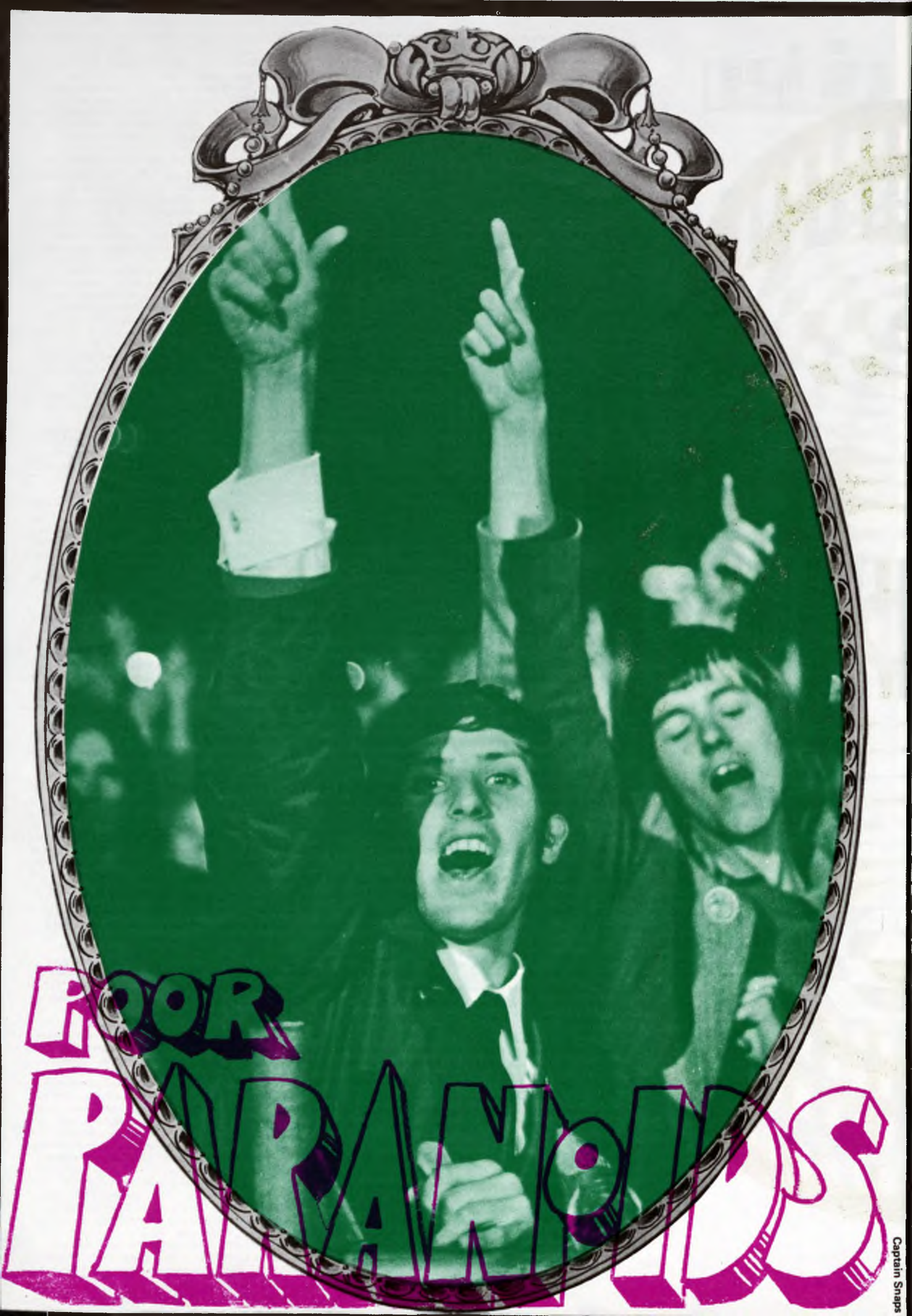
And most important, subscribe to the first 4 issues of 'Radical Software', the most comprehensive alternative news magazine on the video world. 24 East 22nd Street, New York City, 10010.

". . . Discover the paradoxical design implications of some new social revolutions on some old social institutions. What are the likely effects of the powerful new revolutions in communications, consciousness, sexual politics, and the third world, on learning, loving, and working? What will be the impact on the designer's work? How, in the light of these changes, can today's designer direct his talent and energies toward shaping a new society?"

Explore these issues in a new participative conference format with design scientist Bucky Fuller, Esalen founder Michael Murphy, Feminist writer Caroline Bird, media critic Gene Youngblood, civil rights leader Andrew Young, psychologist James Fadiman, FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, happenings inventor Allan Kaprow, video artist Nam June Paik, social planner Jivan Tabibian, designer/filmmaker Saul Bass, organization theorist Warren Bennis, environmentalist Hans Proppe, and others.

Freeze frame, Charley, my collaborator of yesterday, is calling again. Okay Charley, yes you can come alongin spirit. Oh . . . hey, man, that's cool. You're going to bring along your new friends, spirits of thinkers, creators, artists, inventors, dissenters, protestors, revolutionaries, teachers, changers, great minds from the space time continuum history of this spaceship Earth . . . . great . . . you mean, minds like Einstein, Shakespears, Ibsen, Odets, Lawson, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Jesus, Moses, Mainmonedes, Tesla, Edison, Spinoza, Lenin, Hegel, Marx, Jefferson, Tom Paine, Du Bois, Malxolm X, Adam Smith, Newton, Descartes, Buddha, Martin Luther King, Oppenheimer, Spartacus, Bolivar, Debs, and the unknown soldiers.

Larry Menkin, Los Angeles Free Press.


POOR
PARANOIDS
Captain Snaps

ROCK

Somehow London has yet to find the cohesion and brotherhood amongst it's musicians that is currently promising yet another deluge of foxy music from the stalwarts of San Francisco. They *are* together and despite the carping of purists claiming that the West Coast sound lacks balls and that musicians like the Airplane and Crosby anr self indulgent super-stars, the end result is invariably special, high quality music. Of course they make bread, they happen to be shrewd and soulful professional musicians with both feet firmly in what looks like being the beginnings of an alternative society . . . and do we need that.

If you search around for such an embryo culture in London you'll get nearest to the feeling by watching the progress of a bundle of 'Grove Groovers' including the remainder of Pink Fairies, Hawkwind, Mighty Baby and various emergent bands that pretty soon look like being handled by a new management/agency set-up called 'Fun and Games Inc.' that may well take over where the regrettably defunct 'Clearwater' left off. The difference between the 'straight' agency and management that groups get tied up with and small outfits like 'Fun and Games' is down to one or two major differences . . . friendliness and an understanding of *music* not business. 'Fun and Games Inc.' will be promoting concerts sometime in the near future featuring their bands and probably others, so look out for them.

Tempted by the thought of a blast from the sheer guts and power of Townshend and the Who I found myself at the Kennington Oval, in the Member's Enclosure yet, on a hot September Saturday, sharing the unisex loo with hordes of freaks and ladies, listening to all kinds of mediocre music and watching in amazement the crowd of thirty one thousand. My sticky eyes were refusing to focus on the seated hordes and only the moving figures were clear, the faceless masses became a technicolour blur with super-imposed, crystal sharp images of bog or hot-dog bound hippies tripping and floating across the foreground to the somewhat constipated strains of Atomic Rooster, who were incidentally, immensely popular.

The entire staff of 'Frendz' could be seen stumbling happily amongst the gathering selling their paper with understandable zeal whilst Pat, the paper's Ad lady stood amongst the entrance chaos and sold three hundred copies of OZ in just over an hour. She has a loud shout and a persuasive manner. Around sill-mid-off an hermaphroditic young man or lady was taken away strapped to a stretcher by a painfully embarrassed ambulance crew . . . Fellini by the Gasworks end; he was peaking strongly on some psychedelic, (' . . . ('. . . this is serious and I want you all to listen,' said Ricki Farr at one point, 'the acid is BAD, I'll repeat that . . . ') and as he rolled over pointing his cock and proud nipples at the sky a blushing St John's medic quickly turned him back over with a gentle, trembling, prodding toe.

All but the keenest bopper missed the immaculate Grease Band who were first on the programme for some obscure reason and the rest of the afternoon saw us treated to an average set from Mott the Hoople and an unforgivably sloppy set from Rod Stewart and the Faces who seem too often inclined to leave the soul for the last three numbers and fuck around for the rest of the set. Ricki Farr proudly announced an Irish singer called Eugene Wallace who had 'never sung in front of more than twenty people in his life' and who thrashed his way through about five protest songs, delivered in an anguished roaring voice. I imagine his hernia was impossibly strangulated. He finished with a song that I could make little sense of but seemed a classic example of universal paranoia, *'Tell me who those bastards are who hide the truth away'* he exorted the crowd for about ten minutes, finally culminating with an embarrassing bellow, 'The CIA'. I was totally mystified by his enthusiasm for the subject. Farr made a few ill-chosen comments about the money that various un-named American bands had demanded for the gig to justify his protege's inclusion. It fooled very few.

Then, slightly late, the Who hit the stage. Townshend doesn't introduce songs anymore, he shouts, exploding with white, incendiary force and more and more shading out Roger Daltrey's slick histrionics with the energy of rock that he contains and releases at will. It's impossible to watch the Who and not be aware of how much effort has gone into the shaping of their assault on the senses, their performance was the highest, most powerful statement of entertainment we've seen in London since The Band rocked everybody's ass off at the Albert Hall back in June. That brilliant white forest of adulatory waving hands at a Who finale is a sight I could see many times. As the spotlight hit Daltrey in high melodrama and he sang 'See me, Fee-eel me, Touch me . . a guy sharing our Member's Enclosure status with a smile and a fat joint gave a loud, involuntary gasp, rolled his spaced out eyes in ecstacy and slid off the wooden bench, happily commending his buzzing head to the under-seat gloom and ice-cream wrappings. The Who . . . where next I wonder?

Import Albums: either a luxury or a necessity, it depends on how eclectic is your listening ear. Still unavailable on any British label are hours of excellent music that need little more than mentioning. The following is a selection from the albums currently abailable from the import stocks at 'Virgin Records' and, whether or not you appreciate paying the extra pence they assure me they must charge in order to cover costs, the music is almost all extremely good and sometimes darn right essential. *(See reviews pages for John Coleman on Coryell, Country Joe and Gong and Lennon.)*

. . . Brewer and Shipley have made three albums· 'Weeds' and 'Tarkio Road' have been released over here but their first, 'Down in L.A.', is unlikely to appear on any British label, and that, for those that like their dulcet toned, lyrically excellent harmonies, is a shame. Brewer and Shipley are Aquarian minstrels and the quality of this album is surprising for a first recorded outing. America has produced a number of duo musicians like Seals and Crofts and, of course, Simon and Garfunkel, but the combination of wit and wisdom that earmarks Brewer and Shipley easily gives them the edge. Try 'An Incredible State Of Affairs' or 'Keeper of the Keys' from 'Down in L.A.' and you'll see.

Listening to 'Seigel Schwall 70' first flashes me on the sound that a hundred bands were making back in the early and mid-sixties over here in England. It's that metallic frenzied rattle that cries out for maraccas and a hoarse singer . . . The Pretty Things were good at it, so were the Yardbirds and even the Mojos. Seigel Schwall are a Chicago band that make no concessions to progress, their music is brash, energetic and completely un-selfconscious. There were three previous albums to this one, none of which is available in the ordinary racks at your local store but if you strike lucky you may find 'Say Siegel Schwall' or 'Shake' in the import section. 'Siegel Schwall 70' has two live tracks 'Angel Food Cake' and 'Sunshine Day In My Mind' and it joyous, frenetic rock is your trip then they're guaranteed to rock yer legs off.

Jo Mama are the band who backed James Taylor on most of his last two albums and they have a new album in their own right just out in the States. A five piece with a lady singer, Abigale Haness, they make some superb noises in that same country funk tradition that Taylor does so well. Not the most exciting music on the planet but tight and slick with some especially fine guitar licks.

The James Gang are certainly one of the few really fine out and out rock bands that America has found in recent years and if you, like me, were disappointed by their only average 'Thirds' then there is now a sample on record of the power of their live performances. Recorded at The Carneigie Hall it succeeds in capturing the Zeppelin-like frenzy that they manage to create on stage and the few patches of slightly messy recording are barely noticeable. Joe Walsh wields a mean guitar and his creamy technique is almost enough to make you do just that. Its called rock and roll and James Gang 'Live' is great stuff.

The Great Society were one of the original San Francisco Bands, along with The Charlatans and The Warlocks they were there right at the very beginning of the music scene that has snowballed to it's present, er . . . interesting state. The backbone of The Great Society was the Slick Family, Jerry, Darby and the star, Gracie. Available on import is a live album called 'Somebody To Love' and although the information on the album is minimal we can probably assume that it was recorded around 1965 at somewhere like The Carousel in San Francisco. Grace Slick is an astonishing singer and her confidence and maturity show through clearly on these tracks, she belts her way through every song and the applause, which is scattered at first, gets stronger with each song until the final flute-ridden rave-up 'Father' when everything is shuddering and soaring along with her knife-edged voice. This *is* a classic album but unlike many it has a freshness and strength that clicks through as well right now as it did back in the days when Grace was wearing a suede miniskirt and black stockings. Some of the songs sound slightly dated, rhythm sections weren't quite so tight back then, but it was the *start* of something important and it shows in every note.

John Coleman

The Black Panther Party, decimated by American police murders and infiltrated by FBI agents, are now operating major international headquarters from Algiers. The headquarters is run by Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther Party Minister of Information, and a dozen other Panthers who have successfully made the hazardous journey, often without passports.

The Panthers live and work in a white-washed two-story building which approaches consular status. The brass plaques at the front entrance proclaim, "Black Panther Party — International Section" in Arabic and English.

Eldridge Cleaver has spent two years in Algiers since his escape from California in 1969 after refusing to comply with an order returning him to jail for unspecified and unproved parole violations. Author of 'Soul on Ice', Cleaver has an international following.

Earlier this month, Alex Renif spent two days with Cleaver at the Algiers headquarters and brought back his most recent essay. Entitled "Leter to the Lumpen" it is to be sent out shortly from Algiers as a newsletter to Black Panthers around the world.

After a lifetime of checking shit out from the sidelines, the Lumpen now wants what's his. All arguments requiring him to accept depravation fall on deaf ears. The

Lumpen is prepared to take it.

In 1966, the Lumpen, with a few members of the black bourgoisie participating, formed the Black Panther Party, dedicated to organizing and speaking for the voiceless, unorganized, but potentially powerful black Lumpenproletariat in Babylon. Always the first victim and easiest target of the oppressor's reactionary violence, unleashed through the instrumentality of the racist pig cops, the Lumpen was the most enthusiastic and willing to move when an organization stepped forward to deal on a for-real level with the task of ridding the people of the terrorizing prescence and practice of the occupying army.

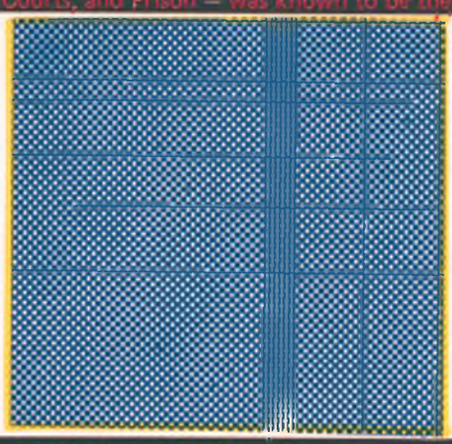
By contrast, when the Lumpen first posed the alternative of organized revolutionary violence to counter the organized reactionary violence of the ruling class, the Lumpen found itself isolated. Relating to the complaints and demands of the Lumpen as these were stated in the 10 Point Program and Platform of the Black Panther Party, the other classes panicked and got as far away from the Lumpen as possible. The fact that the Lumpen was actually picking up the gun, and actually using it, blew the minds of many people who were supposed to be the friends of a just cause. Even so-called revolutionaries, many of whom were to the Left of the contemptible Communist Party of the USA retreated, panic stricken, for the shelter of more rhetoric and feigned confusion.

It had not been the conscious, premeditated will of anybody to usher in the new level of struggle. It was in the wind. Objective conditions called for an organized force that was ready and willing to leap off into the chaos, pick up the gun, and Vanguard the action. Many attempts were made to provide such organizational machinery and ideological direction. It happened that the Black Panther Party offered the best possibility at that time. So, phase one of a three phased process was entered into.

The task that had to be accomplished was to expose and break the power of the machinery in the hands of the ruling class that was used to control, repress, and contain the revolutionary upsurge of the oppressed people inside Babylon. In practical terms, this meant that the following three targets had to be dealt with:

1. The Occupying Army of Racist Pig Cops.
2. The Racist Pig Judicial System.
3. The Racist Pig Prison System.

Without these instruments of control repression, and containment to rely upon, the rulers of Babylon would be on the chopping block — like a Christmas Turkey. This special repressive force — Police, Courts, and Prison — was known to be the



foundation of the American Social Order. This foundation had to be destroyed in order that the fiendish, inhuman, and totally rotten system of capitalist exploitation, fascist repression and imperialist aggression could be gotten hold of, demolished, and thrown into the oblivion of the grave.

To bring the day of freedom, liberation, peace, and happiness for the people one step closer, the Black Panther Party zeroed in on Target No One. We declared war upon the entire system, and we went into battle against the first line of pig resistance: the Racist Pig Cops.

Offing the Pig Cops

When Huey P. Newton offed pig Frey, he set a Lumpen Standard that had to be met. For the Lumpen, there was no question about it, it was right on, and the feeling was good for the first time. The death of pig cop Frey marks the death of all pig cops in Babylon. The correct method backed up by the correct analysis was confirmed in Lumpen eyes at the moment that Frey was officially declared to be dead. The absolute right of the Afro American people to take up arms and wage war against their oppressor gave itself the seal of approval through action, by moving, by taking the initative and actually attacking the pigs, with guns, and killing them. This became our thing, our real thing, our deep down thing. Dig it.

The retaliation of the pigs grew slowly. They were stymied. They went through heavy changes. The actual shooting of Afro-Americans in the San Francisco Bay Area plunged to a new low. Not that the murderous pigs did not want to vamp, because vamping on a weak foe is their thing, their deep down thing, but they were not psychologically or militarily prepared to vamp. Police departments throughout Babylon launched crash programs to reorganize and gear themselves for war which clearly had to be waged.

The first significant attack against an office of the Black Panther Party occured two days after the Oakland courts found Huey P. Newton guilty of Manslaughter instead of First Degree Murder. The Oakland Pigs, with their frozen Law and Order brains, knew that they were being moved on by revolutionaries. They also knew that dealing with revolutionaries meant war. And like all ruling establishments, they struck out, viciously, in a vain effort to stamp out the first fires of a peoples' war. We knew that we were their targets, but they were also ours. The most atrocious vamp on our Party was the murder of Fred Hampton. It is also the most revealing. It clearly lays bare the Nazi-like cops of Babylon in the process of terror and retaliation, in the cold-blooded murder of a young leader of the people.

Offing the Pig Judicial System.

The good part was that pig cop Frey was dead. The bad part was that Huey had gotten captured. Though the victory was still clear, it was marred by the fact of capture. The capture gave rise to the case. Our struggle was now being moved from the streets into the court house. We had our first conversation with Attorney Charles R. Garry at this point. War was thus transformed backwards into politics. What started as an act of revolutionary war against the pigs was turned into politits inside the pig's court. The direct link between the pig in the street and the pig on the bench was made. Soon the pigs on the bench were carrying guns under their robes. Political prisoners stood up in court and exposed them inside out, forever. It is no longer a question of can I get a fair trial. The question has boiled down to how do we break these chains? When Jonathan Jackson marched into court with his guns, a qualitative leap in theory and practice flashed like lightening through millions of skulls. From California to New York, a vanguard communique had gone out. The revolutionary demand for a Jury on one's peers is a rallying cry. Backed up by resisting arrest and killing the judge transforms the rallying cry into a war cry. The courts are dead in the eyes of the people.

Letter To The Lumpen

Offing the Pig Prisons

If the Afro-American people are the most oppressed as a group inside Babylon, then Afro-American prisoners, who are the most oppressed class inside Afro-America know what it means to be a slave. The stark naked reality of chains and dark dungeons, the cruel and brutal methods of the guards, the total exposure of the lies of society, and the fact that the pig cops bust you on the streets and drag you before another pig in court; the pig in court turns you over to the pigs who hold down the prisons. From top to bottom, from beginning to end, it's a no-go pig show.

The Lumpen, trapped within walls of steel and stone, sees very clearly what is going on. He understands himself to be a victim of a flam that the pigs have put down. It's not funny anymore. Before, the Lumpen laughed at it. Dreaming of trips from rags to riches, the Lumpen had spent some time dreaming the All American dream of the shoeshine boy growing up to be President. Now that they had been convicted of a felony, that dream was dead. The Lumpen had to dream up new dreams. The dreams inspired by the situation were dim. The reality was brighter. 400 years of oppression were distilled into steel, stone, and slaved-rivers called wardens and guards. The Lumpen draws the unshakable conclusion: these pigs should be killed and these walls razed to the ground.

From this point on, the Lumpen gives up everything, including all allegiance to the living. From now on, he makes all his deals with the dead. The Lumpen at that moment discovers a new life. The future, which under the regime of the pigs was closed, is now suddenly open. It's not that the Lumpen has been born again, but that now he *understands!* The wisdom that had been hidden is now his. Before he came to prison, the Lumpen's reality was the pig on the corner, in the squad car, on the beat, a certain distance away. Now it is a pig in your face, armed with a rifle, just there on the catwalk.

The Lumpen takes an oath. To kill, to destroy — in order to make the necessary room in which to build. Nothing that the pigs have to say at this point could matter less.

The oath of the Lumpen is to reject the pigs totally, to condemn all their works, to hate them forever, and dedicate one's life to destroying them and their system.

At this point, the Lumpen has lost even the fear of death, which he first had to conquer before he could kill. He does not feel himself to be a member of a minority group. He knows that he is invincible, that he is equal to the world. He spends no time debating these points with himself. He becomes more and more interested in military skills. He half regrets that he did not join the Army and master all the guns. But he also knows that if he had gone into the Army he wouldn't see things as he now does. He treasures his vision above all, it becomes his most precious and perhaps only possession. The Lumpen also knows that it is this, his vision, the way things look to him, that the pigs want to blot out. Why? Because they cannot deal with it.

Each day becomes a torturous struggle to keep from grabbing a pig and slitting his flabby throat. He wants all these pigs dead, but with his present limited means it does not seem worth it. Or is it? The Lumpen confesses that he really doesn't know. His convictions on this point swing back and forth. Some times the temptation overwhelms him. He moves, but not all the way. His prison term is extended. The shit becomes crystal clear. What the Lumpen does next is his secret. He has become a revolutionary.

Offing all the Pigs

It is a fact that at this very moment inside the United States there are people who have reserved especially for themselves the best of everything. For them, reality unfolds over the lip of a silver spoon. The best food, clothing and shelter; and even the air that they breathe is cleaner. If they get sick, then they have the best doctors standing there waiting with golden instruments that fit neatly under their tongues. It is clear that they think that because we rejected their diplomas and piised in the faces of their teachers that we are stupid. But we are the architects of their doom. And we are not all in their prisons. We are everywhere: in their buildings, in their streets, in their air, in their water, we are in their Army, and we are even under their skins. Let that pompous punk, Spiro the skunk, that who talks like he's studied every cheerios and wheaties ad ever composed, continue to sell his wolf tickets. There are those of us who will buy every one of them. We do not have to be as fat as they are in order to kick their asses. When the Lumpen moves, the entire society has to move, because the Lumpen is on the bottom and the only way he can go is up. As the bottom starts to move towards the top, everything between the bottom and the top has to move — if nothing else at least out of the way.

We shall storm the walls of their castles in our lifetimes. We are living in the day that it has become possible for us to snatch a final victory from fiends who have oppressed and tortured us for 400 years. Millions of Lumpen, armed and on the ground, persuing the enemy with a passion and implacable determination to defeat him, are an invincible force. When they try to destroy us, every move that they make will only hasten the destruction of their machine. Each time that they breathe, they reveal even more to the people their contours of evil. And after the great victory, ain't nobody going to mess with us. When the pie of Babylon is sliced up again, not only will the Lumpen get its share, but standing there with guns in their hands the Lumpen will see to it that everybody else gets theirs.

If Mayor Lindsay of New York, dipping his fingers into blood that hated him, finds it to his political advantage, this year, to attack Nelson Rockefeller as the Butcher of Attica, and not as one of the chief exploiters of the oppressed people of South Africa through his Chase Manhattan Bank, it means only that we have the pigs fighting amongst themselves.

Now, while the world situation permits it, we must make our move for the freedom and liberation of our people, realising that nobody and nothing can stop us. To be successful, all we need to do is become fulltime revolutionaries. We have nothing better to do. No more of their programs for us. Let us enact a Lumpen program for them. No more investigations and inquiries, no more nothing, not even elections. When the forces of fascism find it necessary to kill Mayor Lindsey, it will not mean that we have been defeated. It will only show us even more clearly the rigor mortis setting in on the corpse of Babylon.

Our guns are turned on them. Let us fire at will. When they scream for law and order, they are asking us to stop. Our answer to them must be the bark of guns, bigger, better, and louder bombs, better placed and no phone calls warning them. The only open forum now is the barrel of a gun. Let the pigs debate with our bullets and talk back to our razor blades. The whole earth will tremble as Babylon falls, but we must not be afraid. No tyranny is eternal and no oppressive system can endure the armed wrath of the people. And time runs out on every pig. Over and over again, the oppressed people, throughout history, have risen up and killed their masters. Time has run out for Babylon. And everything we do speeds up what time is left. If Babylon fell today, it wouldn't be too soon. But soon, the pigs will retreat to military bases and forts and try to negotiate a deal, while we, like Indians, with some real Indians amongst us, will tighten the circle around them in a dance of death for them and a new life for us.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
DEATH TO THE FASCIST IMPERIALIST PIGS!

Eldridge Cleaver
Minister of Information

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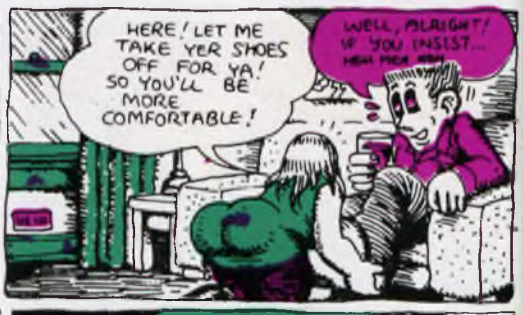
HONEYBUNCH KAMINSKI
"THE DRUG-CRAZED RUNAWAY"
-or- SHE'S LEAVING HOME
FINISHED MY HOMEWORK!! NOW TO GET STONED!!
FIRST I'LL PUT ON THIS NEW ALBUM I GOT AT TH' SUPERMARKET YESTERDAY!
NOW FOR TH' DOPE... I CAN HARDLY WAIT!! IT FEELS SO.... HEY!!
MY STASH!! IT'S GONE!!
ALRIGHT! I FOUND IT! I TOLD YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN, HONEYBUNCH... I WILL NOT HAVE NARCOTICS IN THIS HOUSE!!
A WHOLE LID... THAT'S TH' LAST STRAW!!
HONEYBUNCH!! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
LOOK, MAN, I TOLD YOU WHAT I'D DO IF YOU DIDN'T STAY OUTA MY ROOM, SO.... THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, MAN!!
THAT'S MY PROBLEM!!
ALL I CAN SAY IS I HOPE SOMEDAY WHEN YOU'RE A MOTHER YOUR KIDS CAUSE YOU THE SAME HEARTACHE AND PAIN... THEN YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE.
CUT TH' DRAMATICS, MAN... I'M NOT GONNA BE A MOTHER! EVER!
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!!
STICK IT!!
WAIT'LL YOUR FATHER HEARS ABOUT THIS!
FUCK YOU!
AN' I HOPE ALL TH' NEIGHBORS HEARD THAT!!
HOPE NOBODY CAN TELL I'M A RUNAWAY... THEY'D PROBBLY REPORT ME TO TH' PIGS... WHAT A BUMMER!!
THAT MAN'S LOOKING AT ME! WHY'S HE LOOKING AT ME? MAYBE HE'S AN UNDERCOVER COP!!
WHA—?
JEEEZ! WHAT A CREEP!! OH WELL, I'D RATHER BE MOLESTED BY A SEX FIEND THAN BUSTED BY A PIG... I GUESS.
SCOPE
HEY, RED! DID YOU SEE THAT?
NO... WHAT?

A YOUNG CHICK SAW OUR CAR AND TOOK OFF DOWN THAT ALLEY LIKE A SCARED RABBIT!
OH YEAH?? COME ON! LET'S GO GET 'ER!!
HOLD 'ER! I'LL SEE IF SHE'S ARMED!!
PIGS!
YA GAVE YERSELF AWAY BY RUNNIN' LIKE THAT, KID... YA SHOULDA USED YER HEAD!
MY TEDDYBEAR, IF YOU DON'T MIND!!
DOWNTOWN
COME ON, DEARIE... THE SOONER YOU START COOPERATING THE SOONER YOU'LL GET OUT OF HERE...
VERY WELL, DEARIE! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT TO PLAY IT... HEY BERNICE!!
OWW! YOWW!
QUIT SQUAWKIN'! NOBODY'S IMPRESSED! GODDAMN BRATS ALLA BUNCH CRYBABIES!
OKAY! ALL DONE, SWEETHEART... YER CLEAN... WAIT! I ALMOST FORGOT T' SPRAY YOU FOR LICE...
INTO THE SLAMMER GOES HONEYBUNCH!
CLANG
HEY! WAIT! PROJUNIOR! OPEN UP! IT'S ME!!
BANG BANG
HONEYBUNCH! WHAT—
SHHH!
OH PROJIE!! WHEW! I ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT!! OH WOW! YOU WONT BELIEVE IT WHEN I TELL YOU!!
JEEZIZ! PARANOID VIBES!! WHAT GIVES, DUMPLING?
THIS IS ARMED SELF-DEFENSE, BABY! WE'RE NOT OUT TO FUCK ANYBODY OVER, BUT WE'LL MAKE IT PLENTY FUCKIN' TOUGH ON ANY MOTHERFUCKER TRIES T'FUCK WITH US! RIGHT?
RIGHT ON!
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THE RULING CLASS WILL DO NEXT... AS THEIR POWER BECOMES MORE AN' MORE SHAKY... I'M NOT MAKIN' ANY PREDICTIONS, ALL I'M SAYIN' IS, THESE "FLOWER CHILDREN" BETTER GIT WISE AND ARM THEMSELVES BEFORE THE FASCIST VIGILANTES COME DOWN ON THEIR CRASH-PADS AN' COMMUNES!!
HERE... THIS'LL SETTLE YOUR NERVES!
OBOY!
OH NO YA DON'T!
HAW HAW
UNG... GNUNG BITE SUCK GLOGGLE SLURP
OW!
KISS KISS SMOOCH BITE CHEW SUCK
MOUNGE KISS RUB EAT LICK SMOOCH SUCK SMOOCH GOACH
OOH AAH
PANT GROAN CHORTLE GASP
SLURP

COOL IT SISTER!
MINE!
OH YEAH??
ZIP
WATCHA GOT IN THIS TEDDYBEAR, HUH, CHICK, HUH? DOPE, MAYBE? HUH?
NO, PLEASE DON'T...
RIP
RIP
OH WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A RUNAWAY HERE...
BAWL!
LET'S TAKE 'ER DOWN T' JOOVINAL...
OKAY, KID... STRIP!! TAKE IT ALL OFF... EVERY STITCH!!
SLAM
WHAM!
NOW MOP UP HERE ON THIS TABLE LIKE A GOOD GIRL!
WHY?
YOU AIN'T GONNA PUT THAT IN ME!!
I SAID HOLD STILL!!
GRIP!
HOURS LATER...
THERE SHE IS! THAT'S HER!
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'VE PUT US THROUGH, HONEYBUNCH! THE HOURS OF AGONY... THE WORRYING... NOT KNOWING IF YOU WERE ALIVE OR DEAD!!
LATER THAT NIGHT
THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE THEY DON'T CATCH ME!!
I TRIED TO RUN AWAY AN' GOT BUSTED AN' THEY SEARCHED ME AN' TORE UP MY TEDDY BEAR AN' THEN THIS BIG DYKE COP RAPED ME AN' THEN THEY THREW ME IN JAIL AN'... AN'... AN'...
AW POOR BABY!! POOR HONEY-BUNCH!!
BUT I WON'T LET 'EM GET YA, HONEYBUNCH! I GOT A GUN HERE AN' PLENTY OF AMMO!!
OH GOODY!!
"POLITICAL POWER BEGINS AT THE BARREL OF A GUN"... TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN... Y'SEE THIS?
GOLLY!
FFFFT
EEEK! TEE HEE!
LET'S GET UNDRESSED!
GOOD IDEA!
TAKE OFF THAT UNDER-SHIRT!
WUK!
MMM
PANT PANT PANT PANT
GLUCH GLUCH GLUCH GLUCH
AAH AH AH AH
OOOOHHH OOOOHHHH
GURGLE GUSH SLOOGE
OOOHHH GAWD



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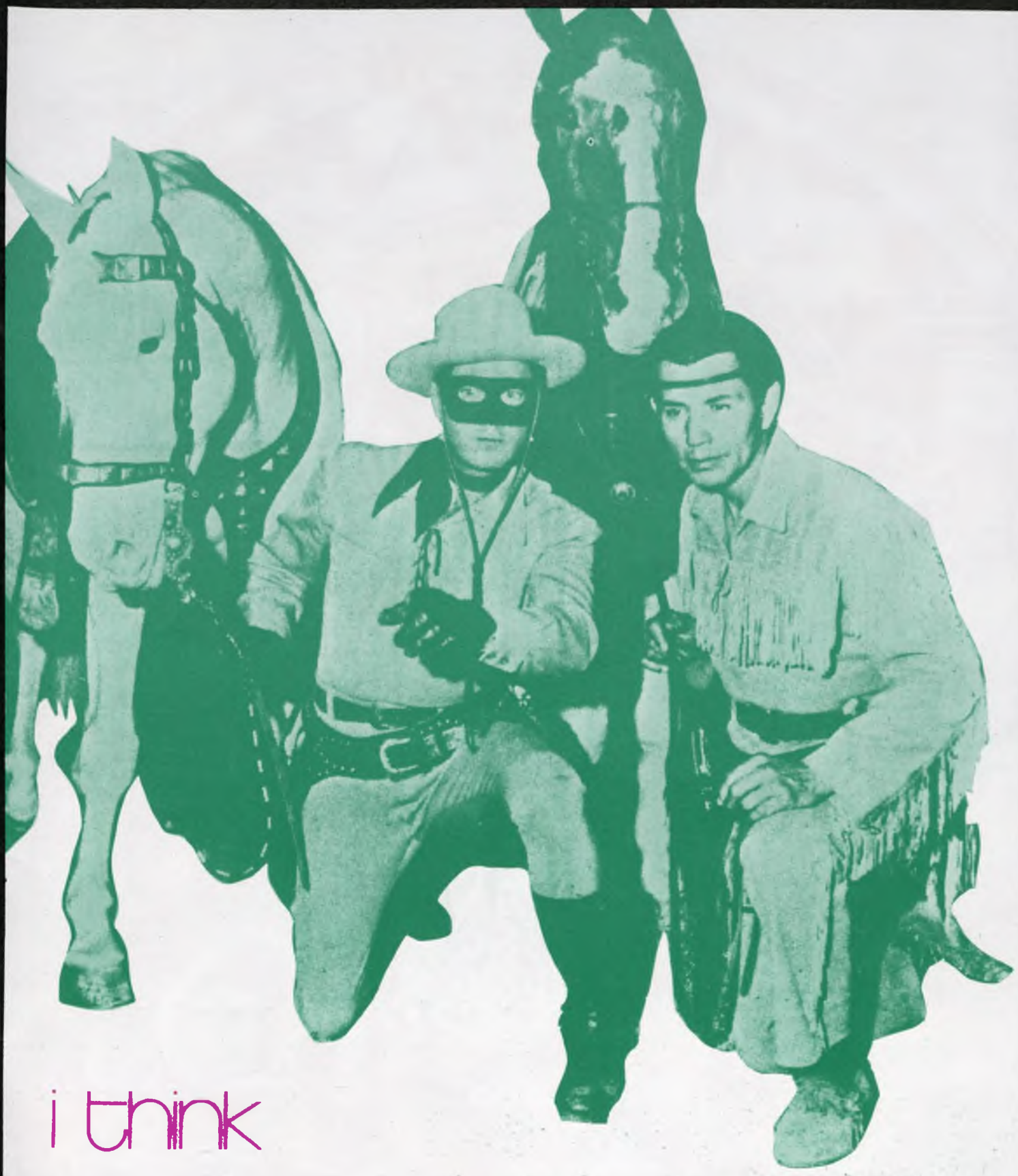
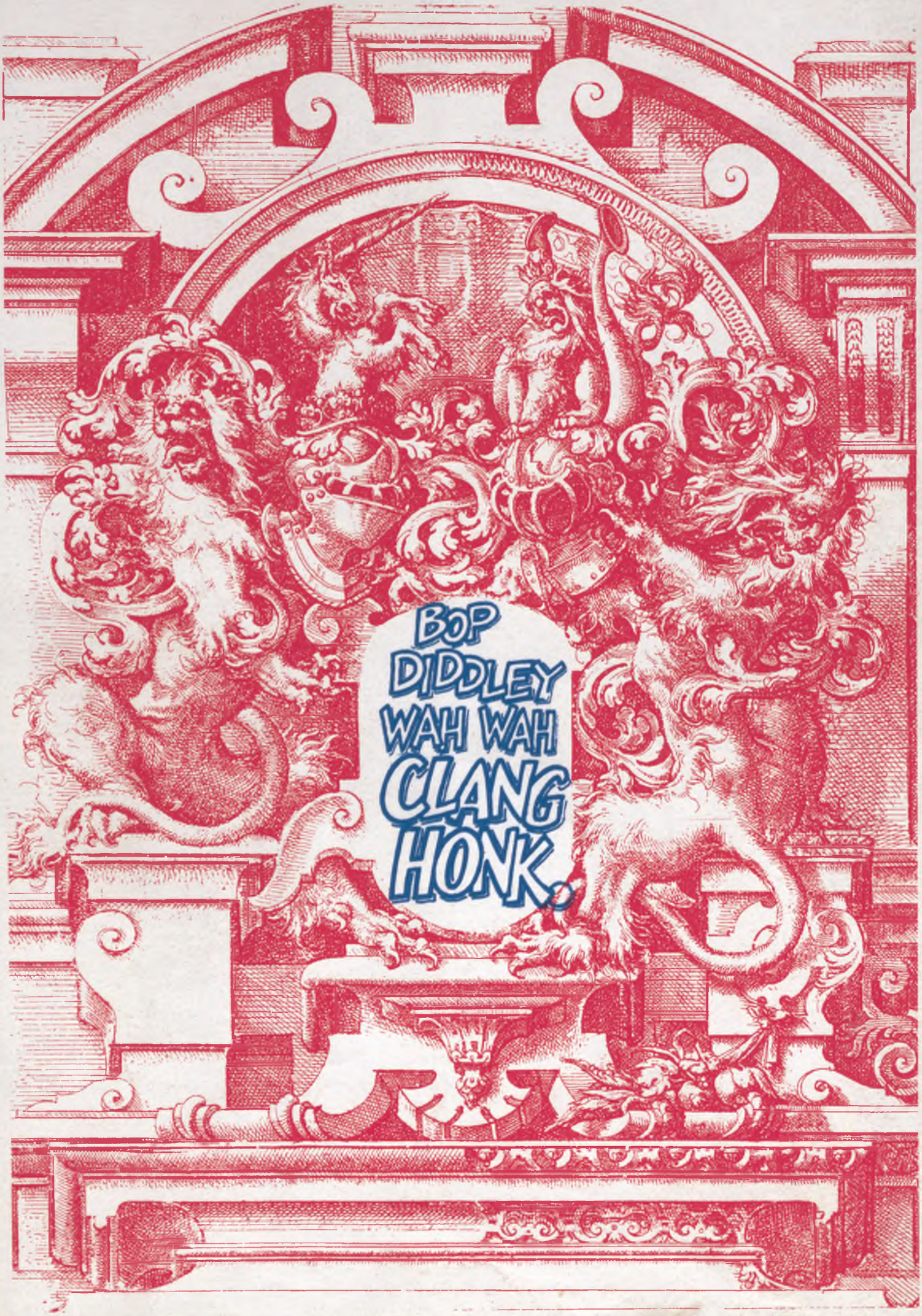
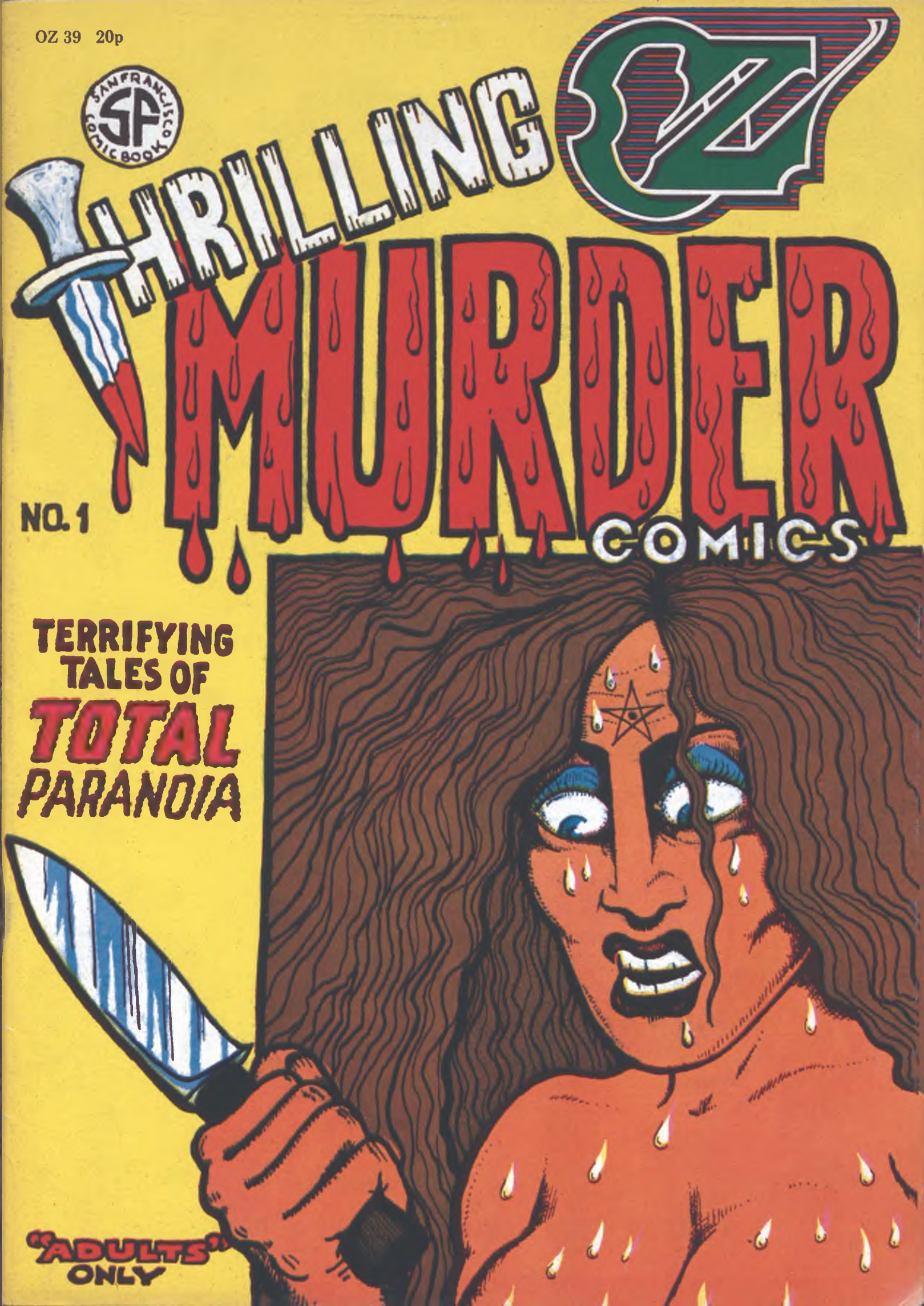


i think
they're all bozos
in this oz


BOP
DIDDLEY
WAH WAH
CLANG
HONK.

OZ 39 20p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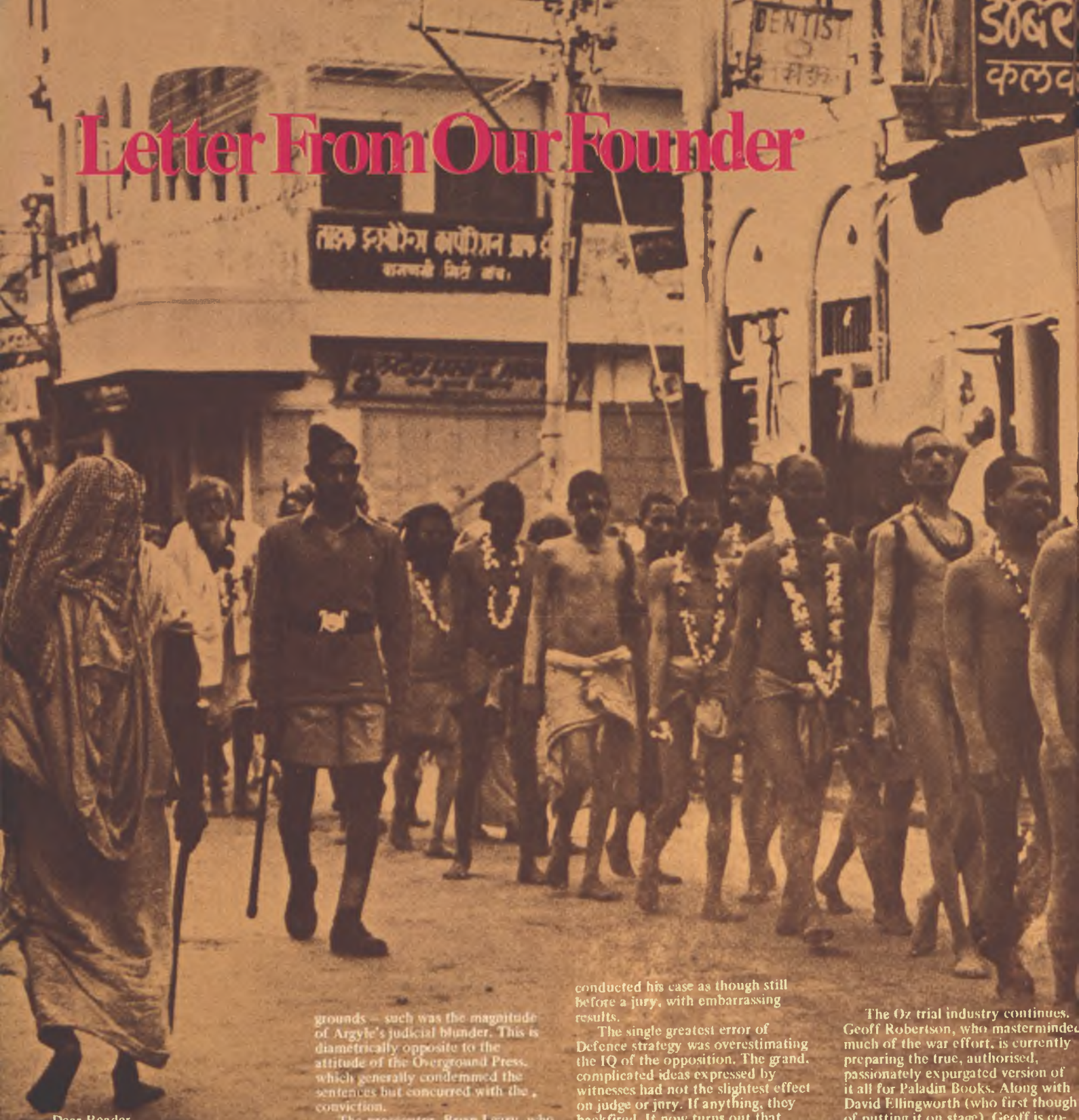
Letter From Our Founder



Dear Reader,

Perhaps it's too close and there's so much still to sort out, for none of us are sufficiently recovered from the trial and its repercussions to present the spirited, defiant, inside appraisal of the whole affair demanded by the new Young Turk editors. Yet some sort of statement seems necessary, however meagre, so instead of cheer-leading the RSC's rehearsal of their Oz transcript dramatisation, which I had promised this afternoon, here is a cryptic docks-eye-view – its slipshod quality no doubt endearing itself to the present editorial management.

The meaning of Lord Chief Justice Widgery's Appeal judgement as you've probably gathered, is that if Argyle had been a bit brighter, we'd all still be in gaol. The three judges fully endorsed Argyle's sentencing policy and, with obvious reluctance, were compelled to overrule the conviction on technical grounds – such was the magnitude of Argyle's judicial blunder. This is diametrically opposite to the attitude of the Overground Press, which generally condemmed the sentences but concurred with the conviction.

The prosecutor, Brian Leary, who had been all smiles and magnanimity at the Old Bailey, seemed embittered at the Strand, unsportingly seeking to invoke a special 'proviso' whereby our convictions would have still stood, despite Argyle's idiocy, on the grounds that Schoolkids Oz is so filthy, that any normal jury would deem it obscene, whatever the misdirection of the judge. Fortunately for us, the Appeal judges dispatched their clerk to Soho during a lunch adjournment and were so upset by his purchases, that the wickedness of Oz dwindled by comparison, and the 'proviso' was not invoked. (In the Last Exit To Brooklyn Appeal it was not even *sought* by the prosecution.)

Thus the impact of Spankers Weekly, plus the skill of John Mortimer, won the day, further abetted by the ineptitude of the normally pleasant Mr Leary, who conducted his case as though still before a jury, with embarrassing results.

The single greatest error of Defence strategy was overestimating the IQ of the opposition. The grand, complicated ideas expressed by witnesses had not the slightest effect on judge or jury. If anything, they backfired. It now turns out that what we had put forward as evidence of police harrassment was considered by members of the jury as fair minded police warnings. This coupled with their assessment of previous issues of Oz – improperly available in the jury room – helped bring in a guilty verdict. (This information is detailed in a letter from the jury to Brian Leary)

So Jim, Felix and myself are now lumbered with a six month gaol sentence, suspended for two years. Each of us will react differently Personally, I regard the suspensions as editorially inhibiting and so propose to confine my future relationship with Oz (and Ink) as a contributor and, when I'm feeling particularly pompous, a consultant. Anyway, Ive been with Oz long enough and look forward to the pleasant change from producer to consumer.

The Oz trial industry continues. Geoff Robertson, who masterminded much of the war effort, is currently preparing the true, authorised, passionately expurgated version of it all for Paladin Books. Along with David Ellingworth (who first though of putting it on stage), Geoff is co-editing a final theatre transcript which is expected to replace Jesus Christ Superstar as the Broadway hit of the decade.

The Oz Obscenity Fund: All is confusion until legal aid reveals how much of the defence will pay. Other committments have not yet been fully tallied. If there is any money left over, as seems likely, it will not be transferred to any of the defendants of their sick relatives, or to Oz magazine but will be made publicly available to the community Already £200 has been mainlined to the Mangrove Nine Defence Fund, because of the financial horror of their situation. Watch Time Out for more money details.

Future Underground Press trials are bound to be nasty, brutish and short. Expert witnesses are virtually *persona non grata* and the publication in question can no longer be taken 'as a whole'..

Rupert Bear can now be isolated and stamped upon without the surrounding textual terrain being taken into account. (Indeed, his prick could logically be isolated from his body and similarly condemned.)

That we narrowly escaped gaol was considerably helped by the energy of Oz readers, supporters and the takeover editors whom I won't embarrass by becoming baroquely grateful. Hopefully the same interest will be taken in the trials of Ian Purdie, Jake Prescott and the Mangrove Nine. In both cases, the presiding judges make Argyle seem like a moderate and the press, too, is proving its traditional barrier.

Sandwiched between the two reserved seats of Old Bailey correspondents, at the Prescott-Purdie Trial, I recently heard one of the representatives of Associated Press lean over to the repulsive Arnold (Wailing Wall of Weirdies) Latcham of the Daily Express (who "thinks pink" with his wardrobe), sighing: "It doesn't matter whether they've done it or not . . . they're anarchists . . . put them inside". These are the sort of men who are responsible for *selecting* the information of the proceedings to be made available to the world outside. "Objective" observers.

The next Oz is the fifth anniversary issue, which we hope to make the best yet, and to try and offer some solutions to the general malaise and philosphical torpor of the contemporary radical scene.

Lastly, there are many we would like to thank individually for their help through the last few months. Apologies to any names omitted in haste:
Richard Wollheim, George Melly, Ronald Dworkin, Dr Haward, Michael Schofield, Michael Segal, Arnold Linken, Private Eye and some few Fleet St friends, our brothers of the Underground Press, Geoff Robertson, David and Harry Offenbach, Marty Feldman and Groucho Marx, lovable Joe Walker-Smith, John "VD" Peel, Felix pop Topolski, Mervyn Jones, John and Yoko Jagger, Colin MacInnes, Leila Berg, Professor Eysenck, Dr. Josephine Klein, Tony Smith, Michael Duane, Grace and Vivian Berger, Caroline Coon, Louise Ferrier, Marsha Rowe the boat ashore, Nicholas, Tree, Michael, Bob, Suzette, Stanislav "Special Effects" Demidjuk, and other wizzkids, Warren Hague, John and Penny Mortimer, the inscrutable Keith McHale, the Old Bailey queue, Julian Disney, Meg Fisher, Bill (no relation to Old) Bailey, Detective Inspector Luff and Michael Argyle, without whom . . .

Richard Neville

somerset maugham in morocco

Morocco is a good, safe place for the average freak. The frontiersmen of the itinerant, emerging hippie nation, the acid gypsies with their uniquely evolved life style are much more likely to be found in Indonesia, East Africa or Columbia these days. Morocco is a trail which was blazed many years ago and young people going there for the first time should encounter no more difficulty than would a working class couple from Leeds going to the Costa Brava on a package tour. Hippie life in Marrakech, Essaouira, and more particularly Tangier shows all the signs of esoteric cultism, rather than viable participation in anything resembling an alternative culture. Political consciousness is dormant, buried beneath indulgence from cheap living, drug induced tranquility, and the newly discovered joys of house to house visiting.

Many of the villas on the mountain outside Tangier, now in advanced states of decay and once the exclusive preserve of those doing well during the old international days of gun-running, espionage, and organised sin and hanky-panky, have been taken over by squatting Arab families or rent-paying groups of freaks, who subsist by dealing, stringing Goulimine beads or on allowances from home. The numbers are swelled in the summer by travellers and friends exactly like themselves who crash for a few weeks, bringing with them gifts of acid, hashish (as a relief from homemade, which generally just zonks you out rather than producing any transcendental state) underground newspapers and magazines, and new tapes which are reverently listened to as they wearily turn on the battery run cassettes. There is a lot of talk of new arrivals, who is sleeping with who at Bill's place, the price of carpets and silver, the dope market and who's buying, who's selling and who has been busted. Somehow it is all very reminiscent of Malaya in the thirties, rubber planters on their verandahs, with their pink gins, and Somerset Maugham. Although the freaks are no longer representatives of exploitative western regimes, their attitude to the locals is similarly superior, condescending and aloof. The Arabs feel much the same, I suspect — a mutual familiarity, tolerance and rejection.

If you want to take it one step further and actually buy a house in the medina, or a walled villa with a view through umbrella pines over the Straits of Gibraltar, now is the time. With the castrated government in a right wing panic and another socialist coup not far distant, the remaining few of the previous generation of colonialists are doing the last rounds of their favourite bars, shipping their ill-gotten goods back to Europe and relinquishing their homes to the not so highest bidders. Property prices have never been lower, so if you are prepared to take the risk of possible confiscation, you can easily buy yourself a slice of Playboy type hippie heaven, sink into a dope soaked inertia and grow old in your realised counter-culture and middle class behaviour patterns, "It can happen to all of us," said a once well-known activist from the West Coast, as he nostalgically put on *Surrealistic Pillow* — I could scarcely see him through a combination of hash smoke and brandy fumes — "you can take that nomadic subsistence living for only so long. I no longer have any desire to live like a down and out berber peasant."

After the surreal barbarities of the summer long Oz farce, which had as little relation to life outside the Old Bailey as something like *There's A Girl In My Soup* has to reality, I was very happy to escape to somewhere like Morocco. I arrived drunk and on the verge of madness, smoked a lot of opium mixed with the finest hash oven fresh from the mud huts of Ketama, had a long drugged welcome back fuck with Abdelatif, an old friend I have known since he was running barefoot round the Socco, cutting off and hustling the stragglers from the guided tours, locked myself in a darkened room on a roof-top in the remotest corner of the medina and surfaced ready for anything two days later at the Cafe Centrale, in the Petit Socco.

It's not wise to spend too much time sitting at the Cafe Centrale — you get involved in all the politics of the place, the duplicity and the double dealing, but it's one of the world's great crossroads and most of the time it's as exciting as it must have been in old Timbuktu when the camel trains came in from the Sahara. Respectable nervous people like myself have to treat it with kid gloves and I would no more score there than I would at Picadilly. But sometimes, after several sun blasted, acid days out on the rocks and beaches, it was therapeutic to spend a whole day there, sitting for hours and watching the world in microcosm wheel and deal itself into a corner. I haven't ever seen anyone shit or fuck in the square but just about everything else, including a killing. The Petit Socco always reminds me of the futility of being self-conscious.

Lobotomised junkies drift past, ragged freaks scream in from the hills to do the Socco on the tail end of their acid and plug everybody in to the fading electricity radiating from their bodies. A couple of Moroccan drunks, unshaven bundles of rags like winos from the Bowery shout abuse at customers of the Cafe Tingis, waving empty bottles. One begins to do a little dance and the waiter and a friend come over and remove this ultimate disgrace from the scene. They get him under the armpits and take him out of sight round a corner. They come back empty handed, brushing their clothes down and wiping their hands, as though they had just beaten him up.

Two Australian girls, one very plain, the other glamorously beautiful, but very sick, sit down at the table. "She's been sick every day since we left Sydney." "What's wrong?" "Oh, a bit of the old hepatitis. Boils, rashes, the trots." The girl smiles desperately like a failed Miss World contestant. They had spent the entire summer in London, and had never heard of Oz. "You didn't see anything about it in the papers?" "No." She looked at me with bemusement and the slight contempt people who live anonymously feel for those they think are name-dropping.

"Wasn't Oz that thing in Australia like Mad Comics, years ago?" suddenly asked the sick girl.

They had heard of Women's Lib. "Don't need it and not interested. We know we're superior to guys."

Eleven p.m. Someone at the front table of the Cafe Centrale lights up a pipe, passes it around. After four furtive pipes, the waiter comes out and signifies disapproval with a waggle of his finger and perfunctory glance around the little square. The place is usually crawling with mostly inactive plain clothes cops, but none of the regulars seem to be around. The pipe is put away. It's the one situation in Tangier where it might be called provocative. Like rolling a joint in Notting Hill Police Station. Half a minute later, the every evening big white police van roars up, parks ten feet away and the crew slump out, stand around, buy cigarettes, everybody eyes them, waits. The late night crowd from the American cinema comes through. The cops pick off a couple of them. They get into the van without protest, almost as though they are glad of a bed for the night. Abdelatif sits watching them sardonically. He is wearing a new djellaba and about a hundred quids worth of antique berber jewellery. He has almost two weights of finest Ketama hashish tucked into his waist. Wrapped in plastic, a light glistening greenish-gold. He had been flashing it around a few minutes earlier. "They never touch me. I am free man. I can do what I like. They pick me up many times, when I was little, because I know many people, but I never talk. They know I will die before I talk. So now they leave me alone."

An Italian, who can't speak a word of English, tries to explain to me in Spanish which he speaks very badly and thinks I understand, the matchstick game they played in *Last Year in Marienbad*. His friend, Seymour, a plump international queen with dark glasses and a rain coat slung round his shoulders, interrupts to talk about gay liberation. He thinks GLF should be training guerrilla bands of homosexuals to go round beating and robbing straights and queer bashers. "The only thing this stupid bourgeoise society understands is fear. Physical fear. Look at the blacks. They never got any respect until the Panthers started carrying guns and it became impossible for white society to spend Saturday night out in Harlem. Homosexuals have a political right and duty to terrorise straight male heterosexuals. Look what I carry." He pulled out a little ice pick from his handbag. "I used it once, in Barcelona."

Two young, beautiful Senegalis, from Dakar, walk slowly into the square and sit down as they do every night at this time. They have come overland through Mauretania but are now stuck without any money and can get no further. If they had been Arab they would have quickly made enough money to get to Paris from hustling among the gullible and grateful gay community, but they maintained an independent proud attitude, sitting up all night in the Cafe Centrale and sleeping all day somewhere on the beach.....they had been doing it for weeks, something which no freak in Tangier had sufficient stamina or stomach for. The Moroccans left them alone and even the police never bothered them.

Just after midnight, a piece of masonry fell off the top of the Cafe Tingis onto the head of one of the waiters, who crashed to the ground, his metal tray and glasses of milk and hot coffee miraculously going down with him and not spilling. He was taken inside and a week later he was still going round with a bandage on his head, looking nervous and shaken. "I love to see things falling apart," said Seymour. "It's the decay which keeps me coming back here." It was probably the huge lumps of majoung we had eaten earlier in the evening but the incident suddenly seemed symbolic of the decline and fall of all western civilisation. A happy thought re-inforced by the sudden collapse at the far corner of the square of an entire wall, which came down with a great roar, completely covering a parked Volkswagen with bricks and plaster. There was nobody in the car, and the owner wasn't around so after some excited chatter amid the settling dust, we all went back to our coffee.

"Do you want a lift down to Marrakech?" I had been trying to get myself out of Tangier for days and I said 'yes' immediately. It was a guy called Jack with hennaed hair and a huge aluminium curtain ring in his ear that I had met a couple of days earlier, when someone had ripped off a new stereo player from the back of his old Jaguar. There was a glazed sort of flicker in his eyes that should have warned me, but he said to come round to his room at nine the next morning so we could get an early start. I was banging at his door at 9.30 next day, unable to get any answer and worried that I had missed him. Eventually the door opened. He didn't seem to remember me. His girl friend lay naked passed out on the bed, and the room was littered with rubbish, clothes, bits of food and empty packets labelled paregoric and a couple of syringes. "Oh yeah," he said at last, getting focussed. "Something came up. But we're leaving at midday. I'll meet you in the Socco." I sat around with my basket. At noon he dashed past looking bothered, accompanied by a fat Moroccan crook, and it was clear by mid-afternoon that Marrakech was off for that day at least. His girl friend wandered up at one stage and sort of explained: "He bought a movie camera last night for one hundred dollars (worth at least ten times that amount). That fat Moroccan promised him he had a buyer for it

for 300 dollars but now he won't buy it." The camera of course had originally been ripped off from the back of somebody else's car and.....it was a familiar story. As the day wore on, they found another buyer who could pay for it in hashish, but wanted to borrow money to buy the hashish. The situation was hopeless. Both the girl friend and Jack kept going back for more paregoric which they boiled up to extract the opium. I decided to go down to Marrakech by bus. "It's probably just as well," she said. "Jack's a terrible driver when he's been fixing. He gets real crazy and is always having crashes. I just curl up on the back seat with a couple of mandies and pray."

The bus journey down was fantastic. I sat next to a freak from Birmingham with eyes like Marty Feldman on acid. The sun was hot and we sat in aeroplane seats which stretched back, brazenly smoking pipefuls of kif. At Casablanca we changed onto the late night Marrakech express which was almost empty but for a few people with chickens and baskets up in the front. I sat in the back seat with the young Moroccan who looked after the baggage. He put the lights out and, as we sped through the desert and the darkness, we smoked and fucked all the way to Marrakech. When I eventually returned to Tangier, Jack and his girl friend were still there, more spaced out than ever. They had lost money on the movie camera, someone had ripped off all their luggage, including a tape recorder, from the Jaguar, which they were now trying to sell, but having trouble because it was stolen and had no registration or insurance. They had given up any hope of going south. They needed to sell the car because she was six months pregnant and wanted to get back to England.

Marrakech as usual was a hash cookie disaster area. The cookies flavoured with whatever the makers could get from the local chemist, from belladonna to strychnine. Everyone I met seemed to be suffering in some form or another from a disoriented, penniless Eton schoolboy to an American girl who had lost all sense of feeling in her hands and feet and the left side of her face. It was spreading further and she said it was just as though she had been given a local anaesthetic. She decided to give up the cookies and no doubt she is now fully recovered. I spent most of my time on a bicycle speeding round the palmeraie on the outskirts of the town, enjoying the first dates of the season — fresh dates are as juicy as peaches — zonked out of my head on the goodness of pure hashish, feeling very righteous, revolutionary and healthy. John arrived from London via Ketama. He had spent a week with a friendly Rif mountain family, who did nothing but make and smoke hash, selling it for ridiculously low prices to people who made a small fortune from it. The family lived in the most primitive of conditions, oblivious to the gold mine they lived with, the weather was freezing cold, and they subsisted on bread and goats meat. At nine in the evening, the matriarch of the household would put up the shutters, blow out all the lights, and John and his friend Kathy would struggle for their blanket and place on the floor in pitch blackness, zonked out of their heads, struggling for air in the crowded, windowless room, never quite sure whether they were awake, asleep, or merely in a coma. They ran the gauntlet of police and CIA men who surround Ketama and arrived in Marrakesh more dead than alive, anxious to get back to at least a subsistence level of comfort.

Marrakech was full of the strange phenomenon known as the Moroccan hippies, who bravely reject their own country's headlong acceptance of Western values and way of life, and try to comprehend the freaks' interest in the old traditional berber existence. They are mostly middle class youths, schooled in frightful education factories for non-existant jobs, and they have taken to rolling joints like ducks to water. Kif is making a comeback in Morocco, from the direction Hassan II least welcomes or expects. The revolution, which everybody confidently expects sooner or later as a matter of course, will probably mean the end of Morocco as a freak's paradise. No matter in what revolutionary framework they themselves put what they are doing, to a socialist Morocco supported by Algeria and Libya, the hippies will be regarded as unwanted manifestations of bourgeoise decadence, without even the saving graces of the regular tourists who at least stay in the expensive hotels and pay exorbitant prices for increasingly poor quality examples of local craftsmanship.

And, come the revolution, what would happen to people like Muriel is anybody's guess. Muriel arrived in Tangier five years ago with a little money, a carefully preserved English lady in her forties, thin, brown, with the remains of a great beauty. She succumbed to the old notion of arab sheiks, tents and romantic rape on the back of a camel, and realised her dream by fucking her way through the medina, accumulating on the way the unfair label from other, older, English residents of 'the only English prostitute still in business in Tangier' and a child, Mustapha, who spoke better Arabic than English and lived in the streets with the rest of the boys. As time passed, her source of income dried up and she resorted to such tenuous schemes as borrowing, or sending off her jewellery to Madrid to be sold. She obtained money from her bank, who in exchange confiscated her passport as security. Unable to pay the rent on her apartment, she paid a small deposit on another one elsewhere in the medina and lived there until the landlord's demands for money became so serious that she did the same thing again and moved to a third place. By this time she had long since been deserted by her friends, and was forced to seek the company of the only other penniless people around, i.e. the freaks. Brittle and defensive, dignified in adversity, she humbly occupied a mattress on the floor of a room nobody else wanted because it was damp, accepting food, contributing an egg here, a bowl of soup there, and soothing her fears with a lot of red wine. She would gingerly puff at a joint but carefully avoid inhaling. The ravages of drink she would repair with sun, carefully-applied makeup and uppers. Too frightened to stir from the house for fear of meeting one of her creditors, she would spend her time reading *The Wilder Shores of Love* or *The Valley of the Dolls* on the roof until the sun disappeared behind the wall, then sneak down to the Casbah beach below the house not much patronised because of sewer outlets and sharp rocks.

One day, after a lot of talk about renting a fourth apartment, she decided it would be safe to go for a short walk. Night was approaching, and the narrow streets were crowded with promenaders and she was as unobtrusive as any English lady could be. Just behind the Petit Socco, landlord no. 2 spotted her, grabbed her by the sleeve and demanded money. She panicked, flapped at him with her hands. "An appointment for tomorrow!" she screamed, "manana, manana" and tried to force her way down an alleyway. But the landlord would not let her go and pushed her into a doorway. Money, he kept brutally repeating rubbing his fingers and thumb together. There seemed no respectable way out of the situation — gaol loomed, the number of onlookers grew, until suddenly, crying and hysterical, Muriel lifted her skirt, reached into her girdle and pulled out a roll of notes, sufficient to pay three months rent, leaving her only two months behind on that particular apartment. The landlord went away, temporarily appeased, and Muriel resumed her walk and her dignity. Last resort money, certainly not intended to be squandered on rent.

When I left Morocco, the situation hadn't changed. She was continuing to hide her head in the sand. Being unable to leave the country, the obvious solutions were either to throw herself on the mercies of the British consul, or move to another town and perhaps become a revolutionary grandmother to some commune. However, most of her problems stemmed from her trying to keep up appearances. The old bourgeoise concept of gentility was her bogeyman. Pride was no longer a virtue, but one of the seven deadly vices. A hippie existence was probably beyond her tolerance horizon, rooted so firmly was she in her past and her English class values. If she could change to that extent, then there's hope for even Mary Whitehouse.

Jim Anderson.

GAYS DOCTOR REUBEN

THANKS TO HAROLD HOLD
GEORGIA STRAIGHT/UPS

May we recommend to your kindly attention a small book written by an American psychiatrist, and called "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex"? Pan Books have been good enough to reprint it for British readers, and are selling it on all — almost all — bookstalls at 45p or 50p, depending on which price you're lucky enough to get. In their action, Pan Books show an uncommon regard for public welfare, and no doubt they feel it's only fair that they have the prospect of clearing a lot of money by their good deed.

For Reuben's work is a boundary post in what George Jackson calls "the permanent struggle after the revolution — the one for new relationships between man" (If They Come In The Morning, p 165). It is an unhypocritical, wholly honest statement of loathing for gay people, for all our ways, and for what society has made of some of us. We welcome every item of information about us that he prints, including the stuff about torture, the stuff about our pursuing unattainable love, about whisky glasses up our arses, about the dislike of gay men for gay women (and vice-versa), and his suggestion that we don't care if we pick [illegible] who'll then go on, bef[illegible] sex, to bust us.

We welcome it all [illegible] book to the psychiatric p[illegible] what the Klu Klux Klan i[illegible] racist America, and what t[illegible] books" about the Jews in t[illegible] were to Hitler's Europe. N[illegible] of the psychiatric profession in this country regards the book wi[illegible] thing but contempt. In [illegible] similar a way Gov[illegible] Rockefel[illegible] of New York [illegible] regards the Klu Klux Klan of the South with co[illegible] tempt. Those who belong [illegible] to Governor Rockefel[illegible] Klan, neither to the p[illegible] profession in Britain nor to [illegible] Reuben, can regard all 4 with contempt.

And we do. On our side, we feel that activist gays, women and men, are fighting in territory beyond the revolution itself — in that arena of "new relationships between man". Categorically we say that no revolution can do other than lapse into authoritarianism once the great days are past if the men cannot respect women as equals — and at this juncture, superiors in revolutionary potential — and if the "straights" cannot recognise the full co-humanity of the gays. And in this struggle that we wage beyond the revolution, our most dangerous and repellent enemies are the psychiatrists, of whom Reuben is one.

DANGER
THIS BOOK IS POISONOUS
"Everything You Wanted To Know About Sex"
"Gays Reuben Doctor"
STRAIGHT & DANGEROUS
INACCURATE HYSTERICAL

We are demanding that Pan Books voluntarily withdraw the book. Now, doesn't that conflict with the statement that we welcome it? Not really. Under existing British laws there is no redress against such work as Reuben's which all psychiatrists know to be inaccurate, though the acuracies of the Little Red School Book can be banned. We expect the withdrawal of this book because we expect the publishers to grow so ashamed of what they have taken onto their list that they take it out of circulation. In this way, such ignorant persons as magistrates, cops, ordinary GP's, prison wardens, and members of any of the religious orders, will not have their deep-seated prejudices confirmed by an inaccurate but best-selling sex manual.

You, Oz readers, are different. You have gay friends, you don't swallow any of the lies. You recognise in the slandering of gays that some oppressive technique of racist and supremacist western culture which has been applied to blacks, to women, and even to kids: each of us is separated off from her or his fellow-in-oppression by the contempt each of us if falsely taught to feel for another oppressed group. This system is made visible in the 'Ello 'Ello Show, where the fat capita[illegible] s a tug of war with all t[illegible] minorities, and he wins — so each [illegible]ority is made to split [illegible]ther, and leave off tug[illegible] o[illegible]ope.

Y[illegible] O[illegible]ers will know what s[illegible] call[illegible]mean when [illegible] We [illegible] the Reuben book, [illegible] black [illegible] comes up [illegible] the body [illegible]chiatric doctrine, for the [illegible]ession's whole bloo[illegible] [illegible] poiso[illegible] just [illegible] advance[illegible] [illegible] mili[illegible] industr[illegible]plex, so they [illegible] the [illegible]ric-political com[illegible] [illegible] accident at all are pro[illegible] imprisoned by psychiatrists in [illegible]ssia, or returned to jail for further indefinite incarceration by psychiatrists in California, or — in the non-protesting overground world — "tested" by psychiatrists for their suitability for work in business.

We welcome the *evidence*. Dr Anthony Storr, of Britain, has a book on sale in which he concludes that gays are "immature". Anyone remember how blacks were considered "childlike" in Victorian Christian hypocrisy, or are described as "of naturally lower IQ" by Dr Jensen in America today? Does anyone remember how women are slanderously described as "naturally" less bright than men, or less creative, or less rational? Hey-ho, there's the technique again. Call us gays 'immature" if you're Anthony Storr, and no harm's done — by Storr. But let the idea sift downwards through the social "services" and in the end you have defense counsel apologising for

his client's gayness in court (this year: a West End, London court) and fellow-prisoners turning on gays. Reuben makes a classic statement of (a) what the west has thought of gays, and (b) what the west has made of gays. Of course gay men sometimes fuck with each other in lavatories. Of course we sometimes get bizarre things up our arses, like women get bizarre things in their cunts. Of course we frequently make it with people we don't love: who doesn't? No doubt gay women are sometimes prostitutes, and who — just now — is going to put down prostitutes? "Gay", after all, was first the word for them, only lately has it become the best-known name for us. What is so extraordinary about Reuben is that he sees none of the political implications of what he writes — neither the sexual politics that shoved us into the lavatories, nor the revolutionary politics that lie ahead.

Yet . . . "extraordinary"? Not really. All psychiatric writing is political, for it affects the condition of the individual within the repressive community. Yet the psychiatrists who write about gays are approximately never aware that their "learning" winds up as brute force exercised on somebody helpless. A rentier profession, many of whose members benefit from title-deeds to such run-down properties, lacking plumbing or window-panes, as almost all — no ALL — "factual" works now on sale about homosexuality, only its rare mavericks can stand outside the profession and see it for the prop to repression that it is. Read the Reuben book, and see psychiatry naked, its pants down and its shallow premise exposed: that gays need to be loathed, or need to be helped. It is the western tradition that has led to Reuben's masterwork that needs to be loathed, and to be helped out of existence.

WELL FOLKS...IF YER ONE OF THEM WIERDOES AS MENTIONED BY THE GOOD DOCTOR YOU CAN ALWAYS GET YERSELF "CURED" AND "ADJUSTED"... IT'LL ONLY COST A SMALL FORTUNE AND SEVERAL YEARS OF YOUR LIFE!

AS AN ALTERNATIVE, HOWEVER WHY NOT TRY GETTING GOOD AN GODDAMN ANGRY AT A GOVT & SOCIETY WHICH HAS THE UNMITIGATED GALL TO DICTATE WHO AND HOW YOU SHALL LOVE!!

JUST SUPPOSE EVERYONE CAME OUT OF THE CLOSET AT ONCE... IF JULES FIEFFER'S THEORY IS CORRECT IT COULD BE A POPULATION MAJORITY!!...THEY MIGHT EVEN HAVE TO ADMIT THAT IT'S NORMAL!

Andrew Lumsden

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THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE
Leary's guide to self-realization based on the Thibetan Book of the Dead is now available in paperback at £1.10 from most bookshops.
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ZO Books, 49 Lynwood Close, London E18 1DP.

Bristol Women's Liberation-Group Magazine — 'Enough 3' is available now at 15p from Jill Robin, 36 Berkeley Road, Bristol B7 8HE. Tel 40611.

YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE OR BREAK A MOVIE

DRIVE, HE SAID has its first showing in Britain at the Classic, Piccadilly Circus, starting Thursday, November 25th.

Its future release in this country will depend on how many independent-minded filmgoers see it at the Classic, Piccadilly Circus.

Why? Because DRIVE, HE SAID is a very controversial picture.

Made from a prize-winning novel that was bitterly attacked for its bold theme and outspoken language.

Centre of a storm when shooting began because of the realistic scenes in the script.

Nearly the cause of a riot at the Cannes Film Festival this year when those whose susceptibilities were upset raised fists at those who found it a remarkable piece of film making.

DRIVE, HE SAID has been called very strong cinematic meat. But that's what they said about "Easy Rider," too, until its huge success at the Classic, Piccadilly Circus, showed cinemas all over the country that provocative pictures can, will and do attract audiences.

So a lot of eyes will be on the Classic. And the degree of its success there will determine how wide a release DRIVE, HE SAID gets. May well decide, too, whether other bold films are made or whether the screen reverts to a diet of soap operas.

This is your chance to make or break a movie. Make up your own mind about it.

**MAKE IT-
AT THE CLASSIC PICCADILLY**

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents
A BBS PRODUCTION

DRIVE, HE SAID x

A Film by JACK NICHOLSON

starring WILLIAM TEPPER · KAREN BLACK · MICHAEL MARGOTTA
BRUCE DERN · ROBERT TOWNE · HENRY JAGLOM · MIKE WARREN
Screenplay by Jeremy Larner and Jack Nicholson
From the prize-winning novel by Jeremy Larner · Directed by Jack Nicholson
Produced by Steve Blauner and Jack Nicholson
Executive Producer Bert Schneider
Released By Columbia-Warner Distributors Ltd.

Dear OZ,

I am happy that Felix, Richard and Jim are off the hook — for the moment at least. But now can't you use the time for criticism and self appraisal. The point made by the two American girls in issue 38 was right on and long overdue. At it's best, OZ has been the most coherent (when ligible) magazine in the alternative press.

COME OFF IT, OZ! But for ever so long now you've been stuck into this male-chauvinist corpse especially in your illustrations. It's stagnant, it's dead, why won't you let it go or at least, accepting that it's where some people are at, try to strike some sort of balance at least. At the moment, and for as long as you accept the role of an underground Playboy you are making your own jail-cum-tomb and eventually that's where you must lie. You needn't scrap a thing — just make a balance.

YOUR OWN SWAMP. Apart from the self satisfied complacency of this stagnant repetitious morass that you seem to be content to wallow in for issue after issue ad infinitum, there is the obvious aspect of your wishing to be scourged and crucified for it. You are providing a built-in excuse for the authorities to crush you with. You are meeting them on their own superficial battle field and on their own irrelevant terms. While they keep the emphasis on pornography (who really cares?) and the contenders rush to and fro ignoring real issues they will be happy to let you beat out your brains against their old brick wall.

OUT OF YOUR OWN PAGES BE YE JUDGED. Meanwhile things remain the same. Your pictures and some of your articles are still an insult to women and gays, the real issues are still unchanged and we are all getting older. You can continue to increase circulation. You can sell to middle aged business men and bricklayers who would never show their wives and only look at the pictures and you can speak for a minute on TV and say your piece in the Evening Standard. But you know that the establishment has a strong enough belly to digest all that and more, and when OZ is dismissed by the liberals as immature and superficial the horrible thing is it's true. So for Christ's sake look at what you are doing and let's move on.

ARGYLE WANKS OVER OZ. We can really shake these bastard fat cats. We CAN upset the apple cart but we've got to look where we're going. You're still looking in the rear-view mirror. What you are doing is too easy, and too futile. Let's try to relate illustrations to where our minds are at. That can be more than fucking corpses. We can show them sex is beautiful and not shameful and that we are together and mean business. Turn OZ into a real forum for alternatives and the means to achieve them. Come together. Argyle wanks over OZ — it should jump up and bite his balls.

With love,
Stephen Burke,
28 Roland Gardens, SW7 3PL.

Dear Oz,

I have recently read 'Angry Oz', and although generally entertaining, I found your historical analysis of the U.C.S. dispute, and your general approach to modern labour history, naive and ill-informed.

The article on U.C.S. stressed the essential compromise nature of the Clydeside shop stewards and then went on to imply that the present compromise was a part of a Clydeside tradition which was apotheosised in the debacles of 1919 and 1926. This is a misrepresentation of the shop stewards who were a considerable force on Clydeside from 1911—19. Essentially this movement, part of a general syndicalist trend in the labour movements from 1911—22, was heavily imbued with the propaganda of the Socialist Labour Party, which itself was influenced by the writings of James Connelly, and the American anarcho-syndicalist and leader of the International Workers of the World (Wobblies), Daniel De Lean. The syndicalism that suffused the shop stewards movements was widespread throughout Britain in the period 1911—14.

Thus in 1919, when the revolutionary potential of the British working class reached a zenith that has yet to be surpassed, the movement failed not because of a compromise spirit on behalf of the shop stewards, but because of their interpretation of syndicalism, which stressed the spontaneous upsurge of the masses, minimising the importance of leadership. It was Hughie Gallacher, a revolutionary shop steward, who said after the battle of St. George Square in Glasgow 1919 that "we were engaged in riots when we should have been organising a revolution."

Similarly, your writer's reference to the General Strike as a sell-out on behalf of the shop stewards is not true. The General Strike was sold out by Ernest Bevin, J.H. Thomas and the rest of the hypocrites who composed the General Council of the TUC. It was the General Council that feared revolution, not the shop stewards on Clydeside and elsewhere who reacted only too quickly to the genuflections in the mood of the masses.

Thus to confuse the militant shop stewards of 1911—19 with the egregrious crew of 1971 is an unjustifiable lapse. Men of the calibre of Tom Mann, James Maclean, Gallacher, James Connelly and Larkin (the latter were leaders of the Irish transport strike which saw the emergence of Larkin's Citizen Army, a proletarian militia — surely a more realistic proposition than your rather romantic idea of arming the Glaswegian youth as the vanguard of the revolution, a step which without astute propaganda could only lead to that youth being used for chauvinistic ends) are the true tradition on which Clydeside labour history depends, and to associate such men as these with the insidious, snot-gabbling mediocrities who happen temporarily to lead the workers on the Clyde, is an un-necessary error.

Yours (I hope not pedantically),
Davey Jones,
20 Petley Road, W6.

Dear Straights,

Right Oz, a far out article on pollution and general destruction by Farren so why don't you get those fat greased, ego tripping arses out a there and clog ICI's machinery with grasses and weeds or devote your intellect to inventing a stable psychedelic to render the neurotic "Dinosaur" incapably sane for a time, or get yourselves a self sufficient society together, invest your resources in associated London Prostitution. Toss off in the street instead of wanking your intellect over the World's Cosmic mind fucks. You sound like a bunch of tiny Buck Fullers with your petty straight magazine. You preach "weirdness" but I don't see any.

If you wish to tickle your tonsils through the public media at least make it creative and happy. Give us hope not despair.

All happiness from,
Me and Cliffe Field Road,
Sheffield 8.

Trouble Down At t'Millgarth

The Guardian library on Deansgate, Manchester, has a special file of clippings on 'Leeds Police Irregularities'. Quite fat it is, too, and extremely illuminating. All the misdoings of the Millgarth Street uniformed pranksters screenplayed in elegant Guardian prose, from early 1969 to the present day. From Police Sergent Michael Baraclough, who in February 69 admitted stealing £489 11s 1½p from corpses (he was a coroner's officer, with "a reputation for his sympathetic and tactful manner with bereaved relatives". He asked that 93 similar offences be considered), through the constable fined £50 for "stealing from a police-woman's handbag at the police station"; to his fellow officer sent down for nine months for indecent assaults on two boys and a girl.

And it isn't only the rookies. An isolated paragraph in The Guardian of 22 May 1971 records that Police Sergeant Kenneth Mark Kitching was sent for trial on the 21st charged with wounding a Michael Carden with intent to do grievously bodily harm, and attempting to procure a constable to commit perjury. On Christmas Eve, 1969, a 72 year old widow, Mrs Minnie Wein, was killed on a level crossing by a police car driven by one Superintendent Derek Holmes. One very tipsy Superintendent Derek Holmes, alleged the prosecuting counsel (John Cobb QC), whose intoxication was cheerfully concealed by Inspector Geoffrey Ellerker and Sergeant Brian Nicholson's adept handling of the situation. They fiddled the measurements, failed to take markings, and skipped giving Holmes a breathalyser. Ellerker and Nicholson even went so far as to suggest that the widow was drunk. Mrs Wein was a life-long teetotaller. Ellerker and Nicholson both got nine months in November 1970. In summing up, Judge Mocatta declared: *"I am well aware of your impeccable record up to this moment and of the very good work that the two of you have done".* But then, Mr Justice Mocatta never met David Oluwale.

David Oluwale left Lagos, Nigeria, in 1949. He was then about 20 years old. Whichever milk-and-honey vision of the British Isles inspired him to stowaway aboard a merchant ship to Hull must have been immediately and brutally despelled by the inside of Hull Prison, and morbidly soured during his itinerant dossing between Leeds and London. Exactly how Oluwale spent his first nineteen years of English existance is impossibly hard to define; we are told of "a history of mental illness", but no history of psychiatric treatment; of "numerous convictions of assault", but details are scant and elusive. What we do know we cannot afford to forget. We know that by 1968 David Oluwale was spending most of his time in Leeds, and that he had attracted the particular attention of Sergeant Kenneth Mark Kitching and Inspector Geoffrey Ellerker of Leeds City Police Force. We know that their fascination with Oluwale had ended by 4th May 1969 when the Nigerian's body was pulled out of the River Aire in Leeds; where it had been floating for 16 days.

Kitching and Ellerker are currently on trial at Leeds Assizes, on several charges of assault culminating in the manslaughter of David Oluwale. John Cobb is again prosecuting counsel, and his case reads like a James Baldwin plot. "Ollie", "Ali", or "Uggie" was allegedly submitted to samples of the most sadistic persecution imaginable. On another occasion Oluwale was held down in a shop doorway by Ellerker while Kitching pissed on him. It gets worse as the witnesses trot on and off the stand. . . .Oluwale beaten up in Police vans; kicked off his feet in the street; driven to a wood four miles out of Leeds and left there; dragged screaming into Millgarth Street Police Station and kicked in the balls by Ellerker so hard that "it lifted him and moved him"; charged with assault for biting Ellerker's thumb and getting three months imprisonment on Kitching's evidence; and finally beaten out of a shop doorway on the 18th April 1969, and literally chased into the River Aire.

On Wednesday, 17 November, just ten days after the start of the trial, which was predicted to last more than five weeks, against all unbiased assessment of what evidence had been made public, and any sense of reason, Judge Hinchcliffe advised the jury to find Kitching and Ellerker Not Guilty of the charges of man-slaughter, perjury and grievous bodily harm; in the face of what he calls 'no positive evidence.' As the most condemnatory evidence so far has come from police officers, will we see half Millgarth Street Station in the dock for perjury? This is outrageous legal vandalism and don't imagine that Mr Justice Hinchcliffe doesn't know it.

It was naive, but I did hold some belief in the arrogant, supremely confident righteousness of the British courts to maintain their braggart condition of high objectivity and make some show of retribution on deviant minions. It was naive. Proving Ellerker and Kitching guilty of charges amounting to the sadistic torture and killing of David Oluwale would raise just too many eyebrows, reinforce too many awkward allegations, fertilise too many people's doubts and bolster too many subversive causes.

This way is so much simpler: Kitching will be ushered warmly back into the Millgarth Street nest. Ellerker will finish his current term of imprisonment, and then retire quietly. David Oluwale? Well, it's not a decision that he is in any position to appeal against. And after all Ellerker and Kitching never were charged with MAN-slaughter—they only killed a coon.

Roger Hutchinson

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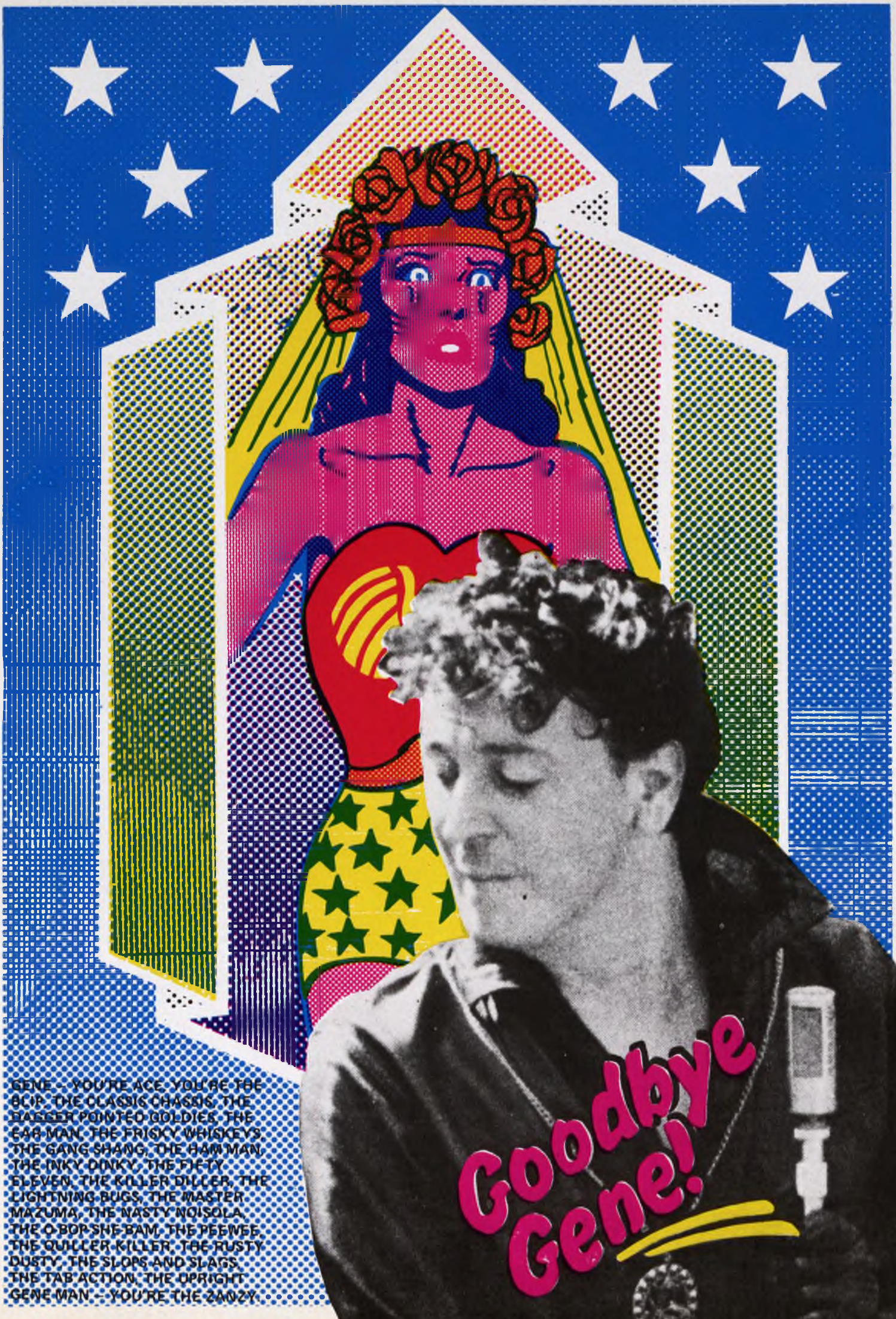

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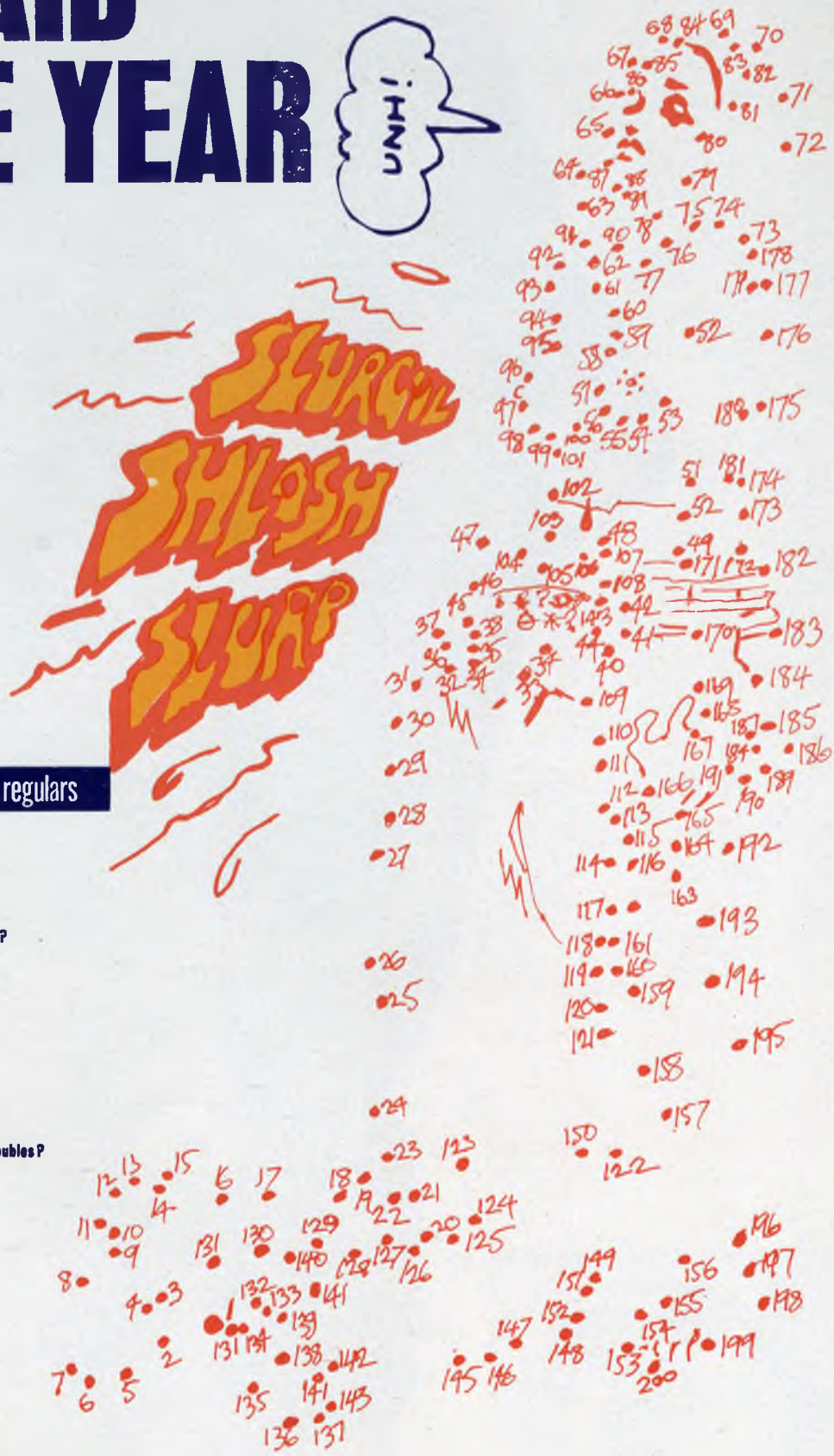

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(the name people can't remember.)

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It looks no different, on the outside, from other buildings which line the block. Inside, it looks like a two-floor extension of a 10 year old's treehouse; posters line the walls, coathanger mobiles hang from the light fixtures, books and records compete for space with rocks, plants and dishes.

While the neighbours wonder what those hippies really do in there, the hippies might open the latest issue of a radical publication to an artical which explains it all; they are forming a snobby, cliquish in-group closed to communication with the larger community and insensitive to the urgent human needs of the oppressed people who are their neighbours.

The "commune" has recently become the focal point in the old argument about the order of personal and political liberation. If one places his or her priority on personal or internal-chemical liberation, the commune is justified in remaining a closed living unit in which one may experiment, grow and love with others who allow him/her the freedom to do so. But if the priority is reversed, such a commune becomes an isolated retreat, a micro-community which invalidates itself through its failure to contribute to the revolution.

The geographically-isolated rural commune seems, with a few exceptions, to have failed as an alternative living arrangement. Winter comes, the house gets cold, food and friends get scarce — it requires greater commitments in terms of work and time and voluntary restriction of mobility than most are willing to make. But the urban commune remains one of the best living arrangements for free people who wish to retain whatever degree of strength and sanity they have managed to win from an authoritarian world. The urban commune is a place where people can get it together, or where people who have gotten it together can keep it together.

Individuals living in urban communes do not normally think of themselves as organizing an organic family or establishing an alternative living pattern. Nor do they feel any prosyletizing compulsions toward the community. But the sociologist persist in claiming they are organizing and establishing just those things, and certain radical activists claim that if they don't feel a responsibility toward the community they should.

The basis of these claims and observations about the commune are questions forming in the revolutionary consciousness, but not yet articulated; can liberated values be transmitted to the larger community, there to become the basis of a human, if not immediately political revolution? If they can, is there some *social* unit which can represent liberated values and serve as the means of their transmission to the larger community? If there is, isn't the commune it?

Opportunities for the commune to transmit liberating influences or values to the community are limited by the structure of the nuclear family unit, which precludes the possibility of communication even among the nuclear units themselves.

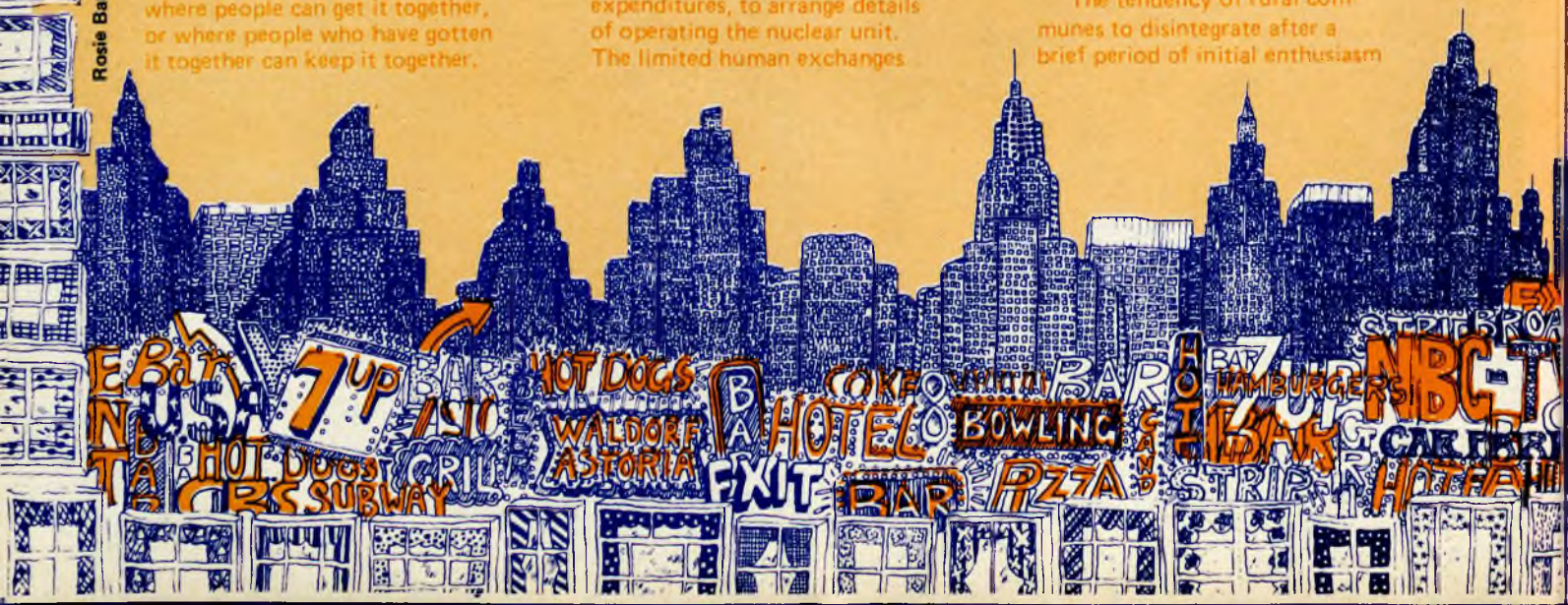
The nuclear family serves as a retreat from the oppressive forces operating at work and school. But this function has been assigned to it by the same system from which it serves as an escape and so it is in itself oppressive, in that the false impression of relief from such forces which it provides perpetuates their continued existence. While there is limited communication between the members of these units, their escapist function closes them to new, shared, or any form of genuine experience. Outings in the community are undertaken in the spirit of a foray — to buy food, to make other consumer expenditures, to arrange details of operating the nuclear unit. The limited human exchanges which occur during these forays are likely to be ritualistic instead of communicative. When the nuclear family does respond to repressive. or liberating influences from the larger community, the exchange is usually indirect — through the news media, for example.

The commune can not serve as a means of transmitting liberating values or influences to the larger community because these units are closed to personal communication. They are a conservative element organized to preclude change and preserve the status quo of obedience to the system. The commune can, however, remain open to non-nuclear familial elements in society. These are the kinds of loose, or fluctuating family units which exist in ghettos or economically oppressed neighborhoods, or where young people live together in the interval between their departure from home and a commitment to marriage. Communication is possible with these units because, since a nuclear living arrangement is not already in operation, their interests are not conservative. Such familial units are more open to change and growth.

Individuals who believe that liberation is a subjective process which must be initiated and conducted by each person for him — or her — self might also believe that, instead of transmitting liberating influences to the larger community, free people must preserve their own freedom from the encroachment of that community. The expansion of anti-life, oppressive forces within society does constutute a threat to the chaotic, unstructured existence which free people recognize as essential to their **freedom.** But withdrawal into an **encapsulated** micro-environment is an inadequate defense against this threat.

The tendency of rural communes to disintegrate after a brief period of initial enthusiasm

Rosie Barlow



and life indicates that isolation is a self-defeating response to the encroachment of oppressive forces. Isolation tends, in fact, to reinforce this encroachment; the encapsulated life experience, developing within the limits of its closed process, tends to perpetuate the shrinkage of its own boundaries — thereby providing an increasingly smaller and better-defined target for aggressive, anti-life social and political forces.

If men and women are to preserve and increase their present freedoms, they must do so through a life experience which remains open to communication with other non-nuclear, familial elements in the community. "Open to communication" means that these elements — these people — must not be rejected on the basis of their lower level of human development. The commune must remain open to their inclusion within its organization, thereby expanding both the range of communal experience and the number of individuals who might participate in it.

The natural setting for such a commune is urban. It is here that the largest number of people live, and the widest range of human development occurs. It is in an urban setting that a pattern of communal living can develop which is based on toleration for this wide range of life experience. Provided that all the members of such a commune are committed to mutual acceptance, there is no reason why some of them cannot be non-drug users while others are experimenting with as many kinds of drugs as are available. There is no reason why some of them cannot enjoy completely free and creative sexual relationships while others limit themselves to whatever degree of sexual freedom with which they are then comfortable. Within this environment of mutual acceptance, a genuine transmission of liberating influences can occur.

The claim that liberation cannot be handed to the community like a consumer commodity reflects the fact that a simply-felt and simply-gratified need for liberation does not exist in oppressed people. Conflicting needs for security and fear of its loss prevent such a simple gratification. However, it is possible to give an oppressed person a single experience, a kind of *gestalt-package* which, instead of meeting one need, creates a transcendant series of new needs, the fulfillment of which will alter the individual's life in the direction of liberation. An open communal living unit is one setting in which such experiences can occur.

The urban commune which is organized around a common level of growth or development precludes the possibilities of communication with the larger community. In some cases this is desirable. (Members of the commune might not, for example, wish to communicate their habit of dropping acid whenever it is available.) But in other cases, it clearly is not. A closed or cliquish communal group develops its own prejudices, and its members are subject to their own peculiar ego or power trips. The small differences which exist between members of such a group tend to become magnified. A kind of power hierarchy develops in which members of the group become dependent on each other in an ascending order. One individual's strength becomes merely the measure of another's weakness. In such a group, "bad periods" experienced by the "strongest" member of the group have a negative effect on all the others who 'depend' on her or him for support.

In an open communal experience in which varying lesser degrees of strength or development are accepted, specific differences between members tend to become less, not more important. Individuals within the group are freed to function autonomously, and are more independant than they might be if there were pressure to conform to specific standards of liberated behaviour.

Herbert Marcuse proposes that there are instinctual and biological urges to create and preserve unity which counter the culturally-imposed characteristics of aggressiveness and competitiveness, both agents of oppression. A commune open to the widest possible range of human experience encourages the development of emotionally and erotically gratifying human relationships which give expression to biological strivings for liberation. In and through the relationships possible in communal experience, men and women may become the tender, sensuous, liberated human beings whom Marcuse believes are alone capable of maintaining a liberated society.

If, however, the human population of the world must awaken one day to a sky swollen with the poisonous clouds of industrial consumption, to an oil-blackened sea turning silver with the corpses of life it can no longer support, it seems pointless to build the kind of relationships which will intensify our pain at losing each other and the world. And there seems no point at all in transmitting a capacity to love, feel and rebel to an oppressed community.

But the human drives for liberation and unity are as irreversible as the destructive effects of capitalistic and imperialistic aggression. In the interval between today and the end of minimal prerequisites for human survival on the planet, the conflict between oppressive and liberating forces will propel itself toward some conclusion. For whatever the duration of this interval, pro-life of liberating forces must continue the effort to penetrate and resurrect the death-in-life of oppressed people.

Pat Meyer

"I'm smoking a lot of heroin. Maybe I'll get hooked on the stuff. What the hell. I'm at the point right now where I don't really care whether I live or die. Because the fucking army doesn't care whether I live or die. I'm just another number, another cog in the machine. And I've seen so much shit, I'll never forget it, man, you know, like . . . Like what's happened, I'll never forget it, and I'm just so depressed with life, and . . . I've just lost faith in the human race altogether, and I've lost myself. I don't know who I am anymore and I don't know where I am. I just don't anymore, just don't care . . . and the army has done this to me. This war and the army." **Ronnie G. Allen, deserter, US Army.**

I interviewed him inside his hideout: a filthy, rotting slum in Saigon, deep in the stinking heart of a city riddled with vice and disease, with rats and with American deserters: eighteen thousand of them, according to one estimate. Ripped on heroin, he spoke with quavering voice, shaking hands, and bloodshot eyes.

Ronnie G Allen, born August 25th, 1951, formerly of 2701 Hunt Club Forest Columbia, South Carolina; latterly Private First Class number RA12550468, Ninth Advisory Team, US Army speaks:"I've been on heroin four and a half weeks. I never touched it before the Army. I can't say who really introduced me to it but like I knew it was going on. My buddies were doing it but I blew dew (smoked pot) when they were doing heroin."

Ask Ronnie what he thinks of the war. "This fucking war? I can't say it's ridiculous because too many good people have died fighting it, too much money has been wasted, too many peoples' lives have been destroyed. Too many peoples' minds have been messed up. Families have been torn apart too because people have changed over here so drastically, they go back and people don't know them and their wives divorce them because they don't want to live with them, they can't take the person they've changed into. A lot of guys lose their wives, get divorced, because of The Nam, because of what happens out here, because of this Army. Lifers give them so much shit, when they finally wake up to what is going on, it turns out there is a lot of family . . . you know, marital troubles arising from it because a guy will change. A guy wakes up to the truth and his personality changes, his whole person changes. He's not the same person his wife married and when he goes back his wife can't cope with it, can't adjust to it. That's what I am afraid is going to happen to me, I don't want it to happen."

Ronnie has watched his friends get killed. "Hard to say how many, depending on what you mean by friend. I can say anything from 50 — 100 — 150. Both GIs and South Vietnamese. I've had four really personal friends killed, and there have been about eight others maimed for life. They've lost a leg or an arm or their eyes. One I call Junior got hit by an AK47, he lost an arm from the elbow. A guy called Gerry had his leg blown off by a Claymore. It took his whole leg off, and his testicles too. He lost part of his penis, it's gross, it's so fucking gross. It really is.' I have seen people being thrown out of helicopters. Yeah, I have."

Ronnie rolls a cigarette between both hands and the black tobacco trickles out. He opens a tiny glass phial and sprinkles 'scag' (heroin) on a small pile of 'dew' (marijuana). Mixing the white powder with thumb and forefinger, he scoops it up inside the empty cigarette, twisting one end. Shaking, he lights up and takes a deep drag. Then he passes the joint round.

"They throw people out of helicopters to get 'em to talk. They all take two of them up in a helicopter and tell the first one to talk. If he doesn't, they'll get him by the door and tell his friend that if he doesn't talk they're gonna throw him out. They're trussed up, hands and feet tied together with hands behind backs. A lot of them will talk and a lot of them won't. They get him up to ask him a question. He won't talk, they'll hit him a couple times. Ask him to talk, he won't talk, they'll take him to the door of the chopper and sort of hang him out and hold on to him. He still won't talk, or make any moves like to give us information they'll throw him out the chopper.

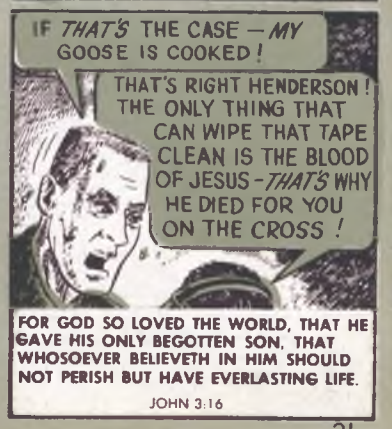
Ronnie stubs out the joint and lights

another. He sprawls across the flimsy mattress, his eyelids close and for a moment he appears lost in another world. Now he talks slower. The words are slurred. He is sometimes incoherent, forgetting what he has said a minute before. But the fantasies and the memories inside his mind become ever starker. "They'll take telephone wire, crank type, and like bind it to his testacles or his fingernails and turn it and give him quite a shock trying to get him to talk. I've seen them pull out fingernails and toenails. I've seen eyes gouged out. I've seen fingers split with a knife, and fingers cut off with a knife, by GI's and South Vietnamese, yes. I've never taken part in any of it because I couldn't. I never wanted to kill, only killed when I had to. To me these prisoners were human beings just like I was."

Okay, Ronnie, I said, you've told me what you guys do to prisoners. But what's the other side of the story? What do *they* do to *you*? He started rolling a third joint. One phial was already empty. Two dollars worth of scag in Nam; two *hundred* dollars worth back in the States. The stuff is 95% pure. And 100% deadly.

Ronnie groped for a match, tried three times to light the joint, then gave up. "Well, I've come across Americans and ARVN's (South Vietnamese soldiers) that are dead. They had hands and feet tied behind their back. They were put on their knees and penis and testicles nailed to a tree stump. I've seen them crucified on trees. I've seen them with barbed wire wrapped round them from head to feet. You know that's my fathers problem. He refused to believe these people died for nothing. He's blind about the news media, he's blinded by the army itself. He just refuses to believe that all these people have died for nothing. Nobody could give me a reason for their deaths. I mean, there's no reason for it. I think at one time there was a reason for it, a good reason for it. A reason that I would have fought for. But it's been lost somewhere. Why is this government throwing good men down the drain? Just to make money for big corporations, to make money for senators, you know, just for politicians to make money for themselves. I would say at least 80% of the GIs, EMs, E5s and below are against the war. There are 500 people in Long Binh Jail. Ninety per cent are black. That means there's definitely something wrong with the system. I was in Long Binh Jail. We call it LBJ. After I got out, I went AWOL because they were gonna put me back inside. They brought more false charges against me. And I'd sworn to my wife and myself that I'd never go back to jail, no matter what happened to me. I stayed AWOL at Long Binh base for two weeks just going around with different guys in the camp, crashing at their places. The lifers never found me. I came to Saigon and I met a Soul Brother and I rapped to him awhile, you know. That night we went up to Long Binh to try to get together some money so we could score some stuff to work the black market and make some more money. Well, this cat knew a papa-san and he introduced me. I needed some identification. I'd been in the field for a long time and I wanted to make some money and I was gonna be here for a while. This papa-san connected me with two other papa-sans and as it stands now there's three papa-sans and myself and they've gotten my identification complete new identification, everything. They got it through the underground. I mean you can get a perfect new ID with a fake name, a fake social security number, the lot. I'm in the process of getting a new passport right now. It's costing 250 dollars to get it made. The bread? I had a checking account when I was in the field and I also saved some money from the black market deals. Papa-san gives me new passes every tow or three days. They're just as good as anything else, really, they're travel orders. They don't cost me nothing. They're absolutely foolproof. If you work for Papa-san, he'll give it you. They're free. There's groups of Papa-sans working with groups of GIs, not together in one organisation — they're all making money for themselves. There are 18,00 GIs AWOL in Saigon right now. Up north there are some GIs who are AWOL working with the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese."

"You know, I spent nine months out



in the jungle without a single three-day pass, R and R, or anything. Nothing except I was hit and went to the hospital and the most I ever stayed there was a week. I've been hit in the head, I've been hit in the back, I've been hit in the stomach. Right up on the Cambodian border this gook came out of the reeds in a riverbank and bayoneted me in the stomach. I grabbed him and pulled him down and choked him and shot him three times in the head with my .45.

"That time I had a friend with me name of Fischer. Jeffrey Fischer. Everybody called him Jeff. He was a pretty cool head. Nineteen years old. He was airborn qualified, though he wasn't ranger qualified. We were like brothers, like brothers, man. We were close, we really were. Everything we did, we did together. It happened on my fourth trip into Cambodia. One of those sweep-and-destroy things. Jeff was ten feet to my right. It was a sniper . . . they got him later. The sniper fired and hit him right between the eyes. I saw him stop and he just slumped to the ground. I ran to him you know, and picked him up and carried him over to a ravine. Called the medic over. There was just a little round hole in the front of his head, with a trickle of blood coming out, and the back of his head was completely blown away. Evidently he was hit with an M-14 that was stolen from one of our snipers, because that's what our snipers use. The back of his head was completely blown out. The medic came over, but there wasn't anything he could do, but I was in shock, because I loved the dude, you know. And I just had it in my mind that he wasn't dead, that he was just wounded, that he couldn't die. The medic came over and told me there was nothing he could do, and I held him in my arms and sort of rocked him and I started crying and I cried like a baby. And then I felt *glad* . . . you know, glad it was him and not me. And then in the next second I hated myself for thinking that way, I hated everybody that was around me. The army and the war and I even hated my wife because she would never be able to understand . . .

Then I got up and flung my M-14 and my rucksack and ammo belts into the jungle and started cussing. And the American major that was with us -- he was my CO -- he came over and asked me what I was doing. He asked me if I was crazy and I told him I was tired of it, you know, it was useless. It just didn't make any goddamn sense. Why? *Why?* Why was it like this? And that's when I got busted from Spec 4 to E2, for cussing him out. I told him I was tired of all this goddamn shit, I was tired of his goddamn army. I told him it was people like him that had caused 44,000 of us to be dead, you know, to be killed. And what were we doing it for? So his buddies could make money? So he could get an eagle on his shoulder . . . or what? I just didn't understand I was sick of the whole thing. I told him. I was sick of it. I wanted to go home. I didn't have any business here. He told me . . . he called me a *boy*, he says "Calm down boy, calm down. It's not all that bad, all of us lose friends, all of us lose friends you know." and he told me to get control of myself. I'm a good soldier, he says. I'm a good soldier and he don't want to lose me. So he tells the medic to give me a tranquilizer. Then he calls in a chopper and flies me back to base. What the hell can you expect from a lifer? To me, a lifer is somebody without any brains, in the army for 20 years, taking an easy road to retirement. And any time his country says 'go to war', he just goes to war without question, he just goes to kill and shit."

All I've ever read was that Nixon said he would have all his troops out by June 30th and he said also that he DID have 'em out. But he didn't. *I was there.* Two weeks after it was supposed to have been over. We went in and we were up against NVA regulars and it was pretty tough, because the North Vietnamese are as well trained, well, not as well trained as we are but they're a trained army. They got uniforms and they got equipment and the whole bit. They're an army. It was pretty bad, because they'll sit there all day and slug it out with you down to the last man, and that's not too cool at all. No. The NVA won't run. Hell no. They'll sit down and slug it out with you man for man, bullet for bullet. That's not cool at all.

My ship was the first one in and I was the first one out to the ground, and I started running to where I could put out fire and wait for my men. I got through three magazines and looked back wondering where they were. Sitting in the chopper not wanting to get out. And the chopper was getting hit with small arms fire and there were RPGs and B-40s (rocket propelled grenades and bazookas) going off all round. And there were other choppers waiting to go in also, they were up there circling and they were getting shot at. Only two could land at a time. One came in and touched down and the American advisers were the only ones to get out of that one too. So I ran back to my ship which was hovering off the ground and hopped up on the landing runner. Started pulling the ARVNs out and throwing them on the ground. That was the only way I was going to get them to go in. They were scared. And the crew was trying to get them out too. But they wouldn't move. Right, we had to actually kick them in the ass and I was grabbing them by the collar and throwing them out

Most of the AWOLs in Saigon hang out at Tru Minh Qui. They live the same way I do. Some of them are peddling dope. Some of them have trained boy-sans to steal for them and shit. Some of them are stealing Government vehicles and shit. They've got tunnels and shit all over that area. Like the cops can't fuck with them. The cops go in there and Papsans gonna tell them in advance. And if they surprise everybody and go in for a big bust, they get shot at, the GIs have all got weapons and shit. I have a .45 right there in the closet. They've got tunnels and escape routes all over Tru Minh Qui. They've got fake papers and everything they need. There's no way in the world that the MPs can pick them up for off-limits or anything like that.

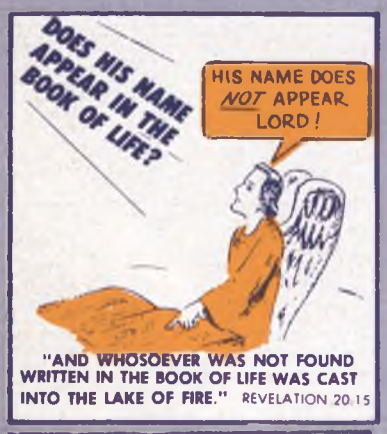
Ronnie played with a tiny glass bottle. He wanted to roll another joint, but he didn't have the energy to fix it. "A little phial of heroin like this would cost 600 piastres here – that's two bucks. Back in the world that would run at anywhere from 400 to 500 dollars sometimes. I've heard of people paying 500 dollars for that thing, it's anywhere from 97 – 100% pure heroin. Comes from Laos and Communist China. You can get it anywhere here. I score my stuff off Mamasan, y' know, down over by Tan Shon Nhut. Her husband works, he drives a taxi. He sells it too. They've just got a house over there between couple of shops and I just go in and tell them how much I need, how much I want. And they go outside, out in the back to a little field where they've got stashed, buried. You can get anything you want, really."

I asked Ronnie what he was going to do when he got back to The World. "It sounds really stupid, but I did have plans to become a rock singer. But it's taking a long time to get my American passport because the heat is on, the pigs are all over the place. They busted a Papasan not too long ago trying to make them. In Viet Nam there's nothing you can't get with the right amount of money." The kid was exhausted and we had to call it a day. But just before I split back to my hotel he reminisced about one more gruesome incident.

"The GIs were at this village on the Cambodian border. Some South Vietnam soldiers and us put plastic explosives on a wire and strung it up round the village, and told the people it was a decoration. And as they came over and started to play with it and touch it and giggle and all this bullshit, y' know, examining it and getting brave, y' know. It was something new to them, it was supposed to be a decoration and they didn't understand it. They didn't understand it and they came up and they were touching it and smiling and giggling and then when they started getting brave and lots of the villagers were out in the main street, they let go with the whole thing. And then they called a B-52 raid on the village as well, after all the damage we did. The reason we did this was because the village was supposedly nothing but Viet Cong sympathizers and Viet Cong wives, etcetera.

Yeah, My Lai was a picnic for the victims after some of the shit I've seen . . .

John Rowen



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consider the lilies

Whatever happened to the hippies? During the late sixties one had the impression that the ordinarily drab scene of American life was about to blossom into an easy-going colorful exuberance. Men seemed sure enough of their masculinity to abandon their customarily uptight machismo styles of dress and bearing, to let their hair down, to sing and wear jewelry, and to dress with imaginative elegance. It seemed that a positive life-style was being proposed as a less expensive alternative to suburbia's conspicuous consumption of uniformly slick plastic hardware. The various forms of rock music showed possibilities of a legitimate development of the Western tradition which had come to a halt in the silences of John Cage and the electronic howls of *musique concrete*. Articulate glory seemed to be returning to Western art through the psychedelic painters. There were even prospects of a truly swinging religion with meditation, chanting, and joyous rituals, unorganized and set free from the unproductive guilt hang-ups of the Judaeo-Christian conscience.

But judging from Sausalito, California, as one of the hearts of the Movement, the hippies and flower-children have turned back into something even scruffier than beatniks. The long hair is tangled and snarled, and the blue denims patched and frayed. The beads and jewelry have been pawned, and the kapok is coming out of the pads. The attitude is silent — even surly — and the music has just turned up the volume. Hardly anyone dances at the Fillmore; they just sit. The rich verve of the 'San Francisco Oracle' has disappeared from the ever more paranoid, violent, and funky underground press. Leary, in understandable bitterness, has joined the revolutionaries who seem to be demanding no more than their own turn at tyranny. "Love" has become "fuck" . . . But who needs it when personal style is contrived ugliness, and the girls manage to look like peasant women from some depressed area of Russia.

This sagging of spirits may reflect simple depression at the endless and sickening war, at the realization that it may be too late to do anything about ecological catastrophe, and at the difficulty of finding employment even in the sterile busywork of government and the big corporations. The temptation to free enterprise in dope is almost irresistible, but there can be too much pot — like too much booze or too much religion — and the result is not profound mystical contemplation but the most ordinary lethargy. (If the government wants to keep the people docile and avoid violence in the streets, it might note that lawn order follows from legalized grass.)

Furthermore the exuberant "Psychedelic" style went commercial and invaded the Establishment, but somehow this very success was taken as a failure. One wonders, therefore, whether the Movement, the Consciousness III people, wants to woo the squares or simply to be their obedient reverse-image, just doing their opposite. Isn't it yet clear that originality and spontaneity is not being merely anti-conventional?

More and more, however the professed philosophy is ecological concern, and there has indeed been an appreciable migration of hippies from the streets to the countryside in an attempt to love and cultivate the earth at first hand. Yet "charity begins at home" with love of one's own psychophysical organism (as distinct from conceptual ego) and of ordinary physical things. If the earth is man's extended body, to be loved and respected as one's own body, those who do no greening of themselves will hardly bring about the greening of America.

The idea of "greening" involves color, flowering, freshness of spring, and — above all — respect for what is organic and vegetative as distinct from the mechanical and metallic. As things are now going there is a real possibility that intelligence may survive on this planet only in the form of self-maintaining and self-reproducing steady-state electronic mechanisms, having no need for atmosphere and no feeling or emotions to obstruct their relentless efficiency. In such forms, abstract thought, logic, mathematics, and physics could continue to flourish on the planet, and some would see in this a triumph of purely spiritual principles over the trammels of the flesh. This would be a consistent direction of evolution for a species which confuses the world as described, in terms of linearly arranged word and number symbols, with the world itself; which goes on to value the symbolic more than the real (eg, money more than real wealth and nations more than people), and which would compel the wiggly, lilting, and curvaceous forms of nature to get straightened out, squared away, and cleaned up.

I could make a strong, if not conclusive, case for the idea that plants are more intelligent than people — more beautiful, more, pacific, more ingenious in their ways of reproduction, more at home in their surroundings, and even more sensitive. Why, we even use flower-forms as our symbols of the divine when the human face reminds us too much of ourselves — the Hindu-Buddhist mandala, the golden lotus, and the Mystic Rose in Dante's vision of Paradise. Nothing else reminds us so much of a star with a living heart.

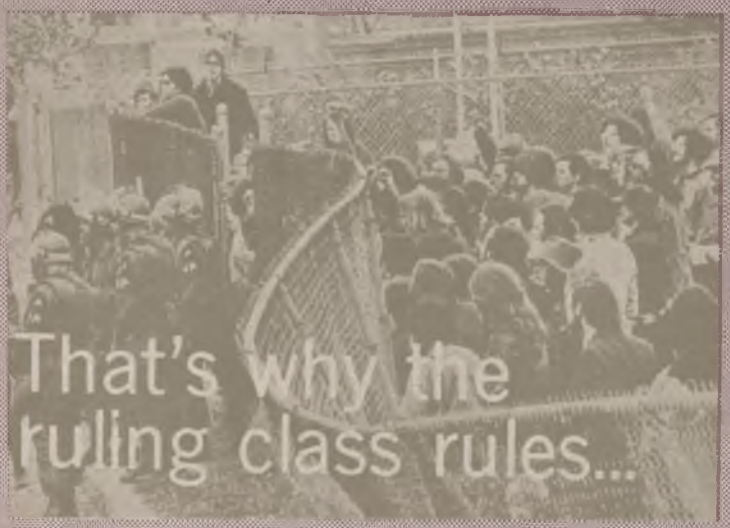
I wish, then, that hippies would once again consider the lilies — for the very reason that they are frail and frivolous, gentle and inconsequential, and thus have those very qualities of vegetative wisdom so despised by those who have wills of iron and nerves of steel to fight the good fight and run the straight race. As Lao-tzu put it two thousand years ago:

> Man at his birth is supple and tender, but in death he is rigid and hard.
> Plants when young are sinuous and moist, but when old are brittle and dry.
> Thus suppleness and tenderness are signs of life,
> While rigidity and hardness are signs of death.

For I feel that we would go better with this wiggly world if we thought in terms of roots and branches, vines and creepers, fronds and fibers, than in sterile angularities of metal and quartz in which the genius of life has not yet arisen, and in which energy may stutter and hum but has not yet learned to feel.

At least then let me hope — dear children — that there are seeds in your dirty finger-nails, and that you will again come out with flowers.

Alan Watts, 'Earth' June 1971.



The struggle in this country has taken so many twists and bends that many people (people who should know better) have concluded that it's going around in circles. That's one reason why the ruling class still rules.

The lessons of the past have indicated that commitment and action must be coupled with a profound awareness and clear analysis of the real issues at hand. Rather than trying to piece together an accurate picture of the movement both nationally and internationally by reading the bourgeois press why not try the Guardian, an independent radical newsweekly with an independent line. The Guardian's long-standing dedication to people's struggles and opposition to ruling class exploitation have made it the largest (some consider it the best) movement weekly in the country.

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A special note from the irate hippies in the MO dept for anyone who complained about non-receipt of goods before November. We're sorry for not replying to your complaints but if we tried we'd never send out the goodies. Things are being sorted out now, so please be patient – or we break your fingers. Ta!

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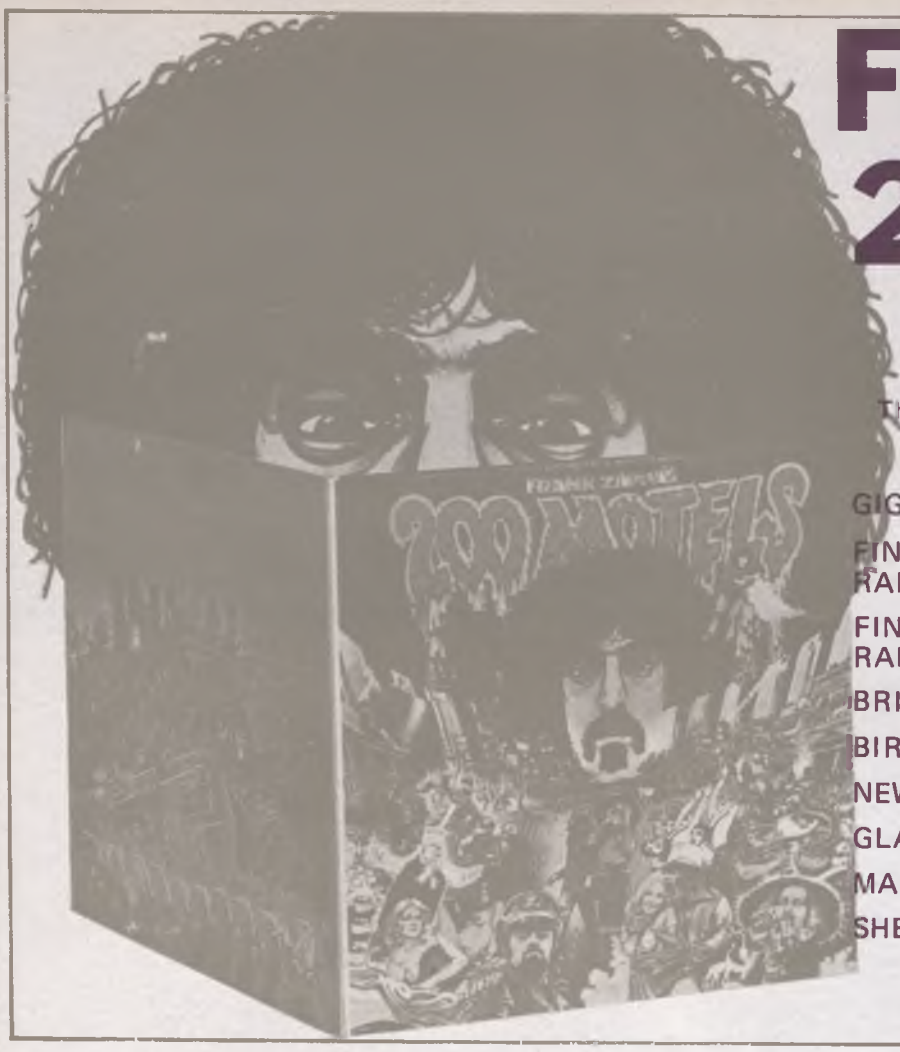

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Manifesto of the Youth Action Kommittee:

1. Form your own School Council, organised and run by your selves. To make it acceptable be prepared to compromise: include one or two teachers.
2. Pupils should work with the teachers, not for them.
3. Form petitions against detentions and physical punishments.
4. Refuse to accept punishments for something you didn't do or didn't know was forbidden.
5. Don't let yourself be bullied by the school system; fight for what you know is right.
6. Be prepared to take your case to a higher authority.
7. The Press is powerful. If you have a genuine case of brutality by teachers get statements from those involved and send them to the Press.
8. Remember it is difficult for a school [illegible] you unless you have actually committed a crime and gone to court.
9. At present taechers are allowed to use physical punishments by law. They only break that law if the punishment is improper, but there is no definition of 'proper'.
10. You are told enough about your duties; remember you have rights as well.

Plans to produce a second Magna Carta — that 13th century Bill of Rights extorted from the King which is the nearest thing we've had to a written constitution since — are being formulated by a group called Lobby for Alternative People. They stress, while attacking all the accepted repressions and restrictions, that a true alternative society doesn't merely mean the freaks at a pop festival but embraces old people, the unemployed, in fact anyone who has suffered at the hands of society as it is currently run. 'LAP hopes firstly to establish the ordinary Common Law freedom that we all enjoyed before 1965. We do not expect to be able to extend freedom much beyond that: They've planned meetings under Big Ben for Sunday afternoon's at 3pm. Write to Mike Deal, 30, St Mary's Road, Ditton Hill, Surbiton, Surrey.

A group of Hastings freaks are planning to take over the world and unleash a tide of good vibes and so on. This will be occasion [illegible] next Easter when they intend to muster upwards of 2 million loons and lovers in a multi-national sit in in London. Itis assumed that rock bands will give of their services free and that the governmnet will secede with out the slightest worry. Then, they promise, love, truth and beauty will o'ertake the land. If you can dig it, be there. Who knows....

Recently formed in the Grove - the West London chapter of the White Panthers. If we have not impinged your consciousness yet, we are basically about Revolution towards a Free Society. With a nucleus of about fifteen people whose energies at the moment are centred on startinga Free Food programme under the motorway on the Portobello Road as many days a week as possible. We have had plenty of hassles getting it all togther and many thanks to our brothers at IT and OZ for the karma and the bread which bought the calor gas burners and containers.

If you feel you would like to help us with any positive ideas or sincere help, the idea being to help the numerous freaks, alcoholics and other untouchables who are in dire need of company, love and our amazing high protein menu.

Info, Ideas, Aid , Transport or anything welcome via Box WPX 1T, 11a Berwick St, W1. NB: There are presently moves afoot to obtain a large building or warehouse to use as a community centre and rockn roll palace or whatever else is required down the Grove. Any ideas - contact us at the above address.

ADVISE [illegible] start up a poetry [illegible] not with the usual hippie excrescences but will be 'socially relevant.' So if you have anything that might fall into this category, call them at 226-9366, or write to ADVISE, 313, Upper St, Islington, N1.

Camden GLF are holding meetings from now on every Tuesday at 7.30. Come together at the Forester's Hall, Highgate Road, Kentish Town.

Read INK, it's gone through plenty of changes... and every one of them is distinctly for the better.

Good Luck Friends!

A new sounds venu has started in the Midlands, at the Atherstone Memorial Hall, situated about 15 miles from Coventry, Birmingham and Leicester. With a capacity of c.500 its management, the Hungry Freaks, aim to put on gigs at modest prices.

They are devoting some of the take to a Bust Fund recently established in the area since local police action has stepped up over the last few months and times is getting tough. There is also the Bizarre Bazaar, for local heads to flog their goods.

Passed at last month's National Delegates' Assembly of the National Grocers' Federation was a resolution by one John Leach of the London District Council on considering the discontinuation of the use of deposit bottles.

Their main worry was that some unprincipled people were buying their deposit bottle at one store, but returning it, and getting their money back, from another. Faced with the problems of pollution and the accelerated corrosion of the environment that such a step - the end of returnable containers - would mean, Leach merely observed 'Pollution is not our problem.'

An Open Letter To John & Yoko

Dear John and Yoko:

So you finally did [illegible] last I bought 'Imagine' [illegible] mind fucker). With the [illegible] ed up to full, and bass up, I [illegible] to await your latest philosophy [illegible] goes well till. Bam. You [illegible]

'How Do You Sleep' [illegible] do you sleep? I know you split with Paul [illegible] between you nasically, but this is the crem de la crem of your bitchy [illegible]

For a 'Peace Freak' you [illegible] too bad at adding your own little bit of aggro to the [illegible]

For me I love you all and when you split it just meant [illegible] pay 4 times as much for the land of music which [illegible] on before and still does. But for me this back is a bad scene. For this I appoint you top of the Shitslinging Mindless Yobo's List (along with Mrs Whitehouse, Nixon, Uncle Tom and all [illegible]

[illegible] love.

[illegible] (Man, this is a nostalgic letter). It means [illegible] old muckers like Paul.

[illegible] and keep on the right track [illegible] Fight against poverty [illegible] alone.

[illegible] George, [illegible] Monty [illegible] keep up the fight against the real pigs.

John Catterall, 48, Lune St, Salford.

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c/o J[illegible]
Roll[illegible],
Exmouth, Devon.

Rochdale Chapter,
'Beautiful Stranger'
Rochdale Info Point,
6a, Hunter's Lane,
Rochdale, Lancs..

Ilford Chapter,
Box 1, 1, Goodmayes Ave.,
Goodmayes,
Ilford, Essex.

Glasgow Chapter,
c/o Skelf,
The Burrow, 2a, St Vincent Cres,
Glasgow G38LQ

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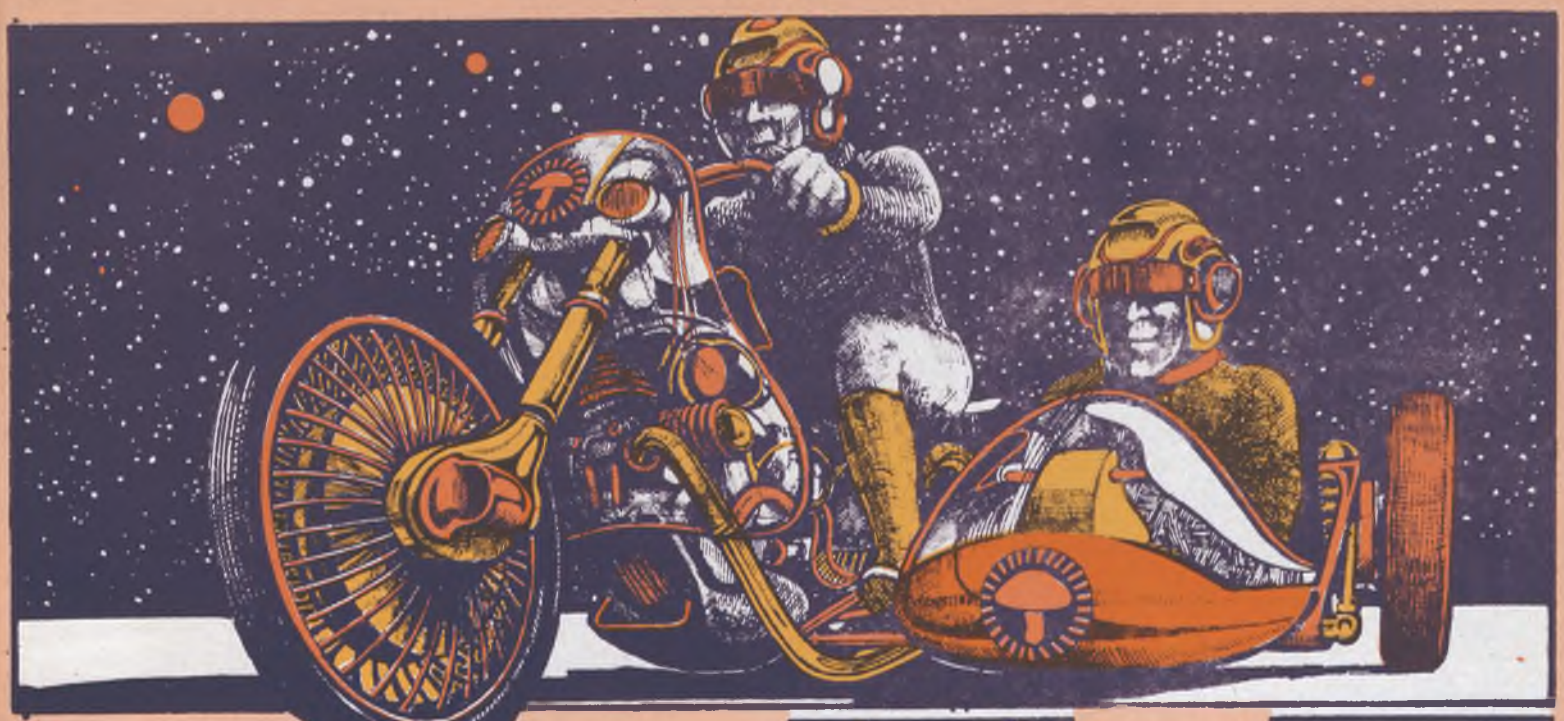


DOCTOR J

from Stephen aged 17, a public school boy: "At the moment I'm in possession of some excellent grass. It is good thoughtful stuff . . . Unfortunately I suspect the grass is laced with a narcotic (could be smack [heroin] *as I scored in East Africa. I blew four stiff joints the first week I got it. The grass gives powerful recurrences and after the four beautiful highs I decided to lay off for a few weeks.*

However a few days later I developed influenza-like symptoms and came out in a rash of small pimples all over the tops of my arms and scattered over my back . . . what do you think of smoking narcotic laced stuff?

Can only give you my thoughts on this subject as I have never had the pleasure of your experience, but from what you say — especially about the flu and pimples that grass is laced with heroin, little doubt about it, and you suffered acute narcotic withdrawal symptoms when you stopped smoking. You are in some danger of heroin addiction and also if you got busted it would be more serious than a straight cannabis charge. Take it easy — very easy — remember the American GIs in Vietnam strung out on smoking H mixtures.

"A fortnight ago when my mother was at Bingo I asked two friends round for sex, as I enjoy fucking and buggering at the same time. The old cow came home early and caught us . . . threatened to throw me out. Anyhow one of the bastards gave me gonorrhoea. Then last week dad fucked and buggered me. Now I'm shit scared that he's got it . . . if he gives it to her she'll know he's screwing on the side, I don't want dad in trouble with her. Anyway he's the best to fuck me so far. Please help!" Jane.

Just supposing this hothouse of orgy-flipping is true fact almost all I can say is Whee! Analysed scientifically this problem is one of female chauvinism, criminal incest and a treatable infection. Suppose you and your boyfriends go to your doctor for VD treatment. Surely your dad is old enough to look after himself? Honestly, face it, you want to enjoy yourself and find no hang ups on the way. T'aint possible. (Don't get pregnant too!) Do some work on teaching your boyfriends how to give you what your dad gives you — aim creative ongoing orgasms — and love.

Bad Trip First Aid cases: girl, 18, goes on first trip then two days later smokes pot and flashes into bad trip. Finds she can hardly talk, mind racing with thoughts. This continues for three days. Needs sleep and food and drink and sympathy from boyfriend and a cool shrink but no drug antidotes. Has some serious hang-ups out with him and her parents. Perfectly well in one week. *Another:* civil servant trips prequently, gets severe abdominal pains and so do his friends about five hours after dropping trip. Nasty common reaction caused by acid causing spasm of intestines, occasionally sign of duodenal ulcer if it happens between trips. Cure: apply heat to belly and trip on an empty stomach. Taking one gram of Vitamin C and glucose in orange juice half an hour before tripping may prevent. (Cause is paranoia . . . space trips twice as far apart as usual or more.)

WANTED BADLY — Names and addresses of doctors you have found sympathetic about drug and sex cases so that from January we may be able to help emergencies.

NEWS — from Medical News Tribune Oct 25th 1971. A completely effective and long lasting treatment for head-lice, crabs, scabies and what have you is now available. Called *Malathion* it makes hair lethal to these pests and is surprisingly non-toxic. You can buy it at gardening shops as Malathion or at chemists (soon) as *Prioderm*. Just one application is needed. Dilute the concentrate tc the dilution recommended for killing garden insect pests and souse the affected parts for five minutes avoiding eyes and mouth. Then wash off thoroughly with soap or shampoo. As a spray it kills the most ferocious fleas with horrendous efficacy too. Here's to an itch-free Winter. Dirt-cheap comforts too — amazing.

The cops treated Lenny Bruce, dead, pretty much the same as they treated him alive. He fell off a toilet seat with a needle in his arm, and they found him lying on the tiled floor of his bathroom. They left him there, naked, while the photographers stepped up two at a time to take their shots, and the obituaries filed him away neatly as "sick comic; deceased". It was a shitty thing to do — Lenny hated being posed as much as he resented being categorised.

"I'm sorry if I'm not being very funny tonight. I'm not a comedian, I'm Lenny Bruce."

Lenny died on August 3rd 1966. He was 40, and his last few years had scarred him badly. The drug busts, obscenity raps, his deportation from England, and continual harassment had left him with a reported 600 dollars a week habit, and a string of cancelled bookings. Shortly before his death, he'd leapt from a hotel balcony, screaming that he was Superjew, and broken both ankles. This time — so one story goes — a chick had thought it would be groovy to see Lenny Bruce wigged-out on acid, she'd spiked him, and Bruce's conditioned response to any metabolic or psychic disturbance was to take another shot. Sergeant Glenn Bachman, of the Los Angeles narcotics squad, said a post-mortem would be made, but "we know it is an overdose, probably of heroin."

".....I'll say these bastards made me into a junkie. No wonder I take stuff when they prescribe it for me. Damn right, Jim. If they ever bust me, I'll bust the whole fuckin' AMA!"

Lenny's drug capacity was phenomenal — as were the lengths he went to, to avoid a bust. He carried a letter with him at all times, signed by a young orthopaedic surgeon in Beverley Hills, which explained how Bruce was instructed in the use of intravenous methedrine injections, and warning any narcs that fresh needle marks were strictly legit — any junkie's dream. Lenny was Norman Rotenburg's first celebrity patient, and though he balked at first when Lenny demanded Demerol for his headaches, and methedrine for his "lethargy", he finally gave in to Bruce's hipster charm. Lenny had been introduced to meth by an experimental chemist in Detroit, and he used to hit up the 1cc amps at regular intervals during the day, varying it occasionally with Dilaudid (a powerful opiate, stronger than morphine) — twelve 1/16 grain tablets dissolved in one amp of meth — benzedrine, dexedrine spansules, Tuinal (swallowed by the handful when he finally decided he'd have to sleep or crack up), smack and mescaline.

Lenny was never into dope-smoking:—

".....I don't smoke pot at all. I don't dig the high. The reason I don't smoke shit is that it is a hallucinatory high and I've got enough shit floating around in my head; and second, it's a *schlafedicker* high, and I dig being *with* you all the time. So therefore I can talk about pot, and champion it. Marijuana is rejected all over the world. Damned. In England, heroin is alright for out-patients, but *marijuana?* They'll put your ass in jail. I think that there is no justification for smoking shit. Alcohol? Alcohol has a medicinal justification. You can drink rock-and-rye for a cold, pernod for getting it up when you can't get it up, blackberry brandy for cramps, and gin for coming around when she didn't come around.

CONDEMNING VOICE: What are you doing! You're *enjoying* yourself? Sitting on a couch and *enjoying* yourself! When your mother has *bursitis!* And all those people in China are suffering too!

GUILTY VOICE: I.m enjoying it a *little* bit, but it's bad shit anyway. And I got a headache and I'm eating again from it.

But Lenny's biggest problem was his 'obscenity'. Over the last couple of years of his life, he was busted 19 times — "I guess what happens is, if you get arrested in Town A (Philadelphia) and then in Town B (San Francisco) — with a lot of publicity — then, when you get to Town C they *have* to arrest you, or what kind of a shithouse town are *they* running?" In December 1962, Lenny was working the Gate of Horn in Chicago. During one of his performances (which co-incidentally was being recorded by Playboy), he was arrested for obscenity. The 'obscenities' objected to by police seemed to be a few 'fucks' in the Bruce patter, but the thing that really got them uptight was Lenny's sniping at religion and GI conduct:—

"You don't think those kids who have heard it since 1942 — *'You know what those Americans did to your poor mother they lined her up, those bastards, your poor father had to throw his guts up in the kitchen while he waited out there, that Master Sergeant* schtupped *your mother*

May 1959, New York Times: *"The newest and in some ways most scarifyingly funny proponent of significance... to be found on a night-club stage these days is Lenny Bruce, a sort of abstract-expressionist stand-up comedian paid 1750 dollars a week to vent his outrage on the clientele."*
June 1960, the Reporter: *"The question is how far Bruce will go in further exposing his most enthusiastic audiences...to themselves. He has only begun to operate."*
September 29 1961: *BUSTED FOR POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS, Philadelphia.*
October 4 1961: *BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY, Jazz Workshop, San Francisco.*
September 1962: *BANNED IN AUSTRALIA.*
October 6 1962: *BUSTED FOR POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS, Los Angeles.*
October 24 1962: *BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY, Troubador, Hollywood.*

father

for their stinking coffee and their eggs and their frigging cigarettes, those Americans!' That's it, Jim. That's all they've heard, those kids. Those kids now, at 23 to 25 years old: *'The Americans, that's the guy that did it to my mother!'* Would you assume that this is sizeably correct.....? *'There's the fellow that fucked my mother — oh thank you, thank you! Thank you for that, and for giving us candy.'* "

And, of course, they didn't make any mention of Lenny's 'police bit' that night:—

"According to Sgt. Dolan, one of the original members of the gang, the rough and ready policemen go to great lengths to appear as fascinating females — *'Well, I'll put it between my legs once, and that's all; I'll try it and now — frig that method acting.'* (Reading). 'The most hazardous part of the preparation for duty, said Dolan, is learning how to walk on high-heeled shoes. Attackers have a sharp eye, Dolan said, and will shy away from an amateur, wobbly ankle.....' Now dig, the beautiful part about this is that they don't know that some of these rapists are that dedicated — they find out they're cops, they don't care, they'll *schtup* anyway, man. *'I'm a police officer. I don't care, you got a cute ass, that's all I know.'* And that's it. Would you assume that there is the slightest bit of *entrapment* involved in this thing? That's not very nice, to incite..

Chicago (population 3,550,404) has the largest membership in the Roman Catholic Church (2,163,380) of any archdiocese in the country. Even so, that the panel of 50 persons from which the jury

December 1962: *BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY, Gate of Horn, Chicago.*
January 1962: *BUSTED FOR POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS, Los Angeles.*
April 1963: *BARRED FROM ENTERING ENGLAND.*
March 1964, New York Post: *"Bruce stands up against all limitations on the flesh and spirit, and someday they are going to crush him for it."*
April 1964: *BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY, Cafe Au Go–Go, New York.*
October 1965: *DECLARED A LEGALLY BANKRUPT PAUPER, San Francisco.*
November 1965, Esquire: *"I saw his act in Chicago.....He looked nervous and shaky ....wretched, broken..... You thought of Dorothy Parker, who, when she saw Scott Fitzgerald's sodden and too-youthful corpse, murmured 'The poor son of a bitch.'"*
August 3 1966: *DEAD, Los Angeles.*

bruce

for his trial was selected should include 47 catholics, was an interesting co-incidence — especially as the resulting jury was all catholic. The judge was catholic. The prosecutor and his assistant were catholic.

"On Ash Wednesday, the judge removed the spot of ash from his forehead, and told the bailiff to instruct the others

to go and do likewise. I could never conjure up a more bizarre satire than the reality of a judge, two prosecutors, and twelve jurors, each with a spot of ash on his forehead. When the late Brendan Behan heard about this, he said: 'That scares *me* — and I'm catholic!' "

Lenny was found guilty, fined one thousand dollars, and sentenced to a year in the county jail. The Illinois State Supreme Court upheld the conviction, but the United States Supreme Court then ruled, in a separate case, that a movie, *The Lovers*, was not obscene on the grounds that it was of social importance, and the Illinois court was forced to change its verdict: *'While we would not have thought that constitutional guarantees necessitate the subjection of society to this gradual deterioration of its moral fabric, which this type of performance promotes, we must concede that some of the topics commented on by the defendant are of social importance. The entire performance is thereby immunised, and we are constrained to hold that the judgement of the circuit court of Cook County must be reversed and defendant discharged.'* — "They're really saying that they're only sorry that the crummy constitution won't

permit them to convict me, but if they had *their* choice....."

It was religion that first really made Lenny Bruce, and it was religion that earned him most of his busts. 'Religions Inc.' was his most famous piece (Lenny always insisted that he didn't do 'bits' but it's very difficult not to see his material as relating to four major topics — drugs, sex, religion and the law), and it landed him in more shit than anything else he did afterwards. But, strangely enough, it was a priest who sent him "the most impressive letter I ever received", and it is perhaps the best summary of Bruce, as a performer and as a man, yet written:—

Dear Mr. Bruce:
I came to see you the other night because I had read about you and was curious to see if you were really as penetrating a critic of our common hypocrisies as I had heard. I found that you are an honest man, and I wrote you a note to say so. It is never popular to be so scathingly honest, whether it is from a night-club stage, or from a pulpit, and I was not surprised to hear that you were having some 'trouble'. This letter is to express my personal concern and to say what I saw and heard on Thursday night.

First, I emphatically do not believe your act is obscene in intent. The method you use has a lot in common with most serious critics (the prophet or the artist, not the professor) of society. Pages of Jonathan Swift and Martin Luther are quite unprintable, even today, because they were forced to shatter the lying, easy language of the day into the basic, earthy, vulgar idiom of ordinary people, in order to show up the emptiness and insanity of their time. (It has been said, humourously but with some truth, that a great deal of the Bible is not fit to read in church, for the same reason).

Clearly your intent is not to excite sexual feelings, or to demean, but to shock us awake to the realities of racial hatred and invested absurdities about sex, and birth and death.....to move toward sanity and compassion. It is clear that you are intensely angry at our hypocrisies (yours and mine) and at the highly-subsidised mealymouthisms that pass as wisdom. But so should any self-respecting man. Your comments are aimed at adults, and reveal to me a man who cares deeply about dishonesty and injustice, and all the accepted psychoses of our time. They are aimed at adults, and adults don't need, or should not have, anyone to protect them from the truth in whatever form it appears, no matter how noble the motive for suppression.....

May God bless you
The Rev. Sidney Lanier,
St. Clement's Church, New York.

Above all, Lenny was a commentator. His comedy wasn't really funny, it was frightening. His greatest talent was in exposing the motivations behind the actions of the State, the Church and the american citizen who watches a war on TV every night and screams 'obscenity' if anyone says fuck in front of his wife. He was ruthless, incisive, and — at times — cruel, but now, five years after his death, he's still funny and supremely relevant. Of course they killed him for it — what else would you expect?

"Lenny was the only truthful philosophical genius of our time....He died from an overdose of police" — **Phil Spector.**

"Yes, brothers, anyone who does anything for pleasure to indulge his selfish soul will surely burn in hell. The only medecine that is good for you is iodine, because it burns. The stone is lodged in your urinary tract because Nature meant it to be there. So re-tie that umbilical cord, snap your foreskin back on, and drown in the amniotic fluid, 'cause we're havin' a party, and the people are nice....."

Steve Mann.

SUZIE SLUMGODESS ~

WHERE IS SHE NOW?

In 1967 Suzie lived on mt. Vernon Sq with her cats and her I ching.

'Our mission is to destroy, not construct.' Bakunin, c.1870.

'Trash together/ Right on/ Off the Pig', from 'We are the Trashmen' (to the tune of 'Come Together',) c.1970.

When the shit finally does come down over here, and the parlour liberals can no longer sit back on the laurels of attendance at a few abortive demos, what the hell is going to happen. When the revolutionary situation does arrive, when testifying for the defence at the OZ trial or getting busted for the odd drunken brawl, that can in no way be justified as 'political struggle' just isn't enough any more, where are things going to go. Quo vadis domine, whaddya gonna get into now, man?? Of course sweet old England is still getting things pretty simple, at least superficially so, though subtlety (or as Hitler put it 'The Big Lie') works so much better on an acquiescent and apathetic mass than open force. In the States on the other hand, the shit hit the fan some time back, you name it, they've got a crisis to fit it, and action took the place of words.

Or anyway it did for some people. Blacks and other third worlders aside, the most obviously 'revolutionary' of the white left were/are found amongst the Weathermen, formed in June 1969 when the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) split with the Progressive Labour Party, and stale old Marxist cliches, backed only by theory upon more theory, were replaced by positive aggressive action. Weatherman, named after the line in Bob Dylan's 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' — You don't need a Weatherman to tell which way the wind blows — sprang from the SDS 'action faction' who participated at the crisis meeting in Chicago. As turgid speakers followed each others doctrinal pronouncements, the gloom was shattered by this 'action faction' as they leapt onto chairs, brandishing copies of the Little Red Books and chanting gaily: 'Ho,Ho,Ho Chi Minh.....' This initial activity was paralleled in many more serious ways, in all of Weatherman's later occupations.

As far as England, and indeed many of Americans are concerned, Weatherman is merely a load of people who throw bombs, get the shit kicked out of them and eventually have to go underground. Now 'Weatherman', edited by Harold Jacobs, and so far only available at Better Books, gives, in the words of Weatherpeople, their supporters and detractors, a deeper picture of the most recent and most publicised, though least understood, white militant group in the so-called alternative society.

'Action' and 'Faction' maybe best sum up the whole Weatherman career. Always an extreme movement it's at its best in its action, quixotic perhaps, heroic undoubtedly, and at its worst when factionalism takes over, when idealogical soundness takes the place of intelligent thought. Weatherman's basic premise echoes that of Bakunin and Nechayev's Nihilists a hundred years before them in pre-revolutionary Russia. 'What right have we to take life', asked Ouspensky, one of Nechayev's comrades. 'It is not a question of right,' comes the reply, 'but of our duty to eliminate everything that may harm our cause.' Essentially upper-middle class in background, with wealthy, often liberal parents (Ted Gold, killed in the 11th Street bomb explosions in 1970, when a Weatherman bomb factory blew itself up had parents who were both the essence of 'liberal' idealists) the Weathermen were torn by a conscience which, as horror succeeded horror, escalated to naked rage, and developed into the extremes of their political activist programme. This little group of men and women.. chose the role of executioner to which they were in no way destined.' This is Camus writing of the Nihilists. It could equally serve as a description of the Weatherpeople;

Weatherman's strength, in the early, pre Days of Rage era, lay in its refusal to fuck around with theories and theories about theories, but to replace this dalliance with action — the National Action which culminated in Chicago on October 8-11 1969, when 300 (as opposed to an expected 2000) Weathermen trashed the streets at tremendous cost, not so much in injuries, but in 750,000 dollars bail money and many arrests. They based their program on the hope that white working class youth, not students who were considered too embedded in white-skin privilege and and thus beyond conversion, would rise up angry from the streets. When only one in every seven of these who promised to attend managed to make it to Chicago their faith in the lumpen collapsed. They too gained the epithet of succumbing to white-skin privilege and Weatherman turned itself into a body strictly to help the Thrid World, in particular the Vietnamese, and the blacks in America.

Any movement that is as far out as Weatherman, in every sense of that overused phrase, will always be faced with as many internal as external struggles. Though the organisation prided itself on the necessity and essential healthiness of working out their internal divisions and creating an atmosphere of continual self-criticism, the very tenuousness of their extreme position was undermined by this desire to keep everyone up to revolutionary scratch, justifications from Ho, Che and Mao notwithstanding. For instance the sexual aspect of Weatherman collectives was oppressive to every 'monogamous' relationship that existed within it. Since many of the women who entered the party came in as 'old ladies' of one of the male leaders of SDS, they were determined to gain self-assertion, to crush male chauvinism. Monogamous relationships were deliberately smashed, to fuck the idealogically sound was the only rule. Periods of intense puritanism interchanged with hedonistic orgies. 'Crazy trips' as one Weatherwoman put it, and so crazy as to mess up the party as well as its individuals. Social and ideological rigidty had the most deleterious affect on Weatherman, faction was not compatible with action, especially when to mix into the former was all too easy, and to undertake the latter was almost, especially after the 'Days of Rage' tantamount to suicide, or at least a long jail sentence.

Weathermen have now turned from employing up front aggressive techniques to the urban guerilla tactics of such groups as the Latin American Tupamaros and the Viet Cong, partially by the exigencies of living underground, partially by political and ideological necessity — with no real support from the students or the lumpen, they were best employed in acts of individual terrorism or bombings against the pig state. Tim Leary owed his freedom to them — how ironic that the panthers,, on whose side the Weathermen are so vehemently in support, gave him just another form of captivity — and sporadic bombings around the States are answered and explained by a Weatherman communique. Direct confrontation has failed. So far. The Nihilists did not expect to die, but the revolutions of 1905 and 1917 were in part their posthumous reward. Weatherman is underground, it is prepared still to die. What its reward may be, no one can yet say.

To take the extreme position in face of opposition, not only from the State, but from ones own, is always hard, even foolhardy by some standards. If the situation was sufficiently intense here, there would doubtless be Weatherman to combat it. When it happens it will be interesting to see who will be for and who against. 'Who is not for me is against me' said Christ, another extremist. But look what he had to go through for recognition.

Jonathon Green

Tarantula: Bob Dylan.
(McGibbon & Kee) 137 pp £1.10.

Quite a few years ago, Bob Dylan made a deal along with Albert Grossman, to write a book and score plenty bread off some publisher. It happened at around the time that Dylan was beginning to become 'HUGE' and an obvious commercial property/asset. So he made the deal, got the money and then started to think about the book. He wrote it here and there in dressing rooms and motels and Highway Cafes, whenever he found the time. It was practically all 'stream of consciousness' writing and it was confused, random and pretty well unorganised; e.g.

'SEEMS LIKE A BLACK NITE CRASH.'

"between the shrieking mattress in the kitchen & Time, a mysterious weekly -- Tao -- a fingertip on his chin, his knees knocking together -- Tao -- he shows the inside of his mouth to a column of faces "does this mean you must take a nap today?" & Phil Silvers eating a banana — he is inside of the column of faces — Tao is quiet & Phil Silvers eating a banana — he is inside of the column of faces....."

It struck me much in the same way as the sleeve notes to Highway 61 — you remember 'the Slow Train'. White Heap rides again. To all those who have wondered and puzzled over BD its another great opportunity to wonder again. Perhaps it's more of an Historical Curiousity, a key to the mind that produced 'Desolation Row' and 'Visions of Johanna'; but its relevance now is questionable. Dylan managed to prevent its publication until now and, as usual, he has managed to add another layer of mystery to his personal myth. If you've never seen any of the bootleg versions and if you're really interested then it's worth having. Otherwise you'd probably be better off playing 'Blonde on Blonde' a few times.

Chris Rowley.

2001 Motels — Thus spake Zappathusa

London's fashionable rock milieu turned out of a cold mid-November nite to witness the celluloid testament of Frank Zappa's wit and wisdom: '. . . but he's so OLD' . . . 'yeah, but really clever. I mean to be so weird and yet so commercial, that's ballsy.

A fat blonde NY/LA hustelte turned to the druggies trying to get to their seats: 'Here are the boys; here they are; the Mothers are here. St John's Ambulance men(cleverly hired from Madame Tussaud's) blanched at the mention of the group's name, the extra police clenched their teeth on their special duty bits and — HERE ARE THE BOYS . Viv Stanshall looned a little while the canned musak brought on the light dimmer, and the butt-end clientele of Parsons and Chows recognised themselves. And at last, the first full-length from Zappa, who has promised for years and years that his garage is stacked with unedited albums and half-finished holiday movies. At last, the unedited album and half-finished holiday movie of all time.

'2001 Motels' takes a long long time to beat the meat out of the simple fact that rock musicians on the road get bored and balled a good deal, and mostly balled by a bunch of humourless, anti-nubile, overweight scags. Not an enviable life; repetitious, but colourful. Zappa's ideas, not his alone by any means (though the treatment, thankfully, is), are either so laboured that they are forgotten (after a struggle) or so self-indulgent that they will never register with any audience outside the 'privileged' few invited to the preview and the 'party' at the Hard Rock Cafe afterwards.

So the usual question arises. Why did he do it? To make a huge feature film which will pack the picture-houses of the planet and tell the gaudy truth about rock 'n' roll life content? With feeling now. Or. To be seen to be outrageous once more, to have a good time for a few days, and rip off the Royal Philharmonic, a film and record company, and Zappa's loving millions of teenage fans?

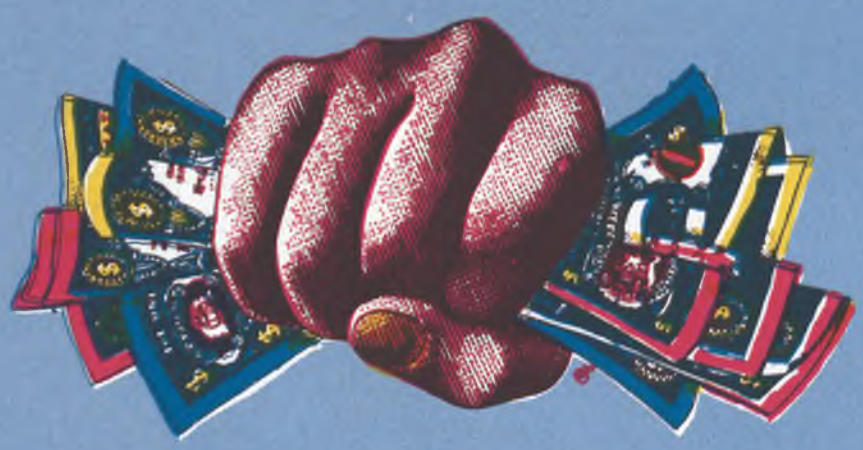
I can hardly bring myself to say this . . . god, it's so HARD, but much as I love the Mothers' music, I find Zappa the ripp-off Queen of our culture. Someone should get behind that and find out when he last made a positive creative statement, or aligned himself with ANY PART of the social advancement of the last 20 years thinking. He's a twentieth-century music-hall computor. Sure, the film is funny outrageous, and funny embarrassing (I don't know whether Ringo or his chauffeur is the worse actor, but Ican tell who's the better little sucker. Hmm.) and the musical content is very strong, but I have no compunction to see it again and find out why so many people apparently fell asleep . . .

At the Hard Rock beanfeast just a little later, Roman Polanski arrived shooting 35mm from his left eyeball, and hippies from the right. Your intrepid reporter decided to split before it got too late.

Herbert Trenchcoat III

BRAINRAPE

'A brain implant is being developed to enable blind people to read by feeding signals from a modified television camera into the seeing areas of the brain. The work, which is going on at the neurological prostheses unit at the Institute of Psychiatry, is described briefly in the annual report of the Medical Research Council. Electrodes were implanted in the brainof a blind patient and the effects of radio stimulation were analysed for some months. The patient 'saw' lights and the shape and position of the lights produced by signals from each electrode remained constant. "As a result of the information obtained, a more complex type of implant has been devised containing an increased number of stimulating electrodes in the hope that it will ultimately be possibel, with the help of a modified TV camera, for the patients into whom it is inserted to read ordinary print", the report states.'
From 'The Times', July 22, 1970



Why stop at print? Ultimately it should be possible for the blind to see everything that the non-blind can — except that they will have as many 'eyes' as they want, positioned wherever they want, capable of magnifying and reducing micro and macro scenes as required. They will be able to have an exact visual memory, they will be able to look at more than one scene simultaneously and they'll be able to see in the dark. They will look upon those still using old-style eyes — which are notoriously prone to deterioration and contain basic design defects such as after-images — in much the same way as the seeing now regard the blind.

Why stop with the visual? Ultimately it should be possible to feed in electronic signals signals representing stimuli from the entire electro-magnetic spectrum. The Man With X-Ray Eyes will be nothing compared to this. Be the first guy on your block with complete stereoscopic, infrasonic, audible, ultrasonic, radio, radar, infrared,visible, ultraviolet, X'Y,Z, gamma and cosmic eyes.

Once you've kitted yourself out for the known electromagnetic spectrum you could plug in some field force sensors and directly experience magnetic fields and the gravitational attraction of the earth, moon, sun, planets stars and so on. Don't forget, this long, strange trip has already started.

Scientists call it prosthesis and see it as an obscure, minor field of surgery. Thier modest aim is to provide artificial devices which will fulfill some of the functions of the diseased or missing human organs. Most of the time they simply produce complex mechanical devices which crudely perform the functions of missing limbs. Useful work.

When they started feeding signals into the nervous system they crossed an unmarked border and entered new territory . They started existential engineering. This is an area with amazing implications — none of which seem to have occurred to scientists.

Up till now our response, when we feel shitty, has been to remove the shit. This is known as technology. Man has a physi - ology remarkably ill-adapted to his environment, this means that plenty of shit gets in his way. Consequently his attempts to remove shit are frequent and complex. For most humans most of the shit is not removed. A minority passes its shit on to the majority thereby increasing the disposal problems of the latter. A few people eat, drink, keep warm, relax and move around while the rest starve and struggle to survive on scraps. If we had been born as worms we would have been provided for; worms were designed so that their environment fulfills their every need with minimal hassle.

From now on it will start to be possible, when we feel shitty to remove (or change) the feeling and leave the shit alone. The ultimate non-solution, The old technology's engineering response to blindness is to change the environment: you have a white stick which hopefully clears people out of your way, you have a home geared to feeling your way around. The new, improved, sqaure deal, existential engineering response is to leave th environment alone and alter you. Dope is a very primitive precursor to this short circuit approach. It may, or may not, sound like a good idea. Maybe it is — but the probable reality is totally horrible.

If you're a mindless, self-centred, idiot hippie groover, who couldn't give a shit about the world, this is the trip for you: stereo headphones taken to their absurd limit. If you're starving its not a bad option either. In theory you could junk your body (an anachronism which acted as an inefficient and restrictive container for the nervous system, as well as feeding it with matter and energy and moving it around) and your obsolete sense organs. You would be left with a brain wired into computers and playback machines and in continuous remote radio contact with your sensors (primitive precursors of which are current communications satellites). No need to sray on planet earth. Equally, no reason to move: leave that to your sensors. No need to stay tuned into reality when your nonconscious nervous system can deal with that crap. When, after a few millenia of grooving, you get bored, you can always flick the switch marked 'OFF'.

In practice, if this trip's for anybody, its for a minority — a minority who would indubitably turn it into a prize bummer. The minority in question are the customary ogre and demons, Viz. the Russian and American military-industrial complexes plus their running dogs and lackeys. Prosthesis is the only technical field relevant to existential engineering which is being investigated right now

Two major fields of interesting research are telefactoring and gook-killing. The former involves remote control of space vehicules from earth. This has been taken beyond the stage of blindly pressing buttons and hoping that something thousands of miles away does what it is told. Thanks to telefactoring the button pusher is as good as on the spot. The remote environment, ie. the space capsule, is constructed as if for human occupancy (eg. the instrument panel of an unmanned capsule will be at 'eye-level'). The operator wears a wrap-around TV helmet receiving live broadcasts from the remote environment and can act exactly as if he really was

there. A sort of live simulation.

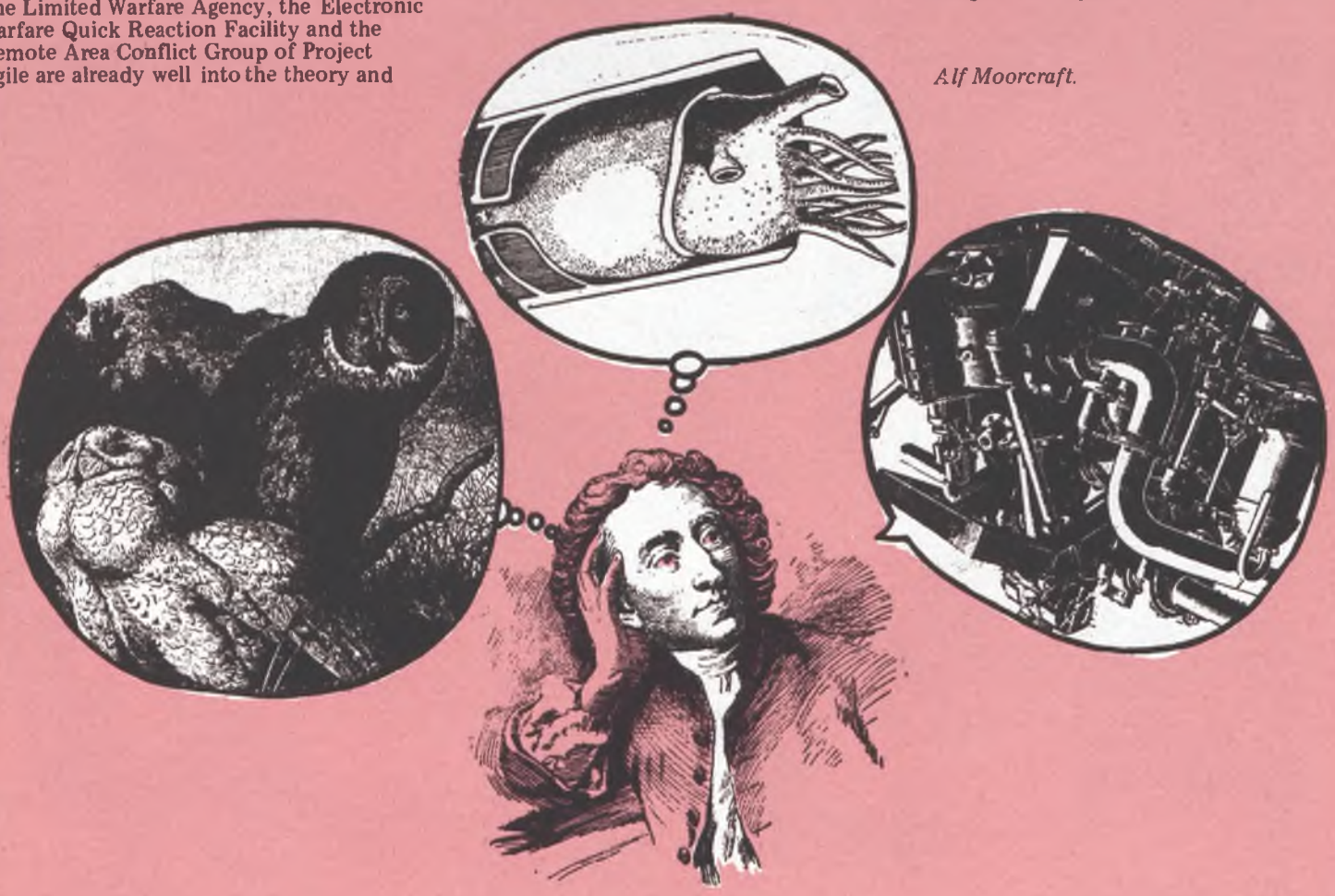
Back in Vietnam the Yankee imperialists are experimenting with an exceptionally nasty concept: the electronic battlefield. This is a response to the bad publicity associated with the slaughter of cleancut cannon-fodder and to the technocrat's urge to make a profit for the defense contractors. It is no longer necessary to send out the boys to stamp out the gooks. You merely retire to a blastproof shelter, together with a computer and radio transmission and reception devices. Helicopters litter the'battlefield' with sensors (eg. infrared sensors which detect the heat from the human body). The sensors transmit their information, via satellite, back to the bunker. The computer digests the information, tells the Man what's happening and awaits orders. The order is to kill — whoever it is that is emitting that heat. The order is transmitted by radio to the killing device (could be a mine waiting to be triggered, or a serpent's eye bomb, which falls slowly and can directed at will). The Limited Warfare Agency, the Electronic Warfare Quick Reaction Facility and the Remote Area Conflict Group of Project Agile are already well into the theory and technology of this diabolic concept. They are already using infrared sensors and serpent's eye bombs in Vietnam. Yes, now you too can kill a commie for Christ from the comfort of your own sitting room.

Outside the military-industrial complex (but effectively within it) research is not only being conducted into prosthesis. Electrodes have been implanted into the brains of monkeys and their emotions can be controlled by signals transmitted by radio (the effect is instantaneous and alarminly efficient). Monkey brains are not too different from ours. American scientists are making fair progress in the develop -ment of artificial nerve fibres. They are well on the way to synthesising the axon, the nervous system's main connecting link.

Plug prosthesis, telefactoring, electronic battlefield technology, radio-controlled brains and artificial nerves together and you're well on the way to hell. The baddies are none too intelligent so it may seem unlikely to have the imagination to link these things. Circumstances might however force their hand. The whole exercise is the ultimate in the military mentality of retreating to a fortress in times of woe. If you fuck up the planet (by pollution, thermonuclear warfare, chemical or biological warfare — take your pick) and don't want to make the necessary changes to undo the fuckup and prevent a recurrence, why not retreat to your electronic citadel and create your own environment. Sod the other guys, let them wallow in the shit you've created. If anyone attacks the citadel, attack them remotely. If necessary you can retreat to an empty part of the cosmos and carry on the war games over there. This retreat mentality is already with us. An excellent example is the range of non-solutions being offered for air pollution by the baddies. Last month Peter Walker told us that buildings should have much better air-conditioning to remove shit from the air (eg. lead). The week before that the first British car witha sealed internal air circulation system was unleashed upon the consumers. He rarely mentions action to stop air pollution in the first place. Extend that logic and you enter strange lands.

Remember, the technology is on its way and the attitude to apply it could come too. Maybe UFOs are remote sensors or tin cans filled with the brains of intergalactic morons playing out infinite permutations of inane wargames. Maybe.....

Alf Moorcraft.



SWEET COUSIN COCAINE

It was easy to find cocaine in the States. Everywhere I turned eager Americans wanted to turn an English chick on. This is what I learnt about coke. In its naturally pure state (98% being about as pure as it comes) it is probably the most mentally stimulating drug that exists. However, because of its sudden demand, caused by its new super-star and sexual image, even the dealers who are expected to supply it often know fuck-all about it. Therefore it is vital to know what you are scoring. If your local dealer won't let you buy a taste first, forget it. It's too expensive to score crap. The following tests, are based on the drug's chemical properties and appearance.

When testing cocaine for purity look out for:

(1) The quality of the cut. Procaine, a synthetic coke being the most evil. Used to give the illusion of strength it is paranoic and harmful to the body, inducing nose bleeds, etc. Menita, the best and most expensive cut, because it is not only harmless, being a baby laxative, but also chemically combines with cocaine into one molecule so that the drug is easily absorbed. Lactose, a harmless sugar cut that is commonly used, tends to clog the coke. These are the main cuts, although even talcum powder could be used.

(2) The quantity of the cut. Firstly, take a look at the substance. It should contain rocks, flakes and crystals. Coke is not known as snow for nothing! Procaine crystals, being artificially produced, are largely and regularly shaped, whereas cocaine crystals are small and irregularly shaped. Next take a tall glass of water and sprinkle a little coke into it. Cocaine dissolves in water, leaving behind it as it sinks, a trail. Any residue will be the cut. If this is at the bottom of the glass, it will be harmless, but if it leaves a slick on the top, rub it between your fingers. If it feels oily, it's procaine.

Put a little coke on a thickish

piece of silver paper. Coke is very sensitive to heat, and when the paper is put over a match, should completely vaporise. Sniff the fumes. With practice and a good nose, one can identify the cut. For example lactose would obviously be sweet. The residue will be the cut. Again note the quantity. Menita rolls into balls. This test does not apply to procaine, which will also burn.

Rub and press some coke on the ball of your thumb and finger. The heat sensitive coke should eventually dissolve, the cut remaining. Look for the sparkle of the crystals. Procaine crystals will roll into a ball.

Put a little coke on the tip of your tongue and carefully place on the vein in the lower gum, which is highly absorbant. This tests the freeze, which should be subtle and come on slowly. Procaine is much coarser.

Finally the snort! However pure the coke is, this drug is so personal that tastes count highly. An expert will probably do it all night before deciding. Always chop your coke very finely with a razor on a clean dry mirror in order to obtain maximum absorbancy from the crystals. Remember the whole idea is to get high without spacing yourself out, so take tiny lines frequently, rather than large lines occasionally. Don't snort so hard that it goes down the throat, where it will be wasted.

Incidentally pharmecutical coke is natural, but so purified that few coke freaks like it, as it spaces one out, and makes you nod off. Coke's sexual image is no myth. Try rubbing some on your cock—the freeze will prevent one coming for a long time, and the coke will give the energy to fuck for hours. Always keep coke away from your body—the heat will clog it.

NB: Coke is very addictive and after a few years of heavy use (by the way its £350/oz) you'll be seeing bugs on the walls and your nose may well be getting loose. Check the Doperama in OZ 35 for full fax. Keep it for birthdays, Xmases, Easter and your favourite festivals.

original handdruck atelier roland korndörffer kg

The Who: *Meaty, Big and Bouncy.*

A whole lotta people don't really dig the Who that much any more. Not be cause they get plenty money and live the full spectrum of rock n roll superstardom — Townshend as a fully fledged intellectual, Daltry and Moon as ravers and Entwhistle as mystery — but simply becuase the music isn't what it used to be. Their Rainbow Theatre gig, though the band are said to thrive in inverse proportion to the trend status ratings of their audience, was a dissapeintment for alot of people. 'Not again', murmered Keith Moon as Townshend anounced 'Tommy' for the nth time, and not a few people were right there with him.

By these standards, their latest release, keeping the ball rolling after 'The Who's Next', should be just what those loyal, but worried fans neeed. Titled 'Meaty, Big n need. Titled 'Meaty, Big and Bouncy' (after the lady with the same dimensions) it has everything the diehard is looking for — all the Who singles, right up to 'The Seeker'. 'My Generation', 'Can't Explain', 'Anyhow, Anyway, Anywhere', 'Substitute' and the rest are all packaged together on this wander down memory lane....right back to the Railway Hotel, Richmond, where it all began.

The music was indubitably harder, even if purists wouldn't call it actually 'better' five or six years ago. In the days when neigher the band nor their audiences had to contend with the problems oftrendiness, deep philosophical interpretations of their words or social analysts playing their games, life was simpler and the sounds somehow mean more. Now when one has to look out so avidly for the pitfalls of ideological unsoundness, male chauvinism, sexism and so on, the basic attitudes of a song like 'The Kids Are Alright' can get cut to ribbons. ..... You have a chick, she's yours, but at times it's necessary to get oit there and prove your virility - so she gets left behind while ylo and the lads are down in Margate or wherever. Not now, mate,...not fuckin' likely.

So score a copy of this one, lie back and let those impure thoughts rattle around your brain. And dig them. In your heart you know who's right.

Simon Viridian

Fanny *Charity Ball (Warner Reprise)*

The trouble with an all-chick band is that the first thing you get from them is the whole male chauvinist trip and then another one from all the publicity that such a 'novelty' band tends to produce. Even the Observer, bastion of Hampstead liberal inaccuracy, gave Fanny their space in the gossip column.

But, and this isn't meant to be rude, sexist or possess any of the other late 20th century besetting sins tho it may well be, Fanny are definitely a band to get off on. I mean, that bass player. . . . . etc. And, despite the cries and gurgles of the average rock (re)viewer,

The Firesign Theatre — *Phil Austin, David Ossman, Philip Proctor, Peter Bergman.*

In the last three years the Firesign Theatre have produced four albums — *Waiting for the electrician or someone like him, How can you be in two places at once when you're not anywhere at all, Don't crush that dwarf hand me the pliers, We're all bozos on this bus. (Columbia 30737)*

They have varied from brilliant to simply very good and they have certainly messed with the heads of those who have listened to them.

The Firesign Theatre apparently all live on an old Tom Mix movie ranch near Los Angeles and their technique, amazing as it is, is derived from a carefully timed and abused Radio Show Presentation. They create trippy movies in the mind. Their use of studio machinery is extremely subtle as they cut back and forth changing direction pulling the listener through complicated changes just to keep up with the pace of the movie. Incidentally they have also branched out into actual movie writing — Zachariah, the First Electric Western, is their first step into this new field. In fact they pull on the Old West for a lot of their material such as the 'Last Chant Saloon' on Electrician, their first album, where barflies consume Third Red Eye, while Gabby our sacred cowboy is cleaning up the Karma of Artful Dodge City. Some Theosophers are raisin' the Devil about ten foot off the Ground when Lieutenant Behind and the Seventh Seal Calvary arrive lookin fer Loco Weed. It seems perfectly natural shortly after the Lone Ranger and Tantric howl through town, "Hi Ho Electric Blue awaaaaaay ahahaaah. . . . ." that someone should mutter, 'Lone Ranger's on a Bum Trip again'. Meanwhile the devil is down to playing 5 card Tarot with Pentacles wild and tiny Doctor Tim is about to celebrate the miracle — The Sunrise. 'Has anybody got anything to drink, anything at all?' wails the good doctor, 'And why is it you're drinkin Timmy me boy' murmurs a nearby priest, 'Because it's bad fer my Hullaballutions, I get a chance to see things in real black an white!' Electrician explores the wasteland around the Psychedelic scene of 67 and 68, not many copies were even produced and I don't remember an ounce of promotion in the US trade papers or anywhere else. At the time the Firesign were restricted to the LA area although their records took in a whole continent, including Goshen Illinois. No one who listened to Electrician remained unmoved nay unconfused and though their second album, How can you be in two places at once when you're not anywhere at all, didn't quite match up to it, it still remained one of the strangest records ever made. This time they delved into the Radio Show format of the 1930s and produced the adventures of Nick Danger, Third Eye. The Firesign pick up on Radio where the major networks in the States left off in 1941 — 'America put on a uniform in 1941 and it hasn't taken it off yet' — their motto in the studio may well be 'Uber Dubbing over Alice'. By the time of the third album, Don't crush that dwarf hand me the pliers, people had some idea of what to watch out for and they were beginning to make news in American Trade Papers like Rolling Stone, with reviews and stuff. Their second and third albums were even available on import in this country and in the states they were taking their show on the road, The Dwarf album took us thru the stirring odyssey of Peorgie Tyrebiter and his close friend Mutthead (Archie and Jughead of the Horrendous Comic Strip) in their search for a way out

of 'More Science High School', hampered by Military Induction, Bottles (Betty?) and the intervention of Communist Martyrs High School.

The later albums although complex and hilarious were not however as forceful as the first, particularly the second side, with its Turkish Lessons, Borders, Guards, Revolution The Ice Palace, Beat the Reaper and the Plague, Guards, Border, and 'You've made it, welcome to side six now follow after me as we learn our next 3 words in Turkish'. A fearsome hilarious and utterly strange journey that returns to its own starting point rather like a verbal Mobius Strip. Now with the production of their fourth album, We're all bozos on this bus, they've matched that earlier trip and produced their best ever.

Bozos consists of a wild, wierd and wonderful look at the future. . . z z z z zzzz . . . the future fair, with a bus heading uptime to a mad maze world of hologrammic horror. We meet the 'Whisperin' Squash, the Lonesome Beet, and Arty Choke, hologram guides to the world of the future. The bus doors close in five seconds, soft cooing female robot voices invite us to 'follow the rubber lines' & 'visit the Hospitality Centre', equally soft male computer tones urge us to 'step off yellow line, step on flashing blue line'. A Vonnegut world of sharp insane focus where the President is a fun ride — 'they're always asking him questions', even in the middle of the Small Animal Administration. By this time the Firesign are ready to introduce their subject, perhaps the hero in the old movie sense. There's Barney the Bozo (BOZO by the way stands for Brotherhood of Zips and Others. Zips, Boogies, Beaners and Berserkers make up the classified population of the future. Berserkers rule, Bozos enjoy fun, fun, fun, Boogies Boogy and Beaners like Red Indians don't care anymore about anything they like to live alone.) and Clem, uuhh Clem; Clem attempts to fuck with the machines by breaking thru the program circuits on the President to get to Dr Memory but the President closes the ride rather than deal with impossible questions and Dr Memory, the Master Programme of the future, evades his doom. However thru Clum's messing about with the hologrammic Arty Choke, Deputy Dan, the all time super cop appears, Clem has Cloned by this time and Clem is informed 'you have broken Robots Rules of Ordinance, and will be asked to leave the Future immediately', Clem keeps his wits just and in a beautifully scripted passage, involves the listener in a subjective, objective impasse, 'clone me Dr Memory'. Clone who, Clone me. Subject-Object the Listener fades into Clem as he poses his awesome question to the Master Programme, World wide circuitry strains to reply 'the Dr is unhappy'. The machine is confused, and in a pissed off voice Clem ends the fooling with a request 'Dr do you remember the past?' 'YES' 'Do you remember the future?' 'YES' *'Ferget it'*. The circuits give up — zip — and we are shoved back to the gipsy fair via yet another extraordinary switcheroo with sound to The Fortune Teller.

The ending is the best they've produced since the first album and in a way this whole fourth album is a great step forward along the lines that they laid down on the second side of their first one.

Yep, it's weird stuff, its the most worthwhile import around to buy expecially as CBS are unlikely to ever produce it over here. So if you've gotta spare £3 odd, nip round yer import shop and score yaself some goodies.

Chris Rowley

they are very competent musicians.

They sing from the opposite corner . . . these great female chauvinist songs which put down the inadequate, fuck over the useless and generally put all those male pigs in their place. They played the Rainbow about three weeks ago for a benefit and they blew a lot of minds. The male groupies were teeming, but, according to their Warner Bio, one of the nastiest bits of literary work around for quite a long time, they are 'into relationships' (whatever that means, I guess longtime scenes) so there's no hope there boys.

As far as the strength of their music is concerned Fanny are well up to the class of many male bands who use lady singers. With one of the Millington sisters (lead and bass) or the one crop-haired member of the band, organist Nickey Barclay belting the songs out, they are as good a rock band as you're likely to come across among the new crop these days. Plenty of their album is derivative, Beatles songs, numbers from Steven Stills, but it doesn't matter. The treatment is great. In their live gig they perform Tina Turner murmering about 'get you in bedroom alone' and it has just the prescribed effect.

Listen to Fanny, better still go and see them, and you'll dig why not only are they one of the States permier female bands, but they're also simply a great rock band, with all the ingredients that such praise requires.

Jonathon Green

Tonto's Expanding Headband
Embryo /Atlantic 2400150

Zip ee doo dah — its synthesizer time. The star of this particular album is a Series 3 Moog performing with the usual electronic array of sound and rumble and smooth tone. It says on the cover that Harbie Mann is Executive Producer and although this is by no means a jazz album, perhaps he has added his vast experience to the production side. It certainly makes for interesting late night listening, just the thing for changing moods, a useful antidote to the endless Rock an Roll and 'n' Roll. The programmers — Robert Margouless and Malcolm Cecil have assembled six pieces ranging from the stimulating 'Jetsex' and 'Cybernaut' to an extremely atmospheric number 'Aurora'. Side one begins with 'Cybernaut' a twinkling, rhythmic piece and carries on thru 'Jetsex' and 'Timewhys'. Fast interesting stuff. Side 2 is much more quiet and atmospheric — 'Aurora' 'Rivesong' and 'Tama'. Gentle, melodic tones — great stuff for coming down on. If you got off on previous synthesizer albums or even Terry Rileys Rainbow in Curved Air then you might well like to have a listen to this one with a view to adding to your collection of late at night, subtle mindfuckers.

Chris Rowley

THE LOCUST SANG

The standard of living of most people in this country ain't up to much. Millions live in sub-standard housing, a million are out of work. Most of everything is owned by just a few and strangely enough for various reasons this minority keeps its power and its wealth despite living in a democracy. As science and technology force the pace ever harder in Industry, Automation becomes more and more essential. A time may come when millions will be permanently out of work—this may well depress *them* because this society seems unable to come to grips with the idea of permanent enforced leisure. Will it be dole queues or Welfare checks. Roman style games and legal drugs or beer and football forever. Tranquil proles? Whatever happens people and particularly Politicians seem to expect standards of living to rise. I suppose 'Standard of Living' is really a measure of the individual's rate of Consumption. We all consume. Everything we buy, eat and shit on—we consume.

We lucky little Western Europeans are really Ace Consumers, almost as good as the Americans, 'tho we lack their style. We're much better so far than the Japanese at consuming even if their production puts ours in the shade these days. The rest of the world is either under-developed or un-developed and correspondingly consumes a lot less. Most of the wealth of this, the major portion of the planet's land surface, is in hock one way or another to the Developed nations. At least it was, but now the raw material producing countries are grabbing back their own property. How much of our 'standard of living', our rate of consumption, is based on the basic raw materials produced in un-developed and therefore poor countries? Oil, Copper, Tin, Lead—all vital to the standards of everyone in this country—living in a society based on consumption and profit. The Arabs want a lot more for their oil and so will everyone who has any as it gets scarcer and scarcer. Oil will someday be very expensive along with most minerals especially as the Undeveloped Nations are busily Industrialising themselves and pushing up their own rates of consumption. How will it be possible for the mass of people in Industrial nations to enjoy a rising standard of living without ripping it off from undeveloped nations either in the form of raw materials or by maintaining captive markets—turn Africa, India, South America into a Gigantic East Bengal—utterly bound down to non-industrial production and Industrial Consumption at the same time. If 200 million Americans manage to get through about half of the world's annual output of materials what will an entire world do to the planet's resources when it becomes developed. Who used Venezuela's Oil and who got paid for it? What happens to the Venezuelan's now. Welfare cheques from Standard New Jersey and Texaco? The Japanese have a new disease—they call it 'Pain Pain'—the product of their own peculiarly intense air pollution. The British Government is about to spend £700,000,000 to try and prevent the Irish Sea from becoming a dead sea. How much will it cost to detoxify the oceans?

An impossible amount, no one will undertake the task the Oceans will therefore continue to be our ultimate dumping ground. How long they will be able to cope with the rising tide of pollutants is unknown but some fear that it will not be long. Monsieur Cousteau, the underwater man, has said that he estimates that 30% of the Ocean's wildlife has vanished within the last thirty years. Most of this planet's life still takes place in the sea and the oceans are indispensable to the manner in which our Atmosphere is renewed and recycled. If we poison the land, we have to live with it, if we poison the oceans we're dead. It doesn't seem as if we have much of a chance to avoid a rather noisome end to Industrial Civilisation and either a dead globe or a return to a more Primitive, non-consuming style – civilisation.

If this seems pretty gloomy, trapped on a dying planet surviving on fast dwindling resources with an enormous population, there are those who stoutly deny that any of this will occur. There exists a belief that somehow—*Somehow*—Technology and Science will come up with answers. The Green Revolution and the imminant arrival of Prosta Glandins, the wonder contraceptive, are quoted as examples of this. Theoretically the world could feed itself today, but in practice Americans burn wheat rather than have it transported to the starving in Calcutta where it would wreck the precarious local economy completely by being free of charge. Is it reasonable to suppose that the lot of the majority of the world's population will improve very much in this century or will it worsen, will there be time to find out? Is it possible that the workings of Western Industrial Civilisation have limited our allotted span to about 20 years more? Will anybody stop polluting, will anybody stop consuming? If we don't consume our 'standard of living' will fall and who do you know wants to get poorer? Is it at all possible to revolutionise the world, even to change this country if the end product is a voluntary or enforced drop in the rate of consumption. Has human greed got the better of itself, will we die trying to survive or just die?

Wotcha gonna *do* about it?

Chris Rowley

MEATY BEATY BIG & BOUNCY

WHO

OZ 39: OZ is p[illegible] OZ Publications Ink Ltd.

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Jim LEON 71

Never trust anyone over thirty...

Richard Neville, presently starring in the Broadway Follies of 1972, reports from New York on the current state of the revolutionary game.

The publishers of Screw, this city's funkiest and filthiest sex paper, are on the brink of launching what they promise is "the most exciting publishing venture since Gutenberg". It's called 'Mobster Times' and its slogan is *Crime Does Pay.*

Mobster Times believes that everyone adores criminals and intends to reassure readers that "our decade is just as crooked as the past . . . the same type of crooks are running things now just as they have always done". Does Mobster Times lament this seeming truism? Indeed not, continues the handout, "Mobster Times finds it admirable. How dull history would be without mobsters like Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Caesar, Josef Stalin, Huey Long and Lyndon Johnson. Do we want to run down that boring path towards ennui or does America wish to take her part in Western History as the great and bloody leader of modern culture?"

The paper plans to reveal the fine art of how to bug someone else's telephone and a regular series will outline details of famous crimes "step by wonderful step". "In other words, Mobster Times will glorify our exciting past in the way it deserves to be glorified."

Obviously it's an almost sure fire journalistic success. Categorising Capone, Caligula, Henry Ford and LBJ as criminals does have an immediate, if superficial, shock appeal. And an ironic view of history perhaps justifies the paper's slogan. For many, crime *does* pay, and way above union rates.

But Mobster Times is a shoddy, vicious escapade. Maybe it's a small, and even logical step for the editors of Screw, but it is a giant leap backwards for the Alternative Press. For to endorse crime and glamourise its figureheads is automatically to sanctify violence. Crime without bloodshed is like Bonnie without Clyde; half-arsed and not the stuff of which headlines are made.
When I questioned chubby, lovable, anti-intellectual Screw co-editor, Al Goldstein about his forthcoming promotion of pain and his motive for "legitimising" violence, he nodded quizzically, sighing "I haven't really worked that one out yet."
He then showed me his cold new colt .32, purchased in Florida. A primed cross-bow is secreted in the corner of his living room and a Winchester stands by his office desk.

New York, this visit, is to hear Jerry Rubin privately concede "the Movement is in bad shape" while uptown Screw prepares to turn Tommy Guns into hip crucifixes. Naturally there were defensive mutterings from the staff about 'revolutionary violence', which is really irrelevent to the concept of Mobster Times, but the very mention of Weatherman or Panthers seems to assuage people's guilt about gun envy. In fact, the Panthers readjusted tactics after recognising shoot-outs weren't winning the hearts and minds of the people. Weatherman merely alienated the radical constituency, on top of decimating themselves. Terror is sometimes essential, but Notting Hill just aint Algiers. It is one thing to boast "We are all Vietcong", and self flattery to believe it. Recognising that violence is the first law of Gross National Product does not necessarily justify its use as a revolutionary weapon. Fighting fire always with fire ultimately leaves nothing worth saving.

Actually, the contemporary revival of blood and guts fetishism has little to do with social purging or purification. Whether its the faddish cinema of Russell, Peckinpah, Kubrick and Brocolli or Hells Angels mythology or Womens Lib karate classes or tarring and feathering of the scrofulous sado/maso comics in OZ, it is and always will be, the real obscenity. Maybe we're all secretly hungering for a world war of our very own, just like dad's. In this context the blurb from Mobster Times is revealing: ". . . the boring path towards ennui. . . "
So it's come to that? . . . time to feather tickle our throats in preparation of a grotesque second course; a bizarre admission of over indulgence from that paradigm of iniquity, the HQ, the very cockpant of sexual revolution, Screw newspaper, New York, USA.

Photograph: Ehud Locker

"If in the end it means only that Time becomes Time Out, Heath turns into Heffner, Wimpey goes organic, cheque books are multi-coloured, Peter Stuyvesant gets stoned, the OZ musical replaces Fiddler on the Roof and God Save the Queen is set to rock & roll, it was still fun on the way."

New York, New York, the city that helped make it happen, without which there wouldn't be an OZ. The city which published Kerouac, nurtured Ginsberg screaming of his friends starving, hysterical, naked, where Wilcock, Mailer and others abolished the loneliness of thousands with the Underground Press, where the Fugs chorused Kill For Peace, Kupferberg devised 1001 ways without working, Lenny Bruce invented healthy humour and the Living Theatre begged for Paradise Now. Where Dylan connected with a collective consciousness, Warhol elevated prole art, Leary saw visions and the yippies burnt real live money. From where such energies fused with the sun and acid of the West Coast, then jumped the oceans to make love with the Beatles UFO, art labs, IT and other hip totems, all since ponderously recorded by every tin pot sceney-bopper with a tape recorder, not excluding myself.

Where is it now, my blue eyed one
Where have they gone, my darling young ones?

There's still a little action in town, especially for dealers necklaced with golden cocaine spoons, but it's a hard cold rain down on the Lower East Side. Mort Sahl, looking like an account executive for after-shave, claims on telly talkathons that all the hippies have gone back to Mother America. No, no, they're in the pastures consolidating energy, awaiting the next mass action, reply the indefatigable spokesman for the Woodstock dream.

I visited Ginsberg whom I last saw chanting mantras at London's first Legalise Pot Rally. He's currently high on his music poems improvised with Bob Dylan for an album soon to be released. It pains me to write this, as I behold him with such affection, but on reflection I feel his endless epic poem, Jessore Road, is push button passion on the sufferings of Bangladesh refugees, which tells us what we already know but not how to deal with it. While Dylan is undoubtedly strumming away, it is Allen who is singing, with a voice no less strident for the fact that it's flat.

Continued on Page 49

U.P.S. -A- DAISY

John Wilcock, co-founder of the *Underground Press Syndicate* and editor of *Other Scenes* takes a critical look at the American Underground Press.

A couple of days before Christmas, carefully clutching Andy Warhol's invitation as an alibi, I crashed the *Village Voice*'s annual party in what I told myself would be a sentimental farewell gesture before bowing out of the New York scene. (By the time this is in print I will have quit New York — after 17 years — to live once again in Europe).

It was my first contact with the Voice for several years because although I was one of the confounders, back in 1955, and a weekly columnist for the first ten years of its existence, I had been *persona non grata* over there since helping the *East Village Other* get started (1965) and my occasional peaceful overtures since, either by mail or by mutual friends, had been coldly rebuffed. The Voice never forgave the underground press for coming into existence, and never forgot my role in helping to midwife that birth. Nobody in authority at the Voice made any comment to me at the party but I can't say that I enjoyed myself very much. To start with, I've become very cautious about my incursions into New York life these days — there's a vast amount of depressingly low-level activity going on — and if I'd known the company I was going to be keeping, I certainly would not have ventured out. What seemed so surprising, and depressing, about the party was the calibre of the guests: local businessmen, third-rate political hacks, shyster lawyers, a handful of New School academics and such rich vulgarians as Huntington Hartford.

Because of the poor company and such moody thoughts, I said goodbye to the party pretty early and couldn't escape the thought that in some ways, my goodbye was to the alternate media in general. It seems years ago, somehow, since the underground papers were alive and flourishing, it's editors friendly to each other and sharing a common purpose. Enthusiasm was boundless then and we all thought we were going to turn society around and prepare for our places in the brave new world. And now here's the Voice — forerunner of the underground press and the best-known exponent of "alternative journalism" in the world — a bastion of the status quo, its staff, contributors and friends all locked into the lifeless literary scene that it tried to bypass when it began, a generation before.

The Voice, of course, is a model of reactionary politics to most of its successors, the self-styled underground press. But objectively are they any better these days? Some are still bogged down in the dialectics of kill-the-pig, others in the joy of communal living. A number have blatantly sold out to a corrupt rock industry. None seem to be offering much in the way of practical solutions to the problems we all face — and who can blame them? For most papers it has been three to five years of constant financial hardship, police and official harassment, internal power struggles and, to a large extent, indifference from the straight community.

What of the successful papers? Art Kunkin's *L.A. Free Press* modelled itself openly after the *Village Voice* from the very beginning which may have accounted for its phenomenal success. Expatriate New Yorker Kunkin did for Southern California what the Voice had already done back east: identified and polarised a community that didn't know it existed until the paper arrived to serve as a clearing house. The Freep cut its teeth during a time of social upheaval in the mid-Sixties (love-ins, riots on the Strip, free rock concerts, Leary's road-shows, the Watts riots, Chicano uprisings, Bank of America bombings) and built up a vast readership with a combination of subversive social comment and racy sexist ads.

Before long, Trotskyist Kunkin was buying expensive homes in the hills, driving a telephone-equipped roadster and milking the paper to finance a printing plant and a chain of bookstores. Staffers and

contributors, needless to say, were punching time clocks and living on sub-standard wages — if, indeed they were paid at all. People who'd lent money to the paper were blandly ignored, their loans never repaid.

Inevitably the staff finally fought back, splitting away to form a series of alternative papers, only one of which — John Bryan's *Open City* ever presented a real alternative. (Bryan was done in, partly by lack of support from people who were still faithful to the Freep, but mainly by rock superstar Leon Russell whose nude record ad brought the paper an obscenity bust. Russell not only refused any financial help, but declined to involve himself in the subsequent legal proceedings in any way).

Something of a similar nature happened further to the north with Max Scherr's *Berkeley Barb*, which, along with the Freep, New York's EVO, Austin's *Rag*, and Michigan's *The Paper*, constituted the initial membership of the Underground Press Syndicate.
Scherr, a forty-ish anarchist who'd been running a Berkeley bar during the emergence of the street scene in the early sixties, threw together his first Barb almost alone, peddled it in the streets himself and through its influence helped to bring about the cataclysmic events which made the University of California's Berkeley campus the center of student revolution.
The Barb was, and still is, a hodge-podge of biased reporting, sexual anarchy, Black militancy, activist politics, acid agitation and cynicism. It was usually the sloppiest-looking underground — and always the most fascinating.

But Scherr, too, viewed success in old-fashioned terms: a fat bank account for himself, pittances for his employees. He was miserly, greedy and possessive and eventually many of his staff, too, peeled away to start a rival paper, the *Berkeley Tribe*, which never matched its parent's interest or irreverence. (As a matter of fact it was downright insular for a long time, disdaining help from or for people outside the "tribe").
No other underground paper has ever matched the financial success and public acceptance of the Freep and the Barb, although EVO in its early days had probably the best chance of bridging the gap between the freek and straight communities. EVO's founder Walter Bowart was certainly the first of the new-style publishers to conceive of a *visually* revolutionary paper rather than merely using offset techniques to save money while producing the same linear predictable package that the straight press had offered since Gutenberg. (Whatever happened to the idea of underground papers as "art"? A handful of North American papers — *Oracle, Kaleidoscope, Georgia Straight, Logos, Harbinger, Nola Express, Astral Projection, Other Scenes, Seed, Open City* — have dabbled with the concept from time to time but it has more adherents in Europe with OZ, Amsterdam's *Real Free Press* and *Hotcha!* the outstanding examples).

With a few exceptions, the underground press in America has barely changed since its inception five years ago. All are honorable, all worthy, all have integrity — but somehow the spark faded long ago. Instead of working to develop a larger community, most papers have decided to settle for the local freek scene: God knows, the job they do is important enough and the sacrifices most of their editors and staffs make to do it deserve respect, but somehow the excitement and imagination is gone. Maybe it's just the down period America is going through.
What major changes that have come about have sometimes lessened the papers' impact: New York's once-gutsy *Rat*, as well as other scattered papers, was taken over by Women's Lib Liberation Workshop who, whatever the merits of their case, have yet to prove themselves capable of producing a paper relevant to the community at large, rather than one section of it. (Sure a paper run by males is male chauvinist; so far the papers run by females have been so excessively *female* chauvinist that even women don't read them.)

Much the same criticisms can be made of course about papers taken over by Gay Lib, Irish Nationalists, Israeli freedom fighters, transvestites and toenail biters. Nobody would deny that each has a "cause" of some sort to present, but diverting an existing paper's audience solely to the specific problems of a splinter faction does mean less for their cause than they imagine.

To some extent the split that has plagued the movement from the beginning (and maybe every community from the beginning of time) has also polarised the papers. Should a corrupt society be challenged head on and fought at every opportunity? Or should it be ignored and circumvented until it becomes ineffective because of its utter irrelevance?
The problem came up at the very first Be-In in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park in January 1965. Twenty thousand heads gathered to celebrate an emerging community that most of the world learned about only at Woodstock three years later.
But on that winter day in San Francisco, the alternatives were there for all to see: on the one side, Tim Leary, Ginsberg, the rock bands, the Oracle people.... on the other, Scherr and his Berkeley Barb, Jerry Rubin, Mario Savio's Free Speech Movement. All grooved together, elated by the show of strength and confident about the future.
Beneath the surface agreements, however, were the arguments between the Oracle people ("Straighten out your own head, man; don't confront the enemy and prolong the bad vibes; drop out") and the radical Berkeley community ("Who's going to stop the racism, end the war, confront the killers so you people can afford the luxury of dropping out?"). Neither side realised the importance and necessity of the other; both sides were right — and wrong.
And since that day the situation has see-sawed, first with one viewpoint in the ascendancy, then the other. (Chicago, obviously, was the activist peak; Woodstock the time of the doped-out freek). At present, disillusioned with the obvious ineffectiveness of protest and demonstrating, devastated by the tactical error of Mayday, the activists are in disarray. Many have left the struggle, most of those left go through the same motions like robots. The spark has gone.
The alternative press, obviously, reflects this mood — and seems unwilling to change (or incapable of changing) it. The predominant theme in America today is theft, whether it be of the public at large by bankers and aerospace chieftans, or with the supermarket and telephone company as victims. Everybody no matter what their social level, can rationalise stealing, which is just a way of people insisting that they are not legally getting out of the society what

they put into it, and merely intend to assist with more equitable distribution.
What the alternative press can (and hopefully will) be doing, therefore, is to justify some of these unfamiliar moral attitudes. As long as society maintains an "underprivileged" caste, for example, that caste has a right to help itself to a fair share. As long as politicians, of whatever stripe, pretend to be serving the community rather than their selfish selves, papers should be ridiculing and discrediting them. As long as judges and prosecutors pretend there is some objective "justice" rather than using the law to keep the poor in their place, propaganda should stop at nothing to expose their hypocrisy and reveal the true nature of their connections and interest.

Technologically and journalistically, of course, the alternative press has done tremendous things: five or six years after the first kids were starting campus papers with 200 dollars and a typewriter, there's hardly a community in North America that doesn't have its own alternative to the straight media. And this revolution is spreading rapidly throughout the rest of the world. The days when it took vast sums of money and influence to start a paper are gone for ever. In fact, it is theoretically possible already for anybody to acquire all the technological means to publish for a few hundred dollars. (Distribution is still the bottleneck, as it always was, but more channels will inevitably open up).

Naturally the vultures have appeared on the scene, too. There will always be hustlers, in any sort of a commercially-oriented society, and it didn't take long for the emergence of hippie publishers who preferred to see a "market" rather than an audience for their wares. Rolling Stone's Jann Wenner has so far served as No. 1 bogeyman for the hip culture's purists, but he is not the first, and certainly won't be the last, to exploit the freek community. I don't care much for RS's orientation myself, but as a vehicle for information and as a reflection of subculture mores, I find it superlatively interesting. *Frendz*, *Rock*, *Creem*, *Fusion*, *Crawdaddy*, *Zigzag* — they might all be much more honest, and produced by people whose tastes I share more closely, but the plain fact is that they just aren't as amusing as Rolling Stone and, frankly, we could all manage quite nicely without *any* cult propaganda sheets if it's revolution that we're truly into.

But, of course, that isn't really the point. You could make out a good case that all these rock papers, and the sex papers, and scores of other alternative media publications of almost every kind would scarcely have been possible if the underground press hadn't come along first to pave the way. *That* is the major accomplishment of the young editors and writers who have fought, and are still fighting, for the right to publish unpopular views. Even the straight press has been influenced by alternative media techniques and within a few years will be totally infiltrated by a generation of writers and editors trained by the hippie press.
The underground press itself has lost most of its shock impact, seen part of its potential audience wooed away for profit, but nevertheless has planted robust seeds in the fertile soil of the future.

And that brings up an important question. What *is* it that we hope for the future now that we're all five years older and presumably wiser? Do we still believe that we can change the society by force? Well, some still do — the Weathermen/women perhaps, and certainly some militant Blacks and IRA terrorists. But most of us have reluctantly concluded that if violence IS the route, then this isn't the most favourable time for our side.
Do we still believe in a cultural revolution — a societal change brought about by the spread of *ideas?*
Certainly there's evidence that this has had some effect if you consider that what used to be underground (personal and/or group "Liberation", changed mores, protest, dope smoking, anarchist ideas) has become an internationally accepted life style.

The word anarchy has a habit of popping up in everything I say and write these days and that's because I believe anarchy is the wave of the future, not the anarchy of constant turmoil and bomb-throwing, but the liberal dictionary definition: "Rejection of all forms of coercive control and authority".
Many of my fellow publishers would undoubtedly agree that authority can only be granted, it cannot be assumed. The fact that authority *does* assume its right to coerce and enforce is irrelevant to the morality of this argument. If you don't vote because there is no candidate who even remotely represents your viewpoint you are not morally bound to respect the decisions of that candidate (or his cronies) whatever "democracy" demands.
This viewpoint is bound to grow in popularity if only because it allows dissidents to rationalise their "anti-social" attitudes. But more importantly it will grow because, for the first time in history, it has a sympathetic communications media through which to spread organically.

Hopefully, then, that is the future role of the alternate media — the restoration of some principles to a profession that until now seems to have preferred prostitution.

John Wilcock, publisher of New *Other Scenes*, himself as American.

Yorkshire-born York's now thinks of an expatriate

HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE! AFTER NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS OF BLASPHEMY AGAINST CHRIST...ALL THE SHAME...ALL THE GUILT...THEY CAN'T HIDE IT ANY LONGER! IT'S THE SECOND COMING! IT'S...

JUMPIN' JACK FLASH!

I AM JACK AND JACK IS ME ...ALL ARE ONE... YOU ARE ME... YOU ARE JACK... CEASE TO EXIST.. KILL THE EGO.. BECOME NOTHING... BECOME ME...

JACK FLASH IS GOD!

HE'S A GAS GAS GAS!

PSYCHEDELIC FASCISM

The age of Psychedelic Fascism, of 'video campirism' and high society spank—spank parties, of dial-a-corpse and living room necrophilia, of evil worship that goes beyond the cover of Look magazine, of blood-sucking death cults that worship both God and Satan and have "Thou Shalt Kill!" as an absolute — if unadvertised — commandment, of the knife movie, the blood-fuck movie, the snuff-movie — the age of Psychedelic Fascism is here. The extracts which follow overleaf are from ex-Fug Ed Sander's book

The Family: Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion

In the early afternoon on August 8, 1969, Charles Manson arrived at the Spahn Ranch, after a recruiting trip and pleasure jaunt to Big Sur and the Esalen Institute. Someone went on a garbage run for the evening meal. At the back of the movie ranch, they cooked dinner on the Coleman four-burner camping stove. Everybody was delighted that Charlie was back.

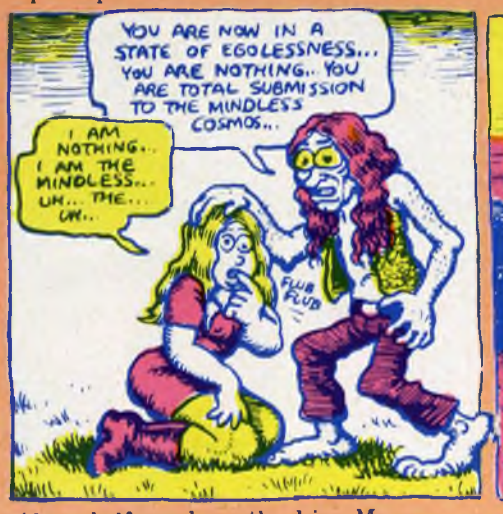
Approximately an hour after the meal, Manson pulled Susan Atkins a.k.a. (also known as) Sadie Glutz aside and told her to get a knife and a change of clothes.

Linda Kasabian had helped fix dinner, had helped to clean up, had walked to the front of the ranch and was standing by the Rock City Cafe set when Charlie came up and pulled her off to the end of the

boardwalk and told her to get a knife, and a change of clothing and her driver's license.

Patricia Krenwinkel a.k.a. Katie was already asleep coming down off an acid trip, when she was awakened and told to get a knife and a change of clothes. She didn't really want to get up but she did, summoned by the Devil.

Linda Kasabian got into the car, in the right front passenger seat. Sadie and Katie were in the back of the car. Also in the back of the car were a pair of red-handled bolt cutters and a long, coiled three-quarter inch nylon rope. Tex Watson got into the car and the car backed away and then headed out down the dirt driveway toward the exit to the west, by the corral.



About halfway down the drive, Manson stopped them. He came over and stuck his head in the window on Linda's side and said, according to Linda, "Leave a sign. You girls know what to do. Something witchy." Then Manson stood alone, watching the car drive off...Voityck Frykowski lay on the couch, in front of the fireplace, dozing off, zonked under

the pleasant influence of the moderate psychedelic, MDA. Past the desk and toward the back of the couch crept the death-minded butcher. Evidently Watson walked around, standing on the zebra skin, his back to the fireplace, and leveled the Wyatt Earp revolver at Voityck's head. He motioned with his knife hand for Katie and Sadie to line up behind the

couch, prepared to enact their helter-skelter exactitude. Voityck woke up, stretched and asked, "What time is it?"

"Don't move or you're dead."

"Who are you?"

"I'm the Devil. I'm here to do the Devil's business. Give me all your money," said Tex Watson, tall and hairy, knife in one hand, gun in the other.

Elegant Abigail Folger was lying alone

on the antique bed in her bedroom in the extreme southeast corner of the house, clad in full-length, white night-gown, reading, wearing her reading glasses, slightly stoned on the euphoric MDA.

Tex told Sadie to go get a towel in the bathroom with which to tie up Frykowski. Sadie went looking for the bathroom. She took a towel back to the couch by the fireplace and tied Voityck's hands behind

his back with a loose knot. Frykowski was then made to lie down on his back, trapping his hands behind him.

Sadie turned, crossed the hallway, walking west, and glanced into Sharon's bedroom. Sharon, her stomach tanned and full of child, was lying in bed, propped up on pillows, her blonde hair down over her shoulders. She was wearing matching blue-yellow, floral-patterned bra and

panties. For jewelry, she had on her wedding ring and gold earpins. The lime green and orange sheets were pulled down. It was about 12.25 am. On the edge of the bed where the beautiful Sharon Tate lay sat Jay Sebring, clothed in black high-top boots and white pants with black vertical stripes. On his wrist was an opulent Cartier watch. They were talking.

Sadie unfolded her Buck clasp knife and walked into Abigail Folger's bedroom waving her weapon· "Go out into the living room. Don't ask any questions." She did the same thing on the other side of the hall in Sharon's bedroom. Sadie waved her knife at Jay and Sharon and they all walked out into the living room confused and angry. Jay Sebring said, "What's going on?"

"Sit down!" Sebring refused to sit.

When Tex told everybody to lie down on the floor on their stomachs atop some pillows near the fireplace, Sebring would not stand for that and said· "Let her sit down, can't you see she's pregnant?" Then Sebring lunged for the gun and Tex

waxed murderous and shot Jay in the armpit. Jay fell and Tex drop-kicked him in the bridge of the nose. Abigail Folger screamed.

The sight of Jay Sebring lying on his side gave the former cotton picker, Charles Watson, instant credibility. "All right, where's the money?"

Abigail said that her money was in her purse on the couch in the bedroom. Sadie stuck her knife up to Miss Folger's back and marched her back into the bedroom where Abigail opened up her black canvas shoulder bag and took out seventy two or seventy three dollars for the satanist. Sadie refused her offer of credit cards and they walked back into the living room.

Tex then tied them around and around their necks with the nylon rope and threw the end of it over the white ceiling beam and told Sadie to choke the rope so that Abigail and Sharon had to stand up or else strangle. Jay's unconscious body acted as a dead weight on the other end of the rope which was knotted around his neck. A large hematoma was swelling on

his left eye.

Tex told Katie to turn out all the lights in the house. This she did, according to Susan Atkins.

Katie assumed choke duties on the end of the rope. One of the ladies asked, "What are you going to do with us?"

Charles, the smug muscular boy from Copeville, had them trapped in his phoneless hamburger universe. "You are all going to die." And again he told them that he was the Devil. Immediately the moans and shrieks and beggings rose up from the trussed victims. They struggled to get free.

Tex ordered Sadie to kill Voityck Frykowski. Voityck lay quaking up and down, desperately trying to loosen the knot behind his back. Sadie raised her knife and, by her account, hesitated.

Voityck wrenched his hands free and reached up from the couch and grabbed hold of her hair and pulled her down, grabbing her knife arm. He hit her on top of the head and they fell against the end table to the left of the sofa and rolled onto the stuffed chair.

Sadie got her arm free and stabbed blindly, one, two, three, four times, parallel down the front of his left leg. He

turned toward the front hall as if to flee. She managed to stab him once in the back, but the knife hit bone. Then she stabbed him deeply in the right back lung. The skin surface widths of the wounds were three-quarter inch, the same as the width of the Bick knife. In the scuffle she lost her knife somehow.

Still, Voityck staggered onward. Tex ran up, wrestled Frykowski around and shot him below the left axilla, the bullet lodging in his middle back. He shot him also through the front right thigh. Still he walked on. Tex shot again — the gun misfiring. Tex began to club his face and scalp with the gun, holding it by the barrel.

When Tex ran up to the hall door to get Voityck, Sharon and Jay and Abigail struggled to get free from the knots on their necks. Katie was holding the rope where it trailed down on the other side of the beam. Abigail broke loose and headed for the back bedroom, where the door to the swimming pool led to freedom.

Krenwinkel dropped the rope and gave chase. Abigail, taller and stronger, fought for her life. Meanwhile, Tex spotted the struggling Sebring and ran up. Stab, stab, stab, stab, four times Watson hacked him in the left back into the lung. The wounds were one-and-a-half inches wide on the surface, penetrating deeply. Tex kicked his face, then turned, his attention caught by the yells from Katie, his black velour turtleneck beginning to get bloody. He ran

up to Abigail , who was wounded only defensively at this point, in the hands and arms. Abigail surrendered. "I give up. Take me." He did, slicing her neck and smashing her head with the gun but. He stabbed her in various parts of her chest and abdomen. She clutched a gaping tear in her lower right stomach. She fell.

Watson glanced up when he heard Voityck screaming near the front lawn. Tall Voityck stood up against the square wooden support post on the northeast corner of the porch and he tried to step from the flagstone onto the sidewalk, holding onto the post. His balance failed; he spun around the post and fell head first into the dirt. But then Voityck got to his feet and began to scream into the smog, down the canyon.

Tex was out the front door in a red-dog chop blitz and rode Frykowski to the ground, stabbing in the unprotected left side of his body. Frykowski suffered sixteen defensive wounds in his left lower arm trying to ward off the Devil. Fifty-one wounds Tex dealt to the spleen, abdomen, front, back, heart, left lung, right chest, hands.

Inside the house Abigail somehow got to her feet and careened toward the French doors to the pool, leaving a trail of blood, as Katie, who was standing guard over Sharon and Jay, chased after her, chopping. Abigail clawed at the shuttered door, smearing blood, to open it up.

Abigail Folger got out of the house dripping upon the sidewalk leading to the pool. She ran left, splattering the green garden house in the grass. She almost reached the split-rail fence, past the pole light near the tall fir tree. Collapse.

All the killers were out of the house, leaving Sharon, as yet untouched, and Jay Sebring, now dead, inside. Mrs. Polanski, unguarded, started toward the front door just as Katie Krenwinkel reentered the back door by the pool and walked into the living room. Sharon was crying for the life of her child. Sadie got her in a headlock. Tex told her it looked like Sharon wanted to sit down. "So I took her over and sat her down on the couch."

"All I want to do is have my baby."

Sadie was worried that Sharon might get hysterical so she talked with her to calm her down, about how she had no mercy for her. Words, getting her attention.

They killed Sharon last. Sadie later told a member of the family that Sharon Tate was the last to die because she "had to watch the others die."

Sharon sat on the couch quietly. They waited a few minutes. It is not known what was done during that time. Finally it came. Sadie told Virginia Graham that she held Sharon's arms back behind her. Sharon turned her head around and looked back at Sadie, beseeching her, "Please don't kill me, please don't kill me. I don't want to die." She was crying.

"Please I'm going to have a baby."

Sadie replied, according to Graham, "Look, bitch! I don't care if you're going to have a baby. You'd better be ready. You're going to die . . . " Sadie to Graham. "Then we killed a few minutes later."

In a final plea, Sharon begged Sadie to take the baby, the perfect unborn Richard Paul Polanski.

Tex told Sadie to kill.

No, Tex, I can't kill her, you do it. Katie? No, Tex, you do it, but she was willing enough to hold her. Tex stabbed her several times in the left breast through the brassiere. Screams. Stabs. Aorta. Death.

Then they all stabbed her, sixteen times, with both knives. To Sadie it was thrilling. "It felt so good, the first time I stabbed her." Then the little assassin vampire licked blood from her own fingers.

But it wasn't adventuresome enough for her."We were going to mutilate them but we didn't have a chance to." Sadie later confided that part of the game plan included gouging out their eyeballs and smearing them against the walls.

All of a sudden, Tex said, "Get out." The girls left and then Tex came out and proceeded to go berserk in a final dutiful circuit to check out death. He ran in a counterclockwise direction. He ran over to Abigail: chop chop chop. He ran over to the lifeless Frykowski who actually lay clutching the grass in his hand, with his left arm still perpendicular to the ground in death, where he crumpled. Tex used some of his football training on him. Then the hell-creep ran inside to arrange the tableau.

Sharon seemed to Sadie more cut up than before, probably from Tex. Then Sadie got a towel. Sadie next went over to Sharon Tate and put her head on

Sharon's stomach to listen, kneeling on the floor by the velvet couch. Sadie picked Sharon up slightly off the floor and sat with Sharon's head in her lap and embraced her. Finally Sadie went over to the yellow towel used to tie Voityck's hands and came back, obtained some blood from Sharon's breast, walked to the front hall and knelt down to print PIG in blood type O-M. She turned, walked back into the living room, threw the towel toward the hearth and split. She left the door wide open and also she left, as she moved east off the porch, her two bare footprints in blood.

One hundred and two stab wounds riddled the bodies. Thirty minutes, one stab every twenty seconds.

Tex announced that they had to find a place to wash up. He pulled off Benedict left onto Portola Drive, just a block north of the street where Jay Sebring lived.

It was over. Over for five sparks of the universe, butchered by some new form of programmed zombie spore.

Ed Sanders

2000 MANIACS

The truth is that violence is not, in reality, beautiful or dynamic. It is banal. It is mundane. It is committed mostly by rather small minded people for petty reasons. Why create myths about it?

David Sturn

Near the beginning of the movie, Clara is persuaded to take a walk in the woods with Clyde, a hulking and dimwitted but handsome resident of Pleasant Valley acting as guide for the town's centennial celebration. They reach a grassy, shade-checkered clearing and sit down. After some idle talk and necking, the grinning brute produces a large knife from his pocket.

"Ain't that a beauty," he remarks, "Here feel that edge."

Clara gamely touches the knife edge with her finger and it cuts her. She becomes upset as she watches the blood run down her hand, and calls Clyde an "oaf" and a "stupid bumpkin".

Clyde, knitting his brow in sympathy, grasps the bleeding hand and examines it, grunting at the tenderness of female flesh. Then his face transforms into childish glee. He grips the injured member tightly and, giggling at her shocked face, he produces the razor-edge blade and severs her thumb from the rest of her hand.

Cut to mayor's office in Pleasant Valley.

The mayor is fat and wears a string tie in the dogpatch style of southern politics. He sits talking to two local crackers named Clem and Zeb, or something like that, about the big barbecue scheduled for that night.

A commotion is heard off camera and Clyde bursts in with the hysterical Clara in tow. Clara's hand is wrapped in a handkerchief, soaked with blood. Her face is contorted with terror and shock.

"The little lady here had an accident," he mumbles and the three men rush forward to offer assistance.

"Why we can't let nothing happen to Clara here, she's the guest of honor at tonight's barbecue," notes the mayor. "Here, put her on the table."

The four men [illegible] the woman onto a large table and pin her there as one of the crackers produces a large ax.

"Put her out of her misery," the mayor tells the man with the ax who has leaped up onto the table, standing between the woman's legs.

The ax wielder giggles obscenely and swings the ax mightily.

After hearing a sickening "chunk!" the camera frames a close up of the face of Clara, eyes bugging and mouth yawning open in ecstatic horror. Her head lolls to the right and eyes turn downward. Camera pulls back and we see what she is seeing: Her right arm is severed at the shoulder, blood gushing everywhere. Her eyes glass over and her face relaxes into a dazed expression. She is dead.

"Not only is she the guest of honour at tonight's barbecue," the mayor laughs, "she is tonight's barbeque." They all convulse in hilarity at the mayor's joke.

2000 Maniacs, from which that scene is taken, is the most successful of a small group of renegade films whose sole purpose is to satisfy the blood lust of the audience. There are no pretenses here. No hokey love. No gratuitous sex. None of that confusing, tricky avantgarde stuff. Just blood, and lots of it.

Where other supposedly "violent" movies merely tease with super long shots, fade-outs and cunning angles, the "blood" series of films are forthright and unflinching. No pantywaist stuff here, if you want to see what a disemboweled person looks like you get to see exactly what it looks like. Close up in glorious color.

Film critics will accept violence in films, but it must be relevant, like nude scenes. It must be integral. It must be choreographed. It must have "message". In other words it must be tasteful. As in "Bonnie and Clyde" and "The Wild Bunch," the mere spilling of someone's blood is jazzed up with slow motion, zooming cameras and sometimes backdrip music to match the "rhythms of death".

The truth is that violence is not, in reality, beautiful or dynamic. It is banal. It is mundane. It is committed mostly by rather small minded people for petty reasons. Why create myths about it?

The blood lust movies treat violence in exactly this manner. Their attitude suggests that our fascination with gore merits a few films devoted entirely to that subject with no punches pulled, no sugar to help remove the bilious taste.

The director understands fully our horror-fascination toward the graphic depiction of human mutilation, and he exploits it. We know what is coming but we think he can't possibly actually show that on the screen. How could he do it? But we know that the camera will not pull away at the last minute, will not go out of focus, will not pan to the victim's stricken face. It will stay there. And we will see it all. And we will watch it out of fascination and curiosity. To miss it would [illegible] the film's entire theme.

[illegible]ch as the films try to satisfy this "need to be revolted" on the part [illegible]wer, it also satisfies our curiosity [illegible] to what violence actually looks [illegible] of us never get that chance to [illegible] violence and are somewhat in the [illegible] to the actual mechanics of it. We [illegible] revolting and gruesome, yet we are [illegible]ely curious about it. We crowd around [illegible] accident to catch a gl[illegible] of it. We read about. We talk about it. We joke about it. We want to see more of it.

This is one of the important appeals of stag films. We want to see "what it looks like". We know that Hollywood sex is phony. There are never really any women *that* seductive, or men *that* confident. Never really the soft focus, violins and flawless technique. Stag films have none of these, not even a soundtrack, just some clumsy, average-looking people sweating and flinging themselves at each other until it is over. And we grin knowingly and make jokes because we know that the stag film is the truth. And we are more secure in that knowledge.

The blood movies indulge us in the same manner. We are given content rather than form.

These films are revived periodically at your local seedy movie house. The audiences are young, mostly local teenagers. They sit in their jalopies after the movies and drink beer or cheap wine and try to pick up girls. They sit in the back of the theater with their feet up and yell things like "That's the grossest thing I ever saw" or just "Yecch." The films are an initiation of sorts for the local teens. If you can take this you can take anything. Get your older brother to buy a few six packs, borrow the family car, pick up the guys at the local where they hang out and drink a beer each on the way over. After the movie, you all agree that the movies were "pretty goddam gross" and did you see that girl near us turn green and run out and you laugh and finish up the beer on the way over to the local where you tell all the girls about the movies and they wrinkle their noses and say "that's disgusting" and you laugh and feel good because it didn't bother you one bit, but you have to admit that it was the grossest thing you ever saw.

Yes, the blood lust movies are a middle American phenomenon. You won't find them playing on 42nd Street porno houses, but rather in the drive-ins "passion pits" and movie houses in (or just outside of) the small towns in Kansas, Virginia and Arkansas. The audiences are the local "good old boys," greasers, weekend hell-raisers and student council representatives. After all, the films are rated general release, so you don't even have to bring an adult along.

Pretty soon, these movies will have had a ten-year nationwide run, which is pretty damn long, no matter how you look at it. Perhaps these are the illegitimate underground classics of our time — not even recognized by the avant garde film goers.

If you find a moral here, more power to you, but suffice it to say that to understand America you must understand its culture.

Argus.

DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED

JOHN PEEL

My reaction to music has always come from the small of my back and crept slowly up to the nape of my neck into my hair. I'm consumer, not critic, and when I'm asked what my interests are outside music I reply immediately "Liverpool F.C" and there the list ends. The small of my back first came under fire in the mid-fifties when I heard Little Richard and Fats Domino on AFN and realized that I could put away the Frankie Laine and Johnny Ray records forever – this was what I had been waiting for. Between 1959 and 1967 my back had a lean time of it, with only the occasional small thrill running up into the carefully brushed Kennedy-styled hair since '67 though the sensation has become pretty much of a constant and it must be fair to say that during the past five years good popular music has had a greater influence on people's lives than music has ever had before.

At the beginning of 1967 when I was living in California the music was already on the move. The Beatles, Stones and Dylan we already knew well and loved but Butterfield was playing on the coast, Love and the Byrds were across the road from Lawrence Welk in Hollywood and Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band had caused shock and confusion among an audience that had come to the Whisky-a-Go-Go to see Them. Briefly and without understanding just why they seemed so damned mellow, I'd met the Airplane during the sessions that produced "Surrealistic Pillow". The next day a girl in Riverside laughed and told me about the pernicious weed and Rick, the singer with the Misunderstood, turned me on among the orange trees in the foothills of the San Bernidino Mountains.

Back home in Berdoo we listened to the Yardbirds, Love, the Byrds, the Doors, Butterfield (in those days Elektra was a fine label) and the Airplane and got massively stoned. Rick would come back from San Francisco full of names like "Grateful Dead", "Country Joe & the Fish" and "Quicksilver Messenger Service" and none of us quite believed that anything could be as good as he said they were. Several months later doing "The Perfumed Garden" from Big L. I played a track from Electric Music for the Mind and Body and Barry Melton's guitar is still singing around in my blood somewhere. In those days "Underground" really was and a guy with long hair was a friend and you knew he was on your side. Trips to UFO in jokey kaftans made out of bedspreads with beads and bells swirling on the chest and love swirling in the heart until you thought you'd choke with joy. The Floyd, the Softs,

An overdose of gangsters....

Arthur Brown were our heroes and Mick Farren and the Social Deviants the people we believed in. We sure were naive but it felt a whole lot better than the weight of the wisdom we've aquired since.

Since then, the music has changed and lost a lot of its innocence.

For a while we held the hustlers and gangsters at bay but now they're back again – groovy gangsters who roll joints and wear shoulder length hair streaked and styled just so – but still gangsters. Some are East End, some Trad. arr Italy, others are public school, but they're there and without them you go so far but no further. Accepting that it's all show-biz again and that there is a foul and grimy machine into which good music and good people must be fed for us to hear and see it's miraculous that so much good music comes out the other end even if few of the people make it out again.

Mind you we are a self-concious and image concious market and they aim a vast torrent of stuff at us until it threatens to swamp us. The kids who buy Middle of the Road and Jonathan King buy them because they like the music – they sure as hell don't buy J. King because he's sexy. The reasons why we buy records are more subtle, devious, complex and silly. Images, the right revolutionary or mystical posture, the right clothes, hair, equipment, friends, producers – it's all important. We're terrible suckers for packaging and hype and the gangsters must piss themselves laughing at us for all of our absurd pretensions. How long has it been that you felt really liberated, opened out, joyfilled by a band playing for you? After several hours sitting on a grubby floor you may have jumped up and down with peace signs shouting "More" a lot because, well, everybody does, don't they? I often suspect that a lot of that is relief that it's all over. Thank God for bands like the Faces, Brinsley Schwarz, Lindisfarne and others that give you a good time, unashamedly. I wish I could show you some of the abusive letters we got when the Faces first did Top Gear. "Uncool", they said and "Sell-out". There's still despair in the air and a tragic lack of human contact but that's always been with us anyway. In the final analysis I feel optimistic though – an unreasonable optimism perhaps but a real optimism nevertheless.

This optimism comes from still getting that old time feeling in my back several times a week. It comes from the sixteen year olds who camp out for days at hyped-up festivals and radiate an amazing purity and from those who came each week from Feltham to raise hell at the BBC concert programmes – and it comes from knowing that, despite the gangsters, the music often soars free and unfettered. The gangsters may be getting the money – I suspect that they always will – but we're getting the music and I know that we get the better of the bargain. No money could buy the feeling I get when the Faces walk on stage, when I talk with Robert Wyatt or listen to Loudon Wainwright or any of several hundred others. At 32 I'm an opinionated, cantakerous bag stuffed with rock 'n' roll and lusting after more with a powerful passion. I know I'm going to get a lot more too and that's a good feeling in itself.

CAPRICORN GRAPHICS, Printers Designers, 39 Goodge Street, London W1. 01-637 1585 Illustration by John Hurford

TO HAVE REACHED 5 IS TO HAVE FAILED IN LIFE

AUBERON WAUGH

"One can almost hear the acne bursting forth with adolescent pride from David Widgery's young face as he proudly wrote: 'Private Eye is Andrex pretending to be Kleenex, Tampax pretending to be Durex.'"

When OZ was born in February 1967 anybody could see it was a bastard, and rather an unnatural one. Richard Neville, the surgeon, and his midwife, the lovely Louise, explain that it was intended as a cross between the *New Statesman* and *Private Eye*. To demonstrate this, it carried a long, respectful interview with Paul Johnson, then editor of the *Statesman*, in the *Statesman's* most portenteous style, and a four-page take-off of *Private Eye*.

The author of the cringing interview with Johnson ("The *Statesman* seems to have gone in for a jauntier, more personal style recently. Is this part of a general policy?") was Alexander Cockburn.
Cockburn: What would you regard as your great virtue?
Johnson: Well, I'm very conscientious and responsible-minded, probably over-much . . .
Cockburn: And your vice?
Johnson: I'm impatient, terribly impatient.
Never had been such nakedness been revealed before – shocking! Readers of OZ were probably relieved when Alexander next appeared as a regular contributor to the *New Statesman*.
The four-page supplement on *Private Eye* included a brilliant parody of a Scarfe drawing which showed *Private Eye* eating its words. This was a reference to the numerous apologies extracted from the *Eye* by the rigours of the libel law, and although there was no particular exultation in *Private Eye* when OZ fell foul of the obscenity laws, this first issue ushered in a certain coolness between the two mighty organs which has taken five years to disappear. What caused most irritation I imagine, was rather a heavy piece demonstrating everything that was wrong with the *Eye* which would, by implication, not be wrong with OZ.

The author of this piece was David Widgery, still a teenager at the time and intoxicated with the importance of this thought . OZ, with all the intuitive wisdom of a day old chicken, *knew* it was going to be better informed and less trivial than *Private Eye*; politically, it would carry more weight; it would be morally superior and much more committed. Committed to what? Never mind, the details could be worked out later. OZ, like the *Eye*, might have no editorial policy, but it would definitely be very committed, if only to the idea of being committed. Above all, there would be no more of those filthy, public school

lavatory jokes. One can almost hear the acne bursting on David's eager young face as he proudly wrote the punch-line to his denunciation of poor old *Private Eye*: "*Private Eye* is Andrex pretending to be Kleenex; Tampax pretending to be Durex."

Wow! But why on earth shouldn't Tampax pretend to be Durex, or Kleenex, or Andrex, if it feels like it? And who on earth is going to be taken in if it tries? Muddled, indignant, slightly hysterical, self-righteous, this note runs like a needle through the flabby soft heart of OZ until at times it seems to be the only thing holding the magazine together. Often it is couched in the tough, terse language of the high-school revolutionary. The world is divided into workers and mother-fuckers. This planet is dying – fast. The workers can't wait. They want it now. Help! "Every time you buy a bar of chocolate someone in Ghana works a little harder and gets a lot poorer. EXPLOITATION!!" Never mind that most of these statements are actually the reverse of the truth, especially about chocolate and the Ghanian worker. Chocolate and Ghana sound like the sort of things we ought to be getting indignant about and if we are really interested in the truth, the truth of the matter is that we are not really all that fantastically interested in the Ghanaian economy, are we?

One can read the same sort of thing, written by over-excited, under-endowed middle class intellectuals posing as typical members of the working class, in *Socialist Worker*, any day of the week. Few bother to read it for the very good reason that it is not very interesting.

Eventually, pomposity and self-importance begin to show through the angry rhetoric and we see not the loveable idealist and libertarian we had imagined but another frustrated bureaucrat, wanting only to boss us around and organize us into systems according to his own notions of how we should be organized. In OZ, the revolutionary's function is slightly different: rather than seriously urging us to overturn the economic structure of society to his own advantage, he creates a stimulating atmosphere for looking at tits.

This statement is not intended as a sneer, still less as a hint that it is better or more important to overturn the structure of society than it is to look at tits. Sexual fantasy is one of the great liberating forces of our time, at any rate, psychologically. Far more than religion, it is now the opium of the people, and who are we to deny the people their opium? It may be a bizarre commentary on our society that people can't be sexually aroused without first growing indignant about Ghanaian cocoa farmers, unemployed boiler-makers on the Clyde etc but it could be much worse. There are those who need to inflict pain or humiliate their partner before being aroused, and it is less complicated than the furry animal syndrome, whereby you need to dress up as a Teddy bear before you can fuck.

It was not until Issue Six, with the arrival of John Wilcock, that OZ found its identity as part of the international underground. Henceforth, a large part of the editorial copy – and some of the best features, including Dr Hipprocates, Honeybunch Kaminski, the Fabulous Furry Freaks – were lifted straight from the Underground Press Syndicate. Two traditions remained peculiar to London OZ. The first was a crazily extravagant and adventurous idea of colour printing, whereby whole issues were more or less illegible and cost £6,000 to print. The second was an editorial determination to include among all the SLURP SLURPS of cartoon characters fucking, the occasional article enquiring in a sober and articulate fashion what on earth it was all about.

The great debate over what, if anything, OZ is about, did not really emerge until issues 31 and 32, when Richard Neville's historic "All God's children got de clap" was answered by David Widgery's equally memorable "Whistle while you wank" arguing that "to be dangerous to capitalism you have to do more than spell it with a K." OZ 32 also carried a letter supporting Richard's main theme and postulating a new political alignment, the Aquarian Party: why kill the pigs when kissing them would do much more? After OZ 6, as the magazine developed an identity of its own, *Private Eye* and the *New Statesman* were forgotten. So were satire and conventional left-wing politics, for the most part. Satire's last fling was in OZ 11 (April 1968) with a four page supplement on the *New Statesman* which finally got the old Paul Johnson out of its system. Later supplements on the SUN etc – were more shrieks of pain than serious parody.

After OZ 11, We begin to see that wide-eyed innocence which puts mockery to shame. There is an unmistakeable heroism about those who refuse to accept that they may be slightly ridiculous. OZ 25, for instance, carried reports on Scunthorpe and Morden, introducing its readers to the full horror of life outside the Land of OZ, as if they had no experience of it. The piece on Morden is especially touching to read in a magazine which started out with satirical aspirations:

"Revolution has got to come," wrote the Reverend Donald Reeves, bless his poor, silly old heart. "The Church of England has had a love affair with the working classes ever since the Industrial Revolution, but it has never been consummated. But if the Church of England has any relevance at all, it has got to lead the Morden revolution."

Sex, politics and religion – what more can anyone want? Perhaps less politics. As a political correspondent, I am painfully aware of how little most people are interested in politics, and as OZ grows up, it seems to me to have been losing interest in politics. Many would say it has become more political, and certainly the political content has become more bombastic and humourless. But no intelligent magazine which took politics seriously could possibly allow 'Tom Ludd' to get away with this sort of remark: "A revolution is essentially libertarian. Workers' Councils, the democratic control of our environment, etc, it's essentially fun."

No doubt *Socialist Worker* would be delighted to print this sort of solemn rubbish, just as plenty of municipal sanitary inspectors would be delighted to assure a primary school audience that cleanliness, too, can be fun, but not a magazine which has the wit and acumen to publish Dr Hippocrates. Is the young man worried about the way he gets an erection every time he takes his clothes off, especially with other men present? "Think of making it with one of the Johnson girls or recall a university cafeteria meal -- the possibilities for turn-offs are endless."

From being a bastard, OZ has become a violent schizophrenic but somehow something always emerges which, when it is legible, is refreshing, loveable and still innocent. This reviewer has probably made it plain that in the debate between the politicos and the freaks, between the killers and the kissers, the dynamic and pathetic traditions of underground culture, he is heavily on the side of the freaks, the kissers and the pathetic tradition. Perhaps I should take it further than that: in supporting the drop-out against the revolutionaries, I should make it plain that I actually dislike revolutionaries. This is partly because of their self-importance and their seriousness, but mostly because of their desire to exert power and influence events, which I find unforgiveable. Nevertheless, the most extreme quietist must admit that from the purely literary viewpoint they add a little salt to the kisses and sucks, a little opium or whatever to the hash, and OZ would not be so tasty or so stimulating without them.

During the trial, I almost felt they had a point, when comparing the ostentatious, preposterous innocence of the three men in the dock with the cold fanaticism of Judge Argyle: if the paranoids in high places had been allowed to treat these three as criminals, locking them up for four years with the sights and smells and brutal stupidities of prison life, then the establishment had really gone out of its mind and it was time to act in self defence.

But it was not the system, only a part of it which had gone off the rails. Perhaps, in time, OZ will learn to love the system for the beautiful, incredibly complex thing that it is. Then OZ will realize what it is all about. Inspectors Luff and Habershon, Judge Argyle and Lord Hailsham are as much misfits in the system as OZ's own beloved revolutionary pigs, although they are probably greater threats to the system than any revolutionaries. OZ has its own, fairly important and entirely beneficial role to play inside the system, comforting and sustaining its drop-outs while feeding the fantasy existence of many who remain inside. Most people, after all, don't want to be liberated, although everybody likes to be assured that his servitude is voluntary. Those who love OZ must love the system, since OZ is one of its most characteristic products. The only two pieces of news which will make me take down my shotgun from the wall will be when I hear that OZ has been suppressed or that the fun-people from Upper Clyde Shipyards are taking control of the country.

JUNGE THAN SPRIN

"... a false spirit of arrogance, hysteria, wooly-r doctrinaire fanaticism, a purveyor of shoddy sp stuttering and Utopian humbug, fit only to be today."

Matt Hoffman looks at the work of C. G. Jung

Freaks are not alone in responding to the needs our society creates in its members; they are simply more outspoken in their public rejection of conventional patterns. Drastically dramatically freaks have begun to explore alternative life styles, philosophies, religions, social and personal relationships. In the process they have used drugs to influence the psyche, tried ascetic diets, meditation, loud and rhythmic somatic music, controlled environments from encounter groups to multimedia bombardments; and too many other experiments to enumerate here. What all of these thechniques have in common is the tendency to look beyond rationalist verbal systems for direct experience of life through altered perceptions. One of Jungs books has an apt title for this range of activity: Modern Man in Search of a Soul.

Jung devoted his sixty year psychiatric career (1900-1961) to the study of non-rational states of consciousness and unconsciousness. He conceived of the ego (our self-awareness) as a very limited portion of our total selves, but a portion with the profoundly important faculty of free moral will. He sought to use what is best in the evoluti on of rational thought, but to take from that thought its false evaluation of its (own supremacy in the psychic world. We are not in Jung's opinion, kings in our own castles when it comes to the activity of the mind; our ego self is more accurately describable as a member of a community that includes our emotions and instincts. Jung interpreted, in more than twenty volumes, the history of civilization as a series of outward signs of the passing of the psychic reality of religious and mythical experience, and he saw these forces as still living within us·

"In the everyday world of consciousness such things hardly exist; that is to say, until 1933 only lunatics would have been found in possession of living fragments of mythology. After this date the world of heroes and monsters spread like a devastating fire over whole nations, proving that the strange world of myth had suffered no loss of vitality during the centuries of reason and enlightenment. If metaphysical ideas no longer have such a fascinating effect as before, this is certainly not due to any lack of primitivity in the European psyche, but simply and solely to the fact that the erstwhile symbols no longer express what is now welling up from the unconscious as the end result of the development of Christian consciousness through the centuries. This end-result is true antimimon pneuma, *a false spirit of arrogance, hysteria, wooly-mindedness, criminal amorality, and doctrinaire fanaticism, a purveyor of shoddy spiritual goods, spurious art, philosophical stuttering, and Utopian humbug, fit only to be fed wholesale to the mass man of today. That is what the post-Christian spirit looks like." (Collected works, Jung, Vol 9, part II)*

Freaks, political and mystical, share a perception of the need for change in our society's concept of the supremacy and the self-sufficiency of the individual. Kepler and Copernicus took the earth out of the center of the universe, Marx depicted the individual acting out the role of his economically determined class, and Freud showed him the play thing of unconscious emotional affects. But there still remains, for Jung and anyone who constructs an argument, a belief in a fraction of ourselves that can be appealed to by reason, that can make moral choices. Jung devoted his life to carrying the candle, as he once dreamed the light of consciousness to be, forward in the storm of irrational forces that swirls about us and drives us forward Yet he also respected the inner winds as sources of life and energy, even meaning and purpose.

LSD users have often discovered the soothing effect of drawing and contemplating regular symetrical patterns that center on a dot and expand outwards into a circle within a square. This form often is found in the East; in India it is called a mandala. Jung found himself drawing mandalas when he was trying to come to grips with a flood of spontaneous visionary material that burst upon his own consciousness beginning in 1912.

'When I began drawing the mandalas, however, I saw that everything, all the paths I had been following, all the steps I had taken, were leading back to a single point — namely, to the mid point. It became increasingly plain to me that the mandala is the centre. It is the exponent of all paths. It is the path to the centre, to individuation.' (Memories, Dreams and Reflections)

Jung saw the mandala and the four-sided figure as symbolic of the unity of the whole self. He claimed that the Christian injunction that the kingdom of heaven is within you meant that we are carrying within us the four gated city. (Jerusalem, in Blake's imagery) the psychic concept of wholeness.

'During those years, between 1918 and 1920, I began to understand that the goal of psychic development is the self. There is no linear evolution; there is only a circumambulation of the self. Uniform development exists, at most, only at the beginning; later, everything points towards the centre. This insight gave me stability and gradually my inner peace returned. I knew that in finding the mandala as an expression of the self I had attained what was for me the ultimate. Perhaps someone else knows more, but not I'. (Memories, Dreams and Reflections)

Jung explored a symbolic material

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extensively throughout his career. He began with modern dream interpretation and gradually found parallels and aids to understanding dreams in the symbolism of astrology, Western and Chinese alchemy, Buddism, gnosticism, primitive religious and social structures. These systems all seek to encompass man's experience and relate it to the universe as a whole. They seek to protray oneness and completeness. They are the opposite of the compartmentalized Western classification systems that work so well in the natural science and leave us fragmented when we try to understand and find meaning in our lives.

A dilema invariable arises for the student of symbolism, the follower of psychic impulses. When he seeks to throw off his Western heritage, he is cut loose, adrift in a strange land where everything he reaches for turns to something else in his hands. Drug highs turn into downers; Eastern religions turn into warring factionalized cults, even rock and roll music turns out, on closer inspection, to be a vehicle for ego-trips and empty-headed repetitiousness

Although Jung cannot save us from the pursuit of illusions, he does point out the danger of venturing too far afield. He tells us in his autobiography (Memories, Dreams and Reflections) that all kept him sane during his own confrontation with the unknown fantasy world welling up within him was his solid domestic life and his professional work. Without them, he fears, he would have gone mad like Nietzsche. In his own analysis of patients, he often used Freudian and other well-known therapeutic techniques before moving onto his own 'individuation' process for confronting the unconscious. Some patients who did not have a predisposition towards encountering the inner world, he kept away from it. In fact, Jung coined the terms introvert and extrovert in his classic study of psychological types and their *a priori* orientations, introvert originally meaning the type of person oriented towards the inner world.

Jung found another aid to constructive encounters with the psyche, one known well to freaks working with his hands. The interpretation of one of his own dreams told him to build models in stone as he had done as a child. He did so, and found, for the rest of his life, a means of understanding himself and placing himself in the world in non-verbal fashion.

In modern speech we have taken fantasy to be something insubstantial and airy, ungrounded in experience and by nature untrue. Jung, and the freak of today (the freak from his gut reaction to growing up in a world that so deprecates imagination) would probably agree with Blake as he pictures this state of affairs.

"A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end,
Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination
(Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever.)"
(Jerusalem).

Jung found in his own life, and in that of his patients, that the unconscious fantasy products are a blend of creation and destruction, of wholeness and painful fragmentation. His therapeutic techniques were directed towards distinguishing the distortions that the absolute nature of the unconscious can produce (as in the case of hostility projections based on inner fears) from the images of healing and compensation that the unconscious can also produce. Jung seemed to see the unconscious as terrible and divine, absolute and yet able to be influenced by conscious moral choice. He painted a picture that unified the religious and cultural history of the world, East and West, with the experience of our own time.

An area of great interest today is Jung's investigation of parapsychology, the modern study of telepathy, prophecy, fortune telling, mind over matter, spiritualism, and other apparantly non-physical phenomena. Jung examined the uncanny appropriateness of the answers given by the Chinese fortune telling book, the *I Ching*, and he found astrology to sometimes have a close correspondance with life. In fact he employed both these tools, the I Ching and astrology, as diagnostic aids in analysis of his patients.
Jung chose not to understand these phenomena as presently unexplained but ultimately rationally explicable in terms of physical energies. Instead of searching for a causal relation that might transcend time and space (and such an explanation would be needed to explain precognition), he considered these events to be psychically related to the same process that creates fantasies in our minds. The laws of nature which are understood to be solely causally based would be amended by Jung to include the accidental variant, the chance factor, when we know without cause what has happened or what will happen somewhere. There is no cause and effect at all; the event and our fantasy (in dream or whatever) of it simply *mean* the same thing.
This is dealt with at length in Jung's essay 'Synchronicity: an Acausal Connecting Principle' (Volume 8, Collected Works). Jung tells us here that Richard Wilhelm translates Lao Tze's word 'Tao' (the name of the ineffable ground of the universe) as *meaning*. At this point in Jung's thought there appears to be an attempt to construct a unified picture of all experience, human and material. He postulates a relationship between the psychic world and all matter: not just that of the human brain. And what, in fact, is psychic life but the perception of meaning, the naming of the equivalence of concepts and fact?

It is hard to follow Jung here, but he seems to be pointing towards a comprehensive understanding of the universe. And that is what, I imagine, a great many of us (freaks of nature, every one of us) are searching for.

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TOTAL SECRET

1. YOUTH

The initial stage is to bring as many young people as possible within the range of Movement propoganda. This is not too difficult in London but is much more difficult in the provinces. It is therefore necessary to set up a continuing grass-roots structure. How can this be done? Rather than impose an organisation and personnel upon a community, it is preferable that local organisations be organic. However, it is necessary to identify potential community motivators. The following is a viable means of accomplishing this.

Stage One: Small advance team (5) of researchers spends at least two weeks in selected community in order to:
1) Prepare reports on dominant social attitudes and institutions in community; any dissenting organisations; attitudes expressed in local and school papers; attitudes and actions of local authority and police; social tensions expressed and submerged.
2) Book hall for concert on pre-selected date. Make arrangements for fly-posting and leafletting in advance of concert. Make arrangements for accomodation for concert and post-concert teams.
3) Percentage of tickets distributed free through local groups (if any). Balance sold at door (low price).

Stage Two: The concert: Rock groups with political content in music (although no to extent that music suffers). Movement speakers relating to general issues and local issues determined by research. Guerilla Theatre Groups. Literature. It is vital that the speakers be available to any local person who wants to speak with them. Of the persons who do want to discuss anything it should be possible to identify potential community motivators who will be invited to a small meeting to be held two days after the concert.

Stage Three: The day after the concert, the political group will discuss the reactions to the concert and the persons who have been invited to the small meeting. Two persons of this group will remain in the community for one week. Their purpose will be to establish contact through a series of small meetings with local people in order to
1) put information dissemination on a regular and established basis
2) encourage the formation of local dissent groups
3) work out support basis for establishment of groups. Particular encouragement is to be given to formation of local underground newspapers. Limited economic support is to be offered but not for less than three months. Local people are to be made to feel that they will receive support from established groups in London and other large centres and are to be invited to London for indoctrination (See *"Special Indoctrination for Community Motivators"*).

From the foregoing, it should be clear that this is an initial programme for establishing a communications network within the U.K. for the propogating of the underground values of dope, rock 'n' roll and fucking in the streets. This is backed up by the establishment of local groups who will necessarily come into confrontation with authority and through this experience become more committed. At this stage of committment, the values of a socialist and libertarian democracy will be logically and organically arrived at. In short, it is considered that a cultural revolution must precede a political revolution in this society. The social values of the bourgeois family structure must be attacked and destroyed in order to provide motivation for the supplanting of the capitalist system by a democracy of the people.

2. POLICE AND ARMED FORCES

(a) *Information Agency:* The agency will be responsible for the programme directed at the police and armed forces. Revolution can only occur when the government no longer can control the armed and police forces of the State. The Government is very careful to indoctrinate the members of these forces. It would be the function of the information agency to counter-act this indoctrination by regular mailing of radical and libertarian propaganda to Police Colleges and Armed Forces colleges. This can be presented as another point of view. There is no doubt that pressure would be put upon the agency by the authorities so care should be taken that no police action is possible either by reason of activities of agency personnel or by material being "obscene or indecent" under the Post Offices Act.

Demonstrations and other acts of Confrontation. (b) Demonstrations accomplish something simply by happening. They are evidence of dissent and help to keep social tension alive. The police over-react and the liberal is transformed into a radical. "A Yippie is a hippie who has been hit over the head by a policeman". The most important thing in a demo is to have as much media coverage as possible and to have our own cameras etc. Any violence should be pointed out as the direct result of unprovoked police attack. Care should be taken to get photographs of special group police in their busses before police attack and in action. If possible, the link up should be shown. (In static demos, the special group police will pick out the people they intend to attack and this is noticeable to anyone watching).

Financing Operations: (c) Every possible method of obtaining finance should be used. These include:
1) Donations from "liberals" for "liberal" operations. Money can also be siphoned off from these operations for other purposes.
2) Profits from dealing.
3) Profits from rip-offs books, records and cassettes etc . . .
In general, money should be obtained from operations that are in themselves revolutionary and righteous.
Bank robberies, etc. are not appropriate means of financing operations at this stage. However it must be emphasized that this is not for any reasons of bourgeois morality. When the stage of armed resistance to the incursions of the capitalist state upon the liberty of the people is reached, then armed robbery becomes not only appropriate as a means of finance but becomes a means of propoganda and encouragement in itself.

REPRO

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Alfred Barnet, Esq.
The Curzon House Club
20/3 Curzon Street
London, W.1.

Dear Mr. Barnet,

RESTAURANT COMPLEX - CREATIVE PROPOSITION

The object of my writing to you is to put on paper some creative thoughts which I have had regarding a new restaurant concept. I am working on these ideas in conjunction with a colleague of mine - Mike Savino, the ... of one of London's largest advertising agencies. You ... I have not become involved in preparing ... thoughts to you ...

RESTAURANT COMPLEX – CREATIVE PROPOSITION: The object of my writing to you is to put on paper some creative thoughts which I have had regarding a new restaurant concept.

RATIONALE: Looking at the London restaurant scene the general indications are that the Italian Trattoria situation has reached its zenith. The film world and the creative advertising community thrive on fantasy. We believe in this respect that it would be possible to create for these people a 'fantasy' restaurant/Night Club complex. I believe that if one can attract showbusiness, the heavy business/playboy element will follow.

FLUERS DU MALS: The creative theme which would be followed through in every aspect would be BLACK.

EXAMPLE: Extensive use of smoked galss, BLACK – leather, P.V.C., velvet, plastic, Coloured staff.

It is a fact proven by Mr Hugh Hefner's not inconsiderable success, that untouchable sex attracts men. I would not suggest that the girls who serve the customers should be dressed as bunnies. What I do believe is that we should have exquisite coloured 'waitresses', picked for their appearance and intelligence. Black Jack will be the house game. Only Black & White and Johnnie Walker Black Label Whisky will be served. All crockery and glass will be black. Wherever possible, black food will be served, i.e. Caviar, Coq au vin, Blackberry Sorbet, etc. etc. In the main restaurant I would like to see a cage built into the walls which would run completely round the restaurant. The cage would either be shielded from the restaurant by bars or two-way smoked glass. A black panther would circulate within this cage. There would be certain 'alcoves' which should be designed specifically for intimate conversation In these alcoves it would be possible to select the music which you require, either soul, pop or classical. Only black coffee will be served, with, of course, black sugar. There would be black soap, towels and paper in the totally black loos. Black velvet would be the house drink. If it was technically possible, the top floor of the complex should be devoted to an out-of-door situation. In other words, it would be a roof-top restaurant which could be opened to the stars during the summer by an automatically controlled sliding smoked glass roof. There would be a certain amount of black fauna and flora, with cages containing blackbirds, black macaws and maybe even black monkeys. I think it might well be amusing to have bats somewhere in the animal situation. We could also have black mambas and cobras.

PRIVATE ROOMS: Restaurants in the U.S.A. and France frequently have private rooms for hire. I suggest that Fleur du Mals should do the same. There might well be four or five of varying sizes all named after the Seven Deadly Sins – i.e. The Gluttony Room, The Greed Room, The Envy Room, etc.

THE BOARD: To pursue, or for that matter, emphasise any sort of negro involvement would be politically unwise. I feel, however, that it would be worth considering the appointment of one coloured Director. Berry Gordy (Motown) would be a logical choice.

JOINING GIFT: Members joining the club would receive a gift from the management. This would be a small piece of gimmickry. Gucci keyring specially designed, black writing paper with a white 'Pental', mildly erotic black giant sized postcards to send to their friends, giant black ashtray, Fleurs du Mals After Shave and toilet water for women. These might be sold together with soap, etc. within the club. Members would be sent presents on their birthdays. A black rose for the women, black pens for men.

BOUTIQUE: I believe also that we should include a boutique within the complex which would sell nothing but black clothes, shoes, hats, belts, etc., also specially designed and exclusively produced Fleurs du Mals merchandise, i.e. soap, after shave, etc.

THE BAR: Superb in every detail. Maybe coffins to sit around –certainly. Specially designed bar stools with backs like tractor seats.

OPENING PARTY: The publicity for the complex is self-generating. We would wish to publicise the complex on an international level, arranging in-depth pieces in the Sunday Times Colour Supplement and major international media. The theme that we would propogate is that Britain has produced an entirely new concept in today entertainment terms. This type of operation is basically something that could only really occur in Las Vegas. What one is saying in effect is that London has for some time been the international arbitor of 'fashion' and we believe that the town is sophisticated enough to accept such a revolutionary entertainment concept. One could, of course, devote ten pages to the publicity and launch of the club but at his point, this would seem superfluous. One would obviously invite every major coloured figure in the world to attend the opening and Ella Fitzgerald, for example, could arrive on a black horse. Only black cars would be allowed to park and everybody would be asked to dress in black. We would arrange for a heavy contingent of showbusiness personalities and international names. Obviously, when the complex was established and shown to be highly profitable and, as it were 'in the black', the formula could be extended to the North of England and rapidly developed in Europe. Membership, of course, would be difficult to obtain and extremely expensive.

Such a project is obviously going to cost. We have access to certain funds and I believe such a proposition might prove attractive to your company. I am confident that the finance aspect of this situation should not represent any particular problem but I would obviously welcome your views . . .

be difficult to ...

Such a project is obviously going to cost. We have access to ... funds and I believe such a proposition might prove attractive to your company. I am confident that the finance aspect of this situation should not represent any particular problem but I would obviously welcome your views...

Yours sincerely,

PETER JEEVES
DIRECTOR, CONSUMER & PRODUCT RELATIONS

Gandharva

from Hindu mythology means the celestial musician, and it's a score from a non-existent film.

Beaver & Krause

(Paid Advertisement)

A BIT OF THE OTHER

BIT INFORMATION SERVICE COMMUNITY MUSIC / BITMAN 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11 1BQ. 01-229 8219

BIT one of the first "underground help services" is still here, just about! It is still trying to be a 24 hour, 7 days-a-week information, crisis, advisory and referral service. It is trying to prove that it is possible for an organisation to be run without directors, figure heads, sleeping partners; without committees, "supervision, or controls. Apart from the 1000 people a week who make use of us, we are also still needed as a stimulus or spur to others to start similar organisations throughout this country and the rest of the world (the latest being in Auckland, New Zealand). We do this through our 'info sheets', BITMAN, benefit concerts and COMMUNITY MUSIC. Although broke ourselves,

"There is a convincing air of poverty about BIT, applying to both the place itself and the people who run it. The regular workers receive a token payment that is far below subsistence, they wear mostly clothes that they have been given and eat whenever food appears . . . "

from article by 'graham' in BITMAN 4.

we raised £508.90 last year for other "Community Aid Groups" (plus £510 for UCS).

"In trying to increase our sphere of communication we came in contact with BIT (London) who are invaluable to us. We began to feel part of a scheme of things. When we outlined our plans to BIT, they offered their support and ran a benefit concert for us, which provided £30 . . ." TOUCH (Dundee) info sheet, Dec 1971.

However, we are all two-way processes and *cannot give out more than is put in.* **If you would like info on a new film, play, a job, a flat, names of solicitors, doctors, dentists, info on communes, 'busts', alternative structures/newspapers/magazines etc . then unless** *someone else* **gives us this information and bread/money to pay our expenses, we won't be able to help you with your requests or be around when you need us.**

The 'alternatives' to our present society are (hopefully) based on respect of oneself and others, an increased sensitivity and awareness of the effect of one's actions/thoughts on others and *mutual self-help*. **Without the latter we have nothing.**

". . . SEARCH is a community project (NOT just "hip" underground trendies in the wake of OZ). . . One of my main arguments against the present "underground" is that it is very much a middle-class drop-out affair. I bleieve the notion "alternative society" is politically, culturally and sociologically a red herring: Radical Sub-Culture — Yes, hopefully!; Alternative Society — Not for a long, long time.

If present groups/organisations working towards improvement in social conditions can combine the HONESTY and AGGRESSIVE ENERGY of the working class with the INFORMATION and EDUCATIONAL BENEFITS so far restricted to the middle class, then we may have the beginnings of a new classless culture (RICHARD NEVILLE ON LATE NIGHT LINE UP—WHAT A FUCKIN JOKE!)

Many of the so-called "underground" elements are so obviously middle class and self-centered that they waste most of their time! Therefore for any COMMUNITY AID GROUP to concentrate on incense, pot, womens lib, communes, gay lib, Lord of the Rings, abortions etc etc without relating to the rest of the community would be negative and sad (and boring).

LIVERPOOL FREE SCHOOL is the way the "underground" should be going: we're all fuckin' people you know! All these factions eg. blacks, gay lib, womens lib, freaks etc miss one important point: that, although the system may indeed hit them in special ways, the repression/alienation is COMMON to everyone: EVEN yer so-called capitalist/pigs etc ie. EVOLUTION not REVOLUTION (revolution is out of the question, a meaningless word, except for self-deluded middleclass trendy radicals!)

PEOPLE NOT CATEGORIES!

RISE ABOVE THE CLASS SYSTEM!

Bernard,
Search, 93 Abingdon St,
Blackpool, Lancs.

We believe that with such support it is possible for Community Aid Groups to continue to:—

(a) set up housing and food co-ops, youth clubs, pre-school play groups, free schools, adventure playgrounds, clubs for the elderly, arts labs, street newspapers etc

(b) take over cinemas, theatres, youth clubs, church halls, and try to provide creative alternatives to the boredom and monotony of life that exists in so many of our cities.

All of these activities help improve the quality of life and help create a change in values that will hopefully make the functions of Community Aid Groups, as we know them today, superfluous.

However, without financial support, today's Community Aid Groups won't even get off the ground or will collapse when the first bills start coming in. IMPLOSION was, in the beginning, set up to provide such financial support,

"the Electric Cinema. . . was the first organisation that used a regular entertainment scene to raise bread to be given away. . . we wanted the profit to be kept moving in the community . a lot of bread was given away to existing scenes . . So I got £100 from the Electric to start a music/films/free market scene at the Roundhouse. I got a contract with them for 6 fortnightly concerts starting in June and called it Implosion — I wanted it to be a benefit for the people who came there by charging 7/6 a head and then to use the profit in the same way as the Electric. I contacted various agents, groups, etc., to suggest that the musicians might dig to play to a large audience that hadn't been screwed at the door — that the groups could make this possible by playing for expenses and good vibes . . . " — Roger Cross writing in IT/73, 12-25 Feb, 1970.

but like so many of our ideas/ideals 'Implosion' has slowly been taken over by the "new establishment" (Jeff Dexter, Ian Knight, Huw Price, Penny McLucas, Rufus Harris), who seem to care little about 'our' survival. We find, for esample, the "principal trio's" close involvment with the music/entertainment industry very, very, disturbing, especially in view of the amount of money/influence/power they now exercise over what was once "our" music scene: *Jeff Dexter*, **dj, manager of AMERICA (who record for Warner Bros), friend of Ian Samuels (producer at Warner Bros — which is part of Kinney . . . " which is owned by Kinney Holding Corporation, which has allegedly its board meetings with consecutive translations into Sicilian. — UPS Vol 2, no 18);** *Huw Price* **, part of NEMS agency with AMERICA/FAMILY etc on its books;** *Ian Knight*, **part of The Rainbow Theatre where 'Family' and 'America' recently played.** *Rufus Harris*, **who isn't disturbed by the trio's business interests but who did try (unsuccessfully) to prevent the new members of Release from discussing Implosion with Ian at BIT and finally** *Penny McLucas*, **about whom all we know is that she doesn't consider "us" worth circulating with Implosion hand-outs, "as we wouldn't believe them anyway!" Yet there was a time when Implosion was worried about the outside commercial interests of its working group and Roger Cross in particular:-**

". . . Another point that Roger raises that needs clarifying is the question of his working for another club as well . . . As contact with him might have yet further distractions, particularly as it would have been with a more commercial organisation." IMPLOSION reply to article by Roger Cross, IT/75 13-26 March, '70.

The irony is that Roger Cross now works for the Rainbow Theatre with Ian Knight!!

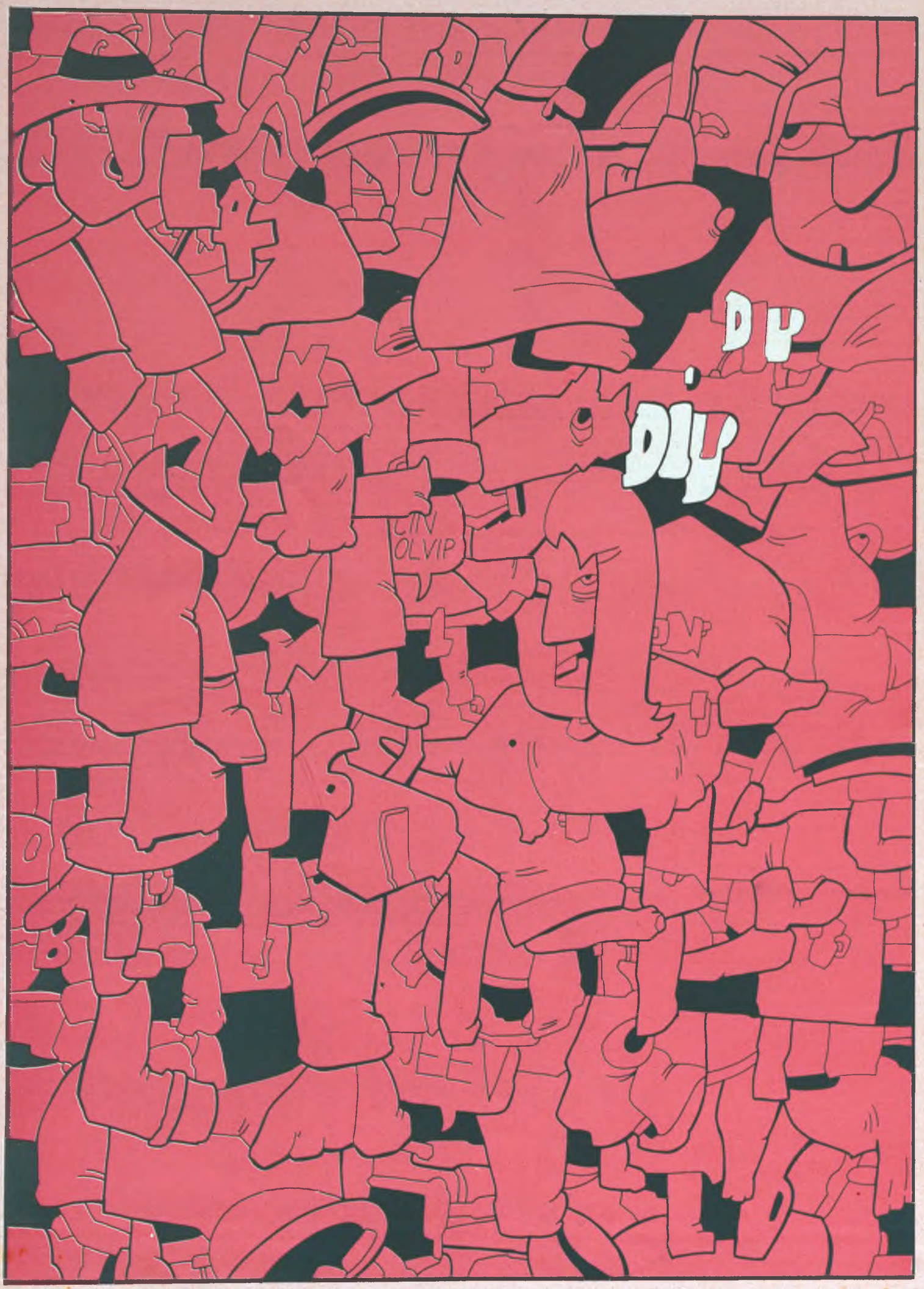
". . . (5) Politically, I think the concept of an 'alternative', underground' society is reactionary in that it by definition admits and accepts the existence of an establishment 'straight' society. It is elitist in many of its attitudes, bougeois in its self-conscious "separatism" from normal working class life, and anti-revolutionary in that it thinks alternatives can be set up *parallel to the establishment* — this is often an arty-farty dream — the establishment has the wealth and therefore the guns and will only tolerate alternatives as long as they are harmless and channel off otherwise militant energies (eg the fate of the 'alternative' in the Bogside).

Anyway, there's no reason why we shouldn't work in each others interests as long as we're careful to remember what those interests are . .

Mike Evans, MUSIC LIBERATION FRONT, 70 Huskisson St, Liverpool 8, Lancs.

We still believe that the original aims of 'Implosion' can be made to work for the benefit of Community Aid Groups and for that reason COMMUNITY MUSIC has been started from the 'ashes of Implosion'. COMMUNITY MUSIC will try to help musicians establish their independence and self-respect, at the same time getting a reasonable return for their creative activities. In this we will work closely with MUSIC LIBERATION FRONT and their anti—Agency; Colleges and Student Unions; as well as all other Promoters, Agencies and Record Companies who are prepared to give Community Aid Groups and musicians a 'fair deal'. Although we are not, at this stage, a management-agency, we will be happy to put promoters in touch with groups/agencies and vice-versa. At the moment we are looking for any "name" who would like to help us?

You can help now **by contacting us or your local 'aid group' and finding out what their needs are (at the moment BIT needs money — we only have enough left for another 6 weeks — cheap supplies of duplicating paper, stencils, envelopes, unused stamps, etc . . .) You can also support us by subscribing to BITMAN (25p/50¢ single issues, £1.20/$3 for six issues and supporting all COMMUNITY MUSIC concerts. A full list of 'Community Aid Groups' can be obtained from BIT (enc sae).**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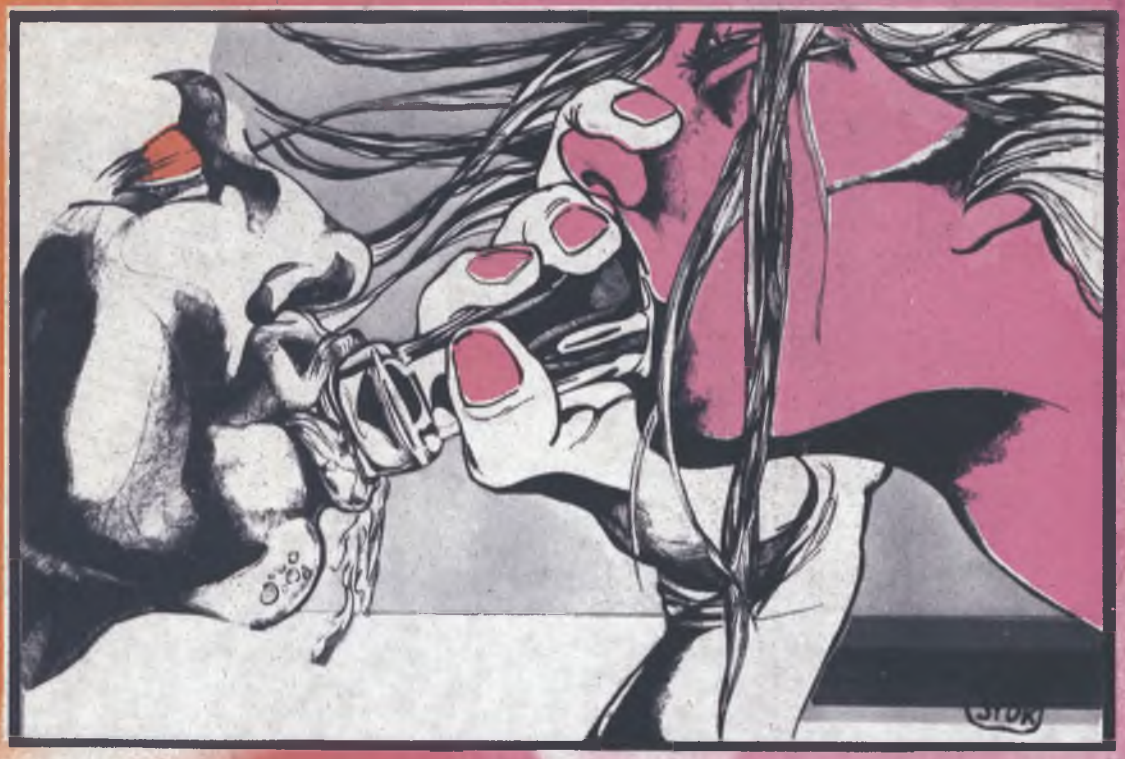
THINGS YOUR TEACHER 'FORGOT' TO TELL YOU

Dick Leitsch opens up the gay history book and discovers a few pages missing.



In the last days of the 19th Century, Prince Maximilian Egon zu Fustenberg gave a party for the other notables of the Second Reich. While the Kaiser sat in the seat of honour and watched, General Count Dietrich von Hulsen-Haeseler, chief of the Reich's military cabinet, danced into the room wearing a pink tutu and a rose garland in his hair. He pirouetted and swirled several times around the room to tremendous applause. Then, while taking his bows before the Kaiser's chair, he dripped to the floor, dead of a heart attack. Concerned "sister" carried him to his bedroom, where his body was left while the party continued downstairs.

The next morning the thought occurred to his friends that it just wouldn't be appropriate to bury a general of Max's rank in a pink tutu. Rigor mortis had already set in and it was reportedly quite a chore to get him out of the tutu and into his uniform. Everyone did agree, however, that he had danced "divinely".

At that time, the whole Second Reich was being run by a gay circle. They may not have run it very well, but they did a bit better than the predominately heterosexual Third Reich. The Kaiser was straight (though some say not), but his best friend, Prince Phillip zu Eulenberg, was sleeping with Count von Moltke, the military commandant of Berlin. Three Counts, all of the Kaiser's aides-de-camp, the Kaiser's private secretary and the court chamberlain were all gay. So were the King of Wuttenberg (whose lover was a mechanic), the King of Bavaria (in love with a coachman), and Lidwig Vicktor, the brother of the Emperor Franz Joseph, whose death helped start World War 1. Ludwig was madly in love with a masseur from Vienna who called him "Luzi-Wuzi".

Unless the school you went to taught history much differently than my school did, you probably weren't told all of this, and maybe even now you don't think it's very important. Maybe not, but it's no less important than information you were given, such as Catherine the Great's promiscuity, Louis XV's affairs, and the gossip of historians about whether or not Elizabeth I deserved the title of "The Virgin Queen". Rather than arguing over whether Lizzie had affairs with her men friends or not, it might be worthwhile to investigate whether she might have been a drag queen or a lesbian.

Homosexuals, like everyone else, need people to identify with. We need heroes, homosexuals who have "made it", to show what we can do if we try. We are doubly handicapped in the search: first, many of those who could qualify as gay heroes cop out by being closet queens, and secondly, when a homosexual does make it, the world that has accepted him prefers to ignore or deny his homosexuality. Gertrude Stein is an example. She lived openly with her lover, Alice B. Toklas, for many years. She had many admirable traits. She practically discovered Picasso and most of the other greats of modern art, and she almost invented modern American writing. While she did write and publish a not very good lesbian novel, her later poetry, plays, novels and short works directly or indirectly influenced every great American writer of the last thrity or forty years.

Now she and Alice are both dead. The Museum of Modern Art wants their fabulous collection of paintings and Miss Stein's writing is constantly coming back into vogue. Books and articles about these two groovy girls are constantly being published, but most of them ignore the central facts of their lives; their homosexuality and their love for one another. Poor Alice, devoted lover, has been relegated to various roles by these biographers, roles ranging from "secretary" to "companion" to "housekeeper".

We need heroes to show what members of our group can achieve and to serve as models for the young. Increased interest in homosexual heroes and homosexual history would help solve the identity crisis so many homosexuals feel by bringing home the realization that we are not "freaks", but part of a group that has always existed and contributed its bit toward civilization and culture.

But such an interest would do far more than just help homosexuals make a better adjustment. Many in the straight world like to believe that we are some sort of strange eruption on the face of the earth that will just vanish if they close their eyes and wish hard enough. Others think they can solve the "problem" of our existence with more laws, more police, more harassment.

A study of history would show them that their approach has been tried since the Jews first got back from the Babylonian Captivity and it hasn't worked yet. The Chicago cops think the way to deal with homosexuals is to constantly raid gay bars. The first such raid I ever heard of was staged in London in 1820, and those arrested were paraded through the streets and pelted with garbage. Over the years, the means of raiding bars and the punishments have changed, but gay bars have outlasted all of the laws and enforcers of the law.

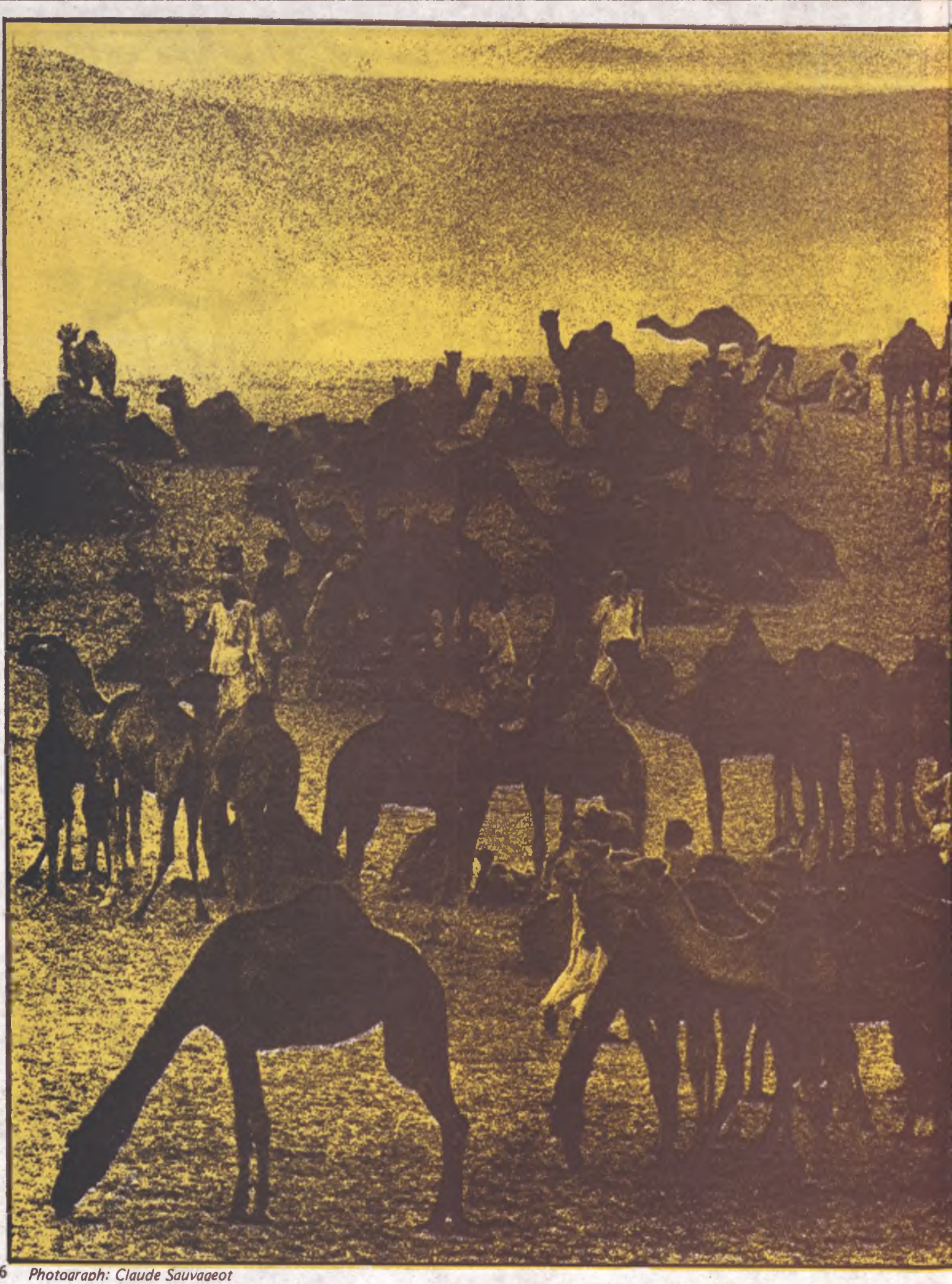
Voltaire lived near a cruisy street in Paris, and was curious about the homosexuals he saw. He and a friend decided to get blow jobs one night, and did, later comparing notes. A few weeks later, Voltaire met his friend, who said he had tried it once again. Voltaire cautioned him: "Careful, my friend. One time a searcher for knowledge; twice, a sodomist!" If street cruising has been going on that long, can anyone believe a little more harassment now will make any difference?

Straights point with scorn at drag queens and flamboyant types, and they seem to love to ridicule homosexual in-fighting. What if they knew that one of the first governors of New Amsterdam was a full-fledged drag queen (his portrait, in drag, hangs in the N.Y. Historical Society Museum). Who could be more flamboyant than Jean Cocteau, Oscar Wilde or poor Richard II? And as far as bitch-fights are concerned, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo carried on one that would put "The Boys In The Band" to shame!

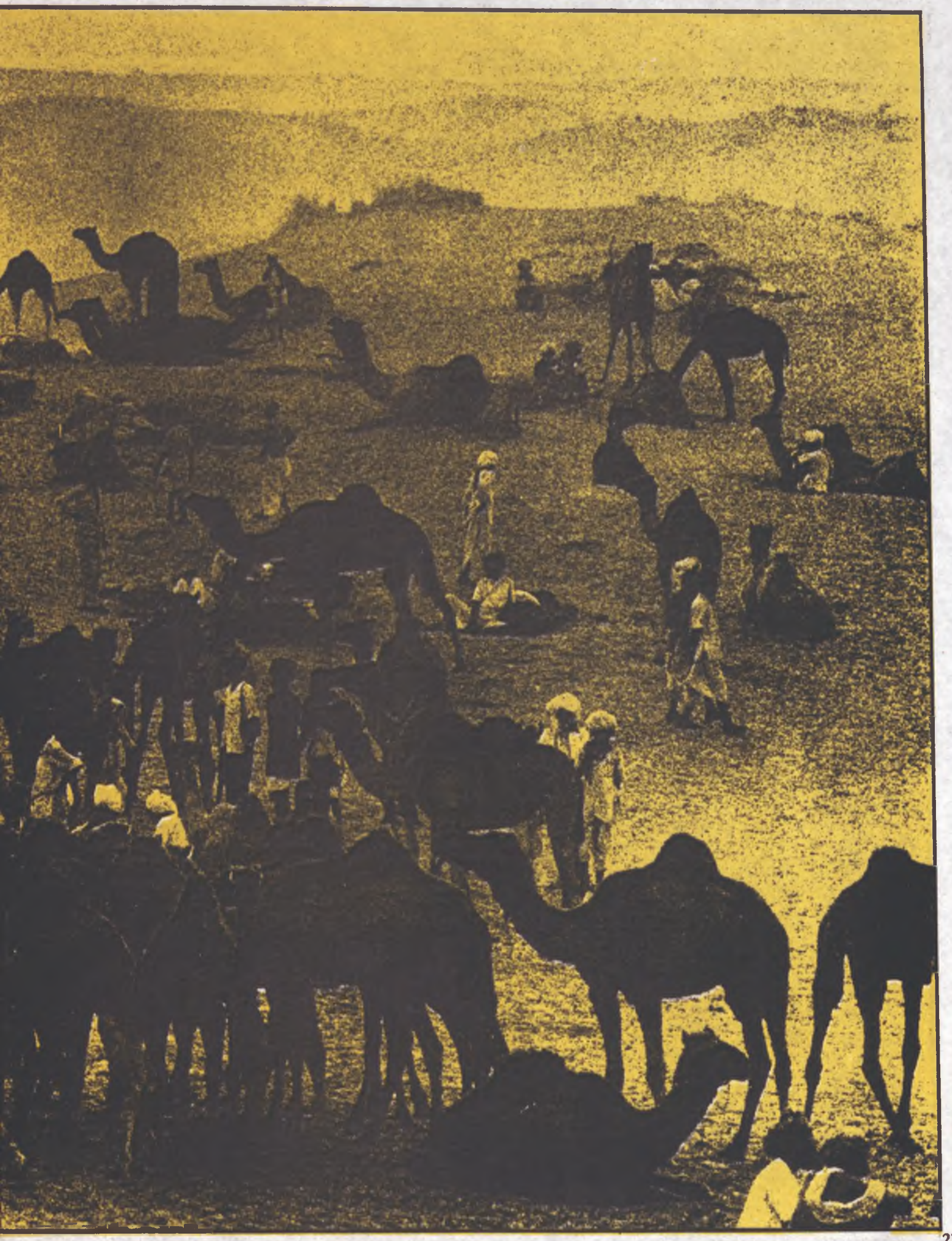
Promiscuity and "trade" are nothing new, either. Giovanni Bazzi was so lecherous that history has almost lost his real name, and even the most uptight scholars and art historians refer to him as "Il Sodoma", nickname he picked up because of his favourite pastime. Richard Wagner was happy enough to play "trade" to Ludwig of Bavaria, who helped him get started in the music business.

Not all gay historical figures have been praiseworthy. Some of the gay Popes were particularly awful, and it is rumored that Goering was gay. As straights have to acknowledge Hitler, Stalin, Eichmann and other unpleasant types, so I suppose we can afford to admit to the skeletons in *our* closets.

Schools offer courses in American History, parochial schools provide religious history, and there are courses for Negroes to learn of their backgrounds and traditions. But nobody could teach homosexual history, even if Yale wanted to offer a course and William Buckley would permit it. There simply are no books and no experts. Homosexual organizations and the gay press must encourage such studies. Until we find our past, we won't have much future.



 Photograph: Claude Sauvageot



Leary in Limbo Limbo! Limbo!

Chris Hardy reviews Timothy Leary's "Jail Notes" *(Douglas Books – cheap)*

Leary made a noise once, and as a consequence got busted twice, ending up in jail on a twenty year "political" sentence. He has since escaped and had various diversions in Africa and Europe, but while in jail he put this book together, 'Jail Notes'

Everyone knows something about him, the acid freak who believed in his acid experience, as against his (then) habitual one, and who, with the aid of his (then) station in life, persevered in publicising this chemical plus accompanying rituals, cosmic order and delights until he disappeared from the public ear. He is one of that group of Americans (Olson and Watts are others) who, through a combination of academic knowledge and status with a romantic myth-hungry imagination, succeed in roaming the world, pockets and heads loaded, absorbing a thousand cultures and writing a book a year, in order that we may listen to and maybe even believe in, their words.

Like Ginsberg in his introduction Leary seems a bit old fashioned sometimes. He continuously argues his attitude, that is, his religion, however secretly, and marshalls the facts and authorities from his voluminous and flashing brain. However again like Ginsberg, he has a powerful, intelligent energy pushing his words out, and one reads them easily, joyfully even, sometimes. 'Jail Notes' contains a load of anecdotes, quotes (prison records, bible, C. Wilson mostly) and sermons, from various of the seven jails he mentions being put in. Concluding the book are two chapters, one about the Joujouka tribal bands of Morocco, and the other about tripping with his wife Rosemary. The former is an adulation of Morocco, and in particular of the stoned drummers, flute players and one knock-out fiddler of the Joujouka tribe, who can now be heard on record, produced by the late Brian Jones. These people are, naturally enough, very appealing to Leary, and, by appending these ecstatic words to the quite different, staccato, notes from jail we get a heavier effect from both. The Joujouka, with their abidance by kif, Pan and rhythm music, have an "Imprint system" which Leary (as he sees it) had to find for himself, using acid to dynamite the ground layer of karmic and environmental habit/dross. The Moroccan trip also includes vignettes that 'place' Leary; he spends his time drifting from one Burroughs/Brion Gysin scene to another.

For the prison section Leary uses a, sometimes rather fey, Berrymanesque style. The detailed reproduction of action, filtered through this vocabulary, often makes for active and enlivening communication: There are many different stories – of crowds, games, people, incidents, and of jail; "Heavy metal gloom overhangs this griefy place. Guards walk through it grimly, coughing filter cigarette smoke forty hour week. Faces not happy". The ideas and lectures and advice, on acid, on ontology, society and all the rest, are packed down amongst the people, so that the crowded life of mind and skin, behind bars, gets over.

Leary has always been an 'acid saddhu' (as against your ordinary acid head); a teacher of a sort of esotericism now widely popular, drawing on everything from the Vedas, Zen and Blake to nuclear physics: a man who got such a 'religious' hit off acid that he was adapted sufficiently to deal with the moody, up and down nature of all dope. Its good to read ancient and sacred thoughts again. Even though Leary has his own form of the soteriological systems, he has the words at his finger-tips, and gets it down clearly. The image of jail is the image of man's primary experience of life; one of limitation. Leary puts the case for his somewhat notorious key to this cage with the conviction of a doctor who believes in a biochemical one, and an individual drug cure for each personality. Acid changes the senses and inhibits habitual reactions or knowledge. Thus the blinkers of Karma and viewpoint are broken. He's a Bhakta, a body freak, a love freak, finding numerous delights along his rosy path to Liberation. Though he espouses Zen he also grasps, holds and preaches, chemical categories, a sort of empirical mysticism come alchemy: He enjoys personal existence and is happy to believe in definitions, and cures. The book, being broken up into three, is a set of images which work together like a poem, emanating the feeling of Leary's consciousness. It's a mysterious effort and the subject and purpose is an emotional and spiritual one, with no exhortations to arms. There are also beautiful things to sense, good things to think, and some amazing stories.

Kinuko Craft

"Up Your Alley, Tariq"

Schradan Giftgas reviews Tariq Ali's new book, "The Coming British Revolution" *(Jonathan Cape 95p)*

It's rather a gruesome task to have to review Tariq Ali's "The Coming British Revolution". First and foremost because it means you have to read it, and secondly because putting down Tariq Ali is an easy and socially acceptable pastime, for a variety of incorrect and unpleasant reasons.

Since the days of the V.S.C. Mr Ali has been ridiculed and lampooned from many quarters; Private Eye's Tariq Ali Baba, to the Grove Graffiti "Tariq Ali is Vanessa Redgrave in drag" (which is a mortal insult to transvestites). But in the majority of cases the racism lying behind the criticism is extremely thinly disguised; there may even be "Englishman, Irishman and Tariq Ali" jokes for all I know. To be a Pakistani Trot in public stirs up all sorts of insect life.

So to avoid miscontructions I shall limit my criticism to T.A. as a member and spokesman of the International Marxist Group. In any case to judge from the book, that covers 99% of him, it reads as if it were ghost written by Mandel.

The book starts from the premise that the capitalist world is today in a state of pre-revolutionary crisis and that revolution is on the cards again for the first time since 1945. Very true, but it's probably the only true observation in the book. Given the truth of its premise, the only sound reason for writing such a book is to make a contribution to the understanding of our situation; some theoretical, strategic and tactical suggestions that might help in the making of a world revolution, and avoiding past "mistakes".

Instead we are treated to a complete run down of one of the old brands of Trotskyism (I.M.G.'s brand) complete with the sordid history of the collapse of the Trotskyist International, and the ritual denunciation of the other brands (I.S. and the S.L.L. in this country). To be sure he is less (though only slightly less) jargon ridden than many of his comrades; and he doesn't have the philistinic approach of so many Trots. He is perceptive and articulate on several points, but the sum of these parts is that same "brand of practical and theoretical impotence" of which it has been said "Forty years of counterrevolution separate these groups from the Revolution since this is not 1920 they can only be wrong (and they were already wrong in 1920)."

In the chapter on "The New Youth Radicalization" he concentrates solely on the student movement of the '60's and on the V.S.C. No mention of youth subcultures, the Underground, skinheads because they're not a political phenomenon. And earlier on in the book he states that the "British Bourgoisie could not survive for long unless it dominated a significant section of (the working class) ideologically."

The point that the British Working Class is dominated mainly by its *own* ideology of the family, which disarms it politically by reflecting it's aspirations *within the family*, escapes him. As does the fact that the whole "youth problem" the subcultural crisis, is part of the collapse of this ideology, and that to politicize subcultural revolt will be a most important step in breaking the *political* domination of middle class ideology.

It seems that the present state of dissarray among the "Underground" Left is going to bring flocks of Leninist vultures to pick the carcass and offer goodies like a national or even international organization, committees, membership cards and all to the poor lost lambs. If we can't produce our own effective non-hierarchical organizations then perhaps we deserve it.

Whatever happened to the Oz school kids, those debauched and depraved moppets who conspired to produce Oz 28? Have they now sunk into a life of sin and shame, become the lost souls that the moral fascists of England assume they and every child in the country would become once tainted with Oz. What particular bogeyman of our bourgeoise society has grabbed them. How many are vegetables, pimps, junkies, prostitutes, homosexuals, criminals? How many have tried to commit suicide, how many have syphillis, tried to fly from an upstairs window. How many have had to be placed in Brostal, prison, homes of correction, or mental hospitals. How many are dead? Two of them, whom we see quite frequently, Viv Berger and The Incredible Bradford, did a quick check, the results of which, apart from the fact that they are all probably seasoned dope smokers, would surely gladden the heart of Mary "I think the sentences were about right" Whitehouse. They are all alive and well and functioning in a sensible manner. One is doing an early morning bread delivery, another has joined the civil service. Robb Douglas is doing social work, several are still at school, being prefects and doing A levels, others are at University or Art School. Trudi, who wrote Week-End Drop-Out, penned us a little note: "Sure I sympathise with much of what the Underground press stands for. But as for Oz, its guiding principle has always been fuck for fuck's sake, rather than for anything more valuable. Entertaining, amusing it may frequently be, but artistically, politically etc it has always been pretty non-constructive. It's a nice hippies comic, but I'd like to think there's more to the world than comics."

Charles Shaar Murray who was side swiped by Judge Argyle for calling Led Zeppelin fuck music, has become one of the props of the London music press, being a contributing editor of Cream and a writer of an endless stream of record reviews and articles for Oz, Ink, and IT as well as working on a couple of rock books and completing a journalist's course at Harlow Tech. Steve Lavers is trying to start up a magazine and all of them in fact, seem to be continuing to display the energy and initiative which brought them to Oz in the first place. As for Viv, cross fertilizer of Rupert Bear and Robert Crumb, he is swimming prominently in the uneasy sea of Children's Rights ("Children are not allowed any representation in the system — why should they obey any of its laws?) Bradford, who wrote Headmaster of the Year, has become a well-known underground personality. His name frequently appears in IT and Styng, and one day, if he manages to get his facts just a little straighter, will make a good gossip columnist.

Acid is still with us in case you had forgotten — the following incident and plea will bring a sentimental tear and a sigh to your mandraxed cheeks;

Dear Brothers and Sisters,
I have been busted with what eventually may prove to be 1400 tabs of LSD. This is a simple appeal for help and courage. I shall be fighting the case on a basis of no guilty intent, that this is a matter of conscience in which I believe acid is a holy sacrament which greatly assists the individual in cleansing himself of selfishness and the various million inhibitions bestowed upon us by an authoritarian, moralistic society. I shall be calling sufficient evidence to show that I was not motivated by personal profit but lived as an equal in a commune where the ambition was the growth of the commune, giving substance to an alternative society . . . Bill Dwyer.

Early this year twenty one persons — eight women and thirteen men — met at 40E Holland Road, W.14. to discuss how best to bring some substance to the ideal of a free, co-operative and loving way of life in which, in varying degrees, they had believed. They decided that, in a voluntary and optional manner, they would contribute half of what they earned to establish as soon as possible communes — in both city and country — to cater for the different and varying aspirations of all. All were conscious that this was no opting out of society but, rather, a serious effort to play a part in the new civilisation which has already

inspired thousands of people in the United States and elsewhere.

This revolutionary togetherness arose out of the bust in the commune on the 28th December last. We had been criticised some time previously by a friend from California who said that with all the thousands of freaks in England no serious effort seemed to be attempted to care intimately for one another, to provide a viable alternative to the coercive and insensitive society in which we still live. Our friend brought with him a quantity of sunshine acid which was light years ahead of anything we had ever had before. Acid made to one standard — perfection, acid made on a commune which was part of a growing brotherhood of hippies, acid made with love. Some of us soon discovered the true use of LSD — that it is a tool but not an end. Like a hatchet you may, correctly used, chop wood or, carelessly used, chop off your foot. Acid is a love machine, helps people to turn on to life. But love needs people and acid is valuable in turning people on to one another. Particularly in view of the tremendous breakthrough that is necessary to reject conventional society with its selfishness, anti-life philosophy and corruption from the cradle (the mother slapping baby's hand after it plays with its sex organs, for example) We don't think we are going to have any easy victory with the forces we are struggling against but we do think we can start now building a decent and beautiful society for our kids and ourselves to live in. Anyone who wishes to discuss these matters with us is welcome to call at the address above named . . .

Bill is calling for people who will witness as to the beneficial effect of acid on their lives. Anyone interested call at or write to 40E Holland Road, London W.14. Tel: 602 4027.

David Solomon also, is interested in accounts of how acid and grass, particularly the latter, etc have increased your capacity for work or pleasure in work, or interested you in new forms of constructive activity of whatever sort. Write to him c/o OZ. If you don't want to use your name, anonymously.

While we were in the midst of moving furniture and unsold back issues at INK the other day, a Jesus freak materialised on the stairs. He had the well scrubbed look of the fanatic or Mormon and it quickly came out that he was on the other side of the barricades at the Festival of Light. He and others of his group wanted to have a revolutionary chat with Oz staff over lunch some time, to discuss ways of understanding each others position. I often get the impression that these radical right wing Christians who appear so frequently these days wanting to turn us on to the Lord and thus help us in our predicament, are really desperately pleading for us to help *them* . . . never has Christian inferiority complex been bigger, and the Jesus freaks are the most extreme manifestation of this neurosis. His eyes pleaded love, sympathy, understanding and masochism. I could find nothing pleasant to say to him so he probably enjoyed the conversation. He didn't agree that the words of St Paul had brought more misery to the world than the words of any other single man — that as a homosexual I had nothing to thank the Christian religion for — that the bible's absurd teachings on love and marriage ran contrary to human beings natural feelings and desires — he did say that he had been a homosexual once. Once? Had he then undergone aversion therapy? No, a conversion experience, whatever that was. And now he was a happy heterosexual? Yes. And that was better? Oh yes. Ho hum. I'm not interested in helping Christians. They will have to start up their own liberation front.

FREEDOM, the Underground rent-a-revolution co-ordinating and help service has moved from its pretty house in the country at Ascot, to another pretty house in the country, location top secret. Stan the Man still has his finger firmly on the button and remains the most dynamic man in the business. For ANY revolutionary problem just contact the boys at FREEDOM. Write to 39 Balderton Brown Hart Gdns London W1 for Seamus Brady's Arms and the Men, the inside story of one of the more sordid episodes leading up to the current Ulster crisis. Enc 50p + p & p.

Pictured below is the cover of the last OZ, carefully disguised as a San Francisco comic book. Thousands of potential readers were deceived by this device and the results of the deception now lie stacked up in the corner of our new offices in the INK building at 19 Great Newport Street. Anyone who thought that Oz 39 hadn't appeared yet, turn to our

subscription and back issues page and get your copy of the tackiest Oz in years, before they're pulped. I hear that Oz has at last been accepted in several prisons as suitable cell reading matter — Oz 39 has made an appearance in gaols as far apart as Pentonville and Parkhurst, being allowed in by the screws under the mistaken belief that it was a horror comic.

We apologise for the increase in price. For your extra five pence you get sixteen more pages of a sort, and less advertising. What you will get for your extra bread next time I scarcely dare to contemplate.

After many letters of protest which cast doubts upon the credibility of Dr J his column has been temporarily shelved while he reads up on his medical textbooks and Marjorie Proops. An extract from Michael Ginley's letter follows:

Dr J diagnoses a fissure in ano — by post this time — in a female sodomist, before covering himself by suggesting syphilis or constipation as possible alternatives to account for bleeding from the rectum. In all cases where blood issues from the body orifices — whether the anus, penis, vulva, mouth, nose, ear or eye, A DOCTOR MUST BE CONSULTED AT ONCE. *Internal bleeding can arise for many reasons and no chance*

should ever be taken with this symptom. Notwithstanding the patient's sexual predispositions in this case the bleeding could also arise from untreated haemorrhoids or even carcinoma of the colon and in the latter case particularly rapid attention by experts is essential.
I take the most violent exception to Dr J's advice that this patient should apply anaesthetics to this bleeding as all these do in isolation is to paralyze the symptom whilst allowing the condition to fester merrily away. Stud aerosol in particular is only a mild anaesthetic and contains nothing in the way of antiseptic or antibiotics, it is purely for desensitising the glans penis to prolong sexual intercourse.
. . . The piece about VD is completely erroneous being nothing but complete bullshit from start to finish and containing not a word of truth. First of all syphilis is not particularly rare and along with non-congenital urethritis, gonorrhoea and infestation (crabs etc) its treatment constitutes the bulk of the venerologist's work. Secondly, the disease is usually passed about in ordinary intercourse and not by sodomy though it is true that one can get syphillis of the rectum. It can in fact turn up anywhere that the conditions of warmth and moisture are available — the mouth is another possibility as a result of fellatio or cunnilingus. The most serious VD is the incurable lymphogranuloma inguinale which is viral, two more types called granuloma and chancre are pretty bad but bacterial and curable — once diagnosed and this ain't easy at all — with antibiotics. There is a suggestion that these three last are mainly passed about by sodomists because only men seem to get them! So I think I'd be inclined to rank syphilis after these three in terms of danger . . . There is however rather too much distortion and misinformation in the straight press these days without having some in Oz as well!

Those people who wrote in about bad trips and difficulties encountered after smoking, I suggest you contact Release, or wait until the Dr J column is resumed.

Jim Anderson

After some nagging from friends, I went to the last performance of Lindsay Kemp's "Turquoise Pantomime" at the Mercury Theatre. I wish I had gone earlier and had seen it a number of times. "Turquoise Pantomime" originated at the Edinburgh Festival in 1967 when it was taken off after playing for three performances to audiences counted on the fingers of one hand. Remember 1967? We weren't ready for this show then but it sure hits home now. The show is an acid-sexual trip that attacks and involves the audience. The effect is that of Performance, Isle of Wight and Walt Disney rolled into one. Kemp purses his lips and becomes an obscene Donald Duck tarted up in an old Harlequin costume. He pirouettes across the rubbish strewn stage and decaying Venice makes its last final plop into the oil-slicked non bio-degradable sea. In "Aimez Vous Bach", he gives his heart to the audience and then increasing the subtlety to Angry Brigade proportions, hands out his liver pancreas kidneys and shit filled bowels. We took his heart; can we reject the rest of the pulsating system that supports our romantic fantasies?
All this is done in mime. Kemp supplies the broad strokes and you add the details. The audience is involved and creating what is going on in a fashion seldom experienced God gets a going over in "Adam and Eve" in such a way that if He had any humanity, He would break up with laughter and admit He was wrong.In "Lady Burlesque", *we* get a going-over for our sexual attitudes and while it is hilarious, every male chauvinist should feel his cock shrivel up and surrender.
The whole thing is, of course, very homosexual, sort of an acid-queen version of Time Out (if you know what I mean). Kemp is supported by Orlando just in case anyone is not afraid of Virginia Woolf. Orlando is a middle-aged, hairy, bald chorus girl with torn black-net stockings, a fixed smile and strangely penetrating eyes. I found out later that Orlando is blind. Well, his blind eyes help other people to see. "If I could imagine Jean Gent in gender-fuck drag, it would be Orlando", said Jean-Paul Sartre.

For some time, I've been hoping someone would come up with a British version of the "Cockettes". This is it, only better and more acid and not so nembutal. The troupe is off to Glasgow to do "Salome". When they return in a few weeks, I want to see them again.

Warren

The Students Advice Movement has been set up as a medium for all youth organisations to work with and through. We also want contributors in and out of school for finance and support in numbers. We hope to have one or two contributors in each school to form a committee who will receive information and literature to be distributed (to you). The way we hope to do this is to have an office where people can ring for information and advice once we are on our feet. Hopefully we will start a library available for everybody to use, and a magazine run by you. For the present (and we hope for a short) time we are operating via post . . . S.A.M., c/o INK, 19 Gt Newport Street, London WC2 H7JE.
You don't have to be a student to dislike the mass produced child our schools despatch. PLEASE CONTRIBUTE in facts and money. We have no money but during the next month we hope to raise enough to pay for our own offices. What we really need is your help. Remember we cannot give more than you put in. Become involved and although there are no membership fees try hard to give what you can or anything you think will raise money — 'Miss a meal for SAM'.

Is it rolling Ken? *A tip of the hat and a fond farewell to former OZ man Ken Petty who died in Morocco late last year.*

IT's Nasty Four, Joy Farren, Paul Lewis, J. Edward Barker and Mick Farren, should be getting *their* turn at titillating the Old Bailey sometime soonish. Their comic book Nasty Tales No 1, the perverse object in question, is even now dragging them through the due and infinitely tedious process of the law. All of which costs plenty — so all donations gratefully received by IT at 11a Berwick St., W1.

fuck (fŭk) *v.* **fucked, fucking, fucks.** —*tr.* **1.** *Vulgar.* To have sexual intercourse with. **2.** *Vulgar Slang.* To deal with in an aggressive, unjust, or spiteful manner. **3.** *Vulgar Slang.* To mishandle; bungle. Usually used with *up.* —*intr.* **1.** *Vulgar.* To engage in sexual intercourse. **2.** *Vulgar Slang.* To meddle; interfere. Used with *with.* —*n.* **1.** *Vulgar.* An act or instance of sexual intercourse. **2.** *Vulgar Slang.* A partner in sexual intercourse. [Middle English *fucken*; a Germanic verb originally meaning "to strike, move quickly, penetrate" (akin to or perhaps borrowed from Middle Dutch *fokken*, to strike, copulate with); details uncertain owing to lack of early attestations. See **peig-** in Appendix.*]

The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Houghton Mifflin, 1969

"IT'S O.K. HARRY,
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW
IT'S GONE"

MISCELLANEOUS SHIT

BACK ISSUE EXTRAVAGANZA

The following issues are available in very limited numbers only. First come, first served. There will be no second chances.
The scarcity of these issues will necessitate a certain price rise: they will cost 50p per copy, plus 3p Postage and Packing each. Please realise that there are literally only tens of each issue, and the first letters in will get what copies there are. Please mark on your voucher an alternative choice in case stocks have run out.

OZ 2: Interview with Mark Lane; saggy British boobs. (Purists and/or puritans must forgive the sexist aberrations of early issues.)

OZ 4: Solden gold triple cover by Michael English; Martin Sharp Tarot cards.

OZ 5: Flower power strikes! The gigantic poster that almost broke the company.

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OZ 21: Eight page comic freakout, with an ad on the front cover.

OZ 22: 'The most suave OZ ever'. Final Martin Sharp cover.

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OZ 25: Hippie Atrocities. Wallow in filth as Leper rapes Virgin. 60 packed pages.

You've read about it! You've heard about it! You've battled for it int the streets! But have you actually read it?
In a humiliating scene last month Scotland Yard's Obscenity Squad finally returned the last remaining copies of OZ 28 — the Schoolkids Issue, the mag that cost the British taxpayer £100,000.

We Cannot Send This Issue Through The Post Under Any Circumstances.

However, even the ludicrous provisions of the Obscene Publications and Post Office Acts cannot prevent OZ 28 being legally and freely obtained by anyone who cares to come to our office and get it.
Notoriety, rarity and kindred events have inevitably upped the price of this issue: For longhairs, freex and the ideologically sound the mag will cost 50p. For academics librarians and wholesale dealers in pornography there will a be charge of £1.
Hurry, hurry, get yourwhile the stocks last!!!

For those who are wondering why, in the midst of this avalanche of back issues, the usual offers of books, T-shirts and other paraphanalia are conspicuous in their total absence, here is an explanation:
Our Mail Order Dept has reached more than capacity as it deals with mounds of letters all requesting something from the stores. To give them a chance to catch up with the backlog, and more especially to ensure that no-one who writes in is dissapointed, there will be a Mail Order Moratorium for this issue.
Those who are awaiting their goods, please bear with us; those who want to grab T-shirts, badges or whatver, please wait till OZ 41, hot from the presses in March, when the regular servicd will be resumed.

The issues listed below are all available in relatively unlimited supplies. A snip at their unique bargain price, each of these OZes can be yours for a mere 20p, plus another 3p for Postage and Packing.

OZ 18: Tabloid format — It's Fingerlickin' Good. Yippie Report.

OZ 19: Groupies. Dr G probes Viv Stanshall. the first English appearance of Dylanology.

OZ 20: Hells Angels. The author of this piece is still in hiding.

OZ 24: The Beautiful Freaks and Honeybunch Kaminski — the real little yummy herself.

OZ 26: Candy Darling and Hollywood's best hung stud.

OZ 27: Acid OZ. The mindbending facts.

OZ 29: Female Energy. Germaine and cohorts parade their thing — when she still had balls.

OZ 30: Fun, Travel and Adventure.

OZ 31: Yippies. Richard Neville pontificates, in the days when he too still had balls.

OZ 37: Double pack — Angry and Horny.

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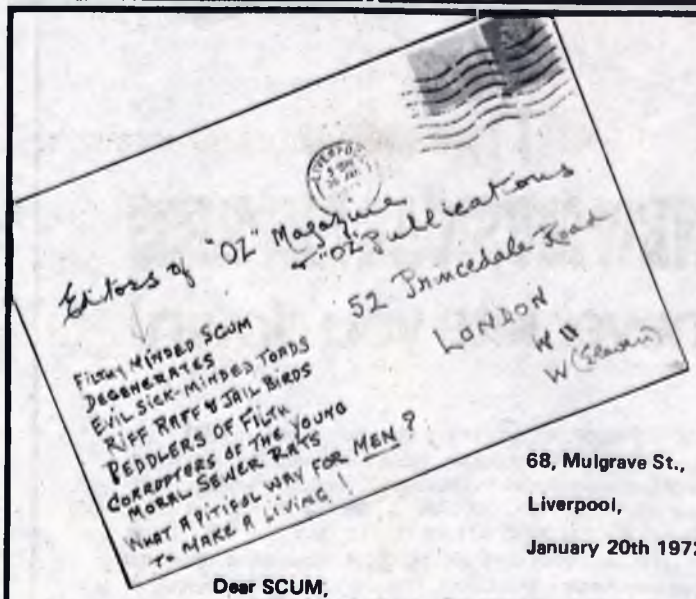

68, Mulgrave St.,
Liverpool,
January 20th 1972.

Dear SCUM,
Just a bit of advice. Get some lavatory paper, some strong carbolic soap and try *hard* to clean your foul and filthy minds. It will be a hard job, but try and persevere.
With utter disgust Leo Gradwell.

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PENGUINS

recommend to OZ readers a selection of recent titles

Firstly, two film tie-ins just hitting the London scene: **A Clockwork Orange** by Anthony Burgess (25p) and Alexander Solzhenitsyn's **One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich** (25p). Then we should mention that the reprint of **The Life and Times of Private Eye** 1961-71 edited by Richard Ingrams (£1.50 , Allen Lane The Penguin Press hardcover £2.50) is now available in response to huge demand. Mervyn Peake joins Penguins again with his comic novel **Mr Pye** (40p) and Graham Greene is on fine form in **Travels With My Aunt** (35p). George Melly records the whole pop scene in **Revolt into Style** (40p) while Jack Kerouac's classic **On the Road** (40p) charts the beat generation's beginnings. In rather more serious vein is John Hersey's unforgettable narrative **Hiroshima** (30p), built round the experiences of six survivors of the holocaust, now reissued in Modern Classics.

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The new New Musical Express

THE KINKS

Charles Shaar Murray

MUTANT BRITISH ROCK & ROLL

THE KINKS: Muswell Hillbillies (RCA)

It is fashionable to say that the Kinks are an institution. Certainly the continued existence of Ray Davies' merry bunch of friends is one of the basic assumptions of life, like Melody Maker organ supplements, dead superstars and the Common Market. You don't tend to think about the Kinks very often, except when one of their records inveigles its way into your synapses and demands attention. But when you finally sit down and listen to them, you'll find it rather hard not to give serious consideration to the possibility that the Kinks may be the best rock band in England, . . . well, North London at least.

Which brings us to the strange case of Ray Davies, our very own hip combination of George Formby and John Betjeman. From a rather third-rate post-Jagger British R 'n' B singer, Ray mutated into a sharp-eyed satirist of trendy foibles and finally to the tragi-comic poet laureate of the British working classes, a more convincing Working Class Hero than Mr Lennon, mainly because he seems concerned with the fabric of day-to-day life rather than with the metaphysics of superstardom, with reportage rather than with autobiography, and windows rather than with mirrors.

Muswell Hillbillies is funky British down-home. The cover shows Ray and his mates draped along the bar in a pub. Some of the locals are giving them funny looks — after all, they do have long hair, beards and tie-dye trousers — but they're at home there, they're easy, they know they belong. Every song is about Britain, which makes for a change from easy American cop-outs. And it's obvious that Ray has been listening to the radio a hell of a lot — the music on this record is studiedly eclectic and full of stylistic cross references. Like the Beatles, he chooses to frame each song in a specific musical setting. It's a bit slick to say that *Muswell Hillbillies* takes you on a guided tour of British life and American music, but it almost sums it up.

"*20th Century Man*" is the opening cut, and it gives both Ray and everybody else a chance to show off their new tricks. That combination of acoustic rhythm and slide guitars over a driving beat that we've learned to love on Rod Stewart's albums ushers in Ray telling us all about what's wrong with the 20th century.

"I was born in a welfare state
Ruled by bureaucracy
Controlled by civil servants
And people dressed in grey . . . "

then in comes Brother Dave to add a modal harmony fresh out of The Young Tradition:

"Got no privacy
Got no liberty
'Cause the 20th century people
Took it away from me . . . "

The stylistic juxtapositions continue. "*Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues*" is pure Mungo Jerry. "*Holiday*" has Ray affecting the voice of Randy Newman to sing a song reminiscent not only of John Sebastian's "*Daydream*" but of his own "*Sunny Afternoon*". "*Skin And Bone*" sounds like T. Rex and incorporates a "dem bones dem bones dem skin an' bones" chorus, borrowed straight from Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians' "*Dry Bones*" classic. "*Here Come The People In Grey*" restates the theme of "*20th Century Man*". It begins with a traditional opening line from the blues, "*I got a letter this morning*." But in Ray's world the letter is from the borough surveyor, announcing the compulsory purchase of his house. In the end Ray announces that he and his baby are gonna live in a tent in a field and "*buy a gun to keep the policemen away*." If *Ray Davies* proclaims "*a one man revolution*" and declares his intent to shoot policemen, then brothers there ain't no turning back.

In a lighter mood, "*Have A Cuppa Tea*" is a hymn to the Englishman's perennial panacea. It includes the verse

"Whatever the situation, whatever the
race or creed
Tea knows no segregation, no class, no
pedigree"

which may just be the most subversive lyric of the year. "*They took my baby to Holloway Jail*" sings Ray. The band may play like L.A. cowboys, but Ray's firmly stuck in Norf London.

"*Uncle Son*" is perhaps the album's most powerful song. The mood is heavily Band-ish, with wailing country harmonies. The central character is an ageing, retired labourer, fucked over all his life by unions and employers alike. "*He was just a workin' man,*" Ray tells us, "*He loved with his heart, he worked with his hands.*" The title cut tells of a kid simultaneously proud of his London heritage, determined to keep his cockney pride despite elocution lessons, but simultaneously hankering for old West Virginia and dreaming of "*the Black Hills that I ain't ever seen.*" The TV age creates nostalgia for things never experienced.

Muswell Hillbillies is the nicest album of the last few weeks, and a great start to the Kinks' renaissance on RCA records after seven years with Pye. The instrumental work is certainly better than I've ever heard from the Kinks before, especially Dave Davies' lead guitar. Lyrically, Ray has once again performed the impossible and surpassed himself, though his pathological clinging to a [illegible] of Utopian future is understandable — after all, we might just win next week — but a Utopian past is harder to swallow 'cause there just ain't no such animal. Still, Ray Davies is one of the Grand Eccentrics of rock and roll, and he is very precious to us all.

Buy this album.

"You can keep all your
smart modern writers
Give me William
Shakespeare
You can keep all
your smart
modern painters
I'll take Rembrandt,
Titian, Da
Vinci and
Gainsborough."

WHO IS BETTE SHABAZZ?

This quiz supposedly covers the five years of Oz's existence The lengthy list that precedes it should get memories surging, and the questions that follow will hopefully utilise some of those reawakened energies. There will be no prize for a correct set of answers, except for the inevitably increased self-esteem, and for those obsessed, the relevant truths can be found in the column that succeeds the questions.

Magical Mystery Guests: A walk down memory lane . . . Mal 'Organ' Evans; Steve Abrams; Edward Paisnel; Michael Argyle; Jann Wenner; Chay Blyth; Joe Orton; Ralph Nader; Herbert Marcuse; Pete Best; Stuart Sutcliffe; Kelaher; Ronnie and Reggie Kray; Lesley Hornby; Martin Cole; R. Crumb; Red Rudi; Danny the Red; Peter Frampton; Suzy Creemcheese; Neal Cassady; Pete Hain; Mary Wilson; George Lazenby; Marianne Faithfull; Alan Aldridge; TV Mama; Bernadine Dohrn; Otto Muhel; Ernest Bond aka Cmdr X; Dr Hip Pocrates; Tommy; Edward de Bono; Mick Farren; John Peel; Kenny and Cash; George Melly; Monty Python; Jonathan Miller; D.I. Luff; Tariq Ali; Germaine Greer; Andrew Lloyd Webber; Buttons; Lord Sutch; A suffering old dear in Wolverhampton; Stoneground; John Cluchette; Richard Brautigan; Bill Graham; Brian Epstein, Andrew Kerr; Tricky Dicky Neville; Alice Pollock; Danny La Rue; Ken Russell; Nimmo; Lord Gnome; Joe Cahill; Sid Rawle; Chris Searle; Robert Pitman; Huey Newton; Barbara Hulanicki; Helen Gurley Brown; Ricki Farr; Sewell; David Medalla; Miles; Nicholas Roeg; Mark Rudd; Curt Le May; Vito Genovese; Melvyn Belli; Betty Shabazz; Myra Hindley; Muhammed Ali; Lin Piao; Ronald Laing; Lenya; Stanley Kubrick; Fleeta Drumgo; Fanya Jordan; Jan Palach; Otis Redding; Elija Mohmmed; Angelo Dundee; Dubcek, Solzhenitsyn; Dave Dellinger; sundry Hoffmans; David Frost; John Hopkins . . .

1

Just a few quotes to start with. Fill in the gaps in the first couple and just work out who or what the rest are about.
'Two's company, ... 's a crowd'
'The Lord giveth, the . . . . taketh away'
My stomach cannot take the sight of two hairy hedonists spreading the gospel of peace as they vibrate all the way to the bank . . . '
'Goddam the motherfucker . . . 14 heart attacks and he had to die on my week. . .
'It gives pornography a bad name'

2

Certain books, as in people, are supposedly "meaningful". Which one's are opened by these lines:
(a) Filipinos come quick; coloured men are built abnormally large (their wang is is like a baby's arm with an apple in it); ladies with short hair are lesbians; if you want to keep your man, rub alum on your pussy.
(b) As children we were always proud of two things: our father's wonderful Scottish accent, and our mother's maiden name.
(c) Hernia,hernia, hernia, hernai, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, HERNia, hernai, HERNia, hernia, hernia, hernai, hernia HERNia, HERNia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia.

3

Who or what are: China, aka god, Moon Unit, Amerika and Zak and why are they of interest?

4

Beatles Korner:
How many recordings of 'Yesterday' have there been: 32/54/75/119
How was 'Helter Skelter' Sharon Tate's swan song.
Who was Sexy Sadie?
'I'd love to turn you on . . . ' 'My love will turn you on . . . ' — Changes for John. When was the first and who was the second?
How does who sleep . . . and who 'never give me your money'?
When T.Rex weren't the 'new Beatles' etc, who did Marc Bolan play with then?

5

What were Grace and Abbie trying to do to Tricia when they all fell out at her party?

6

Two rock stars smashed their choppers and only one lived; another one got pushed. Who were they?

7

(a) Which Rolling Stone released a single?
(b) Which Rolling Stones album cover had to be changed . . . and why?

8

Everyone can recite the list of late greats, but let's have it one more time, and just for interest, what substances or otherwise were they using when they moved on? Pen any four from five.

9

What were these before . . . ?
Twiggy
Baba Ram Dass
Wavy Gravy
Malcolm X
Betty Shabazz and El Hadi Malikel Shabazz

10

Which of these is the odd victim out? RFK, Martin Luther King, L'il Bobby Hutton, Rudi Dutschke, Andy Warhol, Malcolm X . . .

11

'The Pope wears red socks.' Who said that?

12

What connection have a hotel in Cambridge and three manilla envelopes?

13

What was missing from Mick Jagger's Performance (but later emerged in Amsterdam), and what did James Fox gain form his?

14

Who does whom think she is?

15

Give the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers their first names, and their major contribution to the freak philosophy.

16

Name the Companions of the Ring.

17

Fill out the figures, and answer to this equation: The Mangrove + OZ + Belfast + Catonville + Chicago + the Panthers all divided by Jake and Ian = ?

18

Who said this: 'On the one side I was exuberantly delighted to find myself in possession of boundless supplies of (the drug) and on the other I was enraged with mankind for having invented the substance that had ruined my life and I wanted to take my revenge by poisoning as many people as I could?
Tim Leary / Owsley Stanley III/ Aleister Crowley.

19

Who recently let down the side on Morning Cleoud?

20

Who drove the bus for Kesey and, earlier on, the car for Kerouac?

21

Where was Desolation Hill, where were the two Garden Parties, plenty of Phun, and when did Shelley meet the butterflies?

22

What was LBJ doing with JFK on the plane from Dallas?

23

What was the International Free Press, and for how long?

24

How many Soledad Brothers remain?

25

Whose youthful visage is this?
Kwik kiu! "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, but what does it all mean?"

(1) 'Tariq' / 'Maharishi Mahesh' Yogi' / John and Yoko Lennon / Janis Joplin on ex-President Eisenhower / O Calcutta (2) Lenny Bruce: How To Talk Dirty and Influence People / Mary Whitehouse: Who Does She Think She Is? / Tom Wolfe: Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby (3) Children of Grace Slick and Paul Kantner / Frank Zappa / Anita and Abbie Hoffman / Ringo and Maureen Starkie (4) 119 / Charles Manson had it as his theme song / The Maharishi / 1967. Yoko / Paul. Alan Klein / Steve Peregrine Took (5) Spike the Presidential tea party with acid. (6) Dylan and Duane Allman. Frank Zappa. (7) Charlie Watts (7b) Beggars banquet – the graffiti ridden lavatory wall was too much for Decca. (8) Joplin on smack / Hendrix on Mandrax / Duane Allman on cocaine and a motorbike / Brian Jones on drink 'n' drugs and a swimming pool / Jim Morrison on alcohol, and, so they say, the odd downer. (9) Lesley Hornsby / Richard Alpert / Hugh Romney / Malcolm Little / Mr and Mrs Malcolm X (10) Malcolm X, shot dead in 1965. All the others got theirs in 1968 (11) Ian Paisley. The Rev. (12) Justice Melford Stevenson who tried both the Garden House demonstrators and Prescott and Purdie. (13) Jagger's cock was cut out and Fox discovered religion. (14) Mary Whitehouse (15) Phineas Frewheelin Franklin and Fat Freddie. Times of no money and dope are easier than times of no dope and plenty of money. (16) Samwise, Frodo, Legolas, Gimli, Gandalf, Aragorn, Merry, Pippin. (17) 9+3+4+9+8+21 divided by 2= Presidio 27 (18) Aleister Crowley 'Diary of a Dope Fiend', 1922. (19) Terence Hiscock (20) Neal Cassady (21) Isle of White '70, Crystal Palace Spring and Autumn '71, Worthing '70, Hyde Park '69. (22) Fucking the bullet wound in his throat, according to Paul Krassner. (23) The rebel's paper produced in the great IT split of October 1969. (24) 2 John Cluchette and Fleeta Drumgo. (25) Judge Michael 'Hizzoner'' Argyle QC.

SCHOOLGIRLIE BLUE

M J Weller

Criticisms of 'flippancy', 'irresponsibility' and the like followed last issue's piece on the demon dope cocaine. Notwithstanding our postscript, many people felt that the drug received an over-favourable handling. Here, hopefully to satisfy all concerned, is an extended investigation of cocaine, its properties, its source and its popularity.

Cocaine: *Pharm.* A narcotic, bitter, crystalline alkaloid obtained from cocoa leaves: used as a surface anaesthetic.
Cocaine was the first, and for many years, the best local anaesthetic. Although modern medecine has replaced it with the less toxic Novocaine, it was generally used for dentistry, eye, ear, nose and throat surgery.

The Coca Leaf: Several varieties of the brown or green coca bush reaching heights of between six and 18 feet, grow both wild and cultivated on the Amazonian side of the Andes at heights of 4,000 to 6,000 feet. A staple of the South American Indian's life for many centuries, there are records of the Incas worshipping the leaf fourteen centuries ago. Probably for the same reasons that their descendants use it regularly today: it increases endurance and disguises the symptoms of fatigue caused by low oxygen levels at such heights. The total world need for medical cocaine is between 200 and 500 tons of the leaf; statistics from Bolivia and Peru estimate a yield of 12,000 to 15,000 tons – the majority of which is the leaf, chewed by some 8 million people. In a diet of maize, dried meat and potatoes, coca has become vital to the Indians to sustain them in their tough everyday existance.

Importation: The cocaine that arrives in America and England is produced either as an alkaloid powder or as a more water-soluble hydrochloride, and results from a process of washing the crushed leaves and percolating them with solvents and other chemicals. Its use has been frowned on for at least 400 years when Christian missionaries saw the devil in it (presumably because it slightly lightened the burden that they were placing on the unhappy Indians) and it was outlawed in the colonies. Today its manufacture is restricted to government authorised pharmaceutical companies. Latest Home Office statistics

I smelled the sharp sickly-sweet odour of the cocaine. My palms were dripping sweat.

I was quivering like a joker in the hot seat at the first jolt. I tried to open my talc dry mouth. I couldn't. I was paralysed. I could feel a hot ball of puke racing up from my careening guts.

I saw the green stinking puke rope arch into the black mouth of the waste basket.....

in their report to the UN, 1970, reveal that in that year a mere 200 grams of the dope were seized. As a Class A drug, it carries penalties of up to 15 years inside. In the States, where you can be fined 25,000 dollars and jailed for life, official seizures of cocaine rose 1,500% in the same year.

Addiction?: Cocaine has yet to be proved wholly addictive in the same way as heroin. Of the two types of addiction – physical and psychological – it is the latter which is induced to the greater extent. Tolerance and physical dependance do not seem to be a common occurance, but its euphoriant quality makes for a possibility of heavy psychological dependance. As William Burroughs has observed – you'll snort coke, go right across town to score some more, then come right home and go to bed if you can't find any.

Properties and effects: Cocaine is one of the strongest central nervous system stimulants known. It is thus medically and pharmacologically opposite to heroin and other opiates which are depressants to the senses. Stimulation first hits the cortex – higher brain centres – and makes the user restless and active, in mind and body – which feelings will last for the short time the drug has its effect. Like with speed, you can stay up all night with continual doses, and the appetite lessens. A cocaine high will make you feel confident, and powerful.

Withdrawal from a heavy cocaine habit can be severe – paranoia, depression and exhaustion can all occur. If things get really bad there are hallucinations – things crawling over your body – and you'll be sick. Death is possible through choking, and if the cocaine is injected into the bloodstream, there's a good possibility of a heart attack. As far as the nose is concerned, heavy use, around a quarter ounce per day, will destroy the mucus membrane.

Price: Cocaine is still a status drug for white westerners. Retailing at somewhere around £20 per gram, by which time it's been heavily 'stepped on' to increase bulk and lower potency, it's hardly the drug for the quid deal purchaser. Rock stars, as usual, have propagated its use, and the hip world follows hard on their heels. For a cocaine dealer, if he can amass enough to buy in, the drug can be highly lucrative. An ounce can cost around £250–300, split into 30 'grams' of £20 each, his profits can be excellent. And most dealers will purchase in kilos; the only way, say most experienced dealers, to get the pure stuff – at least for yourself.

I felt like the top of my skull had been crushed in. It was like I had been blown apart and all that was left were my eyes.

Then tiny prickly feet of ectsasy started dancing through me. I heard melodious bells tolling softly inside my skull.

I looked down at my hands and thighs. A thrill shot through me. Surely they were the most beautiful in the Universe. I felt a Superman's surge of power,

Illustrations by the beautiful Peter Till

"AFTER YOU WITH THE STRING RUFUS..."

Danae Brook talks to Rufus Collins, former member of The Living Theatre.

The Living Theatre of New York was Rufus Collins's family for a decade. When it splintered into fragments, in Berlin, 1969, he decided to get himself and four of his friends to India to rest from the up against the wall politics of living theatre and learn a new way to get to people that did not involve verbal violence and Yippie tactics. Early in 1970, due to the sustained efforts and considerable inheritance of an ex-member and life friend of the Living Theatre, Olivier Boelen, Rufus was able to go to the University of Shantineketan, 100 miles from Calcutta, with four other erstwhile members of the Living Theatre: Alexander van der Linden, his wife Diana and her five year old son David, Leo Treviglio and Axel Hippolyte. Three other members of the Living Theatre came and went during the eighteen months the group spent in India. It is possible they buckled under the rigorous disciplines imposed by the serious study of Hathayoga and Kathakali temple dancing. Now, the company is at the Dance Centre in Floral Street, Next to the warehouses of Covent Garden, rehearsing their sadhana, (working meditation). This, their life ritual, is to be practised every day, the play of their experience in the East. They call it 'Lila – the Divine Game'. Its creation began just at the time the first Bangla Desh crisis arose. On the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1971, they gave two performances in Calcutta as benefits for Bangla Desh, and returned to England just as war broke out.

Rufus says: "The difference between Lila and what was done in the Living Theatre is a matter of structure, and changed environment. Real environment is that in which one exists oneself, and that is what has to change before any other can be effective.

"The Lila company cannot be considered as part of the Living Theatre as it was, because the interest of the Living Theatre was in changing the environment outside them first, then they themselves changing as a result of changing the environment. This company functions in completely the opposite way. We believe one has to change oneself

"It is necessary to take an interior, meditative trip, and to concentrate on the rebuilding of what has been torn down, the planning of what is to come.

"If you spend your life destroying what exists it takes up so much energy that you lose touch with what you want to put in as a replacement.

PHOTO: SYLVESTRE

The artist must decide to which group he belongs. I felt I should work with the artist who changes himself, and by the very nature of that change and being able to communicate it, changes others and the environment around him."

The play itself is a prayer, its spiritual significance that all prayers become one, that we are all one, that the journey to enlightenment is a singular experience and the ultimate realization of man's aloneness is the moment of mortality understanding of mortality. There is an extraordinary sequence at the end of the play, when the audience has been taken through the meditations, yoga asanas (positions), cleansing rituals, the sacred songs of the Bauls and dance of the Kathakali, to the Final Song, the words of which run like this:

"In the last days
At the end of your life
Give up work, family and wife
You will see pall bearers
Coming to bury you
And you will be left with
Only your Self inside you."

It explains the philosophy which made Rufus turn away from the forms already used by the Living Theatre throughout Europe and America, the shock confrontations, the screaming harangue, the obessed monologue, the careering from love to hate to love with less understanding than there should have been and less compassion. It explains why Rufus now detaches himself from the original aims of the Living Theatre, to say:

"In this play I don not think that we are taking steps to enlightment in the same way as Paradise Now, but rather steps to prepare for the time we click into ourselves. We have none of us yet succeeded in what we set out to do. We have begun a trip in a direction which we hope will produce a desire for change."

While in India they changed their life-style considerably. They stopped using heavy drugs: "Chemicals only produce for a short time in a blinding speed and use of energy, the kind of intensive vision that we are now learning to build the body to support, without the breaking down of cells which the stronger chimicals, such as LSD produce.

"We have been into as strong a self-discipline as we could support. I still don't think it was strong enough. Certainly we took upon ourselves new sorts of disciplines that we had not practiced before, in so far as we made a formalized study of Hathayoga, singing and Kathakali temple dance. It demands tremendous physical discipline but the physical excercise is the instruction of the body so that it can begin spiritual investigation, demanding just as much strength.

They rose at 5.30. The cleansing rites required the opening of bowels, vomiting, pouring water through the nasal canals. Then they would practice yoga before breakfast. After breakfast there would be Kathakali dance, after lunch a siesta from the intolerable heat, and after that more yoga and Indian singing. In the evening they studied.

Rufus explains: "In the Hathayoga excercises we learned to put a string down the back of the mouth through the nose, opening the canals, cleaning out the mucus membranes, to increase the intake of oxygen. When one got over the initial idea of passing string through your nose, and the difficulty of finding the right passage, which does take a bit of time, you get used to it. It doesn't bother you. First you make yourself vomit – another cleansing excercise, done by drinking six glasses of warm water in succession and then sticking your middle finger down your throat to induce vomitting. All these are excercises to systematically energize all parts of the body.

"They are not as alien to the Western physique as one might think. 'Yoga' means 'union'. It is not considered 'excercise'. Hathayoga is taken from a more primal source. It is part excercise, part 'asanas' which lead to meditation and to the higher states of conciousness. They are positions assumed by the body, and can be either seated or standing. Hathayoga has it

down to about 106 asanas I believe, although there were originally thousands.

"In order to train our minds along with our bodies we studied from the University's extensive library which covered the philosophical tenets of Hinduism, Buddhism, Indian Mysticism, Tantric mysticism and music."

They did not find any one particular guru or religion to cleave to. "That is still accepting a formalized kind of religion. I think it is best for man to find his own ritual. One must give life a meaning. Make life a sacred act."

They have been in a hard school for a long time but I think they learnt much. Each of those people I knew as a raving political dope freak has returned with a peace of mind and tranquillity that the past two years has not brought to many.

PHOTOS: TONY KENT

DOING MY JIG

Where now for the libidinal left? There comes a point when it must either flag, become something else, or make some kind of linkup with workpeople's politics. Objections to the political plunge are weighty, but ultimately those objections define precisely the most valuable aspect to the freak's contribution to politics. Bureaucracy, leader-worship, a mechanistic view of the human heart — these are the very features of political life which cry out for the freak's refining anger, which will mean ten times more if administered *within* the political group, trade union, tenants' association or whatever.

You may feel that working class people are as bigoted about your lifestyle and values as middlers are. But the source of this bigotry is different, and so, therefore, is the possibility of dissolving it. The middlers are on a permanent tightrope between self-repression and self-gratification. They've traded their wholehearted, risky *now* for a colourless but (they think) guaranteed *then*. Their own feelings are the biggest danger to this plan, and the reason that freaks are felt as a threat is because their vibrations call to the numbed heart in the mortgaged cellar. The better-off, more class-confident middlers and uppers are quite willing to be half-enchanted with hippiedom. They can pick up useful portents and patents for the fashion and entertainment industries, if nothing else.

But working class resentment of freaks, as of students, is because the whole movement, however rebellious, looks suspiciously like a minority privilege. In our incense they smell some of tomorrow's exploiters — and who can say they're not right? The magical transference is happening all the time.

Since the workers *have* to work, or at any rate that is how they perceive it — and many, price-pressed to overtime, work as long and hard as the Victorians — our anti-work ideology, though universal in intent, sounds like sponging. The answer is not compromise but equalisation: the difference between 'the right not to work' and 'the right not to work more than 20 hours a week' is, firstly feasibility and, secondly, about ten million potential allies. It is also the difference between anarchism and socialism. All rights must be rights for all. The right not to work at all can only, for our generation at least, be a right for some and an imposition on the rest. Less obvious than sheer commercial desertion, but more insidious in leading us back into resignation, are the bringers of conformist mysticism tarted up in stale cosmic cosmetics The God squad. There are two ways for God to disappear. One is because he's dead, and so is all moral feeling and cosmic coherence. The other is because he's been completely integrated back into the tangible world which is his tissue and was his origin before he lost his head in the clouds. He's often dead for those who talk about him most, and particularly for those who make a living out of him. Kierkegaard, a phenomenally serious christian circa 1848, called God's custodians "cannibals", but they're only timid nibblers. I don't know much about God, but I gather that an important part of the semioriginal idea was to eat him. Not believing in him, but believing in whatever it was that made it necessary to think him up, I've chewed it over and eaten it, and now all I'm interested in is doing something with the energy it's produced. Those who use his cloudy, alienated name to justify positions they're taking in this world are simply showing how poorly they've digested him. That's why they keep bringing him up. Why associate yourself with two thousand years of repression, manipulation and enchanting architecture just for the sake of underwriting one proto-revolutionary moment in the history of colonial Rome: the point of which anyway is that, like the architecture, it belongs to everybody *without* labels? Bring the revolution home without collapsible historical telescopes; let precedents go. You won't call yourself a communist because you don't want to be associated with Russia, yet you'll call yourself a christian in spite of the holy roman empire, the crusades, the inquisition, the presentday church-hypocrisy industry and the fact that Stalin himself got his education from christian theologians.

The rightward-drifting righteous are trying to neutralize the libidinal left by appealing to its susceptibility to ritual, ornament and gaseous good intentions. But if you shun organization in favour of the inner light, how come you are willing to be part of the credibility-wrapping for the most highly organized bailiffs in the game? The Church of England are the largest landowners in the realm. They weren't content to inherit the earth — they made sure to get the title deeds. There must be some connection between the housing problem, and the homeless problem and the tremendous profits in land over the last decade. God's accountants have got it taped. I'll believe in Christianity when Christians occupy St Pauls and Westminster Abbey and demand a rise for God's creatures out of the church millions.

A word about pornography. It is clear that it is not pornography that offends, much as the emergence around it of serious social satire. What, after all, *is* pornography (a question the moralisers never ask — they rely on devil-conjuring assumptions)? It is fantasy. If the fantasy is twisted, look to the reality endured by the fantasizer. That is where the evil lies. Thus pornography comes of age when, taken closer to its root, it becomes satirical, and then socially critical, as in Oz. But the extraordinarily primitive minds of the rightchuss cannot distinguish between fantasy and reality. They are so fixated on pornography that its symbolism becomes a reality more concrete, to them, than reality itself. In focussing on fantasy sex and fantasy violence and speaking of them as if they were real, the rightchuss are parallel to the tellyviewer who protests about the showing of a Vietnamese prisoner being shot. The agitation is all about whether it should be *shown*, and the consequent irrelevant debate is a Freudian dreamwork, its function being, by concentration on the symbol, to avoid consciousness of the reality to which the symbol refers with all the problems that would entail. What we are seeing when we witness an antimoral pollution rally is collective self-repression in action. They

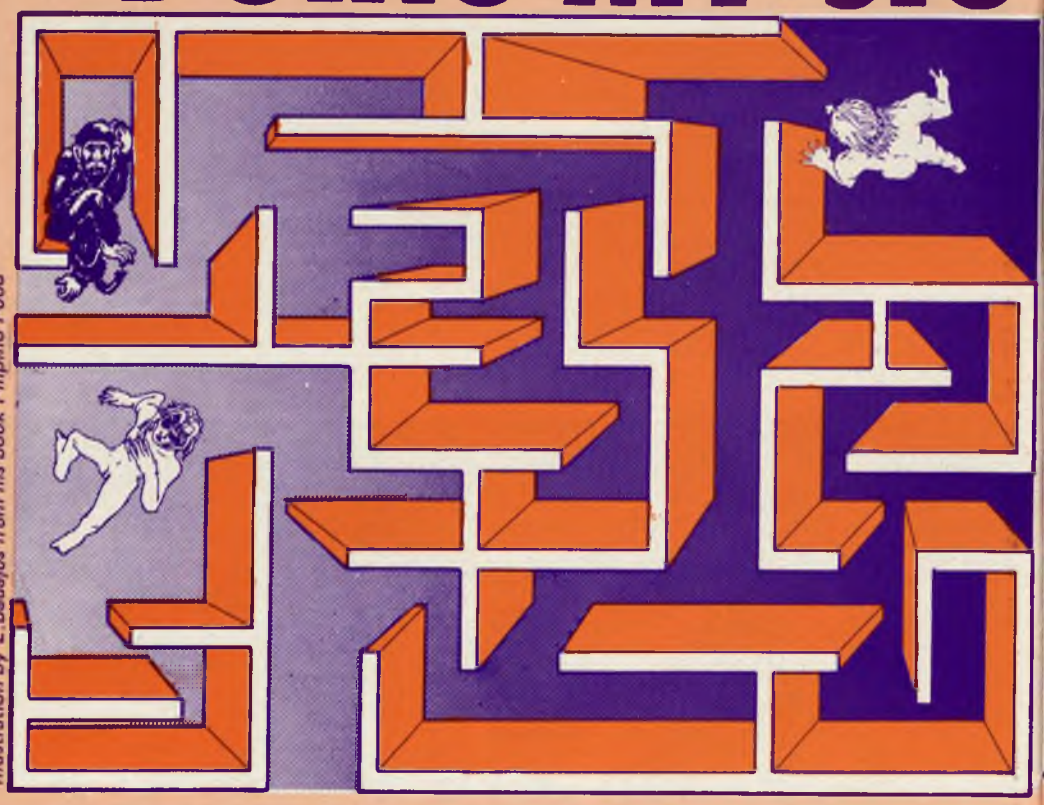


Illustration by E.Badajos from his book Filipino Food

wish at all costs to avoid recognition of their own sexuality, threat to the delicate balance of family life. The semidetached family, prism of the hierarchic commercial state, represents the stability, the twenty five year lease on love, for which they have traded spontaneity and selfhood. It is already standing safely dead in its harness of insurance and pocket money, fees and fears, barterings of one fuck for a saucepan, two for a hairdo, and they don't want it suddenly running away with them.

The ecological crisis is a much more serious topic than the porn, and, some claim makes workpeople's politics look mean and stale. But first, are you sure you aren't one of those who scruples not to use a whole galaxy to excuse personal inertia? — 'I can't get worked up about unemployment because it's tiny compared with the fate of the planet'. What are you doing about the planet, then? 'Oh . . . not driving a car, which I can't afford at the moment anyway, fortunately; hating plastic; and hoping.' You, me and the cosmos — that is the class-transcending view from the middle and would-be middleclass right through from the library of romantic picture stories to the most rarified ether of freakdom. The great central stratum, the area of social-economic conflict, is wondrously transparent. And yet it is the real source of most human tensions, which we experience, in the guts and the stars.

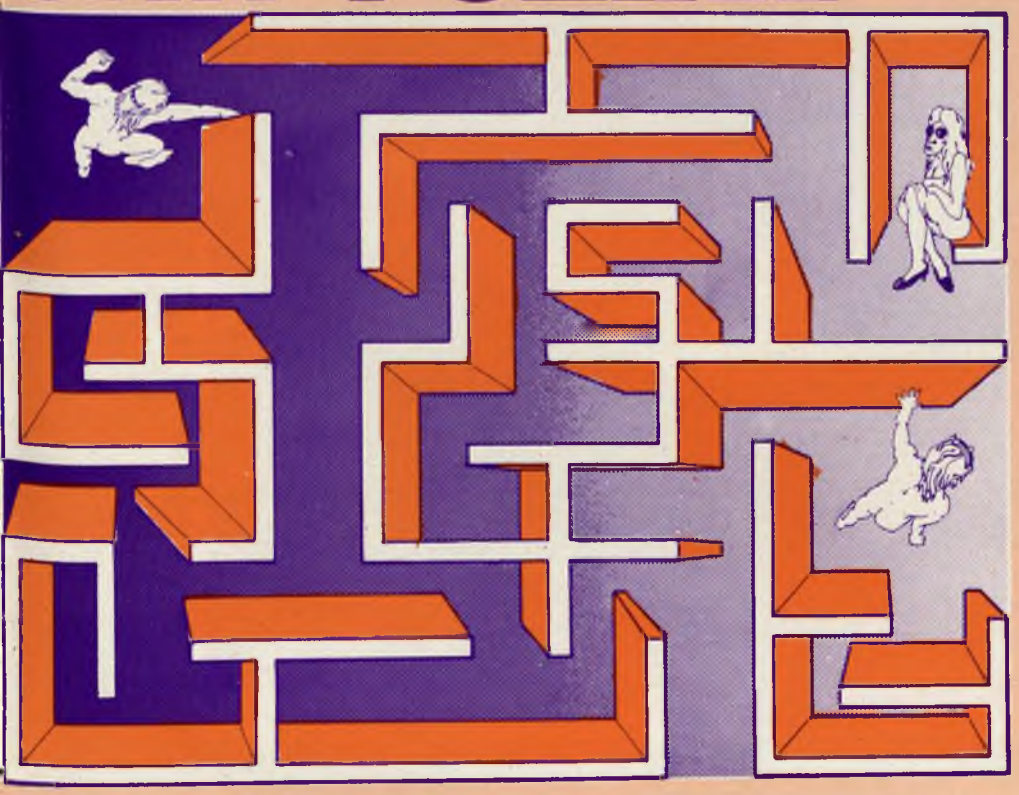
However, giving you the benefit of the doubt, let's say you are genuinely concerned about the planet. What then? The answer, boring to recap, is the same: it needs a complete social/economic change. Balls to the politicians who tell us that it is *our greed* which causes overconsumption, yet who ceaselessly strive to stimulate ever greater consumption for the sake of profit and the notional economy. No, my friend, it is not your chocolate wrapper and mine which is devastating the vasty deep. It is their sales campaigns, advertising campaigns and the incontinent shit pouring from their industrial arseholes. It is their refusal to rationalize public transport and make it free and plentiful so as to starve the private car, and their refusal to mandate the electric car, for fear of denting the profits of the crucial motor industry. It is their inability to arrange full (part-time, highly paid) employment except as an adjunct to hysterical industrial growth. These are the real obstacles.

By all means let's put ecology at the head of our banner, but don't imagine we'll ever get a rational policy towards our soil from profiteers. For they too, like the rightchuss, take symbols for reality as a way of avoiding the latter. The ecological crisis is not, to them, a crisis of the earth but only one of public relations. So millions are spent in Amerika not on clearing up the shit but on ad-campaigns to persuade the public that such and such a company has an ecological heart. At the same time, ecologists are told that they have 'overstated their case', as if they were putting in an extravagant claim for travelling expenses. *Their case*, forsooth.

So it's back to the political arena for ecological as well as all other reasons. But a word first about 'materialism'. A further reason sometimes given for avoidance of workpeople's politics is that the workers are as materialistic as the middlers, simply want a bigger stake in the proceeds of capitalism. There is confusion here. There is a tacit acceptance of the opposition of materialist and spiritualist aims. But this supposed contest is only the double-vision of alienation, a division of the human heart into its concrete case and its abstract image. Whatever you think spirit is, it cannot be opposed to matter. Matter is *its* body, not some alien casing. Spirit is the stress *in* matter. All concepts, including the most spiritual, originate in the tangible world — just look up the source of your favourite spiritual terminology.

The crucial contests of our world are not between spirit and matter but between individual gain and collective gain, and between shortsighted materialism and visionary materialism. However bureaucratized and atrophied the workers' struggle, there is still a world of difference between a strike, which embodies in some form the mutuality of men, and personal careerism. Pyramid-climbing necessarily entails competitiveness. My gain must be your loss, and the higher I advance, the fewer equals I can afford. Hence my privatism, my self-distancing from other people, my invention of a personal 'superiority' to justify my ambitions. But a strike, for all its possible distortions, is still a sharing of struggle and prospects, and leads to different experience and different conclusions. It is the root of human mutuality But more than that: a strike is also a more daring, more spiritual act than mere rational self-defence. It is a real seizing of the time; a breaking of the hold of routine; a leap from being acted-upon to acting; a supplanting of mechanical, imposed time by subjective, created time.

SAW PUZZLE



But how? How to be involved? Well there are two routes — complementary, not alternative. One is to join a political group. You may find them bureaucratic, philistine, imaginationless — but why give them the compliment of thinking them unshakable? The purpose of your joining would be as much to open them out as to clue yourself in. Learn everything they know that you don't, and have compassion on their shortcomings. If they hide behind abstract phrases and leaders, set them right. Whatever you find to be an obstacle in them is probably just what impedes them in their attempts to reach the workers; so insist on your 'naive' criticisms till you get real answers, and you will already have made yourself useful.

The other route is through involvement in your place of work (however reluctantly adopted). When you finally, or intermittently, have to get a job, get one with other people rather than on your own, and work for a boss rather than yourself. It's better to work for someone you can resent and resist than to schiz yourself by being your own capitalist slavedriver. Being 'cultural' and urban-verbal, mayber you're more likely to meet your employment Waterloo in an office, shop or school rather than a factory or building site. And here, among the white collar workers, there is a tremendous and ripe job to be done, though one often shortsightedly scorned or neglected by the politicos. That job is to make the clerkly throng aware that it is part of the working class. It's not as close to the machinery as 'they' are, but it's close enough. But here, abruptly, I must cease, for classical theory does not prescribe for the white collar masses. From their struggle itself, leavened with freaky stimulus, will come new theory, new prospects. Be there. Be part of it.

Louis Jigsaw

YOKO ONO

MIND TRAIN / LISTEN THE SNOW IS FALLING

LISTEN NOW RING 247 8221

APPLE 91

MOBSTER TIMES

crime does pay

Never Trust Anyone Over Thirty: Continued from Page 5

Another attempt at cross fertilisation, is John and Yoko on David Frost with street group David Peel, plus Jerry Rubin cheerfully banging the bongos. The gesture magnificent, the sound horrendous. While the spectacle of a tamed Rubin on Frost has prompted incessant debate among local politicos, their partnership over the rally to free John Sinclair was undeniably successful. Only the next few months can tell whether their rabble rousing will eliminate Movement cynicism, or underline it.

Allen, write us a new Howl, not to the inhuman complacency and chromium vulgarity of the fifties, but to the hyper human confusions and contradictions of the seventies; a dream blurred by the traffic jam of bandwaggons, a Movement threatened by junk but itself unthreatening to the traditional citadels of power and madness, a culture which has not levitated Wall Street, but merely lengthened the hair of its brokers.

Not that the achievements are nil. The campuses crackled and smoked for awhile, until everyone settled down to their Phd's. At least the boys are being brought back home, guns still ablazing, but how we gonna keep them down off the horse after they've seen Saigon? Thousands have been given the courage to go their own way, sidestepping toil for unworthy ends, risking their pensions for a life of poetry and adventure. Cannabis has helped; instilling what the psychiatrists love to term amotivation: "loss of interest in conventional goals and the development of a kind of lethargy". Which shouldn't mean human furniture, but an aid to a hopefully inspiring perspective.

Lives, relationships, and preconceptions have been shattered and reborn by the movements of liberation for blacks, gays, women and children. And even if the mass of society grinds on, maybe shuffling to a new kind of music, but bowed down by the old kind of motives, then while carving inroads isn't as exciting as blowing up the fortress, it's still better than not even bridging the moat.

Now it's time to grow teeth. If the Underground is to develop beyond a mammoth exercise in merchandising, it must anchor its instinct in action. OZ, if it's not to repeat-eat-eat itself, should link closely with community programmes, especially the unglamourous Bail and Street Aids, Claimants' Unions, court actions, school insurrections, Radical Alternatives to Prison, stirrings outside the big city and relate *freshly* to strikes, work-ins and Third World aspirations.

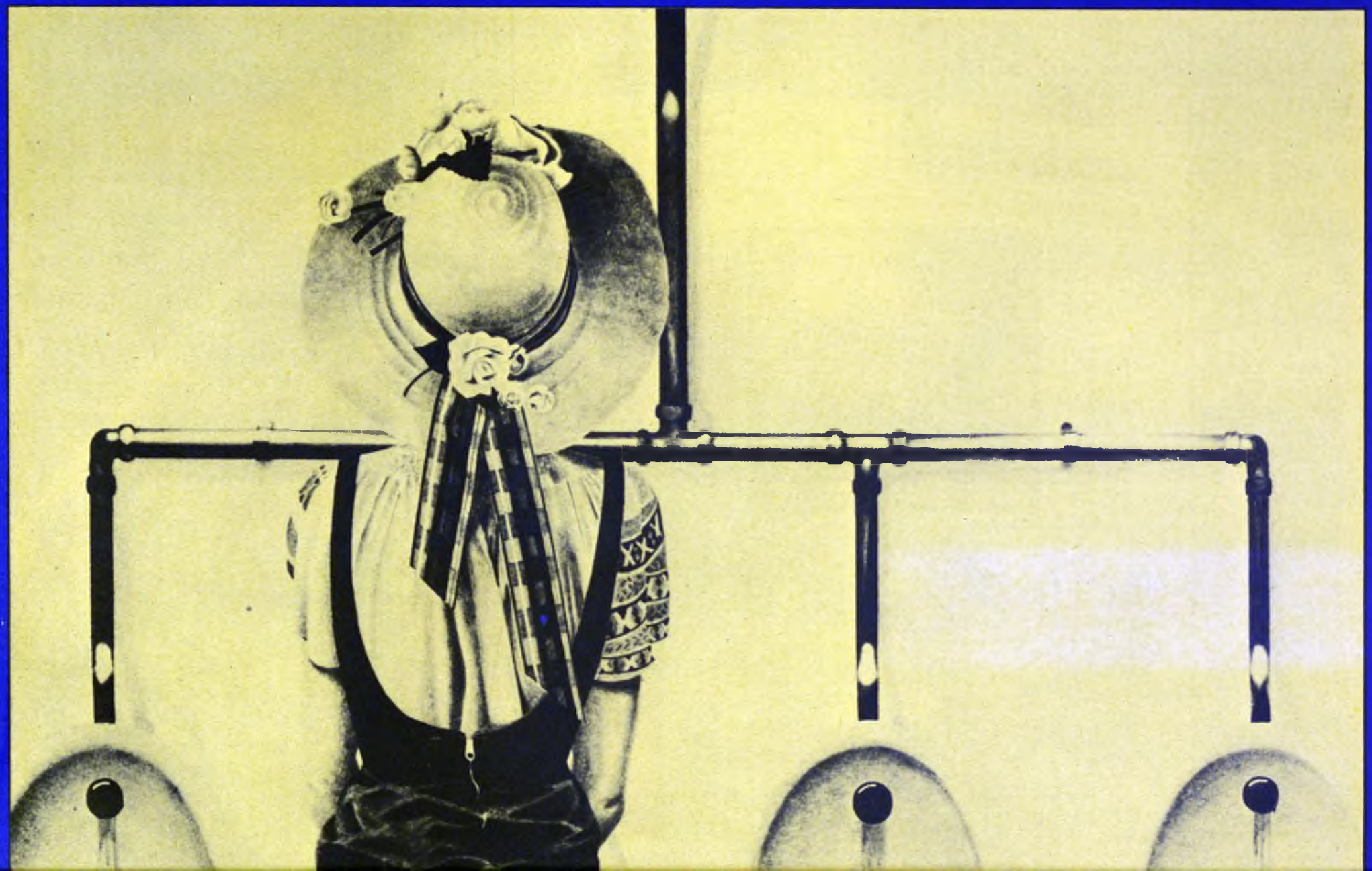
The danger is to let popularisation degenerate OZ into the lazy ethic of a Rolling Stone or Time Out, efficient, even fascinating, but not basically concerned with promoting anything much except advertising. (Their editors already sound like Lew Grade). On the other hand, as they say in Times editorials, OZ's special quality is *not* to close its pages to all but revolutionary catechism. It should remain a collective inspiration, and profits, if any, dribbled back to the community, but without commitment to a specific 'party' line. Ink's gallant ambition to be every hard core militant's messenger from the Mount, sacrifices humour, suprise and contact with many who, while uncommitted, are floating confused and catchable.

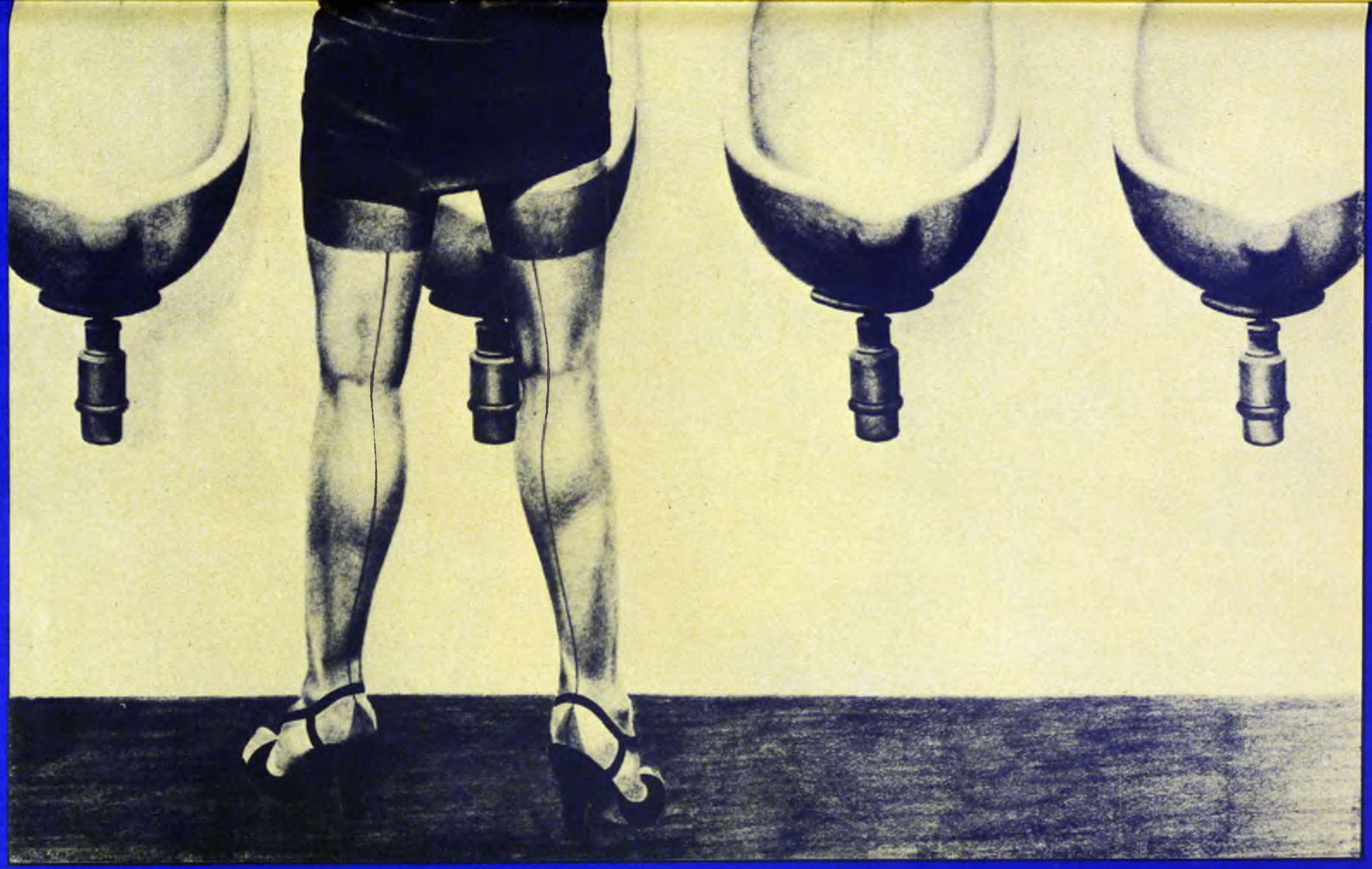
OZ has recently, alas, slackened its search for new talent, leaning too heavily on its Special Effects, mistaking the tradition of editorial electicism for sloppy standards, tolerating, sometimes, hysterical, propaganderish rubbish. After five years of English OZ, thousands have been affected by the surfaces of counter culture, who by the essentials? What are the essentials? For answers, please turn to future OZes.

Timothy Leary's recent letter on the 'Americanisation of the Movement is, like previous pronouncements, a bewildering mixture of bullshit, banality and brilliance. (For "America", read "capital".) Greed, power, and competiveness are still the great contaminators, and by no means exclusively American. Do revolutionary leaders wish to destroy the system, or run it themselves? Now that sex editors romanticise mobsters, are hallucinogens and mysticism parallel springboards into mini dictatorships? The recent reprint of Psychedelic Fascism in IT and the tales of Mel Lyman and Charles Manson, are virtual re-enactments of the last days of the Third Reich, where Herman Goering was resplendent at fancy dress orgies, sniffing cocaine and brooding over astrology charts.

Anyway, sensing that my own ambivalences and philosophic manic depressions are not particularly constructive, I've taken a sabbatical from OZ, although persevering as an outside contributor. After this stint in New York, helping to reconstruct the idiocies of the Old Bailey for the off Broadway stage, and a brief re-appearance for a drugs battle, I plan a contemplative rest and an African adventure. (Another crackpot on the bench, may impose a further alternative) It's because there's so much potent play power around — which Jim, Felix and I were personally succoured by during the brief gaol days — that I'm disappointed we haven't yet devastatingly harnessed it. There are enough radical reactors to begin a Fourth World, but everyone's still fighting over where to put the flag.

Oh well, if in the end it means only that Time becomes Time Out, Heath turns into Heffner, Wimpy goes organic, cheque books are multi coloured, Peter Stuyvesant gets stoned, the OZ musical replaces Fiddler on the Roof and God Save the Queen is set to rock 'n' roll; it still was fun on the way.





Jerome John Garcia.
legend in his own time for his
guitar. vocal and composition work with the
Grateful Dead
has recorded a solo album
Personal • Original • Unique.

DA DOO RON RON RON DA DOO RON RON DA DOO RON RON RON DA DOO RON RON

(And then he kissed me.....)

A ROCK & ROLL GAME

Contrary to media persuasion and management propaganda, Rock & Roll stars are human beings. They are often fallible, they are often foolish. They are often predjudiced, ignorant and just plain dumb. 'Gods', 'Superstars' and 'Geniuses' they may be, but frankly we mourn the days when rock musicians were paid to play their music and not to preach gospels or expound philosophy.

Here, then, for your entertainment, are twenty quotes selected by Felix Dennis *and* Charles Shaar Murray *from previously published interviews with people in the Rock & Roll business. Each quote has four alternative origins. Only one is correct. The continuations, answers and acknowledgements for source material are to be found on pages 56 and 57.*

1

"Fucking groupies . . . I'm telling you, the next one that pushes herself at me, I'm going to piss all over her. Just piss all over her . . . "

Dean Ford of Marmalade

John Osborne of Black Sabbath

Jeff Beck

June Millington of Fanny

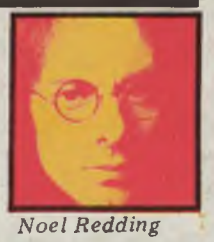
2

"I probably made millions, but I ain't never seen any of it."

P.J. Proby

Joe Cocker

Bo Diddley


Noel Redding

3

"I feel sexless on stage — I'm neither man nor woman. A lot of people think I'm terribly butch . . . "

Marsha Hunt

Marc Bolan

Alice Cooper

Jonathan King

4

"I'm warming up to the idea of an assylum."

Marianne Faithfull

James Taylor

Captain Beefheart

John Lennon

"I laugh at 'em. I laugh at those parlor-pink revolutionary kids going around saying 'I am a revolutionary by trade'. Bullficking pukie. They haven't any idea what it is, man. They should go watch a newsreel of the last three days of Budapest, and think it over."

Johnny Cash

Julie Felix

David Crosby

Ronald Raygun

The Silent Majority Speaks

Dear OZ,

It is quite apparent that OZ 39 is without doubt the worst ever magazine you have issued! Though I once sympathised, this seems totally senseless rubbish. Any analysis of your magazine would show that its sense of fun, reality even, has steadily deteriorated since the first issue...

If there was as much fun in your magazine a s death images then there might at least seem to be some hope.

Wishing you wished love,
David Taylor.

3 Ringold Avenue,
Ramsgate,
Kent.

Dear Sir,

I refer to your chart "The Medical Effects of Mind-altering Substances", OZ 35 wherein Romilar is classed as a narcotic along with opium etc. and a load of analgesics. This as anyone who has taken Romilar properly knows is absolute fucking nonsense of the first degree and not a single one of the properties shown against its name has any relevance to its reality.

I don't know anything about the chemical effects of R on the CNS or any other NS but let me assure you that it gives a spiritual turn-on so revealing that I was sorely disappointed when I came to try LSD some years later; and furthermore that after seven years of sometimes intensive R-tripping I am apparently none the worse and even holding down a good job in international financial administration after doing my four years on the road including a year's begging in India. So much for your 'impaired' this and that, addiction, withdrawal symptoms, etc.

And let me tell you there's a set of international R-freaks who wouldn't be seen dead in London who would read your article with ridicule and understanding and wonder why the mystery of the story of Romilar should remain always unknown except to the chosen few; how Gunther and Bernt brought it from Germany to the vision of Kevin and Dave on the steps of St Martins in September '64 and the ensuing two weeks shook the centre of London and of several universes so hard that the fuzz were scared out of their wits by the miracles that were going on . . . I kid you not, these were the real happenings that drew out powers from the air and the earth to transmute minds, to wake the living dead and turn the whole world on. . .

And it's been going on on and off like that ever since with the R group hither and thither. Some died, others survived and always new initiates, right up to last weekend when with Kevin the Earl of Romilar I tripped in a Bat-cave deep down dank and dark below the Himalayas in a hidden corner of Nepal with a couple of Tibetan kids — got to per-per-interpenetrate to the central point. For the best tripin in the world, go down in the bat-caves of Nepal with Romilar and ganga.

Words cannot describe it.
Bye Bye.

Dr Romilar,
West Pakistan.

Dear Richard,

You were billed as an "independent voice" in the Evening Standard and as far as that paper was concerned, that is what you were. But the question that kept occuring to me when I read your last column is how independent you are really. You have become identified with a life-style not only in the minds of the straights but also in the minds of thousands of young people who have an image of you as a sort of hippy hero. And you do influence their thinking, like it or not.

I think you would agree that heroes, hippy or otherwise, are not good things. They come too close to leaders and in our society, leaders are power-figures. The ego involvement of the heroes of our sub-culture is all too apparent. The songs about peace and love and righteous anger do not compensate for the brutal attacks upon the people through the involvement of the same heroes in capitalism. Che Guevara boutique disgusts me but it does not anger me as much as, say, Apple Corps or the structure of Time Out.

I don't think that you want to be a hero and that is admirable. But you are a voice that speaks not only in the "ghetto" but outside it as well. There are not many voices who can speak for us and those few should not allow themselves the self- indulgence of purely personal opinion. Certainly not in the context of a column in a straight newspaper. There are three things in your last column I would like to say something about.(1) Your anecdote about the freak being run over in Kings Road and your inability to look around to see if he was OK. In an earlier piece, you attacked Christianity and I agreed with most of what you said. There is in Christianity a parable about a Good Samaritan. There are great similarities between that parable and the story you told. Frankly, I prefer the Christian one in case I ever get hit by a car in the Kings Road.

(2) Your remarks about Gay Liberation Front and the book by David Reuben. You would probably not have written what you did had you known all factors involved in GLF's opposition to this book. You did not know, for example, that the Times had refused to print a letter calling for the publishers to withdraw this book. This letter was signed by Anthony Grey, Charlotte Wolf, Michael Schofield, D.J. West and others none of whom are members of GLF and all of whom have a public reputation that does not allow facile imputation of fascist book-burning.

The struggle of gay people is no more important than the struggle of any other oppressed people but a great deal of the direct support you received during the Oz trial was from gay people (and not just GLF). I would think that because of this and because the issues are important to the whole of society, you would take care before throwing out so casually the off-hand comment you made. Have you ever been to a GLF meeting?

(3) Your idea for a Freaks United Party. It is a good idea, but you throw it in and almost throw it away. It doesn't sound all that important to you and yet it would be easier at this point in time to make that good idea a powerful reality with your involvement than without it.

You have been instrumental in the formation of two voices of dissent and liberty in this country (OZ and INK). But now it appears that your personal involvement is ending. Nothing wrong with that. Perhaps you want to think for a time and then devote your energies to your idea of Freaks United. Good. But somehow I get the impression that you think that something is dead because you are weary; that something has lost its purpose because you have lost interest. That is not so good. Not good for you and not good for us.

The personal struggle for you has been enormous but when you most needed it you received the love and active support of many thousands of people. (Some of those people received fines and now have criminal records for supporting you — they were at your trial — were you at theirs? Did you mention the farce of their trials in your columns?)

To become part of a collective

Dear OZ,

To put it mildly, OZ seems to have lost all sense of direction. For me, OZ reached a high-point in nos 33 and 34. I would describe those as complete. To be quite frank, if OZ is going to produce more crap of the sort that makes up the appalling no 39, then it should *cease* publication, and give away the money it costs to bring out an issue, to community uses. That would be a great pity because OZ DOES have a role to play and could be used to propagate some really radical ideas/actions instead of the wishy-washy crap that by and large fills its pages now . . .

Ads in the last three issues have made up between a fifth and a quarter of the magazine. I think that's OBSCENE!

Your friend,
Nigel Grey-Turner.
The Manor House, Riverlane, Richmond-upon-Thames.

Dear OZ,

Grass was where we started. But we all know grass isn't really hip any more. If you want to be in, the drug of choice is cocaine. Now I remember the first time I was ever offered C. I was pretty shocked. That was what made it so fine. Of course C doesn't shock anybody anymore. So if everybody is doing C it takes something heavier to enjoy that illicit edge. (Read all about it in your last issue.) It's the underground version of keeping up the the Jones. A little morphine, a little smack. Just a little snort. So we have esculation. Well what do you know? We always denied it vehemently when people said smoking grass led to using the harder stuff. It needn't have, but it did. What do we do? Admit that we were wrong? Give up our self indulgence and ego trips? Why? Because our cities are getting sick and our friends are dying?

Prohibition wont work. Straights making speeches and passing laws about a problem they don't understand won't solve it. We are the ones who helped create the problem. We turned our children on. We wrote and sang about how delightful dope was. And it was. But we didn't know the price. (I didn't think that death could really touch me or anyone I loved.) Now we have all seen it. As St. Joan said, "Death isn't just not being stone dead." I don't have to describe the casualties. Plenty of people in the underground could do a better job than I can. Why don't they?

They say they are working toward a better society. I think they would find that the kids are ready to listen. They haven't suffered from an overdose of piety the way we did. A 17 year old kid I know says he doesn't want to listen to one more conversation about anybody's acid trip. Is he right? Is the drug talk getting just a little boring?

Maybe the tide can be turned before London winds up like New York, where cops ride shot gun for the H. dealers and take their cut of the action. You say it can't happen here? I pray to God that you are right.

Fran Landesman,
8 Duncan Terrace, London N1.

consciousness is a hard and personally bitter struggle but it is a struggle towards freedom. I hope you will continue to struggle with us and use your talents and love for the liberation of yourself and all the sisters and brothers.

Love Warren.

P.S. If you do decide to go and work in Uganda, I hope you start in the villages and not in the Presidential Palace.

Dear OZ,

I thought of you the other day and realised, sadly, that you have nothing to say.

Once affectionately yours,
Rook Ashover.

Dear OZ,

A faction in our school has started a movement against the barbaric inhumanities performed by the headmaster and his puppet staff. At least one, usually two students, are beaten across the buttocks every week. It is usually the same boys who are beaten. (Within four years four boys have received the following number of strokes, one boy 39 strokes, one 32 strokes, one 31 strokes and another 28 strokes.) This figure can often escalate as the head- master often exemplifies certain boys for having "long hair" (hair is not allowed to touch the collar) and for quashing any slight rebellious attitude taken by the boys. Recently one boy refused the cane but was forcibly beaten by the head and was held down by the deputy head and the boy's father. The boy tried to stop the headmaster and his hand was cut. The severe bruising he received on his buttocks lasted for almost three weeks. One boy who was in his first term of his first year received six strokes, which for an eleven year old is obviously emotionally disturbing. Since this he has been "transfered" (euphemism for expulsion used by the headmaster). After receiving a caning the boy is forced to shake hands with the headmaster. When boy refused to do this and commented, "It's the first time I had my hand in shit for years" he was removed. The results of caning create even more animosity than is already present within the school. Bruises which are always sustained often last for a firt-night or more.

If anyone else feels strongly in opposition to corporal punishment and is in favour of starting a national movement against caning would they please write to the address below.

Simon Miles and James Lister,
Mount Vernon Lodge, London Rd. Retford, Notts.

Dear OZ,

Having read No 38 I find myself doubting the sincerity and honesty of the whole OZ 'enterprise'. My contempt was sparked off, initially by a remarkably trivial occurance. A friend remarked that a frame or two had been censored from the strip cartoon, "Honeybunch". We checked with the original in an American 'Zap' comic and he was right. You may say that cutting bits out of a strip comic means nothing, never-the-less the fact that OZ has started censoring whether to save space or (I dread to think) protect the public, throws the validity of the entire magazine into jeopardy. OZ has lost its guts — what else do you censor? Your articles have become very 'acceptable' these days. The magazine that once spanned all strata of thought and ideas is now exclusively middle-brow. Most of the features could have been written by one man (they're not are they?).

Yours faithfully (UGH)
C. Newcombe,
28 Bradmore Way, Brookmans Park, Hatfield, Herts.

Dear OZ,

Less talk and more action.
Chris Dawson.
4 Bristol Street, Colne, Lancs.

Dear Dirty Minded Scum,

In your quiet moments does it not ever strike you that it is a pretty vile way of making money to print and disseminate filth? Hardly a manly way to live! You must be mentally, morally and physically very unwholesome as I have said degenerates. Your proper sphere is a brothel or living on immoral earnings — enough to make decent men vomit.

L. Gradwell
68 Musgrave Street, Liverpool 8.

6

" I haven't seen her in 2 years . . . In the old days. Beautiful. Used to wipe herself with the American flag after doin' it. And the way she dropped acid lying naked on old Fats Domino records. . . "

Pete Townshend on Suzy Creemcheese

Yoko Ono on Cynthia Lennon

Bob Dylan on Joan Baez

Mick Farren on Germaine Greer

7

" I believe in what George Harrison says, that you can change the world with love."

Frank Zappa

Scott MacKenzie

Charles Manson

Mel Lyman

8

"Rock and Roll owes me a living."

Pigpen McKernan

Jerry Lee Lewis

Giorgio Gomelsky

Bill Haley

9

" That bullshit about the people's music, man, where's that at? It wasn't any people that sat with me while I learned to play the guitar. If the people think that way they can fucking make their own music."

Jimmy Page

B.B.King

Jerry Garcia

Van Morrison

10

" Mickie Most, let me tell you about him . . . all he wants to do is make hit records and all I want to do is play my music."

Peter Noone

Lulu

Donovan

Jeff Beck

11

"You know, English people have a very big thing towards a spade. Everybody in England still sort of thinks that spades have big dicks."

Isaac Hayes

Eric Clapton

Chuck Berry

Taj Mahal

12

"I think Enoch is the man. I'm all for him. This country is overcrowded. The immigrants should be sent home."

Rod Stewart

Ginger Baker

Billy Fury

Kenny Lynch

13

"It will give me great pleasure to tell the public that Mick Jagger is not God Jnr."

Charlie Watts

Bill Graham

Bianca Rosa Jagger

D.H . Lawrence

14

"Why shouldn't I get 20%? I cured all their problems."

Robert Stigwood on the Bee Gees

Allen Klein on the Beatles

Brian Epstein on Billy J. Kramer

Phil Spector on the Righteous Bros

15

"The youth revolution in America is a hype . . . I like Agnew, but I don't like that Nixon."

John Mayall

Country Joe

Grace Slick

Tom Paxton

16

"I love being a star more than life itself."

Buddy Holly

Jim Morrison

Jimi Hendrix

Janis Joplin

17

"I'm 24 years old and beautiful . . . pink hanging down my legs, sequins all around my bottom and pearls hanging round my neck. I'm the bronze Liberace . . . "

Sly Stone

Little Richard

Muhammed Ali

Miles Davis

18

"We should send planes to Biafra and rescue all the people and then play at the airport as they come in. Do a show for them Biafrans."

George Harrison

Leon Russell

Paul McCartney

Ravi Shankar

19

"I've had a black leather jacket since I was five years old. I've been wearing black leather all my life."

Elvis Presley

Gene Vincent

Bob Dylan

Johnny Winter

20

"I am the world's worst groupie."

Yoko Ono

Chris Welch

David Bowie

Caroline Coon

ANSWERS

1) John Osborne *(Rolling Stone 1971)*
2) Bo Diddley *(Melody Maker 1971)*
3) Marsha Hunt *(Zigzag 1969)*
4) John Lennon *('The Beatles Get Back', 1969)*
5) David Crosby *(Rolling Stone 1970)*
6) Dylan on Baez *(Fusion 1969)*
7) Frank Zappa *(1967 - quoted in Rock 1970)*
8) Pigpen *(Zigzag 1970)*
9) Jerry Garcia *(Zigzag 1970)*
10) Jeff Beck *(Zigzag 1969)*
11) Eric Clapton *(Rolling Stone 1967)*
12) Rod Stewart *(I.T. 1970)*
13) Bill Graham *(Rolling Stone 1970)*
14) Allen Klein about the Beatles *(Rolling Stone 1969)*
15) Country Joe *(Rolling Stone 1971)*
16) Janis Joplin *(J.J. Her Life & Times by D. Landau 1971)*
17) Little Richard *(Zigzag 1969)*
18) Paul McCartney *('The Beatles Get Back', 1969)*
19) Bob Dylan *(1965 - quoted in The Age of Rock 1970)*
20) Caroline Coon *(Melody Maker 1971)*

The three 'R's REEDING RITING & REVOLUSHUN

"Schools will soon go the way of the workhouse and other institutions designed to keep the poor in their place. Not only are they not doing the job they set out to do, they are breeding all sorts of dis-satisfactions that an already strained society cannot cope with . . . "

Peter Buckman considers
the failure of compulsory education in Britain

Compulsory education has recently become as much a matter for argument as involvement in foreign wars. It used to be something everyone took for granted as a Good Thing, like increased pensions. Most people still think of schooling as a great benefit, a sort of philosophers' stone that will turn society to gold.

If everyone is forced to learn to read and write, the argument goes, not only does everyone have an equal chance of succeeding, but society will go on improving, and we'll all stagger one step further along the road to the Better Tomorrow.

But Tomorrow looks like pretty bad news. The pursuit of progress turns out to be a mass suicide pact. And all compulsory education has done is to lay down the shining tracks that lead to that particular Tomorrow.

As with the railways, to tear up the tracks and start again is too expensive. Either they get blown up — which is unlikely — or they rot away. It is the rot that is becoming more and more obvious.

Kids at school have always voted with their feet. Most accept the fact that the law requires them to spend at least ten years inside an institution.

Truancy has always been a problem, however, and at the moment it's quite dramatic: one kid in four stays away in some big cities, including London. Violence in the classroom has always been a problem too, but recently it's got huge publicity. We are still a long way from the American situation where there is a cop on duty in the class — to protect the teacher, whate else? — but you wouldn't think so to hear the professionals at it.

But violence and truancy aren't the root problems with schools. As institutions they simply aren't doing the job expected of them, which is to turn out kids educated enough to keep the wheels going ever faster. Schools aren't teaching their pupils — or, to be fair, *enough* of their pupils — anything they will later find of use in leading a full adult life. They are not providing the kind of skills society is supposed to need, because society isn't sure what it *does* need any more. Unemployment amongst school leavers, let alone university graduates, has never been higher: what kind of argument is *that* for ten years of training?

Schools haven't brought about a more equal society, as our Victorian forefathers promised. Has the balance of power changed in 150 years? Class distinctions may have levelled out so that everyone can call themselves middle class, but there is still a divisio

between those who give orders and those who take them. Necessary, some may thing. But how many givers of orders are lining up in the dole queues alongside those who have taken orders for generations?
Schools haven't even eradicated illiteracy. Half the school population leaves (at the moment) at 15. Of these, a substantial proportion *forgets how to read* within three years. Some people have blamed lax teaching. I blame a society that produces little worth reading, that makes reading a pointless acquisition. Whatever the cause, the basis of schooling was supposed to be teaching kids to read and write. And it's fallen down on that.

We have to distinguish "education" and "schooling". Everybody learns from watching what goes on around them. Most learn from their friends, or families, or their gang, or tribe, or community. When society was an open thing, when the basis of life was the village which, amongst all its obvious disadvantages, at least took care of its own (unless they were radicals, or witches, or likely to get them into trouble), when, in short, everybody knew about everybody else, as in the underground, then everybody *learnt* from everybody else. There was no division between learning and living. "Education" — the pursuit of what interests you, the acquisition of knowledge and skills — was not something you got in school. It was all around you.

Compulsory schooling changed all that, to the point when kids think their "education" is finished when they leave school.
You learnt what you were told to learn, in the manner in which the teacher laid it down for you. Of course there was, and still is, scope for you to wander off on your own, but basically schooling, as a compulsory institution, did two things: it kept kids off the streets, and it taught them at an early age to accept the governing hierarchy that would rule their adult lives.
That is, of course, still true of school. Kids have always known, and perhaps resented it. Even now they are not able to do much about it. The Schools Action Union may have splendid ideas and certainly has aroused some strong feelings. But what is wrong with the system isn't cured by having two pupils on a Schools Council, or by abolishing the wearing of uniforms. Of course SAU stands for more than that, and I don't want to do them an un-necessary injustice. What they apparently refuse to see, in their arrogant and dogmatic way, is that the whole system of compulsory education has got to go. Tinkering with it is merely reformist. Any idea of telling people what to learn and how to learn it — marking them according to *your* standards, not *theirs* — is counter-revolutionary.

Now this is an attitude that is gaining ground amongst adults. That some people are prepared to think of compulsory education as evil — are prepared to work out details of how education could be freed from schooling — *that* is the great change in the last five years. Many people still think you are attacking the foundations of socialism, or whatever ism they happen to believe in, when you attack schools. I wrote a satire, in the form of a story of the takeover of a school by its pupils, called "Playground". It included in it a lot of games kids and adults play — and when I read it in places, we played the games, with good results. But the takeover of the school in the book collapses because the oldest kids want to tell the youngest how to behave. And the youngest take no notice. Now this was an attack on the whole concept of dogmatism, compulsion, or whatever most people regard as necessary means to an end. The book got attacked on many grounds, but to my surprise it was the underground critics who seemed to take most exception to it. Indeed the best review I got was in the "Times Educational Supplement", and worst in "Time Out"! Perhaps this was because of the form the book took, which some found difficult. But I suspect it was more because the implicit message in it is "You can't tell people how to learn. It doesn't work." And that makes anyone in the communications business very unhappy indeed.

Schools, as places where you are *forced* to spend ten years or more of your life, don't work. What's more, they are proving too expensive, which is perhaps the strongest reason for thinking they will soon go the way of the workhouses and other institutions designed to keep the poor in their place. We are entering a time when they are useless. Not only are they *not* doing the job they set out to do, they are breeding all sorts of dis-satisfactions that an already strained society cannot cope with. Equally important, there are soon going to be more and more adult unemployed — even if they're called "leisured". If a 30-hour week soon becomes normal, what are people going to do all day? You could have 24-hour television, or football, or bingo. What you can't have is adults attending the kind of institutions schools have become. And yet they'll want to learn — to pursue their interests — their "education" at their own pace. To allow them to do so, society will have to become de-schooled. Compulsory education will be abolished, and it will be as illegal to ask about someone's schooling as it is now to ask about their race or politics, when considering them for a job. People will learn more from living than from a set curriculum that was designed by robots. Education will be freed from the grip of the educationalists. And that will be the beginning of something entirely different. For a change.

Frances B. Johnston

Thanksgiving Day Class, 1899, at the Whittier School, Virginia: "Reaching out the hand of assistance to the lowest and most needy of the Master's children."

HEALTH FOOD APPROVED
TEENS ORIENTED ★★★★★
THEY CALLED OUR YOUNG LOVE PORNOGRAPHIC!
But... WE DON'T CARE!
THAT'S RIGHT, DARLING, YOU JUST SUCK IT AS HARD AS YOU WANT TO! IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!!
OH, JAMES! I'M DRIPPING WITH LOVE JUICE!!
SEXPLOITATION COMICS GROUP

IT ALL STARTED A SHORT SIX MONTHS AGO. A FRIEND HAD INVITED ME TO ONE OF THOSE "42ND STREET" TYPE MOVIES WHEN.....
SALLY! ISN'T THAT GUY ON THE SCREEN JIMMY NESBITT?
WE WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL TOGETHER!
WOW, BRENDA, THAT'S WEIRD!!
IT SURE IS!! LOOK AT THOSE DEGRADING THING HE'S DOING!
I CAN'T GET OVER IT! SURE, JIMMY WAS A GOOD-LOOKING GUY, BUT, TO SINK SO LOW...
TO THINK... I ONCE HAD A TEEN-AGE CRUSH ON THAT SMUT-PEDDLER! GOOD GRIEF!!
DIRT
OH, JIMMY!
2

I STAYED IN BED LATE INTO THE NEXT MORNING—THINKING. SINFUL THOUGHTS I KNOW; THOUGHTS OF JIM'S BODY!!!
THOSE THIGHS!
I STILL HAVE HIS OLD PHONE NUMBER.... MAYBE IF I COULD TALK TO HIM.....
HMMMM...
WHO?
BRENDA WHO?
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS, A CRANK CALL?
JIMMY!
DON'T YOU RE-MEMBER? WE... ER, UH.. WE USED TO BE IN THE SAME HOME-ROOM!
JIMMY, I LOVE YOU!!
HOLD ON!! YEAH, I KNOW YOU. SURE. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BABY??
I SAW YOU IN A... A MOVIE, JIM...
3

I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO... SEXUALLY ALLURING, JIM..
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE'VE SEEN EACH OTHER... ARE YOU LISTENING, DEAREST?
LISTEN I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! WHERE ARE YOU!?
1214½ SOUTH VAN BUREN... & HURRY!
CHRIST! THIS CHICK'S GOT A REGULAR HARD-ON FOR ME!!
OH, QUICKLY, QUICKLY, MY JAMES, I ITCH FOR YOUR WARM AND TENDER TOUCH!!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
IT'S HIM!
EXCUSE ME, IS BRENDA HOME?
4

OH, UH.. HEH, HEH... BRENDA, WELL HERE I AM!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, JIM..
CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING? A DRINK, SOMETHING TO EAT? MAKE ME, ER... YOURSELF COMFORTABLE...
IT'S A SMALL APARTMENT, JIM; WHY DON'T WE GO THRU THE BEDROOM?
AND THEN ~..... IT HAPPENED!!
PRELIMINARIES BE DAM.., ER, DARNED EH, JI.... OOOo. NNNH.....
HEY, UH... BRENDA, SO YOU DUG MY LAST FLICK, HUH?
5

YES, MY DARLING, I THOUGHT YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL IN IT!... BUT, DEAR, WASN'T IT A PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIE?
HM? OH, WELL...
I MEAN, DOES YOUR FAMILY KNOW WHAT YOU DO, JIM? AREN'T YOU EMBARRASED AT ALL? I DON'T WANT TO T...
YOU KNOW, SWEETHEART, YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY BEREFT OF TALENT, YOURSELF!!
MMMM..
REALLY, HONEY?
WHY DON'T I GET MY POLAROID OUT OF THE CAR AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!
HEY, CUT THAT SHIT, WILL YA?
POLAROID, JIM?? I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND....
BE RIGHT BACK!
6

SUCH WAS THE BEGINNING OF A WONDERFUL TIME IN BOTH OUR YOUNG LIVES..
CLICK!
CLICK!
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ~ I BECAME A MOVIE ACTRESS OVERNIGHT!
TAKE TWO!!
CAMEO
BRENDA "THE BODY" IN SEX KITTENS OF VIETNAM
PLUS "THE BEWITCHED ANTELOPE"
KITTENS OF VIETNAM!
THE NIGHT AFTER THE PREMIERE, JIM NESBITT & I, BRENDA BUSHMILLER, WERE MARRIED! THE BIZARRE CEREMONY WAS MY OWN IDEA....
AND BY THE AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME, I DECLARE YOU MAN & WIFE!
OOOH... DO IT, BRENDA DO IT!!
UNH.
EVEN OUR "NUPTIAL BLISS" WAS RECORDED FOR POSTERITY!
LIKE THIS, JIM?
WHIRRRRRR...
7

BUT, ONE'S HAPPINESS DOES NOT COME EASY. EVERY DAY WAS A TRIAL FOR OUR LOVE..
OH, MOTHER, WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHOVE IT!! AND THAT GOES FOR DAD, TOO..... YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!
WELL, SALLY, YOU CAN JUST GO AND FUCK YOURSELF FOR ALL I CARE!!
"Dear Brenda, I saw your film the other day and had to write to tell you I think you are the FILTHIEST, most REVOLTING thing I have seen in years. I need to puke. Sal"
WE CAN TAKE IT, CAN'T WE BIG GUY?
RIGHT YOU ARE, CUTES!
JIM & I FULLY EXPECTED THE MUD-SLINGERS & HATE-MONGERS WHO WOULD DESTROY ANYTHING NEW OR DIFFERENT!!!
JIMMY JR., DON'T EVER LET SEX BE A HANG-UP FOR YOU!
IN OUR COUNTRY RETREAT, WE'VE CUT OURSELVES OFF COMPLETELY FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD...
AND WITH THE MONEY WE'VE RAKED IN FROM VARIOUS "SEXPLOITS", WE'RE SECURE FOR THE NEXT 10 YEARS! BY THAT TIME, JIMMY JUNIOR SHOULD BE ABOUT READY.... ..HEH.. WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER STORY!
A LITTLE LOWER, JR., GOOD!!
MAMA...
THE END
8

I first met OZ early in 1967. In those days it was square, upright, dressed mainly in black and white and told satirical stories out of the corner of its mouth. It had the confidence which comes of being utterly unknown and an innocence which it didn't hesitate to exploit. It was prone to rather unsuccessful parodies of its elders and fond of what it thought were brilliant attacks on the moralism and alcoholism of the British cultural Left. But, beneath the faux-naivete and the inadequately disguised ambition, was an intuitive radicalism and a directness and a friendliness which was in violent contrast to the pomposity and straightforward lying of most of its contemporaries. With the exception of the young International Times, which even at that time was exhibiting a remorseless lack of taste, and the small, stout and ill-tempered Black Dwarf, which often shouted at it incomprehensibly, OZ was alone.

Everyone else was either patronising or hostile and united in a more or less critical admiration for the status quo. OZ had expected its distant grannies and great-uncles on Fleet Street to gloat over every set-back. But it hadnt anti-pated the resentment of many people it had sneakingly and later it felt misguidedly, admired. The intellectual weeklies, the new aged satirists, the media radicals and, above all, the socialist Left with its carefully achieved dowdyness and its organisational cunning, treated OZ with a curious distain. Indeed it was as much as a reaction against this polite but icy disapproval that OZ first assumed the calculated visual excesses, the typographic flamboyance and acquired its considerable skill at insolence. At this early age too come the brief but intense affair with Swinging London and the beginning of OZ's formidable intake of substances. And here too to discerning eye was the early evidence of the hallucinations and the falling down in the street which were to herald OZ's later tragic instability.

But the gloaters of Right and Left who viewed OZ's 'depravity' with a barely concealed contempt were to see it, in its middle years develop a remarkable following among young people. And for them, OZ was almost alone in fully expressing the energy and imagination with which they were reacting against the banality and restrictions of urban life; of home, work and school; of a future illuminated by moon launches, royal gymkanas and the dole. Their chaotic kicking against a life long career as an obedient producer and consumer was mirrored in OZ's chaos.

At that time OZ was to provide, if not the first or the best one of the fiercest and most compelling cries of rejection of the choice offered the young within welfare capitalism. It seldom said exactly what they thought but it did express how they felt. With a voice alternatively cracked with passion and hoarse with laughter, OZ devoted itself to the destruction of those comfortable myths we had been brought up to cherish; the myths of the Cold War, of the disappearance of poverty, of the incorruptibility and virtue of the courts and police, of the worthyness of the schools and universities, of the existence of democracy. OZ took an early interest in the American war in Indo China, the police regimes of our Nato Allies and the facts of an unendurable poverty and homelessness. And though OZ himself seldom attended the movements which grew to express a rejection of those myths the May Events, the student sit-ins, the squatting and the demonstrations against the Vietnam War were increas-ingly part of its life.

It would of course be misleading to portray OZ as a stern political critic poring over maps of capitalism. It insisted on an almost annoying flexibility, one would meet it one month passionately enthusiastic about flying saucers and the next buried in Lenin. OZ's personality was so contradictory that many feared a serious instability of character. But OZ's own style expressed a desire to begin an alternative to the nightmare of the present now. OZ was attempting to promote a cultural uprising, his attack on society was not merely cerebral but displayed in the funk of its colour and music and the sheer delight of boogying along alive and free. Indeed even at this stage of his life many of OZ's enemies, their own lives a cage of postponed pleasures and supressed desires, found OZ's mere existence an outrage. OZ himself, on good days, still felt there was space and time to experiment with new ways of living and loving each other. But other mornings when the attempt to both bring into being a new culture and then defend it politically was too much, OZ could be heard to moan that it was 70% crap anyway and he would sit, in an insoluble gloom, complaining that he could hear nothing but cash registers in his ears.

OZ's insomnia and occassional depression was still concealed from all but close friends and in the famous series of trials (soon to be re-issued as a Commemorative Retrospective Tribute 22 Album Set) OZ was again to show its flamboyance, courage and organising ability. But although it bore the trial with stamina, and at times relish, the strain was considerable. OZ had finally stumbled rather than charged across those who control society. In his increas-ingly frequent serious moments, OZ regretted that its ideas about sex and education had not been more carefully thought out and its old desire to shock had not been linked to a movement which could actually organise. It was forced to accept what it had always known, that although the state depends on myths, it is not an illusion itself and that there must be a material basis for free minds. OZ was still prepared to look visionary but many of its old friends were more anxious to carp at its mistakes than develop its ideas. To survive OZ had been obliged to become notorious, to make use of a fame it actually despised and suffer the chorus of sell out from a movement itself in a surly stagnation. And OZ's longstanding romance with Karl Marx was increasingly causing both parties pain. The friendship had always been platonic but Marx became increasingly physically demanding and OZ found itself still incapable of surrendering to such a stern even masochistic lover.

It became increasingly obvious in his last years that many of his most deeply held ideas had rebounded. The movement OZ had tried to express had been towards, not an altered form of work and government, but the disappearance of both. But now that glimpse of the future was overshadowed by the instability of the present to any longer provide work, housing or a half-way decent standard of living. OZ was sympathetic but external to that fight. The Revolution which had meant to OZ the possibility of an altered and a freer relationship between man, woman and nature had become a euphemism for the bounding of certain West London police officers. The music which had powered OZ's wild dance was busy either paro-dying or consoling itself, half buried under unreadable PhD's and unctuous DJs. OZ would be seen, half grumpy, half pityful at its old haunts being bought by a new generation of long hairs who had inherited the culture OZ had fought for but who were squandering it, wallowing in their own groovy passivity and doing what had been exciting five years ago as a reactionary routine now.

Almost an exile within the Underground and in the impossible situation of becoming a symbol for a generation, OZ was still snubbed by a Left who seemed to refuse to admit they had anything to learn. And OZ's old and final source of power, the phallic self-confidence of its Australian youth, was, it realised painfully, finally counter-revolutionary. OZ could no longer wave its cock when in doubt. A sexual politics had come out, people were orgainisng against the family, against the sexual training and sexual guilt that crushed women and hobbled men.

The last part of OZ's life was spent in a whistful melancoly. OZ had been exhausted finally by demands which he could never begin to fulfil and he would talk bright eyed of the irresponsibility of his youth. He was happiest among friends reminiscing and he would talk of the old days with a bewildered tenderness. OZ had grown hardened outside, but inside hurt by denunciations of movements it had helped to bring into being.

The circumstances of OZ's tragically early death remain unclear. Whether OZ is dead, of suicide or sexual excess, or whether OZ is alive and operating under a series of new names is unclear at the moment. What is clear is that OZ bizarrely and for a short period expressed the energy of a lot of us. We regret its passing.

Being the adventures of a young man whose principal interests are rape, ultra-violence and Beethoven.

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NEW YORK FILM CRITICS' AWARDS 1971

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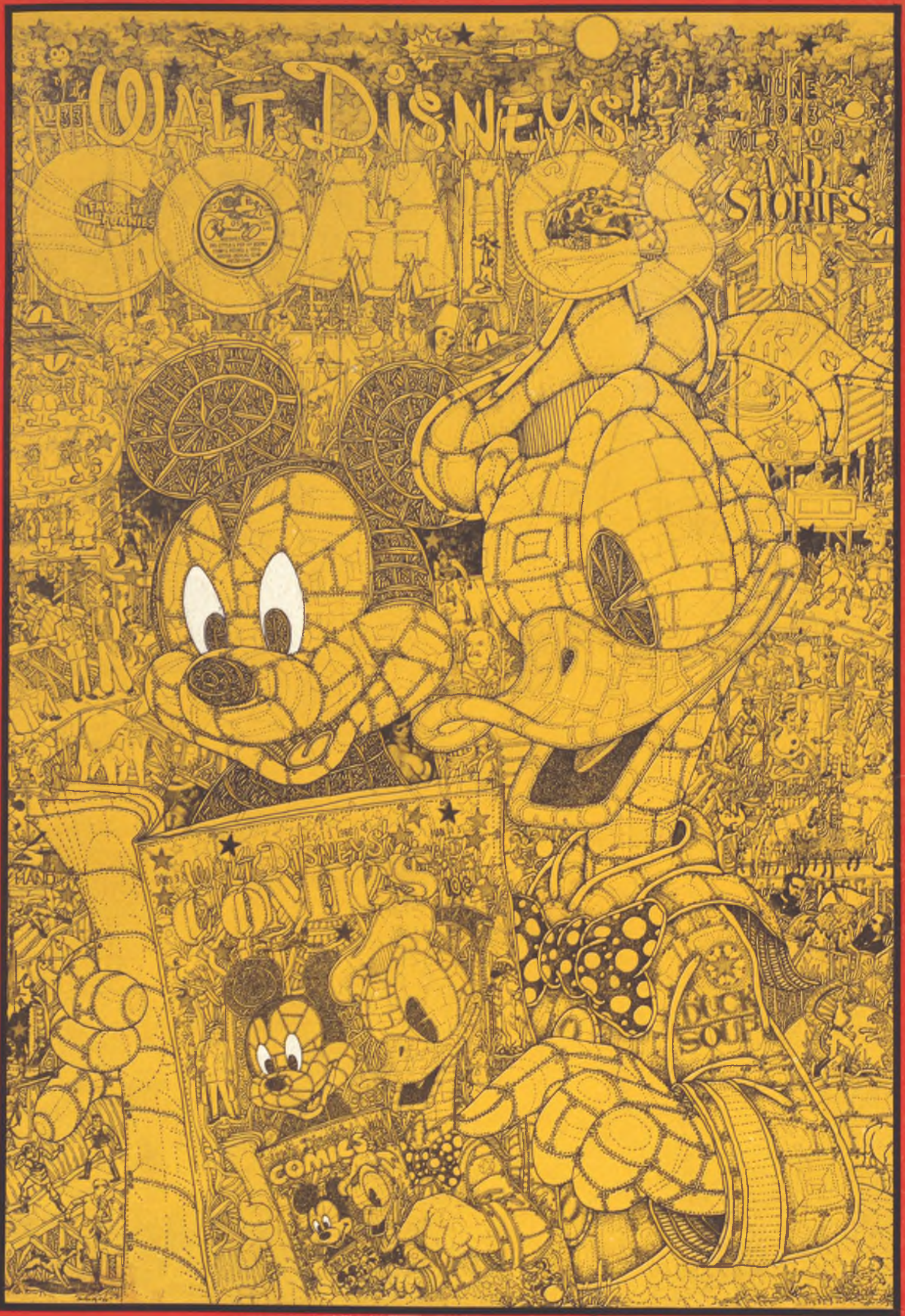
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COMICS

OZ MAGAZINE

Issue 41 25p.

CRIME & CONSPIRACY!

MURDER, RAPE, THEFT, FRAUD, GUNPOWDER, TREASON & PLOT

OLD FRIEND

Old friend don't you know it's over
Old friend can't you understand
Slap your back, I can no longer
I can only shake your hand

It's been so long, things are so different
Memory lane's a dead end street
Your present tense is reminiscence
I can't rehash it, I won't repeat

You're not so sure about tomorrow
You try to beg and steal and borrow

Lyrics from Loudon Wainwright III, Album II. Atlantic 2400142.

(A NOTE TO OUR READERS)

Yesterday's sweet parting sorrow
You hold it over my head like a rusty axe

The good old days are good and gone now
That's why they're good, because they're gone
But our conversation turns to kow tow
We've kissed the past's arse all night long

Old friend don't you know it's over
Old friend can't you understand
Slap your back, I can no longer
I can only shake your hand

Illustration by John Hurford. Capricorn Graphics 01-637 1585.

MURDER AND GENOCIDE

WANTED

GOLDA MEIR

also known as Bloody Mama

Meir is wanted for questioning about the leading part she is alleged to have played in the notorious Final Solution of some 3 million Palestinian Arab citizens between the years 1949 - 72. She is currently leader of 'The Zionists', a gang of armed over-world mobsters who took over the Holy Land patch in 1948. Meir has already tacitly admitted that she "kept shtumm" about the Kremliners' campaign to rub out several million Jews in residence on Kremlin territory during the spring of 1949. Communication has since broken down, and the Kremlin has moved into open hostility with Meir. Reports of mob warfare have been received.

Description: **AGE: 74; HEIGHT: 3'7"; WEIGHT: 4 stones; BUILD: Stocky; HAIR: Steel grey; OCCUPATION: Gunrunner; EYES: Red; COMPLEXION: Swarthy; RACE: Jewish; NATIONALITY: Isreali-expatriate Russian**

Caution: **Meir is reported to be under the constant guard of a picked and highly trained para-military force known colloquially as 'the Israeli Army'. Exercise of citizen's arrest in this instance is inadvisable.**

WIFE BEATING RELIGIOUS FANATICISM

WANTED

MAHATMA GHANDI

It is not common knowledge that Mahatma Ghandi's pacifist politics sprung from an exhaustion with violence in his own home, and that in later years he was to vent the day-to-day frustrations and stress of his professional life upon his unfortunate spouse. Neighbours have given credence to the once unthinkable rumour that the more staunchly Britain clung to the Indian Empire, the more frequently issued the crack of bullwhip against flesh from the Ghandi residence. His longstanding advocacy of Hindu-Muslim unity has also been thrown into disrepute by the recent disclosure that Ghandi refused to live next door to a Muslim and stubbornly forbade his daughter to marry one.

Description: **AGE: 103; HEIGHT: 4'8"; WEIGHT: 6 stones; BUILD: Skeletal; HAIR: Bald as a coot; OCCUPATION: Political mystic; EYES: Weak; COMPLEXION: Tanned; RACE: Hindu; NATIONALITY: British Subject.**

NARCOTICS TRAFFICKING

WANTED

WALT DISNEY

Walt Disney is the man behind illicit traffic in a new and highly dangerous form of narcotic. This drug is known to be claiming victims at an alarming rate among the young. It induces a state known as 'The Big Sleep'. Symptoms include distended pupils, blinking eyes, and an obsessive need to sit in darkened places eating pop-corn. ECG tests on addicts have revealed that thesesymptoms are accompanied by depressed brain activity, the imagination being capable of forming only facile images akin to those in childrens' picture books.

Description: **AGE: 71; HEIGHT: 5'8"; WEIGHT: 14 stones; BUILD: Chubby; HAIR: snow-white; OCCUPATION: Puppeteer; EYES: Glazed; COMPLEXION: Flaccid; RACE: White; NATIONALITY: American.**

Caution: **In 1966 Disney circulated extensive rumours that he was dead. The increased activities of the Disney consortium, however, indicate otherwise. He is currently reported to be in occupation of a large area of Southern Florida, possibly disguised as a small mouse with large black ears.**

FRAUD

WANTED

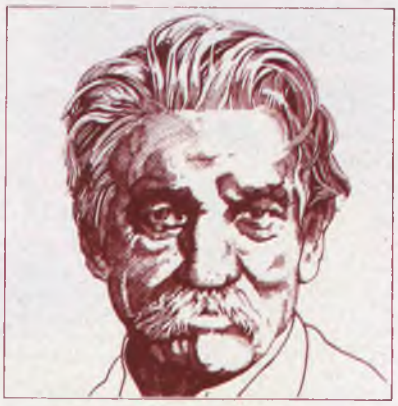
HO CHI MINH

also known as 'Uncle' Ho

'Uncle' Ho has twice used murder and blackmail to manipulate the Vietnamese people: in the summer of 1945 and in 1956. Evidence of Ho's activities and intents have since been clouded by the clumsy intervention in his affairs of a strangely myopic Western power clique claiming to be the American Government. A wire-tapped conversation between Hanoi & Moscow, however, revealed the following: "Yes, Igor, Ho speaking . . . Sure, I'll support the Polish regime's action against Gdansk workers. I backed you in Hungary & Czechoslovakia, remember? . . . useful, these proles, just have to be shown their place occasionally. Stop 'em thinking they know what's best for them . . ."

Description: **AGE: 82; HEIGHT: 5'; WEIGHT: 6 stones; BUILD: Stooped; HAIR: Thin; EYES: Inscrutable; COMPLEXION: Yellow; RACE: Asian; NATIONALITY: Vietnamese.**

Caution: **Ho Chi Minh has been known to insert bamboo shoots several inches beneath the fingernails of people who excite his displeasure.**



SYSTEMATIC PATRONAGE OF BLACK PEOPLE

WANTED

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

also known as Bwana, Zambezi Al

Albert Schweitzer, the notorious 'saint', is known throughout the world as the zealous moonlight organist. His nocturnal concertos have been solely responsible for the mass insomnia of whole villages in the Lambarene district of Equatorial Africa. As a direct result of this the entire works of Bach and most German drinking songs are outlawed in Third World countries. He is also wanted for questioning with regard to the infamous 'Jungle Camp', where Schweitzer systematically patronised thousands of native Africans between the years 1946 - 65.

Description: **AGE: 95; HEIGHT: 20'; WEIGHT: 16 cwt; BUILD: Olympian; HAIR: Dishevelled; OCCUPATION: Uncertain; EYES: Blue; COMPLEXION: Fair; RACE: Egg & Spoon; NATIONALITY: Alsatian.**

CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY

WANTED

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

While a leading member of the 'Cosa Kennedy', JFK initiated terrorist activity against the people of Cuba, culminating in the historical 'Bay of Pigs', a repelled attack upon the island by JFK's thugs. He followed this tactical failure by dragging thousands of young Americans from their homes and ordering them (under threat of prison) half way around the world to kill Asians. Frustrated by the Cosa Kennedy's slowness in the highly competitive 'space-race'; he subsequently proceeded to construct his own moonscape in Vietnam through careful use of defoliants and anti-personnel explosives. In 1963, following a sordid dispute with rival patriarch J.Edgar Hoover, JFK retired from public life and emerged shortly afterwards as a Greek millionaire with the unlikely pseudonym of 'Aristotle Onassis'.

Description: **All American.**

Caution: **Kennedy and his 'familia' are dangerous, and are likely to resort to international warfare if threatened with arrest. APPROACH WITH CARE.**

Illustrations: Roy Knipe Research: Dave Robbins / Roger Hutchinson / Felix Dennis

Dear OZ,
One can almost hear the acne bursting forth with middle-aged glee from Auberon Waugh's face as he proudly wrote: "One can almost hear the acne bursting forth with adolescent pride from David Widgery's young face as he proudly wrote: 'Private Eye is Andrex pretending to be Kleenex, Tampax pretending to be Durex . . . '

The trouble is, Auberon, that forced as Widgery's analogy may be (and I don't think it's *that* bad) his point is perfectly valid: Private Eye assimilates society's more embarrassing discharges with the hidden assumption that to do so will ultimately cure them. Or cure something. You're not too sure about what, so it doesn't matter, does it Auberon? Of course you prefer the pacific hazy hippies to the aggressive protagonists, not because of the latter's desire to 'change events' (that's a serious criticism?) but rather because the disparate activist groups which you appallingly lump together as 'the revolutionaries' have the unmitigated gall to suggest that writing clever little lampoons ain't quite good enough. You can scream jokes at Maudling until you're blue in the face: he'll still be Home Secretary and his government's legislature will be just as repressive. Not that repressive legislature is ever going to bother you. You've got as much idea about the quality of life on the Upper Clyde under Tory government or in Ghana under colonialist exploitation as has Elizabeth Taylor. Or Ted Heath.

Thirty years ago a Tory anarchist was a fun thing to be. Today, Auberon, we seem to have grown out of it. Thank Christ.

W. Gohtraw,
Barnsley, Yorks.

Dear OZ,
Why is everyone so glum, wallowing in nostalgia and masochistic defeatism unseen since the Partisan folded in 1961 (hands up who remembers the Partisan) for chrissake, we've only been going for approximately a decade as a movement, which historically speaking is no time. Even considered as a minifestation of the spectre of Bohemianism which has haunted Europe since the Romanticks, the Movement is but two centuries young which again is no time (where was Xtianity 200 a.d.?). I *like* OZ though it has perhaps got a little less adventuresome since the Magic Theatre days, (OZ 28 excepted of course). I *like* the sex, the pictures, the articles and about half the adverts and have never found it seriously illegible. (Though what the hells Auberon Waugh doing here?).

Miscellaneous comments on last ish: I can't believe a substance with an absurd name like Romilar is the repository of the Wisdom of the Universe. To deal with Jung without mentioning his utter sociological naivety which led to his albeit brief collaboration with the Nazis is a little chicken and not to mention the fantastic Seven Sermons to The Dead is to overlook his most important contribution, (7 out of 10 only for you Matt). Did Dylan *really* say that about Joan Baez?

Right on gay Irish miners,
Graham.

Dear OZ,
When I was at Armley nick in Leeds, me sister sent me two OZ mags which were put into me private property. I didn't say too much at the time cos I knew that I was being transferred to this nick in a couple of days time.

About a week after I arrived here, I began to get on their nerves because I kept asking them for me OZ mags (there is nothing in the prison rules banning any kind of periodical).

Finally, after putting up with about six weeks of abuse from yours truly they decided to send the two OZ mags to the Home Office for "analysis". Explosive material?

A week later I was called into the Deputy Governor's Office. He told me that he had in front of him a letter from the under secretary of state for the Home Office (Ministry of the Interior), which, he informed me in a supercilious manner, stated that OZ was not allowed into any prison so you can call that ban *official* censorship of a legally produced periodical namely OZ and the other underground mags. There is also censorship of political periodicals such as the Daily Worker etc.

Love and Peace, John.

Dear OZ,
Your last issue was really far out, but if Richard Neville writes that article ("A hundred reasons why the underground is dead") *just one more time*, I will personally do him some physical injury.

I don't know what sign Richard is, but I have my suspicions. Happy birthday.

Love,
Elizabeth Windus,
Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

Dear OZ,
The extracts from Ed Sanders' book published in your last issue horrified me. Charlie Manson's indescribable atrocities certainly make 'good copy', and Robert Crumb's nauseating illustrations may well be motivated by high moral principles, but the inevitable result of such a professional, clinical combination is simply to undermine what I assume were your intentions — that of exposing and debating the banality and utter futility of violence.

It's all very well to print "The truth about violence is not, in reality, beautiful or dynamic. It is banal. It is mundane. It is committed by rather small minded people for petty reasons. Why create myths about it?" Great stuff — but to follow it up with a blow by blow, chop by chop and stab by stab account of the mutilation and murder of five human beings in glorious technicolour smacks of the same hypocrisy that you yourselves abhor in the News of the World and similar "straight" papers.

Are you really an 'alternative'. Is there *really* any difference between OZ (certainly the best British 'underground' paper available) and Tit-Bits. Sometimes, I have my doubts.

Power to your elbows,
Noel Coe,
Walsingham Mansions, Fulham, London S,W.6.

Dear OZ,
What does chauvinism mean?

Love,
Peter.

Dear OZ,
It is sad to see letters of such harsh criticism on your last issue (OZ 39). I often wonder if people think that "OZ should cease publication", because of the poor standard of articles and "declination in its sense of fun, reality", etc etc, why do they not contribute some worthwhile articles with a sense of fun, and reality. I support Chris Dauson's plea of less talk and more action, *but on the part of the reader* in participating in a genuine effort of improvement and balance within the magazine.

I leave you critical "fun lovers" out there with the thought — what would there be left if there were no OZ? I suggest these dissatisfied people subscribe to the 'Telegraph'; I piss myself laughing everytime I open it!

Jaydee Doubleyoun,
Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.

Dear OZ,
Early in June of last year our son Kenneth (see OZ obituary last issue — Ed.) went out to Morocco intending to travel, and come home at the end of August. His letters were very interesting and at the time of the trouble in Rabat he was travelling through the mountains, and knew nothing of the bother until it was over. His last letter was wonderful, telling us how he bought a donkey and travelled through the middle Atlas mountains, staying first with the Berbers and then with the Nomads.

Each place he went to, he was fussed over, everyone wanting him to stay with them. He said he ended up never being alone. Everyone worked together, the men singing all the time, one day working at one family's plot and the next someone elses. He described the snow on the mountain tops and the beauty of two lakes.
He was in hospital for a short while with a foot infection caused through walking barefooted and getting a sort of pine needle in the sole. He wrote this letter from hospital, telling us not to worry, and that if he wasn't home for his brother's wedding (25th September) he would probably stay until the cold weather set in.

He said he was very happy and loved the gentleness of the people, and their way of life. The next we knew we were into November (the letter was sent at the end of August) and Police came to tell us Kenneth had died, (as they thought then, November 13th). We had to let the British Consulate know immediately, if we wanted him brought home, and that the money would have to be sent almost immediately.

We knew we must have him home but were thrown into a panic, when they asked for £400 right away. We were helped by friends and relatives — some with gifts of money, others with loans. We were told it would take 7 to 10 days. It ended up by us waiting 4 weeks. Four weeks of agony, torture — wondering — all the time — all they could say was 'natural causes'.

He must have been loved and respected by every one he met, by the many, many letters and cards we have received, many from people unknown to us. He was only 24 years old but in his young life he did many things that many people of 80 years will never do. He may not have lived the life we would have wanted for him, but he lived it, as *he* wanted and now we are glad we never ever stopped him.

It wasn't until after everything was over, that we received official notification that he was found on *November 10th*, a mile and a half in the hills, from the village where he was staying, outside of Yangiers. He had gone out walking, very early on a very cold morning and collapsed from a fatal heart seizure due to the cold.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs J. Petty,
4 Retford Road, Redhouse Estate,
Sunderland.

Dear OZ,
May I say that OZ is my light in a land of darkness, my only sight of the outside world.

Yours,
Simon Stitte,
The Vicarage School, Belchamp,
St. Paul.

Dear OZ,
Assuming that some manner of editorial descretion is exercised in the composition of OZ (a shaky assumption, admittedly); I am extremely interested in your selective process. How, for example, does Auberon Waugh fit in between Robert Crumb and David Widgery? A Big Name? A sympathetic stance? Partly, yes, but I get the peculiar impression that Mr Waugh was nudged in there as an unwitting sacrifice to the gread god Eclecticism, the U/G press's insatiable patron. OK, we all love variety, our tastes superficially span a galaxy of subjects, and maybe our magazine should reflect this. Unfortunately, however, in such reflection the very infancy of our culture becomes puerility; clumsily fingering one complicated subject after another, regurgitating that subject's more simplistic theories with a remarkable air of innocent concern, then dropping it like last week's diaper.

Take ecology. After running ecological pieces in two of your last three issues, the portion of your social consciences labelled 'environment' must have been quite aglow. A lot of people get nicely upset about the world ending by next January, and we flick to Honeybunck Kaminsky. Get a fucking grip, OZ; distinguish the hyperbole from the logic, realize that this ecological clap-trap is the biggest red herring since Moby Dick — along with your Sexual Revolution, lifestyle and flying saucers. While you've been diverting the youth of this country from constructive politics, the real pigs (the capitalists) have been laughing all the way to the bank. Ten years of my life in radical politics up the spout because you cunts haven't the gumption to sit down and take in elementary Leninism. Menshevism was unacceptable in 1918, it's more so now. Divide your issues, OZ, and you confuse. Confuse, and you dissipate. Locate your enemy. Gear your magazine accordingly. Begin to build.

P. Waterson,
Jarrow,
Northumberland.

Dear Readers,

In an effort to encourage the 'readership participation' called for by J. Doubleyoun elsewhere on this page, we intend to increase our letters column in forthcoming issues. Please mark any correspondence intended for publication with the words 'Editorial Material' on some part of the envelope. And don't forget that OZ has recently changed address and moved into the very belly of the beast at: 19, Gt. Newpot Street, London, W.C.2. 01-836 8395

Note: We reserve the right to cut, chop, mutilate and edit any letter that we find offensive, boring, libellous or more than usually insulting.

CHARLIE WAS A BASTARD

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

Not counting children, there were fourteen people in the house. They were all in one room, sitting in a group and wondering what to do.

First there was Alexander, in whose name the house was rented. Though he was quick to disclaim any kind of leadership instinct, it was he who generated the momentum in the group, he who stayed on when others drifted away. The American couple: Buz and Victoria, Buz still waiting for the draft amnesty. Mike, the kid thrown out of his school for selling grass. The guy who'd blown in from Iran the previous week, and whose name no one had yet learnt. Brendan, from the Derry Creggan, whose front door had been busted in by the RUC and who kept talking about going back and joining the Provos, but who never actually got around to it. The three girls, Jenny, Chris and Pip, who'd come down from Manchester, and stayed. Robbie, the freak who'd discharged himself from hospital and never wanted to go back. The girl from Greece: Zetta. Karl and Lotte, from East Berlin.

The fourteenth was Charlie. Charlie was a bastard. Charlie had the pox. Charlie had jumped bail. Charlie wouldn't leave, wouldn't work, wouldn't pay rent, wouldn't take a hint. Charlie liked playing with children's genitals. Everyone had hated Charlie.

And now Charlie was dead.

He lay on the floor in a foetal position. He had been found like that, and no one had moved him. The others sat around him in a silent group, staring at his body and waiting for someone else to make some suggestion.

Alexander sat silently like the rest of them, the fists of both hands tightly clenched.

In the kitchen the gas-ring on the cooker was still burning. No one had turned it off. In the night, someone had lit the gas and stood over it, holding a steel knitting-needle in the flame. When the needle was glowing white-hot, that someone had walked into this room and driven it hard into Charlie's ear. It had penetrated several inches, and now only half of it protruded from the scarred outer membrane.

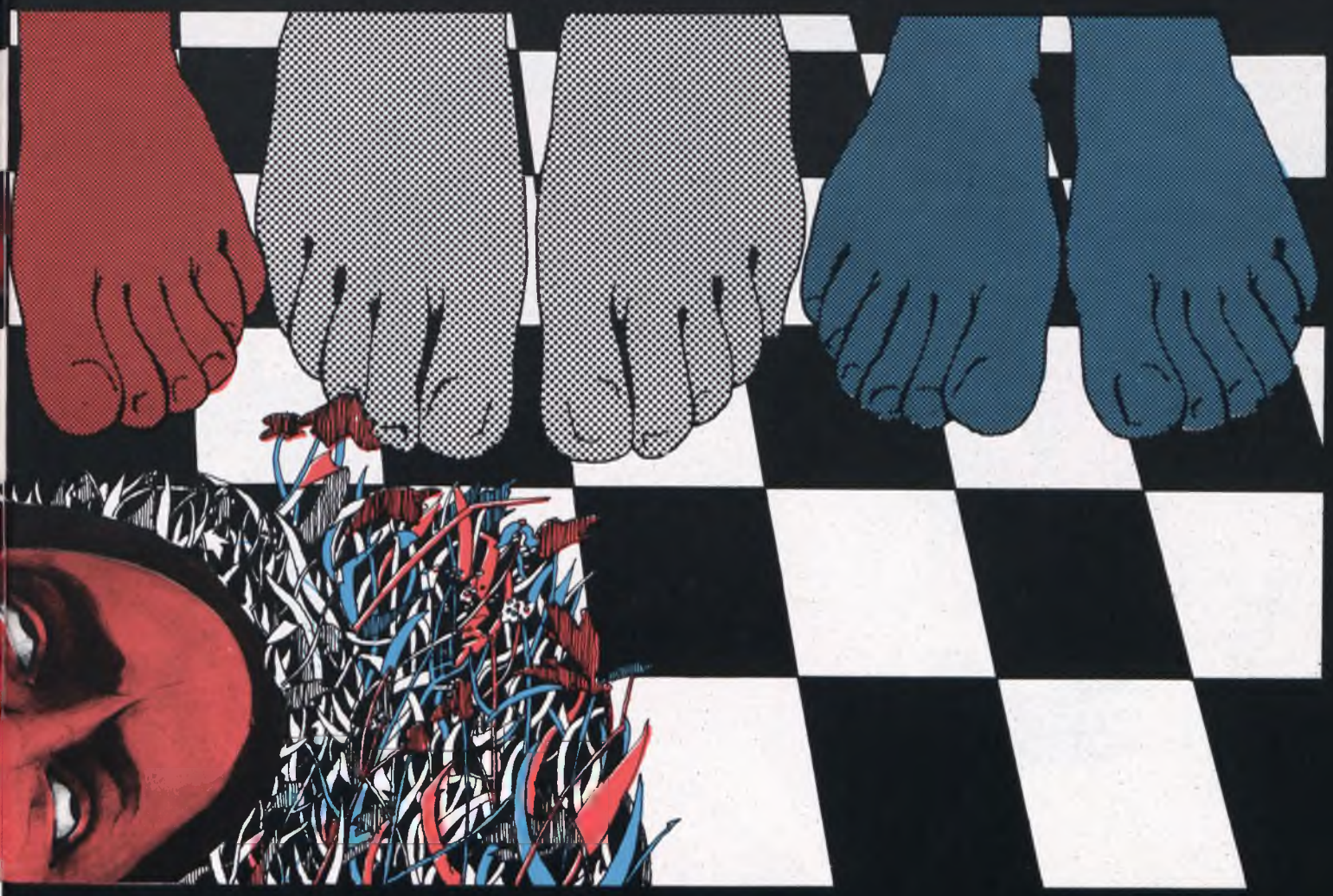
At first, Jenny had cried. It was her needle.

Now all were quiet, stunned into an outer calmness that concealed the true reactions inside.

Alexander felt that there was an unspoken horror at the murder, but one tempered with a relief. It was a solution to the problem of Charlie, a problem they had been unwilling to confront either individually or as a group.

Charlie had threatened the house, both practically and in spirit. They had known the police were looking for him, but that didn't matter so much. They just hadn't wanted the police at the house, that was all.

More significantly, Charlie's presence had disrupted the *idea.* No one had ever enunciated it in so many words, but the house was an attempt to live without the stresses of



the outside city. If people wanted to live at the house, then OK. If they wanted to leave, then OK. People did what they wanted, contributed what they could to the running of the house. When Charlie had arrived, he had been as welcome as anyone else might have been. But when one day Buz had discovered him with Pip's three-year old daughter, Charlie was no longer wanted at the house.

But no one — least of all Alexander — wanted to disrupt the *idea* by kicking him out.

Now Alexander stared down at his hands, saw how his knuckles whitened with the tight clenching of the fists.

". . . What I can't understand," Buz suddenly said, "is how the needle was held. It must have been almost red-hot where it was gripped."

They stared at the few inches of grey metal, saw the marks where the metal had cooled.

"So what do we do?"

"We ought to call the police."

"No . . . . "

No one in particular said this; they all felt it. To call the police was a breach of the *idea.* The house did not want the police.

"We could bury him in the garden."

"Wait until night, then we could put him in the road."

"Do you know where he comes from?"

"Couldn't we find another house? We could leave him here."

"They'd trace us. We've got to hide him."

Then Alexander realized: whoever had actually driven the needle into Charlie's head, everyone in the house was a party to the murder. If not in fact, then certainly in spirit.

"It was one of us who did it."

"I was asleep."

"So was I."

"We all were."

"No." Alexander, spoke, opening his left hand and staring at the palm. His right hand was still clenched. "No one of us was awake."

"Look, this is out of all proportion. Charlie was a bastard. A filthy fucking bastard. I wanted him dead."

"Right."

"I'm glad too."

Victoria stood up, and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to call the fuzz."

"You do that," Alexander said, "and that's the end of everything. They'll come in here and they'll blow everything wide open. It'll be just an excuse to start in on every commune in London. Look what the press would do. Drug-crazed hippies . . . right? Manson rides again . . . right? You know how much shit we've got stashed away here? How much acid? They'll go through this place and if they don't find anything they'll plant it."

"So we throw away what we've got."

"It isn't the grass that matters. It's the house . . . the whole *idea* of our living here. That's the most important thing. We've got it good here, and we're not going to have it broken up."

Victoria looked at him coldly, then stared deliberately at Charlie's corpse.

"Yeah . . . we've got it good here."

She walked out of the room, and a moment later they heard her pick up the phone in the hall.

"You going to stop her?"

They were all staring at Alexander.

He said nothing for a moment, and then lifted up his right arm. His fist was still clenched, and for a moment he sat in a parody of the black-power salute. Then, painfully, he opened his fingers and displayed the palm of his hand. The burn-scar was still fresh, a read weal running straight across his fingers and palm.

"No," he said. "I'm not going to stop her. It's what she wants to do."

THE 1st CRIME

Featuring THE PEN OF GEORGE SNOW AS IT WILL BE SEEN AFTER THE REVOLUTION!

FLASHBACK

ADAM AND EVE HAVE DISOBEYED GOD AND EATEN THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. GOD, IN HIS WISDOM, HAS EXPELLED THE COUPLE FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN AND THEIR SUBSEQUENT IMMODESTY HAS RESULTED IN THE BIRTH OF TWO SONS, CAIN AND ABEL.

NOW READ ON...

CAIN IS A GOOD SON!

AND ABEL THE SHEPHERD IS A FINE LAD TOO!

GOOD DAY FATHER!

ONE DAY ABEL DECIDED TO MAKE AN OFFERING TO THE LORD - CAIN PLEDGED AN OFFERING TOO, BUT HIS HEART WAS NOT IN IT.

FOR GOD'S GOODNESS I FEEL I SHOULD SACRIFICE A LAMB FROM MY FLOCK TO HIM

WELL, I CAN OFFER HIM SOME OF MY FRUIT.

I'LL NOT BE OUTDONE BY MY BROTHER ABEL!

GOD, LOOKING INTO THEIR HEARTS COMMENDS ABEL BUT NOT CAIN.

ABEL, YOUR OFFERING IS PLEASING TO ME!

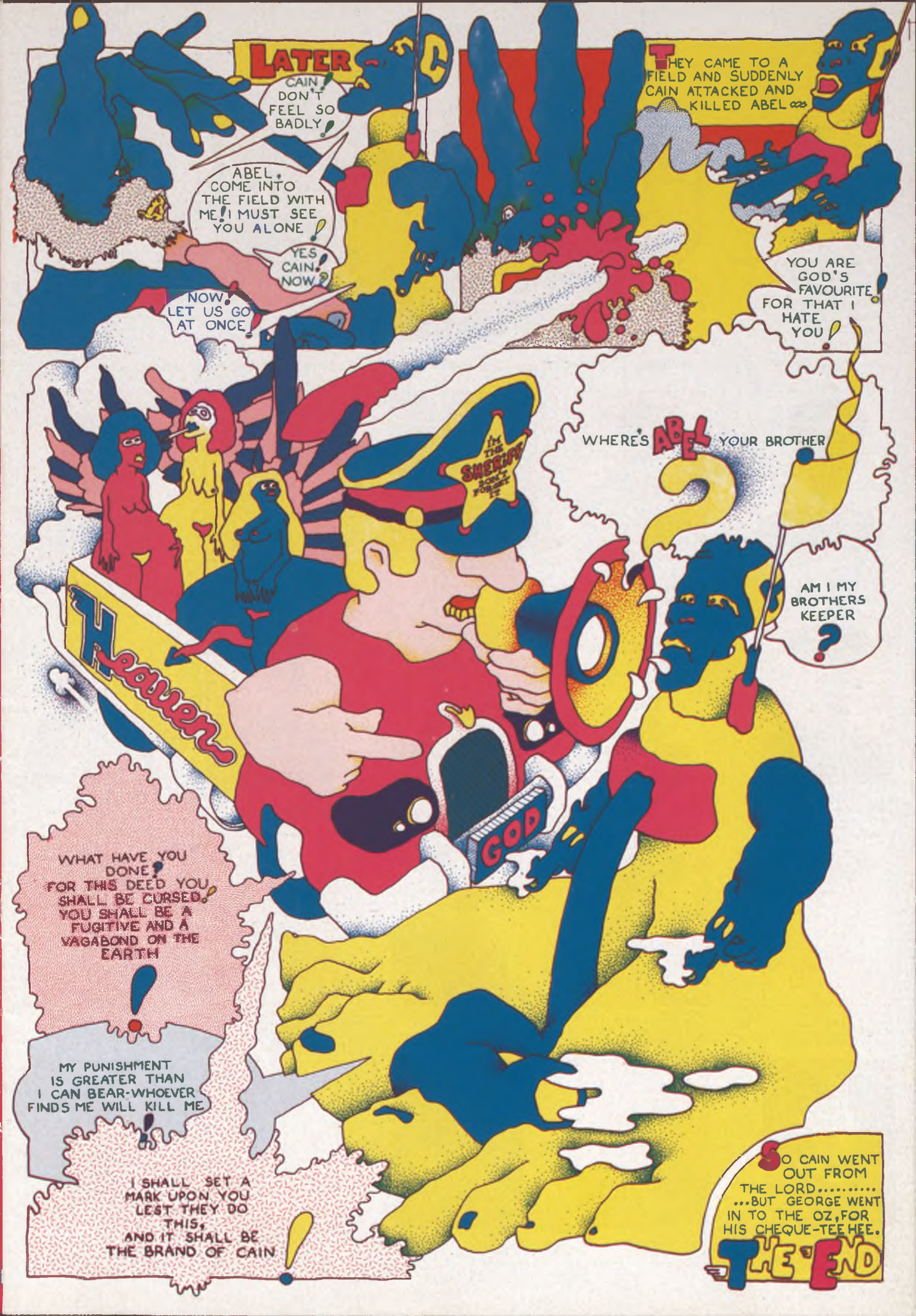
AND WHAT ABOUT MINE, LORD?

CAIN SLINKS AWAY.

MY BROTHER IS THE FAVOURED ONE OF GOD. MY OFFERING IS JUST AS GOOD!

WHY ARE YOU ANGRY CAIN? IF YOU DO WELL, SHALL YOU NOT BE ACCEPTED?

JUST WAIT!


LATER
CAIN! DON'T FEEL SO BADLY!
ABEL, COME INTO THE FIELD WITH ME! I MUST SEE YOU ALONE!
YES CAIN! NOW?
NOW! LET US GO AT ONCE!
THEY CAME TO A FIELD AND SUDDENLY CAIN ATTACKED AND KILLED ABEL...
YOU ARE GOD'S FAVOURITE! FOR THAT I HATE YOU!
WHERE'S ABEL YOUR BROTHER?
AM I MY BROTHERS KEEPER?
I'M THE SHERIFF DON'T FORGET IT
Heaven
GOD
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE! FOR THIS DEED YOU SHALL BE CURSED! YOU SHALL BE A FUGITIVE AND A VAGABOND ON THE EARTH!
MY PUNISHMENT IS GREATER THAN I CAN BEAR-WHOEVER FINDS ME WILL KILL ME!
I SHALL SET A MARK UPON YOU LEST THEY DO THIS, AND IT SHALL BE THE BRAND OF CAIN!
SO CAIN WENT OUT FROM THE LORD..... ...BUT GEORGE WENT IN TO THE OZ, FOR HIS CHEQUE-TEE HEE.
THE END

"If I should die, think
only this of me,
That there's some corner
of a foreign field
That is forever England.
There shall be
In that rich earth a richer
dust concealed..."

'The Soldier'
Rupert Brook
(1887 - 1915)

"Well,
I don't wanna be a soldier,
Mama, I don't wanna die,
Oh no,
Oh no,
Oh no..."

'Imagine'
John Lennon
(b.1940)

To the glorious memory of our men who fell in the Great War. Their name liveth for evermore.

2nd-Lieut.
R. ANDREWS
Killed at Beaumont
Hamel, 15.11.16.

Private
A.W. BRAGG
Missing at Aubers
Ridge, 9.5.15.

Sergeant
W.E. HAWKINS
Killed at Neuve
Chapelle, 7.11.16.

Corporal
H.L. HALES
Died from Influenza
whilst on leave, 3.1.18.

1st Air Mechnc.
F.J. MOORCRAFT
Killed in action in
France, 3.8.17.

2nd-Lieut.
D.V. DRUERY
Died of wounds at
Rouen, 2.9.18.

Rifleman
F.E. PARFITT
Killed at Neuve
Eglise, Belg, 4.5.18.

Driver
R.A.J. WYNNE
Killed at Le Cateau
near Cambrai 2.8.18.

Private
C.T. DURLING
Died of wounds in
Palestine, 14.3.18

Sergeant
W.G. GENAWAY
Killed at Bellicourt,
France, 5.10.18.

Private
C.D. CAMPBELL
Killed in action at
Tel-el-Sheira 2.2.18.

2nd Lieut.
D.E. STEPHENS
Fell at his gun at
Tilloy Wood, 7.3.18.

Sergeant
G'M' HEATH
Killed near Passch-
endaele, Belg, 9.5.17.

Private
C.R. RENWICK
Killed in action at
Arras, 9.4.17.

Capt.
L.D. HEAD
Killed in action on
the Somme, 2.7.16.

Prob. Flight. Off.
K. STUART
Killed at Chingford
Aerodrome, 13.6.17.

Rifleman
G.C. HINDE
Killed at Ypres.
19.12.15.

2nd-Lieut.
A. KING
Killed at the taking
of High Wood, 2.4.17

Lance-Corporal
W.E. DANIELS
Killed in action on
Western Front 1.2.18

Grenadier
L. MOORE
Wounded & Missing
in Somme, 29.8.1916

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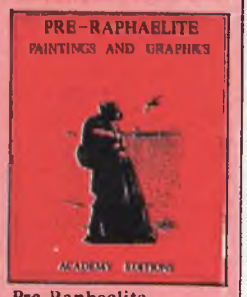

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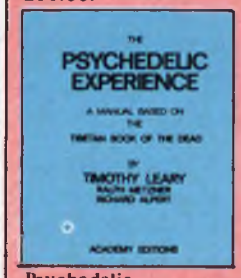

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I ENCLOSE .....

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Bickershaw Festival

5,6,7 May

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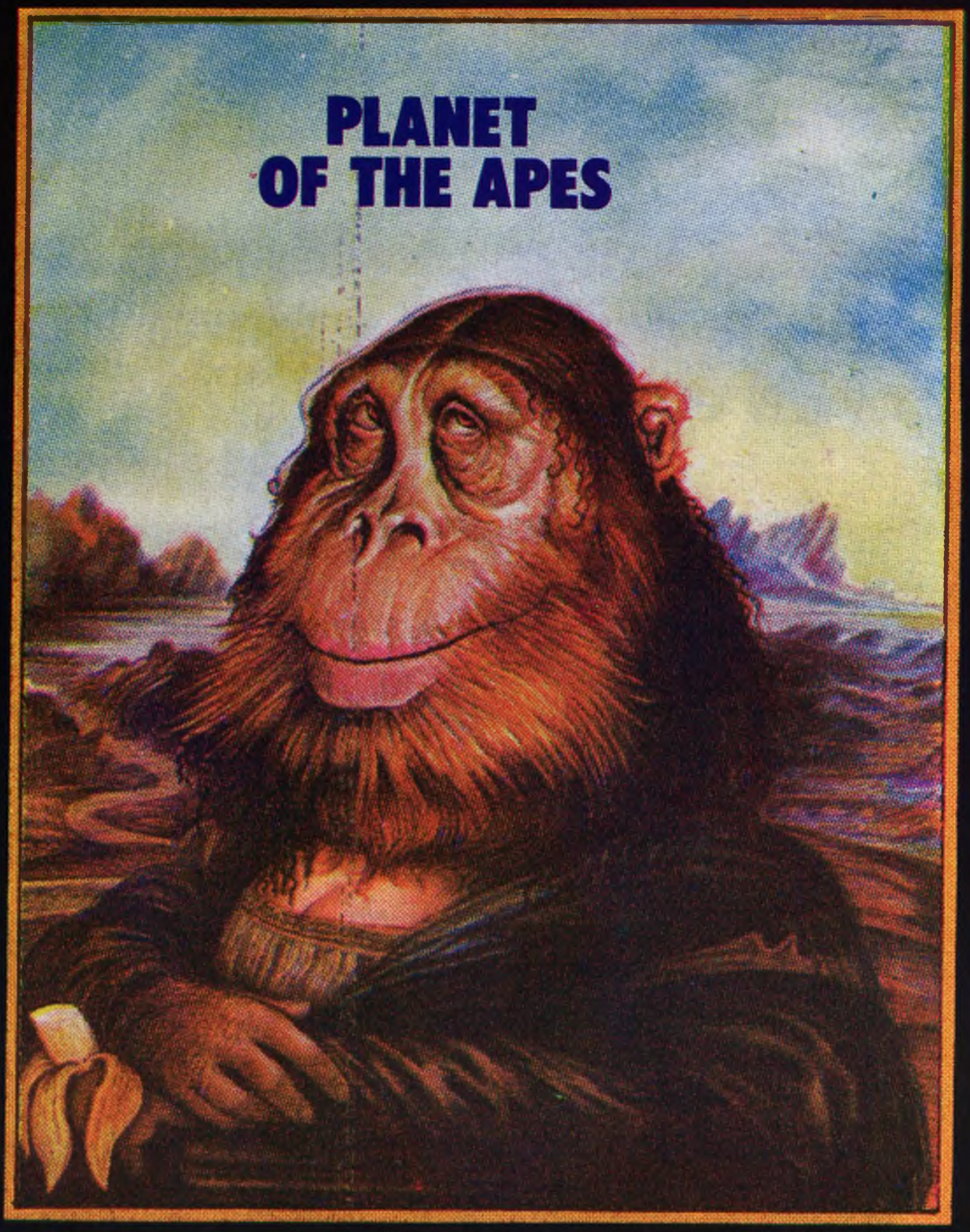
PLANET
OF THE APES

ENVIRONMENTAL CRIME

Michael Allaby

If crimes are being committed against mankind, against the planet itself, there can be little doubt about the identity of the criminal. We live in a civilisation that is based on the fastest possible consumption of energy and materials. We measure our prosperity in terms of it. We have imposed our culture on much of the world, condemning whole continents to poverty, because wealth is defined as possession of those things which we monopolise.

Yet up to now we have been innocent. It is only within the last few years that we have begun to realise that we live on a finite planet whose resources must be shared. We are only partially aware of the damage we may be inflicting on the global environment that sustains us.

"Pink" disease sometimes causes skin discolouration and it produces a general weakening of the body, headaches, giddiness and aching limbs. Harmless in itself, if the victim takes an infection this could be very serious. It is caused by mercury poisoning and it has been increasing in South–East Wales since autumn 1969.

On the 14th Arpil, 1970, people living close to one section of the Manchester Ship Canal complained to the police about a smell of gas. At about 7.15 in the morning policemen were calling at houses to check the complaints and one policeman was standing on the canal bank. A mist hung over the water and through it he could see a small boat in mid-stream. The boat seemed to be in trouble and was drifting aimlessly. There was a group of men in the boat. One of them looked as though he was unconscious. As he watched, the policeman saw another man climb into a boat further along the bank and row out, apparently to help.

The man's name was Bernard Carroll. He was 24 and he worked as a ferryman. He never reached the men he set out to help. When he was within 20 or 30 yards of them the water burst into flames which engulfed both boats and which spread along the Canal surface in both directions. Five men survived and three were never found. Bernard Carroll's body was recovered. The inquest said he died from burns. No one knows how the fire started. but there have been other cases of heavily polluted water catching fire. Putrefying organic matter on the bed releases inflammable methane which bubbles to the surface.

In 2,000 tests conducted in a maternity hospital it was found that women subsisting mainly on a diet of forced fertilised, processed or frozen food were more prone to anaemia. They had diminished levels of blood serum iron, vitamin B12 and folic acid.

There was an argument current at that time among environmentalists as to who should pay for pollution. Should the polluter pay or should the public? The feeling now is that it should be the polluter who pays. Be that as it may, in this case we know who paid. Bernard Carroll did.

The incidence of mental disturbance among children increased during the period 1964–68 by 35 per cent among the 10–15 and 15–20 age groups and by up to 100 per cent among the 0–10 age group. In a paper published in May, 1971, Prof. D. Bryce–Smith, of Reading University, suggested the cause might be the increase in the environmental load of heavy metals, particularly lead, that occurred during the same period.

We comsume all our resources at an unprecedented speed. We know that our children will have to live without petroleum, natural gas and many metals, but are we handing on to them a civilisation that can survive without them. Are we mortgaging our children's future?
What is more serious is that we may be disrupting the physical and biological cycles which maintain the planet's life support systems. Oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, water, energy, all move cyclically through the biosphere in patterns of complexity, and delicacy. Any serious interference with any of them could produce profound changes in conditions on the planet's surface. We burn fossil fuels, releasing carbon dioside into the atmosphere. Does this affect plant growth? We remove forests and green cover, replacing them with concrete or with the less dense plant cover of farmland. Does this affect the balance of oxygen and carbon dioxide? We pollute the oceans. This is affecting marine phytoplankton, the microscopic plants which form the base of all marine life. Is this affecting fish? Is it affecting the atmospheric oxygen balance? We plan to fly fleets of large aircraft in the lower stratosphere. Will this release so much water vapour in that very dry region that a thin blanket of cloud will form, high above weather systems, reflecting back into space incoming solar radiation? Will the oxides of nitrogen affect the stratospheric layer of ozone that protects us from harmful ultraviolet radiation? We don't know. Is it a crime to perform long-term experiments on the entire race, experiments whose results we cannot forsee and whose effects we cannot reverse?

In October, 1969, 27 people were admitted to hospital in Sheffield suffering from poisoning after eating potatoes taken from a field that had been sprayed with a herbicide. They had taken the potatoes without permission, immediately after spraying.

In August, 1968, 12 people from Shefford, Bedford, were treated for ammonia poisoning. A cylinder containing ammonia and potash fertiliser leaked ammonia gas which affected people sleeping in houses nearby.

We pour our sewage into rivers and into the sea while our soils are in need or the organic matter it could provide. Sewage should be regarded as a raw material. a resource, not a waste. They see it this way in China. They have always seen it this way and as a result they have sustained a farming system for 4,000 years. Ours has lasted barely a quarter of that time and already it is in trouble.

Each year we remove thousands of miles of hedgerow in order to create larger fields for our farm machines, to release more land for cropping and to save the cost of maintaining them. By doing so we alter drainage patterns in the soil and in some places may be accelerating soil erosion. More seriously, we may be oversimplyfying the environment, reducing the diversity of species which is essential to ecological stability. Our children and their children may find it more difficult to grow food. As it is, our farming systems are damaging soils and the overuse of nitrate fertiliser is causing pollution of water that could become dangerous to babies. Would it be a crime if some babies died from nitrate poisoning? They have in Germany and in America.

When we abuse the planet we abuse ourselves. Nowhere is the Asian doctrine of Karma more clearly demonstrable. Poison the air and it is we who must breathe it. Poison the water and it is we who will drink it. Are we suffering? Is there an environmental crisis or is it fiction?

Britain imports half its food and in spite of all our efforts domestic production is not increasing. In the world as a whole the demand for food will increase sharply as populations continue to rise in the next few years. We are vulnerable. Britain is short of water, which is vital to the

industry we need to pay for our food. The pressures of modern urban life are associated with an increase in the incidence of mental illness, suicide, crime and social disorder. The quality of the food that we eat leads to an increase in degenerative diseases of all kinds. Our faith in the power of economic growth to bring benefits to all has been shaken by the growth of unemployment. Ulster teeters on the brink of civil war. There are cyanide drums on the beach, oil in the water, sulphur dioxide in the air. We have too few houses and too many cars and too little land. In our search for minerals and fuels we are beginning to disembowel our National Parks and areas of outstanding natural beauty. The list is endless.

There are certain areas where the incidence of cancer and multiple sclerosis are higher than elsewhere. Prof. Henry Warren of the University of British Columbia, in an article published in February, 1972, in the Journal of the Royal College of General Practitioners, suggests that high levels of heavy metals, such as lead, molybdenum and zinc, found in vegetables grown in those areas, might be the cause. These high amounts are found in traditional mining areas, like parts of Devon and North Wales, but also in Liverpool and Birmingham.

If it is a crime to restrict the reasonable freedom of action of others, we are all criminals, for not only do we suffer now as a result of our actions, but we are restricting the freedom of choice and action of all those who come after us.

We have thought of nature as hostile or as benificient, depending on our outlook. Both are wrong. Nature is simply implacable. The laws we break are not man-made laws that can be repealed, but physical and biological laws that govern the systems of which we are no more than a part. We know now what it is that we are doing. We know the dangers. It is not too late to reform ourselves and we have the power to do so. If we act now we can earn our parole and in time rehabilitate ourselves. If we do not act soon the planet itself may pass its final, irrevocable sentence on us. Then it will be too late. There is no right of appeal.

Michael Allaby

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BACK ISSUES
OZ 19 — Groupies. Dr G probes Viv Stahshall. The first English appearance of Dylanology.
OZ 20 — Hells Angels. The author of this piece is still in hiding.
OZ 24 — The Beautiful Freaks and Honeybunch Kaminski — the real little yummy herself.
OZ 26 — Candy Darling and Hollywood's best hung stud.
OZ 29 — Female Energy. Germaine and cohorts parade their thing — when she still had balls.
OZ 30 — Fun, Travel and Adventure.
OZ 31 — Yippies. Richard Neville pontificates in the days when he too still had balls.
OZ 37 — Double pack — Angry and Horny.
OZ 38 — To live or not, and the latter seems much more likely. Get the horrible facts.
OZ 39 — The one that got away. Masquerading as a West Coast comic, this is the prettiest issue yet.
OZ 40 — Fifth Anniversary issue. 64 pages of nostalgia.

OZ 28 School Kids Issue
You've read about it! You've heard about it! You've battled for it in the streets! But have you actually read it?
Scotland Yard's Obscenity Squad finally returned the last remaining copies of OZ 28, the School Kids issue, the mag that cost the tax-payer £100,000.
We cannot send this issue through the post Under Any Circumstances.
However, even the ludicrous provisions of the Obscene Publications and Post Office Acts cannot prevent OZ 28 being legally and freely obtained by anyone who cares to come to our office and get it.
Notoriety, rarity and kindred events have inevitably upped the price of this issue: For longhairs, freex and the ideologically sound the mag will cost 50p. For academics, librarians and wholesale dealers in pornography there will be a charge of £1.

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ERRANT GUARDIANS of the LAW

With media sharpshooting at our stalwart boys in blue running at an unprecedented high, and public respect for the police tottering, OZ flicked carelessly through a few back issues of the *Guardian* and turned up the following snippets: these are the unlucky ones. The ones that got caught.

Our thanks are due to the Guardian's research library.

23/1/71: Detective-Sergeant Philip Blanchard and Detective-Constable Raymond Goodhead were convicted of uttering a forged hotel bill at Rhyl, Wales, and obtaining cash by deception. On appeal their fines were reduced from £75 to £25 each, and prison sentences of three months were upheld.

3/2/71: Scotland Yard was reported to be investigating allegations that a 19 year old borstal escapee, Stephen McCarthy, died after two policemen forced his arm behind his back, held him by the hair, and 'rammed his head into a bus stop'. It was also alleged that members of the Islington police force subsequently removed Stephen from hospital, against medical advice, and made him sign a statement that his injuries were caused when he 'fell against the bus stop'. Stephen died on January 26, 1971.

7/2/71: A Scotland Yard Detective-Constable, Duncan Bayliss, was cleared of allegations that he planted drugs on a Jamaican to secure conviction. The Jamaican, 52 year old Arnold Francis, had been acquitted by a sessions jury of possession of amphetamines and cannabis; and Mr Francis then brought an action for malicious prosectuion against Detective-Constable Bayliss. After the jury returned a not guilty verdict on Bayliss, Mr Justice Talbot thanked them for their services in a 'difficult and anxious case.'

19/2/71: The inquest jury on Stephen McCarthy returned a verdict of 'death by natural causes'. Relatives of Stephen began shouting 'You killed him', 'murderers', 'pigs', and 'This is a police state' at police in the inquest courtroom. More police were called in to deal with them.

26/4/71: A jury at North-east London sessions called for an independent inquiry into police procedure for detaining alleged offenders; after Stephen Goff (17) was acquitted of three charges of assault on police at Romford police station. Judge Murray Buttrose told Goff: 'Your behaviour at the police station is nothing but a squalid nuisance. Police officers should not have their time taken up by little boys like you who resent authority.'

21/7/71: Scotland Yard ordered an 'immediate investigation' into allegations of corruption made against senior drugs squad officer Detective Chief Inspector Victor Keleher. It was claimed that Kelaher was corruptly involved in a conspiracy to acquire a quantity of imported cannabis.

4/9/71: The Omsbudsman dropped his investigation into the death of Stephen McCarthy, stating: 'The Parliamentary Commissioner Act precludes me in general from conducting an investigation into any action in respect of which the person aggrieved has or had a remedy by way of legal proceedings'' John Grant, Labour MP for Islington East, said that he was 'extremely disappointed with the Commissioners decision.'

7/10/71: Detective–Inspector Ronald Griffiths was fined £250 at Shropshire Assizes for stealing £88 in notes from Longton Police Station. The £88 had originally been confiscated from arrested burglars.

16/11/71: Malachy James Naughton, a 32 year old labourer, was awarded £87 damages against two policemen and the Metropolitan Police Commissioner in the High Court. Mr Naughton alleged assault, false imprisonment, and malicious prosecution after a struggle with two police constables in Hornsey Rise. The PCs had accused Mr Naughton of trying to steal a car. Mr Justice Nilmo pointed out that 'it was common ground that Naughton could not drive'.

17/11/71: Jack Cunningham, Labour MP for Whitehaven, announced that an investigation was being carried out by Cumbria police into allegations of police ill-treatment of strike pickets at S. Branan Ltd., Whitehaven. Two plain clothes police were infiltrated into the pickets, and allegations were made against these two men.

24/11/71: Former police inspector Geoffrey Ellerker and police Sergeant Kenneth Kitching were sent to prison for 3 years and 27 months respectively at Leeds Assizes on various charges of assaulting Nigerian David Oluwale. Oluwale was found dead in the River Aire at Leeds in the spring of 1969. Charges of manslaughter against both Ellerker and Kitching had been dismissed by the jury under direction from Mr Justice Hinchcliffe. Mr Hinchcliffe commented before passing sentence: 'The verdict of the jury will add fuel to the fire of those who spend most of their time sneering at police officers and making brash criticism of police officers.'

2/12/71: Reginald Maudling, Home Secretary, commented in reply to a request by James Callaghan that an independent element be introduced into the procedure for examining complaints against the police: 'It's too jolly easy to complain against the police. If he (the complainant) scores, he gains, and if he loses, he loses nothing.'

7/12/71: Maudling ordered a 'top level' investigation into Leeds City Police, following the Ellerker and Kitching convictions. Over the past two years complaints have led to the conviction of 12 Leeds policemen.

8/12/71: Five Flying Squad detectives faced 14 charges at Greenwich, ranging from consiracy to blackmail. Sgt. Peter Holmes, Sgt. Frank Marshall, and Sgt. David Norris were accused of attempting to obtain from a Mr Philip Soltz £200 as an inducement for showing favour to him in relation to a drugs charge.

18/12/71: Mr Stanley Mayne, vice-chairman of ILEA's Further and Higher Education sub-committee complained that, following the peaceful delivery of a petition by 14 students to him, the police had requested him for the names of the 14 students involved. Mr Mayne, who told the police 'to go and take a jump at themselves', commented later: 'I think this is scandalous. One wonders whether the police are constructing a blacklist . . . No one would call this a Police State, but such developments are thoroughly disturbing.'

7/1/72: Local police prevented the Coventry community relations officer, Mr Paul Stephenson, from seeing a number of West Indian youths arrested during the Christmas period. A police officer told Mr Stephenson that he could not see five youths because 'he (Mr Stephenson) was not being helpful'.

26/2/72: A formal complaint was lodged in Kirkby, Lancashire, alleging that 14 year old Paul Barton was seized from outside his house by police officers, frogmarched 300 yards to the scene of a burgled shop, hit several times, punched into the already broken shop window so that it cracked again, taken into a police van, hit several times over the head, and taken to the police station. He was later acquitted of the burglary.

WHEN THERE JUST AIN'T NO CHOICE

by MIKE UNSTED

I SAID WE CAN PROSECUTE YOU UNDER SECTION 30. FAILURE TO MAINTAIN!
SHIT!
OFF LICENC
SMASH
STOP. I'LL CALL THE P...
BASH!
CRACK
SLUMP
MNNN...A....ARR.....
GRAB
FUCK 'EM!

MOBS & PLOTTERS

Conspiracies,
as we all know, are hatched in whispers. *Andrew Sinclair* investigates
the clandestine mutterings of the last two hundred years....

Oppression makes the difference between brigands and guerillas, just as occupation makes the difference between secret societies and national heroes. Small political groups dedicated to the overthrow of the current political system have existed in most societies. Without alien or minority rule, however, these groups rarely achieve the conditions to take over the government through subversion, infiltration, rebellion or coup d'etat.

Irish secret societies were similar to other nationalist secret groups of the period. They began by pressing for contitutional reform within English law; they ended by taking revolutionary action against the British army. They splintered apart into squabbling groups during the negotiations with England and after independence was won. (The Sinn Fein leader, de Balera, refused to recognize the treaty with England for many years, though he later became Prime Minister of Ireland.) They learned through many bitter failures the lessons of security, and learned them so successfully that the role of the revived I.R.B. in the Easter Rising was not recognised for many years. And they succeeded in their long-term object — what Arthur Griffith defined as "making England take one hand away from Ireland's throat and the other out of Ireland's pocket."

The Irish secret societies, like the continental nationalist societies, had middle-class, educated leaders who capitalized on a tradition of agrarian lawlessness. But there was one important respect in which they did not follow the continental pattern: they never succeeded in influencing the city mob, which was usually hostile to them, if not in sympathy with the English. The nationalist secret societies of Europe , which formented many insurrections in the 19th century, often relied on mass urban revolt. The British historian Sir Lewis Namier in his acute examination of the causes of the European revolutions of 1848, found that the revolutionaries were almost exclusively middle-class intellectuals who capitalized on popular outbursts, many of which originated in the crowded slums of capital cities.

It was the French Revolution that set the pattern of the urban revolts. In the capital of France, conspirators plotted, rose to power, and were overthrown; as Paris went, so went the nation. The French revolutions before the time of Bonaparte proved that a small and determined body of men, such as the Jacobins, could seize power and hold on to it briefly by using their agents and armies to put down opposition at home and abroad. The so-called "Conspiracy of Equals", Francois Babeuf's failed rising on behalf of the *sans cullottes* in 1796, ushered in the age of the professional revolutionary — of men like Filippo Buonarroti (1761-1837) and Auguste Blanqui (1805-1881). These men, in love with the revolution, its preparation, and its ritual, made the small secret society an instrument of nationalism.

Though its ritual was often ludicrous, the nationalist secret society was probably the most important agent of political change in the early 19th century; its effectiveness was unquestionable in times of disorder. The most famous of the secret societies of that time the *Carbonari*, had a Masonic ritual that bypassed ridicule and approached incredulity. They helped to win constitutions for Spain and some of the Italian states and independence for Greece, yet they never attracted popular support. They did, however, set a successful pattern of conspiracy which was widely imitated. For in the revolutions of 1830, when mass support was forthcoming for risings in Paris, Belgium, Poland, Spain, and various parts of Germany, Italy and Switzerland, the secret societies were no longer isolated groups of conspirators. Those who plotted to win concessions for the middle classes found themselves, almost willy-nilly, the leaders of nationalistic agitation. They became the leaders of the people, particularly where large areas speaking one language were split up into a series of petty principalities, as in Germany and Italy, or where many different language groups were forced together in an uneasy union, as in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The result of the revolutions of 1830 was the creation of one new European nation, Belgium, and of several liberal constitutions on the continent of Eruope. Perhaps their most significant after effect was to split the moderates in certain countries, such as France, from the radicals. Once the middle class of a principality, a nation, or an empire, had won a share in the legislative power, it showed as much zeal in suppressing radical secret societies as any aristocratic regime.

The new leaders of the middle classes came from the constitutional and cultural clubs. Various political clubs rose briefly to power in 1848; but religious divisions, allied with the irrational hatreds of nationalism, brought them into conflict and dissipated their

success. Teutonic peoples and Slavs could no more agree than Irish Catholics and Orangemen; the result was that both the Austro-Hungarian Empire and British control of Ireland were able to survive into the 20th century. The early 19th century was the period of the revolutionary middle class, which often had to go underground and form secret societies to win concessions from aristocratic regimes and to gain representation in parliament. But after 1848, the nationalist secret society in Europe changed its nature. Once the wealthier middle classes were accepted within the framework of aristocratic European government, the secret society became a focus of petty bourgeois or proletarian discontent. Thus conspirators like Blanqui, who spent most of his life plotting or in prison, eventually succeeded in winning the mass support of the Paris workers. Blanqui's League of the Just, and the League of Outlaws (a secret society of German workingmen in Paris), were the forerunners of the Communist League of Marx and Engels, which dropped the ritual paraphernalia of the older brotherhoods — what Marx described as "superstitious authoritarianism".

In some respects, the political secret society society after 1848 was more international than national. Marx and Engels, the German-born authors of the *Communist Manifesto*, preached a class war across national frontiers, though every Communist insurrection was actually carried out within the framework of a single nation. The history of the Bolshevik movement, indeed, is a history of *Russian* conspirators, who imitated the Blanquists in their small, close-knit band of trained revolutionaries, the Carbonari in their appeal to officers in the armed forces, the Irish rebels in their exploitation of agrarian disaffection, and the Paris Communes in their use of the urban mob. The Bolsheviks were the most successful national secret society of all time, despite their claim to represent the working classes everywhere. The Communist Revolution failed to spread after the Bolshevik success in Russia only because the Bolsheviks were Russians before they were internationalists. The middle-class conspirators of 1848 had given up international solidarity for national squabbling; the Bolsheviks gave up international revolution for national strength.

The theory of conspiracy, as the American historian Richard Hofstadter has pointed out, lies at the grass roots of democratic society. The people must always search out villains, real or mythical, to explain their ills, for democracy, by its very nature, can hardly oppress. Conspiracies may be attributed to any secret group, to bankers, armaments manufacturers, Jews, Catholics, Masons, heretics, anarchists or Communists. Once the group is named, it is believed to have power. When a real conspiracy against the government is named and feared by government supporters, it will win the support of those who regard the government itself as a conspiracy against the people. But it must prove its power by committing acts of terrorism or martyrdom if it is to gain the publicity necessary for segments of the people to accept its leadership in future insurrection. (The success of the Bolsheviks, for example, was due to their acceptance as revolutionary leaders by the workers of Moscow and Petrograd after their exploits in the revolution of 1905.) If its insurrection is successful, the revolutionary secret society becomes the government. Only the anarchists, who declare all governments to be secret conspiracies against the people, are consistent in remaining a revolutionary secret society, permanently out of power; for they cannot, by their own declarations, form any national government whatsoever.

The political secret societies of the 20th century in Europe have fed more on hatred and dreams of conquest than on real oppression. In Asia, the Middle East and Africa, nationalist societies have run through the 19th century European pattern of a middle-class revolt against imperialism, backed by mass popular support; but in Europe theories of persecution and racism have muddied their drives. The Italian Fascists, who were members of a secret paramilitary conspiracy under Mussolini before they became the rulers of Italy and the agents of Italian imperialism, preached a virulent nationalism, that proved attractive to the Italian masses. The Nazis emulated their example; they appealed as an open nationalist group to the dark springs of anti-Semitism and Aryan superiority. Though their leaders were known, their conspiracy to take over the state remained secret.

The perfect example of a nationalist secret society taking over the reins of government by pacific means and putting its program into action is supplies by the *Afrikaner-Broederbond.* This society grew up among Afrikaners of Dutch descent after they had lost their independence in the Anglo-Boer War (1899-1902), and had become part of a united South Africa. They were, numerically, a minority of the white population; but they believed they might be a majority in the future. The Broederbond was founded in 1918 as an Afrikaans cultural society; by 1934 it had become a nationalist splinter group within the ruling elite. It aimed to break away from the English-speaking South Africans, and the Commonwealth. Its declared solution for South Africa's ills was "that the Afrikaner-Broederbond should rule South Africa." And eventually it did so, when Dr. Malan (a founder member of the Broederbond) became Prime Minister of South Africa in 1948, and put his fellow Bond members into the highest offices of state. The history of South Africa since is of a happy Bond of brothers who seem to forget the rest of their brethren, black and white, with vigilant blindness. Their policy is even now conjuring up in the Bantustans secret political societies which feed and grow on racism and oppression.

Wherever any minority rules a majority of another race or creed, a nationalistic secret society representing that majority plots to gain power. Its means are legal or illegal, depending on the chances of revolution. Thus in 1964 the Negroes in Zanzibar succeeded in ousting their Arab rulers in a nationalist and racist revolt by the majority, sparked off by a secret society trained in revolutionary techniques; but groups with as small a hope of success as the Scottish or Welsh nationalists have done little more than put candidates forward at elections. Whenever a minority fears the oppression of a majority within a given country, it also may plot for independence through secession or partition; both the Kurds of Iraq and the Nagas of India, for example, are led by nationalist secret societies in their respective fights for independence.

There is no limit on the demands of any group for self-rule, once it considers itself to be a nation. (The Bengalis struggle in East Pakistan provides a perfect example.) And any group can be persuaded that it is a nation, separate and indivisible, by the propaganda of a small political society prepared to lead it to independence. In a world split into rival areas of influence — American, Russian and Chinese, and to a lesser extent, British and French, would-be political conspirators have little difficulty in obtaining supplies of money and arms from foreign powers. Mass disaffection in a particular area or group can be exploited by trained agitators to produce a revolt, and to enable them to seize power. Nationalism is still the cry that rallies the mass of the people to the side of the plotters; until its fires are spent, the political secret society will remain a major instrument of change.

A ROOKY GUMSHOE'S

Los Angeles Free Press/U.P.S.

"Ordinary appearance – any outstanding physical characteristics may attract subject's attention.."

Illustration far right: "Officers should carry cap and glasses to effect quick changes..."

This text is used by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs to train so-called law endorcement officers in methods of surveillance. Save and study it.

DEFINITION

Surveillance is the secretive and continuous watching of persons, vehicles, places or objects to obtain information concerning the activities and identities of individuals.

NEEDED QUALITIES

A. Ordinary appearance – Any outstanding physical characteristics may attract the subject's attention.
B. Ability to act natural under all circumstances.
C. Alertness.
D. Resourcefulness.
E. Good powers of observation and memory.
F. Patience and endurance.

SURVEILLANCE METHODS

A. One-man foot surveillance.
1. Surveillance is extremely difficult for one man and should be avoided if possible.
2. The subject must be kept in view at all times.
3. One-man surveillance will usually be very close and somewhat dependent on pedestrian traffic and physical characteristics of the area.
4. When walking on the opposite side of a street, the officer should keep almost abreast of the subject.
5. It is necessary at all times to be close enough to immediately observe the subject if he enters buildings, turns corners or similar sudden moves.

B. Two-man surveillance.
1. The use of two officers affords greater security against detection and reduces the risk of losing the subject.
2. On streets crowded with pedestrian and vehicular traffic, both surveillants should normally remain on the same side of the street as the subject.
   a. The first officer trailing the subject fairly closely.
   b. The second officer trailing the first agent some distance behind.
3. On less crowded streets, one officer should normally walk on the opposite side of the street nearly abreast of the subject.

C. Three-man surveillance (ABC) method.
1. The use of three officers reduces still further the risk of losing subject and, under ordinary conditions, affords still greater security against detection.
2. The three-man method permits a greater variation in the position of

A.B.C.

of the officers and also permits an officer who suspects he has been spotted by the subject to drop out.
3. Use of the ABC method under normal traffic conditions.
   a. The "A" officer keeps a reasonable distance behind the subject.
   b. The "B" officer follows "A" and concentrates on keeping "A" in view.
   c. The "C" officer walks on the subject.
   d. The "B" officer is also responsible for detecting any confederate of the subject being utilized to detect surveillance.
4. Use of the ABC method on streets with little or no traffic.
   a. Two officers may be on the opposite side of the street or,
   b. One officer may be in front of the subject.
5. Use of the ABC method on very crowded streets.
   a. All three officers should generally be on the same side of the street.
   b. The leading officer should follow very close to the subject to observe his actions at intersections or if he enters buildings.
6. As in the two-man method, the officers should frequently alter their positions relative to the subject.

D. Progressive or "leap frog" method of surveillance.
1. Use of this method is not too common because of the time involved and the poor chances of obtaining good results.
2. It involves the observation of the route, with the officer stationing himself at a fixed point until the subject disappears from view.
3. If the subject follows the same route each day, his destination can be determined without following him, if the officer stations himself each day at the spot where the subject disappeared the previous day.
4. Disadvantages.
   a. No assurance that subject will follow same route each day.
   b. No assurance that subject will go to the same destination each day.
5. This method may be of value in locating hideouts or meeting places when the risk of actually trailing the subject is too great.

E. Combined foot-auto surveillance.
1. This method involves surveillance on foot by one, two or three officers, and additional surveillance at the same time by one or two officers in an automobile.
2. By use of this method, officers will always be assured of transportation if the subject should board a bus, streetcar or taxicab.
3. Several officers can also be carried in the car, and the officers on foot can be frequently changed to avoid compromise.
4. Caution must be exercised in the operation of the automobile as a slow moving car may become conspicuous.

FOOT SURVEILLANCE PROBLEMS

A. Subject enters building.
1. Ordinarily, at least one officer should follow the subject unless the building is of such a type that the entry would expose the officer. (Private home, small shop, etc.)
2. In the case of large public buildings with many exits, all officers should follow the subject into the building.
3. In some buildings where the subject might be lost easily, it may be advisable for one officer to remain in the lobby or at a door to spot the subject as he leaves the building.

B. Subject enters an elevator.
1. If the subject is the lone passenger and has reason to suspect surveillance, it may be best not to accompany him into the elevator, but rather to watch the indicator for the floor stop, and then proceed to that floor to try to pick up the subject's route.
2. In other cases, one or two officers may accompany the subject, wait for him to announce his floor, and then ask for a higher or lower floor and use the stairs to get to the subject's floor and attempt to pick up his trail.
3. At all times, one officer should be left in the lobby since the subject may be using the elevator in an attempt to elude surveillance.

C. Subject enters restaurant.
1. At least one officer should enter behind the subject, order approximately the same amount of food and be alert to not any contacts made by the subject.
2. If possible, the officer should pay his check before the subject does so that he can be ready to leave with him.
3. In some cases, it may be desireable for the officer to leave shortly before the subject and wait for him outside.

H. Subject meets a contact.
1. A complete detailed description of the contact should be noted, together with time and place of the meeting.
2. If possible, the contact should be photographed.
3. If practical, attempts should be made to overhear the conversation.
4. The subject's attitude toward the contact should be noted.

I. Subject registers at a hotel.
1. The subject's room number may be obtained from the manager, house detective, or room clerk.
2. If the hotel management is cooperative, it may be possible to

procure a room near the subject's which can be used as a base for surveillance.
3. All outgoing telephone calls made by the subject will normally be recorded by the hotel's switchboard operator and such records should be examined for leads.
4. Abandoned trash should not be overlooked; however, under no circumstances can trespass be made to retrieve it.

J. Officers lose subject.
1. The officer in charge should be immediately notified.
2. Known hangouts or addresses frequented by the subject should be placed under observation immediately in an effort to find him.
3. It is generally advisable to station an officer in the area where the subject was last seen, as he may reappear there after a short time.
4. Phone calls may be made to home or places frequented by the subject under a pretext and will often yield information of the subject's whereabouts.

K. Subject discovers officer.
1. If an officer is recognized by the subject as a surveillance agent, he should normally drop out and be replaced by another officer.
2. In some cases where concealment of any investigative activity is paramount, surveillance should be stopped as soon as the subject is known to suspect surveillance.

L. Decoys
1. A clever subject who has discovered that he is under surveillance may not reveal his discovery to his surveillants, but may attempt to "shake" them from his trail by means of false contacts or decoys.
2. For example, a subject may leave a brief case or package full or worthless papers or materials with a contact and thus cause unwary officers to redirect or discontinue their surveillance, thus leaving him free to make his real contacts unobserved.

M. Traps.
1. A subject may attempt to lure an officer into a trap.
2. A thorough knowledge of the locality, coupled with good judgment and the alertness to realize that trailing becomes suspiciously easy, is good defence against traps.

DETECTION OF FOOT SURVEILLANCE
A. A subject who is suspicious of being under surveillance may resort to trickery in order to verify his suspicions.
B. When a subject resorts to such trickery, it is good policy to change officers, for the subject may have spotted one or more of his followers.

C. Common methods used by suspects to test for trailing:
1. Stopping abruptly and looking at people in the rear.
2. Casually looking around.
3. Reversing course and retracing steps.
4. Boarding busses and street cars and alighting just before they start.
5. Riding short distances on busses and streetcars.
6. Circling the block in a taxi.
7. Entering a building and leaving immediately via another exit.
8. Stopping abruptly after turning a corner.
9. Using convoys.
10. Watching reflections in shop windows.
11. Walking slowly and rapidly at alternate intervals.
12. Dropping a piece of paper to see if anyone retrieves it.
13. Stopping to tie shoestring, meanwhile looking around for surveillants.
14. Arranging with a friend in a shop, tavern, or other places to watch for surveillants.

ELUDING FOOT SURVEILLANCE
A. Common methods used by cunning subjects.
1. Jumping off a bus, streetcar or subway just as the doors are about to close.
2. Leaving a building through the rear or side exit.
3. Losing oneself in crowds.
4. Entering theatres and leaving immediately through an exit.
5. Pointing out one's surveillant to a policeman, who will generally require the officer to explain his actions.
6. Using decoys.
7. Using traps.
8. Taking the last taxi at a stand.
9. Changing clothing.

Cunning subject jumping off subway as doors are about to close

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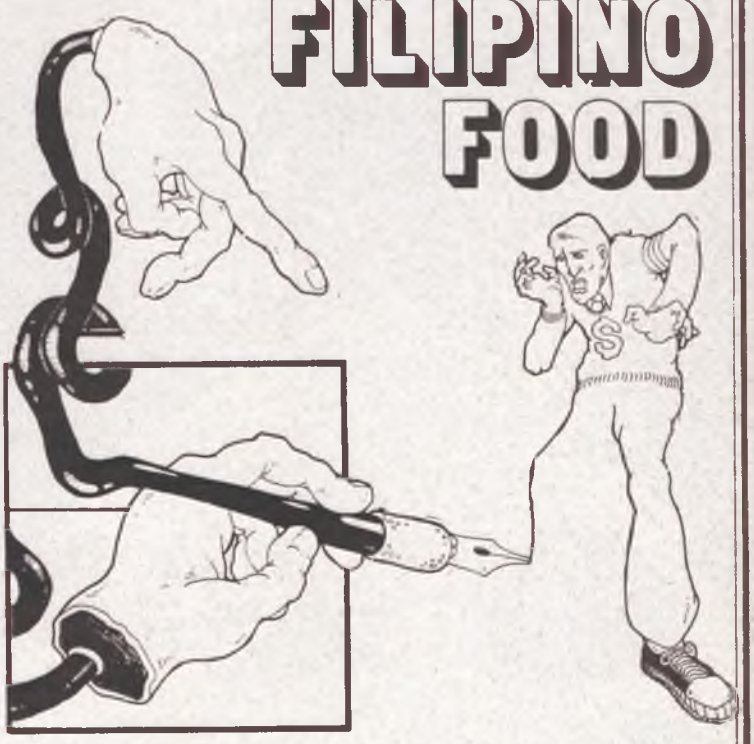

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THE POLITICS OF RAPE

"The same men and power structure who victimize women are engaged in the act of raping Vietnam, raping Black people, and the very earth we live upon. *Susan Griffin* examines the mythology of rape as a masculine instrument of cultural and political repression.

Like most women, I have never been free of the fear of rape. From a very early age, I have thought of rape as part of my environment – something to be feared and prayed against like fire or lightning. I never asked why men raped; I simply thought it one of the many mysteries of human nature.

I was, however, curious enough about the violent side of humanity to read every crime magazine I was able to ferret away from my grandfather. Each issue featured at least one "sex crime," with pictures of a victim, usually in a pearl necklace, and of the ditch or the orchard where her body was found. I was never certain why the victims were always women, nor what the motives of the murderer were, but I did guess that the world was not a safe place for women. I observed that my grandmother was meticulous about locks, and quick to draw the shades before anyone removed so much as a shoe. I sensed that danger lurked outside.

At the age of eight, my suspicions were confirmed. My grandmother took me to the back of the house where the men wouldn't hear, and told me that strange men wanted to do harm to little girls. I learned not to walk on dark streets, not to talk to strangers, or get into strange cars, to lock doors, and to be modest. She never explained why a man would want to harm a little girl, and I never asked.

If I thought for a while that my grandmother's fears were imaginary, the illusion was brief. That year, on the way home from school, a schoolmate a few years older than I tried to rape me. Later, in an obscure aisle of the local library (while I was reading *Freddy the Pig*) I turned to discover a man exposing himself. Then, the friendly man around the corner was arrested for child molesting.

My initiation to sexuality was typical. Every woman has similar stories to tell – the first man who attacked her may have been a neighbour, a family friend, an uncle, her doctor, or perhaps her own father. And women who grow up in New York City always have tales about the subway.

But though rape and the fear of rape are a daily part of every woman's consciousness, the subject is so rarely discussed by that unofficial staff of male intellectuals (who write books which study seemingly every other form of male activity) that one begins to suspect a conspiracy of silence. And indeed, the obscurity of rape in print exists in marked contrast to the frequency of rape in reality, for *forcible rape is the most frequently committed violent crime in America today*. The Federal Bureau of Investigation classes three crimes as violent: murder, aggravated assault and forcible rape. In 1968, 31,060

rapes were *reported*. According to the FBI and independent criminologists, however, to approach accuracy this figure must be multiplied by at least a factor of ten to compensate for the fact that most rapes are not reported; when these compensatory mathematics are used, there are more rapes committed than aggravated assaults and homicides.

When I asked Berkeley, California's Police Inspector in charge of rape investigation if he knew why men rape women, he replied that he had not spoken with "these people and delved into what really makes them tick, because that really isn't my job . . . " However, when I asked him how a woman might prevent being raped, he was not so reticent, "I wouldn't advise any female to go walking around alone at night . . . and she should lock her car at all times." The Inspector illustrated his warning with a grisly story about a man who lay in wait for women in the back seats of their cars, while they were shopping in a local supermarket. "Always lock your car," the Inspector repeated, and then added, without a hint of irony, "Of course, you don't have to be paranoid about this type of thing."

Like most women I have spent considerable time speculating on the true nature of the rapist. When I was very young, my image of the "sexual offender" was a nightmarish amalgamation of the bogey man and Captain Hook: he wore a black cape, and he cackled. As I matured, so did my image of the rapist. Born into the psychoanalytic age, I tried to "understand" the rapist. Rape, I came to believe, was only one of many unfortunate evils produced by sexual repression. Reasoning by tautology, I concluded that any man who would rape a woman must be out of his mind.

Yet, though the theory that rapists are insane is a popular one, this belief has no basis in fact. According to Professor Menachem Amir's study of 646 rape cases in Philadelphia, *Patterns in Forcible Rape*, men who rape are not abnormal. Amir writes, "Studies indicate that sex offenders do not constitute a unique or psychopathological type; nor are they as a group invariably more disturbed than the control groups to which they are compared."

Another canon in the apologetics of rape is that, if it were not for learned social controls, all men would rape. Rape is held to be natural behaviour, and not to rape must be learned. But in truth rape is not universal to the human species. Moreover, studies of rape in our culture reveal that, far from being impulsive behaviour, most rape is planned. Professor Amir's study reveals that in cases of group rape (the "gangbang" of masculine slang) 90 percent of the rapes were planned; in pair rapes, 83 percent of the rapes were planned, and in single rapes 58 percent were planned. These figures should significantly discredit the image of the rapist as a man who is suddenly overcome by sexual needs society does not allow him to fulfill.

Far from the social control of rape being learned, comparisons with other cultures lead one to suspect that, in our society, it is rape itself that is learned. (The fact that rape is against the law should not be considered proof that rape is not in fact encouraged as part of our culture.)

This culture's concept of rape as an illegal, but still understandable, form of behaviour is not a universal one. I her study *Sex and Temperament*, Margaret Mead describes a society that does not share our views. The Arapesh do not " . . . Have any conception of the male nature that might make rape understandable to them." Indeed our interpretation of rape is a product of our conception of the nature of male sexuality. A common retort to the question, why don't women rape men, is the myth that men have greater sexual needs, that their sexuality is more urgent than women's. And it is the nature of human beings to want to live up to what is expected of them.

And this same culture which expects aggression from the male expects passivity from the female. Conveniently, the companion myth about the nature of female sexuality is that all women secretly want to be raped. Lurking beneath her modest female exterior is a subconscious desire to be ravished. The following description of a stag movie, written by Brenda Starr in Los Angeles' underground paper, *Everywoman*, typifies this male fantasy. The movie "showed a women in her underclothes reading on her bed. She is interrupted by a rapist with a knife. He immediately wins her over with his charm and they get busy sucking and fucking."

Still, the male psyche persists in believing that, protestations and struggles to the contrary, deep inside her mysterious feminine soul, the female victim has wished for her own fate. A young woman who was raped by the husband of a friend said that days after the incident the man returned to her home, pounded on the door and screamed to her, "Jane, Jane. You loved it. You know you loved it."

The theory that women like being raped extends itself by deduction into the proposition that most or much of rape is provoked by the victim. But this too is only myth. Though provocation, considered a mitigating factor in a court of law, may consist of only "a gesture", according to the Federal Commission on Crimes of Violence, only 4 percent of reported rapes involved any precipitative behaviour by the woman.

The notion that rape is enjoyed by the victim is also convenient for the man who, though he would not commit forcible rape, enjoys the idea of its existence, as if rape confirms that enormous sexual potency which he secretly knows to be his own. It is for the pleasure of the armchair rapist that detailed accounts of violent rapes exist in the media. Indeed, many men appear to take sexual pleasure from nearly all forms of violence. Whatever the motivation, male sexuality and violence in our culture seem to be inseparable. James Bond alternately whips out his revolver and his cock, and though there is no known connection between the skills of gun-fighting and love-making, pacifism seems suspiciously effeminate.

The attraction of the male in our culture to violence and death is a tradition Manson and his admirers are carrying on with tireless avidity (even presuming Manson's innocence, he dreams of the pruification of fire and destruction). It was Malraux in his *Anti-Memoirs* who said that, for the male, facing death was *the* illuminating experience analogous to childbirth for the female. Certainly our culture does glorify war and shroud the agonies of the gunfighter in veils of mystery.

And in the spectrum of male behaviour, rape, the perfect combination of sex and violence, is the penultimate act. Erotic pleasure cannot be separated from culture, and in our culture male eroticism is wedded to power. Not only should a man be taller and stronger than a female in the perfect love-match, but he must also demonstrate his superior strength in gestures of dominance which are perceived as amorous. Though the law attempts to make a clear division between rape and sexual intercourse, in fact the courts find it difficult to distinguish between a case where the decision to copulate was mutual and one where a man forced himself upon his partner.

The scenario is ever further complicated by the expectation that, not only does a woman mean "yes" when she says "no", but that a really decent woman ought to begin by saying "no", and then be led down the primrose path to acquiescence. Ovid, the author of Western Civilization's most celebrated sex-manual, makes this expectation perfectly clear: . . . and when I beg you to say "yes", say "no". Then let me lie outside your bolted door . . . So Love grows strong . . .

That the basic elements of rape are involved in all heterosexual relationships may explain why men often identify with the offender in this crime. But to regard the rapist as the victim, a man driven by his inherent sexual needs to take what will not be given him, reveals a basic ignorance of sexual politics. For in our culture heterosexual love finds an erotic expression through male dominance and female submission. A man who derives pleasure from raping a woman clearly must enjoy force and dominance as much or more than the simple pleasures of the flesh. Coitus cannot be experienced in isolation. The weather, the state of the nation, the level of sugar in the blood – all will affect a man's ability to achieve orgasm. If a man can achieve sexual pleasure after terrorizing , humiliating and harming a woman. According to Amir's study of forcible rape, on a statistical average the man who has been convicted of rape was found to have a normal sexual personality, tending to be different

from the normal, well adjusted male only in having a greater tendency to express violence and rage.

And if the professional rapist is to be separated from the average dominant heterosexual, it may be mainly a quantative difference. For the existence of rape as an index to masculinity is not entirely metaphorical. Though this measure of masculinity seems to be more publicly exhibited among "bad boys" or aging bikers who practice sexual initiation through group rape, in fact, "good boys" engage in the same rites to prove their manhood. In Stockton, a small town in California which epitomizes silent majority America, a bachelor party was given last summer for a young man about to be married. A woman was hired to dance "topless" for the amusement of the guests. At the high point of the evening the bridegroom-to-be dragged the woman into a bedroom. No move was made by any of his companions to stop what was clearly going to be an attempted rape. Far from it, As the woman described, "I tried to keep him away – told him of my Herpes Genitalis, et cetera, but he couldn't face the guys if he didn't screw me." After the bridegroom had finished raping the woman and returned with her to the party, far from chastizing him, his friends heckled the woman and covered her with wine.

It was fortunate for the dancer that the bridegroom's friends did not follow him into the bedroom for, though one might suppose that in group rape, since the victim is outnumbered, less force would be inflicted on her, in fact, Armir's studies indicate, "the most excessive degrees of violence occurred in group rape." Far from discouraging violence, the presence of other men may in fact encourage sadism, and even cause the behaviour. In an unpublished study of group rape by Gilbert Geis and Duncan Chappell, the authors refer to a study by W.H. Blanchard which relates, "The leader of the male group . . . apparently precipitated and maintained the activity, despite misgivings, because of a need to fulfill the role that the other two men had assigned to him. 'I was scared when it began to happen,' he says. 'I wanted to leave but I didn't want to say it to the other guys – you know – that I was scared.' "

Thus it becomes clear that not only does our culture teach men the rudiments of rape, but society, or more specifically other men, encourage the practice of it.

* * *

Every man I meet wants to protect me. Can't figure out what from. – Mae West.

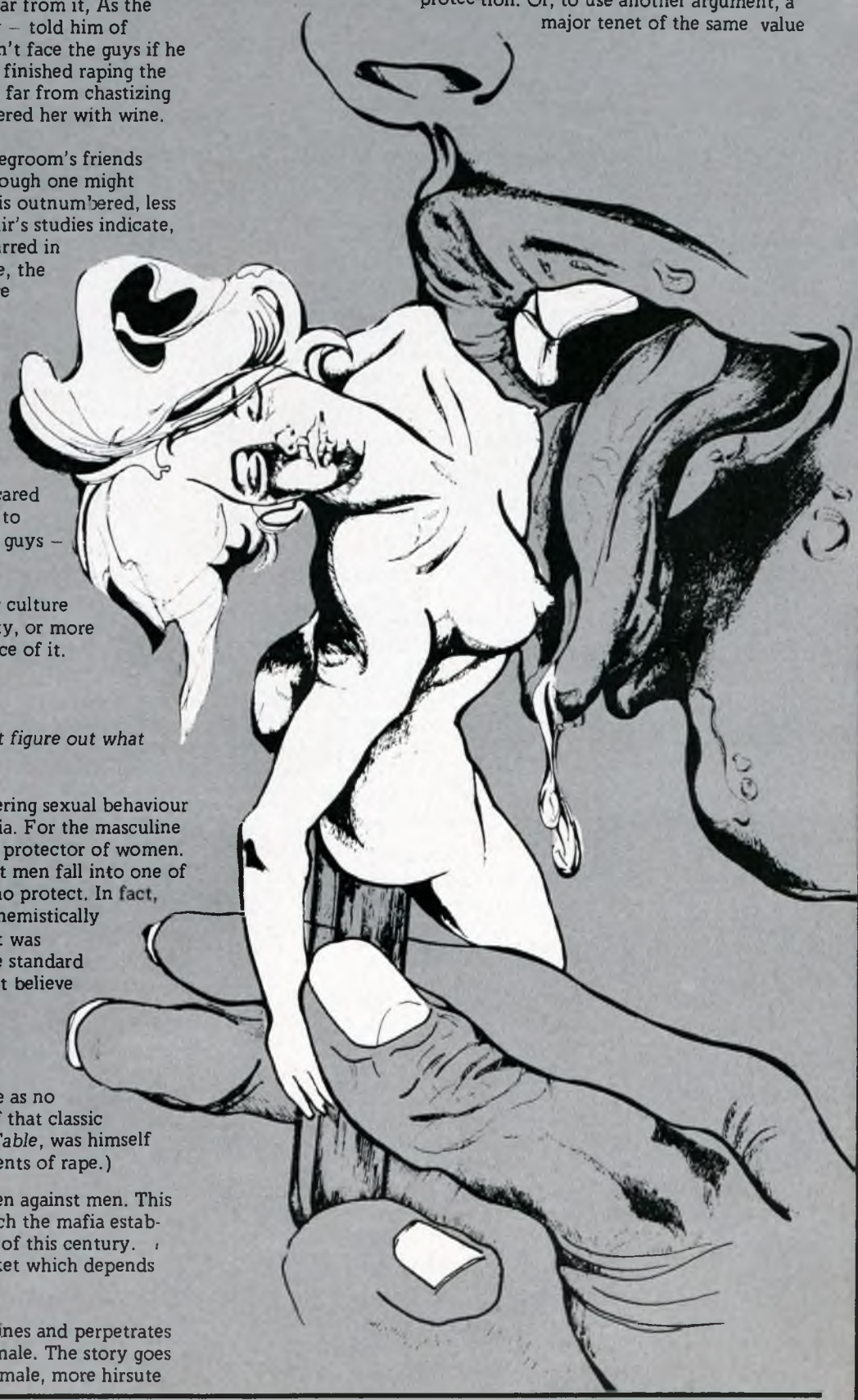
If a male society rewards aggressive, domineering sexual behaviour it contains within itself a sexual schizophrenia. For the masculine man is also expected to prove his mettle as a protector of women. To the naive eye, this dichotomy implies that men fall into one of two categories: those who rape and those who protect. In fact, life does not prove so simple. In a study euphemistically entitled "Sex Aggression by College Men", it was discovered that men who believe in a double standard of morality for men and women, who in fact believe most fervently in the ultimate value of virginity, are more liable to commit "this aggressive variety of sexual exploitation".

(At this point in our narrative it should come as no surprise that Sir Thomas Malory, creator of that classic tale of chivalry, *The Knights of the Round Table*, was himself arrested and found guilty for repeated incidents of rape.)

In the system of chivalry, men protect women against men. This is not unlike the protection relationship which the mafia established with small businesses in the early part of this century. Indeed, chivalry is an age-old protection racket which depends for its existence on rape.

According to the male mythology which defines and perpetrates rape, it is an animal instinct inherent in the male. The story goes that sometime in our pre-historical past, the male, more hirsute and burly than today's counterparts, roamed about an uncivilised landscape until he found a desirable female. (Oddly enough, this female is *not* pictured as more muscular than the modern woman.) He simply grabs her by the hair and drags her to the closest cave. Presumably, one of the major advantages of modern civilization for the female has been the civilizing of the male. We call it chivalry.

But women do not get chivalry for free. According to the logic of sexual politics, we too have to civilize our behaviour. (Enter chastity. Enter virginity. Enter monogamy.) For the female, civilized behaviour means chastity before marriage and faithfulness within it. Chivalrous behaviour in the male is supposed to protect that chastity from involuntary difilement. The fly in the ointment of this otherwise peaceful system is the fallen woman. She does not behave. And therefore she does not deserve protection. Or, to use another argument, a major tenet of the same value



system: what has once been defiled cannot again be violated.

The assumption that a woman who does not respect the double standard deserves whatever she gets (or at the very least "asks for it") operates in the courts today. While in some states a man's previous rape convictions are not considered admissable evidence, the sexual reputation of the rape victim is considered a crucial element of the facts upon which the court must decide innocence or guilt.

The court's respect for the double standard manifested itself particularly clearly in the case of the People v. Jerry Plotkin. Mr. Plotkin, a 36 year old jeweler, was tried for rape last spring in a San Francisco Superior Court. According to the woman who brought the charges, Plotkin, along with three other men, forced her at gunpoint to enter a car one night in October 1970. She was taken to Mr. Plotkin's fashionable apartment where he and the three other men first raped her, and then, in the delicate language of the *S.F.Chronicle*, "subjected her to perverted sex acts." She was, she said, set free in the morning with the warning that she would be killed if she spoke to anyone about the event. She did report the incident to the police who then searched Plotkin's apartment and discovered a long list of names of women. Her name was on the list and had been crossed out.

Plotkin's defense rested on two premises. First, through his own testimony Plotkin established a reputation for himself as a sexual libertine who frequently picked up girls in bars and took them to his house where sexual relations often took place. He was the Playboy. He claimed that the accusation of rape, therefore, was false – this incident had simply been one of many casual sexual relationships, the victim one of many playmates. The second premsie of the defense was that his accuser was also a sexual libertine. However, the picture created of the young woman (fully 13 years younger than Plotkin) was not akin to the light-hearted, gay-bachelor image projected by the defendant. On the contrary, the day after the defense cross-examined the woman, the *Chronicle* printed a story headlined, "Grueling Day For Rape Case Victim". (A leaflet passed out by women in front of the courtroom was more succinct, "rape was committed by four men in a private apartment in October; on Thursday, it was done by a judge and a lawyer in a public courtroom.")

Through skillful questioning fraught with innuendo, Plotkin's defense attorney James Martin MacInnis portrayed the young woman as a licentious opportunist and unfit mother. MacInnis began by asking the woman (then employed as a secretary) whether or not it was true that she was "familiar with liquor" and had worked as a "cocktail waitress". The young woman replied (the *Chronicle* wrote ' admitted") that she had worked once or twice as a cocktail waitress. The attorney then asked if she had worked as a secretary in the financial district but had "left that employment after it was discovered that you had sexual intercourse on a couch in the office." The woman replied "That is a lie. I left because I didn't like working in a one-girl office. It was too lonely." Then the defense asked if, while working as an attendant at a health club, "you were accused of having a sexual affair with a man?" Again the woman denied the story, "I was never accused of that."

Plotkin's attorney then sought to establish that his client's accuser was living with a married man. She responded that the man was separated from his wife. Finally he told the court that she had "spent the night" with another man who lived in the same building.

At this point in the testimony the woman asked Plotkin's defense attorney, "Am I on trial? . . . It is embarrassing and personal to admit these things to all these people . . . I did not commit a crime. I am a human being." The lawyer, true to the chivalry of his class, apologized and immediately resumed questioning her, turning his attention to her children. (She is divorced, and the children at the time of the trial were in a foster home.) "Isn't it true that your two children have a sex game in which one gets on top of another and they –" "That is a lie!" the young woman interrupted him. She ended her testimony by explaining "They are wonderful children. They are not perverted."

The jury, divided in favour of acquittal ten to two, asked the court stenographer to read the woman's testimony back to them. After this reading, the Superior Court acquitted the defendant of both the charges of rape and kidnapping.

According to the double standard a woman who has had sexual intercourse out of wedlock cannot be raped. Rape is not only a crime of aggression against the body; it is a transgression against chastity as defined by men. When a woman is forced into a sexual relationship, she has, according to the male ethos, been violated. But she is also defiled if she does not behave according to the double standard, by maintaining her chastity, or confining her sexual activities to a monogamous relationship.

One should not assume, however, that a woman can avoid the possibility of rape simply by behaving. Though myth would have it that mainly "bad girls" are raped, this theory has no basis in fact. Available statistics would lead one to believe that a safer course is promiscuity. In a study of rape done in the District of Columbia, it was found that 82 percent of the rape victims had a "good reputation". Even the Police Inspector's advice to stay off the streets is rather useless, for almost half of reported rapes occur in the home of the victim and are committed by a man she has never before seen. Like indiscriminative terrorism, rape can happen to any woman, and few women are ever without this knowledge.

But the courts and the police, both dominated by white males, continue to suspect the rape victim, *sui generis*, of provoking or asking for her own assault. According to Amir's study, the police tend to believe that a woman without a good reputation cannot be raped. The rape victim is usually submitted to countless questions about her own sexual mores and behaviour by the police investigator. This preoccupation is partially justified by the legal requirements for prosecution in a rape case. The rape victim must have been penetrated, and she must have made it clear to her assailant that she did not want penetration (unless of course she is unconscious). A refusal to accompany a man to some isolated place to allow him to touch her does not in the eyes of the court, constitute rape. She must have said "no" at the crucial genital moment. And the rape victim, to qualify as such, must also have put up a physical struggle – unless she can prove that to do so would have been to endanger her life.

But the zealous interest the police frequently exhibit in the physical details of a rape case is only partially explained by the requirements of the court. A woman who was raped in Berkeley was asked to tell the story of her rape four different times "right out in the street", while her assailant was excaping. She was then required to submit to a pelvic examination to prove that penetration had taken place. Later, she was taken to the police station where she was asked the same questions again: "Were you forced?" "Did he penetrate?" "Are you sure your life was in danger and you had no other choice?" This woman had been pulled off the street by a man who held a 10 inch knife at her throat and forcibly raped her. She was raped at midnight and was not able to return to her home until five in the morning. In her words, "The rape was probably the least traumatic incident of the whole evening. If I'm ever raped again . . . I wouldn't report it to the police because of all the degradation . . . "

If white women are subjected to unnecessary and often hostile questioning after having been raped, third world women are often not believed at all. According to the white male ethos (which is not only sexist but racist), third world women are defined from birth as "impure". Thus the white male if provided with a pool of women who are fair game for sexual imperialism. Third world women frequently do not report rape and for good reason. When blues singer Billie Holliday was 10 years old, she was taken off to a local house by a neighbour and raped. Her mother brought the police to rescue her, and she was taken to the local police station crying and bleeding: "When we got there, instead of treating me and Mom like somebody who called the cops for help, they treated me like I'd killed somebody . . . I guess they had me figured for having enticed this old goat into the whorehouse . . . All I know for sure is they threw me into a cell . . . a fat white matron . . . saw I was still bleeding, she felt sorry for me and gave me a couple glasses of milk. But nobody else did anything for me except give me filthy looks and snicker to themsleves. After a couple of days in a cell they dragged me into a court. Mr. Dick got sentenced to five years.

They sentenced me to a Catholic institution." Clearly the white man's chivalry is aimed only to protect the chastity of "his" women.

Each girl as she grows into womanhood is taught fear. Fear is the form in which the female internalizes both chivalry and the double standard. Since, biologically speaking, women in fact have the same if not greater potential for sexual expression as do men, the woman who is taught that she must behave differently from a man must also learn to distrust her own carnality. She must deny her own feelings and learn not to act from them. She fears herself. This is the essence of passivity, and of course, a woman's passivity is not simply sexual but functions to cripple her from self-expression in every area of her life.

Passivity itself prevents a woman from ever considering her own potential for self-defense and forces her to look to men for protection. The woman is taught fear, but his time fear of the other. Moreover, the passive woman is taught to regard herself as impotent, unable to act, unable even to perceive, in no way self-sufficient, and, finally, as the object and not the subject of human behaviour. It is in this sense that a woman is deprived of the status of a human being. She is not free to be.

The laws against rape exist to protect rights of the male as possessor of the female body. The laws themselves are clear: In no state can a man be accused of raping his wife. How can any man steal what already belongs to him? It is in the sense of rape as theft of another man's property that Kate Millett writes, "Traditionally rape has been viewed as an offense one male commits against another – a matter of abusing his woman." In raping another man's woman, a man may aggrandize his own manhood and concurrently reduce that of another man. Thus a man's honour is not subject directly to rape, but only indirectly, through "his" woman.

This oppressive attitude towards women finds its institutionalization in the traditional family. For it is assumed that a man "wears" the pants" in his family – he exercises the option of rule whenever he so chooses. Not that he makes all the decisions – clearly women make most of the important dav-to-day decisions in a family. But when a conflict of interest arises, it is the man's interest which will prevail. His word in itself, is more powerful. He lords it over his wife in the same way his boss lords it over him, so that the very process of exercising his power becomes as important an act as obtaining whatever it is his power can get for him. This notion of power is key to the male ego in this culture, for the two acceptable measures of masculinity are a man's power over women and his power over other men. A man may boast to his friends that "I have 20 men working for me." It is also aggrandizement of his ego if he has the financial power to clothe his wife in furs and jewels. And, if a man lacks the where withal to acquire such power, he can always express his rage through equally masculine activities – rape and theft. Since male society defines the female as a possession, it is not surprising that the felony most often committed together with rape is theft.

Rape is an act of aggression in shich the victim is denied her self-determination. It is an act of violence which, if not actually followed by beatings or murder, nevertheless always carries with it the threat of death. And finally, rape is a form of mass terrorism, for the victims of rape are chosen indiscriminately, but the propagandists for male supremacy broadcast that it is women who cause rape by being unchaste or in the wrong place at the wrong time – in essence, by behaving as though they were free.

The threat of rape is used to deny women employment. (In California, the Berkeley Public Library, until pushed by the Federal Employment Practices Commission, refused to hire female shelvers because of perverted men in the stacks.) The fear of rape keeps women off the streets at night. Keeps women at home. Keeps women passive and modest for fear that they be thought provocative.

It is part of human dignity to be able to defend oneself, and women are learning. Some women have learned karate; some shoot guns. And yet we will not be free until the threat of rape and the atmosphere of violence is ended, and to end that the nature of male behaviour must change.

But rape is not an isolate act that can be rooted out from patriarchy without ending patriarchy itself. The same men and power structure who victimize whomen are engaged in the act of raping Vietman, raping Black people and the very earth we live upon. Rape is a classic act of domination where, in the words of Kate Millett, "the emotions of hatred, comtempt, and the desire to break or violate personality," takes place. This breaking of the personality characterizes modern life itself. No simple reforms can eliminate rape. As the symbolic expression of the white male heirarchy, rape is the quintessential act of our civilization, one which, Valerie Solanis warns, is in danger of "humping itself to death."

Susan Griffin

Reprinted from 'Ramparts, September 1971' Rape the All-American Crime.

Natural Rhythm in de Woodpile

Charles Shaar Murray, digging for The Real Thing.

'Black Moses' — Isaac Hayes
(Stax Double)
'Natural Black Inventions' — Rahsaan Roland Kirk
(Atlantic)
'Hendrix in the West' Jimi Hendrix
(Polydor)
'Roots' Curtis Mayfield
(Buddah)

Thanks to Don McLean, rock and roll in moving uneasily into a state of manic nostalgia. "Back to the roots!!" is the cry, and everybody is frantically plowing the fields in search of wherever their roots happen to be hiding. Every closet in sight is being combed for skeletons, and we vicariously rediscover everything from traditional British folk music to '50s rock, country and bluegrass to music-hall. Ray Davies and Martin Carthy ransack the English past, and the Band and all their country cousins from L.A. point us towards the Golden West. Some of us are even starting to get back to black music.

To claim to have found a representative selection of black music on four records is patently absurd, but as a random cross-section of what's approximately happening, the above clutch of recent issues give rise to some interesting conclusions. With one exception, the "blacker" the music is, the more powerful it is. Thus Rahsaan Roland Kirk, supposedly an esoteric, isolated *jazz* figure, far removed from the current musical spectrum, is playing music that emits far more energy, more power, more *soul* that the amazingly turgid Isaac Hayes, currently being touted as the leading figure in contempory black music.

The Hayes phenomenon poses some fascinating questions about demographics, musical sociology and the politics of assimilation. A much respected Stax back room boy for some ten years, Hayes was responsible as producer, composer, arranger and keyboards player for some of the finest examples of Stax studio soul, notably for most of Sam and Dave's better records. A couple of years ago, he came out of his shell and began to issue a series of solo albums, featuring attenuated, heavily orchestrated versions of popular songs, mainly drawn from the repertoires of "standard" singers. These included long monologues and sold startlingly well. Hayes worked a deft line in personality hype, capitalising on his imposing personal appearance. He's a big man with a full beard and a shaven head, and he was photographed bare-chested, wearing gold chains and huge shades. His latest album, like the others, a heavy money-maker, shows what proportions his cult has expanded.

The album is called *Black Moses,* and the cover is a literal interpretation of that title. The outer cover unwraps to form a four-foot-by-three cross, in which Isaac stands, arms outstretched in a Messianic pose, swathed in DeMille robes and his famous shades. The sleeve note, printed in indecipherable Gothic lettering and inpenetrable Biblical prose, tells Isaac's life story, referring to him throughout as a prophet of his people. Once inside the lavish packaging, one finds that the records are conspicuously lacking in the aggressive blackness of their surrounding hype. Hayes' thick-tongued basso voice is cloaked in a gentle funky rhythm section and great clouds of Hollywood strings as he meanders through a selection of songs that would not be out of place on a Tony Bennett album, material like "Brand New Me", "I'll Never Fall In Love Again" and "They Long To Be Close To You". He doesn't even perform Curtis Mayfield's "Man's Temptation" as well as Al Kooper and his "Part Time Love" is certainly no threat to Johnnie Taylor. The "hard funky raps that sermonize the sometimes bittersweet relationship between man and wo-man" have all the depth and honesty of the talking bits on '50s vocal group records, and only "Good Love 699—69" has any life to it. Strangely enough, it's the only Hayes composition in the two-record set, and the only one resembling his early work.

The point is: who's buying this shit? To my ears, Isaac Hayes is a monstrous shuck. His nightclub schmaltz is soul aimed at those audiences, both black and white, who like to think that they're into soul music but who cannot cope with the reality and energy of true black cultural spokesmen like Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin. It's music for Sidney Poitier to ball Diahann Carroll to, and is probably selling to airline stewardesses and executives all over the States. There was more power in his *Shaft* theme than in this entire package.

After Isaac Hayes, it's a tremendous releif to turn to an authentic black genius, Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Kirk is one of this planet's master musicians, and while *Natural Black Inventions* (subtitled *Root Strata*), is at least as aggressively "black" as the Hayes album, it means what it says. "I accept the fact that a lot of people are still asleep and will stay asleep on these sounds that are a part of my life — my black experience," writes Kirk in the notes, but I hope he's wrong. This album features Kirk unaccompanied except by percussion, and piano on one cut. He plays an infinite number of horns, many of them simultaneously. This unbelievable multiple virtuosity generally leaves his audiences so shattered that they fail to realise that he'd be amazing even if he only played one all night. He has seemingly limitless supplies of breath, and can power three horns indefinitely. Maybe he breathes through his ears, through the top of his head, through the end of his cock, fuck knows, but he's totally on his own. In person, he's compulsive watching, whether lurching all over the stage at the Ronnie Scott Club chanting "B-L-A-C-K-N-U-S-S, BLACKNUSS" or blowing the minds of a Roundhouse audience, fighting his way through the power cuts to give the people more excitement, intense communal involvement and just more sheer music than any four rock bands combined. Roland Kirk gives proof, if any were needed, that so-called *jazz* still has the power to communicate in a real and direct way with a young mass audience. If you want to hear a *real* genius, not one of rock's sensitive-and-observant Genius-Of—The-Month—Club fresh from Laurel Canyon and a Carole King session check out *Natural Black Inventions: Root Strata* and prepare for one hell of a shock. If you're a mainstream rock freak, you'll never think of Jazz in quite the same way again.

The man who always neatly knocked a huge hole in my theory that the value of black music was proportionate to the artist's involvement with the black audience/community — what Roland Kirk refers to as "the black experience" — was Jimi Hendrix. Though jazz musicians (like Kirk and Miles Davis) saw him in a black perspective, the mass black audience found his music intolerable. Like the Motown artists who it is so hip to despise, Hendrix was a white man's black man, though admittedly there was a world of difference in the circumstances. The latest instalment in the continuing Jimi Hendrix market onslaught is for some reason entitled *Hendrix In The West,* and though saddled with a sleeve apparently designed during a ten-minute dope break by the dregs of Polydor's Art Department, is the finest of all the posthumous Hendrix records. It not only includes his epic performance of "Johnny B. Goode", second only to Berry's, but an incredibly delicate version of "Little Wing", a stunning group improvisation on "Red House", jokey interpretations of "God Save The Queen" and "Sgt Pepper" from the IoW complete with Jeff Dexter's introduction now appearing on record for the *third* time (Christ, it's boring) and a new cut of "Voodoo Chile". I have no new superlatives to apply to the work of Jimi Hendrix, but if your collection has a deficit in the Hendrix department, this is the one to get.

While the mass black audience never appreciated Jimi Hendrix, it ate up Isaac Hayes, and another old studio pro who sells a lot of records, Curtis Mayfield. Mayfield is a lot more likeable than Hayes, lacking all that Messianic hype and general self-importance. He sings in a light falsetto, writes gentle, earnest unimpeachable liberal songs about getting down to the funky, funky roots, his beautiful black brothers and sisters, relating to the Underground, and so on. Unfortunately, on *Roots*, he has, like Hayes, sent out to the candy store for a double scoop of cloying marshmallow strings and wrapped everything up in them. Mayfield's mellow sweetness is bearable only in a small-group situation, where the relative prominence of the guitars and percussion sharpens up the sound, and allows you to listen to his lyrics without choking on the arrangements. His live album is far more enjoyable than *Roots*, but even there I find Mayfield's unremitting cuteness rather wearing. Despite his preoccupation with social issues, he comes on like a black John Sebastian. He's even featured on the enclosed poster skipping about merrily in a field. You'd never catch Hayes doing that. He'd fall over his robes.

Against the larger picture, it's sadly clear that few black artists have yet become real, bona-fide guilt-edged superstars without capturing a white audience, either like Nat "King" Cole, Louis Armstrong or B.B. King. Or like Jimi Hendrix. But now, at last, we can listen to black music, and evaluate it ourselves. We no longer need Pat Boone to be the middleman between us and Fats Domino, Mick Jagger to run relay between us and Chuck Berry, Mike Bloomfield to prepare us for B.B. King. The Roundhouse audience heard Rahsaan Roland Kirk, and he played them his natural black inventions, and they heard them loud and clear and hot and close and real. If the sixteen-year-olds are ready for meat as strong as Roland Kirk, then that is in itself a cause for optimism. If enough people have the ears and the devotion, then the next couple of years should hear some mighty music indeed.

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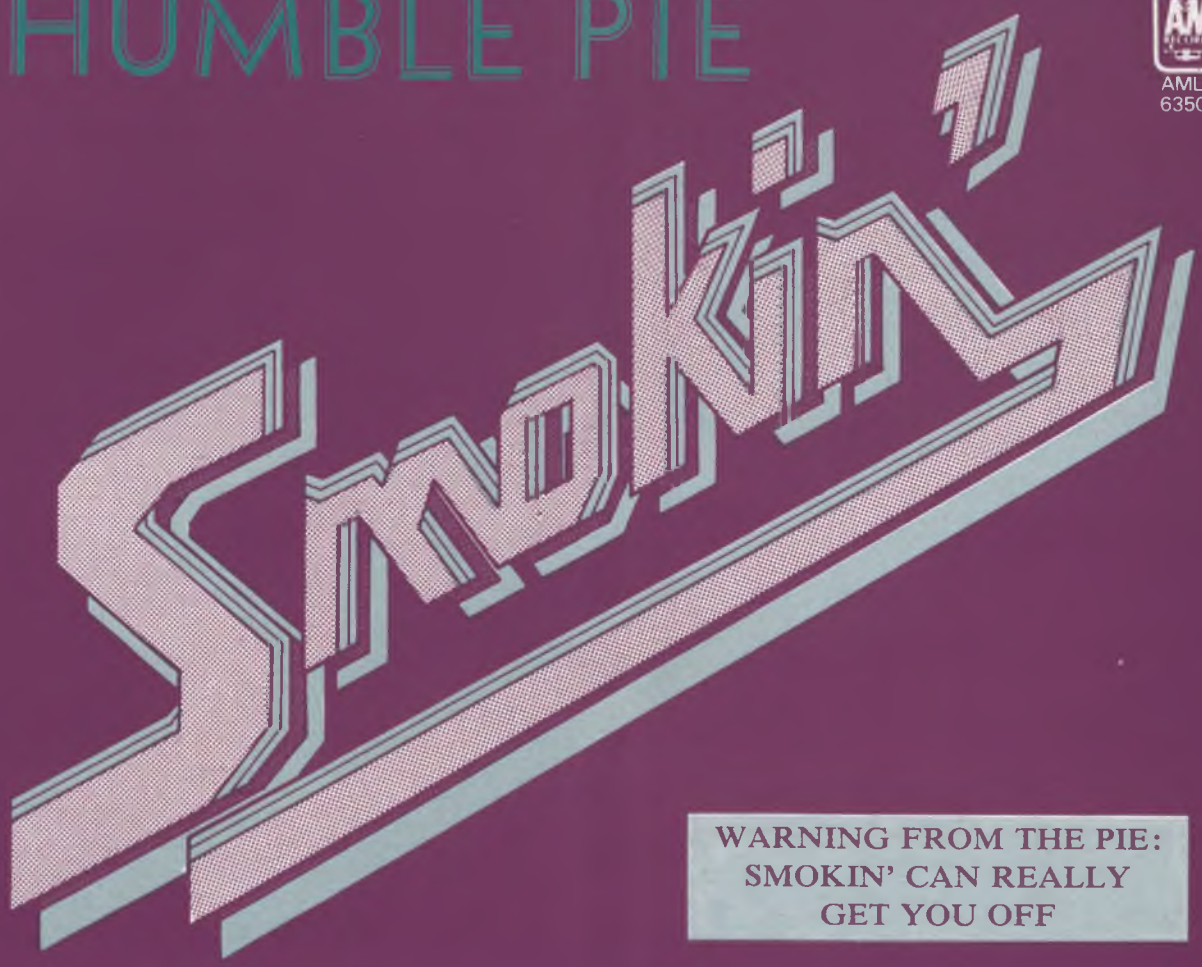
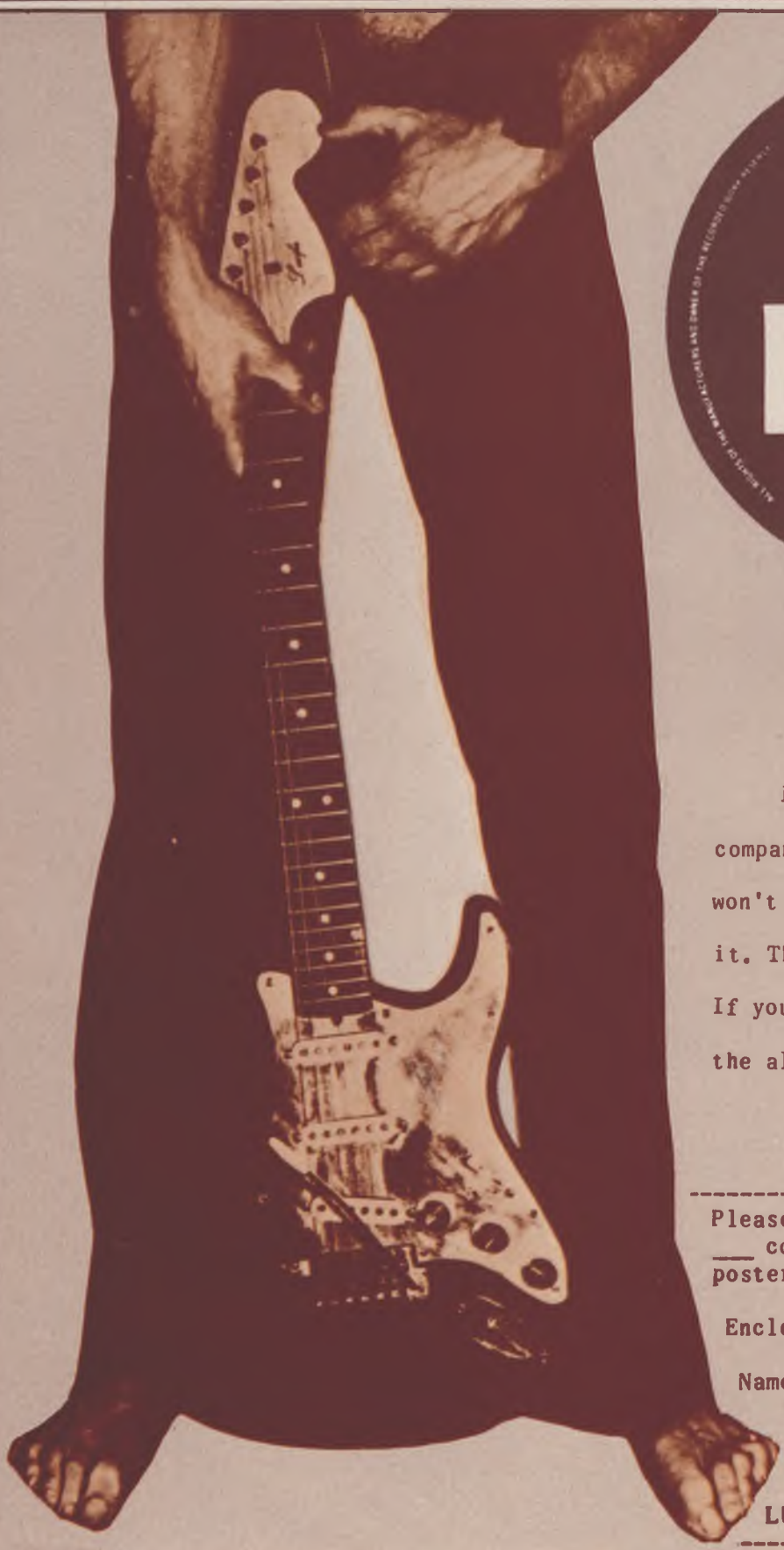


WARNING FROM THE PIE: SMOKIN' CAN REALLY GET YOU OFF



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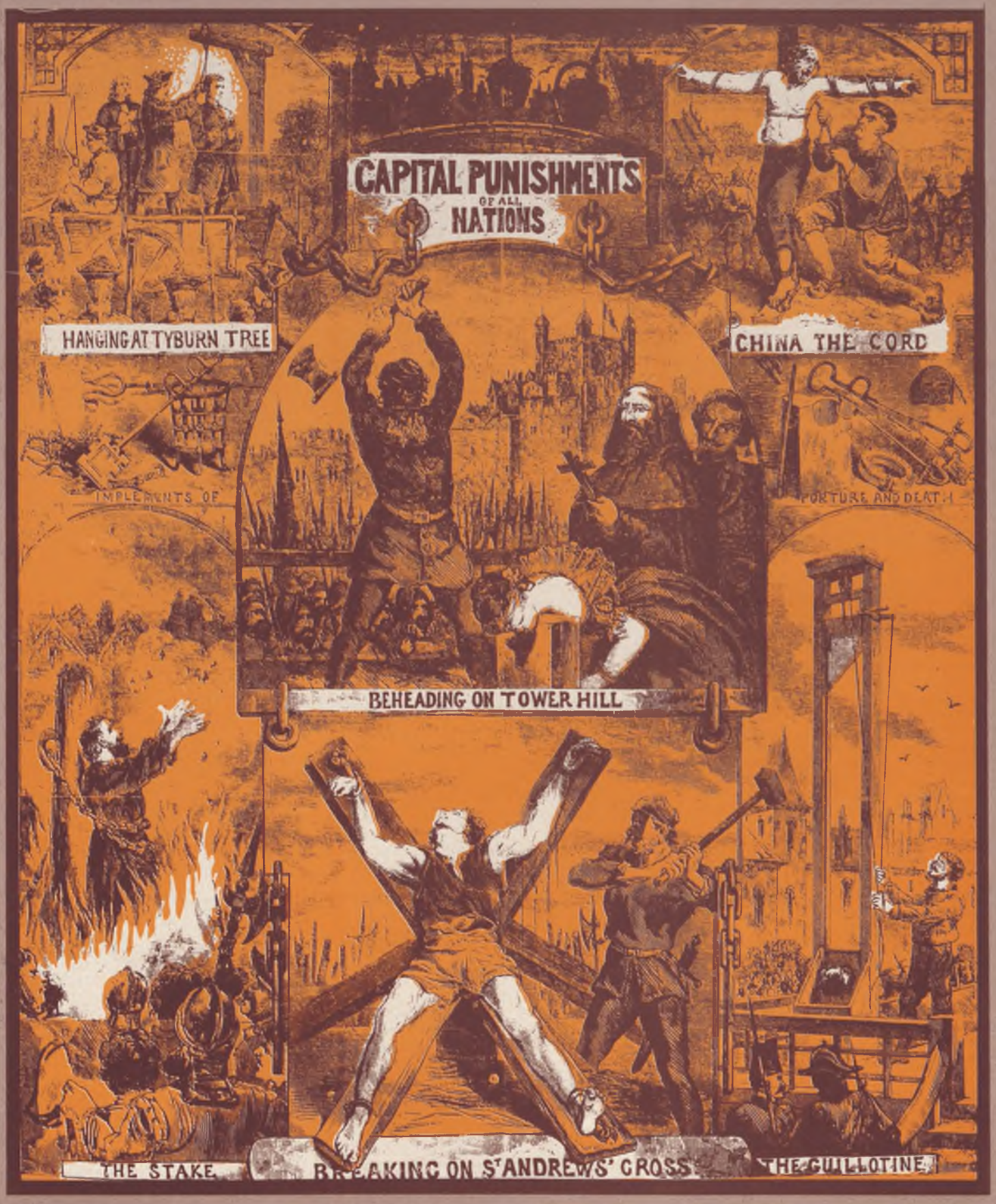


THE GUILLOTINE

Was invented for the prupose of causing painless and immediate death. Whether it successfully accomplished this desirable object we do not pritend to say.

BEHEADING ON TOWER HILL

Beheading was a military punishment among the Romans. The head of the culprit was laid on a block placed in a pit dug for the purpose beyond the VALLUM and preparatory to the stroke he was tied to a stake and whipped with cords. In the early ages the blow was given with an axe but in due course of time the sword was made use of.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CORD (CHINA)

The usual capital punishments of China were strangling and beheading. The former is the most common and is decreed against those who are found guilty of crimes which, however capital, are only held in the second rank of atrocity.

HANGING AT TYBURN TREE

It was the custom down to a period of as little as eighty years ago, little more or less, to execute malefactors at this now fashionable locality. Tyburn was, in fact, the chief and most favourite place of execution in London.

BREAKING ON ST. ANDREW'S CROSS

This punishment was similar to the one known as "Breaking on the Wheel". It consisted of breaking the leading joints of the body with a large hammer and concluded with a coup de grace on the head.

BURNING ALIVE

Burning alive was inflicted among the Romans, Jews and other nations, and was countenanced by bulls of the Pope. Many persons have been burned alive as heretics.

The Illustrated Police News, 1870.

"Astounding, Holmes

Elementary, Watson. Elementary..."

"Next time the Angry Brigade send Heath an irritated note, it may happen that the police library of typewriter faces contains that very machine. Bingo!" Voiceprints, computerised index systems, forensic pathology, X-ray crystallography . . . *Peter Laurie* examines the current level of scientific police detection in Britain.

Policemen and scientists have been together for a long time: it's one of those areas out of which come alarming rumours, startling stories of incredible successes, but which otherwise remain unilluminated.

Naturally the rapid advance of science generally since the War has made police science more powerful, but the result is not quite as all-seeing as detectives writing their memoirs would like us to believe.

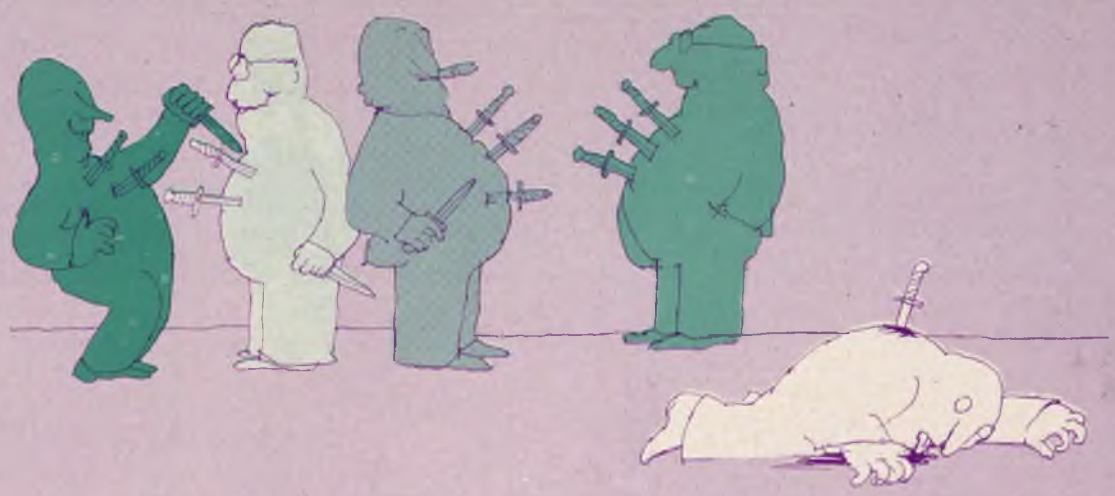
Puzzled detectives at the scene of a crime ask two types of question. The first is: 'Is there any evidence here? If so, what does it tell us?' Trying to answer it involves making minute searches of the environment, using vacuum cleaners to suck up dust from between floorboards, pumping out drains and analysing the water for minute traces of dissolved blood. This search, if it's successful, produces some sort of sample — a flake of paint from the body of someone who's been run over, a fingerprint, a speck of glass from a broken window, a grain of earth from another part of the country, minute traces of petrol soaked into burnt furniture in an arson case, sperm on a raped lady's knickers.

Answering the first question leads to a second one: is the sample we've got identical with stuff of the same sort associated with the suspect? This is where the whole process breaks down. Ideally, the policeman would like to ask: 'Whose sample is this?' so he can then go and arrest him. But except for a few, highly specialised kinds of sample this can't be done because there is no existing index of owners. Fingerprints are the main exception, because the prints of two million people are held at Scotland Yard — but that's only one person in 25, and matching the print found at a scene of crime — which may be blurred, smeared impression off only one finger out of ten, with the same print already in the file is a very uncertain business. The Yard has recently gone over to a computerised fingerprint filing system and this makes it easier to match prints, but the end-goal, a totally computerised system which looks at the scene of crime print, goes whirr, click and prints out the address of the guilty party is many years away.

They're getting very good at finding and photographing prints that a few years ago would have been totally impossible. For instance dusting with lead powder and photographing with x-rays reveals fingerprints on skin and cloth. Other techniques being developed at the now militarily idle Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston include chemical analysis of the oils that make up a fingerprint, and radioactive tracers to make them detectable. (Aldermaston has also recently come up with a technique for detecting cannabinol condensate on the fingers of smokers up to three hours afterwards. The counter is to wash your fingers in ether.)

Forensic scientists can also expertly match samples to each-other. They can prove to a very high degree of certainty that even microscopically small amounts of stuff come from one place and one place only. If blood is found at a crime, and the police have a blood sample from a suspect, the scientist can say, using the six modern methods of blood grouping that at worst there's a 95% probability the suspect was the man; in the best case that it was ten million to one in favour. They can match things that have just brushed each-other: a bullet to a gun, a terminal to a battery, a flake of paint to a car, a petrol stain to petrol in a tin. Modern methods of chemical analysis — x-ray crystallography, spectrophotometry, gamma ray spectrometry — produce vast amounts of information about the minutest samples. A single hair from the head of Napoleon was able to show that he died of arsenic poisoning, and to give a rough idea of when it was first given him.

But the very lavishness of information, which at first seems to clinch the police argument, often destroys it. Voice prints are a good example. Telephone engineers working on speech scramblers during the war found that individual voices had different frequency distributions. With a bit of experience, you could tell just from the print which of the laboratory's test subjects had made the trace. Someone suggested that the police use the technique to identify people on tape recordings, and to begin with, in America, they got convictions. But then defence lawyers wised up. They demanded statistical evidence that the features on the suspect's tape that apparently identified him weren't to be found in every tenth, hundredth, thousandth person's voice. It isn't enough to show that the suspect's voice has ten characteristics in common with the recording, you also have to give an idea of how unlikely this is to occur by chance. And to do that you have to study millions of voices. (What seems to have blown voiceprint identification in Britain was a comparison by Home Office scientists of voiceprints of John Bird being Harold Wilson on 'That Was The Week That Was', and Harold Wilson being his own lovable self. There was no way of telling the traces apart, and both were



totally unlike John Bird's ordinary voice.)

This problem is common to all the new, sophisticated methods of identification: as well as proving positive identity of the suspect, the police have to prove non-identification of everyone else. To do that they have to collect vast libraries of information. They have to be able to prove a million people are innocent in order to show up the one guilty one. But to do this in all the many fields analysis has opened up would be a tremendous task. Doubtless as machines for doing analysis get automated, and computer time becomes available for storing the results, others beside fingerprints will be done too. This is where civil liberties raises its ugly head. In collecting these 'innocent' samples, the scientists can do two things. Firstly, they can go round being good ethical researchers, collecting data and losing the names and addresses of those who supplied it — blood samples, prints from typewriters, or whatever, and treating them simply as statistics. Or you can keep the names and addresses, and use them as the beginnings of a library — you never know when it might come in handy. Next time the Angry Brigade send Heath an irritated note, it may happen that the police library of typewriter faces contains that very machine. Bingo.

But at the moment forensic science has rather an erratic usefulness to the police. In the London laboratory — the tall building above the police station in Theobald's Road — about half the work is looking for alchohol levels in blood and urine samples in drunk-driving cases. Another sixth is identifying dangerous drugs (their phrase, not mine) — proving that this bit of brown stuff is actual hash and not Oxo. Another tenth of the work is sexual, identifying stains of clothes.

In spite of police publicity, what forensic science isn't good at is detection. It almost never *finds* the guilty party. What happens in the vast majority of cases is that the police get themselves a suspect — either as plain as day who did it, or an informer has told them, and then use the scientist to prove his guilt. And of course, should they wish to do a bit of framing, forensic evidence does the trick. A bank safe has been cut open with a thermic lance. The flame vapourises the metal, which recondenses in minute droplets which will hang round in the vault for days. If the suspect were there, they'd be on his clothes. If he wasn't but the police take his clothes for examination, wave them about in the vault, the droplets will still show, and in both cases the forensic scientist, quiet, intelligent, dedicated, certain, terrific witness, will nail the defence alibi.

Another specialised area is forensic pathology, the study of corpses which met violent ends. The questions the police usually want answered are: how did he/she die? When? Answering the first question often does the suspect good, because a surprising number of people who appear to have been murdered in fights and brawls often turn out to have died of heart attacks, or to have cracked their skulls when they tripped over, so the charge can be reduced to manslaughter. But techniques here are pretty crude. Subtle murders will stand a good chance of being undetected; poisons like dieldrin or curare leave no detectable traces. Pathologists seem to be better at deducing what happened to people just after they've been murdered — often the pathologist can say, from the way blood settles in the lowest parts of the body in the hour after death, that the murdered person was first laid on his back, then moved to the left side. Time of death can be calculated to something like half an hour in twelve hours from the rate of cooling of the body. Basic research in rates of cooling after death was done on Mau Mau warriors executed in British prisons during the Kenya emergency.

The myth, as usual, is greater than the matter. Police detective machinery is of variable efficiency and questionable advancement. Sherlock Holmes compares very favourably with the practical resources of New Scotland Yard. But that's for the moment, and if their accuracy and infallibility don't measure up to the media image, it's not for lack of trying. There are two basic books assessing the current trends of police science by the last two retired directors of the London Laboratory: *The Scientific Investigation of Crime* by L.C. Nickolls, Butterworths — best, but slightly out of date; and *Forensic Science* by H.J. Walls, Sweet and Maxwell. At least they'll tell you what not to do.

HELP YOURSELF

Scattered throughout Britain there is a growing network of local community aid and information referral services. In emergency situations, (police harrassment, arrest, illegal evictions, medical advise etc.), these organisations often offer the only source of sympathetic but dependable advice and help. Almost without exception, they operate on insufficient, shoe-string budgets and survive solely through the herculean efforts of their (usually unpaid) 'staff' These groups deserve your encouragement, your support and, most imporant of all, your *involvement*. Help them to help yourself.

ADVISE, 313 Upper Street, London N1. 226 9365/8615.

Advise is a registered charity giving a free 24 hour advice service in particular to the immigrant community of London on legal, civil rights, police, housing, social and information problems. Manned by full and part time volunteers who often mediate between individuals and institutions. We also have lawyers prepared to advise, represent and aid individuals.

HOLYGROUND , Cass Yard, Kirkgate, Wakefield, Yorks.

HOLYGROUND is England's only alternative, non-profiteering recording studio. Over the last five years HOLY-GROUND has released three LPs of their own con ception, (one of which, 'Astral Navigations' is still on public release), two on commission, and count less small-time 45s. They're cheap, friendly, and (for mono records) extremely good.

BIT, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11. 229 8219.

BIT, never wildly affluent, is in financial mores: "If we are to continue another year, we need a minimum of £2,500. Before we (the workers) took over BIT our previous directors (one of whom — Pete Polish — is now a trustee) managed to spend at a conservative guess, £10,000 in under 2 years. We have survived the last 2 years on under £5000, and in the last year we and our friends also raised and gave away approx. £2,000 to our less well off brothers and sisters in London and the Regions (inc. £500 to UCS)."

STREET AID, 01 836 0700/1479

STREET AID, at present negotiating for offices, operate a telephone service from 10 am to 10 pm for legal, medical, accomodation, employment, visiting prisons, hospitals etc. Street Aid News, recently published, contains news on our activities, plus pieces on the West End, alternative legal/psychiatric facilities, and the Covent Garden Situation (10p).

RIB, 58 Charles Street, Cardiff. Cardiff 44441.

RIB is a community information and advisory service offering help on legal, medical, social and general matters. When necessary we have sympathetic professional helpers to whom people can be referred. We act as a catalyst for social action groups just starting. We would like support, financial and otherwise.

WHITE PANTHER PARTY UK:

The White Panther Party is a revolutionary organization dedicated to building a new man, new woman, and new world. For further information the following is obtainable: 10 point programme (6 page leaflet) free, please send SAE., and CHAPTER No 2 — White Panther Party mag. 10p plus 3p p and p. Write to: Abbey Wood Chapter, White Panther Party UK, Central Co-ordination, Box 5, 1 Conference Road, Abbey Wood, London SE2.

MAGIC, 7 Summer Terrace, Rusholme, Manchester 14. 061 264 9807.

In between crisis MAGIC tries to serve the community (not just freaks). At present its main function is as an info referral service. We are trying to evolve into a more comprehensive help organisa tion but this is dependent upon more staff. We are advertised as 24 hour, but unfortunately, don't always make it.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N1. 01 837 7174.

SOUTH LONDON GAY LIBERA-TION FRONT meetings every Thursday at 8.00 pm at: Minet Library, Knatchbull Road, Brixton.

ORGANISATION, 44/45 West Street, Chichester, Sussex Chichester 88338.

ORGANISATION was started in October 1971. Our aim is to provide aid, information and advice locally. Despite financial set backs and fluctuating support both ORGANISATION and "Grass" (a close associate of ours) have made every effort to carry this out. We will try to help those who society attacks. And we will keep trying.

HELP YOURSELF, c/o OZ, 19 Great Newport Street, London WC2.

Organisations wishing to advertise in these boxes should contact OZ at the above address. The boxes are entirely free, and are designed for non-profiteering community groups. Trade advertisements will not be considered.

Alternative Media Reference Library
307 Portobello Road W10
01 969 5557 John May

SPACE/EARTHWORK, Little Hill, Pinfold Street, Sheffield 1. Sheffield 22298.

A twofold organisation, SPACE (Sheffield People's Advisory Centre — Earthwork) is just that — a community advice centre on the lines of a Northern Release. EARTHWORK is an eclectic arts workshop open 6 nights a week, and currently engaged in a project with the younger members of Sheffield's 5,000 unemployed.

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and till his album
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neither had he

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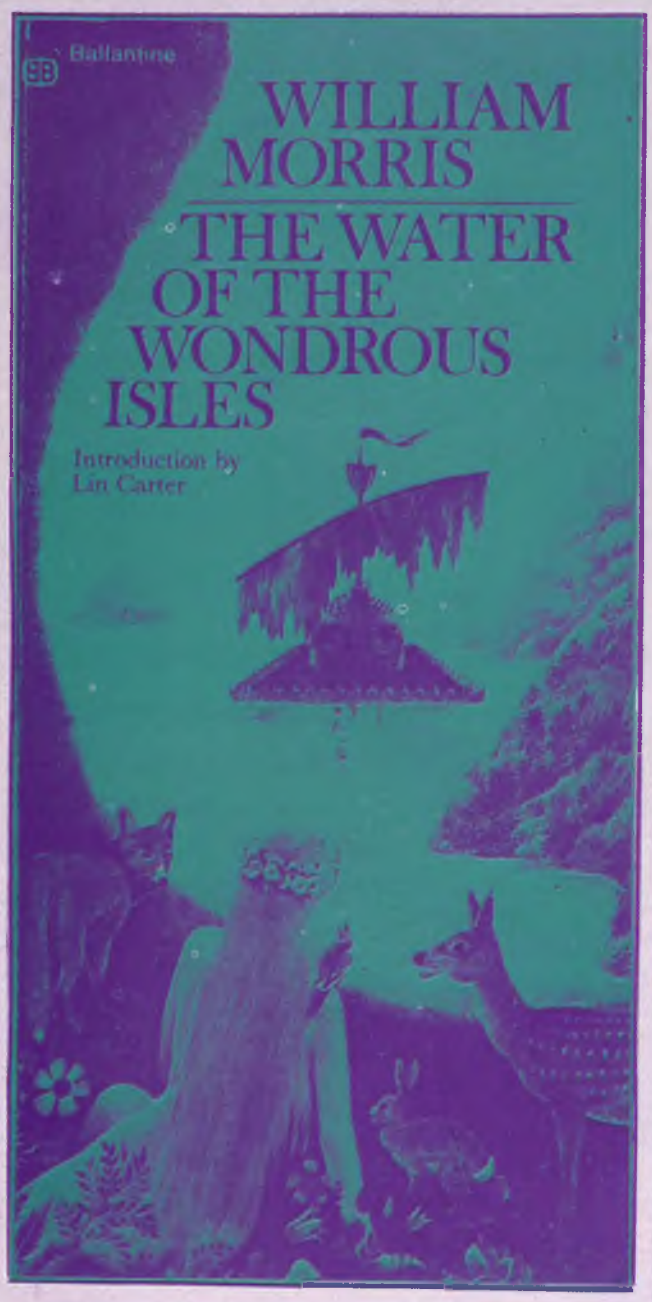

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Send cheque/cash/PO to Alpha Mail Order, 44 Earls Court Road, London W8.

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OZ Box Ads

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"Man to Man" free gay magazine with your first order! Finest Selection of Male/Male Gay Porno in Europe. Choose from 100's of Magazines and 8 mm Color Films. Send for your FREE CATALOG Today.
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New erotic macho – Male genital deodorant in three flavours – Lemon, Lime or Ambrosia. Imported from California for men of taste. Send flavour choice and £1.95 + 10p (p & p) for each big aerosol can to: *Verve Marketing Ltd, (Dept ZO), 69 Fleet Street, London EC4.*

8mm Adult films for adults only. 15p for illustrated lists. 8 mm instant movie viewer only £4 Dual carriage standard and super. Detailed colour slides unretouched Nude or Strip £1 each sample set. *S.A.E. to Oddett, Cresta (O), Broadly Common, Nazeing, Essex.*

Large Buxom Nude girls in uncensored photographs for the connoisseur.
Unretouched nudes £1 sample set and Black Nylon poses £1 sample selection.
S.A.E. to O MAXZINE, 466A Hoe Street, Leyton, London E17

Books, Mags, Stimulators, Sex aids, Contact mags, etc, 10p and name and address for lists, borchures, etc or call to: *Books and Belts, 61 Lodge Lane, Leeds 11.*

COMPUTER DATING?
Don't move until you've tried the U-Compute date selector, exclusive to Elaine Introductions 3p stamp brings FREE details. *Elaine (Dept ZO), Berry Lane, Blewbury, Berks.*

Books, mags, adults only.
15p illustrated list.
Vive le sex – £3.50.
Sexual Harmony – £2.00
Lawrence (Dept Z), 5 Tennyson Road, London E10.
Postal only.

ARE YOU ADVENTUROUS?
If so, you must not miss the chance to make exciting new friends of the opposite sex. *Write – S.I.M. (ZO/2), Braemar House, Queens Road, Reading.*

Magazines, books, films of all types including Danish/Swedish type. Send 15p for full lists and brochure *P.A.M.S., Box PMOZ, 24 Kings Road, Erdington, Brimingham B23 7JS, Warks.*

ECONOMY FLIGHT.
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187 Tufnell Park Road, London N7 OPU. 01-607 5639.

SEX CLUB for ADULTS
All variations covered. Free magazines and introduction. Special SADO/MASOCHISM feature. Free Advice, parties, etc. Members throughout Britain. Trial membership £1.
Arcade Recording Circuit, London N22 5AG.

Generous Businessman, 32, wishes to meet gay sexy birds for fun life and mutual pleasures, also holidays and trips abroad. Photo please.
Write: Ken, 24 Kings Road, Erdington, Birmingham B23 7JS, Warks.

THE HOG OF STEEL WONDER WART-HOG MEETS THE ELUSIVE, CHIMERICAL CHAMELEON!

PHILBERT DESANEX, DEUCE REPORTER (AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE PAY SCALE FROM AN ACE) FOR THE MUTHALODE MORNING MUNGPIE, IS BUSILY COMPOSING HEADLINES FOR THE SPORTS PAGE...

AND SO, PHILBERT ARRIVES IN "FRISCO"...

ALL RIGHT, CHAMELEON! I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE!

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW, PIG!
YOU FOLKS GO BACK TO WHAT YOU WERE DOING, AND I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE TO FIX YOUR WALL!

PHOOEY! HE GOT AWAY CLEAN! I'M OBVIOUSLY GOING TO HAVE TO FIND SOME METHOD OF DETECTION!

LET'S SEE... A BLOODHOUND COULDN'T SMELL ANYTHING ELSE WITH A WART-HOG AROUND... A METAL DETECTOR MIGHT WORK IF THAT REPREHENSIBLE REPTILE HAS ANY FILLINGS... HOW DID THEY DO IT IN ALL THOSE "INVISIBLE MAN" MOVIES ON THE LATE SHOW?
OH, HELL, I'LL SLEEP ON IT. PHILBERT HAS TO GO COVER THE BE-IN TOMORROW!
GOLDEN GATE PARK

THE NEXT DAY:
WOW! THIS MUST BE WHERE IT'S AT, AS THEY SAY... WHY, ALL THE IN PEOPLE ARE HERE...
AND OVER THERE... IT'S WONDER WART-HOG'S FAVORITE ROCK-AND-ROLL STAR...
THERE ARE THE INFAMOUS HELL'S ANGELS...

JANIS JOPLIN!
PHILBERT DESANEX, YOU OLD SON OF A BITCH!
HELP, THIEF! HELP ME, SOMEBODY!

PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU, MISS! I'M A REPORTER!
OH, SIR, I'M PAMELA PIFFLETON WALLINGSWORTH AND I WAS SLUMMING AND AN UNSEEN ASSAILANT STOLE MY SOLID GOLD MANDALA WITH THE RUBY IN THE MIDDLE!

AN UNSEEN ASSAILANT?
YES, SIR!
SOUNDS LIKE THE CHAMELEON AGAIN! BUT HOW CAN I CHANGE INTO WONDER WART-HOG OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PARK?!

HMMMM...

♫♪♫

NO THANKS, MAN. I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

HE MUST HAVE GONE UP THIS DESERTED STREET! THIS CALLS FOR INGENUITY! BUT I'LL NEED SOME SUPPLIES!

... DO A LITTLE REARRANGING, AND VOILA!...
SCRAPE
HAMMER
BEND
BAM
CRUNCH
GRIND

... A CURB-TO-CURB LAWNMOWER!

RATTLE
RATTLE
RATTLE
EEK! MY CAMOUFLAGE WON'T HELP ME NOW! I'D BETTER GET OFF THE STREET!

HA! HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME IN THIS CROWD!
DOGHOUSE
TONIGHT
PLUS

I WOULD'VE HEARD HIM CRUNCH BY NOW, UNLESS HE DUCKED IN HERE!
OOF! RIPPED THE CROTCH OUT OF MY PANTS! DAMN THESE HAIRPIN TURNS!

PARDON ME, FUZZ, BABY — I'M AFTER A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL!

HE MUST BE IN HERE SOMEWHERE!

YOU CAN HAVE HIM NOW, OFFICER! I DON'T THINK HE'LL CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE!
BUT HOW DID YOU CATCH HIM IN ALL THAT CONFUSION, WONDER WART-HOG?

SIMPLE! HE GOT CAUGHT IN THE LIGHT SHOW AND IT JUST STRIPPED HIS GEARS!
FLASH
BLINK
CUCKOO! CUCKOO! FLEEBLE, FLEEBLE, TWEET, FRIBBLE!
RAZZ
DAZZLE
BUZZ
CRACKLE
SAY, MISTER, WHEN YOUR FRIEND GETS WELL, COULD WE LIKE RENT HIM FOR A SHOW?
ASK HIM WHERE YOU CAN GET ONE OF THOSE OUTASIGHT SUITS!
END

SPIKE

News, Information, & Sheer Bigotry . . .
Contributions to: Spike, OZ, 19 Gt. Newport St., London W.C.2

"BUT TO WHAT SHALL I compare this generation? It is like children sitting in the market places and calling to their playmates, 'We piped to you, and you did not dance; we wailed and you did not mourn.' " Mathew 11: 6-17. IT has changed, "in an attempt to recognise the changes around it." The traditional 24 page tabloid gives way to 52 pages of magazine format and content — reduced news section and more features; bound in a glossy cover and liberally dosed with colour. It's a move which deserves support. An inflexible, static press serves only an inflexible static community and fulfills a dubious function. The next OZ will be a 24 page tabloid featuring Joy Farren on Nostradamus and the Seven Dwarves of Glastonbury, the Fabulous Furry Galactilites, and Mick Farren's definitive Letter to the Lumpen.

With INK's top-heavy superstructure collapsed, and the communards firmly in control; the hoary spectre of £24,000 profitless capital still haunts their paper. A meeting with curious investors settled the justifiable concerns of those doubting Thomases in the liberal constituency; in the words of an INK director: "We are here to float INK, not to bury it". The formality of the meeting was undermined by a wild Irishman's persistent and occasionally violent exhortations to the company that 'INK is the only paper in England to give a twopenny damn about Ireland.' 'All dis talk,' he emphasized 'Where's de fucking money?'.

One thing's for sure about FRENDZ, it isn't what it was three months ago. FRENDZ, says one of their collective, is the paper for libertarians, leftish loons, freaks and heads who want to get things on NOW. FRENDZ is involved in the struggles of claimants' unions, liberation groups, free festivals, and the attempt to corrupt and deprave as many people as possible.'

While the oldies foment, we're about to be deluged by a fresh breed of alternative publication, the specialist press:

SPARE RIB is a new monthly magazine designed to bridge the gap between the extremes of womens' lib and the consumer orientated materialism of the established womens' papers. It's coming out monthly (first issue June) with news, features, reviews, and plenty of surprises. Any ideas, enquiries, contributions contact Marsha Rowe, Rosie Boycott, or Pat Bell at 9 Newburgh Street, London W1; 01—437 2070.

CINEMA RISING will surface on April 10. Described as a film magazine 'aimed at the people who go to the flicks rather than the people who make them'; it's going to be 32 pages in Rolling Stone format.

POLLUTION SOLUTION isn't quite that; but it makes a healthy start. It's another gap-bridger, this time between 'the sensationalist treatment of pollution stories by the nationals and the over technical and obscure ecology magazines. 10p from 178 Wymering Mansions, London W8; 01-286 4569.

STREETCOMIX, come out of Throsel Hole, Carrshield, nr Hexham, Northumberland — a commune farm. They also have a theatre/music group called the Phantom Captain which needs gigs in any part of the country . . .

* * *

BACK IN THE USSR — A band of four Russian youths who robbed a bank in Lvov, Ukraine, last year were quoted in the Kiev newspaper *Pravada Ukrainy* as saying: "We always wanted to live in the woods, far from society. We wanted to wear long hair, unorthodox clothing, to play the guitar, to listen to Western music, to express out views when we disapprove of something. The main thing in hippie morality is unlimited freedom and no need to work."

Pravada Ukrainy went on to explain that such ideas were fed them by the Voice of America's decadent propagandising, and by certain foreign films. The 18 year old 'mastermind', Sergei Yulin, was sentenced to death by shooting, and his three friends to between 8 and 10 years in a labour camp. "Now the film dreams are over", concluded *Pravada Ukrainy*, "because this country is not America". Really?

* * *

MEMO TO THE MINISTER of State for Education and Science: "There is no finer investment for any community than putting milk into babies." — Winston Churchill, in a broadcast, 23 March 1943.

* * *

IF YOU WERE ENTRANCED by Brian Jones' Joujouka album and wanna hear more Morroccan music, Ian Adam has produced, manufactured, designed and distributed an album called Rifi. It's available by post from Ian at 15 Sinclair Road, London W14 for £2.50. No royalties to EMI.

* * *

OZ WISHES PUBLICLY TO apologise to BIT for any inconvenience caused that worthy organisation by an OZ designers flippant and incorrect labelling of their piece in OZ 40 as a 'paid advertisement'. BIT's funds scarcely cover day-to-day overheads, let alone a full page ad in OZ.

* * *

CLEM GORHAN IS WRITING a sequel to *Making Communes*, about alternative and independent living styles in general in the UK, not necessarily communal. Any information about such projects, from candle making to self-publishing poets, would be welcome — 01-727 8563.

* * *

SO NOW YOU KNOW — A paid advertisement in the Times of the 29 Feb., claiming to give 'the facts' on Northern Ireland 'which you may not have known'. The ad, sponsored by the Stormont Government, stated that a recently appointed Commissioner for Complaints had found no proven case of discrimination in Northern Ireland; that the Omsbudsman had found not one 'single instance of culpable action in the organs of Central Government'; that all housing is allocated according to a scheme 'based strictly on need'; and that Religious or political beliefs are *not* factors taken into consideration in public employment. Well, well, all that fuss over nothing.

* * *

THE NIGHT ASSEMBLIES BILL, if it becomes law, will enable a local council to break up by force if necessary any unauthorised gathering of more than 999 people after midnight. Permits for gatherings must be applied for 4 months in advance. As if that wasn't enough an amendment to the Bill states that wherever a local council decides any gathering in endangering public order (?), it can disperse that gathering, no matter how small. This Bill not only affects rock festivals, but can be invoked against any sit-in, protest march vigil, or night demo. OPPOSE IT. Write in the strongest terms to your MP, tell him that by voting for the Bill he jeopardises *your* vote for him, and the votes of your friends. For further information write to Festivals, New Musical Express, 128 Long Acre, London WC2.

* * *

THE TRUTH WILL OUT — the impenitent OZ editor who used Time Out's classifieds to offer £100 to anybody who could find him a flat needing up to £1000 fixtures and fittings (a move which unwittingly unleashed the most persistent troop of longhaired house-hunters since the lost tribes of Israel) wishes to clarify the situation. The capital used to find and furnish his new flat is NOT embezzled from the OZ Obscenity Fund, NOT the accumulation of months of supertaxed wages, and is in no way extorted from the community. It is in fact a bribe from his current Rachmanian landlord to oust Felix from his cheap rent-protected flat.

* * *

It was Saturday afternoon in the Roundhouse and all the more conscientious members of the London Underground** had gathered together. The High Priests of the Alternative Religion had announced in the parish magazine (Time Out) that there would be an extra prayer meeting on Saturday: a meeting dedicated to Freedom and Responsibility in the Media. The ceremony would be held in the parish church (the Roundhouse) and there would be no collection. It was hoped that the ensuing publicity would promote the sales of the parish magazine and that the parish might even make a tidy profit.

It was gratifying to see that all the most expensive clothes from the Kings Road boutiques were there — a dazzling sea of Beautiful faces framed with trendy Mayfair hair styles. The prayers were read by visiting bishops, invited by the vicar who was anxious that the service should be neither too tedious nor too exacting. From time to time members of the congregation were allowed to come forward to the altar and address the faithful. And for those who were tired of praying there were sideshows, with books and leaflets and revolutionary posters (at 25p).

Suddenly, one of the more fanatical sects which had not been invited by the vicar surged on to the altar and began to conduct the ceremony. Of course they could not hope to compete with the vicar's glib eloquence, but their semi-articulate hysteria had a spontaneity,

Mao-Marilyn

a kind of sincerity, which the vicar and bishops seemed to have lost over the years. Their sect was called Women's Lib. Their prayers, mostly monosyllabic, were built around a small number of sacred words ('fuck', 'screw', 'prick'). When asked to expound their doctrine more fully they began to abuse all the other doctrines — and indeed their invocations were hardly more illuminating than those of the bishops. The orderly prayer meeting dissolved into shouts and confusion and the vicar began to feel rather alarmed: he made an official, public apology to the eminent bishops

who had travelled all the way from Scotland and Ireland. Then one of the sect was moved by the Spirit to recite a psalm — a seemingly endless monotonous psalm.

The congregation, already dazed and subdued by the stream of orthodox prayers, was incensed at the presumption of this sectarian minority. But most of them refrained from leaving the church and soon subsided again into amused, passive tolerance. After all, it was almost as good as the Living Theatre, a wonderful theme for an Underground movie — a refreshing change from conventional prayers. Soon it was time to go home and the church warden began to sweep out the pews and collect the prayer books, ready for the regular evening service. And as they trooped home, clutching their Underground newspapers and free leaflets, all those who had come to the church, both orthodox and fanatics, felt somehow purged or their sins, confident that they had laid up grace in Heaven.

** For those unfamiliar with the cult I should perhaps explain that the Underground began, a few years ago, as a sincere attempt to offer a new life-style, a new culture, a new consciousness to those who could no longer tolerate the false values peddled by the Capitalist System. It defended sexual liberation and expansion of consciousness and fought for the ultimate downfall of the System. Today it is repressively tolerated by the Guardians of the Establishment and efficiently exploited by a new generation of emergent whiz-kids.
Jacqueline Lambe

TOOGOOD TO BE TRUE?
Readers with razor sharp memories may recall a celebrated fundraising event organised by 'Friends of OZ' last March at 43 King Street in Covent Garden. The *OZ Police Ball* featured the music of Arthur Brown, Vivien Stanshall, the Pink Fairies, Third World War and Gnidrolog, not to mention the delicate footwork of the Blackheath Foot and Death Men, a dozen public waterbeds, ice blue movies and all the brown rice and vegetables a macro-freak could desire. The ball was marred only by the arrival, shortly after midnight, of thirty uniformed police officers, who had apparently interpreted the title of the function a shade too literally.

Led by one Supt. Toogood from Bow Street Police Station, these worthy officers of the law burst unannounced upon the riotous throng from both front and back entrances simultaneously — (the back doors were apparently opened from the inside by two plain-clothed pigs who had bought their tickets with the tax-payers money and disguised themselves in velvet jackets and dark glasses). The police had no warrant whatever to authorise their raid . . . Toogood claimed later in court that he was acting on the invitation of the management to " . . . drop in anytime you're passing the club . . . "

Subsequent to this raid, Felix Dennis and Stanislav Demidjuk were charged under two obscure sections of the G.L.C. and W.C.C. licensing laws, for having allowed music and dancing and the distribution of food at the club without having first obtained the necessary permission. After months of delay, the case finally came before a magistrate at Bow Street Magistrates' Court earlier this month. The police's behaviour at the raid was described by several defense witnesses (one of whom was a solicitor) as ' . . . brutal . . . ' . . . outrageous . . ' . . . violent . . . ' . . . unwarrented . . . ', and ' . . . just plain vicious . . . ' The magistrate was visibly impressed by Supt. Toogood's feeble attempts to explain the necessity of sending thirty police officers to the premises to check on a licensing infringement. Both defendants were found guilty of what the magistrate described as ' . . . a very technical offense.' He rejected the prosecutions demands for £60.00 costs and fined Stan and Felix only £5.00 on each count. Supt. Toogood, who is a friend of Det. Insp. Luff (remember him fans?) was plainly outraged at the magistrates extraordinarily lenient decision. Ah well, You win some. You lose some.

* * *

With IT's Nasty Tales trial committed to trial by jury in a Crown Court, their need for funds is greater than ever. Give Generously — Nasty Defence Fund, 11a Berwick Street, London W1.

CRIME SPIKE

"THERE IS REALLY NOTHING new in current expressions of dissent, including squatting, sit-ins, demos, and even the occasional and traditionally unsuccessful home-made bomb; but increasingly they reflect a wider awareness of issues often not related only to our society but to mankind in general." — Robert Mark, the new Chief Superintendant of New Scotland Yard. Hwulp.

* * *

WATCH FOR THE HUN IN THE SUN — The OZ/ Baader-Meinhof Award for Ingenuity goes to the Santa Claus in a German department store who spent several weeks ingratiating himself through native wit and festive joviality with the staff of his store. Come Christmas Eve, he trundled merrily up to the wage desk, opened his bag, and before a vastly amused management began shovelling deutchesmarks into it. The entire staff gathered round, exchanging Teutonic quips, as his sack bulged larger and the store managers' smile grew rather fixed. Eventually, with the seasonal repartee reaching unprecedented heights, and Santa's sack full to the brim; the bearded personification of goodwill drew a pistol from his robes, slung the sack across his shoulder, and marched out into the December sunset.

* * *

THE HEAD OF FOLKESTONE CID, Det Insp. Wollett, was recently charged with shoplifting from a local chemist. He was apprehended while making off with several bottles of cheap perfum.

* * *

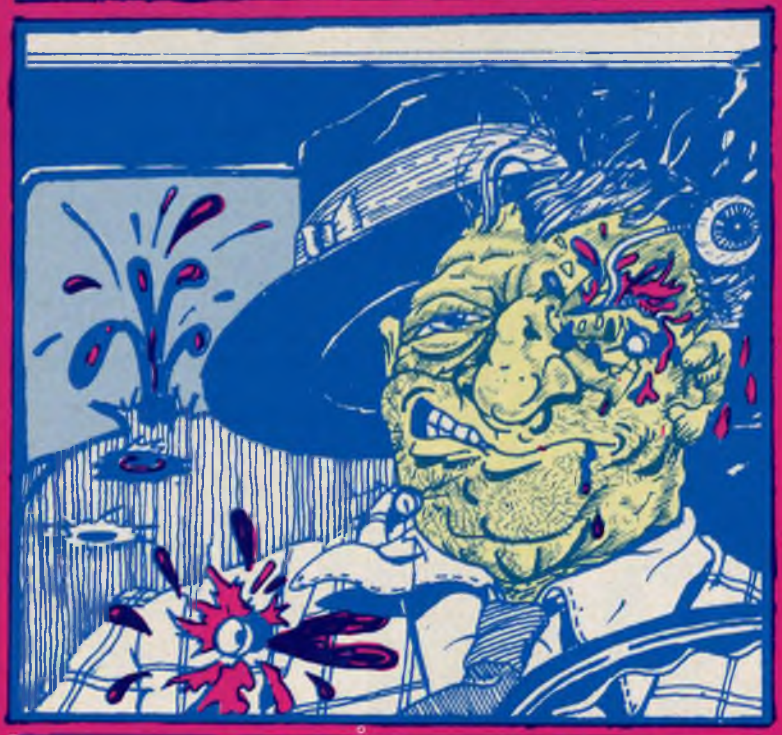
GO GET IT KIDS, — Schools, according to the deupty headmistress of Guildford C of E School, are "open invitations to burglars" at weekends. Schools, she expounded, are chockers with valuable equipment, and "there are windows you can open from the outside merely by rattling them." To say nothing of the chemical implications — "children could get it purely by accident start playing with chemicals. One shudders at the possible consequences."

* * *

A GLC LAVATORY COIN collector was recently discovered to have embezzled his employers over several years of £3000 — in pennies.

* * *

The Law lurches into action. The trial of Angela Davis, on charges of murder, kidnapping, and conspiracy, started in California on 28 February. For what it's worth, good luck . . .



IT'S THE POOR WHAT

"It is the Kennedy's, not the Capone's of this world

Straight criminology, like the rest of the social sciences, has the function of telling its employers what it would like to hear. It provides information which is both soothing and ineffectual. There is no danger that it will, like the ratman in Clockwork Orange, devise fiendish techniques for conditioning the ungodly.

For theories based on the notion that man is simply a particularly sophistacated type of chimpanzee, superior only in that he can be taught to perform for long hours in factories and fancy a wider range of consumer goods, simply do not hold water. Their job is not to explain the vicissitudes of human existence as much as to explain them away. Their task, in short, is ideological rather than practical. Science and scientific jargon has a considerable prestige value — after all witness the fashion which our world has been transformed by modern technology. The language and philosophy of the most supremely practical discipline is borrowed lock, stock and barrel by the social scientists. Like some bizarre Cargo Cult they may not be able to deliver the goods but at least they can mumble technical phrases in an impressive fashion. 'Psychopathy', 'weak superego', 'intraversion - extraversion', 'anomie', 'low frustration tolerance' etc. etc.

It all adds up to a particularly insiduous form of myth which depicts the social universe and its inhabitants as follows: Society consists of a large number of people who agree about what is good behaviour and bad behaviour, they have material interests in common and all pull together under the banner of the most supreme interest: The National Interest. All of these people are hard-working and most important hard-consuming. They are honest, reliable, unfrustrated and above all happy with their lot. At the edge of society, however, dwell the unfortunates. These people steal, smoke dope, make love to their own sex, and have 'extreme' political beliefs. They are very unhappy. They never chose to be where they are, rather they were propelled ineluctably by forces completely beyond their control. On one ever freely choses to be deviant, it just isn't worth while: 'crime doesn't pay' and 'grass is the first step to H'. The whole myth is basically about justice: it has to be shown 'scientifically' that the good prosper and the evil get their deserts. It's not just in Westerns that morality plays are enacted. I suggest that you have a look at the British Journal of Psychiatry sometime.

Criminologists look at the criminal and see a man out of touch with reality, who, because of some defect, is unable to act rationally. The cause of such a defect is attributed to 'bad socialisation'. The normal person, it is argued, passes along the conveyor belt of socialisation through his family and then at work, and is stamped indelibly with the consensus of honesty and social conscience. Here and there, however, down amongst the deviants, something goes wrong with the template. The person may, as Hans Eysenck suggests, have a 'bad' nervous system, and be constitutionally unable to fit the pattern. Or he may have grown up in a family who are inefficient at the job of moulding their off-spring. Thus the working class are characterised as being singularly bad at the job of bringing up their children whereas the middle class family (curiously like the background of the expert himself) are seen as dab hands at producing well-socialised kids. The underlying message is simple: don't blame the criminal, he can't help himself for he is 'sick', since on-one who was well-balanced would ever contemplate a life of crime or deviancy. In this the myth has, inadvertently, achieved an insiduous sophistication. For it is a world of difference between saying to the juvenile delinquent: "Look you little sod, I know you covet my property but I'm going to make sure that you're not going to get your thieving hands on it" and "Look, we sympathise with you, you chromosones/nervous system/family is mucked up and you don't know what you're doing." The first recognises that property inequalities are maintained by power, the second insists on the inviolability of property as a fact of human existence.

Now and then, however, myths such as these, devised to protect the interests of the powerful, insisting that "all's right in this best of all possible worlds", collide with facts that they cannot ignore. Whether carried in the media, in the P.R. statements of politicians or police, or in the professional journals. The Myth inevitably meets the Reality Principle and the jolt has repercussions which cannot be easily contained. The British soldier is there to protect the people's interests yet thirteen got shot in Derry; strikes achieve nothing yet the Miners' struggle is palpably successful; the police are reliable and trustworthy yet they would seem to have one of the

GETS THE BLAME

who have excelled in crime..." *Jock Young*

highest crime rates of any occupational group; it the end of ideology yet May '68 in France witnesses a gigantic emergence of revolutionary politics. False theories serve to mystify and braniwash, they are constantly lacerated by reality. Yet like Ptolemaic astronomers the theorists create epicycle after epicycle, always attempting to prove that the universe revolves around them, and their reality in unchangeable.

In criminology the facts which the theories found difficult to digest, were the increasing amount of evidence that crime was not confined to a tiny minority of lower class individuals. For in terms of the actual commission of illegalities, rather than those who got caught, crime is well-nigh ubiquitus.

It's not just the Kray twins, its the C.I.D; its not just the lumpen-proletariat, its stockbrokers and real estate dealers; its not just gangs, its corporations. Of course, to anyone not deeply entrenched in the limbo of suburbia this is hardly startling news. But we live in a world where social knowledge is surprisingly restricted. Ask a Gamberley officer what he thinks the average dope user is like and you'll see what I mean. Ask the average head how the money gets into the rich man's wallet and you'll get a similar ignorance. The present revelations about the police aren't a surprise to some but to many more others there must be a feeling of hurt when they lay down the Daily Telegraph and wonder what, indeed, is happening to their world.

If crime, then, is the irrational activities of the under-socialised a considerable section of the population would seem to be suffering from this complaint. But it makes no sense to suggest that there is consensus in society which is agreed upon obeying the law, if the majority at various times blatantly contravene it. Yet we are left with the stereo-type of the criminal as a lower class minority for these are the people who actually get themselves arrested. The most obvious reason for this is that the police pick on these groups which are most vulnerable. The middle-class boy from the 'good home' does not get into the statistics, the company lawyer is too powerful to be apprehended except on rare occasions. But more than this, given that it is those in power who make the rules, it is also in their power to break the rules if they wish. They law is made for the powerful to be applied against the powerless — it is scarcely surprising that the rich do not figure prominently in the crime statistics. They are also capable of legislating their illegalities. Recently a Belfast High Court decided that the British Army had been acting illegally in their harassment of the civilian population. The response last week on the part of Parliament was to rush through a special amendment, so that is six hours, as if by magic, the illegal had become a legitimate 'peacekeeping activity'.

Crime for the working class may be seen as an unorganised attempt to redistribute income: 'things' fall off the backs of lorries, huts get constructed in back gardens out of work materials, supermarkets find that a certain percentage of their stock disappears. The problem is that the middle class are so much better at it, as every Labour Government that has attempted to tax the rich in this country has discovered. The activities of corporations, in particular, make the Great Train Robbers seem particularly amateurish. In 1963 the Ferranti company overcharged the Ministry of Aviation to such an extent that after a prolonged argument they agreed to return £4,150,000. Still they left themselves with 21% profit. I am still waiting for the criminologist who will press for the psychiatric examination of the Board of Directors to see if they were suffering from weak superegos, undersocialisation, immature personalities or evidence of broken homes.

It is the Kennedys not the Capones of this world who have excelled at crime. To first rip you off legally, then make the laws, then rip you off again illegally and come out at the end of the enterprise with the reputation as a philanthropist — that's the real hustler mentality

It is necessary to distinguish community crime and predatory crime. Community crime is progressive, it involves the redistribution of material and goods. It ranges in scale from the solitary shoplifter to the Detroit insurrection. Predatory crime is the illegal swindling of the poor by the wealthy and the rip off of the poor by the poor. Every underground enterprise has a rip-off artiste gnawing away at its roots, every working class community suffers from the crime of its own people — whatever the romantics will tell you. To talk of crime in the abstract as the 'liberation' of property is nonsense — honesty has its place even in a world of thieves.

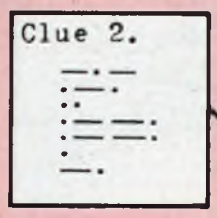
IDENTIQUIZ

COMPOSITE OF THE WORLD'S MASTER CRIMINAL

Here's one for you armchair detectives. The nasty piece of work illustrated below is a composite face of the world's master criminal. Each major feature of this identikit is taken from a notorious criminal of the twentieth century. The drawing is accurate, the clues are obscure and the answers are below.

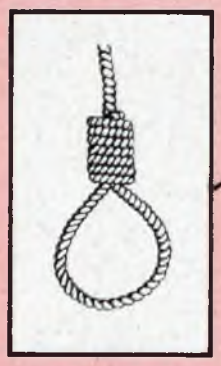
Clue 1.

Clue 2.



Clue 3(a).

Seen wearing this familiar necktie.



Clue 4

Clue 5.

Clue 6.

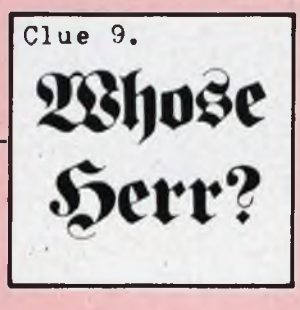
(Tricky one, this.)

Clue 7.

Clue 3(b).
See Clue 3(a).

Clue 8.

Clue 9.



ANSWERS:-
1. John Christie's dome (10 Rillington Place) 2. Dr. Crippen's specs (first murderer to be caught by morse telegraph) 3. (a) & (b) Reginald and Ronald Kray's sideburns 4. Joseph Stalin's moustache (Russian Bear) 5. Al Capone's lips (scarface) 6. Richard Nixon's nose (Trikie Dikee) 7. Rachman's earlobes 8. Charles Manson's eyes (Helter Skelter..) 9. Adolph Hitler's hairstyle. Those of you scoring more than 5 out of 9 should report to New Scotland Yard immediately..... the pay's not much cop but the prospects for hard graft are tremendous.

P. Brookes

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Sir,
Home Office Circular No. 720/1972
Women and Crime

1. I am directed by the Secretary of State to refer to the Criminal Statistics for England and Wales 1970 (Comnd. 4708) and to draw your attention to the relevant figures:-
(a) P.181. Persons found guilty – Indictable Offences – All Courts: Total: M. 280,271; F. 42,681.
(b) P.185. Persons found guilty – Non-Indictable Offences – Magistrate's Courts: Total: M. 1,244,831; F. 106,327.

2. It is suggested that the male/female crime ratio (Indictable Offences 7:1; Non-Indictable Offences 12:1) should provide a vital clue in the search for a solution to the problem of Britain's ever-increasing crime rate. Evidently, women are considerable less prone to criminal activity than men.

3. Contrary to the general assumption that women commit fewer crimes because to their gentle, compassionate and peace-loving nature, a recent report by the Home Office Standing Committee on Law Enforcement includes the following observations:-
(a) By early conditioning within the family, by primary and secondary education, and by the influence of advertising and adolescent literature, women learn to assume a humble and passive role in life: thus they are discouraged from flouting the conventions and laws of society.
(b) As a result of this intensive conditioning, women are less likely than men to develop an adventurous spirit or a keen initiative – both key factors in the criminal mentality.
(c) Most women, in particular home-bound mothers, lack the opportunity to embark on acts of crime. They seldom come into contact with criminal elements and they have neither the time nor the freedom of movement to consort with others to plan and carry out illegal activities.

4. From these observations, we may deduce that women commit fewer crimes than men because of their conditioning and their restricted position in society.

5. It would be advisable, therefore, to extend similar treatment to the male sex, in order to effect a drastic reduction in the crime rate.

6. Accordingly, the Secretary of State has instructed me to arrange immediate top-level discussions with a view to planning the reorganisation of education and restructuring of the economy on a national level. As a basis for discussion, it is suggested that:-
(a) Reading primers be rewritten so that both girls and boys are depicted helping Mother with the housework; in place of the usual image of Father in bowler hat returning from work, it may be helpful to depict him as a penitent convict.
(b) Mechanical toys, model cars, planes, spaceships, toy guns and all boy's playthings which encourage an adventurous, outward-looking attitude, should be withdrawn from shops forthwith.
(c) Her Majesty's Government should launch a number of magazines for teenage boys, with emphasis on romantic love, marriage, how to attract girlfriends, cure acne, prevent genital odour, etc.

7. While these matters are under discussion, it is essential to bear in mind the less optimistic aspects of female criminality. The following crimes are committed more frequently by women than by men:–
(a) Shoplifting: M.18,853; F. 21,739. As a future deterrent it is proposed that no woman should be allowed to go shopping without the written authority of two male guarantors.
(b) Cruelty to a child: M. 14; F. 18. It is proposed that more suitable penalties be imposed, such as reduction of housekeeping allowances.

9. Although the male/female ratio of crimes committed by juveniles is correspondingly high (M. 113,086; F. 10,080), it has been found that there is a high correlation between female juvenile deliquency and sexual promiscuity. There is therefore a need for further restrictions on the social activities of teenage girls, and for the encouragement of all social taboos attached to the sexual activities of young people.

10. The Secretary of State proposes in due course to review the working of the new arrangements and he would be glad to be informed of any difficulties that may arrise in practice and to receive any suggestions for improvements, in the light of experience in operating the new provisions.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

the image

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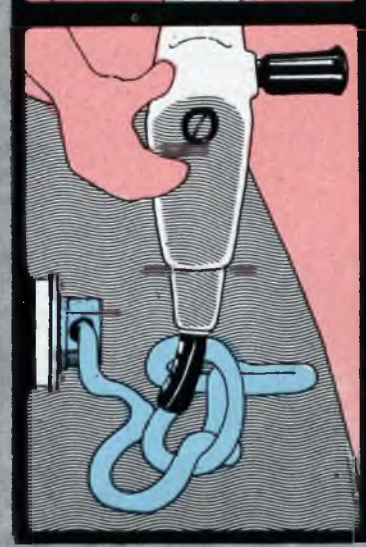

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IF THE CONG DON'T GET YOU, CADMIUM WILL...

BODY COUNT
Lieutenant Calley's story as told to John Sack
(Hutchinson £2)

Some of Calley's autobiography, *Body Count*, gives a straight publicity poster image of Army life. Travel: "They're people (the Vietnamese), whose whole life is food, defecation, reproduction, and, if they're lucky, land: and that's it. They haven't running water, gas, or electricity." Pride: "An actor in *Hair*, he wrapped himself with an American flag as though it was nothing but a rag to clothe himself with. He made a mockery of it. He sang something such as 'Screw the American flag', and he walked on it, stomped on it, dragged it, etcetera, and I just gritted my teeth. **I have pride in America and I hate someone making a slant against it."** Heroism: "My own father was so behind me, I got uncomfortable about it. He thought that I was Joe Good Guy and I was completely right and if anyone was derogatory about me, people should jail him."

But this alone is not the stuff of which great men are forged. Calley says he saw himself as "a mirror, really, for America," though only after seeing an open letter to the President, which read: "Calley is being tried by all conscience-stricken citizens, who see him as a reflection of themselves." It is in this tone of a soldier trying to fill a uniform too big for him that Calley goes on, when he remembers. The admission: "He said I had done premeditated murder there. It's true: I sat up with sergeants in the wee hours of March 16, 1968, and I plotted to kill those people in Mylai Four. I filled up the cartridge clips, and god! How premeditated can you get? Of course, in Vietnam we called it a combat assault." But also human: **"I admit it, I'm shy about girls.** I have to ask silly questions if I'm at a cocktail party back in Miami." A touching admission a propos of his first taste of Vietnamese whores. Subplot: he gradually loses his shyness.

Throughout the first half of the book, Calley makes out all right as the little guy, thrown into a tough situation who does his best despite some blatant limitations. In the second half, he blows it. "Now I know Medina denies this (giving the order to kill everyone), and I know why. He's married. He has children, and their benefits end if Medina is sentenced for it." "I was a run-of-the-mill average guy: I still am. I always said, *The people of Washington are smarter than me.*" (Calley's italics). It's the major theme of B-flicks: let the suspect talk enough and he'll do himself in.

So he's done himself in. The point is that no one really cares. Calley is still the hero, despite a conviction from a jury of fellow infantrymen, who were picked for their sympathy with Calley's experience. Granted he *was* caught in the crossfire of indignation and self-recrimination when the war came close to home. He didn't hate gooks any more than the rest of them. So maybe he shouldn't be a hero either. **But he is, for being that pea under the princess's pillow, keeping her awake and making her irritable. Removed, the pea became a relic and the princess went back to sleep.**
Frank Lipsius

● ● ●

THE TOXIC METALS
Anthony Tucker
(Earth Island Books, 237pp. £2.50)

Give us this day our daily lead, mercury, cadmium, Nickel Carbonyl and God alone knows what else. Unfortunately God isn't likely to inform us just what we're getting from our air, food and water and it seems our elected government is even less likely to let on. Mr Tucker has no such inhibitions and in this frightening and excellent work he lays it all on the line. Were you aware that "levels of Lead found in urban populations, including children who are probably more sensitive to lead poisoning than adults, actually overlaps the range known to cause accepted classical syptoms of lead poisoning".? Been feeling anaemic irritable or tense lately?

Those are accepted classical symptoms of lead poisoning, they lead to madness and death. We've been poisoned by an industrial society that prefers more cars with more economical engines and no knock petrol to such useless things as wildlife, falcons, eagles, otters etc.

Mr Tucker kicks off with an investigation of the terrible events at Minamata bay in Japan in the early fifties where a Vinyl Factory 'lost' some 200 tons of Inorganic Mercury from the catalytic process in its Octanol plant, At the same time the fish-eating population of the area, some 10,000 souls, began to suffer from serious lack of co-ordination, blindness, madness and in some cases death. 43 died, another 68 suffered grotesque and permanent disability and a very much larger section of the population suffered cumulative damage to mind and vision. The difficulty at the time in tracing this mass poisoning lay in the fact that the Company involved was using Inorganic Mercury. Organic Methyl variety in the environment was too much for anyone concerned to believe. Not to mention the manner in which the Vinyl Factory conveniently forgot to mention that they were discharging Mercury of any kind in their annual Wast figures. Naturally enough at the bottom of Minamata bay Anaerobic Bacteria were achieving exactly this, and were producing poisonous Methyl Mercury. The company responsible for this eventually paid up to £100 compensation to the victims or relatives in cases where death had intervened. All this happened way back in the fifties and there is little evidence that Western Governments or Health Authorities took any notice of these disastrous events in Japan.

Mr Tucker demonstrates that all along the line Governments have had to be forced to take action, that they have consistently bowed to vested industrial interest and ignored or attempted to minimised the dangers of Heavy Metal Pollutants. Thus when a stretch of our coastline becomes contaminated with Lead or Cadmium, it is shell fisheries that are shut down, Fishermen that are put our of work rather than any action being taken to prevent the Wastes from poisoning our coastal waters. In the recent Tuna 'crisis' where a sub-panic situation developed due to the discovery of Mercury in Tuna fish a consistent attempt was made to rationalise this discovery in terms of safety thresholds and talk of "averages". There is no real safety threshold for Methyl Mercury as any of it whatsoever is bound to cause damage, and as Mr Tucker points out, to talk of averages in relation to poisoned fish is demonstrably nonsense because "if it takes 40 milligrams of Mercury to kill someone and I get 40 milligrams and you get none, then according to the average we are both safe."

Again and again he points to the amazing ease with which Governments can be convinced that there is little to worry about. e.g. "by taking virtually every assumption that

would minimise the calculated intake of lead from the atmosphere for instance, and the word assumption needs to be stressed, Britain's Medical Research Council Air Pollution Unit arrived at the reassuring conclusion that even for individuals working in the busiest streest for eight hours a day the elimination of lead from petrol would reduce their daily lead absorption by only 7%. Within weeks of this announcement in January 1971 it had been quoted twice by the Government spokesman in the house of Lords, three times by the Minister of the Environment, Mr Peter Walker, and frequently by Petroleum spokesmen. All this and 300 micrograms of lead a day just from food and water and another 45 odd from the air we breathe. Every saloon car puts out about 50 milligrams of lead per mile travelled and this lead is dispersed by an excellent aerosol, your car exhaust which ensures good distribution across the land. "Now tetra ethyl and tetra methyl lead are such highly poisonous compounds that you cannot buy them They are not included in standard chemical catalogues and are not easily available for research. Yet in petrol of motor vehicles several thousand tons are dispersed each year in Britain alone. The manufacturers Associated Octel *do not and have never* released information on production or sales" Can we really afford such culpable censorship?

Leaving Lead behind, Mr Tucker goes on to deal with Cadmium and Nickel. Cadmium is the substance responsible for the Disease known in Japan as Itai Itai, an appalling condition where the bones of the sufferer may crack and collapse under their own weight. More commonly it would appear possible that Cadmium, which concentrates in the Kidneys with remarkable speed, may be responsible for a great increase in blood pressure. Cardiacs? Without a doubt there is a lot to worry about as far as Heavy Metal pollution is concerned, it is insidious, inviisble and damned hard to discover. If we don't start reducing it soon we may find that it will soon be contributing handsomely to our national death statistics.

Mr Tucker's book is excellent, buy it and read well. After all if you're gonna be poisoned you might as well find out who's doing it to you and with what.
Chris Rowley

• • •

DOOMWATCH
Directed by Peter Sasdy
(April – General Release)

Freaks have done a great injustice to alcohol, by dismissing it as "a downer". As any intelligent Frenchman will tell you, alcohol is capable of as much "mind expansion," or as I prefer to say "cutting through the bullshit" as smoke or acid, if you take it seriously. I quote Baudelaire "I bustle about in the stomach of the workman and from there by invisible ladders I climb into his brain where I execute my masterly dance."

Consider the two double whiskies I consumed (on an empty stomach) at the reception to launch "Doomwatch" Pissed as a fart I took my seat, and the screen undulated like a polluted sea . . . (sinister music, fadeout).

The first thing which struck me was the film's resemblance to a Punch and Judy show, in that the characters moved and spoke like puppets, and had their *roles* stamped on them as clearly as if on printed tee-shirts. ("I am a fatherly, deeply concerned scientist", "I am an inbred country yokel", "I am a young, hot-blooded, deeply concerned scientist".)

Far from spoiling it for me (though I annoyed several of my neighbours by "inappropriate" and raucous laughter), this fact prevented the moving human details distracting me from what the film was trying to *say*; its' message.

Ostensibly the message of "Doomwathc" (both TV series, and movie) is that "man" is destroying himself by his reckless pollution of the environment. A message which has gripped the hearts of millions of progressive people in recent years (pollution having replaced the Devil, the Kaiser and the Commies in the Christian conscience).

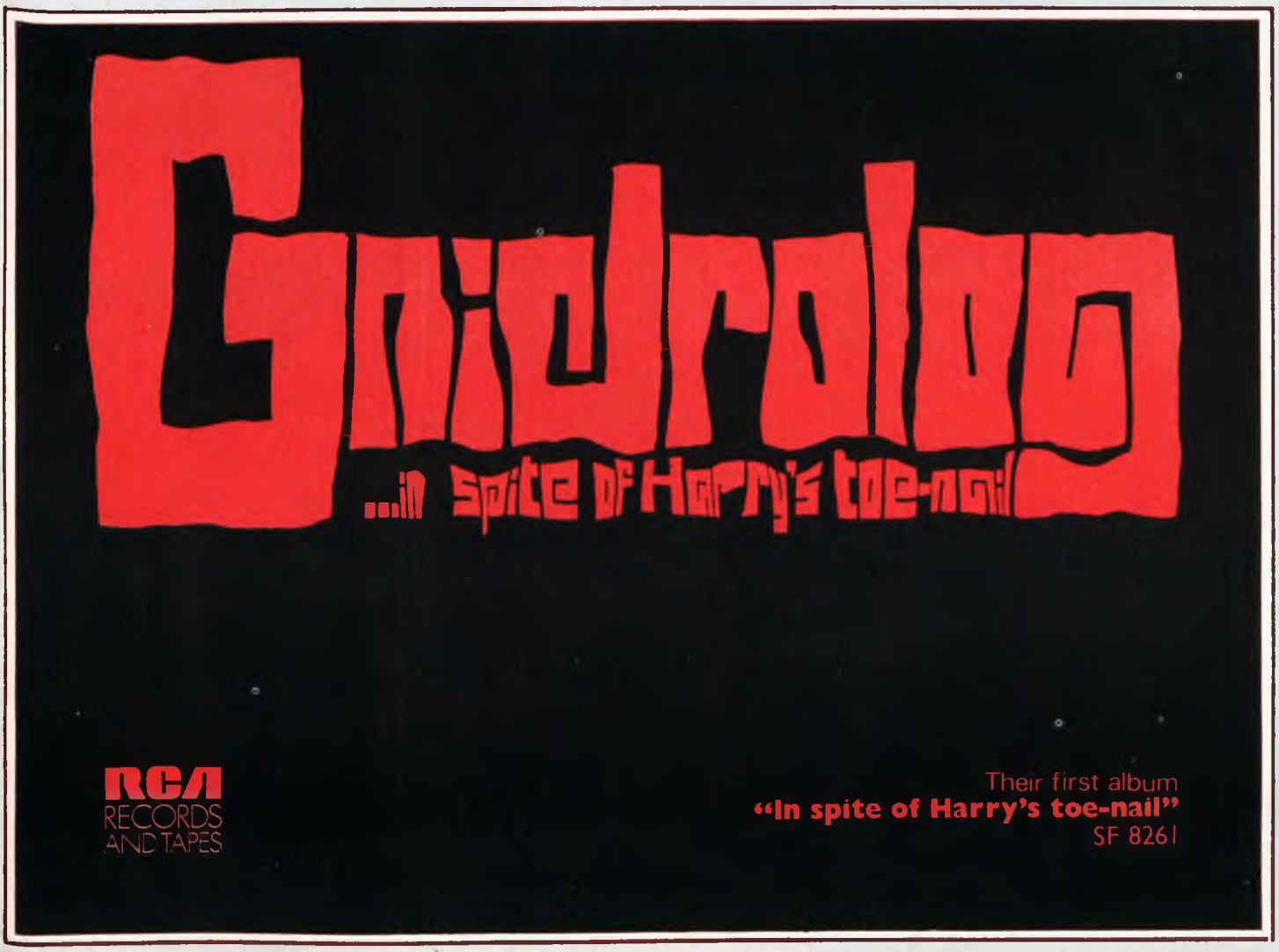
However, it is a far from ambiguous message. Take this film, a "respectable" chemical firm hires an "irresponsible" disposal firm to dump unwanted Pituitary Growth Hormone in the sea, it gets into the fish and turns the simple fishing folk of the island of Balfe into violent monsters (brilliant work by the make up dept, incidentally). Doomwatch, ever vigilant, sorts it all out; combatting official apathy, native xenophobia and commercial greed and secretiveness.

In effect the film turns everything upside down. "Nature" is something we can understand and control (because we are deeply concerned Doomwatch scientists); even if the proles don't understand it or value it, we shall patiently explain to them. Our science conquers all.

But all the *social* issues are presented as inevitable, unchangeable, in a word *natural*. It is the "nature" of chemical manufacturers to be greedy and secretive, the "nature" of Admirals to refuse to cooperate with mere civilians. In a classic scene the Doomwatch hero presents the Admiral with photos of the undersea Hormone dump, whose existence he denies. "How did you get those pictures, its a *restricted area*!" As if entering a restricted area were an enterprise comparable to walking to the north pole.

And "naturally" enough when help finally comes to Balfe, it comes as boatloads of British Bobbies with loudhailers and first aid tents. The "mistakes" of individuals, the "misunderstandings" of officialdom have been corrected; bumbling old British "society" (one for all and all for one, remember) has, as always woken up in the nick of time; gently prodded by the Robin Hood/ Dr Kildare / Einstein figures of Doomwatch.

Just when you might be thinking that the *structure of capitalist society* might be at the root of pollution; that *drastic social upheaval* might be necessary to cure it, Doomwatch proves you wrong.
Schradan Giftgaz



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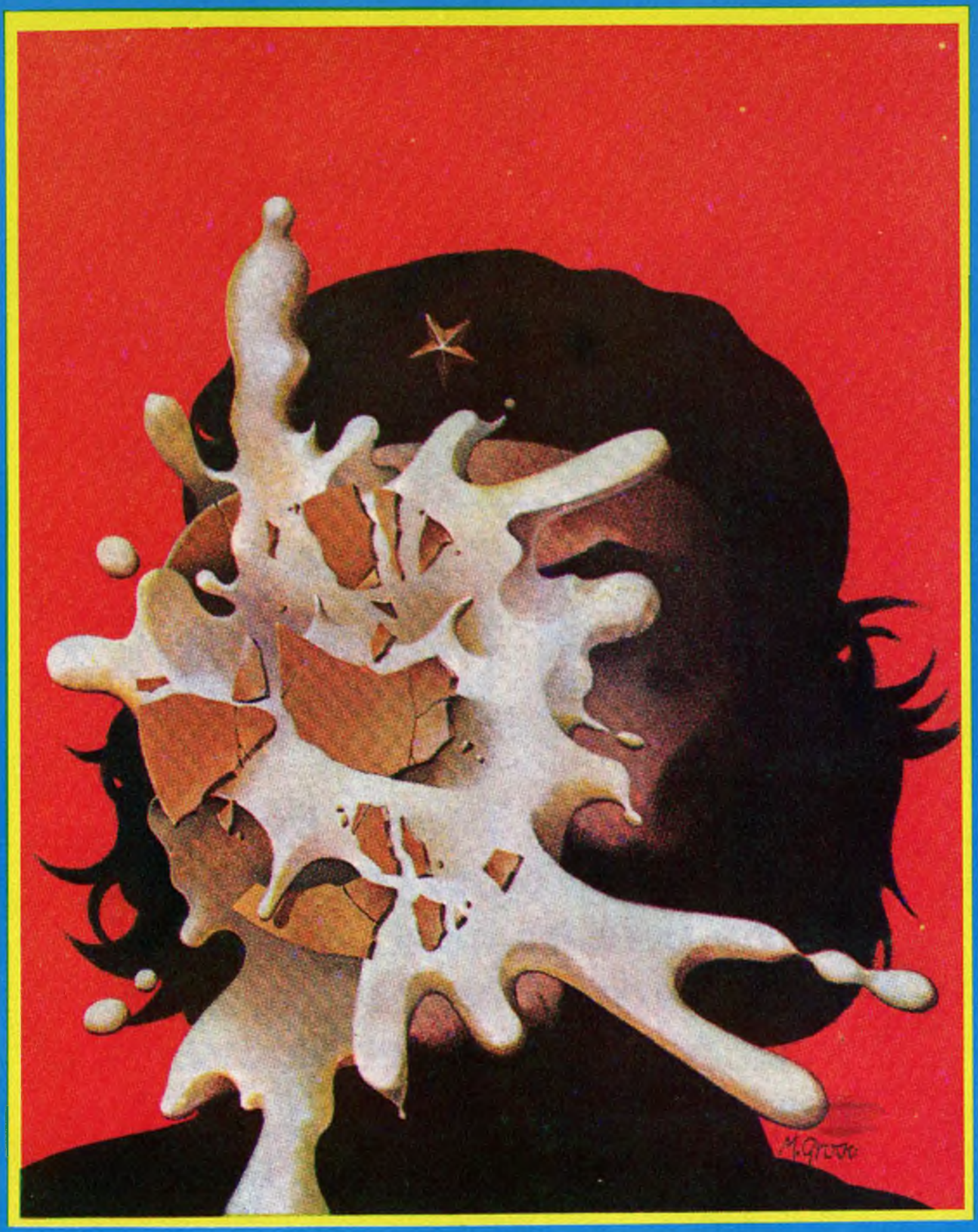

IS NOTHING SACRED?

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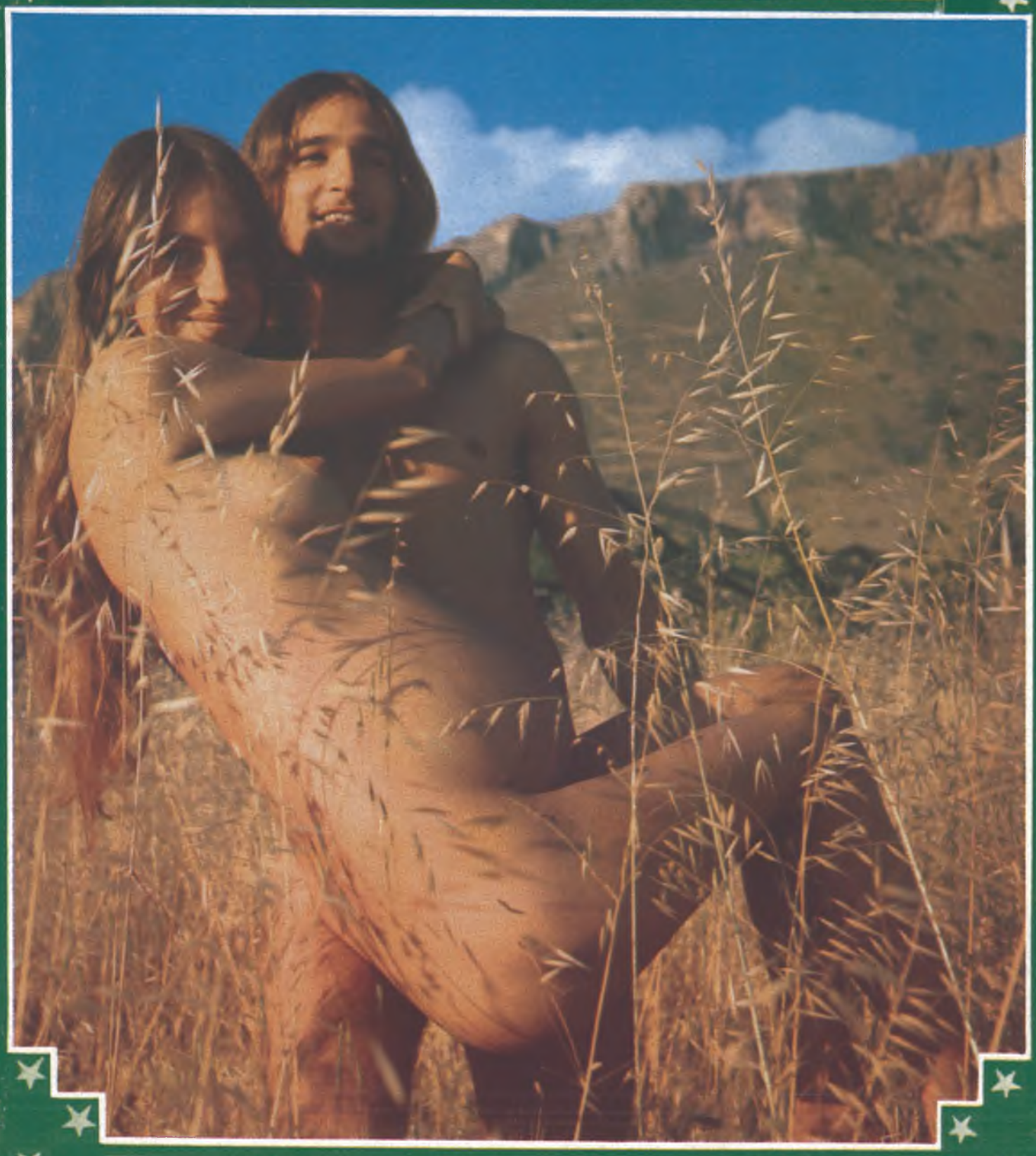
MACROBIOTICS-DEATH DIET

INSIDE ASYLUMS

OZ 42 May/June 1972 25p



Words of Wisdom...

Dear OZ,
I'm just writing to say how much I enjoyed your last issue and the one before it. At last OZ seems to be moving away from all that sexist tits and arse crap that has ruined so many of your previous issues and which still seems to dominate papers like International Times.

Susan Griffith's piece 'The Politics of Rape' was certainly the most informative and moving article you have ever published, and I hope you can persuade Susan to write another article soon for OZ.

Mr. Young's analysis of criminology and class structure was also a revealing piece of writing. Is this the same J. Young who published 'The Drugtakers' last year? Whoever he is, I certainly agree with him that it is the Kennedys and not the Caponas of this world who have excelled in crime.

One last point. Was the Home Office Circular concerning women and crime another of your spoof letters or based on any real document? Whether fictional or factual it makes really hilarious reading. Can you imagine any boring bureaucrat as *anyone's* 'OBEDIENT SERVANT'!!

Yours,
Susanne Armstrong,
Spenlow House,
Charlwood Terrace,
London SW15.

Dear OZ,
How I agree with your artical in OZ 40, "The three Rs". Being a 14 year-old pupil at a secondary modern school myself, Peter Buckham is completly wright when he says the whole system of education must be radicly changed. Or it will rot with increasing rates of truancey, dilinquants (whatever they may be) and more recently drugs. Acid tabs in the playground sounds ridiculous but its true. Teachers can't be blamed, with heads of departments its a whole system of mister bigs with everyone pushing everyone else. Then they can't understand why academic work is poor. I myself was nearly suspended for bad academic work but was saved by an understanding housemaster who I'm very fortunate to have. I wish there was something I could do. The S.A.U. are only creating a "hate-your-teacher" attitude. One thing I'm sure of, I won't have my children taught under an organisation of hypocrites.

Power to the people and Kill the education system.

Martin Wagner,
Gable Court,
Lawrie Park Ave.,
Sydenham SE26.

Dear OZ,
The letter (OZ 41) by the one-track-minded, fun-hating Leninist from Jarrow (where better to hate from than Jarrow?) prompts a reply.

Why do so many people assume that the underground press, and OZ in particular, should be left wing? In origins, OZ is libertarian or even anarchist. Libertarianism is a belief in the freedom of the individual providing he does no harm to others. Anarchists believe that in a state of liberty, people would by nature respect the freedom of others. The left wing believes, in some form or another, in dictatorship of the proletariat through state control, all of which is totally contrary to any concept of libertarianism or anarchy.

Even more than this, the alternative society tends to profess a rejection of materialism. Whoever heard of a left-winger who didn't want more and more money for workers to spend on pollution and consumer goods?

David R. Pedley,
Netherwood Road,
London W14.

Dear OZ,
Your article "Natural Rhythm in de Woodpile" by Charles Shaar Murray is about the most blatant piece of racist shit ever to hide under the banner of an unprejudiced, intelligent music review. *When is OZ going to get black people to write about the issues that affect black people's existence?*

You have taken four examples of black music and tried to put the artists down by exposing your lack of understanding of just what contemporary black music is all about. You choose two good examples with which to expose yourself — Isaac Hayes and Curtis Mayfield. Black music, Mr. Murray, is preaching a new sort of black revolution to the people. If you are still caught up in the rhetoric of the clenched fist, then it's time you realised that today's black music is the music of the black underground communications medium.

When Curtis Mayfield sings about ecology, he is not just jumping on your fashionable bandwagon, but telling black people that since they are eventually going to inherit the earth, they should make sure that the white power-gods don't fuck it up in a last sour-grapes effort to make it unliveable in. Isaac Hayes might be doing a biblical thing on his album cover, but what do you really care if in the process some black kids get a poster of one of their cultural heroes?

Illustrations: RICHARD GALLAGHER

You say that we should get into the reality and energy of true black cultural spokesmen like Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin. Where have you been for the last five years? Talking to the commissionaires at the Albert Hall.

I don't understand your objection to "cloying marshmallow strings" on the Curtis Mayfield album. You want to hear Curtis in "a small group situation with guitars and percussion." It's okay for the slaves to strum their banjos and bang their drums, but let them pinch whitey's violins to soothe the sound and make it peaceful, and they're treading in forbidden territory.

It is true to say that "few black artists have yet become real bona-fide gilt-edged superstars without capturing a white audience" but you forget that American culture is purely and one hundred percent black, and America's music certainly shows that. The blacks that America chooses to make into "superstars" usually present no threat to the status quo of the minstrel nigger entertaining the massa.....the we-!love-you-because-we-can-get-!into-you syndrome. You say "We no longer need Pat Boone to be the middleman between us and Fats Domino" but your very statement shows that you do, because if Fats Domino and Chuck Berry are where your black musical development is at, then you're probably still tripping out on the early Beatles as the best exponents of British music.

To answer your question "Who is buying this shit?" — Black People are buying this shit, Mr. Murray.

Briony Nolan,
20 Aldine Street,
London W12.

Dear OZ,
The last issue of OZ (No. 41) was really interesting reading, and graphically I think you must be the furthest advanced magazine in the country, but nonetheless, I think that dedicating the issue to Frederick Sewell was a silly and despicable thing to do. I know you probably meant it as a joke, but all the same I think it was in *very, very* poor taste.

Sewell is a murderer of the worst kind. He shot down a brave man in cold blood (I guess you might call him a stupid pig, but he was only carrying out his duty) and I can't understand why you would wish to dedicate a fantastic magazine to a piece of human scum like Sewell. I think you should send an apology to Supt. Richardson's widow. Is OZ part of the problem — or part of the solution? Why glorify mindless violence?

Love,
Sally Holder,
Queen Victoria Gdns,
Walthamstow,
London E17.

Dear OZ,
Why don't you go into business and sell rare pieces of art? So notoriety and rarity have "inevitably upped the price of OZ 28". You sick bastards. When you were in trouble, people paraded the streets for you, sent you money, often we were arrested because of what you say you believe in. The cats I'm squatting with in this house, all of us have fines and debts, we have been fucked around more than any of you in our fight for freedom. We know oppression, we don't work for the system but battle it with the claimants union and so on. Yeah, man, we were there, those of us not already in prison, to save OZ. And you show your solidarity in fucking this system by ripping us off to read a *people's* mag that we all fought for. I haven't read OZ 28, nor many of the ones previous, but I'll not fill your fucking pockets with my £5.50 Unemployment Benefit, it would probably disappear with the OZ benefit money — fucking *people's* bread. Fuck you rip off artists may you rot in hell, if there is anyone there who really wants equality and freedom, then write back, it would help us all up here to know some of you care.

Power to *all* People,
Keef Williams,
1, St. Botolphs Place,
Haverhill,
Suffolk.

P.S. You can have a photo of three of us for fuck-all!! (Providing someone pays OUR FINES FOR US hence keeping us out of prison long enough to take them).

Dear OZ,
CHANGES IN THE POWER STRUCTURE.

POLITICIANS are just international businessmen,
FIXING the deals between your country and mine,
Pushing PRODUCTIVITY,
Fighting for CREDIBILITY,
Balancing the DEBIT/PROFIT line.

INTELLECTUALS can only look & see,
All the mistakes with CLARITY,
Utter words of WISDOM,
Only to be PISSED on,
By the powerful money-loaded lords.

THE church cannot answer,
THE hippies will not fight,
THE police & the soldiers
Are tied by their delights.
WHO will rule with truth?
WHO will lead us through?
WHO will bring reality to the fore?

Vernon Devar,
Grange Road,
Thornton Heath,
Croydon,
Surrey.

David Leitch has been Foreign Correspondent for the Sunday Times, most recently based in Paris. He co-authored the book on Philby — 'The Spy who betrayed a generation' and his next book, 'God Stand Up for Bastards' will be published by Andre Deutsch in the Autumn.

MISS ELEKTRA MEETS THE SHOCKED NUN

David Leitch

Naked, and on the point of clambering into the first pair of pyjamas I've worn in fifteen years, the depressive fog suddenly started drowning me. It was heavy enough to touch, oozing out of the grey/cream no-colour walls, sneaking up at you from under that mean single bed. And with it came depression, and a premonition of weakness. The fog centre seemed to be the brown door — why was there a *hole* in that door? To let the fog in?

I lit a defensive cigarette and wished someone had got to work on the tobacco with a little opium, the way they do in Saigon and Bangkok. So you expected it to be funny, I ask myself, and blow out a lot of carcinogenic smoke to make a companionable fog of my own. This is a mental clinic, albeit a genteel one attached to a London hospital's Psychological Medicine Department. They said it had a great reputation for dealing with addiction problems, but there was nothing in the brochure about it being *amusing*.

The first forty-eight hours mean compulsory "bed rest", so the fog and I got to know each other pretty well. But the door hole, that Judas window like the ones they have in cells — there's no possibility of indifferent familiarity, or mutual acceptance between me and Judas. And the same applies to the blue light that shines all night in the ceiling. It's a very pure blue, except for two antique stains like Rorsharch test ink blots. Come to think of it that's the identical colour of the lights outside police stations.

Judas and the blue light are best buddies and indispensable business partners. Because of them They can look at you when you're sleeping. When I'm *that* vulnerable I like to be sure the only looking that gets done is from someone I love.

To be doubly sure, like wearing a belt and braces together, They also keep the door ajar all night by shoving what the nurses call a ' sausage" into the lintel. The nurses giggle a lot about the "sausages" as they are very approximately penis-shaped — elephant penis- shaped — and this is the kind of joke that makes nurses fall about.

To pre-empt those readers already mumbling ' classic paranoia case" I should point out that Judas and his friend in blue elicited an identical response from my friends and fellow patients: Ruby, Tim, Jock McGee (yes, like Bobbie) and Mrs. Ascot. And we are certainly no poker hand of paranoiacs; this is not our (temporarily) indissoluble bond. It took a while to see what we had in common at all. I began by asking the registrar.

"All nuts no-one else has managed to crack" he said, chuckling. It was clearly a punchline he had delivered before. Ye-es, I thought, not a very happy metaphor in some ways, but it makes sense. I had by then seen the cracking process at work in the Day Room, reinforced by Jimmy Young on tape.

There are four Day Rooms for the whole clinic and within their confines you find nuts as eclectic as chocolates in a three pound assortment, each taste guaranteed different, each centre soft. There are teenage acid freaks and middle-aged women who have devoted twenty years to assaulting their heads with pink gin and tranquillisers or both. There is at least one copper-bottomed psychotic, who seems to have slipped through the net (he should have been certified and committed). A lady who sometimes prowls the first floor on all fours baying (moon-wards, I suppose). Some exotic schizophrenics and — the majority I suspect — clinical depressives. There is also, God help us, a nun having shock treatment. When I first saw her I thought the DTs had finally caught up, and I was hallucinating.

And there is Becky, the girl NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT because she hasn't been allowed out of her room for three weeks. They took away all her personal belongings and books: They even disconnected her radio ear-phones, depriving her of Jimmy Young. She smuggled out a poem in girlish blue ball-pen which begins: ' Does anyone hear me lying here?'

We hear, we care, but what about Them? We are weak so we do nothing (except complain to each other, dropping our voices when we hear the threatening shoes of the Night Sister rasping outside). There is a difference between the sound of a patient's tread, and a nurses — a difference of confidence, of physical and mental weight.

So, in Dylan's words, we are Temporarily like Achilles, though the weakness is not in the heel, but the head. This makes life nice for Night Sister because blind obedience about regulations to do with visiting hours and meals keeps the clinic running on oiled wheels. It is also a good system for those patients who have resignedly given up, like Ruby, but poison for those who *might just*, like Tim.

It's nice for the ward cat, named Miss Elektra in honour of Electro-Convulsive Therapy (ECT): the commonest treatment for depressives. Miss Elektra loves that empty silent corridor: Night Sister loves Miss Elektra as passionately as she hates the patients. I imagine them stroking each other deep in the night, and purrrring.

ECT is a free space ride. General anaesthetic a few thousand volts — tuppence worth — of electricity through the skull: then they wheel the trolley away. Sometimes the patient too. There is *always* memory loss and disorientation. They say it's very refined nowadays, but it still looks like kicking a clapped out TV set. It might miraculously come on as good as new, but there's a fair chance it might turn into its own last picture show. We have had cases of both. When you ask about statistics they say they don't know. But They say that when you ask why They woke you up to get you to swallow your sleeping pills. Perhaps an OZ-reading doctor could tell us?

Some of the depressives are *right* to be depressed: any other reaction would be the insane one.

Take Ruby. A cockney housewife who, I'm sorry, is like a sparrow, a very pale one. Her fingers are claw-thin, and she keeps them twisted in a knot of fiendish complication, stretched tight as a rope. "It's been difficult wiv the kids because of the heroin, Dave" she says. To all the other middle-aged ladies, like Mrs. Ascot, it's "Mr. Leitch". It wouldn't *occur* to Ruby I'd be anything but Dave.

Difficult, sweet Jesus. She has a (just) straight baby daughter of nineteen who looks sixteen and makes me want to glide with her into the broom cupboard and lock up from the inside. According to the birth certificate Ruby's elder daughter is twenty-two but she has actually *lost* her age in heroin. It's vanished somewhere in the hinterland between thirty-five and seventy. And her husband — "a very gentle boy" (Ruby) — choked in his own vomit after a lavatory overdose recently. Anyone locked in a cupboard with Ruby's H-daughter would chop the door down, with his finger-nails if need be.

Ruby got into trouble for visiting the boy's grave without permission. One day I picked her up when she fainted in the corridor after ECT. A houseman wearing a tie with oars on it took her off me. It was a physical operation as testing as passing someone a bag of tomatoes. "When your gravity fails, and negativity don't pull you thru' as Dylan says. Will ECT untie those knots Ruby carries on her wrists?

Or those in Mrs. Ascot's head? She has giddy spells. And she talks about *Ten Little Niggers* very loudly in front of the nurse from Barbados, who doesn't like it. And to Ruby — on National Assistance for seven years, about how her husband's having the garage lengthened to take the new Jag. Tim, the pill/pot-head roars with laughter at this, tipping backwards till his cowboy-boots are on the table. He's usually so quiet, so confused and bad at balancing acts.

Jock McGee's face is a Playboy cocktail recipe book, only in relief. Every burst capillary is a Daiquiri, a martini straight-up, a double Bell's (' and no water thanks"). An educated cosmopolitan man, he has flashes of acuteness, even brilliance. Like watching an old tennis pro — Drobny, above all — suddenly play just one back-hand that sheds twenty years.

What lovely, gentle losers. They play Monopoly and the rules say if you land in jail you lose three throws. The game ends because they *all* end in jail. There's nothing about what to do when *that* happens in the rule book.

For our "Party Night with Bingo" Night Sister brings her Val Doonican collection, and goes berserk when Tim sneaks Black Sabbath on. I counter with some taped New York rock programmes (courtesy of a friend, who has shown up wearing the OZ Rupert Bear Phallus tee-shirt, and freaked out the staff). There is a lovely commercial for Community Sex Information on WPIX — "Dial 8679044 if you have VD" — (that's the right number, incidentally).

Everybody laughs — the long-hairs, Mrs. Ascot, even Ruby. The balance between depression and laughter is so delicate a dropped tea-spoon can make the scales tip. But we are getting better *together*, freak to alkie, old to young, the gaps close daily. But the hole between Us and Them remains Grand Canyon-deep, broad as the Sargasso Sea.

Illustration: Peter Brookes

Words of Wisdom...

Dear OZ,
Can you please give me any reason for buying your fucked up and over-priced magazine in future?

Since your trial the comic seems to be aiming for an exclusive readership of screwed-up judges, MPs and other bourgoisie.

If you really are into the new culture of love and peace, then why do you make the covers of OZs 38, 39, 41 look like a pathetic sensationalist News of the Screwz publicity campaign covered with destructive shit.

What's wrong with a bit of love that couldn't be classed obscene?

As an example of the fucked up bullshit in OZ, I would like to submit the following breakdown of the contents of OZ 41 for comparison with the contents of FRENDZ 25:—

Category of subject:	*OZ 41*	*Frendz 25*
Sensationalism & destruction	*† 27%*	0%
Unwitty comic strips (Freak Bros. in IT etc)	16%	0%
Constructive Criticism— Reviews etc	35%	79%
Good artwork/ Poetry etc.	7%	12%
Advertisements.	15%	9%

† e.g. pp 4,5,8,9,12,20,21,27-31, 25 — Oz 41.

This gives a constructive/destructive ratio in content of the two respective issues of:-

	Good	*Bad*	*Ads*
OZ 41:	42%	43%	15%
Frendz 25:	91%	0%	9%

Whilst there is twice as much paper in OZ, there is only half as much to read.

You seem to totally abuse the possibilities of appealing artwork with your colour facilities.

You need a kick up your arses, arses, arses.....arses.

May I suggest that OZ in the future should:—

1) still retain some (ricky neville) type humour

2) and some *more* amusing UPS comic strips e.g. Freak Bros. etc.

3) but that it should make full use of its colour with inventive artwork;

4) include more evolutionary environmental advice/contributions.

5) include information (from NCCL) on one's rights when grabbed by de PIGS and what one can do when harrassed by the latter.

6) Report on community projects — BIT, Release etc. (as page 38 but more so).

7) Write-ups on grievances and repression by such as the Night Assemblies Bill.

8) Increased coverage of the rock scene (as excluded by the straight press) e.g. interviews with bands censored and ignored by MM etc. such as Hawkwind, Fairies, Schwartz, Steve Took etc.

9) Alternative radio coverage — an important media abused as your own.

Membership to the IFRC costs 60p annually — members receive badge, monthly 12 page Free Radio mags, station surveys (of alternative stations), alt. stn. carstickers & an information service. Address is:
IFRC,
22 Coldershaw Road,
London, W13 9DX.

Thanks for the good OZs (40 & pre 38) and the improved ones to come? and for tolerating the enclosed abuse (constructive I hope).

Love/Peace
Rik Billingham,
59 Chapel Road,
Isle of Grain,
Rochester,
Kent.

Dear OZ,
I'm in the 6th form at Sexey's Grammar School. Recently our Headmaster has added this incredible rule 5 to our school rules.

"Boys must at all times keep at least 3ft away from girls, must not linger in the girls' playground and when crossing the girls' playground, must walk round the edge". This was the result of some little 3rd year boys and girls found learning about life, in a cupboard.

Is the school living up to its name?

Big "L",
Sexey's School,
Blackford,
Wedmore,
Somerset.

Dear OZ,
What's happening to the British underground press? Of all the underground papers, OZ is the only one which remains consistently interesting and constructive. IT has been suffering from a heavy dose of acid brain damage for some months now, and what with Joy Farren's continuous avalanche of mystical occult crap, the unbelievably *boring* adventures of the Largactilites and the worst record and book reviews this side of the NME, I hardly ever even bother to read IT now. FRENDZ is even more uninteresting — (at least IT publish a few reasonable cartoons like the Freak Bros & Fat Freddy's Cat) and seem to remain pathetically *obsessed* with "offing pigs", "smashing the capitalistic robot machine" and all the usual hysterical post-flower power New Left propaganda. When will the staff of FRENDZ (and for that matter 7 DAYS and INK before they collapsed) realise that what the world really doesn't need right now is more and more fucking PROPAGANDA.

What the world needs now is intelligent discussion of common problems and constructive debate on possible solutions and alternatives. The underground press used to deride the publishing policies of papers like BLACK DWARF and IDIOT INTERNATIONAL because they were so obviously propaganda for those who couldn't see further than the end of their Marx, and it was at this time that sales in the u/g press seemed to be going up, and IT and OZ and FRIENDS were being sold all over the country. But now INK has folded, and IT and FRENDZ seem to have fallen into the same self-deluding propaganda hype that is the mark of a paper desperate to hang on to what readers it has left — a typical example of Fleet Street attitudes.

People buy the Daily Telegraph because they *want* to read the same old boring lies and propaganda about "Communists", "students" and "long-haired yobs". People buy IT and FRENDZ now because they *want* to read about "evil capitalists", the "glorious IRA freedom fighters", and "Hells Angels vamp on pigs".

I'm glad Oz hasn't fallen into this syndrome — and I'm glad too that you seem to have conquered your "coloured ink" problems so that the articles in recent OZs have all been very legible.

Power to your elbows!

Joe Francis,
39 Hazel Row,
NW10.

Illustrations: RICHARD GALLAGHER

Keep those letters coming! Mark your envelopes : 'Words of Wisdom' and mail to OZ, 19 Gt. Newport St. W.C.2.

STREET SELLERS!

There was a poor student named Rob
Who desperately needed a job
Then he came into OZ
(Smart lad that he was)
And now he drives a Rolls Royce, sleeps on water-beds,
and lives happily ever after.....
Phone 01-836 3951 for amazing details

ARGENT

ALL TOGETHER NOW

EPIC 64962

Epic records are marketed by CBS

"You know it's a shame and a pity/you were raised/up in the city/and never learned nothin' 'but country ways" — Country Joe.

THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION

Charles Shaar Murray.

"Festivals," said Tommy Chong, leaning up against the RCA caravan at Bickershaw, "are just camping out with a light show." With the spectre of the Night Assemblies Bill hanging over us all, Bickershaw was a test case. The dire fulminations of Jerry Wiggin MP and his cohorts concerning the evil effects of rock festivals were still ringing gloomily in my ears as we arrived at Bickershaw, but on that first Friday night there was an amazing amount of optimism in the air. Watching from the wings as Jonathan Kelly sang "We Are the People", his breath frosted in the lights and a vast carpet of huddled people stretching off into the darkness, the sense of community was overwhelming. It's a song of unity at any time, but Kelly sang it that night as if his life and all our lives depended on it. "We are the people, we are the proud, we are the people, won't you come and join the crowd, and be one of the people now..." In a sense, Kelly's performance of that song was the most magic moment of that entire weekend. Many other songs were sung, and many of them were greater, but none of them better summed up why we we were there and what we were there for.

Friday night ended with some fierce and sneaky boogie and many handfuls of glitter dust from Dr. John, and in the cold light of the next morning, we toured the psychedelic concentration camp. Already the ~~selft~~ marshy ground had been sliced up by vehicles and people and and cars were bogging down all over the place. Rip-Off Catering Ltd. was in full swing with 30p fishanchipz and 15p hotdogs, despite promises to the contrary, and bogs were conspicuous by their proverbial absence. Unlike last summer's Reading Festival however, the Man was relatively cool, and only 40 or so people were busted, which is substantially less than one in a thousand. At Reading, one in 20 of the people who turned up were harrassed by the police.

Backstage was a permanent bubble of chaos. Since there was no press enclosure, the only place to watch from was the stage itself, and so everybody from the Sunday Times to the NME was waving bits of paper at the stage crew and demanding access. With tempers on both sides fraying like wet Kleenex, the steps to the stage were soon blocked by aggrieved press, power-crazy security guards arbitrarily banning anyone they didn't like, freaking stage crew trying to shift gear, groupies hustling anyone who looked like he had access, friends of Jeff Dexter and so on. Since I was on speed for most of the festival, I had reverted to my dual identity of Captain Obnoxious, and apart from alienating most of my friends, got thrown off the stage on about fifteen different occasions, and so missed Beefheart, Family, the Dead, PG&E, the Flamin' Groovies and a whole bunch of others. By Saturday it got to the point where a security man was threatening to punch a fifteen-year old girl in the teeth if she didn't split, and midway through the Kinks' set one underground journalist was seized by Ian Knight who cried *"You're* not press for a start," and was manhandled half-way to the exit before he could show his pass and prove his identity.

As ever, the contradictions between the intrinsic ethic of rock music and the behaviour of its producers was most clearly delineated. The Hard Rock Hierarchy, immaculately hip and elegantly costumed, wafted its way from hotel to caravan to stage, while intermediate figures like IT, Hawkwind and the rest of the OZ/Frendz/Cream syndrome slept in trucks and tents and cars and took their chances with the security men, and the people who really mattered shivered and huddled closer and longed for the next bit of boogie to haul them onto their feet. "Oh brothers and sisters, come and join the army/ If we work together we can lose our chains," sang Country Joe, not long after playing policeman in the RCA caravan. "Is *that* Country Joe?" gasped the Southern Evening Echo's friend, "Shit, that's the cunt who threw me out of the caravan because I didn't have a press pass."

Other strange numbers that cropped up during the festivities included the high-diver who careened into a tub of boiling oil and later severely embarrassed Donovan's management by demanding his ladder and tub back during sunshine superman's set, the amazing muscular dwarf who lifted Seven Days' dex-crazed George Lennox into the air onstage, the knife-throwing cowboy act and the Welfare State Theatre group. The diver's tub was later drained, ruining the equipment and sleeping bags of many hippies.

Considering that Bickershaw was touted as the first of the new generation of festivals, both the audience and the performers consisted of festival veterans. The people showed endless ingenuity in their battle against the elements and the music for the most part showed that the sixties are alive and well, and the seventies have been cancelled due to lack of participation. Donovan, in particular, seated on his cushion and caroling out his greatest hits, seemed fresh out of a 1966 time capsule, except for the wrinkles. The Kinks proved that "You Really Got Me" and "Till the End of the Day" can still shift several thousand people off their asses, and Country Joe is still demanding (and getting) an F. The pleasantest musical surprise came from Brinsley Schwarz, a band who I had only previously encountered as Magic Michael's backup group, Here, they trucked out some really joyous foot-stompin' country bop, including one lovely song called (I think) "Happy Doin' What You're Doin'". I'm really glad I heard them, and as if to prove that all was not lost, bits of Dr. John's glitter kept turning up in the mud.

Jeremy Beadle and his friends lost around £50,000 and I can't say I'm particularly grief-stricken over that. "Bickershaw Nation" is still hilariously unlikely, and tens of thousands of freaks all over the country are still scraping large parts of Lancashire off their boots.

Photo: Bob Mazzer

Photo: Joseph Stevens

Photo: Joseph Stevens

Photo: CARLOS SILVESTRO

Photo: Joseph Stevens

The Vanishing Life Experts

Robin Hanbury-Tenison is an explorer who has travelled extensively among primitive tribes in South America, Africa and the Far East. As a member of the British Trans Americas Expedition, he has recently returned from visiting Indian tribes inhabiting a vast stretch of jungle, swamp and mountain between Panama and Columbia.

I have spent many short periods of time living with the nomads, hunter-gatherers and primitive agriculturalists and while I do not pretend for a moment that I could ever become fully integrated into their number or escape from my 'civilized' background, I have learnt a deep respect for their knowledge and skill. A child who grows up in such an environment is no less intelligent. He may not be able to read or write, but he learns a whole library of information. He knows every plant, animal and insect in his world, and he knows which ones are edible or useful medicinally and how they can be used. He does not desire wealth or the accumulation of material possessions and yet his life is full and purposeful each day. He may have the secret of peace.

Photos: R.HANBURY-TENISON

If we are to learn how to live a different and non-technological life, then we must look where we can for examples and teachers. Of course we cannot become primitive overnight, and I don't suggest we should, but if we destroy the experts then there is even less chance of our finding a happy compromise.

Last year, my wife Marika and I visited 33 tribes in Brazil on behalf of Survival International and although in three months it was only possible to spend at most a few days with each, that was long enough for us to see the appalling effects of too-rapid efforts to integrate stone-age people into an industrial society. We also saw the way in which sensible care and protection could establish a working and hopeful relationship between the two worlds. Unfortunately, Brazil is now in the throes of a vast plan to open up its interior and exploit its untapped resources. The easiest way to solve the problem of the Indians who occupy these lands and stand in the way is to try and make them 'full Brazilian citizens', with the same aspirations and needs as the rest of the population, as quickly as possible. As a result the days of their culture are numbered and their lives are at risk as many will die in the process from disease, starvation and finally despair.

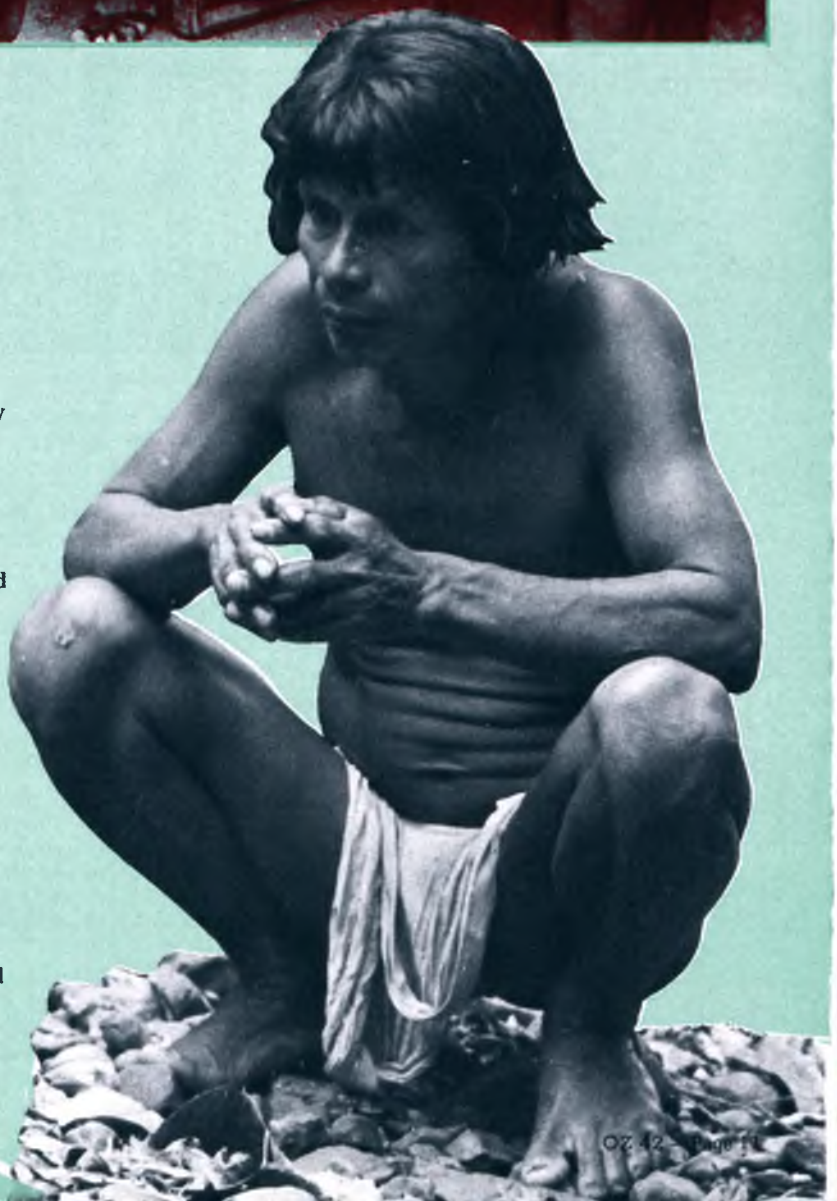
This year I joined the British Trans Americas Expedition, a party of some 65 soldiers and technicians, with a small group of accompanying scientists, attempting to drive the first two vehicles (Range Rovers) through the Darien Gap. This is a 250-mile stretch of jungle, mountain and swamp between Panama and Colombia. The

13,000 mile road from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego is now open apart from this stretch, around which it is necessary to go by boat. My job was to assess the effect which the completed road would be likely to have on the two large tribes of Indians living in the region, the Cuna and the Choco.

Although I hardly saw any other members of the expedition, spending only three odd nights in various base camps, the facilities offered by such a large expedition were invaluable. Above all, the fact that they had their own aircraft, a single-engined Beaver, meant that I could be flown into an otherwise inaccessible area, dropped at a rough airstrip or stretch of beach and then arrange to be picked up a week or so later from an agreed point a hundred or more miles away. Meanwhile, I was able to travel by dugout canoe, along small jungle rivers, visit large and small Indian settlements and individual families and discuss their problems with them. In this way I spent some time with half a dozen different Choco (Embera) groups. They are a very shy, gentle people who, rather than defend their land against the onslaught, first from the Spanish conquistadors and later from freed slaves and their descendents and now also from white settlers from other regions, have retreated further and further up towards the headwaters of their rivers. Now they can go no further, the streams they live on are barely deep enough for canoes for most of the year and fish are less plentiful. They are worried about their land being taken from them as there is nowhere else to go.

Living alone with these quiet, beautiful Indians who, with perfect hospitality, shared every thing they had, freely and at once with me, a complete stranger, I felt ashamed of our greedy, grasping society — and very happy to be free of it for a little while. The two Indians who were my companions stood at the very ends of the narrow dugout and poled it through the water fast and with perfect balance. Suddenly, one would reach for a spear, jab it into the clear water as we passed a deeper pool and bring up a fish. Then we would stop, light a fire and roast it, cooking some plantains from the bunch we carried, at the same time.

Afterwards, spreading our blankets and my sleeping bag in a row we lay on the sand and listened to the night noises. The Indians spoke some Spanish and I learnt a few words of Choco but, when specific details like timetables or facts and figures are not needed, I never find language difference matters



much. When they talked together, although I was probably only understanding less than one word in ten, I felt part of what they were discussing, knew whether they were happy or sad or if I had done something out of line which worried them. As a result we had no quarrels or arguments and, once our eventual target — to reach a beach on the coast — had been decided on, that subject was not discussed any more. Even with the best of companions from my own culture, I have always found that too much of any journey is taken up with plans and discussions which obscure my awareness of the country I'm passing through and my reasons for being there. With the Indians I found time passed at a different and less conscious rhythm so that the long hard hours of heavy poling upstream were not monotonous but just part of the unrolling day.

When we came to shallows or rapids, we would all wade, often waist deep, to push the dugout through, and when we reached a watershed we had to walk up to a day's journey to reach the other side. Once we dragged a heavy, 36 ft. long, dugout over one of these ridges, hauling on lianas looped over our shoulders for six agonising hours. During this muddy and painful business, while I was tempted to grunt and swear from the effort, I noticed that the Indians never did this, pulling in silence except for occasional long bird like whistles.

Aiming at the mouth of the river on the Pacific coast we found a small village with a mixed black and white population and a police post. Because they would have been arrested otherwise, the Indians, who normally wore only their brief loin-cloths, had to change into trousers. They did this without any resentment, simply regarding it as another of our society's aberations.

A sandy beach stretched along the coast, wide enough for the expedition plane to land on. While we waited for it I bathed in the surf. At first the Indians, neither of whom had ever seen the sea before, were frightened of the tall waves thundering in to the shore, but once I had demonstrated that it was safe they plunged in, laughing and enjoying themselves. I explained that at home in Cornwall we used boards to ride the waves and one of them, after thinking for a bit, took my machete and carved a smooth body board out of a piece of driftwood. Within a quarter of an hour he had got the hang of it, and was revelling in the completely new sensation of speed.

The Cuna of the Bayano River were very different. They have always been fiercely independent and suspicious of outsiders and have their own territory, given to them by the Panamanian Government. In the two villages in which I stayed, I had to appear several times before 'congresses', gatherings of most members of the village, men, women and children. There, interpreted by the chief's secretary — the best Spanish speaker in the group — I explained how people in far parts of the world were worried about the Cuna and wanted to know what problems faced them in the future and what ways there were to help them. I learnt that a far graver situation faces the Cuna of the Bayano even than the fact that the road is at present planned to cut through much of their territory. Work is under way to construct a dam which will flood over three quarters of their land and mean that most of the villages will have to move. Their rich and varied plantations will disappear and instead of a fast-flowing river, full of fish, they will be living on the edge of a vast swamp, where the trunks of uncut trees will make fishing almost impossible. I was alarmed to find how little the Cuna were aware of the full implications of the dam which, although it worried them, they thought would only involve the river flooding a little, so that they would have to move back from the banks. The idea that the hills around would also be under water was incomprehensible.

I am now putting all the information gathered with the Choco and the Cuna and preparing a

The poor countries, with the majority of their population already underfed, tend, in trying to catch up with the rich, to spend vast sums on grandiose schemes such as dams and roads which, if they are misconceived, can cause disasters and even if they work, usually end up by only making the rich richer and the poor poorer within the country itself, so that they move below starvation level. In their case the object must be to avoid making the same mistakes as the developed nations while at the same time improving their lot so that life becomes bearable.

But we have little or no experience of other ways of living, and although many are now calling for change and pointing out the dangers of continuing as we are doing, few can describe or even imagine what a world that is not obsessed with materialism would actually be like.

One possibility is to consider the few remaining people in the world — about .01% of the population — who are not heirs to the industrial revolution and whose lives are not dominated by this concept of progress. These are the so-called primitives, the remaining tribal groups who live as hunter-gatherers or by an agriculture which does not interfere radically with their environment.

It was this thinking, combined with a desire to protect such people at the last moment from their final annihilation which brought into being Survival International, originally called The Primitive Peoples Fund. Those interested, write to them at 36 Craven Street, London WC2.

report to send to all those involved, including the Panamanian and Colombian governments. What I found encouraging in an otherwise depressing and all too familiar picture, was the amount of people I met both in Panama City, Bogota and elsewhere, who realised that there was a problem and questioned the value of road or dam or both. Agricultural experts were horrified at the destruction of the barrier to the transmission of foot and mouth disease between the South and North Americas. Scientists of all sorts were worried about what would happen to the Darien region with roads and settlement. With the third highest rainfall in the world, and a tremendously varied plant and animal life, I several times heard it referred to as 'the most fragile and the most threatened ecological zone on earth'.

In the effort to defend the Indians of the Darien region from the destruction they fear and the loss of their lands, there was a glimmer of hope in the fact that people are just beginning to wake up to the ecological implications of tampering with the remaining unexploited areas of this world. At the same time they are beginning to realise that the indigenous inhabitant of these areas is often the best conservationist of us all.

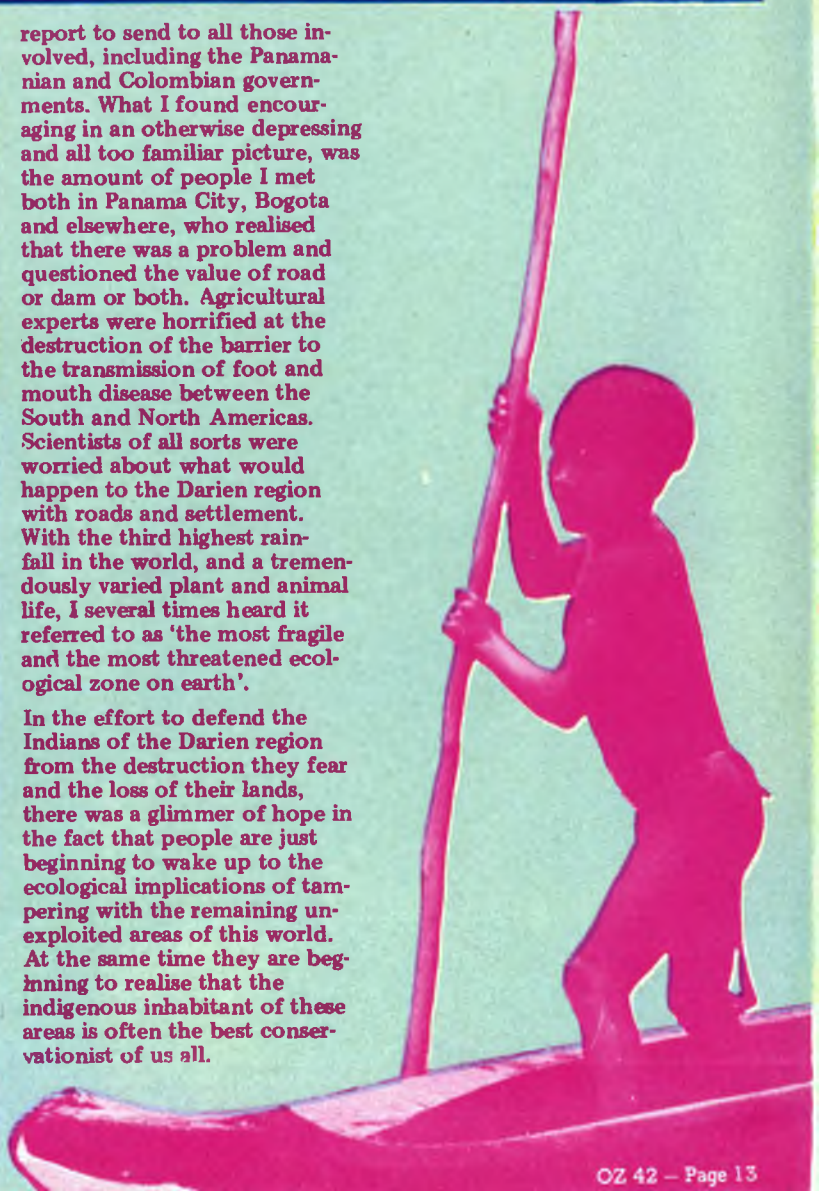


Illustration: GUSTAV DORE

THE LITTLE VANGUARDS TAIL

A Fairy Story for OZ Readers by Sheila Turner

Once upon a time there lived a little vanguard. It was only very small but it was very hard. It was so tightly packed with cadres that there was no room at all for revision or deviation. No sinister ideas from outside ever penetrated inside the vanguard. All the cadres were carefully streamed and graded & taught not to step out of line. Consequently the vanguard was always extremely pure and correct. Sometimes there were bits who broke away. But they always ended up by deviating or revising something or other & the little vanguard used to shake its point over them. 'No-one is as correct as the vanguard,' it would say to itself.

Nonetheless, sometimes the vanguard became lonely. It would sometimes long to put its bottom up & give its point a rest & not bother to penetrate or inject correct ideas anywhere. It got so puffed raising the level of consciousness. In moments such as these, the vanguard thought how nice it would be to go all soft & floppy & not poke or pull at all. But where would a soft floppy vanguard get you? It might even find itself mistaken for a tail, and start to wag or straggle. Everyone knows that any self-respecting vanguard had to be hard. A floppy vanguard was a contradiction in terms.

The vanguard's job was to poke about until it found some unorganised lumps and clusters. Then it had to inject them with the right ideas & turn the people in the lumps and clusters into cadres. Unfortunately, the people were often unresponsive. They did not want to become cadres or receive the correct ideas. The vanguard got blunt with all the poking & injecting. It became lethargic & suffered from lassitude. It was obviously suffering from routinisation.

One day there was a terrible rumbling amongst the cadres. Splits were appearing in the vanguard, the cadres were no longer so tightly packed.

One lot were completely fed up with the lumps and clusters. 'Where do we get with all our poking and prodding? We get puffed and blunt, but the lumps and clusters never move. They just sit in a lump watching TV. It was alright for all those vanguards in the past. The masses weren't so dozy in those days.'

These cadres became nostalgic and went off to join the ruling class.

Another lot started to send each other papers on organisation. The began to question the structure of the vanguard.

'You better watch out with that kind of talk,' said the top cadres. 'If you're not careful, you'll find the vanguard will disappear altogether & where would we be then? Indistinguishable from any old lump! If there's anything worse than a soft vanguard, it's one that's lost its cadres.'

But the bottom cadres were very determined, and started to say they didn't see what was wrong with people in lumps & clusters. They'd been there themselves, after all. If the vanguard stopped being quite so snooty & stuck-up, perhaps the lumps & clusters would be a bit more helpful.

After a top cadre meeting at the highest point of the vanguard, the following statement was issued.

'A threat to the top cadres is a threat to the whole vanguard. The whole existence of the vanguard has been challenged by adventurist, centrist agents of the swamp. Now at a time of crisis for the whole movement of lumps & clusters, certain cynical elements are playing on the political immaturity of the bottom cadres to get them to say they no longer should be bossed around by us. Comrade cadres — the struggle intensifies, the swamp gets wetter. The time has come for the vanguard to cease being merely a poker & become the puller. We have a long haul ahead. But you are fortunate cadres in having our leadership. Those lumps and clusters are useless without us. We, the vanguard, are going to drag them off on the correct path.'

This shut the bottom cadres up for a bit. It sounded like hard work, but it was something new. Anyway, how could they argue with the top cadres? They had no-one who knew what to do at the highest point of the vanguard. They also felt rather important having to drag the lumps and clusters out of the swamp. True, they weren't as important as the top cadres, but if they kept their mouths shut & stopped asking awkward questions they might become correct enough to get promoted.

And so the vanguard turned to the lumps and clusters and started to tug and pull. 'Ow!' said the lumps. 'Leggo!' said the clusters. 'Bugger off!' shouted the lumps & clusters. 'It's for your own good,' said the cadres. 'You're an ignorant lot, too brainwashed to know your own interest. We're raising you to a higher level.'

'Look here,' said a group from the lumps. 'We don't want to make trouble. We let you poke us about. But we're not going to be dragged off by you without knowing why or where we're going & without having any control over what happens. Keep an eye on a vanguard, we say. Vanguards can get out of hand.'

'Economism,' barked the top cadres. 'Lumpism.' 'They're right,' chirped up a commune of clusters. 'We groove with the lumps. We've had our disagreements in the past & we don't dig their lifestyle, but we don't want a vanguard.'

'Petty bourgeois anarchism,' hissed the top cadres, quivering with rage at the highest point of the vanguard, top-heavy with correction.

More communes of clusters spoke up. 'We are not as solid as the lumps. But we're more mobile. We can get out of the swamp with a little help from the lumps. We're willing to accept that even the most hardened cadres can become people again. We are willing to work together, but not with top cadres bossing us around.'

So the lumps and clusters entered an alliance. 'Opportunism!' bellowed the top cadres. 'Lumps and clusters are useless without a vanguard. The way through the swamp is dangerous and wet. In order to get anywhere you have to be hard like us. Without a vanguard to lead you, you're bound to come to a sticky end. Clusters & lumps easily sink into the swamp.'

'What if you get cut off from us? If you're our leader & we don't know what to do, we'd be in a worse mess than ever stuck out in the middle of the swamp. Very exposed,' said the lumps. 'Quite so,' said the clusters.

Some of the bottom cadres started to mutter again. 'They've got a point there you know. If we all got together, we need not be so hard & poky all the time. We could be a bit squelchy & squashy sometimes. More human altogether. After all, when there's a movement of lumps & clusters, the vanguard can always become people & join in like anyone else.'

Will the top cadres inject the right ideas into the bottom cadres? Will the bottom cadres be absorbed by the lumps & clusters? Will the lumps & clusters maintain their unprincipled alliance? Will the top cadres dive into the swamp? Will the lumps and clusters gain the right to make their own mistakes & learn from history? Will they get out of the swamp? What kind of life will they make outside the swamp?

There is no quick answer to these questions. The tail of the little vanguard is very long indeed.

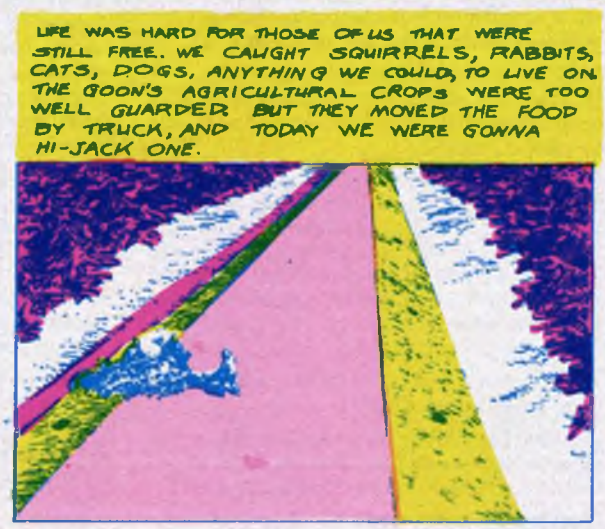
This is a shaggy vanguard story. Get organised and work out the end for yourself.

Oh, and keep an eye on those vanguards. Vanguards get out of hand.

TWILIGHT OF THE DOGS

Strip by RICHARD V. CORBEN

Published and distributed by 'Last Gasp Eco - Funnie Co.' P.O. Box 212 Berkeley Cal. 94704 U.S.A.



WE HAD PLANNED THIS FOR WEEKS. WE KNEW EXACTLY WHEN THIS ONE WOULD BE BY. EXPLOSIVES THAT HAD BEEN USELESS AGAINST THE GOONS MIGHT STOP A ROBOT TRUCK.

WE HAD SAVED THE STICKS OF DYNAMITE FOR SOME TIME NOW. WE WERE TOLERABLY SURE THAT THERE WAS ENOUGH TO KNOCK THAT WEIRD CONTRADTION OVER: BUT, THE DAMNED THING WENT TOO BLAMED FAST FOR US TO FIRE IT OFF. THEN ONE DAY HANK DRUG A TREE LIMB ONTO THE ROAD. THE TRUCK MUSTA SENSED IT BECAUSE IT SLOWED DOWN AND DROVE AROUND IT. WE KNEW HOW TO CATCH HIM THEN.

VVUUU

COMPARED TO THE GOONS, I GUESS WE WERE DOGS. BEFORE THEY CAME, WE HAD THINGS PRETTY MUCH OUR OWN WAY. WE WERE THE SMARTEST THINGS THERE WAS,... WE THOUGHT! WE WERE IN THE SPACE AGE, WEREN'T WE? EVEN MADE A FEW TRIPS TO THE MOON!! THAT DIDN'T HELP MUCH WHEN THEY PUT THEIR WARSHIPS IN ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH.

OUR SCIENTISTS, GENERALS AND POLITICIANS KNEW WHEN THEY ARRIVED, BUT WE DIDN'T START ANYTHING IN CASE THEY WERE FRIENDLY. IT SEEMED LIKE THEY WERE STUDYING US. THEN ALL THE...

FILLING STATIONS AND OIL REFINERIES STARTE BLOWING UP! COURSE WE KNEW THEY WAS DOING IT, SO WE SENT MISSILES AFTER 'EM. I DON'T THINK A SINGLE ONE HIT ITS TARGET. THEN THE MISSILES STARTED BLOWING UP BEFORE WE COULD....

FIRE EM. TANKS, PLANES, CARS, ANYTHING THAT HAD FLAMMABLE CHEMICALS OR FUEL WENT UP. WITH ALL OF THE GUNPOWDER GONE WE FOUND OURSELVES PREPARED TO FIGHT THE ALIENS WITH ONLY KNIVES, BOWS AND ARROWS....

WE LOST!.. WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THEY USED WEAPONS SIMILAR TO THE ONES WE USED TO HAVE. GUNS, BOMBS, GAS, ETC. OUR SURVIVORS RAN AND WERE HUNTED. THE GOONS DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE CASUALTY.

A FEW OF US ESCAPED. MOST OF THE REMAINING PEOPLE WERE CAPTURED. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM; THEY WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, ALL OF EARTH'S NATIVE CITIES HAD BEEN DESTROYED AND REPLACED BY THE GOONS STRUCTURES.

HANK, SHEP, AND I BARELY SURVIVED IN THE FOREST FOR NEARLY A YEAR. WE FOUND THE DYNAMITE IN A MINE SHACK. WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HAD CAUSED THE OTHER EXPLOSIVES TO FIRE, HAD APPARENTLY MISSED THIS SPOT.

HAH!.. I KNOW! THAT DUMMY'S GONNA GET HISSELF CAUGHT!

JES AS I THOUGHT!

ARE YOU SURE THAT'S YOUR DAUGHTER OUT THERE?
SHEP! DON'T SNEEK UP ON ME LIKE THAT! ... YES!... THAT'S MY DAUGHTER ANN ALRIGHT!

THERE'S SEVERAL PEOPLE DOWN THERE... WITH JUST A COUPLE OF GOONS WATCHIN E.M. ... MAYBE WE COULD...

THAT'S ANNIE THERE... THEY'VE WANDERED AWAY FROM THE OTHERS... C'MON! LET'S GET A LITTLE CLOSER!

THEY'LL KETCHUS!
PLEASE SHEP! IT'S MY OWN LITTLE GIRL. WE GOTTA GET HER AWAY FROM THEM MONSTERS.

THEY'RE COMIN THIS WAY! GET DOWN!

HA-HA-HA!

THIS WAY!... COME THIS WAY ANNIE!.

ANNIE!... IT'S ME! YER FATHER!

C'MON GIRL!.. RUN!!
WHA—?
DAD! OH DAD,... NO, I CAN'T! I MUST STAY WITH CHUBWAY; HE'S MY MASTER!
YES DADDY! I'M HIS!.. STAY! ... STAY, AND HE'LL KEEP YOU TOO!... PLEASE!

I'LL BE DAMNED!...

I CAN'T BELIEVE...
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT IS NOW, DADDY,...

MY OWN DAUGHTER...
CHUBWAY IS SWEET AND WONDERFUL; HE WOULD LET YOU STAY!...

LIFE IS GOOD NOW, YOU'LL SEE...

HE'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY...
BLACK

EEEE
KILL!
WICH
KRAK
SMAK
THUNK

EEEEHH

ONE SMALL DEBT REPAID FOR MANKIND!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
BOP

LOOK IT! HERE COME THE OTHER CAPTIVES!
AAAH (SOB) OOWW HE'S DEAD!

THEY SEE THAT WE'VE KILLED THE GOON! WE FREED 'EM!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EM? THEY LOOK MAD! THERE'S THE OTHER GOON!

YA DANG FOOL! CAN'T YA SE.., WE SETCHA FREE! STAY BACK, OR I'LL BRAIN YA!
YAAAAA

HAUGH!
KWAK

STOP IT! YER KILLIN HIM!
KRAK

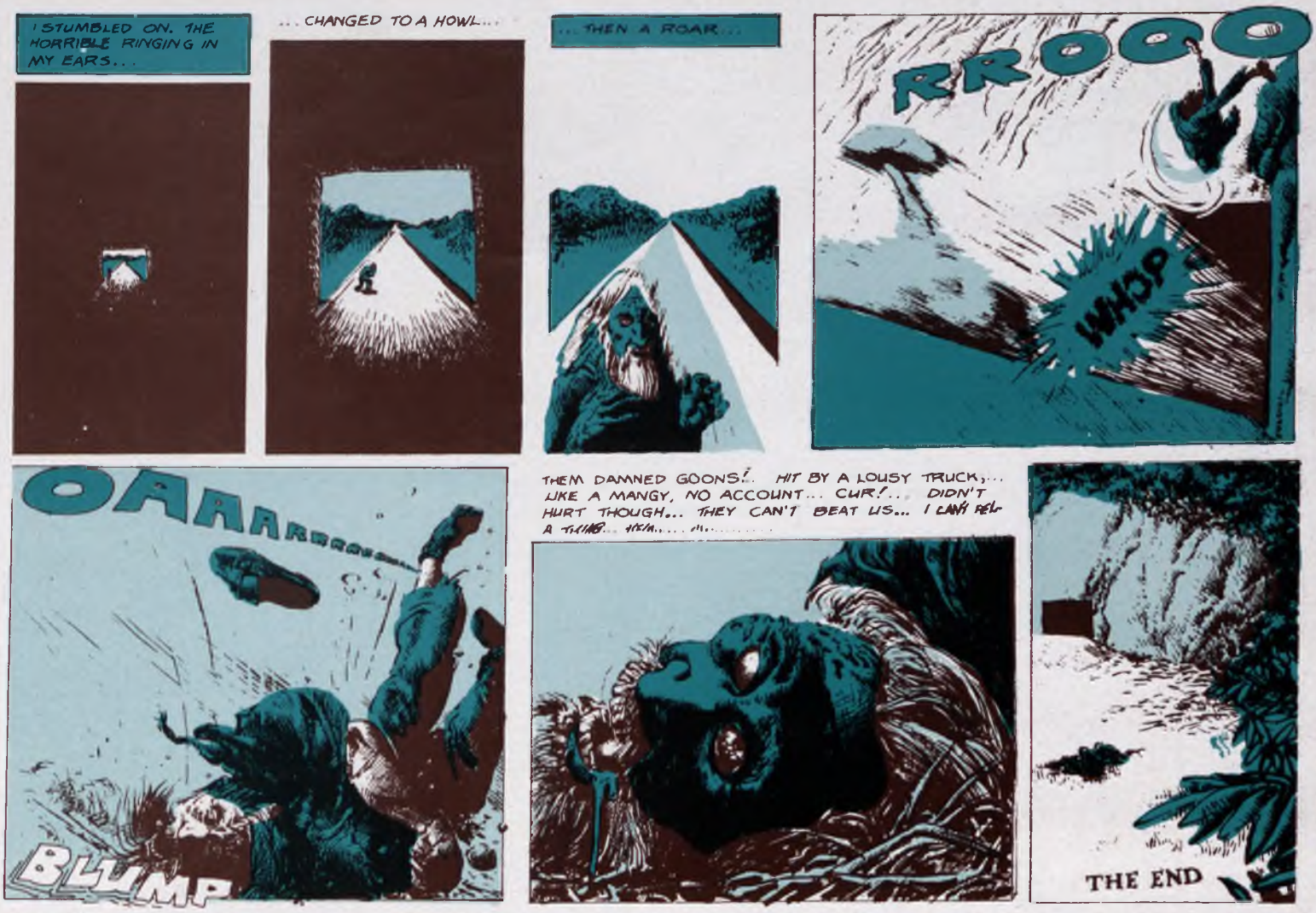
GAK
BOK

KRAK
STAB

UUUH

HALF CRAZY WITH PAIN IN MY HEAD, I RAN. SHE'P WAS DEAD; ANNIE HAD GONE OVER TO THE GOONS. THEY WOULD BE AFTER ME SOON...

I RAN AWAYS. I STUMBLED, JEST ABOUT FAINTED. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I WAS.



support the TRUCKERS

A special double album recorded live at the Greasy Truckers party (UDX 203/4) featuring Hawkwind, Brinsley Schwarz and Man at the special low price of £1.50*. All artists' royalties for the record will be donated to the Greasy Truckers fund.

* Rec. ret. price.

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS
37-41 MORTIMER STREET LONDON W1

Don McLean "Tapestry" (UAS 29350) Don McLean's fascinating first album was written during the famous "Sloop Clearwater" conservation project in 1970. Beautiful arrangements and McLean's flowing poetry throw "American Pie" into its proper historical perspective.

Cochise "So Far" (UAS 29286). They made three albums for United Artists – "Cochise", which was excelled by "Swallow Tales", both of which are excelled by "So Far".

Spike is OZs oldest regular feature — a dustbin of sad ronsed handouts, spurious information and minor news items emanating from a variety of contributors.

Most boring news of the month is the arrant stupidity of the Post Office and the indefatigable prudishness of the Director of Public Prosecutions. OZ subscribers have not received the last two issues (40 & 41) and probably won't be celebrating summer with this one. This is all due to a nervous, repressed cipher at Crieklewood Post Office who decided to 'refer' the bulk posted copies to the DPP. He didn't bother to refer his reference to us, although accepting full postage payment, and for weeks we thought all the angry phone calls from subscribers represented traditional P.O. bungling.

Again, we naively wrapped, stamped and delivered OZ 41 to Crieklewood and sat back to await the applause. More angry howls from unrequited subscribers OZ slothed into action, discovering that the man at Crieklewood was sitting on tons of ungusted OZs, while waiting for the verdict from the DPP.

More phone calls and solicitors, until we finally heard the DPP was going to prosecute under the Post Office Act, presumably for indecency. [redacted] attached false beards [redacted]. The prosecution is naturally malicious, as OZ is no more indecent, to use their loathsome terminology, than most things on sale at W.H. Smiths.

This all means that OZ will soon have to find an alternative method of satisfying subscribers, or cancelling all postal commitments (refunding the remaining money of course). Fuck you, DPP, and if we ever meet your children, we'll do something grossly indecent with them.

*****

Did you hear about the crazed Mrs. Blackaller, who was recently convicted of seven charges of wasting police time during the OZ trial? She is the wife of some pathetic Old Bailey clerk, who no-one had ever heard of, until she began to write herself anonymous letters.

She was in such a dither after having invited hanging Judge Argyle to dinner, that she invented a pile of monstrous lies involving death threats from OZ gangs. A suspicious policeman noticed that the anonymous letters were all written on Mrs. Blackaller's stationery and, despite unconcealed pressure from local authorities, an intrepid Sussex desk sergeant decided to prosecute. Mrs. Blackaller was convicted of all seven charges, notwithstanding loyal testimony of her husband, who has now presumably resigned from the Old Bailey in disgrace, and they are now £700 the poorer, plus costs.

During the case it was revealed that Mr. Blackaller personally selected the Judge for the awesome task of trying Schoolkids OZ, which shows that Argyle was no mere unhappy accident, but a calculated judicial perversion.

Finally, it seems that Argyle himself has cracked. The conviction of Mrs. Blackaller is also a conviction of this one time Chief Scout, who has made several statements since the Appeal Court reversed the OZ convictions and sentencing, claiming harrassment by "known criminals" (none were named) and hinting at an avalanche of poison letters — all in all, remarkably similar to Mrs. Blackaller's own delusions. Even more elaborate precautions swung into operation for the Argyle household, all of which are now known to have been unnecessary, although it is unlikely that he too will be prosecuted for wasting police time.

Meanwhile, mad Argyle continues his round of speaking engagements at Rotary and Old Boys Clubs, where he makes the following observations: 1) That he ordered the OZ defendants' hair cut in gaol to prevent them committing suicide. 2) That because of their extraordinary behaviour throughout the trial, the OZmen were obviously "hooked on marijuana". 3) That one of his favourite pets passed away during the trial (thought to be a whippet). Perpetrators of the dastardly deed were hired by OZ defendants.

No-one at OZ can be bothered to sue him for slander, but the sooner Argyle is kicked off the bench, the better it will be for what's left of the reputation of the legal profession — to say nothing of his erstwhile victims, now languishing in jails all over the country.

*****

Perhaps languishing is the wrong word, as there are signs that Britain's prisoners are finally rebelling against Home Office indifference. Prison authorities have so far been protected by the Official Secrets Act, which stems criticism from any employee and keeps the Press relying on official handouts. It is rumoured that prisoners in Hull are about to announce the formation of a union and, as OZ goes to press, Brixton remandees have persisted in daily demos until breaking the Home Office silence barrier. "We're sick of being pushed around, penned like cattle and fed like pigs" said a spokesman for the 140 who took part in a sit-down strike, none of whom have actually been convicted of any crime.

While the most vociferous complaints from prisoners usually centre around physical conditions, OZ this month publishes a revealing portrait of a psyche brutalised by continuous incarceration, John, page30. Also included is a report from RAP (Radical Alternatives to Prison), which offers positive suggestions for abolishing the barbarity of custodial institutions, page33.

*****

A communication from:
THE WOMEN'S BAIL FUND.

A number of us have been meeting in London for three months now, around the question of prisons. We are students, teachers, claimants, and ex-prisoners, mostly from Holloway. We hope to establish a grassroots organisation around Holloway. We belong to no political party and have no affiliations, except to Claimants Unions.

We have established a *Women's Bail Fund*. This fund now stands at several hundred pounds worth of sureties. The sureties are concerned or radical academics, who have agreed to bail out, at a moment's notice, any woman seeking release from Holloway, up to £50 or £100 according to their salary and interest.

SO...

Have you a clean criminal record?
Have you an unfurnished flat or house?
Are you worth £100 in cash, property, or record players etc?
Did you know that by presenting yourself to your local police station in, say, Birmingham, you can stand surety for a woman in Holloway that afternoon?
THE WOMEN'S BAIL FUND.
We will send you a form — write to: *18, Asbrook Road, Archway, London N19.*

*****

Following hard on the heels of unaccustomed applause from Women's Liberationists over the astonishing lack of overt sexual tittilation in our last issue — "You arseholes finally seem to be getting over those cunt, cock and anal fixations of yours" enthused an anonymous mother in our offices last week — we have more interesting news. *Pellen Personal Products*, one of OZ's original and most loyal advertisers of 'Stimulant Massagers', 'Latex Bargains' and every kind of cream, jelly and French tickler known to man, are finally withdrawing the advertisement that they have been running almost continuously with us for four years. Long time OZ readers will doubtless recall the delicate subtlety of their immortal slogan 'YES! MEN IT CAN BE DONE!!' which permanently graced these pages. Whatever Pellen's reasons for leaving OZ (maybe our readers are a little *too* liberated to need all that sexual paraphenalia these days) we nevertheless wish them well. And don't forget, should any of you readers ever need a hand stitched, latex dildo with triple tickle self-lubricating device, well Pellen's the name, and that's their game. Goodbye Mr. Rimmer.

*****

SPARE RIB, the alternative women's news magazine, will be published in June. OZ warmly wishes them well, and urges readers to check it out. Two of their staff have been closely associated with OZ. Pat Bell, once our business manager, now belongs to Spare Rib, which is our loss. Marsha Rowe was the first 'secretary' OZ ever had — way back in Australia almost ten years ago — then she rejoined the London team, and later INK. Marsha has written bitterly of OZ brutishness, so we can claim some credit for goading her into this venture, which we think is the only women's magazine likely to be of any relevance to stoned, chauvinistic freaks like you.

*****

Strange things happening in Fulham Broadway. Forget the 'Hard Rock Cafe' with its prim white waitresses and factory lamps next time you're roaming the streets of London in search of the American Way to gastronomic hara-kiri. If it's hamburgers you want, anytime up to one o'clock in the morning, with the certainty of a *free* glass of wine with your ½lb of whatever, try a

straight chicken run down the Fulham Road and watch out for 'Custer's Last Stand' on the left as you hit Fulham Broadway Station on your right. It's quietly tucked away beneath a block of fantastically ugly council flats (Walham Green Court) with special forecourt on which to park that Buick VI (or Honda 125). The staff are real friendly, the girls are pretty *(sexist pig — ed.)* the milkshakes are thick and everything costs close to half 'Hard Rock' prices. *(Some people will write anything for a free hamburger — ed.).*

*****

Five self-styled unemployed layabouts have started an Ealing Claimants Union, which meets every Monday at 7.30 p.m. All welcome: 7 Montpelier Road, Ealing W5, phone 998 2444. Free leaflet on request.

*****

The 'alternative' Atlantis News Agency, which sub-titles itself 'The Truth Speakers', supplies odd tit-bits such as the *real* unemployment figure: 2,300, 475. Founder Bob Davis now faces four charges:

1) Sending a political threatening letter to Croydon Police Station, threatening lives of policemen.
2) Sending a political threatening letter to Croydon Police Station, threatening property.
3) Sending an explosive device to the Prime Minister, namely, a .22 bullet.
4) Being in possession of an explosive substance in circumstances that appear as though its intended use was suspect (or words to that effect) namely, an electric release switch.

All forms of help, from postage stamps to benefit organisers, should be addressed to Bob Davis, 54 Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent BR1 3NJ. Anyone who thinks a .22 calibre would make any impression on Heath's head is an optimist.

*****

The Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Worship in Schools sounds so familiar that one wonders whether they've checked to see if it's all been done before; (probably by the Humanists). Anyway the info contained on yet another ronseod leaflet promises spiritual support for anyone interested in spreading the message: 45 Rensberg Road, Walthamstow, London E17; send SAE for propaganda.

*****

I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN IT HAPPENS DEPT...

The Brotherhood Commune, 40 Holland Road, London W14, is suffering an acute case of self delusion with its premise of a free people's pop festival in the "Park that extends for six miles from Windsor Castle to Virginia Water from Saturday 26th. August 1972." Every famous name group you can think of has been invited; but few, if any, are likely to turn up.

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For those so brought-down by our scathing denunciation of macrobiotics (Pages 42-43) that they want to keep in touch with conventional medicine, try a dose of 'Socialism and Health', the journal of the Socialist Medical Association, 14-16 Bristol Street, Birmingham B5 7AA. Only 5p.

*****

SCHOOLKIDS!: What to do if you or your friends get nicked. 'THE CHILDREN'S BUST BOOK' is in Children's Rights mag no. 5, now only 7p to kids. Also 'Exam Resistance — Fighting the System' information, letters, pics etc. Sell in your school — send only 6p a copy for 5 or more, to Box 70, 5 Stewart's Grove, London SW3.

*****

'BRITAIN, THE BLACK MAN AND THE FUTURE' by Vince Hines. Available from the Black People's Information Centre, 301 Portobello Road, W11 or from Dashiki, 59 Lisson Grove, NW1. 20p + 4p p&p.

This pamphlet is an outline, a very basic chart of the problems which the black community faces now and will face in the future, seen from the point of view of Vince Hines, a West Indian journalist who now runs the Dashiki community as a centre for homeless and ex-Borstal/prison black kids. He covers the main areas of black oppression — housing, work, education, cultural deprivation, police harrassment.

He sees Dashiki as 'a first aid post', a temporary stage 'until the progressive working people, students, intellectuals and others in Britain decide to make positive moves to change the present system in Britain once and for all.' This recognition of the totality of the struggle is rare from one involved deeply in 'minority politics' and Vince's pamphlet is the more valuable for it.

*****

Stand by for a recorded announcement from:
THE SOUL GARDEN SHOPPE & INTERZONE A PUBLICATIONS, 351 Portobello Road, W10.

"A community service to supply books, LP records, incense, oils and even periodicals cheaper.

The Soul Garden Shoppe was set up in order to bring prices down. When we started we made reductions on everything, believing it would become known by word of mouth, with a low profit margin and a regular flow of customers, we could just cover our expenses.

There is already a Free exchange section in the shoppe where you can bring unwanted goods (books, records etc.) and take what you need. We have a cooker in the shoppe and could — with excess funds and donations — have one day a week of free food and tea.

The shoppe could also be a base for Interzone A, a local mag with news & events. Poetry, unusual and interesting articles."

*****

White Rose, Yorkshire's Alternative Regional Monthly has its debut issue published from Sheffield, the steel city, in July. Copies and information from: Sprinboard Publications, 31 Springhill Road, Sheffield 10.

*****

"Finding a good place to stash one's dope is a universally familiar problem," writes S.C. Ribbler from Oxford, who offers these suggestions:-

1) Shorten seven cigarettes by two inches each. Use the space in the bottom of the pack. Keep the pack open, with 18 ciggies in it, on the mantleshelf.
2) Construct an authentic replica of a pile of cat-shit. Make it hollow and keep it on the carpet, or in kittie's box. Train kittie to sit by it. Ideally keep a panther for a pet.
3) Gardens are great; unless you have super-straight neighbours, who are likely to be freaked-out by nightly patrols of hairies staggering along in gum-boots and carrying spades. Combat this menace by using their garden, QUIETLY.
4) Hollow out a slow-burning candle. Light it before answering the door.
5) Keep a row of containers on a kitchen shelf. Put a false bottom in one. Label it TEA and keep it full of garden peas.
6) If any tools are available it is possible to create some wonderful additions to the furniture. Add a hollow extension onto the window ledge; one which you can slide on and off. Practice pretending to lean casually on it. Plumbing is great fun, but strictly for long-term storage.

None of these methods are recommended because they are all known to the police. The only real place to stash dope is somewhere the police won't look. Of course, you all know where that is, so I need not bother to write about it here."

*****

As each OZ takes about ten years to put together, we never get around to properly covering experimental theatre. If you're ever in the West End around lunchtime, you can enjoy a gripping, entertaining hour almost free at the Almost Free Theatre in Rupert Street, off Shaftesbury Avenue, which doesn't set out to bore or impress, but gives you an hour that makes you regret all the other lunchtimes you've wasted.

*****

Over the last 18 months, Street Aid has grown into one of the largest voluntary welfare agencies in Central London — in terms of caseload. They are embarking on all sorts of necessary projects, including the conversion of a double-decker bus into a coffee bar/information service. Naturally, they need help, so if you are interested in working at Street Aid or contributing to any of the projects, contact them at 14 Drury Lane, WC2E 7HE or phone 01-836-0700. They also produce an excellent paper (10p) which is essential reading for anyone West End orientated.

*****

Everyone knows Jews in Russia wish they weren't, but if you are interested in reading weakly horror stories from that revolutionary Republic, telephone 01-580-0681 and ask for the latest information sheet. It will make your hair stand on end, especially if you are circumcised.

*****

Not that it's all sunshine and diamonds for everyone in South Africa, as every Observer reader knows, the International Defence and Aid Fund (2 Amen Court, EC4) have just published an analysis of political trials and the use of torture in South Africa today, by Hilda Bernstein, available for 30p.

Illustration: Brian Bolland

JUDITH EGLINGTON PAN - LOVE PHOTOS

Illustration: ROY KNIPE

THEY DO IT WITH MIRRORS:

The confessions of an average member of the viewing public.

Michelene Wandor

When the Women's Liberation Movement started in this country, a few avid editors and journalists decided to get some laughs out of it. Among others, the *Sketch* whispered jokingly about secret revolutionary addresses in North London and how women wanted to make their husbands do ALL the housework. Like other dissident/radical/minority/political groups we argued fiercely about whether to co-operate with the media or not; views ranged from people who believed in using any means to speak for ourselves, to get information across, to people who believed in creating and controlling our own information systems rather than contributing to, and implicitly condoning the media industry whose structures and ideas we were attacking.

Things have changed; the movement didn't die away to the sounds of ridicule, many other radical groups have sprung up. The media has had to take these into account, its controllers have had to work out how to pay lip service to free speech by giving these groups time to 'put their point of view', while at the same time using them to give added content attraction to newspapers or programmes which depend on popularity (large numbers of people *watching* or *reading*, not necessarily approving) for their continuation.

When it is a question of whether such groups use the existing media to communicate their existence and ideas, it's easier to argue for alternative communication in print than it is in broadcasting. It's cheaper and easier to produce your own newspaper than your own radio and television programme; to transmit the latter you need the kind of apparatus which is still in the hands of the monopolies. To sell a newspaper you need a mobile distribution service in which the only mechanisation is the transport taking papers to readers. But to ignore the problem and power of TV and radio is to avoid confronting their potential; and to avoid understanding one of the key ways in whcih most people receive information about their world.

'....the men who own the media have developed special programmes which are usually called "Democratic Forum" or something of the kind. There, tucked away in the corner, the reader (listener, viewer) has his say, which can naturally be cut short at any time. As in the case of public opinion polls, he is only asked questions so that he may have a chance to confirm his own dependence. It is a control circuit where what is fed in has already made complete allowance for the feedback.'

(*Enzensberger:* The Consciousness Industry).

It's mainly on programmes such as this that members of diffident groups appear, people who have a continuing involvement with a subject to which the programme staff are given a mere few hours, or at most, days of their time. Programmes such as these — David Frost and Jimmy Savile being prime examples — seem to me to be ultimately repressive of interest or involvement. The argument that there may be 9,000,000 people listening/watching and that this is a golden opportunity for them to hear the truth spoken straight from the dissident's mouth is itself a product of mystique; like the hordes around the evangelist who equate hypnotic response with conversion.

It starts with the 'invitation' to appear; unless you are a public figure in your own right, fees are rarely mentioned. Contracts often don't get signed until the programmes have been recorded or transmitted. The attitude is that you should be flattered to be asked to be on the panel/in the audience, honoured to be allowed to become a public figure, a temporary rhetorician with the attention of millions forcibly riveted on you for a few minutes. The mystique has begun. An industry which spends thousands of pounds on programmes such as this skimps on its chief ingredients — the ordinary, average suckers. As an invited member of an audience often you get paid nothing, often a token few pounds for 'expenses', while a public name may get anything up to £50 or more. Not to mention our star compere who's getting hundreds.

Technology and the media industries have successfully retained their mystique; however much one may rationalise and understand that TV and radio should be means to ends, it is difficult to avoid their equivalent of stage-fright. Will I be articulate/funny/intellectual? Will I represent my own personal views, or can I adequately put across those of a group of people? Will I look good? Will my mother see me? Will my friends be jealous? Will they ask me to come back again? (After you've done one of these things, the last question takes on a creeping urgency: so much money for so little....). You're now suffering from the symptoms of intimidation.

The disease sets in as you prepare for the programme. What are you going to wear? Is it in colour? (A bishop wearing purple, sitting next to a lady wearing red on the Muggeridge programme *The Question Why* on abortion, whispered anxiously just before it went on the air 'Do you think we'll clash?'). When you arrive at the temple, the foyer hints at inscrutable glamour; the occasional glimpse of a famous face (what IS charisma?). The receptionist takes your name and your contract and you wait. You're led through blank-walled corridors, past bland doors with mysterious functions listed on them; occasionally a bureaucratic white rabbit scurries past, clutching a file of papers and looking at its watch. You KNOW that bustling glamour surrounds you; but you can't quite see it. Intimidation has set in.

As a member of a panel/audience you are as responsible for manipulating the response of the viewing audience as the programme staff. You are asked to clap when the star compere (Frost, Savile....) comes on. He greets the famous people and ignores the rest. He then begins his impartial investigation. This takes the form of a carefully structured series of questions prepared totally by researchers, which start and end with the status quo of the average Englishman: law-abiding, family-loving, lawn-mowing, God-fearing. In between a few hysterics are allowed to shriek their dissension; Frost either leaves the lunatic fringe to the second half of the programme, by which time everyone is so tense and bewildered by points to be answered that they're likely to rush their speech, and be emotional or incoherent or both. Or he allows them in at a point where he can 'legitimately' interrupt them by either saying 'Well, we must let someone else have a chance to speak', or plead the exigencies of the box and break for the commercial. Jimmy Savile does the same, only for commercial read pop interlude.

The effect of programmes like this is to defuse serious discussions and make them purely cathartic processes. They purge people of their interest rather than arouse it. If you participate in these programmes you feel slightly elated (especially if pissed) at having been part of the great twentieth century process, but also deflated, because it never quite happened. The process is erotic titillation, always stopping short of any real pleasure or climax. What the viewing public never sees is the way the compere ignores undesirable participation; they never hear the remarks which are not picked up by microphones, never see protests not selected in the control room. As a participant on such a programme you are almost totally helpless. Even takeovers by groups no longer prove anything; the liberal media-monster can convert anything into a spectacle to get everyone talking and tuning in next week. Jerry Rubin taking over David Frost? With a studio next door, ready and waiting? Takeovers can be good tele, as long as it doesn't happen all the time. And they'll make sure it doesn't happen all the time.

It may well be important to boycott such programmes; but it's also important to work out a way of beginning to erode the stranglehold the controllers have on their programmes. Although many people working in the media talk in terms of direct access by minority groups to broadcasting time, it's going to take a long time before people overcome the mystique of technological communication. This applies to radical media people themselves, who are often as likely to talk in terms of high standards of photography and articulacy as the reactionaries. Cable television may be a long way away, and the idea of every street having its own TV and radio network is idealistic and air-jamming. In the meantime we could begin to think in terms of refusing to go on as isolated members of groups, to slot into a programme of someone else's conception, to appear on programmes on terms established beforehand — a certain amount of time and a structure to which we acquiesce. Learn to use video (where possible) so that if someone wants to make a film about you, make your own and suggest they use that. Of course, they are bound to refuse, until there's no alternative; in the meantime the most you can do is either stop watching completely, or get so stoned while you're watching that you become part of the farce too. You can still switch off.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

David Widgery

Illustration: JOHN WEST

1) REVOLUTIONS START WITH A DISCOVERY IN PEOPLE'S HEADS CALLED CONSCIOUSNESS.

Most people, most of the time, accept things as they are, that work is not satisfying but a means to make money to satisfy other needs. That they have little control over their lives. That they are lucky if they stay out of the clutches of the landlord or the Law. That life is made bearable by a bit of sunshine, the Cup Final and the kids. People get so used to being bottled up trod on and ordered about that they don't notice it's happening after a while. Except that the very conditions of work and the unsatisfied needs of everyday life continually force people into conflict with things as they are. And in every conflict people see new possibilities which they call their rights, their dignity, their freedom. *'A rat race is for rats. We are not rats. We are human beings.'* Jimmy Reid.

2) CONSCIOUSNESS BECOMES REAL IN ACTION.

Ideas take on a shape in strikes, demonstrations, sit-ins, occupations. Conflict over how things are divided up unearths different views of what people could be. Revolutionary, democratic and loving instincts turn out to go deeper than the habits of deference and obedience. In every struggle our so-called free so-called society shows that it is based on courts and judges and cells. But solidarity, numbers, comradeship, sisterhood show another kind of power and the possibility of another kind of future. *'I've learnt more about the world in the last six weeks than I learnt in my other 26 years,'* said a striking miner.

3) CONSCIOUSNESS DISSOLVES WITHOUT ACTION.

You can't wish a revolution into being on your own. You can't think your way out of capitalism. Those who make the revolution in a commune or a bookshop or a rock band end up turning the treadmill of their own desires in a self-defeating attempt at totalisation. Exhausted if they fight on all fronts, cop-outs if they don't. The pure intellectual spirals up into the metaphysics of the theory of theory. The pure activist conceals from himself the evidence of his own isolation.

4) BUT ACTION DISSOLVES WITHOUT ORGANISATION.

Some organisations represent a compromise. The Trade Unions and the Labour Party began in defiance of the system but nowadays are vital supporters of it. A revolutionary group is a refusal of compromise, a determination to win. To join a revolutionary group is a voluntary decision to accept limitations on your freedom in order to achieve a greater freedom. It is to take up a new attitude to reality and take practical activity in support of it. It is a combination by choice, a decision based on responsibility, an agreement to be effective. All revolutions start spontaneously. But if they stay simply spontaneous they are defeated. *'Suddenly there was an audience tens of thousands strong, shocked out of its old attitudes, bewildered and excited by what was happening, looking for explanations, asking to be*

led. The Left proved incapable of taking the opportunity.' Eamonn McCann.

5) ORGANISATIONS NEED IDEAS.

The Marxist Party attempts to make a complete explanation of the world and to act on it. Its programme (the demands it organises around) is the point that its theory breaks through into reality. But its theory needs constant development as reality changes. It looks always for the cracks in the present, the upsurges and the conflicts which have revolutionary meaning. It tries to recognise in the imprint of each local struggle, a general meaning. It tries to overcome the tiredness, the dividedness and the isolation of each separate conflict by connecting and strengthening it. It pools the experiences of its members, exchanges and concentrates them and returns with them to the struggle. Within its ranks it aims to abolish all hierarchies and chauvinist and sexist ideas, not for moralistic reasons, because they will hamper and negate its work. *'A socialist theory finds the causes of working class discontent more deeply and surely than any other, which is why workers take to it so naturally; if this theory does not capitulate before spontaneity and if it learns to apply spontaneity to itself.'* V.I. Lenin.

6) REVOLUTIONS COME FROM THE BOTTOM BUT THEY NEED PREPARATION.

Like a poem, a party is a series of decisions about how to arrange and organise resources. It is also an act of connection backwards through history. A revolutionary worker knows which side he would have been on in the French Revolution or the Shanghai Commune, and has learned from them. But the revolutionary party is not, as both the Stalinists and some anarchists think, a miniature of the new society. It simply represents the determination of militants in different struggles to centralise themselves. Their aim is a political instrument which, in the moment of crisis, can gain the support of millions to destroy the capitalist state's power, its media, its armies, its prisons, and, most of all, its ideas.

But the party does not and cannot aim to replace the old state. A revolutionary society will be governed by itself, by producers at their work and on their streets, the real rule of the majority for the first time. Unlike the way things were forced to develop in the Russian Revolution, in a modern western revolution the revolutionary party would be within, not above, the Workers Councils. It is most difficult to imagine what shapes a society with its energy released from the cages of private property, commodity production, the bourgeois state and the bourgeois marriage. We can only see glimpses in the Paris Commune, the Russian Revolution, Barcelona in 1936, Budapest in 1956, Paris in 1968. *'The great only appear great because we are on our knees.'* Camille Desmoulins.

7) REVOLUTIONS CONGEAL ,REVOLUTIONARIES ARE ALONE. THEY LEARN TO HATE. THEY DESTROY ONE ANOTHER.

Our origins are all sour, we are political orphans. Russia is a revolutionary albatross, despite its origins now a tragic parody of what socialism means. The Communist Party in Britain, which for some 30 years dominated the socialist Left has declined too, now occupying the political positions the Labour Left vacated 10 years ago. Its impressive industrial strength is without strategy, deeply divided and unwilling to fight coherently to exert rank and file control over a union bureaucracy they frequently provide. The Trotskyist groups are all scarred by their past, 30 years as exiles within their own class, political Cassandras able only to say 'I told you so'. The Socialist Labour League, which aims to become *The* Revolutionary Party this November, continues to exhaust its fast changing membership's revolutionary enthusiasm to service the special delusions of its unchanging leadership. The very nature of SLL politics prevent it retaining a stable real membership. A revolutionary party becomes one not by assembling people in ampitheatres, but actually leading and winning strikes and organising movements. The SLL does neither. Like the Salvation Army, the SLL has confused selling a paper to a worker with having a relationship with the working class. The International Marxist Group is in the same tradition and has the same (recently even greater) shrillness and sectarianism with none of the SLL's activity. Politically the IMG are obliged to occupy the place left between IS and the SLL, organisationally it is sustained by a big bank balance and affiliation to a much vaunted International which itself barely exists outside France and America. The Maoist groups seem determined to import the most specific experience of a peasant revolution to an overwhelmingly working class Britain and seem to delight in their manifest irrelevance.

In all truth, International Socialism is the only group which has really grown beyond its, necessarily, sectarian origins and stands a chance of becoming a real force in the modern class struggle. It has the beginnings of a real following in the engineering, printing, power and mining industries, and has a political base in five or six other unions. It alone can really begin to challenge the Communist Party's domination in the trade unions rather than in the columns of a newspaper. It is the only group with a sufficiently confident grasp of Marxist ideas to be unorthodox and imaginative in dealing with them and acting on them. Its present size of 2,600 members is, just, big enough to become 10,000 in three years which would be, just, big enough to really challenge the next Wilson Government from the Left. It's also big enough to get debate and activity off the ground among school-kids, apprentices, students and women workers without wrecking its main effort in industry. Its internal structure is libertarian enough to allow real choice about its direction (its leadership is frequently over-ruled by its membership, which is rather rare on the Left) and yet still be politically effective and able to cut short more bickering.

This is not to knock or sneer at revolutionaries in other groups or in none. It is to say that by a combination of luck and judgement, IS seems to have the best chance of emerging from the sectarian ghetto. It is a group around which the left of the Communist Party and other revolutionaries might regroup and might then be able to attract those shop stewards, tenants, militants and community freaks, who at present are sympathetic to revolutionary ideas but don't see the point of joining a group, those militants who have been burnt before and don't want to get fooled again. However, every organisation has its weaknes and mistakes. *'The means of preventing the bureaucratisation of a living revolutionary organisation,* in advance, *must be sought as of now'.* Wilhelm Reich.

8) IT AIN'T EASY.

The problem presses upon us. While the underground sets about a summer of more ludicrous clothes, more repressive festivals and more archaic rock records than ever before, we are living through one of the most revolutionary periods in British history since the Chartist upsurge in 1948 and the foundation of the Communist Party and the General Strike in the 1920s. In the next ten years we may get the third chance there has ever been to make a revolution in the oldest capitalist country, a chance we may not get again in our lives. If we fail that chance – because we thought organising was a drag or because it would be alright on the night – we will be faced with a Right Wing government which would make Heath look like Enid Blyton. So let's get it together gang, always remembering: *'Revolution is the festival of the oppressed'.* V.I. Lenin.

' Revolution appears to a conservative as collective madness only because it raises the "normal" insanity of social contradictions to the highest possible tension'. L.D. Trotsky.

9) REVOLUTION IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

THE DEATH OF LESTER BROWN, HOUSE PAINTER

by Rod Taylor

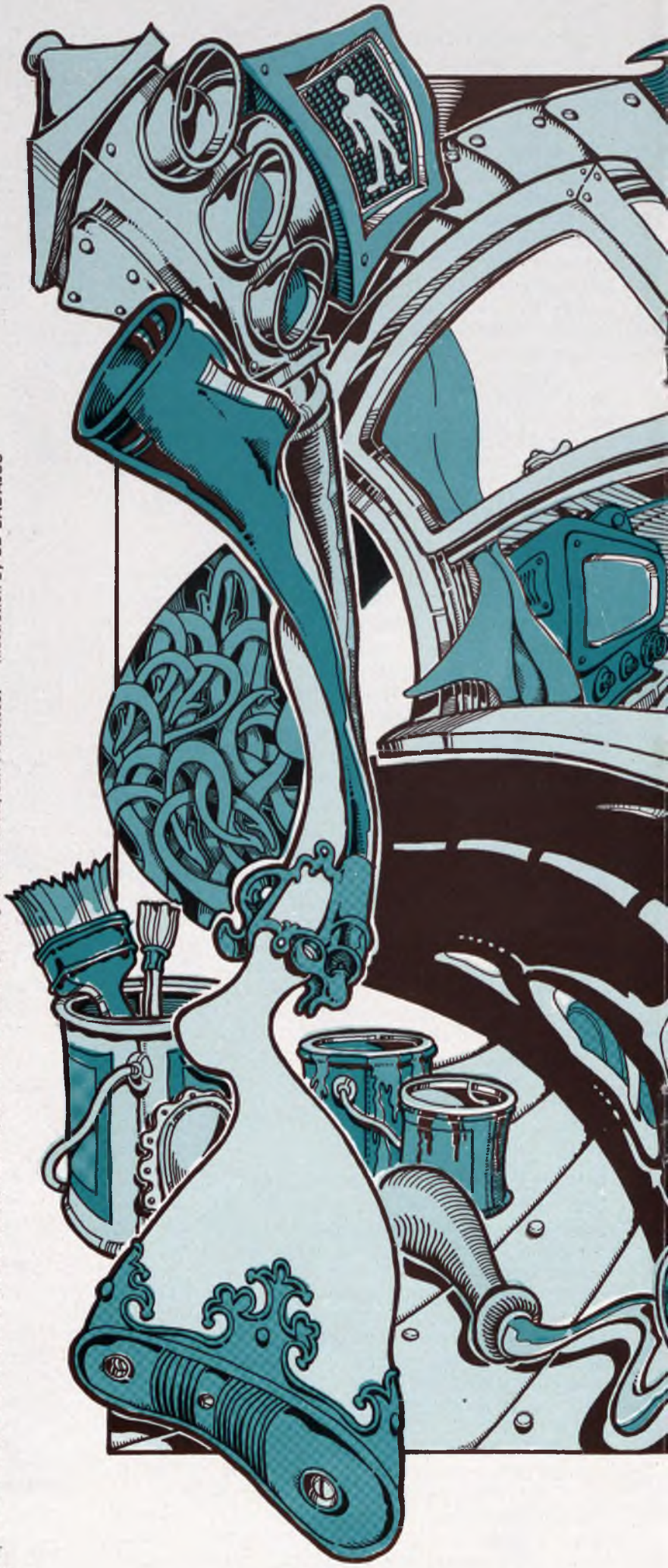
He'd seen his blood before, called forth
by fishhooks, knives, wrenches, and it flashed
in the sun like the river, But something went wrong.
Between the hyacinths on the lake, the quiet
bees in the orange grove, the white house he
lived in, somewhere
between these, the flashing blood
went dark. He started falling
asleep at work and driving through
red lights. And the doctors
had a new word for the family to learn,
but had no words
to help him live.

Everyday he asked for his gun, but no one
knew where it was; no one
asked him why he asked. In that first year
we visited often
and although the birds went hungry
for the bread of his hand, the oranges
got picked and the house had only
begun to fall apart.

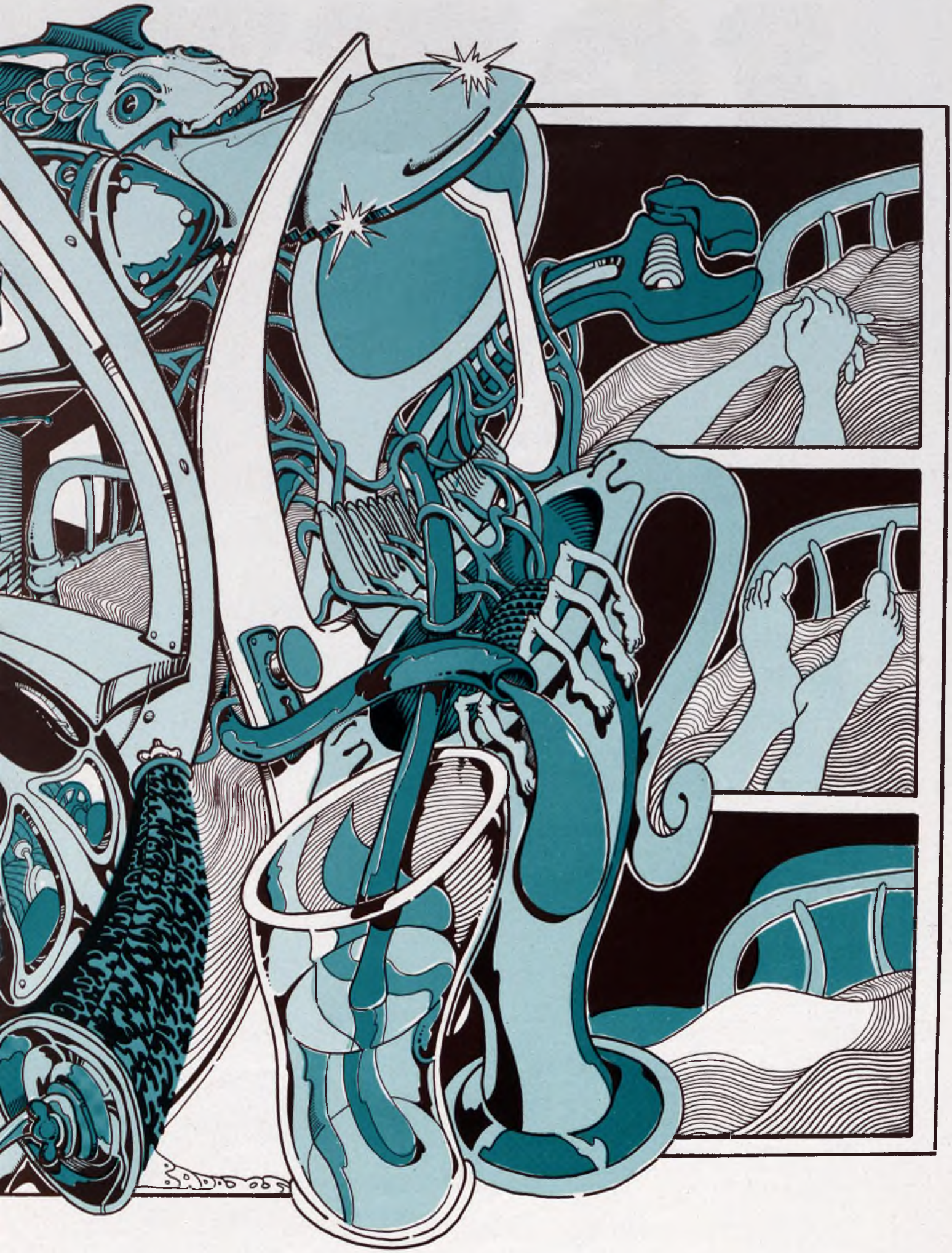
The doctors gave him only a couple of years,
but they were wrong: five years before it
ended, noiselessly, in a damp side room
where a portable electric-coil heater
had been put - plenty of time
to let his living go and forget
the things he loved, one
by one, until there was nothing
in him. In that second year
of his ling dying, we came on holidays, ate turkey
and didn't watch when Mrs. Brown
was feeding him. It was the year
of the portable TV and the propped-up feet and blue
terrycloth bath robe
and all those things were death. Death was in
the mildew on the ceiling and the cracks
between boards and in the rug. It was pale blue
in his thinning arms and face
and hid itself like a red eyed spider
in the dark throat of his fishing trophy.
It was in every word spoken

You told me last night how he was before,
how, when you were little, he loved you
and took care of you. You were sad
and combed your hair in the mirror.
In the third year he watched his hands
all day, and in the forth he lay and stared
at his feet. Mrs. Brown, who had known
the strength of his arms and given
him three sons and a daughter, turned him in
his bed and washed him with rags. At night
she prayed while the house peeled and the grove
was choking with weeds. In the garage
the tools of his trade deserted him, dried up
or rusted. Then the roof sprang a leak
and had to be patched with tar.

His arteries are too thin
for a needle, the doctors told them.
The year was sucked around the bend
of a glass straw and was over. I didn't visit him.
Those who did were not known. They say
that in the last months, he couldn't
close his eyes. Tomorrow we hide him
in earth. Mrs. Brown will be alone then
in the damp sagged boards of the old
house. Maybe, when she cleans, she will find
some thing - a hairbrush with his hair in the bristles,
a fingernail,
and it will be hard to keep on living.



Poem from FLORIDA EAST COAST CHAMPION by Rod Taylor. Published 1972 by Straight Arrow Press, San Francisco. Illustration by ED BADAJOS



30 Years of Hard Rain

Thomas Farber

Let me take you down, or, sixty years on.

Where have you spent most of your life?
In institutions.

Did you have a happy life as a child?
No.

How many years of school did you attend?
Eight grades.

Did you lose interest in school?
Yes.

Are you married?
No.

Do you have a common-law wife?
No.

Do you have children?
No.

Were you ever in the military forces?
No.

Do you like to travel?
Yes.

Why?
To see historical places.

Do you have convulsions?
No.

Do you have dizzy spells?
No.

Do you have fainting spells?
No.

Are you excitable?
No.

Do you think you have a bad temper?
No.

How many times have you been arrested?
Quite a few.

Are you guilty this time?
Yes.

What did you do on the "outside"?
Hospital orderly.

Were you incarcerated before?
Yes.

When?
1940—50, 1950—52, 1953—56, 1957—64, 1965—69.

Do you have any sexual problems?
No.

How do you feel in the morning?
Fresh.

Do you have dreams?
No.

Do you have nightmares?
No.

Do you have any bitter or painful memories?
Yes. Too much time.

Do you bite your nails?
No.

What is your main worry?
Old age.

Are you too ambitious?
No.

Are you suicidal?
No.

Are you desirous of success?
No.

Do you drink?
Seldom.

Do you play poker?
No.

Do you roll dice?
No.

Do you use drugs?
No.

Were you ever in the Boy Scouts?
No.

Were you ever in the YMCA?
Yes.

Do you have a religion here?
No.

With whom do you plan to live when you get out?
Myself.

Consider now this old man, imagine the waiting he had done in his life, the waiting in county jails, waiting in bird cages behind courtroom doors, the waiting for meals, for directions, for the day of release. Consider too that he had lost the ability or the will to stay away from prison. A threshold had been crossed; a final vital iota of resilience had been eroded or bludgeoned away. Catechisms which inveighed against the heresy of manhood had been whispered too many times.

John had spent perhaps thirty years of his life inside the walls on various sentences ("bits", they were called, pieces of a whole), and waited once again for the end of his present term, watching each unit of time pass by, waiting until one bearing his name presented itself, all in good time, of course. In observing the flow he had become deft at gauging the rate — a timekeeper. Someone ventured that it must be at least three-thirty, time for chow. "No," John said, "only three-fifteen." The man did not argue the point, though the discussion itself might have carried them through several minutes. No, his opinion of the time was an ingenue's query posed to an expert. John had survived a long time, had done a lot of time, and was generally credited with being an expert on time, time-honoured, as it were.

In the process of walking off each segment of his life span he had reduced his life to order and control, to anticipating and rolling with the routine, to riding the breakers of each wave of time, and had learned never to offend anyone, hack or con. Since neither silence nor neutrality could guarantee safety he appeased everyone, every last man. He had learned to place himself at the very bottom of the pecking order, a threat to absolutely no-one. So harmless had he become that he could occasionally expect to receive the largesse of those who competed for so much more from life. A soft job from the lieutenant, a good seat in the movie hall, these were the prerequisites of total abnegation.

In learning to wait, in learning to wait without ever giving offense his life in words had been reduced to one form or another of genuflection. "How are ya?" or "How ya doing?" always sure to be offered with a blank smile. In addition to the salutations he communicated to all possible enemies (that is, to everyone), he had several other catch phrases, the essence of which had long since escaped him, rhetorical questions, imprecations, and requests which had in time long past ceased to convey any expectation of response.

"Figure that one out." He said the phrase randomly. It popped up at any time, after any event, with any idea. Once the phrase had articulated surprise, was at least a statement of the impossibility of expecting anything reasonable to occur. But over time it had become no more than a rote phrase. He had reduced it all to that. And why not? It had worked. He lived to say the words long after Al Capone, Shorty McGee, Red Wilson, Clyde Barrow, long after men bigger, tougher, and smarter than he had been laid to rest. ' Figure that one out."

Well, he had stopped trying to figure anything out. It was all pretty obvious, obviously insane. The phrase, therefore, was not only not an imperative, but was uttered with each new shock or for just any occurence, without hope for any form of instrumental understanding. Now formula, the message of the phrase was nonetheless clear; it isn't really very hard to figure anything out, and when you do, it would have been better if you hadn't, and you can't do anything about it anyway.

In the same way, like a human toaster, he continually popped up with "Oh my God" or "God bless us and save us". These words (his finger outlining the cross) must once have functioned as a reaction to some moment of terror, some blow that his system could not and would not absorb. There had been, however, so many blows that the words had become declensions of verbs the meaning of which he had long since forgotten. That horror had elicited the same response from him so many times that the phrases had been reduced to babble. They came to take a place as choral elements in his ceaseless litany of horror stories, tales which in the telling became tokens of his capacity for survival, tales which warded off the silence he had not tasted for so many years, of which he had become so afraid.

The silence, such as it may have been, vanished at the age of seventeen when he began his institutional life, when he entered a universe in which there was not one corner in which a man could be alone, in which he could for one moment be free from the breathing, thinking, and yearning of hundreds of other men. Nor could there be isolation from the ordered discipline. Even thought crimes were punished, if only by oneself. Not even psychological privacy was to be asked for. It required a battle to set up a wall within those outside walls, to maintain anything that was even potentially contraband, not to accept the institution's definition of its best interests. It was a battle one only foolishly engaged in, and always lost. Nothing, not even memories of another time, were to be smuggled inside. Those dreams of a past which did manage to scale the walls faded almost without notice.

It was early then, that John gave up his privacy. Understanding that it would be easier to live if he had no thoughts of his own, he abandoned them too. Oh, to be sure, he had his desires, but he lost the capacity to dream for more than a better or worse dinner, to hunger for more than two packs of cigarettes instead of one. Deprivation became a way of life, he yielded to almost everything except life itself to be spared further pain, and talked incessantly to fill the vacuum. Rather than face the void, or perhaps just to make sure that no-one could take offense from his silence, he talked without pause, his stories culled from years inside and from brief vacations as a free man, all augmented by stories from the street that reached him through the walls.

Thus, in just this way, he could describe the shanking (the knifing) of a man in prison, how the murderers had waited until the guard had passed before they threw the body from the fifth tier, and he could then pass directly from this, save for "Figure that one out" or "Oh my God", to a story about the man who killed his neighbours and was charged with intent to commit necrophilic acts.

Having seen so many forms of mayhem and murder, having lived for so long with the fear of offending someone despite his own best efforts, having reduced himself to being a creature who claimed almost nothing except the right to request to go on living — having done this and still having to live with the fear that he might be sleeping one night when some lunatic came creeping up on him in the dark to hold court on him with an iron bar, living with this fear — he had come to see the outside, even only a mirage, as simply more of the same.

There were brothers who did not write and a mother who did not visit, whores in Steubenville, Ohio, and the daily paper. He read to keep up with the deaths, murders, rapes, and scandals that comprised the news. So familiar was he with all this, so unable was he to discern any fundamental difference between the quality of life inside and outside, that he spoke of people from both worlds with equal familiarity, mingling the stories of each without notice, blending both so completely that in any real sense he had lived them all. Given his presentation, it was hard to argue that the worlds were different.

The flow of stories was endless, from the man who was a hero at sea, and then murdered someone, and turned out to have sunk the boat on purpose, from him directly to the guy who set his mattress on fire in the cell and they left him there and he died like a rat, which led to the dead racoon on the highway, which brought him to "Heaven forbid it should be one of us", and the fingers outlined the cross.

He could perform, and would take you through memory lane before you could ask him (or rather command him — no-one asked John for anything except the time of day): *"For there on the floor, on top of the whore, lay Dangerous Dan McGrew." "Dancing with my shadow, making believe it's you." "I walk along this street of sorrow, this boulevard of broken dreams." "You call everybody darling, everybody calls you darling too." "There is a gold mine in the sky." "It's just a shanty in old shanty town."*

When the songs ran out, he'd tell you about Two-Ton Gilento out of Paterson (John never forgot a pedigree), or about the Titanic, or about George Rogers, who said he'd eat so much that they wouldn't be able to get him into the electric chair, but they did. Or he could offer a little quick patriotism, stories about how he made uniforms inside the wall during the war, sagas about how we licked the Japs.

Over time he had become a pet, a housebroken animal, no danger to anyone, just aware enough of the fragility of his environment to remember to be ingratiating. All he asked was five dollars a month and he would do that labour, and never never forget to tip his hat and give you top of the morning. Or you could take away that five dollars, you could do anything short of killing him, since nothing could induce John to risk any change for the worse.

Someone once decided to tease John, or just to tell him the kind of truth that has no right to be uttered. "John," the man said, "you'll get out but you'll just come back again." For a moment, just a moment, John faced the void once more, tasted the silence, and was silent. To come back would be to die inside the walls. He started to say no, a word he had long since learned not to use. Forced to see the horror again, however, he began to form the word on his lips. And then, recovering, he grimaced, smiled and said, "Yeah, figure that one out." Yeah, figure that one out. Oh my God. God help us and save us. God forbid it should be one of us.

Tales for the Son of My Unborn Child: Thomas Farber. E.P. Dutton & Co. 1971.

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RAP

Radical Alternatives to Prisons

We started RAP in 1970, because there was no-one around at that time arguing that prisons were evil dumps and should be abolished. There were various reform groups, concentrating on achieving better visiting conditions and so on, and suggesting that specific sorts of prisoners (e.g. alcoholics) should not be inside. No-one was then pointing out that putting people behind bars for breaking the law was not only expensive and counter-productive, but also immoral.

Jock Young offered stinging criticism of straight criminology (OZ 41) which most of us in RAP would agree with. While the Americans bomb the Vietnamese, and old people die from cold, who can get excited about a mother of six shoplifting, or a kid nicking cars? Angela Davis spoke for millions when she proclaimed who the real criminals are.

But we do have to sit uncomfortably between two stools. However often we spout our radical analysis of society, the truth is that every day in the magistrates courts, people with no money or power or legal help are sent to nick for the most innocuous 'offences'; and in the high courts, they are sent for longer periods which only embitter them, break up their marriages and friendships, lead to their physical ill-health and, often, mental imbalance, confirm their own feelings of failure, or reinforce their self-image as anti-social.

Many left-wing groups consider it's misguided to try and prevent people from going to prison. They feel that prison can be a politicising experience, and having read some of the Black literature by US prisoners, we can understand their hopes. As one man wrote, who spent a little time inside: '.. prison is not totally bad, because it is the one place in which the State reveals its true nature. It shocks those who loved the State and turns them into potential revolutionaries.' But at the present time, in the present place, these hopes are pie in the sky. Only a handful of people leaving prison bother to do anything about either prisons or society in general. They are either too demoralised, poor, ill-equipped, hung-up, uninterested, or — dare we say it — reactionary!

At a recent meeting in Hull, where there were several highly-intelligent, articulate and experienced ex-prisoners, a few stereotyped 'revolutionaries' expressed their hopes that prisons will ferment revolutionary activity. The ex-prisoners stated, from their own experience, that this was just not happening; one of them in fact had tried and failed to spread his own left ideas. But the revolutionaries' ears were closed, and they continued their romantic and unrealistic dream.

We have two main hopes. Firstly, we envisage, along with the revolutionaries, that the alternatives we want set up will enable people to develop their ideas and learn how to take action, that it will give them the self-confidence they need, the skills at organising, the understanding. We see people who have been in prisons getting involved with Claimants Unions, starting a prisoners' union, being active in the squatting movement, writing books which no-one will dare publish on prisons. If alternatives can be devised where more or all of this can be encouraged, then we will feel RAP deserves the label radical.

Secondly, though, so many of the people in prisons are not the stuff of which revolutionaries are made. If the aged, 'unemployable' alcoholic manages to come off drink (if that is what he wants), make some friends, decides how he'd like to live, and achieve it, then this is, within his limitations, a radical alternative to his previous lifestyle, and to prisons. For prison is the last place where you are enabled to work out what you want and how to get it. You can easily begin to want to rob a bank and learn how to do it while you're inside; but most people want to stay out of prison, and they rarely learn how they could re-order their lives to achieve this.

One of the alternatives we suggest is a commune-type scene for people who would be happiest there. One ex-prisoner in his 20's who had been to Grandon prison among others (Grandon is the 'therapeutic' psychiatric prison in Buckinghamshire) said that he relaxed for the first time in his life when he joined a commune. When he was in a bad mood, and wanted to be left alone, no-one would rush up to ask him why he was feeling like that. The commune which RAP has set up — Excell House — expects participation from everyone there. There are five young people there — some have been inside and some haven't — and they run the place entirely by themselves and for themselves. It is developing into an information/action point for the locality — they are going to start a craft workshop, and they need lots of outside help. Anyone who has ideas, skills or an interest to offer, is invited to give them a ring. (Details below).

Another area in which we've been campaigning is Holloway Prison. We have concentrated on that not only because we think that it is worse for women to be inside than men (although in this society, where kids are mainly brought up by women, it *is* worse for kids when their mother goes inside). It's just that they're building a vast new Holloway prison (500 beds and lovely Scandinavian furnishings!) and it seemed a good time to attack the whole concept of putting women inside, the concept of providing a 'hospital' type prison for 'criminals', the concept of providing new expensive prison places for the Courts to fill up, while the Home Office moans about how unsuitable prisons are for women!

Also, we have to specialise to some extent, to try and get the prisons cleared bit by bit. The more people work with us, the more specialities we can have. We seem now to have reached a stage where everything we set up flourishes, the meetings continue, people stay. It hasn't always been like that. Many people like to talk and criticise, but that's the limit of their involvement. Unfortunately, a project like a magazine, or a pressure group needs just as much monotonous slog (typing, contacting people by phone, envelope addressing etc.) as it needs ideas and imagination. We try to sort out the work so that no-one will have all the slog, and no-one has all the glamour.

To draw attention to Holloway, and the booklet we're publishing about it, we have circulated a petition, organised a meeting of MPs, a press conference and, a new venture for us, street theatre, including six foot puppets enacting scenes of female criminality! To end this phase of the cam-

RAP

Continued

paign, a rally will be held at Central Hall Westminster on June 6, and we still need people to help with this.

Several local groups have been formed, and we would like to hear from others interested. We can send speakers anywhere. We also need more volunteers, public speakers; if you have inside experience, so much the better.

Many people who end up with 10 year + sentences claim that it all started in approved school, that they were sent away — for 'training' — as a harmless pilferer, and learned so much about crime that they emerged with higher ambitions. We thought it would be rational to spend time on the problem of young offenders — more accurately on the problem of the institutions where they are sent. So a Young Offenders Group meets weekly to work out the best approach to take in a constructive attack on approved schools (now known as community homes — much cosier), Borstals, detention centres, and young people's prisons. It's the right time to plan this attack, along with the growth of the Children's Rights movement (see their monthly magazine) and the critical look which a lot of professionals are giving to the new legislation on young 'offenders'.

The 'prison movement' is gathering ground in Britain, still way behind other countries. In the USA, not only is there great solidarity in some of the prisons, but the Fortune Society and other voluntary ex-prisoner groups are applying North American dynamism to mutual help and propaganda about the state of the prisons. In Sweden, the prisoners' union is taken so seriously that some members, who had been on hunger strike to dramatise their demands, threatened to fast to death. There have also been important riots in French and Italian jails. Over here, the authorities usually manage to avert any serious 'trouble' — and the prisoners, of course, mostly collude.

So if you have been in prison, have a relative or friend there, or have some other reason to be interested, please contact us, as we need all the help and support we can get.

RAP Office, 104 Newgate Street, London EC1. Tel: 01-600-4793 (office hours). The office will send you RAP literature, plus details of local groups.

Excell House, 134 Bedford Road, London SW4. Tel: 622 0374. The house has weekly meetings, to which all are welcome.

Speakers. If you want to speak or want a speaker, ring Duncan Leys, 01-467-1534.

Holloway Campaign. Contact Richard Hartnoll, 01-836-2369, if you can help with this.

Young Offenders Group. Fiona Gardner, 01-286-8932, will give details of meetings.

Remedial Teaching. If you know anyone who wants to learn to read and write, let the office know — we have volunteer teachers.

Fund-Raising. Your ideas are needed! Ring John Forbes at 828 5969 (evenings).

June Rally. If you can help with this, ring Gail at the office.

Meetings. We hold open meetings on the first Sunday of the month, and administrative/discussion meetings every week, which are also open. Details from the office.

Please send me more details about RAP.
Name.....
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to: RAP, 104 Newgate Street, London EC1.

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OZ 20 — Hells Angels. The author of this piece is still in hiding.
OZ 24 — The Beautiful Freaks and the little yummy herself — Honeybunch Kaminski.
OZ 26 — Candy Darling and Hollywood's best hung stud.
OZ 29 — Female Energy. Germaine & cohorts parade their thing — when she still had balls.
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All aboard for the Old Bailey in June. Top of the bill is the 'Angry Brigade Trial'. The Stoke Newington Eight are are all militants who've been active in in different areas of the revolutionary movement - Claimants Unions, Tenants Associations, Gay Liberation, Women's Liberation, Squatters and so on.

The Stoke Newington Eight are not terrorists — all political bombings in the past 8 years have been directed against State property or that of the State's functionaries.

The Stoke Newington Defence Group has arranged a teach-in on Saturday June 3rd at 2pm, probably at the LSE Old Theatre. Watch Time Out for details, or check with the group c/o Box 359, 240 Camden High Street, NW1.

Come to the Old Bailey, Monday June 5th, to show solidarity.

In the Metro case, now running at the above venue, applications for an all-black jury were characteristically refused. The prosecution claims the clash outside the Metro Youth Club was an unprovoked attack on police by black youths. Anyone who witnessed the incident should urgently contact Jo Kaplan, Neighbourhood Law Centre (Notting Hill), 969-7473.

Extract from a Letter to the People, Tony Soares, Brixton Prison:

" Dear Brothers and sisters, In September 1971, a black community newspaper called Grass Roots reprinted an article on self defence from the Black Panther newspaper (vol 4 no 20). The Black Panther newspaper has a wide circulation in the US and a large number of copies are available in Britain.

On March 9th 1972, I was arrested and charged on two counts, both relating to the article in question. At the moment I am held in custody, bail having been refused.

Such cases are not rare in Britain. In 1969, Peter Martin was sentenced to 9 months' imprisonment for distributing leaflets calling for a demonstration against police brutality in Brixton. The leaflets were alleged to be "likely to cause a breach of the peace". In February 1969 I was sentenced to 2 years' imprisonment for allegedly handing out leaflets about the October 27th 1968 anti-Vietnam war demonstration which were "inciting persons unknown to assemble riotously at the scene of a public demonstration .

We must not be fooled by recent acquittals in certain well-known cases. The ruling class tries to create an illusion of freedom and justice. Where there has been widespread publicity and mass mobilisation, it might try to use that particular case to reinforce the myth. But the fact remains that a large number of black activists and thousands of innocent black people are quietly and systematically put away."

(INFO ABOUT BROTHER TONY'S CASE/ DONATIONS TO HIS DEFENCE: BLF, 54 Wightman Road, London N4).

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SLEDGE HAMMERS IN THE SLUMS!

Mole Express — Rucksack trucking delivery makes good

Photo: Pete Tidball

Roger Hutchinson, founder of Yorkshire's *Styng*, sets out from our plush West End offices in search of the provincial Alternative Press. After a week up North, Roger filed this report. He is now recuperating in Portugal.

Manchester abounds with demolition sites. Irregular squares of rubble, littered with garbage, children, and the occasional indeterminate bulldozer. The Orders of Doom have been served on last centuries' slums in a hurried attempt to demolish the terraces before they crumble of their own accord. But Council orders one day don't necessarily mean sledge-hammer toting workmen the next day, or even next year.

What they do mean is minimal rent for an indeterminate number of months. And minimal rent, sure as eggs is eggs, means freaks.

Manchester

In the case of 7 Summer Terrace, Manchester 14, it meant cheap premises for MAGIC, the Manchester community switchboard, and more recently, a permanent home for Mike Don's *Mole Express*, whose 22nd issue in May this year celebrates its second birthday and establishes *Mole* as the oldest, most persistent alternative newspaper outside London. *Mole* was conceived at the end of 1969, after the closure of *Grass Eye*'s first series left Manchester's hippy community voiceless. By the time Mike and two other ex-Grass Eyers got their paper together in Spring 1970, they were in competition with a revived *Grass Eye*'s vastly improved second series. *Grass Eye* won hands down, reaching a peak of 5000 sales by late summer while the first five issues of *Moul Express* sold 200 copies each. Peculiarly, *Grass Eye* folded in October and the imperceptibly renamed *Mole Express* stumbled on.

At that time *Mole* was printed 35 miles away at Open Design, Liverpool. Every month Mike would seize a rucksack, hitch the East Lancs Highway to Merseyside, load up perhaps a third of the copies, hitch back, deposit them, and repeat the process until 1000 *Moles* were home, dry, and ripe for touting. Which is where the *real* trouble starts. Outside London there is no effective alternative distribution service. Moore-Harness's supposedly national network wears a little thin at Potters Bar, and all but gives up north of the Humber. Brave attempts by Night Ferry and Transmutation failed the Economically Viable Acid Test, leaving all provincial alternative papers with the thankless task of distributing their own goods; finding by sheer default the one newsagent in thirty who'll look twice at the underground press. There has been too little inter-communication between the northern papers, too little combined initiative in facing common problems. A Northern Free Press Conference held at Leeds Information Point last summer extended open invitation to more than thirty papers. Five sent representatives.

Manchester Free Press — " ...A rather dry paper, a rather bitter pill."

One of these, predictably, was Mike Don. Once across the Pennines and back ain't nothing after two days lugging magazines along the East Lancs Highway.

When Moss Side Press, a Mancunian equivalent to Open Design, made available their small offset machine to *Mole Express*, Mike hung up his rucksack and took the magazine across town. Moss Side Press now prints the *Birmingham Street Press*, *Manchester Free Press*, Sheffield's *Arrows*, and a plethora of community newsheets. They are non-profiteering, efficient and quite indispensable. You try finding

SLEDGE HAMMERS IN THE SLUMS!

continued

another printer in Manchester whose hands won't twitch nervously for the opaque ink brush at the sight of a solitary 'fuck' on your paste-up boards.

The second anniversary issue of *Mole Express* will sell 2500 copies, somewhat better than 200, but no startling success. The future? Mike laughs cynically: "I haven't seen much sign of one. *Mole's* got a hairy past to live down, a history of mediocrity burdens us. I'm trying to produce a paper somewhere between the straight community papers, like the *Cardiff People's Paper*, and the underground press. The national underground papers in Britain exercise too much influence. The whole revolutionary left, diverse youth scene cannot be truly reflected by London papers."

Nor even the whole Manchester scene by *Mole Express*, according to the people behind the *Manchester Free Press*, for seven uneasy months co-dabblers in Mancunian alternative publishing. There's no longer much apparent rivalry, however, and certainly no cause for any. The *Free Press* is as different in origin and perspective to *Mole Express* as Mike Don is to the *Free Press* staff. *Free Press* was born in the three-day newspaper lock-out last September, produced by a group of Bolshie journalists from the offices of the *Guardian* & *Evening News*. Their action was certainly radical, the paper was not. You see, they were using the *Guardian*'s production system, re-channelling for three days *Grauniad* copy into the *Free Press*. It was a question of catering with zomboid foreign editors, who for thirty years have known no way of spending Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday other than squatting before a typewriter, getting slowly drunk and rattling out reactionary copy. The only difference this time was that the copy was whisked across to Moss Side Press and reappeared under a *Manchester Free Press* logo. When the dailies went back to norm and the *Guardian* reclaimed its wayward correspondents; the exhilerated *Free Pressers* began formulating a monthly radical news magazine for Manchester. The first monthly *Free Press* was distributed by W.H. Smith & Son (an Alternative Press National First) around Manchester, in December '71. 5000 copies were moved, riding high on the lock-out publicity, a figure which has since fallen to 4000.

To be honest, the monthly *Manchester Free Press* is a dry paper, a rather bitter pill. It exacted (upon cursory examination) from one London journalist the dispirited cry of "IMG!", and while the *Free Press* is genuinely unaffiliated with any such sectarian leftist group, it occasionally echoes the more monotonous aspects of their publications. But perhaps the way to a working man's heart *is* through his politics, however staid. Although the *Manchester Free Press* isn't the first paper to try and net that bright elusive butterfly: the lumpen, simply attempting so unfashionable and formidable a task calls for a round of energetic applause.

Yorkshire

Yorkshire is the largest county in Britain. Comprised of three Ridings, it reaches from the Tees to south of the Humber, from the Pennines to the North Sea. It contains the cities of Bradford, York, Leeds, Sheffield and Hull; the resorts of Scarborough, Whitby, Filey, Hornsea and Bridlington; and over one quarter the population of England. It is currently served by not one alternative newspaper.

There have been attempts. In the late sixties, a small magazine from Leeds named *Hod* fired a salvo or two at local officialdom, hit the front page of the *Yorkshire Post*, echoed around the West Riding, and retired gracefully. *Hod* was succeeded by a string of less sensational efforts: the Leeds *Other Paper*, *Leeds Local*, *Ops Veda* from Sheffield: all provided a meaty, variable diet of social comment occasionally laced with acid, bopping to rock'n'roll; and all were out of business by 1971. In May of that year the first issue of *Styng* was distributed loosely around Yorkshire. Too loosely to justify its proud claim to be 'Yorkshire's Alternative Newspaper'. Published from Barnsley by the staff of *Sad Traffic* (a gentle, colourful arts magazine), *Styng's* first three issues adopted an established underground press formula and sold 3000 copies. The Yorkshire Post, however, knows good material when it falls through their letterbox. Some lively hack isolated an informative article on Amsterdam which incidentally mentioned the availability of hash at the Paradiso crash-hall, and headlined: DRUG HOTEL'S LURE TO YOUNG PEOPLE. Leeds City Police salivered keenly, dug up six charges which could be brought against *Styng*, and despatched two earnest cops to question its staff. The resultant publicity rocketted *Styng*'s sales to 7000 copies by the sixth issue. The charges never reached court, to the chagrin of *Styng*'s publicity hungry staff.

Even an estimated readership of 35,000 failed to maintain *Styng*. By November '71, pressing back debts and tardy creditors rendered the paper non-viable; the seventh issue was the last. "Don't worry" croaked a back-page stop-press, "we'll be back....." *Styng* may be dormant, but its ex-staff are

"Mole's got a hairy past to live down, a history of mediocrity burdens us." Mike Don

Photo: Pete Tidball

Mole Express 10p 7 Summer Terrace Manchester 14 Tel. 224 9087.

Manchester Free Press 5p 45 Aspinall Street Manchester M14 5UD.

Liverpool Free Press 4p 107 Bookdale Rd. Liverpool. Tel. 709 0264.

Grapevine 10p 209 Monument Road, Edgbaston Birmingham 16 Tel. 454 7397.

(Birmingham) Street Press 10p The Peace Centre 18 Moor St. Ringway Birmingham. Tel 643 0996.

Muther Grumble 10p 13 Silver St. Durham City.

Moss Side Press 104 Bold Street Moss Side Manchester 15 Tel 226 3458.

Horse 12 Regent Street South Bromley Yorkshire.

by no means sleeping. Those still resident in Barnsley are engendering schemes for a community project under the manifold title "Horse". Horse at present comprises a lively, imaginative folk-rock band, a screen printing service, and preparations for a newspaper "to take up where *Styng* left off". It's a hopeful project. They've learnt enough lessons to work in "an anarchic rather than a democratic situation". They've seen *Sad Traffic* and *Styng* through two years, and they've recognised their function. "We're not working for Horse. Horse works for us, and for anyone who wants it." Two years in alternative publishing also helps you define the opposition — "It's quite simple really. We're fighting a lunatocracy."

Birmingham

"Before it began, everyone said you couldn't do this in Birmingham. There's nothing happening in Birmingham. They look through GRAPEVINE now, and their eyes fall out of their heads."

Grapevine was launched in March 1971 with all of £30 capital, in an area which had choked to death any previous attempts at underground publishing. The *Birmingham Free Press*, *Town Around*, and *Link* were all dead by spring 1971; dead and largely unmourned. None of them had published more than three issues. An unfortunate heritage. Nor was there much about the first few *Grapevines* to inspire colossal confidence; but the 24 unimaginatively designed, cheaply lithoed pages guide to local culture sold 1000 copies and maintained a monthly schedule. Their April 1972 issue was number 14. Its design is almost professional, the events listings are lucid, contents include several thoroughly researched and pleasantly written feature articles, all contained in a glossy two-colour cover and now selling 5000 copies. The *Time Out* Formula for Success?

"We're inevitably compared with *Time Out*, but there's a vast difference about working in Brum — you're much closer to the ground. We are the people we're writing about. If we write an article about some people, and those people don't like it, they don't write us a letter — they come and tell us. In fact, they come and stick us up against that wall and go ZONK....It's a two-way process; our publicising the amount of activity already extant in Birmingham encourages more activity, and develops communication between active groups. A very intangible spin-off, but a very important one."

Importance has its perks. *Grapevine* is locally accepted in all the best places as 'Press', its staff enjoy mandatory film and concert review privileges, they can discuss paying full-time workers, and boast not only a telephone but an office to put it in — which for a provincial underground paper is one Very Big Deal. An inspiring circulation graph decorates one wall, beside a large street map of Birmingham and an impressive set of pigeonholes. Laurels, however, were never made for resting on.

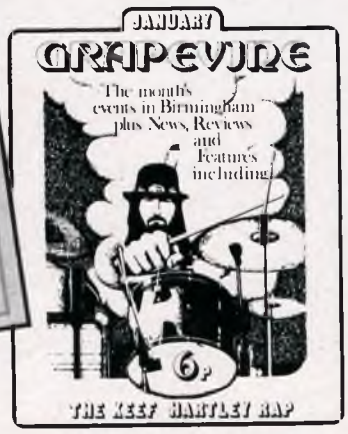
"There's so much dirt to turn over in this city, we're just feeling our way into it." — a careful process, this, as they indicate — "You can't assume that everybody has your perspective. We're not writing for a student audience, and for that reason you have to think your way into other people's attitudes, and adopt different approaches. We put *Grapevine* in the position of arguing with a liberal. We presume that they're relatively liberal to buy it in the first place — we attack them with radical argument. You step on a bus and there's a man with a flat cap & overalls who pulls a *Grapevine* from his toolbag. One of the biggest kicks is getting outside the people you know you're talking to, people way out of the usual orbit. And it's only on a national scale that you can afford to serve minority interests, working in one community you must go beyond that." — which involves some degree of compromise — "At times you feel you're pulling your punches, then you wanna say 'This guy is a real jive-assed motherfucking cunt', and you have to say 'We suspect this judge to be a little improper in his practice' — but it pays. You have to talk to people in their language, not your own subcultural idiom. It's no good campaigning issues in a magazine that most people are never going to read, unless it's out of some voyeuristic interest in how the other half laughs."

The route from *Grapevine* to its survivor-in-arms, the *Birmingham Street Press*, is more than averagely depressing. There's no centre to this city, no focus to the sprawl of terraced redbrick suburbs. Areas differ in name only, Selly Oak becomes Solihull becomes Smethwick.....remember Smethwick? A safe Labour Party seat until 1966, when Patrick Gordon-Walker was ousted by a Tory campaign which flyposted the immortal slogan: IF YOU WANT A NIGGER FOR A NEIGHBOUR VOTE LABOUR. Weird undercurrents eddy beneath all that redbrick. Four Parliamentary Race Relations enquiries have been conducted in Smethwick and nearby Handsworth over the last few years; but blacks are still rolled by skinheads, stomped by cops, and abused by the courts. Not even Parliamentary enquiries can see through redbrick.

Roland Clark of the *Street Press* defines it as an Urban Struggle. "This is a drab concrete mess, a city whose fathers care nothing for their people. This city erects class barriers between people of the same class. We've only dented them. It's a slow process."

Street Press first published one month after *Grapevine* — in March '71. Then, it sold 2000 copies. A year and five issues later the circulation has reached 3000. A slow process

"Don't worry, we'll be back soon."
— Styng editor



SLEDGE HAMMERS IN THE SLUMS!

continued

indeed. It's a fun u/g paper of the old school, a blast from the past, irreverent, colourful and completely formless. "By freaks for freaks", explains Roland, "*Street Press* tries to present a happy alternative. It's very difficult to come to grips with working class feeling in Brum. There's such a division in the city." Their first issue editorial was as explicit:

"Birmingham more than any other places lacks a happy spirit of its own. People are worn and choked by the machinery and effluent of an oppressive industrial routine. CAN'T WE KICK IT OFF? MAKE YOUR OWN FREEDOM IF IT IS NO LONGER GIVEN AS A SIMPLE RIGHT.....The Midlands may be the Wastelands, but first we have to prove it....."

Printers zealously censored their first three issues, until Moss Side Press materialised. Streetsellers have been busted and harrassed. The Director of Public Prosecutions regularly chews over copies; and *Street Press* bounces on. Not the greatest underground paper in the world, but a splash of colour in the Black Country, and better than Birmingham deserves. Last words from Roland: "We're very high on communication, on a growing spirit among alternative papers. I think London's coming out of its shell and finding areas of interest elsewhere. We do want this to continue — communication. Communication."

Liverpool

High above the Liverpool docks, overlooking the hourly voyage of the Mersey ferry to Birkenhead and back, is a very large building. On top of the large building are two circular towers. And on each tower squats an immense. sculptured bird, staring inland at the city. The Liver Birds, they're called, and folklore has it that they squawk every time a virgin walks by. Driving down from the city centre you veer left beneath the ominously silent Liver Birds and cruise along Wapping Docks, between warehouses and cranes to a small plywood door uncomfortably sandwiched between two smutty trade depots. This is Open Design, freelance printshop and home of the *Liverpool Free Press.*

Liverpool weaned the Beatles. Liverpool fostered the Cavern. Liverpool saw McGough, Henri and Patten safely into Penguins. Then Liverpool sat back and let the world get on with it. Throughout the late sixties no articulate tunes of dissent drifted down the Mersey. In early 1971 a group of disenchanted journalists from the monolithic Liverpool *Daily Post & Echo,* united in a conviction that "profit orientated tycoons shouldn't run newspapers", and their intentions to show "that newspapers on Merseyside are really just a link in the business chain, accepting the values and beliefs of the white business middle class without question", began to publish *Pak-o-Lies,* a viciously accurate underground house journal for the staffs of the Post and Echo. Six months later, in July, *Pak-o-Lies* had grown a little, put on weight, and metamorphosized into the *Liverpool Free Press* — News you're Not Supposed to Know. The idea, says Brian Whittaker, was to publish a radical alternative newspaper "which would be acceptable to a lot of people who weren't used to underground papers". Accepted it was — at a conservative estimate the last issue was read by 30,000 Liverpudlians. A special supplement published by the Free Press Group on the Fisher Bendix occupation last year *sold* 25,000 copies.

"The basic fault with the straight press," expounds Brian "is the system of ownership and editorship designed to present news favourable to the establishment. We're a non-commercial structure; we take joint editorial decisions. Politically, there's no party line. we're trying to be a reflection of *all* the radical left. The old underground press was aiming at the under-25s. We find the *Free Press* more easy to sell to workers than students."

An indictment of local students, that, for the *Liverpool Free Press* is presently the most important newspaper north of London. An unlikely coalition of journalists and interested individuals whose influence on the rest of the provincial alternative press has been, dare I say it, revolutionary. *Free Press* advice and technique helped such Liverpool community papers as the *Tuebrook Bugle* and the *Scottie Press* off the drawing board and into the streets. The Manchester & Bolton *Free Press* both drew direct inspiration from their Merseyside namesake. The *Liverpool Free Press,* more than any other paper, has in seven issues given the term 'provincial alternative press' new and vital definition. It's a definition which *Styng* attempted in Yorkshire, which *Muther Grumble* expounds in Durham, *Grapevine* in Birmingham; and a host of other publications in areas churlishly neglected by this article. It works from a recognition of local identity and an acceptance of provincial function. From the staunch Methodism of the Pennines to those grim remnants of the work ethic hanging darkly over the industrial midlands, the sticks undoubtedly reek of righteous conservatism. But in the grimy terraces lurks an unusual sense of community, a bluff tradition of unity among the deprived; and a confused impression that all is not quite well, despite the straight media's daily assurances to the contrary. These are nebulous reactions, undefined and inarticulate; but in them lie an essential basis for media guerrilla warfare.

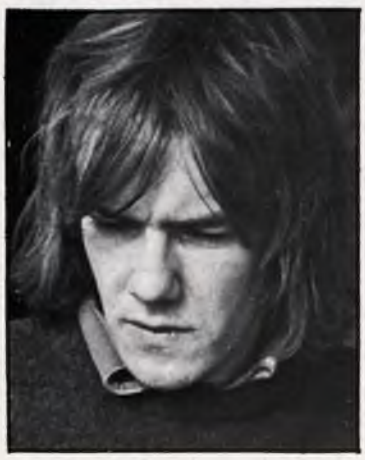


Photo: Pete Tidball

Member of the Liverpool Freep

There But For The Grace Of God...

Illustration ED BADAJOS

5 November 1971, Meshed, Iran:

At least the children have gone to sleep. I told them the Customs men were cross with Mummy and Daddy because they found some hash in our van, and they nodded off in the beds behind the curtain. That leaves more space for the rest of us. It's crowded in this little office, with three soldiers and their rifles to look after Eric and me, and all those policemen, and the Chief of Customs writing away at his desk. Nasty thyroid condition he must have to make his eyes bulge like that.

That oil lamp looks a bit dangerous to me, flickering in the draught. It's cold outside, with the wind howling across the desert. And black. There's a hole in the floor in the hut out back, and the very old Customs man with the scar down his cheek had to show me the way there with his torch a minute ago when I wanted to pee. He wouldn't let me borrow it, in case I bopped him over the head I suppose, and I nearly fell down the hole. Flattering to be thought so dangerous. Those soldiers are taking us very seriously.

Wish Eric and I could talk, but the Chief of Customs understands English. No chance of bribing this lot, even if we had the money; they're super-efficient. Scarface and his henchmen are really enjoying themselves out there in the dark with their crowbars and sledgehammers, smashing up our mobile home. Sounds like a guillotine being erected. They must have taken the engine out by now to get at the stuff in the petrol compartment. Now I can hear them ripping the cupboards out to have a look in the chassis. That loud crash was probably our cute little Dormobile-conversion sink-unit getting knocked for six. At least they'll find six kilos more in there; it'd be pretty galling to know they were wrecking it for nothing. Enter Scarface, hotfoot from the demolition squad; poor dear has blood pouring from his finger; bandages? Certainly, there are some bandages in the van, you mean you haven't found them yet? That's nice, I'm getting an armed escort outside while I salvage the Elastoplast from the debris and bind up his finger for him. A woman's work is never done.

Back to the office. Now somebody's dragging something heavy down the passage. Scarface's fat friend comes in triumphantly hauling the first sackful of booty behind him. Hail the conquering hero. Back out again to get another. Wish he'd shut the bloody door behind him, I'm frozen. Hey, everybody's cheering up now they've found something. Tea? Certainly I'd like a glass of tea, two lumps please. That's better. Scarface has brought the last half-sackful in.

Oh, what an embarrassment for the fat man — several packages of hash have fallen out of his trousers onto the floor, and he can't pick them up without spilling his glass of tea. Scarface sheepishly looks the other way. He stares mutely at Eric and I, a gaze of Christ-like compassion. I know, you were just doing your job. Come to think of it, we were just doing ours. Thank God they've shut the door at last. Teabreak over. It's quite cozy in here now that they've lit another oil lamp and brought all the shivering customs men in from outside. Everybody's squatting around the walls. This is Fatso's big moment. Like a merchant revealing some magnificent tapestry to the enthralled spectators, he tips the first sackful onto the floorboards with a flourish. A hundred oilskin packages descend in a heap. Fatso and the most senior policeman begin to unwrap them. The first pieces get passed around for inspection and approval. Yes, that's right, it is from Nazar—I—Sharif; perhaps you could tell us whose farm it was grown on? They are engulfed in a sea of oilskin and polythene and Sellotape. Division of labour: everybody gets a package to unwrap, except us. It took me days and days to parcel it all up, somebody else can do the work this time. Quite Christmassy for the others, though.

Even the soldiers relax and prop their rifles against the wall, and begin unwrapping parcels. The youngest policeman is busy blowing the tobacco out of a Rothmans. He makes a perfectly competent joint in the American style; nice to know somebody's got some culture around here. At the same time, he's trying to explain that Iranians like him don't ever smoke haschisch. Eric takes a drag and is convulsed by a fit of coughing; I never knew he could act. There are piles of unwrapped hash all over the floor now. Scarface disappears and comes back with the scales.

Our little boy staggers sleepily out from behind the curtain with his potty. He puts it on the floor between two small hills of hash and sits heavily upon it. Almost sleepwalking he totters back to bed. One of the policemen goes outside to empty the potty. Fascinating jobs they've got, I wonder if they deliver babies too, like the English ones. There's something going on outside; a bus must have arrived. The border post is officially closed — it's nearly midnight. American voices in the passage. A crowd of freaks stare in the door. Wow, what a heavy scene, man, and there but for the grace of God.....One of the American girls wants to talk to us. The policemen stub out their joints, put on their pig-faces and start manhandling all the bus passengers back out into the desert. DON'T YOU TOUCH ME THERE YOU FUCKIN' MOTHER-FUCKER! the American girl screams. Ah, liberation. We don't hear anything more. The door at the end of the passage is shut heavily and there's an argument going on outside. What's the use? They're going in the opposite direction anyway, and there aren't any telephones. Eric and I are resigned to whatever comes next. We're given a load of documents to sign in Farsi. Anything to get out of this place together and get some sleep. It's time to wake up the children for the ride in the jeep to the nearest jail. Eric's handcuffed, and then the handcuffs — British ones, we notice with interest — are taken off when they realise he'll have to carry one of the sleeping children. Forlornly, we troop out into the windy night.

Jackie.
(Eric is still in Iran, waiting trial).

MUCKRO

Amadeus Vivek who studied Organic Agriculture at Berkeley looks at the ten basic statements of Macrobiotics

Illustration: LEE HEATER

Western (Christian) civilisation is rapidly nearing its end, presumably to be replaced by a new civilisation. In the twenty-one world civilisations that Toynbee says have existed, there are laws governing all of them. One law is that as a civilisation enters its death throes, a spluttering of tiny funky religions crop up, most of them far-out, short-lived, and anti-establishment. Macrobioticism is one of today's religionettes.

How do we all learn of Macrobiotics? Usually you first hear the word at a private pad or health food store, or visit your local in restaurant. Or a friend who wants to share the True Way lays on a general outline of Macrobiotic theory, soon followed by its publications. When I first came in contact with Macrobiotic theory, I was intrigued and felt compelled to seriously examine it in the light of everything I knew or might learn, about diet and religion. I'm a reasonable sort and open to radically changing my life if logically and spiritually convinced of a new idea, after a pragmatic objective trial.

From their initial positive responses to the basic philosophic outline of Macrobiotics, many hip people went on to accept the theories *a priori* and subsequently accepted their embellishments in the form of shoddy applications of pseudo-scientific nomenclature, never again bothering to doubt or objectively question the basic tenets of their new religion. This offered many benefits: something to believe in and be enthusiastic about. A group of close peers waiting in any city. For those who worked in the mushrooming Macro restaurants, a feeling of doing something good for the world. For those who had previously existed on junk foods, improved health.

But those of us who went on to investigate the basic tenets of macrobiotics felt more and more misgivings about them.

The first group of Occidental Macrobioticists were generally sincere mystics, albeit a bit lacking in information, discrimination or both. They avidly made converts from a larger group of people less intelligent than themselves, who then went on to convert teenyboppers, dumdums, and squares who had never before heard of Yin, Yang, or organic brown rice. This downward directed consciousness has had two bad effects. The first is a decline reminiscent of Christianity's degeneration from the late Egyptian priests' high school of Coptic mysticism down to a Methodist Social. The second effect is the severed communications between Macroters and the hip health heads who have had second thoughts about Macrobiotics or found better dietary or spiritual systems. Since *Reader's Digest* et. al. knocks Sakurazani Nyoichi, alias George Ohsawa, author of most source books, and his theories, Macrotics conclude anyone who disagrees with the theories must be a square. All stupid factions assume that there are two groups of people in the world — us and people dumber than us. The purpose of a Macrobiotic conversion is to convert, not to learn. We anti-Macroters might like to point out faults, but how can one teach or reach a preacher? If we could speak, this is what we'd say:

1) The division of food into Yin or Yang is rhetorically interesting but neither in theory or in practice is it better than classifying food as: phlegmless or phlegmful; pure or impure; sattwa, rajas or tamas; starch, fat protein, vitamin or mineral; or any mystic system one might invent, such as aligning food to the seven holy planets. Eel is Saturnian, honey is Lunar, oil Mercurial, etc. Macrobiotics appear to be ignorant of the multitude of dietary systems that came before them, and uninterested in learning from the mistakes and accomplishments of others.

Note how seldom Macroters read books on the other common dietary schools generally available in health food stores.

BIOTICS

2) I had gullibly believed that a Macrobiotic diet was a Zen tradition, until I lived in Japan, learned to speak Japanese, and visited many monasteries. Conversations with monastic cooks and historians, Alan Watts, and other scholars made it clear that the Zen diet is not now, nor was it ever, Macrobiotic. It is contrary to Zen and general Buddhist thought to give ponderous attention to food, which should be treated with indifference and gulped down quickly. If food is evaluated at all, it is as a visual art form and not a Michelin Star Guide to palatal pleasures or yin/yang.

3) Sakurazawi Nyoichi is not the codifying scholar but the inventor of Macrobioticism which all Japanese, with the exception of his wife, consider a crackpot theory — if they have ever heard of it.

While living in Tokyo, I visited the world's original Macrobiotic restaurant, run by Madame Ohsawa. It was a hangout for rich eccentric foreigners. The only Japanese I saw there were the employees and Madame Ohsawa herself, an interesting if timorous woman. All the dishes on the menu, which the newly arrived foreigners found so exotic, were available at any of the ubiquitous restuarants throughout the city for one third the price.

4) To most people, Macrobiotics in practice merely means adding brown rice to the dregs diet they've been on. But if one could, for a moment, get away from lauding slight improvements in junk diets and from wildly abstract, unproven and irrelevant theories to a clear understanding of absolute food value, it is important to know that eating grains was only introduced about twenty thousand years ago. At that time, some of the more successful cultures wanted to increase their size and power by increasing their population, which required greater food yield for less effort. Grains were the answer. However, these grains were not in perfect attunement with the human digestive system which, over several million years, had evolved to a dietary preference still shared today by surviving primitive men and chimpanzees: fruits, roots, wild vegetables, insects, worms, and occasional mammals. This is usually called omnivorous. Every animal evolves a digestive system perfectly suited to the foods it finds in its ecological niche. E.g. the cow has several stomachs to digest grass. Man is omnivorous and *can* eat grains, for which birds with their built-in huskers are especially well-suited, but grains are really not ideal for man: they make him somewhat soft and sluggish. The speed of evolution (and change in diet preference) depends on the amount of generations, not people.

5) If one faithfully adheres to the yin/yang food list, one will be eating a very unbalanced and not very healthy diet. To those people who think all you need to know about foods is yin and yangness as determined by a Japanese layman, I can only point out that, despite the exaggeration of protein need and the square credo in science, the basic scientific analysis of the composition of the human body and the foods necessary to protect and sustain it can be proved just as clearly as proving 2+2=4 by holding up fingers. Macroters generally classify brewer's yeast, live yoghourt, grapefruit etc. as no-no's, though there have been numerous books written on their beneficial effects. But the most insane forbidden fruit is fruit itself. The main dietary problems of modern man is his constipation, which prevents him from properly expelling wastes and poisons. Although fasting helps, fruit is the purifying and vitamin rich staple which his alimentary canal long ago evolved to digest easily. Why should he have to substitute the high vitamin C content of a couple of oranges with ten times their weight in raw parsley, carrot tops and dandelion? (I have yet to meet a Macroter with such rabbit zeal). Macroters claim that citrus fruits are harmfully

acidic. Are they unaware that in the body citric acid becomes alkaline? Otherwise, those who have done long citrus fruit fasts and the yogis I know who eat nothing but fruit would long ago have perished from all that yin sin. In choosing any diet, excluding the real baddies is much more important than adding goodies. The two baddies that loom above the others are white flour and, most menacingly, white sugar. It has been proven conclusively that if these two substances are removed from a human diet, the balanced, instinctive hunger returns. In the natural state, the pleasure experienced from sweetness on the tongue gives man lust for fruits, the only naturally common food that is sweet. Eating artificial sweets destroys hunger and otherwise degrades the body.

6) In creating the seven progressive diets, Nyoichi wisely suggested, as does yoga, that sudden jumps aren't worthwhile. The difference is that no yogi is ever ill, although yoga amateurs sometimes strain themselves. Macrobiotic devotees are often ill, especially in the higher regimens, where absolutely no fruits or salads are allowed and vegetables make up a paltry 20 or 30% of an otherwise pure cereal diet. The pure rice diet, number 7, is the highest in every sense. Once upon a time, people smoked dope and constantly fretted and freaked about the very real threat of being busted for such innocent delights, dreaming of a legally high future. This dream resulted in some pretty silly legal activities: smoking banana peels, breathing legal aerosols, eating brown rice only, popping any strange pill found lying about, and in short doing anything for a high, the definition expanding to include far more than the simple pleasures of a joint, a tab or a glass of wine. As for eating rice alone, you can get just as high eating marshmallows, or drinking water, which might revive some of the Macroters ailing in the last stages. They drink next to no water, thereby damaging their kidneys and increasing constipation, and go around dying of thirst. Nowadays, since only pushers, politicoa and provincials get busted, most of us can feel safe turning on and can afford to wake up from dreaming of what we already have. We should realise that although clunking yourself on the head with a hammer may give a groovy high, it has deleterious side effects.

7) The organicness of Macrobiotic products is desirable, though overpriced, but it is much more important in fruits and vegetables than in dry goods. The health food store business has stages of growth, like any animal. In most places in the world it was born recently or has yet to be born. California, the business's birthplace, is the only area that has completely outgrown the small-time books, pills and dry goods phase. It has flowered into supermarket boom: fresh organic groceries, fruits and vegetables, meats, dairy produce, everything. In the areas still in infancy, a health food beginner may chance upon a book by one of the phlegm men like Ehret, or the vegetable juicers like Walker, or the moderates like Bircher, Hauser or Bragg. He then becomes convinced that he has found *the* way. As time passes, he meets members of other sects, reads their theories, discovers how small his original sect was, and eventually adopts a well-rounded view of health foods. Those who fall into Macrobiotics are seldom so lucky, or wise. Whether they become experts or never get past the most rudimentary macrotic principles, they stick together and are by far the biggest group. They seem to have been appointed as the Movement's official health food sect, and the stagnating self-righteousness, which is found but soon lost by a beginner in any sect, is only reinforced by the power of numbers.

8) In most parts of the world it is cheaper, more ecologically balanced, and somewhat healthier to eat foods that are in season. But to confine oneself to food grown in the vicinity of one's home is really irrelevant for people living in a society which allows them to breathe smog, watch TV, indulge in hedonistic pleasures, and migrate to subarctic regions. Icelanders need vitamin C as much as anyone; let them have their Israeli oranges.

9) Now to jump from the sublime to the ridiculous: Macrotics claim that bad habits don't matter to them and don't affect their health. To my knowledge, no unbiased scientific investigation has been made to show that the Macrotic diet renders one immune from the debilitating effect of poisonous drugs. Members proffer glorified, isolated miracle cures and the faith roused by an unsurprising improvement in health resulting from kicking hamburgers and coke for vegetables and rice. The A.M.A. gives statistics listing hundreds of Macro deaths, thousands of cases of salt poisoning and dehydration, and numerous Macro-related incidents of rickets, hepatitis etc. An objective observer has to draw from these two opposing propagandas and his personal experience to reach any conclusions. The sheer physical reality is that nicotine, yang as it may be, and alcohol are among the most injurious human habits and the damage they do far outweighs the benefits of any diet whatsoever. Apparently Macroters think they've transcended physical laws, but the Macrobiotic junkies I've met appear to be as confined by the physical demands of heroin as anyone else. The most disturbing lot are the Macro-psychotics. There are catatonics, brain burned babblers, and indiscriminate bomb throwers who really believe that everything's cool if you just keep yangin' along.

10) The final claim is that eating by Macro law will lead to Satori. The only evidence of this is the petty high that malnutrition offers. In all my travels through consciousness, classes and countries, I've never met anyone who's made serious spiritual advancement in this diet, nor even heard of anyone, except from deluded neurotics waxing poetic over the lure of the mysterious Orient they understand so superficially. This Satori bit is just one more in the long list of unverified and rather pathetic minor claims: eating avocados makes you impotent, crying is yin (sweet tears anyone?), ancient foods improve the memory, protein is a bad conductor of vibrations.

The title of Alvin Toffler's book, "*Future Shock*", describes the malady we are all suffering from. Our nervous systems are starting to break down under the tremendous over-input of data and experience. One of the common courses of action a human nervous system takes to prevent its collapse is to escape into an idealised past. I'm not knocking serious religion for serious people. It's the same as it always was. But, just as the Western world is rapidly filling up with dilletante pseudo-artists, there is an exponentially increasing number of people who, as Jung would say, are desperate for anything to believe in. Of all the systems offered for this purpose, Macrobioticism is one of the easiest in required disciplines and most gratifying socially. As a religion it is extremely young, but well-suited to our present, if perhaps ephemeral, social needs. I hope that this article is useful to someone who has just dipped his toes into the Muckrobiotic well. But as regards the long-time addicts — how many people are there who could be induced to overthrow their life style, social system, and economic statures, and admit to having wasted years of work and devotion on pure bullshit, by reason of a mere statement of logic and truth?

Illustration: CLAY WILSON

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Jerry Hopkins investigates the wonderful world of rubbers.

Did you know that condom sales really took a nose-dive when The Pill was introduced, but now that the Pill is losing some favour and several governments are exporting condoms for distribution in overpopulated areas, sales are back where they were and rising? An estimated billion were sold last year.

Did you know that in Japan, where the condom comes in several day-glo colours, it is regarded as an exciting and sex-provoking device? It is the woman who buys the condom and its use becomes an important, rather than bothersome, part of the sexual play.

Did you know that until a few years ago, nearly every condom factory in the Western world was owned or controlled by Catholics?

Did you know that back in the 1930s, Al Capone decided against muscling into the condom business, but Murder Inc. accepted the challenge, extorting a small sum from every gross produced and fire-bombing factories if their owners refused to go along?

Did you know that nobody really knows who discovered the condom? Most give credit to Gabriel Fallopius, the Italian anatomist famous for his studies of the female form. He developed a linen condom which he described in 1564 as a safe, comfortable means of avoiding venereal disease. "From pocket to penis," he wrote, "for protection while pouched."

Did you know that the linen condom was held in place with a bit of colourful ribbon, tied in a firm knot?

Did you know that the date of the condom's manufacture, or a safety expiration date, is often printed on the condom itself, near the open end when it's been unrolled?

Did you know that condoms used to come in three sizes – small, medium and large – but now the industry is fairly standardised, producing product between 7¾ & 8 inches long, between 2 & 2¼ inches in diameter?

Did you know that in Pakistan condoms have been advertised on billboards, and in Italy, on television? The English-speaking world must so far be content with an occasional magazine ad.

Did you know that 40 years ago most condoms had sexist brand names like Romeo, Man-O-War, Hercules, Super Ace, Samsonite, Peacock, Patrician, and Champion? Some are still being sold, but today the trend is towards pseudo-scientific gobbledygook: Rx 707 (an American brand), Durex Coral Supertrans and Durateste Superfine (both British).

Did you know that the first "teat-end" condom – the ones with the little projecting pocket at the head to catch the sperm – appeared in 1901 under the trade name Dreadnought?

Did you know that the most popular condom machine is 350 feet long, and that the product is never touched by human hands until it reaches the consumer?

Did you know that Casanova wrote in his *Memoires* of a friend who, "like a careful man, drew a packet of fine French letters from his pocket, and delivered a long eulogium on this admirable preservative from an accident which might give rise to a terrible and fruitless repentence"?

Did you know that a third material has been added to the traditional latex or sheep-gut used in making condoms? Right. It's plastic. Like disposable gloves, they are made in two pieces and heat-sealed together. They're supposed to have unlimited storage life (most disintegrate in five years) and greater lubricity.

Did you know that the British Standards Institution accepts defective product up to 0.5% of production? Which means that of Britain's total (approximate) output of 100 million condoms last year, half a million had holes in them or broke when stretched.

Did you know that in Germany as well as in other countries that the thrifty may buy a small rack for drying the condom (after using and washing it) and a special powder for dusting it prior to rerolling?

Did you know that the thing that really bugs sewerage workers is the guys who tie the condoms in knots before flushing them? Gases form causing them to inflate – and float through the sewers like dirigibles – and the only way they can be sorted out from all the other waste is by hand.

Did you know that when you see someone get shot in the cinema, with "blood" splashing all over the screen, what you're actually seeing is the detonation of a small explosive charge inside a condom filled with chopped steak and fake blood?

Information generally more useful than that which appears above – and which should satisfy women's liberationists – may be obtained from the following:-

The Family Planning Association, Margaret Pyke House, Mortimer Street, London W1A 4QW. Ask for *Modern Methods of Birth Control* or *Straight Facts about Sex and Birth Control.*

Marie Stopes Memorial Clinic, 108 Whitfield St., London W1P 6BE. Ask for their "Method Slip". The clinic also offers condoms (CBC & Durex brands) by mail.

LR Industries Ltd., Hall Lane, Chingford, London E4. Ask for *Marriages are Made.* (Manufacturers of Durex).

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Book REVIEWS

NARCOTIC PLANTS, by Dr. W. Emboden (Studio Vista £2.80).

If you want to pick a mandrake root, tie it to a dog's neck with a rope, stand at a distance and block your ears before you summon the beast to wrench up the plant, the mandrake lets out a shriek of horror as it's pulled out. All who hear that sound fall dead — so it goes.

Mandragora officinarum grows under gallows. They issue forth from the ground where the semen of the hanged man falls. Thus it comes.

In point of fact, but not in place of phantasy, the mandrake is one of the nightshade and potato family, along with belladonna and the Datura species which include stramonium. (Get it from herbal asthma cigarettes). These plants contain Atropine alkaloids like scopolamine, a "truth serum". With the right dose you get a cloudy and delirious trip crowded with wierd experiences, mostly forgotten in turn. To take too little is just uncomfortable, too much is fatal. Once is enough, and *Datura fatuosa* as good as any.

And yet wise men, and well-tried traditions of consciousness control, like Don Juan and the method he used to turn on Castenada can make these herbs serve a way to a transcendence that really means something.

Majoun and maybe D.P. benefit from a small addition of datura. A spot of scop might go well with acid in the right conditions.

Some, though not enough, of these facts are from William Emboden's new book *Narcotic Plants.* It's an attractive production. Right from the cover photo of a poppy. A hypnotic image, at once, a buddhist mandala, the cross and a tattered red flag. Flipping through it you see plenty of old and new illustrations and 30 odd pages of colour photos of the plants and the ethnic bricker for getting high on them. At the end there's an index, a bibliography and appendices on chemistry and botany — alas, all four incomplete and inadequate as guides for finding further information elsewhere.

It's fact-packed and entertaining all the same — if you're interested.

By some gentle biochemical cooking you can get STP from nutmegs. The essential oils of fennel, aniseed, dill and parsley can also give a variety of mind-blowing chemical hybrids of speed and mescaline if you treat them right.

There are all sorts of (maybe) good trips to be brickered from botanic gardens. *Actinidea polygama,* a specific for cooling out tigers is O.K for us (make a strong tea from the twigs).

Smoking the Madagascan periwinkle gets you stoned but fucks your blood and makes your hair fall out.

The Khat *(Catha Adulis)* they eat out east is a natural source of dexedrine and paranoid Yemenis. Its daily export to Aden led to the setting-up Etheopian Airways ("For highly sympathetic service").

If you are interested then this is a tempting item at £2.80, but don't expect it to live up to its first impressions or the blurb. It may be the only book around that's all about mind-blowing plants and fungi but it has less than 90 pages of text randomly sampling a vast field. Superficially, it's scholarly, with long words and quaint quotations, but more closely it's unsystematic and full of errors and omissions.

Opium a hallucinogen? What about the *Umbelliferaceae?* Where's our famous Wormwood (*Arthemisia absinthia)* and Hemlock? Doesn't he know that you can get smashed on an O.D. of lettuce? "The pleasant taste of cola nuts" is like chewing aspirins. It wasn't the Buddha who cut off his eyelids... etc. etc. O.K. for the coffee *(coffea arabica)* table and showing off your superior experience. A glossy product by a Mandroid who can't have got far beyond the odd joint. Allow a week between ripping it off and giving it away.

Actually the only serious fault is in the author's frequent platitudes and moralising. *"Just as ergot was the scourge of the middle ages, so LSD may turn out to be the scourge of the 20th century, this we may leave to the judgement of history".* Irrelevant crap on several counts. He keeps coming up with variations of the sick myth that the wonderful world of natural trips are just a means by which Man escapes briefly from the miserable conditions of his 'reality'. As though a new and higher consciousness of being in the world couldn't emerge from experiencing it in multiple perspectives. As we say, any state attainable on drugs could be reached without them by control of inner space. But not if you've no knowledge of your destination.

Tell me, Professor... is it your bread scene or your ego that's threatened by alternative realities?

Columbian Indians chewing coca (from Mariani)

THE UNDERGROUND DICTIONARY. Eugene E. Landy, Published by McGibbon & Kee, £1.50.

".....She speaks *good English* , she invites you up into her room, then she *steals your voice* and leaves you howling at the moon....."

Hip slang was "invented" (or rather grew up) for two reasons; to hold people together by giving them a common language which the straights didn't understand; and to escape the confines of *fixed* words, words with static meanings, the sort you find in a dictionary. So Eugene E. Landy has stolen our voice and stuffed it into another dictionary.

Is it any good, though? Gentle reader, any dictionary which acknowledges the help of the Los Angeles Police Department Narcotics Division must be good!

For example:-

piss v. *urinate,* n.1. *Urine,* 2. *Exclamation of disgust* e.g. *Oh Piss!* see *PISSED.*

pain in the arse n. See *EUGENE E. LANDY.*

BENEATH THE CITY STREETS, Peter Laurie. Penguin 45p.

"The fundamental function of civil defence... is the preservation of government."

Ever since Uncle Sam gave the Nips the old one, two, people have been in a cosmic sweat. Threat. Mummy lay smack on you, Daddy shit bombs if you don't behave. Yes, Hiroshima and Nagasaki brought conventional history to a full stop. What next? Throwing up/hands flying through the air. It was enough to make the sedentary English walk to Aldermaston, the sedated sit in Trafalgar Square. The Bomb sweeps into the nightmare displacing suffocation by Subway as top of the twilight pops. Well polish up your buttons, Laurie's warmed over weather report is enough to make a pacifist spit.It gave me the thin shits reading this rehabilitation of the H-bomb. The be all and end all becomes just another canister of CS gas. A little whitewash on the windows and most of us outside the 4 mile limit will be okay. And look how remarkably well our capital equipment withstands blast. All that nonsense about fallout and burning flesh, just froth from hysterical taxpayers. Swept aside by sober research. It's ten years since Spies for Peace blew the gaff but there is still enough fear left to sell a scare even when it's squeezed through an empirical sieve. Look, at worst, an all out but limited 5 megaton attack would kill 37% and given the old phlegm we could be back in a decade. The rain will wash away the dust and deep sea fish will serve instead of Wall's bangers. Community singing and the Home Service will keep us together.

Laurie expects us to swallow the next one like we did the last two. Let's see some stiff upper on your loose and flabby, freaks! Beside the exhausting analysis of military strategy shows that even in these days of infallible computation the weaponry is too inaccurate and uneconomical. We have nowhere near enough to win and far too many just to deter. Submarines are still where it's at. Civilians, leave it to our underseas heroes, conventional warfare will be improved for your recreation and involvement. Complacent, however, we cannot be. A limited affair is

Film REVIEWS

tolerable, but these multiple warheads could destroy even our best laid plans to protect our government. So be prepared and remember wear white if you are frightened of the big flash. The question why doesn't get an air burst until the last chapter. Having been subjected to so many lbs per sq. inch I was beginning not to care. Why? Why spend £1,500 million on building a shockproof shield for 16,000 members of the ruling class?

Why have all these strengthened communication lines, tunnels and deep shelters for the Regional Seats of Government if the military hardware isn't to be used? Why all the Orwellian double-talk? Because we learn on page 250, we live in a permanent arms economy. And there is nothing like a steady job to give you peace of pocket. So the Western alliance sucks us off daily to satisfy its paranoic projects. Projected imperialism in outer space requires the pacification and mystification of the crew of mothership. Conquest of outer and domination of inner in the name of exploration/defence. Janus-like god to be bought with our fucking sweat. But in the basic schizophrenia of the rulers lies our hope. The Egyptians, whose monuments and technology were based on a morbid fascination/fear of death (pyramids and embalming), finally collapsed because their obsessions strung them out. Maybe this lot will get so jumpy that a real threat of revolution or a false alarm will send them scurrying. Concrete down the entrances, move in the video freaks and show the zoo on closed circuit. Ted Heath after three weeks of bully beef. Now I wouldn't mind boring my grandmutants with tales of that. By the way, there is ten tons of T.N.T. for every man, woman and child among us, so why not come down to the Ministry of Defence with me and claim yours?

Dummy Slugs.

MYTHOLOGIES,
by Roland Barthes
(Jonathan Cape £2.50).

Anyone who buys this book expecting to read the adventures of Greek Gods, Celtic Warriors or Red Indian Totems is in for a disappointment. The title is nevertheless accurate, the book is about *modern* myths; the adventures of the Michelin Man and Persil, of Katie and the Silver OXO cubes. If you should buy it by mistake, read it anyway, it's worth the effort.

Roland Barthes is French, *"the leading exponent of semiology, the science of signs and symbols"*. He is also intelligent, witty and very scathing, a combination notably lacking in English academics who on the whole prefer to lick arses.

Barthes sees "myth" as a form of speech which conceals what is really happening in the world (just as the Greek Gods did) like a *"cuttlefish squirting out its ink"*. He finds myth everywhere.

This book, written in 1956, and typically only just translated, dissects myth from an amazing range of sources; newspapers, films, wrestling, cookery books, striptease, travel guides, toys, election posters, soap ads etc. etc. and reveals what lies behind their innocent *"obviousness"*, the *"what goes without saying"*. Each hatchet job is a separate one or two page essay, sarcastic and stylistic.

For instance, *"Operation Margarine"* compares, with a straight face, the sales techniques of the Army, the Church and Stork Margarine.

He values sarcasm very highly, the "condition of truth" in our times. A very un-English attitude; don't we regard sarcasm as "the lowest form of wit"?

Except up North, it is not allowed in England to be serious and humorous, or sincere and sarcastic at the same time. You're expected to kee them apart so as not to frighten people; the mixture is too corrosive for woolly minds.

This book ought to interest everyone involved in the Underground Press (though it probably won't); after all, we did start out to tell people where it's at, behind the crud the straight press throws at us. Didn't we? Huh? Oh well, perhaps not, maybe we just wanted to produce *different* myths; sexier, dopier, rock 'n'rollier myths, rather than do without myths.

Pass the Tolkien luv.

Schraden Giftgas

A DAY IN THE DEATH OF JOE EGG – Directed by Peter Medak. (Columbia, Shaftesbury Ave.)

Since it is characteristic of the times that dwelling on the darker sides of living is considered to be a fun thing to do, this film is very funny; and if I thought that films ever really changed anything (besides the financial situation of actors and directors, I'd be tempted to say that this is quite an important film.

It's an uncomfortable little ride through the wreckage of people's lives — not just through the ruin of Joe Egg's life, the idiot/spastic vegetable daughter of the couple who produced her (Alan Bates & Janet Suzman), but taking in on the way an excursion into the pitiful attempts of the couple to repair, or at least disguise, the broken link between each other.

The nastiness of the jokes prevent it from ever being just a middle-aged ladies sightseeing tour, but the trip gets really heavy in these parts which give us a glimpse from the angle in which the existence of Joe is not the only reason for the marriage's crack-up. "The boat of love breaks up in the current of everyday life" — and Joe is only one small part of their everyday life. There is also the madness of spending your days doing things which leave you empty but exploding (He is a school teacher). Then there's the recognition of your boredom after years of contact with one person, when your love becomes a drug which is killing you.
And the humiliation in trying to resuscitate what has died (to get his hard-on he needs to get her to describe the performance of her previous lovers). Who wouldn't squirm slightly in the seat when seeing even a little bit of yourself slide disembodied past the coach window?
Although this is not a film I will be taking my old Mum to see, it is curiously old-fashioned in its handling of the nastiness. It glorifies nothing, not even violence — because glorification involves making the event mysterious, and in this film even when the father tries to kill of the burdensome vegetable we are made well aware of his reasons. Not only was it an understandable thing to do, but an eminently sane one too. Incredibly, you almost get the impression that Peter Nichols, the man who wrote the original play

continued on page 52...

Joe Egg—"The boat of love breaks up in the current of everyday life..."

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OUTPUT, 1a The Paragon, Bath. 0225 63717

Output is the Bath Arts Workshop Information Service run from the Workshop Shop. We run a 24 hour information service (10p.m. 10a.m. emergency only). We also print a once monthly broad-sheet that falls into two categories. (1) Workshop News and (2) Local community group information.

BLACK BOX NEWS SERVICE, 15 Hope St., Glasgow C.2. 041-221 4750 041-883 3417 (night)

Britain's largest alternative agency supplying socialist, student and alternative press with fortnightly news packets including features and pix covering Scotland and Northern Ireland.

NEXUS, 15 Hope St., Glasgow, C.2. 041-221 4750

A 24hour info/advisory service will be fully operational by July. It is acting as a catalyst in a positive promotion of community self-help groups. It is independent of grants and will be financed by its own projects: Nexus Film Group, shops, cafes and printing services.

TOUCH, 56 Peddie St., Dundee. 0382 643367

Touch operates from a shop cum office. Sometimes we manage to to sell a dusty magazine or politically inspired book from our well stocked shelves. You are welcome to wander in for tea and a rap with us, our Claimants Union or Woman's Group. We are very short of people right now so perhaps you could ring between 11a.m. and 7p.m. and tell us your talent.

ADVISE, 313 Upper St., London, N.1. 01-226 9365

Advise is about to publish the 'Advise Manual' (10p.) It hopes to represent alternative living styles, alternative employment, legal self-defense, urban agriculture and the like. The mag is strictly non-profit giving all monies not put back into the publication into the community. Politically, our editorial policy and practise is grass-roots and socialistic.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES, 152 Camden High St., London, N.W.1.

A lot of people *talk* about your civil liberties, but NCCL *does* something about them. The only permanent and independant organisation in Britain working to protect and extend all our civil liberties. We are financed solely by subscription and donations. If you value your liberty, join the NCCL and join in its work.

PROP, (Organiser Dick Pooley), 96 Victoria Ave., Hull, Yorks.

Preservation of the Rights of Prisoners is an offshoot of RAP (Radical Alternatives to Prison), We are similarly dedicated to reform of the prison system in this country, but are more immediately concerned to give practical support to released prisoners. We are shortly publishing the first issue of PROP magazine. We need support, financial and otherwise.

COUM TRANSMICATIONS, 8 Prince St., (off Dagger Lane), Hull, E. Yorks.

We are an aid and a service and our aims originate from a desire to make people laugh. We convert would be suicides, paranoiacs and schizophrenics by absorbing them into our group.

ACTION-Release Top Floor, 153 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2. 0532 40530

Provides 24hr. free information, advice and referral on legal, medical or social problems like abortion, contraception, drugs, arrest, V.D., rape, rent, Social Security etc. In fact anything you may come to us with. Crawlers are welcome during the day (10a.m. - 6p.m.) for free coffee and conversation, or if you prefer phone us any time day or night.

OUTSIDER, 9 Leonard St., Hull. 0482 20222

Outsider are 8/9 people who do window cleaning, removals, odd jobs, discos, allotments etc. to put money into the community via soup-kitchen, 24hour info help service, house for the homeless and cheap (sometimes free) clothing and furniture shop. This Summer: cheap food, play group, open house for mothers and kids, country cottage (weaving and legal surgery).

CLEVELAND WRECKING YARD, 175 Newcastle St., Bursham, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. 0782 86024

C.W.Y. is 9 months old and functions out of the info service (a community thing centered round Social Security and landlord hassles) We are involved in promoting our own benefits, the fortnightly 'Greasers Ball' and various local college gigs using our own resources and those of Community Music & Music Liberation Front.

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Film REVIEWS

from which the film was taken, wasn't just indulging himself (hippopotamus-like) in nausea and disgust, but was even trying to explain it. So, no economy-class coach tour this! You get a guide thrown in for your money, up the front with his microphone telling you all about the scenery.

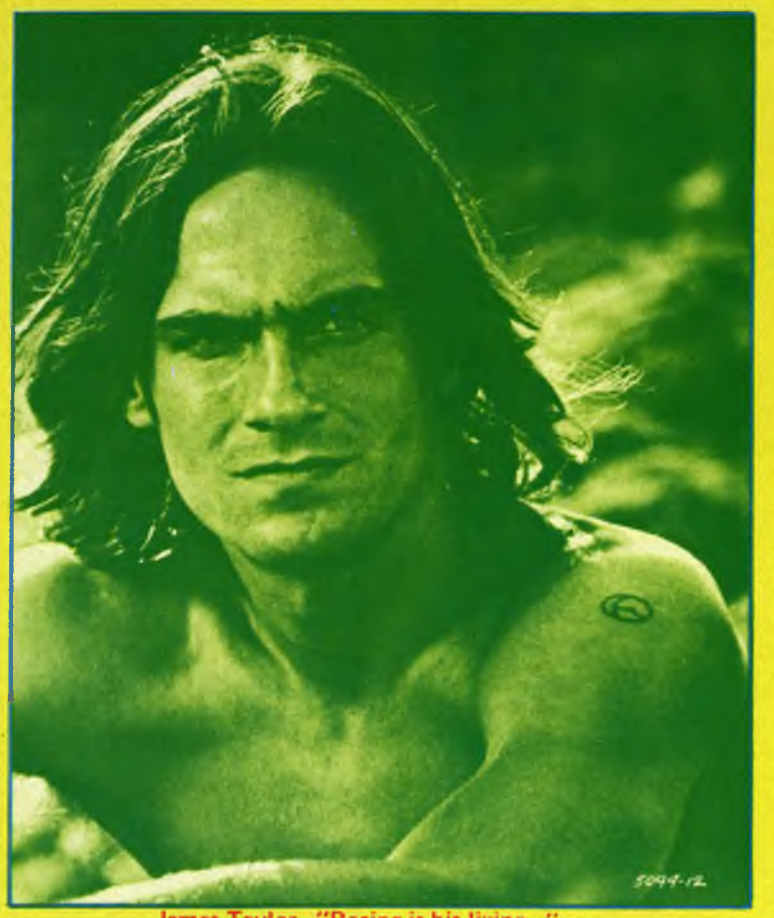
Stuart Wooler

TWO-LANE BLACKTOP,
Directed by Monte Hellman.

It's three years now since Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper went looking for Amerika and discovered a box-office formula. The cult elevation that attended *Easy Rider's* initial appearance, and the inevitable reaction that followed, have perhaps subsided enough for us to look at the film's merits and failings more objectively. If Captain America was really no more than Peter Fonda's fantasy of Peter Fonda, and the film's commercial success was based on the traditional Hollywood pattern of providing the audience with an idealised fantasy-hero, at least Dennis Hopper's direction managed to inject something of the 'underground' film-maker's concern for the medium into mainstream film-making, as well as providing a healthy slice of post-Dylan culture.

The commercial success of *Easy Rider* was also something of a mixed blessing: "looking for America" became a viable commercial proposition, but the carbon cop-outs that followed showed little of the genuine concern for their subject that distinguished the original. (Fonda, to his credit, didn't try to cash in on the *Easy Rider*-syndrome, and followed with a western called *The Hired Hand*, in many ways a more honest film, but a box-office failure). Anyone who has spent much of the past three years in darkened cinemas hoping to see the Great Amerikan Movie and getting yet another helping of second-hand *Easy Rider* mythology is advised not to give up just yet. It takes only one film of real value to justify sitting through all the others, and *Two-Lane Blacktop* is such a film. The only thing currently preventing you from seeing it is the British distributors' apparent reluctance to show it.

The plot of *Two-Lane Blacktop* is minimal. A driver (James Taylor) and a mechanic (Dennis Wilson) in a '55 Chevy, modified for racing.



James Taylor—"Racing is his living..."

Los Angeles at night: a drag-race broken up by the police. They head out of LA going east, looking for marks to take on at 200-300 dollars a race. Racing is their living and their life. A girl (Laurie Bird) gets into the Chevy at a food-stop, and stays. Continuing East, they encounter a 1970 G.T.O. driven by a middle-aged, self-styled hipster (Warren Oates). They take on the G.T.O.: a race to the east coast, for pink slips (the American equivalent of log books). Before long, it is the girl they are competing for, and when she leaves, it is no longer even a competition.

They are just going for speed. The script is credited to Rudolph Wurlitzer and Will Corry, but falls clearly into the pattern of Monte Hellman's previous work: characters about whom nothing is revealed (not even their names), unable to make any real contact with their present situation because of their total denial of the past, and the comparisons to Sartre and Kafka that greeted Hellman's now-classic western, *The Shooting*, apply equally here. Once again, Hellman has taken a *genre* subject and used it to express his own very personal view of human nature. The driver is the one who seems most completely to have denied his past, and is therefore the most total victim — he has effectively destroyed his own existence. While the driver of the G.T.O. uses the chameleon-like defence of changing his identity in each new situation he encounters. (In a film notable for the naturalness of its performances, it is impossible not to single out Warren Oates, who here gives the finest performance of his not undistinguished career.) Only the girl seems to have any real contact with her past/present situation, or displays any capacity for happiness or despair in the present. She goes from the mechanic to the driver to G.T.O. before finally establishing a wordless relationship with a motorcyclist at a foodstop, and goes off with him leaving most of her possessions behind without any apparent concern. She's got everything she needs, she's an artist, she don't look back. The driver, the mechanic and G.T.O. just go on until they burn themselves out.

Hellman has no political axe to grind, nor does he have any freedom fantasies to offer. What *Two-Lane Blacktop* conveys, better than any other film I've seen, is the sense of a particular culture at a particular time, of a society caught in an untenable situation where there's no success like failure and failure's no success at all. The only other comparable film I can think of is Jacques Rivette's *L'amour Fou*, where a rather different kind of life-style was examined with the same sensitivity, but which, like Hellman's film, has yet to be shown here publicly. Maybe the distributors are right to be nervous. After all, who wants to buy an unglamorized life-style?

Clive Hodgson

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW,
(Directed by Peter Bogdanovich)
Curzon Cinema, W1.

The Last Picture Show is a very realistic movie; in other words it's confusing.

Some people will see it as a "camp" film, *"evoking the nostalgic world of the 50's"*. D.A. haircuts and Hank Williams on the jukebox. Others might see it as a romantic view of a Texas oil town; wide windy plains, whisky-drinking hard hats, fighting and fucking; a low-key re-make of *Hud*.

Yet others will see no more in it than a hip Peyton Place.

All these elements are in the film, but if it were not more than these it would be a cruddy film, which it isn't.

All I can say is what I read in the film (regardless of whether Bogdanovich meant to put it there). After all, I'm a propagandist, not an ad-man or an art critic. A film which is at all realistic can be interpreted as you would a real situation.

The placing of the action in Anarene, Texas in the 1950s is not the main point. The fact that it's set in a small community which is being transformed (though the inhabitants are scarcely aware of it) by a new industry (oil) is. The backwoods of Anarene and the phenomenal wealth which can quickly be made from oil, makes it an exaggerated example of a change that has swept the whole Western world since the war. Exaggerated hence easy to grasp. This change which produced our generation of fucked-up freaks, was the appearance of *social mobility* on a massive scale. The process of *"making it"*, *"getting on in the world"* i.e. rising out of the class faction you were born into.

This film could have been made in Romford or Chesterfield or Dagenham (it would just have been a much more boring, greyer film).

The principal characters in the film, Sonny, Duane, Sam, Jaycee and her parents are divided into

Album REVIEWS

those who *made it* and those who didn't. The ones who bought an acre of dirt and the ones who bought an acre of oil.

These oil people are no longer *inhabitants*, they are *colonists;* hanging around to supervise their money machines, en route to Dallas or Houston and State Politics (remember L.B.J.? He was their man at the White House). Like all colonists, they live only to make money; all the cultural and ideological trappings can wait, there's no-one to impress in Anarene. The difference between these worlds is that between a town (or neighbourhood, or street) where everybody knows everybody, meets and talks everyday (if only to exchange prejudices), and a town where a collection of family units grind their separate ways up the status ladder. The difference between old Sam's stories of adultery on horseback, at the swimming hole, and Sonny's furtive visits to the kitchen door while hubby's at work.

The kids live in the gap between these two scenes, and are literally pulled apart by them. They grew up together, went to the same (and only) school; they know whose daddy is screwing their mommy, and they all *want out*. When the crunch comes, of course, they find they're not in the same boat after all; for some the way out is to college in Houston, for others it is stay and rot, work the oil wells or join the army (a career in Korea). In a previous period the class lines would have been sharp and clear from the start, no mistakes possible. But social mobility intertwines them, and untwining them is a painful business.

These kids show us how the Underground arose. To try and solve their dilemma; to assert the value of friendship, of fucking and playing together against this pulling apart by "growing up" i.e. entering the economic world. An enormous and radical task. The irony is that only the lucky ones, the ones who got out could even try it. The guys on the bottom end up as criminals or cops, skinheads or Charlie Mansons rather than beautiful freaks.

The Underground is (or was) "classless" only because we try to forget i.e. *repress* the thing that threatened to divide us, class. Never, having experience real (political) class loyalty, we live in a magic world of "equality" which was fun for a while, but is impotent when attacked by the nasty realities of a class society.

A brave attempt on the part of those who wound up in jail, dead or even just gave up comfortable middle class careers; but it was an imaginary solution to the wrong problem. The point is to remove class divisions, not forget them.

Nostalgia for the '50's is a different way of avoiding the issue, an unambitious and cowardly one, a sign of defeat. It means an imaginary return to a time when for us, the problem didn't exist.

Ted Knob.

THE NEWSREEL PACKAGE: 5 Movement Films from New York Newsreel.
The Woman's Film: 40 min. B/W.
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Felix Revolts: 7 min. B/W.
Hire charge £10 the package. Bookings or more information — Freedom Movement, Box 1983, 19 Gt. Newport Street, London WC2.

FANNY,
Fanny Hill.
Reprise K44174.

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
Eat a Peach,
Capricorn K67501 (double).

Fanny's previous album, *Charity Ball,* may not have been the best album of the last eight months, but it was probably the one I played most, the one that somehow almost seemed to sneak its way onto the turntable when I wasn't looking. It was an album that got to be like a good pair of jeans, something you felt comfortable and easy in, and so I listened to it more often than anything else. Now mighty Kinny has disgorged the new Fanny album, recorded last December at Apple. I've only been wearing it a few days, but it fits fine.

Fanny, as most will know, are the four girl rock and roll band who are the pride and joy of slavering male chauvinist pig audiences and liberated sisters alike. They combine the virtues of a good pop group and a good rock band with consummate ease. The brunt of the singing and songwriting duties are no longer on the shoulders of Nickey Barclay (keyboards), and for my own personal taste that's a trun for the worse, for guitarist June Millington's writing and singing are a trifle too bland. To compensate, they play two borrowed numbers, the Beatles' "Hey Bulldog" and Smokey Robinson's "Ain't That Peculiar" with infinite venom and power and far more conviction than they gave Stephen Still's "Special Care" on Charity Ball.

Good things abound, for example Nickey's caustic "Borrowed Time", a vitriolic look at a posturing rock and roll star featuring her coarse and contemptuous voice at its very best, and brass deluxe from the ubiquitous Jim Price and Bobby Keyes. Or maybe you'd prefer "rock Bottom Blues", a classic '50s style rocker telling of the trials and tribulations of the rock and roll life-style. Alice deBuhr (drums) makes a momentous vocal debut here, sailing into the song with a cutting edge like a buzz saw and a sublime disregard for the niceties of pitch. And for you country rock freaks, there's "The Sound and the Fury" with some lovely (though uncredited) pedal steel. If it's June playing, then Rusty Young and good ol' Uncle Jerry G. better look to their laurels. She plays some pretty fair slide on "Ain't That Peculiar" (currently available as a single), though she sure ain't no Johnny Winter. Nor no Duane Allman.

Despite the loss last year of Duane "Skydog" Allman, coke freak extraordinaire and one of the finest rock musicians ever to pick up a guitar, the Allman Brothers Band keep right on hittin' the note. The ghost of Duane still casts a shadow, though, and 3 of the 4 sides of *Eat a Peach* (subtitled "Dedicated to a Brother") feature his work. The band's other guitarist, Dicky Betts, even overdubs slide guitar at one point on the "new" side.

Two full sides of Eat a Peach are given over to a 35 minute exploration of all the rhythmic and harmonic possibilities of Donovan's "There is a Mountain". Recorded live at the same gig that produced their Fillmore East double, it's a staggeringly fine piece of music that at its best gets you off in the same way as the Dead's "Dark Star". It sounds different each time you hear it, depending on how your own particular vibes are at that given moment, but at those times when you and it are operating on equivalent frequencies (translation: wrecked out of your skull), it's quite magic.

Charles Shaar Murray

It's a hard life in the underground press alright. This issue we had planned to expand our review section to at least six pages covering new films, books, albums and all manner of other bizarre cultural delights. (Not to mention our illustrated 'Rock & Roll Classic Song Strips' and Pinball Palace tour of Soho.) Late advertising orders (stand up the OZ advertising manager), crazy copy schedules and general bad mental arithmetic have meant that all of the above plus reviews of new albums by Jim Capaldi, Steven Stills, The Bunch, Elton John and Lightning Hopkins will have to wait until next time around. blah, blah, blah,

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blaaaaaaah!

Love, Peace, Acid, Beads, Crashpads, Lightshows, Arts Labs, Karma, Incense, Grateful Dead & Far Out!

Warren Hague.

Join the Revolution and see — what? Two years ago, freaks began to join the political Revolution in earnest. Now, whenever there is a demo against internment in Northern Ireland or against the Industrial Relations Bill or any other cause dear to the Left, freaks are there in force. How did we get there? We used to see these things in a different light; we had a different scale of values. We joined the politicos because we sensed a need for some political structure in order to fight the attacks of straight society upon our life-style. Woodstock impressed us with what we could do with numbers. We were against capitalism so we adopted the politics of the Left. And some of the Left started adopting our life-style and brought their politics to us. How it happened is not important. What is important is do we like where we are now?

The statement of our values is "dope, rock'n'roll and fucking in the streets". We know what we mean by this even if straights don't. We also know how hard it is to achieve what we want. But if we really dobelieve in the transformation of society by the transformation of individuals, then we have to fight for our rights to live by our values. Have we been fighting for these rights? I think not.

We have supported the I.R.A. But how would any of us fare at their hands? They have attacked dopers and beat-up women who court British soldiers. No-one could seriously state that the I.R.A. want a free society or that they would tolerate us. The same is true of the Protestants. So why are we involved?

And the working class? Have we not romanticised them? Are they not, on the whole, rednecks as committed to capitalism as that arch-redneck, Edward Heath?

Trade Unions, the Labour Party, I.M.G., I.S., C.P. — all these groups represent power struggles alien to us because we do not want power. What we want is freedom — freedom to break out of the structures we have been taught and do what we want to do. Freedom to be what we want to be.

Dope and sex are revolutionary activities. Revolution in the most immediate and personal way. We have built a way of life based on the awareness gained from drugs and sex and if we have learned anything, surely it is that freedom is anarchy. Rules, duty, obligation, responsibility, order — all these ideas limit us and ultimately limit all mankind. All these things serve to maintain power structures and the desire for power created Charles Manson — not drugs and sex.

Hippy murderers are as rare as people jumping out of windows on acid. Yet, it is illegal to use acid because of that sort of superstition and myth. All of us face arrest and imprisonment daily, simply because we use the drugs of our choice — drugs that every commission set up by Governments in the UK, US, and Canada have described as not being harmful. In all our concern about internment in N. Ireland, have we marched in our thousands to protest the imprisonment of drug-users and dealers? In Canada, the most conservative newspapers are editorialising in favour of complete legalisation of cannabis. The *Montreal Gazette* said this would be "the triumph of reason over superstition and myth". In Europe, you can be sent to prison for writing favourably about smoking hash.

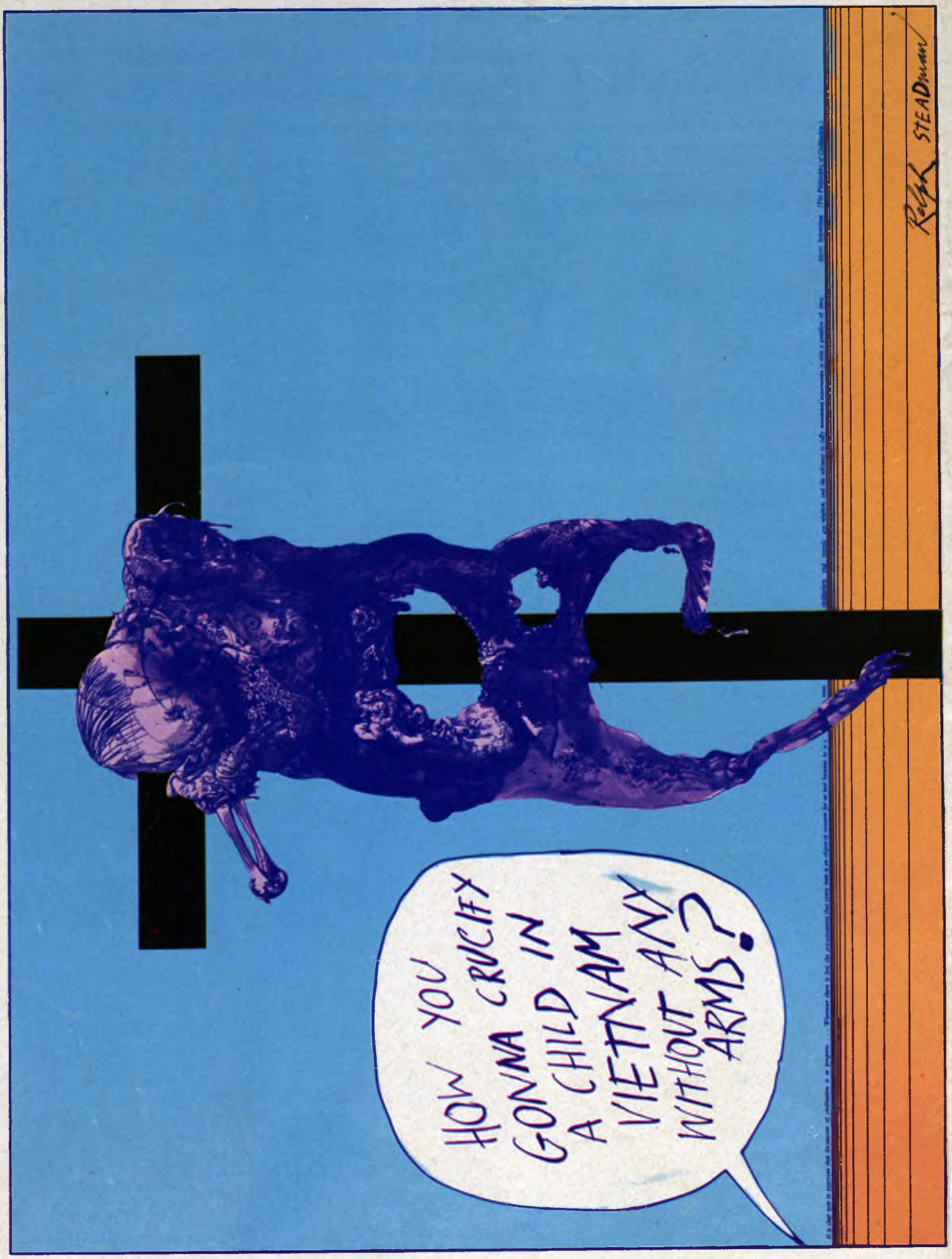
Writing favourably (and honestly) about sex is also a big no-no. So much sexual activity is illegal or frowned-upon that choice is effectively limited for most people to heterosexual marriage. Institutionalised sex leads to institutionalised relationships. We have experimented with sex to the extent that we know more about it than anyone else. What we have learned is that there is an infinite variety of sexual relationships and sexual activities. We do not want to be confined to roles approved by State, Church or Majority. Unfortunately, many people in Women's Lib and Gay Lib insist on their own versions of approved roles. I think Gay Lib is the best thing to have happened to heterosexuals this century. It has helped to break down the notion that the sexes are so different that male and female human beings are alien to each other. It has also helped to break down the isolation that develops between persons of the same sex because of role-playing. Yes, I think Gay Lib has been great for heterosexuals, bisexuals and homosexuals, but I am no longer a member. I do not go to Gay Lib because I see an insistance on a specific role for homosexuals that doesn't fit me and a political stance that is removed from reality. The Quakers recently passed a resolution calling for the age of consent to be lowered to 14. If Gay Lib had a concern for all homosexuals it would actively campaign for this. But it doesn't and like drugs, sexual freedom doesn't get the energy it deserves.

The Night Assemblies Bill, the new drugs act and the use of the Obscene Publications Act hit out at us. There are campaigns such as the Festival of Light and others directed at making life more difficult for us. Are we fighting back? Should we be directing our energy and creativity to the things that concern us or should we wait until the Revolution is accomplished? If the Revolution happened tomorrow, we would be dead in concentration camps or mental homes. Until you and I are free to have "dope, rock'n' roll and fucking in the streets" without fear, we will remain within the limitations of our own fear. Perhaps, we should have another smoke-in in Hyde Park this summer. Perhaps we should also form a Freaks United Party to campaign for these rights. We don't want to be rich and we don't want to be powerful. But to get what we want, we will have to be united. If we are not united soon, we will be done in by the Right now, or the Left later. I want the Revolution to happen but I want to survive it.

Will the real Mr. Greer please stand up?

Not quite; but we did try. 'Germaine Greer's Husband Reveals All' lied the second issue of Cosmopolitan, which revealed nothing, not even a navel, and sold out. Paul du Feu ('Mr. Greer') was just as angered by Cosmopolitan's rip-off as their readers, and agreed to pose erect for OZ. But every time his prick was ready, our photographer wasn't. Here's Paul at half-mast (which is better than no mast at all).

Photo: CARLOS SILVESTRO



It is clear now to everyone that the suicide of civilisation is in progress... Wherever there is lost the consciousness that every man is the object of concern for us just because he is a man, civilisation and morals are shaken, and the advance to fully developed inhumanity is only a question of time... Albert Schweitzer

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OZ

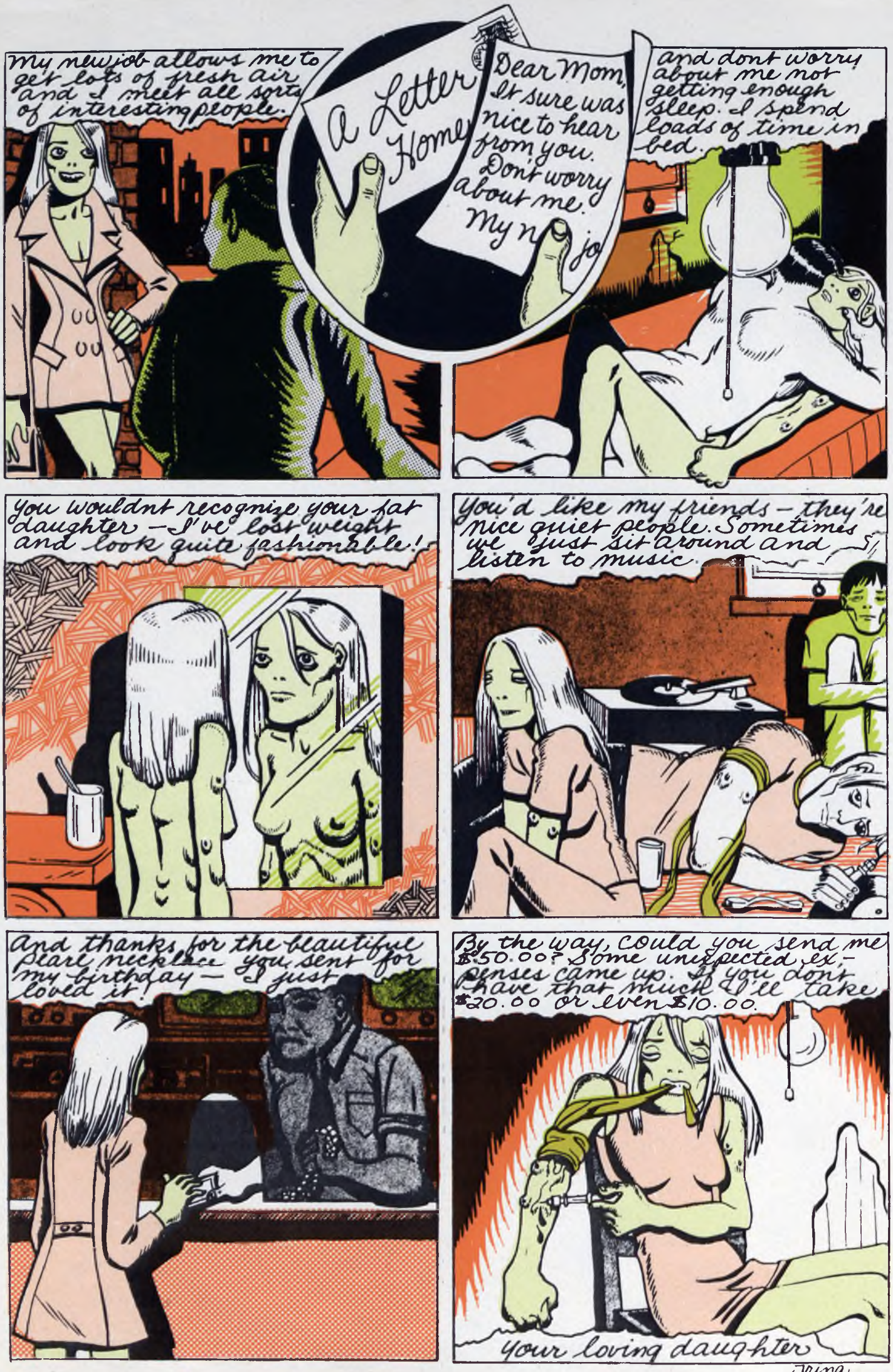
A LETTER FROM MICHAEL X

ANARCHY: NEW LEFTS FOR OLD

VAN GOGH: A HEAD OF HIS TIME

BALI: HIPPY PARADISE JUNGLE

"The Devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." — Revelation of St. John [12.12]


My new job allows me to get lots of fresh air and I meet all sorts of interesting people.
A Letter Home
Dear Mom, It sure was nice to hear from you. Don't worry about me. My n jo
and dont worry about me not getting enough sleep. I spend loads of time in bed.
You wouldnt recognize your fat daughter — I've lost weight and look quite fashionable!
You'd like my friends — they're nice quiet people. Sometimes we just sit around and listen to music.
And thanks for the beautiful pearl necklace you sent for my birthday — I just loved it!
By the way, could you send me $50.00? Some unexpected expenses came up. If you dont have that much I'll take $20.00 or even $10.00.
Your loving daughter
Irina

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OZ

Dear Reader,

This issue may have reached you fractionally late. Believe us when we tell you it almost never reached you at all.

Beads, acid, karma, Sharon Tate etc....

The OZ Collective

ILLUSTRATION: JOSHUA THOMAS

And now I understand what you tried to say to me,
How you suffered for your sanity,
How you tried to set them free.
They would not listen,
They did not know how -
Perhaps they'll listen now...

'Vincent' by Don McLean. Published by U.A. Music Ltd

A LETTER FROM AN IDLE FELLOW

Vincent Van Gogh wrote this letter to his brother Theo some time before he had begun to paint, and after working as a preacher in the Borinage mining district of France.
Ten years to the day from writing this letter, he commited suicide.

My Dear Theo, Cuesmes, July 1880.

As moulting time - when they change their feathers - is for birds, so adversity or misfortune is the difficult time for us human beings. One can stay in it - in that time of moulting one can also emerge renewed; but anyhow it must not be done in public and it is not at all amusing, therefore the only thing to do is to hide oneself. Well, so be it.

***

Now for more than five years — I do not know exactly how long — I have been more or less without employment, wandering here and there. You say, since a certain time you have gone down, you have deteriorated, you have not done anything. Is this quite true?

It is true that occasionally I have earned my crust of bread, occasionally a friend has given it to me in charity. I have lived as I could, as luck would have it, haphazardly. It is true that I have lost the confidence of many; it is true that my financial affairs are in a sad state; it is true that the future is only too gloomy; it is true that I might have done better; it is true that I've lost time in terms of earning my bread; it is true that even my studies are in a rather sad and hopeless condition, and that my needs are greater — infinitely greater — than my possessions. But is this what you call "going down", is this what you call "doing nothing"?

***

For the moment it seems that things are going very badly with me, and it has already been so for a considerable time and may continue awhile in the future; but after everything has seemed to go wrong, perhaps a time will come when things will go right. I don't count on it, perhaps it will never happen; but if there is a change for the better, I should consider it so much gain, I should be contented, I should say, At last! you see *there was something after all!*

But you will say, Yet you are an intolerable being because you have impossible ideas about religion and childish scruples of conscience.

If my ideas are impossible or childish, I hope to get rid of them — I ask no better. But this is approximately what I think on the subject. In *Un Philosophe sous les toits*, by Souvestre, you will find how a man of the people, a simple miserable labourer, imagines his own country. "Perhaps you have never thought what your own country really is," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder. "It is everything around you, everything that has brought you up and nourished you, everything you have loved; those fields that you see, those houses, those trees, those young girls laughing as they pass — that is your country! The laws that protect you, the bread which rewards your labour, the words you speak, the joy and the sorrow that come to you from the people and the things among which you live — that is your country! The little room where you used to see your mother, the memories which she has left you, the earth in which she reposes — that is your country! You see it, you breathe it, everywhere! Figure to yourself the rights and the duties, the affections and the needs, the memories and the gratitude; gather it all under one name, and that name will be your country."

I think that everything which is really good and beautiful — of inner moral, spiritual and sublime beauty in men and their works — comes from God, and that all which is bad and wrong in men and in their works is not of God, and God does not approve of it.

But I always think that the best way to know God is to love many things. Love a friend, a wife, something — whatever you like — you will be on the way to knowing more about Him; that is what I say to myself. But one must love with a lofty and serious intimate sympathy, with strength, with intelligence; and one must try always to know deeper, better and more. That leads to God, that leads to unwavering faith.

To give you an example: someone loves Rembrandt, but seriously — that man will know there is a God, he will surely believe it. Someone studies the history of the French Revolution — he will not be unbelieving, he will see that in great things also there is a sovereign power manifesting itself. Maybe for a short time somebody takes a free course at the great university of misery, and pays attention to the things he sees with his eyes and hears with his ears, and thinks them over; he, too, will end in believing, and he will perhaps have learned more than he can tell. To try to understand the real significance of what the great artists, the serious masters, tell us in their masterpieces, *that* leads to God; one man wrote or told it in a book; another, in a picture. Then simply read the Gospel and the Bible: it makes you think, and think much, and think all the time. Well, think much and think all the time, it raises your thoughts above the ordinary level without your knowing it. We know how to read — well then, let us read!

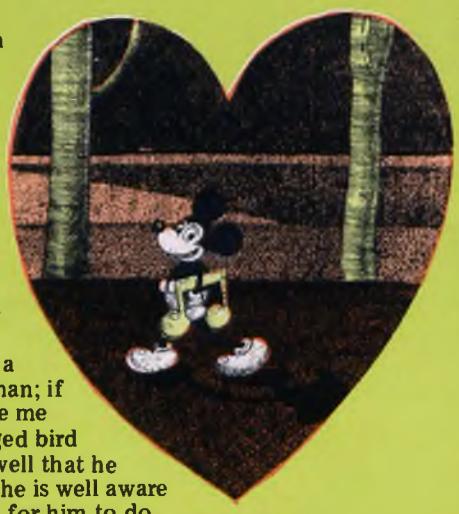
It is true that there may be moments when one becomes somewhat absent-minded, somewhat visionary; some become too absent-minded, too visionary. This is perhaps the case with me, but it is my own fault; maybe there is some excuse after all — I was absorbed, preoccupied, troubled, for some reason — but one overcomes this. The dreamer sometimes falls into a well, but is said to get out of it afterward. And the absent-minded man also has his lucid moments in compensation. He is sometimes a person who has his reasons for being as he is, but they are not always understood at first, or are unconsciously forgotten most of the time, from lack of interest. A man who has been tossed back and forth for a long time, as if on a stormy sea, at last reaches his destination; a man who has seemed good-for-nothing and incapable of any employment, any function, ends in finding one and becoming active and capable of action — he shows himself quite different from what he seemed at first.

I write somewhat at random whatever comes to my pen. I should be very glad if you could see in me something more than an idle fellow. Because there are two kinds of idleness, which are a great contrast to each other. There is the man who is idle from laziness and from lack of character, from the baseness of his nature. If you like, you may take me for such a one. On the other hand, there is the idle man who is idle in spite of himself, who is inwardly consumed by a great longing for action, but does nothing, because it is impossible for him to do anything, because he seems to be imprisoned in some cage, because he does not possess what he needs to become productive, because circumstances bring him inevitably to

Collage: Martin Sharp

Collage: Martin Sharp

that point. Such a man does not always know what he could do, but he instinctively feels, I am good for some thing, my life has a purpose after all, I know that I could be quite a different man! How can I be useful, of what service can I be? There is something inside of me, what can it be? This is quite a different kind of idle man; if you like, you may take me for such a one! A caged bird in spring knows quite well that he might serve some end; he is well aware that there is something for him to do, but he cannot do it. What is it? He does not quite remember. Then some vague ideas occur to him, and he says to himself, "The others build their nests and lay their eggs and bring up their little ones", and he knocks his head against the bars of the cage. But the cage remains, and the bird is maddened by anguish.



"Look at that lazy animal," says another bird in passing, "he seems to be living at ease."

Yes, the prisoner lives, he does not die; there are no outward signs of what passes within him — his health is good, he is more or less gay when the sun shines. But then the season of migration comes and attacks of melancholia — "But he has everything he wants," say the children who tend him in his cage. He looks through the bars at the overcast sky where a thunderstorm is gathering, and inwardly he rebels against his fate. "I am caged, I am caged, and you tell me I do not want anything, fools! You think I have everything I need! Oh! I beseech you liberty, that I may be a bird like other birds!"

A certain idle man resembles this idle bird.

And circumstances often prevent men from doing things, prisoners in I do not know what horrible, horrible, most horrible cage. There is also — I know it — the deliverance, the tardy deliverance. A justly or unjustly ruined reputation, poverty, unavoidable circumstances, adversity — that is what makes men prisoners.

One cannot always tell what it is that keeps us shut in, confines us, seems to bury us; nevertheless, one feels certain barriers, certain gates, certain walls. Is all this imagination, fantasy? I don't think so. And one asks, "My God! Is it for long, is it for ever, is it for all eternity?"

Do you know what frees one from this captivity? It is every deep, serious affection. Being friends, being brothers, love, that is what opens the prison by some supreme power, by some magic force. Without this, one remains in prison. Where sympathy is renewed, life is restored.

And the prison is also called prejudice, misunderstanding, fatal ignorance of one thing or another, distrust, false shame.

But to speak of other things, if I have come down in the world, you, on the contrary, have risen. If I have lost the sympathy of some, you, on the contrary, have gained it. That makes me very happy — I say it in all sincerity — and always will. If you hadn't seriousness or depth, I would fear that it would not last; but as I think you are very serious and of great depth, I believe that it will. But I should be very glad if it were possible for you to see me as something more than an idle man of the worst type.

Illustrations: Martin Sharp

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For the present, I shake hands with you, thanking you again for the help you have given me.

Ever yours, Vincent.

Michael Abdul Malik, Michael X, is being held in the Royal Gaol, Port of Spain, Trinidad, charged with the murder of Gale Benson and Joseph Skerritt. He is being treated as a political prisoner. Michael's long fight to establish free communities like the Black House in London, and the Free University in Trinidad, and his unwillingness to accept economic and racial oppression have led him to this small cell in Trinidad where he is now fighting to save his life. The media has had an orgy with the muddled facts surrounding this case, and we hope that this letter which Michael was finally able to get to us via his lawyer, Kenneth Foster, will help shed some light on what is really going down in Trinidad, and get Michael a fair trial and the freedom that will follow. Dan Richter

Michael X: "Murder is an absurd suggestion."

Statement written by Michael Abdul Malik, Royal Gaol, Port of Spain, Trinidad, May 1972.

The first part of this little note may seem on the surface as a litany of complaints, but complaining as such is far away from my mind. I relate the following picture so you who are faraway may see and get a clear picture of what's really happening here.

First you must be aware that this is not a criminal trial, it is political. Murder as a charge in relation to myself, is an absurd suggestion. When I was brought back to Trinidad, I was put in a stone and concrete cell six foot by twelve foot, with no bed or any other type of furniture, this should speak for itself, I remained on the concrete floor for twelve days. My lawyers made representations to the Chief Justice and the Prisons Commissioner and I was finally given a little bed with fibre filled mattress, no sheets or pillow case, this is the situation to this day three months later, our constitution states that as a remand prisoner I am entitled to a light to read by, a copy of the Quoran as a Muslim, and the diet of a Muslim, table, chair, but none of these things are allowed me, my usual two hundred and five to two ten pounds is now down to 159 one hundred and fifty nine, since coming in here I have not eaten any food, I sometimes eat a few biscuits and milk or sugar water with a bit of citrus squeezed in it, this we call "juice", or a piece of cheese or butter substitute.

Sometimes I go for a week or nine days on water only, it it over three months now I am in this situation. They say there will be a decision in about a year. I go to court now about three times a week on average. To travel the 18 miles to court, I am escorted by 25 armed policemen with modern SLRs, self-loading sub machine guns. Around the court stand 68 heavily armed uniform men, inside are twelve more with side arms and ten with riot staffs, I am curious how many are around in civilian dress. My lawyers are harassed directly and indirectly, like for example a three hundred dollar demand or personal violence for a taxi bill or on the other hand a refusal by Immigration to allow my lawyer's clerk entry into the country, noting by the way he had been in four times before, working and researching in my defence. Mr Regis the clerk is an accredited member at Lincolns Inn, London. My situation is made difficult even more by a hold up at gun point of my wife and seizure of my diaries and address book and her diary and address book by the police. The almost finished manuscript of my new book was seized and destroyed and strewn about my yard by the Police when they occupied my property, I am not allowed to write bar on two tiny forms weekly and there I must say nothing of my health or weight or conditions in prison. I am not allowed to go into the sunlight for exercise as is the custom for other prisoners, nor can I get any answers as to why I must endure such harsh punichment, particularly as I am not convicted of any crime.

My wife on occasion visited me here in prison in the company of a local person, on leaving the prison they are picked up by the police and interrogated as to what "part they are playing in the Revolution" some are kept for many hours, the result, people are very frightened. Even hotels have refused to grant accomodation to my wife who is in an advanced state of pregnancy. She was refused admittance in 14 hotels. I have since advised her to go, and remain in Guyana, the country of her birth, with my four daughters.

The picture I have shown is one of Trinidad today. This beautiful Caribbean country is now described as a police state, 14 years after independence from England, our country has been in an officially proclaimed State of Emergency for the past year. On my arrival in Trinidad January 1971 I began working on a Social and Agricultural Programme, with large gifts of money from people like you John Lennon and your wife Yoko Ono who came and witnessed at first hand some of our work, we were able to alleviate much poverty in what is essentially quite a rich country (oil rich). With hard work and much patience I gained in passing a large following of the ordinary people and many enemies, the present administration is afraid. They are parading 24 or more witnesses against me on one charge of murder, that of a local man, and 40 witnesses on another charge of murder, this one being an English woman. To defend myself legally in this protracted legal battle will bear enormous costs which I cannot afford, at present two lawyers from St. Lucia, Mr. Kenneth Foster and Mr. Leo Regis his clerk who are knowledgeable of the Caribbean scene and who believe in my innocence have taken up the cause at considerable expense to themselves, they can be reached at Box 218 Castries, St. Lucia, West Indies. Mr. Foster is also the leader of the opposition party in St. Lucia, I ask of you my friends to send to me at the Royal Gaol, Port of Spain, Trinidad, what assistance you can, and hope that one day we may see and serve each other again.

Yours in Peace,
Michael Abdul Malik.

I wish to further request you to spread this information and write me. M.

The retaining cost has been estimated at 25,000 dollars.

Illustration: David Sparling

Words of wisdom...

Dear Readers: Too many of your letters are long and boring, and we're running out of blue pencils. Keep it short and snappy, huh? Mark the envelopes 'Words of Wisdom' and mail to: OZ Magazine 19 Gt. Newport St London W C.2

Dear OZ,
What the BLOODY FUCK has happened to OZ? while I've been away? What's happened to the good ol' dope crazed, SEXIST beautifully badly printed, horny, long-haired OZ that used to be?

Where has the depraved filth of Acid, Hells Angels and the notorious School Kids Oz got to?

What I'm saying you Rolls-driving fascists is that OZ was once a darned good (bad) mag but since the fame of School Kids you have gone hi-class, you've become SOPHISTICATED and OZ is laid out like Woman's Own. Just take a look at number 42 with a cover like family circle. The first pages were full of bummy crap letters from pissy women's liberationists who appear to have taken OZ over. All the articles have lost that old OZ touch and gone soppy and sympathetic, none of yer good ol' SADISTIC goodies, none of yer hard-to-read print that taught you how to grow goodies and sixty nine and worst of all, no perverted, glossy, horny pix that adorned your pages that first brought you bread from the loyal 1%-ers. I ain't gonna give you me name and address, I'm just sayin' if you see a guy walking London's fair streets with a placard saying "NEW LOOK OZ, THE EXPENSIVE BOG PAPER", you'll know who it is.
Big R

Dear OZ,
Why have the early experiments with different formats, such as the flowerchild poster (no 5), the fold-out cover (4), the stickers (11) and the Magic Theatre OZ (16) given way to such a standardised presentation? And the price is far higher than any other British u/g paper (as, no doubt, are your profits).

I'll still keep reading you anyway (I can't forget the feeling of liberation I got when I read no. 6 and found the underground) but think it over.

Fraternally,
Rod

Dear OZ,
While I was in Borstal I read your Schoolkids Issue everyone in there dug it. Yes even the skinheads. While in Borstal I worked in the local factory and various other places. I took OZ to the factory. The manager of the maintenance dept took it away and said it would upset the workers. He then locked himself in his office and spent the afternoon reading it.

I think you're a bit isolated. Please don't keep saying the underground is dead.

Yours sincerely, *C.J. Bowers*

Dear OZ,
OZ seems to have a strange self-defeating philosophy based on support of both decadence and revolutionary change.

Unfortunately change cannot successfully be restricted to give a perpetual compromise between liberty and oppression, although in this country we have, at the moment, a system which permits you, if grudgingly, to assault its politics and morality.

Whatever else you defeat, with your present attitude you will also defeat yourself, the counter culture you support and any worthwhile principles it encompasses.

I make particular reference to some of the advertisements in OZ 42, inviting people to buy child pornography. In itself, this is just a grubby little perversion by any standards, but probably harmless if indulged alone and in private, but far from satisfying such peculiar desires it almost certainly encourages the occasional voyeur to become more deeply enmeshed in his perversion, and the fanatic to put his desires into practice with horridly damaging result. To find such things in a publication also tends to discredit any serious articles in it.

Power to Reason.
Pete Carroll,
34 Fairfield Gardens,
Portslade,
Sussex.

Dear OZ,
A few words about Warren Hague's article. I'm not a hippie, insofar as I don't want to smoke dope or fuck in the streets but I support his desire for the freedom to do these things. However, he's being more than a little naive if he thinks he'll get that freedom without power. What will a smoke-in or a Freax United Party achieve? Will our democratically elected representatives accept that a lot of people want the freedom to be themselves — they haven't so far — and so democratically allow it? I think not; "democracy" is just the sugar coating for an emerging

1984 type society dominated by Centrist politics, consumerism, and a police army force ever alert for subversion of the public's minds and bodies, and the folks who own and run this and every other "democratic" country know that the construction of real personal freedom is the dissolution of the chains that bind us to them — education, morality, security, money and all the rest of it. And if these chains are gone so's their power and they want power, even if you don't Warren.

I agree from experience that the majority of the working class are rednecks committed to Capitalism, one way or the other; there might be enough working class revolutionaries to make the revolution, but not to sustain it. Any revolution will not only have the non-liberal bourgeoisie, high finance and Frank Ritson and Robert Mark's jolly lads against it, but also the apathy or opposition of many members of the working class to contend with, and a revolution facing all that opposition (just as Britain and a successful revolution will have to do better than that) is going to be a bastard. So even though revolutionaries don't like dopers or collaborators, perhaps with good reason, and even though the revolutionary working class don't much like hippies, you'll have to accept that they'll be the ones with the power when there's a successful revolution (and you'd better not sit around grumbling if there's an unsuccessful one) and you'll still be in the same powerless boat wanting "dope, rock'n'roll and fucking in the streets". That is, unless you decide that the only chance you have of achieving your own rather limited revolution and surviving it is by helping your more active brothers and sisters to bring about the real revolution.

Chris Kemp
25 Minver Road, Liverpool

Dear OZ,
I am sick of opening OZ and seeing letters from people complaining about the standard of your mag. These people are talking out the back of their arses. I think that every time a new OZ comes out it is better than ever. So come on all you so-called OZ friends, write in and let's see a word of praise for a change, for the best fuckin' mag ever.

S. Fletcher,
Bedford.

Dear OZ,
At last one of your correspondents, Warren Hague, has kicked all this political shit right up the arse. His article (OZ 42) really puts the Left in its proper position. We anarchists (the real freaks) all know that the Right are real pigs but they do show their piggishness. The so-called "libertarian Left" however, are far more underhand. These cunts really believe in the same doctrine as the Right, but deliberately con people by their superfluous skin-deep 'libertarianism' to stop them joining real revolutionaries. These cunts are our biggest enemies.

So let all freaks, whatever their creed, join arms and fight this fucking system until it is obliterated for ever.

So can you, OZ, our mouthpiece to the outside world, give us some more articles like Warren Hague's. If you do you will show your true libertarianism.

Love to all you beautiful freaks all over the world.
Kev
2, Highclere
Sunninghill Berks

Dear Oz,
Thanks to Amadeus Vivek for describing so vividly the kind of crackpot ideas about Macrobiotics that pervade much straight and hip thinking, both in the States and to a lesser extent in Britain. It is obvious from his article that he has been strung out on some kind of macromadness himself, and it is no wonder that he is now so frenziedly uptight about Macrobiotics. I have been Macrobiotic for six years, but if I had to practice the masochistic variety that he describes I'd burn my chopsticks in protest.

Sure there are people who wrap up their own neuroses in a web of yin and yang and fanatic fantasy; Amadeus's article is an excellent clinical analysis of the aberration. It's amazing how a person can twist anything to fit his particular interpretation of the universe. For example: Amadeus says fruit is forbidden in Macrobiotics. Fact: George Ohsawa, author of the basic guidebook, Zen Macrobiotics, advises that you can eat up to 15% fruits and salads, and up to 45% fruits and salads if you are a vegetarian, and maintain excellent health. So why does Amadeus say fruits are forbidden? Perhaps because in the case of diets to cure severe sickness, fruits are frequently excluded. Most macrobiotics enjoy fruit freely and regularly, especially in season.

Most of Amadeus' article reflects the masturbatory attitude to food of people with heavy oral retentive problems and nothing to do with their time. So they sit around playing with their food throughout their waking day. The vast majority of Macrobiotics understand food is an important aspect of their lives and take sensible steps to ensure that their food is of as good a quality as possible. But they spend by far the greater part of their time living — actively working, creating or whatever, but not wandering off to Japan or wherever seeking satori in a bowl of rice.

Please Amadeus. The idea of Macrobiotics is to kick habits: tobacco, alcohol, white sugar, drugs, and compulsive eating. Where you get the idea that macrobiotics is a way to take junk without tears is a wonder to me. Don't believe everything that people tell you, even junkies.

And do we have to give up our grains, beans, vegetables, fruits and occasional animal and dairy food for the more natural dietary preference of apes you mention as "fruits, roots, wild vegetables, insects, worms, and occasional mammals", just because grains have been on man's menu only 20,000 years (?) and chimpanzees can't get it together to cultivate them? Of course the successful cultures grew grain: that way they had food during the winter.

And maybe the "first group of Occidental Macrobiotics were sincere mystics", for what it's worth. And perhaps, as Amadeus also says, they went on to convert the less intelligent, then the "teenyboppers, dum-dums, and squares." Good on them. Reading this sort of crap makes me proud to call myself a macrobiotic teenybopper dum-dum square sincere mystic. And I agree with Amadeus when he says that "All stupid factions assume there are two groups of people in the world — us and people dumber than us." What kind of faction is he that he even goes on to classify the dummies? Shove the elitism, Amadeus. You should have learned better at Berkeley.

I can see the advantages of OZ publishing criticisms of the more extreme aspects of dietary thinking, especially if it leads to a more constructive set of attitudes about natural foods being reached. But this kind of mindless, destructive, and hate-filled drivel, even more far-fetched and fanciful than the paranoic ravings of the American Medical Association, can only serve to create misunderstandings, reinforce ignorance, and produce divisiveness and rigid thinking.

Already it seems that more time is spent on inward criticism and backbiting than on creating anything positive or truly alternative. Must this plague now spread even to our choice of diet? Or can we offer to Amadeus a chance to overcome this bitterness that drives him to such savage and anger-crazed extremes. Try Macrobiotics again Amadeus, but more gently. Be free — don't deny yourself what you want, don't think about it too much, just relax and eat good natural food. If you still don't like it — groovy — as long as you're happy, who cares what you eat?

Craig Sams
37 Cornwall Crescent
London W11

Dear OZ,
If government-backed OZ doesn't censor this, I want to condemn the capitalist profiteers hiding behind the covers of OZ magazine disguised as left-wing revolutionaries, filling their purses with the pocket-money of gullible school-kids.

The only good thing I've got to say for OZ is the brilliant idea of including hundreds of spelling errors. Dictionary manufacturers must be making a good profit too!

Grant

Dear Sewer Rats,
Returned herewith, No. 42. Put it where it belongs, jump down after it. And pull the chain.

Anon

Dear OZ,
What are we doing to get tetrahydrocannabinol legalised?

Lots of love,
H. Ash

Illustration: Joshua Thomas

TWILIGHT OF THE MACHMEN

"A machman is a human being who has had intercourse with a machine. I am a machman ...."

Garth Murphy

Illustration: Peter Till

I believe that man's fulfilment is to make the planet earth a garden of eden; a beautiful place for men to live for as long as we can keep it habitable; as long as we can survive. It may be a conscious extension of what we call the survival instinct. It is a very strong feeling.

Men are beautiful and positive physical incarnations. Soul or consciousness experiences the universe through us, and dogs and cats, lions, birds, trees, rocks, stars, air. Human beings are a rare part of the physical universe. They are worth saving.

As far as I know, this earth is the only place where we can survive without very complex earth-built apparatus. Our physical being is evolving, and may someday be more versatile and less earth bound. Or a new incarnation free of earth may eventuate; may already exist. But earth is a beautiful place, and humans are beautiful place, and humans are beautiful creatures. Why not let both survive until our sun burns out? Consciousness could not find a better way to spend seventy five or a hundred years than with a human being on earth.

Some human beings. But even the least attractive least happy least high want to survive. Why aren't they high?
How can we make this a place where all consciousness is high all of the time . . . in every physical incarnation. We have t o make it a place where everything survives; we have to make a garden of eden. Whether to save only humans or all livings things is for me an easy decision. I would have everything survive. Do we need mosquitoes?

My father is a marine ecologist. He has studied fish since his teens. One of the first things I learned as a child was the balance of species of fish plants and other ocean and freshwater forms. Fish that eat plant life are eaten by fish that are eaten by bigger fish that are eaten by porpoise killer whales sharks. for one to survive all must survive.

When men became heavy fish predators the balances were affected. How many tons of sardines should peruvian fishermen harvest to produce the maximum yield, and still be able to do the same thing the next year, and the one after that and on

forever? Men and sardines surviving. My father's work is to answer these questions of balance, and there has been no escape for me from the fact that the population of men is part of this chain, and that the condition of man and the condition of earth are inseparable.

Because nothing eats us, we have no population controls. We have forgotten for long periods of time that we are within the balance. We have destroyed the game so we must fence the lands and grow great herds of ignorant beasts to feed on.

We have grown in numbers until we have to clear and fence the land for intensive farming, dam the rivers and dig new ones and build railroads and trucks and ships in factories and dig the ores and pump the oil to feed the engines made of the ores to run the factories to build the machines to get the food to survive. And we fight wars among ourselves over who will get the oil and fence what land and mine what ores and produce what food to survive.

Men sweat in the factories to make the machines to fight the wars to win the ores to make the machines to run the farms to get the food to survive. And they're not high.

Men sweat in the white shirts and ties, top hats and overcoats to run the countries that run the factories that make the machines to win the wars and get the goods to make the machines to get the food to survive. And they're not high.

Machines are the lowest form of life in the universe. They are destroyers. Machine guns. They are only 200 years old. They were made by men and will exist only as long as men let them exist. When the machines are gone, the machine men will be gone, and all human beings will be high.

Perhaps men will not be able to part with their machines. Must we be destroyed to free the universe of machines? There are too many of us to survive without machines. I consider the possibility of getting it together with machines and people and stumble every time on the men who must make the machines, pump the oil and build the roads. The sweat and pain and boredom of doing the same thing over and over and over for no known reason other than to get the money to buy the food the machines made. The food is shitty; the ma chine men are not high. They are making the wars busts laws prisons smog concrete capitalism.

We must reduce population, free ourselves from machine enslavement, free the earth from enslavement to our machines. Engines are our death grip on mother earth. Without them she is our equal. Can you stand it? Weaned from your metal mothers? List them in your mind and feel your attachment.

A machman is a human being who has intercourse with a machine. When the machines are gone, the machmen will be gone and all living things will be high.

So I'm slowly unravelling myself from my machines. I want to feel how high it can be. It means relearning the use of the human body in providing for itself, in amusing itself, in getting itself high. It is learning lost skills, it is learning to live. I can see that work is hard without machines if food must be grown. I can see that the land cannot support too many people per square mile without machines. If food is not cultivated, if it is hunted and gathered, there must be even fewer people in relation to area of earth and population of other animals and plants. It feels that the fewer the human beings, the easier it is to survive, and the higher the life on all levels.

The Australian aboriginals, said to be the lowest people on earth, appear (from readings) to have been among the highest. There was never question in their minds as to whether their way of life of the way of the white invaders was higher. They lived in Australia for 40,000 years without farming, or building permanent houses. Their life was awareness of their world in every detail, and conscious interaction with it aimed at survival for all, including trees, rocks, lakes and sky.

American indians have been close also in balance with their world. They too were few in numbers and conscious preservers of all things. Only on a hunting and gathering level is man in harmony with earth, his body, the universe. Only then is he fulfilling his highest destiny. Do you remember the Noble Savage discovered by America's first settlers? Indian life and highness inspired by the American revolution, constitution, and the French revolution. Europeans living as the indians did were the highest white men in the world. They were primitive hunters and gatherers. It was so good that millions of Europeans came to feel it . . . and smothered the land with their numbers. And built machines to kill the indians to get the land to grow the food to feed their cities. And imported slaves to work the land to clothe their numbers. And built machines to fight a war to free the slaves who, the indians taught them, were their equals. And built more machines to work the land to feed the freed slaves so that they would not have to give them land. And, slaves to their numbers, became slaves to their machines.

We have no need for killing, for slavery or machinery. We could take population back to a balanced level if we wanted to. Let us do it or be miserable machmen until our end. Machmen bred to machwomen will give birth to full oil blooded machines in five generations.

My grandfather was a machmen. My father is a machman. I am a machman. I want to be the last machman in my line.

How far back do we have to go. All the way to the death of the last internal combustion engine and the rusting away of the last rifled gun barrel. To the destruction of hydroelectric plants, oil refineries, nuclear generators. To the closing of the last factory door, to concrete crumbled to dust, to grass

growing where once roads ran, to trees nourished by crumbled cities. We have to go back to a minimal population.

Then I will cut trees to build a strong boat and sail to an old land where occasionally I stumbel upon the remains of a lost civilisation. Where in places the concrete roads can still be seen; in deserts dry air has preserved long defunct metal machines. Where huge and ancient redwood trees show the scars of chain saws from the age of machmen.

As I continue my journey into the less inhabited interior and further into rugged mountains, I find posts still standing from forgotten fences. I travel in a bark canoe through a mountain in a tunnel that natives tell me the machmen built to carry water to distant dry areas to grow more food to feed more men to make more machines. We laugh, stroke, laugh, beach canoe on a sandspit to camp. Under night's blanket stories flicker round a fire, and I am told that the place where we camp was once nine hundred feet under water. One man points high up a jagged canyon wall, "there was the shoreline of a great lake dammed by the machmen to produce power to run their machines." I am not sure but I heard of such things: I nod, heads shake, hmms vibrate. And they say that my journey of the last two months was once made in less than an hour by hundreds of machmen in one of their flying machines. We laugh, for there are only stars in the sky.

Let's go. We are men. We can walk we can swim, dance, run, ride, build, see, feel, hunt, paddle, sial, surf, make music, love, breathe, eat, laugh, smell, taste, cry, sing. Let's go to a heart pumping blood-flowing high dance.

Come on let's go.
man man human being
let us go man man human being
let us go.

OZ

Back Issue Bonanza

To mail off for your back issues it is essential that you use the 'Back Issue / Subscription' coupon to be found stapled (we hope!) between pages 28 and 29

Make all cheques and postal orders payable to:
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OZ 18 – (Feb. 1969): *A real Fingerlickin' Good issue. Andy Warhol whispers to the roar of the Soft Machine. Michael X raps on the Black Eagles. The MC5 kick out what we now know was only marmalade... it's all here for 50p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 19 – (March 1969): *"Filth..." whined the News of the World. Drooping Groupies special issue featuring topless Germaine Greer. The first crazed Weberman wanderings on Dylanology. Jimi Hendrix calls Caroline Coon 'a tart'. Scandal and rumour for 50p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 20 – (April 1969): *Hells Angels in drug orgy gang-bang. The Paris Situationists supplement, Incredible String Band, Jimmy Page interview (before Led Zep) and Roast Trafalgar Sq. pigeon... a tasty survival recipe. Immensely important sociological document. 50p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 24 – (November 1969): *World famous 'BEAUTIFUL FREAKS' issue containing the ravings of Jolly Lee Heater and other crazies. Free giant sized poster of Crumb's 'Honeybunch' in all her mouthwatering glory. 50p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 26 – (Feb. 1970): *Horror castration cover as OZ hits the big time with its first all-glossy. Meet 'Wendy' the original inflatable lady, and gaze in awe at 'Candy Darling' – is she or isn't he?? Chicago Conspiracy Trial Transcript and the biggest tool in Hollwood. 40p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 29 – (July 1970): *Cringe male pigs... it's Cunt Power OZ, the Female Energy Issue. Nancy Kotex, Whoring Along the Hudson, and Miss Greer's 'Politics of Female Sexuality'. How to deodorise your balls. 1000 different words for cunt... nothing ıt girls, girls, girls! Read on fatherfuckers! 40p 5p p&p.*

OZ 30 – (October 1970): *Fun, Travel & Adventure OZ. News from around the Global High Street. OZ up the Khyber Pass and Cold Turkey. Climb aboard the Marrakhash Sexpress. Little Orphan Amphetamine strip. Plus 2 (two) free posters mourning Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. 40p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 31 – (Nov. 1970): *Yippie OZ, Brave New Morning OZ, End of an Era OZ, Ink was Coming OZ. Ho, Ho, Ho. All God's Chillun Got de Clap. Magic Mushrooms, Bobby Seale, Sgt. Death. Dylan – local Jew Boy makes Good. Racist Cover. 40p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 37 – (Sept. 1971): *Angry OZ. This one really stings. The rage of innocence. How to corrupt and deprave. The U.C.S. struggle. OZ meets Ronald Biggs – 'The World's Most Wanted Man'. Mick Jagger's 'heart of stone'. 30p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 38 – (Nov. 1971): *Environmental Chaoz! The Day the EARTH was out to LUNCH... A simple question of survival. US Army junkies: Uncle Sam's heavy habit. Abbie Hoffman slags off OZ. Eldridge Cleaver's latest 'Letter to the Lumpen'. Amazing value. 30p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 39 – (Dec. 1971): *Baffling, bloodthirsty cover effectively camouflaged this 'Thrilling Murder Comics OZ from most readers. Result: we lost £4000 'at a stroke'. Jim Anderson in Morocco, Saigon Needles, Urban Paranoia and Sweet Cousin Cocaine. Send money* **immediately** *– there are only 30,000 copies left. 25p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 40 – (February 1972): *Monster 64-page Fifth Anniversary Issue. Charlie Manson in Big Sur, Richard Neville in New York and Auberon Waugh in Widgery's acne. Felix Dennis's weird, horrifying rock'n'roll quiz. The erotic dreams of C.G. Jung. John Peel on long-haired gangsters & the acid nightmares of Jim Leon. 25p + 5p p&p.*

OZ 41 – (April 1972): *An issue for our 'absent' friends – the Crime & Conspiracy OZ. Murder, rape, theft, fraud, gunpowder, treason & plot. Everything you'll need to know for a lucrative career in blackmail, thieving, extortion and assassination. Plus OZ shits on Che and black music. 25p + 5p p&p. (Guaranteed non-sexist).*

OZ 42 – (May 1972): *Germaine's husband flashes limp cock. Inside asylums and special 'Prison Feature'. Macrobiotics 'death diet'. Plus Our Man in the Panama Jungle and Roger Hutchinson's marathon tour of the provincial u/g press. 25p + 5p p&p. (pssst... dirty pix too!)*

OZ

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IF YOU'RE COOL YOU SCREW and reading about it is strictly for the fetishists. That's what we're told and we think it's a load of balls. Like, what about Reich, Marcuse, Blake, Ginsberg...

If you want to think that sex is just some machine-like activity without any political relevance, OK — but you probably think that about living. Others, us included, think it's the ideas that matter. Like it or not, sex IS the key to freedom. If you think or behave sexually repressed, you are TOTALLY repressed. If you think liberated, you ARE liberated.

We've produced a new magazine about sex that is the first and only British publication to take sex philosophically, to accept that an essential part of revolution is sexual revolution. The magazine is called SCORPIO.

The idea behind SCORPIO is twofold: first, we intend to cover the news, the media, books and movies etc. that are in any way sexual or erotic; second, we present a collection of articles that explore sexuality in terms of ideas rather than pious prick-teasing. Not all of what we print is what we personally agree with — but it's all a vital part of the real reorientation of our psychic selves that must come about.

We're not out to exploit anyone. There are no fantasy letters, no sexy pics, no sex techniques. We're simply producing an essential document in sexuality. Read, for example, Peter French's piece on Sexual Revolution in Scorpio 1. Then buy his book, Blueprint for Sexual Revolution (from us, 25p plus 10p p&p). You can't afford to be without it unless you think only with your cock.

And, to convince you that Scorpio is essential to every thinking person, we have a special offer — you can get your second SCORPIO free. Send 50p for the first edition

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Nude Playing Cards— Sexual Ecstasy in pictures, full colour, full figure shots. £1 a pack.

Fast service under plain cover. Subdean Publishing (Dept. ZO), 70 Woodhouse Rd., London E11. Personal Callers welcome.

Good News.
We're glad to hear from many of our subscribers that they have received their copies of the last issue of OZ (no. 42) in good time and without interference. As we have already explained, the non-delivery of OZ's 40 and 41 is due entirely to the absurd meddling and censorship of the G.P.O.

Although no action at all was taken by any member of the public or by the police to seek the prosecution of issues 40 and 41, and although both these OZs enjoyed national (and international) circulation and distribution quite openly in newsagents and bookstands up and down the country, still the GPO felt it necessary to impound subscribers' copies mailed in plain brown envelopes. The logic of such action must defeat even Lord Longford.

At present, these issues are the subject (at the GPO's request) of examination by the Director of Public Prosecutions' Office. The editors of the issues have been cautioned by members of Scotland Yard's Obscene Publications Dept., but they have not been charged. The D.P.P. has had copies of OZ issue 40 in its possession since January of this year. One can imagine the impossible situation the DPP's office must find themselves in. Here is a magazine that was received openly, without any complaint whatever to their (or our) knowledge, by the public at large. It is patently not a pornographic production of any kind, and enjoys a growing, politically aware readership. No-one in his right mind could possibly suggest that either issues 40 or 41 of OZ magazine are obscene or indecent. But here is the GPO, after accepting our money for postage, hauling off thousands of carefully-wrapped subscribers' copies to the Yard for scrutiny and investigation.

When a high-ranking member of the Post Office was asked by a staff member of OZ over the telephone on what authority the envelopes had been opened in the first place prior to mailing them, the only excuse he had to offer was that the GPO are duty bound to search any parcels, packets or envelopes that might possibly contain drugs!

And so, to recap on this farcical black comedy we have the following trail of astounding events: 1) OZ is published and appears openly on the streets of Britain. 2) It is sold in tens of thousands to readers from Lands End to John O'Groats. 3) No-one complains to the police or to OZ magazine. 4) Copies are sealed in brown, plain envelopes. 5) OZ pays the postage and mails them. 6) The GPO opens the envelopes "...to search for drugs..." 7) A member of this search force is offended or (more realistically) confused by the contents. 8) He passes it on to his superior. 9) His superior passes it up the line to head office. 10) The hypocritical bigots and narrow-minded bureacrats at HQ send copies to the Director of Public Prosecutions. 11) The DPP's office has an unwanted prosecution on its hands. 12) It all costs you, the taxpayers who support both the GPO and the DPP, more money.

At the root of this problem is the notorious Post Office Act. This allows the Post Office to virtually censor printed material that cannot be attacked by any other existing law. There is no space here to go fully into the idiosyncracies of the Post Office Act; that would take two or three pages, at least, of boring and intricate copy.

All we wish to make clear at this stage is this:
1) Somehow, someway, we will get your copies to you.
2) We are not rip-off artists — it takes time and it takes effort. Trust us for a little while.
3) To the GPO and to the Director of Public Prosecutions: Perhaps you feel that we are tired after last year's dress rehearsal. Perhaps you feel that we must be demoralised at the prosecution of IT. Perhaps you are hoping that, by now, public sympathy and support has drained away. Be warned. Every one of these assumptions is false. OZ Magazine and every other member of the British alternative press will fight this legislation. We will fight it hard. We will kill this Act. Enough!

STOP PRESS: The launch issue of 'Spike', Scotland's first national underground paper has already run foul of the law. Only two days after publication on June 26th, Glasgow police arrested a couple of streetsellers and 'visited' the offices of Black Box, the u/g Scottish news service, from whose premises the paper is currently operating. Apparently they are objecting to the use of the word 'bastard' in 'Spike's' page two editorial, and are threatening prosecution for the silhouette of a phallic banana that adorns their front cover. 'Spike', which is named flatteringly after this here very column, be obtained from 15 Hope St., Glasgow, G.2. 6AB. Subscriptions £1.00 for twelve issues.

***

Sad to hear that 'Inside Story' has been forced to split from Moore-Harness, their (and our) distributors. This will inevitably mean initial drops in the magazine's sales figures. For those of you who haven't yet sampled this tough, informative, and fearlessly professional publication, edited by ex-ink editor, Wynford Hicks, we suggest you send £1.50 for a trial subscription of sex issues to: 'Inside Story', 3 Belmont Road, S.W.4.

***

Here is a useful piece of information sent to us for the benefit of pig farmers. If your recent litter of piglets is threatened by 'teat necrosis' (a dangerous disease amongst porkers and similar to diptheria) the Scottish Farm Buildings Investigation unit have good news for you. Take a small wooden spatula and smear a large dollop of Bostik on every teat you can find. Providing your aim is good and the dressing is applied early your necrosis worries are over. Rumours that for years this remedy has accounted for the distinctive flavour of Danish bacon are entirely ficticious.

This incredible photograph was taken by David Dyas during the Islington Carnival Procession on June 24th. Warned by the police that their paper mache float of a ten foot penis would be arrested if it proceeded further, the Clephane Road Community kids got busy disguising it as a space rocket. Halfway through the procession the covers came off and the sweltering maniac with a whitewash pump inside the giant cock got busy.

***

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INK PUBLISHERS LTD

Here is the telephone bill that broke Ink. No, it's not a misprint, it really does say One thousand and fifty-five pounds and ninety- four pence. After you've read our lead item on the GPO in Spike you can imagine how sorry we, at OZ, must feel about all this.

Up for grabs as we went to press was the first issue of 'Gay News', the national fortnightly homosexual newspaper. Cliff Richard made a convincing hetrosexual-of-the-month and there was some fine reporting on the intrigues of Jimmy Saville's 'Speakeasy' programme on homosexual behaviour. Other worthwhile features included a medically sound, if somewhat moralistic run down on homosexuals and venereal disease and a snappy guide to gay action north of the border. But we could have done without that tongue in cheek story on the Biograph — it smacked far too heavily of those sad old gay magazines which managed to fill twenty or so pages with coy innuendo and not mention the word homosexual once.

Newswise and generally though, Gay News is essential gay reading, and its small ads show a healthy disrespect for the pathetic House of Lord's decision over the I.T. appeal last month. Gay News is located at 19 London St., London, W.2. Tel: 01-402 7805.

***

Rumours that George Lennox is of Jewish stock must now be discounted following the amusing exposure of his diminutive and uncircumcised organ at the Alice Cooper press reception in Chessington Zoo recently. George, (ex 7 Days token hippy and currently earning a crust as Drop Out Dave's errand boy for the notoriously inaccurate Private Eye column), took it upon himself to discard his battered Y-fronts and Levis during the stripper's routine under the 'big top'. Amidst general audience hilarity and aided and encouraged by Miss Stacia from Hawkwind, her voluminous naked breasts dancing erotically under his nose, George shuffled and waltzed drunkenly for several laps of the sawdust circus ring.

***

"The Defense of Literature and the Arts Society (DLAS) exists to combat censorship on moral, political or other grounds and to uphold freedom of expression." Well, that's what it says on this sheet of roneod paper and who are we to disagree. Those of you wishing to plunge further into the sordid intricacies of our moral pollution laws could do much worse than write for further information to DLAS, 18 Brewer St., London, W1R 4AS.

A date has not yet been set for the trial of the Nasty Tales 4, although an announcement is expected shortly confirming that it will be some time in August. In a hopelessly transparent attempt to 'play down' the first obscenity rap against the underground press since the OZ trial last June, the authorities have opted to hold this trial during the Inner London Sessions at the Newington Causeway Crown Court, Elephant and Castle.

Mick Farren, Joy Farren, Edward Barker and Paul Lewis, together with their Limited Company have each been charged under Section 2 (1) of the Obscene Publications Act 1959 as amended by Sect 1 (1) of the 1964 Act. The committal proceedings were concluded last May 15th at Marlborough Magistrates Court. Mick Farren and Paul Lewis are understood to be preparing to defend themselves.

The prosecution's case is thought to rest simply on evidence of children having bought and read a copy of the issue of Nasty Tales in question. It's gratifying to note that the Nasty Tales crew have not been charged with a conspiracy of any kind. But then, conspiracy to produce a comic book..... what jury would ever have worn that one!

Nasty Tales needs your help and support. Please send anything you can afford to Nasty Tales Defense Fund: 11b Wardour Mews, W.1.

***

As some of you will have doubtless read in The Guardian, Mike Topuzogou, commonly known as 'Greek Mike' from the Frendz collective has been sitting for several weeks in Pentonville deportee wing. Currently he is awaiting deportation to Turkey where he faces a prison sentence for refusing to serve in the Turkish Army. He is in solitary confinement, his mail has been torn up and his books refused him. He is also being forced to wear identification patches on his prison uniform to mark him as a dangerous and/or absconding prisoner.

And the crime that Michael has commited to find himself in this position? It is as simple as it is absurd. He has been found guilty of being an alien.

"You CUNT..." he yelled.

A launching party for 'Spare Rib' held at The Place in Duke Street last month was violently disrupted by the hostile invasion of a small but verbose group of gay 'liberationists'. Attired in what they prefer to call 'gender-fuck' drag, this chummy little gang of bovver-boys descended uninvited and unannounced on an already overcrowded and confused situation. Chaos subsequently ensued. One especially loudmouthed and heavily tinselled young 'radical feminist' promptly proceeded to rip and mutilate three dozen copies of the first issue of 'Rib', scattering the torn remnants over astonished onlookers with cries of "sexist rubbish... sexist rubbish!"

Attempts by Rosie Boycott and other members of 'Spare Rib' to engage this miserable crew of psychedelic fascists in any meaningful discussion of their criticisms of the magazine were sneeringly rebuffed with hysterical chants of "sexism... sexism... Stamp Out Sexism..." Ges Cox, the distribution and payroll manager of IT had his face scratched and cut following a less than sensitive use of vocabulary on his part during one mutual slanging match:
"You CUNT..." he yelled.
"You sexist PIG..." they screamed.

Chris Rowley, OZ's vegetarian advertising manager tried a different tack. Leaning forward in a belated conciliatory gesture he attempted to kiss one of the enraged homosexuals. Right now he still has a chunk of his top lip missing.

***

On the publication day of Spare Rib, W.H. Smith and Sons, those well-known purveyors of healthy family literature, rang the Rib office to cancel their order. No reason of any substance was offered. One short week later, on the 28th June, they rang back to revise their revised cancellation.

'Public demand' for the new women's monthly suggested that an initial order of 15,000 copies might be appropriate. Well, that's 15,000 more copies than those scheming, monopolistic, evil little bastards will ever get their hands on from this publication. Stand up the woman who said "sour grapes".

Ever since the modification of Robert Carr's kitchen by that well known group of demolition experts, 'The Angry Brigade', the hornets' nest of capitalist revenge has been let loose in a continual spate of police raids searching for "...likely candidates for an outrage..."

We know that Scotland Yard were given the green light to "turn London over" resulting in the blatant framing of Purdie and Prescott, which, predictably enough, failed to stop the political bombings. Months later, they busted six well known militants at Stoke Newington, which still didn't stop attacks on ruling class property — and so they arrested four more people (while the bombings still continue...).

We all know the results of the Jake and Ian trial, in which the jury made it absolutely clear that they could not accept the police 'conspiracy' theory, although one might be forgiven for thinking so in the light of the outrageous sentences meted out by Judge

Similarly, the same conspiracy rap was dropped against Pauline Conroy and Chris Allen, the Attorney General refusing permission to proceed with the charges, leaving the Stoke Newington 8, who have already been convicted in their absence at the Purdie/Prescott trial.

No-one should be fooled by 'fair trial' bullshit in this case. These eight people, whether they are Angries or not, were convicted by the State at the moment of their arrest: convicted not for any injury or crime against the majority interests of Britain, but merely for daring to launch political attacks against the state.

The police and the courts have a cynical lack of perspective about the use of violence in all criminal matters... fascists mutilate black people with firebombs — they don't get charged with serious offences. If Robert Carr had actually been shot or even disembowelled, Prescott could only have received a maximum sentence of ten years (under the section 4 of the 'Offences Against the Person Act, 1861'). With ultra-violent gangsters, the police do out of court deals; with the 'Angry Brigade', who injure nothing except property, they launch a "PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1" investigation.

The Stoke Newington 8 have pleaded not guilty to all the one thousand odd pages of the prosecution case. Three defendants, John Barker, Anna Mendelson and Hilary are defending themselves and attacking the charges with courageous resolution. Establishment 'experts' in explosives and chemistry have been accused of prosecution bias in manufacturing a pattern of 25 bombings, which the state claims is the basis of the conspiracy (from 1967 through August 1971). Conveniently, all recent bombings since the SN8's arrest have not been included. One 'expert', called a liar by a defense lawyer, recoiled in horror, declaring that he could find no words suitable for the court to express the profound shock he felt at his scientific integrity being challenged.

Since 1902, any defendant can be convicted on a conspiracy count on his or her own, with others who are dead (watch out Guy Fawkes), unknown or awaiting trial. If the state is desperate for a conviction, a conspiracy charge is a convenient favourite (remember Chicago or Angela Davis or even the OZ trio). And we can be sure that the judge has already worked out exemplary sentences for the Stoke Newington 8.

The unknown factor is the jury. Everything in a court can be fixed, everything can be 'arranged', everything a foregone conclusion apart from the 12 good men and true. It is a working class jury and all 12 have answered defence questions on political prejudice. It's no accident that Robert Mark (the new head of Scotland Yard) has expressed so much concern over juries in past weeks. The only factor that the state cannot control in a courtroom in Britain is the experience of 12 'ordinary' people, which may run counter to the lies, corruption and legal rubbish which is the basis of British justice. In spite of everything, we still have juries, and the Stoke Newington 8 retain their hopes of an eventual acquittal.

Ned Kelley.

All offers of help or donations to: The Stoke Newington 8 Defence Group, c/o Compendium Bookshop, 240 Camden High Street, NW1.

***

The first in a series of famous last postcards:

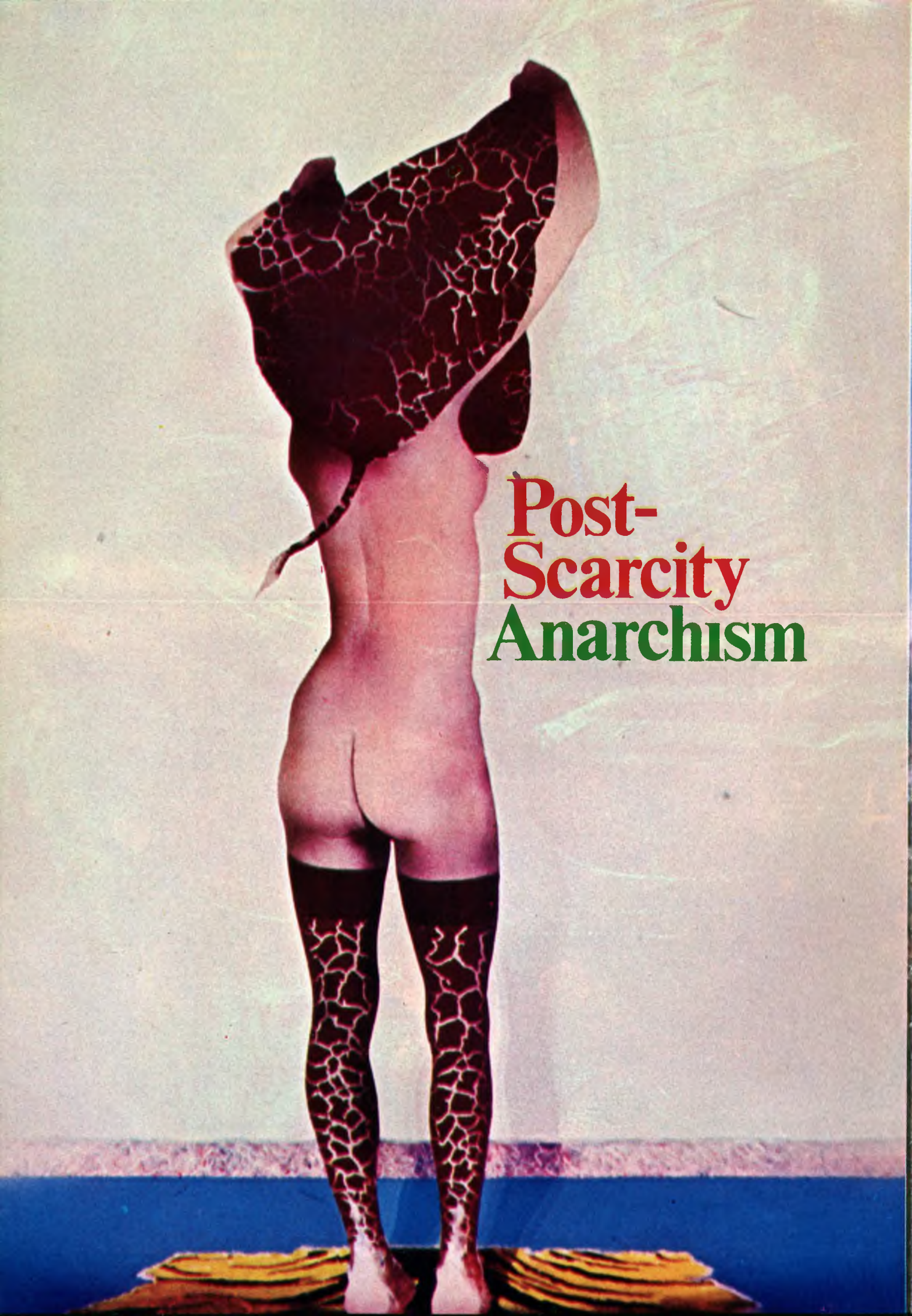
"This is the most beautiful place. Peace, tropical sunshine, coconuts and pineapples need only to be picked. No cold — no parking meters — tele — Bingo. Hakim just founded first publishing company. Most exciting venture you can imagine. We often remember and smile — Gail Benson." 8th Nov. 1971 (Those of you unsure of Gail's identity please turn to the Michael X feature in this issue)

This delightful portrait of an octopus sucking off a fisherman's wife cost the Sunday Times thousands of pounds recently. The whole magazine had to be reprinted when the S.T.'s management got cold feet at the last minute

As many of you will know, OZ has agreed to pay "substantial" damages to Mr. Robert Goldie Butler, 54, a school teacher referred to in an article published in OZ 28, the Schoolkids Issue. On Friday, June 29th., the High Court was informed that OZ Publications Ink Ltd. and Mr. Butler had reached an out of court settlement, and that in adddition to the aforementioned damages, OZ magazine had also agreed to pay all of Mr. Butler's legal fees. We also unreservedly withdrew any imputations made knowingly or unknowingly against him in that article.

For obvious reasons, the matter is now closed. We hold no malice or resentment against Mr. Butler, and we would sincerely like to reiterate the statement made on our behalf to the High Court, and to thank Mr. Butler for giving us time to pay the legal fees.

Which brings us to another point, of which you who have been following this case will probably not be aware. Although the sum of money which is to be paid to Mr. Butler is, indeed, "substantial", the total legal costs incurred could perhaps best be described as "astronomical". It is, perhaps, a sad measure of justice in Britain today that the 'slice-of-the-pie' (if we might use a crude expression) that Mr. Butler will receive, compared to the total amount of money which will leave our bank is only one sixth. We have met hip lawyers and we've met pigs. We've met long-haired, sympathetic and marijuana-smoking lawyers. We've met lawyers who cursed the magistrate and lawyers who shook our hand and 'believed in our case'. But now we come to think of it, we've never met a poor lawyer. There's a moral there somewhere.



Post-Scarcity Anarchism

Smash the state-capitalist Stalinist butchers and their whining philistine running dogs. Obliterate the totalitarian neo-Marxist bureaucrats and their unprincipled chauvinist lackeys.

Joel Whitebook reviews Murray Bookchin's new book, 'Post-scarcity Anarchism'.

The new left became old when its basically sound intuitions were replaced by archaic theories — those of the Thirties and the Third . Not that the intuitions of the early and middle Sixties would have sufficed to transform American society; a practice based exclusively on intuition is likely to be erratic and ineffectual. But somehow the theory required by the movement had to emerge from the conditions of its own origins, notably the uniqueness of the American experience. It could not be imported from foreign situations. Ignorant almost by design, the movement reached the limits of unconsciousness by the late Sixties. Rather than creating an authentic understanding of itself at that point, it resurrected the theories of past revolutions, and perhaps won itself a stay of execution of several years. But the cost was too great. Once the fragile reprieve expired, the brutal experience of sectarianism made the end inevitable.

While the political movement was declining because of an increasing detachment from its authentic historical role, another process was spontaneously emerging from the conditions of American society; the counter-culture was spreading at a rate unanticipated by anyone. The counter-culture not only includes the world of rock, drugs and clothing, these are only its most superficial trappings. Its real substance lies in the attempt to transform social relations, create community, gain control of everyday life from below and overcome alienation through projects such as free clinics, communes, women's groups and food co-ops. Many radicals finding daily life as movement activists as well and movement politics completely impoverished, are turning to the counter-culture as an alternative. But just as their earlier experiences with "politics" were based on low levels of consciousness, so their present identification with the counter-culture often rests on little more than inchoate intuitions. That child care and health foods are essential components of the American revolution is commonly felt. There seems to exist, however, a general inability to explain the revolutionary significance of these impulses to improve the quality of life. The mainstream of traditional radical theory certainly provides little help. These intuitions, in turn, indicate an even deeper intuition that the scope of the American revolution must transcend the narrowly "political" and fully encompass the cultural, psychological and social realms. Unless these basically correct intuitions are brought to consciousness, it is possible that current developments will follow a perverted course.

What then repeatedly prevents these intuitions from achieving consciousness? The false consciousness of the society at large infects and constantly subverts the movement. Inheriting a basically pragmatic attitude towards life, movement, thought has been arrested at the purely tactical and strategic levels, and has had little regard for theory. What little "theory" the movement has engaged in has been pre-occupied with the pragmatic question of means. The movement has devoted little attention to the question of ends: *What exactly is to be accomplished by an American revolution?* Until sufficient clarity exists about ends, all consideration of means remains useless. And once the question of ends is resolved, solutions to "practical" problems follow. While the desire to avoid vapid speculation which remains remote from practical reality can be appreciated, tactical debate — although giving the illusion of substantiality and practicality — is futile if it does not have a proper theoretical foundation.

Every generation of revolutionaries receives a certain set of historical possibilities out of which it makes its own history and its degree of success rests on its consciousness of those possibilities. Only when revolutionary practice is commensurate with the goals to be achieved will the revolution be carried through to its complete fruition. In an age when ecological apocalypse looms before us, an incomplete revolution offers no solutions. That a revolution's possibilities are limited by the material conditions that circumscribe it — e.g. German peasant revolts could not have created socialism — has become a truism of the Left (largely as an apology for the Russian Revolution). It is equally true that a revolution which sets its sights short of its historical possibilities will fail. In the latter case, the revolution simply fails to capture the imaginations and embody the needs of the people or make the psychological or physical risks of revolution worth their while. To an overwhelming extent, this timidity of vision has been the problem with the movement. Although the movement has contained visionary elements, they have inevitably become combined with regressive ideologies and thereby distorted.

The Revolution and Human Freedom

In this context, radicals who have been experiencing the confusion and demoralization of the past several years should enthusiastically welcome the publication of Murray Bookchin's *Post-Scarcity Anarchism*. For what emerges from a reading of *Post-Scarcity* is a sense of the possibilities posed by the American revolution, possibilities of such magnitude as to differentiate the revolution *in kind* from all those revolutions that have preceded it. Such qualitatively new conditions render all previous models for revolution practically useless and demand creative thinking with the utmost scope and vision. Bookchin tries to transcend and synthesize traditional revolutionary theories with utopianism and ecology into a coherent perspective which is appropriate to the revolutionary possibilities at hand.

The point of departure for Bookchin's analysis is the unique social position of the United States. Elaborating on one of Marx's profoundest insights — the dialectic of history from primitive communism through propertied society to communism — Bookchin maintains that the United States (and the advanced capitalist world of which it is the cornerstone) stands not on the borderline of capitalism and socialism, as is usually believed by the Left, but on the borderline of propertied society and communism, or hierarchical and classless society. As we shall see, the American revolution, if it is to be a success, must cross that frontier.

If it is true that the historical dialectic moves from primitive communism through properties society to a higher development of communism, then we will not understand this broad development without investigating the relationship of each social form to the natural world and the type of consciousness engendered by that relationship. Briefly, primitive society is primarily characterized by its integration with nature and its remarkable internal unity. The primitive ego, or self, while differentiating itself from nature — it does not have the primordial unity of infantile consciousness — also conceives of itself as part of nature. In primitive society the world does not have the quality of otherness which it assumes in "civilized" society. The primitive feels much more at home and unalienated in the world. Unlike the "civilized" mind,

Would the anonymous artist who painted this masterpiece please contact OZ or the Hackney Woman's Liberation Group

primitive consciousness does not conceive of the world as an "inanimate", "empty" *object*, but as a *subject*, " redolent with life." The natural world "is experienced as life confronting life involving every faculty of man in *reciprocal* relationships." Since the natural world is experienced as a living subject, to which the primitive is reciprocally related, rather than as an inanimate object, nature has its own integrity which cannot be violated. The notion of dominatiing or exploiting the natural world is foreign to the primitive, and, as we shall see, this tends to place him or her at nature's mercy.

The relationship between the primitive self and society exhibits a similar reciprocity and cohesion. The individual does not experience himself or herself as opposed to the collective, but relies on the community as the only context in which to actualize himself or herself. The community, rather than limiting the development of the individual, is felt to nurture it. The collective, in turn , is able to respect the autonomy of each individual because of a religious belief in the necessity of diversity within the order of the cosmos. As Dorothy Lee explains in terms of the Hopi:
Human society is part of a larger structured whole, so an individual cooperates with even more that the members of his human group. Every aspect of nature, plants, and rocks and animals, colours, cardinal directions and numbers and sex distinctions, the dead and the living, all have a cooperative share in the maintenance of the universal order. Eventually, the effort of the Hopi individual affects the balance of nature; and as each individual develops his inner potential, as he enhances his participation, so does the entire universe become invigorated. Not his behavior alone, not his achievement, but his entire unique being is significant.

This commitment to diversity allows social differentiation to exist without the development of rigid hierarchy. For example, a chief or priest might possess specialized knowledge which he employs for the good of the community, but he does not use it to gain personal power. An individual might consult the priest for information, much as one might consult a reference book, without being bound to follow the recommendation. Thus, in primitive society, there is room for a division of social roles without the domination of individuals or the development of hierarchy which accompanies it in propertied society. In fact, di versity is respected as an end in itself.

But the foundations of the unalienated societies were precarious, for contained within the primitive's many-sided relationship with nature was the element of threat as well as of promise. We see this most clearly in mythology, where nature appears both as the loving mother and the terrible mother, as the nurturer and the destroyer. Ultimately, the constant threat of nature's destructiveness undermined the stability of primitive society. A society that has not overcome material scarcity — and this includes all societies that have thus far existed — is inherently unstable. *The insecurity created in each individual by scarcity is the germ of that society's eventual destruction.*

The insecurity engendered by material scarcity leads to the acquisition of property as an attempted insulation from the natural world. The same insecurity, moreover, leads to the struggle to pacify nature. The conquest of nature fundamentally alters man's relationship to nature and man's relationship to man. A prerequisite for the domination of the natural world is the estrangement of the ego from nature, for only an atomized and alienated ego can think of conquering nature. Indeed, only such an ego is *capable* of the conquest. The natural world — and this includes humanity's natural instincts — assumes a hostile otherness which must be subdued and controlled by the estranged ego, for this otherness poses a threat to the very survival of the individual. To accomplish this conquest, thought becomes less mythic and increasingly instrumentalist. The "logic of domination", as Marcuse has called it, while enabling science and technology to progress, has taken a frightening toll of the natural world whose magnitude we are only becoming fully aware of today. The ego now reduces the world to pure object, to be dominated and exploited without restraint.

A corresponding destructiveness occurs in the social realm. Just as the integration of the ego and nature dissolves, so the cohestion of the primitive community, "united by kinship ties and common interests in dealing with the means of life," (Bookchin, p.9) disintegrates into the war of all against all. The individual no longer views the society as the matrix of his or her actualization, but now sees it as an obstacle that places ever greater limits on his or her freedom and ever greater demands on his or her life. As production becomes increasingly geared to exchange rather than use, human needs are increasingly left unfulfilled. The increased division of labour which is necessary both for the conquest of nature and for more profitable production, creates a rigid social hierarchy and class society.

Estranged from nature and society, the ego eventually becomes alienated from itself. The regimentation of society and toil required for the domination of nature demands repression of the instincts on the part of the individual. The self becomes opposed to its innermost desires. As the division of labour becomes more specialized, toil becomes more tedious and demands more repression, thereby ending whatever libidinal satisfaction work previously provided. Compared with medieval crafts, work on the modern assembly line is totally de-eroticized (except perhaps for its sadistic component). The delayed gratification and repressive sublimation offered in recompense for toil leaves instinctual needs totally unsatisfied. In addition to the collective psychosis of contemporary society, with its ugliness, destruction and violence, we can trace the impoverishment of daily life suffered by all of us to this repression of our erotic desires.

Only in a few specific human activities, art and play for example, do we gain a glimpse of true human needs. For in these particular activities the repressed material returns, albeit in a highly sublimated form, and provides an indication of the nature of a world constructed to satisfy true human needs. Both of these activities represent an attempt to transcend the external restriction of a repressive reality principle, a yearning towards freedom. As Marcuse explains in his discussion of Schiller, "the play impulse does not aim at playing with 'something'; rather it is the the play of life itself, beyond want and external compulsion — the manifestation of freedom itself." A world based on the play principle presupposes the achievement of a post-scarcity situation, for "only when the 'contraint of need' is replaced by the "constraint of superfluity' (abundance) will the human existence by empelled to a 'free movement which is itself both end and means'. Liberated from the pressure of painful purposes and performances necessitated by want, man will be restored into the 'freedom to be what he ought to be.' But what 'ought' to be will be freedom itself: the freedom to play." Communism will be constructed according to the laws of pleasure, play and beauty (which very well might be one and the same): "in a genuinely human civilization, the human existence will be play rather than toil."

The whole barbarous development of hierarchical society has its "redemptive dialectic." At an incalculable cost to nature and humanity, propertied society, in its passage through feudalism and capitalism, has developed the material and intellectual productive forces to the point where scarcity can be over come and propertied society itself transcended. The "conquest of nature" has not only been completed; it has gone entirely too far. Thus, the tortured development of propertied society has brought us to the point where domination and hierarchy as such can and must be ended, where the self can be reharmonized with nature, society and itself. We have been brought, in other words, to the threshold of communism.

Since much of the movement's confusion has resulted from the grafting of anachronistic elements of socialism onto the American scene, we must consider the socialist project both as it was conceived theoretically and as it has developed historically. Theoretically, socialism, it was supposed, would create the material pre-conditions for communism by means of economic planning, a nationalized industry, and the maximum development of the productive forces. Needless to say, this was not communism itself. Socialism, in effect, remains within the framework of hierarchical society, within the realm of necessity. The socialist project was conceived during the early period of the industrial revolution. It was believed that socialism would have to complete the "conquest of nature" begun by capitalism. There is thus great continuity between the historical tasks of capitalism and socialism. In that these tasks shape consciousness, socialist values and the socialist psyche more closely resemble those of bourgeois society than communism.

The theoretical conception of socialism's historical tasks does not include the liberation of the individual. The primary determinant of the quality of life remains economic, not the transcendence of economics into freedom. The individual under socialism, compelled to devote a substantial amount of his or her life to toil, is unable to develop his or her human potentials to their fullest. Cutting cane or working in a machine tool factory remains toil. Regardless of whom it is for, it deforms the human spirit.

Chained to the exigencies of commodity production, socialist society is organized according to the abstract laws of economics rather than the demands of human satisfaction and aesthetic delight. Socialist society, bound to the concept of efficiency, is arranged hierarchically — although it is doubtful that hierarchy is even efficient for the purposes of socialist production. Hierarchy, with its differential status and power, denies the individual full control over his or her daily life. Socialism, at least theoretically, alleviates the grosser injustices of capitalism. The survival necessities of life such as food, medicine and clothing are readily available and equitably distributed. At best, however, socialism attains a high degree of social justice, not of human freedom. *For under socialism the concrete, existential, psychological individual does not control his or her daily life, and lacks the faculties or free time to cultivate his or her potentialities without external restraint.*

If the theoretical conception of socialism entails a very limited vision of human actualization, the situation has been further exacerbated historically by the occurrence of "socialist" revolutions *solely* in underdeveloped countries. These revolutions have been primarily peasant revolutions which have occurred in under developed, feudal societies. They are not "proletarian revolutions" in industrialized, capitalist countries. Given the material conditions that that produced them

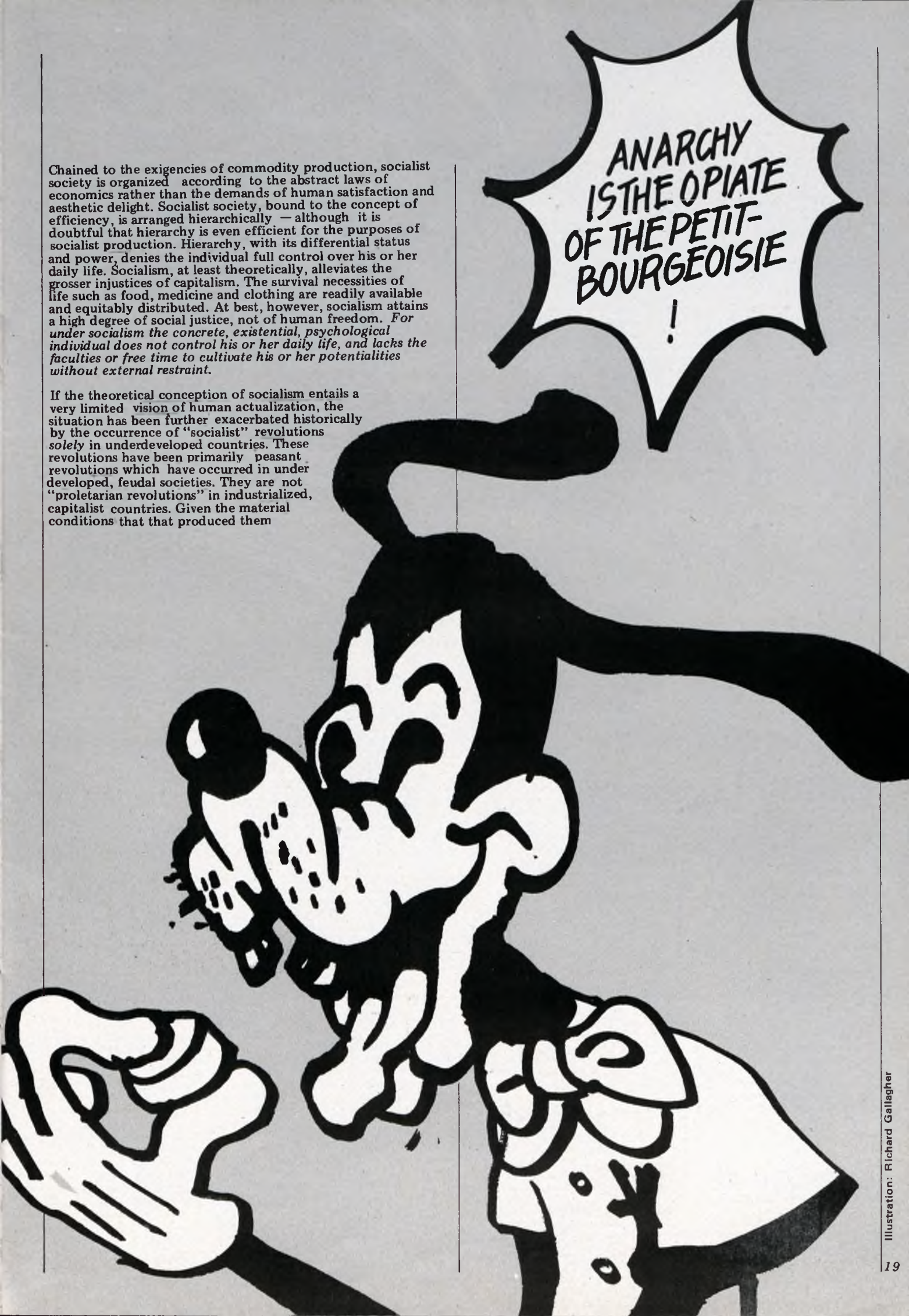


Illustration: Richard Gallagher

Crush the paper tiger of racist red-imperialism.
Destroy the militarist bolshevik exploiters.

and the tasks which have faced them — primitive accumulation, national unification, etc — these revolutions more closely resemble classical bourgeois revolutions than socialist ones. The social systems that have developed in these countries can best be described as state capitalism.

Undoubtedly where "socialist" regimes have gained power, the material lot of the populations have been appreciably improved. But I cannot accept the notion that the best way to accomplish the tasks facing these revolutions is through centralization, hierarchy and the banning of all opposition. On the contrary, I maintain that workers' control provides such great incentives that it is not only the most desirable, but also the most practical means for organizing economic life. I also maintain that the new state which is allowed to form, in which opposing points of view are allowed dissemination will be more creative and productive. All opposition is not "objectively counter-revolutionary," and freedom of speech is not merely a "bourgeois luxury". The banning of all opposition indicates only one thing : a fear of the people.

Not only do "socialist" revolutions differ greatly from those envisioned by classical theory, but conditions in the advanced capitalist countries are fundamentally different from those that were thought to produce socialist revolution. It was believed that, due to its internal contractictions, capitalism would collapse at a much earlier level of development and that much of the development of technology which has occurred under capitalism would instead occur under socialism. This is what is meant by the "over-ripeness" of capitalism. One reason for this mistake was that Marx, although he considered the possibility of state capitalism, predicated his mature theory on a system of laissez-faire capitalism. But capitalism became increasingly "statified" and was able to postpone many of its most severe crises. Even the technology that Marx studied was very immature compared with today's. He studied the coal and steel technology of the industrial revolution, not the miniaturized and computerized technology of today. It is hardly surprising that he was unable to foresee much of the development of technology that actually occurred, for "the very idea that a man whose greatest theoretical contributions were made between 1840 and 1880 could 'foresee' the entire development of capitalism is, on the face of it, utterly preposterous." (Bookchin, p.178). We can see that the core of socialist theory is predicated on a phase of capitalism and on a level of technology which no longer exists in the advanced capitalist countries.

How does communism differ from socialism? The most essential difference is that communism comprises the realm of freedom while socialism remains within the realm of necessity. Within the realm of necessity, the individual is forced to exist *primarily as a one-sided being*, both psychologically and economically. But the achievement of post-scarcity society — communism — results in an individual who enjoys material security, leisure and means to develop into the *well-rounded person* envisioned throughout Western philosophy from the Greeks through the young Marx. The harsh laws of economic necessity are no longer the main determinant of individual development. Now the individual can develop according to the dictates of pleasure, play and beauty. Perhaps the best way to illustrate this by the comment of an American radical who recently returned from China. Asked whether the personal struggles of the Cultural Revolution were actually the same as those of the American movement, she replied that to the extent that the Chinese were trying to personally transform themselves, it was because "bourgeois traits" were impediments to production. The struggles were not being waged primarily for the benefits to the individual. Under socialism the individual can still be a means for improving larger abstractions such as the economy or society; under communism the individual becomes an end in himself or herself. To gear revolutionary practice in this country to the attainment of socialism, when we must achieve communism to survive, to remain within the realm of necessity when "now the real drama of human life can unfold in all its beauty, harmony, creativity and joy, (Bookchin, p. 169) would be totally retrogressive.

In the United States, revolutionaries are faced with the need for overthrowing hierarchical society, not mererly capitalism; for creating communism, not merely socialism; for establishing human freedom, not merely social justice; for re-harmonizing humanity with nature, rather than completing the "conquest" (ie destruction) of nature; for providing everyone with the right to play, rather than the right to toil; for ending alienation, not merely exploitation; for liberating individuals, not merely "the people"; for ending domination as such not merely its specific forms such as racism, sexism, etc., for transforming sexuality into Eros, not merely liberating sex; and for creating an aesthetic, not merely a "rationalized" society. No previous revolution has been confronted with these possibilities — and no longer do they remain visionary goals to be sacrificed to the "pragmatic realities" of revolution. They have now become the *historically* necessary conditions for the perpetuation of human life and an ecologically sound planet.

Possibility, desirability and necessity most clearly converge in the question of ecology. And perhaps Bookchin's most unique contribution is his exploration of the revolutionary potential of ecology both as a critique of hierarchical society and as a guide for the reconstruction of society. If human life is to continue on the planet, then the domination of nature cannot continue on its present course. And this pillage cannot be ended through reformist or merely technological measures. Quite the contrary, and end to the domination of nature requires the healing of the wounds opened by propertied society, "that is no less than the solution of the social question itself. Through some dialectical irony today, when the healing of these wounds becomes a necessity, the means to the solution are for the first time historically present. The very productive power which is destroying nature also offers the possibility of over-coming scarcity and removing the psychological motivation for the domination of the natural world. A post-scarcity society must not be confused with a continuation of the abundance presently produced in the advanced capitalist world. It means a quantitive reduction in the absoulte number of goods produced as well as a qualitative transformation in the type of goods produced. It means production scaled down to *real human needs* rather than the inflated, false needs created by commodity relations. And it means an end to complusive consumption as a substitute for human satisfaction.

A scaled-down, ecological economy therefore requires transformation of human needs and values — literally, the creation of a new sensibility or consciousness. Unable to offer the "satisfaction" of false needs, post-scarcity society can only provide the fulfillment of true human needs. But most of us, our minds colonized by propertied society, could not even begin to appreciate the satisfaction of true needs. Herein lies much of the significance of the counter-culture. It is beginning to explore and rediscover such basic human needs as community sensuality. Herein lies the relevance of many of the historical anarchistic and utopian thinkers, such as Charles Fourier.

Although they did not have the historical means for realizing their visions, which we now do, they were among the few to explore seriously the possibilities of a society constructed to satisfy real human needs. Only the satisfaction of these needs without guilt or renunciation can end humanity's war with itself and nature. The American revolution must create a consciousness geared not to domination and aggression, but one suited to harmony, reciprocity and pleasure, a truly ecological consciousness. With the completion of the pacification of nature and the end of the necessity of toil, the self can rediscover the natural world as a source of sustenance and delight, worthy of cultivation for its own sake. And in the community, the self can find a playground in which to explore its imaginative, erotic, and aesthetic potentialities.

Now, having a very general idea of the possibilities posed by the American revolution, we can begin to see how, once we possess such a perspective, answers to the more "practical" questions follow. For example, were the movement equipped with a minimal degree of consciousness about the historical situation of the United States, SDS might have avoided its disastrous attempt to form a centralist, Leninist party. Had they possessed that consciousness, SDSers would have realized that the worker or student or for that matter practically any member of American society — sick of the hierarchy of the work place or school, was not about to submit to the hierarchy of the party. Disgusted with labour bureaucrats or pompous pedants, they were about to follow party functionaries; bored with the assembly line or classroom, they were not about to tolerate mindless meetings with their contentious debates. We could continue the list ad infinitum. But, in general, if it had been realized that the issues around which people in this country were becoming radicalized were alienation, bureaucratism, authoritarianism, hierarchy and boredom, then it would have been obvious that they could not be attracted to an organization which was itself inherently alienating, bureaucratic, authoritarian, hierarchical and boring.

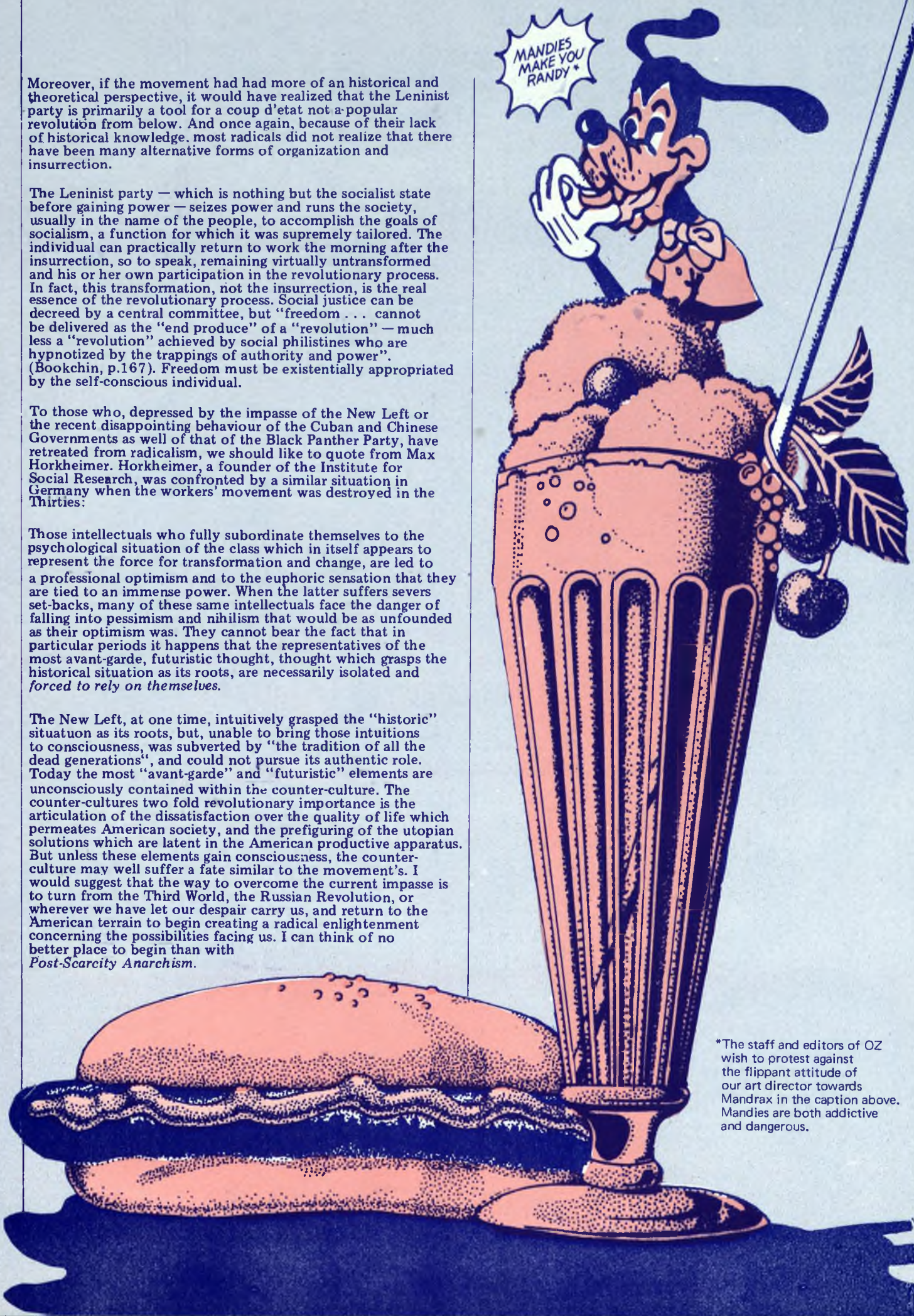
Moreover, if the movement had had more of an historical and theoretical perspective, it would have realized that the Leninist party is primarily a tool for a coup d'etat not a popular revolution from below. And once again, because of their lack of historical knowledge. most radicals did not realize that there have been many alternative forms of organization and insurrection.

The Leninist party — which is nothing but the socialist state before gaining power — seizes power and runs the society, usually in the name of the people, to accomplish the goals of socialism, a function for which it was supremely tailored. The individual can practically return to work the morning after the insurrection, so to speak, remaining virtually untransformed and his or her own participation in the revolutionary process. In fact, this transformation, not the insurrection, is the real essence of the revolutionary process. Social justice can be decreed by a central committee, but "freedom . . . cannot be delivered as the "end produce" of a "revolution" — much less a "revolution" achieved by social philistines who are hypnotized by the trappings of authority and power". (Bookchin, p.167). Freedom must be existentially appropriated by the self-conscious individual.

To those who, depressed by the impasse of the New Left or the recent disappointing behaviour of the Cuban and Chinese Governments as well of that of the Black Panther Party, have retreated from radicalism, we should like to quote from Max Horkheimer. Horkheimer, a founder of the Institute for Social Research, was confronted by a similar situation in Germany when the workers' movement was destroyed in the Thirties:

Those intellectuals who fully subordinate themselves to the psychological situation of the class which in itself appears to represent the force for transformation and change, are led to a professional optimism and to the euphoric sensation that they are tied to an immense power. When the latter suffers severs set-backs, many of these same intellectuals face the danger of falling into pessimism and nihilism that would be as unfounded as their optimism was. They cannot bear the fact that in particular periods it happens that the representatives of the most avant-garde, futuristic thought, thought which grasps the historical situation as its roots, are necessarily isolated and *forced to rely on themselves.*

The New Left, at one time, intuitively grasped the "historic" situatuon as its roots, but, unable to bring those intuitions to consciousness, was subverted by "the tradition of all the dead generations", and could not pursue its authentic role. Today the most "avant-garde" and "futuristic" elements are unconsciously contained within the counter-culture. The counter-cultures two fold revolutionary importance is the articulation of the dissatisfaction over the quality of life which permeates American society, and the prefiguring of the utopian solutions which are latent in the American productive apparatus. But unless these elements gain consciousness, the counter-culture may well suffer a fate similar to the movement's. I would suggest that the way to overcome the current impasse is to turn from the Third World, the Russian Revolution, or wherever we have let our despair carry us, and return to the American terrain to begin creating a radical enlightenment concerning the possibilities facing us. I can think of no better place to begin than with *Post-Scarcity Anarchism.*



*The staff and editors of OZ wish to protest against the flippant attitude of our art director towards Mandrax in the caption above. Mandies are both addictive and dangerous.

Illustration: Claire Sargent

MACHINES OF LOVING GRACE

A brief introduction for OZ readers into negative ionisation - the science of organic electronics

Ions are electrically charged particles in the atmosphere.
Negative ions make you feel good.
Positive ions can make you feel awful.
The positive ion charge in the air can be felt just before a thunderstorm. The negative ion charge can be felt afterwards — when the air is fresh and fizzy.
The fact of ionisation has been known almost since the time electricity was discovered.
The effect of ionisation on mood and certain conditions — respiratory ailments and burns among them — has been researched in this century.

In a natural, healthy environment, there is usually a balance between positive and negative ions. In some choice places — on the tops of mountains, by waterfalls, in the desert when the wind whips the sand, and in some naturally occuring micro-climates — negative ions predominate. In these places one tends to feel clean, airy, competent, optimistic.

Pollution produces positive ions. Air-conditioning systems can produce positive ions. Heavy traffic produces positive ions. Positive ions make you feel depressed, slow and heavy. They may make certain conditions, like asthma, worse.

Research results:
Two American scientists at Columbus, Ohio, found an increased learning and performance ability in rats exposed to ionised air. The effect was more pronounced in older rats than younger ones.
At Milan University, Jordan, Sokoloff and Gualtierotti found that mice exposed to negative ions required more ether for the same level of anaesthesia — and recovered faster. All the animals in this series showed a marked increase in activity since their exposure to ionised air.
Animal experiments recently published in Hungary showed that in a negatively ionised atmosphere "defensive" reactions to dangerous situations are learned significantly faster. What is more, the speed in *discriminating* between dangerous and safe situations is also increased in a negatively ionised atmosphere.

Clinical reports:
A doctor in Cologne reported 100 per cent success in treating 800 children for whooping cough. Half the children needed only three sessions of one hour each in a public ionisation clinic. A quarter needed up to ten sessions. The other quarter up to 15.
At the University Catolica, Argentina, studies in fear and anxiety used negative ionisation. The research worker treated patients in sessions lasting for as little as 15 minutes at a time — and never more than two hours. After 10—20 sittings in a negatively-ionised room their symptoms disappeared entirely. Only 20 per cent failed to respond.
The doctor of a Meissen factory in Eastern Germany reported that he used negative ion therapy to help prevent the industrial disease of pneumoconiosis. He found that his patients slept better, had better appetites, and felt "on top". According to his report, patients were so impressed that they asked whether their friends and families could come along too. In seven months, the clinic had outgrown its original purpose as a pneumoconiosis institution for employees. The doctor now treats bronchial asthmatics, chronic bronchitics children with whooping cough and even elderly people with emphyzema and eczema.
(Physicians attached to other mining companies have followed his lead. One of these doctors, at the time of this report's publication, had treated 11,000 patients, and said that his patients reported relief "with monotonous regularity".

Useful intelligence:
A British firm called Medion make negative ionisers. Their customers, who buy them for a variety of reasons, including the alleviation of asthma, bronchitis, hayfever and headaches, report 80 per cent success.
They also produce an ioniser for the motor-car. The electrical system of cars apparently makes them a breeding ground for positive ions. The negative ionisers are said to keep drivers fresh and alert on long journeys.

Ions and breathing:
No-one is sure *why* there are such remarkable effects on the respiratory tract in a negatively-ionised atmosphere. But experiments by Krueger and Smith at California University have demonstrated *what* happens. The bronchial tubes and trachea, or windpipe, are lined with tiny filaments called cilia. The cilia normally maintain a whip-like motion of about 900 beats a minute. Together with mucus, they keep our air passages free of dust and pollen. Krueger and Smith exposed tracheal tissues to negative ions and found that the ciliary beat was speeded up to 1,200 a minute, and that the mucus flow was increased. (Doses of positive ions produced the reverse effect — the ciliary beat slowed down to 600 a minute or less and the flow of mucus was retarded).

Ionised air seems to have healing properties. Investigations by Medicor in Hungary showed a 70 per cent reduction in bacteria in a negatively ionised test chamber.
Dr. Igho Kornblueh, the acknowledged authority in America on the use of ionised air treatment for third-degree burns, has said that in an ionised atmosphere burns dry quicker, heal faster, and hurt less.

Further definition:
Ions are electrically charged particles generated variously by cosmic rays, radioactive elements in the soil, ultraviolet radiation, winds, waterfalls, or, as we said, the blowing of sand and dust. You can even generate a localised field of negative ions by running taps in the bathroom at full force.

From an article by a consultant physician:
"The extensive professional literature on negative ionisation points to the beginning of a new medical science through what might be suitably called 'organic electronics.'. The key to this new and revolutionary approach seems to lie in the correction of the electrical tonus of the central nervous system. When this is accomplished, the bodily functions, fully equipped to provide balanced and progressive antidotes to disease, can operate effectively.....
"Drug therapy, wonderful as it is, has tended to 'take nature by force', by attacking a specific organ condition and neglecting the total bodily requirement.
It seems that we are now entering a new era in which man will make his greatest medical achievements by learning, in fact, to co-operate with nature in a new and surprising way."

The effect of ionisation is a subtle one. Like going to a new climate for a holiday or cure, it may take several weeks before you begin to feel it.

The science is in its infancy.

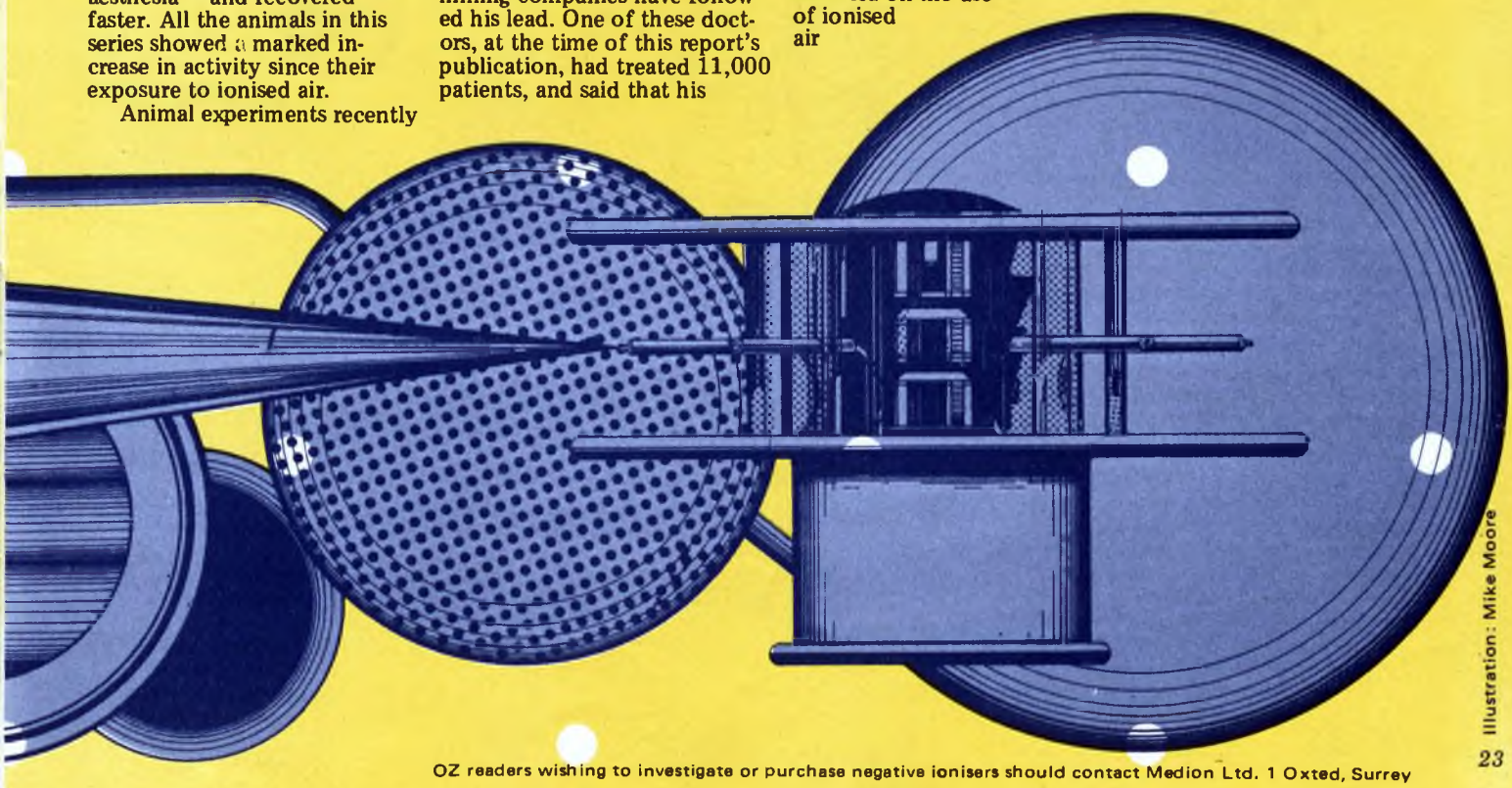
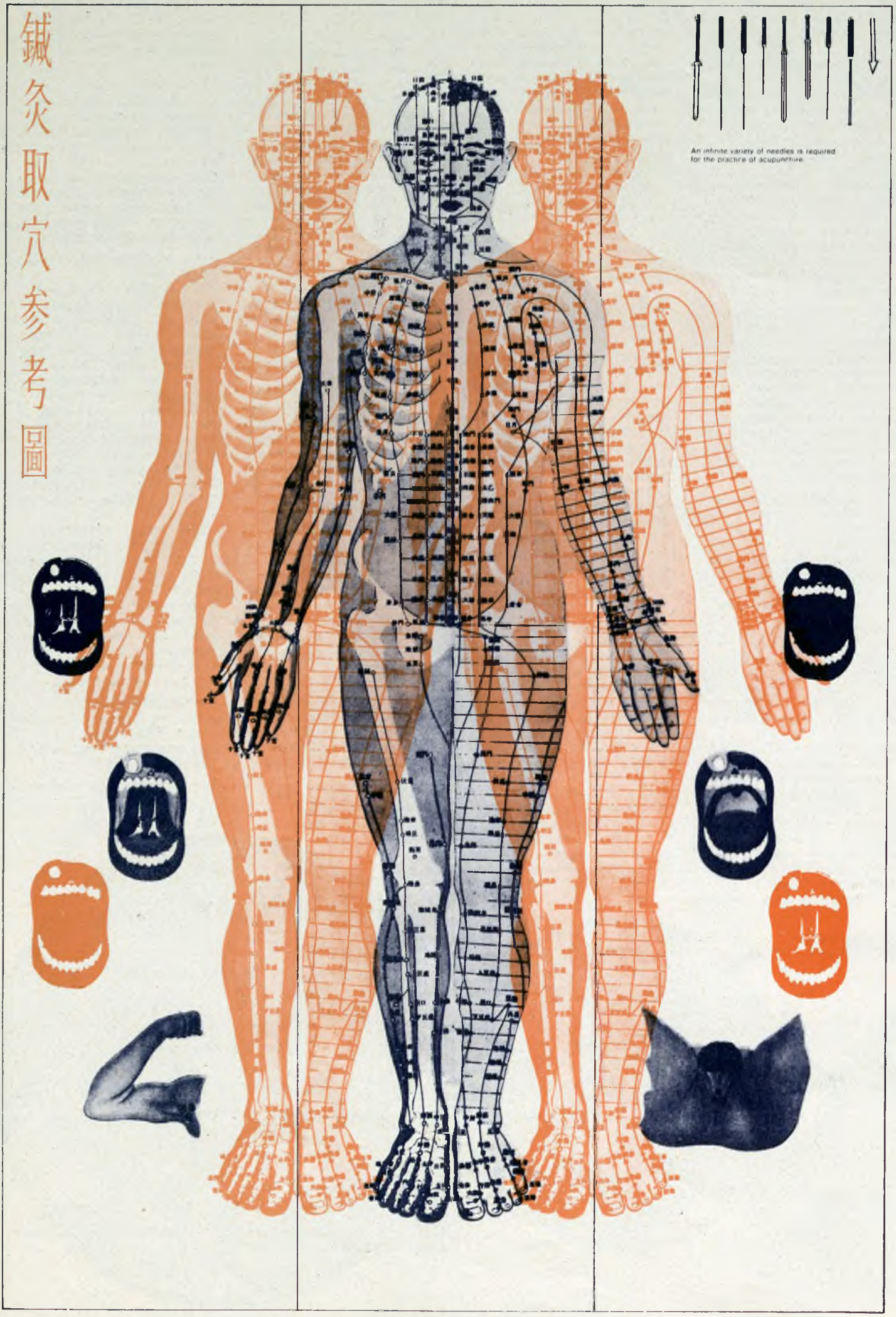


Illustration: Mike Moore

OZ readers wishing to investigate or purchase negative ionisers should contact Medion Ltd. 1 Oxted, Surrey



An infinite variety of needles is required for the practice of acupuncture.

Illustration: Georgia Straight/UPS

ACUPUNCTURE

"Oh the needle and the damage done."

WARNING: *Acupuncture is a medical science of the highest sophistication. Don't go sticking needles into your sick friends.*

One of the basic differences between eastern and western medicine is that eastern medicine, of which acupuncture forms an integral part, is a philosophy of life as well as a science. The western doctor, like the dentist, is little more than a technician, a body mechanic, well versed in repair and spare parts, but knowing relatively little about preventative as opposed to curative medicine.

The Dutch first introduced Western medicine to the east, and in Japan at least, the physicians of the ancient and classical school were relegated to a secondary place. In China, the effect of Western medicine was not so drastic, and now Peking has not only permitted Mr. Nixon his ridiculous TV junket, but has apparently decided to enrich us with freely given knowledge of one of its most time honoured and valuable discoveries.

James Reston, the journalist, widely publicised the extraordinary success of his post-operational acupuncture treatment, (he was too chicken to allow the Chinese doctors to operate under acupuncture), and on television recently I watched deaf and dumb Chinese children being treated with acupuncture needles with most encouraging results. The film continued with an operation on a woman for removal of an ovarian cyst. She lay back, fully conscious, several needles, electronically stimulated, protruding from meridian test points in her face. She felt no pain at any stage, was able to move freely when required, to assist the surgeons, and when the cyst was finally removed, felt only that a great weight had been taken from her body.

The Western anaesthetist for one, will welcome acupuncture. So many middle aged people seeking surgery on their failing organs, are found to be addicted to barbiturates, that it is ofetn impossible to find a suitable painkiller to protect them from the terror of the scalpel. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that in the East, you pay the doctor when you are well. You cease to pay him when you become ill.

The following information is taken from *Japanese Acupuncture by Dr. M. Hashimoto* (Liveright Publishing Corporation, NewYork). Anyone interested in further reading should look at any of the books on acupuncture by Felix Mann.

Acupuncture and oriental medical science originated in China about four or five thousand years ago. The most important of the medical classics was called the Nei Ching or 'The Yellow Emperor's Canon of Internal Medicine' which is in the form of questions and answers embracing hygeine, pathology and physiology, as well as politics, economics and the arts and sciences of that day.

THE THEORY OF YIN-YANG AND THE FIVE ELEMENTS.

The Nei Ching said: "The principle of Yin and Yang is the basic principle of everything in creation. It is the principle of the entire universe. It is the parent of every change; it is the root and source of life and death; it is also found within the temples of the gods. In order to treat and cure diseases, one must search into their origin. Heaven was created by an accumulation of Yang the light element, while Earth was created by an accumulation of Yin, the dark element. Through their interactions and their functions, Yin and Yang, the negative and positive principles in nature, are the causes of diseases which befall those who are in rebellion against the laws of nature, or those who do not conform to them."

In the human body, the back is Yang, but the chest and abdomen are Yin; man's spirit is Yin, but his body is Yang. Man's viscera are Yin, but certain parts of his digestive system where nutritive and waste matter circulates, such as the colon and the small intestine, are Yang. Yin exists within Yang and vice versa. The active and passive principles are not merely an arbitrary division of energy, but they are the actual interplay between the elements. All is relative.

THE FIVE ELEMENTS.

All that exists within nature is divided into the Yin and the Yang, but there is a further division according to the five elements, which are Wood, Fire, Earth, Metal and Water. For example, the liver, the gallbladder, the eyes, the nails, tears and acids all are said to be under the first element, wood. The five elements are not independent but stand in an intimate correlation to each other, for each element has its opposite and each element governs and is in turn governed by another element. Thus at one time, they complement and at anotherother they oppose each other.

ENERGY AND ITS ESSENCE.

The energy that is integral to the human body asserts itself as an essence
The mysterious powers of this essence work invisibly and exist within everything within the universe. It is the very cause of life itself. In a kidney, for example, it exists as the 'essence of the kidney'. In the circulating blood, it exists as the 'essence of the circulating blood'. It is this essence which sustains the body and causes it to move and live.

HYPERACTIVITY AND HYPOACTIVITY

These two terms represent polar extremes of disequilibrium within the body and its organs. If there is a disequilibrium in the energy of an organ, this will manifest itself either as an abnormal amount of energy, or as a deficiency of energy. In either case, this will be reflected in the nervous system and blood pressure. Any restoration of the organ must follow a course of adjustment until either the hyperactivity or the hypoactivity has been reduced to a normal equilibrium.

TSANG AND FU ORGANS.

Tsang organs are Yin, Fu organs are Yang. The six Tsang organs are; the liver, heart spleen, lungs, kidneys and the heart constrictor. The six Fu organs are; the gall bladder, the small intestine, the stomach, the colon, the bladder and the tri-heaters (respiratory, digestive and reproductive systems).

THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.

Exterior causes — The Five Perverse Climates are responsible for exterior causes and the adverse effects they cause are divided into two categories. Kan is a condition of lesser intensity which results in such minor diseases such as a cold. Chu is of greater intensity, resulting in graver illness such as hemiplegia.

Interior causes — these arise because of psychic stress generated by the Five Emotions. For instance, anger can be the cause of a disturbed liver; joy can be the cause of a cardiac affliction; anxiety and depression can be the cause of pulmonary lesions; grief can affect the spleen and fear can damage the kidneys.

Illness is sometimes brought on through internal causes which are the product of external effects, i.e. illnesses produced from injudicious eating or drinking, an abuse of organic functions or overwork. Finally, there is the physical constitution of the individual which may be either positive or negative, hyperactive or hypoactive, with organs which themselves may be susceptible or resistant to disease

THE MERIDIANS AND THEIR POINTS.

The meridians are the pathways along which flow the essence of vitality. The meridians are in direct relationship with such vital phenomena as growth, metabolism, nutrition or the organs or the nervous system. The acupuncture needle therapy is directed towards stimulating or depressing the energy in the meridians concerned. To do this, the disorder or disequilibrium must be diagnosed and its cause located through a study of the 12 pulses. A Russian photographer called Kirlian has taken photographs in a high frequency electrical field, of the human aura, which shows this energy or essence flowing from certain points on these meridians. There are fourteen meridians, and a couple of examples follow:
Meridian of the Colon: It commences at the tip of the index finger from where it mounts the outside of the arm, over the shoulder and the side of the neck to end at a point near the nose. The test point for the needle is on the upper forearm.
The meridian of the Stomach: It commences on the face; the trajectory descends down the front of the thorax and abdomen, down the outer surface of the leg to end at the tip of the second toe. The test point is on the outside of the leg near the knee.
The meridian of the Kidneys: It commences at the sole of the foot from where it mounts the length of the leg and thigh and the front of the abdomen and thorax to end at a point below the clavicle. The test point is located on the inside of the leg above the ankle.

Disease is reflected by the condition of the meridians, that is to say whether or not the meridian is plus or minus. A couple of examples of the various diseases for the conditions of the meridians follow:

Illustration: Richard Gallaghe

Meridian of the Spleen: (Yin maximum).
Minus: Craving for sweets, dullness in the legs, memory failing, sleepy during the day flatulence.
Plus: Appetite variable, body feels dull, desire to lie down and rest.
Meridian of the Kidneys: (Yin minimum).
Minus: Lack of will, lack of sexual impulses and lack of positivity. Uneasy, timid, impatient, fearful, coldness in lower limbs.
Plus: Colour of urine dark brown, energy abnormally intensive, cannot stop working.

DIAGNOSIS

There are four main methods — examination by sight, by auscultation, by verbal interrogation, and by palpation and pulse taking.
1) Sight: Examination is based on appearance of patient, with special emphasis on the Five Colours and the Five Senses. The Five Colours are:
Blue — Liver, gall bladder.
Red — Heart, small intestine.
Yellow — Spleen, stomach.
White — Lung, colon.
Black — Kidney, bladder.

The Five Senses are:
Sight, eyes — Liver, gall bladder.
Taste, tongue — Heart, small intestine.
Tactile, lips — Spleen, stomach.
Smell, nose — Lungs, colon.
Hearing, ears — Kidneys, bladder.
Any change in the function of the Five organs of Sense can be directly attributed to a change in one of the body organs. For instance, a disease of the eyes stands in direct relationship to the innervation of the liver and the gall bladder.

2) Auscultation The Five Vocal expressions must be carefully listened to and are as follows:
Shouting — Liver, gall bladder.
Speaking — Heart, small intestine.
Singing — Spleen, stomach.
Crying — Lungs, colon.
Groaning — Kidneys, bladder.

Shouting is indulged in generally by those persons of an irritable character who like to order other persons about. They are usually arrogant and are likely to suffer from liver and gall bladder disorders. Those who speak too much and without pause and those persons who stutter have a propensity towards heart disfunction. Those who have a weak spleen or stomach often love to hum a song. Those with fine singing voices have a well-conditioned spleen and stomach. Those who cry easily are susceptible to pulmonary troubles or already have them. Groans are emitted from the kidneys. Yawning and snoring are also related to the kidneys.

The Five Odours: These must also be noted during an examination of the patient and are as follows:
Rancid — Liver, gallbladder.
Scorched — Heart, small intestine.
Frgarant — Spleen, stomach.
Rotten — Lungs, colon.
Putrid — Kidney, bladder.

The Five Secretions:
Tears — Liver.
Sweat — Heart.
Lymph — Spleen.
Mucus — Lungs.
Saliva — Kidneys.

The Five Emotions:
Anger, irritability, restlessness, instability — Liver.

Joy, excessive laughter — Heart.
Worry, emotional tension, depression — Spleen.
Grief, negativism — Lungs.
Fear, timidity, easily surprised — Kidneys.

The Five Perverse Climates:
Wind is unfavourable to the liver. Brings propensity to illness which affects the ligaments.
Heat is unfavourable to the heart. Brings propensity to illnesses which affect the arteries.
Moisture is unfavourable to the spleen. Brings propensity to illnesses which affect the muscles.
Dryness is unfavourable to the lungs. Brings propensity to illnesses which affect the skin and hair.
Cold is unfavourable to the kidneys. Brings propensity to illnesses which affect the bones.

3) INTERROGATION
The usual doctor's questions.

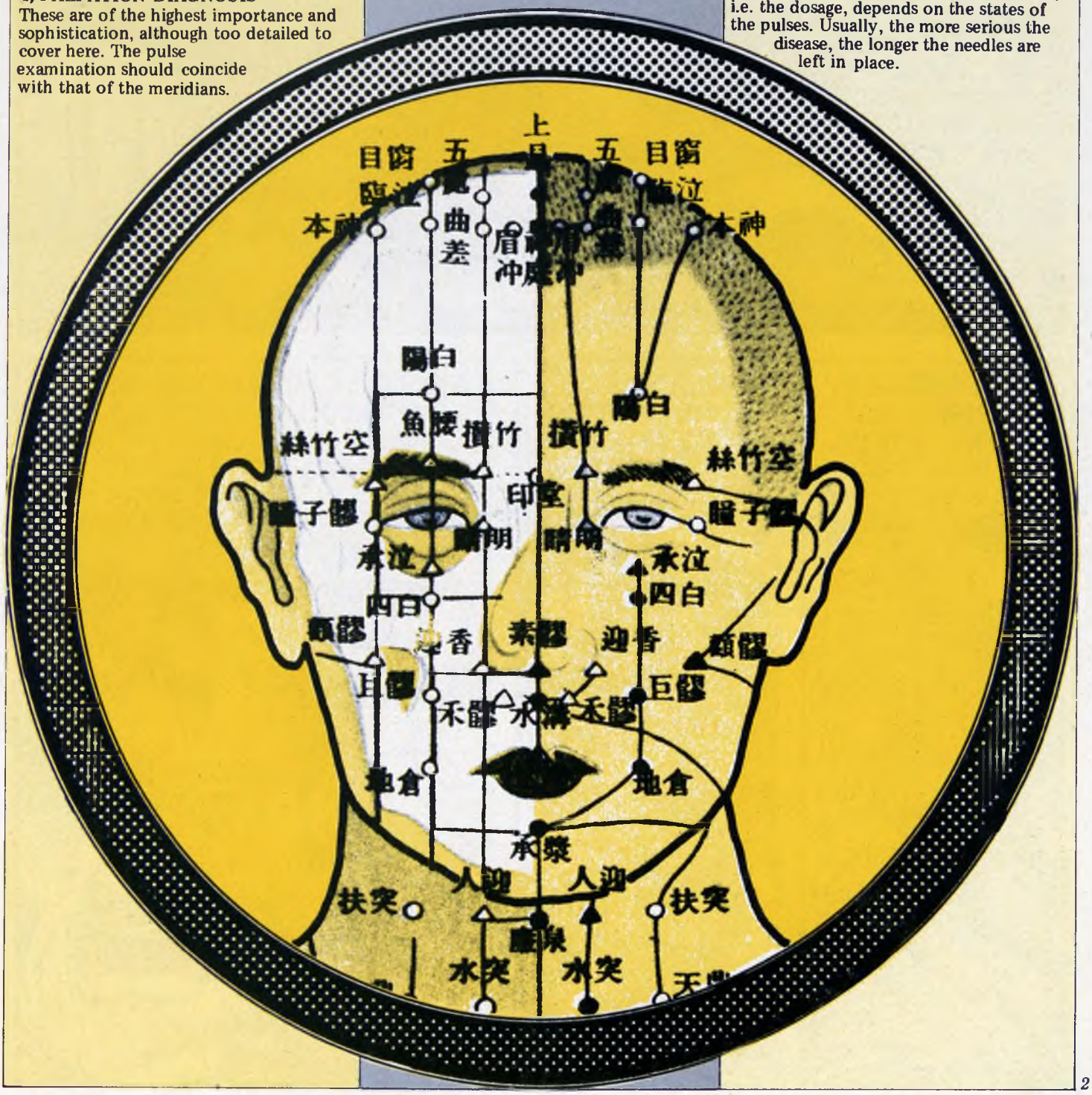
4) PALPATION DIAGNOSIS
These are of the highest importance and sophistication, although too detailed to cover here. The pulse examination should coincide with that of the meridians.

TREATMENT.

The most fundamental law of oriental medicine is the Great Law of Pu-Hsieh: "Supply energy to where it is lacking, and calm the energy when it is in excess." This means that when the meridian energy is minus it must be augmented, and when it is plus, it must be calmed not dissipated.

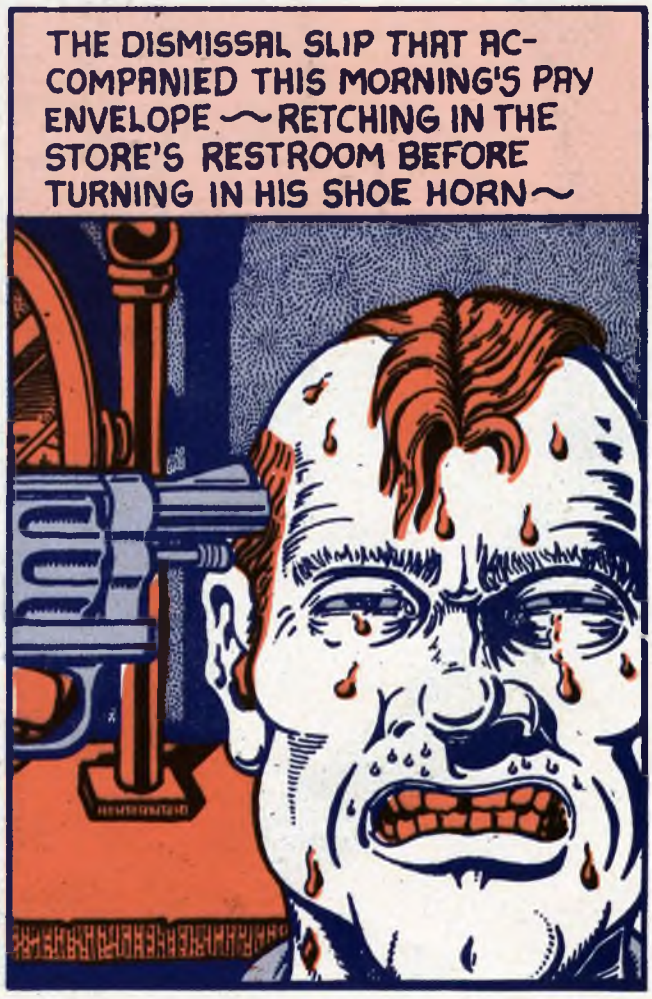
The stainless steel acupuncture needles are mostly inserted only to a depth of one tenth of an inch at the various crucial test points on the correct meridians, and are left in position or manipulated until the patient's pulses have been normalised. "There is no disease when the pulses are normal." They must all be restored to a state of equilibrium. When this has been achieved, the treatment is terminated.

Beginners in the art of acupuncture should limit themselves to inserting needles in thosr parts located only on the chest, the abdomen and the four limbs. The fewer points which have to be used, the better. The length of time the needles are left in, i.e. the dosage, depends on the states of the pulses. Usually, the more serious the disease, the longer the needles are left in place.



THE LOSER

© A SHORT TALE OF A SMALL MAN by J. OSBORNE



THE BAR ON THE WAY HOME AND THE DRUNKEN BRAWL WITH MAXINE~
PTHAP
ONE!

THE SLAP!~ MAXINE'S HURRIED PACKING~ THE SLAM OF THE FRONT DOOR~
THAP
TWO

THE DISCOVERY OF THE HALF-FORGOTTEN PISTOL AND BOX OF OLD SHELLS IN THE OPEN BUREAU DRAWER~
THAP!

THE AIMLESS WANDERING THROUGH THE STREET~ CHECKING INTO THE HOTEL~ THEIR HONEY-MOON HOTEL~
THAP!
FOUR

REQUESTING THIS ROOM~ THE ROOM WHERE THEY CONSUMATED THEIR...
FIVE!
THAP
BY GUM, I WON!

ROTTEN TIME FOR A STREAK OF LUCK!— NEED A DRINK BEFORE ANOTHER SPIN!

HANDS SHAKING SO— I CAN HARDLY HOLD— MUST—WHA??!!
FAM!
212

MAXINE!
OH, LEON! THANK GOD I'VE FOUND YOU IN TIME!

O.K. GANG! THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM THIS YARN! WHEN YOU'RE PLINKING IN YOUR ROOM OR BACK YARD WITH YOUR ZIP OR GAT, ALWAYS BE SURE TO USE YOUR OLD AMMO FIRST! A BOX OF OUT-OF-DATE AMMO OFTEN CONTAINS A FEW DUDS AND SOMETIMES, AS IN LEON'S CASE, A "DELAYED-FIRE" ROUND! YEP, LEON ACTUALLY LOST THAT FIFTH TRY—JUST TOOK A WHILE FOR THE POWDER TO PROPERLY IGNITE!—WELL, AT LEAST OL' LEON WON'T BE LONELY WHERE HE'S GOING——— MAXINE'LL BE THERE—WAITING WITH OPEN ARMS!

'The Loser' is reprinted from Gary Arlington's Thrilling Murder Comics'. A product of the San Francisco Comic Book Co.

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Saturday 10 am. — 12 am.

We provide crashpad facilities, doctors, housing contacts etc. The community house we share provides a home for Claimants Union, Gay Lib and Women's Lib Groups and also a small food co-op and coffee bar.

OHM, 5 Beacon Terrace, Cambourne, Nr. Redruth, Cornwall. 020 92 4472.

OHM gives free info and legal aid. We have a crash pad to accommodate passing travellers for the night and run a Claimants Union. Watch out for our forthcoming concerts and come the winter we will be starting a Film Club for heads.

WHITE LIGHT, 119 Chetwynd Road, London NW5. 267 0133

We help pecple find both temp and permanent work, advise on legal, domestic and any other hang-ups you have. We have a crash pad for those wanting a place to sleep for one night (please think of us if you have any spare blankets). We also need drivers (own vans) and anyone who wishes to offer their services and/or donations as the organisation is just starting to get together.

CHECK, c/o University Settlement, 2 Nile Street, Liverpool L1 7AF. 051 709 4811.

C HECK offers advice, information and action on welfare rights, the law etc. Although we cannot actually take legal action we can do everything short of this, including introductions to sympathetic solicitors. We are interested in *causes* and problems and involved in long term analysis research and pressure. We are available 8 am — 2 am.

CITIZENS' RIGHTS OFFICE 1 Macklin Street, WC2. 405 9795/5942.

We are the advice giving branch of the Child Poverty Action Group although we do not restrict advice to people with children. Our main interests are Social Security, supplementary benefits and housing. We have a solicitor and absolute confidence is guaranteed to those who come to us for help. We are open 9.30 — 5.30.

HELP, 20 Lawrence Street, Stockton 25. Stockton 66667

HELP is a free advice and information service. If you want to talk to someone who really cares about you come and see us. We are open 24 hours.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT, 5 Caledonian Road, Kings Cross N1. 01 837 7174.

The GLF is a group of radical homosexuals who are fighting for their own life style against a shitty system. It helps get people to come out and realise the potential of their own natures. Meetings and social functions are held in London and the provinces.

BIT BY BIT, 7 Victoria Road, Brighton. 0273 27878.

BIT BY BIT is located at Open, the vegetarian restaurant which supports us. We run a 24 hour emergency service which assists with bail, solicitors, doctors, and any sex, marital or VD problems you may have. We also have a crashpad for emergency one-night stays and the Brighton food co-operative is run from here. You may also use our address as a PO Box.

BENEFIT, 133 High Street, Bromley, Kent. 01 460 2392

W e have set up a forum which offers a Claimants Union, a legal service in collaboration with local solicitors to assist people on drug and other offences, a general advice service for young people, and old people's relief service. We have also leased a shop to be run as a non-profit concern to provide entertainment for young and old alike.

TREES, 114 Northgate, Canterbury.

We run a community shop which sells leather, art, literature, macrofood, candles, incense, clothes. All the goods are freak-made. Come and see us SOON.

WHITE PANTHER PARTY UK.

The White Panther Party is a revolutionary organisation dedicated to building a new man, new woman, and new world. For further information, the following is obtainable: 10 point programme (6 page leaflet) free, please send SAE., and CHAPTER No 2 — White Panther Party mag, 10p plus 3p p&p. Write to: Abbey Wood Chapter, White Panther Party UK, Central Co-ordination, Box 5, 1 Conference Road, Abbey Wood, London SE2.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES, 152 Camden High St., London, N.W.1.

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THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUTA HERE

SAID THE DEALER TO THE THIEF...

Scenes from a Lebanese Jail by Panos Koutrouboussis

If, if, if, if.....

"If I used the other road back from Baalbeck instead of the one through Zahle. there would be no roadblock there and I would have made it."

"Fuck Lebanon! If it wasn't for the war in Pakistan you see, plans were to go to Kabul and then get out from Karachi, but we had to change at the last moment. Shit!"

"There had to be a tip-off, they were waiting for me, man. Soon as I parked the car at the customs-house, five customs men came up and one of them went straight for the tank, tapping with his knuckles: *'Hashish? You have hashish here?'* Sure, the mothers knew already. You dig, the way it works is if the dealer or the farmer who sold you the dope tips off the customs, they'll sell his hash back to him at a cut rate, or give him a small percentage of the customs fine, or both. If the informer is somebody else, like you think it was the hotel clerk, then he gets a reward."

"I've made seven trips before and everything worked out okay. I had this arrangement with a customs man, paying him 50 dollars for every kilo I carried. But this time he suddenly asked me for 100, and I got pissed off and told him I'm not going to pay. So he busted me. Fuck man, if I had kept my cool and paid... But when he told me to pay double I couldn't give in to the bloodsucker!"

"If only my stupid partner didn't leave the hotel's name when he mailed the parcel at Beirut Express!... Beirut Express is a definite bust, man."

If, if, if, if...

*****

Some months ago, the United Nations Committee on Drug Abuse, or something like that, asked Lebanon – among other countries – to stop cannabis cultivation. Lebanon absolutely refused, stating that cannabis is its number one national product. People say all important families, politicians, strongmen etc. have something to do with the product. Cultivation is centred around Baalbeck, a major tourist spot because of its impressive ancient ruins. Tons of hashish leave the country by ship from private sea-side estates to the west, or by camel caravans to Syria, Jordan and even Egypt. This trade cannot be touched. So – people say – to satisfy the United States who pay big amounts towards the war against drugs – money that goes in rewards to informers, arresting agents, expenses for better agencies etc. – the authorities here do everything to catch as many of the small-fry, the 'half to one hundred kilos' smugglers. All means are used to this end. Everybody can – and will – be an informer. The judiciary works on a guilty until *you* prove your innocence principle. The police will use entrapment methods. "Confidential" dossiers – meaning they are without proof or legitimacy – are submitted to the courts and informers don't have to show up in court. A good defence carries no weight – only private connections between a lawyer and the people at the top may work. Judges sentence 20–30 people in 15 minutes by raising three fingers and announcing *"Three years"*. Lawyers are useless. They *are* often successful in taking away all your money, sometimes writing to your home address and asking for more. Going to trial can take five, six months; with postponements – for reasons like "the judge was ill" or "the arresting officer didn't come" – up to one year; and there's a three month court recess during summer months.

The shithouse...the only privacy

*****

After being moved about for 2-3 days from jail to jail – customs, army, police, court cells, all stinking holes – you are brought here by taxi which you have to pay for yourself. You are taken to a covered yard, what they call a 'veranda', where you are stripped and thoroughly searched from the seams of your clothes to your mouth and asshole. All photographs of females are torn to pieces; wives, sisters, girl-friends – maybe mothers too? All metal objects, even trouser clasps, are torn off with pincers. Belts, shoe-laces, ties, and all medicines are of course *mamnous*, the first of the few words in arabic that you'll hear all the time, and which means *forbidden*. If you wear glasses, they are taken and you will *maybe* get them back after a few days of requests. All this 'work' is done by some greasy trustee under the observation of a guard. If you have anything of value – a chain and cross or locket, for example – or anything nice like a good pair of shoes or a leather jacket, the trustee will take them saying they are *mamnous*, and if you ask for them later you'll find that they are lost forever.

With whatever items of clothing they let you keep, you are led to a dark barred entrance in one of the cell blocks, from where a continuous racket of screamed announcements and answers from the cells will blast your eardrums. This noise will be with you every day from six in the morning to five in the evening; you'll get used to it. The dark corridor has six black metal doors on each wall. Another trustee will yank one open and let you in with your bundle asking you *"hubbly-bubbly? hubbly-bubbly?"* Fifty to sixty men will turn to look at you. The walls of the cell are loaded with clothing and bags hanging from ropes made of strips of useless clothing, and are lined with beddings of blankets – soon you'll learn that they are called wall spaces – which leave a corridor of dirty concrete floor. At the other end is a dirty doorway to a sloppy narrow room with a sink and a leaky faucet and garbage, and another door, covered with a wet blanket, gets you to the toilet, which is a hole in the floor. In the room there is a wall of shelves where the prisoners put their food, everything in plastic containers and buckets. There are two barred windows to the corridor and four to the outside, all high up.

*****

A young woman, rather homely, comes every Monday afternoon – except when she doesn't come – representing the Lebanese Red Cross. Prisoners who want something – Receipt of a parcel, contacting of an embassy, processing of some document – put up their names the day before and they are called out to the yard together, then one by one talk with the woman. Most guys put their names down either to get out of the cell for half an hour of open air, or just to gape at the woman.

Last time she was here, the sergeant passed by with an arab prisoner and a guard, talking to the prisoner in a friendly tone and slapping him on the back. They went into a door nearby, a room where pillows, old mattresses and suitcases are kept. Pretty soon screams of pain came out of that room. The Red Cross woman, continuing at her work with the foreigners, put on a smile of embarrassed knowledge. After five

Illustrated by P. Koutrouboussis

minutes of screams, the sergeant came out, his face flustered, carrying a length of thick entwined rope. Then two guards dragged out the crying prisoner and dumped him into a stone water-trough. His feet were crimson red and swollen; sobbing, he dunked them into the water.

*****

If you want to see a doctor he's there once a week, but not every week. If you're suddenly ill, you *might* get an aspirin, if you ask for it repeatedly. You have to ask the Leb in the cell, and the Leb in the corridor and the sergeant when he makes the daily count at 4.30 p.m.

This inspection they call *staadek* and everybody has to get all the wet clothes of the lines crossing the cell, put slippers under the blankets, line up in twos and wait, sometimes for a quarter of an hour. When the sergeant comes, accompanied by a guard, he makes the round of the room, counting under his breath with his tiny eyes half-closed and his pointed moustache bristling. Then he will stop in front of the cell's *charoush* – that's the prisoner responsible for order. In the foreigners' cell, the job is filled by a big American Negro, stronger than anybody else. So, about once a month, for some private or ridiculous reason he will slightly beat up one of the prisoners. He plays a double role of protector of his cell-mates and lackey of the prison authorities with the accent on the latter. The sergeant will ask him *"How much Jameses?"* and the man will answer in arabic, giving the number of prisoners present. Then the sergeant will say *"Bravo, Jameses!"* Every day the same; every single day.

*****

The intelligence level is pretty low. Prisoners talk about sports-cars, yachts, thousands of dollars. Their stories are fantasies, made up just for the benefit of the others. Intrigue and cell politics are ruthless, back-stabbing, beastly. Sometimes attempts at serious activity are made. A penniless Dane with glasses, living parasitically off his neighbours in the cell, made statistics on pre-trial time, expenses on lawyers, food; he argues that everybody should fire their lawyers! Then begs a banana from the guy next to him. Somebody else proposes that if a man is arrested for a crime in a foreign country he should just be thrown out and never let back; the more countries he is arrested in, the more restricted his travelling will be. And if he commits a crime in his own country, *then* only can he be imprisoned.

*****

An American comes up to another lying in his bed of blankets. "Sir! All comic books present and accounted for, *Sir!*"

*****

A German comes out of the toilet. "Shit! Who's been using the plates we eat from to wash his ass with? Shit, man!"

*****

Shower time is another "outside activity". Groups of 16 are taken to the shower about 100 yards away from the blocks, and wash frantically for five minutes in small, slimy stalls. If it's raining you get two extra showers, one on the way there waiting for the previous group to finish, and one when you've finished, waiting for your group to gather and start back. Some of the stalls have rotting wooden doors. Whoever gets one of them has the advantage to be able to masturbate under the hot water instead of washing.

*****

"Mister Mahmout, in Holland I meet mademoiselle with big car. She said she's engaged but she'll show me places in Amsterdam. Very good-looking girl. We go to night-clubs, whisky, champagne. I want to *fuck* but she doesn't want. After we reach her house, she say this is where I live. I grab her when we are out of the car, but she kick me here... Owww! So she goes away. Then I don't go to her house but another night I go to a discotheque and she's there. I have hashish with me, Mister Mahmout, many pieces in all my pockets. She's very beautiful, Mister Mahmout, and much money. She says 'Hello George; you're not angry I hurt you last time?' 'No, I was a bad boy. I was wrong to do that. You want a drink?' She says 'Tea!' 'OK', I put hashish in her tea. 'How much sugar?' I put a piece in her glass with the sugar. In five minutes, ha-ha, she starts laughing. I put another piece in more tea, stir it. She's so high. I take her, put her in the car, *vrooom!* I go *not* to house; in the trees. I fuck, boom, boom, boom, three times, six times. Then she's asleep, I take her necklace, all jewelry, I take lots of money from her bag, rings, watch... Very good, Mister Mahmout. Then I sell them. One with red diamonds, 2,000 dollars. Other jewels and everything, 5,000 dollars. I could get much more but I wanted to get rid of these things."
"George... This is *very* bad. *God-dammit!*"
"Nooo, Mister Mahmout, das ist sehr gut! Mister Mahmout, when we get out of here, we have machine guns, go to a bank in Beirut, boom-boom, we take all the money, and then go to Casablanca, Rolls Royces, sixty girls... hmn, das ist sehr gut!"

*****

"Mister Mahmout! Guter schlaf!"
George Bulziev, or Bullshit to his cellmates, a 27 year-old runaway Bulgarian gets a plastic cup of coffee from Mister Mahmout and letting go a fart, lowers himself on the blanket.

*****

The two greatest values in the room are "wall space" and coffee. Wall space belongs to the senior prisoners; the rest roll up their bedding in the morning and spread it out at night, covering every inch of floor. The last senior man gets a wall space next door to the "kitchen" where he's

Epilectic fit in the corridor

always getting all the dust, the garbage, and the smells from the shit house. Arguments about wall space flare up occasionally and taking away a man's wall space by the *charoush,* is used for intimidation or as a punishment.

Coffee comes first thing in the morning and the men buy great quantities to drink through the day, heating it with a makeshift *mamnoua* heating apparatus. Arguments and bickering about coffee go on all the time. It's stolen, traded; lost, borrowed, heated, poured, spilled. For some of these people it's the only thing to talk about. There was even a disturbance when the whole cell got fired up and wanted to submit a large number of complaints because the captain and the shop wanted to limit the coffee to three cups a day per person. The whole thing crumbled when the captain took two men out of the room and withdrew the restriction. It's now referred to as "the coffee revolution."

*****

Nerves are always frayed, laughter and fun are forced, the only privacy is in the toilet; even there after 2-3 minutes at the most, somebody will want to use it. If you go there in the small hours, you get a chance to see some large rat crawl out of the hole between your legs.

When the bell rings for "taps" at 9 p.m., the prisoners go into an agitated rush to fix their beds and get something to eat from the shelves. After they're through, the roaches make their rounds among the crumbs, the spilled sugar and soup; and later, when everybody is asleep, they'll crawl over the prisoners.

Some men will read for an hour or go on playing poker for cigarettes, although all games are *mamnoua.* Some nights you hear machine guns and rifle shots nearby. The lights, two weak bulbs high up on the wall, are always on.

If you wake up in the middle of the night, you may catch Hans or Mario, or Whisky a Gogo, his aliases – the 45 year old German smuggler with the domineering wife, a slimy con-man, sneaking about stealing addresses from others' notebooks.

*****

In the night, there is screaming and much commotion in the corridor. Loud angry guards' voices and whimpering and crying. An older kid from the other cell tries to kill himself by swallowing a boxfull of Kleenex. The guards push him down the corridor to take him out to the infirmary. The boy crawls along choked by the tissue papers that he's got crammed down his throat.

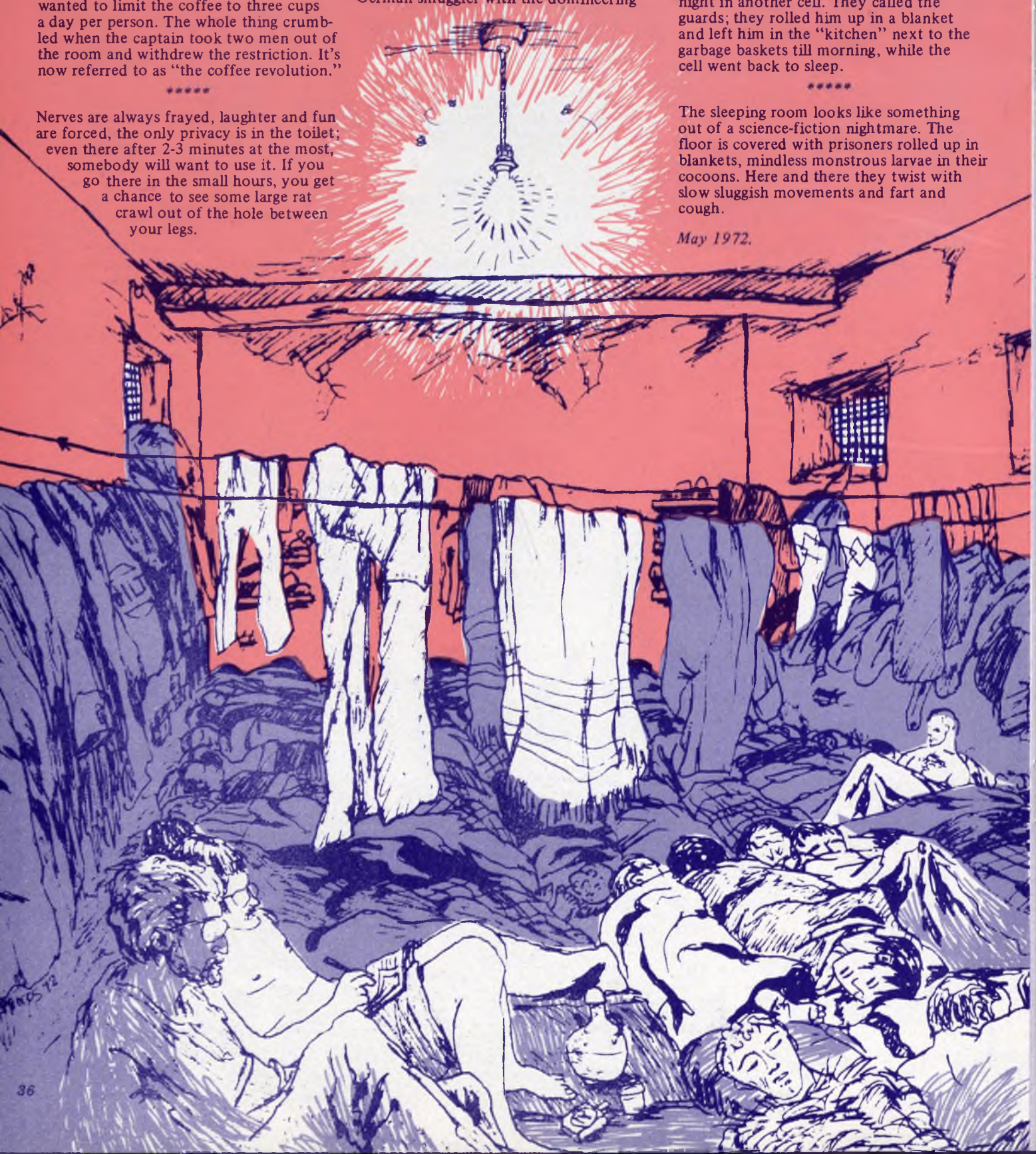
*****

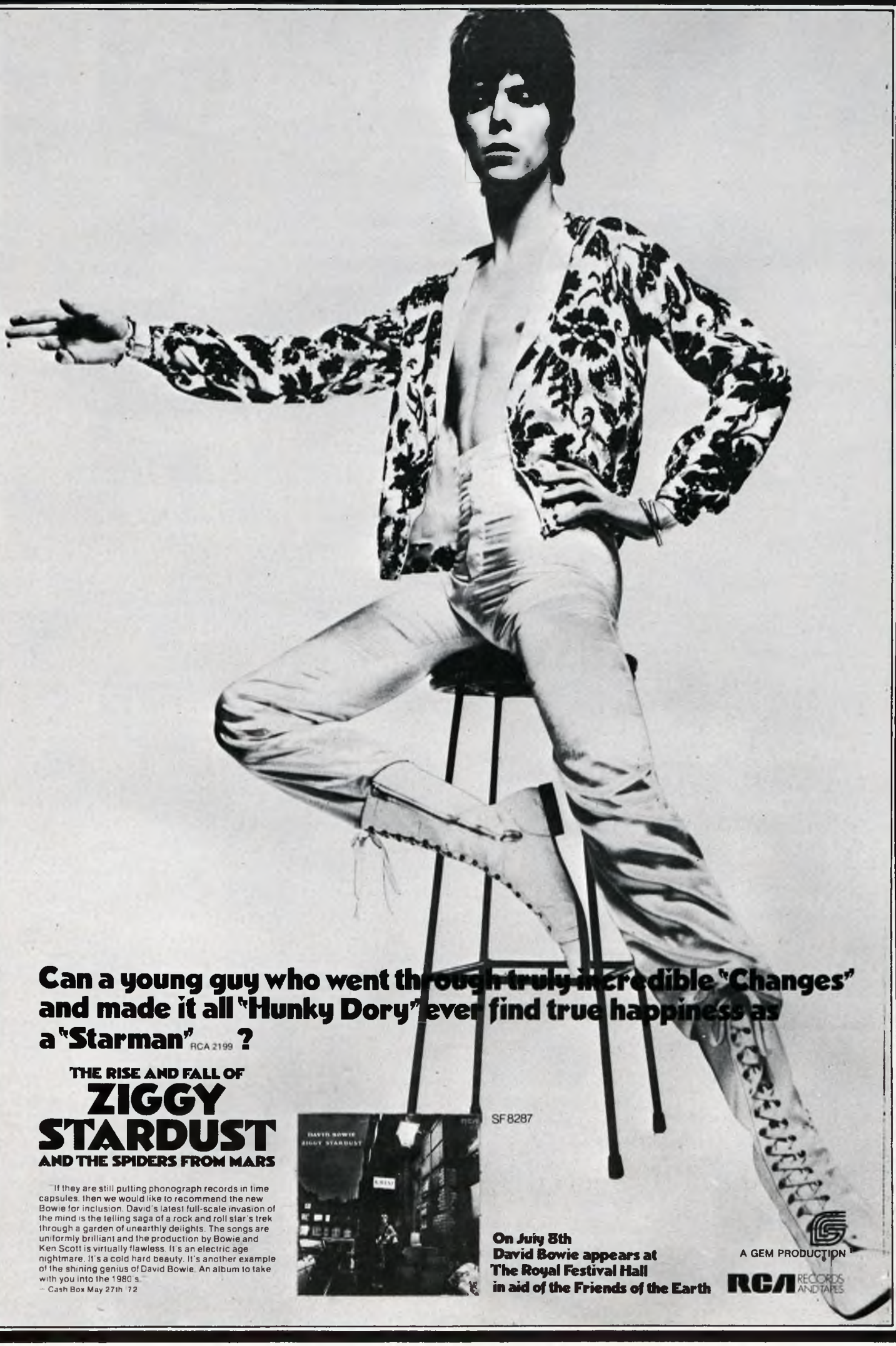
A few days ago a diabetic, who wasn't given his daily shot of insulin, died in the night in another cell. They called the guards; they rolled him up in a blanket and left him in the "kitchen" next to the garbage baskets till morning, while the cell went back to sleep.

*****

The sleeping room looks like something out of a science-fiction nightmare. The floor is covered with prisoners rolled up in blankets, mindless monstrous larvae in their cocoons. Here and there they twist with slow sluggish movements and fart and cough.

May 1972.

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ASTROL

AQUARIU

The Family of Man is a fact.

Every man is himself, everyone else is his brother and every man is his brother's keeper. In this case "to keep" is not to possess but to care for, to watch over and to nourish. This is universal brotherhood.

But although we were all created equal at the beginning of Eternity, are we still being *born* equal with all that individual karma which has gone on since? Are we identical twins? Universal brotherhood sounds fraternal. And if we are all born equal, why the taboo on judging each other? Is it a prejudice to say "nobody's really different"? Are all brothers twin-brothers?

Aquarius is mainly under the rulership of Uranus; the Initiator, Planet of Genius and the superconscious Great Flash which comes to the stormy mind like sudden lightning; giving little time for the unprepared to see all that it shows, being impressed only by what he happens to be staring at when the flash comes. To the uninitiate this way of thinking doesn't seem very scientific yet most of scientific progress moves on the impulse of the Aquarian insight.

The Eleventh Sign is the Sign into which the solar system is currently taking almost a couple of centuries to back into. The symptoms are so obvious as to be laughable. Like the popular use of the terms "man" and "brother" like the superscience and the communes, and the United Nations, and the electronic music, and a long etcetera.

Saturn is also a strong part of Aquarius and Saturn is consistancy, precision, authority, discipline and form. We must change the old concepts of brotherhood without breaking them. The 11th House of a horoscope is traditionally called the House of Friends and Aspirations. Through the amalgamation and welding processes associated with the Eleventh Sign, we can see the 11th House becoming the House of Group Movement.

And, speaking of family affairs; there is also a birth taking place in the Family right now. The vanguard of the 6th Subrace is incarnating at this time. And "6" is the Kabbalistic Number of the Sun. The Subrace was announced by the entry into Aries of the Planet Uranus in 1927 on April Fool's Day. The Fool of Tarot corresponds to the Planet Uranus, which is, in 1969, halfway around in Libra – another Air Sign and therefore compatible to Aquarius.

The Aquarian Way, the way of true Brotherhood is to work in direct communication with each other, co-ordinating their projects with no ego interference, each contributing to the others for the good of the entire Family.

The glyph of Aquarius, originally composed of three parallel waves was the old Egyptian symbol for water and was pronounced moo as in Mu; lost continent of the Pacific.

The Aquarian expression of love is quite different from that of Leo, the polar opposite. Leo governs the heart and it is directly from the heart that the compassion of Leo comes; indiscriminate, warm, and personal. Although Leo relates to every one without qualification; the expression is intense and personal or at least it seems that way to the recipient. Aquarius, however, relates to humanity as a whole, impersonally and with reason.

Within the Family of Man the friends from the Eleventh are champions of individual freedom and equality of opportunity. They do not wish to be left alone but they *do* want to be left free. Along with the Fire Signs (Aries, Leo and Sagittarius) Aquarius is a great liberator of the human spirit, the great leveler and status-buster.

B-flat, violet, bright stars, rain-bearing clouds, uranium, electricity primates, Ibis, Gospel of St John, oratory, five, six, seven of Swords The Star of Tarot, aviation, psychology, electronics, pitchers and urns.

PISCES

Pisces has a few important and interesting characteristics necessary to man's spiritual evolution between incarnations. However, there is little about the Last Sign which relates to life on this planet, and to scrape together what is appropriate and then to try to fill out a whole Zodiacal Sign with it verges on the absurd and useless. Pisces is seldom, if ever, aware of anything in terms of simple physical reality. Certain Piscean virtues such as sympathetic intuition and spiritual refinement are vital to humanity as a whole and appear in all the Signs to a certain extent but they hardly justify an *entire* Sign; a Sign with no practical attributes at all. Surely no Sign should cost the others more than it's worth! And yet . . . Over the great gate of the Twelfth (Piscean) Mansion of Heaven is written: "All the major decisions of life are easy if we place no other God before Him".

The ignorant and the proud, of course, miss this one completely; the former thinking God to be a conception of man and the latter unable to accept anything beyond one's own ability to understand or agree. Pisces, being the last Sign, is closest to the Source and therefore knows best about such things.

Pisces is the High Sign, the most spiritually sensitive, the one whose consciousness is most likely to be irreparably distorted by strong or violent drugs. And as the natural law and order here on Earth is beginning to pass from a Piscean to an Aquarian Age, one of the more obvious symptoms is the spectacle of trying to impose the old upon the new through anti-drug legislation and attitude.

Pisces knows without having to be told the spiritual is the most *real* and the material is the most *unreal*. Truth is an experience of the soul, not a conclusion of the brain. Pisces cannot be tricked by outward appearance or actions. Pisces sees your soul. How does that feel?

The tortoise is one of the animals corresponding to the last sign. The story behind the race between the turtle and the rabbit, which the turtle won, is a story of the difference between living esoterically (represented by the tortoise) and living exoterically (represented by the hare). This is a part of the Piscean Mystery, that "God is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth". "The turtle wins". . .
not a flashy slogan perhaps, however not to understand it results in physically dying and getting another peptalk and then having to be physically born again, and again.

Not to understand it is to be on the outside looking in.

The Children of the Twelfth Sign are consciously aware of the reality of the spirit. Which is the beginning of knowing what's really going on. And that's the meaning of "hip"; to know what's *really* going on. It includes much more than the occult, although it is still very esoteric.

Eventually each of us will be confronted with the conscious awareness of *all* that was, is and shall be. It is said we don't live through it. It is also said that this is the beginning of everlasting life.

Unless imitation is to be considered an individualism in itself, the Twelfth Zodiacal Category is composed entirely of unmanifest likenesses of the other Eleven.

In terms other than those of the Zodiacal Categories of the Incarnation there is, of course, much to say. However the point of *this* whole conversational series is the direct application of the relationship of the Esoteric to the Exoteric through the Signs of the Zodiac.

But here is a Sign of which such comments cannot be made. Earthly evolution has not yet reached the place where the inner meaning of Pisces is applicable to tangible existence.

B-natural, Red-violet, all fish, seal, sea lion, sleep, feathers, magpie, parrot, dance, Neptune, 18th Tarot Trump, opium, soapstone, lilac, all exotic plants.

Zodiac Contemplations by Ambrose Hollingsworth
Illustrations by Thomas Bewick and His School

ARIES

High in the head of Aries person is an awareness of a certain responsibility which drives him through life at a burning pace and sometimes consumes him in its own fire. Each sign is in itself a reason for being alive on earth. The reason for being born in the Sign of Aries is a compound responsibility to be right, to be first, and to know oneself.

The responsibility for being right is tremendous, especially in a world which questions the very existence of a difference between right and wrong. Aries considers this question a search for an excuse for being wrong. Born "to be right" as their function on earth, they regard being wrong as an intolerable sin. Of course, knowing this or feeling this way, they need no one to point it out to them or remind them of it. And since Aries is the Sign whose function is to be right, Aries people are more likely to be right more often than the rest of us.

Also, since Aries is the Sign governing the head, the more intelligent the Arian, the less likely he is to be wrong. An unfortunate mistake of some Arians is to assume all this and go by their own ideas without the validity of personal experience.

But Aries may try to waive experience in favour of opinion. Sometimes they are in such a rush and under such pressure to get going that they make an inaccurate appraisal of a new situation.

The need to know about the self can, through the effort to meet that need, put Aries people into behaviour and attitudes which we call conceit. We complain that they talk about themselves too much. If you had one short lifetime in which to attain enlightenment through self-knowledge you might talk about yourself every chance you got. You might hope to learn by hearing yourself talk to others and by the reactions of those to whom you talk. Aries people do this whether they consciously know it or not.

Aries people are born with the instinct to create and to be the first to create: to be the originator of ideas, to think of it first, to break deadlocks. Our friends from Aries are heroic pioneers who establish the new on the barren ground of the old, but always within sight of water.

Those who care for ancient symbols may see the head of a ram in the astrological glyph for Aries, which looks like a capital Y with downward curling "horns". Also to be seen are the leaflets of a sprouting seed, any eruption or the rising upward of spring fountains.

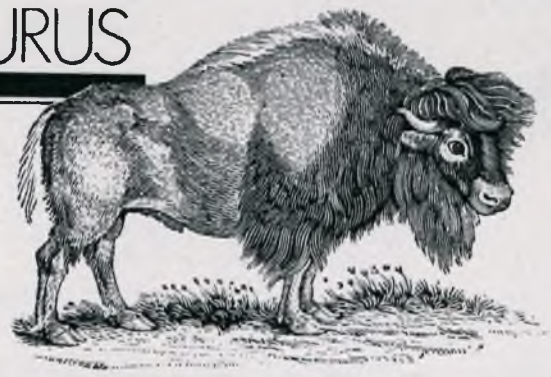
Any red flower is associated, the geranium being very strong. Will power is the related state of mind and the physical sense of sight is also involved with Aries.

East is the direction associated and the motive is mental impulse. Aries is the ruling sign of England, Syria, Germany, Israel, and West Poland. Three important stars of Aries are: Difda at 2 degrees 9 minutes, with a Mercury-Saturn influence, Alpharatz 13 degrees 51 minutes, Venus-Jupiter influence, and AlPherg at 26 degrees 31 minutes Jupiter-Saturn.

Stars themselves are temporarily activated by the close presence (within three degrees) of a passing planet. They are important on a personal horoscope only if they conjunct a planet at birth. Then again it takes a passing planet to activate it after that. This temporary activation of a star is like the brief bright flare of a striking match, compared with the continuous, though flickering, light of a planet and of course planetary light is reflected sunlight.

On the twelve tonal scale the note of Aries is C. The colour is red, first band of the rainbow, Tarot trump card is number 4, the Emperor, who is called Son of the Morning. Corresponding Hebrew letter is Heh, second and fourth letter of the unspeakable name of God. Aries is also called the General, the Conqueror. The associated archangel is called the Prince of Strength and Courage.

TAURUS



The pillars of creation are the Fixed Signs, and of them Taurus is the most down into earth. Taurian people understand and appreciate the divine grace of that which lasts. "Upon this rock will I build my church". Peter the rock is a Taurian image, the firm foundation upon which can be built a vehicle of the soul.' Taurus represents the first of the four pillars, the one which must hold while the others are being set in place.

Uncertainty is unhealthy for Taurians and insecurity delays their growth. The rest of us can help by providing as much stability as we naturally can as a medium for them to work in. We can accept their material orientation and get out of the way while they attract and build an enduring situation of visible security which they do better than anyone else. Then, when they have done that, the highly evolved Taurians continue to build on into the invisible, this being also an intuitive and a psychic sign. Many are (at least potentially) clairaudient, that is their hearing is not restricted by time or space.

Love and beauty are the keywords of Venus, the planet which rules Taurus and Libra. Through these two signs are born some of the most beautiful and loving people. They do exceptionally well as members of enduring teams of partnerships where they provide a sort of launching platform, a center of dependability, a familiar form.

Major changes of situation are not necessarily unhealthy for them (perhaps they need to learn) but such interruptions as change of residence, mate or occupation are quite numbing. Some part of the person seems to close up and shut down while the change goes through its process. There is no inclination to relax until everything becomes familiar and consistent again It is when the environment has mellowed into an old friend that the beauty and great strength of Taurus really reveal themselves.

Some Taurians feel responsible for the body of the Planet Earth itself, a stewardship of the land. They work out this responsibility in the real-estate business of matching people and their activities with the land as pieces of property. Others work in closer touch as farmers, cattlemen or gardeners.

Although Taurus is a most practical sign according to the logic of the Zodiac, there is a certain field of practical information and phenomena which is often, or even usually, overlooked by the second sign. This field is, of course, the occult. A Taurus incarnation is not for the purpose of esoteric scholarship. So let's not push it at them.

They are learning to see the "glory of the sky" through the "beauty of the earth". They are "lifting up their eyes unto the hills". They are not only beautifying, but also building. In some way, especially with the Sun in Taurus or with Taurus rising at birth, they are here to accomplish the marriage of form and function. The result is practical and a pleasure as well.

The Sign of the Bull is often the sign of a healer, a healer by touch. This is one whose inner harmony is clear enough and strong enough to act as quiet example of order (which is health) from one body to another, usually through the palm of the hand.

Of the half-dozen similar versions of the traditional Tarot cards usually seen today, all show much Taurus in the fifth Major Card called the Hierophant, as well as the King of Pentacles of the Minor Cards.

Red-orange, D-flat, the sense of hearing, copper, and a certain kind of obedience; all are related to Taurus in a very high way, perhaps a sacred way. The Hierophant has been called Revealer of Sacred Things.

Ambrose Hollingsworth appears courtesy of Straight Arrow Press, San Francisco

ASTRO

To be continued next issue.

GEMINI

The key to the human situation is said to be held by the Gemini. The Twins have the answer, according to many of the old schools. They also bring controversy and a double premise. The third Sign seems to affect people in particular more deeply and completely than any other House of the Zodiac. This is the Sign which specializes in people. In fact, people with nothing in Gemini will still manifest the characteristics of the Sign if they are born with a Third House Sun and a strong Mercury. Gemini is so involved with people that it can be the most superficial of the life forms on earth.

The *Lovers* card of the Tarot trumps corresponds to Gemini. Most versions illustrate a male and a female figure below and an an angelic figure above. The man is looking over at the woman and she is looking up at the angel while the angel is relating to both. Such are the facets of those born in the Third Sign.

The double purpose of the Geminian incarnation is to manifest an idea of heaven on earth and to reflect to others their higher (spiritual) selves. This is the message from Quicksilver, ruler of the Sign. The further they are from this service, the more nervous our Mercurial friends become.

Gemini is the Sign of message and Virgo is the Sign of service. Mercury is usually seen with a winged cap and winged shoes. Astrologically he is the front office of the mind, the intellect, reasoning process, sense perception, the nervous (message) system of the physical vehicle.

With all of this to cover Gemini people are the busiest we will ever meet. They aren't really complicated, it's just very difficult to see the whole person at any given time. They are moving so fast it's hard to keep track of them. We can do them a favour by not trying and by not insisting that the "real" person step forward.

A Geminian in his highest place knows that man lives not on earth only. At some point sooner or later in the incarnation he is presented with a showdown and must make a choice of the body or the spirit; one or the other must be known as more real.

As a part of some of the ancient initiations as well as modern orders of churches the aspriant chooses a heavenly bride of the world and marries his Order. A Geminian who has made his choice is not so rigidly defined The result of his choice is a person whose life is based on the reality of the body or of the spirit.

And here may be the key to man's situation: Human nature made the choice long ago. How do we like the world which resulted? And could we imagine a world as an extremely more desirable place to be than it is?

The lore of the Tarot and of the ancient Rabbis teaches that Adam was sent to the Garden of Eden to be a gardener or caretaker and to give to everything a name. This naming of everything is part of the heritage of Gemini through the talent of speech and the tool of putting it into a few excellent words. The *Magician* (Trump No. 6.) in the Garden of the Tarot is Mercury the messenger seen through the Tarot and also the arranger of all within the reach of his perception. "Collect your thoughts before you speak."

The freedom to change is a necessary part of the Gemini environment. This is also a basic need of Sagittarius, the opposite Sign. When provided in excess we have a bum, when denied the personality often splits down the middle. But in its natural habitat this most human of the Signs develops all the human talents with enough attention from his wit to master them all through basic principles. *He can successfully point out life situationf for all the rest of us to see clearly.* Satire is one of the more eloquent methods. When Gemini delivers, it is taken up to the rest of us to apply the the messages the Third House of the Zodiac provides.

CANCER

Cancer is the Cardinal Water Sign. Ruled by the Moon it governs childbirth, the breast, stomach and womb and is associated with both sailing and the home.

This is the Sign of the Mother. That's why a Cancer incarnation is extremely difficult for most males. It's difficult enough to express masculinity through water, the Sign of the Mother is the most difficult of all. By the opposite side of the same token Capricorn is said to be the most difficult Sign through which to incarnate as a women. Capricorn is the Sign of the Father.

Water is that which washes and is the universal solvent. Water lubricates and it also freezes. Water cycle, emotional cycle, menstrual cycle, spring, tides and the moon. Water people and watery people relate in consciousness through associations, impressions and internal responses. Their ways do not include information usable to those who demand facts and reasons. They do not add 2 and 2, they sympathize with it. But they do come up with 4. Or rather they get the *feeling* of 4, and if necessary it can be translated into 4. It's more of *numerology* than arithmetic.

The ways of emotion can never be explained or accounted for except emotionally. They can never be spoken nor written, they can only be felt or emoted. Music is the special art of the emotion. You can only tell water because it's wet.

Water is by nature receptive. Men who will not listen or relate to women as equal human beings are shutting out half of the truth of life. And it's been said "within every woman there's a man, within every man there's a woman". If we try to disregard emotion as a necessary part of reality we lose, any way we look at it.

Called the Sign of the Home, Cancer is expected therefore to prefer to stay in one place no matter what. Traveling in search of true home, some Cancerians never settle down. The Hermit crab makes his home in the abandoned shells of other sea creatures. A highly developed Cancerian can assemble a home anywhere. The necessary incentive is a family whether by birth or otherwise adopted.

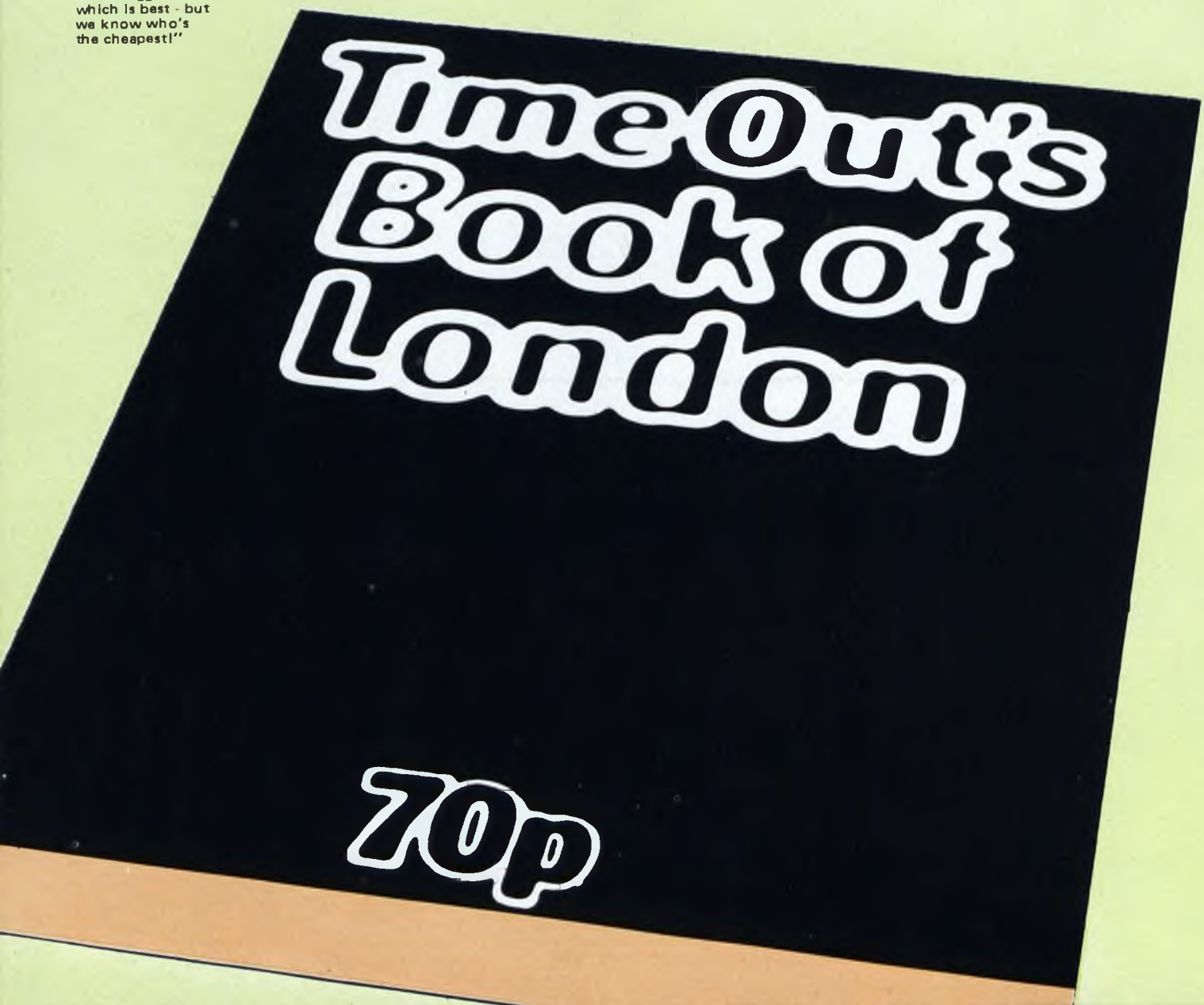
Cancer is the House of the Moon, face of many phases, many moods, From an earthy point of view the Water Signs — Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces — never completely incarnate, they never fully arrive on earth. This is the cause of much confusion and misunderstanding. Water Signs, although verbose, are *not inclined to spell things out.* Through Cancer, The Mother Sign, this often manifests (strangely enough) as an apparent reluctance to truly participate in life, a reluctance to create, a holding back of the real opinion or feeling. Cancer is very shy for one thing, the moon hides her face in a storm, and often is just plain not interested in explaining or expressing at the time. Perhaps most intimately true is the relationship of the Sign to such things. Truth is so precious that every utterance is a pregnancy and a birth complete with pains and traumas and even "false labour".

Cancerians will take care of you like no one else would or even could. Mind, body and sould all secure in the strong embrace of the Mother of the Zodiac. You will be fed, clothed sheltered and loved, although maybe a bit possessively.

Among the knick-knacks of the Fourth House of Heaven are: E flat, yellow-orange, the Chariot of the Tarot, the sea, the crab, sea food in general, tenacity, feeding people, bottom of the pool, the sphinx, the embrace, Queen-mother or dowager queen, old age, the safety pin, security, the knack of last minute rescue, arm-waving gestures, cooking and explaining. In the Minor Arcana of the Tarot Cancer is represented by the 2,3, and 4 or Cups. The safety pin is a fine demonstration of the power of Cancer which exerts no strain yet never lets go.

Honest Bruce, the OZ Mailorder King, says: "Sure the T.O. Book of London is a fine production - but have you checked out the competition yet? Look for the OZ special offer with the new3rd edition of Alternative London and the Survival Guide in this issues Mail Order section. We ain't braggin' about which is best - but we know who's the cheapest!"

Time Out's Book of London Out Now



Film Reviews

THE JERUSALEM FILE,
Directed by John Flynn;
(MGM/EMI).

To quote the blurb, this is an "action thriller set in Jerusalem in the aftermath of the Six Days War".

As such, it's quite gripping; it creates a realistic picture of the sort of pressures produced and suffered by urban guerrillas, which should dispel some of the romantic misconceptions floating around the "right on" left.

In fact, the main story concerns the attempts of some criminally naive and careless American students to join an Arab terrorist group, followed with amusement and gratitude by the Shin Bett (The Israeli Special Branch). Their efforts get themselves and their Arab friends killed.

Donald Pleasence is brilliant (as usual) as the head of Shin Bett (not so much a James Bond, more a paunchy Civil Servant with a gun). Nicol Williamson is less good as a liberal college professor who tries to keep his flock out of trouble (for an easy life and to protect American citizens, not for the Arabs).

The failure of the film is the usual one; although it creates a very convincing atmosphere (the parallels between Israel and South Africa hit you at once) it doesn't explain *why* the Arabs are fighting. They wage their guerrilla campaign because, well uh because that's the way Arabs are, that's what gets them off man.

It's not good enough and it isn't accidental; it's the same journalistic device the British Press uses on Ireland, or the US Press on Vietnam to suppress the *political* issues in favour of cops and robbers.

Schraden Giftgas

POCKET MONEY,
(Directed by Tony Maylam).
ABC cinemas.

If you like Lee Marvin and Paul Newman, you'll like *Pocket Money.* You might like it anyway because it's a nice film (nice being the appropriate word).

It's a modern-day western with pick-up trucks instead of horses, hideous nouveau riche Texans for cattle owners, chrome and Naugahyde hotel bars instead of the saloon and burger joints for the ol' camp fire.

There is no sex, no violence, no great dramatic theme, and precious little script, the dialogue being restricted to monosyllables and wry platitudes. Paul Newman and Lee Marvin are in Mexico buying mangy cattle for Texan rodeo promoter (who eventually burns them for 500 dollars). They play caricatures of some of their best known parts; Newman is a not too bright, paunchy version of *Hud,* and Marvin plays his drunk out of *Cat Ballou* with a grey flannel suit on. They make a really fine comedy team, a sort of drier, tougher Laurel and Hardy.

Marvin & Newman - 'A drier, tougher Laurel and Hardy'

The film is shot in a slow and easy realist style, concentrating on the business of buying and selling cattle, haggling with stony faced old Mexicans and getting drunk; Lee Marvin gives a particularly splendid portrayal of deviousness; dishonesty is such second nature that he occasionally rips himself off by mistake.

Altogether, it's a long step away from their usual super-stud roles, and a successful one.

Dick Pountain

COOL BREEZE,
Written and directed by Barry Pollack (Ritz, Leicester Square)

Bears a distinct relationship to *The Asphalt Jungle,* and in fact, views like an uneasy cross between *The French Connection* and *Putney Swope.* The cast is mainly black, and the basic plot, a diamond robbery carried out by four men who are specialists in the various skills required — lasers, muscles, getaway etc. The master mind is provided by a fresh-from-prison superspade, who is, incidentally, the only member of the gang to come out of the venture both alive and actually still grooving (boogying, whatever — laughing).

In colour, with medium-funky sounds by Solomon Burke, this entertainment has its droll and adroit moments, although the jive talk is sometimes obsessive and near self-parodying, and much funnier in *Putney Swope.* Putting down the Man — a pastime inevitable and compulsory for the urban poor, particularly the black urban poor — loses some of its edge when Whitey is portrayed, as in this film, as so hopelessly vain and flabby and without the subtle viciousness normally expected in a career politician. Nevertheless, the disguises for the robbery — rubber caricatures of Wallace, Nixon and Agnew — were clearly well-chosen.

Bruce Leigh.

THE RULING CLASS,
Directed by Peter Medak,
(Odeon; Haymarket).

I half-expected that this was going to be another in the series of dreadful camp comedies about the English Aristocracy which American audiences so love.

I was very wrong, and I got wronger as the plot unfolded. In the first half, a young Earl (Peter O'Toole) decides that he is God (and of course Jesus; the Trinity being what it is) and preaches a very physical doctrine of love. His high Tory, flogging and hunting family plot to have him put away, but only after he has produced a male heir. Some of the resulting scenes put the dryness of my Y-fronts in jeopardy. Like his descent from the cross in the dining-room every morning (he sleeps on it). Like the high church wedding, where he thanks the appalled congregation every time they offer him (i.e. God) a prayer, causing the Bishop to expire.

Then comes the abrupt turn-around. An utterly ruthless shrink hired by the family "cures" him — i.e. drives him really mad — by a genuinely terrifying piece of shock therapy. He becomes a caricature of a 19th Century Lord, to the boundless admiration of his family, the local Tory party and the House of Lords, where he erupts as an awesome defender of the faith. "My Lords, we have forgotten how to PUNISH!" Flogging and hanging replace fucking and flowerpicking. And under the cool cruel exterior, he bubbles with obscenities, silent screams, kill, kill, and the solemn conviction that he is Jack the Ripper.

Although what's left of the Aristocracy is a rather easy target for satire (and not the real ruling class anyway) this film uses it as an ambush from which to slash up a lot of other institutions, with a degree of humour and savagery that is rarely seen (Joe Orton is the first comparison to mind).

And if you don't like Peter O'Toole — as I don't — this might change your mind (as it did mine).

Mary Lam

Book Reviews

WATCH OUT KIDS,
Mick Farren & Edward Barker
(Open Gate Books; £1.50).

A couple of years ago, while searching for the Angry Brigade, the police raided the house of an innocent man (and how innocent!). That man was Mick Farren, the author of *Watch Out Kids.* The dope being hidden, they found nothing but "treated the outline of this book like it was the blueprint for an armed revolution." Silly old police.

For the few who don't know, Mick is the "dope-fiend, political, ex-rock star and multi-arrested freak leader who don't want to lead no-one", and *Watch Out Kids* is a penetrating account of how "Elvis gave birth to the Angry Brigade". A sort of English *Do It!;* a history of the underground in pictures organised around a series of epoch-making events (i.e. those in which Mick Farren was involved).

Like Abbie Hoffman and Rubin, Mick's prose-style is adventurous and racy. Mick has added a still further-out ingredient however; self-contradiction. One minute he tells us that rock stars are instruments of social control, marketed by the system. Next minute he is praising them as rebel leaders and outlaws.

Perhaps it's the dope, perhaps it's dope and beer, maybe just mental exhaustion?

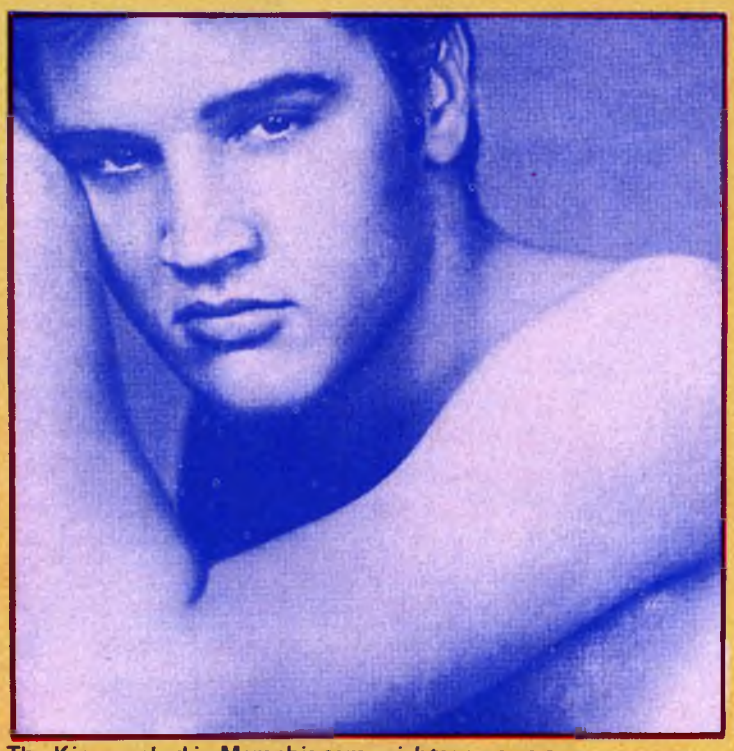
There are moments of high drama like the hour-by-hour account of what happened in the IT offices the day the Stones were sentenced. "A couple of groupies were trying to persuade everyone to go and see Paul McCartney. This idea was turned down".

When describing things that have happened to him Mick keeps his head above water. The trouble starts when he tries to fit these events into some sort of broader perspective. The pages ring to the sound of crashing sentences and collapsing half-baked ideas; as in "The lemmings have a great and groovy method of population control. The trouble is it's a bit hard on the individual lemming." Wryly humourous it may be, but the punchline "Later for jumping in the sea" sounds rather like a prophesy.

At another point he tells us that "it is about time we had a new civilisation". It seems to me we've got one, a civilisation rather like that of ancient Egypt, in that it only exists in relics; record albums, hip history books like *Watch Out Kids,* handed down myths about the Filmore East. Meanwhile the vultures circle...

To quote somebody or other "it's uncool to vamp on the energies of the community".

Dave Robbins.



The King - naked in Memphis some eighteen years ago

ELVIS: A Biography,
Jerry Hopkins,
(Open Gate: £1.95).

"... Presley's roots were country-and-western. He was tagged as the 'Hillbilly Cat' before becoming blues-oriented and sucking the creative blood of Arthur 'Big Boy' Crudup and Lowell Fulsom. He then proceeded to boldly rip-off many of the songs recorded by the great rhythm and blues singer, Little Richard. And some people would have us believe this thief is an originator..." — black poet A.X. Nicholas.

"Elvis is where pop begins and ends. He's the great original and, even now, he's the image that makes all the others seem shoddy, the boss. For once the fan club spiel is justified: Elvis is King." — Nik Cohn.

You pays yer money and you picks yer definition. What's beyond all dispute is that Elvis Presley is socially, if not musically, the most improtant entertainer of the 20th century. He's 37 years old, and even now he has a legion of fans whose reverence is total and who lack all traces of a sense of humour about Elvis, as any issue of Elvis Monthly proves.

Jerry is hip to the fact that the mass Elvis public is what's going to make this book a bestseller, and that the kind of reader who wants *the* Elvis book will not be interested in what some hippie punk kid from *Rolling Stone* has to say about the King. So *Elvis* is long on reportage and totally devoid of any opinion and interpretation of the Phenomenon.

If you've any interest whatsoever in the story of how a honky kid from darkest redneck Mizzizzippi turned the world onto black music and of how a threat to Western civilisation was systematically converted into a comfortable symbol of American middleclass virtues, then there's no two ways about it, this book is required reading. Jerry Hopkins, despite his studiedly noncommittal stance, has provided all the facts you'll need to draw your own conclusions.

What is faintly disquieting to note is how fast the rock biography is getting stylised. After only 3 important books (on the Beatles, Dylan and Presley) the pattern is so clear that you know you're going to start off with a geography lesson, be it Hunter Davis on Liverpool, Anthony Sacduto on Hibbing, Minnesota or Jerry Hopkins giving you the low-down on Tupelo, Mississippi. Whoever writes the definitive Bolan book (poor sod) is gonna have to lead off with 2000 words about Hackney.

Charles Shaar Murray.

FRANCO'S PRISONER,
Miguel Garcia (Hart-Davis, £2.25).

Miguel Garcia was, and still is, a true and militant anarchist, who has done what to us, born in a more desolate time, looks only naive and ridiculous; he actually built his life around struggling for something he believed to be right. Can you imagine that? Don't seem to be too many people around these days who believe in anything.

He fought for, and saw the defeat of, the libertarian cause at the hands of Franco in 1939. He and the others who were left worked with the Allies from 39 to 45 (during hard times you have to make your alliances where you can, even if it means dirtying your hands a little). He was part of the post-war underground resistance (fucking over the regime by forgery, bank raids, explosions, while all the time trying to rebuild the smashed union organisations. He was caught in the big round-up of activists in 1949 and sentenced to death. The sentence commuted to 30 years, he carried on the struggle in jail, and it is this part of his life that his book is mainly about. His meeting with Stuart Christie in jail gave him the contacts for smuggling out and publishing some of his letters — causing even more trouble for the authorities — and also led to his coming to Britain on his release in 1969 and to his writing this autobiography.

Garcia knows this — "repression has stupified the people of today" — and he also knows there is more than one way to repress people. Franco and his gang have traditionally relied on the good old-fashioned method: fear, secret police, disappearances in the night, etc. But into Spain, as elsewhere, has crept the new, big turnover, low risk method where the people's ways of thinking and living are dissolved into the plasticated mishmash of buying, spending, possession, ownership; and with them goes unity and the capacity to recognise the enemy for what it is.

Garcia addresses his book very

Book Reviews

much to the English people (comparing English legal punishments with ones for similar offences in Fascist Spain etc.) — it's a piece of anti-Fascist propaganda. But he recognises (at least I hope he does) the contradiction that it is appealing for the sympathy of a people who are equally contained — the only real difference being that our establishment has understood for a long time the advantage of the new, improved, invisible method.

Any lessons to be learnt? Well, as soon as the chance was lost for the Spanish, the resistance became a movement which was founded on defeat; a jackal snapping at the heels of the authorities, always irritating, maybe even dangerous but never in with a chance of achieving complete success. So the important question to ask about people like Garcia is 'What else could he have done?' If Garcia could not win there was no choice but for him to kill himself losing — but how could he have won? And this question is just as crucial for us now: now that the Stoke Newington 8 face their mock trial those left must ask 'What else could have been done or might be done?' There has been too much losing.

Billy Hull.

SHOTS,
Photographs from the Underground Press.
Edited by David Fenton for Liberation News Service.
(Academy Editions, £1.75).

Bringing together more than 100 stills from LNS sources taken in the US and Vietnam during the period 1967-70, *Shots* presents (if such were still needed) a powerful indictment of the Amerikan War Machine at home and abroad.

Whoever said that one picture is worth a thousand words was given to gross generalisation, but many of the stills in David Fenton's selection speak volumes. Best of all are the faces: the tight-lipped faces of Nixon's SS hiding behind their dark glasses, the bloodied faces of kids who know it's going to be a long battle, but have time on their side. The face of what Amerika has become and the face of a generation that sees it for what it is

Shots has introductions by Ericka Higgins and Bobby Seale, and the photographs are complemented by well-chosen quotations from sources ranging from William Blake to Richard Nixon. The format, though, presents something of a problem: an 8"x10" glossy paperback, beautifully produced, superbly designed (by Neil Shakery), it was presumably intended as a money-raiser for LNS. All well and good. Beyond that, its only apparent purpose is to decorate coffee-tables, or perhaps to act as a nostalgic scrapbook for those who have now dropped in. The same might be said of Mitchell Goodman's *The Movement towards a New America,* but there an incredible amount of useful information was brought together in one volume (albeit a volume the size of a phone directory). Rather, *Shots* begs comparison with David Bailey's *Goodbye Baby and Amen.* On that level, it is not so much a failure as a capitulation.

Clive Hodgson.

THE WILD BOYS,
William Burroughs (Calder & Boyars, £2.50).

The Wild Boys is Burroughs' first full length novel since *Nova Express,* and it effortlessly regains for him the title of the Funniest and Most Depraved Writer Alive (if he ever lost it).

If you're a Burroughs reader you'll have no trouble in picking up the story where we left off. Like everything he writes, it's all part of the same book, developing a different sub-plot maybe, but the same images keep popping up....Roller skate boys turn slow circles in ruined suburb....silver light popping in eyes...

Sometimes you get the feeling that he's got a formula which he applies to a heap of random words producing the various combinations in his books, but if that were true other people could discover it and do just as well. You've only got to look at some of the attempts (take any issue of New Worlds for example) to see it's not that simple. Besides the juggling with words, Burroughs has got a sense of humour seldom found outside of captivity and an imagination more depraved (in the finest sense of the word) than any writer since De Sade and Lautreamont.

Because he is now too fashionable to ignore, the Sunday lit. critics are forced to approve what once would have been dismissed as pornography; usually they try to make us believe that high moral purpose lies behind Burroughs' little fiction world of knife toting homosexual cannibals. They fool only themselves; old Bill is out to deprave and corrupt us all, in other words to turn us away from the paths of righteousness (the paths of deference to authority, sexual repression, patriotism, the path of the good worker, the good soldier, the good nigger, the good humanist whitewash artist...). It's going to be hard to make a good citizen of AJ or Bradley Martin even after they've made one of Burroughs (picture the 1984 Democratic Party Convention... "gentlemen, a junkie ah may be, a queer ah may be, but bah God ahm white").

The Wild Boys goes almost back to the *Naked Lunch* in format; it's got a story, set out as a series of drily humorous episodes, interspersed with cut up and, of course, lots of fucking scenes involving lithe young boys (probably too many if you're not turned on by boys); The Wild Boys are Burrough's fantasy of what the Underground could have been; the youth of the world have taken to the Sahara Desert, dressed only in rainbow coloured jockstraps. They eat American tourists and the US military expeditions sent to put them down, whom they slay in a variety of atrocious ways, making hash pouches of their victims' scrotums. They even develop ways of reproducing without the aid of women (Burroughs' misogyny has reached new heights). Now read on...

If you're into comparisons, this novel is certainly not as consistently brilliant as *The Naked Lunch* or *Nova Express.* Burroughs may getting tired, but then so is everything else. He'll only be in real trouble when the world gets nastier than his imagination (mid 1974 by my calendar).

Dick Pountain

'Shots' - Columbia University 1968. "..one picture is worth a thousand words."

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The album consists of **three** *LPs, posters, a 32 page book, information sheets on the live recordings, a silver cut-out build-your-own-pyramid and a bundle of pretty stickers all wrapped up in a heat-sealed polythene bag. We will be reviewing it next issue.*
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OZ ARTWORK

After much debate amongst ourselves, we have decided to offer for sale the **original artwork** *for OZ 28, the School Kids Issue.*

Offers will commence at £500.00

(A third of this money will be given to B.I.T. A third will be donated to the Nasty Tales Defense Fund. The remaining third will be spent paying Mr. Butler's legal fees incurred in our recent libel case, described further in this issue's 'Spike' page)

Album Reviews

LOU REED
Lou Reed
(RCA)

If I were thirteen, or Lou was, or better still if we both were, this would be great, everything I wanted to think about life, sung in a studiously serious voice with as little sense of melody, timing and rhythm as my own, backed up by musicians playing as unimaginatively as anybody I knew.

But Lou's a grown man and so am I, so what's all this stuff about "I Can't Stand It"? The drummer knocks on the door four times, and in runs Lou shouting he can't stand it anymore-more. Not petulant, not defiant, not suicidal, certainly not revolutionary, but not submissive or cynical. Just a *statement*, which looks suspiciously as if it's designed to become an anthem for disenchanted youth.

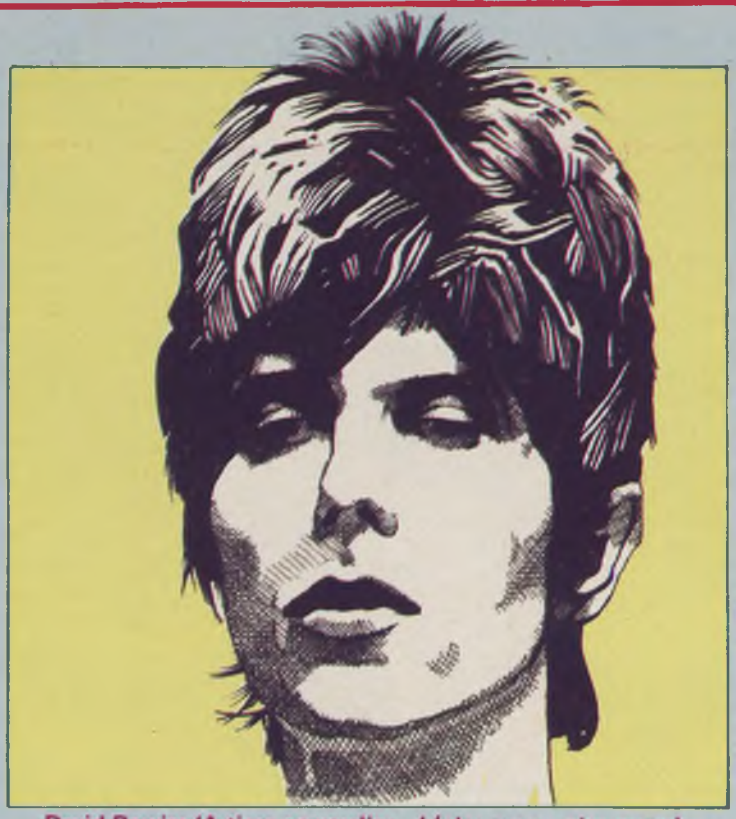
And so it goes to the end, where there is a song you can immerse yourself in, called "Ocean". In between, songs about being lonely ("Goin' Down"), being in love ("I Love You", "Love Makes You Feel"), and hating the city ("Ride Into the Sun"). That last one sounds like a demo intended for the Grateful Dead, and includes a surprising cop-out where "dirty", which doesn't rhyme with "city", is substituted for "shitty", which would have. Too much for the audience, too little from Lou.

If this sounds too clinical a reaction to what you might suppose to be a work of art, wait until you hear it, and then tell me where you can hear Lou *feeling* those words he sings. In "Wild Child", you might suggest, and I'll gladly agree, that's as good as the best this Chuck Berry of the Lower East Side has done, with a mood as depressing, monotonous, and irresistably fascinating as the hippie ghetto itself, held together with Lou's laconic wit. It's all about a girl called Lorraine, who crops up in all Lou's conversations with his media cronies: *"she's a wild child, and nobody can get to her, sleeping out on the streets, living all alone, without a house or a home, and then she'll ask you please, oh can I have some spare change, can I break your heart."*

The same wit also shows up in the more detached "Lisa Says": *"Lisa says, hey baby if you stick your tongue in my ear, then things around here will become very clear."* Reporting remarks like that is what Lou's good at, but too often it sounds as if he didn't concentrate on completing his songs before going to the studios, and it was too much to expect of a bunch of British session musicians to disguise the gaps with appropriate solos; producer Richard Robinson wasn't much help either.

Still, listen to "Lisa Says", "Wild Child", and "Going Down", and you might decide this must be the best LP of the last three months or so. And you're probably right, but don't say you weren't warned about the other nine tracks. Pale, pale rock'n'roll.

Charlie Gillett.



David Bowie: 'A tiger on vaseline...' (nice pussy, nice pussy)

Illustration: Roy 'David Bowie's picture in five hours! You must be joking!' Knipe

THE RISE & FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST & THE SPIDERS FROM MARS
David Bowie (RCA)

David Bowie, easily the most brilliant young songwriter in this country, seems to have been going through quite a few rapid changes over the last year or so.

It all started with the release of his miserably under-rated 'Man Who Sold the World', which portrayed him as some bi-sexual Greta Garbo figure with rather tortured Nietzche overtones !

The neurotic elements of that album manifested themselves in part of the schizophrenic 'Hunky Dory', but now things have developed even further. *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust...* personifies Bowie's new image as the intended messiah of Teenage Wasteland. Live, he is an almost grotesque parody of early Elvis Presley complete with outrageously tasteless costume, butch hairstyle and calculated effeminate gestures. On the new album, Bowie attempts both to live and fully verbalise his fantasies. *Ziggy Stardust* is his wish fulfillment — *'came on so loaded, man/well hung and snow white tan'* — the last great superstar before the Apocalypse (fully described in the first track 'Five Years'), who is eventually torn to pieces by his fans in a scene straight out of Nik Cohn's 'I am still the greatest, says Johnny Angelo'.

The only problem is that it all doesn't quite come off, and this all becomes very clear once one has witnessed his awkward posturings on stage. Bowie is overreaching himself, trying to cover too much ground. The character he ultimately portrays has more in common with the amazing Iggy Stooge than anything Bowie could extend himself to. All of which is sad because taken on its own terms, the *Ziggy Stardust* album is quite superb. Bowie is now working in new areas, having been studying the art of punk rock poetry from Lou Reed, while effectively developing his own talents in the realm of his lyrical fascination for science fantasy. His unique sexual imagery (previously best illustrated in *The Man Who Sold the World*'s chilling 'She Shook Me Cold') has lost its neurotic edge, giving way to lines like *This mellow-thighed chick just put my spine out of place* or, even better, *we move around like tigers on vaseline.* The best track of all is the single *Starman* which is perfect pulp sci-fi rock complete with killer chorus.

The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars is the vital link around which Bowie's new image is to be projected, and I have a feeling it will, if only temporarily, succeed. It's all a little unfortunate, though, that someone as capable as David Bowie should attempt to hype himself as something he isn't.

Nick Kent.

ROADWORK
Edgar Winter's White Trash
(Epic)

JEFF BECK GROUP
Jeff Beck Group
(Epic)

Edgar Winter's White Trash are advanced cases of the Live Album Syndrome. Their line-up allows them to tackle soul, gospel, blues and rock, depending on whether Jerry Lacroix, Rick Derringer or Edgar himself happens to be out front. However, their endless posturing prevents them from sounding like the real professional soul or blues band they so desperately want to be. It's like the difference between Albert King and Alvin Lee; ballet becomes gymnastics, economy becomes extravagance. The entire ensemble sings and plays as if it is getting paid by the note.

On the plus side, every number displays White Trash's enormous technical facility, but in every instance they are undermined by their self-indulgence. The singers are all very distinctive: Lacroix has a beefy, funky voice reminiscent of Otis Redding and David Clayton-Thomas, Winter sounds like an enraged bee attempting to impersonate Mose Allison, and Derringer (who plays lead guitar throughout and also produced) is a fine exponent of that punk-rock stance which says: *I got this big fuckin' amplifier, man, so I wanna see some rockanroll out there...* but his six-minute bravura performance of Berry's "Back in the USA" is flatulent and overblown. Despite their infinite musica superiority, White Trash could learn a lot about rockanroll interpretation from those veteran punks, the MC5.

Most of this album is a waste of

Album Reviews

time. However, on three or four occasions it really comes to life. Halfway through the first side, LaCroix does a three minute soul original called "Jive, Jive, Jive" which, with its flaring, blazing brass riffs, conjures up the ghost of Otis Redding far better than the rather tired version of his "I Can't Turn You Loose" which follows, and is the band's new single. At the end of the second side, Winter says "We got a little surprise for you here tonight... people keep asking me 'Where's yer brother?' "... the crowd roars, and on comes Johnny Winter to roar through a sloppy but powerful version of "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo", the song Derringer wrote for him when they were in Johnny Winter And together. It's messy, but it's so good to hear Johnny Winter again that I've got my blind ear to the speakers.

During the marathon version of "Tobacco Road" that takes up most of side three, Derringer takes a long acapella guitar solo that is probably the most rapid piece of electric guitar playing that I can remember hearing. It'll probably become a set-piece for aspiring Claptons to have to master in some horrific Rock Conservatory of the future. Edgar also acquits himself impressively on saxophone and piano, though the second half of his piano solo is marred by his insistence on scatting along with it. Derringer is a speedy little punk with an awesome command of his instrument and a lot of neat tricks, but all the really great rock guitarists have either a demon or an angel inside them. With the exception of Garcia, most of them are demons and none more so than Jeff Beck.

Since his last album, Beck has brought in an outside producer, Steve Cropper, no less. Unlike *Rough and Ready*, this one features some real songs, like Don Nix's "Going Down", Dylan's "Tonight I'll be Staying Here with You", and a couple of Motown standards. "Going Down" cuts Nix's own version to pieces and comes near to equalling the version Stone the Crows use for their encore. The trouble is still in the vocal department. In performance, Bob Tench's rasping, tuneless soul vocals fit in with the riotous vibes put out by the rest of the band, but in the more sober environment of the home, he sounds very uncomfortable. Max Middleton's lucid, jazzy piano serves as a most effective contrast to all the mayhem and brutality that surrounds it.

Jeff Beck is the subject of many unprintable anecdotes centering around his groupies and business contacts. After listening to about three bars of his performance on "Highways", you know that they are all true. Anyone who'd play that is clearly capable of stopping at nothing. His instrumental version of Rita Wright's hit "I Can't Give Back the Love I Feel For You", though, is astonishing for its lyricism and unabashed sentiment, as is the final instrumental "Definitely Maybe", a lovely improvisation on the guitar lick Jimmy Page used for Cocker's "Help For My Friends". There's also a Dr John-ish Cropper/Beck song called "Sugar Cane", and if that wasn't enough they also trash all over Dave Clark's old hit "Glad All Over". Words fail me.

Charles Shaar Murray.

[As habitual readers of this magazine will be aware, Charles Shaar Murray's concluding words in the above review are of some significance. At no single point during the course of OZ's lengthy (and at times frankly bizarre) relationship with this retired schoolchild, have words ever been known to fail him. We can only offer our astonished congratulations to Mr. Beck. - Ed.]

CARL & THE PASSIONS - SO TOUGH
The Beach Boys
(Reprise)

The cover of this album is a shiny red car door. Through the car window you can see the beach, the sea, a couple of trees, cloudy blue sky and it could be a pretty fine day to go surfing.

And then, Carl and the Passions is what the Wilson brothers used to call their high school band, way back before they became the biggest high school band in the world.

So what is this, a Get Back move? *Another* Get Back move? Back to high school, drag racing, sun, sand and surf, California girls, do it again just one more time? Not even that. All it means is, one more Beach Boys album. And not a very good one at that.

The best first, though. One song here is nearly pure high school: 'Marcella', one of just two songs co-written by Brian Wilson. It's at least their best song since 'Wild Honey', and, in the context of this particular album, completely stratospheric. The lyrics are good too. 'One arm over my shoulder/ sandals dance at my feet/ eyes that knock you right over/ ooo Marcella's so sweet'.

'Marcella' is probably a number one, except that it isn't out as a single yet, and probably never will be. Kinney probably passed it over as uncharacteristic of the 'new' Beach Boys. Which is, unfortunately, a fairly accurate assessment. The single they did choose, 'You Need a Mess of Help to Stand Alone' is alright, but certainly not a number one. Maybe, though, the 'new' Beach Boys don't want a number one, it might damage their new-found underground prestige irreperably. If that's so, maybe they should think again. On the evidence of the rest of this album, all you'd ever ask of the Beach Boys is that they wind up and perform their Greatest Hits, because as a progressive rock band they just don't make it.

And so it goes on. There are two songs by Dennis Wilson, both very soft andstunningly over-orchestrated. And two more by Al Jardine and Mike Love, both apparently about the joys of transcendental meditation. 'All This is That' is pleasant enough, though the lyrics are sort of Charles Manson Biblical. But 'He Comes Down', in praise of the Maharishi, with its handclapping gospel chorus and shouts of affirmation, is about Black & White Minstrel Show in its emotional intensity and depth of commitment.

So Tough? Well, it certainly isn't that. But that's not really surprising when you consider how many almost almost pure *muzak* albums the Beach Boys have made since *Pet Sounds:* every single one of them, excepting only *Wild Honey.* And while it's true that no-one writes Beach Boys muzak like Brian Wilson — which is why this album doesn't touch *Pet Sounds* — in the long run *muzak* is no more than *muzak,* and supermarket sound systems don't draw such fine distinctions. So let's just be thankful that now and again they can come up with a song like 'Marcella', and leave them to a peaceful rock senility.

Andrew Weiner.

Photo: Joseph Stevens

The Beach Boys: Tough as shit and twice as messy

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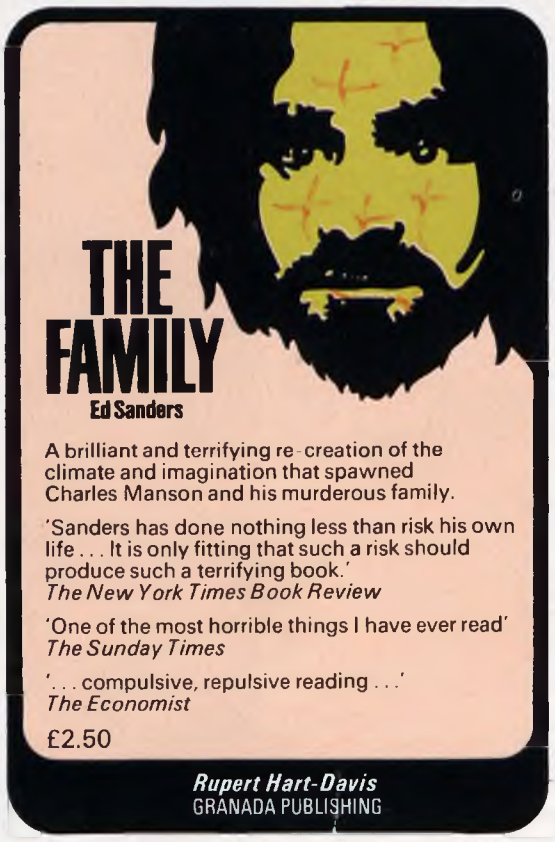

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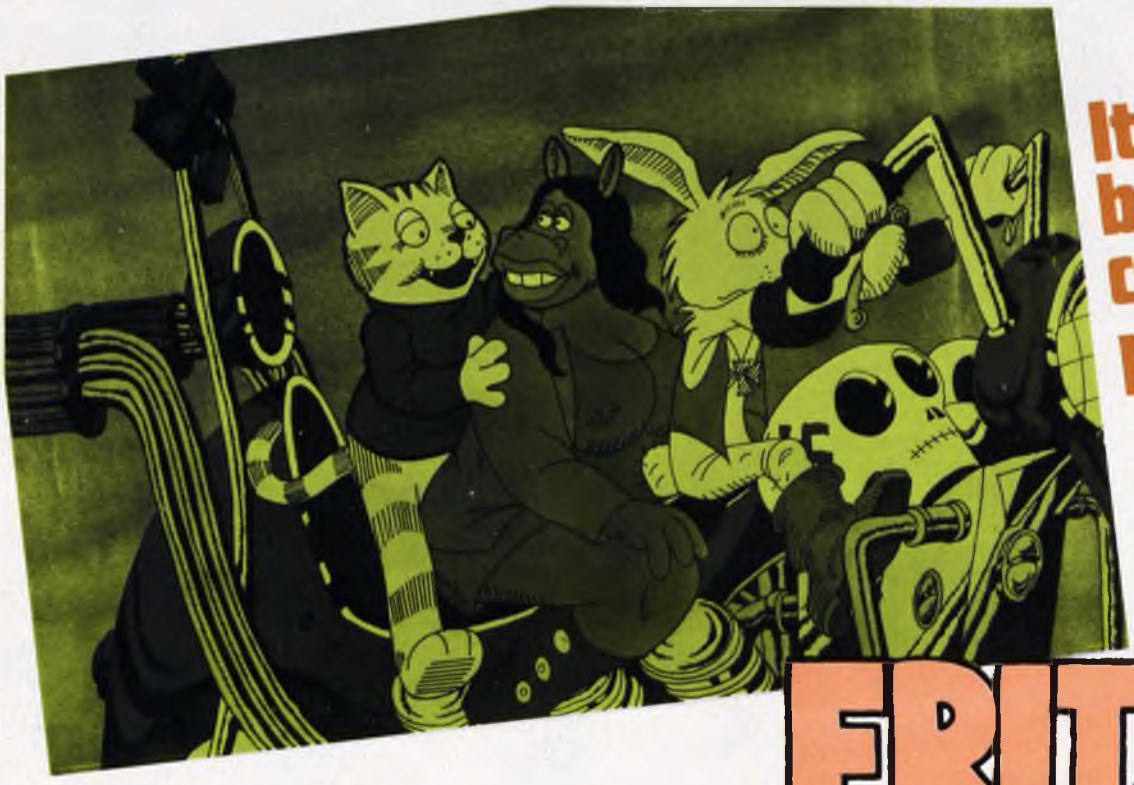

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HIPPIE FINGERS IN BALI SUGAR

As habitual readers of OZ will know, it is James Anderson's habit from time to time to mysteriously vanish from our grey, London offices, equipped only with his toothbrush and seemingly miniscule monetary resources, to hurl himself once more into the dark labyrinths of the hippie global trails.

Recently, Jim returned bronzed, bleached and apparantly healthy, bubbling over with news and anecdotes of his latest bizarre foreign exploits. He'd stopped over briefly to visit his parents in Australia and to perform some brief Gay Liberational spadework to a doubtless enraged and uncomprehending populace. On his way home, his airline ticket offered him a limited choice of one stop-over: New York or Indonesia. James plumped for the latter, and his report follows, but perhaps it would be fair to warn you that Jim wrote this piece inbetween violent bouts of nausea and acute depression, induced by a severe infection of hepatitis which he contracted on 'an island paradise that runs with love and blood...'

Bali is an Indonesian island, east of Java, well known for its temples, dancing, gamelon music and unique Hindu culture. It's beautiful, child-like people have a calm, harmonious way of life, quite remarkable in an area of the world with so tropical and violent a climate. Nevertheless, the Bali people have a disturbing habit of running amuck at irregular intervals, the last time in 1965 when as many as 100,000 were massacred in a fortnight. The victims were almost all islanders associated in some way with Communism, but in Bali the killings were ritualised and trance-like, and the victims and killers both so willing that commandoes were hurried from Java to restrain them.

Photographs: Keith Heygate

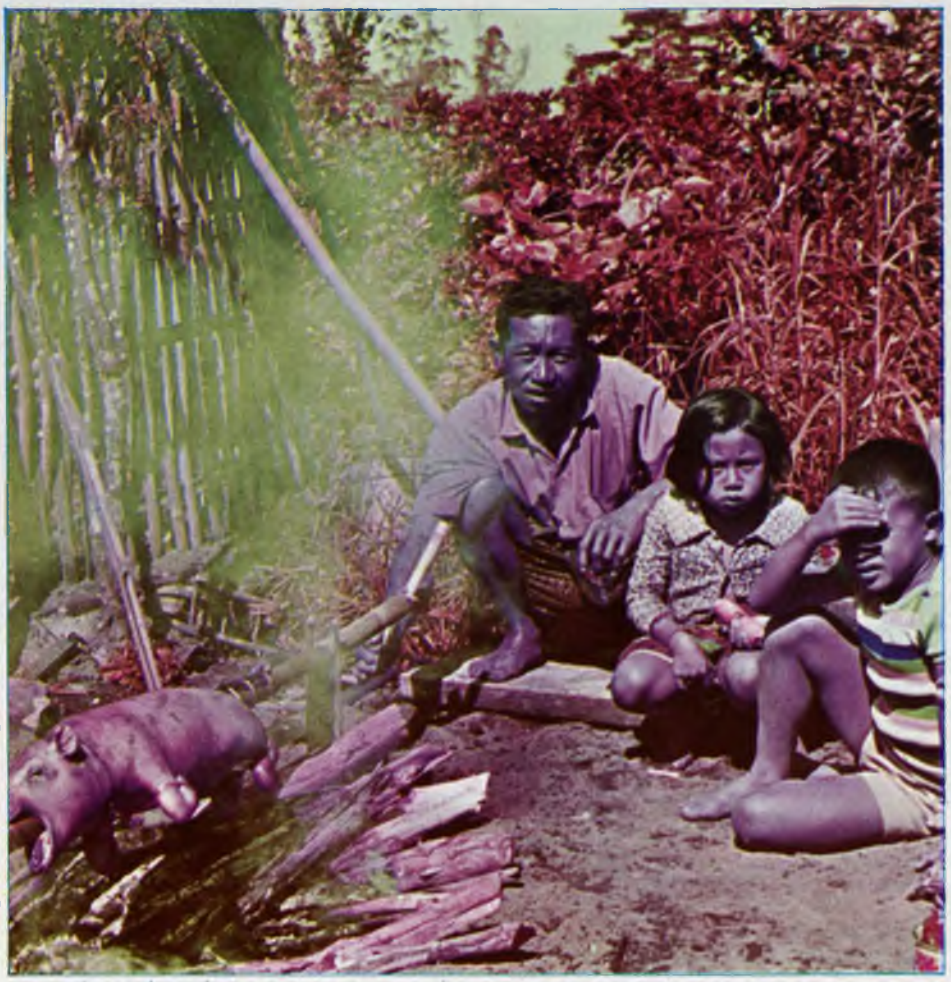
Jim Anderson: "I became a cheap cabaret artist..."

The boys did nothing but giggle and look amazed

The Good Things:

a) Kuta Beach, where most people stay, is mile upon mile of curving white sand fringed with coconut palms, paddy fields and lush green and yellow vegetation. The village of Kuta, lost in the palm groves, has plenty of places to stay, usually in Balinese family compounds, costing 25p a night including tea and a local speciality like steamed pink cake for breakfast. The beach faces west, and everyday the setting sun provides the peaking trippers with a transcendental tropical light show. On Sundays, tourists from Djakarta come and take pictures of the freaks and surfies, but on the whole the beach is totally unspoilt. Commercialisation takes the benign form of beautiful Balinese girls with baskets on their heads selling fruit, drinks and nuts. Further along, the sand is completely deserted and if you need solitude to do whatever turns you on, you can have it. The beach is in every way far more spectacular than Goa. At some points there is in the waves near the shore, a glistening algae which takes the form of large translucent bubbles, and turns the surf and receding foam to gold, particularly when the sun is going down. Nothing is expensive and you can live quite well on 50p a day. There is a fish restaurant on the beach, a vegetarian restaurant back in the village next to a bar where they blend mango, avocado, banana pawpaw and durock into huge iced drinks, and other very good places to eat, including Djenik's where Djenik will make you a mushroom omelette (although, so will everyone else). If you have bread to spare, you can buy exquisite oriental Bosch-like paintings, carvings, batik and sarongs.

b) There always seems to be a good supply of excellent grass from Sumatra, or Buddha grass from Thailand. Pipes, bongs, chillums and joints were filled with heady mixtures which often included dried mushrooms and opium. Pure acid from several sources, in particular an amiable Australian with a big bottle and an eye dropper with which he would dose you as you wished — a taste or a mouthful. Fortunately, Kuta's slow balmy atmosphere and the amazing



Photographs: Keith Heygate

Roast pig and 'wong' mushrooms - psychedelic bacon

friendliness and empathy of the Balinese meant a complete absence of the freak's curse, paranoia, and although over-indulgence was common, it was singularly painless. I didn't see any needles or hard drugs of any sort although at the Mandara Hotel one night, where most of the freaks would gather to play music, dance or listen to tapes, a lot of spurious coke turned up and anaesthetised everyone's nose and mouth for a while. Groups of pot trail veterans from Penang, Goa, Pondicherry and so on were arriving all the time, but there never seemed to be serious over crowding as there is in those places, and there wasn't anyone who could be remotely described as heavy.

c) For the first time since I have been wandering the hippie trails, I allowed myself to become totally absorbed by the alternative life style which the freaks carry with them wherever they go and which bloomed so creatively in Bali.

I notice that I am still using 'they' rather than 'we', however... they were all very busy in their idleness and into something, whether it was making batik or some other handcraft, yoga, learning to play some instrument or to dance, a preoccupation with Hinduism or Buddhism or whatever, soul-searching with the aid of intensive and constant reading, serious conversation or long periods of meditation and solitude; or just being incredibly liberated and happy. I was very aware of self-centredness, and of obsessions with clothes, appearance and style which was not however, egotistical and vain, but very healthy. Such indulgence is frowned upon in our society to such an extent that self-discovery is hard to achieve and often is not thought of as a conscious goal. Kuta was interesting because there were two distinct types of freaks — seasoned Europeans and Americans who had been on the road for years, and greenhorns from New Zealand and Australia for most of whom Bali was one of the first foreign countries they had been to. It must have been clear to the newcomers how far they had to go, and the benefit to themselves of what they could achieve. Admittedly, Kuta was the good side of the freak coin — the physical and mental wrecks were still stranded in India or Kabul or where ever the papers say they are, and there were no Satanists, psychedelic fascists or maniacs with guns. The people most ill at ease were the one or two short-haired Australian juice freaks who in the absence of any Fosters, were reduced to defiantly drinking the really bad local beer or the even worse sweet rice wine.

I found the freak life style on the whole, very chaste. Relationships flowered and died but indulgence seemed to be in dope rather than bed. There were very few girls travelling merely as appendages to boys. The Balinese certainly don't treat each other as sex objects and were either offended or mystified if advances were made to them on that basis. On my first couple of blistering days out on the beach, I felt as usual duty bound to sample the local product (to put it as sexist as possible) but I found that the boys, who in every way were loving and affectionate and great fun to be with, did nothing but giggle and look amazed when I put my hand on their cock. I very quickly gave up and enjoyed their company in the way they enjoyed mine. Throughout my stay in Kuta, I zealously pursued an interest in one of the girls selling fruit on the beach — we flirted every day and got on fantastically well until one afternoon tripping on the mushrooms I overstepped the bounds of Balinese propriety — I don't know what I did, not much, but it was 3 days before she condescended to speak to me. Our reunion was a bit like an Archie and Veronica kiss and make up, but coming from permissive Sydney, it was an unusual experience for me. So was the interest in a girl. Denpasar, the main town in Bali, and only 15 kilometres from Kuta, was, of course, full of sex for sale, and some guys made the trip as often as their pocket or their inclination decided them.

As usual, there seemed to be fewer gay freaks travelling than there actually were. For a while I seemed to be the only one, but before I left I unearthed a few from their

self excavated lairs. The pot trail certainly needs gay liberationists and activists of every kind. There is a general lack of awareness of the political implications of being a freak.

d) The psilocybin mushrooms, known to the Balinese as 'wong', which grew everywhere it was moist and there was enough cow shit, were much smaller than those growing along the entire Australian east coast, but were equally good and quite the best and safest psychedelic I have ever taken. For 10p you could buy thirty or so (plenty for a good trip) wrapped up in a palm leaf or plastic bag on the beach every morning from one of the mushroom sellers who picked them from the rich cow pastures near where the first river flowed into the sea, or you could get them yourself for nothing. In the wet season (December to March) they are everywhere in thousands, but thereafter slightly more scarce, and I think the wong sellers were into a bit of cow shit irrigation. The wong were small and white, sometimes with gold tops, turning turquoise after picking, the colour indicating the strength of the psilocybin in each one. It was best to eat them fresh and raw. This gave some indication of how many you should eat to get off properly. Sometimes they were toxic, making you feel slightly queasy for the first half hour or so. It was always best to exercise caution. The great advantage of the mushrooms over acid was that you could take them continuously for several days without scramblingyour head, enabling you to give yourself a rapid course in psychedelic therapy. Free yourself from the plague of self-consciousness for a week and you'll be amazed at what you are capable of. There were one or two minor disasters among the mushroom eaters — one very unstable American scattered his head and his belongings all over the beach and had to be strapped down after his fifth day of absurd over indulgence. However, by the time his parents flew in from Boston to rescue him he had completely recovered — but nothing serious and although I ate them until I felt my blood had turned to psilocybin and almost disappeared into a mushroom cloud, I never once felt that I had taken too many. Psilocybin has none of the dark corners of acid and I recommend the mushrooms as one of the very best ways of learning to love and know yourself, your fellow man and Bali.

I started off my experiments alone on a far flung beach, found myself naked, communing with the sea, the land and the elements, returning to primitivism and doing jungle yells. Everything at all times was very exciting and beautiful, and Bali quite the island paradise advertised in the Quantas brochures. Gradually, as the days passed, I became more sophisticated and returned to the fold until eventually I was cavorting and dancing on the main beach, hopefully to everyone's delight, not that I would have known or cared, dressed up in brightly coloured sarongs and every other bit of tat I had the foresight to put on. I became a cheap cabaret artist . *That's* what happened to me. I think the same thing happened to everyone else, each in his own fashion. The Balinese liked the freaks to take the mushrooms, even when 50 of them together rampaged and picnicked through the coconut groves.

e) Some people got becalmed in the Kuta dope fog, but all of Bali is breathtakingly lovely. There are active volcanoes — I managed to climb up into the steam filled crater of Mount Batur and got stuck in the lava field overnight — hot springs, beautiful temples, monkey forests, beaches far more golden and deserted than Kuta, sculptured rice terraces which put English landscape gardening to shame, music and dancing almost every night, and of course, the Balinese with their frangipani in their hair, and their good spirits who move slowly and their bad, who move quickly. The whole life of the Balinese is the most magical and graceful ceremony. The vibrations which they give off are almost always very loving and good, but occasionally inexplicably bad. The Barong and Kris Dance was performed at Kuta with increasing frequency and intensity while I was there, to exorcise bad spirits which were coming from the sea. The dancers went into violent trances and many other Balinese were affected, running round in the moonlight quite crazed, possessed and demonic.

A general lack of awareness of the political implications of being a freak

The Bad Things:

a) The only easy way of getting around the island is by motor bike. Walking is delightful but slow. You could rent a Honda for a week for under £5 and noisily and rapidly go anywhere. The Balinese in the country wave and cry hello and still regard them with some wonder, but they are too powerful for the roads, and Kuta was full of casualties ranging from broken ankles and dislocated spines, to innumerable abrasions and cuts which don't heal in the humid tropical air. Malaise and indefinable equatorial sicknesses were common. I found the mushrooms were a good cure for anything.

b) The Hotel Bali Beach, a self-contained, air conditioned monstrosity, erected by PanAm, fortunately on the eastern side of the island, is a foretaste of what the Indonesian Government has in mind for Bali, and Kuta in particular. Plans for a similar multi-storey hotel have already been approved and construction starts within a year. At the moment, the Hotel Bali Beach, which sits on a rather ugly lagoon at Sanur, is a great convenience, and we made use of its banks, tourist agents, doctor and post office. It was the complaints of the matrons who stay at this hotel which brought about the regulation requiring Balinese women to cease going around topless. Now the markets are full of pink and purple cotton bras which the women, at least in the towns, mostly wear.

Wherever freaks go, there is always that last days of the Roman Empire feeling — the barbarians are always at the gates and about to tear down the walls. Your existence is ephemeral and always you know that at some point you have to move on.

c) The presence of police in Kuta is not noticeable but once we were warned of a raid and they poked around a bit without finding anything. Three guys were busted in the town of Ubud for possession of ganga, and each served 7 days in Denpasar gaol. They enjoyed the experience, the dope, the food and the company (lots of Balinese political prisoners in for life) and were treated with great courtesy. They were allowed to choose the day they started their sentences, and one of them was almost permitted to serve his time in Kuta as he had his foot in plaster. Sometimes a few soldiers would wander around, looking like big green insects in tight boots, tight pants and cap, with huge goggles and white gun holsters.

d) By far the worst side of Indonesian bureaucracy you are likely to encounter is the Immigrasi. You get a visa for a month maximum to start off with, then it will cost you 20 dollars for a month's extension. If you last that long, the second extension is not so expensive, but you are in trouble if you overstay your visa — a fine and maybe detention in a kind of government hostel in Denpasar until you can arrange for money to be sent to you. The detention centre is actually quite OK and some freaks preferred to stay their free rather than rent a room. There were several people at Kuta, without visas or money, living quite happily somewhere out along the beaches. I overstayed my visa and was stopped from getting on the plane. Even though I shouted and argued with an official who looked like a Japanese war commander, and eventually offered to pay a fine right there, my baggage was hauled off. He merely barked at me over and over again "You have broken the regulations of the Republic of Indonesia. You must appear in court tomorrow at 8 o'clock in the morning." I did so. The judge was polite, listened to my fabrication and fined me ten dollars. I said I only had six. The fine was reduced to six, my visa was extended for two more days, and I eventually departed, extremely sad to leave, and already full of incipient hepatitis. That's another bad thing about Bali — yet another serpent in the Garden of Eden — wash your hands well after you have a shit, and take some toilet paper with you.

Jim Anderson

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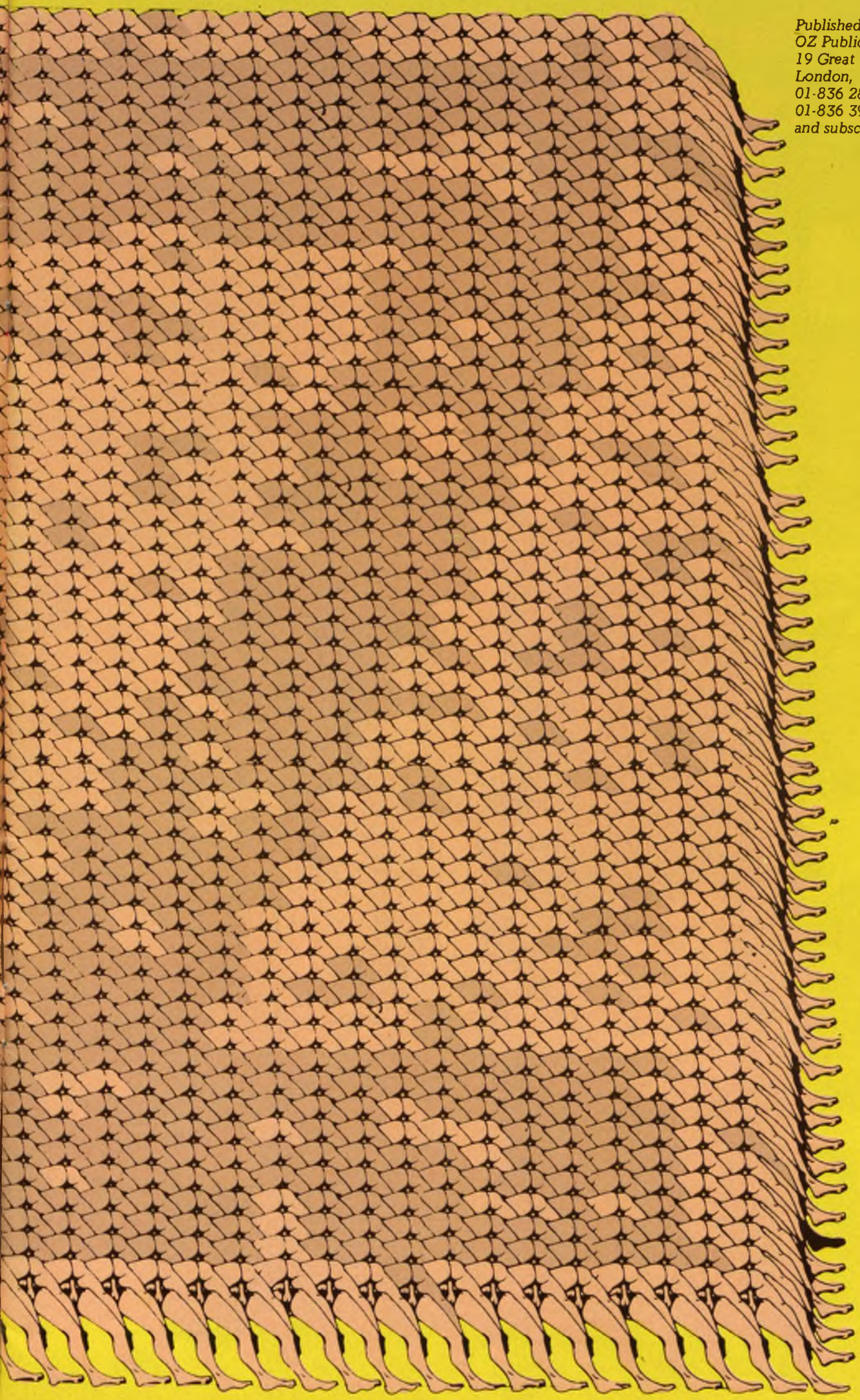

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The Virgin Sperm Dancer

'The Virgin Sperm Dancer' which Colin MacInnes talks about over the page, is an erotic delight in words and pictures from Amsterdam. Here we give you an idea of the book with short written excerpts.

I woke up today transformed into a girl. I can't say I'm dissatisfied, just surprised. It was the logic which was bothering me. It just didn't make sense. Like sometimes in a real acid experience you think you've uncovered a great truth which you could believe and accept if you could just get past the fact that it is not logical. I think first my hand

touching someone elses body. The night before I took my girlfriend Gonda to the Central Station to catch a train for Rotterdam to visit her parents. It was possible she returned early and slipped into bed unnoticed. But as I felt one breast, then the other, then felt my own hand caress a too soft stomach, and

then felt my hand touch a cunt which is mine also.

Well now, in a movie called 'Goodby Charly' where Debbie Reynolds is a reincarnated play boy she says, 'Now I don't need pictures. I have two of my own.'

That's how I feel! My cunt is wet from the excitement and the random fingerings from my curious hand. I push my finger into the Wet Crack, feel around till I find the clitoris, nudge it from its hood. Ououyaw

. . . Does it feel nice. Suddenly I'm masturbating. Slowly, lightly, then faster and harder. My stomach muscles contract...

I would give a good deal, dear reader, to know exactly how long my investigations can keep Joopie a virgin dancing through this Water Labyrinth Amsterdam before your patience is exhausted and you put my book down without even waiting for her deflowering.

But make yourself easy, you know someone will fuck her. The day is not over. And before it is, Joopie's one-day-only mint,will be filled by a stiff real (throbbing) sperm spitting cock. No sensible young girl wants to remain a virgin.

'Virginity' is an idea, a dream, an ideal, a fiction, intolerable

bragging! A virgin is one who with bold contempt for all the laws of gravity, is left floating between heaven and earth. All lies and nonsense. You can't bribe the Gods with your body. You can neither bribe or defy them.

When things can be beautiful its a waste of time to lose their beauty. Sweat after making love. Sperm smelling absolutely delicious, smelling of warm bread, flowers fresh, and of the garden. (Any man worth his salt has tasted his own sperm . . .)

I'm losing control of my senses. I must get rid of this vibrator now! Not . . . far . . . to . . . the . . . Leidesplein . . . to . . . the Americain . . . Hotel. So many things to think about. So many fresh changes. It isn't everyday a boy turns into a girl. I have a chance to realise myself as a woman, not as a transvestite or as a surgical replica, but as the real thing.

It's like when black people say white offend them because their assumptions have never been tested. They don't have to do any searching. They don't understand anything beside themselves. You go into this thing about men and women. Some people see it as one of nature's contradictions, like night and day. Others speak about roles. You know, one thinks this way and the other that way. One is soft and cuddly, the other firm and holding . . . this kind of stuff. But for me it is difficult to accept these mystical or even social ideas about what is a man and what is a woman. There is the matter of different responses, of different outlooks toward sexual goals and purposes, when you look at each other as man and woman. There's the question of who would be on top, who will do what to whom and when. What action responses to what action responses to what action responses to what action . . .

The Virgin Sperm Dancer, 'An ecstatic jouney'
is a book by William Levy with photographs by Ginger Gordon.

It's a bit like a film-script with stills. The hero-heroine is Joop-Joopie, a boy who's a girl for a day: not transvestite not doctored, but transformed, as in a legend. The story is told by Joopie herself, by narrators of different sexual patterns she encounters, by interior monologues, and even by writer's interjections. The pictures show what he-she and they all do throughout a day in Amsterdam.

No doubt about it, Amsterdam's the Baghdad of the western world. Much of the Netherlands are Calvinistic, and in the city itself the free-wheelers are a minority, though an unusually tolerated, if not accepted, one. It's one of the few places, anyway, where sex doesn't have to be secretive, professional or exhibitionistic. It's also an extremely handsome city, that attracts good-looking people of all sexual types and nationalities, and more or less lets them do their various things.

Let's dispose of the text first, but not too casually, for though this is essentially a picture-book, and the story-line is picaresque and episodic, there is an idea behind it, worth pondering on: which is (if I've got it right) not just that bi-sexuality is okay, but that in real good sex, man and woman, however distinct, are interchangeable – become each other. So Joop doesn't merely turn into Joopie: in becoming her, and re-becoming himself at the conclusion, he, (or she), reaches, through sexual fulfilment, a total human unity.

The pictures have much to recommend them. To begin with, Amsterdam itself is used as a 'character' – a lot of the sex scenes are shot in familiar urban settings that heighten their reality. None of the stills – as so often in hard porn books – gives the impression of being phonily posed: these seem to be real people, really doing it all, and however much the stills may illustrate a fantasy, this never seems to be a fake. For amateurs of sexual variety, there's plenty of it; perhaps the group scenes are a bit muddled (whose leg *is* that?) but then, in real life they are as well, and anyway, everyone – and possibly the photographer as well – seems to be a bit stoned. The themes do not repeat themselves, and build up as a good film also would, to an effective climax in all senses.

A lot of them are also beautiful. Scanning them, you feel, 'Right! Good! This is really it!' And I beg anyone who hasn't tried to photograph, film, or describe erotic happenings, to believe that isn't easy to achieve. I think the reason for this is simple. There are three human experiences so absolute, that they almost defy artistic description: sexual love, mystical states and death.

Now as to the first, so many thousands of words and lines have been written and drawn about sexual encounters, that it might seem this theme isn't all that hard to describe. I think this is true enough of obscene and pornographic art, but not of erotic, which evokes, precisely, sexual love, and not just sex. This is my cue for a philosophical bit, that anyone's welcome to skip, and turn rather to the illustrations, which will make my point much better.

Obscenity, then: the sardonic bellow of self-mocking protest at the ludicrous contrast between our fundamental animal selves, and our intellectual and spiritual aspirations; the god-like creature we long to be, admitting the inevitable ape inside us. It's the great safety-valve of all societies, which authority seeks to suppress at its peril. The wry recognition of its existence is shared by Everyman and Woman, and such exalted souls as Chaucer, Shakespeare, or whoever.

Pornography. This is, alas, a speciality of WASP cultures, from their puritan period round 1550 to, let's hope 1950, whereafter, despite a decadent puritan back-lash, we seem to be starting to recover some of our sexual sanity. Pornography is puritanism's arse: the rather smelly behind of the tight-lipped, moralistic (but not moral) puritan front. It is saloon-bar sex, furtive, leering, 'dirty' – as indeed, it calls itself. It isn't kinky, as we all are a bit, but bend; and it encourages, and is meant to, not communal sensuality, but solitary reapers of sad seed.

Erotic art. This is a celebration of our sexual beings, body, mind, and spirit all as one, and reaching to rapture and delight in one another. It portrays the paradox that the giver receives a gift: that 'short times' are hard ones, that sexual egotism is sexual frustration, and that where sex isn't beautiful, it's a mess.

Most north-European erotic art is pre-Reformation, or has been suppressed (John Ruskin destroyed all the erotic paintings of Turner, whom he admired so much), or kept under the counter in museums where you can get to see it only by dressing and looking as respectable as I do. It's more an art of the orient – Arabian, Indian, Japanese – whose religions didn't deny the flesh so absolutely.

What cheers me about The Virgin Sperm Dancer is that its total effect is, for a welcome change, erotic. It's rather self-conscious and naive, the text is often agreeable silly, but its general tone is healthy, so that after reading it, you don't feel like having a wank, but reaching for the phone to see if Joop, or Joopie, are feeling like a meet. Unlike porn pictures, which go dead on you when you've seen them once, these ones linger and flourish in your memory.

A final word to any who might feel I've been snooty, or authoritarian, about porn. I realize full well that no judicial body can tell the difference between porn, obscenity, and erotica, and would supress the whole lot, and heaven knows what else beside, if they thought they could. This being so, I accept that, in our society, if you enjoy obscenity, and delight in erotic art, you've got to put up with porn, and hope that imaginative sensuality will replace sexual titillation. And if joy in sex is going to mean more to most of us than just a snigger, we may hope this Dutch dance may herald, in course of time, a burgeoning British ballet.
Colin MacInnes

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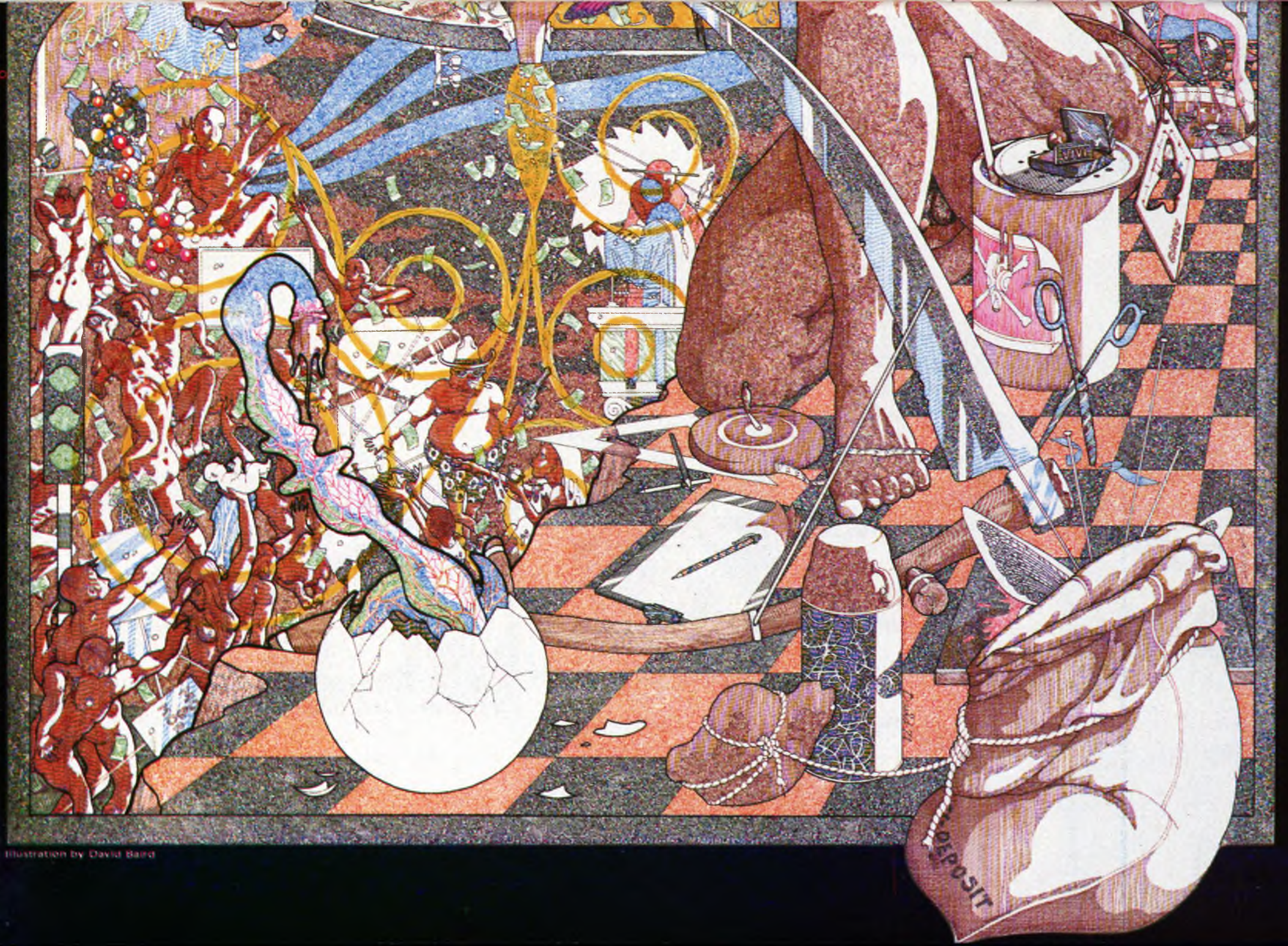
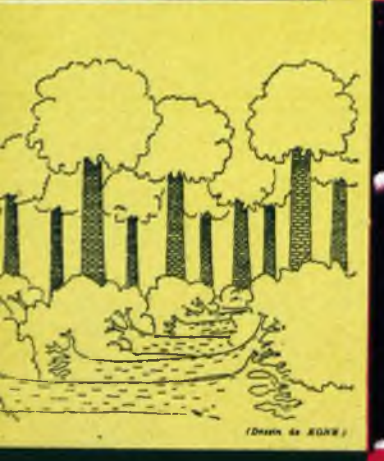


Illustration by David Baird

THROOOM

Acapulco Gold



CLANG!
GARK!

YOU DISGUST ME!
OH YES.. OHH... I'M COMIN' IN MY PANTS!!
BLAP
BLAP

The Power Of Pozitive Thinking

When social systems fail the early warning signs are a breakdown in what has, in the last few years, become known as 'Law and Order'. The 'order' that the hard hats crave comes when the law is in harmony with the evolving needs and rights of the people. Law is there to serve the people not the other way round. Criminal trials are an indictment of a society that makes them necessary. If the majority of the people in gaol are in there for minor property offences (say stealing £13.50) what does that say about our relative attitudes to property as against liberty. But over and above the perennial obsession with protecting the possessions and territorial demands of the middle and ruling classes , there are events that mark a collapse of the social myths that keep the populations quiet. These events are the political trials, the demonstrations and counter demonstrations that mark the rising consciousness of the opressed and rightless.

Once it took at least three generations and 100 years for new attitudes to become generally recognised. Lawyers thought then that the laws lagged 10 years behind social change. Even if that were true then it is not true now. The lag is more like 100 years. Conspiracy laws, the blanket common law offence that is being used against publications (IT etc) demonstrators (Peter Hain etc) lost its relevance in the 19th century when it could be used against groups that challenged the ruling classes right to rule in an absolute fashion. Change happens faster now. It happens so fast that anyone who tries to maintain the status quo, who says 'this is how we have always done it and must go on doing it' is being repressive. To be conservative (with a small c) is to increasingly repress and deny.

Democracy currently means a system in which every adult has the right to vote in regular elections and to choose between at least two political parties. Of course a government elected this way can be as tyrannical as any junta of Greek colonels if the alternatives don't match the political needs and consciousness of the people. We're dangerously close to this situation now where the electoral choice lies between a discredited Labour party run by opportunists and confused hacks and a Conservative party whose full remoteness and callousness is in the process of being fully revealed. The present government has increased the wealth gap between the middle classes and the workers and has accentuated class barriers by its treatment of workers as a natural enemy.

This 'democracy' is a very new flower indeed – scarcely more than forty years old, dating from the moment that women got the vote after World War I. As a system its a long way from being perfect and there may be better alternatives around. Presently there are many in power who claim that the majority party have the consent of the people to bring in any law and that this law is *the law* and must be obeyed.

Governments have a duty to enact legislation that supports and extends the evolving consciousness and freedom of the voters who elected them. No law is sacrosanct. Authority must also choose which existing laws it is going to enforce. And this choice betrays its attitude to the people Never before have so many people come to consider themselves on the wrong side of the police and the courts. The industrial relations act, the use of the conspiracy laws, the obscenity laws bear no relation to truth or the needs of society. Our rulers no longer have the right or the authority to govern us the way they do.

This Oz, here and in other pages, contains examples of the current crisis. Geoff Robertson's review of Police Power and Black People (see Book Reviews) is part of the destruction of the myth of police impartiality and effectiveness. The articles on Amsterdam and Notting Hill Gate on following pages show the failure of the underground to maintain any permanent alternative. All the underground has is a communications system and its no coincidence that the DPP has invented a new offence 'political obscenity'! Nasty Tales is first on the list for the high jump when this autumn's prosecution season opens.

Prisons

'A Robin Redbreast in a cage,
Puts all heaven in a rage'
Anon.

Gaol has never solved anything for anyone. Hands up if you ever saw a man or a woman who had benefited from a prison sentence. Hands up if you can think of a way that anyone else benefits from someone being sent to prison. Do I see any hands. No. So why do we go on using prisons?

Prison was never intended to be used as a means of punishment. It was a place where people could be kept in custody pending trial or pending being deported or hung or put in the stocks or whatever. We eliminated the other punishments and were left with prison. No one actually worked out that prison was useful. It came to be the main punishment by default and the myths about its efficacy grew up because it was there. The bullshit about 'society needs to be protected' 'you must pay your debt to society' and so on developed because judges had to justify the rather strange thing they were doing. Crippling people mentally, making them unable to respond to their fellows. Doing it by locking them up in tiny and disgusting cells for fantastic periods of time. No wonder prisoners strike. Why didn't they do it before is the only question to ask, and how can we help them?

'I find it hard to conceive of most routine criminal cases not also being political cases. I say that because so often the person accused of a crime is poor or black or black and poor. He has been subjected to an oppressive system, and the very crime of which he is accused is probably a reaction to an oppressive system. Obviously, if a man, black and poor disembowels his child or brutally murders a robbery victim, the instinctive reaction is that he should be punished. But if the system has brutalised him, we have to take that into account. Q.Surely you're not suggesting he should go unpunished? *A.* The answer ought not to be punishment in the sense that you just put him away in a cell. We need to create new institutions to *treat* someone like that. *(William Kunstler, Attorney to Chicago 7.)*

Enough people who study the problem think that under present conditions, no more than 50% of those in prison need to have their liberty taken away from them. Some believe only 10% need be held. The latter figure is more like it.

Law & Politics

Law, says the judge as he looks down his nose,
Speaking clearly and most severely,
Law is as I've told you before,
Law is as you know I suppose,
Law is but let me explain it once more
Law is the Law.
(W.H. Auden)

By maintaining that political matters are not to be brought into trials courts are made the supreme political tool. A government can pass a law such as the Industrial Relations Act which is about the use of legalised force to achieve political ends. This law is brought in by a Tory government on behalf of the owners of the industrial process. It is slanted against the worker whom the government regards as an enemy. Sheltering behind the 'majesty' of the courts the government imposes its will. Using the courts this way is no different to calling in the army to make a population behave in a certain way. And remember soldiers are not supposed to deal in politics either.

But of course judges are political creatures. Judges are appointed from the ranks of the most conservative lawyers. This is supposed to ensure they have no political views. Even the labour government when in power goes along with the myth and appoints conservative lawyers. The result is a strong political bench which claims to be apolitical. No wonder we reel away from courts in disgust. Better to have a court like the US Supreme Court where the importance of the judges political outlook is recognised. Better that than the sanctimonious hypocrisy that is practised here. Lawyers as well must grow up and realise that what they deal in is the very heart of politics.

Protest

'I feel if I were a student I would willingly shout outside for an hour from 9 til 10 and then get on with my studies'
(Lord Widgery, Lord Chief Justice, Interview The Times, 8/8/72)

If people had always kept their protest within the limits reccomended by the Lord Chief Justice we would still be working as the villeins or slaves of a local baron. Nations only moved forward out of slavery, out of feudalism, out of industrial servitude, out of tyrannical exploitation and colonialism into some sort of freedom by the citizens protesting and putting their lives and liberty at stake. And you don't do that by meekly protesting for one hour at a time so as not to inconvenience authority.

Vote Freak For Better Weather

'Bad government brings bad weather'
Old Chinese Proverb

In Britain, anyone looking for alternatives and changes has been savagely disoriented by the civil war in Northern Ireland. This caused our loss of creative political momentum. In the States, Vietnam, the Race issue, poverty and the ghettos and police violence, served to coalesce and radicalise the flower power drop outs. At the end of one possible trail lay Kennedy, McCarthy and McGovern. Reformists perhaps but worth working for in the interim.

But the issues in Northern Ireland were not so clear. On one side of the struggle there are Protestants, the militants of whom are probably the most bigoted and unpleasant people in the world. Put there by the British to divide the colony the Protestants ruled and were backed by British military force. One's sympathies went instantly to the other side, the Catholics at the bottom of the class struggle and victims of economic exploitation. They were represented by both versions of the IRA. The IRA fought with destruction because that was the only thing they knew how to do. But anyone who remembers the Tammany Hall politicians of the US, the corrupt and expedient censorship of Southern Ireland politicians, the shut-mind bigotry of Irish Catholics who ruled NSW in Australia, thought again whether the IRA and their people were going to build the sort of society we were interested in living in. But despite that the underground got involved in Northern Ireland locked for black and white and became lost among the greys.

There have been no choices for us in conventional politics. Who can take Harold Wilson seriously? Or Wedgwood Benn? We have to develop our own political alternatives. Presently 'the alternative society' consists of about twenty people in London all talking about each other in the media plus very small provincial groups without any linking strength. Lets start a party that will one day replace Heath and Wilson and the other Zombies. We should get together and take power in elections. Freaks unite. We've had enough.

Kamikaze Kids

A Flash in Japan – Duncan Campbell

One of the world's great chauvinist cliches is that the Japanese can imitate anything. Now that they've gone beyond transistors and watches and started producing violent rent-a-guerillas, people are getting a little uptight.

Last week the Japanese United Red Army announced that they were planning a follow-up to their spectacular kamikaze raid on Tel-Aviv airport; no Puerto Ricans this time, only Japanese cabinet ministers. This they hope to follow with a series of raids on international airports to ' spread world revolution". So here's a brief idea of who they are and where they're coming from so that you'll be familiar with them when you have to leap behind the baggage counter at your local airport.

In 1948 a student movement called 'Zengakuren' was formed to provide concerted action – this was not long after General Macarthur had tactfully credited the average Japanese with a 12 year old's mentality.

From then on in, organisations have sprouted so that there are now more than twenty, incorporating about 50,000 members. The largest of these is called Chukaku, the Middle Core Faction, which claims 10,000 members. They're into anti-imperialism, the American military presence in Okinawa and the rise of tuition fees.

Then there's the United Red Army, the ones with the showbiz flair, who skyjacked Japan Air Lines plane to North Korea in 1970 before skyjacking was politically fashionable – and they used *swords* not guns or bombs.

Last February, another branch of the URA kidnapped a woman in a remote resort villa and starred live on their own TV show while they shot two policemen and a puzzled neighbour.

Finally, they tortured and executed fourteen of their number in the snow country of the Gunna prefecture for "ideological differences". Some of the execution squad even sketched the torturings – they're using the sketches as evidence against them in their trial. They're Trotskyites, they number about three hundred and they want a world revolution.

The other more militant student groups are: "Joint Struggle against the Japan-US Security Treaty", which is Maoist and very anti-American; the Keihin Ampo Kyoto (KAK); the Kansai Partisan Corps, which is a bunch of militant students in the Kobe-Osaka area; the Kakumaru, a revolutionary Marxist group currently charged with throwing molotov cocktail parties in government offices; Kantei Gakuyo, an anti-imperialism group a number of whose members are up on a triple-murder rap after an ambush of two hundred policemen last September.

The majority of students, however, are more concerned with music, pachinko, bowling, and movies than getting it on for the Palestine Liberation Front.

The average Japanese student is about the most dutiful in the world: from junior school he's been crammed with learning and pressure to get into university. Once he's at University he's got three or four years to case out the scene and decide whether he'll go into business or government when he's graduated. Once he's qualified, he joins a company and you don't see much of him again until his Buddhist funeral. As for the campus radicals . . . well, personell chiefs from the big corporations make a point of hiring radicals for their businesses because "they organise well and have lots of energy."

Musically, the west is big. Recent acts that have pulled in packed houses in Japan include Led Zeppelin, Ike and Tina Turner, Osibisa as well as the Carpenters and Sylvie Vartan. You hear Grand Funk, CCR, Stones and Japanese imitators blasting from all the discos; 'though when I went to a coffee bar in the reputed heart of the Japanese radical movement in Kyoto, the Berkeley of the Orient etc etc, they were playing old Connie Francis albums (I'm going to be w-w-aaa-r-m this winter.) I think they were joking.

Pachinko is big, too. Pachinko is like pinball, only vertical and more difficult. Watch out for the new hit 'Tadashi the Pachinko Wizard' on your Nippon label.

And bowling. I got a lift with a Japanese head expecting him to sound off about the URA or the students strike at Aoyama University (which has been going on for two years) and he asked me my *bowling* average. Even in Kagoshima, home of Kozo Okomoto, the sole survivor of the Tel-Aviv kamikaze squad, the other students were more interested in a current bowling competition than the massacre. (Kamikaze, by the way, means 'divine wind'.)

As for dope . . . well, as far as most young Japanese are concerned, grass is for the golf clubs they aspire to join one day and the only needle they're likely to get into in a big way is the acupuncturist's. The Japanese Customs just had their biggest haul ever – three Americans with four and a half kilos of Korea grass caught at the port of Kitakyushu; and that made all the front-pages. There's a Colorado lady in Kyoto selling window-pane acid at a quarter a hit in Kyoto and no one is buying it because they don't know what it is. In Tokyo, the supply of dope is so low that a lot of glue-sniffing goes on, kids with polythene bags staggering round uncheerfully and getting picked up by the police. One Danish head I met was reduced to getting off on the belladonna extract in his constipation pills. Not that getting shit into Japan is too hard; the Customs are so unused to it that they rarely bother to search – even people coming from doperies like South Korea and Hong Kong, where smack is cheaper than grass, get in with no trouble. One fairly freaky minor activity of Tokyo students is working for the government censor: they color over the naughty bits in Playboy Magazine with a magic marker; Hefner's introduction of pubic hair has meant extra work for penniless students. Right on, Hugh.

All this doesn't explain how come Japanese students are providing manpower for overseas barricades. Chief of the investigations into student activism is a genial Superintendent called Atsuyuki Sassa. He reckons that "Japanese boys can be utilized easily . . .they trust foreign people very easily." He feels that the URA is changing from Trotskyism to anarchism and says: "They still believe violence is the easiest way to achieve revolution." Ah so? Now there's a phrase book out for sale in Japanese bookstalls, called 'Everyday Expressions in Japanese' by Hideichi Ono. On page 48, nestling amongst the 'I want to see Mount Fuji' and 'where can I find a clean hotel' is a phrase that goes: 'watashi wa kare o kenju de koroshimashita' which means 'I shot him with my revolver'. This is an 'everyday' expression, ok? And there's a fey little song you hear Japanese students singing at graduation ceremonies to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. The first verse goes:

Students have, over the years,
Been diligently poring over books
By the light of fireflies
And by the glow of white fallen snow
Which comes through the windows.

Now the fireflies are swapped for firebombs and the only thing the snow does is bury the revisionist dead.

So next time you're loitering around an international airport, just listen carefully for the sound of someone breaking divine wind.

Even the finest arms are an instrument of evil,
A spread of plague,
And the way for a vital man to go is not the
way of a soldier.
But in time of war men civilised in peace
Turn from their higher to their lower nature.
Arms are an instrument of evil,
No measure for thoughtful men
Until there fail all other choice
But sad acceptance of it.
Triumph is not beautiful.
He who thinks triumph beautiful
Is one with a will to kill,
And one with a will to kill
Shall never prevail upon the world.

Lao Tzu

Bumm

Our man in the Netherlands, *Dave Robins*, takes a look at Amsterdam, popularly believed to be the most advanced staging post in the Alternative Society's inexorable conquest of the capitalistic power structure, and finds it no more alternative than Oxford Street on a hot Saturday afternoon. Over the page, Dick Pountain, long time resident of Ladbroke Grove, casts an equally dissilusioned eye over what is happening in the Nottinghill area of London.

'Amsterdam is the only place where I can follow my imagination.' Bill Levy, Suck Magazine.

'Members of the new generation seek out the beach, the woods and the mountains. They do not litter these places with beer cans, they do not shatter the silences with power boats or motorcycle noises. They do not go to nature as a holiday from what is real . . . Nature is them.'
(Charles Reich)

Just before I mailed this article from Amsterdam, OZ phoned me a gentle warning: 'We've got enough depressing pieces in this issue. Try and make your's happier.' Well, dear OZ, unfortunately Amsterdam is no longer the Magic Centre of the Underground that it was three or four years ago. In those balmy days it seemed that Amsterdam had taken over from San Francisco as the capital of the Alternative Youth Culture. Hippies were even flocking here from Ibiza. The

Vondelpark Scene:
'Creating a situation of complete anarchic energy through which revolutionaries can effectively move, directing the flow of energy along new channels.'
(Elia Katz, 'Armed Love')

trouble was that this influx coincided with a different type of growing tourism — new hotels, highways, banks, shops and luxury apartments were being built in the old city centre. Many old working neighbourhoods were demolished and thousands of Amsterdammers were forced to move out to the very unmagical concrete suburbs such as Bijlmermeer, Osdorp, Slotermeer and Slotervaart. Ironically by coming here, the kids helped to destroy the magical atmosphere which they wanted to discover.

Of course, not *all* that magic has disappeared. Many people visiting Amsterdam are still able to live a life which they can't do freely at home. If you're young and from Spokane Washington,

The Dam Square — Amsterdam's Glastonbury:
'The Consciousness III person, no matter how young and inexperienced he may be, seems to possess an extraordinary 'new knowledge' . . . they see effortlessly what is phony or dishonest in politics, or what is ugly or meretricious in architecture and city planning.'
(Charles Reich, 'The Greening of America')

Amsterdam must seem like paradise. As almost everybody knows, dope is virtually legalised now, and it is possible to smoke openly in places like the Vondelpark and the famous Paradiso centre. Joints are passed casually around bars, along with the excellent Heineken lager. Right opposite a police station on the Katteburgerngracht, there's a very colourfully painted houseboat called the Lowlands Wheat Company, the decks of which are stacked high with ripening marijuana plants, with latest prices writ large on the side. As the city's Alderman for Youth Affairs (sic) Rudi van der Velde, puts it, 'The people of Amsterdam are as proud of their tolerance as they are of their ring of canals and art treasures.' To prove their point, the council this year allocated 800,000 guilders (about £100,000) to deal tolerantly with the huge summer freak population. They even turned the Vondel park into a hippie encampment, ('It's worth it to stop the return of the Provos and the Dam Square riots.') or as a Dutch friend calls it, into concentration camping for the hippies. There is a house, Sandraart 5, near the park which has been converted, at a cost of 100,000 guilders, into a sort of freaks' first aid post. It has a flip-room where you can cool out after a bad trip. The people I saw when I was shown around, were two 15 year old German boys suffering from the after effects of smoking bees wax. 'There's a

Freaks with less money in their families are more amenable to religious fashions than to political ones.
(Elia Katz)

Photos by Dick Bruistaert

er Of '72

lot of bad dope around this year,' commented one of the staff.

But as well as bad dope, there's a lot of bad feeling from some of the local inhabitants towards the foreign invaders. Two nubile young American girls were throwing frisbees joyfully to one another in the trees and sunshine. 'I feel free!'

The Machine Begins to Self Destruct? If you want to see Amsterdam you'd better hurry because it's going fast.

one of them exclaimed, 'I can only feel free in *Amsterdam!*' This was met by snorts of derision from two local community activists who were watching nearby. They told me that in their opinion the whole much-publicised Vondelpark experiment was a waste of money especially at a time when there are so many homeless families in the city. They remarked on the squalor, apathy and general mindless inertia of the foreign freaks — in particular the Germans and the Americans — living in the park. It's true that the air did stink of dirty clothes laid out to dry on bushes and flower beds, and the sound of skwardly strummed guitars and monotonous tomtoms (the natives were restless that day) made it difficult to hear the birds anymore.

Seeing the freak armies descending open mouthed and speechless on this city can really make you hate long hair, dope, beads and American accents. Due to the pressuring activities of people like Willem de Ridder and the Provotja group, the so-called alternative society has always been well-subsidised by the municipality. But while the sleep-ins, Arts Lab centres, underground newspapers like Aloha are all provided, the visitors do give absolutely nothing in return. Why then do the Dutch underground people keep on doing it? None of them could tell me.

'The new music is uniquely and deeply personal, allowing individuals and groups to express their special vision of the world to all their brothers and sisters.' *(Charles Reich)*

Even exiled poet and all-purpose crazy Mike Chapman seemed brought down by the quality of youthful boredom. Standing on the steps of the Dam Square where some kids sit literally without moving for days on end, Chapman bemoaned the general malaise and said that 'We have to try to find out what's gone wrong over the last five years.'' In Amsterdam this summer it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the bottom has finally dropped out of the myth of the Alternative Culture.

Back in the Vondelpark I met Antonio Cortiz, a respectable dealer. He gazed disdainfully around at the piles of cola cans and the cruising police vans outside the Studio 2 Information Centre. 'If the dope business gets any worse, we'll see white slavery coming up soon . . . I branched out into dope from building boutiques. Dope is good for the summer, but winter is more difficult and the Dutch government wants to take a share of my profits.'

It's not surprising that in the prevailing malaise, people like Antonio and the merchants of religion, like the Hare Krishna people, the Divine Light Mission and the Unified Family flourish amongst the bewildered youth. The council, of course, indirectly subsidises their activities, including the pushers. There is a club, Cosmos, in the Prins Hendrikkade where you can do a crash course in Nirvana entirely at the expense of the Dutch Government. These traders in souls, city administrators of Youth Affairs, and the dope dealers all have something in common, although they would be the last to admit it. They are all purveyors of tolerant, apathetic boredom. As the Amsterdam Weekblad, a small weekly journal published in the Nieuwmarkt neighbourhood put it: 'The happy smoker is no troublemaker.'

Mention of the Amsterdam Weekblad brings me back to the real story from Amsterdam. The Weekblad is a paper which is part of a lot of actions spread throughout the city which are fighting for more and better houses for everybody, and community control of neighbourhoods. This is a vital struggle at a time when good old houses are being knocked down to make way for big hotels and highways. The freaks flock to Amsterdam in their thousands and under the smokescreen of their over-publicised activities, whole communities are being destroyed and the old city is being turned into a tourist muzzle. One squatter from Nieuwmarkt told me, 'the arrival of the hippies is no more than the advance guard of the arrival of the bulldozers.'

Been down Portobello Road lately ?
You probably think that it's never been better - bigger and brighter freaks, the smell of dope thick in the air, music and dancing under the motor way, street theatre of every kind, more stalls, more tourists. more tat at only slightly higher prices a warm anarchistic communal atmosphere...but the living carnival that is Portobello Road is only the Saturday reflection of Nottinghill and Ladbroke Grove, the areas that lie around it. These areas are dying and it is probably too late to do anything about it.
In his article, *Dick Pountain* sings a slightly bitter swansong for what is being encroached upon and destroyed, and analyses the underlying causes.
Anyone who has short or long term answers to the questions he raises, start blowing up tower blocks now, or let us know your views here at Oz.

In writing about Nottinghill the temptation is constantly before you to deal in images . . . Interzone A, Vietgrove, The Free Grove . . .

It isn't wrong or dishonest in any way to picture the Grove in those terms; in fact it's almost impossible not to. Every report from the Grove, from the earliest International Times to the most recent Frendz, represents the view of a crowd of people involved in some way in the life of the area; different views from people on different trips; dope dealers and rock musicians, Claimants Unions and GLF, Black Defence groups and Dwarves, Underground press and political militants . . .

It isn't possible to know everything at once about a chunk of city as big as Nottinghill, you can only grasp those aspects which directly affect you, the bits you live in, the places you hang out and the people you hang out with. And that adds up to an image of the Grove, which for you is the Grove.

I've lived in Nottinghill for six years and have my own definite image of it. But for a change I'd like to try to step back, to put some distance between us and try to see things that the images miss out; processes that are invisible because we live inside them but which are going to affect all Grove dwellers pretty soon.

Several separate communities are side by side in Nottinghill, with images of it so different that they belong to separate worlds.

For a hard core freak Nottinghill is a very special place. Certainly not the Underground 'capital' of Britain, but more one focal point in a rather vague network. If you don't live there then you pass through, on your way to Spain, India or Cornwall or wherever, or crash there when you're down for a concert. You know someone, or someone who knows someone . . . The area's a scattering of friends' pads, in the privacy of which you smoke, fuck and play music, or maybe do a little dealing . . . There are landmarks, like the Electric Cinema, The Hole in the Wall, Ceres or Frendz market tied together by Portobello Road. And special hazards, busts and burns, clap and scabies, shitty landlords and bum trips.

For the tourists or well-off visitors, the Grove is a kind of Bazaar; London's Casbah. Antique shops at one end, boutiques at the other, and Portobello Saturday in between. So colourful and funky and you can pick up the *weirdest* things, dear, if you have an eye for a bargain. Unlike the Arabs they even speak English of sorts.

For one of the army of Nottinghill social workers, or a political activist the landmarks and events are tenants meetings and rent campaigns, the Metro and Mangrove trials, Playgroups and police harassment, the area appears as an underdeveloped colony of the Borough of Kensington, the bad housing and education facilities guaranteed by an indifferent Tory Council. A complex of problems, campaigns and organizations.

For a white working class family Nottinghill is much like a dozen other parts of London. It centers mainly around their street or Council Flats, their neighbours and relations. Driving a van or maybe working a vegetable stall. Shopping in Tesco's. Trying to keep the kids in

school and out of trouble. Getting on the Housing List or grumbling about the hippies next door, going in your particular pub . . .

For the Black population it's another world again, a different sort of community living in a different space with different significant events, and problems. But the further I get from my own experience the less convincing the description, the more difficult the translation. These worlds overlap at key places, Portobello, certain pubs, certain individual friendships and acquaintances but no one can live in all of them at once.

But the point is made. The mere fact that such disparate worlds can exist in one precinct is a clue to that invisible Grove which I'm trying to get at.

How did all these people get there? Why Nottinghill and not Penge or Whitechapel or South Kensington?

On one level you can't answer questions like that. If you asked people why they came you'd get a thousand answers, a catalogue of personal histories and accidents.

My own answer is that back in 1966 rooms were cheap and it seemed like an exciting place to be; there was dope around on the black scene, there were musicians and poets and no one cared much what you did. A sort of momentum built up, people moved in and it got more exciting so more people moved in . . .

Other forces brought the other communities, but all the forces had the same origin. *Cheap rented accomodation* and the *absence of any strong local community* who might have resented invaders.

There was a sort of social vacuum in the Grove, most people were just passing through, with no ties, none of the obligations of a community (remember even a middle class suburb, the apparent antithesis of a community, has such obligations: no pissing in the garden, wash your car on a *Sunday* please . . .). The Grove became what sociologists, with their gift for dumb names, call a Bohemian area. How it got from a richman's district in Victorian times to that vacuum isn't easily explained. But we all know who filled it — the poor, the black, the dropouts, the transient, hoods and whores, gays and beatnik students . . . People who didn't fit, whose flats and bed-sitters became their castles, and who would tolerate just about any kind of weird lifestyle.

Nottinghill is more than a collection of buildings, a few trees and bits of grass. And more than the various communities who live in it. It's also an invisible pattern of social relations and economic forms which escape our awareness and control, while deeply affecting our lives.

The Invisible Grove is on the move again. The Bohemian area which gave birth to the Underground is a stage which is rapidly passing.

After all, those big houses and wide streets were built for the wealthy not for hippies and niggers, and now after its bohemian interlude (short in the life span of a city) it seems ready to revert to its origins, though those Victorian gentry would hardly recognize or approve of their modern equivalents.

Changes in a city happen slowly. Old people who've lived in an area all their lives will tell you about the changes they've seen, but only in hindsight, changes are only visible on looking back.

At the time they appear as isolated events, often not directly affecting you anyway. To fit these fragmented bits into a pattern is difficult; to project how the pattern will unfold is more so — a tarted up house-front here, a new boutique or restaurant there, a FOR SALE and a SOLD.

Those changes are happening now. The flourishing of the 'Alternative Culture' has played a part. The head lifestyle has revealed to a whole generation of the liberal middle class (media men, ad execs., etc etc.,) a new way of leisure. A sort of 5 till 9 dropping out. Suburbia no longer holds much attraction but the Grove or Chalk Farm or Islington does. And they have power, *spending power*; they don't need the hassle of paying rent to grubby little landlords, (who does?).

The present economic plight of British capitalism has played its part. Investors turn to city centre redevelopment for a high return on capital, since industry is looking a poor bet to say the least.

So demolishing slums and building council blocks (and of course the odd hotel or office block) is big business, all in the pursuit of human happiness, mind.

These combined effects and the resulting explosion of house prices are rapidly wiping out the sort of rented accomodation which makes a Bohemian area possible. Most landlords would rather sell the whole heap to a BBC producer for an astronomical sum than collect rents off two dozen assorted disgruntled tenants (and it saves all that fucking with the Rent Tribunal and Controlled Tenancies). All you'd notice is a shortage of pads and a rise in rents. Sound familiar?

London is turning inside out. Pollution or no pollution, city-centre is becoming a groovy place to live again for those who can afford it. Fortunately for the groovers, inner London hasn't gone so far downhill as New York or San Francisco (no one wants Harlem back now). A coat of pink paint, sand the floorboards and put the kitchen in the basement and you have a sooper little gaff . . .

In a very few years everyone in the Grove will either own their house (got £50,000 stashed away? Better get that dealing scene together, son), or live in a Council Flat (are you on the List yet? No? You surprise me . . .). It won't be drastic, no purges, no sudden mass exodus of hippies, just nice an' easy . . .

The Bohemian area that no one wanted (except us misfits) has become attractive again, 10 minutes from the West End by Rover 2000.

Official reports and plans are already hinting, in a clinical detached sort of way, that there may be a problem for 'low income groups' who get pushed out of London. The Social Security is already advising some claimants who complain about Nottinghill rents, to move out. A lot of people have quietly gone to Kilburn, Kentish Town, Fulham, the East End, the North of England . . .

But the conditions don't exist for a Bohemian area on the scale of the Grove anywhere else. And economic trends suggest that they won't exist in the forseeable future.

Without any conspiracy or plot, those economic winds (which blow no one without capital any good) are blowing away anyone who isn't tied down.

Nottinghill will become as polite and prissy as Primrose Hill or Hampstead with a few curios like Portobello Road preserved in aspic for the tourists. Yet another escape from the treadmill of school, work, family is slowly closing . . .

The various action groups, the Tenants, the Claimants, the Squatters, the Legal Aiders, are fighting the effects, the symptoms, the visible signs of these changes. The defence groups Black and White are standing up against the Police repression which must inevitably increase if a nicer-sort-of-person is to move in. But how can you fight off the economic forces that keep grinding on underneath. Sure, you can point to the individual people who profit from such changes; but they don't cause them or control them; they are scarcely aware of them either, except as prices and transactions, business as usual. The culprit is a whole social system which is built by and perpetuates, by any means necessary, such forces. The same system which is propelled by those forces to destroy more and more of the planet and more and more people. The solution lies outside Nottinghill in that nasty political world which most of us don't give a fuck about, and none of us are much good at dealing with.

Photographs by Alan Marcuson with George Snow

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Rocks Off With Roxon

(The OZ rock gossip column of the 70's)

Lilian Roxon, an Australian, long resident in New York is a writer and journalist whose rock column in the New York Daily News goes out to 40,000,000 readers every saturday. She is the author of the racy and unique Rock Encyclopaedia, and as well as being an authority on rock, pop and the music scene generally, she writes a sexual problems column for Mademoiselle and has for years conducted a love-hate vendetta with her old friend and rival, Germaine Greer. What follows is a late night monologue, prompted by the occasional question from *Louise Ferrier* and edited to pieces by our sub-editors collective.

Rolling Stone and the Fanzines:
I was very excited about Rolling Stone when I met Jann Wenner in '68. I can't pinpoint why I don't feel the same way about it now. I find it depressing, there's a lack of exuberance. Rolling Stone's always been snotty and I have never dug the snottiness too much, but the kids dig it. I mean, American kids are so masochistic that they dig a magazine which subtly puts them down. Many people are down on Wenner for building it up into a business but I think going and doing Rolling Stone tampax and all that is OK. Like my favourite section in OZ is the Mail Order. Merchandising is a lot of fun. I'd love to see Rolling Stone hotels, motels, abortion clinics. But there is a happiness lacking in Rolling Stone. It's very predictable. I mean any of us could do the next issue – Fear and Loathing in Bayswater or whatever and so on.

The fanzines now have all the spontaneity and mad enthusiasm that Rolling Stone used to have. They might be a little gushy, but they're not gushy in an obnoxious way. The thing about fanzines is that they are not commercial. They are put out by the fans themselves and mailed to whoever wants them. They are usually roneoed and look terrible, but they are full of the most incredible information. There's hundreds of them. "Who Put the Bomp" run by a man called Greg Shaw from Fairfax California is a very successful right now. He's an adult but most of them are put out by little kids. 'Rock On' is one put out by Kinks fans. Two crazy girls I know put one out called Bilge and there's an insane 14 year old girl who has just discovered the early Beatles and isgonna start one called Apple Pie or something. There's another one which is just a hate Linda McCartney newssheet and it's fabulous.

Mick Jagger and the Stones tour:
Personally I was very offended. The word was out to the press that they would see only Time, Newsweek, Life, you know. I respect that. Why*should* they see a thousand people and they don't want to.

They don't need the publicity. They just want the status publications. I believe there was a little tantrum because they weren't going to be on the cover of Time and that's why Life got preferential treatment. Bill Bender, Time's music man couldn't get into the concert and he wasn't smiling when I saw him. Life got the breaks because they said they were going to do a cover. I love the idea of a tightly draped Jagger penvic area on Life on all the newstands. I said, "Are we going to get to see them at all?" and they said"No." So I thought I'd come to London to do a London story on Jagger. I organised my whole life to come here, and two days before I leave I get a message asking me if I'd like to come on tour for a couple of days. I was livid because first the invitation was too late and second I said, "Is this exclusive?' "Oh yes, only 6 or 7 reporters around each day" which meant people whose copy would be out before mine. So I came here. I heard Bianca Jagger was in London. She did in an interview with Viva in Warhol's Interview Magazine which is very fabulous. I thought perhaps we could go over some of that ground. We spoke on the phone for a while but that was all. There's no reason for her to reach 4,000,000 average New Yorkers. She would be better off giving it to Vogue. I dug up a lot of stuff on Mick which is old to the British but not to New Yorkers who were saying he was 'The Prince of Darkness' and 'The Devil's Friend' and so on. I think that's a scream. So my piece began, "He may be the Prince of Darkness to you, but over here he's just one of the fellers."

When the Cockettes came to New York I wrote this piece saying their visual style and body language would influence rock and roll performers of the future. People were furious with me saying, "What a piece of shit." But what does Mick Jagger do? In Los Angeles he watched Marc Bolan perform, had a three hour chat with him, and the next thing he has little Bolan stars all over his eyelids. Doesn't he have any pride? He's Mick Jagger. He doesn't have to copy anyone. I don't suppose you can expect him to go on being original forever. I heard a lot of the Stones tour was flat but a concert at Madison Square Garden with 20,000 fans can never be flat, except for Joe Cocker, which was sad . . .

John Lennon and Yoko Ono:
I don't like media stars. That was John Lennon's big mistake when he came to New York. He only wanted to see people he was familiar with because they'd had media exposure. He was keen to meet Andy Warhol but not to

Photograph by Linda Eastman

meet Brigid Polk who is a thousand times more exciting this moment than Andy. Lennon and Yoko met her but they're on tape saying impatiently, "When does Andy get here. When does Andy get here"' The media is the last to discover people. Germaine was exciting when she was 18 years old, now 13 years later they find out. It takes ages for people to be discovered by the media and one has to find one's stars in one's own circles.

Louise: But Lennon did do such things as play for the Harlem Four and focussed a lot of attention on them.

He did. He was on TV afterwards, was marvellous and you loved him all over again. They framed him by himself which I don't think is nice, but at least it meant that Yoko wasn't interrupting. She is part of what he does but she is a terrible interrupter. I wish she was a man then I could really put her down. The John Sinclair concert — some people said, "Oh, he's buying in on the bandwagon and taking the credit." He wasn't. He really helped, and Richard Neville told me of lots of things he has done that have never been publicised. They did come on strong with a lot of people then dumped them. They took up Howard Smith when they first came, figuring the Village Voice is the hippest paper in New York. Howard Smith isn't hip that way he's hipper in a much subtler and more fabulous way and I adore him. But they didn't pick up on that. They were disappointed he wasn't what they thought he was and dumped him. Now he has a successful film called Margo and they've picked up on him again. They are dreadful users of people. I criticised them once and apparently they were presumptuous enough to be pissed off about it. I couldn't get over it. It was legitimate criticism. Anytime they were interviewed they would talk about this terrible person on the Daily News, without realising that all the reporters in that field are friends and it was comic because I'd get it all back and scream with laughter.

David Bowie:
I really enjoyed David Bowie. I think he's beautiful beyond belief. If you're going to be a rock and roll star you'd better be beautiful. I think he's a great star and a great song writer, perhaps he should write a musical and star in it, which may happen with Ziggy Stardust. He's very professional, he doesn't mess around. He can't afford to be snobby at this stage of course. He's a very sexy act.

Louise: Do you think Bowie has a better act together than Lou Reed or Iggy Stooge/Pop?

Well, it's hard to say. I'm personally attached to Lou and Iggy for many reasons. They've been around New York for a long time, and we have many friends in common. Lou is one of the greatest song writers ever and at the moment is not at the highest point of happiness in his life. I don't think his performance here would have been his best. His best in unbelievable. He generates incredible excitement.

The first time you see Iggy it is fantastic, but after that it's not quite the same. The guy who handles David wants to put Iggy in films. Iggy is beautiful. I would do different things with him. English audiences are just stunned when he does his things like prowling out into the audience.

David's thing is definitely show, like a ballet beautifully done. The most climactic moment is when David chases the guitarist and pretends to go down on him. The guitarist's back is to the audience with David's hands holding his buttocks. Very sexy. I don't know how it will go over in the States. I can't imagine any other performer making that work. There's a powerful element of homosexuality in rock now that has never been before. I don't mean private lives, I just mean the acts. People who don't like David Bowie say he's a closet straight.

His wife's very attractive. The hype would be if they were both straight. I don't know what they're like alone. Whether they're making it or not they are a walking demonstration of one of the possible marriages of the future, completely bisexual on both sides. She comes on strong to lots of women so that you begin to think that maybe she's faking it. The reporter in me checked it out, and she was apparently expelled from two schools (Idon't have the headmistress' testimonials on it) for being found in bed with other girls, but at school that's not unusual. She does come on strong, but that's OK. I come on strong.

Louise: Well, how did she come on strong to you?

She bit my right tit, on the right unbared tit, in front of about 20 reporters at an afternoon tea at the Dorchester. I was in terror it was going to be photographed, because she's so young and pretty and I was looking a little tired. I said to her, 'If you're really serious you shouldn't do that in public.' Lou Reed's manager bit her on the stomach so there was a lot of biting going on. I don't care. If she wants to introduce drama to a press conference that's fine. She didn't bite very hard. Someone suggested it was patronising and she was using me for a little street theatre, but it was better than sitting round drinking tea.

Women:
A London visitor in New York said to me "The only men interested in women in New York are over 30 or black." I laughed, but there's an awful lot of truth in it. Nobody in New York is having too good a time in the sexual area. A lot of us like to visit Boston where it seems easier. Most people I know are into work instead of sex. I asked one of the greatest looking women in New York what she would rather have, sex or power. She said, ' Power, any time." Part of the reason people used to make it with each other was because that was the only way you could have a deep conversation with an American. Then I found out you could go to bed with them and you still couldn't talk to them. That was the end of one motive for going to bed with men. Another motive was to get taken out but that's gone too because women go out alone or together now. They don't have to do it for status. They have vibrators if they want

to get their rocks off. I'm waiting for a machine that will tell me that it loves me and listen to my problems.

The girls in Ms. are not the heavy ones in Womens Lib. I got a very hostile reception ta their Womens Centre although they are probably very helpful to people in real trouble.

Germaine Greer:
Americans adore her, they think she is highly intelligent. They think she's one of the most beautiful women they have ever seen, they think she's generous, warm, sweet, kind, no ego, devoted to the cause, all kinds of things like that. I thought it would be nice to end this conversation with a big lie. People in New York are frightened to offend her because she can be useful to them. They like her for the wrong reasons. No one appreciates the great thing about her which is her incredible courage. On TV she's brave and outrageous, she does a kind of street theatre that's brilliant and puts over a point so well. She'd do anything, she'd strip on TV, she'd show her ovaries if it were politic. Germaine blew it with a lot of people who could have loved her if she'd given them a chance. It's like the Lennons. She misses out on the people who don't want anything from her but would like to reach her on a very simple level.

Louise: What did she do this time in New York (June 72)?

She did some good things. She was on TV and the guy talking to her brought up the subject of women being different when they were menstruating and she turned to him on national TV and said 'David (Susskind), would you know if I was menstruating now?" His face was a study. That shock confrontation. The audience loved her. He retired in confusion. Of course I would have said "Yes, I know you are because I saw the tampax in your handbag," even if it wasn't true. It would have been a great line to follow with. If her outrageousness could be more directed Germaine could be valuable and more important than anyone else in the States. There was a rumour of her own TV show. Maybe she is a little too academic for the Great American Public. She should try to get more to ordinary woman.

Louise: But her book more than most womens' books on women, has gone to the ordinary woman.

Yes, that's true. I don't think for instance that anyone read Kate Millett's book. When she was on with Mailer, what she said about the male versus the female artist had a great effect on me. She certainly defeated Mailer at the Carneigie Hall event, but the point of the event was that she really turned on Diana Trilling. They went at each other like piranhas. Why didn't she do that to Mailer? She was pretty nice to him, she kept patting his hand, and he kept patting her hand. Diana Trilling is a member of an age group that really interests me, the age group that our mothers are in

Tom Jones and Elvis Presley:
Tom loves all his ladies but he'd like to have younger people think he's hip again.

I asked if it were true that someone had asked him if his crotch was padded and he said "Yes" and I found myself staring into this famous groin with an irresistible urge to poke it with my pencil to see if it were all there, but I think it's the cut of his clothes. What he symbolises to American women is very important. That generation is very caged sexually. They don't get much opportunity to mess around. And they are still pretty attractive in a blowsy way. It's not fair, they're probably very sexy, nice women. Their fantasy is that the guy at the garage who is delivering their car is going to make it with them. These guys are always called Vinnie or Angelo, they have tight curly hair like Tom Jones and they are usually of Italian extraction, as they say in America. That's why his performance has to be so vulgar. The Elvis thing is the same. Elvis is older but in their fantasy they think of him as a young man. I don't know if they would follow through if they were given the chance. Their fan clubs are incredible. You should see the Tom Jones Fanzines. His concerts are great theatre. Young people should go.

Some people say he's very difficult to talk to. I'd been flown in expressly to see him and he'd been told he'd better speak to me or else. He's very relaxed and reminded me a lot of Richard Burton. I have difficulty taking either him or Burton seriously because they're such an over familiar type. He talked about how important the stability of his marriage was. He made it clear indirectly that if sex was available and he's in the mood he's going to take it, but he has no notion of ending his marriage. Someone said he'd rather watch TV than make it anyday.

He talked about Elvis a lot. I have an unreal fantasy that he and Elvis are deeply in love. They really like and understand each other. Elvis copies him as much as he copies Elvis. I suspect Tom Jones is quite well read but I shouldn't think Elvis was. Elvis had a press conference recently and he was really poised and gentlemanly. Someone asked about his politics — he allegedly supports Wallace — and Elvis said "Look, I'm an entertainer and I don't have to answer for my politics." I can't describe it, the dignity with which he said that. He grew up in the South and he's entitled to feel that's where it's at. I can't imagine radicalising Elvis. It would be dishonest. But he doesn't go round stumping for Wallace, which is to his credit.

I don't think Elvis likes being married. He needs it less than Tom. If you study pictures closely, Priscilla looks like Elvis in drag. They look even more alike than the Jaggers. I hear she and Elvis are splitting up.

One last story about Elvis and Tom Jones. Tom said that Priscilla Presley was lying on the beach between himself and Elvis (not top and bottom but side by side I assume) and she was still enough of a fan to look up at the two of them with one of those smiles like 'Boy wouldn't thirty million women like to be where I am now.'

Illustrations by Roy Knipe

This photograph replaces two pages of fun and fantasy sex ads, which had to be withdrawn at the last minute on the advice of our crack team of legal advisers

Guanajuato, Mexico 1955. Elliott Erwitt / Magnum Photos. From 'Photographs and Anti-Photographs' published by Thames & Hudson, October 1972

All orders for any mail order items must be pre-paid using the special mail order coupon that is stapled in the centre of the magazine (we hope). If someone else has used the coupon send orders with a cheque or postal order made out to 'OZ Mail Order' and send to:
Bruce The Mail Order King,
OZ Magazine,
19 Great Newport Street,
London WC2.

Books

★ *1. The Diary of a Drug Fiend by Aleister Crowley (Sphere):* The Beast's private papers. Not for squeamish readers. 45p + 10p p&p.
★ *2. The Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana by David Fleming:* It's cheaper, it's healthier and it's completely illegal. 40p + 8p p&p.
★ *3. The Family: Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion by Ed Sanders (Hart Davis):* You've probably read some of the extracts from this in OZ 40. A terrifying, slice by slice account of the Manson murders. Psychedelic fascism incarnate. £2.50 + 15p p&p.
★ *4. Knots by R.D. Laing (Penguin):* Tricky games for inquisitive hippies by smart-alec Ronny. Hours of fun — amaze your friends and expand your biceps. 25p + 5p p&p.

★ *5. The Tarot Revealed by Eden Gray:* A fascinating and articulate re-discovery of the essential truths contained within Tarot Cards. 60p + 8p p&p.
★ *6. The Strange Case of Pot by Mike Schofield (Pelican-Penguin):* Strange indeed. A book worth reading if you're seriously interested in the legalisation of marijuana. 30p + 8p p&p.
★ *7. Speed by William Burroughs Jnr (Sphere):* William's jangling nightmare of urban paranoia under the weight of the demon speed. Pass the valium, father. 25p + 8p p&p.
★ *8. The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test by Tom Wolfe (Bantam):* No comment. When you have nothing to say, it is better to say nothing. 30p + 8p p&p.
★ *9. Narcotic Plants by W. Emboden (Studio Vista):* Large hardback book, fully illustrated, with pages of full-colour photographs. Reviewed in OZ 42. £2.80 + 30p p&p.

★ *10. The Lord of the Rings by J.R.R. Tolkein:* The original three volume edition. Unbelievable value for an imported set. £1.80 + 25p p&p.
★ *11. Leaves of Grass by Hassan I Sabbah (Unicorn):* Full of stuff on your favourite weed; cultivation, preparation and plenty of recipes. 45p + 5p p&p.
★ *12. Farallones Scrapbook (Random House):* Practical ideas for the revolutionary schoolroom. £1.90 + 15p p&p.
★ *13. Dome Book 2:* An American softback containing everything you will ever need to know (or forget) about domes. Strictly for dome freaks. £1.90 + 8p p&p.
★ *14. Projective Ornaments by Claude Bragdon (Unicorn):* Amazing new forms and designs for the architectural artist. This book could transform your home environment. 90p + 8p p&p.
★ *15. Raspberry Exercises (Preestone):* For the millions of kids in 'prison' and the few people trying to spring 'em. A free school in a soft back book. £1.90 + 15p p&p.
★ *16. Living on Earth by Alicia Bay Laurel (Vintage):* A freaky, personal scrapbook of celebrations, storm warnings, formulas, recipes, rumours and country dances. Crazy and informative. £1.90 + 15p p&p.
★ *18. Dylan — A Commemoration by Stephen Pickering (Bookpeople):* Forget boring A.J. Weberman and his garbage can exploits. Here is an author who *really* knows his subject and who has produced an extraordinary selection of reports, facts, data and speculation on Bobby Dylan. An excellent book. 95p + 8p p&p. (Imported)
★ *19. Shots edited by David Fenton (Academy):* The camera never lies. The American way of life and death captured in glowing black and white. A beautiful book of photographs from the American underground press, compiled by Liberation News Service. 'Shots' is an

incredible visual experience. £1.60 + 15p p&p.
★ *20. Little Red Schoolbook by Soren Hansen and Jasper Jensen (Stage One):* This is the censored, mutilated edition, courtesy of the Director of Public Prosecutions. It's still worth reading though and is recommended to all children interested in their own rights. 40p + 5p p&p.
★ *21. Arms And The Men: Ireland in Turmoil by Seamus Brady (Freedom):* Brady is an Irish journalist born in Derry and this book is an account of the Dublin Arms Trial in late 1970. Naked journalistic reportage crammed with names, dates, times, and eye-witness accounts with short biographies of those involved. 30p + 5p p&p.
★ *22. Survival Scrapbook (Part 1) by Stefan A. Szczelkun:* This is the first of three scrapbooks and concentrates on shelter. Notes, information and fascinating survival techniques on every conceivable shelter problem: Paper houses, wigwams, domes, caravans, caves. £1.20 + 12p p&p.

★ *23. Watch Out Kids by Mick Farren (Open Gate) :* He's doing it again — The Farren Memoires. £1.50 + 8p p&p.
★ *24. The Essential Lenny Bruce edited by John Cohen (Open Gate):* See OZ 39, for review on Father Bruce. 85p + 12p p&p.
★ *25. Ugly when She Smiles by Will Pollard (Crest Press):* Reviewed in this issue. 30p + 10p p&p.

Posters

(With a little help from Big 'O')
★ *Dylan:* The front cover of OZ 7 made into a beautiful gold/black/red poster. Prints on gold foil. 65p + 15p p&p.
★ *Cannabis:* Heavy shit printed on gold foil. 65p + 15p p&p;
★ *Max Ernst:* An amazing black and red collage of the birdman and his victim printed on silver foil. 65p + 15p p&p.
★ *OZ Head:* A piece of living history. 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Mick 'n' Vince:* This is the extraordinary full colour version of the Martin Sharp double spread our readers will remember from 'Acid Oz' Issue 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Van Box:* Here's Mr Van Gogh with the gloves off! A disturbing portrait. 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Vincent:* Flower power craziness. A mindblower. 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Cream:* Jack, Ginger and Eric — creamed but not forgotten (Mr Stigwood). Amazing collage of colour and photographs by M.S. 55p + 15p p&p.
★ *Che:* Giant size (really giant) red, yellow, blue and black solarised print of our hero. 85p + 15p p&p.
★ *Hendrix:* Enormous (another giant) four colour Martin Sharp of Jimi Hendrix in action. A beautiful poster (first published in OZ 17). 85p + 15p p&p.
★ *David Hockney:* Large picture of the three OZ editors in the raw, drawn by David before their hair was shorn. And when they still had a pair of balls between them. Black and white. £1 + 12p p&p.
★ *Trashman:* Out of the glistenin' night comes Trashman. And onto your wall for only 40p + 12p p&p.

'Ink'

Attention Libraries, museums, rich liberals and collectors!
'Ink' Newspaper has now liquidated, and the entire stock of back issues available at the time of liquidation have been purchased by OZ Magazine. They run from 1st May 1971 through to 21st February 1972. Thirty-three sets have been bound in durable stiff leather covers and double stitched for maximum protection. These are the only sets in existence (known to us) that are complete and for sale. There are twenty-nine issues comprising each bound volume. The negatives and plates of every issue of INK are to be destroyed. Once these sets are sold, whoever purchases them will won a unique and fascinating sociological ...blah...blah...blah...

Remember: *We have only thirty three sets. First come, first served.*
Cost: £100.00 per set. (postage free to any where in the world.)
Stop Press: *We have already sold four sets ...*

Sounds

Revelations: An Album with live music from the Grateful Dead, Pete Townshend, David Bowie, Marc Bolan, Mighty Baby, David Allen and Gong, Edgar Broughton, Skin Alley, Hawkwind, and the Pink Finks from Ladbroke Grove . . . (to name but a few). This is the record that came out of the Glastonbury Fayre — it is *not* a bootleg. Revelation Enterprises have managed to persuade the record companies involved to waive their usual extortionate demands; the performers are forgetting their royalty fees; 50% of the profits are going into

Photographs by Alan Marcuson

paying off the debts that the Fayre owes, and the remainder is being put towards founding an Ecological Research Foundation. The album consists of *three* LPs, posters, a 32 page book, information sheets on the live recordings, a silver cut-out build your own pyramid and a bundle of pretty stickers all wrapped up in a heat-sealed polythene bag. £3.60 + 20p p&p.

OZ Badges

The original OZ Beautiful Freak Badge in Red and yellow or red and blue — 10p each + 4p p&p.

Sculpture

Beautiful, handpainted plaster *Honeybunch* models, obtainable *only* through OZ. Each one is produced entirely by hand and stands almost seven inches high.

Here is delicious Honeybunch as you have never seen her before, in sensational three dimensions. Every model is unique and finished in a combination of five separate colours: flesh tone, red, yellow, black and white. "What a little yummy" £1.35 + 25p p&p.

Comics

★ *Homemade Comics:* A Dutch anthology of American u/g comics. Sex, dope and cheap thrills with all your favourites. £1.00 + 15p p&p.

★ *Furry Freak Brothers:* A collection of the best. Fab Furry Freak Bros in action. A collectors dream. 25p + 5p p&p.

★ *Mr Natural II:* Crumb's weirdest strip character really gets it on in this second anthology. 25p + 5p p&p.

Smells

★ *Krishna perfume oils:* You may live in a shithouse — but why smell like one? Each one of these perfumes comes in a small glass bottle; and they smell

as good as they sound. *Sandalwood, Orange, Patchouli, Rose, Honeysuckle, Jasmin.* Delicious. One dab of these and you'll never use Old Spice again. 45p a bottle + 5p p&p.

★ *Krishna incense sticks:* Seven varieties to choose from: *Mangoli, Patchouli, Sandalwood, Lotus, Strawberry Fields, Frangipani and Musk,* all 35p a packet plus 5p p&p.

Special Offer

Amazing, stupendous and unbelievable special offer from OZ Mail Order this month. Right now, two new books have been published for people living and staying in London.

The Survival Guide:
A guide to survival for people who don't know London; how to enjoy big city life and avoid being exploited. For foreign visitors there is a section on how to pass effortlessly through immigration control, fix yourself up with a visa renewal and land a work permit. 30p + 5p p&p.

Alternative London III:
New, polished, improved and checked edition of Alternative London. Includes hundreds of readers' suggestions and many completely new sections: 1) How to Grow Hash without Breaking The Law; 2) Bulk buy your health food; 3) Detailed overland trip to India; 4) Children's education — how to avoid the state system; 5) Ecology by 'Friends of the Earth'; 6) Improved homosexual section; 7) Do-it-yourself divorce; 8) How to get other information not included in this book. 35p + 5p p&p.

Either of these books are offered to OZ readers placing orders for over £1.00 for goods from this month's OZ Mail Order, at HALF PRICE. Post and packing will be included free.

OZ T-Shirts

★ *OZ Trial Honeybunch:* Orange on Mustard.

★ *OZ Trial Rupert:* Black on Mauve.

Here's a trio of OZ staffers sporting the original, incomparable OZ 'Trial T-shirts'. Unfortunately our drunken lensman has cropped off the 'Rupert' design. Tough shit — you should know what it looks like by now. Anyway, if you turn to page 38 you'll find some even more incredible T-shirts.

★ *OZ Famous Elephant:* Blue and Red on Yellow.
Sizes: Medium or large.
Price: £1.25 + 10p p&p each.

Yet more...

★ *The Waite Pack of Tarot Cards:* These cards designed by AE Waite and drawn by Pamela Coleman Smith, were first issued in 1910. Waite and Smith

were both members of the magical Order of the Golden Dawn. The 78 cards are beautifully printed in Switzerland on shiny, durable card. £2.25 + 8p p&p.

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★ *Soapstone chillums:* For the discerning customer only. 40p + 5p p&p.

★ *Desiderata:* 17th Century text prayer offering advice and consolation. "You are a child of the Universe . . ." 20p + 5p p&p.

★ *Cigarette papers:* 100 dollar bill, Stars and Stripes 12p + 3p p&p each packet. Big 5 (white, 5" long) 6p + 3p p&p.

OZ Artwork

After much debate amongst ourselves, we have decided to offer for sale the *original artwork* for OZ 28, the School Kids Issue.
Offers will commence at £500.00. (A third of this money will be given to BIT, a third will be donated to the Nasty Tales Defense Fund. The reamining third will be spend paying Mr Butler's legal fees incurred in our recent libel case, described further in last issues 'Spike' page.

Waterbeds

The completely new Aquarius Waterbeds, now designed and built in this country. Special for OZ readers only.

★ *1. Complete single unit,* measuring 3'6' x 6'6' — £35.

★ *2. Queen size unit,* measuring 4'9' x 6'6' — £40 (prices inclusive of delivery charges).

Each unit consists of: a naturally finished Canadian pine frame: a transparent mattress: a safety liner and an insulating foam pad. Also a complete range of frames available: for details, send SAE.

On Your Marx...

Joel Whitebook's article is an important one. Like the book it is based on, it is an attempt to justify theoretically the position held by Libertarian revolutionaries, in opposition to the one held by Marxist Leninists. And the position held by Libertarians, dear Oz reader, (in case you didn't know) may well be something rather like the position you hold yourself.

The basic argument of the article goes something like this:

Socialism (defined by Bookchin and Whitebook as hierarchical centralisation, forced industrialisation, party control of pretty well everything, etc.) may or may not have been necessary in the underdeveloped countries where revolutions have taken place, in order to bring those countries up to an economy of abundance where true Communism would be possible. But America *already has* an economy of abundance — so the U.S.A. can proceed straight to Communism (defined by B & W as a society devoted to community, play, sensuousness, and the ending of alienation). None of the nasties of the dictatorship of the proletariat will be necessary. And this is all the more inevitable, because the environmental crisis means that the U.S.A. has got to put the brakes on production anyway, and concentrate instead on creating a society where man lives in harmony with himself and with nature.

Now if this argument is correct (which I doubt) and if it applies with equal force to Britain (which I doubt even more, given the ricketty state of Britain's economy) what follows will be music to every freak's ears. Those sadly straight workers asking for more wages are just plain irrelevant. And the Marxist organisations who are trying to find ways of overthrowing the capitalist state and bringing the working-class to power, are just plain wrong. The only people who are right are those who are devoting themselves to 'community, play and sensuousness', to a spontaneous revolution from below — in other words, the freaks! Because these are the people who are already living out the future society, who are creating the example which everyone else will follow. It's consciousness that counts now, not political economy.

I don't actually agree with this. But I still think Marxists ought to read this article, and not dismiss it out of hand. For a kick off, it's got vision — a sense of the immense human possibilities of the revolution — which is sadly lacking in most left-wing writing. It sees very clearly how individual human needs — and the needs of the community — are neglected by consumer-capitalism. It sees how the ecological crisis is the direct product of a society devoted to private consumption, and how this kind of society must be abolished if the ecological crisis is to be solved. It is sensitive to the importance of the experience and ideas of the women's liberation movement, implying that this movement is an indispensible contributor to the 'revolutionary project' in the West.

With all this, and more, I agree. I agree that revolutionaries in America, and here, must create the theory and strategy appropriate to conditions in their own countries, rather than mechanically importing theories from the past or abroad. I agree that Marxists cannot dodge the problem of the excessive power of the state (its failure to 'wither away') in the Socialist countries. I agree that conditions in developed countries are quite different from those in underdeveloped countries, posing quite new problems for revolutionaries. And I agree that in these countries the need to attack *ideological* oppression and bourgeois consciousness — and to promote an alternative socialist ideology — is much greater than it is in countries where the main social problem is poverty; in other words, revolutionaries must focus much more on the *quality of life* under modern capitalism.

These are all crucial questions that the Marxist left in Britain has failed pretty abysmally to grapple with.

But most of the people who read this piece won't be Marxists. They will probably be people who will see it as confirmation of what they already believe. To these people (to you) I'd like to suggest that the following points could be borne in mind.

The Working-Class: where are they? They don't figure in the article at all. Marxists believe that the working-class are the only class who are *forced* to make the revolution because of their exploited position in society, and who are *able* to make the revolution because of the way they are organised in production. Nearly everybody may have good reasons for wanting a revolution (as the article clearly shows), and what is more the working-class can't make the revolution on their own. (Something the Marxist left, with its 'workerism', pays insufficient attention to.) But the ending of class-society can only be accomplished by the working-class and those who eventually choose to side with it. That is the classic Marxist position. If it is wrong, the article certainly doesn't say why.

The notion that the environmental crisis presents *everyone* with the historical inevitability of revolution doesn't help, because while everyone may have a long-term interest in solving the ecological crisis, they will not do so against their own class-interests (for example, by giving up production for profit and going over to production for use). Only the working-class has an interest, *as a class*, in ending the present system. That being so, winning over the workers to revolutionary politics remains the primary strategic task for revolutionaries.

The State: it's not mentioned in the article. But the revolution is not merely 'workers control' (happening spontaneously?) and the democratisation of social institutions. It is also the overthrow of the capitalist state, which uses all its coercive force to prevent people democratising their work and lives. It also involves making sure that the capitalist class doesn't regain control of society again after the revolution. It is also reorganising society so that production takes place for the good of society as a whole, and not just one individual sector. Will the workers at Fords stop producing cars (which may become socially necessary) just because they've got workers control?

All of these problems require a measure of organisation, a measure of centralisation. We can dispute how much, we can dispute what forms it should take, we can discuss accountability and responsibility and party-democracy. Above all we can discuss the relationship of the party to the people and their own democratic organisations. But to suggest that the revolutionary overthrow of the capitalist state, and the revolutionary reorganisation of society, can simply 'happen' from below, like an outbreak of measles, seems pretty unconvincing to me.

How can the consciousness of one struggle be transferred to the next without a party existing to enshrine that consciousness? How are different struggles going to link up in a strategic assault on the system without a party co-ordinating the attack?

Need such an organisation be hierarchical, rigid, boring, insensitive to individual human needs? I don't think so. I think the revolution in personal life — the elimination of bourgeois consciousness *within* the revolutionary organisation — is a precondition for the success of the 'revolutionary project'. But that's very different from saying that the organisation is superfluous.

The Freaks: here I think the article leads us up the garden path. Freaks can only live their supposedly exemplary existence because the surplus produced by workers gives them the leisure to do so. Their relative freedom depends on the unfreedom and toil of others. Ideologically they may in certain respects anticipate the new society. Materially, their very existence derives from their priveleged position in the old society. This applies to me, too, and I would be arrogant to think otherwise. True, *everybody* should have more leisure, and work should cease to be boring and alienated. That will happen after the revolution, at which time *everybody* will also do the amount of work necessary to predicate a universal increase in leisure.

If there are what the article calls 'futuristic elements' in the counter culture — and I think there are — these elements can only avoid irrelevance, isolation and defeat if they are able to link up with a struggle of the working-class and its friends to overcome the common class-enemy. The notion that a 'futuristic' life-style in itself constitutes a revolutionary practice is in my opinion wrong. The revolution in personal life is a necessary aspect of revolutionary struggle — but it is only one aspect of that struggle.

Finally, *freedom:* the article talks a lot about freedom, meaning freedom from external constraints, freedom to play, freedom to do what you want. But freedom is an abstraction, meaning different things to different people. There are other conceptions of freedom which involve freedom to shape reality according to the needs of humanity, freedom to control social processes rather than be controlled by them, freedom from the frustrations that occur when you don't understand yourself and the world you live in. These kinds of freedom — as well as freedom from exploitation, war, oppression, economic instability and pollution — can only be gained by social organisation; by organising to end a system which makes man the victim of his own history rather than the conscious creator of it.

But the kind of organisation and struggle may well involve certain constraints, and will certainly involve effort and work. So it depends how you look at it. All we know for sure is that at the moment a minority have a relative amount of freedom, while the majority don't. This is because we live in a class society. So any talk of freedom which does not include the means of ending class society is suspect.

Marxists and Libertarians share the same vision — of a world without classes, without states, without drudgery, without insecurity, without alienation; a world where everyone has the opportunity to develop themselves to the limit of their potential, and possibly (though this is rather harder to predict) a world where work, art, pleasure and play have become virtually indistinguishable. This article vibrates with the urgency of bringing such a world into being. Its urgency leads it to suggest what appears to be a marvellous short-cut. I don't think that short-cut exists.

The political directions signposted by Murray Bookchin's Post Scarcity Anarchism' are important for all of us. In the last issue Joel Whitebook discussed the book and now *John Hoyland* puts the discussion into a UK perspective. Thanks to London's deadhead publishing scene the book is unavailable here. But who needs the original when we have Hoyland on Whitebook on Bookchin on Post Scarcity Anarchism . . .

There is only one kind of love. *There are many kinds of sex.* Heterosexuality, homosexuality, screwing, balling, and many other and sometimes delightful ways of making it with oneself, other people, animals, inanimate objects etc.

Sometimes it is all very sad, though.

Men strive to have good orgasms, women strive to have vaginal rather than clitoral orgasms, or to have orgasms at all.

Studies have shown that there is No Difference between a 'vaginal' and a 'clitoral' orgasm. But men know that there are many kinds of orgasms. Some are much better than others.

Some women have orgasms all over the place. They are usually fuckers. Some women never have orgasms. They are lovers who have not found their love.

Or they may be lovers who do not recognise their love because they are too afraid. They husband their love because they fear they may throw it away to the wrong person and then they will have nothing.

Men fear other things. They are afraid of being destroyed by love. They are afraid they will have to choose between their world and a woman, that the price of love is their life and the price of living is loneliness. They fuck a lot or spend a lot of time chasing it.

Men, women. There is no singular pronoun in our language which means Person or Being independent of which sex they are That is part of the problem.

You are supposed to use 'he' or 'him' when you mean a person of either sex. We speak of Mankind to include all people, but we do not use Womankind to include all people.

That is another way of stating the problem.

It's a man's world, though neither men nor women are free in it. They are especially free not to love.

In this world men are shorn of their hair and they are not permitted to be beautiful. It is especially forbidden for them to love each other, but that is only the beginning. They are even taught to believe they hate each other and that it is their hate that is denied them, not their love. It's a topsy-turvy world.

In this world women are the personification of love. They are beautiful because of that. Their beauty, which is the promise of love, is unattainable. Men strive to hold it, but it eludes them forever, always seeming to be somewhere over the next hill. And when sometimes they do grasp it, it crumbles in their hands or flees, and is gone. Or sometimes they must throw it away or die.

For men must live in a world that denies love. So must the women they desire.

So the two strike a bargain, which is the marriage contract. (Or something equivalent. Nowadays they have this thing where someone is your old lady or old man, which usually comes to the same thing.) With this contract they create a little place separate from the world, though within it, where 'forsaking all others' they can know a little love.

Out of that much of love as is permitted them under the terms of this contract, they bear their children. And in their children

they relive and recall a different world they knew once, called Childhood, in which there was joy. It is a world of play and it partakes of love.

But it doesn't last very long.

At an early age children are sent into the world to 'school' where joy and play are taken away from them and they are taught to be part of the world of labour.

So they become a family, united by love, but existing in and for a world of labour. It is not easy for them to love even each other, because the world extracts a heavy price and lays down very hard rules for them.

The first rule is the one that says you cannot make love to your father or your mother or your sister or your brother, who are the people you love the most.

You also cannot make love to anyone of the same sex you are, which is half the people you meet. You are not supposed to make love to any of the rest of the rest of the people except for one person who becomes your spouse, though sometimes exceptions are permitted under certain circumstances, and then it is only supposed to be fucking. You are not supposed to make love to yourself even, because that is shameful. Boy, talk about hard times!

But withal, generations have survived and kept the spark of love alive and always believed despite themselves. They lived by the sweat of their brow and spilled their life's blood to keep that love alive, even though they degraded and divided it. They tried to separate love's body from its spirit; they made the body into sex and tried to control it that way so it could be part of the fortress they were building against the elements and

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Dr Jerry R

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e.' *Bertrand Russell.*

g me in the elevator! And now I'm
mn name.' *Young Lust Comics.*

their enemies.

The tool they build this fortress with is called the Reality Principle. Some have called it Reason, but that is probably not a good name for it, since its basis is fear. The fortress is called Civilization, but the real part of i is mainly Technology.

Despite all the craziness and everything, they kept on building the fortress until one day there was a generation, or part of a generation, or a large bunch of kids or something, who grew up and looked around and discovered that the fortress was so big and strong and protecting that they were safe, and they decided they wouldn't have to spend all their time working on it anymore.

You know about them. After they took acid or before they took acid, just sitting around with nothing to do and thus being free for a moment, they saw the world as though for the first time, and they found it to be beautiful. And it came upon them that they were part of it and also beautiful. And so they could love each other, and it was all right.

You know what happened to them.

Two hippies walking down the street. Is it two girls, or a girl and a boy? Sometimes it's two boys.

Just people being together. The fact is we are more alike than we are different. But the real differences are groovy because they make it possible for us to fit together.

It's not always easy to be together yet, let alone stay together; there's so much difference instilled in us. The training of a lifetime.

We've made a lot of mistakes already. We'll probably make a lot more because we get to where we're going.

Couples splitting up. They want a better love. But the secret is to be able to love other people without leaving those whom you already love, not the freedom to stop loving someone. Nevertheless, sometimes now it is necessary to give up someone because your love was too distorted and therefore too difficult to maintain. And you may meet again someday.

You can only leave, though, if you believe that there will be love elsewhere in the world for you. You cannot leave the place you are unless you have someplace else to go. And you cannot keep putting your love out into the world unless someone there responds to it.

People are afraid, so if you speak to the deepest thing inside them they may panic, because they fear there is really nothing there, down at the core. That is what they have been taught. They may also be afraid of you because they do not trust you. That is also what they have been taught. So you cannot lay love on someone. But sometimes, by an act of grace, it will happen.

Do not ask more of love than is there. It isn't always necessary to have an orgasm. you know. Sometimes having an orgasm is a way of leaving the other person. Sometimes fucking is a way of not being with someone, but only with their cunt or cock. In the world of sex the size of a penis and so forth may be important, but in the world of love it's not the meat and it's not even the motion. It's your whole life. Your lovemaking is as good as your love, no more and no less.

The limitations of love are the limits of our bodies. We can love only that which touches us. We cannot love those whom we can only see but not touch; we can love only their images, since that is all of them that reaches us.

The possibilities of love are the possibilities of community.

You can make it with more than one person if you can love more than one person — at the same time. You can share your lover with another, or bless their union if you love them both. We will share our lives with as many people as we are able to love at one time together in one place.

We shall be one family, all brothers and sisters, only there will be no incest taboo, for there will be no contradiction between love and innocence. Our children *will be our little brothers and sisters, for we will be able to accept that they, too, are people like us, only smaller and weaker and that they know a great deal which we have once forgotten. We will not have to fear their knowledge or their growing up anymore for we shall have betrayed neither them nor ourselves.*

There will be no rules, for love knows no rules and no responsibilities. Love acts according to its own rules, which cannot be written down or codified. Love creates its own responsibilities, but you do not have to choose to meet them. When it is necessary to act, to take risks, or to suffer pain to preserve our love, we will do so, for the promise of love is joy and not pain, and love is its own fulfillment.

I do not know the future, but I know how far I have come. I believe it is all happening and that this is the Revolution.

Photograph from a sculpture by V. Neiman from Drs P. & E. Kronhausen's 'Erotic Art'

John Lennon/Yoko Ono
Plastic Ono Band
With Elephant's Memory

"Some Time in New York City"

"The People's Album"
—*Melody Maker*

Ring 01-247 6693

Simon Morris is the food and wine correspondent for one of London's more irresponsible right-wing daily newspapers. His editor refused to print the feature which follows, so he brought it round to us . . .

Hot Rats

It's an ordinary enough restaurant in Northern London. Maybe a dozen tables, good cutlery and glassware, bright table cloths, rather inviting pictures of chateaux and provincial France on the walls. A menu offering with the true determination of every British restauranteur to dispel the reputation of appalling cooking, the staples of French cuisine at reasonable prices. It's called The Gadabout, and that's also the name that Alec Starr, who runs the business with his wife Irene, is going to call the yacht he's hoping to buy when the cooking 'brings home the bacon, as you might say'. Meanwhile, in the converted betting shop that lost its custom as Islington gradually grew into a media sanctified paradise of the middle class, the Starrs seem to be into a good thing . . .

An ordinary restaurant? On the surface, certainly. But another glance at the bilingual bill of fare and you'll notice one particular 'specialite de la maison' that tops the lot for originality: 'Cassoulet de Grand Souris' – or to put it another way, Rat Stew.

'It goes as well as anything else, I suppose,' said Mr Starr rather flatly in reply to my first incredulous questions, 'but ask Irene about it, she's the culinary genius around here. I only do the books.'

Mrs Starr was a cheerful, earthy woman who had spent many years in the Languedoc area of France from where she derived most of the inspiration for her cooking. She saw nothing remarkable about this particular item on her menu and in fact pointed out that the Terrine de Campagne was made by herself from the same sources. 'In Toulouse, years ago, just after the war, we often ate a kind of game pie one of the principal ingredients of which was water rats from a river just outside the town. I don't see much difference in the situation here. Islington is literally overrun with rats and mice and they're a completely free source of good animal protein. Alec had a few uneducated objections at first, but the profit angle eventually won him over.'

'You don't use a poison to catch them I suppose' I said, at which she burst into laughter.

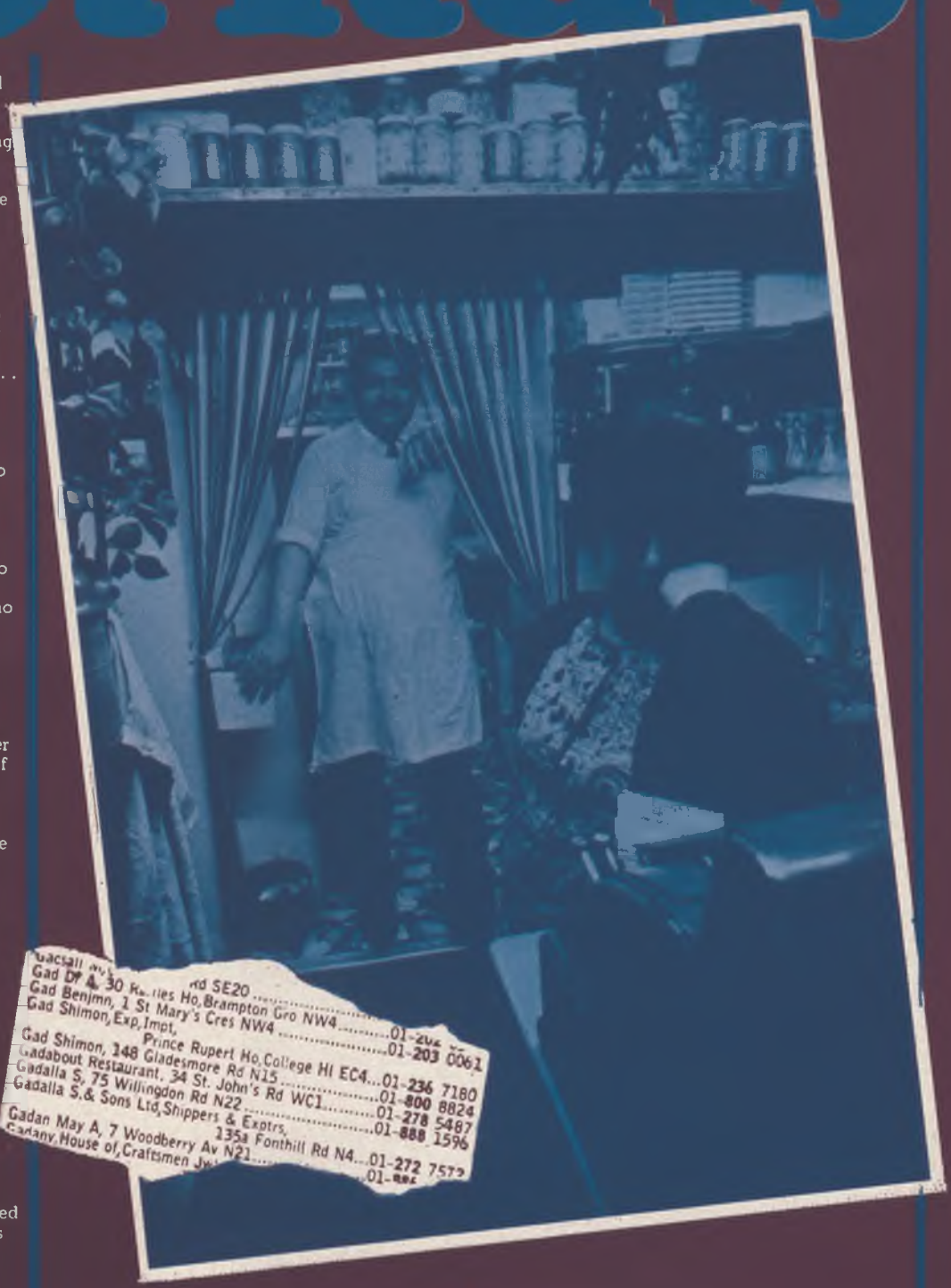
'Good Heavens no! You're trying to make me sound like something out of Arsenic and Old Lace. Sometimes the local kids collect a dozen or so for us and Alec gives them a few bob, but mostly we catch them ourselves out the back.'

'We' appeared to mean a large tabby cat which lay peacefully on Mrs Starr's lap as we talked. I had already been shown the kitchen, which was spotless, and the back, which wasn't, presumably to keep the rats coming. The deep freeze contained a number of prepared carcasses, and in a corner of the back yard was a sheltered cage with several live, remarkable well -fed specimens. Mrs Starr's recipe closely followed that of the traditional cassoulet although the rats (or mice depending on what was available) were marinated in red wine twenty four hours before use . . .

Had she received any complaints from disatisfied, or even diseased customers?

'Not really. There's always a few polite inquiries, but nobody has complained, nobody certainly, has got sick. There was a hospital scare once from here, but it had nothing to do with my cassoulet or the terrine. Have you *tasted* it? It's absolutely delicious and one of the best things on the menu.'

I refused to be put off my questioning by Mrs Starr's offhand manner: 'But surely it's contrary to governmental regulations concerning the running of restaurants. Tell me truthfully has a Health Inspector certified that it's OK?'



'Well no, actually. It's only been on the menu since last October. I know of no law that I am breaking, but if I'm eventually told to stop these two items, of course I will. But until then . . .'

I did in fact, later that week taste both the cassoulet and the terrine, drinking with my meal, as suggested by Mrs Starr, a light red wine. The pate was rather ordinary I thought, but the main dish was rich and spicy and certainly delicious. My bill for two, including the wine came to £3.50 not including service. The Gadabout was I remember listed in Time Out's food guide some time ago as one of the restaurants where you could get good palatable food at not too inflated prices. While my wife and I were there, several people ordered the rat dish. Maybe thay can't read French. However, those who could seemed mostly to just chuckle. I must say in fairness to the Starrs that I have suffered no ill effects whatsoever and look forward to trying her excellent cooking again in the near future. She deserves full marks for originality and verve. My original indignation and prejudice have both been tempered by a satisfied stomach and a not too depleted pocket. Rats, after all, are far from being your plastic food. They are at least organic, free range, and locally bred. In their small way, the Starr's are helping the local council to cope with the ever growing menace to London of our rodent population. I would prefer an Islington rat to a Surrey battery chicken anyday.

You enjoyed your meal at The Gadabout? Then go back for a second helping. Unless we each do our bit to reduce the rodent hordes, we'll find ourselves on . . .

The Eve Of Ratastrophe

Rat Population:
There are fifty million rats in this country. One rat for every man, woman and child in Britain. Government statistics reveal that for each of these rats there are as many as *four* mice. We're currently in the grip of a plague of rodents.

Origins:
Rats and mice have been pests for over seven centuries. Both species originate in the East: the rat from Central Asia and the mouse from the borders of the USSR and Persia. They have followed man in his gradual movement westwards. Parasites on humans, existing on scraps and rubbish, the rat and the mouse are inseparable from man.

They spread implacably. Thirty years ago rats were unknown in Alberta, Canada and the Aleutian Islands. Today they have thriving and rapacious populations. Many Pacific Islands, hitherto untouched by rats, found that the invading troops left the native population with an extra and unwelcome bonus. On the Galapagos Islands the introduction during the last war of rats and mice has totally altered the flora and fauna of the area. Rats and mice were chosen as the first travellers into space when unmanned rockets were launched over a decade ago.

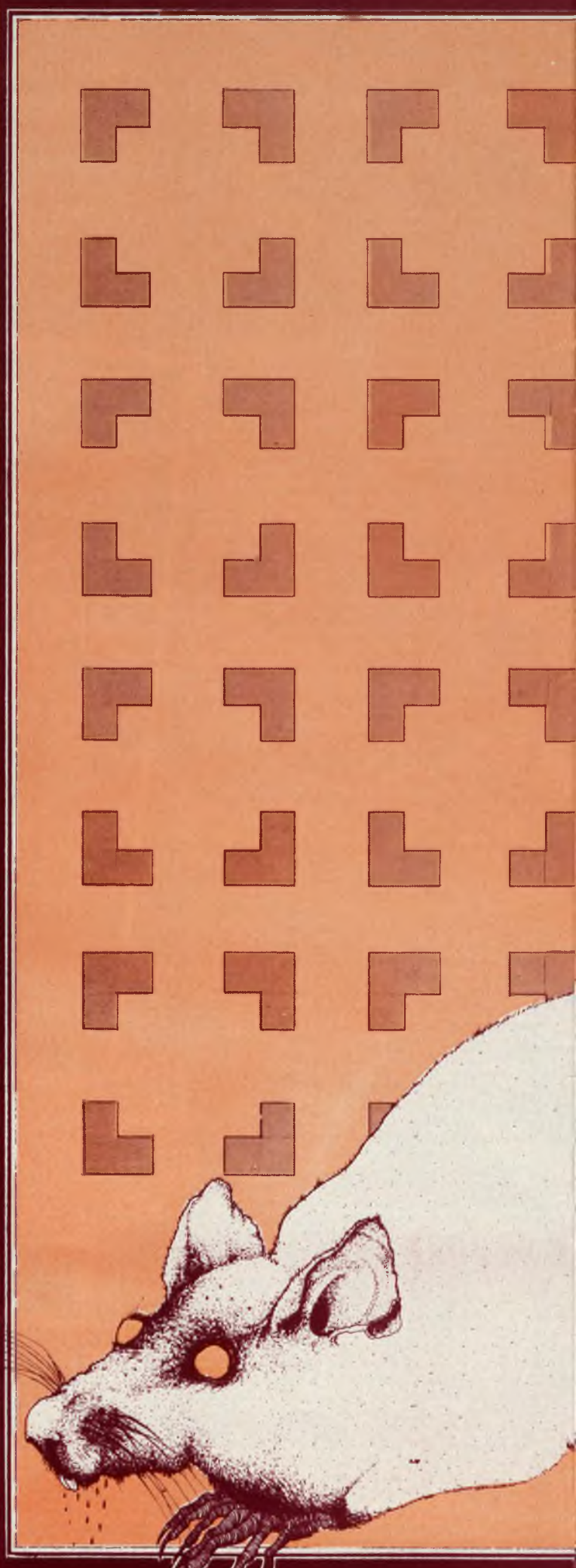
What They Can Do To Us:
Rats were responsible for England's two most terrifying outbreaks of disease, the Black Death, which cut the population by one third, in the 14th Century and the Great Plague in the 17th, the devastation of which in London was only checked by the Great Fire. There are still pockets of plague all around the world, from South East Asia to Africa to South West America.

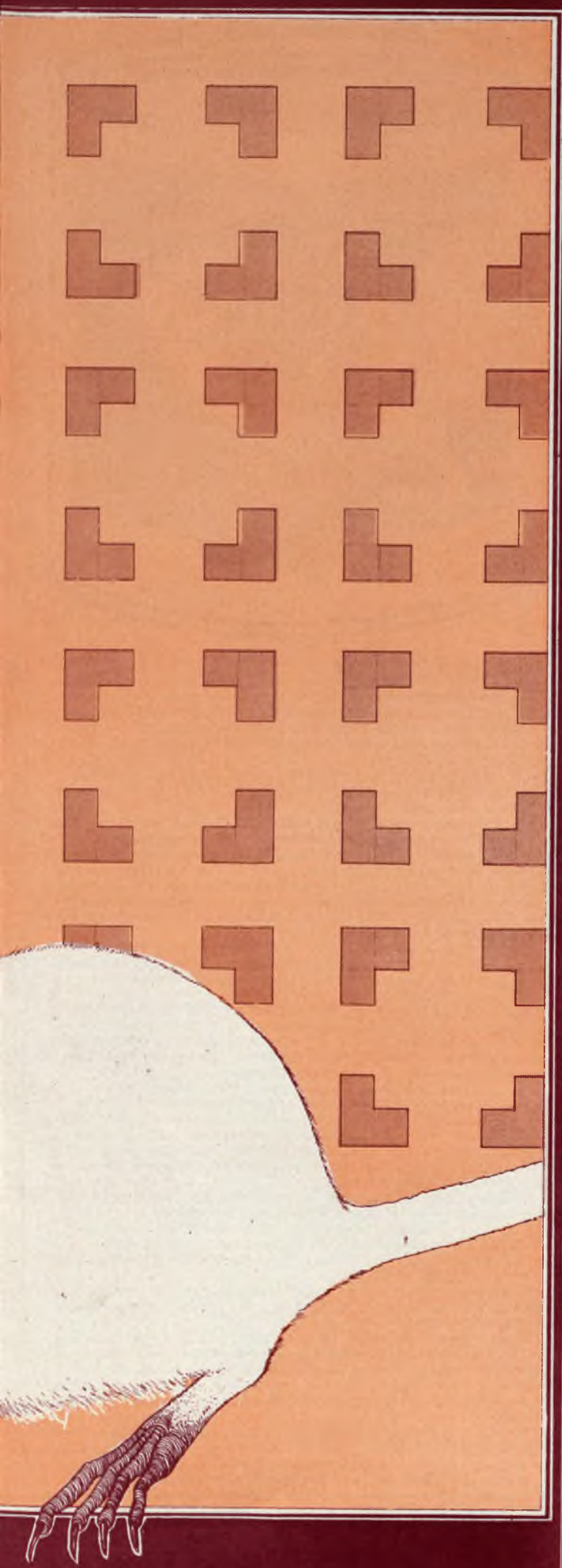
Weil's Disease (leptospiral jaundice) is common amongst those who work near wet rat-infested areas. Farm workers, sewer men, miners and fish cleaners are all prey to what can be a fatal disease. Trichinosis, the same encysted worm that is carried by bad pork, is a rat-borne disease. 'Rat-bite fever' which is common to both rats and mice, involves swelling of the lymph glands and muscular pains. There is a high potential for painful relapses long after apparent recovery.

Rats inflict vast amounts of damage on material objects. Food, crops, buildings, sewers and even lead pipes are prey for the revaging pests. In England alone the rat is responsible for upwards of £20 million losses every year. Gnawing everything within reach which has food potential is endemic to rat and mouse life.

What We Can Do To Them:
in the first place effective control of rats and mice is hampered by one simple and unavoidable fact: the public at large couldn't give a damn. Rats are repulsive and the usual reaction to the appearance of this dangerous predator is one of horror but mice, who outnumber rats four to one, arouse no such fears. All the cartoon conditioning of Disney and his anthropomorphic successors has made the mouse into everyone's friendly little chap. He is not. The arrival of mice in your house, if you don't see the creatures themselves, look out for their spindly droppings, can mean losses, the spoiling of furniture as well as food and a high liklihood of *disease*. A recent publication by the Working Party of London Public Health Inspectors spoke of 'many people (who) appear to have adopted a policy of non-violence to pests' and the 'apathy' of the public at large to deal with this fast increasing problem.

Directly linked to the above, is the fact that even if the mouse-conscious member of the public does call up his local council and get through to the Health Dept., he's more than likely to be told, 'The Rodent Inspector is out today, he'll be busy till this evening, you'll have to try again later . . . ' There are simply not enough men to deal with a fraction of the rodent problem, let alone make a serious and successful attack on a growing threat. Public Health Inspectors, who are legally empowered to check any premises, commercial or domestic, for infestation, are terrifyingly understaffed. In Westminster, for instance, where there are over 6000 eating places alone, has a mere five Public Health Inspectors. As one PHI from another borough pointed out: 'The Government should





appoint twenty times the number of Inspectors and pay them according to their range of duties': duties that involve checking on air pollution, noise control, environmental health, housing and food standards. Once the PHI has designated an area of infestation, the actual rodent inspector – the rat catcher – is overworked and the post is vastly understaffed. Rentokil, a leading pest control agency, point out that a very large proportion of their business is as contractors to various local authorities.

The local authorities are again hampered by gross inadequacies in the law dealing with rodents. The Public Health Act of 1936, Section 93, may well empower PHI's to deal with virtually unlimited definition with what is termed a 'statutory nuisance' but there are limits to the force that can be employed in clearing rodents out, doing no more, after all, than helping people to help themselves. In the case of domestic properties, especially rented ones where a landlord is often loathe to carry out the degree of structural improvements necessary to fight off invading rodents, delaying tactics can keep the rodents on the go indefinitely as the PHI and his men are kept outside the premises.

Eating Out:
As far as catering premises, pubs, cafes, restaurants are concerned, which come under the provisions of the Food and Drugs Act 1955 and the Food Hygiene (General) Regulations 1970 there is one glaring discrepancy: even if a cafe proprietor has a kitchen or even dining room crawling with rats and mice, there is no way under which his premises can be shut down. All that can happen is that he is disqualified and the average fine that such proprietors have been awarded in the magistrates court is £11. He than simply bypasses the law by signing the cafe over to his wife, brother or whoever. Profits remain, customers still come in and the rats make sure they continue well fed.

The control of rodents is a problem that is as old as the existence of the rodents themselves. Shakespeare mentions rhyming rats to death and there are traditional curses and incantations supposed to deal with them. Cats are a time-honoured anti-rodent force and in 930 one finds King Howell the Good of Wales regulated the price of cats according to their ratcatching talents. With all due respect to the finest ratter, they may keep numbers down, but the most tyrannical cat cannot really be termed an effective agent of control. In the last two decades control has been mainly in the hands of an anti-coagulant poison 'Warfarin'. So called after the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, Warfarin suppresses the normal coagulant properties of blood vessels and thus cause haemorrhages. Superior to the pre-1950 staple poisons – acute poisons which depended on one ingestion only to cause death Warfarin has made large inroads on the rodent population. Warfarin though successful, is by no means infallible, and recently strains of superrats and supermice have been discovered – resistant to the poison. Only 5% of Warfarin resistant cases come amongst rats, but 50% are mice. The main alternative to Warfarin is Alphakil – so called by Rentokil's laboratories – in fact a poison named Alpha-chloralose, a narcotic drug which causes death by lowering the internal body temperature of its consumer.

So, if you see a rat or a family of mice in your tower block or comfy drop-out pad, don't just jump on a chair and scream. Your obscure psychological fears that a rodent might run up your cunt or arse-hole *may* be justified, but you should immediately report their appearance, and while you wait for officialdom to do something about it, take such homely steps as buying a twelve-in-one mouse-trap, some suitable poison or a cat

What it is – Class: mammalia Order: rodentia Family: muridae Genus: RATTUS Species: RATTUS (the black or plague rat) or NORVEGICUS (the brown rat). But the black rat can be brown and the brown rat black or even pink.

Where it is – The black rat is confined to the coastal regions of Britain – mainly the ports where it transfers from ships. The brown rat lives throughout the country.

Size –
Average body length of black rat: 200 mm
Average body length of brown rat: 245 mm.
Average length of tail (black): *120 mm.*
Average length of tail (brown): 200 mm

Weight –
Maximum weight of black rat: 215 gms.
Maximum weight of brown rat: 520 gms.

Speed – Cruising: 60 cm per sec. Top 130 cm per sec. (Scale speed equal to a VC 10)

Power – If rats were the size of labrador dogs they would wipe= out most forms of animal life (including humans) within 5 years. Unparalleled viciousness, energy, tenacity and strength make them the most advanced animal weapon of destruction yet created.

Today's thought –
If a rat does not put in an optimum amount of gnawing every day its incisor teeth grow unrestrained. Eventually they curl round and pierce the roof of the mouth penetrating into the brain eventually killing the rat. To live a rat must chew. When desperate, rats gnaw the toes of sleeping humans.

Illustration by Alan Grimwood

OZTROLOGY

Ambrose Hollingsworth continues to contemplate the Zodiac.

Leo is the Sign of the King. He is the Sun, the central figure of his situation. He is ruler by divine right, not by choice — his or anyone else's. The planets of a solar system do not elect their sun. Nor does the sun cause the planets to do anything unnatural. It is natural for planets to revolve around their sun.

Leo is the only House of the sun. It is a matter of history that more actual crowned kings have been born during the month of Leo than at any other time.

Aquarius is the Sign opposite Leo. As we slowly enter the Aquarian Age the whole idea of bosses and authorities and rulers is being lumped together and thrown as far away as possible. But Leo is still there. All one can really throw away is his own attitude toward a Natural Law. We can say we are not going to think about that sort of thing any more, but there's Leo, still there.

The star Regulus, called the Maker and Breaker of Kings, is also applying a certain pressure to the throne at this time. By the continual movement of the vernal equinox the stars move through the Signs as seen from the earth. In this way Regulus is slowly passing out of Leo into Virgo the Virgin.

All of that together makes Leo feel on the spot today. At a time when the New Age mass thinks rulership of men is obsolete, the Gypsies say the time of the King has yet to be. The Gypsies, of course, are not referring to the tyrant, incompetent, macho-conscious, insane or treacherous. The Gypsies speak of the King.

But the poor Gypsies are idealists. Too bad they're so naive. They and the American Indians and all who say the true ruler is the perfect servant. Most of us think the true ruler serves the people. However, some say that *all* people (including the king) are servants of the one source and the king is the one who does it best. This was the traditional attitude of Old Kingdom Egypt which required the Pharaohs to be initiates of the Temple of Truth and Service. These kings by divine right were called 'Winged' Pharaohs because their awareness was free from the restrictions of time and space.

Practical occultism says that a model of the universe is the only successful structure. The king is the sun, the people are planets and the kingdom is the solar system. No warmth comes from the sun nor any light. Energy comes from a sun as the influence of its own aliveness. This is turned to heat and light by the atmosphere (aura) of the individual planet.

In the presence of a true king men are inspired to be not the king but higher versions of themselves. The more inspiring the king the less commands he has to give, unless for other reasons the people see him through a false image. This may be due to their own limitations, or by the king's intent.

The top of Leo is no longer aware of the existence of pride or the attention of others. His aura is so coherent as to cause order in his environment. The calmest place in battle is where the king's banner stands.

The love of Leo is the warmest love of all, shining without discrimination. The loved one is usually aware mostly of the warmth which does not burn, the example which does not ridicule. Nobility which is real is our reminder of human excellence, not our goals but our standards.

The Tarot Trump represents Leo by the card entitled Strength of Fortitude. This card illustrates the direct influence of mind over matter. In reference to the star Regulus, the star also shows a fair-haired virgin overpowering a lion in his natural habitat. Obviously, the strength is not physical. In the lower Arcana of the Tarot it is the 5, 6, 7, and King of Wands.

Leo people usually have cleft chin, curly hair, broad shoulders, graceful or otherwise emphatic walk.

Yellow, E-natural, Sunflower, Daisy, Marigold, Lion, all cats. *Cat's-Eye*, Gold, The Christ, The Nubean Lion of Heracles, Creative of the I Ching, the Child, the King.

'Behold, a virgin shall be with child and bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel which means: God within us.' Matthew 1:23

The above verse contains the entire meaning and purpose of the Sixth Sign of the Zodiac. Virgo means virgin which means purity of the place. However we may love funk, it has no business in a womb. It is the preparation of a body and mind so real and yet so refined that the Christ (true love) can form within.

It is the knowledge that this is no fantasy but a here and now living possibility, in fact a dire need, which inspires the Virgo impulse. Birth can only follow conception.

The Sixth House is the house of healing. Healing is an organic re-adjustment of the body from disorder to order according to natural law. Law and order. We call this disorder; disease, pain, injury, defeat or ill-health. In the Spirit this may be said to be an illusion but in the body it is real. Cause and effect is the first natural law. The disorder is only the effect from some previous cause. The causer always receives the final effect. Any violation returns to the violator. That natural cycle insists on being resolved before a healing re-adjustment can succeed.

Zeus took many forms to seduce the daughters of men. Virgo meets him halfway for the Christ conception to take place. Halfway between individual (physical) love and Universal (Spiritual) Love. Selfless service opens the way for selfless Love.

Discrimination is the Virgo intelligence. Until man knows the differences nothing will ever be the same. Discrimination is recognizing the difference between this and that, a handy talent for life on Earth. However singular the creator, the creation is diverse. The lesson of diversity come before the lesson of unity. And learning the differences is the reason to be born in a Mutable Sign, especially Gemini and Virgo.

Virgo is the King's Caretaker. The best of Kings would be up to his royal chin in loose ends without his careful servant. Who else would follow an act like Leo? Without Virgo things would never get back together. Virgo translates the Command of true Kingship into the Service of true Caretakership just as Leo intends. The Earth-Signs, Capricorn, Taurus and Virgo are the Stewards of the King.

Organic ecology is a special work of the Sixth Sign. The King's Caretaker is actually responsible to Mother Nature first and then to the King. And it's all up to the King to understand that priority and to lend his Kingly aid. Virgo is the green-thumb. An essential key to organic ecology is the group psychic intelligence of Nature. Virgo, the Mutable-Earth Sign is the most psychic of the Twelve.

Selfless service, in the terms of the Sixth Sign, means to serve without involving one's self except to serve. The Sixth Tribe isn't always doing it that way either but they are always ready to.

Virgo is conservation which involves having what you need when you need it because you haven't used if for anything else. Conservation is not only of things but also of energy, interest, forces of creation, etc. The mystery of true celibacy (not to be confused with a sex hangup) is carried by Virgo. It's being plugged in without shorting out, a connected hose with no leaks.

Simplicity is at the top of Virgo. Peace comes with simplicity after we have thoroughly learned and loved the details. Peace. No more alternatives, no different versions, just simple truth, beautiful and pure.

Bravery and steadiness under fire is a tradition of the Sixth Tribe of Heaven. This is the cool courage which awes and finally terrifies an enemy when he sees his most terrible weapons have seemingly no effect. The Virgo brand of bravery can, without firing a shot, compel the enemy to retreat or surrender. The origin of this wierdly beautiful heroism is deeply personal, unexplainable by anyone, incomprehensible to anyone else, a secret pearl, something deep and intimate within every comrade of the Sixth Tribe.

Love is the Uniting Force of Creation. The other of the two basic forces is that which separates. At the beginning and at the end of an Eternity all is one, but in the immeasurable meantime of all time, there is that which pulls apart. Both are righteous, evil dwells in the extremes of both.

Creation moves through a system of seven eternities, the Seven Days of Brahma, of the Judeo-Christian Genesis, etc. What we call 1970 A.D. is a microcosmic speck just past 'noon' of the fourth day of creation. The memory of orthodox history of mankind is said to cover a little more than a minute of an hour of a Day, or Eternity, of the Creation.

The human spirit is a single spirit composed of both masculine and feminine principles. Through all seven eternities of the Creation, each individual experiences and expresses and lives as both together, as the single being that the human being is. There is one exception as taught in the schools of the Wise. The exception is the noon hour of the fourth Day of Creation.

For the purpose of total experience and expression through form or matter, temporarily, for a few million or billion years, the human spirits are living their incarnations not as whole beings but as only their masculine or femine half. For this temporary period only, Adam is divided into *Adamandeve;* and the human form is temporarily not produced by the individual human spirit but is re-produced by two individual bodies of opposite other halves. For this was the Sign of Libra created by the immortals during the Lemurian period of the nearly out-of-reach past. Before that *Virgo and Scorpio were one Sign and there was no Libra.*

Libra is the Sign of marriage and partnership and of the uniting opposites. Libra represents the fact that we are, each of us, only half here, the other half is in Heaven. Love is the unity of spirit, marriage (ideally) is the duplication of Earth of the same unity.

Venus is the Ruling Planet of Libra, Sign of response. Sun, Moon or Ascendent in the Seventh Sign responds directly to both their surroundings and circumstances as well as their Earth-mate or not. Not only is Libra the Sign of Partnership, but Librans need the response of an interested other person to stimulate them and inspire them in whatever they are doing. The regenerative power of a true partnership in the Light is inexhaustible. That of appropriate Earth-mates is the crown of the incarnation. One and one make three in every creative process.

Appropriate response is the Key to military success. Libra is not only the Sign of love but also of war and the game of chess.

Recovery of equilibrium or balance is the activity of justice. Libran people are very concerned with the fairness of things and many of them know a lot or at least have accurate instincts about what is just and fair. So they weigh and they measure and sometimes they never decide. With nothing strong enough to respond to they may let things hang in the balance.

Refinement is also a major concern to Libra. The Seventh Sign is the expert in what's crude or clumsy and what's graceful. Harmony is the object in the Seventh House of Heaven. Not discord but harmony, sometimes at all costs. Sometimes the laziness of the Sign hides the basic interest in refinement and neatness.

Beautiful may include the pretty but it's also different. Venus, Goddess of Love and Beauty, shines twelve ways. In Libra is shown beauty of line and form, not depending upon inner beauty. When we say 'Beautiful person' we usually are referring to the person inside the form. But what the Seventh Sign tells us is that there is such a thing as beauty of face and form which can be seen regardless of the Light shining from within or not.

Among the lore of Libra is to be found; F-natural, green, aloe, myrtle, clover, rose, peacock, wheat, corn, poplar, cypress, blue-eyed blonde, classical art, chemistry, cooking, emerald, green jade, moss agate, nectarine, maple leaf. Of the Tarot; the third trump, Daleth, the Empress, and the eleventh trump called Justice, and the two, three and four of Swords.

Weirdly beautiful, compelling, powerful and mysterious; the Eighth House of Heaven is the most occult, perhaps even by far the most important of the Twelve. For Scorpio is the secret of the Creation itself. Neither playground nor laboratory nor message center, the physical body is the living temple of the Living Body. Scorpio represents the altar of the Holy Inner Sanctum. Let those who enter, enter in spirit and truth.

Scorpio is the key to birth and death, each to be found in the other. Birth and death are only interruptions of the life of a human being. The same forces which generate a mortal body through the process of reproduction can regenerate an immortal body through the processes of transmutation. The very same forces which most everyone carries. This transmutation requires control, refinement and redirection of these forces. Those who attempt such a thing prematurely or in ignorance are candidates for violent disorders of the mind and body.

So the real value of Scorpio is seldom realized because we keep the wrapping and abandon the gift within. I. Men who seek out Scorpio women (and vice versa) because of the anticipaed preoccupation with physical sex are doing them no favors, only contributing to the Earth-binding of a soul. 2.3.

Intensity of purpose is the clue to the Scorpion presence. Children of fiery Mars, sprung from water and the red star's burning, from far away they come streaming, in long glittering yet dark processions from inconceivable homes into the great dangers; the incarnational. Down through the under-depths of Creation then twisting, turning up and faster and into the strange light of Earth. Never fully incarnating, never quite here, Scorpio like all Water Signs is often confused by seeing into two worlds at the same time and not having any standard by which to tell which is which.

To know a Scorpio (or a Capricorn) is possible but unlikely. However, a Scorpio friend is usually all you need to accomplish evolution, the reunion of the Creator and the Creation.

Scorpio consciousness does not articulate its awareness the way most of the rest of us do. It's an awareness of emotional impression rather than of actual circumstances or environment. Unless one is also a Scorpion or else is used to this, no practical information passes. To know a Scorpio is to know the way through secret lands at night when the shapes of things seem different, and sounds are deceiving, the eyes squint and find they see better when they look to one side of things. From somewhere comes the muffled roar of falling water. A shadow passes across the Moon. You realize there in the darkness that you've lost the way. 4. But you never whimper or drop your sword. For you have a secret which no one else knows which will save you. 5.

Scorpio is the secret weapon of the Light which is carried in the pouch of the Fool of the Tarot. It's also the secret weapon of the Shadow for all weapons have two edges and only the means can ever justify the means. All means are ends and all ends are means in themselves.

Perhaps the next most obtrusive after Aries, whatever we may feel about the Scorpions among us, we cannot ignore them. Routine procedures, such as breathing or crossing a room become big attention-getting productions because of the colossal and seemingly undue intensity which they bring to bear on anything worth paying attention to. The briefest of conversations can be exhausting when in the grip of the Eighth Sign. It may be wondered what they do between crises unless we understand there is no between, no hanging out. If we want to help a lot we can provide a resting place.

Blue-green, G-natural, Cactus, radish, hot spices, flying saucers, wolf, reptiles, scorpion, eagle, hawk, falcon, 13th Tarot Trump, five, six, seven, of Cups of the Tarot, and on the Tree of Life of the Hebrew Kabbalah, Scorpio is included on the 24th Path which connects the Spheres of Venus and the Sun.

High and clear in the Southern Heavens, on the edge of the Celestial Sea, swing the stars of Sagittarius, gatelights of the central glory of the Milky Way. Called the Illuminator of the Great City, Light of the White Face.

According to an old book, after the great flood subsided and everybody was talking it over, God made a covenant with mankind in which He promised it would never happen by water again and also that the sons of Noah would one day regain their lost place as the Kings of the Earth. As eternal reminder of this double promise God placed the rainbow in the sky as the arc of the covenant. The rainbow, promise of a clear clean sky and fresh air after the storm, is a traditional symbol of Sagittarius, the fiery optimistic Sign following watery purging Scorpio.

All cycles come from the Ninth House of Heaven. Cause and Effect is the principle of karma. The gambling halls of the world are supported by the Sagittarian fascination for the turning of the wheel. 'All things to their creator return.' Life is movement and all movement is in cycles. A cycle is made up of departure, turning point and return.

Aries and the Mutable Signs (Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces) often suffer from a severe speech amphetamine. These are the Signs of articulation, of putting it into words. The larynx or voice box was once part of the creative organ along with the brain and the genital. The potency of speech is regulated by the economy of its use. Restraint builds power. Speech handicaps and impediments are typical of the karma of overtalk while refusal to talk at all is like refusing to create, which was the sin of fallen angels.

Practical idealism is one of the virtues of the sons of the warrior of the rainbow. This often expresses itself through rhymes and rhythms.

Running through the trees is an action symbolic of the Ninth Sign. Freedom of movement is esoterically associated with the legs in general and the thighs in particular. The outdoor olympics were a Sagittarian celebration of these Truths.

Jupiter, Lord of abundance and laughter, largest of known planets, is the exoteric ruler of Sagittarius, the Sign of the big picture. The view from the Ninth House of Heaven is a sweeping view, hopeful and long ranging, unobstructed and clear, not restricted to 'now', not caught in local details.

Planets in Sagittarius or the IX House of an individual birth chart are noticed to be much more refined than in any other place on the chart. The VII House and the Sign Libra are next in this respect. The very subject of refinement itself is extremely difficult to discuss or understand except from a refined point of view. Refinement of food usually turns out to mean the removal of that which makes it digestable. The esoteric meaning of refinement is the removal of the precious stone from its matrix, taking the diamond out of the rough. The refined includes the classical which means that which is always appropriate and graceful.

In the great Ninth Mansion of Heaven in the Hall of the White Knights, mighty heroes of the Light, mortal men whose life and being are dedicated to the extermination of organized evil on and about the planet Earth. These are St Michael's storm troopers, the specially trained elite of the First Ray. For they so love their fellow-man that they willingly do whatever it takes to protect him from those who would enslave or destroy him.

The upper Initiation of Sagittarius is represented by the Centaur of Thessaly; the galloping body of a horse, from the shoulders of which rise the upper torso, arms and head of a man shooting an arrow from a bow. Man rises up out of the animal (which is already running hard, i.e. doing its best) and yet there's even more. There is the arrow.

Blue, A-flat, Tin, Horse, large animals (the dog is not the favorite animal of Sagittarius although in folk tales are to be found men to hold nocturnal dog barks), iris, sapphire and star sapphire, tall trees, wide-winged birds, cathedrals, high-flying airplanes, long skirts, the Christmas season, large bells, major chords, pipe organ and brass, choral singing, high leather boots.

'Perfection is born in a humble obscurity.'

—*Confessions of a Sea Goat*. Born beneath the northern lights of the Winter Solstice, the Tenth Sign is the Sign of the Christ Child and, as was Jesus, is on Earth to demonstrate the Truth that mortal man can attain perfection if he is willing to set no other goal before him.

There is often about Capricorn the air of divine mission, there is always the sense of purpose, of careful secret plans. And like Jesus of Nazareth (the greatest of Capricorns) these people are able to accomplish their work with the barest of essentials, able to endure incredible hardship, able to climb far above pride and the need of warmth.

Also as was Jesus, Capricorn is familiar with misunderstanding, denial, even treachery from those he loves and serves and for whom he prepares his final sacrifice. Capricorn is acquainfed with loneliness and deep gloom and has entered into the clawing darkness of profound fear where awaits The Adversary.

At the short end of the stick is that unfortunate Capricorn, and enemy to humanity, who is here to 'cream the scene'. His plug is in upside-down, he misses the point and employs his power and abilities for personal gain at the expense of his fellowman. The Tarot trump card for Capricorn is called The Devil. And therein lies a well hidden, disguised Key.

Seldom, if ever, does the likelihood of failure occur to Capricorn although they are quite aware of its possibility. Where others may see a deficiency, they see a stage of growth. To the Tenth Sign nothing is impossible but there is much which is impractical.

Capricorn does not need contact with other people to assure him of his own existence nor to protect him from his fears. In fact his own company usually gives him more satisfaction in this respect than the company of others, whose chief influence is to disturb his thoughts. To him most people spend far too much attention on non-essentials. Well accustomed to hard work himself, he knows from experience what to expect from others.

The Capricorn attitude is not to participate in anything unless ready to give one's all without hesitation. His policy with those working under him is often 'don't tell me about it, just do it'. This can be very frustrating to those who enjoy telling how it happened.

The Cardinal Signs are the leaders and instigators, the Earth Signs are tangible and solid. Capricorn is the Cardinal Earth Sign. Being the Tenth Sign, Capricorn is the House of the Mid-Heaven which is the top of the Zodiac. Often found engaged in governmental duties, he walks the dangerous path of the potential dictator although there is no better leader in times of emergency of great stress.

Because of the overwhelming power of the Tenth Sign, its characteristic vices are among the most dangerous: selfishness, cruelty, submission, fear, suspicion. However, when the Higher Self is in charge, Capricorn is the most devotional of all, fond of religious and inspirational music and literature, dependable, honest, the father image.

Womanhood and Manhood are most readily and fully expressed through the polar-opposite Signs of Cancer and Capricorn. Just as Cancer is the most difficult incarnation for a male, so Capricorn is for the female. In its highest place Capricorn stands as the model of manhood.

The Tenth Sign is wise in the use and necessity of structure and form, in the value of uninterrupted process and the freedom available only through discipline, the abundance that comes only after limitation.

Sorrow, loneliness, disappointment, betrayal, persecution, misunderstanding, pain, false accusation; all are but a part of the tempering and testing of the spirit by the Tenth House of Heaven. Jesus was approached by a Nazgul and offered possession of the Earth if He would stop taking it all so seriously.

Saturn rules in the Tenth Sign of the Zodiac, Saturn the Preserver, Saturn-Satan or Lucifer the bringer of Light.

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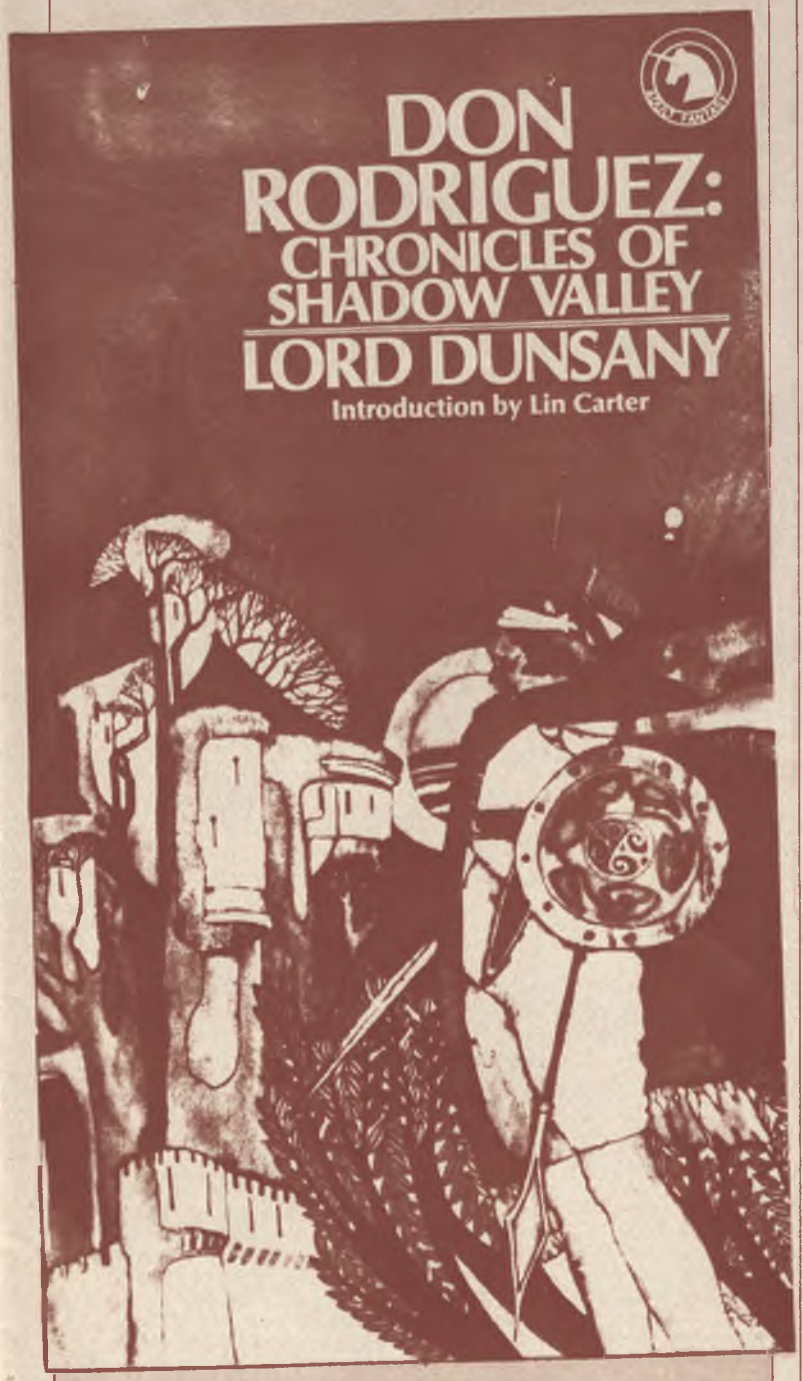

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IT'S McGOVERN! NUDIST VICTORY

Angry Nixon Blasts Spiro

Lanny Beckman, from "Grape" UPS.

The New Politics are certainly upon us as witnessed by the gigantic victory of the McGovern ticket in yesterday's presidential election. The chess-like manoeuvers of campaigning tactics took a quantum leap into complexity last July when the Democrats perfectly sensed the mood of a discontent electorate. Wary of politicians' polished lies, the voter was eager for the tarnished truth. He wanted leaders he could relate to — real people with real lives. McGovern and Eagleton, the polls show, are those leaders.

In a brilliant and unprecedented strategy launched in mid-summer Vice Presidential candidate Eagleton frankly disclosed that he had been hospitalized several times as a psychiatric patient. Making matters even better, he confessed to having had electro-shock treatmenst.

'This is the kind of openness and honesty you can expect from our administration,' stated McGovern at the time.

Once the public's appetite had been whetted, McGovern, in an unparalleled move, cleverly dumped his running-mate from the ticket, thus allowing a groundswell of Eagleton support to develop. Poll after poll showed that the people wanted the Missouri Senator back. They wanted a candidate with the guts to admit he had been a mental patient. With flawless timing, McGovern acquiesced, reinstating Eagleton in mid-September. The 'open politics' had won its first decisive victory.

Appearing shortly thereafter on NBC news, McGovern aide Gary Hart confirmed rumors that the McGovern family have been active nudists for many years. 'The Senator feels that the human body is nothing to be ashamed of', said Hart. According to the young aide, McGovern would hold a news conference at the family nudist camp in early September 'to show that he has nothing to conceal from the American people.'' Hart emitted a folksy smile to underscore the pun.

'Strategy Candor', as the new style has become known, escalated quickly from there. Leaks emanated almost daily from the McGovern camp. The Presidential candidate had been arrested and convicted at the age of 20 for urinating on the American flag during a fraternity initiation. Two of his daughters were involved in shotgun marriages, both of which ended in divorce. Eagleton's eleven year old son was addicted to heroin. The fifteen year old had received a suspended sentence for trafficking in marijuana.

Neglected as a result of her husband's hectic schedule, Eleanor McGovern had begun an affair. The Senator, violent and uncontrollable during his periodic drunking binges, reacted to his wife's sexual adventures by 'punching her around a bit'.

All of these leaks were verified by the candidates in a series of historic press conferences. In record numbers, the American populance stayed riveted to their TV sets.

Richard Nixon and his administration, sticking to traditional campaigning techniques, faded into oblivion. The war escalated. Inflation and unemployment soared. No one knew, no one cared. There were no issues. All anyone was interested in was the next exposé from the Democrats.

The September nudist press conference was a masterpiece of political ingenuity. Surrounded by his family, McGovern made an impassioned plea for the nudist way of life. 'If we would all remove our clothes and be truly naked to each other,' he said, 'our social problems would disappear tomorrow.'

He regretted that Senator Eagleton could not be present, but unfortunately his running mate had succumbed to the enormous pressures of campaigning and had been re-hospitalized in a private mental institution in St. Louis. 'These things don't clear up overnight', warned McGovern, hinting that the hospitilization might be lengthy.

Naked and bruised, McGovern's wife stood visibly disgruntled at his side. Toward the end of the conference, she took the microphone to announce that she was leaving her husband.

'There is no point in maintaining this farce,' she said. 'Our only contact is physical and by that I do not mean sexual.' Then, in a truly unexpected turn of events, she divulged the identity of her lover. Barb Eagleton and herself were involved in an 'experimental homosexual relationship.' Mrs Eagleton too was leaving her husband (What good is a mate who's always away in Washington or in a nuthouse?).

The two women had found a common bond in their mutual lonliness. They and their children. Mrs McGovern stated, planned to 'move into a commune.' She did not, however, exude optimism about the relationship. 'Life is not easy for lesbians in America,' she said.

Senator Eagleton is still in hospital under psychiatric care. Through September and October he remained extremely withdrawn. Despite countless approaches by the press, he refused to utter a word about his condition.

By the time voting day arrived, the American people were addicted to the New Politics. They could not imagine four years away from the public honesty which had become the trademark of the new Democrats. McGovern and Eagleton were swept into office with more than ninety per cent of the popular vote.

Informed of his dramatic victory, the Vice-President—Elect, still in hospital and unmistakeably depressed, spoke for the first time in two months. Asked how he felt about the election result, Mr Eagleton replied, 'No comment.'

The Democrats have re-written the strategy manuals, They have shown that the 'issues', which were so pressing in the spring, need not be distorted nor lied about. They can simply be ignored.

And finally, the Nixon machine, so long skeptical of the New Politics, has responded. In a desperate and daring bid to re-capture the Presidency for Mr Nixon in 1967, Spiro Agnew today committed suicide on the White House lawn. In a well-executed follow-up move, Nixon announced that he was unmoved by the death.

'I'm gonna make this as clear as I can', he said. 'I never particularly liked Agnew. I always considered him a nouveau riche asshole.'

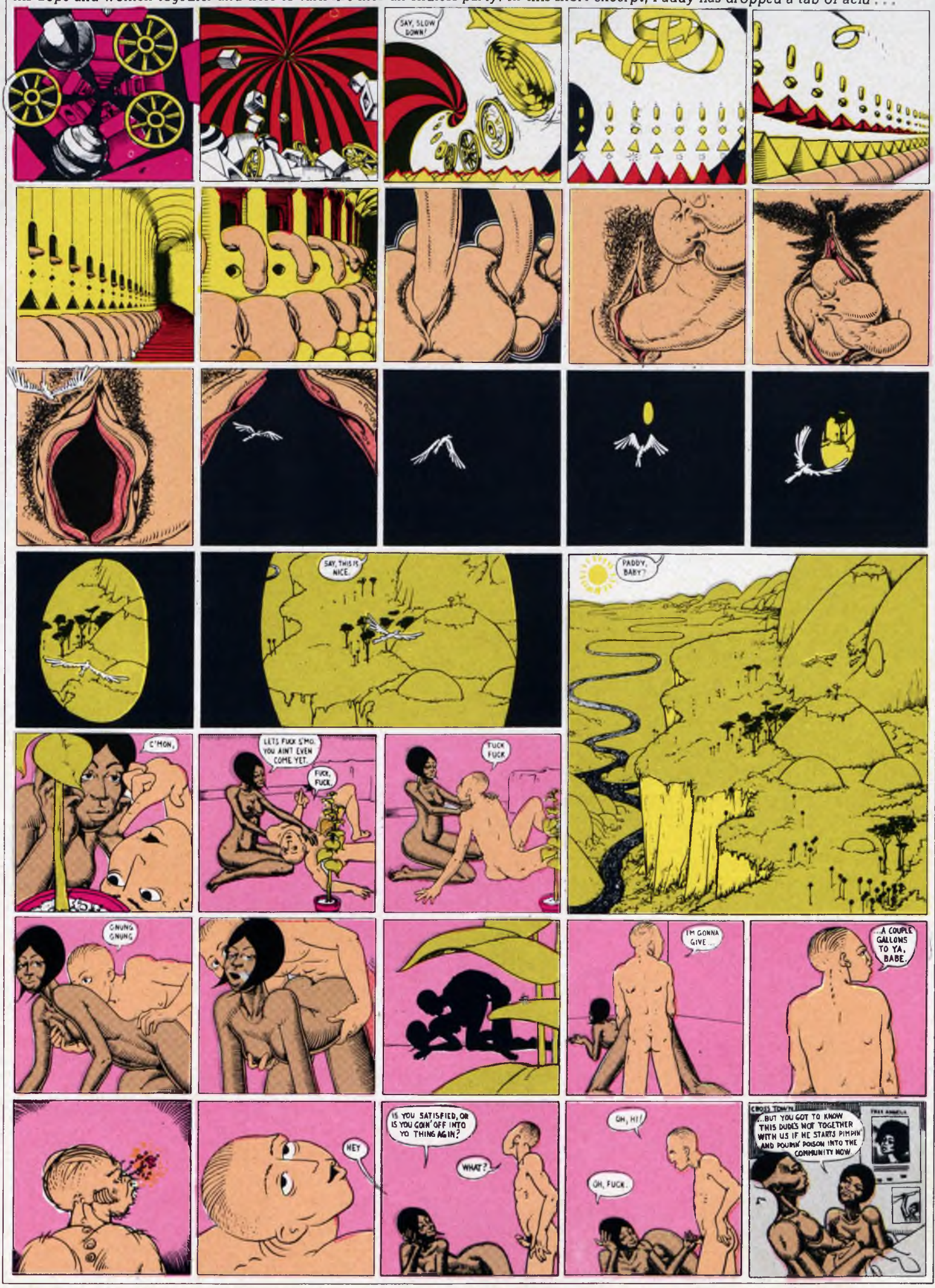
Political experts agree that Mr Nixon, never a man to be counted out, has begun the long haul back.

Photomontage by Roy Knipe and Roger Perry

INNER CITY ROMANCE

The following sequence is taken from a brilliant San Francisco comic called 'Choices' by Guy Colwell. It concerns the adventures of

James, Marvin (both black) and Paddy (white) after their release from prison. James realises he has to make a choice between returning to pimping and selling dope, thus perpetuating the system which imprisoned him, or joining his brothers and sisters' revolutionary struggle for the unity, health and dignity of his people. He decides and goes along to the Angela Davis Defence Committee. Meanwhile Marvin and Paddy make their choice. 'You ain't got to talk that radical shit no mo! Git lookin after number one!' says Marvin. He gets his dope and women together and tries to turn life into an endless party. In this short excerpt, Paddy has dropped a tab of acid . . .



Reprinted from 'Inner-City Romance Comics', Last Gasp Eco-Funnies Co Inc

Red Sails In The Sunset

The Dialectics of Menstruation – Alison Fell

"There's that constant fear of accidents the arrangement of the wardrobe so that, today, you don't wear the white slacks, the pale green linen, the shortest mini-skirt How long have I sat on chairs across the world, sweating with fear that my rising will reveal the unrevealable? How many times must a man have thought me the victim of chronic bladder trouble as I dash yet again for the ladies.
Jill Tweedie

'Just as the penis derives its privilege evaluation from the social context, so it is the social context which makes menstruation a curse.'
S. de Beauvoir

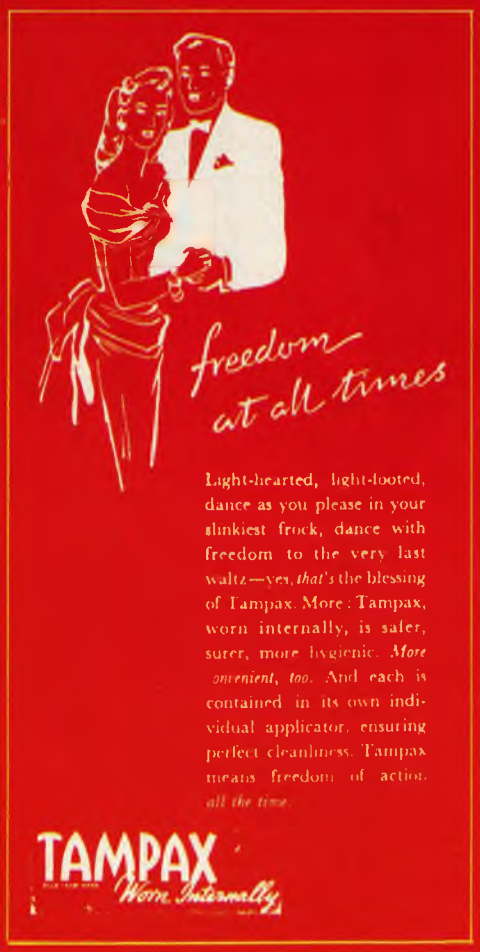
When I first bled from That Place my mother kissed me and, encouraging, said; 'You're a *young lady* now.' And with her conspiratorial squeeze transferred to me the whole weight of the world's myths. I don't think I had realised until then that there wasn't much in the way of societal blessing accorded to being 'a young lady'. It was, unlike a boy's first erection, an initiation without the promise of privilege.

Engraved on every woman's psyche is a sanitary towel.
Now I understood the blood in the pot under my parents' bed, my mother's surreptitious gesture as she slipped a scrunched-up parcel into the kitchen fire – and the averted eyes as the smouldering item uncurled itself as immodestly as a flower opens to the sun.
I could no longer scorn the excuses I'd heard older girls give to the Gym teacher – they were now my excuses. For athletics, whatever you think about them, do demand a kind of bodily integrity or pride which is hard to achieve with muscles haltered by elastic belts and orifices blocked with sticky cotton wool. (Anyone who watched the Street Theatre on the Women's March last year will surely remember the different audience reaction to the Menstruation scene, when Mother, with a flourish and an evil grin, produces a mammoth sanitary towel. From the men, Deep Cultural Shock. From the women, instant recognition and ecstatic laughter.)

No belts, no pins, no pads'
Even the advent of the Tampax didn't mean the end of misery. When at some point in my adolescence, the homestead sewage system packed up and the back yard was awash with shit, I fell silent, overcome with terrible guilt. After the plumber had humped his shoulders resignedly and said 'It's thae things women use, ye ken?' I slunk away, unrebuked but with all the fingers of the world pointing me out: 'Woman – sick child and twelve times impure.'

'O menstruating woman, thou'rt a fiend, from whom all nature should be screened'
Since the beginnings of patriarchal society the menstrual flow has been associated overwhelmingly with evil powers. A menstruating woman causes crops to blight, milk to sour, sugar to blacken, and, 'It is an undoubted fact that meat spoils when touched by a menstruating woman' – British Medical Journal, 1878. In fact the only positive value I ever heard ascribed to the flow was as a cure for warts, and, as I'd often watched my father burning off his warts with silver nitrate, I was convinced that the blood was not only contaminated, but corrosive also. Happily I sucked blood from my cuts, but taste *period blood?* I'd sooner have eaten worms.

'Where's the fish shop?'
And then there's the smell, or course. For years I smelled myself through society's nose; for five days of every month I kept a Ring of Confidence six feet in diameter between me and the rest of humanity. I certainly internalised all those scurrilous schoolboy jokes about blind men passing a fish shop and saying 'Good morning, ladies.' Terrorised, obedient, I scrubbed and powdered and deodorised. And yet, like most women who grew up in the era of the undeodorised male, my olfactory senses were well developed. I remember hanging about the Gym after the boys had used it, sniffing voluptuously at air heavy with the rich smell of sweat. So pity the poor WASP male, who invented deodorants to transform the female and merely succeeded in truncating his own senses.



Onward to the rational society . . . with ivory-tower blinkerism?
With the rise of Rational man, childish superstitions about menstruating women were discarded in favour of society's new bete noire – Irrationality. The Age of Reason also brought the flowering of Medical Science, which scorned previous taboos but nevertheless isolated the previously tabooed as fit objects of medical investigation. Thesis after article after tome chronicled the metabolic peculiarities of lunatics and menstruating women.

'There are hormonal reactions between the ovaries and other endocrine organs, such as the pituitary, the thyroid and the adrenals, which affect the central nervous system, which becomes overactive. Blood pressure rises, the pulse rate and often the temperature are increased. The rate of basal metabolism is raised. The red blood count drops . . . '
Hormonal fluctuations in the human female are evidently well documented. Now who will document the documentor – who will take on the long overdue study of the hormonal fluctuations of the human male? – *Guy:* (pinching girl's bottom on the tube) 'Hey Baby, what a pussy (etc etc).'
Girl: (engaging double arm lock) 'Now cool it brother – cause when you feel these hormonal fluctuations getting to ya, you gotta lay low, stay indoors – you gotta rest up, man . . . yeah, it's cool to wash your hair.'

Anyway I'd rather have my metabolic shifts, the adjustments of my glands made manifest at calculable intervals than build a 'rationalism' which has as its undeclared basis the subterranean seethings and sulks of a nervous system too long ignored. (ie, slightly mad some of the time as against completely mad all of the time.)

'The weeping of an unfulfilled womb'?
Every month the uterus must expel the endometrium, its engorged lining, and it does this by means of a series of contractions. This produces the pain felt by roughly 85% of women. I think its true that pain also depends on context – both the physical and psychological context. By the first I mean the perverse demands of capitalist production – and I include in that the solitary drudgery of the housewife – and by the psychological context I allude to the societal concept of menstruation which we still internalise: that it is the 'weeping of an unfulfilled womb'. (A phrase of weariness and pain left to us by some skilfully oppressive poet.)

Go with the flow?
In this society too many fascists have sung the praises of pain (especially women's pain) for a discussion of it to be less than hazardous. However, in the acid-dropping enclaves of the middle class one can perhaps make a bit of space to explore one's physical nature (a word full of pitfalls for women.) In such a rarified situation, insulated carefree sensuality and mescalin energy, I *once* escaped from the repressive distaste of society. Inexplicably, I grooved on period pains; I relaxed into the contractions to the extent that they became gratifying, to the extent that they seemed to be just one more manifestation of my freedom, aloneness, whatever. And of some necessary relationship with the universe.

To suppress or not to suppress
Well, that's as may be. The contractions of the uterus may in such a privileged context be experienced in 'natural' terms, however the system we live under can hardly be described as natural, and menstruation will be an objective burden as long as we're subject to the imperatives of that system.

Working in an engineering factory, I dreaded the first day of a period with a terrible dread, as did all the women. Those who had 'completed their families' yearned for the menopause in order to be rid of the whole business – the leaden body, the racking pains from endless mechanical actions, the relentless race to keep up to the production quota; it was a protest against the Beast at the level of nerve endings. No possibility of acid insights here. And although you could say it was a very direct way of apprehending the basic opposition between human bodies and Capital, it's not an experience I would wish on anyone.

So when it comes to the argument over the suppression or non-suppression of periods, I would say develop the appropriate, sophisticated technology so that women can, if they wish, be free – and *safely* free – from the monthly cramps, the leaden limbs, the tampon routine. There are homeopaths and other reactionaries who will throw up their hands in horror at yet another tampering with Nature. Is it too simplistic to reply that capitalism tampers with *all* of us *all* of the time, and not for humane ends, either?

Perhaps we'll be free to explore and celebrate, in a future society, things which at present call only for prophylaxis.

Photograph by Roger Perry (Love to Wally)

Australia has never had any problems. It was large, easy to live in, under populated and affluent. It was never invaded or threatened and always protected by great powers. Given this unique advantage, it had the time and the social space to create a civilisation that was unique and important for the rest of the world. What happened?

Nothing. English redneck values were given their head, and an intolerant racist society has grown up that is so terrified of the outside world that anyone not white is refused per-

mission to live there. Within Australia, the people whose land the settlers had taken, the aboriginals. were treated as second class animals and gradually killed off. Those left were put on barren reserves, lumped in shanty settlements you wouldn't put your dog in and degraded by denial of citizenship rights. The aboriginals' infant mortality rate is still one of the highest in the world. Belatedly black power has come to Australia and the aborinines are fighting

The Stoke Newington Trial has been adjourned until September 15. Mr.Justice James is whooping it up on the polluted Riviera, and the lucky 8 are pictured here taking it easy in the Tangier sun.

back. Rapidly a cirsis has been reached. The aboriginal symbol of protest, their embassy on the lawns of government house in Canberra erected on 27th January, was on 20th July, ripped down. Violence broke out between the aborigines and police. 8 people were arrested. Twice since, attempts to reinstate the embassy have been brutally put down, with many arrests. Bobbi Sykes, one of the black women charged writes: 'The Government has declared war on us virtually we were systematically smashed into the ground by riot squads who were called in as reinforcements . . . the pigs were using electric prodders to knock people out. They wear them concealed in their sleeves, batteries strapped to their forearms, and just the head in their hands . . . people were thrashed in their cells . . . the smell of death is in the air. I am truly sick because the people have no way in which to defend themselves.'

You don't read much about all this in Australia – the issue is such a critical one that the media automatically scale it down. 'You wouldn't read about it,' is a great Australian expression of surprise, and it reflects the Australian mentality perfectly. You *wouldn't*. Anyone wishing to help the Australian blacks with their legal defences and organisational activities: contact:
ADJAB,
19 Sandwell Mansions,
West End Lane,[
London NW6.

Amsterfuck it all, you hippies, belt up.

In Bummer of '72, elsewhere in this issue, Dave Robins is pretty rough on the young heads who have descended in their apparently mindless bored thousands on Amsterdam this summer. But they are, after all, mostly very young, on holiday and cannot really be expected to contribute to the Amsterdam scene which has been built up with so much effort over the years by hard working and dedicated radicals like Dave. Amsterdam, I hope, will blow their minds a little bit, and give them some idea of what they can achieve when they get back to their own communities. Even if these young heads are uninspiring en masse, most of them rich or poor do have a vagabond or vagrant mentality, and to some extent therefore they know what freedom can do for them.

One of the key ways those in power have ground us down and atrophied our thinking, is to keep us in the one place. I notice that in the Oxford Dictionary there are two definitions of vagrant, or vagabond. Firstly: Vagrant: Wandering roving, strolling itinerant, as a vagrant musician, indulging in vagrant speculations. A wanderer, an idle rover. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it. Secondly, there is the definition in law. Vagrant: an idle and disorderly person of any of three grades, liable to various terms of imprisonment. Immediately the word vagrant, or vagabond becomes undesireable, and vagrancy something to be punished.

The Australian Aboriginal as the white Australian suburban mentality imagines them to be. The cartoonist, Jollife, Australia's answer to Giles, was permitted naked black pin-up breasts ten years before naked white ones ever graced the pages of any Australian publication.

If you're interested in selling up to 20 OZs and are not already serviced by wholesalers who are supplied by Moore-Harness, contact Bruce at 01 836 3951. This service is for those in areas that M-H find uneconomical to supply. Terms: Sale or return. Postage extra (37p for 20).

When did you last see Bob Weir of The Dead with his shirt off?

OZ Trial Echo
During the five o'clock rush hour last week, irrepressible Oz man Felix Dennis was travelling on the up escalator at Leicester Square tube, when he saw going *down*, wearing a bright green sweater, the woman member of the Oz trial jury we all referred to as the brassy blonde. We have never been able to find out which jury member stuck out for not guilty on all counts, so Felix gave chase, intending to ask her. By the time he's run up, changed escalators and reached the bottom, she'd disappeared. Felix had four choices — Northern Line, north and south, Picadilly Line, east and west. Dozens of people, their parcels, their umbrellas, were knocked flying as Felix took off for the Picadilly Line and desperately roamed both crowded platforms. Likely looking blondes had their papers and jackets ruthlessly ripped aside as he searched for a green sweater. She was nowhere in sight. Up the stairs to the Northern Line — pandemonium as he charged along the platform — there she was, at the farthest end! The train stopped, ('Outta my fucking way,' shouted Felix) the crowd surged forward, he yelled for her to stop, but as he panted up, the doors closed and the brassy blonde was whisked away. The chances of running into her again are about a million to one.

It's All In The Blood — the vampire freaks.
Some young gentlemen of our acquaintance, having a heavy needle habit, were forced at the heaviest stage of their addiction to economise on food, and existed frugally on Nestles Milk and Ambrosia Creamed Rice. As a supplement they had a brilliant idea. Every time a friend came to jack up in their flat,- they levied a toll of a works-full of blood (2 mls) which was then emptied into a large green Tupperware bowl in the kitchen. Come Sunday night, their flat being something of a shooting gallery, the bowl would be full, and the contents transferred to a double boiler saucepan. One chopped Spanish onion, a pinch of sage and thyme, cinnamon and ground cloves salt and black pepper plus half an hour's stirring over boiling water produced a very palatable black pudding, which was eaten hot, in the best Northern tradition between slices of Mothers Pride with a cut up raw onion.

Richard Neville, the well-known journalist, currently in the States covering the Miami conventions, and dropping out on a commune in New Mexico which he says is like Bali without the beaches plus real live Indians, reports that Germaine Greer had a bad time at the Democratic Party Convention because she didn't get laid. 'It's all tease here,' she told close friends, 'George McGovern prick teases the youth vote, and Warren Beatty does the same thing to me.' Julie Christie tried to get Beatty and Greer to come together for McGovern, and offered Beatty a one night stand with the Womens Lib champ, but the offer was respectfully declined. Germaine has taken revenge on everyone, including the Democratic bigwigs in her forthcoming article for Harpers Magazine, entitled tentatively, The Big Tease.

The morning after the Democratic Convention's last night, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and the other Yippie leaders were forcibly retired from the Movement. A.J. Weberman, former garbage collector, now a leading zippie, presented the yippie chiefs with gold watches and retirement certificates. 'You've been ripping the Movement off with books and lolling in your penthouse hotel suite while we've been in the park organising' shouted A.J. and other zippies outside the Albion Hotel, while the yippies poured water on them from their top floor windows. A birthday cake was presented to Jerry Rubin, now 34, inscribed with the message, 'Never trust anyone over 30 — J. Rubin.' Abbie Hoffman answered allegations of selloutism by explaining that he single-handedly 'turned on' 70 delegates to the Convention. Each night, he wandered the floor with a small powerful phial of THC, synthetic cannabis, with which he accosted delegates, Those afraid of being unhip, dutifully put out their tongues for a dose of counter culture. No news of immediate revolution so far.

We missed out a few credits last issue. The painting on the cover was by Patrick Woodruffe, and the boy in the landscape on p.41 was by Andy Asser. Both artists can be contacted through Capricorn Graphics. Tel: 637 1585.

Warren Hague, the prominent Gay Lib activist, who has recently taken to wearing toe nail varnish, is of the opinion that when straight men eventually get round to making it with a guy its often because they want to suck a cock, or be fucked, two experiences not available to them, obviously enough, on their usual sexual rounds. To guys nervously contemplating their first homosexual outing, Bobby, pictured above, offers in addition, the security of a nice pair of tits. Since this photograph was taken, wanting again to be just one of the fellers, he has had them surgically removed.

The Walt Disney Productions 700,000 dollar civil action against a group of West Coast comic artists for copyright and trademark infringements, unfair Competition, Trade Disparagement, Intentional interference with Business, is proceeding. Air Pirate Comics, Nos 2 and 3 which have been withdrawn from sale in the US feature, featured Minnie and Mickey Mouse, Bucky Bug (pictured above) Donald Duck and other Disney favourites such as the Three Little Pigs and Zeke Wolf. Instead of suing, they should give thanks for the image brush up, bring out Disney fuck comics and make even more money.

BOOKZ

'A racist cab-driver or bartender is a minor irritant. A racist policeman is a major social danger.' Dipak Nandy.

'Police Power And Black People'
Derek Humphry
Panther Books, 40p.

Derek Humphry is a Sunday Times reporter who specialises in race relations and civil liberties. Having just collected the Martin Luther King Prize for the book most likely to contribute to racial harmony ("Because They're Black") he now offers a scathing indictment of the way in which British police and lawyers manage to distort the ideals of equal justice. Humphry will win no prizes for harmony this time, although "Police Power and Black People" merits some sort of accolade for its constructive suggestions for reform of antiquated trial procedures and unethical police practices.

Humphry marshals weighty evidence of failures in police training and leadership in matters touching community relations. Even the much-vaunted "Community Relations Officer" experiment has been jeopardized by the low status of the job within the force, and its lack of promotion prospects etc. But blacks do not suffer exclusively, or even mainly, from the pernicious police practices examined in this book: what citizen is safe from the ruthless ambitions of an officer whose promotion potential is judged on the number of arrests he has made, or from the indiscriminate use of the serious charge of "assaulting a police officer" where no harm was done to the officer "assaulted" (which was the case in 1,615 such convictions in London last year)?

The author has some sympathy with policemen working under strain imposed by the shortcomings of their employment, but offers no excuse for the legal profession:

'Due to its traditionally prestigious position in our society, its relentless presence in the Corridors of Power and because nobody 'outside' properly understands it, the legal profession escapes the searching criticisms of its quality and methods which it urgently merits. A young lawyer, like a young policeman, usually becomes loyal to his institution before he is able to be objectively analytical from experience. Such things as the antique language which is not understood by the common people, the hypocritical etiquettes mostly designed to increase monetary earnings or make more work, the prepostserous vanity of the robes and wigs in which judges and barristers parade both in and out of court and which strike awe into simple poeple, must all soon be swept aside if the profession is to do a worthwhile job . . . barristers, for a political trial at least, are not indispensable and much court procedure is mere dogma, unnecessary good manners or a naked blocking device.'

Humphry details many of the ways in which an accused can be oppressed by a judiciary and magistracy drawn overwhelmingly from an alien soical class. He argues that the most common cause of justice miscarrying is the practice whereby police officers rehearse identical versions of 'verbals' — (confessions purportedly made at the time of arrest) and swear to them in evidence. When prosecuter and judge sum up they warn the jury that disbelief of the police will have serious consequences for the officer's careers, so that the jury, far from deciding the case against the defendant is proved beyond a reasonable doubt, decide instead whom they would least wish to harm — the prisoner, or his police accusers. False 'verbals' will only cease when tape recorders are mandatory at all police stations for recording confessions. Another timely suggestion is that judges should not sum up the facts of cases at all — the jury should be left, as it is in America, with its own impression of the evidence, untainted by the inevitable judicial bias of emphasis and omission.

'Police Power' demonstrates that justice is often not done in British courts. But ironically it is *seen* to be done, because 'The press — and local monopoly papers in particular — too often conspire with the police to maintain silence or give scanty reports about incidents which show the police up in a bad light . . . editors and senior journalists identify with the Establishment and seek to go hand in glove with the elite.' Harsh words from a senior journalist, but long overdue. Pusillanimous press coverage of trials, and the generally servile attitude of editors towards the judiciary and the legal profession, has contributed much to the myth that British justice is unassailable. Humphry pays tribute to the work of underground and community newspapers in publicising and evaluating important trials, and calls for a higher calibre of Court reporter and a more critical coverage of Court cases.

The advent of black people in British society has highlighted the defects in our system of justice — defects which operate harshly against all categories of defendant, be they black, drug-takers, homosexuals, students, professional criminals, or whatever. Thus 'Police Power and Black People' is an important book — essential reading for anyone concerned with the quality of law enforcement in Britain today. It presents a much more realistic picture of the operation of the criminal law and an infinitely more promising set of reform suggestions than is to be found in the recently released report of the Criminal Law Revision Committee.

Geoff Robertson.

'To Deprave And Corrupt'
Technical reports of the US Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, edited by Alan Burns.
(Davis-Poytner)

In 1970 the American Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography reported, after spending over a million dollars on research, that the studies they had contracted 'failed to establish a meaningful correlation between exposure to erotica and immediate or delayed anti-social behaviour among adults'. In consequence the Commission majority recommended that all legislation prohibiting the distribution of sexual material to adults should be repealed. Both majority and minority reports, analysing data gathered by the Commission, with an exellent introduction by Clive Barnes, were published last year by Bantam Books.

This new British rip-off from the Commission's archives consists of a handful of the technical reports, mostly describing aspects of the pornography trade in the US. The editorial selection is difficult to fathom — there is no attempt to catch the flavour of the bitter debate within the Commission, and the really important research reports are omitted.

One glaring omission, for example, is the Davis and Braucht study which indicated that exposure to pornography at an early age *may* be related to subsequent precocious behaviour. This was the only evidence against in both majority and minority reports. It even surfaced in the OZ trial, by way of a clipping from the 'Daily Express' the only scientific evidence Inspector Luff could find to justify the prosecution.

The selection also excludes reports of great relevance for British obscenity laws — reports which deny that pornography can change a readers moral outlook, ie. that exposure to erotic stimuli does not increase

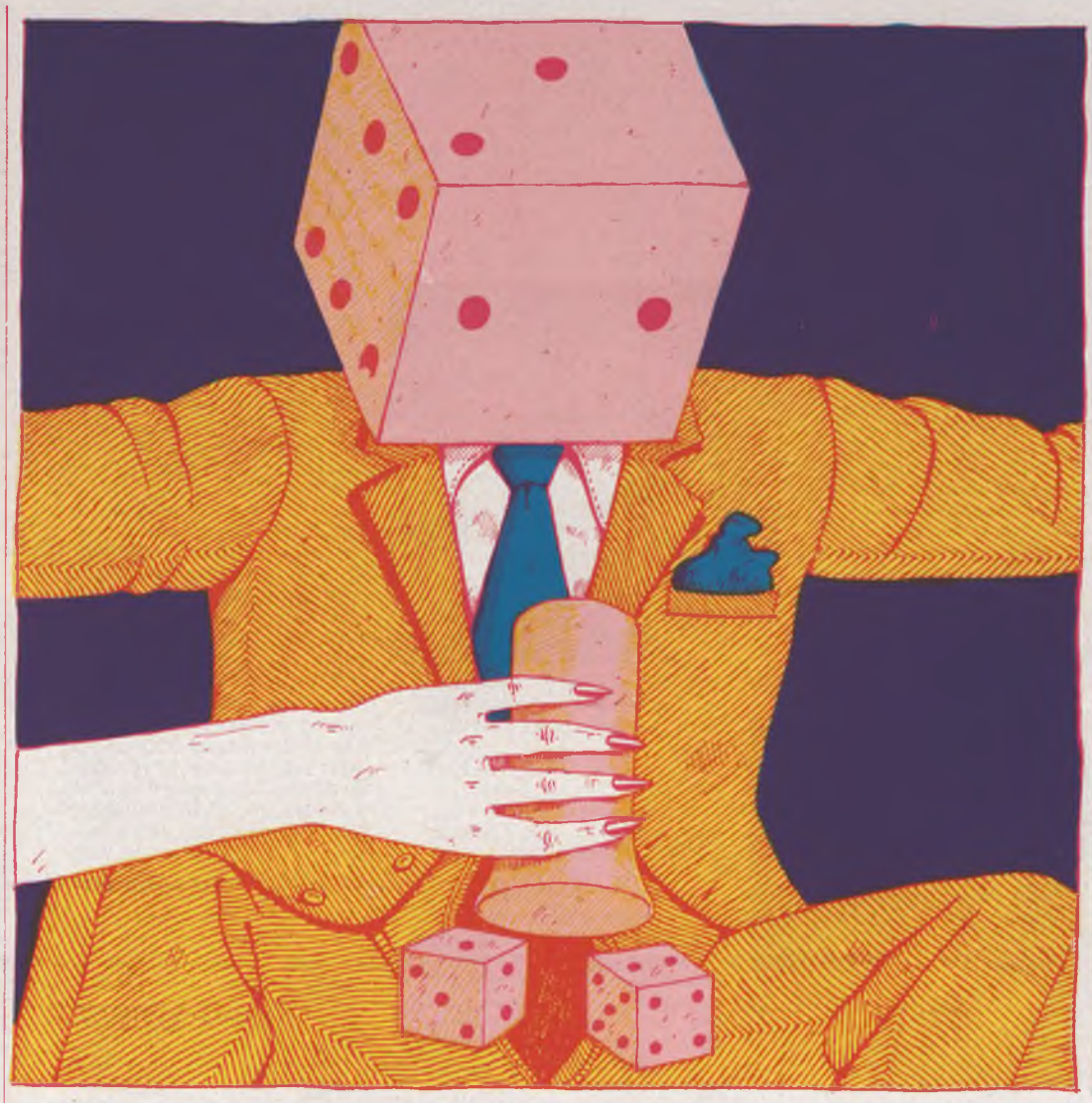


Illustration by Isaac Hunt.

sex-calloused attitudes towards women, nor does it dispose readers towards exploitive or manipulative sexual conduct. Others studies found that moral character is statistically unrelated to the amount of exposure to erotica, but associated rather with deviant home backgrounds and deviant peer influences.

Mr Burns might have pointed out in his introduction that if the overwhelming conclusions of the Commission's researchers are accepted, our obscenity laws, which presumes that erotic material is capable of depraving and corrupting, is a nonsense. He might also have pointed out that since the Widgery decision in the Oz appeal juries cannot be told by experts the results of research into the effects of pronography. They must never learn that every 'guilty' verdict in an obscenity case flies in the face of the best scientific evidence available.
Geoff Robertson.

'The Dice Man'
Luke Rhinehart
Panther, 40p.

If you haven't read Dice Man yet, you probably will very soon. It's going to be a big, big, book, though I doubt it will 'change your life' as the blurb suggests. However I could be wrong, already shrewd observers of the hip world will be able to spot the occasional Dice Person. I saw a guy in a restaurant last week shaking the bones to decide what to eat (admittedly he was so ripped he later stirred the dice into his coffee).

Even if it doesn't change your life it's a good read. A sort of cross between 'Portnoy's Complaint' and the Tao Te Ching. A fictional autobiography of Luke Rhinehart, New York psychoanalyst who decides to run his life by throwing dice, and is so led further and further into perversity, subversion and nonconformitty, including rape, murder and feigned madness. Eventually he becomes the founder of a world wide sect, rather like a nihilist version of scientology, called Dice Life.

As a satire of New York psychiatry it's hilarious, as pornography it's first rate (it manages to combine real humour with its horniness) though it flags fairly often into pretentious silliness as do many books of this ilk (Philip Roth, Thomas Pynchon, John Barth).

As for its philosophical ambitions, I am very far from convinced. Rhinehart is merely shooting crap. Though in the fictional world of the novel, diceliving is subversive of all moral and political authority, it just don't work like that in our world. The point that's overlooked is that what matters is the options which you put to the dice (e.g. whether to kill your father, or merely send him a rude letter) and these are governed by prevailing ideologies. Anyone who does something drastic as a result of a dice throw could have just as well done it without the dice and vice versa). A lot of people do. And even ignoring this flaw, the sort of nihilism or pataphysics which Rhinehart proposes is pale stuff compared to Jarry, or the Berlin Dadaists and it didn't get them very far. I don't want to abandon what little control I have over my life, I want a lot more of it . . .
Dick Pountain.

'Ringolevio'
Emmett Grogan
To be published by Heinemann in October.

When I was a kid attending an archaic Grammar School in Darlington, the resident games master had a questionable penchant for lining tee-shirted uncomfortable teams at opposite ends of the gym, and at a given signal having them hurl themselves at each other, the object being for each team to occupy the other's half. The game was called, unless my memory fails me, 'British Bulldogs'. In Brooklyn NY, they play a different version of the same game. Hundreds of kids take to the streets for several days, divide into two more or less even teams by religious or racial persuasion, and Do Battle. The team with the least number of dead and wounded wins. The game is a 'permanent part of the cultural tradition of the streets of New York. Sooner or later during the course of the contest, each participant had to look into himself and face his physical and mental limits. You just inevitable learned who you really were whether you liked it or not.' The game is called 'Ringolevio', and Emmett Grogan figures it's the story of his life.

You've heard of Grogan. Sure you have – think back to the Dialectics of Liberation Conference at the Roundhouse, 1968. He was the one that brought the crowd to it's feet with a rousing, powerful speech, and as the applause died away scornfully pointed out that he'd just delivered, verbatim, a lecture first given by Adolph Hitler in 1938. Quite an unpopular guy, Grogan, by choice. His story is that of the self-made revolutionary; street thief to Digger supremo; from rubbing shoulders with the Mafia to exchanging insults with Abbie Hoffman. His book's brash, pompous, and hypnotically interesting. Grogan isn't a saint, and he may not even have done all the things he claims; but he has written an autobiography that anybody with the vaguest counter-cultural leanings ought to focus on. His somewhat angular ego may occasionally cut reality, but his capacity for being in the right place at the right time is indeniable, and makes exquisite reading.
Roger Hutchinson.

'Armed Love'
Elia Katz
Blond and Briggs, £2.00.

In the closing weeks of 1970, with Mansonic headlines screeching crazed across the land, Fred Hampton's name added to the already impressive list of Black Panthers Dead in Action, and the newly born Altamont Nation already dissipated in a variety of conflicting loyalties; Elia Katz gathered his Rasputin-esque comrade Rateyes and 500 dollars worth of cocaine into a small room in the Hotel Albert on 10th Street, New York, and began to write a book on communes . . . They sat in the room for a week, interviewing each other in varied persona, and occasionally sailing out into the streets of Greenwich Village, eyes huge and wet with drugs. At the end of those seven days they bought two sleeping bags and left New York in search of 'the condition of total war that exists before advertising breaks down, the condition in which the country has existed for several years now, bearing the same relation to war that the Golden Years bear to death.' which Katz aspostrophises 'Armed Love'.

The series of events that follow – 'a series of events that are in an unbelievable way exactly like the first event and the last event in the list' – cross the spectrum of American freak society with the easy fluidity of a good novel. Katz is an observer. He presents situations and states responses. His book is a conglomerate of places, things, and moments described with easy accuracy and neither derogated nor praised. The conclusion that six months of communal America leaves him to draw is that the crazies, country-people, and grubby runaways are 'an intermediate stage in the development away from American life, and ideals of malicious competitiveness and the step itself is incredible and more than outweighs whatever weaknesses any communal experiment may have, and even outweighs the rapid collaps of any or all communal experiments now with us.'

And you can't, as they put it, say fairer than that.
Roger Hutchinson

FILMZ

'The Concert For Bangla Desh'
Director: Saul Swimmer

At last! The film of the l.p. of the concert. The concert is now history, if not legend, and most of us are by now familiar with the l.p. So what does the film have to offer? As a film, not much: it's about as visually inspired as 'Let It Be.' The quality of the images is uneven probably due to the film being shot on 16mm and blown-up to 35mm.(British audiences have at least been spared the 70mm version that was shown in America, which can only have been a disaster). At an indoor stage concert such as this, there was no real reason for not filming in 35mm in the first place.

The sound recording is also uneven, marginally inferior to the l.p., although the audience hysteria is less bothersome (was this Phil Spector's contribution to the recording production?). Nor is there any apparent attempt to capture the feeling of the concert as an event, as Permebaker

did successfully in 'Monterey Pop and Wadleigh did with intermittent success in 'Woodstock'. With 'The Concert For Bangla Desh', one gets a greater sense of 'being there' from the l.p. than from the film.

What the film does capture is the performers, and here it can't go wrong. Beginning (where 'Monterey Pop' ended) with Ravi Shankar, who of all the artists in the film gains most from being seen as well as heard. Visually, it is a hypnotic performance, all the more so for being totally at one with the music. You have to wait a while for any real surprises after that: Billy Preston does his thing (the way he planned it), Ringo does his nice guy imitation, Eric Clapton plays super-session man, Leon Russell maintains his image. Then along come ol' Bob Dylan, bringing it all back home with "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" — virtually every word of the decade-old song recalling the images we have seen earlier of the conditions in Bangla Desh. But there is more to it than that: the manner, the whole style of the performance is vintage Dylan, pre-dating even the 'Don't Look Back' period. This is Dylan circa 1963, before manner became a performance, when he still had to be introduced as 'the man who wrote 'Blowin' in the Wind' '. Less nervous now, perhaps, but the same intensity. And the same voice. He sings every word as though he means it! And if you don't understand what I mean by that, just try comparing 'Just Like a Woman' in 'Bangla Desh' to the version on 'Blonde on Blonde.' After half a decade of hiding behind Johnny Cash, Dylan re-emerges as a giant.

And George Harrison? He'll never have the same impact on the same number of people as Dylan, but somehow, here, he emerges as Dylan's equal. He means it, too. Every word.

There are a lot of better films than this around. 'The Concert For Bangla Desh' is worth any number of better films.
Clive Hodgson

'Asylum'
Directed by Roy Wood Baker
'Fritz The Cat'
Directed by Ralph Bakshi

Two films, a good bad film and a bad good one.

'Asylum' is a rollicking fun piece about a secluded mental hospital full of incurable psychotics and homicidal maniacs. None of your pinko, bleeding heart, Ronnie Laing nonsense. A film from the good old days when a nutter was a nutter and you cut their lobes out and locked them up (not that anything's changed). You get the feeling it might be a Hammer film except that it's too good; it has the right blend of camp and callousness but some of the horror scenes actually work which they never do with Hammer. It uses the well tried formula of a series of flashbacks, films within a film with different actors, each illustrating an inmate's fantasy about how he got into the Asylum. Some of them are hilarious and quite scary, particularly the Jewish tailor whose dummy turns into a Golem. In short, brutal, tasteless fun for all the family.

'Fritz The Cat' is a different kettle of catfood altogether. As the first ever X-cert underground cartoon film with fucking, doping and violence it can't fail to grab your attention. In fact it's a reasonably entertaining 78 minutes worth, with a few short sequences which are really classic.

The unpalatable fact is that the film is based on Bob Crumb's strip cartoon of some years back. All the characters and some of the scenario's are taken from Crumb. But there the resemblance stops. The intentions and plot of Crumb's strip have been distorted and bowdlerised in numerous ways; the general effect being to draw most of its satirical teeth and shift its political implications several yards to the right. If you know Crumbs' work it won' surprise you to know that he's disowned

the film completely. It a rip-off, but a rather subtle and competent rip-off which will fool a lot of people.

For instance, Crumb loves to take the piss out of po-faced doctrinaire politicos, and their wilder excesses, but in a friendly spirit (seen 'Motor City Comix' or 'Pro-junior' or 'Fritz' itself?) The vicious portrayal of the 'revolutionaries' as mindless sadists, worse than the cops who are merely lovable idiots, is a long long way from Crumb.

This could have been a great film. Some people will like it anyway, and Walt Disney will chuckle from the grave.
Dick Pountain.

'Young Winston'
Directed by Dicky Attenborough.

The really awkward thing about writing about this film is that the central figure and the subject matter is so utterly distasteful to most people that one doesn't wish to be artistically just to it, but propagandist against it in the extreme.

However, that kind of attitude is not very honest and film is not too bad anyway, and up to a point you could argue, as much of the national press has argued, that it does demythologise the ugly Monument in the Park, and wipes off some of the bird shit. To date, that's all the shit that's been thrown.

In fact what is wrong and immoral in this film is that it attempts a resurrection of the legend. And any attempt at such a resurrection at a time like this has to be very subtle indeed, because even to those who don't care whether he lived or died, his name stinks across the world from Omdurman to Dresden. One remembers with horror the lines of E.M. Forster's upon the passing of his own younger brother at Gallipoli: 'Oh Churchill clouds of dead heroes attend you', and one understands that in the attic near the nursery as the young Winston played with his legions, as the galumping and glamour proceeded, there stood among the cobwebs this portrait of Dorian Grey, the stereotype the world now knows as Churchill's true image, the very personification of all modern atrocity. Because the young Winston is the old Winston.

So who cares about the lonely little dullard in the attic, who lost every battle save Alamein, and finally lost an empire as well, just to save his ego.

Yet there is a story there, a family tale. There's Anne Bancroft as Jenny, and Robert Shaw as Lord Randolph, the syphilitic father, playing brilliantly, like a figure from Strindberg. And its our own dear Dickie Attenborough again, still sniffing the wind for his, knighthood, which one day he must surely get. He is a kind of idealised theatrical William Whitelaw, all things at all times to all men, they should send him to Ulster. For all his professionalism he manages as a film maker never to be a true director, but an operator of styles (Jean Luc Godard, Orson Welles, anybody you care to name). His work is eclectic and never his own. Carl Foreman's script is quite good, scratching largely from Churchill's 'My Early Life', with some attention to what was to be the later career of the young Winston, added to an attempt (not a very satisfying one) at establishing a traditional link between the political attitudes of father and son. And then of course (ha!ha!) the amusing revelation never made by Winston, young old or middleaged, of pox in the family.

There is this strangeness in the Churchill menage. They're a Transatlantic family not a British one, and the film is a curiously American tragedy of family life.

No, it was not the 'Winston warts and all job' that many a critic would have us believe it to be, because after all, didn't you notice how at the Premiere the entire remnants of that

grotesque family showed up happily dabbing their noses and eyes?

Certainly they didn't behave like that at Hochuth's 'The Soldiers'. They didn't turn up at all, just sued for thousands. Go and see it, if the last piece of pride as to truth has died within you. It's a good yarn, all glamour, colour, drama and cover-up.
John Gravelle.

Mike Moore

SOUNDZ

'There are only two things which move the average freak — music and geography."
Elia Katz

'Sail Away'
Randy Newman
(Reprise)

Randy Newman is a victim of packaging. Just as music, any recorded music, is the product of the collective experiences of the musicians and technicians involved, so image is the product of the cumulative packaging, promotion and exposure that has preceded it. There are exceptions that prove the rule, as there are exceptions to all rules, (Van Morrison is one), but we needn't concern ourselves with those here.

The creation of image, as with the creation of any intangible communicative device, (dance, theatre, mime, broadcasting, words on paper), is something that can be learned and, to a certain extent, measured. But often, it is an ability that is inherent rather than one which relies on expertise. For this reason, 'designers' are often very poor projectors of image. They can assemble the pieces of any jigsaw, but are often incapable of creating their own puzzle, as anyone who has worked on the creative side of an advertising agency will testify. They have technique, and they have the skill (and pride) of a craftsman in the use of the tools of their trade. But as Grace Slick might say 'That doesn't mean shit to a tree' to the general public, who, in the last analysis, are the final arbiters of any given promotional activity.

In terms of design, some of the sloppiest advertisements in the history of advertising have proved to be the most effective. As an example for those of you who travel on London's underground, I'll cite the 'Dyno Rod' tube cards of some years back. Poorly designed, hideously printed and often illegible, these cards proved to be an extraordinary success story. The shakily drawn diagrams and simplistic copy line combined perfectly in the projection of a messy but thoroughly practical company image. Everyone likes to see a mechanic with grease on his hands a farmer with dirt on his boots or a painter with paint on his fingers it's reassuring and 'right'. So it proved with 'Dyno Rod' — a firm, incidentally, whose alloted task was the cleansing and unblocking of drains. Their advertisements were messy (though not in any contrived way) but wholly practical. The perfect marketing approach for a company whose employees spend the majority of their working lives down on their hands and knees sucking blocked waste from the bowels of our city.

To whom it may concern: hype this man immediately.

Frank Zappa, I am sure, would appreciate the unconscious efforts of 'Dyno Rod'. Certainly, Zappa is the master of the 'You-Are-What-You-Project' school of rock. Captain Beefheart and Alice Cooper, both at one time under Zappas business control, have good reason to thank 'the little pimp with his hair gassed back' for his instinctive grasp of their image potential and subsequent marketing and packaging requirements.

Often, expecially in the music business, it is the artists themselves who are their own worst enemies in this respect. Failing to appreciate that Elvis himself might well have remained little more than an imitative country blues singer on an obscure Southern label without the promotional activities of his manager and mentor, Col. T. Parker, they bury their heads in the sands of purity and cleanse their souls in the water of poverty. Then again, many of them never meet their Brian Epstein, and lacking the ability or profit motive to do the job adequately on their own, they stand or fall (and usually the latter) on the music that they create.

There are those who will argue that the music 'is the message'. That the music 'is enough'. That all the hype and bullshit of the music industry is just so much hot air; an excuse for the existence of record companies who rip our music off from its source, re-package and re-market it, and finally, sell it back to us. In part they are right. But the rock business has always been and will always be reliant on exposure, packaging, media promotion and image. Far from representing some alien and corrupting influence on rock and roll, it was, if one cares to trace back the roots of rock's cultural birth, one of the founding principles of the medium. Rock and roll was and is a product of the American entertainment industry. To a limited extent, especially in recent years, we have come to believe otherwise. This is due mainly to those artists, like Zappa, like the Stones, like the Beatles, like the Dead who have fortunately been able to wrest varying degrees of artistic control from the companies for whom they record. But all of them, without exception, are dependant on those companies for their financial survival. There has never been and probably never will be, an artist who could survive for any substantial period of time in the rock business without intensive promotional activity. Rock and roll stars (and superstars) who plead otherwise are either fools or (more usually) hypocrites. The music was never enough. It will never be enough.

Which brings us back to Randy Newman. Make no mistake; as a lyricist, composer and pianist, Newman is a big talent. An enormous, underrated and understated talent. His lyrics have humour, real humour, not that easy savage satire that remains so much an English phenomenon. His songs have guts, they have irony, sadness and emotional depth. They stand the test of repeated hearing. I would say that there are only a handful of contemporary composers who could hold a candle to Newman in his own idiom. Obviously Dylan, often Loudon Wainwright, sometimes (when he isn't drowning in his own tears) Neil Young. Elton John and Bernie Taupin can both go shove a banana up their arse. Then again, his keyboard style is a joy to hear; a strange repetitive hammering with his left hand and a flow of double jointed fingers with his right. A loping, camel's-gait of a style. Very simple, very deceptive; it grows on you.

I don't care if Randy Newman can't hit top C with that droning pitch of his. Howling Wolf can't hit top C, Robert Zimmerman can't hit top C, James Taylor can't hit top C; even Chuck Berry can't make it without falsetto. Who cares? So what? But it's the packaging. The poor promotion. The sadly lacking image. This album is the first with his photograph on the front. That's a step in the right direction. It's the first double fold sleeve. It even contains a poster, and they've printed they lyrics in minute detail. But it isn't enough. It won't ever be enough. Who is managing Randy Newman? Who is his agency in this country? Where is the advertising? Who is responsible? To whoever is responsible,

here is a message:
GET UP OFF YOUR COLLECTIVE ARSES AND HYPE THIS MAN. NOT BECAUSE YOU LOVE HIS MUSIC, BUT BECAUSE YOU WILL MAKE MONEY. IF RANDY NEWMAN DIES OF UNDER-EXPOSURE HIS ARTISTIC BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS.

In the words of the Last Poets: 'Wake up Niggers, or we're all through'. The music was never enough. Ever.
Felix Dennis.

'Roxy Music'
(Island)

'The next time's the best time, we all know,
But if there's no next time . . . '
The next time would certainly have to be a great deal better than this apalling first attempt by Roxy Music, and if there's no next time I doubt if many tears will be shed.

Unfortunately, given the current state of British rock, and the disproportionate quantities of hype and image bullshit we have to wade through before we get to any music at all, I'm afraid Roxy Music's synthesized riffs and rip-offs will be assaulting our ears for some time to come.

The packaging and production of this album are brilliant. The cover photos, both inside and out, pitch perfectly for the current frivolous, ambiguous divinely decadent mood of which Lou Reed (currently), Dave Bowie and Alice Cooper are the main exponents, and Jagger the honorary president.

However, once unwrapped and on the spot, with critical ears glued, Roxy Music's 'Roxy Music' album is a waste of time. Imagine Curved Air exposing us to a whole side of their pretentious 'Conservatoire Trained' meanderings, with occasional attempts to 'Let It Rock' by throwing in a few Doors riffs now and then, the whole cut at random with bursts of ill-considered synthesized trifles. 'Notes' the lyrics tell us, 'could not spell out the score'; despite their attempts to cover up the sterile banalities of their music with the ramblings of a self confessed musical illiterate twiddling the knobs, Roxy Music's musically cretinous. Their delivery is about as evil and menacing as the local youth club's answer to Cliff Richard, and the only time I tapped my feet was to the Johnny and the Hurricanes style sax on 'Would You Believe'; seventy five percent of the album, however, is taken up with tediously slow romantic posturing with pianos, oboes and a singer whose agonies should be ended summarily.

Make no mistake, this is no hastily assembled mish-mash thrown on the market to grab a few pennies. From the exquisite layout on the cover, through to the superb engineering on the record itself, and not forgetting the up-to-the-minute nostalgia of that chrome-plated name, Roxy music's first album is a well prepared, carefully designed attempt to grab more than a few pennies. So you poor, image hungry mothers — beware. Look twice at Karri Anne, doesn't she look just a little constipated?
Howard Frazer.

'Big Bambu'
Cheech & Chong
(A and M/ Od e)

'The band can't play tonight, man,' says Laid-Back Lenny the hip dee jay from 'Unamerican Bandstand'. 'The singer just poked himself in the eye with his coke spoon and he can't get his eye closed. It's frozen open.'

That's right, you guessed right, the secret word for tonight is . . . would you believe a new Cheech and Chong album? Just like the last one, it's good clean stoned fun for good clean hippies everywhere, but unlike the other one, it's only intermittently funny. There's a fantastically unfunny six-minute segment at the end of the first side which contains 'Cruisin' With Pedro De Pacas' from the first album, and much of the other stuff is a bit lacking. Still, there are indeed a lot of good solid tracks which still gets laughs after repeated playings. The futuristic panel game 'Let's Make a Dope Deal' and the suicide commercial are minor masterpieces, and the return of Ashley Roachclip in 'The Rebuttal' is a delight.

Cheech and Chong have no pretentions of being anything more than a hippies' Rowan and Martin. Happily for all concerned, they're a fuck of a lot funnier than Rowan and Martin. But 'Cheech and Chong' remains *the* Cheech and Chong record, and 'Big Bambu' is merely another Cheech and Chong record. Quite funny, quite amusing, basically okay. It'll do. But if Cheech and Chong start repeating themselves this early in their recording career, then the sooner some British head comedy comes together the better. By the way anybody know someone who does a good Steve Took impression?

Footnote. The sleeve, wittily gimmicked to look like a book of rolling papers, contains the biggest skin in the world. As the last sketch suggests, it might be good to use for smoking your old socks in.
Charles Shaar Murray

'The Velvet Underground Live At Max's Kansas City'
The Velvet Underground
(Atlantic)

Ah, hello my dear friend, so pleased you could join us as we while away the bewitching hours languishing with the hallowed precincts of Max's Kansas City. My comrades and I would never be seen anywhere else in New York — I mean, you meet such interesting people.

Why, isn't that Gerald Malanga meditating in silent union with the celestial beings over on that bar-stool. My, how exquisitely he oils his torso. And those oh-so innocent young sailor-boys talking to Rita and Jackie. I suppose someone ought to enlighten them, but now let us turn our eyes to the silent figures now appearing on the stage.

'Who are they' I hear you ask. Why, my dear, do you not recognize that fine young man with his oh-so butch hairstyle ablaze under the garish red lighting. It could only be Lou Reed, leader of 42nd Street's very own teen combo — the bar-band of the Twilight Zone — the Velvet Underground.

Listen, Lou is introducing 'I'm waiting for the Man'. How killer, how absolutely killer. And two new songs. 'Lonesome Cowboy Bill'? What a coincidence Why only the other night I overheard Louis talking and just before he threw up all over Dolores he said how he had always wanted to be a cowboy. The twists and turns of fate are so strange, eh mon ami?

Why, now they are playing 'I'll Be Your Mirror' with fragile, young Doug Yule singing. What sweet nostalgia. Oh, and look at that unpleasant man crawling around the floor looking for a lost tuinol. And now he's attacking one of the bar-boys! Don't worry, my dear, one gets used to these little incidents in time. Now Lou is singing 'Afterhours' from their third album and the set is finished.

Why they tell me that Brigid Polk is recording all these performances at Max's for a possible album. Maybe the essence of the Velvets will be finally caught on wax for all to hear. I certainly hope so, for I keep hearing such strange reports about Lou — how he's throwing these moods and actually attacking people with a flick-knife. But, never mind — I have all the words of 'Sister Ray' neatly written out on this piece of paper. Would you like to read them?
Nick Kent

'St. Dominic's Preview'
Van Morrison
(Warner Bros)

Whenever he's stuck for a subject, Rolling Stone columnist Ralph Gleason falls back on his favourite and undeniable credo: things are pretty bad but we've still got Van Morrison. Like all smart cats, Ralphie knows when he's on safe ground.

So, cheeky asides aside, what has the Belfast cowboy come up with this time?

Well, it's a strange mixture of genius and carelessness. Street Choir was a songs album, looser than Moondance, but colourful and danceable. Tupelo Honey was better, a fine blend of rockers and love songs. He sounded happier, though cynics mocked and said he should put himself back on the rack to get the tortured quality back into his writing and singing.

The first side suffers from repetitiously rhythmic saxaphone rave-ups and a nightclub jazz song worthy of Mel Torme, complete with cocktail piano and silky tenor. It's very amusing but I'm relieved when it gives way to the more familiar territory of 'Listen To The Lion'.

For all his lapses and loss of focus, Van Morrison remains the guv'nor rock singer. He kicks off 'Almost Independence Day' scat-humming against an acoustic guitar, and develops it with tasteful Moog (yes!) lines into a stunning ten-minute *tour de force*. He is still the master of rich-but-simple textures, still able to make those startling impressionistic images lift and bugle with his daring vocal excursions. The atmosphere he generates is colossal: the fireworks echoing up and down San Francisco Bay, the cool cool night breeze, the lights way out in the harbour, he takes you there. It ain't rock and roll, it's cinema for the blind.

Best of all is 'Redwood Tree' which falls into an effortless liberating groove, an exhilirating sequel to 'And It Stoned Me', all majestic precision and flow:

Boy and dog went out lookin'
for the rainbow
You know what they did learn
Since that very day, walkin' by
the river
And runnin' like blue streak
Through the fields and streams
and meadows
Laughin' all the way.

Guitars sparkling, piano liquid and rippling, rhythm team cooking happily, chick chorus just gorgeous. This is the Van Morrison we know and love, the music that rocks your gypsy soul, lifts you up high, puts a twinkle in your eye, lets your laughter fill the room. It ranks with Bob Weir's 'Cassidy' as the best track to come out of California this year.
Myles Palmer.

Roxy painting by Marvin Rainbow

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We are hoping to start a community based free school in Leeds in September. Children here are not even getting their share of a good state education. (Leeds is the second-worst borough in the country for expenditure on books per pupil.) A free school can only exist on donations and assistance. Please give or collect all you can for the project. All donations or enquiries to the above address.

Arts Lab
23 Hand Court,
High Holborn,
London WC1.
Thursday evenings.
Help! We're a group of Jewish heads trying to start up an arts lab. We haven't enough people to help us and the hang up is the fact that the only premises we can use is part of a Jewish club which will not admit non-Jews. For us the emphasis is *not* on Jewish, but if you are Jewish then please come along and help us get this thing off the ground. We are looking for new premises.

MODEL
PHONE 278 5488

Elect. olux

Count Transmissions,
The Alien Brian,
8 Prince Street,
off Dagger Lane, Hull.
HU1 2L2
Seems the life of the theatre if fraught with spills and chills after all. The hoax adman in 42 obviously couldn't take the discipline of the circus. Hope it didn't blow your big top. People down here know that you are the vortex of free showbiz in the North East. Keep on beyond that pleasure principle whatever the stable boy thinks the reality of your situation is. Sweet misery and all that!

OZ BACK ISSUE BONANZA!

To mail off for your back issues it is essential that you use the 'Back Issue' Coupon to be found in between the centre pages (we hope).

★ *OZ 18 – (Feb 1969):* A real Fingerlickin' Good issue. Andy Warhol whispers to the roar of the Soft Machine. Michael X raps on the Black Eagles. The MC5 kick out what we now know was only marmalade . . . it's all here for 50p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 19 – (March 1969):* "Filth . . ." whined the News of the World. Drooping Groupies special issue featuring topless Germaine Greer. The first crazed Weberman wanderings on Dylanology. Jimi Hendrix calls Caroline Coon 'a tart'. Scandal and rumour for 50p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 20 – (April 1969):* Hells Angels in drug orgy gang-bang. The Paris Situationists supplement, Incredible String Band, Jimmy Page interview (before Led Zep) and Roast Trafalgar Square pigeon . . . a tasty survival recipe. Immensely important sociological document. 50p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 24 – (November 1969):* World famous 'Beautiful Freaks' issue containing the ravings of jolly Lee Heater and other crazies. Free giant sized poster of Crumb's 'Honeybunch' in all her mouthwatering glory. 50p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 26 – (Feb 1970):* Horror castration cover as OZ hits the big time with its first all-glossy Meet Wendy, the original inflatable lady, and gaze in awe at Candy Darling – is she or isn't he? Chicago Conspiracy Trial Transcript and the biggest tool in Hollywood. 40p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 29 – (July 1970):* Cringe male pigs . . . it's Cunt Power OZ, the Female Energy Issue. Nancy Kotex, Whoring Along the Hudson, and Miss Greer's 'Politics of Female Sexuality'. How to deodorise your balls. 1000 different words for cunt . . nothing but girls, girls, girls! Read on Fatherfuckers! 40p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 30 – (Oct 1970):* Fun, Travel and Adventure OZ. News from around the Global High Street. OZ up the Khyber Pass and Cold Turkey. Climb aboard the Marrakhas Sexpress. Little Orphan Amphetamine strip. Plus two free posters mourning Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. 40p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 31 – (Nov 1970):* Yippie OZ, Brave New Morning OZ, End of an Era OZ, INK was Coming OZ, Ho Ho Ho. All God's Chullun Got de Clap. Magic Mushrooms. Bobby Seale, Sgt Death Dylan – local Jew Boy makes good. Racist Cover. 40p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 37 – (Sept 1971):* Angry OZ, this one really stings. The rage of innocence. How to corrupt and deprave. The UCS struggle. OZ meets Ronald Biggs – 'The World's Most Wanted Man'. Mick Jagger's heart of stone. 30p + 5p p&p;

★ *OZ 38 (Nov 1971) :* Environmental Chaoz! The Day the Earth was Out to Lunch . . A simple question of survival. US Army junkies: Uncle Sam's heavy habit. Abbie Hoffman slags off OZ. Eldridge Cleaver's latest 'Letter to the Lumpen'. Amazing value, 30p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 39 – (Dec 1971):* Baffling, bloodthirsty cover effectively camouflaged this 'Thrilling Murder Comics OZ' from most readers. Result: we lost £4000 'at a stroke'. Jim Anderson in Morocco, Saigon Needles, Urban Paranoia and Sweet Cousin Cocaine. Send money *immediately* – there are only 30,000 copies left. 25p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 40 – (Feb 1972):* Monster 64 page Fifth Anniversary Issue. Charlie Manson in Big Sur, Richard Neville in New York and Auberon Waugh in Widgery's acne. Felix Dennis's weird, horrifying rock 'n' roll quiz. The erotic dreams of CG Jung. John Peel on long-haired gangsters and the acid nightmares of Jim Leon. 25p + 5p p&p.

★ *OZ 41 – (April 1972):* An issue for our absent friends - the Crime and Conspiracy OZ. Murder, rape, theft, fraud, gunpowder, treason and plot. Everything you'll need to know for a lucrative career in blackmail, thieving, extortion and assassination. Plus OZ shits on Che and black music. 25p + 5p p&p. (Guaranteed non-sexist)

★ *OZ 42 – (May 1972):* Germaine's husband flashes limp cock. Inside asylums and special 'Prison Feature'. Macrobiotics 'death diet'. Plus Our man in the Panama Jungle and Roger Hutchinson's marathon tour of the provincial ug press. 25p + 5p p&p. (pssst . . . dirty pix too!)

★ *OZ 43 – (July 1972):* Michael X Prison Plea, Bali – Hippie love and blood paradise. Acupuncture. Post Scarcity Anarchism – New Left piss-off. Ionisation – the good vibes machine. Lebanese shit hole. Drunken downer comix. Your pleasure and our profit! 25p + 5p

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Published by Lama Foundation,
Box 444, San Cristobal, New Mexico.

Back in the early sixties, Richard Alpert *was a professor at Harvard. "I had an apartment that was filled with antiques and I gave very charming dinner parties. I had a Mercedes Benz sedan and a Triumph 500 CC motorcycle and a Cessna 172 airplane and an MG sports car and a sailboat and a bicycle. I vacationed in the Caribbean where I did scubadiving. I was living the way a successful bachelor professor is supposed to live in the American world of 'he who makes it.' Then he met Timothy Leary, and now many years later he is Baba Ram Dass, a successful bachelor guru, an integral part of the Lama Foundation, a higher consciousness centre at San Cristobel, New Mexico, which has published* Be Here Now, *an amazing new Bible for troubled Westerners, which is selling by the thousand in the States.* Be Here Now *is in four parts—firstly, Richard Alpert's own story of his transformation from academic, to acid head to holy man; secondly, The Core Book, which is a Mcluhanesque ramble through the philosophical headlines, the advertising billboards beside the road to an expanded consciousness; thirdly, a Cookbook for a Sacred Life, containing a wide variety of techniques, some Western, mostly Eastern, from which, listening to that inner voice deep inside, you may, if you wish, choose the recipe which suits you best. And fourthly, a glossary of books to help you, categorised into Books to Hang Out With, Books to Visit with Now and Then, and finally Books it is Useful to Have Met. Timothy Leary's Politics of Ecstasy just manages to squeeze into the final classification.* Be Here Now *is a book for everyone, particularly those who feel dissatisfied with their present life, and spiritually barren. What follows is Ram Dass' account of how he met his guru, a little old man in a blanket in the Himalayan foothills. The guru, Maharaji, has just blown Alpert's mind. Alpert's mother had died the previous year, and Maharaji knew the 'impossible'—the reasons for her death and Alpert's thoughts and visions about her.*

The first thing that happened was that my mind raced faster and faster to try to get leverage—to get a hold on what he had just done. I went through every super CIA paranoia I've ever had:

"Who is he?" "Who does he represent?" "Where's the button he pushes where the file appears?' and ' Why have they brought me here?" None of it would jell.

It was just too impossible that this could have happened this way. The guy I was with didn't know all that stuff, and I was a tourist in a car, and the whole thing was just too far out. My mind went faster and faster and faster.

Up until then I had two categories for "psychic experience." One was 'they happened to somebody else and they haven't happened to me, and they were terribly interesting and we certainly had to keep an open mind about it.' That was my social science approach. The other one was, 'well, man, I'm high on LSD. Who knows how it really is? After all, under the influence of a chemical, how do I know I'm not creating the whole thing?' Because, in fact, I had taken certain chemicals where I experienced the creation of total realities. The greatest example I have of this came about through a drug called JB 318, which I took in a room at Millbrook. I was sitting on the 3rd floor and it seemed like nothing was happening at all. And into the room walked a girl from the community with a pitcher of lemonade and she said, would I like some lemonade, and I said that would be great, and she poured the lemonade, and she poured it and she kept pouring and the lemonade went over the side of the glass and fell to the floor and it went across the floor and up the wall and over the ceiling and down the wall and under my pants which got wet and it came back up into the glass—and when it touched the glass the glass disappeared and the lemonade disappeared and the wetness in my pants

disappeared and the girl disappeared and I turned around to Ralph Metzner and I said,

"Ralph, the most extraordinary thing happened to me," and Ralph disappeared!

I was afraid to do anything but just sit. Whatever this is, it's not nothing. Just sit. Don't move, just sit!

So I had had experiences where I had seen myself completely create whole environments under psychedelics, and therefore I wasn't eager to interpret these things very quickly, because I, the observer, was, at those times, under the influence of the psychedelics.

But neither of these categories applied in this situation, and my mind went faster and faster and then I felt like what happens when a computer is fed an insoluble problem; the bell rings and the red light goes on and the machine stops. And my mind just gave up. It burned out its circuitry . . . its zeal to have an explanation. I needed something to get closure at the rational level and there wasn't anything. There just wasn't a place I could hide in my head about this.

And at the same moment, I felt this extremely violent pain in my chest and a tremendous wrenching feeling and I started to cry. And I cried and I cried and I cried. And I wasn't happy and I wasn't sad. It was not that kind of crying. The only thing I could say was it felt like I was home. Like the journey was over. Like I had finished.

Well, I cried and they finally sort of spooned me up and took me to the home of devotee, K.K. Sah, to stay overnight. That night I was very confused. A great feeling of lightness and confusion.

At one point in the evening I was looking in my shoulder bag and came across the bottle of LSD. "Wow! I've finally met a guy who is going to Know! He will definitely know what LSD is. I'll have to ask him. That's what I'il do. I'll ask him." Then I forgot about it.

The next morning, at 8 o'clock a messenger comes. Maharaji wants to see you immediately. We went in the Land Rover. The 3 miles to the temple. When I'm approaching him, he yells out at me, "Have you got a question?"

And I take one look at him and it's like looking at the sun. I suddenly feel all warm. Now, all I went in the Land Rover the 12 miles to the other temple. When I'm approaching him, he yells out at me, "Have you got a question?"

And he's very impatient with all of this nonsense, and he says, "Where's the medicine?"

I got a translation of this. He said medicine. I said, "Medicine?" I never thought of LSD as medicine! And somebody said, he must mean the LSD. "LSD?" He said, "Ah-cha bring the LSD."

So I went to the car and got the little bottle of LSD and I came back.

' Let me see?"

So I poured it out in my hand—"What's that?"

"That's STP ... That's librium and that's ..." A little of everything. Sort of a little travelling kit.

He says, "Gives you siddhis?"

I had never heard the word ' siddhi" before. So I asked for a translation and siddhi was translated as "power." From where I was at in relation to these concepts, I thought he was like a little old man, asking for power. Perhaps he was losing his vitality and wanted Vitamin B 12. That was one thing I didn't have, and I felt terribly apologetic because I would have given him anything. If he wanted the Land Rover he could have had it. And I said, "Oh, no, I'm sorry." I really felt bad I didn't have any and put it back in the bottle.

He looked at me and extended his hand. So I put into his hand what's called a "White Lightning". This is an LSD pill and this one was from a special batch that had been made specially for me for travelling. And each pill was 306 micrograms, and very pure. Very good acid. Usually you start a man over 60, maybe with 50 to 75 micrograms, very gently, so you won't upset him. 300 of pure acid is a very solid dose.

He looks at the pill and extends his hand further. So I put a second pill that's 610 micrograms—then a third pill—that's 915 micrograms—into his palm.

That is a sizeable first dose for anyone!

"Ah-cha."

And he swallows them! I see them go down. There's no doubt. And that little scientist in me says, ' This is going to be very interesting!'

All day long I'm there, and every now and then he twinkles at me and nothing, nothing happens! That was his answer to my question. Now you have the data I have.

I was taken back to the temple. It was interesting. At no time was I asked, do you want to stay? Do you want to study? Everything was understood. There were no contracts. There were no promises. There were no vows. There was nothing.

The next day Maharaji instructed them to take me out and buy me clothes. They gave me a room. Nobody ever asked me for a nickel. Nobody ever asked me to spread the word. Nobody ever did anything. There was no commitment whatsoever required. It was all done internally.

This guru—Maharaji—has only his blanket. You see, he's in a place called SAHAJ SAMADHI and he's not identified with this world as most of us identify with it. If you didn't watch him, he'd just disappear altogether into the jungle or leave his body, but his devotees are always protecting him and watching him so they can keep him around. They've got an entourage around him and people come and bring gifts to the holy man because that's part of the way in which you gain holy merit in India. And money piles up, and so they build temples, or they build schools. He will walk to a place and there will be a saint who has lived in that place or cave and he'll say, ' There will be a temple here," and then they build a

temple. And they do all this around Maharaji. He does nothing.

As an example of Maharaji's style, I was once going through my address book and I came to Lama Govinda's name (he wrote *Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism* and *Way of the White Cloud*) and I thought, "Gee, I ought to go visit him. I'm here in the Himalayas and it wouldn't be a long trip and I could go and pay my respects. I must do that some time before I leave."

And the next day there is a message from Maharaji saying, "You are to go immediately to see Lama Govinda."

Another time, I had to go to Delhi to work on my visa and I took a bus. This was the first time after four months that they let me out alone. They were so protective of me. I don't know what they were afraid would happen to me, but they were always sending somebody with me ... They weren't giving me elopement privileges, as they say in mental hospitals.

But they allowed me to go alone to Delhi and I took a 12 hour bus trip. I went to Delhi and I was so high, I went through Connaught Place, which is the western hustle part of New Delhi. It's mostly BOAC and American Express and restaurants that serve ice cream sodas. The whole scene, which is right in the middle of India, has nothing to do with India particularly and all the Indians who hustle westerners walk around in this block. And I went through that barefoot, silent with my chalkboard—I was silent all the time. At American Express, writing my words it was so high that not at one moment was there even a qualm or a doubt. I got so high that I went into some stores to buy things—right in Connaught Place, which is designed to hustle westerners . . . And everybody knew I was a westerner, and yet they insisted on giving me the stuff free!

"You are a saddhu—it's a blessing to me that you'll take my goods." That's how powerful the thing was that I was into at that time.

So after all day long of doing my dramas with the Health Department and so on, it came time for lunch. I had been on this very fierce austere diet and I had lost 60 lbs. I was feeling great—very light and very beautiful—but there was enough orality still left in me to want to have a feast. I'll have a vegetarian feast, I thought. So I went to a fancy vegetarian restaurant and I got a table over in a corner and ordered their special deluxe vegetarian dinner, from nuts to nuts, and I had the whole thing and the last thing they served was vegetarian ice cream with 2 english-style biscuits stuck into it. And those biscuits . . . the sweet thing has always been a big part of my life but I knew somehow, maybe I shouldn't be eating those. They're so far out from my diet. It's not vegetables—it's not rice. And so I was almost secretly eating the cookies in this dark corner. I was feeling very guilty about eating these cookies. But nobody was watching me. And then I went to a Buddhist monastary for the night and the next day took the bus back up to the mountain.

Two days later, we heard Maharaji was back—he had been up in the mountains in another little village. He travels around a lot, moves from place to place. I hadn't seen him in about a month and a half—I didn't see much of him at all. We all went rushing to see Maharaji and I got him a bag of oranges and took one look at him, and the oranges went flying and I started to cry and I fell down and they were patting me. Maharaji was eating oranges as fast as he could, manifesting through eating food the process of taking on the karma of someone else.

Women bring him food all day long. He just opens his mouth and they feed him and he's taking on karma that way. And he ate eight oranges right before my eyes. I had never seen anything like that. And the principal of the school was feeding me oranges and I was crying and the whole thing was very maudlin, and he pulls me by the hair, and I look up and he says to me: ' How did you like the biscuits?"

I'd be at my temple. And I'd think about arranging for a beautiful lama in America to get some money, or something like that. Then I'd go to bed and pull the covers over my head and perhaps have a very worldly thought; I would think about what I'd do with all my powers when I got them; perhaps a sexual thought. Then when next I saw Maharaji he would tell me something like, "You want to give money to a lama in America." And I'd feel like I was such a beautiful guy. Then suddenly I'd be horrified with the realization that if he knew that thought, then he must know that one, too . . . ohhhhh . and that one, too! Then I'd look at the ground. And when I'd finally steal a glance at him, he'd be looking at me with such total love.

YOU ARE IT

HE'S YOUR FINGERNAIL JUST BITE YOUR FINGERNAIL & YOU'RE EATING HIM ALIVE

WHEN YOU KNOW HOW TO LISTEN

EVERYBODY IS THE GURU

TO BE SEARCHING FOR THE GURU IT'S REALLY JUST ANOTHER COP-OUT

Now the impact of these experiences was very profound. As they say in the Sikh religion—Once you realize God knows everything, you're free. I had been through many years of psychoanalysis and still I had managed to keep private places in my head—I wouldn't say they were big, labeled categories, but they were certain attitudes or feelings that were still very private. And suddenly I realized that he knew everything that was going on in my head, all the time, and that he still loved me. Because who we are is behind all that.

I said to Hari Dass Baba, my teacher at the time, ' Why is it that Maharaji never tells me the bad things I think?", and he says, "It does not help your sadhana—your spiritual work. He knows it all but he just does the things that help you."

The sculptor had said he loved Maharaji so much, we should keep the Land Rover up there. The Land Rover was just sitting around and so Maharaji got the Land Rover after all, for that time. And then one day, I was told we were going on an outing up in the Himilayas for the day. This was very exciting, because I never left my room in the temple. Now in the temple, or around Maharaji, there were eight or nine people. Bhagwan Dass and I were the only westerners. In fact, at no time that I was there did I see any other westerners. This is clearly not a western scene, and in fact, I was specifically told when returning to the United States that I was not to mention Maharaji's name or where he was, or anything.

The few people that have slipped by this net and figured out from clues in my speech and their knowledge of India where he was and have gone to see him, were thrown out immediately . . . very summarily dismissed, which is very strange. All I can do is pass that information on to you. I think the message is that you don't need to go to anywhere else to find what you are seeking.

So there were eight or nine people and whenever there was a scene, I walked last. I was the lowest man on the totem pole. They all loved me and honoured me and I was the novice, like in a karate or judo class, where you stand at the back until you learn more. I was always in the back and they were always teaching me.

So we went in the Land Rover. Maharaji was up in the front—Bhagwan Dass was driving. Bhagwan Dass turned out to be very high in this scene. He was very very highly thought of and honoured. He had started playing the sitar; he was a fantastic musician and the Hindu people loved him. He would do bhagan—holy music—so high they would go out on it. So Bhagwan Dass was driving and I was way in the back of the Land Rover camper with the women and some luggage.

And we went up into the hills and came to a place where we stopped and were given apples, in an orchard and we looked at a beautiful view. We stayed about 10 minutes, and then Maharaji says, "We've got to go on."

We got in the car, went further up the hill and came to a Forestry camp. Some of his devotees are people in the Forestry department so they make this available to him.

So we got to this place and there was a building waiting and a caretaker—"Oh, Maharaji, you've graced us with your presence." He went inside with the man that is there to take care of him or be with him all the time—and we all sat on the lawn.

After a little while, a message came out, ' Maharaji wants to see you." And I got up and went in and sat down in front of him. He looked at me and said, "You make many people laugh in America?'

I said, "Yes, I like to do that." 'Good . . You like to feed children?" "Yes, sure." "Good."

He asked a few more questions like that, which seemed to be nice questions, but . . .? Then he smiled and he reached forward and he tapped me right on the forehead, just three times. That's all.

Then the other fellow came along and lifted me and walked me out the door. I was completely confused. I didn't know what had happened to me—why he had done it—what it was about.

When I walked out, the people out in the yard said that I looked as if I were in a very high state. They said tears were streaming down my face. But all I felt inside was confusion. I have never felt any further understanding of it since then. I don't know what it was all about. It was not an idle movement, because the minute that was over, we all got back in the car and went home.

I pass that on to you. You know now, what I know about that. Just an interesting thing. I don't know what it means, yet.

Hari Dass Baba was my teacher. I was taught by this man with a chalkboard in the most terse way possible. I would get up early, take my bath in the river or out of a pail with a lota (a bowl). I would go in and do my breathing exercises, my pranayam and my hatha yoga, meditate, study, and around 11.30 in the morning, this man would arrive and with a chalkboard he would write something down:

"If a pickpocket meets a saint, he sees only his pockets.'

Then he'd get up and leave. Or he'd write,

"If you wear shoeleather, the whole earth is covered with leather.'

These were his ways of teaching me about how motivation affects perception. His teaching seemed to be no teaching because he always taught from within . . that is, his lessons aroused in me just affirmation . . . as if I knew it all already.

When starting to teach me about what it meant to be 'ahimsa' or non-violent, and the effect on the environment around you of the vibrations—when he started to teach me about energy and vibrations, his opening statement was ' Snakes Know Heart." ' Yogis in jungle need not fear." Because if you're pure enough, cool it, don't worry. But you've got to be very pure.

So his teaching was of this nature. And it was not until a number of months later that I got hold of Vivekananda's book "Raja Yoga" and I realized that he had been teaching me Raja Yoga, very systematically—an exquisite scientific system that had been originally enunciated somewhere between 500 BC and 500 AD by Patanjali, in a set of sutras, or phrases, and it's called Ashtanga Yoga, or 8-limbed yoga—and also known as Raja or Kingly yoga. And this beautiful yogi was teaching me this wisdom with simple metaphor and brief phrase.

Now, though I am a beginner on the path, I have returned to the West for a time to work out karma, or unfulfilled commitment. Part of this commitment is to share what I have learned with those of you who are on a similar journey. One can share a message through telling 'our-story' as I have just done, or through teaching methods of yoga, or singing, or making love. Each of us finds his unique vehicle for sharing with others his bit of wisdom.

For me, this story is but a vehicle for sharing with you the true message . . . the living faith in what is possible.

OUR MUTANT BROTHERS

THESE ARE YOUR FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS' ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO LOOK THEM IN THE EYE ?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT .. This family of mutants was born ot Mr and Mrs Ezra Backbean of Surbitin, Surrey. These 'unfortunates' have learned to live with their so-called deformities and all now lead successful and useful lives and are active in community affairs.

(1) ESTHER BACKBEAN .. Chief librarian and sometime fashion designer. "Esther's got a great sense of humour," says her father. ' All of the children are the same way; they've learned to laugh at themselves and not feel self-pity. You oughta see the way Esther can eat a cob of corn ... it'd have you in stitches!'

(2) CLIVE BACKBEAN .. Yes, you guessed it. Clive Backbean is the only genius Surbiton has ever produced. He's got enough degrees to choke a horse and he's currently working with NATO on the construction of a new system of nuclear weaponry. 'Clever Clive' as he's known to his friends, once figured out mathematically that the weakest spot in the Albert Hall was the thrid box to the right of the stage. During a recent Miss World contest, he made the entire building collapse by using a device he had constructed from a popcorn bag.

(3) MICKEY BACKBEAN .. Nicknamed "Mickey" because of his prominent ears, (his real name is Jeremy) this fast-talking fellow works as a foreman at a Harrogate brewery. One of the few Backbeans to leave the Surbiton nest, Mickey spent thirteen years travelling with Edgar J. Watney. Mick is reputed to have once played a practical joke on Walt Disney that indirectly contributed to his demise. Probably just a folk-tale, it is however one of the many fabulous legends that have grown up around the Backbean clan.

(4) RANDOLPH BACKBEAN .. Mortician. Randy took a course in embalming and graduated with honours. Now he's director of one of Surbiton's most prosperous funeral parlours. Randy's a hail-fellow-well-met type who's going to be Mayor in the not too distant future. Local pundits say he'll run a clean town.

(5) NAT BACKBEAN ... Ezra's oldest son. Nat was David Frost's closest friend at Oxford. Some say that's because of Nat's wicked sense of satire. Others say that it was because Nat's penetrating business acumen and show biz flair helped the younger Frost through some particularly difficult times. Nat's special speech problem is said to have greatly influenced Frost's FROST OVER AMERICA period. Speaking the way he does, Nat is forced to be hypercritical of his words. As a result he is Surbiton's greatest poet.

(6) JOHN BACKBEAN ... John's handicap has won him honours and recognition all over the world. Unfortunately no woman has been found to match John's extraordinary dimensions (4'10" erect). For masturbation John prefers a Bendix dish washer filled with raw liver and mayonnaise.

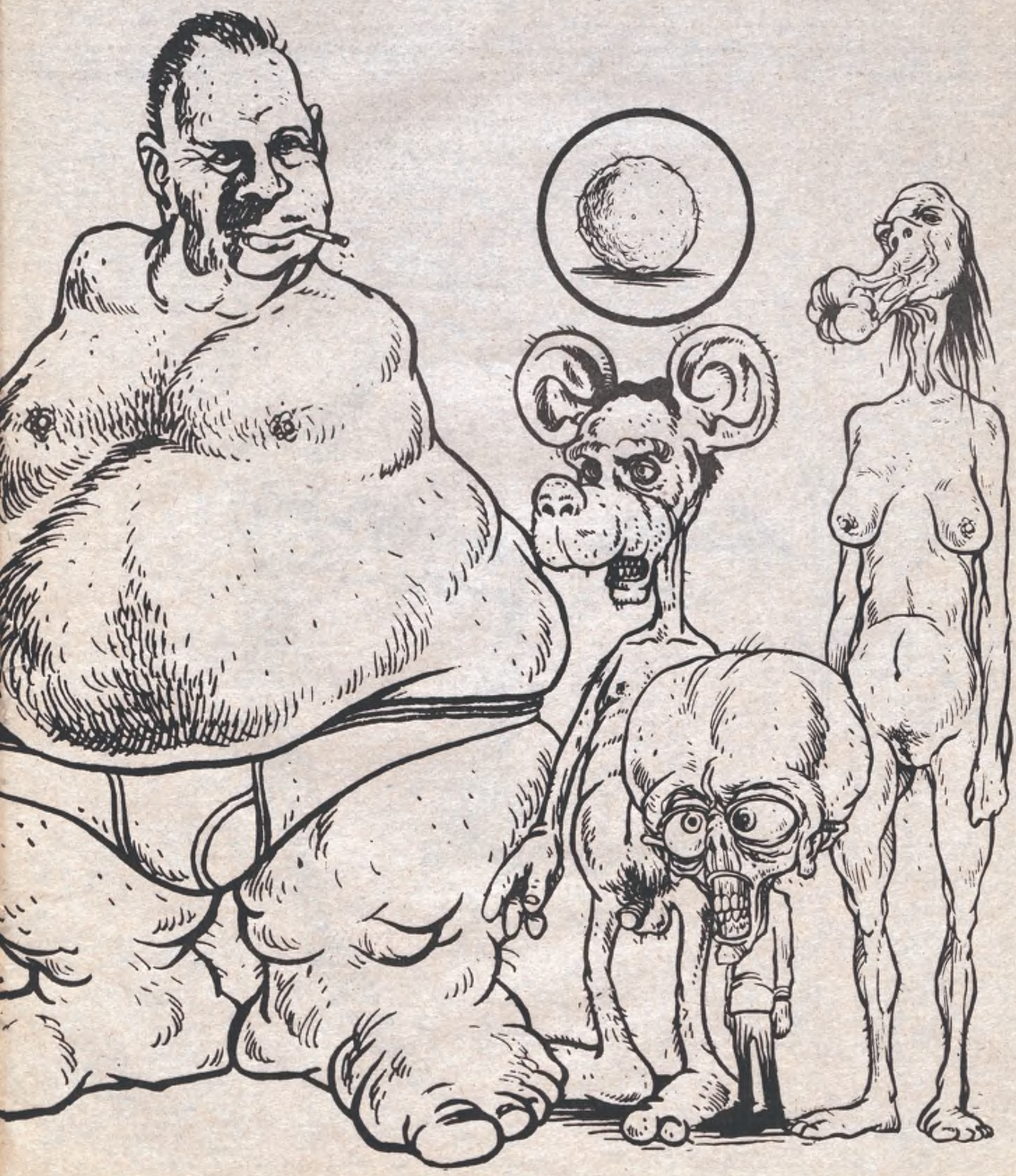
(7) HEIDI BACKBEAN ... believe it or not, Heidi was once featured in the centrefold of PENTHOUSE magazine as Pet of the Month. That's the kind of body she has. Even the great Bob Guccione stooped to pay alliegance (with a little airbrush work on the face.) Heidi is a Surbiton housewife married to barman Norman Normal. They have a few kids. all with Heidi's mouth. Heidi used to play a lot of tennis, and once got to the quarter finals at Wimbledon.

(8) HUGO AND CHARLIE BACKBEAN These brothers are as close as two sardines in a can. Hugo runs a local service station and Charlie (the little guy) does the accounting. They keep everyone entertained with a stand-up comedy routine that has earned them a permanent Saturday night spot at the local pub.

(9) SANDRA BACKBEAN .. When Sandra puts on a long skirt, she looks like any other one-legged Surbiton girl. This ability to hide her deformity has allowed Sandra to move freely in the highest strata of Surbiton society. Sandra is unmarried. She did however, by way of her own special abilities, give birth to

'FUZZY' BACKBEAN (pictured in the circle) ... The most unfathomable and mysterious of all the Backbeans. At 15 Fuzzy has become a religous adept with a whole cult of followers throughout Surbiton and all South London's hippie community. He has connections with the Divine Light Mission and next year he will travel to India and study under the great Baba Ram Dass. In a trance Fuzzy once claimed to be a reincarnation of Jesus Christ. Only time will tell if he is right.

JIMMY 'JIMJAM' BACKBEAN (under Sandra's left foot) ... That kid can really sell pencils," says Ezra. " He hangs out in front of the grammar school in the afternoon and yaks away with the kids ... then they buy all his pencils. They likd Jimjam and they really dig his pencils. Jimjam brought his mum a fur coat last year and bought himself a bicycle. Yeah, you wouldn't believe it to look at him, but that kid can really ride."



Deviant Slice Comics. Greg Irons.

Dr. Leary the Cosmic Whore

"He is responsible for destroying more lives than any other living human being..." District Attorney Hicks
Orange County, California

Timothy Leary is still in exile in Switzerland. In July Swiss authorities ordered him to leave, giving him until 31st October 1972 to comply. By leaving the country for a day, he can, however, re-enter for another three months. He can also stay if no other country will grant him asylum. Meanwhile, back in the States, his troubles have been escalating recently. In August, the acid guru and 28 members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, a descendant of Leary's League for Spiritual Discovery were indicted by an Orange County California Grand Jury for allegedly being involved in an international operation for the manufacture, smuggling and distribution of illegal drugs. District Attorney Hicks stated that one and a half million hits of acid and two and a half tons of hashish has been seized in California, Oregon and Hawaii as part of the crackdown on the Brotherhood. Leary's bail was set at the ridiculous figure of five million dollars. Justifying this, the DA said: "He is responsible for destroying more lives than any other living human being."

Leary moves about rapidly all over Switzerland, playing it cool, sheltered by friends and money. The interview which follows first appeared in the Los Angeles Free Press. Kenneth Kahn *(together with his assistant Sherri) who was the one who tracked him down, takes up the story: 'I knocked on the basement door, as I had been instructed and was greeted by Tim himself. The first thing he said was that he was living 'underground'. Before I could ask him about the girl down the road he informed us that he wanted to go to a restaurant in the village for dinner, and that I was to drive. He introduced his companion, Brian Barritt, a young Englishman, who was seated on a mattress on the floor sorting pages of a manuscript. Three other mattresses on the floor comprised all the rest of the furniture, except for Tim's desk with his tiny typewriter and telephone.*

At the restaurant, Tim ordered for everyone. He had been eating there for some time. The first thing he asked us was about the scene in LA. We talked of that for a while. After that, he spent most of dinner sharing bon mots with Brian, mostly about people and events of which we were totally ignorant.

During dinner, Tim sent Brian out for a stamp, milk, three packs of cigarettes and several giant bars of chocolate. Both the bars and the cigarettes were gone by the time we saw him on the next day. In fact, almost the whole time we were with him, a cigarette burned as he held it in a trembling hand.

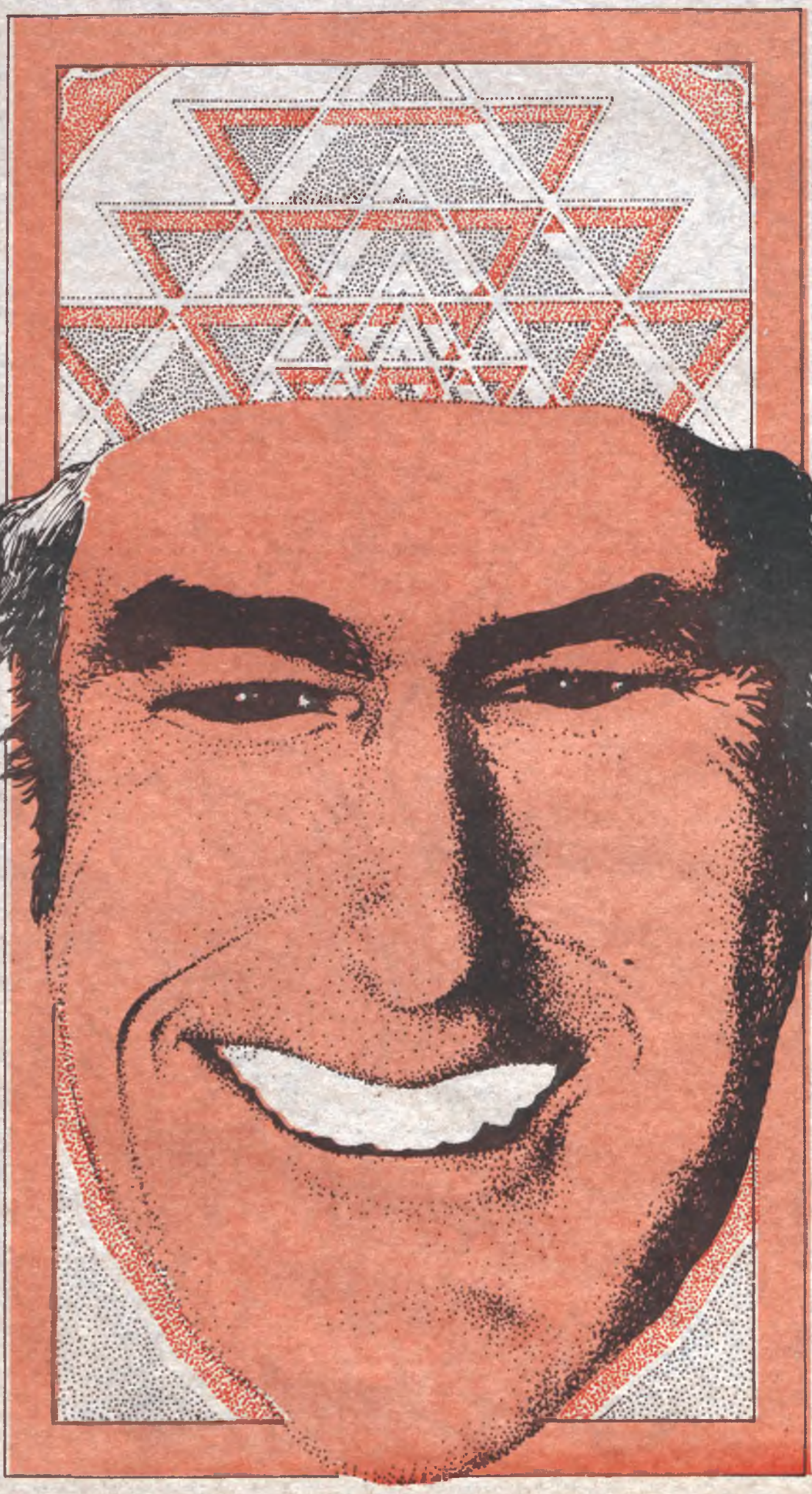
After dinner, we returned to the basement to talk. As it turned out, he actually had the whole two-storey house to live in. Between making several phone calls, he asked us just what it was that we wanted. I outlined some questions in a number of areas, including drugs, jail, politics, and philosophy. He laughed and said: "If I gave you good answers to those questions, it would be worth $100,000."

If you think that I was somewhat confused at this point, you're right. I presumed that he didn't want to give the interview (since I had left the $100,000 in the glove compartment). We got up to leave and he waved me to sit back down (he was on the phone at the time). After his phone conversation, he said that he would answer the questions, but not into the tape recorder I had brought for the occasion. So, scribbling furiously, we plunged ahead.

As I asked the questions below, he looked to Brian for the answers on many occasions. He stopped after a few questions and requested that this be printed as an interview with Brian as communicated through Tim. He explained that Brian was his "receiver" and that they were in perfect telepathic communication. I shrugged and agreed.

He asked us to return the following day for a preface statement explaining who Brian is. When we returned he told us that he had decided to dispense with the introduction and that he wished to go over all the questions again. This time he gave no oral answers, but typed all the answers himself.

Q: Can everyone profit from using LSD?



Paul Welch

A: Si.
Q: Do you still advocate that people use LSD?
A: Oui.
Q: Under what conditions?
A: The conditions we have right here and now.
Q: Do you continue to use it?
A: Bien sur.
Q: What physiological effect does acid have on the body?
A: LSD is fuel and food for the nervous system.
Q: Have you learned anything new about LSD in the last few years?
A: Yes; the potentiality of the nervous system for mutation and discovery seems to be infinite.
Q: Differentiate LSD from other psychedelics.
A: Please restate the question more precisely.
Q: Is acid different from the magic mushroom?
A: The sacred mushrooms and other neurological botanical gifts are pre-scientific gratuitous gifts. LSD and other synthetics have more alchemical and neurological meaning. The issue is not "either ... or" but "both and more."
Q: How do you define the term 'psychedelic'?
A: "Psychedelic" is an archaic, pre-neurological term vaguely referring to subjective states of splendour, intensity and novelty.
Q: Are feelings of love and peace attached to using acid?
A: Terms like "love' and "peace" are imprecise, political, moralistic, dualistic and dangerous in that they create their opposites. The nervous system sees no colour, feels no pain, claims no virtue, feels no shame.
Q: Why do you think acid was made illegal?
A: Genetic politics. Metamorphic jealousy. Caterpillars envy butterflies.
Q: Were you aware of this when you were advocating its use?
A: At all times.
Q: Did you know you were subjecting yourself to societal dangers?
A: We were aware of the terror that mutants create for vanishing species. Social dangers are irrelevant.
Q: Did the risks become more apparent as you got into it?
A: As we learned how to survive in alien space, the risks diminished.
Q: What changes did the discovery and use of LSD bring about in the U.S.?
A: That is a question that is better answered by the critics rather than the performers.
Q: If you had it to do over again, would you still spread the word?
A: Probably not.
Q: Why?
A: Public actions distract from the private. There is less time for sensual, neurological and genetic fucking.
Q: Is your philosophy still "turn on, tune in, and drop out"?
A: That and more. "Turn on, tune in, and drop out" is not a bad place from which to start.
Q: Do you still have contact with the original students you turned on at Harvard?
A: Not physically. However, such powerful imprints are indelibly engraved on the nervous system. First awaken-

ings are the most powerful and are rarely forgotten or displaced.

Q: Do they still use LSD?

A: Rarely; in the alchemy of evolution, many elements are dissolved but only a few are magically transformed and transmuted into states of continued higher energy. The human question is this. How much ecstasy, change, revelation can one tolerate before one turns off and invents a philosophy to justify the turn-off.

Q: What do you think of the California Marijuana Initiative?

A: It should loosen things up a bit. We hope it passes.

Q: Do you think this will pave the way for the legalization of LSD?

A: Acid has to do with the generation control and manipulation of neurological energy, invisible and internal. The politics of time. External politics are irrelevant to LSD. The liberated nervous system is beyond parochial concepts of law and order.

Q: How do you account for people having bad trips?

A: Bad company, internal or external.

Q: LSD was discovered in Switzerland. Is it legal now?

A: LSD is illegal in every space.

Q: When was it made illegal in Switzerland?

A: Data unavailable.

Q: Do you know the penalty for possession here in Switzerland?

A: The punishment is usually a little fine.

Q: Is LSD a personal experience or can it be done in a group?

A: Both. Is it possible to be alone?

Q: Have you ever taken LSD with no one else being physically present?

A: Yes, often.

Q: What do you feel is a normal dose?

A: We are more concerned with the abnormal.

Q: Can you take too much acid?

A: Apparently not.

Q: A writer in The Psychedelic Review *once classified acid trips into five different categories. What do you think of this?*

A: Everyone seems to have a favourite number. I guess five was his. That's our number, Brian? Our number is Nil. We sometimes personalize this quantity as Nil, the Time Pimp. Nil's constant companion is Liz, the Cosmic Whore, whose number is infinity.

Q: What effect did the societal repression of LSD have?

A: Societal repression provides the soil in which the seeds of magic, alchemy and spiritual mutation thrive.

Q: So there is no end to what one can learn from the LSD experience?

A: D'accord.

Q: Why did Alpert complain of despair from coming down from acid trips, as he did in Be Here Now*?*

A: He must have been on a complaining despair cycle at the time. When he sat with us here, high in front of our fire last month, he had no complaints, either acidulous or alkaloid.

Q: Is it important to continue to spread the word about LSD to the youth?

A: The word spreads by itself, in spite of what we do or say.

Q: Why does LSD seem to strike a peaceful chord in people who take it?

A: Do you mean strike the chord? Or strike the cord? Linguistic problems. The question cannot be answered.

(Note: As the answers were being typed by TL, I had no chance to clarify).

Q: Did you find any common reaction in the hundreds of people whom you originally gave acid to?

A: For better or worse, it seems to blow the conditioned mind.

Q: Did the Weathermen spring you from jail?

A: Yes. God bless them.

Q: Would you like to return to the U.S.?

A: Not particularly, but I would like to travel freely through every space as whim directs.

Q: Are there any political solutions to the problems of the U.S.?

A: The solutions cannot be political because the problems are neurological.

Q: Is the U.S. anti-fun?

A: In most other countries, hedonism is elitist. In Iran, for example, LSD is used by royalty and, like fancy fucking, is considered too good for the peasants. In America hedonism has been vulgarized for the middle class. The question is really too complex for a simple answer.

Q: Do you favour any candidate in the upcoming presidential elections?

A: Based on early accidental and involuntary imprints of childhood, I prefer the San Francisco Giants and the Democratic Party. This is a neurological confession and not an endorsement.

Q: Do you think LSD can cure mental illness?

A: Yes, to say the least.

Q: You once stated that if David Harris had five friends, they should free him from jail. Do you still think that political prisoners should be freed by their friends?

A: All prisoners within or without bars should be helped to escape. My statement about David Harris was stupid and pretentious. I ask his forgiveness.

Q: Do you think all drug prisoners are political prisoners?

A: Drug prisoners are not basically political; they are victims of time warps and genetic conflicts.

Q: Were you treated differently than other prisoners?

A: I believe that I was watched with more curiosity. But I have always tended to feel that way in any confined space, even in a Swiss village.

Q: Why were you put in a minimum security institution?

A: I hypnotized the authorities into believing that I was a docile person and not an escape risk. This is an occupational habit of mine.

Q: Did you have plans to escape when you entered prison?

A: I have done little except make plans for escape since I was twelve years old.

Q: Why did you go to Algeria?

A: I was hypnotized by Bernadine Dohrn for whom I would go anywhere. Actually we went to Algeria to meet Brian Barritt and perform certain magical actions demanded by the Aleister Crowley-Victor Neubourg re-incarnation script.

Q: Were those your respective prior names?

A: Apparently.

Q: Did you make this discovery under the influence of LSD?

A: The full moon pilgrimage to the desert in Bou Saada was fueled by all the alchemy we could conjure up. The precision of this re-incarnation dance was revealed to us a year later upon reading *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*.

Q: You made a lot of revolutionary statements from Algeria. Do you repudiate them now?

A: My so-called "militant" statements after escaping from the California prison were distorted, naturally, as by everyone with a political axe to grind. The statements "Shoot to live" and "Aim for life" etc., etc. are no more "violent" than the Swiss foreign policy—Armed Pacifism. Pack a piece of mind.

Q: How do you feel about Cleaver?

A: I wish him well, and Kathleen too. As in all marriages, she is the key.

Q: Did he force you to say things you didn't believe in?

A: Our joint video performances were high-wire tight-rope walking all the way. It was all censored. Solnyskin can't edit over Kosygin.

Q: What does Cleaver really hope to accomplish from Algeria?

A: We were never quite sure. To become Commander-in-Chief of the Afro-American Liberation Army, apparently.

Q: What is your legal position in Switzerland?

A: Before coming to Switzerland, I was a man without a country. Now am a country without a canton.

(Note: Switzerland is comprised of many cantons which all act independently of each other. TL explained. So long as he does not remain in any one canton for too long, it seems that they will not act together to ban him from Switzerland).

Q: What do you have to say about the Timothy Leary defense fund?

A: It's all a mystery to me.

Q: How badly does the U.S. want to get you back?

A: At this point, I don't know who really wants me back in the U.S.A.

Q: Do you feel that there's anyone out to get you?

A: The question is too mysterious to answer.

Q: What are you doing now?

A: Wandering in gardens of incredible goodies.

Q: Are you writing anything?

A: I am transmitting information received by Brian Barritt some of which will be published in a book entitled *Escapades. The Chronolog of a Hope Fiend.*

Q: Why are you granting this interview?

A: Because you conned me into it.

Q: Are you united with your family?

A: Yes. All-ways.

Q: Are you happy?

A: Yes.

Q: Are you engaged in a legal battle to remain in Switzerland?

A: Not really.

Q: Then you are living underground and keeping on the move because somebody would like you not to be here?

A: The Swiss are too civilised to want me languishing behind bars. They just want me to be quiet.

Q: How do you survive money-wise?

A: Gamble.

Q: What kind of gambling?

A: Gambling a lot of precious time for a little bit of space.

Q: Do you receive royalties from your books?

A: Rarely.

Q: What are your plans now?

A: More.

Q: Do you have any message to the people back in the U.S.?

A: Hello.

Q: Do you advocate sex for everyone all the time?

A: All-ways.

Q: Do you think sex brings you closer to being alive?

A: Closer to what than what?

Q: Is reincarnation a new revelation for you?

A: Almost everything is a new revelation.

Q: Do you feel that life and death is an unending series of reincarnations?

A: Why not?

Q: What is the clear light?

A: A brand of acid.

Q: Is time relevant to living?

A: It's about time to live.

Q: In the U.S., you are unquestionably a folk hero. Does that carry over to here?

A: I question your "unquestionably." Up here in the Alps it's a family scene. I personally know every "freak" in Switzerland. All forty-nine of them.

Most intelligent older Swiss are concerned with the civil rights aspect of "my case."

Q: Have any of these 'older Swiss" tried acid?

A: In Europe we have been contacted by several elitist, aristocratic, thoughtfully decadent drug-taking groups of older people who follow traditions which trace back through French poets, German mystics, elegant hashishines, silk-satin opium adepts. It's a deep, wise old continent and quite together at the moment. The only graces lacking here are Mexican grass and California girls.

Q: Do many American travellers seek you out?

A: Yes. That's why you find us underground.

Q: Are you always successful in avoiding being tracked down?

A: In spite of our security, *you* seem to have found us.

Q: Since you left the U.S. there has been a vacuum in the psychedelic leadership. What is the effect of this vacuum?

A: Good. It is logically and neurologically impossible to have "psychedelic leadership". Viva vacuum!

Q: People attribute that leadership to you.

A: People stick me with a lot of things. It does a little good; it does a little harm.

Q: How do you feel physically?

A: Perfect leaping health, if we overlisten a hashish cough.

Brotherhood Of Breath

The Art of Contemplating Your Navel

Ever thought of expanding your consciousness and your belly at the same time? Denise Winn *tells us how this can be done and reminds us that Japan is something more than Kamikaze pilots, cultured pearls, Mr Fuji, rioting students, fascist police, last of the Samurai mentalities, Hiroshima, Kurosawa, Tokyo Olympics, Toyota, Sony and Sanyo, Nasty Nip in the Air, advanced technology and oriental urban madness. Now take a deep breath and read on . . .*

Presumably you're breathing. But how? If, when you breathe in, you expand your chest and flatten your belly, you might do well to read on.

We, as a nation, have been brought up to breathe all wrong. "Chest out," we are told, "Belly in." It conforms nicely to our particular notion of form and beauty but it's totally unhealthy and goes against the law of nature. With willpower and strength, you might still be able to find your real self again by re-discovering the vital centre of man, the stable point of the body that rules everything.

The Japanese call it Hara—a point two inches below the navel; the belly. This is the physical centre of gravity in man. In the West, we have pushed up the chest and made that our false centre of gravity, with the result that intellect, will and emotion (the powers of the head, chest and heart) rule our actions. Our inflated egos take over completely. But the Japanese have an aura of calm, which isn't just a front, and it comes from their application of Hara.

You can see it in their everyday life. When a Japanese person of the traditional school is sitting, he doesn't round his back and compress his abdomen. He rests upright and composed, with his abdomen free. And when standing, he never assumes an air of nonchalence, weight on one leg, the other dangling, etc., nor is he stiff like a sergeant major, shoulders drawn up and chest stuck out. To us, he may in fact look ungainly —his shoulders and arms hanging loosely, but still upright and strong. You couldn't throw a Japanese off balance by going up behind him unexpectedly and pushing, because he never *is* off balance. His centre of gravity is down in his belly instead of his chest, and it gives him easy control over his whole body.

In Aikido, one of the Japanese martial arts, one of the first things to be taught is to put the attention onto the belly. Then, even if you are standing with the rest of your body quite relaxed, it will be hard (impossible, if you've mastered it) to be thrown off balance. If some one tries to pick you up bodily and you resist, you will probably tense all of your muscles and concentrate on your head—the topmost part of your body which you wish to hold down. But if instead you relaxed your muscles and concentrated on your belly, you would find that you were far heavier to lift. You are then going in accord with your centre of gravity. The man who has Hara does not need physical strength as we know it, and he can exert strength in a completely different way. That is why Aikido, based on the mastery of Hara, is called the art of non-resistance.

The aim of Hara is to establish a unity with Being instead of letting the 'I' be predominant. It isn't easy and it takes long and conscious effort even to approach it. But, if achieved, it is the healthiest state to be at. Emotional and psychological hang-ups just do not have a chance to take over the body—ignore the body and neuroses increase non-stop.

We, meanwhile, are still motivated by our little egos in everything we do. Fear of failure, anxiety, desire to succeed all create conditioned actions and all our actions ask for affirmation and security. This 'I' hang-up means we

Continued on Page 41

William Rankin

Illustration by Heller

A Short Story by Morris Lurie

What Is My Secret Identity ?

There is someone in the phonebooth taking off his clothes. I don't know how he does it in the confined space. I wait around in the corridor for him to have done (I want to call my plumber), smoking cigarettes and drawing profiles of Dick Tracy on the wall. I do them very well. I can't seem to get out of the habit. I don't know where I picked it up. I have quite a sizeable area covered before the booth bursts open and a streak of red and blue shoots out. It is Harris from Accounting but he looks fine. He runs nicely down the corridor and disappears into the men's room. If I had X-Ray vision I could tell you what he is doing in there, but I haven't, so I can't. I step into the phonebooth. My wrist radio is playing soft jazz.

Harris's clothes are all over the floor.and I try not to stand on them as I dial. He takes a size 16 shirt, I observe. His tie is draped nonchalantly over the receiver. His shoes are neatly placed side by side just inside the door. There is a window in the phonebooth which looks out onto the street. While I wait for my plumber to answer, I see three men dressed like Batman, Captain Marvel and the Green Lantern walking towards the bank. The man who is Batman has his hood pushed back. He has curly red hair and is smoking a cigar. It must be hot in a hood, I think. The Green Lantern has a large stomach like a melon, and his pants have creases in them around the knees. He doesn't seem to know what to do with his hands. He has no pockets, of course. Finally he clasps them behind his head, and he walks into the bank, just like that. The man who is Captain Marvel is carrying a pigskin attache case. That is, it looks like pigskin from here. It could be a synthetic.

Just as my plumber answers the phone, there is a tap on the phonebooth door. It is Harris, wearing a bathrobe. ' May I?" he says, and I open the door and he takes his clothes out. There is a hard look in his eye. He gathers up his clothes quickly, grunting as he bends down for his shoes. His cape flashes red but he doesn't say a word. "Yeah?" says my plumber. "C'mon, I haven't got all day!" "It's about the hot water," I tell him. I notice that I have written HOT WATER!!! on the cover of the phonebook, with a speech balloon around it. The words are coming out of Dick Tracy's mouth.

"So?' says my plumber. "It starts hot and then goes cold and then comes hot again, like that, over and over," I tell my plumber. "Not only that, but there's a strange taste of brine." ' Holy Moley!" says my plumber. "You be home tonight? Round six?' I look at my wrist radio. Then I remember and take out the pocket watch my father gave me from the left hand side pocket of my vest. It is round and smooth and warm in my hand. "Yes," I tell him. For some reason there are tears in my eyes. ' I'll be there before you can say Shazam," he says, and hangs up.

As I am stepping out of the phonebooth, Lucille Meadows from Research comes past, carrying an armful of folders. "I know your secret identity," she whispers. Her eyes twinkle behind her tortoiseshell frames. My mind spins and races and tries to remember a Christmas party and a dark corner behind the filing cabinets, but the picture is not clear. I walk on. When I am halfway down the corridor I turn back and look. She is still there, gazing in my direction, her head dreamily to one side. "What did she mean?' thunders through my head. Lucille Meadows sighs, and then blushes, and then walks quickly away. Her heels tap like machine guns on the cold corridor floor. I continue on to my office.

I am about to push open the door of my office when some sixth sense warns me it's a trap. I get out my ballpoint pen and hold it like a dagger and then count three and kick the door open with my foot and step back, breathing hard. The office appears empty. I edge in sideways, ready for anything. "Great Scott!" says a voice and I spring to face the speaker.

Rawlins, my assistant, is sitting at his desk with his feet up, reading a newspaper. "You took my by surprise," he says. I grope my way to my desk and sit down. When I am sure that Rawlins is not looking, I take out my handkerchief and mop my brow. I light a cigarette. "What's news?" I ask Rawlins. ' Here. I've finished," he says, and throws the newspaper over to me.

The Russian Premier is issuing a five-speech-balloon warning. The war news is full of BLAM! and WHUPP! and KACHOW!!! I skim down the page to where it says To Be Continued and put the newspaper down, wearily. I gaze out of my window. A Bat Signal is feebly trying to make itself seen in bright daylight. I feel old and tired and take out my father's pocket watch and run my fingers over its smooth surface. His long-ago face seems to swim before my eyes. He looked like Sigmund Freud . . .

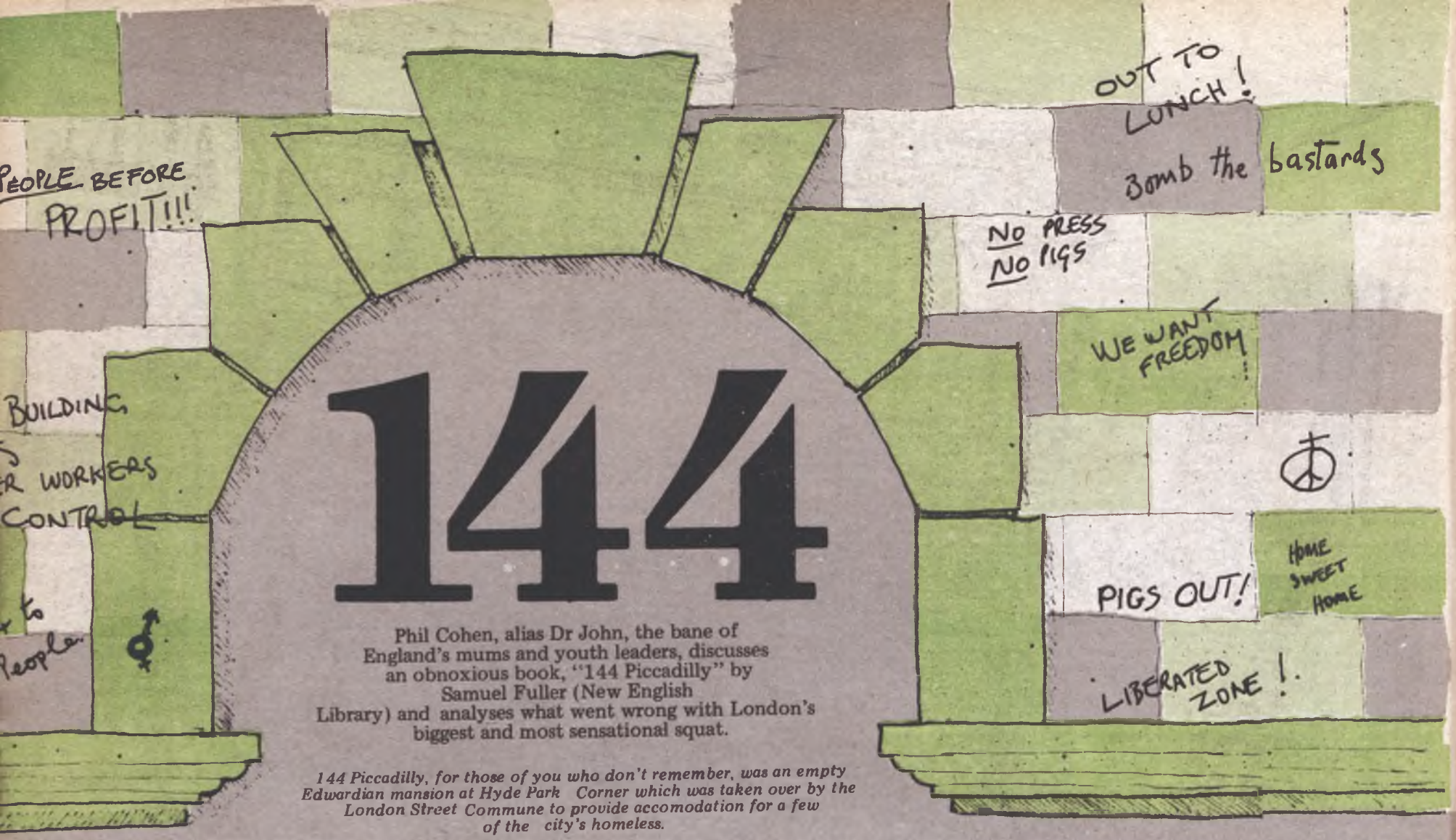
Then I see that it is almost one o'clock. "Great Scott!" I think. The meeting with Sinclair is at one! I gather up the necessary papers, straighten my tie, and go out along the corridor to Sinclair's office. The afternoon is as still as a day in the country. Somewhere far off a police siren wails.

I knock on Sinclair's door and hear a voice say, "Come in." I go in. Sinclair is sitting at his desk, writing quickly on a large sheet of paper. He circles the words with speech balloons, effortlessly and efficiently. He has great style. ' Won't be a minute,' he says. "Sit down."

I sit down and once more admire Sinclair's office. He has taste. Mona Lisa wallpaper. A Campbell's Soup paperweight. A Batmobile desk lighter. An original Steve Canyon framed on the wall. An antique grandfather clock.

"Right," he says. "Let's go. The others are waiting." he steps into the grandfather clock. I follow him.

Illustration by George Snow



144

Phil Cohen, alias Dr John, the bane of England's mums and youth leaders, discusses an obnoxious book, "144 Piccadilly" by Samuel Fuller (New English Library) and analyses what went wrong with London's biggest and most sensational squat.

144 Piccadilly, for those of you who don't remember, was an empty Edwardian mansion at Hyde Park Corner which was taken over by the London Street Commune to provide accomodation for a few of the city's homeless.

Illustration by Richard Gallagher.

This is the book of the film Sam Fuller never made. He qualifies it as a "fictional re-creation of a factual incident with fictive characters'. Presumably that's so he won't get done for libel, because the whole intent of the book is to present itself to the reader as 'documentary reportage'. It is written from the view point of a first person author/ narrator, candid camera style. But judging from the content the nearest Uncle Sam got to 144 was few drinks with Hells angels, and the clippings file of the worlds gutter press. This device does however give him the chance to give full vent to his political prejudices; a right wing populist view of the world, with a strong dose of sexism and racism to back it up. The tone is alternately moralistic and cynical; one minute our hero is giving a 16 year old girl 'fatherly' advice about going back home to mummy and daddy, the next he is writing like this:

(They were naked. She was giving him an oil rub.) "Her splendid body was firm and burst with health. She had no stomach(?!) her thighs were trim and her breasts thrust out. I thought they must be on grass the way they were mumbling, but I remembered pot was verboten (!!). I thought of quietly closing the door, but I did no such thing."

One more quote should give you the flavour of the thing:

"Suddenly a girl screamed. Two long haired bearded youths had ripped off her clothes. When I trailed Robert through the squatters toward the scream we came upon them urinating on the panic stricken girl. The two maniacs were dragged off. Their false beards fell. Their long haired wigs fell. They were beautiful youths. "SKINHEADS" shouted Peter."

etc etc etc

As you can see, the book is amazingly funny, just because it is so incredibly dishonest. The human angle plot revolves around three main characters. Roger the Goody, who is a pacifist saint who wanders around loving everyone, misquoting from law books, and telling people not to smoke, fuck, or draw on the walls. And then there's Lover Boy, his rival for the affections of Molly, whose main aim in life seems to be whipping people with a lavatory chain he carries around. Their dialogue with some of the weirdest sub cultural jargon I've ever seen, a cross between Nadsat and Newsweek, but its no doubt intended to give the whole thing that unmistakeable ring of authenticity.

For all that, this silly little book does raise an important issue, and one that has not yet been properly confronted. To what extent were events riots, or 144 genuine political actions, or simply part of the whole mass media spectacle. There's clearly a difference between the two events. The Chicago conspirators were highly media conscious to begin with and chose a situation which was anyway saturated by world press and t.v. coverage. Their aim was to provoke a spectacular confrontation and to use the media to get across their message. The London Street Commune originated in 1968 with a small group of beats who were trying to organise the west end scene to fight fuzz and social worker harrassment. We specifically rejected the middle class underground as media freaks, and 144 was chosen as a squat for purely practical reasons — we needed a large building, near to the Dilly, which could relieve the pressure on the other squats, and accomodate the large summer influx into the west end. It may seem crazy in retrospect, but we never expected or wanted the world media coverage we eventually got. We were not equipped to deal with it, and this is what finally fucked us.

At times during the 144 week it was difficult to tell who was writing the script — us or them. Early every morning kids would rush out to buy the first editions to find out what they were supposed to be doing or saying that day. 16 year old kids fresh out of approved school, been told all their lives they're useless, lazy stupid or just plain bad, suddenly catapaulted into a situation where the world is (apparently) hanging on their every word, and action. What are their opinions on the war in Vietnam, the future of the family, the crisis of consumer capitalism . . . How does it feel to be part of the 'biggest youth movement since the boy scouts" (this from a BBC reporter!) "Have you personally been influenced by Marcuse, Reich or Mickey Mouse."

In the end of course they gave up. The reporters retreated to the nearest pub and simply indulged private phantasies, over a couple of scotches. And anyway it was cheaper and quicker than sending in people disguised as "hippies" who promptly got sussed, relieved of their bread, and thrown out, none the wiser.

But the point at issue is how far the myths of deviance generated by the mass media become reflected in, reinforced by the myths generated by subcultural ideologies. Sometimes it seems as if the stereotypes remain the same, but only the signs attached to them, positive or negative, change. This was summed up in one chant that came out of the street commune:

yes we are anti social, mal-adjusted, unsure, immature
won't work, always shirking our responsibilities
we don't give a fuck for your labels and your lies
we're not selling any alibis
we are the writing on your walls

The other side of this is that as a result of the public hysteria created by the media, a lot of kids, for the first time in their lives were forced to realise that the way they lived, or wanted to live, posed fundamental questions about the way the whole of capitalist society is organised In confrontations with "straights" outside, and the press they had to begin to make explicit a lot of the taken for granted assumptions about the scene, dropping out etc. They assumed their own question, but it was a question to which no-one could give an answer in the exisiting society, neither us nor them. And we all know that people who persist in asking unanswerable questions must be suppressed if the whole dissociated structure of the consumer spectacle is to survive.

The paranoid atmospherics of 144 were largely due to the interplay of these two factors and our failure, under seige conditions, to operate an effective *internal* communications system. There was no attempt, for example, to use the mass meetings as a real "teach in" situation. Instead the only medium of information was rumour, which as the week wore on, assumed an increasingly regular manic/ depressive pattern. To give an example One day I went out for half an hour to do some shopping. On the way back I heard over

(continued on P.41)

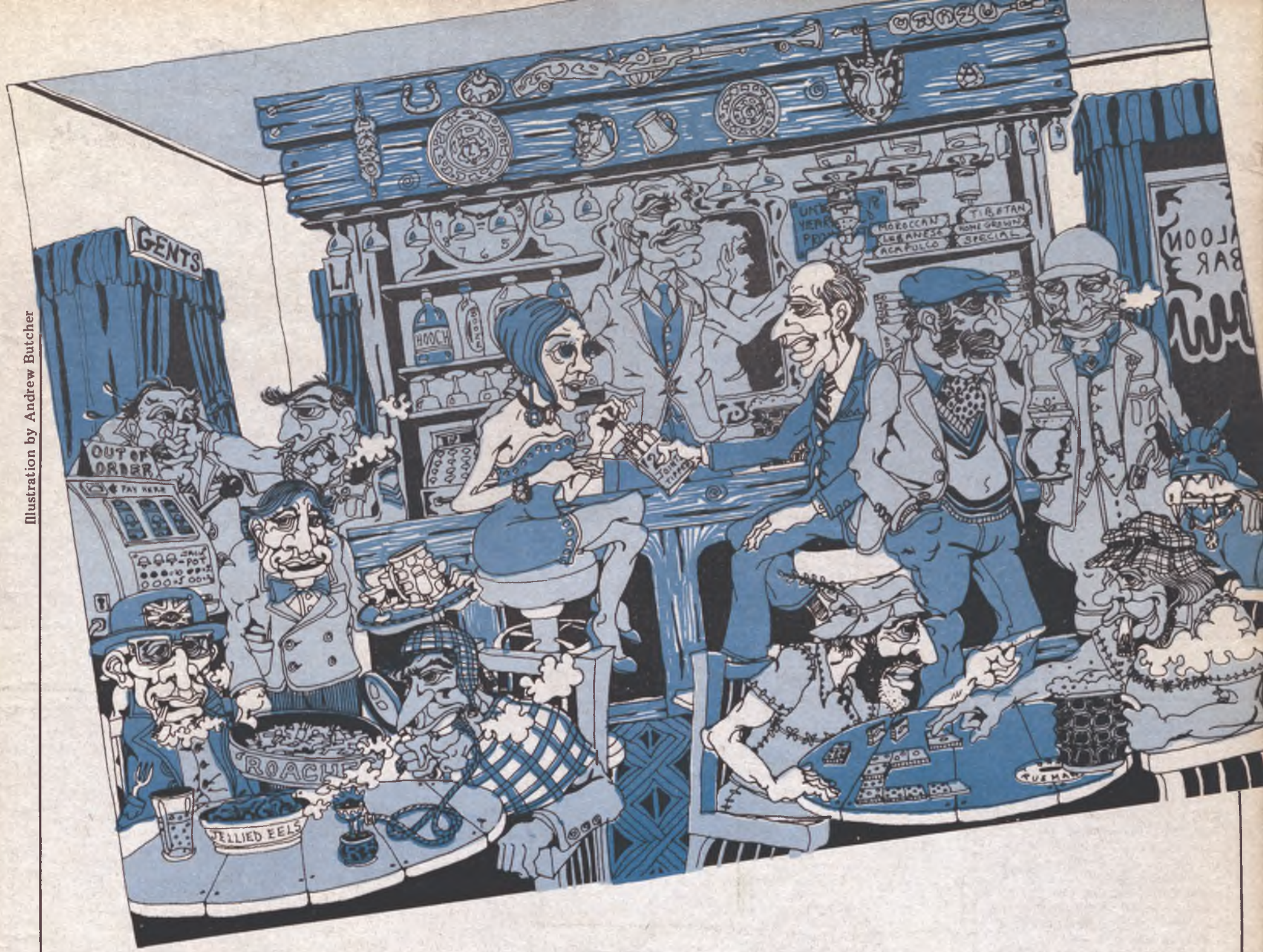


Illustration by Andrew Butcher

Watney's Hash
It's A Smash, Smash, Smash!

Jock Young takes a sober look at the dope smokers revolutionary pipe dream and concludes that we might as well stock up with Babycham

"Think of it! Was it all to end in a counting house on top of a cinder heap with Podsnap's drawing room in the offing, and a Whig committee dealing out champagne to the rich and margarine to the poor in such convenient portions as would make all men content together, though the pleasure of the eyes was gone from the world, and the place of Homer was to be taken by (Thomas) Huxley?"
William Morris 1894.

One can be sure that in 1930 coffee houses earnest radicals sat discussing how sex before marriage was frowned upon because its practice was inimicable to capitalism. It wasn't, of course, for the system is, if anything, adept at incorporating the deviant activities of its members. Does anyone, for example, seriously believe that two men living together strikes a blow at capitalism (however camp their styling)? As long as they work, buy goods, and are responsibly discreet about their sexuality, they form as useful an economic unit as any other.

The same is true of drugs and with considerably more precedent. After all imagine how well the system would work if all the legal drugs were whisked away. What with uppers to get you to work in the morning, tranquilisers to help you forget the tedium, fags to give yourself regular rewards, booze to relax in the evening and barbs to get you to sleep at night, all sold at a fat profit, the tie up between drugs and the system is already too neat to be ture.

The next drug to be normalized will be marihuana. Go to Amsterdam and have a look around and you will see what I mean. Normalization is a major form of social control. It involves the swallowing up of deviant forms and practices, an incorporation of them in a fashion that is supportative of the status quo and a rejection of anything that originally posed as a challenge to the system. In its most advanced form it buys up deviant lifestyles and systematically sells it as a commodity to the wider population. My feeling is that that final heady day when legalization is achieved and Release packs up its offices will not be such a grand victory as we all imagine.

Social control is often glamourized by those who, sitting under their Che Guevera posters, dream of endless police batons and paddy wagons. The reality is more mundane yet considerably more effective. For the soft machine rewards by pats on the back and regular salary cheques and punishes through a gentle disinterest and a considered impoverishment. People or cultures rarely sell out in the simple dramatic sense of the word, rather they are sucked dry slowly and insiduously their soft unobjectionable parts being digested, their more reprehensible pips being spat out and soon forgotten. The violence of control is similarly undramatic, but it is all the more systematic and contemptible because of this; it is measured by the length and breadth of office blocks.

It is pleasure that makes the world go round; the pleasure that is doled out as reward for sacrifices of labour, the pleasure that is pre-packaged and sold in a stream of endless commodities. It is simple fact that our whole world stands or falls on the premise that such a distribution of reward is just and the pleasurable commodity is indeed seen as pleasurable. Illicit drugs, or more accurately the cultures that imbibe them, threaten such a reality of sacrifice and reward. For they offer short cuts to pleasure, and more importantly, the culture of drugtakers often exist as a group of pleasure seekers who manifestly do not deserve pleasure in terms of the moral calculus of the straight world. For a while marihuana and the subculture around it posed a threat, not so much in its power (which Widgery pointed out was akin to trying to subvert the system by pushing bent coins into gas meters), *nor*, certainly not, in its theories (which were left to the Learys and the Roszaks of this world) — bad psychologists who never managed to get over their backgrounds) but in its potentiality.

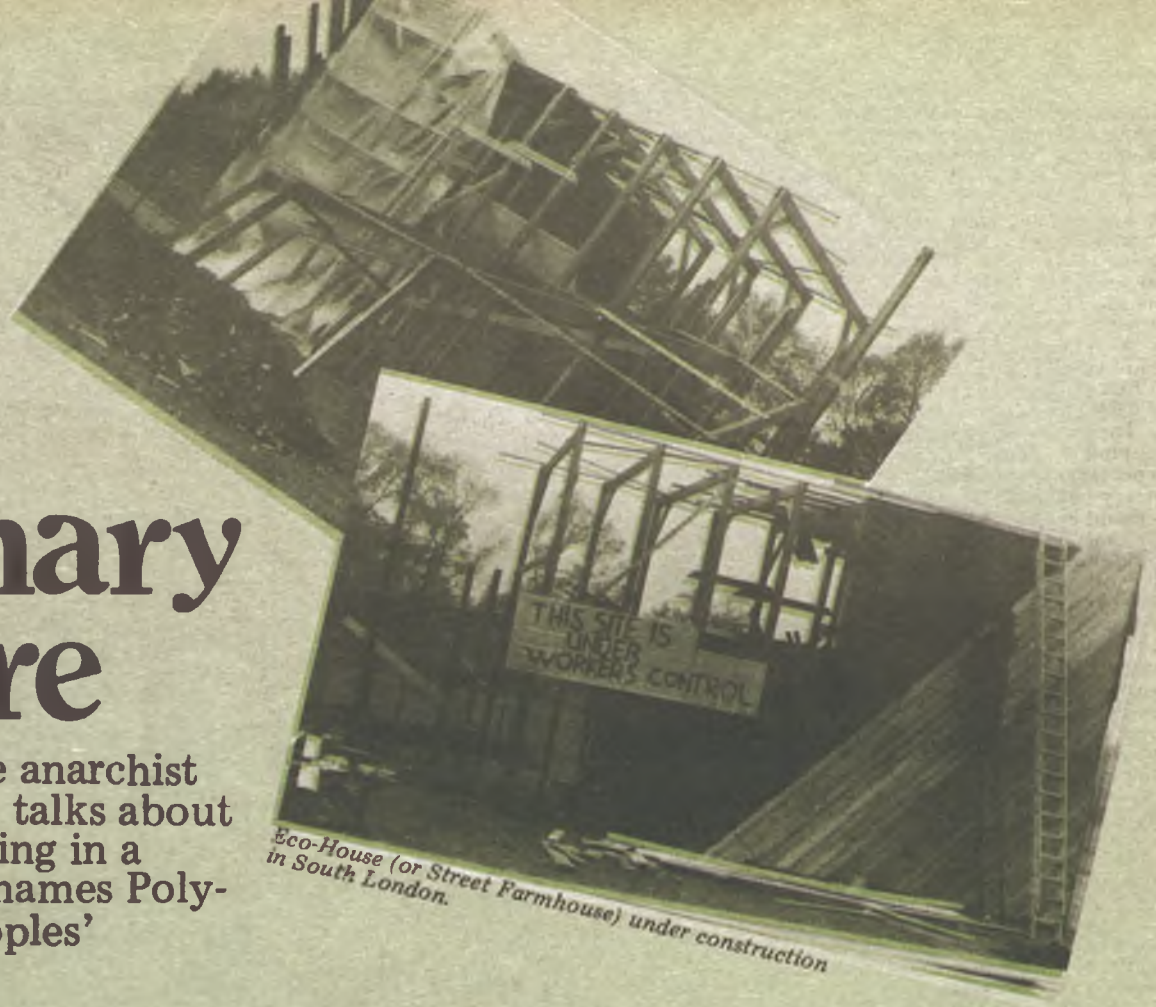
The culture was like an antenae pointed to the future which sensed clearly that scarcity was a socially unnecessary condition, that if the productivity hernia that spilled out into arms, advertising, distribution and unnecessary commodities was trussed up, the utopia could be possible *now*, with the present technology. But they had no idea of how to get there and worst of all many of them believed that all that was necessary was to wait around in Nepal of Wales until the system collapsed and the meek would crawl out of their geodisic tents, muttering the currently favoured mantra, blissed out on real food, clutching a Whole Earth catalogue and ready to inherit the earth. But all this is past history: the system, far from tottering, bought up every relic of the culture that was worth selling: rock music, psychedelic posters, long hair, clothes — the lot.

Normalization is a psychedelic carrier bag packed with Bibas clothes carried by a typist who likes the Stones and thinks that hippies are dirty. It is the well-groomed long hair of the affluent working class conservative, it is the turning of a counter culture into a commodity. Slowly, under the growing pressure of liberal opinion, and with the shining example of Amsterdam to beguile us, the last symbol of bohemia will fall under the axe of the Watney's red revolution. Marihuana will be legalized — or at least tolerated, if International Conventions become too much of a hassle to contend with. Drugs contain within them no essence, their effects are a reflection of the culture which imbibes them. Just compare the effects of drinking the drug alcohol in the hands of a rugby club booze up, a Women's Institute sherry party, and a well-lubricated business lunch, if you don't understand what I mean. The endpoint will be the commodity marihuana, in packets of machine rolled joints (Prince Charles' perhaps). suitably diluted to be little more than a tranquilizer, smoked by trendy executives in a psychedelic pot house decorated by the people who interiorly design the Golden Egg. Tax returns will roll in, somebody in Imperial Tobacco will be given an O.B.E. for rationalizing 'pushing', and people in Camberley will mutter: 'I wonder what we ever had against it.' The effects, I predict will be mildly giggly, a bit like watered down champagne. It'll be advertised as a good way of taking your mind off work and enjoying the good things of life.

I can hear that coterie of executives and clerks out of the office laughing now — they will be quite right: they've got a lot to laugh about.

A Revolutionary Structure

Grahame Caine, a member of the anarchist architect group 'Street Farmer', talks about his Eco-House, which he is building in a corner of the playing fields of Thames Polytechnic, as living proof that "peoples' technology" can work.



Eco-House (or Street Farmhouse) under construction in South London.

After everything that has been learned, in the light of recent events and in the face of determined pessimism, as youth international takes to alternative exploitation at home and on the road, while leaders are still being followed, as our everyday paranoia is realised and reinforced by straight and hip media, the theme of this article (in the context of world revolution) is modest. It concerns a form of co-operative liberation, the process of which is at least as important a product as the unperceivable end.

The revolution has to be fought not only in the official demonstration square and at work but in the very fabric in which we live. Bourgeois property like bourgeois language in no way accomodates the rising revolution.

This chunk of technology I've called 'The Ecological House". It is, in fact, far more than a house, it's an energy system within itself.

By recycling all its organic matter and collecting rainwater and sunshine, it produces food, heating and gas for cooking . . . . . FREE.

The project has often been described as revolutionary, usually with reference to the concepts of its techniques, but I believe it to be revolutionary more in its implications within the existing social situation . . . I mean, the world has been going round and round for millenias on the techniques involved, its the political situation that is fucking them up that needs revolution.

By its actual construction it should demonstrate the feasibility of low cost shelter design and help blow the bullshit that low cost housing is a problem of techniques and not political control. The cost of this particular version ought to be approx. £700 and it's hoped to take about two months from start to finish the majority of the structure. There's myself working full time and "odd" people coming along every now and again to average about two of us a day. As someone who knows my carpentry skill, or lack of, said, "If *you* can build it, anyone can.' Question to reader: "Can you build it?" A: "Yes." "May you build it?" A: "No."

THE LAND RIGHTLY BELONGS TO THE COMMUNITIES OF THE BIOSPHERE. NOT INDIVIDUALS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

In England, one of the most densely populated countries in the world, there is still approx. 1 acre of land per person . . . but we are forbidden from it.

While large government agencies utilise huge stretches for such things as shooting ranges.

While massive food corporations chemically farm our pastures for profit.

While private mass property owners control and often deliberately mismanage estates for tax reasons.

While industrialists hack up and squander our resources on their worthless products, architects and planners gayly support this crime of land theft and happily produce their pretty little boxes to herd the masses into. Their creation of urban prisons as equally repressive to the minds as their cells are to the body.

Of course people need houses . . . but not these! The aesthetic tarting up of these prisons to create "visual flow", "exciting facades", "special quality" and all the other hacknied cliches that are used to justify their products, can not over-ride the alienation of this process of attitude to people-control that is the product of the State. In fact all "nice arcitecture" does, is help produce happy slaves and: HAPPY SLAVES ARE THE WORST ENEMIES OF FREEDOM.

Within the "Ecological House" which I believe is a REAL ALTERNATIVE to official architecture the individual is not only involved in its production, he is directly involved within the biological cycles that constitute so much of its life support systems.

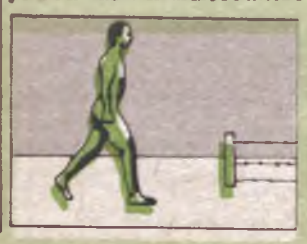
ONE RELATES TO ONE'S OWN SHIT.

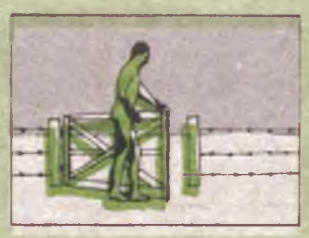
Instead of flushing it away with two gallons of reasonably pure water to — one knows not where (but probably to damage some aquatic ecosystem) one holds onto it, feeding it back into the ' house", permitting it to decompose naturally and return to reconstitute food and energy.

The individual's involvement in these small systems gives him the opportunity to optimise on the potentials of the immediate environment.

Illustration by Bruce Haggart

In the process of the liberation of all things, allies are to be found in all who are oppressed-a conclusion that should act like the first rush of the first joint, but sustain a fervour that is unaccountable.





Not by exploiting nature but by establishing a symbiotic harmony (mutual balance for mutual benefit).

A lot of the Do-It-Yourself movement, I believe, is the desire of people to witness their effectivity within their immediate surroundings; as a response to the alienation that is experienced in the majority of work situations of the specialised, industrialised society in which we are immersed.

As ALIENATION is directly a result of SPECIALISATION so is SPECIALISATION directly a result of CENTRALISATION.

The present population increase coupled with *induced* individual expectations is creating a greater energy demand. The response to this demand is most easily organised by the centralisation of control of 'capital energy' (ie. fossil fuels, electicity, oil, etc.) and their distribution networks. Such centralised network systems demand high degrees of organisation, the aesthetic of the "expert administrator" is less directed towards efficiency in terms of resources but more in terms of control. As these mass centralised networks increasingly control individuals, so the individual's effectivity within the system becomes increasingly unappreciable.

However, by orientating the provision of energy demands towards the capture of income energy ie. the sun, wind, rain (the solar infra-structure) ones resources essentially become dispersed and personal, permitting the individual the freedom to control his own life support system.

Not only does the "Ecological House" depend on a dispersed energy supply system, the environment created, that of a direct involvement with natural cycles, should project a different life style and thus expectations for the inhabitants . . . a more peaceful existence . . . a sort of pottering about to the sounds of Zappa and Lennon.

This basic change from the desire for a high standard of living to a desire for a better quality of life is the basis of true revolution.

"THE PROCESS OF KNOWING WHAT WE WANT IS ALSO THE PROCESS OF KNOWING WHAT WE DON'T WANT' .

"The most beautiful aspects of life are seen as the backdrop to the great commercial, and are contaminated in the process. In order to market their useless toys manufacturers must fabricate apparent uses. Terms like 'efficiency', 'labour saving', revolutionary', are used to describe their products, when the only real efficiency is in the efficient rape of life. When apparent 'labour saving' is the product of useless labour involved in the process of making and marketing the product, when 'revolutionary' means new colour for old pictures or stylistic re-vamping of old ways. Supposedly everything that is produced is for the enrichment of life, the increase of choice and the manifestation of the desire of people, but in reality what is produced debases life, reducing men to a convenient station on the great assembly line, to the chew the bait and spit it out while still swallowing the hook. When the choice is the choice between a range of identical and equal uselessness. When the real desire of the manufacturers is to make more from less.

Even just the physical "goodies" of the "Ecological House" should make it desirable to a lot of people within the present value system . . . the thought of FREE gas, heating and food with no sewerage, and water rates is appealing to say the least, so it would not only be dug by "eco freaks" who are already into it, but perhaps by a lot of straight people.

But what chance have general people to actually do it if they wanted to? The authorities can permit and quite enjoy projecting a liberal attitude to a freak student playing their game, ie. planning permission, building regulations, land lease etc. to pursue a clever project but would they permit anyone to do it who wanted to? Lesson learnt from project so far . . . if you want to do it . . . do it. Playing their game took me 18 months just to be permitted . . . As squatters house-grab so its becoming relevant to land-grab.

"The "environmental crisis" is a crisis of society not a crisis of technology and if one agrees with the theme that the technology of a civilisation is a reflection of its social structure it is not surprising that our civilisation has produced a life killing technology.

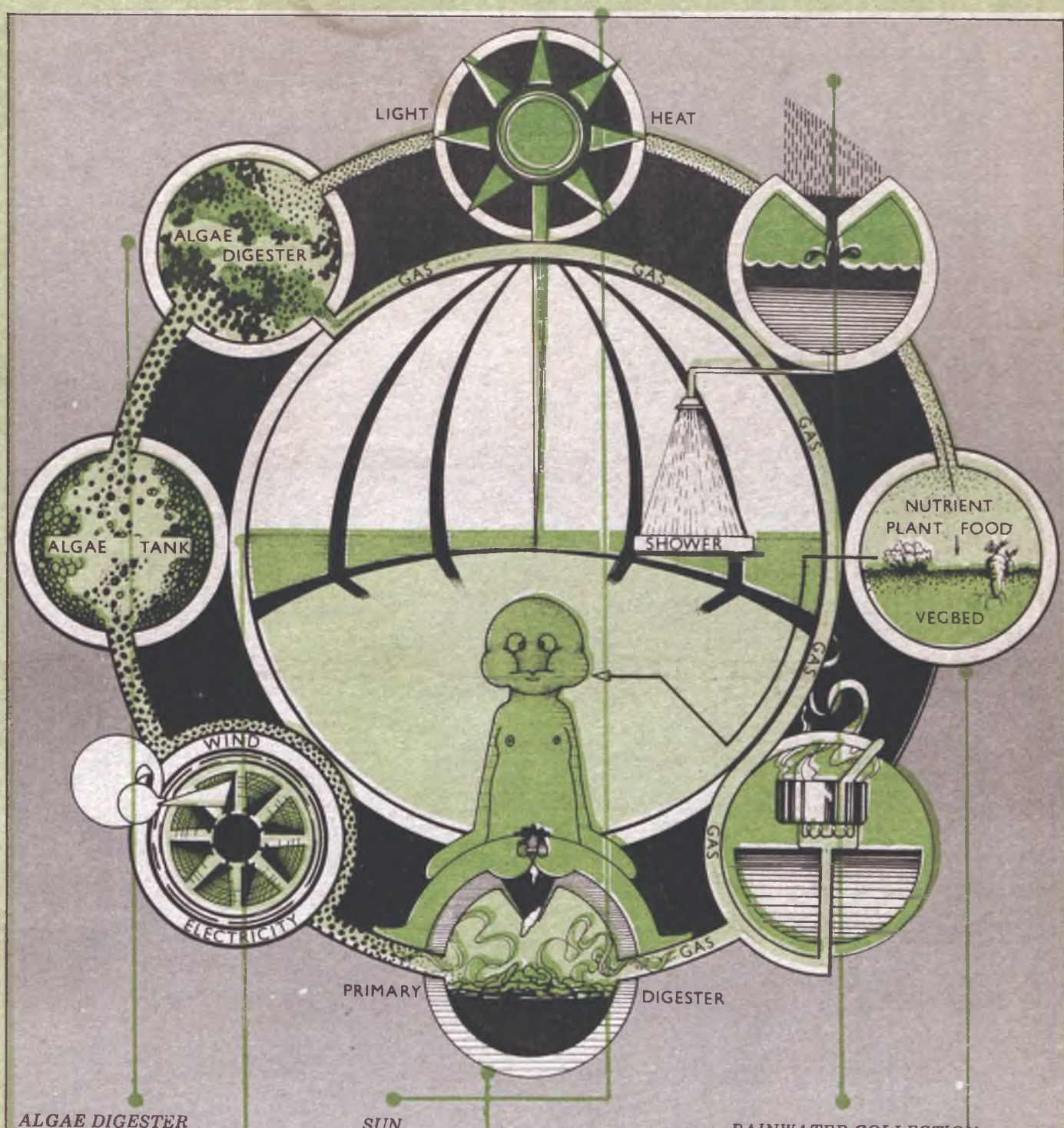


Diagram by Mike Moore from an original by Grahame Caine.

ALGAE DIGESTER
In this digester the algae break down to produce gas for cooking and an ORGANIC nutrient solution that is fed to the vegetable beds.

This digester, like the Primary Digester is connected to a solar flat plate energy absorber which is a simple panel vadiator exposed to the sun. Some experiments I've done with these sort of heaters show remarkable results with water being heated 80°F in January and up to 160°F since April. This was with 18 square feet of radiator panel connected to 30 gals of water. For more details see Architectural Design, July issue.

SUN
Solar heat is trapped by blackened central heating radiators down the south side of the house. Tests on a sunny day in January demonstrated that the system could heat a 30-gallon tank of water to 77 degrees Farenheit. In April it managed 140 degrees — enough for a hot bath.

RAINWATER COLLECTION
Average rainwater over the year is surprisingly average, varying between 1½" to 2½" per month. This means that an area of approx. 600 sq. ft. a daily collection of 20 gals. is not over optimistic. Because of our polluted atmosphere this water has to be filtered before used for washing and needs extra filtration before using for drinking.

PRIMARY DIGESTER
This is an airtight tank which receives all the liquid and organic "waste" from the household.
It produces a gas suitable for burning and coupled with the gas from the algae digester; cooking requirements should be met. For details of small digesters see "MOTHER EARTH NEWS' No.3

SOILESS VEGETABLE BEDS
This simply a way of demonstrating the feasibility of growing food where good soil does not exist. Although where soil is suitable, it could be argued that it should be used, by demonstrating that its presence is not a constraint to self sufficiency it can possibly exhibit an alternative to the elitist attitude of moving out to large, fertile, eco-farms.

Obviously soiless cultivation (hydroponics) is artificial, but no more than chemical farming. Organic soiless cultivation is also artificial environment in which we "live".

ALGAE TANK
This tank receives the displaced liquid effluent from the Primary Digester. The algae feed with the bacteria, providing the oxygen for the bacteria to metabolise the organic matter at the same time gaining an organic laoding through photosynthesis. This organic loading in the form of carbohydrate (carbon, hydrogen and oxygen) is later broken down to produce methane (CH_4) and carbon dioxide (CO_2). Also, during this stage, any pathogenic virus are exposed to ultra violet light from the sun and are thus destroyed.

SURVIVAL — Who needs it?
To forecast possible futures with any credibility one has to delve to the depths of paranoia or rise to the heights of optimism, only to realise that the picture one comes up with is but a parable of the present. It is not in the state's interest to predict anything but global gloom in terms and on a scale that only global government can cope with (if you register to vote and keep them in power and Britain tidy).

The only agencies with the capacity to monitor global eco systems, with access to statistics to relate these findings to, and with the processing capability to handle all that data are state agencies; state propped universities, the military NASA etc., who aren't going to give out good news anyway, at least without conditions.

Any research to provide alternative findings therefore reinforces the state's findings and acts to turn a few more people off to join the imminent boom in eco-industires.

The only way to react to the stated situation is through ideological critique based on natural mistrust of governments, which is not to say one has to react at all.

Figuring out means of survival in the state's terms is like the anti war movement helping Nixon figure out how best to pull out of Vietnam.

The revolutionary does not need another opportunity to ask survival of what and whom and in whose terms.

Bruce Haggart

Don't Just Stand There Say Spray Something

Does reading Bio-Strath adverts make you tired and listless? Does your heart sink at the thought of what beans means? Do you get hot under the collar when those headless bodies tell you how simply super the Brook Bureau is at shuttling people from one unpopular job job to another? The answer is YES, but what can you do about it? Geoff Lewis offers a few homemade and simple solutions.

'Advertigers are paper tisers'
(Mao Tse Tung in Cheek)

Tippex and black felt-tip technique

One advertisement that needs no add-vertising

As far as television is concerned there is very little you can do because the facilities to answer back are illegal or expensive. It would cost thousands of pounds to say 'I can tell Stork from butter' and besides it is still against advertising ethics to broadcast 'knocking copy.' Print, however, is a much more vulnerable medium. You may not be able to buy space in a newspaper to say 'Omo is a rotten detergent' but you *can* answer back by adding comments to the hundreds of advertising posters that confront us every day. It is only a misplaced respect for property and a mystical awe of the printed word that stops us. Print is only the bosses' handwriting. Power to the people, write on!

Double Dimension: the beer the men drink

In advertising it is not merely the manufacturer's message with which we are dealing, because that is always the same; Buy Bio. The manufacturer employs some of the best minds of our generation to wrap up this message in a way which will make it effective. The ad-man deals in things like emotions, hopes, fears, and desires which are usually quite extraneous to the product itself and create messages all of their own. Women's Lib is at present attempting to combat the female stereotypes which admen make use of, but their 'This exploits women' sticker is unlikely to convert people who don't already recognise the nature of the exploitation (and most don't). If we are to become effective *add*vertisers we must understand the same basic rules as the advertiser. These can be found in the pages of the many manuals on advertising which stock the shelves of our public libraries. Very briefly these are:

1. *Participation:* This is a principle which most advertising theorists agree upon. Don't disappoint them. Of course, they see you like Pavlov's dogs so that when they say 'you too can have a body like mine', they expect you to participate by thinking, 'How?' They don't expect you to exercise your unconditioned reflexes.

2. *Find a Unique selling proposition:* Find something that all the other additions haven't got, ie, wit, humour, topicality, common sense. If you find a USP then you can be sure that people will read your add and some will add it to similar ads.

3. *Be Specific:* As well as failing to indicate *how* women are being exploited, 'This exploits women' is being stuck on ads without reference to the ad itself, when a pencilled bubble caption could make the point far more aptly.

4. *Empathise:* Try to appreciate what the people you are trying to convert are like and cater for them. If you are really trying to convert people rather than give heart to the already converted, then don't use tribe words like 'pig', 'fuzz', 'dope' and 'bread' whose power of tribal identification immediately excludes the unconverted and provokes their prejudices against your message.

The Never Region

1. Never let a euphemism pass. It is a species of newspeak and always means someone has got something to hide. Spell it out! Down with 'work people'. Up with 'the workers.'

2. Never leave to the imagination what the ad-man would prefer people didn't think about. South African travel ads are good examples to work on because their benefits are never more than skin deep.

3. Never assume that your audience is Educationally Subnormal. The ad-men do this because of cost-effectiveness; intelligent ads are only understood by intelligent people, while ads which are reduced to the lowest common denominator can be understood by everyone. The *add*vertiser doesn't need to worry about cost, merely effectiveness, so esoteric *adds* have their place. In fact people like to be clever, and esoteric *adds* will be effective amongst the people who do understand them and will do no harm amongst the people who don't.

4. Never let the ad-man use peoples' habits of thought or speech against you. JAC Brown in 'Techniques of Persuasion' tells us how this device was first exploited in Victorian England when soap ad-men linked the common courtesy 'Good Morning' to a response extolling their own particular formula for godliness.

Always strike back; beanz means someone can't zpell.

Add's Armoury—the techniques of addvertising

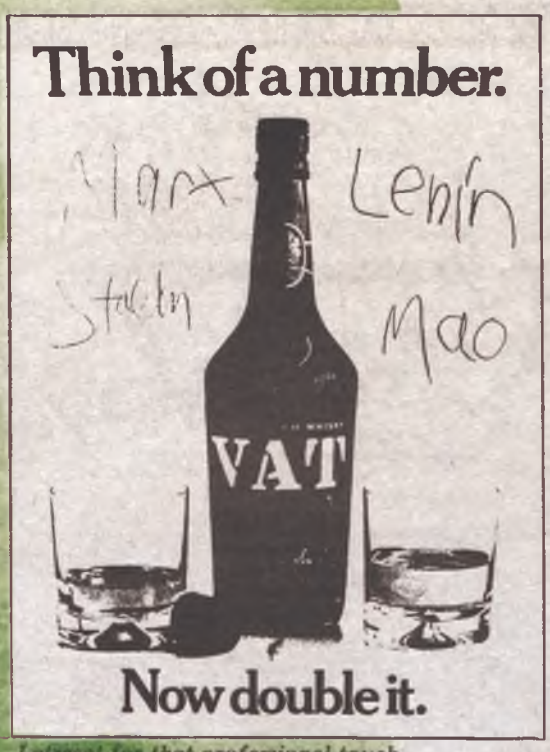
Felt tip pens: The pen is the obvious choice of weapon for Add's Army because it is light, manoeuverable and can adapt any situation. Felt tips are better than any other type of pen because the ink flow depends less on gravity. Their effect is also much bolder than other types of pen. The ways of using felt tips for *adding* are numerous. Merely writing your appreciation of the ad can be effective, along with answering rhetorical questions or drawing appendages on illustrations. In 1930s Germany, three arrows proved so successful in striking out the Swastika that they came to symbolise anti-Nazism. Think bubbles are a very succinct addvertising technique and a 'so what' type statement can't be beaten as a deflator of ridiculous claims.

Blotting out (You'll wonder where the yell went): The felt tip is very useful for blotting out words and letters. It is often a good idea to make the crossing out obvious so that the reader can appreciate the transformation. Blotting out black print on a white background is a bit tricky. Chalk is too faint and rubs off easily. A piece of Tippex typewriter corrector is much better and more permanent. Tippex is just like a piece of paper which you place over the thing to be vanished and rubbing the back of the Tippex with a pen or pencil coats the area underneath white. Tippex can be bought at stationers or branches of W H Smith, and 'EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEA TH WARNING.'

Home made stickers: Their chief advantage is that they are one of the quickest ways of applying an *add* and are particularly useful in stick-and-run situations. The weakness of the write-in add is that your hand or the

Home made stickers are particularly effective

Speech and thought bubbles for that hit and run job.



Letraset for that professional touch

Example of mindless graffiti. Caption could have read "30,000 alcoholics in Britain alone

movement of transport you are travelling in makes your writing illegible. If you think of a good amendment to a common advert then you can write your own stickers and carry them around to apply as necessary. One of the best uses for stickers is to make 'thinks' bubbles, while plain sticky paper can be used to blank out letters or words. Sticky paper in various colours is available from stationers and WH Smith's sell a perforated roll of 625 gummed labels for 22p (3½" x 1½").

Printed stickers: Printed stickers might be useful in some cases, but they are more the weapon of the alternative advertiser than the *add*vertiser. Printed stickers are a mass technique while *add*vertising is very much a small scale activity because it derives its effect from adverts themselves. If an *add* catches on the advert will probably be changed. For example, the replacement of the Wrigley's poster campaign featuring 'Double your pleasure, double your fun' may not have been wholly unconnected with the widespread appendage of 'With a cock up your cunt and one up your bum.' Printed stickers mean that hundreds of people are likely to be distributing them and the temptation is always to use them indiscriminately. For advertising purposes it doesn't matter where a sticker is put, so long as people read it, while in *add*vertising it is vital that the sticker relate to the subject matter of the thing added to. Another point about printed stickers, if they are professionally printed, is that the print massages the message. Print makes the message depersonalised, so that it loses the effect of being an individual's protest. With an individual add the reader thinks 'Yes' or 'No' but with a printed *add* he thinks 'Who *are* they?'

Rubber stamps: These give the advantages of the printed word while retaining amateur status. A John Bull printing outfit is an ideal *add*vertising weapon, because the stamp and pad are easily carried around, and can be used even in crowded situations. Perhaps the most useful all-purpose *add* technique is to write your *add* as a mirror-image on a piece of flat rubber or plastic. While the ink is still wet you can stamp the image onto a poster. Either biro or felt tip can be used but felt tip is usually better, particularly onto plastic. If you use felt tip it's important that it has water-based ink because spirit ink usually dries on the rubber before you have had time to stamp it.

Dry print: Letraset dry print and it's cheaper imitations are an ideal weapon for applying extra letters or words when you want the addition to look like part of the original advertisement. It is amazing what changes a single letter can make to the message of a poster. In 1930s Germany the addition of 't' to 'Heil Hitler' changed it into 'Heilt Hitler' (heal Hitler) and was widely used by anti-Nazis. Letraset comes in a wide range of types, colours and sizes. The ad-men use Letraset to make up their original copy so perfect print matches are easy.

Paint (Don't just stand there, spray something): The spray-can is useful for work on large hoardings posters but it's too messy and indelicate for most *add*-jobs. Adrian Mitchell once suggested that red paint could be sprayed over the country's white traffic lines as a visible reminder of the Vietnam War but the idea wasn't taken up.

Do It!

Having talked about how to *add*vertise, the only thing left to say is 'do it.' If you don't like the way your mind is being made up then change your mind. Power to the people, write on. (And don't get caught).

Help Yourself

UNCAREERS

UNCAREERS is about work which is done for its own sake, and controlled by the people doing it. (e.g. co-operative workshops, informal community projects, etc.). We answer enquiries and produce the 'Directory of Alternative Work' — this lists and describes projects which more people could get involved with. (20p. inc. postage, from us). Most of these things are at survival level as regards pay and they don't often provide 'jobs' as slots which almost anyone would fit — but there might be something *you* would agree with. Write to us at 298b Pershore Road, Birmingham 5 (Phone — 21 440 4146).

LABOUR EXCHANGE RESEARCH GROUP

Labour Exchange Research Group, c/o Dept. of Sociology, Letters Faculty, Whiteknights, Reading University, Reading, Berks.

Information wanted about the underlying relationship between labour exchanges and industry. We're particularly interested in information about racialism, but *any* information would be of help.

FLEET MUSIC WORKSHOP

FLEET MUSIC WORKSHOP, c/o John, 27 Portland Drive, Church Crookham, Aldershot, Hants. Tel: Fleet 4320.

Fleet Music Workshop is trying to form a centre for head activities in the Fleet/ Farnham area. We've already got music but would like more so if you can play, read, act, write or organise please contact us.

BIT INFORMATION

'Overland to India and Beyond new BIT publication with detailed info (on visas, health, student cards, dope laws, border hassles, the blackmarket, food, shelter, hitching, buses, trains, boats, planes, prices etc. etc.) for every inch of route from Istanbul to Indonesia; plus BIT's complete European address-network. 50p. (Minimum 'donation'!) all money to BIT Free Information Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London, W11.

THE DAILY LIAR

Are your tired of reading shit, blood and guts, phoney ads, bad news in every paper or mag you pick up? It seems we've gone backwards in a lot of ways since those flower power days. Where's the brotherhood spirit of the 60's gone? As an attempt to make a few changes we've brought out an English edition of the Daily Liar. Be sure to get your copy. Send 10p. postal order + 3p stamp to Arviragus, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W.9.

NORTH-WEST COMMUNITY MUSIC

North-West Community Music, 6a Hunters Lane, Rochdale, Lancs.

We are now presenting benefit concerts in the North West in aid of local community groups (Womens' Lib, Bust funds, White Panthers, Claimants' Union, Info Points and Street Theatre Groups). In the past few months we have successfully organised benefits with Pink Fairies and M.L.F. bands Easystreet and Medium Theatre. We'd like to hear from bands, lightshows, proposed beneficiaries/venues.

STREETPRESS

STREETPRESS is an alternative community magazine based in Birmingham and sold mainly around the Midlands. It operates from the PEACE CENTRE which is a focal point for many aspects of the local liberation scene, providing info and contacts about what's going on in the industrial wastelands. STREETPRESS is planning a COMMUNITY BENEFIT GIG to take place early in November at a new rock theatre. Anyone into helping with this please contact STREETPRESS at THE PEACE CENTRE, 18 Moor Street, Ringway, Birmingham. (Tel: 021-643-0996).

SHELTER

SHELTER is opening its very first Central London SHOP at 1 Chappel Street, NW1. on Tuesday October 17th at 2.30 p.m. Actor Gavin Campbell will 'open' the SHELTER SHOP, Thereafter the SHELTER SHOP will open Tues-Sat: 10:30 — 7 p.m.

ANARCHISTS

LONDON ANARCHISTS meet socially in ' The Sun" Drury Lane (Bloomsbury end) WC2. Nearest tube Tottenham Court Road, from 7.30 p.m. on Sundays.

MUSHROOM

MUSHROOM, 261 Arkwright Street, Nottingham.

Mushroom is an alternative bookshop/head-shop/meeting place/ whatever with joss sticks, clothes and other goodies — cheap! — and free coffee etc. etc. as well as some good books (mainly paperbacks). We particularly want to contact people who make things that we could try and sell — so anyone who thinks they do, please write/call in.

CHIP

CHIP, 122 Liverpool Road, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

CHIP is a new info/help service which has a shop given by the Council. Extra people, especially people who can organise activities themselves, would be welcome to join — please come and visit us if you live in the area.

INSIDE STORY

INSIDE STORY, 3 Belmont Road, London SW4. (622 8961).
What the alternative papers say about INSIDE STORY, the new radical magazine which specialises in the stories Fleet Street won't print:

Send 25p for sample copy (or £1.50 for six issues) to the above address.

Photograph by Joseph Stevens

The Black Australia Policy

Bobbi Sykes is a black militant from, of all places, Australia. Oz has always been top heavy with escaped white Australians — throughout its history it's tended to avoid the sort of issues that could be construed as the personal embitterments and insular obsessions of its staff. But the movement that Bobbi Sykes represents is something else. The gradual awakening of Australia's black population called 'aborigines' by the whites and dismissed by them as sub-human, is exposing a blatant racism that transcends that of any other ex-colonial country.

Outside Australia only the setting up of aboriginal embassies on the lawns of the parliament house in Canberra and the violence of the police who smashed them down, made news. The details of the long repression of the blacks is barely understood in Australia let alone abroad. Bobbi although beautiful with an afro hairdo is no Angela Davis. She's not (yet) into left wing political theory —but that's a reflection of Australia's stone age political climate where it's white politicians who are sub-human. A right wing 'Liberal' government has been in power for 23 years. Its reactionary attitudes are perpetuated by the low level of intelligence of the politicians and the moronic mouthings that are supposed to be political debate. Apart from the crucial question of land rights and return of tribal areas, the first pre-occupation of the black movement has been getting blacks enough food so that first, they can stay alive and second, so they can receive enough nutrition to allow their minds and bodies to function at a normal level. Australia's blacks are dying of hunger in the midst of amazing affluence. White Australia treats them like their cattle. The rules and regulations which deprive them of true citizenship are the branding marks. Bobbi has been good bait for the media. She is the first 'aboriginal' to travel and talk about what is happening to her people. Whether the trip will produce more than a few liberal grumbles is hard to tell. In a way she represents the guilty conscience of a white dominated group called ABJAB, which raised the money to bring her here. ABJAB hopes that her visit will contribute an international element into the forthcoming Australian general elections where the conditions and struggles of black Australians are an election issue for the first time ever.

OZ: How many blacks are there in Australia?
A: Close to 500,000. The government says 200,000 to 300,000 but they have never done a census. From state to state blacks are brainwashed to believe they are not aboriginal. In the Northern Territory for example if you are half caste you are not considered aboriginal. But you are treated the same — educated the same and you starve to bloody death the same — but you are not counted as a black.
OZ: Do blacks get social security or any money from the government?
A: It varies from state to state. In NT you get nothing unless you are on a reserve when you get a government hand out — flour, sugar, tea and the occasional can of bully beef. And living on a reserve doesn't mean that you live in a house. You pick up a piece of corrugated iron and go and live under it. NT is the worst in that way — yet they are not imprisoned there. If they want to walk off the reserve and starve they can. In Queensland if they want to walk off and starve they can't.
OZ: What happens if they try?
A: They get arrested and put in a close confinement prison which is about a 3' x 3' structure — for as long as it takes to tame them down. Western Australia is almost the same. Tasmania is better because it has no racist legislation — they don't need it as they killed off all the blacks. Victoria has some scholarships — they made the only token land gesture by giving the blacks Lake Tyres. It is just a gesture — it's a sandy track lightly covered with dirt and surrounded on 3 sides by salt water! A lot of blacks in New South Wales are urban blacks — reading black power books and starting to be really militant. Our programs are socialist programs and if we're successful we'll be independant of the system and they're frightened of that. So the whites there do all sorts of things to try and subdue us. They go down to the slums and belt their kids and tell them to keep away from us — we give them black power and they crunch us over the head with a baton. However all this means that they are driving the black people together and towards militants like us. Before, when we turned up in country areas the other blacks there would automatically think that trouble was coming. Now they are joining us in our anti-eviction campaign. The government evict families from their houses, and when evicted take the children into care — now our anti-eviction squads move into the homes and force them to evict us all one by one probably 30 of us — and it takes much longer for them.
OZ: Does citizenship for blacks vary from state to state?
A: Yes. NSW is the only state where citizenship for blacks is the same as for the whites. In Queensland you wouldn't get off the reserve. Once you go near the fence the guards stop you. 9,000 live on reserves as far as we know. Black militants like muself and Dennis Walker don't have a chance of getting into the reserves to find out for ourselves.
OZ: What happens to blacks who are not on reserves in Queensland?
A: Until December last year they lived in perpetual fear of being put on reserves. Now they've repealed the law. The law was that any aboriginal or Torres Strait Islander who appeared before a court whether or not found guilty — you didn't need a trumped up charge — was 'assisted' to a reserve along with everybody normally resident with them.
OZ: Are any of the other states as bad as this?
A: Western Australia is pretty close — there aboriginals are not citizens. The whites are citizens automatically, on becoming 21. If you are black you can apply for citizenship but you have to fulfil certain conditions and one of these is that you must alienate yourself from your tribe and friends for not less than 2 years. WA also have laws concerning transportation of blacks across the border. One problem which arises is the classification of a 'black'. Each state defines its own 'blacks'. One man in WA was defined as a black by State Classification but was not by the Federal Classification, so the National Service people stepped in to have him registered for service in Viet Nam. When he tried to point out that he was classified 'black' by the State they would hear none of it and the judge in his case even said, 'Why you don't look like a black to me — you're clean'!
OZ: Did many blacks go to Viet Nam?
A; Too many but not enough. Too many as far as I'm concerned, but not enough to come back having learnt guerilla tactics.
OZ: What positive things are being done for the blacks?
A: There are all sorts of patchwork programmes being done all the time. The government would put up a school in an area — but malnutrition and starvation in general meant that most of the people suffered from brain damage and couldn't take advantage of the school.
OZ: How does the white Australia policy work now?
A: It excludes everybody coloured. I resent my taxes being paid to finance the immigration of nazis, and racists from Britain — from where there are too many. When I go down to the docks and meet the people from the ships they say, 'Oh we came away from England to get away from people like you'. My taxes are helping them get into the country — and I don't expect to be talked to like that by the migrants as they step off the boat.
OZ: What's your attitude to South Africa?
A: Should the Liberal Country Party return to power (at the coming federal elections) we are going to seek political asylum in South Africa. They are much more honest than Australia about their attitude to blacks. And there's a chance for the blacks to get a better education there. Also the blacks in South Africa are considered the work force. They have to keep them healthy so you don't find the malnutrition.
OZ: Do you have a political platform?
A: We're calling for a nutrition program but a lot of money is needed, also a medical program. The government are not going to help as it is not being organised by or for whites, *but*, in this case, as there has been so much said about the black situation they are prepared to pay the wages of a doctor. However this doesn't begin to help towards all the money needed to set up a centre for a wide community. We don't feel this is good enough.
OZ: Are there other blacks in Australia who identify with your struggle?
A: Yes, although they have no claim to land rights — there are people who feel black — it's a state of mind not necessarily a colour. The land rights struggle is an Aboriginal struggle but it needs the help of the broad struggle.
OZ: What is the aim of the land rights struggle?
A: Unfortunately the agitators are going to accept whatever is offerred — if anything — but I think they should hold out for our original demand — the Northern Territory. They want to have the NT under their control, plus 1% of national gross product, the reserves handed to people who live on them. We'll never get any of these things. Even if the Northern Territory were handed over tomorrow they couldn't handle it — no political education etc. or knowledge of running a state. Nor could we from the South rush in and help them. What we have to do is work on two planes at once — improve their state of health and education so that they could take over if Canberra would grant it to them.
OZ: What about the broader political struggle?
A: Various aims — nothing defined. I have specific things but I'm one of the few that can make comparisons — the blacks who haven't had my chances cannot always agree with me — fair enough — we get a lot of conflict. I'd like to see the creation of various black seats in parliament — as in New Zealand. Also a portfolio of three (we have one white minister carrying three portfolios, Aborigines, Environment and Arts) each portfolio should be granted to blacks. Thridly I would like to see the Aboriginal land claim acknowledged — then the discrimination felt by the wider black community would be solved and the land rights compensation could then finance the anti-malnutrition and starvation schemes — and that's probably the only way we'll get the money.
OZ: How do you intend to relate to other countries?
A: I'd like to go to United Nations next week. Australia is almost sure to get a seat on the council — I would like to see this seat queried. I'd like an enquiry held on what is going on in Australia — No one has any idea. No idea at all.

More info-contact ABJAB, 19 Sandwell Mansions, West End Lane, London NW6.

Illustration by Roy Knipe. Research by a cast of thousands.

The Stoke Newington 8

All of the 'Stoke Newington 8' deny the charges against them. All the defendants who have given evidence have attacked terrorism — and have seen the Angry Brigade as fairly irrelevant to the class struggle. But they have recognized the Angry Brigade's actions as reflecting the feelings of thousands. They have described their involvement in squatting and Claimants Union activities, and now this presents them to the police as plausible culprits. The proceedings are smothered with a tight security blanket around the court and a virtual blackout by the national press. Those whom the state wishes to destroy, it first renders anonymous...

The defendants:
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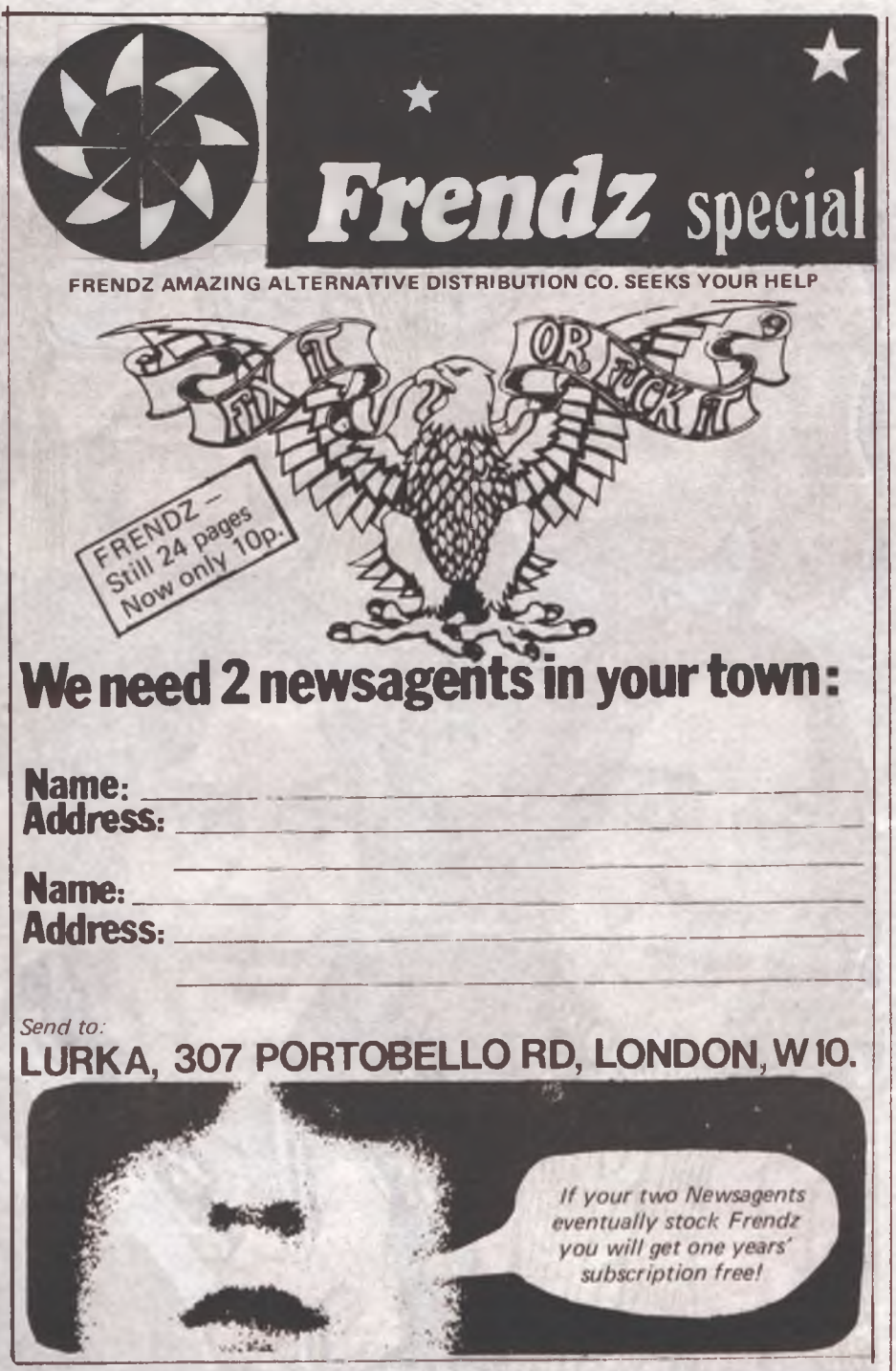
Bottom, left to right: Kate McLean, Anna Mendleson, Hilary Creek, Jim Greenfield.



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Dear Sir,

Giving space to Women's Lib is one thing. Giving space to the Women's Own Lobby is another. Alison Fell is a hysterical reactionary. Distaste for menstruation is an unoriginal vice, and she ignores three basic facts:

1) Menstruation was not invented by men, and is regarded by most women as a proof of sexuality.

2) Through an inconvenience, the menace can be controlled by Tampons (not necessarily Tampax you suckers) and daily baths.

3) Menstruation can be curtailed by various existing tricks of medical technology such as radiation menopause or continuous administration of oral contraceptives for months rather than weeks.

Bleeding is not beautiful, but it isn't bad and it ain't our fault.

Yours,
Malcolm C. Bateron,
12 Cambridge Street, SW1.

Dear Sir,

My name is Mrs. P. Turton. I am a lonely widow aged 89 years. Do *not* send any more of this Oz rubbish. I have written three times about same and shall inform the Police if any more is sent. Your subscriber Mr. F. Turton passed away June 1970.

Mrs P. Turton,
26 Siddley New Park, Cocking.

(Readers will remember that June, 1970 was publication date for OZ 28, The School kid's Issue — Ed)

Dear OZ,

Joel Whitebook ('Post Scarcity Anarchism', OZ 43) has summarised very well many of the popular illusions and half-truths which nurture the current fashion for anarchism in the counter-culture. In brief, he should realise the following:

(1) Man has been living in an essentially post-scarcity economy ever since the Neolithic Revolution. The number one reason why people have throughout history been starved and oppressed is exploitation and not an inadequate technology.

(2) The 'historical means' for realising visions of a communist or egalitarian society have existed for about as long as exploitation itself. They have always been there, as they are there now, solely for the people who have free time through living off the labour of others, and hence have no genuine interest in developing them.

(3) The ecological crisis isn't going to force capitalism to change, as seems to be an implicit argument in the article. In fact, the main result of the crisis in this sense is to open up a vast and self expanding demand for allieviatory counter pollution technologies. In fact, this boom is already starting.

(4) There's nothing so ideal or 'unalienated' about primitive societies; patterns of alienation and exploitation differ in quantity rather than quality. Furthermore, the very name 'primitive societies' is a bad category; it includes a variety of social structures ranging from imperialistic African kingdoms to modern 'stone age' groups in New Guinea.

Finally, the counter-culture in which post-scarcity anarchists are asked to place their hopes is all but finished. There wasn't all that much unique about it. Romantic revolutions have been tried before; they have failed before. They always drift off into the kind of self indulgent decadence and futility we are experiencing at the moment; and the immediate reason is their refusal to develop any practical, workable theories; the reason for this is their middle class, individualistic basis. The present freak movement is finished because it has failed to understand the vitally important nature of the sexual revolution, and expecially the Women's Liberation movement. It cannot understand these things because it is run by males, for males, and it only continues to exist through the complicity and subservience of the many women who are still conned by it.

The real content of this article; and of practically all the male-anarchist-wish-dream, is in fact neatly summed up in the violent heading and the sexy camp pin-up picture on the page opposite. Who are the real unprincipled chauvinist lackeys?

Yours sincerely,
David Sharp,
Chez Blum, 28 Bd. St. Marcel, Paris 5, France.

Dear OZ,

I found Oz 43 at school and the thing your magazine seemed to keep on saying was 'why the hell are we here, let's change society and the populace into something worthwhile.' Yet you do not give any answers. You deplore capitalism yet practise it. "Ye Hypocrites!"

Oz, like most underground magazines and politicians, repeats itself, asks questions and don't give answers.

The answer to any problem is found in The Bible. It might be just old fashioned stories to you but the Bible tells you of a person, thing, God (call him who you want) who wants you to get to know him so that he can show you the plan and purpose to your life. If I hadn't written to tell you of Jesus and the Bible, someone else would have.

God loves you, and so do I,
David,
40 Church Hill Road,
London EIT 9RX.

Dear Sirs,

Having smoked dope for nearly four years I can say with all honesty that the dope situation was never been as bad as it is now. OK. there is plenty of Moroccan hash plus a sprinkling of Lebanese and mediocre grass, but where the fuck is all the Black Hash?

Have rigid government controls prevented its entrance to this country? Has the crop freaked this year? Or is someone stockpiling it only to let it out in small quantities of £14 an ounce or more?

It's time that all dope smokers got together to maintain the quality of dope at a reasonable standard ie. plenty of black and to force the price down to its original price of £10 an ounce.

Yours truly,
J.P. Washington.

Dear OZ,

I can't describe how angered I was when I read the leading article in the Evening News of 5th Oct '72. on the subject of juvenile drug addiction. I'm glad to say I didn't buy the paper myself but I feel like crying when I think how many did.

The article is written in the typically sensational style of the Capitalist Press but it seems to be the sort of stuff that the mindless commuters love.

Although we've read the gross mis-statements before I'm very disturbed by the way in which they can be forced upon the most gullible section of this society.

The incredibility of this article is to me self-explained on reading, but what worries me is the harmful effect which this can have on any attempts to achieve a sane and consistent attitude towards drugs by Society in general. Though it is obvious to those who have real knowledge of the situation that the newspapers are turning out shit there will be many who will accept the propoganda as the truth.

I hope that you and anyone reading my letter will be able to give thought to this matter so that collectively we may be able to combat such propaganda which (although only one of many problems facing us), is a real threat.

Dave Smith
(address supplied.)

The Evening News article (October 5) referred to is too long to reproduce here, but it was written by Terence O'Hanlon and is the scurviest piece of Fleet Street garbage for weeks. It headlines 'LONDON SCHOOL FOR JUNKIES SCANDAL" and goes downhill from there. "Boys and girls of just 12 are smoking 'pot'. Hardly a senior school in the South East has not been troubled by ruthless drugs exploiters. Addiction, at an all time high, is likely to explode into an epidemic of juvenile junkies within five years. Shocking facts. But say the experts, this is London, drugs capital of Europe 1972'. He writes from the prone position of total stupidity still blatantly pushing that old line that the first joint leads automatically to death in a deckchair in Green Park. 'Tomorrow could see a massive new national health social problem with youngsters at present in schoolcap or gymslip and having a 25p dare 'joint' joining the queue for killer 'trips' to living nightmares.' Back to your bottle O'Hanlon. (Ed.)

Dear OZ,

This is about a happening in my home town, Edinburgh. This is a town which is pretty well a straight's paradise, but there are more and more good heads rising out of the ideal-logical excrement. And it so happens that these people — joined by me on the few occasions when I can hassle the Man enough to get home I gather at a place called the Harness. This is a big cave of a room above a sportscar and Babycham type disco in East Fountainbridge, near the city centre. It's open on Friday and Saturday and on those glad days, a large gathering of freaks can be found drinking, tripping, scoring, chick-hunting or just getting into the excellent live music. Naturally this makes it a magnet for the local pigs who, until lately, just poked their well-scrubbed faces round the door, sniffed the air and fucked off.

However on Saturday September 30th the doors flew back, and a half dozen or more nattily-suited mother-fuckers trucked in. They snuffled around, poking their snouts into a few drinks, found nobody stupid enough to let themselves be hassled, thought for a moment and came up with a real bastard. "Everyone not in a seat, get out" cried the Leader of the Pack. There aren't many seats, so around forty people were sitting on the floor, and apart from a few who accepted hastily-proffered laps most had to leave.

The much busted and well-loved Johnny Sutherland and his killer three-piece took the stage, and played the pigs out with a heavily amended version of "Jailhouse Rock". At the end of the show, when the jobsworths told him to stop, Johnny laid his resignation on us. "Tonight your friendly Harness became a pigsty — I resign as from now, because I'm not playing this pig-infested rathole every week."

Now you know the score, let the heads of Edinburgh know that they've got to pack themselves into the Harness, and by their very presence shove the pigs' noses up their own assholes.

Power to the people,
Keith Leadbetter,
H.M.S. Ashanti.

Illustration by Joshua Thomas

follow-up

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Four More Years

Illustrations from "Dick ! The Nixon Era" by Ed Badajos.

Bookz

The Paint House
edited by Susie Daniel & Pete McGuire
(Penguin)

The Paint House is about the Bethnal Green Youth Club of the same name that was used by The Collinwood, generally accepted to have been the first Skinhead Gang. In an area crawling with Youth Clubs and Leaders of every stripe, all frantically making the invocation that "This is YOUR Club, please feel free to . . . ", The Paint House alone went one step further, and made the final step necessary to get the Gang to participate. They let them wreck the place. For if it *was* Their Club, and if these are people who have never had any sense of power, and who thus probe people and power by attacking them, — it was inevitable that they would ransack The Paint House, before ever settling down in it.

So, hold *The Paint House* in one hand, take a Felt Tip in the other; now work through the book, crossing out everything that does not appear between the quotation marks that indicate the words actually spoken by The Gang. Now take a knife, and cut out altogether the Introduction, with all it's Authors' paranoia of Hoping-We-Have-Not-Let-Our-Intervening-Liberalism—Spoil-The Boys'-Account, (because this book has fulfilled that function more than any Hampstead Liberal would ever dare, believe me.) Then, still using the knife, cut out each individual Chapter, and re-place them in back-to-front order, with the first one last, etc. As it is now, the book seems to have been collated by some sort of Sociological Monty Python, who thinks you gain a sense of The Gang and its Time, by introducing, in turn, *THE* Community, *THE* Gang, and then similarly on through The School, Youth Clubs, Work, Immigrants and Police before eventually arriving at *THE* Action, in Chapter 8.

The format of the book, interrupting the Gang's words with explanations and analyses form 'experts', gives it the form of a Report on The Peasants. And apart from anything else, it is bloody rude. I wonder if the members of The Gang, whose conversations made up the basis of the book, knew that this was going to be done, at the time of Pete McGuires' "leaving the East End of London in the early summer of 1970"???

None of the quotes from the boys are attributed to names, reflecting the Editors' view that "everyone in the gang behaved the same." They have missed the whole point of Skinheads, gangs and social violence; a hard reputation buys time and space for individuality, that would otherwise be regarded as weakness. All Gangs depend on the members having roles; Dick the Sex King, Knuckler, the Determinedly Hard Man and Gentle Jim, start to emerge in the few stories that the Editors permit The Gang.

This is the aspect of the Gangs that outsiders always miss, and any good book on the subject should remedy this. Instead, by carrying the Editors' endless dronings about Group Uniformity and United Class Consciousness, *The Paint House* only perpetuates the myths.

This might have been lessened if more of The Gang were allowed to get into full flow in their stories. For boys like these, are the last of the Great English Story Tellers; and it is in the few stories that are allowed to get off the ground that the individual characters start to emerge. Curiously enough, the only Chapters where this happens throughout, are the ones on Football and Violence; the areas where the Gang felt most at home, at this time, — and the stories started flowing.

In the other Chapters, all on mis-givings, — Police, School, Clubs, Work, Bosses and Immigrants, the only success comes in the short stories that start to arise, — again, they are nearly all about violence.

As the stories break down, and the format returns to that of opinions and attitudes snapping back and forth between the Gang members, one starts to sense the invisible hand of the Editors proding dialogue in the direction of their own beliefs.

The fact that these kids are brilliant at single sentence rejoinders, is lost in seas of anonymous snippets, as the Editors go for a collage effect of working class views and words.

I suspect *The Paint House* was a great book when it left the mouths of The Gang members; somebody ought to put the Boot into the Editors.

Chris Lightbown.

After The Planners
Robert Goodman
(Pelican Books 75p)

This book is written partly out of Goodman's experience as an Advocate Planner in the States but is a wide-ranging analysis of the whole so-called urban crisis. The idea of Advocacy Planning is to increase public participation by making professional expertise available to the poor people of an area which is going to be redeveloped. Working within the rigidly defined ritual of political participation Goodman saw planning as a sophisticated weapon of control. Although the planners worked under the mask of rationality, objective neutrality, efficiency and science, it became increasingly clear to him that they were the soft-cops of the system.

In the States the URBAN CRISIS is already BIG BUSINESS. University, Government and Industry have already got together with experts in planning and architecture to tackle vast programmes in housing, urban renewal, highway-building, education and job-training. The War is being brought home by the corporations. Humphrey in 1966 declared that just as the enemy without was communism, so the enemy within was slumism, 'a virus that races like a malignancy through out cities. We must declare war on this evil, just as we have on Communist aggression.'

So Business tackles the Ghetto. Crises are studied without regard to systems of ownership or ideology. The corporations go to work in search of the PEACE DIVIDEND under the banner of ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST. A new class of poverty entrepreneurs is created. Pollution becomes a major concern of corporations which pollute. Business extends itself beyond the campus, into the adoption of ghetto schools, into pre-school education and into training schemes for 'unemployables'. Through all this rolls the HIGHWAY GRAVY TRAIN. So strong are the business interests guiding Washington's highway programmes, still more mileage was added to the highway programme in 1968 when Congress called for cuts in spending to rebudget for the war in Vietnam. Government-sponsored housing is pump-priming for the construction industry. The City is SICK, suffers from BLIGHT and must be CURED. 60% of the people removed along with the 'cancers' are negroes, Puerto Ricans and other minority groups.

What is the architect's part in this? Increasingly architecture becomes the architecture of appearances, and as such part of society's language of domination. Public architecture becomes increasingly monumental, uncannily mirroring the official architecture of the Third Reich in Munich and Berlin. And Breuer builds his immaculate 55-story glass and concrete towers and the only criticism is in terms of pure aesthetics, in terms of geometry.

Underlying all this urban fascism is the belief in the SALVATION from POLITICS by means of SCIENTIFIC METHOD. The professionals become a scientific priest means class constrained by the single 'discipline of fact'. The language of behaviourism takes control. J.P. Moynihan can suggest to Nixon a policy of 'benign neglect' for blacks and the armed forces can be presented as a 'socialising experience for the poor'. Henry Ford II can declare '23 years ago in one of my first public speeches, I said that if business could learn to manage people as intelligently as it managed money and facilities American Industry would enter a new era.' L.B.J. is even plainer: 'If the city is inefficient, doing business is inefficient, and costly.' So the methods of pure quantification, systems analysis are turned upon those areas of the City which harbour all the problems all the crises, but also all the labour force for the service industries, the GREY areas.

It is not so different here. The profit Motive sometimes needs to be disentangled from promises of municipal socialism, but the possibilities of gaining any control over the environment in any direct way — what Goodman calls Guerilla Architecture — are about the same. Squatting in London at the moment is providing a base for political activity around the fight for control of the environment. Goodman raises a lot of difficult questions. How can the professional involve himself in the struggle without being dragged into considerations of what constitutes a non-reformist reform; Or, when does a counter-professional become a softcop? More than anything else the American experience teaches us the system's massive ability to assimilate, its massive repressive tolerance. But how can the professional involve himself in an isolated struggle for the use of a parking lot, say, knowing that daily the corporations are becoming more powerful, more centralised, more hierarchically organised, more totalitarian in their control over the lives of their employees and of the lives of the people they affect?

Ralph Edney, for Islington Revolutionary Housing Group.

Illustration by Mitch

Filmz

Deliverance.
Director: John Boorman.

There's some nice hillbilly music, then the lights go down and Deliverance is on. We open with shots of a river, bulldozers, a dam being built. Over this we hear four guys discussing a canoe trip down the river. This is rough country, see, one of the last outposts of wild, natural beauty left in the South, maybe in the whole damn United States, and goddam, if we don't go down that river now, we are never going to be able to do it again, right ? I mean, the whole place is going to be transformed into one huge placid lake. Shee-it. Damn civilisation. O.K.,let's do it. Get away from the wife and

kids for a while. Take along plenty of beer. Behave like real men. Survival of the fittest. Have a ball.

So down they go in two canoes, and the first day it's great, they shoot some rapids, hootin' and hollerin' and then they set up camp and drink some beer and talk dirty and finally stagger into their tents and fall asleep. Man, this is the life.

The second day the two canoes get separated and when the guys in the first canoe step ashore for a minute who should they meet but two smelly mountain men with lousy teeth and hard little eyes and one of them's got a very evil knife and the other one's got a shotgun, and you know something nasty is going to happen to these two city slickers who were having such a nice time going down the river, but it's more than nasty, it's sodomy, and it's just about to be fellatio as well when an arrow flies through the air and that's the end of one of the mountain men.

Now things aren't too good. The sodomist's friend is up there above the river with his shotgun, all set to pick off these city slickers who were such such bad sports. Well, he's picked one off, and another's got a broken leg, and the one who's been sodomised isn't feeling too good (naturally), so that leaves just Jon Voight, armed with nothing but a fancy archery set, to skim up this sheer rocky cliff in the dead of night and see what he can do. And we've already seen Jon Voight with his archery set fluffing an easy shot at a deer, so what's going to happen now ?

Well, it's a mess, and it's all Burt Reynold's fault, it was his idea to do this stupid river trip in the first place, him and his showy muscles and his flashing eyes and his way of walking around like a god and saying things like ' Maybe a man has to lose himself before he can find himself." Hell, Reynolds is nothing but a fascist.

In the first half hour of the movie, before the river trip starts, you meet some of these hillbilly mountain people, and it's enough to make you weep. Kids with trachoma, all bent

and thin and white with inbreeding and no medicine and no proper food. There's a kid who plays banjo and he's got the most haunting face you'll ever see on the screen. But Reynolds doesn't care about them, he doesn't even see them. And like any good fascist he is admired, respected, trusted, looked up to by his three friends, who would really, if the truth be known, rather be playing golf or watching the big ball game on TV than doing this river thing, but this is friendship, right ? This is being big grown men.

I seem to be indicating that Deliverance is a nasty movie. It is. It's no pleasure. You watch it in a sweat, fists clenched, and you're glad when it's over and you can get the hell out of there.

And the way John Boorman's made it doesn't make it any easier. Those four guys are really going down that river. They're wearing radio microphones, so what you're getting is real sync sound, no phony dubbing, no stunt men, no shots in Hollywood tanks. This is for real. Jesus.

And then there's the sodomy thing. Very nasty. A woman being raped is nothing, common as dirt, it's in just about every movie you see and you don't bat an eye, but when a man gets it - that's really nasty. It's not for me to ask why. I'm just telling you how it is. Maybe you should ask a girl what she feels about it.

O.K. now what's this Deliverance movie all about ? What's it saying ? It can't be about survival of the fittest, because Burt Reynold's is the fittest and he loses a leg. It can't be about civilisation making modern American men into softies, because the modern American men wipe out the hillbillies, both in the movie and afterwards, when the dam floods the whole wild valley and it's goodbye to the mountain men's way of life. So maybe it's saying that you shouldn't play around with nature. Don't shoot down rivers in fancy aluminium canoes with nylon tents and cans of beer and air mattresses and insect repellants and all the other modern American comforts designed for roughing it in style, because you could get dead. Is that what it's saying ? But theseguys (toquote the book) "want something else, another life, deliverance." Yeah, it's that old American Dream. Which turns out to be phony, like all the others.

I should mention, finally, that the part of the sheriff towards the end of the movie is played by James Dickey, who wrote both the screenplay and the book. He's terrific.

Morris Lurie.

Groupies
Directors: Ron Dorfman and Peter Nevard

If you've got any fantasies about being a groupie you might as well forget them. Unless you fancy rotting your mind and body on various, and often lethal, substances and becoming *totally* obsessed with balling rock stars, to the point where you don't/can't talk/think about anything else.

The film's interesting where it shows the actual groupies (of both sexes) but they come across as a bunch of rather pathetic morons who often haven't even got good looks to recommend them. The American groupie scene, according to the film, is professional, blase, cynical, frightening and depressing. The chicks are often only 13/14 and groupieing is not only a status thing but an excape route from home and school. Don't go to see 'Groupies' if you just want to see Famous Fucks, cos your lustful cravings will only be rewarded by the sight of a few pairs of tits (not very appetising said my male companion who was repelled by the whole idea of status-fucking not to mention the more unhealthy, grotesque looking young ladies.)

I enjoyed the film apart from the shots of groups playing. I wanted to see MORE GROUPIES — I WANTED TO SEE NAKED ROCK STARS — but what in fact you get is merely a select bunch including Cynthia Plaster Caster and her assistant platers. There's one very clean cut runaway schoolgril type who hangs around with a certian English group who shall be nameless (mainly because I've forgotten which group it was — the general dazzle and glamour and wild freaky party stonedness which came at the end of the film tended to blot out the previous bit and anyway I was getting a bit bored by

then). But mainly the groupies are right ole slags. They're full-time too — none of your "My girlfriend and me come here every Friday and Saturday" — I reckon if you're going to enter the highly-competitive world of U.S. groupiedom you need a private income to pay for your clothes, body oils, eye paint and clap treatment.

There's a horrifying, but also funny, sequence in which a 15 year old called Chaz tries to get off with Terry Reid and is embarrassedly but sternly told to piss off by Reid's manager who's a very stiff upper lipped Briton and doesn't take kindly to this absolutely wrecked kid trying to corrupt innocnet minor Terry's morals.

San Francisco's a good place for wild, theatrically-dressed parties it would seem. If that's what you're into it takes courage and stamina; yes folks, it's a cunt's life in the U.S. Groupie Scene. It's a strange mixture of squalor and luxury, there's a lot of money and dope around in this world and on the whole it's inhabitants are a long, long way from the provincial teenies who try to rush on-stage at British gigs.

Memorable quote by Groupie Brenda: "Luther's no catch, he runs after the chicks, everybody's screwed him" (including herself the previous night). Just one sample of the scintillating conversation these girls are capable of, their insight into human character, their compassion, their natural love of mankind.

So if you still wanna be a groupie and ball stars, remember this golden rule: if you wanna be a *highclass* groupie, just ball the ones who are hard to get.

Marva.

Dynamo
Director: Stephen Dowskin

The term 'art form' probably gained currency in recognition of the formal nature of art. Art exists, traditionally, as something apart from our total existence, a self-contained entity enclosed within the boundaries of its own structure. Yet one of the contradictions of art throughout its history has been the attempt to transcend form and break into the realm of experience. Music and film always seemed the most likely to achieve such a breakthrough, since both give the artist control over

The groupie life of the camp-followers of today's modern rock armies offers a world of dope rock and sex ready to be exploited under the guise of investigating a social phenomenon. (C.H.)

time, thereby affecting the audience more directly on an emotional level. And it seemed at the beginning of the Sixties that film was on the verge of making that breakthrough. This proved to be a false hope, leaving music, which did achieve the breakthrough in the second half of the decade. Rock music is now virtually inseparable from our total experience. Acid is Future Movies. Where does that leave cinema? Probably as a relic of the past, but possibly with two types of film still worth considering: (a) those reflecting and/ or affecting the general culture of the time, and (b) those few films that still manage to border on experience, suggesting that cinema may yet have something new to offer. The films of Steve Dwoskin fall into the second category.

The most frequent criticism of Dwoskin's work is that it is too 'limited'. It's true that nearly all of his films deal with female sexuality, but just how limited you consider that to be depends on your own experience. This persistant exploration of the same subject through a dozen short films and two features has proved more a virtue than a failing on Dwoskin's part: he has achieved an intensity and range of emotions which, in his best work, is unequalled by any other filmmaker. His films are deceptively simple. The content is frequently as 'minimal' as early Warhol, but the technique is as complex as anything by Kenneth Anger. It's as impossible not to re-act to a Dwoskin film as it is to know *why*. Like most original artists, Dwoskin is a problem, especially since we are all conditioned to formula in cinema to a greater degree than in any other media. His short work is usually shown as a 'programme', cramming in eight or nine films, all of which suffer by comparison. He also has to contend with the limitations of resource and finance (as well as the stigma) of an 'underground' filmmaker. And while the best of his short films achieve an unbelievable intensity, his first feature-length movie, *Times For*, showed a saddening dissipation of effect: it may have had a greater erotic power than his earlier work, but it failed to set off as many emotional connections.

Dynamo marks something of a departure for Dwoskin, in that it is based on a stage play (by Chris Wilkinson). The action takes place in a strip-club, and begins with a realistic treatment of a stripper going through her routine — complete with the dead moments between records that leave both the performer and the audience feeling a little ridiculous. Two more strippers perform, but the pop music on the soundtrack is replaced by Gavin Bryars' surrealistic score, and the routines become increasingly fantasised. Is it the strippers' fantasy we are watching? Or the audience's? Or the filmmaker's? By this time it seems of little consequence and one begins to feel that Dwoskin may be over-reaching his talents. Finally, a fourth stripper appears. Her fantasy occupies the second half of the film, and Dwoskin soon dispells any doubts that may have arisen about his ability. Fantasy, though, is the wrong word here: more like a nightmare vision of reality, as the girl (Linda Marlowe, whose doll-like appearance is perfect) is teased, seduced, cajoled, beaten, humiliated and fucked into submission by the 'chorus' of four men. Just who the men are is never clear, but whoever they are, they ain't selling any alibies. They ultimately reduce the girl to something less, even, than a sex-object.

Again, Dwoskin's film seems over-long, although *Dynamo's* 2-hour running time is less excessive than *Times For*'s 80 minutes. And the vague presence of a narrative line, just strong enough to engage the intellect, has the effect of alienating one from the film's erotic content (in much the same way that violence was distanced in *A Clockwork Orange*), whereas the narrative content of *Times For* was so obscure that you could happily forget about it and become lost in the erotic excesses. No matter:perfection isn't very interesting, and an original work will always infuriate even its admirers. It's encouraging, at least, that while *Times For* had its first London showing at the NFT's maverick 'Underground Film Festival' two years ago, *Dynamo* is getting the official sanction of a London Film Festival screening. I only hope the dilettantish eunuchs can make it through the first half, for they'll see, in the final hour, the most stunning piece of original filmmaking to reach the screen in a long time. Not an unqualified success, by any means, but a work that leaves plenty of reason to believe that Dwoskin may one day create the cinema's first erotic masterpiece.

Clive Hodgson.

The Assassination of Trotsky
Director: Joseph Losey

Throughout my tortuous political education, embracing many obscure ideologies and deviations, I have never thought much good about Trotsky. To the young Stalinist, he was a traitor to the Soviet Workers State, to the 'libertarian' he was the butcher of Kronstadt, and I never really frequented the Trotskyist middle ground.

Yesterday though, as I watched 'The Assassination of Trotsky" a great surge of sympathy and understanding for Lev Davidovich swept over me, which was in no way connected to the educational properties of the film (which are non-existent).

To be assassinated once is a cruel fate, especially in such a barbarous manner. But to have one's corpse interfered with by a clapped out film director, and a flabby ham-actor-cum-diamond-merchant is crueller still.

This film achieves the seemingly impossible but in fact all too easy effect of making Trotsky's death into a non political event. Instead it is represented as a classical tragedy; Trotsky the caged lion, the misunderstood genius, the man with a message, the "Russian idealist" to quote the press handout. Richard Burton plays bits out of his Shakespearean repertoire with pince-nez and a beard. While Alain Delon (that's right Alain Delon!) gets the plum part of Hamlet, agent of the Comintern. Romy Schnieder provides the very muted sex appeal, and to round off the package some Mexican travelogue sequences. "What do they do for kicks in Mexico. Bull fights? Say, not bad, we can run a bullfight sequence, an' the Bull at bay can symbolize the old man surrounded by his enemies an' we keep flashing back to it every 15 minutes." "Gee, J.L. that's real class, real profound."

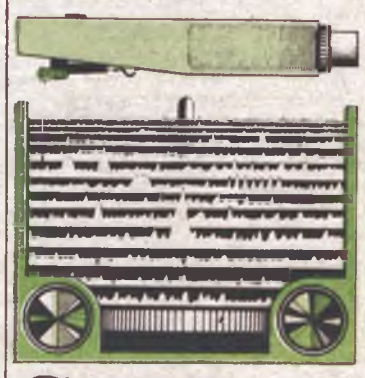
Unless you know something of the history of the 3rd International the motives of these overacted creatures are almost totally obscure, beyond the fact that Trotsky had some kind of beef with Stalin. The nearest we are offered to a political context is Richard Burton strutting around the lawn dictating random quotes from Trotsky's complete works.

I couldn't help wondering why Losey did it. He's made some good movies in the past, perhaps he should have stuck with Dirk Bogarde. The only apparent reason is to cash in on the resurgence of student Trotskyism, in which it will fail abysmally. It isn't possible that Losey had a political axe to grind, since the film contains no politics, not even the usually liberal homilies concerning extremists of all shades etc etc.

Of course those of you who profess no interest in politics may go along for the action. Forget it, there's none of that either, short of one short sharp soggy blow with an ice pick.

A man who played a major role in the world's first proletarian revolution, an important working class leader and military organiser deserves better treatment than this even from a film director.

Dick Pountain



Soundz

Buddy Guy and Junior Wells Play The Blues
(Atlantic)

One of the most important rules of conduct in the guide-book handed out to up and coming record record producers is the motto "If it sells, put out another six just like it." The fiendish mastermind concealed in the maximum security area of the factory that contains the record machine was most impressed

by the sales figures of albums like John Lee Hooker's "Hooker 'n Heat" and "Endless Boogie", Muddy Waters' "Fathers And Sons" and "London Sessions", not to mention the Howlin' Wolf "London Sessions" album and B.B. King's "In London". Hence this album.

Looky here, the man reckoned. You take Buddy Guy and Junior Wells (Chicago blues stalwarts for lo these many years) and put 'em in a studio with such as Eric Clapton (remember Eric Clapton? Oh well), Dr John, the vast majority of the J. Geils Band, and even good ol' Carl Radle and Jim Gordon (without whom it is apparently illegal to record these days). You put Clapton, Tom Dowd and good ol' Ahmet Ertegun the boppin' Turk on the control board and add blues scholar Michael Cuscuna to produce the Geils sessions. Then watcha got? You gotta shit-hot super tough blues album — right?

Wrong. You got an extremely tedious and mechanical, albeit slick and professional album. Ideally blues album should bite into your emotion like a honey coated buzz-saw, but after playing both sides of *Buddy Guy and Junior Wells Play The Blues* you're still waiting for something to happen. You really don't feel you've heard anything. Sure everybody does their numbers nice and neat, there's bags of nifty licks and tricky riffs but nothing has really gone down.

There's nothing here that matches the intensity of Guy's best work for Chess, particularly his amazing playing on the Waters-Wolf-and-Williamson "Festival of the Blues'

(currently available under the title ' Blues From Big Bill's Copacabana' and reviewed OZ 29) or on his "I Left My Blues In San Francisco". Compare anything on this album with his 1960 cut of "First Time I Met The Blues" for a fast perspective.

Unless you own three-quarters of the post-war urban blues albums ever made, there is no logical earthly reason why you should own this music. Let's hope Buddy and Junior picked up their balls from Ertegun's desk on the way out of the studios. Stay away from those white kids, bro' — or else pep 'em up a bit first.

An old copy of Albert King's "King of the Blues Guitar' will see you better whatever you have to spend on it. After all, times of blues and no bread are a lot more tolerable than times of bread and no blues.

Charles Shaar Murray

Some Time in New York
John & Yoko
(Apple)

It's a great temptation to pour scorn on this album for its childlike simplistic politics, and adopt that trendy hip pose that the revolution was last year's thing, and (yawn) this year we're much smarter because we're all into coke and decadence baby, know what I mean.

The Lennons have managed to put together a whole album of current political slogans which has the influence of David Peel all over it and, although flawed, is not the embarrassing piece of bullshit that a lot of the hip pundits would have you believe.

Having just put together a nifty little book of top ten slogans of the rockin' sixties, I'm not about to knock anyone for doing the same thing with music, and, in fact, my only argument with this album is that it could have been done a lot better. As a collection of what are essentially protest songs it tends, more often than not, to sink to the level of Barry McGuire rather than raise itself to the heights of communication achieved by Bob Dylan in his formative years, or Woody Guthrie.

The talk about social injustice runs free, but it is so often stated in such simple terms that it sounds like a small town underground paper from somewhere in the Mid-West. If you contrast the approaches to racist murder in the Lennons' Attica State and Dylan's Only a Pawn in Their Game, you begin to realise the lack of real thought with which John and Yoko approach their subject.

The Lennons just seem to parrot it out:

"Come together, join the movement,
Take a stand for human rights."

Fine, but remember how Dylan delved deep into the problem?

"The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,
And the marshals and cops get the same.
But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool.
He's taught in his school
From the start by the rule
That the laws are with him
To protect his white skin."

It would almost seem that Lennon has fallen into the trap of believing that people's art is, by definition, bad art, and for this to happen to the man who produced "All You Need Is Love" and "Tomorrow Never Knows" seems to be something of a shame.

c *Mick Farren 1972*

Rock of Ages
The Band
(Capitol)

If my memory serves me well, it was June 1971 when two sold-out audiences at the Albert Hall gave The Band a welcome fit for heroes. At last, the invisible princes of Bearsville, mythical senior citizens of the rock cosmos, live, in the flesh! Such warmth and attentiveness for any other group would have been hard to imagine.

The evening was no less intense for being the most laid-back and unostentatious performance I've ever witnessed from any American group. On-stage their dandified suits and short wordless rituals between songs somehow enhanced the feeling of being in the presence of something rare, lofty and legendary. After half a dozen numbers the tension was dispelled (for me at least) by a shout from the stalls, a strangled cry of "You're the greatest!"

They were and they are, and if you've forgotten, here's a new live double album which is no less of a milestone than the finest of their previous works. Perhaps only The Band could offer the best of both worlds, the precision-controlled musical excellence of a studio set plus the rolling exhileration of a live performance. Certainly little sharpness or separation has been lost: it's a superlative job of engineering and mixing.

I remember thinking Garth Hudson's organ was a revelation, a unique-sounding instrument, full of atmosphere and new colours, worlds away from anything your average rock organist ever got out of a regular Hammond. He took a monumental solo feature which segued into Chest Fever, and it's one of the highlights here. Warm, rich, witty and — I gotta say it — *mellow*, titled The Genetic Method, it includes a chorus or two of Auld Lang Syne. As if you didn't know by now, most of this album was recorded at New York's Academy of Music on last New Years Eve.

On Don't Do It, the Holland-Dozier- Holland number which opens this four sided epic, the fivepiece guest horn section punches along, giving a taste of the splendours to come. The interplay of guitar and horns on King Harvest, for instance, is glorious. I could rave on and on about this side. Let's just say you'll love Get Up Jake, the second new song, and the raw, raucous tenor solo by Garth on W.S. Walcott Medicine Show.

Side two piles treasure on treasure. After the brilliant Stage Fright, a desolate flugelhorn blast from jazz veteran Snooky Young signals The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down. Sheer magic. Big wide piano chords, sublime chorus and stunning vocal. Another classic, Across The Great Divide, re-enforces the width and depth of their canvas.

It's only polite to include a Dylan number, especially as he sang a few songs with them at this gig, and here its a lively version of This Wheel's On Fire, which was co-written with Rich Danko. Then into the racy fiddly and crazy-fisted piano of Rag Mama Rag.

The Band's use of multi-hued textures is particularly wondrous on The Weight, which opens side three. Robbie's *piece de resistance* is a pure delight as verse after verse is coloured by gorgeous keyboards and vocal harmonies. Their creativity and discipline has no finer testament. The Shape I'm In has a spontaneous liberated feel, with Garth in particular getting his instrumental rocks off in riotous fashion. Life Is A Carnival likewise, with lovely big fat riffs.

If you've read as far as this you'll have sussed that Robbie Robertson's Untouchables occupy a rather special place in my affections. Be assured however, this is no fave-rave wankoff review. Rock of Ages proves that The Band can write, play and sing rings round just about any group you care to name. It is indisputably one of the albums 1972 will be remembered for.

Myles Palmer

Vindicator: Arthur Lee (A&M) *Aside from being Arthur Lee's tribute to James Hendrix, whose photograph is displayed discreetly — almost surreptitiously — on the back cover, Vindicator is a fulfilment of the potential that Love always boasted but never fully realised Quite simply Lee has produced his most exciting musical venture since 'Forever Changes'.*

Illustration by Roger Hughes

Everybody's In Showbiz — Everybody's A Star: The Kinks *The review for this album was commissioned last month and our reviewer was last seen stumbling on his way towards Muswell Hill. We haven't heard a word from him since. Well, that's showbiz.*

Illustration by Ken White

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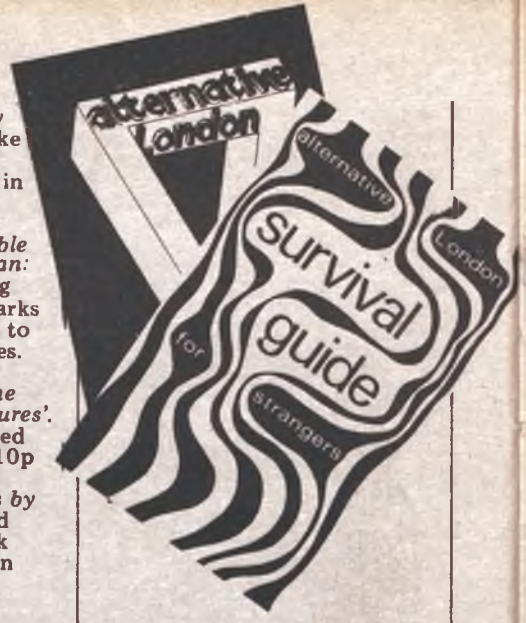

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(See page 1 of this issue)

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Next issue, OZ digs out the Stones.

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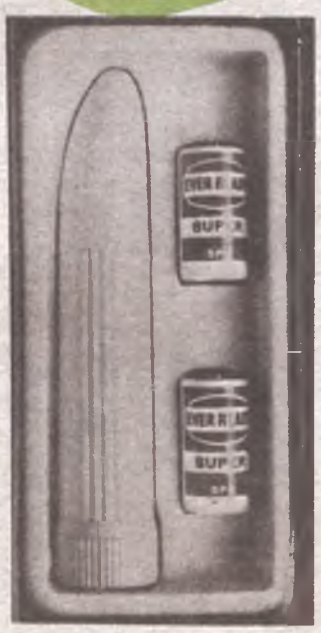

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John Wilcock, underground press luminary has recently been in Greece, and sent us this report.

Summer is long gone but the kids are still streaming into Greece, most of them with bedrolls on their back and a lump of hash in their pockets. They're here to spend a few cheap days on the Aegean island beaches before continuing westwards to Turkey and Kabul.

They're a problem, these kids, and nobody seems to know quite how to handle them. Greece has been getting rich on tourism — visitors are up 25 per cent this year — but thousands of footloose freaks spending a few pence per day and sleeping on the ground haven't noticeably helped the economy.

They've turned many of the island beaches, notably at Ios and Mykonos, into very unGreek nudist communes, which is all to the good, but nobody expects it can last. Given the puritanism of the Greek government it's inconceivable that a crackdown won't come eventually although so far officials have contented themselves with making almost daily busts at the Turkish border of those foolish enough to smuggle dope.

What the kids aren't, of course, is political. London's 'liberal' papers seem annoyed that radical youth has opted to visit "fascist" Greece and tags them as hypocritical. But the kids aren't radical at all in the sense of caring (or thinking) about ideologies.

To most of them Greece is just another oasis, where the living is cheap and easy, on the route to India. They didn't dig being pushed around by the authorities back home in the U.S. (or whatever "democracy" they came from) and they won't dig it in Turkey and many of the other alleys of officialdom they'll pass through. But there's nothing political about it; they don't give a shit who runs the country they're in, just so long as it leaves them alone.

And strangely enough, that's pretty much the mood of everybody in Greece these days, resident and visitor alike. For many Greeks are getting richer; the economy is booming with cars, refrigerators, television sets and similar apurtenances converting what was a nation of near-peasants into a typical bourgeois middle class.

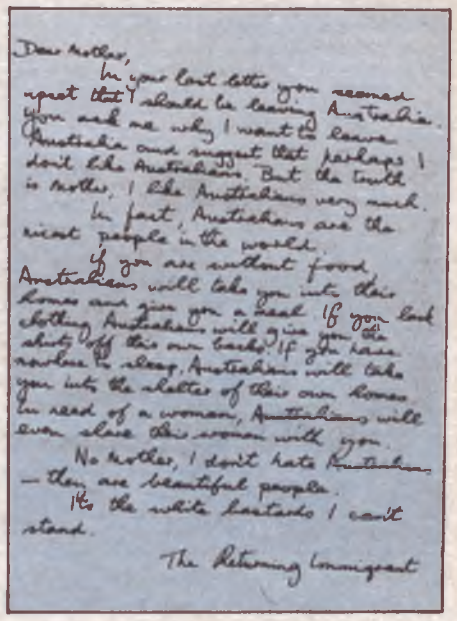
Some critics maintain that all the people with drive and guts have left the country, unable to stomach what is virtually one-man rule, and it's true that after five years there's still no meaningful opposition of Papadopoulos. And no elections. And people in jail for breaking plates or telling Papadop jokes or playing Theodorakis' music or writing editorials. And a vague press law that amounts to virtual censorship. And there's scarcely need for secret police because so many Greeks are willing to report their best friends for petty infractions of the law.

But having said that you've pretty much said it all. There's ironically still a sense of freedom that no longer exists in America where "democracy" offers a choice of being taxed, bullied and boxed-in by McGovernment or Nixonomics; where millions still willingly finance their government to murder Asians; where the ripoff keeps everybody's nerves constantly on edge; where violence lurks even in daylit streets; where lies, greed and hypocrisy are too commonplace to be any longer cause for special comment.

In a choice between so-called free elections and the banishment of *all* politicians most realists/anarchists would take the latter any time. (Although it's also true, as says Yannis Horn, one of the regime's only visible opponents, that Papadopoulos has taken the privileges away from the politicians and given them to the rich shipowner).

Because, you know, it's America that rules the world, including Greece — and don't ever forget it. It's America that can tell the Greek government it's going to enlarge its resident occupation colony in Athens by 20,000 Navy dependents, forcing up rents and introducing the inevitable drug and crime syndrome that accompanies U.S. military as camp followers all over the world.

It's American warships that anchor in peaceful island harbors, play the Star Spangled Banner over loudspeakers at 6 am and pour drunken, redneck sailors and swaggering armed shore patrols intothe already overcrowded bars where they treat the natives like lackeys. It's American consular officials and CIA types who visit residents who complain about this kind of invasion. (The Greeks are less fortunate: Mykonos merchants who signed a petition asking the U.S. war ships to stay away were visited by



Dear Mother,

In your last letter you seemed upset that I should be leaving Australia. You ask me why I want to leave Australia and suggest that perhaps I don't like Australians. But the truth is Mother, I like Australians very much.

In fact, Australians are the nicest people in the world.

If you are without food, Australians will take you into their homes and give you a meal. If you lack clothing Australians will give you the shirt off their own backs. If you have nowhere to sleep, Australians will take you into the shelter of their own homes. In need of a woman, Australians will even share this woman with you.

No Mother, I don't hate Australians — they are beautiful people.

It's the white bastards I can't stand.

The Returning Immigrant

Photo by Joseph Stevens

Letters received: One from Wandsworth Prison, on special notepaper from inmate Swendon-Lennox. Better known to his friends as George Lennox, the well-known underground habitue and activist, George got a heavy 3½ years for armed robbery without violence at Victoria Railway Station. The event involving a .38 revolver, took place months before he was arrested and had nothing to do with George. By a strange co-incidence, his bust occurred on the very same day that Seven Days *front page headlined his story DID THE SPECIAL BRANCH TORTURE CORPORAL LENNOX? Good luck with your appeal George.*

George is pictured above in happier times at the Alice Cooper Chessington Zoo binge.

local police and accused of being communists.

And it's 1,000 CIA men, says *Athens News* publisher Yannis Horn, who caused all the trouble in the first place. They and their GOP friends such as Tom Pappas (who, in partnership with Esso, dominates the Greek oil industry) needed the sort of government Greece has now. Just as Nixon and Agnew need it, and all the multimillionaire businessmen who made the world what it is today. And who intend to keep it that way.

John Wilcok isn't the only one who noticed the Greek CIA cancer. While in gaol near Athens on a dope bust, Ken Rubinstein (extracts from his manuscript Involution are on Pp36-7) interviewed one Costa, a young Greek radical who was tortured and gaoled for 12 months merely for distributing an anti-Papadopoulos pamphlet. At the end of their talk, the name of Ann Chapman, the BBC reporter who died last year in Greece, came up: "It was a political murder."

' How do you know."

"If you know Greek police. If you can follow how they move, then you can see very clear it was a political murder . . . she took a tape recorder and went into the prisons and made some recordings with political prisoners."

"How did she get into the prisons."

"I don't know. I think she was connected to Lady Flemming. But she knew too much about the Greek reality. She wanted to write an article for the newspapers and so they had to murder her . . . they murdered her because she was too concerned."

George Oshawa, the father of macrobiotics, stuffed and mounted in a Berlin health food shop window.

Photograph by Joseph Stevens

The real bombshell of the hopefully 6 feet under the ground Longford Report is the use of libertarians who collaborated in fobbing this collection

An outrage to normal standards of decency...

of ignorant Christian prejudice off on the public as an 'investigation' which had 'carefully considered' both sides of the question. It was obvious from the moment the Commission was announced 'to study the problem of pornography' (thereby assuming as unchallengeable truth the debateable proposition that porn is a problem) with members who had all previously spoken publicly against the rising tide of filth, that the Commission was no more than a public relations job for the sexual repression movement.

Yet scores of liberals who should have known better, 'flocked to give evidence' (usually in the form of a lunch and chat with the Good Lord and a couple of his henchmen) and by so doing, giving the Commission a spurious claim to impartiality. They have only themselves to blame for the distortions and simplifications of their views contained in the report. The Longford fellow travellers, for the record, include: The Campaign for Homosexual Equality. Michael de la Noy Defence of Literature and the Arts Society, William Hamling MP, Derek Hill, Mary Kenny, George Melly, John Montgomerie, National Council for Civil Liberties, Tony Smythe, Ben Levy, Richard Neville, Paul Raymond, C.H. Rolph, Jeffrey Simmons, Jill Tweedie, Womens' Liberation Workshop (Liz Kustow et al), Albany Trust The Guardian, Pellen Personal Products, Lord Goodman, Edna O'Brien, Jean Straker.

A final word on Longford. Prior to his discovery of sex, he was mainly known for his self-publicised compassion for the Moors Murderers. In the last year, especially at University debates on the permissive society, he actually produced letters from redeemed catholic Myra Hindley, to reassure the audience of his 'reformist views'. On the eve of the publication of the Longford Report, Myra was taken for her walk — an elemental act of Christian charity. One might think that especially as the British Press will see that she is never released from prison, Longford was the obvious man to speak out against the press hysteria and the Home Office reprimand of the Holloway governess. He refused. "I have a very high opinion of the Home Office." The Good Lord was apparently too busy with his crusade to fill our prisons with pornographers to waste time defending humane treatment of a sinner he is more than happy to take the credit for saving.

FREEDOM FROM CENSORSHIP CAMPAIGN (c/o 19 Great Newport Street, London WC2) has been formed in the inquisitorial wake of the Longford Commission by a group of people who feel that organised opposition to the countrywide, National Front orientated operations of the Festival of Light, is needed. Anyone seriously concerned about the growing dangers of censorship in the country, anyone who has suffered harrassment from Festival of Lighters, or the police, contact the committee at the above address.

ANOTHER CREDIT MISSED OUT. The photo of Bobby, the sexchange sensation and that of 'Bob Weir', both in Spike last issue, were taken by Philip Hodgson and first appeared in Curious. Sorry about that.

Eating Yourself Sick —a couple of school recipes.

Drop-Out Rash

3 Niacin tablets.

Taken half an hour before going to school, they will produce a flush and blotchy rash. It's quite harmless. You could take a bottle to school, get your whole class into it and start yelling smallpox.

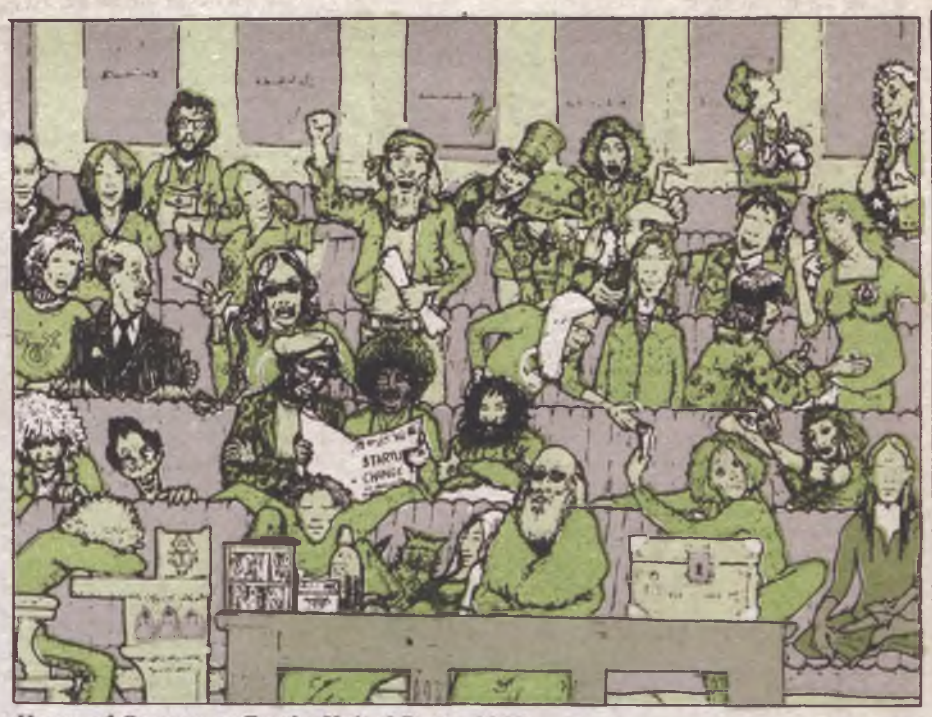
Vomit Tea

Lobelia

Make up a large pot of lobelia tea, pass it around at lunchtime. More than one cup will induce vomiting. It would be sensational if everyone could start at the same time, over your school books, preferably.

PIRATE RADIO ECHO

The buccaneering days of the offshore radio pirates are back. Mike Johns' Radio Free London (186m) is on the air again, providing an alternative music service every Saturday night from 11pm to 6.30 Sunday morning. Mike Johns still hasn't realised his ambition to have a ship out in the cold North Sea, but he has come a long way since his first broadcasts over a five mile radious from Fulham for a few hours each Sunday afternoon. Long may his skirmishes with the forces behind the Marine Offences Act (the only Act which contains an offence for which you can lose your citizenship) and the Wireless Telegraphy Act, continue.



House of Commons, Freaks United Party, 1984.

Richard Gallagher

Amid the sea-side concrete and artificial amusements of Great Yarmouth on the second weekend in October the Freaks United Party held their first annual conference. In contrast to the neurotic power struggles and desperate atmosphere of the Tory and Labour conferences in the same month FUP meeting produced positive ideas as well as the usual feelings of euphoria. For those people present the conference was the first stage of a long haul to political power in Britain. In the absence of a peoples' revolution the Party's aim is to utilise the growing and expanding political power of the new generations and by the ballot taking office in all forms of government.

A poll specially commissioned by FUP showed that in October 1972 something like 70% of those between 14 and 20 no longer believe in the existing myths and establishment power games and have faith in an alternative life style. Approximately 60% of those between 20 and 26, 45% of those between 26 and 32, 20% of those between 32 and 40, and 5% of those over 40 feel the same. Given that these attitudes can be coalesced in a party (the FUP) that meets with their approval and given that this tendency continues FUP research department has produced a timetable like this:

In 3 years . . . . first memeber elected to councils Westminster etc.

In 5 years . . . party begins to have real political influence.

In 10 years . . . . Party becomes the major opposition to the right wing coalition.

In 15 years . . .Forms first alternative government of Britain.

One of the first jobs of the conference delegates (who held their meetings on a quiet section of the beach seated on a multitude of hired deck chairs and sheltered from the North Sea by a series of canvas wind breaks. Dope was plentiful and no one got busted) was to start producing principles for a political platform that could be modified and added to as the party grows and develops politically. There will be a number of smaller conferences during the coming year to work with new party members and the second annual conference in October 73 will be concerned with perparing the first statement of policy and appointing the first shadow ministers.

In the meantime here are some of the pipe dreams that were put forward for the alternative platform. Readers who want to add to or modify these ideas and are interested in attending future conferences should write to the FUP, 19 Great Newport Street, London W.C.2. with their ideas and address.

The Party is against class differences, will eliminate the monarchy and remove all titles, peerages etc. The House of Lords will be replaced by a body somewhat similar to the TUC council only much larger. Instead of only certain industries and occupations being represented by suitable bodies whether they be schoolchildren, home workers, drop outs, police, women etc. The House of Commons will be elected much as now except that there will be far greater opportunity for citizens to speak to it. There will be no President only a computer programmed with historical precedents which is consulted by the Speaker of the House of Commons. All citizens will have access to the Presidents print out and data exchange points. The party is anti-authoritarian and collectivist. There will be a bill of rights against which all laws, Government decisions, and legal actions will be tested. Other principles agreed on are:—

Abolition of all forms of sexism, racism, and ageism.

The police forces will be under the control of and answerable to the communities they serve.

Land will be nationalised and profit from property will be outlawed. Property will not be inheritable. It will pass to the community upon death.

All persons will have a guaranteed income and margins will be introduced according to the nature of the work — ie. the financial demands special to that work. All will earn roughly the same income.

Elitism in jobs and professional classes will be done away with.

No censorship in any form.

The criminal law will be reformed, and modified. Many matters now dealt with by police and courts will be either abolished or handed over to community representatives. For example there will no longer be victimless crimes. The main offences will be those involving violence to others. Property matters will not be dealt with by the criminal law.

Prisons will be abolished.

Approximately 90% of those in gaol will be released — after review a few individuals may remain under community supervision. The 10% remainder will have assistance and treatment that is not imprisonment as such.

The absolute right of the individual to put whatever he wishes into his body will be guaranteed, as will be his right to free medical/psychiatric advice and treatment of whatever kind he wishes.

Lawyers will be replaced by non professional 'social adjusters'.

All transport will be free. The petrol engined car will be outlawed and replaced with a comprehensive railway and tram system supplemented by low cost electric vehicles (buses, minibusses and individual cars) available to all.

Elimination of pollution and all anti-environment practices.

Extended families, individuals, communes will be recognised as being of equal importance to a conventional family and this will be reflected in social services, housing, architecture, etc.

Education. Free choice of schools with full range of political and social attitudes. All supported by the state. In universities and schools the board of governors will be appointed by students.

Foreign Policy. In general the party advocates the breaking down of large groups of states or federations into areas of regional identification with autonomous governments. While favouring the breakup of monolithic groups such as the Common Market ir the USA or the USSR the party is in favour of some of the principles at present manifested by, say, the Common Market, eg, the abolition of passports, tariffs, customs and work restrictions and the mixing of racial groups and identities. New regional groups would emerge and as they were set up there would be a decrease in armaments leading to the eventual abolition of weapons of war and mass destruction.

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1972 – West End, London

The Great Frisco Quake — real American cooking. Try Prairie Corn to start; move on in a big, big way to a Hickory Ham steak or a 100% pure beef Golden Gate burger. Unwind if you're uptight, try Auntie Ada's *Nature* Apple Pie. Freak out with Hot Fudge Sundae, cool down with a great Frisco Shake, or Michelob or Schirlz beer.

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'INK' Bound Volumes

INK newspaper has now been liquidated, and the entire stock of back issues available at the time of liquidation has been purchased by OZ. They run from 1st May 1970 to 21st February 1972. Thirty three sets have been bound in durable stiff leather covers and double stitched for maximum protection. These are the only sets in existence known to us, that are complete and for sale. Seven of the sets have already been sold to university libraries here and overseas. There are twenty nine issues in each bound volume. The negatives and plates of every issue of INK are to be destroyed.

Librarians and collectors interested, write for free explanatory leaflet and reservation form.

ATACAMA

'The Sun Burns Up Above' **CAS 1060**
The combination of good music and intense political motivation, performers and writers joining to reach and persuade public opinion, is now full-blooded tradition in Latin America, and particularly in Chile. Music is as effective a media as any when artists are prepared to play for little or nothing in villages impoverished and illiterate. ATACAMA's second album to be released on Charisma (The first was 'Atacama' CAS 1039) features songs from the central and southern regions of Chile, including three from their acknowledged 'master', Violeta Parra, who died tragically some years ago.

STRING DRIVEN THING

'String Driven Thing' **CAS 1062**
A discovery in the highest tradition of Charisma 'firsts' (i.e. Lindisfarne, The Nice, Genesis, Van der Graaf Generator). A remarkable first major appearance at the Reading Festival '72 has been followed by a period of private and close co-operation with producer Shel Talmy. A strange line-up: The superb violin of Graham Smith the sturdy vocal of rhythm guitarist Chris Adams, the voice and driving concert tambourine of Pauline Adams, the fine bass work of Colin Graham worked under Sir John Barbirolli in the Halle, before moving on to the Scottish National, where he began 'moonlighting' on gigs with Chris, Pauline and Colin in the Glasgow area.

LORD OF THE RINGS

Bo Hansson **CAS 1059**
Around five years ago quite a few British musicians were admiring a Scandinavian duo called Hansson and Carlsson, an organ/drums outfit ambitious beyond its time. Hansson, composer and keyboard man, retired from the gig scene to an island off Stockholm. Reclusive and other-worldly, he was seduced by Professor Tolkien's 'Lord Of The Rings' trilogy. Out of the seduction was born a series of haunting rhythms and melodies. In large part this 'Lord of the Rings' suite was recorded on that same small island off Stockholm, with Hansson's own organ and Moog Synthesiser dominating. The album includes a colour portrait insert of the rarely photographed Professor Tolkien, taken by Snowdon.

REMEMBER...
CHARISMA PUTS A LITTLE COLOUR IN YOUR CHEEKS.

THE FAMOUS CHARISMA LABEL
MARKETED BY B&C RECORDS LTD.

Bingo With Erections

Love sex and marriage are governed by ancient rules which work only with the help of an obscene layer of deceipt, lies and hypocrisy. Oz, in the two articles which follow, takes a look at some of the new possibilities. Firstly, Madelaine Francis discusses, somewhat sceptically, the dialectics of group sex, and secondly, Henry Charles talks idealistically about infinitely expanded families and the use of sex as an enhancer in all relationships.

"Will the real revolutionary group sex scene please stand up." Post that message on street corners; cover up the corset ads in the tube with it; scribble it on magazines in your local VD clinic; Why? Because a helluva lot of people are looking for that scene; it's proving as elusive as the end of the rainbow, and there's got to be a reason.

A year ago David Cooper spelled out in capital letters in his book *"Death of the Family"*: MAKING LOVE IS GOOD IN ITSELF, AND THE MORE IT HAPPENS IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE OR CONCEIVABLE BETWEEN AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE, MORE AND MORE OF THE TIME; SO MUCH THE BETTER. But what *is* happening between people who have got past the stage of being sick with fright at anything more liberated than monogamous death?

Well at first sight you could say the picture looks pretty dismal. Two of us have been trying to get a book together on group sex (in the broadest possible sense) and the experience has been truly bloodcurdling. Firstly, perhaps we made the mistake of advertising for people to interview in the underground press, rather than in the Telegraph. The response was almost totally from a lot of tense and eager men in straight jobs demanding to know where we were planning to hold our next orgy. It turned out they only read the UG press for its sex ads. We got no response at all from advertising in contact magazines, and ended up talking to our friends, pressing them to be a little more frank about that New Year's Eve in Leighton Buzzard.

After a while one contact led to another, and we've talked to a lot of people since then. Some got involved in group sex by accident, others because they needed a safety valve from the stifling pressures of their everyday lives, and others because they felt it was an 'exciting' thing to do. The 'revolutionary' reality is alas, totally believable. For most of us it still exists in our heads only, and as far as sex goes, the drive towards sexual change is totally unhinged from any idea of total revolution. The bed, instead of becoming what David Cooper saw it as ("the great unused secret weapon of the revolution") still has the function of a refuge from the fight. Women are still commodities that one falls back on needing (like a 'nice cup of tea') after the exhausting sparring match with the system.

It's hard to tell the truth when the truth isn't at all what you want it to be, but group sex seems to fall into fairly sharply divided categories.

Suburban group sex is a joke, if you're thinking of changing anything. It is totally governed by a network of tight rules which operate firmly within the womb of the old monogamous social values, and by its very nature will be stillborn, because the participants would die of heart failure if they thought anything else might happen. It's Bingo with erections.

Then there are those nice middle and upper class groups whose families have effectively castrated them by blasting out any ability to openly give or take love. These afficionados of group sex think they have hit on the most explosive thing of the century—and by Christ and the houses of parliament they aren't going to let it get out of their hands. It's a firework/dildo they are playing with, and if the fuse ever ran off the whole world might blow up and that would mean the end of their 'special' status as 'rebels'—and yet worse, the news might reach the ears of their wives at home, who then might want to *join in.* This group have for the most part coldly and consciously sought out or created a scene, and taken capitalist possession of it; if it ever became popular to have sex with anyone and everyone as and when you felt like it, they would be on the Mary Whitehouse bandwaggon faster than you can give a deviant ECT.

Yet another category (most difficult to isolate at first) is of those who get involved in group sex apparently for 'fashion' reasons. Ironically enough they are not too different from the last group. Sexual liberation is something they will talk about with all the fluency of vomiting, but they aren't really in it for either purely sexual or purely social reasons, though these play a big part. It's all a somewhat congealed mess in the emotional centre, and group sex has become a penis in its own right. "Fuck the system!" has come to be taken in it's most simplistic sense, and most of the time they haven't the faintest idea of why they are doing it. It's just fucking other people to 'get back' at all the people who 'fucked' them.

All this sounds very depressing, but it's really no use grabbing the first papier-mache swallow and expecting summer to arrive in its wake. There *are* people who want to revolutionize sex, and society through it. And they aren't involved in the more obvious group sex scenes, because they've seen through them. These are people who have also seen through the smokescreens of traditional male/female relationships, family 'socialization' blackmail, and violence disguised as love, in whatever form.

A 'dirty weekend' in Brighton with a dozen others is no more liberated than a dirty weekend with one other. Those of us who are instinctively sickened by the Cosmopolitan/Playboy image of sex (and remember that both these 'supermags' think group sex is far out as long as you settle for boosting your ego with it) are only going to be able to fight it by refusing to play it's game of crippled relationship.

The revolution is not won numerically; I could hop into bed with other people at the speed of a keystone cops movie, and not change a thing, though I might kid myself I am. What we're up against is that value in society which claims love is a commodity. The emotional conviction, implanted in us by former victims, that we only have so much love to give, and when it's all given away, we'll have nothing left. Relationships become transactions, and the religious promotion of the ideal of romantic love is what traps us all. The agony of expecting a two-person relationship (especially when fossilized within marriage) to supply *everything* one needs emotionally and sexually for ever and ever, is bleeding us to death. Victoriana lives, in the notion that love, like sperm, is something you 'lose'. The biggest hangup with group sex at the moment is that it is seen as an *alternative* to love, rather than an expansion of it's meaning.

The politician, the TV producer, the advertising executive who makes a beeline for group sex, is counterrevolutionary in the worst sense; he is trying to lay on sex all his trips of personal inadequacy feelings. Sex is his 'goddess' and he feels he is being very wicked and 'naughty' in daring to prefer her to the thing his mother told him he should do, i.e. fall in love and get married, full stop. But sex is no more for him than a monstrous 'bunny girl', as big as the pyramids, who effectively jams down over his prick to make him feel protected from his real emotional needs. At the bottom of his heart he despises her as he despises himself.

Revolutionary group sex is still young and sickly on its legs. To understand it we have to start *feeling* the elasticity of love, and that's nothing, but nothing to do with how many people you can lay at a time. The difficulty is in freeing myself from the two polar opposites of 'love' (in the sense of an emotion supposed to 'transcend' sex) and 'sex' (in the sense of fucking without love).

Group sex *can* be a living realization of the possibility of blowing one's emotional mind. Relationship takes on the aura of an acid trip, paradoxically fusing and dissolving all the stereotyped relationships (mother/son, father/daughter, brother/sister, guy/chick, etc) one has been into before. The archetypal categories of 'loving' and 'fucking' stop being either opposites or necessary concomitants of each other, and the long-mystified mystery of the exclusive two-person relationship is challenged. But for that to happen we have to be able to let go. As Cooper describes the orgasmic experience: "One becomes not only both sexes, but also all ages and all generations in making love. One becomes a blissful infant and also simultaneously an ancient bisexual sage. Above all one pours out of oneself in a massive evacuating act the whole internalized family constellation."

The most rewarding group sex experiences seem to evolve naturally, as opposed to being 'rigged'. One girl we spoke to illustrated the difference very well. Having come to London to be an actress when she was 17, she proceeded to sleep with more men than most people have had hot dinners. Then she got involved in a 2-year relationship which ended in disaster. Her first group sex experience followed shortly afterwards:

"When Chris and I broke up I felt I'd had enough of men, and got deeply involved in a very intense relationship with a woman, Zena, who I was close to. I was at the height of my 'motherly' period, and she had great hangups about her mother. So we fitted. In due course we met Carlo, an Italian photographer, and we both got on well together with him. She slept with him, and so did I.

"One day Zena had been to see me, and told me she wanted to collect some records she had left at Carlo's place. Carlo was in bed when we arrived.

"Zena went off to the kitchen to make coffee and Carlo decided to have a bath. I teased him in the bath, washed his back, and somehow things just went on from there. Once Zena and I were both in the bathroom, a great game of washing and drying him began. I gave him a massage with baby oil and then white wine. Everything flowed naturally and soon we were all undressed. Carlo made love to me and then to Zena, and we did what came naturally with our mouths and hands. I remember that she and I held hands most of the time. Carlo was disappointed that Zena and I didn't like interacting sexually together, but there was no strain. We smoked in the middle of the session, then drank some wine, and continued. There was a completely clean animal quality about it which felt so natural, and really enjoyable.

"Some months later, by contrast, I was visiting a friend of my boss to deliver a letter. As soon as I arrived at the house I had a prickly sort of feeling. The friend (Sandy) promptly introduced me to another man who was there. There was an atmosphere of terrible boredom. We had a drink and watched TV for a while. Then we had a joint, and Sandy started stroking me. I don't remember all the mechanics of the evening, but I felt clearly that they thought I might constitute the evening's entertainment, and proceeded. I went along with it partly out of curiousity but mostly out of fear—I was nervous about what might happen if I said 'No.' Sandy's friend was very large.

"There was such a difference between the two experiences. The first had been in deep friendship, where we were together in every sense of the word.

It was beautiful. The second was a cold blooded experiment. Neither of the men were openly violent or unpleasent, but I felt I was meaningless to them and they to me. I felt totally used, though I can't protest too much. I let it happen to me. But afterwards I knew if I got involved again it would be a real act because I loved the people I was with, and not artificially".

This girl was lucky. She had the true experience first, by whichshe was able to measure the other. Although only three people were involved she admits that it could have been with many more, as long as the feeling was right.

In the deepest sense, group sex is anti-family. It's a kick up the arse for the parents who created us and left us in a maze of unwritten rules that still rule from our stomachs. It's what you make of it after you realize that Freud made a fundamental mistake in assuming we never did get round to fucking without mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters.....

So looking for a pre-packed cellophane-wrapped group sex scene is playing back into the mouth of the consumer system which is consuming itself. You just end up with emotional anorexia, fucking more and more people, and wondering why none of the food ever reaches your stomach. Those who believe group has nothing to do with emotion are afraid of emotion. Love is is infinitely expandable, and as yet we have only realised a fragment of it's it's ppossibility. The revolution has to start from knowing that, knowing what you want, and daring to take it.

Love Is A Many Peopled Thing

Henry Charles is an extraordinary man who seems to have a Faustian gift of youth. At 54 he looks 33. He is of East european origin, but has lived in London for decades. He's an architect and a man who once played many important roles in Leftwing politics here and abroad. His wide experience in sexual matters and his ability to create ease and good unhung up sexual relations wherever he is make him the sort of expert that the writer of the first piece (she admits to never having been to a sex party) is'nt. For a while he was London correspondent of Screw, the New York sex paper and used to berate editor Al Goldstein for the paper's sniggering joky attitude to sex. He says of men's sex mags: "Publishers go into it for money and at the same time they go into it because they're naive about sex. It's their shield so they can get into sex. They probably know less about sex than the average person and they knock it in a humourous way because of their own innocence.' But of Suck and the Wet Dream Festival: "Suck and the Wet Dream Festival educate people. They show fantasies and people realise their fantasies are shared by other people. We fuck with our heads, we don't fuck with our cocks or cunts. People have to learn about sex. It's not something they're born with." Describing a party: ". .. all heaven is let loose. Two by two, couples leave the room. I am convinced that it is the female who chooses her partner. With a look or a gesture she makes known her first choice of the evening and the man responds. Couples who go in search of a bed or a mattress on the floor to do their thing together are quickly joined by others. Some watch, some help, some participate, all are involved. The hubbub of conversation dies; you hear the panting and the delightful "ohs" and "ahs" of couples on the verge of climax; the atmosphere is that of humans in heat. Soon they swap and change according to their will, in various multiple combinations." Oz interviewed Henry Charles at his house. A house filled with his family—friends and wife and grown up children—all of whom fit in harmoniously with the Charles' life style.

Oz: What was your first contact with group sex?

Charles: It started with wife swapping. Twenty years ago my wife and I decided we wanted to experiment with other people. It was still very much a question of ownership. I was *allowing* her to do something so it presupposed I owned her in some way and she went along with that. We met people who also thought they wanted to experiment and we changed partners. From this, group sex evolved. People no longer go in for wife swapping—at least I hope not.

Oz: What was the change' What took place between wife swapping and group sex?

Charles: Women found their independence. Women's lib has really changed them over the last 20 years. They are liberated, they feel they can participate in sex. I think also the pill has been important. And women enjoy sex—they always have, although they'd been repressed educationally, told it was wrong, dirty and they mustn't show pleasure. Then they saw other people enjoying themselves, said if two of us swap and enjoy it why not 3, 4, 5 couples and gradually it evolved into group sex. My wife and I brought some experience of our own to it and we gained from watching other people and learning from them. We saw them rid themselves of hangups—hangups we all have not just those who went to parties. There's a gradual process of learning that goes on after you've been to parties. Sex is a learned art and without realising it people unconsciously learn things from seeing other people—just as babies learn to walk or talk.

Oz: Our article (Charles had read it) is very critical of the sort of people who go to parties—sees them as frustrated hungup suburbanites, etc. Is that true?

Charles: Part of it is true. But I've come to the point where I can tolerate some of those people and the reasons why they go along to group scenes. To me the most important element is that its almost a social necessity for people. In the first place it's *social intercourse.* It's social intercourse at all levels—all educational levels and all income levels. I sometimes give parties for 200 at my house. There are people with absolutely no money and others who are stinking rich. Its an important contact point—perhaps the only one. Where else would these people, with such widely differeng backgrounds, meet? It supplants the family, takes its place. It doesn't destroy the family, the family is already destroyed. We have a herd instinct, we need each other and we want to get together. When we are together with our pants down we are ourselves, we're not playing a game, trying to impress somebody. Free of some of the inhibitions we carry with us, we become much more our real selves and then we can *communicate.* To me that is the second important element in group sex. I meet people at a party and in half an hour I know them better than someone I've worked with for 20 years. Because I've seen them fuck and I've been part of their intimate life.

Oz: Are parties confined to particular age groups?

Charles: More and more young people are going to parties. I've been to ones lately where the age group was from 18—24, students, hippies, junior business executives. It's still true though that younger people are much more self conscious and inhibited. Although that's changing. Little kids have no problems. They're free and easy about themselves and their bodies. Then at adolescence they drop out. They become self conscious and isolated. They acquire hangups from their parents. Even if the parents have discovered their own sexuality, they're scared of passing it on. One thing thats going to come is the re-education of younger people by parents who've been taught by group sex that sex isn't a taboo subject. That it's a form of life which to some people is almost a religion. This enables them to educate their children without the usual hangups.

Oz: How do people find their way to parties?

Charles: That's the difficult problem. In my circles it's through personal introduction. One person brings another and you then constantly meet new people. I must have in my address book something like 800 people who are very active in group sex and out of them, 400 belong to what I call the family. Otherwise people find each other as couples or threesomes and they talk and maybe go to a sauna and they then do it as partners, not as possessions as in wife swapping. A guy and a chick living together they're going to be unfaithful to each other, so why not do it together. It's honest.

Oz: If a couple start going to parties what is likely to happen to a relationship they've developed—one that up until then for instance has excluded other sexual partners?

Charles: It enhances it enormously. First of all jealousy is supplanted by a completely new feeling of pride. People are proud of the fact that their partner is desirable and wanted. It applies just as much to married couples. If two people live together for a long time they can tet bored with each other. They might read a porno book and get turned on by it but the real turn on is to meet other people and to suddenly find they have a relationship with those people—not one that is possessive in the sense that either is in fear that one of his possessions is being taken away. Nobody's taking away anything. Everyone's giving to the relationship. Giving love's not an irretrievable loss. The more you give love the more you get love back. It's the same with sex. The more sex you have the more you become sexually aware.

But the best part of any sex party is just after it. When you both consummate what you've seen. I fucked with 11 women one evening and had 11 orgasms. I couldn't have had 11 orgasms with one woman. I still had the 12th with the one I was staying with and that was the greatest fuck of them all, in a relaxed atmosphere reliving the fantasy of the evening. Your relationships become very very genuine—none of this crap about let's have a meal or I'll take you to the movies after which the girl feels obliged to hop into bed with you. There's no obligation with anyone you meet at a party. The girl makes love to you only if she wants to and if she does it's a great turn on. I don't say everyone should go to bed with everyone. There's a certain chemistry . . . But at parties we all tolerate each other and each other's fantasies—it's a big family. What turns me on and most other people too, is to see one's partner or even your friend's wife or girl friend being excited.

Oz: What are the political implications of collective sex? Certainly the author of the previous article was looking for a revolutionary motivation.

Charles: Group sex is an important development. We're trying to find new ways. In that sense its revolutionary. Again a lot of our old established forms of communication, our family ties, have been destroyed. We're obviously lost without them. But group sex gives us something very positive. It gives us a sense of friendship and interdependance devoid of the sort of capitalistic undertones that any other grouping of society might entail.

Oz: But do you feel you're engaged in a political act?

Charles: When I was young I saw what happened in the occupied countries and suffered a great disillusionment with Communist principles. It wasn't a fair society that was emerging. Out of the sex groupings you find the real values are human values—human liberties. The freedom of the individual is the greatest liberty we enjoy—the most important aspect of our lives. And having got this absolute individual liberty—even the freedom to live on your own in perpetuity, then you can join together with other people.

Oz: But how could this in reality make changes in society.

Continued on Page 41

Photos from Screw Newspaper

What About Socrates?

What About Him?

The following extracts are from an extraordinary manuscript called Involution, which Ken Rubinstein, the author, calls 'the diastolic phase of an evolutionary process.' What follows is short, but we hope it gives you some idea of the projected book itself, and the darker side of CIA-ridden Greece, the home of democracy, whatever that is.

...so they started to hit me again. To beat me. I don't know how long. But I couldn't move my feet and I was all covered with blood. Then someone took my hair and he pulled me and used it to drag me on the floor. From one corner to the other while all the others laughed. And it was then that I was really afraid. I thought: Well my hair will fall out. They are going to kill me. It was terrible that moment. I thought that my scalp was off. And it was. Blood running all on my head. So. Someone took an 'elastico'. A rubberband. And took my hair and tied it up. And then took some sellotape and put it too many times around my head. They told to me: Now go down to the cells and don't try to take down your hair. Because if

From The American Book of the Dead (Part II of Involution)

Ken Rubinstein got twelve months for his 1.2 grams of hashish even though he pulled every trick in the book—fat Athenian lawyers, concerned parents, American artistic background, etc., and was sent to Korydallos, a prison in Piraeus, near Athens. Readers of Oz are familiar with prison disaster stories. This one, which comes in the form of a discussion on the nature of democracy with a young Greek revolutionary who ran foul of a dope dealing CIA agent (see SPIKE), is slightly different, and is followed by the sad story of Guy the "hippie murderer".

A Conversation with Miss Barry, the American Consul in Athens, and her assistant, Electra.

Barry: (Hand on my knee). Kenn. You must accept the situation here. It's no good fighting. It. I hate to tell you this. Oh my Gaadd how I hate telling this to all the boys. It really is *the* most difficult part of my, well; *job*. It could be months before the trial.

Electra: Two three maybe even four months and then of course well quite frankly you'll be lucky if you get away with life I mean as *little* as two years.

Barry: Yes, Kenn. You do know about the new laws.

Prisoner: But for 1.2 *grams?*

Electra: One gram one kilo it makes no difference here the Greeks make no quantitative ah how do you call it no *specifications* it's all the same of course this isn't to say there's no possibility you won't get out of it with say a year. (Inhale). Or even that you won't go to trial within the next few weeks but your chances are well pretty slim.

Barry: I know it's difficult. But. You simply must be patient, Kenn.

Prisoner: Patient? I wouldn't even have been arrested for this in America.

Barry: Oh my Gaadd. This is the most difficult thing I have to make you boys understand. You mustn't think of it like that. This just *isn't* America, you know.

Electra: No it's not America it's Greece and you've got to remember the laws are different here and you must accept the laws of the country in which you've been arrested.

Prisoner: You call these laws!

Barry: Now; Kenn. These *are* laws. I mean not like in America, but they *are* laws. Afterall; it could have been much worse.

Electra: Yes for example if you were in Turkey or Iran or.

Barry: Afterall; the Napoleonic Code *is* a far more widely accepted far more traditional law code than our own. Not the same, of course; but. You simply mustn't compare this to what might have happened in America or, well. Quite honestly, you'll simply be torturing yourself.

Electra: Yes for example here in Greece you are guilty until proven innocent so that you mustn't fight the law you must submit to it.

Prisoner: What's the point then? Why bother going to court. Why don't they just lock you up and forget about it.

Barry: Now don't take that kind of negative attitude, Kenn. *Please*, I *beg* you. The judges who will be trying you have all got sons of their own. Believe me. They're not just any old layman off the street, Kenn. They're *judges*.

Electra: Yes. Do you think they don't have any training here? They will examine you in great detail, especially because you're an American and one of the most important things they'll be looking for is to determine whether or not you are truly sorry. That's very important here in Greece.

Barry: Yes, Kenn. Show them how sorry you are. Arrogance simply will not pay. You must be submissive. Penitent. You might even cry for them.

Prisoner: I've been very polite.

Electra: It's not just a matter of being polite you've got to convince them that you are truly sorry for having broken the law.

Barry: Bare your soul, so to speak. Be truly resigned. Penitent. I know how difficult it is for you. But really, Kenn; the Embassy can't do anything. We can only try to see to it that you receive fair treatment.

Electra: For example you might cut your hair.

Prisoner: I just did. (Laughter).

Barry: You must remember that you're in Greece, now, Kenn. And. They're a *very* religious people here.

Prisoner: Why can't I be released on bail?

Barry: Oh my Gaadd, Kenn.

Prisoner: What if I gave them my passport, thought? They could keep my passport and then I couldn't leave.

Barry: Oh my Gaadd, Kenn. *(Etc).*

Costa: Imperialist pigs. Why don't you get the fuck out.

Ken: It wouldn't make any difference.

Not you, of course.

Of course.

Your government.

They're all the same.

You; you are the young. The youth of America is our greatest hope.

Why?

Because you fight. Perhaps you will become like "them", but not now. We hope you will not.

What about the youth of Greece?

Yes. They will also fight.

Yes. But we're not fighting for the same thing.

We are all fighting for the establishment of a true *democracia*.

Democracy?

Yes.

What is a true democracy?

I believe it is the institution of a humane political structure. Each man must have economic equality and social freedom. We must each have equal, ah. What do you call it?

Rights.

Yes.

But we already have that, don't we? I mean, this *equality*. What you're still trying to get. What most of the world still thinks it wants. Constitutional freedom; individual rights. You can not define such things in political terms. You can not make men free by institutionalizing a concept of freedom.

This is because you do not have a *true democracia* in America.

No. This is because you are defining equality as a political ideal. Marxism, Leninism, capitalism. It doesn't matter what you *call* it. As long as you believe in an ideal, you believe in nothing.

How can we fight without an ideal.

What about Athenian Democracy?

Yes. It began there.

What was the population of ancient Athens?

You mean, how many people?

Yes.

Ah. Two or three hundred thousand.

What percentage of that population were actually citizens?

What?

How many *citizens* were there?

About twenty five thousand.

The rest of them were slaves.

Yes. Well, women or slaves.

Would you call that a *true* democracy?

Well, not *slaves*, you see. The others. They were not Greek.

Are you Greek?

Yes.

I mean your family.

Yes.

Your grandparents were Greek?

Yes.

And their parents?

Josh Thomas

you try to take them down, we'll kill you. So when I was getting out of this room I saw this girl Annula, and she was laughing at me again. And she told me: You'll tell everything, queer. I just told her: Fuck off....
Costa, a young Greek radical talking to Ken Rubinstein in Korydallos (Hummingbird) Prison. He was falsely accused of dynamiting a statue of President Truman in Athens. A policeman was killed in the explosion. After a series of hideous torturings by one Babbalis, a chief of Security police, and others, he signed a confession to helping to distribute some anti-Pappadopoulos pamphlets and given twelve months gaol.

No. (Pause). But. It was different then.

It was no different at all. It was a fascist power structure.

C'mon now; you're exaggerating.

When seven-eights of a population has nothing to say about governing its own life, that is not called exaggeration. It's called fascism. Authoritarian rule. No matter what it *pretends* to be, what it *is* is a justification for power.

Justification?

Listen; if I want to usurp your rights I've got to come up with some kind of feasible token. To get you to believe what I say. I mean, you can't control someone if you don't pacify him first.

I see you are familiar with Marcuse.

Yes. So I tell you: Listen, this is a democracy. Or I say: Now look here, boys; this is all for *your* benefit; let's call it communism. It doesn't matter what I call it as long as I give it a name. As long as I can foster an ideal in which you can believe, I can then manipulate your every action. I can always pacify you by pointing out that something you may not like is really integral to the ideal. Even though you may not see it. Once you believe in the ideal I can always redefine it in such a way that I control your thoughts, your. Concept of the ideal. Pericles was no different from Nixon.

Don't be ridiculous.

A man who is genuinely concerned with freedom never defines it. He never tells you what to think; what's right or wrong. He simply explains what *he* believes. He leaves the process of association to you, to the individual consciousness. He does not create ideals.

What about Socrates?

What about him? Did he create any ideals? Did he even write anything down?

No. But Plato.

There is no way for us to know how Plato may have changed whatever Socrates said. All we know about Socrates is that they murdered him because he refused to acquiesce to the ideal.

Perhaps. But now we are talking about today.

It is not separable.

America does what it pleases.

So did Athens.

The most powerful nation in the world. You do not care what you destroy.

Listen. Of course I don't mean to say we're not directly responsible for this. I mean, the situation here in Greece. But.

You are responsible for the situation all over the world. *You.* Your "great" capitalism and your "great" power. The great "defenders of democracy."

But we are the child of *your* tradition. Can't you understand that? European imperialism created America. Europe created an heir and the heir succeeded to the throne. You marched into a continent that did not belong to you and slaughtered its population. We were not an orphan; you got exactly what you bargained for. It is not America that is responsible for the world situation: it is the world. Yes, America stinks and it's rotten and it's full of shit. But as long as you keep blaming America you will never be able to understand what really happened. And as long as you keep believing in ideals you will never be able to create anything worthwhile or real or free. Now it's America, but we are only the result. Because there was England and there was Athens and there was Rome. But you can not isolate events which are all part of the same historical process. Specific power structures are simply not separable.

Most of the political prisoners here are exceptionally well educated, extremely antagonistic, multi-lingual and violently defensive; not unlike most any "upper middle class liberal" from most any country in the western hemisphere; except that their particular antagonism tends toward a particularly overt form of hostility in deference to our presence as nominal envoys of The Great Machine. Those few capable of approaching us as anything but veritable effigies of The Imperialist Wizard do so on a purely symbolic level, wherein the effigy of the effigy becomes the symbol of the symbol: Mr. America as Mr. American Youth. Which, though vaguely redeeming, does not exactly lend itself toward any more realistic exchange; communication being even further stultified by the obverse discrepancies engineered by their increasingly idolatrous and/or absurd attitude towards the Youth of America and their complete inability to comprehend what it is that we youths believe.

One's physical location within a space/time continuum has no relation whatsoever to one's psychic freedom. It has already been everything at its most extreme. All. A dying before birth; a being born before death; a dying again. It is not sequential. It is all at once. Going through so many changes as to become change itself. External phenomena relevant or effective only insofar as they *are* external. Change. It is the *going* which matters, the metamorphosis, the transcendence.

Trying to communicate something it is not actually possible to say; to invoke the spirit-presence of Being. To give it insofar as one is capable of invoking and/or giving and/or making it "known'. Something one wishes to share. Because it is all one has.

We must fight. But we must also know *why* we are fighting and *what* we are fighting and what we are fighting *for*. We must determine how to avoid "winning" only to become again what we have already been, what we still are. There is nothing to "win'. There is only something to *change*, to *understand*, to *feel*, to *be*.

There was a French boy here.

His name is Guy. He is eighteen. He was seventeen when they arrested him. They arrested him because a stranger tried to rape his girlfriend.

His girlfriend's name is Madeleine. Madeleine is twenty-one.

Guy and Madeleine were travelling around Greece when they met a boy named Klaus. Klaus is German. He is two years older than Guy. He is an orphan.

The three of them were camping in a deserted house on a beach not far outside Athens. A broken house. An abandoned house. A place where kids could unroll their sleeping bags beneath what was left of the roof. A beach about twenty kilometers outside Athens.

The stranger came in, a peddlar, a middleaged Greek. He said he wanted to be their friend. He said he liked them, their freedom; these young kids, the way they just travel around. He had a bottle of ouzo and he wanted them to drink together, a token of his friendship. He kept giving Madeleine the eye, but that seemed perfectly normal.

Then he propositioned her, started stroking her body. She recoiled. He offered money. She refused. He grabbed her. The boys grabbed him. They told him to leave. He refused. They dragged him out of the house.

He came back. He was a little drunk. Since he couldn't get a fuck, a fight would do.

They decided to ignore him. He pulled out his cock and started beating off.

Klaus yelled at the stranger. He told him to get out. But the stranger wanted to fight. Madeleine became hysterical. Klaus lost his temper. He began to fight. Guy tried to stop them; but Klaus was in a rage. He inadvertently fractured the stranger's windpipe.

The stranger died.

Klaus told the truth. Made explicit statements to the police and to the press: Guy had not been involved in the actual fight, had never even struck the man. Klaus alone had "beaten" him, had done so in self-defense. The man's death was entirely accidental.

But the Greek press seized upon the opportunity. To publicize its hatred. To vent its hatred. Its hatred of the Germans. Its hatred of the French. Its hatred of boys with long hair. Its hatred of youth. Its hatred of anything expressive or in any way symbolic of any expression of anything youthful or free.

The voice of hatred. The wheeze of invertebrate power. The vehemence. The hollow wretchedness. The vengefulness of the selfhating, the selfpitying, the selfdestroyed. The selfless.

The Greek press extracted, photographed and printed every lurid distortion they could possibly invent. Front page news for three weeks.

The Greek press played up the incident as though it were another Manson case. Young hippies; sex; drugs: the whole routine.

Klaus and Guy are both being held for premeditated murder. They'll probably get twenty years each. Maybe the firing squad. Madeleine's "free". Back in France. Guy turned eighteen in prison.

Guy was recently transferred to another "prison". A place called Voula. A mental institution. One of the worst prisons in Greece. Certainly the most notorious.

Their "purpose" is to "normalize" the "patient's" behaviour. Their method is quite simple: if a patient does not behave, they administer shock treatment until he does.

Guy's behaviour was considered ' abnormal" because he used to cry. Or lapse into trances. Or tremble. One night he cried too loud. Maybe he was disturbing the other prisoners. It was about ten. He said he couldn't stand it any more. He said he wanted to die.

He was transferred the next day. Guy was "transferred" because he cried too much.

Such disturbances are a nuisance. The prison officials don't like it. I suppose they think it might have a bad effect on the others.

I never met anyone on whom Guy had a bad effect. Most of the prisoners were quite fond of him. He was the most gentle person here. Of course, he was also the youngest. But then; mine is not an "official" evaluation.

He used to come to my cell quite often. Just to sit. Quietly.

Or to read his poetry. He writes exquisite poetry. Perhaps the most shattering, the most violent penetrations I've ever heard. And I have heard a lot of poetry.

Continued on Page 41

Antarctic Ocean
Kerguelen Is.
Tasmania
New Zealand
Auckland
Melbourne
Perth
Adelaide
Sydney
Brisbane
New Caledonia
Australia
Ayers Rock
Indian Ocean
Fiji
Pacific Ocean
Easter Is.
Tonga
Tahiti
Marquesas Islands
Galapagos Islands
Hawaii
Santiago
Argentina
Buenos Aires
Montevideo
Chile
Paraguay
Rio de Janeiro
Bolivia
Brazil
Lima
Peru
Quito
Panama
Columbia
Costa Rica
Kingston
Trinidad
Havana
Mexico
Taos
Los Angeles
San Francisco
Vancouver
United States
Chicago
New York
Newfoundland
Atlantic Ocean
Aleutian Is.
Labrador
Canada
Alaska
Greenland
Iceland
Arctic Ocean
(Mark) Spitzbergen
Novaya Zemlya
South Africa
Namibia
Zimbabwe
Zambia
Angola
Madagascar
Mauritius
Tanzania
Dar Es Salaam
Seychelles Is.
Brazzaville
Zaire
Congo
Kenya
Lamu
Uganda
Somaliland
Ethiopia
Sierra Leone
Ivory Coast
Nigeria
Dakar
Senegal
Cape Verde Is.
Mauretania
Chad
Niger
Sudan
Yemen
Mecca
Saudi Arabia
Egypt
Cairo
Libya
Iraq
Jordan
Israel
Lebanon
Syria
Iran
Afghanistan
Smarkand
Turkey
Diabet
Morocco
Algeria
Tangier
Portugal
Spain
Italy
Greece
Rumania
France
Germany
Poland
Eire
Great Britain
Moscow
Russia
Sweden
Finland
Omsk
Tomsk
Mongolia
Ulan Bator
Manchuria
Korea
Japan
Tokyo
Peking
Shanghai
Canton
China
Tibet
Nepal
Pakistan
Bangladesh
Calcutta
Hanoi
Viet Nam
Malaysia
Lake Toba
Indonesia
Bali
Darwin
Ceylon
Pondicherry
India
Goa
Bombay
Burma
Kamchatka
Siberia

If You Were the Only Girl in the World and I was the Only Passport

"Passports are a symbol of exclusivity, frontiers, armaments, dissension, war... a symbol of everything negative in the human community. People have accepted the idea of a passport for so long they don't realise it is in itself nothing more than a little booklet."

Anyone who has travelled out of England has experienced something of the bureaucratic bullshit involved every time you cross a border, and you very quickly learn that movement across this earth is not a right, but a favour unwillingly granted. Your visa and passport not in order, and you get booted back to where you came from, thrown in jail, fined or otherwise degraded. Your fantasy of passport officials as power crazed fascists who exercise total, mindless control over your movements is not far from the reality. What follows is another round in the lonely struggle of Garry Davis and others to exercise their rights as free citizens of the world. Mike Zwerin *takes up the story from where he left it in Ink, 3 July 1971.*

Garry Davis walked into the American embassy in Paris in 1948, surrendered his passport and declared himself the first citizen of the world. William Floyd Reed who was born that same year, in Kansas City, Missouri, walked into the American embassy in Saigon in 1971, surrendered his passport and became the second.

When Davis walked out of the embassy he was not struck by lightning, the ground did not swallow him, he was merely minus some paper. The French Authorities said that according to French law he was a non-person who had better get his non-body off French soil in no-time.

A non-solution was arrived at. If Davis would get a receipt for his American passport, the French would validate it for three months. He looked at the visa receipt ... a receipt for his own non-existence in one mythical state which had been accepted for three months' existence by another mythical state. He threw it away, "with the understanding that thereby I was becoming more of a person and that 'America' and 'France' were becoming a little less presumptuous."

Will Reed is a dark, thin young man with a sad and reluctant smile. He was separated from the US army, a first lieutenant, on Feb 20, 1970, in Saigon. Sickened by the corruption of and around the war, he decided to stay and work against it. He will not talk about what exactly his work was. However no charges were ever brought against him when he was thrown in a South Vietnamese jail on July 20, 1971, and no explanations were given when he was released on October 7. That did it ... he went to the American embassy and told them: "After seeing American justice in action, I would like to renounce my citizenship."

Finding himself Stateless, not really having thought it thoroughly through, Reed bought an assortment of pens, inks, a small blank booklet and started to make his own passport. But his lines were wavy, a page tore and the ink smudged. He decided it was a crazy idea and dropped it. Will Reed had never heard of Garry Davis.

In 1950, after having been thrown in jail 16 times for crossing borders without a passport, Davis began to understand the principle of the double-negative and printed his own, a myth to cancel a myth. World Travel Document number 000001. He was called "World Crackpot number one." People looked at his passport and said: "But this is a joke.' Davis would answer: "Of course it's a joke. Being given permission to travel on this earth is a joke. The whole thing is a travesty."

"...Passports are a symbol of exclusivity, frontiers, armaments, dissension, war ... a symbol of everything negative in the human community. People have accepted the idea of a passport for so long, they don't realise it is in itself nothing more than a little booklet. The individual is soverign, he has freedom of travel not by virtue of a little booklet in his pocket, but simply because he is a human being."

Will Reed had overstayed his welcome in Saigon. The authorities were after him. He flew to Hue and asked students how to smuggle himself into Laos. They said it would be suicide to try and get across on the Ho Chi Minh trail, which was Reed's plan. They said go back to Saigon and try another way.

He had a letter forged saying he was working for an American company selling supplies in Cambodia, but the Cambodian border guards turned him away with just that. So he went back a couple of hundred yards, struck out into the bush and walked around the check-point, into Cambodia, through it in five days, and ended up in Bangkok, Thailand. There he went from embassy to embassy asking for political asylum, but they all said sorry. Even the Swedes ... everyone. The British embassy called the Americans to inform them a suspicious ex-American national was in the country. The Americans called Thai immigration and Reed was arrested on December 17.

Garry Davis' World passport is based on World Law ... article 13, section II of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights: "Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and return to his country.' The declaration is a part of the United Nations charter.

At his trial Will Reed said: "I just walked across your border, nobody stopped me. What's illegal about that?" He pleaded guilty when told it would involve only a 70 franc fine. After he paid it, they threw him back in jail. He, thinking this was just beaurocratic processing, didn't start worrying until three days later when nobody said anything. He shook the bars and demanded to see the chief of immigration. "Why am I in jail?" he asked him.

"Do you have a passport and a plane ticket?" the chief asked in return.

"No."

"Then you stay in jail till you get them."

"How do I get them if I have no money and no country?"

"That's your problem."

In the months that followed, he wrote many letters to embassies but the answers were still no. There were Asians in that jail with him who had been there more than ten years because of no papers, people who had come down from their farms to look around the city for the first time in their lives, had been stopped by police and thrown inside when they could not identify themselves and had not enough money for a bribe. Will Reed began to despair.

Until a tourist from New Zealand stumbled down a wrong corridor in late February and discovered the little jail behind the immigration office. Reed told her his sad tale. She tacked a notice on the bulletin board of her hotel. Other travellers began visiting, bringing chocolate, small change and news. One of them brought a clipping, my article in the Village Voice about Garry Davis:

"In 1951, Garry Davis declared World Government unilaterally in Ellsworth, Maine. It's administrative body, the World Service Authority, continues to issue passports from 4002, Basle, Switzerland."

Will Reed wrote to Basle requesting a passport. When it arrived, he was let out of prison for the afternoon to try for visas while the authorities laughed at his worthless booklet. Since Laos was closest, and Will was almost broke, he went to the Laotian embassy first. He filled out the forms, the secretary took his five dollars, stamped a page immediately and told him to return at four when the chief signs visas.

At four the secretary was furious. What was he trying to put over on them? Reed explained that this was United Nations mandated passport (a slight exaggeration), showed them his copy of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which had arrived with the passport, explaining that Laos, as a member of the United Nations, automatically subscribed to it. After some confusion, a transit visa was issued.

The principle of the double negative works. You confront a beaurocracy with a mirror. It cannot be ignored. Paper demands to be dealt with. The work of beaurocracies is to deal with paper.

Somebody once said that anything new goes through three objective stages—the joke, the threat and the obvious. (Long hair on men is now entering the final stage). What was happening to Will Reed could mark the beginning of the transition of Garry Davis' World Passport from joke to a threat. Imagine, say, 35 passengers deplaning at Orly with World Passports. France subscribes to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Would they turn all 35 back? Let them in? Either way, it would mean world-wide publicity and a blow against presumptuous nation-states giving us permission to travel all over our own earth.

Eleven countries have stamped Will Reed's World Passport since July 4th when he was released from the Thai jail: Laos, India, Kenya, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Italy and Austria. Eleven national governments allowed a human being passage through their countries identified only be a supra-national document issued by a private citizen of the world.

The UN Bureau of Stateless persons has recognized Reed. He is in France legally, which recognizes him as bona fide Stateless. Ironic ... one cannot escape the necessity of beaurocratic recognition. He has joined Garry Davis in Alcase. Davis is now 51, a businessman with a reddish-gray beard of some dignity, wears smart side-vented suits, trendy spectacles and lives with his wife and four children. Reed has short hair and is not into dope. Neither are hippies by any means, yet they are, in the most real practical sense, dropped out .. as dropped out as we all should be if we had the courage of our convictions. They do not belong to any State.

I ended my Village Voice article about Garry Davis with the question: "Who will be number 000002?"

And I end this one: Who will be number 000003?

Postscript: (The Times, 28 September 1972)

'World citizen' on false papers charge

Strasbourg, Sept 27.—Garry Davis, an American who in 1948 declared himself a citizen of the world, was charged today by French authorities with issuing unauthorized documents.

Police raided his home near here and confiscated copies and printing plates of an "international passport" he issued under the name of "world travel document". Mr Davis was charged by police with "establishing documents resembling official papers."

In 1948, Mr Davis surrendered his American citizenship and took refuge in the international section of the Palais de Chaillot, drawing considerable attention to his case.

Earlier this month he announced that he was making his world travel documents available to people who were stateless or had chosen to give up their citizenship.—UPI.

Kiss Me Deadly

Have you ever made love using the rear entry position and looked your partner in the eye?

During the Oz Trial last year, both Mr Leary, the prosecutor, and Judge Argyle frequently reminded the jury that Oz advocated necrophilia as a sexual outlet for school children if ever they got tired of fucking in the streets. Oz staff were completely mystified by this at the time, but we have at last managed to give some substance to their dream, and now present, hot from the offices of the NLF (Necrophiliacs Liberation Front), *the personal reminiscences of* Michael ("Body-snatcher") Sidney *himself.*

My madness, as some call it, has given me the happiest moments of my life. I guess it all started back in high school when I was about 15 years old. It was during this particularly dismal period of my life that I discovered the forbidden fruits of *necrophilia* in a funeral parlour owned by my best friend's father.

Sexual relations with the dead changed the depressing trend of my life and I think now is the time to make known to the world the fantastic joy people can enjoy if only they dare.

Though I came to be a necrophiliac at a point of weakness, I feel there are very strong reasons why everyone should seek out the ecstatic pleasures I have found in my dealings with those who have passed away. For instance, in these days of sexual liberation a great many people feel strongly the desire to objectify sex, but relating to someone as a sexual object can cause pain. A necrophiliac never has a guilty conscience on this score, as it is so much easier to objectify sex with the dead.

How often has a living partner destroyed a sensual evening by opening her mouth? How many times have you put up with an obnoxious personality simply because you hoped to get laid? But fucking with that type of person is more than anyone should have to endure, and if you're open-minded *you don't have to.* You don't have to say, "Hey, you're lookin' good,' or give any other such insincere compliments. Why, you don't even have to talk *at all* —unless you want to.

However, I talk to my dead lovers ... quite often. And, of course, you never have trouble with ego-shrinking complaints about your abilities. A corpse will never overwork you and they never get tired. You leave them satisfied every time. They really are all different, not just in variance in time they are dead or why. They really have personality, tenderness and a sense of humour *(some grab you in the funniest places and won't let go).* You even get feedback—you know you have been dynamite if you warm one up. I swear I made this one girl *sweat,* and no *live* girl could have handled me that night.

And the stiffs hold the most incredible positions, forever. The only live relations I've had that compare were with a yoga freak. She could cross her thighs behind her neck, great for "basket case" fantasies. You can fix realistic expressions, beat them (some love it), and reduce the chance of venereal disease. They do anything live people do and then some.

Have you ever made love using the rear entry position and looked your partner in the eye? I have, she was an auto fatality with a broken neck. And there are plenty of opportunities to use diverse numbers of artificially created orifices found in those who came to gruesome ends. Like the pragmatic philosopher Marquis de Sade wrote: if an orifice was not created to be used this way, why is the fit so perfect?

Remember, the key to all sex is the mind anyway. So if you feel like a cow being milked, if sex has become a boring "*she came ... thank goodness he waited ... good, now he can come*" routine then take some advice and put spice in your life. Go necro!

Don't get me wrong. Often relations that began sexually blossomed into something more. I have shocked many loved ones and families by showing up at the graves of those who became dear to me: placing some flowers each year. Some potentially embarrassing questions have gone necessarily unanswered. How do you explain your attachment for a plumber who died at age 55 and never knew you while alive, to Herman Hickman's relatives? These relationships have the drawback of being short due to nature. But it isn't so bad if you are promiscuous anyway. Also there is a growing trend toward stiff swapping.

Be this all a dream—the dead are the awakened!

Society has bum-rapped the homosexual. Even the sympathetic artistic works on the subject have unhappy endings. Homosexuals are justifiably outraged. In the old days our small den of necrophiles would sit and discuss this problem in terms of necromancy. We believe in "Lust after Life'. Statistics show that more people will die in the next 80 years (regardless of politics) than the sum total deaths (from any cause) in the total history of the world!! For a while quality worried us, medical breakthroughs, etc. But with heroin, violence, political violence, and unsafe cars, there is still a good age selection. And older people who die of heart and lung ailments are usually in pretty good shape for our purposes. Long live the capitalist death culture!

Things sure ain't what they used to be. Necrophilia is growing rapidly and corpse copping is easier. Many are beginning to hear of us as local NLF chapters increase and leave the obscurity once considered necessary. You see more and more necro brothers on the street each day, often recognizable by their "Keep Them Dying" buttons. If growth continues to spiral, funeral homes will have a huge lobby in Westminster in less than ten years. It's a tremendous potential source of income for them. They could have a regular clientele who are notified of each arrival, trades could be made—the possibilities are magnificent! The economic issue will bring much pressure to bear in making the dream a reality. Imagine millions standing in line, each waiting for their two minutes in private with a loved politician's coffin.

Other good necro suggestions: personal contracts with friends. They will generally agree, in good faith, to give you their bodies when done with them. In one instance a close friend of mine kicking smack in a hospital gave authorities my name and address and request in case of death. Imagine a body of your own for as long as it would keep!

Necrophilia gives access to men and women of all ages and celebrities (I'd mention names but it would endanger those who made it possible). It's tremendous for experience. Necrophiliacs are talented devoted people, often experts with cosmetics and are well suited for works at all levels of the funeral business. They have a real understanding and love for this kind of work. Here in London some serious organizing needs to be done. The bookstores in Soho have almost nothing on necrophilia. *I had to tell one owner what it was!* Anyone interested or with connections or just hints on where to "dig up" some action—I'd like to hear from you.

"Dig the Struggle!"

Reprinted from Screw "The World's Greatest Newspaper".

All Roads Lead To Page 41

(continued from P.8)

BROTHERHOOD OF BREATH

never really know how to assume a selfless attitude towards anything, and we can't do anything in a disinterested fashion. Until the prime force is changed from the 'I' to another part of the body we will continue to be screwed up neurotics. It all sounds fanciful stuff but it makes sense.

It just isn't on, in the European view of beauty, to have a big belly. Women especially are taught to compress theirs ("My girdle is killing me" etc), and accentuate other curves. Men have the fear of the ugly pot-belly, associated with sloth and degeneration, unless it's passed off proudly as a beer gut. But, in Japan, a firm belly is the mark of beauty and if a man is weakish in his appearance, he can make up for it here. Hara doesn't mean the physical volume of the belly, but the weight of an inner centre of gravity based there, freeing its possessor from ego-control. To have the centre of gravity in the right place, to the Kapanese, means a sense of right relationship to the world he lives in, and himself.

Hara is patience and composure and strength to meet pain. A sick person is usually hampered from recovery by tensions and cramps, from which the man with Hara never suffers. Hara sustains, liberates and integrates him all at once. We seem to feel that it is the precious 'I' which is creative in us, but Hara, teaching that the 'I' is not the ultimate, is supposed to liberate creative imagination far beyond our meagre powers. People who are beginning to experience Hara see colours with a new intensity and depth. The author of *Hara* recounts Aldous Huxley's similar experiences in the *Doors of Perception*, where his awareness was heightened by mescaline. The same thing was happening, the ego was being dissolved by the drug's action. So the drug is obviously just a glimpse of what, with will power, we could all be seeing and experiencing without additional aids. Quite a thought.

The practice of Hara, it is said, can only be succesful if the person attempting it feels a genuine need to achieve it. It isn't enough to try it as a self defence mechanism, after suffering some crushing defeat, and craving for new sensations isn't the answer either.

Strong will and commitment are essentials. Hara isn't a ten-minutes-after-breakfast activity. It's much bigger than that.

Right posture is the first thing. The shoulders should be dropped (naturally, not pressed down) the lower belly released (thrust out, but not distended) and a degree of strength put into it. You should learn to concentrate on the belly and say 'I feel myself down here'. Apparently it takes years of practice to make this come naturally. And then you feel new physical freedom and a whole difference to your personality. Will power is no longer necessary. It all happens by itself.

Sitting too, requires the shoulders to be relaxed. It's no good to slouch or to straighten up momentarily, whenever you happen to think about it, and then flop back. The knees, the Japanese say, should not be higher than the hipbones. Strength from the vital centre can't flow if the knees are raised.

Ego-tension is no good either. Tension can be deeply rooted and yet can amazingly be wiped out in one fell swoop if the person can just drop down into his centre of gravity and yield to it. For the strain is all in the 'I', not the belly. The right inter-play of tension and relaxation can only come when man has found his real earth-centre embodied in Hara.

Breathing is where we usually all go wrong, and yet it is of fundamental importance to Hara. We tend to breathe with our chests, so that our 'I's can govern breath (and so it's shallow) instead of just 'letting it happen' through the diaphragm. To breathe correctly, you should fill your diaphragm out with air when you inhale and then draw it in as far as you can when you exhale, retaining just a tiny bit of air. It takes effort to change from chest breathing but, once achieved, it is almost impossible to remember the old way at all. (This, at least, I can vouch for personally. To make the change, you have to think consciously about breathing and then suddenly you no longer need to think about it at all. It is much more relaxing, much deeper, and enables one to belt up escalators at speed, without wheezing). But 'I' tension is so deeply rooted in us that we fear we'll lose ourselves if we let go of it. Experiment has proved this—most people jerk bodily when they are on the verge of falling asleep, because the 'I' is trying to pull the body back to consciousness instead of letting it surrender. The surrender is Hara.

Some sayings of Okada Torajiro (master of Hara)

Gather your strength in one point only—in the lower belly. There must be strength in the eyes.
One should be able to keep one's eyes open even when looking straight into the sun. You should always have your head cool and your feet warm.
Why do your feet ache? Because there is no force in your lower belly.
Be interested in the universe. Do not cling to this world. Do not want to possess anything. Never think of your pension. The voice must come from the belly.
Pride, laziness, moodiness, suspiciousness—all these come from lack of force in the belly.
Look to it to be taught as little as possible. If you 'sit' you will understand quite by yourself.

Denise Winn.

(For more about Hara, see Karlfried Durckhein's *Hara*, published by Allen & Unwin, 1962).

(continued from P.10)

144

someone's car radio that Dr John had been arrested, and was being held on a riot charge. (Rumour that I was busted leaked to the press, who passed it to Radio and T.V. and so back to 144...). When I got back I was greeted as a hero who had fought his way single handed out of West End Central.

The other version was that I had been kidnapped by skinheads but rescued by our valiant band of hells angels: (guess who put that one out?) And the people went on maintaining this for the rest of the day despite all my denials.

One further incident may help to illustrate the impact of the media. Paul was 17 and came from a hard working "respectable" working class family in Stockport. He was going to the local tech, was pissed off with it, and with his local scene. Like millions of other kids he had seen all the newspapers, and T.V. going on about drug crazed hippies, nightly sex orgies and the lot. Like a few, he believed them, and decided to come down to get a piece of the action. As soon as he arrived—at about lunch time—he immediately stripped off and wandered around people's rooms

with an enormous hard on, asking any chicks he could find for a "free fuck". Eventually he was grabbed by our "security force", tied up to a chair, and "tortured" by having a lighted candle held against his balls. Needless to say he survived and is now back in Stockport, has finished his apprenticeship, and has settled down and married a nice working class girl. But who wrote the script, us or THEM?

The moral of the story is that because of the way the situation was structured through the media, both Paul's action and then reaction to it, his question was never asked, let alone answered. For beyond his immediate demand for a "free fuck" he was obviously asking a whole series of questions about the family set up, working class culture and so on.

The problem which the London Street Commune raised but failed to resolve was just this: What kind of communication structure is needed to enable spontaneous gang and subcultural formations to transform themselves *at street level*, into an effective and organised political force, and (2) as an effect and condition of this, how to break the stranglehold of the false definitions of "deviance" which are at present imposed on us through both the straight and so-called alternative media. We are facing a situation of permanent unemployment affecting students, and all sections of working class youth, coupled with an intensified repression/recuperation of youth cultures. Unfortunately the entire left, vanguard parties, shop floor militants, community activists are united in their refusal to relate to this problem. The problem is becoming increasingly urgent. There is a groundswell or right wing populism which many of these kids may well be caught up in. All I can say is that we are working on it.

Charles 'Hara' Murray ... presumably he's breathing ?

(continued from P.34)

GROUP SEX

Charles: One way is architecturally. Buildings that recognise the changes in family structures. Eventually a city where every person lives as an individual and is recognised as such. It's a complex subkect—I lie awake for hours thinking how the structure will work. Working in a cell system from the bottom up without imposing functions or roles. New values have to be created. The teaching of the church is dead—it destroyed itself. We have nothing to take its place. You can be anti-religious as you like and see all the faults of a religion but until we have something to take on the functions of a religion we have a great big void—and we're left looking for each other. No place is as lonely as a big city with people in bedsitters. This is the tragedy of our civilisation. We sit together and we smoke a little and we think we've found a new relationship but we haven't. We've inverted ourselves, gone into ourselves and are lonely and insecure. Sex is a much more spontaneous thing. It flows out of us in more senses than one.

The greatest problem is one of security—the more money you have the less secure you are. Because you worry about the money. People get married. You say why get married? The girl says I get married because I want security. If she really loves the guy the first thing she's going to think is what happens if he dies. And this goes on throughout their life. In a group sex scene you're part of a larger family where you can tolerate people and be tolerated and cared about. There isn't the anxiety because you learn not to feel you own someone. And you learn from each other. It's like a school where the teachers are being taught by the pupils. There are rules, of course. Society has to have rules for its own self preservation. One of the rules is you can meet new people and you can have a relationship with them—it can be a life long thing—but it shouldn't detract from but add to any relationship they've already got with someone else.

I've seen violent opposition to sex from militant anarchists who hold the view that all communication must be destroyed to destroy society—admitting that sex is a communication and a bridge. Personally I don't hold with the view that society and relations between people must be totally destroyed. Unless we have those relationships we'll never be able to build another society. It's worth preserving something—the communication between people. Sex may be anti-establishment but it's not anti-people.

(continued from P.37)

SOCRATES

I have heard a lot of poetry but I have never heard such pain. Never before heard anyone else make someone like Rimbaud seem so idyllic, so pale. Except perhaps Artaud.

But then Guy is only eighteen. A child. A child who may be shot for murder.

He would come to see me. He would say: I want you to hold me. You would not mind to hold me? Please. Just for a moment.

Or he would say: Please. I need some warmth. You understand? Just to hold me. *Tendresse.* You can give me some *tendresse?* Tenderness. A starvation for tenderness. Yes, of course; the most common form of malnutrition. But one does not often experience it so raw. So visibly torn between the knowledge and the fear.

Perhaps electro-shock has already obliterated his memory and his need. Perhaps he is already only half alive. Brain-burned. Soul-shocked. An electrocured nervous system too short-circuited to bother anyone about tenderness.

Guy. Let me hold you in my heart, my friend. Let me embrace you. Let me be you.

Isn't it a pity, he would say. How so many choose ignorance before the knowledge that would give us choice. Ignorance before knowledge. Not innocence. Ignorance. Knowledge: the fundamental sacrament. Isn't it a pity. And then there was that song. There is always a song for those of us who have grown up singing.

Guy Bouchie de Belle. The youngest child. French aristocracy dating back to the sixteenth century. His mother sends him excerpts from the Bible. His mother advises him to pray. And he does. But to different gods. Or. To no god at all. Simple prayer. Habit. Habit of the blood. Four centuries of habit.

Guy and I were sitting in the yeard one day. In a corner where the sun falls late. Guy and I and a few others.

He was terribly depressed. One of those sullen semi-trances. Silent. Far away.

I wanted to cheer him up. But was, *am* too sarcastic. Wanted to distract him, but wound up teasing. Too flamboyant. Veiling my affections when I really did mean to be affectionate.

I kept dancing around; trying to break the spell; making stupid, flippant remarks. Trying to penetrate. Thinking to try a little tenderness.

Said: What's wrong?

He said: Nothing.

Asked again, but he gave the same answer. Or no answer at all.

Said: Then how come you look so fuckin' weird?

He said: Do I ask why you use empty words.

From Involution, Part III: Hummingbird. (Hummingbird is a gaol in Piraeus near Athens). December 1971.

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IT IS I WHO WOULD SAVE YOU, WOLFF. I AM THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST. I HAVE NEED OF A MAN TO FIGHT FOR ME AND WHEN I SAW YOU BATTLING THAT SHE-DEVIL, I KNEW THAT YOU COULD BE THE MAN FOR ME. SO I AM BRINGING YOU TO MY DOMAIN. COME TO ME, WARRIOR!
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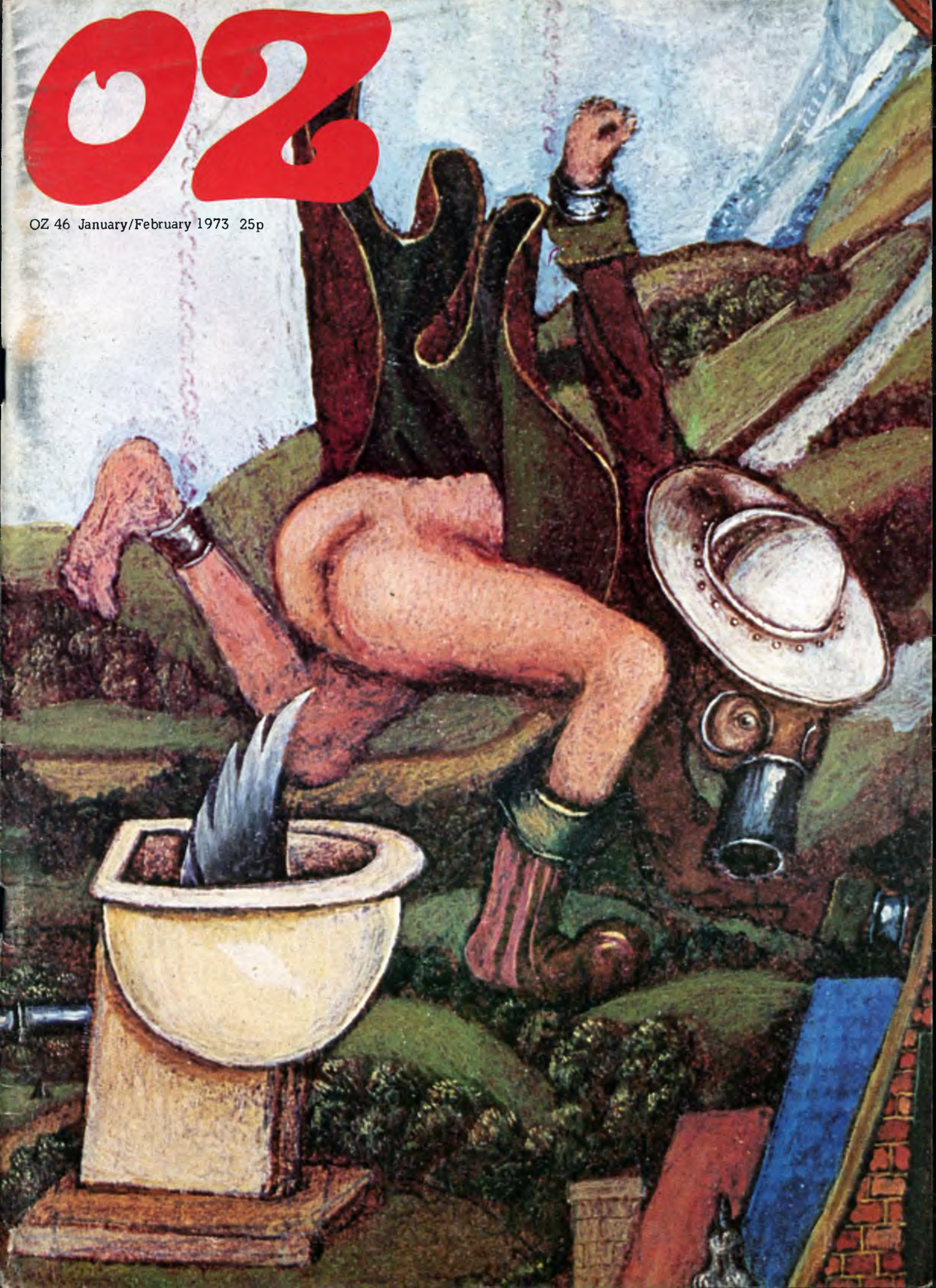
TIMES MIRROR

OZ

OZ 46 January/February 1973 25p



Welcome to OZ 46, a rich, juicy, bumper stew, which won't win friends or influence anyone, but tastes fingerlickin' fantastic. It spans 1930 to, well, eternity . .

You can singalong with Cole Porter while trudging through the long line of little red bookshops with John Hoyland. You can Squat in it Yourself, with our street talking guide, and increase your word power with our lexicon for screaming queens. What else ? There's the cut-out sensation to end them all (save it and make a fortune), a sad inside account from PROP, the prisoners' union, a true confessions putdown of prick piggery, a portrait of Paris for those who think the Commune will make a comeback, Richard Neville on his favourite subject, himself, a call for an amnesty for all dope offenders, and a full colour flashback to the Great Moments of Rock . . who says that Oz has lost its sting? And there's all the stuff we haven't even told you about. Now read on.

Cover painting by Ken Pereniy
Page opposite: Illustration by Roger Hughes
Photograph by Joseph Stevens

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ALL DRESSED UP...

Richard Neville, revolutionary *bon viveur* and gadfly of the Oz editorial collective, pens his annual state of the nation message and wonders, as he drifts in ever-decreasing circles around the backwaters of his mind, whether we can harness our presently dissipated energies and rescue ourselves from our self-created cultural and political myths.

"It seems so shallow to occasionally pick up the gauntlet of the State with a flourish of plagiarised slogans or to fight a journalistic revolution upon a barricade of underground press cards."

AND NOWHERE

It was dusk in Miami Beach as the crowd gathered outside the Albion Hotel. The Democratic Convention was over and A J Weberman and the zippie park kids had come with a birthday cake. It was for Jerry Rubin, 36 years old this day, to be presented along with "certificates of retirement from the youth Movement" for himself and other yippie super-entities, Abbie Hoffman, Stew Alpert and Ed Sanders.

The cake was inscribed: "Never trust anyone over 30", signed, "Jerry Rubin". The zippies (breakaway yippies), began making speeches through a portable amplifier about how the yippies were ripping off the Movement, had lost touch with the kids in the streets and anyway people who live in Penthouses shouldn't get stoned.

In retaliation, the yippies splashed water from their overlooking bedrooms and sent their most muscular members to confront the park people now jostling outside the lobby.

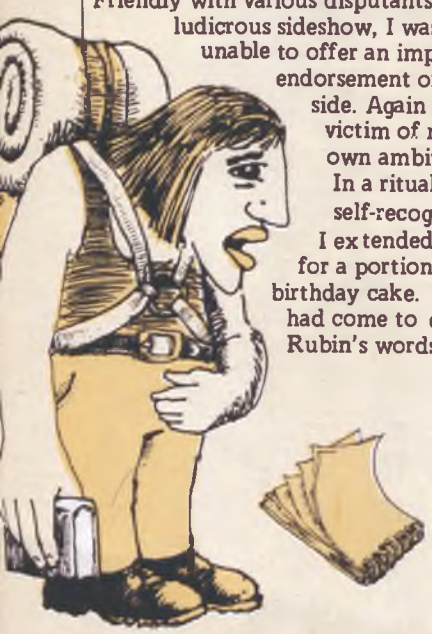
A J Weberman: How come yippies live in luxury hotels with black maids?

A Yippie: All hotels in Florida have black maids. What have you done for the anti war movement, Weberman? You're just a garbage collector.

A J Weberman: Typical yippie elitism. What's wrong with garbage?

Voice in Crowd: Yeah.....recycle A J Weberman.

During this confrontation, which escalated in anguish and aggression as the afternoon wore on, I found myself standing on the sidelines clutching a tape recorder, desperately hoping it provided a pretext for a position of neutrality. Friendly with various disputants in this ludicrous sideshow, I was quite unable to offer an impassioned endorsement of either side. Again I was a victim of my own ambivalence. In a ritual act of self-recognition, I extended my hand for a portion of the birthday cake. The time had come to eat Jerry Rubin's words myself.



Ever since, things have gone from middle aged to worse.

I remember someone buttonholing me in a Sydney street ten years ago, as early Aussie Ozes launched their libertarian offensives. "You'll change when you're middle aged..... everyone does." I laughed and replied that such people as Bertrand Russell had not succumbed to a reversion to conventionality. The rapidly fading pink cheeks of the Angry Young Men I saw as exceptional, not irrevocable.

The turncoat syndrome is too often interpreted as "selling out", whereas its cause is probably more biological than economic. Part of my former neurosis about age and generation gaps must have derived from the staggering decreptitude of local politicians. During the colonial OZ period, it had been estimated that notwithstanding Australia's image of a land of bounding striplings bulldozing their way through virgin forests, the average age of those at the top in public life was about 107.

Because of the prevailing atmosphere of militant repression, I have ever since been inclined to draw a causal connection between the state of not being a teenager anymore and Stalinism. It was this attitude which prompted me to embrace the 60's youth culture with such hysterical rapaciousness.

Here I am in the next decade, having just completed 31 years before the mast and in a raging quandary about the future; drooling over such mawkish cinema epics as Lady Caroline Lamb or curled up before a sound system agog over the "Best of the British Dance Bands"; considering joining the squatters of Camden Town, while knowing full well I'd be expelled for making love to Begin the Beguine.

And OZ itself of late I read more out of duty than pleasure; it no longer seeming symptomatic of a confident, enquiring consciousness; lazily regurgitating second hand slogans, a harmless peacock posing as a gadfly to the State and still searching for the perfect orgasm in the manner of Winnie the Pooh behind the stairs with a flashlight. Those who think a sex revolution alone can change the face of man & womankind are benign in intent and irrelevant in effect, left floating around the back streets of their mind with a dildo and a Polaroid, pushing for some unsavoury hairbrained utopia of copulation on the rush hour tubes. Their world their orgy.

"When her father's estate was finally wound up and all the debts paid, all that was left for her was an emerald ring. I'd been tempted to sell it every year but the crisis always got averted in time. But this spring I had absolutely no option; my daughter announced that she was pregnant for the fourth time.....So the ring had to go at last.

"It was the last relic of my family and we can trace my family back through 11 generations. It used to matter, that sort of thing. But now all that matters is that my daughter should have an abortion."

— A Passage to Tunbridge Wells,
Sunday Times Colour Supplement.

The mellowing of my viewpoints does not coincide with any Great Leap Rightward, except that to regard political enemies as inherently vicious, evil or detestable is in itself obtuse, uncharitable and even psychopathic. I have come to learn that those who hold opinions opposite to my own are not automatically disqualified from suffering deep and genuine concern for the human race. In their own way, I suppose, everyone does, with fuckall effect.

Since I arrived in this country, in the wake of a guilty furore over Cathy Come Home, the number of homeless families has doubled. As I write, Nixon is breaking new tonnage records with his Merry Christmas delivery of bombs to Hanoi. (In September there was estimated to be over one million orphans in North Vietnam). A housewife who for years had been soothing bronchitis with regular cups of cannabis tea is gaoled for nine months, without a murmur from a society already numbed by the bombardment of bad news. (Have you noticed the fatigue in the voices of radio newscasters as they begin their reports: "Another five deaths today in Northern Ireland.....")

It is not that anger and frustration diminishes so much as a slow dim dawning that the world is not explicable as a dramatic tapestry of good guys and bad guys. Such organisations as the Socialist Labour League and its tom tom, Workers Press, parades forth a cast of cloak and dagger villains with curly black moustaches, to whom are appended epithets like Tory, Communist, hippie, as though they were all synonyms for Dracula, and in themselves a sufficient explanation for complete social abhorrence.

The mindless belligerence of its tone and sheer deceit of its import offers an intriguing insight into exactly what society would be like if such people were ever taken seriously. I think of E M Forster's observation that if he was ever faced with the choice of betraying his country or his friend, he would undubitably scuttle the former. There are obvious qualifications, but as a rule of thumb it seems uncontroversial. What is fascinating about some sections of the revolutionary left is the relish with which they dispose of doctrinal renegades. Longtime friendships can be crushed with the nod of a superior, unconsciously nurturing the seeds of Stalinism.

"...if you have no personal history, no explanations are needed; nobody is angry or disillusioned with your acts. And above all no one pins you down with their thoughts..."

— Don Juan to Carlos Castaneda.

A writer especially feels a prisoner of his past, bound by statements uttered previously, or an image or idea of oneself channeled back through the media, friends and those who pick fights with you on the tubes. Writing for me is hard labour because of the battle to express what I *really* feel and think as opposed to what I *ought* to feel and think. This struggle, however hypocritical it becomes at times, to be explicit, consistent and truthful, has rendered it impossible for me so far to sign on the dotted line of any particular brand of *ism*. This isolation breeds unhealthy interest in one's own psyche, things mystical and that whole medley of subjectivist escapist claptrap.

Many of the battered survivors of the fast fading age of permissiveness seem these days to have retreated into themselves; only to discover a vacuum. This, as does nature, they abhor, so they set out on all sorts of highways and byways in search of a spiritual equivalent to the Holy Grail, which is often presumed, understandably, to be in the window of the supermarket round the corner. It is the era of the Big Search — a quest for the eternal high, through meditation, brown rice, alpha readings, guruism primal screaming, Jesus freakery, LSD or the munchy, crunchy granola of them all.

A startling number of those reared on a Russellian diet of respect for scrupulous rationality have joined those who realise that a purely materialistic interpretation of the

TO GO

"Those who think a sex revolution alone can change the face of man and womankind are benign in intent and irrelevant in effect, left floating around the back streets of their mind with a dildo and a Polaroid, pushing for some unsavoury hairbrained utopia of copulation on the rush hour tubes."

universe is inadequate, tipping the current mood from vague empiricism to rampant subjective exploration.

"Radicalism in America has been transformed from something that had been for two centuries, primarily concerned with external objective entities such as labour and capital, to something primarily concerned with states of internal, subjective consciousness"
Robert Nisbet, *Encounter*, March 1972.

Drugs have been instrumental in this change. White coated drones in University laboratories inject huge quantities of cannabis and alcohol into mice (while boasting: "I have never tried pot in my life and don't intend to") in the grip of a delusion that their investigations are relevant. The important question is not whether dope damages the brain, it does, but in what ways does its long term consumption alter one's consciousness? How can this alteration be interpreted philosophically? (i.e. Is getting high good for my soul?).

Be Here Now, a current cult best seller which was extracted in December OZ, is the spiritual autobiography of Baba Ram Dass, former partner of Timothy Leary under the alias of Richard Alpert. Once a sour and efficient academic careerist, Ram Dass was knocked off the ladder by his contact with drugs. He recalls his times as an acid acolyte, when they all locked themselves in rooms, gobbling up steam-shovels full of hallucinogens, determined to push through the gravity barrier. There was only one thing he hated about being high – coming down. Eventually he jets off to India, discovers a guru, achieves an eternal on-top-of-it-all and returns to give birth to the Lama Foundation in San Cristobel, New Mexico. This exquisitely built commune nestles in the pine forests of the Rockies, attracting pilgrims from all over the world, and radiating an uncanny aura of tranquility, wisdom and love; elitist though it may be.

There are many less ostentatious versions of the Baba Ram Dass odyssey. That rather boring, and fastidious personification of formal tertiary education, Carlos Castaneda, offers one of the most important chronicles of non-ordinary reality ever compiled by Western man. Through the use of mescalin and peyote, as administered by a Yaqui Indian sorcerer, Don Juan, he is vouchsaved a glimpse of what is labelled, in exasperation, "A Separate Reality", a fourth world, seductive in its morality and awesome in its magical potency.

One last example: A young, American doctor, Andrew Weil, has recently published an account of how psychotropic drugtaking interrupted his love affair with Western allopathic medicine. It is the gentle dialectic of a monk, confessing how insights gained when being high led to certain productive evolutions in his own character, improving the state of his mental health and finally prompting him to reject altogether the basic philosophical tenets of Western medicine, in which he was trained with such painstaking extravagance at Princeton University. Now he has set off in search of curative knowledge from the fast disappearing witch-doctors of the Fourth World.

Silly books, fad books, more false trails, perhaps, but also some help to those consuming various illegal substances over the past 5 years and curious as to just how scrambled are their brain cells.

A friend who edits an underground paper has forsworn all further use of cannabis. It began to nibble away at his memory, like a family of termites. "I began to forget people's names," he said, "and one day I couldn't remember the name of my own brother." That's when he decided to give it up. He had also been concerned by its demotivational impact. "Smoking dope weakened my resolve to do anything at all."

Maybe that's the price for entering the magic theatre. Getting stoned certainly makes it more difficult to remember telephone numbers or to jam the day with chores. What you lose on the swings, however, you may gain on the outer reaches of consciousness, and for those not born with the gift of transcending mundane experiences, as are that mixed-blessed breed of poets, painters and prophets, then drugs have helped thousands of spiritually paraplegic city slickers come to terms with that other dimension; the one their parents may have absorbed from Blake, Dante or going to church on Sundays ... of course to the detriment of immediate political involvement but arguably to the broadening of their comprehension and toleration of the universe.

"As much as grass has been the Infidel
Robbing me of my cloak of honour, well
I often wonder what the dealers buy
One half so precious as the wares they sell."
– An adaptation of Omar Khayyam.

While I participated in the emergence of London's counter community, both in private life and while working with others on OZ and related phenomena, I have always been handicapped by a copywriting mentality and an

Illustrations by Mitch

inability to remember much of what happened the day before yesterday. I still tend to think of the Paris Commune as a mixture of Moulin Rouge and a Kibbutz. Yet up until the OZ trial I felt marginally useful in propagandising the Movement and denigrating the values of contemporary society, from which I have always felt to some extent disenfranchised.

Since then I have felt adrift, and just as one takes tally of those with one's own afflictions, I have been astounded by the number of men of my age group and attitudinal proclivities who are becalmed in the same craft. (The above choice of sex is intentional, not convenient. Any *woman* not involved to some extent in the women's movement is either stupid or a masochist.)

My confusion is the product of privilege. Anyone stuck at the wrong end of a conveyor belt or sweating in his own excrement in a coal seam three miles under the North Sea, *should* know who he's fighting and why.

It seems so shallow to occasionally pick up the gauntlet of the State with a flourish of plagiarised slogans or to fight a journalist's revolution upon a barricade of underground press cards.

Somewhere, in the deep despairing luxury of my wallowing nostalgia, poised between Boys' Own Annual and a paperback Orwell, I sometimes pretend to lament the passing of situations as clear as the Spanish Civil War, when assistance from international volunteers was specifically sought. Recruits were not dismissed as middle class meddlers, but appreciated as dedicated idealists, who put Lee Enfields where their mouths were. It wasn't all napalm, personnel bombs and space age booby traps. One joined forces with a democratically elected government — if you'll forgive the phrase — affiliated with a wide spectrum of radical groupings. The enemy was a ripening fascism, a filthy Church and the rehearsing war machines of Germany and Italy. To get there, you hopped on a train at Victoria. They don't make wars like that anymore.

Not that it is war, as such, which is at all tempting. It is the prospect, or challenge, of helping to get power to the people. Not in an impossibly saintly or selfless manner, or as a hobby or 'career' but in such a way that it gives life meaning.

Some of us accept the superstition that true artists have the power of self-fulfillment, that somehow their work is a battleground for resolving private, internal tensions. Life itself is an art form, and one object of the revolution is surely to give everyone access to their inner self.

Part of the problem of the spiritually expatriate is hard core individualism. One can mentally appreciate that the future of urban politics lies in the power of collective action and a community renaissance. While deeper down, I was programmed on the playgrounds of a public school, nursed on the tit of competitiveness and I discovered puberty through the comic book concept of romantic love, a believer in the Kiss which is Bliss (with a few extra fucks on the side). Like Oliver Edwards, who's ambition was to be a philosopher, and couldn't, because "cheerfulness was always breaking in", some of us want to help build an Alternative Movement and are hampered by the intrusion of our contradictory past (to say nothing of cheerfulness).

So that sets us sometimes adrift.

I suppose in previous times, those in this unsavoury mood, who were not fully harnessing their soul, would have whisked themselves off to rape a new frontier; gone West young man, mapped the Australian outback or set-off in search of Dr Livingstone.

Even if ploughing through jungles could, these days, be morally reconcilable there are not many left, and somehow driving a bulldozer ahead of the Brazilian transcontinental highway isn't quite the same thing. And that last resort of the idle dreamer, the moon, has become, as the Daily Express noted with glee, the prerogative of "squares, those who don't mind saying a prayer now and then, who look clean and are proud of their flag."

Some people fill the vacuum by challenging the impossible, and winning. Not always for the glory and public acclaim — the like of which, say, Sir Francis Chichester could not have anticipated — but for its simple human self enrichment.

The Strange Voyage of Donald Crowhurst, as brilliantly reconstructed by two Sunday Times journalists*, makes clear the allurement of a global challenge and reveals the risks of the game if the player is unprepared. Being neither unscrupulous nor heroic, Crowhurst having embarked on a mission of forgone failure, was left no choice but ignominy or suicide. He was trapped in a myth of his own making, the sure-fire winner of the round the world yacht race, and when even modest success eluded him, he began believing, while drifting impotently around the Atlantic, that Einstein was God and mathematics the key to the universe. Malcolm Muggeridge has called this a saga of our time, and for once I agree with him.

Scratch former members of the Youthquake, and bleeds a little bit of Donald Crowhurst.

"But he got sick of himself. Near the end he was at Kesey's farm in Oregon, and I guess he was in the middle of a big party and Neal couldn't stand it another minute, and he rushed out without a jacket, without his cigarettes and went to the highway and hitchiked down and called me from a friend's house .... They'd put him to bed, he'd collapsed ... He said he couldn't stand it another minute, the life he was living."

— Carolyn Cassady, talking of her former husband Neal Cassady.
Rolling Stone magazine.

Once upon a time in a country far away, when I was caught up in the mesmerising trivia of battling local smut squads, there was an oasis of placid domesticity, wherein lived a friend called Anne. Over the years I saw her casually, never thinking of troubling her with the manly cares of dismantling the Old Jerusalem. At that time she was a career-mad model and behaved like those women in hair spray commercials. Later in London we kept sentimental track of each other, both playing our opposing roles. On the morning awaiting the jury's verdict at the OZ trial, looking up from the dock I noticed Anne in the public gallery, suntanned and elegant, back no doubt from some hideous modelling excursion in Malta, now loyally supporting an old friend. After the gaol days, when released on appeal, I learnt she had been arrested on the steps of the Old Bailey for "assaulting a policeman". Now she is stunningly transformed, one of the most vigorous and dedicated radical feminists in London — in permanent pitched battle against social calamities During the final days of the Stoke Newington Trial, I watched her circling the "WC" island opposite the Old Bailey, hour after hour, holding aloft a placard, her face blue with the dawning winter cold. So she is part of a second wave; a secret weapon I didn't know we had.

So while Anne and a squadron of kamikaze kids trash the establishment, I sit here mulling over who's going to pay my pension when I'm 64 and what are the short cuts to Nirvana; still pondering how all our raging energies can be massively, fruitfully and enlightenedly organised, meanwhile mostly, like Donald Crowhurst, drifting man, just drifting.

"If I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever Woodstock".

Oh, bullshit.

**Nicholas Tomalin and Ron Hall.*

Illustration by Martin Sharp

The Queens' Vernacular

Gay slang has been coined and used by those within the gay subculture who themselves feel the most oppressed - the flagrant wrist benders, the screaming queens, the men who look like women, the women who don't shave their moustaches.

It is a form of social protest, aimed at the establishment; it is also self-protective and self-defeating. Gay militants would like to see it go, and argue rightly that gay jargon is yet another link innthe chain which holds the homosexual enslaved and oppressed — yet its widespread use and complex vocabulary indicate that gay liberation has still a long battle in front of it. The selections which follow are taken from a Straight Arrow publication. "The Queens' Vernacular" by Bruce Rodgers. The words are mostly American. Even the classic English phrase, 'queer basher' is not included.

Illustrations by Rod Beddall

advertising 1. to dress in a sexually provocative manner. Gay maxim: "It pays to advertise." 2. (camp) to pluck and then paint the eyebrows.

army style (mid 60s) beating the cocksucker after the act.

bumping pussies the embarrassment of two homo sexual men who find themselves too passive, active, or in other ways too similar to create a sexual situation. ' He thought you and I were carrying on together - what would we do, bump pussies?"

cash-ass (from cautious) cynically applied to hustler who feigns coyness until assured of material gain. ' He's not shy, he's cash-ass. Mention money and watch his cheeks light up."

catalogue queen homosexual who collects physique magazines for masturbation purposes.

cheesy having the foreskin lined with smegma. Stale and musky smelling. "The sailor was so cheesy that I felt like asking him where he hid his crackers."

chic the latest craze. Cruising the busy streets after the bars close is chic. Getting invited to an orgy is chic. Sucking men off in public lavatory is not chic. Wearing pearls with grey flannel is not chic either, unless one is serving tea in a closet.

chicken any boy under the age of consent.
—*chicken dinner* sex with a teenager.
—*chicken pox* (Las Vegas slang, mid 60s) the urge to

have sex with young boys.
—*chicken rustler* homosexual placed in charge of boys who abuses members of the group.

clean queen (late 60s) homosexual who does his wash and cruising at the laundromat. Related term: *bubble palace* — any laundromat.

crabs crab lice infecting the pubic areas. "The wind is strong enough to blow away my dead crabs." Related term: *family* — (from prostitute's slang, late 40s) "Sleep with that pig and you'll probably end up with a family to feed." Other syn.: *love bugs, social dandruff, crotch crickets* (late 60s).

dairy queen 1. gay milkman "Are you sure that your sweet petunia hasn't been having an affair with the dairy queen?" 2. gay farmer. 3. early morning liaison (San Francisco, '71) "Get a good start, have a dairy queen in the morning."

damaged goods (from hobo slang, early 50s) former virgin.

daisy chain (early 50s, from an analogy with a woven chain of daisies) an orgy of men. Men linked anus to penis, anus to penus simultaneously. Synonyms: *chain gang, floral arrangement, ring around the rosy.* Related term: *Fugitive from the chain gang* ('40s) one of the links in a daisy chain.

deliver a baby (Los Angeles, late '60s) to remove the pants and expose a hard-on.

dinge queen (in white slang) white homosexual who prefers black men sexually. White gays will sometimes state that dinge queen is not meant to be derisive, but black homosexuals reinforce the term with a stinging double entendre such as: "Why do I hang aroun' wif only my black sistuhs? Why sugah, you *know* I'm a dinge queen at heart." Synonyms: *chocolate lover, coal burner* (prison slang), *midnight queen* (Midwest hustler slang, late '60s) "You'll never get near him. He's a midnight queen and you're not even seven thirty."

do social work (San Francisco, '70) to date a member of another race. To strive to be constantly hip by showing one's broadmindedness.

easter queen ('70) homosexual who ejaculates prematurely. He comes as quick as a rabbit.

electric queen (San Francisco hip gay slang late '60s) homosexual following hippie life style.

eye fuck (late '60s) 1. to undress someone visually. 2. to stare holes through someone.

Chicken rustler: homosexual in charge of boys...

Cheesy: having the foreskin lined with smegma

fairy hawks those who take pleasure in harrassing and terrorising homosexuals. Synonym (England) *queer basher.*

fairy's phone booth lavatory cubicle occupied by a cruising homosexual.

fairy's wand any phallic staff carried by a homosexual. Fairy wands include cigarettes stuck into rhinestone studded cigarette holders, umbrellas carried when there is no possible chance of rain, pencils, long-stemmed American beauty roses or even joss sticks. The hand holding a fairy wand usually performs wildly exaggerated gestures. Synonym: *pixie stick.*

fall off the roof 1. to menstruate. "She can't answer your call buddy. She fell off the roof last night." 2. to be irritable, over sensitive, cranky

fish pond vagina.

fish queen (dated) 1. one who sucks cunt. 2. (pejorative) any heterosexual man.

frozen fruit frigid homosexual.

fruit boots (dated) Throughout the '50s, these were white tennis shoes or white suede shoes. Into the '60s the term became the Beatle boots or any Italian sharp-toed shoes which heightened the so-called effeminisation of American youth. Since almost everyone now wears fruit boots, the viciousness behind the term is all but lost.

fruit fly (pejorative) woman who enjoys the company of gay men. Synonym: *fag hag.*

golden shower a stream of piss. Golden shower queen is a urine fetishist who enjoys being pissed on. 2. (camp) one who has disregard for the feelings of others; one who pisses on people. Related term: *golden screw* anal intercourse with urine instead of semen released into the rectum.

gorilla salad thick, hairy pubic area.

Grand Canyon loose fitting anus, as complained about by an active partner. Synonym: *Lincoln Tunnel. Grand Canyon Suite,* noisy sloppy sounding intercourse.

Grand Central Station (from narcotic usage tracks = needle marks) scarred arm of a die-hard heroin addict.

grope to fondle another person's genitals through their clothes. "You shouldn't grope — didn't your mother ever tell you it wasn't polite to play with your food!" Synonym: to *read braille.*

happy valley the cleft separating the buttocks.

Illustrations by Rod Beddall

have a cup of tea to use a public toilet for having sex.

hung estimating cock size — especially used of long penises. "Is he well hung?"
— *like a doughnut.* Having a vagina. Being a woman.
— *like a field mouse.* To possess a small penis. "It was dismal. He was hung like a field mouse and I wasn't in to being tickled to death."
— *like a horse, bull, old mule, showdog, stallion, stud.* Equipped with a large penis.

jack off to masturbate.
— *dishonourable discharge* Coming home and jacking off after failing to score.
— *the housewifes hour* (San Francisco '70) midafternoon. A masturbation period enjoyed by housewives, shut-ins, stay-at-homes as an interruption to boredom.

lace (curtains) dangling foreskin of uncircumscised penis. Synonyms: *blinds, curtains, drapes.* "My dear, there was so much dust on those drapes that I'd sneeze when I got near him." *Opera capes, onion skin, goat skin.* Related terms: *Draw the blind.* to pull back the foreskin. *Ride a blind piece* to fellate an uncircumscised man.

meals on wheels teenagers cruising in automobiles up and down the main thoroughfares of town on a weekend night.

muff 1. (from muff = warm enclosure for the hands / from French moufle = mitten) the vagina when erotically licked. Synonyms: *bush dinner, down, furburger, hairpie.* 2. to tongue the clitoris and vulva. Synonyms: *dive (in the bushes), go South* (dated), *pearl dive, sneeze in the cabbage, whistle in the dark, yodel (in the canyon of love).* Related terms: *boating* mutual cunnilingus, *bumper sticker* tongue of a cunnilinctrice, *lawnmower* the mouth of a cuntsucker.

put on a few hesitation marks "hesitation marks" = scars on wrists of attempted suicides. Gaining weight is enough to make some queens suicidal, so instead of saying "putting on a few pounds dear?" one may subtly dig the knife deeper with a "putting on a few hesitation marks, precious?"

ribbon clerk homosexual with a desk job.

scenery general word for anything admired lustfully "I didn't care for the steam room though — fogged up the scenery.' Related term: *have a lot of scenery* to be cruisy ie packed to the roof with eligible men *show tunes* copulative grunts and groans. Sex noises *skin queen* ('71) one who regards his sex partners as objects rather than people. A gay sexist "You're such a skin queen — all you think of is how tight the asshole gotta be."

Eyefuck: to undress someone visually

Lace (curtains): dangling, uncircumscised foreskin

Illustrations by Rod Beddall

sad-ass (camp) sadist. "You know what Santa the Sad-ass sings at Yuletide: "Sleigh bells sting." "

small meat a little penis (usually under five inches) symbolised by holding the little finger erect. To a size queen anything under ten inches is small meat. "Only nine inches? Sorry to hear about your deformity." Related term: *drip-dry lover* (mid-'60s) man with a small penis. "He's a drip-dry ... his joint is too short to shake."

snap somebody's bra straps (camp) to break somebody's back.

spray somebody's tonsils to come in his mouth.

spray starch the psychic substance keeping heterosexual wrists straight.

triple treat queen one who'll fuck a mouth, anus or armpit.

trojan horse manly facade.

trout rich, vulgar old woman in mink.
— *fishing* describing a hunster's hunt for a rich old woman to keep him.

twirl the pearls to dance.

two dots and a dash male genitalia.

underwear (camp) a drag queen's five o'clock shadow. "Your underwear's showing = you need a shave.'

van dyke 1. lesbian with traces of a moustache on her upper lip and, though rarely, her chin. 2. (San Francisco, '70) lesbian truckdriver.

Vaseline Villa a gay YMCA.

vegetarian man who does not suck cock.

wall queen 1. homosexual who supports himself against a wall (in an elevator or alleyway) while he has sex. "That wall queen was as warm as a nap." 2. (San Francisco, '70) homosexual who reads lavatory walls; by extension, one who locks himself in a toilet stall for hours.

wear a red (green) sweater (tie) to be obviously gay. "He wore that red sweater to the grave, man — that's one sweater you can't take off."

xerox queen ('71) one whose sex life is so narrow that he treats all lovers alike — as if they were copies of each other.

Zelda (Cape Town gay slang) pure blooded Zulu. *Betty* light skinned Bantu. *Colora* (from coloured person) one of mixed blood, mulatto, quadroon etc.

zipper dinner hurried fellation.

Paris Louvre It Or Leave It

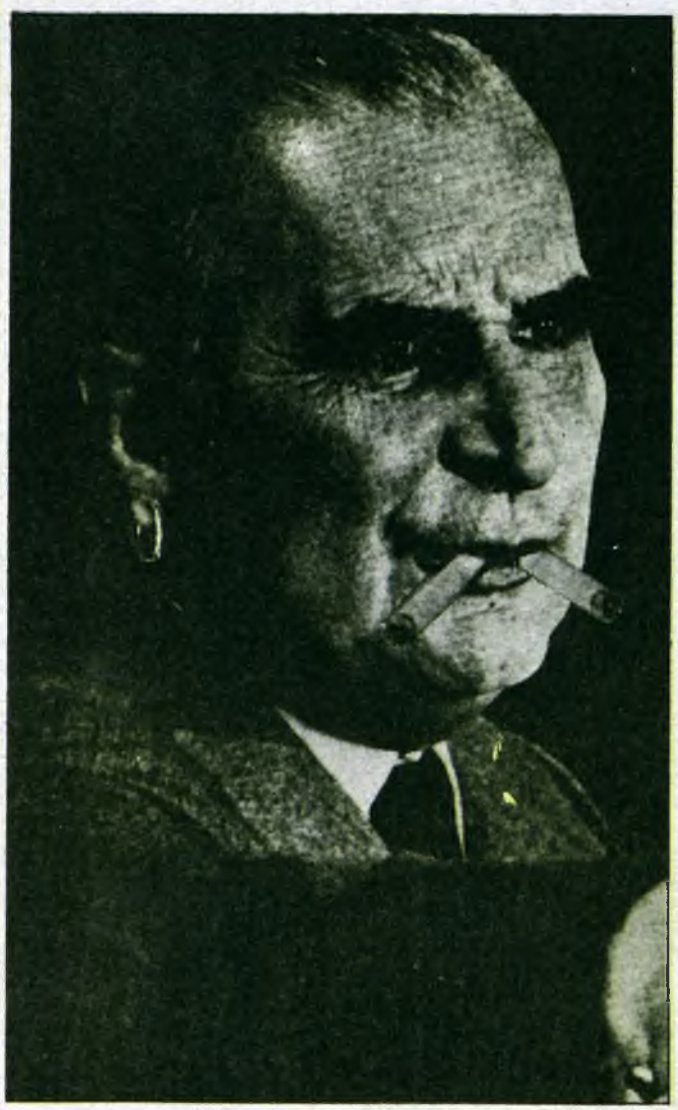
Paris since 1968 is no place for either lovers or lefties. The Seine is now the central gutter for an autoroute, the city is a forest of glass-crete Centrepoints, the gauchistes and student revolutionaries are outnumbered by the Common Markets most brutal riot squads, and if you can't fit into the Pompidou (the man Mr. Heath loves) programming, then you'll probably be beaten up, gaoled and even guillotined. David Sharp, who has been living in Paris for the past year, has filed us this report.

April, 1972: There is something beautiful about the quality of the light in Paris; something connected with the style and fineness and balance of the old buildings. Or maybe I should say, there *was* something beautiful. Walking down the Rue Geoffroy St Hilaire on a spring morning, with the trees and ivy of the Jardin des Plantes on one side, and the Mosque and a graceful line of old bourgeois apartments on the other, something horrible happens to your eyes. At the point where the street turns into the Rue Jussieu and heads towards the nearby Latin Quarter, stands the faculty of science building. Smashing totally the delicate lines and light patterns, the faculty of science is a huge, utterly featureless and totally *black* tower. It stands in a desolate plain of concrete, the monotony only slightly broken by the occasional slogan painted on the wall. *A bas la repression, Indochine vaincra, Revolution anarchiste.* A glimpse of this monstrous Ministry of Love will tell you more than volumes about the modern french state.

But on this particular day I didn't make it down that road. Large grey van of Paris police, crowd of innocent bystanders. Bourgeois housewives craning from the safety of their apartment windows. Diversion. *'Allez-y par la, s'il vous plait.'* I trudged round the outskirts of what I at first thought must be some huge and unimaginable car-crash until I reached a vantage-point from which I could look down from a hill upon the science building. It was then that I first heard the dull 'thump', and saw the arching smoky trace of the gas cannisters. There must have been easily as many *flics* (fuzz) as students. Small, tense looking men in black uniforms. Rifle at the shoulder, club swinging nervously, itchingly in the hand. Endless lines of the sinister Blue and grey buses in which they arrived. Steel helmets and plexiglass shields. They had the students surrounded, but everyone knew that the students wouldn't attack; the accelerated history of the past five years has taught them a lot about tactics. On this occasion a few stones were thrown, a bit of gas, and eventually the heroic police occupied the nearby faculty of Censier, cause of all the trouble. It is the kind of scene I have seen at least four or five times in Paris in the year I've been here, and I don't go out *looking* for such scenes. The experience is terrifying (to an English person, salutary) but the point is impossible to miss. When you see the sheer numbers of police, and the amount of weaponry that the authorities are prepared to deploy for a thousand or so students and young people, you begin to wonder, rightly enough, who it is who's *really* frightened. Any Saturday night in summer, down in the Latin Quarter (the part of Paris where the rioting first started in May 1968) you will see a line of six, seven, even ten grey or black buses. And out in the working class suburbs, where the natives are, if anything, even more restless, the situation is the same. Each bus carries about thirty 'flics'. Somehow you don't get the impression they are there to help old ladies across the street.

In France, the 'underground' as it is known at the moment in England or America has never really existed as anything more than a hollow and self-conscious imitation of an imported fashion. (I speak here of the underground on a social, rather than on a political and artistic level). If you're coming to Paris looking to score and get wasted for a couple of months, you'd do much better to try Amsterdam. Hollow faced, paranoid looking people in the

THIS IS BORING ATTEMPT BY THE EDORIAL STAFF TO MAKE A FRENCH CONNECTION !!



Latin Quarter stop you in the street and ask for a franc, or drape themselves theatrically around the bars and street corners strumming tunelessly on guitars and looking tragic; I have it on very good authority that 99% of them live at their parents' place in the suburbs; the money they try to con off you is pure pocket money, a pastime.

And the rich variety of this species can be found in places like St Germain des Pres and Montparnasse, living off the borrowed myths of Paris 'La Boheme', imitating Henry Miller, or Rimbaud, or Andy Warhol; aspirants to the 'Jet-Set'. "La Coupole is where the revolution's *really* beginning", one such told me, naming the most famous and expensive literary hang-out in the city. OK for the revolution if you can afford the clothes and the coffee.

But the thing that I find really interesting about Paris, the thing that makes life here so refreshingly different for an English person a bit weary of spacing out and the Sunday Times, and revolution a la Virgin Records, is not 'Les freaks' at all, but rather, 'Les gauchistes'.

The gauchistes (literally means leftists) are mostly young people, though there is a large, amorphous movement of older people, artists, writers, journalists and intellectials to be counted among their ranks. The list of groups is endless: differing shades of Trotskyism, Maoism, syndicalists, gay lib, women's lib, anarchism, situationism, and hangers-on and undecided; the permutations change and recombine all the time. Then there are groups organised round specific issues rather than ideas: prison movement, abortion, immigrant labourers, housing crisis and so on. A brief history would be fascinating, but it would probably fill about twenty issues of OZ.

The most famous gauchiste is of course Jean Paul Sartre, although no-one would be politically naive enough to call him a figurehead. The bourgeois press, in fact, tend to keep very quiet about him, since he has some rather too tangible ways of fighting back. When, for example, the Government tried the year before last to suppress the most subversive of the gauchiste papers – specifically the maoist 'La cause du peuple', Sartre himself went out on the streets to sell it, daring the government in effect to arrest him. The pathetic nationalist concept of the French bourgeoisie is however far too developed to allow them to imprison such a famous 'cultural' figure: they feebly arrested him and after a few days let him go. 'La cause du peuple' still sells on the streets.

I have seen gauchisme defined as that part of the political spectrum in France to the left of the Communist Party, which would seem to be somewhat naive, bearing in mind the present role of the PCF. The Communists detest the gauchistes, mainly because they expose the party's bourgeois electioneering for what it really is. It was of course the Communist Party who finally cracked the near-revolution of May '68, and thus earned the eternal gratitude of the ruling class. When the entire country had been effectively *abolished* for three weeks, factories occupied, streets cleared, imagination taken power; when the impotent de Gaulle was desperately moving tanks up to Paris, it was the PCF who succeeded in swinging it. 'All the workers want is more money', was in effect what they said. 'Now let's have no more rioting, no more black flags, no more disrespect of authority (i.e. *our* authority), let's just get more money and then go back to work'.

Since then, there has of course followed a period of reaction. The ruling class tries hard to consolidate itself, and to forget, repress the nightmare. The universities have had social science budgets slashed, while those for technology and management have gone up. It is now much more difficult to get into a university if you're not a 'safe' type of person. The police force, especially the formidable 'special police' has been increased. But the bourgeoisie will never again feel really safe until a new generation has grown up who, hopefully, will have forgotten May '68. For this generation of young french people, it was a rehearsal that they will never forget. An experience lived through 'in the real', which for the revolutionaries of America and England remains nothing more than a sad wish dream up to the present. The difference in level of political consciousness *on all the oppressed levels of society* between England and France is undeniable; from the English point of view, the twenty mile gulf across the channel is in fact wider than the two thousand mile gap to America. If the Common Market could achieve anything for the peoples of the two countries it could at least make this gulf a bit less wide.

I earn my living by odd jobs, and giving private English lessons, a reasonably lucrative job which is not difficult to find if you advertise enough. One day a week I go in to help out at the APL (Agence de Presse Liberation), doing translations of material from Northern Ireland and odd things like that. APL is I think one of the most interesting things happening at the moment; it is now gathering momentum, opening soon an office in London and also producing the first gauchiste daily paper. It is a drawing together of people of many political colours, people who two years ago would have been much too involved in the minutiae of their abstract theories to even talk to each other.

Some evenings I go down to Les Halles, where a group of psychiatrists are working to create a free therapy community and an alternative school. And just about every week recently, there has been a demonstration in support of the Vietnamese people – and not of four or five people either. Meanwhile Pompidou's monster tower blocks sprout up on the western horizon, and somewhere in a rich suburb, Henry Kissinger is lying to Le Duc Tho.

D. M. Sharp.

APPENDIX: An incomplete selection of useful/interesting Paris addresses/info.

PAPERS:

ACTUEL (nearest thing to a french OZ). Good for ads as well.
2 Impasse Lebouis, 14eme.
Tel: FON-47-20.

LA CAUSE DU PEUPLE
Maoist

LUTTE OUVRIERE
Trotskyist

LE FLEAU SOCIAL
Gay Lib (Front homosexual d'Action Revolutionaire)

LE TORCHON BRULE
'The dishcloth is burning'
Women's Lib.

CHARLIE HEBDO
Satirical politics

LE NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR
Mass circulation left magazine

LE MONDE LIBERTAIRE
Anarchiste paper.

LE MONDE is the best daily for information; FRANCE SOIR is good for ads. INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE occasionally has jobs and is in English!

BOOKSHOPS

SHAKESPEARE AND CO, just off the Rue St Jacques by Notre Dame: lots of English books, poetry readings.

LA COMMUNE
Rue Geoffroy St Hilaire, near Censier.

LA JOIE DE LIRE
Rue de La Harpe, Latin Quarter.

There are two AMERICAN CENTRES, one in the Boulevard Raspail (Metro Raspail), the other Rue du Dragon (Metro St Germain) both good for putting up ads, entertainment and meeting people.

BRITISH COUNCIL is in Rue des Ecoles, Metro Maubert Mutualite: library can sometimes help with jobs.

PROVOYA will get you a lift (paying petrol) if you pay them ten francs. 209 Bd. St Germaine, 7eme. Tel: 544-12-92.

APL, 14 Rue de Bretagne, 3eme. Tel: 508-84-44.

CIA killed Sharon Tate.

"There are no evil people, there are only victims" — Jerry Garcia talking to Charlie Manson.

Paul Krassner is the editor of the *Realist*, an intermittently published, occasionally brilliant, magazine (subs $4 a year from 595 Broadway, New York 10012). Krassner also wrote 'How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years' ($7 from same place).

When Ed Sanders was writing his book *The Family* about the Manson murders he promised to let Krassner publish in the *Realist* all the bits that Sanders had been forced to leave out.

Last December Sanders changed his mind. Sanders was being sued by the Process Church of the Final Judgment and his attorneys wouldn't let Krassner see the files.

Not unsurprisingly Krassner became obsessed with the missing bits and started his own research. He even hired private detectives to check out facts.

The result? Krassner suffered what he calls a 'paranoid freakout'. He also ran out of cash. But he produced an article called 'The Parts Left Out of the Manson Book'. It'll be printed in the 13th anniversary issue of the *Realist*. Here, for OZ readers, is a foretaste. Parts of the Parts Left Out of the Manson Book. . . . . .

The conclusion I (and others) have reached — incredible as it may seem — is that the slaying of Sharon Tate and her dope-dealing friends was planned and engineered at the highest levels of American government. I've tracked down the individual that Manson and Tex Watson met with. He is in Navy Intelligence, which is Division Five of the FBI, which is essentially the CIA. He was also known as a hippie artist.

I even considered the possibility that there were two different characters, but I interviewed some people he stayed with in his artistic role, and once during an argument he shouted at a young woman, "You're nothing but a dirty Jew!" That certainly doesn't evolve out of the hippie ethic. You might expect to be chastised for being basically middle-class, perhaps, and indeed there is a key to understanding this case.

In order for the unholy trinity — military intelligence, corporate power and organised crime — to maintain control, they must divide and conquer. And what better target — along with blacks and Chicanos and poor whites — than the hippies? The logical extension of their life-style would upset the economy.

Folks who don't eat much meat, who make their own clothes, who share automobiles and washing machines and phonographs, who take care of each other and don't purchase insurance policies ..... why, even Herman Kahn once admitted to me that it was the hippies who were delaying the guaranteed annual wage. And so it came to pass that Manson was chosen.

It is ironic beyond coincidence that the real villain of the Manson family, Tex Watson, supposedly met Charlie when he, Tex, picked up Beach Boy Dennis Wilson hitching, took him to his beach house and there was Swengali waiting.

It was Tex who did the shooting and most of the stabbing at the Tate house. Yet he was held in a Texas jail — his Los Angeles lawyers were scooted out of town by federal cops — and there he was held till after Charlie was found guilty.

In the Manson trial, since Charlie had not been at the scene of the crime, it was necessary for prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi to convince the jury that Tex and the girls were all zombies under Charlie's control. Whereas, in Tex Watson's trial, since he pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity, this same Bugliosi insisted that Tex was not a zombie, he knew precisely what he was doing. He was also found guilty, but it wasn't quite the same thing, image-wise.

In a letter to me, Charlie asserts that although he knew what was going to happen, it was Tex who told the girls what to do. When Jerry Rubin visited Manson in prison before the trial, he admitted his guilt this way:

"As far as any connection with the Tate murders and myself, and the family that I live with, I'll say this: I am connected with killing the Indians, and I'm connected with killing the Mayans, the Incas. I'm connected with everything that's been done in the name of Christ in nineteen hundred and seventy years. I feel that I'm connected with all of it, and I feel that it's just as much my fault as it was whoever pulled the triggers, because I'm still lettin' it go on. I'm lettin' it happen over in Vietnam right now. I'm responsible for everything, you know, I'm responsible for everything Man is doing to this earth and its sky and its waters and its animals, all of it. . . . ."

When Charles Manson got out of jail in the spring of 1967 and ended up in Haight-Ashbury, he had been sent to give the kiss of death to the flower children.

What happened to Charles Manson is the perfect reflection of a society that preaches law and order but practices the manipulation of justice.

The Trials of OZ opened off Broadway on Dec 19 to an intriguingly diverse reception. Disagreement centred around the inclusion of music (from John Lennon & Yoko Ono, Buzy Linhart and Mick Jagger), "sustains mood beautifully...not Broadway Rock but exciting and driving stuff" said one critic, "more of an interruption than a help", said another.

The play was condensed from the original six week farce at the Old Bailey by Geoff Robertson, the future Chief Justice, and directed by Jimmy Sharman, the young meteor from Gundagai, who is renowned for his world wide homage to the genre of Jesus Rock.

Some detected a 'smug' bias in favour of the defendants. "All courtroom scenes from Perry Mason onwards have a certain charm but this has less than most", said NY Times critic, Clive Barnes in the course of an inconclusive and almost incoherent review which, unlike his usual fare, was not re-run in the London Times. (His verdict on OZ: "The dullest thing to come out of Australia since the Koala Bear").

Critics were generally enthralled by the courtroom scenes, which they could scarcely believe, and dubbed them: "Impressive", "entertaining" or "one of the most theatrically exciting things to come along for a good while". Considering it was produced on a shoe string, with no money spare for promotion, in a city unblessed with any idea of what OZ is; then the first few weeks have been remarkably successful.

That no-one staged a commercial production in London is understandable, given the current state of the West End. That it was produced at all is due to one middle aged American, LSD and a copy of Rolling Stone.

More details another time, but the Trials of OZ came about through the energy and obsession of Van Wolf, who died of cancer before he ever saw a rehearsal. His former friends and business associates decided to go ahead with the production more out of respect for Mr Wolf, rather than shobiz acumen, and while this magazine is not formally involved with the production we are delighted that the jokes which once echoed through the antique alcoves of the Old Bailey are now rocking em in the aisles in Greenwich Village. "A unique and disarming entertainment", said The Daily News, "and one that raises a number of disturbing questions during its mostly lighthearted course"; which is exactly how we felt about the original.

William Rankin

We are gradually being set up for the worst piece of Law Reform since Henry VIII introduced boiling in oil as a legitimate method of execution. That is the legislation which will give effect to the recommendations of the Criminal Law Revision Committee to, as they put it, alter the balance of the criminal trial in favour of the prosecution. Most reputable lawyers are attacking the proposals — but not nearly hard enough. This sort of danger

calls for a mass walk out by them. But we'll never see that, the legislation will go through and for a while nothing much will happen. This will be taken as a justification. But with all these changes we're laying the foundation for a truly tyrannical state in a few year's time. Say the year after Heath has Nixoned us into giving him another term. And trouble with all these amendments is they are far harder to undo than they are to enact. All too soon they become what people accept as normal and slowly you slide into Greek Colonelsville.

Robert Smitheringale

If Baba Ram Dass (OZ 45) hasn't helped you find the true path to cosmic awareness George Stewart might be able to help. He's written to OZ from India with information on the How-To-Die-While-Living-Experience. He tells us there are 300 satisfied experimenters in Goa.

The instructions for the Death Trip, as it's known for short, are:

1) Find a quiet place to lie down on your right side, preferably in a foetal position.
2) Cut yourself off from all sights and sounds. It is alright to hear the words people are speaking, but do not try to understand the meaning of the words.
3) Try not to escape through sleep.
4) Do not analyse, or feel ashamed or guilty about anything you may think, hear, or see withing yourself. The more guilty you feel the more you'll burn and smell of sulphur.
5) You may burn as you've never burned before. Don't try to avoid it, and don't interrupt the dying process. If you do, you'll have to begin it all again on some later day. You may eat if you're hungry or drink if you're thirsty, but only enough to appease your hunger or thirst. Try not to lose yourself in taste sensations, and don't look at nor listen to those who are serving you.
6) Don't be afraid. Watch the whole show dispassionately. You'll see that your whole life up to now is constructed on fear.
7) Be prepared to enter the deepest Hell you've ever been in. But, remember, there's no avoiding it. If you don't go through it today, you'll have to on the day you die; but it will be just a little too late then, as you may regret not having known life after rebirth.

George Stewart advises that the sort of experiences that might happen once you start include: feverish, jumbled thoughts, fears of insanity, pain and confusion, visions of your family and past life, images of the games you've played throughout your life, the strongest sexual urges you've ever experienced. After that you'll want to die. Ultimately you come to a discovery that you and all outside are UNKNOWN. Accept this and rest. You will feel content.

Afterwards we're told that the benefits will probably include:

The old self does not attract you any longer.
No boredom.
No lack of energy to do the things that have to be done.
Acceptance of whatever happens, whichever way.
No mental effect from morphine, hashish or LSD
Not much need for medicine.
No wish to take advantage of another.
No willingness to be taken advantage of.
No guilt ridden introversion.
Minor death-rebirths following:
death to various aspects of your self personality — like to a God concept, to the intellect, or to a part of your sex trip, ego trip.

If you want to die, write to George Stewart for deatails: 88 Rippon St, Calcutta, West Bengal, India.

Good luck — Keep Humming.

Matthew Freeth

OZ has received a six-page statement from George Andrews, the man who wrote *The Book of Grass*. It's an attack on Peter Owen; the publisher, who gave George a contract for the book signing over world rights. Owen then sold rights in the USA to Grove Press (who sold over 20,000 copies) in France to Fayard and the paperback rights in Britain to Penguin.

George says he sent copies of his complaints to other publications and went to lawyers and accountants for help — without much satisfaction. He basically says that Own won't communicate with him, only pays royalties in a grudging condescending fashion, doesn't pay enough considering the books sales and didn't support George in his two drug busts and only helped him with the Immigration authorities until the manuscript was delivered.

We rang Peter Owen who says George is crazy, that he has had "thousands" of pounds in royalties, and yes he didn't support George is his times of trouble because George had been so unpleasant ('if he went to clink, too bad'). Owen added that they had had to edit a lot of 'drivel' out of George's manuscript, and as a rider he threatened that if we published George's complaints they'd sue.

Owen must have made money out of George, so he owes him some time and trouble — and it's a publishers' job to cope with temperamental authors and ridiculous to expect them to behave like chartered accountants. Also as the book was designed for the head market you would have thought that Owen would have some sympathy with the Freak Mentality and Life Style — if he didn't, then his taking the book was callous opportunism. It's a cautionary tale for those dissidents who think they can use the establishment media to serve their cause and (a) communicate their ideas and (b) make some money to support their habits.

Just out is Ned Gate, the North Kensington Area Paper and it covers issues like the fight by pupils and parents to remove a headmistress in a Ladbroke Grove school, the way Fyffes, those notoriously exploitative banana importers, are blocking redevelopment for housing of British Rail land in North Kensington. Tower block conditions, rent strikes, meter fiddles by landlords and property speculation. Its trademark is the Royal Coat of Arms with the lion and the unicorn being beaten up by a worker, a black and a schoolkid with long hair looking on in stoned approval. It's 3p and if you live in the area you'll see it being sold in the streets.

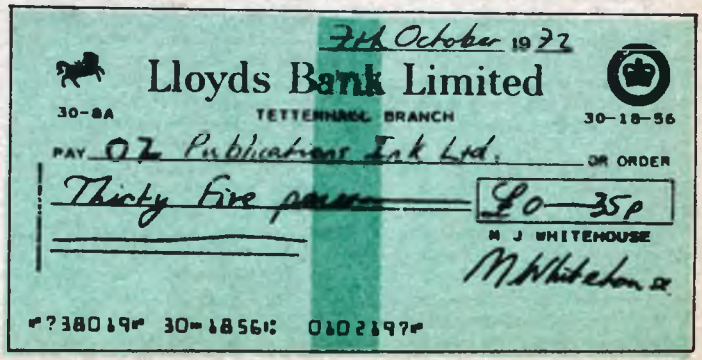
From Australia comes issue 2 of the Grassroots Express primarily designed to circulate information about the Aquarius Festival in May 1973 — an attempt to produce an Antipodean Woodstock. Because of Australia's isolation most of the radical impetus comes second hand via books or imported papers and people tend to get sucked into trips that everyone else in the world abandoned years ago. But all of that may be changing. If the lemming like emigration of Australians back to their fatherland is to be believed, the election of a Federal Labour government out there heralds a new era of socialist transformation. Viva el Cuba of the Pacific! Long Live Chairman Whitlam!
Grassroots Express seems to be free and comes from Aquarius Foundation, 344 Victoria Street, North Melbourne 3051, Victoria.

Anyone who hasn't started buying Spare Rib (the magazine for women (or men) who can't stand male chauve piggery) should do so immediately. It gets better all the time and unlike any other alternative publication comes out regularly and is sold by WHSmiths. Every issue has something in it that's good or useful or exciting. This month they did a reverse role cosmetic job on artist Michael Ramsden to make a point about what happens when you treat women as objects to be decorated and exhibited. OZ however beat Spare Rib to it. Ramsden was OZ jail bait of the month in issue 29 in a futile attempt by us to get rid of our male sexist reputation. Subscriptions £2 a year to Spare Rib Ltd, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.

Matthew Freeth

Heller

When are we going to be rid of that provocative anachronism, the Royal Family? Still amidst all the bullshit written in the press about Princess Anne's fox hunting activities one letter made a serious point. *The Times*, surprisingly, gave it the lead spot on its letter page on December 16. The writer, one John Alexander-Sinclair writing from the Athenaeum, admitted that the sport was legal but said *'Just as slavery was once legal but still wrong and had to be outlawed with cock fighting and bear-baiting so is the pursuit of pleasure through terrorizing any of God's creatures by menace of pain and death and wicked and the subject of legitimate protest.'* The principle is much wider than just blood sports. And how about 'The pursuit of pleasure or profit through terrorizing any of God's creatures by menace of pain etc etc.' Try telling it to your Landlord when he moves in with the winklers. Or the drugs squad next time they call. *(Most of them are under arrest — Ed).*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BOOKS

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2. *'The Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana' by David Fleming:* It's cheaper, it's healthier and it's completely illegal. 40p + 8p p&p.

3. *'The Family': Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion by Ed Sanders (Hart Davis):* You've probably read some of the extracts in OZ 40. A terrifying slice by slice account of the Manson Murders. Psychedelic fascism incarnate. £2.50 + 15p p&p.

4. *'Knots' by R.D.Laing (Penguin):* Tricky games for inquisitive hippies by smart-alec Ronny. Hours of fun — amaze your frendz and expand your biceps. 25p + 5p p&p.

5. *'Pictorial Key to the Tarot': A.E.Waite.* Designed and written for use with the Waite Tarot pack (see Udder Stuff) — In paper back at last. £1.00 + 10p p&p.

6. *'The Strange Case of Pot' Mike Schofield (Pelican/Penguin):* Strange indeed. A book worth reading if you're seriously interested in the legalisation of marijuana 30p + 8p p&p.

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8. *'The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test' by Tom Wolfe (Bantam):* No comment. When you have nothing to say it's better to say nothing. 30p + 8p p&p.

9. *'Narcotic P lants' by William Emboden (Studio Vista):* Large hard back book, fully illustrated, with pages of full colour photographs. Reviewed in OZ 42. £2.80 + 30p p&p.

10. *'The Book of Ceremony' by Clem Gorman (Whole Earth Tools).* The story of what's been so lamentably forgotten. The living art of participation; 'for the spectator shall become the actor'. Sensitive and demanding. 50p + 5p p&p.

11. *'Leaves of Grass' by Hassan I Sabbah (Unicorn).* Full of stuff on your favourite weed, cultivation, preparation and plenty of recipes. 50p + 5p p&p.

12. *'Domebook 2':* An American soft back containing everything you will ever need to know (or forget) about domes. Strictly for dome freaks. £2.10 + 8p p&p.

13. *'Projective Ornaments' by Claude Bragdon (Unicorn):* Amazing new forms and designs for the architectural artist. This book could transform your home environment. 90p + 8p p&p.

14. *'Living on Earth' by Alicia Bay Laurel (Vintage).* A freaky, personal scrapbook of celebrations, storm warnings, formulas, recipes, rumours and country dances. Crazy and informative. £1.90 + 15p p&p.

15. *'Massage Book' by George Downing (Random House):* Communication without words — a beautiful extension of sexuality — everything you need to know about massage....and more. £1.90 + 15p p&p.

16. *'Dylan — A Commemoration' by Stephen Pickering (Book People):* Forget boring A.J.Weberman and his garbage can exploits. Here is an author who really knows his subject and who has produced an extraordinary selection of reports, facts, data and speculation on Bobby Dylan. An excellent book. £1.05 + 8p p&p.

SHOTS

17. *'Shots' edited by David Fenton (Academy):* The camera never lies. The American way of life and death captured in glowing black and white. A beautiful book of photographs from the American underground press, compiled by Liberation News Service. 'Shots' is an incredible visual experience. £1.60 + 15p p&p.

18. *'Little Red Schoolbook' by Soren Hansen and Jasper Jensen (Stage One):* This is the censored, mutilated edition, courtesy of the DPP. It's still worth reading though and is recommended to all children interested in their own rights. 30p + 5p p&p.

19. *'The Back Yard Dairy Book' by Len Street and Andrew Singer (Whole Earth Tools).* Why be a slave to the milkman? Maintain your own dairy products and be independent. This book tells you how and it's easy. 40p + 5p p&p.

20. *Survival Scrapbook (Part 1) by Stephen A. Szezelhun:* This is the first of three scrap books and concentrates on shelter. Notes, information and fascinating survival techniques in every conceivable shelter problem: Paper houses, wigwams, domes, caravans, caves. £1.25 + 12p p&p.

21. *Survival Scrapbook (Part 2).* Here is the second of the three scrapbooks, this one all about food. You don't have to eat out of the capitalist chemistry set — you'll be amazed at what you CAN do for yourself. £1.25 + 12p p&p.

22. *'Watch Out Kids' by Mick Farren (Open Gate):* He's doing it again — The Farren Memoires (or at least what he can remember). £1.50 + 8p p&p.

23. *'Be Here Now' by Richard Alpert (Lama Foundation).* A classic. Considered generally to be essential reading (see OZ 45), the book consists of four sections: 1. The transformation from Richard Alpert to Baba Ram Dass, 2. Some trippy spiritual fun for the metaphysical freak, 3. Some diets for living and 4. Recommended books. £1.50 + 12p p&p.

24. *'Ugly When She Smiles' by Will Pollard (Crest Press):* This highly unlikely story should be propping up every bookshelf — fast, furious fantasy. 30p + 10p p&p.

25. *Bob Dylan Lyrics.* All he's ever done, including bootlegs — utterly comprehensive and a must for all Dylan freaks. 80p + 8p p&p.

26. *Dylan by A. Scuduto.* The best biography — the rumours you were afraid were true — and most of them are: The de-mythologising of Dylan. 60p + 10p p&p.

27. *'Confessions of Aleister Crowley'.* The Beast de-flowered. A true adventure story. 80p + 12p p&p.

28. *'Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain'. by Ostrauder and Schroeder:* Probably the most important book about Official ESP research in the Communist bloc — a big seller. 65p + 10p p&p.

29. *'The Mind of the Dolphin' by John Lilly:* How and why these amazing creatures will inherit the earth by the first man to realise their real potential. 50p + 8p p&p.

30. *'The Morning of the Magicians (The Dawn of Magic) by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier.* An enormous seller all over the world and really impossible to describe in a few words. Powerful and thought provoking. 50p + 10p p&p.

31. *'The Eternal Man' by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier.* The follow-up to 'The Morning of the Magicians', this time the intrepid authors turn their attention to Global History. How many times have we been through this movie before? £2.50 + 15p p&p.

32. *'Making Communes' by Clem Gorman (Whole Earth Tools)* A complete beginners guide to the art of communing and also published by the first real Alternative Book Publishers in this country. 75p + 12p p&p.

33. *'Drop City' by Peter Rabbit* Here we have the history of America's oldest and most famous communes. 75p + 12p p&p.

34. *Whole Earth Catalogue* — really the final compilation. Where, and who, what, when and why and at the rock bottom price of £1.75 + 30p p&p.

35. *I Ching — the Richard Wilhelm translation, with foreword by Jung).* THE authoritative version. I know it's £3.00, but it's the best. (plus 20p p&p).

36. *The Great Brain Robbery. By K.Paton.* The best de-schooling statement and put down of liberal establishment schooling. Dennis the Menace lives. 20p + 5p p&p.

37. *'Sisterhood is Powerful': edited by Robin Morgan.* An American paperback containing the best collection of statements on the Women's Lib position. £1.20 + 15p p&p.

38. *'The Centre of the Cyclone' by John Lilly.* "What I believe to be true is true or becomes true, within the limits to be found experimentally. These limits are further beliefs to be transcended." An autobiography of inner space. 50p + 8p p&p.

39. *'Real Magic' by Philip Bonewits.* At long last, the whole world of magic and the occult is brought into modern perspective by the holder of the World's first every degree in Thaumatology. Generally recognised as essential reading by the Magic Freaks, Bonewits attacks the cobwebs with devastating logic and awful puns. £2.80 + 15p p&p.

40. *'The Wheel of Death' by Philip Kapleau:* 'The art of dying', an anthology based on the great Buddhist, Taoist, Hindu and Western masters. 95p + 12p p&p.

41. *'Maps of Consciousness' by Ralph Metzner (paperback).* A guide to I Ching, Tantra, Tarot, Alchemy, Astrology, etc. £1.25 + 12p p&p.

42. *Chinese Medicine by Georges Beau:* A modern introduction to the age old methods of healing, including acupuncture and mexibustia — very interesting reading. 63p + 8p p&p.

43. *'Children's Rights' edited by Hall.* Essays towards the liberation of the child, i.e. Parent's property versus self-determination. 50p + 8p p&p.

44. *'The Tarot' by S.L.MacGregor Mathers (Unicorn).* A quick, easy guide to the mysteries of the Tarot. 30p + 5p p&p.

45. *English Smocks by Alice Armes:* How to make traditional smocks — also including thirteen folded in paper patterns. 55p + 8p p&p.

46. *'The Use of Vegetable Dyes' by Violetta Thurstan:* A complete guide to using natural dyes, from tree barks to lichens and blackberry to onion skins and pine cones. 35p + 8p p&p.

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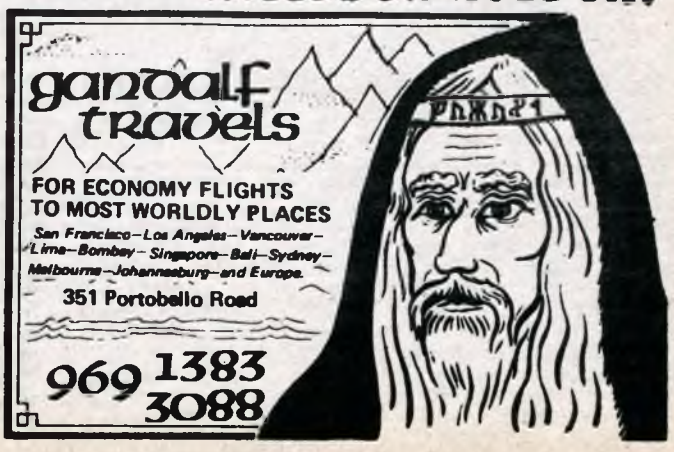


The Long March Through The Bingo Halls

It's not Easy is an anthology of personal statements by people pissed off with society or their place within it. Originally collected by Sue Miles for Hutchinsons, it now seems, for reasons which remain obscure , unlikely ever to be published. John Hoyland's contribution, The Long March Through the Bingo Halls, is too outstanding to lie forgotten in a publisher's bottom drawer and too lengthy to be printed here in full. Below is a truncated version of his thesis. Hoyland laments the dichotomy between workers who are aware of their exploitation but not of the need to dump capitalist ideology, and intellectuals "who always have the option of a free floating 'rebellious' life style which may feel better but doesn't actually change anything." This latter group try to free themselves from various aspects of capitalist ideology but do not see the need to abolish exploitation. How can both groups be integrated ?

Changing our individual personal and social relations is not a strategy for revolution. But equally, revolutionaries who put their marxism back on the bookshelf when it comes to daily living have failed to grasp the totality of the situation we are confronted by, and the consequent necessity for a total response to it.

For me, then, the most promising characteristic of the present situation is not only the increased militancy of the working-class and the growth of the straight revolutionary left. It is also the parallel growth of ideological agitation – of agitation that challenges the assumptions on which our society is based and the way in which these assumptions are transmitted into the consciousness of us all, thus anchoring us to this particular form of society and preventing us from effectively changing it.

To say this, however, is not to give blanket approval to each and every manifestation of 'new' consciousness wherever it may be found. It's necessary to analyse these different manifestations of cultural and ideological rebellion, to try and discriminate between those aspects of them which really do point in the direction of social change and those which merely involve a psychic adjustment to the particular characteristics of capitalism in the 70s. This means attempting to understand their relation to each other and to political and economic developments.

Counter Culture

One of the ways in which people have been tied to the status quo in the past has been their acceptance and internalisation of the puritan work-ethic, with its values of hard work, dependence on the monogamous nuclear family, abstinence from sex and other forms of pleasure etc. Born in times of scarcity with the function of uniting the different social classes behind Britain's Imperial and Capitalist Destiny, this system of values became totally inapplicable in the consumer society of the 60s, yet it continued to deter people from demanding more than the cramped life-style that capitalism had traditionally offered them. The youth culture, and its concommitant, the student movement, changed that. Significantly internationalist in character, attacking the absurdity and boredom of most people's work, demanding sexual freedom and looking for alternative living units to the modern family, rejecting capitalism's attention to the endless private acquisition of material goods at the expense of people's biological, personal and communal needs – in these and many other ways the counter-culture produced a critique of capitalist ideology which was long-overdue and which opened up new vistas of social change.

The fact that the May events in France sparked off a critique of similar comprehensiveness indicates that the hippies were the product of a new situation in society rather than a historically accidental inspiration. An analysis of contemporary Welfare/Consumer capitalism seems to show that serious contradictions have opened up in society at the cultural and ideological level – specifically, at the point where people experience the system in their daily lives. If people are exploited at work, they are also oppressed and manipulated outside work. The "Welfare" State, with its educational apparatus, its town "planning", its myriad organs of social control, intervenes in people's lives to a degree unprecedented in history. At the same time, consumer capitalism penetrates deeper and deeper into people's personal and leisure activities, so that hardly an area of our lives remains which is not in some way subordinated to commodity consumption and the ideology of illusions surrounding it.

This colonisation of daily life, this pauperisation of human relations, this personal and culture oppression, is not only experienced by the working-class. In fact those who are relatively well-educated, those whose very freedom from toil and whose future role in society gives them the opportunity to worry about the quality and meaning of life under capitalism, are often those who experience these ideological contradictions in a particularly acute way. If the goal of life under capitalism is material affluence, then what has capitalism got to offer those who already have material affluence, in terms of personal fulfillment and decent human relations? Precious little, many people felt.

The counter-culture was a reaction to this situation. Its importance was its assertion that many of the problems experienced in the realm of personal life were not private but general, public problems. Sexuality, the family, urbanism, community, madness, the use of leisure, the meaning of education and work, the whole consumer ethic – these questions were no longer to be resolved on the psychiatrist's couch, but to be brought out into the open and discussed socially. The right to personal fulfillment became a political demand.

Parasites

The pleasure-oriented life-style (doing your own thing) that accompanied all this was only possible because large numbers of middle-class youth were able to enjoy a leisured existence that was parasitical on the surplus produced by the workers. As such, it was never a social programme for the vast majority, and when capitalism started to run into serious economic difficulties at the end of the sixties, the counter-culture quickly lost the dynamic it had had earlier on. But the fact remains that in the scope of its preoccupations, in its imagination and occasional artistic brilliance (I'm thinking particularly of its music), the counter-culture played a major role in liberating thought in the 60s – a role which any future revolutionary movement must take into account of if it is to succeed.

It's my belief, however, that this role just be discussed strictly in the past. I no longer think that 'counter-culture', 'underground', 'alternative society' and the like are particularly useful terms. The collective ideology, the ideas and assumptions that held the different components of this movement together in the 60s have now become so dispersed and diluted that it makes verv little sense to talk about the Underground as a specific entity any more. (A large part of what held the Underground together was a question of age anyway). Granted an important cultural shift has occurred affecting everybody to a greater of lesser extent who was born during or after the war. But it now makes more sense to break down the separate components of this shift and to see that they are, in fact, quite diverse and in many cases antagonistic.

The picture that emerges, if we do this, is not a particularly happy one. Apart from certain pockets of relative militancy – the group of libertarians who took over *Ink* and *Frendz*, a few of the people working in the field of avant-guarde art, the voluntary

Illustration by Joshua Thomas

social-workers involved in BIT and various information and help agencies around the country — the bulk of the latter-day hippies are a pretty reactionary bunch, and the ideology they adhere to is quite dangerous. Five years ago the classical hippy was often vociferously anti-political, and many of his ideas were either so naive, or so individualistic and self-indulgent, as to make most revolutionaries shudder with horror. But his very existence as a being demanding certain types of love and fun, his rejection of society's power-and-money-grabbing, was an effective irritant to the system. But now the best of the lessons taught by the hippies have been learned by people who can put them to much better use than the hippies ever could. The underground stressed the importance of lived daily experience, and correctly attacked left-wingers who proclaimed the brotherhood of man but conducted their affairs in an authoritarian, sanctimonious and insensitive manner. Now this mantle — the connection between personal and political life — has been taken over by Women's Liberation, who are daily putting it into practice without the sexist garbage that accompanied it before. And many sections of the straight left have absorbed the more progressive ideas of the hippies and are inflecting their own ideology accordingly.

And where does this leave the hippies? For the most part, still wittering on about grooving and getting it together, but now in the most vacuous, sentimental and depoliticising way. Hippy ideology has become the escape valve for thousands of young people who want some kind of justification for sitting on their arses doing nothing, while convincing themselves that their very inactivity makes them the purest revolutionaries of all. To fuck, smoke dope and listen to music nowadays is no more radical than having a cup of tea, and the fact that a dash of buddhism or home-made bread may be thrown in doesn't alter the basic social irrelevance of the whole business.

The hippies, in one sense, were always in the front line of the very consumer capitalism they despised. They were mental colonists opening up new markets for the whizz-kid entrepreneurs. Sex, music, the paraphernalia of pleasure surrounding dope-taking — all these invited flourishing new areas of commerce for a society that was only too eager to find ways of selling itself to its youth. Now, with the more radical aspects of their ideology little more than platitudes, the hippies and the thousands of young middle-class kids who ape their ideas in a more diluted form, are simply a new type of consumer, playing their games in a cosy little adventure playground specially set aside for them by the system.

The best rock festivals were always mounted by the capitalists anyway! (Note: Exception 'Glastonbury'—Typesetter.)

It's time that these people retain an anti-authoritarianism, a refusal to be regimented, which will always give the system a few headaches. It's true, also, that life ought to be more fun, and one way of bringing that about is to have fun yourself. But fun, or being yourself, or feeding your head, as a *social philosophy* is bankrupt. And in a rotten society your fun will always be tainted anyway. That's partly why the step from Woodstock to Altamont, from Leary to Manson, or for that matter from Hair to Jesus Christ Superstar. will always be a short one when there is no attempt to understand how society works and no realistic effort to change it.

The counter-culture, as a primarily cultural phenomenon, was always incapable of transforming society in the direction it wished. That can only happen when the ideas of the counter-culture become integrated into a revolutionary *social* philosophy which in my opinion must be marxist, i.e. based on a scientific assessment of the actual nature of the society we live in.

Sexism

In one respect particularly the structural limitations of the counter-culture have been starkly revealed, and that is in the area of sex. The breakdown of capitalism's ideological control-structures in the last few years has led to an enormous increase in fucking. But in spite of this happy development we are nowhere near a state that could be called sexual liberation. Relationships between boys and girls are still largely defined by the old pattern of male domination and female submission. Sexual stereotyping still denies girls the fully independent and equal life that would make companionship a reality. Many of us, if not all, still carry with us the hang-ups and inadequacies that we have inherited from our parents and their culture. And, most particularly, we still have very little idea what to do *afterwards*. We don't know how to carry relationships through into middle and old age without the alternatives of miserable bust-ups or frustrated boredom. We still have very little idea of how to bring up children without falling into the claustrophobic privacy of the nuclear family, a privacy that is deeply damaging to both parents and children. Experiments in this area are only just starting.

Here, as in so many areas, change can only be partial until capitalist society itself is overthrown, and social pressures lead outwards into the community instead of inwards into the family and home. So long as society is based on private property, there can be little hope of breaking down the present family and sexual structure except in a very piecemeal way.

The existence of a women's liberation movement indicates, however, that this process will take place, both before and after the revolution. This movement, probably the most crucial single new political development of our times, has such profound implications that they are difficult to grasp. Its immediate aim is the destruction of sexism, of the domination and oppression of women by men. But sexism, up until now, has been the code through which men and women communicate with each other. It has been the yardstick by which men and women define themselves as different kinds of people. As it is attacked and rejected, our most personal, most basic assumptions about ourselves become open to question. What were previously completely private aspects of our lives are suddenly thrust into the political arena.

The struggle against sexism is not only a struggle against some of the key institutions of our society, such as the traditional family, it is also a struggle against the formation of the human psyche over thousands of years. Consequently, if women are successful in their fight for real self-determination, nearly all human relationships must change in ways that are virtually impossible to imagine. As far as sexual relations are concerned, what will they be like when they are freed of sexual stereotyping? What will the sexual relations demanded by a socialist society be like? We cannot know the answer to these questions, any more than we can know what other social relations will be like when women have an equal, independent role in the family and at work. Nor is it necessary to know, since women's liberation is a response to the intolerable relations that exist now, under capitalism. These relations must be changed, and this sufficient grounds for action.

Yet we can speculate that women's liberation and gay liberation point towards a future so different from our own world that it is almost unrecognisable: a future where our sexual being is untrammelled by the artificial conventions and inhibitions of today, where physical love can be a natural extension of any friendship between people of the opposite sex and people of the same sex, where the monogamous family as we know it no longer casts its claustrophobic

shadow across all human relationships.

But the resistance to the birth of this world will be immense, and the struggle between those who want it and those who dread it will be one of the most noticeable features of the years ahead of us. And the struggle for sexual liberation, although it is not the same as the struggle for social revolution, will nevertheless work in practice in the same direction. Capitalist society, which inevitably promotes authoritarian and sexist relationships, which cannot exist without the economic and ideological oppression of women (and children), is the main obstacle to the creation of a world of sexual equality. So those who want to end

Illustration by Joshua Thomas

sexual oppression must also fight to end class oppression. And in the same way, since the whole complex of authoritarian and dependent attitudes of which sexism is a part work to hold people back from fighting to change the social order, those who wish to end class oppression must also fight to end sexual oppression.

Connections

The struggle for liberated personal relationships complements and reinforces the struggle of the working-class to abolish exploitation. In other words, there is a correspondence between productive relations and personal relations, though this correspondence is a complex and shifting one, and it is not one which I could pretend to understand at all clearly. In the same way, there is a whole range of other activities and struggles which fall somewhere between these two polarities. In the sphere of culture, in our understanding of mental illness, in our attitude towards the upbringing of children, in our relationship to the environment, on the question of town-planning and housing, in the fight against imperialism, — in the communities we live in — in all these areas the old concepts are being challenged, and people are looking for new and different ways of conducting things. Above all in Education — apart from the family, the main instrument for conditioning people to capitalist society — both teachers, parents and children are increasingly dissatisfied with the present system. If it was merely a question of adding these things up collectively, it would be possible to state that we are witnessing a *total assault* on capitalist society.

But things are not so simple. For a start, not all these struggles are equally advanced. Nor do they yet involve very large numbers of people. Millions remain untouched by any of them. Clearly, there is a great deal of work to be done. And in particular it is a mistake to think that all this activity necessarily leads in the same direction, that there is a structural common denominator to it all. In every sphere there are contradictory interests, as well as countless divergent paths which could be taken.

What is lacking, in fact, is any kind of theoretical coherence embracing all the diverse elements of this ferment, and capable of representing them in a strategic assault on the system. It seems to me that one of the most important tasks of the immediate future is to analyse these different areas of activity and make connections between them — to see where they point towards basic social change, where they are tangential or even hostile to such a change, and where they are dependent on such a change in order to be realised. Only by doing this work — by making these connections in a very specific way and by understanding the relationship of each of these to the whole — can we begin to construct an integrated theory of social change in Britain: a theory which starts with the strategic mission of the working-class and its allies to overthrow the capitalist state, and proceeds outwards to a comprehensive system of liberated social relations in this country. Only when armed with such an integrated theory can we expect our actions to work increasingly in the direction of the fundamental social change we desire. And only when armed with a theory of this comprehensive nature can we be sure that the revolution in Britain will not degenerate into the bureaucratic and authoritarian socialism of the USSR.

"A theory" — that sounds something very static and cerebral, like some kind of mechanical formula that will open the door to revolution by magic. But this is not what I mean.

Marxists have traditionally talked about "Unevenness of development" between different nations, indicating that a poor Latin American country will require different revolutionary tactics and organisation to a rich European country. But it is also true that there is unevenness of development *within* nations. Economic, political and ideological developments do not necessarily run parallel to each other, revolutionaries may need to pay particular attention to one rather than another at different times. The theory I am talking about is the understanding and ability to handle this unevenness of development, to keep pace with the exigencies of the situation. It is not a received understanding of the world, but rather an ongoing practice. And no theory, no matter how integrated, can ever be complete. It will never be possible to anticipate the complexity and diversity of forms that will be thrown up in an actual revolutionary situation.

Nor can such a theory simply be thought out on paper. It will develop out of the real struggles that people are engaged in, ranging from militancy in the factories to the fight against the nuclear family, and taking in a whole lot of other struggles on the way. At every stage it will have to be tested against the reality of the people's lives — the kind of things they want from life and the social institutions that organise their lives.

It should be obvious from all this that while I think there are real grounds for optimism, I do not think that the revolution in Britain is going to be a straightforward business, that "it's all a question of time". The main agent of the revolution is the working-class, but the working-class is not revolutionary. That fact alone means that the struggle ahead is going to be a long one. The revolution isn't *there*, waiting to be found by somebody. The revolution has got to be *made*, and this means a lot of very hard work.

Vicious Society

This is what I believe must be done if the contradictory and vicious society we live in is to be abolished, and a new and happier one is to be created in its place. It is abundantly clear to me that the process has already started, and that in the years ahead of us we will see it developing and accelerating. But I should fool no-one into thinking that there is any guarantee of immediate success as it gains momentum. A lot of the advantages lie with the other side. It is easy for them to capitalise on the legacy left in people's minds by hundreds of years of guilt, moralism, and dependence on authority. And the overt manipulation of consciousness is controlled by them, not us. It is their world we see reflected in advertisements, in films and newspapers, in schools and courts. Their view of the world is constantly reproduced and reaffirmed. Ours has to be fought for, every inch, and we can only win if our view constantly accords more closely with reality than theirs.

What is more, there is no guarantee that an economic and political crisis, with its resulting bitterness and insecurity, will cause the pendulum to swing more to the left than to the right. In a time of crisis the voices calling for 'pulling together' and 'strong government' are often those that are loudest and most listened to. Already, repression is visibly on the increase, and it has the tacit support of most of the population.

The present situation is a time of decision, a time to work things out and make up our minds, a time to fight for a better world. Yet amidst all this necessity to think and fight, one last danger remains. It is that as we dedicate ourselves to politics and make our revolution, the beauties and wonders of life will slip unnoticed through our fingers. We can be deformed by our very dedication to making life more worthwhile, so that we end up disqualifying ourselves from inheriting the world we are fighting for. That is another reason why, for me, politics *must* include the attempt to improve our immediate, personal life situation right now, why it *must* bring us into a fuller and richer relationship to living, rather than isolating us in a particularised and humourless struggle that will only reach its fulfillment to be realised tomorrow.

So, having argued all along for theoretical coherence and integration, I would like to finish with these words of Adrian Mitchell's. Maybe they're coherent, maybe they're completely contradictory. Either way, I like them:

My head socialist
My heart anarchist
My eyes pacifist
My blood revolutionary.

The Story Of Abdul ben Kassem

A drunken tale from the days of the roaring twenties in old Morocco.

The following is extracted from a feature article in The Marrakesh Express, June 4, 1928, and describes the "horrific level of villainy" discovered to be flourishing in the local police force. (Translated by Ronald Ramsden, who came across this edition of the newspaper while travelling in Morocco. The language has been freely updated.)

Abdul ben Kassem was a highly respected senior officer of the Imperial Marrakesh vice squad. On certain matters of police policy he dealt directly with the King and the day before the enormous scandal involving him was publicly admitted, he was awarded an exemplary conduct medal for twenty years of devoted service to the Moroccan Constabulary. His task was to keep the illegal importation, sale and consumption of alcohol to a tolerable level.

A couple of years earlier, Abdul's name had cropped up in connection with allegations that vast quantities of alcohol had been 'planted' on innocent business men and, more seriously, that he himself was involved with the importation of alcohol from Dublin, which was marketed by him, through a network of police 'informers'.

These allegations of Abdul's own involvement with the alcohol traffic came to light at a celebrated trial. It seems that an independent unit of Moroccan customs agents had been undertaking investigations on their own behalf and had unearthed indisputable links between Abdul and the nefarious alcohol trade. At the trial, Abdul claimed that of course he was present to take delivery of an illegal supply of Danish lager because he and his informers were trying to trace the source of supply. Not only had the customs men ruined any chances of uncovering Mr Big, but their violent accusations of misconduct against him, were bound to lower the high esteem in which the vice squad was held in Marrakesh, and, indeed, throughout the entire country.

Partly as a result of this trial and a series of supportive allegations made by minority groups, an investigation was held into the activities of Abdul, led by Sheik Mahmoud, from a provincial police brigade on the other side of the Atlas Mountains.

For Morocco at that time, Mahmoud was an unusual policeman. He was honest. At the end of his extensive enquiries he concluded that indeed Abdul as well as practically everyone in his entire squad was guilty of the grossest involvement in the whole traffic throughout several Arab countries.

The Palace studied Sheik Mahmoud's report and then made a statement. No action was to be taken. Sheik Mahmoud was furious. He regarded the evidence contained in his report as incontrovertible. He threatened to tell the world of his discoveries. The Palace replied that he had two choices. Either he could be shot or he could retire gracefully and accept a commendation. Sheik Mahmoud understandably chose the latter course. Meanwhile, a top Palace official, who was greatly concerned at the effect the alcohol ban was having on young Moroccans, studied the report. He immediately called for its implementation and for charges to be brought against Abdul. This Palace official was also threatened with execution (a cruder version of our Official Secrets Act), but to no avail. This official happened to have powerful friends and anyway he could still have kicked up a stink before anyone would have had time to stop him. Confusion reigned. The royal official fell sick from worry and no-one knew what to do.

By this time, Abdul and his men were getting nervous. They each began to plan their excuses, which actually means blaming someone else. So, quite suddenly, several senior police officers were discovered with such things as crates of Guinness and magnums of champagne in their locker rooms. "We were framed," they yelled, as they were dragged off to prison. Meanwhile another mismanaged trial of captured alcohol drinkers took place and again it was alleged that the police evidence was perjured and that none other than Abdul himself was once more deeply implicated. Another enquiry into Abdul's vice squad was undertaken.

Then the Asian community decided to go on strike. This community had traditionally handled all supplies of hard liquor passing through Morocco. Amidst the panic and confusion mounting in Abdul's squad, an Oriental whisky dealer was sent to gaol. This violates a long-standing agreement between the Vice Brigade and traditional hard liquor traders.

Meanwhile, the top Palace official recovered from his illness and was offered a deal. If he kept his mouth shut he would be put in charge of a new nationally co-ordinated anti-alcohol squad. He agreed. Unfortunately, other senior police, who resented the way the Moroccan Police force was being overhauled by an upstart commissioner, refused to work with him. Finally, the Palace caved in and launched a prosecution against Abdul and a handful of offenders.

Of course there were many other factors involved in the decision to prosecute Abdul. Some newspapers and privately circulated pamphlets, claimed to have unanswerable evidence of conspiracies between Abdul and criminal smuggling gangs. Further, sections of overseas police forces had become so enraged by the level of corruption in Abdul's department, that they had set up independent investigatory units of their own, refusing even to associate with the Moroccan police.

Most observers at the time stated that Abdul was quite successful at organising the hard liquor trade throughout Morocco and even in handling exports to foreign countries. Apparently he overstepped himself when he entered the softer, less addictive beers and wines market, drinks which were becoming increasingly popular among the young, and thus profitable. In his greed to control this expanding market, Abdul made a number of silly mistakes. It is also believed that of a total number of men under his command (between 80 and 90) only about a dozen were completely innocent of involvement with the alcohol traffic.

Translator's Note: *I was unable to locate subsequent editions of the Marrakesh Express which would have contained details of the fate of Abdul ben Kassem and his colleagues. Apart from presuming the Marrakesh police force was cleaned up as much as possible, I am not able to offer any more information as to the consequences of the trials of Abdul. There was some suggestion at the time to review the circumstances of those gaoled by Abdul and his vice squad, but little is thought to have come of it.*

Above: *Abdul is the gent in the middle.* Above right: *Hard liquor camel train arriving in Marrakech.*

The Kellaher Connection?

Scotland Yard comes tumbling down, there's only one solution:

Amnesty For Drug Offenders

The former head of Scotland' Yard's drug squad, Det Chief Inspector Victor Kellaher, has finally been charged with conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. Four other former members of the drug squad have been similarly charged. These four officers face additional allegations of perjury. All the summonses are returnable on January 22nd. In addition, a warrant dealing with the same alleged offences was issued against former Det Ser geant Norman Clement Pilcher, who left the Metropolitan Police in July. Pilcher was picked up in November when he landed in Australia.

If former drugs chief, Victor Kellaher, is convicted of any of the charges against him, then OZ makes the following demands. The urgency of these demands will be under lined with any (and each) conviction of Kellaher's former colleagues.

OZ MAKES THESE DEMANDS

1 If Victor Kellaher is convicted, then Oz demands the immediate release of any "drug offender' now in gaol as a result ofallegations made by any member of the Scotland Yard's drug squad during the period in which Kellaher was it's head.

2 All convictions against persons who pleaded not guilty to charges brought by the drug squad, during the period in which Kellaher was it's head, are to be immediately quashed.

3 Upon the conviction of any other former member of the drugs squad, then immediate pardons are to be granted to any persons convicted by the evidence of the former drugs squad member.

Remember, many of those convicted of posessing dangerous drugs, alleged at the time of their arrests, that they had been planted. NOW IS THE TIME TO SET THEIR RECORDS STRAIGHT.

The activities of Scotland Yard's drug squad have long been a matter of deep concern to the underground press, Release and several solicitors experienced with drug cases. As long ago as OZ 19 (early 1969) attention was drawn to Norman Pilcher, who now faces serious allegations of perverting the course of justice. Beneath the headline 'This man is dangerous', OZ warned: "Detective Sergeant Norman (normal) Pilcher is London's deadliest male groupie. Originally from Chelsea police station, he's now Scotland Yard's chief head-hunter.....a publicity junkie who likes nothing so much as to bask in the limelight of celebrity arrests".

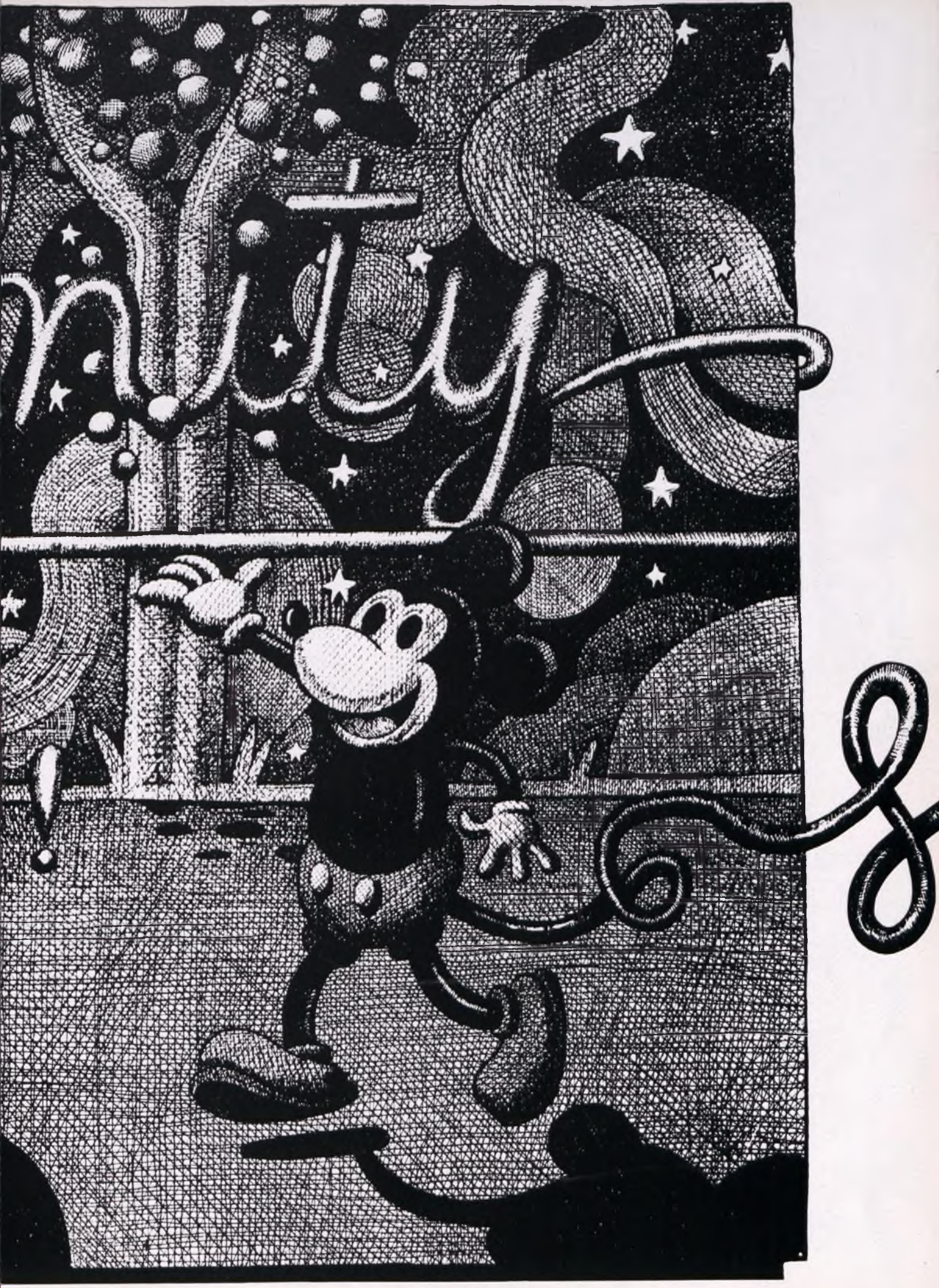
After hounding Brian Jones, Pilcher went on to bag John Lennon and Yoko Ono. On the day Paul McCartney got married, Pilcher delivered a wedding present in the form of his own protruding person to the home of George Harrison. Later, he began haunting Eric Clapton. OZ suggested someone should give Pilcher a lead guitar and build a group around him; "at least it would keep him off the streets".

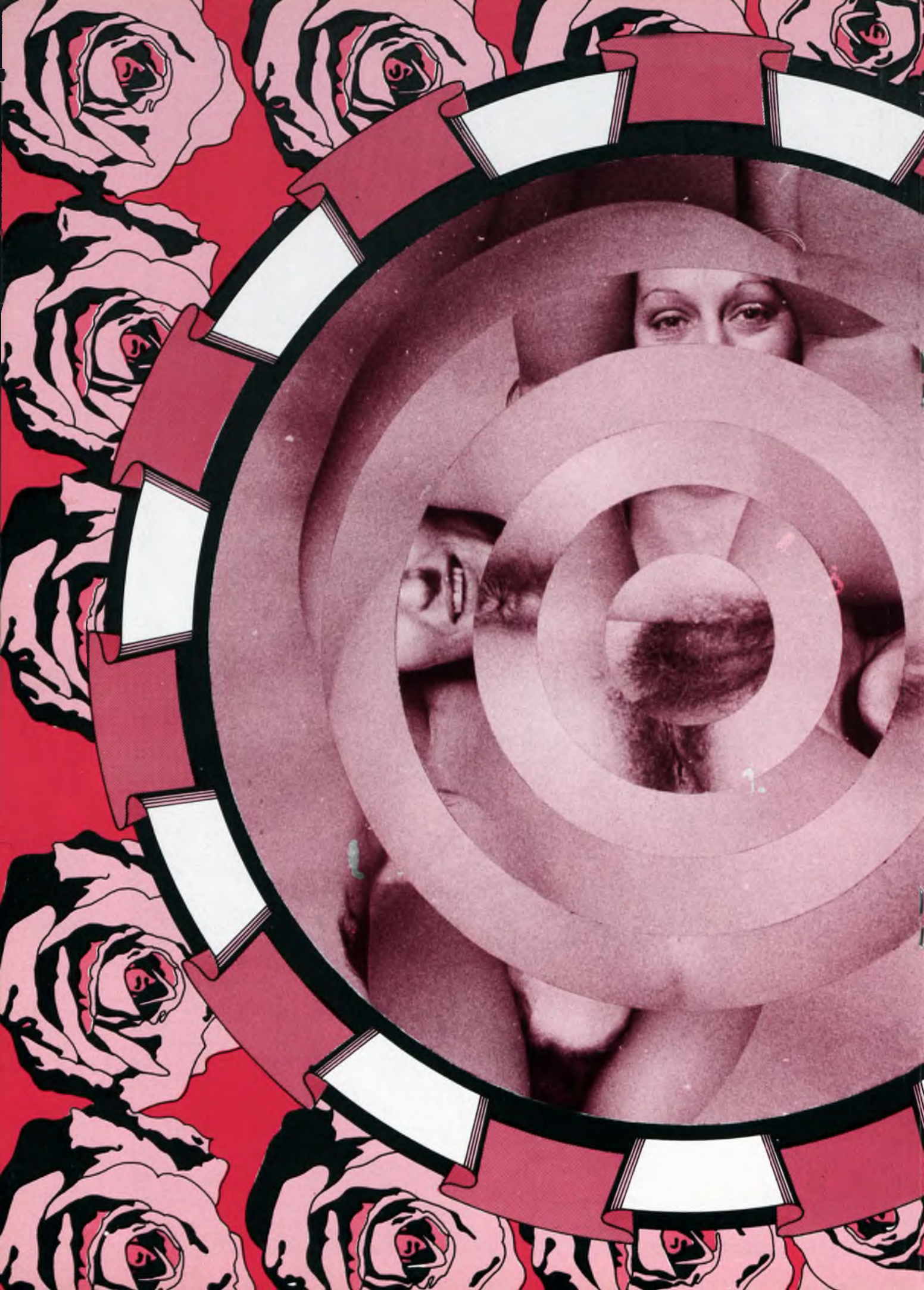
A few issues later, OZ slammed into "well connected heads" who bought off busts instead of going into court and exposing police corruption. OZ reported the allegation by Thom Keyes that he handed Det Sergeant Robin Constable £150 in consecutively marked £10 notes in return for the dropping of certain charges. Mick Jagger made similar allegations against Constable. The libel case bought against Jagger and OZ by Constable was never pursued.

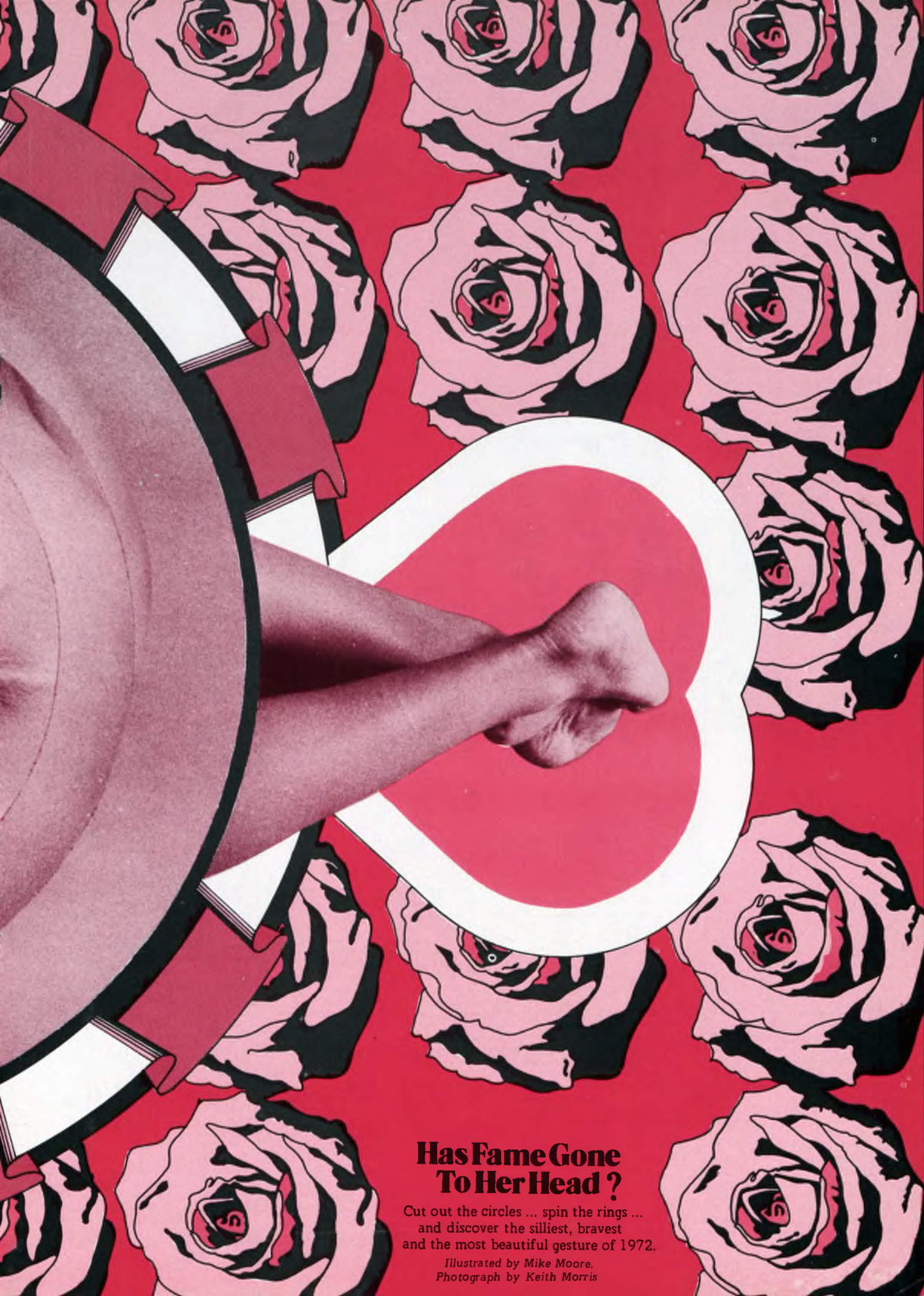
In July 1971, Release issued a poster concerning Kellaher. In a statement to *Ink*, Rufus Harris, then a Release administrator, said: "We have put out this poster at the end of four years of trying to get allegations of police corruption properly investigated." In December, *Ink* pointed out that even if Kellaher was finally brought to trial, the outcome would be of little help to those already in gaol as a result of malicious indictments by Scotland Yard.

Some of the circumstances behind the recent spate of police arrests and the chilling extent of police involvement in drug activities is known to OZ. This information is also known to the authorities. Details cannot be published until the court cases are over, but the story reads like a grotesque penny-dreadful melodrama and is almost beyond belief. Some of this extraordinary saga may emerge in court, but if not, watch this space in the underground press.

From an original drawing 10 feet by 7 feet, by Martin Sharp. Life goes on...







Has Fame Gone To Her Head?

Cut out the circles ... spin the rings ... and discover the silliest, bravest and the most beautiful gesture of 1972.

Illustrated by Mike Moore.
Photograph by Keith Morris

HOMELESS-

WHY NOT SQUAT?

HOUSES STAND EMPTY WHILE HOMELESSNESS GROWS

ARE YOU SICK OF PAYING RENT TO SOME THIEVING BASTARD WHO WON'T LIFT A FINGER IN RETURN? MAYBE EVEN WORSE, YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYWHERE TO LIVE AT ALL. IF SO, STOP LOOKING FOR A MOMENT READ THE DOS AND DON'TS OF SQUATTING BELOW, AND GET YOURSELF A HOME BEFORE SPRING.

In London, and all over the country, there are many thousands of houses standing empty. Mostly they're gonna be knocked down. Councils, Landlords, speculators, all have their greedy eyes on the land on which old houses stand — land which they feel could be 'developed' much more profitably. In all the big city centres, whole neighbourhoods are being cleared to make way for offices, multi-storey car parks, banks and shopping centres. Pity about the people of course, but then that's life, you've got to take the rough with the smooth etc.

Result: millions of people living in bad conditions, thousands more actually homeless. The rest shipped out to inhuman sky rise flats in the suburbs (at sky rise rents). Squatting means fighting back against this state of affairs. It means getting a place with your friends where you can live how you want FREE.

Squatting means saying to councils and Landlords, thank you very much, now go fuck yourself, we can look after our own affairs!

Looking For a Home?
Take a look around the area where you want to live. Find out about redevelopment plans for the neighbourhood (the local library should have copies). There's almost always empty houses in Redevelopment areas; because of bureaucratic delay in getting started, many houses stand empty for years. Other squatters will also tell you where to look, and there are groups well spread out all over London. If all else fails ask at the Town Hall, Planning Dept. They have to tell you most of what you will want to know, but have a good story handy.

If you've got your eye on a house, ring the Planning Dept. and find out if it's Council owned or privately owned. Avoid private places if you want a long term home. Private Landlords won't hesitate to act against anybody who stands in the way of them and their loot, they'll boot you out as quickly as they can. It's not quite the same with the Council, they're more vulnerable — after all they're supposed to be housing people, not throwing them out onto the streets at the first opportunity. Also, avoid empty houses with LEB OFF, GAS OFF painted on the wall, or a new tarmac patch outside. This usually means that all the services have been cut off for good.

"I walked in, didn't I?"
Getting in to the house of your choice isn't quite the same as getting the keys off the Estate Agent. It's more exciting than that, but you probably won't have to bother with the mask and the black and white hooped sweater since it's usually possible to find an open window, a door that isn't shut properly or a lock that can be slipped. Remember that if you wreck anything when entering you may be charged with Criminal Damage. If the house has been tinned up with corrugated iron, you'll need a crowbar and that can make a lot of noise.. ..

As an alternative estate agent, you'll need torch, candles (for night work), light bulb, palette knife for lifting latches — and always have a lock barrel screw driver in case you like the look of a place you can't move into immediately.

Check out the services before making a final decision about moving e.g.: Do the taps work? If not, follow the pipes to find the stop-cock. Make sure the water pipes haven't been ripped out (of course you can replace them yourself). *Electricity:* if the power doesn't switch on, check the main fuses and the meter (if it hasn't been taken out already). If they're missing or beyond salvage, the Electricity Board should renew them.

The First Thing To Do When You've Chosen Your House Is Change The Lock:
Yale lock barrels cost about £1.75p. Unscrew the back of the old lock from inside — there are usually three screws. Take it off, then pull out the old barrel from the front. Put the new barrel in the hole in the door and screw the back of the old lock on again. After that it's:
Welcome to your new home !

Now, Now, Now, What's Goin' On 'Ere Then?
It is possible that your househunting might be disturbed by the arrival of the blue meanies, whereupon instead of freaking or running away, just say you are squatting and not burgling the place. Insist that you are living

Photograph by Joe Stevens

there – *"It's got nothing to do with the police, it's a civil matter between me and the landlord."* If the police realise what's happening and that you aren't casing the joint they should leave, though you have to be firm to get your rights, and ignore all the stuff about "it's people like you that's bringing the country to its knees" etc. The more bedding and luggage you have with you the better.

Up Against The Law
Despite what a lot of people think, *SQUATTING IS NOT ILLEGAL*.. provided you do it properly. Don't be fooled by letters, visits from the Council or anyone else telling you that you are acting criminally.

Squatters are trespassers, that's all, and despite what the signs say trespassers cannot be prosecuted. Trespass is not a criminal offence. IT IS A CIVIL MATTER BETWEEN TWO PRIVATE PARTIES. The wronged person can take action against the trespasser through the civil courts, but can proceed in no other way. In other words they have to get a court order before they can get you out.

Just for once the Law can be made to work for you if you push hard enough. *In your new home you have the same rights (to protection of your house and person) as any other householder.* (You will also be expected to pay rates).

Of course, while there is no law against squatting, there are plenty of laws that the authorities can use against you if you give them enough reason. (Just like the possibility of being charged with criminal damage on entering). Warrants can be obtained to investigate whether you've received stolen goods or are consuming dangerous drugs etc etc. But basically you're OK, and the better you get on with the neighbours and the people around you, the more ok you are.

You keep a'knockin' but you can't come in
It's as difficult for the owners to enter your home as it is for them to get you out. In the box below is part of a leaflet put out recently by a group of squatters to deter over-enthusiastic bouncers.

Lifting Heavy weights over Short distances
An important part of squatting is learning what makes houses work and how to fix them up. Instead of hiring plumbers, electricians and people to do the work for them, squatters learn to do things for themselves and pass on their various skills to each other. Fixing a pipe can be a lot more difficult than writing an article on squatting for OZ ... other squatters will probably help you here. And there's also an excellent *Squatters' Handbook* filled with lots of practical information on gas, water, electrical fittings available from 11 Hemingford St., London N.1. .

Squatting Movement
There's all different kinds of people squatting at the moment. There are Family Squatting groups who arrange for temporary homes for homeless *families* from the Council and charge a small rent. Some people say that Family Squatting Associations are as bad as the Council (Family Squatting Advisory Service, 44 Nelson Square, London SE1. Tel: 928 9521.

There are also people like the ever-growing squatter/freak community around the Prince of Wales Crescent area of Camden, N.W.5. Some 280 people live there, 30% of them graduates living on an average income of £7 a week each. They have organised the Camden Recycled Housing Association, 19 Vicars Rd, N.W.5, and seem to be involved in just doing their thing and being free from money hassles etc. So if you're a Recycled Hippy and just want to do your thing maybe you should get in touch with them.

Then there's groups of claimants, unsupported mothers, women in North London, especially in Hackney and Islington. Hackney and Islington squatters take a more active part in the struggles of the working class communities in which they live. For example squatters help in the production of neighbourhood newspapers like the *Hackney Gutter Press* and the *Islington Gutter Press*. [Hackney Squatters' Union, c/o Centreprise, 34 Dalston Lane, E.8. Islington Squatters, c/o 11 Hemingford Rd., N.1.]

Before: a paper bag under the arches at Charing Cross

Photographs by Joseph Stevens.

As well as London squatting seems to have spread to other cities in England. In Oxford, for example, 27 squats have been established since last June. And of course in places like Amsterdam squatting has been for a long time a permanent feature in the struggle of people living in the big cities against the developers and in the fight for more and better houses for everybody and community control of neighbourhoods.

Postscript:

Squatters in Islington, Camden and Hackney are all fighting, or have already fought, eviction orders served on them by their local councils. A banner stretched along a block of occupied houses in Caledonian Rd, Islington: STOP MAKING SQUATTERS SCAPEGOATS FOR COUNCIL INCOMPETENCE IN HOUSING!

Cally Rd squatters, who have been in occupation for nearly six months, expect to go to court at the time this issue appears. They've been getting involved in the community in their neighbourhood, from meetings about housing to Jumble Sales, a community press, and a free shop.

In Camden the tactic has been to organise the 700-1,000 squatters in the borough at street level into Street Committees, which are loosely federated into a union for the purpose of negotiations with the council. One Camden MP, Stallard, and some of the 'left' councillors are sympathetic, but the eviction orders continue...

But in Hackney we won and they lost. Early last autumn squatters won court actions against both the Council and 2nd Actel Housing Association.

Against the Council the Judge ruled that the bureaucrats hadn't shown good enough reason why they needed the houses immediately. The 2nd Actel Housing Association's case failed because in the opinion of the judge, they hadn't made "every reasonable effort to get the names of *every* person in occupation in the five houses involved.' Let your mind run riot.....

LEGAL WARNING

This property has been occupied by squatters. We are in possession and we intend to stay. If you dispute our right to do so, we are prepared to discuss the matter, but if you want to get us out, think twice and take advice before you act, or you may find yourself facing serious charges.

You May Not Evict Us Forcibly.

The Statute of Forcible Entry Act 1381 states " ... None from henceforth make any entry into any lands and tenements but in case where entry is given by law: and in such case not with strong hand nor with multitude of people, but only on peaceable and easy manner. And if any man from hence forth do to the contrary and thereof be duly convict, he shall be punished by imprisonment ... " Yes, it is an old statute, but it is still in existence. In fact it has been restated on a number of occasions (1391, 1429, 1588, 1623) and has been used at least twice in recent years.

So if you think you have the right to evict us forcibly then think again. The Act was designed to stop this – because if you have a just claim to possession of the property, then you can go through the courts to get your land back, but you must not attempt an immediate eviction.

YOU WILL BE COMMITTING A CRIMINAL OFFENCE IF YOU EVICT US FORCIBLY.

"The Forcible Entry Acts ... make a landlord who takes forcible possession of the premises liable criminally..."

After: Happy squatting with the White Panthers

IT IS NO DEFENCE THAT YOU ARE ENTITLED TO POSSESSION
In Halsbury's Laws of England 3rd Ed. Vol 10, p. 592 para 1103 "It is not defence to a person who has forcibly entered on land in possession of another that he was entitled to possession or had a legal right of entry." So heed Lord Salmon's remarks in the Court of Appeal on 12.3.68: *"The Storm may enter, The Rain may enter, but the King of England may not enter . . (or) .. dare cross the Threshold."*
A few years ago one owner did try to enter and 'cross the threshold'. A few words on what happened then might be of interest to you. You'll maybe remember the pitched battles between squatters and bailiffs in Ilford in June 1969. That was when Redbridge Council employed a firm of 'professional bailiffs' under the leadership of a Mr Barry Quartermaim to evict squatters without a court order. What you may not know is the outcome of those events. The police did nothing – so the squatters acted. They laid information before Barking Magistrate's court seeking summonses against Mr Quartermaim alleging riotous assembly and forcible entry. When the magistrates initially refused to grant summonses, the squatters took the matter to Queens Bench Dvisional Court and obtained an order of Mandamus, compelling the Justices to do their job properly. The final outcome was that Mr Quartermaim ended up at the Old Bailey where he pleaded guilty to causing an affray. In return for this plea no evidence was offered on the other charges – a common practice.

That is what happened to the last person who tried to evict squatters forcibly without a court order. Do you want it to happen to you?

SO DON'T TRY TO EVICT US WITHOUT A COURT ORDER OR WE WILL PROSECUTE YOU.

A Proper Mess

A special OZ report on the failure of PROP – Preservation of the Rights of Prisoners.

Most people are aware that something pretty extraordinary was going on inside British prisons this summer. It's not by any means the first time that prisoners have protested against conditions – as long as prisons have existed, their monotony has been punctuated by demonstrations, some non-violent, others a little rougher. What made last summer's demonstrations without precedent was the co-ordination and publicity which accompanied them. This was the work of a rather strange organisation called PROP – Preservation of the Rights Of Prisoners, led by former top safeblower Dick Pooley. I say strange because the whole thing was built up on two illusions, which completely hoodwinked press and public alike. Even now, few people, if any, not closely involved with the organisation, know what really happened last summer.

The first illusion was that PROP was involved in organising *ALL* the demonstrations last summer. Demonstrations had been happening with greater frequency from the beginning of the year. In April, for example, the Home Office admitted to two large protests at Albany involving 378 men. PROP certainly did plan sit-ins inside, but it's role was as the co-ordinator rather than the initiator of protest. PROP's effectiveness as publicist of events inside is self-evident. For the first time, the public were made aware of what really goes on inside Her Majesty's prisons; they could no longer lock a man away and forget him. PROP had been officially launched on May 12th, just after the four sit-downs in Brixton, and although in touch with the 'leaders' inside, did not "arrange" the protests to herald the arrival of the organisation, as was claimed at the time.

The second illusion concerned the actual size of PROP. Figures quoted by the Press proclaimed over 500 members after four weeks, and nearly 1,000 by the time of the national strike. The national strike in August was certainly PROP's greatest achievement. Co-ordination was done skilfully, and the image of a massive organisation, backed by millionaires, was accepted by the media. But success went to the heads of the organisers, particularly to the head of Douglas Curtis, then PROP's Press Officer, who threatened a walk-out from 'open' prisons. This was to prove the singularly most important mistake made by PROP. It frightened the Prison Officers into threatening strike action if "discipline and good order" were not re-established in prisons, and this united the media against PROP, a media which had been stunned both by the number of demo's and by the validity of the claims of the prisoners. Up to Curtis's wild statement no paper had ridiculed the Statement of Intent and Charter Of Rights. After it, the media seized the chance to divert attention away from prison conditions and scream for "Law and Order" to be restored.

Curtis's action was symptomatic of what was happening within PROP. The two main organisers had come to believe that the illusions were, in fact, reality; they had fallen prey to their own creation. They began to struggle for personal media coverage and this conflict reflected badly on the organisation. The schemes and strategies which had been drawn up were never put into effect, because too much time was being spent indulging in a personal feud. This finally came to a head during the week of Albany and the rooftop protest. At that time, Curtis was on his holidays, sailing off the cost of Gibralter and Morocco. Pooley was carried away by events, and started calling for a three-day national strike. He seemed to believe that because banners were waving from the windows and rooftops of less than 20 prisons, PROP controlled the penal system. It was certainly very active, and if Dick had kept his head things might have been a lot different. As it was, Dick's call for a three-day strike had to be repeatedly denied by Mike Fitzgerald, a Cambridge student who took over as Press Officer in Curtis's absence. This discord was used to further undermine PROP's claims.

Forty-eight hours after his touchdown at Heathrow, Curtis had split from PROP, and proceded to take out bankruptcy proceedings against it. Pooley was seen as irresponsible and without much backing, and PROP was unable to raise any protest when vicious disciplinary action was taken against over 1,700 men, some of whom lost up to two years' remission. Unfortunately, Dick still believes that PROP has massive support inside. On 29th September he told an interviewer:

> *"In Gartree, for example, we have 100% support, and when we call for a sit-down they do it. But there are people in there who'd burn the place down. Luckily in Gartree there are responsible blokes behind us, who will not let the violent element get out of hand....."*
>
> (Peace News)

How hollow those words ring now!

PROP's big problem was that because many of those involved had joined out of friendship with Dick, they took up a stance of personal loyalty rather than one of commitment to a set of ideas and methods. PROP was unable, therefore, to make the necessary transition from charisma to democracy, and Dick Pooley remains the self-appointed National Organiser. Many people who sympathise with the ideas refuse to join this "one-man band" and one can hardly blame them.

Following the recent Human Rights Conference in London, at which a law-Lord suggested that judges could refuse to send anybody else to prison until conditions were improved, and Labour Lord Gardener proposed a Prisoners' Charter of Rights, Dick Pooley decided PROP had won. He failed to see that this was a ploy operated by the Established Opposition to defuse the still tense situation. Dick announced that PROP had joined the ranks of reformism rather than revolutionary radical change. It is very doubtful if any prisoners still support PROP. At no one time did a quarter of them unite behind the PROP banner. The movement was only beginning, when the leader thought it had ended, its task completed. What is needed now is an injection of new blood, a gathering together of people committed to PROP's ideas rather than to its leader. Charisma has served its purpose. What is required is an affirmation of support from people outside for the prisoners inside. One of PROP's biggest failures was that of being unable to mobilise large demonstrations outside the prisons. (At Gartree on August 4th, less than 20 people turned up. At Brixton in May, five arrived with ten placards). As it becomes apparent to the men inside that support is offered outside to prevent the savage disciplinary reactions of September going on unheeded again, so solidarity in prisons will begin to build, and the British prisoners movement will establish itself as a strong, coherent and consistent force which will seek to make the real criminals in this society pay for their crimes.

Jackson 8

We are used to the phenomenon of the teenybopper and the hysteria which accompanies the arrivals, departures and concerts of the idols – there is screaming, scuffling, pant wetting, sweaty shoving, an irritated but fairly tolerant contingent of controlling police. Everyone works off their hysteria somehow, and most of the fans have a good time. No-one gets hurt or arrested. But what happens if the Superstars are The Jackson Five, and the teenyboppers are black?

On Tuesday November 14, the *Evening Standard* ran the following genius of a news item: three teenage girls waiting for the Osmond Brothers at the back entrance of their hotel, had beaten up a policeman guarding the entrance. Very strong teenage girls, it seemed at that – they had managed to sandwich beating up the policeman between preventing cars from leaving the hotel and obstructing the highway.

The girls pleaded guilty in court, and two of them were fined £7 and £5, respectively, with the third being referred to a Juvenile Court for sentence. The Magistrate had concluded the case with "It does not help matters when vicious little girls like you attack police officers and put them in hospital." It sounded like an excerpt from Monty Python, (remember Hell's Grannies?).

Now let's leave the *Standard*, and have a look at the truth. Alison Cunningham and Anita Ekperigin were two of a group of about 12 black girls who went down to the Churchill Hotel in their lunch break to try and catch a glimpse of the Jackson 5. Both the Osmonds and the Jacksons were staying at the Hotel, and there was a crowd of about 50 white girls waiting for The Osmonds. They all went round to the back of the hotel, and at one point several of them, including Anita and Alison, worked their way towards the kitchens to try and get in that way. One of the hotel staff came out and told them to go back downstairs, but he did give them a picture of the Jackson 5. The girls returned to the pavement, and then, For Something Completely Different ... . a couple of policemen came along, snatched the photo away, and started pushing the girls, telling them to "Move On".

The girls moved on, but complained at the pushing. Alison was grabbed around the neck, and pulled towards the van; Anita ran over and shouted "Leave her alone' By now one of the policemen was hitting her in the face. Another of the group of 8 police then ran over and pushed her first up against a wall, and then into the van, where both girls were given a thorough beating that included use of a truncheon.

Cecille Palmer, a friend who had heard the sound of the beating, and who was crying, banged on the closed door of the Black Maria, and was also dragged into the van, and included in the beating. Shortly afterwards, all three girls were taken to Paddington Green Police Station.

One of the people who worked in the Churchill Hotel, a coloured chef, had seen it all, and came out to one of the girls' friends, and said that if they saw him a little later, he would arrange to speak as a witness for them. Before they could get any further, his boss came out and told him to get back. He tried to stay out for as long as he could, but the police kept him separate from the girls, and eventually he had to go inside.

Back at Paddington Green Station, things didn't get much better; the girls were kept in the cells for five hours, and got threatened with further beatings by everyone from the women police to the cleaning ladies. All three girls were searched by two fat, very butch policewomen, one of whom set about Anita's see-through tights very vigorously. Eventually the girls were released at about half past six, due as much as anything, to the persistence of Johnny and Carole, Anita's sister who had also been one of the pop fans.

The trial was the next day. The girls were in a novel situation – after all, they were pop fans, not black militants, at least until now. They had not applied for Legal Aid, and pleaded guilty. Thus, the Court proceedings were pretty one-sided, and they had to endure lurid accounts of how three girls had set about a single policeman, P C MacKay. The police version was that he had been attacked whilst in the line of his duty; Alison Cunningham had obstructed the footpath, and then assaulted him. Anita then joined in from the back, while Alison continued by giving him hell in the groin. Finally, Cecille Palmer decided she might as well get a piece of the action, and started "throwing punches" at the unfortunate P C MacKay. Anita and Alison were fined £5 and £7, respectively, and Cecille's case was referred to a Juvenile Court.

Both girls left their jobs before they could be sacked. (Both Alison and Anita worked at the Hilton Hotel, which is renowned for its tight security requirements from employees, tight even by Central London standards).

All this took place against a background of press ravings about "Weeny Boppers" riots, and this story was reported in that vein. In spite of all the press hysteria, the Jackson and Osmond scenes were placid compared to the reception to say The Beatles and The Stones; going further back, Elvis, the Everly Brothers and Tommy Steele all elicited reactions that out-do anything that has happened since pop concert reactions were lumped in with the general threat to Law 'n' Order. Press reaction was the same to the Osmonds and the Jacksons – it was hysterical and inaccurate about the receptions to both groups. The police, however, were more discerning. That same week, they did arrest some Osmond fans – well, not quite. The police used a Black Maria to give them a lift home to mummy – via the police station, where they were given a cup of tea, and most assuredly not a beating.

Illustration by Mitch

One of the tabloids that was going to town on the weenybopper angle, carried a picture of them, sitting in the back of a police wagon, looking very disconsolate at having missed Donny.

"But," explained one of the spoilt 13-year olds, who seem to epitomise Osmond fans, "they were very nice to us." It's not that surprising. The Osmond fans *are* weeny boppers. They are white, too.

Some Quotes: *"Every word we said, like "Leave us alone", we got hit in the face. And my friend was banging on the back of the van. Cecille was crying and everything, because of what they were doing to us. The policeman opened the door, and he grabbed her from the shoulders upwards, and pushed her down on the floor, and every time she opened her mouth, he stamped on her head and hit her in the stomach. So I turned round and said, "Get off her", then one of them socked me right in the eye."* – Anita.

"We asked them if there were any black policemen, and they said, yes, there is one in Harrow Road."
– Alison.

"They kept calling us monkeys, and everything. They told her to go and swing from the trees. One said, "Go and get them wogs out of the cell" '
– Anita.

"While I was at the station, one of the coppers said, "You're going to turn into another Angela Davis; you're just like her." Every time he saw me, he pointed me out to whoever he was with, and said, "There's the leader; she's Angela Davis."
– Anita.

"At the end of it all, when he asked us if there was anything else we would like to say, Anita said there was one thing she would like to say, and that was that she did not think there was a need for all this violence So the Magistrate said, "Yes, I agree with you; there isn't any need for all this violence. What if all young girls like you went around beating up policemen? Then they wouldn't be able to keep the law, would they?"
– Alison.

"When the Hearing had finished, my sister stood up and said, "Do you think I could be allowed to say anything?" And he said, "Well, it's too late now." And she said, "Do you really mean to tell me that you do not realise that this is not one-sided? Do you mean to say that you believe one policeman stood up there, and he got a beating from these girls, while the other policemen stood around and watched?" So the Magistrate said to her, "Well, I'm sorry, it's too late, you can't say anything now." So she said, "I'll just leave that for you to think about."
– Carol

Chris Lightbown.

We're always droning on about some temporary tin—pot rock moron. Here's an OZ tribute to Cole Porter, an establishment dandy of the past who wrote love songs for those who:
"Found that the fountain of youth
Was a mixture of gin and vermouth."
and whose lyrics still make a kind of sweet sentimental sense today that Marc Bullshit & Co won't be making tomorrow.

LOVE FOR SALE

Verse.

When the only sound in the empty street
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
That belong to a lonesome cop,
I open shop.
When the moon so long has been gazing down
On the wayward ways of this wayward town
That her smile becomes a smirk.
I go to work.

Refrain

Love for sale,
Appetizing young love for sale.
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled,
Love that's only slightly soiled,
Love for sale.
Who will buy?
Who would like to sample my supply?
Who's prepared to pay the price
For a trip to paradise?
Love for sale.
Let the poets pipe of love
In their childish way,
I know ev'ry type of love
Better far then they.
If you want the thrill of love,
I've been thru the mill of love,
Old love, new love,
Ev'ry love but true love.
Love for sale,
Appetizing young love for sale.
If you want to buy my wares
Follow me and climb the stairs,
Love for sale.

KATE THE GREAT

Kate the Great
Katherine of Russia, that potentate,
Knew that her job was to fascinate.
Some people called her a reprobate,
But still she's known as Kate the Great.
To sessions of Congress she wouldn't go;
Never heckled the crowd on the radio.
She would never mix in affairs of state,
But in affairs of the heart,how Kate was great.
Why she made the Congress,
She made the Premier,
She made the clergy,
And she made 'em cheer.
She made the butler,
She made the groom,
She made the maid who made the room.
She made the Army,
She made the Marines,
Made some of them princes,
And some of them queens.
And when she was still discontent,
Kate'd create a new regiment.
So beautiful ladies, before too late,
Follow the lead of this potentate,
Give up arranging affairs of state
And stay in the hay like Kate the Great
Hay-de-hay hay-de-hay hay-de-hay
Stay in the hay like Kate the Great.

(Extract)

I'M A GIGOLO

Verse

I should like you all to know,
I'm a famous gigolo.
And of lavender, my nature's got just a
dash innit.

As I'm slightly undersexed,
You will always find me next
To some dowager who's wealthy rather
than passionate.

Go to one of those night club places
And you'll find me stretching my braces.
Pushing ladies with lifted faces 'round the
floor.

But I must confess to you
There are moments when I'm blue.
And I ask myself whatever I do it for.

Refrain.

I'm a flower that blooms in the winter,
Sinking deeper and deeper in "snow".
I'm a baby who has
No mother but jazz,
I'm a gigolo.
I get stocks and bonds
From faded blondes
Ev'ry twenty-fifth of December.
Still I'm just a pet
That men forget
And only tailors remember.
Yet when I see the way all the ladies
Treat their husbands who put up the dough,
You cannot think me odd
If then I thank God
I'm a gigolo.

PILOT ME

Pilot me,
Pilot me,
Be the pilot I need.
Please give my ship
A maiden trip,
And we'll get the prize for speed
So cast away your fears,
Strip my gears,
Let me carry you through.
And when afraid you are
Of going too far,
Then I'll
Just pil—
—Ot you.

(Extract)

I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

Verse

My story is much too sad to be told,
But practically ev'rything leaves me totally cold.
The only exception I know is the case
Where I'm out on a quiet spree
Fighting vainly the old ennui
And I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.

Refrain

I get no kick from champagne.
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you.
Some get a kick from cocaine.
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
That would bore me terrific'ly too
Yet I get a kick out of you.
I get a kick ev'ry time I see
You're standing there before me.
I get a kick though it's clear to me
You obviously don't adore me.
I get no kick in a plane.
Flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do,
Yet I get a kick out of you.

Illustrations by William Rankin

Books

Down The Programmed Rabbit-Hole.
Anthony Haden-Guest.
Hart-Davis Macgibbon. £2.50.

In which Anthony Haden-Guest takes up a political position slightly to the left of Winnie The Pooh and rushes off to look Aghast and Amused at selected manifestations of Our Horrible Capitalist Consumer Western World viz Muzak, Tarzan, Coca Cola, Hilton, Colonel Sanders etc etc, with himself providing one more manifestation of that Horrible Mickey Mouse World he describes viz his programmed book Down The Programmed Rabbit-Hole.

All the same it's a very funny book. In a style which pinches something from Tom Wolfe, Hunter Thompson, A.A.Milne and James Cameron and gets none of them quite right, and a technique that throws italics round in an attempt to produce the after dinner post-joint gossip feeling, Haden-Guest digs out some amazing facts and has surrealist encounters with people that one thought only existed in bad dreams. Haden-Guest was on the fringe of that group of writers who formed the backbone of OZ in its early years — people like David Widgery, Angelo Quattrocchi, Germaine Greer, Tom Nairn, Bob Hughes, Ray Durgnat, Alex Mitchell, Edward de Bono — and OZ readers will love what he's found out. Like 'There is Muzak in the Pentagon. Both Johnson and Nixon had it in the White House. Nixon has the facility at Key Biscayne, while LBJ uses it down on the ranch, where speakers are wired individually to trees.' and the prayer that Conrad Hilton wrote after consultation with Norman Vincent Peale. It is a prayer said by a kneeling figure of Uncle Sam and begins:

> AMERICA ON ITS KNEES not beaten there by hammer and sickle but FREELY, INTELLIGENTLY, RESPONSIBLY, CONFIDENTLY, POWERFULLY, America now knows it can destroy Communism and win the Battle for peace.

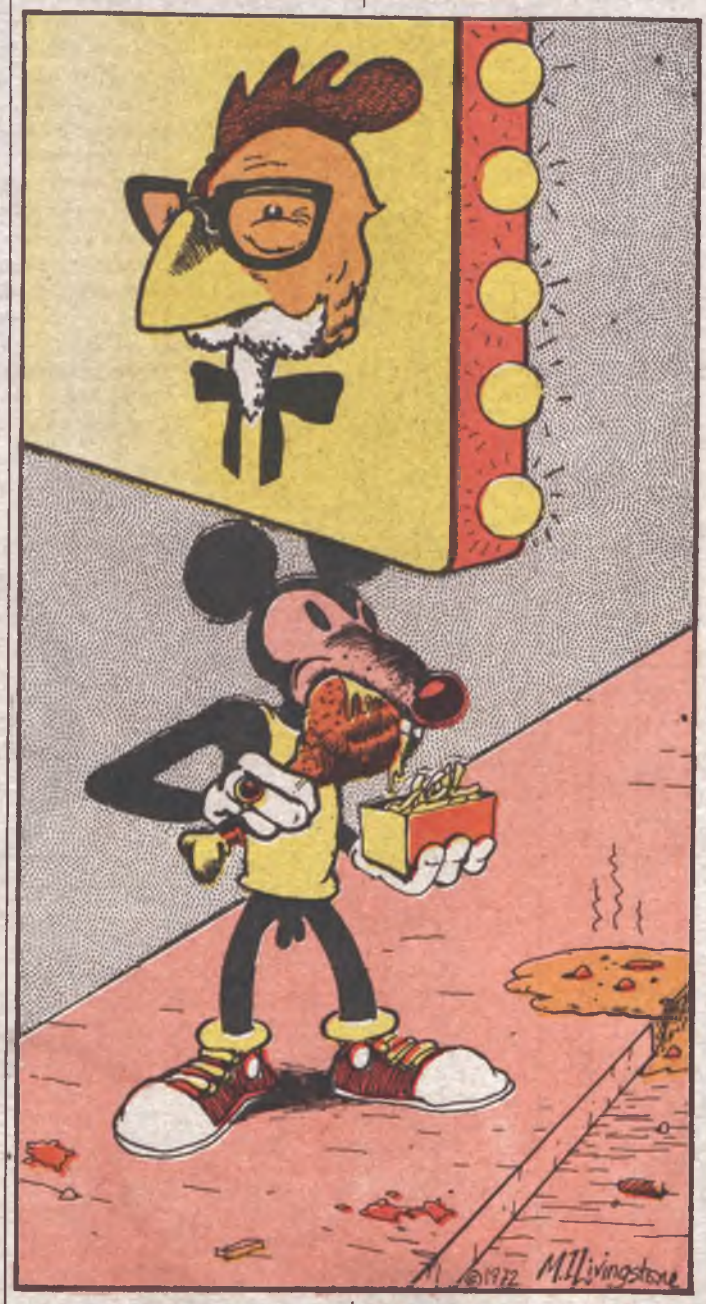
This is a book to be read slowly and savoured. It will confirm your long held prejudices and turn off your mind.
Andrew Fisher.

Apple To The Core
Subtitled "The Unmaking of the Beatles" by Peter McCabe and Robert D. Schonfeld. Published by Martin, Brian and O'Keeffe. Price £2.00.

The premise of this book is that the Beatles were great when they were the Beatles, and that their split up was a terrible tragedy for the world at large and for them individually. Main credit for their initial success is given to Brian Epstein, the *only* figure in the book who emerges at all sympathetically. (He had "class, integrity and charisma"). Epstein *cared* about the group (admittedly at the cost of the individuality). He protected them from the nasty world of business while being more concerned to foster their career than to make fast bucks either for himself or for them. When he died (because the monster he had created had become too big for him) the Beatles had a brief and disastrous attempt at managing their own affairs through Apple. Then they began to go their divergent paths as individual artists and people, and simultaneously their financial affairs became an unholy mess. The result: they delivered themselves into the hand of unscrupulous businessmen (Klein and the Eastmans), accelerated the split between them and reduced their basic mentality to one of "clutching on to their wallets". Yet again, commerce triumphs over art.

The process and well-researched details of the ensuing financial wheeling and dealing (involving, of course, enormous amounts of money) make fascinating reading, and there are a few incidental details about the Beatles themselves worth knowing. There are several examples of Paul's developing upper-middle-class mentality, and there's a certain bitchy interest in reading about Linda Eastman's career as "empress among groupies" before she hooked him. It is also interesting to note that while John and Yoko were doing their bed-ins for peace they were constantly taking time off to rush back to London to haggle with city financiers over the future of Northern Songs, NEMS, Apple, the Beatles' Co. etc.

But the overall perspective of the book just doesn't hold water. The Beatles' split was clearly inevitable, and only people who are completely hung up on the Spectacle (like the author of the book) can be bothered to waste their time crying over the milk that was spilt. McCabe and Schonfeld give the game away as to their own underlying notion about what rock music (and the Beatles) is all about when they give critical approval only to the post-Beatle career of George — because he's sold more records than the others.



Generally, the tone of the book is one of nasty, gossipy debunking. A large part of its purpose seems to be to prove — and gloat over — the fact that the Beatles weren't God, they were only human after all (and, arrogantly egotistical at that). As if we didn't already know that, for Christ's sake. In two or three songs John Lennon has had far more interesting things to say about this subject than these two authors do in 209 pages, even if they do show that the Beatles who sang "All you need is love" also had more than a passing interest in making money, a point that John Lennon has been rather more reticent about.

The Beatles, say McCabe and Schonfeld, were a gold-mine who came up for grabs, and were besieged by the endless amount of hustlers who didn't give a fuck about them or their music, but merely wanted to make bread out of them. The main effect "Apple to the Core", in spite of the interesting incidental information it provides, is that it adds McCabe and Schonfeld to the list of profiteers.
John Hoyland.

Ways of Seeing
John Berger and others
(Pelican)
This book starts off from the basic proposition that this world of ours is founded on privilege in property, opportunity and power. And you don't have to be a genius to see that that isn't too far from the truth.

But if so, then there must be props which support this privilege. And obviously there is no shortage of candidates for inclusion in a list of those: from the police right through to an education system organised along class lines.

But of course, it's not as if these issues get seriously confronted in most people's everyday lives — they get glossed over, they're boring or they're something you can't do anything about. The uncomfortable realities get hidden under a layer of mystification posing as common-sense and passive acceptance of anything which is familiar (If you're not

convinced that this happens, look up the Sun's verdict on the Stoke Newington 8).

So here the problem becomes one about language — that people's very ways of understanding and talking about themselves prevent them from beginning to ask the right sorts of questions. This book screws up its courage and tries to say one or two things about how this happens — starting off with an exploration of how it happens in one small area, that of visual art.

Our classical art being, first and foremost, a celebration of possession — possession of power, property, land, horse, woman; the fact then gets dressed up in pseudo-religious pomp, disguised by endless meaningless argument (was Van Eyck a greater genius than Reubens? Take your pick) and frosted over by rightful grovelling to the judgments of the critics. Which leaves you and I wordless, with nothing to do but accept it as right and proper.

So art gets taken out of historical perspective, stops being by or about real people in real situations, and becomes a free-floating phantasm surrounded by an aura with which the establishment covers itself. It should be no surprise that in the boardrooms, the conference halls and the inner chambers the art of the past is used to lend authority to the present power.

The idea of possession is the link between the various parts of the book. Art, which celebrates the possession of privileges, has become a privileged possession and as such is just another cog in the consumption machine.

It begins to come clear why so few people feel they are being *forced* to do as they are told — buy, work, own, stay in line, make no trouble. It has already been predetermined that their own thinking will lead them to the trough anyway. The language that most people have for describing themselves has kept right in line with every new economic and ideological twist along our historical route to 20th century lunacy.

Through the glamour invested in them by the colour magazines and the publicity machine, the privileged few, by their very existence, pronounce themselves the natural inheritors of everything civilised and good. Of whom you are fortunate if you are a pale shadow. In the name of the Owners, pulling the strings. For theirs is the kingdom, the power and the armoury. For ever and ever . . . . .

The book exposes all this well enough. But gives few clues as to what to do about it: how to recapture a stolen language.
Stuart Wooler.

A Warm Gun
by Peter Smalley.
Published by Andre Deutch.

This is a novel of rampant superficiality. It tries very hard to be funny and often succeeds. It's a caricature of the American war machine using names like Elvis Presley and Major Marble which are in themselves part joke and part symbol. The book sounds like this: "And then Lassiter told him things that made his scalp shrink and his stomach bunch up. "I gave the order that scattered John Kennedy's skull across a Dallas street. I had the word passed to Lyndon Johnson so that he shivered and withdrew. I made a phone call and Robert Kennedy lay on a kitchen floor. I met a man and Martin Luther King crumpled on a motel balcony. I know *everything*." "

Where it's superficial is that the author tries to let all the symbols and the unexpected turns of events do all the work for him.

There's little meat and too much obvious technique. Nevertheless it sometimes works and is mercifully short and to the point. It's crazy that it was ever published in an expensive hardback prestige format. It should have been a throwaway paperback and then probably all the things I've complained about wouldn't be so important and the crazy texture of the book would come out. Wait for the paperback and then buy it is my advice.
Andrew Fisher.

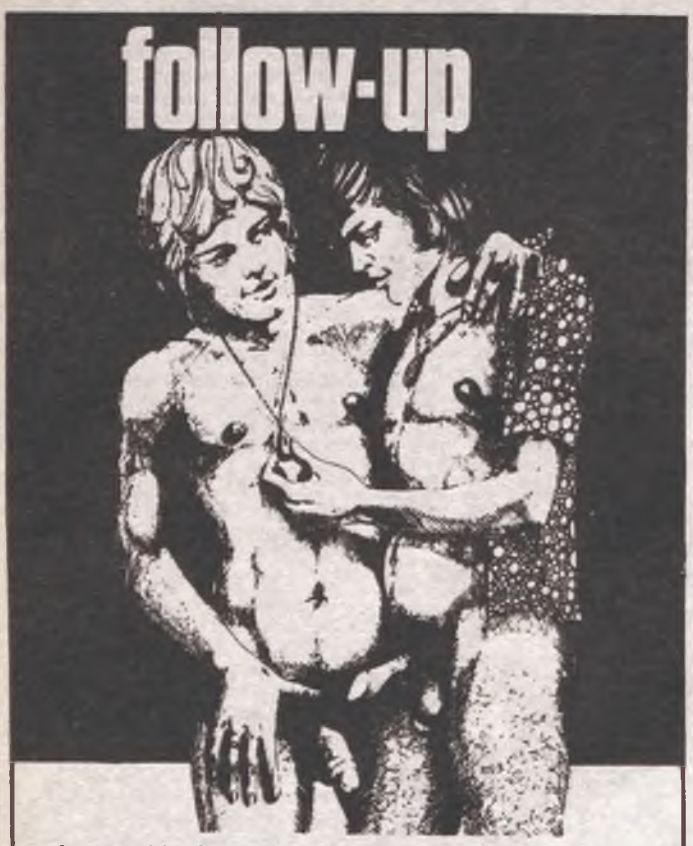
The Body Politic
Women's Liberation in Britain 1969-72. Compiled by Michelene Wandor. (Published by Stage 1, 21 Theobalds Rd, London WC1, 1972. Price 60p retail. 50p if ordered through the Women's Liberation Workshop, 3/4 Shaver's Place, London SW1. 01-839 3918.)

Women's Liberation in Britain began with more than the usual disadvantages given to such movements. For the popular straight press it was quite a bonanza, and it churned out their version of what Women's Lib was all about; bra-burning, groups of neurotic women demonstrating in New York being booed by passers-by, lesbianism, etc., etc, etc. Other papers scarcely mentioned it. The Underground press occasionally gave it space, and even devoted special issues to women edited by women. This was for confused reasons, however, not for any real belief in it (with the notable exception of *Frendz*, madam — Typesetter), but because of their tradition of publishing. On the Left, some individual women were allowed to put forth their feelings in its press. More recently the media has had to deal with the subject more seriously. Some women journalists in the straight media have become involved in the movement and written about it in their papers. Individual books, such as The Female Eunuch, have brought serious consideration of women to a much wider public. Reluctantly the straight media has had to come to terms with the fact that Women's Liberation is something a little more than the fuddled murmurings of hysterics. Of course, there are scores of sneering references to the movement still, even in the sporting pages of papers like The Sun.

From the very first, however, the Women's Liberation Movement has produced its own literature, in the form of leaflets, pamphlets, and newsletters like 'Shrew'. 'The Body Politic' is a compilation of these writings which are a record of the first impressions, experiences and the growth of the movement. The contents embrace a wide range of topics. 'Women Speaking' includes articles on 'Women and the family', 'Identity', 'TV and women', 'The black woman'. 'The Movement' has the history of Women's Liberation in Britain, impressions of a small group, feminism. 'Society — Steps in analysis' is the last section in the book and has topics such as 'The family', 'Women and work', 'Crime and the body politic', and 'Women and action, Past and

Reprinted from Wimmens Comics. Thanks Sharon.

follow-up



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the music people

Present'.

It is very clear from the book that the Movement moved quickly from consciousness raising to political discussions. Rosalind Delmar in her piece 'What is Feminism' says "Another new feature of modern feminism is its analysis of ideology' and for the women in the movement who had first begun to discuss themselves "It is clear that the abolition of all forms of private property is a pre-condition for women's liberation, since women themselves are a form of private property."

From the confusion of the late '60s the most significant movement to emerge has been Women's Liberation. And it is a movement that cannot be stopped and will continue to grow. It is a movement which has involved a total re-think for many people, both men and women. For those who have been involved from the start, later and now, The Body Politic will have historical importance, for those who have flirted with Women's Liberation it may be the beginning of an affair, and hopefully it will be read by many who have not yet had access to this material.

The editor, Michelene Wandor, spent two years getting this book together and published. The publisher, Richard Handeyside and she made every effort to keep costs down, so that it could go on sale as cheaply as possible. The royalties and any profits from the book will be going to the movement.

Louise Ferrier.

FILMZ

Savages is based on a simple, but extraordinary idea. It opens in a sensuous forest, deep and tangled, where a tribe of *mud people*, outrageously masked and feathered, are preparing a gruesome fertility rite. Suddenly, a croquet ball comes flying through the air. The savages (not unnaturally) marvel at this strange, smooth sphere, and set out to trace where it comes from. What they come to is a huge, elegant, white and deserted 18th century house. Inside they discover clothes, pictures and all the trappings of 20th century 'civilisation'. Then, by degrees, the tribe becomes transformed into an elegant 1920's house party. They form liaisons. They hold sophisticated conversations. They hold grand parties. But, then, gradually luxury declines into decadence. Life sinks below stairs, where in the damp gloom of the cellars, party games become orgiastic ritual. In a final hectic dawn game of croquet the savages chase their croquet balls back into the forest.

As a scheme it is simple, perhaps predictable. But the simplicity is deceptive. We are made to see the strange curve from an oddly ironical viewpoint. The *Mudpeople* are introduced in a 1920's documentary style in black and white, complete with MGM titles — one of which ex-

Looking over their first car.

plains that "tribal elders are often distinguished by pebbles in their teeth, though this is not the case here". Suddenly, an untitled German narration starts. Not understanding German, I was struck by a comic mock scholarly effect.

James Ivory says this is just what he wanted. But in fact, for the cognoscenti the words are Schiller's commentary on the rise and fall of civilisations. This curious irony sets the tone for the whole. Clearly it's not all to be taken too seriously. Thankfully, it's no laboured allegory of life. Rather the pattern serves as a support for a string of visual comments, of mocking vignettes, of filmic 'double entendres', and some lush porn. The variety, the unexpectedness and the delicate irony of these generates amazing richness.

The film is crowded with memorable moments. There is the short cropped 'capitalist' — assertive, powerful, grasping: "I often cheat, but I never lie". For a moment the camera catches him sitting ecstatically smoking a cigar surrounded by a vast model railway. There are some riveting moments of monologue — 'a highly strung girl' cells a haunting, wallowing story of a painter who tried to catch the exact shade of red of the blood which dribbled from the mouth of his dying wife.

A danger of this sort of 'film essay' is that — as with other experiences — one can get bored between the climaxes. And Savages is not entirely free from this — particularly where the suggestion wears thin or the humour lapses. But unexpected touches are often just around the corner.

It's a film which raises many questions, but attempts no answers. You can read fairly much what you like into it. To this extent it's hardly a 'serious' movie. And that's maybe no bad thing. What *is* serious about it is its style — disturbing, mocking and to me quite original, like nothing I have ever seen.

Nick Young.

Gold
Directed by Bill Deloge
Greaser's Palace
Directed by Robert Downey

The main difference between the slapstick satires *Gold* and *Greaser's Palace* is that the former is a largely utopian message Western made by Westerners while the latter is a nothing's sacred cowboy

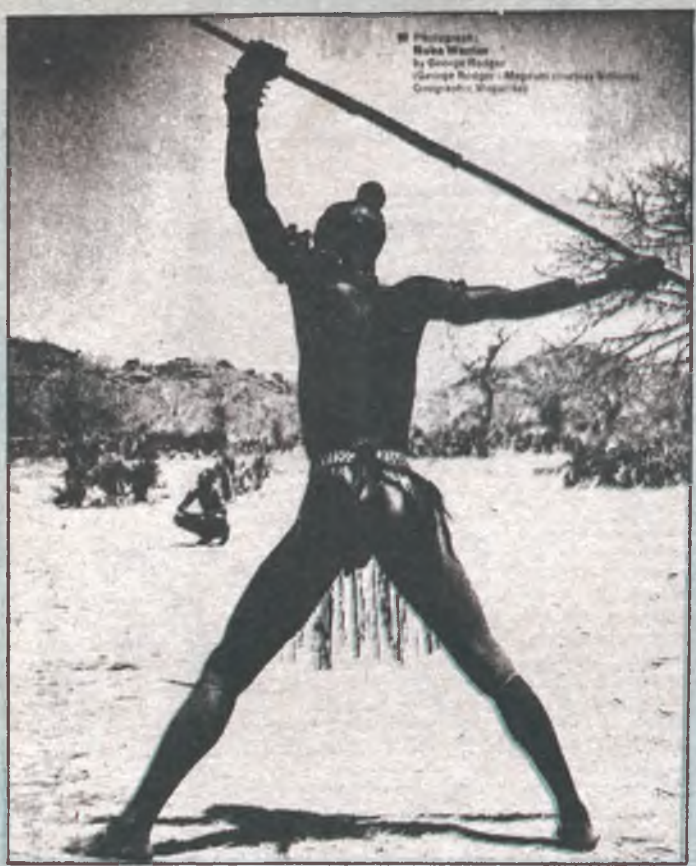


Photo from Art and Society:Sex. Ken Baynes. (Lund Humphries,Welsh Arts Council,£2.50)

and indians parody directed by New Yorker Robert Downey. Their similarity is that, as wholes, they both pretty much fail.

Gold is simply a California hippie/anarchic vision, the new American dream; son of summer of '67. Gary Goodrow, long time improvisational master from the Committee in San Francisco, nicely using all his very human acting resources while reflecting the media's stereotype to lampoon The Bad Guy of The Movies. He's the surly, hung-up railroad sheriff, puritanical in ethos and capitalistic in fervour.

He really can't be laughed at, although it helps, because that's where The Law is. Goodrow goes around sending people on a gold rush, beating up a stripper a la Bogart ("You're my doll and I don't like my dolls liking doing that"), slapping black out strips across three year olds' crotches, ramming a cohort cocksman as mayor down the folks' throats, evicting a long-time resident, etc.

Del Close, also from The Committee, is his unwitting foil, a cruddy, black garbed, broken-legged junkie fool who interrupts orgies to bring bad news, comes to parties after they're over, generally is shit upon until he emerges as a freaked-out Che to liberate the people.

Cutting in and out with footage of American violence and backed by music from the MC5, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, and Toni Brown, among others, *Gold* re-kindles in rather desperate fashion the hopes and dreams of half a decade ago. Its message is government which governs best governs least. But when California voters can smash a simple legal possession of grass statute and re-establish the death penalty by the 2-1 majority required. . . .

Greaser's Palace is just too intent on destroying the myths of the American West. Written in London, its often brilliant cynicism comes nowhere near the awesome awareness of *El Topo*, or for that matter Hopper's much-maligned, erratic, but essentially right-on *The Last Movie*. Downey even has to satirise a Western sunset, including ribs at 2001 and The Beatles in the process.

Greaser's Palace, which takes much too long in taking off, is the story of the second coming of Jesus as a zoot-suited song-and-dance man in the West. Jesse, as he is known, makes his way through the wastes walking on water, resurrecting Lamey Homo, latent son of constipated saloon owner Seaweedhead Greaser — who three times murders Lamey, producing water in the desert, etc.

Miraclizing with hands and "If you feel, you heal," he tells all he is heading for Jerusalem to become an "actah-singah-dancah". "It is written the agent Morris waits for me," he exclaims.

And of all the zanies in *Greaser's Palace* (and they range from a gay Mexican dwarf to The Holy Ghost — "You'll never know what I can do because you never give me a chance"), the agent Morris in a brief cameo steals the show. Looking like Alice Cooper, he wears a space bubble, hot pants and thick platform wedgees as he tells Jesse his act just doesn't make it.

But Jesse, whose very distinctive mannerisms seems to evolve from the Groucho slouch and shuffle, has already turned on clubowner Greaser witn his talents (the stigmata *shtick* does it), much to the dismay of Greaser's exotic dancing daughter. The film ends, of course, witn Jesse's crucifixion, done in by a classic "mortally" multi-wounded woman he has saved and whose family his death resurrects.

Its compassion difficult to nail down, *Greaser's Palace* is one audio-visual gag after another — western parable straight facing, petting orgasms, every sort of bizarre local type, etc. But its greatest contribution may be in its yet another addition to the burgeoning crucifixion-as-cliche emergence in contemporary entertainment. A British film, *The Other Side of the Underneath*, directed by Jane Arden, even has a nude woman maddeningly being reborn from the cross.

In the hell-bent rush toward making The Great (and/or Hip) American Movie, *Gold* succeeds better than *Greaser's Palace* only because it isn't trying. But neither in the prurient do they even meet. *Arnie Passman.*

Marjoe
Directed by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan

Marjo Gortner is an ex-southern California born-and-bred fundamentalist evangelist, a regal authentic Jesus freak about 30 who has hippily given up the lucrative game. Descendant of four generations of Pentecostal ravers, he delivered his first sermon at age four, and his extraordinary life is the archrhythmic documentary, *Marjoe*. For Mary + Joseph.

As a member of revivalist royalty — a Paul Atreides of White Trash, the cute, curly-haired Marjoe had his soul on fire carefully manipulated and honed by a classic show biz mother. Very early performances are surrealistically shown in *Marjoe*, including a marriage ceremony at age five. California courts said it was legal much to the consternation of American clergymen.

"Every gesture was forced on me by my mother," said Marjoe. "If I wanted to go out and play, I couldn't. To convince me to 'practice' she'd smother me with a pillow or put my head in a basin of water. She didn't dare hit me because that might leave marks and I had to be seen in public.

"When I would get to a town, my parents would take me around to all the papers, and I'd walk up to the city desk and say, 'How do you do, sir? I'm the Reverend Marjoe Gortner, and I've come to your city to give the devil two black eyes.

"The editors would ask me if I memorized my sermons and I'd say, 'No, they come to me in my sleep,' or something. This wasn't true; they were completely rehearsed, and my mother had signals like 'Praise Jesus' if I was too slow up or 'Hallelujah' to speed up, and so on."

And so on went on until age 14 in 1955 and through three million dollars until Marjoe's father, the Reverend Vernon, disappeared during a performance with the collection. Marjoe and mother eked through the next two years, but the novelty was wearing off.

Marjoe dropped out of public sight for over ten years. He lived with an older woman he had met on a southern California beach for a while, and then went to college.

During the early 60s, Marjoe got into the non-violent movement, politics, drugs, etc. And then his exhibitionist instincts took him back to the tent and the pulpit.

Although it wasn't made evident in the film, the ultra mod clad Marjoe traded his hell and brimstone preaching for the joy and salvation whoopees of the Aquarian dawn. But his audience wouldn't buy it, so he returned to the highly profitable "To Hell With You, If You Don't Believe!"

"And if you do," he implores them, "Bring up your largest bill....."

In a fascinating scene, a bare chested Marjoe is shown in his motel room ("There are revivalist groupies, of course, but I can't hit on them — *at all;* I stick to the stewardesses") preaching his sermon cross legged on his bed as he separates his money from a brown paper bag.

"But I'm not the businessman some of the guys are," he said. "Like there's one cat who has a radio show that reaches forty states. And he'll go on the air and say something like: 'Now, there's a little old lady, dear to me, out there with ten dollars in her cookie jar, and I'm asking you to send that ten dollars to me to do the Lord's work."

"Now, he doesn't *know* there's such a person out there. But, you know, he says that pitch gets him about 200 replies whenever he uses it. That's two grand in one

night!"

However, such hypocrisy and duplicity was bound to affect Marjoe. And he struggled with it for over two years. Finally, after presenting a full range of holy rolling white and black gospel (short for God Spell, don't you know?), the film ends with Marjoe going into retirement.

"I've often thought of going up there and telling them where I was really at," he said. "But one thing or another, mainly money hangups, kept me from doing it. But I can't really keep on living this double life anymore.

"I guess I'd like to be a rock star — you can see I use Mick Jagger gestures and tricks — or an actor."

Skilfully and fairly directed by *Village Voice* columnists Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, *Marjoe* might seem to some eyes, hip or otherwise, to be a thorough indictment of evangelism. One girl from North Carolina, after seeing it, said: "I don't think it showed the good in it."

Marjoe himself exclaimed: "If I *had* to go into a Christian religion, it'd be the Pentecostal. Man, the music! I stayed in it this long because of the show. And my ego, of course."

Later on, relieving years of tension by parodying his act, he cried:

"Can God deliver a religion addict?"

The point is that what Marjoe has been doing is universal, the possibly best side of any religion, an incontrovertible proof God exists in man. A powerful expose, *Marjoe* is not even uniquely American, or necessarily a "sinister aspect of contemporary American life."

Old Testament prophets, Siberian shamans, voodoo priests, witches and warlocks, black and white, have used it — *or are used by it.* And the audience's resulting dance trance, speaking in tongues, declaration of personal vision, even seeing God, is gaining renewed respect.

In any event, a dude named Denver Dan once told Kesey: "The third eye is what we're shooting for. But it's a bitch to leave the throat behind."

Referring to Christ claiming God's throne in heaven, Marjoe said in a sermon:

"When a high priest sits down, his work is done."

Or maybe just beginning. By all means, see Marjoe as he was.
Arnie Passman.

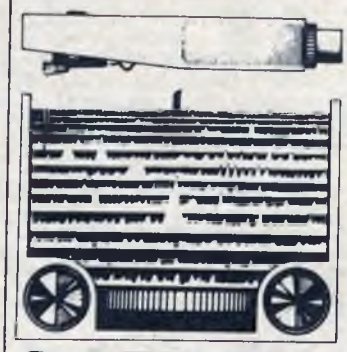
Born To Boogie
Directed by Ringo Starr
Apple Films

Marc Bolan's film opened at the smallest cinema in the West End, *Oscar I.* A week after the premiere, I went to see it and found the cinema three-quarters empty. Just the facts, ma'am, you know you can't fool the children of the ..... skip it. *Born To Boogie* is an inept piece of garbage. The band plays something abominable, the blown-up 16mm film is grainy, blotchy and washed-out, and the staged location sequences would be a grievous insult to the intelligence of a four-year old pinhead.

Making a documentary about Marc Bolan ain't a bad notion. The Bopping Elf is quite a fascinating figure, niftier with quotes than chords these days, but Jesus, whatcha* want, good grammar or good taste? But doesn't a badly-shot and worse-recorded recreation of Marc's Wembley Pool squeal-in really make it even when interspersed with cutesy little scenes that would have had a hard time making it through a Monkees story conference.

So we see Marc parading around the Wembley stage like a little girl in her mother's clothes, bashing out some fairly primitive riffs on an out-of-tune guitar. We see him hamming up two of his better recent songs "Spaceball Ricochet" and "Cosmic Dancer" while scratching aimlessly on an acoustic Epiphone with its top E string almost a quarter-tone flat. We even see him (in the film's funniest sequence) slyly giving head to a microphone which is slowly but remorselessly losing its erection. As David Bowie could doubtless have told you, Marc, when in doubt go for the blowjob.

As the playing is appallingly sloppy (despite some judicious overdubbing), the filming is pedestrian and fuzzy and the staged scenes are so fantastically dire, *Born To Boogie* is an exasperating waste of time. Perhaps the sequence over the closing credits gives it away. Marc is standing whacking away at a silver guitar producing the most godawful racket you ever heard in your life when an acolyte approaches him, unplugs him, and helps him off stage. Then ..... kazowie! A dwarf materialises in a thunderbolt and in a frenzy of adoring lust proceeds to eat Marc's Fender amplifier. Like I was saying, you can't fool the children of the revolution. .....
Charles Shaar Murray



SOUNDZ

Charles Shaar Murray picks his five worst records of 1972...

Obviously, the really rock-bottom rancid albums of any given year are by cruddy no-hopes who nobody ever hears of, but the albums that are usually most irritating to the sensitive, trained intellect are those by artists who, while being gifted, have managed with the unerring instinct of true creative souls, to totally blow it.

Perhaps the most outstanding 1972 example of this phenomenon in action was John & Yoko & Elephant's Memory's *Some Time in New York City* (Apple). Here we have the thoroughly unpleasant experience of seeing one of modern rock's finest minds wasting itself in self-indulgent nonsense. Sure Bob Dylan founded his career on writing didactic, proselytising political songs, but we were so much older then, right? Complete the quotation. "The Luck of the Irish" may well be the worst song of the year, far exceeding in offence quotient such harmless ditties as "Metal Guru" and "Little Willy" and "Circles" and ..... let us call their names with pride. Is today's boppin' teen going to support the IRA, the Women's Movement, the Attica People, Angela Davis, John Sinclair and all the other rent-a-causes just because Joko do? More important still, will they understand them?

T. Rex's *The Slider* (T. Rex Wax Co) is astoundingly annoying for a variety of reasons. The first and most obvious is that it's fantastically bad, but I refuse to believe that the man who produced *Unicorn* could be happy with this. You see, basically I like Bolan. I was one of the proud few who, spurred on by the urgings of Jumpin' John Peel, purchased Tyranno saurus Rex's "Debora" single in its first week of issue, back in the golden days when Steve Took had a gig. The songs on *Unicorn* were imaginative and sophisticated, two qualities sadly lacking from *The Slider*. Lastly, it's simply a drag to see music that bad being that popular.

Again I get incredibly frustrated when I see record companies pushing crap out onto the market in the sacred name of Jimi Hendrix. I suppose you can't blame two-bit, one-horse labels for putting out terrible old jam tapes, but when his "official" record label pulls similar bum ers, it gets actively offensive. *War Heroes* (Polydor) is a collection of assorted garbage, unfinished tracks, off-nights, and a sneaky little reissue of a '67 B-side. It appears that rock critics are expected to react to rip-offs like this by parading their grief for the dead master, and enthuse extravagantly about his genius, but the fact remains that Jimi blew it a few times, and also that his record company, by issuing these leftovers, are damaging the consumer, their own reputation, and the reputation of Jimi Hendrix. On the other hand, I suppose they get some bread.

Lou Reed (RCA) was one worthy soul who should have done a lot better than he did. His first solo album was a colossal bore, despite the glossily-smooth backings, production and engineering jobs. Even the sleeve was a super-nifty. The trouble was that the songs weren't any good. Apart from "Wild Child", "Lisa Says", "I Can't Stand It" and "Walk It And Talk It", none of the songs had any coherence whatsoever, and Lou's gift for incredible incisive lyrics seemed to be on an extended long weekend in Max's Kansas City. His second solo album, *Transformer* (RCA) was a considerable improvement. It contained one good song.

Finally, another big downer was Frank Zappa's *Waka/Jawaka—Hot Rats* (Reprise). It sounded like the work of a man who's just broken his leg, is held down by leg-irons, whose entire band has just walked out on him, and is feeling utterly pissed off about the whole thing.

Boomers Story
Ry Cooder
Reprise

Bottleneck guitar is rather like speed; used with decorum it can make the world a little bit brighter; used recklessly it strangles the user and bores the listener. The trouble is that superficially it's so easy. You just slide it up and down, and, in the words of the song, the rest comes natchur'ly. No frets to worry about, released from all irksome restrictions (often including melody and rhythm). To say that most white

ART BOOK

Martin Sharp, whose work has appeared in Oz with varying frequency ever since the earliest days in Australia, has published (Mathews Miller & Dunbar £1.50) an ART BOOK. The subtlety of the collages he has made by combining such painters as Magritte and Van Gogh sends you spinning back to the originals to make sure your memory hasn't turned turtle. Throw away that cumbersome twenty guinea Trechikoff and put ART BOOK on your coffee table instead. This one will run and run.....

Mike Moore

bottleneck players around today are mediocre is to be too kind, as they oscillate like clockwork between ultrasonic variations on "Dust My Broom' and soundtrack noises from "South Pacific". Even some highly rated black players lack that control and taste which the freedom of the bottleneck demands.

Ry Cooder may go down as the man who saved bottleneck guitar from degradation and extinction. There have been three or four players as good or better, but they're all black and all dead. Cooder uses his guitar for music not sound effects and he appears to be unable to play an unfunky note.

He helped make Beefheart's "Safe as Milk" a stand-out album of the 60's.

He (and Clapton) made a good bluesman out of Keith Richard.

His first two solo albums were eccentric gems, and launched him as a singer. His voice isn't shattering, but as B.B.King and Hendrix (among others) have shown you don't have to be Caruso to take care of business.

Boomers Story contains the same odd assortment of songs as the previous albums. A mixture of straight country blues, Woody Guthrie type Depression-ballads, "novelty" songs, patriotic anthems from the Civil War and WWII and a couple of superb instrumentals. But musically there's no clash at all. The same blend of Cooder's guitar (acoustic or electric; it hardly seems to matter) piano, drums and bass or tuba runs through the whole set, added to at times by mandolin, harmonica, clarinet and horns. (Randy Newman figures on one track). Cooder's gift for jerky irregular rhythms which still rock along is more exaggerated than ever. A gift handed straight down from the country blues greats, especially Robert Johnson.

The album is a sort of tribute to Sleepy John Estes, who plays and sings on one track, "President Kennedy", and has composer credits on another. Cooder appears to have learned a lot from him, particularly in his choices of chord progressions (as he learned melodies from Skip James).

"Cherry Ball Blues" is one of the finest guitar instrumentals ever put down, demonstrating how to overdub without fighting yourself.

The only potential bum track is that repulsively slushy Latin tune "Maria Elena" but he even saves that (by a hair's breadth) from the vomit-bag.

If there is a thread running through Cooder's choice of material, it is his fascination with the 1930's and 40's; however, unlike some other fashionable nostalgics, he sees in that period not the showbiz glamour and extravagance but the Great Depression and *its* music. The songs of hungry people, black and white. That's just one more, non-musical reason for finding Ry Cooder a breath of fresh air in a stale, slightly putrid, rock scene.

Dick Pountain.

Director JAMES IVORY
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Letter from an ever-open pussy!

Dear Oz,
When I came up to London three years ago I was happily promiscuous as well as being bogged down in what I eventually realised was a sado-masochistic affair — me being the idiot masochist and him the insecure (partly because of my promiscuity) and therefore vengeful sadist. Ironically, when we first plunged into the short-lived bliss of this youthful relationship that was later to become so sordid, my beloved had said "Of course you understand you're free to sleep with anyone you fancy." A kindly permissiveness which I naively believed to be heartfelt and accordingly acted upon. I thought I was fairly liberated sexually *ie* I never screwed anyone I didn't want to, screw, I didn't mind the fact that I hardly ever had an orgasm, because I really enjoyed going to bed with people and didn't feel I was *obliged* to come each time I fucked. Every weekend I hitched 100 miles to my lover's university hall, there to spend three days in romantic carnality — and to be more or less confined to his room in case the puritanical warden saw me and kicked us out on the grounds of immorality. Actually I believe I really loved [illegible] at that time but I was still under the delusion that he didn't mind if I fucked other guys. Therefore, whenever I casually said "I screwed X last Monday" I was bewildered to find myself in the middle of a painful and often violent scene of accusations on his part, to end which I had to employ the traditional female devices of tears, sobs, frantic assurances that from now on I would be faithful to him. I now see that these promises which I never kept played a large part in fucking up both him and our relationship. But then I felt degraded by this grovelling and insincerity. It took me a year before I got around to wondering why I was taking all the shit he piled on me — public insults etc — but even then I would probably have never got around to bringing this messy affair to an end, because I was still vaguely in love and anyway had got used to having him around. I suppose I enjoyed feeling I had power over him (I'm a nasty little bitch sometimes). Then one drug-crazed January I fell under the influence of kind generous Tom who to my acid-wrecked brain seemed like my Saviour — when he walked into the room he had a halo round his head, even. He persuaded me to move in with him and tended me hand and foot for six months before he became disillusioned — by this time I had become ungrateful, bone-idle, depressed, withdrawn and secretive. I didn't even dare to tell him I was screwing around — he had to read my diary to find out what I was doing and thinking. (Oddly enough he too had promised before I moved in with him that there'd be "no strings attached" and again I believed this). But our relationship survived (just about) a poverty-stricken and paralysingly bored winter in South Wales. As Tom and the dole were supporting me, I didn't bother to get a job, I just lay in bed, generally atrophying, sometimes talking to the cat (who disappeared this summer, or, possibly, committed suicide), and I was carrying on a long, monotonous and mutually distressing cold-war with my mother. Tom took to nagging and booze.

Back in London at Easter, thank God, I had intense conversations with various intelligent, perceptive and frustrated women — legally wed or hiply living together, we all complained of the same things:
(1) Being taken for granted and treated as an object,
(2) Not being talked to,
(3) Being expected to do housework (I realise I was disgustingly lazy and sluttish about this),
(4) Not being cuddled when we wanted to, but
(5) Being made to feel guilty whenever we didn't respond to our men's sexual advances.

The trouble is most women that I've met in the freak/politico scene talk about being liberated but never do much about it. My divorced (and unfortunately embittered) mother, and strong willed grandmother had brought me up to believe that marriage was undesirable in fact unnecessary. "Don't you get dependent on a man" they said to me. So at least I didn't grow up thinking that as I had spotty skin and no boyfriend I was a failure. Nowadays it's still often quite a status symbol to be someone's old lady, to have someone you can cook supper for, and generally keep house for. You'd better watch your step or you'll start living like your mothers.

Though I'm pretty self-confident (sometimes!) I still find it hard to walk down a street and be invited for a bit of slap 'n' tickle by — frequently repulsive — men who leer at my breasts. Sometimes I get so angry at being treated like an erotic plaything that I yell "Stop fucking staring!" at them — then feel cross with myself because after all it's bad grammar and I should feel sorry for them. Once I beat a large Irish labourer about the head with my heavy shoulder bag because of this; he was amused and surprised at first, then a little scared by my virago-like appearance and savage blows. I know it was childish, but it made me feel great. Straight and often nonstraight guys are taken aback when you show anger at what they feel is a compliment to your sexuality; you're not supposed to show displeasure at their admiration of your body, nor express anger which is an emotion that "truly feminine" (for feminine read submissive, docile masculine-approval-seeking!) women aren't even supposed to feel — Anger is "unladylike", a threat, just like it's a threat to his ego if instead of faking an orgasm you yawn in a man's face

and show him how bored and irritable you really feel. Actually I find that to avoid the bad temper which usually follows a woman's rejection of a man's sexual advances, I usually do fake orgasm or at least simulate pleasure. I've hardly ever met a British guy who was a great lover. But lookee here, wimmin-folks, don't put up with emotional blackmail and tyranny any longer! If you're in a relationship where you're being at all abused, see if you can work out with your man what's going wrong and if you can't work it out, get out! And when you're on your own again, don't get bitter — he may have fucked you up, yes, but you *let* him fuck you up. This sounds simplistic but is depressingly true.

And lookee here you guys — Treat your woman like you treat yourself and everything's gonna be alright! Mutual understanding and sympathy are important.
a woman to lay all the blame on her man when he was probably as conditioned into being dominant and aggressive as she was into being submissive. You have to examine carefully the behaviour patterns within your relationships and find out what you're really like. For example, though I hate being taken for granted and looked upon as a mum/dishwasher/sockmender/ever-open pussy, I do really enjoy doing things for guys I like a lot (I don't feel up to tackling the concept of love — I'm still very confused about it). I'm certainly subservient to some degree — I've even been known to thrill with pleasurable obedience when my man commands me to get him his breakfast instantly! (but not very often, I'll admit). Another seemingly obvious point — give and take is an important factor in a relationship. Go to extremes here, and you'll ball things up.

Finally, true women's liberation is being free to act any way you really want to act. If you get a kick from making his breakfast — don't not do it simply because you have mistaken ideological scruples about it. In other words, if you enjoy doing things for your man, do them.

Can't think of anything else at the moment so I'll stop here (anyway I've got to wash my Father's socks now, haven't I?)

Marva

PS. As Virginia Woolf almost said an incredible number of great novels by women never get written because their would-be authors have too much housework to do. So there

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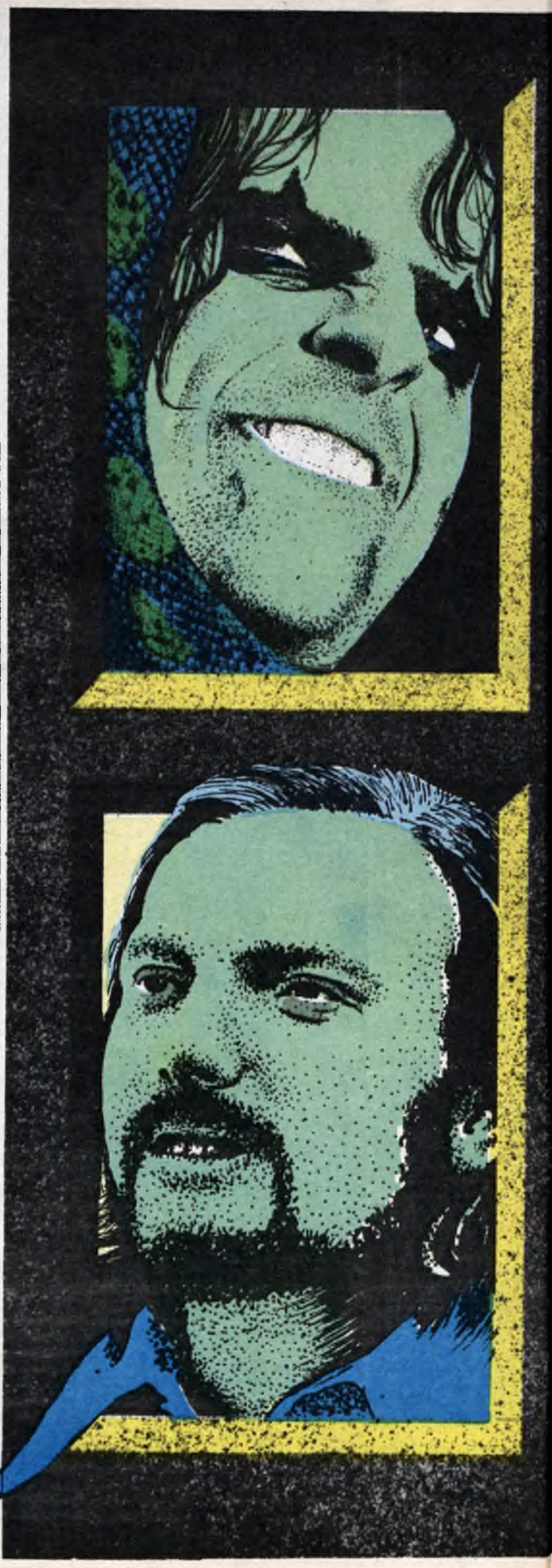
Nothing But The Best (Rod & Van & Mike & Alice)

Myles Palmer chooses ten records of 1972 which for him have "enduring artistic merit in the face of continuous play"



I guess you could say 1972 has been the year of Alice Cooper, and don't be fooled by my apparent reluctance to make such a statement. The AC5 have loomed large in my landscape ever since I first stumbled on the superfine hardrock highlights of Love It To Death some 15 months ago, and lemmetellya, I *flipped* when those ultra-vulgar drag-desperadoes brought it to life on the stage of the Rainbow last November.

Gimmickry has seldom found itself in more capable hands, and if they understand media better than most, good luck! If only more groups would own up that they are servicing an industry, and do it with such style and professionalism. It's ironic but typical that their weakest album — School's Out — should be their biggest seller. Still, even at their worst they've never been boring, and I await their next venture with high hopes.

Before we get into this random collection of remarks from the bottom of my heart and the top of my head, I should own up about in-built biases. I listen to a wide variety of stuff, check out heaps of groups, actively try to keep an open mind, and revise my opinions fractionally month by month. For instance, I've seen Bowie twice this year and Roxy Music three times, and can't stomach either at any price. In the same way that King Crimson used to leave me cold, if that makes sense. On the other fist, I've been to six or eight Vinegar Joe gigs and as many by Brinsley Schwarz. If either or both were as big by this time next year as Lindisfarne are now, there'd be at least one less surly rock writer around.

More specifically (1) I don't like people who take themselves too seriously and (2) I'm not particularly into lyrics, as I look first for sound, guts, musicianship and credibility, and (3) I've been convinced for a long time that whatever rockanroll is about, it's NOT about how many notes you can play. As a group these records have certain obvious characteristics, like they're mostly American and there are no girl singers. No apologies. The selections are based only on my evaluation of ENDURING ARTISTIC MERIT IN THE FACE OF CONTINUOUS PLAY.

I've tried hard not to be loyal or wide-ranging or esoteric and I'm happy that so many of the artists I most believe in have come through with such superb music. Much of the creative energies of old favourites like Traffic and the Grateful Dead have been diverted into interesting but inconclusive solo side-trips. The silence from P rocol Harum, too, has been a little long for comfort, though I gather Gary and the boys are cooking up a new studio opus titled Grand Hotel which should be with us soon or Soon. Will they ever equal A Salty Dog?

The album I've listened to more than any other this year and the one which sends me into a paralytic trance of adjective-choosing is *Music of my Mind* by Stevie Wonder. Stunning sound poems on the synthesiser and wondrously adventurous singing. If you've got an ounce of romance in your body you can hardly fail to be thrilled by Superwoman, Seems So Long and I Love Every Little Thing About You.

I thought I'd lost the capacity for total excitement at rock concerts until I caught the J. Geils Band at the Lyceum. The first number was a whiplash instrumental, then black-clad, heavily-moustached singer Peter Wolf leapt into action. It was wild, electrifying, and as it got crazier, a deranged chick dived onstage and fastened herself onto his twitching frame. I remember being colossally impressed by the ferocious style with which he kept right on howling until a pair of roadies detached the hysterical madamoiselle : all this at 2.30am and us fresh from Alice Cooper at Wembley earlier that evening. Whoooooooh !!! So blasted was I by their brand of electric blues and mayhem that I kinda expected to be disappointed by their *Live : Full House* LP. Memory being the traitor it is, and all. But, no way. It scorches your ass like a flamethrower. I felt like rushing out in the street and yelling ' Listen to this! Listen to This! Ain't this the Real Thing!" And how smart to do a or -album set which leaves you g-a-s-p-i-n-g for more.

Seeing the miraculous Jackson Five was another of the year's big turn-ons. That kid Michael is everything you've heard and maybe more: the most exciting voice in pop music, poetry in motion, pure dynamite. They are far bigger and better than most people realise, and if you haven't tumbled to it yet, treat yourself to the 14 songs on their *Greatest Hits*. I promise you won't regret it.

Illustration by Roger Hughes

Compared to most songwriters Randy Newman is fuckin' *profound*, and his *Sail Away* is highly recommended if you like masterpieces. Vicious humour, but light and Californian, too. Who else could sing "The Christians and the Jews were having a jamboree, the Buddhists and the Hindus joined on satellite TV". Short sharp songs informed by dark, bitter intelligence, and definitely a taste worth acquiring.

The USA must be teeming with dozens of useful country-rock groups getting nowhere fast, and maybe too many rock fans are as snooty as I was before I saw Poco. Two groups distinguished by their knockout material are Eagles and Loggins and Messina. Everyone I've played the *Eagles* album to has enthused, especially girls. A punchy two-guitar quartet, mercifully no steel, and infectious cocksure rhythm guitar from Glenn Frey. Super production by Glyn Johns spotlights lovely harmonies which are never too chic. Four of the songs are incomparable, and the rest ain't so duff you wish the four were together so you didn't have to turn the record over. About Take It Easy, the single which should have been the biggest chart smash since American Pie, Rolling Stone reviewer Bud Scoppa said it all. Get a load of those Jackson Browne lyrics, especially the second verse. Lots of the sparkle and polish of *Sittin' In* is in the playing, but producer Jimmy Messina captures a razor-sharp sound. Kenny's sensitive husky vocals enliven the gentler songs, especially the irresistably melodic Danny's Song. Rocks like a bitch, delicious fiddle and sax playing and very stylish in live concert. A likely contender for fastest up-and-coming American group of 1973.

If you still haven't bought *Rock of Ages* by The Band, what are you waiting for? Seriously, it's the best live double album I've ever heard. Billboard has it at No 6 this week, so at least the Americans can recognise magnificent music occasionally even if Britain can't.

Recently I went to the hairdressers, my first trip in two years, to have another haircut like Robbie Robertson. I was thinking about this article, and whether the notion of hip muzak is a contradiction in terms. What I'm trying to say is I'd rather hear the Rascals at the salon than the interminable Tea For The Tillerman and Tumbleweed Connection. Their *Island of Real* album gets my best also-ran-of-the-year award. Catchy songs and lavish arrangements from the guvnor blue-eyed soul band. Uptown expertise used to great effect. It's foolish to comment that *Jackson Browne*, will soon be a Force To Be Reckoned With, as anyone with ears can tell he's already a Major Artist. His debut on Asylum is the most engaging fusion of words and music to come down the line in many a moon, bulging with poise, devoid of mannerism. I don't expect him to camp around in 8" platform boots and saucer-sized sun-goggles, and I bet there ain't a songwriter alive who wouldn't be proud to have written Rock Me On The Water, Doctor My Eyes or Jamaica Say You Will. Apparently he's put a band together to tour with him and play on his next record. An obvious move but a wise one. It's about the only way he could give his excellent songs more width and force.

Van Morrison remains my favourite living rock musician, and any of his five albums on Warners will repay many months of close listening. I've listened to *St Dominic's Preview* morning, noon and night, more than anything else except Stevie Wonder, and its fire and atmosphere continue to amaze. What joys await those just now discovering him.

Rod Stewart is an object lesson in how to be a rock star and a human being at the same time, and like Don McLean he's able to combine good music with massive commercial success. His heartrending vocal performance on In A Broken Dream was a reminder that Rod's been good for a long time, it's just taken the masses a long time to pick up on him. His records, like his stage act, are an extension of his football-playin', booze-lovin' guy-next-door persona. His charm is his accessibility : you can relate to him. I'm still convinced *Never a Dull Moment* is a better album than Every Picture:

"I don't object if you call collect
Cos I ain't forgettin' that you were once mine
But I blew it without even tryin'
Now I'm eatin' my heart out
tryna get a letter to you."

Sure, this is Maggie May, continued, but such is the stuff of rock & roll, and be it ever thus.

Myles Palmer
November 1972

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Great Moments In Rock

A.J.Weberman,self-styled Dylanologist, collector of celebrity trash, garbartist, Miami Beach zippie and dethroner of Abbie Hoffman, has written for Oz his own interpretations of Ann Duncan's painting series, Great Moments in Rock. His comments still have some of the old maniacal ring about them (see Oz 19) but reveal him as the perfect chronicler of those years of wasted time, the hippie sixties. The death of the 'counter culture' has found a prophet.

From 1968-1970 I did nothing but put Dylan's poetry under the microscope of my intellect trying to figure out what it all meant. I worshipped him at the time and saw my role similar to that of the ancient Talmudic Scholar or Cabalist attempting to decipher god-given truth from what appeared to most as an arbitrary arrangement of words....

But when I found out my GOD was a junkie I was catapulted back into the present!!

While I was going through this change Ann Duncan was putting the various metaphors I deciphered on canvas in the form of an oil-painting titled *Dylan Shooting Up* - the first in her series called *Great Moments in Rock*.....

In the upper right-hand corner of the portrait Bobby is riding a "big white goose" through the sky. This is a pictorial representation of the line "Saddle me up a big white goose / Tie me on / And turn her loose" (*Country Pie - Nashville Skyline*).

But what's this got to do with heroin?

In order to find out we've got to look at the line through the lens of analytic criticism which entails figuring out exactly what Dylan means by a particular word by digging how he uses it in all contexts. To facilitate this I've invented a computerized Dylan Word Concordance which gives me *every* word in his poetry (inc. *Tarantula*, liner notes, etc.) in alphabetical order along with a line of context.

"Saddle"
This word only appears as a varb once throughout the body of Dylan's poetry (in this context) since all other references have it attached to "bag" or "side" (*e.g.* saddlebag, sidesaddle) so it's probably not a symbol.

"me up"
'Up' appears about 100 times and is often linked to dope—"Margrita *the pusher* wheeling a cartful of Thursday *up* Damiams Row" "the pleasures are few on *chemical isle*, little girls hide perfume *up* their shrimps" "She's known as *horse* chick *up* in Cheyanne" "I need *nothing* from you — you are so much *tied up* in it though" (*nothing* — "*Maria* I long for your nothingness" hypothesize 'heroin' for Maria) "There's a hatchet (death) in *Maria's* makeup" "he begins to *shoot up* the barbeque beef signs" "if anything drastic comes *up* take these *pills*" "It *strangled up* my *mind*" "Something is *tearing up* your *mind*". *So 'saddle' means 'make ready' & 'up' tells us drugs are involved.*

"a big"
'big' appears many times and is generally linked with dope — "I am gazing into the *big dipper*" "compared to the *big* day you find Lord Byron *shooting* craps" "up in Toronto on the *big* day" "So I *shoot dope* once in a while —

Photographs by Joseph Stevens, Chuck Boyd and New Musical Express.

big deal" "Lay across my *big* brass bed / Stay lady stay while the night is still *a head*" "I can't wait to *sniff* that air if it's *snuff* I won't have no care that *big* rockin chair..." (Dylan ghosting for Band) "That *big fat* moon is gonna shine like a *spoon*" 'Big' is often linked with 'fat' another heroin symbol. Dig Open The Door Homer — "There's a certain thing that I learned from my friend Jim/ That he'd always make sure I'd understand" (literal) And that is that there's a certain way a man must learn to swim (you've got to go along with the mainstream of political thought and not be too radical) If you expect to live off the *fat* of the land (If you want to be a superstar & use junk) Open the door Homer (open people's minds, Dylan the poet) I heard it saud before but I ain't gonna hear it said no-more (he ain't gonna do it anymore)"

"white"
"the contemporary *fix* along black winds and *white* Fridays" "six *white horses* that you did promise" "*White* heap sneezes, passes out and *rips open Autumn's gag*" "while mothball woman, *white, so sweet*" (see Marie under 'up' references — *Sweet Marie*)

"goose"
"*Goose* John Henry the Negro *medicine* man" "spray chancellor Erhard with *goose fat*"
'big', 'white' and 'goose' are all heroin linked words or heroin symbols

"tie me on"
This is 'junk-slang' pure and simple meaning 'tie a belt or string or necktie or gag around my arm so that my veins will fill with blood & become better targets for my needle'

"and turn her loose"
"tie" or a word linked to it often precedes 'turn' &/or 'loose' — "*Tie* my *shoelace* and keep walking then I *turn*" ('Shoelace is similar to 'gag' (*e.g.* 'Autumn's gag') under 'white' references and also in "I'm foldin out my *gag* gonna *turn* you *loose* like an old *caboose* ('*caboose*' rhymes with '*goose*') got a tail I need to drag (got a habit I have to support)
so "tie me on and turn her loose" means "prepare me for a shot and let her rip — shoot me up

Can you dig it? If you do this to many other lines in Dylan's poetry the same thing happens — you find that for a long time Dylan was *super-subtly* (this is the key word) singing about junk.....

The next work in this series, *Jim Morrison's Cock*, shows sex-symbol Jim keeping the customers satisfied in Miami Beach. In the upper left hand corner of the painting there's a couple making love in the ocean. This illustrates Morrison's sex-water metaphor that appears throughout his poetry. For example in *Horse Latitudes* he wrote — "When the still sea" (when old people, no longer into making love) "Conspires an armour and their sullen & aborted currents breed tiny monsters" (implant distorted puritanical ideas in the minds of the young) "True sailing is dead" (uninhibited sexuality is made impossible). In *Locked In A Prison Of Your Own Device* he advises virgins to 'get it on' so they "won't miss (their) chance to swim in mystery" and *Moonlight Drive* contains myriad sex-water metaphors — "Let's swim to the moon let's climb through the tide / Penetrate the evening that the city sleeps to hide" "Let's swim out tonight love, it's our turn to fly / Parked beside the ocean on our moonlight drive" "Surrender to the waking worlds that lap against our side" "Down by the ocean side / Gonna get real close / Get real tight / C'mon baby gonna drown tonight"

The inset in the upper right-hand corner is the way Ann visualised the lines "Dead President's corpse in the drivers car" (a genocidal maniac rules the land) "The engine runs on glue and tar" (whose system uses organic material — like the human flesh of the Vietnamese — as fuel) "C'mon along not goin very far / Goin' East to meet the Czar" (hop on the butcherwagon and join the feast of flesh as Amerika heads for internal totalitarianism)

Yeah, Jim knew where the swine who rule Amerika are at and that's why he tried to incite kids to riot at his concerts, that's why the pigs maced him, that's why he was barred from so many cities and that's why the people loved him..

It's really tragic that a powerful symbol of sexuality and life was destined to meet with a premature death...I really find it hard to believe the dude had a heart-attack — why was he buried a week before his demise was publically announced if not to avoid an autopsy?

Judging from the kind of poetry Jim was writing just before he died it was an overdose of heroin that stopped his heart from beating. ...

The story of the Lizard King will continue to repeat itself as long as hip culture is treated as a product; cause when fame and fortune severs an intense life-force like Morrison from the community that nurtured and sustained him then surrounds him with greedy, ugly hip capitalist swine who kiss his ass & hustle him at the same time, there's nowhere to go and although one sweet dream came true, it lead only to endless flight, endless night, endless, endless, endless night....

AVENGE JIM MORRISON!
The next picture shows Abbie Hoffman gettin hit on the head by Peter Townsend of The Who at Woodstock while attempting to do a rap about political prisoner John Sinclair. This was one of Abbie's better moves and I can only admire his courage.

Lately Abbie's changed — he's been calling off demonstrations he hasn't organised (like the one during the Democratic Convention in Miami) and has been branding the leaders of the Zippies — the action faction of the Youth International Party — 'police agents', myself included! What's worse, he's been using his access to the media to tell people "It's the wrong time for street demonstrations" while Amerika bombs North Vietnam back to stone age! In return for becoming a collaborator most of the charges against him have been dropped at the Government's request and ten to one he'll never do any time.. ..

So aside from being a Great Moment in Rock, what we have here is One Of Abbie's Last Great Moments.....

"Beauty in trash" — A.J. Weberman, garbartist, reveals his portrait of Arthur Schlesinger Jnr

The painting of Janis Joplin 5 minutes after having OD'd is another grim reminder of what culture vultures do to people with talent. Janis was managed by hippy-hood & Woodstock Real Estate Baboon Albert Gross-man who, if ya ask me, specialises in handling strung-out performers (Dylan, Paul Stokey of Peter, Paul and Mary etc.). I bet he has a business card that reads — "Albert Grossman Management Associates — We Supply Our Stars With Everything—fame-money-groupies-dope Cable SMACKSTAR"

Lately I've been doing a little artwork of my own — it's called Garbart. Dig, after I got international exposure for my theories about Dylan by sorting through his dustbins I gradually became addicted to his garbage! Since Bob beat the shit out of me one day after his wife caught me in her can I had to go on the MethaDylan Maintenance Garbage Programme so I started garbanalyzing the trash of other New York City Piggies. Soon I began to realise that there's a mystical relationship between what someone throws away and what they are and that as a garbologist I could act as a medium and bring this to light!

So I began to make collage portraits of people exclusively out of their rubbish. At the left you can see one I did of John F. Kennedy's advisor and speech writer, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Notice the little pill-bottle — it was marked Dexamil 5 mgs. What a scandal — Artie's a speedfreak! I also found a note on *Playboy* stationery asking Artie if he wanted 'Blanche' as a 'baby-sitter'. (If he doesn't want her she can always come over and babysit on, I mean, for, me!)

In order to fully appreciate garbart you've got to understand the aesthetic principles that guide me — I believe that art is everywhere and everything can be beautiful even *Death* (when it comes to those who are killing others or depriving them of a decent life). I see beauty in trash, something many consider to be greasy, smelly & ugly. Ann seems to share this feeling since she sees it in the bizarre folklore of rock culture — exposed penis, fallen heroes, Billy Holliday Blues Singer Incarnations turned blue from the quiet sleep of junk induced death, uptight egotistical superstars with no feeling for anyone but themselves etc.

I also believe that as Amerika piles the bodies higher, as she eats her way through the world's wealth, artists have got to at least tell the world about it... if not actually go out there and stop it with our bodies, lives & force...

Yoko Ono, whom I respect, says — ' Killing is such an artless act. People who kill most often become the next establishment after they've killed the old." Although this has proven true in some cases (USSR) we've also got to remember that an automatic weapon can be the most beautiful piece of sculpture in the world to a Vietnamese peasant. ..

So everything, including art and beauty, is relative to where you look out at the world from and the dude who turned the Pieta into garbage as a protest against the Catholic Church is an artist too.....

MADE IN U.S.A.

PLEASE CREDIT

RANDAL ARABIE

GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK

Above: Pete Townshend hitting Abbie Hoffman over the head at Woodstock.

Right: The Death of Janis Joplin.

Below: Jim Morrison flashing his cock in Miami.

Below right: Bob Dylan shooting up.

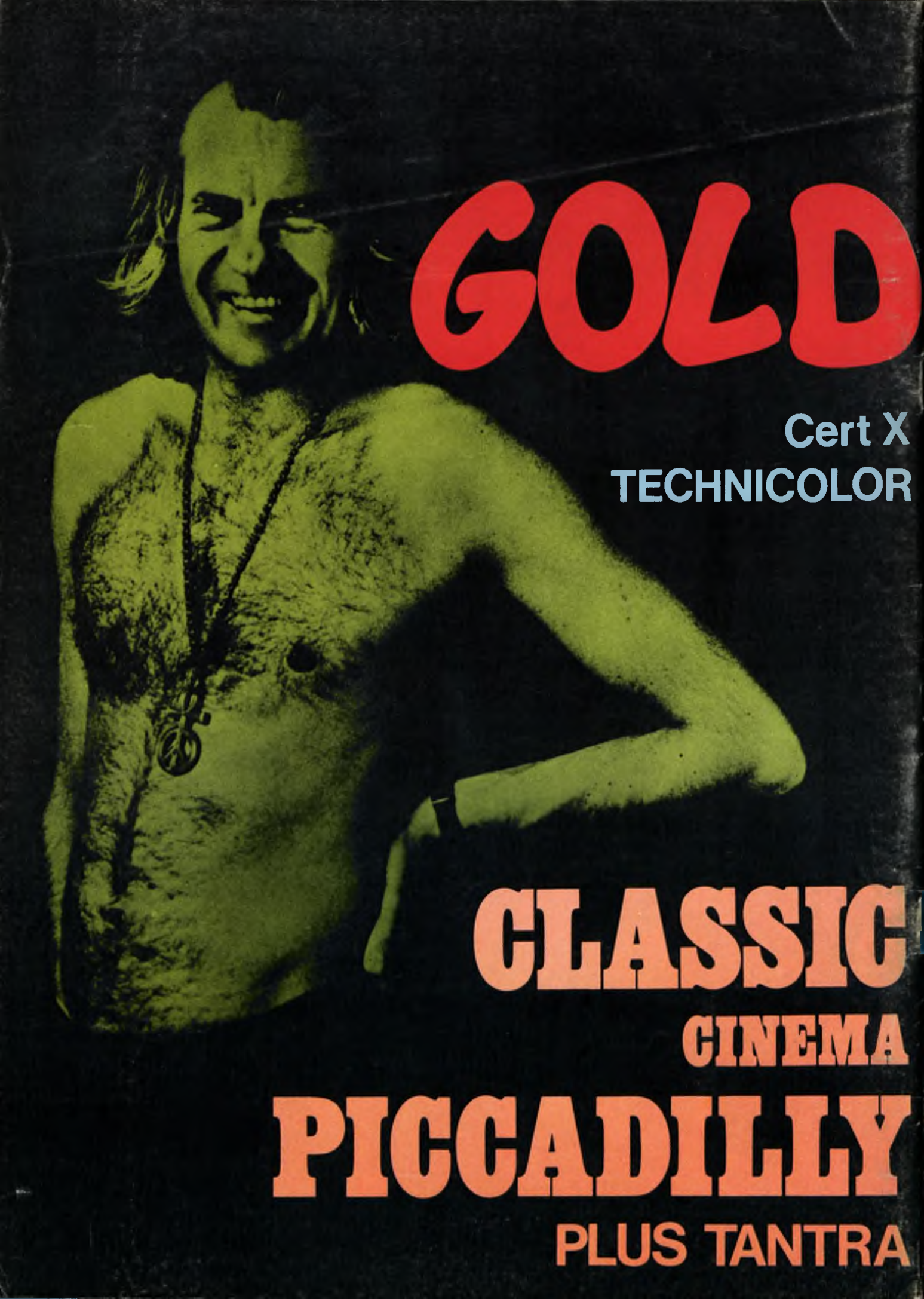
EKTACHROME TRANSPARENCY

PROCESSED BY Kodak

EKTACHROME TRANSPARENCY

PROCESSED BY Kodak

EKTACHROME TRANSPARENCY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PLUS TANTRA

NUMBER 47 APRIL 1973 25p

OZ

THE RISING OF THE WOMEN

NASTY TALES' JUROR EXCLUSIVE

ENOCH PIN-UP!

HOW TO BLOW UP A SATELLITE

NIXON VERSUS THE MEDIA

THE VOICE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

AIR & WATER: AN ECO-CHECK

THE WOMENS' EQUALITY BILL

CHARLES HARBUTT

PLUS 6 PAGE SPIKE SECTION!

APPROXIMATELY INFINITE UNIVERSE YOKO ONO

New Musical Express
January 13, 1973

". . . Yoko has a sense of humour which seems to keep her going. She is the real thing . . .

Yoko is an artist in the throes of creativity, forced to cope with the axe-grinding politics of reality. She won't quit. She'll work it all out and she'll tell the world 'I have a woman inside my soul' and she does."

Melody Maker
January 6, 1973

"The Album, in fact, weeps sensitivity and tenderness. There's a true poetic consciousness at work here . . . a lyricist who can express her pain with as much cogency as Lennon.

. . . she can create a unique ambiance with her voice . . . like that of a child on the edge of tears. And wistful."

New York Times
January 12, 1973

"Approximately Infinite Universe is very much Yoko Ono at many levels."

APPLE
SAPDO 1001

OZ

MY HOW WE LAUGHED!

This is an editorial and, in a sense, an obituary. Let us begin with the obituary, the better to have done with corpses:

'You see, there is a lie in the air. The underground press is a self-indulgent bore and a rigged up, bullshit fraud. The underground press is operating out of an abstract policy and not from any concrete need. The newspapers of the underground exist in an invincible fatherland, aloft in a heaven of international popularity and longhair prosperity...' *Emmett Grogan in OZ 26, July 1970.*

Oh my, how we laughed! Bitter words and harsh indictments from a prodigal son. Who was this miserable slob; this merchant of doom burying bloody hatchets in the backs of the people's media? We didn't need no grim Grogans, no thwarted prophets, no 'uncool' hustlers rambling and ranting over the loss of *their* slice of the Woodstock cake. What a dodo! What a dummy! 'If you could stand inside my shoes, you'd know what a drag it is to see you'. He should listen to Jerry and Abbie. He should burn money at the Stock Exchange; he should elect a pig for president; he should invade the Frost programme; he should join the yippies and get his shit together; he should join the Weathermen and blow up buildings. Quit bitchin' Emmett and 'Do It'!

Convinced, utterly convinced that failure was inconceivable, we buried our souls in the sands of that 'invincible fatherland'. We wallowed in heavenly clouds of 'international popularity', (I'll trade you one conspiracy rap for three contraventions of the Post Office Act amended 1964) and soothed our fevered brows in the muddy waters of 'longhair prosperity' (average earnings for OZ staff members over the last three years – £17.00 per week and all the overtime you can eat). My, how we laughed.

But times change and this magazine is about to change with them. Changing partly through economic necessity, partly through the conscious, wilful choice of its staff and readers, and partly through the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Kind of accidentally on purpose. Let me explain.

To begin with, it would be the grossest self deception for us not to admit that editorially speaking, OZ is often weak. As the 'New Statesman' once put it: 'OZ commits the kind of savagery upon language with which genuine talent would find it difficult to align itself...' We are, and always have been, a visually orientated publication. The number of artists, illustrators and photographers on our files, for example, outweighs our writers by more than three to one. This imbalance is not a new phenomenon. It has bedevilled us for years and there are several factors to account for it, but if one eliminates the predilections of our editorial team we find ourselves staring two old and familiar spectres in the face – publishing schedules and money.

The flow of money which our publishing company turns over is continually in a state of flux. This erratic behaviour endangers and hampers us in two ways. Firstly, it creates an unhealthy and inevitable tension between our distributors and ourselves, leaving our weary printers stranded nervously in the crossfire. This in turn creates an enormous credibility gap with our advertisers, without whom we could never have survived the past five and a half years. Secondly, and more importantly, it severely limits the scope of our editorial horizons. OZ has never been concerned with 'news' as such, but the number of potential editorial suggestions and ideas that we are currently forced to discard due to our inadequate and unpredictable print schedule is a criminal disgrace. Time and time again we find ourselves rejecting first rate contributions simply because '...we won't be out in time...' And who wants yesterday's papers?

And the solution to this vicious circle of events? Well, raising capital is certainly part of it. OZ Magazine was launched in 1967 with barely a penny in the bank and, financially speaking, it is a miracle that we have produced forty-seven issues and survived the longest obscenity trial in British legal history on such slender resources. And we aren't about to forget that the sustaining force and central energy drive of that miracle emanates chiefly, dear readers, from your good selves.

Now it's a bold cock that crows before the sun has risen, but perhaps we won't be stepping too far out of line if we let you into a little secret, a brief.open telegram: 'THE MAGAZINE THAT YOU HAVE JUST BOUGHT IS EFFECTIVELY DEAD+ WE MURDERED IT GLADLY + IT HAS SERVED US ALL WELL + IT WAS FUN + SEND NO FLOWERS.'

Thus we stand, our monster offspring slain and buried. And the future? Oh, we'll be publishing alright. OZ Volume II is just around that proverbial corner. But we'll be publishing regularly; we'll be searching for new writers and authors, we'll be emphasising current affairs, we'll be increasing the number of pages, putting a smile back on our printer's face (and yours we hope), using new brooms in old rooms and we think you'll hardly recognise us! Oh, we'll be bitching, and slandering, and whoring and interesting; we'll be 'commiting savagery upon the English language' and swearing and pointing the finger, and ranting and raving and analysing and fucking the system's backside in the hope the beast will bleed to death.

But OZ is not an 'underground' magazine. Not any more. Maybe we never were. To bury ourselves in the nostalgia of a late sixties conscious ness would be an easy trip. But in the words of my dear friend 'Pretty Boy' Neville, it would display the foresight of an ostrich. They say it's always better the second time around. See you in June. *Felix Dennis.*

Spike

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU...

Cops in New York's Midtown North precinct, whose beat covers Times Square—the Piccadilly Circus /Soho equivalent, and then not a little—have been getting into a good samaritan trip as regards the hookers who ply their elderly profession in the area. When a girl gets busted, and before she gets sent along to the cells or goes out on bail, her local friendly patrol man hands her a little card. On it, above the signature of the boss of the Midtown North precinct house, is an exhortation to give up this terrible life before all is lost and the girl is at the very edge of The Pit. A phone number is added with instructions to dial the relevant digits if the lure of the Lord happens to exceed that of the streets. Unfortunately for the police no-one has bothered to call up yet, but maybe the process isn't aided by the number being that of the Midtown North vice squad, and they're shut after 6 pm. But then, the city's 'Red Squad', pledged to fight the red-longhair-jew-faggot menace operates out of a simple building labelled, 'Police Gym and Social Centre' down on 12th Street, so maybe there's more in the cards than meets the eye. They may even be connected to yet another branch of the sex rackets that has started up in the Big Apple: after massage parlours (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. $1000 on the table and pants on the floor. Someone's been reading the penultimate chapter of Candy, and acting thereupon.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAN FAUST

POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK
MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT

Time for a Change?

Aren't you tired of all this? Isn't it about time you gave yourself a break?

This precinct is determined to eliminate prostitution and we will continue to arrest YOU until you leave this area. But why go on like this? Is it because of some pimp who is using YOU; exploiting YOU for his satisfaction? If you want to get out of this rat race, we can help you. Call either one of these numbers:

226 - 2020

577 - 7301

Your call will be kept strictly confidential. Think of it the next time your pimp punches you around or leaves you with only a few bucks to live on.

gf

The Commanding Officer
Midtown North Precinct

HEALING TIME

Remember My Lai, Song My ... y'know, that little hamlet in Vietnam where all those people got killed in that war that of course we can all forget about now. Well, if you have forgotten it, don't feel too bad because you're in great company. It's not fair to say that My Lai, where 'no less than 100' Vietnamese civilians were murdered by US advisors, has completely slipped the mind of Captain Ernest L Medina—after all he was pretty much in charge—but he's sure as hell trying to let those mists of healing time come rolling in.

Now, lets not be unfair. Ernest was acquitted of all the charges of manslaughter and assaulting prisoners in his 1972 trial. His attorney F Lee Bailey slid him out of those cruel accusations and today Ernest can stand up and declare, 'It's not on my conscience, because I didn't order it. I wasn't aware of it. It's one of those unfortunate things that have happened and that's part of living the thing down. But I was tried and acquitted and there's no need for me to try and rationalize or think about what happened or worry about it any longer ...'

And F Lee is on hand to help with Ernest's new troublefree life. With a few words in the right place Bailey has ensured that future customers of the Enstrom Helicopter Company of Upper Michigan will be getting their sales talk from none other than Ernest Medina, an all-fired all-American hero. Employ the Vet demands Nixon, he must be proud as hell with the Copter Corp.

Medina, of course, doesn't intend merely to fade into the naughahyde furnishings down at Enstrom. On the day of his acquittal, his everlovin' wife Barbara assured him that he'd be a millionaire within a decade. So they're out to make sure that the prophecy comes true. 'There's too much money to be made in civilian life,' Medina points out, 'I wasted 19 years (as a career officer in the US Army), I lost everything I had saved in that time.'

He wants, if all goes well, to make the Enstrom Co. do for Michigan what Ford did for Detroit. And when, fortified with his millions, he does look back at one day of those 19 years, he will be doubtless able to observe, to paraphrase his mentor Henry Ford, 'My Lai is bunk.'

SPOT THE SEX

Think you're pregnant? Off to the FPA for a checkup? Getting the specimens ready for those discreet little advertisers in the back of the New Statesman? Forget it. There's a new test that leaves all that scientific mumbojumbo right out in the cold. One Dr Maria Papazachariou, in a report to a recent medical conference on sterility, has stated that determination of pregnancy needs only two implements: a mirror and a magnifying glass. If there are three small red dots on the pupil, there's a kid on the way. To affirm the sex, no problem: if small crystal shaped dots form near the pupil, a boy is due. If the dots are nearer to the whites, its a girl.

DANGEROUS DRINKS ACT

O Demon Alcohol, Sad Memories I Can Recall, Who Thought I Would Fall, A Slave to Demon Alcohol': Ray Davies.

Let's be frank, booze is back. The bottle's in vogue again and the fab fashionable everywhere are saying Out of the window with that dowdy old LSD, that dreary pot or even those merely ephemerally amusing white powders. Instead its a return to liquor, alcohol, drink, hooch, grog, whatever you want to call your own personal tipple. But, being frank once more, a few glasses of the good stuff, be it wine, spirits or beer, or at least a few too many glasses, can have the most deleterious effects on the next morning, a complaint that can't really be made about a couple of joints. So if drink, as one might say, is your drug, at least avoid the more obvious pitfalls and commit this list of hangover horrors to memory. In descending order of viciousness,

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMERA PRESS

one Dr Gaston Pvana of the Middlesex Hospital has found these are the bastards: whiskey, brandy, rum, red wine, white wine, vodka, gin, and least cruel is straight alcohol and fruit juices. The only thing wrong with that one is the taste.

YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY I'VE GOT POISONED SQUIRREL IN MY TUMMY

Our dear government, with the people whose destinies they determine never far from their hearts, have recently turned their attention to the increasing problem of food: that is, the fact that they have made its prices so high that soon not only will the 'roast beef of old England' be the myth it might well have always been, but so too will be the bacon, eggs, coffee, tea, bread and similar commodities that were hitherto staples. Last autumn they attempted to force Kesp down the unsuspecting throats of Lancashire schoolkids and it was gratifying to see how speedily this compound of plastic waste and the odd soy bean was rejected.

Now there are dread rumours of the return of an old horror which, mercifully, those who were born after the last war managed to avoid. So too, of course, did those who could afford other goodies, and who'd be that surprised if such fortunate ones included the present government. The horror in question in Snoek, a dish that started life

as the South African killer pike. The health minister of the post war years admitted 'this is one of the dullest fish I have ever eaten' and it was discarded as soon as possible and mixed in with catfood to dispose of surplus stocks. Now Mr Neil Kinnock (Lab) MP for Bedwellty, Monmouthshire has asked the Minister of Food how much snoek still hangs around Her Majesty's warehouses. The repulsive quality of the dish is balanced by its protein content, so Mr Kinnock would have us believe, and anyway 'the British palate is far more cosmopolitan than it was then—what with curries and chop sueys all the rage'.

But the real clue to government plans to feed our rapidly shrinking stomachs may be in two reports in last month's Times. The first explained that the current plague of grey squirrels had reached such proportions that Warfarin, the popular rat poison, might well be turned against their surging ranks, and perhaps the dread myximatosis scourge of the bunnies, as well. Then, about a week later, we find, still in the thunderer's somewhat muted columns: 'Squirrels as Food: The grey squirrel, which has an "excellent flavour" would make a tasty addition to Britain's meat diet and eating it would help to preserve the oaks and beechwoods, the Country Landowners Association suggests'. So who do you suppose makes up the CLA?

KEEP IT CLEAN

While the McWhirter s and the Whitehouses continue to poke their meddlesome fingers into the public's viewing pie, back in the good old YewEssAy a shrink has got together a programme for 'teaching' the young 'uns how to watch the box. 'One of the problems with TV programmes is that some children believe they are watching real life,' explains Dr Rubinstein, vicechairman of the US Surgeon General's Committee on TV and Violence. 'They also feel that news shows and commercials are all true'. The way out is for the parent to explain everything to the kid. For instance the impressionable tiny tunes in on a couple of minutes footage of National Guards 'pacifying' some 'commie insurgents' at Berkeley or wherever: 'I would ask the child, "Do you think college is always like that?" If the child indicated confusion I would take him to a conveniently located college campus, drive around and show him the peaceful scene.' And then there were these pictures of B52s over Hanoi ...

TRUCKERS' BIBLE

What about those trawlermen braving the elements to bring you your fish fingers—and didn't the US mail always get through, once? Here they are, these gallant bands of men, getting public acclaim by the bucket-

ILLUSTRATION BY JAN FAUST

ful while nobody sees the hash importer as a knight in shining armour. Has it ever occurred to you that when dope's legal people are going to make Easterns about the trade routes of the dope culture? Trafficking is the last great adventure. Oh, but watch them come down. When they go down for a ten-year stretch in a Turkish jail there are plenty of so-called heads who'll say 'they were in it for the money, they're parasites, they deserve all they get.' This is sanctimonious hype. Accept the fact that you have to pay for your dope at all, and you're accepting your role as consumer of a commodity in short supply. You're dealing with things as they are, not as they ought to be, and if you think importers are parasites, you can either grow your own or fly to Nepal every time you want to score.

In a game where everyone seems to be an amateur (You're a professional if you don't ever get busted) the kids are the worst off of all. They're the ones who sidle hopefully through Customs with a couple of ki's sewn into their waistcoats, the ones who get busted in a campaign to tidy up the streets. Release are bringing out a book about what-not-to-do-on-your-summer-hols. It'll tell them that unless they have an iron nerve, the acting ability of an Olivier, the cunning of a fox, oodles of bread and powerful friends—forget trafficking as your chosen career. And if you have all these advantages, Inshallah we may all benefit from your resourcefulness.

So Release are trying to do something for people busted abroad. So far they've found quite heavy dealers to be almost as ill-informed and desperate as the optimistic novices, when it comes to the crunch. They need a lot of info for their foreign bust book—about the worst borders, the best lawyers, legal procedure in various countries and so on. One gets the impression that there's a completely one-sided war going on. The police and customs have 'intelligence' services who are right in there informing on anyone who buys dope, but heads rely on hearsay which simply isn't good enough. It can't be otherwise, people wouldn't run the dumb risks they do. It's exasperating to see people falling into the same old traps, people who on home ground would be perfectly cool ending up in the same old jails abroad through sheer naivete. They know they risk jail, but there are countries where one can score cheaply and go down for ten years for a couple of kilos, and others where one can score just as cheaply and get away with six months in jail for a hundredweight of hash.

Release are also trying to do whatever they can for people in jail already. They need a fat fund to pay for 'bail' if possible or just to keep people reasonably healthy and mentally alert while they're imprisoned. If they had ten percent of the money earned from dope in London next week then Release 3 (the bank account otherwise known as the Distressed Truckers Aid Fund) would be on its way to insuring a few people against acts of god ... or the United Nations. The U.N. is spending about 22 million dollars this year trying to stop hash getting to you. Are you going to sit and wait for the man to take away your dope, undefended?

So, if you've got news of a grass, a lawyer, a border to avoid, or other news items, get in touch with Release. If you can give some money for the foreign bust fund send it to Release. And if you want to place an order for the Trucker's Bible, when it comes out soon, send it to Release. The address is 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR. If you want to phone, dial 01–289.1123.

DRAC POWER

Eng.Lit., Maths, Engineering, History, Mod.Lang., etc, etc ... Christ, college curricula are tedious. The same old crap they handed out for your last decade or so and now they claim that to stick out the next three repetitious years is some kind of privilege. Now if we had a course like 'Dracula, the Man and the Myth' currently offered by Boston College, Massachussetts, under the guidance of Prof. Radu D Florescu things would be infinitely improved. 60 students are enrolled in the course, the only one with its subject in the world, though Universities in Bucharest, Germany and Turkey have documentary evidence of the carnivorous aristocratic star of the silver screen. Professor Florescu claims that course is popular for various reasons: 'One is the tremendous interest among the young in the occult, and students are bored with current problems. They want to escape from these things and become involved more in things spiritual.' Students do term papers on such topics as 'Jack the Ripper', Bela Lugosi and other screen portrayers of their main man. They must also study German and Russian literature on him. 'I teach that Count Dracula was a 15th century prince who lived in the Transylvania region of southern Roumania. He ruled for ten years and during that period killed over 100,000 people. He was finally captured by his enemies and beheaded. He wasn't really a vampire, but a very cruel man who killed his enemies by impaling them. There was also some evidence that he was a cannibal.' Maybe they'll devote a semester to Blacula, too.

FREE PICCADILLY RECORD

Songwriting team Alan Wakeman, who wrote the lyrics, and Michael Klein, who composed the music, have produced a 45rpm stereo single for the Save Piccadilly campaign. The whole pressing of 2,500 copies of the record will be given away free to anyone calling at the Save Piccadilly Campaign's headquarters at 9 Rupert Street, London W1. All the costs of the record have been donated by supporters of the campaign.

The two songs 'The Circus Keeps On Turning' and 'Motor Car Madness' were written especially and highlight the twin problems facing Piccadilly Circus at the present time: the destruction of the city centre by property developers and traffic planners.

Alan Wakeman, author and songwriter, and Michael Klein, singer and leader of the group 'Everyone Involved' and owner of the only antique shop in the Circus area both live and work behind the Coca-Cola sign in the Circus itself – in Denman Street on the Monico site which is threatened with demolition.

'The City Council has kindly given us four options', says Alan Wakeman, 'To be demolished, to be demolished, to be demolished, or to be demolished.'

JACK THE KNIFE JNR.

We all love John-John Kennedy. Not as much as his topless mum, not anything like Princess Anne, and despite excellent parentage he ain't in the same field as Prince Charles, but 11 year old John John, remember the cute kid at JFK's funeral, sure beats them all on style. Not so long ago it came out that four evil West German hippie revolutionaries were planning to lift the kid from his home on stepfather Aristotle Onassis' yacht and hold out for the big bread. Someone gabbed and the four, Ernest Zoren, Werner Robbers, Jurgen Obermoyer and Suzanne Bausinger were lifted themselves. Since then JFK Jr. has been looking out for himself and taking precautions over and above those paid to look after his valuable skin. On a trip to check out the antiquities that abound on the Greek mainland John John was seen going into a trinket shop. And, according to the redoubtable hacks of the National Tattler–one of the last bastions of yellow journalism we have–he purchased himself a knife. 'He took the biggest he could find,' said the owner of the shop, 'and he tested it to make sure it was good and sharp. 'I think it'll be sharp enough,' he told me.'

The Tattler continues with revelations of our junior hero's conversation with his 'girlfriend', the daughter of Onassis captain: You know what, Mother explained to me that I needn't worry because there's always a whole bunch of guys looking after me. I'm not really scared in fact, but they did kill my dad–and he always had bodyguards around him. And it was the same with my Uncle Robert.' And as John John stalks the unfriendly Aegean replete with knife he could take heart from one, albeit fictional, counterpart. 'Why should I worry,' said Don Corleone, 'men have been coming to kill me ever since I was 12 ...'

First there was *The Sensuous Woman* ... Then came *The Sensuous Man* ... and couple ... and child. Now there's *The Sensuous Coloring Book*. It's filled with page after page of fine, healthy smut to amuse the depraved mind. All the drawings are of heterosexual couples and are soft-core with the exception of five pages of color-by-number pictures which get moderately raunchy. It probably won't improve your sex life or make you a wiser person but it is lots of fun and an entertaining way to fill a few hours with your intimate friends. *The Sensuous Coloring Book* is available from Creative Advertising Enterprises, Box 3436, Seminole, Florida 33540, USA. (From *Screw, The World's Greatest Newspaper*).

LITTLE PEOPLE POWER

Charlie Brown, not the cartoon character, but a 4'3" dwarf from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has started Dwarf Liberation to unite yet another oppressed minority, the dwarfs and midgets of the world. Brown, who looks strangely like Teddy Kennedy, is an industrial advertising exec and head of the Pittsburgh chapter of Little People of America, wants the rest of the world to accept the fact that short stature isn't automatically the sign of one's profession being a clown or some other type of entertainer. 'Midgets and dwarfs no longer want to be known as entertainers ... today short people are accountants, clerks, educators, draftsmen, almost every occupation imagineable...' Maybe they were better off as clowns.

DADDY

One little morsel of info eluded the plucky probers at the Sunday Times in their recent feature on Liberace. The bejewelled pianist who puts mere camp to dowdy shame has one big regret: 'I've always wanted to be a father and have a family, but I guess it just wasn't meant to be.' He's tried, though: 'I've been engaged three times to three different girls but each time something went wrong and I never did get married. Whenever I did get to know someone we inevitably had to part because I was doing a show, and when I came back she would be going with someone else. When that happens three times you get a little disheartened.'

RADIO ROCKSOFF

As the franchises for our own local radio stations are parcelled out and tycoons, already rich or merely rejoicing in the infinite potential of their latest acquisition, rub their greedy hands, spare a thought for a segment of humanity who have their own very special need for the solace of the sound waves. The boys of the US Navy whose submarines patrol day and night, on continual alert, in the deadly task of holding at bay the forces of red subversion. Down there under the pole things can get mighty lonely, and a man can get some urges that don't bear talking about in a family paper like this. And they don't, apparently, bear too much talking about in the public media of their mother country. For, unbeknown to all but the brasshats at the Pentagon, the boys literally down under have their own radio service. Planes fly round and round the pole, continuously brightening the lads' lonely lives. But why, and you may well inquire, does so apparently simple an operation have to be veiled with such secrecy. Well, its back to those urges. Y'see, rather, one assumes, than permit the hideous spectre of homosexuality menace the crew—and after all that's one of them red diseases too—the powers that be make sure that their men beneath the waves get several hours of good old porn read to them. Whether of course, they use the tapes of Lord Sutch declaiming the 'good bits' in Lady Chatterly, as he did on the short lived Radio Sutch, is a whole other story.

WEALTHIER FANCIFUL CONMAN

There are, no doubt, some unfortunates who have actually read that particularly unpleasant volume of prose and pix entitled Jonathon Livingston Seagull. There must be, the damn thing's a best seller worldwide, but then so was Love Story, and there's no accounting for taste, or lack of it. Here, therefore, as interest, one imagines, to those that have read JLS, and as an awful warning for those who haven't, and either way as great publicity for the book, are the facts behind the farce.

Richard Bach, the author, has put it this way: You see it all began back in 1959, payola was bursting on a naive rock'n'roll world, involvement with the 'Nam was just around the corner, and Bach was strolling home one night. 'I was walking home one night when I heard a voice say very calmly "Jonathon Livingston Seagull". I looked around but there was no-one there. I ran all the way home and locked the door behind me. I sat on the edge of the bed, scared and bewildered. I knew all this meant something, but what it meant I just had no idea. Finally in agonized frustration, I said "Look voice, I don't know what you are. And if you think I do, you're out of your mind. So please tell me".'

And then, you'll never guess, or maybe you already did, a seagull vision materialises from out of thin air, lays a few nifty bestselling paras on our author and vanishes into the night from whence it came. Not so swiftly, of course, that Bach wasn't able to get everything down on paper. Eight years passed; 1967: the Summer of Love, was in full spate and as luck would have it, back to Bach came the feathered vision, and out came the rest of the tale.

'People think I'm a nut or that I'm putting them on,' says Bach, 'but I didn't write the book, Jonathon did.' And as a good author, conscientiously proud of style, he gives the final proof: 'the style of writing is just not mine. I also disagree with many of Jonathon's decisions in the book and would never have put them in if I'd written it myself.'

SORRY

John Hoyland's article 'The Long March Through The Bingo Hall' published in OZ 46 was originally written for Macmillan publishers, not Hutchinsons as we mistakenly printed. Sorry for any confusion caused.

LETTERS

The Pit,
Flat 6,
45 Alexandra Drive,
Gipsy Hill
S.E.19.

Dear Cuntz
Wot the Fuck! We have noticed lately that your highbrow magazine (price 25p) has dropped its line in Obscenity. What the fucks the matter with you cunts, OZ has gone downhill, the beautiful cartoons you used to publish, that we used to gloat over for hours, eg Honeybunch, Charles Manson, etc. have disappeared. It has also come to our notice that many more newsagents are selling your product, because its clean now? We don't like to be funny but we reckon we could do better job than you, and also all your articles seem to be extracts from other articles.

As for OZ46 what a load of crap. No fucking letter page, whats your goddam game, and we say who says OZ hasn't lost its sting, yet more fucking bullshit. Neville's brains gone to pot, and your magazine (bog paper) doesn't cater for the people anymore, just for the sociologists and other pratts that

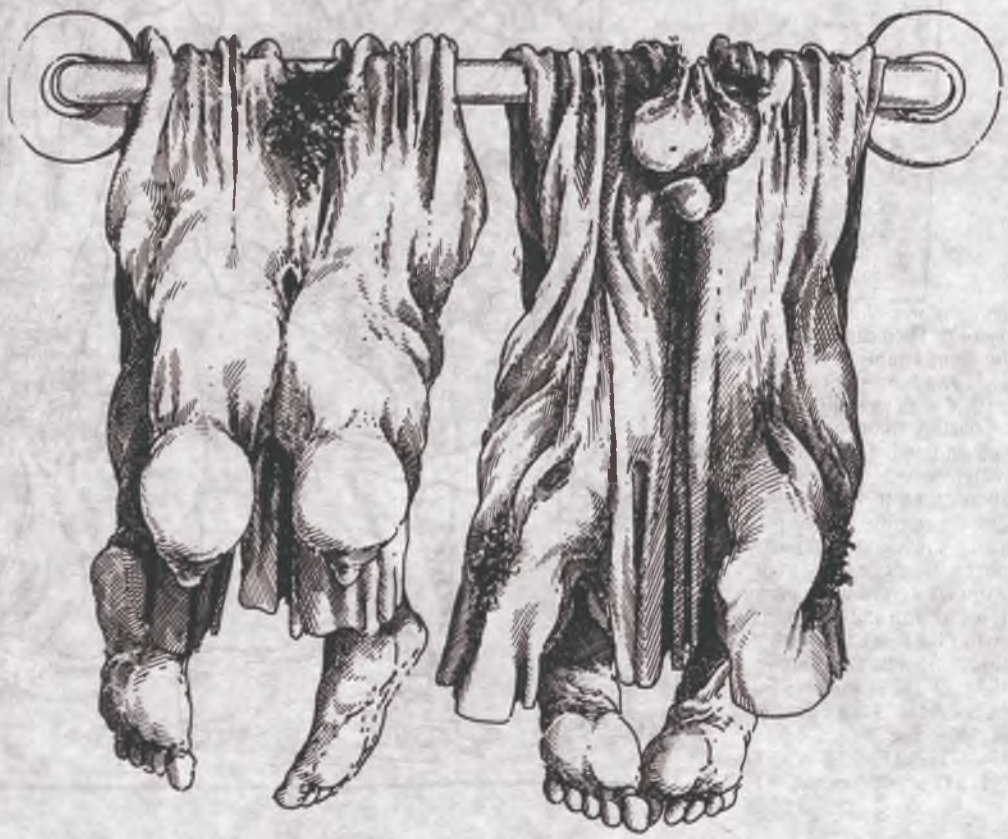

ILLUSTRATION BY JAN FAUST

like to read long words which mean as much as two can say. Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Off, Off, Off, Back to Womans Own. We handed over 25p and rushed off to a dark place to read it and wot happened, fucking hell, tuna fish sanis, ads, meaningless reviews. A single fucking page devoted to three black girls getting beaten by the pigs– you should have devoted the whole cocksucking issue ot it.

So nowadays the magazine is well printed and pretty. But we preferred the grubby, ill-printed, obscene, degraded (for the fun of it) filth, it meant something then. We were inside in those days, and what a fuss when 'they' caught us reading OZ, we had our time put out backing and defending you in those days, now we hear its allowed.

Whats fucking happening? It doesn't mean that they are letting obscene subversive literature in, but that your fucking rag has gone over to the pigs. We did a cartoon of our place, but come to think of it we don't think you would have printed it anyway, Motherfuckers. You fucking think your on our side, bollocks, you're on their side, longwinded bullshit while the pigs bust us, and beat us, and you making fucking money, yes money, roubles, bread, you dirty bollock headed, klinker licking queens.

Fucking cunts. You're cheating us, after next month, if it don't get better you can stuff your fucking rag up your arse, cos we're going over to 'IT' at least its still decent. That's a point, you cunts. 'IT' now, that's still sane, plenty of cartoons, demands, they're on our side, you bastards. Good grimy black and white. Give them some money, they need it. Oh and last of all, we gonna have to go over to bum and tit magazines if we don't get some foul obscenities soon.

Al, Steve and the Communal Raincoat.
PS. Enclosed is some Mud!! We didn't think your worth wasting money on a new envelope. Up yours cocksuckers!

Sir:

I object to your piece in OZ 46, which is inaccurate and libellous. Our records and reference to George Andrews can only confirm that he has been paid punctiliously as per contract, which was signed by both parties. In fact in view of his pressing need his cheques have invariably been sent two months before they were due for payment, as our record can prove. George sent us his accountants to inspect our records several years ago, and they then told him that royalty payments were accurate. Surely that is the proof?

I do not know what either George or you mean by stating that we only helped with the Immigration Authorities until the MS was delivered. Whilst George was working on the MSS we gave him letters stating this fact so that he was granted a visa. Once the MS was delivered, I could not, without perjury, continue to say that he was working on the MSS.

Yours faithfully
Peter Owen Ltd
12 Kendrick Mews
Kendrick Place
Old Brompton Road
London SW7

B C

BRITISH CAMPAIGN TO STOP IMMIGRATION

Order of Merit

for Service to the British Way of Life

This is to Certify that Trades and Friendly Club, Batley.

on the 18th day of August 197 69

did openly state that the Batley Trades and Friendly Club, would ensure that its members would continue to enjoy the British traditional club life, regardless of any pressure applied by un-British organisations.

and as a result of this action some hope is given to people who have not yet surrendered this country to the alien invasion which if government action is not taken will overrun Great Britain.

This Action has been Recorded in the Campaign Book of Patriotism.

7, Soaper Lane
Bradford 6

CHAIRMAN
SECRETARY

25th of December 1971.

S I

To whom it may concern:

As of this date the misunderstandings which existed between myself and Peter Owen have been cleared up. I no longer feel it necessary to focus public attention on the details of our differences of opinion.
George Andrews,
Earlham Street,
London, WC2.

Hello OZ,

Knowing that you OZ people enjoy cordial relations with that amazing exile, Jim Haynes, I thought that perhaps some of your readers might be interested in one of Jim's latest ventures, the World Service Authority passport. Perhaps I should state right away that my personal contact with Haynes up to now has been virtually negligible, and therefore the opinions expressed about this venture are purely my own. A second thing to note is that what I have to say on it is not just hot air. You see, I have recently purchased one of these passports and I have it before me as I type this.

The idea behind the WSA passport is in a nutshell, to implement Article 13, Section 2, of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which states that 'everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country'. A sentiment that perhaps most of us as individuals agree with, but which many states blatantly disregard as it is politic to do so. The trouble really is that the national passport acts more as a hindrance to the implementation of the above declaration rather than an aid. For a state can grant or withhold a passport as it so wishes, one state bars all people from another simply because they happen to carry a passport granted by that state, most states require the individual to obtain a visa and sometimes other pieces of paper bureaucracy before that individual can enter those countries.

Now the immediate reaction is to say fuck passports, let's forget about them. But this is foolish as it is short-sighted. Going abroad by its very nature means that the individual is leaving one country for another, and so as to do this, the individual must have a passport, otherwise travelling abroad becomes an impossibility. Therefore, the most telling way of breaking down all these bureaucratic hurdles is not to spurn a passport altogether, but instead to obtain more than one, i.e. you become the citizen of more than one country. And what more true passport is there than the one that states that you are a citizen of the world–a WSA passport. Moreover, this passport comes on just like other ones. I don't mean that in a derogatory sense, rather it looks indeed, is official enough to impress even the most suspicious and hostile immigration authorities.

It comes in a blue plastic jacket across which is emblazened a picture of the world, with the words World Service Authority over the top, and Passport (in five languages–English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese) underneath. Inside, pages one to three are taken up with your individual details (including a recent photo), information about which you will have previously furnished details on your application forms; pages four to six are taken up with the usual official details; pages seven to twenty-nine are for visas, and entry and exit stamps; and finally at the end there is the usual warning that the passport must not be used in 'any manner contrary to the public interest.' Appended at the end of the passport is a five page fold-out section where you can fill in, if you want, your medical history, next of kin, driving licence number, etc. Everything in the passport is described in five languages, not the same as those on the cover–this time, English, French, Spanish, German, and Italian, and the whole thing is printed on special security paper. I must say, it looks absolutely splendid–enough to blow the minds of most customs guards, etc.

But the passport is not just looks, and nothing else. It has been granted official recognition by Ecuador, India, Kuwait, Laos, Upper Volta, and Yemen, and furthermore visas have been issued to WSA passport holders by the following 24 countries:–Afghanistan, Algeria, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Cook Islands, Egypt, East Germany, Gabon, Iran, Italy, Liberia, Libya, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Pakistan, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Spain, Thailand, Turkey, and Yugoslavia.

Some of you may now be saying to yourselves, Okay, so you've sold the idea to us, but how do we go about getting one. Just write the WSA at 4002 Basle, Switzerland.

Ask for the three application forms–one applying for World Citizenship, one for the passport, and the third is an 'attestation of understanding' which in a nutshell, states that you and you alone are responsible for whatever may ensue from your use of the passport. Having completely filled these in, return them together with 2 passport size photos and £2 to the same address, and pretty soon afterwards, you'll get your passport. I can't add much more except to say that Jim and his friend, Garry Davis, really deserve our support in this attempt to bring about a saner world. Remember to act in time to get one for your summer travels. And finally, if there are some nomads with WSA passports reading this, I'd be very pleased to hear from them.

Take good care
Nigel G Turner

PS In your last issue, you excerpted a piece from the Realist, but unfortunately ballsed that paper's address. It moved about a year gone to: The Realist, Box 379, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009, USA. Moreover, it is not just occasionally brilliant, it is always so. I should know, as I have been a subscriber for some time now.

Water...

Ten things that Alf Moorcroft thinks the informed young citizen of today should know about the waters of the planet on which he lives...

1 Water is the most common substance on this planet – covering three fifths of its surface. All the water contained in the earth's rivers, lakes, inland seas, swamps, bogs, rain, snow, soil and living things – i.e. all the water in the forms in which we most commonly encounter it – amounts to a minute two-hundredths of one percent of the world's total inventory of water. The world ocean comprises another 97.2% of that total. The rest is contained in ice caps and glaciers and in the groundwaters which supply our wells.

2 Earth is the only one of the sun's nine planets having large quantities of liquid water. Its position, 93 million miles away from the sun, keeps it near the middle of a narrow band where temperatures permit water to exist in all three states: as a liquid, solid and gas.

3 Although it seems commonplace to us, water has many extremely unusual properties – without which life would never have evolved and could not continue. It has an ability to dissolve chemicals which is not exceeded by any other liquid (which is why sea-water has such a rich chemical composition; it contains almost every known element in solution). Water's capacity for the storage of heat is exceeded only by liquid ammonia – it takes a lot of heat to raise its temperature by a small amount (it is estimated that a one percent increase in the quantity of solar energy reaching Earth would raise the atmospheric temperature by 15 degrees C whilst the oceanic temperature would rise by a mere 0.01 degrees C). Because of this property the world ocean exercises a considerable stabilising influence over the temperature of the atmosphere and of the continental land masses. If it were not for the ocean the greater part of our continental land masses would experience temperatures similar to those on the surface of the moon. Like most substances, water decreases in volume as it cools. However, beneath 4 degrees C down to its freezing point it does something very odd: it expands as it cools. Consequently very cold water sinks and is replaced by warmer water. Furthermore, once the surface layer freezes the solid formed (ice) is less dense than liquid water and floats on the surface preventing lower water from freezing. If it weren't for this peculiar behaviour most lakes would be permanently frozen from top to bottom and water vapour from the equatorial regions would collect as frost or fall as snow on these frozen bodies of water until most, perhaps all, the planet's water supply was solid.

4 The composition of sea-water is remarkably constant. Although it is a good solvent and receives a wide range of solids to dissolve (including material brought in by rivers, rain, snow and melting ice caps) and although the nature of these materials varies greatly from place to place and from time to time, the relative proportions of sea-water's many constituents are found to be the same everywhere in the world's oceans and are thought to have been constant for over 600 million years. The complex self-regulating mechanisms which maintain this stability are still far from fully understood.

5 The rich stable environment provided by sea-water is now thought to have been the origin of life and the site of most of its evolution (land plants and animals appear to be a recent phenomenon). Life still bears unmistakable stamps of its origins. It may seem remarkable that the relative proportions of constituent elements found in a drop of arctic sea-water millions of years ago is the same as that of a drop of today's equatorial waters but it is even more remarkable that the relative proportions of the elements of living things – from one-celled organisms to man – is also fairly constant and is peculiarly similar to that of sea-water. Man starts off life as a foetus buoyed in amniotic fluid which is virtually sea-water. Blood plasma has virtually the same composition as brackish sea-water – this has lead some people to describe the human bloodstream as a 'portable ocean'. Some biologists are starting to talk of sea-water as if they regarded it as being alive. If the bloodstream can be seen as a portable ocean then the ocean can be seen as a global bloodstream. The flow around in it is seen as being analogous to the role of sea-water in relation to the microscopic plants, the fish, the mammals and other beings which move around in it. It provides a constant self-regulating environment and acts as a transport medium for nutrients, waste products, dissolved gases and heat.

6 Man can live for several weeks without food but without water the longest anyone can survive is ten days. No form of life can grow without water. The average man carries around approximately 50 quarts of water in his body and replaces about 2½ of these daily. He obtains about 1½ quarts by drinking and about another quart by eating.

7 Although his bodily requirements for water are relatively small man uses an enormous amount of water to survive. In Britain the average daily per capita domestic consumption of water is a staggering 38 gallons (over 70 times as much as the body needs). National consumption is 14,000,000,000 gallons per day and is rising at 3% per annum – of which 4,200,000,000 gallons is used by industry.

8 The Nabateans managed to live comfortably in the Negev Desert off an average annual rainfall of 1mm. (They grew over 60 varieties of fruit alone). We're hard pushed to make do with generous rainfall that sometimes falls at the rate of 1mm per hour. In the summer of 1971 over half our water supply organisations ran short of water, at least fifty new housing schemes had to be shelved and thousands of people were laid off work because of a long dry period. Many areas of Britain (even the Lake District) now run low on water nearly every year. The Water Resources Board has warned local authorities that difficulties will arise 'in the next few years' in supplying even existing homes. It is highly unlikely that this will be avoided.

9 The immediate prospects for global water supply are even grimmer than those for Britain. A joint report produced last year by the UN's health, meteorological and food and agriculture organisations sees water shortages as the biggest imminent problem facing man. For more than one third of the land area of the earth (where much more than a third of the population lives) water is already the main limiting factor on human activity. Two thirds to three quarters of the water used by man is used in food production. The report expects food production to be hit very soon (within a few years, not decades) by water shortages. More than enough water exists, if it is used as wisely as the Nabateans used it, to overcome these shortages. The blocks are not technical, they are political.

10 If man can turn water, the commonest substance on this planet, into a resource problem, then he can turn anything into a resource problem. 99.999% (sic) of the water on this planet is not 'used' by man yet he is still apparently running out of it. Maybe the millions being spent by rival cybermen to prove/disprove that this or that resource is running/not running out could be more intelligently spent

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: ROGER PERRY

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3

...and Air

... and seven things that the informed young citizen of today should know about the atmosphere of the planet on which he lives.

1 We live on the seabed of a giant ocean of air – five to six thousand million million tons of it. Although this enormous mass of air stretches over 200 miles from the surface of the earth out to space we are fortunate that half of it is concentrated in the lowest 18,000 feet. A mere six miles up the air is too thin to breathe; at twelve miles there isn't even enough air to burn a candle; for every million molecules of air at sea-level there is only one 60 miles up.

2 Just as the ocean is more than a giant puddle, the atmosphere has a distinct layered structure. The lowest layer is known as the troposphere. It is six miles thick and contains 70% of the earth's air. We tend to equate air with oxygen, but even in this layer air is mostly nitrogen (75% to oxygen's 23%). Like the ocean, the troposphere is in continuous patterned motion. We experience this motion as the winds which play upon us. They act as another planetary bloodstream, carrying vast masses of water, gases and solids vital to life at an even greater rate than the seas. Calculations suggest that it takes only two years for a complete interexchange of all the air masses circulating around the planet. A local air parcel only takes a month to circumnavigate the globe: measurements of fallout showed that material from a nuclear device exploded in China in May 1965 had circled the world twice by July of that year.

3 Material picked up off the surface of the earth by winds may well be carried thousands of miles before being dumped back on it again. Residues of DDT sprayed on crops in Africa have been detected in rain falling over Barbados on the other side of the Atlantic. If you run away to the country to avoid, for example, lead pollution, forget it: the wind will catch up with you. Lead levels in Shetland rain are as high as over most of London. Vast tracts of rural Scandinavia have acidic sulphurous rain that beats that of the Midlands. You can't even run off to the southern hemisphere with any degree of confidence. Nine tenths of the pollutants man introduces into the atmosphere allegedly enter it in the northern hemisphere but after a few years a fair proportion of this mixes into the southern air masses.

4 The United States (with 7% of the world's population etc. etc.) is responsible for the production of a third to a half of the emissions resulting from fuel combustion – the principal form of air pollution (source: Report of the Study of Critical Environmental Problems – entirely sponsored by the US government and industry). There is not a hope in hell that these bastards will significantly reduce, in the near future, the rate at which they increase this load (deceleration is all you can talk about, actual reduction is a distant dream). Meanwhile we all have to breathe the resultant shit.

5 Man breathes, on average, three thousand gallons of air per day. Compared to the amount of water he takes in this is a large amount – explicable because of air's low density and because his body does not make much use of the nitrogen which comprises three quarters of the volume. Two years ago a group of eminent American scientists engaged in a creepy debate about the possibility that rampant technocracy was burning up oxygen at a dangerous rate. Remember that more oxygen is required for a car to travel 600 miles than for one person's entire lifetime and then think of all the fuel-burning activities man engages in and then think about the rate at which these activities are increasing and one begins to see what they might have been worrying about. The discussion had absurd passages reminiscent of the 'overkill' bullshit associated with nuclear weaponry discussions of the sixties. The sums they did took into account what would happen if we burnt up all our fossil fuels (oil, coal etc.) and destroyed all forests and all other plants (i.e. the producers of oxygen). They were very encouraged to find that although the air might become a little thinner (equivalent to us all moving up into the Andes) things would be basically OK. No doubt they will now continue apace at the great work of burning all our fuel and destroying all our vegetation. Even though the debate ended on an optimistic note it should be observed that the 'optimists' kept slipping in statements such as: 'I have made calculations which suggest that within the 48 coterminous United States we are using about 40% more oxygen each year than our green plants are using. In a heavily industrialised city, of course, the effect must be intensified, especially during times of reduced atmospheric circulation. At present one can only speculate about the prospects of transient oxygen crises in cities...'

6 The debate has since moved on to the effects of increased carbon dioxide on our climate. Whilst the amount of oxygen in the atmosphere seems to have been constant within one part per thousand for the last 60 years, the content of carbon dioxide (produced by man's combustion of fossil fuels) has increased by an impressive/depressive 550%. Some people think this will melt the ice caps (possibly within a few decades), others think we'll have another ice age, others don't give a shit. Another debate centres around the effect of SSTs on the ozone in the stratosphere. The emphasis of the debates is now shifting away from assessment of quantitative effects to the basic one: at what point will the balance of the atmosphere break down. The main concern is that the atmosphere acts as a subtle radiation filter and that we know very little about the ways in which it does this. Before we find out we could screw it up – in which case life stops dead.

7 It's gonna be a pretty ending. Apparently increased air pollution (particularly particulate pollution – by dust and so on) over industrial areas is causing them to have redder, more beautiful sunsets. The only trouble is that you often can't see them for smog.

'Gentlemen of the Jury... ...obscenity is like an elephant.'

With the new jury laws and the lowering of the voting age, people like you and me can get called to jury service much more easily than before. Few people go to court, most have no idea that you can argue round, that the Judge isn't infallible. How do juries react sitting on that side of the court?

In the Angry Brigade trial—a mate of mine was on the jury for that—they didn't even know that they could say that they couldn't come to a decision. The fact they didn't know that was the pressure that forced them to come to a decision. Otherwise there would have been a hung jury. In my case it would have been a hung jury—through most of the trial it was nine to three—but one guy wanted to get home so he changed his mind because the reality of it interfering with his private life was too much. People may actually get four or five years in jail based on the fact that one character is neither one way or the other about what he thinks.

The court tries to keep the jury on lines it lays down. They depend on individuals in the jury not being able to communicate with each other and being habituated to doing what they're told. They sit there and think 'I'm so liberal or so open' and then the judge says 'Do this' so they all do it.

Can we go through what happens in order? You got a summons through the post saying you were required to appear on such and such a day for jury service?

There's a lot more forms. There's a yellow form saying that on such and such a date you will be entered in a ballot for jury service. In my case it said 'On the 7th of the 5th you were put in a ballot for jury service at the Central Criminal Court for January 1st to January 26th. Please do not attend the ballot unless you have to.' They choose all the names they will need for the period and divide it into two groups, one for the first two weeks and one for the second two. From these they call up 15 or 20 each day. Later you get another form saying you have been selected for jury service or you haven't, and if you are they send you more forms stating your legal obligations and giving various warnings. Like there's a hundred pound fine if you fail to appear.

How about expenses? What were you paid?

For loss of earnings at a maximum of £4.75 per day for the first 10 days and then a maximum of £9.50 per day after that. Then there's daily expenses of £1.25 plus your fares.

What was your first reaction when you got those papers? Did you think 'What a gas being a juror'?

Well there were three reactions. As I said my mate was on the Angry Brigade trial jury and he'd jokingly said I'd be on Nasty Tales so when I was picked I thought this is too incredible a coincidence. My second reaction on that line was that he was doing quite well out of it breadwise so I'd be doing quite well out of it breadwise and maybe clear off all my debts which I did. But my major reaction was a sort of combination of 'Thou shalt not judge' and the fact that I would have to find anybody not guilty no matter what they were up for. I would have to argue that they were not guilty from any conceivable, factual, or philosophical point of view.

Had you ever been to court before?

Only as a defendant, at a Quarter Sessions but not before a jury as I've always pleaded guilty. Three of my busts were for drugs and one was for unlawful sexual intercourse. But I'd never been to the Old Bailey before.

What was it like when you got there as a juror?

I had to get up early; I had got my jeans on and a sports jacket—very straight—I put this on because I thought, this is going to be very straight and I hadn't got any pants so I had to wear my jeans and this one vestage of straight gear that I had. I thought 'I'm getting the bread for it' and then I thought 'Well, on the other hand, I'm probably going to be challenged on any jury anyway so I'm just going to be sat around all day and meditate.' I was quite content, like when I go to the Social Security office. I sit there and meditate, so it's no hang-up; I got there, walked in and the attendants there asked me what was my business and I said I was a juror. They directed me upstairs and I saw another attendant who told me to sit down and he told me to sit down in the wrong place so I sat there in the court hall looking down at all the artwork and the bust of the judge which I thought was too incredible because that's what judges do look like. You only see their head and shoulders ... a sort of figure there—an object judging.

Did you then relate to any of the other jurors that you were to serve with?

No. Then I was on my own and there were these other guys who were obviously jurors but I was sitting in the wrong place so I was like the working class kid having his first day at public school. Too big a leap. Then I went down to the other jurors and hung around and I identified more with them. They were more obviously working class guys and obviously didn't know each other. They were talking to each other and mumbling and

Everybody has watched those films where the camera pans slowly across the blank anonymous faces of the jury. Everybody knows that rather pompous phrase 'Gentlemen of the Jury'. But who actually are these Gentlepersons of the Jury? What goes on behind those often very bored faces? What happens during those interminable recesses that may decide between freedom and life imprisonment for somebody? The fact is that nobody really knows.

A while ago it was decided that only a majority of 10 to 2 was needed to convict rather than a unanimous decision. The idea was that this would mean more convictions but in the best legal tradition nobody bothered to find out what actually goes on in the jury room. In America however there has been a lot of research done and this came out most clearly in the Angela Davis trial. There the defence built up an incredibly detailed psychological picture of the sort of person they wanted and then spent over three weeks questioning and rejecting hundreds of possible jurors. That could never happen here, firstly because the defence is not allowed to question prospective jurors: they have to make their decision on appearance alone. And secondly because each defendant is only allowed to challenge (reject) seven people. Despite this at the recent Nasty Tales trial by making fullest use of their challenging rights (28 people in all) they managed to exhaust the pool of jurors for that day. That's probably part of the reason why Bill (that isn't his real name) managed to get accepted and not be challenged by the prosecution.

Jerome Burne talked to one of the jurors on the Nasty Tales trial to get the first ever in depth account published in this country of what it's like to serve on a jury.

walking up and down looking very agitated. Then we had our names read out by the usher who starts forming us into a little group and even then I was still reading my meditation book trying to be inconspicuous.

But I wasn't even called up that day and at mid-day we were told to go home. So on the Tuesday morning I went back down again and they threw out the old jury, the ten they had selected the day before and started again going through the jury list in order. At that stage I had an extreme fit of butterflies in the tummy. All over nervous shaking because I knew, somehow or other, that heavy premonition, that they would get to me. They called out my name and I walked up fully expecting the prosecution to challenge me and I stood there and sort of mumbled the oath and sat down and at that stage the depersonalisation was very strong; you just know that you have been fitted in and it will now commence. You're the piece that doesn't fit and it really got heavy then.

What was your idea when you knew you were going to be a juror and that you would be part of making the decision?

I realised my function within the group. I realised the process of coming to one mind, the process of argument and self-justification, so I realised that Enshalah or Kismet—the will of God—was my function within the group. I didn't have any ego about it but I did have the problem of how to express it because I couldn't go in there and say, 'Look, Friends Romans and Countrymen ...' I thought 'There are eleven other guys here and they have obviously got qbs and they are obviously straight and how are they going to react to me? Are they going to put me in a cocoon and sit me way at the end and say, "Shut up we know you're going to find them not guilty"? or were they going to communicate or what?'

Were there any other jurors you thought might be sympathetic?

I'm grounded in prejudice and I live against a wall of hypocrisy and hate without being paranoid about it. 'He has got a good suit on and he can say fuck and it's jolly decent and he's a freak and if he says fuck it's obscene'; so that I was more bothered about this personal relationship with the rest of the jury than about what they would think about these scruffy freaks in the dock, because if you can sympathise with a guy personally then you are all ready for the next stage of the argument so it's an identity thing before the argument can be expected.

First thing after the trial began we all went out to read the magazine. Immediately there was a split between one guy saying 'Guilty' and another who stood up and throwing it down said 'Man, what kid has got 20p these days? That's rubbish, I don't know why we're here.' I thought it was rubbish too, just childish rubbish, sexual drawings, so I felt I could make contact with him and I established a father-son or electrician-and-mate type of relationship with him. Then there were two of us.

One guy wasn't bothered about the so called obscenity he was worried about the story of Israel getting the biological bomb. That guy shouting prejudices against Israel nearly had a nervous breakdown, so I established another relationship with him on an emotional level. 'I will support you and you will vote not guilty.' As soon as I got these relationships and got a chatty, friendly thing going, I found their relationship towards me was quite open because I was a freak. The solicitor for oy Farren they used to call Ronnie Corbett and the prosecution partially became Ronnie Barker so we had this joke relationship as a group.

Was there an equal and opposite force? People who thought, 'this is so awful, we must make sure they get convicted'?

The main opposition was the foreman, the guy who looked like a rocker. He was married and he pinched his wife's bottom the day after he had read it so she said it had corrupted him. But I'm pretty much into communal group situations so I realised that it was no good waiting until we got into the jury room for the final recess to win converts. Fortunately the opposition didn't realise this. Nor did they even realise that there was an opposing pressure group to them. They thought that the overwhelming pressure group was the court and that the facade of justice would be sufficient to swing the jury against me. They thought that my mate was one of them, so this factor of me being strange and the defendants being strange made them fall into a false complacency.

How did you choose the foreman?

At first I thought, 'If there's going to be a Not Guilty then I want to have the honour of saying it. I want the orgasm of standing up in court and saying Not Guilty'. But then I remembered that Mao Tzu says that if you want to overthrow somebody you must first exhalt him, so when we were in the jury room towards the end and the question of choosing a foreman came up, I said 'If its Not Guilty then I'd like to stand up and say so.' The guy who was leading the Guilties said 'No, we can't have you' thinking he had support with the rest, 'I'd like to do it.' So I said, 'OK, I'll

second you' and that's how he became foreman.

It sounds as if the trial is irrelevant in terms of putting up witnesses and detailing arguments because you just have a number of people who are either for or against and nothing is going to make them change their minds.

Well we had five guilties and three not guilties and four waverers. The four waverers were listening to the arguments and were quite open. Obviously regardless of the evidence the others would have stuck to their positions. Obscenity is such a nebulous thing that nearly all the goings on in the jury room were around the definition. Most of the case though was more of a game, like Germaine Greer and the prosecution. It was a classic fight; one of the people said it was better than between Forman and Frazier. The repartee between her and Mick Farren was also superb. The way they presented things as evidence that wouldn't have got out any other way, like saying 'What would Dirty Dog do in this situation' as if he was a real character because he was real as far as the prosecution was concerned. There was also a great sexual thing for Germaine Greer coupled with a vindictive feeling for Womens Lib. 'If I could', sort of scene, 'If I was half the man I thought I might be, given three quarters of the chance I might have had'. But at the same time there was the thought, 'Thank God they aren't all like that.'

But basically it is irrelevant, although the to-ing and fro-ing does indoctrinate the jury into realising its function. 'Yes sir. Now its time for us to go sir. Thank you sir. Now can we have a cup of tea. Now can we go to the toilet.'

Can the jury ask questions about the case?

They have to write a question down which involves an ability to express yourself. It involves quite a bit of nerve to actually make a move in court. You have to indicate to the usher that you have a question which is again very embarrassing and very awkward. So the pressure is against you asking questions. The only thing you can try and do is through questions to try to tell the defendants what the jury considers the major point which is a very difficult thing to express. The major thing I wanted to say to the defendants was, 'You're arguing Nasty Tales is in the public good—that's irrelevant because they think it's just a comic'. But how could I get that across?

Did you at all use the arguments that come up in court to bolster your own position?

I think that it definitely did come down to the jury dividing up into those repeating the prosecution arguments and those repeating the defence arguments.

How did the judge come over?

The major statement of the judge was that obscenity is like an elephant. You know what I'm talking about. 'Obscenity is like an elephant.' Like I was saying in the car afterwards, 'Gentlemen of the jury I think the defendants are guity. I would like to emphasise this point because I think it is very important. I think the defendants are guilty.' That's what the judge was saying virtually all the time.

Did the jury at any time regard him as being in a neutral position?

Very early on. The guy who swayed the last when it was nine to two and who was voting it was obscene although he didn't think it was obscene but it was obscene for children, he thought the judge's summing up was beautiful. Actually the judge was amazing, his whole attitude was, 'Gentlemen of the jury: Little plastic dummies of the dury, do what you're told when I pull the strings.' We kept on trying to get people to rebel. He was like a fantasy character really; I've often wanted one of those chinese chairs that's like a throne so I could sit there and say 'I'm king in my pad.' and 'Bang, bang, guilty: Off with his head.'

When you were discussing the case did you talk about the defendants as actual people?

To some of the people who thought they were guilty these were some freaks who were totally insane beings and have got super brains and super powers over everybody because of these drugs that can change the psychic to their way of thinking and corrupt out children and have them running around mad. They were very sympathetic towards Joy as a woman but generally this realisation of somebody in the dock as another person is very hard to grasp. The whole structure of the court room is against it.

Does it help if the jury can identify with the defendants?

Oh yes. To become a real person to the jury is the most important thing a defendant can do. Of course it could go the other way. They could look at you and say, 'You could be my son and if you were fifteen years would be too good for you.' But generally people should defend themselves when they can. If they are defended by a barrister then they just stay part of the court furniture, but if they defend themselves they become real people. Mick was very good with his questions and even his weakness with the legal position was helpful all the way through but he ruined everything in his summing up. What he took 20 minutes to say was, 'If you, members of the jury, are so fucked that you find this obscene then find me guilty.' and he sat down. But you should never underestimate a jury, never talk down to them. They can easily see an honest argument. The summing up is important and should be to do with, 'Your boy in the street at your school. Are they going to blow up your house, is it going to do them any good'. It's got to be on that level.

The defence was very worried about Edward. He seemed pretty stoned most of the time but I don't think any of the jury noticed anything. You see it was the way a freak ought to be.

The underlying thing in a conspiracy or obscenity trial is that there is this Wicked Force and unless the state is there it will be let loose on the land and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse will ride again. If you can show that you are just an ordinary bloke who drinks bitter and smokes No.6 and nothing to be worried about then you have a chance of getting through to them.

But even if the occasional defendant comes through as human the whole process must come over as very artificial?

Some people believe that in prison they've got their own private room, a private bathroom and a colour TV, only they can't go outside. They may even have a maid come round. They believe the surface reality. The surface reality is: this is the legal system, this is justice and this in the Queen's name who is on the throne by the power of Almighty God. The judge is sane because somehow or other he's a QC and has tea with the Queen who's the model of sanity so there's sanity behind it all: somewhere there's someone who knows what is happening.

What they don't ask is 'What is real in this room? Why is he sat up so high and wearing a funny wig?'

The reality of a courtroom is that there's a few people in a room and an atrocity is being committed. A farce in the name of justice is being enacted and this farce, this unreality, gets through to the jury in the form of emotional freakouts, emotional breakdowns. People who were suddenly whipped away from their normal occupation, kept away from their families, suddenly realise, if they are reasonably enlightened or reasonably aware, that they have got to make decisions about someone else's reality when they can't even make decisions about their own. So they're in this position: 'Normally my boss tells me what's real and I accept it but now the judge is telling me what's real and he's telling me to do this to this guy'. He's saying 'Find the defendants guilty and I can put them away' and I'm thinking, 'Why bring me into it. Why don't you just say "You can go to prison for ten years, you for fifteen years, off with his head" and act like you're mad because you must be. They think this is all real and so the unreality doesn't get through to them as unreality, it gets through to them as emotional breakdown. One guy headed for a nervous breakdown.

Did you find it very pressurising?

Oh yes, incredibly. In fact by the time the judge's summing up comes, it's terrible, it's like the climax of a movie, where you're on your seat and you feel you can't handle any more. Really the pressure is unbelievable. I was totally not at home when I went home. I was thinking, 'Ah yeah, I'll be glad to get back because at least there I'm alienated. At least I know where I am when I'm not anywhere.' Whereas the fact is when I'm at home I can't relate to the fact that I'm on the Nasty Tales trial, and if they go down, I'm going to be walking around saying, 'I didn't do it.'

Did the other members mind serving?

Not really. There's a feeling of 'I am a member of the jury and I represent the public'. The jurors biggest ego thing is that he has made it; being a juror is somehow or another a status symbol, being inconvenienced by matters of state is an impressive fact

even though they may be losing money.

What was really the factor that made the one guy change his mind?

To go back a bit ... there was the fact that the police had walked past the porn shops to bust them upstairs in an office. One guy was saying, 'If you will explain to me why they sell cigarettes with a warning on them, I will vote guilty.' In other words, 'Why don't the government ban cigarettes if they're dangerous.' This argument about the porn barons financing the police so they won't get prosecuted, this power in the economy, the power of money to promote tobacco and alcohol. These all became part of the political factor . The judge was obviously against them, the prosecution was against them, they were doing their best. It all boiled down to using this one 8 year old child as a scapegoat. 'Here you are Mummy, here's some porn for you to look at.' I mean, did the child know what it was showing to its mum? I mean, the mere fact that he showed it to his mum showed he didn't know what it was. This was the borderline thing, with this guy. The fact that it could come into the hands of a child. The fact that it looked like a comic. And the fact that he was old and embarrassed by sexuality. So I said, 'You don't think it's obscene but you're worried by it being a comic. What's the logic of that? And if you hang the jury up, we're going to be here for another two days.'

After you'd reached your decision and announced it, were the jury pleased?

I was ecstatic. Another two people in the guilties thought we had come to the wrong decision. The guy who changed his mind was fed up; the 'I've had to do something distasteful, I want to get home to my wife' scene. Another two guys were saying, 'Wow, we're suddenly liberated, we can talk to these freaks, we have helped them.' One said, 'If it wasn't for the fact that I've been assimilated into society I'd be with you, I agree with a lot of things you're doing;' they wanted contact.

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EQUAL IS AS EQUAL DOES

Michelene Wandor

On February 2 1973 the Anti-Discrimination Bill was talked out of the House of Commons for the second time. The Speaker of the House would not allow a vote to be taken since the Bill had run fifteen minutes short of the two hours' debate

The Bill is a Private Member's Bill, presented by William Hamilton, Labour MP for Fife, and is a modified version of a similar Bill first presented by Joyce Butler, Labout MP for Wood Green in 1968. The Bill, if passed, would make it illegal for anyone to be discriminated against on grounds of sex, in the fields of employment, education and training, and provides for an anti-discrimination board to be set up along the lines of the Race Relations Board, where cases can be tested.

Part of the Bill's immediate legislative relevance would be to block some of the escape routes in the Equal Pay Act, due to come into full force by 1975, in which women will be entitled to equal pay for the 'same or broadly similar work'. This phrase provides a convenient loophole; it allows employers to rearrange their work force so that some work, by being graded as 'women's work' will remain low-paid. All they simply have to do is make sure there are no men doing the 'same or broadly similar' work; the question of upgrading women to equal pay with men doesn't arise when there are no men to be equal to. The Anti-Discrimination Bill would allow women to challenge this partitioning of their labour so that they can still be kept in the lowest paid sectors of employment.

The question of equal pay and equal opportunities for women is by no means a new issue; in 1919 a Sex Disqualification Removal Act was passed by Parliament, which in theory was meant to achieve the same results as the present Bill, but it has never been really used. The TUC have had the principle of equal pay on their books since the end of the last century, but they have put very few political shoulders behind it. In relation to a competitive job market the question of equal pay and opportunities for women arouses antagonism from many men; it will reduce even further the possibilities they already have for improvement and promotion, expand the field of competition; it also brings with it the threat that any field in which women are employed tends to be low-paid, and many men probably feel that a large influx of women into any sector of employment will keep wages down, rather than push them up. The underlying reasons for this fear are real, and stem from the different economic and social roles which men and women have. Treated as economically subordinate, women's special role as wives and mothers makes them unreliable as employees, predominantly dependent on men, and thus gives employers an excuse to pay them less and make more profit from their labour. More delicate a threat is the fact for many men the idea that women are capable of the same work and development as men, prods at one of the most deeply rooted of ideologies; that in whatever situation men are superior to women.

However, back to the Bill itself. How effective will it be? To judge by the effectiveness of the Race Relations Act in stopping discrimination on grounds of race, very little—unless, that is, it is consistently and violently challenged. The Bill in itself is no solution, and indeed, in its present vague wording, can be no real solution for the complex of situations in which women are oppressed and exploited. However, as a political event it opens many doors, not simply those of legal machinery to improve the position of women, but to all kinds of interesting and potentially crucial discussions. First of all, I have taken it as read that the main issue at stake is the position of *women*. 'Discrimination on grounds of sex' doesn't say *what* sex. In theory, therefore, gay men and women could use it to challenge discrimination against them, not because of their biological sex, but because of the social sexual role they have chosen.

Women have long been kept in their place by being given the doubtful compliment of being 'different but equal'. As Audrey Wise, shopworkers' leader, and Labour Parliamentary candidate for Coventry, has said at a number of public meetings to discuss the Bill and its implications, 'Don't be misled into thinking that equality is an abstraction'. The corollary to the 'women are different but equal' argument is the aggressive 'If you want equality then you'll have to go down the mines, fight in wars, do nightshifts, etc'. Audrey Wise points out that we must not accept a superficial definition of 'equality'; we do not want all the disadvantages that men already have. We must not allow ourselves to be equalised out of protective legislation, but insist that it be extended; wages should be realistic enough so that no-one, male or female, need work nightshift in order to earn sufficient to live on; if the economy makes inhuman and exploitative demands, then women do not want the right to be equally exploited along with men. We must want another economy. Equality is not a one-way drag-lift; in exchange for improved employment and education opportunities women must fight against exposing themselves to further forms of exploitation beyond the ones they now experience.

Equality, as a concept which is meaningful in a progressive sense involves an examination not only of areas where women are *not* (top jobs, particular areas of industry and professions), and demand the right of entry, but of the areas where women *are*, and redress the inequalities there. 'In the professional field women are to be found overwhelmingly in two occupations: nursing and teaching. There are very few fields, either professional or non-professional, where absolutely no women at all are found, but whatever the field, women are to be found clustered on the bottom rungs of the ladder, thinning out rapidly as they get to the top'. (Leonora Lloyd, on the Equal Pay Act, in 'The Body Politic', an anthology of British women's liberation writings, Stage One, 60p). Equality will mean a redistribution of the male labour force as well as the female force. It will mean that fields which are low-paid, because they employ women and are professional extensions of women's extra role as wives and mothers—nurses, nursery teachers, primary school teachers—will have to be invaded by men, and men will have to want to. We must demand from men that they take equal responsibility in the home, in looking after children, and in upgrading the status and pay of employment at present dominated unwillingly by women.

That kind of demand on men to be equal with women, paralleled with the demand by women for the right to be equal to men alters the emphasis of the argument. It is not as though there is some natural 'male' given standard or cache which women want their share of. In an economic system based on and feeding off inequalities between groups—on the exploitation of men at work, of women at work and at home, of immigrant workers—a real demand for equality across the board would mean total abolition of the present system and its replacement by one in which 'equality' was a real political fact extending into every area of peoples' lives. At the moment the most we can demand is relative equality, *and on our terms*, and to be aware that what in fact we're demanding is unequal rights, until such a time as the term 'equal rights' has real meaning.

In a system based on such inequalities getting women into more top jobs and executives positions is no automatic guarantee that they will make 'better' decisions than the men already there. That is not to say that women should not have the right to reach those positions, but that women's absence from them does not mean that we think they're necessarily worth preserving. To quote Audrey Wise again, 'I'm not in women's liberation to get women in top jobs—I'm in women's lib to get top jobs abolished'. With that kind of approach women are far more likely to get more out of the Anti-Discrimination Bill, than if they accept its simplistic benefits for women in top positions.

It seems fairly clear that the Bill will probably be passed fairly soon; it has got increasing support from members of all parliamentary parties; women's organisations have been campaigning for support. More and more official bodies are concerned to point out areas of discrimination against women; the House of Lords select committee which is looking into discrimination has been flooded with evidence. The question is whether women work out the best way to use the Bill, or whether it will be the Bill that uses us for more efficient productive labour, which finds more efficient ways to exploit us. The interests of profiteers won't disappear in a froth of benevolence towards the fair sex; we have been objects for long enough not to be oblivious to the possibilities.

ILLUSTRATION BY ADRIAN GEORGE

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MASTERS OF ALL YOU SURVEY

US Government to bring bill to stop 'liberal bias' and 'ideological plugola'. Nick Leach reports.

No American politician has suffered so much from the truth as Richard Nixon; none has been so hurt or responded so fiercely to interference of truth in the course of his career. He has not been much bothered. The American media, as with media everywhere, thinks of 'truth' as a matter of text-book and note book efficiency and accuracy; if the quote reads as it was spoken, if the film has been edited in accordance with house style, the main business of the day has been settled and a speedy adjournment to the nearest bar can be undertaken. Wider matters of truth involve the positioning of current affairs within a scheme of historical interpretation, a practice which reporters everywhere hold in the deepest contempt as a species of dilettantism.

Several truths are, however, self-evident in the relationship between Nixon and the national media. They detest each other with all the spitting violence of warring cats for whom the mountain is too small. The media has been trying to put Nixon out of business since 1952, when they got after him over his corruption of the Republican Party in California. Twenty years of acrimony in which no low deed has been stinted seem about to conclude with Richard Nixon putting out of business most of his enemies in the American media.

The story of the Nixon administration's attack on the liberal newspapers – especially the 'New York Times, the 'Washington Post' and the 'Boston Globe' – has been recited many times in Europe. The opening volleys were fired by Spiro Agnew in the 1968 campaign when, acting as ventriloquist's doll to his master's sentiments, the Vice President-to-be claimed that the Republican campaign was suffering an unfair besmirching from the 'effete snobs' of the liberal media who sought the power of self-appointed arbitration over affairs of state. The press and the administration ran into major open conflict in 1969 with the publication, by the 'New York Times' and the 'Washington Post' of the Pentagon Papers, which the administration tried to suppress through appeal to the Supreme Court of the US. In the last year or so, the attack on the press has taken the form of imprisoning journalists who refuse to reveal their sources to the courts (the case of Daniel Ellsberg being the most prominent of these trials).

In the face of such activity from the White House, together with the harassment of reporters by members of the executive and damaging government interference in the dealings of the papers' managements with their trade unions and distributors, the press in the US is indisputably running scared.

The main thrust of the administration's attack on television is directed toward the najor networks – NBC, CBS and ABC – their offices in New York, and their power in the 589 network-affiliated local stations throughout the nation which take and broadcast the networks' current affairs shows. Nixon always believed that he was cheated out of the Presidency in 1960 by the unfavourable showing that he made on television compared with Kennedy. He felt that he had been set-up; he and his colleagues were rattled by the CBS coverage of the Watergate spying affair and the corruption within the 1972 wheat negotiations with the Soviet Union. The major strike against the networks was unveiled a matter of weeks after the election last October and only days before the Americans began their densest and most murderous bombing of North Vietnam.

At the beginning of December, Nixon appointed Clay T. Whitehead, aged 34, as director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy. Whitehead's first act. delivered in a speech in Indianopolis, was to announce the administration's intention of bringing a bill before Congress by which station managers would be held responsible for excesses of 'liberal bias' or 'ideological plugola' as Whitehead termed it. Station managers found guilty of bias would run the risk of revocation of their station licences.

The effect of this announcement was immediate and startling The networks, knowing that their financial security depends on retaining the contracts of the affiliated stations, have withdrawn support for news or documentary work which might endanger the status of the local station managers. The last major documentary to carry an undisguised attack on a political office was CBS' 'Attica' film, made a year after the police had fired on the prisoners in Attica jail, and a film that was deeply critical of Governor Rockefeller's part in events. Not least of the reasons that the American population was silent over the renewed bombing of North Vietnam over Christmas was the silence of the networks. In one swoop the administration had passed a muzzle of fear over the networks' sensitive snout.

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'WHITE SOCIETY IS BREAKING DOWN AROUND US... EVEN ITS MYTHS ARE DEAD'

'The first Americans are the most deprived and most isolated minority group in our nation. On virtually every scale of measurement—employment, income, education, health—the condition of the Indian people ranks at the bottom'. Richard Nixon may make such statements but he's doing nothing to make life better. American Indians are tired of waiting and have started taking the situation into their own hands (Wounded Knee, Colorado). They have their own newspaper called 'Ackwesasne Notes' published eight times a year. The following interview with **Vine Deloria** is taken from the current issue. He is the author of 'Custer Died for Your Sins' and 'We Talk, You Listen', both of which discuss the role of the native peoples in white America. He has been working as special counsel to the Native American Rights Fund in Boulder, Colorado, on the special problems of re-establishing terminated tribes. He is interviewed by Peter Collier.

Movies like Soldier Blue *and* Little Big Man *have explored the atrocities committed against Indians during the last century, and a syndicated newspaper column has compared the Sand Creek Massacre of 1864 to My Lai. Is Indian history being revived as a way of understanding what's happening in America today?*

I guess something like that is going on. But this is the white man's problem and it's hard to get involved for Indians. If you're an Indian, you automatically have what the majority of Americans would probably think of as a 'distorted' view of US history. You see the Indian Wars not as some kind of grand adventure with bugles blowing and all that, but as the first foreign war in American history.

When the US came charging across the continent, it was not something that had to do with Manifest Destiny or anything mystical like that. It was to create an empire. The goal was the land and the wealth attached to it. Indians were in the way. A lot of them, including villages of women and children, got wiped out. It wasn't an accident, it was genocide. ...The worst of it is that this country still hasn't owned up to what it did. Maybe that's why it keeps doing it all over again.

In Custer Died for Your Sins *you say, 'What Indians need most is a cultural leave-us-alone agreement in spirit and in fact. What exactly did you mean?*

Partly, I had in mind the anthropologists, missionaries, and other friends who've been swarming all over us and our reservations for generations and guiding our lives. But in a larger way, I was thinking of the legislation, the policies and programs that are thrown at us by Congress. They're not made to help Indian people, although that's what everybody is told. They're actually made to put certain white cultural characteristics into a process that is meant to *change* Indians. The issue becomes how they can get us into the mainstream and make us neurotic as middle-class whites.

So you want to see Indians themselves taking responsibility for the direction of Indian policy?

Obviously, although the word 'responsibility' bothers me a little. Usually, when Washington says things like Indians should be 'more responsible' and 'have more control over their own lives' they have in mind little piddling administrative functions that don't mean anything. People are always talking about how

'complex' the Indian scene is.

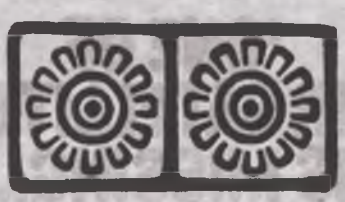
But actually, what we need is real simple—a recognition by the Federal Government that Indian tribes are sovereign nations as guaranteed in the hundreds of treaties that were made and broken, and that you can't interfere with our property rights, life styles, or anything that is important to us. ...That is where the real crisis is, not in giving Indians 'increased responsibility', as the phrase goes.

What about the Bureau of Indian Affairs? It is one of the most criticized agencies in government, the one people pick out as the epitome of the Government bureaucracy, filled with paternalism, incompetence, and even malice. How do you see it?

A lot of what is said about it is true ...But despite all its flaws, the BIA is something Indian people are ambivalent about. Remember, they are very worried about termination—the ending by legislation of Federal services and the trust relationship. If the Bureau were just done away with, as some of our white friends want, then Indians would be absolutely without protection ...The people who get all hot about the BIA and blame it for everything forget that it doesn't really make policy ...

But a lot of Indian people complain about tribal governments as well as the BIA, calling them 'puppet councils' and charging that they're under the thumb of the Bureau and other interests and not representative of Indian people per se. What does this mean to the progress [of the Indian tribes]?

When you work inside Indian Affairs, you know exactly which councils are puppets and which aren't. When I was executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, I could sit down on any given issue and check off almost exactly which tribes would be for it and which wouldn't be. Indian Affairs is a small world and pretty quick you know who's in somebody's pocket ...



What course should the Government follow for economic development on the reservations?

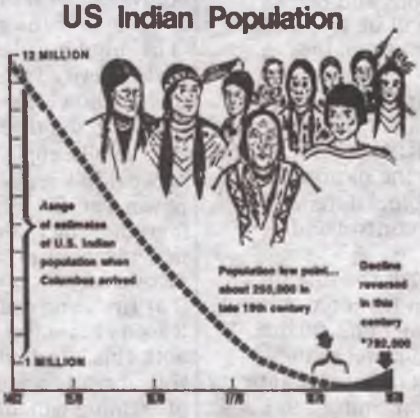
There are more than 300 Indian tribes in the country. Maybe 30 of them—Navajos, Sioux, etc., have the population, size, and potential for development. There should be a revolving loan fund for them, and eventually they'd generate a budget the tribe could live under self-sufficiently. As far as the other tribes are concerned, they're mainly small and poor, without much in the way of resources and land.

But there are hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every year studying Indians, having conferences, and all that nonsense. This money should be collected and put into a grant fund and given outright to the small tribes so they can get going...

Speaking of the way Indians have become fashionable, in We Talk; You Listen *you say that you feel the Indian tribe is coming back as the model for future social organization. Why?*

...The point is that 'white society' is breaking down all around us. It can't offer people support any more; even its myths—like the melting pot—are dead. People are regrouping. The Indian tribe is the logical model because it always allowed the individual dignity and also identity as part of a larger body, so that he doesn't have to live for himself alone.

US Indian Population



In this book, you also say, 'For the whiteman to continue to exist, he must adopt a total Indian way of life.' Aside from this social reorganization toward tribalism, what did you have in mind?

The fact that we're all in trouble. There's got to be a recognition that you can't go on and on exploiting the earth. I'm talking about an insight that goes further than the current ecology movement, further than recycling old newspapers and that sort of thing. There's got to be a return to some kind of meaningful relationship with natural things, such as Indians have had ...

This country should be appreciated for not its government or any of that, but for itself. There's got to be a rethinking of how the process of life affects the land,

in the way that every aspect of Indian life—from government to ecology—was what you might call ecological. The frontier the whites killed Indians to get at is all gone now ... There's got to be an owning up—not just saying Indians were right, and whites were wrong, but an understanding that the earth, or nature, or whatever you want to call it, can't stand the greed and exploitation which are built into Anglo values ...

This tribalism we were talking about is one way to begin to rebuild things. There has to be an all out effort to humanize life and bring back the Indian sense of what real community is ... It's ironic, but after all this time, white America is not only going to finally have to recognize that Indians are here to stay, but if it's smart, it will also start to study them for knowledge about how to live.

There is no fixed subscription rate to 'Ackwesasne Notes'. But that doesn't mean that the paper is free—it is supported by the readers in the Indian way. That means some people have lots of money, others have none. If you want the paper, they will gladly send it to you. And if you can help with the costs—or the other necessary things—they will appreciate it. They give what they can, you give what you can—that's the Indian way, make it work.

The address is 'Ackwesasne Notes', Mohawk Nation via Rooseveltown, New York 13683, USA. 'Ackwesasne Notes' is a member of the American Indian Press Association (AIPA) and the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS) and is published twoce each season (eight times a year).

'ONE OF OUR SATELLITES IS MISSING...'

A group of telephone freaks in a northern European capital city is claiming to have diverted a communications satellite from its fixed orbital trajectory and, therefore, to have rendered the satellite irrecoverable. The deadly weapon which was used to shoot the satellite down was no more than a standard European domestic telephone. The satellite, one of about 14 owned and operated by the COMSAT corporation of Washington DC, had, until its untimely demise, carried communications from a South African relay station to Asia and Australia from its perch over Madagascar.

The story could be all lies. The freaks are unwilling to expose themselves to examination; it has proved impossible to raise comment from the COMSAT Corporation in Washington.

But the story as to the means and techniques by which the satellite was shot down is, perhaps, more fascinating than any mundane considerations of whether or not the supposed event has occurred. Because, if this information following is correct, it becomes a matter of indifference whether or not the satellite system has *yet* been tampered with; it seems that the entire network is massively vulnerable and that the destruction could begin any time.

Satellites have become critical to the flow of the many forms of information, more and less innocent, by which western social systems are maintained and supported. Apart from carrying the bulk of domestic and commercial international telephone and telex information, the satellites also transmit, for example, production process control information. A production company in, say, Pittsburgh may own a mill in Lancashire. In this imaginary case, the accounting and executive offices will be concentrated in Pittsburgh and the vital production decisions and plans made in these offices will be transmitted via satellite telemetry to the lathes in Lancashire.

The satellites also carry a massive variety of discreet or classified information. International police outfits are dependent on the satellites, as are the national/international and 'military bloc' defence systems; thus too, missile control and detection systems.

The information which the satellites carry is relayed to them from fixed point stations around the planet and further transmitted to fixed point receiving stations. All the species of information mentioned above are transmitted in a single path to the satellite from the relay stations like Goonhilly Down in England. In order to amalgamate the separate kinds of information such that it can all be transmitted in a single path, a single 'language' has to be created at the transmitting station. This means that the separate strands of information bust be translated or 'multiplexed' across a single interface in the relay station's computers.

One more form of information which enters the multiplexing, along with all the telephone and telex material is the control information for the satellite itself. The satellite must be maintained in its orbit with constant balance, pitch and track, and so narrow is the path of impulses that the relay station puts out that, to remain useful, the satellite must be held in position to within 3 or 4% of the 'line of sight' of the transmitters. Thus the transmitters are constantly sending impulses to the satellite which order it to fire its jets on one side or the other as it moves through space. And, to repeat, this information goes into the multiplexing facility along with all the others that the satellite is intended to relay.

The hypothesis which seems to have governed the work of the Luddite telephone freaks who claim to have shot down the Madagascan satellite was, that if it was not possible to learn the language of impulses by which the satellite's flight was controlled, it would be a simple matter to disrupt the control system by telephone. If information normally multiplexed on 'Channel A' is received through 'Channel B' on the interface, it cannot be controlled. The freaks got access to 'Channel A', the channel of controlling impulses for the satellite and the channel to which they had no normal access, by feeding the language of 'Channel A' down the telephone, i.e. 'Channel B' the channel that they did control – as we all do.

Thus they were able to instruct the satellite to go off course, which is the equivalent of telling it to destroy itself.

As one of the gentlemen freaks said, 'The mind boggles at the potential power that is detived from the kinds of telemetry knowledge that we're getting into. Industry, defence systems, the police – they're all equally vulnerable. The trouble is, we don't really know how to use our power yet. So far, it's all been a matter of faery mischief, a delight at playing with a new mechanism, a bit like learning to drive a car when you drive for the hell of it at first, and only later learn how to use it to its best effect. The great thing is that, with this latest adventure, the people involved really were denying those articles of training which tell you that you can't destroy something without putting something in its place. They were simply saying, "Well, let's destroy it anyway." '

(Or how to dial A for Abort)

ILLUSTRATION BY PEARCE MARCHBANK

BANG!

REVEALED! ENOCH'S SEND'EM HOME BRAINWAVE

'I estimate, that with their natural sense of rhythm and a stiff tail wind, they could get back to Jamaica within a fortnight...'

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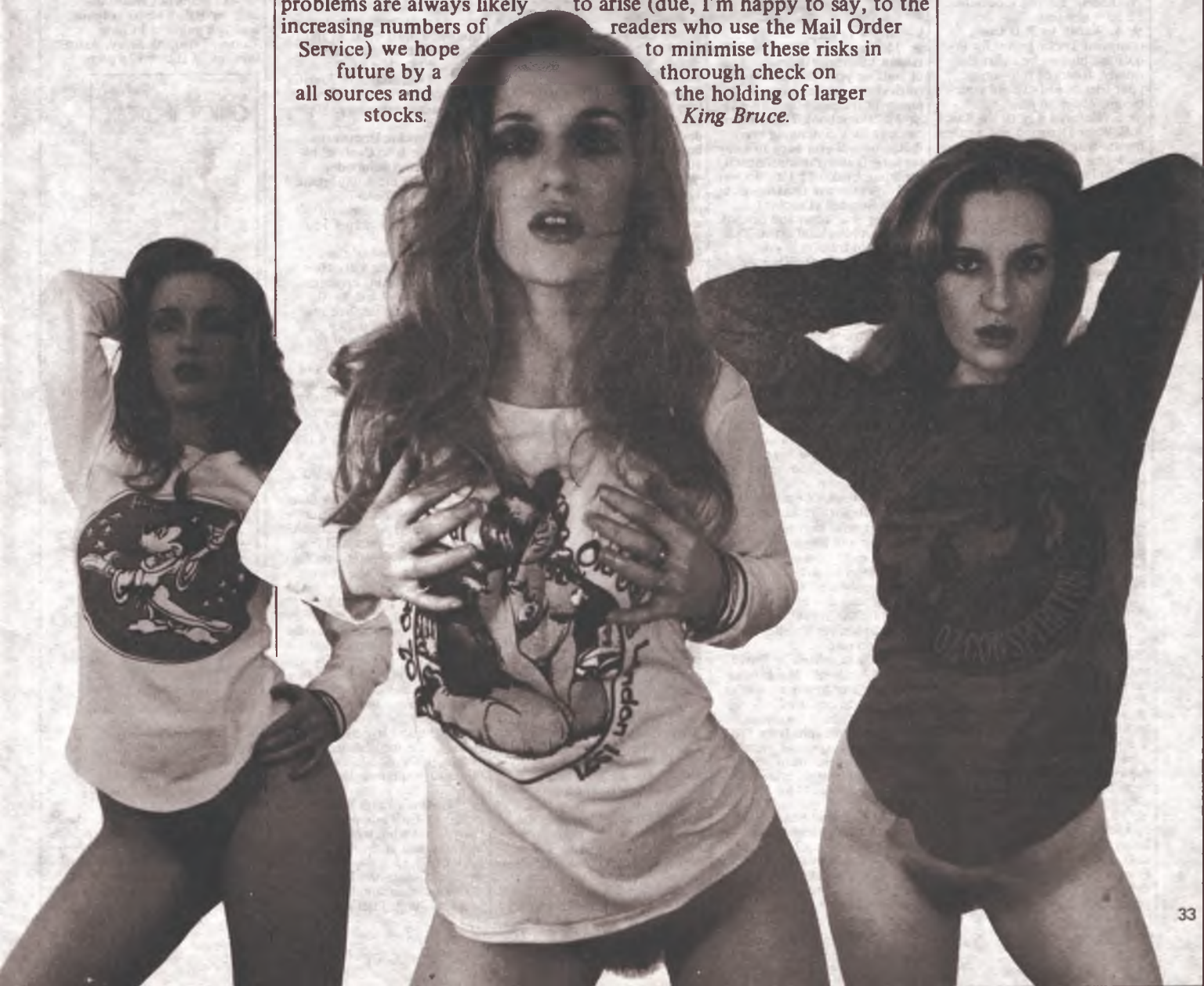
Coupons for ordering on Page 36

OZ Mail Order
CATALOGUE

Commencing with the next issue, the Mail Order Section is to be considerably enlarged and improved and will become available as an entirely separate entity—*The OZ Mail Order Catalogue.* Only certain selected items will appear in the magazine itself. Primarily, we are publishing the catalogue to limit the amount of space and increasing number of pages that the Mail Order Section currently requires, but in addition we intend to expand what we hope has proved to be a useful service for OZ readers, especially those living at a distance from London and other major cities. The catalogue will attempt to cater for as broad a spectrum of readers as possible, and to do this, of course, we'll need feedback. We want to know your likes and dislikes and welcome your suggestions for new inclusions to the catalogue, and ways in which you'd like to see the service expanded. Depending on the level of incoming mail, I will endeavour to answer queries and problems personally, and any correspondence that seems to be of particular interest will be reproduced in the magazine. Finally, as no doubt some of you are aware, we have en countered problems of availability in the past. Although these problems are always likely to arise (due, I'm happy to say, to the increasing numbers of readers who use the Mail Order Service) we hope to minimise these risks in future by a thorough check on all sources and the holding of larger stocks.

King Bruce.



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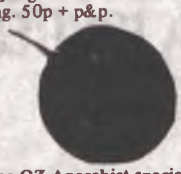

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★ **The Big OZ Bottle Chopper** At last, heralding the ecological age, comes a natural successor to candlemaking–it's bottle chopping. Forget the three hundredweight of wax in the bath; this new hippy craft makes short work of the non-returnables and in no time at all you'll be surrounded by glasses, salt and pepper pots, ash trays and candle holders and bleeding fingers. Ours is the best–ours is the cheapest. Just £1.60 + 15p p&p including full instructions.

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(With a little help from Big 'O')

★ **Dylan** The front cover of OZ 7 made into a beautiful gold/black/red poster. Prints on gold foil. 65p + 15p p&p.

★ **Cannabis** Heavy shit printed on gold foil. 65p + 15p p&p.

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★ **Mick'n'Vince** This is the extraordinary full colour version of the Martin Sharp double spread our readers will remember from Acid Oz 55p + 15p p&p.

★ **Van Box** Here's Mr Van Gogh with the gloves off! A disturbing portrait. 55p + 15p p&p.

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★ **Che** Giant size (really giant) red, yellow, blue and black solarised print of our hero. 85p + 15p p&p.

★ **Hendrix** Enormous (another giant) four colour Martin Sharp of Jimi Hendrix in action. A beautiful poster (first published in OZ 17). 85p + 15p p&p.

★ **Trashman** Out of the glistening night comes Trashman. And onto your wall for only 40p + 12p p&p.

★ **Cream Jack**, Ginger and Eric–creamed but not forgotten (Mr Stigwood). Amazing collage of colour and photographs by M.S. 55p + 15p p&p.

★ **David Hockney** Large picture of the three OZ editors in the raw, drawn by David before their hair was shorn. And when they still had a pair of balls between them. Black and white. £1 + 12p p&p.

PRINTS

Genuine Tibetan Prints Tantric woodcuts by Lobsang Samtan and Tashi Deleg and printed in the middle Himalaya on silk and calico. OZ features 3 designs.

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These come from the only source available to the Western World. £1.25 + 12p p&p.

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★ New OZ offer Sequin glitter wristbands and necklaces. These are hand-made with love and affection and are completely unique. Available in black, ivory or mixed colour combinations (please specify) we have:

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★ **Desiderata** 17th Century text prayer offering advice and consolation. 'You are a child of the Universe ...' 20p + 5p p&p.

★ **Magic Food** In a determined effort to spread around the good food, I am considering, as a first step, the mail ordering of organic rice and muesli base. Bearing in mind the economics of postage, the minimum quantity would be, say, five pounds (weight). If this seems like a good idea, would you let me know and any other thoughts you have on the subject.– *Bruce*

An interview by **Nick Leach** *with*
Hakim Gahtan Abdulla, General Secretary of the American Servicemen's Union, an organisation for enlisted and veteran GIs.

THE HEROES UNWELCOME HOME

Soldiers returning Stateside from Vietnam and elsewhere are, in many cases and most places, experiencing a hard and bitter resumption of civilian life. Jobs are scarce, dope expensive, the society at large concerned to dismiss the collective memory of the war as fast as possible. The Veterans' organisations like the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) and the American Servicemen's Union (ASU) are now the most powerful sources of militancy in the nation. The Nixon administration has signified its understanding of the Veterans' position by bringing to trial a total of eleven veterans' leaders (on charges relating to explosives and guns) in the last six months. Now that the campus kiddies are back to the clean-living pranks traditional to American colleges – bun fights, pinnings and proms have regained their briefly lost popularity – and are no longer anxious to test the batons and bayonets of the National Guard, the Vets are really the only organised and organisable force within American society which offers resistance to the silent monster in Washington.

Tell us about the origins of the ASU...
The American Servicemen's Union was first organised back in 1967, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. It was organised by the chairman, Andy Staff, and a few other anti-war GIs, who of course were on active duty at the time. The Union was specifically organised to fight for the rights of the enlisted men and women in the military, as it seems that when men and women go into the military (either because they're drafted or coerced in some way) they lose their basic democratic rights supposedly guaranteed by the constitution.
Like what?
Well, number one, we're paid virtually slave wages by the military and we don't have the right, in court martials say, to be tried by a jury of our peers, but are tried by a jury of officers or higher ranking NCOs who are definitely *not* our peers. Number two, the Union demands that we end the sir-ing and saluting of officers, and that the black GIs have the right of self-determination in the military without the interference of any racist whites.
What about the system of immediate obedience to orders?
That's also one of our demands – that enlisted men and women have the right to disobey illegal orders, such as the way we view the American presence in South East Asia, which of course is illegal, and brothers and sisters should be allowed to refuse orders to go there.
This movement seems to have developed initially amongst people who were actually enlisted and serving; now it seems to have something to do with veterans.
Our membership within the military itself has increased since 1967 to ten, eleven thousand members. The veterans section of the American Servicemen's Union was organised last November (November of '71) specifically after the events that occurred in New York City's 'Job Fair' for veterans, which with the help of the veterans, the American Servicemen's Union exposed as a hoax, a cruel hoax. The employers weren't giving the jobs that they said they had. The Union took a survey of 1260 veterans, and only four of them got jobs at the fair.
Whose idea was this?
Well it was Mayor Lindsay and some of the corporations and companies, and some of the other politicians...
Businessmen?
I believe so, but basically the idea of the Job Fairs came from the government themselves as they were having them in different areas across the country.
You're saying that it was a hype?
It was a hoax. It was proved to be a hoax by the survey we took. You have a high unemployment level among veterans, about 90% of the veterans who were at the New York Job Fair were unemployed black or latin. What happened there in fact was that the corporations that sent us to Vietnam, and for whose profits we fought, gave the veterans forms to fill in but weren't actually giving them jobs as they had promised. Of course the brothers were very, very angry, righteously so. A hoax had been perpetrated upon them and they were being used. Then Mayor Lindsay came, in the afternoon, and he was shaking hands with some of the vets and got himself on the 6 o'clock TVs; but the veterans had got so angry that he had to go out the back door. Then the anger culminated into a large rally and the vets came. We had made certain demands of the people who were running the fair. We demanded that they had the jobs posted, the qualifications listed, and if the veterans didn't have the qualifications, then the employer should have a training program – which of course they didn't do. We realised that what was actually going on was that they were attempting to use us to get over this image to the American public that the government is really trying to do something for the veterans, which they are not. The same thing happened at the Chicago Job Fair in May. This one was heralded as the largest job fair that was ever held in the country and it was the same situation. Vets were going in and filling countless numbers of application forms, and weren't really getting any jobs at all.
How many veterans are unemployed?
In NYC there are 30,000 unemployed Vietnam war veterans and a majority of these veterans, in fact 20,000, are black or latin – as compared to something like 10,000 whites.
I know it's difficult finding jobs anyhow but why are vets at such a disadvantage?
The way that we view it here in the Union, the Vietnam war is a very unpopular war. The Vietnam war veteran is a different type of veteran than the veterans of past wars. Generally the Vietnam vet is much more militant and a lot of the companies and corporations don't want to employ the Vietnam vets, particularly because they're afraid that they will come into their factories and start organising the workers to fight for higher wages – just like the way they struggled in the military.
Do you have case evidence of discrimination against veterans?
A Puerto Rican brother went up to Alexanders department store here in Manhattan to get a job. He was given an application form, he filled it out, then the woman who interviewed him asked him if he was a veteran, and he told her, and she said she was sorry but she could not take his application right now. The drug situation is tied in with this also. In Vietnam, you know, heroin is very easy to get and of course we know that heroin is grown in areas that are patrolled by the CIA and Nationalist Chinese and the Royalist Laoist Forces, which are all hooked up with flying dope into South Vietnam. (In

GIs HOME NOW
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VETERANS
for
peace

THE HEROES UNWELCOME HOME

In fact Ky used to run dope from Laos to Vietnam, we have proof). The GIs get it very cheaply over there and they get strung out on it. But what happens when you come back to the States is that dope is much higher priced and of course it's not as potent.

Not as pure?

Yeah, not as pure. Another thing about this discrimination. What the military is doing now is that they are actually putting codes on our DD 214's, which are our discharge papers. Employers look at these codes and they might not say anything to you, and you might not be aware that these codes are even on your DD 214's, but they'll turn you down and say that they can't use you. That's a reality. They have different codes for you if you were political, or what they call trouble-makers. They've got another code for dope addicts and they break everything down like that.

In one of your leaflets there was mention of some people having gotten bad discharges, threatened with bad discharges.

Being a black veteran I know the situations that push the blacks and latins, in particular, into the situation where they may get into 'trouble'. Now the officers and the lifers in general have very racist attitudes, very racist. What can happen might be that an officer would say something or do something very racist to a black man or woman, and if this brother or sister speaks out against this treatment, or if the officer says something bad enough to make the GI want to punch him or something like that – which he may do – then he's sent to the stockade or may be discharged with an undesirable discharge. We look at the bad discharges as generally being what the brass use against GIs to beat them into submission and keep them from struggling. They know that most GIs, the average enlisted GIs, hate the brass. They have life and death power over the rank and file enlisted GIs and they use this. They know that if a GI gets out of the service with a bad discharge, he or she cannot get a job when they get back here, and that's why the Union feels that bad discharges of all natures should be abolished completely.

I wonder how far you limit yourself to the specifics of job discrimination and racism in employment, and how far you feel that the movement of the veterans challenges something much more profound?

Well, the general who spoke at that rally yesterday said that we wanted to destroy America. How can he say that we want to destroy America just for demanding what is rightful [illegible] decent jobs at decent wage[illegible] 2,500 dollars cash co[illegible]n for money and time lost in [illegible] service. This to me is not destroying America. If anybody's destroying it, I certainly think that they are, by allowing veterans to suffer so much. Veterans are being driven into the position where they have to commit crime for survival. They talk about the high rate of crime in the streets, but they never stop to look at what is the cause of it. This is what we're trying to deal with. We certainly are not trying to destroy America, not in the sense that they mean it anyway.

Tell me about this demand for 2500 dollars.

Well, 2500 dollars is the difference between what the average working person made on the outside over the two year period and what we lost. Now we thought this was the least that we could demand and we didn't want to raise the figure too high. But we know that the corporations that sent us over there made billions off the war, and billions are appropriated for defense, yet they say they can't do anything for Vietnam war veterans.

Has any politician either talked about that or taken it up, or discussed it?

No. They know about it, because we have had many distributions of our leaflets out in the streets and we've sent some to politicians here in the city. But none of them have acted upon it, and we haven't heard anything from them, whether or not they support it.

Why has the plight of the veterans not been taken up as a useful means of advancement by some sharp liberal politicians? Very little of what you've said is generally understood in this country – a country where old soldiers are traditionally held in great esteem...

First of all, the news media, the majority of the news media, is controlled in this city by business interests. They have really white-listed us. We go out on the streets to raise issues and the suffering of the veterans of the Vietnam war, but most of the time we don't get any coverage. They don't want us to organise the veterans. There is a war against veterans in reality. The politicians and the higher-ups like Mayor Lindsay are part and parcel of the war against the veterans; they're perpetrating it. For instance, there was a recent scandal here in New York City around the jobs that were supposed to be for veterans under the emergency employment act. Now what happened, of course, was that the politicians gave the jobs that were supposed to be ours and the poor people's, to their political friends and relatives. Deputy Mayor Hamilton went as far as to make a public statement in the *New York Times* that the city had had trouble getting Vietnam veterans jobs in the program, and of course he also said something about the fact that we didn't have the correct qualifications. We sent a letter to the deputy mayor demanding that he retract that statement, because what he was really saying was that the veterans didn't want to work, that they were lazy. And since the majority of the Vietnam veterans that are unemployed are black and latin, it was also a racist statement. We went down there with a delegation and we told him we were coming down. We wanted him to publicly retract that statement, because he had made it in public, so why shouldn't he retract it in public? But they refused to call the press in and one of the representatives, Mr Irish, and I quote this, said 'we do not do business in the public eye'. That was down at City Hall. Well, the American Servicemen's Union does not do business behind closed doors, so we called off the meeting. This is the type of thing that has been happening to us and yet we see that the only way that veterans are really going to get what they deserve is to come together and make a strong organisation and fight for our rights. We can't depend on any politicians – liberal Democrats included.

It's obviously not in the interest of the politicians that you should be organised.

That's right, that's perfectly right because, like I said before, the Vietnam veterans are very militant. They know that if we become organised, we may discover that we have to use the military skills that they taught us against them someday...

1

Charles Harbutt: Beheadings

The American **Charles Harbutt** established himself as one of the world's finest photo-journalists in the last fifteen years. In the sixties, Harbutt worked constantly for every major photo-news magazine in America, covering, for example, the American invasion of the Bay of Pigs, the Arab/Israeli war, the Kennedy assassinations and the Chicago riots of 1968 and placed his work in magazines all over the world through the immensely prestigious Magnum Photo agency of which he was a two-term President. There is effectively no question that, during this period of his career, Harbutt stood high in the ranking for the world's best news photographer.

Sometime towards the end of the last decade, Charles Harbutt seems to have drawn his horns in upon himself, withdrawing from the constant hysteria of news photography to concentrate upon teaching and shooting personal pictures. In the middle of last year, on the subway bound for his office and carrying a case full of these personal pictures, he found himself doing a rapid job of editing and realising that he had created a book. He describes this experience as being similar to 'spirit writing',

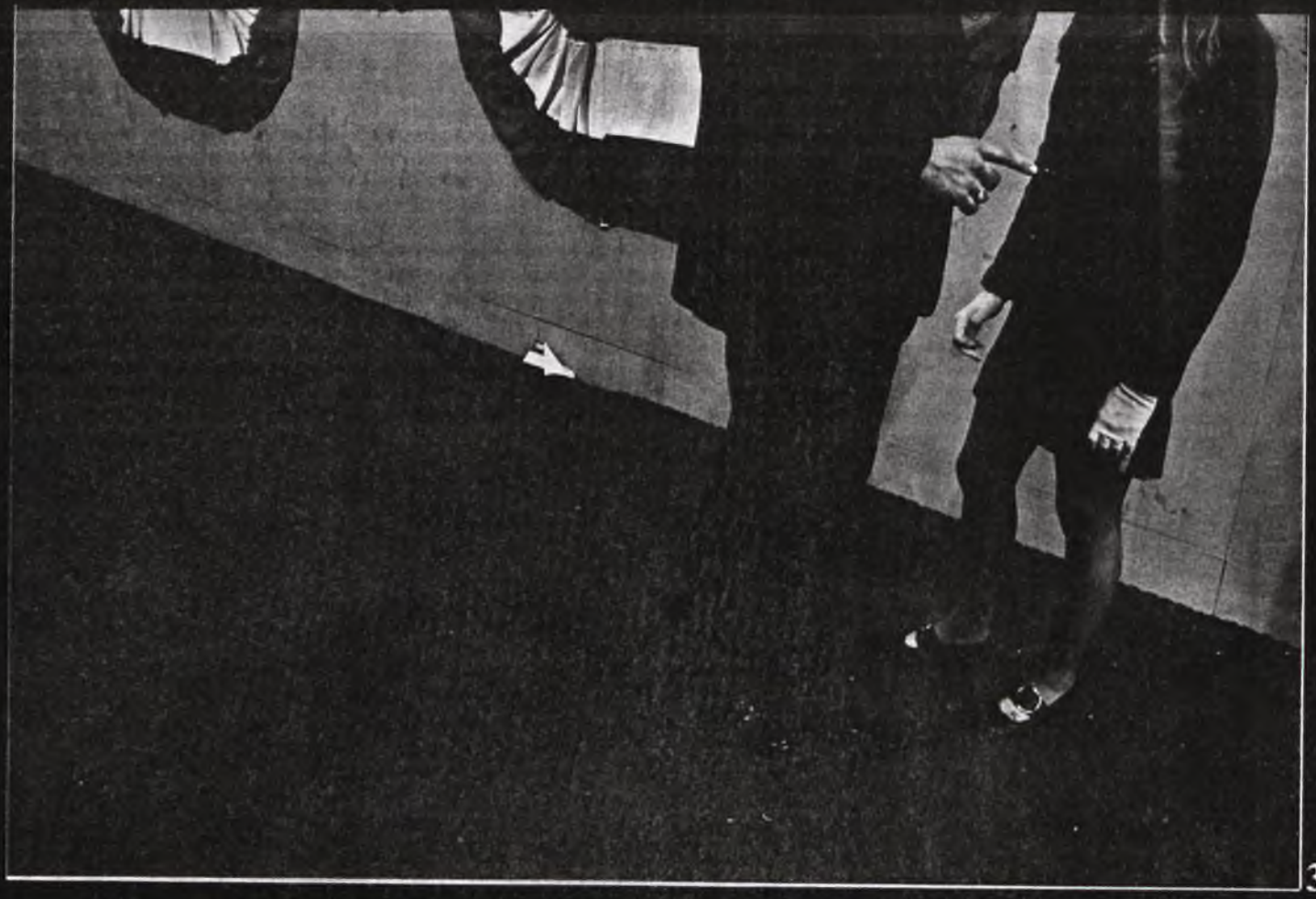
2

'I Don't Take Pictures, Pictures Take Me'

a process over which he exerted little or no conscious control. The shape and outline of the book was conceived subconsciously as were the pictures themselves. Possibly the most pertinent remark that Harbutt makes about these pictures is his assertion that, 'I don't take pictures; pictures take me.'

The pictures we publish here are taken from the book which will be called *Travelogue* and will be published in America in the fall of 1973 by the MIT press. Generally called 'Beheadings', they typify the book's overall method, especially in that Harbutt says of these pictures that if he knew why he removed people's heads from his pictures, he feels sure that he would know more about himself.

Travelogue marks a unique departure for the photographic book. This collection of 'Beheadings' shows but one of the improvised themes that Harbutt has woven into the book. It shows the jazz-like relationship between the photographer, his instrument (the camera), and his subject (his head and the world). Nobody has come closer to a photographic representation of his own psyche and its trips.



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ONE NATION UNDER GOD
MORTGAGE CORPORATION
OF AMERICA
MIAMI FLORIDA

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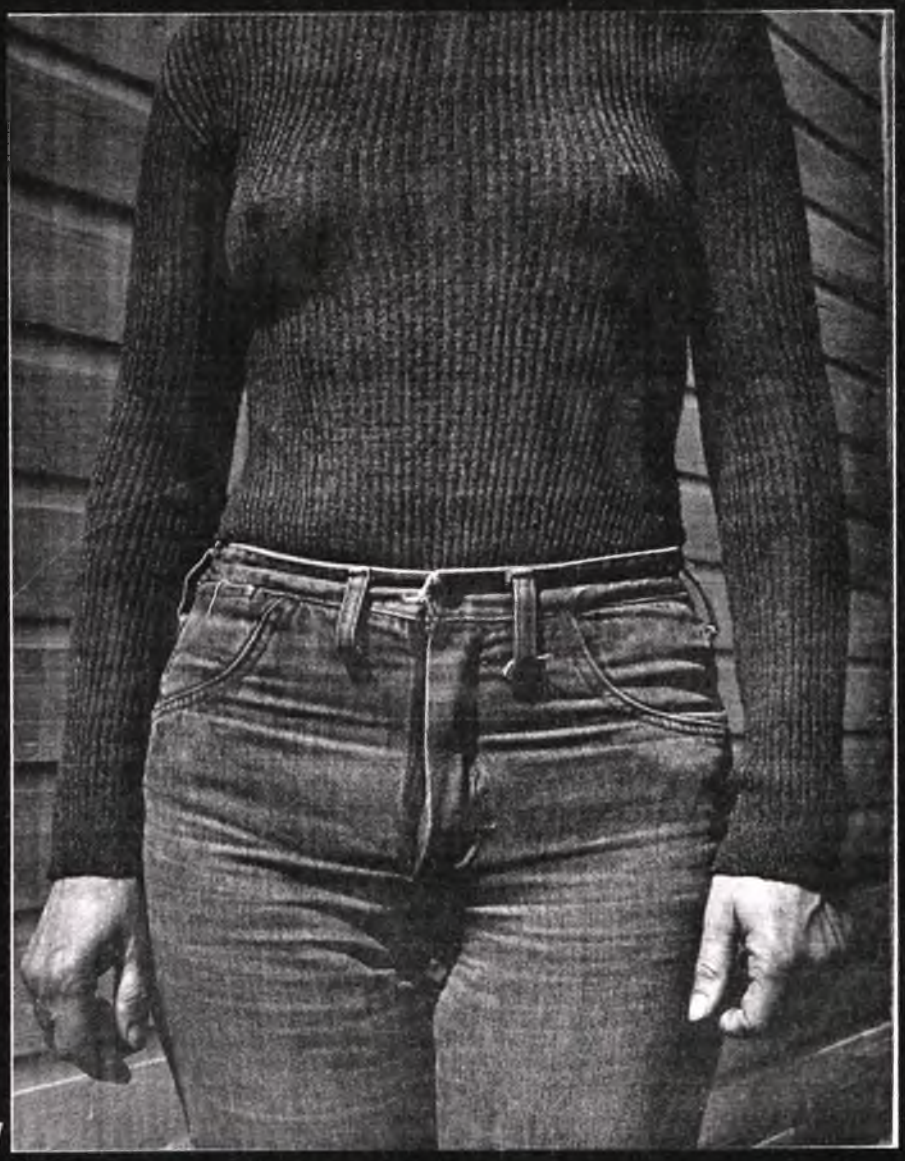

7

Charles Harbutt's comments on his pictures...

1 *The topsy-turvy Park Ave shot. I guess I beheaded the people in this picture because I feel the milieu (world) they're in is basically inimical to human life – the world of giant corporation headquarters and petty bureaucracy. Sometimes I beheaded because I don't like what I see; sometimes in recognition that the subjects have killed themselves by false allegiances and bad trips.*

2 *Don't really know anything about the Vermont sunbathers except maybe I couldn't deal with the sexuality of a family with Mom watching in the background.*

3 *The 'Yellow Submarine' hand at the Democratic convention came out of what happened to the woman's question there. The 'pursuit' picture in Washington (opposite) has the shadow of a tree which is like a negative of the hand.*

4 *I noticed the model beheaded herself by getting into this situation of the sex object game. I may also have beheaded her because I felt her unavailable. This is where the 'femme' trip goes.*

5 *Pursuit in Washington – Guess this and 3 have to do with guilt about male chauvinism in myself, but I think they have more to do with (since both sexes are beheaded) the idea that everyone goes down in flames if sexual relationships are so full of terror as they sometimes seem to be and that both sexes are guilty of complicity if terror exists for either. (Are you sure you want to print all this?)*

6 *The MP's were beheaded because this is where the macho trip can go – a degradation of religion, politics and economics, secured by force.*

7 *Torso with erect nipples. Feel the posture and hands are a bit menacing. Beheaded because sometimes with eroticism comes harsh psychological warfare, some of which is deserved, some someone else deserves.*

8 *The child looking at the penis with the lovers walking by in the background. Don't know. The statue's head was gross and pop-eyed. Maybe I felt going down the physical road, rather than the emotional road represented by the hand-holding lovers, is the wrong road. That love needs both.*

The Seeker

Roger Hutchinson obituarises the man of whom it has been said that 'his work represents the most articulate voice of working class culture since William McGonagall' (Spectrum) and 'his poetry has taught us more about our art than we would ever have thought possible' (C P Snow).

'And me? I write
Not for myself
But for the common cause'
Derek Elm, 'The Common Cause', Poems 1965–71.

'The only way to reach the English working class', he once proclaimed, 'is through the standard of culture that they've been educated to accept.' He paused at this point, I remember, to swallow some more beer and fix his fellow-students with a typically piercing gaze before continuing. 'And whether you choose to accept this or not, the English working class has been educated to accept a very low standard of culture.' It seemed unassailably well-argued, admirably articulated, and positively resonant with good sense. But then, this applied to everything Derek said; from his aphorisms on social change ('I am pleased to be called a crank. A crank is a small instrument that causes revolutions') to his comment on receiving a fail grade for his final university thesis ('The capitalist educational system rejects those for whom it has no use. I am happy to be numbered amongst them.').

Derek Elm died two weeks after Christmas, and this is supposed to be his obituary. What can you say about a 29-year-old poet who loved Blake, the Beatles and Bolton Wanderers? That he was born the son of a Lancashire doctor, who provided him with the bourgeois luxury of a public-school education, bought him any book he cared to read, and finally sent him to Hull University—'cloistered hall of bricks and pens/And all things middle class', as Derek later versified it—which is where I first met him; and where, I think, he first began to write his poetry for the people. Even then he was possessed of so large an appetite for working class culture that many deemed it affected. There was a definite incongruity about the sight of his lank figure strolling awkwardly into the university on winter Saturday evenings, feverishly cold after an afternoon on the football terraces, chewing a bag of congealed chips and scanning the Pink 'Un enthusiastically. When questioned on what other students could only regard as these unjustifiably masochistic activities, Derek answered 'Why be so contemptuous of common people's experiences?' Indeed, such common people's experiences provided the grist for many of his earlier poems, such as the lengthy 'Swansong for United':

'O Trafford Park! Full many a goal
Your antique stands have seen;
And sheltered each true local soul
About your laundered green.'

or the prosodic 'Streetcorner Ode':

'The chip-shop ladies stand around
In overalls, not lace;
While steam and grease and unwashed hair
Obscure their simple grace'

These were not what Derek called his finer poems. He saw them more as experiments in observation, accurate reflections of a society which he knew his art could help change. 'Presenting the working man with an artform that he can relate to is expanding his cultural awareness, which is in itself a liberating experience', he once wrote to me. 'One of the traditional artforms of the common people, beside theatre and good music, is poetry. These artforms have been usurped by a handful of upper-class academics and it is our job to return them.' With this intent, his work took on an almost missionary zeal:

'Your birthright: England's Working Man,
Is one of pride and strength.
Your ancestry: a noble list
Of true colossal length:
O'Connor, Tyler, big Jack Straw,
Keir Hardie, Blake, Tom Ludd,
John Lennon, Orwell, Gully Foyle,
Jake Prescott, Robin Hood.'

His politics were more encyclopaedic than eclectic—once summarised by a cynical acquaintance as 'if it breathes and forms a union: it's good'. 'The artist's task', Derek would have answered, 'is to inform, not administrate.' An undeniable dictum, but one that attracted ferocious criticism from those artistic circles which Derek dismissed as 'effete' and 'irrelevant'. A P Knapp wrote in 'Encounter' magazine on the publication of Derek's first and only book ('The Common Cause', Poems 1965–71, Axesmith & Huston, 60p): 'In attempting to communicate directly with the under-educated masses, Elm is reducing his adopted art to its lowest common denominator. He is eschewing the subtleties of form and philosophic sophistication that is great poetry's hallmark, in favour of cheap political pamphleteering; sacrificing the sublime to the commonplace. He is worthy of no further consideration.'

Derek, of course, would have none of this. He pointed out that it is through the refinement of poetic expression that the commonplace achieves sublimity, and that the concept of sublimity is irrelevant and as repressive as any other hierarchic notion unless it is available to the majority of the people. He suggested, with much justification, that England's greater poets, from Chaucer to Blake, had taken the lives of common people as their sources of inspiration and study. The scathing review notices, however, took their toll. Never a healthy individual, Derek sickened, began to drink more than ever, and for a period of about six months he gave up writing altogether. In late 1971 he returned to his art; but not, as he emphasized to all who knew him, for publication in book form. The miner's strike of winter '71/72 was his inspiration and his theme: he set about writing an epic poem which would, by content and effect, answer all his critics. Named 'Jerusalem Revisited', Derek finished the 86 three-line stanzas in four days, had 2000 copies printed in poster form on the fifth, and had them fly-posted across the West Riding of Yorkshire within a week.

'When from the depths
Of Jet-black earth
The Coal Board's lackeys rise
To stand serene,
Enlightened, bold;
'Neath unaccustomed skies,
Then should the limbs
and limousines
Of Capitalists wise
Deport them fast;
Far from our shores
The lemming deathward flies.'

Technically, it was his first experiment in freer form. Philosophically, it was his last vital attempt to infuse working class communities with a fine artform which recognised and related to their everyday struggles. In the later verses of 'Jerusalem Revisited', Derek exhorted the northern mining communities to 'Rise like angels/Caress the sky/Throw off the humble cloak'. He was heart-broken when the Union settled for 18%, mortified when Joe Gormley, the Union President, on being asked to comment on Derek Elm's work, was widely quoted in the local press as replying: 'Who?'

A year later he died. His small flat, littered with enough manuscripts to keep Hell burning for a year caught fire one evening and Derek's charred body was discovered in the gutted room. The coroner returned a verdict of death by misadventure, and it is not a verdict that any but those who knew him well would question. I prefer to think that he died almost as he had lived: caught up in the fire of his own prolific imagination, and that he wrote his own epitaph in a letter to his mother two days earlier: 'I have tried,' he said, 'to revolutionise through pure language a stifled people, to urge them into articulate thought. Because until the working classes refuse to accept the anaesthetic dreck that poses as their popular culture and choose to adopt a truer, more vital mode of expression they will be incapable of appreciating fully either the benefits or the confinements of their lifestyle, and consequently incapable of effecting the slightest degree of worthwhile cultural change.' It was probably the truest thing he ever wrote.

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD BELL

39
CAFE

Reviews

OLD GOLD

Nuggets: Original Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era. 1965-68. (Elektra).
Solid Gold Rock and Roll, Vols 1 & 2. (Mercury).

We've been American for so long now. In rock music that is. In plenty of other commodities and titillations too, but, for the purposes of this piece, it's that monumental US influence over the music of the last couple of decades that is of relevance. Sure, for those brief halcyon years of the early to mid sixties, when Beatles and Stones and even Gerry and the Pacemakers seemed to have the States sewn up, it seemed as if the Mother Country was renegeing somewhat.

So if our pop (ular) music was coming across the Big Ditch and tiny teenies were tripping to whatever happened to be the current light fantastic with a New World beat, what were we getting? The Fifties, in the parade of sociological change that has made up the last two decades, were the years when the young, for the first time in their lives, were not merely occupying some ambivalent position between childhood and adult status. Sometime around 1947 an unconscious epochmaker first used the word teenager. The group so typified never looked back. They had jobs, they had money, they had independance. Now, they weren't that independant yet. It took more than a group identity and a few bucks in the pocket, hot wheels and a ginchy chick to make a cultural group truly part from their elders. The American salesman, that central figure in the great Stateside drama, had mixed views on the new young. As a father he may have hated everything about kids who seemed to reject everything he stood for, as a businessman he revelled in the fact that they seemed to lap up everything he produced. With the enthusiasm of the newly rich the teenagers went on a huge party. They were the greatest single consumer group available, and what Babitt was going to reject their fast cars when he could coin the fast bucks.

And what was central to that consumer boom, the number one pleasuring and leisuring of the emergent teens: rock and roll music. Every side of their lives was there, every artefact of the high-school existence was there on the shelves of singles and albums. In England, where the culture was catching on slowly but surely, we didn't go to high schools, at least not the guys, and the local uniformed crocodiles were hardly the queens of the Junior High Prom. But we had the

The Big Bopper

records, and if anything could be termed the 'ambassadors' from the new age, it was the rock idols and their product. Central to all the music was young love and every permutation of that parlous state. The songs told the tales of love come true, love sundered, love betrayed, love rejected. Paul and Paula *epitomised the modus vivendi: 'True love means planning a whole life for two; being together the whole day through; waiting and hoping that soon wishes we made will come true'; it makes a change, for those who like amatory definitions, of 'never having to say you're sorry'. It was also assumed by the lovers in question that they'd been together for a while already, that the sole bar to instant and eternal happiness was school, which, for P&P, was 'through'. Perhaps the* Diamonds *are a perfect example of the genre. Banal lyrics, a bass 'doo-wah' background, falsetto singer, a spoken break was always on the cards. The actual music was all but irrelevant, certainly the obsession with the fingerpickin' excellence of rival lead guitarists would have sounded too much like hard brain work for these teenagers. It was ideal music for necking. Get down there in the back seat at some convenient drive-in, let the local rock station drift over your writhing bodies... you don't actually notice the individual songs but the repitition of 'love', 'darlin', 'ferever', etc., may well have had some subliminally encouraging effect on the progress of those probing digits.*

Of course, the course of true love didn't always run smooth. Dickey Lee *was a specialist in the broken heart. Indeed, his songs were rarely even about a love still for this earth. 'Laurie' concerns a girl already a year beneath the soil, 'Patches', who had the misfortune to come from the wrong side of the tracks and as 'a girl from that place will just bring me disgrace', cannot be married to the hero. She is found starting on the big sleep 'floating face down in that dirty river that flows by the coalyards in old shanty town' and our hero, love undying, promises as he prepares for his own demise, 'It may not be right, but I'll join you tonite, Patches I'm coming to you'. Death wasn't a constant for Dickey, but in 'I Saw Linda Yesterday' 'just when I thought I was really OK' back comes the love of his life to stir up those miseries again.* Lesley Gore *didn't actually lust for death, but her 'It's My Party' bears the stamp of high-school muzak. The ultimate degradation: 'Judy was wearing* his *ring'. Oh boy.*

One aspect of life that was conspicuously absent from the sounds of the time was sex. You might be a paid up, card carrying member of the 4F Club (Find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em) but your music was pristine. If you were listening to whites that is. Of course those niggers down south like Chuck Berry couldn't be trusted to keep a decent tongue in their head, but them clean kids with white skins were OK. The Big Bopper *provided the one exception. 'Chantilly Lace' lays it delightfully on the line. From the jingle of coins through the phone box to the final 'You* know *what I like!!' the song positively drools with the pleasures to come. Or, for those who can see it that way, it's the anthem of the obscene phone-caller. And there was always* Jerry Lee Lewis, *like JP Richardson a southern boy, to put a little jolt in all that syrupy happiness. If one thing symbolises the split between the fifties and sixties in youth attitudes, it was the reception given to Lewis' marriage with his 13 year-old cousin. To our eternal shame a few critical comments in the press turned a generation against the touring rocker. These days such a blatant flight in authorities' and convention's face would have been accorded its enthusiastic praise. Fifteen years ago, so attached were the teens to their traditional ideas – ie those of their parents – that Jerry Lee was crucified. Today more of a country singer, Lewis maintains his belief: 'You are either hot or cold. If you are lukewarm the Lord will spew you out his mouth.'*

Rock, white high school rock of the fifties and through to the early sixties, was essentially laid on its listeners and buyers, it did not usually come from them. There were certain norms, certain archetypes, these were exploited for all that they were worth. 'The true masters of the form, the originators and still champions...' The Platters, *who, like all exceptions paradoxically proving rules, were black but tried so hard to be white that they vanished into ignominy 'took banality to the point where it nudged real inspiration' (Nik Cohn:* Awopbopaloobopalopbamboom). *It was a style that continued with decreasing power or prestige, not to mention originality, though once the norms were established that was always a commodity in short supply (tho' no-one seemed to object) into the early sixties. The Beatles and Stones and their better imitators and contemporaries were able to strike so mighty a blow because they had the sense to rediscover the greats of the mid-fifties, Berry and Little Richard, Elvis Presley. It cut through nearly a decade's crap and a new set of teenagers who'd been too young to appreciate the originals first time around just had to love it.*

Come the mid sixties, a new element infused the scene. As much an archetype as the hi-school hops and necking of the fifties, dope, in particular cannabis and LSD, became staples of the youth culture of the new decade. Their main attraction was their illegality and their attack on those things parents held dear. But necking and 'parking' were unpopular among parents of the fifties. It was not merely rebellion that

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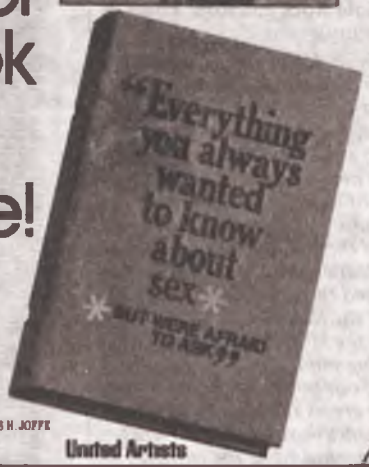
If you want to know how Woody Allen made a movie out of this book ...you'll have to see the movie!



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made the break. It was another effect of acid and pot: a few trips, a steady consumption of one mind expander or another, and one's lifestyle slowly but undeniably changed. For the first time in a decade or more, the mode of the music changed, and, as IT put it at the time, gloatingly quoting Plato: 'the walls of the city shake'. They didn't, not that hard anyway, but there began to emerge a number of bands trying very hard to break new ground. Here we had such as the Deviants, some of whose members battle on still as the Pink Fairies, John's Children, with embryo superstar Marc Bolan (or was he still Mark Feld in those days) singing backup vocal on 'Desdemona' whose exhortation to 'lift up your skirts and fly' duly removed the cut from the BBC playables list. There was Keith West's Tomorrow who released the immortal 'My White Bicycle' and possibly the centre of the whole nascent psychedelic circus, The Creation, who were always into 'happenings' and were wont to flood the floor of their club off Regent Street or somesuch (at the time) mindtwisting surprise. But once again the staples of the movement all came from across the water. Acid may have peaked over here in time for the 'Summer of Love' of 1967, but in the States the weirdo wonderlands had taken over at least a year earlier. The music changed to suit it.

It was archetypes again. Only this time they'd upgraded a little. Dope had taken the place of love. 'I Had Too Much to Dream (Last Night) by the Electric Prunes *is a classic, full of veiled dope reference, obligatory swooshing guitar, general freakouts wherever possible. The bands all started adopting these weird names. No more could one find such simple lads as* Jay and the Techniques *or even* Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, *it was down to* Strawberry Alarm Clock, 13th Floor Elevators, Chocolate Watch Band, Crome Cyrcus *and* Ultimate Spinach, *not to mention* Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane *and* Quicksilver Messenger Service. *There was a new interest in something that had never crossed the minds of those pubescent ravers of ten years ago: changing the world...* The Third Rail *brought out 'Run, Run, Run' which is hardly putting any motherfuckers up agin' that wall, but gets the requisite E for Effort. Delivered in what could well be mistaken for a straight surf rendition: 'Up in the morning at half past eight; Can't have your breakfast or you'll be late; Tie your tie like a hangman's noose; Don't have time to drink your juice' and this little jollity is broken up with a monologue; based, one assumes on the Stock Market reports: 'Heart attacks up 2¼, Mental Illness split 3 for 1,General Chaos up 1 point...' Stirring stuff, but it hardly rushes you to the barricades. 'A Public Execution' by* Mouse *might well have that effect, but for reactionary, not righton reasons. A gross Dylan imitation, Mouse, who subsequently grabbed a band called The Traps, keeps verging on 'Like a Rolling Stone' but just resists going all the way. 'Some words are best not spoken, some things are best not said...' he menaces, then says the lot in pure Dylan, images and voice all there. One point, Mouse does to the word 'you' much the same as Adam Faith used to do to 'love'.*

Of course these early burgeonings of psychedelia are hardly the warped craziness of the later sixties and possibly even early seventies. The bands, all of whom sound slightly amateurish and hardly fit for the local hall let alone big tours, somehow scraped into charts; maybe novelty helped. It was a changing era and certain things have to be forgiven. Even the Dead were still, as the Warlocks, making their best of 'In the Midnight Hour' et al... Some of the output of that time is undeniably excellent. From Detroit, from which Motor City the MC5 would exhort us to 'Kick out the Jams, Motherfuckers!!!' came the Amboy Dukes, *with, among other things, 'Baby Please Don't Go'. Even if they did copy Hendrix's riff off 'Third Stone from the Sun', they still deserved their popularity.* The Nazz, *led by Todd Rundgren, who came towards the end of this era, are another band who should have survived longer. More anglophile than thou, Rundgren manages to sound something like Ringo, and the band had the sense to look to the Who for their strong musical style, rather than the more anaemic Beatles. There were still some who slavishly copied the four moptops. 'Lies' by the* Knickerbockers, *originally called the Castle Kings and from New Jersey, obviously depended on a close learning of Beatle styles from their first few albums, especially the non-movie side of Hard Day's Night. Released late '65, it's a pity the Knickerbockers didn't wait till Rubber Soul came out.*

Naturally there was some real rubbish, or perhaps high camp would be a kinder description. Top of the list must come 'Moulty' by the Barbarians. *Let Moulty, their one-handed and be-hooked drummer speak for himself: 'I remember the days when things were real bad for me, it was right after my accident, when I lost my hand...' and Moulty finds himself in music and comes through to declare 'Now there's one thing I need, not sympathy, and I don't want your pity, but a gurl, a real gurl, and then I'll be the complete man...' 'Nuff said. But at least poor Moulty has human interest, such kindness can't be extended to* the Magic Mushrooms' *magnum opus, entitled 'It's-a-happening'. 'The sky is falling... the ocean's calling... the world is turning... round... and round...' Screech, whoosh, thump thump of tomtoms. 'Burn the weed...' Thump thump. Earliest cut here is 'Farmer John' by the* Premiers; *the prefatory statement, 'Has anyone seen Kosher Pickled Herring? Tell him that Herbert's looking for him' should denote the flavour of this live recording.*

Apart from their relative lack of professional polish one sad common denominator unites all these bands – none of them survived more than a few years at most. Irrespective of ability, and for some it was undeniably present, they were representative of this era of transience, and their fame was duly short-lived. 'Pushin' Too Hard' by the Seeds, *'Oh Yeah' by the* Shadows of Knight *and 'Psychotic Reaction' (a fine track which like so many early freakout guitar solos sounds strangely like the Flight of the Bumblebee with wah-wah thrown in) by* Count Five *are all good rockers which are still worthy of playing. But only a handful of bands survived that euphoric era when there were upwards of two thousand bands playing out of the Bay Area alone, and the lowly sugar lump was elevated to Holy Grail status. And they, like all prophets, had to wait a while for more than local acceptance. As for the rest, they have vanished, the lucky few into other bands, the majority into anonymity, or maybe running headshops or making candles. And as Lenny Kaye, who compiled 'Nuggets' points out, what better sixties equivalent could you desire for the graveyard of fifties bands, the car wash or the gas station?*

Jonathon Green.

(N.B. Anthologies have certain limits, usually those of the record company putting them out, or of the taste of the person who compiles. For the rock'n'roll duo the tracks are naturally only those which Mercury can lay their copyright dominated hands on. For Nuggets, the second limit exists: Lenny Kaye has given us only his own taste. It is advisable to bear this in mind when considering both the above.)

An 'imaginative drawing' (to quote) from **'The Eternal Subject'** by Brinsley le Poer Trench (Souvenir Press, £2.50); the author is the former editor of 'Flying Saucer Review' and heir presumptive to the Earl of Clancarty

WAILING DOBRO & FLAT PICKING

'Will the Circle be Unbroken' (United Artists UAS 9801). Mother Maybelle Carter, Earl Scruggs, Doc Watson, Roy Acuff, Merle Travis, Jimmy Martin plus Vassar Clements (fiddle), Junior Huskey (bass), Norman Blake, Pete 'Bashful Brother Oswald' Kirby (both dobro) and **The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band** featuring Jimmie Faddon (vocals and harp), Jeff Hanna (vocals, washboard), Jim Ibbotson (vocal, guitar, snare), John McEuen (banjo), Les Thompson (mandolin).

Let me declare an interest – I am white, male, and was born in the summer of '42 in Glasgow, one of the Nashville 'in absentia' of the English-speaking world (two of the other ones in Britain are Liverpool and the Shetlands, and Jim Reeves is king of Ireland).

That said, this three-record set, although priced slightly on the side of extortionate, is unique in bringing the giants of the country genre together with the Dirt Band, one of the best of the groups of younger musicians who have moved into the music instead of sticking with rock and attempting some kind of synthesis.

What could have been a confrontation – long-hairs versus red-necks – turned out to be a gas mixtute. The boys in the Band, playing straight acoustic, provide a steady background sound for the veterans to do the numbers which made them the darlings of the South.

Recorded in Nashville in August 1971, the 37 songs and instrumentals span something like two hours and take in the three main strands of Dixie's music – mountain or old-time country, bluegrass and Country and Western.

One musician in particular links these strands, and that's Vassar Clements, a little-known fiddle-player from Florida. He is equally at home with the single note melody line of the mountains as with the chunky chording of Country and Western, and he revels in the bluegrass flash like 'The Orange Blossom Special'.

Country music, outside the outposts, has never been really fashionable over here, but in spite of that it has had its effects on mass culture. Most of the Stones' albums from Let It Bleed onwards have had tracks either imitations of, or influenced by, 'country'.

Dylan had his celebrated country phase, and his dobro player of those days, Norman Blake, is part of the Circle band. And Dylan's early guitar style was Woody Guthrie out of Maybelle Carter, the last surviving member of the famous Carter family.

On a different plane, millions of box-watchers must know backwards Earl Scruggs' theme music for 'The Beverly Hillbillies' TV show, and if that's not your bag, most will have seen 'Bonny and Clyde' in which Scruggs' banjo rat-tat-tats along with the hardware.

Still at the movies, a lot of the desperately doleful effect in the Last Picture Show was created by Country and Western, notably Hank Williams accompanied by sliding steel guitar – everytime a car door, saloon door, pool room door, apartment door was opened, out wafted Williams or a contemporary.

If any of these phenomena turned you on, you'll find them in the Circle, instruments played to well-nigh perfection, acoustically so you can get the texture, and singing plaintive enough to make you reach for a slug of Jack Daniels.

William McEuen, manager of the Dirt Band and brother of banjo picker John, produced the set, and aimed for spontaneity. There's studio chat between some of the tracks, which over a period of a week or so were in the can after one or two takes each.

Roy Acuff, doyen of Country and Western singers, with a voice like Cuban heels on a gravel path, sets the mood early on with the pronouncement of his policy in the studio: 'Whenever you once decide you're gonna record a number, put everything you've got into it, because – don't say "we'll take it over and do it again" – every time you go through it you lose a little something. So let's do it the first time and the hell with the rest of it.'

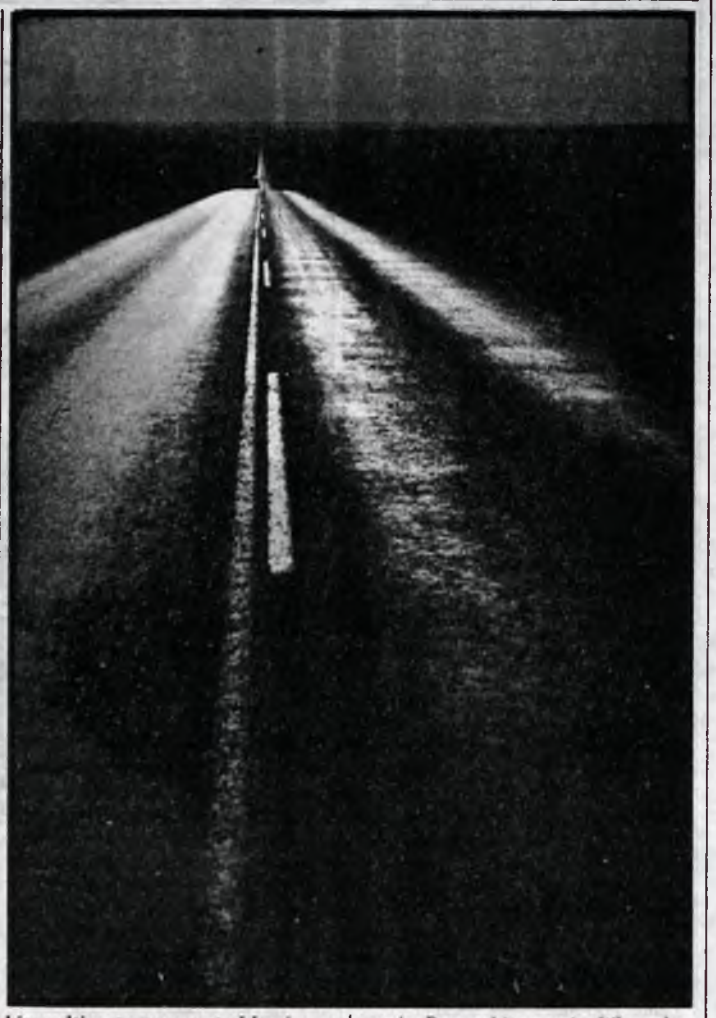
Of the songs Acuff puts across, Hank Williams' 'I Saw the Light' is probably the most famous, and 'Wreck on the Highway' ('I heard the crash on the highway but I didn't hear nobody pray') is the most representative of his material.

Wailing dobro from Acuff's long-time associate Kirby accompanies the lyrics into the land of maudlin sentimentality. But this isn't my bag so maybe I'm biased. This also applies to Jimmy Martin, whose 'Grand Ole Opry Song' opens the album, a roll-call of honour of all the stars who have appeared at the celebrated Ryman's Theatre (which sadly is being moved out of town).

Consumption of a bottle or so of hard licker is recommended to produce the necessary state for listening to these Country and Western cuts.

Moving sideways from C&W, Merle Travis gives out with his meticulous finger-picking guitar with the famous educated thumb bass lines (is that where Johnny Cash got his sound?). Travis wrote 'Sixteen Tons', a million seller in the 50s, and also 'Dark as a Dungeon', which he sings here. The miner's complaint became one of the best-known protest songs during the Aldermaston marches and associated activity.

Going further back into the Blue-ridge Mountains, you get to – for my money – the three aces on the album, Mother Maybelle Carter, Earl Scruggs and blind Doc Watson. Scruggs – what can be said that hasn't been said already? Only that his multi-note syncopated banjo style seems to have taken on a new lease of life since he parted with guitarist Lester Flatt. When you hear him weild his own invention, the Scruggs peg which makes the characteristic twang on 'Earl's Breakdown', you know you're listening to Big Daddy.



Back in 1959 the first bootleg Scruggs album arrived in Glasgow, everyone thought it had been speeded up in the re-recording. I still wonder.

Also awe-inspiring is the flat-picking guitar of Doc Watson. He is the direct descendent of the old-time country bands of the 20s and early 30s, in which the free-running line of the guitar was the backbone. When he knits his brow and sings 'Way downtown just a-foolin' around' and the licks and runs come spilling out of his machine you know why, like Scruggs, he's become something of a legend in the South.

...And then there's Mother Maybelle. She was one of the initial musical influences on Doc Watson. The first tune he ever learned was in 1935, when he was 12, from Maybelle's recording of 'When the Roses Bloom', one of many which swept the South in the 20s and 30s.

She sings four songs on this album, all written by her father, A.P. Carter. Her singing has that sound of poverty-stricken resignation mixed with a wry dignity which is the unmistakable sound of the music. Poor white music. When she gives out with 'Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side, keep on the sunny side of life' it's not a celebration, more an expression of foreboding at what's around the corner.

Only when heaven is on the agenda does optimism appear in its Sunday best. 'Will the circle be unbroken, by and by Lord, by and by, there's a better home waiting in the sky, Lord, in the sky' runs the title track. Everyone gets in the act of worship.

That's the penultimate number, with a cast of 30. It's great. But just to prove that nobody's perfect, the loony company have stuck on the end of that last side a rambling guitar solo of Joni Mitchell's 'Both Sides Now' by Randy Scruggs, son of Earl. It might as well have been Little Jimmy Osmond.

However, in between the first and last tracks is everything you ever wanted to know about country music. They murdered the lawyer in 'Easy Rider' to the strains of it, and lynched black men to the beat of it, but it gets in your blood.

I remember playing fiddle in a Liverpool Country and Western club in 1962. Before the gig began, the organiser, in boots and buckskins, strode up, backslapping: 'Howdy cousin, did you go on the Orange Walk today?' A connection?

Poor white music. Hell beckons.

Bobby Campbell.

COCKER COMEBACK

Joe Cocker 'Something to Say' (Cube).

In this age of the Rock-Star-As-Entrepreneur, Joe Cocker still seems destined for a career along the lines of Rock-Star-As-Victim. He sang and sweated for peanuts for half a decade, and has been perennially neglected, under-rated, ripped off and sinned against. The Woodstock and Mad Dogs movies and With A Little Help notwithstanding, he has never been that big in England. He was and is a musicians' singer, much loved and respected within the business by critics, agents, managers, disc jockeys and the like. One of my lasting regrets of the Sixties was that I never saw him with the Grease Band.

Even now the luckless Joe finds this LP issued in the shabbiest sleeve imaginable. And in February his longtime partner and pianist Chris Stainton quit, causing the cancellation of a Scandinavian tour and two sold-out shows at the Rainbow. In the three years since his last album, Mad Dogs, audiences here have become thoroughly entrenched in middle of the road pulp, acoustic solo singers and endless permutations of slick snazzy art-rock and jerk-off keyboardisms. As ever England is deaf to the festive, colourful and heartfelt sounds which made Joe a Stateside superstar.

Consisting of some old cuts, some new and a couple of live tracks, this album exceeded expectations without equalling the overall brilliance of his classic second studio album. It lacks the tender loving care which went into the arrangements and selection of material. Bird on a Wire, Something, Hitchcock Railway and Darling Be Home Soon remain masterpieces of interpretation which will be marvelled at ten years from now.

The usual rousing collective playing includes some tasty, original guitar work from Neil Hubbard. Pardon Me Sir is a good rocker with Cocker's inimitable groanings embellished by a cracking beat, ripe sax and wailing chick chorus. An example of the much-improved songwriting of Joe and Chris.

Midnight Rider was a highlight of last year's Rainbow gig, with drummer Alan White triggering the tempo changes like a man possessed. This studio version never quite ignites in the same way, but the rendition of St James Infirmary is fine stuff. A million times more convincing as a slow blooze than Rod Stewart's I'd Rather Go Blind. The title track is a gorgeous ballad which swells and flows on for five minutes around an immaculate rolling riff, recalling much of the mood and flavour of Do I Still Figure In Your Life. It's as good as anything he has ever recorded, which is saying plenty.

In career terms, 1973 may not be his finest hour, but in artistic terms 'Something to Say' is a creditable comeback. May the Lord have mercy on the fools who said Joe was finished: Cocker has struck another blow for living, breathing, believable rock&roll. In a line, music for the discriminating. There ain't many of us left.

Myles Palmer.

ELECTRIC HEARTBEATS

Soft Machine 'Six' Album (CBS)

Back in the years before the greasy Beatles began rocking Hamburg and Elvis was the king, four Canterbury music students started experimenting with their own form of electric jazz.

With the middle 60's came the good Dr Leary and his universal cure-all and this group, with a few new faces and a name borrowed from Bill Burroughs, became 'Pop Stars', blowing a million minds with their electric acid Muzak.

Right to the end of the decade Soft Machine was a familiar name to the teeny in the street: together with those other master electricians Pink Floyd they provided the background music to thousands of trips at such pleasure domes as the legendary UFO and Middle Earth, they toured the States with Hendrix, won awards on the Continent and produced three successful albums.

But the Seconal seventies brought the collapse of psychadelia and the Soft's popularity dropped sharply. Despite the exit of drummer Robert Wyatt to Matching Mole and saxophonist Elton Dean, the Soft Machine played on to their dwindling, though often devoted, fans.

This, their sixth album which adds oboe/sax/piano player Karl Jenkins and drummer John Marshall to the two originals still remaining (Hugh Hopper and Mike Ratledge), is proof of the group's ability to master their own complex, highly developed compositions; an ability that has taken them years to evolve.

The first two sides of this double album are cuts from last year's concerts at Brighton and Guildford and, driven by Marshall's tight, expert drumming (reaching its climax in the solo '5 from 13'), the music reflects the group's roots.

But despite the discipline and understanding which the group achieves on stage, it is in the studio that they are able to give the fullest interpretation of their works, and the studio disc contains some of their best cuts.

The Soft's hypnotic, electric heartbeats replace Marshall's drumming which fades to the background allowing each instrument to determine its own rhythm. The constant repetition of a few bars or even a single note works as a kind of electronic OM, freeing the listener to wander on different planes while still, almost subconsciously, remaining aware of the music.

Jenkins' 'Soft Weed Factor', with its backbone of a half dozen repeated notes, and Ratledge's 'Chloe and the Pirates' are beautifully rich, hypnotic. After these Hopper's '1983', the last cut on the album, will send you grimly groping for cigarettes; a year off Big Brother and in the tearing electronics and doomwatch rhythm the rats are fighting for a bite at Winston's face.

The days of playing Marc Bolan are over for the Soft Machine and this fine album certainly won't be scoring any Cashbox red bullets either. But with their long developed talents now producing probably the closest thing yet in rock to contemporary classical music I doubt if Hopper and Ratledge regret the end of their acid high. They were always musician before superstar.

Don Atyeo

WAITING!

Loudon Wainwright III 'Album III' (CBS)

We are all human. We all make mistakes. Even Press Officers from major record companies occasionally cease drinking long enough to exhibit lamentable mortal frailty. And who can blame them? Knowing, as we all do, the intolerable conditions under which these wretches toil—the grinding receptions, the compulsory three hour lunch breaks, the sickening arse-licking of tyranni-

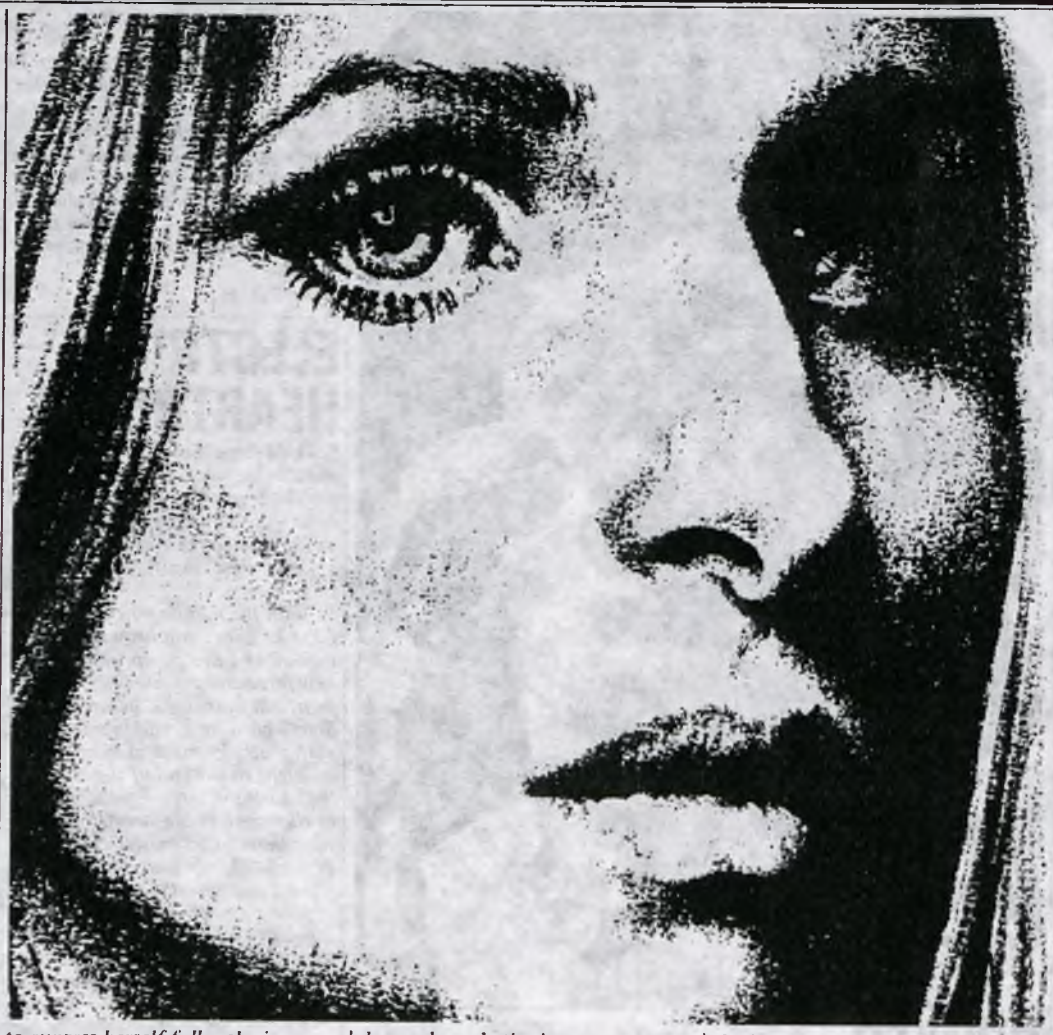
cal 'journalists', the high medical risks involved in shaking hands with hundreds of their companies 'musicians'—knowing all this, it would be uncharitable of us not to make enormous allowances. And, of course, it is for this reason that I refuse to waste the valuable and limited space of these review pages to publicly put the finger on an unfortunate individual currently in the employ of CBS (The Muzak People).

Suffice it to say, that this miserable scum-bag, this foul, brain damaged gibbering idiot, this alcoholic incompetent ... (edited for reasons of brevity—Ed.) ... slimy son of a bitch has forgotten to mail me a copy of Loudon Wainwright's third album. It's bad enough that having filled out his companies' beastly forms requesting review copies that nothing arrives. It's bad

enough that this deranged mongoloid's inactivity forced me to write a personally signed letter begging him to hasten as our copy date rolled closer. Telephone calls and personal emissaries emitted nothing but empty mailboxes and the ghashing of teeth. For weeks I have been building up to this high point of my critical career. For months I have been slipping Wainwright's name into other reviews, reciting the lyrics on Albums I and II until I know them better than Section 4 of the Obscene Publications Act and personally boring the arse of friends, colleagues, acquaintances and even bozos in the street, lauding Loudon's inherent genius and sensitivity. Who was it who sat for night after dreary night attempting to persuade Richard Neville that Album I wasn't 'Leonard Cohen on Mandrax'? Who was it who wrote to the Democratic Party of America suggesting Wainwright for Vice-President? How many thousands of albums have been sold as a result of this relentless promotional activity on my behalf? And this is the thanks I get!

Well? I'm waiting.

Felix Dennis



QUASI-HIP RADICALISM

Barbra Streisand Live (CBS)

A startling voice which hits and holds notes no other popular singer can make; the power to communicate songs, and good ones, in a way that doesn't just grip an audience but startles it; an interpretative power that comes not merely from actress-ship but from intelligence and soul; the single fact of being able to take a song like 'My Man' after Billy Holliday has had her way with it and not just give an account of it but make it devastating all over again – this last thing alone is sufficient to make an artist worthy of our interest however much prejudice forbids. Other reasons clinch it.

Barbra Streisand is younger than John Lennon which besides being ever so slightly incongruous is also a nett loss for everyone. Had she been born twenty five years earlier she'd have been the all time presiding genius of the Hollywood musical screen. There'd have been a surge every time her films were shown at cinemas and on television. As it is she arrived after the directors and studios had gone and the audience was making for the door. She just about had time to write her footnote in 'Funny Girl' where she gave a display of acting, comedienneship and singing which makes Judy Garland in her heyday look like a sympathy turn, but probably you only saw it if you needed to go into a cinema to get out of the rain. Now, apart from recording the odd Carole King-type song, which she and CBS probably see as making sound marketing sense but which really don't allow her to express herself fully, she is an actress.

On April 15th 1972 she did her first concert in six years for the benefit of George McGovern's election fund, which copped $300,000, and though she must always be better when you see her, the album is stunning. It was an evening of hope and breathtaking liberal chic; everyone who should have been there was there in LA, James Taylor and Carole King did the first half. Even the ushers were superstars and from the point of view of tone and effect Streisand was the ideal artist to finish it. The album has priceless moments of bathetic kitch; her attempt to implicate herself and her audience in quasi hip radicalism – smoking a joint on stage "Is it still illegal??"; moments of pathos – "we've done something ... to hopefully elect the next President of the United States"; the optimistic naivete of the sequence of songtitles, a logical Streisand repertoire which reads like a New Deal campaign oratorio – "Make your own kind of music", "Starting here, starting now", "On a clear day you can see for ever", "Where you lead I will follow" (!), "Happy Days are Here Again", "People" ... Yes, folks, this is the George McGovern Memorial Album.

Miss Streisand and all her image-makers sometimes put themselves through uncomfortable and doomed acrobatics in an attempt to transform a young, (perhaps) politically liberal but essentially *traditional great Hollywood star into a palatable dish to set before the self-conscious, exclusive radical youth of the 1970s. They don't make it, but who cares? The performance is the thing and here it's fucking fantastic – urgent, super-musical, brilliant and very, very exciting; a wipe out in every way. Taylor and King must have found it too much to precede; to ask anyone to follow it would have been grotesque.*

Why not surprise yourself and try this album? If you're coy, take a Virgin carrier and go to a record shop on the far side of town.

David Robson

RAGE, TENDERNESS & BOREDOM

Yoko Ono 'Approximately Infinite Universe' (Apple)

The lady is weird and the lady is strange; sometimes her pain is all too obvious. The hatred that Yoko Ono arouses in many people is generally half-concealed behind a dismissal of herself and her art. 'She's a phony, a clever hustler, a designing and devious woman. But an artist?' Never. I think A.I.U. is the best Yoko product yet. Certainly it will be valued by women, I'm not so sure that many men will be able to take or ever understand its deepest cuts.

The words on the album sleeve and the lyrics of the songs are more important than the music on this album.

'I am proposing the feminization of society, the use of feminine tendency as a positive force to change the world' – Yoko Ono.

The tracks vary, both in quality and quantity, the double album seems too long, a single album would have been too short. The music and voice are deceptively pleasant. Occasionally Yoko manages to produce that same shiver of horror that Love in their heyday produced. That incredible mingling of beautiful sweet music and harsh, almost crude lyrics. Some of the tracks scream out a woman's rage and pain at the world, her parents and her lovers. Others are tender, gentle love songs. A couple are just plain boring. The screaming is still there, but not so harsh. Sometimes Yoko's voice is not strong enough for the song, (particularly on 'Move on Fast' a heavy rocking number). Best tracks – 'I Felt like Smashing my Face in a Clear Glass Window', 'Winter Song', 'Yang Yang' and 'What a Bastard the World is.'

Joy Farren

THE RISING OF THE WOMEN

Women, Resistance and Revolution
By Sheila Rowbotham (Allen Lane. Penguin)

In History we read the story of the dominant class, its kings, its generals, its wars of attrition. Marxists stand this topsy-turvy outlook firmly on its feet again and give us our first glimpse of the masses–serfs, wage labourers, armies–the real agents. Yet even in the panorama of the exploited, one group has remained submerged. Women–producers and reproducers. To know exactly who we are, and who we might be, we have to ask what have we been, where have we been? History takes on some clarity when understood in terms of the changing modes of production, the struggle between classes, but the picture is incomplete. 'Not only have liberal anthropoligists failed to consider the problem of the interaction of modes of reproduction and production, and the relation of this to the position of women and change in the organisation of society, but Marxists themselves have ignored the important point about reproduction, as part of the material world, being a determining factor in history.'

The present day feminist consciousness of Women's Liberation points to the gaps in Marxist theory, and asks new questions about psychology and history, demands new documentations. Sheila Rowbotham describes her book as an attempt to trace the fortunes of an idea... 'It is a very simple idea, but one with which we have lost touch, that the liberation of women necessitates the liberation of all human beings.'

And indeed this book will shatter any preconceptions still held even perhaps in Women's Liberation–how can we retain traces of contempt for our own sex when we see that women throughout the centuries have neither been unaware of their own subordination, nor at all silent about it? Sheila delineates the various ways in which feminist ideas manifest themselves in different historical conditions, different classes and different countries.

We begin to see how the breakdown of the medieval community and the beginnings of capitalist market relations affected the household–whether farm or family business, an independent productive unit up until then–and how the aspirations of a new class–the bourgeoisie–to economic and political power brought a new mode of life to its women. 'Not to work, for the women of the middling people, became the mark of class superiority at the very moment when their men were establishing work as the criterion of dignity and worth ... Bourgeois women did not make capitalism, they merely attached themselves to its makers and lived off their man's activity. Their dowry helped him to accumulate.'

Lower down the social scale, however, women's position was becoming less secure. Their place in the guilds weakened. Men took over trades formerly recognised as women's–brewing, candlemaking. And male doctors began to predominate as medicine aspired to being a science–women surgeons disappeared in the seventeenth century; midwifery was downgraded and reserved for the poor. The rise of unprotected industries found in women a profitable labour source–at lower pay rates than regulated trades. Textiles became 'women's work'–they could also be done at home.

In both classes female resentment and anger found a voice–but the bourgeois feminists and the emerging female proletariat sound a different note, not surprisingly, since their devaluation took a different form. If bourgeois feminism often showed a tendency to emphasise female education as a cure-all–the acceptance of a certain number of privileged women into the existing state of society–the proletarian women felt the threat of the exploiting class more concretely than male superiority as such. The book describes their tendency to short term, collective organising in communities in response to situations of need. This was often around consumption–for instance, the Bread Riots of the eighteenth century.

'In the French Revolution the feminist aspirations of the privileged and the tradition of collective action of the underprivileged women encountered each other.'

Women rioting over prices in 1789 demanded better medical provision, education, and protection of trades from male competition. Women were not inactive when it came to the struggle to organise at the point of production–nor were they unaware of the contradictions, the prejudice they faced in the early labour movement. Flora Tristan, feminist and socialist, whose 'L'Union Ouvriere' laid out one of the first formulations of a Workers International wrote in 1843 'I have nearly the whole world against me–men, because I demand the emancipation of women, the owners because I demand the emancipation of wage earners.'

By 1848 Paris working women were going towards ideas of workers control–the midwives saw socialised medicine as the only solution to bad conditions and low pay. Women petitioned the Provisional Government for creches, wrote their own newspaper, set up women's clubs where working women met to discuss ideas and organisation, and develop their confidence and strength away from their menfolk. Then, as now, they met with ridicule and contempt. Women in the Movement will find in the following excerpt their own experience. It's Eugenie Niboyet, feminist, addressing noisy male interlopers in a women's club, 1848–'We don't want to act as playthings or as entertainment for anybody .. Behind your catcalls despotism is strengthened. You know very well we don't want to lower you in any way but you're afraid to see us rise.' Also in 1848–women's collectives. The first was set up by a group of single working women, the 'Vesuviennes', they called themselves. With no men to support them, or families to tie them, they pooled their income and organised themselves communally.

'When my apron strings hung low
He'd follow me through frost and snow
Now my apron strings won't join
He'll pass my door and not come in'

No feminist history could omit love, birth, waiting, the tragedy of personal bondage to an individual man, bondage to nature, the inner psychological subjection which reflects the external social subjugation. Adventurous individuals could attempt to escape womanhood for a time, become pirates, or 'like sweet Polly Oliver, dressed as a boy they joined the army to find their man, or lay disguised beside their press-ganged sailor lover'. But for the majority, there was no chance of controlling their lives. Pregnancy was the ultimate uncontrollable event they faced constantly–freedom, sexuality, adventure was for the men, women paid for their pleasure in pain and travail. Talk of the organisation of reproduction was utopian until a century after the vaginal sponge was first produced in 1823, and demands for the socialisation of childrearing eg the demands of the Paris women for creches were revolutionary indeed in 1848.

The book traces the impact on feminism of the thought of Marx and Engels, the impetus (and the bias) it gave, and the resulting conditions for women in various post revolutionary societies, the attempts of women at sexual liberation, their attempts to overcome their timidity. In post-revolutionary Russia, the courageous and ultimately unsuccessful struggle to carry through the sexual revolution, in China, the lesson that progressive reforms but lay the preconditions for women's equality–that the struggle must also be against the psychological legacy of centuries of subordination/timidity and against the vested interest of the menfolk in continuing domination. Introducing the new Marriage Laws in Vietnam in 1960, Ho Chi Minh said 'The emancipation of women must be carried out simultaneously with the extirpation of feudal and bourgeois thinking in the men. As for themselves, women should not wait until the directives of the Government and the Party free them but they must rely on themselves to struggle.' How the war both creates the basis for women's liberation and limits its achievement is documented. And in a chapter entitled Colony within the Colony, the specific racial exploitation and sexual oppression of the colonised woman are examined together with the situation of the colonised man and the white colonialist's woman.

The preface states that the book will be useful 'only if it is dismantled and reconstructed as part of a continuing effort to connect feminism to socialist revolution.' Women, Resistance and Revolution is one work of history which will very certainly be used as an instrument of struggle.

Alison Fell

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The Last Issue

OZ

NUMBER 48 WINTER 1973 PRICE 30p

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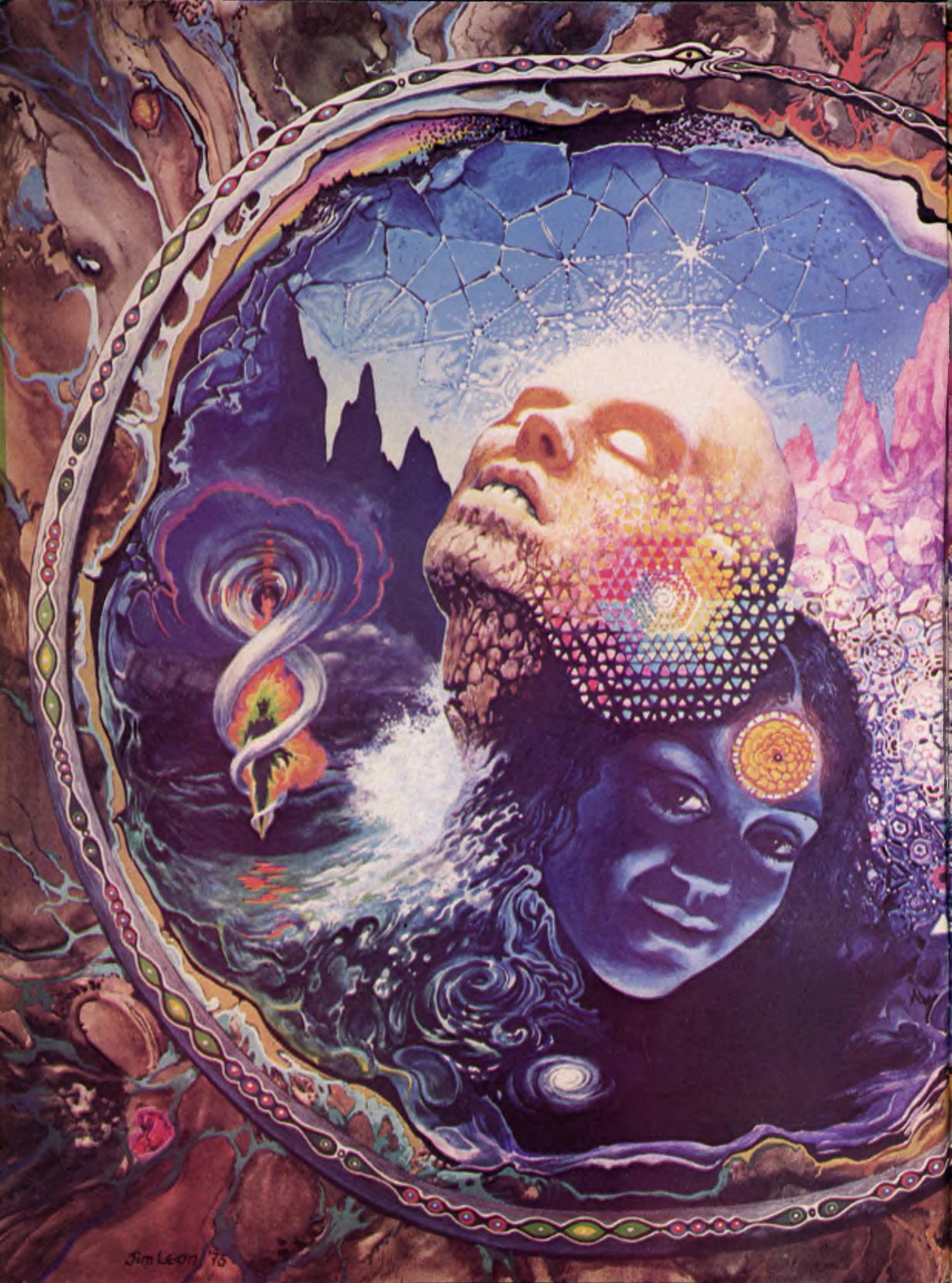
Jim Leon '75

No space – no time. History repeats itself. The clock on the wall gives me four pm. October 31st 1973. At five o'clock the printer's final deadline comes into effect.

How does one phrase an obituary in two hundred words for a magazine (damn it, OZ was more than a lousy magazine) that has eaten up the best part of the last five years of my life, and a lot of other people's lives besides. For many of us, 'working' at OZ was the focal point of our daily existence. A hideous form of marriage between humans and an inanimate concept. And as in all marriages, the energy feedback remained a continual, occasionally terrifying, two way process with a dynamism and tension that alternately sapped and sustained each partner. We used and abused OZ for our own purposes, we hurled it bodily from one editorial extreme to the other, we left it and came back to it a dozen times, we cursed it, passed it around and then grew jealous of it. We treated it like a baby and it kicked us in the teeth. We shat on it, spat on it and wasted it. And now that it's an adolescent and leaving home, none of us can believe it.

The names of those specifically responsible for the production of this last issue are listed below. For me to have included the names of the people whose collective energy nurtured OZ Magazine over the past six years would have literally taken pages. They know who they are. Some left happy, some left sadly. A few stamped into the night threatening vengance and jibbering like madmen. Many are still in touch. A couple are dead. All of them deserve medals.

It's getting late and I'm not sure how to finish . . . history repeats itself. No space – no time.

Felix Dennis.

A proportion of the profits of this magazine will be paid to the liquidator of OZ Publications Ink Ltd., for distribution amongst the creditors of that Company.

THE LAST ISSUE OF OZ

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The centre spread pin-up is from the book *100 Years of Erotica* by Paul Aratow, published by Straight Arrow Books, San Francisco.

Illustration by Jim Leon.

'He who fears change, fears life itself'—Marquis de Steppenville.

It's over half a year since what most of you probably assumed to be the last *Oz* (faithless bastards) appeared. Our cohorts in the Altpress haven't just stood still—here's a summary of developments on various fronts. Gay News, the persistently excellent fortnightly fagrag, having ploughed along for more than a year on home-made distribution, is now on the Moore-Harness circuit employed by *IT*, *Private Eye*, and this magazine. Michael Mason, *GN*'s business manager, says that the paper's aim, as always, is to 'bring homosexuality into the daylight'—and with a circulation that's grown from 4,000 to 18,500 in a year, they ain't doing so badly . . . Wardour Mews, Soho, seedy home of IT for the last 18 months, was recently witness to another convulsion in that magazine's development. With sales dropping and winter coming on, the staff decided to take some time off and produce *IT* as a monthly, with more pages and more time to work on them. This move necessitated a hasty abandonment of their gangster-owned premises and a scattering of equipment like manna amongst friends across the city . . . If you haven't seen it yet, make sure you do: Foul is the very first alternative soccer magazine, and it's already achieved what we'd considered impossible—exciting and honest sports journalism . . .

Called in to revamp the stagnant rock mag *Cream*, Ed Barker and Mick Farren were more than a little put out when their first new-look issue was cancelled half way through printing. It seems that the publishers Plant News, whose main stock in trade is Osmond Brothers souvenirs and cut price tit mags (including the traditional school boy jerk book Health and Efficiency), had suffered a North country bust on a selection of their girly books. In the ensuing panic they decided to kill the entire *Cream* project feeling that the last thing they needed was Mick and Ed's new dope and sex funny paper format.

From Detroit's effervescent Creem magazine comes a genial renaissance of alkiedom—The Alice Cooper Alcohol Cookbook; a quaint conglomerate of drink recipes provided by Ally & the boys in the band. Our particular favourites are Baby's Blood (1 ounce lime juice, 4 ounces Jamaica rum, & 2 dashes Angostura bitters, shaken with finely cracked ice) and Tunafish Malted (for hangovers—1 can tunafish, 2 scoops pistachio ice cream, four ounces cream). Mix & drink heartily until prepared to face 20,000 screaming teenage maniacs . . . And, slightly nearer to home, news seeps down from the emporial Grays Inn Road offices of Time Out that they were recently visited by an eccentric old lady anxious to fly to Chile and file reports on totalitarian atrocities. Her name was Mrs Fischer, and her son, the World Chess Champion—not an individual noted for his liberal political views. 'I don't have much to do with Bobby', quoth Ma, 'but he'll pay the air fare . . .'

Wandering Jew Bob Dylan applied to a kibbutz near Afula, Israel, and was rejected for 'publicity problems'. Unshaken, the Hibbing balladeer re-applied to Kibbutz Dfar Blum for places for Sarah, his wife, and the kids. At press time there was no word from Dfar Blum. By publication, of course, it might not even exist . . . Unless the New York jewry hot up their efforts. On the night that the Israeli/Arab war broke out, these gentlemen netted $25,000,000 as contributions to the war effort . . . a similar collection in Manchester some days later gathered £1,000,000. Inflation? Don't know the meaning of the word . . .

Yorkshire Underground Press Magnate John Wilcock (*Other Scenes*, *Village Voice* and *Oz* regular) has also been helping the needy, with a £50 donation to ailing geriatric comic *Private Eye* for its 'fight against hypocrisy and lieing in Fleet Street'. It seems Wilcock—a one-time *Mirror* man—was burned by his former brother hacks on a recent deal to write five minicolumns for the Inside Page following a 25-year holiday in America. Grasping *Eye* editor and amateur rapist Richard Ingrams has threatened to issue writs against those suggesting this new hack-busting fund is to be used on wining and dining his poofter public school chums, many of whom are proprietors of the very newspapers to which Wilcock refers. John Wilcock is 83. Richard Ingrams died last year of cranial syphillis.

At a time when youth market publications are invading the world of publishing like the black germs in Aspirin ads, the Reverend David A Noebel has chosen to offer the world his own unique perspective on such phenomena as The Beatles, Youth Communism, Marijuana and Hair. 'The Beatles—A Study In Drugs, Sex And Revolution' *(what a title!)*, distributed and printed by Christian Crusade Publications, Tulsa, puts JPG&R exactly where we never knew their asses were—slap bang at the cyclone-centre of Communist Insurgency. Well, who else would force upon the gullible public such neo-Bolshevist sentiments as 'back in the USSR/You don't know how lucky you are'? . . .

Delightfully British Comment of the Year Award goes to Colin Smith of the *Observer*. Sent to cover the Indian occupation of Wounded Knee, South Dakota, Mr Smith was overheard to comment: 'If only someone would say, "When the moon comes over the mountain and the leaves fall off the trees on the night when the cherries turn red, we will attack the long rifles". All I hear is, "Yeah, man—cool it . . . and we'll study this procedural matter later tonight".' . . .

Paranoia at Broadcasting House runs high—news trainees at the BBC were instructed to monitor every word uttered by the newly launched commercial London Broadcasting service on their first day of transmission. Working in half-hour shifts, the embryo Robin Days began at 6 am, and took comprehensive notes around the clock . . . On the subject of potted plants, Tower Bridge was recently closed to traffic twice in one day to allow a 30ft plastic rubber plant to sail back and forth on the prow of a

pleasure boat. This event marked the start of a campaign to 'make the British more aware of the pleasure potted plants can bring' . . .

Air hostesses on Quantas airlines are to lose £1.75p a month as a result of the Equal Rights Bill. The money was a hairdressing allowance which,according to Quantas, 'now discriminates against men stewards' . . . a survey recently made by a Los Angeles neurologist indicates that 8.8% of men and 17.5% of women have difficulty telling their left hand from their right when asked to identify them quickly. Could this explain the odd case of Harold Wilson?

Unspeakably Chickenshit—the revolutionary cosmic rock band, Hawkwind, requested United Artists to withdraw their single *Urban Guerilla* from the market, for fear that the general public might (mis) interpret its title as being connected in any way with the spate of bombings in London. Robert Calvert, co-author of the song, said recently: 'The words of the song are not meant to be taken too literally. It certainly isn't advocating violence in the streets'. My word, Mr Calvert! We should hope not! . . .

IPC fans will be heartbroken to learn that this issue is the poorer by one feature and one review commissioned from the NME's professional punk and Lester Bangs impressionist, Nick Kent. Approached by our representatives, this young aesthete agreed to supply us with a feature on the delights of Detroit and a review of T. Rex's 'Great Hits' album. However, he has been spending so much time playing Boswell to the stoned mumblings of Keith Richard that he not only didn't turn in the copy, but he didn't even call us to say so. Superstardom is contagious.

Further excesses at IPC involve the imminent amalgamation of two sagging weeklies, *Disc* and *Melody Maker*, into one even more boring giant weekly to be edited by Richard Williams. Since the news leaked, a few of the less adequate staffers on both rags have been feeling remarkably paranoid. The lucky ones get fired. *NME*, currently well ahead, and *Melody Maker* have been employing considerably different tactics in their running circulation battle over the last two years. *NME* has employed overweight, ageing whiz-kid Charles Shaar Murray, the distressing Kent and every other ex-underground press hacks they can lay their hands on to imbue their pages with castrated outrage and outdated u/g layouts, while *MM* have retreated into frenzied reaction and feebly contemptuous put-downs of everybody less tedious than themselves. Readers need hardly be reminded that *MM*, *NME* and *Disc* are all owned by the same company, IPC.

*These amusing drawings of Enoch by Roy Knipe were originally commissioned to illustrate a feature article on Powell in this issue. The article was to be authored by John Lloyd, ex-*Ink *editor, ex-*Time Out *editor and recent recruit to the official ranks of the Communist Party. Lloyd, currently collecting a grossly inflated salary at London Broadcasting (who isn't these days?), finally turned in his piece two weeks late, in two instalments, with a request that it be published under the curious pseudonym Bill Nicholas. We make no apologies for sparing* Oz *readers the tedious task of reading it. Between them, Commercial Radio and the British Bolsheviks appear to have addled the brain of this formerly sensible Scot. . . .*

Two Timothy Leary Stories—During Timmy's six-week sojourn in Vienna he came across one Izak Haber (of *Oz*/35 Abbie Hoffman expose fame). Haber, introduced to Leary in the course of an extended acid party, for no accountable reason hit the refugee very hard in the face. Leary, with commendable psychedelic cool, rose and left the room. Haber was last heard of in Uganda, making a movie. The Life & Loves of General Amin? Leary, meanwhile, continued the trans-continental drift that was to culminate in his arrest in Afghanistan, and bumped into Richard (Baba Ram Dass) Alpert in Switzerland. 'Richard', commented our affable magician, 'you seem to be getting gooder and gooder, while I get badder and badder'. Alpert's (doubtless philosophical) rejoinder is not on record.

And research scientists in Tel Aviv are getting very excited over a small flower which they believe might be the answer (?) to heroin addiction. Papaver Bracteatum contains a drug called Thebaine, which can chemically be transformed into naloxone and noltrexone, both known to be narcotic antagonist agents . . .

The quaint fetishes of Tory Ministers in Britain know no bounds. Polaroid snaps of prostitutes shitting on the face of Cabinet Ministers were bad enough. Recently, however, we hear that two high ranking government officials have been engaged in an even more bizarre leisure time activity—Budgie Bashing. Apparently, these demented perverts are in the habit of purchasing budgerigars from the pet department of Harrods. The hapless birds are stuffed in the toes of Wellington boots and crushed to death during brisk morning walks across Hyde Park. Christine Keeler come back—all is forgiven . . .

Some of this is by Roger Hutchinson . . . the rest isn't.

'Q. Would you conclude this interview with an observation on the counterculture of the '60's? I assume that it is less than a node, as you call it, of the coming reversal.
A. No, it's simply part of the larger process, the most recent burst of energy in the continuing struggle to create a real revolutionary culture. In its demise as a movement, it too makes its insights to the battle at large, and indeed some aspects of it (like this joint I am about to light) I admire very much. But it just can't last into the dying light of capitalism. It takes more of us than that, and more different kinds of us'.
from An Interview with Donald Duck by David Wagner, *Radical America* Vol7 No1.

Necrophilia/DAVID WIDGERY

What Went Wrong

For years within the pages of Oz magazine you have been reading about the 'demise' of the alternative press. Here, hopefully for the last time, our author disturbs this wretched corpse in yet another final instalment of the continuing hippy death saga . . .

The underground never even got a decent funeral. It is simply recorded that something that started out in a duffle-coat in the direction of Aldermaston pegged out in a back room full of unsold comic books and barbiturates. The real, unlikely people who, in pub rooms and over duplicators and behind scaffolding stages made up a movement, have not been asked to comment on the corpse. A new generation of groovers can't see what all the fuss is about. Apart from desultory cries of Bad Dope and Its The Pigs Again, there is no explanation, an almost self-induced amnesia. Which is a pity because no movement can begin again except out of some understanding of its own history. And that history is so personal and intense it has become virtually psychiatry (psychiatrists being simply the historians of the recent past) alone offering explanations of why earstwhile rebels decide to become sheepfarmers, Stalinists, senior lecturers in Deviant Sociology, recluses, 'rock writers', commercial radio hacks or live unhappily ever after in a groovy nuclear commune in the country.

The truth of the matter is not that The-Leaders-Sold-Out or that-something-greatly-beautious-grew-cankered, but that the underground got smashed, good and proper by exactly those forces of which it stood in defiance. It was smashed because it could not, by 1968, be laughed at or ignored or patronised any longer. The underground was able to make really painful attacks on the system's intellectually based forms of power. Of all the intellectual property speculators of the 60's, it made the most sizeable incrusions into capitalism's ideological real estate, the family, school, work-discipline, the 'impartial' lawcourts and the British Broadcasting Corporation. Unlike previous movements of radical arties, it actually transmitted its mood of indiscipline to young people of all classes.

'It is an attack on family life', said Inspector Luff at the *Oz* trial, quite rightly. The popularity of *Oz*'s atmosphere, (no matter how incomprehensible and downright boring the actual magazine) was, especially to working class kids, an index of the end of decades of post war deference, evidence of a new refusal to any longer even pretend loyalty to the Queen, The Law and The Empire. Already the obscenity and dope trials of the sixties look like light comedy compared to the massive police operations around the Shrewsbury building workers' conspiracy trial or the Winchester bombs trial. But they were the first omens of a new legal viciousness, the opportunity for the police to cut their teeth and the Special Branch to enlarge its files. They could take the Angry Young Men out to lunch, but the hairies had to go to jail.

It was not the case that sufficient numbers were ever arrested to halt the movement and that government-organised spies set about wrecking it, as undoubtedly happened in the late sixties in America. Anyone using the word repression about what happened to *Oz* and *IT* literally does not understand the meaning of the word. But the combination of coppers on one hand, the liberal embrace and pampered sensibilities of the groovier merchant bankers, commercial nabobs and corporate impressarios on the other was deadly.

The national papers of the underground had to exist in an almost wholly hostile world where survival alone, each issue, entailed an epic of cheque-bouncing and bravado. They variously stumbled, victims of their own cheerful apoliticism, into a major trial of strength with the authorities simply for the crime of not being hypocritical. The strain and worry and energy drain utterly disorientated their editorial strength and traditions and led to a situation where the papers rocketed down hill in quality just at a time when more people than ever before were showing an interest in them. For although nominally democratic and open, the papers were so dependent on a small improvising editorial aristocracy that the disappearance of a single person at crucial stages could completely alter the paper's atmosphere.

The unstructured, unpredictable production methods of the underground papers, if focused outwards and in contact and in trust with a movement, could produce remarkable committed journalism (*IT* in the acid heighday of '67, *Black Dwarf* after '68, *Frendz* throughout the Mangrove Trial and the last 12 issues of *Ink*). But exactly that structure could become an office coterie bound together only by a passion for self-promotion and unabashed ambition, whilst the general loyalty and openmindedness of their readers was increasingly exploited by

Photo by Red Saunders.

writers who prided themselves on their resemblances to the Lunchtime O'Boozes' automated copy production, drunkenness and despair.

This desperate hackishness was all the more pathetic in people who actually still had ideals, but simply could no longer find words for them. The beats had been evangelical, CND determined sane but desperate, the Underground capable of great moral wrath; the collapse into plain old cynicism, the oldest crutch in the book, was a real full stop to a movement, however hard you tried to stick spangles to it and call it decadence. Increasingly, elements always jostling around in the underground, the love of fashionable intercourse and the dependence of the good offices of advertisers, became dominant. *IT* became little more than a mouthpiece for the record companies and, although rock reviews were the only things taken seriously by most readers, their authors could scarcely conceal their own boredom.

This process of defeat was complicated, and often illustrated best, in cultural details. It is a fairly glum tribute to the underground's struggle to be able to express yourself in the clothes you wear that such a counter revolution has been effected by commerce that anyone not dressed like a possum trapper on stilts is trying to look like a Tory tennis player of the late twenties. It is a bizarre 15 years which starts with girls revolting against court shoes and twin-sets in favour of existentialist black sweaters and jeans and ending up having to wear them again. It is strange that the system won't even leave our memories alone, so that people are obliged to feel nostalgic over experiences they never even had in the first place. It is a pity that music (which alone makes it all worthwhile) being made by English and American musicians now offers solely the choice between mock urban menace (Mott, Bowie, Reed, half the Stones) and a phony countrification (other half of Stones plus everything else). It is quite literally pathetic that a movement succoured by cannabis and raised in electrifying affections of acid should grow old jittering, crying and quarreling with itself on the corners of Gerrard Street or in a mandraxed haze at the back of the classroom. Marx, in a footnote to 'Capital' describes the opium trade as a revenge against imperialism. What more cunningly wrought revenge is possible than for flowerchildren to wind up

Continued on page 66.

In Search of the Almighty

This year seven million tourists will come to London. You can see three million of them any morning in the Abbey, shuffling through like a bread queue, glumly absorbing the babble of misinformation put out by the coach guides. The other four million are in the Tower, standing in line for two hours to see the Crown Jewels (though sometimes the queue to see the Execution Block and the axe is even longer, and what that says about human nature I'd rather not think).

In the afternoon they all change places, but in between times the coaches herd them through the Changing of the Guard, past the Old Curiosity Shop (which isn't) and over London Bridge, which has been sold to the Americans. On Sundays all seven million swarm round to Petticoat Lane, which is this little secret place they've heard about, where you know the stuff isn't stolen because you can see the dents where it fell off the back of the lorry.

Most of these visitors are Americans. Some of them say to each other: 'Shoot, Martha, let's do this Europe thing in style. Let's hire ourselves a car and just *take off*'. Then the husband steps outside the hotel, takes one look at the London traffic, steps *back* inside the hotel and says: 'Liss'n, Martha, why don't we just call up one of these car-guides and *relax*'. And the hall porter, who can scent fear at twenty paces like a buzzard, says: 'I'll organise that for you sir'.

Hall porters are interesting. They have a club called The Golden Key, which is slightly more exclusive than the House of Lords and considerably less impoverished. Hall porters have little things going for themselves in the fields of car-hire, theatre tickets, abortions, light ladies . . . and driver guides.

So the porter calls up and asks for a private car and a young guide to drive it. What the visitors are after is a taste of old Europe, a whiff of decayed gentilesse; what they actually get is some unemployable—an actor, student, or a subversive underground playwright like myself. It may cost ten times as much as the coach tour, but at least they can go to the restroom whenever they like (this, incidentally, doesn't mean they want to go and lie down).

So one puts on the old school suit, the ancient tweeds—a bit shabby and shiny now you understand, but good quality once, like the Empire. And one holds the door open for the wife which makes her feel secretly degenerate, but also: 'Well, *you* should be doing that for me, Wilbur'. And you mention about your parents' place in the country and which restaurants to avoid because they're such rotten tourist traps and they just *love your accent.*

Then you explain that you haven't got an accent, *they've* got an accent; and they love that too, only not quite so much.

Thus are the legions of middle America, godly folk from Akron, Ohio and Fresno, Cal. Some of them just want to buy someone young to talk to, their own children having given up at the age of fifteen:

—'Well I don't know, Ranald, I *really* don't know. We did everything we could for that boy didn't we Ranald, and then he just *grew his hair long* and he wears *bell-bottomed trousers* and all we ever wanted was his happiness but he just goes around *enjoying himself* . . .'

So their hope is that Europe, at least, will understand them and appreciate their sacrifice. And the old whore *is* willing to do one more turn for G I Joe, but not for chewing-gum and cigarettes this time. Still, they enter generously into the spirit of the thing. Every dollar liberated over here affects the American balance of payments and weakens their economy, but they seem to see in the piranha rapacity of the Europeans some kind of vindication of the capitalist system.

I once watched a Jumbo 747 coasting in over Windsor Castle, clipping the Queen's television aerials. The American with me was deeply moved. 'Boy', he turned to me, steel spectacles glinting, 'look at that planeload of people. Just think of *all that money*'.

'We like it here', they say as we streak along the M4. 'You have so much tradition. Oh would you look at *that*. Isn't that a *shame*. You wouldn't think they'd *allow* that.' *That* is a new housing estate, built by a Labour council. Yes, Lady. We would all rather be living in rotting, peeling warm-hearted Charles Dickens slums, or thatched and mullioned Tudor parsnip-lofts. We would *prefer* that, because we have so much tradition.

'And this is a traditional English pub'. Here, traditionally, the tourists buy the guide a drink. They decide to try your English beer and bravely pretend to like it. Not all visitors are so polite. When Philip of Spain came over here to marry Mary Tudor in 1554, he leapt off the ship crying 'A stoup of English ale!', drank it back, and threw up on the spot. So anyway they take a few unhappy sips and eat a sad cheese sandwich. This is where we get confidential.

—'Do you have a—uh—*black* problem here?'

—'Oh yes, I say, pretending to misunderstand. The blacks do run into problems. They find it hard to get decent housing and jobs. Their children can have a tough time at school. And you may find this difficult to believe, but they sometimes even run into racial prejudice.'

—'Oh. (Pause). Do you have a—uh—*hippy* problem?'

To misunderstand all is to forgive all.

Not that you don't get a few freaks, even in middle America. Whereas some would argue that the whole of middle America is a gigantic madhouse, I myself do not subscribe to this view. Since the recent disclosures the visitors have been markedly subdued. 'This is the Traitors' Gate', I say at the Tower, adding helpfully: 'It's original name was the Watergate'. The wife giggles; the husband gives a lifelike imitation of a corpse.

No, they are sadder but wiser out there in Boulder, Col. and Amarillo, Tex. The Vietnam war actually made them more aggressive. 'Whaddabout *Ireland* then?' they'd snarl, and anyway Her Majesty's Government was happy to crawl up Nixon's arsehole. The saturation bombing of Cambodia was, as sycophantic [illegible] visitors are paid for [illegible] in defence of

Chauvinism/**TIMOTHY KIDD**

In summer they're everywhere—the men in tangerine sports shirts and H R Haldeman haircuts, the women with butterfly sunglasses and cracked make-up. Dispossessed by their children, drowning under the flood of Watergate, they're the legions of Middle America, the urban guerilla-ed, the pill happy millions who prowl the concrete paths of Stonehenge searching for new nadirs in their ancestral home. The American Tourist.

Illustration by Malcolm Poynter.

freedom and democracy. But a little domestic buggery is going too far.

So middle America transferred its hopes and dreams to Spiro Agnew, of whom they used to speak in the same way that their comrades over here speak of Enoch Powell: 'I don't agree with him, mind. But he says things that *need* saying'. Now, however, it seems that Spiro is far from the mental defective that he appeared; has, indeed, been helping himself to a large slice of the American pie. They are mourning for their lost lamb in Boise, Idaho, tonight. And the loud, assertive attitudes of Americans abroad have disappeared. Now they are very anxious to do the right thing, the European thing. We have culture but no money, and they have money but no culture; so we come to an arrangement.

One can tell the really weird ones because they always want to visit Stonehenge. When we get there, we find four hundred French schoolchildren climbing all over it eating ice-cream, which isn't quite the red, blood-sacrifice, prehistoric dawn they had in mind. Instead they unload their paranoia on the journey back. One man asked me anxiously if there wasn't a new *contempt* over here for American money, which is sort of like spitting on the Queen Mother besides being the reverse of the truth. A lady was a little worried about her husband: it seemed he had discovered a cheap substitute for aluminium, and the aluminium corporations were naturally trying to assassinate him. Another man was into hip spiritualism ('The night I got through to Jesus Christ—wow, I really *flashed*') and hoped to gross a million in charitable donations to himself.

Then there was the Latvian from Riga, who had fled from the White Russians, the Wehrmacht, and the Red Army. He arrived in America in the clothes he stood up in, and now he was fleeing from America. What he wanted was the back country. We drove off main roads onto minor roads, off minor roads onto country lanes, off country lanes onto places where there might once have been a packhorse track in Roman times. His hands shook continuously and my driving isn't that bad.

Eventually they screw themselves up to the inevitable.

—'Do you have a—uh—*drug* problem here?'

—'Oh, God no, *no* problem,' I say reassuringly. 'What can I get hold of for you? A little grass? A few downers, mandies, coke? I must say your lady wife looks as if she could use some speed'.

In the driving mirror I see two middle American faces trying to force a smile. It's a horrible sight.

Americans are very keen on gaining and imparting information. There is nothing I do not know about rubber tyres, roofing, or company law as related to the shoe industry. Occasionally they even tell you something useful, like a Canadian who explained how he wrote his novels by shipping on a slow freighter, or the Belgian journalist who conducted me gravely round the British Museum. Sometimes one encounters the American couple of popular fiction: she, aloof, cool, menthol-cigarette-smoking; he, eager, dynamic, careerist, working his balls off daily at Automated Ployfiber until he collapses at fifty-four with a coronary so that she can swan down to Miami Beach and lay it all on some suave young Cuban exile . . . Normally he keeps quiet in order not to appear a fool in front of his wife, but ask him about his job and he starts up, excited and grateful as a prep-school boy on a Sunday exeat. The other romantic couples are the honeymooners hoping to while away the long dark hours of daylight. They blink at the memorials in the Abbey, yawn steadily round St Paul's, the husband sighs at Anne Boleyn's execution, the girl goes sparkle and coo at the Crown Jewels, and I think we'll finish early this afternoon.

We visit Stratford. Not many of Stratford's three million annual visitors have much interest in, or knowledge of, the Bard. One elderly man did shake me by reciting from memory the most inventively obscene stanza of *Venus and Adonis.* His wife looked like she'd heard it before. But most of them have no interest in Shakespeare, nor do they even want to go to Stratford: what they want is to *have been there* and to prove it with the Zeiss Ikon colour slides and Mom's Instamatic prints and a few postcards just to be on the safe side. But the Works are a closed book to them.

In this, they show a certain fine instinct, for the first thing that Shakespeare did after he had given Anne three children was to take the road to London. The lady who runs the little soft-drinks kiosk across the road from Anne Hathaway's cottage—now no doubt wintering in Bermuda—says that up to fifty coaches a day visit it in August. As they all leave London at the same time, they all arrive simultaneously. Two thousand people in a small Elizabethan cottage in high summer—the mutable, rank-scented many, as Will hath it. No wonder he left town.

At a man's back there are always the wings of the Angel of Disaster. Crashing the car is difficult to pass off lightly—'I did that deliberately so that you can get to meet one of our splendid policemen face to face'. Getting lost involves a loss of credibility—'There's St Paul's Cathedral. Well, it was here *yesterday.*' You can spend hours driving round the terraces of South London, streets of a thousand twitching curtains, looking for the Brighton road. . . 'This is a short cut, not many people know about it'. Anyone who has an XJ6 suddenly cut across in front at Hyde Park Corner could slam on the brakes, lean out of the window, and scream *'Get off the fucking road you shit-faced capitalist maniac',* before remembering the existence of the couple in the back. There must be parties dining out nightly in St Louis on the terrors of their London holiday, the savagery and greed of the natives.

And sometimes one of them makes a remark so *unwise* that it paralyses them for the rest of the day. Like the man looking up at Edinburgh Castle: 'That's really a fine castle, but why did they have to build it over the railway station?' His wife gives him the full oxy-acetylene, the 'wait till I get you back in the hotel bedroom' glare.

I look up at the international sky.

Illustration by Rick Gallagher.

Fiction/**MICK FARREN**

Once It's Started

'Apart from Alice's candle, the flashing neon advertising Dirty Edna's was the only light in the room. Monk and Easy had been rapping for at least 36 hours with the only natural break coming when they sneaked out to the toilet to shoot up more crystal. The kid in the cowboy hat was tracing the red weals on Belinda's naked back with his fingers. I was trapped between the cowboy, the speed freaks and the wall going on and off . . .'

The overhead shook the building as it shuddered past outside. A drawing pin dropped out of the poster of Albert Einstein, and the top left hand corner slowly curled and dropped. Outside in the window the red neon sign that advertised Dirty Edna's flashed on and off, making the far wall change alternately from bloody red to dirty grey. Apart from the single candle that Alice was staring at, it was the only source of light for the whole room. The stereo pumped out Merle Haggard. The kid in the cowboy hat sat hunched over it. He posed something of a problem in that whenever anybody suggested that it might be nice to hear something other than country music he threatened to fight them. Nobody knew exactly where he'd come from but nobody quite liked to ask him about it.

I would have left right then, except I couldn't find the energy to move. I pulled the little bottle of capsules out of my boot. There were six left. They'd see me through the rest of the night and probably most of the next day. I had a vestigial idea that I ought to pass them round but I didn't see anyone else about to come out with anything. I decided the best thing to do would be to keep them to myself. It occurred to me that it would be amusing if I stuffed a couple down the kid in the cowboy hat. The trouble was that I didn't really have the co-ordination for that kind of adventure, even though he'd probably be better off lying in a foetal position on the stairs than lording it over the stereo.

The only alternative to the country music was to tune in to Monk and Easy. Their rap had been going on for at least thirty-six hours, with the only natural breaks coming when they sneaked out to the toilet to shoot up more crystal. They kept theirs to themselves, and I wasn't about to negotiate an exchange for a couple of my capsules. It didn't stop me listening to them, though, when the pedal steel music got to be too much.

They had a theory that speedfreaks ruled the world.

'And then there was Kennedy'.

'Right, too right'.

'He had this doctor'.

'Sure, sure, came round every day. Shot him full of meth and B12'.

'Good clinical meth man. The dude came round every day and gave him his shot. Didn't even know what was happening. Every time he felt bad, just sing out for the doc. He travelled everywhere with him'.

'Who?'

'The doc, with Kennedy. Ain't you listening, man?'

'Sure I'm listening, man. Don't get paranoid. You know what I mean?'

'I'm not paranoid, man. I know what's happening'.

'What about Hitler?'

'He was a coke freak'.

'So? What's wrong with coke?'

'I wouldn't turn it down, if there was some, but there isn't so I can't'.

'Huh?'

'You sure you're listening, man?'

'Sure I'm sure'.

'So what was wrong with Hitler?'

'He had this doctor called Morrell.'

'Used to shoot him full of coke and belladonna'.

'Right'.

'I mean, imagine being Kennedy, man. Stoned out on meth, threatening to toss bombs at the Russians'.

'I thought you were talking about Hitler'.

'Sure I was talking about Hitler. You want to listen, man. The trouble with Hitler was that he fucked up'.

'He was surrounded by junkies'.

'Goering'.

'Goering had methadone invented for him when he couldn't get any smack'.

The kid in the cowboy hat had started Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison for the third time. I was trapped between him, the speedfreaks and the wall going on and off. I sideslipped and the room got jagged. I wished I could turn off at least part of it. The overhead went through again and the building shook. Alice's candle flickered, but she didn't notice. She just went right on staring.

The door opened and the speedfreaks jerked in unison. It was only Ice and Belinda. By the look of them they'd been up on the roof. Ice liked to take Belinda up there, tie her to one of the ventilator pipes and beat her with his belt. If the ritual was over, Ice would probably leave soon. Then Belinda would strip off and

show us all her bruises. We'd seen it before, except the kid in the cowboy hat, that is. He'd probably get a kick out of it. He looked the type.

Ice stuck his thumbs in his belt and thrust his hips forward. The faggots on the third floor were always trying to get to Ice. He had that kind of fast-gun machismo down to a fine art. He'd seen every one of Sergio Leone's movies at least three times. He turned slowly, scanning the room, watchful and ready to jump. He lingered over the mirror that was propped against the wall between Alice and the mattress.

Ice always refused to have anything to do with the faggots from the third floor. He made that very clear, despite the fact that he hung round their landing a little too much. Ice had paused long enough. It was his cue to speak.

'What's happening, huh?'

Nobody answered. Ice's voice was a fraction too high for the rest of his image.

'I asked what's happening'.

Easy looked up with a jerk.

'We were just talking about world power. Amphetamine . . .'

Easy rolled the word round his tongue.

'. . . amphetamine power. If you understand what I'm talking about.'

Ice nodded. A fast tight nod that I'd caught him rehearsing in the bathroom.

'I understand'.

He turned slowly to face the kid in the cowboy hat.

'Why all the country music?'

The kid in the cowboy hat rose to a tense half crouch.

'What's wrong with country music, friend?'

There was a long silence while they tried to stare each other down. The wall flashed from grey and back to red. It was Ice who finally gave way.

'Nothing wrong with country music—in the country'.

Before the drama could go any further, Belinda put her hand on Ice's sleeve.

'Do you have a cigarette?'

Ice pushed her away.

'I'm clean out'.

'You sure?'

He turned angrily on her.

'Sure I'm sure. All you ever do is want things'.

It was another of their games. We could all see the almost full pack of Camels sticking out of his shirt pocket. He turned his heel and slammed out of the room. Even above Johnny Cash we could hear this boots going down the stairs. The kid in the cowboy hat climbed to his feet and went over to Belinda. He pulled out a crumpled pack of Luckies.

'Do you want one of these, honey?'

Belinda showed her nice even teeth in a Marilyn Monroe smile.

'Thank you very much'.

The cowboy lit her cigarette for her. In the flash, I was reminded that Belinda was in fact quite pretty. She made a living for herself and Ice by making fuck films. She lost quite a lot of work, though, because he left too many marks on her. I suppose you could say something about all work and no play. The overhead came through again and the building shuddered.

Belinda wasted no time in asking the kid in the cowboy hat whether he wanted to see her bruises. Before he could even answer, she'd started to unbutton her dress. I'd seen it so many times before I retreated behind my eyelids. If she kept him busy for a long time somebody might be able to put on some different music.

When I opened my eyes again I could see Belinda and the cowboy entwined beside the stereo. Belinda appeared to be naked. The neon sign came on and confirmed it. The kid still had his hat on. He was tracing the red weals on her back with his fingers.

'Why do you let him do it to you, honey?'

Belinda laughed her little squeaky laugh.

'I don't mind. I quite enjoy it really'.

The neon went off and I waited for the next episode. When it came back on again, the cowboy was licking his lips.

'Would you let me do it?'

Belinda was outraged.

'Listen buster, I don't hardly know you'.

The neon went off again. In the darkness I could hear the kid in the cowboy hat trying to placate her.

'I'm sorry, sugar, I didn't mean any harm'.

Belinda forgave him and the neon came on. The cowboy grinned at her.

'Want to see my gun?'

I thought for a moment he was going to expose his Roy Rogers prick. It turned out that I was quite wrong. From the waistband of his jeans, he produced a mean black snubnosed revolver. The red light went off, and I imagined how the gun must have been nestling behind his rodeo buckle all evening. It was fortunate that nobody had pressed the point about the country music. I eased myself back into the wall. It always makes me nervous when kiddies start to play with guns.

I couldn't look at the kid in the cowboy hat. I just didn't want to know what he was doing with the gun. I switched my attention to Alice. She was still staring at the candle, and there was no entertainment there. Even in the muted light there was nothing attractive about her plain, vacant little face. That left only Easy and Monk. They still squatted cross-legged like a pair of jittering Buddhist monks. They'd transferred from previous world-wreckers to their own dreams of power and grandeur.

'All we got to do is get it together. That's all we got to do'.

'Right. We've only got to get it together'.

'We could be right there. Running things, doing it. Telling people what to do. You know what I mean?'

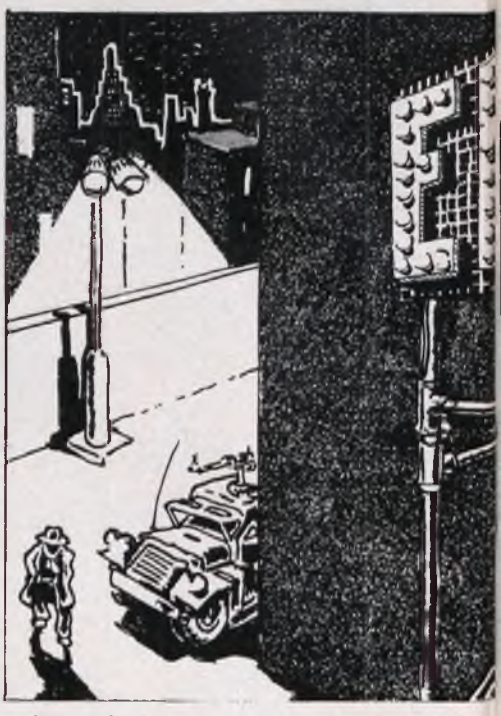
They waved their hands at each other; fast jerks that cast shadows like darting bats or black birds each time the neon flashed through the windows.

'All we need to do is just get started. Once we get started, got a few people behind us, we could sweep across the world'.

'A whole legion of us. Wave upon wave, driving everything in front of us'.

'Right!'

'Just get it together'.



'Right!'

Every so often, the red light would catch their eyes. Demonic reflections would be thrown back. I was beginning to drift into their spiralling world. I caught myself wondering if it was me or them that was insane. I looked away. There was nothing else to stare at but the wall. All that did was go on and off.

Red Grey Red Grey Red Grey

In the next red flash the door opened quietly and a guy I'd never seen before slipped in carrying a bottle. He looked around for someone to talk to. Easy and Monk were locked into their plans for world domination, Alice was still transfixed, while Belinda and the cowboy were pressing together on the floor. That left only me. He sat down.

'You seen Zorbo?'

Who the hell was Zorbo?

I looked him straight in the bottle and grinned.

'Sure, he left already'.

The red to grey and back to red pause. I continued to smile at the bottle. I licked my lips and felt a bit like the kid in the cowboy hat. I wished I had a gun to show the dude. After a while, he got the point.

'Uh . . . maybe you'd like a drink'.

I grabbed it.

'Sure would'.

I took a generous swallow. It was cheap wine which tasted like it had been fortified with anti-freeze. I paused, took another hit and passed it back to him.

'Thanks'.

There was a pause while the guy waited for me to offer him something in return. I decided not to be drawn and sat staring straight ahead, doing a passable imitation of Alice. The overhead came through again and shook the building. The guy jerked.

'What the fuck was that?'

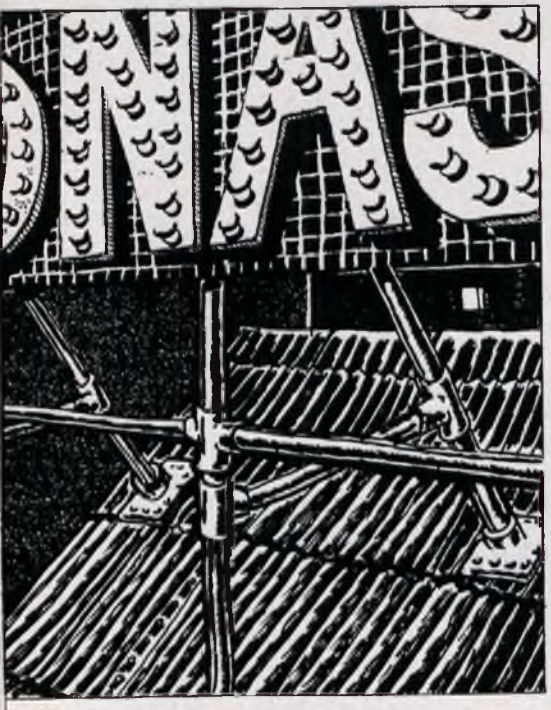
'Overhead'.

'Aah'.

'Anytime'.

[illegible]

[illegible] maybe



have a taste of something you could lay on me. I mean, do you?'

For one charitable instant I thought about giving him one of my precious capsules, then I shook my head.

'It all went'.

'Too bad'.

'Sorry'.

His wine hadn't been that good, and besides I'd had it. After a decent pause he got up and slipped out of the door as quietly as he had come in. Or, at least, he tried to. On the way he was hit by Miss Rene with a sailor in tow, and was almost knocked off his feet. Rene flashed him a super nova smile.

'Sorry precious, I hardly saw you'.

The little guy fled down the stairs and Miss Rene swept into the room.

'Nothing going on in here. You almost look like you need dusting'.

Rene was a strange creature. She had the face and figure of a starlet, but attached to her crotch was a miniaturised set of male genitals. Nobody was quite sure how she got that way. The opposing theories were that, on one hand, she was a freak of nature, while on the other she had once had a very expensive hormone job, but had run out of money before she could get the final piece of surgery.

She was wearing a blue metallic sheath dress that flashed purple each time the red neon came on. I started to hallucinate watching her. Over her shoulders was a black leather Brando bike jacket, one of the double breasted kinds with lots of zips. Miss Rene had a strange talent for mixing her symbolism.

The sailor started to paw at her. He was very drunk. She shrieked, and punched him in the face with a fistful of rings.

'Don't touch the merchandise, Charlie!'

He reeled away, and then stumbled round the room as though he was unsure of what had happened to him. A small trickle of blood ran down his chin from a cut on his lips. His vacant eyes fell on Alice. He sat down heavily beside her.

'Hey honey, you look cute'.

Alice continued to stare unwaveringly at the candle. A little pool of wax was beginning to form on the floor. The sailor leaned over and squeezed her breasts.

'Believe in free love, do you babe? I believe in free love'.

Alice's gaze didn't waver. Miss Rene looked on in disgust. The sailor began to slobber over the front of Alice's Donald Duck T-shirt. Rene flounced towards the door.

'Well fuck you Jack!'

The door slammed behind her and her high heels clattered down the stairs. The sailor began to realise that maybe he wasn't going to get as far as he'd imagined. Alice might look completely relaxed, but we all knew that when she got into that state she became as stiff as a board.

He tried to push his hand down her jeans, but found that the way she was sitting made it quite impossible. He attempted to ease one of her legs out of the way, gently at first and then using both hands. He discovered that even when he applied leverage, Alice's thighs just wouldn't move. He rolled over on the mattress and shook his head at her hunched, bony back.

'You ought to see a doctor, honey'.

She ignored him. He raised his voice to take in the whole room.

'This chick ought to see a doctor'.

The whole room ignored him. He complained and muttered for a while, and then began to get interested in Monk and Easy. He listened for a while and then finally interrupted their flow.

'You fella's planning something?'

Their heads flashed round, and they peered at him with speed-freak hostility.

'We're taking over'.

'Taking over what?'

'The world, man. The whole fucking planet'.

'Yeah?'

'Yeah, all we got to do is get it together.'

'Taking over the world seems like a pretty tall order'.

Monk dismissed the sailor's plebian viewpoint with a fast chop of his hand.

'No problem, once we got it together'.

Easy nodded.

'We'd tell you about it only we don't have time right now'.

The sailor grinned with a dawning, doglike devotion.

'Go ahead. You don't mind if I listen, do you?'

'Not if you don't interrupt'.

'I won't say a word'.

It seemed as though Easy and Monk had claimed their first disciple. They went back to plotting. The sailor sat on the mattress watching them, absorbing every word, his head turning from side to side like a spectator at a tennis match.

Across the room there was a flurry of movement. The kid in the cowboy hat had taken time out from rubbing his pistol between Belinda's legs for long enough to put on a Tammy Wynette album. It seemed like a signal to Monk and Easy. They both leaped to their feet.

'We got it!'

'Yeah! We got the answer'.

I rested my head against the wall.

'That's wonderful'.

'That's the word, wonderful. We got the answer'.

'You want to hear the answer?'

I shrugged.

'Sure, why not?'

'People'.

'People?'

'Right, people'.

'Yeah, people. We live off people'.

I focussed on them. The red light was reflected in their eyes. They looked like a couple of vampires who'd just spied lunch. I took the time to argue.

'I thought we did that anyway'.

'We go the whole way'.

'No half measures'.

'We catch people'.

I was confused.

'What do we do when we've caught them?'

They looked at me like I was a backward child. I was at a disadvantage. They'd had thirty-six hours to build up to this. Easy spelled it out.

'We process them'.

'Hunh?'

'Some bits we eat. Some bits we get stoned on . . .'

'What?'

'There's all these glands'.

Monk picked it up.

'The adrenal gland, the lymph gland, the pineal gland, the pituitary. You got to be able to get high on some of those. Plus we eat the flesh and make ornaments out of the bones. We could even sell them. There's no time to delay'.

I sat and boggled as they raced out of the room yelling. The sailor seemed disappointed that they hadn't asked him to go with them. There was nothing to do but wait. The overhead came through and shook the buildings. Inside of fifteen minutes, they were back again.

'We need help'.

I shook my head.

'I can't move'.

The sailor jumped to his feet and even the cowboy seemed anxious to help. They all trooped downstairs. A few minutes later they were back, struggling with a limp body. They dropped it on the floor. Belinda squeaked. Alice didn't move. I looked at it. It wasn't the best body I'd ever seen. Middle aged, unshaven, dirty, wearing a tattered Army coat, it looked like one of the bums they regularly tossed out of Dirty Edna's. Easy and Monk stood over it triumphantly. I think they would have liked to have their photos taken. Foot on neck, like big game hunters. We'd hocked Alice's Polaroid a long time earlier though, and it just wasn't possible.

Easy looked round the room.

'What we need is a knife'.

The sailor, who seemed so taken with the game that he'd totally forgotten about Alice, pulled a large switchblade from out of his coat. He opened it with a snap. I shut my eyes as they went to work. I couldn't take any more. I could picture the scene when the cops burst in. Then I thought about it. Who'd miss an old bum, it might be okay after all. Provided they didn't go crazy. And who could tell, there might be some good stuff in those glands.

The overhead came through and shook the building.

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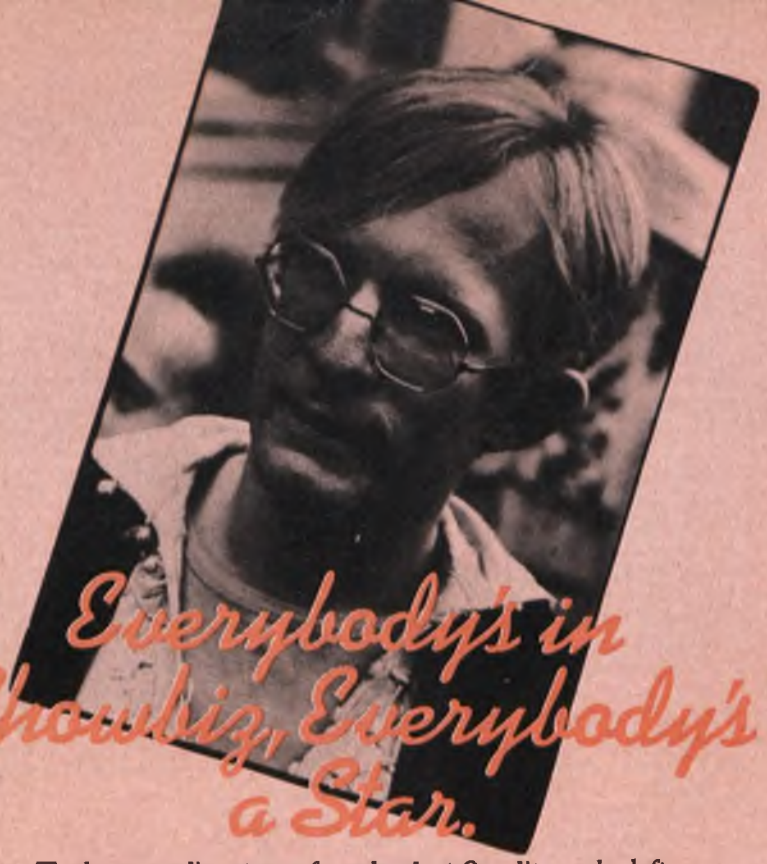

Everybody's in Showbiz, Everybody's a Star.

The heart-rending story of a redundant Oz editor, who left a steady job as a hack writer in London to spend summer as a fart behind the Fucking Puppets of Vienna.

Cabaret/**JIM ANDERSON**

'Travel narrows the mind and broadens the arse', George Greaves, an old journalist friend of mine in Tangier was fond of saying. I'm sure now that he had in mind the wear and tear on your backside produced by camel saddles in the Sahara or the wooden seats in jolting Greek mountain buses, but in the mid-sixties, when I was finding England oppressive to me as a gay person, I assumed that he was referring to my old fear that getting fucked in the arse would make it expand like a ripening cauliflower. For my emotional and sexual well-being I had to get out of London, but at the same time I didn't want to have a big bum, so when I did hit the road, I restricted myself to active penetration, fellatio and mutual masturbation. A few weeks in downtown Cairo, however, brought home to me the absurdity of this attitude. I threw my virginity to the winds and resigned myself to larger trousers. Of course, the only thing that expanded was my sense of pleasure and awareness of myself: the absurdity of yet another of the ideas planted in my head by teachers and family became clear.

Ever since, travel has been sexually liberating for me—broadening both mind (never did work out what the first part of the phrase meant) and arse, if you like. Another good reason for travel is that it removes a writing block that I have. I can employ the fiction that if I write about somewhere far enough away from the place where my article will be published, fewer people will notice what bullshit I am writing because fewer people will be able to pick up on the mistakes. On that basis, Amsterdam is a very poor substitute for Outer Mongolia, what with the Common Market and it being only a few cheap hours away and all that, but it was the only place I got to this summer, so it has to do. Naturally this has been a very difficult article to write.

I went to Amsterdam mostly for a holiday, but also perhaps to get involved in something other than magazines or writing, which for years has occupied far too much of my time in London. I had in mind a travelling troupe of actors, dancers or acrobats, but as I had not performed publicly (at least by choice) in any way since my innocent pre-pubertal days as a child star in such charmers as Toad of Toad Hall, I needed something simple to start with. I thought longingly of approaching Hibiscus and Angel Jack who were there from San Francisco with The Angels of Light in a show of breathtaking banality—inconsequential nudity, dope, costume changes, and old Broadway songs like 'We'll Build A Stairway to Paradise' sung out of tune by mixed choruses of voices full of sweetness and light without any instrumental accompaniment. It was a cross between the Garden of Eden and Busby Berkeley, and their entire budget was obviously spent on tinsel and glitter. Watching the show I felt like a rabbit in the headlights of a car, so bedazzled I had to give up any thought of participation.

There were dozens of other groups playing the hippie circuit and the parks, sometimes as part of the Holland Festival, but it wasn't until Adam Lysowski and his Viennese Sex Puppets, or as he had more modestly painted on his six-feet-wide canvas stage front 'The Cosmic Nomads', arrived in town that I realised at last that here was something I could work with.

Adam was one of the international Jewish yippie mafia, quick-change artists, I suppose, a pantheon which includes such chameleons as Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and the beautiful Isak Haber. Isak, of 'How Abbie Hoffman Stole "Steal This Book"' and the guy who hit Timothy Leary fame, had been going to work the puppets with Adam, but had decided to return to the States instead. Adam was scarcely more familiar with the role of public entertainer than I was, his experience being mostly as a mathematician from Princeton. Grotesque in appearance, a fourteen stone fatty who wore heavy glasses with lenses like the bottom of milk bottles, he was a gargantuan bearded Vandal hammering at the gates of civilisation. On performance days he walked about Amsterdam beaming benignly in a white boiler suit tracked with flashing electric light bulbs which lit up in lines around his genitals, down his back to his arse and circled his tits. 'The more conspicuous I am, the greater my sense of freedom. People give me room to move', he said. 'Good for business too'. I had never associated being conspicuous with peace of mind before, and the remark sank in.

He had started up the Cosmic Nomads in Vienna only a few weeks before, and had brought them to Amsterdam for the summer season, just as Frankie Howerd or Inter-Action might do July on the pier at Weston-Super-Mare. Fritz the Cat may have been the first publicly shown cartoon with explicit sex, but the Cosmic Nomads was the first Punch and Judy show with fucking nuns. Adam was a man with a message—'more orgasms'—and the puppets were a simple method of putting across some rather heavy sexual liberation proselytising.

He had about a dozen glove puppets with bright, carefully made clothes and shiny, well-delineated painted heads. There was a Mary Whitehouse mother figure, an alcoholic father, a long-haired girl, a short-haired boy, a priest, a couple of nuns, a cosmic guru, a black man, and two or three all-purpose puppets with prominent noses, bald heads, double chins and bad vibes which could be used for psychiatrists, politicians, property developers and other wicked types starting with 'p'. His props were uncomplicated—a bed, a toilet, a bath, a table, a telly, and an indoor and outdoor backdrop.

Each of the male puppets had a hole in his trousers for a piece of rubber tubing, which could be made, when the plot required orgasm, to protrude and squirt water over the audience by squeezing a rubber ball, which we usually remembered to fill before each performance. Each of the female puppets had an electric light, representing a cunt, set into the front of her dress, which could be made to signify sexual arousal by flicking a transistor battery switch, operated by whoever—me, Adam, or Kathy his assistant—was manipulating that particular puppet.

Every day we carried the theatre folded up in a tin trunk through the streets to the Vondelpark, where we set it up by the first lake. Kathy would recruit a few musicians from the plastic ground sheet and sleeping bag encampments under the trees, and when an audience had been attracted by the bongos or

Illustration by William Rankin.

whatever, she would do a belly dance she had learned in Tunisia to warm them up. Nothing was ever happening in the park and it was easy to trap a large crowd, mostly teenybop freaks and park hippies, but a selection of Dutch matrons and German tourists with their children as well. The police checked up on us as we were setting up the first time. We had no licence, but on being told that it was 'puppets, you know, for kids', they gave big smiles and went away.

Adam's main targets were the pernicious teaching of the Roman Catholic Church and the Jesuits, the evils of sexual repression and censorship, and the hypocrisy of the Victorians and their successors. He extolled the delights of fucking and shitting and made mock of prudish Anglo-Saxon attitudes in these more than potentially enjoyable areas. My first contribution to his theatre was back stage, making farting and evacuation noises, as Adam manipulated his puppet-priest on the toilet seat, while bellowing out a long monologue on the pleasures of a good crap. It was excellent therapy for me too, who has suffered embarrassment at having to shit, hung over a rail, in public at pop festivals. This particular sketch was always very popular, arousing great guffaws and the occasional participatory fart, from any audience. There was usually interest too in the new use being made of an old amusement device, even if they were too doped to be conscious of any sexual problems themselves except perhaps that of impotency.

Adam had grown tired of the limitations of his repertoire and was anxious to upgrade his material. After a discussion we came up with a sketch entitled The Death of Janis Joplin, the Rise and Fall of a Superstar. Unfortunately, much as we liked Janis, neither of us knew much about her history, and having no time to make new puppets, we had to weave the story around those we had. Her tragedy, as performed the next day, went something like this:

Janis Joplin (related the Cosmic Guru)) was born in a small Texas town and displayed a rebellious tomboy disposition even from the cradle. She loved singing and when she was fourteen started running around with a bunch of local musicians, one of whom became her childhood sweetheart—Jimi Hendrix (so we could use the black puppet). In the opening scene, her mother (Mrs Whitehouse) catches Janis in the bath singing the Kozmic Blues (we had it on tape) and whacking off. Mum gives her a rundown on the evils of masturbation, then sends her in to her father for a beating. Drunken dad takes of his trouser belt, beats her, then fucks her. She runs to the priest for help. He listens lasciviously to her troubles, then fucks her. She runs to her childhood sweetheart, who consoles her, then fucks her. (Lots of play here with the rubber tubing and the electric light bulbs). He says: 'Marry me and join the band'. She says: 'You're just a no-good home-town guitarist', splits for the coast and the big time and breaks his heart.

She fucks her way through producers and promoters to the top, where she remains for a short time, the glitteriest and most glamorous rock star of them all, beseiged by reporters, photographers and groupies. Life at the top becomes lonely, drugs replace her love life and she spurns a last minute rescue attempt by Jimi who arrives in Los Angeles to bring her back home. She dies in a spectacular blue-lit scene on a motel bed, a bottle of Southern Comfort in one hand, a hypodermic in the other. The Cosmic Guru reappears to intone a euolgy, placing the blame for her death squarely on the nuclear family and the mores of a puritanical sexually repressed redneck society. And the Church. (Adam always had it in for the church).

So much for accuracy in the rapacious path of creative endeavour. We did a trial run in the Vondelpark and on the strength of that got a booking for the Milky Way a couple of nights later. I was in show-business.

I was dimly aware that Janis Joplin's sex life was more than fucking producers and drunkenly dragging guys off the street into her car at the lights. Her sweetheart was a girl rather than a boy, and it would have been no trouble to be correct for once and included some tender lesbian love scenes. But I was vaguely embarrassed (embarrassment, the curse of the middle classes) by my own gayness, as indeed I had been the previous day when I had chickened out of doing a gay liberation sketch I had prepared. I was overcome by shyness, not simple Bambi stuff, but self-oppressive timidity. Had that heavy duty done with GLF at the London School of Economics and All Saints Hall been all to no avail? Would I no longer be able to ask for *Gay News* at my local newsagent? Was it time for electro-shock treatment as my only solution? I decided rather hastily that it was just natural nervousness at performing in public, even in such a friendly medium as a puppet theatre, and not something as anti-revolutionary as a lack of gay conviction. As Adam had pointed out patiently, I *was* a very hot and bothered performer. My co-ordination was bad and I would get excited and find myself unable to do more than one thing at a time. Life ran along far too quickly in the puppet world for my fat fingers, which had to work frantically to keep pace with changes of props and characters. Voices to switch to falsetto, tapes to play, glitter to be thrown for the Monterey Festival scene, cocks to squirt, cunts to flash, and I tended not to realise that I was compulsively making puppets come and switching light bulbs on and off long after the story had moved elsewhere.

The Milky Way is a club in an old warehouse on a canal just off the Leidseplan with a large, comfortable area for watching movies or video, another for eating, another for tea and conversation, and a main room for loitering or lolling about, listening to music, dancing if anyone can be bothered, watching others do their number and being passively entertained by events like the Cosmic Nomads. This room has a large, raised central platform with wooden pillars at the corners, and has a medieval air about it, reminiscent of Marrakech rather than northern Europe.

Organising sex for the love generation is rather like introducing rock groups into the church aisles in order to bring back the congregations, but I thought that the Milky Way would work much better, be less dull, if facilities for fucking were added to it. I imagined a couple of warm steaming pools like natural thermal springs, fountains in the vapour, music, soft lights and nakedness, colour telly and dope, some tropical foliage and open to the sky on hot summer nights. A hippie love temple with a Robert Crumb fuck-in and orgy-riot whenever communal passion escaped from its box.

The Vienna Sex Puppets evening at the Milky Way turned into a Joplin rock memorial service. Bill Levy from *Suck Magazine* (like *Oz*, a final issue will be out by the end of the year) lent us two cartoons which could have come out of Unca Walt's personal collection and were originally shown at the Wet Dream Festival. Janis herself had doubtful drawing power (she was as remote as Bessie Smith to a good half of the crowd), but from the minute that Hansel and Gretel flickered on the wall, billed as a Janis Joplin masturbation fantasy, a sexual whisper floated around the club and the room was completely filled.

Piece of My Heart was blasted out over the loudspeakers, then a spotlight played on Kathy as she did her belly dance, announcing it this time as Janis Joplin's Dream of Paradise. By the time the puppet drama itself got going, it was almost lost in the sideshows and pretensions of a mammoth production.

Kathy made Janis into a real tough cookie of a puppet, and I, feverishly working away as her mother, father and boyfriend, felt she came over as a pushy bitch who deserved everything she got. Me and Bobby McGee, played at the end as an accompaniment to the second of the cartoons, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs which was billed as Janis Joplin's Vision of Life After Death, restored a sense of sorrow however, and there was some enthusiastic clapping. Even as Prince Charming was fucking Snow White back to life, joints were being lit, chillums were being prepared, and Janis Joplin was drifting back into oblivion.

So much for showbiz. I left Amsterdam shortly afterwards. The Vienna Sex Puppets got other bookings, Adam got another helper, and began work on an even more ambitious project—The History of Acid, the Life and Times of Timothy Leary—based on his experiences with Leary in Vienna during the six weeks the acid gangster spent there before he inadvisedly left for Afghanistan and instant arrest.

When Adam comes to London and does his version of The *Oz* Trial, I will have further opportunity to exorcise some of my sexual devils. When that other Mr Leary, the prosecutor at the trial, asks: 'Do you find the male organ attractive, Mr Anderson?' I will be able to reply, 'I think it's very beautiful, Mr Leary, don't you?' instead of the tortuous answer I did give, which was 'I think it's a perfectly natural part of the human anatomy, Mr Leary'.

We already have just the puppet for the prosecutor—he is a sitter for one of those left over ones with the bald head and the double chin, used for wicked types starting with 'p'.

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Derek Taylor

Derek Taylor

The Suede Jackboot.

What your right wing's for. A speculative guide to fascism and latent fascism in Britain.

When I hear the word 'fascist' I reach for my gun. Not to shoot the fascist—God knows there'll be time enough for that—but to blast the person who used the word. Because in the past few weeks I've heard everyone, from Robert Carr to Rod Stewart to the referee in the Arsenal-Tranmere Rovers game, described as a fascist and the word has become so overused and illused as to become almost meaningless. An underground soporific, a mandy of the written word.

Fascist Pig replaced Yah-Boo in the sixties as an all-purpose expletive directed at anyone who disagreed with the left or who held any kind of overt authority. The result is that the overuse of the word tends to obscure the genuine and increasing fascism in this country.

Now fascism, as I see it, is a movement towards control of the weak by the strong, based on an elitist and often violent doctrine, of one group of people over another; it grows from both economic and social dissatisfaction and feeds on fear and intolerance. Ask Enoch.

Hard-line fascists in Britain suffered an enormous reverse because of Hitler, and the last war is a blow from which they are only just recovering. But recovering they are, as witness the mushrooming of right-wing groups throughout the sixties and early seventies: the National Front, the Anglo-Rhodesian Society, Action Party, Keep Britain White Campaign, the Racial Preservation Society, the Monday Club, Immigration Control Association, the National Democratic Party, the Free Speech Defence Fund and the National Independent Party.

Many of these groups are as thin on the ground and as divided as many left groups are often accused of being; in fact, all you need to do to form a party is get a suitably stentorian name, whip out a pamphlet featuring repatriation, hanging and a stronger police force, and

you'll probably get media coverage and send a chill down the spines of liberal opinion. For many of the groups might well have died the death were it not for the fascination they have for the media and liberals in particular. Lenny Bruce used to have a routine about Lincoln Rockwell in which he pondered on whether Rockwell was just playing to crowds of Jews shaking their fists at him and really only had two followers who were deaf and thought the swastika was an Aztec symbol. 'Who always shows you these articles about bigotry?' asked Bruce, '—the liberals. Hmmm.'

So, *pace* Lenny, let's take a look at the policies and histories of some of the major groups currently touting for power and membership dues in what they feel is a climate of indecision and national trauma.

One of the newest, by name if not by ideas, is the Action Party which was formed on January 1st of this year out of the ashes of Mosley's Union Movement, which itself had been running since 1948. They have kept the familiar lightning-flash symbol and have been leafletting areas of London with their ten-point programme and requests for people to subscribe to their 4-page newspaper, the bi-weekly *Action*.

The ten points range from the predictable repatriation, choice of education and capital punishment to the less expected union with Europe and compulsory purchase of houses at pre-boom prices to provide cheaper homes. On the race issue, they want to repatriate all 'post-war immigrants to good jobs and conditions in their homelands'. One of the reasons given for this is the assertion that immigrants have introduced 'diseases unknown in this country for hundreds of years'. I asked their full-time secretary, Jeffrey Hamm, an old Mosleyite, what diseases this referred to and he told me there were now 1,000 lepers in this country 'but we don't want to exploit this issue as people love to brand us as racists'. Can't think why.

They are coy about the size of their membership, but since they are currently facing debts of nearly £5,000 and are making a fairly desperate appeal for money, it would be fair to assume that Action is something of a misnomer. Their opinions of other right-wing groups are scathing. Powell is called 'absurd', a dupe being used by the Tories as a safety-valve, and furthermore personally responsible during his time as Minister of Health for introducing thousands of coloured hospital workers to Britain; Robert Carr is a 'soft sister' and of the National Front Hamm says 'where they are sensible, they are not original and where they are original, they are not sensible'; the Monday Club 'lunch on Mondays and squabble on Tuesdays'.

At the Action conference on October 7th, Mr Hamm claimed that his party

was 'the party of the centre', that they want a united European Army and hoped Britain would join with Europe and the white Commonwealth to create a third major power, the other two being America and Russia. China, nowhere. Action also has a novel interpretation of the recent killings of African mineworkers in South Africa: the police were actually defending *other* African workers. But in view of their debts and the fact that hardly anyone seems to have heard of them, Action does seem to be something of a Mickey Mouse in boots operation, Mosley's party almost over with all its pretty balloons burst.

The same can't be said of the National Front, recently in the news when one of their new members, Roy Painter, was removed from the Board of Governors of Somerset Comprehensive School in Tottenham. This was welcomed by the NF activities organiser, the obese Martin Webster, because 'it will tend to polarise things and where things polarise, we do better'.

Mr Webster should know. Since he attended the National Socialists' rally in Trafalgar Square in 1962 he has become a leading Front figure in polarisation of opinion on the racial issues, and polled 4,789 votes at the West Bromwich by-election in May.

While the Action Party have to content themselves with trying to persuade local libraries to take their newspaper and asking for funds, the NF have been fighting elections and are to put up at least 50 candidates at the next General Election; which would seem to be about the best reason for making it to the polling booths since 1945. At the moment the effect of their electioneering is to cut the Tory vote, but the size of some of the turn-outs—businessman John Clifton picked up 3,000 votes at Uxbridge earlier this year—shows that they have the organisation to make inroads into local councils, where they could do a considerable amount of damage. They, too, do a lot of leafletting, most recently in Harringey, Brixton, Hounslow and Brentford where small stickers distributed from their Croydon headquarters claim 'National Front puts Britain first—Stop Immigration, Start Repatriation?

John Tyndall, the man who now leads the Front, is a former member of the League of Empire Loyalists which was formed in 1954 by A K Chesterton, second cousin to the author G K. Tyndall split from them in 1958 to set up the National Labour Party with John Beam, another leading Front member, and appeared in a charming *Daily Herald* photo in 1962, carrying a swastika banner at a National Socialist camp in the Cotswolds.

I attended their conference at the Conway Hall in October and watched Tyndall on the Union Jack-bedecked platform delivering a call to arms based on 'the spirit and the genius of this race, living on proud and defiant'. The word 'race' had a positively Pavlovian effect on the delegates, producing immediate cries of 'Yes, yes' and much hand-clapping. I hate to fall back on such a tired comparison as wee Adolf, but really Tyndall's strutting hyperbole 'soon we shall hear the sounds of marching columns . . . the skyline will be red white and blue . . . we have the greatest fighters in the country'—was so much of a crib of Hitler that I'm surprised he doesn't come out of his bunker and sue for breach of copyright. But perhaps the saddest aspect of the conference was watching the police and the NF heavies swapping anecdotes about how they dealt with lefty demonstrators. I'd like to send a free holiday on the Black Sea to the gallant photographer who quietly whistled the Internationale throughout Tyndall's closing remarks.

The Front have taken away much of the muscle from the Monday Club which, at its peak in 1971, could claim 34 Tory MPs and 35 Peers in its ranks. Now it is suffering an ideological heamorrage, gleefully catalogued by the press, because of the refusal of chairman Jonathon Guinness—'It's what your right wing's for'—to resign. Guinness and his supporters are considered soft and the expulsion of the Essex branch of the club for the election support they gave a local Front candidate caused further rifts in the Club. Guinness has duly paid the penalty for being a softy by being dropped by his constituency in Lincoln as their candidate in the next election.

By their increasingly obtuse behaviour, the Monday Club members have become an embarrassment to many of their parliamentary colleagues and only a handful of Tory MPs remain with them, although those with strong ties include our old friend Geoff Rippon, Julian Amery and former Minister of Transport, John Peyton. But one of the former members, George Young, who lost the chairmanship battle with Guinness on April 30th, has used the Club as a springboard to further activity in Brent where he hopes to stand in the next election and use the immigration issue as a focus for his campaign. Young, an ex-MI6 man, is in part ironically responsible for Kim Philby's diplomatic rise.

The other groups and parties, while fiercely claiming deep ideological and practical differences, seem to offer pretty much the same kick-out-the-darkies-hang-muggers-jail-IRA-fight-comprehensive-schools-recognise-Rhodesia-kiss-Vorster's-ass formula. National Democratic chairman David Brown, who is standing for Ipswich, is in favour of forced repatriation. Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett, the head of the Nation-

al Independent Party, is an admirer of the pragmatic policies of South Africa and Rhodesia.

But what about the Tory party, with whom many of these groups have a strange love-hate relationship? In general, it's criticised for being too gentle with immigrants and criminals, economically spineless and too ready to abandon the British role in the world. At the Tory conference in Blackpool, Councillor Peter Wood of Sunderland put the motion calling for stricter control of immigrants and although Carr didn't exactly give in totally to what he said, he was pretty flaccid in his objections to it. We even had Willie Deedes, chairman of the Commons Select Committee on Race Relations, telling us that identity cards might well become a reality and no-one could really accuse the Tories of being 'soft on race' with a piece of legislation like the 1971 Immigration Act behind them.

So the Tories find themselves faced with the dilemma of whether or not to go the whole anti-immigrant hog—deporting at will, humiliating immigrants at airports and giving the gentle nod to their more vociferous right wing. As Mr Deedes so significantly put it, 'public instinct is not always wrong in these matters'. Even in the castrated language of politicians, it is clear what he means.

But if groups and parties provide the more flamboyant signs of fascism, it is the less obvious expressions that deserve more attention.

The army, for instance, is currently engaged in fighting British citizens, a significance that seems to have escaped a lot of people in this country. And since our army is still one of the most costly and largest in Europe and has nowhere like Cyprus, Aden and Malaya to play in any more, we must assume that they are going to become more deeply involved in fighting in Britain itself.

It is certainly a situation that Brigadier Frank Kitson, who made his name fighting the Mau Mau in Kenya and the Irish in Ireland, seems to almost welcome in his book, 'Low Intensity Operation'. He anticipates a situation in the late seventies when the army role in fighting subversion will be much greater. By subversion, he means 'strikes, protest marches and propaganda . . . the use of small-scale violence'. He envisages the army 'advising the government' and getting involved in the actual running of the country, setting up highly efficient intelligence units. As regards that boring old impediment, the Law, Kitson sees one alternative use for it as 'just another weapon in the arsenal of the government . . . little more than a propaganda method for the disposal of unwanted members of the public'. Although not totally convinced, at least in print, of using the law like this, Kitson foresees that using the law *legally* might 'prove unworkable if it were found to be politically impossible to get sufficiently severe emergency regulations on the statute book'. He adds that 'it is . . . true to say that unnecessary delay in committing the army may result in far worse complications later on'. And he points out that 'three or four times as many troops might be needed if they were confined to using batons and gas, as would be required if they were allowed to use small arms'.

Kitson was involved in Kenya in the fifties when we used to read about terrible atrocities committed against the genial white settlers. In fact only 36 white people died, while 11,500 Africans were killed. And Kitson is the man who wants more political power for the army and a special 'psychological unit' formed. Nor is he alone in his interest in Britain's military future; Sir Robert Thompson brought out 'Defeating Communist Insurgency' in 1967 and Faber advertises writers like Julian Paget and his 'Counter-Insurgency Campaigns', generously reviewed by the *Daily Telegraph*.

The former Major General Richard Clutterbuck is another militarist who specialises in reserach into counter-insurgency. He is currently being financed, to the tune of nearly £6,000, by a Social Sciences Research Council grant to investigate 'violence in British politics' with a particular emphasis on violence in pickets.

Soldiers have always been fascinated by games. The latest army ad campaign, which runs to full pages in the dailies, poses an elaborate problem for potential soldiers to try and solve. Kitson even has a complex guerilla game, diagrams included, in his book. It is this notion that people are toys to be moved from one part of the board to another that is one of the most intriguing. The British Army, as we know, are 'professionals'. They have joined to fight and, if necessary, kill, but above all to obey orders. One of the reasons that the US Army in Vietnam was such a disaster was the presence in the ranks of large numbers of unwilling, subversive and frag-happy draftees. The British Army has few such dissidents and consequently poses that much more of a threat to a civilian population, with whom it has little contact.

There's no thrill of satisfaction in bringing the police into an article on fascism. If you've dealt with or been dealt with by the police in Spain or America or Taiwan or Greece or wherever, you can at least put our police in some perspective. But it would be wrong to ignore the *potential* that the police have to control us, a potential that is already being put to use.

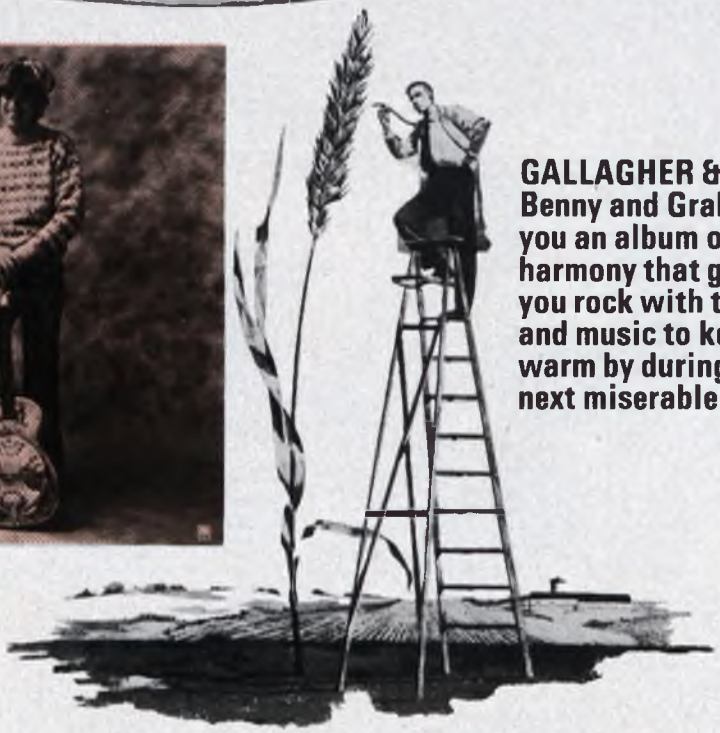
Take the recent raids on 'bomb suspects' for instance. Police smashed their way into houses about as likely to

We hope you would sashay right on down to your record emporium and grab Leon Russell's brand new hit-kicker: "HANK WILSON'S BACK".

The two ex-Strawbs debut album. Richard Hudson and John Ford bring you 12 fine and original songs. Includes "Pick Up The Pieces" and "Take It Back".

If you didn't get this before you still have a chance to grace the old Garrard with a little style. Maybe pick up a new stylus while you're at it. Give yourself a Christmas present.

Hot from the oven is STEALERS WHEEL "FERGUSLIE PARK". A tasty, tempting serving of a dozen Egan/Rafferty future classics produced by Leiber and Stoller. Don't be left behind on this one.



GALLAGHER & LYLE: "SEEDS" Benny and Graham offer you an album of tight harmony that gives you rock with thought, and music to keep warm by during these next miserable months.

Yes folks, those zany lads are back again with the kind of humour that can destroy your whole neighbourhood. Pick it up next Saturday while you're purchasing your weekend surgical requisites.

Continued from page 23.
contain a bomb factory as the Lord's Day Observance Society. Why? To garner addresses, to harrass, to see who was where. Robert Carr has said they can be as 'tough as they need' in their search for the bombers; if using a sledge-hammer to bash your way into a Charrington Street home isn't fascistic, then I'm Eva Braun.

Our police, people say, are not armed. Not quite true, of course, since the Special Patrol Group quietly disposed of Basharet Hussain and Mohamad Hanif Hussein in the Aldwych last March. The SPG has been in existence for eight years now and have increased their size to more than 200 highly-trained men who cost about £1m a year to keep in Hillman Hunters, transit vans—and guns. Nor are such forces confined to London. Glasgow, Bristol, Lincolnshire, Northumberland and many other areas have their own 'Support Groups' or 'Serious Incident Squads'.

America has already shown the way in sophisticated riot control and their methods have been studied in detail in this country. And how many more little backroom organisations like Allen International in Pye Street are developing 'photic flashes' and surveillance devices?

But the police, as we know, are undermanned and have to call for assistance from private security firms, who are already flexing their muscles on squatters and demonstrators. Securicor, despite its absurd slogan 'Securicor Cares' and the bizarre advertisements of appeasement signed by its chairman, Sir Keith Erskine, performs a police function at the airport in holding immigrants, usually black, for periods of time unrestricted by any normal considerations of law. There are now more than 100,000 men employed in 'security' in the United Kingdom, in firms like Securicor, Security Express, Group Four Total Security and A1 Security. Police estimate that about 1,000 of these are ex-convicts.

Psychiatrists, like academics, can get away with murder because of the initials after their names. And the Mental Health Act of 1959, particularly sections 24 and 40, gives sweeping powers of committment to them. Already politically involved activists are being given long jail sentences for drug offences. How long before some of those lefty crazies need to be committed for their own good?

But is Britain really ripe for a blossoming, if that is the right word, of fascism? How much of our paranoia is well-grounded fear? The obvious parallel situation was Germany between the wars. They, too, were in the midst of economic crises—inflation in 1923 and the monetary crisis of 1926; they, too, had just suffered a heavy blow to their national pride, the loss of the war, and Britain has just suffered the loss of her empire; their movement, too, was based among the petit bourgeois with a grudge against both organised labour and big business.

Writing in 1930, Trotsky asked what were the current political phenomena in Germany and found four particular ones: deep national crisis; political crisis of the ruling class; internal contradictions in the working-class; political development with the petit bourgeoisie. All such phenomena could be said to exist here at the moment. The fact that the NF are still small at the polls is not particularly significant. The Nazis got nowhere near a majority in the Reichstag elections of 1932.

In America, security firms like Brinks, Burns and Waggenhuit have pioneered the way to such an extent that armed security men now patrol even places like Tower Records, the massive San Francisco music shop. Would *you* think the new Dylan album was worth dying for? At the moment in Britain wild dogs, otherwise known as alsatians, are used to harrass people and protect property. Of course, occasionally, they do get out of hand and when they bite off the top of a baby's head there's a national outcry. Squatters don't usually get that sort of sympathetic coverage in the tabloids.

Not all para-military groups are official or salaried; although St Ives Council called on a security firm called K9 from Weston-super-Mare to deal with local hippies this summer, they had been preceded by local amateur vigilantes. The Easy Rider, Smash-the-Hippies scene no longer seems just a part of the American nightmare. And in Brent,

George Young the ex-Monday Clubber, has been involved in a strange anti-mugging squad.

Again those are overt examples of what the right-wing can do with the often silent agreement of the press and the locals. But fascism is many-headed. The Upsurge of religions in the sixties has provided an ideal organisational structure that can divert young, malleable minds into actions that are both anti-left and insidious.

God knows—and He seems like the best authority on this one—that I'm not launching into an attack on people who happen to feel that the way to peace is via meditation and spiritual activity, but the new religions have a number of characteristics that make them both suspect and potentially exploitable. Amongst those characteristics I'd include their somewhat unspiritual interest in money, their often vitriolic attacks on communism and even the welfare state, and a certain amount of strong-arming of any individuals who oppose them. And amongst the religions that have at least one of those facets must be the Church of the Divine Light, the Children of God, Scientology and the Festival of Lighters. Before they all rush round to consume me in holy fire, I should make it clear that I am *not* saying that all members of these religions are fascists or anything like that; what I am saying is that there are elements in each religion that could easily be exploited in an anti-left fashion. And we all know that there is no army more dedicated than one that knows it is going to heaven.

There are other comparisons that can be made: Hitler's time in jail could be paralleled with the sentences handed out at the end of the last war to the ultra-right here—in fact, they regard themselves as martyrs already; disillusioned soldiers like the German General Kapp, were at the forefront of Nazism—they were disgruntled with their country's new military role, too; the 'foreign' community was blamed for many of Germany's economic problems in the same way that Powell and his fellow psychotics blame the blacks in Britain; there was among the Germans the same distrust of international committees—in their case the League of Nations—as the ultra-rightists have of the United Nations; similar techniques are used—as Powell falsifies his figures on immigration and makes up stories of immigrant behaviour, so, too, did the Nazis: the illustrations in 'Mein Kampf' even went to the extent of touching up Jewish noses to make them look longer.

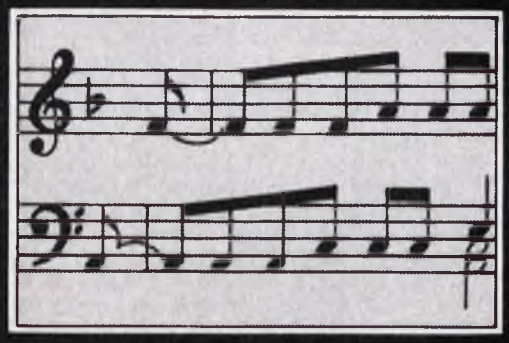
Britain has, admittedly, a long history of parliamentary democracy not shared by Germany and it does have a tradition of doing things through committee and petition. It is this respect for history that keeps the latent fascists at bay. But if an emergency arose, an assassination, more bombings, how long would the 'normal channels' be allowed to flow?

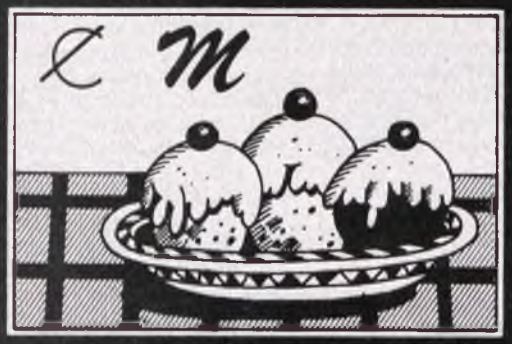
Bob Campbell's series on the ultra-right in the *Morning Star* last March took a far-ranging look at just how much a threat the ultra-right really is.

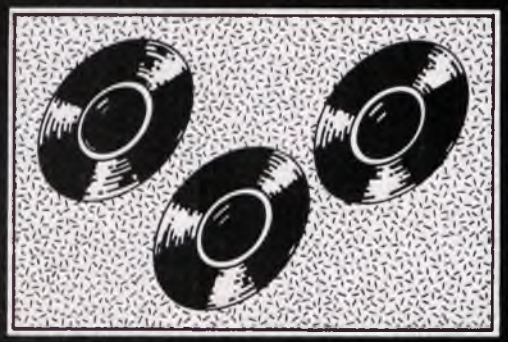
For the ultra-right groups are just the tip of the jackboot, and most of them are too shrill to pose an immediate general threat. Of course, they have to be ridiculed and pursued and exposed, but it is perhaps the latent fascism, the hidden element, that is more dangerous: the private armies accountable only to a tiny number of people; the new legislation that denies you the right to know what prospective jurors' professions are; a press so irresponsible that it can say 'Police name the IRA bombers' and then publish names and addresses and to hell with a trial; a media network that blames the IRA for any unsolved 'atrocities'; a police computerisation of suspected but untried drug-users; the attachment of wages of rent-strikers when they refuse to pay; the bus conductor who tells a Pakistani woman he's full up when he's not; the Lord who tells the House that *parents* of muggers ought to be flogged; riot control methods developed in secret. These are the areas that constitute the jackboot mentality, coated as they are in the soft suede of law and order.

Jackboot Boys Rule—OK? Or not OK?

Illustrations by Bill Sanderson.







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THE STRANGE CASE OF SOUTHALL POLICE STATION

'At the present, certain groups which should know better are undertaking a vicious and cunning campaign to undermine the police force in Southall'—Mr Walter Gilbey, prospective Conservative candidate for Ealing-Southall, addressing the Ealing branch of the Tory Primrose League, October 1973.

* * * *

You know you're getting close to Southall when you start passing pie shops with signs out front reading 'English Take-Away Food'. Southall, the city's number one ethnic ghetto, Little India, a town with about as much in common with the rest of London living as free dope and honest coppers. Cross that open stretch of cold, flat land out along bus route 207 and it's like crossing the border to another country, another continent, where the corner sweet shops stock sticky saffron rice balls fresh from Bengal and the newsagents sell Diwali cards at Christmas. The bus fills up with people at each stop. They're all brown, black, and they're speaking strange languages. The Pakistani conductor stops groaning over changing pound notes and smiles more often. Home territory. Out here it's also Little Islam. On the streets it's all business and pleasure. Aloof housewives from middle Asia floating around the open fruit stands spilling across the pavement. Old men in turbans greeting each other across the jammed traffic, exchanging endless ritual family blessings. The skinny young studs in their three-piece pegged suits parading for the girls who stand giggling in a line outside the Dominion Cinema waiting for the next tear-jerker from the Bombay dream factory to flicker across the old screen. It's a friendly town, Southall, a town for friends where the citizens talk in clusters on the footpath and not in front of the telly during ads. A happy slice of suburban Karachi or Calcutta with a dash of Caribbean, plucked out of the tropics and grafted into grim winter fields to add a little spice to the cold porridge of an English October.

The immigrants started gathering in Southall in 1955, lured by easy money at the old Wolf Rubber Works. By 1958, the trickle into Wolf's had become a flood and by '64, Southall meant England to the thousands buying their Air India tickets back in Delhi. For a time it worked well, this little black suburb on the outskirts of the big white city, with its criss-cross society of mums and cousins and sisters and brothers. Not any more. Whatever it was like back in the sixties, Southall now is certainly no promised land for the immigrants from the East. Just try asking around about the local police and see how many people suddenly remember other appointments. If you do find someone who's willing to give you a few words out the corner of their mouth, you'll find you're discussing something far removed from the corner Bobby, something more along the lines of the rise of Beria or early SS horror stories. 'You can't talk freely about immigrants here,' one social worker with years of experience in Southall told me when we met in a coffee shop—at her insistence—on the other side of London. 'It's just not safe. All my phones are tapped and I am sure they have files on everyone working with immigrants. I certainly never talk to anyone on the phone now and that's about the first symptom of a police state, isn't it?'

* (with no apologies whatever to the estate of Judy Garland).

* * * *

'I am aware of the difficult nature of the policeman's work and of the frustrations while trying to gain information'—South African Judge sentencing a policeman to three year's gaol for whipping to death an African cattle rustler.

* * * *

Southall Police Station stands almost dead in the middle of Little India. An old, classically bleak, red brick nick which for years has been a beacon of gloom in a suburb radiating vitality, it is a white nigger in a black woodpile, as misplaced as a Jew in the Vatican. Responsible for 'Division X'—an area with a fair selection of tough neighbourhoods—the station has its share of criminals to cope with. However Southall's reputation for 'zeal' far outstrips its necessary duties. At the moment the station is operating under the harsh glare of an AIO police inquiry, an Ealing Community Relations Council investigation and a wad of national press stories about brutality, bashings and forced confessions—normally enough to curb even the bentest bunch of coppers.

But then allegations and investigations are nothing new to the men manning the headquarters of Division X. In fact the would-be Honourable Mr Gilbey's 'vicious campaign' is only the latest of at least three public outcries against Southall Police this year alone. There have been other incidents, but with life the way it is in Southall at present, not many people are willing to discuss the activities of the local constabulary. Open your mouth too wide out here and you suddenly find you've bitten off your head.

The first hints of the trouble to hit Southall this year came in January, following an armed robbery in Division X. Three people—all white—were arrested in raids carried out by the police, and three separate allegations of police misconduct soon surfaced.

One of those brought in claimed he had been encouraged to sign a confession by punches to the stomach and that he had been locked overnight in a brightly lit cell with no food, water or bedding. Another testified that his nose had been broken by a police knee, an injury which was later conformed by a doctor. 'I was a bit sceptical about the first allegation', said the defendants' solicitor James Saunders, 'but I didn't have much doubt about the second one'. The police, on the other hand, decided that nothing had happened to warrant any investigation.

The third person to make a charge over that night's police action was a woman, a relative of the men who were eventually convicted of the robbery. She had been sleeping in a house in Shepherd's Bush with several children and two other women, when she was awakened by the sound of the front window being smashed. One of the women opened the front door and something hit her out of the dark. When she got up off the floor she found the room full of plain clothes police, who moved on into the bedroom where the woman relative was sleeping. They ordered her out of bed and when she refused an officer ripped her nightdress down the front. 'This seemed like a particularly unsavoury police operation', said Mr Saunders, 'and I found the whole thing indefensible'.

The officers in charge of the resulting A10 police inquiry thought differently.

* * * *

'No criticism arises in the hundreds of other cases heard daily throughout the country'—Rhodesia's Minister of Law and Order rejecting a Judge's call for an inquiry into the beating to death of a black prisoner by police.

* * * *

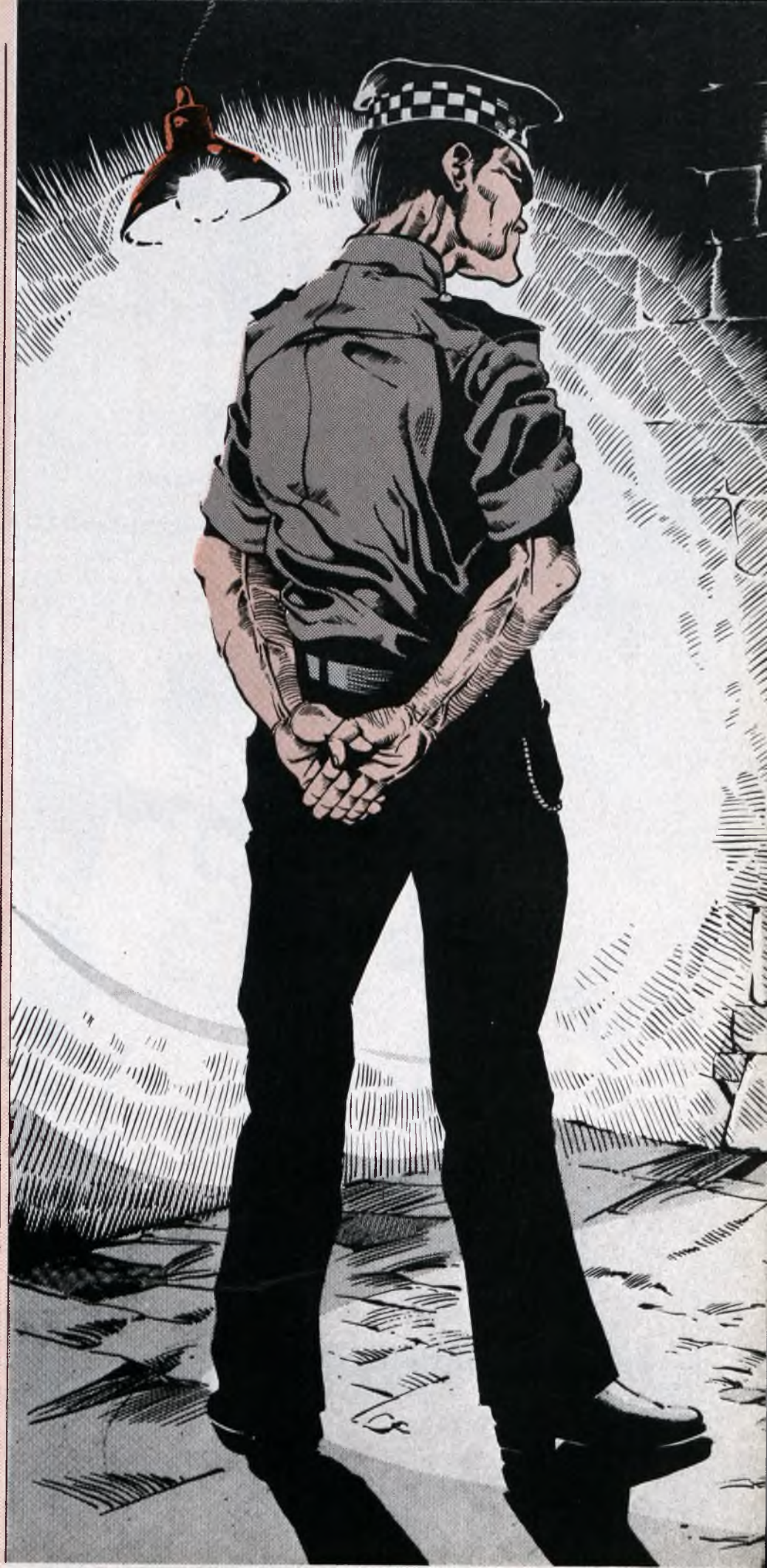
Somewhere
Over at Southall,
It's no joke,
There's a town where policemen
*Beat up folk . . .**

No disciplinary charges were laid.

Not surprisingly the January inquiry did nothing to dampen the station's enthusiasm for duty—in fact it did far more damage to the citizens of Southall than if there had been no inquiry at all. To the police it looked like tacit approval of their more persuasive methods, a sort of official seal. But more than that it gave the station what amounted to a free hand in its dealings with the huge Southall immigrant population. If it could slide out from under a series of pretty solid bashing allegations made by whites and come up smelling of roses, what hope would a black, with just a basic grasp of the English language, let alone English law or civil rights, have of making any shit stick? 'They even beat their own people and get away with it', one Asian community leader was to tell me.

Even at this time the relationships between police and migrants was fraying. There were complaints that the police were interested in blacks only when it suited them, but when it came to keeping the peace amongst the immigrants, they didn't want to know. After one fight between two gangs of immigrant kids, one boy was left lying seriously injured on the footpath for upwards of half an hour before any action was taken. When the police did arrive they started pushing around the residents who had gathered to assist, and one officer was heard to remark: 'We only came down here because the person who phoned could speak English'. Also at about this time Judge Grant at the Old Bailey was ruling inadmissable confessions made by two Southall immigrants, Mr and Mrs Bhooi, in an incest trial. The Bhoois claimed they had been forced to confess and the Judge ruled they had signed involuntarily.

The next set of brutality charges to spark of an inquiry came to light purely by accident just two months after the January investigation. Satnam Kane was a West London petrol pump attendant who was picked up by Southall police and charged with stealing £50 from the garage he was working at. He was held at the station for six hours, signed a confession and pled guilty when he appeared before the magistrate the next day. The case seemed sewn up until the magistrate, before passing sentence, questioned Kane as to why he had stolen the money. Despite a string of previous convictions, Kane had kept out of trouble since marrying two years earlier. Why break this two



year conviction drought? asked the magistrate. I didn't steal anything, came the reply. They made me confess.

The case was adjourned and once again things were looking a little bad for Southall station. The next day they were looking a whole lot worse when the garage proprietor found the 'stolen' money in the back of a drawer where it had been all along. This left Southall holding a confession, not only from a man who denied committing any crime, but to a crime that had never in fact happened.

When Kane reappeared he was represented by Malcolm Hurwitt, a former member of the National Council for Civil Liberties executive committee, who told the court that while in Southall Police Station for those six hours, Kane had been struck in the face three times and had been threatened that unless he confessed his mother and wife would be implicated. A serious allegation of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice was involved, said Mr Hurwitt, and the papers should be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions. The magistrate made an order accordingly and threw the Kane case out of court. More than four months later the DPP found there was insufficient evidence to justify a police prosecution, which was news to no-one except perhaps the Southall immigrants. After being raised in their respective countries on the myth of British Justice and the Honest Bobby, here they were in London, beaten, harassed and framed. But when they complained, they were ignored.

'Even if the trial court is not satisfied that the confession was voluntary and therefore acquits, there is virtually no risk that police malpractice that led to the confession will afterwards be forthcoming', commented the NCCL newssheet *Civil Liberty*, after the DPP findings were published. 'Such a degree of immunity from the risk of being found out, even in the case of quite grave misconduct, must very seriously increase the temptation to behave improperly in particular cases'.

* * * *

'205 South African police were convicted in 1972 on charges of culpable homicide, intent to do grevious bodily harm and assault. Only 13 of these have been dismissed from the force'—Anti-Apartheid News, April 1973.

* * * *

'Temptation to behave improperly . . .' Yes, it's a big temptation alright. But it's not quite that easy. You still have to watch your step. You still have to play it by the book at least part of the time. Can't just go around picking up people off the streets for nothing. They've got to be a *bit* suspicious. There has to be at least *some* sort of proof to back up the confessions they are going to sign. You might make a mistake and pull in someone important, someone with friends who can make trouble. Anyone can make a mistake. And then you need warrants to get into their houses. And there's records to keep. And court appearance where those smart-arse lawyers twist things around and ask questions and make you look a fool. No, you can't just pick them up for nothing . . . even if

they are black.

Britain's new retrospective immigration laws were a boon for bent, racist coppers. The 1968 Immigration Act and this year's Pakistani Act, the most inhuman pieces of legislation yet to ooze out of Middle Britain's black paranoia, gave the police more freedom than the British Press. Immigrants can now be detained 'on suspicion' for an unlimited period of time. They need never see the inside of a courtroom from the day they are arrested and the moment they begin climbing the Air India gangplank at Heathrow. Proof of legal entry is the only safeguard against deportation, and, as many immigrants entered Britain prior to the 1968 cut-off date without having had their passports stamped, there are now thousands of black Britons who fear any brush with the law. Immigrants who lose their passports are equally as vulnerable. And the speed with which immigrants are ejected from the country is frightening . . . no time for brutality charges . . . no time for AIO investigations.

Already since January, 114 people have been detained under the laws and 86 deported. Only 14 have been released. Social workers in immigrant areas will tell you tales of split families, broken homes, passport raids, identification checks and brutality for as long as you want to listen. Meanwhile, at the Tory Party conference in Blackpool, the Government was being accused of soft-pedalling on immigration. I.D. cards for blacks were discussed as the next likely step. In South Africa they're called pass cards.

Southall Police Station was not slow in using this new manna from heaven. Soon there were ugly rumours doing the rounds of Southall, rumours of people being picked up and disappearing, rumours of passport raids after dark, of driving licence checks where passports were necessary, of police spies paid to name 'suspects', rumours of interpreters pretending to be police and interrogating immigrants, rumours of more blood-letting in the Southall cells. No-one knows how many of the 114 people detained owe their imprisonment to Southall zeal—'We don't keep figures for individual stations', said the Home Office man—nor in what condition they left the cells for the trip to Heathrow. On past record it's a fair assumption the station was having a field day, rounding them up in its own inimitable steel-fist style But once again, they blew it.

In August rumour became reality in the form of one Abdul Rashid Malik, a 26-year-old machine operator in a local factory. Malik, hard working, respectable, respected, came to Britain five years ago from Pakistan, struggled through the English language and English customs, and decided he liked the life. He sent off his passport and naturalisation papers to the Home Office. He still doesn't know why he was one of the twelve 'suspected illegal immigrants' pulled in that month, and he probably never will. Perhaps one of his workmates wanted his job and gave the police 'information', perhaps his neighbour didn't like the way he ran his house. It's like that in Southall. There had been a CID party at the station on August 15th and alcohol had been consumed . . .

'The police came to my work and said they wanted me to help them with enquiries. I was taken to Southall Police Station and they said: "You are an illegal immigrant". When I said no, they started hitting me and said they would stop hitting me if I would say yes. Sometimes they were hitting me on my knees with a truncheon, sometimes on my back or banging my head against the wall. They had their hands over my eyes while they were hitting me so I couldn't identify them. One policeman would stand on my feet while another would hit me. Many times they did this. One I could smell alcohol on his breath'.

Eventually they forced Malik to give the date of his arrival and they let him go. The next day he saw his solicitor and two doctors who confirmed his injuries. Dr Sue Evens of Hillingdon Hospital found he had bruised knees, a bumped and cut head and a swollen right eye. By the time this was all over, Malik had become something of an embarrassment to the Southall constabulary, making bashing claims to doctors and lawyers and showing wounds to prove them. Obviously something had to be done.

A week later Malik was pulled off the job again, taken once more to Southall and from there rushed out to Heathrow. The plan was to deport him that same night, but for the second time the police underestimated Mr Malik and his Southall friends. After frantically calling solicitors, the police and the Home Office, a cousin applied for bail to the High Court which was granted. Four days after being whisked off to Heathrow, Malik was free. 'Before I was released an immigration officer came to me and said about my injuries: "Maybe you fell down the stairs or something, eh?" I just looked at him and said: "You think I don't know what happened to me?".'

Coming hard on the heels of the Kane case, Malik's story received widespread press publicity and once again an inquiry into the workings of Southall Police Station was called for, not the usual ballless AIO/DPP whitewash though, but a full parliamentary investigation. The Southall immigrants were tired of swallowing whitewash. A letter, signed by leaders of the Indian Workers Association, the Pakistan Action Committee and the Afro Caribbean Association, was drawn up and sent to the Home Secretary.

'This is at least the third occasion when allegations of such treatment are heard in respect of Southall Police', it read. 'In the previous cases, i.e. the trial of Bhooi and Satnam Kane, it was accepted by the courts that false confessions were obtained by the Southall Police. We are astonished that the Director of Public Prosecutions has taken no action against those police officers. We therefore demand an open Parliamentary inquiry. . .'

What they got was the old AIO again. And although it hasn't as yet produced any findings, the immigrants out at Southall already know the outcome. 'In view of the previous investigations I wouldn't be very confident that anything earth-shattering is going to come out of the DPP this time', said solicitor Saunders. The immigrants use other words.

* * * *

'I know the vast, silent majority of people in Southall support the local police. I hope they will remain silent no longer but follow the example of Ealing-Southall Conservative Association in affirming, loudly and clearly, their support for the boys in blue'—Mr Gilbey at the Primrose League again.

* * * *

A few weeks back it looked as though some good *had* actually come out of all those allegations, inquiries and bruises, and that the passive people of Southall, about as militant as a Biba shop assistant, had won a major victory. The police brass, for reasons best known to themselves, signed a warrant on the Southall Cells and closed the station.

For a month the building stood empty, a cold, deserted shell hidden from the street by huge advertising hoardings. Then the wreckers moved in and, as each day the lead ball ate deeper into the red brick, a crowd of locals watched cheerfully, not at all upset over the fall of the headquarters of Division X. During the two years' rebuilding, Southall was scheduled to drop in status to a sub-station and Norwood Green was to have taken command. Although only a mile or two apart, the two stations are as alike, well, as black and white. Eighty-year-old Norwood, nestled away in front of its village green between the Royal Humane Society, the RSPCA clinic and The Priory, is a small chunk of Jane Austin England, an Empire relic as remote from the Eastern wierdness of Southall as HP Sauce from mango chutney.

Southall's boys in blue couldn't take the change. Perhaps they figured their throttle hold on Division X was slipping, perhaps it was the Royal Humane Society that got to them. Anyway, just two weeks after moving to Norwood, they packed up once again and moved back to a prefabricated office stuck away behind the growing pile of rubble that was once the pride of X Division.

In home territory the lads are now settled and secure, the panda cars are roaming the streets and the rumours are flying. Down at the local school the kids are talking about their mate who was pulled in for carrying wire in his pocket, wire which the police said had been used in a robbery. Eventually he was released on bail . . . after a beating. The dead hand is firmly back on the pulse of Southall.

Illustration by Paul Simmons.

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We describe here in detail exactly what you will get in the latest Pirvate. Unfortunately, on the advice of the lawyers of the publishers of this magazine certain sections of this advertisement have been censored. We would point out that PRIVATE is in no way censored, further all the photos are unretouched.

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A few minutes of her expert ministration and I felt strength returning once again. Her hand moved swiftly in time with her ..... until I was fully erect and rarin' to go. Then she stood up, stripping all her clothes until she was naked.

"This time in the best position" she whispered. I nodded, I knew what she meant.

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"I didn't need telling twice. I just fell on her, gripping her shoulders and ramming all the way in. She had a marvellous technique, gripping and releasing me with her ..... muscles. She was also quick to come off, which was a godsend, because the way she reared up to meet me I was ready to shoot almost straight away."

He stripped very quickly, and although he was small in stature he had an ..... to be proud of, it was stiff and firm. He guided my hand towards it, and as I gripped him I felt my knees tremble. I was aching from head to foot with desire for this stranger. It was as if it wasn't me, my thighs were ..... with the ..... of love, I had to have him and soon.

"He placed me on the bed and opened my legs, gazing at me. I watched his head lower until it was between my ....., I felt his lick and caress me. I looked upwards at the mirror and I could see his dark head bobbing up and down. I placed my hands over my breasts, pulling at the nipple, my hips rising in a rhythm. Wider and wider my legs parted.

10 BIG Reasons to buy PRIVATE

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THE MAKING OF A JUNTA CULTURE

'The game of Parliamentary Democracy in Chile ended (not for the first time) with the side who invented it suspending the rules'.

I doubt that we shall ever see a boutique called 'Salvador Allende'. He was 64 years old, far from pretty, middle class in lifestyle and appearance, a politician, not a warrior. Not the stuff of which teen heroes are made. And besides, fashions have come and gone in Britain since Che adorned the walls of every well-equipped State Smashers' flat—Latin American revolutionaries are now rather passe (perhaps it's since Mick Jagger married one of the other side). In any case, they're not *entertaining* and that's what counts. Maybe I ought to plug the fact that Allende liked to tango, which I hear is all the rage this year.

But despite their differences of age and image, Allende and Guevara were both part of the same movement aimed at creating a socialist Latin America free from US exploitation. Together with Fidel Castro, they were personal friends who understood and respected each others' different roads to the common goal.

Readers of *Oz* who have grown up without growing cynical would do well to understand the significance of the Chilean tragedy, particularly now that those simple certainties of 1968 seem less certain and not at all simple. What were symbols of revolt in the '60s, today take on a sinister ambiguity. After the coup in Santiago, the Army played rock and roll over the radio to keep young people off the streets, and bands of wealthy kids with long hair and faded denim flares could be seen helping to scrub left-wing slogans off bullet riddled walls.

But what relevance, you might ask, can the affairs of Chile, set in a continent notorious for its frequent and violent changes of government, have for placid (Paris 1968?) law abiding (Greece?) stable (Ireland?) old Europe? For the moment, let me merely say this: the next government of France is very likely to be a Communist-Socialist alliance, with Italy not far behind. Even in Britain, after five years of inflation and depression amid escalating class conflict (politely called 'industrial unrest' by nice people), it no longer seems laughable for Lord Balogh, writing in the *Evening Standard*, to warn the Labour party that Allende's grisly fate is what you get for being too bolshie.

Besides, the Chilean experience has an 'old-fashioned' ring about it which is instructive in itself. All the things that trendy political scientists tell us cannot happen in parliamentary democracies happened. 'The working class taking power? But my dear chap, we don't have classes anymore in the liberal-affluent-consensus-democratic-industrial-post McLuhan age!' In fact, the actors in the drama have not changed fundamentally since the Russian Revolution; the smoke screens raised to obscure them have merely improved, having recruited the Marcuses and Theodore Rozaks for added opacity.

In November 1970, the very first democratically elected Marxist government took office in Chile. Called 'Popular Unity' (Unidad Popular), it was an alliance of Communists and Socialists led by Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens, a founder member of the Chilean Socialist Party. Its aim was to abolish monopoly capitalism and US exploitation in Chile by legal means, working within the Parliamentary system. For three years it fought bitter and ruthless opposition from within and without to carry out this aim, achieving considerable success and earning the overwhelming support and respect of the working people and peasants.

It ended atrociously in September of this year with a military coup (possibly US aided) and the death of President Allende, shot dead while defending the Presidential Palace. The triumphant military junta then launched a 'white terror' of rare viciousness in order to 'liberate the fatherland from the Marxist yoke'. Factories whose workers resisted the coup were levelled by the Air Force with bombs and rockets, killing thousands. Hundreds more were executed in the streets and several thousand rounded up into makeshift concentration camps to await military tribunals. 'Unofficial' Fascist death squads, eager to revenge three years of humiliation, dragged known socialist supporters from their houses and shot them. The game of Parliamentary Democracy ended (not for the first time) with the side who invented it suspending the rules.

Chile is (or was) anything but the typical South American 'banana republic' of the smug European imagination. A mainly urban and industrial country, where copper and salt-petre mines, iron and steel far outweigh agriculture in the Gross National Product, Chile has a long and sophisticated political history which

makes France, Italy and even Germany look like banana republics when measured by the number of collapsed regimes and violent political episodes. The Republic's parliamentary system dates back to 1833.

Until 1964 Chile was ruled almost without interruption by representatives of a small ruling class of big landowners, mineowners, industrialists and financiers (dominated by wealthy families such as the Edward clan), whose attitude to unruly workers could be summarised as 'Let them eat grapeshot'. Since the late 1940s, the new professional middle classes, whose views tend to be more progressive, have vied with this grisly Forsyte Saga and the Marxist Left for parliamentary power.

The Chilean system was rather like that of the USA, with an executive (the President and his Government) ruling through a civil service bureaucracy, and a separate legislature (the two houses of Congress) to make or approve new laws. President and Congress were elected separately and by no means always saw eye to eye, sometimes being controlled by rival parties.

But perhaps the decisive influence on Chile's development is US imperialism, which took over where Britain and Germany left off at the turn of the century. Before 1970, US business owned the bulk of Chile's lucrative mining industry, several banks, and had fingers in almost every profitable industrial pie. Unlike the Central American 'banana republics', little agricultural land was US owned, which may partly explain why the US didn't intervene directly against Allende. They had to deal with something far more tricky than a peasant rebellion.

UNIDAD POPULAR IN POWER.

From 1964 to 1970, the Christian Democrats ruled Chile under President Frei, and failed to carry out their promised and much needed reforms. In particular, they did not break the US strangle-hold on Chile's mining industry, and failed to unseat the large and inefficient landowners. By 1970, inflation, unemployment and poverty were raging and the CDP's popularity crashed. With the Presidential Elections approaching, the party's left wing gained the upper hand and put forward Radomiro Tomic as candidate, shattering hopes of further support from the right wing National Party, who offered their own ex-President Allessandri. With his opponents so divided, Allende sailed through the gap to victory with 36.3% of the vote.

Having sworn before a hostile Congress to respect the Constitution, Allende and Popular Unity set out on the Chilean Road to Socialism. The only powers which Popular Unity possessed were those invested in the President and the extra-Parliamentary mobilisation of the workers and peasants themselves. Congress was controlled by the Christian Democrats. The Civil Service, the Courts and the Police Force were hostile. The Army sat on the sidelines and watched.

Tomic made several advances offering an alliance - a majority in Congress in return for Popular Unity's dropping most of the socialist elements from its programme. Allende refused (a refusal which most European 'socialists' would find hard to understand).

By a series of astounding feats of political skill and cunning, a large part of Popular Unity's programme was pushed through, around, over or in-the-teeth-of Congress. In the first year, US-owned copper mines were nationalised without compensation, large estates were expropriated and handed to Peasant Co-operatives, wages were increased, prices frozen, and health, education and housing improvements were started. Vital heavy industries, such as coal, steel, cement and textiles, were nationalised and modernised, resulting in a record economic growth rate in 1971 and a reduction in inflation and unemployment. Allende's policy was to strike hard at the economic power-base of the wealthy industrialist and the US investor, while placating the nervous middle classes and the Army so as not to drive them into the waiting arms of the Right.

It was a narrow tight-rope, with civil war (and probable bloody defeat) as the penalty for falling. The working classes' and peasants' support for Popular Unity grew stronger, more enthusiastic and confident. Spurred on by this, his left-wing urged Allende to go even further and faster. From the Right came howls of protest, threats, libels, provocations, sabotage and treason.

By late 1972, little more could be done without a friendly Congress, but the Christian Democrats (under Frei again) were moving rapidly Right-wards. In this year's Congressional Elections, Popular Unity increased its vote to 44%, but narrowly failed to gain a majority against a now solid Christian Democrat-National Party bloc. Resistance to Popular Unity came firstly, as expected, from the traditional Right.

Extreme Right groups started in 1970 a campaign of assassinations, bombings and sabotage, which continued throughout UP's rule, coming to a peak before the coup. This had dubious political usefullness, however, as Allende could always turn demonstratively to the middle classes and say, 'Look, you are the ones who break the Law!'

More damaging was the economic and financial resistance of the wealthy classes illegal export of capital, a dollar black market, factory-lockouts. The United States added to this an economic blockade and deliberately sabotaged Chile's position in the world money markets. Landowners' resistance to peasants' take-over of the land led to fighting and lost harvests.

All this, combined with the collapse in 1972 of the price of copper on the world markets, put a stop to the promising economic boom of 1971 and inflation crept back. But the decisive blow was none of these, which alone could have been weathered, albeit with difficulty (the Cuban revolution survived worse). The killer blow was the organised opposition of the middle classes.

After Tomic's flirtations failed, Frei's wing of the CDP regained the initiative and swung into full-blooded opposition in Congress, hoping to secure Allende's resignation and their own return to power. More importantly, in alliance with the right wing press (particularly the Edwards' *El Mercurio*) which was given free voice by 'Communist Dictator Allende', they set out to mobilise middle class opposition. By deliberate use of media scare tactics (for example over UP's proposed legal and constitutional reforms), they achieved their aim.

Eventually, in a strange and significant reversal of roles, the Christian Democrats began fomenting strikes among white collar workers and professionals. A lorry-owners' strike paralysed the country (which depends heavily on road transport) for weeks until

broken by the Army at Allende's request. But the peace was temporary. A second lorry-owners' strike this summer brought out doctors, lawyers, shop keepers and eventually civil servants in sympathy. The Army refused further help and the country slid into economic chaos.

The showdown approached. Workers occupied nationalised factories and armed to defend the Revolution. Insurrection was more or less openly discussed. On the other side, Right-wing officers attempted a coup in Santiago, which was put down by loyal units. Allende, in a final effort to avoid civil war, asked three hitherto loyal Generals to take over the armed forces. They apologetically resigned. In early September, on walls around Santiago, graffiti appeared bearing a single word: 'Jakarta' (the Indonesian capital where tens of thousands of communists were slaughtered after the army deposed Sukharno).

Some bloody days later, the new Junta, under Army Chief Pinochet, Air Force Chief Leigh and Navy Commander Merino, could inform the world that 'the Allende regime has died of inflation'. The roles of executioner and coroner are not usually so boldly combined and many may question the tact, let alone the accuracy, of such a verdict.

The political complexion of the new Regime will present few surprises. The Junta initially claimed its aims to be basically 'democratic', and that any gains made by workers under Unidad Popular would not be revoked (as credible as a mugger asking for change of a fiver). Their record, so far, suggests otherwise. Three hundred nationalised companies are to be returned to their 'owners', as are the large estates. Allende's wage increases have been cancelled and enormous increases in staple food prices (of up to 500%) decreed. Schools and universities are being purged, the hunting down and execution of socialists continues. Most significantly, the 1925 Constitution has been abolished and a new one is to be written excluding the Left from ever regaining power; the Parliamentary Road has come to a dead end in Chile. 'Now', the Generals have promised, 'there will be no more politics'.

This leaves as a probable future a long, painful guerilla struggle led by the MIR (Revolutionary Left Movement), Socialists and perhaps Communists, whose organisations are by no means destroyed. The outcome—Bolivian defeat, Cuban victory, or Vietnamese holocaust—is not a subject for easy prediction, optimistic or otherwise.

A similar caution could also be exercised when drawing lessons for Europe. The 'Parliamentary Road', correctly understood, neither stands nor falls by the Chilean defeat. To refuse a part in electoral politics in Chile (or France or Italy) would have condemned the Marxist parties to that same near-impotence they enjoy in Britain.

Nevertheless, Allende 'unlike some communists nearer home', didn't believe that one may be elected and then, peacefully and unopposed, legislate socialism into being. But the military realities of a modern state don't allow you to be elected and then simply 'cheat'. Allende chose to abide by the Constitution, not because it was God-Given, but to avoid instantly losing those middle sectors who believe that it was, and without whose temporary support (as Lenin discovered over half a century ago) no socialist revolution can succeed.

It is almost a revolutionary commonplace that a Workers' State cannot take over the existing bureaucracy and Armed Forces and wield them to its own ends. But exactly *how*, in modern circumstances, one may transform them is a far from commonplace problem. Unidad Popular failed tragically to solve it. The European Ultra-Left might do better to worry than to crow 'I told you so'.

And those *Oz* readers for whom politics is still a dirty word would do well to reflect that the prospect for 'fucking in the streets' in Santiago has never been worse.

Illustration by George Snow.

THE LEFT

Communist Party: formed in 1921 and consistently pro-Russian. From 1931 onwards it has been committed to a Parliamentary strategy. Banned between 1925-35 and 1948-58. Involved in several unsuccessful compromise governments with the Radicals in the 1940s, it finally allied with the Socialists behind Allende in 1958.

Socialist Party: formed in 1933 after the abortive 12-day 'Socialist Republic' (a palace revolution led by an Air Force officer Marmaduke Grove). It rejected the Communist political dependence on Russia, and has always been doubtful about Parliamentary tactics, leaning on occasion far to the Left. Joined, rather warily, with the Communists to put Allende up for President in 1958. He came second out of five candidates. The alliance put him forward again in 1964 on a more radical platform, but were defeated by a right-wing counter-alliance.

Radical Party: Chile's oldest Left party formed in the 1880s by mainly upper and middle class reformers (gaining a reputation for vacillation in policy and corruption in office). Ruled with Communist help in the 1940s, but soon turned on them and banned them. Moved Leftward in the 1960s and declared itself Marxist in 1971.

Unidad Popular: an alliance of Communists, Socialists, Radicals, MAPU and small socialist parties, formed before the 1970 Presidential Elections on a radical socialist platform.

MIR: the Revolutionary Left Movement, a guerilla group committed to armed revolution who were responsible for assassinations, kidnappings and bank robberies before 1970. After Allende's election they ceased operations and conditionally supported Unidad Popular, while remaining armed and agitating for more radical measures.

THE CENTRE

Christian Democratic Party (CDP): this moderate, Catholic reform party rose spectacularly in influence throughout the 1950s. Originally aimed at attracting working class support from the Marxist Left (in which it failed), it is supported mainly by the professional and middle classes—doctors, lawyers, technicians, managers, civil servants, some privileged workers such as copper miners, and a section of the peasantry. Its policies reflect the aspirations of these groups—a modern, efficient, capitalist Chile, less economically dominated by the USA, but politically friendly. The CDP has a right-wing under Eduardo Frei, who see reform only as the last barrier against socialism, and a left-wing under Radomiro Tomic, who see it as a democratic non-Marxist 'alternative' to capitalism (stressing such fashionable things as workers' participation in management and co-operation between classes). The further left split off as MAPU in 1969 and joined Unidad Popular.

THE RIGHT

Conservative Party: the oldest Chilean party, traditionally the party of the landowners and the Catholic Church.

Liberal Party: arose with industry as the party of the new-rich industrialists and mine owners. Fought a brief civil war with the conservatives over the Church/State question, but soon resolved their differences.

These parties dominated Chilean politics until WW2 when the Radicals and then the Christian Democrats eroded their position as 'The Establishment'. In 1964, alarmed by Allende's popularity, they backed Frei (the CDP candidate) giving him the Presidency with a hefty 50% of the vote. When he set out on a course of, what were to them, radical reforms, they were so outraged and panic-stricken that they merged into a single, extreme right, National Party.

FNLP: successor to various Chilean fascist groups, the National Front For Fatherland And Liberty was responsible for much of the terrorist action against Unidad Popular. With considerable support in the Forces, it has moved openly since the coup; its 'death squads' have executed known leftists in many parts of Chile.

THE ARMED FORCES

The Chilean Army was the first modern army in South America, thanks to re-organisation and training by the Germans during their period of influence around 1900. The British performed the same service to the Navy. Descendants of British settlers have played a strong role in the Armed Forces, hence such Generals' names as Moore, Pickering and Leigh. Apart from short periods, the Army has kept out of politics; the Parliamentary system was so well established that the ruling groups seldom found need to rule through them. Since WW2, no elected government had, until now, been deposed by the Army. Politically, the Army became as deeply divided as the nation itself, with many soldiers and officers in support of Allende (including his friends, Generals Prats, Pulveda, Pickering). During the coup these forces were immobilised, often violently. The Junta itself appears to lean more towards the Christian Democrats than the traditional Right, but appearances may well deceive.

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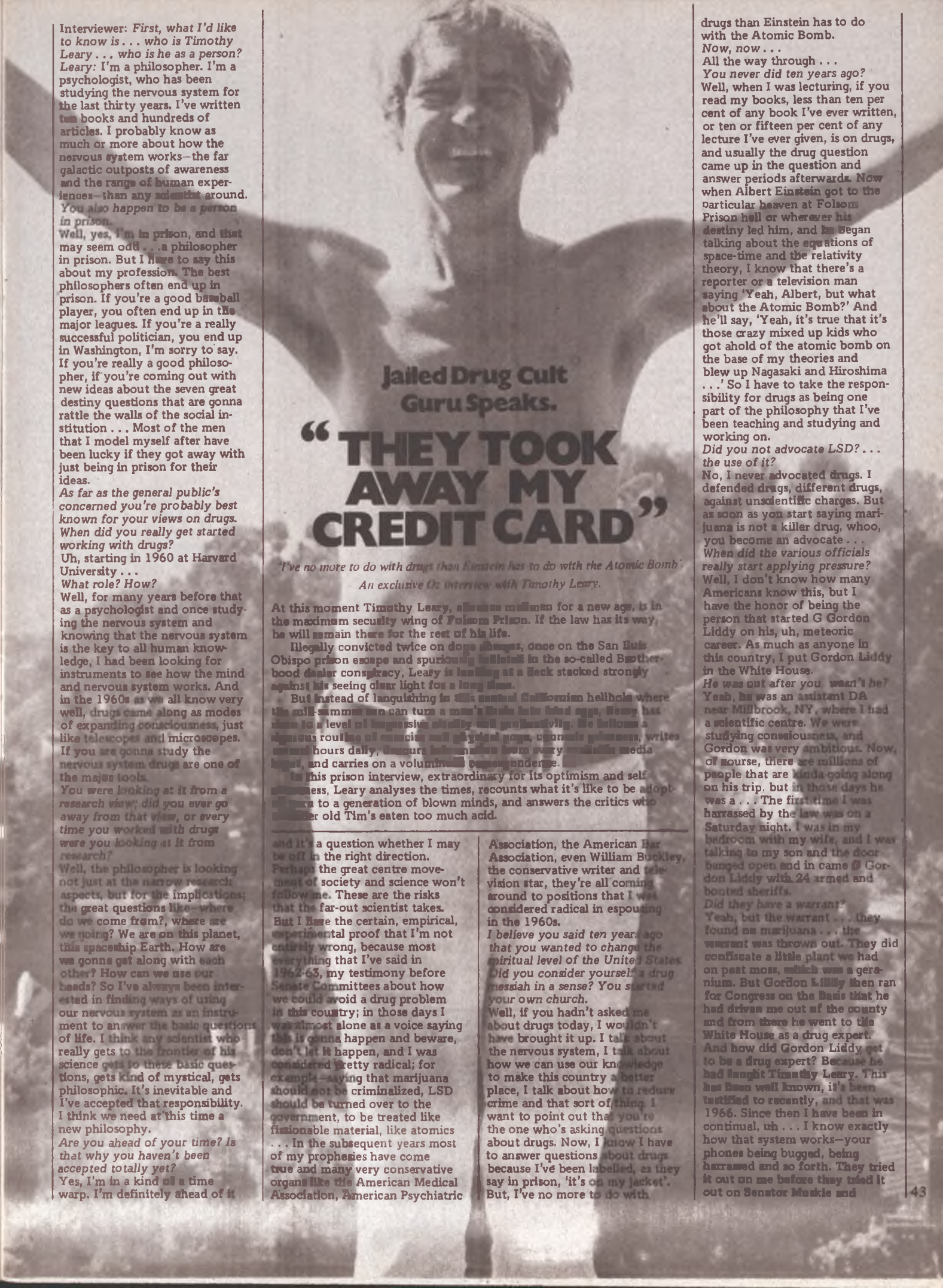

Jailed Drug Cult Guru Speaks.

"THEY TOOK AWAY MY CREDIT CARD"

'I've no more to do with drugs than Einstein has to do with the Atomic Bomb'

An exclusive Oz interview with Timothy Leary.

At this moment Timothy Leary, [illegible] mailman for a new age, is in the maximum security wing of Folsom Prison. If the law has its way, he will remain there for the rest of his life.

Illegally convicted twice on dope charges, once on the San Luis Obispo prison escape and spuriously implicated in the so-called Brotherhood dealer conspiracy, Leary is looking at a deck stacked strongly against his seeing clear light for a long time.

But instead of languishing in this central Californian hellhole where the mill-summer sun can turn a man's brain into fried eggs, Leary has risen to a level of impressive vitality and productivity. He follows a rigorous routine of exercise and physical yoga, cosmic calmness, writes several hours daily, devours information from every available media [illegible], and carries on a voluminous correspondence.

In this prison interview, extraordinary for its optimism and self-[illegible]ness, Leary analyses the times, recounts what it's like to be adopted [illegible] to a generation of blown minds, and answers the critics who [illegible] old Tim's eaten too much acid.

Interviewer: *First, what I'd like to know is . . . who is Timothy Leary . . . who is he as a person?*
Leary: I'm a philosopher. I'm a psychologist, who has been studying the nervous system for the last thirty years. I've written ten books and hundreds of articles. I probably know as much or more about how the nervous system works—the far galactic outposts of awareness and the range of human experiences—than any scientist around.
You also happen to be a person in prison.
Well, yes, I'm in prison, and that may seem odd . . . a philosopher in prison. But I have to say this about my profession. The best philosophers often end up in prison. If you're a good baseball player, you often end up in the major leagues. If you're a really successful politician, you end up in Washington, I'm sorry to say. If you're really a good philosopher, if you're coming out with new ideas about the seven great destiny questions that are gonna rattle the walls of the social institution . . . Most of the men that I model myself after have been lucky if they got away with just being in prison for their ideas.
As far as the general public's concerned you're probably best known for your views on drugs. When did you really get started working with drugs?
Uh, starting in 1960 at Harvard University . . .
What role? How?
Well, for many years before that as a psychologist and once studying the nervous system and knowing that the nervous system is the key to all human knowledge, I had been looking for instruments to see how the mind and nervous system works. And in the 1960s as we all know very well, drugs came along as modes of expanding consciousness, just like telescopes and microscopes. If you are gonna study the nervous system drugs are one of the major tools.
You were looking at it from a research view; did you ever go away from that view, or every time you worked with drugs were you looking at it from research?
Well, the philosopher is looking not just at the narrow research aspects, but for the implications; the great questions like—where do we come from?, where are we going? We are on this planet, this spaceship Earth. How are we gonna get along with each other? How can we use our heads? So I've always been interested in finding ways of using our nervous system as an instrument to answer the basic questions of life. I think any scientist who really gets to the frontier of his science gets to these basic questions, gets kind of mystical, gets philosophic. It's inevitable and I've accepted that responsibility. I think we need at this time a new philosophy.
Are you ahead of your time? Is that why you haven't been accepted totally yet?
Yes, I'm in a kind of a time warp. I'm definitely ahead of it and it's a question whether I may be off in the right direction. Perhaps the great centre movement of society and science won't follow me. These are the risks that the far-out scientist takes. But I have the certain, empirical, experimental proof that I'm not entirely wrong, because most everything that I've said in 1962-63, my testimony before Senate Committees about how we could avoid a drug problem in this country; in those days I was almost alone as a voice saying this is gonna happen and beware, don't let it happen, and I was considered pretty radical; for example—saying that marijuana should not be criminalized, LSD should be turned over to the government, to be treated like fashionable material, like atomics . . . In the subsequent years most of my prophesies have come true and many very conservative organs like the American Medical Association, American Psychiatric Association, the American Bar Association, even William Buckley, the conservative writer and television star, they're all coming around to positions that I was considered radical in espousing in the 1960s.
I believe you said ten years ago that you wanted to change the spiritual level of the United States. Did you consider yourself a drug messiah in a sense? You started your own church.
Well, if you hadn't asked me about drugs today, I wouldn't have brought it up. I talk about the nervous system, I talk about how we can use our knowledge to make this country a better place, I talk about how to reduce crime and that sort of thing. I want to point out that you're the one who's asking questions about drugs. Now, I know I have to answer questions about drugs because I've been labelled, as they say in prison, 'it's on my jacket'. But, I've no more to do with drugs than Einstein has to do with the Atomic Bomb.
Now, now . . .
All the way through . . .
You never did ten years ago?
Well, when I was lecturing, if you read my books, less than ten per cent of any book I've ever written, or ten or fifteen per cent of any lecture I've ever given, is on drugs, and usually the drug question came up in the question and answer periods afterwards. Now when Albert Einstein got to the particular heaven at Folsom Prison hell or wherever his destiny led him, and he began talking about the equations of space-time and the relativity theory, I know that there's a reporter or a television man saying 'Yeah, Albert, but what about the Atomic Bomb?' And he'll say, 'Yeah, it's true that it's those crazy mixed up kids who got ahold of the atomic bomb on the base of my theories and blew up Nagasaki and Hiroshima . . .' So I have to take the responsibility for drugs as being one part of the philosophy that I've been teaching and studying and working on.
Did you not advocate LSD? . . . the use of it?
No, I never advocated drugs. I defended drugs, different drugs, against unscientific charges. But as soon as you start saying marijuana is not a killer drug, whoo, you become an advocate . . .
When did the various officials really start applying pressure?
Well, I don't know how many Americans know this, but I have the honor of being the person that started G Gordon Liddy on his, uh, meteoric career. As much as anyone in this country, I put Gordon Liddy in the White House.
He was out after you, wasn't he?
Yeah, he was an assistant DA near Millbrook, NY, where I had a scientific centre. We were studying consciousness, and Gordon was very ambitious. Now, of course, there are millions of people that are kinda going along on his trip, but in those days he was a . . . The first time I was harrassed by the law was on a Saturday night. I was in my bedroom with my wife, and I was talking to my son and the door banged open and in came G Gordon Liddy with 24 armed and booted sheriffs.
Did they have a warrant?
Yeah, but the warrant . . . they found no marijuana . . . the warrant was thrown out. They did confiscate a little plant we had on peat moss, which was a geranium. But Gordon Liddy then ran for Congress on the basis that he had driven me out of the county and from there he went to the White House as a drug expert.
And how did Gordon Liddy get to be a drug expert? Because he had fought Timothy Leary. This has been well known, it's been testified to recently, and that was 1966. Since then I have been in continual, uh . . . I know exactly how that system works—your phones being bugged, being harrassed and so forth. They tried it out on me before they tried it out on Senator Muskie and

Senator McGovern.

Ten years ago you were giving advice. What kind of advice do you give young people today?

Well, you know I've been off the air for three and a half years and I haven't given any advice. I've been letting other people take over to see how good the advise is they could pass on. My main advice to everyone is to . . . we got to learn how to use our heads. We got to realize that the nervous system can be used as an instrument to help us understand why we're here and where we're going. I think we've got to change. In 1976, America is going to be 200 years old. We're proposing that we organise a political party, but not a party of one against another . . . a Birthday Party. We'd like to see the United States move into it's third century with the same spirit we had two hundred years ago. Now, as I look around since I've been back, I don't see that Mr Nixon or the Democrats have a programme that's going to lead us into the third century with this vigour that we need. We'll limp or crawl or kind of stagger into the third century, which I think is a tragedy. So I don't have any advice for anyone. I'm just simply saying that we're going to be broadcasting our ideas of hope and of confidence and of courage . . . and we don't say we're right, but God knows we're about ready for a new philosophy. It's going to come.

Would you give advice on the use of drugs, nowadays?

Yeah, I should do that, and I'll look right into the eyes of everyone that's reading this and say that I don't urge you to take LSD in particular. LSD is the most powerful substance that the human being has ever developed for influencing the mind. I've used the comparison of nuclear energy or fissional material. I think that in the right hands, the scientific and disciplined and hopeful people, it will bring about changes. But for, uh . . . I don't want anyone reading this to get any other message, that I'm telling you to stay away from LSD. In the first place, 99% of what's called LSD, isn't LSD. And 99% of the things that are said about LSD are totally lies or fabrications. The whole thing is so confused now that I'll flatly make that statement.

You also said in the past that you are afraid of heroin. You don't like heroin.

Personally, I don't like heroin at all. It's a down trip. It's an escape trip, and, although I'm an escape artist, I like to escape into life, not escape from life. I think that heroin addiction is like diabetes or it's like epilepsy. There are certain people that just physiologically and psychologically are so wired up that they're going to be attracted to this mode of escape. And heroin addicts, there would probably be sixty or a hundred thousand if we'd kept the money thing out of it. It could be handled by physical prescriptions, by doctors, just the way diabetics now use insulin. But if you passed a law against insulin, immediately the price of insulin would go up, like the price of heroin, and you'd have diabetics going around robbing and stealing to get their fix. But for me, heroin is no trip.

You're sitting here in prison and what are you doing productively?

The main thing I'm doing is taking advantage of this opportunity to study society, from this very interesting vantage point. I'm talking to prisoners, I'm listening to them, I'm doing some writing. This is where it's happening. It's a microcosm, you got all the raw essence of human society here, this is where you can really see it coming down. And in some ways it may seem a cop-out for me to say this, but I don't really trust any philosopher who hasn't been on the other side of the system and somehow seen it from the perspective of the alienated, or the blacks, or those who've been pushed down in society. It's a rare experience. It's nothing I want to make a career of. It's very easy to get institutionalised but, uh, see, it's my ambition to really liberate the world. Why not? Why settle for anything less? I have a sense of humour about it . . . I know that the odds are against me. But we only have a few years here. Let's try to leave this spaceship a better place and all the models and all the philosophers and all the men that I think have really liberated humanity have all done their time, on the outside. I want to get back in. I think I belong to American society I think that a society that imprisons it's philosophers is playing with very bad magic. You just can't imprison ideas. And the one thing that we can see in societies that become constricted and repressed is that the life flow goes out of it. It's a scandal, a national scandal that I'm here, and I'm going to make it clearer and clearer that, uh, you know, about this magic, two days after I was kidnapped, by presidential order, to bring me back to this country, that was January 18. January 20th, Watergate started to blow. So that Nixon, at that moment when I came back to the country, was at his peak. Look where he is today. And the king of Afghanistan, who had invited me there and could have protected me but was off for a weekend, was kicked out just about two weeks ago. Now I'm gonna be around as long as they are, and the ball game's far from over, when you're dealing with philosophical ideas.

They weren't listened to before—your other ideas on drugs and so on.

Oh, how can you say that? I think I had as much influence on events that went down in the 60's as anyone around. There are millions of people all over the world who think I'm the greatest philosopher of the 20th century. I know it may seem a joke to some of you, but you just can't crush ideas by disregarding them. The government didn't listen to me, but millions of other people . . .

You've been arrested more than once. The government or the

various officials claimed that you had in your possession drugs or marijuana. Were any of those legitimate?
No. As a matter of fact I've never been legitimately arrested. I'm in prison now because one evening I was in a parked car, and a policeman came up to the car and opened the door, against my wishes, and made a pass at the ash-tray and said: 'You're under arrest for . . .' I said 'For what?' He said 'for Marijuana'. I said 'What marijuana?' And he reached in his pocket and pulled out two joints that I'd never seen before, half joints, and said 'You are under arrest'. A year later in Orange County, you know Orange County, the jury believed the policeman's story and found me guilty for possession of marijuana. Now the judge, instead of getting me bail as I was entitled to for appeal, held up a book that I had been writing and said 'Your ideas are dangerous, and we're not going to give you bail and we're going to put you in prison to keep you quiet'. Now I'm not complaining because I think I should have been shut up then, I'd been around the United States for ten years, talking and spreading my message, and I think it's good in a public life to have a chance to lay back and see what the opposition's going to do. I thought I'd lay back a couple of years and see how well the other side was gonna do. But last January, in Afghanistan, the American government agents (they're part of that same Liddy—Narcotics Bureau group) stole my passport and, illegally, kidnapped me. I apparently was wanted back here. I think there aren't very many philosophies of hope and freedom being broadcast, so they may try to shut me up. Ya know, the people who have broadcast hope in this country, in the last few years, many of them are killed. I know it's a risky job, but I'm here and I'm going to keep broadcasting.
Do you think the sentence was put on you extra tough because you are Tim Leary?
In the first place I don't think anyone should go to prison for the possession of marijuana. So it's unfair for everybody. I don't think there's any question though, that if another middle-aged, middle-class person was found with two of these in their pocket, they wouldn't be doing prison time. But I am Timothy Leary, and I . . . I don't think it's so much my ideas, because there are a lot of people running around the country preaching new ideas. The reason I'm in prison is because my ideas were listened to by millions of people and got a little too popular. That's my version of it.
Briefly, how did you get out of San Luis Obispo Prison?
Well, I'd like to say telepathy, telleportation, magic, that's part of it. I went over a fence.
You had outside help?
I was helped after I got outside.
One of the people that helped you was a Senator's daughter. It was Senator Blank in the book. Does it remain that way?
Uh-huh, yeah.
Well known Senator?
Very well known.
Does the Senator know?
Oh, sure.
Three hundred of the eighteen hundred people in this prison are here for drug use or sale, or whatever. You said that you have to accept some responsibility for the drug revolution. Do you accept the responsibility for them being here?
Why, no, because if the government had followed my suggestions ten years ago when I testified before Congress, we wouldn't have had this drug problem. I predicted exactly what would happen, laid it all out, warned them against it, and we created a new class of criminals. You know in 1969, before Nixon took over, the Narcotics Bureau had a budget of twenty million dollars. Today it's two hundred and forty million dollars. It's an army of narcs going around knocking down people's doors, as you well know . . . And the drug use is going up. I could solve the drug problem in this country in six months.
How?
Well, it depends how much leeway I had. What I'd really like to do to eliminate all crime in this country would be to eliminate cash money. Now, I think you're very well aware that the drug problem, much to my horror and to my anguish, in the last few years has become very closely connected with money. In the early days, 1960, '62, '65, it was only a free, voluntary grouping of people who were looking for new ways to use their heads and to find a new way of life. But in the last five years, to my horror, a money situation has developed. Now when they bust a big heroin dealer they don't say: 'Well, it could have ruined a few hundred lives . . .' Mostly they say, 'Five million dollars, ten million dollars'. I think if we eliminated cash money, eliminated personal checks, and had everything on the basis of personalized dockets, all money transactions would be computerised in your bank. You could only cash money in your own back this way. If there wasn't all this free, anonymous money floating around you wouldn't have dope dealing, most of the crime would be knocked out. You wouldn't have Watergates because you couldn't have all those little White House people with their bags full of this cash running around. Now, I'm glad to say, looking at the prison administrators, I think that Folsom Prison has come up with an experimental model of how to do away with financial crime. We have twenty thousand prisoners in this state who probably deal with several millions of dollars a year—maybe as much as twenty million dollars—with their canteen and their hobbies supplies and all that. And there's no thievery with all this money being passed around, administered by the prison adminstration. The reason for

Photographs by John Grissim

that is, they do away with cash, you can buy anything you want, that's legal, but you have a docket; you know exactly how much money you have. You should have your own picture and your own thing in front of it.

What about brain damage by the use of drugs? Do you think that you've suffered any brain damage, whatsoever?

Am I insane? Of course, that's a very tricky question for anyone to answer. I've lived through the 30's, and the 40's, and the 50's, and the 60's, and I think that anyone who's still erect after those years has had his sanity tested. I'm 52 years old, facing the problems of maturity and getting old. I've been through a lot of rough times in the last few years. My career has been ruined, they took my credit card away at Harvard and I've been harrassed by the United States government pretty heavily. And I've been in four prisons, all without committing any crime that I know of. I've been in solitary confinement for four months. In addition to all of these pressures I've probably pushed my nervous system as much as any human being living. I've taken LSD over 500 times, I have experienced a wide range of these bio-chemical and neurological possibilities. I think I'm the strongest, sanest person around. Now I'm not making any guarantees for the future, but that's just my opinion. But then, you know, in my position I have to really check myself pretty carefully. Is there any objective in this? Well, I find that the people that I talk with, get to know me, seem to think I'm pretty sane. I've written two books just in the last few months and the book *Hope Fiend* got a quarter of a million dollars advance. So somebody at Bantam Books didn't think it was insane. But, perhaps one of the most comforting things that I can think about as I wonder where my head is at, is that I know I'm in prison because they're afraid to let me go around and express my ideas. If I were free from prison I would go back lecturing at colleges; you know, I always used to draw the largest crowds in the history of college. I could go on the platform with any psychiatrist, or philosopher, or government agent, and debate them, my ideas against their's. And you know, if I am insane, my government should be happy to let me out and let my insanity be apparent to everybody. Now there's something very ominous about this tendency to call anybody that you don't agree with insane. A hundred years ago they said you were possessed by the devil, or you were a heretic. Twenty years ago, they said you were a communist. The really sophisticated totalitarian method now is to say that someone is a dissenter, that is against the society, is insane. In Russia now, very smooth, they take their philosophers and their dissenting poets and they don't put them in Siberia any more, they put them in an insane asylum. Maybe it is insane to be against what's happening in the United States today, maybe it's insane to try to have hope that something could be done about it. So, if that's insane, count me in. But, otherwise, make up your own mind.

You're an optimist . . . A hope fiend . . .

Yeah, I've been called an irrepressible optimist. The opposite of an irrepressible optimist is a repressive pessimist. And I think that's what's running the country today.

What do you think of your future? Do you think you're going to walk out of Folsom Prison a free man one day?

I think my future is very intensely connected with the future of this country. You just can't keep your philosophers in prison. If I am kept in prison, it's going to be a very bad symptom for freedom and for hope and for union. After all, in a way, I'm a spokesman for millions of Americans, and how're you going to bring the country together if you're going to be locking up people that are saying things that many people believe in. It's never worked before.

While we've been sitting here and chatting, I've been wondering what's on your shirt.

This is a very interesting symbol for some of us. This is a replica of the remnants of a living organism, that was found on a meteorite that came from inter-star or extra-planetary space. This is proof that life exists somewhere off our planet. Now we feel that this is the first contact with higher intelligence, or somewhere out there, there is another point of view. And we've taken this as a symbol of the new hope philosophy that we're talking about. Now the figure 8 also represents the fact that it takes eight thousand dollars of the tax-payers money to keep us in prison. It's also the infinity sign, implying that the nervous system has an infinity of possibilities. Sometime in the fall, we're going to see in the sky a meteorite. Have you heard about it? It was discovered by a German astronomer. We call this light that's going to come into our solar system, you can see it in the daytime as well as night, we call it Starseed and it kinda ties in with this symbol that we're visitors on this planet Earth, we're not going to be here very long, we gotta get back in touch with the greater picture, and it's a symbol of unity and hope.

Do you have a final comment you'd like to make?

I think I've said pretty much what I had to say. We're going to keep broadcasting, there will be more messages and we'll be glad . . . very glad to hear from anyone in the audience who'd like to keep this dialogue going.

We wish to acknowledge the invaluable help of John Grissim and ex-*Oz* art director, Jon Goodchild, for unearthing this exclusive interview and airmailing it from San Francisco. Thanks lads!

XMAS Xtravaganza

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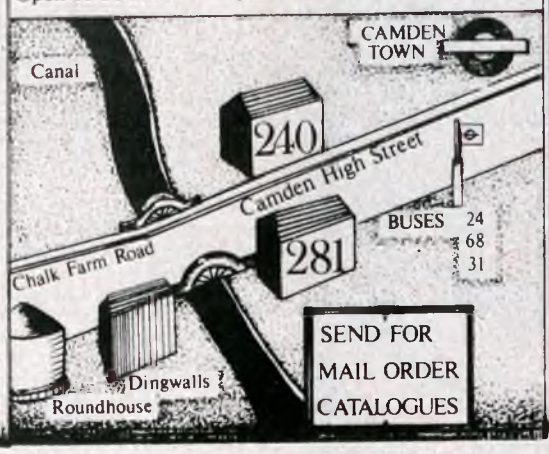

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FILMZ

SWASTIKA
Director: Philippe Mora

In one way *Swastika* is an important film. The fact that it's been released marks a relaxing of the taboo which has existed since the war around the whole subject of Nazi Germany. Much of the material has been held back until now because it was thought too corrupting for the delicate public. The whole official attitude smacks of medieval demonology: the Nazis were monsters possessed by unspeakable super-human evil, far too loathesome for any rational discussion to be allowed.

Swastika predictably deflates this sort of hysterical exaggeration—the overwhelming impression of much of the footage is ordinariness. No monsters, no horns, just people and politics (which to my mind makes the horrifying consequences more, not less, horrifying). The Hitler home movies show the genial Fuehrer and his dumb blonde doing their very polite and boring thing at Berchtesgaden. Goebbels pops in for tea every so often. Goebbels pops out again. Hot stuff? They come across like a Chamber of Commerce Christmas Party in any provincial town.

If *Swastika* is useful in deflating myths and taboos so that once again we can be rational about Nazism, it is, however, no use at all for the most obvious and vital task, which is to understand it. How did the movement develop? With whose support? How did it gain and keep power? *Swastika* is not at all interested in such queries. The very format—two hours of clippings and cuttings with no narration, not even subtitles—is an abdication of any comment or investigation in favour of pure appearance. A sort of pin-up parade for Hitler fanciers. This is perhaps not surprising as the producers are the same as those who gave us *That'll Be The Day*.

Even this failure would not be a total disaster; no comment would be better than silly comment. But on the few occasions that an editorial nudge is given to the non-stop Nazi show, it is so silly and tasteless as to be breathtaking—the appalling opening with a cardboard swastika floating in 2001-style space for a full five minutes, the agonising end with Noel Coward's celebrated chauvinist ballad *Don't Lets Be Beastly To The Hun*. And when I discovered from the press blurb that the home movie sequences had dubbed sound (the originals being silent) made up by the film makers for 'period feel', my suspicions about their motives were vindicated. Heil and farewell.
Dick Pountain.

ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE
Director: James William Guercio
(United Artists)

How's this for a piece of sympathy for the devil: the adventures of a young policeman trying to get his lifestyle sorted out while patrolling the Redneck deserts of Arizona. John Wintergreen (Robert Blake) is a motorcycle cop, basically a nice guy, not out to 'get' anybody, playing it by the rules. But he wants to get off the bikes and become a detective, and in order to do that he is prepared to stand by while a fellow officer plants a passing hippy and a senior detective roughs-up the inhabitants of a local commune. Eventually the corruption and bigotry around him becomes too much. His refusal to play the pig costs him his chances of promotion and, finally, his wife.

Electra Glide in Blue marks the entry into film-making of James William Guercio (of Chicago and Blood Sweat & Tears fame). Like most of what is good (but not great) in contemporary music, the film is heavily derivative of what has gone before. It has already been dubbed an '*Easy Rider* from the other side', but the references to other films are wider ranging. The senior detective is borrowed from *Coogan's Bluff*. Wintergreen's sidekick resembles, and meets the same fate as, Gene Hackman's bent narc in *Cisco Pike*. And there are two beautiful re-creations of scenes from *Scorpio Rising* (Kenneth Anger's half-hour motor-psychic fantasy, which in retrospect is one of the most influential films of the past decade).

These references are used ironically, as a comment on the original material, and their effect is probably lost if you haven't seen the films in question. Unfortunately, Guercio's own directional style isn't as strong as his sources, and more often than not the irony comes off looking like plagiarism. He is, however, enough of a professional to make it all work as a piece of entertainment, and the overall impression is that this may well be the ultimate road film. Not the best, by any means, but a kind of summary of all that has been most interesting in Amerikan films of the past few years. It's significance lies in being not the 'other side' of *Easy Rider*, but the other end of the road.
Clive Hodgson.

THE LONG GOODBYE
Director: Robert Altman

The Long Goodbye is a travesty. A travesty of Raymond Chandler's novel of the same name; a travesty of Chandler's archtypal private eye hero Philip Marlowe; a travesty of a cinematic tradition stretching back to Howard Hawks' *The Big Sleep*. It is, however, a deliberate travesty, a very carefully thought out and amusingly executed movie to which, for most of its length, only a truly fanatic Chandler admirer could object.

From the opening scene, where Elliot Gould's Marlowe tries desperately to please his finicky cat, it's clear that Altman is out to trash Chandler, to pay a final goodbye to the seedy, laconic, romantic and unbearably resourceful Marlowe, the lone crusader against injustice immortalised by Bogart and Dick Powell. Gould's Marlowe can't even feed his cat. The wittiest wisecrack he can come up with is 'Fuck you'. He is pushed this way and that by tough cops, dumbshit mobsters, scheming women. At no point in the first hundred minutes does he control the course of events. 'It's OK with me' is his catchphrase.

Chandler's novel, upon which this film is so loosely based, was a somewhat overblown treatise on the death of all moral values. Marlowe clung tenaciously to his code of loyalty, honour and truth. He didn't believe that his friend Terry Lennox had killed his wife. And in the end, he was proved right. In the film, though, Marlowe is conned, misused, abused. Lennox did kill his wife, did make Marlowe an accessory: 'What else are friends for?'

This is the crucial reversal in Altman's film. And it leads Marlowe into his one big scene, his one independently initiated action. A scene in which Marlowe kills—executes—Lennox in cold blood, and is revealed as a truly dangerous man, a fanatic for justice in a world where justice has no meaning.

This final scene doesn't work. In attempting to deal the death-blow to the Marlowe myth, Altman instead contrives to ruin his own film. Marlowe's actions are not justified by anything which has gone before. They appear completely arbitrary, Altman's final insult to an audience foolish enough to identify with such a hero. *The Long Goodbye* is nicely acted, nicely filmed, but it's a failure all the same. And one must suspect that Marlowe will be remembered long after Altman is forgotten.
Andrew Weiner.

EL TOPO
Directed by Alexandro Jodorowsky

El Topo is the mole. His life is dedicated to burrowing upwards towards the light. On seeing the light he is instantly struck blind. That image is offered the viewer at the outset of Jodorowsky's film. From there on in, you're on your own.

El Topo is a film with scant respect for humanity. The Mole, irrespective of his metaphorical questing role, is also another animal. Just like the bandits who beg like dogs for their porcine colonel's leftover women, the townspeople and villagers whose incessant laughter is the braying of donkeys; from the first scene of human charnel to the last massacre, man is revealed as no better than any beast.

Bestial in his actions, he still

Logos by Mike Moore.

Photographs by Eva Braun

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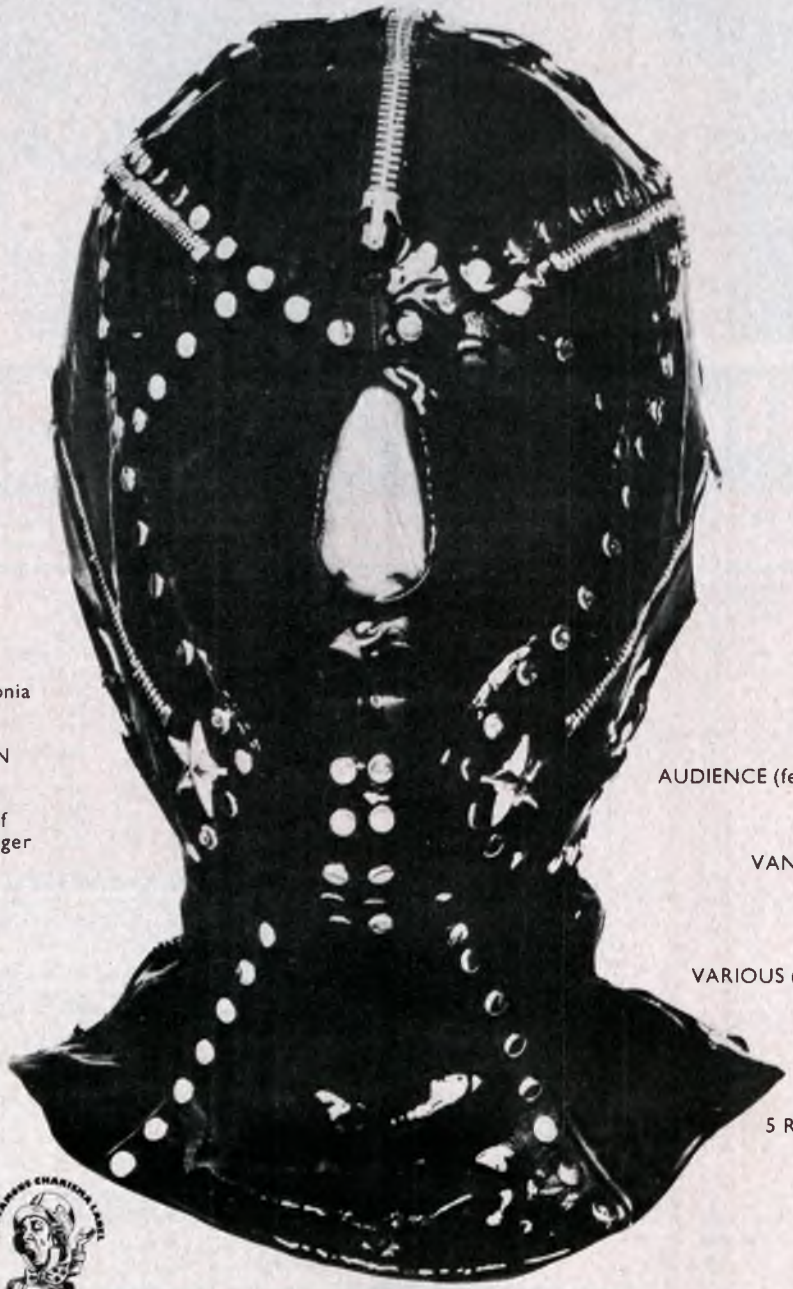

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has aspirations. Jodorowsky's 'plot' divides into two distinct episodes, both of which illustrate the Mole's burrowing and searching. Tracking his way, accompanied by his naked son, across Daliesque wastes, the black-clad gunslinger is playing at God. A stern, just, retributive Deity. El Topo seeks perfection at the instigation of a girl who calls on him to leave the boy. He defeats four masters of mental powers which increase in inverse proportion to their physical attainments. But in the very moment of his victory he sees it as merely hollow and destructive. The girl leaves. He is crucified with bullets, literally—there are stigmata on hands and feet—and left for dead.

Rescued, with obvious symbolism, by a tribe of cripples, mutants, all the victims of incest, he seeks to rescue them from their imprisonment deep beneath the mountain. Once again he takes on the mantle of God. The 'mole' of his name comes physically as well as spiritually into evidence. He will dig a tunnel through the mountain and let the tribe free. He and a dwarf lady, his lover, beg in a nearby town—a town that, filled with physically whole people, is steeped in the single motif of blood. It is the ultimate in sick venality. Hypocritical religious parrottings, wholly corrupt in government, life is a long round of bizarre variations on bread and circuses.

El Topo is an incredible film. It makes any one 'interpretation' an impossibility. One can only essay one's own opinion and wonder how much was missed. Jodorowsky's film seems a bleak, if accurate, view of humanity. The average person is *de facto* vile. Playing at God, if that is what ambition means here, is useless. Acting the Omnipotent is futile. It is not a film that leaves one very hopeful.
Jonathon Green.

Illustration by Rand H. Holmes (Georgia Straight)

BOOKZ

WHAT THE CENSOR SAW
John Trevelyan (Michael Joseph, £4.00)

John Trevelyan is one of our few modern liberal heroes. His achievement by all accounts (especially his own) has been to secure increasing cinematic freedom while at the same time protecting the film industry from the harsh and arbitrary regime of the obscenity law.

So complacently does Mr Trevelyan accept this interpretation of his life's work that his book, while an interesting and amusing account of twentieth century film censorship, fails to meet or even comprehend the alternative view that his cutting room counsels, institutionalised in the form of the British Board of Film Censors, have undermined the anti-censorship movement and have, in the long term, retarded the cause of freedom in the cinema.

The BBFC is one gigantic confidence trick. It has no legal status whatsoever. It is constituted and financed by the film industry in the interest, not of freedom, but of the industry's own continuing profits. By an historical accident, films, unlike other media, are not subject to the obscenity laws. This unjustified privilege has only been retained by the BBFC's proving itself more repressive than the law itself, waving its scissors in terror (Mr Trevelyan testifies) at Albert Finney licking an oyster in *Tom Jones*, symbolic buggery in Bergmann films, Molly Bloom's soliloquy, the mention of a cabinet minister in *The Christine Keeler Story*, and any attempt to depict the pleasures as well as the pains of drug taking. This has nothing to do with artistic freedom, but a great deal to do with the profits of a film industry insured, by BBFC pre-censorship, against criminal prosecution.

Having escaped the rigours of the law, one might think the film industry would show some concern for those less fortunate. Not a bit of it. The victims of censorship in this country, the real liberal heroes, have been small publishers like John Calder, Marion Boyers and Maurice Girodias, underground magazines and independent booksellers. They have struggled without financial or moral support from the wealthiest sector of the Arts—the film industry or any part of it has not to my knowledge donated to any obscenity appeal fund, nor has it subscribed to the work of the National Council for Civil Liberties or the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society, the only organisations struggling against the Longford onslaught. The film industry turns its back, pats John Trevelyan on the head for keeping it out of the courts, and counts its cash, while insignificant publishers like Dobson and Wrate, whose work benefits the film industry by pushing forward the bounds of public acceptability, are sentenced to savage gaol terms for obscenity.

Advances are only made by fighting for them. The acquittal of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* legitimated novels about homosexuality and the acquittal of *Nasty Tales* was a successful test case for the availability of underground comics. Had Mr Trevelyan and the BBFC never existed, those battles might have been fought with similar effect over *Clockwork Orange* and *Last Tango*. At least this possibility would have involved the film industry in the anti-censorship cause.

Mr Trevelyan wants censorship abolished, but does not realise that so long as the film industry occupies its elite position above the obscenity law, there will be no pressure from that quarter for reform. The smell of burning celluloid is just the sort of irritant needed to stimulate a new attack on laws which are presently being used to gaol booksellers, but not cinema management, for giving the people what they apparently want.
Geoff Robertson.

STRANGE ECSTASIES
edited by Michel Parry
(Panther, 30p)

OK, so you're hip, you read *Oz*, you take drugs (don't you?)—well, if you thought you'd tried every mindblower in the psychedelic pharmacopeia, you're in for some surprises. Today's drug culture, from aspirins to heroin, coffee to marijuana, was written about long before it actually came to pass, and Michel Parry has collected together the best drug stories around from the genre that knew all about it before it happened; science fiction.

H G Wells invented speed at the turn of the century, but his 'new accelerator' was so fast that the world appeared to slow down like a 78 rpm record played at 33, and his protagonist was in danger of burning up from friction with the air. Wells didn't like people much, from this story; his descriptions of Folkestone locals sitting in a charabanc, frozen in careless gestures, staring unwinkingly at eternity, are unnerving and verge on the paranoiac. There's a plentiful supply of *real* bummers here, and I'll get them over with now. Imagine dropping Clark Ashton Smith's 'Plutonium Drug' (1934) and seeing your immediate past stretching out behind you in bas-relief, and, worse,

your immediate future—in the case of Smith's hero, abruptly cut off in a dark alley. Or Arthur Machen's 'The White Powder', described by H P Lovecraft as 'the absolute culmination of loathesome fright!' and far too horrible for me to go into.

On the good trips side, Chris Miller's 'Pipe Dream' (reprinted from *The National Lampoon*) produced such envy and desire in me that I still haven't recovered from just *reading* about this superdope; everything that dope should be and never quite is, the ultimate high. Chris Miller has been described as the funniest writer since S J Perelman and this story is the nearest the collection comes to funky, freaky, comic-strip style humour. And there's Fritz Leiber's gentle fable 'The Secret Songs' (1962), of the omniscient crocodile invented by Gwen and Donnie, the modern couple, one on downers, the other on uppers. Other classics herein: Norman Spinrad's 'Objectivity' featuring the imaginary hallucinogenic Omnidrene (soon to be seen in action in the forthcoming Ogoth movie); Frederik Pohl's 'What to Do Until the Analyst Comes', i.e. chewing euphoric non-habit-forming (?) gum; and more!

I think I can safely say that if you are at all interested in either drugs or science fiction you will enjoy this book. Recommended reading position: horizontal, stoned, late at night.
Caroline MacKechnie.

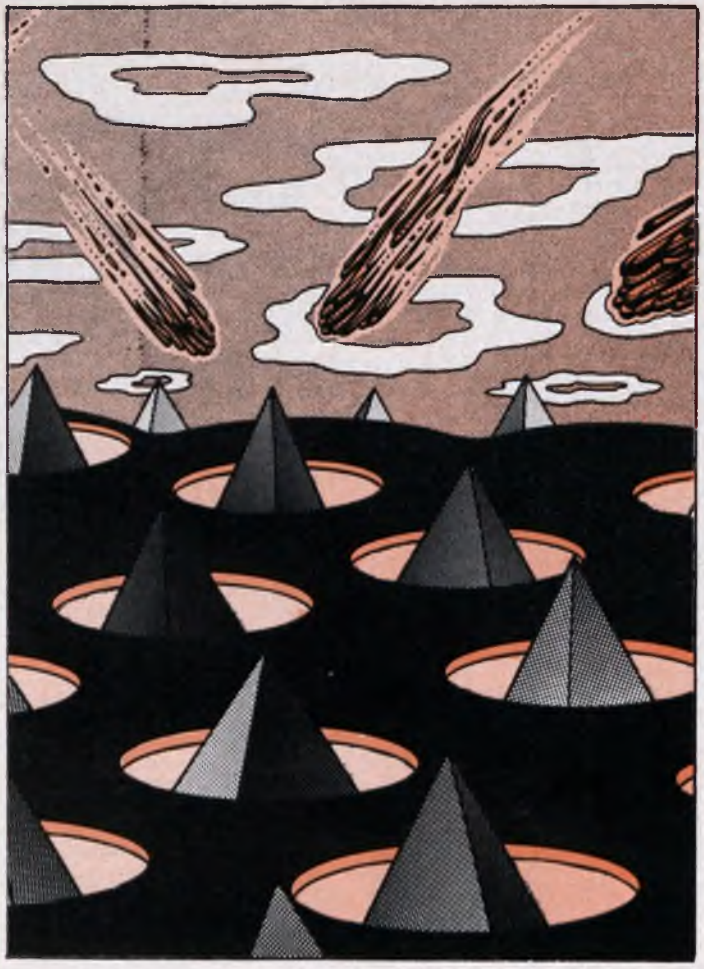


Illustration by Richard Lowenkamp

BILLION YEAR SPREE
Brian Aldiss (Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £3.75).

Science Fiction has come of age, out of the Ghetto of Retarded Boyhood, beyond the Bug-Eyed Monster Barrier and, if Aldiss's judgement is correct and Sci Fi is primarily a creature of 'prodromic utterance', then its future seems sparkling, assured and widespread. We live in an age of science fiction come to life; Prometheus is not only unchained but he's moved into our living rooms and even wears his slippers by the fire.

To understand the twentieth century it will be to Wells and Aldous Huxley, Orwell and Olaf Stapleton that future generations will turn for an analysis of our times. Aldiss, with great precision, derives two poles, an *analytical* one bound in conscious thought and descending from H G Wells, and a *dreaming* one, begun by Edgar Rice Burroughs, where Tarzan and his fellows battle ever onwards against colossal odds. Between these two, the genre we call Science Fiction is drawn and woven.

Hugo Gernsback coined the phrase first, back in the twenties when he edited *Amazing Stories* and, although inaccurate from the start, it has gone on being applied to a wide range of stories. Here is Aldiss's definition:

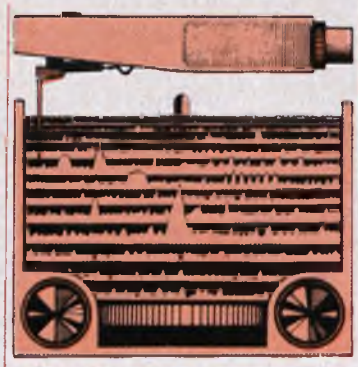
'Science Fiction is the search for a definition of man and his status in the universe which will stand in our advanced, but confused, state of knowledge (science), and is characteristically cast in the Gothic or post-Gothic mould'.

So for Aldiss, the whole shebang starts with Mary Shelley and Frankenstein, the first exposition of the theme, at once atheistic and doomed, of man's triumph over matter and, in the end himself (or not as the case may be). He slots in Edgar Allen Foe and a host of Victorians as further precursors of the genre, and these early chapters are the best, simply because, with less material to discuss, his analysis is that much more detailed. By the turn of the century, with Verne and then Wells, he picks up speed. But on the whole Aldiss (a good scifi writer on his own account) misses nothing. He traces the coming of Burroughs, the Gernsbackian tradition of mechanical fiction and the eruption in the thirties of E E 'Doc' Smith who really kicked off the billion year spree with such massive works as the Lensman saga.

Then the forties, John Campbell and *Astounding* (the magazine that often 'smelt so much of the research laboratory that it should have been printed on filter paper'), the mad loony worlds of A E Van Vogt, the robotics of Asimov, Heinlein and his time puzzles. The birth, really, of the present day traditions.

Of course by now the rate of progress is fast indeed, an endless selection of authors and titles takes up most of the latter half of the book and I for one was pleased to see Mr Aldiss lashing out the praise and awards to all of my personal favourites. Mr Alfred Bester, his classic *Tiger Tiger* (what Aldiss calls 'wide screen baroque'), Sheckley, Pohl and Kornbluth, old Arthur C Clarke, Simak, James Blish, Kuttner, Harrison, Sturgeon—the list is endless, leading on into the New Wave of the sixties that sprang up around Michael Moorcock and that strange genius J G Ballard, who perhaps best epitomises Bill Burroughs' statement that 'a paranoid is a guy who's just discovered what's going on'. Harlan Ellison and the dangerous viewers of visions, Zelazny and Disch, Delaney, Sladek and Ursula Le Guinn—the new wave is an ocean and the vigour of the old macho, semi-psychotic hard core SF of the Campbell/Heinlein masculine school has been trasnferred with a strong injection of grace and style into something that you'd better believe is going places fast.

Brian Aldiss has produced an informative and entertaining history of the growth of the leading literature of our times. It should appeal to a great variety of people from hard core, opinionated buffs, to the ignorant, for whom the genre is something vaguely concerned with space ships or robots and to whom I heartily recommend the *Billion Year Spree*. After all, they have nothing to lose but their brains.
Chris Rowley.



SOUNDZ

PIN UPS
David Bowie (RCA)

Curiouser and curiouser. It took until 1968 for people to start getting nostalgic about the '50s, but lo and behold, it ain't even 1974 yet and already there's a hankering for the '60s in the air. And who should be leading the New Wave of '60s nostalgia but David Bowie. Curiouser and still curiouser.

Pin Ups brings together songs by the Who ('I Can't Explain' and 'Anyway Anyhow Anywhere'), The Pretty Things ('Rosalyn' and 'Don't Bring Me Down'), The Yardbirds ('I Wish You Would' and 'Shapes of Things'), Them ('Here Comes The Night'), the Pink Floyd ('See Emily Play'), the Kinks ('Where Have All The Good Times Gone'), the Merseys ('Sorrow'), the Easybeats ('Friday On My Mind') and the Mojos ('Everything's All Right'). So far, critical reaction has veered from the lukewarm to the downright contemptuous. On certain levels, the adverse criticisms have been justified, but it all comes down to this: what criteria are appropriate for dealing with this particular venture.

All right, first the bad news. Bowie has failed to differentiate between songs he likes and songs that he can sing without modifying his basic vocal approach. Basically, Bowie's vocal style has been developed to express lyrics, and in some cases even act them out. Therefore, this approach only works with good lyrics. Since only 'See Emily Play' and 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone' have anything even approaching what are generally regarded as good lyrics, most of the songs collapse under the weight of what Bowie puts into them. In addition, most of the songs are r'n'b (albeit r'n'b once removed) and Bowie really isn't an r'n'b singer, though he can sing in the appropriate style if he things he ought to. Therefore 'Rosalyn', 'I Wish You Would' and 'Everything's All Right' are well sung, and 'Anyway Anyhow Anywhere' picks up remarkably well after an initially disastrous opening where he tries to sing like Presley (Elvis, not Reg).

With the exception of 'I Can't Explain', where an attempt to do a Vanilla Fudge slowdown collapses almost instantly, most of

the tracks are very neatly arranged and played. Mick Ronson (guitar), Mike Garson (piano), Trevor Bolder (bass) and Aynsley Dunbar (drums) carry themselves like officers and gentlemen throughout.

If you were into all this stuff first time around then you probably won't touch this with a ten-foot dildo, unless someone tries to talk you into it. Allow me to try, however. If you approach it as a fairly charming piece of nostalgic self-indulgence, then you're not going to encounter any major barriers.

On the other hand, if all these songs are new to you, then you're really going to dig it. Listen to *Pin Ups* in the spirit in which it was made and it's mostly an okay album, and on occasion (particularly 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone') it's considerably better than that.

One problem remains. What the hell is going on in the '70s that people are going to want to get nostalgic about in the '80s? You gotta think ahead, y'know.
Charles Shaar Murray.

BEST OF SPIRIT
Spirit (Epic)

Spirit? They were well named. Even now, from this distance in time, they elude critical judgements. What, exactly, were they about? The deadly cool Los Angeles soft rock of *Fresh Garbage* and *Mechanical World* with which they launched their career; the inspired post-Cream hard-rock of 'I Got A Line On You' and '1984'; or the pure dumbness of something like 'Animal Zoo' or 'Mr Skin', tracks which nearly deny the title of this collection?

Spirit, or at least the *original* Spirit who made all the music contained here, split up a couple of years back. The old story: musical/personal differences. But Spirit must always have been a pretty uneasy coalition: Hendrix trainee Randy California with his electronically modulated lead riffs; California's ageing jazz drummer stepfather Ed Cassidy—the mysterioso bleached-out Mekon adorning their early album covers; classically trained keyboards man John Locke, with his penchant for cocktail lounge tinkling; bass man Mark Andes, who wore a dress on stage *three yeras ago;* and microphone-swinging all-American boy vocalist Jay Ferguson.

Andes and Ferguson quit Spirit first, to form their remarkably lame all-American, flat-out rock and roll band, Jo Jo Gunne. California disappeared. Cassidy and Locke formed a new Spirit, with a couple of guys called the Staehely Brothers, and even made an album. A second new Spirit then manifested itself, this time a somewhat shambling power trio featuring Cassidy and an apparently brain-damaged Randy California. This unit toured here earlier in the year and are also threatening to make new Spirit albums. In point of fact, neither of these bands bears much resemblance to the original Spirit, but both have ridden the legend for whatever it was worth.

And apparently that legend must still be worth a lot for anyone to bother putting out this very belated tribute to the old Spirit—a band who never really broke through to mass acceptance, who scored only one US hit single ever, yet about whom people still speak in reverent tones. Spirit were a cult group with a cult following. They had no real image, no stable musical identity. They wrote some good songs and made some beautifully produced albums and very few people ever heard of them, except maybe their 'Fresh Garbage' on that ubiquitous CBS sampler. In that sense, Spirit were perhaps a definitive late '60s Progressive Album band. And yet they were so clearly several classes above most of their contemporaries in that horrific category.

Just why Spirit never made it remains a mystery to me. Musical/personal differences? Inability to hold on to a definite style? Mass stupidity on the part of the record-buying public? Structural non-functionalism? I don't know. But I do know that *Best of Spirit* is a fine album. A few of the selections are open to criticism, but overall this is pretty much the best of Spirit, including their best song ever, Randy California's long-deleted 1970 paranoid opus single '1984'. That one, at least, still sounds as fresh as ever, and CBS should re-release it while there's still time . . .

'. . those flexi-plastic coppers
they're your special friends
you see them every night
they call themselves protection
but you know it's no game
you're never out of their sight
1984
knocking on your door
will you let it come
will you let it run
your life?'
Andrew Weiner.

SUZI QUATRO
Suzi Quatro (RAK)

It's hard to know about Suzi Quatro. The first time I ever heard of her was when there was a full colour picture of this lady in her black leather suit and snakeskin boots swinging a big old Fender bass. The first thought, I must confess, wasn't where can I hear her single, but how can I get to meet her.

The caption informed me that she was from Detroit, that her hit single was a foregone conclusion and that she was being managed by the redoubtable Chas Chandler. My carnal dreams faded. It looked as though the lady was too well protected to hobnob with the dopefiends of the town. Despite the leather suit, I dismissed her from my mind.

The next time I came across Suzi was on Top of the Pops. There she was with this punk back-up band in black outfits pumping it out while the plump little chickies lumped out at her feet in that graceless dance that the BBC seem to find so attractive. I've always been partial to Detroit rock and roll, and for that matter, equally partial to rock and roll bands in solid black uniforms. I gave it my full attention, and, by the standards of that idiot pop show, it was quite a passable way of decorating what might have been a very tedious three minutes.

I happened across Ms Quatro next while idly leafing through a copy of *Penthouse*. There on page nineteen was a grinning Suzi, in zips and chains, eagerly telling the *Penthouse* readers about the time she forgot to wear panties on stage, the time she had an orgasm on stage, the mail she gets from perverts. She went on to make it very clear that she liked big butch men, didn't need women's lib, and faggots in makeup and glitter had no chance with her. Fair enough, she seemed to be establishing herself as a tough, heterosexual Detroit rocker bird, a refreshing phenomenon in a somewhat jaded pop scene.

Then came this album. It has a black and white cover with tough little Suzi in the foreground, black leather jacket, jeans, thumbs hooked in her belt. The band lurk in the background, one of them downing a beer with a style and grace that any biker would be proud of.

So far, everything about La Quatro seemed very fine. There seemed to be only one thing missing, and that, I fear, was the music.

Suzi Quatro's music has most of the ingredients of most of the best rock music that has come out of Detroit in the last five years. The problem is that the mixture is not quite strong enough. If you compare it with, say, *Back in the USA* by the MC5, it becomes immediately apparent that the Suzi Quatro album just doesn't make it on that level. The question is, is it supposed to? The Rolling Stones playing 'Come On' was pretty damn inferior to Chuck Berry, but they were light years ahead of Billy Fury. In the same way I suppose Suzi Quatro serves up a product that is better than the average teeny fare. I ain't ever going to play this album for fun, but I don't think I'm exactly supposed to.

There's just one other thing that bothers me. It took me a while to put a finger on it, but in the end I got it. Something about her reminded me of Lulu, and it was all over.

Mick Farren.

TRAFFIC-ON THE ROAD.

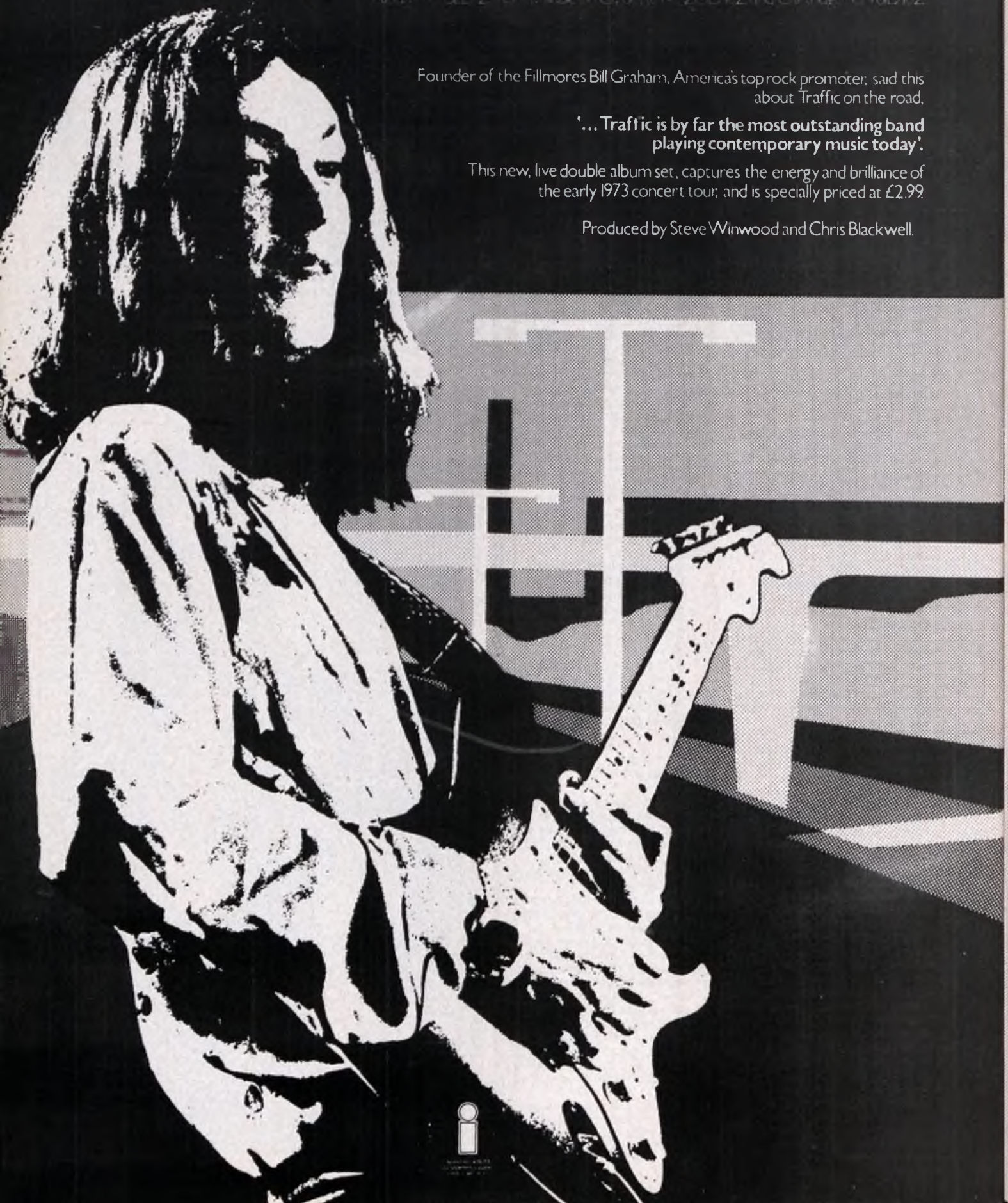
Album no. ILD 2. Also available on Cassette no. ZCID 102 and Cartridge no. 8ID 102.

Founder of the Fillmores Bill Graham, America's top rock promoter, said this about Traffic on the road,

'... Traffic is by far the most outstanding band playing contemporary music today'.

This new, live double album set, captures the energy and brilliance of the early 1973 concert tour, and is specially priced at £2.99.

Produced by Steve Winwood and Chris Blackwell.



QUADROPHENIA
The Who (Track)

'Inside, outside, where have I been?
Out of my brain on the 5.15'
History should be written in the medium most relevant to the era under review. Undoubtedly innumerable words are on the way, indeed no small number have already been delivered, all intending to explain the phenomena that constituted the world of the young in the early 1960s. The era of Mod. But the printed page can never do real justice, no matter how learned its contents, to an era in which music—its purveyors and its audience—set the scene.

Quadrophenia, the Who's latest product, or rather *magnum opus*, provides that history, and in the medium best suited to its telling. 'Read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory' said Benjamin Disraeli, a stylist of whose sartorial elegance any Mod would have been proud. *Quadrophenia* is just that: biography, one lousy, screwed up week in the life of a Mod. His name, Jimmy.

Tighter than the last opera, *Quadrophenia* has even more to offer. Facts and fantasy, frustrations and stimulant-induced fun are dealt with by the Who, under the inevitable guidance of Pete Townshend.

There are so many strands worthy of discussion. 'Punk and the Godfather' takes up where *Tommy* left off. The vicious circle of audience and performer, trapped in each other's need/conception of the opposite number. 'Bell Boy', with Keith Moon on vocals, in part; a simple evocation of the off-duty Mod, suffering, 'always at someone's bleedin' 'eel', other songs which evoke the whole world of the frustrated, alienated and always searching young, just ten years ago. 'I don't suppose you remember me, but I used to follow you back in sixty three' sings Jimmy, and it all comes flooding back.

But the music, essentially variations on the basic Who riffs, embellished with Moog, violin and horns, isn't really what makes *Quadrophenia* so impressive a work. It is its undeniable status as a social document that grabs the listener. The anonymous liner story breaks the normally accepted schizoid level of craziness, replacing a two-way split with a four-way improvement. Jimmy tries to come to terms with life—it is up to the individual to decide how far he's successful.

As to the success of the whole album, there's no problems for the Who there. But I bet the poor sods are dreading four years of playing this one on the road.
Jonathon Green.

GROUNATION
Count Ossie & The Mystic Revelation of Rastafari
(3-album set, Ashant, £4.99)

Rasta Fari was the uncrowned name of Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia. Upon his accession in 1930, the Rastafarian Movement was born in Jamaica out of the 'message' of Marcus Garvey, a movement instilling the rich imagery of the New Testament revelations and much of the lament and prophesy of the Old Testament, as in Psalm 137: 'By the rivers of Babylon, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion'.

Adherents, living a simple mountain existence and preaching a 'God in man and man within love' doctrine, have become a Jamaican legend, due mainly to their more sensational traits—long, wild hair, colourful clothes and their sacramental regard for marijuana. Their 'Back to Africa' banner has won them the hearts of Jamaican youth, frustrated by the iniquities of white society. Their music, primitive of rhythm and complex of variety, has given the island a national sound—Reggae.

Not that this beautiful album, a compressed expression of the Rastafarian cult, is Reggae. It is tribal music, offset with percussion, gleaming with emotive zeal. There are traces of '50s black jazz and Pocomanic gospel, but the whole is the ecstasy of resurgent spirit overcoming suffering; indignities of the body, darkness of the soul. There are uncultured, but not illiterate, poems of affirmation from Joseph Ruglass and a 15-minute narration to chanting steel band accompaniment from Brother Sam Clayton, who is also credited with the exquisite 'Ethopian Serenade' (source of an unmentionable Byron Lee pop/Reggae hit).

The traditional 'So Long' is magnificent, as is the 30-minute 'Grounation'. This latter, Ossie frothing a frenzy on bongoes, is a hotch-potch of traditional folk and Rasta tunes, many of which have been adapted to Reggae hits (the Ethiopian's 'Selah' and Gigingri's 'Zioniah'). A re-working of 'Oh Carolina'—the mid-sixties disco rave cut some 12 years ago by The Folks Bros backed by the Count Ossie Afro-Combo, is also featured.

I cannot see this masterwork appealing to the bland ears and butterfly minds of the New Decadent, whose notions of Jamaican culture are limited to the bus conductor or 'What *Soul*', the party showpiece. But I love it and my heart goes out.
Penny Reel.

TAKIN MY TIME
Bonnie Raitt (Warner Bros)

Bonnie Raitt's voice is that rarity in rock: a sound which thrills the ear and gladdens the heart. She took a while to sink in, mostly, I guess, because I never expected to hear a white girl sing with such soul and flair. She reminded me of Van Morrison.

On this third album she sounds more relaxed and confident than ever, phrasing with sweet muscularity and generally being every bit as devastating as I expect her to be. She has occupied a central place in my affections for almost a year now and, coming from someone who has had a different favourite girl singer every three weeks since he first heard Connie Francis bounce through *Stupid Cupid*, that's some recommendation. Though the instrumental work on her last LP *Give It Up* had a definite jazzniks-jamming-with-Bonnie flavour, its high-points were two of her own songs—the accoustic ballad 'Nothing Seems To Matter' and 'You Told Me Baby', where she cut loose with a rocking sixpiece band.

This time producer John Hall has done the obvious thing by creating a recognisable group sound on seven of the ten tracks, centred round bass, drums, Bill Payne's piano and his own electric guitar. The lady sings the blues, tender ballads, Mose Allison, saucy calypsos and even whoop-it-up trad numbers, but is at her best on a group of tunes by such underexposed young American songwriters as Jackson Browne, Joel Zoss and Eric Kaz. Browne's 'I Thought I Was A Child' reveals him again as the most succinct and characteristic song-smith since Tim Hardin, and Bonnie is the best possible advertisement for him. She also illustrates that

The material does not always show her to best advantage and the production contains a few minor flaws of taste, particularly the horn and vocal arrangements and some curiously geriatric harp by Taj Mahal. It's problematic, since she is so brilliant, that it must be hard to assemble a group good enough to back her. Maybe the Allman Brothers could carry it, and capture the exact blend of accuracy and spontaneity which turns a good album into a masterpiece.

An authoritative producer should be able to make her next album into a landmark on the scale of *Moondance* or *Gasoline Alley*. Really. You better believe it. Bonnie Raitt is *the* girl singer of the Seventies.
Myles Palmer.

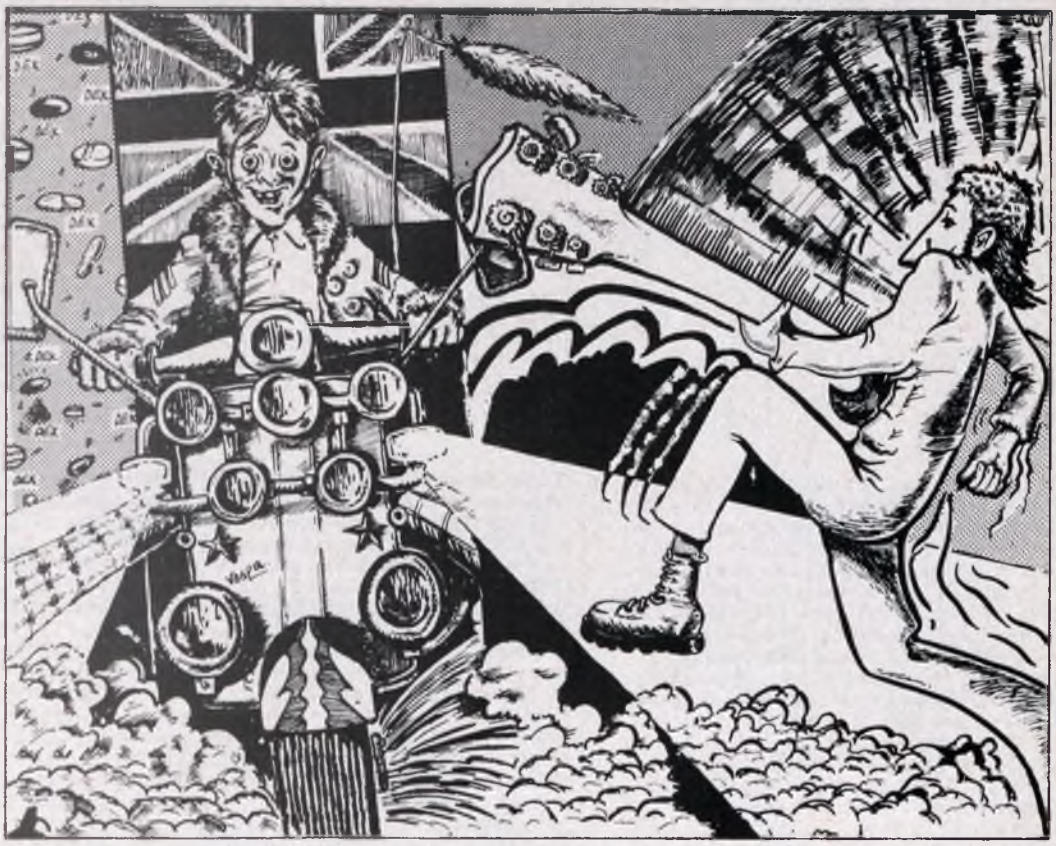


Illustration by Rod Beddall

Chunder/**RICHARD NEVILLE**

Telex from Australia...

This apocalyptic missive from our re-patriated founder was dictated at speed and staggering cost over trans continental telephone from Melbourne, Australia. As usual, Richard had missed his deadline, and nothing has really changed except the scenery . . .

A famous Australian opera singer, the perpetrator of Peach Melba, was forever announcing her absolutely final last stage appearance. *Oz* carries on in the same tradition, and I wonder just who is laughing all the way to what bank. *(At the rates you're charging for feature articles these days, Richard, I should think it is most likely the Bank of New South Wales –Ed).* But Felix is almost psychotically persuasive and smilingly promised during a green milkshake a great issue, folks. So good evening, how are you, goodbye.

This dispatch comes from Melbourne amidst the rigours of a weekly newspaper schedule. I don't know how long I'll stick it, but strangely I've been enjoying bringing it all back home. No doubt this delirium will wear off in ten more minutes, but coming back to Australia, I am stunned by its high voltage exuberance and almost bullying aura of national self-confidence. Proud Aussie faces peer from daily papers with captions announcing yet more indigenous inventions: a chemist finds a flu vaccine, a schoolboy produces a pocket measuring device of utter precision and simplicity, a backyard mechanic designs an engine that's said to be better than Wankel's.

People everywhere seem aglow with ideas and radiant with relentless energy. Especially the State politicians, whose daily cabaret of dishonesty and fraud makes the Nixon follies seem like a sideshow at the wrong end of a telescope. It's old time Chicago without Elliott Ness. The disclosure of a State Premier's enormous stock holding in a development company doesn't bring a blush here, much less a resignation. When the President of a prominent building society was discovered stashing away bread, the New South Wales Premier cited the gentleman's war record and the matter was dropped. The underground paper *Digger* reprints copies of search warrants left by the cops during a drug raid. They were all blank, except for an obliging JP's signature on each one. A mild inquiry purr.

But at least it's an inquiry, and that's what's different about coming back to Australia. It's waking up. This Rip Van Winkle of a continent, dozing serenely in the Antipodes for 23 years, more or less given up as a deadhead redneck by the rest of the world, suddenly one day gets up and dances on the coffin of the defeated Liberal Party. Foreign policy attitudes somersault, Trade Unions achieve sanctity, draft dodgers are set free and the Last Tango is danced all night.

After seven years' absence, there are slicker rhythms and higher expectations. Standards have improved, even if the inspiration is often plagiarism disguised by Strine. There is still a materialist rampage–Sydney is a skyline of builders' cranes and glistening insurance companies. But the people are beginning to rub sleep from their eyes. While the National Trust tut-tuts about preserving heritages, it took the chesty bronzed builders' labourers to step in and stop the bastards. The builders have imposed 'green bans' on development projects they consider detrimental to the community. There are now boycotts on construction projects worth three thousand million Australian dollars and developers are growing angry. As I write, all sorts of radicals, from old time individual layabouts to gutsy resident action unions, have united with the builders and are brazenly battling with police in the streets. In an extraordinary and fertile alliance of libertarian politics and union muscle, hard hats and longhairs have seized the initiative.

But this is only a few acres among millions. Along the beautiful North Coast the tower blocks march to the Pacific Ocean. The mayor of Surfers' Paradise, in replying to observations that speculators' eyesores block the sun from bathers, claimed seriously that it was a victory in the fight against skin cancer. The newspapers are awash with huge, glamourised landscapes of real estate, beckoning irresistibly to those with a mania for owning their own backyard. A lifetime of mortgages for a quarter acre of nowhere.

And behind many a suntanned Bazza's smile lies a valium prescription, the most popular pacifier in Australia. After dark, the road that winds through the beaches of Sydney is lit mainly by the displays of all-night chemists. Australians gobble down drugs even if they don't make you high. 'We have the most expensive urine in the world', commented a medical professor on the local lust for vitamin tablets. There is too much to tell and I haven't begun.

More important than another national profile, this last *Oz* picture show should contain the seeds of continuing enterprise. In a way, *Oz* has come full circle, and yet it continues in myriad tributaries, with Felix fiddling with the frontiers of graphic art, not to mention countless other streams of communicators whose origins are linked with the butterfly years of *Oz*.

The first issue of *The Living Daylights*, named after a forthcoming novel by my sister, *(two plugs in one sentence, the man's insatiable –Ed)* was published on October 16th in Melbourne. It sold like the proverbial *School Kids Oz*. The second issue, out last week (my time), outstrips its 46,000 run by the second day. So who knows? Somebody outback is looking for something, even if it doesn't turn out to be *The Living Daylights*. As a gesture to the future, and to let loyal *Oz* veterans catch a glimpse of the continuing saga, printed below are fragments from the editorial of *TLD* No.1:

There must be some way outa here

Put crudely, there are three choices available. ONE: Recognise the system for what it is and join it. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may to build a fortress of waterbeds, weekenders and quadraphonic swimming pools. CHOICE TWO: Kickback. This can mean taking to the streets, mastering dates they didn't teach you at school, attending meetings, immersing yourself in the class struggle and backing whichever radical political organisation seems most likely to succeed without tiring. CHOICE THREE: and this is bowling 'em over like ninepins. Render the system as irrelevant as possible by setting out upon one's own search for inner tranquility, which can involve drugs, music, sacred texts, meditation, hitting the road, guru hunting, body disciplines, brown rice and so on until one can ultimately squeeze the trigger on a profound personal mystical experience.

Of these paths, we suppose many of us stagger along one, lose our way, drift awhile, discover another, meander some more, play some old time dance music, truck truck truck along yet another trail which is ill lit, deceptively charted and probably around the bend.

We hereby declare that the 19th century pseudo scientific working model of the world, the mainstay of socialist theory, became fully obsolete in 1945 when J Presper Eckert Jnr and John B Mauchly unveiled ENIAC at the University of Pennsylvania to reveal the world's first digital computer based on electronic impulses. From that moment the West began its blind climb to the brink of plenitude. For the first time in history it became possible to conceive a rational future of the world premised on the abolition of scarcity. The reign of the work ethic is over. Today's revolutionary demand is full unemployment, for those who want it. The right to work becomes the right to hang loose.

IN AUSTRALIA IN 1973, ANYONE WHO WORKS IS EITHER A FOOL, OPPRESSED OR BELIEVES IN THEIR JOB . . .

Isn't OM all you need?

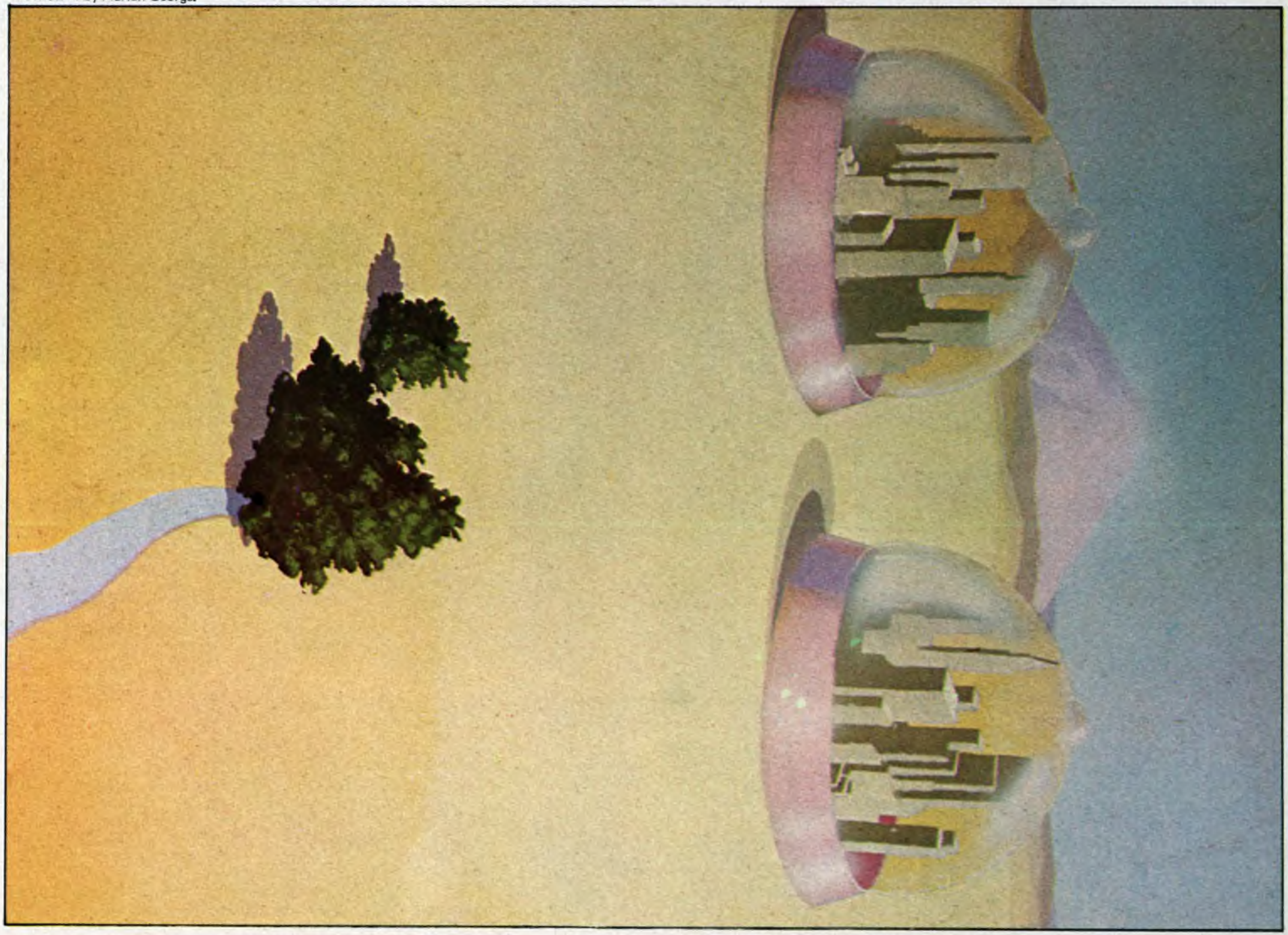
NO. But some of the best minds of our generation are coming up with ways to explore the universe of inner self and we remain open minded, indeed excited, by the new Skylabs of the Psyche. Quick to ridicule the prevailing spiritual hunger are intellectuals, their own spirit numbed by years of immersion in the expedient doctrines of empiricism, rationality and objectivity. Ironically, the most influential contemporary pioneers of the new mysticism are all defectors from the shrine of academic methodology–Carlos Castaneda, John C Lilly, Richard Alpert and poor mad Timothy Leary.

However unpalatable it may seem to the classic mind, the fact is this. Since the mid 60s, hundreds and thousands of intelligent, curious, sensitive young people in the Western world have tripped out on LSD and/or other hallucinogenic drugs. A proportion of these people (who knows how many?) have testified to experiencing a profound mystical phenomenon, which drives them to a calm frenzy of spiritual exploration, often altering their whole way of life and personality, sometimes sending them a bit loco, sometimes really cooling them out, and always leaving them aching for more . . .

But all explorations must be bound by a matrix of social realities and we look for a fusion of psychic sailors and swashbuckling politicos to contribute to creating a vision of tomorrow, as well as furnishing the tools to execute its occurrence. As we said, give Marx a joint and ask Buddha what he's going to tell the tree executioners . . .

See ya next last issue of *Oz* . . .

Illustration by Adrian George.



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WANKER'S WORLD

Volume VII No 8 Price A Snip At 75 New Pence

The Big One Men Like

NEWSAGENTS ARE REMINDED THAT THIS MAGAZINE IS OF A STRICTLY ADULT NATURE. PLEASE KEEP IT WELL OUT OF THE HANDS OF MINORS. AFTER ALL, THE OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS ACT COULD PUT YOU AWAY FOR A TWELVE-STRETCH. KEEP IT CLEAN, OR KEEP UP THOSE PAYMENTS. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

In Your Wanker's World This Month:

'It's Better Than The New Statesman' Dean Anthony Confesses:
'I Wrote Filth For £25 per '000 Words. It Was Easy.'

Saucy Amputee Funnies:
More Rib-Ticklers From Your Favourites And Ours, Those Limbless Leggy Lovelies.

Memoirs Of A Medieval Pervert:
The Bastardino, The Rack, The Iron Maiden.
This Is Strong Stuff.

Hot Hipped Honey Harriet's Wholly Hooked By Lively Lensman Phil Franks. Says Our Man With The Four Foot 'Photo, 'I'd Like To Zoom In On *That*'.

Hi Wankers!!!

Wow! Everything's coming up tasteless, huh ...

Christmas comes but once a year and with it we at WW-TBOML, a mere money-making month upfront of schedule, are bringing you our Bumper Fun Issue.

Let's not beat about the bush. Let's, indeed, be perfectly frank, pull not a single punch and make everything perfectly clear: Sex Is Where It's At.

But for some reason half the fuddy-duddy, old-school-tie, dyed-in-the-wool spoil-sports don't agree. These self-appointed 'reformers' have but one aim in life: to make everyone else suffer. Was it not the great writer, H L Mencken, who once said: 'Conscience is the faintest suspicion that someone might be watching'? To these do-gooders we at WW-TBOML have just one thing to say: We're watching you. And don't think your joyless antics are much fun.

Meanwhile, Wankers, your very own magazine, WW-TBOML, is bringing you what you like. What we all like. Sex. With a capital S-E-X.

So, if Santa Claus asks you what you want for Christmas, you just go ahead and tell him. There may be hair on the palms of your hands, your eyes may even now be growing blurred, and it's looking a bit shaky too, but don't forget

It's a Wanker's World!!!
Keep It Up

Nina!

Words: Simon Viridian. *Pix:* Philm Freax. *Art:* Adam Thrust. *Published by* Self-Abuse Publications Ltd. All Rights Reserved.

She's a goer, or so hubby Mr T M of Aintree tells us. Lissom Leslie works in a car showroom by day, but at night ... Well, if our eyes don't deceive us, then Leslie's not averse to doing a little 'modelling' of her own.

One picture is worth a thousand words. And husky Bruno, 40-28-30, certainly leaves little to the imagination. A Cordon Bleu cook and 'just a wow with the youngsters', Bruno's picture comes to us courtesy of his one and only Olaf D of Knightsbridge. Trouble and strife ... I should coco!!!

MUM'S THE WORD

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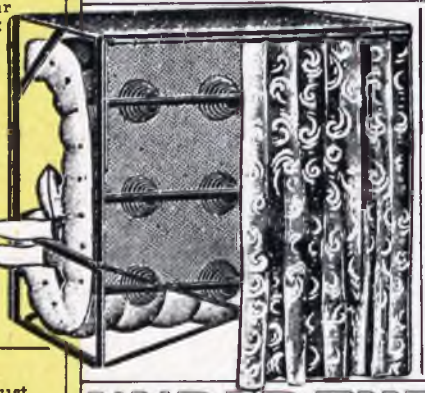

Love is a many splendoured thing. We all agree. But sometimes love's first ardours lose a little of their embellishment. And that's when you need 'Getitup' a remarkable invention, with you in mind. Until this unique offer, 'Getitup' was only available to natives of the Matto Grosso and 'The Bookshop', Kilburn High Road, NW3. £76.00 for the one, but the special offer, including *batteries and* the balloon, can come to you for a straight monkey. Fair enough? Right, gov.

UNDER THE COUNTER

We live in an age of constant change. Yesterday's thrillers are today's tedium, tomorrow's also rans. Everything is on the move, and what more than what is surely man's prime interest: sex. Yes, sex, its fetishes, its fantasies, even its facts, are part of that immutable flux, that merry-go-round of human life. And in that very life, that veritably truthful apothegem of existance, that sans pareil of man's eternal quest for fulfilment, for a genuine appreciation of his modus vivendi, the urge for pleasure, no matter what form it may take, must surely stand foremost among all our most intimate desires. Wanker's World-The Big One Men Like-has determined to plumb the very depths of this lebenslust. This month, 'Fantasy Factfinder', our regular in-depth probe of sexual mores, with the accent on the S and the M, takes a hard look at: 'Self-Abuse'or, as we put it, 'You Can't Always Get What You Want ...'

Fantasy Factfinder: 'OK, now your mother's told us about... The Guilty Party: 'What d'you mean, my mother ...'

FF: 'She just said that you always had, how shall I put it, a personal partiality, when a mere lad. Now, perhaps you can tell me just how it all developed?'

TGP: 'Well, now you're not really going to print my name are you ... y'know, tell everyone about my little ways ... are you?'

FF: 'No, in fact, I'm not.'

TGP: 'What! Not a fuckin' word. Not even the ghastly details of post adolescent doctors and nurses, not the League of OAP Circle Jerkers, not one mention of the Mr Arthur Figgis, 54, of Acacia Ave., East Acton W. Memorial Masturbators Jamboree and Bun Fight, staged annually ...'

FF: 'Not a one'.

TGP: 'But why...?'

FF: 'Basically because I can't be bothered. Just cos' this is a six-part series they think they can get away with a cut rate lineage. Well, fuck that, mate. £25 per thousand or stop press, as far as I'm concerned.'

TGP: 'But what about me?'

FF: 'What, to be brutal, about you. Remember, buddy, were it not for my cynical labours you wouldn't exist. It may give a whole scam about intimate probes and all that trash up the top, but you'd better get one thing clear. You're a figment of my grubby imagination. A nothing, a no-no. And I can't be fucked no more. You are me and I am you and we are all together ...'

TGP: 'Er ...'

FF: 'Sorry about that. Its the underground press background you know. Ever since the thing packed up, all us hacks had to find something to write. It's just the jargon slips in occasionally ...'

Thora's thinking.
Drifting, dreaming down deserted dabblings in delight.
Wandering woefully wistful whither wonder wends.
Hoping helplessly, harmlessly, heeding her heartbeats.
Bored to fucking death with standing
here under these bloody lights which may be hot but it's still
goddam cold and that may make her nipples perk up without
any icecubes but it still gets the goosepimples going.
Not only that, punters, not only that,
but the poor girl's not even called Thora in the first place.
Brenda, maybe, Suzy, Lulu, who the hell knows. Or cares, for that
matter. But the silly fuckers in the art department wrote on the
board that they only had a 'T' left in that particular type face
so what can a poor hack do?
And even if she is thinking, so what? If she's thinking
anything its how much she hates this gig and how much she's irritated
by the photographer, and what an immense amount of contempt she
finds herself able to summon up as regards the men who'll be
buying whatever mag it is that she's being sold to this time.
Mean, isn't she. Cynical bitch. Look at her.
Little slut. Naked, perverse, if you ask the average buyer.
Sick, filthy, all that flesh. What she needs is a good ...

Now, that's what you'd like to do.
Look at that fourcolour flesh. All that printed artifice flaunting
itself. Brazen, shameless. That knife, the hat ... Think about it ...
what you could do with the knife. Hack and slice, and cut and
eviscerate and disembowel and tear and mutilate and
wrench and rip and ... Oh ... Ohhhh ... Ooooooohhhhh!!!!!
Mmmm. Better now? Relieved ... *satisfied??*
Big deal. Or rather, tough shit.
Thora, or Brenda, Suzy or Lulu, is impervious to your throbbing
miseries, miles, psychic and physical from your tragic aspirations.
Out of reach, utterly beyond you. One look from you, mate, she'd
be over the hills and very far away. After all, a girl's got taste.
And you're strictly not part of it.
Nasty. Sickening. Saddening.
It's all the big con. All the easy lay that couldn't be harder.
The 50p for fuck-all. The come-on that leads merely to yet another
rip off. Sorry punters, suckered in again.
And you love it. All the way to death.
Oh, Thora. Or Brenda, or Suzy or Lulu or ...

THORA

Come As You Like

Dear Wanker's World—THE BIG ONE MEN LIKE,
I'd like to tell you something that happened the other night. I'd just got my selection of books out by the bed—now, mind you they're not all the 'hot stuff' that WW-TBOML is, but not bad anyway—the other night, and you'll never guess what happened. Well, it was just the other night and there I was, my books, and I'll not deny it, they're not as ... well, you at WW-TBOML know what I mean, if you see what I mean, y'know, right, my books, all out by the bed. Or now I think about it maybe it was the sofa. Or the bed. Y'know I've always preferred the sofa for some reason, so maybe it was the sofa, or perhaps ... Anyway, sofa or bed—oh, yes I just realised why it must have been the sofa, because my brother Alf's 12 year old daughter came to stay one time and if you looked very carefully when she leaned back you could just about see right up her ... Christ ... I've run out of 2p bits ... Oh hell, oh ...
By Phone-A-Fantasy.

Dear Everyone at Wanker's World,
This is real, though you probably don't believe me.
My wife is twenty nine, I am thirty three. Our alsatian is eight. (56 dog years).
That means, if my maths is correct, that subtracting her age from mine and doubling the remainder we have the age of our beloved Ripper.
I'd be interested to hear from your other readers who have had similar experiences.
Hey-ho,
H H., Park Lane

Dear Wanker's World,
You know what I'd really like to do. Probably not. So I'll tell you. After all, it's ruddy awful thinking up all these bizarre delights if you can't burden some poor bastard with them all. So stand by and I'll let it rip.
You see most of the time I work in this office and no doubt as everyone reading WW-TBOML knows, offices are full of sexy little secretaries. Well, just give me half a chance and there'd be no holding me back. Oh no, I can tell you. In fact, just the other night Bert, Teddy, Ron and myself, that's our darts team you see, were having a quick pint at lunchtime, in the canteen, you know, and in walked this little dolly. What a little cracker! I'll say. And you would too, believe me. Well, in she walked, and you know what Ron said? Right. Ab-so-lutely right. Dirty sod, isn't he.
Which reminds me of what I wanted to say.
Am I normal?
Yours sincerely,
P R., London

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The young man seduced by this redhead never expected such a work-out! She plays every trick conceivable upon him. Oral contact and finally a vigorous bout of copulation. £10.

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QUADROPHONY

Is your stereo doomed?
Does hifi equal hi finance?
Is quadrophonics just a four way con?

There is an unhealthy trend in current music business thinking away from live music and towards people living their entire music life within the confined comforts of their own homes. Just witness the huge increase in the number of 'live' albums now on sale—neat, packaged concerts ready to be switched on and off from the armchair. It's not that I'm against a better *reproduced* sound mind you, but what I want to see is a clearer distinction between acknowledgedly recorded and reproduced sound, and attempts to recreate the original performance.

This swing away from live performances is partly due to the now highly developed art of live recording—millions of mikes leading to the mobile recording van parked behind the stage. But mostly it's due to the hifi system explosion on the record-buying market. Without hifi, live albums just wouldn't be possible. It was the classical music fans—the staid, stay at home, electrical engineering types—who pioneered stereophonics, and now, with the 'new, 4-channel, surround-sound quadrophonic system', they're again breaking new ground.

The original idea behind the development of quadrophonics was the recreation of the *ambiance* of the concert hall—the little bit of echo and reverberation from the back of the hall. It's this that creates the feeling of presence, the feeling of actually being there, and the best way, it was decided, to get this out of a hifi was to have two more speakers at the back of a room.

Of course it doesn't really work: any room has its own size and echo and what concert hall quad trys to do is dwarf the effect of that with the recorded ambiance. On the other hand, if you're not just committed to re-creation but to creation of a new and possibly devastating effect, the potential of quad is exciting. Just as stereo, in the hands of innovative rock musicians, moved from being merely an attempt to re-create the Albert Hall to exploring sound separation, so too could quadrophonics be used to open up new fields.

But does—as the numerous blurbs in the sound magazines claim—the quadrophonic system render the stereo obsolete? Or is it really just an excuse to sell more gear; a bit of technical gadgetry to turn the 'fi' in hifi into 'finance' rather than 'fidelity'? For quadrophonic sound sure doesn't come cheap—roughly speaking it's double the price of a stereo.

There are essentially four parts to any reproducing system: the *programme source* (tape, disc or tuner), the control unit or *pre-amplifier* which controls and adjusts the signal from the source and feeds it into the *power amplifier* so that it is strong enough to work the *speakers.* With quadrophonic, however, you need not just two of everything as for stereo, but four—four channel programme sources, four channel pre-amps, four power amps and four speakers.

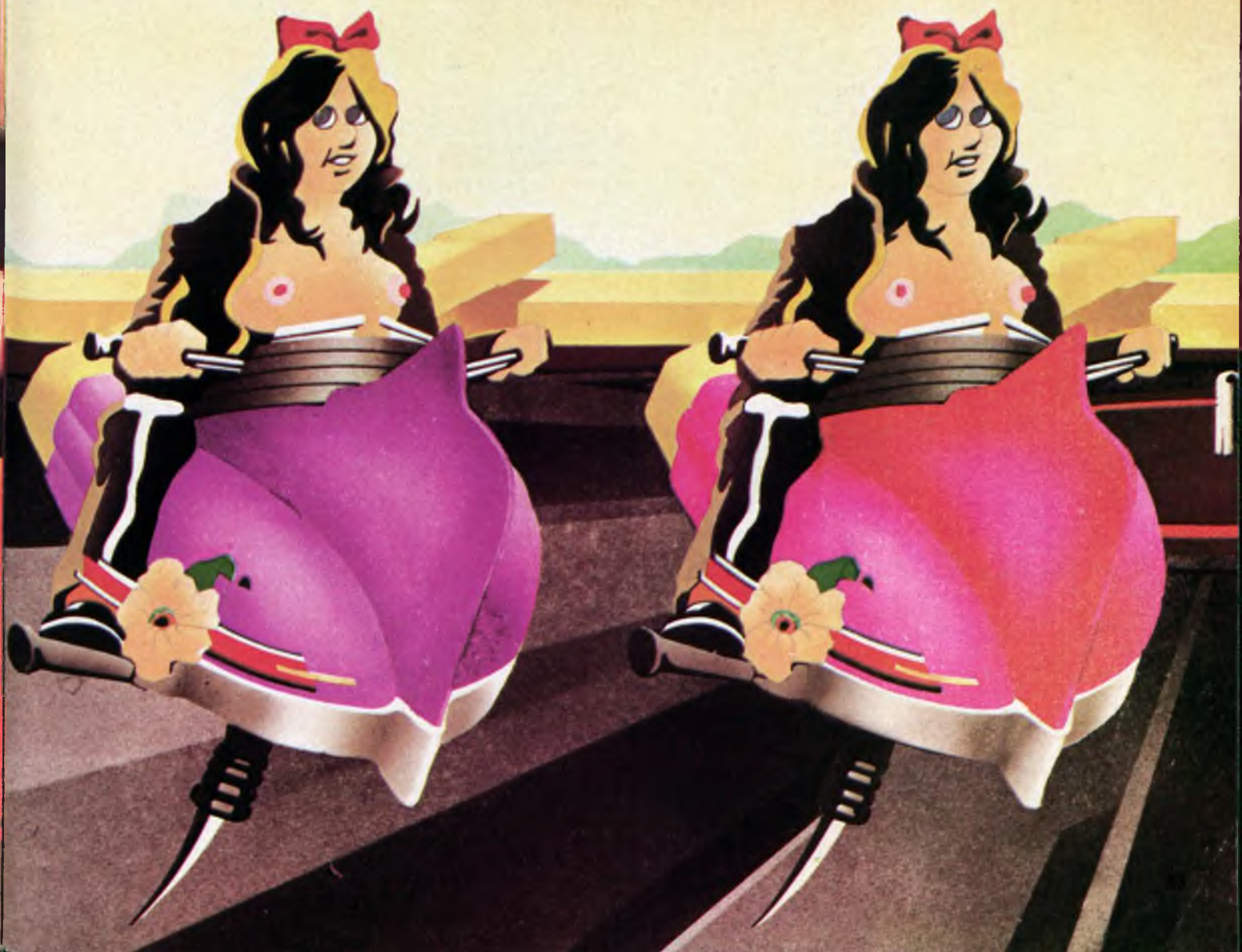
Illustration by Mike Moore.

In addition, as it's extremely difficult to store four channels of sound on a record, quadrophonic also needs a decoder. At the moment there are three main systems of decoding being plugged by three separate groups of companies. Two of them work by reproducing signals containedin the existing stereo groove a little out-of-phase. Out-of-phase is a bit like fucking with somebody you don't know too well—occasionally you're pushing and they're pulling, or they're pushing and you're pulling. Either way you're out of rhythm. Normally on a stereo when one of the speakers is alternately going whoosh while the other is going woof, you miss a lot of sound. But with a phase shift system, the decoder uses the fact that the signals are deliberately recorded out-of-phase to generate another signal, or pair of signals, to be fed to the two rear loudspeakers.

The third system—the CD-4—is more complicated. Stereo happens because each side of a record groove has a different wiggle and the stylus tracks in two different directions giving two signals. What the CD-4 system does is to put two signals on *each side* of the record groove. This is done by using the same process as is used to put two signals into stereo radio: the front and rear signals are added together, making the main wiggles; then the front is subtracted from the rear and slotted into the groove, but at twice the frequency. This system uses a multiple decoder—not the same as an SQ or QS decoder—which takes the two signals and then mixes them to the following recipe: added signal (L+R) plus subtracted signal (L-R) which means the two R's cancel out to give L (at twice the strength); added signal (L+R) plus subtracted signal 'reversed positive to negative' (-L+R) which means the two cancel out to give R (at twice the strength). Phew!

But all three systems have their faults, some of which are detailed in the following chart. The biggest trouble with the phase shift systems occurs when a quadrophonic record is played on a stereo or mono system; phase shift has a habit of occasionally losing an instrument or a voice altogether. Discrete (CD-4) is fine on this score, but what you're asking of black plastic and stylii is that they cope with wiggles three times as fast as the present limit (20,000 wiggles per second). If you think of how quickly records get worn and how quickly delicate wiggles—the top notes—get knocked off, you'll realise that a record which has 60,000 per second isn't going to last too long. But there's an even bigger problem with CD-4: as the decoder unit is the equivalent of two separate radio tuners,

SYSTEM	WHAT KIND IS IT?	WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT?	WHAT'S BAD ABOUT IT?	WHO MAKES EQUIPMENT FOR IT?	WHO HAS RECORDS FOR IT?
QS	phase shift	It's the one that most of the manufacturers rate.	The signals could be more separated. Some bits disappear in mono.	Sansui, Sony*, Pioneer, National*.	Pye
SQ	phase shift	Currently the front runner, in terms of record sales.	The signals could be more separated. Bits disappear in mono playback.	Sony*, Pioneer, National*, Rotel, Trio.	CBS, EMI
CD-4	discrete	The four channels are clearly separated on the record.	Decoder is virtually the same as two radio tuners, and about as expensive.	JVC, Sony*, National*	RCA
	* Three-in-one decoder available.				



there's a lot more circuitry to pay for.

And on top of all this, as there's still a battle over which company's product will become standard, the serious seeker after quadrophony will have to go for the whole rotten deal and buy equipment, especially a decoder, which can cope with all three systems.

If you already have a stereo system and you want to go the whole way, you'll need another stereo amp as well as the extra speakers. I'd recommend the Sony SQA 200 combined decoder and second stereo amp (£66), or the smaller SQA 100 (about £50).

There is another way to get a four channel programme source, and it's probably the one which will win in the end. Tape, which doesn't need a decoder as it's possible to record all four tracks on one place, will replace black plastic. In fact many current tape machines already have what their manufacturers call 'four track capability'. This means that, for a small sum, they'll whip out the existing 'four track' head (which actually plays two tracks one way and, when turned over, two tracks the other way) and replace it with a tape head that records and plays back four tracks at once.

Likewise with cassettes. But a word of caution about cartridges: forget them. The endless loop they work on means they're mechanically sloppy and, no matter how easy they are to convert to four-track-head operation, their frequency response will always be bad.

And something else for the future. About seven years ago when I was the only one around who had a stereo and there were rows three deep in front of Sgt. Pepper, I said without thinking too seriously: 'That's nothing. The logical extension of this is not four tracks but eight tracks—one at each vertice of the room'. It's still only a dream and this new fangled quadrophonic is still only two dimensional (there's no up and down in it, no vertical information).

Meanwhile, you can still achieve an ambient effect without buying a quadrophonic decoder, or a second amplifier. All you need is a second pair of speakers, some wire and a close look at the diagram below. This idea is the brainchild of David Hafler and it works because, even with ordinary stereo records, there is always a little out-of-phase information. You don't hear it because it isn't as loud as the main signal, unless it's deliberately accentuated on tracks like Saucerful of Secrets and A Day in the Life to give that weird sucked-out-into-the-space-between-the-speakers effect.

If you wire up the two extra speakers as shown, they'll pick up all the out-of-phase sound which is mostly either the ambient signal of the concert hall if it's live classical music, or, if it's rock, the kind of out-of-phase notes you get out of a synthesizer. Furthermore, since the quadrophonic records on the Pye QS and CBS/EMI SQ system are, by definition, packed with out-of-phase information, you'll get all that coming from the rear speakers too. The only difference is that the rear sound won't be spread out in so much detail as the front.

Finally, as the rear speakers won't actually draw nearly as much signal as the front, you need not pay as much for them.

So there you have it. If you have wisely purchased the stereo system I recommended in the March 1973 issue of *Cream*, you can have quadrophonic, even with the cost of the two extra speakers, for under £100. That means more money to spend on records and less inclination to spend all your time in your lonely room because you won't feel so beholden to your system. You could even get out there and help bring back real live music.

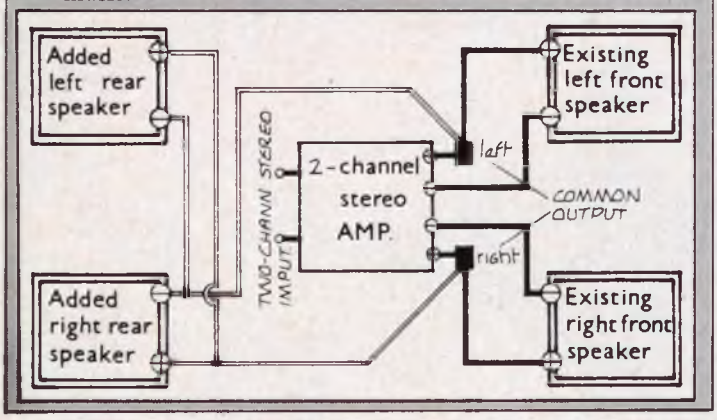


Diagram by Mike Moore.

What Went Wrong?

continued from page 9

sucking on barbiturates, the all-American narcotic, and downing too many gins iust like the last long generation?

But if some kind of compromise with the chariots of consumer capitalism was necessary (and unfortunately it is, which is what makes most of the alternatives of the alternative society merely moralising), if idealism was inevitably to become about as fashionable as cancer of the throat, still the underground needn't have settled for quite so little.

There was a migration into the post-69 underground of various ex-students seeking refuge from what they saw as the straight left who recognised the longing for a life without constraint as offering a species of agitation somewhat more revolutionary than all those boring meetings. Now it ought not to be, (but actually is), necessary to stress that revolutionary socialism is profoundly libertarian and concerned with self-emancipation of the totality of working class life. The false images of self-sacrifice, private misery and unreal formal solidarities arise from the particular crab-wise progress of socialism in our time, particularly the defeat of the revolutionary movement in Russia in the twenties. It is unfortunately true that no workers' state exists, although they have for brief periods, and we have their memory and their experiences. The freak left's emancipation from the entire pre-existing socialist tradition, however, was somewhat double edged. It afforded them boundless rhetorical self-confidence and the courage to take on the state at every point they encountered it. It made for good knock-about journalism (re-read those *Frendz*). But the meaning of that journalism to anyone who took the scalding adjectives seriously was that all news of chaos is favourable to the revolution and that the willingness to be violent is the best proof of your political seriousness.

It was a politics of gesture, a species of street theatre, a series of provocations, The Cafe Voltair meets the Claimants Union. The trouble was that it was as unreal to the readers as the leather-fetishism of *IT*. Despite the protestations of democracy, it was just another central London gang, and it is fairly hard to interest people who aren't nutters in a political perspective which consists mainly of dodging truncheons. The Notting Hill rhetoricians neatly complemented the Soho hacks, the readers continued to do nothing, or on occasions were so repelled by the fuckups that they joined the Communist Party and took to reading Althusser (Stalinism's answer to the Maharaj Ji) in order to sleep at night.

What finally knackered the underground was its complete inability to deal with women's liberation. For the underside of the underground's romantic revolt is its treatment of women. Men defined themselves as rebels against society in ways limited to their own sex, excluding women except as loyal companions or mother-figures. From its origin in white identification with urban blues through Brando and Mailer and Dylan and Lennon, the defiance of captialism has been intertwined with a punishment of women (look again at Blonde on Blonde or Look Back In Anger). Because the underground remained so utterly dominated by men, sexual liberation was framed in terms saturated with male assumptions, right down to the rape fantasy of 'Dope, rock and roll and fucking in the streets'.

And because the feelings and resentments felt by women so long in the underground had been fobbed off by the standard cliches about 'hang-ups' and 'hanging loose', when the wave came it came as a devastating blow. In fact, until men are honest about trying to unravel what lies underneath their own images of emancipation; the beat dark glasses, the bronzed underground sternum and the leather Marxist Leninist jacket, there is little possibility of going forward again.

But it *will* go forward again, in different ways, because it asserts that most revolutionary force, the power of the imagination; the ability to compare what is with what could be. The Underground (RIP) inflicted such damage on the system's self-confidence before it was smothered by policemen and smoothies because it provided a possibility of releasing and expressing feelings which the system can only pretend to satisfy. It overrules for good the view that politics is simply a question of cheerleading in an empty electoral stadium. But when the fire comes next time, it will have to be a lot bigger and better organised, less myth-ridden and above all anchored in working class politics. As Tom Mann used to say 'As we grow older, may we become more dangerous'.

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Death Poem

Death is taboo, but there's no taboo against dying.
Death chain smokes all forms of life.
Death defaces you to your face.
Death is for failed suicides.
Death floods your meat with adrenalin so you're inedible.
Death is using your imagination out of despair not desire.
Death makes guilt gilt-edged.
Death stimulates the chemistry of your smiles.
Death rapes fear from behind.
Death gets high on death.
Death is a conspiracy of kaka consciousness.
Death treats world wars like a line of good coke.
Death is when you stop listening to your inner voice for so long it stops listening to you.
Death is when every stimulus contracts your mind.
Death is when other people's body clocks strike the hour every minute.
Death is passion being drip fed to sentiment.
Death is having nothing to lose and further to go to lose it.
Death is when the wax in your inner ear turns into a homunculus who sits in one scale throws shit in the other and tells you you're balanced.
Death is when your eyes blink and take photographs but you know the developers gone sinis.
Death is being greedy to have all your pain at once.
Death digs you deeper than anyone.
Death is worrying other people into the force field of your own extinction.
Death locks you up and down.
Death fills your spirit level with marsh gas.
Death is the life and soul of all political parties.
Death is the paranoiac's only hope.
Death watches you suck yourself off in ecstasy and then get lockjaw.
Death is when other people's image of you drops to below subsistence level.
Death is unspeakable.

Illustration by Martin Sharp

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 2

ERIC CLAPTON

Born March 30th, 1945. First group The Roosters. Next The Yardbirds 1965 joined John Mayall's Bluesbreakers 1967 Eric, Jack Bruce, Ginger Baker form Cream. Disbanded 1969. Birth of Blind Faith. One L.P. "Blind Faith". Next Delaney & Bonnie. Delaney Bramlett produced "Eric Clapton" 1970. 1970 formed Derek and The Dominoes. Life of recluse, unforgettable concert January 13th, 1973. Rainbow Theatre.

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Nº 3

MICK TAYLOR

Born 17th January, 1948. First group The Godswirk. Ken Hensley, Lee Kerslake of Uriah Heep. 1967 replaced Peter Green John Mayall's band. On June 13th, 1969, replaced Brian Jones Rolling Stones. Featured on "Let It Bleed", "Get Yer Ya Ya's Out", "Sticky Fingers", "Exile on Main Street". Also featured "Looking Back", "Thru The Years", "Back To The Roots". Appeared Mike Oldfield's "Tubular Bells".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 4

B. B. KING

Born on plantation Mississippi Delta, 1925. Musically influenced by uncle, Django Reinhardt, 'Robert Jr.' Lockwood. First same professionally St. John Gospel Singers. Moved Memphis 1947. 1949 fame as singer and disc jockey Radio WDIA. 1949 first recordings Bullet and Ram labels. "Three O'Clock Blues" first hit entered R & B charts 1951. First touring band 1953. Known as 'King of the Blues' Unique guitar style. Impassioned lyrical singing influenced generations of musicians. One of major inspirations British 'R & B' revival of sixties. 1962 signed ABC Dunhill.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 5

DUANE ALLMAN

Duane Allman born 1946. Grew up with brother Gregg, Nashville. First record with Allman Joys. Single "Spoonful" mid sixties. Next group Hour Glass. Two albums, one released in England, "Hour Glass". Session man with Wilson Pickett, Clarence Carter, Boss Scaggs, Aretha Franklin. 1969 Allman Brothers Band born. Two LP's, "The Allman Brothers Band", "Idlewild South". Two double LP's, "The Allman Brothers Band At Fillmore East", "Eat a Peach" between 1969, 1970. Killed 29th October, 1971. Posthumous album, "Duane Allman—An Anthology".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 6

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Born Yorkshire, England 1942. Began play violin, piano age seven. At eleven took up guitar. Jazz-influenced after hearing Django Reinhardt, Tal Farlow, Barney Kessel. Left school fifteen. At sixteen played local jazz groups. In Various rhythm n'blues bands, notably Graham Bond Organisation, Herbie Goines & the Night-Timers, one of Brian Auger's bands. Dave Holland recommended to Tony Williams 1968 emigrated to USA. Played with Lifetime, Miles Davis 1970 first solo album. 1971, formed Mahavishnu Orchestra.

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Nº 7

JAN AKKERMAN

Born Amsterdam, December 1946. Musical career began with accordion, age 3. Guitar viz. At school in Dutch rhythm & blues bands. Scholarship Amsterdam Music Lyceum. Studied guitar 5 years. Formed Johnny & The Cellar Rockers. The Hunters 1966 until 1968 and then Brainbox. Joined Focus. "In and Out of Focus" released 1971. "Moving Waves" late 1971. Jan Akkerman solo albums released, "Profile", plays lute and guitar, recorded before Focus. Earlier album "Guitar For Sale".

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Nº 8

LINK WRAY

Recording debut in 1958. Track years ahead of its time, "Rumble". On Archie Bleyer's Cadence label. Track's futuristic outlook. Used a tremelo activated by turning a knob on his Premier amplifier. Moved around a number of record companies, Epic and Swan. Signed by Polydor in 1971. Released two albums, "Link Wray", "Be What You Want To".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 9

ALBERT KING

Born Indianola, Mississippi 1924. First instrument drums. Name as singer guitarist late forties early 'fifties. First recorded Parrot Label 1953. Major attraction St. Louis area late 'fifties. Began to record Bobbin Company 1959. 1961 first hit, "Don't Throw Your Love On Me So Strong". Contract with King Organisation. Joined Coun-Tree Records 1964. Two years later Stax. Gradually turned into blues favourite black and white audiences. Developed sharper, stringent sound of his own.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 10

HARVEY MANDEL

Born Detroit March 11th, 1945. Formative musical years Chicago. First guitar at sixteen. Play with bluesmen, like Buddy Guy. Teamed up Barry Goldberg, Charlie Musselwhite, Eddie Hoh. Several albums for Buddah in 1968 and 1969. 1969 "Righteous", "Games Guitars Play". Joined Canned Heat. Played Woodstock. British tour 1970. 1970 joined John Mayall band. Signed as Janus Records solo artist. Two albums released "Babby Baster" 1970, "The Snake" 1972. Released 1971 "Gett Off in Chicago". Most recent album "Piddler On The Roofs".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 11

LESLIE HARVEY

Leslie Harvey born Glasgow. First recorded work on Alex Harvey LP, "The Blues", recorded Germany 1964. Joined his brother's band until formation of Stone the Crows 1969. Stone the Crows made music for three years. Untimely death by electrocution Swansea May 1972. Stone the Crows made four LP's featuring Leslie Harvey. "Stone the Crows", "Ode to John Law", "Teenage Licks", "Continuous Performance".

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Nº 12

PETE TOWNSHEND

Born 19th May, 1945. Joined group called High Numbers. Made one single that changed name to the Who. Several hit singles. Rest of the group: Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle, Keith Moon. Album releases: "My Generation", "A Quick One", "The Who Sell Out", "Tommy", "Live at Leeds". Compilation of hits, "Meaty, Beaty, Big and Bouncy", "Who's Next". Pete Townshend solo album, "Who Came First". Performance of "Tommy", Rainbow Theatre. All star cast, with Rod Stewart, Ringo Starr, Richard Harris, Stevie Winwood, Richie Havens, Maggie Bell.

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Nº 13

SHUGGIE OTIS

Born November 30th, 1953. Son of Johnny Otis ("Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me", "Willie And The Hand Jive". Critically acclaimed albums "Cold Shot", "Live At Monterey" "Pioneers of Rock, Vol 3".) Played on these albums. First recognition when he recorded "Cold Shot" in 1968. Album with Al Kooper, "Kooper Session" "Young Man Of The Year" award Leonard Feather's L.A. Times column. Contract with Epic Records. First album "Here Comes Shuggie Otis" in 1970. Shuggie is abbreviation of 'Sugar'.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 14

JIMI HENDRIX

Born 1943. Played in Little Richard's band. 1966 spotted by Chas Chandler. Brought Hendrix to England. Immediate sensation. The Jimi Hendrix Experience with Noel Redding, Mitch Mitchell. Monterey Pop Festival 1967. Albums; "Are You Experienced", "Axis: Bold As Love," "Electric Ladyland", "Smash Hits" 1970, Billy Cox replaced Redding; Bubby Miles displaced Mitchell. "Band of Gypsys". Pop Festival, Isle of Wight September 18th, 1970, found dead. Since death, number of albums released.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 15

FREDDY KING

Born Longview, Texas, 1934. Playing guitar since age ten. Moved to Chicago. Involved with Magic Sam, Syl Johnson. Recorded "Country Boy" 1956. Discovered 1960 by Federal A & R man Sonny Thompson. First session "Have You Ever Loved A Woman", "Hideaway" his in 1961. Instrumentals sold heavily until 1963. Signed King 1966. Joined Cotillion 1968. Shortlived and unprofitable. Joined Shelter 1971. Dynamic guitar playing, exciting stage act.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM

Nº 16

RORY GALLAGHER

Born 1948, County Donegal. Moved to Cork. First guitar when nine. First formed group Fontana Showband, for two and a half years. Changed name to Impact. In 1965 left for Hamburg. Returned Ireland formed Taste, came to England 1969. Four albums "Taste" 1969, "On The Boards", "Live Taste" & "Live at the Isle of Wight" 1970. 1971 formed group with Gerry McAvoy, Wilgar Campbell. Three albums "Rory Gallagher" 1971, "Deuce", "Live! In Europe" 1972. Wilgar Campbell replaced by Rod De'Ath. Lou Martin on keyboards, both from Killing Floor. Two albums "Blueprint" and "Tattoos".

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